Take me to church

by lanjingyeets

Summary

Kinktober 2019. One chapter for (hopefully) one prompt

Notes

The prompt list I'm using is THIS ONE!

Notes for this chapter:
Prompt: Lingerie
Pairing: fem!Hualian
Hua Cheng's skin is a valley of pale cream, soft and delicate to the touch.

Xie Lian lets her fingers linger on the elegant curve of Hua Cheng's throat, reveling in the way she shivers and hums, tilting her head back.

"So pretty, San Lang," Xie Lian murmurs. Hua Cheng's eyes flutter and she turns her head against Xie Lian's thigh, her breath hot. "J-jiejie …"

Her skin is so soft. Xie Lian caresses her naked shoulder and slips a finger under the strap of Hua Cheng's new red bralette, pulling and letting it snap back into place. Hua Cheng jolts and moans, and the skin around the strap turns a delicious pink.

Xie Lian smiles and runs her fingers through Hua Cheng's hair, smoothing it back from her forehead. "What is it, San Lang? Too much?"

Hua Cheng shakes her head and moans quietly.

Her wrists are bound in white silk, her thighs pressed together with an old lace belt Xie Lian had fished from their wardrobe. The pristine colors of the accessories do nothing but bring out the intense red of her matching bralette and panties.

Xie Lian lets her fingers slide down Hua Cheng's side and halts at the hem of her panties, kissing Hua Cheng's cheek. "So pretty, San Lang."

Gently, she presses her finger against the front of Hua Cheng's panties, feeling her tense and moan on her shoulder when the gesture pushes the vibrator right against her clit.

It had been such a wise choice, with how small it is - barely thicker than a finger, and not any longer. Xie Lian has lost count of the times she's needed to lock herself in a public bathroom, a hand pressed against her mouth as Hua Cheng carelessly played with the remote control from their table at that new Italian restaurant. She's lost count of the times she'd been sitting in first row, listening to the lecture, just for that demonic vibrator to turn on in her panties while Hua Cheng next to her copied her notes.

Xie Lian smiles and lets her touch linger just a little more, until Hua Cheng is squirming and panting beneath her.

"Jiejie ," she calls, and Xie Lian lets her breathe for a few seconds, caressing her hip.

"San Lang looks so hot in red," she whispers, dragging her thumb over the hem of Hua Cheng's panties. Hua Cheng lets out a thin moan as Xie Lian leans down and licks a sweet line between her breasts.

"When were you going to show me, San Lang," she asks then, her fingers drawing delicate patterns on Hua Cheng's side. "It's such a pretty set, weren't you going to tell me you'd bought it?"

Hua Cheng wraps her tied arms around Xie Lian's neck, smiling weakly. "It was supposed to be a surprise," she replies trembling. Xie Lian can feel her stomach twisting beneath her fingers, the tensing of her thighs when Xie Lian turns the vibrator one notch up and Hua Cheng moans with her whole body.
“A surprise?,” she asks then, and Hua Cheng nods ferently, pulling her down to press soft, desperate kisses on her lips.

“For you,” Hua Cheng replies, “For this evening. I had everything ready, I’d take you out for dinner and push you on the couch as soon as we got back...”

Xie Lian’s heart warms at her words, and presses a gentle kiss to Hua Cheng’s forehead. “San Lang is always so sweet..."

Hua Cheng lets out a breathless laugh and presses her head back against the pillow with a moan, her thighs quivering.

She must be close, Xie Lian thinks. Gently she leans and kisses Hua Cheng’s chin, nuzzling between her breasts. “How close?,” she whispers, sucking a small mark into Hua Cheng’s skin that has her breath stutter.

“Very close?,” Xie Lian encourages her, and Hua Cheng nods eagerly.

“Want you, jiejie ,” she whispers, her thighs tensing under Xie Lian’s teasing fingers. “Want your touch, your kisses...”

“But I am touching you, San Lang,” Xie Lian teases, and drags her fingers between Hua Cheng’s bound thighs, caressing where it’s closest to the hem of her panties.

She’s so wet, so wet; Xie Lian exhales and squirms on her seat.

“Jiejie ,” Hua Cheng pants, and a broken cry leaves her lips as Xie Lian turns the vibrator another two notches up. Xie Lian kisses her shoulder and lets her fingers slide under Hua Cheng’s panties, caressing the vibrator and turning it just right until Hua Cheng is wailing.


Hua Cheng nods and cries out again. “A-anything! Jiejie , jiejie I’m so close, I-”

“Hush, San Lang, my beautiful San Lang.”

Xie Lian caresses her cheek and carefully slides the vibrator out of Hua Cheng’s panties, making her sigh and moan weakly. Xie Lian leans to kiss her forehead and leans against her side, her fingertips drumming on Hua Cheng’s tummy. “May I?”

Hua Cheng laughs, a little breathless. “Please.”

Xie Lian kisses her on the mouth and gently coaxes Hua Cheng’s mouth open, deepening the kiss. At the same time she lets her fingers slide inside Hua Cheng’s panties, her thumb brushing against her clit and making her shiver.

“Oh,” Hua Cheng hums in the kiss, and moves her arms to pull Xie Lian closer, her toes curling and thighs pressed together. Xie Lian moans quietly, Hua Cheng is so wet, she’s so beautiful, and she’s shivering so much...

“Jiejie ,” she calls brokenly, and her body shakes with her moan. “Oh , jiejie , I’m... I’m... ”

Xie Lian hums and rubs her fingers at her clit, Hua Cheng’s back arching and chest heaving, until she’s shaking and crying, arms tightening around Xie Lian’s neck and body spasming in the aftershock of orgasm.
Xie Lian keeps rubbing at her clit until Hua Cheng’s body stops convulsing from pleasure, her eyes squeezed shut and lips parted on a gasp. Gently, she eases Hua Cheng’s arms off her neck and unties her, massaging feeling back into her tense muscles.

“Are you here with me, San Lang?,” she whispers, pushing Hua Cheng’s hair back. Hua Cheng smiles at her a little dazedly and nuzzles her palm, humming affirmatively.

“Come here, jiejie ?,” she asks, her voice a little hoarse, but soft nonetheless.

Xie Lian smiles and lies down on top of her, Hua Cheng wrapping her arms lazily around her and kissing her hair.

“It was a nice surprise,” Xie Lian says then, caressing the lace of Hua Cheng’s bralette. A laugh rumbles in her chest, and Hua Cheng cuddles her closer. “Glad it was to jiejie ’s liking.”
Ritual (Moshang)

Chapter Notes

The prompt list I'm using is THIS ONE!

Notes for this chapter:
Prompt: Ritual
Pairing: Moshang
Tags: sex ritual, throne sex, dirty talking, humiliation kink, fingering, planned vouyeurism, anal sex, ruined orgasm, biting

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Throughout the months spent working on Proud Immortal Demon Way, Shang Qinghua had come up with a lot of curses.

And by that, he means a lot. Even he can’t count the number of times that some sister got cursed and hand to be saved by Luo Binghe, but he’s sure that if he were to count them, he’d need at least three times the fingers and toes he has.

But still. Still.

There were so many curses already in this world, why was this other one needed? System! Is this your doing, for fuck’s sake!

Shang Qinghua looks at the closed door in front of him, and for a second -more like ten- contemplates the idea of just, smashing his head against it until he faints.

“Mobei-Jun is what now?!”

“It’s all happened so fast, we couldn’t really tell what was happening, but… he’s cursed.”

Shang Qinghua had been at Qing Jing Peak when it had happened. Shen Qingqiu had looked at the scene unfold in front of his eyes with an amused glint in his eyes and the fan raised to hide his grin.

“Slow Release Hot Fever, huh,” he’d later commented, snapping his fan closed. “Amazing how even curses out of your control still keep the impossibly dumb names.”

“Bro...”

For real though, what kind of curse was it even, with a name like that?

System! You could’ve at least come up with a better name!

“Okay,” Shang Qinghua murmurs to himself, pressing a hand against the door. “Okay.”

As soon as he opens the door, he almost wishes he’d run away.

Mobei-Jun is sitting on his throne, an array drawn around it to keep him in. He raises his head as soon as he hears the door open, his eyes shining and the sharp horns gleaming in the faint light.
Huh. Those are new.

Shang Qinghua swallows and takes a step closer to the throne, the jewels at his wrists, ankles and around his head tinkling softly at every small movement. He can feel the weight of Mobei-Jun’s gaze, the way his hungry eyes scan over Shang Qinghua’s barely dressed body and his ears quiver at the chiming of his accessories.

