My Bedsheets Smell Like You

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My Bedsheets Smell Like You

by spyrodragon

Summary

Everyone has desires and Xi's happens to be Jinghua.

This is a multi-chapter smut fic with character development, plot, and very meaningful sex for these two. Subscribe for chapter updates!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Hands roaming in the dark,

Soft whispers and even louder moans,

Gentle caresses and even rougher friction

Between two spiritually powerful people bonding in the most physical way,

With the pull of Jinghua’s hands on Xi’s back and the push of Xi’s rolling hips as he drives them further and further into complete carnal bliss.

“Hnnnnn…. Ahhh…..ahhhhh….. Xi…..oh god, OH GOD YES, ahhh, ahhh, ohhhhhhh!”

“Jinghua, OHHHH, hnnnnnn… ahhhhhhhh…-huaaaOHHH! You-ahhhhh… feel iiiincredible, AHHHH!”
The light thrust of his hips against the warm body cuddling him is enough to drag Xi from the heat of his dream that leaves him feeling feverishly flushed while he sighs contently and scoots even closer to Jinghua, relaxing in his embrace. Mind not fully awake, he thinks to himself, ‘Jinghua is warm. He always fills me with peace. He feels so nice. He-’ suddenly, he goes rigid. The dream he had comes back to him in full force and upon remembering how he woke up from it he says a little louder than intended,

“Oh fuck.”

“You certainly seemed to enjoy yourself,” a soft voice says in reply and right away Xi’s eyes snap open, revealing to him the clearest silver grey eyes that always made him feel a hold over his heart every time he looked into them.

‘Oh god he’s AWAKE!’ snapping his eyes shut again in fear. Taking his hand back, he buries the side of his face deep in the pillow out of sheer embarrassment. ‘Damnit, there isn’t any way I am getting out of this… not even to go to the bathroom…’ He was Mortified with a capital M and there was no way Jinghua would let him get out of this. ‘I was just grinding on Jinghua…while he was asleep! I didn’t mean to Jinghua, I’m so sorry.’

Jinghua watches him as he hides his face and smiles, thinking to himself how cute Xi looks when he gets embarrassed. Turning from his side to his back, he situates his left arm under his head and staring at the ceiling giving Xi a little space while he waits patiently.

“.Erm soy, -hua.”

Jinghua turns his head toward Xi and asks, “What was that?”

Lifting his face out of the pillow, Xi says in a much clearer tone, “I- I’m sorry Jinghua. Really sorry. I didn’t mean to… You were asleep and no wait, that’s not what I meant to say! Um…” Mid-sentence he feels a gentle hand in his hair caressing him, relaxing him. Opening one eye to peak at Jinghua, he feels his cheeks burn again as he fights a dry mouth before continuing. Looking fully at Jinghua and fighting the urge to look away he continues, “I- I was dreaming… and I didn’t know, didn’t realize what I was doing to you while you were asleep and I just feel so embarrassed IamsosorryJinghua!”

“I’m not.”

‘Did I just hear that right?’ Xi wonders, completely thrown by Jinghua’s answer. “Huh?”

“I’m not sorry, and neither should you be.”

“What!” Xi says incredulously.

Turning over on his side again with his head supported by his hand he faces Xi, looking understandably at him and says, “Well, you’ve said before that we’re both guys and that it... doesn’t matter so I get it. I get it,” he looks down at the sheets for a moment. “We all have needs and desires and you are no exception Mr. Most Powerful Yangmingsi in the World.” Chuckling, he ruffles Xi’s hair playfully and then brushes his own long hair back behind his shoulder, changing the topic back to Xi. “Really good dream though eh?”

And Xi stares at Jinghua completely dumbfounded. He opens his mouth and closes it, only to open it
again without any sound coming out. ‘That…That is completely not what I expected him to say! He even changed the subject too but I never, EVER meant that it didn’t matter, that he didn’t matter…’ Looking down he sighs before speaking, choosing his next words carefully.

“Jinghua, when I said that it doesn’t matter I meant that it doesn’t matter how we are both men. I don’t hold you to the same boundaries as I do others in the household, like Siming, because I- who else do I allow to know me on a deeper, more emotional level but you?”

“Uh, Zhangxuan?”

‘Oh my god,’ “NO Jinghua,” he exasperatedly says while grabbing a pillow and lightly smacking Jinghua with it. ‘My goodness you are daft sometimes…’ “You! It’s you Jinghua! Only you and no one else.”

Defending himself from the pillow smack, Jinghua says defensively, “Well how was I supposed to know what you meant Duanmu Xi? You don’t get close to anyone and when you do let me in, sometimes you’re hard to read leaving me with no clue as to how you feel!” He rubs his eyes. They’re starting to burn for some reason.

Xi gasps. ‘Even with the lingering glances, the light touches on his back, the longer than necessary transfers of power and soft looks only for him he still can’t tell? Am I the daft one here instead?’ The air in the room feels charged with an impending current of frustration and tension from Jinghua and Xi does his best to diffuse it with what he says next,

“Oh Jinghua,” he says breathlessly. “I do close myself from people, yes you are right about that, and you are also right about me being hard to read but, I have never wanted to let anyone get close to me like I have you.” He takes a deep breath. “I have also never felt the way about Zhangxuan like I do you Yang Jinghua; I want you to get to know me and I want to get to know you too, but not as high priest and spirit shadow. Rather, as Duanmu Xi and Yang Jinghua.”
First Night: Learning You

Jinghua feels the warm palm of Xi’s hand on his cheek soothingly stroking his thumb across his cheek and now it’s his turn to feel flushed. He opens slightly watery eyes and leans into the touch, letting out a sigh of relief.

“I didn’t know you really felt that way about me. Heh, oh my goodness,” He sniffs and sniffs again, feeling the trickle of tears enroute to douse the burning in his eyes as the weight of Xi’s words sink in, leaving him giddy. Before Xi can wipe away his tears, Jinghua pinches the bridge of his nose to stop them yet they spill anyways. “Gosh Xi, you certainly know how to make a grown man cry, haha. Ah, I can’t stop crying!”

“You don’t have to, love.” Xi says as he scoots even closer to Jinghua again, embracing him with his left arm under his neck holding onto his shoulder while his right arm rubs comforting circles across his back.

They lay there together while Jinghua gets himself together. After wiping his eyes, he breaks the embrace to nuzzle Xi’s forehead feeling a strong urge to kiss him but he waits because Xi needs to know that his feelings are not one sided. Seeming to read his mind, Xi leans in to chase his lips but Jinghua tilts back, not letting Xi get what he wants as he lays a finger against Xi’s lips so he can speak, noting how adorable Xi looks when he pouts.

In a voice barely above a whisper but with a deep timbre, “The way you feel about me isn’t one sided Duanmu. I have felt the same way about you for the longest time now only, I wasn’t ever sure how you felt so I pushed them aside, but,” he replaces his finger with his thumb, slowly feeling the firm tenderness of Xi’s bottom lip while holding Xi’s cheek, keeping his eyes there. “Now that I know,” trailing off, he looks up from those lips he so badly wants to feel against his own into Xi’s eyes and what he sees there takes his breath away. Because in the dark of night enveloping their room with both pairs of eyes full blown to accommodate for low light, he can clearly see himself reflected in Xi’s eyes and even more incredible still is the feeling of time stopping as both men gaze longingly into each other’s souls through the eyes of their physical bodies.

They both blink and Jinghua’s breath hitches.

‘This boy…’

Leaning in closer to each other without breaking eye contact until the moment their lips touch, they kiss slowly, neither fighting for dominance as they kiss just for the sake of kissing, enjoying the feel of each other’s wet, untrained lips. It is the first time they truly kiss each other without needing to transfer power and ‘by god it’s incredible. Why did we… not do this before,’ Jinghua thinks as he tastes the faint tingly minty aftertaste of the toothpaste Xi used hours before.

Eyes still closed, Xi feels the hand on his cheek move to the back of his neck and is pliant to Jinghua’s gentle tug that pulls him closer to deepen the kiss. Feeling brave, he licks Jinghua’s upper lip and receives quite the response from him with a gasp, so he takes this opportunity to see what other sounds he can get out of Jinghua by gliding his tongue along his upper gum as far back as he can. Jinghua moans long and softly into Xi’s mouth and he thinks to himself, ‘I must be doing something right’.

Before he can do anything else, Jinghua takes initiative and curls his tongue around Xi’s, tasting him, feeling him, and when he lightly runs his tongue back behind Xi’s front teeth and over the sensitive ridges of the roof of his mouth, Xi moans deeply, giggling from the ticklish feeling. He can feel
Jinghua smiling through their kiss. Holding on tight, they break away for a moment to look at each other, trying to reclaim breath stolen by the other. ‘Were we breathing this hard before?’ Xi asks himself as he gazes into gentle half-lidded eyes, panting softly.

Gently taking Jinghua’s bangs into his fingers, he brushes them away from his forehead only to watch them fall back down again. Gingerly he tucks the side bang behind Jinghua’s ear and traces the rim of his ear, earning him a barely audible moan that sounded more like a content sigh.

Meanwhile, Jinghua’s hand is in Xi’s hair the whole time, playing with tufts of it and admiring how soft his love’s hair is, how illuminating it looks even in the dead of night, ‘almost like the moon, but warmer and lovelier.’

Xi uses the tips of his fingers to feel the space behind Jinghua’s ear lobe where it meets his jaw and follows the trail with his eyes. He knows he’s just imagining it but the tips of his fingers feel charged with electricity as he draws a path on his beloved’s skin, but, maybe they are because when he feels the back of Jinghua’s jaw, the other man squirms in his hold and shivers.

‘Oh?’ he wonders delightfully to himself as he continues tantalizingly slow down his neck.

“Mmmmmhhhhhhhaaah,” Jinghua moans, pressing the side of his face into the pillow, squinting his eyes shut as his skin feels set ablaze by Xi’s fingertips.

So Xi continues down his neck, making him squirm even more against him until Jinghua tilts his neck back exposing his under jaw. Leaning over, Xi kisses that beautiful jaw line from Jinghua’s chin down his neck, causing him to stop squirming and breathe deeply, making the cutest noises as Xi finds one of many sensitive spots on his adult body. He doesn’t stop there however, because those sweet little noises Jinghua makes are burning through his carefully layered self-restraint and never has he wanted someone in his life as badly as he has been wanting Yang Jinghua.

In his 18 years of existence, he has never been this intimate with anyone before. There has never been an ‘old’ Yangmingsi, so why put forth the effort in forming relationships with people only for them to end (in sadness) when he dies? The only person he felt he ever needed was himself after his best friend’s death until he made Jinghua his spirit shadow a year later, a split second decision to save the soul of the only other person who mattered to him. Through him, he learned that it is okay to trust another to rely on, open up to them, and accept the feeling of being cared for; to feel. Now that he knows what it means to truly love someone, he doesn’t want to die. He does not want to die. ‘Damn it!’

Its that kind of thinking that must have given him away because soft hands on his cheeks are wiping away tears and asking him what is wrong while pulling him up into a comforting embrace as Jinghua sits against the headboard with him in his lap. However, all he can do is look up at Jinghua and think of everything they have gone through that has led up to this: to how much he truly loves Yang Jinghua.

While staring into impassioned eyes, he says softly, “Jinghua, I love you. You know that right?” He waits for a response but in that instant, Jinghua locks their lips together passionately and hotly, engulfing Xi in flames with a burn he hopes never to heal from.

For a second, he feels the fear he felt right before Jinghua kissed him in the temple, only afraid now that he may not be able to keep up with Jinghua’s pace but he doesn’t try, choosing instead to let himself be swept away into this primal hunger clawing at both of them.

