

PASTURE YOUR BEDTIME

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PASTURE YOUR BEDTIME

by [hecknoob](#)

Summary

"You want more, don't you?" Hua Cheng murmured, smiling wickedly and tenderly at the same time. "You want my cock inside you. You want to be plugged up, leaking, claimed."

Xie Lian let out a helpless, broken noise, nodding frantically, hips rocking tiny, pitiful movements against the vibrator, too overwhelmed to even touch himself properly.

"Next time," Hua Cheng whispered, voice a low, filthy promise. "Next time, I'll have you bent over, collar jingling, while I fuck you full and don't let a single drop leak out."

XIE LIAN GETS BULLIED INTO A CAMSHOW BY HIS RABIDLY IN LOVE LONG-DISTANCE HUSBAND.

Notes

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

Xie Lian had just turned off his bedside lamp when his half-closed laptop's ringtone buzzed insistently against the nightstand, its screen flashing with a familiar name: *San Lang*.

Groaning softly, he fumbled for the device, squinting against the sudden glare. The moment he saw the incoming video call, though, any lingering sleepiness dissolved. Without hesitation, he answered—and there Hua Cheng was, smiling like the sun had never set.

The screen lit up with his beloved's image, and Xie Lian felt his breath catch. Hua Cheng, impossibly handsome even through pixelation, leaned lazily against a headboard somewhere in Singapore, hair tousled in a way that looked deliberate, a faint smirk curling the edge of his mouth. It was 11:32 p.m. their time, yet Hua Cheng appeared immaculate—white button-down half undone, a glint of silver chain peeking out against his collarbones, skin glowing against the muted backdrop of a luxury hotel room.

Meanwhile, Xie Lian looked ridiculous.

He was swaddled in his most tragic pair of pajamas—a ridiculous white-and-black cow print set, complete with floppy ears stitched onto the hood. His bangs were sticking out in uneven tufts from where he had burrowed against his pillow, and Ruoye, his perpetually unimpressed tabby, was curled like a small, judgmental loaf against his chest.

Hua Cheng's eye softened the moment he saw him.

"Gege," he murmured, voice low and warm, like syrup spilling through the cracks of Xie Lian's tired heart. "You look so cozy."

Xie Lian wanted to sink into the mattress and never reemerge. "Don't laugh," he mumbled, cheeks flaming, tightening his hold around Ruoye like a shield. "I wasn't expecting company."

"I missed you," Hua Cheng said, as if that was the most natural thing in the world. His eye gleamed with unspoken affection. "I needed to see you. It's been too long since I've seen your face." He paused, smile growing a shade more mischievous. "Especially your ace."

Xie Lian chuckled. He buried his face into Ruoye's fur for a moment, the cat offering him absolutely zero moral support, and when he peeked out again, Hua Cheng was still gazing at him—amused, patient, wanting.

The silence stretched, thick and golden, like honey between them. Hua Cheng said nothing else; he didn't have to. His gaze was heavy, molten with longing, lingering on every exposed inch of Xie Lian's skin—the way the loose pajama collar slipped off one shoulder, the faint flush climbing his throat, the vulnerable tilt of his mouth.

Slowly, tentatively, Xie Lian set Ruoye aside—earning a grumpy meow—and sat up a little straighter. He could feel his heart thudding against his ribs, too loud, too fast, loud enough he was sure Hua Cheng could hear it even through the screen.

"You're terrible," Xie Lian whispered, but the corners of his mouth betrayed him, tugging upward. "You call me looking like that and expect me to what? *Sleep?*"

"Not exactly," Hua Cheng said, voice a little rougher now, eye darkening. "I was hoping you might... keep me company."

The implication unfurled slowly.

Xie Lian hesitated only a moment longer before setting the phone on his nightstand, angling it so that Hua Cheng could see him more clearly. Hua Cheng's breath hitched audibly through the speakers when Xie Lian lifted the hem of the hoodie with trembling fingers.

"You're serious?" Xie Lian asked, voice breathy, uncertain, but thrillingly alive.

"Have you ever known me to joke about wanting you?" Hua Cheng's reply was immediate, fervent.

Xie Lian's face burned. Yet the way Hua Cheng looked at him—reverent, awestruck, absolutely wrecked already—made it impossible to say no. A delicate thrill skittered through his veins as he shifted, the soft fabric of his hoodie pooling around his hips.

The way Hua Cheng watched him—as though he was something sacred, something precious and untouchable and entirely his—made Xie Lian bolder. He slid the hoodie off his shoulders, baring more skin inch by agonizing inch, shyly at first, then with growing confidence.

On the screen, Hua Cheng's chest was visibly heaving, his hand slipping below the frame. The realization sent a fresh surge of heat rushing through Xie Lian's body.

"You're beautiful," Hua Cheng rasped, voice cracking slightly.

Xie Lian swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry, his pulse hammering like a frantic drum beneath his skin.

