

## Immature Behavior

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# Immature Behavior

by [all\\_the\\_spangst](#)

## Summary

After Rio, Lochte's pretty sure things can't get much worse. Until Phelps shows up to teach him the error of his ways... over his knee.

(Basically, angst, spanking, and a hand job.)

## Notes

So, this story was written right after the Rio incident during the 2016 Summer Olympics. And then my computer promptly died. I was finally able to salvage some stuff from the hard drive last weekend, and I found this. So, it's not at all timely, but it seemed a shame to waste all that spanking. ;)

The water in his pool was crystal clear, calm and perfect and familiar. He should have been enjoying himself. Should have been relaxing and basking in Rio gold. Or at least silver. Instead he was basking in hate and humiliation, directed at him from literally every person on the planet. Ryan Lochte, Olympic Athlete was over, maybe for good. Now he was Ryan Lochte, Most Hated Man in the World.

Maybe basking wasn't the right word. Words weren't his strength, that was for sure.

It wasn't like he didn't know what it felt like to be called a fraud. He'd been living in Phelps's shadow his whole goddamn life. Only now, thanks to being a stupid, drunken liar, basically the dumb frat boy they all kept saying he was, he really *was* a fraud. Just some pissed off asshole so desperate for attention that he pushed and pushed and pushed... and now he had the whole world's attention.

He popped his head out of the water at the deep end, and nearly choked to death when he saw the massive shadow stretched across the pool, the silhouette rippling in the water. He should have been alone, felt like he wanted to be alone the rest of his life, just curled up in bed, reliving every bad decision, praying for someone to invent an undo button. Someone had to be working on that.

Only one person had a set of keys, knew their way through his alarm codes, knew where to find him this time of night. But that guy hadn't used those keys for years. Hadn't been back for ages to disable the alarms, which, embarrassing as fuck, were still coded with his birth date.

Lochte squinted and blinked, treading water as he looked up.

"What the fuck do you want, Phelps?"

His voice shook when he talked, which sucked. It always shook now, like it was broken. He couldn't keep it from shaking, couldn't keep from quivering and sniffing like a nine year old disqualified for splashing. Not that he'd ever done that.

But, this was a different kind of shaking.

Phelps standing there, just *standing* there, towering over him, made his heart pound like no cheering crowd or record time ever had. Made adrenaline surge in weird directions that even the humiliating interviews couldn't match. And when Phelps finally opened his mouth, let loose with that voice that could be deep and angry without actually being loud, the throbbing and trembling doubled. Everywhere.

"Get out of the pool, Ryan."

Like hell he would.

"Get out of my *house*, Mike." He glared, tried to glare, but his eyes stung. The chlorine made them ache. And the crying. The mix was almost unbearable, made his vision hazy and the whites of his eyes a fiery red that wouldn't cool down even when he slept, but the pool

was the only place he could stand to be. So, maybe he'd go blind, then. So what. At least then he wouldn't have to see people looking at him the way Mike was looking at him now.

He felt the ache in his throat already, the one that wasn't from too much chlorine, but no way was he crying in front of Phelps. He'd already done it in front of too many people. This gold medal asshole wasn't getting anything from him. Not now, not ever again. "Fucking get the hell out."

"Yeah, I don't think so," Mike said, crossing his arms, acting like he had patience, though Ryan knew damn well he wasn't the patient person he presented to the rest of the world. Everyone wore a mask. Phelps's was just better than everyone else's. Phelps was just better than everyone else. At everything. Always. "We need to talk."

"I've talked enough," Ryan snapped. "Get out, or I'll call the fucking cops. You can't just break into my house." He smacked at the water in frustration. Whatever Phelps wanted to say, he'd heard it. From his coach, from the committee, from fucking Lauer, who was pissed as hell, and acted like he was his dad or something. He'd half thought the old guy was going to haul off and smack him.

He was done talking, and done listening, done letting people make him look stupid.

Mike smirked, that wide ugly smile that didn't go all the way to his eyes. "Really. You'll call the cops. And what do you think they're going to say when you give them your name? You think they're going to rush right over here and help you? Because they *believe* you?"