Anchoring Xi to him with his right hand supporting the back of Xi’s head while he wraps his left arm tightly around Xi’s back, he is relentless on Xi’s mouth, letting his tongue work for him as his
lips become a seal so they can drink each other’s moans. Xi’s tongue is equally relentless in his own mouth, favoring the tips of his canines that make him feel vampiric even though he has never believed in them anyways. He also remembers reading that kissing feels like electric sparks going off that leave the lips tingling but it doesn’t feel that way to him. It never did, even during the first time that Xi kissed him to give his form more substance in the world ‘that I so awkwardly brushed off’. What it does feel like to him is real: real hot, real beautiful, real intense, and really passionate. His whole being feels on fire, ten times more incredible than the tingly lips he has read about. ‘Hell, we both feel pretty hot together’. His cheeks tingle and he feels a sparkly giddiness in his chest that he doesn’t remember feeling before. ‘Am I drunk?’ he wonders, but stops thinking when they press their chests against each other. Slowly his hand drops from Xi’s head to his back, feeling his shoulder blades and the powerful muscles behind them. About to lick his lips for a quick moment, the hand in his hair pulls his head back to look at him with molten eyes that send a direct shock to his system, making him painstakingly hard. A small, “unhhh,” escapes his lips.

When Xi tugs Jinghua’s head back to see how far gone he may be, nothing prepares him for how beautifully wrecked he looks with his glistening lips slightly swollen from their passionate kissing, his heavy breathing, and those seductively narrowed eyes, blown and hazy with desire both equally felt by two spiritually devoted souls.

“Beautiful,” he says aloud. Loosening his grip to comb through Jinghua’s raven black locks, he watches a small, delightful smile light up Jinghua’s face and then his own as he feels himself caressed from his sides down to his hips and back up again until they settle near his butt. Groaning contently, he leans his head on Jinghua’s shoulder while running his hands down a muscular chest, gently thumbing Jinghua’s hardened nipples. Jinghua lays his head on Xi’s shoulder, gasping and moaning lightly. Pressing his thumbs down, he slouches his back to place soft kisses on Jinghua’s collarbone like a prayer while his fingers rub tantalizing circles on and around those firm nipples. The rich, breathy moaning by his ear causes him to lick up Jinghua’s throat until he reaches the tip of his Adam’s Apple where he slows down to savor the feel of it under his tongue, moaning with him as he does so. Although he could go on worshiping Jinghua’s skin all night like this, he misses those sweet lips. Working his way up the underside of Jinghua’s chin and resting his hands on his chest, he kisses his love tenderly.

Holding each other the way they are, Xi can feel their hearts beating fast and in sync together. He also feels his bed pants tighten as blood rushes to his hardening member but he ignores it in favor of making Jinghua feel good. ‘Come to think of it, he’s pretty hard too but I’ll address that later,’ he thinks. As of right now, they both seem content in taking their time.
First Night: Sensitive (Spots)

Jinghua leans against the headboard while his hands hold on to Xi’s ‘incredible’ ass. Looking at him through half-lidded eyes, he sees the loving attention lavished upon his body and he feels so skin tingly and alive because of that man. All he wants to do is make him feel just as good. While Xi kisses him sweetly, he continues drawing a roadmap on Xi’s back, caressing every ridge of his slender ribs and the uniform dips of his spine. Pressing him closer, he traces Xi’s spine down to where his pants won’t let him reach any further despite the elastic waistband. He pulls away from Xi while hooking his finger underneath the waistband, asking Xi with his eyes if it is okay to go below. He feels his hand squeezed comfortingly as Xi nods, smiling, pulling the waistband of both his bed pants and boxers down in the back so that he may feel all of Xi’s wonderful ass, of which he does gratefully! He peppers Xi’s face with sweet little kisses all over his face.

“Hehehe, Jiiinghua, you’re so sweet,” Xi says adorably low as he holds himself in mock defense from the onslaught of kisses. Hearing those words make his heart swell with infinite love for this man as his cheeks and insides burn from their heat. His face alights with a huge smile like a love struck fool but it’s okay. Xi returns his smile just as love struck. Giving him one more loving kiss on his lips, he kisses his way softly to Xi’s left earlobe. ‘My own ear was sensitive to the touch so Xi’s should be too,’ he thinks to himself as he uses the tip of his nose to tickle the super fine hairs there. He gently puffs a breath in Xi’s ear and the man chuckles, shying his head away from Jinghua’s teasing.

“Hahaha heyyyyyyy, haheheha ha hey staaw-OHH! Ohhhhh, unnnhh god.” Xi’s giggles cut off when Jinghua experimentally licks his earlobe, taking it between his teeth but taking care not to bite his earring. Just that little bit makes Xi powerless to do anything else but melt in his hold and moan. ‘Fuck, it’s THAT sensitive!’ He stops his nibbling to whisper seductively in Xi’s ear, “Music to my ears.” Licking the backside of his lobe while his hand in Xi’s hair keeps the moaning man steady, he says this next part in a slow whisper, “so keep singing.”

“Ohhhhhh, hunnnnghhhhh. Ahhh, ahh!”

“Yes, that’s it love. Mmmhhhh,” he croons, squinting his eyes shut. This time he grazes his teeth and tongue over the top ridge of his ear to avoid staying in one spot for too long, meanwhile caressing all of Xi’s back quite lovingly. Sliding his hands further down, he grabs fistfuls of Xi’s shapely firm butt, kneading it as a baker would their dough to get it ready. Xi’s heavy breathing is hot against his neck with his moans reaching his soul (and his groin). Coming upon the dip of his tailbone, he feels the two indentations right above where it curves and presses into them.

Xi can barely grasp reality right now. He isn’t sure if he’s coming or going because knowing that ear was sensitive to the touch, holy shit. He can’t even think straight and his body feels increasingly hot, ‘but it feels sooooooo good.’ He wants to be even closer to Jinghua. Vaguely aware of roaming hands on his back and ass, when two fingers press into the sacral dimples above his tailbone, he rolls his hips into Jinghua’s in a knee-jerk reaction that shocks him back into reality as he feels his hardness come into contact with Jinghua’s through the fabric of their bed pants.

Suddenly everything feels intensified.

Remembering that he has arms that move, he holds on to Jinghua tighter, gasping together at the same time as they stop to look at each other in flushed surprise. Keeping his eyes on Jinghua, he rolls
his hips again, this time slower and harder onto Jinghua, eliciting deep, unified moans from both of them.

“Ohhhhhhh fuck! Xiii!”

“Mmmmmhhhhhhhh Jinghhaawuaa!”

Bringing his hands to cup Xi’s face, “Duanmu… Was that too much for you? Your ear?” he asks him, noticing Xi slurring his name a little. Both men are panting hard, trying to catch their breath with Xi breathing harder than Jinghua at this point. Jinghua feels Xi move his hands to his shoulders, gripping them as he works to regain his senses.

Nodding his head no, he holds up a shaky finger for Jinghua to give him a minute as he leans against Jinghua’s forehead, nuzzling him.

“Nooo, no. It felt…” he sucks in a deep breath, “amazing Jinghua. Really amazing.” He tilts his head, gazing starry eyed at his love, crooning to him sweetly. “Yoouuu are something else, heh heh.”

Blushing, he kisses Xi gently on his lips. “Only because of you dear.”

Xi begins kissing him again but Jinghua puts a caressing hand on Xi’s cheek to pull him away. Looking imploringly at him, “How… how far do you want to go tonight?” Jinghua asks.

Xi hums and looks away, smiling as he decides to rest his head on Jinghua’s shoulder. He feels completely safe with Jinghua. In a way he always has but right now he knows it’s a different kind of safe, a safeness felt when lovers are together allowing themselves to see the most intimate and reserved parts of the other that are kept for their individual selves. He doesn’t know how he can recognize this feeling when he’s never had a lover before in his life but somehow he feels it like a natural instinct with Jinghua. ‘Maybe, that’s just what it is; natural.” In fact, he feels so safe with him that he’d let Jinghua take him now if he could but it is late and he would like some sleep tonight at least. The other man rests his head on top of Xi’s, kissing his crown.

“I want you Jinghua, and I mean really want you but its already late so- tomorrow night. And we’ll even go to bed earlier. For tonight, let’s just... explore each other.” He gazes into Jinghua’s trusting eyes with all the trust and love he never thought he would feel for someone but feels only for him. He hears his beloved gasp in understanding of what this means for both of them and is not waiting for a response because the passionate, tender way in which Jinghua locks their lips is response enough, tasting the answer on his tongue.
First Night: Supportive Lovers

As they kiss fervently, he licks Jinghua’s lip, taking it between his to suck on gently, earning him a wonderful moan from his love while excitedly replaying in his head, ‘tomorrow night, tomorrow night, tomorrow night!’ When he lets it go with a tiny plop, he nuzzles him lovingly, saying, “We’re going to have sex tomorrow!”

“Heheh, I know! It’s a big step for us!” Jinghua animatedly tells him back, nuzzling his nose.

Oh, US; Well now there was something he certainly overlooked, didn’t he? Not that he isn’t happy about Jinghua referring to them as “us”; Yes, the contract between a Yangmingsi and their spirit shadow can mirror that of a husband/wife team in a way with the spirit shadow becoming the Yangmingsi’s other half, a person to share both good and bad times with, sharing pain and sadness, and strengthening the Yangmingsi in times of need just as they would strengthen their spirit shadow when they need strength. However, his all-knowing 18-year-old self seems to have naively taken for granted the true meaning of a spirit shadow by not considering them as that kind of team despite asking Jinghua that fall day if he knew the meaning of a spirit shadow. Not only that, but he does not have any idea as to what he and Jinghua should be doing or to even go about having sex as men together even though he knows it can be done. He has always had everything in his control but now, ‘I really don’t know anything. Retreat…’

“Xi! Xi? Xi?!”

Shaky hands cup Xi’s face as Jinghua frantically searches vacant silver eyes. ‘Damn it. He stops kissing when he thinks too much… I probably shouldn’t have overwhelmed him by saying that but—wait, what the hell? As his spirit shadow, it has always been US. Maybe that isn’t the true issue here...’

As he gazes into Xi’s eyes hoping for his love to come back, he begins to notice a reddish-yellow glow reflecting off the man’s face and chest emanating from the mark on his hand. Wasting no time, he entwines their fingers together to follow him into his soul mirror.

“Ack! So bright!”

After having adjusted to the darkness of their room, the light from Xi’s soul blinds him when he lands. Throwing up his arm to shield his eyes while he readjusts, he takes in the feelings of Xi’s soul through his senses. It feels like he never left their bed but tiny blades of plush grass that tickle his palm and his backside tell him he is not on a mattress, even though it feels just as soft. A warm gentle breeze caresses his skin welcoming him here while the light rustle of leaves urge him to finally open his eyes.

Slowly uncovering his face, he sits up on his left hand with his legs apart as he views the beauty of Xi’s gentle soul. Immediately, he notices how naked he is and closes his legs in a moment of self-consciousness but upon realizing that he and Xi are the only ones in Xi’s mirror, he calms down. Looking around, he finds Xi not too far from him and just as naked. However, his long milky hair hangs around him like a protective shield covering his backside while he cowers, holding himself with his shoulders high and head bent low.

Getting up off the ground, he calmly walks toward Xi with his hair trailing effortlessly behind him as
if underwater; mechanics and physics of the real world do not apply to soul mirrors. He notices his love cower even more as he hears him approach so he stops a good arm’s length behind him to give him space. He reaches his left hand out to gently hold Xi’s shoulder but the boy shies away from his touch. Taking a deep breath, he is about to step closer when he hears a frail voice speak softly,

“I don’t know anything Jinghua… I don’t.. know anything.”