"Show me," Hua Cheng whispered, low and hoarse, the plea carving through the fragile stillness between them. "I want to see you, gege. Please."

The words struck him like lightning — shivering through every trembling nerve ending, unraveling what little composure he had left.

With hands that shook despite his determination, Xie Lian slid the hoodie higher, knuckles brushing along the soft plains of his own stomach. Goosebumps bloomed in his wake, the cool air of the room a stark contrast to the feverish heat pooling low in his belly.

He heard Hua Cheng's breath hitch again—sharp, desperate—as he peeled the ridiculous cow-print hoodie over his head and tossed it aside, leaving him bare from the waist up. The messy tumble of his hair framed his flushed face, and his skin, kissed silver by the screen's light, glowed under Hua Cheng's ravenous stare.

Xie Lian bit his lower lip, chest rising and falling rapidly. The hunger in Hua Cheng's gaze pinned him in place, hotter than any touch, more intimate than any caress.

"Gege..." Hua Cheng groaned, almost a whimper, shifting slightly—enough that the faint, suggestive movement of his arm off-frame made Xie Lian's breath stutter in his lungs.

Encouraged by the helpless sound, Xie Lian allowed his fingers to trail downward, skimming the soft dip of his navel, lingering just above the waistband of his pajama pants. He dared a glance at the screen. Hua Cheng looked utterly wrecked—lips parted, cheeks flushed, eyes heavy-lidded with need.

Emboldened, Xie Lian hooked his thumbs into the elastic band and inched the fabric downward, revealing more inch by excruciating inch. He paused, teasing, letting the tension stretch tight between them until he could practically feel Hua Cheng's hands ghosting over him from half a world away.

"You're teasing me," Hua Cheng accused, voice ragged, a thread of laughter barely masking the raw edge of his want.

"Maybe," Xie Lian murmured, a rare wicked smile curling his mouth—a smile that Hua Cheng had once said could bring empires to their knees.

The heat radiating from the screen felt almost tangible, as if it could seep through the glass and wrap around Xie Lian's bare skin. He trembled faintly, from the chilly air of his room or the intensity of Hua Cheng's stare—he couldn't tell which anymore.

He swallowed again, his throat dry and aching with the weight of things unsaid, undone. His gaze flickered down, lingering where Hua Cheng's arm moved subtly out of frame—a maddening hint, just enough to stoke the growing ache inside him until it coiled molten and unbearable in his gut.

Xie Lian hesitated. Then, in a voice barely above a whisper, fragile as a moth's wing, he asked,

"...Can I see you?"

The moment the words left him, color rushed up his neck, blooming scarlet across his cheeks and ears. He clutched at the thin sheets tangled around his waist, embarrassed by his own audacity, by the desperate, naked need lacing his voice.

For a second, there was silence, the kind that crackled between two hearts beating too fast to sync properly. Then Hua Cheng exhaled shakily, his entire face softening into something devastatingly tender.

"You want to see me, gege?" he murmured, almost disbelieving, as if the very idea undid him.

Xie Lian nodded, shy but unflinching, his teeth sinking into his lower lip as if to hold back the flood threatening to spill out of him. He clutched Ruoye's plush tail for a moment before

releasing it, hands trembling slightly with anticipation.

"Please," he whispered, and the earnest, pleading note in his voice sent a visible shudder through Hua Cheng.

With reverent slowness, Hua Cheng shifted the camera lower. The picture jostled, a brief blur of motion, before settling—and when it did, Xie Lian's breath caught sharply in his throat.

Hua Cheng had undone his belt and pushed his pants low enough that there was no mistaking what he was doing. His hand was wrapped around himself, long fingers stroking slowly, almost lazily, but with an undercurrent of aching need that made Xie Lian dizzy.

Through the slightly grainy webcam quality, Xie Lian could still see the flushed color of him, the way his hips rolled almost imperceptibly into the loose circle of his fingers, chasing friction like a man starved.

Xie Lian's mouth went dry. His own hand, forgotten for a moment, curled into the sheets beneath him.

"You're so—" The words caught in his throat, and he shook his head helplessly, unable to find anything worthy enough to finish the thought.

Hua Cheng laughed under his breath—low, ragged, unbearably fond. "Speechless already, gege?" he teased, but his voice shook too, as if holding himself back took more strength than he possessed.

Xie Lian flushed even deeper, his heart hammering so loudly he could barely hear anything else. He nodded again, quick and shy, and Hua Cheng's smile turned molten—all praise and hunger tangled into one look.

"Touch yourself for me, gege," Hua Cheng murmured, his voice a low purr that slid right under Xie Lian's skin. "Let me guide you. Let me take care of you."

Xie Lian whimpered softly, unable to resist, and let his hand trail back down, fingers trembling slightly with anticipation. He hesitated, but Hua Cheng's gentle coaxing made it impossible to refuse.

"Do you still have the collar?" Hua Cheng asked, his eye gleaming mischievously. "The one with the little bell?"

