

## Home Is Where Wei Ying Is

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# Home Is Where Wei Ying Is

by [Hades\\_the\\_Blingking](#)

## Summary

As Wei WuXian walks away from him, Lan Zhan cannot help but think that he is making the biggest mistake of his life. Lan Zhan decides to live with no regrets, and acts on his doubts - and it works out pretty well!

or

in which in Ep50 (The Untamed ending) Lan Zhan goes back to Wei WuXian, and they share a first kiss and a first time together. Lan Qiren is not pleased, but will have to deal. Lan Xichen gives some good advice.

Now translated into [Russian](#) thanks to Ao3 user youllloveithere! ^-^

# The Bubbling Brook and The Calm Lake

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As Lan Zhan watched Wei WuXian wave and set off up the mountain, a deep hurt throbbed in his chest. But still he turned and walked. He barely noticed his own feet under him. As soon as the announcement of his new role as Chief Cultivator had been made, he had known this was coming. Their world was torn by mistrust and power vacuums. There was no better pillar of clarity and strength than himself to settle their turbulent world. But...

The sound of a flute shocked Lan Zhan out of his thoughts, and his forgotten feet halted.

*Lan Zhan. The next time we see each other, you better have a name for this song.* Wei WuXian spoke in his head.

*Way ahead of you.* Lan Zhan thought. But he knew what that meant for him. He detested lying. And if he spoke the truth of the name...

Lan Zhan resumed his pace, and tried not to listen to Wei WuXian's music. The tune he had composed fell from Chenqing, slow and bittersweet. It cut through the air like the song of a lone nightingale crying amidst the ashes of Gusu so many years ago, and Lan Zhan's nose rinsed with grief as he walked. But he had to make this decision. Wei WuXian was a bubbling brook, destined to run and travel far and wide. He was a calm lake, fixed to his land.

But the more steps he took, the more a deep sensation of *wrong* ate at his gut. A strange sort of rising panic.

*We will meet again.*

But when? Another 16 years? Lan Zhan knew the dangers of the world. Wei WuXian's cultivation was weak after his resurrection, he had admitted it himself. Who knew what might happen? If something dire became of him... Lan Zhan would never be able to tell him how he truly felt. Wei WuXian would never know the extent of his feelings.

All of a sudden, the path ahead of him turned grey. The same grey that had misted his eyes over that period he had mourned. Ahead of him lay a grey life of duty. Sizhui was grown up and on his own path. Wei WuXian was a speck behind him. Even Lan Xichen was not the same as he had been. His brother had watched his own love be ripped away from him. And now...Lan Zhan was bringing that same loss on himself. Why could he not do his duty and have Wei WuXian too? Why should he have to give up one for the other?

When Lan Zhan's feet touched the meadow at the mountain's foot, a tear slipped down his face. His chest was tight. Everything felt horribly wrong. The sun shone, but his core was cold. He was not sick, yet he felt weak and trembly, and as though he might not eat in days. Gusu was his home, but it felt desolate and unwelcoming. The sensation hit Lan Zhan. He did not want to go back to Gusu. The only place he wanted to be was on that hilltop beside Wei WuXian. How had it taken him this long of a walk to realize it? Idiot.

Lan Zhan wiped his cheek, feet rooted in place. *Idiot.*

*Don't you want?* Lan Xichen's voice from so many years ago haunted his ears. He did. His

heart hurt, he wanted so much. True, Wei WuXian was a running brook, and Lan Zhan a calm lake. But do not even those two meet somewhere? He had thought that this was a bind of black and white. But with Wei WuXian, when was it ever? Together, could they not solve any problem?

Lan Zhan swallowed. Breathed. But even calm, he could not bring himself to take another step forward. As someone who had utter faith in their internal judgement, he could not ignore such a painful sense of wrong. So he breathed again, this time mind set on resolution. His shoulders drooped with relief. His heart burned less. *Right.*

He unsheathed Bichen and flew.

Wei WuXian still stood on the hilltop, flute on his lips. Now much closer, the sad resignation reverberated from the enchanted instrument, unmistakable. Lan Zhan did not know how long his walk had taken him. Perhaps Wei WuXian, deep down, was unwilling to leave too. Would he be more willing to leave after Lan Zhan spoke to him? Or less? But in his heart, Lan Zhan knew he would regret it the rest of his life if he did not speak now. And in his case, the rest of his life may be an eternity. That was a long time to regret. So Lan Zhan landed silently behind the other cultivator as the last notes of *that* song dropped from his flute.

“Wei Ying.” He spoke before it could end. Wei WuXian froze, flute still at his lips, but no sound pierced the air. Slowly, as if in a dream, he lowered it. Lan Zhan watched his back tense, as if he was bracing himself for an illusion or mistake. Then he turned. Wei WuXian’s doe-like eyes widened in soft surprise, a far cry from the act of flippant smiles and waves from their departure. Then as Wei WuXian saw and realized Lan Zhan in front of him was real, his face broke into a smile of absolute relief. The path ahead of Lan Zhan burst into colour. The corner of his own mouth pulled up with fondness as Wei WuXian stood there and beamed.

“Wei WuXian.” Lan Zhan stated his courtesy name this time, to underpin what was to come. His heart throbbed against his ribs, so strong that he could feel the pulse in his throat.

“WangXian.” He murmured, but they were close enough that it was unmistakable. “The title of the song. Always.”

“W...” Wei WuXian trailed off, eyes wide. But Lan Zhan did not look down in shame or fear. He held the other man’s gaze. It was this that he wished him to know, whatever the reaction. Then a choked noise caught in Wei WuXian’s throat. A laugh...? Panic flared in Lan Zhan’s chest. He had expected rejection, desired acceptance, but to be laughed at?

“You silly...” Wei WuXian said with such tenderness in his voice that Lan Zhan’s panic evaporated. True, Wei WuXian did have a penchant for laughing at inappropriate times. Then the other man’s hand moved up to Lan Zhan’s temple so that his fingers rested in the hair drawn back from there. His thumb smoothed over Lan Zhan’s headband. Lan Zhan’s breath and heart stopped at that. Shameless. But...welcome.

“WangXian.” Wei WuXian repeated again, and moisture wet his eyes as he grinned. Then he seemed to notice Lan Zhan had frozen at the so blatant touch on his sacred headband. His smile faltered towards something more apologetic, and the pressure of his hand lightened. Something made Lan Zhan catch his wrist, and hold it there. His head burned with panic at



what to do next. He could not speak. His eyes were drawn to Wei WuXian's half-open mouth as desire rushed through him like a killer current. Would it be too much?

Wei Wuxian seemed frozen too. Above the mid-morning birds and insects, Lan Zhan heard the other man's breath shiver, and his own heart beat like a hundred ceremonial drums in unison. The fingertips in Lan Zhan's hair shot tingles down through his cheeks, but the thumb on his forehead band made his lower stomach quiver with the scandal of it.

Almost as if in a dream, Lan Zhan brought his second hand up near Wei WuXian's jaw. When he did not recoil at the movement, Lan Zhan rested his thumb on the other man's cheek, with his other fingers curled under his throat. Wei WuXian's eyes flickered wider at that, and Lan Zhan felt a tremble run through his skin. But he still did not move. The pair gazed at each other, the moment hanging like a drop of water on the verge of falling.

The fingers in Lan Zhan's hair increased their pressure, just a little. Lan Zhan, not daring to breathe, pressed his hand against Wei WuXian's skin a bit more too – not enough to move him, but Wei WuXian tilted his head up just a little anyway, and his eyelids drifted as his gaze flickered to Lan Zhan's lips.

Lan Zhan did not know who moved first. All he knew was that one moment, he was wracked with nerves, trying to analyse these little movements, these little touches... and the next his mouth was so close to Wei WuXian's lips that he could feel the little shudder of breath that left a tingle against his own lips, like the ghost of a butterfly wing. The metal centrepiece of his headband pressed against Wei WuXian's forehead, and his throat hitched. Lan Zhan's mind was sheer white as he lingered so close that their lips barely touched, and then he leaned forward just the tiniest amount.