Tilting his head to the side, he responds just as gently, “Do you think I know what to do either?”

“No Jinghua, I don’t— know— anything.”

In his adult form, he stands at least five inches taller than Xi, in his mirror. Without making him feel as if he is towering over him, he leaves a foot of space in-between as he supportively places his hands on both sides of Xi’s shoulders. “I do not understand.”

Looking at Jinghua’s hand from the corner of his eye, Xi lets out a small sigh. “I thought… I knew what it meant… to have a spirit shadow.” Jinghua starts rubbing his thumbs soothingly over his shoulders while he continues, “You can be told what something is and understand it for what it is but when you actually have it, the experience changes the meaning.

‘Somehow I don’t think he means the sex we are going to have tomorrow,’ Jinghua thinks to himself.

“The contract made between a Yangmingsi and their shadow doesn’t determine the bond they have; *they* do, and it’s different every time. I did hope for us to grow closer in the beginning and we have, I’m glad for that. Now we have become a lot closer and intimately so, but when you said “us”, not that I’m unhappy you did but… it just made me realize that I- I don’t know anything about being with someone…”

Halting his thumbs, Jinghua looks up to the beautiful sky for a second before he starts to massage the tension and fear out of Xi’s shoulders. “Hmmm. Sounds like you weren’t expecting us to get this far.”

“No. No I wasn’t. I never expected anything from the beginning,” his love admits to him. Slowly, he begins to drop his shoulders as Jinghua uses the flat of his right palm down his left shoulder and away from his neck to ease a tight knot out. Repeating the same action on Xi’s other shoulder with his other hand, he thinks of how he hasn’t felt knots this tough since the last massage he gave to his neighbor when he was alive right before he died. He mentally notes, ‘*remember to massage him more.*’

“But you are happy that we are?”

Turning around wide-eyed, loose strands follow Xi in a perfect corkscrew around him while the majority of his hair wraps around him to keep his most private parts covered as he exclaims, “Oh yes Jinghua!” Reaching up, he places his hands near Jinghua’s shoulders. “In fact, I’ve never felt happier,” he says wistfully, lowering his head as he thinks to himself.

Curling his finger under Xi’s chin, he gently lifts his face up to look at him. The beautiful silver eyes staring back into his conjure a vision of a young boy with similar eyes and black hair so suddenly in his mind that he has to close his eyes while it passes, hoping that Xi sees him as gathering his thoughts. A few seconds pass and he opens his eyes again, gazing into Xi with confidence and love.

“You may be the world’s most powerful Yangmingsi but you are also 18, you know? No one expects an 18 year old to know *everything* there is to life and love and being with someone. Hell, I’m 23 *and I don’t know* everything; I know the books I read do gloss over the darker moments but that’s
beside the point. The point I am trying to make is that I certainly do not expect you to know anything. Isn’t that what the contract is for? Growing together while being each other’s strengths?” Leaning down to bring their foreheads together he continues, “We don’t need to know everything as long as we can learn together.”

He sees Xi’s eyes light up and mouth agape as he thinks about Jinghua’s words, “I… yea, you’re right. I never thought of it that way.”

“And that’s okay love,” he says, wrapping his arms around Xi’s shoulders, feeling two slender but strong arms wrap around his waist and they hold each other, taking in the other’s comfort and support with nothing between them but skin. The warm breeze rustles kindly through the tree leaves scattering them playfully around but never on them. It feels like a golden afternoon.

“Jinghua?”

“Yes?”

“Is it… really okay to not know?” Xi asks uncertainly. Wrapping his arms tighter around Xi’s body, he nuzzles the side of his face before happily answering, “Of course it is. That’s the fun in getting to know someone!”

Jinghua didn’t think a smile could cover an entire face but in this moment, all he sees is a smile brighter than the sun light up Xi’s face as he finally breaks through to the man he loves right in front of him and by God, it is truly beautiful. He knows many things can make him cry but this time that he tears up is completely new to him. Gentle fingers reach up to wipe them away from his eyes.

“Hey, there’s no crying in my mirror now,” he hears him say with a smiling musical lightness.

Sniffling, he tells Xi, “You have such a beautiful soul though.”

He feels more than sees the blush on Xi’s face as the boy hides his face in Jinghua’s chest, smiling, which he can also feel. His happy tears stopped moments ago but he holds Xi close to him with tender loving care, resting his head on top of Xi’s. Glancing to the side, he sees tendrils of their hair begin to curl together like yin that cannot live without its yang counterpart. He loves this man so much that he would die a thousand times over just to be this man’s spirit shadow, knowing every time would lead to them becoming this close.

They stand holding each other for quite some time before they both kneel to the ground, sitting together in almost the same position they left the real world in. Tilting his head, he brushes his palm through Xi’s bangs, gazing dreamily at him. ‘Fuuuuck, I am really in love with him.’

Gazing just as lost at him, Xi reaches up to hold Jinghua’s hand in his, nuzzling it lovingly. “I think I’m ready for us to head back love,” he says after a while longer, smiling. Nodding, he sees Xi raise his left hand to brush through his bangs in the same manner. Holding his hand just like he did to follow him here, a split second later their souls rejoin their physical bodies,

In the dark…

Forgetting it is still night when they leave his mirror, Xi is temporarily blinded as his vision turns a noisy gray, grunting in displeasure as he closes his eyes. When he reopens them, he sees the most handsome man he has ever laid eyes on in his entire life. Jinghua’s supportive words give him ease and fill him with love as he remembers them, feeling his heart race as he considers the man in front of him the only person he wants to be with. ‘Wow, I am incredibly in love with this man. Shit,’ he thinks warmly to himself as he giggles in Jinghua’s embrace.
His body molds to the other man as Jinghua lowers him onto his back with his left arm underneath to support and keep him from laying completely on the mattress as Jinghua kneels over him. The spirit binding rings leave a cold, tingly trail as Jinghua slowly rubs his outstretched palm over Xi’s mid-section up to his chest, following his hand with his eyes. It is reverent, the way in which Jinghua admires and feels his body. When their eyes meet for a long second, the breath in his lungs stills only to be let out in a soft moan as he watches Jinghua lick his lips and lean down to kiss his navel with his hair falling all around them like a silk blanket. When Jinghua lifts his head to look at him, he sees how tented his pants are before Jinghua fully lays him on his back, settling on top of him.

“Hey Jing—huaaaaah,” he moans when he feels most of the man’s weight settle on his hips, feeling their hard members press against each other as teeth grazing his neck try to stop him from thinking and talking (sensible words at least). His right arm wraps around his love’s waist as he rubs a wonderfully curved butt with his other.

“Hnnnnng, ahhh. Jing— Jinghua… Mmmmphhh!”

A dangerously husky voice asks him, “Yessss love?” while said voice continues to maintain loving attention on his neck with his mouth, holding him closer.

“I—pants… Pants off— mmmmhhhh, NOWplease,’ Xi tells him, the last part coming out as one word in desperation of his desire. In that instant, he feels pain where Jinghua’s teeth bite into his neck that is ironically quite pleasurable, but not as pleasurable as the shock he gets when his hips thrust upward into Jinghua’s the same time as Jinghua grinds down hard on his. He damn near shouts.

Light sucking on Xi’s neck turns into a full on love bite when he hears the breathless desperation in his voice pleading for their pants to come off. ‘Oops, heheh.’ It might have been painful and will definitely leave a mark on that pretty little neck tomorrow, but because he knows that he is the only one Xi will ever allow to reduce him to a moaning puddle of man, he feels the strongest urge to mark that porcelain skin all over to show the world that while Xi may be it’s priest, he is undeniably and irrevocably HIS; his priest, his temple, his motivation, his life, his obsession, and, his other half. This compulsive possessiveness drives his hips hard down into Xi’s the moment that Xi thrusts up into his. Hearing Xi become quite vocal, he wants to tease him for it but the words die on his lips when Xi pulls his face up to his seeking his mouth just as greedily as his own thoughts.

Together they seek friction with their hips again, not quite finding a rhythm as they grind for this newfound pleasure. Amidst their moaning and kissing that is slowly starting to stop as they feel and listen to each other, Jinghua flickers his eyes to see Xi’s eyes scrunched in bliss, pausing his grinding to take in the beautifully undone face of the man underneath him. He only gets to stare for a few seconds because Xi gropes his ass hard to keep him moving and he scrunches his own eyes close, groaning deeply into their kiss. Pushing his hips down even harder, they stop kissing completely, moaning loudly together into their room, feeling the each other’s heated strain.

Soaking in the other’s pleasure, Jinghua brings his arms under him to lift himself up while keeping his hips pressed against Xi. His undone priest brings his arms up around him on the sheets, grasping them as his mind and body reels with heavy breathing and gaspy panting that are music to Jinghua’s ears as he gazes down with his heart in his throat. Bringing his hand to Xi’s cheek, their eyes speak what their voices cannot in this moment and his love leans into his touch, entwining their fingers before bringing Jinghua’s palm to his lips, kissing it softly. When he reaches the pulse point on his wrist, Jinghua sees the sultry gazes in Xi’s eyes as they look at each other and Xi nips it, sending a chill down his spine that pushes his hips into him as punishment. Apologetically, Xi licks it; however, Jinghua knows full well that the man is not sorry whatsoever.

Lifting himself up on his knees, his hands slide down Xi’s chest to the waistband of Xi’s pants that
he hooks his fingers under. With Xi lifting his hips and knees up, he tugs the pants off fully, folding them neatly and places them on the ground with one hand while the other massages Xi’s knee. Smiling at Xi, he makes his way over with his heart racing faster and faster until he kneels over Xi’s lower legs and gently grips his thighs, thumbing them back and forth in anticipation while staring at the hot bulge in Xi’s boxers that has eagerly been awaiting his attention all night. His thumbs falter in their movement and he prays to the above that Xi can’t sense the slight nervous tremor in his hands while he stares unmoving.

‘Why can’t I move? Why am I so nervous all of a sudden? It’s not like I haven’t seen it before (on accident), but why can’t I move?’

A rustle in the sheets catch his attention and he snaps his head up to find Xi sitting up on his right hand while the other snakes around his neck bringing their foreheads together. Letting out a shuddering breath, he gazes into warm eyes filled with patience when he hears the rich voice from the love of his life tell him,

“Remember Jinghua, I am your priest and no one can stop us.”

Xi doesn’t even get a chance to prepare for the ravenous attack on his mouth a second later.

Jinghua hears him squeak in surprise as the hand around his neck disappears so Xi can hold himself up lest he fall on his back in which Jinghua would never let him get up from if he did right now. Never in his second life did he think hearing the words he once told Xi in the temple said back to him could break him out of his nerves and turn him on oh so hotly but it was just what he needed to hear because now he can move his hands again.

Moving them up his love’s leg to where he can feel the jut of Xi’s hip under his thumb, he slides his left hand down over that swollen bulge feeling him harden even more under his palming. As Xi moans breathily into his mouth, now he really wants to see Xi’s Little Priest.
First Night: Moan For Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kissing like they’ll suffocate without the other, Jinghua senses that Xi might be unable to hold himself up any longer and wraps his right arm around the man’s back as two nimble but strong arms slip around his shoulders. He stops palming Xi’s cock to cup it instead, pressing two fingers gently into the tip making Xi whimper loudly into his mouth. Eager to keep drawing more tantalizing noises from him, his hand decides it wants to feel more instead by sliding underneath the waistband and over the velvet soft hair of Xi’s wet, pulsing, twitching member pushing up into his hand like he starved for his touch.

