

## To Touch and To Be Touched

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**Pairing:** Tom/Georg

**Rating:** NC17/18

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**Warnings:** explicit sex

**Prompt:** A Torg story where Tom is really responsive to Georg's touch.

(submitted by lj user 374214)

**Summary:** Tom has a revelation and it changes things between him and Georg forever.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Georg had nice hands. The way they moved over the bass with skill and a strange gentleness was fascinating to watch. Looking back, Tom was pretty sure that's where the trouble had started. One day he had just started watching and, to begin with, it had just been when Georg was playing, and then when Georg was talking and gesticulating with his hands, and then, well, mostly all the time.

He really didn't think much of it and just assumed that his brain had taken to focusing on something to distract it that was interesting to watch. That was until the day Georg put his hand on Tom's shoulder and the most incredible feeling ran through Tom from head to toe. It made his want to moan out loud and he barely stopped himself. The most intimate touch he had ever experienced hadn't felt quite like the gentle rest of fingers on his shoulder did at that moment. He wanted it to go on forever and he wanted it to end at that very moment as his thoughts scattered in all directions.

"Are you okay, Tom?" Georg asked, noticing his flustered state.

"Fine," he managed to force out of his uncooperative mouth, even though he couldn't make the word sound particularly convincing.

Georg took his hand off his shoulder and Tom suddenly felt like he could breathe again, even though a large part of him wanted Georg to put his hand right back where it had been.

"You haven't been practicing too much again have you?" Georg asked, sounding genuinely concerned; "your shoulders not playing up is it? I can give you a neck rub if you need one."

Part of Tom melted into a pile of goo, while the rest tried to resist.

"Thanks," he said, pulling himself together, "maybe I'll take you up on that later, but right now I need to go find Bill. He was muttering about something or other earlier and, if I don't go find out what he wanted, you know what he'll be like."

His friend nodded at that and smiled.

"Duty calls then," Georg agreed in his usual cheerful manner. "Just remember the offer; we don't want you freezing up on stage or anything."

Tom summoned up a real smile at that and nodded himself, then he ran away while trying to look like he wasn't running away. His reaction had him all confused and he needed time to think about it.

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Two days and several similar incidents later, he was no closer to understanding what was going on with him than he had been after the first time. It was like he was hardwired to react to Georg's touch and, given how often that happened, he was beginning to think he was going to go insane.

"Okay," Bill said, following him into his hotel room as they returned from a day of publicity stuff, "what's going on with you at the moment?"

"Huh?" he responded, deciding to play innocent until he was sure Bill was talking about what he had a sinking feeling Bill had noticed.

Bill gave him the one eyebrow, hands on hips look of extreme don't-play-games-with-me and he knew he was sunk.

"Every time someone touches you lately you tense," Bill said in a very pointed tone; "you did it with me just now. What's going on? I'm worried about you."

That made him feel guilty.

"Is something wrong?" Bill asked as Tom stood there and failed to say anything. "Did something happen? If someone's made you feel uncomfortable I'll go and rearrange their face for them."

Bill really did look worried and Tom realised his behaviour must be beginning to freak his twin out. He was going to have to explain, even though he didn't really know what was going on himself. With a sigh he sat down on the bed.

"It's Georg," he said and felt strangely better for saying it, because keeping things from Bill took effort, "and before you say anything; it's not his fault."

Bill's mouth had been opening for what Tom was sure would have been a shit load of abuse about Georg, but, at his clarification, Bill just pursed his lips and looked worried instead. Walking over, Bill sat down beside him and gave him the twin stare.

"Tell me everything," Bill said in a very supportive voice, "don't leave anything out and we'll figure it out together."

It was all so weird that Tom even felt strange telling Bill, but it was a great relief in a way to be able to talk about what was going through his head. He knew one thing at least; Bill would never judge him.

"I think it started a couple of months ago," he admitted and then he spent the next half an hour telling Bill everything he had been noticing and thinking about for the past two days.

Bill just sat there and listened, nodding in the right places to encourage him to go on and Tom unloaded everything. He told Bill about his habit of watching Georg,

of all the things he had noticed and how he was beginning to realise he had fixated on things. He explained what he had felt from Georg's innocent touch and what he felt every time Georg came near him now. He let Bill know how confused he was, how he didn't know what was happening and Bill let him talk, taking his hand in the middle and giving him all the support he needed to go on.

