

[Sexy times with Wangxian](#) by [virtual1979](#)

Category: 陈情令 | The Untamed (TV), 魔道祖师 - 墨香铜臭 | Módào Zǔshī - Mòxiāng Tóngxiù, 魔道祖师 | Módào Zǔshī (Cartoon)

Genre: 21st Century, 69 (Sex Position), ASMR, Abusive Parents, Accidental Stimulation, Action & Romance, Adopted Children, Adopted Sibling Relationship, Adoption, Adultery, Adventure & Romance, Affectionate Insults, Aftermath of Violence, Alcohol, Alien Mythology/Religion, Alien Technology, Alley Blow Jobs, Alternate Ending, Alternate Professions, Alternate Reality, Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Coffee Shops & Cafés, Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Alternate Universe - Fantasy, Alternate Universe - Gender Changes, Alternate Universe - High School, Alternate Universe - Historical, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Alternate Universe - No Powers, Alternate Universe - Normal Life, Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Ambiguous/Open Ending, Amnesia, Amusement Parks, Anal, Anal Beads, Anal Fingering, Anal Fisting, Anal Gaping, Anal Play, Anal Plug, Anal Probing, Anal Sex, Analysis, Ancient Technology, Angel Corruption, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Angst and Romance, Angst with a Happy Ending, Animal Abuse, Animal Attack, Animal Ears, Animal Instincts, Animal Play, Animal Traits, Animalistic, Antennae, Aphrodisiacs, Apples, Archery, Armpit Kink, Arranged Marriage, Arson, Artificial Insemination, Artificial Intelligence, Artistic Liberties, Artistic License, Artistic Sensibilities, Ass Play, Astrology, Attempt at Humor, Attempted Murder, Attempted Rape/Non-Con, Attempted Seduction, Aunts & Uncles, Autumn, Awesome, Awkward Romance, BAMF Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, BDSM, BDSM Scene, BJYX | Wang Yi Bo/Xiao Zhan | Sean is Real, Babies, Back Scratching, Backrubs, Bad BDSM Etiquette, Bad Decisions, Bad Dirty Talk, Bad Ending, Bad Flirting, Bad Humor, Bad Jokes, Bad Parenting, Bad Puns, Bad Touch, Bagels, Baked Goods, Bakery, Bakery and Coffee Shop, Baking, Ball Massage, Ballads, Ballet, Bananas, Bank Robbery, Barbed Penis, Bathing/Washing, Battle, Battle Couple, Battlefield, Beach House, Beards, Beards (Facial Hair), Bears, Beast Mode Sex, Bed & Breakfast, Bees, Being Walked In On, Belly Dancing, Belly Kink, Belly Rubs, Belts, Ben Wa Balls, Best Friends, Big Brothers, Big Gay Love Story,

Bikinis, Binge Drinking, Bipolar Disorder, Birds, Birthday, Birthday Cake, Birthday Fluff, Birthday Presents, Birthday Sex, Bisexual Male Character, Bisexuality, Bitchslapping, Bittersweet Ending, Blacksmithing, Blasphemy, Blindfolds, Blood Drinking, Blood Kink, Blood Magic, Blood Pacts, Blood and Gore, Blood and Injury, Blood and Torture, Blood and Violence, Blow Jobs, Blow Jobs With Teeth, Blue Balls, Blueberries, Blues, Boarding School, Boat Sex, Boats and Ships, Body Hair, Body Horror, Body Image, Body Paint, Body Part Kinks, Body Worship, Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia References, Bombing, Bombs, Bondage, Bottom Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Bottom Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Top Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Boys In Love, Boys Kissing, Boys in Chains, Bracelets, Brainwashing, Bread, Bread Crumbs, Bread Sex, Breakfast, Breakfast in Bed, Breaking Up & Making Up, Breaking and Entering, Breaking the Fourth Wall, Breast Fucking, Breastfeeding, Breasts, Breeding, Bribery, Bridal Carrying, Brothels, Brother Complex, Brother Feels, Brother-Sister Relationships, Brother/Brother Incest, Brother/Sister Incest, Brotherhood, Brotherly Affection, Brotherly Angst, Brotherly Bonding, Brotherly Love, Brothers, Brutal Murder, Buddhism, Buddhist Character, Budding Love, Bugs & Insects, Bullying, Burglary, Burial Mounds (Módào Zǔshī), Bush Medicine, Business, Business Trip, Businessmen, Butlers, Butt Plugs, Butt Slapping, Butterflies, Camp, Campfires, Canes, Cannibalism, Capital Punishment, Carp Tower | Koi Tower (Módào Zǔshī), Cat/Human Hybrids, Catboys & Catgirls, Cats, Caves, Chains, Chair Bondage, Chair Sex, Chairs, Character Analysis, Character Death Fix, Chastity Device, Cheating, Cheese, Chefs, Chest Hair, Chicken Soup, Chickens, Child Abandonment, Child Abuse, Child Neglect, Childbirth, Childhood, Childhood Friends, Childhood Memories, Childhood Trauma, Children, Children of Characters, Children's Stories, Chinese Food, Chinese Mythology & Folklore, Chinese New Year, Chocolate, Chopsticks, Chores, Christianity, Christmas, Christmas Decorations, Christmas Fluff, Christmas Tree, Cinnamon Roll Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Circle Jerk, Cities, Civil War, Claiming Bites, Clairvoyance, Classroom Sex, Cleaning, Clerics, Cloud Recesses (Módào Zǔshī), Cloud Watching, Clouds, Cock & Ball Torture, Cock Bondage, Cock Cages, Cock Piercing, Cock Rings, Cock Slapping, Cock Slut, Cock Tease, Cock Vore, Cock Warming, Cock Worship, Cockblocking, Coffee, Coffee Shops, Coitus Interruptus, Collars, Come Inflation, Comedy, Comfort, Comfort Food, Comfort No Hurt, Comfort Reading, Comfort Sex, Comfort/Angst,

Comics/Movie Crossover, Coming In Pants, Commentary, Commercials, Companions, Compare and Contrast, Confinement, Consensual Infidelity, Consensual Kink, Consensual Non-Consent, Consensual Sex, Consensual Underage Sex, Consensual Violence, Conspiracy, Conspiracy Theories, Constructed Reality, Contracts, Cooking, Cooking Lessons, Cop Fetish, Corporal Punishment, Corpse Desecration, Corruption, Costumes, Couch Cuddles, Cowgirl Position, Cows, Crack, Crack Crossover, Crash Landing, Crazy, Creampie, Creation, Creation Myth, Crime Fighting, Cross-Generation Relationship, Cross-Generational Friendship, Cross-cultural, Crossdressing, Crossdressing Kink, Crossing Parallels, Crossing Timelines, Crossover, Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Crows, Cryptography, Cryptozoology, Cuckolding, Cuddlefucking, Cuddling & Snuggling, Cunnilingus, Curse Breaking, Cybercrimes, Cybernetics, Cyberpunk, DC Comics References, Daddy Issues, Daddy Kink, Dancing, Dancing Lessons, Dancing and Singing, Dancing in the Rain, Dandruff, Dark Comedy, Dark Fairy Tale Elements, Dark Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Dark Magic, Dark Souls (Video Game) References, Dating, Daughters, Daydreaming, Dead People, Deal with a Devil, Death, Death Threats, Declarations Of Love, Deepthroating, Deities, Demigods, Demon Deals, Demon Hunters, Demon Sex, Demon Summoning, Demonic Cultivation (Módào Zǔshī), Demonic Possession, Demons, Deus Ex Machina, Developing Friendships, Dialect, Dialogue Heavy, Diapers, Dick Jokes, Dick Pics, Dildos, Dimension Travel, Dinner, Dirty Dancing, Dirty Jokes, Dirty Talk, Dirty Thoughts, Disability, Disabled Character, Disasters, Disguise, Docking, Doctor/Patient, Dogs, Dolls, Domestic Bliss, Domestic Fluff, Domestic Violence, Dominant Masochism, Dorks in Love, Dorms, Double Anal Penetration, Double Dating, Double Entendre, Double Life, Double Oral Penetration, Double Penetration, Double Penetration in One Hole, Double Penetration in Two Holes, Double Vaginal Penetration, Drama, Drama & Romance, Dream Demon, Dream Sex, Dreams and Nightmares, Dreams vs. Reality, Drink Spiking, Drinking, Drinking & Talking, Drug Abuse, Drug Addiction, Drug Dealing, Drug Use, Drug-Induced Sex, Drugged Sex, Drugs, Drunk Blow Jobs, Drunk Dancing, Drunk Sex, Drunken Confessions, Drunken Flirting, Drunken Kissing, Drunken Shenanigans, Drunkenness, Dry Humping, Dry Orgasm, Dubious Consent, Dubious Morality, Dubious Science, Dungeon, Dysfunctional Family, Dysfunctional Relationships, Ear pulling, Early Days, Early Mornings, Early in Canon, Earrings, Ears, Eating, Eating

Disorders, Edgeplay, Edging, Egg Laying, Eggs, Ejaculate, Elder God, Electrocution, Elemental Magic, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Infidelity, Emotional Manipulation, End of the World, Enemas, Enemies, Enemies to Friends, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, Enemies to Lovers, Epic Battles, Epilogue, Erotic Electrostimulation, Erotic Games, Erotica, Escape, Essays, Established Relationship, Eventual Happy Ending, Eventual Romance, Everybody Lives, Evil, Evil Laughter, Evil Plans, Exams, Excessive Drinking, Exhibitionism, Explicit Sexual Content, Explosions, Exposition, Extremely Dubious Consent, Extremely Underage, Face-Fucking, Facial Hair, Fairy, Fairy Tale Elements, Fairy Tale Logic, Fairy Tale Parody, Fairy Tale Style, Fake Marriage, Fake Science, Falling In Love, Family Dinners, Family Drama, Family Reunions, Fanboys - Freeform, Fantasizing, Fantasy, Farting, Fashion & Couture, Fast Food, Fat Shaming, Fate, Fate & Destiny, Fate Worse Than Death, Father-Daughter Relationship, Father-Son Relationship, Father/Son Incest, Fatherhood, Feel-good, Feelings Realization, Female Friendship, Female Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Female Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Female Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Female Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Feminization, Fertility Issues, Fetish, Fetish Clothing, Feudalism, Fictional Religion & Theology, Field Trip, Fierce Corpse Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Fight Sex, Fighting Kink, Fights, Filming, Films, Filthy, Final Battle, Final Fantasy VII Spoilers, Finger Sucking, Fingerfucking, Fire, Fireworks, First Kiss, First Love, First Time, Fish, Fist Fights, Fivesome, Fivesome - M/M/M/M/M, Flight Attendants, Flogging, Floor Sex, Flower Crowns, Flowers, Fluff, Fluff and Crack, Fluff and Humor, Fluff and Smut, Fluffy Ending, Flying, Flying Sex, Folk Music, Fondling, Food, Food Fight, Food Kink, Food Metaphors, Food Poisoning, Food Porn, Food Sex, Foot Fetish, Foot Jobs, Foot Massage, Footjob, Forbidden Love, Forced Crossdressing, Forced Marriage, Forced Masturbation, Forced Orgasm, Forced Pregnancy, Forced Prostitution, Forehead Kisses, Forehead Touching, Foreplay, Foreskin Play, Foster Care, Foursome, Foursome - F/F/M/M, Foursome - M/M/M/M, Foxes, Freedom, Freedom Fighters, French Kissing, Friends With Benefits, Friends to Enemies, Friends to Lovers, Friendship, Friendship/Love, Frogs, From Sex to Love, Frottage, Frugal lifestyle, Fruit, Fuck Or Die, Fuckbuddies, Fucked Up, Fucking, Fucking Machines, Fur, Fur Kink, Furniture Shopping, Furry, Futanari, Gambling, Gaming, Gang Rape, Gangbang, Gangs, Gangsters, Gardens & Gardening, Gay Male Character, Gay Sex, Gender Confusion,

Gender Disguise, Gender or Sex Swap, Genderbending, Genderswap, Genital Piercing, Genital Torture, Gentle Kissing, Giant Robots, Giant Spiders, Giants, Girl Power, Girl Saves Boy, Glittering Caves, Glory Hole, Goat Farm, God Complex, Goddess of mercy - Freeform, Goddesses, Golden Core Transfer (Módào Zǔshī), Golems, Good, Good Writing, Good and Evil, Good versus Evil, Goodbyes, Gore, Gossip, Government Conspiracy, Grandchildren, Grandmothers, Grandparents & Grandchildren, Graphic Description, Graphic Novel, Gratuitous Smut, Grave Robbers, Grocery Shopping, Grocery Store, Grooming, Groping, Gross, Groundhog Day, Group Sex, Groupies, Grumpy Old Men, Gūsū Lán Forehead Ribbon (Módào Zǔshī), Gūsū Lán Sect Rules (Módào Zǔshī), Gūsū Lán Silencing Spell (Módào Zǔshī), Hacking, Hair, Hair Braiding, Hair Brushing, Hair Kink, Hair Washing, Hair-pulling, Haircuts, Hand & Finger Kink, Hand Jobs, Handcuffs, Happy Ending, Hardcore, Harems, Harm to Animals, Harry Potter References, Head Injury, Heart Attacks, Heart-to-Heart, Heartache, Heartbeat Kink, Heartbeats, Heartbreak, Heartbreaking, Heavy Angst, Heavy BDSM, Heavy Drinking, Heavy Petting, Hentai, Hermaphrodites, Hero Complex, Heroism, Heterosexual Sex, Heterosexuality, Hiatus, Hiccups, High School, Holding Hands, Home, Home Improvement, Homecoming, Homelessness, Homosexuality, Hope, Hope vs. Despair, Hopeful Ending, Horny Teenagers, Horror, Horse Jokes, Horseback Riding, Horsemen, Horses, Hotel Sex, Hotels, House Cleaning, House Hunting, House Party, Househusband, Hugs, Human, Human Experimentation, Human Furniture, Human Trafficking, Human/Monster Romance, Human/Vampire Relationship, Humiliation, Humor, Humorous Ending, Hurt No Comfort, Hurt/Comfort, Husbands, Hypnotism, I Love You, I'm Bad At Summaries, I'm Bad At Tagging, I'm Bad At Titles, IN SPACE!, Idiots in Love, Illegal Activities, Illegitimacy, Imagination, Immaturity, Immigration & Emigration, Immobility, Immorality, Immortality, Immortals, Implied Mpreg, Implied/Referenced Blow Jobs, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Implied/Referenced Cheating, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Implied/Referenced Drug Addiction, Implied/Referenced Drug Use, Implied/Referenced Incest, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Implied/Referenced Underage Drinking, Implied/Referenced Underage Prostitution, Implied/Referenced Underage Sex, Impregnation, Improvised Sex Toys, In Public, Inaccurate Christianity, Inanimate Object Porn, Inanimate Objects, Inappropriate

Humor, Inappropriate Use of Bìchén (Módào Zǔshī), Inappropriate Use of Gūsū Lán Silencing Spell (Módào Zǔshī), Incense Burner (Módào Zǔshī), Incest, Incest Kink, Independence, Infantilism, Infidelity, Inflation, Injury, Injury Recovery, Inner Dialogue, Insanity, Insight, Inspirational Speeches, Inspired by Music, Inspired by Novel, Insults, Intercrural Sex, Interplanetary Travel, Interracial Relationship, Interrogation, Intersex, Interspecies, Interspecies Relationship(s), Interspecies Romance, Interspecies Sex, Intimacy, Intoxication, Investigations, Islands, Jealous Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Jealousy, Jiāng Yànlí's Pork Rib and Lotus Root Soup, Jokes, Just Add Kittens, Kama Sutra, Kidnapping, Killing, Kink Shaming, Kissing, Kissing It Better, Kitchen Sex, Knifeplay, Korean Food, Lace Panties, Lactation, Lactation Kink, Language of Flowers, Large Breasts, Large Cock, Latex, Laughter, Laughter During Sex, Laundry, Leaving Home, Lesbian Sex, Life Debt, Life Partners, Life-Affirming Sex, Light BDSM, Light Masochism, Lingerie, Literal Sleeping Together, Little Brothers, Little Sisters, Lolicon, Long, Long Hair, Long Lost/Secret Relatives, Long Shot, Long-Distance Friendship, Long-Distance Relationship, Long-Term Relationship(s), Loss of Trust, Loss of Virginity, Lotus Pier (Módào Zǔshī), Love, Love Bites, Love Confessions, Love Hotels, Love Letters, Love Potion/Spell, Love Triangles, Love at First Sight, Love/Hate, Lovely, Loving Marriage, Lucid Dreaming, Lunch, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī Has Feelings, M/M, Macabre, Machines, Macro/Micro, Mad Science, Mad Scientists, Magic, Magic Belt, Magic Cock, Magic Fingers, Magic Revealed, Magic Tricks, Magic and Science, Magic-Users, Magical Accidents, Magical Artifacts, Magical Healing Cock, Magical Pregnancy, Magical Realism, Magical Tattoos, Major Character Injury, Major Original Character(s), Making Love, Making Out, Making Up, Male Bonding, Male Friendship, Male Homosexuality, Male Lactation, Male Protagonist, Male Slash, Male-Female Friendship, Mangos, Manipulation, Manipulative Relationship, Marriage, Marriage Contracts, Marriage Proposal, Marriage of Convenience, Married Couple, Married Life, Married Sex, Mars, Martians, Marvel Universe, Masks, Masochism, Massage, Master & Servant, Master/Servant, Masturbation, Masturbation Interruptus, Masturbation in Shower, Maternal Instinct, Mating, Mating Bites, Mating Press, Matter of Life and Death, Mechanics, Medical Professionals, Medicine, Medieval Medicine, Meeting the Parents, Memories, Memory Alteration, Memory Loss, Memory Magic, Memory Related, Mental

Breakdown, Mentioned Wēn Cháo (Módào Zǔshī), Mercy Killing, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Mildly Dubious Consent, Military, Military Academy, Military Background, Military Backstory, Military Ranks, Military Training, Military Uniforms, Milk, Milking, Milkshakes, Mind Control, Mind Control Aftermath & Recovery, Mind Games, Mind Manipulation, Mind Meld, Mind Rape, Mind Sex, Mindfuck, Mindless Fluff, Minimalism, Minor Injuries, Minor Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Wēn Qíng, Minor Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Minor Original Character(s), Missionaries, Missionary Position, Moaning, Modern Era, Molestation, Money, Monkeys, Monks, Monsters, Moral Ambiguity, Moral Bankruptcy, Moral Dilemmas, Moral Lessons, Morality, Morally Ambiguous Character, Morbid, Morning Cuddles, Mortal Sins, Mother Complex, Mother-Daughter Relationship, Mother-Son Relationship, Motherhood, Moving On, Mpreg, Mukbang, Multi-Era, Multiple Crossovers, Multiple Endings, Multiple Orgasms, Multiple Pairings, Multiple Partners, Multiple Penetration, Multiple Personalities, Multiple Selves, Multiple Sex Positions, Multiple Universes Colliding, Murder, Murder Mystery, Murderers, Muscles, Mushy, Music, Music Creation, Musical Instruments, Musical References, Mustaches, Mutual Masturbation, Mutual Non-Con, Mystery, Mystical Creatures, Mysticism, Mythical Beings & Creatures, Naked Cuddling, Napping, Natural Disasters, Nature, Nature Versus Nurture, Naughtiness, Naughty, Near Death Experiences, Neck Kissing, Necklaces, Necks, Necromancy, Necrophilia, New Year's Eve, New Year's Fluff, New Year's Kiss, New Years, Newborn Children, Night Hunts (Módào Zǔshī), Night Terrors, Nightmares, Nipple Clamps, Nipple Licking, Nipple Piercings, Nipple Play, Nipple Torture, Nipples, No Plot/Plotless, Non-Consensual Blow Jobs, Non-Consensual Bondage, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Non-Consensual Groping, Non-Consensual Kissing, Non-Consensual Spanking, Non-Consensual Tickling, Non-Consensual Touching, Non-Consensual Violence, Non-Human Genitalia, Non-Penetrative Sex Toys, Non-Sexual Bondage, Non-Sexual Intimacy, Noogies, Normal Life, Nose Picking, Nosebleed, Nostalgia, Not Cheating, Not Wearing Underwear, Novel, Oblivious Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Obsession, Obsessive Behavior, Obsessive-Compulsive, Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder, Oedipal Issues, Office, Office Blow Jobs, Office Party, Office Sex, Office Supplies, Oh God Yes, Oh My God, Old Married Couple, Old-Fashioned, Older Characters, Older Man/Younger Man, Older Man/Younger Woman, Older

Woman/Younger Man, Older Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, On Hiatus, On the Run, Online Dating, Online Shopping, Oral Sex, Oranges, Organ Transplantation, Organized Crime, Organs, Orgasm, Orgasm Control, Orgasm Delay, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Orgasm Denial, Orgy, Orientalism, Origami, Original Character(s), Outdoor Sex, Outer Space, Overweight, Ownership, POV Animal, POV Female Character, POV Inanimate Object, POV Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, POV Male Character, POV Multiple, POV Original Character, POV Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Pack Orgies, Pagan Festivals, Pagan Gods, Paganism, Pampering, Panic, Panic Attacks, Panties, Pantless, Pants, Panty Kink, Parent-Child Relationship, Parent/Child Incest, Parenthood, Party, Past Character Death, Past Child Abuse, Past Drug Addiction, Past Drug Use, Past Infidelity, Past Lives, Past Rape/Non-con, Past Sexual Abuse, Pedophilia, Peeping, Peer Pressure, Penis In Vagina Sex, Penis Measuring, Penis Size, Penis polishing, Penises, Personal Favorite, Personal Growth, Perversion, Phone Sex, Physical Disability, Piano, Piano Sex, Pigs, Pillow Fights, Pinching, Pineapples, Pining Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Pining Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Pink Panties, Pizza, Planets, Platonic BDSM, Platonic Life Partners, Play Fighting, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Poison, Poisoning, Pole Dancing, Police, Police Brutality, Political Campaigns, Polyamory, Polyandry, Polygamy, Poor Life Choices, Porn, Porn Battle, Porn Video, Porn Watching, Porn With Plot, Porn with Feelings, Portals, Possession, Possessive Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Possessive Sex, Post Mpreg, Post-Awakening, Post-Battle, Post-Coital, Post-Coital Cuddling, Post-Finale, Post-Game(s), Post-Hiatus, Post-Wedding, Postpartum Depression, Potatoes, Poverty, Power of Words, Pranks and Practical Jokes, Pre-Awakening, Pre-Epilogue, Pre-Threesome, Pregnancy, Pregnancy Kink, Pregnant Sex, Priest Abuse, Priest Kink, Priests, Primitive Culture, Princes & Princesses, Prison, Prison Sex, Prohibition, Promiscuity, Propositions, Prostate Examinations, Prostate Massage, Prostate Milking, Prostitution, Protective Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Protective Older Brothers, Protective Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Pseudo-Incest, Psychic Bond, Psychological Drama, Psychological Horror, Psychological Torture, Pubic Hair, Public Blow Jobs, Public Display of Affection, Public Hand Jobs, Public Humiliation, Public Masturbation, Public Nudity, Public Sex, Public Transportation, Publicity, Pumpkins, Punishment, Puns & Word Play, Puppeteer, Puppets, Puppy Love, Puppy Play, Puzzles, Questioning, Questions, Quickies, Qíshān Wēn

Indoctrination (Módào Zǔshī), Rabbits, Random & Short, Rape, Rape Aftermath, Rape Fantasy, Rape Recovery, Rape Roleplay, Rape/Non-con Elements, Rats, Rats & Mice, Real Life, Realistic, Reality, Reality Bending, Realization, Rebellion, Rebels, Rebirth, Reboot, Reconciliation, Reconciliation Sex, Recovered Memories, Red Pants, References to Drugs, Reincarnation, Religion, Religion Kink, Religious Humor, Religious Imagery & Symbolism, Reminiscing, Repressed Memories, Restaurants, Resurrection, Retrospective, Return, Returning Home, Reunion Sex, Reunions, Revenge, Reverse Cowgirl, Reverse Rape, Ridiculous, Riding, Ritual Public Sex, Robbery, Robot/Human Relationships, Robots, Role Reversal, Roleplay, Romance, Romantic Comedy, Romantic Fluff, Romantic Friendship, Roosters, Rope Bondage, Rough Kissing, Rough Oral Sex, Rough Sex, Rubber, Sad Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Sad with a Happy Ending, Sakura (Cherry Blossoms), Same-Sex Marriage, Sandwich, Sandwiches, Saving the World, Scat, Scent Kink, Scents & Smells, School, School Uniforms, Science, Science Experiments, Science Fiction, Science Fiction & Fantasy, Scissors Sex Position, Scratching, Scum Villain References, Sea God, Second Chances, Second Time, Secret Children, Secrets, Seduction, Self-Acceptance, Self-Denial, Self-Destruction, Self-Discovery, Self-Doubt, Self-Esteem Issues, Self-Indulgent, Self-Reflection, Self-Sacrifice, Self-cest, Semi-Public Sex, Sensual Play, Sensuality, Serious Injuries, Servants, Seven Deadly Sins, Sex, Sex Addiction, Sex Change, Sex Doll, Sex Education, Sex In A Cave, Sex Is Fun, Sex Magic, Sex Talk, Sex Toys, Sex Toys Under Clothing, Sex Work, Sex everywhere in the house, Sex in Space, Sex with Sentient Animals, Sexual Abuse, Sexual Assault, Sexual Confusion, Sexual Dysfunction, Sexual Fantasy, Sexual Grooming, Sexual Humor, Sexual Roleplay, Sexual Slavery, Sexual Violence, Sexually Transmitted Diseases, Sexy, Sexy Times, Shamanism, Shame, Shameless, Shameless Smut, Sheep, Sheep & Goats, Shemale, Shingeki no Kyojin | Attack on Titan References, Shirt Porn, Shirtless, Shoe Kink, Shoes, Shoplifting, Shopping, Shopping Malls, Short, Short & Sweet, Short One Shot, Shorts, Shorts (Clothing), Shotacon, Shotgun Wedding, Show Business, Shower Sex, Showers, Shrinking, Sibling Incest, Sickfic, Simple living, Simultaneous Orgasm, Single Parents, Sins, Sins of Youth, Sister Complex, Situational Humiliation, Sixsome, Size Kink, Slang, Slash, Slave Trade, Slavery, Slaves, Sleep, Sleep Deprivation, Sleep Groping, Sleep Sex, Sleepiness, Sleeping Bag Sex, Sleeping Beauty Elements,

Sleeping Together, Sleepovers, Sleepwalking, Sleepy Cuddles, Sleepy/Unconscious Sex, Slice of Life, Slow Dancing, Slow Romance, Slut Shaming, Small Penis, Small Towns, Smuggling, Smut, Snacks & Snack Food, Snakes, So Married, Social Commentary, Socks, Soft Drinks, Soft Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Solitary Confinement, Some Humor, Some Plot, Soul Bond, Soul Selling, Souls, Sound Effects, Sounding, Soup, Soup Kitchens, Space Battles, Space Flight, Space Opera, Space Stations, Space Wives, Spanking, Speeches, Sperm, Sperm Play, Spirit World, Spirit World Vacation, Spirits, Spooning, Spoons, Spring, Standardized Tests, Star-crossed, Starvation, Stealth Crossover, Step-Brothers, Step-Sibling Incest, Stockholm Syndrome, Stockings, Stomach Ache, Story within a Story, Stranger Sex, Strangers, Strategy & Tactics, Stress Relief, Strip Tease, Strong Female Characters, Stubble, Succubi & Incubi, Sugar Daddy, Suit Kink, Suit Porn, Suit Sex, Suits, Summer, Summer Vacation, Sun God, Supernatural Elements, Superpower Sex, Superpowers, Surprise Kissing, Survival Horror, Survival Training, Suspicions, Swearing, Sweet, Sweet/Hot, Swimming, Swimming Boys, Swimming Pools, Swingers, Swordfighting, Swords, Swords & Sorcery, Table Sex, Tablets, Talking, Talking Animals, Talking Penis, Talking Trees, Talking Vagina, Tattoos, Tea, Teacher-Student Relationship, Teacher/Student Roleplay, Teasing, Technobabble, Technological Kink, Technology, Teen Pregnancy, Teen Romance, Teenage Dorks, Teenage Drama, Teenage Rebellion, Teenagers, Teeth, Telepathic Bond, Telepathy, Teleportation, Temple, Temporary Amnesia, Tender Sex, Tenderness, Tent Sex, Tentacle Dick, Tentacle Monsters, Tentacle Rape, Tentacle Sex, Testicle play, Testicles play, The Sands of Time, Their Love Is So, Thighs, Threats, Threats of Rape/Non-Con, Threats of Violence, Threesome, Threesome - F/F/M, Threesome - F/M/M, Threesome - M/M/M, Thriller, Thumb-sucking, Tickle Fights, Tickling, Tie Kink, Tigers, Tight Pants, Time Loop, Time Travel, Toesex, Tongues, Top Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Top Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Torture, Touch-Starved, Touching, Touchy-Feely, Traditional Astrology, Tragedy/Comedy, Tragic Romance, Training, Training Camp, Trapped, Travel, Travelogue, Tree Climbing, Tribadism, Tricksters, Triple Penetration, Triplets, Trolling, Trolls, True Love, True Love's Kiss, Trust, Trust Issues, Trust Kink, Tsunderes, Twerking, Twins, Two Fathers, Ultimate Sacrifice, Uncircumcised Penis, Unconscious Sex, Unconsciousness, Undead, Underage Drinking, Underage Drug Use,

Underage Kissing, Underage Masturbation, Underage Prostitution, Underage Rape/Non-con, Underage Sex, Undercover, Undercover Missions, Underwear, Underwear Kink, Underwear Theft, Unplanned Pregnancy, Unrequited Love, Urethral Play, Urination, Useless Lesbians, Uterine Replicators, Uterus, Vacation, Vaginal, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, Vampire Bites, Vegetables, Verbal Humiliation, Vibrators, Victim Blaming, Video Game Mechanics, Violation, Violence, Virginity, Virginity Kink, Virtual Reality, Voice Kink, Vore, Voyeurism, Wake-Up Sex, Walk Into A Bar, Walk Of Shame, Walkers, Walking, Walking Canes, Walking In On Someone, Walks In The Park, Walks In The Woods, Walks On The Beach, Wall Sex, War, Watching Someone Sleep, Water, Water Sex, Watersports, Wax Play, We Just Love Each Other, Wedding Fluff, Wedding Night, Wedding Planning, Wedding Rings, Weddings, Weight Gain, Weight Issues, Weird Biology, Weird Fluff, Weird Plot Shit, Weirdness, Were-Creatures, Wet Dream, Whipping, Wigs, Wine, Wing Kink, Winter, Wives, Wolves, Woman on Top, Women In Power, Women in the Military, Women's Underwear, Words, Work, Working wife, World Travel, World of Ruin, Worldbuilding, Worship, X-Men References, Yaoi, Years Later, You Have Been Warned, YouTube, Young Love, Yíling Lǎozǔ Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, baldness, dating sim, dickgirl, dragon - Freeform, drug, ear cleaning, ear twisting, fleshlight, mermaid, merman, midwife, noodle sex, petrification, postnatal, ruined orgasm, statue, thicc, washing machine

Characters: Burial Mounds Resentful Dead (Módào Zǔshī), Bàoshān Sǎnrén, Bàxià (Módào Zǔshī), Cloud Recesses Rabbits (Módào Zǔshī), Cángsè Sǎnrén, Fairy (Módào Zǔshī), Gūsū Lán Disciple(s) (Módào Zǔshī), Gūsū Lán Elders (Módào Zǔshī), Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín, Jiāng Family (Módào Zǔshī), Jiāng Fēngmián, Jiāng Yànlí, Junior Trio (Módào Zǔshī), Jīn Guāngshàn, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán, Jīn Zǐxūn, Little Apple (Módào Zǔshī), Lièbīng (Módào Zǔshī), Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén, Lán Jǐngyí, Lán Qǐrén, Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lánlíng Jīn Disciple(s) (Módào Zǔshī), Madam Lán (Módào Zǔshī), Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo, Niè Huáisāng, Niè Míngjué, Qíshān Wēn Disciple(s) (Módào Zǔshī), Qīnghé Niè Disciple(s) (Módào Zǔshī), Qīnghéng-jūn, Suìhuá (Módào Zǔshī), Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn, Sāndú (Módào Zǔshī), The Burial Mounds (Módào Zǔshī), Wèi Chǎngzé, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Wēn Cháo (Módào Zǔshī), Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Wēn Qíng (Módào Zǔshī), Wēn Remnants (Módào Zǔshī), Xiǎo Xīngchén, Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngměi,

Yúnmèng Jiāng Disciple(s) (Módào Zǔshī), Yúnmèng Siblings (Módào Zǔshī), Yīn Tiger Seal (Módào Zǔshī), Zǐdiàn (Módào Zǔshī), Ā-Qìng (Módào Zǔshī), Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn

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Author

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Summary:

Just as what the title says.

Wangxian's happily ever after in the tune of Fluff and Porn.

Enjoy the collection of short stories and don't think too much about the details *winks*

Relationships: Burial Mounds Resentful Dead/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Bàooshān Sǎnrén & Cángsè Sǎnrén, Bìchén & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Cángsè Sǎnrén & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jiāng Yànlí, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jiāng Yànlí & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jiāng Yànlí & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jīn Zǐxuān & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Huáisāng, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jīn Zǐxuān & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Jīn Zǐxuān & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Lán

Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Niè Míngjué, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Huáisāng & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Míngjué, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Niè Huáisāng, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Niè Huáisāng & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Sāndú, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Wēn Qíng, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Zǐdiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Jiāng Yànlí/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Niè Huáisāng, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Everyone, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Qíng, Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín/Wēn Qíng, Jiāng Family & Jiāng Chéng | Jiāng Wǎnyín, Jiāng Yànlí & Jīn Guāngshàn, Jiāng Yànlí & Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén, Jiāng Yànlí & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Huáisāng, Jiāng Yànlí & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Junior Ensemble & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Junior Ensemble & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn, Jīn Guāngshàn & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jīn Guāngshàn/Original Character(s), Jīn Guāngshàn/Undisclosed, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Jǐngyí, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Jǐngyí & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Jǐngyí & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Jǐngyí & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán/Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán/Lán Jǐngyí, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán/Lán Jǐngyí/Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī, Jīn Líng | Jīn Rúlán/Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī, Jīn Zǐxuān & Jīn Zǐxūn, Jīn Zǐxuān & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Huáisāng, Luó "Mián Mián" Qīngyáng & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Lán Jǐngyí, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Lán Jǐngyí & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Lán Qǐrén & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Lán

Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo & Niè Míngjué, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo/Niè Huáisāng/Niè Míngjué, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo/Niè Míngjué, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo/Niè Míngjué/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Niè Huáisāng, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Niè Míngjué, Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Jīngyí & Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Jīngyí & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Jīngyí & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Jīngyí & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Jīngyí & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn, Lán Jīngyí/Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī, Lán Qǐrén & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn, Lán Yuàn | Lán Sīzhuī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Everyone, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Luó "Mián Mián" Qīngyáng, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Huáisāng, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Huáisāng, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Huáisāng & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Niè Míngjué, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Original Character(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Original Female Character(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Other(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Sū Shè | Sū Mǐnshàn, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín & Wēn Qíng, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wēn Qíng, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī & Wēn Remnants, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Niè Huáisāng/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Niè Huáisāng/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Original Character(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Original Female Character(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Original Male Character(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Other(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Sūn Wùkōng | Monkey King/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng |

Wèi Wúxiàn/Original Character(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Other(s), Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Qíng, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī/Wēn Qíng, Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngī & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Lán Zhàn | Lán Zhàn & Wēn Qíng, Madam Lán & Lán Huàn | Lán Xīchén & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Madam Lán & Lán Zhàn | Lán Wàngjī, Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Mèng Yáo | Jīn Guāngyáo/Niè Huáisāng/Niè Míngjué, Niè Huáisāng & Niè Míngjué, Niè Huáisāng & Niè Míngjué & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Niè Huáisāng & Other(s), Niè Huáisāng & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Niè Huáisāng & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Niè Huáisāng & Wēn Qíng, Niè Huáisāng/Niè Míngjué, Niè Huáisāng/Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Niè Míngjué & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Suíbiàn & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn/Xiǎo Xīngchén, Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn/Xiǎo Xīngchén/Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn/Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, The Burial Mounds & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Wèi Chǎngzé & Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn & Original Character(s), Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín & Wēn Qíng, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn & Wēn Qíng, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn & Wēn Remnants, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn & Yúnmèng Jiāng Disciple(s), Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Original Character(s), Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Original Male Character(s), Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Other(s), Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Tentacles, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín/Wēn Qíng, Wèi Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn/Wēn Qíng, Wēn Cháo & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Wēn Cháo/Wēn Cháo's Wife (Módào Zǔshī), Wēn Cháo/Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Wēn Cháo/Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín/Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Wēn Qíng & Wēn Ruòhán, Wēn Ruòhán/Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Xiǎo Xīngchén & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Xiǎo Xīngchén/Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ & Wēn Qíng, Ā-Qìng & Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn, Ā-Qìng & Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn & Xiǎo Xīngchén, Ā-Qìng & Sòng Lán | Sòng Zǐchēn & Xiǎo Xīngchén & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Ā-Qìng & Xiǎo Xīngchén & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Ā-Qìng & Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Ā-Qìng/Xuē Yáng | Xuē Chéngmǐ, Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn & Wèi

Yīng | Wèi Wúxiàn, Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn & Wēn Níng | Wēn Qiónglín, Ōuyáng
Zǐzhēn & Ōuyáng Zǐzhēn's Father

Comments: 97

Kudos: 1997

Collections: The Untamed - fav, thanks for writing!

Chapter 1

Author's Note:

This is the finale of the titular **"Sexy times with Wangxian"** trilogy.

A collection of short stories set in the same universe as **"It was a dark and stormy night"** and its sequel **"It is a clear and sunny day"**. The stories may be read as standalone or inter-connected with each other - it doesn't really matter, and don't take things too seriously.

As this will hopefully be an eternal work-in-progress as long as Wangxian is alive, do check back often for updates. Also, some chapters may be edited even after posting to keep the stories in line.

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic!

Please refer to Chapter 1's Comment Box on the latest announcements and FAQs!

Thank you for taking the time to read, and please enjoy Wangxian !

Dinner at the Lan's has always been a quiet affair, and tonight is no different.

Lan Wang Ji watches intently at how Wei Ying uses his hands to tear a steamed chicken thigh into two, and literally inhales the succulent meat off the bones. The older man picks up a wing daintily with chopsticks, and places it into Wei Ying's bowl (which is still half-filled with rice and suspiciously-untouched bittergourd slices), to which the younger man grunts in appreciation through a mouthful of food.

He goes back to his bowl of rice and finishes off the dwindling plate of mixed stir-fried vegetables containing chopped cabbage, sliced eggplants and potatoes. He takes the last piece of tofu, dips it into a saucer of blended chilli with soy sauce, before taking an elegant bite. Wei Ying continues to slurp on chicken wing bones (and later, his fingers) noisily in the background. Wei Ying occasionally spots a larger chicken bone on the table (it doesn't matter whose), nonchalantly grabs and cracks it to suck out the marrow with even more unsavoury sounds.

Wang Ji then takes a spoonful of the lotus root pork rib soup which Wei Ying specially prepared for their meal. They had already tried eighteen iterations of the dish courtesy of Wang Ji's excellent cooking skills and his carefully-curated collection of recipes – all were good, in Wei Ying's opinions – so, the ninetieth would be the first that Wei Ying made, and is now the subject of evaluation by Wang Ji's discerning tastebuds.

He sips the light brown broth and savours the simple yet flavourful liquid. There is a richly sweet meatiness to it, and is well-infused with the refreshing nutty taste of lotus and a slight hint of salt. A bite from a slice of freshly-harvested lotus root that had simmered and softened in the soup for at least four hours – is good, to Wang Ji's judgement. He looks up to say a few complimentary words about Wei Ying's handiwork, but when he sees the younger man engrossed in downing a bowl of the soup in record time (Wei Ying even raised his bowl high above his head and tips it to let the last drops roll into his waiting tongue, no less), he smiles and shrugs wordlessly.

Wei Ying scoops another bowl from the main pot and Wang Ji notices the younger man's greasy fingers. The cutlery, tableware and the ladle are probably covered with oily fingerprints, he notes. It is a fair price to pay (for the one who will be doing the dishes) to watch his younger lover enjoy a satisfying meal after a long back-breaking day. They had spent the morning harvesting the last batches of crops before winter arrives, so that

Wei Ying can quickly sell them off to Old Merchant Zhu in the afternoon, while Wang Ji hurried to Huang village to stock up with herbs, spices and other provisions. The trails leading out of Burial Mounds may be buried during snowstorms, so they needed to be prepared for the worst.

Lan Wang Ji stared at his bowl, then carefully picks up a cube of lean pork meat with the spoon to take an experimental nibble off it. He usually keeps to a vegetarian diet, although ever since they started living together, he had been increasing his consumption of fish (his favourite, so far), freshwater shrimp and limited amounts of chicken and eggs from their modest farm. He wrinkles his nose at the peculiar taste of the meat. It is gamey and stronger than usual – though he would be hard-pressed to find the right description since he doesn't eat such meats frequently enough to tell the difference. He pops the rest of the meat into his mouth and takes another bite of lotus root – the taste balances out perfectly and he thinks no more about it.

“How is it? It's delicious, isn't it?” Wei Ying asks from across the table, breaking into a brazen grin. He leans back and pulls one leg up onto the chair.

“Mn. It's good.”

“Of course it's good! Yiling Patriarch has unrivalled skills in every known discipline, including the art of cooking!” He laughs cockily and points a thumb at himself.

Lan Wang Ji nods lightly, curving up his lips a little.

Wei Ying reaches for a clean bowl from the kitchen's drying rack and proceeds to fill it with more soup (Wang Ji notes the oily fingerprints on the new bowl). Next, he recklessly dumps more pork ribs than lotus root into the bowl, probably for wanting to clear out the pot sooner (Wang Ji notes the amount of spills Wei Ying made). Then, he places it in front of the older man (Wang Ji notes how the new bowl is carelessly pushed against the one he was still having, causing more spills) and gestures him to, "Here, have more! Have more!"

"I've made a big pot just for you, so you have to finish it, Lan Zhan!"

"Mn."

"Drink more, drink more!" Wei Ying chants encouragingly, as he goes for another meat-laden serving.

The ruckus and excitement eventually die down, and both men tuck into their soup peacefully to their (mostly Wei Ying's) satisfaction.

There are no jars of wine on the table tonight; just a simple brew of oolong steaming inside a teapot.

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“Ah.. Lan Zhan, I’m going for a stroll outside,” Wei Ying said as he stretched with a pleasant “Nnnh” and patted his tummy.

“Mn. Come, wipe your mouth and hands first,” Wang Ji instructed. He obeyed, leaned forward, and let the older man gently dab a clean damp washcloth over his lips and wipe the grease off his hands. Wei Ying gazed lovingly at Wang Ji, causing the older man to shyly avert his eyes and blush with the slightest tinge of pink on the tips of his earlobes. Wang Ji made sure to scrub clean each of Wei Ying’s fingers and nails, before taking the washcloth back to the kitchen sink.

“Go now,” Wang Ji said. Terse, concise, to the point. Wei Ying nodded and headed out from the kitchen. There were rustling sounds of him rummaging through their workroom, of putting on a thicker layer of robes and outdoor shoes, of hopping-skipping out of the entrance of their home – before silence finally befall their home.

Lan Wang Ji squeezed soapy water from the washcloth and resumed his kitchen clean-up. He felt a bit warm on the cheeks and opened the kitchen window to let cool evening air in. From where he stood, he could see the younger man rushing past with a freshly-plucked lotus seed pod in one hand, a bag of equipment in the other, and disappear to the fruit trees beyond their vegetable garden.

Wang Ji began to clean each bowl and plate. When he reached Wei Ying’s bowl, he noticed the leftover rice and some pieces of bittergourd. The warmth in his cheeks had spread slowly down his throat, and for a moment, he thought he might be coming down with a fever or a common cold. He took a piece of half-eaten bittergourd and popped it into his mouth, half-

hoping that the cooling effects would help along with other medicinal herbs he'd just procured earlier that day.

Dinner at the Lan's had always been a quiet affair, and that night was no different – yet.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This chapter was posted on the day the poster and details about "The Grandest Farewell" Nanjing concert for the Chen Qing Ling / The Untamed tv series was announced. \*tears\*

I've had a wonderful Summer of 2019 with the live-action drama that strengthened my budding romance with the Mo Dao Zu Shi universe.

Thank you to CQL Untamed team for the hard work and unforgettable memories,

Thank you to Xiao Zhan and Wang Yibo and everyone else for bringing the characters and story to life,

Thank you to the fans for making this an experience of a lifetime. You guys rock!

A grand shout-out to friends in NovelUpdates Founder of Diabolism forum for exchanging information, engaging in lively discussions, and helping me out when I have (silly) questions about MDZS. This one's for you!

**p.s.: As of Chapter 15, I've decided to name the chapters and include the timelines, in case anyone wants to avoid getting confused from navigating through timeskips! However, due to the increasing number of plot elements and characters added in, it's best to read the chapters sequentially, rather than chronologically!**

## Chapter 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

Includes: Raising our Farm Animals, Prologue (Present year, Summer/Autumn)

*Not too long ago on one balmy summer afternoon, Wei Wuxian made an unexpected announcement while resting on his throne (actually, just a plain wooden bench) in the shade of fruit trees which surrounds the expansive courtyard of his grand built-to-last-for-a-lifetime fortress (just a cavernous hole in the mountains, really).*

*With a proverbial lightbulb blinking above his head, the much-maligned and infinitely-feared His Royal Highness Yiling Patriarch decreed: that as long as he rules the Burial Mounds (no, he doesn't rule the Mounds, it belonged to no one), the resident family of wild rabbits accused of encroaching his (actually, the husband's) remaining soon-to-be-harvested carrot patch, would be spared from eternal hellfire (read: made into tasty barbeque). Instead, considering the recent string of events:*

- Of two carrots gone missing from the vegetable garden, the hour of the day of its occurrence unknown, however there is damning evidence of fleet-footed prints found all over the ground at the scene of the crime.*
- Before any punishment could be meted out to compensate for the economic losses and related aggravated damages (which in reality, the husband didn't really care for, because it was only a mere two sticks of carrots; Wei Ying was just getting his rocks off by making a mountain out of a molehill – just another Wei Ying-ness), Gusu Lan Sect Rule #5501 was enacted by the highly-esteemed Royal Advisor (again the husband) which forbids the hunting and killing of rabbits.*
- The Rule is applicable to all persons of familial or marital relationships with Lan members (and therefore the Patriarch as well; the Patriarch himself does not openly speak about such relationships in broad daylight because he would die from sheer embarrassment and*

*prefers to keep such intimate conversations to the bedroom. The husband, on the other hand, simply said “We’re already married”. End of discussion).*

- *The Royal Advisor furnished a timely reminder about how rabbits are revered and kindly treated in his homeland, and he strongly advised His Royal Highness to follow suit (actually, he just tells his Wei Ying about Gusu Lan’s rabbit-keeping traditions and expects the latter to obey. End of discussion).*

*After evaluating all available options, and to avoid wasting time on unintellectual discourses about furry four-legged denizens, His Royal Highness Yiling Patriarch hereby unequivocally agrees with his Royal Adviser’s words: namely, to trap the rabbits and—*

“—raise them with our chickens. What do you think, Lan Zhan?”

Lan Wang Ji opens his eyes, startled. Well, that was unexpected.

“They’ll keep the birds toasty and warm during the cold blizzard-y winter nights. It’s a win-win for both animals!” Bubbly laughter fills the air, as the younger man waves his arms energetically above him.

Images of cute rabbits armed with their thick, luxurious winter coats, surrounded by fuzzy little yellow chicks and their cluck-clucking parents — flash across Lan Wang Ji’s mind.

His face immediately breaks into an un-Han Guang Jun-like grin. Well, that was an extraordinarily pleasant thought.

“Pfft.. Ha ha! Lan Zhan, you’re smiling!” the younger man exclaims.

Lan Wang Ji catches himself and quickly sets his face back to one of Han Guang Jun-like quality. He clears his throat, closes his eyes, and gently nudges Wei Ying’s tummy with the back of his head, with a rather indignant-sounding “Hmmp” that seems to say “You’re talking nonsense. Get back to work”, wordlessly.

“Ah.. yes, yes, yes,” Wei Ying murmurs, mirth evident in his voice.

*Wei Wuxian resumed his late afternoon duty (whenever they’re together and have plenty of time to spare – such as this particular balmy afternoon) of tending to his partner’s favourite pastime. He gave Lan Wang Ji a loving ear-cleaning with the latter’s favourite bamboo earpick (because it was of the precise length, and had the perfect angles and curves to reach his favourite spots; even the blunt edge of the scoop had the perfect degree of wear-and-tear that gave a flawless balance of abrasiveness, friction, relief and comfort simultaneously; along with how his partner caresses away stray strands of hair, how the fingers glide along the shell of his ears, down to the earlobes, warmly rubbing skin-to-skin all the way).*

*[It is said that the sight of Wei Wuxian twiddling a well-used earpick like a miniature-sized Chen Qing, could make Han Guang Jun go weak in the knees and become unusually docile and willing.]*

*Lan Wang Ji remained motionless as he lay down on the same wooden bench and rested his head on Wei Ying’s lap. Soft, appreciative sighs and nnnhs escaped from his lips, as Wei Wuxian meticulously scraped and scratched away, leaving no surface of the ear untouched.*

*Wei Wuxian did not stay quiet for long, and soon he talked (mostly to himself) in great lengths about his ambitious plans to house the rabbits with the chickens. The young man was that sort of person – whatever he promised, he will deliver. He detailed about how they could rear both animals together and kept them well-fed, expand the coop to accommodate additional residents, strengthen the structure in preparation for snowstorms that would make landfall in a few months' time, fence-up the surrounding area with sturdier materials, and even recited a list of things he needed to buy from Liao's General Store in Yiling City for these plans. The costs came up to—*

“—twenty silver pieces, in total. But, if I salvage some scrapwood from the garden and chop down a couple of trees from the ‘Mounds, I think I can save a bit and get everything done with fifteen. What you think?”

A particularly nice spot is scraped repeatedly in slow, languid up-and-down motions, despite being cleaned out moments ago. Pleasurable tingles trickle from the neck and down the spine. He shivers.

“Nnnh. Tomorrow, we go,” Wang Ji simply states. His mind is hazy, and he finds difficulty *not* to mix unintelligible sounds into his very brief instructions.

“Huh...?” It seems Wei Ying didn't quite grasp what he said.

“Tomorrow, we catch the rabbits... then go to Yiling City together... to buy... the materials you need,” he explains with much effort. The earpick scrubs the passageway in circular motions. He hnnnhs audibly, back

stiffening into an arch. Barefoot toes curl (he prefers to leave the muddy boots and sweat-soaked socks on the ground to keep their wooden bench clean; he'd been busy harvesting their crops the whole day under the hot sun, and frankly speaking, his body did smell a little ripe), fingers clench into fists (because fuck, that feels so good – did he just swear?).

“Ah.. AHH! Lan Zhan, you really surprised me!” It seems understanding finally dawns on his partner. Surely, he knows by now that all requests can be granted, especially in the presence of a particularly favourite earpick.

“So, does the Royal Advisor agree with a budget of fifteen or twenty silver pieces?” He can feel eyebrows wiggling at him. Shameless.

“Twenty fff—fi—five,” because oh fff—f—fuck, did he just use one hand to massage and comb through his hair above the *same* ear where irresistible circles are being drawn inside, *at the same time*? It felt so incredibly good, that he mis-pronounce and stuttered the last word.

“Ehhh? Ehhhhhh? Did I hear correctly, that the Royal Advisor is generously offering twenty-five? Really, twenty-five?” The curious reply comes a little too excited and quick. Really shameless, also greedy.

“Mn. Twenty-fff-five. For... *the Royal H-Highness*.” He makes sure to lace the last few words with a hint of sarcasm. He would match with Wei Ying in terms of delivering promises in earnest, despite knowing that he was somehow tricked into doing this.

The tender ministrations on his ear and scalp picked up speed. Loss of sanity was imminent.

“The fff-five... extra silver p-piece...s are for fff-five jars... of Laozu’s S-Smile,” he struggles to find the right words, before succumbing to Wei Ying’s merciless onslaught.

The earpick finds its way to Wang Ji’s weakest spot along the canal, and it *vibrates* with savage, skilled shallow thrusts. Waves of numbness and tingly pleasure spread from head to toes, his back curves like a bow (but Wei Ying’s grip on his forehead and jaws is strong enough that he doesn’t roll over and fall off the bench), he moans nnnghhs and aaaahs loudly, fingernails scratch the wooden surface, legs move restlessly and kick weakly into empty air — and could say no more.

*Wei Wuxian whees and yays in response, interspersed with singing praises of “Er gong-zi, you’re really good to me. I like you so much!” to the half-paralyzed-half-struggling older man on his lap. He peppered chaste kisses on the forehead and cheeks whenever possible (really, the mere mention of Laozu’s Smile has that kind of brazen effect on Wei Wuxian even during the day; and Lan Wang Ji happily indulges the younger man, because he knew what follows when night falls).*

*The couple continued to enjoy each other’s company into the sunset. Lan Wang Ji, at some point between Wei Ying-style of ear cleaning, relaxing scalp and shoulder massages, and a plate of lotus seeds served with a pot of oolong tea — pointed out that there was no such thing as “Gusu Lan Sect Rule #5501”, because to his knowledge, there were only 4,859 when he copied the scriptures last summer in the Jingshi.*



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“S—Stop! I... I haven’t taken a b—bath... Unnh! Mmmh!”

Wei Ying continued to tend to the angry-looking slick-shiny red engorged shaft with the same zeal as his infamous brand of ear-cleaning. Quick shallow thrusts down into wet encircling tongue, careful not to bite but generous in gentle grazing with edges of teeth against the fragile blood-filled veins lining the hard flesh, and when he felt the underside of the length quiver with successive rolls of muscular contractions, he goes down deep until the slick cockhead bumps to the back of his throat and swallows very, very hard.

Wei Ying raked his fingernails along the quaking inner thighs, then caressed the older man’s sides, up the ribs, down the spasming lower back muscles, until his hands settled on holding down the hips against the wooden bench so that his lover could not escape, and kneaded clenching ass muscles in time with the spurts of day-old thick potent semen pulsing down his throat. He breathed in deeply with his face full of fine pubic hair while his throat muscles continued to massage and milk the twitching organ to the very last drop, and he inhaled a pungent mixture of sweat, sandalwood and the sweet musky scent of a man who orgasmed twice in a row.

Lan Zhan continued to moan weakly from where he sat on the bench, head lolling helplessly from side to side, breath heavy and strained, upper garment clinging tightly onto his pecs and abdomen that sweated profusely, and his pants pulled down to the ground with Wei Ying kneeling between his spread, smooth muscular legs. He covered his lower body with his wide sleeves and shielded the delicious view of Wei Ying giving him an incredible blowjob from the outside world, protecting what remained of his

dignity and the younger man's (because Wei Ying said he would die of sheer embarrassment if they were caught doing naughty stuff in broad daylight; though no one is watching).

Later, somewhere during his third post-orgasm haze while Wei Ying busied with playful tonguing with his balls and continuously pistoned hardening cockflesh between cum-streaked lips towards his fourth climax, a fleeting thought crossed his mind: he really should consider increasing Wei Ying's spending allowance to thirty silver pieces.

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A fortnight later, to their amusement of the couple, not only was Wei Wuxian's theory proven to be correct; in fact, the presence of clucking feathered friends calmed down the captured rabbits enough and allow their human handlers to safely play with them, just after a couple of days in captivity. This was especially delightful to Wang Ji, because he missed holding his favourite animal since he left Cloud Recesses the year before, and could not resist touching the scurrying balls of fluff every time he passed by the coop between doing farm work and hanging out laundry (plus numerous bedsheets) outside their home.

The downside though, was that the increased activities, sounds and odours naturally attracted local predators such as foxes and eagles.

On one occasion, they spotted an unusually large and hulking form on four legs on a faraway cliff, partially hidden by shadows from drifting

rainclouds. At that time, Wei Wuxian anxiously gripped his partner's wrist, while Wang Ji clutched Bichen a little tighter than he was used to.

A mountain wolf, twice the size of any normal specimen and as massive as a bear, stared back at them with glowing crimson eyes. Dark spiritual energy not unlike the signature black aura from the long-gone Stygian Tiger Amulet, overflowed from its body and blends into the dark clouds blanketing the hills in the horizon.

The two men, alone in their estate nestled deep within the Burial Mounds, quickly made their way back to their cavernous home.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I had quite some fun writing in different styles, and hope you enjoy reading this chapter.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: Changed the time period of the Prologue to "Raising our Farm Animals" to summer, for consistency purpose!

## Chapter 3

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! I’m back from my evening walk!” Wei Ying shouted gleefully with a wave of hands and a bag slung over his shoulder as he approached the entrance of their cave-home. He had just returned from a routine security check on the boundaries of their little estate nestled within the vast expanse of Burial Mounds. Every spiritual defensive net hidden amongst fruit trees lining their garden was correctly positioned, and every paper talisman correctly glued to strategic locations throughout their little estate.

“Mn. Is everything alright?” Lan Wang Ji asked when he emerged from the shadows with a towel and a change of clothes. He looked slightly damp, hair still wet though neatly tied with a couple of white ribbons to the back, and he was already wearing his satin-white nightgown. Wei Ying noticed that Wang Ji’s complexion was a healthy rosy colour – probably warmed from soaking in thermal spring-waters of their outdoor pool after dinner. Temperatures around the Burial Mounds tended to plummet after sunset these days, so hot baths were a necessity.

“Yeah.. although we didn’t lose anything from the fox intrusion last night, some of the energy threads had to be fixed because of the disturbance,” Wei Ying explained as he gladly took the change of clean clothes from Wang Ji’s hands and handed his bag of magical tools in return. “The chickens and rabbits looked a bit wary, so I doubled up the barrier’s strengths around the coop,” he continued with a wink, “the hens should be feeling safe tonight and will continue to happily lay eggs for us!” and gave a toothy grin.

There was a soft golden glow in Wang Ji’s eyes, as he looked at his smiling younger lover: a ball of pure-hearted sunshine although covered with dirt, sweat, grime and dried autumn leaves.

The older man cleared his throat after realizing he had stared a bit too (uncomfortably) long, and nodded as he held Wei Wuxian's bag of tools. He turned to walk over into a small workroom inside their home. It was filled with growing piles of unused furniture and an assortment of magical and non-magical tools, contraptions and half-finished inventions (and somewhere, a small indistinct partially-completed compass lay hidden-but-not-forgotten inside a drawer). "Well done, Wei Ying," he complimented, as he placed the bag on the floor along with other tools.

Wei Wuxian absently tapped his boots against the foot of the entrance to knock off small pieces of dirt and gravel from the soles. "Right? This is how Yiling Patriarch puts his awesome magical arts to good use, and everyone should appreciate this," he huffed in response to the praise, thrill evident in his voice, and his grin grew wider.

Lan Wang Ji re-appeared at the entrance to their home. "Mn. Very good use," he said. Then, he made little shoo-ing gestures with his hands. "Go now, and clean up," he said crisply.

Wei Wuxian opened his mouth to retort at being dismissed so quickly. He closed it back though, when he noticed something different about Wang Ji. He leaned closer to the older man, an indiscernible glint in his eyes that spoke of inquisitiveness mixed with caution. He sniffed the air around the sides of Wang Ji's face and towards the jawline.

Wang Ji stepped back immediately and caught a hand that was about to touch his forehead. He glared at Wei Wuxian as he gripped the younger man's wrist and pushed it down.

“Bath. Now.” There was a hint of warning in the low gruff voice.

“Ahh... okay, okay,” Wei Wuxian yielded and nodded repeatedly, before backing off. He adjusted the pile of towel and clothes in his hands, scratched the back of his head out of habit, and headed towards the bubbling heated pool just around the corner of their cave-home.

Wei Wuxian was quite certain that Lan Wang Ji looked a bit more flushed than before, and his breathing was imperceptibly heavier than usual. He shook his head, and thought nothing more of it as he merrily skipped his way towards his much-needed bath.

Back at home, Lan Wang Ji sighed heavily, dutifully took a broom from the closet, and began the task of sweeping off dirt and gravel that his partner left on the cave's entrance.

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He laughed heartily, breathless, panting, body thrumming with sexual energy and he was close, *oh so close* to the edge. But he still laughed despite his cock demanding and protesting for release with angry twitches.

Wei Ying lay on the bed, drenched in sweat, hips lifted and supported by pillows, with a very agitated-looking equally sweat-drenched and panting Lan Wang Ji situated between his legs. The older man's penis, deeply

sheathed inside his young lover, was still steel-hard, massive, pulsing and wanting.

“You... you came... twice? Already? In less than five minutes?” Wei Ying fell into another fit of childish giggles.

Lan Wang Ji looked absolutely devastated and red-faced; neither knew if it was from his embarrassingly lack of sexual control, or if he was just too flushed from the exertion.

“I.. I..” Wang Ji could not find the right words to fill their sparse conversation. His head was still abuzz, his limbs were quaking, his lower body still burning with unquenched desire, and his sexual *qi* energy levels were off the charts – exceeding all of his previously-known limits. It was beyond his mortal comprehension of what led him to this dire state.

He was still, very, incredibly, unspeakably, terrifyingly – horny.

“Was I that good? Hmm?” Wei Ying teased seductively, then bit his lips sexily (with a strand of hair from his bangs between his teeth, no less). “Has this Yiling Patriarch finally vanquished the great Han Guang Jun with his sexual prowess and make him weak in his knees with desire? Hmm? What do you say... *Lao goooong?*” he purred and swayed his hips sensuously to emphasize the sweet nickname.

Wang Ji blinked off another drop of sweat that rolled down from his forehead. He usually used his golden core to quell any unwanted burning

desires, but it had long depleted from overuse in the hours after dinner and before bedtime. Internally, he was exhausted, spent, emptied, yet lust was building up again from within, and this time, threatening to spill and take over his consciousness.

“*Lao gong*, your *wife* isn’t satisfied *here* yet,” Wei Ying cooed provocatively and whined at the same time, bouncing his ass on the pillows to shake his own weeping erection to prove his point. Wang Ji felt his lover sucking him in deeper with every tantalizingly squishy cum-slicked slide and every captivating squeeze of flesh and muscles around his cock.

“You shameless...!” The older man was beyond disbelief at the outrageous act but could not finish his sentence; tendrils of pleasure entwined his insides, and spiralled its way dangerously from below the belly to the tip of his erection. He finally caved in when the arousing sensations became too unbearable, threw away all caution to the wind and any remaining self-restraint, and proceeded to plunge into his lover, *hard*.

Wei Ying mewled happily when his body was lifted higher with inhuman strength, and fucked deeply at a very precise angles (the prostate the prostate oh yes that special spot mmmhhh!). He started to ramble nonsensically about how he (the wife) wanted to feel good, how only Wang Ji could make him feel *really really good*, how he wanted to be knocked up and have many babies with Wang Ji, and described in great detail how the older man’s seeds were swimming and making their way to impregnate him.

He used the analogy of their chickens and pleaded for his *Gong ji* to inseminate all the eggs inside him, because as the *Mu ji* he wanted to lay many, many warm eggs for his dear husband. He described vivid depictions

of eggs sliding out of his buttohole from his heavily pregnant belly, of how he would lay gently on the eggs and incubate them with his love, until they hatch into little Wei Yings and Lan Zhans.

And then, he talked on and on while being drilled, about how he was a beautiful yet vulnerable flower blooming in their vegetable garden patch. His pretty petals spread open and invitingly to any passers-by in broad daylight, and how he became surrounded, constantly assailed and pollinated by swarms of eager bees. He prattled on about how their furred winged bodies and legs caressed and excited him, causing him to leak out sweet nectar for them to feast, and how fertile male seeds were ejected in exchange, deep, deep inside his bloom that would eventually ripen into delicate tasty fruits like Caiyi Town's pipa.

Lan Wang Ji moaned weakly with each obscene story, having totally succumbed to his desire, and utterly helpless against such vulgar words from his younger lover.

Wei Ying licked his lips hungrily, then locked his legs around Wang Ji to draw him closer, until there was hardly any room for the older man to pump his hips. Lan Wang Ji became desperate for any form of friction for his wildly pulsating cock and resorted to tight grinding motions against wet fleshy folds coiling and tightening around the entire shaft. Wei Ying continued to spout dirty descriptions of their lovemaking playfully, and worked his inner pelvic muscles with such vigour to give the imprisoned cock extremely pleasurable rolling massages from the base to the tip of the arousal, coaxing out more of the thick milky liquid out of it.

Within minutes, Lan Wang Ji orgasmed again in a splendid display of a contorted look on his face, eyes glazed and unfocused, lusty groans

rumbling from throat that was raw from too much grunting, quivering limbs barely holding up, rhythmically-contracting muscles from his arched back to his hips in repeated undulating motions, his potent white seed spurting deep and coating another layer to his lover's insides.

Wei Ying finally found his own release during Wang Ji's third magnificent effort to breed him that night, somewhere between his lover's second and sixth ejaculate, if he recalled correctly. In total, the results of their performance that night: Wang Ji – 3, Wei Ying – 1. It was enough. Wei Ying slumped bonelessly to the mattress with a satisfied sigh. He closed his eyes and smiled widely, welcoming the looming post-orgasm haze. He wiped off his cum off his belly with a ragcloth, and waited expectantly for Wang Ji to lie atop of him and hold him in a blissful embrace to sleep the night away.

Instead, the pillows supporting his hips were thoughtlessly yanked away. He yelped in surprise when Wang Ji grabbed his body and hoisted him up *with their bodies still connected*. The older man impatiently settled to a kneeling position on the creaky bed, and Wei Ying was crudely forced to sit on his lap. Wei Ying instinctively wrapped his legs around his lover's waist to keep himself from falling.

“L.. Lan Zhan?? What.. what are you doing?? Didn't you get e—enough??” Wei Ying stammered in astonishment. Lan Wang Ji held tightly to Wei Ying, his lips found the younger man's nipples at eye level and he began to bite and suck feverishly.

“Ow... not... not so hard,” Wei Ying groaned. His lover suckled like a hungry newborn and moved his body back and forth; Wei Ying felt his lover's cum-lubricated hard-on sliding in and out with the gentle rocking motion.

“Wei Ying,” Lan Zhan *whimpered* into the younger man’s chest; there was anguish in his voice.

Wei Ying caught on, and his face softened to one of pity and concern. “Is everything alright, Lan Zhan?” he asked, ignoring the throbbing pain of a swollen right nipple as his lover moved to abuse the other. Strong fingers roamed up and down his sides then to his back. Lan Wang Ji was trying to devour, and at the same time he was staving off the growing hunger with the act of feeding on his lover’s breast.

“Wei Ying, did you really cast a terrible spell on me tonight?” the older man asked directly, needy of the truth, face still buried in the younger man’s sparse bosom.

“No, Lan Zhan. You know I will never use my magical arts against you,” Wei Ying replied, cradling his lover’s head in a warm embrace. He began to move in tandem with the rocking motion, causing Wang Ji to break into moans of pleasure.

Lan Wang Ji reached up and pulled Wei Ying down into a scorching kiss. “Then, Wei Ying, did you put anything into my drink tonight?” he asked this time, between open-mouthed kisses, breathy gasps and tongue licking along the jawline. He was begging for an answer to his predicament, in which Wei Ying responded with equal fervour by plunging wet saliva-coated tongue into his.

Wei Ying rubbed soothing circles into Wang Ji's scalp, lips still locked with one another. "No, Lan Zhan. We only had tea with dinner, and I'm *not* drunk tonight," he breathed out between kisses.

Lan Wang Ji paused when he replayed the last few words in that sentence. His thinking process was clouded with delicious sparks of lust and pleasure dancing between his groin and brain, and he couldn't process their meaning. But those words, those words that weighed heavily and echoed so loudly inside his ears—

"*Lao gong*, I know what you've been up to," Wei Ying whispered breathily into those said ears, causing Wang Ji to shiver inwardly as frisson of unexpected excitement ran down his spine. "I know you like to make me drunk on some nights, and have your way with my body when I'm defenceless – but tonight," he placed a finger on Wang Ji's lips to seal off any attempts by the older man to explain himself, "tonight, my conscience and thoughts are clear, and I have no intention to drug anyone's drinks."

"I just wanted to have sex with you once, and rest for the night. Who knew that you would be up and willing for so many more rounds?" Wei Ying's voice dripped with honey and mischief. He ground his ass against Wang Ji's groin in suggestive circles. Wang Ji groaned again, and bit into Wei Ying's collarbone. The younger man hissed in response, and raked fingernails down Wang Ji's back, leaving behind fresh rising welts along with the old scars of Gusu Lan's punishment whips.

"Then, tell me, Wei Ying.. am I being punished for what I've done?" Lan Wang Ji pleaded with raw emotion and lust in his hoarse, trembling voice. His body felt like it had been set into flames that licked everywhere and especially along his impossibly hard arousal, a thousand needles' worth of

sexual poison filling his bloodstream, an infinite thirst for release that could never be slaked. Wei Ying continued to squeeze and milk his lover with impressive finesse, eliciting pained cries from a man who desperately needed to rest and could not cum any time soon, but felt another wave of pleasurable contractions welling up from behind his tightening balls.

“Mmm... I might have added a little extra *something* into the lotus root pork rib soup in tonight’s dinner,” Wei Ying whispered and gave a little peck on Wang Ji’s feverish forehead. The latter gasped hard for air, his heart pounded excruciatingly strongly against his ribcage, as excitement mounts and surged towards his next climax.

Then, without warning, Wei Ying pushed Lan Wang Ji down to the bed and pinned the older man down with strong arms. He kissed the older man hard, tongue lashing against one another between locked lips, and his hips rose up and down at a back-breaking pace with a rock-hard spasming cock in between butt cheeks. “Please forgive me, Lan Zhan, because I did not intend this to happen,” he murmured between the kisses, and felt another wave of liquid warmth swelling from his bottom. He smiled as Lan Wang Ji orgasmed the fourth time inside him.

“What is done is done, and I’m taking responsibility,” he whispered louder this time, both compassion and malice coating his sugary sweet voice. Wei Ying continued to ride his lover in earnest. Wang Ji struggled weakly beneath him, pleading for mercy with incoherent moans and groans.

“Let me make love to you tonight to your heart’s satisfaction, my dear *Lao gong*.”

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Wei Wuxian has always been, and still is, a man who helps the needy and the needful. During one of his daily trips to town, he ran into a hunter struggling with a net trap by the forest trail. When asked about what happened and whether he could be of assistance, he learned that the hunter was from the nearby Huang village and he had trouble untangling the trap after it caught a small wild boar.

Being an former resident of lakeside Lotus Pier, Wei Wuxian is no stranger to handling fishermen's nets, and is a master with the intricacies of setting, tying and of course, untangling complex structures made of ropes. He quickly solved the hunter's problems and the hunter was grateful for the help.

After skinning, gutting and cutting up the wild boar, he offered one of its legs as a token of thanks, along with tips on how to catch such creatures. The old bearded man pointed to Wei Wuxian's satchel containing packed lunch, and said that with the correct trap, bait (such as flatbreads and dumplings) and patience, one could catch these elusive but meaty creatures to sustain hungry family members for the winter. Wei Wuxian appreciated the hunter's gifts and after a short exchange of pleasantries, they parted their own ways.

On the way back, Wei Wuxian contemplated the many ways to cook the meat. There were countless ways – as many recipes as there are cookbooks in Yiling's Library Pavillion – and with each idea and the accompanying mouth-watering images, he became increasingly hungry and impatient to reach home.

There was a catch, though. He wasn't sure if his partner would like such wild gamey red meat, or if he even tried it before. He knew such meats could cause *qi* deviations for the uninitiated and the untested, with unknown consequences. The best option would be to boil away the blood and taste, however that would be a waste for such a precious and highly-prized meat.

Then, he remembered that his partner had made 18 versions of his favourite soup. He had watched and learnt how the soup was made in their small kitchen, memorized the ingredients used and techniques for preparation and cooking.

The picture of Lan Wang Ji, majestic in his silver-white inner garments, glowing ethereally in the golden evening sunlight that filtered through their kitchen window, standing in front of a bubbling pot of soup on the stove, one hand holding ladle of lotus root pork rib soup to his lips, the other resting on his back – is a memory that Wei Wuxian would forever cherish in this lifetime.

Having made his decision, he walked faster and soon broke into a sprint towards home. He felt accomplished for the day's work and for the single slab of leaf-wrapped wild boar meat hanging from his belt. He would make a dish that both he and his partner can enjoy for dinner.

The results surpassed his expectations, to say the least.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I had loads of fun imagining their domestic bliss and the occasional Qi deviation.

Please comment in the Comments Box - they help to feed my muse :-)



## Chapter 4

He woke up with an audible snort, drool pooling into (an unfortunate) someone's collarbone, and his sleep-tousled long hair spread everywhere – even on that said (unfortunate) someone's face. Ahhh, he dreamt of catching jungle fowls and bringing the fat ones back home when he heard rolling thunder from darkening cloudy skies behind him. He ran, and ran, two fattest chickens in tow, but couldn't go fast enough, because his aching hips were killing him, he was limping as painfully as being *skewered* by his indomitable lover every night, and the mighty roar of countless thunders started to wreck his hearing and crescendo into.. the tune of *snores*...?! Heavens forbid, how could there be *snoring* thunder; even the darkest of magical arts could not conjure such a horrible-sounding weather phenomenon – at which point he was rudely awoken by that (unfortunate) someone's loud snore, and he involuntarily added his own snort.

It took nearly a minute for him to regain his composure and calm down his breathing. Just a dream, just a dream, he chanted to himself. He stretched quietly like a cat and let out a satisfying nnnngh (the hip joints seem to pop and crackle in protest), before nuzzling (more like, rubbing his sleepy face all over) into the warm wide muscled chest beneath his cheeks where he felt strong heartbeats against the skin. It was re-assurance, contentment, happiness and relaxation all rolled into one. Just a dream, just a dream.

A cool autumnal breeze blew through their bedroom's window, and Wei Wuxian shivered a bit. He snuggled deeper into the thick blanket covering his back, and pressed his body closer to the hot water bottle-warmth beneath him. He liked being sandwiched between blanket and boyfriend (or more aptly called, husband).

Before long, he settled into the crook of that someone's neck (his sleep-hazed brain refused to even give a name to this "someone"), and scooted his hips downwards so that they lay snugly between that someone's thighs. He took comfort that this nicely-intimate position wouldn't cause any bodily strains from weird sleeping postures that he was prone to. Both his hands and legs hooked to that (unfortunately) someone's torso and legs into a tight embrace, like a spider catching and holding onto its prey.

Lan Zhan made an adorable "Mmmh" sound when squeezed (more like, trapped) by Wei Wuxian, turned his head slightly to the side with a constipated look of discomfort on his face, and this was followed by an unadorably rude snore. Morally righteous Han Guang Jun slept very well, it seemed, after what Wei Wuxian thought was a night of immoral and absolutely un-righteous acts of wild animalistic rutting in their love nest.

Wei Wuxian shut his eyes tightly, silently begging the snores to go away. The sun wasn't up yet, though by this hour, surely Lan Zhan would already be busy with his morning routine of cleaning the house, feeding the animals and toiling the garden. Has Lan Wang Ji ever slept so well that he forgets his five-o'-clock? Does the noble Han Guang Jun, life-bound by the over-4000 rules of the Gusu Lan sect, even oversleep?

Another loud snore answered his questions.

Too early, too early, he berated those annoying throaty rumbling sounds. Nnnh, let me sleep. Five more minutes, please? He rubs the both his heels into Lan Zhan's foot arches in sensual circles, a gentle unspoken request from the younger man which elicited a soft moan from the older one. That didn't help, though, as Lan Zhan resumed his lullaby of disconcerting sounds (at least from Wei Wuxian's perspective).

Wei Wuxian felt his lower body slid down when Lan Zhan moved a bit in his sleep. He wriggled up and started to draw sweeping, arousing circles with his crotch against his lover's, making sure that their cocks and balls rub each other's thoroughly. To Wei Wuxian, the act felt like scratching an itch behind the balls, though he wondered how his lover felt. Lan Zhan's member hardened noticeably.

Still, another snore tore through the air in the quiet bedroom.

Finally, unable to stand the sounds drumming right into his ears, Wei Wuxian roused himself up, eyes still half-open and face plastered with saliva (mixed with bits of sweet-sometimes-tangy-pungent flavoured cum that he thought belonged to Lan Zhan, maybe his, or both). He let the thick blanket slip off his body, and then he carefreely pulled up his legs so that he sat *cross-legged* on Lan Zhan's groin (because Lan Zhan is *that strong* and has no problems holding up to his Wei Ying's weight with just his hips or better still, just with his *erection*).

Out of habit and still half-asleep, he picked up one of Lan Zhan's lovely locks from the bedspread, and started braiding absently into a messy-looking twist of hair. He grinned and snorted again at the ugly-looking thing, because it reminded him a little of Jiang Cheng's.

One more snore, this time a really loud one. Wei Wuxian's frustration was creeping up on him, and he wanted to yank the braided hair to stop the noise.

Wei Wuxian nearly woke his lover with a strong ass-*grind* into his lover's crotch and loud whiny "Lan Zhaaaaaan", when he felt something slippery and warm trickle out from his bottom. The disturbing sensation jolted his senses fully awake and stopped him in his tracks.

Wei Wuxian quietly hopped off the bed in a single leap and bounded for the exit of their bedroom. He grabbed some clothes on his way out, though he didn't notice that he left a small sticky unmistakably white-coloured pool on his lover's fine pubes where he sat just moments ago.

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Three layers of thick robes and pyjamas off, pants pulled down and carelessly flung far, far away (he hoped the silky-white apparel would catch on top of one of the bushes so that he didn't have to look far to find it, later), the boots somewhere in-between – he "brrrr"s when wintry-cold temperature hit his skin like an electric shock, and quickly tip-toed to the stream. Foggy clouds hung heavily on ground level like steam puffing out from a kettle. Dawn was approaching and he could see slivers of a cloudy sunrise in the far, far distance beyond the Burial Mounds' mountains.

He hugged himself tightly to ward off the chill; his body was entirely covered with hard and prickly goosebumps. He was lucky to find a shallow spot along a stream near their home within the first few minutes. His toes gingerly touched the clear running waters, and when he is assured that it was warm, he slid one foot in and "ahhhh"s in sheer satisfaction. At that point, he thanked all 108 known local gods for supplying the valleys in the Burial Mounds with Qishan's volcanic thermal springwaters. The sound of insects continued to drone on in the background, with morningbirds'

chirpings added intermittently, as he finally (and gratefully) steps into the soothing mineral-rich currents.

Soon, he was squatting in knee-deep waters until his head and shoulders bobbed above the surface. He wasn't there for skinny-dipping (he wasn't the sort of early riser who *willingly* starts the day with healthy work-outs) or to catch the sunrise (there wasn't much to see beyond their little cave home, the lotus pond, the vegetable gardens and the surrounding fruit trees – plus, the inhabitants of the chicken coop were still asleep). Instead, he busied himself with the first priority of his daily personal hygiene routine.

On this fine autumn morning, Wei Wuxian forced himself up at the crack of dawn, and fingered the crack of his ass while wading in a stream of hot-spring water. He reached behind to wash away streaks of cum that had crusted on the cleft of his buttocks, and tried valiantly to scoop out mostly-dried clumps of semen from his butthole.

Who would have thought that the almighty Yiling Patriarch Wei Wuxian – once feared as the scourge of Mankind, whose name still invokes fear and reverence amongst the realm of cultivators, and whose (greatly-altered) portraits continue to line the homes of the rich and famous to scare away thieves and potentially otherworldly visitors too – would be the lone figure hidden in the shadows of the wee hours of the morning, hunched in a small river trying to wash off evidence of intense love-making from the night before? Notorious reputation surely preceded him!

He winced at the twinges of pain that danced across his bare back, when the waters gently lapped at numerous bitemarks and fingerprint-bruises which decorated the skin, especially near the neckline and shoulders.

Wei Wuxian proceeded to prod through the sensitive puckered hole between his butt cheeks and reach deep inside. It was neither sexy, ticklish nor uncomfortable, rather, it was a very familiar sensation – though not one that he would like to perform on his own. One fingertip grazed the rather tender entrance and hit a particularly pleasurable spot. He moaned and started to blush lightly from the mix of cool morning air against his cheeks and from feeling embarrassed with the open-air (and under-water) display of ‘anal masturbation’, if he followed the descriptions of the textbooks correctly about such obscene acts of playing with one’s butt.

Ooh, last night was so, so *wild*, he sighed dreamily to no one in particular.

He remembered riding Lan Zhan wildly last night, splattering his own semen and other bodily fluids all over his lover’s waist with powerful ejaculations that spanned across the length of their bed. He remembered watching through hooded gaze: those lovely six-pack abs tensed up in unison and relaxed repeatedly, as he was lifted up and down while riding waves of jerking hip muscles. Lan Zhan’s furrowed eyebrows, a sheen of sweat on his forehead where the Lan family’s headband used to be (long, long ago), his long lush sweat-glistening hair carpeting their bed, Lan Zhan’s fingers gripping his ass so hard that he knew it would instantly leave tell-tale marks for many nights. Oh how Lan Zhan looked in the dim moonlight, spread-eagled underneath the great Yiling Patriarch and totally at Wei Wuxian’s mercy, naked skin glowing with silverlight as ethereal as his silk-white garments, eyes shut tightly with pain-pleasure, lips parted trying to restrain lusty grunts through gritted teeth, breathing heavily as he gasped for air because he was straining so hard, so hard, deliciously thrusting as fast as their quickening heartbeats, sheathing himself balls deep right to the hilt, as he erupted into climax after climax. Lan Zhan lovingly filled young Wei Ying a little more, but he didn’t stop there, and continued to couple with his lover like rabbits in heat.

Wei Wuxian moaned softly, lost in his reverie, as one finger dipped again into his ass, scraping out the stickiness and caressing the flesh that had been thoroughly pounded and stretched not too long ago.

His ass clenched involuntarily when he recalled memories of Lan Zhan plunging his oil-lubricated iron-hard cock endlessly into him. Lan Zhan slammed in deep from above him, while he, the great Yiling Patriarch, was forcefully pinned down on all fours underneath the older man on semen-spattered bedsheets, clinging onto his dear life as his ass was deliciously drilled, his prostate lovingly abused from six different angles to the point where his entire lower body became a shuddering mess of numbness, tingles and shocks, his insides stretched and shaped by the invading organ, his whole body was hammered into the bed, and he came, came again, consecutively, definitely more than six times that night because he lost count after that – without even touching himself, because Lan Zhan was *that good* at making him climax with just his ass alone.

Wei Wuxian curled, swirled, and scissored with two, then three fingers. There was a brief stinging sensation from stroking the abused passageway.

Just a few hours before, amidst his hoarse cries of Slow down Lan Zhan Ohgodplease Slow down, he remembered listening with his heart to Lan Zhan's sex-dripping groans into his reddened ears, in time with the maddening pace of relentless fucking, occasionally his teeth nipped the earlobes, alternating with gentle bites along his jaw, his sex-flushed neck and shoulders, Lan Zhan's fingers intertwining with his, his thin waist quaking with exhaustion from holding up against Lan Zhan's merciless pounding force from above, the wet sounds of flesh slapping against flesh as Lan Zhan penetrates balls-deep before pulling out, and then diving in again. He couldn't breathe, couldn't make sense of the bedroom rocking

wildly in his vision, he felt so full, yet he wanted more, wanted to scream, orgasm fast rising, another wave of toes-curling pleasure riding from the base of his spine and spread through his loins like wildfire, coiling up his tired dripping twitching cock until –

Wei Wuxian sighed again, this time with a droplet of drool hanging off his lips, as more delectable, mesmerizing images flashed across his mind; of Lan Zhan pressing him down to the bed (and probably leaving a visual imprint into the well-tortured furniture), squeezing his muscular ass muscles rhythmically, every muscle and fibre in the limbs taut, his face twisted in pained, ecstatic agony, his deep growls echoing off the bedroom walls as natural instinct takes over and he tries to breed Wei Ying by planting warm virile seed deep side the younger man, some even spilling out of the swollen asshole because it was already overflowing, the sticky stains on bedsheets growing in number and volume with each passing hour into the night, and Wei Wuxian himself moaning wantonly for his lover, “*Lao gong... Lao gong...*”. Every breathy seductive call for Lan Zhan spurs the older man’s sex drive further, and not even five minutes passed after his last ejaculation, that he became hard again and pummelled Wei Wuxian deeply towards their next orgasm. Leaks become gushes as the night wore on, when Wei Wuxian’s ass becomes too full and spills onto the bedsheet, joining the growing pools of his own liberally oozing cum, and Lan Zhan drives his hips forward then sheathes himself completely into the younger man, loins burning with desire, balls and cock pulsing, sending fresh waves of semen flooding into Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian sees everything. He had placed paper talismans all over their home and the surrounding areas. They look for intruders, monitor every living creature’s movements, eavesdrop to conversations and detect changes in spiritual energy levels; they also give Wei Wuxian the most intimate viewing angles of their nightly love-making and transmit juicy sounds that accompany the vulgar acts of men copulating with one another.

“Nhnnggh,” he moaned audibly into the foggy chilly air, partly from his sex-hazed stupor and from a feeling of relief from his ass.

One particularly large dollop of dried semen was scraped out, and he caught a glimpse of gooey milky white rising up the water surface being carried away by the flow. He flicked his hands to make sure nothing stuck to his fingers. Eeew, he gagged internally.

He chuckled as he imagined the stringy chunky remnants of their wild passionate sex float along the stream that connected to their lotus pool, before dissolving away and disappearing into one of the tributaries leading to the major river system surrounding the Burial Mounds. He wondered if the fishes and shrimps residing in their pool actually fed on the extra protein; he also wondered if that explained why the fishes grew and fattened up exceptionally fast despite the cold weather, to the point where they were able to harvest at least one good-sized fish every few days. Wei Wuxian fell into a fit of childish giggles at such juvenile thoughts, leaving water rippling outward from his hunched form.

Then, revelation struck.

Lan Zhan loved eating boiled fish served with Yiling’s famous tofu and plain stir-fried vegetables from their garden. Oh merciful Goddess Guan Yin... the fish, the fish!

This time, Wei Wuxian broke into a guffaw of laughter and he lost his balance. He slipped into the shallow edge of the stream, continued laughing, choked when he breathed in water, nearly drowned, splashed

helplessly with flailing limbs, surfaced for air, couldn't keep his laughter down, drank more water in loud gurgles, and choked again.

“Wei Ying..?”

Wei Wuxian swallowed two more gulps of water before answering in-between laughs and coughs, “I’m here, I’m here!”. He waved energetically from where he sat on the riverbed, and splashed water around rather playfully.

Lan Zhan stood stiffly by the stream, clothed in layers of thick robes, a broom clutched in his right hand, his lover’s carelessly-abandoned robes, pants and boots already collected and arranged neatly on his left arm, and a very concerned look on his face.

“Are you alright?”

“Ah.. hahaha.. I was just (cough) washing my face... when I slipped a little (cough),” Wei Wuxian managed to explain hesitantly as he tried to catch his breath. He would *die* of sheer embarrassment if his lover had found out what he was doing out in the open just moments ago. He rose out of the water and intended to make a quick grab for his clothes from Lan Zhan’s hands before running off.

Lan Zhan’s eyes widened at the spellbinding sight of Wei Wuxian standing stark naked – a lean slightly built figure, pale skin pockmarked with countless faded bitemarks and kiss-reddened spots (mine, all mine, he

growls inwardly), yet tinged with gold from the glow of daybreak against the still-dark cloudy skies, hair and body wet with rivulets of water dripping down like sweet juicy nectar from deliciously ripe fruits. He stumbled a step back, and marvelled at the entrancing banquet that was displayed before him, and he feels a kind of sexual hunger gnawing, desire rising, slow fire burning up, starting from his loins.

“Gimme my clothes,” Wei Wuxian ordered nonchalantly and reached out with one arm. Rather than the expected handover of garments, Lan Zhan dropped everything he held to the ground in a single thud, and Wei Wuxian stammered, “H—Hey! What are you doing?”

Wei Wuxian followed his lover’s stare and realized belatedly the state he was in. Hands flashed across his chest and downwards to his crotch in a useless attempt to cover whatever dignity he had left (really, are male nipples considered dignified, and why cover yourself when he’s already seen you naked a thousand times, an unheard voice said).

“Ahh! Don’t look! Pervert! Don’t!” he shouted, aghast, as he turned his back against Lan Zhan. Wei Wuxian’s face turned into six shades of crimson-red and he was internally *dying* six times from that aforementioned sheer embarrassment. He couldn’t stand being sexually harassed by his lover in broad daylight (is this really harassment, that unheard voice asked), let alone tolerate a kiss on the lips in public (but really, there is no one else watching you right now except for that guy, said that same unheard voice accusingly).

Wei Wuxian’s eyes widened in surprise when he heard rustling sounds of the older man disrobing and undressing in record time. Within a few heartbeats, Lan Zhan walked determinedly into the stream with such force,

that it felt like the running waters parted to give way for the man in the nude to embrace Wei Ying passionately from behind.

“Lan Zhan! What... fuck, get off, you horny animal! Didn’t you have enough fun last night?” The younger man struggled and splashed water everywhere, but he was unable to escape from Lan Zhan’s strong grip across his abdomen.

“You tempt me from bed to the bathwaters here. You should control yourself better,” hot air blew into his ears, followed by nips at the earlobes and down the throat. Wei Wuxian shivered. One strong hand gripped his left thigh and lift it up abruptly. He nearly lost balance and fell back, only to be pillowed by Lan Zhan’s muscular chest as he teetered on one foot. A slimy warm throbbing meaty stick (yes, yes that’s how Wei Wuxian imagined it) jabbed gently at his exposed butthole.

“Stop rubbing your dick into my ass! I’m still sore!” The raging hard-on forced its way through the resistant ring of muscles, aided by traces of slick semen that still oozed out from his earlier attempt to clean up. The rather uncomfortable penetration was followed by a string of curses from the younger man; even Merciful Goddess Guan Yin’s name was not spared.

“And I’m still hard. Be fair to me, please,” Lan Zhan whispered hungrily and heavily into Wei Wuxian’s ears, and started to pump his hips. Wei Wuxian was quite horrified to see his reflection in the waters beneath him – of how his naked body was shamelessly displayed to the world outside their home, and how his half-hard penis dangled and shook with each thrust in broad daylight.

“Ahh! Not like this! I don’t like this!” He wrestled harder, intent on breaking free from Lan Zhan’s hold. His face was very flushed from being terrified and embarrassed at the same time.

Lan Zhan let out a dangerously impatient growl, and with admirable strength he lifted Wei Wuxian’s other leg. The younger man cried out at the unexpected move, as his body braced against Lan Zhan’s upper body and became completely in the latter’s mercy. Lan Zhan continued his steady pace of fucking his spread-eagled partner, held only by his arms and his impossibly hard *erection*. He made sure to fill his lover thoroughly with each thrust, and at times, thick white foamy seed from their love-making the night before was pushed out, trailed down the underside of his pistoning cock, before finally dripping into the rippling waters below.

