

Ultimate Truth

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: R

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction, the real people in it are used without their permission and I definitely don't own them or have any copyright to any part of any of them. I do not believe any of this happened, is likely to happen or should happen it is simply a story created around known facts about those involved.

Warnings: twincest

Summary: A pendant from a junk shop brings added complications to the lives of Tokio Hotel in the form of a legendary creature with supernatural powers.

Author's Notes: Written for fluff Friday with the prompts given to me from the fic meme in mind :). I hope you enjoy.

Word count: 5,682

It started when Bill found the pendant in an old junk shop. It was a representation in silver of the foot of some animal with fur and feathers holding a crystal in its talons. They had been in Paris to do an interview and, in a fit of madness, had decided to sneak off incognito, just to see if they could. It turned out that they were better at it than they had expected and they'd managed to wander around the back streets of Paris without being accosted. Bill had seen the pendant in the window of the shop and run in to buy it and then spent the rest of the day cooing over it.

Tom was completely sure that was when the strange things had started.

At the time Bill had been so excited that he had worn the pendant to bed. The first odd thing that had happened was that by the morning, the pendant was no longer around Bill's neck and he seemed to have almost completely forgotten about it. Looking back, Tom realised he should have been suspicious then.

After that they'd had to do the interview. David had warned them that the woman doing the interview had a reputation for being a real bitch, especially with bands like them. The only reason they had been even talking to her was that she had a huge following and they needed to rev everything up in France again. As it had turned out, "the bitch queen" as David had called her, was nothing like that at all. The woman had all but gushed at them all the way through the interview, telling them how much she liked the album and how she thought Bill was the best dressed celebrity of the moment. Honestly, it had been weird. The way Tom had seen the woman's producer talking to her afterwards, he was sure he was not the only one who had thought it bizarre.

That had been two days previously and things had been odd ever since. They were in the studio rehearsing for the tour and the first night back as Tom was getting ready to go to sleep, Bill had walked into his room, climbed into bed and declared he was now sleeping there. Now Tom was used to Bill wanting to cuddle for comfort every now and then and this occasionally meaning they fell asleep in the same bed, but this wasn't like that. Bill seemed to have made up his mind and for two nights Bill had been in his bed, curled up like some great cat, sleeping soundly.

The dogs were staying with their mum and Gordon at the moment, because they had decided the weird hours and total focus they had at the moment due to the

rehearsals wasn't fair on the puppies. They were supposed to go and pick them up for the weekend.

Tom might have suggested that Bill return to his own room, except for the fact that with Bill there he felt incredibly safe. That was the other weird thing: Tom didn't want to send Bill back to his own bed at all.

What was also strange was he had expected jokes about it from Georg and Gustav and then stern words about publicity and people getting the wrong idea from David when the news got back to their manager, but that's not what had happened. Gustav had seemed to feel the need to tell them that he didn't care what they did together as long as they were happy, they could have been shagging for all it bothered him. Then there had been Georg who had waxed lyrical about how adorable he thought they were, for which Tom had almost decided to disown his friend. However, the most surprising had been David who had told them that they could kiss on camera for all the damage it would do their careers, because no publicity was bad publicity and he could spin it anyway they needed it to be spun because that was what he was good at.

Bill hadn't seemed to find any of this odd in the slightest and had cheerfully gone about rehearsals as if nothing was strange. Tom had always known that David's lectures on keeping a little distance sometimes were just for show, but he had never expected David to admit it. He had also been aware that, although often viewed as the straight laced one, Gustav was really very open minded and enjoyed seeing everyone content more than anything else, but again, he hadn't expected Gustav to tell everyone. Then Georg going mushy on him; that was just the weirdest; they were buddies, buddies didn't do mushy.

Tom was at a loss to know what was going on, which was why he was watching everyone carefully. When they had started the meeting about the tour everything had seemed normal. The band, David, some members of security and other staff were all sitting round in chairs in the main rehearsal room, which was the only place big enough, going through details. Mostly it was boring stuff, just necessary and not interesting, about dates and venues and publicity. Tom was making notes, putting the odd thought in, but mostly letting David do what David did best, which was organise.

"Right," David said after they had finished talking about adding an extra date, "now security. I think we're going to have to add some more at a couple of the venues."

"Yes," Tobi agreed with a nod, "with Bill in that leather outfit we're going to be fighting off every man and woman in a kilometre radius."

