

Where No Finger Has Gone Before

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Summary: Never get into a pissing contest with Gustav; Gustav will always win.

Prompt: #16. In order to "encourage" Georg to get up when his alarm goes off in the mornings, Gusti tells him he's going to fuck him until he actually wakes up. This works the first time as Georg is properly spooked b/c he didn't think Gustav was serious. But afterwards, Gustav wonders why it's taking Georg longer and longer to "wake up" each consecutive time. (submitted by nightshade24)

Author's Notes: Thanks to my beta and thanks for the prompt ... I did think I was nuts for picking it at one point, but it was fun to write :)

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Georg was in the lovely place between waking and sleeping. His alarm had gone off and he'd hit it with his usual accuracy and now he was just on the verge of going back to sleep sprawled across the bed on his front. A few minutes more wouldn't matter and he really couldn't be bothered to move. The room was warm and he'd all but thrown off the duvet and he was quite happy to let sleep take him completely. Someone would come and wake him when he was really needed.

He went from sleep to 'what the fuck!' in just under a second. It was so fast that he was sitting up, twisting and wrapping himself in the duvet without even really realising what he was reacting to. For a moment he sat there staring at Gustav, who was looking far too pleased with himself, not having a clue what had caused him to move so fast.

"What did you do?" he asked as his brain tried desperately to catch up.

Gustav smiled and then it all came flooding back: the conversation the previous night; the playful threats; the 'you wouldn't', 'just watch me' moment.

He and Gustav had been playing around together for a little while. It was something they had just kind of fallen into, or at least Georg had. He wasn't so sure that Gustav hadn't planned the whole thing, but one evening a few weeks previously, after a long day of interviews and just enough alcohol to be happily relaxed, they had ended up necking. Then, the next morning, they had had the shortest heart to heart talk known to man consisting of 'you okay with this' and 'yeah' which had led to more experimentation. They weren't up to anything more than some heavy petting, but Georg had an inkling they were getting serious.

"You ... you felt me up," he said incredulously. "You felt me up ... there."

Now he knew what had had him nearly jumping out of his skin; Gustav's finger had just gone where no finger had gone before and Gustav had the gall to just stand there and look smug.

"I did warn you," Gustav said and turned to leave, "and you do seem to be awake now."

Georg sat there with his mouth open as Gustav left the room; he wasn't sure whether to feel violated or incredibly turned on. That about cracked it though; Gustav had definitely moved from friend to boyfriend in his head, because he hadn't tried to smack the drummer for his last move. His boyfriend had told him that the fact he was late most mornings was annoying and that he had to learn to get up with his alarm. The exact threat had been 'I'll fuck you 'til you wake up' and Georg had laughed just like Bill and Tom had, only he wasn't laughing now.

He realised that he had forgotten the golden rule: never get into a pissing contest with Gustav because Gustav will always win. By laughing he had all but dared his boyfriend into acting and it occurred to him that this probably wasn't over.

Moving the cover slowly, he looked down at his rebellious body and confirmed that his cock was way ahead of his brain and seemed to be looking forward to Gustav's next move. On a higher, logical level, his mind wasn't so sure about the situation at all.

The next night they were on the bus and there was a rule that there was no sex on the bus unless it was with your own hand, even though they had two buses now, so Georg found himself being dragged out of bed by Tom in a more usual fashion after they had parked up for the day. The night after that they were in another hotel and the one night on the bus and the fact that Gustav hadn't mentioned the incident at all had lulled Georg into a false sense of security, which was why he had found himself sitting in the middle of his bed again, wrapped in his duvet, breathing hard and looking at a smirking Gustav.

They were in the same hotel the next night as well and he considered asking for his key back just so he didn't have a heart attack, but he knew that would a) upset Gustav and b) be useless because Gustav would just get a key from somewhere else. In that aspect Gustav could be very like a cat; nothing stopped Gustav from getting to where he wanted to be.