“Go there as undressed as possible,” Shen Qingqiu had said. Shang Qinghua had almost spat out all of his tea. “Excuse me?”

Shen Qingqiu had been unforgiving. “Do you have an idea of how many times Luo Binghe and I have ended up cursed and had to solve it through sex?”

He’d pointed his closed fan to Shang Qinghua’s face. “This is on you for creating such an unreliable antidote. Suffer from your own doing.”

He’d moved his fan away, then, and looked into the distance with a curious look on his face. “And wear tinkling accessories,” he’d added. “Demons like them.”


Mobei-Jun gestures for him to step closer, and wraps an arm around Shang Qinghua’s waist as soon as he’s close enough.

Shang Qinghua makes a small noise at the back of his throat. There are dark marks running over Mobei-Jun’s skin, as a consequence of the curse. Mobei-Jun’s skin, usually so cold to the touch, is now burning against his, his hand pressing hot imprints against Shang Qinghua’s back through the thin silken robe he’s wearing.

Mobei-Jun hums and leans forward, sinking his face between Shang Qinghua’s shoulder and neck and nosing the delicate line of his throat. Shang Qinghua slowly raises his arms and wraps them around Mobei-Jun’s shoulder, sighing softly.

He’s not ready. He’s so not ready.

“Are you sure that is necessary for the ritual to work?”

“Absolutely,” Shen Qingqiu flips his fan open, no trace of embarrassment visible on his face. “Do I look like an amateur, when it comes to sex rituals to cure curses?”

Shang Qinghua hears the door opening behind him, and an unvoluntary shiver runs down his back. Mobei-Jun raises his gaze and growls at the sight of his retinue stepping inside the throne hall, sitting at their own places as if readying for a meeting.

Shang Qinghua sees bloodlust taint Mobei-Jun’s eyes and is quick to cradle his face, bracelets tinkling and catching Mobei-Jun’s attention once again.

“My King,” he calls softly, pushing back his embarrassment at being seen in such an attire, in such a pose, and leans against the burning hand wrapped around his hip. “This husband wants this.”

What kind of ritual, after all, involves only two people?

Everyone, Shang Qinghua thinks bitterly, Every. Single. One, in the universe of Proud Immortal Fucking Demon Way.
Mobei-Jun’s gaze shifts and his hand tightens on Shang Qinghua’s hip, in a way that should hurt but that only makes Shang Qinghua’s blood run faster. “Husband wants this?,’’ the Demon Lord asks. “Them? To watch?”

Shang Qinghua lets out a shivering breath and leans forward, sitting completely in Mobei-Jun’s lap and pressing a fleeting kiss to his earlobe. “Husband wants them to watch as my King uses me.”

Oh, so naughty, so naughty.

Mobei-Jun’s breath halts for a second and runs his hand up Shang Qinghua’s back. The touch has him arching his back, and a shiver runs down his skin as claws tear his thin robe open.

A possessive hand presses down against the small of his back and Shang Qinghua whines softly. Mobei-Jun wraps his fingers around Shang Qinghua’s wrist and tugs him closer, until his weight is resting completely against Mobei-Jun’s chest and he can feel-

Shang Qinghua moans against Mobei-Jun’s collarbone, his hips thrusting weakly.

Mobei-Jun is so hot, so hot beneath him. Shang Qinghua makes a small noise as Mobei-Jun grips his hip tighter and rolls his hip against him, their audience apparently forgotten.

But Shang Qinghua doesn’t. Doesn’t seem to be able to forget, just how exposed he is, grinding down onto their Lord’s lap like the lowest concubine. Their gazes feel like needles sinking in his skin, and it prickles so much.

“Husband,” Mobei-Jun calls him, slipping his free hand in Shang Qinghua’s hair and pulling him in for a kiss. It feels embarrassingly nice and even more embarrassingly comforting, but Shang Qinghua feels no shame in winding his arms tight around Mobei-Jun’s neck and deepening the kiss.

Mobei-Jun licks a wet streak over his lips and hums, grinding his still clothed erection between Shang Qinghua’s buttocks. “Husband,” he calls softly, almost purring, and tilts Shang Qinghua’s head to a side to bite at his throat. Shang Qinghua shivers and caresses his hair. “My King?”

Mobei-Jun drags his teeth up the elegant column of Shang Qinghua’s neck and nuzzles his jaw. Even like this, Shang Qinghua can tell his eyes are burning. “Prepare yourself for me.”

Oh.

Shang Qinghua moans at the first touch of warm fingers on his cock, already so hard and weeping. He’s quick to reach for his sleeve, where he’d put the oil. It feels cold against his fingers, after being in contact with Mobei-Jun’s burning skin for so long, and it almost drags a whine out of Shang Qinghua.

It does pull a moan out of him when the first finger sinks in to the knuckle, Shang Qinghua’s head lulls forward against Mobei-Jun’s shoulder and rests there, finding a grounding relief in his warmth.

Mobei-Jun kneads his hip encouragingly, and Shang Qinghua nods with a shiver, slowly thrusting his finger in and out.

The finger soon becomes two, then three. Shang Qinghua moans when Mobei-Jun lowers both of his hands to rest them on his buttocks, spreading them obscenely apart so that everyone can see what Shang Qinghua is doing to himself.

They’re all watching, he thinks with a soft moan, fucking himself on his fingers and adding a fourth. The bracelets at his wrists tinkle softly and he gasps. They’re all...
“You should look at yourself,” Mobei-Jun rumbles at his ear. He lets his thumb brush against Shang Qinghua’s fingers and drags a whine out of him as he forces him to pull his fingers out; a protest that turns into raw lust when Mobei-Jun pushes four fingers in, spreading him so much and oh, Shang Qinghua feels so close, so close…

He fists his oiled hand in Mobei-Jun’s robe and moans as Mobei-Jun curls his fingers in a way that makes his thighs spread further apart, grinding down against Mobei-Jun’s erection.

“Shang Qinghua,” Mobei-Jun purrs at his ear, and curls his fingers against that spot inside the human that has him writhing in pleasure on top of him. “Do you have any idea how my servants are looking at you? Can you hear them?”

Shang Qinghua shakes his head. He can’t, he can’t hear anything past the buzzing in his ears, the pumping of his own heart and the wet squelching of Mobei-Jun’s fingers fucking into him.

Mobei-Jun bites his earlobe and brushes his thumb against Shang Qinghua’s hole, stretched around his other fingers. “They’re all panting so much,” he muses, pressing Shang Qinghua further against him, their chests touching through the elegant clothes Mobei-Jun sports and Shang Qinghua’s thin, silky robe. “All so aroused by the sight of you alone, and how you writhe on my lap like a slut.”

He marks his words with a faint slap to Shang Qinghua’s buttock that gains him a whine, and Shang Qinghua’s fingers tighten in his hair.

“Who could look at you in the eyes, now,” Mobei-Jun whispers. “After they all know what sounds you make when you’re desperate for my cock.”

He curls his fingers just right and Shang Qinghua sees white behind his closed eyelids. He trembles and his body tightens, but just as he’s about to come, Mobei-Jun’s hand clasps around the base of his cock and he pulls out his fingers, leaving him so unbearably, desperately empty.

“Please, my King,” Shang Qinghua cries, his hips jolting with the aftershocks of a ruined orgasm. “Please, please, please, fuck me my King, I beg you.”

What a sight he must make for the other demons, crying and shivering in their King’s lap, his thighs spread out. He can feel semen dribbling down his cock, dirtying the front of his robe, and his hips are making small aborted jolts every time Mobei-Jun so much as brushes a hand against him.

Mobei-Jun kisses him hungrily and drags his hips forward with a growl. Shang Qinghua almost comes when Mobei-Jun pushes into him, setting a punishing pace from the start, a hand on his hip to pull him down against his thrusts, the other still wrapped tight around Shang Qinghua’s cock.

“They’re all looking at you,” Mobei-Jun whispers, grazing his neck with his teeth. Shang Qinghua moans, his hand clasping one of Mobei-Jun’s horns and pulling him in for a kiss.

“Please, my King,” he begs on his mouth. “Please, let me come.”

“So demanding, husband,” he says the last word almost mockingly, and Shang Qinghua keens. He’s shivering so much, all of his accessories trembling and tinkling at each of Mobei-Jun’s thrusts, and from his lips falls a neverending stream of beggings and moans.

