

“The blood... rushing to head Chris.” Lance barley makes it out.

“Just a while longer man. Stop talking it won’t be as bad.” Chris was on the couch with a stopwatch.

“Why couldn’t you do this, you want this more then me.”

“Because I don’t have strong arms like you. Now shut up will ya?” Lance tries his best to get closer to Chris. “You are a very strong kid Bass.”

“Ya think so?” Lance looks at Chris, grunting out the sentence.

“Your stronger than me.” Lance’s face was getting a darker red. “I wouldn’t be able to do what your doing for hours on end.” The front door opens and the others come running in.

“I so did kick your butts today!” Justin gloats jumping on the couch next to Chris.

“You and Jc cheated that much I... Lance what the heck?” Joey looks at Lance funny. Jc and Justin look at Lance then at Chris who explains.

“He is about to make a world record for the longest anyone has stood on their head.”

“One of your brilliant ideas I presume.” Jc sits down in a chair. “How much longer before we officially have to get a new bass singer?”

“He won’t die, he has about 15 minutes to go and he has been standing on his head for over three hours now.”

“Chris, what did you take this morning?” Joey leans over the couch staring Chris in the face. Chris grins.

“Nothing at all, but if we don’t make is musically one of us will be known for a world record.” Jc sighs.

“Chris you are just a complete numbskull.” Jc, Justin, Joey, and Chris all stare at Lance who has been glaring at Chris for the entire time he has been put on his head. “Maybe he’ll make a world record for how long he has been glaring too.”

“I’m gonna pass out in like ten seconds Chris.” Lance groans and slightly wobbles.

“Come on not this far into the game.”

“One hell of a game he’s not only red he’s going green!” Justin points at Lance’s face. “Dude Chris he’s gonna pass out in like 5 seconds.”

“If you keep saying he will, he will. Now everyone shut up and give Lance support!” The only support Lance needed was someone to catch him because right when Chris ended his sentence Lance fell backwards landing on his back coughing. He rolls onto his side and hurls. “Damn it.”

“Chris!” Jc gets up and pats Lance’s back. When he finishes, Lance falls to his side blacking out. “Crap help me get him in bed.” Chris sighs and puts the stopwatch down. He goes over and picks up Lance holding his head to his chest. They go down the hall and tuck him into his bed with a bucket on the floor.

“I’m agreeing with Jc when he called you a numbskull.” Justin crosses his arms. It was Chris’s turn to glare.

“Yal shut up he agreed to it.” Chris sits down next to Lance on his bed. The others leave the room going back to the living room. Chris groans and rubs Lance’s side. “I’m sorry Bass, shouldn’t have made ya do it.” Chris leans over and kisses him on the lips. He stands and leaves the room.

Later that day the others head out to have another basketball game. Despite Chris wanting to go, Joey made him stay and watch Lance. Chris wanted to stay anyways so he agreed. Lance comes stumbling down the hall.

“You kissed me?” He stands at the end of the hallway looking at Chris through squinted eyes.

“Huh?” Chris looks up from his video game pausing it. “How do you know?”

“I felt it, I was in a daze and felt it.” Lance sits down next to Chris looking at him. “Why did you kiss me?”

“Felt bad for making you do it, I guess.”

“You could have patted my cheek or held my hand, or not made me do it, but you instead kissed me on the lips.” Lance rubs his face still a little groggy.

“You still have too much blood in your brain.” Chris looks at the TV. Lance grabs Chris’s face turning him to face him.

“I didn’t get a chance to kiss you back.” Lance leans in kissing Chris softly on the lips. Chris moans and kisses him back. Lance pushes Chris down to the floor and lies down on top of him. He couldn’t really stay sitting up for too long - his head still felt like a rock.

“Wow you can kiss.” Lance nods. He looks at Chris’s face putting his hand on his cheek.

“May I ask when you suddenly became bi?” Chris grins and puts his hand on Lance’s still on his face.

“Always been bi, but never found a good guy to date. Until I met you that is.” Lance blushes. Chris wasn’t sure if he was still flushed from the headstand. “Why do you think I hang out with you a lot?”

“Just thought you were trying to get me more into the group since I’ve never met any of you before.” Lance rubs his nose across Chris’s.

“That too.” Chris kisses Lance once more putting his hands on his back. Lance places his hands on Chris’s shoulder lightly pressing his body to fit Chris’s body. Chris gasps. “Kinky.”

“I’m not innocent ya know.” Lance presses against Chris again. Chris chuckles and presses back.

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“Oh dear took them long enough.” Joey was about to come back inside, since they forgot the ball, but decided they could redo the game later.

“Are they-” Jc looks through the front window. “Yep.”

“I want to see!” Justin runs over trying to look in but Jc and Joey blocked the view. “What is it?”

“Saving you from burning your eyes little one.” Joey pushes him towards the court. “We can play again later.”

“What are they doing?” Justin runs to the window able to see Chris pinning Lance to the floor shirtless. “Oh that!” Justin turns away from the window. “You’d think I’d freak but instead I couldn’t care less. They are happy and that means Chris will spend less time bothering me and more time fucking Lance.” Jc is shocked Justin would use such language; not like he never used it himself.

“Ha, figured he’d come to the dark side sooner or later.” Joey puts Justin into a headlock.

“I’m gonna be in the pool if any of you need me.” Jc walks to the backyard. Justin wines to be let go of.

THE END!