As Jinghua dips his fingers in his boxers, Xi knew exactly where they headed, whining his want at the gentle touch of his love’s supple hand over his hard, needy self. He did not know it would make him react so ravished that ‘good god I am so… “Ahhh, ahhhhh!” …so desperate for… “Nnnnnhhhh,” —for him. Yessssss, ‘Jinghua… OH, yes I—”

Nuzzling the outer shell of Xi’s ear, “Shh shh shhh love; stop talking,” Jinghua whispers as he kisses him, “and just… feel. Just feel, and moan for me babe,” kissing his way slowly down his love’s beautiful neck to distract Xi from thinking about pleasure which will ultimately lead him to talk about it. ‘While it’s good for him to talk, it’s just not what I want to hear out of his pretty little mouth right now,’ he tells himself as he gives a little nip to Xi’s collarbone. Kissing the spot at the base of his throat, he soaks in the resonance of his lover’s moaning and whispers against his warm skin, “I will take care of you tonight.”

With the waistband snug around his wrist, he stops his fondling to tug the boxers down with his free hand while Xi gathers his legs underneath him, kneeling upright with Jinghua while never letting go of him. Boxers falling to Xi’s knees, he trails his free hand down and up his love’s thigh before stopping on the slight curve of his hip so he can lavish sweet pecks all over the man’s neck. Keeping his left hand around Xi’s member, a light peppery musky scent wafts into his senses as he places one last loving mark on that sweet neck. Glancing down, he takes in the sight of the treasure in his hand and yes, a treasure, because to him every part of Xi is holy; the boy’s scent incense for his soul. Xi nuzzles his face into Jinghua’s shoulders, holding onto him dearly.

Thumb and index encircling Xi’s length, he feels thick veins run down the middle underneath the pad of his thumb and around his length towards the base, looking at the short space that Xi’s girth leaves between the tips of his fingers. Pressing his fingers closer together, he pumps Xi’s length upward watching the watery glint of precum that he cannot wait to taste spread over a beautifully rounded sensitive uncircumcised head.

“Xi,” he whispers. “You’re beautiful. I’ve never seen anything more perfect!”

A low, guttural moan by his ear sends a chill through his skin as lips blindly trail up his neck, giggling shyly.

“Heheh, just you wait Jinghuaaaah, hnnghhhhh!” Xi tries to say but loses focuses to Jinghua’s slow drawn out pumps that he meets in time with his hips. Jinghua feels himself twitch in his own boxers with each pump that brings Xi closer and closer to his body.

Leaning down, he tugs on the boxers for Xi to step out of. Instead of tossing them off the bed like he should, he gathers them into his free hand and gives in to his curious urge to sniff them for his scent.
Bringing them to his nose, his eyes roll back as the warm musk drives him euphoric. Inhaling deeply, he feels a tad lightheaded because he can’t remember smelling anything so unsweetly sweet in his life but it wraps his senses like a chiffon ribbon. For a moment, he feels bad that he never quite paid attention to Xi’s scent before but the undertones are familiar. It is fucking incredible now!

Watching Jinghua lose himself to his scent is heartwarming and hot in more ways than he thought possible, but when Jinghua flicks his eyes open with a lecherous fire he feels caught in the trap of his lover’s ravenous smile and his cock twitches with the intensity of his gaze. He gulps.

“That man’s going to eat me…!”

Tossing the boxers down on the bed away from them, Jinghua encroaches towards Xi effectively pushing the man on his back with just his gaze as he runs his hands across his waist and legs, spreading them apart for the perfect full frontal view of his love. Xi, leaning on his elbows, gasps when he feels the cool metal of the spirit binding rings against his balls as Jinghua fondles them, feeling their softness and dimpled skin as he massages them.

“Hnnnhhh… uhh, ooohhhhhhh…” He feels Jinghua’s bangs brush his skin as the man leans down to place a sweet kiss on each sac, sighing with content. It is almost too much for him, the way in which Jinghua loves him and his body, making him feel truly loved and whole that he feels an incredible amount of ticklish summersaults in his tummy.

Jinghua nuzzles the base of Xi’s length with his nose, the soft white hairs tickling him as he inhales his favorite scent with pleasure before switching hands, holding Xi’s length steady so he can kiss his way up to the head where he smears the watery precum with his thumb over, licking a dribble that falls on the side. His eyes flicker over to Xi who grips the sheets and gasps at the feeling of Jinghua’s wet tongue against the sensitive skin of his dick.

Wanting more of this interesting new drink, he gently pulls back the foreskin and delights in seeing Xi’s glistening head, flattening the tip of his tongue against the underside licking all up and over, tasting the slightly salty watery gel-like texture that leaves a thin tail when he curls his tongue to lap up the sides. Fuck, who would have known God tasted so good?

“Haahh, haahh, ahhhh!” Xi breathily moans, tilting his head back while he leans on his elbows, enjoying the rolling sensations from Jinghua’s tongue. Too tired from pleasurable feelings, he lays himself back down, draping his right arm across his torso while he runs a hand through his bangs feeling like the start of a hot mess.

“Duanmu Xi… you taste—,” Jinghua pauses, swirling his tongue all over Xi’s head, listening to the wonderful sounds he makes. “Ahh… hehhhh, ohhhohh… ahhhh- Hua,,” “—you taste amazing love,” he praises. Not to ignore the man’s lovely length, he wraps his hand around and pulls up, releasing pressure as he strokes downward and tightening with every stroke up as he continues to tongue his head, building pleasure within his lover as steady as his rhythm.

On the bed Xi squirms in his grasp, hugging his waist with his right arm while he covers his forehead with the back of hand, eyes squinting shut as he rolls his hips upwards in time with Jinghua’s administrations. Suddenly, a moist warmth engulf's his length and looks in time to see him take him into his mouth, lips sucking around his length as he feel Jinghua’s tongue flat against his underside making him feel a very hot heat.

“Ohhh, mmmhhhh... HAAHHHH, ohhhhh... ahhhhhh! So good... ohhhh!”

Unexpectedly, Jinghua slides his hand underneath and grabs a fistful of his lovely ass and he shouts, “OHHHHHHH GOD! Jinghua!!” hissing his name because he scared himself with his own shout.
People are sleeping in this house, unlike them. The hot tension within him builds as Jinghua throats him and it feels really, really great. He wants to keep climbing that ecstasy with Jinghua, ‘Jinghua. Jinghua… SHIT, I need… to stop him…’, “Mmmphhh! Jing-Jinghuaaaah…. Jinghua- AHH! S-stop, stawwp.”

So lost in Xi’s moaning and the pleasure he makes his lover feel, he does not hear Xi’s warning. Not when Xi’s hips thrusting lightly into his mouth make him increase the speed of his sucking as he listens to his body, wanting Xi to feel maximum pleasure.

‘He sounds so wonderful, I want him to keep singi- huh??’ he almost jumps when a strong hand grips his wrist, snapping him out of reverie when he looks up to find an incredibly flushed Xi, panting hard and staring at him coldly but looking more like he hates having to stop him.

‘He looks so cute.’

Slowly, he lifts his mouth off Xi’s wet cock with a tiny plop of his lips, gazing hotly and lidded into Xi’s eyes while panting lightly, asking him, “Is something… wrong love?”

Trying to catch his breath, Xi pauses in between words. “You…. I had to stop…… Too close, ughhh!” Xi rubs his face and runs his hands exasperatedly through his hair feeling like a very hot mess now. ‘It felt so good though but I want to feel it with him.’

Swinging his arms to the side he sits up, cupping Jinghua’s rosy cheeks with his right hand while he settles his left on the other man’s hip. Thumbing the waistband lightly as he presses his forehead against Jinghua, he tells him huskily, “These… need to come off, too. Not just mine love,” kissing his nose. If he was going to be pleasured, then so is Jinghua. Jinghua smiles affectionately at him, closing his eyes as he leans into the touch.

“Oh. Oh right, heheh.” Leaning in, he licks in between Xi’s lips before kissing him. “Sorry love. Too carried away in the sound of you.”

“Aweee Jinghua, I love you,” Xi breathes against his lips, taking Jinghua’s bottom lip between his teeth to suck on gently, Jinghua groaning contentedly as he tells him he loves him too. Hooking his finger underneath both waistbands Xi asks him, “May I?”, “Of course!” then pulls down his pants and boxers at the same time of which Jinghua promptly kneels out of and kicks off the bed while Xi stares. ‘Ohmygod…’

If Xi thought he was of good length himself, oh boy, Jinghua…. Jinghua’s is HUGE! It’s beautiful but long. ‘How am I going to take all of that?!’ In his fearful admiration of his lover’s cock, he hears Jinghua snort. “Hmm?”

“Well it’s just that…,” staring down at himself, Jinghua tilts his head to the side, “I’ve never seen it stand up this high before. What?”

Hand flying to his mouth, Xi tries to suppress his bubbling laughter overtaking him fast. “Pffft-hahahaha heheHAAAAHAHAHAH, AHHH NEHEHHAHAHA!!! OH MY GOSH JINGHUA REALLY? Really love? Hahahaha oh my gosh!”

Cheeks on fire, Jinghua turns away smiling embarrassedly because yea, it’s true. He had a first love
(unrequited) but other than that, nothing. So what if no one has ever made him so hot and hard before except for the one currently laughing at his remark. He should feel honored!

“I meahehehean, HAHAhahahaha, haa- oof!” Jinghua cuts Xi’s laughing fit short when he pounces on top of the other man with serious amusement sparkling in his eyes.

“Whaaaat, is so funny to you, Duanmu Xi?” he huskily whispers to him, bringing their now naked bodies together, feeling Xi’s member hard against his inner thigh.

Wiping the tears from his eyes as he heaves from laughter, “Mmmmph! Aahhhaha, oh nothing, nothing love heheh. Ahhh,” he giggles, wrapping his arms around his silly love in a tight hug. Slippery precum from Jinghua’s hardness leaks onto his abs, slightly sticking between them as it cools. The other man caresses his sides up and down with his fingertips before sliding his left hand underneath Xi’s shoulders while his right hand cradles the back of Xi’s head bringing his giddy handsome face closer, gazing at each other like they are the only ones left in this world. A sense of inner calmness takes hold over both and Xighosts his fingers along Jinghua’s jaw up into his bangs, threading them through ravenesque locks bringing his hair over his shoulders and spreading it around them like a curtain to close them off from the outside world. Wrapping his leg around Jinghua’s, he traces the hills of his shoulder blades down the dipping stream of his back to the firm mounds of his ass with the dancing tips of his fingers. Too caught up in each other, they do not notice their faint tendrils of intertwining energy softly illuminate their room.

Eye locked and in love, Jinghua leans in closer, his steamy puffs of breath hotly mixing with the love of his life underneath him and unable to tell whose heartbeat is each other’s. Lifting his hips up, he feels Xi’s hardened member lay against his own between them and lays back down now incredibly acutely aware of just how naked they are together no longer bound by clothes. It is too real a moment for him to be a spirit; this boy underneath him makes him feel truly alive.

The warmth of their skin together and the weight of Jinghua’s body on top of Xi’s send that awareness traveling like a positive current between them. As he gazes up at Jinghua with mirrored need, chills not caused by the cold start racking his body and causing his breathless gasps turning into deep moans as Jinghua rocks against the incredibly beautiful man underneath him. The sight of his short white hair spiked against the sheets and the way his eyes squint as he smiles with his moans rising in pitch pushes his hips harder against Xi’s and he revels in the smile he wipes off that face, replaced with a gaping, moaning mouth that he mutes with his own as he passionately mashes their lips together, kissing that man as if he was his air. Something steady and hot builds within him and he chases that feeling with Xi as their hips rise and fall with a constant friction between their hardening members and he holds Xi even closer to him as the man arches his back off the bed in pleasure.

“Mmmmmmhh… ahHAAA…, uunnmh… Ahh Jinghua… UHHH, uhhhhhh, HEHHH!”

