Midsummer Bliss

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Summary

A few months after their marriage, Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian find themselves back in The Cloud Recesses, their love in full bloom. Nights of passion quickly turn into an unexpected surprise, and the beginning of a new story ensues. The path towards harmony and bliss starts with laughter and golden eyes.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

The sunlight, warm and bright, shining through the wooden panelling of the jingshi. The melodious singing of birds pleading him to wake. Wei Wuxian opens his eyes to find himself warm underneath pure white sheets, the left side of the bed empty yet heavy with the lingering smell of sandalwood. The air surrounding him is cold; it is the beginning of winter. Sitting up, he stretches the sleep off of his body with a big yawn, his body tender and bruised from last night’s activities.

The memory makes him chuckle in delight, ‘Oh Lan Zhan — ’
In a swift motion, he places both of his feet on the wooden floorboards, and almost instantaneously he shivers from the cold. “Cold cold cold!” his eyes search for his outer robes, for he was naked. He dwells on the thought of bathing, but the frigid atmosphere decides for him. “Later…”

As he dons on his robes, brushing and tying his hair up in a high ponytail, he begins noticing the puncturing pain that persists in his lower back. At first he imagines it to be due to last night, Lan Wangji being more rough than usual.

Hands pressing onto him, tightly and passionately. Calloused fingers tracing shapes against his skin, turning his breaths into wanton cries. A warm mouth kissing its way down his back, tongue flicking against his sensitive spots, pleasure rushing through his trembling legs. Fingers entangling themselves in his long black silky hair, pulling gently, as another hand separates his thighs pressed together, a head fitting obscenely between his legs. Continuous pleasure, coming in spikes and a name moaned out into the heavens, begging, wanting, pleading. A fire that pools in him, warming him from the inside, and the sudden pressure in his crevice. The ondulation of bodies pressed tightly against each other, waves crashing against rocks, each wave harder than the other. Faster, faster, faster. Until both, exasperated, dwindle down in complete bliss, enraptured by the taste and feeling of soft lips.

A moan escapes through Wei Wuxian’s lips as one of his hands brush over a bruise on his chest, right next to his left nipple. He notices it right there and then how swollen his chest looks and feels, and squints in question, ‘Weird…’ he thinks ‘my cycle has long been gone…’

Pushing back a thought to the back of his head, he exits the quarters that had long become his home. It’s a few months now, since he and Lan Wangji had become cultivational partners. Their honeymoon, a beautiful and enchanting memory that has been encrusted into his brain, and now their lives together have finally begun.

“Good morning Senior Wei.” saluted a couple of disciples that saw him leave the jingshi, with a small bow and a smile. “Hanguang-jun is at the back mountain tending to his rabbits, he sent word for you to join him once you wake.” Wei Wuxian nods at them with a big smile and heads towards the direction they gave him.

It’s easy to spot Lan Wangji once he arrives. He is on the ground, surrounded by a hoard of rabbits, some at his sides, others shamelessly settled on his lap. Lan Wangji has his eyes closed, in a meditative state, completely unbothered by the fluffy creatures that nibble at the ends of his sleeves. His fingers are gently stroking the soft fur of one of the rabbits, a black one, that lays sleepily on his lap. The repetitive motion of his fingers against the soft fur bring Lan Wangji into a state of bliss, ever present by the hint of a smile that lies at the corner of his lips. Wei Wuxian smiles too, gratified by his husband’s quietude. Lan Wangji knows, however, when Wei Wuxian is near. His eyes open
and they light up with a distinct gleam of happiness as he takes notice of the man approaching him. A sigh, that he didn’t know he was sustaining, leaves his lips.

“It’s ten in the morning.” he said flatly, clearing out some rabbits next to him to make space for Wei Wuxian, who settles down unceremoniously.

“And whose fault is that Lan Zhan? You did me so thoroughly, you’ve left me exhausted! You should take responsibility for your actions, what will you do to remedy that?”

“Hm —” Lan Wangji cups Wei Wuxian’s chin and brings their lips close together in a kiss, leaving Wei Wuxian breathless once they pull away. “Tonight.”

“Hah?” Still in a daze, Wei Wuxian wraps his arms around Lan Wangji’s shoulders, pressing numerous kisses on his cheek.

“I’ll make it up to you tonight, I promise.”

“Ahhh but do be a little more gentle on me please? My back still hurts from last night.” he laughs softly, resting his head against Lan Wangji’s shoulder, eyes dropping close.

“Your back hurts?” Lan Wangji inquires, worry present in his tone.

“Hm? Yes since this morning, my chest is a bit swollen too. It could just another cycle coming soon, the pain on my back is similar — ah don’t worry about me Lan Zhan!”

Lan Wangji, “I worry about you regardless,” his free hand finds its way on the small of Wei WuXian’s back, where he strokes him lazily, nimble fingers tracing the shape of his spine. “I’ll be gentle.”

Wei Wuxian lets out a soft laugh, enjoying the peacefulness of the moment. Lan Wangji begins humming their song, as he resumes stroking the equally as drowsy rabbit on his lap. Wei WuXian fingers twitches to find the warmth of his hand and Lan WangJi stops petting the rabbit and lets his hand be taken away, their fingers intertwining.
“Wei Ying?”

A hum, and then silence.

Lan Wangji huffs out a breath and smiles, “Rest.”

Later that night, the moon is high up, its bright silver gleam cascading over the world, illuminating the dark carapace that envelopes the skies. A plaster of stars paint its nocturnal beauty, twinkling. There is a singular candlelight illuminating the inside of the jingshi, silhouetting the bodies embracing each other on the bed. Lan Wangji is massaging Wei Wuxian’s shoulders, letting all of his stress wash away for the night. He kisses his exposed back, down to the curve of his lower back.

“Lan Zhan, will you spoil me tonight?” Wei Wuxian asks, a hint of mischievousness in his voice.

Lan Wangji, “Anything my love.”

Wei Wuxian pulls away from Lan Wangji and faces him. He leans forward to capture his lips in a wanton kiss as he pulls him down on the bed with him. He slips his tongue in between his lips, prodding at the other’s. The kiss becomes more passionate, leaving both men panting. Lan Wangji’s hands grasp Wei Wuxian’s sides tightly, his hair falling beside his face. It is Wei Wuxian that interrupts the kiss with a simple request; no — a demand.

“I want you to eat me out.”

Lan Wangji looks at him, Wei Wuxian’s gives him a suggestive smile, tempting him. He simply nods and kisses him again, lips crashing against each other, bruising. Lan Wangji begins kissing his way down his chin, to his neck where he shamelessly marks him with purple love bites. Down to his shoulders, biting down hard enough to make Wei Wuxian exclaim slightly, his hands flying to grasp Lan Wangji’s biceps.

Lan Wangji’s face rests on Wei Wuxian’s chest, taking in one of his nipples into his mouth, tongue lapping at the hardening bud, one of his hands playing with the other. His free hand has moved from grasping Wei Wuxian’s side to caressing his inner thigh smoothly. Both the feeling of his strong hands, and his warm mouth leave Wei Wuxian a whimpering mess.
“More please, more.”

Lan Wangji, “Shameless.”

Pulling back momentarily, Lan Wangji undoes Wei Wuxian’s robes completely, exposing his naked body to the cold air of the room, and he shivers. Lan Wangji rests both of his hands on his knees, taking in the sight of him, mouth slightly agape.

“Lan Zhan, you look ready to devour me.” Wei Wuxian giggles, a coy smirk as his hand roams along his legs up to his chest, grasping his breasts with a hum. “I’m waiting.”

Leaning down, Lan Wangji pecks Wei Wuxian’s lips before trailing down his body again. His tongue is cold against Wei Wuxian’s warm skin. Lan Wangji uses both of his hands to keep Wei Wuxian’s legs in place, restricting any further movement. He huffs out a breath of air through his nose as he gets closer to his pelvis. Teasingly, he begins kissing the inside of Wei Wuxian’s thighs, biting down softly and making his hips jolt a bit. The more he gets closer to the heat between his legs, the more Wei Wuxian grows desperate.

“Lan Zhan please —”

Taking a final look at him, Lan Wangji smiles before breathing on Wei Wuxian’s heat gently, kissing around the edges. He does so for about a minute, Wei Wuxian’s breaths coming out more heavily. Lan Wangji goes ahead and begins using his tongue, licking from the bottom to the top using his flat tongue. Gently, he gives feathery touches on Wei Wuxian’s clit with the tip of his tongue, putting all of the pressure there, and barely touching it, letting his tip dance around it. Wei Wuxian begins moaning heavily now, his fingers grasping at the sheets underneath his fingers.

Lan Wangji pulls away momentarily, then goes back in again gently, and begins sucking on his clit, not taking his mouth off it as he does so. “Mmm Lan Zhan use your fingers on me.” complying, he takes his index and begins rubbing Wei Wuxian’s clit as he breathes over it, then traces a line from his clit down to his entrance, repeating the motion up and down over and over again, licking him again. Gently, he presses his fingers inside of him, just slightly, sucking on his clit a little harder than before.

“Ah — fuck!” Lan Wangji sticks his fingers in deeper into Wei Wuxian, moving them rhythmically. He curls his fingers up, finding his sweet spot, and from there everything goes white. Wei Wuxian throws his head back, eyes closed, a loud moan escaping him. Lan Wangji takes this moment to look
Wei Wuxian repeats Lan Wangji’s name like a prayer, “Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan —” the more he tastes him, the more his fingers play around inside of him, the more the pleasure pools around him. It begins to spread, making his toes curl, making him grasp the sheets tighter, making the beads of sweat on his forehead drip down onto the bed.

Wei Wuxian tightens around his fingers, his legs beginning to spasm. “Ahhh fill me, please please just fill me in.” Lan Wangji pulls away, taking his fingers with him and he spreads his legs further apart, hoisting up one of his legs around his waist. Lan Wangji rids himself of his own robe, his straining cock in full view, Wei Wuxian bites his lower lip and whimpers, begging for him to fill him. Lan Wangji slowly pushes inside of his entrance, filling him up to the edge. “Ahhhh fuckkk yes .”


