

Das Geschenk (The Gift) Series

Beauty and Talent (Part 1)	1
Be Like You (Part 2)	31
Blood High (missing scene 1).....	68
Bastard! (missing scene 2).....	71
Bisexual (missing scene 3).....	73
The Talk (Part 3).....	76

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

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

Fandom: Tokio Hotel / Jrock RPS

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: vampires

Beauty and Talent (Part 1)

Pairing: Bill/Gackt

Rating: NC-17/18 for sex and language

Summary: The members of Tokio Hotel are in the UK to launch the English version of their album and Bill has caught the eye of another visiting rock star. When they meet Bill finds out that some things he thought were just fantasy do, in fact, exist.

Author's Notes: A pretty boy with a pretty man, how could I resist? Thanks to Soph for the beta. It's very difficult to find details about TH, but I've read all the translated interviews I could find and filled in the gaps with supposition :).

Word count: ~15,520

Bill slipped away from the party hoping that no one would notice. He liked parties, but they had been travelling all over the place promoting the new album and this was the fifth one in as many days and he was tired. Being in the UK was fun, but it was all a bit much. They'd had interviews all day and Bill just needed a bit of space and a chance to shake the headache that had started behind his eyes two hours before. Too many people were asking him too many questions and he wanted just a few minutes down time.

He walked towards where he knew there was a private balcony that looked out onto a courtyard where the fans couldn't reach. There he could get some air and hopefully avoid people for fifteen minutes or so before someone came to drag him back. Stepping into the night air, he took a deep breath and couldn't help the sigh of relief. The courtyard was dark below the balcony, being locked up and not in use, and there were only a couple of small lights for him to see anything on the balcony itself; it was perfect.

Leaning on the edge he just looked into the darkness and enjoyed the calm. Tom would undoubtedly notice he was gone shortly and come looking, but until then he let himself enjoy the peace.

"There are two things I admire," a voice jarred him from his reverie and he turned quickly to see a shadowy figure that he had completely missed standing at the other end of the balcony; "talent and beauty, and I believe I am in the presence of both."

Very few things could render him speechless, but that particular line did, especially since he had thought he was completely alone. The talent part seemed to suggest the stranger knew who he was, but the beauty bit sounded like he was being mistaken for a girl, which he definitely wasn't. The stranger's German was heavily accented and sounded a little old fashioned, but it was perfectly put together. And, when the man stepped a little into the light, Bill found out why. His companion on the balcony was Japanese and looked vaguely familiar, but when Bill tried to make a mental connection that would tell him who the man was, he failed.

Logically he knew that the man was also a VIP guest of the hotel since no one else was supposed to be able to reach the shut off area, but his brain just didn't seem to want to give him the relevant information. He also realised that he was standing there in a way that must have looked pretty stupid, since his companion had neglected to say anything further and had spoken a good few seconds previously.

"Hello," he managed to stammer out, but he really was totally wrong footed.

The man gave him a half smile that for some reason made him a little nervous.

"Forgive me for startling you," his companion said, walking further into the light, "I had thought I was the only one who had found this sanctuary."

"I needed to get away for a few minutes," Bill said quickly, feeling embarrassed now, "I'm sorry to have interrupted you."

"Not at all," the other man said, "it was becoming a little lonely out here by myself. I would be honoured if you would remain for a little while."

Bill really wasn't sure; talking to strangers was something he had to be very wary of these days. Yet there was something about this man that made the back of his mind whisper odd things at him.

"I'm in the music industry myself," the man continued before he could say yes or no, "I'm here arranging for a show and I heard your music for the first time this week. You sing very well and your lyrics are incredibly interesting."

"Thank you," Bill said, still not sure how to approach the encounter. "Excuse me, but you look very familiar; should I know you?"

That made the man smile a little more and for some reason he couldn't quite fathom, that pleased Bill.

"It is possible you may have seen my face somewhere," his companion replied, stepping yet closer and making Bill's heart beat a little faster, "but I work mostly in Japan and Asia."

Bill totally forgot that he wanted to ask the man his name when his companion reached up and pulled off his tinted glasses. Up until that point Bill hadn't even noticed that the man was wearing them, but, when he was pinned down by eyes so blue that they had to be fake, nothing else really seemed to matter. His higher brain kept trying to draw his attention to the fact that going back to the party would be really sensible, but other more primitive parts of his mind were speaking more loudly.

It was a bit of a shock to realise that he was sort of reacting the same way he usually did with a very pretty girl. The man next to him had a very androgynous look, but there was no mistaking his voice for that of a man. This was a new experience for Bill since he had never found himself remotely attracted to a man before. What he said in interviews was actually true; he wasn't gay or bi, or at least he hadn't thought he was. The way his pulse was beginning to race seemed to be saying otherwise, however.

"I've always wanted to visit Japan," Bill said and felt like such an idiot the moment it passed his lips.

He wasn't used to feeling so out of his depth anymore, not after so many interviews and seeing so much of the world, but this fascinating man made him feel like he was back on his first talent show. It was a very disconcerting feeling as the other oozed confidence.

"I'm sure you would like it," his companion said. "I hope you don't mind, but I took the liberty of looking your group up on the internet in hopes that I might bump into you in the hotel. You have a very interesting career for one so young, I was most impressed."

Now Bill was sure he was blushing ridiculously red, which was possibly the stupidest thing he could have done. The problem was that his companion seemed to be completely sincere and Bill couldn't just brush off the flattery as the hype he usually did.

"Thank you," he said quietly.

"I would be fascinated to understand some of the motivation behind your lyrics," his companion said before he could ask a question of his own. "They are unusually deep for a person of your years. Have you really been writing since you were seven?"

It was flattering to be the centre of such intent attention, but it made Bill slightly uneasy as well. He wasn't quite sure why he hadn't walked away yet, but something had him caught.

"Around then," he replied with a nod; "I've always had things I need to put into words. Everyone at school thought I was weird."

"The extraordinary is always ridiculed by those who do not understand," the enticing man said in a way that made Bill think his companion truly understood about being different.

"I've never understood that," he said, finding himself being surprisingly honest.

He had always liked the strange and unusual; it was far more exciting than what so many people considered normal. Some sections of the press still ridiculed him for not fitting into their little boxes, but at least now there were people who seemed to like his choices as well.

"An open mind is a wonderful thing," his companion said, pulling him out of his thoughts, "it opens a person to the fantastic things the universe has to show him."

Bill smiled at that; maybe this man was a kindred spirit of sorts. It was an unusual experience for him; very few people understood where he was coming

from apart from his family and a few very close friends like Georg and Gustav. He had long ago accepted that he was rather odd when it came to the whole scheme of things. His companion seemed to take his smile as permission to move a little closer and Bill found his pulse speeding up again.

There was something he couldn't place about this complete stranger that captivated him and it was making him question some of the assumptions he had always made about himself. He couldn't even blame it on alcohol because he hadn't drunk anywhere near enough to be anything but slightly happy. He'd been to so many parties over the last few days that he was a little bored with alcohol and so he'd been taking it very easy. At the thought of the party he glanced back the way he had come, but couldn't work up any enthusiasm for going back.

"My apologies if I am keeping you from a prior engagement," his companion said as he looked back.

"Just another party," he replied, trying to keep the weariness out of his voice.

There really was such a condition as too much of a good thing.

"Ah," the other man said with a nod, "the constant need to be the life and soul can be wearing, ne?"

That was definitely the voice of experience speaking there and Bill nodded with a wry smile. It seemed he had a great deal in common with the man whose name he still didn't know.

"It may be impertinent of me," he companion spoke again just as he was about to voice the question in his head, "but, if you are not in a hurry to return, I would be most honoured to monopolise your time for a while. My suite is very well stocked and I would love to talk further with you."

The man's mouth said talk, but his eyes said something completely different as Bill looked at him and Bill felt his heart jump into his throat. He finally admitted to himself that he found his companion more than just a little attractive and he knew he was entering territory he wasn't well versed with. His instincts were telling him one thing and his head was pointing out that he really didn't have any idea what he was doing.

"If nothing else, I can offer a short break from the troubles of the public eye," his companion said in a tone that sent shivers down Bill's spine.

On an ordinary day he might have blushed and run back to the party, but it was not ordinary and his companion was anything but common place. The voice at the back of his mind, that occasionally sounded very like Tom, urged him on and he found himself smiling, possibly a little too widely.

"Thank you," he said, "that would be great."

It was as they went to leave that he realised that, if he knew his twin, Tom would be looking for him soon, so he pulled out his mobile.

"Just a sec," he said as he rapidly put in a text.

[Not bn kidnapped, c u l8r, Bill]

He hit send and then pushed the phone back in his pocket.

"Just letting Tom know I'm okay," he said as his companion looked at him questioningly and the explanation earned him a smile.

It was with a little trepidation he followed the other man off the balcony.

Bill was not as naïve as some people liked to make out, but he realised quite how out of his depth he was the moment he walked into the hotel room. Talking about music was one thing and even if he was trying to justify this whole encounter with that excuse, he knew that wasn't really why he was here.

"There is no need to look so nervous," his companion said with what seemed to be his trademark half smile, "if you feel you need to leave at any time I will not stop you."

That made Bill feel even more inexperienced, since he was being so obvious. It crossed his mind to just turn around and walk out there and then, but there was something inordinately fascinating about the man in front of him and something kept him in place. What was as clear as his nervousness seemed to be was that his companion was not new at this game at all.

"I did not lie when I said you possess the two things I admire most; you have a great deal of talent and you are very beautiful."

Bill found himself blushing again and feeling like a little boy in the presence of his elders. He didn't know how to take being called beautiful, that was what you usually called girls, but his companion seemed to mean it as sincere flattery and he found he didn't mind. Half of him had no idea what he was doing here and the other half was nervous and excited and desperate to see where this would lead. When his companion stepped up close to him he thought his heart might leap out of his chest.

"Although I would very much like to discuss many things with you," the beguiling stranger whispered to him in possibly the sexiest voice he had ever heard, "we could just drop the pretence for now and explore your other talents."

It seemed to be suddenly very hot and Bill was having trouble breathing, but he did not step back and he did not move his head when his companion reached up to cup the side of his face. As lips, far softer than he would have expected, covered his own, he almost froze, but the soft touch on his face settled him a little and he made himself relax into the kiss. He felt like he was back kissing his first girl, the way his stomach was doing summersaults, but in some ways this was very different, especially when a tongue danced across his lips and requested entrance.

As the kiss deepened, he actually found his head starting to spin and he knees felt weak and he was pretty sure that, if an arm hadn't snaked around him to hold him in position, he would have stumbled backwards. He had literally never felt like this with another person; it was like the rush he felt just before he stepped out on stage and he found himself blinking and trying to reassert his equilibrium when his companion finally drew back. That was possibly the hottest kiss of his life.

When bright blue eyes wandered up and down his slim frame, he became uncomfortably aware that his trousers were too tight and the fact that he was hard as a rock would be clearly on display. From the expression on his

companion's face, however, the other man did not seem to think it was a bad thing.

"You take great pains to appear perfect in public," his companion said quietly, "and you do very well. I am the same way, but I think I would like to see the perfection which is under the creation. I will show you my real face, if you will show me yours."

Bill looked into the contact lens covered eyes and could not help wondering what was behind the colour. He was nodding before he really had time to process what the question meant.

Time took on a rather surreal quality after that as Bill found himself more along for the ride rather than actually having any say in where the universe wanted him to go. They kissed some more and moved further into the room and Bill completely failed to object as he was systematically stripped. Teenage hormones that he had been very carefully controlling for quite a while seemed to have taken over now that he had let them off the leash and sensible thought appeared to be a thing of the past.

By the time they made it to the bathroom, something else Bill didn't question, he had lost all his clothes except his jeans and underwear. He was also quite pleased to realise that he had at least managed to open his companion's shirt, although not being experienced at undressing anyone but himself he had not achieved anything further. Just letting his eyes run over the other man he wanted to - well he wasn't actually quite sure what - but he knew he wanted something.

He was in fact taller than his companion, but he really didn't feel it. The man undressing him had so much presence that he felt surrounded and dwarfed, but he really didn't care. It was all kind of surreal and he almost pinched himself to make sure this was really happening; that he was actually doing this.

When his companion drew back a little way, he had his first opportunity to think, but he didn't want to. He knew there were reasons not to do this, sensible objections the least of which was that he knew nothing about this man, but he didn't want to dwell on any of that. This was exciting and he wanted it with every sex soaked cell of his body.

He watched every move as his companion reached up and slowly plucked the contact lenses from his eyes and then Bill felt like he was being swallowed by the deep brown, almost black eyes that looked at him. It was as if he could see infinity in those depths and his instincts tried to tell him something that he could not quite grasp. He opened his mouth to say something, but he had no words as something deep inside him stirred in a way he did not understand.

For a moment it was as if he almost knew something, as if he sensed knowledge just beyond his reach that was only a hair's breadth away. Then he blinked and it was gone, consigned to the recesses of his mind as lust reached up to consume it.

As hands reached for his belt buckle, he didn't move to resist, but he didn't help either as he tried to understand what had just happened. He wanted this, he knew he did, but there was something he needed to know that he could not quite grasp.

"You'll find out," his companion said as if reading his mind while releasing the button on his jeans for him.

Bill was becoming more confused, but it didn't seem to be doing anything to dull the arousal that was trying to remove his ability to think anyway. Only when fingers looped into the top of his boxers, pushing them down swiftly along with his jeans, did he forget all about his worries. His companion sank down into a crouch and Bill stepped out of his last garments when urged to, but he found himself blushing as well. His mind chose then to point out that he was completely naked in front of a man who was definitely not just looking at him as one of the guys.

Being naked with another male was nothing new, the whole band lived in each other's pockets and modesty had long since gone the way of the dinosaur, but being naked for sex definitely was.

His beautiful companion looked up at him through heavy lashes, gaze lingering for a moment on his revealed erection before moving to his face. For a moment he was nervous and excited at the same time, wondering if his companion would move in, but not sure he was ready to be touched quite so directly yet, but then the moment was broken as his companion stood up again. Bill held his breath as his soon-to-be lover stripped with casual efficiency.

The body under the clothes was simply perfect; not a blemish, not a scar, not a hair, at least not until his eyes glanced down. It appeared that even his companion's pubic hair was styled and he couldn't help himself as he stared at the ample erection nestled below the neatly trimmed clump of hair. Bill felt suddenly even younger, and very, very inexperienced.

"Time to wash away our masks," his companion said in a gentle, but enticing tone.

When his hand was taken and he was led towards the large shower cubicle, Bill went with only the slightest hesitation. It took his companion only a moment to set the controls and realign the shower head once the water had reached temperature. Then he let himself be pulled under the spray, lifting his face into the stream with his eyes tightly closed. Some of his makeup was waterproof, but such things could only hold up to so much and he knew it would wash off under the onslaught of such a large amount of water.

He ran his fingers through his hair, helping the water to destroy the wild style he had chosen for that evening, but when he went to rub his face he found his hands being caught.

"Keep you eyes closed," his companion instructed gently and then he felt fingers on his face.

The fingers were gentle and covered in something that didn't smell like soap and Bill let his affectations be cleaned away. There was something very sensual about the light touch over his skin and he could have stayed that way for a very long time, but after only a short while the fingers dropped away.

"A beautiful face with or without the mask," his companion whispered and he moved back so that he could open his eyes and look at the man close to him.

His companion's makeup had been subtle, unlike his own, but it was gone now as well and yet there was something almost ethereal about his companion without

the enhancements. When he was drawn in for a kiss, he went and he let the last of his reservations go. As water beat down on them both, he leant against his companion and revelled in the feeling of skin on skin.

Bill let himself be turned and pushed up against the glass of the shower cubicle with his companion's body plastered against his back. He felt so out of control and yet he was anticipating every touch. There was something about the man behind him that was not normal, he could feel it to the very depths of his soul, and yet he made no move to try and leave.

"I can sense your innocence," his lover whispered in his ear over the sound of the water; "no matter what some of the press like to suggest, I know you are untouched."

Bill heard a tiny whimper and realised it was him. How could this stranger know the truth? Only a handful of people knew the reality behind the hype, not even some people he considered friends knew that he had taken his desire for true love to the ultimate extreme. What he was doing now seemed to make it all a joke anyway, but he found this man intoxicating.

"You're shaking," his lover said quietly, nuzzling his neck gently; "is that fear or desire?"

"Both," Bill managed to force one word between his lips.

He closed his eyes and lent his head against the shower cubicle wall; he really didn't understand how he had ended up here. This wasn't him; he didn't do this type of thing.

"If you have changed your mind," his companion said gently, stroking his back, "I will not hold it against you. You hide the truth very well, I knew you were inexperienced, but I had no idea until just now you had never done this before and I would not take that from you unless you are very sure."

That wasn't what Bill expected to hear and he opened his eyes again, turning slowly so he could see the other man. He was being given a way out and he saw only truth in the dark eyes he looked into. For a moment he didn't know what to do and he closed his eyes again for a second trying to sort out the mess his head was in. His body wanted this, but his mind was still confused.

"I'm sure," he said eventually, opening his eyes and looking directly at his companion again.

The pleased smile he was given in return was almost reward enough.

"Then I am honoured," his companion said, moving in close again. "I shall make this a night you will never forget."

Something about the way his lover nuzzled his neck then made his heart bang in his chest, almost as if he sensed something that caused adrenaline to surge through his system. The tiniest nip of teeth on his skin caused him to moan and push his head back against the shower wall. His whole body seemed to be coming alive more and more under his companion's touch; it was as if he hadn't really felt anything before.

About all he could manage was breathing as his companion took him apart nerve by nerve, moving across his skin with mouth, nails and finger tips. He couldn't

reciprocate; he couldn't do anything as his body just surrendered to the sensations. His mind whispered that he should be doing something, but he could barely form a coherent thought, let alone move in a normal manner.

When a hand wrapped around his cock, his eyes rolled back into his head and he moaned quietly. This was nothing like touching himself, nothing like jerking off in the shower to release a little tension; this was altogether different.

"You look beautiful when you lose control," his lover spoke to him in a voice that made him melt as much as the touching. "Just react, forget everything else, I have you."

Bill wanted to say something, but all that came out of his mouth was another quiet moan. It was simple really; he was on overload and he had no choice but to follow the instructions. When he was urged to turn around again he did and, with his lover pressed up against him again as skilful fingers stroked his cock, he almost came instantly. Only the fact that his companion slowed his ministrations as if reading his mind saved him from that embarrassment.

"Trust me," was whispered in his ear and he could only nod as words failed him.

He felt his companion move away from him slightly, but one strong arm was still supporting him where his lover was looped around him stroking his cock so that his trembling legs were enough to hold him up. Fine motor control was as beyond him as speech, so he was glad not to be completely left to fend for himself. He soon found out what his companion had been doing with his other hand as slick, soapy fingers began to massage his lower back. It wasn't really a surprise when that hand moved a little lower and began massaging his backside instead.

Slowly the touches became more and more intimate, sliding over his buttocks and down between his legs, dancing over his balls and then back from whence they had come. When slick fingers finally slipped between the cheeks of his arse and over what was hidden between, he whimpered quietly, wrapping his hand around one of the shower unit bars to keep him steady.

The sensation was so new and different that his whole consciousness focused on it. He leant his forehead against the glass of the shower wall, placing the hand that was not holding the shower fitting in a death grip flat against the glass as well. His lover played with him for what seemed like forever, just teasing him and making the muscles in his arse clench and unclench at the brief touches, but he knew what was coming.

When one finger finally pushed slowly at his entrance, he put his head back, narrowly missing swallowing a stream of water as he gasped. It was such an intimate thing to be breached in that way and Bill felt part of his innocence washing away as his lover so very gently opened him. He didn't know if he wanted more or he wanted less as he was played from both sides, but he so badly wanted to come. He was on the edge, he could feel it, but the finger was withdrawn and the pressure on his cock was reduced before he could fall over into orgasm.

He moaned again, keeping his eyes closed as he was once again turned round and his back connected with the shower cubical wall. The hand stroking his erection was maddening in that his lover would take him so far and then bring him back and he knew he was putty in the exotic man's palm.

"Incredible beauty," his lover whispered; "so young and so new. You want to come, don't you, Bill-chan; you want to come badly."

"Yes," Bill murmured in return, far too strung out to care about anything else.

That voice, the incredible touches; Bill didn't just want to come, he needed to.

"Look at me, Bill-chan," his lover spoke quietly and gently, but Bill opened his eyes like it was a command.

What he saw made his breath catch in his throat with shock at something his mind told him could not be real and at the stark beauty of his companion. His lover was looking at him with eyes that glowed softly from the inside, eyes that held him like the gentlest of prisons.

"I promised to show you my real face," his companion said, smiling and revealing long, pointed fangs. "You know what I am, don't you?"

Bill nodded, feeling just a tingle of fear through the arousal that was pumping around his body. The thing that had been out of his reach; the knowledge he had not been able to grasp was suddenly so clear as instinct and what his senses were telling him came together in one truth: his lover was a vampire.

"Are you going to kill me?" he asked in little more than a whisper, any feelings he might have had about this remaining remote at the back of his mind.

It was as if he was an addict and he needed the sensation of the hand gently stroking him more than he needed to live.

"No," his lover replied with a much gentler smile, "that would be a terrible waste to me and the world. I do not kill, Bill-chan, not unless my life is threatened. I intend to taste you and make you feel things you have never imagined."

Bill couldn't think clearly at all, but a stab of real fear did run through him when his vampire lover leaned into him again.

"Relax," were the words almost purred at him, "I will not hurt you."

He could not relax completely, but he did not move, surrendering to the need to just feel everything. The hand on his cock worked deliciously slowly and his arousal seemed to build with every millimetre closer that his lover came to his throat. He could feel breath on his skin even with the shower still running and then two sharp points touched his flesh.