Xie Lian's breath hitched. He knew exactly which one Hua Cheng meant—the soft red velvet one, with a tiny silver bell that jingled whenever he moved. A gift from Hua Cheng, given in a box lined with tissue, tucked into Xie Lian's drawer ever since.

Shaking slightly, he nodded. "Y-Yes..."

"Go put it on for me," Hua Cheng said, voice roughening. "Please, gege."

Xie Lian fumbled off-screen for a second, digging through his nightstand drawer. His fingers closed around the velvet, and a deep, shuddery breath escaped him. He slipped the collar

around his neck, fastening it with trembling hands. The bell gave a soft, delicate jingle when he moved, and across the screen, Hua Cheng visibly shivered, his hand faltering for a moment in its rhythm.

"Fuck," Hua Cheng breathed. "You look so good, gege. So beautiful."

Xie Lian bit his lip again, his thighs squeezing together instinctively at the praise.

"Now... set the camera a little further back," Hua Cheng murmured. "I want to see all of you. Please, baby."

Flustered beyond words, Xie Lian adjusted his laptop, setting it back on the bed until it captured more of him—his flushed face, his slender frame, the elegant line of his neck adorned with the soft red collar.

Hua Cheng made a noise low in his throat, like he was barely holding himself together.

"That's it. Perfect."

Xie Lian's hands hovered awkwardly over the waistband of his pajama pants, but Hua Cheng stopped him, his voice a quiet command:

"Not yet. Don't pull your pants down yet."

Xie Lian froze obediently, looking to Hua Cheng for further instruction, wide-eyed and panting.

"Massage yourself through the fabric first," Hua Cheng said, his voice dropping even lower. "Slow circles. Real slow, gege. I want to see you lose your mind little by little."

Xie Lian whimpered softly, the sound barely escaping him. His hand moved to touch himself through his thin pajama pants, pressing down carefully, shyly. The sensation was muted but maddening, making him keen softly under his breath.

"Slower," Hua Cheng reminded him, his tone a breathless, worshipful whisper. "Tease yourself, baby. Just like that. Mmn, my wife is being so good for me."

The word—*wife*—made Xie Lian's fingers stutter for a moment, heat washing over him in a dizzying wave. He let out a tiny, choked moan, massaging himself harder as instructed, his hips giving a tiny, involuntary twitch.

"That's good," Hua Cheng praised, voice thick with pride. "You're doing so good for me, gege. Taking it slow. Being patient. Letting me watch."

The bell at Xie Lian's throat chimed faintly with each small movement, delicate and sinful.

"Fuck, I love you," Hua Cheng groaned, his pace picking up slightly as he watched Xie Lian writhe so sweetly under his own hand.

Xie Lian's vision blurred slightly, pleasure coiling tighter and tighter inside him with every soft, deliberate press of his palm against the aching heat trapped under the fabric.

He wanted more—so much more—but he waited, desperate and obedient, for Hua Cheng's next command.

Hua Cheng's gaze burned through the screen, devouring every tiny, helpless tremor of Xie Lian's body.

"My beautiful wife," he rasped, voice wrecked. "So wet already, aren't you, baby? I can see it."

Xie Lian whimpered, his thighs squeezing together instinctively at the crude, adoring words. The thin fabric of his pajama pants clung damply between his legs, outlining the soft, swollen heat hidden underneath. Every slow rub of his palm made the wet patch worse, and he flushed with shame and desperate pleasure, the bell at his throat giving a tiny, broken jingle.

"You're soaking through your pants, gege," Hua Cheng groaned, his own hand working faster now, rough and needy. "Fuck, you're perfect. You're everything."

Xie Lian whimpered again, a tiny desperate sound, rubbing slow, shaky circles against himself just as Hua Cheng had ordered. His clit throbbed with every touch, every teasing brush through the fabric, and he could feel slickness pooling, making everything sticky and unbearably sensitive.

"Please," Xie Lian gasped, tears pricking the corners of his eyes from how badly he needed more. "San Lang... please, it's too much..."

"I know, baby. I know." Hua Cheng's voice softened immediately, still wrecked but so, so gentle. "You've been so good for me. So patient."

He paused for a breathless second, then added, almost cruelly tender,

"But not yet."

Xie Lian let out a tiny sob, his hand stuttering against himself, hips rolling shamefully up into his own touch in a silent, desperate plea.

"Spread your legs a little more for me, gege," Hua Cheng said, voice rough with hunger. "Let me see how wet you are."

Shaking, Xie Lian obeyed, parting his thighs wider, feeling the cool air hit the damp heat of his pussy through the sodden fabric. His pajama pants were sticking obscenely to him now, dark with wetness between his legs.

"Good boy," Hua Cheng praised lowly, and Xie Lian whimpered again, the praise hitting him like a shock to the system.

"Now..." Hua Cheng's voice dropped even lower, almost a growl, "Slip your hand under your pants. Don't pull them down yet. Just touch yourself underneath."