Everyone looked at Toby and Bill beamed; Toby did not usually say things like that. Oh there were jokes about the fangirls, but that had been rather direct and the addition of "every man" was rather blunt. With the press always suggesting that Bill was gay it had been a delicate subject for a while and tended to still be avoided. Bill, however, didn't appear the least bit offended.

Georg was looking at him questioningly when Tom glanced at his friend and Gustav was wearing a thoughtful frown; something was going on, he just knew it.

"Wait 'til I wear the one with all the buckles," Bill said cheerfully and everyone in the meeting relaxed again.

Tom spent the whole thing on edge waiting for someone to completely put their foot in it and only started breathing properly again when everyone got up to leave. He needed to talk to Georg and Gustav, at least they seemed to realise everything was a little bit strange, so he gave them a signal Bill couldn't see and Gustav nodded back. He needn't have worried though, Bill had engaged Michael, his personal bodyguard, in conversation and wasn't paying attention to anything else. When Tom walked past and heard the man confessing to having no fashion sense and feeling inadequate when out with Bill and asking for help, Tom decided that enough was enough. He dragged Georg and Gustav into one of the small offices and shut the door.

"Okay," he said, turning to his friends, "I'm not the only one who thinks something weird is going on, right?"

"You mean how everyone seems to be saying what they are thinking without censoring themselves?" Gustav affirmed, which neatly summed up most of what was, in fact, going on.

"After yesterday evening I keep biting my tongue before I say anything at all," Georg admitted.

Clearly the whole mushy declaration incident had scarred Georg as well. Tom was not sure if he was pleased that he was not going crazy or worried that he wasn't the only one who had spotted something.

"It's Bill, isn't it," he said, hating the conclusions, but making it none the less; "it's only when you are around Bill."

Georg nodded, as did Gustav.

"But how could Bill be making people tell the truth?" Gustav asked, ever the practical one.

Tom knew it was completely irrational, he really did, but it didn't stop him saying: "It's the pendant."

There was no logical reason for him to have come to that conclusion, but all his instincts were screaming it at him.

"It was only after that that things got weird," he said firmly.

"How could a pendant be doing anything?" Georg pointed out sensibly.

"I don't know," he replied, somewhat exasperated, "maybe it hypnotises people or something, or it's infused with a drug; all I know is that since Bill got it people have been acting strangely."

The fact that the other two did not argue was saying a lot; if anyone could have poked holes in his reasoning it would have been Gustav, but it seemed Gustav agreed with him.

"Right," the drummer said as if it was settled, "then we have to get the pendant away from Bill."

"I haven't seen it since the first day," Tom admitted, a little at a loss.

"So how do we find it?" Georg asked.

All sorts of schemes popped into Tom's head, but then he realised he was being an idiot.

"I'll ask him about it," he said simply. "He might have decided it's good luck and is carrying it around in a pocket rather than wearing it."

It was the kind of thing Bill would do. After a moment of silent eye communication, Georg and Gustav agreed. Hence the plan was set.

It was half an hour before Tom could get Bill on his own, but he finally cornered his twin in the kitchen while making tea.

"Bill," he said, not even trying to be surreptitious, "what happened to that pendant you bought?"

Bill turned and looked at him and then smiled.

"Oh, it disappeared," Bill said and then poured the hot water into his mug, "why did you want to know?"

"Georg, Gustav and I think it's making people tell the truth," Tom said and then slapped his hand over his mouth as he realised he'd just blurted out everything.

Surprisingly Bill just turned and blew on his mug to cool it, seemingly totally unsurprised by Tom's declaration.

"I suppose it is in a way," Bill said in a conversational tone, "but mostly it's me. I've been trying to tone it down, but I don't really have the hang of it yet."

Tom was sure his mouth was hanging open.

"You knew?" he all but accused.

"Hmmm," Bill replied in a non-committal way, "I didn't really believe it, not until today. I was kind of experimenting this morning in the meeting. The pendant was a gryphon's foot and I had a dream about a gryphon the night I got it. He said he found me pure of spirit and asked me if I wanted to be a force for good in the world. I said yes and when I woke up the pendant was gone and people started telling me the truth. I had another dream last night and this morning I found this."

