

On Your Knees

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On Your Knees

by [RennieOnIceCream \(Hitsugi_Zirkus\)](#).

Summary

Collection of Kinktober prompts! Every chapter has pairing + kink + au (if applicable) in its title for easy browsing! Specific tags listed in beginning notes of every chapter.

Let's get our kink on ;)

Day 1: Spanking - Xicheng Business AU
Day 2: Bodyswap + Voyeurism - Wangxian
Day 3: Tentacles + Distention - Lesbian!Beefleaf
Day 4: Gags + Cunnilingus - Fengqing Office Ladies AU
Day 7: Scent Kink - Hualian
Day 8: Tights Kink - Xicheng Modern Lesbians AU
Day 9: Pet Play - Luo Bingge/Liu Qingge
Day 10: Face-Sitting - Hualians
Day 14: Praise Kink - Xicheng
Day 15: Hair-Pulling - Liushen Modern AU

Notes

I doubt I'll be able to keep up with all 31 days but let's see how well I do, lol. I finished this yesterday but didn't have wifi to post so here we are! I'm working on day 2 right now; it'll be Wangxian ;)

Chapter tags: Spanking, Blindfolds, Anal Fingering, Dom!Jiang Cheng, slight Degradation Kink

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Xicheng Business AU - Spanking

“Count.”

Lan Huan laid over Jiang Cheng’s lap, tension clinging to his broad shoulders that were barely contained in his form-fitting dress shirt. Around his eyes was his blue satin tie, a perfect complement to his silken black hair and smooth, pale skin. A few strands of hair were free from Lan Huan’s usual gelled-back style, tickling over his cheeks in an alluring way.

As long as Jiang Cheng had known him, Lan Huan’s appearance was always professional, immaculate, and carefully put together. Paired with his handsome face, it was impossible for him not to be captivating both inside and outside the business world. How the journalists fawned over him -- so kind, so attractive, so skilled.

Oh how Jiang Cheng wanted to mess up his perfection piece by piece and make him even more disheveled.

Although from the waist-up, Lan Huan remained dressed, his pants and undergarments were discarded in a heap on the luxurious hotel floor. His ass was left bare, finely sculpted yet still soft under Jiang Cheng’s palm. He fondled its curve leisurely, rolling the mound under his large palm. He pinched it, teasing with a smirk.

Lan Huan’s control remained steady. He hadn’t fallen, not yet. It always took *time* for him to lower his guard. It wouldn’t do for a company CEO to break so easily, after all, and so those walls stayed up even outside the office. That steadfastness, kind yet unyielding, was what drew Jiang Cheng to him in the first place. Capable and resourceful, polite and handsome -- Jiang Cheng had been unprepared for just how much he hadn’t stood a chance against Lan Huan. It was a large part of why he agreed to become an investor in his company, Cloud Recesses.

Of course, Jiang Cheng invested in his *pleasure* as well as his business. The board meeting was over with, and Lan Huan had performed exceedingly well in front of the executives, never wavering once, always ready with a counter-proposal and new plan. He was so good, so incredible... Once they made it back to the hotel, Jiang Cheng had hardly been able to resist grabbing Lan Huan by the tie and kissing him senseless in the bright elevator, ready to make his lover melt as he only would with him.

Which led them to their current position.

Undeterred by Lan Huan’s lack of response, Jiang Cheng caressed his ass, groping softly before raising his hand.

Smack!

A very light shade of pink bloomed over that perfect moon-white skin. Smiling, Jiang Cheng raised his hand again and spanked the other cheek, a satisfying slapping sound filling the room. An imprint spread its flushed color, matching the first cheek.

Lan Huan jolted slightly, a small, heated exhale leaving him.

“Lan Huan, I *said* count. Are you being disobedient with me? I certainly didn’t teach you that.” He slapped a hand down again, more firmly than before.

“Nn...!” Lan Huan’s hands curled over whatever they could reach -- the thick blanket, the sharply ironed material of Jiang Cheng’s pants.

Jiang Cheng tilted his head, amused over how adamantly his lover refused to make a sound that betrayed his composure crumbling. But that only made it all the more fun for him to finally get Lan Huan to crack, to unravel, to shatter right under the safety of Jiang Cheng’s care.

Leaving the spanking to the side for now, he slid a finger over the forbidden warmth between those cheeks instead. A fingertip found the tight rim of Lan Huan’s hole and he rubbed over it, barely applying any pressure.

“Use your words, Lan Huan. Those pretty words that make others give you whatever you want. Hmm, you know how to play people just right, don’t you?”

That finally stirred a reaction -- a low laugh rumbled in Lan Huan’s throat, short and polite. “A-Cheng, how is it *my* fault that you fall for my so-called pretty words? You hate chatterboxes, but you do love hearing *me* talk, don’t you? Giving you all sorts of promises, stroking that ego of yours with sweet praises.” His voice lowered, another laugh lacing the edges of his next words. “Showering you with affection when I’ve bent myself over for you.”

Smart mouth . Jiang Cheng wet his middle finger with his mouth, coating it well with saliva before rubbing the tip over Lan Huan’s hole. It twitched against his touch. The rest of Lan Huan’s body might not want to be honest, but nothing could stop the muscle memory of his ass opening up in anticipation of something fucking into it. It was rather *cute* , making Lan Huan’s bold words all the more amusing -- as if he was actually the one in control right now.

“That’s right,” Jiang Cheng agreed, a not-small feat. “You’re always the one making promises. So how about I make you a promise tonight?” He shoved his finger inside the tight heat of Lan Huan’s ass, satisfied with the soft gasp he elicited.

The passage was so *hot* , squeezing around his finger like it didn’t want to let go. Jiang Cheng pushed it in and out at a leisurely pace, rubbing the pad of his finger over the walls, still so soft and used from their morning session.

“I promise that by the time I spank this slutty ass ten times, you’ll be sobbing for me.”

“...That so?” Lan Huan asked. He kept the dignity in his voice strong, even as his words were breathless.

Jiang Cheng pulled his finger out. “ *Count* .” He raised his hand.

Smack!

Lan Huan's breath hitched slightly. "One."

Smack!

"Two."

Smack!

Hands tightened on the blanket. " *Three* ."

Jiang Cheng rubbed over Lan Huan's ass, the skin growing redder with each spanking. The abused cheek was warm under his palm and he stroked a thumb over the red mark in a soothing manner. He glanced over, seeing that a slight flush started to spread over Lan Huan's face as well.

Beautiful . Jiang Cheng spanked the other cheek then rubbed over Lan Huan's hole again, fucking his finger inside slow and sweet.

Lan Huan's head bowed down slightly, another strand of hair falling over his forehead. "Four..."

"Tell me, Lan Huan -- is this a punishment for you? Or a reward? Do you like it when someone is finally able to break your polite facade and make you bend over forwards to expose the dirty slut you are? Do you like it when I split you open then put you back together?"

Smack!

"Just remember *I'm* the only one allowed to break you."

Smack!

A soft groan. A familiar hardness began to press insistently on Jiang Cheng's thigh.

"Don't cum on my pants or I'll make it twenty spanks -- and you'll *know* it's a punishment."

The aroused blush on Lan Huan's cheeks deepened and spread to his ears. "A-Cheng..."

Wetting his ring finger as well with his saliva, Jiang Cheng pushed both fingers inside, thrusting in and out at a more unforgiving pace than before. He watched Lan Huan's rim grow wet and stretched, a rosy bud between his flushed ass cheeks. It fluttered so prettily around his fingers, wanting to suck him in deeper.

"This is -- *cheating* , A-Cheng, you're a cheater!" Lan Huan accused with a note of frustration that was both angered and sexual.

"That's funny, I don't remember telling you to stop counting. How many is it now?"

Lan Huan was quiet for a beat, giving a very small huff. Then, "It's five... Six..."

“Yeah. Good boy.” Jiang Cheng spanked him once more with his free hand. He *felt* how his lover tightened up around his fingers upon impact, Lan Huan’s short moan a beautiful accompaniment to the slap that echoed in the room.

“Se...Seven...”

“I bet you weren’t even spanked as a child. You were just too *good*, weren’t you? So why do you only get disobedient with me, huh? Do you just crave discipline that bad? Big bad CEO needs someone around to be his boss and chastise him properly?” Jiang Cheng thrust his fingers in deeper and deeper, shoving in a third dry.

Lan Huan was fully hard and throbbing against his thigh now. Another laugh, a little more delirious with lust, left his sweet lips. “Because it’s *fun*, A-Cheng. You’re so fun. So sweet. The best.”

The words were said with a teasing lilt, but there was clearly an underlying fondness to them. Hearing it softened Jiang Cheng’s heart, making his hand momentarily hesitate.

Who is the cheater now? Damn sweet-talker. To shut him up, he gave him another hard spank.

“A-Ahn...! It’s eight... Ohh...”

Smack! Jiang Cheng squeezed his delectable ass, debating in the back of his mind if he should litter it with more marks -- bites and hickeys...

“N-Nine! Nine, oh...” Lan Huan started to push back slightly to meet Jiang Cheng’s fingers fucking his ass. His hips rocked back and forth, taking turns with rutting his hard cock on Jiang Cheng’s leg as well. His words were less composed now, head lolling down to rest against the bed. “A-Cheng... A-Cheng! Please, love... Hit me inside right there--!”