There was barely time for the tiny points of pain to register before he felt the most wonderful feeling rush through him. His gasp of pain became a breathless moan of ecstasy and the lips that sucked at his neck could have been on his cock for all the difference it made. His eyes rolled back into his head as the orgasm that had been waiting just beyond his reach ripped through him with devastating force. Up and down, real and unreal; nothing was distinguishable for a good few seconds as he surrendered completely to the most incredible sensations.

The world kind of greyed out for a while as the only important thing became the amazing power of his release. When he finally began to come down from the mind blowing high, he found that he was being supported almost completely by his companion and most of his muscles were tingling and shaking as if he'd just been through an earthquake.

"I hope you come like that every time, Bill-chan," his lover whispered to him as he did his best to find his scattered wits; "it was most exhilarating."

Bill really didn't have any words; what could he say to that? Not sure what to do, but, knowing he wanted more, he moved to claim a kiss. He didn't care anymore what or who his lover was; he just wanted everything he could get.

His lover had kept him in the shower for another ten minutes or so, washing his hair and his body with almost fastidious, but very gentle precision. Once they're stepped out of the shower, he had found himself being towel dried from head to foot, but then they had taken the sex to the bedroom. Bill was growing in confidence, or possibly he was just desperate for every touch and taste, but his lover seemed to appreciate it as he sucked at one nipple. He was intoxicated by this incredible man/creature and he liked it. Maybe it was the thrill of finding out that something that lived in his darkest fantasies was real, or maybe it was just the thrill of finally having sex; it didn't matter, he was all in now.

He crawled up over his lover's body so that they were face to face, wanting to see those dark eyes again. His sensible, modern brain was whispering things about safe sex and condoms, but it was a little late for that now; he'd been bitten and he couldn't think of any more direct way of sharing bodily fluids. Reality seemed to be moving further and further away anyway and such ideas were becoming remote. As he leant down for a kiss, he wondered if this was what being high was like.

For a while, his lover allowed him free reign as he kissed and touched where the fancy took him, but then suddenly he was rolled over and he found himself pinned to the bed. There was absolutely no doubt in his mind that his lover could do anything to him and he wouldn't be able to stop it; now that he understood what his instincts were telling him, he could feel the raw power in the body above him. What surprised him was that this caused excitement in him, rather than trepidation.

"Will you be mine tonight, Bill-chan?" his lover asked when they were little more than nose to nose.

Bill wasn't sure his voice would come out anything but squeaky and embarrassing, so he gave a very careful nod. His lover's gaze was intense, searching his face and his companion must have seen what he wanted to see, because Bill was rewarded with a warm smile.

"I will be right back," were the words he just about caught before his lover was gone at high speed.

Bill barely had time to wonder at how fast his lover could move before the vampire was back beside the bed and sitting down next to him with elegant grace. There was a small bottle in his lover's hand and he found himself swallowing hard as he realised that he could still be nervous about this.

"I will be gentle," his lover told him, leaning down to steal a quick kiss, "I promise."

Picking up a pillow from the head of the bed, his lover stood up again and walked down to the end, climbing on, on his knees. Bill never let his eyes leave his

lover's face through the whole thing and, even after what they had already done, he felt awkward as his legs were urged apart.

"Lift up," his lover said, tapping him on the hip and Bill did as he was told, bending his legs and lifting his pelvis off the bed.

He felt even more exposed and silly when the pillow was pushed under his backside. He'd been hard again since before they climbed out of the shower, but he felt his enthusiasm wilting just a little as fear crept in. Seeming to sense his nerves, his lover placed the little bottle on the bed and lent over him between his legs.

"You look completely delicious."

He blushed when he was told that, but the sexual hunger in the eyes looking at him kept him from squirming.

"Innocence is a gift that may be given only once," his lover said, running a finger along the underside of his leg and up over his balls, "and that you give yours to me is something I will always treasure."

It was difficult to find anything to say to that and, when his lover bent down and ran his tongue from the root to the tip of his cock, all words vanished from his head. If he had thought the hand-job in the shower had been good, it was nothing to what his lover seemed to be able to do with his tongue. Bill wasn't sure he'd ever be able to think straight again and he couldn't say that, round about then, he really wanted to either.

As his lover's mouth closed over his cock completely, he forgot how to breathe, as he somehow dragged in oxygen in little gasps. Tom had never mentioned that blowjobs were this good and he had to conclude that maybe there were advantages to having a partner that was a) a lot older than him and b) also a man. However, after a minute or so, just about when he was sure his lover was going to suck every sentient thought out of his body through his cock, the stimulation was withdrawn and he couldn't help but make a small noise of discontent. That sound was answered by a laugh and he looked up to find that his lover was quietly amused and he blushed as his brain caught up.

"As much as I would love to tease you all night," his companion said, smiling, "I fear even my patience is not that good. There are many other delights I have to show you."

Bill didn't doubt it for a minute. When his lover reached for the little bottle of lube, he felt his nerves coming back again.

"You will enjoy it," were the words that almost placated him, "and if it is too much, all you have to do is say stop."

The last thing Bill wanted to do was chicken out now, but he was very glad of the assurances anyway.

"What do I do?" he asked, managing to find his voice for at least one sensible question.

"Lift you legs, do your best to relax and let me do everything else," his lover said and stoked the inside of his thigh.

Bill felt rather ridiculous and even more exposed when he did as he was asked, but once again the way his companion looked at him was enough to take away most of his doubts. There was something in his lover's gaze that made him feel desired and it was rather addictive. It was similar to the adoration he saw in the faces of some fans, but on a much more personal level.

He watched as well as he could from his current position as his lover poured lube onto his fingers and then moved towards him, but the first touch still made him jump.

"Trust me," his lover said, moving slick fingers gently over his entrance.

Bill gave a small nod and tried very hard to relax. He'd felt the first finger before, so it was only when his lover slowly pushed in a second that the experience began to change in any significant way. His muscles gave surprisingly easily as the intrusion in his arse was increased. It was a very odd feeling, but he couldn't say he didn't like it as the sensitive nerves fired off at the attention. He was definitely being treated as gently as promised and he let his eyes flutter closed as he experienced the new sensations, biting his lip as his arousal built.

"Let it out, Bill-chan," his lover said in a low, sexy tone, "I want to hear you."

The moan that had been lurking in the back of his throat launched out of him with almost explosive force.

"That's better."

Wanking in the shower tended to be an almost silent activity, unless you were Georg who seemed to have no shame about things like that, so being vocal voluntarily was quite new to Bill. It was a liberating feeling and the next time a loud moan threatened he let it out straight away. As his lover brushed past a particular spot inside him, the moan became as full on gasp that morphed into a groan and he opened his eyes in surprise, lifting his head.

The expression on his companion's face was somewhere between amused and hungry, but Bill really didn't care what his lover was thinking at that point. The evening was showing him so much he had never even thought about and his eyes were being opened to so many new things that it was a wasted effort to worry about his inexperience. His lover brushed the spot again and he let his head fall back, eyes closing again as the intense rush flowed through him; there was no way he could have stayed silent now.

Only when a third finger was added did he feel any pain and he grunted as he was stretched beyond what was comfortable. His muscles were burning and complaining now and for a moment he wasn't sure if the pleasure was worth the pain.

"Relax," his lover said, rubbing his cock gently and distracting him from the discomfort, "you will adjust in a moment."

Bill wasn't so sure, but as those fingers continued to move slowly he found the burning easing and he couldn't say it was comfortable, but it began to become pleasurable again. The more his lover worked him, the easier it felt and arousal took to the forefront of his mind again. When the fingers were withdrawn he felt empty and he wanted the sensation of being filled back. He opened his eyes and was rewarded with the sight of his lover kneeling up and coating his erection in the slick lube; it was an incredibly erotic site. Bill was not new to porn; hotels

could be boring and the adult channels were never locked out in their rooms, but looking at his lover sent signals directly to his cock in a way watching a movie never had.

He completely forgot to be nervous as he watched the sensual movements of his lover. His wrapt attention gained him a hungry smile and he found himself holding his breath as his lover leant over him with languid actions. At the first push, he remembered what he was worried about as his lover's cock breached him and it definitely hurt. He hissed his discomfort through his teeth, but his lover did not stop moving for a little while more and then they were both still.

"Wait," his lover said, for once sounding less than completely calm.

It hurt and was uncomfortable and Bill wanted to ask to stop, but they had come this far, so he followed his lover's instructions. He felt like he was fit to burst, but he bit his lip and bore it as they remained quite still.

"I will move now," his lover told him eventually; "stay as relaxed as you can."

Bill did his best to pant away the burning pain as his lover pushed further into him, but it was the sensation of his lover's cock brushing past that spot inside him that had so expertly been stimulated before that had him panting for entirely different reasons. He really didn't know if pain was beating out pleasure, or pleasure was beating out pain, but he was confused enough that he had no voice to object when his lover continued to move.

It was strange and intense and there was pain, but the more his lover moved, the more Bill lost himself in lust and arousal. He had little idea what noises and garbled words were falling from his mouth as his lover slowly increased in speed and he really did lose track of everything except the feeling of being filled and stimulated. His legs were beginning to ache from being raised so long, but it was irrelevant in the big scheme of things; the pleasure was definitely overcoming any discomfort now.

Long clever fingers wrapped around his cock against and started moving in time and he abandoned himself to the orgasm he knew was coming.

"Scream for me, Bill-chan," his lover said in that musical, erotic voice and Bill found himself doing just that.

He let himself go and he yelled and he came so hard he saw stars. It was literally like nothing he had ever experienced before as his whole body seemed to go into spasm starting from his centre and radiating outwards. As if he had fried every nerve, his whole body tingled.

"Exquisite," his lover said when he finally had the strength to open his eyes again and gazed upwards.

As usual he had no idea how to reply to praise from the other man, all he could do was blink rather stupidly as his body recovered from his second orgasm of the evening. One thing that did occur to him was that his lover didn't seem to have had even one yet, unless he'd missed it while he was busy with his own. Looking down as his companion climbed off him, he was fairly sure that he was right and he lowered his legs, wondering what he should do, once he regained proper motor control that was.

"I wonder how many more times I can make you do that tonight," his lover said with a smile, running a finger through the evidence of his release and then slowly licking it clean.

Bill decided that thinking about that would be bad for his health and had to wonder if his lover was trying to kill him by draining all of his bodily fluids out of his cock rather than biting him. He was a teenager, but there were limits, at least he thought there were until he looked into his lover's eyes. That was the point his mind short-circuited completely and left body to deal with the situation however it saw fit. At least if he died from too much sex it would make an interesting epitaph.

Bill lay sprawled over the bed and half on his lover as his body settled from the crazy heights it had found. He was exhausted in a very good way and enjoying the simple closeness after the mind blowing high or rather highs, because he had had no idea quite how much could be coaxed out of the human body.

"Bill-chan," the voice that spoke to him was like the lightest silk over his skin and he shivered even as he lifted his head to look at his lover.

He could lose himself forever in the eyes that looked at him and it didn't remotely occur to him to try and move away.

"I've seen your soul, Bill-chan," his lover told him with a sincerity that removed all doubt that he was being fed a line, "and it is as beautiful as you are on the outside. Such uniqueness should be cherished forever."

Bill didn't really understand what his companion was trying to say, but it sounded mystical and he did his best to comprehend it.

"Would you want to live forever, Bill-chan?" his lover asked.

His mind wasn't working too well, but he caught that idea and he smiled. It was difficult to imagine living forever, but it would be amazing to have all that time to do everything he had ever wanted to do. With a childlike delight he did his best to imagine what it might be like.

He was so busy thinking that he was quite surprised to find himself being sat up as his lover moved with almost effortless ease. This time when he was pulled close and fangs touched his neck, he was not afraid, but he could not help whimpering as his strung out body flooded with sensation that he could not quite take. He went limp in his lover's arms as the glorious mouth sucked at his neck and it was over too soon or not fast enough; he really didn't know which.

"Bill-chan," that voice brought him back again from wherever his mind had decided to go and he opened his eyes; "drink, Bill-chan."

His gaze followed his lover's hand as his companion drew one sharp nail over the flawless pale flesh of the chest against which he was almost lying. Deep red blood oozed from the wound and it drew him as if he was hypnotised. Not thinking about what he was doing at all, he obeyed the instruction and ran his tongue along the bleeding wound. It tasted strange and coppery, but something about it enticed him closer and he closed his mouth over the wound, sucking at it to get more.

Now he heard his lover moan deeply and it was almost as if the sound was coming from his as well, the way it reverberated through his mind and body. He had lost the ability to think, to comprehend, and all he could do was feel, and what he was feeling was that he wanted more.

When he was gently pulled away, he tried to move back, but his limbs didn't seem to be working quite the way they were supposed to and the strong grip holding him was more than a match for his attempt. He looked into the almost black eyes looking at him and this time they did swallow him. The hotel room just dissolved from his awareness and was replaced by inky black that seemed to go on forever.

Bill opened his eyes and closed them again pretty quickly as his retinas felt like they caught fire. His first thought was to wonder how much had he had to drink and then the previous evening came flooding back. He forced his eyes open again and looked around the bedroom. The first thing he noticed was that he was alone and he sat up slowly, doing his best not to aggravate the pounding in his head. From the other aches he could feel in various places he knew that he had definitely had sex with another man even if some of the details were a little hazy, but some of the other things he seemed to remember couldn't be real, could they?

He touched his neck gingerly and the skin felt just slightly tender where he recalled being bitten, but there didn't seem to be anything there under his fingers. Vampires were just stories; he must have been drunker than he had realised and dreamed the rest.

Looking around, he wondered where his companion of the previous night was. The other man's things were still there, but there was no sign of his lover. The whole room smelt of sex, as did he, so he decided that the first thing he needed was a shower. He was definitely sore as he moved, but remembering the pleasure he couldn't really bring himself to care.

Only when he staggered out of the shower a little more awake and alert did he begin to notice things. There was a little disposable toothbrush next to the sink with a post-it note saying simply "For you". He wrapped himself in one of the hotel robes and then used the toothbrush before examining himself in the mirror. There was a bruise on his neck right where he remembered being bitten, but it appeared to be a hicky rather than a proper bite mark. He looked a bit paler than usual, but that was probably just the hangover and when he caught himself looking at his teeth he realised he was being ridiculous.

Heading back into the other room, he saw a longer note on the dressing table which he realised he had probably been supposed to find first. Picking it up he read the neat handwriting:

*Dear Bill-chan,
my apologies for leaving before you woke, but I had an early meeting this morning and I did not want to disturb you. Please stay as long as you wish and make use of anything you need to. You are welcome to order breakfast on room service, but I strongly suggest you eat no matter what you decide to do; you need to rebuild your strength. I won't be returning to the hotel until this evening, but if you are available then I would very much like to meet with you again.
Have a good day,
Gackt*

Bill read the name three times before it sank in. How had he not recognised one of the most famous faces in Japan? He didn't know a huge amount about the Japanese pop market, but when the band had released a song in Japanese he had investigated it. He rather liked what he had seen of many Japanese bands' sense of style. The name Gackt had been very difficult to miss during his casual perusal. That he had just lost his virginity to one of the biggest names in Japanese pop rather stunned him. He just sat there for a while and then the first line of the note made him look at the clock. Suddenly he was scrambling for his clothes (which had been neatly piled on a nearby chair); it was ten past nine and they were supposed to be leaving the hotel at ten for a TV appearance.

"Bill, where have you been?" Tom's voice greeted him as he all but flew through the door of the big suite the band was sharing.

"Out," he replied, having no time to answer questions as he began stripping off his old clothes and dragging new ones out of his suitcase.

His hair was a complete mess since he had slept on it while it was still slightly damp and he knew it was going to take him ages to sort it out so he needed to find clothes quickly.

"Oh my god, you've finally done it," he stood up and turned, half undressed as he heard Tom's comment.

His brother was leaning on the door post looking amazed, but also amused.

"And to think I was worried about you," Tom said, eyes looking at his back. "Have sharp nails did she?"

Bill did his best to look at his own back, but of course failed. He moved to the mirror and twisted so he could see properly and there were some lovely scratches on his back.

"Shit," was his reaction; he didn't even remember when that had happened.

"She must have been something special," Tom commented as Bill decided that there was nothing he could do about the scratches now and just grabbed a t-shirt and threw it on.

There really wasn't time for this conversation now, but Bill knew Tom wouldn't stop until his brother had the details. They really did tell each other everything and he had no intention of lying to his twin.

"He," he corrected, stripping out of his trousers and throwing them on the bed.

For a moment there was complete silence and if he hadn't been so busy he might have had time to worry. As it was, he did his best to concentrate on finding all the bits he needed from his case. When he finally had the guts to look at his brother, Tom appeared rather stunned.

"You lost your virginity to a guy?" Tom asked as if making sure he had heard right.

Bill nodded; it had been a surprise to him too. He just prayed Tom wouldn't freak, because no matter what the press liked to say about him, Bill had never experimented with the same sex and he really didn't want it to upset his brother.

"Then I guess he must have been very, very special," Tom finally said as they looked at each other.

Bill couldn't quite hide the smile that tugged at the corners of his mouth as he realised Tom wasn't going to lose it.

"Hell yes," he said, feeling just a bit better since Tom seemed to be accepting the whole thing okay.

Tom grinned at him and shook his head.

"You've got ten minutes and you really do have just had sex hair today so you better do something about it;" Tom said, turning to go. "When we get back later you're telling me everything."

It had been a very full day; they had had one radio interview and lots of snippet interviews for various music shows. Bill never had managed to get breakfast and it was one of those days where things did not go to plan thanks to traffic and they were surviving on sweets, because there was no time for anything else. By the time they reached their last appointment, a recording for a chat show with a live audience, he was feeling a little light headed. They were performing first and then doing the whole chat thing, so he just concentrated on the English lyrics running through his head.

"You okay?" Tom asked quietly as they waited for their cue.

"Just need food," he reassured his twin with a nod; "missed breakfast."

"You're white as a sheet even with the makeup," Tom said, looking slightly worried; "you should have eaten something in the green room."

"Can't eat before I sing," Bill replied, smiling and hoping to settle his brother's fears. "Once we're done I'll grab something."

Tom did not look too happy, but accepted the compromise with a nod.

A member of the crew came by to tell them that they were on next and Bill put his hunger out of his mind and concentrated on remembering his words. The moment they were announced there was screaming and he felt the beginnings of a strange euphoria as the lights came up and Gustav counted them in. As the music started, it was like electricity running through him and he started singing even as part of his mind marvelled at the feeling running around his body.

It was always a rush to step out in front of fans and sing, but the moment he opened his mouth it was like opening a conduit. He could feel the energy running through the audience and it was the most amazing thing. Before the first line was over he was on such a high that he wasn't sure he would ever come down and he threw himself into the song with everything he had. He bounced around the small stage area feeding off the energy he could feel and giving everything back he could. It was wonderful, it was mind blowing and the song was over far too soon.

He grinned at Tom as they finished and Tom looked at him oddly, but he was on too much of a high to care. They made their way over to the couch where the host of the show waited for them and all piled onto it quickly. Doing an interview in English was difficult and there was a translator there for the more difficult bits,

but Bill was looking forward to the whole thing. They had been practicing their language skills for months and he was pretty sure he wouldn't make an idiot of himself.

It was only after he sat down that he began to feel a little odd. The euphoria of the performance was wearing off as the interviewer did a little introduction bit about them and Bill found the light-headedness coming back. The only problem was that now that he had expended so much energy it was worse and he blinked as his vision decided to go strangely bright. The interviewer's voice seemed to be really far away and his body felt very heavy. Everything was surreal around him and even as he realised he was sliding sideways there was nothing he could do about it.

"Bill," he heard Tom calling his name, but it was so distant that he could barely hear it.

The whole set had vanished in bright silvers and whites and then was starting to go dark at the edges. It was with a little shock he realised he was passing out just before everything went black.

"Bill," his brother's familiar voice called to him through the fog in his head and he followed it back towards reality.

His brain really didn't seem to want to turn back on, but he fought for consciousness since Tom sounded really worried and he didn't like his brother being upset. It wasn't until he actually managed to open his eyes that he realised that he was what Tom was worried about. He was no longer where he remembered being and he blinked a couple of times before he figured out he was in the green room and there were several people gathered around him.

"Hello," the person closest to him said, "welcome back, how are you feeling?"

The fact that the person was a stranger and wearing a paramedic uniform gave Bill a clue that he had been out a while. It took him a minute to process the English since he was rather dopey, but it wasn't exactly complicated so he managed it.

"Hungry," he said since it was the first thing that came into his head and he was starving.

That earned him a smile from the paramedic and the man looked away to the adults in the room.

"He should be fine," the man said; "just make sure he eats and doesn't do anything too strenuous for a few hours."

Bill wasn't too worried by the adults, it was Tom who had all of his attention; his brother was all but glaring at him.

"Idiot," was Tom's firm opinion of him and then he found himself wrapped in a tight hug. "Don't you dare frighten me like that ever again."

"Sorry," Bill mumbled into his brother's shoulder; he felt like a right twit.

When Tom pulled back, he found a sandwich being shoved under his nose and he looked up to see Georg holding out the food.

"Eat it," Tom said in a tone that begged no argument.

Bill didn't even consider not doing as he was told and he couldn't help wondering if there was a MacDonald's or Pizza Hut within easy distance.

Fed to bursting and feeling much better, Bill let Tom mother hen him as they returned to their suite in the hotel. Everything had been smoothed over with the TV company and since the show was probably going to get more ratings from the report of Bill fainting on it than Tokio Hotel just appearing, no one seemed too upset with him. Well except Tom who hadn't taken his eyes off him since the incident.