“No one will see,” Lan Zhan answered, panting. Wei Wuxian’s angry shouts dissolved into rambling unintelligible moans, punctuated by soft cries every time the pulsing shaft slides in at different angles and generously assaults the quivering prostate.

“This.. this is... r– rape... nnnnh....” Wei Wuxian weakly protested, before succumbing into another wave tingly pleasure running up from the base of his spine to the tip of his pre-cum dripping cock.

“And last night wasn’t?” Lan Zhan voice became hoarse with lust; accusing too. He was sweating and his body trembled at the first signs of a rising orgasm. He loved how his Wei Ying continued to clench his inner muscles involuntarily every time he pushed deep to sheathed himself completely. Wild imaginations of breeding rabbits crossed his mind, and fuelled the burning desire to inseminate, and impregnate the man in his arms. To Lan

Zhan, the pleasure that comes from Wei Wuxian's body is both indescribable and divine.

“Fuck... you.... nggahh...” The younger man's final feeble verbal attempt to fend off Lan Zhan was commendable, though ultimately futile.

“Mn. Maybe next time.” Lan Zhan gently bites the back of his lover's neck, adding another ring of teethmarks to the many others lining the same place. He was very close to his first climax of the day, and he knew his Wei Ying isn't too far away – judging from how the younger man's back arched, toes curled in mid-air, fingers clawed and clutched at his forearms, the copious amounts of slippery drops trickling from the now-erect arousal, and how the breathy moans turned into a keening cry as he slammed his hips harder against Wei Ying's ass.

“Don't bother (别闹). No one will hear us,” Lan Zhan whispered heatedly, and comes hard.

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Wei Wuxian thought that he should try hunting wild boars. The meat is versatile and suited many types of cooking, and makes many filling meals for the coming winter season. He salivated and his stomach growled at yummy mental images of spicy braised pork, stir-fried ginger pork, wild boar curries, and countless other recipes that the Yiling Library Pavillion holds within its numerous bookshelves.

Lan Wang Ji thought that he should really avoid Wei Wuxian's lotus root pork rib soup, or red meat in general, for the time being. He couldn't fathom

what really happened that night, but he suspected a particular kind of meat, at least. Boiled fish sounded better. After careful consideration, he nods to himself and plans on making more fish-based dishes for dinner in the coming days.

Dinner at the Lan's will never be boring again.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

That's it, for now. I've just completed a re-watch of CQL Untamed, and writing up to this point has totally drained the smut out of my system.

A nice NovelUpdates forumer mentioned about Lan Zhan eating 'boiled fish', so here it is. Enjoy!

I may write more chapters in the future, depending on interest and mood - also since I did promise that this is an eternal work-in-progress \*winks\*. I've left enough plot devices for future chapters... and if anyone is interested in this 'universe', please feel free to take up anything from these fics and expand on your own.

Please drop your comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed my muse!

## Chapter 5

After the mind-blowingly incredible (but embarrassing) open-air sex in the stream at dawn, Lan Wang Ji avoided all physical contact and kept a safe distance from Wei Ying, for fear of triggering another bout of uncontrolled carnal desires. Despite their seemingly endless sex marathon the night before, Wang Ji still looked in the pink of condition - his complexion was rosy, his skin practically *glowed*, and well-defined outlines of muscles were visible even through thick layers of clothes. Wei Ying, on the other hand, looked worse for wear due to the lack of sleep and a numb arse, but more importantly, from neglect from his lover since that morning.

The younger man looked unkempt and even a little haggard. No one helped to comb his hair, and subtle day-old stubbles began to show on his face. His clothes were in disarray - mismatched colours of white and dark browns, unbuttoned and wrinkled, and so were his footwear with each boot from a different pair. He had relied far too much on his lover for the morning routines, that he had forgotten what it meant to take care of himself.

The only indication that Lan Wang Ji still thought of Wei Ying was that the younger man found a bowl of wheat noodles steaming in meat broth, topped with two hard-boiled eggs, chilli peppers and vegetables, waiting for him on the dining table. Wei Ying ate breakfast quietly on his own in the absence of his lover - his first time having a meal alone at home since they moved into the cave-home over a year ago. He found his appetite lacking although there was nothing wrong with the food - it tasted just fine and the presentation was flawless, as usual. In the end, he gulped down as much as his queasy stomach would allow, and disappointedly left the bowl of then-chilled noodles on the kitchen counter.



For the next couple of hours, Wei Ying was left to wallow in his own remorse in their home, alone.

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“Brrr... It’s getting really cold! Maybe we should just forget about going ou-ou-ou... Achoo!!”

Wei Ying sneezed, before pulling his winter robes tightly around himself to conserve whatever that remained of his body heat. He crouched close to the bare vegetable patch and looked like an oversized turnip that grew from the ground. He was fully prepared for what he thought was his final trip to town for a while - a couple of empty sacks and a bag slung over his shoulder, ready to be filled with a day’s worth of purchase.

He looked up dejectedly at the horizon. The morning turned out to be much grayer than expected. Ominous-looking nebulous shapes billowed down the hills and blanketed valleys with chilly temperatures and thick mists, leaving behind the first signs of frost in their wake.

“Ahhhh,” he groaned to the murky skies, “Would it be too much to ask for another day of fine weather? Can’t the heavens grant this young man one last safe passage to town?”

Freezing winds picked up in intensity, sending whistling sounds screeching through barren fruit trees around the garden.

Wei Ying pointed a handmade bamboo flute at an enormous mass of snowy cloud approaching his line of sight. “This Yiling Patriarch offers two - yes, TWO - jars of Laozu’s Smiles from Yiling City, in return for this life-changing request! What do you say?” he shouted at the direction of the flute.

Lightning struck, followed by a deafening thunderclap. Wei Ying cringed, quickly put away the bamboo instrument, and shrunk back to the ground.

He grumbled inwardly about bad luck. The first heavy snowfall forecasted later the day meant that mountain passes and trails would become impassable for at least a week.

Wei Ying had planned to make a quick trip to Liao’s General Store at Yiling City that morning. He needed to buy some metal tools from for some home improvement projects, so that he could keep himself busy and wouldn’t become bored during the bleak winter. He had procrastinated and sat on ideas for many months, and forced himself to finally do *something* when he realized that he’d passed their first anniversary of living together without much fanfare - because their cave-home and its dull and scant interior looked somewhat the same as when they first moved in.

Really, what would SiZhui say when both he and Wen Ning visit during the next Spring Festival?

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In Wei Ying' mind, there was already a list of *things* that needed to be done, and he proudly thought he excelled in labor-intensive crafts that Lan Wang Ji usually avoided, such as carpentry, plumbing and general maintenance work for their cave-home (yes, Wei Wuxian always thought of himself as the Handyman Of The House) :

- First, repairs on the furniture; because the chairs, tables and especially the creaky king-sized bed bought from second hand stores last year has seen better days, and he thought putting on a few lotus-themed timber carvings could add a more homely touch to their humble abode's atmosphere. Also, he needed to build a new wooden bench to replace the one next to their lotus pond, because the last time he gave Lan Zhan an incredibly satisfying outdoor blowjob (which left the older man moaning and trembling in the throes of four consecutive orgasms without any breaks in-between), the structure finally creaked its final crack, gave way to the passionate strength of the couple's oral lovemaking, and shattered spectacularly into numerous pieces with a resounding, climactic bang.
- Secondly, digging a few more ditches to irrigate their winter crops of kale, peas, radishes and other root vegetables; because the latest batch refused to sprout after a couple of weeks in the cold earth. He thought the scenario resembled the time when he tried to plant lotus seeds at his former home in the 'Mounds, sixteen years ago - perhaps all that was needed was patience, tender loving care, and blessings from Qishan's mineral-rich warm waters. Also, he had some vague ideas about building an elaborate bamboo piping system along the walls and underneath their home to ensure the interior is adequately heated all-year round (it is a great pity that Wei Wuxian did not patent this home geothermal energy-harvesting concept, otherwise his name would have gone down in history as a brilliant inventor ahead of his time - actually, he never thought about this, because all he wanted was to be

able to laze around at home and have plenty of sex with his lover without needing to get out of bed every hour to put more firewood into the stove.

- Thirdly, the number of half-finished contraptions in their small workroom had finally spilled into the rest of their cave-home; in fact, Lan Zhan's guqin was already buried somewhere inside a small mountain of crafted wood and rocks, and he felt guilty for being the root cause of the owner's distress whenever the latter wanted to play a calming instrumental piece to soothe frayed nerves (in which Wei Ying obligingly offers "happy hour" sex to a frustrated *Er Ge ge*, and makes sure his *lao gong* **stays inside** him long enough to drain and tire the latter, until the older man falls blissfully asleep snoring, and peace reigns in their household for yet another night). Most of the inventions still lacked some critical parts or a reliable energy source, and he thought that having the metal tools would at least solve part of the struggle to complete anything worthwhile.
- Finally, he thought he should put more effort to enhance and extend their living space, such as:
  - Upgrading their cozy three-room home, including installing more lantern fixtures in the workroom because he needed more light for his crafting work (and to find *stuff* underneath the piles of *more stuff*), a wider kitchen to accommodate a new oven (so that he could finally convince Lan Zhan to bake those tasty spicy-sweet treats that he craved, after reading some interesting recipes from the Library Pavillion's cookbooks), and adding a few more chambers to their cave-home (the dream of owning a spacious towering *fortress* in the heart of the 'Mounds, fit for a Patrich, has to start somewhere, right?).

Somewhere at the back of his mind, he also thought of trying out sex in different locations of their home, because he didn't want to confine their lovemaking within the four walls of their bedroom. His mouth watered at delectable mental images of Lan Zhan mounting him frenziedly in various obscene positions and places, witnessed by many watchful eyes from every imaginable angle by Wei Ying's voyeuristic paper talismans.

- Expanding the storage cellar which was a small covered hole in the ground at the moment, because he calculated that their food storage space requirements would increase exponentially in the coming months from their crops and animals (rabbits were still off the menu, however they might start rearing goats and pigs if they could buy some young animals from other farmers - maybe at Huang village too -, and not to forget, the population of domesticated fowls in the coop were set to explode come next Spring since Wei Ying trapped a few more hens from the surrounding forests not too long ago).
- Making better use of their vast, sprawling estate in the desolate Burial Mounds, by building tool or working sheds, or even a proper outhouse. So, having the right tools in hand would help him clear the land, take measurements, plan the construction work, and make preparations for a busy season of stone and woodwork.

However, everything on Wei Ying's list described in great length and detail would be for naught, if only he could find that little notebook hidden somewhere in the workroom. It contained all the plans, drawings and ideas he'd jotted down during summer; proof that he did not idle his time away by daydreaming or loitering around Yiling City for quality wines. He remembered stowing the book along with the guqin and its manuscripts -

therefore, his first priority for the coming winter season was to equip himself with the said metal tools, then perform the much-needed spring cleaning to extract the crucial book from the mountain of *stuff* (also, to finally return guqin to its sex-satiated owner), and lastly, start working his ass off because his reputation of being the Handyman Of The House was truly at stake after a year's worth of dawdling.

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Lan Wang Ji's heavy footsteps jolted Wei Ying from his reverie. The older man too, prepared to set out for a journey through the woods despite the worsening climate. He adjusted fur-lined sleeves, secured a few more button knots, and stood up straighter than ever. Clothes and long lush hair flared and flowed (almost elegantly, regally) every time the winds picked up. Seen from afar, Lan Wang Ji was an indomitable towering figure set against the gloomy, windswept landscape.

"I'm going now," he said coolly when he trudged past Wei Ying.

"Ah... L-Lan Zhan?" the latter called out with uncertainty. "Do you really need to go to Huang village again? That's about two hours' walk from here... in this weather!" the younger man exclaimed, "and we've already stocked up with enough provisions to last the whole winter!"

The older man stopped in his tracks. He pursed his lips, turned his head slightly to give an icy glance, before his visage returned to its expressionless mask.

Wei Ying pouted sadly, disheartened at being ignored.

“Lan Zhan, I know you’re upset. I already said that I was sorry...” he whined as he sat on his haunches. He picked up a pebble and absently rolled it between his fingers.

“You can stay if you want,” Wang Ji offered, without an ounce of emotion in his voice.

“But I want to go to Liao’s hardware store.”

“Then go,” came the harsh reply. The pebble dropped, soundless.

“Lan Zhan!” he called out twice, in vain, when Wang Ji marched ahead.

It wasn’t really about who wanted to go, or to where.

In desperation, Wei Ying rushed forward on bended knees and managed to grab one of Wang Ji’s legs. “Can’t we talk about this?” he pleaded with his face buried into the older man’s garments.

“Please?” he clutched and shook the limb with a death tight grip, despite the owner’s unyielding struggle threatened to kick him in the jaw and slam him

to the ground.

“Let... go! You can do whatever you want, and you don’t have to follow me anymore!” Lan Wang Ji shouted back in a rare display of fury. His patience wore dangerously thin at Wei Ying’s childish demeanour and uncharacteristic thigh-grabbing antics.

“No! Please, don’t go! Not like this!” Wei Ying begged, his voice shrill and frantic. He tugged hard, and Wang Ji stumbled a few steps when he lost his balance. The older man let out an exasperated growl.

“Get. Off.” Wang Ji’s voice was dangerously low and seething with anger. For the first time since his return to the living world, Wei Ying felt immense fear and helplessness. He instinctively released his grip and stared at his own hands in horror.

His fingertips throbbed with lingering warmth from Wang Ji’s clothes. His robes fell open when his shoulders slumped, and he shivered as wind swirled around the quiet courtyard. The tension between him and Wang Ji was as thick as winter’s deepest snowfall, and he could almost taste the bitterness in the air with his tongue.

Lan Wang Ji glared at the pitiful kneeling form for a full minute.

“Don’t leave me,” Wei Ying’s wavering voice broke into a sob, and a single tear rolled down his cheeks.

No response. Another gust blew, sending clouds of dust and dry gravel rising into the air.

Wei Ying sniffled loudly, uncertain whether from the raw emotions that choked his throat, or if his nose itched from the dusty air. The silence was deafening, and he needed to fill the void with something, anything; a thousand words to cling to his lips, of begging for forgiveness and compassion, yet he was terrified to speak any of them lest he infuriates the *Er Gongzi* and destroy whatever that was left of his happiness.

“If... If you don’t care about me, then... there’s no one else in this world who would...” he cried softly and his voice faltered. Fingers clenched into fists by his side, and he dared not look up because he was afraid that he might lose *everything* if he *sees* his lover.

“Xian Xian is wrong, please... please forgive this fragile, flawed man,” he whispered, and then shut his eyes. He held his breath and waited on aching knees; here was a man whose fate hung by a thread, and he hoped that judgement would be swift, either in the form of the kindest or cruelest words, or of Bichen’s cold unforgiving blade going through his heart - the result would still be the same, anyway.

Wei Ying had to sniffle another time to hold back the tears running down his eyes and nose. He swallowed, hard. Saltiness mixed with bitterness, becoming sour when his stomach tightened with severe anxiety, and he felt the acid rise.

It seemed an eternity had passed, before Lan Wang Ji finally spoke.

“Promise.”

It took a moment for Wei Ying to figure out what the older man said. Countless possibilities raced across his mind, he didn't know and couldn't choose the right ones, and so he did not hesitate to utter everything that he had held back with bated breath. Words spilled and poured through, unbridled and overflowing as chaotically as his panicked thoughts.

“I promise! I promise! I will not repeat the same mistake ever! I promise not to do it anymore! I swear if it happens again, then the Heavens can take my life immediately and throw my soul back to the dead, never to resurrect, not in a million lifetimes! I promise to be good, I promise to be a better person, I promise--”

He didn't realize that he held up a three-finger salute as he declared his promises, until he felt the other man grasping those three fingers. At that moment, he opened his eyes in shock, only to be greeted by the wonderfully heartwarming sight of thick broom/Bichen-calloused fingers clutching his hands and a soft, concerned expression on his face.

His resolve to face his worst fears crumbled needlessly with the forgiveness reflecting in Wang Ji's eyes. When Wang Ji intertwined his fingers with the same hand that held the salute of spoken promises, Wei Ying *cried* .

Lan Wang Ji knelt and embraced Wei Ying with his other arm, shielding the latter from the cold with his wide sleeve, and at the same time enveloping both of them in a cocoon of relief and warmth. As the younger man heaved and shook with ugly bawling and hiccupy sobs, Wang Ji soothed Wei Ying by rubbing circles and patted on the back, softly whispering “Don’t cry, don’t cry.”

When Wei Ying finally calmed down enough, Wang Ji said, “Promise me that you’ll never do things behind my back.”

Wei Ying nodded fervently, not letting go of their locked fingers. He looked like a mess - puffy red eyes and swollen eyebags, a face covered with tears and snot, his long bangs blew wildly in all directions along with the dishevelled ungroomed hair, and his rumpled clothes were smudged on the knees where he had knelt on the ground for too long.

“Promise me that you’ll be truthful, and there will be no secrets between us.”

Again, Wei Ying nodded.

“Promise me that you’ll never say to the Heavens that they can freely take your life away,” Wang Ji exhaled loudly as though in defiance, and his gaze hardened visibly, “because you’re worth *so much more* than that.” The older man leaned closer, until Wei Ying could feel hot breath caressing his flushed cheeks.

“Don’t forget, Wei Wuxian, that you belong to me,” Wang Ji growled, golden-specked eyes stared straight into brown ones, glimmering brightly with intent and determination.

Wei Ying shivered at the last word, felt his earlobes turning pink and his heartbeat thundered instantly. He wanted to scream his answer, surrender to his lover’s gentle demands, to be enslaved to Wang Ji’s whims in exchange for the hard-earned forgiveness and a brighter, more fulfilling future for their blossoming love.

However, yielding like that would be too little, too easy.

Wei Ying edged closer to his lover. “Then.. Lan *Er Gongzi* , make a promise that you belong to me too, and that you’ll stay by my side,” Wei Ying whispered back, heavy lidded eyes closing, knuckles relaxing, first coils of desire and want rising from within, as he embraced back the older man - and finally, finally captured Wang Ji’s lips in a hungry, greedy kiss to seal their vow.

“Mn. Forever.”

Notes for the Chapter:

A page of hurt/comfort drama in draft turned out to be a monster of a chapter to write *auugh!*. I just needed to get this out of my system, so that the story can move along and I can fill it with more porny scenes soon.

I've added more plot devices so that the story can hopefully evolve and grow more naturally than just two men fucking all day in their cave :-p

I wanted to give Wei Wuxian a birthday fic, and have considered writing more porn (which I'm feeling kinda meh now), or give him something material like expensive glittery stuff or some kind of power-up (which feels a bit cheap, I guess)... so I've settled on this: a vow by Lan Wang Ji to stay by your side as your soulmate :-D

Wishing Wei Wuxian an early Happy Birthday!
May you and Lan Wang Ji find lots of happiness and love together!

More chapters are in the works. Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s. I made a small correction, for consistency of plot with the other fics of the same universe "It was a dark and stormy night" and "It is a clear and sunny day". My apologies!

Chapter 6

One of Wang Ji's favourite pastimes is to spend some quality time with his new pets - a growing family of wild white and dark grey rabbits that Wei Wuxian caught after the fluffy denizens raided their vegetable patch. The price of two lost juicy carrots was well-compensated, at least for the owner of the patch, who fell in love with those undeniably cute creatures at first sight, and surely, at the first touch.

He loves to feed them with surplus fresh herbs foraged from the forests, leafy greens from their garden, a few carefully-selected fruit slices, and unsurprisingly, chopped carrot tops too - because all harvested carrots are entirely destined for either their cooking pot, or to Old Merchant Zhu's market stall.

He also loves to keep them clean by cuddling each animal to keep them calm, use a moist ragcloth dipped into Qishan's thermal springwaters, and rub dirt away from their plump rumps to flicking ears. As the rabbits were housed together with a flock of domesticated jungle fowls in a simple coop and its enclosure of loose gravel and grass, it is not uncommon to find feathers or bits of soil stuck to their fur. Wang Ji has the privileged pleasure of grooming the squirming warm masses with fingertips, occasionally getting a friendly warning nibble when he secretly lets his fingers roam and dig deep to caress the soft flesh underneath luxurious woolly coats.

When no one is looking (there never was), Wang Ji would act out his innermost fantasies of utmost perverseness allowed by his Gusu Lan-bound discipline. He would hold up a struggling rabbit, and at the most opportune moment, he would steal a lick to its nose, and deftly avoid lightning-quick swipes of angry paws. When the rabbit becomes tired, he would nuzzle and

rub his face into the squealing animal's belly, and enjoy a few minutes of a face full of warm rabbit fur.

He is usually too absorbed with the rabbits as he sits cross-legged by their outdoor pool with piles of those animals around him, that he forgets his worries for the day, and becomes unaware of his surroundings - such as of a figure hidden in the shadows of trees, silently watching him from a distance with great interest.

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“Lan Wang Ji, please lewd the bunnies!”

The dry ragcloth that brushed against warm, moist fur, stills.

Wang Ji spins around with wide-open eyes at the person who started this blasphemous conversation, and his facial expression speaks of unrestrained incredulity, horror, shock (and a slightly gaping mouth) - all rolled into one.

Suddenly, there is a bright explosion and a loud “Poof!”, and Wang Ji squeezes his eyes shut from the blinding light. The still-wet rabbit in his arms scampers away, terrified, and the ragcloth drops to the grass.

When he opens his eyes and smells acrid smoke, he is bewildered by the sight that greets him; Wei Wuxian, face blackened from soot except for a wide toothy grin and a piece of handkerchief-sized cloth in his hand covered with bits of smouldering paper ash.

The younger man shakes the ash off from the cloth, and he proudly reveals his handiwork - there is a slightly blurred and ash-smeared, but clearly identifiable monochrome image of His Eminence, Han Guang Jun, holding a rabbit in his arms against a backdrop of forests and thick grass by the pool - and to the older man's unspoken dismay, the dumbstruck stare paired with a gaping mouth on the not-so-handsome-anymore face, is etched into the cloth as well.

Wei Wuxian hands the cloth to Wang Ji with glee, and the latter grabs it in a heartbeat. He examines it with great interest and scrutiny, marvelling at how his portrait was captured so accurately (though fuzzy around the edges), touching what looks like dried burnt ink on the surface, and periodically sniffing the material (he wrinkles his nose at the scent of scorched pinewood). The details are astoundingly fine - including his facial features, the folds of his robes, the furry outline of the rabbit, the numerous blades of grass in the foreground, the way sunlight gleamed and reflected from the pool at the side, even each tree trunk could be counted, and he does not miss the mountains and clouds at the back. Such an impossibly detailed masterpiece could never be created by the mere hands of man, not even the most gifted artists in the Middle Kingdom of their era.

He couldn't fathom how the picture could be drawn or printed on the cloth, so he tilted his chin upwards, curious, wordless and in askance of the manner of such sorcery.



Wei Wuxian had already rubbed off most of the powdery soot from his face with his sleeves, and smudged his clothes in the process (Wang Ji tells himself that he should remember to wash them soon when he does the laundry that night, because he doesn't like to see black spots dirtying the pristine-white robes that used to belong to him). Then, Wei Wuxian reaches into a pocket in his garments, and Wang Ji stares unmovingly, eager to learn the secrets of the mind-blowing act.

“Amazing, isn't it?” Wei Wuxian remarks, amusement twinkling in his eyes. “Haha! Watch, observe and learn from the undisputable prodigy known as His Royal Greatness Yiling Patriarch!” he shouts with annoying pride, “who cleverly breaks the deepest taboos in the realm of cultivators, and redefines how magic can and should be used!” He pulls out three pieces of paper of different colours - red, yellow and black.

Curiosity gets the better of him, so Lan Wang Ji quickly rises from his seat and leans closer to study them. Wei Wuxian enjoys the attention from the older man, and he reciprocates to close the distance until their foreheads nearly touched.

“See, the red one is a modified Eye Talisman,” the younger man explains when he holds up the first piece. Wang Ji nods; there are plenty of such talismans glued to the walls of their cave-home and on the surface of nearby structures such as the chicken coop and fruit tree trunks. These talismans, made by Wei Wuxian and which bear the mystic writing of “eyes” above a hand-drawn diagram of a stylized eyeball, serve as all-seeing monitors around their estate to detect intruders or provide visual live feed to the caster. He notes that the sketch of the eyeball on the talisman in Wei Wuxian's hand looks different - it was a crudely-drawn cat's eye, and not a human's.

As if he read Wang Ji's thoughts, Wei Wuxian adds smugly, "Yes, this one sees the finest details regardless of distance, and works well even in the dark. It can focus and hold onto an image, and reflect it outwards as light, which brings me to the second one--" and flips up the second piece.

"... Fire Talisman?" Wang Ji murmurs, questioningly.

Wei Wuxian lightly shakes the yellow-coloured paper. "Correct. I took some from the kitchen since they're not used anyway when we've got enough firewood for the stove," he said and grins sheepishly. "I know I've made a little too many of these last year, so they're a bit aged and dog-eared by now... but the reduced power is exactly what I needed!" he exclaims.

Wang Ji gives Wei Wuxian a dubious look, then down to the latter's smudged sleeves. Wei Wuxian tries to hide his hand and sleeve behind his back from prying eyes, and his grin grows awkwardly wider.

"Ah.. I still need to lessen the fire's intensity, so that it doesn't blow up... like what you saw just now."

Wei Wuxian clears his throat. He pulls out the last piece of paper. It isn't a talisman, rather, it's just plain paper coated with a thin layer of black, sticky substance-- "That's actually the usual lampblack with a special glue added to it. I ordered the customized glue from Liao's Store, and it contains some gunpowder," he points at the shiny, glazed surface of the flapping paper. Wang Ji smells a strange mix of fragrant pine resin and the unmistakable chemical pungentness. He mulls over the three pieces of paper, as tendrils of ideas start to connect with one another.

Suddenly, Wei Wuxian plucks the cloth from Wang Ji's hands and takes a couple of strides back. "Stop thinking too much, and let me show you how this amazing invention works!" he shouts with glee, and throws the talismans and cloth into the air. Wang Ji's heart nearly panicked at the loss of his (first ever) portrait; despite the ugly mugshot, he still treasures whatever Wei Wuxian gifts to him with his own hands.

The younger man quickly chants something mystical under his breath, and points two fingers at the fluttering pieces. Wang Ji realizes that an altered version of Binding Spell has been cast, and watches fascinatedly at a bright blue thread drawn out from Wei Wuxian's fingers, and penetrates through the centers all four pieces of paper and cloth. They float in mid-air, stitched and held tightly by the spell.

Wei Wuxian makes loud whooping sounds as he spins on his heel, and the talismans swivel around him as wildly as the caster's movements.. He curls his fingers into a fist, and they move closer his face; he relaxes his grip, and they move further away. To Lan Wang Ji, it seems that the younger man has mastered the finer controls of the spell.

"You know, Lan Zhan, I could never understand why cultivators around the Middle Kingdom stick to using one talisman at a time," he nods upwards haughtily, and gestures towards the hovering arranged pieces - first, the Eye Talisman, followed by the Fire Talisman, then the black piece of paper and finally, the reverse side of the cloth that held his (precious) picture. "Was there ever such a Magical Law enacted by the gods, or are we all just at the whims and fancies of stubborn sages who spend all day drawing up useless rules on the Council's desk?" he asks with a mocking tone.

Lan Wang Ji is speechless. To think of *breaking* a sacred rule of the Grand Cultivation Council - was impossible even for the venerable Han Guang Jun, and yet Wei Wuxian is doing just *that* , right in front of his eyes. (note: his final act of kissing his lover in front of the Council on the day he resigned as the Chief, was in essence, not a taboo although it did cause an uproar among the bearded wrinkled old men - because same-sex couples do exist in the cultivation world).

“We used to spend hours making kite-trains for archery practice in Yunmeng, so this is really child’s play for me,” Wei Wuxian continues, and he wiggles his fingers, causing the talismans to follow suit. “It’s amazing that I’m the first person on earth to have thought of this - to use multiple talismans *simultaneously* !” he laughs heartily.

“And... when everything is in place,” he opens his palm and the arranged pieces rise higher. Each piece strains against the thread that binds them, and the cat’s eye in the Eye Talisman *twitched* as if to focus its other-worldly gaze on Wei Wuxian’s face, “I just need to say the magic phrase...”

Wei Wuxian turns midway, so that his back faces Wang Ji and the Eye Talisman *stares* at both of them.

Lan Wang Ji holds his breath, tormented by the long-awaited reveal of a grand miracle.

“I, Wei Wuxian, hereby...

... LEWD THE BUNNIES !!!”

The older man chokes and coughs, Wei Wuxian snaps his fingers while laughing jovially, and the bright blue energy thread breaks. The Eye Talisman flashes and disintegrates into a pinpoint of focused light, and immediately activates the Fire Talisman, which in turn, explodes (with a “Poof!”) and literally *dissolves* the lampblack-soaked paper behind it into a terrifyingly-expanding fiery blazing ball that threatened to swallow both men. Wang Ji had to squint his eyes as his world was illuminated, for a very brief moment, with brilliant golden incandescence as bright as Wei Wuxian’s mischievous smile.

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Lan Wang Ji clutched the cloth with trembling fingers. Here was the most beautiful picture he had ever seen and silently, he swore to all 108 known local gods that he would cherish this masterpiece for a lifetime. A joyful image of his cute laughing Wei Ying was printed on the cloth. The picture was taken at a high angle such that his lover’s handsome youthful face, framed by lush long hair, occupied nearly the entire piece of fabric, his sparkling eyes crinkled with happiness, with a perfectly-formed nose, his luscious lips barely masking a row of shiny flawless teeth, and that small but very clear mole just underneath those same lips (he nearly wanted to kiss the cloth on that spot).

There was a small and goofy-looking flabbergasted face at the back of Wei Ying at the top corner of the cloth, which he tried to ignore - and of course, that annoyingly ugly mugshot on the reverse side of the cloth; these disgraceful and tasteless aspects of the ‘masterpiece’ will not be spoken of, for the rest of this story.

Wei Ying emerged from the thicket with a small basket containing two large napa cabbages. His sleeves were dirtier after he wiped off more soot off his face; he bore the brunt of the dazzling explosion which fortunately didn't burn anything or anyone, but left a whirlwind of smoke and ashes from the destroyed papers in its wake.

“Aren't I a genius? I can make more of such pictures, so you don't have to hold onto it if it's not that good—”

“No, I want to keep it,” Wang Ji interrupted, a little too abruptly and anxiously. He quickly pocketed the cloth into his inner garment, determined not to let go of his latest Wei Ying-branded treasure (among his growing collection of many others).

Wei Ying laughed cheerfully before settling down with the heavy basket to sit next to the older man. The sight and smell of freshly-harvested cabbages attracted the rabbits, and within minutes, they crowded around the couple. Wang Ji continued to clean and groom (and cuddle) the rabbits by the pool, while Wei Ying fed their constantly-nibbling mouths with bits of cabbage leaves. Both men relaxed under the shade of trees during the peaceful, clear and sunny afternoon.

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“Lan Zhan! Look at me! Look at me!”

Wang Ji was used to his lover's antics, and calmly released the last rabbit he had cleaned from his arms. The little puffball sprinted away as fast as it could on all four legs. It squealed when Wei Ying stepped a little too close, and with a mighty leap, it bound into the surrounding bushes and disappeared.

The older man sighed. He would have to find the rabbit while wading through the thick grasses around Burial Mounds, later.

“What is it...” and stilled when he finally looked up.

Two pieces of broad, long napa cabbage leaves, each skewered by a stick, were stuck loosely on Wei Ying's hair on both sides of his face and roughly above the ears. Wei Ying posed with two loosely clenched fists like paws, one raised higher than the other, and he blinked several times adorably.

“Do I look like a rabbit?” the younger man chuckled. Dressed in his white clothes, yes, he did look like one, Wang Ji told himself.

Lan Wang Ji could not control his own inner squealing and broke into a very rare and delightful smile. “M-Mn..” he struggled to stop his lips from curving upwards further.

Wei Ying looked around as if to see if there was anyone around - of course there were none, except possibly the presence of scampering rabbits. Assured that no one was looking, he turned around and went down on all

fours. Amazingly - and this time Wang Ji *grinned* - there was a tuft of rabbit fur, rolled into an orange-sized ball, stuck on his clothes on his butt.

Wei Ying looked back to gauge the older man's reaction, and he was pleased.

"I collected them while you were busy grooming the bunnies, and coincidentally, there was enough to make this," he said with a sultry voice and swayed his hips in a very suggestive humping motion. Wang Ji stared transfixed at the improvised rabbit tail, mesmerized by its pure-white softness and the way it moved. He felt a stir in his groin, and for a moment he was unsure if it was due to Wei Ying or if it was due to the white ball of fluff dancing in his line of sight.

"Do... I look like a rabbit?" the younger man whispered huskily, tail and hips calling the older man to come closer, come closer, you know you want it, it cooed wordlessly.

"M...Mn..." Wang Ji swallowed hard and he crept towards his lover. He stumbled a little when Wei Ying pushed his robes to the side, raised his hips, and pulled down his pants in one swift move. Naughty Wei Ying did not put on any underwear that afternoon, and his exposed pale bare bottom soon rubbed the underside of Wang Ji's hardening arousal. Wang Ji did not hesitate to squeeze the inviting buttcheeks with both of his hands, spread them apart and dry-humped his clothed cock against the puckered glistening entrance. Wei Ying moaned with profound desire, excitement rising in tandem with the anticipation of the afternoon's first lovemaking.



“Lan Zhan, please lewd this bunny?”

Wang Ji's heartbeat thundered in his ears, rivulets of sweat rolled down from his forehead, his breathing picked up in intensity and speed, and he felt his blood boiling from liquid desire that rose from within his body. He did not waste time and hurriedly pulled down his own pants, kicking them off clumsily to the side.

Wei Ying growled lustfully when his lover placed his warm, broad hands over his, quivering, muscled thighs on both sides of his own, and felt his whole body embraced, captured, enveloped by Lan Wang Ji - the sounds of throaty grunts and heavy breathing, the sweet scent of a man intent on fucking him deeply into the ground, and the heated desire between them to mate endlessly into the sunset.

Wei Ying cried with pleasure when Wang Ji finally mounted him.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This can be read as a oneshot, independently of the main storyline. I'm still recovering from the Nanjing Concert finale, and torn between being having a sense of closure versus being heart-broken that all good things had to come to an end... \*sigh\*. So, until I get back to my feet, this series will probably slow down and won't be as racy as the preceding chapters. Thanks for your understanding and patience...!

I've been an absolute bjyx shipper and XZ fangirl in the past few months... so saying goodbye to Chen Qing Ling or The Untamed will forever be truly bittersweet moment in this lifetime. Thank you Xiao Zhan for bringing Wei Wuxian alive on screen! The story may have ended, but memories of our dear little Wei Ying and his real-life actor Xiao Zhan will forever be cherished !!!

As usual, please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 7

*Tap, tap-tap-tap, tap, tap...*

Lan Wang Ji flicks wooden beads nimbly up and down an abacus, and when he completes a particular sum, he writes out the total on a particular page. Feeling satisfied that the calculations are correct, he closes the book and sets it aside. Then, he pockets the few pieces of silver lying on the table top, and proceeds to pour a cup of *pu'er* tea from a steaming pot he had prepared earlier.

With utmost Gusu-style decorum, he first appreciates the fine quality of the brew by taking a deep breath of its rich woody aroma, before taking a delicate sip. He smiles imperceptibly; the well-aged tea has been steeped at the right temperature and time, and the earthy taste is perfect for washing down the small plate of crispy shrimp and lotus root fritters he had made as a snack.

Mild *cluck-cluck* sounds softly calls for his attention. He nods knowingly, and drops a few crumbs. The hens happily peck on the ground for the tasty morsels, and soon a few more birds join the growing flock surrounding their human owner.

As Wang ji takes his second sip of tea, he relishes the constant breeze that provides some respite from the unusually warm afternoon heat. He leans against the backrest of the bench built using deadwood from the 'Mounds, and enjoys the view of the courtyard under the shade of peach trees.

Wei Wuxian, dressed in a simple commoner's light blue tunic and a pair of dark trousers, hummed and danced gracefully by the side of the lotus pond. He wore a makeshift hat made of a single large lotus leaf and tied by a handwoven string, probably to shield himself from the sun - but as he twirled delicately on his heels and his hands made intricate, sweeping movements, Wang Ji thought the younger man with his face partially hidden in the shadows, looked beautiful, demure, and mysterious.

Then, Wei Ying looks up to bask in sunlight, spreads his arms, and begins to sing. His voice is as clear as day, sparkling, bright. When he reaches the high notes, he shifts to Peking opera-style falsetto. Wang Ji closes his eyes in concentration, fully absorbed in the powerful, luxuriant and rounded timbre, and the raw emotions described within each syllable. He feels his heart beat and eardrums vibrate in tune of a heart-rending, tragic story - it describes a young man who told no lies and did no wrong, but was nevertheless widely misunderstood and persecuted by the people around him, despite his promise to loved ones that he would always uphold justice with an undying, loyal heart.

As Wei Ying's melodic tale eventually comes to an end, Wang Ji opens his eyes and breathes in deeply to hold back a multitude of feelings that could not be described by mere words nor be categorically coloured in shades of black, white, even grey. He raises his cup to toast to this man's journey through life, death and resurrection, who now finds joy living with newfound freedom in a world that has largely forgotten his face, but not his name. Storytellers continue to spin wild tales of his past deeds, though Wang Ji knows a few truths that endure the passage of time - that this man continues to live a care-free life, often seen playing the flute, and accompanied with a cup of wine.

With sixteen years gone by in a blink of an eye... was everything just a dream?

He downs the third and final sip. The remnants of *pu'er* leaves, soaked for too long at the bottom of the ceramic vessel, leaves an unpleasantly bitter aftertaste.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

Wei Ying made a courteous bow at his one-man audience, and wiped sweat from his brow and the sides of his face; the little entertaining gig he'd just performed made him pant from the heat and exertion. He had composed the song on his own, and learnt the beautiful moves from watching dance troupes that routinely perform in Yiling's restaurants and teahouses. He enjoyed observing Wang Ji's enthralled reactions, and secretly, he hoped to do an encore in the near future with a few additional passages of flute music.

He noticed the food and beverage laid out on the table, and had an idea. He trotted back to their cave-home, and along the way, managed to mischievously snag an innocent hen off the ground. She shrieked in terror and flapped her wings in vain, while she was swung high into the air, accompanied with obnoxious laughter from her (much-maligned) owner and "Did you enjoy my song? You did? Of course you did! Then, please lay more eggs for me tomorrow morning!". The poor bird was fortunately, gently returned to safe grounds, after which she ran for her life towards her other (so much more beloved) owner.

(...and still, to this day, Wei Wuxian complains that animals tend to avoid him, while Lan Wang Ji has no problems to pick and play with any of them.)

The gratuitous spectacle was amusing, though Lan Wang Ji remained unfazed.

After a few minutes of searching the kitchen, Wei Ying emerged from their home with a small clay jar. As he neared the table, he saw that Wang Ji was busy tying his hair (again) although there were (always) a few errant strands that kept sticking out in odd directions and to his skin (which looked ticklish and uncomfortable, even to a passer-by). It was indeed a hot afternoon, and the older man had spent the better part of the day with cooking, household chores and back-breaking farm work, so he was fairly covered in sweat and grime.

Wang Ji automatically moved a little to the side of the garden bench when he heard Wei Ying's crunching footsteps. The hens that had crowded around Wang Ji's legs made frightened warning calls and fled instantly. Wei Ying sighed at the loss of company as he sat next to his partner. "Lan Zhan, how's the tea?" Wei Ying casually asked and placed the clay jar next to the plate of snacks.

Lan Wang Ji nodded with a calm "Mn", which caused a few more locks to slide away from the ring of white ribbon in his hands. The older man groaned in faint frustration, and Wei Ying nonchalantly reached out to help. He was pleased when Wang Ji relaxed and allowed him to take the ribbon without any form of protest or feelings of embarrassment. He remembered how Wang Ji combs and ties his hair every morning, so he had no difficulty to reciprocate the simple act of keeping his lover well-groomed.

“Liang laoban said his pu’er tea leaves are sourced from the Yunnan hills to the south, and are of the highest quality that five silver pieces can buy, weight for weight, when compared to all other types of tea,” he said and then chuckled, “I think he’s just bragging and trying to make a sale, but I got a better deal off him.”

He nudged the jar towards Wang Ji, and continued tying the latter’s hair. It was quite a monumental task to bunch together heavy, waist-length locks of hair into a ponytail.

The older man stared at the innocuous-looking container for a while, before carefully lifted its lid. He saw a clump of inedible-looking brownish red paste inside, and with an unnoticeable look of disdain on his face, he started to close the jar.

“Ahh.. Lan Zhan! Not so fast! This is plum sauce from Liang laoban’s teahouse. He offered it when I said that his tea wasn’t as good as his rival’s. Apparently, I was the ‘lucky customer for the day’, and with the purchase of a pack of pu’er, I could get a jar of sauce at half its cost for a rock-bottom price of just three silver pieces,” Wei Ying explained, excitement evident in his voice. Of course, he also intentionally omitted the fact that for three silver pieces, the amount of plum sauce that one could buy should, by all reasonable accounts, fill more than a clay jar. Liang laoban was a shrewd businessman, so he couldn’t pass up an opportunity to play at his game too.

“Wei Ying, the tea leaves used at Liang and Hu’s teahouses are sourced from the same merchant,” Wang Ji simply stated and raised an eyebrow. The container of the now-identified sauce looked more assuring than before, so he left it open although he still eyed it suspiciously.

The younger man snickered. “Exactly! So I told Liang laoban that if he continued to offer inferior free products just to draw in sales, he will eventually lose his customers and wind up his business within the next few seasons.”

Wang Ji sighed tiredly with a soundless, “You have the gall to call the laoban’s products ‘inferior’. How bold and shameless can you be.” (it was a statement, not a question).

Wei Ying lightly pulled a final loop of white ribbon and put the finishing touches on his partner’s hair. The longest locks from above Wang Ji’s temples were woven into twin loose braids to hold up nearly the entire length of hair, and where they intersect, Wei Ying placed a bow-tie ponytail to keep them together. It looked refreshingly neat.

“Lan Zhan, you don’t have to worry, I just wanted to provoke him into taking... err, positive action..., and turn his misfortune to work in both our favours, that’s all.”

Wang Ji snorted, with an unspoken, “At his expense, of course. How outrageous.”

“You know me too well, Lan Zhan,” Wei Ying quipped at their mostly one-sided conversation with a short laugh, and waved a hand dismissively, seemingly able to read his partner’s mind. He smoothed down the older man’s lush hair, and admired his latest creative design - especially the cute and extra-large ribbon bow.

Then, Wei Wuxian lightly tugs at the hem of his partner's light brown shirt, wordlessly signalling the older man to "lift it up". Wang Ji obliged and rolled up the back of his garment.

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Lan Wang Ji enjoys being in the limelight of Wei Ying's eyes. The younger man had fished out a bottle of oil from a pocket, and started to apply liberally on the old scars on his back. He catches a whiff of therapeutic herbs blended with floral perfumes, and relaxes into Wei Ying's soothing touch.

"So, I took the jar of sauce and said to him, 'Look at this, your sauce is so plain and flavourless, how can you even think of giving this to your patrons?'" , Wei Ying remarks and he even raises his voice to mimic the expression of an upset customer. Next, he switches to the low gruffy voice of Liang *laoban* .

"Oh, Young Master, what should I do? My tea is never as good as that bastard Hu's, and now my latest product offering is bound to fail too!

Rest assured, Liang *laoban* , because I know what your plum sauce lacks. I have a secret recipe handed down from generations that can make the sauce extremely tasty that I can guarantee you will have many return customers! Let me help you, in recognition of our long-lasting friendship and the many visits I've made to your humble establishment!

Thank the gods, Young Master, I am eternally grateful and owe you for saving this failing business! Pray tell, what will you do with my plum sauce, and what can I give to you in exchange for your kind deed?

Ah, Liang *laoban* , you flatter me too much! I cannot divulge my family's secret but I can tell you at least this: something spicy, something tart, and something very flavourful can be added - and these ingredients can be found in most kitchens, although surely, you must understand that the exact amounts of each, and the techniques used, must remain forever with me. Let me use your kitchen and I will let you sample the results of my efforts within the hour!"

While Wei Ying skillfully and humorously alternates between the hoarse voice of Liang *laoban* and a shrilly version of *Wei Wuxian* in a monologue not unlike a classical crosstalk performance, Lan Wang Ji entertains himself with images of the young man gesticulating wildly behind him. He does not mind Wei Ying's overdramatic theatrics, since the latter was doing *wonderful* things on his back.

As Wei Ying continues to narrate his fantastical story and unabashedly reveals how he improved the sauce *ala* Yunmeng-style, he draws circles, verticals, horizontals, diagonals, and squiggly lines, writes the names of the ingredients on his back (nnggh, scratching harder over there, yes over there), even prods, pokes and lightly digs into the skin to emphasize his conversation with the *laoban* (yes, yes, a little more to the left, please). The healing oil rub soothes muscle aches from labour-intensive farm work, and alleviates pain and swelling from insect bites because he was often shirtless when temperatures rise in the late morning. Broad sweeping movements of fingernails up and down the expanse of his well-muscled back elicit soft,

satisfied nnnhs from the older man, as the day's discomforts and itches are grazed away, tenderly and lovingly.

At some point, Wei Ying's fingers trace along reddened welts on his shoulder blades; five tight lines on each side. They prickled and Wang Ji is reminded of how bold and dominating his lover can be, after downing just two jars of Laozu's Smile over dinner. He couldn't remember much in the aftermath, though he was convinced that he was probably coerced - no, *forced* - to stay *inside* Wei Ying for hours without any breaks in-between, as evidenced by the lingering feeling of being pleasantly emptied upon waking up, and a throbbing, numb waist.

The alcohol did wonders to Wei Ying's aggressiveness and libido, and apparently, loosened his inhibitions even as their lovemaking spiralled uncontrollably downwards into extremely taboo and depraved acts.

At least that was what Lan Wang Ji thought.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

- The night before -

Shortly before nine o' clock, Lan Wang Ji huffed and groaned when he dutifully pumped at a calm, steady pace into his lover's pillow-padded ass, missionary style. Wei Ying giggled drunkenly as he was drilled into the mattress by the pistoning shaft, then lifted up and fucked deeply again. He happily wrapped his legs around Wang Ji's hips and grinned widely, "I

caught you! I caught you, you naughty boy!” It seemed harmless at first, like lovers playfully rolling and tumbling on the bed after an exciting foreplay of mutual masturbations and sexy blowjobs.

Wang Ji thought Wei Ying’s thighs and calves were especially strong in holding his hips, despite the latter’s shorter, leaner stature, as it became increasingly difficult to pull out after each vigorous thrust. He closed his eyes, jaws slacked, back arched, as pleasure mounted and he felt the first tendrils of an incoming climax. It *burned* a trail from tightening ballsacks and grew into delicious contractions that danced along his melting, pulsating arousal. He moaned involuntarily as he was squeezed and milked rhythmically by fleshy folds of tight ass-muscles, which sent electric blazing through every nerve ending along his spine and spread gloriously throughout his groin.

Wei Ying seemed to sense this pivotal moment, and gracefully lifted his lower body so that the next, final plunge reached into the deepest recesses of his youthful body. Lan Wang Ji was *held immobile* on all fours on top of his lover, as he erupted into a powerful rippling orgasm inside his lovely Wei Ying.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

*Onetwothree.*

*Four.*

*Is it good?... Five. Surely, it must be good.*

*Filling me up just like that, does it feel like you've died and reached the heavens?... Six.*

*Lovely, lovely little boy, drowning in your own pleasure... Seven. My, my you're still going strong.*

*Do you know how defenceless you look right now? Exposing your naked self to the moonlight, your pale throat looks so vulnerable, and your shuddering body is ripe for the taking ... Eight.*

*Mine, mine, mine. Your body, your soul, your essence... Nine. Can you still give me more, even as I drain every single last drop?*

*You cannot escape. You're mine.*

*Ten.*

*The number of times you release your seed, is the same number of marks I shall claw on your heated skin and scar your back. From this point onward, memories will forsake you.*

*These ten marks bear witness to our intimate love. Remember that, if nothing else.*

~~~@#@~~~@#@~~~

Lan Wang Ji took a full minute to regain his composure. Their bedroom was silent, tranquil, save for the sounds of two men trying to catch their breaths. He felt a twinge of pain on his sore back; Wei Ying clawed well with his fingernails, and he tried to raise his body to arch his back in an attempt to straighten the cricks from spine to rear, and also to lessen the discomfort radiating from ten rising welts.

He froze in surprise - he couldn't move, couldn't pull out; Wei Ying continued to hold him in a death grip with his legs. The skin where their bodies joined felt sticky and sweaty; the air was still, warmed by their exertion, and began to feel suffocating. He struggled against what seemed like mountains pressing down on his limbs.

By the time he realized he was locked in an inescapable warm, wet sexual prison, it was too late.

His eyes widened when he noticed yellow paper talismans clung on his hands and legs. Rustling sounds told him that a few more fluttered and landed on the small of his back, and he was immediately paralyzed by their massive weight.

Stunned, he could only turn his head helplessly to face Wei Ying, and was greeted by a sight he hadn't seen in more than sixteen years - the unmistakable vengeful sneer of Yiling Patriarch on the night he emerged from his birthplace, high above rooftops and the unforgettable inhuman crimson glow behind his eyes.

Lan Wang Ji's blood ran cold.

Yiling Patriarch Wei Wuxian grins cruelly, and *whistled*.

~~~@~@~@~~~@~@~@~~~

*Good boy, such a good boy, you didn't even scream as my little creations emerged from the shadows of the night. Were you scared speechless? Has terror muted your cries for help?*

*The first whistling note, clear and ear-splitting, opens otherworldly doors for evil, vicious spirits to come forth.*

*Do you feel fear or disgust at the thick stench of their bloodlust, when the cold, slimy tentacle-like wisps crawl and slide all over your defenseless, quivering body? They pause at all your unguarded meridians, relentlessly attacking and leaving behind multiple bite-marks on your vital areas, where copious amounts of sexual poisons are injected into your bloodstream, thus flaring your lust, and control your haze-pleasured consciousness.*

*Your will weakens, and you surrender to my sadistic desires. You growl like a beast driven mad by the need breed and unload your potent seeds deep inside me.*

*The second note, shrilly and screeching, summons those who remained in the afterlife with lingering twisted, perverse intentions. They materialize from thin air, whisper seductive, vulgar words into your ears until your face flushes with unimaginable perverse scenes playing inside your mind. Do you fantasize of a young, sixteen year old Wei Ying spread-eagled beneath you, desperately and obscenely begging to be fucked harder and deeper, even as your adult self brutally screw into that nubile and immature body? Do you fall for his nonsensical rambles of being raped and impregnated repeatedly, despite your reputation as the infallible Han Guang Jun, until young, fertile Wei Ying truly grows a belly and gives birth to many babies, twins and triplets too?*

*As you try to purge such filthy thoughts from your head, are you afraid, or are you secretly delighted, when those blood-red spirits greedily seek, prod, stretch, penetrate, and violate every orifice they could find on your body, and imbue them with the aphrodisiac-laced fumes and nectar, further blurring your fantasies with the physical pleasures that your body experiences?*

*The third and final note, sharp and piercing, is a cry that mirrors my forbidden desires for you, moulded into the form of those repulsive-looking spectres who now surround and encircle your trembling figure.*

*Oh how your arms shiver and your exhausted thighs quake above me, and look at how your entire body seize with each bodily rapture, even as you are trapped by my talismans while my creations explore and find your deepest*



*pleasure spots; invisible fingers caress, squeeze and vibrate the little gland inside you; a hundred tongues lick along the pulsating tube and its surrounding muscles within your sweet, sweet erection, coaxing and pushing bubbles of tasty seed out like a never-ending flow of ejaculations; ghostly lips kiss and suckle heatedly from plump balls, then along the rock-hard length and upwards to the cockhead, gently yet constantly assault the sensitive oozing slit at the tip; your thick liquid fire spurt sporadically when you become too excited and you cry out in agonizing ecstasy with each peak; as you become overstimulated and begged for a moment's reprieve, phantom hands grip your convulsing cock nestled comfortably inside my clenching passageway, stroke firmly at a merciless pace, until you shoot again, repeatedly, inundating and feeding the growing pool of your life force inside me.*

*Your wordless, tortured pleas tell me that you are fatigued, shrivelling up, wrung dry to the bone, and close to succumbing to a lust-filled demise. I easily flip our connected bodies over with the help of my tentacle-like wisps, and soon, I eagerly ride you to your next climax no matter how much resistance you put up, no matter how many "There's nothing left, there's nothing left" you soundlessly try to convey with your weak struggles.*

*I am angered. You cannot lie to me.*

*The number of undead spirits in the room multiplies exponentially, and they roar in unison; a blood-curdling warcry to destroy those who I choose, and I point my forefinger at the helpless dying man straddled between my thighs.*

*They rush at once in a hurricane of screeching wind, invade your body, permeate your insides, and molest every nerve and muscle fibre until*

*everything tingles, swells and burns. Wraith-like ghosts clamber to your groin, dissipate through the skin and congeal into a living, viscous mass that swirl around the emptied testicles, force-filling them with until both fragile sacs fill to the brim. Then, invisible fingertips playfully squeeze and dribble the twin juicy ripe fruits, and your body quivers uncontrollably as they eject in extremely pleasurable-painful pulses through the tubes that lead towards a bulging, abused prostate lapped by many phantom tongues. Your mind fades each time those tongues glide with hot friction along your cock, propelling you closer towards the edge and your frayed nerves are set on fire once again. You cum inside me, yet you still feel full, and like an insatiable savage beast, you try to ejaculate a few more times with increasingly diminishing intensity, in a fruitless attempt to rid yourself of this endless curse.*

*I am merciless. I command a thousand wet lips and tentacle-like tongues to rain upon your nether regions, leaving you in a shaking, squirting mess.*

*Do you not know? That my wrath is sweet and addictive.*

*Open your eyes. Look at me.*

*Do you see this? I hold your precious golden core in my palms, after I effortlessly reached through and into your chest with incorporeal fingers and pull out the throbbing sphere of energy. You watch with riveted gaze and a mortified look on your face, as I whisper endearing but immensely cursed incantations at the pipa-sized orb held by my thumb and forefinger, thus shattering its final barrier and becomes no more than a sumptuous treat for me to freely devour.*

*My tongue slowly licks its glowing glassy surface, and I begin to indulge in its complex flavours by absorbing vapours of its essence through lips and nostrils. When I grow bored of playing with it, you stare helplessly as I let the orb slide and roll into my mouth - still connected to you through energy threads emitting from your heaving chest.*

*Every time I suck on your golden core erotically like a piece of honey-coated candy and draw out your life energy, I let my sexual poison-laced saliva infuse into it, colouring the dimming light with slivers of wispy black; your body becomes overwhelmed with unfamiliar sensations, and you lose your mind even further.*

*Your body shakes, your mouth slacks, your eyes roll backwards, your fingers grapple feebly at the bedsheets, and I can feel fluids shooting inside of me from where we are joined, soon overflowing with warmth, and leak out generously when I could physically hold no more. You eventually fall unconscious, but I continue to make sensuous love to your immobilized body, by roughly gyrating and undulating my hips around your confined arousal for many more hours, so that you continue to jerk your hips and quiver from head to toes, as multiple dry-orgasms build, crest and wash over you. Dreams of our carnal passions continue to haunt you even during your restless slumber.*

*By the final hour, you look no more than a pale corpse with very flushed skin on the cheeks and on the chest. The only signs of life left are the periodic, reflexive, orgasmic tremors that run along the length of your still-hard arousal, lovingly encased inside my flooded love cavern.*

*Good boy, such a good boy, never once did you scream throughout your ordeal.*

*As a reward, let me kiss you. When our lips lock as tightly as how our bodies entwined during the sacred mating ritual from midnight until the break of dawn, I release your golden core and all the life force that I had taken earlier, and you instinctively swallowed. It is purified after I took only the venomous toxins caused by exposure to the air in the Burial Mounds for too long. The darkness nourishes me, and my hunger is sated, for now.*

*This is my parting gift to you, before the first light of day.*

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Lan Wang Ji woke up shortly before five in the morning. He sat up on the bed, dazed, his mind amazingly clear and *qi* energy pleasantly refreshed, though he felt sore and twinges of mild pain all over his body, particularly on the back - yet he couldn't remember much of what happened after the first orgasm. He did feel emptied and lighter 'down there' - in a good way, and figured that Wei Ying must have done something *wonderful* to him during the latter's inebriated state.

Several images flashed across his foggy memory, but he couldn't piece together the full picture of the night's events. Some were suggestive, some were downright pornographic. He felt his morning wood rise against his will when more fuzzy, indecent pictures tumbled into his mind, uninvited. Wei Ying slept soundly on his side, and feeling rather lonely in bed, Wang Ji leisurely stroked himself to full mast to relieve the rising urge. The younger man was blissfully unaware and (un)fortunately missed a mouth-watering spectacle next to him, instead, nuzzled into a pile of sleep-warmed

pillows and slid his arms under them, and he looked absolutely like an angel swimming in a sea of messy blue bedsheets.

It was still dark outside and the roosters had not started crowing. Wang Ji unhurriedly snuggled back into the blankets, and proceeded to embrace Wei Ying's slender waist from the back to spoon him. He rubbed his swelling hard-on against the crack of Wei Ying's ass, and occasionally reached down to splay his fingers over springy butt cheeks to massage them. Wang Ji grunted in appreciation when Wei Ying lazily curled inwards into a semi-fetal position and allowed full access to the older man. With a satisfied moan, Wang Ji slid in fluidly to the hilt into the tight, slippery passage. Some leftover seed from the night before leaked out at the intrusion, which he gladly pushed back in with his engorged arousal, and soon he started humping into his lover with a relaxed tempo and murmured soft mmmhs.

Lan Wang Ji did not manage to complete his first round of morning sex after such a strenuous night. He fell asleep soon after, contented and snoring, his softly-twitching cock left soaking in a mix of seed and other lewd love juices deep inside his Wei Ying.

Notes for the Chapter:

It's Singles Day! Not much to celebrate, though I hope those who watched the Hunan TV event and all the other goodies going on had a good time. It's probably the last time I'll get any Untamed-related wangxian/bjyx content. So, to commemorate this final of finales... enjoy this chapter :-)

A week after Nanjing concert, and I'm well on my way to recovery from my Summer 2019 addiction. The Untamed came and blew me away, and I will cherish all the experiences and crazy love I have for the series and MDZS in general, especially anything related to Xiao Zhan and Wang Yibo. Thank you and Xie xie to those two superstars for making my world a brighter, happier place! *peace sign*.

Things should calm down a lot after this, since I'm no longer actively looking at MDZS or Untamed stuff. This chapter started as a plotless sub-arc on about plum sauce... but look where it ended up :-p There's still more to come, so... "To be continued"!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 8

“... and so, in the end, this jar of improved sauce was given to me for free - yes absolutely free - together with promises of royalties from future sales. Liang *laoban* agreed to a ten percent cut, as long as I visit his shop on the days of the new and full moons to make new batches of sauce. Talk about getting paid employment! Can you believ— Lan Zhan? Lan Zhan?”

The mind-numbing and sleep-inducing scratching on his back stopped.

Lan Wang Ji blinks and is jolted from his daydreaming. He valiantly tries to clear away immoral recollections from events earlier that day. He adjusts his sitting posture on the bench in a futile attempt to hide his rising arousal under layers of cloth.

“Ah... I talked too much again, didn’t I? Here,” and then, Wei Ying unexpectedly reaches over Wang Ji’s shoulders, picks up a small shrimp fritter from the plate and dips it into the jar. Wang Ji’s heart is not ready for what comes next.

(At this point, Lan Wang Ji’s inner-self reacted in horror, because Wei Ying had been careless and his fingertips actually *touched and scraped the surface* of the gel-like paste for a full second, only to emerge from the jar when he held the crumbly edge of the snack between oil and sauce-slicked fingers. The fritter suddenly looked convincingly lethal to him, being contaminated with herbal oils that touched his grimy back just seconds ago.)

Wei Ying easily slips the sauce-dipped fritter between Wang Ji’s slightly-parted lips.

(Oh god.)

Before the older man could spit out and protest about the ill-treatment of his appetite, his eyes widen in amazement; as the sauce mixes with half-chewed shrimp, tiny bursts of fragrant tart fruits including plum, zesty citrus and pineapple, engulf his tastebuds, balanced with the perfect levels

of saltiness from the sea and sweetness of brown sugar, packed with an extra punch from fresh chilli peppers. The taste of the snack is drastically enhanced and becomes a culinary delight for his bland Gusu-trained palate.

“Try it with the lotus root fritter.”

Lan Wang Ji obeys without a second thought, dips another piece of fried snack into the sauce, and pops it into his mouth. He nods earnestly, relishing in his awakened sense of taste as he chews a little louder than necessary.

“Ha ha! *Er gong zi*, look at how you’re enjoying your food. It’s so unlike you!” Wei Ying laughs from the back, in between licking (eww, contaminated) sauce off his own fingers. Lan Wang Ji ignores the younger man, and reaches for his third piece of snack. No one is watching, and he does not need to mind his manners in their world of two (really, in self-defence, he could justify this act by saying that Wei Ying’s crude way of thinking is rubbing off on him, after living as a couple for more than a year). He mentally makes a note to himself that he should increase the size of the snacks in the future - at least three bites’ worth each - otherwise an entire plate may be gobbled up within minutes.

He pours a cup of tea for himself and another for Wei Ying in between satisfied chewing and hard swallows.

His lover resumes the back-scratching session (Wang Ji no longer cares if there was any sauce involved), starting from a tension-releasing nape to shoulder massage, followed by ten fingernails raking marvellously downwards, repeatedly, with the right amount of abrasion, pressure and speed, followed by ten fingernails scratching in glorious circles thoroughly over his entire oil-glistened back, leaving no inch of skin untouched; sometimes Wei Ying intentionally slides to the sides to graze the skin along ticklish ribs, and occasionally, with a mischievous giggle, he leans forward to reach the front in a loose embrace, then playfully flicks moistened fingertips over the older man’s sensitive pinkish-brown nipples, in which the latter stiffens and rumbles out mildly-annoyed nnnnhs.

Lan Wang Ji remains unperturbed. With a tasty sauce-dipped fritter on one hand, a warm cup of *pu'er* tea on the other, and his mind becoming a ball of pleasurable fuzz with Wei Ying's wonderfully tender loving care on his back - he tilts his chin towards the afternoon sky and closes his eyes; another breeze blows against his face, gently taking away the hot, humid afternoon heat. He feels at peace with the universe, does not have a care in the world.

(The half-erect arousal is not forgotten.)

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By the third hour after midday, Lan Wang Ji knew he should be practising his daily cultivation routines to build and maintain his strength. The light would not be terribly bright to the extent of burning one's skin, and performing energetic graceful movements at that time yields maximum benefits to one's complexion and *qi* energy levels, similar to how Nature's greens flourish and thrive under such ideal daytime conditions.

His prescription for one's health and well-being is simple and practical - three half-hour sessions of cultivation per day, usually once in mid-morning, another in the afternoon, and the last round at dusk, preferably before dinner or if not possible, then shortly before bedtime (which results in better and higher quality of sleep, according to the highly-regarded medical books in Gusu's Library Pavilion).

However, in the past months, he had managed only up to two sessions a day; the evening bout was frequently replaced by the couple's nightly intense lovemaking that often leaves him exhausted though exceedingly satisfied (which wasn't too bad, considering that he rests very well after that, if Wei Ying's complaints about his snoring are to be believed). He is keen to keep his two remaining precious cultivation sessions - however, Wei Ying is an avid fan of disrupting his routines.

It usually starts with light, disarming banter, and the deal is sweetened by something that captures his attention.

Wei Ying had gotten up to grab a satchel by the lotus pond, while Wang Ji slumps on the bench in a post-coital, no, post-backscratch bliss (the after-effects are the same, nonetheless). Three sizable *gold* pieces roll onto the table, and sleepy Wang Ji opens one eye.

“A troupe of entertainers from Chang’an performed at Liang *laoban*’s teahouse during lunch, so the place was packed with a full-house. I couldn’t help but to use my awesome salesmanship from months of selling paper talismans and magical gadgets, and charm those housewives to part with their fat purses for bottles of my plum sauce!” he points at himself smugly.

Wang Ji’s eyes glint and he picks up a piece and bit into it. It is real. Each is worth ten silver pieces, and his mind races to do the simple math - that’s around two day’s worth of spending money on the table.

Wei Ying takes his seat at another bench opposite of Wang Ji. He faces the older man, props his chin on his hands, and grins. “Liang *laoban* was very pleased, even after giving my cut of today’s profits. He also let me take back some side dishes from his lunch menu - Liang’s famous fried chicken wings, fried tofu and spring rolls. So we only need to add some rice and vegetables, and have a sumptuous feast.”

“I’ll do the cooking, so dinner’s on me tonight, *lao gong*,” he says with a wink.

Lan Wang Ji smiles, a rare sight for a man who constantly maintains a neutral expression unless something good happens to his lover, himself, or his household (in this case, their dwindling finances and when he gets some time-off from gruelling housework).

“Oh, apparently one of the housewives told me that my plum sauce goes very well with *your favourite* tofu,” he murmurs as he scratches the side of his cheek.

Wang Ji’s smile broadens.

“Ah.. and the chicken wings too. Sweet-sour flavours paired with fried foods is a heavenly combination, as they say.”

“M..Mn.”

“The spring rolls too. In fact my plum sauce is the perfect condiment all of our meals.”

“Mmm..Mn.” A faint blush accompanies the older man’s smile, which starts to look a little forced.

“Tomorrow morning, I’ll help you to make more fritters. *Liang gu niang* said they’re selling like hot cakes at their teahouse especially during brunch. She ordered two hundred pieces. That’s fifty more than today. What do you think, Lan Zhan?”

“Ah... hnnn... Yes,” Wang Ji groaned. He was having difficulty controlling his breathing, and his cheeks are flushed. He rests his forehead on the tabletop.

“Oh, before I forget, there’s a small tear on my shirt near the armpit - can you fix it for me tonight?” Wei Ying nonchalantly lifts up a sleeve, ignoring the older man’s distressed looks.

Wang Ji nods weakly into the table surface. He yields, and pants hard.

“Hmm... *Er gege* , *Liang laoban* first offered to sell his plum sauce at half-price of three silver pieces each. And I ended up earning three gold pieces from selling an improved version of the sauce. So, how many bottles were sold today?”

Wang Ji tried to reach for his abacus with shaking fingers, but his hand fell down to his crotch, nearly knocking off the now-empty snack plate, and he moaned loudly.

“*Er gege* , you disappoint me. I thought your maths were better than mine. You should be punished.” The sly, mocking tone in Wei Ying’s voice is unmistakable.

“Nnngh!”

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Somewhere during their meandering conversation, Wei Ying's socked feet playfully slid between Wang Ji's legs. Heels rubbed erotically against ankles, and toes glided their way up clothed thighs to reach their prize. Eventually, Wang Ji found his hardening erection deliciously rubbed in many directions. He clutched the offending feet with both hands in a futile effort to peel the limbs away, but Wei Ying seemed to know how to caress and massage at the precise tempo, speed and pressure; Wang Ji melted into a puddle of moans and trembling muscles under Wei Ying's touch too fast, too soon. The younger man's clothed soles stroked the throbbing flesh firmly at a very enthusiastic pace, and his toes rubbed along the underside of the heated, engorged length repeatedly until a growing sticky, wet patch formed where the tip tents at Wang Ji's pants.

Wang Ji missed his afternoon cultivation session - again.

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During Wei Ying's home-cooked dinner:

“Lan Zhan, Liang *laoban* said that as founder of the recipe, I could give this plum sauce a special name.”

“Mn.” followed by loud chewing, because the fried Yiling tofu dipped in sauce is **Just. So. Good.** Those housewives weren't kidding with their claims about the deadly-delicious combination. He didn't even bother to tell Wei Ying to eat his meal silently - because in Wang Ji's mind, sauce-dipped tofu has been elevated above Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules.

“It's such a grand honour, to be able to name this precious *baobei* (treasure) ... what should I call it? Liang *laoban* said that his family name brings prosperity, and also, everyone in Yiling will be able to recognise and remember it.” Wei Ying twiddles his chopsticks in the air, before absent-mindedly biting into one of them.

“...” because Lan Wang Ji was busy stuffing his mouth with rice and another spring roll. Liang *laoban* 's tea may be ordinary, but the food is definitely *extraordinary* - with the sauce, of course.

“I want to add my name to it too. I shouldn’t use my family name, because it may attract unwanted attention from marauding Lanling Jin guards and those troublesome street brats. The second character of my name doesn’t have any useful meaning. So... maybe I should use... Xian?” Wei Ying asked himself with a smile, and rubbed his nose.

“Xian sounds good,” the older man replied briefly, as he gulped down a spoon of Wei Ying’s stir-fried mushroom and seasonal vegetables from their garden. It was actually quite tasty, especially when the spiciness was toned down.

“Liang... Xian. LiangXian? LiangXian’s Special Plum Sauce?”

The kitchen-cum-dining room fell silent.

“ **NO.** ” Lan Wang Ji stilled and glared at Wei Ying. A piece of spring roll skin hung from his lips.

Wei Ying froze and shrunk into his seat, his lips pursed and unspoken shock gleamed in his eyes as wide as saucers.

After two full minutes, Wang Ji wheezed out his breath (he had been holding it in, amazingly). He slowly picked up his chopsticks and plucked out a juicy fried chicken wing from a plate. Internally, he was beating up himself for displaying such an uncalled-for reaction, but he couldn’t find a plausible way to explain himself.

After all this time, he still had *not* told Wei Ying the name of their song. It was always “the song” or “our song”, but its name remained elusive to the person it was dedicated to.

“Ah.. m-maybe I should name it after myself only, right? S.. Since it’s my creation and all that...”

Wang Ji looked away and tried to busy himself with pulling out every last strand of meat from the chicken wing held daintily by the tips of chopsticks.

“... but you were my first *true* taste-tester and food critic, and I’m really grateful for your opinions. I wasn’t sure if those housewives bought the bottles just because of my selling skills or otherwise.”

“...”

“You look like you’re really enjoying my plum sauce. So I should devote part of this naming ceremony to you too. Which part of your name should I use? The Lan family name has good and noble connotations, and--”

“W.. wang” he whispered, almost fearfully, and stared hard at the half-eaten wing until he imagined that it could light up and disintegrate into ashes anytime.

“W.. what? Say that again?”

He cleared his throat, and looked straight into Wei Ying’s eyes. “Wang,” he repeated, clear and confident this time. He placed his chopsticks and the wing on his bowl.

Outside, the evening air was quiet and still. A rising moon against cloudless sky heralded the start of a long autumn night.

Lan Wang Ji worded the precious name, with as much passion and clarity as his lips and vocal chords could muster - two syllables etched into his deepest memories, that were sung and praised in his heart whenever he played it on the guqin or hummed its tune at night, but never mentioned in daylight even though his entire soul pleads for Wei Ying to hear, to recognise, to cherish the eternal love written in “their song”.

This time, it was Wei Ying who dropped his chopsticks. They clanged emptily on the kitchen floor. Wang Ji noticed something was amiss and quickly understood what had happened. He quickly rose from his seat and rushed to Wei Ying’s side. Immediately, he pulled both of them into a crushing and very warm embrace.

“A... Ah. My eyes, are they tearing up? I... don’t understand. I... the name... I think I remember now. Sixteen, no seventeen years ago, at the

Xuanwu Cave... did you...?” Wei Ying couldn’t form coherent words as his mind became momentarily confused, jumbled up with thoughts of the past and the present, and felt the heartbreaking pain of finally finding the last missing piece of his life. His mind struggled helplessly at torrents of long-lost memories unleashed at the recognition of the name and its significance. He couldn’t grasp it all at once.

“Lan Zhan, all this time, have you waited for me...?” Wei Ying broke down into sobs before he could finish his sentence. Wang Ji held the Wei Ying as tight as he could, with the same determination and strength as his timeless promise to protect the only man he loves in this lifetime.

“Mn. I always have, and I always will.”

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With sixteen years gone by in a blink of an eye... was everything just a dream?

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Not long after, Yunmeng Jiang's sect leader was seen holding a bottle of plum sauce that recently found its way to the shores of Lotus Pier, through merchants who frequent the trade routes between cities in the central parts of the Middle Kingdom. Servants gossip among each other, and some say that Jiang Wanyin had a very angry, seething look on his face and he gripped the bottle with such ferocity that even his knuckles turned white.

They couldn't understand what caused his dismay, as there was nothing particularly special about the sauce, other than that it had some familiar Yunmeng-style flavoured chilli in it, and on the bottle's label there was a cute picture of a black and white rabbit printed on top of its odd-sounding brand name.

Notes for the Chapter:

The Plum Sauce arc is done. I'm kinda surprised it ended this way, and I'm glad. Now we can get back to the regular scheduled programming!

It seems my love for bjyx will continue for a while longer, since there are more events lined up for these two superstars (especially Xiao Zhan who appears on my country's national newspapers quite often! yay!), and fans continue to create yummy and cute content for our consumption. Thank the heavens for a wonderful 2019 with Xiao Zhan, Wang Yibo, and everything Untamed and MDZS related... Amen!!!

As usual, please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 9

Notes for the Chapter:

Continued from Chapter 5, in case you're lost and wondering where we are on the GPS :-)

Thank you for letting me blow off some steam with the side-arcs.

And now we're back to our regular scheduled programming...

Lan Wang Ji pecked a kiss on Wei Wuxian's forehead. "Feeling better?" he rumbled lowly, soothingly, at the younger man lying with his back against his chest and between Wang Ji's bent legs. The ground was cold - a stark contrast compared to Wang Ji's protective cocoon of warmed breaths, fur-lined sleeves and thick winter robes. He smoothed Wei Ying's wildly-swaying hair to easily tie it into a neat ponytail. He adjusted the younger man's messy clothes; despite being mismatched by colour, at least he looked more presentable after all his buttons were properly knotted. The younger man eventually stopped hiccuping in tears, and eased himself to an upright sitting position.

Wei Ying nodded hesitantly, still rubbing his eyes and face. He took a couple of breaths to calm down.

Wang Ji sighed. So much had happened, but there was no time to dally. "Daylight grows shorter. We should make a move soon," he stated.

Wintry winds picked up in strength, signalling the arrival of a snowstorm. The first specks of ice began to appear, fluttering across the grey, gloomy and sparse landscape of their courtyard and empty vegetable patches.

Wei Ying hummed in agreement, quickly stood up with a renewed sense of purpose and straightened himself. He dusted off his clothes, and finally put on the correct pair of footwear. He even handed Wang Ji the older man's satchel of rice dumplings and a bamboo flask of water, thus conveying his intention that he would at least cheerfully see him off, while he planned to stay back because the trip to Yiling was too far and unbearable in the worsening climate.

"Stay warm and come back soon, okay?" Wei Ying murmured, eyes gazing downwards, as he brushed off unseen snowflakes off Wang Ji's shoulders and sleeves. His fingers lingered a little longer than intended on Wang Ji's, before he released their hands with a loud exhale. Wei Ying looked up with his bright, trademark grin and his eyes crinkled up until they became narrow slits.

Wang Ji felt a little shaken by the sudden change in the atmosphere between them, and felt he needed to explain himself. After all, he had just patched their shaky relationship with promises of being transparent to one another, and not to hide anything behind one's back.

"I- There's something important I need to pick up from the Huang outpost before they close for the rest of the year," he replied in a neutral, composed voice. He was cryptic and tight-lipped in his intentions, and unexpectedly Wei Ying did not probe further.

Wei Ying waved a hand dismissively with a few nods, "You're right, *Er Gong Zi* . We should stock up with a few more packs of herbal medicines for coughs and colds during winter. I might need a couple more jars of healing salves, when I start with the woodwork to expand our home. Also,

if you come across this month's edition of Cultivation Times, buy a copy so that we can work on our cultivation techniques while we're snowed in."

"Mn. The order I made a few months ago will arrive today. I will buy those too," Wang Ji replied cautiously, being rather surprised at the younger man's *polite* interest in all things within their home, "though there are no bookshops that sell that magazine. I could get some reading materials related to the hunting, farming, or cooking."

"Cooking ones sounds good. I might as well start upgrading the recipe for my plum sauce, before someone copies it and I lose my employment at Liang's!" Wei Ying laughed light-heartedly, hands on his hips.

Wang Ji opened his mouth to retort about how slim chances were for anyone within Yiling to copy a Yunmeng-style recipe, but he decided to let go of the conversation. He relaxed his shoulders and clasped his hands behind his back, with Bichen in his grip.

From a distance, a thunder roared. The weather was becoming bleaker by the minute.

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*Huang village is an isolated farming community located at the westernmost edge of the Burial Mounds and generally, the Qishan province. Beyond the village lies vast tracts of uninhabited wasteland, sand dunes, and volcanic mountain ranges that extends from Qishan to the fabled Far West.*

*Conditions are extremely harsh, and the area continues to be plagued by marauding wild beasts, resentful spirits from those who died trying to cross the land, and the occasional surviving fierce corpses from events that happened sixteen years ago.*

*The village also serves as a resting stop for the legendary Silk Road merchants and their highly sought-after goods, including rare herbs and spices, exotic perfumes and fragrances, precious stones, fine embroidery and textiles, and other treasures brought from the Far West. A few shops became outposts for these merchants - they receive orders from anyone willing to pay extraordinary sums for such wares, and with luck, the merchants would deliver their cargo on schedule for pick-up by hopefully satisfied customers.*

*Wei Ying hoped the special order Lan Wang Ji made wasn't another set of jewelled accessories as another "proclamation of their love" (would this be called an anniversary gift, he wondered). That expensive mistake from last autumn sat in their bedroom's closet in wooden box, never worn, and best forgotten. Wei Ying thought that the set of shiny hairpins, forehead jewelry, earrings, necklace, bracelets and anklets, despite bearing the signature of (suspicious-sounding) famous artisans, looked rather tacky in their colours and designs. They were too bright, too loud and simply too big for his tastes (the pipa-sized ruby earrings looked horrendous, as an example).*

*Wang Ji was at the edge of their estate when thunder struck again. He stood and stared ahead at the rolling clouds with uncertainty, fingers clutched at his thick winter robes as tightly as possible. He looked as if he was having second thoughts about a two-hour walk to Huang village; the snowstorm seemed to come in increasingly vicious wind-whipped blasts, and falling ice was starting to seep into the ground, turning the scenery into muddy white and browns.*

*Wei Ying shrugged and rose from his haunches at the sheltered entrance of their home. His booted feet were becoming numb from the cold ground, so he made little side-to-side hops. Out of habit and in need to fiddle with something useful, he pulled out two yellow paper talismans from his inner robe's pocket, and wrote mystic words on them with his index finger. Both immediately burst into a ball of flame each, and floated closely to their creator. They burned for a while, though the warmth that emanated was comparable to a kindled matchstick held against a blast of icy blizzard.*

*The younger man sent one of the balls of flame to Wang Ji's side. The effect was immediately obvious; although it did not warm the air significantly around the older man, however a clear bubble surrounded him; neither snow nor wind was able to pass through, and they bounced harmlessly at the invisible barrier. Fire Shield was cast.*

*Wei Ying's gaze inadvertently landed on his partner. The soft golden glow cast by the flames painted an intimate yet enchanting picture of his Han Guang Jun, and he couldn't help but to be mesmerized by the beauty and kindness reflecting in the eyes of his soulmate. He realized that he had been self-centered at times and yet, since his return to this world, Lan Wang Ji has always been by his side, as a caring and supporting lover, and they worked things out together whenever possible. It felt right and timely to reciprocate his feelings towards his lover despite sometimes discouraging circumstances. Wei Ying felt his heartbeat quicken, his love and desire for the other man grew with eventual intensity; so, he made a silent decision to man up and solve their problems even if it meant making some personal sacrifices.*

*The ivory-white broadsword in Lan Zhan's grasp seemed to hum and radiate just as the floating ball of flame bobbed right above Wei Ying's*

*head, and a proverbial lightbulb was lit. The younger man easily trudged through a growing layer of ice that seemed to melt upon contact with his shield; he literally mowed a path from their cave-home through a lawn of snow towards Wang Ji within seconds.*

*“Ahh... Lan Zhan! Why don't you use Bichen to get to the village? I'll tag along and help clear the way with my magic so that you don't have to face the snowstorm during flight. I'll also help to carry all the stuff, so that you can get around faster,” he suggested as he tugged at Wang Ji's sleeve. “Lao gong , let me be useful to you this time!” he added with a cheerful outburst, which left little puffs of white clouds that faded as fast as they blew away.*

*Again, those smiling, crinkled eyes, Wang Ji noted.*

*Bichen vibrated faintly, eager to be of service.*

*Lan Wang Ji turned to Wei Ying, with a gentle expression on his face that spoke volumes of gratitude, understanding, affection and tenderness - barely noticeable, yet as clear as day for the younger man.*

*The older man nodded and then stared thoughtfully at the sword in his grip for a moment. He bent down to carefully place it on the ground, but hesitated slightly when he released the hilt. Bichen fell with a heavy thud.*

*Wei Ying watched intently at a frowning Lan Wang Ji as the latter squeezed his eyes shut in concentration, and directed an open palm towards at the*

*blade, willing it to rise.*

*After several minutes, Bichen remained on the cold ground, motionless.*

*Wei Ying scratched his head with a confused look on his face. Was something broken? Could the built-up of negative energy in the 'Mounds be hindering Bichen's response? Does magicks such as the Fire Shield interfere with Bichen's ability? Is Lan Zhan alright? At times like this, oh why did the silly Wei Wuxian leave Suibian at Yunmeng Jiang's family home? Is there any other way for Lan Zhan to reach the village in such a short span of time? His thoughts escalated haphazardly with the prospect that his heroic plan to save the day was foiled by a stubborn blade that refused to lift off.*

*"I... I used up the energy from my golden core last night. It will take... some time... to recover," Wang Ji whispered slowly, spelling out his own dilemma, and his face hardened imperceptibly with anger and shame. His arms dropped to his sides, no longer calling for the sword.*

*Wei Ying blinked a few times, tried to connect the wildly passionate events from the night before to the scene before him. Bichen seemed crestfallen, and quietened down.*

*"Lan Zhan... I- I'm sorry!!" Wei Ying nearly wailed suddenly, his voice full of regret when he realized what had happened and the gravity of the situation. He grabbed one of Wang Ji's forearms and shook it desperately to convey his sincerest feelings. "I didn't know it would come to this! It's my fault, it's all my fault... I'm so sorry...". He shook his head and mumbled to*

*himself, “What should I do? The outpost will close after today, the snowstorm is already here, a two-hour walk at a time like this will be impossible...”*

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The mask over Wei Ying’s face disintegrates, revealing the true fear and anxieties that had gripped the young man’s heart since daybreak. Wei Wuxian is indeed a fragile, flawed man; one who is easily scarred by events from the past, overly sensitive to the pain and suffering of loved ones to the point of tormenting himself with self-blame and self-sacrifices; and yet he stubbornly continues to put on a brave front, alone, soldiering on even after others have praised, thanked, apologized or forgiven him - until there is no more path to walk on.

Words stuck to Wang Ji’s throat when understanding dawned on him. He knew that Wei Ying does not need comforting words. Promises are for tomorrow and the uncertain future; action has to be done, *now* , as proof that he lives up to his worth as Wei Ying’s *Han Guang Jun* .

In a flurry of furred robes, Wang Ji pushed away Wei Ying’s grip on his wrist, and *intertwined* his fingers with the latter’s.

“Get on Bichen,” he ordered, his face remained expressionless.

Wei Ying was caught surprised. “W- W- What?”

Wang Ji pulled Wei Ying onto the sturdy blade so that both of them stood along its length. Wei Ying's muddy boot smeared the shiny surface, but the older man remained unfazed.

“We... We’ve been... dual-cultivating... for more than a year. Your spiritual energy level should be strong enough to raise a sword, and...” Wang Ji struggled to explain his thoughts without embarrassing himself with such shameful descriptions, and had a hard time to verbalize each word, “... by now, there’s enough of *me* inside your young golden core.”

Wei Ying stared back in disbelief and wonder, and held his breath. The air around them was warm, though not necessarily from the fireshield. The mere mention of “dual cultivation” had coloured Wang Ji’s cheeks into multiple shades of red.

“Wei Ying, Bichen recognizes you as much as it recognizes me as the master.”

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*Wei Wuxian was at the verge of discovering a brand new world with cultivation and swords. He squeezed his eyes shut and concentrated on his budding golden core to call upon the fabled blade that is said to remain dustless for eternity.*

*The legend seemed to be true - Bichen hummed with living, sentient consciousness and glowed with spiritual energy. All forms of dirt and dust, including Wei Ying's muddy footprints, disintegrated from the luminous, pulsating steel.*

*Wei Wuxian had blushed terribly at Lan Wang Ji's sudden idea of using the sword to solve their problem. As Bichen started to rise into the air while carrying both men in a fireshield, Wei Wuxian's face too, coloured in as many shades of cute pinks and reds.*

*"Ah... Lan Zhan... m- maybe SuiBian would be a better choice for me, if it was here..." Wei Wuxian sheepishly said, trying to change the subject. They were at least as high as the barren treetops, the world beneath them started to look scary from their dizzying height, and soon, they started to inch forward - slowly and carefully, at first. In the world of cultivation blades, SuiBian could be described as an agile and light vehicle, while Bichen was notoriously as heavy and sturdy as a tank.*

*"Nnnh. My ride's bigger. Come on, let's get going," Wang Ji replied casually. He tightened his grip with Wei Ying and nudged the latter to focus ahead. He helped Wei Ying to steer the bulky blade's direction and within minutes, both were on their merry way, zipping through the snowy skies at an incredible speed.*

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At one of the cliffs along the cold, parched mountains of Burial Mounds, a black wolf engulfed in dark spiritual energy turned its head upwards. Its

muzzle twitched with interest as it sniffed the air.

Suddenly, there deafening "Ya-hooooooooo...!!!" that echoed in the surrounding hills and valleys. A tiny pinpoint of flying sword and its two passengers streaked through the skies, leaving behind a faint, misty white trail. The wolf growled as it recognizes the telltale signs of a *Fire Shield* spell vaporizing falling snowflakes along its journey.

The wolf instinctively responded, against its will, with an equally resounding *howl* that chills the hearts of all Men, including the two humans on their way to the village.

Notes for the Chapter:

This one's short, because I had already written the draft while working on the side-arcs. Nothing spicy, just cute.

The next one's going to take a longer time, since I'm writing from ground zero.

I share the same wishes as many other people who think that Wangxian dual-cultivates - not just out of necessity, but also for "papapa" fun too... haha!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 10

Like a doting husband teaching his wife how to drive for the first time, Lan Wang Ji felt nervous every time Wei Ying tilted their ride too much to the side, or if Bichen sputtered and lost its lift temporarily, sending them both free-falling a few *centimeters* and Wang Ji's panicky heart went crashing to the ground *in as many times* . He struggled, but managed to maintain his near-expressionless visage as the highly-esteemed Han Guang Hun, and stood as straight as he possibly could on their unsteady ride. Fortunately, Bichen's ivory-white scabbard did not crack from the stress of its owner's iron-hard grip (who was equally stressed as well).

“Ahhh! Lan Zhan! Your Bichen is too heavy! It's hard to steer it to where I want to go! And it's too bulky! My legs are cramped from pushing through enormous amounts of spiritual energy to get it to *move* !” (actually, his knees and calves were aching from self-inflicted strain by stooping low on tensed muscles.)

“Shhh. Focus. Aim for the westerly direction. Don't step too hard on the blade. Stand straight. Be gentle. It will respond accordingly,” the older man calmly instructed. He could not embrace his lover with both hands as they stood side-by-side on the broadsword's blade, so he put an arm around Wei Ying's waist to hook him in place, intimately.

Wei Ying, on the other hand, was too busy and excited with his new toy, especially after he started to get the hang of maneuvering the sword. “Ahhh! Look! Look! If I lean to the right, it really follows me! Oh! If I relax and wiggle my toes a little, it seems to pick up speed! Oh no, are we going too fast?”

A wild pigeon flew past and deftly avoided them.

“Mn. Our speed is alright. Focus, Wei Ying,” Wang Ji assured the younger man, and held him closer. He enjoyed having his cheeks tickled by Wei Ying’s wind-blown hair, and nuzzled into the ponytail, inhaling its heart-warming scent. Through their touch, he was able to send miniscule amounts of his own golden core energy to help propel Bichen forward at a comfortable pace.

They flew through the snowy skies for a while, before Wei Ying shouted (because he thought the stormwinds swirling around them were deafening, but Wang Ji could hear him just fine), “Lan Zhan! We need to stop! I have to re-cast the Fire Shield spell!”

Wang Ji noticed the balls of flame that accompanied them had dimmed into flickers. He nodded, and pressed his body weight against the younger man. Both of them leaned downwards, and Bichen descended. They found a small clearing in the bushes to land. While Wei Ying set another yellow paper talisman ablaze, Wang Ji handed over his bamboo flask and Wei Ying gratefully drank a few gulps because his throat felt a little raw after all the excited shouting and screaming in mid-air.

The couple took off and made a few more pitstops, before reaching the outskirts of Huang village.

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Lan Wang Ji pointed towards a pine forest glade - a rare patch of green in a vast landscape of grey-white. A small bubbling brook ran through it; its water still flowed despite the freezing weather, which easily identified its source as Qishan's thermal springwaters. Wei Ying expertly landed Bichen on the snow-covered ground; he seemed to have mastered the basic skills of handling the sword in flight.

Wei Ying began to check his remaining inventory of talismans in his garment's inner pockets, and Wang Ji proceeded to re-fill their bamboo flask. Boiling water churned from the streambed near certain banks, so he collected steaming water from those spots and dropped a pinch of pine needles to make a refreshing beverage.

The last Fire Shield had winked out of existence, and snow began to cover their clothes. Cold began to seep in; Wei Ying did not have a thick fur coat and began to shiver while counting the number of remaining pieces of coloured papers in his grasp.

Wang Ji thought for a moment. The young man had certainly redeemed himself by making good on his promises and showed surprising adaptiveness and ingenuity by delivering both of them to Huang village, safe and sound. As he approached Wei Ying with his decision, Wei Ying surprised him yet again -

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Look at this!” the bright smile was unmistakable - Wei Ying had discovered (or done) something *again* .

A train of talisman was proudly raised up to his attention. Between Wei Ying's open arms was a complex layered arrangement of papers including Eye, Memory, and Fire talismans - bound by a bright blue line of Wei Ying's Binding Spell. A dripping brush ink pen dangled from his fingers.

"Guess what it can do!" and the talisman train was jiggled enthusiastically.

