

Lance lets his lips slowly rest upon his lover's face, who sleeps peacefully on the bed, sweat still glistening on his skin from the two-hour performance only an hour before. He can still taste the sweet cranberry juice his baby insisted to drink halfway through the show.

His lover stirs on the bed, rolling onto his back and stretching his arms above his head. His blue eyes flutter open and he stares up at Lance who still hovers over his almost naked body.

"Hey baby..." Lance drawls out. He places a second kiss on the tip of the sleepy man's nose.

"When are we going on?"

Lance arches an eyebrow amusingly. "Huh?"

"The show. I took a nap again right?" Justin appears dazed.

"Baby boy, the show is over! We went to the hotel in a limo and you immediately passed out. Well, after I was able to convince you to take off your stage clothes."

"Oh... huh, I should relax. I've been doing this a lot lately."

Lance snuggles up next to his boyfriend, resting his head on his bare chest. "Sleep. We need it, especially you."

"Yeah... okay. Night Lance."

Lance trails his thumb around Justin's belly button, starting to fade into sleep. "Night Justin."

Justin's eyes drift close as his arms wrap tightly around his older boyfriend. Images flash across the inside of his eye lids of the long performance day. Lance looked beautiful that night as he sang, especially during their a capella performances. His Adam's apple bobbed as he hit those deep bass notes; his lips moved precisely to form the words; his fingers gently held the microphone to his wet, red lips...

Lance moves his legs up to rest partly on Justin's lower body. Justin's eyes open to find a tender smile staring back, with green eyes sparkling in unison to the white teeth.

"Does someone have a boner?" Lance asks teasingly.

"Hmph..." *I can't help but get hot after a show.* "Maybe. Why don't you tell me?"

Lance slowly slides his thumb under Justin's shorts and pulls them upward, gazing in to inspect the situation. He quickly snaps them shut, making Justin flinch slightly.

"Well, Mr. Timberlake," Lance begins, rolling onto Justin's cool body. Skin on skin quickly heats the two of them up. "Doctor Bass is here to help..."

"Yes sir."

TA-DA!