He tried not to let that land, but even when he made himself go numb to everything else, Mike had a way of finding his most hidden soft spots and attacking. In the pool, on the podium... in bed. But that had been a long time ago. When he cared what Mike thought. When Mike cared about him.

The jab landed perfectly, just like everything else Mike did. A sharp dart on skin Ryan had always thought was too thick to feel insults. Turned out that was just a lie he'd told himself. Turned out he was one hell of a liar.

Ryan pushed off the wall, doubled back for another lap while he tried to calm himself down. Tried to imagine what the fuck Phelps wanted that had brought him to his house in the middle of the night.

He knew what it used to be. Late night swims that turned into accidental brushes in the water, and then not so accidental. Wet kisses and wet bodies and so much power and strength and heat when Mike would press him hard against the side of the pool, cup him through his speedo, tease him with those long, long fingers until Ryan begged him for mercy.

It was the only time he ever begged Phelps for mercy. And the only time Phelps ever gave it, easing up before he came in the water, letting Ryan lead him back into the house, into his bed, then teasing him even more before holding him down and giving him the hard, dominating fuck he'd been looking for his whole life.

But, that was before. Before all the medals stacked up higher and higher between them and the lanes got wider and wider, until they just couldn't see each other the same way anymore. That was definitely before Rio.

When he finished his lap, ended right back where he'd been, Mike was still standing there, exactly the same, like a statue. Maybe not patient, but definitely stubborn. Ryan took in a mouthful of water and spit it in his direction, the spray landing at his feet. He still didn't move.

"I'll stand here all night," Phelps told him evenly. "But, you're getting out of the pool."

He sighed. He'd already been in the damn pool for hours. It was his safe place. Or, at least, it had been. No place felt safe anymore. He felt ashamed everywhere he went, every minute of the day. He was such a fuck up. Such a failure. He couldn't come through on anything.

He scooped up a handful of water and splashed it over his face. No way in hell was Phelps going to stand there and watch him cry like a baby. He could watch it on tv like everybody else, if he wanted to see it that bad.

When he looked up again, Mike had come all the way to the edge of the pool, was leaning over with his hand out, ready to pull him out of the water. The look on his face wasn't readable, but it didn't really matter, he guessed. Wasn't like he was doing anything else tonight. Why not have it out with Phelps, get yelled at one more time. He reached up, feeling the old familiar tug when their hands clasped, the rush of blood to every extremity as that huge hand yanked him out of the water.

He feet hit the tile with wet slaps, and he stood there feeling exposed as hell in his tiny swim trunks, Phelps fully dressed, sporting a Rio tshirt like it was some kind of joke. When the hand came at him, he ducked, surprised. Mike hadn't ever been rough with him. Hadn't ever hit him, even when they were just kids messing around. But then, he'd never caused an international incident before, either.

He didn't realize what was happening until Mike grabbed him around the back of the neck and pulled him forward. The last thing he was expecting was a hug.

But, those huge arms wrapped around him, still familiar, still warm, pulling him close when no one else in the world wanted to be anywhere near him. And that's how pathetic he'd become. He didn't care who it was holding him, or why. He pressed himself up against Mike's body, taking all the contact he could get, the pocket of warmth surrounding him for a minute, blocking out everything else.

Mike held him tight, making breathing a struggle for more than one reason. Finally his arms loosened and slid down his body. His hands settled around Ryan's hips, seeming to hiss against his wet skin. He shivered when Mike brushed his lips against his ear. "Lochte, you are in so much fucking trouble."

Ryan swallowed and closed his eyes, burying his face between Mike's neck and shoulder, not able to swallow the quiet sob that forced its way out. "You think I don't know that?"

“I think you don’t have a clue.”

Ryan laughed, a harsh sound that ached in his throat, a burn like swallowing too much water. “You’re kidding, right?” He pulled back, shaking off Mike’s touch in frustration. “I’m on every channel. In every paper. I can’t check my own phone without seeing my face, somebody talking about what an asshole I am, that I’m a thug, I’m an idiot, I should be banned, I’m everything that’s wrong with America. Jesus, they’re posting pictures of my *dick* , Mike. They’re—”

“Stay off your phone.”