"I think I might be losing it," he finally said, voice scratchy from the constant talking.

"I think you're obsessing," Bill replied, speaking for the first time, "but I don't think you're losing it. That's the problem with you and me, sometimes we get focussed and then it's like we can't see anything else."

It was true; it was part of their personalities that had got them where they were, but sometimes it took them in directions they didn't expect.

"But what do I do?" Tom asked, needing Bill to reassure him that he wasn't going to end up in the loony bin.

"That depends on how you want this to end up," Bill said in a sagely manner.

It was funny how sometimes Bill could seem like he was four and at others about eighty, but Tom was very glad he had such a diverse brother just about then.

"What do you mean?" he asked, since Bill obviously had more of an idea of what was going on in his head than he did.

For a little while Bill didn't reply and just looked at him and he became somewhat worried.

"Tomi," Bill said eventually, "I think you're in denial."

"In denial about ..."

He stopped talking as what Bill was saying finally caught up with him. For the previous two days he had been trying to work out how his libido seemed to have become mixed up with his obsession with Georg's hands because, of course, he wasn't gay. It had to be a random crosswire in his often, somewhat strange brain as far as his reasoning was concerned and he had been hoping it would go away. What Bill was telling him was that he was ignoring the obvious.

"You think I..?" he trailed off again as Bill gave him a little nod. "But he's a guy," he pointed out the obvious flaw.

"I had noticed," Bill replied with a small smile that made Tom feel like a bit of an idiot for pointing out the obvious.

The thing was, Bill had figured out he was on the search for 'the one' when he was fourteen and he'd told Tom very simply that he didn't care if 'the one' turned out to be male or female. Tom had thought about that and decided he was sure he only liked girls. Thus they had continued on their own paths, happy that they understood themselves and each other. Only Bill was telling him that maybe he didn't know himself as well as he thought.

"Am I being an idiot?" he finally asked.

"No," Bill assured him, "it is quite a big idea, so you're bound to be confused. I think we might be more the same in this area than you thought. I've always known I wasn't totally straight, although I will still deck the next person that tries to pigeon hole me and calls me gay, but you've never thought like that. If that part of you has finally decided to surface, you're allowed to be bemused. You're also allowed to decide you want nothing to do with it too, but I think it might be an idea to acknowledge it's true."

Tom went over everything in his mind, allowing the new knowledge to seep through what he could see clearly was exactly what Bill had said: denial. It really was hideously obvious.

"I fancy Georg," he said as the truth made itself known, "or at least I fancy his hands."

Bill laughed at that.

"I think if you want those you have to take the rest too," Bill said, smiling at him as if proud of his new self-awareness.

Tom managed a small smile at that. This was so huge in his world view that it just didn't compute.

"But what do I do?" he asked, since Bill seemed to be so wise today.

"That depends on what you want," Bill replied in the same sagely manner Bill had, so far, said everything else.

"What if I want this obsession to go away and everything to go back to normal?" Tom asked, not really sure what he was thinking at the moment.

Bill didn't look displeased by the question, but Tom could tell it wasn't the one Bill had been hoping for.

"Than we refocus the obsessive part of your personality and we warn Georg that your OCD tendencies have fallen on him for a bit and to ignore your reactions until you get over it," Bill said, being the wonderful supportive twin that Tom was so very glad he had.

"And the other way?" Tom asked, somewhat more nervous about that answer.

Bill gave him a little smile for facing that possibility.

"Then first we find out if Georg is interested," Bill told him, "and if he is, you get to find out just what those hands are really good for."

The mischievous grin Bill gave him then made him blush, which was faintly ridiculous, but he couldn't help it. His brain went just where Bill had intended it to go and he had never thought of Georg like that before. Somehow it was very different than thinking about some girl.

"And how would we find out?" he asked, since that was rather an important part of Bill's game plan.

"I'll go and ask him," Bill said simply.

Tom blinked and then waited and then realised that that was it.

"You can't be serious," he finally said.

Bill patted him on the leg fondly.

"Subtle and Georg go like this," Bill said and demonstrated what he was talking about by flying both hands through the air and having them miss each other. "You'll never manage to get the words out and would end up talking about girls or something, so that leaves me. I'll go and ask him and threaten his manhood if he so much as dares make fun of you if he's not interested. Not that I think he would, make fun of you that is, but it never hurts to be sure."