“I knew I could make you beg for it,” Jiang Cheng murmured, a triumphant smile on his lips. He spanked Lan Huan one last time, slapping right over the meat of his ass.

Lan Huan arched, jolting sharply. “Te-Teeeeeen--ah, *aaahh*...!!” Broken little groans and cries of Jiang Cheng’s name left him as he quivered and squirmed, clutching onto the blankets like a lifeline. At the end of his orgasm, he was more disheveled than ever, his face completely red and sweat beading his forehead.

Jiang Cheng glanced down, catching splatters of thick cum sticking to the blankets as well as his perfect black pants. He sighed, rubbing soothingly over Lan Huan’s no doubt sore ass.

“Twenty spanks it is. Get counting, Lan Huan.”

Wangxian - Bodyswap + Voyeurism

Chapter Notes

IT'S STILL TECHNICALLY THE 2ND FOR ME

Chapter tags: Bodyswap, Voyeurism, Masturbation, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Wei Wuxian's Filthy Mouth

This chapter is 2.6k words... I need to make the chapters shorter or I'll never survive LOL. I'll try to cut straight to the horney tomorrow... Nonetheless, I hope this is enjoyable!

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

As soon as he woke up, Wei Wuxian knew something was...not wrong, per se, but something was *different*. His body felt *different*, like he was taking up more space, like he had a new, bigger power and vessel. Its strength was palpable, but gentle. The sensation was disconcerting and somewhat like when he'd woken up in Mo Xuanyu's body and felt like his limbs were disconnected from him.

He patted himself down. His hair didn't feel as thick and wild, his skin was more pale. His chest was bigger under his palms and -- and there was a peculiar unevenness to the skin on his left side.

He glanced down, finding a sun brand burned onto his skin. There were several lovebites over his chest as well, red roses formed from eager lips and hungry teeth. Wei Wuxian could vaguely recall making these marks *himself*.

"Lan Zha-- Ah!" Wei Wuxian stopped speaking, realizing the voice that had come out of his mouth was none other than his dear husband's! Lan Wangji's usual measured tone had been replaced by the playful lilt Wei Wuxian carried in his words, and yet the voice no doubt belonged to the former.

Feeling more awake, Wei Wuxian got up from the bed, nearly stumbling as he acclimated to a new, greater height and the functions of well-defined muscles he wasn't used to having.

This body was definitely not his.

He shuffled over to where Bichen was resting and pulled the sword out, looking upon its icy surface.

Reflected back at him were Lan Wangji's wide amber eyes. Wei Wuxian touched his face and the Lan Wangji reflection did the same. He open and shut his mouth. The reflection did the same. Wei Wuxian put Bichen back and undid his robes, looking down to the incredibly

familiar length between his thighs. Raising his eyebrows, Wei Wuxian grasped it, its weight and size considerable even when flaccid.

“That’s Lan Zhan’s!!” he exclaimed to no one.

He was in Lan Wangji’s body!! But if that was the case, where was his original body? Er, his *new* original body?

If I’m in Lan Zhan’s body -- does that mean he’s in mine? Wei Wuxian glanced around the Jingshi, but as expected, his husband was nowhere to be found. Wei Wuxian didn’t wake up at five in the morning like the rest of the Lan Sect, after all -- Lan Wangji must’ve gotten up and left like nothing happened. How like him, taking everything in stride. Still, to think he left Wei Wuxian to figure things out himself... He should cause some mischief as revenge; there was plenty of ways he could shake things up while in the esteemed Hanguang-Jun’s body.

Then again... Can’t Lan Zhan do the same? Is he lecturing the juniors in my body!? Is he feeding it disgusting things!?

Wei Wuxian quickly got dressed in one of Lan Wangji’s robes. While he didn’t trouble himself with the top knot, he very happily tied the silken forehead ribbon around his head. He admired his reflection briefly a little more before finally exiting the Jingshi.

Both the Library Pavilion and the lesson hall were absent of Wei Wuxian’s body.

The disciples greeted him with salutes as he roamed through the corridors, acknowledging him with both respect and awe. That expression quickly gave way to confusion after observing how “Lan Wangji” carried himself today. His measured steps had been replaced with wide strides, his posture not as rigid and straight, and his speech was faster and louder as he asked for the whereabouts of “his lovely husband”. It earned him quite a few bewildered stares.

Luckily, he bumped into Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi in the middle of his search. He went on to ask them the same thing he had been all morning.

“L-Lovely husband?” Lan Jingyi echoed in confusion.

Lan Sizhui recovered faster and said, “Senior Wei? En, when I woke up, I saw him heading to the cold springs. It’s been some time but perhaps he’s still in there? I was surprised to see him out and about so early--wah!?”

Wei Wuxian started to ruffle up Lan Sizhui’s hair, delighting in the shock on his son’s face at the show of playful affection. “Thanks, Sizhui. Tell the disciples to have a free day. Me and Lan Zh-- Wei Ying will be very busy today and won’t have time to attend to lessons.”

“Oh... Okay??” Confusion was plain on the two junior’s faces. But what made them the most shocked was the incredibly unheard of sight of Hanguang-Jun *smiling* wide and exuberant.

No one would believe them if they shared it.

Just as Lan Sizhui said, Wei Wuxian found his husband and his body at the cold springs.

What he couldn't have *possibly* been prepared for was the position he found said husband and body in.

Between the cascading water and cool mist, Lan Wangji, in Wei Wuxian's body, was bent over the edge of the spring and *fucking* himself open with two fingers, rocking his hips back and forth into the penetration.

It looked like he'd been pleasuring himself for a while -- his eyes had fluttered closed and his tangled hair looked halfway dry. His lips were barely parted, heavy and hot pants leaving him. He was much more quiet than when Wei Wuxian was inhabiting that body, but that vessel appeared to have retained its sensitivity, shuddering visibly when Lan Wangji's fingers stroked closer to that sweet spot Wei Wuxian was all too familiar with. His other hand disappeared in the water, but his arm moved in such a way that Wei Wuxian knew his husband was stroking himself.

Wei Wuxian paused, remaining at a distance as he lowered his presence. It was hardly necessary; Lan Wangji was too occupied with pleasuring himself to notice that anyone had approached the spring.

Now *this* felt nostalgic -- Wei Wuxian hiding in the shadows of the nearby greenery and acting as a voyeur towards Lan Wangji in the spring. Of course, there were several large differences now, but Wei Wuxian's gaze still held that appreciation and awe for the man before him. Especially when he was writhing around in Wei Wuxian's body like *that* .

To think I restrained myself from being inappropriate in this body, but Lan Zhan's already gone straight for the goal! Wei Wuxian had to fight to keep from snickering.

Lan Wangji arched slightly, showing off the slender curve of Wei Wuxian's waist and back. His head tilted up a bit, exposing the colorful hickeys from their coupling last night.

"Haa, ahhn... Wei...Ying..."

Wow, is that really what I sound like? Well, he supposed it wasn't *exact* . Wei Wuxian knew he was loud in bed, spewing out all manner of encouragement and dirty talk, never holding back his cries of ecstasy. Still, it was almost *endearing* hearing Lan Wangji's low groans from his own throat.

Wei Wuxian's gaze fluttered down to observe how Lan Wangji rocked his hips, fucking himself on his fingers as well as into his fist around his cock. While their bodies were switched like this, Lan Wangji couldn't keep up his usual thick face, and his cheeks were stained a bright red, proof of his arousal. Wei Wuxian grinned, wondering if that was what Lan Wangji felt all along under his perfect jade countenance.

A third finger breached inside, and Lan Wangji gasped, rapture blooming more on Wei Wuxian's features. Was it wrong to consider the expression enticing?

Wei Wuxian held down another laugh. He recognized well the toe-curling sensation of being spread open. His body was quite good at begging for more, and Lan Wangji wasn't strong enough to bite back that desire.

"Nngh! Haa, W-Wei... Wei Ying..."

Shameless, so shameless! Wei Wuxian sang gleefully in his head.

Was it narcissistic to admire Lan Wangji now? Wei Wuxian knew his vessel wasn't too bad when it came to looks, but to actually *see* how pleasure etched his face, to see how he reacted to just the right touch -- it was rather arousing.

Lan Wangji's body apparently thought so too, so trained to respond to the sound of Wei Wuxian moaning. Curiosity got the better of Wei Wuxian as his hand traveled down. He didn't tear his eyes away from the scene of his husband masturbating in his body as he moved.

To his amusement, Lan Wangji's body was fully hard and throbbing. Wei Wuxian had to bite his lip to hold down a hiss when his hand made contact with the large bulge under his clothes.

Mmn, so this is what Lan Zhan feels when I touch him. How nice. Licking his lips, Wei Wuxian quietly opened up the pure white robes enough to slip a hand under his pants and grasp Lan Wangji's erection. He let out a soft sigh of relief.

As Lan Wangji fucked Wei Wuxian's body, Wei Wuxian stroked Lan Wangji's cock. He kept the rhythm in time as best as he could, imagining between bitten-down moans that he was fucking his husband inside his own body.

It was a strange feeling -- Wei Wuxian touched this body the way he'd normally touch his husband. And yet now that he could feel everything himself, he discovered new spots that had his toes curling in his boots and bucking his hips forward, little secret sweet spots that he quickly memorized and vowed to spoil his husband with the next time they laid together.