Bill pulled up his t-shirt to reveal what looked like a very ornate tattoo of a gryphon over his heart. For a little while Tom just stared because his brain just wasn't taking it all in. There was no way Bill could have got a tattoo without him knowing, no way at all, and two days ago in the Paris hotel room he had seen Bill with no shirt and it hadn't been there. The heating was on the blink in the studio so that at night it was a little colder than it should have been and hence they had both been wearing t-shirts to bed so he didn't know when the gryphon had appeared, but it was very recent.

"Gryphons can make people tell the truth," Bill said as if this made perfect sense to him, "and I haven't quite figured out how to turn it off yet."

Nothing about the situation seemed to be bothering Bill at all.

"Are you saying you have a gryphon inside you?" Tom asked, feeling insane just for asking.

"Oh no," Bill said with a smile, "I am a gryphon, see."

Then Bill stretched out his hand and Tom watched in wonder as it morphed into something that was a cross between an eagle's talons and a lion's foot. Bill then wiggled his claws before his hand returned to normal. Tom sat down hard and managed to miss the chair, landing on the floor with a thump.

"Tomi," Bill squeaked and immediately went to help him up, putting his tea on the side as he did so, "are you okay?"

Tom really didn't have an answer to that, but he let Bill pull him to his feet and check him over. It was funny, when Bill touched him he felt his panic subsiding.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked eventually, since it was the easiest question in his head.

"I thought I was imagining things until today," Bill said, still looking him over and making sure it was okay; "I was trying to decide how to tell you when you came in."

That made Tom feel a lot better even though it didn't really help with the whole out there feeling.

"Is that why you've been sleeping in my bed?" he asked, wondering at how calmly Bill seemed to be taking everything.

At that Bill bit his lip and looked as if he was trying to decide what to say.

"No," was the eventual reply, "but if I can make everyone else tell the truth I decided I had to do it myself. That's where I want to be and I'm through hiding it."

Tom blinked, clearly, complete honesty, even between them, took some getting used to.

"Why do you want to sleep in my bed?" Tom asked, needing to know.

Bill blushed.

"Don't ask me that," Bill said and then turned around to pick up his previously discarded tea.

That was all the answer Tom really needed, but he didn't let his thoughts go there yet, they had other things to deal with. If Bill wasn't comfortable talking about them, then it was time to change the subject until later.

"So what does it mean, this gryphon thing?" he asked, not really sure what to make of it.

Bill turned back slowly.

"I think it means that what we're doing is more important than ever," Bill told him sincerely.

"But Bill," Tom pointed out, "in this business people lie all the time; it's part of the entertainment."

"I know that," Bill said with a smile and tapped him on the arm as if he was being silly, "that's why I'm trying to control it. It's not the little things like smiling at someone to be polite that it's about; it's the message. It's telling the truth and trying to make the world a better place."

That seemed like a very big idea and Tom had trouble getting his head round it, but Bill seemed to be perfectly at ease with the thought.

"And sometimes people need to tell the truth, y'know," Bill continued to explain, "like Michael. I sensed that he needed to talk, so I pushed him this morning. Do you know how worried he's been about the whole looking dorky when being my bodyguard? I mean I've given him little bits of advice before, but I didn't know he wanted to ask for more until I nudged him into it."

Tom did agree that that sounded like a useful ability, but it was still very weird.

"So," he said, thinking things through, "do you want to go out there and be an activist or something?"

He didn't want the music to end, but he was willing to do whatever Bill needed to, however, Bill grinned at him for that question.

"No," Bill replied playfully, "I want to keep doing what we're doing. We tell the truth in our songs, truths that help people and maybe along the way we can tell a few greater truths as well. Once I have the hang of this truth aura I'll even let you keep lying about how many girls you slept with if you like."

That made Tom smile, even if his head was still full of huge concepts.

"Nah," he said and went to grab a mug from the cupboard, "I'm over that."

Bill laughed at that, a light happy sound that filled Tom with joy just hearing it.

"Do you think I can fly?" was the question that slightly dulled his happy as he had the sudden mental image of Bill throwing himself off something high to find out.

"Practice," he said rapidly, "you'd probably need lots of practice."

====

"So?" Georg grabbed him almost as soon as he left the kitchen.

Tom had just spent the last hour chatting to Bill and he had honestly forgotten that he had originally gone to find his twin while on a mission.

"Umm," he said as his friends look at him. "Bill," he called over his shoulder, much to Georg's and Gustav's surprise.

Bill came bouncing out of the kitchen and beamed at them all.