Georg was awake five minutes before his alarm went off the next morning, and not just a little bit awake, but wide awake. He considered getting out of bed and thwarting whatever Gustav had in mind that morning, but just before he moved, he decided not to. It was time for some payback; he wasn't going to let Gustav get away with this.

When his alarm went off he rolled over and smacked it as usual, then he lay there as if he was going back to sleep. This time he was going to scare the hell out of Gustav; it was only fair.

Pretending to sleep was easy; he'd had a lot of practice and so he didn't so much as move when he heard the door opening. The quiet footsteps approaching the bed were scarily obvious now that he was paying attention and he could even hear Gustav breathing. When the bed dipped as well it was difficult not to react.

"Oh god, what an arse," he heard Gustav say and he almost rolled over from shock.

He kept still by the barest fraction of will.

When fingers ever so gently touched his behind, he wanted to groan and melt and all ideas of a plan left his head. He felt himself becoming hard just from the light brush of fingers on his skin; this was going to be far more difficult than he had anticipated. How the hell he had slept through this before he couldn't

imagine; maybe he did sleep like the dead, as Gustav was so fond of reminding him.

He could hear everything Gustav was doing, as if because he couldn't see his other senses were compensating, and the flick of a bottle cap was unmistakable. The instinctive reaction would have been to tense, but he had pretended to sleep through some of Bill and Tom's fights, so he had had lots of practice at ignoring his instincts.

Gustav's fingers were wet when they returned to his arse and he had to bite the pillow very carefully to make sure he didn't moan or anything stupid like that. He was almost sure Gustav was just testing to see if he was really asleep as those slick fingers ran slowly down the crack of his arse. What surprised him was how much he wanted to spread his legs in wanton abandon and let Gustav do as he wished. It was a bit of a revelation.

He shifted a little when Gustav gently probed him, he couldn't help it, and he did his best acting job, snuffling into the pillow and moving slightly as if he was still asleep. Considering the fact that his hormones were screaming at him and trying to remove all thought from his brain, he was rather proud of himself.

As one strong, blunt finger deftly pushed at his entrance, he almost gave up. The fact that he knew exactly what was going on was driving him nuts and he let out a sleepy mutter, because he couldn't pretend to be completely asleep anymore, not with that sensation lighting up his nerve endings. Pulling it back so he didn't send Gustav running was one of the hardest things he had ever tried to do.

He managed to remain perfectly still and relaxed until the probing finger brushed a spot that short circuited his central nervous system with pleasure and shock. Every remnant of a plan in his head folded and he moaned like a wanton hussy and then the finger was gone. A laugh was the only response he received when he buried his head in his pillow and swore. He was so hard he was sure there should be a hole in the bed where his cock was drilling into the mattress; it was so unfair.

He rolled over with a sigh as the clicking of the door told him that he was once again alone and he looked down his lean frame. His cock looked back at him with a one eyed, empty stare and he knew he was going to have to relieve himself or spend the whole morning being reminded that his boyfriend was the biggest tease known to mankind.

The ghost sensation of the fingering was still with him and spreading his legs a little he reached down and took hold of his insistently throbbing cock. He had never in a million years thought himself a bottom; he was lady killer, cocky (in more ways than one) and usually very much in control, but something about what Gustav was doing to him was driving him crazy. Wrapping his fingers around his sensitive cock he fisted his dick hard once and let another wanton moan fall from his lips.

He'd had his face turned to the pillow so he hadn't been able to see anything Gustav had done, but that didn't stop him conjuring a mental image. When he came all over his own hand after only a couple of strokes just because of the thought of what Gustav had been doing to him, he knew he was sunk. It was the intimacy of it and the slight taboo that his average German upbringing made him feel about the whole thing; it was completely overwhelming.

For a while he just lay there, staring at the ceiling with his thoughts going nowhere except in circles. It was only as he realised that if he was too long someone would come looking for him a second time and he had no wish for anyone to find him naked and covered in come that he forced himself out of bed. He had some serious thinking to do and he wandered into the shower doing his best to make sense of the current situation.