Tom was once again impressed by what Bill was willing to do for him, of course he would have done the same for Bill. It was actually much easier to face a situation for Bill than it was for himself. That didn't stop the idea making his stomach a whole squadron of butterflies though.

"You really think that's the best way?" he asked, completely unsure.

Bill nodded.

"Yep," was Bill's firm response. "Look, at least then you'll know either way. I am sure he'll be flattered even if he does turn out to be completely heterosexual. You are the second most eligible bachelor in this band."

Tom was nodding slowly in agreement before he caught up with the end of that conversation.

"Hey," he said, immediately defending his honour, "just because you're unobtainable does not make you more eligible."

Bill just grinned.

"You keep believing that," Bill replied and gave him a patronising pat on the head.

There was of course only one response to that and Tom was pretty sure Bill's screech could be heard at the other end of the hotel as he launched in to tickle his twin silly.

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Bill hummed cheerfully to himself as he walked down the corridor to Georg's room. All in all he was very pleased with his talk with Tom; he quite liked the idea of Georg and Tom together. How Tom could have been so deeply in denial, Bill had no idea, but he guessed that there were some things that Tom didn't think about in the same way he did. He was just really glad that it hadn't been something awful, because the way Tom had been acting had had him really worried.

Knocking on Georg's door, he continued humming to himself and waited.

"Just a minute," came a muffled voice from inside.

When the door finally opened, there was Georg in one of the hotel's robes and drying his hair on a towel. Clearly Georg had been in the shower.

"Hey, Bill," Georg greeted with a smile, "what can I do for you?"

"I was wondering if we could talk," Bill replied, letting his eyes flick over what he could see of Georg's hands and having to admit that Tom had a point; "can I come in?"

Georg looked a little surprised at the request, but nodded and backed out of the doorway.

"Sure," his friend said, "make yourself at home."

Bill wandered in, still humming to himself, and made himself comfortable on the end of the bed while Georg dashed back into the bathroom to dump the wet towel.

"So, what's up?" Georg asked, coming back out with brush in hand.

Watching Georg brush his hair, Bill had an idea of what Tom was thinking.

"Tom fancies you," he said, deciding to get straight to the point.

Georg dropped the hair brush.

"What?" was the rather startled response.

"Tom fancies you," Bill repeated quite seriously, "that's why he's been acting so weird the last couple of days."

From the look on Georg's face, Bill wasn't sure his friend had noticed Tom's odd behaviour at all.

"Turns out he has a thing for hands and he's managed to fixate on yours and now every time you touch him, you're doing things to him I suspect you never thought you could do," Bill explained, since Georg didn't really look as if he had any idea what to say. "Seems he's about as straight as I am, that is, not really, only it took him a while longer to figure it out. What we'd like to know is, is there any chance or should we try and steer the obsessive part of his personality onto something else?"

Georg sat down, luckily there was a chair directly behind him, even though he almost missed it. On reflection, Bill decided that possibly his question had come as quite a shock to his friend.

"My hands?" Georg asked, clearly having trouble with the concept.

Bill nodded.

"He said it started when he watched you play and the rest kind of crept up on him," he explained, hoping that the stunned look would leave Georg's face at some point soon. "You do have very nice hands."

The way Georg's expression became dubious gave Bill a clue that Georg didn't really think his hands were anything special.

"Look," he said, deciding that blunt was best, "we thought it would be best to just come out and ask. We don't want things to be awkward and there won't be any problems if you say no, but does Tom have a shot?"

"I don't know," was what Georg said, clearly not having quite processed everything.

"But that's not a 'hell no, keep him away from me' at least, is it?" Bill asked, at least a little hopeful.

Georg didn't look quite sure, but the bassist's expression was beginning to turn thoughtful.

"No, not one of those," Georg said after a moment or two, "but I really don't know; I've never thought of Tom like that. I mean I've experimented a couple of times with guys, but not recently."

"You identify as straight," Bill clarified, because he wanted to be certain.

"Yeah," Georg agreed, "at least I thought I did. I'm going to need to think about this, is that okay."

Bill smiled and stood up.