He wouldn't be forgetting to eat breakfast in a hurry that was for sure. It wasn't like he hadn't done it before, but after the previous night his body must have just decided to rebel. He flopped into the first chair available once they were in their rooms and hoped that Tom was not about to give him a proper telling off. Those could be loud and the headache from the morning was back even though he had had food.

Funny thing was he knew he couldn't eat another thing, but he was still craving something he couldn't quite put his finger on. Maybe he needed neat sugar.

"Feeling okay?" Tom asked and Bill had to conclude that he must have really frightened his twin by passing out on him in the literal as well as the figurative sense.

"I'm fine," Bill promised with a sheepish smile; "I just didn't have enough food today."

"You don't usually pass out," Tom pointed out, which was true.

"We don't usually have seven meetings and then a live performance," Bill countered.

"And he did give one of the most amazing performances I've ever seen," Gustav commented as he wandered through the room.

Tom did not look completely convinced.

"And I didn't get much sleep last night," Bill added and his smile turned into rather a smug grin.

He was a teenage male; he couldn't help it. Tom threw himself on the sofa and chucked a cushion at him for the grin.

"You still haven't told me about this mystery man; spill," Tom said, seeming to settle down at least a little.

"Did you say, 'man'?" Georg asked as the bassist walked in and sat down next to Tom.

There were very few secrets among the band, since they lived in each other's pockets a lot of the time, but Bill hugged the cushion Tom had thrown at him to his chest as he became the centre of attention. He hadn't exactly thought through the whole coming out thing.

"Um, yeah, he did," he said, feeling rather awkward.

"You were with a guy all night?" Georg seemed to be making sure he had it right. "What were you doing?"

Tom burst into laughter then and Bill found himself blushing furiously. Where Tom had picked up on all the signs, it seemed Georg had decided to assume a more innocent explanation.

"You didn't," his friend said, open mouthed, "shit, you did. A man who can get into Mr One-True-Love's pants; him I want to hear about."

Bill decided that actually hiding behind the cushion might be too unmanly in the current situation, but disappearing into the chair's lining seemed like a good idea. Somehow telling Tom things was much easier than telling anyone else, but the cat was very much out of the bag now.

"Well?" Tom pushed as Bill sat there feeling embarrassed. "What's he like? How did you meet him? Was he at the party last night?"

Bill was very glad he could rely on his brother to drag him out of a hole when he didn't know what to say. He glanced nervously around, but no one seemed about to chew him out for the whole sleeping with a man thing. In fact the others just looked interested; Tom was sitting casually on the couch, but was definitely paying attention, Georg was sitting forward waiting expectantly and Gustav was standing in one of the bedroom doorways clearly focused on him.

"No he wasn't at the party," he said, feeling very self conscious, but knowing he couldn't escape. "I went to that balcony we found to get some air and he'd had the same idea."

"Ooh, so he's an important guest of the hotel then," Tom deduced.

"He's Japanese and he's a singer and he's here arranging a concert," Bill said quickly, not wanting to leave any gaps for teasing.

"Trust you to go for an exotic man," Tom managed to tease him anyway.

"Does this mystery man have a name or didn't you bother to ask?" Georg asked with a grin.

"Gackt," Bill said in a hope that he would not die of embarrassment.

Georg and Tom looked at each other in a worrying way.

"Google," they both decided at the same time and Tom dived for the laptop hiding under the table.

Bill just sank into his seat and decided that hiding behind the cushion was now allowed. He had no idea what his brother would dig up on the internet; the stuff about them was scary enough and Gackt had been around a lot longer.

"Wow," that wasn't quite the reaction Bill had been expecting when his companions started Googling and he moved the cushion so he could see them with one eye.

Gustav had moved from his hovering position and was looking over the other two's shoulders.

"This guy is huge," was Georg's opinion and Tom still seemed to be reading, "and you could mistake him for a girl."

"A very pretty girl," Gustav added.

"Like our Bill," Georg said with a grin.

Bill would have responded to that, possibly with violence, but Tom spoke first.

"He claims to be a vampire who's over 400 years old," his twin said, clearly reading off the screen. "Bill, are you sure this guy's not nuts?"

"He what?" Bill sat up rapidly at what Tom was saying.

He had all but dismissed what he remembered as dreams mixed with what had actually happened, but they suddenly seemed to be very real in his head.

"Claims to be a vampire," Tom repeated.

"Now we know why he likes him," Georg said, clearly not sensing the tension that was now in the room.

Bill stood up as his mind whirled; it had to just be a publicity thing. No one who was a vampire would tell the world, surely? Of course it would be the perfect cover; who would suspect that a musician who claimed to be a vampire actually was.

"Bill, what's wrong?" Tom asked, picking up on his anxiety straight away.

"Um, I've gotta go," he said quickly trying to decide what to do; he had to talk to Gackt.

He went to leave, but Tom was faster than he was in his dazed state.

"You're not going anywhere," Tom said firmly, planting himself between Bill and the door.

"I have to go and talk to him," Bill tried to explain, but Tom was looking stubborn.

"Why?" his twin said in a way that suggested no answer was going to be good enough.

The things going through his head were not anything he wanted to share with Georg or Gustav, but he knew he wasn't going anywhere unless he told Tom something. Grabbing his twin's arm, he dragged him into his bedroom and shut the door.

"Because he bit me," Bill said, trying not to panic, "and I thought it was a dream and not real, but when you said that it all seemed to come into focus. He really bit me and I think there was more, but I can't really remember it. Tom I've felt weird all day; I have to talk to him."

Tom didn't look convinced, so he gave his twin his best pleading stare.

"I'm coming with you," was the ultimatum.

Part of Bill wanted to protest and part of him was very glad, but neither really had the upper hand, so he just nodded.

"Okay," he said.

The door opened after Bill knocked on it and Gackt smiled at him before walking backwards and leaving the door open.

"Do come in," the Japanese man invited, "and yes, you are both welcome."

Bill looked at Tom and his brother just shrugged. Trying to figure out what he was going to say, Bill stepped into the room with Tom only a pace behind him.

"Would either of you care for something to drink or a snack perhaps? The hotel keep insisting on leaving chocolates in the suite and I don't eat them myself," Gackt said with a smile, as if there was nothing wrong in the slightest.

As before, Gackt's German was word perfect, but heavily accented.

Bill stopped in the middle of the room, really not sure how to go about this. How did you go about asking a person if they were a vampire like they claimed to be?

"You bit me," he eventually blurted out, since that was all he could think of.

His accusation didn't seem to faze Gackt in the slightest, in fact the other singer smiled.

"I did," was the rather shocking response that derailed Bill's train of thought yet again.

If there was one thing he had expected it was not for Gackt to just admit the whole thing. Tom was like a pillar of strength behind him, but it was clear his brother didn't know what to say either.

"And ... and there was other stuff," Bill managed to say in a most ineloquent manner, "I thought it was a dream."

"Not a dream," Gackt replied, sitting down with a grace that Bill envied.

Now Tom moved, stepping past him, clearly angry.

"What did you do to my brother?" his twin demanded loudly.

Gackt didn't seem bothered by this reaction either.

"I made him like me," the other singer said without the slightest trace of remorse; "beauty and talent such as his should never be abandoned to the rigours of time. He'll keep aging until he reaches his perfect time of life, but then he'll stop."

Bill didn't know what to do as shock settled over him.

"You're a fucking vampire," Tom all but yelled, "what right did you have to do the same to my brother?"

Gackt took that in his stride in the same way he had everything else and Bill just did his best to remember how to breathe properly. This was so nuts.

"It is a gift," Gackt said, perfectly calmly and, as far as Bill could tell, completely sincerely, "and I give it very carefully."

Tom was about to explode and Bill put his hand on his brother's shoulder before Tom could do something he might regret. He remembered being asked now and he might not have been completely in his right mind, but he had agreed. He also remembered what Gackt had said to him before biting him the last time.

"How many others?" he asked, needing something else to concentrate on other than his own predicament.

"You're the fifth," Gackt told him, sipping something out of a small cup, "but I have no doubt you will eventually offer the same to your brother, so you probably count as the fifth and sixth."

Bill looked at Tom, his thoughts flying all over the place; he didn't know what to think or what to do. He was a vampire, an honest to god vampire.

"It changes very little about your day to day life," Gackt continued before Bill could put any coherent ideas together. "You may wish to wear dark glasses more often when in brightly lit surroundings and you will need a small amount of blood every few days, but that will be all you have to do unless you want more."

Tom flew at Gackt, completely furious and Bill could barely follow what happened next. Gackt stood up so fast that the vampire was almost a blur and Gackt had Tom turned around and in a neck hold in under a second. When the other singer looked at him, Bill could see an eerie glow coming from behind Gackt's blue lenses and for a moment he was afraid. Up until that point he hadn't known what to think, but he hadn't been afraid and now he was, mostly for Tom.

"You are very young," Gackt said holding a struggling Tom with seemingly no effort, "but one day you will be grateful for the gift."

With a gentle shove, Gackt pushed Tom back towards him and Bill caught his brother as Tom stumbled. Gackt didn't seem to be remotely bothered by the attack at all, but if there was one thing Bill didn't like it was someone going after Tom. Without really thinking what he was doing, he stepped in front of his twin and literally snarled. The whole room seemed to go up several levels in light and, of all things, his gums ached.

"Absolutely exquisite," was Gackt's response, taking all the fight out of him as he failed to comprehend again what was going on.

It didn't help that, for the second time that day, Bill found himself feeling light-headed and, before he knew what was happening, his legs were buckling under him. He found himself being caught by two different sets of arms. At least this time he didn't pass out completely as he let himself be sat down on a chair.

"That's two today," Tom said accusingly, but, when he looked up and blinked, Bill realised it wasn't him who was being accused; "what the hell is wrong with my brother."

"He has yet to adjust properly," Gackt said in what was becoming a rather annoying tone, "and he will need to feed adequately until he has. He shouldn't have been able to manifest any powers yet; he is very protective of you."

"I am here," Bill pointed out shortly, annoyed at himself for nearly fainting again more than anything out.

"You would be most difficult to ignore," Gackt replied and Bill had to sit on the urge to hit the other vampire.

He wasn't sure if he was feeling more betrayed because he'd lost his virginity under false pretences, sort of, or that he'd been turned into a vampire. It was all so completely confusing.

"You need to feed," Gackt decided, standing back up and moving away, which seemed to please Tom.

A little part of Bill was rather disappointed and he wanted to smack himself as he realised he was still attracted to Gackt. Even though the singer had been revealed to be a vampire and had in fact turned him into a vampire, he still wanted to do things he really didn't want to think about now.

"Please tell me that you don't mean what I think you mean," he said, just wanting the whole day to be over.

"It means drinking blood," Gackt said, turning and walking away, "I will get you some."

Bill looked at Tom and he realised he was shaking. At least Tom wasn't looking at him like he was a monster.

"How do you do it?" Tom asked quietly. "You couldn't have been attracted to a groupie or someone from home; it had to be a Japanese vampire."

There was the sound of mechanical humming from a small alcove off the main room and a ding and then Gackt reappeared carrying a mug.

"A pompous, arrogant, Japanese vampire," Tom added and, from the way Gackt's eyebrow rose, it was clear the comment had been heard.

It did not seem to really bother Gackt at all, or at least Bill couldn't see any change in behaviour. When he was handed the mug he took it, but then he just looked at it. The smell was tantalising, but as he peered into the cup his eyes did not agree with his watering mouth.

"Drink it while it's warm," Gackt said, but Bill just kept staring.

"It's blood," he said rather stupidly, even in his own opinion.

"Drink it," Gackt and, surprisingly, Tom said at the same time.

He looked at his twin in shock.

"You think I'm carrying you back to our room you can think again," Tom said when he just gaped at his twin. "I saw the fangs, Bill; this is real, so suck it up and drink it. At least you don't have to bite someone."

Bill looked back at the mug, then at Gackt and then at Tom again; he didn't exactly have much choice. Reluctantly he lifted the mug to his lips and tipped it up. The moment the blood touched his tongue everything changed; he thought he had gone to heaven and then some. He tipped the mug up even further and let the wonderful liquid flow down his throat as quickly as possible; he would have licked out the inside of the cup if his tongue had been long enough.

"If you're going to have an orgasm right here I'll wait for you outside," Tom said and brought him back down to earth with a bump.

He realised he had been making some odd little noises and his face was burning as he put the mug down on the coffee table. It heated up even more at the difficulty he had in letting it go. The rush was still running through him and he wanted more; it was incredibly powerful. The fact the Tom was there grounding him made him very thankful. If Tom hadn't been there, he wasn't sure what he would have done; jumping Gackt was one thing that came to mind.

"Are you really over 400 years old?" Tom seemed to have calmed down a little, but his tone was still hostile.

Bill was trying to decide what he was feeling; it wasn't everyday you became a vampire.

"Yes," Gackt said simply, sitting down on one of the other chairs. "I have been many things in many places, but I think I like this incarnation the most."

"And when did you decide to play god?"

Yep, Tom was definitely still hostile.

"When I watched a dear friend, with more talent than most of the rest of the world dreams of, die and I could have prevented it," Gackt replied, for once totally serious. "Since, I have looked for similar talent and made sure it will endure. It is possible for a vampire to die; beheading works, but nothing else will be permanent. Contrary to popular belief, we are not monsters, we just require a little blood to survive."

"So all the legends are just so much shit?" Bill asked, using the thought to distract himself from other possible ones.

Gackt gave a small shrug.

"Mostly," the other vampire replied; "mortals tend to fear what they do not understand. In this day and age it is very easy to acquire what we need, in previous generations it was more difficult. Before blood banks, a live donor was the only option, hence the legends. Vampires can become insane just like mortals as well, so there have been those in the past who have run rampant. No different from a mortal serial killer, just more news worthy."

Bill let that sink in for a while and then all sorts of things began occurring to him.

"Where would I get blood?" he asked the first thing that made it to the forefront of his mind.

He was still reeling from shock, but thinking about immediate needs gave him something on which to concentrate.

"Those of our kind are scarce, but we are very practical," Gackt said as if it was nothing, "and there are many avenues set up for such things. I will give you a contacts list. If you mention that I sent you, you will not have any problems and if you do, contact me immediately and I will deal with it."

Bill filed the information away and wondered how organised vampires really were. They had to be really good at hiding, since the world thought they were all myths and legends. It was so much to take in and he was having a little trouble rationalising it all. He was a vampire, an honest to god vampire, and one day he was going to stop aging; he'd live forever and that was a really big concept.

"I invited you here this evening in my letter to explain everything to you," Gackt said, a sincere expression on his face; "I did not realise you would believe that last night was a delusion. If I had I would have remained until you woke this morning, I apologise."

Tom's expression was carefully neutral when Bill looked at his brother and he knew Tom probably wanted to give Gackt a long talking to, but it seemed as if his twin was holding off for his sake. They were ridiculously protective of each other and he knew he'd be on the war path if he was in Tom's shoes. Then again, Tom always had been the more practical one and alienating Gackt now would be a really stupid thing to do. He couldn't exactly blame all this on the vampire either, he had walked into this situation and he had ignored several ways out, which he was sure had been genuine.

"Were you always going to make me like you," he asked one of the questions that was bothering him, "from the moment you invited me to your suite last night?"

Gackt gave him a small smile for the question.

"You captivated me from the first time I saw you in the lobby two days ago," Gackt said, seemingly quite happy to talk about it, "but no, I was not sure when I brought you here. I do not usually make up my mind quite so fast and I must admit I became enamoured with you very quickly. If I had not done, you would have woken up this morning remembering the sex, but nothing else and I would have attempted to see you again."

"Why would you be enamoured with me?" Bill really didn't understand it; it wasn't as if Gackt was a teenage fan or anything like that, but he saw Gackt and Tom exchange a look at his words.

That was a bit strange, that the two would see anything eye to eye, and he frowned at Tom to show he had seen the look.

"Bill, you kind of have that effect on lots of people, and not just teenage girls," Tom said seemingly knowing exactly what he was thinking.

Bill just blinked and Tom patted him on the shoulder. He wasn't sure he quite believed it, but he didn't have time to ponder that then.

"Beauty and talent," Gackt said as if it explained everything.

Bill opened his mouth and shut it again; he didn't know what to say, which seemed to happen to him quite a lot around Gackt. He had so many questions he didn't know what to ask first and, when Tom perched on the edge of his chair, he knew they weren't leaving until at least some of them were answered.

Bill's head was spinning and he wasn't sure he would have made it back to their suite without Tom making sure he was walking in the right direction. It was about two in the morning and, although not comfortable with his situation yet, Bill was glad he understood more about it. Gackt had sent him away with a couple of blood pouches in a cool bag and instructions on when to use them and there seemed to be a truce between Tom and the older vampire even if there wasn't outright friendship.

It wasn't until Tom opened the door and pushed him through that he remembered how they had left Georg and Gustav, because their two friends were still sitting in the communal area. Two slightly worried faces looked up at him and he froze.

"Everything okay?" Gustav asked in a manner that suggested he wasn't sure if he was stepping into territory where he did not belong.

"Fine," Tom said, walking past him and throwing himself onto the sofa as if nothing had happened at all, "Bill was just panicking over nothing."

Bill was very glad for Tom at that moment, because he had no idea how to answer the question. He was an extremely bad liar, but he really didn't want to come out and then come out as a vampire on the same day. It was all really a bit much.

"Bill, go to bed," Tom said as if he was still in mother hen mode, "before you fall down. The world is no longer about to end because you mortally offended one of the most famous men in Japan, which you didn't in the first place."

Usually Bill didn't take well to being told what to do, but far too much had happened for him to argue. He knew a good get out when he saw it and he was feeling incredibly tired, so, mentally thanking Tom for his quick thinking, he paused just long enough to look like he was thinking of retaliating and then turned towards his room with a huff.

"Try that when I'm awake and I'm replacing all your caps with pink fluffy ones," he warned, just to keep his side up.

A cushion hit him on the back of the head as he opened his bedroom door and he calmly gave Tom a one finger salute before disappearing. He would have to think of a way to thank his brother properly later as he closed the door and heard Tom fielding questions about what they had been up to all evening with professional precision. It was at times like this he was really very glad to have a twin.

====

Gackt stood in the shadows to the side, for once anonymous to the screaming fans as Tokio Hotel did one last autograph walk as they left the hotel. It had been a very interesting few days. Both he and Bill had had very full schedules, but they had spent a lot of time together in the late evenings. The sex had been very rewarding, but he had to admit that the talking had been even more fascinating. Bill really was a unique young man and he was very glad he had taken an interest.

"Isn't he very young?" his companion asked quietly.

"Talent does not necessary come with age," Gackt replied, watching his latest conversion grinning and signing things; "and has to be seized before it burns out. He'll feel his audiences now and they'll feed him rather than drain him."

"And it helps that he's incredibly pretty," his companion commented with a small laugh.

He smiled.

"Yes, Yo-chan, it helps that he is beautiful," he said, turning and looking at Yoshiki, "but it helped that you were beautiful as well."

Yoshiki grinned at that. As the first musician he had decided to turn, Yoshiki was a very good friend although they had spent some years apart since Gackt had decided to recreate himself and become a rock star as well. It was very entertaining to Gackt pretending to be the younger of the two these days. All those he had given the gift were his friends; there was no point in going through eternity alone; he had tried that for several centuries and it had not been fulfilling.

"I almost didn't follow through," he admitted, letting himself enjoy just looking at his latest vampire child.

"That's not like you," Yoshiki said, sounding quite surprised; "what could have stopped you? You have seduction down to an art form and that is definitely a prize worth playing for."

Gackt smiled slightly at that; Bill had indeed been very much worth the effort he had gone to, to catch him.

"He was innocent," he said simply, looking sideways at his companion.

"Oh," was all Yoshiki said, clearly understanding him.

"I may have seen far too much of the world, but I still believe there are some things that should be given freely, not seduced away," Gackt said, feeling rather pleased that Bill had not backed out when given the choice. "It would have been unfortunate if he had said no, but I would just have had to work a little harder over a little more time."

Yoshiki nodded in acknowledgement and they settled into silence for a while as they watched Tokio Hotel working the hoard of screaming girls. It was quite hard for Gackt to stay in place when Bill had to be rescued by security from a set of grabbing hands that wouldn't let go of his jacket.

"You know Hyde-kun will be desperate to meet him when you tell him about the beautiful German," Yoshiki said, eyes watching Bill in the same way Gackt's had been; "you know what he was like when you told him about Miya-chan or Shin-chan for that matter."

"I'm sure they will soon take Japan by storm just as they have Europe," Gackt said, already calculating how he could help to arrange it even though he didn't mention it. "We will have to have a gathering to welcome Bill to the family as soon as possible."

They stood again for a few minutes in silence, just watching the organised chaos.

"How long do you think it will be before he turns his twin?" Yoshiki asked just as the other band were reaching their van.

"A few months at the most," Gackt replied without hesitation; "twins such as they can be very different to look at, but they do not survive well on different sides of such a divide. I believe Tom will ask Bill to change him sooner; it will just take Bill that long to agree. They are more alike than they choose to admit."

"I look forward to meeting them both personally," Yoshiki said and Gackt turned to look at his companion.

The expression of interest on Yoshiki's face was anything but innocent.

"I have no doubt," was Gackt's only comment and made a mental note to warn Bill that he and Tom were likely to be jumped the moment they set foot in Japan.

The End

Be Like You (Part 2)

Pairing: Bill/Gustav, Bill/Gackt (mentioned)

Rating: NC-17/18 for sex and language

Summary: Tom has decided he wants to be a vampire like Bill, but Bill's not so sure it's a good idea. There could be consequences.

Author's Notes: Don't ask me where the Gustav/Bill pairing came from; it just sort of happened :). Thanks to Soph for the beta, all mistakes remaining are my fault.