His end comes soon, and yet, it feels like forever has passed since he first set foot in that hall.

Mobei-Jun runs his thumb over the head of Shang Qinghua’s cock and sinks his teeth in his neck; there were everyone could see; so that, were Shang Qinghua to meet any other demon who’s not in the hall right now, they would immediately know who he belongs to.
Shang Qinghua comes like that, his back arched into Mobei-Jun’s hand and his inner walls clenching hard around Mobei-Jun’s cock. Another weak mewl leaves his lips, as he feels Mobei-Jun empty inside him.

He’s shivering still as Mobei-Jun runs his tongue over the mark on his neck, his fingers are still tightly wrapped around his horn. With much difficulty, Shang Qinghua tries and fails to sit up straight in some resemblance of dignity.

Only then he realizes, that Mobei-Jun is still hard inside him.

The Demon Lord grins, rubbing his hands on Shang Qinghua’s hips. “Again, husband.”

Chapter End Notes

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Wei Wuxian eyes the new bathtub with critical eye, his head tilted to a side and fingers resting against his chin. “So,” he says, taking a step closer and knocking against the side of the bathtub. “This is supposed to be sturdier than the others?”

Lan Wangji raises his gaze from his book. “En. So the carpenter said.”

Wei Wuxian huffs softly and sits down next to him, mindlessly turning the pages of another book Lan Wangji had recently set aside. “Seems unreliable. It’s what they always say whenever they bring in another bathtub.”

A small huff leaves Lan Wangji’s lips, and he wraps a hand around Wei Wuxian’s hips. Wei Wuxian snuggles contentedly, reading the book in Lan Wangji’s hands from above his shoulder. Lan Wangji seems to notice, for he starts turning the pages at a much slower pace.

Wei Wuxian grins and climbs into Lan Wangji’s lap, twisting a lock of hair around his index finger. “Say, Lan-er-gege. Should we try the bathtub and see if it really is sturdier? That way, we can bring it back immediately and ask for them to repair it.”

Lan Wangji gently cradles his wrist in a hand, kissing his palm. “Behave.”

Wei Wuxian curls his fingers and caresses his cheek. “Come on, isn’t it the sooner the better? If we bring it back early, it’ll be as if we’ve never had it here in the first place-”

Lan Wangji hushes him with a soft kiss, and all of Wei Wuxian’s resolve shrinks against his lips. Lan Wangji gently caresses his hip and kisses him again.

“Behave,” he says again, and that marks the end of the conversation.

It’s not until much later that Wei Wuxian brings it up again. They’re in bed, Lan Wangji resting on top of Wei Wuxian with his arms around his shoulders, fingers gently tracing the scars on his back. Lan Wangji is still inside him, Wei Wuxian’s legs wrapped around his hips to keep him from moving.

Wei Wuxian hums softly, already feeling drowsy. Gently he nudges Lan Wangji’s hip with his calf, gesturing him to move.
“I need a bath,” he says, running his fingers up to Lan Wangji’s neck, teasing softly. “Want to join me?”

He squeezes down on Lan Wangji and grins when he hisses. Lan Wangji wraps a hand around Wei Wuxian’s calf, holding him still. “Wei Ying.”

“What, what,” he mocks, patting his head. “We’re so sweaty and dirty already, do you really not want to take a bath? What if you wake up late tomorrow and have to run out of here, won’t the students notice?”

“Unlikely,” Lan Wangji retorts. “Always wake up in time.”

Wei Wuxian pouts, rolling his hips until Lan Wangji’s breath stutters. “Liar. You stayed in bed ten minutes more yesterday.”

“Your fault.”

“Alright, alright. You can stay stinky if you want, but I am going to take a bath.”

Wei Wuxian can feel cum run down his thighs as he stands, just as much as he can hear Lan Wangji’s heavy gaze on him. He finds the water in the bathtub still lukewarm from his previous bath, and lets out a soft sigh as he steps inside.

He hears Lan Wangji stand from the bed, and grins, resting his head against the border of the bathtub. “What, Hanguang-Jun, change of mind?”

“Only helping you,” Lan Wangji replies. “We are not breaking the bathtub.”

He says so, with those hungry eyes and red ears. You know, like a liar.

So Wei Wuxian makes room for Lan Wangji to step in, and once he’s settled down, moves to sit on his lap. Lan Wangji is quick to wrap an arm around his hips. “Behave.”

Wei Wuxian grins and raises his arms behind his head, pushing Lan Wangji’s mouth against his neck. “Lan- er-gege, should I remind you who’s the one who always breaks our bathtubs? And I should be the one to behave?”

Lan Wangji presses his lips against Wei Wuxian’s shoulder, humming softly. Wei Wuxian smiles, arching his back to the gentle press of a hand to his chest, moaning when Lan Wangji’s fingers graze his nipple, circling first, then tugging and twisting the way he loves and that always gets him so worked up in such little time.

“Ah, er-gege, be gentle with this old body of mine,” Wei Wuxian mutters, his body straining under Lan Wangji’s careful touch. His cock is already hard, and he knows Lan Wangji’s is too, feeling it press between his buttocks.

Wei Wuxian grins and rolls his hips with a gasp, dragging a broken breath out of Lan Wangji’s lips. The hand on his hip tightens, and Wei Wuxian lets out a moan.

“Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan,” he gasps, wrapping his hand around Lan Wangji’s forearm. “Remember- remember what you said. We can’t- ah, easy, Lan Zhan, we can’t break the bathtub.”

“I know,” Lan Wangji growls, and moves them around, both his hands sliding to Wei Wuxian’s sides.
It’s how Wei Wuxian ends up propped on the edge of the bathtub, back against the wall and his fingers deep in Lan Wangji’s hair as his husband sucks him off.

Lan Wangji’s hands are tight on Wei Wuxian’s hips, his head bobbing and eyes closed. He moves back just enough to breathe, and runs his tongue just under the head of Wei Wuxian’s cock, making him moan and curl around his head.

“Lan Zhan!,” he sobs, his thighs trembling over Lan Wangji’s shoulders. Lan Wangji hums softly and tugs his hips closer, one of his hands slipping from Wei Wuxian’s hip to his opening.

Wei Wuxian moans, his toes curling when Lan Wangji slips easily two fingers inside him, finding him still soft and warm. Wei Wuxian throws his head back against the wall, pushing Lan Wangji’s hair back from his face as he wraps his lips around his cock again.

“So good, Lan Zhan,” he moans, and his leg jolts as Lan Wangji curls his fingers. “So good for me.”

Lan Wangji moans and takes him deeper, dragging a strangled moan out of Wei Wuxian’s mouth.

Wei Wuxian lowers his gaze to his husband, kneeling in cooling water between his thighs, and shivers all over again. It’s not until he feels Lan Wangji moan around his cock, and sees his free hand pumping his own erection, that Wei Wuxian comes with a sharp breath.

Lan Wangji makes a small noise as Wei Wuxian comes in his mouth. Wei Wuxian goes limp against the wall and Lan Wangji helps him get back into the bathtub, cradling him against his chest.

Wei Wuxian is still breathing hard, his head still dizzy with pleasure. Lan Wangji’s breath is hot against his shoulder, his hands a little too tight around him.

Wei Wuxian shifts and finds him still hard against his thigh.

“Lan Zhan,” he calls softly, caressing Lan Wangji’s cheek. “Let me take care of you.”

They move around, Lan Wangji’s back pressed against the side of the tub and Wei Wuxian on top of him, pumping his erection and murmuring sweet, dirty praises at his ear.

Lan Wangji comes with a gasp and his forehead pressed to Wei Wuxian’s chest, arms tight around him. Wei Wuxian smiles and kisses his hair.

“Lan Zhan.”

“En.”

“... We even managed to leave the bathtub intact.”

Chapter End Notes

Yell with me on Twitter and Tumblr!! ^^ You can also find me on Curiouscat!
Toys (NieYao)

Chapter Notes

The prompt list I'm using is **THIS ONE!**

Notes for this chapter:
- Prompt: Toys
- Pairing: NieYao
- Tags: toys, vibrators, light dom/sub, deepthroat

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Breathlessness comes easy toNie Mingjue.

It tugs at his lungs and leaves them empty, numbing his limbs and making his hands heavy.

They’re heavy right now as they run down Jin Guangyao’s back, fingers dragging the soft, golden silks down and drawing large imprints on them.