While Wei Wuxian already felt close to cumming, Lan Wangji's breathless moans became short and frustrated. A frown knit his brow, his hips wriggling this way and that. The fingers fucking into him thrust with less certainty.

All at once, Wei Wuxian realized what was happening and could have burst out laughing. His husband was too cute! Poor thing was frustrated because he couldn't cum!

Luckily for him, the one who knew that body best was very closeby. Wei Wuxian took a little more amusement in watching Lan Wangji struggle and groan with impatience before he finally decided to have some pity.

He stepped out from the shadows. "Not like that, Lan Zhan, you'll never cum like that!"

Lan Wangji jolted, quickly righting himself and pulling his hands away. He saw that it was only himself standing there and yet the blush on his face only deepened. His eyes thoroughly filled with embarrassment, the expression only more effective with Wei Wuxian's large eyes.

"Wei Ying..."

"Ah, so you guessed it's me!" Wei Wuxian began to remove the heavy Lan Sect robes, dropping them unceremoniously to the ground. "If I had known Lan Zhan was going to have so much fun, I might've actually woken up early."

Lan Wangji glanced down, full of apologies. "I didn't mean to--"

"Oh, yes you did." Wei Wuxian stepped into the spring as well, making sure his husband got a good look at his own erect cock before submerging half his body in. He appreciated the difference in their sizes in a new way, now being the bigger one. He could get used to this. Maybe he could pin Lan Wangji down just as easily as before their bodies switched. It was certainly a tempting thought.

Wei Wuxian grinned. "I'm not mad, Lan Zhan, I'm actually sort of proud. You were doing really well just now."

"You were...watching?"

"Mm~ You put on quite a good show. You know that body so well so I'm sure it took no time for you to get it hot and bothered." Wei Wuxian came closer, mischief on his lips and tongue. "But I noticed you were having some trouble towards the end."

Lan Wangji actually sunk a little deeper in the spring, even while trying to keep his expression carefully neutral.

Wei Wuxian curled some wet strands of Lan Wangji's hair around his finger. "Lan Zhan~ I bet it's so frustrating. You've explored this body every single night. You should know how to bring it to climax, so why can't you?"

After a moment, Lan Wangji's shoulders lowered. "Can I... Not satisfy you that well after all?"

"You've got it wrong! Lan Zhan is the *only one* that can satisfy me. Understand?" At his husband's blank look, Wei Wuxian laughed and circled his arms around Lan Wangji's smaller frame. He spoke right against his ear, low and sweet with Lan Wangji's velvet voice.

"I'll let you in on the secret of why you can't cum. You see, you've thoroughly *ruined* this body, Lan Zhan. It can't cum until it has your hard, hot *cock* inside it, splitting it open, fucking it raw, sooo deep I feel it hitting my belly."

To his surprise, Lan Wangji suddenly cupped his chin, forcing him to look into his own eyes. There was a bright fire burning in that gaze, and Wei Wuxian understood the message right away. Still smiling, he said,

"Let me help you, Lan Zhan?"

Back in the Jingshi, their bodies still dripping with water, Lan Wangji laid on his back, thighs spread open. His face was entirely red now and Wei Wuxian took a moment to wonder if that was how his face really looked when he was at the height of arousal.

Wei Wuxian was between those thighs, fucking his husband, fucking his own body. Although he knew what made him feel good, it was another thing entirely to have the cock to perform those duties with. Wei Wuxian's thrusts at first had been uncertain and mindless, but he was a fast learner and soon picked up on the familiar rhythm of pounding inside the tight heat engulfing him.

His gaze lowered, finding the place where their bodies connected. It was captivating how his own flushed and swollen rim stretched around Lan Wangji's thick cock, swallowing it in eagerly with each forward thrust.

"Aah, so this is the view Lan Zhan gets to have. Fuck, it's great. So fucking hot."

Below him, Lan Wangji gave a small smile. "Mmn... It's a good view."

Wei Wuxian held tight to Lan Wangji's hips, more than once forgetting his new strength as he stumbled through another crest of sweet ecstasy crashing through his body. He knew there'd be new bruises once they switched back, but if you asked Wei Wuxian, the more marks, the better.

He picked up the pace, carefully watching Lan Wangji's reactions -- the gasps, the whimpers, the overstimulated tears filling his eyes. There was a whole litany of new sounds that couldn't be swallowed down. Desperate moans of Wei Wuxian's name spilling from his own lips.

"W-Wei Ying... Wei-- *Ying* ...!"

Cute, so fucking cute. Wei Wuxian couldn't resist anymore and leaned in, crushing their mouths together, tasting himself. Lan Wangji more than happily reciprocated, wrapping his arms around Wei Wuxian's neck as they exchanged several deep kisses, licking up each other's moans. Their fucking was so vigorous now the bed creaked and their slapping skin echoed in the whole Jingshi.

"Fuck yeah, fuck yeah... Ahh gods, Lan Zhan, you tighten up so much, I won't be able to move!"

"It's what Wei Ying does," Lan Wangji pointed out. "When he's close."

Wei Wuxian laughed, but it came out as more an amused growl in Lan Wangji's throat. "See, I told you -- this cock gets me every time. Mmn, I think your body, a-ah, ahhh, *really* loves kissing my insides too." He kept running his mouth, enjoying the dirty talk coming from Lan Wangji's voice. He started to shudder, his thrusts becoming more erratic. "F-Fuck, Lan Zhan -- Lan Zhan, I'm--cumming--!!"

They both reached their peak in an explosion of heat that reverberated in their cores.

When Wei Wuxian opened his eyes again, he was in his own body again, Lan Wangji utterly passed out right on top of him.

Ahh, it ended already. Well, it's still good to be back. Wei Wuxian kissed the top of Lan Wangji's head then circled his arms around him.

It was good thing he already told the others that they'd be busy today.

Chapter End Notes

(Can you tell I got rushed towards the end NKRNKG TJN)

The day 3 prompts I want to do are tentacles + distention.... If you have recs on a pairing you'd want to see that with, just let me know.... I might write it tomorrow.....

Shuangxuan/Beefleaf - Tentacles + Distention

Chapter Notes

I know this has been done before but also consider lesbian beefleafs and SQX giving enthusiastic consent to her water ghost girlfriend and her tentacles B)

Chapter Tags: Lesbians, Fem!Beefleaf, Consentacles, Vaginal Sex, Cum Inflation, Distention, Triple Penetration, Voyeurism, Masturbation

She felt so wonderfully *full* and *adored* .

“Hey -- are you doing alright?” He Xuan’s voice just managed to creep through the hazy veil of Shi Qingxuan’s rapture.

Her body felt so heavy and helpless, but it was luckily supported by the strength of the thick black tentacles -- one curled around each of her legs, keeping her plush thighs spread open, another wrapped around her creamy wrists, holding them above her head. Several more tentacles wriggled and slithered over her body, leaving a strange but arousing secretion that glistened on her skin. One tentacle pistoned at a steady pace inside her dripping wet pussy, spreading her lower lips open wide. The tip rubbed sweetly against her insides, the suction cups providing a nice ridged texture over her walls. Yet another tentacle pushed itself inside her ass, using its slick to penetrate inch by inch.

Stretched open so *wide* from both holes, being gently jostled around, Shi Qingxuan could only nod and give a tiny whimper.

He Xuan sat on her throne, cheek resting against her hand like she was bored. The look in her sharp golden eyes said differently though, burning bright and searing Shi Qingxuan’s bare body like a physical touch. Black robes were loosely opened, exposing He Xuan’s thin pale shoulders and one of her breasts. The skirts of her robe rippled with movement, the origin of the tentacles coming from under those layers of black cloth.

“I need you to say it,” He Xuan said. “Otherwise I have to stop.”

Shi Qingxuan quickly shook her head, thick brown curls bouncing. “No, no, don’t stop!” she cried. “Don’t stop, He-jie, you feel really good, so good!”

“...That so?” He Xuan had been hesitant at first for Shi Qingxuan to know about her body’s...extra features. But judging by her face, rosy with arousal, her clenching wet pussy, and her enthusiastic moans, she was *quite* enthralled by her ghost lover’s surprises. Her He Xuan wasn’t repulsive in the least -- she’d only grown more beautiful in Shi Qingxuan’s eyes. The power she held, the control she exerted on her now was both terrifying and exhilarating -- and Shi Qingxuan was always ready for a ride.

The tentacle fucking her cunt open moved faster, creating loud wet sounds to echo in the chamber. Shi Qingxuan arched, at least as best as she could with all the slick appendages holding her, her cries reverberating. She wondered if He Xuan liked the sounds. She wondered if it made her hunger for more.

“You think you can take another?” He Xuan asked just as the slimy tip of a tentacle rubbed over Shi Qingxuan’s ass and fondled it.

In the back of her mind, she hesitated a little. The length already inside seemed to have already spread her to capacity, her rim burning so sweetly around the girth. Her passage inside was forced open so *deeply*, and the eager tip wriggled further in still, pressing in what she swore was her belly.

Still, at the proposal her desire was set to a burning blaze and she nodded again, wriggling her hips back. “Y-Yes, yes, aah, He-jie, I can take aaaanything. Fuck me more, please!”