Xie Lian's breath hitched. His hand trembled as he obeyed, slipping under the waistband, past the clingy wet cotton, until his fingers brushed the swollen, dripping heat between his legs.

He moaned, soft and broken, his head falling back briefly. The bell at his throat chimed again with the movement, and Hua Cheng shuddered visibly at the sound.

"That's it," Hua Cheng breathed. "Rub slow circles on your clit for me. Slow, gege. Let me see how messy you are."

Xie Lian whimpered, fingers gliding slickly over the aching nub, circling it in slow, shaky patterns just like Hua Cheng said. The sensation was overwhelming—too much and not enough—and he bit his lip hard enough to leave marks, trying to stay quiet even as his hips bucked gently into his hand.

"You're dripping, aren't you, gege?" Hua Cheng groaned. "So wet you could take me without even prepping. So needy for me."

Xie Lian nodded helplessly, tears slipping down his flushed cheeks, caught between unbearable pleasure and overwhelming emotion.

"You'd let me fuck you just like this, wouldn't you?" Hua Cheng murmured. "Collar on, bell ringing, making such sweet little noises for me."

Xie Lian's fingers moved faster without meaning to, hips grinding into his palm, chasing the unbearable, teasing pleasure that had him on the verge of tears.

"Slow down," Hua Cheng commanded sharply, voice a whipcrack, and Xie Lian immediately obeyed, fingers faltering back into slow, torturous circles, whimpering pathetically.

"My wife is being so good," Hua Cheng praised again, his eye blazing with possessive pride. "So beautiful. So obedient. So fucking mine."

Xie Lian sobbed softly, trembling all over, the wet, obscene sounds of his fingers working against his soaked folds just barely audible through the laptop speakers.

He was right there—so close—but he would wait, would suffer sweetly, because Hua Cheng hadn't given him permission yet.

And gods, he wanted it. Wanted to come for him. Wanted to break apart under his gaze.

"Please," Xie Lian whispered brokenly, voice cracking. "Please, San Lang... please let me—"

Hua Cheng's hand was moving faster now, almost frantic, precum spilling messily over his knuckles as he watched Xie Lian fall apart for him.

"Beg me properly, wife," Hua Cheng panted, voice shaking with how close he was. "Tell me who you belong to."

Xie Lian's breath hitched, tears spilling freely now, fingers still working in slow, pathetic circles over his swollen clit. His hole was aching, fluttering helplessly around nothing, desperate to be filled, desperate to come.

"I—I belong to you," Xie Lian gasped, his voice thin and desperate. "I'm your wife, San Lang, all yours—please—please let me come—"

The bell at his throat jingled wildly as he trembled, wrecked and pleading.

"Fuck," Hua Cheng snarled, his voice cracking, and suddenly he was coming hard, thick spurts of cum painting his hand and wrist, spilling across his abs in messy, helpless bursts. His whole body shuddered violently, groaning low and broken, like he was being torn apart by it.

"Gege," he gasped through it, voice thick with tears and pride and raw fucking devotion. "Come for me, gege. Now. Come for your husband."

Xie Lian let out a shattered sob, fingers jerking wildly against himself as the permission hit him like a lightning strike. His back arched sharply, the bell chiming wildly at his throat, as his hole clenched down hard around nothing, soaking his fingers, soaking through his pajama pants as he came so hard it hurt.

It was messy, humiliating, perfect—his vision whiting out, his whole body seizing with the intensity of it. He cried out brokenly, mouthing Hua Cheng's name like a prayer, hips rocking helplessly into his trembling hand.

On the screen, Hua Cheng was watching him with a wide, reverent eye, his own hand still lazily stroking his softening cock through the aftershocks.

"That's it, baby," Hua Cheng whispered, voice rough and adoring. "So beautiful when you come for me. So fucking perfect."

Xie Lian collapsed against the bed, sobbing softly from the overwhelming release, his fingers still twitching weakly between his legs, soaking wet and ruined.

"Such a good wife," Hua Cheng murmured. "Such a perfect little thing... you're gonna let me fuck you like that next time, aren't you? Collar on. Still crying. Still dripping for me."

Xie Lian let out a broken, blissed-out whimper, nodding desperately, too fucked-out to even form words.

"Good boy," Hua Cheng whispered again, so tender it made Xie Lian sob harder. "I love you. So much."

"That's it," Hua Cheng whispered, his voice still trembling from how hard he came. He leaned closer to the camera, his eye burning. "But we're not done yet."

Xie Lian shuddered, blinking blearily at the screen, still panting, still twitching from the aftershocks.

"Nightstand," Hua Cheng said, voice dropping into a rough, commanding growl. "Grab your vibrator for me, baby. Pull your pants down. I want to see you."

Xie Lian whimpered, his whole body flushed and sensitive, but he obeyed instinctively, desperate to please. His fingers fumbled at the waistband of his soaked pajama pants, pushing them down with clumsy, shaking hands.