“Yes yes move, god, just fuck me. ”

And that is enough reassurement before Lan Wangji begins pounding into him, Wei Wuxian moaning loudly, calling out his name, cursing as pure bliss begins descending upon him. He moves inside of him faster, harder, and deeper, Wei Wuxian throwing his head around with tears pricking at the edge of his eyes. “So good, so good, so good .”

Wei Wuxian cums first, his whole body spasming, his breath hitching and then a silent moan, brows furrowing and fingers clenching the sheets tightly enough his knuckles go white. “Cum inside me Lan Zhan, please, fill me .” he begs.

Lan Wangji cums inside of him, groaning out of pleasure, eyes closed and biting down at his bottom lip.

Heaving and panting, both men look utterly disheveled. Wei Wuxian is a total mess, his hair everywhere, his legs limp, his body still flushed and tender. Lan Wangji somehow still managed to remain proper, his hair a bit of a mess and sweating, but still as beautiful as a divine.

“Come here my love, hold me.” Wei Wuxian, always after their lovemaking, becomes a touch starved monster, wanting nothing but the sweet aftercare his lover provides him. Lan Wangji nestles
beside him, bringing him closer, nuzzling his hair as he strokes his back gently. Wei Wuxian fits perfectly in his arms, almost as if they were made for each other’s body, like puzzles. Wei Wuxian hitches a leg around him, pressing himself closer to him as his drowsy eyes shut close. “I love you… I love you completely.”

“I love you, Wei Ying.”

Wei Wuxian is a man who has gotten used to things getting deliberately worse.

The next morning, the pain on his lower back only seemed to get worse. Despite being winter he felt awfully warm today, almost feverish. He quickly bathed to cool himself down, and he went to put his robes back on when he noticed a few droplets of blood in his undergarments.

“Huh? ‘Is my cycle coming earlier this time?’ he thinks, before going through their wardrobe and taking out a new set of robes. Once clothed, he grabs the stained robes and puts them away to wash later. He notices that it’s earlier than the time he’s used to waking up: eight in the morning. At this hour Lan Wangji would find himself either in two places: The Library Pavillion, or The Orchid Room, Wei Wuxian heads towards the library. Ever since they returned to Gusu from their wedding, Lan Wangji has taken the job of delivering music lessons to the disciples. He spends hours and hours just working up what he’s going to teach day after day, making him a rather busy man. As for him, he has been appointed as an escort for the Night Hunts the young disciples participate in.

Tonight was one of the days some of the disciples were to go on a night hunt, with him in the lead, Lan Sizui, Lan Jingyi, and one other disciple to accompany him. As he got closer to the library he saw a familiar figure casually writing, from the window. He snickered as he began climbing his way up the window, quietly enough to not disturb him. Once at the top he leaned against the window, enamoured by the sweet sight before him. Lan Wangji was writing down another of his scriptures, a book of poetry, it seems. The image brings a sense of nostalgia in him, making his heart ache.

“Lan Zhan, despite the years, you don’t change. We find ourselves once again where it all began,” Wei Wuxian goes inside then, finding his way next to his husband, overlooking his writing. “Poetry again? You’re quite the romantic Lan Zhan!” the other man replies with a hum and puts his brush down, turning slightly to the left to look at Wei Wuxian.

He reaches towards him to caress Wei Wuxian’s cheek, fingers tangling in his hair simultaneously, then leans forward to kiss his forehead. Wei Wuxian closes his eyes, savouring the moment. These little yet sweet acts of affection make his chest flutter, his heart beating loudly against his ears. He sighs in content.
“You’re going on a night hunt this evening?” Lan Wangji asks, going back to copying his poetry, letting Wei Wuxian lean against his left side, his free hand resting against Wei Wuxian’s knee.

“Yes! Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi are coming with me, they’re hoping we run into Jin Ling. Funny how close those three have become. Do you think they — ah!” Lan Wangji’s hand had slowly moved underneath his robes and up his thigh, rendering Wei Wuxian speechless for a few moments.

“Lan Zhan! You’ve become much bolder since our wedding! Why don’t you oh — ” nimble fingers find themselves between Wei Wuxian’s legs, playfully teasing him through his undergarments. “You are so unfair Lan Zhan — what would your uncle say?!”

Lan Wangji, “He doesn’t have to know.”

His fingers have found Wei Wuxian’s sweet spot, skillfully playing him with his agile fingers, rubbing him with enough pressure to make him moan quietly. Wei Wuxian hides his face on his shoulder, muffling any sound he makes as a finger sinks inside of him, slowly thrusting into him. Another fingers joins him, and he notices just how calm Lan Wangji looks, writing poetry while simultaneously making a mess out of him. Wei Wuxian bites down at his bottom lip, sustaining another moan that comes out broken.

“How — ah, how can you be so calm? Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan —” his words are cut out suddenly, the fingers inside of him move in deeper as he realises what had just happened. Lan Wangji used the silencing spell on him.

“Mmmm?! Mmphhh!!!” At this moment, Lan Wangji stops writing, putting down his brush again and swiftly pins Wei Wuxian down to the floor. The speed of the fingers inside of him increase gradually, Lan Wangji’s free hand stroking his inner thigh, palms kneading into skin. The arousal within Wei Wuxian burns hotter, shamelessly moaning and writhing underneath Lan Wangji as he begins kissing and biting at his neck. The movement is persistent, rhythmic, as if he were playing him like an instrument. At one point Lan Wangji curls his fingers upwards, caressing him, and Wei Wuxian arches his back at the stimulation. His hand, previously on Wei Wuxian’s thigh, have found its way to rub at his clit in circular motions.

Wei Wuxian’s breathing comes faster, his whole body tensing up, his moaning becoming much louder, at this point anyone who walked past the Library Pavilion would have an idea of the situation at hand. His legs begin thrashing, and Lan Wangji’s bites down at the curve of his neck. Wei Wuxian closes his eyes as his body begins spasming as he cums, legs clenching tight around Lan Wangji’s waist, moaning obscenely. Lan Wangji gets rid of the silencing spell at this moment, and quickly captures Wei Wuxian’s lips in his, slipping his tongue inside.
When they both part, Wei Wuxian is breathing heavily, eyes glazed over in a daze, and a smile forming on his lips. “You — you really are too good to me.” he says breathlessly. Lan Wangji smiles, humming in return and peppering his face with kisses.

“You’ll be the death of me, it’s not even nine, yet you —”

“Hanguang-jun?”

Immediately, both men look at each other with wide eyes, growing colder.

“Sizhui!” Wei Wuxian whispers and pushes Lan Wangji away, fixing his dishevelled robes and his hair. Lan Wangji puts himself together quickly, and goes back to his desk, sitting proper and upright as Wei Wuxian reassumes his place beside him, acting as if nothing had happened.

Lan Wangji, “Come in.”

Lan Sizhui walks in, looking like his face had caught a bad sunburn. He looks down at the ground, avoiding all type of eye contact with either of the men before him. He’s holding some scrolls in his hand, and fiddling with his sleeve in the other. “U-uncle said to bring these to you.” he puts on the scrolls on the desk and dares to look at Wei Wuxian next to Lan Wangji, his face becoming impossibly redder.

“S-Senior Wei! Good morning!”

Wei Wuxian, “Good morning to you! Hahaha, isn’t it a lovely day today!”

“Yes! Yes it really is. Umm — I’ll see you again this evening Senior Wei. Hanguang-jun.” He nods at both at them, Lan Wangji nodding in return, and he quickly makes his way out.

“Hah! I feel so bad for him, that’s the second time just this month! Hahahaha! Lan Zhan, you need to be more aware of your surroundings, what if your brother finds us one of these days? Or worse, what if your uncle does?”
Lan Wangji continues copying down the poem he had been transcribing before, and simply huffs out. “I don’t care.”

Wei Wuxian, “Ah?”

“They should know by now.”

“Aha… ahahahahaha! Lan Zhan, you really have changed!”

Night fell upon the Cloud Recesses, painting and illuminating the terraces of the buildings. The forests that surrounded the Cloud Recesses had been infested with corpses as of late. Night Hunts were being sent much more frequently to scour the areas and clear them out. Wei Wuxian was leading one of the parties this evening, bringing Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi, and another disciple with them. They walk through the tall trees, the moonlight guiding their path, as they travel further down the mountain.

“It’s been almost an hour! Nothing has happened!” Jingyi complained, growing more and more impatient.

Lan Sizhui, “We must keep going, we can’t go back unless we clear this way. Senior Wei, have you gathered something new?”

“Hm… I noticed that a few of the tree trunks we’ve passed have some scratches on them, all leading to the same direction. That’s the path we’ve been following. Here’s one, look.” Wei Wuxian points to three crooked horizontal lines on one of the trees, carved in deep into the bark. The three Lan disciples came closer together to inspect the scratches, and almost as soon as they pulled away to continue walking they heard an eerie growl.

All four of them stopped in their tracks, Wei Wuxian shushing down the disciple that has been whimpering in fear for the past hour. Another growl roared through the night air, the disciples’ hands flying towards the hilt of their swords.

“It’s getting closer!” Lan Jingyi and Lan Sizhui immediately unsheathed their swords, Wei Wuxian held Chenqing close to his mouth.
The growling grew numerous, and the sound of feet shuffling became much more hurried, much closer. Soon they were being surrounded by seven walking corpses.

A shrill note played aloud, the sound of Wei Wuxian’s dizi causing all corpses to stop in their tracks. Wei Wuxian moved backwards, the corpses following him in a daze, and the sound of the swords cutting through rotting flesh initiated a fight between the Lan party and the corpses. Wei Wuxian commanded the corpses to attack each other, and in their confusion, Lan Sizhui found it easier to slice them to pieces. In approximately 30 minutes, they managed to clear the way.