Word count: ~17,190

Bill knew what was coming, he'd seen it brewing for days and he was dreading the conversation because he had no idea what to say. It was obvious his time was up the whole day they were out and about because he caught Tom looking at him and then turning away as soon as he turned around. Being a vampire it was much easier to notice these things now, but with Tom he would have sussed it anyway. He became absolutely sure when Tom walked into his room after their parents had gone out for the evening.

"I want to be like you," Tom said, without any preamble.

For a moment Bill just sat there looking at his brother and processed that, even though he had been waiting for it for three days. He had been a vampire for four weeks and two days and he wasn't sure of everything yet, but it seemed Tom was.

"Um," he said, still not really knowing how to answer, "I'm not sure that would be a good idea."

"You're fine," Tom pointed out bluntly, clearly not in the mood to be turned down.

"So far," Bill replied.

He had a strong suspicion he knew why Tom was asking, but he still didn't think they knew enough yet.

"You're faster, stronger and have developed perfect skin and hair without the need for any of that gunk you used to use," Tom said, putting his hands on his hips and all but glaring; "so far the only side effects seem to have been that you were as moody as hell for the first few days and when it's really bright out you need your shades. You haven't tried to kill anyone and you aren't any weirder than you were before, so why not?"

Bill took the weirder comment in his stride since he couldn't exactly argue that he was what anyone would call normal.

"Because I'm still new at this and for all we know there could be some huge problem just round the corner that we haven't thought of yet," Bill replied, worried that Tom was rushing into something he might later regret. "This isn't something we can undo, Tom, if I change you you're stuck like me forever."

"That's the point," Tom told him and Bill knew what he suspected had been right.

He just looked at his twin and tried to think of a valid reason to say no and keep saying no, but the look in Tom's eyes was very determined.

"I can feel that you're different to me and I don't like it," his brother told him quite plainly.

Bill felt his resistance just about vanish and his worry spike up very high. Any other argument and he would have been able to find an answer, but that one he understood far too well to say anything. He had been feeling the same thing ever since he had adjusted properly to being a vampire and, although he never would have mentioned it to Tom, it had been bothering him. He wasn't about to tell anyone, but he had come to realise that was why he had been so moody to begin with.

They might have looked very different when it came to the superficial things and listened to different music, but at a fundamental level they had always been the same. Now they weren't and it was clear it didn't sit right with either of them. It wasn't something he thought anyone who wasn't in exactly the same situation would understand, but it was more than real to him and Tom.

"Are you sure?" he asked after a minute of contemplative silence.

He already knew the answer; Tom wouldn't be in his room asking for this unless his twin was sure.

"If you were me, you'd be sure," was what Tom said and Bill really couldn't deny it was true.

The idea of passing on something so unknown to the person who meant the most to him in the entire world was scary, but part of Bill wanted very strongly for Tom to be like him again. There was no argument left and, hoping that he was not about to condemn Tom to something that would eventually destroy them both, he nodded.

"Okay," he said before he could change his mind, "but we wait until the weekend. When Mum and Dad go to visit Nana we'll stay here and we'll do it then."

He held Tom's gaze for a while and then his twin just nodded before turning and walking out. It was decided and Bill knew neither of them would change their minds.

Tom looked about as nervous as Bill felt on Saturday morning after their parents had left.

"So, how do we do this?" Tom asked, seemingly trying to sound more confident than he looked.

"I bite you, then I feed you my blood," Bill replied in as casual a tone as he could manage.

"That simple?" Tom asked.

Bill just nodded. He had rung Gackt to make sure of the details, but that was all it took. The bite set up what Gackt called a soul connection between them and then his blood would start the change in Tom fuelled by his vampire power. All very straightforward really, just completely terrifying at the same time.

"Let's get on with it," Tom said and headed for the stairs.

They had agreed that the best place to do this would be one of their bedrooms. Bill remembered the disorientation and the need to sleep and he really didn't want to have to explain Tom flaked out on the sofa downstairs if anyone came round. Forcing himself into motion, Bill followed his brother to the first floor.

"Where do you want me?" Tom asked as soon as Bill walked in.

"Sit on the bed," Bill said quickly, having already planned everything out in his head; "I'll kneel behind you."

To his credit Tom did as he was told without the slightest hesitation. The fact that his brother trusted him so implicitly just made Bill more nervous, but he had made up his mind to do this and he wasn't about to back out now. Climbing onto the bed he crawled over to where Tom was sitting and knelt up against his twin's back.

"It'll hurt for a second," he said, placing his hands on Tom's shoulders, "but then you can't feel it anymore."

Tom just nodded and turned, looking up at him with a slight smile.

"Just do it," Tom said, clearly afraid, but being brave, "I know you won't hurt me."

Bill gave a small smile back and then Tom turned to stare at the wall. Looking down at his brother, Bill felt and did nothing for a moment and then he ran one finger down Tom's neck. For the first week or so he had had to work very hard to keep the vampire inside, but now he had adjusted and he had to change mindset to bring it out. He concentrated on the blood vessel he could see pulsing in his brother's throat and he let himself sink into only that. The familiar ache from his gums let him know as his fangs descended and he stared only at his goal.

Bending down slowly, he opened his lips, mouth already watering at the knowledge of sweet blood to come. As he pushed his fangs lightly against Tom's skin, he felt his twin stiffen and he moved his arms down, hugging Tom to him to make sure nothing happened he couldn't control. Then he bit down and Tom gave a tiny cry as he held his twin still.

Gackt had warned him that a soul link could be intense, bringing vampire and blood donor so close together that they could sense each other for moments at a time. Gackt had told him that he was kind of a warm, bubbly presence in a soul link. What he did not expect when wonderful-tasting blood burst onto his tongue and he swallowed reflexively was for his mind to explode with images and feeling. He felt fear and pain and then pleasure and random flashes of the past and he couldn't have stopped if his life had depended on it.

He drank and drank as only one corner of his mind rationalised what was happening. Rather than the vague but intense feeling of presence that Gackt had warned him about, he was seeing into Tom's mind and he knew without a doubt Tom was seeing into his too. It was liberating and wonderful in a way and terrifying and mindblowing in another and it was only when he felt distress coming from Tom that he managed to drag his mouth away from his twin's neck.

His head was spinning and it was difficult to tell what was real and what was in his mind, but he tried desperately to concentrate. Tom was limp in his arms and he knew that he had to finish this. Focusing as hard as he could on Tom, he clawed on to reality. Bringing up his right arm he skewered his wrist with one

fang, tearing a messy hole, and tipping his brother's head back he allowed the blood to drip into Tom's mouth.

This was not supposed to be the way it was, but Bill didn't know what had gone wrong. As Tom swallowed, he felt the connection intensify again and it was too much. Dragging Tom with him he fell back onto the bed and then everything went away in a mess of images and feelings.

Bill groaned and tried to roll over, only to find that he was pinned to the bed. It took his fuzzy brain another couple of moments to realise that he was pinned by Tom and that Tom seemed to be very much out of it. Glancing around, he realised it was dark and it occurred to him that they had been in the same position for hours. If it had not been for the fact that the wrong feeling he had been carrying around with him over the last few weeks was gone, he might have panicked.

As it was he moved slowly, trying not to aggravate the pounding in his head, pulling Tom off of him and onto the bed properly. The only sign of life Tom gave through the whole thing was a quiet moan before seemingly returning to deep sleep. Bill felt woozy and hungry and he was craving blood, all of which eventually forced him off of the bed in search of something to rectify the problem. He didn't know what had happened, but he was absolutely sure it wasn't quite what was supposed to have happened.

Stumbling to his wardrobe he opened the door and fell to his knees, moving the pile of t-shirts and porn mags off of the mini fridge he had hidden below them. He had figured that if his mother ever came poking around his stuff she would move the t-shirts, find the porn and think that was all he was hiding. So far it had worked a treat. He pulled out two small blood bags and then put everything back the way it had been.

Getting downstairs to the microwave was even more fun than forcing himself out of bed, but somehow he managed it without taking a header down the steps. He pulled two mugs out of the cupboard, poured the blood bags into them and then put them both in the microwave. It only took a few seconds to heat the blood up enough to be drinkable and, once the microwave dinged, he grabbed one of them and downed it as quickly as possible.

The familiar feeling of complete bliss passed through him, leaving him leaning on the counter trying to scrape back together his wits, but it didn't last for long. Almost as soon as the craving retreated he felt it creep back again and he stood there for a while trying to figure out what was going on. It slowly dawned on him that the craving was not his own.

He looked at the mug still in the microwave and then lifted his eyes to the ceiling. There was only one conclusion in his head; he was feeling Tom's need and it was making him feel vaguely nauseous. Picking up the mug he walked back the way he had come, at least feeling steadier on his feet now even as he obeyed the urge to help his twin.

Tom was still lying on the bed, but his brother had flipped over onto his back and it was clear that Tom was only partially asleep now.

He placed the mug on the bedside table and then climbed back onto the bed. Tom didn't give much resistance when he pulled his twin into his lap so that Tom was

leaning against him leaning against the headboard. Tired, confused brown eyes opened momentarily and looked up at him, but closed again rather quickly.

Reaching over, Bill picked up the mug of blood and held it a little way from Tom's nose.

"You need to feed, Tom," he coaxed gently, feeling the tiredness warring with the need in his twin. "Drink this and then you can go back to sleep."

Bill had no idea what had happened to cause the weird things that were going on between them, but he was more worried about getting Tom fed and comfortable than figuring it out just then. Tom groaned quietly and opened his eyes again, but it was clear to Bill his twin was not really with it. Holding the mug to Tom's lips, he carefully tipped it up and Tom at least opened his mouth to accept the liquid. He finally knew why Tom teased him about the things he did when he fed, because the moan from his twin was positively obscene. Shaky hands came up to hold the cup as Tom drank, but Bill made sure to keep control of the mug and make sure it did not spill. Trying to get the little spots of blood out of his bedcovers without his mother seeing was going to be fun enough as it was. At least he could claim that he cut himself shaving or something like that at the moment, but a mug full might be a bit much.

"Enough," he said, finding it quite difficult to pull the mug away against Tom's strong grip once the blood was gone; "there's no more."

[Still hungry,] was the somewhat garbled response he got, but what made him just sit there as Tom made a clumsy grab for the mug was the fact that the only part that had come out of his brother's mouth was a disgruntled moan.

"No you're not," he said, shaking himself out of the daze he was in as Tom's hand almost made him drop the mug, "that's just the blood high. If you have any more you'll be sick. You'll feel better in a second."

If the growl from his brother was anything to go by, Tom did not agree, but he put the mug back on the side and held Tom until resistance left his twin. His mind was still reeling at what he had felt from Tom, but part of him didn't really believe it had happened so he decided to try for himself.

[Better?] he thought directly at Tom, feeling stupid.

"Hmm," Tom replied and left Bill thinking that he might be going mad.

It couldn't be real, it had to be his imagination; they sensed things from each other occasionally, usually in a crisis, but this was so completely different. Then again a few weeks previously vampires had been so much fantasy as well.

"What happened?" Tom asked, voice not very clear, but Bill had no trouble understanding since he heard his brother on two levels.

"I don't know," Bill replied honestly, trying to rationalise everything out; "but I think us being twins might have heightened the soul connection."

"So I didn't imagine seeing into your head?" was Tom's next almost coherent question.

[No,] Bill replied silently, needing to assure himself that last time hadn't been a fluke.

"Weirder than I thought," was Tom's opinion on the whole thing, but it was clear to Bill that his twin was beginning to fade again.

He wasn't sure if the comment was about him or the general experience, but he knew he wasn't going to get a sensible answer yet.

"Go back to sleep," he encouraged while trying not to freak about this new development.

Tom looked as if he was trying to rebel against the suggestion for a bit, but his brother's eyes slowly fell shut again as Tom lost the battle. It took about five minutes before Tom was fully asleep again and Bill just held his brother while Tom drifted off. Once he was sure Tom was completely out of it, he moved and then set about putting his twin to bed as well as he could.

Once Tom was tucked up safely, Bill walked downstairs and slumped into the sofa. He thought he had come to terms with the whole vampire thing, but this was pushing him even further and with Tom all but unconscious he had no one to lean on. Picking up his mobile he opened up his phone book and found Gackt's name, he pressed the dial button and then put the phone to his ear. It was early morning in Japan; he'd done the calculation in his head, and he only hoped Gackt was available to speak to him.

"Moshi, moshi," Gackt's familiar voice answered almost immediately, "what can I do for you, Bill-chan?"

Number recognition was a wonderful thing, it removed all the need for awkwardly figuring out who was calling.

"I turned Tom this morning," Bill said, doing his best to keep all his thoughts in order in his head; "it wasn't like you said."

"Is everything all right?" Gackt asked immediately, sounding concerned. "You are both unhurt?"

"We were both asleep for over twelve hours," Bill replied quickly, not wanting his friend to be too worried, "but I think we're okay now. After we woke up I gave Tom some blood and he's gone back to sleep now."

"Twelve hours?" Gackt sounded astonished.

Bill bit his lip, trying to come up with some way to explain what had happened in words. It was all very clear in his mind, but feelings didn't translate too well to language.

"I didn't just feel him," he said, working things out as he went, "I saw into his head; everything all at once and he felt the same. It was like we merged minds and I only just managed to make him drink before it knocked us both out. It was the most intense thing I've ever felt and that includes having sex with you."

There was a contemplative silence from the other end of the phone for a few moments.

"And has this connection remained?" Gackt asked.

"Not exactly," Bill said, doing his best to remain completely calm. "I can sort of feel him sometimes in the back of my head. When I woke up I was hungry and so I fed, but then I could still feel the hunger only it was Tom's not mine."

He paused, still not quite believing the rest.

"And I can speak to him in my head," he eventually revealed, "and he can talk to me, only I don't think he realised he was doing it."

"You're telepathic?" Gackt requested clarification in his usual tone.

"Yeah," Bill replied quietly, the full impact settling on him as Gackt described it so starkly.

"Is it constant or do you have to think about it?" was the next question, which Bill hadn't even considered before.

"I think it's like talking," Bill said after examining his thoughts for a bit; "I only heard Tom when he was trying to say something to me and I think he only heard me when I thought at him."

"Good," Gackt replied, "hopefully that means you're in control. I've never heard of anything like this before between vampires outside a soul connection, Bill-chan, but if you need me there I can be on the next plane."

For a moment Bill's thoughts latched onto the idea eagerly, but then logic came into play and he realised quite how difficult that would be to explain. Then if the press got hold of it the whole situation would be a nightmare.

"Thank you," he said and he really was very grateful for the offer, "but that might be too complicated unless something else happens. You've really never heard of this at all?"

"Never," Gackt replied with his usual straightforwardness, "but then I have never met twin vampires. Vampires are more psychically inclined and I have known others who see more in the minds of those they bite, but all were very old even compared to me. I would suggest that making your brother a vampire has simply increased what was already there. There is always a slight lingering bond between maker and child and this may be a variation of that."

Bill thought about that for a while and it gave him at least a little comfort that this wasn't completely extraordinary.

"Do you think it will fade?" he asked, finding that he was not sure if he wanted it to or not.

"I don't know, Bill-chan," Gackt told him honestly, "I'm sorry, but psychic tendencies tend to come out with age for vampires, not disappear. I developed my ability to see spirits in my second century and it has become clearer as I have lived longer. We are all diverse and I believe this may be unique to you and your brother."

Bill always prided himself on not being one of the crowd, but on this one he would have liked some more company. He felt a little guilty that he was glad Tom was part of this as well, but he couldn't help it.

"What should I do?" he asked, needing someone to tell him he wasn't doing it all wrong; that this was his fault was something which was all too clear to him.

"Just what you have been doing," Gackt reassured him. "Let Tom-chan sleep until he is ready to wake and call me if it takes any longer than the morning. No one could have predicted this, Bill-chan, try not to worry."

"I'll try," Bill promised, looking up at the ceiling and wondering silently what Tom would say about the whole thing; "thank you Gaku-chan."

The nickname still sounded strange when he said it, but it was what Gackt had invited him to call him, so he did. The Japanese propensity for changing names with endings was a bit mystifying, so he had just accepted it.

"If you need anything please do not hesitate to call me," Gackt replied; "you are part of my family now, Bill-chan. I will always be here for you."

"Thank you," Bill said again, feeling a little less out of his depth.

He looked up again.

"I think I need to go check on Tom now."

He didn't like having Tom out of his sight and he hoped that that was one thing that would be temporary.

"Of course," Gackt said, seeming to understand, "please give him my best wishes when he wakes up. Good bye, Bill-chan."

"Bye," Bill replied and after a moment took the phone away from his ear and hit the disconnect button.

Everything seemed somewhat less epic now, but he stood up quickly, wanting to make sure Tom was alright with his own eyes.

Bill woke up to find that his right arm was completely asleep and it didn't take him long to find out why; Tom was lying on it. At some point in the night his twin had rolled over and snuggled up beside him on his arm.

"Tom," he said sleepily and tapped his brother on the shoulder.

A grunt was the only reply.

"Tom," he tried a little louder.

A more disgruntled grunt.

[Tom!] he projected firmly into his twin's mind.

"Fuck," Tom said as he moved instantly, rolling away and putting his hand to his head, "not so loud."

"You were on my arm," Bill complained back, trying to ascertain if his fingers would still move.

He could tell the moment Tom's brain actually switched on, because his twin sat up and turned to stare at him.

"It's morning," Tom said, clearly confused.

Bill sat up and nodded.

"We slept all day yesterday and you slept all night as well, I've been asleep for a couple of hours I think," he replied as he looked at the clock.

"But we had a conversation last night as well, didn't we?" Tom countered, frowning.

Bill nodded.

"You were pretty out of it so I gave you some blood and put you to bed. How're you feeling?"

Since it was a serious question Tom took a moment to think about that.

"Fine," Tom said eventually, "and hungry."

"Good," Bill said, wondering if some of last night had been real, [fancy an omelette for breakfast?]

"Yeah, that sounds good, but if you want it to be edible, you better be cooking," Tom replied having seemingly not noticed anything odd about Bill's chosen method of communication.

"I wouldn't let you near a frying pan if my life depended on it," Bill replied, trying to keep the mood light.

It was a conundrum that he had no idea how to solve; how did he tell Tom what had happened. He didn't think Tom would overreact, but this was rather unusual so it was difficult to tell.

"I need a shower," Tom said, pushing off the bed and standing up.

"I'll start breakfast then," Bill offered, taking the way out for what it was and putting off the whole talk until a little later.

He had had a shower before finally falling asleep so he was quite happy to let Tom hog the bathroom and at least making breakfast would give him time to think some more. As Tom wandered into the hallway he stood up and quickly headed downstairs. Their parents would be back by midday so they had to have the talk before then, but they still had a few hours.

As he pulled out the ingredients for a very mean omelette, even if he did say so himself, he began singing to himself quietly. The song was a random one that his brain just pulled up and he went to work as if on a mission. He was in no way a gourmet chef, but he could throw together food when required and he fried off some bacon pieces before breaking some eggs into a bowl. When Tom finally walked in, the first thing Bill noticed was that his twin was humming the same tune he had been singing and Bill was pretty sure it wasn't a song Tom would have listened to.

Bill divided the omelette in half and put it on two plates before turning to placing one plate in front of Tom and one on his side of the table.

"Thanks," Tom said with a broad grin and dived in.

It seemed that becoming a vampire agreed with Tom, since his twin was in a great mood. Thanks to the thoughts going round and round in his head Bill wasn't quite so forward in eating and he picked at his omelette still mulling over what to say to his twin. It was only when his stomach gave an almighty growl that he actually put anything substantial in his mouth.

"Something wrong?" Tom asked as he chewed on his first mouthful.

Bill frowned at that and slowly shook his head.

"Not wrong exactly," he said quietly.

Tom put his fork down even though Bill could clearly see just under half of his twin's share of the omelette still on the plate.

"Tell me," Tom said simply.

They had always told each other everything and Bill followed the instinct when encouraged.

"We're telepathic," he said, a little more bluntly than he would have liked, but he was at a loss as to how else to do it.

For a while Tom just sat there looking at him.

"Telepathic?" his twin asked eventually.

[Yes,] Bill replied, since he was pretty sure only a demonstration was going prove he wasn't losing it, [we can send and receive each other's thoughts. I don't know why it happened, but it did.]

He sat there letting the worry build as Tom stared at him. It was very disconcerting to be the centre of his brother's firm gaze and he was about ready to snap by the time Tom actually blinked. To his surprise his twin suddenly smiled.

[Cool,] Tom said cheerfully, shocking Bill into complete silence.

For a moment he didn't move and then he did his best to wrap his head around the situation. While he was doing so Tom went back to the omelette.

"Cool," he finally said aloud, "all you have to say is cool? This is so screwed up, I'm supposed to be the one that leaps in without looking and you're supposed to be the one that thinks things through and worries and all you can say is cool."

[Come on,] Tom replied seemingly taking to the mental communication like a duck to water, [we always wanted to be telepathic as kids; now we are. It is cool. It's weird, but it's cool.]

Bill couldn't really argue with that; it had been one of the things they had wished for when they were small. They had always been very close and they always had a handle on what the other was feeling, but this was that one step further

although Bill couldn't say it frightened him. It began to dawn on him that he was worrying for the sake of worrying, which was really very unlike him and he finally stabbed a large piece of omelette.

[You're right,] he said, stuffing the forkful of breakfast into his mouth.

Thinking about it, he hadn't felt this right about something in quite a long while.

[Maybe I was in no state to worry so you felt the need to worry for me,] Tom suggested with a cheeky grin.

Bill just rolled his eyes and went on eating. Tom was right; it might have been weird, but it suited them really. If they'd been telepathic in school their teachers would have really known true terror.