Wang Ji frowned as he capped the flask and stowed it into the satchel. He would humour Wei Ying's interesting question, because it was about possibilities as bright as younger man's toothy grin - and possibilities is what they are after, in order to succeed in their race against the clock to complete their shopping mission, and return home before the snowfall became too heavy and buried all routes around the Burial Mounds.

He stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Mn... first, write and transform the simple Fire talisman into its modified version, the Fire Shield. Then, the Eye talisman will record this mystical writing into the Memory talisman, so that the action can be performed again when it is laid upon the Fire talisman. This transformation can be repeated as many times as necessary, since the Memory talisman does not disintegrate like any other spells," and then he gestured at an unfamiliar-looking dark blue piece of paper, "but what does that do?"

Wei Ying pulled it towards Wang Ji, stretching the paper tightly against the Binding Spell's thread until it threatened to tear. Wang Ji's eyes widened in amazement - there was a nearly-unrecognizable mystical symbol of "Time" on it, and a crude, hastily-written "five minutes" ( 五分 ) underneath. "Does... this work?" he inquired, astonished.

One does not simply create and write on talismans without proper consultation with the Grand Cultivation Council's exhaustive 1,151th edition of 'List of Allowed Symbols and Words' and its hundred-page binder supplement titled 'Official Procedures and Sequences for Writing Mystical Words And Symbols'.

Legends handed down from generations of cultivation grandmasters, when inscribed onto books and paper scrolls, became holy scriptures and enforced as the Laws of Absolute Truth by the Council a thousand years ago. The laws decree that every mystical word and symbol must be used with utmost care and respect, and in particular methods as prescribed by the sacred texts. Certain divine elements must remain beyond the realm and reach of mortals, for obvious reasons. "Time" is one such forbidden word; the consequences of meddling with such a fundamental concept of the Universe were inconceivable and therefore, its usage was prohibited by the Council at the same time when the first laws were enacted. There are very few known examples of what a "Time" spell can do; such unlawful knowledge is limited to only those within the elite, such as the ex-Chief Cultivator Han Guang Jun - including but not limited to: instilling a time-bound element to an object, or worse, to manipulate the passage of time itself.

To break the taboo by creating a "Time" spell was unthinkable, and Wei Ying had just done that!

"I counted the duration between each Fire Shield spell during our trip here, and five minutes seem just about right. The whole cycle of spell-casting should repeat itself every five minutes..." Wei Ying muttered to himself. He looked up and simply asked with sparkling, curious eyes, "Lan Zhan, do you think five minutes is enough? Or should I reduce it to four? I don't want to risk being blinded by snow while flying through those nasty clouds! But I have very limited pieces of paper left, so I don't want to waste them unnecessarily!"



Lan Wang Ji's gaze became gravely serious and he opened his mouth to say something harsh - but then, he closed it back.

Wei Wuxian would never intentionally hurt anyone. His bravado and resourcefulness goes so far as *not* even to question the permissibility of using such a spell, but instead, he was a step ahead by thinking about *how* to use it for their benefit. He is driven by his stubbornness to help in good faith, and Lan Wang Ji *swears* by Wei Wuxian's good faith to pursue their lifelong promise, since more than sixteen years ago.

So, Wang Ji broke into a faint smile.

"Mn. Five minutes. Will... this... be alright?" he gestured at the same words written hurriedly on blue paper that designated the period between activations.

Wei Ying scrutinized at the writing, and even traced fingertips on each stroke to make sure that he didn't miss anything. "I guess so. You know, this isn't an answer sheet to one of your Uncle's examinations back in the Cloud Recesses... so I won't be graded for the messy calligraphy," he replied and giggled. He lay lightly on Wang Ji's shoulders and exhaled, reminiscing about the time they spent together during their youth while playing with his newly-created train of talismans.

The older man adjusted his thick outer robes so that they partly cover the younger man too. Wei Ying muttered a word of thanks as he snuggled deeper against Wang Ji's chest, enveloped by warmth and nostalgic

memories of studying in the sterile classrooms, being scolded by Gusu Lan's elders, throwing crumpled paper messages at classmates, and magically slapping portraits of turtles onto Master Lan Qiren's back.

Then, Wei Ying's stomach rumbled.

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Wei Wuxian was deeply embarrassed. How could the unexpected hunger interrupt such a precious moment with his partner!

"Um... I didn't properly finish this morning's breakfast, so..."

Lan Wang Ji sighed and planted a feather-light kiss on his forehead. Then, he took hold of Wei Ying's wrist, and led both of them deeper into the glade. He made sure Wei Ying sat between his legs, still wrapped by the fluffy warmth of his outer robes, sheltered from the falling snow underneath one of the pine trees. He took out the contents of his satchel and offered a tantalizing-looking rice dumpling, which Wei Ying gratefully accepted.

Wei Ying gazed in wonder at his partner's simple, wordless, yet affectionate act of kindness, while chewing noisily at the sticky rice. After a hard, dry swallow which immediately satisfied his hunger pangs, he found himself staring at an open bamboo flask.

“Drink.”

Wei Ying did not need to wait; Wang Ji gently tipped the flask to his lips, and soon he was enjoying a warm sip of pine needle tea. He made some happy mmmh noises while washing down the meal with the minty refreshment, and he leaned back into Wang Ji's welcoming cuddle.

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Lan Wang Ji pondered at his predicament while running his fingers languidly through the younger man's hair, tucking a few stubborn strands behind the ears when a chilly breeze blew.

Huang village was just a short walk from the glade; he needed to collect his special order from the outpost; snowfall was getting heavier; and he knows that deep in Wei Ying's heart, the young man still wished to go to Liao's General Store to buy much-needed tools for his winter home-improvement projects. There was nothing of suspect in Wei Ying's intentions - so, could he somehow grant his lover's desires?

His special order was supposed to be as described by its namesake - special, secret, and a surprise. In spite of his earlier promise not to keep things behind each other, this was an exception he was willing to make for his cause, as selfish as it sounds. So, how could he somehow procure his coveted prize stealthily, away from prying eyes?

Wei Ying licked his fingers clean one by one, after devouring the dumpling.

“Wei Ying, I have an idea. Do you still want to go to Yiling City?”

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“Mister Lan (蓝先生), will that be all?” the portly shopkeeper asked, and pointed her abacus on the pile of purchases. Packs of dried herbs and medicinal roots, clay jars of ointments and a couple of magazines were neatly arranged on the payment counter. The outpost, which also doubled as a sundry store, was quiet except for two other browsing customers from faraway provinces, dressed in ethnicwear of distant western origins.

The shopkeeper cleared her throat, and Wang Ji focused on the task at hand. “Um... Lady Shopowner (老板娘), can you add two blank notebooks too?”

“The standard sized ones?”

Wang Ji nodded hesitantly; he wasn’t sure. All he knew was that he needed to buy two.

The shopkeeper carefully maneuvered her round body around the payment counter, and stepped into the stationery aisle. She tiptoed to reach a stack of blue-covered stitched bound books which Wang Ji had not noticed before.

There was an assortment of paper materials in all shapes and sizes on the shelves, and it seemed only the shopkeeper knew where to find what her customers wanted.

“No cooking ingredients for your wife this time? Spices from the Far West?” she asked, as she added to his orders on the countertop. She absently scratched a large mole at the bottom of her double-chin.

He blushed and vaguely shook his head. Although he remained as inconspicuous as possible, the shopkeeper had a keen eye on all her customers and learnt that he always bought household and kitchen-related goods - and always for **two**.

The shopkeeper started to pack the goods into a cloth bag. Wang Ji could not help feeling disturbed by the bright-red fingernails that scratched the countertop's surface, as much as how the excessively glossed rosy lips moved when she talks. She wasn't a friendly business owner, and exuded a rather overbearing demeanor - but she was professional enough to manage some light banter and be acquainted with her customers (and to keep them from running away). The outpost had a feeling of being a cozy family-owned business handed down from generations - bright and clean enough along the main narrow aisles but cob-webbed and dusty around the dim corners, boxes of stocks stacked up to the ceiling at the sides, and a mismatched collection of antiques, yesteryears' paintings, and dog-eared poem calligraphies adorn the walls and atop dull, paint-chipped furniture. Incense smoke from a family altar permeate the air. It felt appealing especially to the rural folk and those who have a nostalgic taste for eras of the past.

“You should bring her here someday. We take pride in getting to know our customers and their families. I can recommend some good products and services that I’m sure all housewives are interested in,” she said with a solemn face, obviously trying to attract more sales, *sans* the persuasive smile needed to seal the deal.

He shrugged, and looked undecided. “Some... day,” he repeated her words, then murmured, “S-She (他) prefers to shop in the city.” He kept his gaze to the floor as the last items were inserted into the bag.

“Today too? In this weather?” her voice rose, incredulous.

“Mn,” came the curt reply. Wang Ji wanted to quickly pay for his purchases and leave the shop before his earlobes became too visibly red under her steely eyes.

“I see. Be careful, the snowfall is forecasted to be heavy this afternoon and all the mountain passes will close. We’ll be closing at lunch because of that,” the old lady said with a hint of concern in her voice and raised a fat open palm expectantly. “Including your special order, that will be two hundred, please.”

Wang Ji took out his money pouch. It contained his life savings, and he felt conflicted that he will miss the comfortable weight hanging from the sash around his waist.

The shopkeeper noticed something was amiss. “Where’s your sword, Mister Lan? You’ve always carried it with you.”

“I... I didn’t bring it with me today,” he replied reluctantly and handed over the two jade-lined gold bars that he had kept close to him since leaving Jingshi last summer.

She snatched the pouch, tossed it a couple of times and weighed it with an experienced hand. She could confidently feel through cloud-patterned silk for the jade dragon sculptures and Imperial Reserve markings on the surface of the precious metal. She didn’t need to peek into the pouch to be sure; these are hallmarks of an astute tradesperson who has mastered the fine art of counting money without needing to actually see or touch any. She did not even say a word of thanks before pocketing it away - it was just one of the many daily transactions for the outpost.

“Hmm. You know, it’s not in my position to question about your plans for the day, but I hope you will stay safe especially on your way back. The snow will be nearly impassable, and only the Heavens know what kind of denizens will come out to play,” she stated matter-of-factly.

Wang Ji grunted a short "Mn" and picked up the cloth bag. He didn’t want to trigger further topics for discussion, so he remained silent. His purchases weren’t too bulky, and he managed to pack everything into his satchel. He consoled himself that the contents of the bag was worth the hefty price paid, and that his heavy, loaded satchel should feel equally comfortable on his shoulders as the two gold bars previously hanging on his sash. He bowed and impatiently rushed out of the shop.

The lady shopkeeper felt uncomfortable seeing one of her favourite (and handsome) customers hurrying out to the icy streets, alone, so she followed him out of rare concern. At the doorsteps, she called out, “Mister Lan! Be careful and watch out for the wolves and bears! We hope to see you again when we reopen in three months’ time!”. She watched the man in his mid-thirties timidly bow again, and head off into the snow-clad street.

Just then, a figure clothed in a white tunic and brown trousers hurtled from the sky on a shiny, shimmering sword.

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! I’m here! (我来了!)”

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*Wei Ying narrowly missed a stack of barrels, and thankfully, he managed to skid and pull into a complete stop right in front of Wang Ji without tumbling over unceremoniously from the fabled blade. Two full sacks, each tied to Bichen’s hilt, lay on both sides of the sword. If it had been SuiBian, Wei Ying would have never managed to get a lift off - he finally appreciated Bichen’s heavy-duty design and its impressive innate strength.*

*“I-I couldn’t find the glade, so I c-came straight to the village - j-just in the nick of time as you w-walked out of the s-s-shop,” he said through chattering teeth and plumes of frosty breaths. His face was pale and chilled, his hair was a little wet from melted snow, and his body shivered. It seemed his last Fire Shield spell was exhausted during the (second) journey to Huang village.*



*Wei Ying sniffled and sneezed. Snot ran down his nostrils, and interestingly, a couple of bird feathers too. They looked suspiciously like wild pigeons'.*

*Lan Wang Ji swiftly took off his outer robes and hung it around Wei Ying's shoulders. The younger man gratefully settled into the lingering heat and pulled the garment close around his quaking form.*

*Fortunately, the street was deserted and only a few curious onlookers hung around from a safe distance after Wei Ying made his grand entrance. Soon, even these inquisitive stares disappear behind shuttering doors and windows as businesses closed one by one towards lunchtime. Huang villagers were quite used to seeing cultivators displaying their prowess with swords and magic; being on frontier lands meant they had seen plentiful of strange men flying around on even stranger looking things including weapons such as axes, halberds, quarterstuffs or whips , and magically-enchanted instruments such as plus-sized guzhengs, erhus, pipas or gigantic hulus.*

*"I've bought all the tools we'll need," he chirped gleefully, patted one of the bags and his feet nudged at Bichen; a heavy shovel was tied to the blade for ease of transport, "and Liao laoban was so happy for being able to clear his stocks before closing time, that he gave me a discount!" He pulled out a receipt from his sleeve and passed it to the older man. Wang Ji hnn'ed when he eyed the total written at the bottom of the slip of paper, thumb-printed in red ink by Liao laoban - thirty silver pieces, which was the amount he gave to Wei Ying as (extra) spending money for the day. It was quite a good deal; which is generally true for all last-minute Winter clearance sales. He pocketed the receipt; he would need to record the day's expenditures into his account books when they return home.*

*While Wei Ying excitedly opened each bag to show Wang Ji what he bought - mostly crafting and construction tools made from bronze or iron (which the latter wasn't too interested in - home improvement projects were Wei Ying's forte anyway), another shout rang out from nearby.*

*"Young Master Lan! It is really you! Ai-yo-yo... What a small world we live in!"*

*An old bearded man dressed in a hunter's get-up and a bow strung to his back trudged through the snow while pushing a wheelbarrow full of hunting gear. His hood was covered in white, and his smile had as many missing teeth as the number of wrinkles on his cheerful, wizened face.*

*The hunter shook Wei Ying's hands energetically, and Wang Ji tipped his head downward in a respectful greeting towards the elderly man. He stepped back to let Wei Ying exchange pleasantries while he busied himself with tying the bags from Liao's store, keen to blend into the background as much as possible. Till to date, he remained uncomfortable in crowds and noisy conversations.*

*"Young Master, how was the wild boar meat from yesterday?"*

*Wang Ji's eyebrows twitched, and he pretended to check the knots around Bichen's hilt.*

*"Ah...ha, ha... the meat... was really good! We finished it in one go." Sweet innocent laughter. A little too forced, a little feigned. Wei Ying's*

*shadow fidgeted.*

*“I really cannot thank you enough, Young Master. People say that it’s difficult to teach an old dog new tricks, but look what I have done this morning!” he exclaimed and pulled off a canvas top to unveil a heap of trap nets inside the wheelbarrow. “Using the techniques you’ve taught me yesterday, I repaired and strengthened all the nets I have. These will improve my catch and feed my family in the coming seasons!”*

*The old hunter reached into the heap, pulled out a net and chucked it into Wei Ying’s arms. “Young Master, please take this. All my nets are in great working condition now, and I have more than enough. Please use this to catch wild boars, deer and other creatures around the ‘Mounds that we’ve talked about yesterday. It’s a time-honoured tradition for hunters like us to keep the hunting spirit going!” The old man gave an encouraging thumbs-up to emphasize his point.*

*While the net was politely shoved back and forth with plenty of “No, no it’s alright!” and “Please take it, young man!” in between, the shopkeeper walked up to their side. She carried a bamboo umbrella and shielded the hunter from the falling snow.*

*“You! It’s about time you came back from the woods! We’re leaving soon, so pack everything up and let’s go!” she admonished at the old man, who mumbled something but bit his tongue when she stopped him with a deadly glare.*

*The big-sized lady shopkeeper looked at Wei Ying with appraising eyes from head to muddied boots. Her gaze settled on Wang Ji's robes on the younger man's shoulders and she hmms loudly, almost suspiciously. Wei Ying took a step back, unsure of what that raspy sound meant, and promptly bumped into his partner's chest, who had decided to finally emerge from the background.*

*"Young Master **Lan** , it's a pleasure to meet you," she greeted Wei Ying with a rather haughty voice. Wei Ying clutched the net and nodded back politely, still shocked by the old lady's sudden appearance and fierce outburst. "I see you've been busy shopping in **Yiling** ," she stated and gestured at the two large sacks that bore large prints of the seller's family name. "Liao's store is an affiliate of the Qishan Merchants' Guild which we're also a member of, and all of us have agreed to close at noon today." She took hold of the old hunter's wrist and bowed slightly. "Please accept my apologies that I have to drag away this useless husband of mine before our caravan leaves at the scheduled time," she added with a businesslike tone.*

*Lan Wang Ji stood beside Wei Ying, who was clearly intimidated by the woman's presence. He loosely put an arm behind Wei Ying's back to steady the younger man. With utmost Gusu etiquette, he made a bow with hands folded in front, and said, "Thank you for your concern, Lady Shopowner. We will take leave too."*

*Thunder rumbled in the far horizon, and snow started to drift and swirl around them from icy winds. Heavier snowfall was imminent.*

*"Have a safe trip back home on your **sword** , Mister Lan. And... take this with you," she passed the umbrella to Wang Ji, and pressed its handle into his palm. Wang Ji was caught off-guard by her offer, and before he could*

*respond, she walked off with her whining husband in tow. Just as she passed by Wang Ji, she whispered softly but clearly that only the latter could hear, "Take good care of your **wife** , Mister Lan. Come back when we re-open for business," and gave a sly wink.*

*Both the old lady and the hunter waved their goodbyes and disappeared behind the shopfront.*

*Wei Ying was happy that they finally had some shelter from the snow, and he started to dust off ice from their clothes. "Lan Zhan... is everything alright? That lady was kind of scary, but she was also kind of nice to give us her umbrella, don't you think so... eh? Lan Zhan?"*

*Wang Ji's cheeks burned with six shades of red. He wondered how we would face the Lady Shopowner in the coming Spring.*

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As Bichen put-puts its way back home with two big sacks dangling from its hilt, and two passengers standing firmly on its blade, Wei Ying tore yet another page from one of the notebooks that Wang Ji bought from the outpost. He appeared confident in casting magic while piloting the sword, and hardly wavered in his stance - his skills increased greatly with the additional practice between Huang village and Yiling City.

Wei Ying wrote a very fancy mystical word with his fingers which left an indelible glowing blue mark - a never-seen-before combination of the

“Eye”, “Fire” and “Light”. After a quick incantation, the page burst into flames and moulded into a gleaming ball of focused fiery-orange light. Wei Ying pointed forward, and a beam of amber light followed suit.

“These fog lights are better than the white ones, don’t you think so, Lan Zhan?” he shouted to the back as they traverse through thick snow clouds.

“... Mn.” Lan Wang Ji made a delayed response as he mind was still busy trying to process Wei Ying’s ingenuity in using talismans; the latter had again broken millenia-old rules on Cultivation Arts, one by one, without batting an eye or hesitate at breaking such taboos.

First, he wrote *multiple mystical words on one piece of paper* , rather than forming a train of talismans - which made so much more economical sense, given that a piece of talisman usually costs up to a silver piece each. And it worked! If knowledge of such discoveries reach the general populace, it could practically turn the profitable talisman-making industry *upside down, literally*, and many paper mills would go bust. The only downsides were that the trick was limited to a few, perhaps up to a maximum of three or four characters depending on the size of the paper, and the lack of sequential activation which meant that the spells had to be cast simultaneously.

Second, and this one takes the cake: Wei Ying wrote *the mystical words on plain xuan paper - the same ones used by children and scholars* - instead of the standard Council-sanctioned, colour-coded and (awfully thin) enchanted ones. Even during his short tenure as Chief Cultivator, Lan Wang Ji did not manage to crack the secrets of making talisman papers, other than the fact that a vast, complex network of temples, shamans and paper mill companies with vested monetary interests was involved.

He grasped the bundle of net gifted by the hunter close to his satchel, and watched closely as Wei Ying used all five fingers to write tiny words of “Sparkles” on an edge of the following page. He carefully ripped five small squares (because they were flying through the air and he didn’t want to lose any of the written words) and handed them to Wang Ji.

Lan Wang Ji had given up on trying to understand what Wei Ying was doing, or the *science (or maths)* behind his creative use of magic. He obediently took the paper pieces, each no bigger than the size of a fingertip.

“Here, cast one of these every time you see wild pigeons flying by. I was smacked in the face by a few on my way to the village, and had this idea of shooing those birds away with Sparkles. These pieces are small, so they don’t hurt and they last long enough to get the job done,” he said nonchalantly. When he noticed Wang Ji’s curious stare at the fistful of tiny scraps, he laughed and added, “Lan Zhan! Don’t look at them like that! I was so desperate on my way from Yiling and I ran out of talismans... so I had to make many Sparkles out of one receipt from Liao’s! It really works despite the size!” and patted Wang Ji’s shoulder to assure the older man.

(At the back of Wang Ji’s mind, an alarm sounded - on dear, Wei Ying burnt away one receipt! He would have to ask the younger man about it later, so that his books are balanced by the end of the day.

However, the conversation about Sparkles eventually made him forget about it.)

As Wei Ying continued to fly the sword back to their cave-home through snowy skies, he casted Fire Shields from carefully-rationed pieces of paper to keep them out of blinding snow, while Wang Ji threw Sparkles at passing flocks of birds. The start of Winter was a busy time for migratory birds, in fact.

Wang Ji fingered the trapping net in his grip. “Wei Ying, that old hunter... did he really give you some wild boar meat yesterday?”

Wei Ying stilled for a moment, and kept his gaze forward. “Er... yeah,” he muttered. *He’s avoiding the subject* .

Wang Ji sighed. A Sparkle chased away a crane from ramming into them (thus saving them from another roadkill). “Wei Ying, let me do the cooking from now on. Especially when making soups with pork ribs,” he stated. There was no room for negotiation.

“Uh... okay. I-I’m sorry for last nigh--”

The older man leaned into the Wei Ying and wrapped an arm around his waist. He gave a peck on the younger man’s cheek. “You did well, by helping the hunter. You didn’t know what the meat could do to me, and--,” and Wei Ying silenced Wang Ji with a tight embrace around the shoulders and a kiss in return. It was a shy but sweet, thank-you touch on the lips.

Wang Ji had to send additional miniscule amounts of his greatly diminished golden core energy to keep Bichen afloat, because Wei Ying was losing

focus - which was all right.

The older man smiled faintly into the kiss. As he nuzzled and rubbed noses with his lover who was murmuring his name repeatedly, he thought of something.

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*“No more pork ribs for now. We’re having boiled fish tonight.”*

*“Ahh... Lan Zhan... again?” he whined as loudly as he could. He shook the older man’s wrists and pouted like a disappointed child. They just had that a few days ago. Sure, they were enough freshwater fish swimming in their lotus pond... but still...*

*“Boiled fish. Gusu style.” Inwardly, Wei Ying gagged. Bleargh.*

*“Ahh.. alright, alright (好, 好).. It’s your decision (随便你).” He didn’t want to argue after causing so much trouble to his lao gong .*

*Then he snickered. And snorted. Boiled fish! Oh the boiled fish! Goddess Guan Yin, have mercy!!*

*“What.”*

*He waved his hands dismissively. “Nothing...”*

*A few minutes later, when their home was in sight, he asked, “Lan Zhan! How about one boiled fish... and one fried fish? There’s plenty of them from the pond, after all.”*

*“...”*

*“It goes well with my special plum sauce, you know.”*

*The grip on Bichen’s scabbard tightened with a clear clinking sound.*

*“Fried stuff goes so **well** with the spicy, sweet-sour sauce.”*

*Lan Wang Ji swallowed, audibly.*

*“Nnh,” and the deal is sealed.*

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Totally weaned off from the crazed phase of the fandom now, phew. But I still wish Wangxian and BJYX an eternal happiness!!

We've reached 10 chapters!! Wei Ying gets a power up from the last couple of chapters, because he's just SO MUCH MORE. Lan Zhan is a very lucky man!!

Let's see how their blissful domestic happily-ever-after story will continue to pan out.

I made a little correction in the last chapter to align with the other stories in this head-canon universe. Expect more tie-ups and easter eggs from with the other two pieces "It was a dark and stormy night" and "It is a clear and sunny day".

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s. made a small correction due to facts. The number of times I have to consult wikipedia and other websites about Chinese history, culture and other stuff.. is incredible..!

## Chapter 11

### Notes for the Chapter:

includes: Prologue - The Exodus (The year before, Summer/Autumn)

### “The year before”

It was shortly after the highly revered Han Guang Jun left his coveted seat at the upended Grand Cultivation Council last summer, that they started looking for a more, say, ideal home as *newlyweds* - and away from angry, hostile family members (including the in-laws).

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His departure from the Council left a sour aftertaste, and this strengthened his resolve to completely sever all relations with those cultivators and their labyrinth of dirty politics, money laundering with ill-gotten gains, and conspiracies with outside forces to control the world of cultivation. He received an ample dose of the same bitter medicine that Wei Wuxian had to swallow for most of the younger man’s past life - that every individual, even those that bore little or no relation to the Second Jade of Gusu Lan, had something unpleasant to say or harbored selfish intention, towards his simple act of submitting a resignation letter and leaving the hall of upset bearded old sages right after the scandalous passionate kiss to his lover (now, “wife”).

Scores of wise men accused the ex-Chief Cultivator of many false, distasteful sins that “could have” led him astray. Gossips within the

hallways are pervasive, including unbelievably wild theories about how he lured and slept with a hundred beautiful young men and women on lonely nights during his tenure (because he was always the last one to turn off the lanterns in the Council office, and jealous/lazy servants couldn't find any other ways to tear down their fiercely disciplined employer from his throne); or how he secretly corrupted cultivation magic behind closed doors and summoned fierce corpses since attacks on people have almost become commonplace in the Northern regions; or how a thousand gold bars had gone missing overnight from the Council's coffers, and so on. There was no evidence, other than the cryptic words of "I once heard..." and "People say..."

(The truth is, the Council members wanted the general populace to focus on the cultivation-superstar that had fallen spectacularly from grace, instead of their ineptness in filling the gap that Lan Wang Ji left).

Rumour-mongering became rife in every teahouse in the Middle Kingdom, and every peasant, scholar, tradesperson and cultivator-kin joined the bandwagon:

Han Guang Jun is too young and inexperienced, so he must have surrendered his title after feeling humiliated that he couldn't complete the investigation into the new invasion of fierce corpses, said the jealous cultivators queueing up for candidacy as the next Chief.

He must be forced into doing this because he's found out some murky secrets about the Council and he was threatened to vacate his position (such as impenetrable secrets of the talisman-making industry), cried a group of business owners that supported him to break the monopolies involving key persons in the Council.

The story of Jin Guangyao's web of treachery must have reached the eyes and ears of the Emperor! The fall of Han Guang Jun is the first of a series of steps carefully planned by spies from the Imperial Court, and soon, we will all suffer from His Majesty's wrath!, postulated the scholars who have studied countless history textbooks and are well-versed with the eternal struggle between the Imperial Cultivators from the Heavenly Palace in Chang'an and the world of ordinary cultivators backed by the surviving Four Great Clans - Lan, Jiang, Nie, and Jin.

On the other side of the fence, multitudes of females from all age groups mourned the loss of their much-worshipped male god(dess) and manifested their sadness in various crazed, depraved acts ranging from: organizing mass gatherings where people sang praises and songs to hyperventilating and screaming audiences, re-enacted memorable events of Han Guang Jun's life (which left many heartbreaks, sobbing and fainting), and cry together in an unsettling but extraordinary display of sisterhood in times of crisis; crowd-funding enough to buy up all advertisement space along the main streets of major cities, to prominently display banners, calligraphies and huge building-sized portraits of their beloved idol; ensuring that every product that was ever mentioned in the same line (or breath) as Han Guang Jun's name, including his occasional product endorsements, would go out of stock for many months (he was once seen using a skin cream that helped to protect his angelic complexion from the damaging effects of summer's sunrays, and that brand of skin cream went on to become a best-seller); and making sure that his eminent name would top the charts of competitions, awards and various other avenues of showcasing one's talents (at one point, he ran a class for young aspiring cultivators and taught them some of his iconic martial arts moves - which eventually took on a life of its own and became "cool dance moves", much to the delight of scores of adoring teenage boys and girls). Despite their support, such fanatic acts led to tarnishing the remaining good reputation of Han Guang Jun, for obvious reasons.

(Perhaps, if one were to live long enough into the next millennia or two, one will see that such trends would evolve into an every occurrence of pop culture - but that is for another story.)

Nothing good ever comes out of being too famous and for the wrong reasons. All clans distanced themselves away from him at the height of the unsavoury events. Master Lan Qiren is said to continue to spit out blood at the mere mention of his nephew, and Jiang Wanyin would crack Zidian at anyone who dares to bring up the sullied name of this “troublesome” brother-in-law.

The successor, a rich member of the Jin family, eventually *bought* his way to the seat of the Chief Cultivator. He made sure to erase the mention of the Han Guang Jun’s name from all official records and texts (which pleased the bearded wrinkled old sages of the Council); generously paid off damages caused by disruptions in supply and demand for talismans and other magical goods as claimed by tradespersons - coincidentally, totalling up to a thousand gold bars (which turned the tide for support from business owners towards the new Chief Cultivator); made a few changes to the history books (which left scholars fuming and then retaliate by taking sides with the Imperial Court - with far-reaching consequences); created and spread new cultures to enthrall artisans and citizens, such as organising concerts, roadshows and live appearances with talented, beautiful young celebrities, thus garnering their votes and support with catchy extravagance-themed slogans such as "gold is in vogue" - thus wiped out the last dissenting voices about his bribe-laced appointment; and finally, he downplayed the fame and achievements of the Second Jade of Gusu Lan in the last sixteen years, which led to the current prickly state of affairs between the Lan and Jin clans (a cold war between these neighbouring clans was brewing, and either side was ready to raise a battle cry at the slightest provocation; unexpectedly, the Nie clan continues to feign ignorance).

Interestingly, the name of Wei Wuxian, once feared as the Yiling Patriarch, was hardly mentioned at all and has been largely forgotten.

With Lan Wang Ji's name taken out from the books, his fate would follow soon enough.

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They've pored over many maps of the Middle Kingdom, talked to a few well-connected estate agents, and tried to imagine spending the rest of their peaceful marital bliss in regions as north as the bustling Imperial capital city of Chang'an or icy-cold Heilongjiang, somewhere closer to the sea and Gusu's roots in Suzhou, towards the blistering hot tropics of Yunnan in the south, along the fertile valleys of the Long River (though a bit too close to Yunmeng for Wei Ying's comfort), or maybe just somewhere more isolated and peaceful in the volcanic deserts and grass plains just a stone's throw away from the Xinjiang plateaus, where the mountains of Qishan resides.

In the end, it was a call from their old friend, Mian Mian, who helped them find their new home. She sent a Fairy Messenger spell to Wei Ying who happened to be around Yiling City at that time, busy meeting with prospective landowners and property agents in teahouses (and getting them to pay for his meals and drinks while having meandering "serious" discussions that never bore fruit), and hunkered down in cheap inns because he was always short on funds. Mian Mian was indebted to the couple's good deeds and she did not forget their kindness and generosity towards her family; years later, her daughter would still recall their chance meeting with a handsome "rich" *gege* in white, who seemed vaguely together with another chatty but forgettable *gege* dressed in black - so, as soon as she



heard about a piece of vacant land being put up for sale by the local town council, she just *had* to make the call.

The Burial Mounds, as the name aptly describes, is a place avoided by the living, and favoured by creatures of the night - gruesome horrors told by mothers to scare their little children to go to bed by nine. Surprisingly, and probably due to the lack of human encroachment, there is an abundance of wildlife, dense grasslands and forests that harboured plenty of fruit trees abandoned by past generations of farmers, and a well-hidden network of springwaters from Qishan.

Still, nobody wanted to move in, although technically, the land was free for public use - until one day, the Mayor of Yiling City became desperate enough and decided to peruse a great marketing strategy. A price tag was put on the 'Mounds and a fancy land title was drawn up - for formality reasons. Mian Mian was the first to hear the news when her husband went to the city council's office to settle some tax dues and saw the proclamation posted on the noticeboard.

Mian Mian's family lived on the fringes of Yiling and in fact, closer to the 'Mounds, so she happily told Wei Ying that they could be good neighbours if he took up the offer - just a hundred gold pieces for the land title that spans across several hills, valleys and a cavern complex at the center.

A Fairy Messenger spell from Wei Ying and two days later, Lan Wang Ji rushed from Caiyi Town on a blazing Bichen with their modest possessions in tow. Without a question, he gladly paid with a gold bar from his money pouch at Wei Ying's insistence. Although Wei Ying did most of the paperwork and negotiations with the Mayor (because he wanted to be friendly with the city's most powerful political figure and also get free

lunches at the city council's cost, while waiting for his *lao gong* ), the land title was issued to Wang Ji's name.

As the couple walked out of the city council office, Wei Ying started talking about furnishing their new home, having a simple outdoor barbeque house-warming party (because it's always cool to have parties outside during the hot summer), and inviting Mian Mian's family as well as Wen Ning and Sizhui. Wang Ji, on the other hand, started listing down the groceries they needed to stock up, and for a brief moment, he stole a worried glance at his money pouch.

There were four gold bars left in there.

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“The present year”

After unloading a basket of summer berries, fruits, and wild mushrooms foraged from the forests at Old Merchant Zhu's shop, Wei Ying headed off to Grandma Li's clinic to drop off a fresh batch of herbal candies and collect his dues.

"You're such a hardworking young man, already up and about at this hour!" the sweet old lady praised him. The sun had just risen, businesses were opening up for the day, and people started to crowd at Yiling's markets to buy their daily groceries and have breakfasts of congee, fried dough sticks

and dumplings. The clinic was conveniently located next to one such morning market, and close to Old Merchant Zhu's vegetable stalls.

She handed him the sales proceeds from the week before, a meagre but reasonable amount of twenty silver pieces. Wei Ying bowed in thanks, and sheepishly said, "It's only right that I work hard... I have to feed the family and pay the bills."

Grandma Li gave a serious, hard look at the younger man for a minute, before letting out a tired sigh and placed a palm on her forehead. "How I wish my son has half your character and none of his father's arrogance and laziness! Just because he is a certified doctor and works in a clinic inherited from his parents, doesn't mean he can turn up for work at *any* time of the day."

Wei Ying shrugged. He had met Doctor Li on a few occasions while delivering homemade medicinal confectionery made from herbs sourced from the 'Mounds and other ingredients such as flour and sugar from Liao's General Store. The doctor was a young man in his twenties, has a modern short haircut unlike most ordinary men in Yiling, always dressed smartly but unfortunately did not have a friendly, welcoming demeanour for a person practising the healing arts, unlike his mother who also worked as a dispensary nurse in the same premise.

Wei Ying scratched the back of his head. "Well, I used to sleep in late until my spouse said that I had to earn my keep," he joked to diffuse Grandma Li's agitated mood, "because if I didn't, I'd get kicked out of the house!" He continued cheerfully, "I'm sure someday, your son will find inspiration to work hard and commit to living up the Li's family name as well-respected medical practitioners in Qishan," then pointed at the storefront, "such as

when it's time for him to officially take over the family's business," then thumbed at himself, "or when he settles down and realizes that he has other mouths to feed other than his!"

The old nurse sighed again and nodded in agreement. She took the fresh batch of herbal candies from the young man's hands. "You're married for a year already before moving here, and you're still so close and loving towards your wife. I wished it was the same as for me and my husband... our relationship cooled off by the following Spring Festival after our son was born... and now I'm ranting non-stop to a man half my age who delivers goods to my clinic every week. Ah, please forgive this old aunty!" she sighed again, exasperated.

Wei Ying wasn't an expert in matters of the heart, so he could not give her any better advice. He was very grateful for his current married life - he wakes up early every morning to a full breakfast on the table, his clothes neatly folded by the bedside, his mind alert and body fully energized for the day. He lives with purpose and there is a sense of fulfillment in everything he does.

Eventually, their conversation turned towards business affairs. Wei Ying took note of customers' feedback passed from the old nurse, such as an increase in requests for candies using summer fruit flavours, and in smaller sizes because children really liked them and the clinic usually sells out when large families drop by for their medical check-ups.

He thanked Grandma Li after taking next week's orders, and before he left, she gave him a few books, journals and magazines from the clinic "since the doctor doesn't need them anymore" and she doubted if the illiterate patients would be interested anyway.

Lan Zhan would be thrilled to read the latest editions of Middle Kingdom Geographic and Cultivation Times.

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"Magics! Miracles! Mysteries! All for a silver apiece!"

"Three talismans for the price of two!"

"Fame and untold riches await those who wish to see their future! Have your fortune-telling done today!"

"Having a headache? Or a heartache? Step right in for a quick, relaxing acupuncture session! Free foot reflexology and palm reading, for a limited time only!"

Business is always brisk on clear, sunny days. People from all walks of life, especially rich housewives, thronged to his small cart for offers that few other street peddlers can beat. Wei Ying's **A** wesome **S** elling **S** kills and his sweet, charming personality made his customers buy more than they had intended, and return another day for more.

He usually starts by offering simple elemental spells, made easy by his self-named “Yin Tech patented technology” of putting a big red circle on each paper talisman. Housewives only needed to press the red mark to set off the spell, and no longer had to rely on their husbands to figure out the intricacies of spellcasting.

"Beautiful *gu niang* ! I see you've worked hard all day to make good meals for your family!"

"Oh? How would you know, young man? Don't try to sweet talk me into buying your cheap stuff!"

"Ah, of course not! I'm helping people by solving their problems, and all I'm asking in return is a small fee to feed my poor family. My wife also works hard with cooking and she's enjoying an easier life now with these talismans!"

"... What do you mean by 'easier'? How can cooking be made easier? Men like you probably never step into the kitchen!"

"That's very true, and I admit that my wife does all the cooking. But here," a Fire talisman is waved tantalizingly in front of the woman, "is something that helps to start fires in the stove, and these," three pieces are waved seductively, "will make sure your meat roasts are fully cooked, and your soups are kept warm throughout dinner. Surely you wouldn't want your children to complain about eating cold, undercooked food during mealtimes, would you?.... And, and,... Oh dear, did you sprain your wrist from fetching water from the town well?"

"How did you know?!"

"Look, there are ugly rope marks on the forearms. I will not be a dishonest seller and try to sell useless beauty creams here; so, please visit Doctor Li's clinic for the correct medication and any other minor ailments you may have. And while we're at it, please consider getting a few of these," a piece of Water talisman is flashed, "so that you don't have to fetch so many buckets of water the next time. Each will yield half a bucket, at least."

"You seem to be a sincere, kind-hearted person. I wish more street peddlers are like you, young man," the woman remarked, as she scrutinized the talismans with interest.

"You can always find me in the weekend morning markets. If there's anything that you're not satisfied with, you can address your grouses directly with me, the owner of the Yin Tech enterprise!" And he points at the odd-looking rabbit-themed company logo on each talisman. "If you don't mind me asking, does your shoulder hurt from carrying water or even that heavy-looking basket of vegetables? You can rest here," he pulls out a low chair and gives it a couple of wipes from a cloth, "and I can give you a nice acupuncture session. Your husband can wait a bit *longer* ."

A sly wink. That caught the customer's attention.

"Hah! I'll take your offer and these," she points at the various stacks of talismans on the cart table, before proceeding to sit on the chair with a huff.

"You're a smart boy, how did you know my husband is waiting on the other side of the market?"

Wei Ying smiled brightly. Whenever they visited the evening markets in Yiling, his *lao gong* would try to stand at the sides or keep to a couple of well-acquainted stall owners whenever possible, while Wei Ying would happily hop from one stall to another. Lan Zhan always commented with the succinct words, "Too crowded".

As Wei Ying proceeds to prep the customer's stiff shoulder muscles with a nice oiled massage while taking out his acupuncture equipment, he whispers to the housewife's ear with a rather sweet, seductive voice: "Of course I know what husbands do in the markets... *I'm a married man too.* "

Fifteen minutes later, Wei Wuxian pocketed another gold piece into his pouch.

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Wei Ying keeps a small notebook with him and he jots down useful ideas whenever they surface from his hyperactive creative mind. He knows that sometimes, he carelessly leaves the book in their home and Lan Zhan will pick it up for him - after reading it, of course; so Wei Ying intentionally puts some comments and questions for his *lao gong* in case Lan Zhan could contribute a few more suggestions to his train of thoughts.

The cover was plain blue in colour, which was the norm for every notebook found in any bookstore. Wei Ying decided to customize it according to his colourful personality, by cutting up coloured papers and using rice glue to stick them onto the dull cover. He formed the letters which became the name his little notebook; for the time being, since he was a peddler of all sorts of magical charms, talismans and trinkets, he named it “A wesome S elling Skills”.

Flipping page after page, A wesome S elling Skills is a treasure trove of messily scribbled ideas on how and what to sell to supplement their meagre earnings. There are also unusually neatly-written comments on the sides of the pages - they almost look like prints, except for the rare telltale ink smudges in some pages. An excerpt of a page from the notebook:

- Be polite, courteous, and always SMILE.
- Relate to the customer's problems. LISTEN. Put yourself in their shoes.
- Always ask yourself, what else does the customer want and need (Wei Ying, please differentiate these two terms. Focus more on the wants)
- Each customer must leave with at least THREE items. Helpful list for talismans:

Lao Gong please fill.

(Wei Ying, please start a new page for this section. There are endless uses for each talismans, and I listed a few here.)

Wood: cooking, substitute for firewood, quick fix for chipped furniture, fix wooden tools and instruments such as guqin and flute.

Fire: cooking, light up lanterns at night, reading in the dark, useful for chasing away wild animals.

Earth: potted plants, gardening and farming, quick fixes to stone sculptures or earthen floors

Metal: quick fixes on weapons, knives and metal kitchen ware. Wei Ying, don't ever make silver and gold pieces with this spell. [Later, Wei Ying drew a turtle next to this comment]

Water: cooking, watering plants and farms, convenient for travel use, quick showers

Wind: cooling air during summer, fresh air, less sweeping required, drying laundry

Sparkles: entertainment such as fireworks, useful for chasing away wild animals

Shield: protection from external elements such as rain in case someone forgets to carry an umbrella, holding elements within a small area such as heat - good as heater when casted underneath blankets. Note: We should do this again during winter.

Binding: Keeping things tied together, laundry line, quick fix on tears in clothes. Note: It's your spell. Think of something useful yourself, Wei Ying.)

Lao Gong - Your ideas are too boring, too repetitive. Need more ideas outside of the kitchen and the house. I will try to mix these up and come up with newer spells. Please write more ideas. Buy another notebook when this one fills up.

(Wei Ying, please refer to the Laws of Absolute Truth by the Grand Cultivation Council. Combinations are prohibited, according to Law no. 201) [Later, a second turtle was drawn next to this comment].

Later the year, Wei Ying's **A** **w**esome **S** elling **S** kills was eventually filled up. Lan Zhan bought another notebook for Wei Ying during his last trip to Huang village before winter closed in, on a snowy day while travelling on Bichen with dreams of having his favourite boiled fish and fried fish dipped in the lip-smackingly delicious special plum sauce for dinner.

Notes for the Chapter:

I wrote this while waiting for my flight in the airport, so I couldn't put any sexy scenes... *cries*. Anyway, I'm consoling myself by saying that the time is well spent in expanding and elaborating about this fic's

universe by pulling certain events and timelines together.

My early drafts for future chapters have grown into an enormous monster and I am DYING to write more cute and sexy scenes... ahhh!!

After a week's hiatus due to work, I'm slowly weaning off MDZS, Untamed and even bjyx stuff - which helps a lot because I can finally focus on the more important things in life other than scrolling down endless pages of twitter, forums and whatnots for fan-content; and also put serious effort into writing this fic :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: Edited to correct some cities' names, coz my Geography and knowledge of China kinda sucks *lol*

Chapter 12

The days are peaceful, fulfilling yet busy for Lan Zhan. Sometimes he misses the calm in the Cloud Recesses, where he could meditate, read his books or play the guqin for many hours, uninterrupted. However, he has abandoned his previous lifestyle when he left Jingshi last summer, along with his past pursuits of becoming a bachelor cultivator, a scholar and a devout practitioner of Gusu Lan's sacred rules within the protected mountains of the Cloud Recesses.

He tells himself again and again, that he is now a *married* man, that he lives for *two* , and that he is far away from home.

The path forward remains clouded in uncertainty, with little or no guidance from Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules that he had memorized in heart, a lifetime ago. He knows that as he treads ahead, he will face new challenges, and will be forced to break new grounds; he also knows there is joy in discovering about himself and living a fuller life with his significant other, and that there is pain from despair when plagued with mistakes and troubles with no one around to help, not even his missing older brother or any other clansmen.

He tells himself that walking the path shrouded in murky darkness of the Burial Mounds - together with Wei Ying - is not too bad.

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It was shortly before six when Lan Zhan woke up - a late start for him. The first amber rays of sunlight filtered through curtained windows, bright enough to gently rouse him from sleep. He felt too comfortable to fully wake up to his senses; Wei Ying's soft snores continue to entice him back to dreams of lovemaking and intertwining bodies; and the sweet, musky all-too-familiar scent of Wei Ying's body odours and morning breaths are heavy on sleep-warmed pillows and blankets, that he wished he could bury himself deeper into the bed mattress and have his "five more minutes, please".

The sounds of birds and insects chirping filled the chilled dawn air, accompanied by a stronger, sharper smell of sandalwood incense pervading the bedroom's atmosphere; Wei Ying's modified "slow-release" Shield spell seemed to have lasted the whole night, he thought, and silently he uttered a word of thanks to his lover - by lighting up incense resins and then casting a few modified Shield spells around their cave-home, they were able to hold some of the smoke in (just barely) and keep out pesky mosquitoes and other biting insects that are prevalent during nighttime.

The couple had slept in, for justifiable reasons. He stayed up late (beyond his usual nine 'o clock) to fix Wei Ying's clothes and sew a new pair of trousers from rolls of cloth. Under the same flickering lights of lanterns and Fire spells that Wei Ying casted over their heads, the younger man busied with mass-producing paper talismans in the workroom. He worked hard, crouching beside the workbench and squinted against the dim light to write out top-selling elemental spells by hand (his handwriting is still messy, even sixteen years later). An hour after Lan Zhan's bedtime, when the older man gratefully climbed into bed, he saw Wei Ying putting the finishing touches on an assortment of knick-knacks to be sold in the markets. The constant sounds of hammering, carving, painting and tinkering that echoed from the workroom lulled him to sleep. Before midnight, he was jolted awake by an intrusive presence (Lan Zhan's defensive instincts kicked in regardless of the time of day), and he was greeted by the sight of his lover, dark circles under his eyes, sitting up on his haunches *on their bed* while writing out

ideas into a little notebook (annoyingly titled **A** wesome **S** elling Skills, but Lan Zhan knew it contained more than just that because he's seen drawings about new gadgets, fixtures and home improvement projects between the pages).

Wei Ying was particularly active during some nights when the proverbial light bulb sparks inside his mind, but Lan Zhan was adamant that both of them get enough sleep - so, after calling out Wei Ying's name twice with terse instructions of "go to sleep" from where he lay on his side of the bed, he promptly plucked out the book and ink brush from Wei Ying's fingers. He ignored the younger man's protests and pulled him down to lie against his chest, so that his heart beat hard against Wei Ying's cheeks. He hummed their song in a soft, soothing but deep baritone voice. The struggles eventually died down and Wei Ying finally found slumber in Lan Zhan's snug embrace.

"Nnnnh. Don't eat... my eggs."

Lan Zhan's eyes flew open and he blinked at the nude sleeping form in front of him. Wei Ying is the undisputed champion of moving around during sleep; the younger man usually changes his sleeping position at least six times during the night (Lan Zhan knows this, because he is often rudely awoken by a leg sticking into his face or a hand slapped across his chest; like clockwork, he patiently re-arranges his lover back to his side, tucking him neatly under their blanket, before going back to sleep). Somehow, the younger man's sleeping garments had been flung to a far corner of their bedroom; this happens frequently especially during balmy nights. Wei Ying lay on his stomach atop the older man's torso, face nestled against Lan Zhan's crotch, butt high up in the air and legs tucked into Lan Zhan's armpits. The younger man's arousal was hard and heavy against his collarbone, and he felt it jerk with excitement; Wei Ying was probably having another lewd dream.

Lan Zhan remembered that both of them missed their nightly quota of lovemaking, and the welcoming sight of spreaded springy ass mounds thrust in front of his face - was truly a sight for sore (and hungry) eyes. His cock began to rise in his pants and called for urgent attention.

Soon, Lan Zhan tenderly licked and sucked at twin plump balls that jiggled invitingly with each swipe of warm, wet tongue. Muscles contract, retracting them close to the base of the younger man's erection, but Lan Zhan refused to let his delectable prize go. He used his lips to gently retrieve each one into his waiting mouth, and continued to massage the delicate organs with flicking and rolling tongue until they quiver involuntarily in their sacs.

(Sometimes, after a hot bath, Wei Ying complains that one of his balls always hang lower than the other although there is no pain. Lan Zhan hmms, because this is perfectly normal in any adult males, according to the medical texts from Yiling's Library Pavilion. He also hmms again, because he has a tendency to pay attention to one of the two during their oral lovemaking; so he tells Wei Ying to "lie down and let me check, *just in case*" like an in-house doctor. When Wei Ying obediently spread-eagles on their bed without his pants, Lan Zhan hmms again because he "thinks one of them looks suspiciously bigger than the other, so let me feel it, *just in case*", he would gently squeeze and milk the targeted, vulnerable testicle with his fingers while giving Wei Ying a wonderfully satisfying post-bath blowjob with lips and tongue. He does not let go until Wei Ying hnnghs and aaaahs repeatedly and jerks his hips wantonly into the waiting throat and ejaculates thick, heated spurts. He ends the medical check-up by saying that "now, both of them look about the same," in which a flushed, post-orgasmic Wei Ying responds with tantalizing sways of raised ass, and sensuous whispers of "Hmmm, Doctor Lan, there's something itching inside here, can you take a look and give me some medicine too, *just in case* ?")



“Mmmh! Eggs.. don’t eat...” sleepy Wei Ying continued to ramble in his dreamy state. Lan Zhan watched, mesmerized, as the younger man’s genitals began to take on a deeper shade of red in colour with the relentless suckling stimulation. He could feel Wei Ying’s toes curling with delight, trapped in his armpits, and loud moans vibrate from the younger man’s lips straight into his pubes and pelvic bone. He picked up his pace of face-fucking Wei Ying’s crotch, making sure to lap at the sensitive perineum and poke it with the tip of his tongue until he could feel the outlines of a convulsing prostate. Every inch of Wei Ying’s erogenous zones were *not* left untouched.

“Whose eggs?” Lan Zhan then murmured into the sensitive line at the middle of the scrotum. He made sure his hot breath tickled every fold of skin that tightened rhythmically with waves of pleasure running along sexually-related meridians along the lower body, until uncontrolled delicious nnnnh sounds spilled out at the other end of the bed. Lan Zhan easily reached for their bedside drawer and picked out a bottle of their favourite massage oil.

“Mine... yours...” the younger man groaned, nearly incoherent. Lan Zhan’s rock-hard penis had found its way through the front opening of his pants, and he gratefully rubbed it against Wei Ying’s lips. Without looking, he expertly pulled open the bottle’s stopper and slathered a generous amount of oil onto his fingers. The rolling movements of hips by the older man didn’t seem to perturb Wei Ying’s sleep-deprived nonsense; as with the sensations of fingers invading through the tight anal ring of muscles and the tingling assault on wet interior with gentle jabs, stretches and plenty of squishy oily and creamy sounds. Wei Ying’s lucid dreaming continued, unabated.

“My... eggs?” Lan Zhan started to ramble too, when Wei Ying *devoured* his entire length in one sweet swallowing motion. He could feel his golden core energy drain alarmingly as he tried *not* to orgasm instantly at the delicious friction of moist lips enveloping his excited hard-on. At the back of his mind, he recited some of Gusu Lan’s rules to calm his impulses, and control the burning desire to flip his lover on the bed and *screw* Wei Ying deep into the mattress *there and then* .

“Both... mine, yours... don’t eat... they’re mine... this... tanghulu... too...” the younger man moaned nearly unintelligibly between humping his ass against Lan Zhan’s face, and bobbing his head greedily on the newfound treat.

“Tang...hulu...?” Lan Zhan panted, as his fingertips worked vigorously to stroke and graze the swollen prostate, which was filling up quickly with the milky nectar that he craves so much in the mornings; his other hand continued to cup and caress the trembling, contracting heavy scrotum, sending shivers running up and down the younger man’s spine; if there was ever a medical condition called ‘testicular orgasm’, Wei Ying was certainly having one. (Lan Zhan mentally noted this for his next trip to the Library’s medical section.)

Wei Ying responded in kind by fondling the pulsating rod in tandem with Lan Zhan’s lavish treatment on his bottom. He sloppily kissed the saliva-slicked engorged glans in his grip, tongued the tip persistently until pearls of clear liquid oozed out in copious amounts, and his fingers traced lovingly along veins that throbbed beneath the foreskin. Even in his sleep, Wei Ying seemed to have memorized Lan Zhan’s sweetest spots and had no trouble edging the older man close to completion.

“... it tastes like you,” he dreamily murmured into a mouthful of cock, and then, “I like it,” before swallowing the twitching flesh and the bountiful trails of viscous, slippery pre-cum that covered it.

Lan Zhan became harder than ever, and was very close to cumming into the inviting moist, warm cavern. He clutched at the bedsheets until they threatened to tear, and his knuckles turned white.

Then, from a distance, a jungle cockerel crowed.

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It was one of those strange, unforgettable mornings for Wei Ying.

There was a flurry of activity, lots of noisy clanging and pounding sounds, of clothes being thrown onto him with shouts of “Get dressed!”, a flustered (!!!) and sweaty Lan Zhan running back and forth the kitchen. The older man was half preparing breakfast for them, and half *machining* boiled dumplings (*jiaozi*) from blurred hands that moved faster than the eyes could see (because he could move his limbs at inhuman speeds - yes, believe it).

Lan Zhan had prepared the dough and kept it moist overnight, and quickly tore the lump into many smaller round balls of equal sizes, arranged neatly on a tray on top of the dining table. Wei Ying quietly munched on a fried pancake (*jianbing*) at the edge of the same table; he was afraid to say anything that may upset his agitated-looking (!!!) partner. The sight of a

rolling pin slamming those round balls in a whirlwind of flying flour, until they formed into perfectly-shaped circles of flattened dough-wrappers, reminded him of how Lan Zhan swatted his springy butt so terribly *hard* that he was rudely woken up from tasty dreams of eggs and tanghulus.

Next, Lan Zhan walked to the kitchen counter where a large bowl of meat filling waited for assembly. Wei Ying could smell the meaty mixture of tender fatty pork, flavored with fresh ginger, garlic, chives, shredded cabbage, pepper, sesame oil, soy sauce and other condiments - he was thankful that the *jianbing* in his hand had the same luxurious contents. It was delicious.

“Stand back.”

Wei Ying obediently scooted his chair to the far end of the kitchen, a half-chewed *jianbing* hanging from his mouth. He watched intently as Lan Zhan scooped a spoonful of meat filling, and with impressive accuracy and dexterity, he flung it *over his shoulders* and the dollop landed precisely on the center of the first dough-wrapper, which was less than thumb’s length in diameter. Wei Ying unconsciously clapped his hands at the marvellous display of Lan Zhan’s cooking skills (in which Lan Zhan is secretly pleased and he hmmpfs with pride). Soon, the kitchen was filled with flying meaty projectiles and wet splats of each perfect landing on every wrapper on the tray. Along the way, Lan Zhan also managed to heat up a skillet on the stove, and made two silky-smooth sunny side up eggs for Wei Ying.

As Wei Ying finished his hearty breakfast with a warm cup of soy milk, Lan Zhan too, finished pleating each half moon-shaped dumpling (perfection at its best - not a single pleat or fold out of place!) and he set them into a pot of boiling broth. While the dumplings were being cooked, Lan Zhan took

the time to quickly comb and tie Wei Ying's hair and adjust his light-coloured robes, and reminded him of the day's instructions: he must reach Hu's teahouse before nine in the morning, as there was a local wedding ceremony held at that time and the newlyweds had ordered two hundred pieces of *jiaozi* for their hungry guests. Wei Ying had less than an hour, and he could still reach on time if he walked briskly. (Running was out of the question, considering the delicate nature of the delicacy bouncing in the basket on his back!)

Lan Zhan calmed down when the steaming *jiaozi* pieces were finally packed into bamboo racks and placed into Wei Ying's basket. "Careful, they're still hot," Lan Zhan advised, as he raised the heavy basket so that Wei Ying could tie the straps to the front of his body and ensure a safe, stable journey for the precious cargo. At the same time, Wei Ying slung his satchel of talismans, acupuncture equipment and a packed lunch over his shoulder. He was ready to dash off when Lan Zhan bent forward to give an unexpected light kiss on the younger man's cheek.

"Have a safe trip, Wei Ying."

Wei Ying stammered Mmm's, Errr's and Y-yes'es, and blushed into bright crimson like a teenager hopelessly in love. Then, he left the courtyard in a rush, wordless, with a swirl of dry dust trailing behind him.

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Lan Zhan wiped sweat from the sides of his face and his neck with sleeves that smelled of meat and cooking oil. He sighed and silently prayed to the

108 known local gods that Wei Ying will succeed in delivering the goods on time.

He also berated himself to be more disciplined, to correct his flaws, and not to indulge too much in morning sex when there was work to be done. Honestly, he had forgotten about the *jiaozi* order from Hu's teahouse, until the crow of jungle fowls told him that the sun was up and it was very, very late. He wondered if this was a sign that perhaps, they should consider rearing some chickens and especially roosters to wake them up on time. He would talk to Wei Ying about it later that day.

Lan Zhan heaved another sigh. He still had some gardening to do during the morning, and he hadn't started on the laundry yet. Their vegetable patch was ruined after their first harsh winter in the 'Mounds; fierce winds and icy blizzards destroyed every wooden structure he had erected in the gardens, frozen and wiped out most of their surviving root-vegetables, and the worst of the winter season had fallen a good number of fruit trees surrounding their home. He had spent most of early Spring ploughing and shovelling the thawing soil, and replanting the lost greens. He had learnt some good lessons in farming, and he was determined not to make the same mistakes the following year - by reading up on magazines on agricultural techniques (Huang village had plenty of those), and making sure that everything in the gardens will be stronger, healthier and sturdier to withstand the extreme weather conditions of the 'Mounds.

As he returned to the cave and into the bedroom, and started to pull away the soiled bedsheets for washing, he soundlessly uttered a word of apology to Wei Ying. He had robbed the younger man of his first morning climax when he realized they had no time to spare (curse the cockerel's crow!). He had swiftly cast a red-hued Numbing spell *straight into* Wei Ying's nether regions to kill off all desires and sensations (a useful side-effect of the local anesthetic magic), followed by his standard bright-blue Healing spell so that

Wei Ying felt relatively comfortable despite the turmoil within his body, and a soft-green Calming spell to send adrenaline and blood from the lower body back to the general circulation. He used up most of his own golden core energy to snuff out his own swelling lust - which is why he wouldn't want to risk using Bichen to fly Wei Ying to Yiling, because he could not guarantee he had enough fuel for the trip to town and back home.

Lan Zhan promised (with the 108 known local gods in witness) that he will pay back the debt to Wei Ying at night.

With lots of interest, of course.

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Wei Ying was, frankly, still half-asleep when he walked through the fruit tree orchards that lined the edge of their estate. The slap marks that burned on the springy globes on his rear were clear reminders that Lan Zhan had been upset at himself for waking up late, and felt wholly responsible at the ensuing drama to ensure the *jiaozi* reached their destination safely. There were questions running through his sleepy head, but he decided to dismiss them because he was kind of lazy to think too much, first thing in the morning.

His lower body ached and felt rather *heavy* . He wondered if this was due to not having their quota of “everyday” the night before - because he was very productive at that time of the day, especially when spring comes and summer looms ahead, and there is an abundance of business opportunities in Yiling, with plenty to see, to experience and to cherish in a lively sea of

hustle and bustle typical of city life. Wei Ying hoped that they will have double the fun in the bedroom at night, and he smiled brightly at the prospect of riding both of them to multiple orgasms (and recording Lan Zhan's exquisite facial expressions during sex, because every one of them is jaw-droppingly precious, and he has enough Eye talismans plastered all over their bedroom walls to "catch 'em all").

The heat from the steaming *jiaozi* started to burn his back. As he lowered the basket on the ground with a frown and a palm rubbed the reddened skin just above his buttocks, he contemplated about his immediate problem. He didn't want to end up with blisters, but he had a cargo to deliver. He could carry the basket by hand, but the steam will still burn his palms and the unwieldy load would tire him considerably; fatigue would slow him down - he might miss the crucial food-serving event of the wedding ceremony!

Minutes ticked by, and finally he decided to throw the towel and unveil his trump cards. He looked around to make sure that nobody was around or watching. He took out a Fire talisman from his inner pocket and magically erased the mystical word on the yellow paper. Then, he pointed both second and third fingers to it and carefully wrote an ugly, inverted version of the same word that was deleted earlier. As he wrote, the strokes began to quiver and *move* - they slither, smear and bleed all over the paper like a living serpentine creature. Wispy black smoke floated off the surface, and the stench of curses and malaise fill the air.

Wei Ying wasn't sure if this idea would work, but he was willing to bet a basket of valuable *jiaozi* for it to succeed.

Elemental spells are intended to create, modify or transform Nature's elements, to a limited extent, but they do not *take away* . The act of

inverting a spell is considered to be an extreme aspect of the dark arts, and forbidden at all costs - because such acts defy the divine laws of Creation and of the Living.

The talisman becomes sickly dark-purple in colour, and the hardly-visible blackened word “Cold” is formed. Wei Ying shivered as he held the piece of paper; he could feel his body heat seeping out from his fingertips where they touched the talisman. The young man rapidly cast the cursed spell into the basket and in a stunning display of freakishly dark luminescence, the bamboo rack containing the dumplings ceased to steam.

Wei Ying heaved a sigh of relief that his experiment went well, and he was emboldened by the results. He knew he had wasted enough time and there was one last thing to do.

He took a deep breath and hauled up the cooled basket. “Forgive me, Lan Zhan, but I’m doing this for the both of us,” he announced to the surrounding woods, and to no one in particular. He prayed that the 108 local gods and Merciful Goddess Guan Yin were listening to his pleas, that they understand his circumstances, and ultimately, be compassionate to his cause.

Five off-tune and ear-splitting whistles later, a terrible corruption emerged. To the naked human eye, it would seem an anomalous cloud of ash-black smoke appeared from thin air; in fact, in Wei Ying’s vision, there was a swarm of summoned demons and monstrosities of unspeakable names, invisible to the Living, tearing through the fabric of Space, devouring a path for their Master, consuming absolutely *everything* in their way with insatiable hunger - all life, matter, sights, sounds, even intangible elements

such as feelings and thoughts, and everything else connected to the world of Living.

Eyes glowing in unnerving evil-red, long hair flowing eerily with unseen breeze in the deathly silence of the woods - Yiling Patriarch Wei Wuxian's grin became twisted as he stepped through the portal, with the basket of *jiaozi* in his arms.

Notes for the Chapter:

COCKBLOCKING COCKEREL! (I always wanted to say that.. haha!
eats KFC)

This feels like another side-arc from the recent past. I might as well flesh out the couple's story a little more, before the end of the year. Ahhh.. it was supposed to be a couple of paragraphs about their life in Early spring/summer but look what happened, and it turned into another monster to write *sobs*

At least I'm glad to give Lan Zhan a power-up too - yay! And more reveals about lovely little Wei Ying!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 13

Lan Zhan throws another bundle of firewood tied by a Binding Spell (which he has learnt to cast by himself) onto another two tidy bundles already stacked atop his broad shoulders. One hand holds the firewood firmly yet precariously in place, while the other grips Bichen, ready to fend off any approaching wild animals. His body sags at the weight of dead branches, each as thick as a man's thigh, and he heaves forward with two baskets tied to his back, brimming with the morning's foraging from the forests.

He shakes his head, blows errant locks of lush hair away from his face, and hopes his loosened ponytail will hold until he gets back home. Wei Ying had teased that he should get a haircut, especially with hotter summer days looming ahead; the younger man had trimmed off a few inches of unruly curled ends with Lan Zhan's help (just with a pair of regular scissors purchased from Liao's store, not Bichen, because it is a terrifying experience to have the gigantic blade swing between one's nape and the carotid arteries).

Lan Zhan wipes off a few beads of sweat with his sleeve and he frowns when he realized he had probably added a few more smudges of dirt and grime on his forehead - his clothes are a bit muddied and scratched from climbing steep, rocky cliffs to reach the rare herbs for his best-selling medicinal candies, and from walking through dense, dew-covered bushes to pick native fruits, wild mushrooms and tasty roots. Most of them will end up in Old Merchant Zhu's market stalls, but he makes sure to set aside the best ones for their dinner plates.

His daily foraging routines are carefully planned using renowned Gusu-trained cartography skills (he made mental maps of the 'Mounds, but still needs practice because miles and miles of featureless, rolling grasslands and

stonefields can easily confuse any amateur navigator), and calculated according to the passage of time and the seasons (Lan Zhan does not just "stargaze" at night - although the sight of a handsome man in his thirties watching the night sky under the golden glow of a crescent moon does look quite romantic; he is a self-taught practitioner in the field of astronomy, starting shortly after venturing out from the Cloud Recesses. Plus, the 'Mounds offer spectacular opportunities to study the celestial bodies due to the lack of light pollution often seen around larger cities).

He *secretly* taps into Wei Ying's vast network of Eye talismans scattered throughout his estate to locate fruiting trees, valuable ginseng plants or shrubs of edible greens. He makes sure to visit each part of the land at the precise date to maximize his yields with the least amount of time and effort, and he also safeguards future harvests by planting new seeds at every stop (a valuable lesson learnt after the heartbreaking loss of his vegetable gardens last winter). Watching new seedlings sprout into young bushes and trees always put a faint smile on his face - this is the highlight of his morning walkabout around his estate.

Lan Zhan had deliberated on investing in an easier mode of transportation around his land. Unfortunately the rocky, uneven and unstable hilly grounds aren't suitable for travel by donkeys and horses, and without proper man-made trails, wheeled vehicles such as wheelbarrows and carts were out of the question. However, the extreme geography proves to be a blessing in disguise - occasionally, Lan Zhan stumbles upon veins of precious minerals on mountain slopes or rock faces, exposed by centuries of abrasive dusty winds. These sell well at the local blacksmiths and metal-crafting shops in Yiling City - especially after Wei Ying uses his Metal spell to transform the shiny bits extracted by pickaxes into convenient lumps of pure metal.

(Lan Zhan continues to *strongly* forbid Wei Ying to forge silver and gold pieces out of the extracted metals, because any currency that does not bear

the mark of the Imperial Reserve was essentially a fraud, and if caught red-handed, they will be thrown into the darkest dungeons beneath the Heavenly Palace in Chang'an. Wei Ying would stick a tongue out at the older man in defiance when he gets an earful from the older man, to which Lan Zhan will tell a tale about the biggest, meanest and ugliest canine waiting behind those impenetrable prison walls; and Wei Ying would promptly shrink back and cower instinctively with fear; which to Lan Zhan's unspoken delight, he will promptly apologize about his far-fetched descriptions [the presence of a canine was true, though], and cuddle a quaking Wei Ying in his lap).

As he climbs over a small hill and grunts at the tremendous weight on his aching back and shoulders, thoughts about silver, gold and their financial situation came to mind. He left Jingshi the year before with five bars of gold, equivalent to five hundred pieces of gold. One was used to purchase the land title for their home, and two was spent - to his utmost disappointment - on an expensive set of jewelled accessories. It was an impulsive buy when a passing-by merchant from the Silk Road caravans showed him some shady wares while he was looking for exotic spices in Huang village to make his soups tastier. He was told that any lover would fall "deeper than ever in love" when presented with the "once-in-a-lifetime, match-made-in-heaven, complete and unique set of rare jewelled pieces to adorn a loved one from head to toe - a perfect gift for one of unparalleled beauty worthy of praise from the gods and goddesses". He didn't think much of the convoluted product description, other than how he would *lose out* if he didn't get his hands on that jewelled set *at that moment* because "there's another interested customer, so you better buy it NOW". The infallible Han Guang Jun fell *easily* for the ruse, and effortlessly parted with two gold bars.

Later, Wei Ying would tell him that a plain-looking bamboo flute that he could play together with his guqin music, was worth more than any sets of jewelled accessories that the older man could gift to him. At that point, Lan

Zhan learnt a valuable life lesson - that Wei Ying's love for him was immeasurable, and incomparable to any amount of silver or gold.

Lan Zhan's thoughts are interrupted when he hears a panicked, shrill squeal from the direction of their cave-home. With superhuman strength, he dashes towards the source of the sound with full cargo in tow.

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Wei Ying patted his hands against his hips to rub away colourful residues on his palms and fingers; he didn't like how the Council-sanctioned talisman paper were coated with a layer of fine coloured dust, which when handled too often by sweaty fingers, would leave the skin painted in an assortment of reds, yellows and sometimes icky greens and blues. He hoped the Council used safe food-grade colourings, and not some kind of synthetic substances that could cause toxic dermal side effects in the long term. *Just one of the usual hazards of my profession*, he scoffed inwardly.

After stowing his tiny wooden cart and the two low chairs at the back corner of Li's clinic (the owner was generous to let him use the storeroom for free, in return for guaranteed timely deliveries of medicinal products from the 'Mounds), he hoisted up his basket and then bid polite goodbyes to the doctor and his nurses, before walking out to the East Market Street.

Yiling City continued to bustle and thrive throughout the day. Although the lunch crowd had thinned and men returned to their workplace, people from all walks of life continued to mill about with their daily businesses, particularly in the shades of storefronts and inside noisy teahouses. Excited

laughter and shrieks echoed the streets when children finished their classes, and ran towards waiting carts of snack sellers outside the school gates.

Wei Ying's stomach rumbled loudly to remind the young man that he hadn't taken his lunch yet - he had been busy all morning delivering *jiaozi* in a hurry, then, without taking a break, he demonstrated his **A** **w**esome **S**elling **S**kills to the delight of the guests at the wedding ceremony, which both entertained them as well as to lighten his satchel of handmade lucky charms and trinkets, in exchange for a few extra silver pieces. Later, he made his way to the morning market to compete with magic and talisman sellers from other religious denominations to peddle his wares and services. Sometimes, he reminisced the good ol' times when he and Wen Ning would find a comfortable spot on streetside kerbs or on a flight of stairs in front of somebody's store, and station themselves for hours doing nothing except selling radishes (Wen Ning did most of the work anyway). These days, Wei Ying had to trudge the dusty streets alone, pushing his tiny cart from from one market to another, then, further away, from store to store, and when he reached the residential areas at the outskirts, from house to house - while painstakingly belting out catchy advertising jingles until his voice became hoarse.

After circling the fairly sizable city on worn-out shoes, he returned to the marketplace where Grandma Li kindly offered a cup of cooling chrysanthemum tea with honey at her clinic. He also picked up his purchases at the market, when businesses wind down by midday, and sellers desperately gave out discounts to get rid of their merchandise as fast as possible. His basket was filled with leaf-wrapped minced pork, a bag of flour, condiments and spices, and some household tools from Liao's store. Meat was generally expensive and considered as a symbol of wealth in this day and age, consumed mostly during auspicious events or by the middle class; however, since it was the key ingredient to Lan Zhan's dumpling recipes, therefore most of the day's proceeds went to Old Butcher Niu's stall. Wei Ying also noted, with slight despair, that everything in the basket

was either for their fledgling food business, or for their household consumption - but there was none for himself.

Lan Zhan was truly fastidious and thrifty in their spending, especially after disaster struck their orchards and vegetable gardens over Winter, and they really had to tighten their belts in the following Spring - so, the older man made sure everything monetary piece counts. With all transactions completed, by noon, Wei Ying pocketed twenty silver pieces into his inner garment for safekeeping - this was the day's net profit, his spending money for the next trip to town, and more importantly, the amount Lan Zhan *expects* to see on the dinner table at sundown - and also five additional pieces of silver jiggling in his palm, attributed directly to his **A** **w**esome **S**elling Skills and their ability to charm the purses off rich housewives.

As Wei Ying pondered on how to spend the precious five silvers, he adjusted his straw hat when he walked by the Kitchen Of Prosperity. It was one of the larger and grander restaurants at the end of the North Market Street and near the city center, whose exorbitant prices were as unbelievable as the lavish dishes that its army of master chefs conjures on a daily basis, strictly to the rich and elite of Yiling's society. He squinted through the bright afternoon sunlight and watched forlornly through porcelain-lined windows at boisterous crowds shouting " *Gan bei!* (Cheers!)". He was tempted to follow the mouth-watering smells of banquets, free-flowing wine, and the music of loud entertaining conversations mixed with echoes of hired opera singers permeating the air, all served in richly-decorated rooms lined with fine tapestries from the Far West. Sixteen years ago, he didn't have the luxury to patronize such unaffordable establishments; sixteen years later, he had *tea* with the mayor in that restaurant - just once - while negotiating the purchase of their estate in the 'Mounds. At that time, he had a glimpse of the life of Yiling's super-rich and famous, and promised to himself that *someday* , when he has earned enough, he would take Lan Zhan on a date and have dinner in that place.



Eventually, after turning a few corners and junctions, he reached the city square where he found empty benches under the shade of large, twisting century-old trees. There, he finally sat down with a heavy thud and a loud “Mmmh!” to his aching legs, where he unwrapped his lunch of two *jianbing* s (the same as breakfast’s, because Lan Zhan had no time to make anything else), a bamboo container of chrysanthemum tea (Grandma Li insisted she had a huge jug of it) and a juicy peach from their orchard (which he plucked on his way out of their courtyard earlier that day).

A few people walked past but they paid no attention to the dust-covered street peddler dressed in a simple dark-coloured commoner's attire. With the large straw hat that hid his face from the world, Wei Ying was able to enjoy his food in undisturbed silence while looking down disinterestedly at the floor, taking in every detail, such as at the cracks on surfaces, lines of black ants crawling by, and common weeds that grew at the edge of the city square.

One particular stray calico cat approached and rubbed its body sweetly against Wei Ying’s legs, softly meowing and probably begging for scraps. Based on its ease around people and how easily it became friendly with his dusty shoes, he thought the cat was probably abandoned by its owner.

“Are you hungry, little one? This is the last bite of my *jianbing* . Here, you can have it,” he chirped and made smoochy sounds with his lips. The feline ate the meat filling and purred happily. Wei Ying took the opportunity to run his fingers along the cat’s back and patted its furred rump. It was calming and therapeutic experience, and he needed it after such a chaotic morning.

He continued to stroke the feasting cat until he noticed one particular shadow on the ground in front of him, and lingered for far too long.

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“Ssssh! Ssssh!” Lan Zhan hissed at the invaders while waving a broom angrily.

A family of squirrels scurried on the floor of the kitchen, littered with dropped cutlery, broken clay jars and dishcloths painted with paw-prints, and they darted between clanging bowls and baskets of fruits to dodge the dangerous broom. Outside, a pair of foxes barked and hopped excitedly, trying to snatch the rodents when one of them edged too closely to the windowsill. The chaos was maddening, and in the heat of the moment, Lan Zhan threw the broom out the window to chase the foxes away, followed by the shrieking squirrels when the coast is finally clear of the predators.

When peace finally returned to the kitchen, he sighed heavily and began to pick his way through the clutter that was left behind. His hair was already in disarray and his clothes needed a good washing - and he had a kitchen to clean, re-organize and tidy up.

I'm out of the house for just over an hour, and this happens, he told himself in a condescending manner. At times like this, he missed the days in the Cloud Recesses where wild animals were non-existent and there were plenty of servants to keep an eye out for intruders. He picked up a broken piece of clay, and noted sourly that it came from one of Wei Ying's wine jars. A pool of liquor spilled carelessly on the floor, wasted. A few apples

and peaches lay in disarray on the dining table around a tipped-over fruit basket, with bite marks on most of them.

When he regained his composure (after reciting a few Gusu Lan's rules about keeping calm and maintaining one's sane mental condition in times of crisis), he went out of the cave to collect the broom. "Ah," he muttered, when he realized its handle was broken. He had thrown it with such unbelievably inhuman force, that the wooden bar splintered when it hit the courtyard grounds.

From a distance, crows nesting on the branches of fruiting trees started cawing, laughing at his predicament in horrid-sounding cackles. He gave them an evil eye, because those birds were extremely annoying and were known to steal his laundry clips and smaller pieces of clothing (including their underwear). He waved the broken broom head to shoo them away, but the useless gesture did nothing to the blackbirds, some of which were as big as cats. The birds were probably descendents of those who fed very well on corpses during the Wens' reign, and they did not fear men.

Lan Zhan decided not to squander another minute on the pests, and he marched back into his home with a very loud "Hmph!". He still had a basket of goodies from the 'Mounds to sort through.

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“ *Xiao meimei* (little girl), do you feel better now?”

She sniffled and rubbed her snotty nose while munching on a peach.

“ *Xiao meimei* ... do you have a name? Are your parents around? Where do you live?”

She shook her head, intent on eating the fragrant fruit and ignore everything else.

Wei Ying gave her some of the chrysanthemum tea when she finished the peach. Correction, *his* peach.

He couldn't leave the hungry girl alone when he noticed her staring at his lunch with teary eyes. He had finished the *jianbing* s by then (correction, the cat finished it) and only had his dessert to offer. She looked like six or seven years old, and her clothes were dirty and mud-speckled - but she did not look neglected nor unwashed, so she must have separated from her family and gotten lost. Wei Ying was relieved the child wasn't a beggar or an orphan like one of those street brats; he wouldn't know what to do if that happened (because he knows it takes a *village* to raise a child like A-Yuan, and he had no means to do it again, now).

People walked about the city square and minded their own business. No one spared a concerned thought or a rude stare at the sight of a dubious-looking (but quite handsome) young street peddler crouching in front of a young child, in broad daylight.

Just then, a snack seller passed by and Wei Ying quickly bought a stick of tanghulu with a silver piece - he knows the sugary-sour treat will win the hearts of any child, and true enough, the little girl smiled when the tanghulu was waved at her face. He handed it to her, and she took it in a heartbeat. She started to lick and chew on the first glazed fruit.

“See? This *gege* is a good person. Do you want to go somewhere? Do you want to see someone? *Gege* will hold your hand and we can walk together,” he said with his brightest grin. He offered her a welcoming, open palm.

Suddenly, a twig hit his face.

“It’s him! It’s him! The *hei gui* (Black Ghost) is over there!” childish laughter and shrieks filled the air.

Wei Ying rolled his eyes with a vexed expression, muttered “hide behind that tree” to the little girl (and she obeyed without hesitation and ran for cover), then rose up with dangerous determination, and stomped angrily towards the fleeing boys. He rolled up his sleeves to show that he meant *serious business* (to the kids, no less).

“How dare you! Come back here! And stop yelling *hei gui* just because I’m wearing dark colored clothes today!” he shouted irately and started chasing the brats around the city square.

“The *hei gui* is very fierce today! Run for your lives or he’ll eat you up!”

“He says that the Yiling Patriarch was a good guy! Can you believe it? He’s crazy!”

“It’s a crazy *hei gui* ! Ha ha!”

“AHHHHH!!!!”

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It was midday and Lan Zhan finally smiled after the disaster in the kitchen earlier the day; he had taken a quick shower, the bedsheets and blankets were cleaned, fluffed and folded, and so were the numerous articles of clothing (including squirrel-paw-printed dishcloths) that were hung out to dry since morning. Everything in their house, including the foraged food, had been put in order. His universe has once again returned to its perfect, balanced state; and he strives to maintain this balance as much as he can.

The herbs were laid out on a wide canvas in the courtyard to bake under sunlight, and every hour, he would use a rake to spread and turn the shrivelled leaves over. His recipe for medicinal candies requires bone-dry herbs; any signs of moisture would result in a soggy batch that would spoil faster than usual.

As he contemplated on what to make for a simple, quick-to-cook lunch (because he had to keep his vigil over the drying herbs, lest unexpected winds blow them away or the cursed crows return to wreak havoc), he noticed a tear on a pair of trousers that he was about to fold.

“Ah,” he murmured to himself. Wei Ying sure wears down his clothes pretty fast, he thought. All the walking and the rough-and-tumble of his (nearly) daily adventures in Yiling must be quite tough on the young man, another voice added inside his mind.

Lan Zhan made a mental note to send Wei Ying to buy more rolls of cloth in his next trip to town. He gripped the pair of torn trousers tightly and looked up to the sky with a renewed sense of purpose, a vivid sparkle in his golden-hued eyes. He had a mission to fulfil for the coming days - one that consists of making new garments and trousers for his lover.

Notes for the Chapter:

Welp.. this is now a side-arc and it's another growing monster to write! I had so much fun fleshing out more plot elements (and adding a few more too!). I hope this helps to build a richly-detailed world where there's plenty of stuff that Wangxian can do!

For those who have been reading the preceding two stories of the trilogy, I hope you're able to connect the dots for certain plot elements.

No sex this time, but I hope the cuteness and fluff helps a bit.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 14

“Ah!!! The *hei gui* caught me! Help! Help!”

“Stop calling me that, you stinky rascal!” Wei Ying growled when he held up one of the street boys by the collar. He really *hated* to be bullied by those kids, and like a child himself, he couldn’t resist taking revenge on them whenever opportunity presents itself.

“Eh...?? There are no candies in here today!”

Wei Ying turned around in shock to see another boy, around ten years of age and as filthy and dust-covered as the others, stick his greasy hands into Wei Ying’s basket. Packages of meat, flour and other groceries were rudely hurled to the ground; some of them were left opened and spilled their contents.

“Get away, you thief!” he hissed, and then realized too late that his grip somehow loosened, and the boy that he had caught just a moment ago managed to wriggle free. He reached for the fleeing child, but abruptly pulled back when an assortment of hard, unripe fruits and tree nuts flew at him. Snipers behind tree trunks used crudely-made slingshot and attacked from all directions.

Wei Ying was extremely flustered, having to deal with multiple brats at the same time, and raised an arm in defense from the aerial bombardment. Before he could react further, another boy ran past and kicked him behind

the knee. Poor Wei Ying grimaced and fell flat on all fours to the ground with a painful thud. A couple of smaller boys scrambled behind some bushes and continued to pelt him with more twigs and rocks.

“Hit the *hei gui* ! Everyone wears white, gold and bright colours, but he always wears black! He must be dirty and smelly, like a really black ghost!”

“Yeah! Hit him! He says really strange things about the Yiling Patriarch, so he must be a mad man! Crazy old man!”

Then, two Jin guards appeared at a distance in full (and outrageous) regalia - they wore gilded armour with a magnificent white peony symbol imprinted on the chest plate, with flowing golden cape and equally shiny metallic boots. Both carried huge swords on their belts, and wore menacing looks as they approached the source of the commotion. People at the city square began to take notice of the scuffle with the boys, and politely (even apprehensively) dispersed to make way for the fierce-looking bearded brutes in their blindingly-bright outfits.

“It’s the Jin dogs! The dogs are here!”

“Woof! Woof!”

“Yeah! Nobody likes you! You think you can waltz in here and boss us around?”

“You’re not the police! You can’t catch us!”

“Woof! Woof!”

The noisy shouts from the street brats faded; the boys scattered at the arrival of the guards despite their brazen taunts.

Wei Ying didn't realize he was holding his head down to shield himself from the brats' projectiles, until both guards marched dangerously close to him. With each dreadfully heavy footstep, he felt his stomach tightened and his throat constricted with unease. He remained as still a mouse, and prayed that his identity would not be discovered - especially since a fair number of Jin soldiers recognized the much-maligned face of the rogue-cultivator, Wei Wuxian, who ran down the steps of the Carp Tower not too long ago with their arch-enemy Han Guang Jun, who killed many of their brethren.

A glaringly shiny boot stopped next to his cheek with a sickening crunch of metal against gritty sand, and a bead of sweat rolled down from his forehead. The air smelled acrid, and he wasn't sure if it was from his rising fear, or from the plated boot.

"... *what* is this?" The tip of the sharp-edged boot painfully cut into his shoulder as one of the guards nudged him with his foot.

"... he's wearing black and covered with dust. Must be one of those poor peasants," the other guard replied gruffly.

Wei Ying squeezed his eyes shut and couldn't really grasp the conversation above him; all he could hear were the alarmingly fast thumps of his heart against its ribcage and the roar of adrenaline in his blood.

“Tch, what a useless fellow, to be knocked out by those street brats,” the first guard spat, and ruthlessly stepped on the back of Wei Ying’s head. Wei Ying winced when his lips and the tip of his nose scraped against the sand.

“... that’s enough, *shidi* (younger disciple). Let’s continue our patrol, otherwise the General is not going to pay our salary at sundown.”

“Ahhh, *shixiong* ! (elder disciple) It’s so boring to walk around and do nothing all day! I want to fight! I want to rough up people!” followed by swishing sounds of fists pumping into the air, “I want to shoot fireballs from my hands and burn things down! If only.. If only our General didn’t sign that treaty with the mayor, things would have been more interesting!” Wei Ying’s face and hair became covered with more sand when the first guard kicked up a storm of dust at his direction. The sound of footsteps became more and more distant, and Wei Ying finally heaved a sigh of relief.

The guards left as soon as they appeared. The city square remained deserted and very few individuals dared to venture to have a curious look, before scurrying off.

When he was sure that it was safe to move, Wei Ying got up hesitantly to his knees, and started to dust away sand from his face and clothes. “Ahh..” he muttered, when he saw an ugly rip on the upper part of his sleeve. He had a lot of explaining to do when he gets home, he thought grumpily.

Wei Ying was disappointed to find that the four remaining silvers he’d kept in the sleeves had disappeared; the street brats probably pickpocketed him during the tussle - *again* . He patted his chest and was relieved that the

twenty silver pieces intended for Lan Zhan were safe and secured within the inner garment's pocket. Still, he was sad that his extra hard work from the morning was for naught, his basket of goods was ransacked, and he was even beaten up by bratty kids, and stepped on by the adults. It was turning out to be a miserable day for Wei Ying.

“ *Hei gege* (Black elder brother)...?” a soft, timid voice called out from above, and he realized he had been frowning for the past few minutes.

Wei Ying looked up and was greeted by the sight of a tanghulu. The little girl waved the stick a little, inviting him to take a bite. He began to shake his head to refuse the offer; a sugary-sour treat wouldn't make any difference on the ache he felt in his body - and his heart.

The girl was persistent, and pushed one of the glazed fruits to Wei Ying's lip, until he had no choice but to nibble the juicy surface. It was really sweet.

“ *Hei gege* is a good person,” she said. He was quite surprised to hear her talk, as she did not speak a word earlier. She used her sleeve and tried her best to wipe a smudge of dried dirt from his cheek. Wei Ying smiled, albeit wistfully, at her kind gesture. *Xiao meimei* is like a shining beacon of light during these dark times, just like how *Shijie* used to be, he thought. He felt a twinge in his chest at the girl's actions, which resembled *Shijie* 's comforting pats and wipes on his face when he fell down during his childhood days.

The little girl seemed to be able to sense his pain. “Don’t cry, *gege* ,” she whispered and wiped non-existent tears from his lower eyelids. Wei Ying couldn’t help but to make a muffled, choked sound when a wave of nostalgia hit him.

“Does *gege* want to go somewhere? Is there someone *gege* wants to see?” she asked, compassion and empathy in her voice.

Wei Ying took the girl’s sleeve and pressed it against his entire face. He didn’t want the world to see him cry.

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Lan Zhan stretched his back with a satisfied nnnngh and a couple of creaks of stiff joints.

The afternoon sun was beating down on their home’s compound and he stayed within the cooling shade, on the benches by the lotus pond. A few pieces of cloth were strewn on the pondside table and on his lap; he was cutting and sewing up some fabrics in preparation for his next project. He had a few scraps that could be repurposed, but he would need a fresh new roll of cloth to make new robes for Wei Ying. The bright sunlight was ideal for doing any work that required his total visual concentration.

However, he’d spent nearly an hour hunched over the pieces of cloth after a filling lunch of Gusu-style plain porridge with plenty of garden vegetables

and tofu; he thought it was time to move around a bit, and get his blood circulation going.

Lan Zhan folded his handiwork into neat stacks on the table, and then took off his top. Wearing only his pants and shoes, he began his warm-up exercise under the shelter of the dense foliage of fruiting peach trees. Minutes later, he shifted his feet to a ready stance, and began to perform easy, graceful movements with his hands akin to the basic tenets of martial arts. He had learned all physical aspects and the multiple levels of cultivation arts by heart, and could effortlessly progress to more advanced and complex movements, kicks and punches with his limbs.

Soon, his naked upper torso was covered in sweat, he panted from the exertion, but he felt energized and refreshed. A healthy flush appeared on his cheeks and taut muscles on his body, and spiritual *qi* energy thrummed along his meridians. His golden core energy was replenishing at an admirable rate - a sign that his performance was flawless. However his cultivation hit its ceiling when he tried to take things to the next level - the psychological realm.

Images of eggs, tanghulus and Wei Ying's undulating plump ass continued to flash in his mind. As he recharged, so was his sex drive - and the fact that he didn't manage to cum the night before, and earlier that morning, worsened his inexcusable mental state. Lan Zhan was pent up, and couldn't drag his mind out of the gutter.

He steeled himself for an afternoon of abstinence, and continued to cultivate as much as his body will allow - by executing every swipe of hands and sweep of feet exactly as dictated by the books he had memorized

from the Cloud Recesses, and made every effort to perfect his form - except for the annoyingly erect tent in his pants that refused to back down.

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“... tian,” the girl murmured into Wei Ying’s ear, as he gave her a piggyback ride towards the marketplace while hugging his basket of groceries at the front. It was a little awkward to walk with unwieldy loads on both ends, but Wei Ying managed to stride ahead at a reasonable speed. His heart felt light and he wanted to take the girl to her home in return for her kindness at the city square; he gladly ignored the curious stares of passers-by too, because the sight of a dodgy-looking young (don’t forget, handsome) man in his late teens or early twenties and carrying an innocent-looking six or seven year old girl, and both didn’t look alike at all - leaves a trail of noisy gossiping and suspicious stares among nosy housewives who endlessly speculate the nature of their relationship.

“ *Tian* (sweet)? ” he repeated in askance. He wondered if the girl was asking for another sweet snack.

“My *jie jie* (elder sister) calls me *Tian Tian* (sweet sweet, literally),” she replied.

Wei Ying was glad to know her name, finally. Her namesake precedes her, given her love for juicy peaches and tanghulus. “Ah, Tian Tian! Where do you live, Tian *meimei* ? I was thinking of bringing you to the marketplace, where some nice *shushu* (uncle) over there will be able to help,” he

remarked. Tian Tian bounced on Wei Ying's back when the younger man picked up his pace.