“If there were so many here, there must be more further down!” exclaimed Jingyi, the third Lan disciple, fright stricken for it was his first Night Hunt, whined in desperation.

Lan Sizhui, “Senior Wei, should we continue clearing this path? We might be outnumbered if we —”

Another sickening growl cuts him off, and everyone is looking towards the source of the sound. Wei Wuxian nods at them to follow him and they quickly make their way towards the noise. As they get closer to the ruckus, a single arrow flies past them, landing in a tree behind them. The sudden sound of footsteps approaching makes the party run faster, swords ready for a fight, the growling getting closer and closer.

They reach towards a clearing in the middle of the forest, where they see no other than Jin Ling, clutching at his arm, wounded and limp while holding his bow, looking around frantically. Once their eyes meet, he is running towards Wei Wuxian and the others, breathing heavily and sweating.

“Sizhui!” He is caught by Lan Sizhui, who worriedly examines his wounded arm, Lan Jingyi joins in, searching for any other possible injuries on the boy.

Jin Ling, “I’m okay I’m okay! I just fell! A corpse was following me he — what are you doing here?!”

“Is that a way to salute your favourite uncle?” Wei Wuxian exclaims, pretending to be offended.

“You’re not my favourite uncle!”
The walking corpse that had been following Jin Ling made itself known to the party. Sizhui and Jingyi put themselves in front of Jin Ling protectively, both of their swords raised. Wei Wuxian was about to blow on Chenqing when he felt a hot flash of warmth spread throughout his body and a feeling of lightheadedness. White noise begins ringing inside his ear, his vision becomes blurry by the seconds.

“Senior Wei!” the voices begin sounding meddled together, as if underwater.

Wei Wuxian, puts his hand on his head, “I feel...a bit sick hah — “ his breathing becomes ragged and heavier, coming out at a fast pace.

“Uncle Wei!”

The growling sounds move closer, clammy sweat begins pouring down the edges of his forehead, and he feels himself falling backwards.

“Uncle!”

His world goes black.

When he wakes he is laying down on a bed, the sun high up in the sky. There is a wet towel on his forehead and people are whispering nearby. He turns his head slightly to the right to see Lan Wangji, conversing with one of the nurses from the Cloud Recesses. Wei Wuxian sits up slowly, his head beginning to form a headache; he breathes in and out, and calls out for Lan Wangji.

“Lan Zhan?” Lan Wangji turns around to meet his eyes, and lets out a sigh, his eyes full of worry. He bows to the nurse, and she makes her way out of the room. Wei Wuxian notices that she doesn’t leave and only waits outside of the doors, letting the two men converse privately. Lan Wangji looks impossibly pale, paler than usual. His skin is usually like beautifully carved jade, exquisitely refined and fair. Right now, he looks like he’s seen a ghost.

“Lan Zhan what’s wrong?” Wei Wuxian asks again as Lan Wangji sits next to him on the edge of the bed.
“Wei Ying, how long have you been feeling sick?” he inquires, a hand coming to caress Wei Wuxian’s cheek, so soft and lovingly he almost melts into the touch. His hands are trembling slightly, a rare sight coming from the Second Jade of Lan. Lan Wangji is a proper man, he’s a stone pillar that is rarely troubled, rarely disturbed.

Something had clearly perturbed him today.

“And a week now,” he begins “In the morning, when I wake up, I would feel impossibly hot. I thought I might be getting a fever since it was winter,” Wei Wuxian looks into Lan Wangji’s face, and notices the anxious and uncertain glint in his eyes, something he’d never expect to see from him.

“I also noticed some light bleeding on my undergarments but I just assumed it was because of my cycle, but it’s no big deal I promise I —”

“Wei Ying.”

“Yes?”

“You haven’t had your cycle in a month.”

Wei Wuxian looks at him incredulously. He tries to think back to the last time he bled, and comes to find that Lan Wangji was right. This month, he was supposed to have gotten his cycle about two weeks ago, yet it never came. He simply assumed it was late. He finds it funny how Lan Wangji is the one better at keeping track of his time than he was, always the forgetful one. He laughs disheartedly, almost as if trying to ease himself down and ignore the thought that has begun to form inside his head.

“Lan Zhan, it’s fine. It’s just late…”

“Your chest.” Lan Wangji begins again.

Wei Wuxian, “Huh? What about my chest?”

“Does it feel… strange?”
Strange?” he thinks about the day before yesterday, how his chest felt impossibly swollen after waking up in the morning. He dismissed the situation as just the bruises Lan Wangji had left on him the night before. “I guess?”

…

“They feel… fuller? I suppose? Tender. But again Lan Zhan, the same thing happens when I bleed every month it’s nothing new I promi —”

“Wei Ying. The nurse just told me you might be pregnant.”

The room goes quiet. Lan Wangji has never looked so scared in his life as he does in this moment. He lets out a shaky sigh, closes his eyes for a few seconds, takes a deep breath and opens them again.

“Wei Ying I —” he stops “Could you… is it okay if the nurse checks? We wanted to ask until you were awake.”

Wei Wuxian just feels like a marionette. Someone was pulling the strings of his head as he nodded without putting much emotion into it. If getting a checkup was what was needed to prove whether he really was pregnant or not, then by all means he’d do it. He hated seeing his husband so distraught, almost as if he was blaming himself.

“Lan Zhan, don’t look so down. It’s going to be okay. I’ll get checked up, and whatever the news are then… well — we’ll… figure it out.”

Lan Wangji only nodded, sighing again. He shuffled closer to Wei Wuxian, and let his head drop on his shoulders, lightly kissing the bare skin there. They stay like that for a few more minutes, in each other’s warmth, before Lan Wangji moves to let the nurse back inside the room.

“I’ll wait outside.” Wei Wuxian simply nods.

Lan Wangji walks outside of the jingshi, and decides to sit on the steps. He listens to the light shuffling of clothing, and a soft thud dropping on the floor. Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi, and Jin Ling
comes over towards him, having been hovering around the jingshi ever since early in the morning, inquiring about Wei Wuxian’s state.

“Hanguang-jun.” bows Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi and Jin Ling following suit. “Senior Wei is… is he going to be alright?”

“He is fine. There’s simply other matters in question.” replies Lan Wangji, still feeling anxious. Lan Sizhui is the only one to notice his strange behaviour and walks towards him, sitting next to him.

“Father...”

Lan Sizhui rarely calls him that in the presence of others, but figuring the situation was much more grievous, he didn’t care.

“A-Yuan. It’s alright.”

Jin Ling, “But is he going to be okay? The way he fell, he only barely managed to avoid hitting his head!” Lan Jingyi shushed him, urging him to be a bit more quiet. Suddenly, the doors of the jingshi flung open, the nurse coming out. Lan Wangji straightened up quickly, and pulls himself upright.

The nurse leans her head towards him and whispers into his ear. Lan Wangji nods.

“Thank you very much.” He bows at her and lets her go.

Lan Sizhui stands up to face Lan Wangji, a worried look plastered on his face.

“Hanguang-jun?”

Jin Ling, “So? Is he okay?”

“Yes.” Lan Wangji looks inside into the room, where Wei Wuxian sits on the bed, tying his robes back on and fixing up his hair. “Wei Ying...”
Said man turns towards him and gives him a bright smile. “Lan Zhan, come in, would you.” he notices the tear marks that paint his face, he gives him a soft laugh. He notices the boys outside of the room as well, but particularly his eyes remain on Lan Sizhui. “You too. Come in.”

Both men walk inside of the jingshi, and Lan Sizhui quickly closes the door behind him, leaving Lan Jingyi and Jin Ling outside to wonder what was going on. Lan Sizhui speaks first. “Senior Wei, are you okay?”

“You can call me father you know, considering that I technically raised you too.” Wei Wuxian laughs at Lan Sizhui’s suddenly expression of embarrassment, blushing heavily and looking down to the ground. Wei Wuxian reaches to cup his face on his hand, and leans to press a kiss against his forehead.

“It’s so strange, seeing you all grown up. When you were a baby, you used to be so sticky and cling onto my leg.”

“D-did I really do that?”

“Yes! When you met Lan Zhan for the first time, you clung onto him as well! You were such an adorable child, such a shame I didn’t get to carry you, but I’m not here to tease you actually. I do however, want to share something with you.”

Lan Sizhui, “Yes father?”

Wei Wuxian looks at Lan Wangji, who at this point was holding his hand so lovingly, nuzzling against his wrist. He nods at Wei Wuxian to go on. The tense atmosphere inside of the room seems to have dissipated, and instead there was a serene glow surrounding both men, particularly Wei Wuxian, who looked impossibly happy. Happier than usual.

“A-Yuan, I’m with child!”

Lan Sizhui’s eyes go wide. His eyes darting between Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji.

“Huh?!”
The news of Wei Wuxian’s pregnancy spreads quickly throughout the Cloud Recesses, the news also finding its way to other sects, particularly the Yungmeng Jiang Sect. After the initial shock, Lan Sizhui couldn’t have felt any more elated about the big news. As soon as he left the jingshi, Lan Jingyi and Jin Ling bombarded him with questions. He led the two boys to a quiet space underneath a tree and told them the news. Needless to say, Jin Ling broke three rules that day. As soon as he got the news, Jin Ling ran all the way back to the jingshi and demanded the truth from Wei Wuxian himself.

Wei Wuxian only smiled and nodded.

Lan Xichen, who was still in seclusion, received the news from Lan Wangji himself, after he went to visit him and have some tea with him. Despite his tense relationship with Wei Wuxian and his bitter feelings towards him, he forced himself out of his quarters and went to congratulate Wei Wuxian himself.

“Master Wei, I heard the exciting news. I wanted to give you my best wishes.” At 36, Lan Xichen looks impossibly beautiful. His ever present smile took away the solemn look in his eyes.