“You—”

“Stay off the computer, get off the phone, unplug the tv. The last thing you need to be doing is reading that stuff. It doesn’t matter what everyone else does, it matters what you do. And what you need to do is spend some time thinking about the mess you’ve made. Whose fault it is you were all over the news.”

Ryan scowled, not appreciating the lecture. “I already said—”

“Yeah, I know,” Mike interrupted. “You take full responsibility. For what, though?”

“For everything. I said that.”

“That’s not good enough.”

“How is that not good enough? It’s *everything* .”

“Because you’re not admitting what you did wrong, Ryan.”

“I wasn’t the only one who fucked up.”

“No. You’re weren’t. But you couldn’t just fuck up and leave it. Or even fuck up and cover it up. You had to fuck up and then lie about it. Turn yourself into a superhero with some ridiculous bullshit story, like you’re a goddamn six year old. Make everyone look stupid.”

“That guy had a *gun* , Mike. People don’t just *have guns* and wave them around at gas stations. I was *scared* .”

“You were *drunk* .”

He heaved a heavy sigh that just seemed to land on his shoulders and weigh him down even more. “Yeah. I said that, too. Listen to the fucking interview.”

“Oh, I listened,” Mike said, his voice shockingly hard and rough as he talked through gritted teeth. “You said a lot of things. Talked yourself in circles. What you didn’t say was *I acted like a dick, and I tried to lie my way out of trouble like a spoiled brat* .”

Lochte’s face burned, like it did every time someone called him that. Funny how they could say again and again that he was an adult, not a kid, but still slap that label on him. And after

the horrible Lauer interview, he wasn't just a brat, he was an idiot. Stupid and slow and not well spoken, and surprise, everybody, nothing like Phelps. He had all the wrong answers and all the wrong expressions, and all the wrong words and all the wrong medals. Surprise, surprise, sur-fucking-prise.

"Don't call me that." He pushed at Mike hard, needing him gone, needing him far away and silent like he had been for so long. Having him in his face now was just too damn much.

But, Mike was stronger than he remembered, a lot stronger, and quicker too. And wasn't that just great. The guy never stopped getting better. Even after he retired. Never stopped being the best. Mike grabbed him by the wrist, just snatched his arm out of the air like one of those fighting kites in Rio he never even got a chance to play with, and started to drag him across the patio toward the house, so quick and sure and strong that he was lost on how to fight him other than to yell.

"Let go, you fuck!"

"No."

Like always, Mike was so calm it made him crazy, so bossy with just one word that he thought he might lose his mind. And like always, Ryan was no match for him, trying to dig his heels in with his bare feet, which didn't work at all, just made him stumble and scrape his toes on the tile.

"Fuck, Mike, give me a break. What are you doing?"

Instead of heading through the back door like he'd thought they would, Mike stopped short at the collection of lounge chairs lined up in a row, poolside. Maybe remembering the summer they'd spent laying side by side, and then on top of each other every time they got out of the pool. Maybe not remembering anything.

"What someone should have done a long time ago, you brat."

In a few long strides, Mike had parked himself in the center of one of the lounge chairs, and with a hard yank on the wrist, sent him tumbling. Not onto his lap like Ryan had maybe hoped for a split second, but across it, knocking the air out of his lungs as he landed heavily with his upper half on the chair and his lower half... Jesus, what the fuck was he doing?

"Mike?" His voice came out in a pitiful gasp, sore and angry and scared. "Phelps, what the fuck?"

"You want to act immature?" Mike asked him, still completely calm as he arranged him on his lap, shifting him around across his broad thighs, tugging him closer and holding him tight, one of his big hands wrapped around his waist. "Okay, then."

He should be fighting him, he knew that, but somehow, he was so shocked by what seemed to be happening that he couldn't remember how to move. Just knew his chest hurt and his stomach hurt and it turned out he hadn't reached the highest level of embarrassment after all. Because here Phelps was, taking him across his knees, tipping his cold wet ass in the air, and

it might not have been a situation he'd ever been in before, but he knew what came next. And he was pretty sure this wasn't foreplay.

"Let me the fuck up, Mike. This isn't funny."