Georg spent most of the day surreptitiously watching Gustav. He wasn't very good at it and Gustav caught him numerous times and each time he tried to make out he was ogling his boyfriend's arse or something. It was difficult to tell how well he was doing, although just after the evening meal he did get pinned to a wall as Gustav kissed him silly, so his efforts were not completely in vain.

The problem was he wasn't quite sure what Gustav was thinking about the whole situation. If truth be told he very rarely knew completely what Gustav was thinking, but that was another problem entirely. A boyfriend who worked on another plane of existence he could cope with as long as he had glimpses so he had a chance. When you lived in the vicinity of Bill Kaulitz for any period of time then other planes of existence were second nature, so Gustav's didn't bother Georg all that much. The thing was that this time he had no glimpses either. He was horribly afraid it might still be a joke.

There was only one thing he could do really, and that was play it out and see. So he made up his mind, of course he had to wait until they were in a hotel again and he kept finding himself waking early even when they were on the buses.

It took practice, but he was learning not to react. He needed to know how far Gustav would take it and it began to dawn on him that there did not seem to be a limit, except him. It was weeks, day after day, Gustav would wake him the same way and the moment he made a noise or moved, that was it, like a switch being flicked, Gustav was gone. There was not even a mention of it all the rest of the time, but Gustav always seemed to have a twinkle in his eye every time he looked at him. It was maddening and he had no idea what was going on.

The amount of wanking he was doing, sooner or later he was going to damage himself. The anticipation killed him as well as the act; he was waking early, seeing to himself so that he could at least pretend to be asleep and then wanking again when Gustav left him. He was sure Gustav had to know that he was faking being asleep, but every morning when they could be alone Gustav appeared and their little game continued.

"You're looking thoughtful," Bill said, sitting down opposite him as they grabbed a coffee at a petrol station, "you've been doing that a lot lately."

"I am allowed to think," Georg replied with a smile.

It had been a long journey and it was so good to get out into the fresh air that he really didn't care what Bill was saying.

"No," Bill said and surprised him by keeping up with the subject, "you sit around and stare into space a lot, but that doesn't count as thinking. Lately you're actually using what's inside your head."

It was all said in good humour giving him a way out, but Georg knew Bill didn't tend to ask deep questions unless Bill was worried or very interested. He wasn't sure which Bill was at the moment, so he turned his attention to his friend.

"And you watch Gustav all the time," Bill added and frowned a little.

Georg decided that Bill might be worried about him.

"I like looking at him," he said, trying to make his tone light, "I am allowed."

Bill was quite observant, Georg had learnt that to his cost at times, but often their singer was wilfully ignorant. It seemed that this time Bill was concerned enough to really take notice.

"You're in love aren't you?"

That made Georg almost spit out his coffee and he stared at Bill. Well that explained why Bill was interested, Bill gravitated towards romance.

"I'm ..." he went to deny that he was in love, that was an absurd, girlie notion; he and Gustav were close, but it couldn't be love.

Then he remembered the shift from messing around to boyfriend and it occurred to him this was a similar step. The problem was he wasn't at all sure if he had taken it or it was just an imaginary thing.

"He's totally besotted with you as well if it helps," Bill said as if it was completely obvious.

Georg wondered if Bill was from outer space or something, because even Tom didn't think like Bill.

"He's not," he said as the information made him feel all funny inside.

"Of course he is," Bill said with a laugh and stood up again, no explanation forthcoming. "I'm going to find Tom. Did you want anything from inside before we leave?"

As ever Bill's brain was working faster than that of the average mortal and Georg just blinked at his friend.

"Um, no, thanks, I've got all I need," he said, but his mind was still stuck on the information Bill had imparted.

As he sat there, his eye caught a familiar sight and he watched Gustav walking back to their bus across the car park, as focused as ever. There was no way Gustav would think that much of him, was there? Come to think of it, there was no way he was in that deep from his side either, that would just be too much too soon, surely? Now he was even more confused.

"Will you please just get the shagging over so we can dump the tension?"