Jin Guangyao’s hands are tight around the border of the table, his knuckles white as his lip, where teeth have sunk to draw blood.

Nie Mingjue lets his hand run back up again that small back in front of him, and rests it between Jin Guangyao’s shoulder blades. “You have stopped playing.”

The guqin rests forgotten in front of Jin Guangyao, the strings still quivering with the echo of a last note. Jin Guangyao tilts his head forward and a gasp leaves his mouth at the twisting of the toy in his ass, hidden under the heavy robes.

“It is a little hard to play like this, Da-Ge,” he comments with a breathy laugh, broken by a moan as Nie Mingjue pushes more spiritual energy into the toy and pressing it deeper.

“I did not give you permission to stop playing, Meng Yao,” Nie Mingjue talks back. The hand between Jin Guangyao’s shoulder blades becomes heavy, heavy, and presses him down against the guqin, until Jin Guangyao is bent in half in front of him with no chance to move.

“You still have a long way to go, to reach Xichen’s level,” Nie Mingjue hisses at his ear.

Jin Guangyao lets out a moan, his chest pressed against the strings of the guqin as the toy presses deeper inside him.

It had been a small, interesting discovery, hidden deep in the drawers of a shop on the outskirts of the Unclean Realm. It’s nothing fancy to the sight, just a normal metallic phallus like many Jin Guangyao had seen at the brothel.

He had been surprised to see it in Nie Mingjue’s hands. He’d been more surprised when Nie Mingjue had slowly pushed it inside, and had felt it vibrate with spiritual energy.

Now Jin Guangyao feels restless and sensitive, bent in such a way over the table and guqin, with Nie Mingjue pressing rough and large fingers against he phallus through Jin Guangyao’s robes.
Nie Mingjue grins smugly, leaning to bite Jin Guangyao’s neck. “It takes so easy to break you apart, Meng Yao. You really never change.”

Oh, but how could he, when that hand feels so warm against his skin, when it presses him down just enough for him to grind against the table looking for relief. Nie Mingjue seems to notice it and tugs harshly at Jin Guangyao’s hair, pulling him back and against his chest, forcing the metal phallus in his ass to tilt and drag yet another moan out of Jin Guangyao’s lips.

“I didn’t give you permission to pleasure yourself, I think.”

Jin Guangyao laughs weakly, grinding his hips back against Nie Mingjue. He can feel him hard against his hip, hot even through the robes.

“You did not, but I am not seeing you complain here, Da-Ge.”

He moves a hand then, and presses it against the tent in Nie Mingjue’s robes, feeling his breath halt for a second against his neck. Nie Mingjue bites his nape, his hand still holding Jin Guangyao’s hair away from his neck, hard enough to be painful.

But oh, Jin Guangyao likes it so


Nie Mingjue growls against his neck and moves him around, Jin Guangyao’s face pressing against his crotch. “Busy that mouth of yours with something useful, then.”

Jin Guangyao takes two seconds to untie Nie Mingjue’s pants, his tongue heavy against the happy trail disappearing in Nie Mingjue’s undergarments. It doesn’t take him much longer to part those sinful lips of his and wrap them around the head of his cock.

Nie Mingjue sighs and tangles his fingers in Jin Guangyao’s hair, hips canting into his mouth, deep, deep, deep. Jin Guangyao almost chokes when Nie Mingjue’s cock reaches his throat, and a garbled noise leaves him as the phallus in his ass starts vibrating again, filled to the brim with Nie Mingjue’s spiritual energy.

Nie Mingjue smiles smugly at him, his deep breathing accompanied by another sweet roll of hips. “You look so good, when you have a cock in your mouth that stops you from talking.”

Jin Guangyao raises his gaze and glares, but the effect lasts just one second before the vibrations of the toy in his ass intensify and he’s rendered nothing more than a body of pleasure.

He goes soft in Nie Mingjue’s hold, his mouth slack and pliant as small fucked out noises leave his lips.

“Hands behind your back,” Nie Mingjue barks as Jin Guangyao tries to slip a hand into his pants, and Jin Guangyao obeys with a small whine, his eyes shut close and chest heaving.

Nie Mingjue fucks into his mouth, slow and steady, and it doesn’t take long for him to deepen his thrusts, low moans rumbling in his chest as Jin Guangyao’s throat works around him, his eyes half-closed and dazed, his body trembling from the toy pressing hard against his most sensitive spots.

Jin Guangyao comes like that, dirtying his robes and shivering into overstimulation. Nie Mingjue waits for his eyes to flutter close, his mouth softening around a needy moan, and he too comes in Jin Guangyao’s mouth.
He lets go of his hair only when Jin Guangyao has swallowed all he had to, and Jin Guangyao falls back against the table, head dishevelled and breath hard, still trembling from the toy that, in the meanwhile, still hasn’t stopped vibrating.

Nie Mingjue presses a hand between his shoulder blades, dominating and powerful. “Play. And this time, do not stop.”

Chapter End Notes

Yell with me on Twitter and Tumblr!! ^^
You can also find me on Curiouscat!
Mirror (FengQing)

Chapter Notes

The prompt list I'm using is **THIS ONE!**

Notes for this chapter:
- Prompt: Mirror
- Pairing: FengXin
- Tags: mirror sex, anal sex

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lust makes Mu Qing beautiful. Paints his skin damp with sweat, hair curled at the ends and limbs soft from pleasure.

It’s a sight difficult to grow used to.

A sigh leaves Mu Qing’s lips as Feng Xin drags his fingers down Mu Qing’s throat, his other hand wrapped around his hip. He’s warm against him, his breath hot against Mu Qing’s neck, making him shiver and tremble.

Mu Qing arches with a soft gasp, and Feng Xin tightens the grasp on his side. “Behave.”

Mu Qing grits his teeth. “Get on with it, then.”

Feng Xin nips at his nape, and presses deeper inside him. “Not until you learn.”

Mu Qing’s head hungs low, Feng Xin’s fingers slipping to tug at it. “Look at you.”

There’s a mirror, placed at the end of the bed and facing them. Mu Qing sees his own face, red from embarrassment and pleasure, his cock hard and leaking. Feng Xin’s eyes shine above his shoulder, his mouth hot and pressed to Mu Qing’s shoulder.

Feng Xin rolls his hips into Mu Qing, and glances through the mirror at the way his lips part around a moan.

“Isn’t that better, now,” Feng Xin murmurs, raising a hand to paw at Mu Qing’s chest. A low gasp is dragged out of his lips as Feng Xin tugs on a nipple, his lips pressing hot kisses against flushed skin.

Mu Qing grits his teeth and Feng Xin drags his mouth up his neck, leaving marks and bruises behind; his hips still undulating in soft, tender thrusts inside Mu Qing, his hand still teasing his chest.

"Look at you," he whispers, raising his hand from Mu Qing's hip to his jaw, holding him still with his eyes pointed at the mirror. "What do you see?"

"Stop teasing and fuck me properly," Mu Qing retorts. A faint slap reaches his buttock, and a hesitant moan leaves his lips, tainting his cheeks with shameful red.

"I said look at yourself," Feng Xin lets his touch linger against Mu Qing's side, gliding over his hard stomach and hips. He feels him tremble beneath his fingers, Mu Qing’s hand goes to grasp his and
press it against his abs, feeling the power hidden under thin skin, and also-

“Look at that,” Mu Qing says with a small grin; his eyes glazed over with lust and want. “Can you feel yourself?”

He can, oh, he can. Mu Qing can tell from the devastated look on Feng Xin’s face, from the way his hips stutter midway and his fingers twitch. Still feeling smug, Mu Qing turns his head enough to kiss Feng Xin on the mouth, a hand sinking in his loose locks and 

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He can, oh, he can. Mu Qing can tell from the devastated look on Feng Xin’s face, from the way his hips stutter midway and his fingers twitch. Still feeling smug, Mu Qing turns his head enough to kiss Feng Xin on the mouth, a hand sinking in his loose locks and "tugging," forcing Feng Xin to look forward.

“Look at yourself,” Mu Qing says, with the same breathlessness of when Feng Xin presses him face down onto the covers and fucks him hard and fast, of when he finds himself with his hips pressed against the bed and Feng Xin’s mouth wrapped around his cock.

It’s his hand that he has wrapped around his erection, now, and it pumps slow and steady. Feng Xin’s gaze burning through the mirror. Mu Qing rolls his hips and tugs Feng Xin’s head closer to steal a kiss, his free hand reaching for Feng Xin’s thigh and grasping it tight. “Fuck me like you really mean it.”