"Mmm.. *jie jie* is in the big red shop at Fragrant Blossoms Street. She was doing a delivery there, but she talked and talked to the customers. I got bored and walked around... and became lost, and hungry because we hadn't eaten," she explained carefully. Wei Ying was impressed at her grasp of vocabulary; most children at her age were still illiterate and wouldn't know how to use some of the mentioned terms; he guessed that she was probably raised in a rich, educated family.

Then, realization hit him. He stopped in his tracks unexpectedly, and Tian Tian was also startled; she grasped at his collar to prevent her from falling over.

"Err... Fragrant Blossoms Street? Did you say.. Fragrant... Blossoms... Street?" He repeated each syllable, uncertain if he had heard her right. He stared warily at a westerly direction. They were actually quite close to her destination.

"Yes, *gege* . Can you take me there? *Jie jie* is probably waiting for me, and she will be worried," Tian Tian answered.

Wei Ying swallowed with a hard gulp, and nodded hesitantly. He took a sharp turn and started to walk towards the aforementioned street.

Wei Wuxian had spent a good portion of his life sixteen years ago, and sixteen years after around Yiling, and he pretty much knows the ins and outs of the sprawling city - he knows the names and locations of the bustling main roads, the windy streets and the vibrant shops that line them, and the dingy narrow alleys in-between; and of famous business owners and their establishments - both big and small. There was one particular district where he *really* wanted to set his foot into, unfortunately didn't have the chance because of his notoriety and lack of funds in the past, and now - a lifetime later - he *could* , but he *really shouldn't* .

Really, really, shouldn't.

Fragrant Blossoms Street is one of Yiling's best-kept secrets - a seedy red-light district rumoured to be "so good, that (virgin) men never come out intact".

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Lan Zhan checked the bamboo water clock near the entrance of their home. He filled it with a bucket from the lotus pond to make sure that it continued to function throughout the day. It was three hours past midday, and Wei Ying should be back soon, he thought.

The herbal leaves were almost done, and were as dry as the dust swirling in the afternoon breeze. So, Lan Zhan began to rake them into tidy piles, where later, he would pack them into convenient, measured bundles with paper; each paper package will be used for making a batch of medicinal candies.

As he started to arrange the leaves in long horizontal and vertical lines (it was a strangely calming and therapeutic experience for him), he contemplated on how to fill the remaining of his afternoon before Wei Ying returned. He had the options of meditating (after such a harried morning, why not?), playing guqin (he should brush up on his musical skills), reading a book or this month's Cultivation Times magazine (it's always good to keep one's mind active, keep learning, and improve continuously), or have another walkabout around his estate (maybe he will find something of value, such as more edibles for tonight's dinner or chance upon a mineral rock that could be worth several *gold* pieces - but what if the squirrels return?).

Ah, so many choices, and there is plenty of time to think through them, he thought.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This particular arc continues. Let's bring in some comedy and drama!

I don't really know what else to say, except that my drafts aren't shrinking - in fact they keep expanding with more, wilder ideas. If anyone's missing the sex, I apologize in advance and promise to make up for it later. I'm really hoping to build Wei Ying's character and his post-canon story, and let's not forget that Lan Zhan is waiting for him too!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 15

The fate of Wei Wuxian's heterosexual virginity hung perilously by a thread, as he stepped into the *mother* of all nests of hungry, sex-crazed females waiting to pounce on him. He imagined himself as a piece of fresh, juicy phallic-shaped meat being dangled enticingly in a sea of open jaws from various legendary depictions of sexually-deprived females, ranging from the Spider Demoness that seduced Tang Sanzang from the *Journey to the West*, beautiful *huli jing* (fox spirits), to vengeful *nu gui* (succubi). In his younger days, he had heard wild stories from boasting peers, and read erotic graphic novels with enough sleazy and sordid details to fuel his wild imaginations of what might happen to a man that dared to walk into a street lined with red-hued brothels and constantly seduced by prostitutes plying their trade on the side.

At least that was what he *believed*.

Ironically, he wasn't devoured on the spot, let alone draw more than a couple of curious stares from the occupants along the street.

At mid-afternoon, when business opening times were still a good few hours away, Fragrant Blossoms Street was more deserted than most of Yiling. Most of the shops (likely prostitution houses, dingy bars, gambling dens, massage parlours and stores selling illicit drugs) were closed and few plainly-dressed women lay on reclining lazy chairs at the storefronts, fanning the heat away with enormous bamboo fans. Their browless pale faces weren't attractive, there was no make-up, their hair looked like messy bunches of tangled birds' nests - and were absolutely nothing compared to the alluring courtesans portrayed in PeiNan magazines (陪男; "Accompany the Male"; read as PlayBoy (sic)). A tumbleweed rolled by silently.

Wei Ying took in as many details of the street as his wide googly-eyes could capture, despite the shockingly quiet entrance - he felt like a naive teenage boy who had just graduated into adulthood by walking into the red-light district. The roadside lamps, the benches that dot the storefront walkways, the few trees and flowering bushes that colour the dull browns and greys of aging buildings, the side alleys between shops, and the kinds of trash that litter the ground - everything was interesting to him.

Tian Tian led Wei Ying to the biggest, most impressive-looking structure located in the middle of the street - an imposing triple-storey red-bricked mansion that occupied more land than four teahouses joined together. A closed grand wooden door decorated with dragon and phoenix motifs, nearly fifteen feet in height, was framed by strings of lanterns and cloth-strips that hung from the building's balconies and window ledges; Wei Ying could only envisage the beauty of the building and its surroundings at night, when the skies turn dark and the area is patterned with seductive glows of dim lights and the shadows of moving bodies seeking the pleasures of the flesh. The words “ *Tian Mi Mi* ” (甜蜜密; Sweet Honeyed Secrets (sic)) were written on a dust-covered plaque at the side of the door, which was partly hidden by aged jujube trees that grew around the building's compounds.

Wei Ying's throat instinctively tightened, but he couldn't swallow because he was very thirsty from the brisk walk in the dusty air, and from the heaving and huffing of carrying twice the load that his body was used to. He crouched to allow Tian Tian to hop off safely, and the little girl excitedly rushed forward to the door. She gave it a loud knock while holding Wei Ying's hand.

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Lan Zhan settled into one of the chairs in their bedchamber with the latest edition of Cultivation Times magazine in hand. Just when he opened the first page, a ball of amber light drifted through the window like a firefly. A silvery thread trailed behind it.

He raised an open palm and cupped the fluffy-looking luminescence when it approached, and it immediately vibrated repeatedly with audible buzzes. Lan Zhan waited until the third buzz, then he closed his palm around the ball to give the immaterial substance a squeeze. There was a faint ‘click’ sound, and two seconds later, the Fairy Messenger spell connected.

“Hello. This is Lan’s residence.”

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Wei Ying had never bowed so many times in his life, and really, he *wasn't* in the wrong.

A *horde* of young women - escorts and prostitutes of all ages, all in the process of putting on their (bawdy) make-ups and buttoning up their (revealing, nearly bare-breasted) dresses - hounded and clamoured around him in the dimly-lit entrance. The unwelcomed entry caused a furore of angry “Who the hell is this guy? Who let him in?”, stirred further with accusations of “Why is there a strange man holding hands with a little girl? Pervert!”, shaken with the shrilly screeches of “Who are you to this girl? Are you a kidnapper? Are you trying to sell her?”, and finally, topped with blood-curdling cries of “Get him, sisters!” when they saw him releasing

Tian Tian's hand (big mistake; a sign that he was on the verge of running away). Wei Ying became surrounded by angry, shouting women in the dark, each of them waving deadly-looking hairpins, heavy bottles of perfumes and skin creams, and finely-sharpened crimson-painted long fingernails. Someone closed the door behind him with a resounding 'thunk', and everything turned pitch black in the spinning, ear-deafening madness.

For a second, he truly *feared* for his life; he started to deny every accusation hurled at him, apologized repeatedly, and pleaded the threatening masses in the shadows to "please listen to me". Few ghostly lanterns began to light up in the darkness, casting dusky rays on his trembling form, and he felt as though he was at the front of Hell's gates, awaiting judgement. He kept bowing lower and lower, which to the other side, looked like he was admitting his guilt to a terrible scandal - and this riled up the women further.

Then, a lady in her early twenties in a satin-white dress, stepped to the front and raised a hand. Everyone stopped what they were doing, and Wei Ying, who was almost kowtowing to the ground at that point, froze in shock and swore he could hear a pin drop at the sudden silence.

Wei Ying's saviour turned out to be Tian Tian's sister, who promptly introduced herself as *Liang gu niang*, and she asked what was the commotion about. Wei Ying gasped - this is the eldest daughter of *Liang laoban* ! Her father owns the largest, oldest and the most successful of the three teahouses in Yiling, and people say that he runs a slew of other side businesses - not discounting the possibility of a few shops along Fragrant Blossoms Street. Wei Ying gazed at her and realized that the stories about her striking beauty, grace and intellect are indeed true. *Liang gu niang*'s reputation precedes her as a magnet for men seeking a desirable woman's hand in marriage; there are many tales told over titillating teahouse conversations about the lines of suitors that wait daily outside the Liang's

Summer Resort, seeking for an audience with the head of the family. Wei Ying could not believe his stroke of luck, and he was both in awe and humbled by her presence, which by the way, represented an *epic* business opportunity - if he could strike a deal with her family while the iron is hot.

Liang *gu niang* burst into tears when she recognized Tian Tian who was left standing in the middle of the entrance hall next to the (handsome) cowering dark-clothed young lad. She dropped to her knees and pulled her little sister to her ample bosom, and then *without hesitation* , she proceeded to *hug* Wei Ying while thanking him profusely in a strangely comforting threeway embrace (Wei Ying noticed that the *gu niang* did not have any make-up, because there were no ugly tear-streaks and her porcelain-smooth skin glows naturally. She smells of sunny warmth and summer blooms). Wei Ying felt relieved when tension finally diffused from the atmosphere, and he kept murmuring to Liang *gu niang* , “It’s alright, it’s alright.”

Later, when the situation calmed down, Tian Tian gave an abbreviated and exaggerated account of her ordeal - of how she was kindly given food to stave off hunger, and how the heroic *Hei gege* saved her from a gang of bullies and led her to escape from the watchful eyes of Jin guards (at this point, Wei Ying fidgeted nervously because clearly, the child had a very colourful imagination compared to what really happened). While narrating her story, Tian Tian held and lightly shook Wei Ying’s hand, and she even hugged his leg in gratitude, while smiling at her *jie jie* . Wei Ying’s lips curved up in response when he remembered about A-Yuan.

Liang *gu niang* apologized to Wei Ying for the troubles that Tian Tian caused. Her story mirrored what Tian Tian had said earlier - that she was caught up in conversations with the owners of *Tian Mi Mi* , that she did not realize the little girl had walked off on her own. She was supposed to deliver lunch to the shop and return promptly, and in fact, she had to leave soon, now that her little sister was found.

“But.. pardon me for asking, why did you bring your *meimei* (little sister) to... such a place?” he gestured at the main hall of the building. He realized belatedly of his reckless question, when scores of women started to chatter and complain about his choice of words. They remained in the background to give the elegant lady some space, clearly as a sign of respect for *Liang gu niang* and her teary reunion with her lost little sister.

“ *Hei gongzi* (Young Master Hei; black - Wei Ying had a nickname now), we’re very short-handed at the moment, so I can’t leave my little sister at the teahouse. There aren’t any servants with time to spare to care for her. So, she has to follow wherever I go. Besides,” she waved at the crowd around them, “these ‘sisters’ are really good people if you get to know them,” and Wei Ying heard a few cheers of “Yeah!” and “You’ve said it right!”.

Wei Ying steeled himself when he saw his opening, and made a dash for it, ignoring the loudmouthed and nosy women of *Tian Mi Mi* . “Ah, *Liang gu niang* , can.. can I ask for a small favour? Please, even if it's just to hear me out. You don’t have to agree if it’s not to your favour,” he politely asked.

She nodded, and wondered about the change of subject. “Of course. Please, *Hei gongzi* , go ahead and speak about your request. Tian Tian and I are indebted to you for what you did today.”

“My... spouse... and I run a small, modest food catering business. We have products and services that your teahouse could use, such as supplying some ingredients, side dishes, or even an extra platter of fried snacks in case the workers haven’t enough time to make them. Or, I could offer a quick



delivery service for the teahouse to alleviate the immediate problem your father is facing, for a reasonable fee,” he explained and gave his most professional grin. Wei Ying had done his homework, knew the full menus and offerings from the teahouse, knew the kinds of people that hang out within its four walls, and what kinds of products sell like hot cakes (Liang’s fried foods are to-die-for!), and he’s also heard about the troubles bogging down the business due to having too much demand and too little manpower to manage them; a victim of its own success, as people say.

Liang *gu niang* paused and gave a thoughtful look. “I... could ask my father about it. He couldn’t sleep last night because one of his biggest customers will have a birthday party in the teahouse next week, and one of our chefs is on a long sick leave. He said he’s having trouble to fill an order for fritters and spring rolls for that event... would you or your spouse be interested to take up this order, under our teahouse’s name?” There was a hint of a business-like tone in her voice; certainly she was learning to take after her father when it came to matters on negotiations and franchising their business.

Wei Ying bowed with thanks and exclaimed, “Yes! I’m sure she (他) can do it! You would need to give us the details, though...”

There was a sharp rip of paper, a quick swish of a ink-brush pen, and Liang *gu niang* handed him a slip containing some mystical symbols. “If you can cast a Fairy Messenger spell and input this coded script,” she pointed at the symbols which contains the character for the Liang’s family name, “you will get in touch with my father. He’ll give you the recipe, the exact numbers, the flavours required, payment terms and any advance payments as needed, and other necessary details. I’ll talk to him tonight, so you can contact him tomorrow.” She handed the paper to Wei Ying, which the latter gratefully accepted.

“Yes! Thank you, Liang *gu niang* !” and he bowed again spiritedly.

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Lan Zhan nodded at the shining ball of amber light in his palm, although he knew very well that the other side of the line couldn't see his actions.

“Mn. Stay safe. Don't venture out tonight. I will be there tomorrow morning,” he pronounced his words as clear as the instructions being given out.

A muffled but emotional “thank you” emitted from the Fairy Messenger spell, and it flashed brightly, before fizzling out. The silvery thread that connected it to the other receiving end, dissipated too.

Lan Zhan calmly put down the Cultivation Times magazine on the dressing table, and walked to a small bookshelf next to it. He rummaged the shelves for a while, and picked out another book. The big bold words “Wild-life and Wild-deads of Burial Mounds - 2nd edition” were printed on its cover.

He had some serious reading to do, and he hoped Wei Ying would return home soon.

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After Tian Tian and her *jie jie* left, Wei Ying was invited to stay for a bit, as a gesture of apology and a showcase of *Tian Mi Mi* 's hospitality. He didn't dare to refuse the offer, when seven pairs of eyes keenly watched his every move.

He easily changed his mask and slipped into the role of a meek underling begging for a piece of the pie owned by Yiling's grey underworld overlords (or, lordess). His theatrics were on-point that he convincingly mimicked greasy shopkeepers' behaviors such as agreeing to everything that was said, constantly rubbing his palms as he talked, nodding excessively until his back ached, and grinning so broadly until his eyes became mere lines. He tried his best to assure *Tian Mi Mi* 's owners that he was harmless, merely curious, and like everyone else along the Fragrant Blossoms Street, wanted to earn a quick buck for a living.

Over a pot of *pu'er* tea and a plate of roasted peanuts, sunflower seeds, and haw flakes, Wei Ying was secretly exhilarated and at the same time, feared for his life (again), to learn about the businesses behind *Tian Mi Mi* . Seven beautiful young women of different ethnic origins form the backbone of what is actually an extremely efficient, profitable, and well-oiled organization thriving in the underbelly of Yiling. Interestingly, each of them dressed in unique, colourful (also, revealing) costumes, with various levels of exposures of bare shoulders, generous cleavage, silky-smooth thighs and unsurprisingly, their pantyline too. When they stood in a line across the table, Wei Ying thought he was staring at a kaleidoscopic band of female adventurers taken straight out from the covers of fantasy novels.

All are capable leaders, fighters and magic-users, and have admirable cultivation skills, based on how they introduced themselves, and frighteningly, the manner in which each demonstrated at least one of her martial arts skills (one of them introduced herself as the *nth* sister, and after a short, emotionless description about her background - including a brief stint as the notorious "Demoness Scorpion of Chang'an" from two decades ago -, in a blink of an eye and a knee into his belly, Wei Ying was painfully pushed up against the chair with three daggers pointing at his throat. A hawk flake that he was eating was cleanly sliced into two, and he was millimeters from having his jugulars done the same way. Wei Ying dared not spit out the food, and instead, he quickly and obediently swallowed the remaining half of the tart snack that lingered on his lips; the other half fell uselessly to his crotch.)

Each individual sister had their own unsaid stories and unmentioned circumstances - but fate led them to chance encounters with one another, forming bonds thicker than blood-relationships that established a powerful ruling class within the district of Fragrant Blossoms. *Tian Mi Mi* attracts the most and the richest customers, and dictates how much businesses go to the other shops along the street. Its clientele is as diverse as the kinds of merchandise and services that are passed behind the closed doors of its numerous guest rooms - whether the pleasures of the flesh, dealings with contraband such as illegal drugs, prohibited substances, unapproved weapons and magics, trafficking of exotic animals and plants, even unsavoury jobs that involve spying, assassinations, casting curse spells, and slipping poison into an enemy's wine jar; and anything else that the Imperial Court deems punishable by jail, a fine, the loss of limbs, or at worst, instant beheading.

After such a brief but enlightening presentation about *Tian Mi Mi*, Wei Ying thought that it was too dangerous to get involved with the sisterhood of strong, influential and frankly speaking, deadly women. He started to excuse himself with explanations that it was getting late, and his spouse was

probably waiting for him to get home. He also thanked the sisters for the gracious hospitality and the afternoon snack.

Just as he rose from his seat to take leave, two pairs of hands pushed him back down. He yelped and struggled, but the Second and Fourth Sisters were *very strong*, and effortlessly held him in place.

The eldest, strictly addressed as Tian *da jie* (Big Sister Tian), also the tallest and the most voluptuous of the seven, leaned over the table and purred, “Hei *gongzi* ... or should I say, Hei *didi* (little brother), it’s not nice to bid goodbye to your new sisters right after you’ve gotten to know them. Tell us about yourself.” She fluttered her eyelids demurely, and despite her attractive, exotic looks derived from mixed East and Western bloodlines, she exuded a terrifyingly dominatrix air around her.

“A-Ah.. what.. what do you mean? I’m just a h-humble delivery man. I really should leave, o-otherwise my w-w-wife will be worried,” he stammered. Suddenly, his right shoulder felt heavy with the weight of porcelain-white, ample breasts. Wei Ying’s eyes grew wide as saucers as he stared at those *milk jugs*. “You always talk about your wife at home... such a sweet husband you turn out to be... mmm I can taste her presence in your life just by touching you,” the Second Sister said with a drippy voice and slithered a hand over Wei Ying’s right forearms. He flinched away; her fingertips seemed to *bite* his skin.

Fourth Sister, determined not to lose to the Second Sister, followed suit and rested her chest in the same manner. “You’re a clever liar, Mister delivery man! I’ve seen you selling magical talismans at the marketplace. I can smell everything, and can sense powerful magic underneath your clothes!,” she sniffed behind his ear and hissed as she started to grope Wei Ying’s chest.

Panicked, Wei Ying swatted the invading hand away. He had a pouch of twenty silver pieces to protect with his life, in his undergarments' pockets!

“Fourth Sister, don’t be rude and call him ‘Mister’, and get your hands off him. He’s a part of our family now, alright?” the Third Sister emerged from the shadows and embraced him from behind. Wei Ying blushed and gasped when twin mounds and a rather muscular set of abs pressed hard against his back. He was becoming trapped and couldn’t decide to remain docile (remember the three daggers!) or to flee (and have his jugulars sliced!). “F.. Family?” Wei Ying stuttered uncertainly, confused.

Fifth Sister, about the same age as Wei Ying, chirped childishly on his left, “Don’t you know? Once you sign a contract with the Liangs, you’re pretty much a part of the extended family - like us! Hooray!” She knelt next to his left leg and excitedly pounded his thigh with her fists (which was both painful and ticklish; he grimaced and tried not to make any weird sounds).

“But, I haven’t agreed.. unnnff! (the youngest of them, Seventh Sister, in her early teens, scrambled out from beneath the table and hopped onto Wei Ying’s lap; her scant, frilly dress was too inappropriately thigh-revealing, he thought) I haven’t even signed anything with the *laoban* !”

Hot-headed and pouty teenager Sixth Sister growled out from the right, “Details, details, who cares about details! Anyway, you saved our little Tian Tian. Didn’t you realize how different she looked from her elder sister? Or how her name resembles ours? Stuuuuupid old man!” She knelt beside Wei Ying and slapped his right thigh, looking rather exasperated at Wei Ying’s grasp of the situation at a frustratingly slow snail’s pace (when did she appear, he wondered).

Wei Ying was becoming dizzy from being surrounded by seven feisty females, and their thick perfumes and powder make-up almost made him gag. "Tian Tian... is one of you? But... how?" He was having a hard time to digest the new information, especially when the Seventh Sister started nuzzling his neck like a precocious ten-year old. Her soft hair tickled his Adam's apple.

“She is actually one of us, but adopted at an early age by Liang *laoban* . Do you want to know why?” Second Sister whispered seductively into his ear. He shivered when hot air was blown into the ear canal. He couldn't give a definite answer.

Little Seventh Sister bounced on Wei Ying's thighs, annoyed at being ignored despite the ongoing conversations. “Hey, Tian Tian is also my younger sister. Since she called you *gege* , she must really like you. Can I call you *gege* too?”

Third Sister cooed into Wei Ying's nape, “Silly girl, of course you can. We all should, since he’s already one of us. But I prefer to call him *didi* because he’s definitely younger than me. Just *listen* to him, I can tell from his voice that he’s *dying* to be loved and become the *cutie-pie* of our family, ” Her hands crawled to tickle his navel, close to where Seventh Sister's crotch rested. He let out a shrill "Hieeee!" sound.

“Ninth *didi* ! I like the sound of it!” Sixth Sister squealed with delight as she managed to push and dislodge her younger sister from the man; it seemed the girls were wrestling each other atop poor Wei Ying. Seventh Sister squeaked and with trained, lightning-quick moves, managed to

grapple and hold onto his upper torso (owww, don't scratch my ribs, Wei Ying whined inwardly). In revenge, she kicked both Fifth and Sixth with a graceful *split* that sent both older girls tumbling to the ground unceremoniously with facefull of socked feet and bruised nosetips. Seventh Sister stuck out her tongue at Sixth.

Wei Ying was extremely unnerved by the turn of events and he gripped the edge of the chair anxiously. Something didn't quite make sense in the last comment he'd heard. "Ninth...?"

Tian *da jie* walked around the table and stood next to the man helplessly swaddled with clambering females. Her shapely curves and ripped muscular body gleamed in the light of flickering lanterns, and Wei Ying gulped.

"Ah, we should have told you earlier... Tian Tian is the eighth in line of our family," she whispered sultrily, and bent forward. Wei Ying arched his back as much as he could to avoid the looming boobs and curvaceous hips. "Sorry, but you're the runt of the litter, *didi* ," her lips twisted into an sugary-evil sneer and she patted on Wei Ying's cheeks lightly. He deftly avoided being scratched by her long, red fingernails.

Fifth Sister scrambled onto her feet and with enthusiastic sparkles in her eyes and a disturbingly wild grin etched on her face, then she grabbed onto Wei Ying's left thigh and shook it crazily. "Oh, I've always wanted a little brother! This boy is so cute! Too cute! I want him!" Wei Ying gritted his teeth at the *agony* - she was *incredibly strong* and he prayed she didn't shake any of his hip joints out of their sockets.



With that, the hall erupted into burst of activity and noise. Shouts rang from above, “Fate has smiled on us, sisters. Let’s welcome our new little brother!”; somewhere from the kitchen, “Bring out the celebratory foods! The sweets! The candies! *Tian Mi Mi* cannot be *Tian* (sweet) without those!”; and somewhere from the basement cellars, “Servants! Where is the wine? We must have it for this occasion!”.

*Tian Mi Mi* ’s women rushed around him; lighting up the entire interior of the building with red-amber lanterns and Fire and other light-based spells (Cultivators! There are scores of cultivators within the premises!); assembling and laying the table with an extravagant spread of food in all kinds of shapes, colours and textures that he’d never seen before.

Wei Ying *really* started to panic and he struggled to escape the clutches of these *crazed women* . He managed to push through a tide of moving bodies and take two steps towards the closed entrance doors, before *Tian da jie* ’s long limb closed around his waist - he choked on his breath when he realized the arm was inhuman, elongated and scaly, and with gleaming turquoise and aquamarine specks on its five foot-long *claws* . Wei Ying instinctively shouted “No!” and “Help me!” although he knew he cannot be heard within the fortified walls of *Tian Mi Mi* , especially when the street outside was deserted during the afternoon.

Wei Ying reached for his bamboo flute, but realized that it was gone from his sash - curse those street brats! They must have stolen it when they pickpocketed his silvers away! He used his hands and legs to push against the seven sisters who grabbed and pulled him back to the table. Some of the sisters started to grow non-human body parts - revelations that their origins were not as simple and straightforward as narrated before - somewhere among the moving masses, he saw horns, fangs, spider legs, carapace shells, and even a shiny, raised scorpion tail. He squeezed his eyes shut as fear and terror gripped his heart.

Something cold and hard touched his lips.

“Take a sip of this wine and then we’ll share the same jar to celebrate this wonderful siblinghood!” He pursed his lips defiantly and clawed at unseen assailants that threatened to drown him with the alcohol, but strong fingers gripped his mouth and managed to prise his jaws open. Sweet aromatic liquor flowed into his palate, and straight into his lungs when he tried to breathe and cough simultaneously.

“Drink! Drink! Drink!”

The flow of wine, flavored with honey and other unidentifiable tastes, continued to stream down his throat even as he choked, spit and swallowed. A fair amount spilled onto his face and down his neck, and he couldn’t open his eyes because of the stinging liquid.

Wei Ying pleaded for release in between hiccups and coughs, and he raised a hand. “I’m... really, I’m a married man! I have a lovely wife! I love her very much and will not cheat nor disobey her! I have to get back home! I can’t stay--”

One last hiccup, then Wei Ying felt a sharp, painful sensation shoot up his spine and into his head, and he immediately lost control of his senses. His vision spun and blacked, sounds and shouts from the hall became distorted and rose in volume until they became an ear-ringing drone, then his body slumped forward and he slammed his forehead onto the table’s surface. His right hand still held a three-fingered salute.

The entire hall (and the building) fell into murmurs, horrified gasps and eventually, deathly silence.

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“Oh dear.”

“Oh my.”

“What happened?”

“... Sixth Sister, what wine did you serve?”

“What?! Are you suspecting me?! It’s just a regular blend of our magical *Mi* (蜜; honey) and a jar of *Mimi miji* (秘密米酒; Rice Wine of Secrets). What’s wrong with that, *da jie* ? I wanted to spend our first night together learning all about our new *didi* ’s secrets. There’s no problem with that, right?!”

Wei Ying giggled in his awfully drunken, near-slumbering groggy state. He hiccuped and then hummed the sounds “mi, mi, miii, miiii, mii, mi...” *into* the table.

“Tee hee hee... *Didi* ’s totally lost it! He’s so adorable, I wanna keep him like this, *jie jie* . Can I? Can I? Pretty please?”

“(sigh) It didn’t work as you described. Tell me exactly the question you casted into the *Mi* , before mixing it into the wine. And no, Fifth. You cannot keep him like a pet.”

“Huh?! Third Sister, I casted the questions: ‘Tell me your name’ and ‘Tell me about your wife’. There’s nothing wrong, alright?!”

“Sixth, don’t lie to your Third Sister. I can hear the truth even through your raised voice. And don’t shout at your *jie jie* . It’s disrespectful.”

“... OKAY! I wanted to know how he has sex with the girls, because... he’s my type, ALRIGHT?! I wanted to find out more about what makes him tick, which part of females make him horny, like whether he’s a boob-guy or a butt-guy, what’s his favourite sex position in bed when he’s with the wife, and all that stuff! ...FUCK!”

Wei Ying rolled over in his seat and fell to the ground in a messy heap. He mumbled something unintelligible, and snored softly.

“And if he falls dead drunk - like this?”

“I... don’t know, *da jie* . I really don’t, and it’s not my fault! It just means he cannot answer the question and the *Mi* spell failed miserably. That’s all I know! Argh, this is so embarrassing!”

“Oh! Oh! I know!”

“What, Seventh?”

“Something like this happened to me before. Fifth Sister, do you remember the time when we caught a stalker who spiked my drink at school?”

“Yeah! The mayor’s son! He knows how to use the *Mi* spell and tried those sleazy ways to find out about you! And I think he asked similar questions too...!”

“Mm-hmm! But it didn’t work on me, and I fell into a drunken sleep - just like what is happening to *didi* . Because I’m a *virgin* ! The spell couldn't ask me, a virgin, about a question related to sexual experience... so it failed!”

“What?! Really? A virgin?! Even though he has a wife?! I can’t...”

“Slow down, Sixth. Breathe. Just listening to the sound of his heartbeat, I can tell that he’s a really loyal husband, and very loving to his spouse. There is definitely someone special in his life, and he’s living just for this person.”

“Ohhh, such a sweet man, yet still a virgin despite having tied the knot for more than a year. I can taste just by touching his hands - he’s not alone and there is definitely a lover living with him for at least that amount of time.”

“Huh... I don’t smell any other women’s scent on him. Are you sure, Second and Third Sister?”

A full minute passed in silence, as each sister mulled about the mystery of Wei Ying's virginity.

“Fourth, our senses never failed us. *Didi* didn’t lie when he said he’s a married man and that he has a loving *wife* . I’ve figured it out.”

Six sisters looked up expectantly to their eldest - confusion, curiosity, and bewilderment clearly expressed on their sweet angelic faces.

“ *Didi* is in love with another **man**, and the spell failed because he’s never done *it* with any woman.”

Then, Tian *da jie* added, "I've *seen* it in his eyes the moment he stepped into our shop. There is a reflection of a handsome man in white, and it's *always* there.

Wei Ying mmmhhs on the floor and scratched his tummy, before letting out a satisfied snore.

Six soft “aaaahs” chorused in the hall.

Notes for the Chapter:

Just rushing through regular plot before reaching the sex and porn. I hope this is an amusing read because for me, this significantly expands the story's universe for the future. I think we've got enough, and after one, two or few more chapters, then we're done with this so-called 'still in the present year' arc.

I've had loads of fun writing Wei Ying's interactions with the fairer sex, and after this, I really want to wrap him up and send him home to Lan Zhan! Poor baby needs a hug from his man!

Congratulations to Zhan Ge for winning numerous awards and making many live-event appearances. I wuv you Xiao Zhan!!! (*fangirls*)
Not to forget Yibo didi still going strong with plenty of product endorsements and starring in all those tv shows!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 16

Lan Zhan calmly stirred a pot of boiling soup with a ladle. He watched quietly as diced root vegetables and dried dates swirled in the clear, aromatic broth with some chicken bones. Next, he added a few cut wedges from apples salvaged from the morning's squirrel attack; surprisingly, he carelessly dropped one onto the kitchen floor.

Just as the soup bubbled, so did the turmoil he felt inside him. The sun was setting and he hadn't seen nor heard anything from Wei Ying. He looked out with worry through the window (an expression that he seldom showed); the air was getting cooler and the forests surrounding their home had turned into an impenetrable mass of dark shadows beneath fiery orange skies.

He deliberated on whether to burn up an expensive Fairy Messenger talisman that costs four silvers, start up Bichen and rush over to the police station in Yiling, or simply wait a little longer. He looked longingly at bowls of seasoned chicken meat, freshly picked vegetables, wild mushrooms and sliced peaches (also rescued from the squirrels' invasion) arranged neatly on the kitchen counter, ready to be turned into a tasty sweet-savoury stir-fry on the pan at a moment's notice.

The aroma of steaming rice filled the air. He decided to prepare dinner first.

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Seven women surrounded an angelic sleeping, albeit sloppy-looking Wei Ying, who lay on a wide couch-bed made of high-quality hardwood and lined by richly-embroidered pillows. He was covered with dust and dirt from a day's work under the hot sun, reeked with the stench of alcohol that spilled onto his face and clothes, and he drooled endlessly onto the furniture. Seventh Sister tried her best to wipe her snoring *didi* using a wet cloth soaked in a shallow bucket of florally-scented water.

Fifth Sister munched absently on the celebratory foods the servants had prepared earlier - good stuff should not go to waste. These included candies, snacks and sweet breads and rolls. She picked up a bread roll spiced with cinnamon, a specialty from the Far, Far West, but localized to use ingredients found within the Middle Kingdom.

Third Sister sighed and brooded over their *didi*. "Oh, what should we do? Will he be alright? Do we find out who he is and where he lives? Do we tell others? Do we hand him to the police and file a Missing Persons report? Do we let him stay the night?"

Sixth Sister, the most determined, impatient and stubborn of the lot, plucked the food out of Fifth's grasp. She swung it high in the air and announced, "We have to help him find his way back, *jie jie* s.

He's a precious cinnamon roll that must be protected at all cost!" she harrumphs.

Everyone in the room agreed.

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A couple of hours after unwillingly inducting the young man into the sisterhood, the owners of *Tian Mi Mi* were in a quandary of how to locate his home and send him back safely with ample compensation for the inconveniences that stemmed from the *huge* misunderstanding.

Tian *da jie* is brilliant in strategizing solutions to the problem, and ruthless in delegating responsibilities to the sisters to execute her instructions with utmost proficiency. With a wave of the Heavenly Dragon's Spear of Twelve Blazing Summers, one of the numerous enchanted weapons that she fluidly weaved out from thin air, she wrote the word 'Heaven' (天; Tian) in an impressive display of shooting lights, exploding fireballs (and awesome thundering sound effects), and channeled incredible amounts of *qi* energy to her sisters, to enable them to complete their tasks with divinely perfection as much as the Heavens would allow.

(Somewhere high above the stratosphere, Qishan's 108 local gods trembled with fear when their heavenly abodes and earthly shrines quaked from the rippling sonic booms unleashed by the Spear. They rushed to the Golden Summer Resort Palace of the Heavenly Grandfather (天公; Tian Gong) to file a complaint to His Reverence The Jade Emperor, and grovelled repeatedly to seek temporary refuge from the unknown attack.

Tian *dalaoye* (天大老爷; Tian Great Grandfather) was understandably indignant when harassed by scores of such lowly deities while on his summer vacation, and thought it was time to have a pep talk with his rebellious great grand-daughter.

Ordinary inhabitants in the Qishan province of the Mortal Realm were blissfully unaware of the drama unfolding in the clouds above them, except for an unusually loud thunderclap that usually heralds the arrival of mid-summer storms after weeks of dry, hot weather.)

Seductive Second Sister was assigned to visit the Mayor's office to investigate all records and registers - both public and confidential - on any individual by the family name of *Hei* . She made sure to charm all officers on site, and compelled them to check over a thousand pages of documentation in a span of less than an hour. Qishan's provincial administration came to a standstill that afternoon, and all government-related businesses became disrupted. Ordinary citizens queueing to pay their taxes and to settle any city council-related matter complained, but there were used to frequent delays anyway.

Motherly Third Sister was in tears when she saw the woeful state of the contents inside Wei Ying's basket, and remembered the story of his heroic fight with the street brats, which she overheard when Tian Tian was in their shop earlier. The opened wrap of minced pork had footprints all over it and didn't smell fresh anymore; the bag of flour was torn, contaminated with sand, and spilled into the basket; packets of spices, salt, sugar and flavoured pastes lay crumpled, ripped and dirtied at the bottom; even the broom and dustpan set sold at her old friend's store, Liao's, was found bent and crooked. She immediately contacted all her friends in the Qishan Merchant Guild and spent some time lamenting about the pitiful, bullied young man, just as how mothers gather together for mommy-talks and to amass social and emotional support within their circles. The matriarchs of the Niu, Zhu, Liao and many other families responded without hesitation.

Fourth Sister only needed to sneak a peek into Wei Ying's satchel to confirm her initial suspicions about the man's occupation as a street peddler of all sorts of basic magics and useless handmade knick-knacks. She gladly

replenished it with stacks of first-class talismans, finely crafted charms, bottles of healing salves, an assortment of potions jars, and actual, working magical gadgets (including alternate versions of Compasses of Evils) from her own inventory. It didn't cost her anything, since she was one of the co-founders and owners of the top-selling Magics 'R Us brand that is widespread across the Middle Kingdom, and known to every cultivator (they've always advertised on the front covers of every magic and skill-related magazines, including Cultivation Times). She noticed the satchel's leather strap to be worn out, so she handed it to Fifth for repairs.

Fifth Sister is amazing with artisanal works. Despite her childish behavior and speech, she demonstrates skills that put some of the Middle Kingdom's greatest artists, craftsmen, and smiths to shame. She mended Wei Ying's torn garments and his satchel within minutes, and strengthened the material so that they could last a lifetime, if used with care.

Sixth Sister is the darling of the young, enterprising, innovative and creative. She may be going through a rough phase in growing up, and act cranky and moody at times, but she is the most gifted in that she can see and do things that others would not, or could not.

When Second Sister came back empty-handed because there was no one with the surname of *Hei* that matched Wei Ying's description, Sixth became upset and started swearing and throwing things around due to the seemingly futile attempt to help her (secret crush) *didi*. Third Sister advised her to "just calm down, and breathe". She did, stopped her tantrums, and closed her eyes to meditate. Within the noisy murky darkness inside her mind, soon, a spark lit up and burst forth; her mind opened up to boundless possibilities and solutions (Tian *da jie* calls this phenomenon "ascending into infinite states of the mundane mind"; Sixth calls it "mindblown").

She took an identification-related spell from Fourth's arsenal, and casted it on the basket in Third Sister's hands to locate its origins. Then, after staring into her *da jie* 's eyes to see captured image of the 'handsome man in white' (she felt a twinge of jealousy at that point), she plucked out the exact pages from binders titled "Burial Mounds" that Second Sister brought back, and found this man's records written in a copy of a land title - indeed, a portrait of him was drawn on the document, although it was difficult to match it to the actual person. She asked the Fifth Sister to magically weave and modify a Fairy Messenger talisman that her Fourth Sister offered, and under her careful, detailed instructions to *disassemble and re-code* the spell, the piece of yellow paper was transformed into a Reverse Fairy Messenger spell. (Essentially, the sisters could "call the caller", despite not knowing the receiver's mystical call-code or symbol - a twisted and prohibited version of the common spell.)

Fortunately or unfortunately, Wei Ying continued to drift into a restful slumber, and missed the remarkable spectacle of seven human and non-human females fussing over him.

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The softening peaches crackled and simmered in a bath of oiled chicken broth, and he stirred it slowly to thicken the liquid into a tasty, appetizing sauce to accompany fillets of chicken breastmeats and cooked greens. The mushrooms added a nice earthy taste, and helped to enhance the meaty flavours so that they balanced the sweet-sourness of the tart fruit slices.

In the background, the pot of apple chicken soup continued to boil at low temperatures and gurgle contently.

A ball of amber light floated through the kitchen window, with the familiar silvery thread trailing behind it. He wondered exasperatedly who would call at this hour, partly annoyed at getting more than a Fairy Messenger a day, and partly excited-worried that it could be about Wei Ying. He moved the pan away from the fire so that the dish would not become burnt. Naturally (and not really required), he wiped his hands on a dishcloth from oil and sticky fruit juices, before grasping the vibrating fluff of light. By the time he closed his palm into a squeezed fist, it had already buzzed eight times.

He was startled when the first sounds emerged from the pulsing light - a cacophony of explosive high-pitched female voices, all muddled into bursts of incoherent dialogue lines.

“... Hello? Hello! No one’s in, let’s try-- wait, Hello?!”

“I hear the sounds of something bubbling and sizzling.. is that someone cooking?”

“What? Did we mistakenly call a takeaway or a restaurant?”

“I hear someone’s breathing! That whooshing sound... ooh! There! There!”

“Wait, I just thought of something.. How do we address him?”

“Holy shit, you’re right! Should we call him *meifu* (妹夫; younger sister’s husband)? But it’s *didi* ’s...”

“No... and we can’t use *dixi* (弟媳; younger brother’s wife) either. Then.. *di* ... *fu* (弟夫; younger brother’s husband)?”

“*Jie jie* , I’ve never learnt that in school.. What’s *difu* ?”

“Hello? *Difu* ?”

Lan Zhan was shocked and horrified, and instinctively hurled the ball of light into the kitchen sink (of course, it was not possible to actually toss it anywhere, because it was immaterial and did not have physical mass). As soon as the ball of light left his palm, it merely floated a bit more, and fizzled out. The spell was disconnected.

He grabbed the kitchen counter to steady himself. It must have been a prank call, he thought. A very terrifying one, indeed.

Two minutes later, another ball of amber light drifted through the window. He tried to swat it away with a ladle and when that did not work, he used his sleeves. However, the fluffy luminous globe easily penetrated through all sorts of material, and merely trailed towards him. He rushed out of the kitchen and it followed him wherever he went until he was outside their home at the courtyard. The ghostly yellow-orange sphere lazily hovered closer him (it's like the stuff of nightmares!), and Lan Zhan knew he could not escape.

He forced himself to calm down. It's only a Fairy Messenger call... if it's another prank call, you can always disconnect again, he assured himself repeatedly like a mantra. He accepted it with a courageous heart.

Lan Zhan cleared his throat when the spell connected, and clearly, calmly greeted the other side, "Hello. This is Lan's residence."

There were some unintelligible chatter in the background, and barely audible hisses of "sshhh, quiet down!". It sounded playful, and a nuisance.

"Hello? Is that you, Wei Ying?" he asked, voice firmer than before, and he sounded slightly annoyed. "Who is this?" he asked again, when the other side refused to identify itself. He reminded himself that the great Han Guang Jun stands above juvenile pranksters.

Finally, a female voice answered, "Wei... Ying...? err... Lan... ah! Is that you, *Er gongzi* ?"

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Wei Ying woke up with a snort and found himself sitting cross-legged on bumpy ride. The strong winds against his face was biting cold and he slowly blinked open his frost-lidded bleary eyes to a marvellous sight of a starry night sky and a dazzling, bright half-moon. He stretched and yawned loudly, felt his muscles and joints pop, and realized that his throat was dry.

"Young Master? Are you awake?"

Wei Ying was surprised to hear another man's voice, and he looked up to see a bearded middle-aged cultivator dressed in a pristine-white robes. He stood on a broadsword and - goodness! - they were really flying through the air! Wei Ying became fully alert, and surveyed his surroundings anxiously. They had just entered the Burial Mounds and he could see Mian Mian's house on the fringes, the endless hills, grasslands and pockets of forests, and not too far away, the familiar sight of his cavern complex-turned-home.

“Young Master, please do not be alarmed. Let me inform you your current situation - a customer by the name of Tian *gu niang* contacted us at FeiEx (飞; Fei; Fly; for FlyExpress (sic)) to pick you up from Liang’s Teahouse, and instructed us to drop you off at your home. All expenses for this service have been fully paid. You’re in safe and good hands of Qishan’s most reliable and premium air transportation service, and we have plenty of experience in shuttling passengers in... various states... to their destinations. If you need any further assistance, please let me know and I can contact our ground crew to be on standby.” Wei Ying thought he felt a wink at the word “various states”, but he couldn’t see because he was facing the back of the cultivator.

Wei Ying grabbed the broadsword’s blade tightly, which was specially blunted and sheathed in soft, cushiony velvet, to steady himself on the ride (he wished someone would invent a safety belt or rope so that less able-bodied passengers would not accidentally fall off - another idea for his notebook). There was turbulence in the wind, and each time the sword hit a bump of rough air currents, Wei Ying feared that he would be thrown off from two hundred feet above the ground. He still felt dizzy from the alcohol, and remained sitting on the comfortable velvet surface, as motionless as possible, throughout the journey.

He wasn’t able to think clearly - the pounding headache was still there -, but he started patting his body and looked for his belongings. Fortunately, to his relief, his satchel was on his lap and he could feel the precious twenty lumps of silvers in his undergarments’ pockets. “*Shifu* (师傅; Master / driver), have you seen my--” he started asking.

“Oh, please do not worry, Young Master! Your baskets are safely secured at the back!” the cultivator shouted through the din of whistling frigid winds. The *shifu* focused on piloting the sword and did not look away from the direction ahead. His back was straight, his booted feet was stable despite

being near the narrowed tip of the blade, and he looked very professional and well-trained in carrying out his duty - so Wei Ying felt he could trust the man's words. Wei Ying turned around and true enough, he saw his good ol' basket dangling securely from a rope tied to the hilt. There was another, more brightly-coloured bamboo basket tied to the hilt which he didn't know whom it belonged to. His curiosity piqued.

“ *Shifu* ! This other basket... whose is it? Are you delivering it to another customer after this?”

“Oh no, Young Master. We've checked-in both baskets under your name for this flight. The lady who sent for us said that you might not remember this when you wake up, so this is her message: one is your basket, and the other is a “Sorry and Thank You” gift from her establishment. It was given around the time you passed out from having too much to drink at a party, so you may have no recollection about it.. Young Master, I hope this makes sense? If you need more details, I could conjure a Fairy Messenger and connect with--”

Wei Ying waved a hand dismissively. His head throbbed at blurred memories of the horrors that transpired inside *Tian Mi Mi* . “It's alright, *shifu* , I think... yeah, I guess it's fine,” he grunted. He wasn't sure how he got out alive, and he didn't want to dwell on that, for the moment. He pinched the bridge of his nose.

“If it helps, your luggage was scanned with the Aviation Council's spells prior to departure, which is a standard procedure for all FeiEx flights. There are certainly no contrabands or anything of that sort in those baskets, in case you're wondering what's in your luggage. According to the forms, your luggage was declared as containing foodstuff and common household

items, which are not subjected to any tax. Rest assured, Young Master, we handle plenty of (inebriated) customers who are not able to complete the proper check-in procedure before their flights, so we go the extra length to do things for them - including paperwork, luggage checking and handling, and completing passengers' preparations for launch on their behalf."

Wei Ying nnnghs in vague agreement. He believed that FeiEx's employees had at least gone through the meagre purchases inside his basket, and they must've been disappointed at the contents - for such a premium flight. As for the other basket - if there were only 'foodstuffs and household items', then it's a safe guess that *Tian Mi Mi* didn't put anything dangerous or illegal in it. He wondered if they also packed some of the colourful and yummy celebratory foods he'd seen on the tables in the mansion... maybe as an apology? (he hoped so, and his stomach rumbled a bit - he was reminded of how late it was.)

He started to piece the jigsaw puzzle of the day's events (oww, oww, the headache), and at the back of his mind, a screeching warning blared about how the '*Tian gu niang*' knew where he stayed... but considering he was being air-lifted and nothing seems out of place - it sounded as though *Tian Mi Mi* sent him to Liang's Teahouse for a safe and unsuspecting pick-up and was sincere in letting him go with no strings attached, he was all fine and dandy, and all his belongings were still with him, with an extra reward for his troubles. Fate certainly works in mysterious ways, he thought.

The *shifu* seemed to sense the shift in his passenger's mental state to more calming *qi* vibrations. He called out with a deep, smooth and assuring voice, "Please sit back and enjoy the ride, Young Master. We're almost there."

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Fifteen minutes later, Wei Ying stood unsteadily on his feet on the familiar courtyard while staring mesmerized at the sight of a silvery-white sword and its pilot lifting off into the night sky. He noticed that FeiEx's name was clearly carved on the underside of the blade - it looked elegant and sophisticated, befitting its (probably) pricey fee, exceptional guest service, and comfortable seats (his butt was starting to warm up to the velvet, but he had to get off too soon). He wondered briefly if someday, he could try his hands in running a ride-hailing service - it looked like a profitable venture (there are plenty of drunken people that needed to get back home when the day is late), only needed a nice big sword as initial investment (easily available to order at the many weaponsmiths in town), and more importantly, Wei Ying imagined being able to zip through the air with a fancy blade that has his name splashed across it in bright red and black... and still earn a big buck (that would be so *awesome* !).

Then, he heard Lan Zhan's voice. He turned around and felt his face light up into the brightest smile in the world - at the sight of his dearly-missed *lao gong* . All the pains, problems and worries from the day dissipated; he felt like he was walking on air, and his heart was tremendously relieved that he was finally, finally home to where he truly belonged.

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Lan Zhan rushed out of their home's entrance when he heard the telltale whooshing sounds of a sword in flight. He wore his white nightgown and had put on a thick outer robe for the chilly night. "Wei Ying!" he shouted at the top of his lungs as he dashed across the courtyard. Several gusts of swirling dust blew, but that didn't deter him.

Wei Ying lumbered on wobbly footsteps as he dragged two baskets with both hands. He stopped when Lan Zhan stood in front of him. The older man automatically reached out and easily hauled *both* baskets with his left hand, while he put his right arm around Wei Ying and nudged the younger man to walk faster, because the night was quite cold. Wei Ying had hoped his spouse would say hello to him with hugs, flowers and fireworks - but he knows the aloof and reserved Lan Wang Ji too well, and that the man did not fancy such mushy or romantic kinds of greetings. In fact, he seemed preoccupied to get both of them safely into their home with the luggage in tow.

Wei Ying's smile remained during the short merry walk back to the cave. "Lan Zhan, I'm back (我回来了)," he murmured, and shyly gripped the satchel's strap around his shoulder, while leaning closer to his partner; he's grateful for the simple and kind warmth that Lan Zhan wordlessly offers with the embrace from his right hand.

"Mn."

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Lan Zhan was surprisingly patient with Wei Ying. He was calm, composed, and did not throw a barrage of questions as expected - in fact, he behaved the same just as any other day, except that it was past eight in the evening, and he was still serving up dinner. Wei Ying watched closely at his every move, and tried to determine if the unusual demeanour was due to an infinite amount of affection and understanding from his partner (he hoped so), or a 'silent treatment' that belies the feelings of disappointment and

frustration (he really hoped not). Occasionally, Lan Zhan stole glances at the younger man, and sometimes he leaned a bit too close for comfort when he walked past; Wei Ying interpreted these as signs that the older man must've missed him a lot too.

Wei Ying gratefully slaked his thirst with half a jug of herbal tea waiting on the dining table (the kind that soothes hangovers and helped him to recover from his drunken state - did Lan Zhan know?), while the older man reheated portions of chicken, rice and soup (still in his nightgown - he looks really pretty, Wei Ying thought). He thought *very* hard and mulled over his beverage about how to break the news of his daily adventures in Yiling, and was distracted when his socked feet kicked something solid. He bent down and retrieved a detached broom head.

“Woah... what happened to the broom?”

Lan Zhan sighed as he gently stirred the pot. While taking tentative sips to test the temperature of the soup, he gave a condensed account of his rather peaceful day. He gripped the ladle uncomfortably hard and seethed unnoticeably (Wei Ying could still sense the change in his voice, albeit very slightly), when he recounted about the squirrels that terrorised their kitchen, which contributed to the night's fruit-laden menu. Wei Ying ahhs and hmms almost disinterestedly, though he was actually listening (and comparing notes with how he managed to *survive* Yiling to *live another day* ).

The most exciting part of Lan Zhan's day was when he received a call from Mian Mian. “Mian Mian! We met her two weeks ago at the evening market. How is her daughter?” Wei Ying interjected happily before taking another gulp of the tea, “Did she call to tell us about how her little girl passed an exam with flying colours?” and giggled a bit. Mian Mian's daughter is

smart, and has always been a top scorer in class; her mother always beam with pride whenever she talks about her daughter's education.

There was a thoughtful pause. Outside their home, the sounds of crickets and other nightly insects were deafening. Lan Zhan shook his head, unsmiling, and continued to heat the soup. "Her neighbour's staying over at her place, because they spotted a snake in their garden. She has her hands full with caring for an additional family, so she's unable to do anything. I will visit them tomorrow, help to find the snake, and keep the families safe."

"Hnnn..." Wei Ying hums. He didn't know that his partner was running a local pest control service. However, given his perceived hatred for pests, it was not a surprise. Wei Ying didn't comment further on his partner's plans.

By the time Lan Zhan finished his story (which was very brief, since the man *lives* on brevity, spoke in short sentences, and each word carries the worth of at least another ten; unlike Wei Ying), he scooped out a steaming bowl; he made sure it contained balanced amounts of carrots, radishes, softened apple wedges and chunks of bony meat.

"Actually... Lan Zhan, I bought a set of broom and dustpan from Liao's store. It's a bit... crooked, but it'll work fine. Here, let me show you," he started to rise from his seat with an intention to reach the baskets at the dark, far end of the kitchen-cum-dining room, but Lan Zhan gently tapped on his shoulder in an unspoken instruction to 'sit down'. A bowl of soup was placed on the table, and Lan Zhan hnnns at him with a nod. "Oh.. (哦)" and Wei Ying sits back, fully understanding that he should just enjoy the soup and let Lan Zhan do the work (at this point, Wei Ying's heart melted a little more from his partner's sweet gestures).

He observed attentively as the older man walked to the baskets, crouched in front of them, then opened each one to unload the contents. Wei Ying couldn't really see much despite his high vantage point due to the dim lanterns, and he was starting to feel hungry as he slurped the warm, tasty soup; the slight savoury-tartness really whet his appetite!

“Ah, Lan Zhan, the other basket is actually a gift from... err... I'll tell you later. It's alright, you can open it, it contains only foodstuff and household items for us. I haven't seen it yet, though. Anyway, about the broom - do you know what happened to me today? Those street brats again, I tell you! They were all over me and I tried to fight back! I lost the extra silver pieces I earned from my **A** wesome **S** elling **S** kills because they pickpocketed me again... ahh! It's so frustrating! Ah, don't worry, I still earned the twenty silvers after delivering the *jiaozi* and buying all the groceries according to your shopping list. See? (pat, pats the pocket) They're right here. Hey, if you see something weird in that other basket, don't touch it. I'll handle it later. By the way, the *jiaozi* s were really good, and the guests at the wedding ceremony ate them all! The *jianbing* that you made too - I actually fed a stray cat with some, and he loved it so much that he rubbed himself all over me! That was so cute... Lan Zhan, we should get a cat someday, what do you think? And.. where was I? Ah, the broom. So, I was saying...”

The dining area eventually settled down to become a comfortable hubbub of Wei Ying's perpetual babbling. Once he started to relate *his view* of *his own adventures* , in his own messy but endearing ways, with plenty of boasting, self-gratification, and a good dose of superfluous and exaggerated details, he became an enthusiastic and excitable box of non-stop chatter. It had been a day of tensions, bursts of panics and awkward silences, so being able to openly talk to Lan Zhan - felt akin to soothing his soul with a warm bowl of chicken soup; which incidentally, he just had one, and Lan Zhan wordlessly filled a second serving for him.



(He deftly avoided the story of saving a little girl and delivering her to a brothel, where he met a celebrity and became ambushed by ravenous prostitutes. Lan Zhan would *murder*, if he even broached that sort of topic. So he skirted around it and portrayed himself along the lines of graciously helping someone in need, and ended up getting drunk at Liang's Teahouse after "winning an afternoon lucky draw for a basket of grocery goodies". A few white lies wouldn't hurt, he told himself.)

Lan Zhan methodically picked, inspected and put the contents from the baskets to the correct places. He started with the smallest parcels of groceries that were clearly written in the shopping list, such as the packs of spices and condiments, and slowly worked up to the bigger ones. As he shuffled back and forth between baskets and replenished the cabinets and shelves of their kitchen, he *impeccably* served Wei Ying's dinner without the latter even *realizing* it. Wei Ying was lovingly pampered as he talked on and on, having bowls of rice placed in front of him and the accompanying set of chopsticks (Lan Zhan nodded, mmms and muttered yes'es occasionally to signal that he was still listening to Wei Ying's convoluted tales). Lan Zhan seemed to be busy ferrying such a paltry amount of provisions, and for a moment, Wei Ying wondered if he really should stop eating and help out his partner (but he was *really hungry* thanks to the appetizing soup, and it's way, way past dinnertime!).

While he dined on Lan Zhan's peach-marinated grilled chicken and a vegetable-mushroom stir-fry - when the older man held up not one, but *three* packs of wrapped minced pork (were they ever *that* big?), and assembled perfect lines of *stuff* on the kitchen floor and in the order of increasing sizes (Lan Zhan worked fast to lay out the baskets' unexpectedly extensive amount of contents on the floor, spreading them out like a carpet - wait, what? When did he buy so much *stuff*?! ) - ranging from all sorts of bags of food, sacks of rice, kitchen supplies, household items, new rolls of cloth (what?!), and *unearthed* a mind-boggling stacks of talismans, magical

equipment and bottles of whatnots from his satchel (but it didn't feel heavy when he was carrying it...!) - Wei Ying's facial expression became very grave and serious; he pulled out a half-chewed chicken bone from his mouth; and lowered his legs back to a polite sitting posture (his favourite [obnoxious] sitting position at home was: to bend and pull his left leg up to the chair, while leaving his right leg on the floor; and he would rest an arm on the left knee and lean backwards to a kind of manspreading, because he would look like a *laoban* and that felt *good* ).

Lan Zhan looked up questioningly at Wei Ying, resulting in the younger man nervously swallowing down a mouthful of meat that suddenly tasted very dry.

"Wei Ying, these were **not** in the shopping list," Lan Zhan stated the obvious. He also held up the broom *apparently* promised by Wei Ying - which, to the younger man's horror, looked *very* different from the (cheap) straw broom he bought at Liao's store with just three silver pieces. Lan Zhan gripped the much-touted, latest model of *Dasheng* 's *Dustless* Six-way Magic Cleaning Stick ( *dasheng* ; 大升; Dyson (sic)) (Dustless; equiv. to 避尘; *Bichen* ), which looked exactly as advertised in numerous flyers handed out in the markets!

"And Liang's teahouse **closes** in the afternoon once a week, which is a day like today," the older man added and pointed at a calendar that hung on the kitchen wall. Wei Ying to clutch his chest in fear at that emphasized word, and when he realized he had marked on that same calendar the dates when teahouses closed - in red circles, no less -, his stomach turned queasy. *Bad luck and busted* .

“I... I can explain,” Wei Ying stammered, and stood up from his seat, hand on his heart.

He was at a loss for words, and then, he shook his head, “No, in fact, I **can’t** explain. I... I don’t know what happened!”

“Talk (说),” the older man’s terse instruction echoed in the kitchen. There was no room for nonsense. Lan Zhan pressed a button on the handle of the Cleaning Stick, and with a whirr of spinning gears and moving mechanical parts, it transformed into a solid, majestic-looking *broom* .

“Lan Zhan, you have to believe me! I didn't steal anything!” Wei Ying cried out in desperation. The older man appeared visibly livid, and Wei Ying felt himself shrivel under the sickeningly hard stare.

When Han Guang Jun slammed the edge of the Dustless Broom onto the hard kitchen floor, disappointment and frustration evident on his face, there was a bone-shaking boom and everything in the kitchen rattled. He looked like the incarnation of an angry, smouldering *Guang Gong* about to deliver his judgement.

The colourful basket (“not Wei Ying’s”) tipped over, and more *stuff* spilled out. A stack of *racy* magazines slid noiselessly to the ground. Among the titles include PeiNan’s, PeiNu’s (陪女; “Accompany the Female”; read as Play Girl (sic)) and - for the third time that day, Wei Ying *feared* for his life, when he saw PeiNi’s (陪你; “Accompanying You”; read as Peni’s) with uncensored pictures of homosexual men and women embracing each other in extremely indecent manners.

**“ Wei. Ying. ”**

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I swear, this arc started with the good, innocent intention of having Wangxian make a few more friends, have some fun adventure in their little world, and explore beyond their cave-home. I typed this mostly during lunch hours, and I think the extra carbs made my imagination run wild! \*lol\*

The dramatic bit at the end was unexpected, because I wanted fluffiness, though fluffiness doesn't fluff all the time, right?

I'm starting to take some leaves from work and hope to spend some quality time with family and friends during the year-end holidays. Wishing everyone happy holidays, Merry Christmas and may you have a awesome start to the new year!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 17

"You come home late, reeking of alcohol and women's perfume." *No! I worked hard today! I was forced to drink wine in broad daylight! I don't know why I smell like florally-scented water! (... can I really tell him that these happened while I was in a place with an unsavoury name as 'Tian Mi Mi'?...)*

"... with love-bites on your neck." *Wha-- this? It's those street brats! They fired nut shells at me and I was pelted all over! Look, my skin is pockmarked with bruises! (... but Lan Zhan doesn't really believe in the existence of these 'street brats', because whenever he's in Yiling, he only comes across cute children obediently holding their parents' hands while in the markets...)*

"... and a torn sleeve that was perfectly sewn back." *I know you're disappointed that you weren't the one who fixed the sleeve. And I know you're jealous because judging from the perfect stitching, you know a girl had done it. (... What do you want me to say to this? How can I convince you that 'it's not what you think'?...)*

"... with baskets of unexplained goods, and what more... THIS." (The older man picks up the PeiNan's, PeiNu's and PeiNi's, because the sight of *any* reading materials lying haphazardly on the floor somehow *triggers* him) *No, no, it's not what you think. I didn't buy these. Someone put them in the baskets. It wasn't me. Wasn't me. Please.*

"... And a story that doesn't make sense, nor match with the facts." *Lan Zhan... don't you trust me anymore?*

Wei Ying stooped in front of his fiery (!!!) partner, face pale and grim, head lowered until his neck creaked, hands stiff on his side, and remained very quiet except for his heavy breathing. He had so much to say, but he quelled the desire and instinct to *talk back* because he knew he'd only be digging deeper into his own grave. The atmosphere in the kitchen was sombre, tense, thick, and tasted unpleasant to the senses.

“... and finally, the owner of a *brothel* called to say that they were sending you home. A *Tian gu niang* had to assure me that you're alive, safe, still in one piece, and *untouched* . Because I couldn't even *think* of what to say at that time.”

At that moment, Wei Ying's knuckles had gone white, and his body trembled. A million thoughts went through his mind - thoughts of being angry at himself for not telling the truth in the first place, which would have spared both of them from this heartbreaking outcome; of being distraught for not knowing what happened between falling unconscious in a sea of women, and waking up on the flight back; and of panicking on whether the nature of his relationship with his partner had been divulged while he was in a drunken state - the presence of the PeiNi's was too convincing to refute the possibility - and, alarmingly, what else he could have revealed to the residents of *Tian Mi Mi* during that time. There was too much at stake for their home, their well-being, and their lives. Lan Zhan *needed* to know.

The older man sighed very heavily, and Wei Ying's stomach dropped into an ocean of sinking, dreadful feelings.

"Wei Ying, we're husband and wife, a couple, and soulmates for life. We're working hard to make a living together, each in our own ways and for one another. Tell me, Wei Ying... have I done something *wrong* to deserve

this?" His voice was solemn and steady, but towards the end, there was a quiver and an exhale of shaky breaths.

There are the unspoken implications in that last question.

Do you still *trust* in our relationship?

Do you still trust *me* ?

Do you still *love* me?

Wei Ying realized how *vulnerable* Lan Zhan was - his perfect man, the strongest hero, the *laogong* who devotes and sacrifices himself to the cause of his spouse, never putting his own concerns above anyone else's. It seemed so *wrong* for the entire world, including Wei Ying, to blindly admire and take advantage of the infallible Han Guang Jun's infinite patience, compassion, and even his *love* , without *understanding* what drives the man to act, behave, embody and value such virtuous qualities.

Lan Zhan is a selfish man. He gets jealous, and becomes needy. He experiences greed, lust and gets possessive at times. He has his ego and pride, wants to be praised, and doesn't voice out his suffering. He can also be immature, emotionally volatile, and sometimes he doesn't know how to handle situations that matter to the heart - not because of how he was raised in Gusu, but because he is just an ordinary man, with his own set of flaws and imperfections. He can become weak, confused, and disappointed, which leads to a vicious cycle of self-blaming and self-harm. He needs to be cared for, and he wants to be assured.

Lan Zhan really *needed* to know.

Wei Ying looked up, having finally seen the light, and he was determined to patch things up for the two of them. He takes a deep breath.

“Lan Zhan, I was wrong (我错了),” Wei Ying admitted openly, with a soft, soothing but unwavering voice. There is guilt, and also the promising hope that he was taking the first step to mend Lan Zhan’s broken heart.

The younger man bravely reached out both of his hands and held his partner’s closed fists. He gazed deeply into his *laogong* ’s eyes, and fervently wished that his message was coming in loud and clear. “Can you give me another chance to redeem myself?

I’ll explain everything (我说).”

Lan Zhan nodded. His shoulder stopped shaking.

“Mn. I will listen (我听).”

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There are times when Wei Ying laughs at his own silliness, and at other times, he swears using filthy words at his misfortunes.

He swings his fists up proudly at his victories, he thumbs his nose when there is mischief, he tucks one of his long bangs behind an ear when there is discomfort, and he shrugs and droops his shoulders when he is helpless.

Then, there are times when he stutters nervously because he can't think of the proper words to use, he blushes because of embarrassing moments, he pauses because of confusion or because of something that doesn't make sense, and he grimaces because of pain, fear and disgust.

Listening to Wei Ying is as exhilarating and frightening as experiencing his incredible day fraught with danger, surprises and emotional roller-coasters.

Lan Zhan listens with his heart, and throughout Wei Ying's colourful storytelling, he did not let go of his gentle grasp of the younger man's hand.

When Wei Ying was done, Lan Zhan understood the reasons that compelled his lover to take such drastic actions and weave layers of white lies into the truth.

Wei Ying rubs his teary eyes. Lan Zhan embraces him, and pats the back to comfort the younger man who struggles to hold back his emotions.

He whispers, "You've done well, Wei Ying. You've done well."

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Wei Ying was fully awake, giddy, light-hearted and and he hummed favourite pop tunes as he soaked in their outdoor pool. The thermal springwaters soothed the day's aches, washed away dirt, grime and the bad smells of dried liquor and nauseous perfumes, and kept his body warm after a filling dinner in the chilly night.

Qishan province has many active volcanoes, and it is not uncommon for minor tremors to strike the 'Mounds intermittently. Sometimes, these mild quakes result in small cracks on surfaces - and where bodies of water are involved, tiny streams of bubbles and jets of heated (but not scalding) water spout out from unexpected places - which instantly transforms their bath into a jacuzzi pool that entertains (because one can get surprise massages) as well as causes distress (because one cannot predict when and where the fountains of water will hit).

Wei Ying was scrubbing his back with a hand towel when he felt his nether regions tickled by pressurized, swirling waters, and he nnnhs involuntarily. He was reluctantly reminded that he hadn't done *it* for *two* days, and the ticklish bubbly waters tenderly fanned the fire in his loins. He reached behind and down towards the rear, but abruptly yelped when his shoulders twinged in pain; he must've pulled a muscle when he struggled to escape from *Tian Mi Mi* earlier that day.

After reviewing his options, Wei Ying decided to climb out of the water to the tiled poolside, lay the hand towel on the ground, and knelt on it. He used his fingers to draw the mystical symbol of "Water" with a few modifications, and casted three of them. Bright blue Water symbols appeared from thin air and they floated around him, eager to unleash their magical powers.

He gingerly bent down on all fours (he wasn't sure if he'd strained any more muscles), and then proceeded to control the spell's movements in the air by flicking those same fingers that created them. As soon as he had all three floating symbols align perfectly behind his raised ass, he snapped his digits and the spell began to work. Tiny waterspouts spun out from the pool and weaved through the shiny blue symbols into three water fountains that gushed straight into his asshole. Wei Ying wiggles his butt, mmmhs satisfyingly, and made twirling movements with his forefinger to dial up and down the speed and volume. He loved to alternate between powerful sprays to the butt crack, gentle sprinkles on his heavy balls, and when nnnh it's not enough, he turns all three streams into a powerful torrent to hose his insides (but sadly, not deep enough to hit the prostate), also, when he feels naughty, he rapidly taps his fingertips and he ngggaaahs at the sensations of wildly-pulsating water hitting his genitals.

After some time, his biceps ached from holding up his weight for too long, and he grudgingly rose back to his knees. Unfortunately, his thighs gave out from a sudden attack of pins-and-needles, and he unceremoniously slipped on the wet towel. The three Water spells followed suit, and swung to the front just as his ass hit the ground, and rained powerful torrents directly onto his crotch. His half-hard penis was deliciously assaulted by pressurized jets on its hardening length and the swelling pinkish tip. Wei Ying moans No's, Stop's, and plenty of Aaaahs, as he lay spread-eagled on the ground and started to pump his hips *into* a churning vortex of surging water that threatened to suck and stroke his dick ruthlessly to completion, because he had lost control of the spell the moment his fingers frantically clawed and deliriously grappled the towel beneath him.

Lan Zhan had just finished washing the dishes and arranged them on a drying rack, when he heard a soft cry from their pool. He peeked out from the kitchen window and observed with a hungry gaze of how Wei Ying

played with the water (or rather, how the water *played with* Wei Ying). He restrained a smug smile at his lover's clumsy mischief.

Lan Zhan adjusted his trousers a bit, and started to wipe the kitchen counter.

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Later, an hour after Lan Zhan's predetermined bedtime, he was still awake and lay on the bed to read up the last few pages of a chapter titled "Snake Ghouls" from his favourite book about the wild-life (and wild-deads) of the 'Mounds. His nightgown rested inside the laundry basket after he discovered splatters of peach sauce on the sleeves, and since their bedroom was quite toasty (the cave's walls are good for holding in summer's daytime heat), he decided to remain topless and only wore a pair of loose-fitting sleeping trousers. At times, he started to drift off to sleep, however, he forced himself to stay awake, at least until the last page. He scooted higher and adjusted the pillows behind his back for a better, more comfortable reading angle.

Wei Ying sauntered into the bedroom barefooted, with only a cotton shirt as the sole piece of garment on his thin frame. Lan Zhan raised an eyebrow but said nothing; it could've been worse and the younger man often spend his nights in the nude anyway. Earlier, Wei Ying complained that he couldn't find any other pairs of trousers because the ones he wore was dirty, and his other one had a tear which hadn't been fixed yet. Lan Zhan replied that the younger man could wear his, if he didn't mind, because there were at least two new pairs still in the 'production line' and unfortunately, those weren't ready for use yet (Lan Zhan had quite a number of on-going sewing projects, including new clothes, outer robes, bedsheets and fabric covers for the furniture).

(Arousing images of Wei Ying catwalking with *his* pants and *without* any other undergarments flashed by - he salivated and swallowed at those raunchy thoughts, especially if he had creamed in those pants before and Wei Ying's loins unknowingly rubbed against the same spots. It's like licking your secret love's washed spoon.)

Wei Ying stood at the entrance and continued to dry his hair with a towel. His cheeks were rosy-pink from the heated bath waters (in one way or another). Lan Zhan squinted his eyes and tried to spy on the younger man's groin in-between flipping pages about pythons and rattlesnakes; to his dismay, the shirt was long enough to cover (just barely) Wei Ying's lower regions. He sighed audibly to acknowledge Wei Ying's presence. The bedroom was pleasantly scented with sandalwood incense and Wei Ying's floral shampoo, and they were cocooned in a Shield-based spell to drive out any mosquitoes from their home.

“You know, Lan Zhan, I still find it hard to believe that Tián (甜) *dajie* is actually one of the Lan brothers' *shijie* (elder sister disciple). We didn't recognize each other when I walked into *Tian Mi Mi* .”

Lan Zhan flipped a page. “She was my elder brother's classmate and a few years older than him, so logically, both of you didn't become acquainted during our student days within the Cloud Recesses. Given the number of times you skipped class, and your lack of interest to learn about my clan, naturally you didn't get to meet every Lan clan-member,” he responded matter-of-factly.

"In addition, both of you used different names, so that complicated the situation," he added, and diligently underlined a particularly useful fact about undead snakes with an ink-brush. Wei Ying nearly wanted to lash out a stream of complaints about street brats and their ugly tastes in name-calling, but he held back his tongue when he realized how futile that would be (Lan Zhan still did not believe that a bunch of bratty kids could bring down the much-feared Yiling Patriarch; so they agreed to disagree on this particular circumstance).

Lan Zhan was barely acquainted with his elder brother's peers due to their different age groups, interests, and his natural tendency to keep to himself despite Xi Chen's persuasive "come, come, let's make new friends" to a tiny Wang Ji who often hid behind his brother's robes.

Tian *shijie* , whose actual family name is derived from Heaven (天; Tiān), was from an ordinary merchant family that ply the North-South trade routes along the Great Eastern Coast. Despite having such a prestigious family name, the family's fortunes did not fare as well and were forced to move with the passing seasons and migrating animals, growing and selling seasonal produce, milk and cheese, livestock meats, goatskins and other commodities. According to his uncle, they had stopped by Gusu nearly four decades ago when *shijie* 's father fell ill *en route* to the Yunnan hills to the South, and sought treatment from the Lan's family doctors. Master Lan Qiren did not elaborate on the details about the family, or the nature of the illness that afflicted the father, as Gusu Lan's rules dictate that one should not to pry too much into another's personal matters. One thing led to another, and the Tians were welcomed into the folds of the Lan family as peripheral members. *Shijie* was born shortly thereafter.

Lan Zhan further explained that the Tians had been operating mostly in the background due to their background as humble merchants and nomadic farmers; they shied away from disputes involving the cultivation world and

political or military issues affecting the main Lan family branches, such as the Wens' invasion and the following inter-clan conflicts, sixteen years ago - again, another reason why Wei Ying had not heard of this family even when he was still living with his foster parents; and why Lan Zhan barely kept up with the Tians or with this *shijie* in particular.

Wei Ying had asked, how did Tian *dajie* know Lan Zhan and eventually figured out his voice from the single call? The older man pondered and tried to piece together his earlier memories. He surmised that she must have been part of the crowd that attended the ceremony in Nightless City led by Jin Guangshan sixteen years ago - the night when all hell broke loose when Wei Ying broke the Stygian Tiger Amulet and later, fell off the cliff to his death -, because that was one of the biggest inter-sect congregations known in the history of the cultivation world, and all Lan family branches had been requested to send representatives to attend that ceremony. Lan Zhan remarked that he would have shouted Wei Ying's name *many* times during the course of that unforgettable night (especially their final moments); Lan Zhan is adamant that *any* one would have *easily* remembered their faces and voices, and made the connection about their relationship. Wei Ying scoffed at the last sentence and hmms knowingly. He bent over their dressing table and busied himself by combing his unruly curls in front of a silver mirror.

Lan Zhan could no longer focus on the book, as he watched his lover groom himself while the latter's shirt rode up and exposed the springy ass. His fingers twitched with an innate desire to pinch and molest Wei Ying's smooth skin.

“And you say that the entire Tian family disappeared after the incident in Nightless City, and was never heard from again. Then, sixteen years later, *I* chanced upon Tian *dajie* as one of the owners of Yiling's biggest brothel, under a new family name that sounds alike her first one. *I* also found out, to

the expense of my health and safety, that she and the other co-owners can magically transform into monsters when a *tasty morsel* like me walks into their sleazy dungeon, and tried to imprison me using familial means,” Wei Ying said, while applying night cream to his face (because all that walking around in Yiling under the hot sun was bad for his skin), and simultaneously tried to crack a witty joke about himself but failed miserably. Lan Zhan licked his lips when he caught a glimpse of balls between Wei Ying’s lovely tight thighs - he remembered his unfinished mission from the morning.

His nightly make-up ritual was completed, Wei Ying turned around, folded an arm and stroked his chin with the other, and he looked deep in thought without batting an eye to his partner. Lan Zhan inwardly whined with disappointment when the shirt fell back, and he mourned the loss of the *tasty morsels* from his line of sight.

“And then, you say that somehow, she found the mystical code for our house, calls and tells you that she’d found me in her establishment with vague details of how I landed there in the first place, or why she’s even working in a brothel. Also, she *very convincingly* tells you that she remembers the good ol’ days with you and your brother, and even happily *congratulates* you because she knows about our relationship... which makes me terribly suspicious, because *I* didn’t know her, you *barely* knew her back then, and there is *no* way she’d know about us living together *now*,” Wei Ying started to pace the room, and emphasized each finding with a wag of his forefinger to the air, at himself, then at Lan Zhan, before making a big circle for the both of them. Lan Zhan, on the other hand, had already put the book down, and he calmly placed both hands on his stomach - portraying a holy visage of a man in white pants lying in wait for his lover to come to bed - while scrutinizing how Wei Ying’s shirt accentuated the curves of his waist and hips as the younger man padded back and forth in front of him. Sexy Wei Ying literally *slow-burns* his golden core energy.

Wei Ying seemed ignorant of the other man's hungry gaze. "She asks for our house address, which you conveniently gave to her, and she uses the information to buy an expensive FeiEx ticket, for the purpose of sending me back together with baskets full of valuables and goodies as 'souvenirs from an old friend of Lan *da ge* ', which as we know, landed me in hot water," he raised his voice and gestured at the opened, half-read PeiNi's on their bed; Lan Zhan had come to *friendly* terms with the smutty contents because he quickly learnt that by disregarding the vulgar (and irrelevant) pictures of men and women groping others of the same sex, there were actually informative, scholarly articles and nuggets of wisdom to help enhance their sex lives, including drawn pictures and descriptions of sex positions to try, technical tips and recommendations on lubricants and other assistive tools used during sex, guides on relationships, dating and romance, questions and answers from other readers, and so much more.

When Wei Ying realized that Lan Zhan hadn't spoken for a while, he finally looked at his partner. "Lan Zhan, are you even listening?"

There was a hesitant pause. "Mn. What you've said... is factual and correct. There is no fault in your line of thought, however, as we've already discussed - I disagree with what you think of Tian *shijie* when you said that she turned into a monster along with the other owners of *Tian Mi Mi* . It's not possible for a human to do this unless with intervention from the dark cultivation arts, and I'm sure *shijie* is not one of those - otherwise, we would all be in the know. It's disrespectful to think of her that way, Wei Ying."

Wei Ying shrugged with his palms up and conceded. He didn't want to argue with Lan Zhan; he had *enough* for the day. "Yeah... maybe you're right. It was chaotic back then and I didn't feel well with the dizzying sights and smells of a seedy brothel. I might have seen something that wasn't there."

Lan Zhan nodded, pleased with Wei Ying's effort to reconcile their relationship, despite having different perspectives and opinions on certain subjects.

"But I still don't like her, though. She spells trouble," Wei Ying added.

"Touché."

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When his hair was dry, Wei Ying turned off the lanterns and crawled to bed. It was just an hour before midnight, and both of them were, rightfully, exhausted from a very long day.

He lightly tapped on Lan Zhan's left forearm, and the older man automatically raised his hand. Wei Ying slid through, lay on the right side, and pillowed his head on the older man's shoulder. Lan Zhan lowered his hand and encased his lover in a loose embrace. Wei Ying took a deep breath and gratefully inhaled his partner's scents with happy nnnhs coming from the back of his throat - there is sandalwood everywhere, faint floral soap in the armpits, and the comforting natural body odours when his nose rubs against Lan Zhan's chest. He could feel faint thumps of a strong, steady heartbeat against his cheeks, when he shifted his body and rested his face on the pectorals. Lan Zhan tightened his grip, and Wei Ying felt the older man nuzzle into his hair and the occasionally craned his neck to reach down and nibble on the tip of his left ear.

Wei Ying couldn't sleep yet. His mind continued to buzz and process the day's events and mysteries, and a list of things to do for the coming days. Thanks to the generous gift of Magics 'R Us talismans, magical items and potions, he would not need to work on making new ones for a long while, and instead, he could rely on selling them (or using them up, whichever comes first). The twenty silvers in his undergarment pocket was unknowingly exchanged into *twenty gold pieces* , to the couple's delight (and suspicion). Together with the bountiful groceries and upgraded household goods, they could take things easier for the next few weeks. He would still continue the food delivery business - because customer relations need to be maintained -, but there was less urgency to take up new orders. His thoughts eventually circled around the beautiful *Liang gu niang* , the desire of every man of marriageable age, and at the back of mind, he wondered if he will have the chance to meet little Tian Tian again.

Lan Zhan seemed to be able to read his mind. "Wei Ying, I'll make the call to Liang's Teahouse tomorrow."

"Eh? Why? I can discuss and negotiate the payment terms and details of the order."

"I'll do the talking this time. From chef to chef."

Wei Ying sensed a hint of possessiveness sprinkled with a bit of jealousy. It was the older man's way of saying End Of Discussion, in a more subtle way.

“Sure, Lan Zhan. You’re the boss.”

“Mn.”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Again, rushing this through because I'm kinda wrung dry from the drama and heavy plot involving females in my Happy Gay Wangxian story \*laughs\*

We're coming to the end of this arc, and I think we'll be done in another chapter, or two at most. More arcs to come, so stay tuned for more Wangxian sweetness!

By the way, after Chapter 15, I've added proper titles and included the timelines, so you can navigate through the fic chronologically - but I would still recommend going through the chapters sequentially because characters and plots elements are introduced in that order.

I love reading news about Xiao Zhan and Wang Yibo receiving awards, getting live-appearances and interviews, endorsing products ranging from female perfumes to handphones and detergent powder \*lol\*, performing new songs, and soon, they'll be starring in new dramas and movies. Their world has moved on, but MY LOVE FOR YOU ESPECIALLY YOUR WEI WUXIAN AND LAN WANG JI WILL ALWAYS BE ETERNAL !!! \*fangirls, and screams BJYXSZD in the background\*

Congratulations to the superstars Zhan Ge and Yibo didi, and I wish them more success, good health and happiness in the future!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 18

“Lan Zhan, what are we doing tomorrow? We don’t have any food delivery orders to fill, and I can take a break from selling *stuff* on Yiling’s streets... so... can I tag along for the snake hunt? Can I?” An invisible doggy tail wags excitedly, though given Wei Ying’s everlasting fear of canines, the said wagging tail would have to remain - invisible.

“Mn. First thing in the morning, I will cut some bamboo to weave a basket -” Lan Zhan has a *list of things to do* in his mind, meticulously arranged, planned, and sequenced chronologically - but high-spirited Wei Ying is all too happy to jump ahead.

“For the snake? You’re gonna find it, and put it into that basket, right? Right? Your baskets are strong enough to even hold a *deer* !” Wei Ying likes to rush in blindfolded and make wild guesses, and even more if all of them hit the targets - just like those archery events he used to participate during his younger days.

Lan Zhan nods sagely, and he appreciates Wei Ying’s praise about his basket-weaving skills. He’s strong enough to turn tough bamboo *trunks* into tools, while Wei Ying does not have the brawn but has the dexterity to make smaller, more delicate versions using smaller bamboo *stems* - these are quite hot commodities in the marketplace too, since housewives use them to carry their groceries, and teenage girls adore those that resemble cute purses and pouches to show-off to their friends while going on an all-girls shopping spree. “Catch it. Bring it to the other side of the ‘Mounds to hide it. Let it live in its natural habitat,” Lan Zhan completes Wei Ying’s answer, and gives a thoughtful pause. “Maybe I will take a few more bamboo from the clump... Wei Ying, will you help to make some traps and set them around the house to catch those squirrels? They’re becoming a nuisance.”

Building something with mechanical triggers and delicate moving parts is Wei Ying's forte, not his.

Wei Ying looked hyper-excited to be able to *team up* with his partner to do something useful, and it looks to be an exciting day ahead - one that does not involve having to work his ass off to earn a couple of silver pieces, *alone* . “Of course! We'll do all that, and then walk down the hill to Mian Mian's. Right? Right?”

“... you're very enthusiastic about this, Wei Ying.” A sharp observation from the older man.

“Ah... you know me too well, Lan Zhan,” and he scratches the back of his head and grins sheepishly, “I guess it feels like I'm finally taking a well-deserved vacation to visit our friends. Mian Mian said she'd show us her rice fields, and the chickens, ducks and goats in the barn, the next time we stop by. We could ask for some more vegetable seedlings, especially those chillies - they looked gorgeous last year with a bumper harvest. What do you think?” Again, that twinkle in those lively eyes.

The talk about farming and raising farm animals made Lan Zhan pause again. “Mn. And I would like to ask her husband about rearing chickens....” It's time for him to invest in a clock that wakes him up *on time* . “... and we should bring a gift for the family too.” He owes a lot to the ex-Lanling Jin clan-member. During last winter, when fierce snowstorms hit the ‘Mounds, decimated parts of their estate, and rendered their cave-home temporarily uninhabitable (because snow and water kept leaking through, and they hadn't completed the renovations back then), she was kind enough to let them stay at her home while her family moved south to live with her relatives. She said that since her family always moved out for the winter, so

she had no qualms to let the couple house-sit and take care of the farm animals. For Lan Zhan, having a straw roof above their heads on snowy days, a warm blanket to cuddle in during blizzardy nights, and enough steaming hot food to last the crucial few icy-cold months - was a godsend. He makes it a point to always treat Mian Mian and her family well, and also gives his gratitude and thanks when he prays at Yiling's Merciful Goddess Guan Yin temple during the weekends, in conjunction with a visit to the bustling evening markets just a stone's throw away.

Lan Zhan thought about the surplus minced pork in the underground pantry. They've been preserved with marinades and spices, however there is still too much for consumption by two persons. "I can make some meat dumplings," he offered.

Wei Ying taps on his forehead, thinking. "Ah, I have some lucky charms left, and I saw many fruiting trees on my way out earlier today. I can put everything together to make a gift basket before you can say Alibaba! (阿里巴巴)" A wink and a bright smile.

"A.. ling.. de.. baba? (啊令的爸爸; A-Ling's father; reference to Chen Qing Ling :-))"

"Haha! It's just a saying from the Far West. I also want to show Mian Mian's daughter my latest composition; it's a cute and cheerful folk song from Yunmeng... but..." the young man pats his waist instinctively, although he wears nothing except a shirt while lounging on their bed and unconsciously rubs his naked thighs against Lan Zhan's - it drives the older man horny, but his golden core keeps it in check.

“... It is alright, Wei Ying. I’ll just take another piece of bamboo, and make a flute for you.” He knows Wei Ying is always delighted to see him carve out perfect tiny holes on a stick.

“Lan Zhan, I love you very, very much!” A bouncy bear hug on the bed from Wei Ying is too sweet.

“Mn.”

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He stared at the hypnotic rise and fall of broad, muscular chest muscles, but sleep evaded him. It didn’t help that Lan Zhan’s left arm - the one that currently embraced him - caressed the thin expanse of his back in increasingly wide circles. The older man’s hands were larger than his, with better muscle tone, stronger bony knuckles, and nicely calloused with daily use of household cleaning equipment, Bichen and in the near future, Liao’s Dustless Broom. Wei Ying sulked when he was reminded of how much *bigger and better* Lan Zhan was compared to him in almost every physical aspect; if Wei Ying was a narrow bean sprout that needed more nourishment, Lan Zhan would be freshly plucked snow peas - broader, with more defined beans (or muscles), worth a lot more per *jin* , and of course, tastier to the palate.

The older man was slightly taller, but his body frame filled out much better than Wei Ying’s; the younger man was essentially skinny, has less muscles, and if he stretched upwards, his ribs, shoulder blades, pelvis and other bony protrusions were agonizingly visible. Furthermore, the older man was well-

endowed compared to Wei Ying; he'd measure Lan Zhan's penis with an Imperial Court's ruler (to rule out any inaccuracies), and found that his partner was always *two inches* longer and significantly *thicker* regardless of his arousal state. The only aspect where Wei Ying was superior to Lan Zhan was the amount of body hair, as evidenced by his hairier legs and the treasure trail that led to rich, dense curls in the groin, but he wasn't too keen on *that* kind of comparison.

Seemingly irritated, Wei Ying purposely reached out and *tweaked* the older man's left nipple in apparent revenge against the gods who bestowed all the goodies to his partner instead of him. Lan Zhan's lip twitched but he paid no attention, and instead, he focused on reading the last few pages. He was doing his homework to read up on the kinds of snakes they might encounter at Mian Mian's neighbouring gardens - whether living snakes or malevolent spiritual or undead ones -, and made adequate preparations beforehand. Wei Ying, on the other hand, *lives* to disturb the older man's routines, and nipple-tweaking was just one of the usual things he often did, because Lan Zhan's chests were obviously meatier, more visually attractive, and therefore, more prone to molestation by the younger man.

In response to the nipple attack, Lan Zhan's fingers crawled down Wei Ying's back and slithered into the butt crack, and the younger man nnnnhs when he lets an invading digit tickle the puckered entrance.

"Lan Zhan...." Wei Ying purred, not out of boredom (he should just go to sleep) or in need of attention (Lan Zhan is always on standby to respond to Wei Ying's wishes), but because he was wide awake (he had slept enough during the FeiEx flight) and just needed to do *something* (because... just because). He cupped the older man's pectorals, jiggled it and ran fingernails across it - for no particular reason other than the fact that those lovely muscles were the closest and most convenient thing to *play* with. Wei Ying squirmed and buried his head deeper into a cradle of armpits and biceps,

and pouted. When he found no peace of mind in doing that, he restlessly sat up cross-legged next to Lan Zhan.

“Lan Wang Ji, Lan Er Gege, Han Guang Jun, Wang Ji Xiong... Lan Zhan, Lan Wang Ji, Lan Er Gege...” he started to chant his lover’s name in all manners of iterations - a habit he’d carried over from spending many nights with Lan Zhan at the silent, sterile Jingshi the summer before, and he still remembered rolling around on a giant study desk with nothing else to do, but to *playfully* annoy the older man and disrupt his routines all the time. Each time he chanted a name, he taps and slaps the pecs with both hands, and then drew circles and squares along the six-pack abs, and flicks the nipples in tandem. For a short while, Lan Zhan’s body became a *guzheng* (or a DJ’s turntable in modern times) for naughty Wei Ying.

The older man sighed and finally surrendered the unfinished book to the bedside drawer. The coast cleared, Wei Ying happily climbed on top of Lan Zhan, scooted his ass, and straddled his helpless partner at the hips. The latter gave a mixed stern and quizzical look that wordlessly asked, *What do you want to play tonight, Wei Ying?*

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Lan Zhan enjoys frolicking and making out with his younger lover in a nest of body-warmed bedsheets and rumpled blankets. Their clothes lay discarded somewhere in the bedroom, totally forgotten.

He lets his lovely Wei Ying freely do all sorts of precious, adorable things to him - the incessant smooching along the jawline, nibbling his earlobes

and blowing hot air into his ears before sticking a wiggly wet tongue inside, then sucking on each other's mouths with sloppy wet kisses, making noisy mmmh sounds to exchange breathy moans, fingers raking and squeezing *everywhere* on his muscled torso, writhing and gyrating his nubile young body so that their hardening cocks rolled and rubbed together flesh-to-flesh. Wei Ying picks up his pace in desperation, hungry for Lan Zhan to reciprocate his seduction.