"Of course it's okay," he said, although he never did get why everyone had to make being attracted to someone so complicated; either you were or you weren't and he'd never understood why it had to be one sex or the other. "That's why we thought it would be better to just ask, so there were no misunderstandings."

He hoped there was a chance for Georg and Tom; the pair had been friends for a long time and he could see them going well together. Not to mention that the mental image of the pair of them together was incredibly hot.

"Just let us know if you come to a decision," he said, mission accomplished and ready to head back to Tom's room. "If you decide yes, you and Tom can work out the details, if you decide no we'll have to come up with some way to make sure Tom doesn't come in his pants every time you so much as rest a hand on him."

The way Georg's eyes went round, Bill could tell his friend wasn't sure if he was joking. He decided it was time to leave.

"Thanks, Georg," he said brightly and headed for the door.

Now he had to give Tom the semi-good news.

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They had all agreed to have dinner together in the restaurant, so Tom was sitting at the table when Georg slid into a chair opposite him. To say that he felt awkward would have been putting it mildly and Georg didn't look overly comfortable either.

"So, um, you?" Georg made his opening gambit after a few moments silence.

"Seems so," Tom replied, feeling incredibly embarrassed, but realising he couldn't hide from this.

He couldn't tell if Georg thought that was a bad thing or not, looking at his friend's expression.

"I just need a bit of time to think about it," Georg said after yet more of the strained silence.

"Perfectly understandable," Tom replied, since it was.

And that was it, conversation over as Bill and Gustav arrived, although the tension did seem to go down a bit once they understood each other. Tom decided there and then that all he could do was go with the flow and when Bill said something outrageous about his choice in music he leapt into the conversation with gusto. He did find himself watching Georg's hands during the meal, but there wasn't a lot he could do about that.

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One week of pretending everything was normal later and Tom was no closer to not going crazy. He still couldn't stop the reaction he had every time Georg touched him, and he was almost sure that a couple of times over the past week Georg had done it deliberately. So far Tom had not called his friend on it, because it was clear Georg was trying to work stuff out in his head and, if he needed to touch Tom every now and then to do it, Tom was willing to give that to him, but it wasn't helping his own equilibrium. Bill spent most of the week giving him sympathetic, but hopeful looks.

They were in yet another hotel for yet more publicity stuff and all Tom wanted to do was fall into bed and sleep. It had been a very long few days and the tension between him and Georg really wasn't helping. When someone followed him into his room, he thought it was Bill, ready with another pep talk, so he turned to ask his twin nicely to skip it for today. When he came face to face with Georg he kind of froze.

Neither of them said anything. In fact it was so quiet that Tom could hear them both breathing and the click of the door shutting felt so loud he was sure the whole world would have heard it. Georg looked kind of scared and kind of excited and Tom couldn't bring himself to move and find out which it really was.

For a little while Tom thought the standoff would go on forever, until finally Georg stepped towards him. He had no time to prepare or anything as Georg just reached for him, yanked him forward by the front of his t-shirt and kissed him. As lips covered his own and Georg wound an arm around him, too many nerves all fired at once and totally short circuited his brain. It was like the purest guitar chord vibrating through his whole body as pleasure surged through him. He kissed back without even thinking about it, moaning into the touch as Georg ravished his mouth.

Yet it was gone all too soon and Georg was standing there, about the only thing keeping him upright as his legs trembled, breathing hard and looking him straight in the eye.

"I had to know," Georg said, voice breathless and apologetic.

"And," Tom asked, fear lancing through him as fast as the pleasure had.

He did not want to lose this touch now he had felt it, but the realisation that it was one of Georg's experiments crashed down on him like boulders from the sky. They were frozen in time again, standing on the edge of what was to come and Tom could barely breathe. His heart was either about to shatter or burst and he had no idea which.



"You're my friend," Georg said, not moving away or towards him, "and I don't want that to change," he almost pulled away as he felt rejection coming, "but I want more."

Tom heard himself give an almost hysterical laugh as his reality shifted on its axis. Then he leant back in and claimed Georg's mouth for his own, wrapping his arms around Georg as if he never wanted to let go. He felt lightheaded and giddy and he kissed Georg until there was no air in his lungs and he was just about ready to pass out.

"Slow down," Georg said gently as he all but collapsed into the bassist's arms, "I'm not going anywhere."