“HAAHHHH, ooohh… ohhh! Nnngh AHHH, mmrrrmnmhhhhh! Yes babe!”

Their building pleasure too much to drink, they break apart for air although their heavy breathing is too much to catch. Xi’s fingers dig into Jinghua’s back in a painfully delightful way.

“UNHHHHHHH, I’m… I’m close, haahhhh, ahhhhhh!”

“Me… me too…. OHHHH GOD, OHH GOD, AHHH!!”
The moment Jinghua gives a very hard push and stills, Xi opens his eyes to Jinghua’s face scrunched in total bliss as he moans loudly, feeling a hot liquid spill onto his abdomen as his lover slowly starts to grind again, chasing the last of his orgasm when Xi feels his own tension snap, feeling a white hot energy prickle through his body after he thrusts his hips HARD against his lover, the breath leaving his lungs in a very pleasant way as he cums with Jinghua a minute later.

The prickly sensation shocks throughout his toes as he stretches his legs, listening to their heavy breathing as he reels in the electric feeling as the last wave rolls softly through his body. With the moment and feeling they experience too incredible for words, they switch to their telepathy while they brush sweaty bangs out of each other’s eyes and lovingly caress their intensely flushed smiling faces.

“My god…. Jinghua you… THAT was INCREDIBLE!”

“No my love,” Jinghua presses his forehead to him and kisses his nose. “YOU, you are incredible!” Xi closes his eyes and smiles, feeling a hand rub their slowly cooling essences together in between their abs. When he opens them, he finds two fingers held up in front of him and a madly blushing lover.

“Hehe, taste?” Jinghua asks him.

‘Mmmh, arousing.’

“Yes you are, My Priest,” his lover tells him with a shy and innocent smile. Something about the way he calls him that is incredibly endearing. He does not think he’ll ever tire of hearing it. Cupping Jinghua’s hand with his, he opens his mouth and slides his tongue in-between them, lightly sucking them as he glides his tongue above and below making sure to lap every drop. A torrent of warm feelings invade his mind as Jinghua grunts and looks away, taking his fingers with him.

“W-what do we taste like?” he asks quite flustered.

Chuckling, he cups the man’s burning cheeks turning his attention to him, smiling softly as he thinks before answering,

“We taste… of love.”

Chapter End Notes

The chapter you've been waiting for (and now they can get some sleep now lol). Originally, this was going to be a one shot and end here but I had so much fun in writing the different parts that halfway through the first night of this fic I decided I wanted Xi and Jinghua to explore their sexuality together after finding out they've been pining for each other for a long time. I'm not sure how many "days" this fic will go on for but now we're going to get some plot with advice from Master Ling and even more steamy sensuality from these two.
I am going to take a small break though to work on some other LQ fics but in the meantime I'm drafting the next morning and planning the day for these darlings. Look forward to it and THANK YOU to everyone who is reading this work and keeping up with it. All of your appreciative comments are humbling and really mean a lot to me. <3 Even if you don't have an AO3 account but are reading this, thank you as well! <3

PS: Jinghua is only 1 (and maybe .5) inch longer. ;) But when you're in the dark and it's your first time, things can seem a little 'bigger' than what they are. ;)
2nd Day's Morning Play

Early morning sunlight filtering through the windows envelopes their room in a warm glow that tickles Xi’s eyes open to the breathtaking sight of his peacefully sleeping Jinghua right beside him, lips inches from his own. He remembers they never really made it to their pillow last night; they were too comfortable with each other to even want to move back, cuddling close as they fell into a peaceful, dreamless sleep together. Gazing upon his sleeping lover, he takes in the ephemeral glow of his youthful features as he trails lidded eyes up and down Jinghua’s body feeling okay to steal this precious moment from time.

The bubbly warmth in his chest spreads into a smile so tender and loving as he props his head up on his left hand and reaches with his right to caress the slight curve of Jinghua’s waist when he stops himself.

Jinghua is actually sleeping.

Suddenly airborne with that sweet ticklish sensation in his tummy, he giggles into the crook of his elbow, arm covering his face that is starting to hurt from smiling so much. Caving in to the urge to caress that handsome face, his fingers settle gently on that soft cheek, thumb lightly stroking Jinghua’s tender lower lip along the ridges where chapped skin healed over, completely head over heels in love with His God who is just as in love with him too.

Drowsily opening his eyes, Jinghua feels the warm sun shining right at him and squints his eyes shut when he realizes it is only the smiling face of Xi gazing at him with so much love that he wonders if he died again and went to Heaven.

Stretching his limbs, he yawns a soft “good morning~,” before rubbing the sleep out of his eyes when the hand on his cheek pulls him in for a chaste kiss that leaves him chasing after Xi, capturing his lips again in a sleepy but sweet morning kiss.

“Mmmmh, good morning love,” Xi breathes between kisses. Parts of last night start playing back in Jinghua’s mind and his tongue slides in without resistance, reuniting with its other half in the middle lazily sweeping over and under each other. Feeling the vibration of Xi’s soft moan, he gently pushes Xi on his back with a hand against his chest and drapes his left knee over him when he feels a difference in where his hips lay against the other man. Slowly pulling back from their kiss, he glances at his hand and inspects it in his groggy state of mind, thinking it looks a little smaller than normal. Craning his neck to look over himself, he realizes his hand is not the only thing that is small; somehow, he reverted to his teenage form and is utterly confused by it.

“I… I changed?” he says slowly.

“While we were sleeping I guess,” Xi tells him while turning to lay on his stomach, resting his chin on his right hand.

“I… slept? What the… Is this why- why I feel so tired ohmyexcuseme,” and Jinghua covers his yawn. Tiredly pushing himself upright, he continues to stare at his hand like it holds the secret to all of his problems when he hears Xi snicker,

“Awe, did I tire sexy granddaddy out last night?”

“You’ll be the tired granddaddy tonight…” he mutters back, laying his hand across his tummy where he feels the slightly sticky coating of their dried cum on his abs. Xi snorts.
Oh, now he’s definitely awake. It is way too early in the morning for that boy to be \textit{that confident} about his ability. Jinghua lowers his head and sighs.

In one swift move, he grabs Xi’s shoulder and flips him onto his back, pinning him to the bed using his full form, replacing that cocky smirk with an intense blush and parted lips while the shock and surprise color Xi’s face as fast as his cock hardens between Jinghua’s thigh. Leaning forward, his lips graze along Xi’s decorated neck up to his ear, breath hot against the metal earring as his lover squirms underneath him with hitched breathing.

“Is that a challenge I hear?” Jinghua confidently asks his priest, voice deep, husky, and seductively low as he licks along the curve of that sensitive ear. The man is silent except for the moans he tries to stifle, not wanting Jinghua to hear how hot all this makes him so early in the morning but Jinghua knows him better now. Taking the lobe between his teeth, he licks and nibbles it, causing his incredibly hot flustered lover to squirm even more and boy does he feel it.

Breathy and too damn undone from his lover’s teasing, “N-no, no. No challenge… No challenge \textit{daddy}!” Xi stutters out, feebly pushing his hands against Jinghua’s chest in defense. Now, it is Jinghua’s turn to snicker.

“\textit{Heh}, that’s what I thought, My Priest.”

Letting go of his earlobe, he places a gentle kiss there as both of them start to relax, centering himself on top of Xi to look down at his flustered mess of a priest with tufts of hair sticking out so damn cutely in every which way. He didn’t think bedhead could be so attractive, that is, until Xi rolls his hips against his.

Gasping, he almost falls on top of him but he catches himself and levels a stare daring him to keep testing him but the intensity is too deep for them to take seriously and both of them start laughing. Jinghua lays on his chest wrapping his arms underneath him when he sighs contently as his love rubs his back and plays with his hair, sweetly kissing his crown.

“Come on love, we have to get up and clean up. I have a meeting this morning,” Xi tells him softly, patting his sides to emphasize his point for Jinghua to get off him. He doesn’t budge. Clinging tighter to him he says, “No. Reschedule it,” and buries his face in his shoulder like a pouty teen.

‘\textit{Adorable}.’

Chuckling, he buries his nose in Jinghua’s hair. “Jinghua… if I do that, they’re going to know something is up.”

“Well isn’t \textit{something} already up?” Jinghua retorts back with a raised eyebrow and a cheeky smile. Instantly Xi’s cheeks heat up and he bites his knuckles glancing away.

“Please get up, \textit{please},” he says, trying to keep his voice level without betraying how close he really is to rescheduling that stupid meeting so he can spend all day in bed with him, uninterrupted by the real world to explore each other in the daylight.

Jinghua giggles, “But I am \textit{up} hun, and so are you apparently,” gently pressing his hips down to grind his point in.

“\textit{Ohh— my god Jinghua, Get. Off}!”

Playfully pushing Jinghua off him, he races out of bed before the other man has a chance to pull him...
back. Grabbing the folded clothes near him, he doesn’t even look back at Jinghua when he opens the bathroom door and shuts it good, leaning against it as he looks at the ceiling in dazed wonderment, shaking his head. When he hears stifled raucous laughing from the other side, he can’t help but chuckle too, until he looks down.

‘Shit. These aren’t my clothes.’

Setting them down on the counter, he might as well clean and freshen up first. Drying his face, he notices a faint red mark near his collarbone and lowers the towel to look at himself in the mirror. On his neck are not one, but several red indentations, eyes widening with shock as he fingers the marks left by Jinghua’s overzealous mouth.

His first instinct is embarrassment, thinking of what others would say upon seeing them. However, he quickly realized that no one needs to know and his turtlenecks can cover them up. Only thing is, suddenly he does not want to cover them. These marks were made in passion by Yang Jinghua and are a testament to his love. Now, he feels proud of these marks. No other god he worships can mark him in the way that he can. Running the pad of his finger over the indentations left by his teeth, a warm, ticklish sensation rises in his chest when a light knock and a voice he can recognize anywhere asks, “Hey Xi, I think you have my clothes.”

Opening the door, he finds Jinghua looking at him warmly while he holds out a pair of boxers, nicely folded black slacks, and a light-knit long sleeved grey turtleneck, already considerate of his needs. The thought warms him even more.

“Yea, accidentally grabbed yours. Thank you,” he says while letting Jinghua in and shutting the door behind him, switching their clothes while his love uses the sink to wash his abs and face.

“Is it… strange? That I wish I didn’t have to cover them up? That I could wear a regular collared shirt around the house without caring what people think or say?” Xi asks as he slides the turtleneck on.

“Mmmh, it’s certainly bold but not strange. Most people usually do cover them though but I know how your family is. It’s not the only thing we’ll need to hide though…” Jinghua tells him, hesitance slipping into his voice as he pulls up his pants and buttons his light purple shirt while two gentle hands gather his hair into a high ponytail.

“Haven’t we been hiding for a while now? There, handsome.” With both hands on his shoulders, he turns Jinghua towards the mirror and stands behind him, looking at their reflection with a smile that grows fonder at the faint blush on Jinghua’s cheeks. He doesn’t even feel the coolness of the spirit binding rings when those fingers lock with his own because the gravity pulling his lips closer to the lips of his love is stronger.

However, the quick urgent knocking on his bedroom door stops them a breath away from each other and Xi closes his eyes in annoyance, turning to shout through the closed bathroom door that he’ll be there in a minute.

Turning back to Jinghua, he gently squeezes the man’s shoulder and untwines their fingers to bring it to his lips for a gentle kiss with a lingering promise made by a sensually lidded gaze. “I’ll be back,” he whispers, squeezing his shoulder again before pulling away to open the door while Jinghua turns to stare at his retreating back.