"So Tom's not the only one who's noticed what's going on then?" Bill said as if he really didn't mind.

"You could say that," Gustav replied.

"It's easy really," Bill told the other two, "I'm a gryphon."

He lifted his t-shirt to show the mark and Tom could see both Georg and Gustav trying to figure out when Bill could have had it done.

"What the hell?" Georg asked.

Tom decided to help.

"The pendant made Bill a gryphon," he said and realised how it probably sounded as he said it, "and he has the power to make people tell the truth."

"I don't have the hang of it yet though," Bill said, sounding totally unbothered by the whole thing.

Much to his discomfort, Tom realised Georg and Gustav were looking at him like he had lost his mind and that both he and Bill should be in a padded cell.

"I'll show you," Bill said, clearly having expected the reaction.

Tom turned in time to see Bill step back in the corridor and the flow from man into very fierce looking beast. The gryphon was the most magnificent thing he had ever seen, even if it was Bill, and he didn't usually react to his twin like that.

"Holy shit," was Gustav's take on the matter.

The incident seemed to have struck Georg dumb.

"Wow, Bill," Tom said, reaching out to touch the soft feathers on his brother's head, "you're beautiful."

That move made Georg attempt to give a warning, but Tom wasn't paying any attention to his friend anyway. It was not like he was afraid of Bill and his twin made a little trilling sound in his throat at the touch, cocking his head onto one side.

"I think I need to sit down," Gustav said in a very unsteady voice and Tom turned to see his friend slide down the wall.

"Sorry," Bill said instantly, flowing back into human form and darting to the drummer's side; "Tom did the same thing."

"You're a bit of a shock, Bill," Tom said, stepping up beside his twin and crouching down to make sure Gustav was okay.

Their drummer was a little pale, but then he probably had just had his world view significantly altered.

"How many fingers?" he asked, holding up just his middle one in a salute, which made Gustav roll his eyes, but also nicely broke the ice.

"You're an idiot," was Gustav's distinct opinion.

"And you don't look like you're going to faint anymore," Tom pointed out smugly.

Even Georg cracked a smile at that.

"Okay, just mostly an idiot," Gustav acknowledge and Bill stepped back as Tom and Georg hauled Gustav to his feet.

However, with the panic over all eyes were once again on Bill.

"You're a gryphon," Gustav said, still sounding as if he couldn't quite believe it, "an honest to god, mythological gryphon."

Bill nodded.

"The pendant was a key," Bill explained, waving his arms around enthusiastically as he did so; "it opened a door and let the power in. I'm supposed to help make the world a better place."

Tom laughed at how dubious both Gustav and Georg looked at that; they both knew Bill very well. The glare Bill turned on him for that was impressive.

"I think you'll be good at it," he promised faithfully, and he did, "but that doesn't stop that being funny."

He pointed at Georg and Gustav who were both suddenly a picture of innocence.

"Okay, who wants to be the first to confess their wank fantasies on live TV?" Bill asked, eyes narrowing.

"Force for good, remember?" Georg pointed out hastily, which made Tom laugh even harder because Georg really did sound worried.

Bill crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes and Tom tried very hard to reign in the laugh; Bill was a hair away from going postal.

"Bill," he said, placing a gentle hand on his twin's arm, "it's shock, okay."

"Yeah," Gustav agreed with a nod, "just having a little trouble deciding what to think."

Georg just nodded.

"Come on," Tom said, finally controlling himself properly, "let's go and sit down and then you can explain everything you just explained to me to these two reprobates."

He gave Bill his best I'm-your-twin-you-know-you-love-me-and-I'm-right smile and Bill finally relaxed again. At least it was nice to know that even as a gryphon Bill could still throw a snit fit.

"Okay," Bill said, beginning to smile again, "but no more laughing at me."

"He wasn't laughing at you," Georg said straight away, "he was laughing at us. Now let's go find those seats."

Tom smiled his thanks at his friend and then turned towards the stairs; they needed somewhere comfortable for this conversation.

====

It had been one hell of a long day, but Tom couldn't help smiling when Bill padded into his room and crawled into what had become Bill's side of the bed. The fact that his twin now had the power and ability to turn into a fantastical magical beast should have logically caused problems between them, but Tom didn't feel that at all. In fact he felt even more protective and, oddly, closer to his twin than he ever had, and that was saying something. If Bill had been freaking out then he was pretty sure he would have been as well, but Bill was completely happy with it and Tom could not disagree. Bill was still Bill, he'd just gained an aspect that would probably have terrified most people.