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, was infinitely patient throughout Wei Ying's *ordeal* to excite and pleasure his partner. He responds only when needed, such as returning the sweet kisses, and paying particular attention on the mole near Wei Ying's lower lip, because he is tempted to peck repeatedly on that irresistible-looking dot; running his fingers along the younger man's sides to encourage him to *do more, yes mmm more* ; pulling him closer so that despite losing the crotch-to-crotch contact, he could finally bring each of Wei Ying's nipple to his lips where he tenderly tasted, abused, kneaded and sucked feverishly, until they look like little puffed erect brown-pink nubs on the flat chest, and a tell-tale sexual flush is slowly spreading on the heated sweaty skin; and fondling, massaging and spreading his favourite set of springy ass (because his hands are wide enough to entirely cup each of the glutes with all five fingers; he has no trouble to extend a third finger through the inviting rosebud; and he hmmmms with a faint smile when he realizes that he could prod and probe rather easily, with no complaints from the owner whatsoever, the fleshy folds inside is satisfying pliable and soft, already generously slippery with warmed massage oil.

Mischievous Wei Ying had prepared himself during his bath, and now he is ready for a night of intensely hard fucking. Lan Zhan did promise to pay his debt of love-making - plus interest.

Instinctively, Lan Zhan feels his rock-hard penis twitch, a pearl of pre-cum oozing out, fuel being tossed into the raging fire that burned from deep

within his loins.

(He licks his lips in anticipation.)

Wei Ying senses a change in the bedroom's atmosphere. He scoots downward along Lan Zhan's legs. Wei Ying maintains a coy look on his face, picks up one of Lan Zhan's hands and begins to lick and suck each thick digit suggestively, while stroking himself with a free hand. Lan Zhan's breathing becomes slightly erratic, his *qi* is deviating, as he treats himself to a sumptuous, visually-stimulating banquet of Wei Ying performing oral sex on his hand while the younger man masturbates vigorously and bounces on the older man's thighs.

Wei Ying moans sexily, as though he imagines self-sucking himself; his fisted palm tugs at his own throbbing cock in tandem with the speed of sucking Lan Zhan's fingers from base, through knuckle to fingertips.

"Mmm... it's all covered with my saliva," he murmurs with an alluring whisper, when he's done with all five digits - slightly reddened from the passionate sucking. He directs Lan Zhan's drool-coated hand to wrap around his own cock, and gently yanks the fisted grip up and down - Lan Zhan understands that Wei Ying wants him to stroke his own cock, mimicking the masturbatory act by the younger man just moments ago, and Lan Zhan willingly obliged. Soon, the older man strokes himself, intentionally slowly, and lets Wei Ying enjoy the sight of the older man's foreskin generously covering the weeping cockhead, before pulling back to fully expose the entire engorged purple-red glans, and Wei Ying takes the opportunity to dip his head to *flirt* the oozing slit with his tongue, like a shy maiden trying to cajole a lover with a game of hide-and-seek. Wei Ying even bashfully tucks his bangs and some errant strands of hair behind his

ears, and this further excites Lan Zhan. The next time Lan Zhan pulls down his foreskin, already moistened and lubricated with Wei Ying's saliva, Wei Ying lowers his head again and give the twitching slit an endearing kiss of puckered lips. Another drop of clear, syrupy nectar dribbles out, which Wei Ying happily sucks up with little fits of giggles.

Lan Zhan strokes himself, but he doesn't want to cum just with his hands. Wei Ying seemed to read his mind, and leans forward to press his chest against the underside of Lan Zhan's twitching penis. He slides up and down, lathering liberal amounts of pre-cum over his nipples in tune with Lan Zhan's increasingly excited breathes.

"Ah, this big snake is biting my breasts! It's sucking me like a goat udder!" Wei Ying mocks, and nipple-fucks the cockslit. Lan Zhan groans at the incredulous display, and edges closer to climax. Wei Ying giggles and continues to pretend-play with the massive organ; Lan Zhan's erection is well over six inches, bulging with impressive girth, and lined abundantly with thick throbbing veins.

"Lan Zhan, at the wedding ceremony earlier today, I overheard someone saying that if you smear semen over the breasts, they'll grow larger," he coos and makes sure the snake-like member devours each of his nipple, as he alternates between each side of his chest. Lan Zhan could only respond with a pained moans of "shameless", "ridiculous" other accusational two-word iterations, because he was too busy trying to jerk his hips to relieve the surging pressure within his nether regions. Then, Wei Ying grips the pulsating arousal and slides it down to his navel.

"Lan Zhan, another person at the ceremony said that the belly button is the doorway to the womb. Ah, you bad boy, why are you violating it? Do you

want to spray your seed in there? Ah, you're going to inseminate me! Such a naughty boy, I'm going to have many babies growing in my belly!" Wei Ying continued his loathsome incessant babble. Lan Zhan curses under his breath at the ludicrous thoughts, telling himself that Wei Ying was being nonsensical and he should be banned from joining such vulgar conversations during alcohol-infused wedding parties - however he also unwillingly enjoys plunging his spongy cockhead into the shallow, elastic dip on Wei Ying's waist, and brush and scrape the insides in an illusory attempt to dig in. Wei Ying reaches down to caress and gently squeeze Lan Zhan's scrotum, whispers sensuous the words of "mmmm fuck me, Lan Zhan, fuck me...", and the older man knows he wouldn't last much longer.

Wei Ying seizes the spasming rod just as Lan Zhan begins to shudder, arch his sweat-covered back, eyelids fluttering, mouth gaping. He teeters on the edge, fingers gripping the bed sheets, toes curled until they start to cramp, waiting for the impending climax that never came. He grunts out a cuss word when he realizes that Wei Ying managed to stop him in his tracks with an acutely firm grasp at the base of his cock. He growls Wei Ying's name in a dangerously low voice - but is unnerved when Wei Ying smiles sweetly in return, leans forward, and drags Lan Zhan's choked penis down a matted trail of hair from navel downwards to his lowermost regions, leaving strings of leaked pre-cum seeping through the bushy pubes. He pauses when the older man's cock *pokes* in between the testicles.

Wei Ying whispers into Lan Zhan's ear, "*Lao gong* , you found my *eggs* . Does your snake want to swallow them one by one?" he shakes the hot, heavy, and extremely agitated erection until it slaps each ball alternately with sticky sounds, like a swinging pendulum. "What happens if it swallows the eggs... oh, it could end up looking like a tanghulu... *lao gong* , do you want to eat my eggs and tanghulu?" the younger man continues to seduce Lan Zhan with depraved, perverse images; as if there wasn't enough pervading inside his lust-drunken mind. The older man moans and quakes his hips in a desperate attempt to *rub anything* to generate enough friction to *shoot* out his seed. The maddening pressure builds up inside his steel-

hard cock, forming volleys of thick, heated seed ready to gush out in rapid-fire bursts, delicious tendrils of pleasure course through his spine, causing muscles all over his body to twist and convulse involuntarily.

The impulsive movements around his scrotum served to provoke Wei Ying into unleash another barrage of extremely lewd and utterly preposterous descriptions, “ *Lao gong* , do you know what happens if you ejaculate at my balls? Ah, you’re a bad husband, you’re raping my eggs! Your seed will vanquish mine, I will have to surrender in defeat! *Lao gong* , do you want to fill my eggs so badly with your seed? You’re a terrible man, what happens if you ejaculate and flood my eggs? I will have to become your sex-slave, and carry your seed inside these eggs! Ah *lao gong*, *lao gong*, stop attacking my eggs, your snake will devour them!” Wei Ying undulates his hips and lets Lan Zhan fuck along the folds of wrinkled skins of ballsacks and silky-smooth surfaces of the underside of his excited arousal. He makes sure to roll around the cockslit and the special spot underneath the glans, and makes sure Lan Zhan *feels* his testicles quiver and contract in delight.

Wei Ying finally releases his stranglehold on Lan Zhan’s madly-twitching penis. The older man heaves an agonizing, dying sigh, mutters a silent prayer to the Merciful Goddess Guan Yin, and *explodes* brilliantly until he could only see stars in a sea of blinding white.

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Wei Ying giggles, laughs, hiccups, guffaws, coughs, and gleefully *chokes* when he accidentally *inhales* dollops of rich, warm creamy semen that dribbled from his nose down into his wide-open mouth. His body shakes and bounces on his lover’s thighs with pure mirth, he *smells* of his lover’s essence, and his entire upper torso, neck and face is covered with thick

opaque-white streaks that launched and blasted through the air in an incredible aerial display of a six-way eruption. Some gracefully peaked and nosedived like a bombardment to the floor, a few splattered at the ceiling and started to drip on Wei Ying's hair and the bed sheets, and some forcefully shot into Wei Ying's nostrils, mouth and coated his eyes too. He looks totally debauched, caked with crusting, drying cum, but he is also a bundle of pure joy, happiness, recklessness and playfulness.

Lan Zhan is grateful that his manhood is still intact, and he is still trying to catch his breath after such an astonishing burst of exertion and *qi* release. He feels invigorated, and his cock is still hard.

There's still plenty to go around after two days of abstinence. His member twitches in agreement, and yearns for more.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yasssss... some sex scenes, finally! Gosh, it feels wonderful to drain out the tension after such a long arc!

Friends at NovelUpdates tell me that there's always a bit of drama going on with Zhan Ge and Yibo didi's superstar careers. Oh well! I wish them well, hope they will weather through the challenges, and please show us more of your talents and on-screen presence! I wuv the constant stream of good news about Zhan Ge, and there's plenty of well-wishes and congratulations to him for winning awards and making successful live-event appearances too!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 19

Lan Zhan lounges in the nude on the bed, his long untied hair falls freely and gracefully down his nape, with pillows propping his back, and he settles down for a comfortable read. As he flips through a PeiNi magazine under the soft glow of their bedside lantern, his thoughts linger on what (sexually exciting) activities will be in store for the remaining night. It is close to midnight, their home and surrounding courtyard and gardens are quiet, save for the sounds of chirping insects and the occasional frogs' mating calls.

He yawns, but knows he will not get a restful sleep immediately, especially with the pitter-patter footsteps of a fully-awake Wei Ying in their house; the little gremlin is surely up to no good, *again* .

As he turns to the centrespread and ogles at *objectionable* pictures of men having sex (ironically, he methodically checks off which positions he has tried, and mentally notes down those that he hasn't), he hopes his lover will let him off *this time* , and (*in the name of Merciful Goddess Guan Yin, please*) stick to their favourite sex position (honestly, he isn't too keen on trying new things at this late hour). He doesn't mind lying down and have Wei Ying ride him to climax after climax; at least he can get some sleep with minor interruptions of brief wakefulness when he orgasms, and he is easily lulled back to slumber while lovingly encased by Wei Ying's inner warmth and snugness.

Naked Wei Ying emerges from the dark with a tray of tea set, and a paper bag in hand. Oh no, he sighs inwardly, and his flaccid penis twitch-nods in agreement.

“Lan Zhan, here, have some chrysanthemum tea. Grandma Li advised that we should take more fluids, especially with the peak of summer approaching,” he says, as he places the tray on the bedside table and pours two cups from a jug. Lan Zhan daintily takes a cup, gives it a good sniff, and when he is quite sure it is plain tea (the fragrant floral smell wafts through the air; yes, it’s definitely chrysanthemum), he murmurs a word of thanks.

He feels thirsty after a bout of sex marathon earlier that evening, which consisted of (1.) a grand opening with a spectacular six-way ejaculatory fireworks display (the aftermath: Wei Ying cat-licked semen off his hands and face; a stunning blended imagery of cutesy plus eroticness), (2.) getting deep-throated (Lan Zhan was caught off-guard when Wei Ying purrs ‘nom-nom’ and swallows him in one go, and he pleasantly erupts not long after that), and (3.) a standard fare of Wei Ying going down on all fours like a kitten in heat, butt grinding against Lan Zhan’s groin, while egging the older man to mount him with seductive whispers of ‘take me’, ‘i’m yours’, ‘breed me’ and ‘impregnate me’ - and he generously indulged this young lover’s request by plowing that familiarly hot, tight passageway until he emptied himself *several* times in *rapid* succession, because horny, nubile Wei Ying knows how to *continue* milking him using clenching and gyrating ass muscles with such exquisite finesse; he lost count after his fifth climax, that night.

Lan Zhan gulps the tea appreciatively, and watches Wei Ying down a few. “Ahh, this tea is so good! I walked the streets of Yiling under the hot sun today, and I still feel dehydrated!” he cheerfully remarks with smacking lips. The older man hmms in agreement and is secretly pleased that Wei Ying takes care of himself even as he works hard to put food on their table.

Wei Ying sits down beside him, opens the paper bag and pours its content onto the mattress. An assortment of wooden objects roll out; they come in a

variety of shapes including spheres, ovals and elongated forms; have plenty of curves and protrusions; and are very smooth to the touch - hallmarks of fine craftsmanship, unfortunately wasted on making such bizarre and meaningless sculptures. Some are as small as a thumb's tip, others are larger than a palm.

"I found this lying on the kitchen floor next to the *trash bin* , and I'm going to make a *smart* guess that you *don't* know what these are," he says with a rather serious tone of a teacher examining one of its students. He holds up a pear-shaped object and gives it a light shake.

Lan Zhan, feeling refreshed after the tea, sits cross-legged, and plucks the item from Wei Ying's grasp. He peers and scrutinizes it intently, before returning the object to the younger man. "It looks like a fruit carved from wood. This one's a pear, with a stem growing out of the wrong end," he answers, sensible and straightforward.

Wei Ying snorts and puts down his cup on the table's surface. He picks another, and gives a questioning look with a raised eyebrow.

Lan Zhan wasn't sure; the level of difficulty was ramped up and he hazards a rather reckless guess. "... A chicken drumstick? The trunk is distorted and swollen, or I could be wrong," he responds after some hard thinking.

Wei Ying cackles, and Lan Zhan starts to feel annoyed at playing the childish game without answers being revealed at the end. Next.

"... This one's clearly a cucumber or an eggplant. The tip is deformed, though. Whoever made this clearly has an eccentric taste in art and life." Lan Zhan states nonchalantly, and puts his own cup back to the tray, his thirst quenched.

The younger man keeps snickering. Another piece.

"... A string of... grapes? Or prayer beads. There's two of them, one is smaller, and the other has bigger beads... Wei Ying, why are you showing me these *things* from Tian Mi Mi? There's nothing good coming out from that establishment, and I planned to throw these ugly food replica when we've sorted through the baskets' contents," he complains, impatience evident on his face and his rising voice.

Wei Ying becomes bug-eyed, immediately grabs all the wooden objects and holds them dearly to his chest. He gives Lan Zhan a how-dare-you look. "Lan Zhan! These *baobei* s (babies; treasures) cost a bomb! They're worth at least a gold piece each!"

The older man could not possibly fathom the value judging from looks alone. So, he picks out the first item that was presented to his attention, from the bunch of others that Wei Ying cradled in his arms. "Wei Ying, we can get three fresh pears for the price of a silver piece at Zhu's stall, why would you want to keep an *inedible* wooden model of it in our house?" Lan Zhan asks - patient but stubborn -, and rolls the fruit-shaped piece in his palm. He is the voice of logic and reason (also economic sense) in their relationship, and he stands firm on his position. (at the back of his mind, he also thinks of the consequences of hoarding collectables or garbage in their tiny abode - doesn't Wei Ying realize *who* is actually doing the dusting and cleaning work at home?)

“Lan Zhan... why do you think it’s a pear?” Wei Ying questions in return, a mix of amusement, bewilderment and disbelief shining in his eyes.

There is an *audibly silent* “What?” from the older man’s *scandalized* facial expression. He starts re-analyzing the wooden sculpture in his hand and matches with all known objects he’s seen in his entire over-30 years in life. A minute of gear-spinning and database-crunching inside his head, and he still came up with the same answer. To the great His Eminence Han Guang Jun who has visited most of the Middle Kingdom, solved some of the greatest mysteries that afflicted the Grand Cultivation Council, and faced perilous dangerous and monsters both living and undead - it’s just a model of a pear carved from wood, with its stem sticking out on the wrong end of the fruit; clearly done in bad taste.

Lan Zhan gives his lover a knowing and smug smile, and shakes his head. *I’m still right, you can’t make me say otherwise, it is what it is* , his confident, wordless expression speaks volumes.

“Try it, then you’ll find out,” Wei Ying stifles hiccupy giggles, obviously entertained by Lan Zhan’s glaringly incorrect response.

Lan Zhan’s smile turns into a frown and he raises his eyebrows in increasing frustration. It’s very rare that he gets his answers wrong... but Wei Ying has a valid point, he acquiesces, as he had been evaluating the *thing* visually thus far without validating his assumptions using his other senses. He gives it a good squeeze (it’s hard, like wood), sniffs it (smells like wood), shakes it (it’s solid wood), and at last, gives it a good thorough lick (doesn’t taste at all). He suspects it could have originated from an

exotic hardwood - which may show subtle textures or aromas if examined closely enough - so he sucks on the pear's tip to extract any sort of information that his senses could gather.

Wei Ying finally breaks into a loud, obnoxious guffaw.

“Lan Wang Ji-ah (啊)-Lan Wang Ji, I really admire your scholarly wisdom and vast knowledge about the world, but this,” he points at the offending pear-shaped thing, and starts rolling all over the mattress like a madman, “is not a fruit. It’s the classic P-Cool (屁股; *pigu* ; buttocks) butt plug, which is an *anal sex toy* , and you’re sucking the tip that goes *into a man’s ass* ! AH HA HA HA HA!”

The older man stills for a full minute, and when realization and understanding dawns upon him, in the form of an angry tide of sheer disgust and embarrassment that colours his face into six shades of deep tomato-red, Wei Ying’s armful of sex toys was confiscated in a single furious sweep.

Poor Wei Ying was pelted with an assortment of sex toys as he rolled around the bed, then off the bed, thudded painfully onto the floor, and then continued rolling around the floor in circles - while laughing so heartily and uncontrollably until he nearly *died* of hicuppy suffocation and almost peed between his pantless legs.

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Lan Wang Ji received an intensive crash-course on sex ed that night.

He learns about P-Cool's branded butt plugs (anything that looks like a fruit, such as the cursed pear), prostate massagers (the appalling-looking chicken drumstick), dildos (vegetables, including cucumbers and eggplants), and beads for the penis, nipples and also for the ass (the grapes - Lan Zhan refuses to associate them with any religious or prayer objects because there is *absolutely* nothing sacred about those beads).

Lan Zhan picks up a small bead and asks with a poker face, "How does this work? One cannot simply just place it on a part of the body and *feel* pleasurable."

Wei Ying laughs again, his voice hoarse after coughing-choking too much from the hysterical farce earlier. "Lan Zhan, how did you even rise up the ranks to become a Chief Cultivator?! Use your magic, of course!" he jokes light-heartedly, and shows the older man how it's done.

Wei Ying casts a generic Energy spell to imbue tiny quantities of *qi* into the wooden objects on the bed, and they take on a soft whitish glow. He expertly twirls, points, wags and circles his fingers, similar to how he handled the modified Water spell at the bath. The objects begin to vibrate, spin, roll and shake - mimicking the movements of excited living, breathing beings, ready to fulfil their mission.

Lan Zhan is all too familiar with the effects of an Energy spell, because Wei Ying's favourite Paperman spell is derived from the same class of magic. However, the sight of a handful of vibrating beads and worse, a dildo,

inching towards his naked crotch in the tune of a constant droning, buzzing sound, is extremely unsettling.

He squirms away from the toys, but not before his fingers touched the edge of what looks like a slightly bent, cylindrical stick about the length of an outstretched palm. The stick was out of range when Wei Ying casted Energy, so it remained un-vibrating. He holds up the stick inquisitively, and had a gut feeling that it was the most harmless-looking object amongst the collection of sex toys. It was also pretty - there were some shallow bumps and delicate ornate patterns on its smooth surface; the other toys were plain and had no such decorative markings. He could probably *like* the stick a little more than the rest of its brethren.

"Ahh... Lan Zhan, give me that..." Wei Ying starts to reach for it.

He knows when Wei Ying wants to snatch something, so he instinctively pulls away with a petulant *No!* on his face.

"You... probably don't know how to use it anyway, and it doesn't have any... beneficial purpose..." Wei Ying's voice becomes hesitant, even shaky, as he valiantly tries to make a quick grab for the stick, which Lan Zhan deftly avoids.

The older man's stare hardens to a don't-you-dare. Wei Ying yields by withdrawing his hand to scratch the back of his head, feigning innocence.

"Explain." A single word and his voice *booms* .



Wei Ying stammers something incomprehensible.

" *Wei Ying* ." No more second chances. The younger man sighs in defeat.

Lan Wang Ji gets a side lesson about urethral sounding, and the secret of the bent stick is revealed in all its perverse and obscene glory. Physically, it feels comforting in his palm, because it resembles a tiny, deformed Bichen that could use a little more love, respect and recognition (he is partial to long, solid things, as opposed to short, rounded, squishy or lumpy ones). He grips the stick with a silent *Mine!* and holds it close to his chest endearingly.

Wei Ying swallows nervously and bites his lower lip.

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Wei Wuxian has a few regrets in the past and current lifetime, and one of them is to *try* and outsmart Lan Wang Ji *without* thinking too far ahead of the possible consequences. What started as a ploy to humiliate the holier-than-thou man by enlightening him about the existence of *sacreligious* sex toys, and revel in a once-in-a-lifetime, exquisite selection of mortified looks, horrified gasps, simmering scowls or a pure, unadulterated crimson blush appearing on a deathly-pale face (he got the last one right, at least) - backfired, and he was *now* on the receiving end of the joke, and he was literally *dying* .

Lan Zhan used (and misused) the knowledge of such *things* , together with an unexpected awakening of his arsenal of Healer's spellcasting abilities, and Wei Ying was *dying* again, and again, everywhere in their bedchamber.

Lan Zhan had, with seemingly *good intentions* , ambushed Wei Ying with a medley of calming, relaxing and numbing spells that left the young man semi-paralyzed on the floor, and the latter was forced to watch his lover prepare, with painstaking care and detail, for another round of sex (which Wei Ying didn't really mind) that involves the toys (which Wei Ying really mind, because he was the victim in this case - oh poor Wei Ying!). Lan Zhan first casted Clean on all the toys to disinfect them, slathered their favourite massage oils, and with scholarly rigour, tested each one on (and in) the younger man (of note, the prostate massager felt *really* good with its vibrations, but Lan Zhan didn't want to feel lonely, so he rudely took it out and shoved in the anal beads instead).

During the seemingly sterile surgical procedure, Wei Ying caught glimpses of toys being used on him, dipped into him, then taken out, and switched with another. In the end, Lan Zhan was satisfied with having a string of large anal beads inside Wei Ying's ass, a dildo tied to the underside of Wei Ying's erection with the string of smaller beads, and horrors of all horrors, the young man had to stare at a bent stick sliding through his cockslit; he wanted to scream NO NO NO, but the Numb spell left his throat gurgling, and his penis simply twitched in discomfort at the unnatural strain and stretch of delicate muscles that threatened to tear (because all his nerve endings had been de-sensitized as well). Wei Ying didn't *die* at that time; he was caught between feeling terrified at getting hurt, and in a twisted way, very excited to try something sexually novel.

Then Lan Zhan casted a mild Dispel Magic to remove the Numb effects, and abruptly Energized the toys inside Wei Ying, and all hell broke loose.

Wei Ying thought he'd *died* and gone to heaven to meet Merciful Goddess Guan Yin to seek forgiveness for all the sins he'd ever committed, but he was dying again and again on Earth with excruciatingly mind-numbing and soul-sucking pleasure, that he would soon go mad.

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Lan Wang Ji mmmms in satisfaction as sexy Wei Ying arches his back and bows his hips; the younger man's asshole *sucks* his dick along with the beads with inhuman muscular force, and succeeds to draw out another orgasm from the older man - *again* . Lan Zhan doesn't have much left, so only a couple of globs, probably diluted and rather clear in colour, pulse out weakly from his convulsing member. The rippling pleasurable waves that wash over his lower body still feels exceedingly good, though. Lan Zhan has taken a liking for the beads - the ones vibrating strongly inside the younger man; they roll around his arousal and provide added friction and pressure that spikes his lust like never before.

He only wanted to take *a bit* of revenge over the juvenile prank that Wei Ying (always) played on him - however, it seems Wei Ying has completely lost to the pleasure, as evidenced by eyes that roll back, slackened jaws that hold a drooling, lolling tongue, trembling limbs, quaking hips, incoherent speech and thought, and *ah* , the stick is sliding out when Wei Ying's penis quivers and squeezes repeatedly; so, he gently pushes it back in with his fingertip and Wei Ying nnnghs loudly with (probably) another dry orgasm coming from his (man- and mis-handled) prostate; clear sexual fluids are leaking generously from his stuffed pee hole but Lan Zhan makes sure to cast minute amounts of Numb into the younger man's nether regions to make sure that he doesn't ejaculate yet (because if Wei Ying goes soft, and then the party's over); and to mete out an additional punishment for being

naughty, Lan Zhan tightens the vibrating dildo against Wei Ying's crazily-twitching dark-red cock, and elicits a prolonged, desperate uuuuunngh from the younger man.

Lan Zhan groans as his over-sensitive cock is again assaulted by delicious contractions and jiggling beads. He continues to fuck Wei Ying into the floor, hard and raw, missionary style; and when the younger man tires, he pulls him up and slams him from behind into the dressing table, his hands rake Wei Ying's chest and ribs to leave scratches and bruising fingerprints, and he generously bites and licks the sweaty shoulders and defenceless nape, because primal lust and burning pleasure drives his facial expressions to involuntary half-snarls, half-yawns, and half-grimaces and he needed to *chew* on something, and Wei Ying is the tastiest morsel in front of him; when the urge to plunge and *rut into* Wei Ying rises, he grasps the latter's slim waist, pushes him against one of the stony walls, grabs and lifts one of the thighs, and continues his relentless *mating* following a timeless rhythm, and he thrusts so deep, too deep, and he cums again into a flooded, sticky mess because there was already a bulging pool of warm seed inside Wei Ying's breed-worthy belly.

During the entire sex-crazed episode, Wei Ying continued to talk gibberish and moan unintelligible words, and Lan Zhan could only make out tasty high-pitched "ahhhn, uuuhn", "feels so good", throaty lustful "more, more, please more", "harder deeper faster", low growls of "fuck me until I die", and sobs of "I'm melting, I'm melting" and "I'm dying oh god I'm dying" in six different dialects, no less. Wei Ying couldn't ejaculate, couldn't reach his climax, because that accursed stick blocked all exits and Lan Zhan continuously weaves Numb spells into his lower body. Wei Ying's stiff, engorged cock fills up, his balls fluttering and quivering from being over-massaged by the shaking dildo, liquid pressure and lustful urges swelling inside him, driving him mad, and he humps anything - the floor, the wall, any surface, the thin air - and try futilely to gain enough traction to flick those pleasure spots and launch his orgasmic reflex, and to *shoot* far, far away to relieve the boiling heat in his loins - which never happened.

At one point, Wei Ying mewls and pleads “pee... I need to pee”, because he drank too much tea and his bladder was throbbing from being overstretched with liquid, and the string of large beads found their way up in his rectum and pushed-pounded hard against the bladder’s walls until the loss of muscle control was imminent. It doesn’t help that his vulnerable prostate was attacked with equal ruthlessness (every time a bead rolls over the walnut-sized lump, Wei Ying gasps and loses a breath, he loses a little more voluntary muscle control, while Lan Zhan gets a shockingly delightful squeeze and he pumps his hips deeper; from the sensations and shape, Lan Zhan could, with medical precision, gauge the condition of the delicate gland - it is probably swollen with unreleased fluids, inflamed from being lovingly pummeled for hours on end, and irritated because it throbs and itches from the inability to eject and satisfy its orgasmic reflex). Lan Zhan indulges in Wei Ying’s cries (he was nearly in tears then), and lifts and spread-eagles both of the latter’s legs while still embracing the younger man from the back, and his cock still gently drilling in and out of the angry-red rosebud crammed with both cockflesh and beads; there is abundant wet, squishy sounds of leaking massage oil and occasionally, dribbles of cum mixed with love juices, when Lan Zhan carries Wei Ying to the outdoor bath and walks to the center until he was knee-deep in the swirling thermal springwaters.

“Shhhhhh... let it go here, no one can see us in the dark... Shhhhhh...” he makes these familiar whispery sounds into Wei Ying’s ears and licks into the shells and suckles the fleshy earlobes; the younger man shudders, protests, struggles weakly, because he is absolutely aghast at such an embarrassing display in open air (although there is no one watching). Lan Zhan persists and with some physical effort, manages to hoist Wei Ying while one of his heated palms presses below the navel, and moves in *circles* . Wei Ying cries again, discomfort mounting to critical levels, muscles flexing in agonizingly painful-pleasurable ripples all over his groin as he tries with his life to *pee* - when the tip of the sounding stick finally peeks out (and he breathes a sigh of grateful relief; it feels like *giving birth*

through the cock), Lan Zhan hmms thoughtfully, reaches out and pushes the slippery tip back into 'where it belongs', and Wei Ying *wails* . He starts swearing filthy words, calling his partner "a horrible husband", "a terrible monster", and "go to hell", then plenty of "you rapist", "you asshole" and "fuck you"; but Lan Zhan is used to Wei Ying's antics and simply enjoys sliding the stick in and out of the pee hole, while lovingly fucking the ass, one hand massaging the about-to-breach bladder, and the other found its way to caress and gently roll Wei Ying's scrotum (Lan Zhan is actually capable of mischief; he presses both heavy testicles against the vibrating dildo strapped onto their owner's cock, and Wei Ying almost *shrieks* ). At long last, after a few minutes of absolute torture, Lan Zhan relents and pulls out the slick, vibrating stick with a satisfyingly wet plop.

Lan Zhan whispers the Shhhhs again and again; Wei Ying finally surrenders, and lets loose.

At the last second, in a cruel, ironic twist, the older man grins in the dark (it is a profoundly bone-chilling evil grin - the most Lan Zhan can muster - but nobody can ever see), then commands the rest of the toys to *burst* into life with enthusiastically-twirling and tapping fingers, before stroking the madly-twitching arousal with fist-pumps, and polishing the swollen cockhead with a chokingly strong finger-grip - using inhuman lightning-quick speeds as used to make *jiaozi* s. Wei Ying's impending orgasm *skyrockets* , and his cock *melts* , figuratively speaking.

Wei Ying's plumbing is thoroughly abused. He pees forcefully, then ejaculates so hard that Lan Zhan could feel all pelvic muscles contract simultaneously (because his cock inside Wei Ying's ass is given the Greatest Massage Ever at that moment), and pees again because muscles were fluttering out of control, and soon, a frothy, semi-viscous mix squirts out in erratic, spectacular arches into the moonless night sky, which eventually fades to a duet of watery trickles and thick, wet splats into the

bathwater. His keening howl, tormented sobbing, and shaky hiccups goes unnoticed, and Lan Zhan finally sets his young lover down to the ground, where he releases all the toys, tenderly strokes Wei Ying's sweat-matted hair, rubs soothing lines on the trembling back, and coos to the *dying* man, "Good boy, good boy."

It was getting cold and Lan Zhan didn't like to stay out in the chilly night. He bridal-carries an exhausted, sex-and-shame-flushed, softly weeping Wei Ying back to their home, and to their bed.

Lan Zhan is determined to show Wei Ying what their relationship looks like, in its purest form - without playing jokes and pranks on each other, without feelings of ego, arrogance and fear, without using fancy toys and spells, without any presumptions, mistrust and ulterior motives.

He makes sweet love to his Wei Ying one last time, that night.

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The bedroom is quiet, tranquil, except for the sounds of bodies joining passionately in a mating-press, accompanied by shuddering moans and faint sighs, interspersed with whispers of words exchanged between lovers.

(The mating-press is depicted in PeiNi's centerspread, which Lan Zhan has not tried before but is extremely interested in. After this session, he makes sure to put a checkmark next to it; there are at least another ten other positions that he wants to try in the future.)

“Mmmm... *lao gong, lao gong, lao gong ...*” Wei Ying murmurs affectionately, eyes closed and body thrumming mildly with the last leg of his sexual *qi* energy, as Lan Zhan continues to pepper light smooches on the forehead, cheeks and then gently locks lips with his, their tongues tenderly slide, swirl, encircle, entice one another, evoking feelings of warmth, of being loved and giving love, of being intimate and intertwining with a soulmate until two bodies meld into one - the same way as Lan Zhan lovingly pumps his hips with long, deeply satisfying downward strokes into Wei Ying’s sweet, drenched hole, then moves in toe-curlingly *good* circles so that every fleshy fold, every nook and cranny, every hidden corner is tenderly stretched and massaged by the hard, massive and throbbing arousal in the tempo of heavy balls slapping gently against the glutes. The couple embrace each other on the bed with such intoxicating closeness and with so much skin-to-skin contact, that they could feel their breaths on one another in the same way as they could with each other’s heartbeats.

Lan Zhan reciprocates Wei Ying by lavishing sweet words into his lover’s ears that sends Wei Ying’s heart soaring to breathtaking heights. He tells Wei Ying that he’s the only one for him, that he is the most beautiful and graceful, the most desirable and the only one he needs, that his love for him is eternal in this lifetime and by god’s grace, in all other lifetimes as well, and that he truly loves the man named Wei Wuxian and no other. He grunts with pleasure and slides his cock as deep as he can with each incantation of love, and restrains his climax as much as possible. Wei Ying mewls and bends his flexible body a little more until his legs could hook around Lan Zhan’s neck, giving full penetration access to the older man into his deepest recesses.

“*Lao gong, lao gong ...* if you say you love me so much, then swear upon your words by writing it out with our lovemaking,” Wei Ying says with a wink and a smile that makes his eyes crinkle.

Lan Zhan gaze becomes unfocused, because he is trying *hard* to figure out what his lover means, and because Wei Ying suddenly moved his ass in a cock-squeezingly pleasurable square movement, and his twitching member brushed and slid in all *four* directions against Wei Ying's slick, cushioned walls. "For example, this is 'mouth' (口)", followed by, "... and this is 'rice' (米)." Lan Zhan's plump testicles pull up with sudden excitement and he nearly ejaculated when his heated, pulsating cock and the entire crotch grinds in *six* different directions against Wei Ying's inviting ass; the exquisite friction and pleasure is nearly too much to bear.

Lan Zhan had to steady himself for the task at hand. Wei Ying waits with an expectant, but fond smile. He takes a deep breath and starts to move his hips to write Wei Ying's courtesy name (魏无羡). Truthfully, Wei Ying's ass-writing was quite messy and sloppy, and Lan Zhan aims to perform his best to convince Wei Ying that his written word is as good as the love from their joined bodies. His movements are extremely three-dimensional, dynamic in shifts of force, widths and depths, and mirrors the powerful strokes of calligraphy masters of the Middle Kingdom.

He trembles at the brink when he is done; his cock aches and springs painfully against its warm, fleshy prison, denied of release despite being ready to unleash a torrent of hot seed freshly made during their passionate lovemaking for the past hour. He pants heavily, and his whole chest flushes red with sexual excitement.

Wei Ying kisses Lan Zhan's lips, "Mmmm.. *lao gong* , you wrote my name first, and you wrote it correctly. Next..."

Lan Zhan grunts and heaves forward. He summons the remaining strength from his tired, quaking limbs to write his name (蓝忘机) using his hips. At the last word, when he makes an impassioned downstroke with a cock that was fast melting as orgasm closes in, he suddenly stills. His mind blanks, his breath hitches, his entire body seizes and convulses; a powerful shiver rips through the spine, crests over and spread like wildfire into the heavy loins in rippling, rhythmic contractions, and he finally falters with a dramatic HNNNGH.

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“AH HA HA HA HA...Lan Wang Ji-ah (啊)-Lan Wang Ji, how old are you? You cannot even write your name! Ahh... ah... my stomach hurts from laughing, my butt is sore, I’m so sleepy...” Wei Ying lay quaking and curled on the bed, rambling and giggling almost nonsensically, then yawned, before resuming another fit of tired giggling. He let out a rude fart in the midst of the body-shaking laughter, and he started to roll over and guffaw across pillows strewn haphazardly on the bed.

“HA HA HA HA HA... look what you’ve done, Lan Wang Ji, tonight you fucked me so hard and for so long, I have become loose,” another rude sound erupted from the ass, and Wei Ying nearly suffocates again that night because he couldn’t catch his breath anymore, “Ah, you’re a bad husband! Your wife is now ‘damaged goods’ because you used too much force, so you have to take care of me for the rest of this life... HA HA HA HA HA!”

Lan Zhan stares at his lover with an ever-stoic expression; there is infinite patience and love in his heart for his Wei Ying. He is used to his lover’s annoying, naughty, vulgar, and sometimes distasteful behaviours - but it is what makes Wei Ying the person he cherishes most, the person he’d sworn

to protect and love, and the person who will stay by his side for this and many lifetimes to come.

Precious seed trickles from Wei Ying's inundated, twitching and exposed asshole, and Lan Zhan contemplates his next move. It is a little after two in the morning, and they *really* should get some rest because they have a snake-catching mission the next day. He tries his best to wipe the bedsheets with a small ragcloth from the bedside table, and rearranges the pillows so that giggly Wei Ying lies comfortably on his side of the bed with a pillow under his head, and a few more cuddled against his chest; Wei Ying likes to curl up and hoard the pillows during sleep (he still rolls a bit in his laughter, but Lan Zhan easily and gently puts him back to one of his favourite sleeping positions - lying on the side). Then, when he is sure he'd done everything he could, he turns off the bedroom lanterns and crawls to bed.

He embraces Wei Ying from the back and spoons the now-quivering Wei Ying, who manages to muffle his mirth into a pillow. Their bodies are a bit sticky from sweat and other love juices, but Lan Zhan is sure that the chilled night air seeping through the window will cool and comfort them. He easily slides his half-limp cock into the well-lubricated and stretched hole, and by tightening his embrace on Wei Ying's waist and locking his groin hard against the springy ass, he is sure that his seed will stay warmed and soak inside his lovely Wei Ying until sunrise.

Lan Zhan starts to hum some old Gusu lullabies, and eventually lulls both of them to a peaceful, well-deserved slumber.

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Three whistles sounded; distorted, resentful, with evil intent.

The bedroom becomes misty and murky as a swarm of malevolent black-coloured ghosts and crimson-red bloodthirsty spirits circle the air, while more continue to pour through the open window. The bodiless forms seep into furniture and every object, and through the body of a naked sleeping man on the bed. He squirms and frowns as though he is having a nightmare, but he doesn't move from his coffin-like sleeping position.

Yiling Patriarch Wei Wuxian leans down until his face nearly touches Lan Zhan's neck. He gives it a lick with a saliva-coated tentacle-like tongue, and a poisonous purplish bruise appears on the skin where it touched, near the older man's Adam's apple. Lan Zhan coughs lightly and wheezes, still trapped in his dreams, and the bruise spreads in vein-like patterns down the shoulders and fans out to the entire upper body.

Wei Wuxian's eyes glow red; his hair has grown longer and falls unfurling upon the older man's body, like spilled black ink over pure white snow. He follows the purplish-black veins, smells the sweet scent of a healthy man that was slowly being poisoned, and when the vein-like patterns reach the heart, they congeal into a living, quivering mass of dark hues under the pale skin. He observes the rise and fall of the sleeping man's chest and his smile twists into a sneer. Lan Zhan begins to sweat and murmurs deliriously in his restless slumber.

Wei Wuxian chants something extremely forbidden and evil, so corrupted and warped in its meaning that any Living being cannot comprehend what is said. Black wisps emerge from almost every inch of Lan Zhan's body,

and Wei Wuxian inhales them through his mouth and nostrils. He licks his lips, apparently enjoying the taste and having his appetite sated, for the moment.

He kneels between Lan Zhan's legs and spreads them with ease; there is no resistance nor response from the still-sleeping man. He lightly rakes the inner thighs with his long, claw-like black fingernails, and the same bruising colour appears in their wake - the scratch marks grow and spread along the blood capillaries and flow into the older man's genital area. Lan Zhan moans and raises his hips; his body is reacting to very sexually disturbing dreams.

Wei Wuxian takes out and holds his own arousal - hard, wanting, throbbing, moist and *alive* ; it looks *inhuman* , monstrous, with grotesque and writhing parts and protuberances that growl and hiss. He presses the tip - a living, breathing head of a demonic creature - at the entrance, and savours the sensations of opening up the defenceless ring of muscle.

At the same time, he bends down and puts soft kisses on Lan Zhan's darkening chest, close to where his heart is - now covered by the swirling dark clouds that crawl and slither beneath the skin. The skin easily peels open on its own, without blood and without pain. Parts of flesh, muscles and bones seem to dissipate into the gathering dark masses that infect the entire upper body, revealing a radiant, shiny golden core.

He plans to have a taste of it.

Notes for the Chapter:

That's it for this arc. I'm totally drained for now, but I really had fun writing this long chapter of smut and the evil twist at the end.

My Zhan Ge fangirlism continues to wobble with glee every time I read news about his latest performances and songs. Go Xiao Zhan Go! And I'm so grateful to the BJYX fans who continue to keep the flame alive by making really awesome videos and pictures at every opportunity.

I'm hope to catch the year end gala when we can (maybe??!!) see Zhan Ge stand on the same stage as Yibo didi. Hooray!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 20

12.01 am

Like clockwork, Lan Zhan wakes up drowsily to find Wei Ying lying face up, and *diagonally* across the bed, with his springy rear resting *atop* Lan Zhan's crotch. There are a few snores, and he notices the younger man's toes wiggle (one of Wei Ying's legs carelessly lounges on his shoulder, while the sloppy young man's head is hopefully not *breathing against* Lan Zhan's foot) in sync with the twitches of the owner's cock - it stands proudly from a nest of pubes, beautifully lit by silver moonlight that filters through the curtained window, slightly curved in shape, and unsurprisingly, dribbling pre-cum in its excited state. Lan Zhan lets out an involuntary moan as the base of a vibrating prostate massager inside Wei Ying's rear buzzes pleasantly against his own rigid arousal; he nnnnghs when Wei Ying gyrates his hips in lazy circles and catches that same rigid arousal in the butt crack. The captive penis is soon *wiping* circles against a vibrating sex toy.

Lan Zhan is close to cumming, but he doesn't want to waste his seed on the *exterior* of his lover's silky smooth ass, at the same time, he doesn't want to pull out the toy either. (They've been experimenting with the toys lately, and he knows that Wei Ying gets plenty of wet dreams when things are *stuffed* into his bottom; the sight of rich, gooey cum spurting gently from a sputtering cockslit, trickling its way through the tuft of curly pubes and downhill to the dip of a shallow navel where it forms a milky, viscous pool; while the owner moans, thrashes on the bed and sometimes jerks his hips upwards in an illusory attempt for fuck *something* in his dreams - is impossible to resist. Lan Zhan succumbs to the temptation and laps at the offered liquidy sticky banquet, without Wei Ying's knowledge [it is willingly *offered* , so there is no need to ask for permission, Lan Zhan reasons]. Wei Ying thinks that inserting beads, butt plugs or prostate

massagers and leaving them inside makes him feel “lighter and so much more refreshed” in the mornings due to some kind of “mechanical stretching and massaging that helps to circulate the Male *qi* flows and counter-flows [pure nonsense, really]; Lan Zhan doesn’t tell him that at precisely 10 o’ clock at [every] night, he quietly Energizes the toys inside a snoring Wei Ying.)

The older man sighs and slides off from beneath his lover. Alone, Wei Ying starts to squirm and hnnngs on the bedsheets as the toy starts to dance and spin wildly inside his rectum; hitting all the good spots on his quivering, swollen prostate. The base of the toy has a long, curled stem which presses deeply on the perineum, giving the abused gland more torture than it deserves. Wei Ying sweats as much as his heart begins to race while being imprisoned by an extremely pleasurable wet dream.

Lan Zhan stifles a yawn, returns with a jug of water and a couple of cups, and places them on the bedside table. He sits on the bedside and strokes his dick languidly so that he doesn't lose his hard-on, while observing his lover continue to pump his hips into the empty air. The droning buzz from the prostate massager is comforting; no longer a nuisance in the nights.

He admires how Wei Ying can easily ascend towards climax without any physical contact on his wildly-twitching leaking penis. When Wei Ying’s pelvis starts to convulse uncontrollably and a low, muted keening “ahhhnn” escapes from his throat, Lan Zhan moves in to properly spread his lover’s legs and kneels between them. He grasps the shuddering cock to keep it still. His other hand waves an intricate pattern, and a urethral sounding rod sloooooowly peeks out from the fluttering cockslit, which was already nicely coloured in a shade of angry-purple-red due to the prolonged invasion of a foreign object. The silver-white rod *grows* longer, and extends a few inches out from the tip of the erection.

(P-Cool's latest models of sounding instruments are made of high-quality, medical-grade metal - not wood. They have a variety of functions, which can be accessed, commanded and executed with tiny amounts of Energy spells. Lan Zhan is already accustomed with movement-related functions, such as vibrating, spinning and sliding. Just a few nights ago, he discovered a set of next-tier functions when he increased his Energy outflow into the rod - such as the ability to extend *both* edges, to hollow out into a tube, and much more.

To Lan Zhan's pleasant surprise, when he tried to extend the edge that goes into the urethra and eventually to the prostate [yes, it can grow *that* long], the rounded tip unravelled beautifully into multiple fine hair-like extensions, like a blooming flower. He recalled seeing a diagram from a book on human anatomy from Yiling's Library Pavilion, and he thought the way the hair-like extensions unfurled looked similar to a cross-section of the prostate gland and its surrounding areas - including ducts, delicate tubules, vesicles and all.)

Lan Zhan bends down, then wraps his lips around the extended edge. Another twirl of fingers, and the rod hollows into a tube. He sucks and enjoys a light midnight snack of fresh unejaculated milky-white seed, direct from source.

(It doesn't have any of the typical bitter or pungent odours, and actually tastes rejuvenating, faintly sweet, full of Wei Ying-flavoured proteins.)

Wei Ying groans desperately in his sleep, as his sexy dreams become increasingly twisted and distressing. The massager continues to stimulate

his tired prostate, forcing it to contract and squeeze out its remaining juices into the straw-like tool. He experiences several consecutive dry orgasms in a matter of minutes, to Lan Zhan's delighted palate.

Lan Zhan does not stop massaging his lover's testicles, and continues to caress and lightly squeeze the springy glutes and inner thighs, just as how a youngling goat sucks and coaxes its mother's udders for *more, please give me some more* .

12:25 am

Having thoroughly drained a shuddering Wei Ying, Lan Zhan decides to deactivate the sounding rod-turned-tube. Suddenly, just as his fingertips touched the metallic surface, he involuntarily *burps* (because he swallowed excess air bubbles while enjoying the exquisite beverage), and accidentally channels extra *qi* into the instrument.

He watches, mesmerized, as he hears soft whirr from *within* Wei Ying's groin, followed by agonizingly pleasurable cries of "ah, ah, ahhhn" and muscle spasms ripple and undulate erotically across the young man's pelvic region.

Lan Zhan successfully activates the instrument's Level Three functions (as advertised, but never attempted, until now). Fine, microscopic hair-like extensions penetrate and violate every structure, duct, tube and vesicles around the shriveled prostate, and tiny electrical currents run through them in quick, rhythmic bursts. Wei Ying's breath hitches, his entire lower body

seizes, sweaty ass clenches, and after a few seconds of toe-curlingly powerful quaking muscle cramps, a droplet of clear fluid finally emerges from the tip of the tube. Lan Zhan darts his tongue to sample the divinely nectar.

Mmmmm, crystal-pure, seedless, one hundred percent intensely Wei Ying-flavoured essence , he concluded. He postpones his plans to switch off the instrument, and instead, opts to extract a few more precious drops from lovely Wei Ying.

Wei Ying, on the other hand, experiences nightmares of having frenzied sex while desperately wanting to pee and trying to give birth to baby Wang Jis via his cock, then getting electrocuted by raging lightning storms straight into his loins. He never really achieved any ejaculatory release.

12:45 am

Lan Zhan is absolutely certain that there is nothing left inside Wei Ying. He inhales, sucks and hollows his cheeks through the straw-like tube, and comes up empty.

The tasty episode left him tremendously turned on, and in a heated moment of sleep-deprived lapse of (rational) judgement, driven by primal, lustful instincts to dominate and breed his young lover, he strokes his cock furiously until he feels the onset of an incredible orgasm. Then, he growls when he is momentarily overpowered by a streak of possessiveness (*my Wei Ying, mine, all mine...*), and sticks the open end of the tube *into* his

twitching cockslit. Lan Zhan arches his back and groans loudly as he rides his climax and ejaculates to his heart's content. He continues to rub the pliant foreskin along his twitching member, until every single last drop is milked out and oozes into the tube.

Lan Zhan makes sure to extend and retract the finer parts at the other end of the tube repeatedly - pushing, mixing and stirring as much of his warm, thick seed deep, deep into Wei Ying. After finally pulling out the sounding rod and switching off the vibrating prostate massager, he generously kneads Wei Ying's stiff, over-sensitive penis *from tip to the base* . The older man diligently massages every bit of his still-warm semen through the abused stretched urethra, and onward into their new *home* . (It's like squeezing out toothpaste, but in the wrong direction.)

Wei Ying shivers and goosebumps all over from the uncomfortable sensations of being violated and forcefully filled. He dreams of baby Wang Jis crawling and diving into his bulging, stuffed genitals.

Shortly before one in the morning, Lan Zhan drifts into slumber, cradling a squirming Wei Ying in his arms. He also dreams, with very kinky images of sperm cells (as seen illustrated in medical textbooks) swimming through the aforementioned cross-section of the prostate, and towards a set of testicles. He wishes, as impossible as it may sound, that his virile seed will find Wei Ying's prized defenceless eggs and fertilize them soon.

4:30 am

On generally good days, and his intuition tells him that *today* is *one* of such days - Lan Zhan wakes up a *little* earlier than usual, feeling a *little* more refreshed than the norm, stretches and yawns a *little* to get the blood flow going, his eyes open a *little*, and he's greeted by a mass of sweet-scented sleep-messed unruly hair. Wei Ying slept soundly in Lan Zhan's embrace; Lan Zhan lies on his back, while Wei Ying snuggles into his neck while lying atop his broad, well-muscled chest. He is reminded of the first night they slept together shortly after Wei Ying's return to the world of living.

He spends a minute watching his young lover rise and fall with his deep breathing, like a delicate leaf floating upon the ocean's waves; in terms of bodyweight, Wei Ying is a feather compared to the other things he'd carried before, and with only one hand - coffins and corpses, stone statues, bundles of firewood heavy enough to crush an average person, and so on.

Lovely Wei Ying has been unusually obedient since midnight, and hardly changed sleeping positions at all - probably the young man was too occupied with the discomfort churning inside his genitals.

Out of habit and due to an urgent ache in the bladder, Lan Zhan slips away into the dark and relieves himself in the outdoor bath (which is conveniently connected to their bedchamber), before tip-toeing back to the bedroom. He drinks another cup of water and feels revitalized in the silence of their home; even the chirping insects have gone to rest. He smiles imperceptibly when his gaze lands on Wei Ying's raised ass - his lover lay prone on the bed with all four limbs tucked under the body; like a little ball of kitten trying to keep itself warm. His cock twitches fondly in agreement.

Lan Zhan carefully approaches the slumbering form, and pulls out the prostate massager with a squishy pop (he is pleased with the results of a

night-long stretch - the succulent rosebud looks inviting, moist and deliciously supple). He crawls on top of Wei Ying, his limbs encircle the smaller man in an intimate embrace from the top, and proceeds to mount him with a well-lubricated erection (he silently thanks another small bottle of massage oil, sacrificed for this morning's conquest). He nuzzles into Wei Ying's neck and dives for the nape. He uses his nose to part the long uncombed hair, until the tip of his nose bumps into a patch of exposed warm skin, and he inhales deeply a breath of earthy, musky, and homely *Wei Ying*. He peppers light kisses, and lets his teeth graze on old bite marks left from previous wild lovemaking sessions.

His hips busy with clumsy attempts to insert his heavy, excited arousal, dripping with pre-cum, into Wei Ying's entrance; maneuvering without looking, and relying solely on his sense of touch. At the first plunge, he slips past the tantalizing target, and Wei Ying mmmhs at a twitching cock slapping against his butt crack. *A little to the left*. Lan Zhan tries again and presses down blindly, greedily, but his glistening cock slides at an off-angle and is too slippery, and pokes at one of the glutes instead; Wei Ying hnnhs unconsciously in his sleep. *A little more to the right, please*. Increasingly frustrated and needy of friction, Lan Zhan decides take his time; he prods along the exposed anal cleft, inch by inch, until he finally finds the coveted ring of muscles. Wei Ying aaaahs as though he celebrates Lan Zhan's victory as well; Lan Zhan gently pries open the entrance with the bulbous head of his cock and slips into welcoming warmth and rows upon rows of tight fleshy folds, until he is fully sheathed inside his lover. Wei Ying is fully relaxed (after a night with the massager), and happily moans when Lan Zhan drills into him at a slow, unhurried pace, typical of pre-dawn lovemaking that the couple knows very well.

Lan Zhan makes sure to plant at least two rich, full loads deep inside Wei Ying to warm up the younger man's tummy - his first gift to his love for the day.

When Wei Ying nnnnhs audibly and signals that he also needs to find release, Lan Zhan turns him around and continues to fuck him, missionary style. He watches, hypnotized, at how his erect and lively member continues to slide in and out with moist squishy and frothy sounds, covered with his creamy seed and his lover's juicy fluids. He proceeds to jack off a mewling, floundering, still-sleeping Wei Ying, and the latter, at long last, *squirts out* abundant shots of whitish gel-like volleys high into the air. Lan Zhan was a little disappointed at the spillage - because that was *his* seed being flung recklessly away - and tried to scoop up with his fingers as much as he can from the bed sheets, pillows and all over Wei Ying's trembling body. He deposits them into Wei Ying's half-gaping mouth, and instinctively, the younger man swallows appreciatively with cat-licks. Lan Zhan becomes aroused again, and eventually works towards his third orgasm inside his lovely Wei Ying.

(Later, Wei Ying would complain that there's a strange, but not unpleasant nor unfamiliar, taste in his palate.)

Shortly after half-past five, Lan Zhan dons his garments - a simple attire of a white top (modified from one of his old Gusu Lan robes), and a pair of dark brown trousers (because he plans to take a walk around the gardens, and the path may be a bit dusty or muddy), combs and ties his hair, and takes a final look at the silver mirror to check himself out - he hnnns in satisfaction when everything is prim and proper, without a single strand of or a button out of place.

Before he leaves the bedroom, he leans over the bed and gives Wei Ying a sweet "good morning" kiss. Wei Ying mmmhs with a precious, shy smile, and snores away.

7:00 am

The laundry is done and the laundry line is full of hanging clothes, robes, washcloths, towels, bedsheets and underwear too. (Lan Zhan managed to lift Wei Ying's prone sleeping form with one hand, changed the bedsheets with the other, gently placed his lover back on the bed and tuck him under a fresh blanket without any problems). The sun has just risen into a glorious golden-hued sky with little cloud cover, and it looks to be a sunny, bright day ahead.

Dustless Broom made cleaning breezy and effortless; the floor looks exceptionally spotless, shiny and waxed, the furniture dusted and stainless; and it feels comfortable and safe to walk barefoot inside the cave-home. The courtyard still needs to be swept using a traditional straw broom (because of larger debris such as twigs, dried leaves and pebbles); Lan Zhan has this in his daily to-do list.

A Magics 'R Us modified Water talisman makes a gardener's life so much easier. Lan Zhan only needs to channel a tiny amount of *qi*, then snap his fingers, and tiny waterspouts appear to draw water from the lotus pond and sprinkle their vegetables and fruit trees. He twirls his fingers, clockwise, to dial up the volume of water, especially for the water-hungry trees, and spins his index finger in an anti-clockwise direction to give the chilli plants a lighter shower. Mian Mian's chilli seedlings grew very well, and Lan Zhan suspects the mineral-rich waters from the pond enhanced their development; it usually takes a few seasons for the plants to reach maturity and grow chillies, however their crop is unusually healthy, reaches waist-level heights within a few weeks, and starts fruiting within the *same* season. It will be a bumper harvest for the Lan's, and Wei Ying will be happy with more home-cooked chilli dishes.

(At the back of his mind, Lan Zhan wonders about the miraculous effects of the water from their pond - the lotus plants flourish and multiply extremely well, to the point where they can continuously harvest roots, leaves and seed-pods daily and sell to Old Merchant Zhu; the vegetables and surrounding vegetation sprout and thrive at full speeds; even the fish and shrimps spawn and fatten up incredibly well. He traces the source of the pond water to their outdoor bath, however there is nothing extraordinary there. He presumes it must be the doing of Qishan's permanently warm thermal springwaters which feeds into all their water sources.)

He also feeds and changes the drinking water for their farm animals at the chicken coop. A kind-hearted farmer gave him surplus bags of grains when he purchased some wheat and corn in Huang village, after he briefly shared his story of trying to raise a family of chickens (the farmer does not speak much and seemed a little aloof at first glance; Lan Zhan finds an instant connection to people of similar character - he only needs to say a few words, and a fruitful conversation and friendship is born among introverts). The chickens love the grains, and have learnt to recognize Lan Zhan as their favourite owner; the hens crowd around Lan Zhan's legs the moment he enters the fenced compound with a bowl of their favourite meal. Lan Zhan also carried a bundle of wildgrasses and other natural vegetation cut from a neighbouring swathe of lush green meadows and pastures (actually, he just stands on a rocky outcrop overlooking their vast estate, ties an open sack to Bichen's hilt, and sends the blade flying through the hills and valleys. With his high mastery of cultivation, he is able to remotely control the blade, and it easily slashes and mow through the fields with lethal efficiency; the cut grass collects into the open sack, and Bichen returns with a full harvest. Lan Zhan credits Wei Ying for this ingenious use of the ivory-white sword). The skittish domesticated wild rabbits are well fed with the grass, and their diet is supplemented with fruits and other seasonal vegetables from their garden; the chickens take their fair share as well.

Breakfast is a big bubbling pot of meaty pork ribs simmering in a richly-flavoured broth of herbs and spices. Wei Ying picked up the recipe from

one of Hu's customers while making a delivery of meat dumplings; he'd wander around the teahouse and try to be friendly with those who didn't mind sharing a jar of wine with him (and Hu *laoban* doesn't mind, because a chatty charming Wei Ying attracts more business for the establishment at no extra cost). That customer spoke at length about his hometown from Fujian, a province south of Gusu, and he talked a lot about life in lively coastal cities. The required ingredients were easily available, especially from the farmers' markets in Huang village where trade in common and exotic herbs and spices with Silk Road merchants is widespread.

Lan Zhan notes that the pork ribs needed to stew for another hour, so he starts cooking the rice, and prepares a plate of simple stir-fried fresh greens, tofu, mushrooms, and some fried dough sticks to accompany the mouth-watering porky-flavoured broth. He does not forget to lightly roast a few handfuls of mixed nuts and seeds on a hot pan; Wei Ying loves to snack on crunchy food later during the day, and Lan Zhan insists on healthier choices - he includes a generous serving of pumpkin seeds with known beneficial properties for prostate health.

8:00 am

It is a relatively free day for the couple - today is Wei Ying's twice-a-week 'home improvement project' day, so he will stay at home during the daytime (and hopefully, start clearing out their increasingly-crowded workroom - something that the younger man procrastinates a lot). Lan Zhan calculates the contents in the pantry, and knows they have enough groceries and provisions. There is no need to forage, harvest or shop for more, at least for a few days. A bag of medicinal candies lie at a corner of the kitchen, waiting to be delivered to Grandma Li's clinic after the weekend.

He's completed his morning reading of thought-provoking philosophical texts, magazines on cultivation and agriculture, and the week's printed periodical containing news from the local province and beyond. He takes note about: the upcoming mayoral election (he thinks he'll place his vote for the current Mayor, because he is somewhat indebted to the politician for letting them have an estate within the 'Mounds'), the on-going spat between two of Yiling's largest teahouses (Wei Ying's plum sauce has a hand in it, and he finds it disconcerting that their favourite song's name is mentioned in the same article as a drawn cartoon of two wrinkly old *laoban* s locking horns with one another); and advertisements about the latest discounts and offers from the marketplace and other businesses (he zooms in for the weekly coupons offered by Qishan Merchant Guild, which he happily cuts out, and keeps them in a rice-paper album for future shopping sprees).

Interestingly, there is a report from officials from the Imperial Court denouncing the current Jin member heading the Grand Cultivation Council, condemning him and the entire council for the poor performance and mishandling of the general affairs of the cultivation world. There are scathing remarks of how the current council office "prioritizes populist actions rather than putting their *Jin* (gold (sic)) to where it really matters", accusations of misappropriation of funds in running "useless, irrelevant activities, such as pop concerts, roadshows, and meaningless investments in cultural and fashion-related programmes (including changing the colours of city banners to gold)", and the inability of the current council to stem the tide of fierce corpses' attacks *still* coming from the North. The report is accompanied by drawn pictures of Cultivation scholars protesting in front of the Lanling Cultivation University for the "shameful and humiliating" acts of the current council which "degrades the standards of the Cultivation World". The commentaries that follow, written by a prominent Jin General, simply says that the Imperial Cultivation Council (who serves the Imperial Court in Chang'an) knows nothing about the changing times, and that "Grandmaster Gao should just retire and let the young ones lead the Imperial Cultivators".

Lan Zhan is glad that he no longer holds office during such chaotic times at the council.

After reading, Lan Zhan busies himself with drawing up the schedule for the next seven days. Immaculately drawn horizontal and vertical lines (without the use of any ruler) form the columns and rows of a table on a wide sheet of rice paper. With a fine ink brush, he delicately writes - actually, *prints* - short, concise descriptions of activities planned for both of them. He intends to hang the paper on one of the kitchen cabinets for easy reference (Wei Ying probably doesn't look at it, let alone the calendar on the kitchen wall).

A soft rustling sound comes from the bedroom. He smiles, barely visibly, and puts down the pen.

8:30 am

It takes a long time for Wei Ying to *finally* emerge from their bedroom. He comes out (with a welcoming 'pop!' that signifies the breaking of the Shield spell that had kept the nocturnal insects at bay) but rather than a cheerful, squawky greeting of Lan Zhan's name (usually twice), he appears sulky. He shuffles barefooted to the kitchen-cum-dining room with a frown, wearing only a light brown cotton shirt (only), and his sleep-tousled hair sticks in various directions. One hand scratches his tummy absently, while the other seemed to grip the crotch barely covered by the shirt.

Wei Ying complains that when he woke up and went to pee, he felt a strange swelling sensation obstructing the flow, and couldn't completely empty his bladder. Worried, he drank the whole jug of water at the bedside table, waited, and went to the outdoor bath again. Once more, even after dribbling out as much as he could, there's always "a little bit more" that he couldn't push out.

Lan Zhan becomes anxious - was last night's spur-of-the-moment decision too excessive? He lets Wei Ying sit down on a chair, legs splayed open, then he wipes down the genitals with a towel soaked with warm water, and crouches to inspect his lover's penis.

"Lan Zhan, is there something wrong with my wee-wee?" Wei Ying whines with pouty lips. Lan Zhan closes his eyes in concentration, and casts a series of comforting light blue Healing spells and a green Diagnose spell into the half-hard member. He cups Wei Ying's balls to test their weight and gently rolls them to feel for any abnormal lumps; he also presses into specific points around the groin area to check for any other unusual signs - around the lymph nodes, blood vessels and meridian points.

He opens his eyes, and looks relieved. He tells Wei Ying that there are some globs of sticky substances inside the urethra that needs to be removed - other than that, there is no injury, no infection, no growths and no other medical concerns for the perfectly healthy adult young male. He proceeds to pour another jug of water, and adds some powdered herbal tea - the diuretic type - and instructs Wei Ying to drink. The younger man whimpers disgruntledly at the mammoth task to down a second huge *tank* before breakfast, but Lan Zhan insists; and Wei Ying relents.

As a reward, Lan Zhan gives Wei Ying a mind-blowingly wonderful blowjob; one that involves plenty of tongue action around the glans *beneath* the foreskin; flicking rapidly on that special spot beneath the glans with the foreskin fully retracted; delicious suction along the throbbing length when he deep-throats; and he does not forget to use his fingertips to massage circles to the underside of Wei Ying's arousal to "push out the globs of sticky substances". Wei Ying starts to *not* enjoy the treatment when his bladder fills up to the point of bursting; he squirms and protests, "Stop, stop, I... I need to pee again!". Lan Zhan releases with a plop! sound of wet lips, then nonchalantly leads him to the outdoor bath even as the latter struggles to walk with shaky steps; his hands never leaves Wei Ying's arousal during the short trip to the pool.

He continues to lovingly stroke the twitching rigid flesh with one hand even as Wei Ying grimaces and orgasms-squirts explosively, alternating between trickling pee and spurting seed; then spurting pee and trickling seed. He kisses Wei Ying's cheeks and earlobes and nibbles on them affectionately, his other hand runs fingernails in broad circles around the younger man's trembling back and quivering naked ass as he rides his climax, before reaching to the front to knead on fluttering muscles between the navel and the base of the penis, in an endearing attempt to coax the entire genitourinary system to flush everything out; from bladder to prostate and everything else around them.

When Wei Ying is done, completely exhausted, he remarks tiredly that he feels completely and pleasantly emptied - Lan Zhan's treatment worked. Wei Ying's legs gave out, so he sits on the tiled floor and tries to catch his shuddering breaths. Lan Zhan sits next to Wei Ying and acknowledges the success with a "Mn". As another reward for Wei Ying's good behaviour, he gives Wei Ying a five-minute penis-polishing session, which leaves the younger man shuddering uncontrollably and absolutely breathless.

9:00 am

The couple finally has breakfast together at nine in the morning. Lan Zhan casually picks out well-stewed and nutritious pig's offals - pork liver, stomach and intestines - and multi-layered pork cuts, and puts them on Wei Ying's bowl of rice, which is already drenched in tasty brown broth flavoured with spices such as star anise, cinnamon, cloves, *dang gui*, fennel seeds and garlic. Wei Ying gobbles everything up noisily, spoonful after spoonful, and doesn't take a break even as he tries to crack the rib bones (it's an impossible task, really) and suck the marrows out. Lan Zhan partakes his meal politely, mainly with the vegetables, and helps to polish off tofu and mushrooms that have nicely simmered in the pot and absorbed the meaty flavours.

Lan Zhan finished his bowl of rice first, and helps to fill a second bowl for Wei Ying. There are still plenty of pork ribs in the steaming pot, and Wei Ying is hungry for more (after such a strenuous night, who wouldn't?). Lan Zhan realizes that Wei Ying is still in his shirt, and pantless underneath. Lan Zhan doesn't mind oogling at the younger man's dangly bits and the swaying springy ass, but he really needs to know why; the warm morning doesn't exactly translate to a plausible reason for Wei Ying to do this.

In between bites, Wei Ying says that he couldn't find a fresh clean pair of trousers to wear. Lan Zhan replies that he's already working on a new pair using the roll of cotton cloth bought from Yiling City just the day before, and it'll be done shortly after breakfast. Wei Ying interjects that the new pair, when completed, needs to be washed "because all new cotton fabrics feel hard and rough to the touch, and there are chemical dyes and stuff on the cloth that makes my skin itchy". Lan Zhan acquiesces; it does need to be washed at least once in warm water, and freshened by drying in the sun,

before it can be worn comfortably. Lan Zhan tells Wei Ying to put on one of his older pair of trousers first - the ones with Gusu Lan's patterns -, so that his legs are at least protected and "bugs will not bite you down there". Wei Ying sticks out his tongue, and tells off Lan Zhan that he will simply put on a robe if he really needs to go out (the image of Wei Ying with an inner shirt and a robe, pantless - the horror, and the delicacy!).

Lan Zhan stills as he hands the bowl of rice to Wei Ying. What do you mean by "if I really need to go out", he asks.

Wei Ying cheerfully answers, between loud chews, that he plans to stay at home during the daytime, pantless. He winks at the older man, as he daintily plucks out the bowl from Lan Zhan's hand.

Lan Zhan swallows and nods. His heart starts to beat a little faster, and his mind tingles at the possibilities of an exciting morning ahead. He turns to the kitchen stove, heats up a pan, and picks out some eggs from a basket on the counter.

They'll need all the protein they can get.

Notes for the Chapter:

I decided to loosely continue the story from the previous arc into this one. For those who are extremely sensitive to minute details - yes, chronologically, it makes sense at least. Let's hope it'll work out, somehow.

Also if you've been following this fic, you'll notice that I've taken liberties in looking up, extracting and taking info out from Wikipedia and other sites recommended by google, when it comes to cuisines,

recipe, history, ancient China culture etc. Not gonna lie, this fic has been a steep learning curve for me despite my roots being Chinese as well, but I have absolutely zero knowledge in some of these aspects! So, my apologies for copy-pasting stuff, and I hope that you can appreciate that I'm trying to bring an interesting real-world historical or cultural spin to Wangxian.

In case anyone's wondering where this arc will go... well, it's only nine in the morning... so there's definitely more to cum *lol*

Ah, I'm so happy to see Zhan Ge's picture gracing the local newspaper today about being one of the most iconic fashion celebrities of the year! *throws confetti*

Congratulations to Xiao Zhan for making more appearances in international media! *kisses the newsprint*

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 21

To celebrate Wei Ying's "No Pants Day", he offers to help Lan Zhan cook some eggs as a side dish for their hearty breakfast. He daintily swats away Lan Zhan's hands from the pan, and gingerly swipes the bamboo spatula from his grasp. Lan Zhan gives way, brimming with amusement at the younger man's amateurish demonstration.

"Stand closer, *lao gong* ," he says, "because I want you to observe and pay attention to my cooking skills."

Lan Zhan is very well aware about their proximity when his chin rests on Wei Ying's shoulder, and obeys his lover's instruction to *study* how Wei Ying's eggs are cooked (no pun intended); his rising erection pokes out of his trousers and practically rubs against Wei Ying's naked butt crack. Wei Ying is cognizant as well, and happily gyrates his hips in sensuous circles to signal to his man that, yes, yes, he wants it too. He mutters something about the inconveniences of having oil, sauces and stuff spilling onto clothes, such as "a fresh, clean pair of trousers"; Lan Zhan takes the hint, and has no trouble to untie and drop his pants to the floor. After that, he continues to hump against the springy ass, occasionally steals a dip between them to graze his length on the inviting rosebud - and is pleasantly surprised to find that it's still moist, slippery and streaked with lubricating cum; naughty Wei Ying hasn't washed himself yet since their pre-dawn lovemaking; his mind is filled with perverse images of an inundated love canal soaked with his fertile seed, and kept lovingly warm at body temperatures for hours. He feels an overwhelming sense of intimacy, and starts kissing, gently biting, smooching, licking Wei Ying's ears, neck and down to the shoulders, while his hands busy themselves on Wei Ying's chest, nipples, and at times, rub his tummy in sexy circles around a ticklish navel.

Wei Ying hnnns and tries to focus on the task at hand. He delicately picks two large brown eggs from a basket on the countertop, then cracks them into a bowl; at the same time, he bows his legs a little, captures an excited rigid penis between his thighs, and squееееees it between them. Lan Zhan had to embrace Wei Ying from behind to steady himself against the exquisitely tight sensation. As the younger man whisks the eggs, he mimics the movements with his thighs; the slick, squashed arousal gets an incredible massage between smooth taut flesh, and Lan Zhan gets a taste of how it feels to ascend to the heavens. Soon, his member grew exceptionally long and hard, and he starts to rub between Wei Ying's balls and the base of Wei Ying's hardening length. Delicious groany sounds escape from the older man's throat, as he envisions himself fucking the tight channel and straight into Wei Ying's 'eggs'. Wei Ying's arousal twitches and dance in rhythm of their swaying hips, skin-to-skin, and soon, he wants more.

Wei Ying adds some seasoning into the bowl, and pours the well-beaten egg mixture to the heated, oiled pan; simultaneously, he raises his hips and shifts his legs apart, and makes a cute wiggly, come-hither motion with his ass. Lan Zhan does not need to be invited; he instinctively makes a beeline and dives into the welcoming entrance with a loud, satisfied mmmmh. Wei Ying trembles as he tries to spread the egg-mix on the pan with a shaky spatula, flip it around and again; while Lan Zhan *ruts* into his lover, further aroused by the fact that the warm, encasing and tight passageway is painted with gooey stickiness, and every time he screws in deeply, he can feel folds of flesh compress, and pressurized, squishy thick juices *backflows*, trying to wring itself out. However, since his massive arousal fills up Wei Ying completely to the point of being airtight, he concludes that with every passionate thrust, his seed gets propelled even deeper into his lover.

It goes without saying that Wei Ying gets a marvellous massage to his (still throbbing) prostate. A contractile shiver runs along his cock and balls, and he ejaculates onto the egg omelette still steaming on the pan; he shouts swear-words when he peaks and makes noisy, lewd groans, with a smile etched on his blissful facial expression.

Later, Wei Ying murmurs that he's cooked Lan Zhan's portion, so the latter should reciprocate in kind and make one for the younger man. Lan Zhan mmmns in (distracted) agreement while still diligently pumping his hips. Then Wei Ying suddenly pulls out, leaving the older man *grieving* at the loss of contact. Before Lan Zhan could raise any complaints, Wei Ying turns around, kneels down, and starts stroking the cummy goo-covered angry-red iron-hot penis with one hand, and plays with the tightening scrotum with the other. He happily cat-licks pre-cum off the spasming cockhead everytime it peeks out from its rolling, veiny foreskin sheathe, and in between tender grazes of teeth over exposed glans, he challenges Lan Zhan to fulfil his side of the bargain *now* and cook an omelette for him *now*.

Lan Zhan actually *succeeds* in making an appetizingly tasty two sunny-side up eggs, to Wei Ying's disgruntlement, while getting a cock-meltingly skilled handjob - but not before being forced to make muted rhythmic, agonized, hnnngh-y grunts as he climaxes between Wei Ying's puckered lips and a curved tongue thrusting into his fluttering cockslit, welcoming fresh spurts of seed into the younger man's waiting mouth. Waves of pleasure washes over him, and his limbs quakes uncontrollably - but he manages to turn off the stove (with a Dispel Magic to the Fire spell) before the food starts to smoke.

In the end, The couple gets an additional side dish for their breakfast. Pantless Wei Ying's sunny-side up eggs are slightly burnt. Lan Zhan enjoys an omelette with an extra dash of crusty Wei Ying-flavoured creamy white sauce.

9:20 am

It's official - Wei Ying has stolen Lan Zhan's pants, and the older man is forced to go pantless too.

In a moment of post-orgasmic bliss clouding his judgement, Lan Zhan felt too comfortable resting his naked butt on the chair and enjoyed his side dish without his trousers on, that he'd forgotten about the significance of keeping one's decency - even at home. (Then again, with Wei Ying around - nothing is decent nor sacred anymore). Lan Zhan was too relaxed and was caught off guard when Wei Ying pretended to put dirty plates into the kitchen sink, where he sneakily picked up the abandoned rumpled dark brown garment from the floor, slinked away to somewhere within their tiny cave-home, and returned to take his seat at the dining table.

"Wei Ying, where are my pants," Lan Zhan orders rather than asks, in a very scandalized manner, when he realizes that his rump feels drafty, and sees no signs of the said garments anywhere in the kitchen.

Wei Ying gives an innocent wide-eyed "Huh?" look, before breaking into giggles and snorts - because he could never hold back a joke -, then falls off the chair in hiccupy cackles, and rolls around the floor. Lan Zhan is slow to grasp the situation, but eventually he understands what is going on inside the younger man's twisted mind.

It's not the first time they've played such naughty games. He steels himself for a monumental task ahead.

9:30 am

Just as Lan Zhan deposits the last of the dirty bowls, pots and plates into the kitchen sink, Wei Ying rushes ahead and stands between Lan Zhan and the items that direly need a good washing.

Lan Zhan gives an annoyed “What are you doing” look. Wei Ying grins back with a “tee hee hee” giggle and wiggles his hips to signal a playful “You’ll have to get through me first”. The older man sighs in feigned weariness.

Lan Zhan reaches from behind Wei Ying, takes a sponge and soaps it up with one hand, then scrubs the plates in his other hand. At his tall height, he has no trouble overlooking Wei Ying’s unruly hair to see what he’s doing in the sink. It doesn’t take long for Wei Ying to expertly maneuver his ass so that Lan Zhan slips in from behind and soon, Lan Zhan finds himself pumping his still-sensitive penis deep into his lover with squelchy sounds (they had just done the deed fifteen minutes earlier - and Lan Zhan has to perform, *again* - poor Lan Zhan!). The older man works painstakingly from one plate to another (while multitasking to gently fuck Wei Ying’s ass), and lines the cleaned ones tidily on the drying rack. Wei Ying’s body shudders repeatedly and he couldn’t stifle his moans, because Lan Zhan knows all the sweetest spots and does not hold back in attacking the (always throbbing, and much abused) prostate.

Wei Ying nnnghs as he splatters the remaining soapy bowls, pots and cutlery in the sink with his semen; Lan Zhan’s perverseness peaks a *little* more at the sight of runny milky seed coating their eating utensils, and he ejaculates a *little* - just a couple of small, excited spurts into lovely Wei Ying; a mere fraction of the burgeoning load welling up from his loins - at

the same, he squeezes the foamy sponge too hard and squirts detergent onto the kitchen's walls. His legs tremble a *little* from the pleasurable release of pressure from his balls, and he tells himself that he *really* needs to stay focused and keep going.

9:45 am

It is futile to *try* and avoid staring at Wei Ying's exposed ass. In the workroom, where Lan Zhan mistakenly thought it would be the least sexually attractive place to hide (due to the amount of piled-up unfinished wood and stonework), the young man purposely pulls up his shirt, then trots around while swinging those springy glutes. Wei Ying randomly bends down to pick some discarded half-carved wooden sculptures from the floor (oh that inviting, well-lubricated rosebud!), and *randomly* performs stretches on the worktable, and deliberately thrusts his crotch towards Lan Zhan's face; Lan Zhan salivates at the mouth-watering sights of dangling, plump genitals and an increasingly erect penis; he swallows hard, mentally slaps himself, then promptly shuts off by chanting Buddhist scriptures. When Wei Ying does not get the response he wants, he sits in front of Lan Zhan - his crotch at Lan Zhan's eye level -, spreads his legs, grabs his own dick and starts masturbating furiously and moans sexily. Lan Zhan's recital of the holy verses drones into incoherent mumbles.

The moment pantless Lan Zhan looks away out of sheer refusal to submit, the equally pantless Wei Ying takes the opportunity to reach down and touch him - a playful pinch on Lan Zhan's naked butt, hands sensuously roam the exposed thighs, a quick grab on Lan Zhan's delicate genitals, and when Lan Zhan is too slow to react in defense, Wei Ying grabs hold of the prized half-hard still-sensitive penis, and fiddles it with his fingers for a few seconds. Lan Zhan's face flushes onto shades of tomato-red and he groans

and jerks his hips once. Wei Ying abruptly releases his hand, turns around and saunters off, leaving the older man panting, wanting, lustful.

Wei Ying's dominating, frisky side feels unnerving. Lan Zhan is constantly lured by Wei Ying's raunchy acts, then he struggles to escape, before being wheeled in further with the promise of more risque fun. The couple plays a cat-and-mouse game; Wei Ying being the horny predator and Lan Zhan being the prey.

They shuffle between the rooms, and Wei Ying happily tails, molests and seduces Lan Zhan in all kinds of unthinkable titillating manners:

Lan Zhan stands by the kitchen counter and takes a drink to calm down. Wei Ying creeps up from behind, runs a hand over the nude ass, gives it a good spank and a painful nip on the firm butt-muscles, and glides down between the legs, where he gives Lan Zhan's balls a tender loving squeeze. Lan Zhan chokes on the water, Wei Ying walks off;

Lan Zhan squats and opens the trapdoor that leads to their underground pantry (the hole in the ground). From his vantage point, he counts the number of leaf-wrapped spiced meat on the shelves (it's not just to take inventory; it's also like counting sheep to cool off his head). Wei Ying passes by and crouches as well - behind him. The younger man blows hot air into Lan Zhan's right ear, then slides both hands underneath the old Gusu Lan shirt, and tweaks the vulnerable nipples - *hard*. Lan Zhan nnnghs and tries not to react (because any response will provoke Wei Ying to do something wilder- and weirder). Wei Ying's hands move to Lan Zhan's crotch to find that the nipple-tweaking had its desirable effect; in the form of a hardening arousal. He fluffs up the fine patch of dark pubic hair with his fingers, before letting his fingertips play a game of 'draw as many

circles and flowers' with Lan Zhan's cockhead and the dribbly cockslit. Lan Zhan growls a warning when the first delicious rolling contractions run up the underside of his cock, and he *really* doesn't want to shoot his load into the pantry. Wei Ying lifts his hands away, and disappears like a shadow in the night, to the older man's about-to-burst frustration;

Wei Ying managed to snag a couple of large juicy summer peaches from the pantry; each as big as his palm. He casually tells Lan Zhan that he's making a quick dessert. Lan Zhan huffs and puffs on the dining chair, head resting on the table and he *wills* his burning desire to *stand down* . Wei Ying asks if he wants the peaches cut into slices or wedges. Lan Zhan had no mental energy left to tackle such a trivial question. Slices or wedges, Wei Ying asks again, this time more impatiently, and he nudges and rubs a peach fruit's 'cleavage' against Lan Zhan's fully-erect penis. The older man groans when tingly peach fuzz tickles his erection and he unwillingly coats the fruit with a trickle of pre-cum. S-Slices, he wrestles internally to make the choice.

Wei Ying uses martial arts to pit the peaches; he pokes a finger through a fruit, and the seed flies out from the other end. He cuts cross-section slices that look like perfect yellow juicy rings. He places a plate on the table and tells Lan Zhan to "eat up, otherwise they'll turn brown".

Lan Zhan struggles after his second mouthful. Wei Ying sneaked under the dining table, placed the remaining peach rings over the twitching cock, and relishes in the sweet fleshy fruit topped with syrupy, colorless Lan-Zhan flavored pre-cum. He continues to lick and nibble *long* after the rings have been consumed, and makes sure every penile vein, every inch of heated foreskin, and the entire throbbing length, does *not* go *untouched* .

For the *nth* time as he rushes head-on towards a spine-tingling, explosive orgasm, Wei Ying withdraws and watches with amusement at how the desperately-angry penis jerk and pulsate in the empty air. This time, Lan Zhan grunts out Wei Ying's name audibly;

Agitated, hot and bothered, Lan Zhan marches out to the entrance because he knows Wei Ying will not follow him out of their home without his pants on (Wei Ying is shy of public displays of affection - or humiliation, in this case). Wei Ying is *drunk* with playful giddiness; he *sticks* close behind his lover and follows his every heavy footstep; he continuously gropes Lan Zhan's buttocks and jiggle the defenceless balls and cock at every opportunity. When the older man stands firmly with arms akimbo at the open entrance, and faces Wei Ying, (his smooth butt moons to the outside world in broad daylight - but there is no one around), the younger man remains unfazed and simply kneels down. "Stop this," Lan Zhan says with a rather upset tone.

Wei Ying proceeds to give a vigorous handjob at the leaking cock jutting out proudly into the air. Lan Zhan repeats his words but falters at the last syllable. "*Lao gong* , if you want me to stop, then please be a decent man and put on your pants. Otherwise, I'll say that you're tempting your lover by strutting around the house naked, so you cannot blame me," Wei Ying cheekily replies, and continues to stroke the weeping rod, and he adds tender licks to the shuddering cockhead and Lan Zhan's breath hitches then his back stiffens, his hips surges forward because the fiery liquid is overflowing, sending mind-numbingly pleasurable electric shockwaves rippling from balls to prostate to the tip and begging for sweet, sweet releas--

Wei Ying lets go and laughs merrily at Lan Zhan's *agonizing* , "Auuugh!". There is a momentarily lustful, half-grimaced, conflicted look on Lan Zhan's face. A tiny droplet of white sputters out from the heavily engorged

cockhead and its semen-loaded urethra, because it got too excited and squeezed *just once*, before that same excitement dies down with the loss of delicious friction and pressure. Wei Ying swipes the droplet and licks it off from his fingertip, and mmmms at the rich musky taste. He rises, then walks off with swaying hips, and calls out with a dismissive wave of a hand, “Blame yourself for losing your pants!” and his clear hearty laughs echo off the walls of their dimly-lit cave-home.

Lan Zhan had to remain standing for a few more minutes to regain his composure (because he was afraid that any bodily movements may unintentionally trigger another wasteful spurt from his fried nerves and twitching muscles). His pale-white but muscular buttocks warms up in the morning sunlight, and a breeze tickles his dangly bits.

10:45 am

An exasperated, flushed Lan Zhan sits on the bed and reads out holy scriptures from a paper scroll; he thinks that by *physically* holding the reading material, he is more capable of fending off Wei Ying’s seduction. Wei Ying peeks out from the bedside, then crawls onto the bed and creeps between Lan Zhan’s legs. Lan Zhan knows it’s pointless to cross his pantless legs or kick the intruder away, so he concentrates on his reading.

“*Xiao* Wang Jis (Little Wang Jis), *xiao* Wang Jis, do you want to come out to play?”, Wei Ying murmurs into a face full of fine dark pubic hair, balls and cock. He breathes hot air to the throbbing wrinkly balls, each the size of a small chicken egg. He bathes the scrotum with liberal amounts of warm saliva, and flicks his tongue into every ridge, every fold of skin, and relishes in the textures of smooth firmness, lumpiness near the top of each

testis, and the muscular cords and fibres that hold the Lan *Er Gongzi* 's family jewels together. The balls convulse repeatedly and rise until they are snug against the immensely swollen erection.

“Ah, ah, don’t be shy, come back here,” Wei Ying softly calls out, and uses his lips to suck on each cute chubby testicle and gently tugs them down. Lan Zhan moans at *yet another* prolonged oral sexual assault; his reading is thoroughly disturbed. Wen Ying rolls each juicy plump ball inside his welcoming heated mouth and makes little indents with the tip of his tongue - he kneads, presses and massages, in the hopes of coaxing *xiao* Wang Ji to find their freedom.

Lan Zhan drops the scroll and lets his hands hang carelessly to the sides; he lies down tiredly the bed, squeezes his eyes shut and he sweats profusely in anticipation-preparation for another onslaught from the cursed *incubus* . Wei Ying giggles in a small victory at the sight of Lan Zhan yielding, and climbs up to his lover’s waist. He straddles a trembling Lan Wang Ji, and starts sliding his butt clef along the achingly stiff, pre-cummy cock.

“Uncle Wei wants to take *xiao* Wang Ji to his sexy fertile tunnel of love,” Wei Ying leans down to kiss and hum into Lan Zhan’s lips, and the older man reciprocates (because he really, *really* could not hold back anymore). As Wei Ying rides along Lan Zhan’s polestick, he makes sure to let the cockhead poke at his cum-lubricated rosebud, tease it by letting it *peek through* the pliant ring of muscles - just enough for the cockslit to feel Wei Ying’s body warmth -, before slipping out and robbing the organ of a good healthy fuck. Lan Zhan breathes hard, intoxicated by the sweet unspoken promise of carnal pleasures waiting *inside* his young lover, and starts to thrust his hips in quick successive intervals, driven by primal instinct to dive, plunge, plunder, and shove into lovely Wei Ying.

The couple sucked and slobbered at each others' faces like lovers in the throes of passionate lovemaking. Wei Ying's hands busy themselves in many ways to excite and pleasure the older man; he plays with Lan Zhan's ears, runs his finger into the long lush hair and massage the scalp; he tweaks the sensitive nipples repeatedly and cups the muscular breasts until they swell up a little; he tickles the ribs and mmmms when he caresses the quivering, contracting abs covered with a sheen of heated sweat.

When their lips separated for a much-needed breathy break, Wei Ying coos, "... or, does Lan *Er didi* want to make new friends with my baby Wei Yings?" He scoots backwards, rests on Lan Zhan's thighs, and gyrates his hips in so that Lan Zhan's *crying* arousal is wiped, squashed, swabbed, flattened, deliciously moped against Wei Ying's crotch. Then, without warning, Wei Ying lifts one of Lan Zhan's muscular legs and fits his crotch snugly against the other's, in a scissors sex position. Two pairs of jiggling balls kiss, touch and roll over one another. Wei Ying squeezes his pelvic muscles playfully, and let's Lan Zhan know that his testicles are as excited as his own.

He whispers sweetly, "My baby Wei Yings want to play with your *xiao* Wang Jis too."

Lan Zhan shivers.

11:00 am

At eleven o' clock sharp, the postman arrives with a basket of written letters, parcels and junk mail. He honks rudely outside the Lan's residence.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm so happy and giddy to read that Zhan Ge and Yibo didi will stand on the same stage at a year-end event! Hooray! my BJYX soul is healed!

Anyway, this chapter has been a blast. I only wanted to write about a day where Wangxian stays in and cuddle up at home... and look what it's become *lol*

Wishing all readers a Merry Christmas and have a wonderful holiday season ahead!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s. Made a small edit at the end about the Scissor Sex Position. I had that in mind, but didn't know what to call it! Haha!

Chapter 22

The postman is actually a magical Postbird, in the form of a large, majestic white crane enveloped in a cloud of white wisps, and it wears a large light blue sash across its body imprinted with the words “Qishan Postal Services - Airmail - Do Not Shoot”. Fundamentally, the bird works and behaves similarly as the magical blackbirds used by the Wens to spy on their enemies, long ago. Such birds are created from spirits of dying feathered creatures, where their souls are exchanged with a magical power source - such as a tiny piece of Yin Metal, or a drop of the spellcaster’s blood - and they are bound to serve their masters’ commands with limited sentient intelligence.

(These days, the younger generation of cultivators prefer more coveted, money-making, and glamorous jobs such as acting in theatres and singing in pop concerts to the welcoming screams of delirious fangirls and fanboys, piloting fancy sword rides sponsored by FeiEx, going on exciting, much-advertised and well-rewarded night hunts, or simply serve as highly-paid guards to rich old politicians without really having to lift a rock, much less to swing a blade at an opponent. Menial tasks such as being sent to the frontlines of battles, manual labour, or even using flying swords for various boring, un-glamorous services - are increasingly relegated to the kinds of sub-humans and beasts of burden.)

The beautiful red-crowned crane lands gracefully near the vegetable gardens, where it gently drops its cargo and starts to honk like an angry goose.

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Lan Zhan pulls out with an excruciating, flustered groan after his sixth seed-laden spurt inside that heavenly sweet tight love canal, and continues to shoot wildly on his lover's crotch and streak across the belly until the tenth twitch, because his cock is still *too* excited and bulging with unreleased seed after the build-up from the flirting and teasing since that morning's omelette fiasco. He is terribly disorientated, his mind is in a cloud of sex, lust and mantra-like whispers of "little Wang Jis playing with baby Wei Yings", and it takes a few extra seconds to untangle their limbs from what started as scissoring crotches that morphed into flailing legs that locked around each other's hips and torsos until it's hard to tell whose curling toes belong to whom.

The honks become louder, impatient.