Bill stared at his ceiling for what had to be the third hour in a row as he failed to be able to sleep. The day had been pretty normal once their parents had returned home, but it had gone downhill once Bill had decided to go to bed. They were supposed to be doing a live gig the next day; nothing big, just a small local gig that had been arranged quietly via the fan club to keep the home fans happy, but enough so that if he didn't get any sleep it wouldn't be good. He knew what the problem was as distinctly as he knew how to fix it and with a sigh he threw the covers off of his body.

Standing up, he picked up his pillow and headed for the door. Tom's room was literally next door and he walked in without bothering to knock. Tom was lying on one side of the bed and looked over at him as soon as he entered. There was no need to speak, they both knew that they seemed to have a problem and Bill walked over to the empty side of the bed. Throwing his pillow down, he lifted up the covers and climbed in, turning his back on his twin.

As if by one accord they both moved towards the middle until they were lying back to back. As soon as he came into contact with Tom, Bill felt the tension he had been feeling melt away and he was suddenly very tired. Closing his eyes he drifted off to sleep as if there had been no problem at all.

====

"Bill, you'd tell me if there was anything wrong wouldn't you, sweetheart?"

That was not really the question Bill expected when he made it down to breakfast the next morning. Having lost a few hours sleep, he wasn't really awake and it took him a few moments to banish the tune that had been wandering around his head and process his mother's question.

"Umm," was the closest he could come to a real answer and he just blinked at his mother rather stupidly.

"I saw you coming out of Tom's room this morning," his mother clarified.

"Oh," Bill said, glad that his mother was not referring to anything else, "nothing's wrong, I just couldn't sleep, nerves or something, so I went into Tom's room. Slept like a baby after that."

"And that's all?" his mother asked and looked him directly in the eye.

Lying to his own mother was not something Bill had ever been any good at and he didn't know what to say.

"Morning, Mum," Tom all but bounced into the kitchen and saved him from having to answer the question. "Need me to hold your hand over breakfast, little brother?"

He took a swipe at Tom's arm for that, even if the diversion was getting him out of a hole.

"I can't sleep one night and suddenly everyone's a critic," he said dramatically and threw up his hands. "Next time I'll just sleep with the dog; he snores less."

"Well then I might actually be left with some of the bed," Tom replied in kind. "I had this much," Tom made a very small distance with his hands, "bed left by the time you sprawled."

Bill did his best to look completely affronted and they bickered all the way through pulling the cereal out of the cupboard, filling their bowls and moving to the table. By the time they stopped, their mother had given up taking any notice of them and Bill gave Tom a smile.

[Thanks,] he said silently.

[It is a brother's duty to save his sibling from the maternal inquisition,] Tom replied and then went to concentrating on eating.

Bill was very glad he had a brother he could rely on so completely. He wasn't quite ready to tell his mother the whole truth yet and she was always very good at wheedling out all the details. That was something for another day, or maybe never if he could help it.

[Feel that?] Bill asked as they waited next to the stage for the beginning of the concert.

The energy in the atmosphere was electric, even though there were only a couple of thousand fans in the audience. The small venue was packed out to capacity and it felt incredible.

[Wow,] was Tom's response, [no wonder you bounce around like a madman. Please, make sure I don't do anything stupid.]

[You won't,] Bill replied with a grin and let himself absorb the energy.

He knew from experience that when they made it on stage it would be ten times as strong and it paid to acclimatise first. Closing his eyes he ran over what he was going to say and what they were going to be playing in his head. The morning rehearsal had been virtually flawless so he really wasn't that worried. However, as he mentally prepared himself and felt the energy rising, he felt something inside himself shift. The ache in his gums told him what had happened.

Keeping his back to the other's he put his hand to his mouth and, sure enough, his fangs were almost fully descended. Not only that but his surroundings were brighter, which meant his vampire side was out and his eyes were probably glowing a lovely greenish colour. The main problem was that he hadn't

encouraged his vampire to the surface at all and even as he tried he couldn't put it away.

[Bill, what's wrong?] Tom's mental voice sounded in his head; clearly he must have been broadcasting his shock.

[I can't put my fangs away,] Bill said, on the verge of panicking.

He had no idea why this was happening; it had never happened before, not even when he was getting used to the whole vampire thing.

[What happened?] Tom asked, walking up to and round him so that they were face to face.

[I don't know,] Bill replied, desperately trying to tuck his vampire nature away again, [it just happened.]

[Are you hungry?] was Tom's next question. [If you need to feed I can delay here while you head back to the dressing room. No one will mind if we're a few minutes late on stage.]

Bill shook his head; he wasn't feeling any need for blood at all which was why it was so strange. At least Tom seemed to be fine, which was a blessing.

[What are we going to do?] he asked; he couldn't go on stage looking like he was now.

Tom stared at him for a bit, obviously thinking, but not sharing any details.

[You really can't get rid of them?] his twin asked in what Bill thought was an incredibly calm manner.

[Nothing's working,] he replied.

[Can you sing with the fangs?] Tom asked next.

Bill frowned, but nodded; he had tried speaking with his fangs descended before and had had no problem.

[Then you go on like that,] Tom decided and made Bill blink at him in shock. [You look like you're wearing really good special effects makeup; the fans will probably love it.]

There was only one slight hitch to that plan.

[What about the other two?] he asked, not even daring to glance round. [They know I haven't been anywhere near special effects.]

[We'll deal with them afterwards,] Tom told him, clearly thinking on his feet. [It's not as if we could have kept this secret for much longer anyway; they've both noticed things about you and I can't play interference any more.]

Bill just stared as his brain froze at what Tom was suggesting.

[You want to come clean?]

[Bill, I think we have to,] Tom replied. [Georg already asked me if you were doing drugs once. You're hideous at keeping secrets from people you care about and Georg and Gustav have both noticed you have a stash of something. I was going to suggest we talk to them about it anyway, just not before the concert.]

It was like a light dawning as Bill had a revelation.

[That's why you were so insistent,] he said as it all suddenly made sense, [you knew this was coming and you wanted to be like me when we told them.]

Tom just gave him a half smile for figuring that out.

[Couldn't risk anyone trying to stop us,] his twin admitted with a shrug.

At that moment Bill felt even closer to Tom.

"If you two have finished communing, everything's ready," Georg's voice cut through his thoughts.

Bill couldn't help a little smile; his friend had no idea how close he was to the truth. The smile didn't last for long as he prepared to turn round, but he knew there would be no big problems before the concert. They might all be young, but they were professionals and they would not disappoint the crowd.

"Let's go," Bill said brightly and finally turned around.

He had just enough time to see the surprise on his bandmates' faces before he bounced past them towards the stage. His shades were hooked in his back pocket and he had intended on leaving them at the edge of the stage, but he slipped them on instead. If his eyes were going to be almost luminous, he decided he'd use them with dramatic effect and reveal them a little later. He could only imagine what concert reports would make of his current look.

By the time they performed the last set, Bill was really worried that he was never getting rid of his fangs ever again. Throughout the whole performance they had stayed very much in evidence and, as they finally piled off stage, he still couldn't put them away. The fans had loved them if the screaming had been anything to go by and when he'd taken his shades off he was pretty sure a couple of girls had passed out. Vampires obviously did it for some of the fan base.

The moment he hit the dressing room he went for his phone rather than anything else. He didn't care that it was the middle of the night in Japan, he needed advice and he needed it before he tried to explain anything to his friends.

"Bill-chan, what's wrong?" Gackt seemed to realise he wouldn't be calling in what was the early hours of the morning for Japan unless it was important.

"I've just had to do an entire concert with fangs, that's what's wrong," Bill said, possibly a little over excited by the whole thing.

He really didn't care that Georg and Gustav were standing across the room staring at him.

"Oh," Gackt said sounding more curious than shocked, "did it cause you problems?"

"Nothing that can't be explained away," Bill said, not happy at all, "but that's not the point. Why the hell can't I make myself look normal?"

"When did it start?" Gackt asked in a reasonable tone.

"Just before the concert," Bill replied, hoping that there was an easy explanation, "when I was trying to sync with the crowd."

Gackt made a noise as if he was thinking.

"I'm assuming it's not blood related," his mentor said carefully.

"Nope, unless I need more since this morning and I don't feel like I do," Bill explained and wondered what could be going on with him now.

"Then I suspect it's sexual," Gackt said as if it was a perfectly logical conclusion. "When was the last time you had sex?"

"What's having sex got to do with anything?" Bill asked, really not following at all.

"Please, just answer the question," Gackt requested politely.

"I would have hoped you'd remember longer than this," Bill replied, finding himself in a very sarcastic mood; "I didn't think I was that forgettable."

There was silence from the other end of the phone.

"Bill-chan, are you saying that I am still the only person you have ever had sex with?" Gackt asked as if he had to be sure of the point.

"Yes," Bill said, feeling more than a little exasperated, "I thought you'd worked that out about me; I don't sleep around."

"And you have felt no urges?"

That almost made Bill laugh.

"I'm a teenager," he said a little more bluntly than he had meant to, "or course I've felt urges. I ignored them."

"Ah," Gackt said almost immediately, "then I believe we have an explanation. My apologies, Bill-chan, you have a stronger will than I realised. Vampires require blood to live, but we also crave sex, heightening the sex drive. I had assumed your instincts would take care of the matter and did not wish to burden you with the idea that you would seek out sex in a way you had not before, but it appears I was wrong. The sexual tension of the concert has excited your vampire half and because you have not indulged recently it has been driven to the surface. It will fade once you are out of such a sexually charged environment."

"Are you saying this will happen every time we do a concert unless I have sex regularly?" Bill didn't quite believe it.

"Yes," was Gackt's plain answer, "I'm sorry, I had not anticipated it would be a problem."

Bill lashed out and hit the side of one of the metal trunks in the room, letting out some of the tension that had been building up since Tom had asked him to

change him. Everything was a little too much all at once and the metal crumpled under the punch.

"Holy shit," he heard Georg say, but he didn't look over.

At least he felt a little better after attacking the inanimate object. He wasn't usually a violent person, but just occasionally an outlet was a good thing.

"Thank you, Gakuchan," he said after taking a deep breath, "I'll figure it out."

"Follow your instincts, Bill-chan," Gackt said in a kind tone, "they will not lead you astray."

Bill made a non-committal sound, he hoped Gackt was right.

"Sorry for ringing in the middle of the night," he apologised as he calmed down.

"I was not sleeping," Gackt replied and did not sound the least bit upset, "and I would not mind if I had been. Your wellbeing is more important than the time of day, Bill-chan."

Now he felt guilty, but he didn't say anything about it.

"Thank you," he said, "bye."

"Good bye, Bill-chan," Gackt replied, "stay well."

Bill let his eyes rest on the huge dent in the metal case as he pressed the disconnect button. It was a good thing the case was empty because there was no way anything inside of it wouldn't have been buckled beyond belief. There was no way to explain that away as anything normal. Very slowly he turned to look at the shocked faces of his friends and perversely it was then he felt his vampire begin to fade inside again.

"Oh fuck," Gustav said and seemed to succinctly sum up Georg's reaction as well.

"Unless you're offering that might not be such a good thing to say to Bill at the moment," Tom said, breaking the tension by walking past the other two and picking up a bottle of water.

"Tom!" Bill said as he started to blush.

"You just had a whole phone call about sex and now you blush," Tom replied unrepentantly.

Bill knew what Tom was trying to do, but it didn't seem to be easing the tension much.

"You're a vampire," Georg eventually said what no one seemed to want to say.

"Yes," Bill said simply.

"The Japanese guy?" Gustav added, catching up fast.

Bill nodded.

"Not 'guy', 'pompous, arrogant vampire'," Tom corrected and earned another glare from Bill.

Tom and Gackt had a truce, but they still weren't friends, something Bill intended to rectify, especially now.

"He's over four hundred and fifty years old," Bill defended the man he had come to be rather fond of, "he's eccentric."

Tom just shrugged and Bill looked back at the other two members of the band. Both looked rather nervous.

"I don't bite," he promised, holding his hands out in a peaceful gesture.

"You're a vampire," Georg said again as if that fact negated what Bill has said.

Tom reached over to Bill's bag and reached in, finding the small cool bag and the emergency stash Bill carried everywhere with him just in case these days. Bill just watched as his brother threw the single blood bag at Georg who caught it.

"That's what Bill's been hiding," Tom said simply; "not drugs; not alcohol, but blood. The stuff from the movies is all so much shit. Modern vampires use blood bags and a microwave; very twenty first century."

Georg examined the blood bag and then threw it back.

"Bill's also not the only vampire in the family," Tom continued and Bill saw his twin's eyes flash. "And before you jump to the wrong conclusion, I asked to be turned and I had to turn the emotional screws to get Bill to do it. I've been a vampire for two days."

"That's what's been different today," Gustav said as if he'd just had a revelation; "you're the same again."

Bill gave a little nod; there was no point in denying it.

"And we're kind of telepathic with each other now too," Tom said with a half smile. "Bill was all worried about it, but I think it's the way we've always supposed to have been."

"You can really hear each other's thoughts?" Georg sounded like that was astounding to him.

"Only when we think at each other," Bill clarified quickly; he didn't want any misimpressions; "like talking only just in our heads."

"Cool," Gustav said almost instantly.

"That's what I said," Tom revealed with a laugh.

Bill crossed his arms.

"Okay, so I'm the only one who was worried about it, can we drop it now?" he asked, since he could see this turning into a tease Bill session.

"Wait," Georg said looking from him to Tom and back again, "you were worried and Tom wasn't; isn't that the wrong way around? Please don't say you're swapping personality traits too."

"No," Bill said hurriedly, "god no, I can only just cope with my own character, I don't want any of Tom's."

He realised he was being, possibly, a bit overdramatic when the other three laughed at him, but it then occurred to him that at least Georg and Gustav were laughing rather than staring worriedly now.

[Nice once, little brother,] Tom said in his head.

[I was being serious,] Bill replied which made Tom laugh out loud.

"I'm going to shower and change," he said, turning and heading to the one place in the venue with a shower; there was no way he was getting any sense out of the other three now.

The shower had helped, but Bill still felt kind of odd as he climbed into clean clothes. He was worried that Georg and Gustav wouldn't be able to accept him and Tom now, and he was worried about the whole sex thing. It wasn't that he disliked the idea of sex, it was just he couldn't imagine going out and picking up a girl or a boy just for sex. It wasn't really in his nature.

He sat down after he had dressed, drying his hair with a towel, but slowly drew to a halt as his thoughts took over. He couldn't say that he didn't like being a vampire most of the time, but it made his life so much more complicated. Sometimes he found himself wishing he had just gone back to the party when he had first met Gackt. Living your life in the public eye and being a vampire really didn't go together and he wondered what had ever possessed Gackt to try it.

He looked up when he heard a noise to the side and he was surprised to see Gustav standing there, hands in his pockets and a serious expression on his face.

"Hi," he said, not sure what else to say.

Gustav took that as an invitation and walked in, sitting down on the bench next to him.

"You doing okay with all this stuff going on?" was not really what he expected his friend to say, since he was pretty sure he was the one who had just shocked his friends to the bone.

"Yeah," he said after a moment, "you?"

"Getting there," was the honest reply.

Bill looked sideways at his friend, trying to gauge what Gustav was thinking, but Gustav had a very stoic face when he wanted to and his friend was staring at the wall with little to no expression. The fact that Gustav was even there and sitting so close was at least a good thing, or Bill hoped it was.

"Were you going to tell us?" Gustav asked eventually.

"Tom was," Bill said honestly, "I think he'd thought it all through, but I hadn't got that far. You know me, I barely plan anything. I was still trying to figure everything out."

"But you made him like you anyway?"

Bill wasn't quite sure what to say about that one; he wasn't sure Gustav would understand. His friend knew him and Tom well, but this might be that one step further than was comprehensible by someone not in the same situation.

"He pulled the twin card," was what he eventually said.

Gustav looked at him then with that calm, even stare that Bill had become used to over the years, then to his surprise his friend just nodded. Short and to the point and that was the end of that; it seemed Gustav did know where he was coming from.

"It may sound strange," Gustav said after another few moments silence, "but I'm glad it turned out to be something like this. It's weird and I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it, but you've been so secretive at times lately and we were getting worried about you."

"Tom already pointed out how crap I am at hiding things," Bill replied with a small rueful smile.

"The worst," Gustav agreed with a nod. "The fans seem to like the new you though."

Bill just shrugged; he wasn't about to disagree. He had no doubt David would want to speak to him about the new look and if he planned to use it again, since it had had such an impact. He just hoped that it wouldn't start a whole new round of why to hate Tokio Hotel; no doubt someone in the press would accuse him of Devil worship or something as stupid.

"So have you decided what to do about the problem you're having?" Gustav asked after a while.

Bill shook his head and glanced at his hands.

"The only thing I'm sure of is that Tom is not going to have the same issue," he said, going over all of his options in his head. "I don't like being out of control, but picking up someone just to have sex with them doesn't feel right."

"You thinking male or female?" Gustav asked in what sounded to Bill like a slightly embarrassed tone.

"Um," he replied as the question caught him off guard, "either. I've kind of come to realise I just wasn't looking at boys, but when I do some of them have the same effect as a pretty girl."

Surprisingly that made Gustav smile slightly.

"Yeah, I kind of noticed the same thing," his friend said with a shrug.

Bill turned fully to look at Gustav as surprise made him react rather than think. Then his thoughts caught up and doubt arrived that he had heard what he thought he had or that Gustav meant what he thought his friend had meant.

"Come again?" he asked, hoping for clarification.

Gustav looked at him for a while and he wasn't sure he was going to get an answer.

"About a year and a half ago we were at some record company party and I found myself talking to what I thought was a hot chick," his friend told him, "only it turned out when we got back to a hotel room she was a he. I was just drunk enough to follow through anyway and it opened my eyes to a few things. I've never acted on the impulse again, but I know what you mean."

Bill's brain did a flip and realigned his universe to fit the facts he had just been given, but it took a few seconds and he was sure he sat there looking like an idiot for a while.

"You never said a thing," he protested as he reran memories to see if there was ever any hint.

"That's because I know I'm going to end up with a girl," Gustav said quite plainly, "and so I never thought to bring it up."

"Not even after me and Gackt?" Bill asked, not sure what was really going on.

Gustav shook his head.

"You seemed to be doing fine on your own and it seemed like an added complication," his friend told him in a very calm and logical way. "I didn't want things getting weird."

Bill could understand that, but that didn't really explain the current conversation.

"Then why now?" he asked, honestly perplexed.

Gustav looked at him then with a level stare that seemed to analyse him.

"Because you have a problem," was the reply.

Bill frowned; he wasn't following.

"I don't understand," he admitted.

"I know you," Gustav said in a straight forward tone; "unless another vampire comes along and bewitches you, or you fall head over heels in love, you're going to have major problems just picking someone up and I can just imagine the fallout. You've had sex once and you have his number on speed dial."

Bill felt himself blushing; he couldn't deny that it was true.

"So I wanted you to know that if you can't solve the problem I'm here."

What Gustav was saying finally became clear and Bill was even more shocked.

"Nothing romantic," Gustav added quickly, "just friends, no biting and I'd have to be top, but if nothing else turns up..."

Bill just sat there; his brain refused to process that one and Gustav stood up before he could formulate a reply.

"Let me know," was what his friend said as Gustav headed towards the door.

"Okay," Bill just about managed to squeak out before Gustav disappeared the way he had come.

Watching where his friend had left the room, Bill replayed the recent conversation over in his brain again just to make sure it was real. When he had to conclude that it was, he had no idea what to do. In the end he put his still damp hair up in a ponytail and went to find out if the others were ready to head home.

Bill walked into Tom's room with his pillow as soon as he was sure his parents were asleep and climbed into the unoccupied side of the bed. This time he lay on his back and his foot found his brother's shin, but not all the tension melted away this time. The fact that his brain was still churning over the conversation with Gustav would not go away.

[What is it?] Tom asked silently after a few minutes of just lying there.

His twin rolled over and looked at him and Bill couldn't avoid talking anymore.

[Gustav offered to have sex with me this evening,] he said and felt a lot better for doing so.

Tom looked surprised, but not scandalised.

[Our totally straight drummer offered to have sex with you?] Tom sounded a little incredulous.

Bill turned on his side so he could see Tom's face properly.

[Yes,] he replied, still reeling from the idea himself. [Turns out not so straight.]

[What did you say?] Tom asked after a moment.

[He said to let him know so I said okay,] he replied, replaying the conversation in his head for what had to be the hundredth time.

There was silence from Tom for a while and Bill could just imagine his twin's thought turning over.

[You do need to fix this problem you're having,] Tom eventually pointed out.

[Are you saying I should accept?] Bill asked, surprised that Tom was thinking like that.

Relationships within the band could be trouble and it was probably a bad idea, but then again it wasn't really a relationship Gustav was offering, it was friends with benefits.

[Well you have to do something,] Tom replied with a mental shrug, [and I know you, you're never going to just pick someone up. I was going to offer to find us a couple of girls, but this would probably work better, because you'd probably spend all night trying to get to know anyone I brought back and never get round

to anything else. You already know and trust Gustav and he must fancy you at least a bit or he never would have offered.]

Bill hadn't thought of it that way.

[Do you fancy him at all?] Tom asked as he considered it.

[Hmm, I could,] Bill said eventually, [I've just never considered him in that way. You've got to admit he's cute.]

Tom just looked at him for that comment.

[Straight, remember?] his twin said and rolled his eyes

[Yeah,] Bill replied with a grin, [well so was I.]

[Stop right there,] Tom said adamantly, [you are not gayifying me.]

Bill just laughed.