“Zewu-jun,” Wei Wuxian bowed at him courteously “It’s an honour to receive your blessing. I appreciate it greatly.” Wei Wuxian felt within him a tug of guilt. He is highly aware of Lan Xichen’s feelings towards him.

“You should,” Lan Xichen simply continues smiling and looks at Lan Wangji, who had taken his place next to Wei Wuxian. Lan Xichen examines both of them closely and simply sighs after a few seconds. “Will you walk with me? Alone.” Lan Wangji understands immediately, bows to his brother, and walks away. Wei Wuxian never really had a choice to begin with, so he followed Lan Xichen along as they strolled through the Cloud Recesses.

“Wangji is the happiest I’ve seen him in years, Wei Wuxian. I hope you are aware that my brother has suffered greatly because of you.”

Wei Wuxian, “I know.”

“However, I’d be a fool to deny the fact that you’re also the only person who has managed to make him as happy as he is. To hear the news that you’re bringing forth a child into the world, his child
nonetheless, I can only say one thing, Wei Wuxian.”

Wei Wuxian swallowed deeply, not daring to look at him out of fear of the eldest Lan’s anger once again.

“Thank you.”

When Wei Wuxian didn’t reply he continues speaking.

“Wangji has always been very quiet. For as long as I’ve known him, I’ve watched him struggle deeply with being in tune with his own emotions. After our mother’s passing, and our father’s unfortunate seclusion, he became rather repressed with himself. I watched how much of a hassle it was for him to get close to anyone, he only really talked to me or Uncle. People were either too scared to talk to him, or he simply wouldn’t know what to do. He would spend his time with his nose buried in books, and that made him happy of course but I knew that he wanted to be able to connect as easily as everyone else did. It would frustrate him greatly, and upset him just as much. ”

Wei Wuxian nods in understanding.

“As he grew older, Uncle started expecting more of him, his star pupil. In my eyes, Wangji only became more and more confused. He also became very lonely. He was and continues to be an excellent cultivator, but despite how much I tried, he wouldn’t outright tell me what he was feeling. It’s almost as if he was scared of it. He’s always been stubborn, but even that stubbornness was beginning to disappear.”

“Until you came along.”

Lan Xichen had stopped in his tracks, they were now standing underneath a tree. Lan Xichen cleared some flowers off a rock and sat down, continuing to tell the story.

“You see Wei Wuxian, had you not come along, I don’t think I would’ve ever managed to see my brother happy again. You didn’t run from him like all the other kids did, it was your incessant prodding that started getting him out of his shell. I hate you for what you did to him. You broke him, you tore him apart, all the pain he went through was because of you, I cannot forgive you for that. But I cannot not thank you for giving me my brother back.”
Wei Wuxian opens his mouth to say something, but Lan Xichen’s look shuts him up.

“He is happy, Wei Ying. Even after everything he went through, you are, in the end, the one person that makes him happy. So I’m only asking you this one time, Wei Wuxian. Be good to him, don’t make me regret thanking you. You are my brother-in-law, that child that is growing in you will be my nephew, or niece. So maybe it’s a little too late for me to say this, considering it’s been a few months already after your marriage, but welcome to the family, Wei Ying.”

Wei Wuxian was at loss for words, his throat constricted and his eyes burning from unshed tears. This was one of the few times he and Lan Xichen had crossed words with each other, the last time he ever spoke to him like this ended bitterly. He knew it’d be rude to cry in front of Lan Xichen, he doesn’t deserve to cry after the things he’s done. The one thing both of them have in common is their profound love for Lan Wangji.

Wei Wuxian, “Sect Leader I — “

“Please, call me brother.”

He couldn’t restrain it any longer, Wei Wuxian let the hot tears fall heavily down his cheeks. To receive Lan Xichen’s approval, was a greater blessing in itself. He really didn’t deserve this. Lan Xichen smiled at him fondly, sitting up to give him an embrace. Wei Wuxian shamelessly buried his head on the older Lan’s shoulder, repeating a “Thank you” over and over.

“Brother I — you’re much too kind. Thank you so much. I promise you I will make him the happiest man. I will never dare to hurt him again.”

Lan Xichen, “Hahaha silly, you already make him the happiest man. I will take your word on the last part, however. Plus, I’m excited to see the type of children you two come up with.”

“Brother,” Wei Wuxian pulls away from him, wiping off the remnants of tears in his eyes, “Were the child to be a boy, would you do me the honour of choosing a Courtesy name for him?”

“It’d be my pleasure. What if it’s a girl?”

Wei Wuxian, “Her given name. I’d let you choose her given name.”
“Such an honour reserved for me? My, do you hold me at such high esteem to take such a decision for you? Sadly, I’ll have to decline if that were the case. Her given name, were she to be female, should be given by you and Wangji only. I appreciate it, however. Let us go Wei Wuxian, there is one last person you need to provide the news to, and you’re going to need my help.”

Lan Qiren fainted.

The news was brought to him by both Lan siblings and Wei Wuxian. They met him at the Main Hall, where all three men sat at a round table and drank tea with Lan Qiren. The man was suspicious from the sudden visit by all three of them, together nonetheless. His eyes would avoid Wei Wuxian for as long as possible until he was allowed to speak. Wei Wuxian dropped the news to Lan Qiren, who unceremoniously dropped his tea cup to the floor, spilled tea all over his robes, and then proceeded to collapse.

All three men stared blankly at the fallen elder before him.

Wei Wuxian, “I think he took it pretty well?”

Lan Xichen hurried to Lan Qiren’s side, and sat him up. Lan Wangji took it upon himself to collect the broken pieces of the teacup and clean the spilled tea. Wei Wuxian sighed deeply, hoping his former teacher will be feeling well. Wei Wuxian knows about Lan Qiren’s distrust and distaste for him, even more so now that he has officially married Lan Wangji and returned to Gusu to live as a new member of the Gusu Lan Sect. How funny fate is, that he found himself becoming part of the last sect he’d choose to marry into.

After a few minutes, Lan Qiren woke up, he had been hoisted up against one of the pillars, Lan Xichen batting some air at him with a folded fan, and Lan Wangji pouring him a newly brewed cold tea for him to drink.

“Uncle,” Lan Xichen began “Are you feeling okay?”

Lan Qiren, “I could’ve sworn I heard that Wei Wuxian was with Lan Wangji’s child, what a peculiar dream!”
Lan Xichen, Lan Wangji, and Wei Wuxian all stared at him “...”

Lan Xichen, “No Uncle, you heard right. Wei Wuxian is with child.”

Wei Wuxian gave him a smile, putting his hand behind his neck and chuckled softly “Hahaha, oops?”

“You! You — No. No no no no no. “ Lan Qiren’s face got so red with anger that you could see the steam rising from his ears. “I won’t allow it! I will not allow this to happen!”

“It’s a little too late now Senior Lan! I’ve been thoroughly deflowered!”

“Wei Wuxian!”

Only an exasperated sigh could be heard coming from Lan Xichen, and a gentle hum from Lan Wangji. Wei Wuxian’s melodious laughter could be heard outside of the Main Hall, he hid behind Lan Wangji to avoid Lan Qiren doing something to him out of impulse. Lan Xichen helped him up and he drank the tea being held by Lan Wangji, steadying himself. He breathed in and out slowly, losing his composure had taken too much out of him, and he forced himself to be calm.

Lan Qiren regards Lan Wangji specifically this time, protectively standing in front of Wei Wuxian. “Is it true? You two coupled… and are bringing forth a child?”

Lan Wangji, “Yes. It’s true.”

“And you want this? You’re okay with this happening?” Lan Qiren inquires rather cautiously.

“Yes Uncle, I want this. We both do.”

A sigh. Lan Qiren has raised both Lan Wangji and Lan Xichen since their parents were unable to do so. He’s watched them grow, taught them how to wield swords, how to fight, taught them everything they know. Both boys, now men, have become the top two cultivators in the cultivational world thanks to him. They are his pride, they are his only remaining family, and he’d do anything for both of them to be okay. Lan Qiren never married, never had children, but the Jades of Lan were enough
to be children of his.

Lan Qiren simply didn’t want to see either of his nephews end up with such a tragic fate as his brother. Blinded by love, destroyed by it. Both of the brother’s parents meeting tragic ends, the curse of the Lan family.

He almost lost his nephew once because of Wei Wuxian. It pained to see the heights Lan Wangji would go to protect the man he loved, enduring violent repercussions in return as well as staining his own reputation. Yet here he was, the same Lan Wangji who endured more than 30 lashes to his back, happy with the man he almost died protecting.

And now they were going to have a child of their own.

Lan Qiren knew in his heart that Lan Wangji is and will be a loving and good father. He raised Lan Sizhui all on his own, and well, everyone can see how he turned out.

Lan Qiren, “I do not… approve of what’s happening, but, I will not interfere. It’s your life my boy, I can no longer tell you what to do. You’re not a kid anymore. As for you Wei Wuxian, although I’d prefer it be someone else, there is nothing I can do now. You have my blessing.”

All three men let out a sigh of relief, Lan Xichen smiled at Lan Qiren, then at both Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian. “I guess it’s settled then. The Lan Sect will welcome a new member!” Lan Xichen put a hand on Lan Wangji’s shoulder and squeezed reassuringly. Lan Wangji bowed his head to his uncle in appreciation before leading himself and Wei Wuxian out of the Main Hall.

A week later, Jiang Cheng arrived to the doors of the Cloud Recesses. Jin Ling had spread the news of Wei Wuxian’s pregnancy to him, and quite frankly he was annoyed of the fact that he had to find out through his nephew. He stormed out of The Lotus Pier with Jin Ling after he finally managed to make him talk about why he was suddenly worried about Wei Wuxian’s health.

With Jin Ling taking his position as the new sect leader for the Lanling Jin Sect, he had been helping his nephew through the arduous process that pertains to being a sect leader, especially at such a young age. He often would hear Jin Ling talk about things he’s heard, rumours shared between juniors his age, and the newest scandals.
To be fair, Jiang Cheng felt betrayed he had to find out the way he did. He would’ve expected his brother would’ve told him directly, but then again, the two haven’t exactly made amends with each other. He had heard the news of his marriage to Lan Wangji during one of the meetings at Carp Tower.