His thighs were slick and glistening, folds flushed and swollen, dripping and twitching, still spasming weakly from his orgasm. The little bell at his throat chimed pitifully as he moved, a sweet, broken sound.

"Fuck," Hua Cheng groaned, his hand tightening reflexively on his softening cock. "You're so messy already, gege. Look at you. So wet, you're fucking dripping."

Xie Lian's cheeks burned hotter, but he reached shakily into his nightstand, pulling out a pink vibrator with trembling fingers.

He held it up shyly for Hua Cheng to see, his lip wobbling slightly.

"Good boy," Hua Cheng praised, voice like molten honey. "Now turn it on, just the lowest setting. Hold it right against that pretty little clit for me. I want to see you sob for it."

Xie Lian swallowed a tiny whimper and clicked the toy on, the soft hum filling the room. His body jolted the moment the vibrator touched him, oversensitive and overstimulated, another soft, broken sob spilling out of him.

"That's it," Hua Cheng cooed, his eye dark and hungry. "Keep it there. Don't move it. Let it ruin you."

Xie Lian's hips bucked involuntarily, thighs trembling violently as the gentle vibrations wracked through his already ravaged body, cruel and sweet.

"Look at you," Hua Cheng rasped. "Still crying. Still wearing my collar. Such a good little wife."

The bell at his throat chimed again as he shook, tears spilling down his cheeks in silent, desperate streams.

"You want more, don't you?" Hua Cheng murmured, smiling wickedly and tenderly at the same time. "You want my cock inside you. You want to be plugged up, leaking, claimed."

Xie Lian let out a helpless, broken noise, nodding frantically, hips rocking tiny, pitiful movements against the vibrator, too overwhelmed to even touch himself properly.

"Next time," Hua Cheng whispered, voice a low, filthy promise. "Next time, I'll have you bent over, collar jingling, while I fuck you full and don't let a single drop leak out."

Xie Lian's whole body spasmed, whimpering so sweetly he could barely breathe, pleasure winding tighter and tighter inside him until he thought he might die from it.

"Don't you dare come yet," Hua Cheng growled sharply, the command making Xie Lian sob harder, thighs trembling so violently the bed shook.

"Hold it, baby," Hua Cheng whispered, softer now, cruel and loving all at once. "Be good for your husband."

Xie Lian clenched his eyes shut, fingers white-knuckling the toy against his oversensitive clit, hips twitching in tiny desperate jolts.

"Fuck, look at you," Hua Cheng snarled, voice cracking again, palming himself roughly, chasing another high just from watching Xie Lian fall apart for him. "You're dripping down your thighs, gege. Begging without even speaking."

Xie Lian whimpered, nodding frantically, the bell at his throat ringing wildly with every tiny, desperate movement.

"You want it, don't you?" Hua Cheng hissed, jerking his cock brutally in his fist, precum spilling over his knuckles. "Want to be bred like a good little wife. Want me to fuck you full 'til you're leaking all over the bed."

"Yes," Xie Lian gasped out, voice shattering, eyes glassy with tears. "Want it so bad, San Lang, *please*—"

"Greedy little thing," Hua Cheng rasped, grinning wide and wild, eyes feverish. "Can't even wait, can you? Need my cum dripping out of you. Need to feel so full it hurts."

Xie Lian let out a sobbing moan, his hips jerking helplessly against the toy, thighs trembling violently.

"I'll fill you up so deep," Hua Cheng promised, voice dropping into something dangerously sweet, filthy and tender at once. "Won't even let it leak out. Gonna fuck it back into you every time it tries to slip."

Xie Lian cried out, biting down hard on his lip to muffle himself, the vibrator still humming mercilessly against his soaked, twitching clit.

"Bet you'd love that, wouldn't you?" Hua Cheng growled. "All ruined and messy, crying with my cum dripping out of you, begging for more."

"Yes—yes, please, San Lang," Xie Lian sobbed, shaking so hard he almost dropped the toy. "Need it, need you—"

"Next time, baby," Hua Cheng said, voice sharp and breathless with how hard he was fucking his own fist now. "Next time I'm gonna knot you on my cock 'til you can't walk straight. Gonna fuck you through every orgasm you beg for."

Xie Lian keened, the dirty promises making his whole body clench painfully tight, his orgasm balancing on a razor's edge.

"Gods, you're perfect," Hua Cheng moaned, voice ragged. "My beautiful little wife, all needy and fucked-out for me."

"I—San Lang, I—" Xie Lian gasped, hips stuttering wildly. "Can't—can't hold it—"

"You want to come, baby?" Hua Cheng demanded, panting harshly. "You want to soak your pretty little pussy for me again?"

"Please," Xie Lian sobbed, desperate beyond words, vibrating apart under Hua Cheng's filthy love and praise.

"Then do it," Hua Cheng growled. "Come for me, gege. Make a mess. Show me who you belong to."

The permission shattered him.