It was only the slightest brush of lips at first, broken by shaky breath, but it set his mind on fire. Heat rushed up from where their mouths met, like boiled water down his spine and through his chest. Pleasure and thrill buzzed down him, and he hung on to Wei WuXian's wrist for dear life as the other man caught his lips again, and this time pushed for more than a chaste brush. His lips were so soft. His mouth was so hot. Lan Zhan unfurled the hand under Wei WuXian's throat to cup over his cheek and push into the soft strands of hair behind his ear, dizzy not just with sensation, but with an incredible sense of joy.

"Lan Zhan," Wei WuXian laughed, and laughed some more as he pressed his forehead against Lan Zhan's. A smile broke on Lan Zhan's face too, more emotion than he'd shown since he had watched the love of his life fall to his death. This time around was much better. A tear slipped down Wei WuXian's cheek, even as he beamed.

"Lan Zhan you came back for me." Wei WuXian arms looped around his neck and waist, and Lan Zhan found himself in a crushing hug. He returned the embrace and buried his face in Wei WuXian's neck and hair, elated and giddy. The world was right again. He was home.

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It took the entire rest of the day to get back to Gusu. Wei WuXian, a man of great enthusiasm and libido kept dragging Lan Zhan into foliage to kiss him passionately, and Lan Zhan, a man of unparalleled blue balls, kept allowing him to do so. Nothing got too publicly indecent,

however, and His Excellency Hanguang-Jun returned home with only one witness account of him smooching the Yiling Patriarch against a tree – but even then, it was a picture of restrained, gentlemanly smooching, so his reputation went untarnished.

It was almost time for dinner, so Lan Zhan led Wei WuXian to the usual hall.

“Ah, Wangji, you are ba – “ Uncle’s eyes caught on Lan Zhan’s hand. Usually it rested in a neutral position behind his back. This evening, however, Wei WuXian had laced their fingers together, and Lan Zhan liked it so much that even if Wei WuXian tried to drop it under Uncle’s glare, he was not letting go. But in a classic Wei WuXian move, he swung their hands to make it more obvious, then waved with the other one.

“Good evening, uncle!” Wei WuXian chirped happily, and Uncle choked. It was not just a cough. He put his hands on his knees, flushed ruddy, and Lan Zhan thought that this might be the second time Wei WuXian might make his Uncle pass out (true the first time had been a sword ghost, but Lan Zhan was fairly sure his horrendous flute music had contributed somewhat). Luckily, the other disciples had not turned up for dinner yet, and would not witness this drama.

“Uncle!” Lan Xichen hurried over to Uncle from their tea room and rubbed his back. Lan Zhan offered them Wei WuXian’s bamboo container of water.

“What happened?” Lan Xichen looked up as Uncle blusteringly refused something the unholy creature who had seduced his nephew had touched. Then his brother’s eyes caught on their hands.

“Oh.” A warm smile spread across Lan Xichen’s face, the first real one that Lan Zhan had seen since Meng Yao’s demise. They had been quite hollow after that. Then he mouthed ‘congratulations’ over uncle’s still-shaking shoulder, and gave them a thumbs up. Lan Zhan gave a small nod, and let him lead Uncle away to possibly faint. He would get used to it eventually.

“Mm.” Wei WuXian gave what one might call a cathartic sigh, and nestled his head against Lan Zhan’s shoulder. “I think I can stay in Gusu just a little longer.”

“We will manage. Together.” Lan Zhan gave his Wei WuXian a kiss on the forehead, and could not help but think that the way he felt now was a thousand times better than if he had returned to Gusu alone, uncertainty be damned.

## Chapter End Notes

After the open ending of Ep50 I just couldn't get this scene out of my head. Happy endings with the boys! Next chapter will get a little more saucy ;) I hope you all enjoyed it!

Leave a comment and tell me what you thought! ^.^b

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# Discipline, Restraint.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lan Zhan had never paid less attention to a meal before. Wei WuXian's smile had always struck his heart, and now it seemed to light up his face every moment. Sometimes those moments were when Lan Zhan had offered him a seat of honour beside him at dinner and he had beamed pointedly under Uncle's heated glare, but the mischief could be forgiven. After all, it was one of the reasons he was so besotted with Wei WuXian in the first place.

"We must think about the future." Lan Zhan took Wei WuXian's hand as they wandered back from dinner towards his new quarters (His Excellency could not live in seclusion so far away from the centre of Gusu).

"Mm." Wei WuXian tilted his head up in thought, and tapped his lip with the end of his flute as they walked for a moment. He had always had a handsome jawline, and Lan Zhan could not help admiring it.

"I was thinking that *His Excellency* Hanguang-Jun doesn't need to stay in Gusu all the time." Wei WuXian leaned into him when he lilted Lan Zhan's new title, a cheeky smile on his lips. They reached their chambers, and so Lan Zhan slid open the doors. Somebody had moved in another bed while he had been at dinner. Uncle was feeling rather hopeful, he thought.

"It would do well to visit the other clans, keep up to date with local happenings, be a man of the people..."

Wei WuXian must have seen his slight frown at that as they headed into his quarters. Lan Zhan supposed he was a good listener, but when it came to dramas, marriages, and other such things, his interest wandered.

"I've even thought of a solution to your allergy to gossip." Wei WuXian grinned, as if he could read Lan Zhan's mind. But they were so close these days that Lan Zhan was not entirely surprised. So he shot him a curious glance as he took a seat at the table they usually drank at. Some servant had left a pot of tea for them. Wei WuXian followed, but plonked himself down cross-legged beside him rather than opposite.

"Well, if we travel together I can gossip my heart out while you nap with your eyes open, or whatever you like, and I can help you make any arrangements that come of it." Wei WuXian flipped his flute around his fingers, then put it on the table. "We could spend two months travelling, and two months here. I'm sure the Lan Clan can send you a magical letter like the Jin butterflies if you're *really* needed."

It sounded good. And it made Lan Zhan warm that Wei WuXian was willing to spend two months in such a rule-bound place for him. He would certainly have to make sure he was kept happy. A simmer of heat flushed up him as the innocent thought ran down several connections and landed on one way that he could certainly make Wei WuXian...happy. They had kissed on the mountain, and several times on the way back here, but so far it had all been restrained, probably chaste by Wei WuXian's standards. Lan Zhan wanted...to try more. But how did he instigate that?

“Lan Zhan?” Wei Wuxian’s soft query drew him out of his thoughts like a bucket from a deep well. Lan Zhan realized he had been staring at the other man for a solid half minute instead of actually replying. They were quite close. Wei WuXian’s eyes were as pretty as ever and as liquid brown as a doe’s. The foreign sensation of lust heated him up again, and he could not help feeling very inappropriate. But also...he *wanted*.

“What’s wrong?” Wei WuXian cocked his head in such an innocent way that Lan Zhan glanced down.

“Travelling sounds good.” He dove for his usual safety blanket of pouring himself more tea. His tea-drinking had grown exponentially in the presence of Wei WuXian in the past when he’d had to avoid *certain topics*.

“Lan Zhan.”

A gentle hand caught his arm. He froze at that. Then he set his cup down and moved his gaze back to the beautiful man beside him. Wei WuXian had leaned in even closer.

“I know you well enough that you always avoid a question when you don’t want to lie.”

“Nothing wrong.” Lan Zhan heard his voice come out low as he gazed at Wei WuXian’s fine features. His favourite pastime.

“Then what do you want?”

Lan Zhan stared at him. Wei WuXian stared back. A perfect opportunity really. So Lan Zhan lifted his hand to Wei WuXian’s jawline and in the same motion leaned in to kiss him.