Sweat-drenched Lan Zhan, still remarkably pent-up, fully *drunk* with pleasure and flushed from a half-ruined orgasm, drags his heaving leaden body off the soaked bed. He distantly remembers something that Wei Ying said about putting on a robe "if I really need to go out", so he grabbed one of those from the wardrobe before stumbling through the bedchamber's doorway. The loathsome Postbird keeps honking and honking so loudly that surely, anyone standing next to it will go deaf, and Lan Zhan has never been late in receiving his mails, and that damn ear-splitting honking continues and *grates* on his nerves so *badl* y, that he actually *yells* through gnashing teeth, "Coming!" as he ties the belt to the flaring robe while marching through with virtually *bloodshot* eyes and a vein about to pop on his forehead; and then he shakes, ruffles and runs his fingers through his long hair so that hardly any strands fall out of place, he does not forget to adjust his hairpiece, and uses his sleeves to wipe off sweat and any traces of bodily fluids from his face, and finally, finally, amidst the obnoxious honks - he takes a deep, deep breath at the main entrance's doorsteps,

straightens his facial expression,

huffs out in a polite, restrained sigh,



and looks up to the sunny blue skies with one hand at the front, and another at the the small of his back.

He looks one hundred percent, gorgeously, perfectly, *the* Han Guang Jun - minus any footwear.

The Postbird falls silent.

~~~@~@~@~~~@~@~@~~~

Wei Ying is left on the bed, eyes wide open, alone, panting, his asshole still stretched, the anal sphincter muscles loose and visible through the o-ring muscle, leaking cum and other sexual fluids, his bent legs quivering with *ruined* aftershocks, and his fingers frozen like claws on the bed sheets.

The young man screeches an exasperated, *agonizing* “Auuugh!”, rolls over on the bed into an infuriated ball of “Lan-Zhan How-Could-You” mumbles, and lets off a rude fart when his thoroughly-abused ass couldn’t hold back any longer.

11:05 am

Wei Ying sits behind the doorsteps, half-hidden in the shadows inside their dim cave-home, and watches the outside world, disinterested. He’d found a plate of lightly toasted mixed nuts from the kitchen and brought it with him to munch on, accompanied with a cup of herbal tea. He picked mostly the

pumpkin seeds, and out of sheer boredom bordering kinkiness, he scoops up the crusting cum on his chest and belly-button with each seed, before popping into his mouth with a satisfying, squelchy, crunch. He does not even bother to wipe a small pool of thick, molten-hot whitish liquidy mix forming between his thighs where he sat.

Lan Zhan makes a respectful bow with hands folded in front to the crane, which was as tall as a man, before it flew off. Wei Ying snorts, *he actually politely greets and bows to a magical servant - a postbird, no less!* The young man observes how the older man effortlessly carries a big, loaded basket with just one hand, and when he strays from the path towards the billowing bedsheets and other laundry pieces, his other hand easily picks off some of the smaller, sun-dried garments.

Suddenly, a look of shock and anger flashes on Lan Zhan's face, and he neatly puts everything to the ground in an orderly pile, before rushing off through tall grassy bushes while waving both hands like a madman. Wei Ying perks up, and squints to see his partner trying to shoo away a flock of crows on some of the laundry lines. A summer breeze blows, carrying with it the sounds of a daily quarrel between man and the mischievous birds.

The birds flutter away, but not before one of them snagged a bright red underwear (Wei Ying's favourite boxers) from the ground and dropped it onto the treetops. Lan Zhan pats his right hip, looking for Bichen (and probably thinking of flying himself up to the trees with the sword to rescue Wei Ying's precious garment - but since he's pantless beneath the robes, he didn't have it with him. Lan Zhan's shoulders drooped in apparent disappointment, and he stooped down to collect some of the nearly-stolen laundry clips off the ground.

Wei Ying shrugs, wiggles his fingers and an invisible hand picks up the red underwear among the dense foliage. He swishes his index finger delicately to lower the floating flapping undies, and when he snaps his fingers, the garment drops onto Lan Zhan's head with a *pfff* (and graciously covers the metallic hairpiece and the high top-knot; from an angle; he looks like a beautiful bride with a red veil on her head).

The younger man chuckles, Lan Zhan looks astonished and mutters a word of thanks to the Wind deities.

~~~@~@~@~~~@~@~@~~~

Lan Zhan was surprised to find Wei Ying waiting for him at the doorsteps.

“You rotten man, you’ve come back (臭男人, 你回来啦),” Wei Ying mutters in a mock-condescending manner and stares at him. His erection has wilted and grown cold long ago.

Lan Zhan responds with a polite “Mmn” without looking back, while scrubbing his feet on the doormat to get rid of as many pebbles and sand off as possible, before stepping inside. One hand holds the heavy basket, and the other cradles a pile of sun-dried laundry - mostly the thinner bedsheets and washcloths are done, and the others should be dry in the next couple of hours.

“Leaving your spouse in the middle of sex when a mail-order arrives, you’re worse than the shopaholic housewives I’ve met at the marketplace!”

Wei Ying chides, and absently scratches a red, raised bump on his outer thigh. Sometime during their earlier sexcapades, summer insects have invaded their home and bitten the hot-blooded Wei Ying, despite having multiple sandalwood incense-pots permeating mild smoke throughout the cave.

“Mn. I know. I was wrong (知道了. 我错),” Lan Zhan openly admits, and bends down to place a soft kiss on Wei Ying’s forehead to soothe any indignation in his lover’s heart. “Some of the purchases are perishables,” he tips the basket to let Wei Ying see a jumble of *stuff* inside - fresh produce, meats, breads, dry provisions, kitchen goods such as a set of cutting knives, pots and pans, and a new chopping board, spices and condiments, shampoos and soaps, writing supplies, packaged goods and more packages, both big and small, “and if I didn’t receive the delivery, then it would be sent back. The goods will spoil, and we will be charged for re-delivery services.”

Wei Ying hnnns in understanding, because Lan Zhan is a logical, rational man who does not act frivolously without reason. “I used one of the Merchant Guild’s coupons when ordering these via a Fairy Messenger spell to their call-centre. We’ve saved at least twenty percent,” Lan Zhan adds with a faintly-noticeable smug on his face.

The younger man hnnns again and nods, a little disinterested (because he doesn’t really read the printed periodicals, so he has never set foot into the wonderful world of couponing). Then, he points out, “Ah... whatever. You better get inside and sort out the goods. Your robe is untied and you look like a flasher in the dark alley with your dick hanging out like that.”

Lan Zhan’s smugness falters, and he blushes six shades of red when he realizes that Wei Ying is right. He doesn’t have any extra hands to pull the

opened robes together, so he shuffles quickly to the kitchen, pantless, his still-hard and leaky cock jutting proudly in the air.

Wei Ying snickers, and whispers fondly to no one in particular, “You rotten man! (臭男人)” (“you jerk!”)

**11:15 am**

Wei Ying walks into the kitchen while applying some ointment on the insect bite near his naked rump. Lan Zhan had disrobed (and wearing just his shirt), and finished casting some Preserve spells on the meats, leafy vegetables and other perishables. He opens the trapdoor leading to their underground pantry to start stocking up. Wei Ying makes a “wow” sound, and is impressed at the organized assembly of *stuff* laid out on the kitchen floor - goods are grouped according to their respective categories, lined up according to names, sizes and uses; there are still more *stuff* inside the basket (how much exactly did Lan Zhan buy?!). Even the dried laundry has been folded and stacked up in neat piles on the chairs.

The younger man knows his lover has an unhealthy obsession “to uphold righteousness and what is right”(so no lying, cheating, harmful pranks or sick jokes are allowed in his vocabulary), “to put things in order” (the balance in his universe must be preserved at all costs), and “to where they belong” (despite their tiny living space, everything is arranged and packed so perfectly that there’s plenty of room for more stuff and mail-orders - except the workroom which has become a nightmare of hoarded trash, and is placed under Wei Ying’s supervision, unfortunately). Wei Ying is aware that the dysfunctional behaviour worsened when they started living together after leaving the Jingshi last summer, particularly in a secluded life in a

small home. Good and bad - whatever that came with the package after he brazenly kissed the Han Guang Jun in front of the Grand Cultivation Council and declared their married, bonded status - Wei Wuxian will take it all in stride, and love his Lan Wang Ji as the person he is, and will become.

There are some exceptions to the bizarre behaviour though, such as their bedroom games and the playful (naughty) antics between lovers being madly in love, in which Lan Zhan will happily take liberties and twist the rules to his favour - such a selfish man! - but so far, everything has worked out well for their domestic and marital bliss. (Wei Ying crosses his fingers and prays that this happiness will last for a long time, if not forever.)

Lan Zhan points to a few groups of stuff and a stack of fresh clean bedsheets, pillow covers and some towels, and mutters, “Bedroom”. Wei Ying takes the hint, and follows his partner’s instructions; no questions needed to be asked.

**11:30 am**

Wei Ying isn’t as perfect as Lan Zhan, but he knows which items go where, at least. Even if he’s not sure of the order (from smallest to biggest? By use? By name?), he will deposit them as a bundle nearby, and let his partner sort it out later - they’ve worked out many mutual agreements after a year of blissfully wedded life together. Wei Ying also changed the bedsheets (he’s getting better at housework!) with a fresh one, but knows that they’ll probably need another before night time.

He wipes off some sweat from his forehead and exhales; housework is quite a strenuous chore which requires Lan Zhan-sharp focus, impeccable management skills, and a good memory of what goes where; he considers this to be vastly different from his usual profession of crafting talismans and charms, befriending *laoban* s and prospective customers, peddling in the streets or simply delivering goods on time - which require little or no brain power, for him at least. He takes off his light brown shirt, which is already soiled and sweat-soaked, and destined for the laundry basket (he's completely in the nude; fortunately it's summer so it's not cold).

Suddenly, he spots the rescued pair of strawberry-red boxers, and makes an excited whooping sound (and conveniently forgets about putting on a new shirt). He gingerly wears them, and nnnnhs at the soft, velvety material rubbing his private parts. Tendrils of forgotten pleasure start to tickle his loins, subtly reminding him about what had transpired earlier in the morning, and what should happen next, for many hours to come.

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Lan Zhan has done his part, and realizes that Wei Ying hasn't come out from the bedroom. He sighs; Wei Ying takes as much time to handle one room's worth of stuff, as the duration needed by Lan Zhan to *re-organize* their home. He doesn't blame the young man for sloppiness or tendencies to procrastinate; it's just Wei Ying being Wei Ying, and he's come to love this man and vowed to stay by his side forever - juvenile pranks, unbelievable kinkiness, warts and all.

He walks to the bedroom but stops in his tracks when he is greeted by the sight of lovely Wei Ying, wearing only the exquisitely appealing (and revealing) red underwear. The young man consciously caresses his own ass

and crotch, while checking out the snug curves, and when he thinks he sees something smudgy on the fabric, he pulls up the waistband to get a closer look. Lan Zhan's blood pressure spikes because he spies twin cute plump balls in a nest of dark curls peeking out from the bulging front side of garment, and the back side rides up enough to show the lovely firm arch of springy glutes.

"Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, look - there are some muddy patches on the hem," Wei Ying says as he pulls up the edge of the boxers. Lan Zhan blinks and focuses on the offending spot - indeed, there is a splotch of caked mud, which probably happened when the crows tried to steal the garment, then dropped it to the ground (which was moist from previous rain showers), before picking it up again when Lan Zhan appeared with vicious intent of making roasted birdmeats out of them.

"It's dirty," Wei Ying's voice lowers, a hint of seductiveness in there. Lan Zhan exhales a shuddering breath when his own arousal responds instantly because there's still a warm aching, itchy throb in his cock that softly demands for release. He steps closer to Wei Ying, and the couple's gaze fall on each other's groins.

"I'll wash them," Lan Zhan murmurs, not really paying attention to his words or his line of rational thought. His fully-erect, cum-stained cock touches the bulging fly on Wei Ying's boxers (a wet patch is forming on the apex), and he could see the younger man's tantalizingly half-hidden erection from the open, stretched vertical fly of the pants.

"Lan Zhan, it's very dirty..." Wei Ying repeats, his sultry voice thick with need and lust. He lifts the fly with a finger and opens it wider, and Lan Zhan slides in with a hungry groan, and nearly jerks his hips at the

sensation of gliding against the smooth, veiny surface of Wei Ying's heated foreskin. *Merciful Goddess Guan Yin* , he pleaded, as he violates and fucks through the fly and his mind bursts with many lewd pictures of Wei Ying taking out his penis through that same hole to pee, to masturbate, or to reach in and scratch his balls.

"If it gets *too* dirty, I'll have to wear this sticky, smelly underwear for the whole day. Ah, Lan Zhan, can you imagine, my cock and balls will be covered and soaked... what if some of it gets in?" Wei Ying coos with sweet, syrupy temptations filling up Lan Zhan's increasingly smut-filled mind. The younger man sways his hips gently, and pulls Lan Zhan's twitching member deeper into the tightly-packed underwear, letting the older man's slide over and around his own like fleshy snakes trying to fuck and devour each other.

Wei Ying tip-toes a bit and whispers into his lover's ear, while hugging them both in an embrace, "Little Wang Ji, baby Wei Ying is *waiting* for you,"

Lan Zhan shivers (for the second time that morning).

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Wei Ying goes *wild* with being fucked non-stop around their home. Lan Zhan seals his golden core, so that he does not even *think* about holding *back* at all.

The couple rutted like a pair of breeding rabbits, from bed mattress to the walls of their cozy bedchamber, then over the dressing table. For every ten or so thrusts, they switch to another sex position and start fucking again. Lan Zhan has memorized countless drawn erotic pictures from the PeiNis, and has no problem maneuvering their bodies to his whims and desires. They fucked all the way to the workroom - with Wei Ying walking with his hands while the older man holds his legs up and pistons non-stop into his ass without taking a break, like pushing a wheel cart - and in that dingy-looking crowded room, there's plenty of flat, wide, protruding, smooth, textured and bumpy surfaces to lie on, rub against, roll their hips on. Next, Lan Zhan carries a moaning, sweaty, breathless Wei Ying in his arms while the younger man embraced him with all four limbs, happily bouncing on the cum-dripping polestick, while they moved to the kitchen and the dining areas, and continued to fuck against the table and kitchen counter.

Poor Wei Ying is pinned between his lover and the furniture, bookshelves, tables' edges, windowsills, even the floor; he becomes desperate to grab, clutch, and claw *anything* to hold onto his dear life as he is ravaged, slammed and drilled so hard and fast and deep, that he cries and pleads and screams from "Wait! Be more gentle! You're too rough!" to breathy chants of "Yes, yes, harder mmm I'm cumming oh god I can't aaaahn uuuuh ooooh... w-wait, wait I just came ah ah ah OH GODDESS GUANYIN STOP STOP I'm cumming again HNNGH GGGHK HHHGK", drowning in pleasure and being screwed even as his swinging cock sputters out dribbles of increasingly watery cum almost continuously, and when he's emptied he squirts out pee because his entire lower body contracts and spasms and spirals out of control when the nerves have short-circuited and the muscles and all sorts of organs, ducts, glands are thoroughly abused and squeezed and pounded mercilessly by Lan Zhan's pistoning massive over-six inches of pulsating throbbing cockmeat sweetly grinding against that shaking walnut-sized fleshy lump that sparks more than joy and electricity when it contracts from the endless assault.

Wei Ying is as noisy as Lan Zhan is silent. The older man does not say much, preferring to save his energy to perform his husbandly duties to mate, breed, impregnate (in his fantasies) his lovely, and stubbornly mischievous Wei Ying. He makes sure Wei Ying's ass is totally *wrecked* when he draws circles, squares, stars and write each other's names inside that sweet cum-drenched cavern with his mighty cock-pen - and he gets a generous share of pleasurable sensations too being encased inside his hip-jerking, thrashing, writhing lover, and he loses count of how many times he's released inside Wei Ying, because after the fifth or sixth round, everything mixes and gels together like a frothy warm thick soup of seed and love juices, moulding into a stream of delicious contractions along his perineum, fast-emptying testicles, and twitching muscles along the cock until the aching cockhead, and he climaxes so many times that his seed just *flows* out continuously from explosive eruptions, to heated pulsating spurts of all sorts sexual fluids, and eventually settling down to a gushing stream deep into his lover, until Wei Ying complains that he hasn't bathed, his ass is already shaped like Lan Zhan's penis, and he smells like Lan Zhan because his insides are full to the brim with swimming little Wang Jis. Lan Zhan grimaces at the dirty talk, and flips Wei Ying onto his back, so that he can fuck the younger man, missionary style, while enjoying the sight of Wei Ying looking terribly flushed and strained, mouth gaping, tongue drooling, drowning in a haze of blinding pleasure. Wei Ying responds in kind by hooking his legs around Lan Zhan's hips and pulls him down so that their bodies intertwine so closely until Lan Zhan grinds his balls-deep into Wei Ying's ass and there is no more cock-length to spare, so that Wei Ying can lick and claw the sweaty broad muscular chest and feel their heartbeats racing together, and that he can suck and play with Lan Zhan's nipples at his own sweet pace and bring the older man to greater heights of bodily pleasures, in which Lan Zhan growls lustfully and orgasms inside his Wei Ying again, and again, as he murmurs "Mine, mine, mine".

Having fucked everywhere inside their tiny cave-home, the couple left many pools of bodily fluids all over the floor in the aftermath, and some trickled into their underground pantry as well. Lan Zhan, panting heavily and completely out of breath, finally pulls out with thick, foamy cummy

strings still connecting his cock to Wei Ying's blooming asshole. He wipes his forehead, then tenderly Wei Ying's too, then slides a thumb between Wei Ying's parted lips. Wei Ying moans, fatigued but extremely satisfied of having his fill of Lan Zhan's love, closes his lips and sucks on the finger fondly, contentedly like a baby feeding on breastmilk that only the husband can provide. Both collapse on the floor near the entrance in a messy heap.

**Close to 1:30 pm**

“Wei Ying, are you hungry?”

“Hnnn” is the only response.

“I... can't cook. Too tired. Let's do a take-out.”

“Mmmm” is all Wei Ying could manage, lying in a pool of either or both of their cums, sweat, saliva and all sorts of sticky, thick, warm and rather pungent fluids.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Oh my! There seems to be a Christmas special of The Untamed! I really hope we can see more of Wangxian before the year ends!  
\*waves pompoms\*

I watched the latest short film clip of Zhan Ge playing the role of a naughty boy and being given tough love by a father. Ah, it just screams

of Wei Ying-ness! I really miss the badboy / naughtyboy vibes - but I'm still grateful that we can continue to follow his rise to further successes via singing and more product endorsements. He makes everything look so cute, desirable and sexy! (the packaged drink! The cosmetics! The beer! The laundry detergent!) \*squeals and dies\*

Yibo darlin', you make so many youtube and tiktok-friendly appearances, my internet and mostly twitter feeds are filled up with your cuteness, I'm tempted to splurge money for those games and products that you endorse too!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 23

"Dustless Broom makes your sweeping, mopping, scrubbing and glazing... so wheezy breezy and easy peasy!" Wei Ying hums the cute advertising jingle tune that comes with each flyer from Liao's General Store. (There is a footnote that directs customers to "press the red circle on the upper right corner of the leaflet", in which an embedded, pre-recorded Voice spell activates to belt out that annoyingly adorable song; Wei Ying wished he could incorporate his Yin Tech company soon, earn enough money and hire patent lawyers to secure the rights to *his* 'Press The Red Circle' concept.)

He walks into the bedroom from the outdoor bath, his skin flushed and steaming from the sauna-hot waters in the middle of the day, then puts on a clean pastel green shirt that smells of fresh sunlight and summer blooms - and nothing else underneath. He strolls to the kitchen to get a drink while twirling his wet hair into a loose braid, because he felt thirsty in the increasingly muggy afternoon heat. He steals a glance at his lover who was effortlessly pushing the aforementioned cleaning stick across the floor at the entrance; it swiftly glides on the surface, sucks-scrubs-cleans mechanically as it moves with soft whirring sounds, and leaves a trail of sparkly shiny smoothed stone floor in its wake. The image of a handsome, strong man with bulging, contoured back muscles, as he bends and stretches gracefully like performing a *qigong* exercise routine, dressed in a fresh new white shirt - and nothing else underneath -, set against a backdrop of afternoon blue skies with rolling white clouds in the distance... is both breath-taking and cock-tingling for the younger man.

(Lan Zhan has many such white or light-coloured shirts, tunics and robes embroidered with the same Gusu Lan's cloud-patterns in his wardrobe, and they all look alike, of the same cutting and style, and of the same lengths - it's not really all that monotonous; Wei Ying has come to terms with Lan

Zhan's sense of fashion - it's about finding Perfection and being able to reproduce it in as many occasions and all of its subtle variations.)

Wei Ying hnnns to signal to his partner that he's done with his bath (Lan Zhan has also taken one earlier - and much faster), then finds a seat at the dining table with a cup of tea; it feels quite nice to sit bare-buttocked on the chair's cooling wooden surface. Lan Zhan had emptied the basket and the contents of the last package has been opened and laid out on the dining table for Wei Ying's inspection. (Lan Zhan is meticulous in his item-sorting capabilities, so any unclassified or unresolved ones has the unspoken instruction of "Wei Ying, please take a look at these.")

There are two distinct piles of *stuff*, each clearly grouped into smaller categories, and to Wei Ying's trained eyes (because he's lived long enough with Lan Zhan to perceive what the older man sees - which is absolutely indistinguishable from an outsider's perspective), he sees invisible *lines* demarcating the sender of each so-called category.

The package has a large, loud print of "To our beloved Ninth *didi*, with lots of love from your *jiejie* s" with no return-address, but Wei Ying already knows where it comes from - it doesn't take long for his nostrils to pick up the heady and migraine-inducing floral perfume of *Tian Mi Mi* wafting from the crumpled brown packaging paper. The owners of the shop have been sending packages regularly by airmail, and on Wei Ying's insistence (because really, it makes their lives much easier to take than to give back) and Lan Zhan's initial protests-turned-reluctance, they accepted what they've termed as "souvenirs from friends from Wei Ying's unfortunate encounters". Wei Ying managed to meet and keep in touch with some of the owners from time to time due to his frequent trips to the city.

The pile of stuff to the left side of the table, which Wei Ying instantly recognizes as “The husband’s” (in their household’s language), due to the visibly housewife-y nature of goods:

- From Third Sister: an assortment of Qishan Merchant Guild’s vouchers, coupons, discount cards, member cards, loyalty cards, leaflets about summer sales, buy-one-get-three-free offers, and all sorts of perks and rewards from the guild’s participating member outlets and businesses. Wei Ying could never comprehend the astounding range marketing gimmicks aimed to lure the shopaholic female population, so he stayed away, and clearly, mentally marked the mountain of colourful papers and bamboo-cards as “Lan Zhan’s”.
- From Fifth Sister: A gift-box set of sewing apparatus, containing (what he sensed to be) magical sewing needles, pins and an accompanying peach-shaped pincushion, a set of coloured sewing threads, knittings sticks, a variety of scissors and fabric shears, buttons and other fasteners, and a roll of measuring tape. Again, Wei Ying doesn’t thread needles nor stitch the tears on his own clothes, so he shakes his head as a symbolic gesture of “not mine”.
- From Seventh Sister: That child is so sweet, Wei Ying tells himself, as he opens a paper bag marked “*Gege*, I baked these for you!” and peeked into it; there are chilled cinnamon rolls! He closes the bag with a smile, and makes a mental note to ask Lan Zhan to put them into the oven later the day for their afternoon snack.

Next, the pile of stuff to the right.



- From Second Sister - a pair of expensive, heavy 古气 heeled shoes (*gu qi*; Antique Spirit) decorated with patches of finely embroidered designs of gold and silver, of tacky designs of dragons, phoenixes and bald old sages (ugh), and adorned with precious stones (the shoes weigh as much as *rocks*). They look classy, flashy and scream of luxury - no wonder only sons of rich men (such as the Mayor's son) dare to parade around the town with these footwear. He appreciates that the sisters noticed his worn-out shoes due to his frequent walkabouts around Yiling to peddle his wares and services - but his inner self quips an unapologetic “nnnnnnnope” and turns up a nose, and he politely pushes the shoes to the *left* pile. Lan Zhan will figure out what to do.
- From Fourth Sister - Wei Ying's heart leaps in joy as he clutches a limited-edition boxed set of the Magics 'R Us Infinity series - the Infinity pouch (it self-replenishes!); The Infinity stones (and all five colours too!); The Infinity talismans (printed on high-grade Council-sanctioned paper that will not leave any colored dust!); The Infinity Bag of Holding (look at how deep it goes!); The Infinity spellbook (with every spell included!); He peppers *nerdy* kisses on the precious priceless paper box that only a selected few in the Middle Kingdom will ever lay their grubby hands on, including Grandmaster Gao of the Imperial Cultivators and the Emperor of Chang'an himself.
- From Sixth Sister - Wei Ying was still feeling high from opening his Infinity-themed presents and his mind was filled with praises for the charitable Fourth Sister (great magicians think alike!), when he excitedly picked up Sixth's handwritten note. There was garbled writing all over, and he couldn't make sense of it other than a big black arrow pointing to a thumb-sized red circle at the bottom of the note. He instinctively presses it without thinking (because it's perfectly

natural for Man to Press The Red Circle whenever he sees one), and the note glows.

Wei Ying *squeals* as he releases the piece of paper, and it floats up into the air. There is a buzzing tingle and bright spark, and a silvery thread shoots out from the cleverly-camouflaged *talisman* . The thread weaves itself through the kitchen window and onward to the outside world.

“Ah!!!” Wei Ying cried panickedly when he realized in horror that he had activated a Reverse Fairy Messenger spell. The levitating talisman burns itself up and transforms into a shimmering amber ball of light.

There is a loud click, and immediately, the whole kitchen *booms* with screeching and shrieking female voices,

“HE CALLED HE CALLED *DIDI* CALLED! Hello, you fool, I love you! Did you miss me? Were you thinking about me?”

“What?! I was the one who received the spell, Sixth! He was thinking of ME when he called, because my Infinity goodies are right up his alley!”

“Girls, girls, back off! Fourth, Sixth, stand down, now!” Second Sister’s voice can be sexily silky and tremendously intimidating at the same time. Wei Ying imagined her in stunning figure-hugging black leatherwear, and picking the two girls up by their collars before dragging them away. Third’s motherly “Hush, be quiet”, Fifth’s “I want him I wanna keep him” chants,

and Seventh's squeaky "Can I talk with *gege* please" echoed somewhere from the background.

Just then, Lan Zhan entered the kitchen with a spotless Dustless Broom and a bucket of water, and asked with a concerned voice, "Wei Ying?"

"*Di fu !!!*" the whole kitchen booms again, this time with seven females' voices in unison.

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The couple spent a few minutes in awkward conversation over the Fairy Messenger spell, but Wei Ying manages to wing it through with his witty charm (thank the **A** wesome **S** elling **S** kills), pleasant talk about the weather and the latest gossips in town, cute jokes, and little white lies and promises (the younger ones - Fourth to Seventh Sisters - fell for it) that yes, yes he misses them too, and no, he won't be able to drop by anytime soon because *didi* is very busy with work, but maybe they can meet up somewhere while he's in Yiling such as at Liang's teahouse, and yes, please remind Liang *gu niang* to place more orders of fried foods for this loving and hardworking *didi* and his quiet, reserved *difu* . The eldest sister, who spoke the least throughout the call, remarks that fried foods go very well with plum sauce, and Lan Zhan nods unconsciously in agreement.

At one point, when everyone's had their turn with the call, Tian *dajie* takes over and exchanged pleasantries with the couple. Then with a hushed tone, she tells *Er Gongzi* that she needs to talk to him *in private* for a while because of something she'd heard from a customer regarding the Cloud

Recesses. The chattering voices of the other sisters soon disappeared, and Wei Ying also takes leave because he felt burnt out from talking to seven lively females in a row (Lan Zhan was fortunate - the serious-tone, no-nonsense *difu* only needs to Mmn and Hnn vaguely, before the girls turn their attention to the more chatty *didi*). Wei Ying hand-signals to him “I need a break and will be outside for a while, okay?”, in which Lan Zhan makes an “o” with his thumb and index finger, “OKAY”.

On his way out of the kitchen, he opened the paper bag and fished out a mini-tanghulu made of candied grapes and strawberries skewered on a bamboo stick. Seventh Sister told him with a whiny voice that she'd made the snack and placed them underneath the rolls because she didn't know where else to pack them (she sounded so adorable, he thought). Wei Ying takes a bite of a syrupy strawberry; it tastes tart, fruity and cinnamon-y.

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Wei Ying finally has some time and room for his own thoughts, as he stands outside their home in his robes and sandals, under the shade of a peach tree, chewing on a blade of grass, and enjoys the fresh afternoon breeze that soothes and rejuvenates his harried soul. He knows he should be thinking about the afternoon (it's a 'home improvement project' free day, but all he's been doing so far was rolling around the bed - and house - with his lover), the evening (should they go to the evening market? There's a local fun fair and some summer festivities going on. But the rolling clouds look threateningly dark, and it might rain later that day), the night (he really should stop procrastinating and work on more talismans and magical gadgets to sell for next week), and many other smaller, trivial matters (should he help to weed the garden? Spend quality time with the cute rabbits? Work out with martial arts and cultivation? - he's way behind in his practice, really.)

So many choices, and there is plenty of time to think through them - NOT, he tells himself while ruffling his hair with a grumpy “aaaaah!”, then smirks and sniggers at his own self-inflicted misery of thinking *too much* . He is really becoming a *second* Lan Zhan, he thought.

First thing’s first, he needed to pee because of that herbal tea he’d drunk after the bath. He unbuckles the belt of the robe and aims for the tree’s roots.

[Somewhere high up in the clouds and within the millenia-old Sacred Orchards of the Golden Summer Resort Palace, the wizened, all-powerful, His Reverence The Jade Emperor takes a break from dining on an afternoon snack of Peaches of Immortality surrounded by his royal court servants, and decides to take a peek into the Mortal Realm. He had been plagued all day by whispers and rumours from celestial servants of his Heavenly Court, especially the latest hearsay that his beloved but rebellious great grand-daughter - the one who slipped out of the Palace into the world below - had *adopted* a little *brother* .

The Emperor was **most** displeased (which resulted in thunderstorms and rain showers the night before; the Underworld was shaken by a terrible earthquake and his friend and confidant, the Lord of Hell, became concerned and called him up to ask what is wrong), because he was used to seeing his great grand-daughter making friends with the other females (mortal, undead, spiritual, or celestial - it does not matter; the girl has a mind of her own and is tremendously in tune with the changing times) and sometimes calls them as ‘sisters’ (it’s a harmless teenage girl thing, his wife the Great Heavenly Mother Queen, said, because she’s growing up and needs to find her own identity and form her circle of friends. She will grow out of it soon, the wife also said). However, by declaring a *male* being as a

(unconfirmed) member of the great, divinely Tian (天; Heaven) family, there are many familial, structural, socio-cultural and political ramifications to the heavens and its governance - beyond the comprehension of mere Men.

With a twirl of fingers, he opens a viewing mirror into the Mortal World, and then, with a wiggle of his thumb, the mirror zooms in to the offending individual. At first glance, he sees an orchard of peach trees (a known symbol of longevity), which told him that at least this man is cognizant, if not worships and reveres, the cultures, legends, traditions and the mythical gods known to the Middle Kingdom. He smiles - perhaps this is a cultured person worthy of his godly attention.

Then the image of Wei Wuxian appears (technology has advanced that much in the heavens - the man's name is automatically subtitled on-screen during a live broadcast), with his robes open, and a loose shirt - looking very much like a sleazy flasher in a dark alley with lots of bodily hair and nothing else underneath -, and performing a very unsavoury act on one of the said peach trees.]

Wei Ying yelps as lightning strikes and thunder roars in the distance, and for a second, his pee misses its target. It's definitely going to rain soon, he thought.

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When Wei Ying ambles back to the kitchen with an emptied bladder, the Fairy Messenger spell had long dissipated away, and Lan Zhan was

preparing empty plates and bowls for the dining table - his stomach rumbled to remind him that it's way past their lunch time, and the much-awaited food delivery should arrive soon.

“Wow, did you hear that thunder? It's going to rain cats and dogs, definitely. I think the evening fair won't be happening and the fireworks will be cancelled,” Wei Ying remarks as he neared the table. He helps to set the cutlery.

“Mn. We should cover the vegetable gardens and the chicken coop with tarp. Make sure the windows are reinforced and closed properly. By the way, your *foster* sisters send their warmest regards. They hope to catch a glimpse of you at the marketplace. You've been working *very hard*,” Lan Zhan replies and relays the parting message from the call earlier, with a hint of teasing at the end.

“Huh... I wouldn't know what to do with seven *sexy young women* by my side and they'll probably scare away my housewifey customers. By the way, Lan Zhan, *you* should also meet them too, they are your *in-laws*, you know,” Wei Ying taunts back.

Lan Zhan gives an indignant Hmph as his only response.

Wei Ying notes that the 'left' pile on the table is gone - Lan Zhan has sorted them and probably stowed them safely around the house 'to where they belong'. He works on his pile - which is just the Infinity boxed set that is now gently secured in his left arm (he can't wait to dig out a niche in the

crowded workroom and set up the boxed set in there like a shrine), and - wait, the gaudy-looking shoes?

“Hey... these shoes... I thought I’ve given them to you,” he asks uncertainly, while holding up the heeled shoes (his feet ached by just *looking* at them). He hoped the shoes will find a better owner in a better person like the kind, compassionate Han Guang Jun.

To Wei Ying’s relief, Lan Zhan takes them off his hands without any hesitation. He gives a serious, knowing look. “Wei Ying, what’s mine is yours, and what’s yours is yours. If you say that I should have these, then I’ll keep and use them on your behalf,” he states his words clearly. The younger man’s heart melts a little more at the sweet words about how they divide their assets in holy matrimony.

Wei Ying’s inner self chuckles at an image of his stoic, handsome Han Guang Jun in full Gusu Lan cloud-patterned robes and regalia, equipped with those flamboyantly eye-watering *gu qi* shoes - the striking contrast! The fashion disaster! The appalled looks on the Lan family members’ faces! “Yes, yes you can take them, have them, use them - it’s all yours! You don’t have to give them back to me!” he quickly replies and his body quakes with uncontrolled giggles.

Lan Zhan raises an eyebrow, wordlessly asking, “Are you sure?”

Wei Ying repeats himself, “Take it! I don’t want it! It’s all yours! Ha ha ha!” He couldn’t stifle his laughter anymore, because of the bone-tickling images playing inside his head.

Lan Zhan turns the objectionable footwear around, and to Wei Ying's surprise, a pouch rolls out from the left shoe. Lan Zhan grasps the pouch and jiggles it in his palm; there are plenty of attractive clinking and tinkling sounds. The pouch loosens and Wei Ying's eyes became as wide as saucers at the shiny glowing contents. He staggers, jaws hanging open, and is amazed at the sight of at least *twenty gold* pieces resting inside the silk pouch - no wonder the shoes weigh like rocks!

The older man deftly closes the pouch and slides it into his shirt pocket. He turns around and walks out of the kitchen without a second look. "Tian *shijie* said she'd hidden it inside the shoes, away from prying postal service workers' eyes. Like you said, they're all mine... and just in time," there is loud shrill cry from the outside, "I'll pay for lunch."

As Lan Zhan leaves the room (with an outer robe in hand), Wei Ying helplessly calls out, "... Lan Zhan!"

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Earlier that day, the couple debated on whether to order a take-out from the Kitchen of Prosperity at North Market Street of Yiling. Wei Ying loves the colourful presentation, abundant portions, and the dizzying varieties of East-West cuisines as seen on the glitzy, glossy and (probably enhanced, edited) lavish-looking menus on display outside the restaurant. Lan Zhan said that he shouldn't judge by the pictures alone, because people are easily tricked by such cheap marketing ploys. Wei Ying has high regard for that famous establishment despite its exorbitant prices, and refuses to believe that they would use anything 'cheap'. Lan Zhan sighs, knowing that it's

futile to educate his young lover about how people are tricked into paying more than they should - so, he flips to another brochure from his curated collection from various junk mail that they had received over the past months.

The huge big picture of rice and noodles swimming in lethal-red soup, and the bright yellow words “TASTY DELICIOUS MUST TRY SPICY HOT! HOT! HOT!” plastered over it with a kitschy big stylized thumbs-up, instantly hooked Wei Ying. Lan Zhan preferred the dishes from this smaller, quieter restaurant (actually just a small shop down the South Market Street) that serves great food at more affordable and reasonable prices. It does not attract much of a crowd due to its low-traffic location and lack of proper signages; but Lan Zhan has a keen eye for such hidden gems in the large, sprawling (and relatively high-cost of living) city - and once he’s tried it, liked it, talked to the shopowners and found them to be a friendly, low-profile, slightly reserved husband-and-wife couple running a humble food business (Lan Zhan *feels* an immediate *spiritual* connection to this restaurant), he’d kept their flyers every time he comes across them in the mail or somewhere in the bustling streets of Yiling.

A magical local mountain eagle, much less regal and majestic-looking than the earlier Postbird crane, arrives to deliver a plain (but sturdy) recyclable carton box from Great Eats From Gojoseon.

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Lan Zhan holds his chopsticks and begins to pick out the meats - ground chicken and chunks of grilled beef - and places them into Wei Ying’s bowl. Wei Ying helps to sprinkle the pre-packed sesame seeds and generous drizzles of sesame oil from a small (cheap, disposable) ceramic vessel, onto

their ordered food. He also opens the leaf-wrapped packs of sweet-sour radish pickles into a saucer, plops two servings of salted spicy fermented cabbage side-dish (kimchi) onto another plate, and finally pours out a wooden container of beef broth with meat slices into a separate bowl. Unsurprisingly, two portions of hot chilli pepper paste goes straight into Wei Ying's bowl.

Lan Zhan enjoys his mixed rice (bibimbap) of at least six types of vegetables including sauteed mushrooms, zucchini, carrots, bean sprouts and spinach and other greens.

Wei Ying, on the other hand, munches on his cold buckwheat noodles - which is a summer favourite even this far within the Middle Kingdom -, garnished with shredded pear, cucumber and some vegetables, and a pile of stir-fried beef fillet, mixed in red spicy sauce. He realizes that there's plenty of meat in his bowl, so he gives his hard-boiled egg to Lan Zhan, which the latter readily accepts together with his fried egg on the rice.

Their meal costs only a mere four pieces of silver including the delivery charges, with a free pack of unbranded green tea leaves (which Lan Zhan makes a teapot of brew to accompany their meal), and a small bottle of *soju* for Wei Ying, at no extra cost (because Lan Zhan and the shopowners know each other by name, and the wife happily includes an extra beverage for him).

Later, a happy, satisfied Wei Ying sits on the chair with one leg up (like a *laoban*) and a full belly, entertains himself (and dawdles his time away) by throwing toasted peanuts into the air and try to catch them into his mouth (some of them fall onto the floor - which is perfectly alright, now that they have the Dustless Broom at home). Lan Zhan drinks the last gulp of scallion-topped broth so that nothing goes to waste (Wei Ying has already

slurped off the beef slices). He feels a twinge between his teeth, and takes a toothpick from the table to politely pick out a piece of spinach (he covers his mouth with his hands while doing so - a perfect gentleman). Wei Ying observes the older man, starts feeling something similar and prods fingers into his teeth and gums too. After several attempts, Wei Ying gives up and reaches out expectantly with saliva coated fingers. Lan Zhan does not hesitate to hand over the used toothpick when he's done, and Wei Ying uses it to pick his own teeth - then, success. The younger man continues to suck and chew the used toothpick out of an annoying, but endearing, post-meal habit, with small burps in between.

Notes for the Chapter:

Not much to comment this time. I'm really enjoying myself this holiday by working on this fic, and there's plenty of ideas flowing through. I hope you find this fic as entertaining as I've enjoyed writing it. I love domestic fluff even with little or no sex at times, and I love to use the in-plot OC characters to make my imagined Wangxian's daily life more, well, pleasant and interesting.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 24

2:30 pm

Lan Zhan passes a pair of clean, sun-dried trousers (the same one that was worn the day before, washed) to Wei Ying, but the latter politely refuses with a shake of his head. At that moment, his tummy feels nicely filled and a bit rounder, and he's gotten so used to walking around the house without his pants, that putting them on *now* feels *foreign* to his bare skin and rump.

The older man hangs the trousers on the backrest of one of the chairs. He sits down and pours a cup of green tea for himself, and another for Wei Ying. An empty bottle of *soju* lies carelessly on its side.

“Lan Zhan, if you don't mind telling, was there anything important from Tian *dajie* about the Cloud Recesses?” Wei Ying asks with a chewed toothpick inside his mouth, breaking the silence. His eyes trained on his partner; he tries to detect any signs of distress or any hints of emotion on the usually expressionless face.

Lan Zhan takes a moment to respond. He looks thoughtful as he stares off-focused at the table's surface. The hooded eyelids, the long eyelashes, the slightly parted, moist lips, perfectly shaped nose, chin and cheeks, and the long lush hair with nary a strand out of place framing the flawless facial features - Wei Ying admired Lan Zhan's handsome face as he waits patiently for an answer.

“... Wei Ying, do you know about the scholar protests? At major cultivation universities and learning institutions around the country,” the older man puts forth a question. He carefully chose his words, and Wei Ying interprets that as an indication that there will be some context and information that will not be easily divulged.

“Well, I don’t really read the periodicals, but I’ve come across stories from teahouses and gossips at the marketplace. I’ve heard about how useless the Jin Chief Cultivator is; how the fierce corpses and monster attacks continued to spread to villages mainly around the coastline and southward; and yes, there are groups of cultivators protesting against the ineptness of the current Council in handling these attacks, amongst other troubling tales I’ve heard about the misuse of the Council’s funds and power... Ah, Lan Zhan, your... the Cloud Recesses - is everyone alright?” Wei Ying hands grasps the table’s edge tightly, anxious.

Lan Zhan remains neutral in his expression, serious in their topic of discussion, eyes focused and sharp. “As far as I know, everyone is in good health *within* the Cloud Recesses... but...” His voice wavers a tiny fraction; unsure of how to proceed.

“But...? Has something happened... *around* the Cloud Recesses? Or the people that are involved and related?” Wei Ying probes gently, covering a wider circle than he originally presumed.

The older man purses his lips for a moment, and his index finger twitches slightly on the smooth ceramic surface of the teacup, Wei Ying looks on with the patience of a spouse that can read and understand the subtle body language of his significant other.

“Caiyi Town,” Lan Zhan starts, “is one of the latest areas to be afflicted by the attacks. Three weeks ago, a few bodies turned up near the main river. The townspeople sought assistance from my clan.”

Wei Ying nods thoughtfully, and takes a sip of green tea. He tries to disperse the heavy atmosphere. “Hah, as expected, the commoners always turn to the cultivators when they can’t use their police and military might to solve the problems--” he holds up both hands when he notices Lan Zhan’s widened eyes and a clearly antagonized look, “-- which is a *good* thing, really. I’m.. I’m glad they went to your sect, which was the closest to them anyway,” he nods repeatedly to show that he’s really on his partner’s side.

Lan Zhan sighs and his shoulders drooped. He continues his narration, “It is expected. A group of junior disciples was dispatched to investigate, and a week later, they gathered at the townhall - with no answers in hand, and an increasing body count. They could not find the creatures that killed, and kept killing the townspeople.”

Wei Ying scratched the back of his head, and looked up to the ceiling in reminiscence. “... Well, *you* weren’t able to solve the killings either during your short tenure as the Chief - there shouldn’t be expectations from anyone in the cultivation world to create miracles and clear this up instantly. I still blame that useless Jin Chief; he and his lackeys are nothing but trouble!” He swings his fist in mock-anger - Wei Ying has many bones to pick with anything marked with the Jin’s family emblem (especially judging from the way he or any like-minded civilians in Yiling were treated by the guards).

He stops at mid-swing of fists. “So... what happened at the townhall? I don’t think your juniors simply got off with a gentle verbal lashing from the town mayor or the families of the victims. If news of this reaches as far as Yiling, something bigger must have happened, right?”

The older man bows his head, and his jaw tightens slightly. “There was... infighting and finger-pointing... among the disciples in front of the public,” it was Wei Ying’s turn to widen his eyes in amazement - that’s at least five Lan’s family rules broken simultaneously, “when tensions escalated between both sides.” Wei Ying recounts a similar experience, but not as hostile nor messed-up, on the night the Mo’s family was slaughtered nearly a couple of years ago. Lan Zhan seemed to be struggling internally - probably in a state of disbelief - with the fact that *his* disciples were thrust into such bad limelight.

“So, Lan Zhan, what was said? What happened next?” Wei Ying raises his cup in a gesture to nudge his partner to ‘go on, I’m listening’.

“During the arguments, the traveller whom Tian *shijie* spoke about, was among those who were present as a civilian observer. He said that the youngest disciples blurted out about how they, like so *many* others within the Cloud Recesses, received no training nor guidance prior to being sent out to missions - and so, they felt they had been treated unfairly for this failed mission. Apparently this reinforced the disciples’ beliefs that the scholarly protest movement had been right all along - that the current weak leadership is ultimately to be blamed for the sufferings of commoners and cultivators. They go on to say that they are already part of this movement - and assumingly, many others within the Cloud Recesses too.” Lan Zhan looks a little tense, uncomfortable, a hint of restrained anxiety flashed across his face.

Wei Ying gripped the table's edge again and fidgets his feet. He leans forward. "I heard that Lanling University and almost every major institutions have joined the movement too - but to think this is happening to your birth home..." he shakes his head in bewilderment. Surely those disciples would have been expelled the next day! One of the Gusu Lan's rules included a clause of non-affiliation to other kinds of movements or groups, especially those that allow or promote acts of civil disobedience, including protests, infighting and provocative arguments. He pauses, as one glaring fact burned inside his mind.

"Lan Zhan, I understand you're telling me that there is some kind of non-violent unrest happening within the Cloud Recesses - but still, it doesn't explain why disciples are sent out to potentially harmful missions without proper teachings and I'm assuming adequate magical and spiritual hunting equipment too. Where are the upperclassmen? Or the senior members? Wouldn't the group be led by at least one or two of them to calm everyone down and avoid such sensitive information to be revealed in the eyes and ears of the public?"

The older man sighs again, and furrows his brows. He stares at his cup - still filled to its brim with steaming green tea -, the disquiet and disconcerting feelings are carefully controlled so that they do not overflow and break that cup, figuratively speaking. "The remaining, older disciples tried to pacify their *shidi* s in the townhall. The man that spoke to Tian *shijie* overheard something about all the elder members being involved in meetings at the Carp Tower, and therefore were not around to guide them. The youngest disciple then mentioned several rumours - about how each sect is compelled to pledge their allegiance against the scholar protests, and enlist their best and most talented cultivators into the Jin's army," in which Wei Ying interrupts with an upset, "That's worse than the Wens!" and Lan Zhan continues, "about how protesting scholars from other sects will undermine the sanctity of the Cloud Recesses and take over, if the leaderless state prolongs any longer; and about how the younger disciples are running out of patience; there are efforts to search for my brother, to

bring him back and lead the sect... as a last resort.” The last couple of sentences clearly impacted Lan Zhan, distraught now clearly on his face and strained voice.

Wei Ying rises from his seat and walks over to stand by Lan Zhan’s seated, trembling figure. He embraces the older man’s shoulders and cradles his head against his stomach. Wei Ying gently sways side by side. Comforted by the warm presence and scent of his young lover, Lan Zhan leans in and lets himself be carried along by the soothing motion.

“Tian *shijie* advised that I should lay low for a while, avoid the crowded parts of the city, and that my presence must never be revealed to the Jin guards at all costs. She’ll head to the east in the next few days to find out more, and will contact the smaller, more distant branches of our sect along the way for support. She promised to send a Fairy Messenger as soon as she can,” he says, eyes closed, and probably fervently praying that things aren’t as bad as the rumours say.

The younger man rubs soothing circles on Lan Zhan’s back. “She’s right. Let’s wait for news from her, before deciding our next move. I’m sure your uncle is fine, he’s still as fiery and spirited as I remembered. And I’m sure Xichen *da ge* ... well, if he is found and decides to take charge - that would still be a good thing, right?”

Wei Ying can feel Lan Zhan’s smile on his navel. He pats the older man’s shoulder; a gentle timeless rhythm for consoling both the young and old.

Then, a hitched breath. “... *our* next move...?”

Wei Ying laughs softly, a crystalline sparkle for the older man to grasp and hold onto, despite being mired in a murky, muddy prison of uncertainty, unanswered questions and unsettling news about his few and only remaining immediate family members.

“Lan Zhan, what’s yours is mine; you’ve said this before. Your troubles and worries are also for me to shoulder. We’ll get through this, *together*,” and he bends down to place a soft kiss on the older man’s top-knot.

Lan Zhan sighs one more time, and this time, he relaxes into the embrace.

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Wei Ying is the first to break the quiet, peaceful atmosphere with a muted chuckle.

“Mmmn?” a sleepy noise, pillowed by thoughts that are no longer stressful, and the physical cosiness of Wei Ying’s warm, full belly.

“Lan Zhan, you know... if someone were to take a look at us right now, holding one another and pantless, what would they say?”

Lan Zhan snorts.

When the older man feels sufficiently re-charged by Wei Ying's motherly hug, he stands up and starts touching Wei Ying in the way that lovers do. They start to make-out in the kitchen, exchanging breaths and kisses, hands caress, grope, tickle, intertwine and soothe each other, and their bodies slide pleasantly and languidly against one another, taking their sweet time and pace because after such a delightfully draining morning and an emotionally-taxing revelation after lunch, Lan Zhan doesn't have *anything else* to give other than gratitude - but that is fine, because as Wei Ying nuzzles into his lover's neck to comfort and encourage, and leaves kisses and faint bite marks on the collarbone to tell him not to think too much; because there's really nothing much they can do now. Lan Zhan accedes, and wordlessly asks for a long string of pleasure that will help him forget, to take his mind off everything that bothers and disturbs the delicate balance of his Perfect universe; he peppers light smooches on Wei Ying's forehead, earlobes and moist lips, leaving the younger man tingling with rising intense feelings of being cared, being loved, being worshipped, being wanted and needed by the fragile man named Lan Wang Ji. Wei Ying responds with his own brand of playful liveliness, by letting his fingers roam everywhere especially since his partner is pantless and everything is a playground for him.

Lan Zhan lets Wei Ying gently pull on his pubic hair, lightly rake his inner thighs with circles, stars and flowers. The older man continues to kiss the tip of his lover's cheeks and nose, and even breaks into a small, pleased smile when Wei Ying starts to play with his penis with naughty wiggling fingers, by bouncing it, tenderly stroking it, rubbing in circular motions over the tip that peeks out from the foreskin, and along the slowly-swelling flesh; Lan Zhan takes a *long* time to become erect because he feels so relaxed and pleasantly emptied earlier; but Wei Ying is patient as well, and continues to leisurely roll the pampered penis in his palm until it firms up a little more, grows longer, filling up unhurriedly with sweet sweet slow-burning desire; and when it's hard enough to *barely* point to the front, Wei Ying takes the increasingly excited organ and slides it along the cleft between two fingers to mimic the ageless action of a lusty sexual

intercourse, and when Lan Zhan nnnnhs, he feels Wei Ying's other hand reach down and caresses his scrotum, lovingly rolls each testicle as they rise, and fall, and rise again, because Wei Ying takes it so gently and slowly that their pleasure is drawn out as long as possible - at some point, Lan Zhan becomes drowsy with the immersive full-bodied pleasure pulsating from his loins that dances along his spine and tickles the nerve ends, his mind starts to unwind and patches of his scalp and the accompanying thinking processes shut down - one by one - and become happily numb, and when his head dips at the sleepiness that overwhelms his relaxed body, Wei Ying coos his name, "Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, don't fall asleep here, let's go to the bed," and he lets the younger man gently, mindlessly guide him through his sleepwalking, and Wei Ying's hands never left his twitching penis that is continuously caressed and stroked all the way to the bed mattress.

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Lan Zhan thoroughly enjoys a slow, relaxed pace of lovemaking with Wei Ying. There is no rush to reach climaxes, no one to keep track of how many times either of them comes, and no pressure to accomplish something mind-blowing using creative sex positions or novel toys.

His universe consists of his body, mounted on top of Wei Ying's, on all fours, moulding and joining repeatedly in an age-old rhythm of mating, of copulating, of giving and receiving love and pleasure, of their souls dancing with one another, in increasingly closer and tighter circles until they fuse into one.

Lan Zhan immerses himself in the physical pleasures of the flesh as he pulls out completely, his arousal hard and throbbing, then he rubs Wei Ying's inviting and gaping rosebud, teasing it a bit, before pushing and plunging

deep, deep inside into the tight heat. He moans breathily of Wei Ying's name with each thrust, and Wei Ying answers his calls with his hands graciously spreading his ass by holding them apart, allowing him the deepest access to his innermost recesses, and Wei Ying mmmms in a welcoming invitation to do more, more, please Lan Zhan, more, take me, love me, make love to me.

The older man continues to pump his hips, balls-deep, until he gradually reaches a low-grade climax; he pulls out completely one last time, then strokes his cock furiously outside Wei Ying, and watches, mesmerized, pleased, with quaking hips, at the sight of weak spurts of diluted white shooting into the waiting, open gaping hole that he's fucked for what seems to be hours on end.

Lan Zhan is absolutely drained after one round. He collapses to his side of the bed, exhausted, panting, flaccid, and ready to fall into slumber anytime. He has *nothing else* to give. Wei Ying crawls up and whispers seductively to him, "Lan Zhan, before you take an afternoon nap, do you want to pee?" A wet tongue slides into his ears, telling him that Wei Ying has a lot more in his mind than just to relieve oneself. Lan Zhan grudgingly nnnhs, and gets off the bed, eyes half-closed, to pee into an enamel chamber pot waiting by the bedside. As he slides back to the bed, Wei Ying gently wipes his genitals with a soaked washcloth. Then, Lan Zhan closes his eyes, docile, and slips into the well-deserved darkness.

There are periods of wakefulness, or at least they felt *real* enough *not* to be lucid dreams - he half-opens his eyes to find himself lying prone on the bed. He gets a full-body massage with oils from the bedside drawer (the fragrance is familiar), and relishes especially the lovely kneading movements on his shoulders, back muscles, tired biceps, aching calves, the soles and balls of his feet, and even between the toes. Fatigue melts away with Wei Ying's expert ministrations with palms, knuckles and fingertips.

By the time those hands reach his genitals for what he anticipates to be a titillating sexual massage, he snores away.

The next time he becomes conscious - eyes still closed - he was caught unprepared and was hit by sudden intense orgasmic waves that seems to go on and on. Sexual *qi* energy circulates wildly and strongly within his groin, hinting the use of tantric sex methods, and his hips continue to undulate against his will, his stomach muscles quiver uncontrollably, his limbs thrash on the crumpled bedsheets, every organ, vesicle, gland, duct, tube inside his lower body seem to contract and empty themselves repeatedly, and the pleasurable throbbing continues unabated for many long minutes. He does not remember if he ejaculated or not, but remembers fingers pinching and twisting oversensitive, swollen nipples until his moans echoed off the walls of their bedroom.

Next, he awakes to a sensual, fulfilling ear-cleaning session on Wei Ying's naked lap. He breathes in Wei Ying's musky scent as his nose and lips touch the younger man's arousal, and his ears tingle in delight at the gently, rhythmic scrapes and scratching of a bamboo earpick; mimicking the movements of lovers fucking at a slow motion. He groans, refusing to open his eyes in the fear that this could be a dream that he'd never want to wake up from, and feels his voice has gone a bit hoarse and feels raw around the vocal cords. Wei Ying seemed to read his mind, because soon, he feels the edge of a cup against his lips, and he only needed to part his lips to be served a few refreshing gulps of tea. Then he resumes his semi-fetal lying position, nestled on Wei Ying's groin, followed by an earpick gently invading the most desirable spots along the ear canal. Satisfied with the pampering, a few moments before he returns to his dreams, he nnnnhs when fingers play with his sensitive penis, *again* , and stroke him lazily towards the next climax.

Some time later, he wakes up again facing upwards, and nnnghs to weak but still pleasurable rolling pulses from his tingly, burnt-out cock and prickling oversensitive nerves all over the groin; his shaking, tired, sweaty and extremely emptied body tells him he's been orgasming *a lot more* in the past hour (hours? He can't tell the time anymore) than the whole of the morning, although there is *nothing else* to unload. Wei Ying continues to ride and milk him as he falls into comfortable sleeping-wakefulness cycles, alternating between sweet up-and-down fucking hip-motions and extremely arousing circular grinds when he's deeply sheathed inside the incredibly slick, hot tunnel.

Lan Zhan appreciates that Wei Ying knows their bodies very well and has mastered the physical and physiological sexual responses - particularly Lan Zhan's. Wei Ying has said once, that he always counted at least "twenty twitches" in each of Lan Zhan's orgasm; and naturally, this number goes down over time and frequency of climaxes - *if unaided* . This time, Wei Ying uses all sorts of techniques, including exciting body caresses, playing with the balls and ass, and unknowingly slipping well-oiled fingers through the coveted ring of muscles to reach the prostate - to ensure that Lan Zhan gets his twenty twitches for every orgasm that afternoon - even as the sun arches and begins to set in the west, and light shines at an angle through the curtained window on Lan Zhan's constantly straining, restless and trembling body.

Lan Zhan feels his inner muscles shudder again and again the next time he slides downhill into a sleepless coma, and could only offer seedless, clear fluids which Wei Ying happily extracts with his bouncing and clenching ass muscles.

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The sun is setting, and Wei Ying stands at the entrance of their home, skin fully flushed from a wondrous workout from the inside out and sticky from drying sweat, still pantless and a mix of frothy opaque liquids running down his thighs, a mug of *pu'er* tea in his hand, and a silly half-drunken smile etched on his face.

He sips the tea and leans against the door frame, and then sighs. The touted evening thunderstorms never made landfall, despite the loud crack of thunder earlier that day.

He *really* wants to go on a date to the evening market with Lan Zhan.

He peers behind at the snoring slumbering figure in the bedroom, lying on thoroughly soaked and soiled bedsheets.

Several tiny voices in his head tell him that life can be unfair sometimes, and he can't always have his cake and eat it too.

Unless.

Wei Ying peeks outside to see no one in the courtyard. A couple of thicker garments still hung on the laundry lines (because Lan Zhan was unavailable to collect them - they're probably bone-dry by now). The fast-growing weeds had sprouted in greater numbers around the vegetable gardens within a day. They'd forgotten to give the farm animals their afternoon meal, so the chickens are scratching the sand for non-existent bugs and the rabbits are nibbling at the fences because the only thing left to eat are the weeds

that grew around the fence posts - Lan Zhan would be unhappy when - *if* - he finds out. And Wei Ying's workroom is... still the same.

Wei Ying tells his heart that he wishes to have *two or more* cakes and eat them all.

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Yiling Patriarch Wei Wuxian weaves Corruption magic like no other. On this occasion, he doesn't *need* to summon any infernal servants to do his bidding, because this Grandmaster of the Dark arts desires the effects for himself *only* , and any other chosen living beings that he wishes. With a wave of hands, terrifying ash-black smoke-like projectiles appears from the earth and the blazing orange skies; they hurtle through the air and penetrate all physical obstructions effortlessly; they gather around the Patriarch and swirl and spin around him, surrounding their summoner in gradually increasing speeds and density until the man becomes encased in flickering shadows as black as the starless night, impenetrable by light. The figure walks towards the cave-home's bedroom, and reaches out to the defenceless human sleeping peacefully on the mattress. Upon contact, Lan Zhan becomes instantly enveloped and devoured by the shadowy substance.

With a snap of fingers, the blackness surges, bloats, bulges and finally explodes spectacularly outwards in in rippling spherical waves. As the dark waves sweep through *everything* in its path, they leave behind the same living and inanimate objects, matter, sights, sounds and intangible elements such as feelings and thoughts - except that they have been shifted to their state and location of about five hours ago.

A blip happens in the flow of Time.

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The Jade Emperor sneezed.

Heavenly court servants rush to His side in record time, faster than Nezha's spinning fire wheels. They bowed to the floor, panicked, grovel for forgiveness and for mercy for their insignificant lives over the unexpected sneeze.

Tian *dalaoye* is compassionate, and he waves his hands to dismiss them. He hadn't felt a tickle in his nose for a very long time, and he wondered if this was an omen. He had been watching the mortal through the magical viewing mirror (subtitled "Wei Wuxian") while enjoying a bite of the Peaches of Immortality - but not really tasting the fruit because of the unsavoury and rather repulsive acts he had to visually endure on-screen, which he believes to be rather common of mere Earthly creatures of the flesh. He'd watched until the point the offending individual completed those nasty acts, and wanted to turn off the mirror when he sneezed and missed a few more scenes.

However, the matter is insignificant, like missing the end credit roll (and any post-credit scenes) of a trashy movie that was never in one's to-watch list.

There was a thoughtful pause, and then the Jade Emperor called back one of his faithful servants. He enlists the fearful celestial being on a simple mission - to contact the Merciful Goddess Guan Yin, his favourite counsellor and the greatest advisor in the Heavens, amongst many other marvellous titles given to her.

Wei Wuxian's act of peeing on a sacred peach tree reminded the Emperor about a nearly forgotten memory about the Monkey King that took place aeons ago. Perhaps Goddess Guan Yin can enlighten him on how such creatures (lowlives, really) can be dealt with.

*The timestamp on the viewing mirror flickered a bit just before the Jade Emperor felt the tickle of the nose, like a bad VCR recording. However, since the flow of Time in the heavens run vastly different from the Mortal Realm (it is said that one day in the heavens equate to a century on Earth), so to the naked eye of any gods, there is virtually nothing out of the ordinary.*

**It's still 2:30 pm, by the way.**

Lan Zhan yawns and stretches in a sea of body-warmed pillows. He feels extremely... hmm, emptied has a negative connotation, so he decides on the choice of the words "happy, relaxed, peaceful and contented". His universe seems perfectly balanced, everything seems to be in the right places to where they belong.

The afternoon sun shines brightly into the bedroom, and everything takes on yellow-white hues. He sits up and squints through the light; he thought it was strange to have slept so well after such an intensely raw heartfelt confession, followed by an hour (hours?) of passionate lovemaking (he couldn't remember much after the first orgasm), only to wake up just a short span of time after that.

Pantless Wei Ying walks in with a tray and a teapot of *pu'er* tea. Something else smells really good, and his stomach *rumbles* - despite just having his bibimbap lunch, if the bright midday-ish sunlight is an indicator of the current time. "Good afternoon, you sleepy head!" he calls out cheerfully.

Wei Ying sets the tray on Lan Zhan's naked lap, and the older man sees a plate of freshly re-heated steaming warm cinnamon rolls. Wei Ying pours him the tea first, which he gratefully gulps down because he must've slept so well that his throat became dry. Then he picks up a roll and munches on it. It tastes absolutely delicious.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I'm on a roll here... haha! I'm experimenting with some Chinese mythologies, so if there are any inaccuracies (or even insensitivities) - like the story's beginning notes say, don't take things too seriously :-)

I also suck at writing background stories involving conspiracies and politics, so just take 'em in stride and please enjoy the fic as a light-hearted read!

Anyway, I promise there won't be too much details on the side, because I still want to write about Wangxian.

It's Christmas' Eve! Happy holidays everyone!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 25

“Wei Ying, can I--”

“Shhh! I’m trying to concentrate here!”

“...”

Lan Zhan looks on, arms crossed and infinitely patient, at the young man in front of him, standing proudly without his pants on and blocking the main entrance to their home. He shuffles to the left, then to the right, but he couldn’t find an exit.

Wei Ying huff-huffs as he performs an energetic workout - side stretches, waist twists, front and back bends, ten times each. Then he steps up his game and sets out on a more (at least from the younger man’s perspective) gruelling regime of rigorous skipping, throwing punches into the air, and ducking and parrying an invisible opponent. He shadow-boxes for a full minute as though he’s ready for a fighting tournament until a sheen of sweat covers his entire body.

“Wei Ying--”

“... can do this, I can do this, I can do this, I can do this, I can...” he chants a mantra and steels himself for a seemingly historical moment. When he’s fully warmed up, he stops and exhales loudly. There are a few anxious

stretches of neck muscles, rolling of shoulder blades, then he cracks his knuckles and other joints and grits his teeth.

“Yeah, I can definitely do this... I do NOT see anyone watching me. There is NO one watching. Yup, absolutely NO one around. Gotta seize the day! (huff, huff) You only live once! (pew)” Wei Ying is ready to tear down illusionary walls and break new frontiers.

“Wei--”

The spirited young man takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and leaps over the door’s wooden threshold. Immediately after he lands, he barks out a cheerful wide-grinned “YES!” (with little fist pumps), raises his hands in victory and then claps to himself for a job well done. Feeling emboldened and the crazy rush of adrenaline in the bloodstream, he jerks his pelvis towards the sky and sticks out his tongue in an ‘up yours!’ manner.

(fortunately, the heavenly Jade Emperor isn’t looking.)

Wei Ying bellows out hearty laughs. “Ha ha! See? I did it! I’m pantless *outside* ! Yaa hoo!”

Lan Zhan sighs and shakes his head. He steps across the wooden threshold casually, with a washed, dripping-wet robe in his arms, and *squeezes* between Wei Ying’s door-blocking buttocks and the door frame to get through to the outside. Once he’s past the obstacles, he walks across the

courtyard into the afternoon sunlight, barefooted, towards the nearest laundry line.

“L.. Lan Zhan! Bu--But you’re p-p-p-p-pantless!” Wei Ying’s sputters, jaw dropped more than just a few inches, and his index finger automatically points at the mooning twin pale globes. Lan Zhan wore only a light shirt and nothing else.

Lan Zhan pauses in mid-step and looks back, eyebrows raised. His face spoke of either “What?” or “So what?”; Wei Ying couldn’t determine which.

“Don’t you feel, well, *illegal and indecent* walking around like *that* ?!”

Lan Zhan sighs again, and goes back to the laundry line. “There’s nothing illegal in being comfortable in one’s own skin under *decent* circumstances,” he says, as he retrieves some clips from the line and arranges them in a linear sequence - with perfectly measured spaces between each bamboo clip, “Our ancestors walked around without much on, and some of the poorer communities in remote villages are fine with little or lack of clothing. There are no rules currently in force around our home that dictate what one should wear.”

Wei Ying becomes a little agitated at being outsmarted and out-explained by his partner. He pantlessly stomps towards the older man and huffs, “You say there are no rules here about clothing, then what does your *virtuous* Gusu Lan sect’s teaching say about not wearing anything underneath in broad daylight?”



Lan Zhan does not even bat an eyelid on the annoyed shorter man. He lifts the heavily-soaked robe and spreads it. Then he gently shakes away the excess water. “When we were kids, we used to play, bathe and run around in waterfalls and springwater pools within the Cloud Recesses. We’d go topless, pantless or with no clothes at all with close family members. Adults do that too. Our family rules teach us to dress up according to the occasion - that’s all.”

Wei Ying puts a hand to his temples and tries to massage a non-existent headache away. “It’s... It’s a bit difficult for me to grasp this. I never knew you Gusu Lans can be so... so *bold* in showing off your junk... even around your home grounds,” he groans and shrugs, “You make it look so *easy*, like you’ve been doing this every day!”

Lan Zhan begins to attach laundry clips to the robe’s sleeves, then the collars. “Wei Ying, I sometimes walk around our home and garden in the nude too,” he dead-pans, and Wei Ying gasps audibly, “Clothes are easily soiled from being in the farm, from housework and cooking; so it makes sense to take them off before starting on any heavy-duty work.” He turns around and is imperceptibly smug at the look of shock and disbelief on Wei Ying’s face. “You’ve probably never seen me naked like this because you’re always at work in the city during the day,” he adds.

A few meaningful seconds passes in silence. So many questions race across Wei Ying’s mind - “how, where, when.. and what have I missed all my life?!”

“Can you hand me those washed garments too? They’re in the bucket next to the dining table,” Lan Zhan calmly asks and point towards their home. Wei Ying is finally startled into action, and he nods shakily. Before he trots off, he asks the older man, hesitantly, “Lan Zhan... do you sometimes cook wearing only an apron and *nothing else*?”

“Of course.”

Wei Ying cries rivers of invisible tears at the missed opportunities and chews bitterly on his sleeves as he goes to retrieve the said bucket.

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Earlier, Wei Ying slipped into Lan Zhan’s outer robes to harvest a few herbs, fruits and vegetables in the hot afternoon sun, because the older man had carelessly left it near the main entrance and it was convenient to grab ‘n go with it. Then, following an age-old recipe given by Grandma Li some weeks ago when summer started, he crushes, grinds, slices and dices the ingredients according to the instructions, and makes a *jug* of icky-looking brownish-green paste. It smells sweet, fruity, citrusy, green-y with a zest of lemongrass and other aromatic scents - not too bad, actually.

Wei Ying perfected Li’s classic summertime mosquito and insect-repellent paste, upon his first try. He praised himself again and again at his newly-discovered talent of compounding and making medicines, and indulged in lofty daydreams of his first foray into the medical profession - then, his dreams come crashing down when he realized he was still wearing Lan Zhan’s robes and everything, everywhere - including his pastel green shirt,

the kitchen floor, the table surfaces, and yes, his partner's beloved robes - was messily splattered with the medicinal icky-looking goo.

He knew Lan Zhan would wake up hungry because it'd be close to his actual dinnertime when it was just after mid-day, so he thought of reheating the cinnamon rolls as a peace offering to the older man, before he got found out.

Later, Lan Zhan wordlessly d-brooms* the kitchen (for the *nth* time) and did the laundry for both of them (again).

* dustless-brooms

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Lan Zhan is secretly pleased at Wei Ying's sudden burst of motivation and determination to get things done. He couldn't fathom what drives the young man, but he does not question either. He presumes that if it isn't from feelings of guilt or want for *something*, then it's just one of those random, unknown mysteries in his Perfect universe which he conveniently (and endearingly) calls using the blanket term: "Wei Ying-ness".

The couple had decided (at Wei Ying's insistence) to care for the farm animals first. The afternoon sun is blazing hot although there are a few clouds in the sky, so any garden work is out of the question until later in the day. Lan Zhan only had to open the gates at the fences, and the chickens crowd around (even *flew out* from the stuffy coop) and obediently follow

him, much to Wei Ying's envy and disgruntlement (because no animals with enough intelligence will follow him). They gently collected the rabbits, who are still wary of their owners, placed them into a broad basket, and brought all the animals to a grassy, shaded meadow near a stream.

As they settle down on a bed of grass and wildflowers under the shadows of dense forest foliage - Wei Ying with the chickens and Lan Zhan with the rabbits by the stream -, Wei Ying simply asks, "Lan Zhan, help me put on this insect repellent?", in which the older man Mmns.

Lan Zhan crouches beside Wei Ying and diligently slathers the repellent paste on the younger man's legs, thighs and buttocks. Wei Ying, on the other hand, is engrossed with having fun with innocent animals *naive* enough to approach his open arms; he happily lures brown baby chicks with worms, grasshoppers and other crunchy snacks (bugs) he'd caught during their short walk to the meadow, and stowed inside a small basket purse. He is good at catching insects, and Lan Zhan gladly leaves that sort of work to him - because deep down, Lan Zhan has a phobia for pests that eat his precious fruits and vegetables, and is more inclined to exterminate them immediately than to keep them in a basket purse. Wei Ying happily picks each snack (bug) and plays a carrot and stick game with the birds - he'd dip the morsel into the waiting open beaks then pull back up at the last second, then moves his hand in circles and (wickedly) laughs when all the chicks desperately follow the wriggling insect between his fingertips with hungry, loud chirps.

Lan Zhan tries to ignore the obnoxious behavior, and continues to coat the younger man's skin with the fragrant paste. When he is *almost* done, he nudges at Wei Ying's groin with a soundless question, "Here too?". Wei Ying nods absently, as he giggles and grabs the chicks that come too close, bounces them on his palm, rolls his fingers over the incredibly fluffy down from beak to wriggling tummy to the tiny nub of featherless tail ("molest"

is the more appropriate word), before putting them back on the ground; he acts nimbly and fast, to make sure the chicks do not panic and cry for help (otherwise their mothers will come hurtling through the air). From a distance, hens and roosters busily peck on scattered grains between meadowgrass; Wei Ying is certainly under the birds' watchful eyes, but the presence of their favourite owner (the "not Wei Ying" human) is reassuring enough.

Lan Zhan sighs at Wei Ying's distracted state, but is confident that Wei Ying knows the medicinal paste is safe enough for one's nether regions, and can be applied there as well. He proceeds to spread the paste on the delicate genitals; he has no ulterior motives other than to dutifully protect his lover from biting insects, but he also takes sneaky delights in massaging the vulnerable soft cock, deliberately tugging back the foreskin to expose the pink cockhead, just a little - because one never knows when and where insects will bite - and lets his coated, slippery thumb and forefinger play with the cushiony glans, and slide over the shy-looking cockslit repeatedly until it quivers just a tad bit without hardening, before he moves his hands lower to caress those lovely sacs, lightly kneading each of the two spongy eggs through folds of warm scrotal skin, and he says a silent prayer that they will fill up abundantly and serve as another night's worth of delightful midnight nourishment.

When Lan Zhan has completed his task, he found that his lover was gazing at him with loving, shimmering eyes. Then, a chick peep-peeped and jumped onto one of Wei Ying's thighs, and the younger man's attention is once again diverted towards the balls of fluffy cuteness.

Lan Zhan is aware that he should focus on feeding and cleaning the rabbits, so he takes his seat properly next to Wei Ying. He finds it enjoyable to have velvety warm-bodies mingle and crowd over his naked lower body. They run up and down his thighs, slide down his legs, and when he lifts his knees

to sit cross-legged, they hop underneath and play merry-go-rounds. Soon, Lan Zhan has a *sea* of wriggling rabbits captured between his crossed legs, and he *wibbles and shakes and screams* internally because of their unbelievable *cuteness* . Some of them attempted to lick the paste off his skin - which elicited pleasurable nnnhs from his throat - while the younger ones comfortably nibbled on his toenails; a few explored with tiny paw-steps, others burrow into the cosy newfound nest of Lan Zhan's groin, and then gently snuggle against - to his horror and delight - his hardening arousal, and he was too frozen in fear, absolute humiliation, and a foreboding sense of perverseness to move any muscles lest he surprises any of the skittish creatures and send them scampering away.

He looks to the left, only to be greeted by the sight of a shameless Wei Ying doing the same with his cross-legged sitting posture. A handful of chicks helplessly squirm and struggle in a *tight* prison of Wei Ying's legs and thighs, and they peep-peeped in increasing distress. Wei Ying seemed to blatantly enjoy the sensations of soft, warm fuzzy bodies wriggling around his genitals (as evidenced by his half-closed eyes, tilted chin upward into the sky with lips slightly parted - that silly and familiar orgasmic face), and Lan Zhan didn't know whether to feel scandalized or mesmerized by the utterly distasteful act - especially when Wei Ying's erection stands at full mast in its own sea of brown downy baby chicks.

Then, a hen flies and lands on Wei Ying's thighs - apparently acting on the chicks' distraught calls. Wei Ying was surprised by the flutter of feathers and the scratchy pain of thick claws gripping on his leg, and could not react in time.

In retribution for the outrageous conduct towards her children, the angry hen pecked the offending cock.

**“OWWWWWWWW!”**

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As the clouds roll across the sky, there are brief windows in time when the afternoon heat subsides and it becomes safe to walk in the open without any fear of getting sunburnt (Wei Ying has enough of those from his daytime job in the city).

Lan Zhan squats on one of the garden patches and pulls out a few weeds. They thrive as well as the vegetables, probably because the plants are fed with the same nutritious fertile soil and rich mineral waters from their lotus pond, he thought, and the weeds become a troubling nuisance when they grow so fast that they curl and choke the smaller-sized crops such as Wei Ying's favourite chilli plants.

The younger man also lends a helping hand - and Lan Zhan is grateful, because they accomplish much more, and much faster, together - although he is frequently distracted by other more entertaining things besides plucking unmoving weeds:

Wei Ying would find an anthill and poke it with a twig (just for the fun of it) unless it's full of red ants in which he'll yelp at getting stung and leaves those ants alone;

come across small birds' nests hidden in bushes or between blades of grass, and excitedly bring them to Lan Zhan, in which the latter Mmms in

acknowledgement and calmly tells Wei Ying to please put it back where you found them;

collect an assortment of empty snail shells, pebbles with intriguing designs, frail but beautiful insect moults and shells such as those from cicada's, in which Lan Zhan Mmms again and tells Wei Ying to leave them on the ground because they belong to mother nature - especially the insect sheddings because his skin *crawls* from the sight of those yucky things;

spends an inordinate amount of time looking *under* leaves and grass, because he might chance upon caterpillars or other bugs and put them into his basket purse of goodies for the chicks (he hasn't forgiven the hen yet, but he's alright with her babies - there's a small bandage around his aching flaccid cock after Lan Zhan casted a few Healing spells although there are no injuries to the precious organ - just an angry-red nip-mark on the delicate foreskin, which Lan Zhan then applied some herbal antiseptic cream and wrapped a strip of cloth around it. It looks adorable with a white ribbon bow around it. Lan Zhan could not resist giving the pink fleshy tip a kiss after his tender loving treatment - he says it's a healing kiss, but Wei Ying mutters that Lan Zhan is a heartless pervert for taking advantage of his suffering to decorate the victimized cock);

At some point, Lan Zhan feels an urge to relieve himself after having a few more cups of cooling herbal tea during their afternoon farm-work, so he stands up, dusts himself and prepares to find some bushes or run to the nearest irrigation stream. Wei Ying catches on quickly, quietly creeps up from behind and then playfully ambush the older man with a tight embrace. Lan Zhan groans with an irritated voice, Wei Ying, let go; in which the younger man shakes his head in defiance, and starts whistling straight into Lan Zhan's ears and causes the older man to shiver and shake in ticklish discomfort. Wei Ying reaches down to the navel and starts tickling ruthlessly all over the quivering (but well-muscled) abdomen; he runs

wiggling fingers up and down the ribs, all over the chest and even the brown nipple nubs are not spared; the attacks continue ruthlessly on the most ticklish and weakest spots with ghosting, scratching and scraping fingernails. Lan Zhan squirms and struggles a little, going breathless, trying his best not to burst into giggles at the maddeningly intense sensations; but he knows, Wei Ying will never let go until he yields to his playful games.

Later, red-faced Lan Zhan is forced to pee on a healthy young chilli plant, his twitching penis still held captive by Wei Ying's hands. The mischievous *devil* flicks and swings the helpless organ around, creating circular and arching sprinkles into the air. Lan Zhan groans again, not because of the sheer embarrassment from being made to perform aerial displays of pee, but because Wei Ying's terrorizing antics goes up a notch and he starts stroking the tired flesh vigorously while cupping and massaging the balls and groin areas. Lan Zhan is in *no* condition to reach another *normal* orgasm because he's still in his refractory period after such a wonderful morning, but he hardens anyway as an instinctual physiological reaction from those relentless masturbatory hand-fist pumps, that Wei Ying manages to make it stiff enough, excited enough, engorged enough to fill the tube leading to the cockslit with a minimal but reasonable amount of pre-cum, sexual fluids mixed with just a tiny, tiny amount of potent seed that his hardworking body is able to produce so far - and he orgasms very weakly in shuddering breaths and trembling hips trying valiantly to hold his legs standing up, and dribbles out a meagre stream of watery ejaculate flavoured with tasty rhythmic moans and heated flushed complexion.

Wei Ying makes sure his young chilli plants get all the nutrition they need.

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The sun shines at a lower angle, so they worked around the courtyard - sweeping up dead leaves into tidy piles, chopping firewood, taking out the garbage (and compost the kitchen waste), then taking in the dried laundry (including Lan Zhan's bone-dry outer robes), and other menial household chores. Wei Ying remarks that the cleaned courtyard looks inviting for a cultivation session, so both of them stood side by side, and performed a twenty-minute routine together with Lan Zhan leading, and Wei Ying following (actually, he just copies the movements without much thought - they still sweated and huffed and felt their *qi* energy flow and rise within their bodies; so it must be working).

Lan Zhan decides to work on his mini-project of making a new pair of trousers for Wei Ying. Sitting on the bench by the lotus pond, he sews using the magical needles and threads gifted by Fifth Sister. It takes a little effort to set up the spell - he needed to thread the needles, then align the pieces of cloth he'd cut using the fabric shears (which cut amazingly accurate according to the marked lines on the cloth, and there are no split edges either). Then, he follows the written instructions that came with the sewing kit, and channels minute amounts of *qi* and Thought (the booklet says "to imagine, with as much focus as possible, on every single detail of the garment, every curve, dart, fold, seam, pattern and design that is intended" - Lan Zhan perfectly masters this with his exceptionally three-dimensional visualization of the trousers, so rich in realistic detail that an imaginary topless Wei Ying in the said garment catwalks across a rainbow runway in his mind). The needle vibrates and thrums with living energy, and starts to float, dive, twist and turn gracefully on its own through the pieces of fabrics, and bring them together into Lan Zhan's first magically-created tailoring masterpiece - Wei Ying's new beige-coloured trousers with fine silky-soft cloud-patterns.

(In modern terms, this is a predecessor of the sewing machine.)

As Wei Ying wipes his sweat from the afternoon heat, he discovers that his bamboo rodent traps had caught three squirrels near the kitchen's windowsill. Undecided on what to do, he shows them to Lan Zhan, who had just finished folding the new pair of trousers. Lan Zhan shakes his head, but makes it clear that he doesn't want them scurrying nor stalking near their home *ever again* .

Wei Ying gave the older man's words a thought, and finally voiced out his well-kept intention and asked if they could go to the evening market - because he could drop off the squirrels there, and find a buyer for those doomed pests. At market price, three squirrels could go into someone's wild-game hotpot in exchange for a silver piece.

Lan Zhan nods dismissively, because that would reduce their amount of problems living in the isolated estate in the middle of nowhere of an uninhabited forest by three squirrels, and he was fine with that. He also adds that he'd like to stretch his legs and go for a walk at the markets, because - he voices out his own well-kept intention of perusing Third Sister's coupons and cards, and he is looking forward to see how many points he can earn, and what kinds of household *stuff* he can redeem with those points. Wei Ying scratches his head with a "Huh?", clearly not understanding the mechanics of member and loyalty cards.

Wei Ying then asks, if Lan Zhan's conscience is clear about selling off innocent animals to the slaughterhouse; because he is worried at that hint of sneer that flashed across the older man's face when they talked about the squirrels destined for someone's dinner plate.

Lan Zhan replies curtly that there are too many pests around the 'Mounds. And that he allows that one piece of silver to be exchanged for a jar of

Laozu Smiles, for tonight.

Wei Ying brightens up and hums. No further questions, he remarks.

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Lan Zhan catches himself yawning although it's just a little after four in the afternoon, and he was sure he had a good sleep earlier that day. He decides to take a short break and leans forward in his seat on the wooden bench, his chin resting on his hands on the table, observing his lovely Wei Ying treading in the shallow waters of their lotus pond.

Wei Ying walks towards the deeper centre of the pond and then goes down on all fours with a splash. He crawls along the pond's bed, his head sticking out amongst the upright blooming lotus flowers, and his hands roam around to find a good-sized lotus root underwater. Although the water is clear, however, the oversized lotus leafs covered a significant area of the surface and gives ample shade to the pond, so it is impossible to see through the dark, shadowed waters.

Lan Zhan enjoys the view of Wei Ying's naked ass weaving among the pink blooms, and he thought how nice it would be if he was feeling up for it, dive into the waters, grab his tantalizingly vulnerable lover by the hips, and make sweet amorous love with that puckered inviting rosebud as pink as the flowers surrounding them in their pond of blissful passionate love. He'd feel so homely and comforted, he would likely stay inside his lovely Wei Ying for the rest of the day - if he wasn't feeling so sleepy at the moment

(he yawns again, just as he spies a pair of slightly hairy balls jiggling between lean thighs).

Soon, Wei Ying is immersed in waist-deep waters, at the centre of the pond. He starts to giggle in the rippling waters and tells Lan Zhan that the fishies and shrimpies are nibbling and tickling all over his body. Lan Zhan explains with a neutral tone that they're probably just eating up any dead skin, cleaning his toenails, and giving a free beauty spa. Wei Ying refuses to believe him, and shouts out that of all the animals that he's encountered around the 'Mounds - almost every single one of them avoids him except for these unintelligent freshwater creatures; so it must be because they're trying to be friendly with him. Lan Zhan hnnns and nods off drowsily, because he knows it's not worth his time to argue on trivial matters regarding how impossible (and absurd) it is for fishes to become friendly with a human.

The next time he wakes up with a rude jolt, Wei Ying *cried* for help in splashing waters.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

Unbeknown to the couple, Wei Ying enjoyed immensely being tickled (and loved, he imagined) by the friendly community of freshwater creatures. He giggled, chortled, and hiccuped with so much laughter his quaking stomach began to ache. Naturally, the wavy movements of involuntary muscles sent bubbles of gas out from his rump and into the pondwaters.

The denizens of the lotus pond have been feeding on all sorts of *stuff* , including waste and non-waste substances from their human owners, and have come to like, even actively seek out for, tasty morsels that are imbued with incredible amounts of life-giving and high-growth *qi* energies. They've also learnt that there are two sources of the said precious food, with one being more superior and tastier than the other.

When those bubbles of gas erupted from a particular human's rear, the creatures detected and immediately reacted with excitement - it's the superior-tasting morsel of food that they crave so much. (Because Wei Ying did not clean the insides of his ass after such a wonderful morning with Lan Zhan; aftercare is primarily Lan Zhan's job, after all)

Like a swarm piranhas bathed in a pool of their favourite meal, the fishies and shrimpies go berserk and head towards their superior-tasting food.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

Lan Zhan is drenched from head to toe with pondwater and ends up with torn lotus flower petals, leafs and broken stems hanging from his body and clothes, when he heroically runs into the shallow pool and drags out a flailing (but not drowning) Wei Ying. When they make landfall and safely climbed onto the edge of the pond, he is stunned and astonished; even as teary-eyed Wei Ying cries, shouts swear-words at all sorts of marine and freshwater species he's learnt in school, curls up his body into a ball and with hands grabbing blindly at his rear, he tries to pull out the wriggling, writhing invading creatures worming into his asshole.

Lan Zhan has come to accept that at times, there will be occasions and mind-boggling levels of Wei Ying-ness that shakes, breaks or makes his Perfect universe spiral out of control into something different altogether - for better or worse.

He shakes his head and has no words to describe what he thinks or how he feels. Gently and methodically, he helps Wei Ying to extract fish, eels and shrimps and place them into a basket. After a quick Healing spell directly into the gaping canal, and a Diagnose spell to make sure there is nothing else to worry about, he cradles a traumatized, quivering wet and red-flushed Wei Ying in his arms by the pondside.

Lan Zhan mentally notes to investigate further into this unbelievable phenomenon, and then educate his lover about how fishies can (not) become friendly with a human.

That evening, the planned dinner menu: freshwater extravaganza hotpot, boiled fish, egg fu yong with lots of shrimps, stir-friend mixed garden vegetables and sliced lotus roots, and steaming hot rice.

Notes for the Chapter:

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!

I wrote this on the fly because I realized that this arc is supposed to be about farm animals, but I hadn't written anything about them so far in the recent chapters!

So, my apologies if it's a bit crazy and rushed, but I hope it's still a fun read for everyone!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 26

Notes for the Chapter:

NOTE: This fic is on temporary hiatus or will progress at a slower pace as The Untamed Special Edition has just started its run, and I'm literally in a state of "Ican'teven" from the new / deleted scenes!

Extra scenes from the previous chapter

Wei Ying pulls out all the stops when it comes to making Lan Zhan's daily life as joyful and fulfilling as possible, especially on the days when he doesn't need to work in Yiling (because his daytime job *is* exhausting, and he comes back tired with little energy for anything else), when he isn't in a rush to spread his legs for the older man (because there's plenty of 'everyday's, on every day), and when his mind isn't distracted busy hatching up new pranks (it's just Wei Ying being Wei Ying; no further explanation needed).

For example:

When they herded the chickens and carried the rabbits to the meadows, Wei Ying would start by humming an old Gusu folk tunes he'd learnt during his student days in the Cloud Recesses. Then, Lan Zhan would unconsciously sing a few lines because he knows the words by heart, and together, they end up chorusing in perfect harmony;

Even after suffering a (brutal) nip to his birdie - now tied with a cute white ribbon bow -, he accompanies Lan Zhan to play with the rabbits. He knows

the older man has an unhealthy obsession in observing the creatures' behaviour, movements and natural habits. Wei Ying deliberately nudges the fertile doe toward the energetic bucks, and unsurprisingly, Lan Zhan becomes transfixed in watching a soft porn flick of rabbits attempting to mount each other repeatedly. Wei Ying casually coats his palms with the gooey medicinal paste (which acts as an excellent lubricant), then sneaks his hands into the older man's crotch and starts fiddling with the hard-half meaty arousal. Lan Zhan becomes terribly conflicted because he doesn't know whether to admonish Wei Ying, keep watching the breeding rabbits, or just give up and let Wei Ying indulge in his secret kinky fantasies and playfully stroke him in time with how the buck pistons speedily into the doe's rump. While struggling to make a choice, his breathing becomes erratic, he loses focus and images of mating furred creatures blur into fingers that keep circling, curling and squeezing until he knows that he will lose to the pleasurable waves throbbing from his melting dick surrounded by a sea of rutting rabbits. His indecision proves to be his downfall, to Wei Ying's delight and giggles;

As they weaved through the many rows of growing cabbages, carrots and other greens to check for undesirable weeds or insect pests - Wei Ying walks side by side with his spouse, suddenly grabs his hands and intertwines their fingers, and he happily swings the joined hands back and forth. Lan Zhan would blush with a tiniest tinge of pink on his cheeks, at such a childish and subtly sweet, romantic display of affection from his lover. His hands grow warm in Wei Ying's firm grasp;

When they walk close enough to each other, Wei Ying switches gears and takes advantage of their proximity and pantslessness. He starts touching Lan Zhan at every opportunity, just like in the morning. At first, the older man tries to be patient and tolerate the frisky fingers that slide underneath his shirt to molest the heated skin and muscles - not to forget the nipples - until they tickle and tingle with pleasure. He starts to groan Wei Ying's name in warning, but that falls on deaf ears and it is futile to ward off those pesky hands that keep pinching and swatting his defenceless buttocks, slide

between his moving thighs and jiggle his jewels, and naughty grabs at his harassed semi-erection. Lan Zhan feels bothered, restless and his nerves become a little more frayed, the gentle liquid flow of his Perfect universe becomes disturbed, stirred, swollen, rising, rising and finally overflow their riverbanks. Lan Zhan growls, pulls Wei Ying by the wrist and yanks both of them into a bush. Then, he crudely pushes the young man to the ground pillowed by freshly watered grass and summer flowers, and he has no problem spreading Wei Ying's naked legs between his hot and bothered convulsing paste-lubricated cock. Wei Ying laughs and cries rape and mockingly accuses the venerable Han Guang Jun of taking his virginity and sexually assaulting his abused ass. Then the cries fade and turn into shameless moans;

While practising cultivation, Wei Ying doesn't need to think or recall the intricate steps and limb movements, because he copies Lan Zhan's moves perfectly fine. He easily becomes bored and starts chattering while drawing wide circles with his hands, sway his body to symbolize the eternal flow-patterns of *yin* and *yang* , and throw sharp punches and kicks to cultivate, develop and raise the *qi* energy levels in his body. He talks about something he remembers from sixteen years ago, something about the sudden heavy rains during the day before, something about manufacturing a particular order of talismans for a customer later in the evening, and something about his plans for the next few days. He goes on and on about his views, his hopes, his dreams, his wants and what he likes and dislikes, while mimicking Lan Zhan's every moves. Lan Zhan does not appear distracted, and his face remains perfectly expressionless; he listens attentively and takes on a ready-stance;

When Lan Zhan exhales after performing the final Eighth Level stance, and starts wiping sweat from his face and neck with a towel to wrap up his cultivation practice, Wei Ying hastily skips over and grabs the older man's wrists. He bounces excitedly and tells Lan Zhan to Let's go there, over there, right over there, come on, COME ON!; in which the Lan Zhan gives a confused look that speaks multitudes of What is it, Why, What's

happened, Where are we going, Why are you dragging me; but Wei Ying is thrumming with joy, glee and his feelings of anticipation and his fluttering heart soars high with re-charged *qi* batteries that he nearly *hauls* the older man into a patch of dense grass because he's impatient, he wants it, WANTS IT NOW DAMN IT. Minutes later, Wei Ying flings Lan Zhan's sole garment (the poor shirt) high up to a tree's branch, pushes the older man down and straddles him *hard*, and proceeds to fuck himself vigorously on Lan Zhan's (tired and fatigued, and already lovingly emptied *excessively too* many times) lovestick with rolling hips and balls-deep thrusts. Lan Zhan helplessly moans and claws and kicks the grass and nnnghs rhythmically on the ground for quite a while after that. The day's cultivated *qi* pleasantly drains into Wei Ying's quivering ass in forced, excited spurts;

Lan Zhan sits on the wooden bench next to the lotus pond, fully naked, and needs only a minute to fix the small rips on his shirt - a victim of Wei Ying's passionately aggressive *seed-sucking* lovemaking powered by *qi* - fuelled lust. He sighs and tells himself he should be more *aware* of Wei Ying's mood swings, which can be susceptible to *qi* energy levels. When he's done with the shirt, he prepares to fix a couple more garments and make a new pair of trousers for Wei Ying.

