



Joey isn't sure how Lance will react when he tells him he is cute and needs a good fuck. Maybe if he rephrases it into nicer, more flattering terms when he speaks to him about... nah. Joey shrugs and continues his walk from the dock to the small outdoor showers by the boat house. They are real crap in Joey's eyes, but the lake he and Lance go to and boat on is amazing and a quick rinse of the lake water is necessary - if he doesn't want itchy skin for a few days.

"Hey Joey. What took you so long?" Lance runs his hands through his strawberry blond hair (Joey tells him it is orange but Lance is a stubborn mule.) He spits some water out of his mouth.

"Eww! That water is gross enough man. Don't let it go into your mouth." Joey walks up next to Lance and tries to keep his eyes on his face, not his lovely built chest.

"The water is fine. Aren't ya gonna get your suit off? You know the longer you have it on, the more likely you'll be itching."

Joey rubs his hand quickly across the top of Lance's head. "Yeah, yeah."

Lance continues to wash his skin off the best he can, letting some of the water run into his mouth.

"Close your mouth!" Joey reaches out and puts his hand on Lance's chin, pushing upward to close his mouth.

Lance grabs his wrist, keeping his jaw firmly in place. Joey tries again with his other hand, and Lance grabs that wrist as well. He says something, but his voice is gargled. It sounds like, "You asked for it."

"No!"

Lance spins around and spreads Joey's arms apart, spitting the water into his face. Joey squirms; sadly being slightly is turned on.

"You asked for it... fucker." Lance lets go of Joey and goes back and scrubbing his skin. Joey runs his hand down his face, staring intently at Lance.

It takes Joey a few moments to find his brain again - never before has he heard Lance say fuck and when he did, Joey's dick twitched. He remembers what he has been planning to tell Lance.

Joey clears his throat. Lance peers over at him out of the corner of his eye.

“You’re... um...” Joey wiggles his finger in attempt to trigger a brain cell to give him the right words.

Lance spits some more water out of his mouth. “What? A good southern boy who doesn’t swear?”

“I was gonna say hot and in need of a good fuck, but I’ll agree with that too.”

Lance stops scrubbing and stares at Joey. Joey isn’t sure if the shock on his face is good or bad, but in caution he takes a step back - Lance has hit him before.

Lance stays silent, watching Joey firmly.

“Are you gonna say something?”

Lance shakes his head.

Joey takes another step back. “Then you agree with my statement?”

Lance continues the stare.

“I’ll take that as a yes and I will kiss you now.” Joey takes two steps forward and grabs Lance’s face in his hands, pressing his lips against the warm tender lips of Lance. Neither of them move for a few moments. It seems to be quiet around Joey except for the water falling from the shower.

Lance’s hand rises and rests on Joey’s hand. He takes a deep breath through his nose as Joey pulls away. Joey stares at his eyes and the look back gives Joey his final cue.

“Turn around and drop the rest of YOUR suit, and I’ll get mine off.”

**TA-DA!**