[Don't worry, big brother,] he said, feeling much better now he had spoken to Tom, [your manliness is safe. If you want to limit your options unnecessarily that's up to you.]

Tom's only reply was a derisive snort that made Bill smile even more.

[I'll talk to Gustav tomorrow,] he decided and felt the last of the tension leave now that he had made a decision, [make sure we both know what we're getting into.]

Tom made a noise of agreement, but, when Bill glanced over, his twin was already falling asleep. Rolling over, he pulled the duvet up over his shoulder and closed his eyes.

[Night,] he sent and received a jumble of sound in reply that he took to be a similar sentiment.

"Mum!"

Bill woke suddenly when he heard Tom's voice and he sat up rapidly not really aware of what he was doing. What he found was his mother standing in Tom's doorway looking at them both and he glanced over at the clock and realised that he had forgotten to set it to wake him up so he could go back to his room before their parents woke up.

"Okay," their mother said as Bill did his best to gather his scattered wits, "what is going on? You haven't slept in the same bed unless you had to since you were small."

Bill looked at Tom.

[What do we say?] he asked, relying on the fact that Tom had probably thought about this before now.

[I think it's time to come clean at home too,] Tom said and there was a resolution in his twin's tone that made Bill think there was no way around this.

It was a scary prospect simply because Bill was inclined to take a paranoid view about the whole vampire thing, but most of him was sure their parents would not freak; at least not too much. He gave a small nod; he couldn't really see another way to explain their behaviour that wouldn't come back to bite them sooner or later.

"Mum," Tom said, taking the lead that Bill was glad to give him, "we need to have a long talk. Dad needs to hear it too and we'd rather not explain twice. It's not terrible, but it is complicated."

Their mother looked worried, but eventually she nodded.

It took them half an hour to get downstairs where they found their parents waiting for them. Bill really didn't feel like eating, but he took the cereal bar Tom thrust into his hands and then they all moved to the living room.

"First of all the sleeping in the same bed thing," Bill let Tom start from where his twin remained standing while he sat down, "it's because neither of us can sleep without the other there. It's temporary, but we can't do anything about it at the moment."

"Is something wrong?" their step-father asked in a concerned tone.

"No," Bill said straight away, possibly a little too quickly for it to be totally convincing, "not wrong, just different."

He realised he probably wasn't helping saying things like that.

[I'll start,] he decided silently; there was no point in holding back now.

"While we were in England something happened," he said, trying to think how to explain it. "I met someone and it kind of changed lots of things."

"Does this someone have a name?" their mother asked.

"Um, I'd rather not say," Bill said with a small shrug, "it's complicated."

"Did this person hurt you?" his step-father asked, jumping to the wrong conclusion.

"No," Bill said firmly, "it's not like that. He ..."

He saw his parents react to the 'he' and stopped talking as it occurred to him what he was admitting. For a while he just sat there looking with his parents looking back.

"Sweetheart," his mother finally said in a very gentle voice, "are you trying to tell us you're gay?"

"Um, not exclusively," he replied, awkwardly.

"Bill swings both ways," Tom said, helping him out.

"You didn't think we'd have a problem with that did you, darling?" his mother asked.

Bill shook his head, he had expected it might shock his parents a little since it had shocked him, but he had known they would support him on that point.

"That was just something I found out," he said, not really sure how to explain, "but it has a lot to do with why things happened."

He looked at Tom as he ran out of ideas as to how to go on.

"Bill's new friend was what you'd call unusual," Tom said, taking over for him.

It was clear their parents didn't know where this was going.

"He's over four hundred and fifty years old," he said, deciding that just coming out and saying the world vampire would be too much all at once.

That obviously wasn't what either of their parents had been expecting to hear and first he saw their faces register shock and then disbelief and worry.

"You don't really believe that do you, Bill?" his step-father asked.

Now his parents seemed to think he was having delusions and he gave a short little laugh. This was not going how he would have liked it to.

"I'm not delusional," he said, glancing at Tom, "honestly, he is that old even though he looks about thirty."

Both his mother and step-father looked to Tom as if Tom was going to be the voice of reason.

"If Bill's delusional then so am I," Tom said and sat down. "This is why meeting him changed everything; it's not every day you find out the universe doesn't quite work the way people have told you it does."

"No one can live for that long," their mother said as if she was trying to convince them.

"Vampires can," Bill said quietly.

He watched their parents swap worried glances.

"Vampires aren't real," their step-father said and seemed to be attempting to be very gentle but firm about it.

"Been there, thought that," Tom said in a no nonsense tone.

"Tom, whatever you think you've seen," when his mother started to say that Bill knew the time for words was over.

There was only one way their parents would ever believe them and he felt for his vampire nature.

"People can be very clever," their mother was still talking.

"Mum," he said and his step-father looked at him, eyes going wide, but his mother was still concentrating on Tom. "Mum," he said again, a little louder this time and she finally turned to him. "Vampires exist, mum."

Under his glowing gaze his mother's face lost all colour and she stared at him in disbelief. When she wobbled and began to pitch out of the chair she was perched on the front of, Bill moved before he thought about it. He caught his mother before she could hit the ground and placed her back in the chair, much more worried about her than anything else. He had never seen his mother faint before and it scared the crap out of him.

"Mum, are you okay?" he asked anxiously. "I'm sorry."

He held his mother gently in the chair and looked into her face as she blinked, recovering slowly. When he thought she was stable enough, he let go of her shoulders and just crouched there. Eventually his mother reached out slowly and gently cupped the side of his face as if reaffirming that he was really there. He had let the vampire fade in his panic and he didn't know what to do now.

"My little boy," his mother said quietly.

"It's not bad, mum," he promised faithfully, "all the legends and stuff aren't true. I didn't mean to scare you, I'm sorry."

For a while it was like time had stopped as he waited for his mother to react.

"Show me again, sweetheart," she said eventually, "please."

It was not what Bill was expecting, but after a moment of surprise he did as he was asked. His mother's face was very beautiful to vampire eyes, all bright and almost shining in the morning sunlight and he let her look at him. He even opened his mouth slightly to reveal just a hint of his fangs.

"Yesterday at the concert I wasn't trying out a new look," he said quietly since the news of the whole vampire fangs and eyes had been everywhere and his parents knew about it, "I kind of got stuck so I had to sing like this."

"I can see why the girls went crazy," his mother said quietly with a tiny smile. "Bill, Bill, Bill, what have you been up to?"

He let the vampire fade again then and couldn't help blushing; there was no way he was telling his mother exactly how this had come about.

"Oh," she said as if reading his mind, "this mystery man must have been very special indeed."

Bill couldn't look his mother in the eyes after that.

"I just need to know one thing," she said, which made him look up again even though he didn't want to; "are you happy with this?"

Bill nodded. His mother sat forward and placed a kiss on his forehead.

"That's okay then," she said quite simply. "But now I want to know what happened this weekend. Every time I've seen you both since you came back from England there's been something off, but now you seem to be back on track. You haven't been arguing behind everyone's backs because of this have you."

Once again Bill was amazed as how perceptive his mother was. They had hardly been at home recently and yet she had noticed everything. Georg and Gustav he could understand; they were with them most of the time, but they had spent very

little time with their parents since he had been bitten, what with promoting the new album and everything.

"What's been off is that we were different," Tom said before Bill could formulate a reply; "we're not anymore."

Bill stood up slowly to stand next to Tom, a united front.

"So you're both...?" their step-father asked.

Bill gave a small nod.

"I made Bill agree to make me like him," Tom said, clearly trying to take all the blame.

"Different doesn't work for us," Bill added, not wanting this to be all on Tom's head, "I didn't take much convincing; not for something so..."

He wasn't quite sure what word to use.

"Fundamental," Tom finished for him.

"At least that I understand," their mother said evenly.

Their parents shared a look and took each other's hands before both turning back to look at them. Bill saw acceptance in the gazes looking at him.

"We'd like it if you would both explain this to us," their mother said and held out her free hand to Bill who was closest.

"We would like to understand everything," their dad agreed and held out his hand to Tom.

[All of it then,] Bill said silently.

[All of it,] Tom agreed.

The explanation had been long and difficult in places, but Bill had been amazed at how understanding their parents had been. The day had been hectic since the band had been headed on the road again before lunch, but their parents had sent them off with hugs and smiles as usual. The trip was only for a few days to film their next video on location, do some interviews across the country and some signings for their last single, but it still meant piling into the van and checking into a hotel and making sure everything was ready. It wasn't until dinner that any of them had a chance to stop again and Bill dove into the pizza in front of him ravenously.

"Bill, where exactly did the vampire come from?" David asked when he finally paused his assault on the Italian food.

For a moment his mind flicked to thinking that David might have found out the truth before he realised that David was talking about the concert. He coughed and took a drink while trying to figure out a reply.

"He lost a bet," Georg said smoothly with a broad grin. "I bet Bill that his name would be the first we heard shouted when we reached the venue and he reckoned

it would be Tom or me. I have a friend who does special effects and we agreed the one of us who lost would be vamped out to rile up the home fans."

Bill tried not to stare as Georg lied directly to David's face for him.

"Well it definitely did that," David replied in a manner that seemed pleased rather than anything else, "the fanbase seems to have gone nuts for the new look. How would you feel about using it occasionally?"

"Um," Bill said while rapidly going over the ramifications in his head.

Gackt had not seemed worried that he had done a concert with fangs so he didn't see that as a problem and as long as he was careful no one would find out that it wasn't a gimmick. He mulled it over.

"Okay," he said eventually, "but not too often, I don't want to over do it."

"Of course," David said with a grin; "keeping the fans begging for it will work much better anyway."

Bill rolled his eyes and went back to his pizza; he just hoped the whole vampire thing wouldn't attract too many crazies, or real vampires for that matter.

Bill had been meaning to talk to Gustav all day, he really had, but there had never been the opportunity so when Tom dragged Georg off to the bar and gave him a mental shove he took the hint.

"Wanna watch some TV?" he asked as the two of them headed for their rooms.

"Sure," Gustav replied without reacting as if Bill might have an ulterior motive at all; "your room or mine?"

"Mine's closer," Bill said as they came to his door.

Gustav gave him a small smile and indicated that he should lead on, so he pushed the keycard into the door and let them in. Once inside, he threw his jacket over the desk chair, kicked off his shoes, opened the cabinet with the TV, picked up the remote and threw himself onto the bed.

"Pay per view or bog standard channels?" he asked, hoping that he would work up the courage to broach the subject of sex if they really did watch a bit of TV.

"You could try the adult channel if you're that nervous," Gustav said perfectly calmly and sat down on the other side of the bed.

Bill just put the remote down on his lap and looked at his friend.

"That obvious, huh?" he asked.

He was rewarded with a big smile for that comment.

"You don't do subtle," Gustav said as the smile morphed into a grin, "and you've been trying to get me alone all day."

Gustav had a very cute grin, Bill suddenly wished more people got to see it, but their drummer tended to reserve it for when the camera was not on.

"Well Tom's been pointing out all day that if I don't take you up on your offer I'm probably going to be celibate until my vampire breaks out and pins the first person I meet to an available surface, so I have an excuse," he replied, mentally trying to work out how they were going to do this. "Do you have any idea what those mental images can do to a sex starved vampire."

"No," Gustav said, "but I think I'm probably about to find out."

That wiped away any remaining humour in Bill; this wasn't just about joking around, this was serious.

"Do we really want to do this?" he asked, needing to know that neither of them was going to back out.

"As long as you promise me that you're not going to go and turn this into something it isn't," Gustav said, also sobering, "I don't see any reason why not. I find you attractive and you're so strung out I could probably look like Quasimodo and you wouldn't care. We can have some fun and solve your problem in the process."

"For the record, I find you attractive too," Bill said honestly, "now that I'm looking at you in that light. Don't ever let me hear you putting yourself down."

Gustav just shrugged at that and Bill made a mental note to do something about his friend's self-esteem, which seemed a little lacking at the moment. No one in the band was allowed to feel like they were worth less than the others no matter what the press seemed to think. He wondered if he could get Gustav a magazine spread of his own in the near future or something like that, something where Gustav could shine without having to worry about the others.

"You look intense," Gustav said, breaking him out of his train of thought, "anything going on in your head I should know about?"

"No," Bill said, banishing the thoughts for another time, "just planning."

"You, planning?" Gustav said with mock shock; "we're all in trouble."

Bill gave Gustav a look for that comment. Yes he often went with instinct, but he was capable of putting a plan together when he wanted to. They sat there for a while as the silence became more awkward.

"Maybe it would be better if I put on some porn," Bill suggested in the end, "get us in the mood."

"Could do," Gustav replied with a shrug, "or we could just try making out for a while and see where that takes us."

Bill looked at the remote that was now back in his hand and then tossed it onto the sofa in the corner of the room.

"Kissing I can do," he said and crawled over the distance between himself and Gustav.

For a moment he paused, not sure how to start, but then he decided to just dive in. Still on hands and knees, he leant forward and placed his lips on Gustav's. Gustav kissed back almost straight away and Bill felt a tongue ghost over his lips

pretty soon after that. One thing he had had practice at was kissing and so he let himself sink into the experience, opening his mouth and letting Gustav taste him properly. When a hand snaked up under his shirt, ghosting over his skin and then reaching behind him to pull him down, he went with a purr. Gustav was a good kisser and his friend definitely knew what to do with his hands as well.

Everything was going fine as they kissed and carefully groped each other on the bed, that was until Gustav moved from Bill's lips to his neck. Bill moaned as Gustav gently nipped at his neck, feeling the blood rushing from his head to other parts of his anatomy. It seemed his neck was very sensitive to such ministrations these days and he rubbed himself against Gustav like a cat in ecstasy. He was definitely aroused now and he could feel the sexual energy coming from Gustav, who seemed to be enjoying himself as well.

That was when his vampire came out to play and he felt his senses heighten and his fangs descend. He nuzzled Gustav's neck, kissing the pale skin and sensing the blood rushing through the vein just under the skin. He didn't feel hunger, but he did feel need and he found that he wanted to bite; he wanted it very badly. For long seconds he was fixated and then he realised what he was doing and pushed himself away before he could lose control completely.

He found himself sitting on his arse at the back corner of the bed, breathing hard and trying his best not to follow the urge to close the gap back over the bed and pounce on Gustav. He wasn't quite sure if he wanted to shag or be shagged, but he definitely wanted to bite along the way and he knew that was one of the things Gustav had forbidden.

"Sorry," he apologised, trying very hard to put his vampire back where it belonged.

It was almost as difficult as at the concert, but there was no underlying sexual tension from several thousand teenagers, just him and Gustav so he eventually managed it.

[Bill, is something wrong?] Tom's voice sounded in his head.

[Vampire came out to play,] Bill replied quickly, [think I have it under control now.]

[You sure?] Tom asked carefully.

[Yeah,] he replied, feeling in control again, [thanks.]

"You wanted to bite me?" Gustav sounded curious rather than anything else, which was at least one thing.

Bill looked down, blushing as he did so; he couldn't exactly deny it.

"Sorry," he apologised again, "I ... um ... I think it was the whole neck thing."

When he looked back up Gustav just gave a small shrug.

"No necking," Gustav said calmly, "got it."

Bill didn't bother hiding the fact that he was surprised by that; sometimes Gustav's whole attitude to the world mystified him. In his friend's place he wasn't

sure he'd be so calm. When Gustav gave him a come here look, he slowly moved and soon found himself into another embrace.

This time they kissed for longer and then Gustav pushed him down on the bed and began undoing his shirt and kissing across his chest. It was very nice indeed and he was purring again very quickly and this time he had Gustav pinned on the bed with him leaning over his companion before he caught himself. He pushed himself away and off the bed completely this time; it had been so close and he realised that thanks to his abstinence his control was completely crap.

Wrapping his arms around himself he walked away from the bed, desperately dragging what was left of his will to his control. It was even harder to force his vampire nature away this time and it was beginning to dawn on him that he might not be able to do this.

[Bill?] Tom's enquiry was not far behind his loss of control.

[Happened again,] Bill said without needing to be prompted; [I don't know if I can do this without biting someone.]

It was what he was honestly thinking and he had no idea what he could do about it.

[Maybe you should ring Gackt again,] Tom suggested; [I can feel your need from down here.]

Bill would have replied, but a hand on his shoulder made him turn. Gustav was standing just behind him regarding him very seriously.

"You really need to bite, don't you?" Gustav said thoughtfully.

Bill nodded.

"I think I do, yes," he replied with a nod; "I'm sorry."

"If you bite someone won't they become a vampire too?" Gustav asked with a frown.

It was only then that it occurred to Bill that he and Tom hadn't really explained a great deal the previous day. Gustav had no idea what to think in this situation.

"No," Bill said simply, "to make another vampire we have to drink and then feed them our blood. A bite is just a bite."

"What about disease?" Gustav sounded genuinely interested.

"Can't get any, can't carry any," he replied with complete honesty.

The vampire metabolism worked in such a different way that natural organisms couldn't survive the contact.

"Oh," Gustav said and turned back to the bed.

Bill watched his friend walk away.

[Bill?] Tom mentally prodded him.

[Hmm, I'll get back to you, Tom,] he told his twin, [I'm not sure what's going on.]

Gustav sat down on the bed and looked up at him.

"Does it hurt?" Gustav asked.

There was a glimmering of light at the end of the tunnel and Bill began walking towards it.

"For a moment," he said, not wanting to be anything by honest, "but then it's almost like sex, well in my limited experience that's the nearest I can think of."

Now it was Gustav who looked surprised.

"Really?" was the next question.

Bill nodded.

"It's called a soul link and it happens when a vampire bites someone else," he decided he needed to explain. "It allows a connection and the pleasure is shared. Drinking blood is ... umm ... euphoric."

Gustav appeared slightly dubious for a moment and then seemed to accept that.

"And you really need to bite me?" his friend asked in a very straightforward tone.

"My vampire side is a little out of control," Bill admitted, somewhat embarrassed about it; "I should be able to separate the two, but I don't think I can at the moment."

Gustav appeared to think about this for a while as well.

"Then bite me," Gustav finally decided in what seemed to be a logical manner.

For a moment Bill just stood there and processed that for a while.

"You mean it?" he asked eventually.

Gustav looked at him levelly for that question; Gustav rarely said anything he didn't mean. Bill smiled sheepishly for having asked the question and when Gustav patted the bed he walked over and sat down.

"Shall we start again?" he asked, fiddling with his fingers as he felt suddenly nervous again.

"That sound like a good plan," Gustav said, taking one of his hands so he couldn't play anymore, "and this time, don't stop yourself."

Bill took a deep breath and tried to recapture what he had been feeling before his vampire side had decided to intervene and then he turned to Gustav and leant in.

"But it better be as good as you said," Gustav decided to say just before they kissed and Bill found himself giggling rather than kissing.

At least he did know that it was as good as he'd said. When Gustav grabbed him and shoved him backwards, he went, still giggling; he only stopped when Gustav

started kissing him passionately. It didn't take either of them long to find the mood again and when Gustav moved on to his neck again, Bill knew it wouldn't be long before his vampire came out to play. His passion rose and then his gums were aching and his senses were spiking and he had their positions reversed and Gustav pinned beneath him in a moment.

It was completely instinctive to bite and his fangs slid into Gustav's flesh like knives into hot butter. Gustav grunted in pain once, but that noise changed the moment blood hit Bill's tongue and he felt the incredible rush that always came with feeding, felt the connection bloom and he pushed it at Gustav. Being a drummer, Gustav was strong and Bill found himself almost pushed off when Gustav arched underneath him. He drank for what seemed like forever, but couldn't have been more than thirty seconds or so and then his brain all but exploded as he felt the soul link flare and Gustav shuddered from head to foot before collapsing back on to the bed, limp.

It took Bill a moment longer to withdraw his fangs from Gustav's neck, licking the wounds to begin the rapid healing process. When he pulled back, Gustav was breathing hard and staring at him with his mouth open. Bill knew the feeling from both sides and he spent a good few seconds putting his head back together before he dared move any further.

[Was that what I think it was?] Tom's mental voice sounded a bit dazed. [Did you just bite, Gustav?]

[Yeah,] Bill replied when he could form coherent thought, [he said I could. Did I project too much?]

[That's one way of putting it,] Tom told him, sounding a little disgruntled. [I don't know what Georg thinks is going on, but I had rather an interesting reaction so you and Gustav might want to come clean in the morning and tell him you're sleeping together. Either that or help him have me committed.]

[Sorry,] Bill apologised; he seemed to be doing rather a lot of that this evening.

Tom didn't reply verbally, but Bill hoped the vague feeling he was given in return was forgiveness.

"Okay?" he asked Gustav when his friend didn't move.

Gustav looked at him with a very level stare.

"I just came in my underwear," Gustav sounded shocked and somewhere between satisfied and horrified.

Gustav looked so perplexed that it amused Bill almost to the point of laughing, but with a Herculean effort he managed to keep a straight face. He wasn't sure whether to apologise or feel inordinately pleased with himself.

"Um," he said, not really sure how to reply to his friend's last statement; "the bathroom's through there and there's a spare robe on the back of the door."

Still looking rather dazed, Gustav sat up and then pushed himself off the bed and walked rather gingerly towards the bathroom. Bill just watched him go and wondered if a study of two, as in himself and Gustav, was proof enough that vampire bites were always orgasmic between sexual partners or if it was just coincidence.

He was still thinking about it when Gustav reappeared from the bathroom in a white fluffy robe with his clothes nearly rolled under one arm. Thankfully Gustav had lost the dazed look and seemed more pleased than anything else.

"Okay," Gustav said, putting the clothes down on the sofa and walking back to the bed, "you were right about the biting, but we're going to have to wait a bit now to do anything else."

Bill grinned at that; at least Gustav didn't seem embarrassed about the whole thing.