It was going to be one hell of a squeeze in the bed once they had the dogs back, his bed at their apartment was slightly bigger, but not that much. They would just have to adapt.

"Bill," he said, after his twin had curled up under the duvet.

"Hmm?" Bill replied; it had been a long day and it seemed Bill was not in a chatty mood.

Tom paused then, because he knew that his next question was going to change everything.

"Why do you want to sleep in my bed?" he finally asked.

Bill went very still.

"Are you sure you want to know the answer to that?" Bill replied after a very tense couple of seconds.

When he had asked it, Tom had known that Bill would answer if pressed and he was sure.

"I think I know the answer," he replied truthfully, "but I want you to tell me."

Bill rolled over then, looking at him with a nervous expression and something akin to hope in his eyes.

"Does the answer repel you?" Bill asked, still very tense.

"If it's what I think it is," Tom told his twin, "then no, it doesn't."

"You could be wrong," Bill pointed out simply.

Tom leant a little closer and said: "I don't think I am."

As he watched, Bill swallowed hard, as if there was suddenly a lump in his throat and Tom couldn't blame his twin for that.

"You know I'm always going on about finding the one?" Bill finally began.

Tom nodded.

"And people keep asking me how I know there is a one out there?" Bill continued.

"Yeah," Tom said, already knowing what was coming, "you're always so sure."

Bill eyes seemed huge, as if they could swallow him into their depths.

"I know because I already found the one," Bill told him; "I've always had him, I'm just not allowed to touch."

Inside his chest, Tom could feel his heart hammering. He had known what Bill was going to tell him, felt it, but it still made his heart pound and his mouth go dry when Bill actually said it. Society said what Bill wanted was wrong, but Tom couldn't disagree with his twin at all.

"And what would you do if you were allowed to touch?" he asked, tongue barely working because he suddenly felt like a twelve year old girl asking for her first kiss.

It was more than a bit ridiculous, but he couldn't help it. Bill looked just as nervous.

"If I was allowed to touch?" Bill asked tentatively.

Tom nodded, all but holding his breath.

"Then I'd do this," Bill replied and pushing himself up, leant forward and placed the lightest of kisses on Tom's lips.

All Tom could hear was the rushing of blood in his ears as his mind kind of blanked out for a second. Bill was kissing him, really kissing him, and it might not have been a full on clash of tongues and teeth, but Tom knew exactly what it meant. When Bill pulled back, looking scared, Tom finally let himself believe that all his suspicions were true.

"No going back," he said quietly.

"Couldn't now," Bill said in equally as small a voice.

Tom felt warmth spreading out from his very core, as if something inside him had just burst and wanted to touch every part of him. The feeling made him laugh, a delighted sound that seemed to come from nowhere and just burst out of him. For just a second Bill looked startled and then Tom leant back in to his twin and kissed him back.

"Just one thing," he said when he pulled back.

Bill looked quizzical.

"Whatever David says," Tom told his twin, "I don't think kissing on camera would be a good idea."

Then he grinned and Bill hit him.

"Arse," was Bill's response to him breaking the moment, but one of them had too.

It was that or have his heart burst through his ribcage and Tom wasn't ready to die yet.

"Come here," Tom said and opened his arms, at which point Bill was in them straight away.

They snuggled down together, nice and warm under the duvet and just held each other close. It wasn't something they hadn't done before, but now it felt different. There was that extra edge to it, the knowledge that if he touched where he had never been allowed to touch before there would be no disgust, no rejection. For a while they just lay there, wrapped around each other, content, but then, almost as one they looked at each other.

Tom could see the want in Bill's eyes and there was no need for words. Sometimes he thought they really could read each other's minds and he carefully disentangled one arm from around his twin. Then, watching Bill's face ever so carefully, he slowly ran his fingers down Bill's side, onto his twin's leg and then back up. Bill breathing hitched just slightly and Tom smiled, spreading his fingers and running them over his twin's boxer-clad arse.

At that Bill didn't bother hiding his reaction at all and Tom more felt than heard the low groan that came out of Bill's mouth.

The material was in the way, but he didn't want to rush Bill, so he played around the edges and over the top. He knew all of Bill's ticklish spots thanks to tickling his twin into submission on many occasions, but he also knew that ticklish meant sensitive and when treated correctly, that often translated as erotic. Bill was his, all his now and he wanted to ease Bill into everything they could do together.