"I know," Tom said, as his heart beat what felt like a thousand times a minute and little explosions of excitement and pleasure kept going off in his nerves and completely taking out his equilibrium, "but ... I ..."

He didn't know what to say and he realised that he was trembling from head to foot. He felt like a bit of an idiot, but he couldn't stop it.

"I think we should sit down before we fall down," Georg suggested and when Tom nodded he found himself guided to the bed.

Clearly the tension of the last week and a bit had got to Tom more than he had realised. He barely seemed to have control of himself at all as Georg gently sat him down and then perched on the bed next to him.

"God, Tom," Georg said, sounding concerned, "if I had known it was doing this to you, I would never have taken so long."

"You needed time to think," Tom pointed out, blinking away the little spots that had decided to dance in front of his eyes.

"Well I could have thought faster," Georg said, sounding strangely protective. "You're shaking all over."

Had Tom been feeling manly and macho he would have denied it, but the fact was, he really was in a bit of a state.

"Can't seem to stop," he admitted with a sheepish smile.

He was beginning to understand how some of their fans became so worked up they passed out. It was like he was on a rollercoaster with no brakes.

"Don't move," Georg decided when Tom still hadn't managed to stop the trembles in his muscles a minute or so later. "I know we need to talk and stuff, but we need to calm you down first and I only know one person who can do that. Now Bill is probably still in the corridor, because I know he saw me coming in here, so I won't be a second. Whatever you do, do not try and stand up. I may love you, but I'm not going to explain to David why our lead guitar is out of action because you concussed yourself on the table."

That really didn't help Tom's shakes as he took in what Georg said, in fact his heart about stopped and then began again as he started to tremble all over again in earnest. Georg loved him; when had that happened?

It was only as he sat there that he realised why the past week had been so hard, why this wasn't like any other affair he had ever had. At that moment he understood why he was so fixated, why he was so confused. He didn't want Georg for an hour, or a day, or even a year, he wanted Georg for good, which had to mean only one thing.

Tom almost slid off the bed as reality dawned; he loved Georg.

He had loved Georg like a brother for a long time; they were good mates, got on well and they were chasing their dreams as part of Tokio Hotel, but that had changed now. Some of the things Bill had been saying over the last few days made sense now as well. As ever, when it came to matters of the heart as opposed to matters of the cock, Bill was one step ahead of him.

"Tom," Bill said the moment his twin saw him, "look at me and just breathe."

To illustrate his point, Bill came and knelt down in front of him and took his face in his hands so that he couldn't do anything else. It was an old technique, one they'd used since they were children if one of them became too wound up about something and Tom was so glad that Bill was there to help him. As well as he could, he concentrated on his twin, bringing his breathing in line with Bill's. It took some time and every time his brain tried to flip back to Georg it took longer, but eventually Tom found that he felt a lot calmer. He was still shaking every now and then with little tremors, but mostly he was in control.

"And they say I'm highly strung," was Bill's comment as Bill went from kneeling in front of him to sitting beside him.

Tom made the best dismissive sound that he could manage, but didn't manage to speak when Georg sat down on the other side of him and his thoughts came back to the whole love issue again. He was in love, really and truly completely gone and it was the most incredible feeling.

"If I talk now, will you promise not to pass out?" Georg asked with a grin.

"Cross my heart," Tom replied and was quite proud of himself for getting just the three words out.

"You have to forgive him," Bill said in a patronising tone, "he's emotionally stunted; I blame the rock and roll lifestyle."

"Hey!" Tom objected and earned himself the brightest of grins from Bill.

It was so unfair that Bill seemed to always get these things before he did. It really wasn't his fault that his hormones tended to speak louder than his brain. Bill was going to tease him about this for weeks, he could tell, but of course he was fully aware that Bill would also support him like always.

"Yeah, well I'll take him anyway I can get him," was Georg's response and Tom shivered from head to foot as Georg placed an arm around him.

Luckily it was only a momentary thing and did not start the whole shaking again.

"You just want me for my body," Tom shot back, feeling very odd, but at least finding his centre again.

"Every toned inch," Georg replied, dancing fingers across his neck and he almost melted into a pile of goo there and then.

"Well if that's how you're going to be now, I'll be going," Bill said with a laugh, standing up. "Let me know if meltdown is imminent again."