Xie Lian screamed Hua Cheng's name, hips bucking violently against the toy, the pleasure ripping through him so hard he collapsed back against the bed, sobbing, legs shaking uncontrollably. His hole spasmed wildly around nothing, slick gushing out in wet, obscene waves, soaking his thighs, his bed, his trembling fingers.

"Good boy," Hua Cheng choked out, pumping himself faster, driven mad by the sight. "Such a good fucking wife. Gonna fuck a baby into you next time, I swear it."

Xie Lian whined helplessly, so blissed-out he could barely think, tears streaming down his ruined, flushed face.

"Fuck—gege—" Hua Cheng gasped, his hips jerking helplessly as he came again, thick ropes of cum spilling across his stomach, dripping down his abs. He moaned through it, voice low and broken.

"All for you," he panted, watching Xie Lian tremble and cry, beautiful and devastated on the bed. "Everything's for you, baby."

Xie Lian sobbed his name again, clutching weakly at the pillow, soaked and wrecked and glowing with the love in Hua Cheng's voice.

"Next time," Hua Cheng whispered, smiling wide and wild, voice thick with adoration. "Next time, I'm putting a plug in you after I fill you up. Gonna keep you leaking for days, baby."

Xie Lian let out a soft, broken laugh between his shuddering sobs, overwhelmed by the filthy sweetness of it.

"I want that," he whispered back, voice raw and wrecked. "Want to be yours. *Always.*"

"You always have been," Hua Cheng promised, almost reverent, even as his voice rasped with hunger. "Mine to love. Mine to ruin."

Xie Lian whimpered, the words sending another shudder through his trembling, overstimulated body. His thighs were sticky and soaked, his clit still twitching under the toy,

too sensitive to bear and yet somehow not enough.

"You're not done yet, are you, baby?" Hua Cheng murmured darkly. "That was just the second one. Gotta train you for me. Make you so used to coming on my cock you can't even think without begging."

"San Lang—" Xie Lian sobbed, hips twitching, the thought alone enough to spark another rush of slick between his thighs.

"You want that, don't you?" Hua Cheng crooned, cruelly gentle. "Want to be brainless and pretty, stuffed full of my cock, dripping down your thighs while you smile all sweet and empty for me."

Xie Lian moaned helplessly, his fingers digging into the bedsheets, the bell at his throat jingling with every broken gasp.

"Maybe I'll breed you every morning before you get out of bed," Hua Cheng whispered, his own cock twitching back to life despite how hard he'd just come. "Hold your legs open and fuck you until you're crying. Plug you up and send you to work with my cum dripping out around it."

Xie Lian keened, squeezing his eyes shut, rutting weakly against the vibrator still pressed against his throbbing clit.

"And when you come home," Hua Cheng continued, voice low and rough and loving, "I'll pull that plug out, watch you gush all over the floor, and then bend you over to fill you up again. Over and over. 'Til you can't walk straight, can't think straight, can't even say anything but my name."

"Please," Xie Lian sobbed, so far gone he didn't even know what he was begging for anymore.

"That's my good wife," Hua Cheng praised, fisting himself again lazily, already half-hard again just from the sound of Xie Lian's broken little noises. "So fucking pretty when you cry for my cock. Maybe I'll tie you up next time too."

Xie Lian whimpered, blinking wetly up at the screen, his face flushed and shining with tears. "Tie me up?"

"Yeah, baby," Hua Cheng purred, dark and coaxing. "Tie you spread open, keep you on display. Let you see how ruined you look. Pretty little holes gaping, stuffed full of my cum, dripping all over yourself like a messy whore."

Xie Lian made a high, soft noise, his hips jerking weakly against the bed.

"Put clamps on your nipples so they ache just for me," Hua Cheng said, voice getting rougher, filthier. "Maybe even a vibrating plug to keep you whining until you can't tell where one orgasm ends and the next one starts."

"San Lang—" Xie Lian sobbed, clutching desperately at the toy, so wrecked he couldn't even stop himself from grinding against it even as he cried.

"I'll make you so sensitive you'll cry just from me talking about touching you," Hua Cheng promised, eye burning with feverish love. "Get you so cockdrunk you beg me to breed you even when you're already dripping down your legs."

"Want it," Xie Lian gasped, broken and beautiful. "Want you—please—please, San Lang—"

"You'll get it, baby," Hua Cheng growled. "You'll get everything. Gonna fuck you stupid. Gonna fuck you full."

He was stroking himself harder again, chasing the edge, so turned on he was practically vibrating with it. "Maybe I'll even put a collar on you when I take you outside," he said, voice dropping low and rough, dangerous with how much he meant it. "Dress you up all pretty, plug you up tight so my cum doesn't leak out, and make you wear a remote vibe so I can watch you squirm in public."

Xie Lian whined so sweetly, a desperate, helpless noise, his thighs jerking apart shamelessly, eager and ruined and perfect.