One corner of He Xuan’s death-blue lips seemed to quirk up. “Insatiable.”

The third tentacle worked slowly, letting Shi Qingxuan adjust to the additional stretch. The other tentacles worked to keep her aroused and distracted, little suction cups suckling from her plump tits, the tip of another rubbing lovingly over her clit. Its movement was slow at first like a teasing tongue before it sped up, stroking her in fervent circles. The one inside her pussy slowed down; it had already been rubbing against the tentacle in her ass, just on the other side of her walls.

Gradually, inch by excruciating inch, the next tentacle managed to breach inside, rubbing tightly against her walls, forcing a path open to reach deeper inside her. The twin tentacles pistoned in her ass in alternating thrusts, easing her further open to an impossible degree, their slick dripping down her thighs. It should’ve hurt, she should’ve been *screaming*, but her only cries were that of utmost pleasure, dancing along that edge of pain and bliss.

More, more -- give me more!

It was hard to say whose hunger was greater.

“A-aaah, He-jie, He-jie, I’m-- I’m gonna break! I’m gonna break, fuck, don’t stop!”

“So strange, making it sound like you want to break,” He Xuan said. She shifted on her throne, spreading her own legs, a bone-thin hand creeping down to stroke herself. “Cry more for me.”

“Hhaa, aaah, ah, it’s so much, so much! You’re inside so deep, He-jie, it’s--so nice, aahh!” She trembled, everything so sensitive, she was assaulted from all angles. The second tentacle slipped past that last tight barrier and hit right inside her belly with the first one. Split open that last bit, stroked inside her pussy and over her clit, she came with a loud wail, all coherent thought utterly blown from her mind. She felt like her whole being had shattered, each piece carefully kept together by the slick appendages holding her tight. Her own hot juices dripped down the thick length, adding to the mess.

He Xuan groaned, a low sound that contributed to Shi Qingxuan's shaken core. She had slipped a finger inside, thrusting at a languid pace.

"Haah... Look at them squirm inside you."

Blinking through her post-orgasm daze, Shi Qingxuan weakly glanced down, a shiver running down her spine at the sight of her soft belly becoming distended from the two thick tentacles curling and thrusting within. The monstrous lengths pushed against her flesh, giving little glimpses of their shape rippling in her stomach.

Shi Qingxuan *moaned*. "O-Oh *fuck*... Wow... I can see them. He-jie, *gods*, I-I feel them..."

"Full?"

"Yeeesss, so good..."

He Xuan's smile grew, fucking herself faster. "Hmm, good. But you know... I haven't cum yet."

Shi Qingxuan's heart skipped a beat.

He Xuan's glowing gold eyes met hers. "Can I cum inside?"

The reality of the words hit Shi Qingxuan all at once and she clenched around the tentacles, nodding once more. "Y-Yeah, yes, cum inside me, He-jie -- fill me up, cum please, cum inside!"

He Xuan hummed. She rubbed over her cunt, her tentacles moving inside Shi Qingxuan once more, thrusting hard and erratically, chasing their own pleasure. Those slick lengths expanded, growing heavier in Shi Qingxuan's body until she thought, *I really will break and split right open--!*

The tentacles released their spend simultaneously, He Xuan letting out a feral growl as she arched, her own juices dripping onto her fingers.

And Shi Qingxuan was *so full*. Hot liquid pooled inside her, so much it gushed out of her throbbing and swollen pussy, so much it filled her stomach and formed a small bump, causing her to groan. The cum splattered on her thighs and face and tits, and Shi Qingxuan...

She absolutely adored it.

He Xuan finally approached, appraising her wrecked appearance. She grabbed Shi Qingxuan by the jaw, running a thumb over her bottom lip.

"Open up," she said. A tentacle came up level with Shi Qingxuan's mouth, swollen and primed to cum.

What else could Shi Qingxuan do but eagerly part her lips?

Fengqing Office Ladies AU - Gags + Cunnilingus

Chapter Notes

4 day streak, yay!

I gave it some thought though and I'll be skipping weekends during this challenge only because I'm so busy this month @_@ Gives my brain time to recharge before we proceed with more kinkage B)

Chapter Tags: Lesbians, Fem!Fengqing, Office Sex, Stockings, Panties, Gags, Feng Xin's Cursing, Hair Pulling, Cunnilingus, Finger Fucking, You Get The Gist

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

Mu Qing slipped out of her tight pencil skirt, letting it pool to the floor. Her sheer black stockings soon followed, then her black silk panties. She was more than aware of Feng Xin's heated gaze on her all the while, tracking the fall of the clothing, the slightly muscled calves and thighs exposed.

Feng Xin sat on the conference room table, the buttons of her shirt undone, lipstick smudged all over her mouth from when the two had kissed. Their kisses were rarely gentle, and even ones that started soft quickly turned into biting each other's lips and crushing their mouths roughly together. Feng Xin's skirt was pushed up to her waist, exposing her thighs and crotch of her underwear beneath her beige stockings.

Mu Qing balled up her panties and brought them to Feng Xin's face. "Open."

The lust that had glazed Feng Xin's eyes turned into a burning glare. "What the fuck for?"

Undeterred by the glare and the whip-like words, Mu Qing continued to offer the panties out. "You get too loud. We almost got caught last week and I'm not explaining why the *esteemed* Director Feng is spreading her legs like some slut right in the middle of the office."

"Some *slut* ? Who is the one that invited me here, you little--"

"*And* let's face it," Mu Qing continued, "we don't want to feed into those bastards' rumors of how you became a director in the first place."

Those words shut Feng Xin right up. She huffed through her nose, turning her glare to the side. As a female director herself, Mu Qing could understand the frustration towards those sexist pigs. To say nothing of how *adverse* Feng Xin was towards men in the first place.

After a few heartbeats more, Feng Xin reluctantly opened her mouth.

Mu Qing hummed in approval, stuffing her panties right inside. Red bloomed on Feng Xin's cheeks as the silk settled on her tongue, spreading its sweetness. Mu Qing wondered if Feng Xin could taste the wetness stained there, her arousal from earlier that hour from thinking of this exact "meeting" they'd have. She smirked at the sight of the black fabric between Feng Xin's red lips and reached out to grope one of her ample breasts over her bra.

"I think if you were always gagged like this, I'd like you better."

Feng Xin glared at her as if to say, *Don't push it.*

Mu Qing got on her knees, her face level with Feng Xin's crotch. She pulled at the stockings until they ripped right at the center.

Feng Xin made a noise of protest.

"Shut up, you can afford new stockings."

Mu Qing dug into the rip, widening it. The scent of Feng Xin's arousal became stronger as she had room to finally nudge the crotch of her wine-red panties to the side, exposing her flushed pussy. Slick glistened at the center and Mu Qing ran a finger down it, spreading the slick around.

Feng Xin moaned quietly into the gag. Her foot dug into Mu Qing's shoulder, prompting her to get on with it.

So impatient, Mu Qing thought, mentally rolling her eyes. She pulled back the damp fabric a little more then pushed the flat of her tongue over Feng Xin's labia before dipping the tip in between to brush against her hole. Mu Qing would never ever say it aloud, but *this*... She really quite enjoyed Feng Xin's taste, slightly tangy but not too strong. Her *scent* drove her wild as well. Neither of their mouths could be honest about anything other than smart remarks and curses but their bodies were exceedingly honest -- and Feng Xin's body told Mu Qing that she desperately wanted this.

She held onto the backs of Feng Xin's thighs, pushing them up to press her mouth further against those soaking wet folds. Her licks along that trembling pussy were broad and long, not letting a single drop of slick go to waste. A hand pulled at her hair and Mu Qing quickly undid her tight ponytail, letting Feng Xin tangle her fingers in her hair. Without delay, she went back to eating her out with a soft moan, spreading the labia to thrust her tongue inside.

Muffled moans sounded above her, heated and eager. Feng Xin was already trembling, her face growing redder. *She must've been waiting for this too*. Mu Qing glanced up under her lashes, brushing her lips up higher to envelop around that pretty little bud of Feng Xin's clit.

As she gave it a suck, Feng Xin arched slightly, crying out behind the panties. The gag really was an excellent choice. A sound like that would normally echo alarmingly in the room.

Her nails dug into Mu Qing's scalp, practically pulling her hair. Mu Qing scowled and slapped Feng Xin's thigh. "Not so rough. And don't crush my head when you cum like last time."

Feng Xin kicked her heel into Mu Qing's back, but the attack was half-hearted. She pulled out the panties enough to hiss, "*Shut up and give me more, brat,*" before slipping the silk back inside.

Mu Qing slapped her thigh again but buried her mouth against her pussy again. She licked and sucked at it with more aggression. Want to cum so bad? Fine. Mu Qing would gladly tear this woman apart, make her remember that even if Mu Qing was the one on her knees, it was *Feng Xin* wrapped around her finger right now. Quite literally, as Mu Qing thrust two of her fingers inside that intoxicating heat.

Feng Xin tightened around her, rocking her hips. Mu Qing fucked her deep, rubbing the pads of her fingers over those sweet spots she knew so well. She licked over Feng Xin's swelling clit again then closed her lips around it, sucking it, using the tip of her tongue to rub into the hood.