Tom caught Bill's hand before his twin could leave and looked up at him.

"Thanks," he said, and he truly meant it; he couldn't imagine how he could get through life without Bill.

"Whenever you need me," Bill replied and then his twin gave Georg a smile as well. "Treat him gently, Georg, I don't take well to a damaged twin."

That made Georg laugh and Tom blush, because Bill was just so brazen. Of course it was nice to know Bill was in his corner.

When Bill had wandered out of the door, however, Tom felt his stomach twist as he turned and looked at Georg. They were alone and he wanted so many things, but he really didn't know where to start.

"Let's order dinner and watch some TV," Georg said before Tom's brain could work out what should come next.

It was so not what Tom was thinking that he agreed more from surprise than really considering it, but when Georg picked up the room service menu and remote and came back to the bed, he could already feel himself relaxing. This was normal, he could cope with this and he found the tension beginning to leave him. The fact that Georg was dealing with the whole situation far better than he was should have erked him, but in reality he was glad. At least one of them seemed to have a clue.

They read the menu, rang through and made themselves comfortable on the bed to wait for the food while watching some TV and it was all very normal. Well except for the fact that Georg kept touching him. Rather than the avoidance they had been engaged in over the last week and a bit, Georg seemed to be taking every opportunity to reach out to him now and he had no more control of his reactions than he had before. Of course now he let himself enjoy the shots of pleasure that ran through him at every contact, even if most of them did go straight to his cock and meant he had to arrange himself very carefully on the bed.

It wasn't that all he could think about was sex, it was just that he seemed to be highly sensitised to Georg's touch and that's where the urges were leading him. His mind was actually going over other, deeper things as his eyes failed to really watch the TV.

"Do you really love me?" he finally blurted out the question that seemed to be going round and round in his head.

Georg looked at him then and gave him the most fantastic smile.

"Yes," Georg replied as if the idea made him as happy as it made Tom. "I came to that conclusion this morning."

Tom had noticed that Georg had been observing him more closely all day.

"So what was the kiss about?" he needed to understand.

"I wanted to be sure I wasn't mixing up one love with another," Georg replied with complete honesty. "You and Bill can be a little confusing sometimes."

"It's taken years of practice," Tom replied with a grin and decided that he didn't just want to sit around watching TV.

Taking the remote from Georg's hand, he flicked off the TV and then knelt up, throwing the remote over his shoulder onto the vacant part of the bed. Then he climbed into Georg's lap, finally taking charge of his body's reactions and putting them to good use.

"Just for the record, I love you too, only it took me until about twenty minutes ago to put two and two together," he said and then he leant down and captured Georg's lips with his own.

The kiss was nowhere near as desperate as their last one had been and Tom took his time, actually employing his brain and what he knew about kissing rather than just letting loose. He was careful, but passionate and as his nerves sang he fed that enjoyment back into the experience rather than letting it completely blow his mind. Under him, Georg responded in kind and it was wonderful. However, he was only human and, the longer the kiss went on, the less control he had, so he eventually broke away before he could lose track of what he was doing. He was breathing hard, but then so was Georg and he couldn't help the pleased grin that spread across his face.

"I'm beginning to think you deserve your reputation," Georg said, pupils dilated with pleasure; "we should have done this ages ago."

"I think we have perfect timing," Tom replied, licking his lips and then let himself be dragged down for another kiss.

He could get used to this, he really could.

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Georg wasn't quite sure what the concierge had made of him when he answered the door for the room service, since he was sure he looked exactly how someone who had been thoroughly kissed would look, but he really didn't care. Dinner was nice, but what was nicer was watching Tom, who was watching him half the time just as closely. He could see Tom's eyes almost fixedly following the movements of his hands and it gave him an idea.

"Tom," he said, as soon as they had stacked their plates out of the way, "do you trust me?"

Tom looked at him quizzically then.

"Of course I do," Tom replied with a small smile; "we've been friends for ages."

"Then I have something I'd like to try," he said, moving in closer and looping his fingers around the back of Tom's neck and stroking gently.