Georg had just about convinced himself that Bill had ridiculous romantic notions when Tom's ire all but beat him over the head. They were parked up at the next venue and he was in Bill and Tom's bus playing racing games with Tom while Bill was in the other bus watching some low budget horror movie with Gustav. They

hadn't been able to decide how to fill in time since they weren't ready for sound rehearsals yet.

"What tension?" he asked, dreading the answer.

"The not paying attention to the game, looking out the window all the time tension," Tom said, clearly exasperated. "I know sexual tension when I see it, so just shag him and be done with it."

"And how exactly do you know we haven't already?" Georg shot back, remembering exactly who he was talking to.

Tom just rolled his eyes.

"Like it isn't obvious," his friend snorted and went back to the game.

Georg really didn't know what to say about that; it couldn't possibly be that obvious.

"Gustav should have made good on that stupid joke," Tom said after a few minutes of serious racing.

"He did," Georg said before his brain caught up with his mouth.

Tom looked utterly dubious of that statement.

"Okay, he didn't completely," Georg admitted; he was a crap liar, "but he started."

As the root of his confusion came into the conversation he fell silent; it wasn't as if he could explain it.

"So you guys have ...?" Tom asked, letting the question hang.

"Almost got there," Georg said, actually glad that he could talk about it for once.

Tom wasn't the greatest listener known to man, but the elder Kaulitz was a good mate and so broaching the subject wasn't too difficult. Had it been about girls it would have been ridiculously easy, but talking about Gustav was a little more difficult. The biggest reason was, of course, that Gustav meant so much more to Georg than any of the girls ever had.

"So why haven't you then?" Tom asked, putting the controller down and turning to face him.

"He keeps stopping," he replied, letting his confusion come out. "It's the stupid threat; he comes into my room and as soon as I give any indication of being awake he stops. It's driving me mad and I have no idea what he's waiting for. Surely he knows that most of the time I'm not even asleep when he comes in."

Tom didn't seem to know what to say to that.

"And you two haven't talked about this?" Tom asked.

Georg shook his head.

"Sorry, of course you haven't," Tom said with a little smile and a shake of his head, "sometimes living with Bill I forget that normal men don't open their heart to their nearest companion at the drop of a hat."

That made Georg smile as well, for a moment at least.

"Did it occur to you he might be waiting for an invitation?" Tom finally said.

Georg looked at his friend and felt like he'd been slapped in the face with a cold fish.

"You think he's ... but he wouldn't ... I've never objected ... surely..."

He stopped talking as he realised the obvious had been staring him in the face.

"This is Gustav," Tom said with a little shrug, "has manners so carefully wound into his character that he introduces himself by name at meet and greets."

"Fuck," Georg said pointedly and smacked himself in the forehead.

It really had been there in front of him all the time and he groaned as his cock throbbed at the realisation of all those missed opportunities. The explanation was obvious and it made perfect sense; Gustav might be willing to go so far as a game, but that was just what it was and it had some strange rules. Georg felt like banging his head against the nearest wall; he'd been such a dolt.

"I've got some thinking to do," he said, looking over at Tom, "I hope you don't mind, but I'll see you at sound check."

Tom grinned at that.

"Don't think too hard," his friend quipped, "or you won't have enough of that little brain left to play the bass."

Georg just snorted and stood up.

"See you later," he said and wandered towards the front of the bus.

It was time to finally decide.

He spent the next two days carefully planning. The next day they were in a hotel he gave Gustav a spare key to his room as usual and then went on as if nothing was out of the ordinary. What was different that night was that he set his alarm from an hour earlier than he had to and when it went off he climbed out of bed straight away. He took a shower, washed more thoroughly than he had ever done in his life before and then took the time to carefully dry and straighten his hair. The only thing he didn't do was put on clothes and once he was satisfied that he just about squeaked when he walked and he didn't have so much as a hair out of place, he went to the bed, sat down in the middle of it and bunched the covers around his lap.

Then he waited.