The cries behind the gag were pitched higher in Feng Xin's throat. Her head lolled back, one of her hands coming up to fondle a breast. Her hips moved forward to grind on Mu Qing's face.

Mu Qing also lowered one of her hands to rub over herself. She dipped two fingers inside her wet folds, fucking them both and filling the conference room with lewd little squelching sounds and heavy panting.

She could practically translate Feng Xin's usual curses behind the muffled moans, "*Fuck yeah, fuck yeah, so fucking good, shit, oh god fuck fuck FUCK--!*"

Her taste was getting thicker, slick coating Mu Qing's lips and fingers until it was dripping--

"Mmh! Mmh! MmnnNNGNGNHHHHH!!" Feng Xin smushed Mu Qing's face into her cunt as she came, thighs slapping tight on either side of Mu Qing's head. For several hot seconds, Mu Qing could take in nothing but the powerful tremble of Feng Xin's body under her lips, her crushing heat around her fingers. All five of her senses could forcibly take in nothing but *Feng Xin* -- sweet, exquisite, burning fire made flesh.

Mu Qing couldn't help but let out a little moan herself.

When Feng Xin finally calmed down and let them untangle from each other, Mu Qing's mouth was utterly filthy with smudged lipstick and Feng Xin's pussy juices. Her hair felt greatly disheveled and she shot Feng Xin a little glare that the other woman couldn't hope to return when she was still blissed out.

Well, that was fine. They booked the conference room for two hours.

There was plenty of time for Mu Qing to get her payback.

I can't stop thinking that if m!Feng Xin gets a big donger, then f!Feng Xin has big tiddies..... I'm only a weak lesbian..... Also the joke is Mu Qing is also weak, she actually loves it when FX crushes her with her thighs

Hualian - Scent Kink

Chapter Notes

Only something smol today because I'm recovering from a fever (again). Edited version from what I posted on Twitter earlier.

Chapter Tags: Scent Kink, Anal Sex

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

Sweet vanilla and jasmine so fair and fresh.

Hua Cheng caught the delectable scent in long brown hair flipped back over a shoulder. He could smell it on plain white clothes when his husband disrobed for a bath or for their warm bed. It wafted out in a sensual invitation along a creamy bare nape and opened its arms like a greeting home upon a strong chest. It was a scent Hua Cheng knew so well after being cradled in the crown prince's arms, spent eight-hundred years hoping to come across it again. He tried to replicate it in incense, in herb pouches, in perfumes -- the aroma was sweet to others but was never the same to Hua Cheng. His nose had become more sensitive as a ghost and he wouldn't settle for mere imitations.

Only *Xie Lian* smelled so beautiful, so warm, so *alluring*.

Sex caused the mingling vanilla and jasmine to bloom and burst stronger. Hua Cheng nuzzled into Xie Lian's bare, sweaty neck to soak in the scent. Every glistening bead of perspiration carried Xie Lian's essence and Hua Cheng was determined to appreciate and gather them with a wandering head, a worshiping tongue, a greedy nose.

Xie Lian arched beautifully in the sunset-red sheets, strands of hair sticking to his forehead, cheeks flushed. His pretty flower lips spread to speak Hua Cheng's name in ecstasy again and again.

“San Lang... *San Lang* ...!”

Hua Cheng placed several open-mouth kisses along Xie Lian's neck and collarbone, inhaling his scent in primal bliss. “Gege...” A shiver ran down his spine, thrusting inside his darling husband's tight heat with more vigor. That beautiful space between Xie Lian's thighs were also a wonderful source of the intoxicating perfume. Hua Cheng had spent hours before just pressing Xie Lian's thighs against his face as he smothered his nose against his lower hair and soft cock, shamelessly sniffing him.

He could honestly be sustained by Xie Lian's scent alone.

“Gege, you smell so *good* .”

Xie Lian bit his kiss-swollen bottom lip, his quivering body an exquisite dewy bouquet of roses and jasmine in physical form. But his teeth couldn't stop the amused little laugh from tumbling through his lips. "San Lang, there's no way I, aahh...smell good after being out in the fields and running up to Heaven all day. San Lang didn't--a-aahh!--e-even grace this one to have a bath!"

True enough. As soon as Xie Lian had stripped off only his outer robe, the air bursting with sweetness as it puddled to the floor, Hua Cheng appeared behind him and started to pepper several heated kisses along his shoulder. The day had saturated his scent with the rays of the golden sun, enriching it.

Hua Cheng would really have to argue the opposite -- Xie Lian smelled absolutely *divine* . And he said as much before wedding their lips together.

Hua Cheng made love to Xie Lian well into the night, both of them coming multiple times, Hua Cheng holding Xie Lian close, meaning to have that pure and sensual perfume seeped into his very bones, utterly marked by his heavenly husband.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow is Lan Xichen's birthday (in the west side of the globe) which means day 8 Must Be Xicheng. Stay tuned ^_^

Xicheng Modern Lesbians AU - Tights

Chapter Notes

I'M SLIPPING SO MUCH. I still have an hour left of the 8th OTL I could've been done earlier but when I found out it was International Lesbians Day ON LAN XICHEN'S BIRTHDAY, I tossed out my other wip and wrote this as soon as I got home. Please excuse any terribleness my rushed writing created.

(Dragon-fucking, I'll revisit you in another prompt. You were making my brain hurt anyway.)

Also if anyone noticed or cares but in this collection I've been experimenting with using "cum/cumming" instead of "come/coming". It certainly makes things sound...a lot more lewd lol

Chapter Tags: Lesbians, Fem!Xicheng, Tights, Birthday Sex, Tribadism, Dirty Talk

Lan Huan had a certain fondness for tights. It was the one material good she allowed to spoil herself with and she was otherwise not very conscious or caring about fashion. When Jiang Cheng first started dating her, she seemed to have a pair for every day and occasion -- plain white ones, powder blue ones, sheer ones, tights with flower or cloud patterns, tights with small lace trimming running down the side.

And Lan Huan's long, slender legs looked absolutely *perfect* in each of them.

Needless to say, Jiang Cheng was not complaining about her girlfriend's little obsession (except the one time her nail accidentally caused a rip in a pair of pretty olive ones in the middle of trying to finger Lan Huan and spent the whole evening apologizing).

Lan Huan even often bought pairs for Jiang Cheng to wear, insisting that they'd compliment her legs well.

Jiang Cheng gazed at her girlfriend in bewilderment. "My legs are...a bit bulky and muscular." And they had won her quite a few trophies when she did swimming and track and field in school. They were a point of pride for her. But she still grew self-conscious when trying on dresses and skirts. Felt too masculine in comparison.

"So?"

She glanced at the sheer material. "I don't...shave them." As soon as she got out of swimming, she vowed never to care that much about hairless legs ever again. It was such a pain!

Lan Huan laughed. "And I repeat: so? A-Cheng's legs are beautiful! And truth be told," pink bloomed on her fair cheeks, "I'm a little obsessed with them. So you could wear anything and you'd be gorgeous."

Jiang Cheng took her word for it.

Which brought them to today.

Black velvet miniskirt hanging from her hips, wearing her favorite purple bra with lace trimming, her long black hair undone from its usual bun. And the finishing touch beneath the skirt were the purple fishnet tights clinging to Jiang Cheng's legs.

As soon as she entered their shared bedroom, she felt Lan Huan's burning stare on her. When Jiang Cheng gathered the nerve to meet her face, she saw the pretty blush on her cheeks, how her light-brown gaze roamed up and down the length of her legs.

She saw Lan Huan gulp.

Jiang Cheng smirked, the last of her anxiety blown away. She even cocked a hip out, lifting a foot to rest over Lan Huan's thigh.

"Do you like this, A-Huan? I dressed up just for your special day, so you better appreciate it."

"*I do,*" Lan Huan breathed more than said. She had a hand pressed over her ample chest as if trying to calm her heart. If Jiang Cheng really tried, she bet she could hear the racing pulse herself. Lan Huan's eyes had gone straight to her foot, tracing the cross of the fishnets over her foot and ankle and calf. Jiang Cheng slowly traveled higher up her girlfriend's thigh.

"Y-You look-- You're so--" Lan Huan dared to reach a hand out, feeling over the purple netting. "Um, good choice. Best choice."

Jiang Cheng couldn't hold down her amused laugh. If it was *this* easy to get her usually eloquent girlfriend to toss her speech out the window and become a flustered mess, she would've put on a pair of tights long ago. This side of Lan Huan was so cute. And Jiang Cheng was the only one who got to see it, the only one that could put her composed ice flower of a girlfriend in such a hot and bothered state in the first place.

"Hmm, you didn't even see the best part yet. Lift up my skirt for me, sweetheart?"

She saw the shiver that shot up Lan Huan's spine. Jiang Cheng was rather fond of referring to her girlfriend in an endearing ways but was too embarrassed to do it in public. Thus most of her sweets coos of "darling," "baby," and "sweetheart" were nearly exclusively used in the bedroom. It seemed Lan Huan's body had developed an automatic physical response to the pet names now.

How cute .

Carefully, Lan Huan lifted the hem of the skirt. She bit her bottom lip, suddenly clutching the velvet. Still, she wasn't able to stop her little moan in time when she saw that the tights were *crotchless* . And Jiang Cheng was absolutely *not* wearing any panties.