Mike just ignored him, like he knew he would, curling long fingers along the bottom curve of his ass, teasing and testing like he was some kind of toy or something. And okay, maybe it wasn't foreplay, and maybe he was kind of scared to death, but that part didn't exactly feel bad— Mike's hands on him after so long, fingertips sliding along the edge of his speedo.

Didn't feel bad until he started talking again, anyway.

"No. It's not fucking funny," Mike agreed. "This who you want to be, Lochte? You want to act like an asshole? Embarrass yourself and your team and your country by *overexaggerating*?"

Ryan winced as he threw that stupid word back in his face. "I didn't mean to."

"Yes, you did. You wanted attention, you wanted pity and respect, and you wanted everyone's eyes on you a little longer. Well, you got it. You get to live with that now. And you get to live with the consequences of your childish, immature behavior."

He felt the absence of Mike's hand on his ass more intensely than he'd felt it touching him, and took a deep breath, anticipating something he didn't even know how to anticipate, laying across his lap in a frozen state of denial until the hand came back down. The first slap stung like hell, like a wet towel, but worse, as Mike slapped his right cheek, catching plenty of bare skin and what felt like half his thigh. He screamed, he was pretty sure, but the echo of that slap was so loud it was all he heard.

Getting slapped on the ass after practice now and then was par for the course. Stung, but whatever, it was just fooling around. This wasn't that. This was pain like he'd never felt, humiliation beyond his wildest imagination. This was so much more than he deserved. Mike, of all people, treating him like this.

He wriggled like he was in the water, kicking and rolling, trying to tear away from Mike's tight hold, but there was no chance. He looked skinny, because he was so damn tall, but Phelps was built out of blocks of muscle, and he just pinned him in place and kept spanking.

His ass quivered and burned with every shaming slap, and the more he moved, the harder Mike spanked him, until eventually, he got the hint and tried to stay still. Tried to breathe normally, and pretend this was no big deal. Not crazy or embarrassing at all.

"Jesus, Phelps," he managed to gasp out between smacks. "Never knew you were so kinky."

The slaps stopped, as sudden and unexpected as they had started, and Phelps laid a heavy hand across his ass, rubbing a little, making the sting worse, but somehow, in a way he wasn't sure he understood, better. The burn was awful, but still... he wasn't sure what was happening. It felt exciting. And comforting. And no joke, was making him hard. And



considering how pissed off Phelps was, how pissed off *he* was at *Phelps* , that really shouldn't have been happening.

"This isn't a joke, Lochte. You can't bullshit your way out of this situation. You put yourself here, and you're going to take responsibility. Real responsibility, not lip service in some stupid interview."

Rage boiled up in his belly again, and all the comfort was gone in an instant. "*I'm not stupid!*"

"No one's calling you stupid."

"Yes, they are!" He pushed up on his elbows, struggling half heartedly, but not sure he even wanted to get up. He was just so fucking tired and confused. But this he was sure about, and if Mike didn't see it, he just wasn't paying attention "They *are* . They all are. And they're all right, because I don't even understand half the things they're saying about me. Everyone thinks I'm a fucking moron."

"Why do you think that is?" Mike asked him, still so annoyingly calm.

"Because I can't give a fucking interview right. I always say the wrong words."

Mike's hand cracked down across the center of his ass, the pain so much worse after halting it for a minute. Ryan squealed, the noise almost as embarrassing as the spanking itself, and kicked his legs at Mike in frustration, mostly relieved when he didn't make contact.

"They think you're a moron because you acted like one," Mike snapped, smacking him again in the same spot, at the same strength, and then stopping to rub his hand across him again, disrupting his rage with the softer touch. "You lied and you kept on lying even after you got caught. Dangerous lies. Hurtful, harmful, irresponsible lies, Ryan. That's what you're going to say the next time you open your mouth. "

"I did!"

"No. You didn't. You tried to spread all the blame around like some scummy politician, like this wasn't all on you. You're not getting away with it this time. This wasn't a misunderstanding. This wasn't a language barrier. This was a spoiled brat acting like a spoiled brat, and not a damn thing more."

"You weren't there!"

"I don't need to be there to know how you acted. The whole world knows how you acted, and believe me, the whole world thinks what you need is a good, hard, bare bottom spanking."