Wei Ying approaches with a tray of tea and a plate of light snacks including a mix of toasted nut, reheated bread rolls and sweet bean dumplings. (His face is shiny and smooth, his complexion glows, plump and moisturized; he looks to be in the pink of health.) As he places the food on the table, he bends down and fondly kisses Lan Zhan's left cheek. Lan Zhan Mmns in acknowledgement, and feels Wei Ying's naked groin rubbing seductively against his back. He feels something familiar twitch. Wei Ying licks his lips.

Wei Ying certainly livens up Lan Zhan's day.

4:00 pm

Lan Zhan also livens up Wei Ying's interesting time-twisted day, although the older man has no knowledge nor recollection of the usage of such prohibited spells; other than feeling rather sleepy after the afternoon snack.

(In modern times, it wouldn't be too far off to say that he's no good with jet lags.)

After the terrifying episode involving *un* friendly denizens of the freshwater pond, Lan Zhan gently bridal-carries Wei Ying back to their home, where he dries off the shaking teary-eyed man with a towel, gives plenty of hugs, and lulls him to calmness with back-and-forth rocking motion in his embrace and sweet murmurs of "It's alright, it's alright".

He tells Wei Ying that he promises to take him to the evening market, so he needs to be a brave boy, and brave boys don't cry. Wei Ying nods fervently like a child listening to a parent's advice, and snuffles to get rid of runny snot in his nose. Lan Zhan continues to rub soothing circles on Wei Ying's back, and asks if he's alright to have a delicious seafood hotpot dinner with the fishies and shrimpies (because there's a whole bunch of them waiting in the basket on the kitchen counter). There is a meaningful pause, before the younger man nods cautiously and agrees. Good boy, Lan Zhan says with a smooch on the forehead and a ruffle of hair at the back, and adds that Brave boys will be rewarded with yummy food and a memorable trip to the market. Wei Ying "En!"s cutely, feeling better, and dark memories of those

creatures violating his ass a while ago dissipates like gossamer in the summer breeze.

Lan Zhan tells Wei Ying to wait outside the kitchen while dinner is being prepared, so that they can leave for the evening market earlier. He creaks his neck muscles and cracks the knuckle joints while wielding a large, deadly-looking chopping knife. He cuts up the still-wriggling, immobile creatures in the basket in the worst, most gruesome, and inhumane ways - leaving blood, entrails and splintered heads splattered all over the kitchen counter; it's his own way of expressing his utmost rage at the fishies and shrimpies that dare to touch his beloved Wei Ying.

4:20 pm

Wei Ying stays in the workroom and starts writing out talismans to be sold in his next trip to the marketplace. A few housewives have placed advanced orders of useful household spells, especially the elemental ones. When he's done writing the twentieth talisman (and feels awfully bored and mentally exhausted from doing so - because it's as boring as copying Gusu Lan's scriptures), he notices the opened gift-box set of sewing *stuff* . With his typical overwhelming curiosity, he reaches for it and starts taking apart the box and its contents. As he takes out each needle, thread and other indescribable items, analyzes and fiddles with them, his back knocks against the Dustless Broom. The older man had stored the cleaning stick in the workroom after using it to clean their house (more than once a day).

Wei Ying grins, and decides that he can write the rest of the talismans later.

4:30 pm

Lan Zhan finished chopping, cleaning and arranging the ingredients on the counter - in perfect sequence, shapes and sizes. His apron is splashed with bloody red, so he takes it off, soaks it in the kitchen sink for a bit, before throwing it to the laundry basket. Next, he goes to the outdoor bath for a quick rinse because there's *so much blood on his hands* , and when he returns to the bedroom in search of something to wear from the wardrobe cupboard, he sees from a distance a hardworking Wei Ying hunched over on the workroom's table.

Lan Zhan thinks he should reward his brave and hardworking boy.

4:45 pm

Wei Ying walks with springy steps to the kitchen with lively shouts of “Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Look what I’ve--” and the noise dies down.

Lan Zhan turns around with two bowls of freshly slaughtered fish, eels and shrimps in his hands. A hotpot containing clear meat broth has been set to boil at the center of the dining table, and several plates of prepared side dishes surround it, including an ugly-looking boiled freshwater tilapia, an egg dish and stir-fried vegetables.

Wei Ying is more than thrilled, not because of the sumptuous feast laid out in front of him; Lan Zhan wears only a new apron and nothing else.

5:00 pm

“Wei Ying, five more minutes. The broth will boil and we’ll start dinner.”

“En!” and Wei Ying happily mmmfs into a face full of firm fleshy glutes and nuzzles and breathes in deeply through the butt crack. He sits on a chair and lovingly embraces a standing Lan Zhan from the back, and has been spending the last many fulfilling minutes molesting the naked broad back, feel every rise and dip of perfectly-contoured muscles, skimming fingers down the ribs on the side and the small of the back, where he lick lick licks the valley along the spine and then he *feasts* on the appealingly smooth, toned ass. He bites, licks, swats, pinches, caresses and does whatever he wants to his heart’s content.

Lan Zhan squeezes his glutes, alternating between both sides. Wei Ying cheerfully chomps on each.

“Do the thing you always do when you’re in bed,” Wei Ying murmurs sexily into the ass cleft.

Lan Zhan sighs and humours Wei Ying’s pointless request (it is pointless, because it happens in bed everyday anyway), takes a low squatting stance, and starts shaking his hips and wiggle the springy muscled mounds of flesh.

Lan Zhan is surprisingly athletic and flexibly, and twerks well. Wei Ying becomes an excited ball of Yes Yes More Yes Do It Oh Yeah Baby, and starts grabbing and spanking the enticing ass.

5:05 pm

As expected, the broth boils, the raw food is dumped unceremoniously into the hotpot and sweetens the bubbling liquid into a tasty, nutritious and wholesome simmering seafood soup, to whet the couple's vengeful appetites of the fishies and shrimpies.

Wei Ying revels in the sights that accompany their dinner, especially when Lan Zhan purposely parades around the kitchen to grab the salt shaker, pass a spoon, pour another serving of soup, top their rice bowls, and put the dirty bowls and plates into the kitchen sink *one by one* - and Wei Ying takes every chance to swipe, fondle, touch and jiggle whatever his fingers can reach, each time the older man passes by.

After a satisfying dinner, they strolled to the outdoor bath with Lan Zhan feeling Perfectly accomplished and composed for having scored perfect tens in keeping his lover happy after a long, long morning and afternoon. Wei Ying reciprocates and snakes his limbs erotically all over Lan Zhan, seducing and sexually coaxing the older man to do the deed, as an unspoken gesture of thanks, and they have a quickie in the splashing, rippling bathwaters.

To celebrate the end of Wei Ying's No Pants Day, the couple kissed passionately with their bodies closely intertwined and joined; Lan Zhan yawns mid-way into the kiss, and Wei Ying cast a few spells, including Energize, and the older man enthusiastically resumes their amorous, intimate act until Wei Ying is left breathless above, and underwater.

6:30 pm

“Wei Ying... are you sure?”

“Yes, yes, let's hurry up and get this done! I wanna visit every stall in the funfair, and I don't want to miss the fireworks!”

Earlier, Wei Ying had shown Lan Zhan his latest invention, which consists of the detachable round head of the Dustless Broom affixed to a plain wooden plate. One of the magical needles gifted by Fifth Sister was glued to the plate, and it is surrounded by a dizzying array of colourful talismans plastered on the same surface including modified Eye, Memory and Energy spells, bound by a complex pattern of bright blue Binding Spell threads.

Lan Zhan correctly guessed that upon activation, somehow the needle will point to the desired directions, similar to how it can gracefully float, dive, thrust, spin and twirl when sewing fabrics together. Wei Ying has channeled *qi* into number of modified Energy talismans that act as a temporary, portable power source for the needle, so that it is able to generate enough momentum to move the entire structure; especially since the needle is tied to threads connecting the Energy sources.

Wei Ying lifts the plate to Lan Zhan's eye level, and instructs the latter to touch one finger to the needle, and the other to the Memory talisman. The older man goes along with the request, though he feels a bit silly doing so. Following the next set of instructions, Lan Zhan closes his eyes and tries to imagine his daily routine of d-brooming the floor around their cave-home. He recounts his steps, the junctions where he turns, the furniture that he avoids, and also walking along the edges right until he hit the corners - in perfect high-resolution images and tidily executed sequences inside his mind. The modified Memory talisman glows yellow as it absorbs the thoughts through the man's fingertips, and that same luminescence travels into the needle, which starts to vibrate animatedly.

Wei Ying takes away the humming d-broom, taps two fingers on the enhanced Eye talisman "to make sure this thing can see where it's going", and then gently places it on the ground. He unnecessarily shouts his nonsensical mystical phrase of "Alibaba! (阿里巴巴)! A-ling de baba! (阿令的爸爸)" with raised hands, just for the sake of entertaining himself.

"It's... alive!" his voice quivers and goes up an octave.

The dinner plate-sized d-broom whirrs *alive* and starts to move on its own. Lan Zhan stares at the cleaning stick-turned-automaton as it slowly drags itself on a path that Lan Zhan is familiar with, leaving behind a trail of shiny cleaned floor surface. He is astonished, speechless and doesn't know how to feel besides absolute awe; although, somewhere deep inside, there's a small prickly bitter-sour feeling in watching a nonliving object *taking over* one of his favourite and eponymous role and identity at home (because Lan Zhan is to Bichen as Bichen is to the Dustless Broom, and they all get rid of the dirt and dust in their own worlds) - is there a foreboding sense of impending helplessness and redundancy?

He didn't have time to ruminate through his thoughts, as Wei Ying grabs him by the wrists and rants non-stop about the waiting snacks and candies vendors, of funfair games, and maybe finding a few rabbit-themed lanterns to buy at the evening market.

D-broom continues to teeter-totter unsteadily around the empty cave-home following its predetermined route, after its inhabitants leave on a sputtering flying Bichen to Yiling.

Notes for the Chapter:

I can't I can't I can't I can't I can't.

OH MY GOD The Untamed Special Edition has just been released and my brain has short-circuited and my fic-writing blood circulation just got cut off instantly...

I've been left so barren, dead, unfeeling, dying from the lack or the perceived end of any new Wangxian stuff from the live-action drama.. that seeing my twitter feed EXPLODE into life with bursts of deleted scenes - I.. AM.... ALIVE..... AND.....FLY----YING.....!!!!

Even just a few extra seconds of seeing Lan Wang Ji spinning and stumbling drunkenly around Wei Wuxian in the Cloud Recesses... my frozen Wangxian inner fangirl heart has melted more than it had in the last few months after the drama ended.

So, my apologies that this chapter ended abruptly. I will patch things up when things have calmed down and continue to write more!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: added one more section for "6:30 pm", because I just needed to get this out before I slip into the abyss of The Untamed and fall in love all over again.

Chapter 27

There are three main evening markets in Yiling and numerous vendors throng the streets and set up their stalls to lay out their wares after six pm. The markets span several more districts during the weekends to draw a bigger crowd; during festivals, school holidays and certain celebrations, those streets become *packed* because of special attractions organized by the townspeople, such as concerts, funfairs and fireworks displays. Summer is in full swing, so evenings in Yiling are teeming with locals and visitors from nearby provinces, enjoying the vibrant nightlife that the city has to offer.

Wei Ying had asked Lan Zhan if he was really sure to go on a trip to the evening market, while both of them blazed on Bichen at full throttle against a backdrop of fading deep orange-red hued sky at dusk. Lan Zhan merely nods, adamant on keeping his promise despite Tian *dajie* 's advice. He tells Wei Ying that they'll take extra precautions, and confidently says that "It will be alright." Wei Ying leans closer and tightens his grasp on his partner's hand.

Eventually the sun dips below the horizon, welcoming a clear night sky with few silver-lined clouds. From a distance, between forested hills that encircle the sprawling city, hundreds of amber lanterns light up and dot the Market Streets, creating a beautiful gold-speckled landscape that mirrors the starry heavens above.

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Heavy swords are forbidden in the main market areas during active business hours, as gazetted by the City Council, for safety and security reasons. In the past, local police officers were posted at the entrances and in booths located around important junctions, and there have been occasions where rogue cultivators swoop in and cause a ruckus in the streets, or worse, rob unsuspecting pedestrians in a typical hit-and-run fashion; they're known as "pirates from the skies".

However, in the recent months, Wei Ying has noticed a disconcerting increase in the presence of fully-armed (and often aggressive) Jin patrol guards, which have kept the townspeople on their toes, and kept the streets' crime rates very low; although pirates and robbers no longer dare to emerge in broad daylight, there is always a sense of fear and unrest from the people due to the constant checks and harassment by the guards - especially those who linger in the streets for too long, boast interesting-looking equipment such as fancy swords or luxury items of high value, or those who are clad in dark colours (which run against the Grand Cultivation Council's latest gold-themed socio-cultural programmes aptly named "Gold Is In Vogue").

"Lan Zhan, watch out - I see some Jin guards at the main parking lot," Wei Ying barks out in warning as they approach an empty plot of land just a stone's throw away from the Market Streets. His eyes stare at a glowing reflection from an activated, modified red Eye talisman that allows him to spy far distances in the dark with sharp vision (the same talisman used with lampblack for *burning* detailed pictures onto fabrics, such as one with Wei Ying and Lan Zhan 'lewding the bunnies', not too long ago). A few unwary cultivators have landed their swords on that lot, and unsurprisingly, they were approached by some burly-looking men in gold-plated armour. One with a particularly wide broadsword and a drunken, flushed complexion, and sported filled money pouches dangling from his sash, was inevitably apprehended and led away with his legs kicking in mid-air. (Wei Ying sniggered inwardly - that man probably has his sights set on the gambling dens in Fragrant Blossoms Street, which isn't too far from the evening markets.)

“Mn. We’ll land a little farther ahead,” Lan Zhan replies with a neutral voice. There is no concern, as he’s well-versed about where to land their blade albeit in further and probably illegal parking spots.

It seems a number of people have the same idea, and soon, the couple found themselves stuck in a sort of traffic congestion of clashing swords, cultivators pointing and swearing at each other, and blades cutting into others’ queues. The hectic scenery is not uncommon, especially during dinnertime peak hours and people rush to find any remaining available parking space on small patches of illegally-cleared bushland on the fringes of Yiling.

Fortunately, Lan Zhan is able to maneuver Bichen with amazing dexterity and finesse despite its bulky and heavy-duty design, and avoid any untoward accidents (having the cutting edge of a blade poke into another’s shoes can be an unpleasant and bloody experience). They had to allow a few unruly (young, with ridiculous punk hairstyles and garish robes) cultivators who swerve too close and rudely pushed everyone aside to cleanly insert their sword at the front of the queue. Wei Ying shouted a few cuss words but his voice was drowned by angrier older men and women on even bigger rides.

Lan Zhan remains unfazed at the disturbance, and focuses on steering Bichen slowly to the next available slot. One ambitious couple overtook them and side-skidded in. Flustered Wei Ying starts to swear again but Lan Zhan’s reaches up to push down the younger man’s shaking, accusing pointing index finger, signalling him to calm down his ruffled feathers. At last, after guiding Bichen to fit on a narrow strip of grass, and sheathing the blade into its scabbard to lock it, the couple got off with a heavy sigh - in some way, they were mentally exhausted - but victorious; solving their

parking woes means half of the battle is already won. Lan Zhan pays the fee of a silverpiece to a shady-looking man dressed in black layered cloaks, and off they go, to the evening market.

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Wearing light-coloured clothes and not carrying anything that may attract unwanted attention, the couple easily blends into the moving masses of commoners, scholars, farmers, merchants, artisans, cultivators, martial artists, magic-users and all sorts of folks, locally and from other provinces. Wei Ying is especially thrilled with his new pair of beige trousers, and he doesn't hesitate to walk with a spring in his steps and an extra sway in his hips, while twirling a small burlap bag with his fingers.

The crowd increased in size as they approach via the West Market Street. At the sight of two Jin guards at the junction leading into the evening market, Wei Ying instructs Lan Zhan to seal his golden core to avoid detection; during his hair-raising street peddling adventures, Wei Ying has seen a fair number of Jin magic-users, and they are adept at wielding many kinds of spells, including those that sniff out their own kin and gifted people who possess suspiciously high levels of *qi* or golden core energies. The older man obliges, makes a cross-mark sign on his chest with a *zzip!* sound, and they walk ahead.

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Wei Ying “Waaaah!”s with gleeful sparkles in his eyes when greeted by colourful bright lights, blaring music, noisy chatters, and *miles upon miles*

of people and their families meandering amongst rows of market stalls and shopfronts. The couple walked slowly side by side, and when Wei Ying spots some interesting wares he'd grab Lan Zhan's wrist and drag the older man to the targeted stall. There is a variety of vendors selling touristy (such as shirts with brash loud "I-Love-Yiling" prints with a big heart for Yiling's "Y") and cheap fashionable clothes and footwear; dodgy-looking souvenirs and collectables (woven scarves, handbags and purses, embroidered goods); antiques (counterfeit terracotta statues sell very well), shiny accessories (with fake precious stones made with questionable craftsmanship); and even normal household goods. A few street peddlers tried to sell them twisted and useless versions of Yiling Laozu portraits and magical gadgets, which peeved Wei Ying to no end, and Lan Zhan had to grab his wrist and drag away his disgruntled lover.

During the leisurely stroll, Wei Ying would try to keep their physical contact without being too obvious:

Sometimes he when passes Lan Zhan, he'd momentarily hook their index fingers before letting go; Lan Zhan feels his fingertip throb a little;

Wei Ying would excitedly hop from one stall to another, and when he swivels to the next vendor with Lan Zhan at his back, he pretends to lose his balance, and place a palm on the older man's chest to steady himself. Lan Zhan lets Wei Ying massage his muscled breast for a few seconds, and even a couple of flicks on his nipples through the shirt with a naughty thumb;

While hunching over a cart to scan a tabletop full of bangles, earrings, necklaces and anklets made from cheap glass and low-grade jade, Wei Ying knows all eyes are on the goods and not towards the floor. He sneakily slides one leg to the side and rubs the top of a foot against Lan Zhan's calves in seductive circles.



As the crowd swells, Lan Zhan began to trail behind Wei Ying with a thinly-masked look of discomfort; people start to squeeze each other, and strangers' hands start to rub and hit one another unintentionally; he appears especially *constipated* (distressed) when *tailed* by buskers, street performers, peddlers, even the odd beggar and people dressed in bizarre costumes preaching some kind of exotic cult or religion (one of his nightmares, really). Wei Ying, on the other hand, has a time of his life haggling or having a shouting match above the din with vendors hawking their goods on wooden carts or even on a piece of canvas on the dusty ground. He'd find out the kinds of colours or shapes available, then ask about the prices and try to bring them down, then happily declines and skips away without any thought or regret; Lan Zhan used to find this behavior to be strange - why would a person ask about the goods, and not buy them? - but these days, he doesn't question Wei Ying's logic anymore.

At certain times, Lan Zhan finds himself caught between haphazard *streams* of market-goers. He's not good in dealing with such situations, and usually stands petrified with a distraught look on his face until a window of opportunity appears to escape; however such windows are rare - when Wei Ying realizes Lan Zhan has gone missing, he sighs at his partner's ineptness and backtracks to (easily) find him (Lan Zhan is slightly taller than the average adult male, and his exceptionally good looks draws attention from younger female shoppers - especially when he halts in the middle of the street and becomes very conspicuous). Wei Ying would wedge himself between the older man and the *sea* of squirming moving human bodies, then, with a wrist grab, gently guides Lan Zhan to relative safety, usually in front of another stall. Lan Zhan finds himself forcibly pushed into Wei Ying's back when people continue to knock into them, and finds his crotch snug against the younger man's ass. He blushes when his slowly-hardening arousal rubs through his trousers along the butt crack - in public, no less. Wei Ying lets Lan Zhan remain in position (again, petrified), and rocks back and forth on his heels. He hums idly while browsing the stall's wares, and Lan Zhan's blush deepens.

By the time the couple emerged from the West Market Street with a few small purchases - mostly household goods that Lan Zhan needed for the kitchen (such as an extra ladle for his pots, a pack of laundry clips because the crows have stolen many of them before, and at Wei Ying's insistence, a set of two tacky-looking heart-filled mugs with the words "You're Mine" on one of them, and "I'm Yours" on the other; Wei Ying successfully bargained down the price of their purchases to half of their original values), they arrive at the funfair's open grounds.

Lan Zhan adjusts his trousers a bit, and follows a hyper-excited Wei Ying with a basket bag of their purchase held tightly in front of his crotch.

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A row of booths stand ready for Wei Ying to try his hand on fun carnival games.

There were the typical games such as: ring toss, spin the wheel, scooping goldfish, card games, throwing balls into moving baskets, hide-and-seek with coins and papercups, and shooting at straw toys with children-sized bows and arrows. Some of the games have been rigged, so the couple knows they will win some money, and lose some - all in good fun;

Also, more family-oriented ones such as bumper carts, exciting horse-driven rides through overgrown bush trails that swerve and spin their passengers violently (Wei Ying loves to lift his hands and scream YAYYYYYY while Lan Zhan grips the edge of the bamboo seat with a pale face), and carousel rides themed with the twelve mythical Middle Kingdom Zodiac animals;

There are a number of organized team games including friendly matches of bouncing *jianzi* (featherball), spinning tops, and handball. Lan Zhan prefers to watch Wei Ying enjoy these games (and play against other *children*); he does not participate willingly, unless Wei Ying shouts “I need another strong man in my team!”.

At one point, when the couple sat down to have refreshing bowls of cooling herbal tea sold by a beverage vendor, a particular booth owner proudly announced that for every five targets hit in the bullseye consecutively, the winner can choose any toy prize displayed on the shelf; for ten targets, a grand prize of a beautiful paper lantern. Wei Ying wasn’t interested in the selection of straw dolls, wooden toys and porcelain animal figurines; but has his sights set on the lanterns that hung from the top rack.

He hands his half-drunk bowl to Lan Zhan, and says, “Hold my tea.”

Wei Ying loves to be the darling in everyone’s eyes. He raises his arms to welcome the gathering, curious onlookers filing in from other booths. Then, he struts back and forth in tune to the increasingly curious murmurs, and postures with the bow and arrows. Several children in the audience squeal in excitement. Finally, when he feels the heat of anticipation radiating from the circle of mesmerized observers, he raises the bow horizontally, loads it with five arrows at once and unleashes them in a blink of an eye. Five straw targets are hit on the mark, and the spectators cheer - and then challenge him to do something crazier.

Wei Ying thumbs his nose and smugly shouts out to his new fans, “Look at me! Look at me!” (in which Lan Zhan does with a barely-noticeable smile; his inner self applauds like a lovestruck fan, and his heart skips a beat). He then blindfolds himself, grabs a handful of arrows (they look more like

palm-sized darts) and slides them into his belt, then gracefully spins around and draws his bow again. He hits the centers of *three* sets of straw targets in rapid succession - five targets for each set, stationed next to one another. The crowd goes *wild* and Lan Zhan calmly claps his hands (his inner self is left screaming breathlessly with adulation for his idol-lover-spouse-hero, and his heart skips two beats).

The booth owner was stunned, but concedes to Wei Ying's win to the delight of the people surrounding the stall. For a total of twenty targets struck by Wei Ying's amazing archery skills, he picks out two large unlit lanterns with rabbit designs - these are intended to be hung on the front entrances of homes, and their bamboo frames can be folded into small, compact discs. Lan Zhan adds these to his basket bag.

Just then, a squad of stocky and heavily armed Jin guards jostled through to check on the commotion. The crowd immediately starts to disperse; Lan Zhan was caught in the moving tide and was pushed to some distance away; some people dashed helter skelter, while others politely give way. The guards eventually reach their target and loom over the shorter Wei Ying menacingly. Lan Zhan stiffens, and was ready to pull out his newly-bought ladle from his basket bag, and throw the laundry clips at the intruders (they can function as lethal missile projectiles in the hands of a great cultivator); Wei Ying shakes his head a little towards the older man, signalling him stay out of the encounter and remain hidden. Lan Zhan nods once, then slips into the shadows in-between two nearby deserted stalls. He is extremely tense and vigilant.

Wei Ying transforms immediately to his jolly, humbled, airheaded self, and uses his **A** wesome **S** elling **S** kills to disarm the guards with plenty of praises to the Jins, and a crafty story that he was a hunter, and was skilled with bows. He even showed them the contents of the burlap sack slung over his shoulder; two guards wrinkled their noses in disgust at the sight of

knocked-out squirrels. The third guard was a little more cautious and hovered a glowing palm over Wei Ying's chest. " *Shixiong* , I sense a very weak core in this man, but there is magic-using potential in him. I do not know how far his spellcasting abilities go, though."

The second, mustached guard, leans very close and eyes Wei Ying from head to toe, before drawing back with a surprised "Ooooh!". "I've seen this man before - he's one of those peasants that peddles cheap magical talismans around here at daytime. To think that he hunts in the bushes for wild game to eat or sell, how poor and wretched can he be?" he remarks with disdain and laughs mockingly. The guards are handsomely paid and live the lives of elites; they are pampered with food served on gold or silver platter, and the thought of having to walk into the forest to kill something to eat is repulsive.

The magic-user guard, an experienced cultivator himself, agrees and adds salt to the wound, "For all we know, he could have enchanted the arrows with low-level spells before making those so-called perfect shots. What a cheap trick, and a disgrace to the cultivation world!" The guard snorts incredulously. In response to that, Wei Ying kowtows repeatedly and mumbles, "Yes Yes Yes! Young masters, you're all are correct, I'm just a poor man trying to earn a free meal here, using all sorts wily ways that I can think of... I've learnt my lesson now, I'm really a useless man, I won't do it again... can you let me go just this time?". His servile attitude attracts more scornful laughter from the trio.

The biggest, meanest Jin guard steps up, and the other two retreats as a sign of respect for their eldest. A bearded imposing man of an impressive height over seven feet tall and a gold-plated armour twice as magnificent, he towers above everyone at the scene. He stoops and stares down at a frightened-looking Wei Ying for a few seconds.

Lan Zhan's hands trembled, and grips the handle of the ladle tightly.

"You're really hopeless; admitting your guilt before we even strip you down and do a body search," he bellows out a threatening laugh, "Very well!" then hoists Wei Ying by the front collar until the younger man had to tip-toe and bend his back at the same time to avoid nasty sour breaths fuming out of the giant's nostrils. "So, troublemaker, we find you guilty for fraud and misuse of magic in public. We're taking you to the nearest police station for questioning, so save your pitiful excuses when you face the magistrate!" His roaring voice was so loud that any explanations died inside Wei Ying's throat.

"Ahh, *da ge* (big brother), do we really have to? The General told us to look out for particularly gifted and talented people with strong cores and abilities. A scrawny, weak magic-user like him isn't cut out to be part of the army. There's really no need to meddle with the city's affairs. Plus, I'm really hungry now...", the second guard interrupts with a whine, and his stomach growls in agreement.

"*Er ge* (second brother) is right. This is the local police's job, not ours. Our patrol shift was over half an hour ago and we should be having dinner at the Kitchen of Prosperity by now," the third guard chimed in.

The leader weighs the words of his men for a while, and then sighs. With a strong muscled arm, he shoves Wei Ying to the ground and snarls, "Fortunately for you, troublemaker, we have other better things to do. So... scram! Don't let me see your face again on these streets." The guards march

away with heavy steps, leaving a cloud of dust on Wei Ying and the third guard kicked his shin before they left.

Wei Ying coughs when the breath he'd held is finally released with a loud wheeze. Lan Zhan rushes to his side, and helps Wei Ying up. He grabs the burlap sack that had fallen to the ground during the confrontation, and together, they quickly leave the empty fairgrounds before the crowd returns.

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They headed southward, opposite of the direction of the Jin guards. Wei Ying was fine and escaped with a few bruises on his back from being thrown (slammed) to the ground by the brutish leader. Lan Zhan knows that Wei Ying had been roughed up by the guards on many occasions during his daytime trip to the city, but this is the first time he's seen it with his own eyes - and his heart clenched in fear and with great anger.

As they weaved through rows of market stalls and stayed close to the lantern-illuminated roadside curbs where there are visibly less people, they talked about what they'd heard from the guards. Wei Ying guessed that some of the rumours are true - that the Jins, who have widespread influence and presence across the Middle Kingdom, are actively seeking out cultivators and forcing them to join their side. He was surprised that the army would go to such lengths to bolster their numbers, to the extent of abducting people from faraway cities and settlements using crude and intimidating methods. He starts to wonder aloud about what they plan to do with the captured cultivators, how the prisoners are enlisted into the army, are the Jins really as bad as the Wens, what is going on in the Carp Tower and how this is related to what is happening Yiling - or worse, the neighbouring cities towards the Far West.

Lan Zhan remains silent as Wei Ying talks on and on, even when they've found a quiet spot in a nearby park, and away from prying eyes. There were very few passers-by; these were mostly residents living close to the markets and hurried through the empty green space with their purchases. A few lanterns lit a trail that circled the park, casting dim amber hue to everything within.

Lan Zhan isn't able to cast any spells due to his sealed core, so he retrieves a bottle of medicinal paste from his sleeves - the same one that repels insects, which also acts as a soothing, nourishing balm for wounded skin -, then slowly peels off Wei Ying's modest upper garments, before applying the paste with light dabs on the purplish bruises that mar his back.

"Ah, ah, not so hard, it's quite painful, you know," Wei Ying groans on a picnic bench, his back facing the older man. He takes a sip of the cooling herbal tea from their bamboo container that Lan Zhan had packed from the beverage vendor earlier.

"You were brave, Wei Ying," Lan Zhan finally breaks his silence. A breeze blew; the night air is cooler in the park, and the sound of crickets is louder than the murmurs of lively conversations and the cacophony of any typical bustling evening market filtering through the dense foliage.

Wei Ying turns around, and both of them straddle the same bench, facing each other. He takes Lan Zhan's paste-coated fingers and places them on the naked left chest, above the nipple, where he lets Lan Zhan feel his racing heartbeat. Sixteen years ago or so, Wei Ying had a burning brand mark at



that same spot; now there are only Lan Zhan's fingerprints on the smooth skin.

“I was brave, wasn’t I? It was scary, and it was also painful, Lan Zhan,” he whispers sultrily into the dark, and leans forward until their lips almost touched.

“Can you comfort me just a little?” he asks, sweet, innocent, wanting.

“Mn.”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

So I took a short break to re-live my Untamed moments by watching Special Edition clips offered by people generous to share them on the internet. Sighhh... just re-watching sweetness and innocence portrayed by Wangxian during their student days in the Cloud Recesses, and comparing that to this fic... it feels I've dirtied my hands many times over with the smut that I've created \*lol\* That extra look into each other's eyes, that longing gaze from afar... sighhhh.

I've had a lot of fun writing this chapter, because Wangxian's finally stepped out of their cave home, together, for real !!! (ha ha ha, the hurdles I need to overcome just to get them out...) And something is brewing for them... dun dun dun!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 28

“Ah, ah, slow down... breathe in... then out... that’s it, breathe in again... ah, ah, don’t shoot so fast... stop, please, otherwise it’ll overflow too fast... and spill down my thighs... breathe in... then out...”

Lan Zhan bites his lips to mute an agonizingly prolonged groan as he struggles with one of the biggest challenges of his life - still, he’s on the verge of failing, and failing spectacularly.

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Earlier...

“Wei Ying, I.. I don’t think I can do it. I’m empty. Let’s just... hug each other?” A gentle, kind request.

“Speak for yourself. Look at your *didi* here.” One hand pulled down the trouser’s waistband for the world to see his lover’s crotch. His fingertips expertly reached in and unabashedly played with the exposed penis, nestled safely in a bush of fine pubic hair. They jiggle and bounce the hefty weight, caress the silky foreskin, draw lines and circles along the veins, fondle the contracting muscles along the underside and skimmed all over the swelling flesh, before dipping in and out of the slit at the edge of the spongy tip, repeatedly. He easily enticed pearlets of clear, slippery liquid out of the rising member.

“Ahhhn...W-Wei.. Y-” Lusty and incoherent.

It’s so easy to arouse Lan Zhan, Wei Ying thought.

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The couple made out passionately on the picnic bench under the shadow of tall, dense shrubs. They kissed, groped, touched and licked each other’s heated skins, moaning each other’s names into each other’s heavy breaths; Lan Zhan made love with hot, wet kisses on the lips and entangles their saliva-coated tongues passionately with sensuous sliding, rubbing movements, mimicking what he plans to do *inside* Wei Ying later on; Wei Ying nnnhs breathlessly under the sweet, sweet oral assault, then slid his hands underneath the older man’s shirt; he runs his fingernails over the broad, muscled chest, raking the sensitive nipples in the process, before descending down the smooth hilly abs and glides inside the trousers to reach his prize. There, he leisurely strokes the older man’s cock and cups the large ballsacks with gentle squeezes; Lan Zhan had been aroused earlier by Wei Ying’s flirting at the market, and in no time he was hard as a rock again. Lan Zhan easily edged towards his climax, much faster than his younger lover - until they heard the sound of approaching footsteps crunching on gravel trail.

They froze in heart-stopping suspense for a minute, still in each other’s embrace, and waited with bated breath until the person walked away. Wei Ying was apprehensive to continue on the bench, so he grabbed his shirt and their bags with one hand, held Lan Zhan’s wrist with the other, and led them deeper into the inky-dark thickets.

When they reached the more secluded parts of the park, away from any lantern light and walking trails, Wei Ying sighed in relief and lay against a tree trunk. He yelped lightly at the pain from his bruised back, so he turned around to lie the other way around; his face against the chilled tree bark; he needed to catch his breath after the brisk walk. Just as he put back on his shirt, his trousers fell loose. Broom-Bichen calloused fingers fumbled at his underwear in the shadows, and when it didn't yield, they curled claw-like and started to paw at the delicate cloth. Wei Ying groaned in exasperation - but with understanding as well - he reached his behind, adjusted that last piece of garment covering his lower body, and pulled aside the strip of cloth. His ass cleft and balls felt drafty.

(Wei Ying wore a simple red loincloth - think fundoshi, or something that resembles a loose thong - because his favourite red underwear was soiled earlier, mostly with his lover's semen. Lan Zhan had no qualms to wash it for the second time that day, and it will probably hang on the laundry line overnight.)

Strong, clammy hands gripped his naked hips from the back, then Wei Ying felt a slimy-coated rod part his glutes and poke hungrily at his rosebud. Wei Ying gritted his teeth and forced his lower muscles to relax, allowing entrance for the invading organ into his love canal. He couldn't see in the dark, but the fruity herbal scent told him that the medicinal paste was used as lubricant, and the huffing, increasingly desperate groans into his ears, interspersed with gentle nips on the earlobes, his nape and shoulders, sent shivers down his spine, and he knew that Lan Zhan would not last much longer despite just a couple of minutes of bareback fucking. One of his legs was lifted, and the tempo and depth of each powerful thrust increased; balls slapped *deafeningly loud* against his ass as his lover snapped his hips and pounded forcefully in a shared, timeless rhythm that only the couple knew. Wei Ying felt the cock was literally *sawing* into him, the tasty growls behind his ears were getting too much, they were going too fast--

“Lan Zhan! You horny animal... slow down, or you’ll make too much noise!” Wei Ying hissed softly into the dark.

Just then, they heard the unmistakable swish of robes of another passer-by. The couple stopped again, this time in mid-fuck, unnerved and sweaty. Something *swelled* inside Wei Ying, and pulsated a couple of times - nearly in tandem with his wildly-beating heart. His one leg - the one that was still in contact with the ground - *trembled* in fatigue from holding up the body’s weight, and from the excitement and fear of being discovered - they were like insatiable lovers trying to consummate their relationship with illicit trysts in the darkness of the night.

Wei Ying felt a trickle - just a drop - of gooeyness leak from his asshole, and it slowly rolled down his perineum and to his left testicle. He quickly pulled out, and winced when he felt a throb inside his stretched passageway; they hadn’t done enough foreplay and preparation before the intercourse. He quickly reached down to the ground, felt the grass a bit, and picked up a leaf.

“Did you cum?” he asked bluntly in a whispery voice, as he wiped that drop he’d felt on his left ball. It was gummy, and still warm.

“A.. a little,” a guilt-laden, panting voice answered. Lan Zhan must’ve felt too good and couldn’t hold back his excitement, Wei Ying thought - with a little proud smile.

He turned around, but all he could see was pitch darkness. Still, he could imagine where his lover was, what he looked like, what posture he was holding - he easily made a swiping motion with a hand and perfectly slapped Lan Zhan's still thick and erect shaft. The older man ahnnhs shakily.

"We can't go on like this, at least not in this park. It's not secluded and people can see or hear us anytime. You can't cum inside me, otherwise I won't be able to walk the rest of the market with your stuff constantly leaking down my thighs," there was a slight moan (from the imagery), "and I won't be able to sit down properly when we have supper later."

Wei Ying felt around blindly until he found his favourite twitching rod. He gave it a few firm strokes accompanied by squishy sounds of lubricant paste, sexual fluids and leftovers of a pre-ejaculation, eliciting shuddering breaths from the other man. He likes to edge Lan Zhan as much as possible. "I can't calm you down using my mouth because it's covered with, you know," he polished the tip with a curled palm and made juicy sounds to emphasize his point; Lan Zhan was probably losing his balance with his quaking knees by now, "so I guess we'll have to make do with handjobs."

Wei Ying re-adjusted his underwear and pulled out his own semi-erect cock through one of the openings of his underwear; he also needed to finish with Lan Zhan, so that they can get on with their market trip; the vendors will not wait! Soon, the couple stood face to face in the inky blackness - not too close, because that would be too suspicious if someone chanced upon them - and Lan Zhan rubbed their cockheads together with a housework-roughened fisted palm. Wei Ying relishes in running his fingers everywhere on Lan Zhan's sweaty crotch and therefore covertly molesting the man who was about to reach his climax; as well as pleasuring himself by lightly dancing fingertips on his quivering balls until they start to rise and tighten.

Lan Zhan must have had a brilliant streak (blame his nightly reading of *PeiNis* magazines), because he suddenly pulled his foreskin and stretched its opening over Wei Ying's glans. Wei Ying nnnnghs at the silky soft sensations of elastic skin rubbing over each other, and each time their cockslits kissed, Lan Zhan massaged their cockheads simultaneously with his wide meaty palm. The little enclosed pocket of foreskin and penises began to fill up with warm watery slickness not unlike pre-cum, and after a couple minutes of docking, there was again that familiar two-pulses of very excited, spasming flesh - this time, a heated, thick glob slid out to mix in the frothing pool of liquid between the quivering, engorged tips; Wei Ying could probably guess who it belonged to, and that it must've felt really, really good for him. The older man's breathing became erratic.

Wei Ying shifted restlessly while standing on the grass, languidly jerking his hips as pleasure burns its wildfire inside his loins, and he stepped on his own rumpled trousers. Something clicked inside his mind.

"L... Lan Zhan, you... you can't cum yet!" The pumping, perspiring hand ceased moving immediately. Wei Ying could feel a pair of eyes staring at him in utter disbelief, and flared nostrils inhaling-exhaling in distress to hold back whatever waves that was about to rise and crash over. "If you - we - cum, they'll spill to the ground and dirty our clothes!" Wei Ying wheezed.

Suddenly and for the third time that night, they were interrupted in their quest for a quickie - by the sound of leaves rustling in the bush *next* to them. In a moment of unthinking mindblank and panic, Wei Ying swats Lan Zhan's hand away with a frustrated growl, and pulls back his dick - taking along his lover's tightly-docked penis straight into his snug, bulging loincloth wrap.

“ *Hei gui !!!*” (黑鬼; Black ghost) A young boy’s bald head popped out from the top of the bushes, a small lantern in his grasp, and Wei Ying’s blood ran cold.

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Lan Zhan struggles like a *dying* man in front of his lover and an unknown child. He’s lost all dignity and pride, incontinent in his control of a rising, rising and cresting, plateauing orgasm that was held back for so many times, too many times; the lustful liquid fire welled up from deep within, his hips jerk upwards once, twice, and that heavenly, unstoppable sequence of delicious rolling contractions start from his balls, through his full and swollen prostate, bursting forth from the base of his lava-molten cock--

He doesn’t have his golden core to turn down, snuff out or even delay the inevitable explosion. All he can do is to muster all possibly and humanly controls in his entire nether regions to stave off the mind-blowing orgasm that has *already* started its countdown. Having his twitching cock squashed against the warmth of Wei Ying’s genitals *doesn’t help* at all.

“Ah, *Hei ge !* (黑哥; Black Brother) Why are you here?” the boy asks with a big toothy smile - with two teeth missing -; he’s no more than six or seven years of age, still brimming with childish innocence.

“Ssssh! Go away! I’m busy! Shoo!” Wei Ying hisses panickedly at the boy. He waves away desperately at the boy, nearly slapping the small round face.

“What are you doing? What’s going on down there--” the lantern is lifted a little higher, to illuminate a wider area on the ground. Lan Zhan is horrified, and starts to pray that Goddess Guan Yin’s would show mercy upon his current *life-and-death* predicament. The first prayer verses are disrupted at the same time the first volley shoots out into the warm cavern of Wei Ying’s cosy loincloth.

“NO!!! Look here, A-Bing! You *look* at me and *listen* to me!” Wei Ying almost *shrieks* (because he felt the first heated spurt), and stares more than daggers at the boy (there is also horror reflected in his eyes at the realization of what is happening inside his underwear). The boy jumps back a little bit, startled.

“ *Ah, ah, slow down... breathe in... then out...* ” Wei Ying seemed to whisper to the side, unheard by the boy and directed only to him.. Lan Zhan has closed his eyes and knows that they’re somewhere rolled to the back, because the sweet, sweet waves of ejaculation keep coming. He squeezes all the voluntary muscles in the pelvic region, to stop, prolong, and Guan Yin help him, please just slow down this torturous excitement.

The boy sounded offended. “What? And why are you wearing white today? You can’t fool me, because you’re always *hei* (黑; black) anyway, Ha ha ha!” Lan Zhan tries to focus on Wei Ying’s words, by controlling his breathing. With each faltering breath, another pleasurable roll of contraction runs up his cock, spilling out another rich dollop, painting both cloth and his lover’s flesh with hot seed.

“ ...*that's it, breathe in again...* ” Lan Zhan furrows his eyebrows in absolutely conflicted delight as a particularly large viscous glob gently gushes through fluttering urethral muscles and cockslit. The feeling is indescribable. He's fearful that the next load will be too much.

“Wei.. Hnnnngh... Hhn, Hhn, Hhn... Hhhhwei...” he hears himself groaning for help unintelligibly.

“ ...*ah, ah, don't shoot so fast...* ” three quick successive shots adds to a growing pool of sticky cum inside the cup-like vessel that wraps his lover's groin.

“Eh, *Baishe de shuaige* (白色的帅哥 ; The handsome brother in white colour), are you alright? Are you a friend of *hei ge* ?” the question is directed at him, but he no longer hears anything except his own racing heartbeat and the rhythmic, satisfied growls he's trying so hard to keep inside his throat.

“Ahh.. Ahhhnn.. Ahh.. Ahhh” It's too much, he's reaching the apex of his climax, he cannot control what comes out from his vocal cords. He feels his thighs tremble, fast losing strength, toes curling into the grass, his fingers balled into knuckles.

“Are you going to sneeze? Are you having a flu? You look like you have a fever, *bai ge* ,” (白哥 ; White Brother). Lan Zhan can feel a pair of innocent childish eyes peering closely at him. He sweats profusely, and he arches his back in spastic motions, his nostrils flared, jaws slacked and gaping wide

because he wants to shout out his surging pleasure the same way his seed is being unloaded in lovely, glorious pulses.

“ ... stop, please, otherwise it’ll overflow too fast... and spill down my thighs...” Wei Ying sounds extremely vexed, having to deal with the nosy boy and his orgasming lover in the wrong place, at the wrong time. Lan Zhan tries with his might to draw out each ejection, so that it flows gently like a stream rather than in forced squirts. Again, and again, the creamy warm milk escapes out of him.

“A-Bing, go away, NOW! I’ll give you candies tomorrow if you listen to me. GO!” Wei Ying loses his patience and barks at the innocent boy.

There is a hesitant pause, in which during this time Lan Zhan hnnnns audibly with another long orgasmic contraction. “Ehhh... you’re so weird, *hei ge* . All right, I’ll go now. Give me a candy tomorrow, and give one to *bai ge* too. He looks like he needs it.”

“ ... breathe in... then out...” he’s at his tenth or twelfth twitch, or maybe fifteenth; he’s lost count. It’s still spewing out like a freshly dug-out spring. He’s losing his breath, his ears are ringing, and he feels light headed from the rippling electrical shocks tingling all over his lower regions. His deliciously spasming cock already feels wet and sloshing in something thick, and he doesn’t want to know why.

Wei Ying, on the other hand, is chasing the boy away with whatever ruse he can think of. “Yes, yes, yes, I’m giving one to him now. I beg you, please

go away, otherwise *bai ge* will get very sick from the flu, and spread it to you too!”

“Ahhh... okay, I’ll really go now. I don’t want to get sick!” the boy shouts back, maybe sticks out a tongue, and there is already the sound of running footsteps across bushes, fading away, gratefully, thank Goddess Guan Yin for her mercy.

After a couple more choked breaths, and when he’s descended from the heavens of his climax, Lan Zhan finally opens his eyes, his body still shuddering and wreaked with involuntary jerks. He thinks he’s done twenty twitches, performed according to his lover’s instructions and to the best of his mortal abilities. He hopes, and says another silent prayer, that Wei Ying’s loincloth held up well.

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Wei Ying’s loincloth underwear is fortunately - or not - one that comes with extra padded layers on the front; these layers absorb and hold fluids well, and when used according to instructions, they keep the owner dry and comfortable all day long (think sanitary pads/napkins that can be washed, dried and re-used).

In desperation, the younger man had cast a very tiny Fire spell that worked like a small torch aimed at a particular direction. He peeked through the waist strap of his underwear and surveyed the aftermath.

“Ahh, look at what you’ve done... my underwear is really soaked and everything is a sticky mess,” he whined into the dark. Wei Ying's erection had wilted when A-Bing appeared. Lan Zhan sat on his rumpled trousers on the ground, still trying to catch his breath. He looked relaxed and rather dazed. Post-orgasm sleepiness threatened to overwhelm him, and he tried to concentrate on what his lover is trying to say - he remained silent.

“It’s a swimming pool in there, and if I try to adjust or move the cloth, some of it will leak out. Lan Zhan, you’re a really perverted beast! I can’t take this off, because if I do, I will have nothing to wear underneath the thin trousers, and everything will still dribble out,” Wei Ying complained with a high-pitched voice. Lan Zhan thought his lover was being unreasonable - because Wei Ying was the one who instigated the whole chaos, not him. (really?) His Gusu Lan-honed virtues told him that baseless accusations need not be responded to; just as how certain inferior clan members can be considered as *not* qualified to speak to him, in an incident around the ‘Mounds not too long ago. (hint: Su She)

“... there’s no candy delivery tomorrow, ” he finally remarked. Truthfully, it’s the only erroneous fact he needed to correct during the entire fiasco.

“What?” Wei Ying gasped and sounded flabbergasted.

“The next scheduled delivery of medicinal candies is after the weekend. Not tomorrow. Do not lie to children, Wei Ying,” he clarified clearly word by word, taking a leaf out of Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules for the last part of his words. He gazed stoically at the dimly lit and agitated young man.

Wei Ying's facial expression turned from surprise to confusion then to exasperation. "Ahh, Lan Zhan, you rotten man, is that all that you can think of?!"

".... Mn."

"A-Bing is one of those street brats, by the way," Wei Ying pointed out. Street brats are his mortal enemies, and should not be treated with dignity.

"He looks like a good child. Do not call children as 'brats', Wei Ying. It's disrespectful," Lan Zhan calmly recited another of his family's rules.

Wei Ying threw his hands up with a groan and a wordless "I give up!". He pulled up the loincloth's waist strap to make sure it was tight against his crotch (one warm, sticky opaque droplet leaked out to his right inner thigh, but Wei Ying didn't care anymore), then put on his trousers and angrily stomped past Lan Zhan towards the main market streets.

He paused a little when he was beside Lan Zhan, and whispered hotly into his ears: "Let me tell you this, Lan Zhan. Your little Wang Jis are bathing inside my underwear right now, and I'm going to rub out my baby Wei Yings to play with them. Just imagine both of them swimming in a warm, comfortable sticky nest of womb and ripe eggs, waiting to hatch out more and have plenty of family fun." Lan Zhan shivered.

"You can sit there and think about lying to bratty children about candies, or you can follow and make me feel better for the rest of this trip," Wei Ying

added, before he switches off his Fire spell and walks away, leaving a flushed Lan Zhan in the dark.

Lan Zhan groans; he's hard - again.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

AHHH! Congratulations to Xiao Zhan and Wang Yibo for winning the awards tonight!

I was SO thrilled to see Zhan Ge and Yibo didi sitting together, and accepting awards together too. Oh my heartttt! I'd cry, scream, cheer and squeal my fangirl self to no end, except that I'm so far away watching the event from a tiny computer screen :-)

This is probably the last time - for this year, and maybe for a while - I get to see both of them on the same stage. So it feels like a final goodbye to the two (couple... hehe) and to the year 2019.

Thank you Mo Dao Zu Shi, Chen Qing Ling / Untamed, Wei Wuxian, Lan Wangji, Xiao Zhan, Wang Yibo, and everyone everywhere else, including BJYX and BJYXSZD, and all kinds of fans and fandoms and shippers and pairings, to make this summer (until winter) such an unforgettable, memorable time !!! I LOVE YOU ALL !!!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 29

Lan Zhan is as apologetic as Wei Ying is forgiving when it comes to working out their petty arguments, just like any other loving married couple in the Middle Kingdom:

The older man openly admits, with a rare display of sad puppy-looking eyes, about his wrongdoing of dirtying his younger lover's underwear, but Wei Ying insists that he'll be fine because after a while, it gets crusty, sticky and almost solidifies into a mass of gel, and so, it doesn't run off like, say, raw egg whites - which is still inconvenient, but can be easily washed off by rinsing in running water;

Wei Ying also says that there has been a great deal of times when Lan Zhan carelessly left his semen in many other places on the body besides the usual orifices, so he is pretty used to cleaning and picking up after the older man - undergarments included. It happens as often as, say, the number of times when Wei Ying scatters his clothes and other loincloths all over their home during their regular drunken sex (where Wei Ying is known to twirl the straps, and slingshot them to the furthest reaches of their home, rooftop included) - so who is he to complain about a mere sticky pool inside his underwear that his husband promised to wash off?;

Finally, Wei Ying turns around and gives Lan Zhan a sweet smile, and murmurs shyly that they're already husband and wife, that they share their bodies, feelings and souls together for this lifetime, and therefore matters concerning bodily stuff - semen being the least worrying of all - should be as everyday as their Everydays;



Lan Zhan becomes speechless, embraces Wei Ying for a whole minute, and kisses him full on the lips, which the latter returns with a cosy warm bear hug under the shadow of trees.

The couple leaves the park via an unlit thoroughfare into the South Market Street, with Lan Zhan carrying all their belongings and he tries hard to contain a barely-noticeable giddy smile on his face. The road was deserted, so they walked side by side and leaned into each other with their hands intertwined in between. When a horse cart approached, Lan Zhan gently pulls Wei Ying towards his body, and the latter lands with a soft uunf into a pillow of the older man's muscled chest and abs, while Lan Zhan's puts an arm around Wei Ying's waist. Lan Zhan breathes in the scent of Wei Ying's hair, and for Wei Ying, he is comforted by the strong, steady heartbeats against his heated cheeks. They stood together in silence for a while.

Lan Zhan asks, what about the child named A-Bing and the so-called bratty children that he meets at work in Yiling. Wei Ying considers the question carefully, and tries to imagine beyond juvenile name-calling, stolen candies, thrown twigs and stones, being kicked in the leg, the odd silverpieces lost during the scuffle - and sighs into the older man's collarbone. Wei Ying concurs that they are all actually good children, but raised in hardship, poverty, without education and without parents. There was a tremor in his voice in the last couple of words. Wei Ying goes on to say that some day, when he has earned enough, he would like to set up a school or a home for underprivileged children in the city. There, little boys and girls like A-Bing need not go hungry in the streets, need not fear being chased by bad adults like the Jin guards, nor the stray animals that roam the city all day.

From a distance, they heard the echoes of dogs barking into the night.

Lan Zhan tightens his grip around his lover.

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Following their hastily-drawn evening itinerary, the couple stopped by the food court corner of the South Market Street. Rows of small shops, some of which are mere hole-in-the-walls, which are mostly empty and quiet during the day, become packed with hungry patrons during the evenings. Small time vendors and humble family-owned businesses converge to turn this part of the street into a kaleidoscope of colourful, brightly lit food stalls with equally big brash signages, boasting cuisines from all over the Middle Kingdom, at jaw-droppingly affordable prices - perfect for Yiling's middle and lower class citizens (which is the opposite of what one would find around the North Market Street with wares and fares more suited for the upper echelons of society). The air is filled with an eclectic, exciting mix of steaming hotpots and dumplings, fragrant stir-fries and fried foods, boiling noodle soups and a variety of broths and teas, and mouth-watering smoke from barbeque grills; and is lively from jolly and zesty folk tunes played by groups of youngsters as they meandered from one dining table to another, seeking fair donations for the live entertainment.

Although the night was chilly, the atmosphere significantly warmed up in that area (to the extent that one's clothes will end up smelling of food due to the amount of steam and smoke everywhere), so the couple decided to find a table in the open-air section. Wei Ying easily dropped off the squirrels at a vendor who specialized in wild meats (and they know each other quite well; Wei Ying has become more than just the occasional supplier from the 'Mounds'); the timing was perfect - it was past dinnertime, people are still streaming in to look for 'heaty' suppers, the vendor was running out of meat and he still had a queue to serve - so, Wei Ying happily pocketed two silvers at the end of the hurried transaction, and said a silent prayer for the unfortunate family of rodents.

Wei Ying beamed with a cheerful grin when he caught sight of Lan Zhan, who found a table at a corner of the jam-packed food court. Lan Zhan waved his hands anxiously to make sure he was seen because there were *so many* people walking by. By the time, he approached the small table with three wooden stools, he carried a freshly bought twin-pack of Laozu's Smile in his hand.

Lan Zhan had ordered their food and laid them neatly on the table (one can draw symmetrical lines between the dishes, if needed): a bowl of steaming plain vegetarian noodles in soup, two bowls of spicy congee - one with minced chicken, and one with pork and offal -, a bowl of cooling mung bean soup, and a pot of tea. Wei Ying waved the two Laozu's Smiles in front of the older man, but Lan Zhan waved back one index finger (there is no need to question where the extra jar comes from - Lan Zhan trusts Wei Ying enough to know that the man has his own cunning, but acceptable, ways of getting more than what he bargained for). With a knowing smile, Wei Ying packed one of the wine jars into the basket bag sitting on the third wooden stool, and uncorked the other.

As they dined and drank, Wei Ying chattered mostly about everything under the sun and particularly some of the latest gossip he'd heard, his thoughts about those gossip, other people's thoughts, and what he thought about other people's thoughts. Lan Zhan hardly comments on Wei Ying's animated stories, but he Mmms and nods to tell his lover that he's listening well, and yes please do go on. Sometimes, he adds some very brief and sharp, snide remarks, and Wei Ying bursts into joyful laughter and "I can't believe you said that!"s. During their light banter and between chews, Wei Ying unconsciously, wordlessly picks out the minced chicken meatballs, dabs them against the bowl's edge to rub off the spicy oil, and plops them into Lan Zhan's bowl. The older man accepts without question, and slips them into spoonfuls of noodles, leafy greens and tofu. There are still traces of spiciness, though.

Wei Ying remarked that he was glad they'd taken their dinner before going to the market, "otherwise I would be heartbroken to want to eat everything here and spend all our money just on food alone" - and he'd just bought a foldable hand-fan made of cheap rice paper from a street peddler mingling among the crowd, right after his first bowl of congee and when he'd just started on the second, because he was sweating from the spiciness and enjoyed every mouthful with delightful mm-mmmh sounds; Lan Zhan opts not to mention about the ill-fated fishies and shrimpies, and keeps to his factually-correct and financially-acceptable explanation that 'it's easier on the purse strings'.

Wei Ying remained talkative throughout the meal, and he even made a few acquaintances around them. A family of six sat at the table next to theirs, and by the end of a brief exchange of pleasantries and idle chat about the weather, he had captured a potential customer who promised she would find him at the daytime marketplace to buy his Wind talismans to keep the summer heat out of her house. A foreigner-looking young scholar dined alone at the table behind the couple, and judging from his uniformed attire and a scroll titled "Cheatbook for Cultivators: How To Ace The Exam In 100 Ways - International Edition" visible from his carelessly-left open backpack, Wei Ying correctly guessed that the young man in his late teens was on his way to the annual Imperial Cultivation Examination. Wei Ying gave some (useless) tips involving bravado, recklessness and out-of-the-box thinking, which clearly made the man uncomfortable (because he was spooked by such unorthodox thinking by a man claiming to be a master and yet appears not much older than he; in addition, the foreigner scholar spoke little of Middle Kingdom's main languages since he hails from the Far, Far West) and quickly finished his food before leaving. Wei Ying wondered what was the hurry, Lan Zhan mentally noted a useful informative tidbit: that the Imperial Cultivation Council in Chang'an had recently stepped up recruitment by offering potential candidates with ample living allowances and other benefits, and the recruitment drive spans deep into the Far, Far West. It would be intriguing to observe how the conflict between the

growing armies of both sides will pan out - the Imperial Cultivators bolstered with numbers from regions beyond the Middle Kingdom, and the Grand Cultivation Council led by the Jin sect and its (unwilling) alliance with other major sects inside the country.

When they were done with supper, Lan Zhan hesitantly inquired about the state of Wei Ying's loincloth, especially after sitting down for at least half an hour in the muggy heat. The younger man chuckled that it felt like he was incubating a serving of mashed herbal jelly between his balls and thighs (in which Lan Zhan choked at his last gulp of tea) - and he apologized promptly for speaking in jest - that actually, he'd gotten used to the sensation of half-dried cum coating his genitals, and little Wang Jis are probably squashed between his eggs and baking in their heat (at that point, Lan Zhan coughed terribly hard, and drew a few stares from other concerned patrons in the food court).

Truthfully speaking, Wei Ying revealed, his loincloth weighed uncomfortably heavier due to having absorbed much of the seminal fluids, there is some residual but tolerable warm stickiness on the skin, between the sensitive skin folds, and even underneath his foreskin, and he felt an all-encompassing, suffocating anxiety that something might be squished out if he sat too hard on the padded layers because the loincloth *feels* horrifyingly *leaking wet* at least *inside his mind*. He appreciated how women feel during their monthlies, and empathized with their struggles and suffering.

(Back in the day, female sanitary pads/napkins weren't as absorbent as their modern-day counterparts)

Lan Zhan regained his composure, then surreptitiously adjusted his trousers (or the nth time, because he kept eyeing on Wei Ying's crotch for no real

reason, and that sparked a weird, fetishy feeling tickling from his nether regions), before they continued along the South Market Street.

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Wei Ying started humming some old, well-known Yunmeng tunes as he walked with a spring in his step, a slight flush to his cheeks, and an index finger (brazenly) hooked to Lan Zhan's. The older man kept a straight face when they passed some market goers - sober and drunk ones - and he politely waved at the husband-and-wife couple manning the Great Eats of Gojoseon when they walked past their storefront. Wei Ying probably will not remember that Lan Zhan fanned both of them, especially the younger man, with the just-bought hand-fan, for nearly the rest of their evening date on the market streets.

More traders line the street and they chant sing-song catchy messages to attract customers. The selection of goods is more localized and less touristy than that from West Market Street, and consist of a greater proportion of foodstuff, groceries, clothes, sundry, and other kinds of daily provisions. Several shops open until late hours, including bookstores, medical shops, businesses selling prayer items, talismans and other magical and religious goods, and so on. Further ahead, skilled practitioners offer various services for health and well-being, including massages, acupuncture and acupressure, cupping, fortune-telling, beauty and aesthetics including removal of body and facial hair, warts and other minor procedures.

The couple briefly browsed the wares and services and picked up a bag of plum candy because it goes well with their afternoon tea. They also browsed, in a fortunately quiet corner of a lingerie store, and purchased a box of regular loincloths. Wei Ying remarked that it was very romantic for

two men to shop for underwear together, in which Lan Zhan hmmpfs and said that it was out of necessity; since loincloths come in free sizes and both of them can share their underwear. To Lan Zhan's dismay, Wei Ying refused to change his soiled loincloth because "it's still holding up fine", and in some weird, fetishy way, piqued the older man's interests.

As they passed more shops, Wei Ying paid particular attention to his potential competitors of magical talismans and gadgets (and tried to learn their secrets and techniques), while Lan Zhan preferred to spend some minutes freely skimming through magazines, periodicals and other reading materials; he didn't forget to *quietly* pick up a pack of prayer scented candles as well.

Wei Ying wondered aloud if he should try one of those body hair removal services, especially since the hirsute curls on his legs looked unappealing (when compared to ink brush-drawn models as seen in the lingerie store) and probably unsuitable for the hot summer months. Lan Zhan replied that Wei Ying looks perfectly fine and there's no need to shave something that would grow again by winter. He also made a soft, barely audible, off-the-cuff remark that the sensation of the younger man's legs rubbing against his while they're in bed, just before waking up - is a comforting, reassuring feeling.

Wei Ying squealed, grabbed the fan from Lan Zhan's grasp, then covered their faces with that said fan from the people around them, and gave his saccharine-sweet-and-shocked Lan Zhan a hard kiss on the lips, and a caress of soft tongues.

(Wei Ying is overtly concerned about his body image; but isn't aware that he also enjoys the physical features of his partner. For example, when they

cuddle in bed late at night, Wei Ying often finds himself awake and staring at sleeping Lan Zhan's broad muscular pectorals, devoid of hair - except around the nipples. He would fondle, sweep, twiddle, and skirt his fingers on the ring of fine hair around each brown-pink areola, playfully tug at it to see if any strands will come off, and then when each one puffs up from the relentless stimulation, he'd feel a childlike urge to lock his lips on each of them, alternately, and suckle the nipples like a newborn. Lan Zhan would mnnh in slight discomfort, moves a bit in his disturbed slumber, and Wei Ying falls asleep too, lips still happily massaging each brown nub for his partner's non-existent breastmilk.)

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Wei Ying happily munched on *eight* skewers of classic tasty street foods, held between his fingers on both hands - spicy lamb and beef, marinated savoury chicken and pork, two kinds of grilled sausages and another two types of seafood fried meatballs. Lan Zhan held a fruit skewer and a stick of fried tofu dipped in plum sauce in one hand, and a small brown paper bags containing sweetened buns and sugar-roasted chestnuts in the other. The older man said, between some a-hem a-hem throat-clearing and a blush on the cheeks from that earlier passionate kiss, that it was a rare, once-in-a-blue-moon treat "due to the windfall they received earlier from Tian *dajie* ", and Wei Ying mmmf-mmmfs vaguely with a full mouth.

Lan Zhan doubted if Wei Ying was aware that their snacks cost a whopping (at least in his perspective) single gold piece, or the fact that he was clearly contradicting his earlier words about thriftiness; but when Wei Ying cutely nibbled like a hungry rabbit from each skewer in perfect sequence from number one to number eight, then looked at him expectantly, in which Lan Zhan picked out a sweetened bun from the paper bag and Wei Ying took nibble number nine; Lan Zhan thought that all of Wei Ying's nibbles were too precious, too priceless, and can never be quantified in terms of gold.

After a satisfying gulp, Lan Zhan let Wei Ying have a bite at a sweet flavourful chestnut, because he had to *see through to the end* to complete a Perfect tenth nibble - after which he felt a soothing tingle in his head, his muscles relaxed a little more, and his senses told him that the stars in his inner universe had completed a flawless orbit around its core, warranting another repetition. Wei Ying didn't mind a repeat performance; Lan Zhan became intensely (nearly obsessively, hypnotically) focused on feeding his lover, nibble by nibble, despite drawing a few curious glances from other customers in the snack foods corner.

Later, a very contented, *zen* -like Lan Zhan walked a cloud full of nines, hand in hand with a very full and euphoric Wei Ying. The latter's cheeks are full-blown red, eyes half-lidded, and he's singing folk tunes from Gusu modified to pop-rock version at the top of his lungs, with crude burps in-between. He held the empty jar of his second Laozu's Smile, and kept stumbling over the curb and clumps of small plants. They stepped out of the streets and headed towards a clearing on a rocky outcrop nestled amongst a ring of dark, dense bushes, just a stone's throw away from the market's southside; most of the crowd had gone to the north where a grand podium had been prepared for people to gather around and watch the fireworks.

Reaching their destination feels like arriving at the doorsteps to a second home; or a kind of private sanctuary where they're alone in their little bubble of paradise, away from prying eyes and with no one around to eavesdrop on their precious piece of heaven on earth. It's a little secret garden, far away from the rest of Yiling's locals and visitors, with an awesome view of the market streets and the city's night lights that cast a soft yellow glow upon the surrounding hills. They've had spent many evenings together at the same spot, after going through the same routines of realistically-romantic dates at the market, having meals together, shopping for daily necessities of a shared married life, before coming here, again and again - on the days when the skies are clear or when there are clouds that threaten to bring in rain, on weekdays, on weekends, on holidays and during festivals. It doesn't feel as exciting as the first few times, nor does it feel

repetitive; and it'll never be boring for either of them. It's something the couple have come to experience, accept and enjoy as part of their blissful, peaceful outing in Yiling.

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Wei Ying's inappropriate singing had toned down to off-tune hums and la-la-las when Lan Zhan led him to a familiar cluster of thickets. It's become a sort of a landing pad for them in their regular and highly-anticipated pee-prepare-penetrate routine. Wei Ying deposits the empty jar on the ground, drops his trousers in a messy pile on his feet, peels off his damp, heavily-soaked underwear (he recklessly flings it away and it splats on Lan Zhan's hairless shins, but the older man nonchalantly collects it anyway), then challenges himself to take aim at the ceramic vessel with drunken sniggers. Lan Zhan stands next to him, with all his lower garments neatly folded on his arm, and relieves himself as well without care about Wei Ying's childish games. When he notices that Wei Ying has trouble to pee into the jar (of course he would, he was swinging his hips wildly from side to side in tune with a fast folksy number), he reaches out and holds the soft, spongy knobbled cockhead perfectly in place. Wei Ying grins, hiccups and ahhs (while still swinging those springy ass globes). Before they left, Wei Ying staggers, accidentally kicks the jar and it topples over, so Lan Zhan's efforts are, really, for naught.

Lan Zhan worked meticulously to prepare the perfect picnic spot - he disrobes and spreads his outermost garment on the grassy field. Then, he carefully unpacks the basket bag and places the bamboo container containing herbal tea, an opened bag of roasted chestnuts and the pack of plum candy on the side. He also casts a few tiny Fire spells to light up scented candles he'd arranged in a circle around them.

When Wei Ying emerges from the bushes, as pantless as either of them, Lan Zhan pats on the makeshift bedding and coaxes the younger man to sit down, because he wants to apply the medicinal paste on their exposed skin before the fireworks show starts. There are insects buzzing around during the humid summer nights, and Lan Zhan doesn't want Wei Ying to sport lovebites other than his. Instead, to the older man's consternation, Wei Ying wobbles his way to an old, abandoned picnic table at the fringe of the clearing, and takes his seat on its bench.

Lan Zhan gently calls out to Wei Ying again, thinking that perhaps his drunken lover had misunderstood what was asked. Wei Ying, on the other hand, and in his inebriated state, dawdles time away by inspecting the table's worn surface, 'walking' his fingers along the weathered edge before settling to poke interestedly at a corner. The older man watches, initially upset then turned fascinated, at how his younger lover fishes out a crumpled ball of the loincloth (somehow Wei Ying must have snagged it from the basket bag), spreads it daintily over the table's corner like an overhanging tablecloth, and smooths the wrinkles (including the dried crusts, crumbs, goo and all) - like he was realistically trying to prepare the picnic table. Then he stands up unsteadily, gingerly leans over and slides that slick, covered table corner between his thighs. Wei Ying nnnghs as he starts to hump the creaking wood.

The silhouette of a panting, moaning and flushed Wei Ying trying to make love with an aged piece of furniture - is tantalizing beyond words. His rigid arousal rubbed into the cum-stained cloth, leaving behind web-like strands of dried seed mixed with fresh droplets of pre-cum, and makes very tasty rhythmic, squelchy sounds. At times, he tires a little, then scoots forward to settle his weight on the table; he spreads his thighs further onto the surface, and starts to draw circles with his plump scrotum and moves his ass accordingly. His back arches into an "S" and his hips rolls sensuously in vigorous pumping motions; Lan Zhan gets a captivating, mouth-watering view of how Wei Ying's side-profile looks when he rides someone in earnest - or in this case, some *thing* .

Unable to get Wei Ying to sit on the ground, Lan Zhan goes to the younger man instead. Soon, he fusses over his lover and diligently applies the paste on their legs, thighs and crotches; he also takes his sweet time to piston one, two, then three paste-lubricated fingers into Wei Ying's sweet, defenceless rosebud even as the latter continues to (futilely) mate with the cum-coated corner of the sex-blessed table. When he feels that Wei Ying is properly prepared - as indicated by the softened entrance, and relaxed fleshy walls within - as a sign of his thinly-veiled irritation of having to do all the work by himself: he picks up two laundry clips and leaves them biting on the vulnerable nipples, to Wei Ying's weak, drunken protests.

The table was quite low, its height is at crotch-level; so Lan Zhan only needs to thrust his hips horizontally, and his twitching penis slides effortlessly into the warm, welcoming cavern. He starts to fuck his lover in a slow tempo even as the latter continues to try the same on the wood. Lan Zhan's hands roam everywhere on Wei Ying's sweaty and heated skin - they grabbed and massaged the quivering thigh muscles; skim upwards along the sides and tickle the ribs; move to a passionate stranglehold around the neck (because he needed the traction to screw his cock deep, deep into the convulsing passageway, and makes sure he hits Wei Ying's pleasure spots, and assault that lovely gland with hard knocks and jabs with his meaty cockhead); fingers slide into the younger man's mouth so that Wei Ying unconsciously starts to lick the broom-Bichen-calloused fingers and tries to make oral love with the digits; then descends downwards the thin chest where he flicks the laundry clips and Wei Ying aaaahs loudly for his poor abused nipples; and when Lan Zhan palms Wei Ying's trembling cock and presses the jerking rod *hard* against the wood, Wei Ying grunts lustfully like an animal; he's coming, and Lan Zhan can feel rolling convulsions welling up from within his lover, massaging his drilling cock and pulling and sucking him deeper, tightening and raising his balls, spiralling both of them towards their climaxes.

The older man starts to breathe shakily and his eyes roll up to see stars in the night sky and from something else; he grunts rhythmically at first, then the throaty sounds begin to waver and come out at faster intervals, converging, surging forward, just as how the liquid fire in his loins has reached its boiling point and starts to bubble and spill over; his hips slam as hard as possible and seizes between the parted springy ass mounds, and grinds in curves, hooks and any other shapes he can think of that would allow him to push deeper, dig deeper *beyond* already fully sheathed inside his lovely warm Wei Ying.

“L... Lan Zhan, you... you can’t cum inside!”

Lan Zhan groans in extreme frustration and tries to pull out before the inevitable explosion - his body and nerves were too sexually excited from the feverishly hot friction and squeezes inside his lover, from fluttering muscles rolling and contracting in mind-numbing waves all around his loins, the *incredibly pleasurable* sensations running up and down and in circles from base to tip of his massive, swollen, wanting cock, he free-falls and *wants* to succumb to that primal urge to finally, finally breed his younger lover - then rudely, shockingly, agonizingly withdrawn into the chilly, lonely evening air. He’d hit the brakes and despite using his entire arsenal of superior mortal abilities - his tormented, rebellious cock still managed to eject a single thick, rich drop right at the entrance of the convulsing canal. It sags under its own weight, rolls off Wei Ying’s bulging perineum, and plops into the grass below, wasted.

“Lan... Zhan... hnnngh... (hic) can’t... my trousers... ahnnnn... dirty.... (hic)” pantless Wei Ying moans drunkenly as he happily rides out his own orgasm and nearly *ruined* his partner's. Lan Zhan felt insultingly incredulous at Wei Ying's semi-conscious state (because Wei Ying dreamt of the time when they were still in the park). In a twisted way of exacting his revenge, Lan Zhan whips out the ladle he'd bought, lubes its handle with

paste, and rudely sticks it into Wei Ying's gaping ass. The younger man nnnhns deliriously at the assault of shockingly cold hard steel sliding so deep, too deep into his bottom. The handle has a curved edge with bump-like indentations for a better grip, and these serve well to scrub and rake deliciously at the spasming prostate, especially when Lan Zhan plunges the tool repeatedly at the perfect angle that only he knows too well. By the time Lan Zhan has satisfied himself with pulling, twisting and playing with the clips on the nipples, Wei Ying comes the second time in a series of sexy writhing, shouts, swear words (including Goddess Guan Yin's name) and incoherent rambles, on the thoroughly ruined, dripping loincloth that still clung onto the table's corner.

Just then, the first fireworks shot up and lit the skies, followed by booming thunderous sounds. From afar, Yiling's populace cheered at the spectacular displays of blooming flowers of reds, greens, blues and yellows in the clear night sky.

Lan Zhan hauls a half-trembling, half-sedated squirming Wei Ying off the scandalized table, and realizes - when his arms reached around the waist - that Wei Ying does have quite a rotund full belly, from the constant, abundant and sumptuous feasts he had throughout the evening. He thinks for a moment, again diving into his mental database of PeiNan, PeiNu and PeiNis centerspreads, and opts for a sex position that's suitable for partners encumbered with large bellies (read: pregnant).

Lan Zhan settles to a sitting position on the bedded ground against a tree, and lets Wei Ying sit on his lap, with his back facing Lan Zhan. Lan Zhan grips Wei Ying's waist and hips, and gently guides his lover to rock back-and-forth in an ageless rhythm on a heated meatstick. One hand rubs perpetual circles on the rounded belly (Wei Ying mnnns at the loving caresses), and his index finger dips into the ticklish protruding navel (Wei Ying giggles drunkenly).

He intended for both of them to view the fireworks together in this intimate position, while snacking on the chestnuts and plum candy, and enjoying a beverage of herbal tea with their newly-procured “Yours” and “Mine” mugs - however, as Wei Ying continues to grunt and moan gibberishly while his ass bounces and slides up and down a rock-hard penis that’s so swollen with unreleased pleasure that its girth stretches the rosebud to an extraordinary size, resulting in his own cock twitching madly and streams out cum and other sexual fluids; Lan Zhan doubts if the intoxicated Wei Ying will remember anything from the night’s fireworks show. Still, they managed to finish half of the snacks and emptied the bamboo container (Lan Zhan loves to feed Wei Ying with the chestnuts and plum candy, nibble by nibble, as the younger man becomes exceedingly confused between trying to chew, swallow, breathe, moan and gasp)

At the height of the fireworks, when the biggest, brightest ones burst brilliantly into a field of multicoloured blooms against the jet-black backdrop, Lan Zhan closes his eyes, moans as loudly as he wants (because no one else can hear), and lets his body shudder uncontrollably, delightfully at the peak of his long-delayed excitement. He pulls out, orgasms to his heart’s content and ejaculates at least six thick spurts and another six lighter ones - on the ruined loincloth-turned-ragcloth (he remembers Wei Ying’s pleas). Then, he slips his still-hard penis back into Wei Ying’s gaping ass (the younger man constantly mewls like a cat in heat, still drunk as hell), and continues his gentle fucking until the next climax, and again, again, again. The cloth, brimming with active little Wang Jis and baby Wei Yings, is placed on Wei Ying’s bobbing arousal, and Lan Zhan strokes and polishes the cockhead with it with increasingly squishy sounds during the rest of the fireworks show (Wei Ying continues to shout, scream, swear and squirts at the agonizing torture - but no one else can hear). He makes sure to cram as much of the gooey drenched cloth *hard and deep* into the cockslit with his fingertips, just for the sake of satisfying the twisted, dirty imagery playing inside his mind.

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The scented candles have long burnt out by the time the fireworks show winds down to the applause of thousands of spectators at the north side of Yiling. Wei Ying lies curled up in Lan Zhan's outer robes, and the owner gently pats the (fascinatingly cute, slightly rounded) tummy. "Wei Ying, Wei Ying, wake up, it's time to go home," he gently coos. The younger man, however, rolls to the other side and drools in a drunken sleep with mumbles of nom-nom-noms. Lan Zhan rubs the tummy again, and this time, it rumbles a little more with squeals in between - probably from too much food, and irritated at being rubbed constantly during their intense, hours-long lovemaking. In response to the unsolicited harassment, the indignant stomach rumbles again, and Wei Ying lets out a soft fart.

Lan Zhan smiles contentedly, dresses Wei Ying, and starts packing up their little evening picnic. As he bridle-carries his lover back to the streets and towards the (illegal) parking lot - Wei Ying is without underwear, so the lines of the soft ass-mounds can be clearly seen - with the filled basket bag in an arm, he realizes that he's not alone. Hundreds of market goers - both young and old, of peasants, warriors, merchants and cultivators, the rich and the poor, the unmarried and those with families - walk the market streets in various states of merriment, inebriation and consciousness. He struts between a family of eight with chattering children, and a large man - probably a stallion fighter of some sort - with two knocked-out half-nude women on his shoulders. Lan Zhan does not look any different from the rest of the people with a peacefully sleeping Wei Ying cuddled in his arms, so he blends in and soon, reaches the secured Bichen.

Getting out and lifting off from Yiling was easy with the dispersing crowd, and soon, Lan Zhan sits straddling Bichen and holds a balled-up Wei Ying, and they zip across the starry night sky.


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**11.00 pm**

It was frankly quite late by the time they reached home. Lan Zhan marvelled at the flawlessly cleaned floors, with not a single spot left untouched - but he still harbours some conflicted feelings at the D-broom unit that lay quiet below the dining table. He would talk to Wei Ying about his latest invention, tomorrow.

With a little less cleaning to do, he filled the laundry basket with their dirty clothes, and quickly bathed them both (it was fascinating to watch thick, soupy white tendrils drift downstream when he rinsed the ruined loincloth in the outdoor pool. The battered, tattered piece of underwear was left to hang on the laundry line next to Wei Ying's favourite red boxer as a final sign of respect; Lan Zhan plans to fold it nicely the next day, and store it with his secret stash of collectables that remind him of fond memories with his lover - such as the cloth with Wei Ying's face burnt with lampblack, not too long ago in an episode of 'lewding the bunnies'). All the day's purchases were either washed, dried, unpacked and sorted, then kept in their proper places to where they belong.

When he took out the lanterns, he found that they were quite plain in design - there are small rabbits in a background of bamboo, and plenty of white space. He added a few skilled and well-practised strokes of calligraphy writing onto the paper, before lighting them up. The lanterns hang on either sides of the front entrance, and illuminate the courtyard with the words "Lan's Residence" (藍家) shining brightly into the night.

Finally, before crawling to bed (it has been an *exceptionally* long day, he thought), he lit up incense pots around their home and cast one of Wei Ying's Shield talismans to keep the bugs out and to ensure a restful slumber for both of them. On his side of the bed, he fluffs up the pillow - and found that Wei Ying had hidden his dark brown trousers underneath it! (no wonder he couldn't find his trousers in the morning, and was forced to go pantless for most of the day). Lan Zhan chuckles softly, takes the now-unused trousers to the laundry basket, then returns to bed and spoons a snoring still-pantless Wei Ying underneath tucked blankets. (Wei Ying doesn't need to wear new loincloths or underwear while in bed, he decided)

It has been a good day, indeed.

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### **12.15 am, the next day**

Lan Zhan is restless, and his forehead is creased with worry. He could not sleep, and in fact, he is wide awake, buzzing with energy - just like the start of any other day.

(Lan Zhan's body clock is still five hours ahead. It's technically after five in the morning for him.)

**1:00 am**

He tossed and turned on the bed, recited multiplication tables inside his head from one to hundred, washed and hung every piece of garment, swept the floor one more time with a straw broom (he couldn't figure out how to activate the alien creature called D-broom), checked the pots, pans and cutlery in the kitchen, prepared the ingredients for the next day's meals, and even counted the number of leaf-wrapped minced pork and other provisions inside their pantry.

He couldn't sleep.

Finally, he figured he's missed out something from his nightly sleeping routine. He reaches under the bed, and takes out a box. He picks out his favourite bent stick and a well-used P-Cool prostate massager.

“Wei Ying, Wei Ying, are you awake?”

Wei Ying continues to snore at the buzzing sounds.

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Later...

“Lan Zhan, I was so drunk last night, I didn’t even watch the fireworks!”

“Mn.”

“Was it beautiful? Was it magnificent? Did people have lots of fun during the show?”

“Yes. Beautiful. Magnificent. And very fun.”

“Can we go there again? I really want to catch the show while summer’s still at its peak”

“Mn. Tomorrow evening. I’ll take you there.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Phew...! That's it for this arc. Thank you for reading so far!

I'll be glued to the Untamed Special Edition episodes in the next few weeks. I think there's not much left for Untamed, but I'm still a big big Wangxian fangirl (of the CQL Untamed universe), and always a big big BJYX and BJYXSZD shipper.

Wishing Xiao Zhan and Wang Yibo many great successes and good health in the future!

And to everyone else, wishing you Happy holidays, Have a great New Year, and a wonderful start to 2020 !!!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: In case anyone's wondering about Wei Ying's drunkard behavior, you can refer to Part 2 of the trilogy "It is a clear and sunny day" :-)

Chapter 30

"Three on the right!"

Lan Zhan staggers to the back, barely missing a trio of gaping maws that streaked across the front of his chest. Each comes equipped with a pair of black-tinged fangs, and one grazed the back of his right forearm. The residual liquid - pearlets of dark, sticky substance - melts through the protective sleeve, and *dissolves* his skin. Lan Zhan grits his teeth when he feels something sizzle, and it's painful.

"Lan Zhan, are you alri--"

"Keep playing the flute!" he barks, ignoring the throbbing pain in his arm and the beads of sweat rolling off his shoulders. His grip on Bichen trembles, so he switches the sword to his left hand. It wasn't as skilled, and he was having trouble to fend off the frightening *leaping* snakes. They burst out from the bushes in groups, emitting black wisps from their serpentine bodies, and hurtled through the air with spine-chilling hisses with bared venomous fangs.

Lan Zhan dodges another cluster of snakes arching above his head, before he rolls to the left, and uses his sword to parry four more that launched themselves directly to Wei Ying's face. The cursed reptiles, almost formless due to the heavy mists that blanketed their bodies, slap onto the thick blade and cleave cleanly into two. Thick, liquefying chunks drop wetly to the ground, then evaporate into thin air within seconds.

Both men were trapped between snake-infested thickets and a high vertical cliff face behind their backs; Lan Zhan continued to strike - almost blindly - both left and right, with increasing desperation and fatigue, at snakes that pummel suicidally at them. They come in different sizes, from the size of fingers until as long as a man's arm - which makes it extremely difficult to swing and cut them down with precision, while avoiding those that crawl from behind. Both men had suffered multiple bites on their feet from the smaller ones - despite the harmless size, they were camouflaged by the shadows of the overhanging cliff, and easily ambushed the men from the roots of smaller shrubs; their fangs puncture the shoes, inject small amounts of paralyzing venom before being stomped or stabbed to death.

Lan Zhan loses his balance with a loud yelp, and falls to one knee. One such attacker latched by its fangs to a calf muscle. Barely two notes into his flute music, Wei Ying shouts in panic and uses the bamboo instrument to whack it away, flinging it far into the thickets.

“K--Keep... playing--” the older man groans, dizzy, and uses Bichen's toxin-encrusted blade to steady himself from collapsing to the dirt. The metal shines in the dim pillars of light filtering from the canopy of trees atop the cliff above them, it does not dull with the poisons.

It was too late. The pause in flute music intended to tranquilize the largest beast in the vicinity - an enormous mist-enveloped serpent that towered in front of both men, as tall as three adults - allowed it to wake up. It jerks its muscles with renewed energy coursing through its body, and it hisses and roars fiercely. Venomous spit rains on its desired prey, melting patches of clothes, flesh, grass, even rocks that litter the ground. The acrid smoke of burning material fills the air, choking both men further with the stench of being suffocated, poisoned and the fear of being devoured alive.

Wei Ying starts to write a mystical word to cast some kind of spell, but the ritual is disrupted when he lets out an agonizing, anguished cry; one of his arms is *chewed* by a sizable snake that had appeared out of nowhere. Rows of serrated teeth dig into the bloodied shoulder sleeve, and the bamboo flute drops to the ground with a hollow thud. Realizing the gravity of the situation, Lan Zhan frantically spins on his heel and lurches upward with his remaining good feet to grab onto that snake's tail in an effort to pull it away, even though he knows he'll probably rip off a good part of Wei Ying's skin and flesh from that act - he'd do anything, *anything* to save his lover from harm.

In mid-dash, fingers splayed out to reach as far as possible towards the tip of the wriggling attacker, suddenly a tremendous force slams into his abdomen, and he crashes back to the ground with a sickening crunch. The impact whiplashes the bones, forcing air out of his lungs and his vision spins wildly. Searing pain runs through his entire body - he was broken, crushed and torn alive. He couldn't move his limbs, his ears are ringing, and he tastes blood that pour from his throat and through the nostrils. He tries to look downward at what is holding him back from reaching his beloved Wei Ying, but he sees only red-tinged blurry images of black mists and scales; of hideous obsidian fangs and teeth dripping with poisonous saliva; of cold, massive jaws that enclose around his bloodied, mangled body and his arms stuck out in odd angles; and those terrifying jaw muscles flex, tighten, squeeze his bleeding organs, threatening to break his ribs and slice him into half. His vision becomes a mess of red, moving masses, and he loses focus.

Lan Zhan shakily looks up; he knows that he is mortally wounded and needs to see his lover's face one last time before darkness overcomes his consciousness. "Wei... Ying..." he gurgles softly through gushing blood, wants to reach and touch, to say Sorry that he could not save both of them, Sorry that he wasn't strong enough to make his own decision and take them to safety, Sorry for all the pain they had to go through during their brief time together on this wretched world - but he no longer has the arms to hold lovely Wei Ying, nor any breath to say anything else.

Wei Ying stands in silence, the distance between them as pronounced and stark as night and day. One is living - a look of horror on the face, tormented by the pain of being devoured alive by biting, chewing and gnashing teeth and poisonous fangs. One is dying - a look of peaceful calm, no longer feeling the pain of the world and wants just one last touch of warmth.

A single teardrop rolls down the younger man's cheeks.

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What started as a noble effort to locate the source of snakes that terrorized Mian Mian's neighbours, became an exciting treasure hunt for clues starting from shedded snakeskins, regurgitated animal carcasses that grew in size, until Lan Zhan became anxious and wanted to retreat to call for back-up from the other cultivators - but Wei Ying insisted with his reckless bravado, that it's there, it's there, just over the next clump of bushes, just past next rocky slope, and they went on, and on, deeper into the unexplored, shadowed parts of the 'Mounds - until they walked into a dead-end of the said cliff face.