“ *A-Cheng.* ”

“Yeah? You like it?” Jiang Cheng lowered her foot and kissed her girlfriend’s forehead.
“Take off your clothes and lay on the bed. I’ll give you something else to like.”

Lan Huan did not need telling twice. She stripped off her clothing, including peeling off her sheer silver tights, and left herself bare on the sheets. Flushed cheeks were a beautiful contrast to white jade skin. The only other spots of color were her pink nipples, dark lower hair, and the rosy of her pussy.

Already quite wet, Jiang Cheng noticed. *She really does love this.*

Jiang Cheng joined her on the bed. She unhooked her bra and tossed it to the side but left her skirt and tights on. She straddled Lan Huan’s hips, a hand caressing her side then fondling one of her full breasts. Soft. Warm. *Perfect* .

“I knew these were more than a fashion choice for you. I bet it was a fetish all along.”

“That’s not it-- *Oh !*”

“I know, I’m just teasing.” Jiang Cheng’s other hand had danced down to start stroking over Lan Huan’s pussy, spreading around the wetness there and slipping a finger inside. “But when you react like *this* when I’m wearing these, your protest gets a little flimsy.”

Any other disagreements Lan Huan had were quickly replaced by soft moans. Jiang Cheng had started a familiar rhythm of rubbing deep inside the soft, wet mouth of Lan Huan’s cunt before switching to stroke her clit between two fingers. She pressed loving kisses slowly over Lan Huan’s parted lips and sharp jaw, lower then to her breasts. The kisses were something she’d been wanting to give all day, each one holding a passionate message.

I love you.

I adore you.

You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.

Thank god you exist in this world.

Don’t leave me.

Whenever you need me, I’m here.

Love you so, so fucking much.

“A-Cheng, may I, a-ahh, make a request as the designated birthday girl?”

Jiang Cheng snorted from where her face was buried in Lan Huan’s cleavage. “Let’s hear it.”

“You’re being so sweet but can you *please* fuck me?” Lan Huan whimpered loudly, wriggling her hips. “Honey, if I get any wetter, I’ll have a *puddle* under me and I’m not doing laundry

on my birthday.”

“Pfft... Hahaha! Fair. Move your legs then. Gods, you’re spoiled, you’re lucky you’re pretty.”

“A-Cheng is prettier tonight though.” Lan Huan spread her thighs. Jiang Cheng rearranged herself to slip one of her legs beneath her girlfriend’s, remaining above her.

Lowering her hips, their vulva pressed together. Jiang Cheng began to undulate slowly back and forth, each movement parting their labia a little until their clits rubbed together, slick and swollen. Their moans harmonized, shared in a single breath when they kissed again, lips meeting like two magnets in close proximity.

Led on by shocks of pleasure, Jiang Cheng grinded down more firmly, eliciting a more delicious friction between their bodies. Wetness and heat dripped between them, making each sway a little easier than before until a perfect sweet rhythm had developed.

Lan Huan’s hand felt over the netting stretched over Jiang Cheng’s thigh, raking her nails down gently, scratching the small patches of exposed skin. The caress turned into Lan Huan massaging her thigh, squeezing the meat of it before moving up to squeeze her ass.

“A-Cheng... A-Cheng,” she moaned between kisses. “M’not gonna last long... Ohh...”

“You can cum first, today’s all for you.” Jiang Cheng rose up, holding onto one of Lan Huan’s legs as she increased the speed of her undulations, relentlessly rubbing their clits together. Their moans echoed in the room.

“*Fuck!*”

“Aah, *yes!*” Lan Huan’s eyes didn’t flutter close once, drinking in the sight of Jiang Cheng like looking away would make her disappear, like she was the only person in the world worth looking at.

Jiang Cheng wondered if that was mirrored at all in her own gaze as she looked at Lan Huan. Because this woman had no idea how she had Jiang Cheng in the palm of her hand.

“Oh, ohh, A-Cheng, oh that’s--!”

“Is it good? Gonna cum yet, sweetheart? Come on, baby, don’t be shy, it won’t be your first orgasm tonight.” Of course, if Lan Huan continued making such gorgeous sounds and trembled so well under her, her hips desperately moving along with Jiang Cheng’s, then she might not last much longer anyway.

“I’m thinking next I’ll fuck you with my dildo while your pussy is still soaked with cum. My strapless dildo, so it doesn’t ruin the look I have for you. Want that?”

Lan Huan clutched the sheets above her head, keening. “Yes, yes, *please.*”

“Then,” Jiang Cheng breathed hotly, “we can switch. You can fuck me. Imagine, aah, my thighs, these fishnets, around your hips. Then when I come, *mmn yeah*, I’ll let you lick me

clean when I sit on your face.”

“Gods, gods, Jiang Cheng, *A-Cheng!!*” Lan Huan arched, heels digging into the mattress as she came.

Jiang Cheng smiled, marking a mental tally in her head. “That’s one.”

Hmm, maybe Jiang Cheng was starting to see the appeal of wearing tights after all.

Luo Bingge/Liu Qingge: Pet Play

Chapter Notes

HAHA I finished while it's still daylight (phew!)

At first I was going to write Xicheng for this prompt but then I saw a really nice LBG/LQG art this morning and thought, "I MUST WRITE THEM." It's honestly up to you if you decide this is the original Liu Qingge in an AU where he doesn't qi deviate or it can be SV Liu Qingge that got kidnapped into PIDW. Whichever you chose is the right answer! lol

I too want Liu Qingge to death glare at me while wearing a collar hhhhhh

PLEASE HEED CHAPTER TAGS BELOW AND NOTE NON-CON/DUB-CON TAG. DO NOT READ THIS CHAPTER IF NON-CON/DUB-CON SCENES DISAGREE WITH YOU.

Chapter Tags: Pet Play, Non-con/Dub-con, Muzzles, Leashes, Collars, Riding, slight Breeding Kink

“Sit.”

The mad dog glares at him with war-rimmed eyes.

“*Sit*.” The sharp command from Luo Binghe’s lips has made lesser men and demons sink to their knees sobbing for mercy.

This dog only growls back at him, utterly defiant. The wildfire in his eyes doesn’t shrink in the slightest. He’s not afraid of Luo Binghe.

Instead of becoming angered, Luo Binghe is only amused, a twisted kind of satisfaction in his mind from knowing that even after all these years, his chained and bloodthirsty *pet* has not broken once on him.

Luo Binghe lies on his back on his bed, one he has shared with a countless number of his wives. And yet even in this position, his ravenous dog above him, he is far from vulnerable or in an inferior position. He curls the leash around his hand, yanking it forward. The black collar around the dog’s neck tightens in the back, but still he isn’t caught off balance. He

continues to glare and growl at Luo Binghe. If he could, he'd snarl battle cries right in his face and gnash his teeth, possibly rip out Luo Binghe's throat with his canines alone.

He has already tried, of course. And failed spectacularly, though his attempt had been so earnest that Luo Binghe had actually laughed until his sides hurt. Amongst foolish humans and rage-blind demons alike, he has never had an adversary quite like this prize.

But for now, the iron muzzle locks his pet's jaws tight, covering half of his face. Immortal Binding Cables keep his arms tied behind his back.

A smile graces Luo Binghe's lips. "What? Do you want to say something?" He smirks, tilting his pet's chin up. "No can do. You haven't learned to hide your fangs like a good boy yet. So this muzzle stays on, Liu Qingge."

The former Bai Zhan Peak Lord's chest rumbles with an inhuman sound of rage, but it remains locked inside his body, losing its potency.

This is a dance they've done many times before, teetering that sweet edge between war and lust. To Luo Binghe, they are nearly the same thing and while he knows Liu Qingge embodies one, he has been patient to teach him the flame known as pleasure in between their endless battles that always end with Liu Qingge like this. Battered, bruised, physically broken. Hair undone, clothes shredded open by a sword and Luo Binghe's own hands and then tossed to the side.

Straddling the demon lord's hips on his bed, raw and abused hole hovering an inch above Luo Binghe's monstrously thick, hard cock.

"Sit," Luo Binghe says again. "Like a good dog. Otherwise I take away your precious arms and you'll never hold a sword again."

He watches Liu Qingge think, sees him go through the logic, the internal battle -- *which is worse? Being fucked open (again again again) by Luo Binghe or losing the chance to ever slaughter him with my blade?*

Liu Qingge chooses. He sits, impaling himself in one go around Luo Binghe's dick to get it over with.

Luo Binghe grins, triumphant. Liu Qingge's body has been claimed so many times that the softness, the wetness, is almost lovingly familiar to him. What was more fun was that no matter how many times it's been, the warlord remains so deliciously tight. Far from virgin tightness by now, but his body will never be able to welcome Luo Binghe's throbbing cock without *quite* the adjustment.

What is most amusing was how Liu Qingge *squeezes* around him, as if trying to stop him from moving. It never works. Soon, Luo Binghe is moving his hips up and fucking into Liu Qingge at a brutal pace. It's a force that would break even his demonic wives, but Liu Qingge holds steady, considers it a challenge. It doesn't stop what sounds like tortured moans sound low and deep in his throat. His own cock starts to profusely leak pre-cum, so hard its tip is flushed a light purple.

“Yes... What a good boy you are. My cute little *bitch* .”