Something shines in Feng Xin’s eyes, and his hands move back to Mu Qing’s hips, rubbing spiritual energy into his skin. “Want me to fuck you properly?”

He pulls them back, and Mu Qing finds himself propped onto Feng Xin’s lap, his cock deep and hot pulling his nerves apart and reassembling them until Mu Qing is nothing but a mass of carnal pleasure.

Feng Xin’s voice is almost electric as he whispers at his ear. “Then you better get to work.”

It’s empowering and breathtaking, the way Mu Qing takes cock and rides it like he’d been doing nothing else in his life. There’s power in the muscles of his body, hard and sweat-damp under Feng Xin’s touch as he lifts and fucks himself on his cock, his lips parted around muted moans and Feng Xin’s name.

He almost comes then, and his fingers sink deep in Mu Qing’s hips, sure to leave bruises in their wake.

But Mu Qing clenches around him, and presses their mouths together. “Make me come.”

And Feng Xin does, his hand wrapped once again around Mu Qing’s cock and pumping until white covers his hand, and Mu Qing’s body tenses and sing like a bow’s string.

Only then Feng Xin lets himself go, and presses a boiling kiss to Mu Qing’s shoulder, holding him through the storm that shakes them both.

Chapter End Notes

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Wen Ning’s touch lingers on Jiang Cheng’s chest, his fingers slow and gentle against his collarbones.

Jiang Cheng’s neck stiffens and he presses his head back against the pillow, but Wen Ning is quick to press gentle fingers to his chin. “Stay still, Sect Leader Jiang.”

“Then make me, Ghost General,” Jiang Cheng bites. His hands are tied to the headrest, his chest exposed and covered in goosebumps. Wen Ning lets his fingers tangle in Jiang Cheng’s loose hair and tilts his head back, exposing his throat to nibble at it.

“Is this fine, Sect Leader?,” he whispers, and Jiang Cheng growls softly. “It would be, if you stopped touching me as if I were made of glass.”

“Glass would not break as easily.”

Wen Ning’s teeth closing around Jiang Cheng’s skin takes all bite from him and drags a moan out of his mouth. Even so, Wen Ning’s tongue follows, soothing the sting of teeth and making Jiang Cheng hiss.

“How dare you,” he growls, tugging at his restraints, “How dare you, Ghost General...”

Wen Ning wraps a gentle hand around Jiang Cheng’s cock, pumping slowly. “I asked you to stay still.”

His voice comes out gentle and delicate, shy even, but in his gestures there’s nothing short of passion. His touch comes out as pleasurable, though his skin feels cold and shivering against Jiang Cheng, but inside he’s burning.

Wen Ning’s dark eyes are warm and full of want, and Jiang Cheng keeps his up out of sheer pettiness. His eyes are soon forced closed when Wen Ning leans closer and presses their mouths together; softly, and oh so lovingly.

“Let me take care of you,” Wen Ning murmurs then against his jaw, his hands sliding to cradle Jiang Cheng’s waist. “Like you asked me to.”

Jiang Cheng leans against his touch, but lets a sneer leave his mouth. “Oh? And when did I ask for gentle hands and the kiss of a lover?”
Wen Ning raises his head, a frown in his eyes and hands still cold. “We do it my way, or...”

“Or what,” Jiang Cheng mocks, and tilts his hips against Wen Ning’s hands, his cock pressing against Wen Ning’s and dragging a muted gasp out of him. “What, Ghost General? Manslaughterer, killer of fathers, destroyer of lives. How do you plan to punish me?”

Wen Ning’s hands grow strong with a long-forgotten feeling, and he curves over Jiang Cheng; looming, dark, like the demon they paint him as. “Sect Leader...”

Jiang Cheng sneers again and rolls his hips again. “What? I asked for harshness and got only tender touches and a lover’s fear. Can you only use rough hands with bloodlust in your mouth?”

Wen Ning falls silent at that, but his hands tighten on Jiang Cheng’s hips.

Breath is punched out of his lungs as Wen Ning flips him over, and bends over him with the same energy of a predator haunting its prey.

“Do not test me, Sect Leader Jiang,” he murmurs against his nape. He sinks his teeth slowly, savoring the way Jiang Cheng trembles beneath him and his hands twist in the bindings.

Jiang Cheng exhaled, his back muscles shifting under Wen Ning’s lips. “And what if I tested you?”

Wen Ning exhaled softly, dragging his mouth down Jiang Cheng’s back. His hands knead Jiang Cheng’s buttocks, and paints a line in the hollow of his spine. Jiang Cheng shivers, and shivers harder when Wen Ning’s tongue sinks in his ass, hands firm to keep him open.

Jiang Cheng pants and shifts under his touch, and Wen Ning's hold tightens on him. "Still."

He’s gentle even while eating him out, all tender touches and kisses. But the strength in his arms and hands is not forgotten, and Jiang Cheng knows he’ll wake up the next morning with bruises on his hips and thighs.

He knows he will leave them there.

Wen Ning fucks two fingers inside him, and Jiang Cheng snarls, tightening and shifting around him. "I-is that all you've got?"

He laughs, cruel and needy. "Give me more, Ghost General. Show me that fury that brings fear to your name."

So Wen Ning fucks him, slow and deep and so, so raw. Jiang Cheng arches under him and gasps, his chest heaving for breath and Wen Ning's hand around his nape.

He breathes, and bottoms out. Jiang Cheng shivers, his muscles tense. Wen Ning bites his nape again, and feels him squirm.

"Is this good enough for you, Sect Leader?" he whispers against skin, and rolls his hips until Jiang Cheng has to bite on his lip to hold back his moans.

Wen Ning gasps and drives his hips forward, a desperate sound leaving his mouth. "You look so good like this, ah. You feel so nice."

Jiang Cheng presses his forehead against the bed, his back trembling under Wen Ning’s cold touch. He can’t escape the gasp that leaves his mouth as Wen Ning slides a hand beneath him and starts pumping his erection, thumb sliding over the head so very slowly.
Jiang Cheng hisses through his teeth at the careful slide of a nail, and his cock throbs. “Let me come.”

Wen Ning presses his lips to Jiang Cheng’s nape again and keeps pumping, until Jiang Cheng is tight and shivering around him and his hand and the sheets are white with cum.

He slowly pulls out, Jiang Cheng’s thighs still doing small, jerky movements and his head low.

For once, his shoulders are finally relaxed.

Chapter End Notes

Yell with me on Twitter and Tumblr!! ^^
You can also find me on Curiouscat!
Medical play

Chapter Notes

The prompt list I'm using is THIS ONE!

Notes for this chapter:
Prompt: Medical play
Pairing: WangNing
Tags: medical play, riding, thigh highs

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wen Ning’s lips let out a thin, weak gasp as he tilts his head back.

Lan Wangji’s hands are warm on his hips, his mouth hot against his neck. Wen Ning curves further over him and his head falls to a side under the gentle touch of Lan Wangji’s lips.

Another gasp leaves him when Lan Wangji’s teeth close around thin skin, and a shiver runs through his body.

“P-patients should rest, Lan Zhan,” he tries to say, but a moan breaks out of his mouth as Lan Wangji sucks skin into his mouth until it’s purpling and he’s squirming.

“Silence,” Lan Wangji whispers against his throat, and Wen Ning shivers. He shivers harder as Lan Wangji runs his hands over his thighs, fingers slipping under the hem of his skirt and raising it.

Wen Ning’s cheeks flush a shade darker, and his hands fly to hold the nurse skirt down, covering whatever he can. He feels cold, beneath that thin dress, and the thigh highs that hug his legs feel too smooth and cool to the touch.

“Lan Zha- ah!”

A moan makes him shudder as Lan Wangji’s fingers slip further up Wen Ning’s thighs, his hand moving past the hem of his nurse dress and tugging at Wen Ning’s underwear.

Wen Ning flushes at that, at the gentle tugging of lacy panties on his erection, and oh, how easy it is to rile him up, to make him grind against Lan Wangji’s erection.

Lan Wangji’s fingers slide under the hem of the panties and tug at them, moving Wen Ning on top of him and making him writhe.

He looks so pretty, like this, all dressed in white and with that sweet blush on his face- and oh, the stockings- the stockings! Lan Wangji is not strong enough for all of this.