He had seen what the touch could do to Tom earlier and he rather liked the effect. The way Tom's eyes fluttered shut momentarily and a shudder ran from the touch all the way down Tom's body was incredibly enticing. Georg had been

hard up until dinner had arrived and his cock had mostly lost interest while eating, but was definitely making itself known again now. The snogging session and the meal had loosened up Tom a lot and Georg didn't want to push it, but he really wanted to see under Tom's baggy clothes. He'd seen Tom's body enough to know that those clothes hid a wonderful expanse of sinful skin that he was dying to touch. The way Tom reacted to touches over clothes, Georg could only imagine how Tom would be with much less between them.

"What do you want to do?" Tom asked, sounding just a little nervous.

Georg had messed around with a couple of guys when he was younger, before they were really famous, but he had decided girls were much more his style. However, it did mean that in the area of guys he was much more experienced than Tom, who he was pretty sure had never even looked at a guy like that before. When it came to girls, Tom was the consummate player, but with guys, not at all, hence Georg intended to take it slow, but he wanted Tom to know how much he wanted him.

"I want to touch you," Georg said, leaning in and whispering the reply right in Tom's ear.

The resulting shiver was well worth the effort.

"Where?" Tom asked, sounding breathless.

"That's where the trust comes in," Georg said with a wide smile.

He watched Tom swallow at that. He didn't think he'd seen Tom quite so focused, except, maybe, in the moments before they were about to go on stage.

"Okay," Tom said eventually.

In response Georg didn't say anything, he just pulled Tom to him and initiated another kiss. When he slipped his tongue into Tom's mouth and his hand under Tom's shirt, Tom moaned and gave him everything he wanted. Very carefully he manoeuvred them back towards the bed, making sure that Tom was so thoroughly distracted that nerves would not come into it. Tom being nervous and then embarrassed and trying to cover it with bravado just wasn't what Georg was after.

"T-shirts off," he said, breaking the kiss for a while and pulling up the loose cloth off of Tom's lean frame, "I want to see what I'm touching."

Tom let him pull the shirts up and then off and he made sure Tom wasn't thinking by going back to kissing and employing one hand to run up and down Tom's neck again. He smiled into the kiss; Tom was putty in his hands and he was enjoying every second. Moving on to kissing Tom's neck as well as using his fingers made Tom moan again and tremble in a way that sent messages all over Georg's body and focused them on his cock. He had never had a partner who was quite so responsive to his touch and it was doing wonderful things to him as well. He hadn't really considered quite how amazing it would feel to be able to do that to another person.

"Bed," Tom said and sounded a little desperate, which Georg suspected was to do with the fact that Tom's legs didn't feel overly steady.

There was no argument from Georg, since that had been the next part of his plan, and he climbed on after letting Tom go first, but in no way letting them lose contact completely. Tom was used to being in control in situations like this and Georg had to admire the self control it had to be taking to let him take the lead. He settled next to Tom and went back to kissing, since Tom seemed relaxed with that, but he slowly pushed Tom down onto the bed from where they had both been on their sides. In a few moments he began to employ the hand not propping him up, running it up and down Tom's side and loving every shudder that ran through Tom.

"Oh god," Tom whispered as Georg moved on to kissing more than Tom's mouth and he let himself look up.

Tom's eyes were closed and Tom's head was back, pushing into the pillow and it was such a beautiful sight. Tom was at his mercy, not fighting him in the slightest and he felt his heart swell. That Tom really did trust him that much meant more than any sexual gratification.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," he said, unable to stop himself expressing his thoughts and brown eyes opened to look into his own.

The expression in those eyes was slightly quizzical and it made Georg smile. Tom might spout all sorts of things about how wonderful he was and how good looking he was for the cameras, but Georg knew it was all bravado and Tom didn't have that big an ego. The fact that Tom doubted the way he looked just made Georg want to show him the truth more and more.

Dipping his head, he latched his mouth over one of Tom's pert little nipples and sucked hard, never letting up with his hand movements either.

"Fuck!" Tom swore at him, arching up against him and hands coming round to clutch at his shoulders.

Employing his tongue as well as suction, Georg continued and Tom became completely non verbal, making the most incredible noises instead. On occasion Georg had heard some of Tom's dates describe Tom as quiet, but it seemed that, played the right way, Tom was anything but. He decided to see just how loud Tom could be.