Wei WuXian immediately softened under his lips with a little *mm* noise, and a rinse of adrenaline and heat hit Lan Zhan’s head. Would kissing ever cease to make him dizzy?

“Mm, I see.” Wei WuXian barely had time for a mischievous grin as Lan Zhan pulled him back for another kiss, and ran his hand down Wei WuXian’s shoulder. The other man sucked on his bottom lip, and then Wei WuXian sighed out a helpless noise as Lan Zhan opened his mouth a little more to try a hesitant flick of his tongue into that heat.

“Lan Zhan you’re so bold!” Wei WuXian laughed, and Lan Zhan was almost blinded by his grin, high on adrenaline. In the moment that he was stunned, Wei WuXian took the opportunity to roll up on to his knees, shuffle closer, and spread his palm on Lan Zhan’s thigh as he leaned over to kiss him again. The touch there made his blood race straight to his cock, and that made him put a hand on Wei WuXian’s chest to slow him down a little.

“What...what is it?” Wei WuXian had the gall to look injured. Lan Zhan simply reached behind his own head, and with swift fingers, picked open the knots that kept his headband secure. Wei WuXian just sat back on his heels and watched with an expression that was almost worried as Lan Zhan slid the headband off.

“You...”

“Discipline. Restraint.” Lan Zhan’s voice went a little coarse on the last word, and he pressed the band into Wei WuXian’s already outstretched palm. He did not want the inhibitions of the Lan Clan right now. He wanted Wei WuXian. All of him.

So as Wei WuXian took the headband, Lan Zhan gathered the other man’s wrist into his hand and tugged him back towards him.

“Oh – *mmm!*” Wei WuXian practically moaned as Lan Zhan kissed him again, this time with all the pent up desire he had tried to smother into embers inside himself for so many years; it was now a fully blown forest fire. He sealed his lips against Wei WuXian’s and slid his

tongue against the other man's, then threw his arm around Wei WuXian's waist and dragged him closer. Wei WuXian gave a little squeak of surprise, then hitched his robes up and clambered right on to his lap. The press of the other man's body against his chest and stomach made Lan Zhan wild with simply the sensation of so much touch at once, when he had only allowed the smallest amount before. His cock pulsed with the rush of it and engorged larger, hot with now-unashamed lust.

Wei WuXian's arm wrapped around his torso, the other hand secured in his hair, and the kiss got so deep and close and desperate that Lan Zhan could have believed their lives were in danger again and this might be the last time they could cling to each other. Lan Zhan's mouth worked as Wei WuXian sucked his tongue with shameless noises, his hands roamed down the other man's sides and back, and finally he summed up the courage to tug Wei WuXian down so that their hips met.

Their kiss parted with a sharp wet noise at the sudden movement, but that was nothing compared to the shuddering gasp Wei WuXian made into the curve of his neck as Lan Zhan tilted his hips a little so that he could feel the press of his cock. And it was not just Lan Zhan. Even through the layers of their robes, he could feel a distinct hot, hard line against his erection and stomach. Wei WuXian was... as aroused as he was. Lan Zhan panted into Wei WuXian's neck and just savoured the sensation he had dreamed of, now real and so exhilarating it made him giddy.

Wei WuXian moved first with a slight jerk of his hips, then Lan Zhan matched him, face flushed with the buzz of pleasure, his harsh breath, and the part of his brain that still hissed *inappropriate* at their situation. But the taste of the forbidden just made Lan Zhan even hotter. So he slid his hand down a little further to cup Wei WuXian's buttock, and elicited a gasp out of his lover.

"Lan Zhan – " Wei WuXian interrupted himself as he sucked on Lan Zhan's bottom lip, and ground hard against Lan Zhan's cock. " – who's shameless now?"

Lan Zhan was about to reply, but the next roll of their rhythm stroked somewhere especially good, and pulled a grunt out of his throat.

"*Unh*, that was hot." All of a sudden Wei WuXian's hands flew to the neck of his robes and yanked.

As he leaned back to pull more, Lan Zhan took the hand that was not firmly staying on Wei WuXian's ass to tug at the other man's waist belt.

"Yeah, yeah," Wei WuXian got distracted from his own task, and hurriedly threw his own belt and outer layer off as soon as Lan Zhan had undone the buckle. Then he untucked the end of Lan Zhan's cloth belt and unwound it with a cheeky grin.

"So all this time, I could have got you undressed if I'd just stolen your headband?"

Mischievous. He was not that easy. So Lan Zhan replied by simply giving the red cloth belt of Wei WuXian's under-layer such a sharp yank that it ripped clean off. Wei WuXian stopped and gaped at that.

"Lan Zhan you beast! I – *mph!* "

Lan Zhan, not a man for bandying words, pulled him forward again and silenced him with his own lips. This time he licked hard into his mouth, and dug his nails into the last layer of Wei Wuxian's clothes to drag the fabric down and expose his bare torso. Lan Zhan could finally

feel hot skin under his hands, and it fanned the flames within him to a kind of fever he had never experienced before. It did not help that Wei WuXian made muffled moans against his mouth, and rolled his whole body in his eagerness; Lan Zhan felt nails catch his skin as his lover tore at his own layers too, to finally expose Lan Zhan's shoulders and chest. They were so close. Breath, skin, saliva, bodies pressed together... Lan Zhan devoured the sensations with a hunger decades in the making.

"I never knew you could be like this." Wei WuXian panted through Lan Zhan's kisses in what sounded like defeat, eyes glassy and dazed. "I like it a lot."

"Mm." Lan Zhan made an affirmative noise then dipped to kiss at the delicate skin of his throat. Wei WuXian had such a beautiful throat, and he had imagined touching and kissing it for far too long.

"Ah!" Wei WuXian's neck arched to the side as Lan Zhan scraped his teeth on the pale flesh, and a rough hand pulled at where it had gotten tangled in his hair somewhere. Pleasure throbbed in Lan Zhan's lower belly at the sound, and he could feel the slick of his cock making the cloth around it damp. So he thrust up and bit a little harder since Wei WuXian seemed to like it so much. He was rewarded with another loud moan.

Lan Zhan should have known that Wei WuXian would be far from silent whilst being pleased, but the shameless noises still made his cock tight, and stomach thrill. More. He wanted to be gluttonous for once in his life. So Lan Zhan ran his hands over every inch of naked skin he had uncovered and pressed Wei WuXian hard against him, as if his own skin thirsted for the heat and contact. It felt so good, like finally giving in to a craving or an itch. He could not think of anything more eloquent. It was just *so good*.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan," Wei WuXian panted, then pushed on his shoulders so hard he fell backwards and his back hit the floor with a *thump*. The other cultivator straddled his hips now, face flushed and needy, hair in a decadent river of black that poured over his left shoulder. Crimson cloth pooled around Wei WuXian's groin, and the erotic tease of it made Lan Zhan's cock jump. He was so hard. He did not think he had ever been this hard in his life, and the desperate sensation would drive him mad.

"I want you in me."

Lan Zhan's eyes flew wide at that. He had barely recovered from being touched so heavily, and now...

Not that he didn't want it. But...as a man, he had the same anatomy as Wei WuXian. He could feel sympathy pains in his own rear even thinking about that, especially given the fact that his cock, compared to a man's entrance, was very large. And Wei WuXian was already tugging the remnants of Lan Zhan's robes down his hips. So with a swift and strong movement, Lan Zhan gripped Wei WuXian around the shoulders and tossed him flat on his back, underneath him.

"Ooh, wanna do it this way, huh?" Wei WuXian grinned a wicked grin, then started to shuffle the rest of his own robes off. His enthusiasm seemed to have ridden over his self preservation instinct. But then again, this was Wei WuXian. Had he expected less?

Lan Zhan placed a spread palm on his chest as he leaned over him.

"No."

"Ehh??" Wei WuXian's eyes flew wide, and his hands faltered. "Why?"