Now that he was here at the Cloud Recesses, he could properly speak to Wei Wuxian again.

He is waiting at the round table in the Main Hall, Jin Ling had seen him off and went in search of his own friends, acting strangely and blushing tremendously when confronted with the urgency of his leaving. Soon enough, Wei Wuxian arrived with an uncertain look on his face and a defensive posture.

“Jiang Cheng?”

“So when were you intending to tell me about the fact that you’re carrying a Lan child?”

Wei Wuxian looked like a dog with its tail between his legs. He kept his distance from Jiang Cheng, not even daring to sit in the same table as he was, and only looked at him from the corner of the room. He said nothing in reply.

Jiang Cheng laughed bitterly, his fingers anxiously playing with Zidian. “Not going to talk now either?” He felt hurt. He remembers a time, when they were children, how they’d promised that they were to give each others children their courtesy names were they to be boys.

“Jiang Cheng, I didn’t think you would care.” Wei Wuxian finally said, after a few minutes of silence and them looking at each other. “You’ve refused me every chance I’ve taken to speak to you.”

If Jiang Cheng could he would’ve punched him.

“You —! You didn’t even tell me you got married! I had to find out in a meeting, and now the news that you’re pregnant come to me because Jin Ling is a shit liar!” He stands up from the round table and crosses over to face Wei Wuxian, who cowers back until his back is pressed against a wall.

“You were the one who promised to stay by my side when I became Sect Leader! You were the one who told me we’d be the Twin Heroes of Yungmeng! You promised we’d be like our fathers! You
promised! You promised and what did you do?! You run off with the Lan dog, marry him, fuck him, get pregnant, all without telling me shit about it! Has it ever crossed your fucking head that all I ever wanted was to have the last piece of my family back with me?!” his eyes were fogged by the tears that began falling.

“Jiang Cheng… I’m sorry.”

“I cared about you Wei Wuxian! I cared so fucking much. You were my brother. We were supposed to bring Yungmeng back together.”

“You didn’t need me to help you raise Yungmeng back up. What you did, you did it all yourself… your — your parents would’ve been proud.”

“Don’t you dare talk about them. Don’t talk about any of them. Don’t talk about mom, don’t talk about dad, and don’t talk about Yanli. Have you forgotten the reason they’re all dead is because of you?”

Wei Wuxian went silent. Jiang Cheng was unable to stop the tears. His head went limp, his legs giving out on him and he fell forward, Wei Wuxian catching him in his arms as they both slid down to the floor.

The two brothers embraced each other, this being the first time after he was reincarnated that they ever even touched again, much less hug. Jiang Cheng cried into Wei Wuxian’s shoulder, the tears staining his robes. “You.. idiot.”

“Jiang Cheng I… I’m sorry. For everything. For uncle, for Madam Yu, for Yanli. I’m sorry for not telling you about your golden core, I wanted to, I wanted to so bad. I was scared, I was afraid that you’d push me away.”

“Idiot. You’re an idiot you know that? You’re the biggest idiot I’ve known in my life. You never listen, you never see even when it’s right in front of you. You’re dense, reckless, and stupid. It’s that selflessness and pride of yours that got you killed in the first place.”

Wei Wuxian cried with him now, holding him closer. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry I’m so sorry.”

“Did you really think I wouldn’t care that my own brother was going to have a kid? That I wouldn’t care about his own wedding?” Jiang Cheng pulled away for a bit, searching Wei Wuxian’s eyes. Wei Wuxian nodded at him, dejectedly.
“I do care. I am happy for you. Despite everything, you’re the reason I’m even alive in the first place now. I’m not going to let you smear my family name in the presence of the Lans.”

“What do you mean?”

Jiang Cheng, “I mean, that despite everything, you’re still the head disciple of the Yungmeng Jiang sect. You’re still my brother.”

Wei Wuxian sobbed openly. He pulled Jiang Cheng closer to him again, hiding his face in the crook of his neck as he let himself cry. Jiang Cheng’s arms held him close to him, protectively. “Besides, Yanli would’ve been so happy to learn about the news.”

How much he’d give to have his sister back to experience this wonderful moment with her. He almost feels like he doesn’t deserve the amount of good things happening to him right now considering the awful things he did. The amount of people that died because of him.

Still, his brother was forgiving him. For now, that is enough.

“Jiang Cheng, I could almost kiss you right now!”

“Don’t say such a gross thing! Get away from me! You’re ruining my robes! Stand up, I brought some things for you and that creature of yours.”

Wei Wuxian, “You brought something for my baby?! Jiang Cheng! You’re so thoughtful, I’d never would’ve thought behind that scowl of yours!”

“Yes! Of course I do!” Jiang Cheng pulls himself upright, helping Wei Wuxian up. They walk out of the Main Hall and begin their walk through the Cloud Recesses to the dormitories, where Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling were staying temporarily. They have light conversation through the whole walk, trying to catch up to the things they’ve missed about each other. As they finally reached the room Jiang Cheng was using, they heard some voices and slight movement from the inside.
“Wait! Wait wait!”

The brothers looked at each other, and then proceeded to open the door slightly, peeking in. None other than Jin Ling, Lan Sizhui, and Lan Jingyi were inside.

Jin Ling was situated between both Lan disciples, blushing furiously, his hair in disarray and his eyes were closed as Lan Sizhui kissed him tenderly, his hands placed on his cheeks. Lan Jingyi was holding Jin Ling’s hands, occasionally kissing them and the nape of his neck. “Stop hogging him all for yourself Sizhui, I’m right here!”

Lan Sizhui pulled away, his cheeks tinted pink as Lan Jingyi took the opportunity to cup Jin Ling’s chin and kissing him. Lan Sizhui began pressing his lips softly on the inside of his wrist. When Lan Jingyi pulled away, he smiled at Jin Ling’s face, which was impossibly red.

“Sect Leader Jin, you’re blushing so much!” teased Lan Jingyi, his fingers tucking a loose hair behind Jin Ling’s ears, which were hot to the touch.

Jin Ling, “S-shut up!”

Lan Sizhui caressed his face, which made Jin Ling make an embarrassing noise. “You’re really cute Young Master Jin. Red suits your face.” he says, a smile on his face.

“Y-you’re cute too… both of you.” both Lan kids resume their pampering of the boy with gentle kisses, hand holding, and cuddling. They brushed his hair with their hands, wrapped their arms around his waist, whispered praise into his ears to the point in which Jin Ling had to cover his face from sheer embarrassment.

Wei Wuxian and Jiang Cheng close the door as silently as they can and walk away.

The first months of Wei Wuxian’s pregnancy were the worse. His back hurt, he was cramping, and he felt bloated. He began feeling much more tired than before, sleeping up to 12 hours, and still feeling exhausted when he woke up. He was also moodier, ranging from extreme happiness to extreme sadness, more so than usual. His muscles ached, even holding his sword was too taxing for him at the moment and he relied on Lan Wangji to do most of the physical labour. Since pregnancy was considered a “warm condition” he began drinking cooler beverages to keep his inner balance.
Sadly, he was also told he had to pause his consumption of ridiculously spicy food and alcohol for the next nine months.

Lan Wangji had become much more protective than usual, and more loving. The way he’d look at him with fondness in his eyes, more apparent than before. The way he’d caress and embrace him, so soft he could melt into him. The way he’d kiss him, so gently it felt like tasting a piece of heaven. He’d smile at him more often, and his smile made his heart go wild. Lan Wangji was his most favourite person in the whole world, he loves being the reason he has began to smile again. There was a piece of Lan Wangji in him now, that he will be able to cherish forever.

The two of them were cuddled next to each other in bed. Lan Wangji held Wei Wuxian close to him, chest to chest. Wei Wuxian had a leg over Lan Wangji’s waist, clinging to him and desperately seeking his warmth. The two were kissing, slowly, lazily, their eyes closed and their tongues dancing around each other. One of Lan Wangji’s hands was pressed against the small of his back, rubbing circles around with his thumb.

“Lan Zhan —” Wei Wuxian moaned into his mouth, Lan Wangji humming in return.

“We still have a few more weeks to fool around before my body changes.” Wei Wuxian purred, kissing down Lan Wangji’s chin, and leaving open mouthed kisses on his neck. He kissed the sun shaped scar on his chest, Lan Wangji taking a deep breath at the contact.

“You always treat me so good Lan Zhan. Wouldn’t it be fair I did more for you as well?” His hands wander down Lan Wangji’s side, then move to his frontside, thumbing at the string that holds his sleeping robes in place. He beings palming at his groin, feeling up the shape of his cock that grew harder under his touch. Lan Wangji moans quietly, his brows furrowed in concentration.

“Wei Ying …”

“Now now Lan Zhan, just relax. As much as I’d love to feel you inside me, we can’t take any chances right now. So let me make you enjoy yourself.”

Wei Wuxian undid the strings of Lan Wangji’s robes, letting it fall freely onto the bed, he slowly parted the two sides and exposed his strained cock. To help him out a bit, Lan Wangji turned to lay on his back, sitting up slightly. Wei Wuxian positioned himself so that he was face to face with his lower regions, licking his lips in expectation. Wei Wuxian seemed much more enthusiastic than usual, taking him in his hands and beginning to stroke down slowly from the tip to the base. He kisses his way down from his navel before curling his lips around his teeth and putting his mouth around the very tip.
The warmth of Wei Wuxian’s mouth around him made Lan Wangji hum in delight. He flicked the underside of the tip for a few seconds, knowing how sensitive that spot was for his husband. He licked gently, blowing against his member, making Lan Wangji squirm occasionally. Wei Wuxian chuckled, taking the tip into his mouth again. Little by little, he began moving forward, moaning; Lan Wangji was big, he had been blessed with being well endowed in all aspects of the word, it always made Wei Wuxian choke a little bit when he attempted to take him all in.