As expected, just after his alarm was due to go off, he heard his door lock grind as it opened and the door opened slowly. Where he was sitting was just out of view of the doorway and he heard the door closing again quietly and then the soft

pad of feet. The moment Gustav saw him sitting there his boyfriend froze and a momentary flash of disappointment ran across the often passive face.

"Oh," Gustav said, going back to stoic very quickly, "you're awake. I'll meet you at breakfast then."

He waited until Gustav turned before he responded.

"Juschtel," he said, using his boyfriend's pet nickname and Gustav stopped, turning back slowly, "don't go."

For a moment a small frown appeared on Gustav's face, as if his boyfriend was not sure what he was asking for, so he slowly stood up. He knew his erection would be obvious, Gustav had that unnerving effect on him any time the mere idea of sex came up, and he didn't want Gustav in any doubt what he wanted. Gustav's eyes wandered over him and he stepped up to his friend, hoping that he wouldn't frighten his potential lover away. Gustav could be as flighty as Bill when the mood took him. As he stepped in close he saw Gustav's nostrils flair.

"You've showered already," Gustav said, sounding surprised.

It didn't really surprise Georg that his boyfriend had totally missed the fact he did not have bed head either; Gustav spent very little time thinking about hair.

"I wanted to be completely clean for you," he said very quietly; "everywhere."

Now Gustav's eyes widened slightly and Georg was almost sure that his boyfriend's breathing sped up.

"No more games," he said in as low and husky a voice as he could manage, "please, Juschtel, finish this with me."

He could see desire and heat in Gustav's gaze.

"All you had to do was ask," were the words he had been longing to hear.

On impulse, he leant forward and was met half way by hungry, searching lips. All the confusion, all the mental anguish was extinguished in that heat; Georg still didn't know if he was truly in love with Gustav, but he did know he wouldn't mind if he was.

"I assume you came prepared," he said as they finally broke the scorching kiss.

Gustav just smiled and pulled some things out of his pocket and Georg smiled back. Of course Gustav was prepared and, for once, so was he.

"You're overdressed for the occasion," he said with a little grin.

"Well I can deal with that while you're crawling back onto the bed," Gustav replied with a grin of his own.

Georg just about died at the look his boyfriend gave him; he had never seen Gustav looked that hungry and he realised that this had been driving Gustav as mad as it had been driving him. He mentally gave Gustav points for the amazing control that must have been required to play the game.

"Crawling," he said, somewhat breathlessly, "so that's how you want to play it. Any particular way you want me?"

The idea that Gustav was taking control was kind of exciting; Gustav in this kind of mood was a force of nature, second only to Bill Kaulitz, walking hurricane.

"The way I should have found you," Gustav said and looked momentarily disgruntled.

That made Georg smile; he had been right about Gustav's disappointment.

"You mean you don't like me primed just for you?" he asked, lowering his voice again.

That made Gustav's lips twitch again.

"I didn't say that," Gustav replied and Georg could feel his boyfriend's hot gaze on his skin as Gustav gave him a quick once over, "but I've become addicted to the other view."

Georg turned slowly on the spot and did his best to look over his shoulder at his own behind. He couldn't manage it because he wasn't quite that flexible, but it was fun to try.

"You mean this one?" he asked and used his patented smirk.

"I was thinking more horizontal," Gustav replied, playing the game and giving him a little shove back towards the bed, "legs a little more spread; basically begging for it."

The throb in Georg's groin almost took his breath away; Gustav certainly knew how to turn up the heat.

"I think I can do that," he said, kneeling on the bed and slowly making his way to all fours.

Knowing full well that he had Gustav's complete attention he slowly arranged himself back into his normal 'I've just hit the alarm clock and am now going back to sleep' position. The little groan of lust he heard from his boyfriend was very gratifying.

"God I love your arse," Gustav said and Gustav's tone was so sexy that Georg didn't even think of laughing.

"Weren't you supposed to be losing the clothes?" he asked, looking back over his shoulder again.