“You will get hurt.”

“Out of the two of us, who has read more porn, hmm? I know what I’m doing.” Wei WuXian simply grinned and tried to pull him down. But when Lan Zhan does not want to move, Lan Zhan does not move.

“You will get hurt.” He repeated, and knelt back between Wei WuXian’s legs, mind on the tick on how to resolve this problem. His lover gave a frustrated little moan, similar to the noises he made when he had a Silencing Charm on him.

“You’re just going to build me up, then leave me like this?” Wei WuXian pouted, and arched his back against the floor, with a *very* sexual roll of his barely clothed hips. A thrill of lust spiked down Lan Zhan’s body, and he was almost tempted to just give over to it. But the thought made him wince inwardly, so the temptation was not too hard to dismiss.

“No. Stand.” Lan Zhan had an idea. Despite being the most aloof man in the most pure and strict clan, he had not escaped hearing dirty jokes or innuendo, or Jiang Cheng yelling ‘you can suck my dick!’ at someone or something, possibly a melon with Lan Zhan’s face carved on it (he had not thought it appropriate to investigate).

“Stand?” Wei WuXian’s brows creased in confusion, so Lan Zhan did it first. He did not think about how his robes were not held on by anything until he stood and they fell off completely. *That* got Wei WuXian on his feet without *any* hesitation. He did feel a little exposed, and his sensitive skin danced with goosebumps. He had never been completely naked in front of anyone before. But he trusted Wei WuXian, and the thrill of appearing erotic to someone he desired had him breathless. Then Lan Zhan stopped in his tracks on his way towards the bed as Wei WuXian’s red robe slipped off him too.

He had never seen a naked man, aside from himself. He always removed himself from situations that might become inappropriate. He had imagined it, but the mind paled to the reality.

The planes of Wei WuXian’s lean muscles were picked out in the low light as his long hair draped across a pert, dusky nipple. His slender waist looked so petite that something in Lan Zhan desperately wanted to wrap his hands around it and squeeze the smooth flesh. Then his eyes trailed the musculature lines of Wei WuXian’s hips to his aroused cock, which leaned out from his body, smooth head completely pushed out of the foreskin.

Wei WuXian, at times, had an air of danger and wickedness about him. Right now, naked in the dim light, slumberous eyes locked on Lan Zhan with blown pupils, he almost seemed like a demon of seduction. Clear slick pulsed from the tip of Lan Zhan’s cock at the sight so that it ran down his heavy member in lines, his body readying itself for sex with this beautiful man. His chest felt tight, and he realized he was not breathing.

But Lan Zhan did not get the chance to pass out from being so abruptly exposed to a gorgeous, naked man, because Wei WuXian padded over to him with the same greedy enthusiasm he had approached the relic in the Cold Pool, eyes fixed on Lan Zhan’s dick.

“I thought I felt you were really big.” He grinned, and a shock of pleasure exploded down Lan Zhan’s thighs as Wei WuXian happily wrapped his hand around him and stroked.

“*Ah!*” The indecent moan tore out of him, and he caught Wei WuXian’s shoulder to steady



himself. He had never made a sound like that before. Not even alone. Just...someone else touching his body was a shock to the system. Someone else touching his *cock*...

Lan Zhan's brain sparked as Wei WuXian's grasp got firmer, and he rubbed his thumb over the head. Brazen man! He swallowed down another moan, eyes squeezed shut.

"Who knew Lan Zhan could make such a noise?" Wei WuXian's voice was breathless, but delighted. So Lan Zhan grabbed him by the back of the hair and pulled him into a feverish kiss. Wei WuXian squeaked, and let go of his cock, just to press them together completely.

The sensation made Lan Zhan quiver and pant. His cock burned with bliss as he squeezed Wei WuXian's bare ass and the damp heat and hardness of Wei WuXian's cock slid against his own. They licked into each other's mouths with a hot fervour, a mess of hungry lips and tongues, and fingers that clawed as they grasped each other closer. Lan Zhan's cool demeanour was completely lost.

Wei WuXian groaned around his tongue, then he grappled one leg up around Lan Zhan's hip and thrust against him. Lan Zhan ran his hand right under the curve of Wei Wuxian's buttock and up his thigh until he gripped his leg securely enough that they could grind against each other at a better angle. Wei WuXian's ass arched back at how the sensitive skin between his legs was brushed, and he made a little needy noise into Lan Zhan's neck. Lan Zhan really did not know what he was doing, but so far everything felt so good, that they could not be going wrong.

"*Unnh* Lan – Zhan – " Wei WuXian moaned between their thrusts as Lan Zhan bit his neck again. "I want you in – *unh* - me so bad..."

Insistent.

Lan Zhan put Wei WuXian's leg down, then gripped that slim waist that his eye had caught on before. He could probably toss Wei WuXian over his shoulder with little effort. Thoughts for another time.

Lan Zhan moved forward so that Wei WuXian had to backpedal, and only stopped kissing him when the back of his knees hit the bed. He sat down with a *thump*.

"What? But I thought – " Wei WuXian panted, and then his eyes went wide as Lan Zhan lowered himself to his knees. He hoped that Wei WuXian would appreciate that he was the only living human he would willingly kneel for.

Lan Zhan fixed his eyes on the other man's cock, kind of curious – it was a lewd act, but would it be as distasteful to perform as it sounded?

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan you don't have to – " Wei WuXian broke off with an absolutely wrecked noise as Lan Zhan ducked forward and slid the tip of his cock into his mouth. The sensation of hot, heavy flesh on his tongue was a strange kind of satisfying.

"Lan Zhan!" Wei WuXian cried, and all of a sudden, Lan Zhan found himself being pulled up by the hair.

"You don't have to." Wei WuXian panted, his expression scandalized.

"I want." Lan Zhan simply replied, because he did, and attacked his task with even more gusto. Anything to get another sound like that.

"*Unh*, save me!" Wei WuXian cried, and the sheets scraped as he dug his nails into them. Heat flushed right down Lan Zhan's stomach at that. His cock throbbed and he pushed Wei

WuXian's legs further apart for better access. The man whimpered as strong hands spread him, and his cock pulsed in Lan Zhan's mouth. He would not be able to fit all of it without choking, so he wrapped his hand around the base and rubbed little circles with his thumb where he liked it when he was alone.

Wei WuXian's thighs shook, his hands clutched at Lan Zhan's hair and the bed, and the room was filled with sounds of bliss. Lan Zhan loved those sounds. He had heard Wei WuXian in pain far too much, and now he had the chance to make the score a little more even. And besides, it turned him on far more than he would ever openly admit. So as Lan Zhan licked stripes up Wei WuXian's cock, he gripped his own cock and squeezed it to the same rhythm. A groan vibrated in his throat, and he muffled it by sucking Wei WuXian's cock into his mouth again. Meanwhile, Wei WuXian almost came on the spot with the sight of the dignified Lan Zhan engaging in such an act with so much enthusiasm.

Sweat pricked on Lan Zhan's skin as he fucked into his hand at the same time as he pleased Wei WuXian. The other man's moans got frantic and hitched on his ragged breath. Wei WuXian's hips picked up into jerky, desperate thrusts, and Lan Zhan's toes curled as his own pleasure mounted, almost at its peak. He understood why people were so obsessed with this now. A fist balled hard in his hair as Wei WuXian keened above him.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan – " A gutted noise of ecstasy was the only warning Lan Zhan got before Wei WuXian curled over, and heat erupted in his mouth with a sharp tangy taste. His first instinct was to spit it, but there was not anywhere to do so, and Wei WuXian had such a tight grip on him that it would be a struggle to withdraw his head. So Lan Zhan willed himself to swallow. Hm. Not the worst, but not the best either.