Suddenly, Mike's hand wasn't rubbing anymore, it was sliding between his skin and his speedo, his long fingers peeling the last bit of protection down over his ass, leaving him naked and so scared and ashamed his whole body was twitching and it was hard to breathe.

"Fuck, Mike, come on. You made your point. I get it. I'm immature. Just let me up."

“You want to try to tell me you don’t deserve this? Go ahead.”

“I don’t! I’m gonna do community service! I’m gonna—”

“You’re going to do exactly what I tell you from now on, and nothing else. You’re going to apologize the right way. In Rio. In person.”

He felt sweat break out on the back of his neck at the thought, of everyone staring and laughing and fuck, who knew what else. “I can’t go back there. They’ll kill me. My lawyer —”

“They won’t. Because when you go back, you’ll be gravely, sincerely sorry.”

“I already am.”

“Not like you’re going to be,” Mike promised, before his hand came down again.

There was no comparing being spanked in his speedo to being spanked on wet skin that was somehow hot and cold at the same time. He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think, could barely move, and sure as hell couldn’t fight Mike off. It felt like his skin was actually burning, Mike’s palm turning his bare ass into a mass of pain and raw nerves, until it was almost numb. He was frozen, listening to the heavy slaps, to Mike’s ragged breathing, to the high pitched, embarrassing whine that he was pretty sure was coming from his own mouth, but didn’t sound like him at all.

“Please Mike. Fuck, stop, please, it hurts! I’m sorry, okay? I’ll say whatever you want. Just *please stop*.”

That just seemed to piss Mike off even more, as he tugged him tighter up against him, holding him close against his body and spanking even harder. Ryan didn’t even want to think about how red his ass must be. Except, he *did* think about it, and it gave him an odd feeling of satisfaction in his gut. Heat that swirled around and wasn’t a turn on, exactly, but somehow, through the pain, felt good.

“Actions have consequences, Ryan. And if you’re going to act like a naughty, lying little boy with a serious behavior problem, you’re going to get treated like one. Even if I’m the only one with enough balls to do it.”

“You think this means you have balls? Breaking into my house and beating on me?”

“There’s that overexaggerating again. I didn’t break in. Your alarm code’s still my birthday. And I’m not beating you. I’m *spanking* you, which is exactly the kind of punishment you deserve. And it’s what you’ll be getting every night until you clean up this disaster, and I think you’ve really learned your lesson.”

Ryan paused in his squirming and swearing, trying to comprehend that last bit. “What? No. Wait, what?”

“That’s right. You’re not getting away with this stuff anymore, Lochte. If you’d gotten this years ago, like you should have, maybe you wouldn’t be in this mess now. But, you didn’t,

and now we've got some lost time to make up for. You get used to this position, because you're getting spanked before bed every night for a month. At least."

He laughed at the absurdity of the idea, even though some part of him was growling hungrily and reaching out for the threat like it was candy. "You can't do that."

"Oh, I can. Every night. You misbehave during the day, you get spanked for that too. And *one* lie, Ryan, *just one*, and I call a press conference and spank you in front of everyone."

"Yeah, right." He held his bottom lip between his teeth, trying not to sob. It was such a bunch of bullshit, such a crazy thing to say, the dumbest threat somebody could make. But, it didn't feel that way. It felt like Mike being super pissed off and maybe out of his mind enough to do that. Or to try. He'd die before he'd let that happen, but no point saying that out loud. "You're fucking hysterical, Phelps," he growled, his voice rough and sore as he kicked it out of his throat.

"Think so, huh?" Mike's words seemed to melt over him, touching everywhere he was raging and hurting. "This is all a big joke to you, isn't it?"

"Ha. Ha," he ground out between his teeth. He didn't know what the hell he was doing anymore. Goading Phelps from the worst possible position. It was like he was asking to be spanked. But, that was ridiculous. And sick. And embarrassing

And true.

Mike's hand came down again, hard across both cheeks at once, giving him a single rough squeeze before laying into him over and over, each smack burning hotter than the last. But it wasn't just his ass where he felt the heat. It was parading all through him. Down his thighs, across his chest, in the pit of his stomach. And between in legs, where his cock stirred happily, at home against Mike's body, even if the position was new and painful, and awkward beyond belief.