Lan Wangji, “D-don’t… push yourself.” he was slightly breathless, his eyes glazed over as he took in the image of his tantalising husband between his legs, taking him in.

Wei Wuxian laughed again, and the vibrations sent a jolt through Lan Wangji’s whole body, making his fingers twitch. He began bobbing his head slowly at first, setting up a steady rhythm. His hands wander around a little, rubbing Lan Wangji’s thighs, softly scratching at his skin. He went further down, lightly tickling his balls with his fingers, and he looked up, paying close attention to Lan Wangji’s expressions. His eyes were closed, he had a hand covering up his mouth as he tried his best not to make too much sound. Always trying to follow the rules even in these situations.

As he blew, he wrapped his right hand around the base of his cock, moving them at the same speed and rhythm, stimulating his shaft further. He began to move his head faster, playing around with him, moaning to give more sensations, fondling his balls to make him feel better, scratching at his thighs. Lan Wangji’s felt the warmth travel throughout his body, as it settled in one spot in particular. He felt the ecstasy pooling down, the deeper Wei Wuxian took him into his mouth, the more it increased. His breath came out in quick gasps, still forcing himself to not moan too loud for everyone to hear.

“Wei Ying… stop ah — “

He feels Wei Wuxian hum again, and that threw Lan Wangji off the rails. Soon enough, he was cumming deep inside of Wei Wuxian’s mouth, his head thrown back and biting down onto his hand. He feels the warmth surrounding his cock disappear and peeked out at Wei Wuxian. His lips were swollen and red, some cum dripping down the edges and he smiled at Lan Wangji before swallowing down the cum inside his mouth. He laughed at Lan Wangji’s shocked expression, for no matter how many times they’ve done this he can’t ever get used to the image.

“Lan Zhan, you always taste so good… “ with catlike movements, he leaned forwards to capture Lan Wangji’s lips with his own, letting him taste himself. Wei Wuxian pulled away, and let himself be enraptured by Lan Wangji’s strong arms, his breath still heavy.

“Wei Ying… you —”
“Hm? Me what? You can’t complain about me swallowing when I already know you like it. Your face goes all red when you see me.”

“I — fine."

It was far too late already, they were supposed to sleep almost an hour ago, adding yet another broken rule to their backs since they married. They snuggled close to each other for warmth, Lan Wangji not caring to fix his robes anymore as he peppered Wei Wuxian’s face with gentle kisses. Soon enough, racked with fatigue, both fell into a deep sleep.

By the end of the third month and the beginning of the fourth, Wei Wuxian began showing physical signs of his pregnancy. Some of the female Lan cultivators had heard about the news. They had thought it impossible for a man to be able to conceive, but then again, Wei Wuxian’s body was different, he had been blessed with the ability to conceive. Nevertheless, he received a ridiculous amount of support from everyone.

Jiang Cheng began coming over to the Cloud Recesses more often, spending time with him as the months progressed. His gift had been tucked away into Lan Wangji’s and Wei Wuxian’s shared wardrobe.

It was a beautiful, handmade sword made of silver. The hilt engraved with the head of a dragon surrounded by lotus petals. It came inside a wooden scabbard painted black, and the end of the hilt held a purple decorative yarn string. Jiang Cheng also brought a silver bell engraved with a nine-petal lotus for the child to wear around their belt when they were older.

Now that both Jiang Cheng and Wei Wuxian knew the real reason Jin Ling came to the Cloud Recesses, after an embarrassing long talk with him, he came more often too, whenever he was free from the arduous duty of being Sect Leader.

“Does it hurt?” asked Jin Ling one day. Jiang Cheng was resting at the moment, after he accidentally twisted his foot on a rock on his walk up the mountain. “I mean, your body is… stretching, so it must hurt… right?”

Wei Wuxian laughed before replying and nodded, “It hurts a bit, mostly my back, you don’t really feel your body stretching.”
Jin Ling, “Do people… look at you differently?”

“Some people are shocked to learn the truth of my body yes, but they don’t really treat me any differently than they did before. I’ve always known I was a man, ever since I was young kid. Uncle was the one who helped me, Jiang Cheng’s father and your grandfather.”

Jin Ling stayed quiet, allowing him to continue as he listened carefully.

“I began training with the male disciples at Yungmeng once Uncle figured it out. Never once did anyone treat me differently. Even Madam Yu with her harsh training and treatment towards me, it was never because of that. I guess you could say I was lucky. Not many have the same luck I do.”

Jin Ling, “They never called you things? Insult you?”

“Not the disciples no, and definitely not Uncle or Madam Yu. Someone once said something nasty to me at the streets once, a vendor, but Jiang Cheng dealt with it quickly.”

Jin Ling, “Some of the boys at Carp Tower call me names sometimes… like Young Mistress, and I really don’t like it.”

Wei Wuxian let out an ‘Oh’ once he realised why Jin Ling kept asking him these questions. His face softened and he motioned for him to come closer. Reluctantly, Jin Ling walked over to him and sat by his side. He tensed when he felt Wei Wuxian’s arm around his shoulder, pulling him a bit closer.

“Jin Ling, whatever they tell you, you know yourself better than anyone else. I understand it can be painful when people don’t completely understand, but you’re a man, you have always been one and you will always be one. Those stupid boys don’t matter, their words may hurt but they aren’t the ones that matter. Your family, your friends, and the people who love you are the ones that matter, and all of them already accept you. I know it’s confusing, since you’re still really young, but it gets better. Men like us are just better than other men.”

Jin Ling, “It’s… hard.”

“I know. I know it is. When I was a kid, I used to think it would go away. I hated the confusion, I
hated not knowing. But Uncle gave me reassuring words, Jiang Cheng helped and accepted me from
the first time, your mother loved me no matter what, and Madam Yu… she understood and respected
it,”

Wei Wuxian took a deep breath, “I know that… we’re not in the best terms right now, but I want to
provide you the same help I received. You can talk to me about this, and you know I won’t judge or
laugh at you for it. I’m here for you. I always will be.”

Jin Ling looked down to his hands, not noticing they were trembling, “Uncle knows, and well, you
know now. Jingyi and Sizhui figured it out, and they’ve been really nice about it too. I just… I
thought I was alone in this.”

“Jin Ling, trust me when I say, there are a lot of people like us out there. You’d be surprised to learn
who, but it’s not my place to say those things. Anyways, I’m glad you told me, it really means a lot.”

“I just,” he began again “I didn’t know people like us were allowed to have children.”

Wei Wuxian laughed again, “I mean you don’t have to. Just because you can doesn’t mean you
must. It’s okay if you don’t. I simply decided I wanted to do this, I had the chance to do it so I took
it. But that decision is only one you can take, anyways why are you even thinking about children,
you’re 15!”

“I— I’m not saying I want to have them! I was just asking! I don’t want kids! They’re weird!”

“Hahahahaha!” Wei Wuxian’s and Jin Ling’s conversation had woken up Jiang Cheng up who had
quietly overheard everything and smiled fondly.

Jiang Cheng finally took this opportunity to speak, “Jin Ling is he being an idiot again?”

“Uncle! You’re awake! How’s your foot?”

“Better, but you two gave me a headache!”

Wei Wuxian laughed again, letting Jin Ling go to Jiang Cheng’s side. “I should go, Lan Zhan is
almost done with his lessons for today and he promised to help me write down some names for the little one.”

“Uncle Wei, before you go can I… feel your bump?”

Wei Wuxian’s bright smile lit up the entire room.

When the baby gave its first kick, Lan Wangji cried.

Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian were sitting against a tree, at the back mountain, surrounded by rabbits with spring in full bloom. Lan Sizhui was accompanying them for the day, as he and Lan Wangji were practicing their guqins. Some berries and other dried fruit had been placed next to Wei Wuxian, as well as some milk. It was already the fifth month, four more to go.

His bump was more obvious now, no longer able to be hidden by layers and layers of fabric. He donned a red robe with golden and black embroidered details; it was made specifically to fit Wei Wuxian’s changing body. Wei Wuxian had previously been gifted his own forehead ribbon. Under the constant pressure of Lan Wangji, Wei Wuxian’s forehead ribbon was red with golden cloud patterns. He wore it everyday.

Wei Wuxian was leaning against Lan Wangji’s shoulder, observing as his fingers skillfully played the seven strings of the guqin. A harmonious melody could be heard across the Cloud Recesses; Lan Sizhui followed his movements, copying him perfectly. Wei Wuxian recognises the song, it was a new song Lan Wangji had composed and was trying to perfect; they already had a version accompanied by Wei Wuxian’s dizi. He hums along to the melody, one hand putting some berries into his mouth and the other absentmindedly caressing his growing bump.

One moment he is enjoying himself to the scene, two of the most important people in his life together with him, another moment he feels movement from his abdomen, and a gentle kick. Wei Wuxian gasps loudly causing both Lan Wangji and Lan Sizhui to halt their playing.

“It kicked! The baby kicked!”

Wei Wuxian took one of Lan Wangji’s hands away from the guqin and placed them on the area he felt the movement. “Right here. Sizhui, play some music!”
And just as he played some more melodies on the guqin, another kick came, making Lan Wangji’s eyes go wide. It was one of those moments in which the Second Jade of Lan was left perplexed and not knowing what to do. He blinked rapidly, his eyes beginning to water as he attempted to make some sort of noise, but his voice had left him from the shock.

Wei Wuxian watched as a single tear left Lan Wangji’s eye. It travelled down his cheek and dripped onto his robes. “Lan Zhan?”

“I — I’m… happy…” Lan Wangji smiled at Wei Wuxian, he put his guqin down on the grass and embraced Wei Wuxian, burying his face in his hair. It was so strange to see Lan Wangji express so much emotion, it physically overwhelmed him. Lan Wangji cried softly, murmuring sweet words against Wei Wuxian’s ears. Lan Sizhui watched both men fondly.