“Nnngh!!” Liu Qingge shoots him another flaming glare, sweat beading hotly down his face. It’s the only part of his body Luo Binghe doesn’t cut up with his blade. It’s quite pretty after all, dare he say prettier than even Liu Qingge’s dear sister.

Luo Binghe tugs the leash again, bringing Liu Qingge’s face close, never once ceasing his fervent thrusts, their flesh slapping loudly together.

“Mmn, it’s a shame,” he purred. “I can’t breed this bitch like I can with your sister.”

Liu Qingge thrashes around, trying to wiggle away, snarling and screaming in his throat. Luo Binghe laughs and holds his hips firmly down, fully sheathing himself inside the hot confines of the warlord’s ass.

Through gritted teeth, Liu Qingge manages to choke out, ***“You--fucking--half-breed--!!”***

“Come, Liu Qingge, let’s give it a try. Maybe I’ll just fill you so much with seed that your body has no choice but to bear a litter just for us. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

The mad dog thrashes some more, swearing for Luo Binghe’s death in the same breath that tightens and breaks when he comes.

Hualesbians - Face Sitting

Chapter Notes

I made a twitter post once of Xie Lian sitting on Hua Cheng's face so I thought what better time to make HC's dream come true //eyes

Chapter Tags: Fem!Hualian, Face Sitting, Tongue Fucking

Xie Lian resists the urge to hide her face behind her hands as she positions herself.

Her garments are neatly folded to the side, leaving her bare. Hua Cheng had kissed her breathless earlier, hands rubbing soothing circles over Xie Lian's back and arms and belly until Xie Lian was melting sweetly and could feel more comfortable in her naked skin.

Still, that self-consciousness returns and jitters slightly through her body once more now.

Hua Cheng lays below her on the bed, snow-white hands gently squeezing Xie Lian's thighs in reassurance. Those same thighs are spread over either side of Hua Cheng's head, her pussy hovering inches away from Hua Cheng's face. When Xie Lian looks down and takes in the vision of her ghost wife below her, long raven hair fanned over the pillows in some shadowy halo, Xie Lian whimpers and hides her face for real this time.

"Jiejie, don't be shy," Hua Cheng says. She places a kiss on Xie Lian's inner thigh. "You're beautiful, an angel. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. I've already seen all of you."

It's true. They spend many nights making love by starlight. There is no part of her that Hua Cheng hasn't already seen and touched. And honestly, Xie Lian *is* quite excited. Hua Cheng can probably *see* just how excited, can very likely *smell* the wet arousal that makes her flushed pussy glisten with slick.

Hua Cheng's kisses feel so good when they rain tenderly over her body; she knows those red lips will be the absolute *death* of her once they lavish attention between her thighs as well.

Not to mention, Hua Cheng's tongue turns out to be rather *serpentine* in length. Not but an hour ago, she leaned close to Xie Lian's ear, teasing the forked tip of that tongue on the outer shell as she purred, "*I want to taste Jiejie so bad. Would you allow this San Niang the honor of knowing Jiejie's 'little flower' with her mouth?*"

"I don't have breath," Hua Cheng casually reminds her. "So if Jiejie is worried about smothering me, please don't." She smiles up at Xie Lian, flashing her fangs. "I'd like it if Jiejie forced me to take in nothing but her."

Xie Lian tries to stifle a laugh. “Um, please just let me know if it gets unpleasant for you.” She brushes back Hua Cheng’s hair so that she can clearly see her face.

“I promise. And I’ll also let you know when it gets *very pleasant* as well.” Hua Cheng punctuates her words with more kisses along Xie Lian’s inner thighs, leaving crimson lipstick marks behind. Strong hands rub over her hips and butt, but the movements are gentle and soothing, whispering reassurances of how beautiful Xie Lian is, how she is in safe care. It relaxes the goddess, makes her forget everything, and her whole world once again becomes just her lovely, sweet Hua Cheng. She hums quietly, content.

Xie Lian feels Hua Cheng intentionally breathe over her pussy, nuzzling her nose into her lower hair. Heat rushes to Xie Lian’s face, realizing Hua Cheng is purposefully *smelling* her.

“Dianxia is so sweet here,” Hua Cheng murmurs reverently, almost to herself. Her voice is husky, thick with desire. Then, a little louder, “Jiejie, can you lower yourself some more?”

“Oh, o-okay...” Xie Lian spreads her thighs further, lowering her hips down. She wonders when she’ll know she has moved enough -- then she feels the first wet press of Hua Cheng’s tongue against her fluttering opening.

“Oh...!”

“Mmm,” Hua Cheng sounds like she’s smiling. “Yeah, this is better. Jiejie, if you want to hold onto my hair, or ride my face, go ahead. Anything Jiejie wants she can do.” Having said her piece, Hua Cheng holds Xie Lian by the waist, keeping her steady. And it’s lucky she does, as Xie Lian feels close to collapsing when Hua Cheng leans in flush between her legs.

Then Xie Lian can only feel softness. Eagerness and *hunger*. Wetness. *Heat*. All intermingling at the space between her thighs which Hua Cheng occupied. Licks over her cunt from hole to clit, rubbing over her folds that were soaked with arousal and now, saliva.

Xie Lian shivers, gasping and moaning. She feels herself caught in that familiar tide of pleasure that makes her forget to breathe and makes her body arch and sway.

“S-San Niang... Oh, San Niang, that’s... Oh yes...”

Hua Cheng toys with the sensitive clit, sucking softly before pressing kisses deep within Xie Lian’s labia. Her lips parted, tongue slowly sinking inside her -- then deeper, then *deeper*... Slick and soft, so different from the cold, skilled fingers Hua Cheng has fucked her with before. Xie Lian squirms, getting used to the new sensation that makes her pant and tremble. She slowly curls her fingers in Hua Cheng’s hair.

“Ah, ah, ah... San Niang, your *tongue*... A-Ahh, I--I like it, ohh!”

The serpentine tongue explores inside, thrusting in and out at a measured pace. Hua Cheng is moaning softly herself, wet sucking sounds filling the room. Her mouth moves over Xie Lian’s pussy with enthusiasm, tangibly feasting on her pleasure and taste of her ecstasy. Xie Lian rolls her hips up and down, chasing after her wife’s amazing, skilled mouth. She feels

that tongue fuck and flicker inside her and she *whimpers* , squeezing around it. Hua Cheng reaches a hand over and starts rubbing Xie Lian's clit around in slow circles.

“ *Ohhh* , oh San Niaaang,” Xie Lian chants like she's praying, “San Niang, San Niang, S-San--Niang!” She holds onto Hua Cheng's sea of black hair tightly. She glances below and sees Hua Cheng staring right back at her, her visible eye glazed with adoration and lust.

Xie Lian's strength leaves her and she *cries* , pressing more of her weight down on Hua Cheng's face, grinding her hips down. She apologizes between her moans, begs her wife not to stop, calls her wonderful, amazing, so beautiful even when she's becoming dirty with Xie Lian's slick.

Hua Cheng only makes pleased sounds, taking Xie Lian riding her face, uncaring for any mess. She rubs Xie Lian's clit more, holding her hips, encouraging her sitting on her face, using her.

I'm close, I'm close, I'm close--!!

With a powerful quake overtaking her body, Xie Lian arches and comes. She clutches Hua Cheng by her hair, keeping her close. Hua Cheng swallows in and slurps up all of Xie Lian's orgasm, moaning appreciatively. Her tongue still licks around inside before retreating, leaving Xie Lian's pussy quivering.

When Xie Lian finally releases her and she raises her hips, she looks down to see Hua Cheng licking her lips, savoring the juices.

“You outdid yourself, Jiejie. This is the best meal I've ever had.”

The ghost queen laughs even when a red-faced Xie Lian smacks her hand. The goddess also fails to hold back a laugh.

Xicheng - Praise Kink

Chapter Notes

BIG SIGH this chapter gave me some trouble and I'm not sure why since praise kink is one of my jams. This one honestly feels like it came out like garbage but I still wanted to post something today. Maybe I'll come back and rewrite this another day... But if even one of you enjoys it, then that'll be good enough ktjngktjfn I'm hoping my head will be back in the game tomorrow T_T

Chapter Tags: Praise Kink, Wall Sex, Dirty Talk, Top!Jiang Cheng, Bottom!Lan Xichen

“This position is okay with you? I’m not too heavy?”

“Don’t say stupid things. You’re not heavy at all.”

Lan Xichen smiled, a sweet curve that made Jiang Cheng’s heart stutter. “A-Cheng is so strong,” he purred against Jiang Cheng’s ear, his voice laced with tenderness. “Holding me up in your arms like I’m nothing at all. As expected of a powerful sect leader. Ah, and you,” he gasped, “feel so *big* inside me. A-Cheng is, ah, ahh, reaching inside me so, so deep.”

Shivers ran down Jiang Cheng’s body, the praise curling pleasantly under his skin. Lan Xichen’s arms were circled loosely around Jiang Cheng’s neck, his back pressed against the wall and his legs lifted from the floor. Jiang Cheng held him steady, his cock buried within Lan Xichen’s exquisite warmth. The angle and position made each rough thrust reach deep inside the squeezing, hot passage.