"We have all night," he pointed out cheerfully; "no hurry. Since we're waiting though, I'll just take the opportunity to use the bathroom."

On impulse he kissed Gustav on the nose as he bounced past and then flicked the bathroom door shut with his foot. Then he set about making sure he was ready for what he hoped was to come. When he was finished he threw on the second robe, shoved the condoms and the lube Tom had bought him a while back into the robe pocket and walked back into the bedroom.

"What was the whole kiss on the nose thing?" Gustav asked as Bill walked over towards the bed.

"You're cute," he replied with a smile and plopped down onto the mattress beside his friend, "so I gave in to an impulse. Don't worry, I'm not about to fall madly in love with you, but I'd like you to know I do love you. You're one of my three best friends."

Gustav gave him one of the 'I'm processing that' looks.

"You are such a girl," was the final verdict.

For once, that made Bill laugh.

"I hope not, or this is going to go very differently than I was hoping," he said and flopped back onto the bed.

"Well if you're naked under there I can always check, just to make sure," Gustav said, flopping back beside him and grinning evilly.

"Your seduction technique needs work," Bill responded and stuck out his tongue.

"You're easy," Gustav told him, leaning up on one arm and over him, "who needs technique."

Bill would have replied, but Gustav shut him up with a kiss and he didn't resist when Gustav went for the belt of his bathrobe. He'd become hard just thinking about what they were going to be doing when he had been in the bathroom so when Gustav pushed aside the robe there was a healthy erection waiting. It seemed that their drummer was anything but shy in the bedroom as Bill found himself pushed into the bed and Gustav's fingers wrapping around his cock.

He could have arched up into the touch; he was quite strong enough to move Gustav's weight these days, but he liked the feeling of being pinned down, so he just moaned into the kiss. When Gustav kissed down his neck, he felt his vampire nature rising to the surface again, but his other side already had part of what it

needed and was being given the rest, so he could control it. His eyes fell closed as his companion played and he only opened them again when he felt Gustav sitting up slightly, letting the vampire glow flash to the surface briefly as his arousal spiked.

"You know just how beautiful you are, don't you, Bill," Gustav said, leaning close and whispering. "I've thought about fucking you before, lying in my bunk in the tour bus with the curtains closed, wanking silently. Now I have you in my reach and I'm going to enjoy every moment."

About all Bill could reply was a throaty moan as Gustav squeezed him almost hard enough to hurt. When Gustav said things, Bill automatically believed his friend and he liked this sexual side to Gustav. When Gustav employed his voice his friend definitely knew how to use it.

"If you keep doing that," Bill said breathlessly as Gustav stroked him firmly, "I'm not going to last long."

"You can come whenever you like," Gustav said in a low tone, "but I'm still going to fuck you through the mattress."

Bill bit his own lip to stop himself losing it there and then.

"Who knew you were so demanding in the bedroom," he managed a comeback; it wasn't a great one, but he gave himself points for trying.

"You're taller, faster and stronger than me," Gustav said with another wicked smile, "so I thought we'd set the ground rules before we begin properly."

There was a strange logic to that which was so very Gustav and Bill let his eyes flash again, but nodded as well.

"Okay," he agreed.

"I assume you have supplies," Gustav said, still working him agonisingly slowly.

"Right pocket," Bill just about managed to say.

Then suddenly Gustav wasn't touching him anymore.

"Hands and knees," his companion said, "please."

It was only then that Bill realised Gustav had retrieved the condoms and lube and was now holding them; it was a little worrying that he didn't seem to remember his friend doing that. Shaking off the disorientation he decided to get into the spirit of things and slowly stood up. Giving his shoulders a seductive shrug he let the robe fall to the floor and then he climbed onto the bed and languidly stretched before moving into the requested position.

"This okay?" he asked and looked at Gustav under his arm and down the length of his body.

"Oh yeah," was Gustav's response and Bill scored himself another point in whatever game they were playing.

He watched as Gustav slowly shed his own bathrobe and then climbed onto the bed behind him. He closed his eyes again as Gustav boldly ran a hand over his

arse and down between his legs to take hold of his cock again. That was the clincher; his friend was definitely trying to kill him. Gustav didn't appear to be in the mood to mess around either because Bill soon felt a slick finger moving against his entrance. He bit his lip again as the finger was pushed inside and moaned quietly.

"Moan louder for me, Bill," Gustav requested quietly, "no one can hear us in here."

Gustav was nowhere near as practiced as Bill remembered Gackt being, but there was something to be said for enthusiasm and Bill found himself doing as he was asked when Gustav found his prostate. It might have been an accident the first time, but Gustav was a fast learner and the second and third time Bill knew that the intimate touches were definitely deliberate. He managed to put up with it for another couple of passes, but it was too much too fast.

"Please," he said as he panted, "no more."

Gustav didn't say anything, just changed the angle being used and then Bill felt another finger being added and he urged his muscles to relax. It wasn't long before another finger was added and Bill knew he was ready and he pushed back against Gustav's hand to make his point. This wasn't about games anymore it was about sensation and Bill thought he and Gustav were on the same page about that.

There was a moment when Bill lost all contact with Gustav and all he could do was wait impatiently. His vampire was very close to the surface, close enough so that his senses were higher than normal and the noise of a condom wrapper being opened was very loud as far as he was concerned. He could almost see Gustav in his mind's eye rolling on the protective sheath as he heard every millimetre of movement. Technically they didn't need the condom and Bill almost said something, but he knew Gustav was a child of the nineties like him and was too well trained in safe sex to be comfortable without it and he held himself back.

The sound of lube being applied to latex almost killed him, but then Gustav was moving in behind him and he groaned in gratitude as Gustav slowly pushed into him. His body was tight; he wasn't exactly used to this, but his muscles gave with only minor pain as his vampire nature demanded sex and forced his body to adjust accordingly. Finally he heard Gustav reacting as well and his lover was breathing hard by the time they were skin to skin.

Bill felt very full and he knew he had every inch of Gustav, but now he wanted his lover to move. He flexed his hips slightly, causing Gustav to groan deeply, and Gustav seemed to get the message. Bill felt Gustav pull out about half way and then push slowly back in and every moment was divine. This was what he needed and Bill felt his human nature and vampire nature coming into line and he sank into the experience completely.

Gustav gradually began to move faster, pushing into him harder, and Bill braced his body and took everything on offer. He had perfect trust that his lover would not hurt him and he reached for the pleasure and release that was soon within his grasp. When Gustav changed angle, proving that his reaction to his prostate being stimulated had not been forgotten, Bill curled his fingers into the sheets. Gackt had told him he was responsive and Gustav was doing a very good job of pushing all the right buttons. All Gustav had to do was touch his cock, reaching round to take hold of him and he was coming.

He shuddered out his completion, not caring how noisy he was being and he felt Gustav speed up even more. As his body clenched and unclenched Gustav pounded into him and then his friend was moaning and shaking, buried in him to the hilt. It was wonderful; it was what he needed and he barely managed to keep his arms straight as the trail end of his orgasm threatened to take away sensible motor control.

As soon as Gustav pulled out, he fell onto his side and just lay there, doing his best to remember how to breathe. Bill already knew he liked sex and it was at times like this he wished he wasn't so picky about partners. He only hoped Gustav was as satisfied as he was, because he really fancied doing the whole sex thing again, possibly soon. Gustav collapsed onto his back on the bed a little way from Bill and they looked at each other. Bill couldn't help the grin that made its way onto his face.

"That was fun," he said with no trace of guilt whatsoever.

"Yeah," Gustav agreed with an answering grin, "it was."

"We should do it again sometime," Bill decided he might as well broach the subject now so they both knew where they stood.

"We should," Gustav agreed with a nod. "How often do you think you might need my services?"

Bill thought about that, since, even though the question was asked in a light tone, it could be rather important. He remembered when the urges had really started to kick in after his encounter with Gackt.

"Once a week?" he didn't want to push his friend if that was too often, but Gustav grinned in response.

"I think we can manage that," his friend told him and Bill smiled back.

There was nothing quite like a consensus of opinion and Bill rolled onto his back feeling very content. This was working out far better than he could ever have expected. The depths of Gustav would never cease to amaze him. He felt much better than he had done in weeks and the danger he had felt lurking under the surface, but which he had been ignoring, was almost completely gone.

"I think Tom might have a rival for the 'sex god' title," he said, enjoying the afterglow and grinning at Gustav.

"Nah," Gustav replied, "he can keep it. Being the mysterious one is much more my style."

"I think drummers are supposed to be mysterious," Bill agreed with a nod; "that way you get a cult following. I think I'll be a founding member."

Gustav seemed to find that really funny and Bill found himself laughing along. They were quite a pair really and Bill found that he wasn't worried about sex at all anymore.

Bill heard the door open and looked up to see Tom quietly entering his room. He'd almost been asleep, since Gustav had left an hour or so previously, but that final drift into complete dreams had been elusive and he was glad Tom was there.

At least their problem seemed to be easing, even if it hadn't completely gone away yet. He felt the final tension leave him as Tom slipped into the bed and their shins bumped each other and he relaxed, ready to finally sleep properly.

[Just for future reference,] Tom's voice suddenly sounded in his mind.

[Hmm,] he replied, more than a little asleep.

[Going out in public while the other one is having sex,] Tom told him; [really not a good idea. At least not until we have this whole telepathy thing figured out a bit more.]

Bill opened his eyes at that and looked across to Tom in the dark; his brother's face was very serious.

[Oh,] he replied, [okay.]

He would have asked exactly what had happened to Tom, but his twin rolled over and pulled up the duvet, which was a clear sign the conversation was over. Making a mental note to ask in the morning, he turned on his side as well and shuffled towards Tom so that they were touching. He fell asleep with some worryingly lurid mental images.

The End

Blood High (missing scene 1)

Pairing: Bill/Gustav (mentioned)

Rating: PG13 for talk of sexual situations

Summary: Bill's encounter with Gustav from Tom's point of view.

Author's Notes: Okay, so several people wanted to see this so I wrote it :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,389

Tom sat back in his seat, trying not to worry about Bill. The fact that his twin was having trouble with his vampire side was not good news, not when it was so important to get things done before something disastrous happened. If Bill lost it in public, it would be virtually impossible to explain. He wanted to keep a closer mental eye on his little brother, but, with what Bill was up to, that would probably be a bad idea. He was quite happy knowing about his twin's sex life, but he really didn't want to witness anything up close and personal, as it were. He was sure Bill would talk to him if there was another problem.

Georg had looked at him funny when he'd asked for a coke rather than anything stronger as his drink, but he wanted to be sober just in case. If he had to go charging to the rescue, whether it was to save Bill for big bad Gustav (that mental image made him laugh) or save Gustav from fangy Bill, he didn't want to discover his limbs were no longer connected to his brain the right way. Alcohol was a definite no, at least until he was sure Bill and Gustav were getting it together okay (that mental image made him reassess the need for alcohol).

Georg was currently being chatted up by a pretty young thing who had appeared out of nowhere as soon as they sat down. If Tom hadn't been so worried about Bill going all Dracula on Gustav, not that he was ever going to let Bill know that, then he might have made a play for the girl's advances himself. As it was, he was happy to let Georg have a go. One lot of sex crazed hormones between them this evening was probably enough for this set of psychic twins, of that Tom was sure.

It was as he reached for his glass on the table that he felt a shiver of excitement run through him that he knew wasn't his own. It was a familiar shiver, one he had felt twice already that evening and he knew Bill's vampire was out again. If Bill called he would be out the door like a mob of peasants with torches and pitch forks was after him. That, however, was not what happened, as a wave of pure bliss rolled through him along with more than a little sexual arousal.

Now Tom was a good actor when he needed to be, they all were, but he couldn't keep all of his reaction inside. A tiny moan escaped from his mouth as his fingers grasped reflexively for his glass and sent it skidding an inch or so across the table. Fine motor control seemed to have just left the building.

"You okay, Tom?" Georg asked, as he just sat there trying to make his brain work.

"Fine," Tom said in a very tight voice, even though he was so far from it 'fine' could be in another galaxy for all he knew.

Every nerve was trying to tell him about these wonderful sensations and he had absolutely no idea what to do. Thanks to Bill's antics, Tom's body had been at least a little interested in proceedings even though he really didn't want to know that much about his twin's sex life. Now, however, he had gone from taking notice to hard as a rock in what seemed like seconds.

Doing his very best not to look like he was in the middle of having sex, which was the only equivalent he could think of to describe what he was feeling, he leant forward, picked up his glass from its new position and sat back, crossing his legs. When a second wave of bliss hit him, he managed to kick the table, sending Georg's drink flying and almost threw his own over his shoulder. Explaining that to the lady on the next table would have been fun.

"You look kind of flushed," Georg pointed out, "are you sure you're okay?"

Tom uncrossed his legs, not wanting a repeat of the whole kicking thing, put his drink down and thanked the heavens for the baggy clothes he was wearing. He tried to smile at Georg to set his friend at ease, but he wasn't sure that it didn't come out as more of a grimace.

"Just a little cramp," he said, hoping that the words would come out in the right order. "Sitting in the car all day probably did it."

Georg frowned at him, but eventually gave a little nod.

"Oh god," Tom heard himself saying as he felt the intensity go up a notch.

"Tom?"

He realised he was gripping the seat with almost enough force to break it and he decided that enough was enough.

"Um, I need to go ... ah ... somewhere else," he said as Georg leaned towards him worriedly. "I'll see you ... oh hell ... later."

Then he stood up and did his best to walk out of the room in a dignified manner. He made it to part of the lobby and then dived behind a large potted plant as the most incredible rush burst over him like an orgasm. It left him dazed and sitting on the floor.

[Was that what I think it was?] he eventually gathered enough brain power to make sure everything was okay. [Did you just bite, Gustav?]

[Yeah,] Bill replied after a slight pause; his twin seemed to be as befuddled as he felt, [he said I could. Did I project too much?]

[That's one way of putting it,] he said, trying not to sound too petulant, but knowing he was likely to be failing.

It wasn't really Bill's fault that his twin's vampire side was getting away from him; they were both still new at this and they were learning as they went along. The whole telepathy thing was peculiar to say the least.

[I don't know what Georg thinks is going on,] he decided to let Bill know there were consequences, [but I had rather an interesting reaction, so you and Gustav might want to come clean in the morning and tell him you're sleeping together. Either that or help him have me committed.]

[Sorry,] Bill apologised, and Tom felt guilty for being so annoyed, since Bill really did sound sorry.

He was still peeved about his hasty exit and current position behind the plant so he didn't reply, but he did give his grudging forgiveness. Putting his head on his knees he did his best to put his head back together and sort himself out. Drinking from a human being was not something he had ever done, but he now knew what a mind blowing experience it could be. He didn't even bothering trying to move for quite some time.

After fifteen minutes of so when he hadn't felt anything from Bill and he was fed up of sitting still, he decided it was safe to venture out from his hiding place. He was willing to believe that it was the blood angle which had caused the overload, since he wasn't getting anything now and he was pretty sure Bill and Gustav wouldn't have just stopped. If he hadn't been worried about coitus interruptus he would have asked Bill to make sure, but having it deflate because your twin barged into your head in the middle was not something he was willing to put Bill through.

As he brushed himself off, he glanced at the lifts and considered going to his room, but then he decided that he wanted a little fun after all and walked back towards the bar. As he walked through the archway he was slowly beginning to see the funny side of the whole business and he waved at Georg when his friend looked over at him. He made it about half way back to the table before he felt a stab or arousal shoot straight to his groin; he almost fell over his own feet.

Turning on his heel he walked straight back out again and all but goose stepped to the lifts. When Bill was finally finished with Gustav his little brother was never going to hear the end of this; that was for sure.

The End

Bastard! (missing scene 2)

Pairing: Tom/nameless girl (mentioned)

Rating: R for sexual situations

Summary: Just a short fic showing how Tom gets his own back on Bill for the whole sex thing.

[Tom, what are you doing?] Bill asked, as he felt the first stirrings of something he couldn't quite define.

[I warned you I had a date,] Tom replied in a totally unrepentant tone.

[You're not?] he sent back, having trouble believing that his brother could actually be doing what he suspected.

[I need to let off some steam too, Little Brother,] Tom told him, sounding amused rather than anything else.

[Tom, I'm at a press party,] he stressed the 'press' part.

[And you were supposed to be home an hour ago,] Tom pointed out, sounding anything but sympathetic.

[I've been dragged around ridiculous numbers of people to promote the band,] Bill protested, [while you had the night off. I've tried to leave three times, but David keeps pulling me back. This is not my fault!]

[And it won't be my fault if I suddenly grow fangs at an autograph signing, or meet and greet,] Tom shot back, [but I think the publicity might be a little difficult to deal with, so I'm making sure I won't.]

Bill realised with a sinking feeling that this was payback. There was no way Tom was going to let him off this hook. They had a balance and when one of them did something there would undoubtedly be payback at some point to redress it. Without bothering to try and change his twin's mind, he went to plan B: escape.

He needed to find somewhere he could be alone, because from what he knew about Tom's experience he was not going to be able to control himself completely. In desperation, he glanced around the room and spotted the men's loo through the crowd of people. If he could just make it there he could shut himself in a cubicle and gag himself with something. Tom was definitely getting into it if the sensation growing in his loins was anything to go by and unlike Tom, he didn't have the baggy clothes to hide any reaction.

"Bill," David said, catching him by the elbow, "I'd like you to meet Arnold Weiß..."

Bill smiled as he was faced with yet another man in a suit whom he would never remember tomorrow.

"Sorry," he said, feeling that he had to act or things would just go downhill, "really need to pee. Back soon."

Then he escaped a very surprised looking David and high tailed it towards the loo. At least he was as desperate as he pretended to be; only it happened to be for a different reason. He sidestepped people by the dozen and moved through the room like his life depended on it. Every second, Tom was working his magic

on whatever girl his brother had with him and the arousal was beginning to build significantly.

They were getting better at reading the whole connection they had and controlling it and Bill realised that Tom had been shielding him for quite a while, because there was no way his twin was just getting going. What he really did not need was a seven foot ape coming out of the men's loo and blocking the doorway.

"Ladies is over there."

It seemed that the Neanderthal had all the brain power of his shape as well. Bill actually growled; he was so not in the mood to be mistaken for a woman at that moment.

"Does this look female to you?" he asked gesturing to his crotch where his erection was straining against his trousers.

He let all of his frustration out as annoyance and the big guy's eyes opened in surprise and he stepped out of the way. He wondered briefly if he might have accidentally let his eyes really flash, but he didn't much care as he stormed into the men's room. Thankfully the one stall was standing empty and he stepped into it quickly, slamming the door and bolting it before putting down the lid of the pan and sitting down. He so wanted to moan and moan loudly, but he didn't dare and he ripped desperately at his belt, pulling it off and biting down on the leather.

Tom had given up shielding completely now and Bill could barely think. He had no idea how Tom had managed in a bar; no wonder Georg had thought his twin was losing it. He desperately tried to pull back from the overload running through Tom, but it was so difficult because part of him wanted to be as close as possible. He didn't dare abandon himself to the experience or he would shout the house down.

It felt like he was stuck in that stall forever, but he knew the moment Tom reached his goal. The feeling was incredible and left him breathing hard as silently as he could, slumped against the back of the toilet. He was so close to going over the edge as well it wasn't funny and it took him long seconds to gather together what wits had not leaked into his cock.

[Bastard,] was about the only coherent thought he could manage.

Tom just seemed to be feeling inordinately pleased with himself and Bill decided to ignore his twin on principle.

It took him nearly five minutes to will away the bulge in his trousers and that was only because he had a stubborn streak a mile wide.

[When I get my hands on you, you are going to die a slow painful death,] he told Tom when he could finally think properly again.

[Of course I am, Little Brother,] Tom replied in a very contented manner. [Was it good for you?]

If anyone had heard what Bill said in return they would probably have blushed and then wondered where he had picked up some of his anatomical knowledge.

The End

Bisexual (missing scene 3)

Pairing: Bill/Gustav (mentioned)

Rating: PG13 for talk of sexual situations

Summary: David (Jost) was bound to notice something sooner or later.

Author's Notes: Another quick fic to fill in a gap. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: ~1,100

Standing up from where he had been draped over Gustav while looking at something on the laptop Gustav was using, Bill noticed that David was watching him rather carefully. He smiled brightly at their manager and friend, wondering what was on David's mind, and then, humming to himself, headed out of the green room to get some fresh air. He was a little surprised when David followed him.

"Bill, can I have a word?" David asked, so he turned and waited where he had been headed for a short walk around the building.

"Sure, what's up?" he replied as the other man reached him.

David looked a little awkward for a few moments.

"You know I don't usually pry," David started eventually, "it's just I need to know certain things so I can make sure there are contingency plans in place."

David even sounded awkward, which was very unusual and Bill began to worry slightly.

"Okay," he said slowly, not sure where this was going.

His companion hesitated for a little longer and Bill decided that David was very unsure about what was about to be discussed.

"Are you and Gustav, well, you know?" David finally asked.

"Know what?" Bill asked, feigning ignorance.

David pursed his lips.

"Involved?" was the eventual question.

"Involved how?" Bill hedged.

"Romantically involved," David finally spelled out what he was asking.

"No," Bill said with a smile as if what David had said was completely ridiculous, "that would be silly. Gustav's going to end up marrying some lovely girl and having lots and lots of babies. One day he'll make a great dad, don't you think? Being romantically involved with him would be a disaster."

It was all perfectly true as well; he wasn't romantically inclined towards Gustav. They would never be more than friends with benefits. He patted David on the arm supportively.

"Don't worry, there's not going to be a lover's spat in the middle of an interview or anything," he assured his friend and then, before David could ask any more questions, he turned and wandered off.

He wasn't quite sure if the expression on David's face was good or bad.