There was a moment wherein Wei WuXian just trembled, panted, and clutched at him. "Unh, Lan Zhan, you are so unexpected." A dazed groan came from above him, and Lan Zhan let his lover's softening cock slip from his mouth as Wei WuXian's grip loosened. He looked up to see Wei WuXian with eyes that flickered up into his lids, slack lips, and pink cheeks.

"Feel good?" Lan Zhan panted, even as his own body pulsed with pleasure, pleading him for release.

"Mmm." Wei WuXian nodded his head very hard in a very endearing way.

"Good." Lan Zhan rose, then gave Wei WuXian a gentle push on the shoulder. There was not even a slight resistance; he fell back on to the pillows, limbs spread in luxurious satisfaction, hair pooled around his shoulders. What a sight. And it was his to touch. The thought of that warm skin against his own burned in Lan Zhan's head again, so he sank on to the bed too, and crawled up Wei WuXian's body so that he could lower himself on to the other man. Sweat made their skin slide. The mess was so indecent. He loved it.

"Mmm, you're so hard..." Wei WuXian whined, and reached a lazy hand down between their bodies to cup him. Lan Zhan's whole body shuddered, sensitive all over, and he bowed his head with a stunted noise. His knees even spread more on the bed. He felt so exposed that Wei WuXian would watch him when he was so vulnerable, but in another way, it just made this even more erotic.

So Lan Zhan pulled him into a kiss, and thrust into that hand, hot with how provocative his own actions were. His skin sang with the stimulation, the submissive heat of Wei WuXian's mouth made him dizzy, and his stomach convulsed. He was at the brink; his kiss got messy and frantic, and his whole body felt taut like a bowstring. Then Wei WuXian gave a long, slow tug on his cock that sent a blaze of pleasure up through him in a drawn-out shudder, and made his fingers and toes curl. *Gods*. A stunted noise caught in Lan Zhan's throat. His hips gave a few aborted, messy thrusts, and then heat and bliss made his back arch. He pressed his forehead against Wei WuXian's and gasped as his cock jumped and spilled his seed all over his lover's hand.

Contentment, pleasure, and giddiness from actually realizing an illicit fantasy all spun around in his head as Lan Zhan slid his cheek to rest against Wei WuXian's.

"This feels like a dream. I hope it isn't." Wei Wuxian played with a piece of his hair, as Lan Zhan came down. "Although if it was a dream you would have ravished me by now." He added, tone a little hopeful, and cocked his hips up. Or tried to. Lan Zhan just pinned his body down with his own weight. Wei WuXian made a little disgruntled noise. "We can look into it. Be patient." He kissed this beautiful man on the cheek.

Wei WuXian just scoffed, but still had a smile. "You know I really don't mind. I just want to know what it's like."

"No rush." Lan Zhan kissed his eyebrow, and just basked in the feeling of lying so intimately with the one he loved. It was good. It was everything he had yearned for (apart from what Wei WuXian was suggesting).

"Hm, I suppose." Wei WuXian gave a happy sigh and relaxed under him again. "I'm so glad my feelings are returned."

"Mm." Lan Zhan made a noise of agreement, and kissed his temple this time. It was the greatest sensation in the world to be loved by Wei WuXian.

## Chapter End Notes

Im gonna say Lan Zhan removed his headpiece before this because if he was wearing it, when Wei WuXian curled over as he came he probably would have died  
Here's some [art](#) I did of the chapter! It's just kissing, so safe for work :P

Please leave me a comment to tell me what you thought of the chapter! :3

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# Dilemmas of Love

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

So Lan Zhan had a problem. He was very aware of Wei WuXian's nature of hurling himself into things without great consideration for himself and then getting proverbially or sometimes literally backhanded by the outcome. And Lan Zhan did not want to play a part in harming the man (*his* man) who considered his own pain as something so trivial. But the problem was, Lan Zhan knew nothing about, well...carnal pleasure. And despite his protests about having read certain graphic texts, Lan Zhan was sure Wei WuXian had only idealistic impression and not a realistic grasp, and if they did what he wanted, it would certainly hurt more than it felt good.

So more research was required. In fact, *advice* was required. But as the peerless Chief Cultivator, His Excellency Hanguang-Jun swept around Gusu, appearing picturesque as he thought about how best to dick down his enthusiastic but slightly moronic lover, Lan Zhan could not stop his cheeks heating at the thought. He would rather drink an entire bottle of liquor than request advice like this from his uncle. He would probably recommend getting rid of Wei WuXian to solve the problem anyway. Also, Lan Zhan did not instigate conversations often. How did one even go about addressing *that*?

Perhaps the library had something...somewhere. He finally settled on his usual source of aide, although he had his doubts about its uses today. With a tight sigh, Lan Zhan strode off his meaningless course in the direction of the Library Pavilion. His past self would have never predicted this predicament.

As he neared the Pavilion, something caught his eye. His brother, out and about at last. Lan Xichen paced along a gilded board walk across the courtyard from him with a male disciple from the inner circle. Lan Xichen's eyes and smile were a little less drawn than they had been, and it seemed that he had slept. The fine-featured disciple ducked and beamed at something Lan Xichen had just said, obviously quite smitten. It was not uncommon, and the man seemed a little shy, but spirited; his brother was quite fond of men like –

Lan Zhan literally stopped dead in his tracks. His brother. He knew (they all knew) that Lan Xichen had taken lovers in the past. His relationship with Jin Guangyao had not exactly been subtle. Rumours even flew around about him showing the aggressive Nie Mingjue how to... well, enjoy the benefits of being a sheath rather than a sword – although not many people believed the wise and gentle Zewu-jun would act like that. Lan Xichen had not seemed to mind the rumours though. In fact...their sect had taken in an influx of young men recently. Recently, being after Jin Guangyao had... *Oh*.

Lan Zhan blinked out of his thoughts just in time to see his brother follow the flustered disciple into another courtyard with a gentle smile. If he was looking for an expert... Lan Zhan's jaw tightened so hard that it clicked at the thought of asking, and his cheeks burned like the sun had scalded him. To anyone watching, it might look as though he was trying to annihilate an ant in the courtyard gravel with his glare.

He was a grown man. He should not have to go to his older brother to ask how to please his lover. So he turned around. And then an image of Wei WuXian swam through his mind, with an airheaded grin, saying things such as *'it will be fine, people in the books enjoy it!'* and *'even if it hurts I don't mind!'* and *'it'll fit!'*. No it will not, Lan Zhan scowled, and turned back around again. But the thought of approaching his brother with *that* mortified him to the core. He took a breath to calm down. He would approach the problem with his original plan – library research. But if that turned up little, and he got desperate....*maybe*.

\*\*\*

Two days later, Lan Zhan was desperate. Because Wei WuXian knew that Lan Zhan was only restraining himself for his sake, he seemed at the point of such craving that he might pin Lan Zhan down with strength or talismans and enthusiastically do himself a lot of damage. These past nights, only creative thinking and assertive action had kept his eager lover satisfied, but from vast experience, Lan Zhan knew there was little anyone could do when Wei WuXian had his mind set on something. He had already stalled longer than expected: one day to research in the hope of not having to submit himself to the embarrassment of pleading his brother for sex tips, and the second to steel his mind, body, and soul for the now inevitable circumstance of pleading his brother for sex tips. And even today, Lan Zhan had avoided the situation for so long, that if he did not approach Lan Xichen soon it would be time for dinner, and then time to get accosted by a horny Wei WuXian.

So he took a deep breath, and headed towards the Clan Leader's chambers.

Lan Xichen was on his way back from teaching a master class of guqin, when he noticed he had a white shadow. Ah, Lan Zhan. But usually when his brother wished to speak with him, he did not dither in his pace. Today, he seemed to be lingering behind when he could easily catch up. So Lan Xichen stopped.

"Wangji." He said, then turned around with a warm smile. "You want to talk?"