Donning on his usual air of cool collectedness, his hand on the doorknob stops halfway in its turn when he glances back at Jinghua. Feeling his heart twist, he opens the door and steps out where Siming nods in greeting, “Good morning brother.”
"Good morning," Xi nods in his usual, calm mannered tone devoid of the cold edge it always has. Siming notices this but does not say anything except for the slight rise of his eyebrows. A sort of recognition passes between them that makes Xi worry, however, Siming only pushes up his glasses and turns so that they can start heading over. Xi hesitates before falling in step by Siming seconds later.

While their footsteps echo together in the hall, Siming makes small talk and asks, "Sleep well last night?"

'Oh I slept good alright,' he wants to tell him as a blush creeps up his cheeks but instead he answers simply, "Yes, yes I did. Did you?"

Siming glances at him. "Yes, although a muffled shout it sounded like, woke me up in the middle of the night."

'Shit…'

"Are you alright brother?"

Frozen mid-step, he stares at the floor hoping that Siming cannot see how red his face must be while his heart pounds mercilessly. He sucks in a breath. "Ah yes. I was just thinking that with the protection charms set up around here that it couldn't have been an evil spirit. The charms would have activated otherwise." Exhaling slowly, he also hopes that did not sound too rushed.

"True. It could not have not have been an evil spirit," agrees Siming with a soft clearing of his throat. Two maids pass by them in the hall, their cheeks pinking when they catch Xi's eye.

'Probably just a clumsy one.' Xi manages to control his breathing still feeling the adrenaline from this close call coursing through his veins in his still frantic heart while Siming nods silently.

"You're late…" she states, annoyance clearly audible in her tone.
‘Well good morning to you too...’

“Now that we are all here, we can begin. Our first pressing issue concerns the…” Siyun drones on from the meeting agenda set infront of them that Xi has never once looked at since all he really needs to know is when the next ceremony is (which he does already), but as head of the Daunmu household he has to attend these meetings. They only need him as a priest and Siyun does a wonderful job of running things as it is.

Resting his chin on his left hand, he lets his mind wander after five minutes thinking, ‘If only Jinghua was here then it wouldn’t be so boring.’ He imagines Jinghua sitting in on the meeting two seats from him on the right side vertical table invisible to all but him.

Jinghua’s eyes flicker to him successfully catching his attention as he glances over. That beautiful man reaches up into his ponytail to let his hair down and winks at him. Watching it cascade down and behind his back, Xi looks down at the agenda to hide his smile until Siyun turns away from their direction to listen to someone else speak.

A tiny piece of paper flicked to him piques his interest and he lightly covers it with his fingers. Pretending to pay attention to Siyun and the other speaker when he looks back up, his fingers blindly fumble the edges of the paper, trying to open it. After it feels smoothed down and flat, he casts a quick look and feels an intense heat when he reads the note, breath hitching. When their gazes meet, Xi’s blush intensifies as does the strain in his pants. He takes several soft deep breaths to maintain some control over his boyish emotions...

Eyes closing, he hides his flushed face in the crook of his elbow and wraps his other arm around to make a comfy little nest. It was time for his usual meeting nap.

Jinghua quietly gets up from his seat and walks behind Xi. Feeling him trail his fingers across the top of his shoulders with such a feather-light touch, it tickles a shiver out of him before the warm presence from Jinghua draping himself over his shoulders sends his stomach swooping pleasantly. He tenses in his seat when he remembers where they are as the man he loves so much presses his cheek lovingly against his own. Worrying that others can see them, he suddenly remembers that they cannot but he still scans the room with his eyes just to make sure.

No one pays them any heed.

Good.

Lifting his left hand to caress Jinghua’s cheek, the man nuzzles into the touch kissing his palm when Xi attempts to curl his fingers into ravenesque hair. Relaxing into his seat with a content sigh and closed eyes, Xi feels Jinghua wrap his left hand around his and pull it away to place an even softer kiss to his palm again with fluttering kisses all along his wrist. Entwining their fingers together, he turns him with eyes magnetic. Jinghua shifts with his head tilted to better dive into the sea of liquid silver boring into his own so warm and inviting as the softly parted lips inching towards him that he meets eagerly.

Long and languid, they take their time to savor each other despite the meeting currently going on but they might as well be the only ones in the room with the way that Xi keeps his lips firmly locked on Jinghua who slides his free hand down the front of Xi’s button up dress shirt and over a perky nipple. Back up to his collar, his love starts undoing the first three buttons of his shirt using his thumb and middle finger while his index never leaves Xi’s skin as Jinghua continues to unbutton his entire shirt, fingers lingering along the top of his belt.

Xi’s slow deep breathing becomes lighter and quicker along with his heartbeat from his lover’s
teasing until gentle groping of his hardened member makes him gasp hard into their kiss. Jinghua takes advantage of this to snake his tongue inside Xi’s mouth and really deepen the kiss. Sliding his palm down to cup him firmly, he presses the ball of his wrist against the warm bulge of his love, earning soft grunts and needier kisses from Xi.

Not content with only palming him, Jinghua stops to grip the edge of the chair and pull it back a bit to sit on Xi’s lap and all without breaking their needy kisses. Laying his arms around Xi’s shoulders, his love hugs his waist tightly and tilts his head back only for Jinghua to chase his sweet lips, yet the lidded and loving gaze in Xi’s eyes stops him in his tracks like a spell.

“Xi,” whispers Jinghua, gazing at him as if watching a miracle with the way his eyes soften and his smile grow fonder. Xi’s heart flutters in his chest from the breathless way Jinghua calls his name that he hoped to match but his love and desire for the one sitting in his lap thickens his voice to a husky tone.

“Jinghua,” Xi calls and Jinghua leans in closer, stroking his cheek with his thumb.

“Xi,” An inch from his lips, Xi can feel Jinghua’s breath when he utters his name again.

“Xi.” Stronger this time, he hears his name.

“Xi…”

“XI!”

Siyun’s sharp call of his name rips him from his daydream and dazedly he lifts his face, blinking bleary eyes that he wipes slowly. Letting out a quiet sigh, he pinches the bridge of his nose and answers blankly,

“There is a ceremony in two weeks. Also, as long as the new barriers are checked and maintained at least twice a month then the non-forest spirits and demons will be repelled and not encroach on the native spirits here; besides, that’s Yinzhe’s issue, not exactly ours anyways. And lastly,” straightening his posture, Xi folds his hands neatly underneath him as he gives Siyun his full attention.

‘I am so in love with him.’

He continues, “Lastly, if there is nothing else to discuss that most of us aren’t of already, then, as head of this household, I end this meeting until three weeks from now.”

Watching her, he sees a quick flare of anger flash within her widened eyes yet she never lets her calm façade slip. She nods, “Very well then. We will meet back here in three weeks.” There are nods and a surprisingly excited hushed murmur as attendees begin leaving, quite pleased with not having to meet back until three weeks from now. Xi politely waits for them before leaving when he feels Siyun’s hand on his arm stop him. He turns to her.

“Xi, it matters not to me what you do in your spare time but, as head of this household, you should take a little more interest in the current happenings around here like you do in your spirit shadow.”

He could find a million ways to argue with her about his true role in this household but the mere mention of his spirit shadow pulls at his heart and gently he pulls out of her grip, maintaining a neutral expression.

‘Damn right I take great interest in Jinghua, the only trustworthy one here.’
Turning on his heal, he leaves Siyun and the meeting room behind, all too eager to get back to Jinghua and continue from this morning before he pays a visit to his teacher later.

Reaching his door, he turns the knob and pushes himself through like a cat, seeking out Jinghua currently sitting on his bed using his laptop that he looks up from and smiles, closing the lid and stowing it safely under the bed.

Here in their room, no longer bound by formalities and watchful eyes, Xi smiles so brilliantly at his love waiting with outstretched arms for him that he jogs over and flings himself into Jinghua’s embrace as if they hadn’t seen each other for days.

“I’m back,” Xi smilingly nuzzles into his shoulder as Jinghua cradles his body close to him, sitting up against the headboard, feeling a tender kiss placed on his forehead. Cuddling him, he notices a pleasant, musky smell from Jinghua and nuzzles him again to hide his sniffing. Jinghua only holds him tighter and his voice tender when he says, “I missed you Xi.”

Looking up at Jinghua, Xi responds, “I wasn’t gone too long,” slowly as he listens to the lulling and steady beat of his true love’s heart. Unwrapping his left arm from around him, he curls it in Jinghua’s vest and closes his eyes.

“But you were gone, babe.”

A hot, tender warmth blooms in Xi’s heart at the longing tone of those words that he opens his eyes to tilt his head back. Jinghua stares at him with an adorable pouty puppy-eyed smile that makes his heart speed up and his whole body melt.

Shifting Xi to a more upright position in his arms, Jinghua tucks some strands of Xi’s hair behind his ear as he smiles at him. His pulse quickens the longer he gazes into Xi’s beautiful silver eyes.

“Mmmnh, we were interrupted earlier Jinghua,” Xi reminds him, desire lacing his tone with flooding his full blown eyes.

“Then quit talking and kiss me My— !” Jinghua excitedly tells him until Xi silences him with a rough kiss that pushes Jinghua’s head against the wall with a slight thunk but neither stop, not when Jinghua slides his right hand to the small of Xi’s waist and tightens his hold sending heat straight to Xi’s groin. He moans softly.

Firmly their lips press against each other in a hot breathy dance with none of the gentleness from this morning. Easing his grip on his love’s vest, he slides that hand along Jinghua’s neck to the back of his head, thumb running the corner of his jawline as Xi reins in his lust to slow them down. Tilting to the side a little, Xi feels Jinghua open his mouth to deepen the kiss and Xi glides his tongue over his, slowly arching into him when Jinghua licks along the underside of his tongue so tenderly, it is as if his whole body was being caressed and he moans impassionedly. Retracting his tongue, he pulls away slightly to look at Jinghua mystified and flushed while his lover innocently smiles at him.

“H-Hua,” Xi pants out as he rests his forehead against Jinghua.

“Mmh?”

“What was that?” Closing his eyes, his love kisses him chastely before answering sweetly, “What was what?”

“That, that tongue thing you did!”

Nuzzling the tip of Xi’s nose, Jinghua feigns innocence again as he tells him, “I was just kissing you,
love.” Gently with both hands, he cups that adorably disbelieving face of his priest who huffs incredulously and mutters, “Yea...”

From his check, Jinghua kisses a path to his ear hovering by it with a tone so deep and clear that Xi cannot help the intense shiver that wracks his body.

“As long as it felt good to you, then it doesn’t matter what I did.”

A wave of heat hits him with the intense blush that blazes his cheeks and warms him to his core with the sultry confidence in his lover’s voice, turning him on too fast then he knows how to deal with.

In his flustered state, Xi’s words are a choppy mess. “I... We’re going to Master’s... in a bit.”

Leaning back against the headboard to take in his lover’s blushy self, Jinghua wonders, “Oh, why hun?”


Pulling Xi back into his lap, he considers teasing him about those books that he has no idea what kind Xi has in mind and plus, the man looks like he wouldn’t be able to survive any more teasing without serious repercussions for them both. He wants to save that for later. “Oooh? what kind of books?”

“B-,” Xi begins to say, but while staring at Jinghua, he straightens his posture and makes up in his mind that he cannot let his lover get the best of him again like he did this morning. It’s his turn now. Sliding his hands over Jinghua’s shoulders, he narrows his eyes with a smirk and leans in close to his lips, his breath teasing the other man whose lips give a twitch at their closeness.

“Books… that will bring us even— deeper intimacy when we,” ‘have sex tonight’ he wants to say but the words fail him as the thumping of his heart quickens in anxiousness. Locking his jaw, he squeezes Jinghua’s shoulders in loss for words as his gaze flickers to his nose and then to the wall, his confidence dissipating on him again.