Bill was not a virgin, no matter how much the media liked to pretend, but neither was Bill overly experienced and hadn't had the opportunity to indulge at all over the last few years. The fact that both of them had only ever been with girls didn't really bother Tom, but Bill's inexperience made him feel more than a little protective. They had all the time in the world now and so he was going to take it slow.

It wasn't difficult to keep Bill at his mercy. Bill clearly wanted to touch back, but distracting him with touches he was in no way used to meant that Tom had free reign. He would let Bill explore as much as he liked later, but to begin with he wanted to relearn Bill centimetre by centimetre.

After a little while he carefully pushed Bill's t-shirt up, revealing the soft, pale skin beneath and he used his fingertips there as well. Bill just about gave up trying to reciprocate at that point and rolled onto his back, abandoning himself to the pleasure just like Tom wanted his to. Sliding down the bed a little, Tom began to employ his lips as well, kissing over the gryphon and down Bill's chest. When he used his teeth very gently on the piecing in Bill's nipple Bill whined and arched up underneath him. Flicking his tongue over the same spot had Bill whimpering and Tom definitely liked that.

The arch up had done one thing very definitely and that was put his body in contact with Bill's boxer-clad erection and there was no doubt that Bill's body wanted this as much as Bill's mind did. Tom was hard himself; it would have been almost impossible not to be with Bill so close and so needy and he knew it wouldn't take much to put either of them over the edge. It was as if every nerve was multiplied as they touched this way for the first time and Tom had no illusions of getting further than some severely heavy petting that night.

Concentrating his mouth on Bill's sensitive nipples, he ran one hand along Bill's body and came to rest cupped gently over Bill's cock and balls. Tom felt his twin tense at the contact, shocked for a moment even though they had both known where this was going, but then Bill pushed into his hand and Tom knew he was

accepted. He rubbed carefully as he let his tongue work on Bill's chest and Bill began gasping, rocking his hips in a familiar rhythm.

"Tomi," Bill said breathlessly, "if you don't stop ... hmmm ... gonna ..."

"I know," he replied, knowing exactly what he was doing and then he sucked hard on the nipple under his tongue and slipped his hand inside Bill's boxer.

Bill bucked up almost before he had a grip on him and the only reason there wasn't a very loud scream of his name reverberating around the apartment was because Tom was faster and covered Bill's mouth with his own in a scorching kiss. The way Bill writhed against him, hip brushing his cock, still within its jersey confines, was enough to fire his own pleasure centres. He hadn't meant to come, joining Bill in ecstasy, but it seemed his body had other ideas and he ripped his mouth away from Bill's burying his head in Bill's shoulder in a bid to stay quiet.

It was all a little mind-blowing really and it seemed to take an awfully long time for him to come down from the high. Frankly he had hoped it would be good, but he hadn't expected it to be that good. He was used to sex, not as much as he pretended, but he'd definitely had his share and nothing had come close to what, when it came down to it, was a simple hand job and a bit of frottage. It dawned on him that Bill really was his perfect match and Bill pushed every button he had without even trying.

He blinked a little and lifted his head to look at Bill who looked back with a content little smile on his face. The fact that he still had his hand wrapped around Bill's cock could have been awkward, but in reality just felt comfortable.

"We should do that more," Bill said, smile growing considerably, "lots more."

Tom couldn't help laughing, his whole body vibrating with it.

"Ooh," Bill said almost instantly, "yeah, we could try that too."

====

Tom watched yet another person wander away with a huge smile on their face after having a quiet word with Bill. It was more than obvious that indeed, in some cases, the truth did set you free, if the cheerful, happy air among their crew and staff was anything to go by. He wasn't naïve enough to believe that Bill's gentle touch would work in all cases, but it was doing wonders for a lot of people.

Maybe it was because Bill was pure of spirit like the gryphon in his dream had said, but whatever the reason Tom was sure that the powers that be of the universe had made the right decision. The truth had allowed them to admit what they both needed, even if the rest of the world would have frowned on them, and the truth was helping a lot of other people as well. Bill always had been on the weird and wonderful side and this new aspect suited him perfectly. All in all, Tom was very happy with events, but he did make a mental note not to let Bill buy anymore strange pendants from junk shops.

The End