He smiled at the moment both men were sharing, he himself excited of the fact that in no more than four months he’ll be an older brother. He looked down at his guqin, his fingers soothing over its wooden frame, not wanting to interrupt the moment; maybe he could compose a lullaby for when the little one is born, he thinks.

The day comes during the summer, from early to mid August, during the year of the dragon. Wei Wuxian experiences severe abdominal pain around three in the morning. It wakes both men up when Wei Wuxian begins groaning in his sleep. Lan Wangji immediately gets dressed once Wei Wuxian’s water breaks and calls out the nurses. It had previously been decided that Wei Wuxian was to bring the child to life in the Gentian House, the place where both Lan Wangji and Lan Xichen were born, so about a month earlier both Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian began sleeping there. He had begun taking medicines once he entered his final month, in order to smooth the process.

The assistants had gathered around a kneeling Wei Wuxian in the birth quarter, leaning against a suspended rope, while the nurses held against his waist to prevent his knees from giving out. Straw, ashes, and animal skin were laid down on the ground right below him.

The labour goes for many hours, Lan Wangji had been forbidden from entering the Gentian House while Wei Wuxian was being assisted. Windows were opened to allow air to flow and in order to avoid Wei Wuxian from fainting, some protection talismans had been laid out, to be extra cautious and avoid any accidents.

Lan Wangji paced outside the doors, wincing every time he heard another scream. Lan Xichen put a hand on his shoulder in hopes of dissipating his growing stress, but he himself was stressed as well.
After a while, things went silent.

The sounds of a baby’s cry were the first thing that hit Lan Wangji’s ears, and he walked towards the doors immediately. Lan Xichen held him back from going inside, and soon they began hearing murmuring and feet shuffling.

“Hurry up, hurry up, lay him down!” that was one of the assistants. The voices became hurried, and a familiar groan made Lan Wangji pace anxiously. Around ten more minutes, the smell of something burning came up.

Inside, Wei Wuxian had been laid down on a bed, the nurses beside him cleaning him and giving him water. None of them spoke and Wei Wuxian kept his mouth shut as well. He concentrated on resting and letting the assistants do what they must. He wasn’t allowed to see the child while he rested, as they were getting cleaned up, but he could hear them. Wei Wuxian fell asleep with the security that both he and his child were okay.

When Wei Wuxian was finally allowed to see his child, about two hours had passed. He watched with tear filled eyes as the newborn was given to him, clean and covered in white silk; they clung onto him when they were placed in his arms. The child opened their eyes then, once it found the warmth of their father, and observed Wei Wuxian with delicate curiosity.

Their eyes were golden.

Wei Wuxian found himself overcome with emotion of how similar they looked like his beloved husband.

He is quickly informed of the gender of his child once they are in his arms, and he is happier than ever.

A girl.

After an hour, Lan Wangji was allowed to enter the house. Lan Xichen following behind him. He looked at his brother in expectation once they reached the doors of the room Wei Wuxian was resting in, Lan Xichen only nodded in encouragement as Lan Wangji enters.
The room was made of wood, the walls decorated by white wallpaper with cloud patterns and trees, flower petals, and wind. In the middle laid a bed also made of wood, pristine and white in colour, where Wei Wuxian laid down cooing at his daughter. Beside him was a table with water in a porcelain pitcher, matching cups, and towels. He looked up to see Lan Wangji struck still at the door, and he laughed.

“Well? Are you not going to say hi?”

Lan Wangji took in a deep breath and let himself in. He quickly walked over, Lan Xichen remaining at the door watching the scene unfold. Lan Wangji sat at the edge of the bed beside Wei Wuxian, and watched as his daughter, their daughter, observed him curiously. After a few seconds of maintaining eye contact, she smiled.

“She likes you already!” Wei Wuxian landed a kiss on Lan Wangji’s shocked face, and kept laughing at his expression. “Do you want to hold her?” Wei Wuxian asked, and Lan Wangji quickly nodded.

He held the baby so cautiously, as if afraid to break her, cradling her close to his chest. She mumbled nonsense, giving a little whine from being separated from Wei Wuxian, but he leaned against Lan Wangji’s arm to see her. A tear escaped Lan Wangji’s eye.

Lan Xichen’s could only observe. He had never seen his brother look so alive. Wei Wuxian looked tired, but healthy. Their daughter was beautiful.

“She looks so much like you,” Wei Wuxian began, “She has your eyes.” Wei Wuxian reached to touch her nose softly and she blinked in confusion, when her eyes landed on Wei Wuxian again, she laughed.

Wei Wuxian almost started crying again right then and there.

“She has your smile.” Lan Wangji stated, his voice slightly broken. His eyes were glowing, their corner creasing from his content look, and he held a smile.

“Ah, I guess I won’t get to give a courtesy name. I was really looking forward to that.” Lan Xichen laughed, finally breaking his silence. He walked over to the bed and sat down, looking at the new addition to the family. “She is truly beautiful. Healthy, happy, I am really happy for both of you.
“Truly. Wei Ying, are you feeling well?”

“I’m tired! My whole body hurts but that’s okay. I have a whole month to spend resting with this sweet child!” Lan Wangji gave her back to Wei Wuxian, and she instantly wrapped her small hand around a strand of Wei Wuxian’s hair that hovered above her and tugged.

“Ow ow! You’re already so mean to me!”

Lan Xichen, “Do you have a name for her?”

Lan Wangji nodded and looked at Wei Wuxian, who was struggling to remove his hair from her little fist. “We do.”

Wei Wuxian, “Yes! We do!”

“Her name will be Zhangli, Lan Zhangli.”

The isolation month necessary for Wei Wuxian’s full recovery came and went quickly. It was now the beginning of autumn, and Lan Zhangli was being introduced, formally, as a new member of the Lan family to Lan Qiren. Wei Wuxian walked over to the Main Hall, accompanied by Lan Wangji and Lan Xichen, his daughter wrapped around protectively in a white cotton sling adorned with blue clouds and carried on his front. Lan Qiren watched quietly and nervously as she was placed in his arms by Wei Wuxian, who cautiously observed the elder’s expression.

He didn’t say anything at first, but you could see how his eyes softened the second her eyes looked up to see him.

“Oh.” when she smiled, Lan Qiren smiled. “Oh aren’t you the sweetest thing.” he held her close, cooing at her as she laughed in his arms. “Wangji, she looks so much like you.” he said. He remembers holding onto his nephews for the first time, the initial feeling of protection he felt towards the boys was mimicked as he held onto her. The look of fondness made Wei Wuxian see a side of him he never knew. Lan Qiren chuckled as she tried to touch his beard, her little hand reaching dangerously close to it.
“No no no, you’re not going to be a troublemaker like your father over there.”

Wei Wuxian, “Oh come on!”

“Her name?” Lan Qiren inquired.

Lan Wangji, “Zhangli.”

“A fine name you’ve chosen. Congratulations to you both. I’m proud and happy for both of you. Although she is to be trained by the female teachers once she reaches of age, I want both you and Xichen to teach her the most important things of our sect, Wangji.”

“Yes Uncle, we’ll see to that.” Lan Wangji nodded at Lan Qiren as he gave her back to Wei Wuxian.

“And you,” he stared at Wei Wuxian sternly “You’re not allowed to teach her the heinous path you took.”

Wei Wuxian sighed dramatically and pouted “And here I thought I was going to teach her how to make her own fierce corpse!”

“You!”

Quickly the news of the birth of Lan Zhangli spread across Gusu, landing all the way to Lotus Pier.

Lan Jingyi, Lan Sizhui, and Jin Ling were gathered around Wei Wuxian, Lan Wangji, and Jiang Cheng one day, after Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling decided to visit. Lan Wangji was playing some music on his guqin, Lan Sizhui was holding the baby momentarily, watching in awe as she existed.

“She is so small…” said Jin Ling

“Her eyes look like Hanguang-jun’s!” exclaimed Lan Jingyi.
“Look at you Sizhui! Already such a good brother!” Wei Wuxian was letting himself enjoy some of his free time with everyone. The baby, however, had other plans as she started crying.

“W-what do I do?! What do I do?!”

“She is crying!”

“Uncle Wei! Do something!”

Wei Wuxian sighed and reached to take Zhangli from Lan Sizhui’s arms, and rocked her until she calmed down. She put her right thumb inside her mouth and with her other hand she reached to touch his chest. Wei Wuxian understood.

“Oh. She’s hungry.” Wei Wuxian began tugging at his robes

“Don’t feed her here! Idiot! I don’t want to see your chest!”

“Jiang Cheng, I’m not letting my daughter starve just because you’re not man enough to see someone breastfeed a kid. Besides, I’m going to cover myself! Everybody turn around! Not you Lan Zhan you can look.”

“Ridiculous.” Lan Wangji simply resumed his playing of the lullaby Lan Sizhui had composed, and which he helped perfect. They had been working on it for weeks now, until the final composition was reached. When they played it for the first time, Wei Wuxian felt himself go teary eyed and insisted in accompanying the song with a tune from his dizi. They named the song, *Midsummer Bliss*.

When Lan Zhangli was three, Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian reached immortality, both at age 36. Around the same time, Lan Xichen (age 39), Jiang Cheng, and the majority of the other cultivators around the same age range had become immortals as well.

Five months later after Zhangli turned three, Wei Wuxian announced he was pregnant once again. The birth of twin daughters during the beginning of autumn on the year of the monkey shook the whole cultivational world. The twins were given the names Yingyue and Yingmei, respectively.
They became the bane of Lan Qiren’s existence.

Lan Zhangli had taken after Lan Wangji, she was polite, highly ambitious, capable and righteous, a skilled musician and quickly becoming as good, if not better, than Lan Wangji. Needless to say, the twins took after Wei Wuxian. The twins were playful, mischievous and naughty, though they were highly clever and intelligent, fast learners and musically inclined as well.