The next time David cornered Bill was after a swanky charity do the group had been invited to. He was a little bit merry on champagne and David got him alone as he came out of the men's room having had to urgently purge his body of most of the liquid he had consumed that evening. At least this time David was looking more curious than concerned.

"Are you feeling alright, Bill?" David asked him carefully.

"Fine," Bill said brightly with a smile, "but I think I may have drunk a little too much."

"Well you've certainly been a crowd pleaser tonight," David told him and steered him towards the back of the building where the van and the rest of the band were waiting for him. "The whole room loved you."

That rather pleased Bill and he grinned.

"Mind if I ask you a personal question?" David said as they walked.

"No," Bill said, just happy enough not to care.

"Bill, are you gay?"

The question was not really what he had been expecting and in his inebriated state it made him laugh.

"No," he said and giggled, "why?"

"Because you just flirted with three men in a row, two of whom are openly gay," David said, clearly not taking the 'no' at face value.

"Did I?" Bill asked and realised he might be a little drunker than he had thought. "Well I hope they were good looking."

When Bill glanced at his companion David was looking a little perplexed about that answer.

"You're sure you're not gay?" was the next tentative question.

"Positive," Bill replied with a nod, "I like girls too."

He wandered through the back door leaving David with a rather surprised look on his face.

Bill had a hangover and what he really did not need as he tried to eat breakfast was for David to sit down and give him a very determined look. He just about remembered the conversation from the previous evening and knew that David was bound to want to talk to him about it.

"When exactly did you figure out you were bisexual?" David asked in a very reasonable tone and then placed two pain killers on the table in front of him so that Bill was willing to forgive anything.

"England," he said, not interested in trying to deny it as he popped the pills with some water. "On the last stop, I met a man who opened my eyes."

He only hoped that the pills would kick in fast and relieve the pounding in his head.

"And when did you start sleeping with Gustav?"

There was no playing about with David's questions this time. Bill raised an eyebrow at the bluntness.

"You and he couldn't keep your hands to yourselves in the van last night," David revealed the reasoning behind the question.

"Three weeks," Bill replied without trying to cover it up, "but it's just sex; I was telling the truth when I said you didn't have to worry about a lover's tiff. We're just letting off a little steam."

His head felt like it was going to explode and he pushed aside his plate as his stomach finally rejected any idea of more. It wasn't fair; David was taking advantage of his delicate state.

"Were you planning on telling anyone outside the band about this?" David asked as he put his head in his hands and wished for death.

"About Gustav?" he said immediately. "Hell no."

It occurred to him after he had spoken that maybe David was referring to his bisexuality.

"And the bigger picture?"

He realised he was right when David asked his next question.

"No current plans," he said wondering if scraping the grime off his eyeballs would hurt; "and I'll let you know if I have a sudden urge."

Bill was so not in the mood to discuss this and he was very glad when David smiled at him.

"Just don't flirt so well anymore unless you do want people to know," David said, standing up. "Once can be put down to a drunk teenager, anymore and people will be asking question anyway."

"Then don't feed me alcohol and gay men," Bill said irreverently and put his head down on the table.

If he died there and then he wouldn't have to deal with the headache or deciding whether to come out or not; it seemed like a very good plan.

The End

The Talk (Part 3)

Pairing: mentions Bill/Gustav

Rating: PG13 (for sexual references)

Summary: Bill and Tom need to tell their best friend about their change in status.

Author's Notes: I realised that there was a significant person Bill and Tom hadn't told about being vampires, so here is their talk with Andreas. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 3,984

Picking up his glass and taking another swig, Bill had to wonder when the alcohol would start working. He had noticed that if he had fed recently alcohol had less of an effect than normal. They'd only been home a couple of hours and he had been intending to have his regular dose of blood the following morning, but his mother had had other ideas. She had taken one look at him, declared he was looking pale and tired and produced a mug of warm blood and made him drink it. Tom had found it hilarious and Bill wondered if any other vampires had to fend off their parents mothering them.

All this added up to the fact that the vodka he was drinking with Tom and Andreas wasn't affecting him in the same way it would have. He had been hoping for some Dutch courage, but he wasn't having much luck, although Tom and Andreas seemed to be very happy already. Before either of the others could be too much drunker than him, he decided to broach the subject Tom and he had decided was long overdue.

"Andi," he said as Andreas and Tom giggled over something that probably wasn't funny if you hadn't had one too many, "we have something we need to tell you."

Andreas looked up, sobering a little, and Bill thought that maybe his friend wasn't as drunk as he had appeared.

"Yeah," Tom said with a laugh, "Bill's gay."

Bill clipped Tom round the back of the head, clearly his twin was as drunk as he suspected.

"Be serious," he said, "I'm not gay and you know it, I'm bi."

Possibly the alcohol was working a little better than he had thought as he realised what he had just said. Maybe the vodka had not been a good idea, since Andreas was looking at him as if he'd grown another head.

"But that's not what we wanted to talk to you about," he tried to drag the conversation back the way it was supposed to go.

Andreas was still staring at him and he started to become a little worried.

"You're bi?" his friend asked slowly.

Bill just nodded, since he didn't know what to say. Becoming a vampire had seemed so much more important that that little snippet that he really hadn't thought how it would affect Andreas.

"How long have you known?"

"Um, a while," Bill admitted, suddenly feeling like he had betrayed his friend.

"And you didn't tell me?" Andreas sounded incredulous.

"Andi," Tom said, clearly sobering up and trying to intervene.

"Do you realise how many boys I could have set you up with by now?" Andreas cut Tom straight off and it took Bill a second to realise what his best friend had just said.

He sat there with his mouth open for a bit and Tom laughed into his vodka.

"I know most of the fangirls are crazy," Andreas chatted on, "but some of the fanboys are actually really cool and half of them would give their left bollock for a date with you."

Bill didn't know whether to be offended or flattered.

"Yeah right," Tom commented, "and Bill is so known for how often he dates."

"Miracles do happen," Andreas replied and Bill was beginning to favour offended.

"Anyway," Tom continued, seemingly oblivious to the explosion about to happen, "he's getting plenty from Gustav."

Andreas looked stunned again.

"No way," was his best friend's comment as he considered strangling his twin; it wasn't like it would be permanent.

"Oh way," Tom replied, "definitely way..."

"My sex life is not what we're here to discuss," Bill just about managed to keep from shouting at the top of his voice, but only just.

Ordinarily he would have joined in and taken the piss out of Tom in reprisal, but they had a very specific reason for this discussion and him shagging Gustav wasn't it.

"Prude," Tom muttered.

[Tom,] he sent silently and managed to capture the whole of his twin's attention, [focus.]

[Sorry,] Tom apologised, looking him straight in the eye, [I was just trying to lighten the mood. I'm nervous.]

That clinched it; Tom was definitely not anywhere near as drunk as he was pretending.

"Now you're doing the twin thing which is so unfair," Andreas said and Bill realised they were being stared at.

"Yeah, and what's really unfair," Tom said, dropping the drunk act, "is we're better at it now; we really can speak to each other without anyone hearing."

Andreas didn't look as if he knew whether to believe them or not.

"Fuck," was the eventual response, "you're serious."

"Completely," Tom said for both of them.

Bill just sat there as their friend looked between them.

"How? When? Is this what you wanted to tell me?" Andreas' questions all came out at the same time.

Taking another shot of vodka, Bill slammed his glass down and then nodded.

"Partly," he admitted.

"It's why we're telepathic that is the kicker," Tom backed him up.

"There's more?" Andreas looked about ready to cave under all the information.

The way Andreas appeared likely to crack was giving Bill second thoughts.

"Maybe we should leave this for another day," he suggested, worried by his friend's reaction.

"No, oh no," Andreas said very pointedly, "you cannot leave me hanging like that."

Bill bit his lip and looked over at Tom; this wasn't going so well.

"Okay," Tom said, not appearing anywhere near as worried, but Bill knew his twin was never the less, "but don't freak, okay?"

Andreas just looked dubious.

"That new look Bill's been trying out occasionally," Tom said in a calm and passive tone, "not done with makeup."

From the expression on Andreas' face it was clear their friend was not following.

"What new look?" obviously Andreas' mind refused to put fangs and reality together.

"The vampire," Bill said quietly.

Stunned wasn't really an adequate description of how Andreas looked at that moment.

"Don't be silly," was the shocked response.

Bill looked at Tom again; he didn't want to show his vampire, because he remembered his mother's reaction and Andreas looked about ready to end up in a similar state.

"Not a joke, not a game, just the truth," Tom said firmly.

"No," Andreas said looking between them, "you're a..." Bill nodded, "and then you're as well," Andreas looked at Tom, "because no way Bill and not you and ..."

Their friend seemed to run out of words.

"Andi," Bill said, needing to fill the silence that ensued, "nothing you think you know about vampires is right. We've been trying to figure out how to tell you since it happened, but there was never the right time and so we decided we had to sit you down and explain now. Mum and Gordon know and Georg and Gustav, but that's it, and we wanted you to know because you're our best friend."

He shut up when he realised he was babbling.

"So you're not immortal?" Andreas asked, clearly very much on edge.

"Um, well actually we are," Bill had to admit, "but we won't stop aging until we're a little older."

"And you don't drink blood?" Andreas asked another question.

"No we do that too," Tom said, catching on; "what Bill means is we don't go around killing virgins in the night and bringing them back from the dead. Creating another vampire is something you have to mean to do and most of the legends are so much crap. Someone turned Bill and then he turned me because, as you said, no way I was letting Bill be a vampire without me."

"Holy fuck," was Andreas' opinion on the matter.

They sat there with Andreas looking between them for some time and Bill really didn't know how to go on.

"Do you bite people?" Andreas was clearly a little nervous, but far too good a friend to think the worst of them.

"The easiest place to get blood is a bag and then use a microwave," Tom said with a grin, "but Bill's been known to munch on Gustav from time to time. You can always tell by how big Gustav's smile is when they've been at it."

Bill felt his face heating up.

"Tom!" he said, really not wanting the subject back on his sex life.

"Gustav likes being bitten?" Andreas asked, somewhat shocked.

"Oh hell yeah," Tom said with a laugh, warming up to the topic as Bill tried to disappear, "it's like sex, only better."

"It's not like ..." Bill tried to say something.

"Sorry, Little Brother," Tom said, cutting him off, "I remember you biting me very clearly and I'd swap sex for that any day of the week. It was the most mind blowing thing ever. I've also felt what it's like when you bite Gustav and ..."

"We were different," Bill tried to protest, but then couldn't work out why he was arguing.

He was so embarrassed that he really didn't know what he was saying. It was usually quite difficult to get him flustered, but once he was there he tended to fall

apart totally. Thinking about biting Tom and sex in the same thought was really doing bizarre things to his head.

"You could always bite me and I'll tell you," Andreas joked, but rather than making everyone laugh it kind of brought about a very awkward silence.

In the end Bill decided that wiggling out was the best way forward and calmly banged his head on the table.

"Shoot me now," he whined in the most desperate tone he could manage, "it'll be easier."

"Silver bullets?" Andreas asked.

"Won't work," Tom said helpfully, "what you'd need is a really big sword or an axe, but a million fangirls would hunt you down if you separated that pretty head from his body."

"I hate you," Bill said, face still firmly on the table, "now pour me another drink."

Since they hadn't shared a room for a very long time until just recently, but did share the same best friend, there had always been arguments as to whose room Andreas would stay in for a sleep over. This had led to their mother coming up with a compromise, when Andreas stayed over they all slept in the living room on the sofa and the floor. Even though arguments were no longer a problem, they still kept up with the tradition.

Bill was feeling much calmer and quite a lot drunker as he stretched out on the floor in a sleeping bag after a long evening of talking. They had done their very best to answer any questions Andreas had, and in the end they had both shown their friend what a vampire looked like up close. By the time they had decided they needed to sleep, Andreas really seemed to have warmed to the idea.

Andreas had the sofa because he was the guest and he and Tom had the floor with him the furthest from the sofa. He and Tom were back to back in sleeping bags and he would have drifted off to sleep by now, but he could hear Andreas tossing and turning and he was just a little worried.

"Tom," he eventually heard Andreas whisper.

Tom mumbled something back.

"Is Bill asleep?"

That wasn't quite the question he had expected, but he had been lying still for some time.

[Do you want to be awake or asleep?] Tom asked him silently.

[Asleep,] Bill decided quickly, [he obviously needs to talk to you about something.]

"Yeah, he's asleep," Tom whispered back. "What do you want?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Is it really better than sex, the bite I mean?" Andreas finally asked.

Bill almost laughed; Andreas sounded so curious.

"Yeah," Tom replied, with a very quiet chuckle, "it is, sort of, but you could have asked that when Bill was awake."

"I didn't want to embarrass him anymore," Andreas replied and Bill smiled into the dark as his friend's motives. "What's it really feel like?"

Tom was silent for a bit.

[How would you describe it?] Tom asked him.

[I have only been bitten during sex,] Bill pointed out, [I'm not sure my description counts.]

"Hmm," Tom didn't reply to him directly, but it was an agreeing sound, "it's kind of like your mind floats without a care while your whole body fills with pleasure. For me and Bill it was like becoming as close as we're supposed to be, not separated by anything anymore."

"Sounds like bliss," Andreas replied after a moment and Bill could not help noticing the underlying longing in the phrase.

[He wants to be bitten,] Bill said in shock.

[Yeah,] Tom replied, [I think you're right. This is a bit of a turn around. What should I do?]

[I can "wake up" if you need me to,] Bill offered, trying to think it through.

[That'll just put it off,] Tom pointed out and Bill had to agree. [We decided that we were going to sort everything out tonight, just leaving it would be stupid.]

[You know Andi's been obsessed with vampires as long as I have,] Bill pointed out; [are you sure you want to deal with this on your own?]

[Yeah,] Tom replied, [for now at least.]

['k,] Bill said and remained still.

"Is there something you want to ask me?" Tom said quietly.

There was embarrassed shuffling from the sofa; Bill wasn't sure how shuffling could sound embarrassed, but this definitely did.

"Um ... that is ... um ... no," Andreas said in a muffled tone.

Bill heard Tom sit up, but did not dare turn over to watch.

"I know I made all those sexual references about it before," Tom said quietly, "but it's not sex. Being curious about it doesn't make you anything you don't want to be."

Sometimes Tom had a way of looking right at the heart of a situation and knowing exactly what to say; Bill had always admired that in his older brother. He

heard more rustling and he was positive Andreas was sitting up as well by now, and he was dying to turn over and look, but he didn't dare.

"Tom," Andreas said after what seemed to be a really long time, "will you bite me?"

Tom let out a very low laugh.

"Yeah," Bill heard his twin say, "I will, if it's what you really want, but if you want me to do it now we're going to have to wake Bill first. With our connection he's going to know the moment I do it."

More awkward shuffling.

"Is it really okay?" Andreas asked in a very small voice.

"Andi," Tom said in a very resolute tone, "this is me, if it wasn't okay I'd have told you to take a hike. If you are really that curious I'll help you out."

"And Bill won't mind?"

"He already fed this evening; Mum made him, it was hilarious," Tom replied, clearly still amused; "he'll be fine with it."

"Your mum gives you blood?" Andreas sounded shocked.

"That's what's in the box at the back of the fridge," Tom told their friend.

"And she actually made Bill drink it?"

Tom laughed quietly again.

"Yeah," Bill listened as Tom explained, "Mum took one look at him and sat him down as soon as he came through the door. He's been working too hard," Bill recognised the dig for what it was, Tom had been on at him for a couple of weeks about slowing down a little, "and so Mum took matters into her own hands."

"Bet he loved that," Andreas replied, amused now as well.

"Oh, of course," Tom said cheerfully, "you know how Bill is about being told what to do, but every now and then he can stand some mothering."

Andreas laughed, but Bill knew Tom was perfectly serious and he made a mental note to pay attention to what Tom was telling him in future. He took Andreas' slightly louder laugh as his cue to "wake up".

"Wh't 'r you two up to?" he asked, rolling over and pretending to have just been disturbed.

"Talking about your little run in with Mum," Tom said as if it was all still some big joke.

Bill groaned and rolled back into his original position.

"When you're not making fun of me wake me up," he said in a petulant tone.

"Ooh, is Billi having a moment?" Tom asked and Bill dived into his sleeping bag as his twin turned on the light.

He just growled in response, as if he was pissed off with being woken up and being picked on.

"Anyway, you can't go back to sleep," Tom said.

"Watch me," was his response, even though he had no intention of following through.

He felt himself bodily being picked up while he was still in the sleeping bag and Tom unceremoniously dumped him on the end of the sofa where Andreas was no longer lying. One of the advantages of vampire strength was that Tom achieved the whole thing with no damage to either of them.

"What the fuck?" Bill thought he was doing a really good acting job as he pushed down his sleeping back and glared at Tom.

Tom just looked at him as if they were having a silent conversation.

"Oh," Bill said out loud and looked at Andreas, "well why didn't you just say so?"

"That is so weird," Andreas said, looking at both of them and Bill felt a little bad for deceiving his friend at all, but it seemed to be turning out for the best, "and you two were weird to begin with."

"Oh thanks," Tom said with a laugh; "you're whose friend again?"

"You know what I mean," Andreas said, swiping at Tom with a stray hand.

Bill pulled his knees onto the sofa and rested his chin on the outside of his sleeping bag, while just looking at the other two. It did make logical sense that Andreas was curious, they had been through so much together over the years and the whole vampire obsession had been Andreas' fault in the first place. He gave a small smile as he realised that it was all working out quite well.

"You're sure about this?" Tom asked from a position next to the sofa.

Andreas looked very nervous, but nodded anyway. When his friend looked at him, Bill just broadened his smile in encouragement.

"Okay, then give me your wrist," Tom said and Bill felt the familiar sensation run up his spine as Tom let the vampire out to play.

Tom really was breathtaking as a vampire; it definitely suited his twin's fine bone structure and Bill felt a mixture of pride and admiration every time he saw Tom, who was both his brother and his creation. A vampire with dreadlocks wasn't exactly the usual image of suave sophistication from the Dracula type legends, but Tom pulled it off really well. If the way Andreas' breathing sped up was anything to go by, Tom was as impressive to normal human eyes as well.

Almost as if he was having second thoughts, Andreas slowly held out his arm.

"If you've changed your mind it's okay," Tom offered their friend one more way out.

Andreas shook his head.

"No," Andreas said, with a stubborn tone that Bill thought his friend might have picked up from him, "I want to know."

Tom took Andreas' wrist and Bill could tell Tom was being incredibly careful. Bill probably would have given his friend more warning, but Tom simply bent his head, opened his mouth and bit. Andreas gave a small gasp, head dropping back against the sofa almost straight away and then Bill felt it.

There was nothing quite like the wonderful shots of exhilaration that came with drinking blood and Bill felt it all coming through Tom. Blood was good from a cup, but even better from a person. He'd only fed from Gustav before or during sex and so the experiences were mixed in his mind and he felt his body stirring in response to the high, but it wasn't actually sexual in and of itself.

Tom opened to him completely, letting him share the experience and he let his eyes fall closed, moaning quietly at the wonderful feelings running through him. He could sense Andreas in the blood link, a warm, giving presence full of love and friendship. He had always known their friendship could endure anything and now he could feel it. Instinctively he joined with Tom and tried to give the same back.

He buried his face in his knees, riding out the intense shots of pleasure and basking in the wonderful feelings. He could hear Andreas making small noises of wonder and enjoyment and he had to let his own vampire rise to the surface as he shared Tom's high. When Tom finally pulled back, he was breathing just as hard as Andreas was and he was very glad he was in a sleeping bag because he was as hard as a rock no matter how platonic the emotions in the experience might have been.

Tom looked at him with gently glowing eyes and they separated mentally, the reluctance to let go as clear in Tom's gaze as Bill could feel in himself. Under Bill's gaze, Tom wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and then they both put their vampire natures away and looked at Andreas. Their friend was sprawled in the corner of the sofa, eyes closed and an expression of amazement and pleasure on his face.

"Andi," Bill said when Andreas didn't move after a moment or two, "are you okay?"

The only response was a kind of contented hum.

[Did we break him?] he asked Tom silently.

"Andi, Bill wants to know if we broke you," Tom responded by asking Andreas directly.

Andreas cracked open one eye at that.

"Not broken," their friend promised and slowly sat up. "Wow, just wow."

For a few moments Andreas seemed fascinated by his own wrist as the marks left by Tom healed and faded at incredible speed and Bill was a little worried that his friend might overreact. There was only so far you could push the human mind, he had found that out with Gackt when he had failed to believe everything he remembered was real, and he just hoped Andreas wouldn't have a similar problem.

"I felt both of you," Andreas said suddenly, head coming up and gaze swinging between each of them.

"And we felt you," Tom said, for once perfectly serious.

"It's called a soul link," Bill offered, putting his chin back on his knees; "it's created through the blood."

"It's amazing," Andreas told them, seemingly somewhat awed by the experience.

They sat there in silence for a while, just looking at each other and then Andreas finally dropped his head, grinning slightly. Bill was sure his friend was blushing as well.

"And that might not have been a sexual experience," Andreas said, looking at them through his fringe, "but I have a hard on like you wouldn't believe, so I'm just going to borrow your bathroom."

They all sniggered like the teenagers they were at that.

"Me next," Bill admitted blushing himself now.

"Me third," Tom finally added with a sheepish grin.

They grinned at each other for a bit and then Andreas hopped over the arm of the sofa and trotted towards the bathroom. Bill looked over at Tom and sobered as he thought about what they had just done.

[That was a good thing,] he decided silently.

[Yeah, it was,] Tom replied and nodded just a little.

Now Bill smiled a full, genuine smile. He was perfectly happy ... even if he did need to urgently attend to the insistent throbbing between his legs.

The End