Gustav raised an eyebrow and then slowly went about removing the black and white t-shirt. Pretending not to stare might have been the polite thing to do, but Georg was far from in a polite mood. Gustav had a lovely body with lots of hard drummer's muscles and Georg was so very rarely allowed to ogle, so he took the opportunity for what it was. When Gustav undid his belt, Georg felt his whole body flushing with something that was a mix of arousal and trepidation. He had never done this before and his brain chose that moment to catch up with his libido. He was going to let Gustav ... his mind reached for the word 'fuck' and rejected it ... this was more than that, but his thoughts refused to tell him how to label it.

For once Gustav just discarded the unwanted clothes and Georg distracted himself from his sudden attack of nerves by scoring himself another point in the nonexistent game. Gustav never just threw clothes on the floor, but for him Gustav had.

When Gustav climbed onto the bed beside him he put his head down on the pillow and did not even bother to try and suppress the shiver of delight that ran through his body. The fact that there was naked skin on naked skin made his body sing with anticipation, even though it was only Gustav's thigh against his own.

This time when fingers danced over his backside he didn't have to pretend not to notice and he moaned quietly, just like he had always wanted to and it felt like a wave of tiny spasm running across his back as his skin goose pimples.

"How many times were you awake?" Gustav asked him in little more than a whisper, stroking his arse gently as he spoke.

"Almost every time," he confessed in a breathless murmur.

"Then you know what comes next," Gustav said and Georg felt his pulse speed up even more at the familiar sound of the lube being opened, "and," Gustav added with a pause, "you're a much better actor than I gave you credit for."

"I had very good motivation," Georg replied and then lost all ability to say anything sensible as slightly cold lube was drizzled over his arse.

"I've wanted to do this every time," Gustav said, running a finger through the lube and down the crack of his arse, "but I knew the sensation would wake you instantly, so I held back and only used it on my fingers."

Georg just mumbled something into the pillow and he had no idea what he was trying to say, so he was pretty sure Gustav wouldn't have a chance at understanding him. The finger slowly pushing against his entrance was not new, but when his muscles relaxed enough to allow it entrance it felt as wonderful as the first time. Georg was not one to deny what he liked, and he definitely liked things up his arse. He let out the long, low groan that he had always wanted to and shifted his legs further apart so that Gustav had better access.

"Keen I see," Gustav said with a small laugh and Georg just grunted in reply because he wasn't up for any banter just at that moment.

He was far too busy revelling in being allowed to react and bask in the attention Gustav was giving him. This time when Gustav danced a finger over his prostate he shuddered and moaned and let everything he was feeling out rather than keeping it in. It was wonderful, like screaming on a rollercoaster to let the adrenaline flow, only this was reacting to let his hormones rise up and swallow him. He wanted Gustav and he wanted him as soon as possible and his nerves had gone the way of sensible thought.

His urgency didn't seem to be having any affect on Gustav, however, and his boyfriend continued to play with his slowly and carefully even when he pushed back and tried to speed things up. A sharp thwack on his backside made him yelp and brought his movements to a halt.

"You look good in pink," was the only thing Gustav said as he all but glared over his shoulder at his boyfriend.

Before that point Georg hadn't thought he could be any more turned on, but he had been wrong. Gustav was finding buttons he had had no idea he possessed and he acquiesced to his lover's demands with a moan of one who was completely helpless.

One finger became two, became three and Georg was all but dying as Gustav slowly worked him looser. Part of his brain tried to tell him this was uncomfortable and bizarre, but it wasn't an overly loud voice compared to the incredible feeling of arousal tinged with vulnerability that had him panting and begging for more. He had never, ever felt anything so intimate, so encompassing that it went further than just the physical into something else, something more.

"You," was about the most coherent thing he could come up with to say as Gustav removed every muddled thought in his brain.

Gustav must have agreed, at least in part, because Georg found his legs being spread further and Gustav coming to rest between them. Georg felt so open and exposed in his vulnerable position that it wiped away any ability to object to anything; he was one quivering ball of need and as Gustav urged him to lift his hips he did.