Lan Zhan seemed to dissociate into the boardwalk for a good two seconds, before he barely mumbled 'not here', and breezed past Lan Xichen without meeting his eyes. That made him tense with worry. If this was serious, he wondered what could have possibly gone so wrong that he was needed for intervention. So Lan Xichen followed his now very quick-paced brother, and closed off his chambers behind them.

Lan Zhan took a seat at the low table, back rigid in the proper sect sitting position, eyes absolutely glued to the table. Lan Xichen frowned a little at the behaviour – his brother was usually very straightforward at times like this – and sat opposite him. Still, Lan Zhan said nothing. But he could be like that sometimes. So Lan Xichen gave a sympathetic sigh, placed tea cups on the table and poured them both a cup. Lan Zhan did not take it. He simply sat rigid, and stared at the table. The only thing that changed was the colour of his cheeks, which went from pale to pink. Ah.

"So how are you and Young Master Wei doing?" Lan Xichen said mildly, and took a sip of tea with a warm smile. Lan Zhan's eyes snapped up at that. Lan Xichen tried *very* hard to keep amusement off his face, but he was unsure whether he succeeded.

"Well." Lan Zhan's reply was even more stunted than usual, and his eyes dipped back to the

table. But Lan Xichen felt he would continue, so he let the silence hang. They had never addressed the nature of Lan Zhan's relationship so directly, but with the hand-holding, and what Lan Xichen assumed had been a public confession at Jinlintai, the guesswork was well over. Lan Zhan certainly seemed unsurprised that Lan Xichen so casually breached the subject, so they were all on the same page, thank goodness.

"I..." Lan Zhan took a breath, as if to brace himself. "I wished to talk to you about... relationships. Something you might have experience in."

His brother managed out, then picked up his tea as though it might shield him.

"Oh, sex?" Lan Xichen said cheerfully, and to his delight, His Excellency Hanguang-jun choked on his tea. *This* was going to be fun.

After Lan Zhan had finished coughing into his sleeve, and the pink in his cheeks had gone a wonderful shade of crimson, he put his cup down and simply gave a curt nod, eyes once again fixed on the table. It was lucky Lan Xichen had such nice tables. Lan Zhan was also lucky that he had a brother who knew when to stop teasing.

"Stay right there." He said warmly, but as soon as he rose and turned his back on his brother, he just had to smile, and swallow a little laugh. Poor Wangji. He had rejected teenage experimentation with the notion that he would never need it, and now he was thrown to a wildcat like Wei WuXian. A look of confusion crossed Lan Zhan's face at him leaving the table, but he did not say anything.

A few moments later, Lan Xichen returned with a ceramic bottle, and set it on the table as he took his seat again. Lan Zhan's eyes flicked between him and it, then returned to the table.

"So we both know that men don't quite have the same aspects as women. This will make things easier." He nudged the oil across the table, and Lan Zhan actually picked it up, despite how afire his cheeks were.

"It's best if you use a lot of it. I have plenty spare anyway." Lan Xichen said cheerfully, totally aware of what that implied. The fact that Lan Zhan was even here was a testament that it was no secret between them.

"Thank you." Lan Zhan bowed, and got up to leave, but oh no, Lan Xichen was not finished with him yet.

"Wangji," Lan Xichen said in a gentle but firm tone that made many men dissolve into a weak mess, and even his brother stopped halfway to the door. "Use fingers to loosen the way. And if he has bathed, you can use your mouth too. Also, the pace should be slow."

Lan Zhan looked like he wished for death. Wonderful. There were tomatoes less red. But Lan Zhan had come here for help, so Lan Xichen was so going to do his brotherly best to a) make the most out of this excellent situation and b) make sure his brother would have a decent first time.

"And don't enter him straight away. Pleasure him in other ways first, and it will be much better." Lan Xichen held up a finger as though he were giving one of Uncle's lectures as Lan Zhan eyeballed the floor.

"I can give you advice on that too." Lan Xichen said in his most politely helpful tone, with as much innocence as he could muster, and took a breath to continue. But apparently he had pushed his luck too far.

“No need.” Lan Zhan gave another sharp nod of thanks, then marched out of his chambers. He probably would have run if the sect rules permitted it.

“Good luck!” Lan Xichen called as warmly as possible, then turned back to the room. He allowed himself a little chuckle, then shook his head. He doubted Lan Zhan would come back to request more oil if he needed it, so he would just hand some to him every week or so at dinner on the assumption that the lovebirds would go through it at quite a pace.

“Finally. It’s about time.” He sighed happily to himself, and went about tidying up Lan Zhan’s teacup.

## Chapter End Notes

The lengths Lan Zhan will go for love. Press F for his dignity.

Lan Xichen is less upset than he should be in this because #comedy.

Next chapter this advice will be used ;))

Please leave a comment and tell me what you thought! Writing this chapter was hilarious ^.^b

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# Worth the Wait

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lan Zhan had only finished his plate of food at dinner because it was against the mandates to be wasteful. Thoughts plagued his usually tranquil mind. First of all, Wei WuXian had not eaten with the Lans. Was he upset? Would he be like this over Lan Zhan refusing to bed him properly? Lan Zhan wondered. He had also been incredibly glad of the silent dinner – nobody could ask him why his appetite was off, and he could avoid Lan Xichen until a respectful period of time had passed since The Incident today, and he no longer wanted to be devoured by the ground every time he caught a glimpse of his brother.

There was also the fact that tonight may be the night where he used that advice. And... well, Lan Zhan became nervous about few things. But Wei WuXian was one of those things. He wanted to please his little enthusiastic bunny. Disappointing him after he had looked forward to this for so long would be terrible.

Lan Zhan sighed as he pushed open the doors to his new quarters and his eyes widened.

Wei WuXian had obviously ordered a bath in their quarters, and was singing to himself as he rested his head on one end to keep his hair over the edge and dry. But that was not the strangest thing. He had taken one of the low tables from the floor and balanced it across the bath width. He held chopsticks in one hand, and Lan Zhan realized he had been eating dinner, drinking alcohol and bathing all at the same time. Although Wei WuXian looked the picture of luxury, Lan Zhan could not help mentally counting the amount of rules this single picture shattered. Shameless.

“Lan Zhan!” Wei WuXian turned with a blazing grin and waved with his chopsticks. Well, at least he was not upset. Lan Zhan closed the doors behind him, and there was a small clatter as Wei WuXian tossed his chopsticks into his empty ceramic dish. His wet skin was a distraction. Lan Zhan paced over.

“You were not at dinner.” Lan Zhan bent and gave his lover a gentle kiss on the forehead.

“Mm, because I have to sit and eat in silence.” Wei WuXian pouted. “I would have to save everything that came into my head and then afterwards I would have to talk for hours!

Besides – “

He gestured at his contraption.

“Isn’t this good! Bathe and eat at the same time!”

“You will drop food in.” Lan Zhan said, but with little judgement – Wei WuXian looked far too proud of himself for him to be harsh. So he gave him another kiss on the cheek.

“I’m the chopstick king.” Wei WuXian’s voice was a little distracted, probably by Lan Zhan’s affection. He craned his neck to offer his mouth, so Lan Zhan treated him to a gentle press of lips. It affected him the way it always did; his skin went sensitive, and a hot buzz lit up his cheeks and spine.



“Mmm.” Wei WuXian’s hand caught the back of his head, and suddenly the familiar pressure on his forehead lightened. He pulled away, but his headband came off in Wei WuXian’s hand. The other man smirked, and let Lan Zhan watch as he slowly wrapped it around his right hand. The sight made Lan Zhan tingle. *His*. Wei WuXian was *his*. The picture was a stake claim, and the possessive streak in Lan Zhan thrummed, both entranced and aroused. “Now kiss me properly this time.” Wei WuXian smirked. He tilted his head up as his eyelids drifted in a sensual glance.