"Good boy," Hua Cheng rasped, losing the thread of his thoughts, everything spiraling into worship and filth at once. "My perfect little wife. Gonna keep you bred and begging forever."

Xie Lian let out a broken, hiccupping sob, collapsing back against the bed, the toy slipping from his shaking fingers as another orgasm crashed through him without warning, leaving him boneless and gasping, his whole body spasming weakly.

"That's it," Hua Cheng moaned, jerking himself harder. "That's my gege. Come for me, make a mess. Show me who fucking owns you."

Xie Lian lay there trembling, his breath coming in shallow, uneven bursts. His cheeks were tearstained, his lips parted, and his chest rose and fell with the weight of pleasure still echoing through his limbs. He looked dazed, undone—beautiful in the way only someone entirely loved could be.

But Hua Cheng didn't soften. He didn't let the moment dissolve into sweetness just yet.

His voice, when he spoke again, was gentle but unyielding.

"I didn't tell you to come yet, did I?" he said, tilting his head, eye burning with something dark and wicked beneath the devotion. "You got so lost in it, didn't you, my love? Couldn't help yourself."

Xie Lian's lashes fluttered. His lips parted, forming a quiet, stunned, "...no."

"No, you didn't," Hua Cheng echoed, almost tenderly. His hand stilled. His gaze sharpened. "So what do you think we should do about that, mn?"

Xie Lian blinked up at him, still swimming in aftershocks, and the heat in Hua Cheng's voice struck him like lightning—pulling him back into his body with a new kind of urgency.

"Can you punish yourself for me, my love?" Hua Cheng said, and his voice dropped just enough to make it feel like a secret. "Hm? Just a little. You know where the paddle is."

Xie Lian swallowed hard. His face burned.

"Please," Hua Cheng murmured, coaxing now, like it was a kindness. "Just five. You can count them out for me, can't you, gege? Mn. Be good."

Xie Lian sat up slowly, shaky but obedient, already reaching for the drawer beside his bed.

"You're always so good for me," Hua Cheng said, his voice now soft as silk, laced with affection and something else—something deeper, possessive and adoring. "Let me see, baby. Let me see how pretty you look when you're being punished."

His eye gleamed.

"That's it. My perfect, perfect wife."

Xie Lian's fingers trembled slightly as he pulled the paddle from the drawer—a small, simple thing, lacquered wood smooth and cool against his palm. The familiar weight of it grounded him, steadied the frantic beat of his heart.

On the screen, Hua Cheng watched him with a gaze so intense it was almost tangible, his eye molten, drinking in every tiny movement with a hunger that made Xie Lian's skin prickle.

"Turn around for me, gege," Hua Cheng said, voice pitched low, threading into him like silk. "Show me."

Flushing deeper, Xie Lian shifted on the bed, arranging himself so that his back was to the camera. He tucked his knees beneath him, leaning forward just enough to arch his spine.

And Hua Cheng... Hua Cheng made a sound, like he was seeing a vision.

"Perfect," he breathed. "So fucking perfect."

Xie Lian squeezed his eyes shut for a moment, gathering himself, before lifting the paddle.

The first smack landed with a soft, muffled sound, barely audible over the speakers. A little jolt ran up his body at the sting, but it wasn't painful—just sharp enough to make him gasp quietly.

"One," he whispered, his voice small and sweet.

"Good boy," Hua Cheng praised immediately, reverent.

The second swat was a little firmer, making the soft fabric shift against his skin. Xie Lian whimpered under his breath, curling his fingers into the sheets to anchor himself.

"Two," he breathed, the syllable catching a little.

"Just like that," Hua Cheng murmured. "So good for me, gege."

Xie Lian bit his lip, lifting the paddle again. The third slap landed squarely, a little louder this time, the sting blossoming warmly across him. He rocked slightly with the force of it, his face burning.

"Three," he managed, blinking through the tears gathering at the corners of his eyes—half from sensation, half from overwhelming emotion.

"My beautiful wife," Hua Cheng said, his voice thick and rough, worshipful. "I'm so proud of you."

Xie Lian's chest felt tight with how much he wanted to cry, but he lifted the paddle again, determined to be good. The fourth strike came down with a soft little gasp from him, the ache sharpening deliciously.

"Four," he whispered, so soft Hua Cheng had to lean in closer to catch it.

He hesitated before the fifth, his hand trembling. But then he heard Hua Cheng's voice, low and encouraging:

"Just one more, gege. You're doing so well. Finish strong for me, baby."

Xie Lian sucked in a breath and delivered the final spank, a firm, decisive slap that echoed faintly in the room.

"Five," he whispered, and then let the paddle slip from his fingers, falling bonelessly onto the bed.

Hua Cheng exhaled shakily, like he'd been holding his breath the entire time.

"Gods," he whispered, voice raw. "Look at you. So good. So beautiful. All mine."

Xie Lian curled slightly in on himself, face burning, heart soaring under the weight of Hua Cheng's love, his praise, the unbearable tenderness in his gaze.