He didn't *want* to be turned on by this, turned on by Phelps, but it seemed like the world was conspiring to make him as embarrassed and uncomfortable as possible. He rocked his hips and moaned softly, closing his eyes and noticing the tears rolling down his face for the first time.

Mike stopped, and whether it was because of the tears or the moan, he wasn't sure. He rested a heavy hand on his back, and Ryan could feel how warm his palm was. The warmth made his balls ache, knowing that heat came from spanking him so hard he wasn't sure when he'd sit again. He squeezed his eyes shut, ashamed as hell, and something else. Something that he couldn't put his finger on. He took a deep breath and tried to exhale without sobbing.

"Do you know how fucking scared I was when I heard you tell that story?" Mike asked him, his whisper rough and grating across him, almost as painful as the slaps to his ass. "When I thought about you with a gun to your head, you son of a bitch? My heart stopped. Everything... nothing mattered. I just needed to get to you."

"Wh— what?"

“And then I find out it was all a *lie* ? Did you do that on purpose?”

“*No* . I don’t know. I just... did it.” He turned his head away, pressing his face against the textured cushion of the lounger, as he tried to think, tried to figure out how anyone could think in this position. “I don’t know. I started talking and I couldn’t shut up. Everybody was looking at me, and everything I said... I just kept trying to make it better and I made it worse.”

“You wouldn’t have had to make it anything if you hadn’t lied in the first place.”

“I know.”

“Now that I think about it...” Mike trailed off softly, letting his fingers trail over the bare, burning skin of his backside just as softly, until Ryan had no choice but to sigh. That seemed to shake Phelps out of whatever he was thinking, back to the stern voice Ryan was growing rapidly familiar with. “I don’t think a month is nearly long enough, Ryan. I think you should be spanked every day until the next goddamn Olympics. Get in the pool every day with a bright red bottom peeking out from under your speedo. So everyone knows you’re really learning your lesson. That’s the kind of training you need. Let the tabloids take pictures of that.”

Ryan groaned as his pulse quickened, practically ready to come at just the thought of that, and he didn’t even know why. “Please, Mike, let’s just stop this, okay? I’ll be better. I’ll do better. I’ll fix it, I promise. Just let me up.”

Mike patted his ass gently, but still hard enough to make him shiver and burn. “And just what do you plan on doing if I let you up?”

“I... whatever you want.”

“Mmmhmm. That’s a good answer.” Mike pulled his hand away, leaving him sprawled there with his trunks around his knees, scalding bottom pointed into the air. “Alright, little boy. Stand up.”

Now that Mike had given him permission to get up, he wasn’t at all sure why he’d asked, because there didn’t seem to be any way he could. He couldn’t find his footing, wasn’t sure where to look, how to function, just kept scraping his toes against the ground, and shaking his head.

“I can’t.”

Mike’s hand returned, to his back this time, rubbing in circles until Ryan’s ugly whimpers turned back into shivery breaths.

“I’ll help you,” Phelps told him, the palm on his back turning into fingertips, and then a single finger as the circle got smaller and smaller. “Crawl up here, and we’ll stretch out a minute.” He paused, and Ryan waited with his breath caught in his throat to see if he was would complete the thought with the words that rang in his head. And then, by some miracle, he did. “Like we used to.”

Before Ryan had a chance to think that over, Mike grabbed his ass hard and shoved him forward, the pain enough to send him scrambling to his knees and up the chair, losing his shorts in the process, as he stretched out on his side, still not quite able to turn his head or think about making eye contact. Not with his ass and face both burning bright red.

He could feel Mike's eyes on him, even as he hid his own face in the cushion, heating him even more just by silently staring. He couldn't tell where Mike was looking exactly, if he'd noticed the way his dick had stiffened up, was thick and hard, begging for any kind of touch, anywhere. But, it would have been hard to miss.

The lounge creaked as Mike moved up beside him, not hesitating even a second before pulling him close, smashing Ryan's face into his massive chest, letting him wipe his tears on his Rio shirt. He was pretty sure there was some irony or something in that. He might know what it was if he understood what those kind of words meant.