Lan Zhan let his expression stay neutral, even though his body had a fierce reaction as blood raced down to his groin. He bent over and caught Wei WuXian’s pretty lips again, and this time lingered, then pushed his tongue into that heat. Wei WuXian made a muffled moan and licked back, hands already tangled in Lan Zhan’s hair. There was a hush of water as he pushed himself more upright in the bath to get closer. Lan Zhan stroked his jaw, and gripped the bath edge as the kiss got heated. He did not think he would ever get used to this sensation, but that was not a bad thing. This angle, however was not ideal. He wanted to touch more. He wanted to fulfil Wei WuXian’s fantasy.

So he lowered the hand on Wei WuXian’s jaw to under his opposite arm, and gave a mighty heave.

“Hey!” Wei WuXian yelped as he was dragged out of the bath entirely. There was a crash as his legs kicked the table he had set up. Lan Zhan did not care. He pushed Wei WuXian against a wall and sucked on his bottom lip as he squeezed his hands down Wei WuXian’s slippery waist.

“Mmm – Lan Zhan, I always forget you are such an animal without your headband!” Wei WuXian panted then threw his arms around Lan Zhan’s neck and filled Lan Zhan’s mouth with his tongue. Lan Zhan’s cock swelled at the feel of it, and the feel of Wei WuXian’s wet, naked body dampening his robes. He ran his hand down the side of Wei WuXian’s buttock, and squeezed his thigh. The other man needed no more hints – he used the leverage of Lan Zhan’s shoulders to jump up and grapple both legs around Lan Zhan’s hips.

“I – *unh!*” Wei WuXian grunted as Lan Zhan slammed him against the wall harder. The feel of Wei WuXian’s hot, bare cock through his clothes made him dizzy. The scandal of Lan Zhan being still dressed in his day clothes, and Wei WuXian being entirely naked just *did things to him*. So he ground his hips, and was treated to a wild gasp in his ear.

“Lan Zhan – “ Wei WuXian tried to pant, but broke off as Lan Zhan squeezed both his buttocks hard and licked a stripe up his neck.

“Lan Zhan!” All of a sudden Wei WuXian struggled in his hold, so he let him slip down to his feet again. His lover’s skin had flushed a delicate pink, and his cock leaned out from his body with how thick it had become.

“Please,” Wei WuXian turned so that his back was against Lan Zhan’s chest, and he wrapped his arms up behind him around Lan Zhan’s neck. At this angle, Lan Zhan could see straight down that lean, water-slick body. He ran his hands up Wei WuXian’s hips and chest to tease his lover’s pert nipple as he just drank in the sight. Gorgeous. Wei WuXian gasped and arched his head back against Lan Zhan’s shoulder.

“Please,” Wei WuXian whined again, and rubbed his ass against Lan Zhan’s cock, expression and movements desperate. Such wanton actions shocked a thrill of lust straight down Lan Zhan’s stomach. He could see Wei WuXian’s cock weep with arousal.

“I want you. Fuck me.” Wei WuXian practically sobbed, eyes squeezed shut, hands clutching, body arched into him. His chest flickered where Lan Zhan’s fingers still tormented him.

“Yes.” Lan Zhan’s voice came out ragged.

Wei WuXian actually stopped.

“What?” His eyes opened, and his grip around Lan Zhan’s neck slackened.

“Yes.” Lan Zhan repeated, this time more coherent. A sting of earlier nerves jabbed at him, but he swatted it away. Wei WuXian would enjoy anything he gave him right now.

Wei WuXian turned, suddenly fervent again. His hands flew to Lan Zhan’s robes, but Lan Zhan caught both his wrists in one hand before he could tear them.

“Slow down.” He said simply to Wei WuXian’s wild, needy expression, and then returned his hands to him. With a purposeful movement, he dropped his own hands to his cloth belt, and undid it as Wei WuXian watched.

“You’re…”

Lan Zhan glanced up at him just as the belt fell, and he slipped both layers away from his collarbones.

“Oh, Lan Zhan, you could finish me with a look, gods and immortals…” Wei WuXian pressed back against the wall, and gripped the base of his cock, mouth a slack oval as he panted.

“I can’t believe you’re stripping for me!”

Lan Zhan simply continued at his task as Wei WuXian’s shocked eyes locked on how he slid his robes off his shoulders, held them at his hips while he stepped out of his boots, then let them fall. With anyone else, he would have hated being lusted after so openly. But Wei WuXian’s gaze, and high-edged little breaths made him feel…*sexy*. He had neither felt that way, nor wanted to feel that way before, and now his cock pulsed with the exhilaration of it.

“Oh Lan Zhan,” All of a sudden, Wei WuXian was on his knees, in front of him. A hot streak of pleasure lit up his cock as Wei WuXian licked it, then greedily sucked it into his mouth. Lan Zhan gasped and grabbed his hair. Too much of that, and he would not be able to last. So he pulled Wei WuXian off, bent lower, and with a firm hand, guided the other man’s shoulder down until he lay flat on the floor, and Lan Zhan knelt between his legs.

“Ohh, yes!” Wei WuXian gave a shuddering moan, and arched his back against the mat, offering himself. Lan Zhan turned and reached for the ceramic bottle he had been given, but stopped before he opened it. He had been told to pleasure his lover more before he entered him. And Wei WuXian had just taken a bath. He wondered…

“Lan Zhan!” Wei WuXian yelped in absolute shock as Lan Zhan ducked down, pushed the crook of his knee up to expose his entrance, and laved his tongue along there.

“What the hell have you been reading?!” Wei WuXian gasped, then made such a noise that slick drooled in lines from Lan Zhan’s cock on to the floor. He caught the bud of Wei WuXian’s ringlet of muscle in his mouth, and wondered if it felt good for his lover. It certainly was a filthy thing to do, but he trusted his brother’s advice.

From Wei WuXian's incoherent, extremely loud moan, the advice was good. So he stopped being hesitant, and tongued at it harder, mouth working.

"Oh, oh, Lan Zhan – " Wei WuXian cried. His hips bucked, ground against Lan Zhan's lips and tongue as his body convulsed in Lan Zhan's hands. His moans got louder and more frantic as he clawed the floor, and Lan Zhan was so hard he became light-headed.

Suddenly there was an impact on his shoulder – Wei WuXian's foot – and he was pushed away.

"I can't...I can't..." Wei WuXian clutched at the pile of Lan Zhan's discarded robes above his head and curled up a little bit, one hand still wrapped in Lan Zhan's headband. His cock had issued slick that shone all across his abs, and his eyes fluttered, glassy with pleasure.

"Where did you... what..."

Lan Zhan deemed that he had done enough. So he uncapped the ceramic bottle, and poured some of the contents on to his right hand. Oil. Hm, that would definitely help.

"Do you want?" Lan Zhan spread Wei WuXian's legs with his clean hand. Flickers shot up the other man's thighs.

"Yes!" Wei WuXian's tone was almost exasperated. "You said! And then you almost make me come with – "

He cut off with a choked gasp as Lan Zhan slid a finger into his body. It was so tight. How would his cock ever fit, even with oil?

"How...is that?" He wondered. He was not sure how it could feel good. Wei WuXian just panted and swallowed.

"A bit...weird, but...move it. Rub up towards the stomach side."

Lan Zhan furrowed his brows a little, then pushed his finger in with more emphasis upwards. A heavy breath left Wei WuXian's chest, but Lan Zhan was not sure if it was a good thing or not. So he kept at his task, and the tightness became a little more relaxed at least. There was also an odd bump inside, so he rubbed against that in curiosity.

Wei WuXian *moaned*. He moaned so loud, that he clapped his own hand over his mouth in surprise. Lan Zhan's cock, which had softened a little, went tight at the sound.

"Do that aga – *oh-h-h!*"

Lan Zhan was already ahead of him. Then he pulled out enough that he could try a second finger. There was resistance, but not too much. So Lan Zhan went about finding that lump again.