Letting no expanse of skin go unexplored, he then used his hands and his mouth and even his teeth in places to turn Tom into a panting, moaning wreck beneath him on the bed. Every sound Tom made, every movement sent arousal straight to his cock and he was so hard he felt as if he'd go off if Tom so much as breathed on him. Tom was beautiful, Tom was coming to pieces in his hands and Tom had lost all inhibitions.

That he could do that to Tom without even delving below the waist amazed him and delighted him in equal measure and he was sure he could go on for hours without Tom objecting in the slightest. However, his patience wasn't that good and eventually he moved back up the bed, leaning over Tom properly and pushing on leg between Tom's. He demanded a kiss, forcing his tongue into Tom's mouth with all the passion he was feeling and rubbed his leg against Tom's crotch and his cock against Tom's hip. He was still full clothed and Tom was only half undressed, but Georg really didn't care as Tom groaned into his mouth and pushed up against him.

There was so much power in the slim frame pushing against him; the payoff for Tom's work in the gym and it excited Georg more. The fact that the body beneath him was pushing back with the same kind of force he was pushing down excited a primal part of him that he hadn't really thought much about before. It threw all sort of possibilities into the mix, but for right then, Georg only had one goal.

They rutted against each other, eventually breaking the kiss and just panting breathlessly until Tom began to make the most incredibly desperate little noises. They were very different from those Tom had made before and Georg soaked them in, knowing that he was witness to the most intimate moment. Tom came with a shuddering cry, pushing up against him and clinging to him, going almost completely still for a few moments and then falling back to the bed, bucking against him.

Georg didn't think he'd ever seen anything more erotic and his own orgasm exploded through him, rather taking him by surprise. He had no control at all and he didn't care as he clung to Tom as tightly as Tom was clinging to him. His whole body seemed to be at the mercy of the arousal, taking away his ability to move and it was fantastic. He only managed not to fall on top of Tom because he locked his arms in place and it took him forever to start thinking again.

When he did, he realised Tom was finally still beneath him and he moved down the bed a little, not wanting to lose contact. He came to rest leaning against Tom's chest, supported on his elbows and looking up as wide brown eyes looking back at him.

"I think," Tom said eventually, "I like that a lot."

Which made Georg grin broadly.

"But," Tom added in a perfectly serious tone, "I don't think it's going to help with my obsession with your hands."

Georg couldn't help himself, he laughed, which made Tom moan.

"Oh god," Tom said, half heartedly trying to push him off, "too soon."

It was then that Georg realised quite where the vibrations from his laughing had to be going on Tom, given the way they were lying and it made him laugh even harder. He felt sticky and too warm being still in his clothes, but it was too much fun and he didn't let Tom tip him off for some time.

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It was about four in the morning and Tom knew he should have been fast asleep, especially given how hard he and Georg had been playing most of the evening, but he just didn't seem to be able to sleep. Georg was sprawled on the bed next to him on his front, sleeping soundly with one hand resting on Tom's chest and Tom was comfortable and relaxed, but his brain would not shut up. They were naked now, had been half the night, and Georg had been determined to turn him into a quaking mass of flesh for most of that time. They hadn't gone beyond hands and mouths, but one of the things Tom had realised as he lay there thinking, was that he wanted to.

He wasn't sure he wanted to right then, or even in the very near future, but he did know that he wanted to give that to Georg when they were both ready. That

was one of the thoughts that kept flying around his head, one of the many that were keeping him awake.

Very carefully he slipped out of bed, making sure not to wake Georg, and he picked up his phone off the side. Calling up the message screen he entered just three words: "He's the one". Then he picked Bill's number and hit send.

Only moments later his phone chirped to let him know he had a message.

"I know," it said, "I could see it in the way you looked at him. Now go to sleep, we have to be up in the morning, love Bill."

That made Tom smile.

He was not surprised that Bill was still awake; when they were sleepless they were often sleepless together, and the fact Bill knew what he was thinking was even less of a surprise. Switching off the phone, he had walked back to the bed, satisfied that he had admitted what needed to be said. It felt like everything was right now and he found himself smiling around a yawn. Now he could sleep and he crawled back under the duvet and snuggled down next to Georg.

Dawn would bring a new day and he was rather looking forward to wandering through it with Georg. Drifting off into dreamland, he absently wondered if David would have a heart attack if he and Georg came out on national TV.

**The End**