When Xi is confident in himself, it shines through his voice and his mannerisms in a very positive and sexy way that makes Jinghua so proud of him (and quite weak too). But anytime he sees Xi recognize his confidence leave him for whatever reason, it pulls at his heart for how small it makes him shrink into himself, just like now as the boy looks conflicted and scared, ‘but scared of what?’

“Oh Xi,” he croons softly while gently running his left hand up into his love’s bangs to brush them out of his eyes and refocus his attention. “I don’t think you realize that anything we do together is deeply intimate already. I’m not just saying that because we’re doing intimate things either. You know, we don’t have to have sex tonight if you’re not ready hun. We can wait.” Caressing his love’s cheek tenderly, Xi tilts his head in confusion.

“What makes you think I’m not ready Hua?”

“Well... just now you looked scared and stopped before you could mention having sex, and then last night you were afraid of not knowing anything and then…” Stopping his train of thought as a new one forms, he looks at Xi curiously and soothingly rubs his other hand along his love’s side affectionately.

“It’s not sex I’m afraid of...” Xi whispers as he lowers his head until soft fingers under his chin tilt his face back up to look at his concerned partner’s soft gaze. “Then what are you afraid of, love?”

‘Gosh this is going to sound so embarrassing...’ “I- uh, I think I’m afraid... of- of doing it, I mean,
look. All I know are the ceremonies I perform and I— What?” The growing smile on Jinghua’s face catches him off guard in his serious moment and he doesn’t answer him, only lay them down on the bed together telling him to relax his arms holding him up from completely laying on Jinghua. When he lays down, his few inches of height have him laying his face in the crook of his love’s neck where that enticing body scent wafts into his senses. He is right where Jinghua wants him though because fingers caress his scalp and run through his hair while his lover’s other hand soothingly rubs his back to ease his tension.

Tilting close to his ear, Jinghua tells him quietly, “Sex is not a ceremony though hun, but if it helps you to relate to it then I’ll treat it as such, for you.” Clutching his shoulders, Xi pulls himself up from the crook of his neck to look at him openly and he can’t help but lift his head for a butterfly kiss to Xi’s nose. “And it will be our ceremony, held here,” ’most of the time, at least,’ “with no one but ourselves present.” Hugging Xi close who gazes at him in wonder, he smiles widely at him and continues. “And the only one watching you, will be me staring down at your incredibly blissed out face and your hair in disarray against the sheets just like last night!”

“But what if I want to— be the one staring down at you tonight?”

The seriousness in Xi’s tone when he hears that makes him bark out a laugh and moves both hands to Xi’s neck to bring his lips down for very loving kiss. “Heheh, My Priest, if you want to top tonight then you can be the top! It might even be better for you to be in control.”

“Is that what it’s called? The top?” Xi asks him, knitting his eyebrows cutely.

“From what I’ve read, yes. There’s a top and bottom; giver and receiver.”

Xi nods understandingly. “Can we still get the books though?”

“Oh of course! But how do you know Master will have what you are looking for though?” Jinghua asks as he strokes Xi’s luminous hair.

Twitching his mouth while he gazes down at Jinghua, “I really don’t to be quite honest with you, but I have this feeling he will for some reason. He’s a very spiritual person.”

Jinghua only shrugs his shoulders. “Well, everyone has needs,” he nonchalantly says while Xi inches down his body. Lifting his head up to see what Xi is up to, his lover stops without breaking their steady gaze an inch away from his tenting pants. His breathing hitches in anticipation of what Xi might do.

Xi knows by the lidded way Jinghua looks at him that he has him believing his next move, however, “Then let’s hurry so we can get back and I can take care of yours,” he says while glancing at the growing bulge in his love’s pants. Jinghua only gasps then his whole face turns red from denied need and he falls back on the bed rubbing his face, groaning out of frustration.

“Oh, I’ll remember that next time…”

Standing by the bed with his hand held out for Jinghua to take, he chuckles merrily and blushes. “It’s much more intense when you wait though.”

Finally pulling himself off the bed hand in hand with his true love, high priest, and his god, he huffs, “Alright… alright… Just- just give me a minute… You giant tease, that wasn’t fair!”

Standing by the bed with his hand held out for Jinghua to take, he chuckles merrily and blushes. “It’s much more intense when you wait though.”

Finally pulling himself off the bed hand in hand with his true love, high priest, and his god, he huffs, “Oh, I’ll remember that next time…”
I am so sorry for the delay in getting chapter 9 up. I have hit an editing block along with not having much time to edit when I get home from work. I do apologize.

Good news is that chapter 9 is almost done. Please do not think I have abandoned this precious story of mine because I have not.

It will take me some time from now on to type up, edit, and post chapters. Please be patient with me.
Chapter 9: Father Figure

The real chapter 9 you guys have been patiently waiting for!

Normally I would delete the non-story chapters as soon as I upload the actual chapter story but the supportive comments left on that page really mean a lot to me that I'm keeping the chapter up. It's also why I haven't replied to those comments because I don't think I will ever find the right words to express how grateful and encouraged they make me feel. <3 Just know that I have read every one of them and have taken them all to heart. Thank you for being patient and understanding. <3

When they get in the car, Xi suddenly wondered if having Jinghua come along was a bad idea as he thinks of all the ways said man could potentially distract him while driving but to his amazement, all hands were kept to themselves as he drove.

But did he want him to? Maybe.

It was an interesting feeling but not as interesting as the feeling of catching Jinghua glancing at him every so often from the corner of his eye. It was electric, giving him butterflies while kindling a warm feeling in his heart knowing that Jinghua loved him back.

Not only his spirit shadow, Jinghua was his now; his boyfriend. He is also the reason he almost passed up Master Ling’s house but luckily he stops the car before completely passing the house as Jinghua flings his arm in front of Xi protectively, gasping from the jerking stop.

Calming his embarrassment from managing to distract himself, Xi inhales quietly, holding his love’s hand that settled comfortingly on his thigh.

“Something on your mind?”

A comfortable silence fills the car.

Glancing up from their entwined hands with a heat in his gaze that holds his love captive in his seat, he tenderly squeezes his hand watching how those slightly chiseled cheeks of the man he adores dust pink so adorably cute. Leaning back against the headrest, he gazes at the answer right in front of him and unbucksles his seat belt, moving over to kiss Jinghua slow and chaste before telling him he won’t be long. Before he pulls away too far, his lips are back on Jinghua’s as the man sneaks a peck to his lips, nods, and watches him leave the car.

Proceeding up the steps to the open door of Master Ling’s house, he takes a deep breath before knocking on the frame but not long after, his shifu’s familiar voice welcomes him inside as the man walks lithely into the hallway. Bowing respectfully, he greets him with a good morning while directed to the living room by the tip of Master’s fan, his brown colored robes sweeping as graceful as the warm smile he gives him as they sit down.

“It is a good morning Xi-er. You bring a different air with you today.”
Xi cocks his head. “Different? How so?”

Unfolding his fan, Master’s gentle voice carries clearly. “The energy coming from you; It is as relaxed as a babbling brook yet, excitable like a river. It is not your own anymore either; it is tightly interwoven with another.”

Anxiously Xi sits up straighter in his seat, tense like a cornered rabbit wanting to run. Inhaling, an intense nervous heat sweeps his body and he tugs at his turtleneck collar nervously. *Quite nervously.*

‘He doesn’t know, he doesn’t know, he doesn’t know…’

“Oh, shifu? Would you happen to have any…,” but the small smile Master gives him makes his mouth run dry. He clenches his hands in his lap.

“Any…?” Master repeats after a stretch of silence too long.

“Books on… spiritual bonding?”

The light waving of Master’s fan stops minutely as he tilts his head down in thought, humming, “Spiritual bonding you say. But didn’t you make a true pact connection with him?”

‘He knows…’

“Y-yes, we did. We want to *strengthen* it…” Hushed, Xi glances to the side but not before seeing Master’s cheeks pull up in a smile hidden mostly by his fan except for the crinkling around his eyes. It was embarrassing enough to ask him for these kinds of books that he didn’t need his shifu’s cheekiness.

“Well, there are many ways both physical and non-physical. Of the two, for two people the deepest bonding usually happens during se—”

“Master!” Xi whines, his embarrassment reaching its last level.

“And I thought you only answered like that to Jinghua.”

And then maybe this is what said man called *new level unlocked.*

The tips of his ears to his nose flush red and never has he been happier for Master’s psychical blindness but that doesn’t stop Xi from hiding his face in his hands and mumbling, “Please stop…”

Master Ling chuckles from his seat and the clack from folding his fan in one fluid motion nearly makes Xi jump out of his skin. Peaking out through his fingers, he finds his shifu looking at him with the gaze that looks… *happy?*

“Heheheh, oh Xi-er, it was only a matter of time before the both of you would realize each other but I do believe I have what you are looking for.”

Gracefully getting up from his chair, Master Ling walks to an area near his study and makes his way back after some time with two books that he hands to Xi who takes them with slightly shaky hands.

“The first book as I recall has many illustrations and the second is both spiritual and emotional with a focus on attuning yourself to your partner to feel together instead of individually; I feel you may enjoy that one more.” Sitting with his hands in his lap, his smile does not reach his eyes.

“Sex is a beautiful and emotional experience Xi-er, but done for the wrong reasons including the wrong person, can bring emotional turmoil for both sides.” Master folds his arms in his sleeves
before standing up. “The two of you want this for the right reasons I hope.”

Hearing his question, Xi sits up in his seat looking at his teacher with a calm confidence. “Then by that, love can also be a wrong reason, can’t it?”

“If unrequited or given in hope of gaining.”

“It’s requited. We both know.”

When Master Ling smiles this time, it crinkles the corners of his eyes and lights up his face as he bows to Xi. “Then both of you have my sincerest blessings and fullest support.” His shifu, the wisest and one person he trusted as a father figure, opened his arms for Xi who sat staring at the gesture before realizing the man wanted to give him a hug.

Slowly, as if in a daze, he gets up and walks over to his teacher, reaching long awkward arms around him as the length of Master’s sleeves surround his back in a warm hug much like a father would give a son.

“Thank you shifu, thank you,” Xi says behind his back, and Master pulls back from the hug keeping his hands on Xi’s shoulders with his only response a bright smile before tilting his head to the door. Go to him Master implies and Xi understands. Although not as anxious about his teacher knowing now, he nods bashfully, fighting a smile threatening to take over his entire face. Grabbing the books, he turns to Master and gives him for one last hug with a quick wave goodbye, briskly walking through the hallway and out of the house.

Looking at the ground lost in tender thoughts, he descends the steps when silver rims creep in his peripheral vision. He nearly skips his way to open the car door just about diving in the driver’s seat and sitting down with some form of barely maintained composure with the books in his lap, staring unfocused at them with a goofy smile.

“How did it go?” he hears Jinghua ask him softly.

‘How can I even begin to tell you?’

Opening his mouth, he attempts to put his innermost feelings into words that would tell Jinghua exactly how it went but he couldn’t. He does what always works for them instead. Lifting his gaze, he grabs the front of Jinghua’s vest pulling his love in for a kiss both tender and so passionately deep he hopes that Jinghua will understand. Hearing him gasp and groan with the intensity of his kiss, it makes him giddy and he holds the kiss for a bit longer until he pulls away to lean their foreheads together, exhaling deeply as cool hands hold his cheeks. In their moment of peace filled only with the sound of their breathing and the beat of their hearts, he tells him what he could not find the words for earlier,

"Jinghua, he gave us his blessing."