He sighed and one of Mike's hands slipped through the back of his hair. The touch was so comforting, so intimate, and his balls clenched as he groaned. He was on the verge of falling apart just from the fingers on his scalp.

Mike's other arm wrapped around him and grabbed his ass, palming it roughly like it was a basketball or something. It should have hurt, and it did, but he still groaned, even louder, in a way that had nothing to do with pain. Precome spilled from the head of his cock, tickling as it slid down his shaft. Mike used to tease him about that, say he got wet outside the pool faster than he got wet in it. And now here they were... well, he didn't know where the hell they were.

"Why'd you do that?" he asked, without even knowing he was going to ask anything. He felt lost in just about the most familiar place he had, next to the pool, in Mike's arms. If he couldn't feel normal here, he might never feel normal again. He was feeling something, for sure, but normal wasn't it.

"Someone had to," Mike told him. "It was for your own good."

Those words crawled over him, slipped inside him somehow, made his stomach growl in his chest and his heart throb in his dick. He didn't know what that meant, just that he liked it. Craved it. Wanted to hear it again and again. He pushed closer to Mike, pressing his naked body up against his clothed one, squirming against him in a way that couldn't be ignored or misunderstood.

Mike's fist closing tightly in his hair stopped him with a gasp, as Mike tilted his head back, looking at him with a mix of anger and the hard lust he remembered from so long ago. "You liked that. Getting your bottom spanked hard like the bad little boy you are. Got off on it, didn't you?"

Ryan swallowed hard, shaking his head as much as Mike's tight grip would allow. "I don't know. I didn't mean to."

"But you did. You deserved that spanking, and you deserve a lot more. You know that, don't you?" Mike dug his nails into his ass, the ache like hard kisses that felt so good he couldn't

think of a single word to say. “Answer me, Ryan.”

The noise that slipped out from between his lips was barely a squeak, and he shifted away from the touch at the same time he tried to push back into it. “You can’t just fucking *spank* me,” he muttered. “I’m an adult.”

“That’s right. And you obviously need a reminder to act like one. Your entitled attitude needs to be stomped out right now. That’s not how we’re representing ourselves. Do you understand me? *It’s not* .”

He swallowed hard. “Yeah, I get it.”

“We’re not through here, Ryan. When I said every night for a month, I wasn’t kidding. And if I decide you need it longer, you prepare yourself to spend as much time over my knee as I decide it’s going to take to set you straight. Do you understand me, young man?”

His mouth got dry and his nipples got hard, and he could hardly keep the sentence straight in his head, there was so much to love and hate about it. “Mike...”

“Do you understand me?” Mike asked again, ignoring him.

“Every night?”

“Every night. Before bed.” Mike’s breath skated across his lips, they were that close.

“And then what?”

“And then I pull down the sheets, crawl in next to you, and let you cry your bratty little eyes out in my arms.”

“I don’t understand what you’re saying. How can you—”

“I can’t be without you anymore, Ryan. I tried. But when I thought you were in trouble... It’s still there. It never went anywhere. I still need you. And you obviously need me.”

“You think I’m just gonna say yes to this?” Ryan asked him, pressing even closer, rubbing his thick cock against Mike’s jeans, angry and humiliated and horny. He could pretend all he wanted to be shocked and offended, but yes was a hundred miles back. He’d agreed to this before he’d ever gotten out of the pool, without realizing it was even on the table.

“I think you don’t have a say. And I think you know how much you need this, Ryan.” Mike lifted a hand to his face, stroking his fingers down his cheek. “How much you deserve to be punished. How much you need to be taken care of.”

The desperate whine escaped his lips just as Mike bent toward him, kissing him softly and swallowing his pathetic whimper whole. The kiss wasn’t soft for long. Soon it was more tongue and teeth than lips, and hands started to roam and grab and search, feeling natural and new at the same time. When Mike grabbed his ass tight, Ryan hissed and groaned, and Mike laughed softly in his ear.

“Sorry,” Mike said quietly, not sounding sorry at all, as he squeezed again.

“No, you’re not.”

“No. I’m not. I enjoyed that way too much to be sorry.”

“You’re a fucking sadist, Phelps.”