Lan Wangji began teaching Lan Zhangli how to play the guqin since age four, gifting her her own guqin when she turned ten, which she named 黑曜岩, or “Obsidian”. At age eleven, Wei Wuxian gave her the sword Jiang Cheng brought her as a present. However, when asked to name her sword she simply looked at both of her parents, shrugged and said “I don’t know, who cares.”

And so her sword was named: 顾 naï ne, or “Who cares.”

Wei Wuxian laughed himself sick when he saw the words on her scabbard.

One time during the summer, when the twins were about ten years old, the Lan family had been sent numerous amounts of watermelons for them to eat. The girls were at the 省事, waiting for Lan Wangji to return from teaching some lessons to the new disciples. Wei Wuxian was asleep on the bed, he had suffered a light migraine while night hunting with Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi, and was left to recover. The girls were struggling to open one of the watermelons given for them to share.

“We need to get a knife…” said Yingmei, while Yingyue paced quietly around the room looking for something. She stopped at the wall on which Bichen hanged from.

“What about dad’s sword?” she began, reaching to get it down.

Lan Yingmei, “Only dad can use it! We have to wait for him!”

“But I’m hungry now. Maybe if I pull from this end, and you pull from the other?”

And they did. Yingyue began pulling from the end of the hilt while Yingmei pulled from the other end, both girls groaned as they exerted all their strength in attempting to unsheathe Bichen. Both tired
quickly and fell down to the ground with a thud, Bichen dropping as well and rustling Wei Wuxian awake.

“What are you two doing?” Wei Wuxian said, yawning and rubbing at his eyes.

Lan Yingyue, “Nothing!”

Lan Yingmei, “Sister said that if we use dad’s sword we might be able to open the watermelon!”

“Why do you always rat me out!” Yingyue exclaimed defeated and nodded at him, confirming her sister’s story.

Wei Wuxian, “Bichen? Hahahahaha, you want to use Bichen? I have Suibian with me here, we could use it instead!”

“Not the sword with the stupid name!” Yingyue whined.

“Yeah daddy your sword isn’t as cool as dad’s.” Yingmei agreed.

Wei Wuxian has never felt so offended in his life. He looked at his daughters incredulously before getting off the bed and walking over towards them. He grabbed Bichen from the floor and holds it in his hands, his memory going elsewhere to the time in which Bichen became a multipurpose sword. His face goes red.

The doors of the jingshi open in that moment, and Lan Wangji stands at the frame of the doors, looking at 3/4 of his family. His eyes land on Bichen on Wei Wuxian’s hands, and he cocks an eyebrow.

“Is everything okay?” he comes in, closing the door behind him.

“Dad! Can we use your sword to cut this watermelon?” Yingyue has run to stand by his side, looking up at him with big golden eyes.
“We’re really hungry!” Yingmei is at his other side, holding onto his robes.

“Yes of course. Wei Ying, hand me the sword please.” Wei Wuxian gives Bichen to Lan Wangji who unsheathes it, a blue gleam lighting up the room. He motions for everyone to move aside as he cuts the watermelon down into four parts, the girls grinning excitedly. He puts Bichen back on the wall and settles down on the ground, grabbing one of the pieces of the watermelon and taking a small bite out of it.

Wei Wuxian sits next to him, grabbing a piece as well and the girls copy them. All four of them calmly enjoy the moment until they have all eaten their portions. Wei Wuxian, at one point, kisses Lan Wangji on the cheek, and he hums pleasantly in return.

All girls were taught how to fight by none other than Lan Xichen. They had their own female teachers, but it was Lan Xichen who helped them perfect the Lan sword fighting style. Wei Wuxian taught them all how to play the dizi, and mostly taught them, in secret, everything he knew about using resentful energy for cultivational purposes, however he was very strict on them using it.

By 15, Zhangli had already made a name for herself and became known as “The Jade Dragon”. She was at the same level of cultivation as Lan Wangji was when he was her age. During this time, Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi, and Jin Ling became immortals as well, in their early 30s.

Many years passed, all of Lan Wangji’s and Wei Wuxian’s children (including Lan Sizhui) became famous in their own way. Lan Zhangli reached immortality the same year she turned 30, and the twins when they reached 29.

Some years later, after the twins reached immortality, Lan Xichen married in secret to none other than Jiang Cheng, although their relationship had been known a few years back, they weren’t as open about it like his brother was, preferring to keep most of their interactions to themselves.

Since they had become cultivational partners, Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji continued on until the world changed right before their eyes. They quickly saw the birth of modernization, and all cultivators were forced to learn new methods to adapt into modern times. The four great sects remained stubborn through the pass of time. Cultivation as a practice became a part of history; it was recognised, remembered, and still practiced, though it was rare for the sects to receive new disciples. Instead the governments maintained them under their protection to avoid everything being lost to time.
Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji remained in the Cloud Recesses, alongside with Lan Sizhui who became one of the teachers. He, Jin Ling, and Lan Jingyi became sworn brothers. Jin Ling had the choice of marrying one of them, but instead decided to swear brotherhood with the two.

Lan Zhangli, Lan Yingyue, and Lan Yingmei all decided to step down from Gusu and live a more modern life, becoming known faces in the popular world, and making their lives as musicians, though they would often visit the Cloud Recesses.

The story of Wei Wuxian’s rise and fall as the Yiling Patriarch became important in all history books, as well as his reincarnation and all the events that transpired afterwards, including his marriage to Lan Wangji and how he managed to clear his name, and of course, the birth of his children.

In the end, Wei Wuxian managed to get the one and only thing he ever wanted out of life.

Love.

Epilogue

December 23, 2018. The Cloud Recesses. 16h30

“Lan Zhan,” Wei Wuxian was being held against Lan Wangji’s chest. Lan Wangji’s eyes were closed, eyebrows slightly furrowed, his fingers caressing Wei Wuxian’s arm. “Lan Zhaaan”

“Wei Ying.”

“Lan Zhannnn”

“Wei Ying…”

“Lannn Zhannnnn”
A sigh. His eyes open.

“Yes, my love?”

Wei Wuxian giggled, his face going red “Do you remember when Zhangli was five and she braided your hair?”

Lan Wangji huffed out a laugh and smiled at the memory. “I do. You kept putting flowers in my hair.”

“Hahaha do you also remember the time Yue and Mei cut off Lan Qiren’s beard?”

Lan Wangji gave a real laugh now, and nodded. “He was so angry yet the one he punished was you. He could never bring himself to punish the girls.”

The sounds of a phone vibrating made Lan Wangji’s tear his eyes away from Wei Wuxian. He reached to bring his phone out and saw he had a message from Lan Xichen.

“Brother’s flight arrived, they’re in Beijing right now. They’ll be coming down tomorrow.”

Wei WuXian, “Did you hear they adopted a kid? Jiang Cheng was really excited. A boy. Maybe we’ll get to meet him tomorrow.”

“Yes, brother sent me a picture. He’s cute.”

Wei Wuxian, “Jin Ling also had a boy, with Sizhui. He told me Jingyi cried when the baby was born. See I knew Jin Ling would eventually end up having at least one kid!”

“It’s surprising how long they went without any accidents. The three of them are closer than they ever were before.” Lan Wangji remembers when the three boys got on each other’s nerves and continuously teased each other, now they have a son. Times really do change.

“Would you like for me to give you a son Lan Zhan?” Wei Wuxian asked, his fingers tracing figures
on Lan Wangji’s chest.

“I’d like anything if it’s with you.” he pressed his lips against Wei Wuxian’s forehead.

“Then why don’t we try again? It’s been centuries now, I’d like to have another kid. Maybe we’ll get lucky and it’ll be a boy.”

Lan Wangji pondered for a while, breathing steadily. They already had four kids right now, counting Lan Sizhui, and all of them were adults. He does miss the sound of a child’s laughter, and how beautiful Wei Wuxian looks with a baby bump. He hums for a few seconds before tilting Wei Wuxian’s chin up and pressing a kiss against his lips, Wei Wuxian moaning into his mouth, Lan Wangji’s tongue prodding against his lips for entry.

When they pull away, Wei Wuxian’s lips are a bit swollen, and he is left breathless.

“Lan Zhan ——”

“Let’s do it again. I’d love to.”

Lan Wangji kisses Wei Wuxian again, this time more passionately. Their bodies melt into each other, hands grasping at everything they could touch, and lips searching for every bit of exposed skin. Outside, the sun is beginning to set, the gentle golden and pink caress of the winter sky, the cold air sweeping through the cracks of the wooden panelling of the jingshi, yet they find warmth within each other. No matter how much time passes, no matter how old they get despite remaining youthful forever, their love and passion transcends it. It is bliss, it is peace.

It is the reminder of laughter, of kisses, of children running through fields of rabbits, of hands and fingers intertwined, of soft hair caresses. Of how easy they fit against each other in the night.

A melody plays inside their minds, that stirs up the memory of their youth in full bloom. So many years ago, it all started with laughter and a boy drunk on life and the boy who fell helplessly in love with him.

“*It’s Emperor’s Smile! If I share a jar with you, can you pretend that you never saw me?*”
YES THEY DO END UP HAVING ANOTHER KID. YES IT IS A BOY.

Thank you so much to Cheru who beta'd my fic and made sure I didn't royally screw up when it comes to culture ajfalskfasg and for giving me the translations for some of the Chinese words and phrases I used! I would die for you Cheru ♡.

This is an au I'm always very happy to explore and enjoy a lot, being a trans man myself. Also there was a lack of trans Wei Wuxian content around and I am ALWAYS down to making sure that problem is solved.

Regarding the ages, at the beginning of the story both Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian are 33, since i headcanon Wei Wuxian died around 19-20 years old.

The story originally only had two planned sex scenes but shit happens and accidentally wrote four LOL. ANYWAYS I hope you all enjoyed it very much! Do leave your thoughts on the comments!

You can find me on my twitter! @STYGIANCHILD please come say hi!

Love you all!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!