It’s easy to rile Wen Ning up- it’s easier to make him squirm and shiver with a few gentle touches- his tummy, his sides, his arms. Lan Wangji knows them all, and uses them to his convenience.

Wen Ning curves on top of Lan Wangji with a moan and a shiver, his knuckles turning white as he grasps Lan Wangji’s shoulders. Lan Wangji wraps his hand around Wen Ning’s cock and tugs carefully, eliciting a gasp out of him and the rolling of hips into his hold.
Lan Wangji lets his other hand slip further behind, a finger slipping inside Wen Ning’s opening, already lubed and ready.

Wen Ning pants hotly against Lan Wangji’s neck, his body writhing and clenching around his finger, then around two, then three. Lan Wangji tilts his head and kisses him on the mouth, slow and gentle, pulling his skirt up until Wen Ning’s baby blue panties are revealed.

There’s no stopping Wen Ning’s flushing, now, and all his attempts at covering himself turn out to be useless. Lan Wangji rolls his hips up, and Wen Ning crumbles.

“L-Lan Zhan,” he moans, shivering, and Lan Wangji hums softly.

He tugs the panties to a side, and it’s not long before he’s thrusting slowly into him, Wen Ning’s hands fisting the mattress by his head. A stream of moans leaves Wen Ning’s mouth as he rolls his hips, Lan Wangji’s hands firm on his hips.

Lan Wangji tilts his head and kisses him softly, biting his lower lip. “Take care of me, Wen Ning.”

Chapter End Notes

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Lan Xichen’s forehead presses against the mattress, his mouth agape around a moan.

Gentle hands caress his hips, his sides; they slide under the red ropes that keep Lan Xichen’s arms bound behind his back and hug his chest, his thighs, slipping in the V of his hips and against his erect cock.

Lips just as gentle caress his neck, and a bigger hand wraps around his thigh, parting them open and squeezing possessively.

“Er-ge,” Jin Guangyao whispers at his ear, his warm hands never leaving Lan Xichen’s hips. “So sensitive already.”

He says so, as he runs his nails to the front of Lan Xichen’s thigh, then up his side and on his stomach. Lan Xichen shivers and turns his head to a side, hair fanning around his head like a halo.

A low laugh rumbles against Jin Guangyao’s neck, and the hand around Lan Xichen’s thigh tightens. “So easy to rile him up.”

Lan Xichen gasps as Nie Mingjue’s hand slides up his thigh, tugging at the rope tied around it. His hand moves up then, under the rope that cuts Lan Xichen’s back in two halves, and tugs at it until Lan Xichen’s back is pressed against Jin Guangyao’s chest between them, Jin Guangyao’s cock pressed snugly against Lan Xichen’s buttocks.

Jin Guangyao’s hand slips to Lan Xichen’s chest, his forefinger and middle finger parting around a nipple and teasing it. Lan Xichen lets his head fall back against Jin Guangyao’s shoulder, his mouth parted around a moan, and Nie Mingjue gently slaps his thigh.

“Knees apart, Lan Huan. You know the rules.”

“Da-Ge,” Lan Xichen moans shivering as Jin Guangyao’s fingers slide up his throat, gentle and teasing. But Nie Mingjue just grabs both his thighs and pulls them apart, still shivering from his previous orgasms.

Jin Guangyao chuckles against Lan Xichen’s shoulder, kissing his heated, sweaty skin and caressing his jaw. “He’s already so close.”

Nie Mingjue hums, and when Lan Xichen feels Jin Guangyao’s weight disappear from his back, he can hear them kissing.
“Make him go crazy,” Nie Mingjue whispers, and Jin Guangyao gasps.

Lan Xichen can only turn his head so much, but even so, he can see how flushed Jin Guangyao’s cheeks have gone, and how his mouth is parted around Nie Mingjue’s fingers, fucking in and out between those plump lips; even so, he can see feel how Nie Mingjue has completely let go of his waist, his now free hand wrapped around Jin Guangyao’s cock and pumping slowly.

Nie Mingjue kisses Jin Guangyao’s ear, and his gaze meets Lan Xichen’s. “Now, Meng Yao.”

Jin Guangyao shivers and moans around his fingers, his hands reaching blindly for Lan Xichen’s hips and sinking his fingers, tugging him closer.

“Lan Huan,” he gasps as Nie Mingjue’s fingers slip out of between his lips, pressing his mouth to Lan Xichen’s shoulder. “Lan Huan.”

Lan Xichen turns his head and their mouths meet messily, Jin Guangyao’s hand reaching around him and wrapping around Lan Xichen’s erection.

Lan Xichen moans in Jin Guangyao’s mouth, his hands twisting in the binds of the rope. His knees are still obscenely pushed open, shivering and tense, and thrusting into Jin Guangyao’s hand is almost difficult.

Nie Mingjue’s laugh rumbles against Jin Guangyao’s neck, making him tremble. “How many times have you come already, Lan Huan? Three? *Four*?”

Lan Xichen gasps as Nie Mingjue’s fingers, still wet from Jin Guangyao’s saliva, slip inside him, stretching and fucking him thoroughly, curling just the way that has Lan Xichen writhing and squirming.

Nie Mingjue laughs again, and Jin Guangyao moans against Lan Xichen’s neck, biting and sucking.

“Think you can do another, Lan Huan?,” Nie Mingjue asks, and Lan Xichen’s hips jump against his hold, his shivering increasing. “Can you come again?”

“Da-ge ,” Lan Xichen gasps, and oh, he can feel it approaching, knows that tight sensation in his groin.

He knows it won’t be long before he’s lost again.

“Meng Yao,” Nie Mingjue murmurs, his mouth pressing a kiss against Jin Guangyao’s shoulder. “Fuck him nice and slow.”

Lan Xichen’s forehead meets the mattress once again, and Jin Guangyao’s hands hold his sides steady as he slowly pushes inside him, slowly, slowly, until his hips are flushed against Lan Xichen’s butt and they’re both shivering.

Jin Guangyao starts thrusting, then, trembling and moaning, and it’s not long before Nie Mingjue’s hands join his on Lan Xichen’s hips.

Jin Guangyao leans forward, pressing his mouth between Lan Xichen’s shoulder blades. “Can you feel him, er-ge ,” he gasps through a laugh, fucking into Lan Xichen and biting his nape. “Like this, it’s almost like *da-ge* is fucking you, too.”

Lan Xichen moans against the mattress, and Nie Mingjue laughs. “Come on, Lan Huan. Show us how many more rounds you can go.”
Chapter End Notes

Yell with me on Twitter and Tumblr!! ^^
You can also find me on Curiouscat!
Wax play (ningxuanli)

Chapter Notes

The prompt list I'm using is **THIS ONE!**

Notes for this chapter:
- Prompt: Wax play
- Pairing: Ningxuanli
- Tags: wax play, restraints, blindfolds, dirty talk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jiang Yanli’s lips are soft, her hands warm.

Wen Ning leans a little forward, chasing her mouth when she moves away, and it tears a laugh out of her. Jiang Yanli presses her hands against Wen Ning’s chest to push him back, but she does praise him with a gentle kiss against his forehead. “Are you good to go, A-Ning?”

Wen Ning nods and leans to lie his head on her shoulder, arms sneaking around her naked hips to hold her close. “Yeah.”

Jiang Yanli smiles in his hair and kisses his forehead again. Her gaze moves to Jin Zixuan at the other side of the table, just as naked as her and Wen Ning, and his gaze softens.

Carefully, Jiang Yanli kisses Wen Ning and wraps a black cloth around his eyes, tying it behind his head. Just as carefully, Jin Zixuan helps him lie down on the table, an old sheet under him to protect him from the cold surface and to avoid any damage.

“Safe word?,” Jin Zixuan whispers, pulling Wen Ning’s wrists above his head and pinning them to the table. Wen Ning tilts his head back, his lips parted and already feeling a little distant from reality.

Jin Zixuan kisses him again as a prize, and Jiang Yanli gives a gentle tug to Wen Ning’s soft cock, dragging a gasp out of him.

“Good boy,” she whispers against his stomach, kissing him there. Jin Zixuan grasps Wen Ning’s wrists and presses them against the table, signaling the beginning of their scene.

With the black blindfold on, Wen Ning can perfectly catch Jin Zixuan’s breathing above him, Jiang Yanli just a little behind. The dragging of the match head along the striker feels so noisy, now, and Wen Ning’s hands clenched in Jin Zixuan’s grasp, his skin tingling with anticipation.