His whole mind as focused on the feelings and the touches and everything else was irrelevant. At that moment he wanted to be claimed. He vaguely recognised the sound of a foil packet being opened; he had heard it many times when he had done it himself, and the vague smell of latex wafted across to him. It only made him tremble more because he knew what it all meant. This was it; this was what he had been waiting for.

Gustav reinserted his fingers for a few moments and Georg growled out his need, but Gustav being Gustav seemed to need to make sure he was perfectly ready. It was maddening and yet bathed him in the reality of perfect trust as he came to the conclusion that Gustav would never hurt him.

When fingers were replaced with cock he found out why; he might have been looser than normal, but that didn't mean he was ready for a whole penis. He made a strangled noise as Gustav pushed into him and came to a slow stop only just inside him. His muscles had involuntarily tensed at the intrusion, trying to expel the invader rather than welcome the sensation and Gustav rubbed his back in slow strokes as he tried to adjust to the situation.

"Oh god," he said as his body reeled from the feeling of being breached.

"Just breathe," Gustav said in a tight, but calm voice, "and tell me when you're ready."

Georg would have loved to tell Gustav when he was ready, but he had no idea what ready really was. This was such a new sensation that he didn't know how to deal with it and all he could do was try and force his muscles into relaxing.

"Try now," he managed to pant out as he demanded that his body behave.

Ever so slowly Gustav push against and into him and it hurt; an ache that settled through his whole lower back, but his body did obey and opened to the intrusion. There were no sharp stabbing pains, which even he knew would have been bad, and he pushed his face into the pillow, waiting for the pleasure to come back. He felt so full that it could have been an elephant up his arse for all he knew, but

slowly the steady stroking of Gustav's hands over his back and buttocks made him relax.

His erection had begun to wilt a little with the pain, but as Gustav began to carefully move against him he felt the arousal coming back. The underlying knowledge that it was Gustav inside of him began to outweigh any discomfort he was feeling and the ache spread to his groin, where it was far more familiar and welcome. He pushed back experimentally against his lover and felt Gustav's cock move inside of him. The sensation and the knowledge combined were quite incredible and he moved away a little, wanting to feel the change again.

For a while Gustav held completely still and let him move as he wanted, holding one of his hips lightly with one hand and continuing the stroking of his back with the other. It was totally overwhelming and Georg was breathing hard at every move. Finally Gustav took hold of both of his hips and brought him to a halt while buried hilt deep in his body and he knew, without a doubt, that his momentary control was over.

Gustav held his hips still and began to move, sliding within him far more freely now and the longer strokes Gustav could manage from the upper vantage point felt wonderful. He could feel the effort it was requiring of his lover in the way Gustav held him and the harsh breaths that were soon coming from his lover as well. He curled his hands into the pillow beneath his head and clung on to what reality he had left. When Gustav changed angle slightly and began sliding over his prostate with deliberate force rather than just grazing it he couldn't help it; each thrust made him cry out.

It was amazing; it was unbelievable and he was incredibly shocked as his body went into spasm and took him completely by surprise. He literally howled as the orgasm he had felt building, but had had no idea was ready to take him, burst through his senses like a tsunami. It was so intense he could barely breathe and the eddies started in his cock, but they made him shake from head to foot. He couldn't have remembered his own name, let alone anything else at that moment and he had absolutely no control over his actions. With complete abandon he collapsed back to the bed so he was flat on his front and he honestly couldn't put enough nerve impulses together to do more than pant into the mattress.

Gustav pulled out of him slowly and carefully, but he couldn't turn his head to look; he was far too out of it.

"Georg," Gustav's voice was still heavy with sex, but also tinged with a little worry, "are you okay?"

Georg didn't know if he was okay; he had no idea if he was fantastic or if he would never be okay again. His brain wouldn't tell him; he was simply stunned.

"Georg," Gustav asked again, this time sounding more worried and he felt his lover climb off the bed.