“Yeah? So what does that make you then?” Mike asked him, sliding a hand down his body and wrapping his fingers tight around his cock, ripping a strangled noise from him. “This did not come from kissing. Don’t you dare try to tell me you’re not into this.”

“I didn’t know I was. I never thought about it.”

“You thinking about it now?”

Mike’s hand kept jerking him, hard and slow, feeling too tight and just right as he stifled the need to thrust up into his fist and instead just took what Mike gave him. It felt almost like pain, almost like humiliation, but the intense overwhelming pleasure wiped both of those out nearly completely. Control. He was letting Mike control him and he liked it.

“Asked you a question, Ryan.”

He nodded, not quite remembering the question, but knowing the answer to anything right now was yes, please, more.

“Like having your bottom spanked, Ryan? Like a naughty little spoiled brat?”

“Jesus.” He swore his cock swelled up just hearing those words. His stomach felt tight and fluttery and all of him felt lost. This was inside him the whole time? All this time? How was that possible? “Fuck, Mike.”

“Answer me, Lochte. Or are we going to have to repeat this already?”

“Yeah. I like it. I don’t like you bossing me around, but I like you... bossing me around. I don’t know. I like you... treating me like that, I guess. Like I’m...”

“Like you’re what?”

He swallowed, sorting through words, putting some in the not quite right pile, some in the too embarrassing pile, reserving the right to pull them back out if he worked up the nerve. “Like I’m bad,” he finally said.

Mike squeezed his ass gently as he stroked his dick harder, and Ryan felt his orgasm start to stutter its way up his thighs and down his stomach.

“And what happens to bad boys? How do they deserved to be punished?”

Christ, Mike truly was into this shit, he realized. No doubt in the world he’d fucking meant every painful stinging slap as a goddamn punishment, but now, stretched out by the pool, this

was the voice he remembered, the touch he remembered, and this was Phelps saying some very surprising shit. And fuck, was it hot.

“Spanked,” he whispered, finally letting himself thrust up into Mike’s fist, the smooth glide of fingers around his cock finally pushing him over the edge as he spilled over Mike’s hand in hot, heavy pulses. “Bad boys should be spanked.”

It was hard to catch his breath, hard to lock his vision into place, hard to do anything but make strange, whimpering noises as Mike stripped off his stupid Rio shirt and used it to wipe down his stomach and the space between them. He was burning, from the tips of his ears to the bottom of his feet, hot and ashamed and confused. He felt worse than he had since the night everything had happened, and better. Phelps always did have that effect on him. Splitting him in two, making him unsure of which end was up, unless he told him.

“I’m holding you to that,” Mike told him, swiping the shirt down Ryan’s stomach one more time, and then dropping it onto the ground. “You know what happens when you’re bad. So no fighting when I give it to you.”

Ryan shivered, not even a little interested in arguing, but feeling like he should anyway. After all, what kind of person agreed to that? What kind of person would let Phelps show up after all this time and just *agree* when he threatened something like that? *Promised* something like that? He shook his head, trying to clear it of whatever hold Mike had on him, shake off the strength and the heat and all the things he still wanted but shouldn’t. All the things he deserved but couldn’t have. And all the things he deserved and might *want* . Might *need* .

“I still don’t even understand what you mean,” he said, clearing his throat that was still thick with anger and humiliation. “You can’t just... you don’t belong in my bed anymore. You can’t just show up and think I’m going to let you... do that. You can’t just—”

Mike stuck two fingers under his chin, lifted his gaze so he had no choice but to look at him while he answered. No choice but to stare into the wide eyes that were still so angry, swimming with all kinds of other feelings. Swirling, and overwhelmed and explosive, just like he always had been. When Mike leaned in and kissed him, it wasn’t expected, but it was so right, so warm, that Ryan thought he might give anything just to feel it again. Might agree and obey, and let Phelps handle him however he wanted to, however he thought was best.

“I can,” Mike told him flatly. No argument, no emotion. “You’re mine, Lochte, and you’ve always been mine. Now, let’s see if you can finally learn to follow directions. Get your ass up and into the bedroom. You have a lot to make up for. I haven’t even started with you, yet.”



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