“Be patient, A-Ning,” Jiang Yanli admonishes him, but her words and the hand on his stomach are gentle, soothing.
The first waxdrop comes and hits like a hurricane, Wen Ning’s breath halting and his body tensing. Jiang Yanli hushes him and kisses his thigh, dragging the candle above Wen Ning’s skin and drawing a path of wax across his stomach.

Above him, Jin Zixuan draws small circles with his thumbs over Wen Ning’s wrists as he writhes.

Jiang Yanli is careful in their play- more than Jin Zixuan, although it’s not his fault if his hands always tremble so- definitely more than Wen Ning, who still remembers the sting of fresh burns in his inner thighs. She drags the candle above skin like a painter would a brush on a canvas, never too much to burn in a single spot, but always ready to come back once the wax has cooled, just to make Wen Ning squirm harder under her and Jin Zixuan’s gentle ministrations.

Wen Ning’s head is light, light, light…

“A-Ning,” Jin Zixuan murmurs, as Wen Ning arches when wax falls onto his nipple, dragging a ragged moan out of his throat. “Color?”

Wen Ning thrashes in his hold, and the next breath he takes sounds almost painful. “G-green,” he still manages to say, and Jin Zixuan presses his lips to Wen Ning’s curled fingers, then his forehead, his nose. He gently coaxes Wen Ning’s mouth open to kiss him long and filthy, and Jiang Yanli’s hand returns around his cock, pumping slowly.

Wen Ning shivers and thrusts up into her hand, moans crashing against Jin Zixuan’s lips and hands tightening in his hold. “M-more,” he murmurs, and arches his back to bring their attention back to the wax cooling off on his skin. “A-Li, p-please...”

“Oh, sweetheart,” Jiang Yanli coos, kissing his thigh. Her hand feels almost cold, compared to the gentle burn of wax. She drags her thumb over his nipple, always so sensitive during their scenes, and Wen Ning whines in Jin Zixuan’s mouth.

“Look at you,” she whispers, moving her hand to Wen Ning’s hip. Her hair gently brushes over his skin as she moves closer and presses a kiss to his nipple, her tongue so gentle against him, eating up every shiver and the goosebumps forming around.

She moves away then, a little breathless and with a shaky voice. “Isn’t he pretty, A-Xuan?”

“Yes,” Jin Zixuan replies, almost growls, nosing Wen Ning’s jaw. “The prettiest.”

Jiang Yanli smiles, Wen Ning can tell from the small hitch in her breath; Jin Zixuan moves his face from Wen Ning’s neck and Wen Ning can hear them kissing above him, all gentle touches and delicate smacking of lips.

Jiang Yanli makes a little sound, then, and the hand on Wen Ning’s side trembles. Jin Zixuan’s hold on his wrists has almost gone slack, one of his hands busy elsewhere.

Wen Ning can just listen, and imagine that it’s on Jiang Yanli’s body.

“Baobei,” she whispers then, still breathless and sounding oh so beautiful. “We need to take care of A-Ning, now.”

“Let me take care of you, later,” Jin Zixuan murmurs instead, and mutes her laugh with another kiss.

“We’ll see if you deserve it,” she replies full of mirth, and Jin Zixuan’s hold on Wen Ning’s wrists tightens again.
Jiang Yanli caresses his thigh. “Green, A-Ning?”

“Green,” he whispers, biting his way through a moan as her free hand strokes his cock, gathering some precum on her fingers and smearing it between his buttocks, and oh, Wen Ning is so close, now, so close…

“You’ll be so warm, once we’re done with you,” she whispers. The candle returns in her now free hand, and she gently drags the wax over his chest, between his pectorals and down on his stomach, so close, so close…

“I wonder how you’ll feel around my strap, while A-Xuan does me,” she whispers, the devilish angel she is. She laughs then, and lets hot wax drip onto Wen Ning’s abs, so close to his cock, and yet so painfully distant.

“I wonder if A-Xuan will make you come again, later. You’d be so open and ready for him, after I do you, it’ll be child’s play.”

Jiang Yanli presses her lips to his thigh, grinning and biting softly. “I wonder how many times we’ll make you come.”

With those words, she lets wax drip onto Wen Ning’s cock.

And just like that, he comes.

Chapter End Notes

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Shi Qingxuan’s hands are gentle in the dip of He Xuan’s back, his touch delicate and sweet, and yet so, so heavy.

It brings a shiver to He Xuan’s skin, that only intensifies as Shi Qingxuan moves to sink her fingers in soft, large hips, then the softer curve of pale thighs.

“Stay still,” he whispers against He Xuan’s ear, leaning forward. His hair drapes in gentle waves on He Xuan’s back, and she squirms a little, in this female body that feels so foreign to her, and yet so nostalgic.

Shi Qingxuan runs a finger down the transparent fin that cuts He Xuan’s back in two perfect halves, the end so sensitive it drags a delicate moan out of her lips.

Shi Qingxuan smiles against her nape. "So sensitive, He- jie. Are you close already?"

"No," she replies, but her breath quivers so.

Shi Qingxuan touches the delicate webbings between her fingers, and she shivers. "You liar. You're so close."

Strong hands hold He Xuan's hips and suddenly turn her around, her back pressing against the soft mattress that has become Shi Qingxuan's bed in his visits to He Xuan's lair.

He sits on her lap, his young face filled with sunlight and want. He looks gorgeous, with spiritual energy running through his veins once again, godly powers healing his limbs and strengthening them.

He looks so beautiful, and He Xuan is rendered speechless and vulnerable before him.

Shi Qingxuan leans in to press his lips against hers in a gentle kiss, his fingers running down her hips.

His hands, that had felt so small in He Xuan's in his male form, now feel so big splayed against her stomach, his thumb just barely brushing where she wants it most.

"You look so pretty like this, He -jie, " Shi Qingxuan mutters. His touch goes up again to caress her breasts and He Xuan shivers. She shivers harder when his touch reaches the tiny silver stones hanging from her nipples, a small chain connecting them together.
Shi Qingxuan tugs on the chain and He Xuan arches, a soft moan leaving her mouth.

He grins, and let's his touch fall lower; a hand still at the chain, and the other at her clit, teasing and unforgiving.

Shi Qingxuan's voice is like honey, when he speaks. "Let's play, He -jie . How many times can I make you come before sunrise come?"

Chapter End Notes

Yell with me on Twitter and Tumblr!! ^^
You can also find me on Curiouscat!
Lan Sizhui’s throat looks so thin beneath Lan Jingyi’s fingers. Lan Jingyi lets his touch trail down Lan Sizhui’s chest, feeling him breathe and shiver, and rests his hand there where he can feel the violent heartbeat beneath his palm.

“Are you ready?,” he murmurs, letting his touch linger. Lan Sizhui nods and wraps his hand around Lan Jingyi’s wrist, tugging him down. “Give me a kiss, first.”

Lan Jingyi obeys, pressing his mouth against Lan Sizhui’s and feeling him sigh softly.

“Turn around,” he presses against his throat, nuzzling and breathing. Lan Sizhui shivers some more and obeys, his weight resting onto his elbows and knees and head held low. His hips feel soft and warm under Lan Jingyi’s palms, he drags his touch and nails until Lan Sizhui’s thighs start quivering from impatience.

Lan Jingyi kisses just above the small dimples in his back, and spreads Lan Sizhui’s buttocks to slowly thrust inside him.

Lan Sizhui lets out a sound halfway between a moan and a gasp, his knees moving further apart on the bed and head falling lower between his arms. Lan Jingyi thrusts shallowly, his hands tugging Lan Sizhui’s hips closer.

He’s shivering so much under his touch, and he looks so pretty, too. Lan Jingyi lets his touch wander, down Lan Sizhui’s thighs, his calves, his back. For every delicate brush of fingers Lan Sizhui lets out a gasp and sometimes a quiet moan, his shoulder blades shifting under pale, thin skin.

Lan Jingyi wraps his fingers around Lan Sizhui’s cock and Lan Sizhui gasps, clenching around him.

“You’re already so close,” Lan Jingyi murmurs, dragging his thumb over the head and earning an acute, tiny moan as reaction. His fingers brush lower, against the forehead ribbon he’s wrapped around Lan Sizhui’s cock, and Lan Sizhui sobs.