Chapter End Notes

Master Ling unfiltered:
“Xi-er, it is good to see you! You seem so well, so happy as if the stars and planets have aligned. Have you been sleeping well? You give off the air of having found something important. You give off the air of someone who’s in love. You look totally sexed out!”
You are absolutely glowing with the look of pure bliss. You need to borrow something? Don’t be shy, I know you love Jinghua. No wait, YOU HAD SEX DIDN’T YOU!?! My top student is all grown up now, my my, I am so proud of you. So when did you two finally confess? Tell me, tell me, I NEED DEETS!” Master smiles kindly to him after they sit down.

I honestly thought this would be the easiest chapter but it turned out to be the hardest, I think in part because I wanted to make sure I had the right balance of everything that this chapter touches upon.
Chapter Notes

I spent too many months writing Chapter 10 and 11 that turned out to be completely off track but I'm back on now!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Books tucked securely under Xi’s arm, they amble back to their room to avoid attracting attention despite the excitement clawing at them. After locking the door he’s roughly pushed up against it with a thud, gasping as Jinghua wraps himself around his waist and kisses his neck lovingly, pushing his collar down with his nuzzling nose, deeply inhaling his scent.

“J-Jinghua, not yet please,” he pleads hoarsely, placing his palms flat on the surface to seal all four points and the windows, trying to ignore the hardness pressing against his ass and the breathing ghosting down his neck that in no way makes his breathing not hitch and knees weak.

Feeling his lover’s breath trail up the right side of his neck to his ear, he is helpless against the chill that wracks him as Jinghua’s voice resonates deeply through him. “What are you doing hun?”

“S-sound— sound proofing…” Xi barely manages to squeak out before closing his eyes and tilting to expose more of his neck as the fingers on his waist tighten then relax. A choked breath sounds from Jinghua’s throat, voice hoarse with restrained desire. “Well, I was thinking, what if we looked things up together? You know like prepping and positions? Can’t just shove it in there.”

Xi looks down and sighs. “Well obviously not… We could tear something.”

“Ah, see? You do know something,” his love coos to him but he’s slighted at the fact that Jinghua would think he wouldn’t know something about that particular part of the body. He sighs again.

“It’s a muscle Jinghua, of course I know that.”

Lifting his face, a soft “Oh right…” is not lost on him as he leans back and pulls his love’s arm around his waist, laying his arms on top. “I love your idea though, it sounds fun to do together love.”

Nuzzling him, Jinghua sighs contently into his hair before turning and leading him to the bed. Taking off their shoes, Xi sets the books on the nightstand and crawls on the bed next to Jinghua who turns on the laptop. Shoulder to shoulder, they sit cross-legged when Jinghua leans on him. Placing a sweet kiss to the man’s crown, his chest tingles when Jinghua giggles softly and nuzzles up against his shoulder, bangs sweeping to the side as the man tilts his head back to gaze at him more comfortably. Close enough to kiss, Xi notes the gentle sloping curve of his nose trailing upwards to slightly curved eyebrows that taper down to nicely pointed ends framing a beautiful pair of silver eyes with a purple iridescence staring longingly back at him.

Last night it was too dark and they were too busy for him to truly admire the fine details of Jinghua’s handsomeness. From far away it is easy to see the man is without a doubt quite handsome (even in his younger forms), and although he has gazed upon him many times, up close like this, his love surpasses beauty itself. The porcelain pallor of death that took away the living look only made the man more fine and ethereal, a living work of art, but even more so because of Jinghua’s own will.
When some very distant part of his mind finally registers that Jinghua is trying to ask him something, he blinks twice as his ears catch up with his brain. “Yea- yea, I’m here hun. Did you say something?”

Amusement glimmers in Jinghua’s eyes as he chuckles and repeats, “It’s loaded silly.”

However, the urge to kiss him silly seemed like a more appropriate answer. Slipping his hand around Jinghua’s waist, he plants himself firmly on those sweet lips so delectably pliant to his rhythm as he tossed himself into the sea of his partner’s loving mouth.

Closing his eyes, Jinghua did not hesitate when he felt the slide of Xi’s tongue in between his lips to part them. When he felt him glide over his tongue before lying on top of it, he moaned and felt Xi starting to smile as their tongues rolled and gently pushed over each other, making him smile too. Sweeping along the side of Xi’s tongue, he licked over the ridges of his love’s mouth when the subtle vibrations of Xi’s groan have him pushing hard into that supple mouth but the boy only pulled him closer and kissed him harder.

Feeling Jinghua’s muscular arms wrap around his slender waist, he couldn’t help but think of the strength in those arms that wield the Luoyue sword to protect him; that Jinghua trained not only for strength but to protect him because the man truly cared about him and out of that care a love he now knew to be very mutual. Moaning deeply into Jinghua’s mouth, the man’s loyalty made him hard but their love made him even harder.

It feels so good to kiss him like this, tasting the other while transferring nothing but their love to each other. God, the fact that Jinghua loved him back still amazed him and made him wonder why he never told him sooner but here they were at last, making out together and looking up stuff for sex later. Oh yea, Jinghua did say the laptop was ready didn’t he? They had time to look things up though. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Xi’s lips tingle with a fiery intensity as he darted his tongue to the underside of Jinghua’s, licking slowly and lightly before gliding up around to the back, drinking his breathless moans. Lazily licking back and forth there, he felt his love shudder and clutch at his turtleneck. Laying his right hand on top, Jinghua loosened his grip and Xi squeezed his hand gently, sliding it right over his heart for his love to feel beat crazily, only for him.

Underneath Xi’s hand, Jinghua could feel his priest’s racing heartbeat as he uncurled and flattened his fingers against his chest. When Xi pulled away from his lips breathing heavily, he whined and opened his eyes unhappily to glare but the warmth of his love’s gaze soothed his pout as they rested their foreheads together. Looking down at their hands over Xi’s heart, tender warmth bloomed within him because as cheesy as it was, Xi was more romantic than he realized and Jinghua would always love that about him.

“Xi,” Jinghua breathes against kiss swollen lips, looking into his one and only’s loving gaze, “do you know how much I love you?” Xi mmh’s, nuzzling his nose as he whispers, “Tell me.”

Pulling Xi closer, he places a soft kiss on the boy’s nose, his right cheek, and then his left cheek while laying him on his back, shutting the laptop with his left hand and pushing it to the far end of the bed before lying beside him and sitting up on that same arm. Threading though Xi’s silky tresses as they gazed starrily into each other’s eyes, he smiled. “Well first, I’m in love with you. Secondly…”

“Yea?” Xi prodded as Jinghua trailed off gazing at him. Blinking slowly, he leans down brushing his
lips along his priest’s cheek lovingly, caressing down Xi’s body to the hem of his turtleneck that he slides his hand under to feel the warmth radiating from his skin. Xi sighed contently, flashing a soft smile at him. Taking his hand out, he pushed the fabric up and over his chest to expose that wonderful skin he loved to feel beneath his fingers, so beautiful and soft.

‘You’re so handsome Xi.’

The man snorted and chuckled, “And here I thought you loved me for more than my looks.” Jinghua leaned his head back in confusion, gaping in mock hurt. Smiling calmly back at Xi, he leaned down to his ear with a deep husky voice. “I love you for everything that you are and I love us for everything that we will be~.”

The sharp intake of breath from Xi as Jinghua sweetly kissed the goosebumps on his neck told him his words hit home, as did the back of his head to the bed with a very blushy Xi straddling his thighs and holding his wrists, staring down at him with passionate emotion swirling in the depths of his silver eyes. Arousal burned in his veins and he felt himself swell in his pants not helped by the way Xi sat on him, tangibly hard as well.

I love you too, Xi wanted to say back but instead stifled a moan with the way he felt Jinghua grow hard beneath him. Gazing liddedly at the desire and want within his love’s heavy gaze, the man’s lips parted so invitingly for a kiss yet Xi straightened his back and leaned forward, rolling his hardness against him effectively parting those delectable lips even wider as a breathy “nnngh,” left Jinghua’s lips. Loosening his grip on his love’s wrists, he turns his gaze to the left watching Jinghua’s fingers curl reflexively around his own as he slid his hand forward, interlocking them together. Their hands felt so good and fit so perfectly that he could not take his gaze away and relished the feeling of holding the hand of the one he loved so deeply. Straightening his fingers, Jinghua’s tightened slightly as he slid them out, brushing gently over his palm, curling them below Jinghua’s and grasping lightly, tenderly thumbing over his knuckles. Jinghua gave him no resistance as he brought them his lips, kissing each knuckle preciously and holding them reverently with his sight solely on Jinghua. Cupping the man’s cheek with his right hand, he brushed the bangs from those gorgeously half-lidded eyes feeling tingly flutters spread throughout his chest as he stared into eyes reflecting how lost in love he felt.

Kissing his fingers one last time, he placed Jinghua’s hand on his waist so he could rub his hands up and down his god’s body that he wanted to free from the fabric hiding his sculpted physique. Ignoring the excited tremble in his fingers, he glanced at Jinghua who smiles softly at him, giving him the okay. Loosening the waist belt, he starts with the lowest frog knot and opens it, working his way up to the top when Jinghua squeezes his ass and spanks him playfully.

“Hey!”

Jinghua chuckles, “Oh you know you liked it, hehe.” Xi sighs exasperatedly, smiling to himself as the sting sends prickly waves of pleasure rushing through him. ‘Well he’s not wrong…’

Undoing the last knot of Jinghua’s vest and unzipping his blouse, he pushes the fabric aside. Casting Jinghua a smiling glance, he feels his cheeks heat as he traces his fingertips down the middle of his sculpted chest and over the firm ridges of hard abdominals that he wants to rub both heads against. Swallowing thickly, he takes a deep breath to steady himself having half a mind left to gently push Jinghua’s vest and blouse off his shoulders, helped by him sitting up and leaning on one arm while Xi tugged him out of both sleeves, seeing in broad daylight just how divinely muscled his arms that greatly turned him on earlier were.

He had felt more than seen the body of his god last night but now that he was, he couldn’t take tear his eyes away. The beautiful paleness of his skin and the way his muscles flexed as Jinghua laid back
down on top of his clothes with his arms behind his head knowing and wanting him to look, mesmerized him fully. He couldn’t speak, didn’t think he had the voice to as he let his hands wander freely over his beloved’s body, caressing him up and down with a tender touch.

‘How are you so perfect Jinghua?’

‘I should ask you the same thing!’

Feeling the itch of his own clothes grow uncomfortable, he unceremoniously grabs the hem of his turtleneck and wrestles it off flinging it clear across the room as if it did him the worst wrong. Jinghua whistles at his display.

“There, now we’re both perfect,” Xi smiles widely, watching Jinghua unfold his arms and trail his hands over his thighs and up his body as he laid himself down on Jinghua. Arms tucked neatly alongside Jinghua, he buried his face in the crook of his love’s neck where their mixed scent is the strongest. Breathing in the scent of his god, he let his mind go blank with the feeling of their chests pressed together and the steady beat of their hearts in love.

With Jinghua’s arms settling around his shoulder blades and the small of his back, mindfulness made him aware of just how slender his own figure is despite being taller as Jinghua’s adult figure comfortably held all of him. After all, his adult self was his favorite form even though he loved Jinghua no matter what form he took, because it is Jinghua, and they are each other’s. Kissing the nape of his neck, he picked his face up feeling groggy with bleary eyes and the most relaxed, sleepy smile that Jinghua has ever seen on his priest, to Jinghua’s own bright gaze as his thumb gently caressed his cheek.

“Nap time sweetie?”

Hiding his yawn in his love’s chest, he nodded, “Nap with me, love.” Jinghua smiled widely and tenderly wrapped his arms around him like he was the pillow instead but he didn’t care. He could not shake the sleepy feeling overtaking him as he lay in his lover’s arms for a nap, their first nap together as a couple.

Chapter End Notes

Nipple play in the next chapter ^^

End Notes

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