By the time Lan Zhan added the third finger, Wei WuXian seemed to be seeing stars. He groaned, and convulsed, legs spread as wide as possible, body both taut and malleable in response to pleasure. Lan Zhan's whole groin throbbed with how aroused he was. He understood Wei WuXian's hunger now. He wanted to see what it was like. Enact what his body was telling him to do, do what his body craved.

"Wei Ying." Lan Zhan said, voice deep. "Ready?"

"Yes, yes, yes," Wei WuXian nodded, face flushed hot from what they had already been doing. Lan Zhan swallowed, removed his fingers, and pushed the other man's knee up by the crook. This was really happening. He had never thought he would have sex. And now...

He leaned forward, cock gripped in the other hand to guide it. As soon as the tip met Wei WuXian's entrance, the other cultivator made a strained noise that could have been a swallowed moan. The promise of the heat of his body made Lan Zhan drip precome onto him, and then he pushed against the ringlet of muscles.

Hot. And *tight*. His breath choked. His body went into trembles.

"You're big, *unh!*" Wei WuXian made another strained noise, and his hands clawed at the robes above his head. So Lan Zhan leaned forward even as he panted himself, caught the hand without the headband around it, and interlaced their fingers. The silky walls of Wei WuXian's body massaged him as he pushed deeper, and a low moan keened in his throat. He'd never felt anything like this.

"Yeah, is that good? You like being inside me? You – " Wei WuXian's breath hissed as Lan Zhan drove in further, and his hand tightened in Lan Zhan's grip. Pain. So Lan Zhan stopped. He nuzzled his face against Wei WuXian's cheek, and waited.

They lay joined together for a long moment. Wei Wuxian panted into his shoulder, so Lan Zhan kissed up the curve of his neck, which seemed to let his lover focus on the better sensation. Lan Zhan's breath shivered with high noises as Wei Wuxian's body contracted around him.

"You're so hot in me," Wei Wuxian panted, and the hand with the headband on it balled in his discarded white robes. "and so thick, you fill me up so much I can barely breathe, I've never felt anything like it,"

His voice became more of a moan, and Lan Zhan swallowed, flushed with arousal from the words and this new, incredible pleasure.

"I like it, I like it," Wei Wuxian gasped, "you inside me, ravishing me, I dreamed of it for so long, came so hard every time I thought about you fucking me..."

Wei WuXian's breath went from pained pants to needy ones. Lan Zhan shook and squeezed his eyes shut as the dirty whispers had him wild. He had never felt anything so tight and hot around his cock, not even Wei WuXian's mouth these last nights, and he didn't know how long he could last. Sweat made his skin shine.

"Lan Zhan," Wei WuXian finally groaned. "Lan Zhan move."

The words burned erotic thrill in his groin, and he couldn't help a gasp as he drew out a little and the hot bind massaged against every good spot on his erection. The push back in was just as exquisite.

"Yes – " Wei WuXian's breath choked off, and his hand that Lan Zhan held squeezed tighter. Lan Zhan panted against his ear, and thrust again even deeper this time. The head of his cock hit a wall of Wei WuXian's body, and a ragged noise broke out of his throat.

"Yes, yes, oh you like that don't you, you're gonna come in me, you're gonna fuck me till I'm stupid – "

"Wei Ying!" Lan Zhan growled and accidentally thrust much harder than he intended.

"Ah!" Wei WuXian's head flew back with a *thud* against the mat floor, and his body squeezed so tight that Lan Zhan cried out and thrust just as hard again.

"Yes, there, yes – " Wei WuXian broke off into rhythmic moans, each louder than the last as Lan Zhan ravished this incredible, silky hot tunnel. He clutched at Wei WuXian's hand, and

his thrusts got faster as he got desperate. Groans vibrated in his throat, and Lan Zhan had never heard himself sound like this, had never let himself sound like this, but now the headband wrapped around Wei WuXian's hand reminded him to just *enjoy*.

"Come in me, fill me with your seed, fuck me –"

Lan Zhan moaned so loud he drowned out the rest of Wei WuXian's filthy shouts and the smack of their skin. He angled his strokes up just a little, so the head of his cock hit something, and all of a sudden Wei WuXian *convulsed*.

"*Lan Zhan!*" He gave a high, desperate shout, and gripped Lan Zhan's hand so hard it would bruise. But Lan Zhan did not even feel it. Ecstatic heat raced up his cock, and he slammed it in so deep, his whole shaft was engulfed in a gorgeous plush warmth. Wei WuXian's thighs crushed at his sides, and a cry of pure bliss hit his ears as he spurted red hot come into his lover's body with a shout. He just moaned and thrust as Wei WuXian writhed under him, mind blank on animal instinct and pleasure until he was utterly spent.

Wei WuXian was still shuddering and arching when Lan Zhan caught his breath. He quivered as his softening shaft was massaged by the other man's ongoing pleasure. It felt so good. All of this. He was so glad they had done it right.

"Worth waiting?" Lan Zhan murmured, voice crackly from exertion.

"You kill me." Wei WuXian whined, and his body started to go loose. The death grip on Lan Zhan's hand peeled off. They lay there, joined, for a good while longer until Wei WuXian patted around in Lan Zhan's discarded robes with his headband hand to pull out a blank talisman.

"Bath'll be cold." Was the explanation Lan Zhan got for his curious glance.

Wei WuXian tried to draw the symbol to heat water, but barely got halfway through it before his limp limbs gave up. Lan Zhan picked up his hand, and kissed his wrist. Wei WuXian snorted. It was odd that he could feel it through where they were joined.

"You old fuddy-duddy. You make a grown man, blush!"

Lan Zhan looked at his very flushed lover, smiled just a little, and did it again. Wei WuXian giggled and covered his face with his other hand. How could he be so abashed now after what they had just done? So Lan Zhan pressed little kisses up his palm and fingers until Wei WuXian became so overcome that he wriggled out from under him and set about reheating the bath that his food setup thankfully had not fallen in.

"So where did you learn those filthy tricks, Lan Zhan?" Wei WuXian pouted up at him as he leaned his back against Lan Zhan's chest in the bathtub. He supposed he could not avoid this question. So Lan Zhan sighed.

"Xichen."

"*PFFT!*" Wei WuXian choked, and slapped the water so hard it splashed the floor. "You – you *went* to Zewu-Jun?"

"Worth." Lan Zhan shrugged.

"And he told you to lick my ass?!" Wei WuXian cackled, incredulous.

"He was not wrong." Lan Zhan's headband was still firmly on Wei WuXian's hand, so he could say these things.

“You –!” Wei WuXian broke off into raucous laughter, so hard that tears slid down his cheeks. Lan Zhan simply waited for his conniption to end.

“Gods and immortals, I can never look at Lan Xichen the same ever again. That’s only in the filthiest books!” Wei WuXian tutted and shook his head.

“Do not gossip.” Lan Zhan warned. He would not want Lan Xichen dishonoured, or on the flip side, to become far too uncomfortably popular.

“Tch, I won’t.” Wei WuXian grinned and patted his arm. “Just let me savour this.”

“Mm.” Lan Zhan pressed a soft kiss against his temple, and Wei WuXian made a happy little noise. It was so cute that Lan Zhan smiled and did it again. His little bunny was happy. He had done well.

Meanwhile Lan Qiren wished to the depths of his soul that his nephew was still secluded on a mountainside, far away from where anyone could hear anything, including and especially Wei WuXian’s very loud, and very filthy mouth.

## Chapter End Notes

So there we have it! The end. Hope you enjoyed! :D Wei WuXian finally got The D ;)

Please leave a comment, and tell me what you thought!

This fic was real good closure for me and I had a great deal of fun writing it. Thanks so much to everyone who left comments and kudos, I'm so glad you enjoyed it with me!

^.^b I'll be writing more Untamed fics, so keep an eye out :3

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