Lan Jingyi leans forward to kiss between Lan Sizhui’s shoulder blades, pushing his loose hair to a side and biting his neck. “Don’t come yet,” he whispers, and Lan Sizhui shakes his head, a little desperate. “Please...”

Lan Jingyi presses another kiss to his neck, turning his head then to kiss his cheek, his jaw. Lan Sizhui tilts his head up and they kiss on the mouth, softly and oh so gently.
Lan Jingyi nips at his lip, humming as Lan Sizhui clenches around him. He moves away then, and drags his hands down Lan Sizhui’s back. “Are you sure?”

Lan Sizhui’s mouth opens around a muted gasp as Lan Jingyi rolls his hips just the right way, making his toes curl and fingers tighten in the sheets. He nods, and pushes back against Lan Jingyi. “I want to try.”

Lan Jingyi exhales softly, his hold tightening on Lan Sizhui’s hips. He pats his buttock, then, and moves his hands to press against Lan Sizhui’s stomach. “Come up here, then.”

Lan Sizhui crawls back until his back is flush against Lan Jingyi’s chest, gentle fingers thrumming against his skin. Lan Jingyi kisses his cheek, rolling his hips. “Tap twice on my wrist if it gets too much to handle.”

“I trust you, you silly,” Lan Sizhui mutters with a broken moan, but his fingers still wrap around Lan Jingyi’s wrist as Lan Jingyi brings his hand up and around Lan Sizhui’s throat.

The pressure he puts on it has Lan Sizhui tensing against his chest, just to relax right after, his body going soft and pliant. Lan Jingyi thrusts into him and the gasp that leaves Lan Sizhui’s lips is half-choked and all weak compared to his usual ones. Lan Jingyi tries again and Lan Sizhui goes limp, his chest shivering with repressed breath and thighs trembling.

Lan Jingyi moves his hand away. “You good?”

Lan Sizhui’s eyes flutter open, and oh , he looks so lost like this, his cheeks red and gaze distant.

Lan Sizhui nods and presses Lan Jingyi’s fingers deeper against his throat.

Lan Jingyi exhales and presses his forehead against Lan Sizhui’s shoulder and fucks into him, his fingers tightening softly around Lan Sizhui’s throat. Little air leaves his lungs and Lan Sizhui’s chest shivers on a heave.

Lan Jingyi softens his hold again, and Lan Sizhui kisses his palm. "Harder."

And Lan Jingyi closes his eyes, and thrusts harder.

Chapter End Notes

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Xie Lian runs her hands down Hua Cheng's arms, humming softly against her mouth. Hua Cheng sighs, her hands cupping Xie Lian's face and a leg resting on her thigh.

Xie Lian smiles as Hua Cheng tugs her closer, and laughs when she's pressed back against the mattress, Hua Cheng nosing her jaw and pressing gentle kisses all over her neck and the shoulder exposed by the too-large t-shirt she's wearing.

"Jiejie smells so good," Hua Cheng hums, letting her fingers slip under the hem of the shirt, skimming Xie Lian's stomach and making her giggle.

Xie Lian tugs her back to her mouth and kisses her full and slow, her hand sliding from Hua Cheng's shoulder to her hip, thumb drawing small circles there where she knows Hua Cheng is more sensitive.

The reaction is instantaneous, and Hua Cheng shivers above her, her arms trembling by Xie Lian's head.

It's easy to push her down, like this, Xie Lian's legs intertwining with Hua Cheng's and their chests flushed close.

Hua Cheng laughs as naughty fingers slip under her shirt and start tickling her, an adorable squeal leaving her lips and making Xie Lian fall in love all over again.

Hua Cheng squirms a little, trying to tug Xie Lian's hands out of her shirt to stop that gentle teasing, and Xie Lian kisses her chin, grinning. "I'm going to tie you up if you don't stay still."

Something shifts with those words, and Hua Cheng's next breath comes out quivering, her hands suddenly closing around Xie Lian's wrists with a hushed "Yes, please."

Xie Lian raises her head, her gaze sharp. Hua Cheng's cheeks are flushed red, her lips parted and eyes already a little glassy.

Xie Lian lets her hand slide down Hua Cheng's chest and tummy and finds her already wet, her legs parting as Hua Cheng gasps.

"You really want that, San Lang?," Xie Lian asks, her thumb still circling Hua Cheng's clit, dragging
a low moan from her lips. Hua Cheng nods eagerly and bends a leg, pressing it against Xie Lian's side. "Please, jiejie?"

Xie Lian kisses her soft and gentle, coaxing her mouth open to deepen the kiss. She moves away then, grabbing Hua Cheng's hands as they reach out to her and kissing her knuckles. "Get undressed for me then, San Lang," she purrs, and feels against her lips the way Hua Cheng shivers.

She walks to the closet with the rustling of clothes loud in her ears, pulling out their box and bringing it back to the bed. Hua Cheng's clothes are already scattered on the floor, just her panties still on as she sits at the edge of the bed; she knows how much Xie Lian loves to get them off herself.

Xie Lian puts down the box and cradles Hua Cheng's face in her hands to kiss her softly, her lips moving down her chin, her neck, between her breasts. She goes lower, peppering her stomach with kisses as she hooks her fingers under Hua Cheng's panties and slowly pulls them off her.

Hua Cheng's breath stutters as Xie Lian slips further down between her legs, a gentle kiss pressed to her clit and then back up on her tummy.

"Center of the bed," Xie Lian hums, pressing her hand to Hua Cheng's hip. She pulls a long, red silken rope out of the box, and watches as Hua Cheng positions herself, kneeling at the center of the bed and gaze fond.

Xie Lian runs the rope between her fingers, thoughtful. "Blindfold?", she asks then, and Hua Cheng nods. "Please."

Another stripe of silk, larger and black this time, goes around Hua Cheng's head, and her shoulders visibly relax. Xie Lian kisses her just because, and runs her fingers up Hua Cheng's arms.

"Bring these up for me, San Lang?," she murmurs, guiding her arms up until Hua Cheng's wrists are pressed together and her back is arched.

She starts binding her then, first her arms and then down to her chest. Hua Cheng gasps when the rope circles her breasts, and arches a little.

"Jiejie's work seems so beautiful," she hums, gasping as Xie Lian's touch slides to her side. Xie Lian laughs and presses a kiss to her shoulder. "San Lang can't even see it."

Hua Cheng hums, grinning smugly. "I've always known jiejie's talent with her hands."

Xie Lian gently slaps her butt, and that does shut her up good.

It takes her ten more minutes to finish with her job, and by the time she’s done, Hua Cheng’s head is low, her mouth parted around soft breaths and her body shivering.

Xie Lian is proud of her job, of the way the robe envelopes Hua Cheng’s long legs, tying them ankle to buttock, the way the rope slides between her thighs, pressing a knot right under Hua Cheng’s clit.

Xie Lian gently tugs on that section of the rope, and Hua Cheng’s body shudders, curling on itself as much as the ropes allow her to. Xie Lian tugs on it again, unforgiving. “Head high, San Lang. You must keep posture.”

Hua Cheng’s body trembles again, discomfort and pleasure from the position in equal parts. “I’m sorry, jiejie.”

Xie Lian’s smile grows on her face and she leans closer. Hua Cheng tilts her head at the sound of her
moving about the bed, and sighs as a hand is laid on her cheek.

Pretty, Xie Lian thinks full of fondness. Her San Lang is so pretty.

“Can you take something more?,,” she asks, caressing her hair. Hua Cheng hums and tilts her head to kiss her palm. “I trust and love jiejie with all of myself.”

Xie Lian kisses her on the mouth, and maybe gets a little too involved herself, because by the time they part, her chest and Hua Cheng’s are heaving on the same breaths, and the wetness between her legs is starting to get uncomfortable.

Hua Cheng’s body stills and arches, fighting against the rope as the vibrator comes in contact with the knot under her clit. Xie Lian caresses her thigh and hushes her, pressing a kiss to her shoulder.

“Color?”

Hua Cheng sobs weakly, her thigh tensing under Xie Lian’s touch. “Green. G-green, jiejie, please...”

“Hold on for me,” Xie Lian whispers, kissing her cheek. “Can you do that for me?”

Hua Cheng is still shivering, still moaning as Xie Lian asks her those words. But still she nods, and Xie Lian kisses her cheek. “Good girl.”

She presses the vibrator against her again, and Hua Cheng’s body arches one more time, beautiful and gentle as ever.

Chapter End Notes

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End Notes

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