He blinked once and found himself eye to eye with Gustav as his lover crouched beside the bed. Looking into concerned, brown eyes his brain finally clicked back on and he slowly pushed himself up a little and then onto his back. He could not for the life of him explain why he was so non compos mentis, but he had a sneaking suspicion it was not just the act that had caused his current state.

"Did I hurt you?" Gustav asked, clearly still worried and Georg shook his head.

"The opposite," he said, finding his voice at last.

It was quite scary really, how absolutely sure he was of one thing; he never wanted Gustav to stop touching him, ever.

Gustav stood up slowly and Georg let his eyes wander all over his lover. One thing was obvious very quickly; Gustav was no where near done yet and Gustav's still slick erection was very prominent.

"Come here," Georg said, reaching out and pulling Gustav towards him by the hand.

Something in the way he had reacted had clearly upset Gustav's equilibrium and Georg wanted to fix that as fast as possible. His motor control was returning fast and although his arse ached a little, he knew he wanted Gustav back and he wanted to see his lover's face when he came. Spreading his legs he invited Gustav between them and looking directly into his lover's eyes he lifted his knees.

"We're not done yet," he said and did his very best to produce his patented smirk.

It must have worked because Gustav smiled back, just as he had hoped.

"Trying to kill me?" Gustav asked, a small challenge in the deep tones.

"Only as much as you're killing me," Georg replied and let his smirk become a fully fledged grin.

There was a knocking on the door and Georg stirred from the comfortable after glow where he was contentedly lying still with Gustav close by his side.

"Georg, you were supposed to be downstairs an hour ago," it was Bill's voice, "and if you happen to be anywhere near Gustav, he's late too."

Georg looked at his lover and smiled.

"We'll be down in twenty minutes," Gustav said, but gave no indication of moving at all.

There was a little squeak from outside the door that Georg decided was probably delight from Bill; if there were two things Bill adored, it was romance and being right. What conclusions Bill was coming to he had no idea, but he really didn't mind as he leisurely propped himself up on one arm and leant down to kiss his boyfriend.

"It's only a travel day today," he said, enjoying the closeness and feeling his arousal beginning to stir again, "we could make them wait a little longer."

"Hmm, we could," Gustav replied, after claiming another kiss, "and there are a couple of things I wanted to try."

Georg was not used to being out of his depth in bed, but as Gustav turned and pushed him back onto the bed he began to think that he needed some more information. Gustav was definitely ahead in this game.

"Just for the record," he said as Gustav began to nibble a slow trail over one of his pectoral muscles, "how do you know so much about this stuff?"

He knew for a fact that Gustav hadn't had a boyfriend before, neither of them had, and Gustav hadn't had that many girlfriends either.

"I read," Gustav replied between nibbles and Georg almost lost his train of thought at the wonderful sensations, "and I have a couple of DVDs."

That intrigued Georg, but it took him a little while to gather his wits to form a question.

"When did you get them?" he asked, since he hadn't seen Gustav visit any sex shops and he didn't remember anything like that coming in the mail lately.

"My Dad bought them for me," Gustav replied, clearly more interested in what he was doing than what he was saying.

For a moment Georg's brain actually woke up properly because of that.

"Your Dad bought you gay porn?" he couldn't help being a little incredulous.

Gustav looked up at him then.

"Only one of them is porn," Gustav said with a little smile, "the other is a sex manual. It's very interesting; you'd be amazed at all the different positions. I told Dad I wanted to make sure I knew what I was doing and that it was safe, so he went shopping for me."

In Gustav's mind it was clearly a totally logical thing to have done; Georg's thoughts just boggled at the whole idea. He could talk to his parents about sex, but DVD sex manuals just weren't on the agenda. When Gustav went back to nipping and kissing Georg decided that pursuing the thought was not worth the effort. He let his head fall back onto the pillow and went along for the ride; Gustav tended to get touchy if he couldn't use new knowledge and so Georg felt it was his duty to let his boyfriend try out what he'd learned. So far Gustav appeared to have been a very diligent student.

The End