"Come back to me, gege," Hua Cheng coaxed, soft and sweet now, the storm of earlier tempered into something achingly gentle. "Let me see that pretty face."

And like always, with Hua Cheng calling for him, Xie Lian found the strength to move—turning, blinking tearfully at the screen, a shy little smile blooming across his lips.

Hua Cheng smiled back, radiant, like there was no one else in the world.

"That's it," he said. "There's my good boy."

Xie Lian wiped at his eyes with the sleeve of his hoodie, still trembling slightly, overwhelmed and weightless all at once. His breathing hitched quietly, the remnants of

pleasure and emotion blurring together until he barely knew where one ended and the other began.

Hua Cheng's expression melted, becoming unbearably gentle.

"Did you go too hard on yourself, my love?" he murmured, tilting his head slightly, voice low and careful like he was afraid even his words might bruise. "Hm? Gege?"

Xie Lian shook his head at first, small and stubborn, but another tear slipped free despite himself.

"Ah..." Hua Cheng sighed, so soft it was almost a breath. "Don't cry. You were perfect. So perfect. You didn't do anything wrong."

The screen crackled faintly as Hua Cheng leaned closer, like he wanted so badly to reach through it and gather Xie Lian into his arms.

"I'm right here," Hua Cheng said, coaxing, every word a hand against his cheek, a thumb brushing away his tears. "You're not in trouble. You're not bad. You're my precious wife, and you did so well for me."

Xie Lian's face crumpled slightly, overwhelmed by the tender onslaught of Hua Cheng's love.

"Shh," Hua Cheng soothed, almost musical. "That's it. Breathe for me, gege. Nice and slow. Can you do that for me?"

Xie Lian nodded shakily, following Hua Cheng's soft rhythm as he mimed a deep breath—breathing in with him, out with him, over and over until the tremors in his chest began to ease.

"My gege," Hua Cheng whispered, eye shining. "Always so good."

Xie Lian hiccupped quietly, wiping at his face again, but this time there was a tiny, watery laugh hidden behind it.

"There's my smile," Hua Cheng said, his own smile blooming wide and helpless. "There's my light."

For a moment, neither of them spoke. Just breathing together across the distance, held together by the fragile, invisible thread of love stretching between them.

"You're everything to me," Hua Cheng said finally, quiet and fierce, like a vow. "You know that, right?"

Xie Lian nodded again, slow and sure this time, his heart aching so sweetly he thought it might split him open.

"I love you," Xie Lian whispered, so soft it barely made it across the connection.

Hua Cheng's breath caught audibly, and then he was laughing under it, warm and broken and full of too much feeling.

"I love you more, gege," he said, eye burning with devotion. "I love you more than anything."

And Xie Lian believed him.

He always did.

End Notes

HELLO????????? I WROTE A FIC???????? AGAIN????????????? NO ONE STOPPED ME. THEY SAID "TAKE YOUR MEDS" AND I CAN NOW LEGALLY SAY "I DID" (?????) PROBABLY. UNCLEAR. TIME IS FAKE. THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE NORMAL BUT THEN THE PARASITE IN MY BRAIN STARTED DOING CARTWHEELS, BACKFLIPS, INVENTED A NEW FORM OF YOGA, AND NOW WE'RE BOTH POSSESSED.

IS IT COHERENT??? HAHAHAHAHA. IS IT GOOD???? SILENCE. IS IT ART???????? ABSOLUTELY. PUT IT IN A MUSEUM. LET CHILDREN ON FIELD TRIPS STARE AT IT IN HORROR. I AM THE DOG IN THE PAINTING. I AM THE HAT ON THE DOG. I AM THE FRAME.

THIS FIC? STARTED OUT AS A NORMAL LITTLE STORY. INSPIRED BY THAT ART ON TWITTER. I SWEAR I BOOKMARKED IT BUT NOW IT'S GONE. DELETED. ETHERIZED. I THINK I IMAGINED IT. I THINK I AM IMAGINED. I THINK YOU ARE IMAGINED. AM I STILL WRITING THIS???? WHO IS READING????

ANYWAY, I FELL DOWN THE STAIRS EMOTIONALLY. SPIRALING. BONES? GONE. I AM A BUBBLING POT OF SCREAMS. I AM A LIQUID. IF YOU'VE EVER SPILLED SCALDING SOUP ON YOURSELF AND JUST ACCEPTED YOUR FATE, THAT'S ME.

IF YOU LIKED THIS FIC, PLEASE GO OUTSIDE, SCREAM INTO A JAR, MARRY THE JAR, AND THEN DIVORCE IT FOR LEGAL REASONS. IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT, TOUCH GRASS AND THEN FALL INTO A SINKHOLE THAT LEADS TO A PARALLEL UNIVERSE WHERE THIS FIC IS A RELIGIOUS TEXT.

SEE YOU IN HELL (THE COMMENTS SECTION).

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