Lan Xichen’s moans rained down without abandon, uncaring of who could hear. Any other time, Jiang Cheng would stifle such noises with kisses or covering a hand over Lan Xichen’s mouth, but tonight he wanted to greedily drink in every sound he had to offer. Every cry and gasp echoing in the room was a testament to how good he was making the sect leader feel, an aroused blush on his cheeks, forehead ribbon loose and his hair slightly unkempt. A perfect piece of jade, now an utter mess -- and even more beautiful for it.

“Yeah?” Jiang Cheng breathed hotly against Lan Xichen’s neck. “Tell me just how much you like it.” It used to be embarrassing to ask for the compliments, the approval, the proof that he was doing well and could satisfy his lover. But Lan Xichen was generous with his words, more than happy to sing for him and only for him. His praise sounded so right, so pretty, so sincere -- how could Jiang Cheng not love it?

Lan Xichen smiled more. “I like it, A-Cheng, oh I *love* it,” he said. “Do you feel how tight I am around you? I don’t want A-Cheng to stop, I want you to stay inside forever. You just fill

me up so well, you hit inside -- so -- *right* .” He clutched onto Jiang Cheng desperately, letting out a desperate, wrecked sound when Jiang Cheng picked up his speed.

That’s right. No one else can do this to you. No one else can make you come undone like this, no one else’s name drips from your lips. Sweat beaded his brow, a burn building in his hips and thighs from the position and movement. But oh, he couldn’t stop if he *tried* . Lan Xichen was just so soft and *tight* around his cock, he took him so well. Pinned against the wall like this, long legs spread just to receive Jiang Cheng, he looked like he belonged in this position...

“Ah... Ahh, ah, it’s -- good!” Lan Xichen’s praises continued to sing against his ear. “It’s so good, love. Wanyin... A-Cheng, please, I’m aching for you...”

“So fuckin’ pretty when you *beg* ,” Jiang Cheng murmured, more than a little intoxicated by the lust and Lan Xichen’s sweet voice. Filthy words, utterly filthy, things Jiang Cheng wouldn’t have expected Zewu-Jun to utter in a million years, much less moan into the night. But they were a warm honey, a smooth wine, so addicting. The words were spellbinding, and Jiang Cheng chased after them, seeking more.

Encouraged, Lan Xichen tangled his fingers in Jiang Cheng’s loose hair and gasped against his ear, “ *Please* , yes. You’re good, you’re so, so good -- my wonderful A-Cheng, so good, so, ah, *mine* . Just mine.” He shuddered, thighs squeezing around Jiang Cheng’s waist. “Yes, aah, there you go, good boy, good boy, you’re -- so -- *perfect* when you hit inside like *that*, *ahh yes such a good boy*... ”

“ *Sh-shit* .” Jiang Cheng felt himself pushed alarmingly close to that edge. His hands shook where they held Lan Xichen. He couldn’t tell anymore if he wanted to beg his lover to stop talking or keep going.

Nails raked down his back, no doubt Lan Xichen feeling his erratic thrusts, the desperation in his voice. He kissed the earlobe by his lips, sucking it lightly. His voice lowered, alluring like velvet. “Cum, my sweet Wanyin. Cum inside, you have no idea how *beautiful* you are when you cum...”

With a hoarse curse, Jiang Cheng pressed Lan Xichen flat against the wall, releasing his seed deep inside. At the same time, felt Lan Xichen’s cock jerk between their bodies, sticky warmth splattering on their chests.

As he regained his breath and coherent thought, he registered a kind hand petting through his sweat-soaked bangs, soft lips pressing on his forehead. Jiang Cheng exhaled, mind-numbing bliss filling his body.

“*Good boy*, ” came the honey-sweet praise.

Liushen Modern AU - Hair-Pulling

Chapter Notes

OK I'M BACK I feel a lot better about this chapter lol there's honestly no need for this to be a modern au, it just ended up that way lol.... Huge thanks to Ariana for helping me with figuring out how Shen Yuan would call Liu-shidi in modern AU.

Liu Qingge I have feelings for you...

Chapter Tags: Modern AU, Blow Jobs, Hair-Pulling, Face Fucking, Kink Negotiation

Shen Yuan was mesmerized as he watched Liu Qingge undo the tie of his hair, the long black tresses tumbling fluidly down his back.

Sharp as ever, Liu Qingge caught his stare, eyes dark and piercing, never failing to not pin Shen Yuan to the spot. Even so, there was a certain shyness to those eyes as they lowered, a light pink highlighting Liu Qingge's cheeks. He shifted further down the bed until he was between Shen Yuan's thighs.

"You can hold onto it," came the usual remark as he undid the fastenings of Shen Yuan's jeans. He slid the material down, grasping the near full erection that had been straining underneath the clothes. Liu Qingge tucked back some of his hair behind his ear, and the movement was enough to embarrassingly make Shen Yuan's dick twitch. Luckily, his boyfriend only chalked it up to his eagerness and gave a small smirk before enveloping the head of Shen Yuan's cock between his lips.

Shen Yuan gasped, head falling back into the pillows before he craned his neck again to appreciate the view between his legs. Liu Qingge was, for lack of more eloquent words, fucking gorgeous. Handsome face, dark eyes, a beauty mark under one of them -- and his hair was beautiful and straight and long. He looked like a main character to a wuxia drama and he could be as fierce as one of those warriors too. It was nearly always up in a tight ponytail unless Liu Qingge was fresh from the shower -- or, say, giving Shen Yuan head.

From experience, Shen Yuan knew the long strands were silken to the touch and somehow always free of tangles. His boyfriend must've brushed it often. *I wonder if he'd let me brush it one day.*

"A-ahh..." Shen Yuan shivered, feeling the tip of his cock bump against the back of Liu Qingge's throat. His mouth was so hot and wet... "S'good..."

Liu Qingge began to bob his head up and down, sucking around the head when he got to it. Seeing Shen Yuan's hand indecisively grip the sheets, Liu Qingge huffed through his nose. He grabbed Shen Yuan's hand and led it to his head.

He got the message. It seemed like a freaking *crime* to mess with Liu Qingge's beautiful hair like this but... When Liu Qingge sped up the pace of bobbing his head, Shen Yuan couldn't take it, moaning as his fingers curled around the soft strands. He wasn't friendly about it either -- by now, he knew his boyfriend found some sort of *enjoyment* when Shen Yuan tugged and pulled at his long hair.

"Mmh...!" Liu Qingge moaned around his cock. Aroused, his saliva became thicker, making Shen Yuan's cock slick with spit and pulling filthy wet sounds from his mouth.

"Oh... Oh *god* ." Shen Yuan tightened his grip, pulling Liu Qingge down further by his hair. He used to worry it'd hurt, but Liu Qingge only let out a heated, muffled sound of appreciation. Soon, Shen Yuan was the one controlling the pace; holding Liu Qingge in place by his hair as he moved his hips, fucking his mouth, watching those soft lips swallow in his cock in and out. "Ah... Ah... *Xiao Liu* ..."

Liu Qingge's fair face bloomed a darker red from the affectionate name. It was almost funny how at odds it was with his physique, which was taller and had more muscle than Shen Yuan's. Still, he preened over the endearment, sighing through his nose. He fought the grip Shen Yuan had in his hair, making the pulls harder as he moved to bob his head again, sucking and slurping obscenely while his tongue pressed and pushed the underside.

Shen Yuan let out a helpless sound. "Xiao Liu, Xiao Liu, no wait-- I'm, ahh, *Qi-Qingge* !!" He arched, pulling *hard* at Liu Qingge's hair as he rode through his orgasm, moaning broken and wrecked up to the ceiling. He vaguely registered his boyfriend shuddering and groaning loudly around his cock.

Catching his breath, Shen Yuan realized with shock that he'd forced Liu Qingge to take in his release. With a gasp, he snatched his hand back from his boyfriend's head, holding it up innocently. "Sorry! Sorry, you can just spit--"

Gulp .

--it out... Uh..." Shen Yuan stared as Liu Qingge sat up. His lips were slightly swollen and glistened with saliva and cum. Face flushed, and his hair was an absolute mess, tangled on one side where Shen Yuan had been pulling on it.

How is he allowed to be so hot??

"S-Sorry," he said again, sheepishly.

Liu Qingge shook his head, licking his lips. "Don't be." He got up and removed his own pants and underwear. "Can I-- Uh, that is... You can top today."

Shen Yuan wondered how fast he could get hard again. Probably not *that* fast, he wasn't a teenager anymore.

Liu Qingge continued, "Can we...do it like this?" He tentatively got on his hands and knees on the bed to demonstrate.

...Okay, scratch that, Shen Yuan's cock was *definitely* interested again. "That's fine!" he said, voice a little higher.

But his boyfriend wasn't done. "When you do it... Can you..." The shyness returned to his eyes. "Pull my hair again?"

Shen Yuan looked at the fall of black silk and imagined pulling at it as he pounded Liu Qingge from behind. The image was enough for his arousal to skyrocket even when his face burned with embarrassment when he frantically nodded.

He really hoped Liu Qingge would let him brush his hair after this.

End Notes

I might ask for pairing advice for the prompts so if you want a say in the kinks, go ahead and follow my NSFW twitter, [@RenOnCreamPie](#). I DO check ages to make sure everyone is 18+ so make sure its in your bio or you have your birth year listed.

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