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*Lan Zhan, do you know how much you mean to me?*

*You're my soulmate, you've saved me countless of times, you're the only one who stood by me when everyone else would not. You're the light of my darkness, you're the only person who stands in the right when everyone else is wrong.*

*You laughed, listened and loved me. You would never hurt me.*

*Seeing you in pain, right at this moment - it angers me; that you love me so well, and yet the world does not love you. Even the heavens do not spare their love for either of us.*

*It angers me, that this world, the people, the creatures, the gods - everything, is unfair.*

*Everything is wrong, wrong, wrong.*

*Those that wronged me... you.... us - are unfair. They hurt. They hurt so hard, that they deserve to feel my anger and wrath.*

*Seeing you lying in a pool of your own blood, right at this moment - it angers me; It hurts so much. It burns.*

*Everything burns.*

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*Lan Zhan, do you **really** know how much you mean to me?*

*I will show you.*

*I will show those who dare to hurt.*

*I will **burn** everything down - this world, the heavens, everything - to show how much **I really love you** .*

~~~@~@~@~~~@~@~@~~~

Lan Zhan wakes up gasping audibly for breath, and his body is covered with sweat.

The bedroom is dim, quiet, save for some soft, bubbling sounds coming from the kitchen and some birds chirping outside their home. The curtains sway gently from a cooling breeze blowing in through the window. Judging from the angle and brightness of the sunlight, it seems to be early in the morning, just after sunrise.

As soon as he catches his breath, he tries to push himself up to rise, but groans when pain shoots up his left arm. He steadies himself on the other good arm until he is able to sit with his back against the pillows and bedframe. He pushes the blanket away; it feels rather warm in the room.

Lan Zhan realizes that he is topless and wears only his short summer underpants. His left forearm, lower right leg and the entire midriff are heavily bandaged - thick, secure and cleanly wrapped with strips of cloth. He tries to bend a little, twist slightly to the side, wiggle his fingers and toes - the wounds ache, but the rest of his body is fine, if not rather stiff from lying in a supine position for too long. There are some minor cuts and bruises, especially from the waist down, but these have healed and the marks and scabs will probably disappear in another day or two.

He swivels around at the bedside and lets his feet touch the floor gingerly, barefooted. Just as he was about to stand up, Wei Ying appeared at the entrance of the bedroom, wearing a beige shirt and a pair of brown trousers. He carried a tray containing a steaming bowl and a bamboo container.

“Lan Zhan, you’re awake! Oh, you’re awake!” the younger man squeals with immense delight. He quickly rushes in, puts the tray on the bedside table, then sits on Lan Zhan’s right side. He takes the older man’s good right hand and starts stroking the forearm.

“Wei...” Lan Zhan calls out his lover’s name because those are the first words he desperately needed to say-scream-shout at that moment; Lan Zhan blinks his eyes hard when they suddenly prickled with uncried tears; his mind races with a multitude of unasked questions between being trapped in the jaws of death and waking up to his beloved angel’s touch; his heart soars with gratefulness that he is alive and breathing, that all is well in their bedroom, and that lovely Wei Ying is cheerful as always. He leans in to embrace his love - he’d missed Wei Ying’s warm scent and so much more -, until a twinge of pain from the abdomen caused him to grimace and halt in mid-hug.

“Ah, Lan Zhan, don’t strain yourself. You’ve just woken up and your body still needs plenty of rest,” Wei Ying gently admonishes, as he places a hand on his back and above the woven dressing to steady the older man from falling back into the bedcovers. A small smudge of red appears on the bandage above the navel, and Lan Zhan groans with an audible “arrgh!” at the stinging sensation. The pain fired through his spine and causes an uncomfortable squeezing sensation in his temples - that’s when he realized that his forehead was bandaged as well.

Wei Ying becomes wide-eyed at the patch of bloodied dressing, and starts shouting towards the curtained window, “ *Didi* ! (little brother) Get your *san ge* (third brother) in here right now! He’s awake!”. Lan Zhan reels from the growing, pounding pain inside his head and stomach, and his mind couldn’t quite figure out what Wei Ying was trying to say, or to whom.

“ *Da ge* ! (big brother) The wound’s opening up again! We need new bandages and gauze!” this time, Wei Ying barks out orders towards the door leading to the outdoor pool.

“Who...” Lan Zhan groans again, his gaze fixated on the dark stone floor to stop a throbbing headache from tearing out of his head. He hears footsteps shuffling into the room, and he becomes alarmed at the sudden presence of an intruder - no, *multiple* intruders - shadows, sounds, breathing - surrounding him... and Wei Ying is still sitting by his side, in possibly grievous danger!

Another pair of hands gently holds up his bandaged left arm. Lan Zhan turns his head to that direction, tensed, ready to jump off the bed and kick whoever that dares to touch his injuries. He froze.

“Wang Ji *xiong* , you’re awake! There’s no need to rush, so please take your time to recover. I-- ah, I’m sorry, my clothes are a bit dirty with mud... I had to take care of the weeds and the chicken coop, and also catch a couple of fish from the pond,” *another* Wei Ying appeared in his sight, but he looks fairer, thinner *and younger* - just as when they first met at the Cloud Recesses, more than sixteen years ago. He places Lan Zhan’s arm down and gives a wide, energetic grin, then sheepishly wipes his soil-speckled hands on the hem of an oversized light blue shirt - but his gaze never left Lan Zhan. He pulls up a leg onto the bed, and Lan Zhan notices the black trousers that he wore are a little baggy; when Lan Zhan scans this ‘other’ Wei Ying from head to toe, he couldn’t help but stare incredulously at his dirt-smudged bare foot **on** the bed.

Another face pops into his vision, near to the dirty wiggling toes against the clean bedsheets. It’s a young boy, barely ten years of age (probably), and he looks very much like a miniature version of Wei Ying - albeit with shorter hair; the bright sparkling eyes, chubbier cheeks and the tell tale toothy smile - it’s all Wei Ying’s. The boy rests his chin of the bedside and looks up adorably. “Lan *er gege* , you must get well soon, okay? I did all the

housework for you in the last few days while you were sleeping. So please, don't worry!" And that angelic smile again. Lan Zhan feels his world is spinning in absolute confusion, and yet his heart melts at that endearing, cuddle-worthy smile. He nearly reached out to pat those cute plump cheeks too - but withdrew his hand in horror when he realized that the boy was wearing one of his old cloud-patterned white shirts which was too large for the tiny body that it slipped off one of his shoulders to bare his smooth, adolescent chest; that the boy was wearing the shirt and *nothing else underneath* ; and that the boy knelt *between* his open legs and his face was *so, so close* to his crotch that he could feel the heated, quick breaths tickling his thinly-covered thighs.

Then, a pair of long muscled, tanned arms tenderly embraces him from behind, weaving around the armpits and locked right above the edge of the dressing at his midriff. The swish of long, slightly unruly, lush hair that fans on both sides of his shoulders, the musky warm scent that accompanies the comforting hold, the lower sultry whispery yet firm voice into his ears - are unmistakably Wei Ying's. "*Lao gong* , you're up (你醒啦)," followed by a light peck on his neck - right at the sensitive skin above the jugular vein - "I really missed you (好想你)" the husky, yearning voice exudes a sense of maturity and desire, and its brevity in words signifies familiarity and possessiveness. Fingertips start to toy the edge of the bandage and lightly graze, then circle a nipple. The friction of fingernail against the woven material scratches the sheathed brown nub with precise abrasion and pressure, and Lan Zhan shivers a little when tingly goosebumps rise up from spine to scalp. "Don't be shy, Han Guang Jun. Let's undress you and wrap you up nicely, alright?"

Lan Zhan looks to his right, at the first (and original?) Wei Ying; the older man's strained facial expression speaks volumes of confusion, stress and panic. The younger man smiles sweetly in return, and caresses Lan Zhan's remaining good hand.

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At this point, lanzhan.exe has stopped working. Figuratively speaking, of course.

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Goddess of the Silvery Moon, Chang 'e, watches from her celestial throne with her faithful follower, the Jade Rabbit, on her lap.

The Mortal Realm of the Middle Kingdom is but a husk of ash, charred beyond recognition. Great fires continue to sweep across the lands and burn, burn forever, wiping out all life on its surface, and leave smouldering basins that stretch endlessly where the Dragon King of the Seas once ruled. The scorching heat delivers its fiery carnage deep into the Realm's living core, where widespread incineration turns even the hardest of metals and precious stones into useless dust. With that, the immense mythical roots of Mount Kunlun, the Pillar of the Skies, disintegrates and can no longer hold the infinite weight of the Heavens. Huge swathes of clouds and divinely material crumble and rain upon the Realms; leading to a perpetual cycle of death and destruction.

The deities of the earth cry, "O Dragon King of the Seas, we're burning, burning alive! Please save us from this unbearable heat!". However, there is no response, as the oceans have boiled over and evaporated into the air.

Then, they grovel on the ground and raised their palms up towards the skies, “Your Greatness, O Jade Emperor of the Heavenly Court, we beg for your mercy to save our pitiful existences! Please let us take shelter, away from the punishing fires and the rain of death!”. Again, there is no response. The Heavenly Palace lies in ruins.

Desperate, they plead, “O Great Heavenly Mother Queen, we have no one else to turn to, please show us the way to escape this mindless destruction, beyond Mount Kunlun, even beyond the Heavens!” There is only silence in return. Once revered as the cradle for countless legends and a fertile birthplace of gods, there are only earthquakes, spewing volcanic mountains and sinking craters left.

Having exhausted their options, the earthly deities approach the one god that none would ever think of - until now. “O Most Eminent of All, Lord of Hell, if you hear us then please allow us to hide in the Underworld, at least until the firestorms die down, we will forever be in your debt.” The fires in Hell have long burnt out, displaced by the raging inferno that originated somewhere in the west of the Kingdom.

All eyes turn to the final saviour of the Mortal Realms and the sacred Realms of the Gods.

Merciful Goddess Guan Yin is at a loss for words. Her compassion is limitless, but Compassion cannot undo the reality that almost all Creations are lost forever to the ashes. She turns to the grandest of them all, the all-knowing omnipresence in all cycles of birth, existence and death.

Lord Buddha, The Enlightened One, finally opens His eyes, after what seems an eternity of peace and meditation.

Chang 'e never really got along well with the Realm of the Gods, after her banishment to the Moon. She crosses one leg, relaxes into the throne, and continues to watch with interest from her lunar pedestal.

Notes for the Chapter:

Happy New Year everyone!!!

Wishing you all a great start to 2020! I certainly had an awesome time counting down with Zhan Ge by watching his performance on TV - his really good looks, his great singing, his hot dances (oh my gawd, *fan fan fan*)... Thank you again to Xiao Zhan for bringing Wei Wuxian to life in The Untamed, and you'll forever be a precious gem in the sea of good things that happen in this lifetime! :-D

I didn't manage to watch Wang Yibo's performance as I couldn't find the right channel, but I've seen enough clips and screenshots to know that he really rocked the stage and wet everyone! :-D Thank you Yibo, for bringing Lan Wang Ji's existence to the real world.

Both Wang Yibo / Lan Wang Ji and Xiao Zhan / Wei Wuxian are inseparable in the Untamed and Mo Dao Zu Shi universe !!! All the best to both persons and their fictional personas in their futures !!!

Coming back to this fic... I made an on-the-fly decision to pick up one of the earlier arcs just because the timelines kinda fits... I haven't thought of any other reasons yet. So let's see how the story progresses and turn out!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 31

The inaugural settlement of the Lan family outside of Gusu, Lan's Residence within the 'Mounds of Qishan, has undergone a population explosion, the fledgling patriarch realized. He rubs both temples, trying to massage the throbbing headache away as stress and fatigue pile up one after another, threatening to overwhelm his muddled consciousness.

Wei *didi* and his *san ge* bicker and quarrel over a muddy footprint left on the bedsheet. The small boy pummels the older teenager with his small fists while shouting angrily that he'd just washed it, while the other parries each punch and retorts that the sheets can be washed again, and working on the farm to put food on their table is more important than the laundry.

Wei *er ge* (the one he recognized as his beloved) tries valiantly to yell above the din while shushing the youngest two. He's just blown the first spoonful of steaming congee and paused in mid-air, as he talked with one hand cupping beneath the spoon in case there was any spillage. "As I was saying - STOP IT BOTH OF YOU! - while we were looking for the snakes' nest, you walked ahead into some thick morning mists and fell off a sharp cliff. Lan Zhan, you really scared me to death back then! It's as though you slipped off some rocks, and then, Whoosh!, you were gone from my sight! - ENOUGH, STOP ARGUING! - I rushed down the slope and found that you'd crashed over some rocks. You had cuts and lacerations all over your body, hence the bandages," he points the steaming spoon in all directions towards Lan Zhan's body, except for the half-opened mouth. "You're very lucky that there were no broken bones! Ah, Lan Zhan, did you know, you're very heavy and it took me a while to carry you back - I was afraid you'd bleed too much! - ALRIGHT THAT'S IT! -" and Wei *er ge* stands up in anger with a scowl on his face, bloodshot eyes and flared nostrils included, then throws the spoon back into its bowl with a loud clang, and slammed

the bowl on the surface of the bedside table so hard that the creaky wood rattled. He marched off and pushed the two fighting boys out of the room.

Lan Zhan sighs and closes his mouth because he thought Wei Ying would feed him with a spoonful of warm congee, but that spoon no longer hovered in front of his lips. He stares with regret at the ill-treated cutlery sticking out from a messy puddle of food.

Wei *da ge* continues to wrap fresh new bandages around his ribs patiently, but at a faster pace. “Lan Zhan, let me finish this last bit, then I’ll get the congee for you,” he murmurs apologetically. His voice is the lowest among them all, almost baritone in quality, and soothes the ringing ears and frayed nerves. Lan Zhan feels unnerved at the strange situation, and despite the calmness of this *older* Wei Ying, he imagines that the fingers moving in circles around his midriff belongs to a *stranger* instead of his lover that’s been aged up about ten or so more years. He uses his good right hand to pick up the spoon, carefully scoop up the congee from its bowl on the table, and slowly maneuver to his lips. He’s too nervous to stay still, at the moment.

“You saw it, didn’t you? The nasty gashes on your waist. You scraped yourself badly when you fell through the jagged surfaces. The volcanic rock is very sharp,” Wei *da ge* seems to pick up where the *er ge* left off. Lan Zhan blows some steam off the spoon, half-expecting the conversation to continue in their typical one-sided manner.

“I cast a Fairy Messenger spell to get Doctor Li to make a house call, and begged him to come as soon as he could. Thankfully his grandmother was with him, so they managed to clean up the mess on your body. The blood... was all over the bed and floor... so Grandma Li helped to wash up too. She

taught me how to disinfect and keep your wounds clean, as well as to bandage them properly,” Wei *da ge* says, and nudged at the final knot on the side of the body. Lan Zhan notices that he wore a grey shirt - one of Lan Zhan’s older modified robes - and it fits well on the larger muscled body frame - almost as good as the original owner.

Lan Zhan places the spoon to his lips, and took a sip - but it was still scalding hot, and he “ahhhs” softly and jerks away his fingers. Wei *da ge* managed to catch the falling spoon with one hand, and a spilled glob lands on the back of his other hand. “Ah, careful, Lan Zhan,” he warns with little indication that he’s bothered with the piping hot liquid other than a quick shake of the wrist, and nonchalantly climbs off the bed.

Lan Zhan blinks at the other man, expressionless, although the pounding headache continues to hammer the insides of his skull. The room is at least peaceful and quiet, so the pain receded - but barely. He observes how Wei *da ge* casually licks the spilled puddle off his hand, and proceeds to scoop another spoonful of congee. He turns around towards Lan Zhan and starts to blow the steam off the spoon. He seems patient and relaxed, and hung on to the spoon longer than Lan Zhan did.

“... how?” Lan Zhan mouthed, soundless.

Wei *da ge* apparently caught the question despite the silence pervading the room. He raises an eyebrow, wordlessly asking What, Which, Who with that little gesture.

Lan Zhan clears his throat; it feels clogged, scratchy and raspy despite having already drunk a cup of tea from the bamboo container. “How... did you bring me back?”

Wei *da ge* continues to blowing, and in-between breaths, he explains, “I won’t lie to you, I used powerful spells to transport us back here. I can explain more later, and show you if you’re interested,” and finally raises the cooled congee to Lan Zhan’s lips. The other man, however, still harbors some suspicions of a *stranger* trying to feed him with plain liquidy food containing bits of minced chicken, egg, finely chopped cabbage and boiled carrot cubes, garnished with sliced scallion and drizzles of sesame seed oil. He leans away.

Wei *da ge* sighs. “The doctor’s fee, including the emergency FeiEx transport, bandages and medicine, totals up to four gold pieces. I took them from your money pouch and I’m sorry I had to use them without your permission,” he calmly explains and points at the said pouch lying in one of the bookshelves - it looks awfully thin -, “... but I promise to find a way to earn back the money. The four of us have been trying our best; but with the losses from cancelled food delivery orders to the teahouses, compounded with the fact that we’ve been spending more than what we can pocket from selling a handful of under ripe crops, hurriedly-written talismans and knick-knacks; and that we’ve used up nearly all the gold pieces inside that pouch especially since we’ve been having take-outs lately,” and he looks back at Lan Zhan with a hardened and very anxious gaze, “the situation is very dire... So, dear husband of mine, eat up, get well soon, and for goodness sake, *please* sort out our finances, food, clothing and everything else in our household!”

Something inside Lan Zhan stirred from the impassioned, and sincere speech. (It comes with financial figures, and beckons him with pleas to restore the balance of their Perfect universe.) He cautiously takes a bite of

the chicken congee. It tastes quite good - not spicy at all, and just a tad bit savoury - enough for his Gusu-trained palate to give it a four out of five stars.

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It takes a while for Lan Zhan to wrap his head around how Wei Ying struggles to *survive* with him out cold on the bed - for two weeks, at least; even the water clock outside their home ran *dry* (because no one remembered to fill it), so it was impossible to determine how much time had passed, without checking any external sources of information such as the weekly periodicals). The four of them explained - in various states of highly-strung emotions and sometimes, with arguments among themselves to *dispute* their own facts and beliefs - just verbally explained and did not need to show, because Lan Zhan absolutely refuses to want to acknowledge, let alone witness (because Heaven forbid if such acts are used without care nor thought of the possible disastrous consequences!) -, about how prohibited or never-heard-before spells are cast, to make up for their inherently appalling lack of skills in domestic work and housekeeping.

The first thing the young man had in mind, right after Doctor Li and his grandmother left, was to tackle the insurmountable challenge of “how to *Lan Zhan* their home and estate”, with his name carelessly used to define “doing the things that Wei Ying doesn’t do”. Apparently, he was desperate enough to cast an extremely forbidden spell related to the concept of Creation - which is second only to Time-manipulation in terms of the severity of *illegality* in the cultivation world - and made an extra copy of himself. Lan Zhan has no idea how the spell is cast, how it works, how a new human being is *formed* using that spell, what are the effects nor the long-term consequences; the books in Gusu Lan’s Library Pavillion only makes brief mention about the name of the spell’s circle, and a paragraph of

vague, but harshly (and horrifically)-worded description to deter anyone from reading further.

Wei Ying knew he had to continue making his trips to Yiling and sell his talismans and magical gadgets (and take up the labour-intensive task of foraging, since he covers the most ground among the four Wei's). The earnings are miserable compared to the value of the food deliveries (that he was forced to cancel), but it was the only reliable source of income he had in mind. Thankfully, the *laoban* s of the teahouses were understanding and believed his petty excuses of “the wife is sick” and “our kitchen is undergoing some renovations”, and were agreeable to defer the orders at least until the following month with little or no contractual penalties. Grandma Li was very kind and immediately gave him a box of medicine after seeing Lan Zhan’s condition, so he’d save up on medical fees. She said the herbal candies could wait too. And Wei Ying absolutely refused to call up his foster sisters unless it was the last straw, because he really couldn’t handle them all (Lan Zhan’s inner self nods vehemently in agreement).

The first copy would be someone skilled and strong enough to man the farms. When Wei Ying was in his teens, he’d already learnt the basics about planting and maintaining vegetable gardens, harvesting and caring for livestock - as evidenced by his lively rural childhood growing up in Yunmeng and befriending many farmers and fishermen around Lotus Pier. A fifteen year old Wei Ying was created, and tasked with watering, fertilizing, weeding and harvesting the vegetable patch, fruit trees and the lotus plants (with some blunders - he’d pluck out unripe fruits, thinking that they’re fit for sale and consumption - to Old Merchant Zhu’s consternation); feeding the chickens, rabbits and fish (he made some expensive mistakes - he didn’t know where to get their food or what kinds of food they ate, so he walked all the way to Huang village to buy bags of animal feed, which cost *a lot* . He still supplemented the birds’ and fish’s diet with bugs and insects caught from the surrounding forests, and for the rabbits, cut grass that fringe their estate because he was sure that there were no poisonous plants around there); and hunting for jungle fowls and other wild game (which



worked fine, and the family of four could still get decent meals every day, courtesy of the abundant wildlife in the ‘Mounds’).

Farming and hunting took up a lot of time, so by the end of the first day without Lan Zhan leading their domestic affairs, Wei Ying made another copy of himself for housework. He was aware that by the age of nine, he was already good with cleaning the house, making the bed, doing the laundry (he still had problems with folding large clothing items and bedsheets properly with his small hands), washing the dishes and other menial tasks inside the home - Jiang Fengmian had taught him well back then, because he bore the brunt of Madam Yu’s ire, and was always forced to help out his *shijie* or the other servants since Jiang Cheng was too young (and also because Madam Yu disapproved her true *gong zi* son from even holding a broomstick during those times). Nine-year old Wei Ying also helped to watch over their house, such as taking in the laundry before it rains, receiving parcels from the Postbird, flipping through the periodicals and cut out the coupons (they’re left in a messy stack inside a box for Lan Zhan to sort out when he wakes up), and play with the animals or doodle in his notebooks when he has time to spare - because he’s still a small child.

However, there was an unforeseeable consequence when he created the youngest version of himself - something became unstable in the space-time fabric (Lan Zhan didn’t really grasp the concept, but he listened on to Wei Ying’s animated explanations), probably because of the difference in age between him and the copy - and with a lightning flash and a thunderous boom, an *older* version of himself appeared alongside the nine-year old too! The thirty-year old Wei Ying (he thinks it’s thirty, but he’s not sure) did not have any work planned beforehand, so he was tasked to help around at home and the estate, such as: reaching for things that are too high up in the cupboards for the nine-year old; helping to dig ditches to irrigate the crops or carry straw baskets of harvested fruits and radishes, because he was much stronger than the fifteen-year old; and toil on talismans, charms, magical gadgets and other projects in the workroom - because he seems more experienced and is able to get the job done faster than the current Wei

Ying. The eldest Wei Ying also helped to prepare their meals and is currently experimenting with their nineteenth version of the lotus root pork rib soup - it's still in progress, though; although fifteen-year old Wei Ying could clearly remember the taste of his *shijie* 's soup, he had difficulty to pinpoint, let alone describe, the ingredients and recipe needed to perfect the dish.

Unfortunately, Wei Ying has limited knowledge of cooking and recipes (because he didn't cook much in his past life, and judging from the eldest's pitiful ability with the wok and pots, it seems Wei Ying has come to rely too much on Lan Zhan for his meals - at this point, Lan Zhan's heart skips a beat in secret delight) - so, after a few days of simple and similar-tasting spicy fried rice, fiery stir-fries, chilli congee and peppered barbecued meats, the four had enough (the youngest started experiencing diarrhea from the endless stream of spicy food) and began ordering take-outs; which drained the money pouch a lot faster than intended, and worsened their financial situation.

Hence, despite having four copies of himself existing and working side-by-side, as predicted, Wei Ying admits that he couldn't *Lan Zhan* their home and estate as well as the real owner. The cave-home is a mess, the animals aren't eating much, the vegetable gardens didn't look as healthy as before, the laundry isn't folded properly, and *stuff* are piled up in places where they clearly *do not belong* .

However, there are still some silver linings despite the looming black clouds over their heads:

Nine-year old Wei Ying managed to keep the floors clean and have fun at the same time - he loves to sit and ride on the D-broom as the unit weaves

its way around their house. He helps to clear any obstacles, such as stacks of folded laundry left carelessly on the floor or other bits of machinery, wood or stonework that the eldest is working on, so that the magically enhanced automaton could complete its duty smoothly. Then, the boy would take the filled attached bag and dump its dusty and dirty contents into their outdoor pool - twice a day, at least.

Fifteen-year old Wei Ying had been frustrated because he's a ball of excited teenage energy that cannot find release through farmwork alone - so he helped to dig, gather and pile loose boulders and rocks from the fields to build stone walls around their gardens. While doing that, he practised his elemental spellcasting skills and increased his physical strength at the same time;

The current Wei Ying had a bit more time to practise his cultivation, pen down and actually realize more ideas from his notebook - in their increasingly packed workroom, there are prototypes of a bamboo piping system for carrying Qishan's heated springwaters into their home, shower heads that can be installed at their outdoor pool (it's easier to wash one's hair with a sprinkling shower than to dunk a bucket of water over the head), half-completed lantern fixtures to make their rooms brighter at night, and even a half-constructed oven that's too big to fit into their kitchen (so it lies in a graveyard-like pile of construction materials, sawdust and chipped stones at a corner of the courtyard, covered with tarp). There are a few new benches around the lotus pond too, which makes the atmosphere around their estate more welcoming for any visitors.

Thirty-year old Wei Ying made few but very meaningful contributions to their home. He single-handedly designed an automated washing basin after watching how the youngest of them struggled with four times the amount of clothes and other laundered items. He'd built it using stone, wood and a kind of hardened malleable mix that consists of limestone, clay, water, sand,

gravel, pebbles, high-level Fire spells and iron bars moulded using Metal spells; essentially it is a spinning basin with an axle in the center attached to multiple paddles, assembled into a watertight box, and pasted with a complex array of Memory, Energy, Water, Wind and other talismans. The invention functions as it should, but barely - due to the lack of a constant reliable source of energy, and a mechanism to fill the basin with washing water when needed. At least the clothes are washed and left half-dried by the time the basin stops spinning. (Lan Zhan observed a brief demonstration of how the contraption worked, and thought that hand-washing is still the preferred option.) There are also notes written in Wei Ying's notebook about future plans to add a low-grade long-lasting Fire spell to help dry off the washed laundry inside the basin. (At this point, Lan Zhan thought Wei Ying should just rely on the sunny weather to dry off the cleaned fabrics - in this day and age, nobody washes their clothes during cloudy or rainy days.)

Another idea that the thirty-year old came up with is a set of drawings for an automated dishwashing basin; however due to the lack of space in their small kitchen, and the delicate nature of clay and ceramic, Wei Ying continues to work on the idea within the safe confines on paper (and avoid breaking their precious tableware). For a very brief moment, Lan Zhan felt personally *attacked* by the thought of letting a mindless magically enchanted equipment wash their dishes, because washing dishes - along with cooking - are essentially what defines Lan Zhan's identity in their kitchen. He hums disinterestedly (even his inner self rolls his eyes sarcastically), hoping that Wei Ying's idea would fail and he'd drop the whole ridiculous idea once and for all.

The eldest Wei Ying also showed Lan Zhan how they'd handle the caught wild game during his absence - since none of them knew how to preserve meat with spices and marinades, nor thought of casting Preserve spells (which is a fundamental spell in a Healer's magical arsenal) - when he opened their pantry to show him the leaf-wrapped meats (also to brag at the expanded cellar space, because the youngest Wei Ying spent time digging more little caves beneath the kitchen), Lan Zhan was taken aback initially at

the freakish dark light emitting from the bottom of the hole. There was an instant dip in the kitchen's temperature and Lan Zhan could feel a shiver running up his fingertips from an indeterminable chill. That Wei Ying reached in and took out one of the wrapped meat. Lan Zhan sniffed it (it smelled alright) but refused to touch it, for now (it looked frozen and covered with ice crystals even in the heat of summer; he thought his eyes deceived him, and that it must be some kind of *untouchable* curse that only Wei Ying dared to conjure). Lan Zhan knows that Wei Ying is wise and crafty in the ways of magic, and although he couldn't identify the spell used to conserve the freshness of a two-week old chunk of deer meat, he did not openly dispute on whether the meat can, or should be consumed; he could remain as a vegetarian for a long time, anyway. He did ask though, whether it's safe to eat anything else stored inside their pantry, now that a *cursed* (he presumes) thing emitting the cold dark light has taken up residence in there. Thirty-year old Wei Ying answers by asking him how he felt after eating the two-week old minced chicken in the congee earlier that day. Lan Zhan knows Wei Ying will not harm anyone on purpose, so he lets the question slide and prays that his stomach doesn't protest.

Lan Zhan sighs. He hobbles on a handmade crutch (just a smoothed T-shape wood that fifteen-year old Wei Ying crafted from a couple of branches), and slowly makes his way out of the kitchen with all four Wei Yings by his side to survey the rest of the aftermath, and how he can put things back in order for his - their - little growing estate in the 'Mounds.

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Lan Zhan is, truthfully speaking, beginning to warm up to his extended family much better than he'd predicted.

It helps that all four Wei Yings are the *same* person, have the same history and memories, behavioural traits and personality, intelligence, wisdom and knowledge, latent and manifested skills, and spellcasting capabilities; they differ mostly in terms of physical strength, motor skills, and maturity in their thinking process. Simply put, take one Wei Ying, make three more copies, and squeeze each into different moulds of increasing sizes, and let the resulting lively quartet run along in their own separate ways (or circles). Since they are independent individuals with what Lan Zhan suspects as limited unseen telepathic connections amongst them, each Wei Ying can be regarded as a different aspects, or distorted mirror images of the same character.

There are probably more obvious and subtle quirks that he's not yet discovered about the after-effects of the Wei Ying's quadruplication, so he puts on his scholarly hat, and with his hand on his heart, vows to thoroughly understand his four spouses and prosper the Lan's Residence.

The first order of business that morning is to sort out their cave-home - and the first things he noticed are unusual balls of crumpled bedsheets around their abode - one near the kitchen stove, one under the dining table, another by the bed, and the final one at the entrance by the doorsteps. When he asks about those, the current Wei Ying explains that they agreed to let Lan Zhan lie on the bed to rest and recover, so they chose to sleep elsewhere. Since they tend to move around and land punches and kicks while dreaming, each picked a different spot around their tiny home to spend the nights lying on a piece of bedsheet. Nine-year old Wei Ying was able to fit into a narrow strip of floor space between the wall and the bedside table; fifteen-year old Wei Ying preferred to sleep under the dining table where he could comfortably stretch his legs; and thirty year-old Wei Ying curled up near the stove where he sometimes lit a Fire spell to the firewood and kept them warm. Lan Zhan knows that the entrance is the coldest of the four spots, especially when chilly winds blew in during the summer nights. His bare feet taps gently on the floor's surface - it is hard, and can be unforgiving as well.

Lan Zhan bends down as much as the crutch would allow, and unsteadily opens his arms as widely as possible. All four Wei Yings gently approach and embrace him from all sides, in a wordless gesture of “Welcome back”.

Notes for the Chapter:

It's a bit refreshing for me to get some character- and world-building done, and take things to the next level. For those who are interested, please refer to Chapter 5 as well :-)

I'll need to get back to my dayjob starting next week, so we'll be back with the regular scheduled programming of slower releases - maybe a chapter every few days or week(s). Well, it's been a great year-end holiday and I've managed to write so much during that time; and I hope everyone's going to have a good start to 2020!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 32

Lan Wang Ji is truly the Grand Patriarch of the Lan's Residence.

He sits on his palatial throne (a plain stool that nine-year old Wei Ying brought out from the dining area), right at the main entrance to their home, and casts long shadows to the interior like a grand, imposing figure (even that elongated hairpiece looks awe-inspiring from an angle). With both hands resting on his royal sceptre (actually, the crutch), a solemn look on his face (he's always expressionless anyway), he easily commands four royal subjects (would queens, mistresses, concubines - or heaven forbid, slaves - be more fitting?) to pander to his whims and slake his unshakable thirst to mend the broken, relocate the misplaced, replenish the missing, and make his universe Perfect once more.

It's a sunny summer morning, and the heat is rising fast within the cavernous walls - so everyone is topless and wears only their underpants or trousers; except for the nine-year old, because there aren't any garments suitable for his size, so he dons a baggy undershirt and goes pantless.

Lan Zhan already knows that the fifteen-year old doesn't get along well with the youngest, and due to the small stature, the boy wouldn't be able to contribute much to their home re-organization effort - so he asks the nine-year old to grab a chair, a notebook and an ink-brush pen, and sit by his side *obediently*. Wei *didi* immediately shows familiar traits of the beloved Wei Ying: he giggles, then pecks Lan Zhan's left cheek as a gesture of appreciation, and rushes off. Wei *da ge* wordlessly follows the boy into the kitchen, with a long arm over the little one's shoulder, to help the latter pick out a small chair suitable for his size. Lan Zhan understood immediately, at that point, that the eldest cares for the youngest the most - and makes a mental note of it.

Meanwhile, Lan Zhan sets his sights on the other two individuals that he's most familiar with. Earlier, while being spoonfed chicken congee by Wei *da ge*, and the other three talked non-stop about their despair and misery for the last couple of weeks, he noticed that all four Wei *gong zi* s have already established a basic and intimate level of understanding, relationship and hierarchy among themselves - including how they addressed each other appropriately and respectfully in a brotherly manner.

"Wei *er ge* (second brother), *san ge* (third brother), we'll start with the kitchen first, then the pantry next. Take out everything from the cabinets and shelves, group them, then show or tell me what you have - or don't have," he starts issuing orders in his no-nonsense voice, and both men quickly scuttled away without hesitation; both seemed thrilled to be addressed as elderly brothers (*ge ge*), probably reminiscent of a distant memory sixteen years ago when Lan Zhan was made to say Wei *gege* 's name in his first drunk experience at the Cloud Recesses.

The remaining two emerge from the kitchen and narrowly missed colliding with the *er* and *san ge* s, carrying the requested items. Wei *da ge* brought an additional tray of tea and a plate of hastily-steamed store-bought dumplings - Lan Zhan recognizes that the eldest has a mind of his own, is cognizant of the situation around them, and always takes the initiative to do something - which may or may not be necessary. Without a word, *da ge* places the chair on Lan Zhan's right side, sets the tray upon it, and pours a full cup next to the tea pot. He hoists the little boy who held the blank notebook and a dipped pen, and places him on the throne (actually, still the plain-looking stool), between Lan Zhan's open legs. Then, he pecks Lan Zhan's right cheek lightly, and whispers into the blushing right ear that little Wei Ying likes to be close to his *gege*, just as how little Wang Jis like to hang out with baby Wei Yings. He takes both of Lan Zhan's hands and gently wraps them around the nine-year old by the small, slightly chubby waist (like a seat belt), before giving a good squeeze at the intertwined fingers locking

right above the boy's navel and murmurs, "Hold him tightly, I'll do what is needed," before leaving the two alone.

Lan Zhan didn't realize he'd been staring at the long-haired man sashaying away until Wei *didi* tugged at the older man's underpants. The boy looks up with a pout and a few irresistibly cute blinks of big brown eyes. " *Gege* , can we start now?" he asks adorably and starts kicking his bare feet restlessly into the air; his body doesn't touch the older man's injured torso or lower right leg. Lan Zhan sighs and rests his chin on the child's head. Wei *didi* smells like Wei Ying, though a little milder and sweeter.

"Mn."

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Nine-year old Wei Ying is adorable and docile in the presence of a serious *gege* . He listens to the instructions and acts as Lan Zhan's trusted scribe and (underaged) secretary - he studiously fills page after page of the blank notebook with messy handwriting on what needs to be fixed, to be purchased, and needs to be replenished. Soon, he'd written a shopping list, a comprehensive planning schedule, and to-do lists for each part of their home, and later, around the estate; during which Lan Zhan enjoys cuddling the soft, warm body that still holds some baby fat. When it comes to re-folding some wrinkled fabrics , he happily hopped off the stool and asked with an charming grin, " *Gege* , can you teach me how to fold your shirt? I want to make sure that you will look the best every day!" - Lan Zhan couldn't refuse. Later, when Wei *didi* returned to his seat between the older man's legs, turns around and puts on his biggest smile while holding up two cut-out red coloured coupons, one on each cheek - Lan Zhan smiles back (!)

and rubs a thumb to the little boy's nose to wordlessly say how precious the child is to him.

The thirty-year old, on the other hand and quite frankly, leaves Lan Zhan feeling rather disconcerted - partly because of the oft-surprising ways he behaves - he gets caught off-guard by moments of helpfulness and thoughtfulness, then sometimes he's subtle and seductive, and at other times brazen and proactive - however, the actions are almost always done at the right time, and under the right circumstances. It feels like as though Wei *da ge* can read into everyone's minds and knows what to say or do - and what *not* say or do (and he keeps telling himself, this is still his Wei Ying, and later with another nervous sigh, that this could be the *future* Wei Ying that he'd spend the rest of his life with.)

Another reason for the anxiety that's undermining his confidence in dealing with the *da ge* , is that Lan Zhan had been ingrained from his childhood years to respect the seniors; and this Wei Ying looks to be of equal, if not of older, age and status compared to him. Although on the surface it feels easier to talk to the eldest Wei because he isn't as bouncy and bubbly as the rest, at the same time, there is a lingering fear that if they speak too much, Lan Zhan may offend Wei *da ge* , or that he may be outmaneuvered in a conversation involving his wits (it's really a baseless concern, but Lan Zhan has his own insecurities). So he remains polite towards the oldest of the four, and tries not to react impulsively to every question thrown at him (when *da ge* holds a ladle - the one that was bought from Yiling's evening market not too long ago - that was carelessly left in the kitchen sink, he sends a lusty look at the older man, gives it a barely noticeable lick along the length of the handle, and asks: where should I *really* put this?), or every well-intended but thinly veiled suggestion ( *da ge* would pick up cushions scattered haphazardly around the house, fluff them up, and tell Lan Zhan that they should just leave them on the bed instead of storing them inside the cupboard - because the cushions *will* be needed at night, and they're especially good for supporting one's neck and buttocks. Lan Zhan initially agrees about the usefulness of the cushions, until he catches the underlying

hint that they - he and all four Wei Yings - will be spending the night together on the bed; he'd made it clear that none of his Wei Yings will ever need to sleep on the cold hard floor again. Then, he inadvertently zooms into the last word in *da ge* 's suggestion - why would a cushion be needed to support one's buttocks? Lan Zhan shivers, coughs loudly, and mentally tries to swat away inconceivable images. Wei *da ge* laughs and starts arranging the said cushions against the bedframe).

Unexpectedly, Wei *da ge* 's superior magical abilities come in handy even when no one asks for his help. He'd cast Wind spells to keep the everyone cooled, conjure Invisible Hands when something is about to topple from a high cupboard, tap into a freshly created network of Sensing talismans (which works infinitely better than the Eye talisman) to locate things that have gone missing or were forgotten, or Levitate his *er* and *san di* s if he sees them tip-toeing to reach for the top shelves - and expectedly, receive no thanks in return. Lan Zhan also appreciates - but without saying anything about it - when Wei *da ge* nonchalantly stands behind him and starts massaging his stiff shoulders, and imperceptibly send minute amounts of Energy to make him feel better.

Lan Zhan finds interacting, talking and ordering the fifteen-year old Wei *san ge* to be as breezy as his lovely twenty-something Wei Ying. The teenager knows the ins and outs of their home, so, by saying something as vague as "Put the plates with blue designs on the second shelf to the right, and a bit behind the Mine and Yours mugs", he is still able to execute the orders with perfect tens - if he puts his heart and mind into it.

However, he has a rebellious streak in him, as evidenced by a shouting match between them after the first hour of work - teenage Wei Ying starts muttering "you're not clear enough" (in which Lan Zhan rephrases to simplify his sentences that are already abbreviated, and he gets annoyed doing this for at least three times per given instruction), "What? You didn't

tell me” (Lan Zhan says it again, followed by and exasperated “Now you know” after the third repetition) and “I can’t hear you, so speak louder, old man” (which riles up Lan Zhan a bit, because how dare Wei Ying call him an *old man* !), and when he deliberately misplaced something or doesn’t tell the truth (teenage Wei Ying loves to confuse his lefts and rights with Lan Zhan’s), the current Wei Ying would catch him red-handed and shout out “Lan Zhan, he’s lying! Look at what he’s actually doing!” (and yes, teenage Wei Ying is all smiles and grins when he succeeds in confusing and irritating the older man) - all of which further exacerbates the older man’s headache, and he thinks he’ll need another bandage around his forehead.

Lan Zhan decides to punish the fifteen-year old by giving him more hard labour work - such as lugging out the bags of grains for the chickens from the shed, sort out the newly harvested batch of fruits under the hot morning sun to pick out the unripe ones, and complete some unfinished stone walls by hauling and adding layers of rocks and capstones - until the teenager is utterly exhausted. In some ways, it feels cathartic as though he’d gone back sixteen years to give Wei Ying a good scolding for all the annoying things he’d done; only that this time, Lan Zhan is more forthcoming in disciplining the teenager.

Wei *da ge* steps up his shoulder massage, then knowingly gives Lan Zhan a pleasurable double-circular back-scratch around the unbandaged part of the body (Lan Zhan's favourite scratch style) - to pacify the *old man* whenever he’s agitated by the teen.

The last and current Wei Ying gets off scot-free, because he’s at his best behaviour.

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By lunchtime, they've fixed most of the chaos that nearly ruined their home and gardens, and all Wei Yings have received valuable life lessons in housekeeping and handling domestic affairs. Everyone agreed that Lan Zhan is a superhuman that deserve the utmost appreciation and rounds of applause, cheers and celebrations - over a simple but extremely satisfying meal of rice (congee for Lan Zhan - the wound on his stomach hasn't healed up yet), herbal chicken soup, home-style steamed minced pork patty, boiled fish with tofu, sauteed garden vegetables, and a pot of *pu'er* tea. (Lan Zhan had ordered the excess jars of impulsively-purchased Laozu Smiles to be kept in locked cabinets and away from nine-year old Wei Ying's grasp.) However, Lan Zhan politely declined the fanfare, and asked everyone at the round dining table to have their meal in silence, following Gusu Lan's family rules; all four Wei Yings gladly abide by their husband's orders.

Lan Zhan took a moment to mull over the food laid out in front of him. He was prepared to be contented with just with his bowl of plain congee and a few pieces of patty and vegetables within his reach due to his limited mobility (he couldn't really lean into the table due to the bandages, and his limbs still hurt from the wounds) - just then, his current Wei Ying rose up, took the seat on his right, and like well-oiled clockwork, everyone else shuffled accordingly in unison.

Wei *da ge* scoops a spoonful of the chicken soup with precise portions of meat, wolfberries and sliced edible herbal roots, blows a couple of times, and puts it to Lan Zhan's lips. Lan Zhan takes a sip of the refreshingly warm savoury liquid, which whets his appetite. Wei Ying, next to him, says, "Lan Zhan, you've been taking care of me all this while, so let me - us - take care of you this time."

San ge uses his spoon to deftly cut the pork patty into smaller pieces, and uses his chopsticks to place them into Lan Zhan's bowl. "That's right. No matter how old you are, or how ill you become, I - and all of us - will always stay by your side. So, don't be shy, and eat up!"

Didi, who now on Lan Zhan's left, puts a bundle of boneless fish meat and cut tofu into the same bowl. "I'm very good at picking the meat off the fish bones, and have been doing this since my youngest days. I'll keep doing this for you, so you better eat all the fish that I'll be serving to you - every day, every week, every month and even every year!"

Da ge works diligently to strip chunks of meat from a drumstick, and doesn't need to look up when he casually speaks. "We're husband, wife and children to you. There's no need to let ego and pride get ahead of you, no need to restrain yourself, and certainly, no need to hold back from asking for more, because we'll always give you the best and the most, *lao gong*."

Wei Ying puts a full spoon of congee and a bit of every dish on the table, already blown a few times, to Lan Zhan's lips. "As you've said, let's eat quietly. Lan Zhan, take your time... say aaah... (慢慢吃...啊...)"

Lan Zhan felt his eyes prickle a bit with tears, and relishes a mouthful of *his family's* cooking. It's one of the best he's had since leaving Jingshi the summer before.

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After nourishing his body with the heart-warming lunch and a cup of tea (and Wei Ying helped to wipe his mouth too - how sweet!), Lan Zhan casts a couple more healing spells on his bandaged wounds. His speed of recovery is nothing short of amazing when coupled with a Healer's abilities to seal open wounds, repair broken, bleeding flesh and skin, and restore the blood circulation. He estimated that he'd need to keep the bandages on and use the crutch for a few more days.

All four Wei Yings "Waaaaaaah" in unison at the soft blue beams of light, and Lan Zhan feels his pride swell a little more. They crowd around him like his biggest fans, and he doesn't feel any discomfort at all - they're all *his* Wei Yings, and his *only* Wei Ying, after all, regardless of being topless or pantless. He'd seen the eldest fumble like a child when he accidentally dropped a raw meat patty to the floor while preparing lunch, the youngest doing something adult-ish such as giving very meaningful insights into the shopping list, and the teenager doing more than what is asked when he puts his heart and mind into it, picks up new knowledge swiftly and puts what he'd learnt to good use. In the span of a few hours spent together working in their household, he realized that all four are essentially the same person, the same Wei Ying, regardless of age and size. Any misgivings or feelings of anxiety dissipate as quickly as their first lunch together is polished off from the dining table.

"Lan Zhan, you're really great! Not only can you fix yourself so quickly... you've fixed our entire home and estate, and even prepared a list of things to buy, and a planner for everyone so that we know what to do, and at which day and time. It's very efficient!"

"You've taught me how to differentiate ripe apples and peaches from the unripe ones, and how to tell which vegetables can be harvested sooner or later! That's real talent!"



“Under your guidance, I learned how to make delicious meals today, and you taught me how to use your collection of written recipes. Thank you, Lan Zhan. You’re a master chef, indeed.”

“ *Gege* , your techniques for folding clothes is awesome! I’ll fold them better the next time! You’ll not be disappointed!”

Lan Zhan coughs quietly at the barrage of praise that made his heart soar higher than the heavens. “It’s my job to care for all of you. And teach you what is needed,” he remarks casually, and keeps his eyes on the tea cup, before taking another sip. He leans backwards against the backrest of his chair, his good right hand resting on his filled belly, and accidentally let out a small hiccupy burp because he’s had *two* tasty bowls of congee with full toppings. The current Wei Ying tilts to the side and gives a small smooch on Lan Zhan’s cheek, in which the latter responds with a satisfied but impassive Hnn.

“I-- We didn’t know you’d store the grains for the animals in the shed. I’m so sorry to have overspent the money on the animal feed!”

“He’s right. If only we knew how much those coupons could save on our grocery bills... We’re sorry for spending money unnecessarily, Lan Zhan. At least now we know - especially *didi* - how exciting couponing can be.”

“I.. I’m also sorry for making paper kites out of your periodicals! I know you wanted to read them.. Sorry.. I won’t do it again...” (Lan Zhan couldn’t resist patting the boy’s head in response)

“Lan Zhan, I-- we’ve made a lot of mistakes in the last couple of weeks. I started everything by casting those terrible spells... I’m sorry as well, I know I shouldn’t have, but...”

Lan Zhan puts a warm right palm on current Wei Ying’s cheeks and shakes his head. “No need to say anything else. What is done is done,” and he looks around at the others, “I’m not angry at any of you. We should focus on the task ahead. Do not be disappointed in yourselves - you’ve all done well.”

In a sudden flurry of open arms and clambering legs, Lan Zhan receives four heart-melting kisses on his mouth and cheeks at the same time - there was a ticklish sensation, above his lips and on his chin. He realized belatedly that in the last two weeks or more, he had started growing a mustache and a short beard while he was bedridden. It doesn’t help his embarrassment that Wei *da ge* kept stroking his facial hair the most (and he’s brazen enough to kiss him on the lips - he tastes the same as any of his Wei Yings, but a little more mature and musky in flavour).

He blushes intensely. When Wei *da ge* finally stopped plunging his tongue against his, when Wei *er ge* and *san ge* stopped leaving love bites on the cheeks and jawline, and when Wei *didi* stopped rubbing his nose tip into his ears with squeals of “I like *gege* very much!”; he clears his throat and murmurs loudly that they still need to fill the water clock outside their home.

It is a shockingly affectionate display of their love and gratitude, and really, a *sombre* reminder that his married life is no longer the same as before - but

he should be used to many levels of Wei Ying-ness by now, Lan Zhan tells himself quietly.

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Or not.

“Wei Ying, there’s no need--”

Sssssh, sssssh, ssssh, all four Wei Yings whisper.

“Wei Ying, I can do this by myself--”

“ *Lao gong* , I watched you drink a whole pot of tea this morning, so you really don’t need to hold back. It’s perfectly understandable.”

“Yeah, Lan Zhan, just let it go. We’re all your wives and your family, so there’s no need to be shy.”

“Old man, don’t get so worked up. You don’t have any free hands at the moment, and you’re on a crutch, so we’re giving you a helping hand. Just do it!”

“ *Gege* , all boys have it and do it. I also want to do it.”

Lan Zhan grits his teeth and squeezes the roll of wash cloth in his right hand - right after lunch, he'd unassumingly left for the outdoor pool with his crutch for a quick bath to scrub away any grime and sweat on his body. All four Wei Yings tailed him without his knowledge. He thought he'd relieve himself first, so he carefully loosened his pants by the poolside, and was immediately ambushed by four hands - one from each lovely (and pantless and therefore *naked*) Wei Ying.

Wei *didi* was the fastest, so he called dibs on the only part that he could reach and comfortably hold on with his tiny fingers - the base of the vulnerably flaccid penis. His *er and san ge* s struggled a bit (even tried to flick each other's fingertips off) and eventually settled on co-sharing the few inches of prime estate along the penis' length. The *da ge* 's large meaty palm looms from the side and nearly (impressively) covers all the other threes' hands from the top. He skillfully uses his second and third fingers to peel away the foreskin and expose the pink cockslit.

Sssssh, sssssh, ssssh, all four Wei Yings whisper again.

Lan Zhan shudders silently as he lets go. All four Wei Yings also pee into the pool together with their husband (their Patriarch).

Wei *da ge* doesn't forget to shake the dribbling tip when done, and follows-up with generous rubs on the sensitive, wet slit and against the special spot at the base of the glans with the roughened pads of his fingertips.

Lan Zhan re-assures himself repeatedly that he should get used to *four* times the Wei Ying-ness - now if not soon - while growing hard in front of his spouses.

Notes for the Chapter:

I've had lots of fun imagining how Lan Zhan handles an expanded family, and how the family handles him!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 33

After a short game of rock-paper-scissors between the four fully-naked Wei *gong zi* s, which Lan Zhan suspects to be rigged due to the eldest Wei's uncanny ability to read everyone's mind and see through their deceptive strategies and tricks, the quartet unanimously agrees to split into two groups in order to save time and get their household back on track.

Wei *er* and *san ge* , considered as being at the peak of their youths and therefore given the thickest stack of work schedules to deal with, grudgingly took a quick, cleansing and much-needed cooling dip (just a splash into the pool and go), before returning to the cave. In all seriousness, they really had no time to dawdle, given how dire their situation is, and *could be* , if sustainable remedial actions are not applied immediately.

San ge works to dispel (“get rid of”, in Lan Zhan's words) the unidentifiable (Cold) spell in the pantry with his enhanced elemental spellcasting abilities, and consequently spices, marinades, salts, smokes and pickles the meats and vegetables inside, before arranging them in the correct order on the underground shelves to where they belong. Lan Zhan made it very clear that he didn't like the chilly dark light emitting out of their food store (because he doesn't know whether it was a creature, a curse or something that only Wei Ying knows and no one else), and preferred the fragrant smells of spice every time the trapdoor is opened. *San ge* has a list of instructions on how to preserve perishable food, which was written by the youngest Wei under the guidance of their Patriarch. Later, he has his hands full with foraging around their backyard, more farmwork, and tend to the animals - he is tasked to pick and prepare two fully grown chickens by dinnertime, because (of the cruel reality that) there are so many more hungry mouths to feed in the coming days.

Er ge is in charge to make Fairy Messenger calls since his voice is recognizable by the people he works with. He'd make calls to their suppliers and customers to reinstate their orders at the next possible opportunity - after a quick mental calculation of their monies, Lan Zhan believes that "next month" will be too late to save their financial situation. A long list of order for provisions was also made to the Qishan Merchant Guild call center - this time, they used as many coupons, member cards and the other *stuff* that the Tian Third Sister usually sends, to get the best discounts as possible. With a written script full of impressive and pretentious-sounding business jargons (as dictated earlier by Lan Zhan, and penned down by Wei *didi*), Wei *er ge* managed to convince the manager of the trading centre to send the goods first by Postbirds, and they agreed on an extended three-month payment term. Shortly after midday, he leaves the cave-home for Yiling; he could still make a quick buck by street peddling during the afternoon, and meet up with customers who couldn't be contacted by Fairy Messenger spells.

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With the two noisiest gone, Lan Zhan can finally concentrate on getting his body washed - because he feels sticky, and actually smells quite ripe - especially around his armpits and groin area. He suspects that during the preceding two weeks, he's been given minimal (even inadequate) attention on personal hygiene and in general, patient care.

He'd been so absorbed in saving their household, that he hadn't thought of *how or what* is needed to wash himself with bandages all over his body, other than to carry a small washcloth and try his best to wet and scrub wherever he could reach with his remaining good hand - while still standing on the crutch (an impossible feat, really). He didn't need to think hard; Wei *da ge* told the youngest to fetch a fresh, sun-dried bathtowel from the laundry line, a low stool from the kitchen, and 'the long thing that

sprinkles' from the workroom; while he untied the older man's hair and took away the crumpled underpants. *Da ge* made fleeting remarks that Lan Zhan may find similarities in the current situation with his younger days - when adults and kids used to bathe and play together in the nude at the springs behind the Cloud Recesses -, and the latter is silently thankful for the soothing thought. It relaxes him, and reminds him that it's still, and always Wei Ying who is beside him, even if he looks strangely older, and busily picking up his underwear from the floor.

Since both men in the early or mid-thirties are naked for a while, Lan Zhan takes the time to admire Wei *da ge* 's side profile, as the latter crouched by the poolside and washed the underpants with solid scrubs and a generous dose of powdered soap (handmade by one of the *Wei gong zi* s during the last couple of weeks, since Lan Zhan hadn't seen this form of cleaning substance before). Wei *da ge* has an aged look - leaner face, deeper set of eyes that look more downcast, jaded and weary for his age, more defined cheekbones and a couple of wrinkles here and there; and against the sunlight, Lan Zhan could make out the tanned, firm, well-muscled body frame that both accentuates and refines the contours, bulges and curves on across the sinewy expanse of his back, limbs and tight buttocks too. He wondered briefly if in ten or so years' time, his lovely Wei Ying would grow taller, more mature, muscular, and masculine - because there's a whole lot more body hair especially on the chest, abs, that bushy treasure trail leading from navel to a forest of dark curls surrounding the genitals - which spreads luxuriously to the thighs and legs too.

"Yes, and my ass is hairy as well, if you're interested to know," Wei *da ge* casually adds, while rinsing the suds off the white garment.

Lan Zhan is taken aback. Could he--



-- read your mind? Yes, I can. Read everyone's mind? Yes, I can do that too." Rinse, rinse, rinse. "But I don't always say or act on it, so understandably, you didn't know."

Lan Zhan frowns, takes a step back and steadies himself on the crutch. He inhales a deep breath and tries to collect his thoughts - it's an unexpected threat, as well as an opportunity that presents itself in a daunting way, in the form of a cunning and intelligent Wei Ying who is clearly above his league. "Wei *da ge* , then you know all the questions in my mind, and you know how to answer them. Is that correct?"

Wei *da ge* does not even bat an eye towards Lan Zhan. He lathers a particular spot on the crotch of the garment with an extra pinch of powdered soap. This Wei Ying is disturbingly akin to Lan Zhan when it comes to cleanliness and perfection of a piece of undergarment. He sighs, "Lan Zhan ah (啊啊) Lan Zhan, we're husband and wife for such a long time, and yet you still harbour such creepy, distasteful and *disturbing* thoughts about me," he pauses in mid-scrub and spares a rather unimpressed look at the older man, "so yes, I know the questions, and can choose which to answer, and how to answer them."

Lan Zhan narrows his eyes, just slightly. Wei *da ge* has the upper hand in their conversation - and in fact, the power dynamics of their relationship too. "You... you were sincere when you told me about what happened after I fell, and during the past couple of weeks where everyone struggled without me. Can I get your assurance that you'll at least be honest with me, if you decide to answer my questions?" Lan Zhan places a hand over his heart and does not flinch nor mince his next words, "I have my principles, and I promise not to react badly even though the truth may be absurd or may hurt." He is determined to level their playing field even if the eldest Wei decides to play his mind games on him.

Wei *da ge* stares at Lan Zhan for a few seconds, incredulous. Then he stands up and bellows out a hearty laugh. “Lan Zhan, what’s with this tense and hostile atmosphere between us?! Ha ha ha... after what happened the night I met with the Tian sisters, I wouldn’t even *dare* to craft silly stories for your entertainment, because you can’t take a joke as a joke. But if you really insist--” he pulls up his three-finger salute with one hand, and rests the other on his hips - with the half-washed undergarment as well - and seem to recite a passage directed to the midday skies above them, “-- I swear by the name of the song you’ve given for the both of us, that I will only tell the truth, the entire truth, and absolutely only the truth. And my husband here swears on equal terms that he will not treat me badly or kick me out of the house, no matter what truths I may say.” He puts down his salute and leans forward. “Happy now, *lao gong* ?”

Lan Zhan is stunned, but nevertheless, nods shakily.

Wei *da ge* -- “Oi, stop calling me *that* when we’re alone. I’m technically still younger than you, but don’t go calling me Wei *didi* either because I might end up feeling inferior,” Wei Ying says when he goes back to washing Lan Zhan’s underpants. He hasn’t cleaned that spot on the crotch yet.

“Let me truthfully answer to your immediate and most pressing questions, for those questions that I *choose* to answer, and decided on *how* to answer them,” in which Lan Zhan winced, because Wei Ying had cleverly succeeded in setting his own perfect stage for answering the older man’s questions, “First off, all four of us - and not just the one you call ‘lovely Wei Ying’ - are alive, in the flesh and blood, of equal importance but not in physical proportions, and born of the same individual. So, we will not disappear into thin air on one fine day like a time-limited magical spell. We’re really here in this world, and are subjected to the effects of the

Creation spell which you refused to want to learn more of. All I can say is that we're created in the ways which you see us now - for example, I'm Wei Wuxian in the early thirties, physically, mentally, spiritually and in every aspect except that I'm not from the future," Wei Ying points at himself proudly and leaves soapy suds on his chest, "There's a bit of a temporal effect in what I've become, but don't let that drag us down with too many details, alright?"

Lan Zhan stands still, and listens intently. Wei Ying pokes at the spot on the pants, because he finds it strange that after two rounds of hard scrubs with powdered soap, the stubborn smudge hasn't come off yet. He rinses the garment in the pool again, which becomes foamy over time.

"Second, don't be surprised that I can use powerful spells such as those related to Creation and heaven forbid, Time as well. I can definitely use it, at least in my advanced age and state. The twenty-something Wei Ying can too, with some experience, practice and encouragement. He's a handful, isn't he? Always resorts to crazy ideas and even prohibited spells to worm his way out of trouble. In hindsight, it would've been better to just send you off to Yiling City Hospital, put you under the care of Qishan's best doctors, and have you recuperate much faster. We could deal with the hefty hospital bill later."

"So why didn't you?" Lan Zhan cuts in, almost in retaliation.

Wei Ying pauses in mid-rinse and looks up to the passing clouds, trying to figure out a plausible answer. "Hmm.. I don't know. I seem to resort to tricks and spells to solve my own problems. I've been doing that since at a young age. Since my days at the Cloud Recesses. Since picking up the dark

arts. Since meeting you, and definitely since living with you.” Then, he continues to slam the abused underpants into the rippling water.

Lan Zhan touches the bandage on his forehead, seemingly more relaxed since they’re on an agreeable topic at the moment; he knows Wei Ying loves to use spells on *anything* - Fireballs to distract the giant turtle in Xuan Wu cave, Binding spells to tie them together, Energized papermen to spy on others, even Invisible Hands to open up big wooden doors, and so forth. “Wei Ying, have you cast powerful spells all over our home and estate before?”

“Of course. I’ve set up plenty of Eye and other talismans to keep our surroundings safe, and cast spells on my inventions such as the D-Broom to help out with the housework, as examples.”

Lan Zhan absently scratches the side of his face. He feels a few a stubbles sprouting along his jawline - he hoped the younger Wei Yings did not feel turned off when they kissed him earlier. “Have you cast such spells on me too, during our time here together?”

“Absolutely. I helped to Energize you when you’re feeling ill, though I’m not a trained Healer so I don’t have the full arsenal lined-up in my hands. I also used elemental spells on you, such as Wind to keep you cool, Shield to protect you from the natural elements while you’re at home or out on the fields, Fire to keep us warm at nights when we run low on firewood, and many other instances.” Wei Ying grumbles something in-between his smooth answers to the questions, when he rubs a thick paste of soap into the spot one more time since he’s steadfast in removing that tenacious stain. “Oh, and actually, all of us find your stubbles to be quite cute,” he adds

with a short manly giggle, and resumes trying to *impregnate* the garment with soap with his index finger.

Lan Zhan snorts derisively, but it is barely audible. He throws the next question amidst the rather sarcastic, self-deprecating moment. “Then, did you also use those powerful spells when I was bitten by the snake ghouls, two weeks ago?”

Wei Ying stops his giggling, and his face turns pale, grave.

“Wei Ying? Answer me.” Lan Zhan asks again, serious. He sighs when there is no response, and limps towards Wei Ying. The latter flinches when Lan Zhan towers above his haunched figure by the poolside, the crutch seemingly like a massive pillar casting a noon shadow over him beneath the brilliant sun directly above them.

“I had a nightmare before waking up this morning. We were hunting for their nest, and we were ambushed by the snakes. My *right* arm was hurt, yet I woke up with a bandage on my left forearm,” the older man coolly states, and touches the aforementioned bandaged arm.

“It’s a nightmare, you say. So, it’s just a nightmare. Right or left arm, does it really matter?” Wei Ying does not look up. The underpants are no longer being washed, and they float on the surface of the water.

“Wei Ying, I’m asking you to *choose* to answer this question truthfully. So, *how* will you answer me now?” Lan Zhan presses on. Wei Ying dips a

finger into the water, and starts to draw circles. A small, gentle whirlpool forms.

“I died, didn’t I? When the giant one tore me up. I felt it. And saw it. What is your answer to that?” Lan Zhan continues, and piles up the questions one after another.

Wei Ying heaves a heavy sigh and his shoulders droop. He stares at a vague distant spot on the opposite edge of the outdoor pool. “...Can I tell you a story? You may find it unbelievable or even ridiculous. It could be a fairy tale, or just a re-telling of a bad nightmare. You don’t have to take it seriously if it doesn’t make sense.”

“Mn.” Lan Zhan verbally nudges the other.

Wei Ying takes a deep breath. “Let’s suppose there’s a very powerful magician - a wizard, a sorcerer, whatever you may want to call him - who wished to save a life of someone dear to him. That someone’s body had been crushed, and the soul was destroyed by a very cursed evil element, such as from ghouls and other undead creatures. He cannot turn to anyone in this Mortal Realm, because no one is able to bring a dead person back to normal life under such circumstances. Even I can’t do that either, since the most I could manage is by using magic and the dark arts to force life back into the body - in this case, the body has perished, and the soul has been scattered and therefore cannot be retrieved,” he says, and crosses his arms in his crouched posture. He still stares at a clump of bushes in the distance, under the shade of fruit trees.

“Go on.”

Wei Ying swallows; his throat has gone dry. “So, this magician seeks the heavens as his last resort. The heavens did not spare their mercy upon the man’s request, because the whole incident was from his own doing. His carelessness and recklessness caused the death of the person dear to him. He became disappointed, angry and furious at himself and at everyone, everything in this world. He swore to burn down everything. Even the heavens were not spared. Everything was annihilated in his anger, and using his magical powers, he re-created everything the way things should have been - including the Mortal Realm, the heavens, and the person dear to him. Everything you see today is born of the magician’s desires,” he exhales, “.. and... The end.”

Lan Zhan stares at Wei Ying with a glaring look of disbelief for a full minute it takes his mind to process what he thinks is a grand cosmic joke - and he doesn’t find it funny nor laugh-worthy. Then, he utters, “It doesn’t make sense. It’s disrespectful to the gods. And it has a very rushed ending. It’s a bad-written script. That’s my honest feedback, but I promised not to react badly,” and he sighs, “So, I accept your story in good faith.”

This time, Wei Ying finally moves - he grabs the underpants that threatened to float away from the mini-whirlpool earlier, and stands up. “You’re right. So you better not believe it. You wouldn’t have any way to verify it anyway, since it’s the stuff of dreams and nightmares, and in all likelihood, cannot be real,” and he turns around with an uncomfortable grin on his face.

Lan Zhan does not budge from his stance. He scrutinizes the other man, hoping to pick out any other clues to this puzzle that had mystified him since the moment he woke up that morning. “Theoretically, you’re right. If

everything is destroyed and re-created - both this world and the heavens - then there's no way to check if any of this had happened."

Lan Zhan blinks and notices a beautiful, faint white Moon hovering on the horizon, between clumps of bamboo, even at midday.

"... unless, I could try and ask the Moon or the stars behind it," he continues, and gestures with a tilt of his chin towards the second brightest celestial body in the midday sky. Surely you jest, he imagines Wei Ying chuckle back at him. It's his first attempt to crack a joke that day.

Wei Ying does chuckle loudly, and turns around towards the direction that Lan Zhan pointed. He hums for a bit and stares, before responding nonchalantly, "Then I will use my powerful spells to burn them down too."

Lan Zhan does not respond to his own joke, nor Wei Ying's brutally honest answer.

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Burning down everyone, everything - those who angered, hurt, wronged.

Then, re-create everything with these two hands, for the two of us.

“I do not deserve what you are doing for me. (我不值得你为我这么做)”
Lan Zhan says, his eyes gazing far in the distance.

“You're worth it. (值得)” the other replies in a heartbeat.

Lan Zhan, do you know how much you mean to me?

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A full minute of silence passed between them as they peered at the setting daytime Moon, which would soon disappear into a horizon of bamboo and mountain forests. A faint breeze blew.

Lan Zhan unconsciously clicks his tongue and faintly huffs out the breath he'd been holding in, “You're incorrigible... and this conversation is going nowhere,” and starts to walk away from Wei Ying. *In the end, does it really matter? I'm still in my Perfect universe, we're still a couple, I still have a family to raise and grow, I still have mouths to feed and bills to pay, I still have housework to do and make our home flourish and thrive - nothing has changed, hasn't it?* he asks himself, almost like a mantra of questions.

A strong grip on his good wrist stops him. Lan Zhan stares at what Wei Ying is holding - the other man lifts up the dripping wet underpants. “You're absolutely right on all accounts... and you have a problem. I just realized that I've scrubbed your underwear too hard and now there's a hole at the bottom.” Wei Ying wiggles a finger through a tear at the crotch of the garment.

Lan Zhan sighs tiredly. He mentally adds another item to a list of things he needs to teach Wei Ying while he's still incapacitated - sewing. Wei Ying leans forward and lightly pecks Lan Zhan directly on the lips in sincere appreciation, and doesn't miss the chance to give quick licks at the growing mustache.

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Just then, Wei *didi* emerged with the requested items. The small boy apologized for taking the time, because he nearly couldn't locate the long thing that sprinkles - which turned out to be a novel-looking showerhead (it looks like a lotus seed pod - Wei Ying's trademark design, no doubt) attached to a store-bought garden hose made of animal hides (from Liao's store, probably - another expensive purchase, no doubt as well).

As Wei *didi* gently guides Lan Zhan to sit on the low stool without straining any muscles or break any tender skin, Wei *da ge* casts an unidentified spell which forms a pinkish bubble that grew and grew in size; then he directed the bubble to Lan Zhan's abdomen and it *envelops* around the waist like a thin, semi-transparent but crinkly membrane. It is also a little stretchable and completely waterproof, he realized. Lan Zhan looks up curiously to Wei *da ge* who silently mouths, "Powerful spell - don't ask." Wei *da ge* sets pink bubbles on the bandaged parts of the left forearm and the lower right leg, before handing the showerhead to the youngest Wei.

(Thus, the plastic bag is borned.)

He casts a Water spell and snaps his fingers; a waterspout is drawn from the pool and flows into the hose, which in turn, sprinkles out through the showerhead at an extraordinarily gentle, constant rate - unlike the erratic, sometimes random spurts of a typical raw Water spell. With the aid of the tool, both adult and child Wei *gong zi* s pamper Lan Zhan while the trio takes a bath by the poolside, together.

Wei *didi* easily holds the showerhead with one hand while the other soaps Lan Zhan's body, helps to scrub grime and sweat away, and wipes off foam using the washcloth. It is especially useful for washing the hair when Wei *da ge* levitates the showerhead, and *didi* runs shampoo and fingers deep into the long lush hair, massaging the scalp and the nape with his small soft fingers, under a shower of clear sun-warmed springwater.

Wei *da ge* does what any loving, responsible spouse would naturally do after not having 'it' for a fortnight; he crouches in front of Lan Zhan and starts doing very *inappropriate* things to the husband.

"Your.. *d--didi* is here! S.. Stop...!" and he hisses in mid-shiver; a pleasurable groan cuts short his pleas for decency. He grips on his crutch shakily as though he may fall off from his seat at any moment.

Wei *da ge* enjoys rubbing his face into the matted pubic curls that smells of two weeks' worth of husbands (if a husband can be quantified in such a manner), and he breathes in deeply, before blowing hot breaths on Lan Zhan's hard-on. His fingers languidly run up and down the retracted foreskin and tickles along the throbbing veins, but doesn't grip nor stroke the rock-hard, twitching arousal. He caresses the engorged, bulbous head with the tips of both thumbs, but no more than that. He gently tugs at the opposite sides of the pinkish cockslit, and let them open and close like lips

trying to murmur something. It leaks and oozes out generous amounts of clear, sticky pre-cum. One fingertip traces the trail of the nectar, sliding down and back up on quivering underside - and no more.

The *da ge* is terrifyingly patient and exercises extreme levels of self-control never seen before in (any) Wei Ying(s). Lan Zhan's will power is close to crumbling down and he really, really *wants* to grab *da ge*'s large meaty hands and force him to give him a satisfying handjob, if not a blowjob. The fingertips and tickles are maddeningly, sexually frustrating him to no end.

“Shhhh, let me savour this exquisitely aged liquor with its subtle and complex flavours, like a jar of perfectly made Laozu's Smiles,” he whispers and licks off the droplets of pre-cum, peppers feather-light kisses on the edges of the unwashed angry-red cockhead - and promptly slides his nose tip along the length, inhaling deeply with satisfied nnnhs.

It doesn't help that *da ge* cast Invisible Fingers (a modified version of Invisible Hands that requires very high mastery of magical flexibility and manipulation) that seep into his groin and they tenderly massage the convulsing swollen prostate and continually squeeze and drain sweet thick liquid out of it; and another set of Invisible Fingers slide into and through the irritated urethra, bodilessly and gently finger-fucking it, leaving Lan Zhan an incredible urge to pee, ejaculate and squirt whatever that is molesting and obstructing the flow and prolonging his much-needed release. Liquid-heated waves of pleasure roll up and down the helpless penis from base to tip and back again; it wants to contract and shoot a glorious load, yet it simply cannot. Lan Zhan starts shaking his hips in a futile effort to shake off the intruding digits, only to be rudely splashed with a bucket of water over his head.

“Ahhh, *didi* , you’ve got me wet and you’re washing away all the good stuff!” *da ge* grumbles loudly as his head becomes a dripping mess of long wet locks sticking all over his face, neck and shoulders. He pulls away from Lan Zhan, but the Invisible Fingers continue to do their dirty work.

“Sorry, *da ge* , I can’t see anything from where I’m standing!” the boy cheekily replies from behind Lan Zhan’s back, while he holds an upturned empty bucket above them.

“Hey, both of you! Don’t you dare start the show without me! I want a piece of the action too!” Wei *san ge* ’s shouts echo from the kitchen; his hands are full of spices, marinades, and pickling juice.

Lan Zhan has trouble breathing and thinking straight, because the massaging fingers are truly driving him mad with lust and desire. “Wh.. What...”

Wei *da ge* works to push his thoroughly drenched *mane* aside. “Your third pressing question? Sure, I can relay feelings, thoughts, senses and experiences to and from the other three Wei *xiongdi* s. They can choose not to receive them, but usually everyone wants to keep tabs on each other,” and he ties his hair into a crude (and soaked) bun behind his head (with unruly curls sticking out).

(Thus, a primitive version of the wi-fi router concept is born.)

Lan Zhan couldn't grasp the explanation, as his consciousness is *inundated* with the first of a series of dry orgasms and he drops his crutch with a heavy thud. He grips the edge of the stool for his dear life and starts jerking his back and hips uncontrollably.

Didi puts both his arms around Lan Zhan's waist to steady the older man. He says with his squeaky voice, "Don't worry, Lan *gege* , I remember that I started playing with my wee-wee at a young age. So watching an older me play with your wee-wee... isn't strange to me at all," then he tip-toes to Lan Zhan's ear and whispers hotly, "Don't forget, I'm also one of your Wei Yings. Think of me as a baby Wei Ying, and I want to play with your little WangJis tonight, *gege* ."

Wei *da ge* sends out a group message (which is akin to the modern e-mail, SMS or group chat function) to all other three Wei Yings, and he also *adds* Lan Zhan as a recipient in *copy* - that they'll continue the day's proceedings as usual, and prepare for a grand feast by the evening to celebrate their husband's return.

And catch up on two week's worth of husband-time, as well.

Notes for the Chapter:

I received a couple of comments asking about whether to keep the 4 Weis together or not :-) Let's see how this story evolves, as I've not really thought that far yet. So keep the comments coming in, and send in your opinions, thoughts and ideas too!

It looks like things are heating up for the Lan Residence family members!

I'm happy to be able to include a dialogue from the Guardian (镇魂) live-action drama. I watched it before Untamed started airing, so it's

kinda special for me, at least ;-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 34

Eventually the Invisible Fingers dissipate, and Lan Zhan heaves a sigh of relief and mutters a silent word of thanks to Merciful Goddess Guan Yin. His whole upper chest is sex-flushed with deep shades of red, his heart rate starts to drop from a high plateau he'd maintained during the exceedingly long string of dry orgasms, and he pants heavily to catch his breath. Fortunately the stool did not break, despite the strong, punishing grip of the resident patriarch.

He didn't realize that during the mind-blowing milking session, Wei *da ge* had cast green bubbles from his hands, and they encase his sputtering, twitching cock. It forms a snug fit with an extra stretchable bubble at the tip, where the constant dribbling and oozing of his precious pre-cum form a bulging balloon of warm, frothy clear liquid. *Da ge* easily pulls off the wrinkled green sheath when they're done, which loosened considerably after that single use. He is careful not to spill the harvest, and trots off towards the cave-home.

(Thus, the condom is born.)

As Wei *da ge* passes his *didi*, he sticks out a tongue out and says, "There's none for you, you rascal, because you dunked a bucket of water over my head," and heads off. Then, he shouts at the top of his lungs, thrilled, "*San di* ! I've got some for us, and remember to keep a bit for *er di* !" before disappearing into the dim cavern.

Lan Zhan retrieved his fallen crutch, and leaned tiredly against it. He feels he's been emptied many times, and yet he's still hard, pent-up, tensed, and

tremendously bothered with disconcerting feelings of unfulfillment. His balls ached, still craving for release, and feels very heavy.

“What... What happened?” he mumbled out between wheezes.

The nine-year old boy starts toweling the gasping older man. He cocks his head to one side for a brief moment, then nods to no one in particular (and a cute, soft “Enn!”), and replies, “Wei *da ge* says that he’d already thought ahead about the problems that you’ll face when living with us, such as, how to treat each of us fairly and accordingly to our needs. Everything needs to be shared as best possible although there are limits from being one person alone - for example, your love for us, among many other things. Ermm... am I making sense? I’m just repeating what *da ge* tells me inside my mind.” The boy squeezes Lan Zhan’s long locks of hair between fluffy folds of dry towel, and makes sure to absorb as much moisture as possible. “I don’t need that stuff in the green bubble, anyway. It’s as boring as those stupid wine jars that *da ge* , *er ge* , and *san ge* drink every night and they go crazy all over the house while I’m trying to sleep!,” he harrumphs and helps Lan Zhan stand up to his feet.

Lan Zhan palms his forehead - it’s no longer bandaged as the wound has partially healed, thanks to his Healer’s spells after lunch. He feels a slight ache coming from within, and guesses that he has *a lot* to learn about managing four times the mayhem of Wei Ying-ness in his life. He doesn’t even want to *think* about what happens when three Wei Yings are fed with two jars of Laozu’s Smiles each, at nights, and allowed to run freely berserk inside their tiny abode (it’s a miracle that nothing had collapsed so far).

“Also, Lan *gege* , I’m sorry about what I said just now about being a baby Wei, and wanting to play with little Lan brothers. It’s really rude, isn’t it? I

really didn't mean it - Wei *da ge* made me speak those nasty words. He always does that whenever *er* and *san ge* gang up on me and *da ge* . He likes to control my actions and speech because I'm the easiest to handle, compared to the other two," Wei *didi* whispers apologetically, and lets Lan Zhan lean a bit closer for better support from his wounded leg. The kindness shown by the boy, and the change in the topic of discussion helped to soften his erection, and give his tired penis a well-deserved break.

Wei *didi* is truly a kind-hearted and innocent child, Lan Zhan thought, as he hobbles on the crutch with only a towel around his waist, and is assisted by the boy. He sneaks his fingers into the boy's wavy hair and gives it a friendly ruffle of gratitude.

The *da ge* , on the other hand, is an overpowered tyrant and a ringleader, who works behind the scenes, mind-controls and manipulates everyone to get what he wants - especially by abusing the youngest and the weakest of them of them all - if he didn't already have all the Wei *gong zi* s wrapped around his little finger first.

"I heard that, you despicable rotten man!" a shout booms from the kitchen. Lan Zhan winces.

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Back in the kitchen-cum-dining area, this time, it was Wei *didi* who helped to change the bandages (a monumental task, considering his small size versus Lan Zhan's - imagine the small boy going around and around the older man, just to roll the bandages in place!); he'd learnt that after

watching his *da ge* perform the procedure in the morning. He applied some medicinal ointments from Grandma Li's before carefully rolling clean strips woven cloth around the injured areas. The cuts and lacerations have shrunk slightly in size, and rather than bloodied weeping open lesions, they have healed into large scab-crusting gashes; patches of tender new skin grow over deep punctures, scrapes and scratches. Wei *didi* also made an effort to put a light kiss on each bandage that he'd completed, as a prayer that Lan *gege* will get well soon. The adorable and sweet act made Lan Zhan's heart squeeze a little more.

Lan Zhan held the remains of the pink bubbles - crumply crinkly thin material that had torn into thin, translucent pieces between bath and the new bandages. He squashed them into a ball and wanted to fling it into the kitchen bin, but Wei *da ge* stopped him in his tracks. He shakes his head and said, "This is not biodegradable, so it has to go into the recycle bin. I've prepared a barrel just for this purpose, and it's sitting at the edge of the courtyard, with a triangle-like symbol on it - you won't miss it. Here," and he flicks his fingers - the ball of crumpled pink material floats into Wei *sange*'s hands just as the latter is about to exit the house to start on much-needed farm work. He had a bunch of gardening tools in his arms and the ball gently balances itself at the top of the pile of tools. He groans, rolls his eyes at the bossy *da ge*, and struts out.

Before Lan Zhan could ask about the strange terms that Wei *da ge* used, he was tersely instructed to cast his Healing spells. "After that invigorating session by the poolside, don't you find your *qi* levels replenished and as full as it'd been on any other good days?" the eldest Wei adds teasingly. The older man admits that the other man is correct, and - striking the iron while it's still hot - he starts to cast another bout of blue-tinged spells into the freshly dressed areas on his body. Lan Zhan gets a verbal crash course on Pink Bubbles during the process - the newest additions to the household's grimoire.

The pink ones are plastic, Wei *da ge* explains. Upon casting, bubbles emerge from the hands and they can be moulded and shaped according to the whims and desires of the spellcaster. The resulting bubble can be made into light reusable bags, low-grade and light tools, and other useful everyday items. Given the pink bag example, Lan Zhan remarks that he prefers using hand-woven bamboo baskets because they look more durable and not as flimsy. Wei *da ge* agrees, and praises Lan Zhan for his incredible foresight, because in two thousand years or so into the future, the pink material will be ubiquitous and used in almost all aspects of mankind's everyday life - and will become one of the biggest threats to mankind as well, especially to the environment. At this point, Lan Zhan raises a hand to stop the conversation, because he does not want to violate any further Creation and Time-related rules of the universe.

The green bubbles, on the other hand, are elastic, the *da ge* continues from where he was interrupted. The resulting material, which can also be moulded and shaped accordingly, can be stretched impressively and upon release, return to its original form. Lan Zhan learns about some of its infinite uses, including elastic bands to tie waistbands, packages and even their long hair, replace the showerhead hose if necessary, and yes, the *condom* too. (Lan Zhan learns another new word today - and ponders why would a healthy young man want to store his seed in a green bubble, and how that stored seed could beneficially used.)

In relation to that last invention, and as a forewarning of things to come, Wei *da ge* warns Lan Zhan that from now on, every time he shows his love to one of the Wei *gong zi* s, he must think about the other three individuals too - because all of them love their husband dearly and expect a fair share in return, in order to maintain the harmony of their marital bliss and the peace and stability of their beloved Lan's Residence. An acceptable way of sharing had been demonstrated before his eyes, *da ge* says, in that for each ejaculatory load intended for one of the Wei brothers, he should find a way to divide them into three if not four equal portions (at this point, Wei *didi* thankfully squeaks with a tongue stuck out that he doesn't want the stuff in

the green bubble). Otherwise, Lan Zhan will be penalized and will be forced - whether by physically aggressive or mentally subversive manners - to produce the desired number of loads to satisfy all his spouses.

Lan Zhan swallows nervously at the very crude, calculative, detailed, and very relatable explanations, and feels an immensely heavy burden has been placed upon his shoulders as the Patriarch of the Lan's Residence (and his sex life - also the poor, overworked penis).

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“ *San ge* ! We're going to help you forage for food and herbs, and take Lan *gege* for a walkabout!”

“ *San di* ! Just keep your mind open and you'll get a live telecast from my side. We won't cheat, I promise. Also, when you catch those two chickens, tie them up and leave them by the kitchen counter. I'll deal with them when we return!”

Teenage Wei Ying wipes the sweat pouring down his cheeks and neck, and truthfully, he feels grateful to have such wonderful *xiongli* s. In another past life, he'd helmed a family of three siblings and carried the burden of the orphaned Jiang children, along with the pain of betrayal and mistreatment by the cynical, twisted world of cultivation - alone. Now, he could rely on a much (over)powered older brother (self), a very useful older sibling who talks and thinks like him, and a hard working, kind-hearted younger one. Sure, they have trivial arguments of who gets to be the boss or whose chores are more burdensome, however, by the end of the day, when

everyone sits at the dining table and have meals together - especially after sharing many jars of wine - it feels comforting to know that there's someone else doing and feeling the same - whether laughing, crying, or arguing - and that someone is family, a twin, a triplet, no... a quadruplet of your own.

He puts down his shovel next to a row of thriving chilli plants, and waves at the trio leaving the courtyard. As expected, he tunes in to the *da ge*'s live feed and watches them enter the forests leading to the vast expanse of their estate. He taps on his temples once.

Are you watching this too, er ge?

Yeah, but I've seen our orchards many times before, since I walk past them almost every day.

... What'cha doin'?

Buying stuff. I sold some talismans in front of a flower shop just now, and the owner came out to find out what I was doin'. Turns out she's planning to hold a small family gathering for her little girl's birthday in three days' time, so I convinced her to order twenty sweet bean dumplings and a plate of party snacks from us.

Swwwwweet! Are you getting the ingredients now?

Yeah, I'm on my way to the marketplace. I plan to station myself there later and hopefully sell more charms, talismans and do some fortune-telling.

Hey... can ya also get some of those creamy candies? Y'know, the ones with the white rabbit on its wrapping paper.

Sure... did didi do something nice? You usually reward that brat with candy.

Naaaah. Just feelin' like giving everyone a treat for all the hard work we've put in. *Da ge* really helped to set things up and hold the house together. Also, don'tcha call *didi* a brat. He's not the same as A-Bing or the rest.

Huh, wait till you find out how brats behave... err... talk to you later, I see a potential housewife-y customer comin'. See you in the evening if nothing else comes up!

Yeah, sure. We're gonna have so much fun tonight, with the great Han Guang Jun begging for mercy!

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Somewhere among the blossoming peach trees, Lan Zhan sneezed. He thought there was an awful lot of pollen drifting in the summer air.

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Lan Zhan bounces up and down violently in the empty wooden cart, secured only by hemp rope straps from the corners that wrap around his shoulders, and with a shrieking Wei *didi* on his lap, as he hangs onto the sides for his dear life. While both man and child are thrown around like ragdolls, Wei *da ge* at the front turns his head a little and shouts, “Hold on, I’m going to jump across the stream and it’s gonna be swell!”

“... Wei Ying! There’s nothing at the opposite side except for stonefields!” Lan Zhan *screams* and squeezes his eyes shut. He tightens his grip around *didi*’s waist and prays that this is just another form of Wei Ying-ness or they’d end up unceremoniously splattered among rocks and boulders.

The makeshift rickshaw manned by the *da ge* propels forward as the tall muscular man leaps once, twice, and then with a mighty push, sends the trio and the rickety cart soaring through the air.

Later, Lan Zhan tells himself that he needs to be careful of how (any) Wei Ying (except the youngest, probably) tend to exaggerate their stories with disarmingly deceptive descriptions.

Lan Zhan had been reluctant to go on a “tour” around the estate under the hot afternoon sun, however after some cajoling by the bratty *san ge* who



teased about “becoming too old to even get some fresh mountain air”, and *da ge*’s persuasive assurances that the *grand old patriarch* is fit enough to take a ride in a hastily-built transport made of scrapwood, tree branches and a couple of wooden wheels recently salvaged from a landfill for broken, abandoned farming equipment just at the outskirts of Huang village - he finally agreed and was rewarded by a *didi* -hug (so sweet) because it meant the little boy gets to go out too. It’ll help to get reacquainted with the land, *da ge* quipped, since the flowers and fruit trees missed seeing their owner for the past couple of weeks.

They’d maneuvered carefully through a narrow dirt trail through the surrounding orchards, and Lan Zhan thought they’d turn around after the first couple hundreds of meters, because that’s when the trail disappears into steep, windy rocky paths unsuitable for wheeled vehicles. To his surprise, *da ge* took sharp bend at an unknown junction, and the passageway leads to an open field connected to a well-constructed, paved road. *Da ge* calls it a highway that connects the main hills around the Burial Mounds, and it cuts off near the entry and exit points to neighbouring towns such as Yiling city, Huang village or other populated areas. Lan Zhan stares and squints hard against the bright sunlight in silence, as he marvels at the sight of a vast expanse of landscape that looks *different from what he’d remembered*, stretching miles upon miles into the horizon under the clear blue skies - in all directions. There are still many hills and mountains, craggy and rugged grasslands, dark forests and volcanic rock-strewn fields - however, there are a whole lot more fruit trees, cultivated land and crops he’d never seen before, and even a few reservoir lakes and waterways feeding into the river system where valleys used to be. He also noticed, fleetingly, signs of civilization in this desolate area - well-maintained hedges and dug trenches by the roadside, signposts pointing to trails leading off the highway, empty unmanned hut-like outposts scattered among forest clearings, suspicious-looking strings of talismans or danger signs hanging between tree trunks or pasted on rock faces, and a handful of watch towers dot the hilltops. The scenery has the characteristics of an early settlement, except that the entire region is uninhabited.

After a few minutes trudging calmly along the quiet highway, Wei *da ge* asked, what would His Majesty the Patriarch of Lan's Residence like to see - Lan Zhan, in his confounded state and not really listening to anyone anymore, absent-mindedly muttered something about the herbs, because at the back of his mind, he loudly wondered if any of his secret locations for herbs, wild vegetables or even mineral veins along the slopes are still around in this brave new world. *Da ge* immediately seemed impressed of his prediction, because he barked out that *er ge* has just received an order from Li's clinic for a batch of medicinal candies; he banks wildly to the side, and they go off-road into an unmarked trail and descended towards the aforementioned stream at a jaw-dropping speed.

It takes a few minutes to regain his composure after being scared to death by the wild joyride of a rickshaw flying over the afternoon sun - but he'd been resurrected once before, so surely there's no need to fear death anymore, correct?

*Didi* giggles as he helps Lan Zhan out of the cart parked under the shade of a huge tree, and into a beautiful, *rockless* , large meadow of yellow wildflowers, dense patches of grass and plenty of herb shrubs. Summer cicadas songs fill the air, butterflies flutter past along with floating dandelion seeds. Wei *da ge* wastes no time in tearing out the shrubs and shoving them into a sack in his hand. He mumbles something about *san ge* telepathically giving a disappointing score of five points out of ten for the river jump, and he barely seethes out his comeback comment that he'd like to see the teenager try to pull off the same stunt with a heavy cart carrying an adult and a child, and impress all the other Wei brothers. (Apparently, cart-racing has been a source of entertainment for the Wei's for the past couple of weeks, at least.)

" *Gege* , you don't have to worry. *Da ge* is very talented in pulling carts because he's so strong!" the youngest one chirps as he tumbles out of the cart, safe and sound, "and *da ge* tells me to tell you that you're absolutely right, you won't die, so you don't need to be afraid of his cart rides." The nine-year old crouches next to the nearest herb shrub and emulates his eldest brother, by uprooting the plant with his tiny fingers.

"Wei Ying, where are we?" Lan Zhan finally asks, one hand on the crutch, the other steadying his body with a shaky grip on the side of their transport. He continues to look around, astonished that the stonefield he had in his memory has been replaced by a sea of green and flowers.

"We're at your estate, of course. You didn't think the magician would recreate the world without any extra goodies, did you?" Wei *da ge* shouts out from a short distance away - he'd already filled half a sack of leaves, roots, topsoil, and pebbles.

Lan Zhan suddenly feels light-headed from his overstimulated senses and thinking process, so he slides down against the cart and sits on the bed of soft grass. Wei *didi* squats in front of him, his big brown eyes brimming full with innocence, "I made sure there are fewer squirrels around, and also foxes and other animals that might go after our chickens and rabbits. Some things have changed, some others didn't. I didn't make more money for us, because you said that we'd be caught and thrown into jail in Chang'an with a big evil dog in it," and he frowns with a look of childish fear. The boy picks his way onto Lan Zhan's lap and snuggles against the older man chest for comfort (so sweet, again). He twirls the freshly-plucked shrub in his hand, as big as his head, and asks, " *Gege* , can you teach me how to properly harvest the herbs? Otherwise *da ge* over there is going to rip out all the plants from this meadow."

The older man sighs, and realizes the boy is correct. There are more immediate priorities to take care of. He shows the little boy how to pick only the young, juicy shoots and leaves, similar to harvesting tea leaves.

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Lan Zhan learns that his world, at least until the boundaries of his estate, has been re-modeled quite significantly over the past two weeks. The two Wei brothers fill him in on the details, though at the moment, he cannot possibly fathom the long-term consequences or what needs to be done to familiarize with and make use of his expanded assets - even his ability to mentally work on complex calculations and numbers, broke down after he tried to tackle the challenge of valuing the new tracts of field crops and what kind of sales or profits they could bring in. He decides to leave things as they are, and focus on getting their household back on track.

“Wei Ying, can I trust that you will somehow manage all of these,” he makes a tired, wide wave with his hands to gesture their peaceful surroundings, “until I can figure out something?” Wei *didi* bows and raises a bamboo container to his lips, and Lan Zhan drinks from it, without lifting a finger. Wei *da ge* continues to fan their patriarch with a folded fan bought from Yiling’s evening market not too long ago. “Certainly. I will be discreet and honest in my ways. Though, I might need your signature red thumb-print on certain forms and cheques,” he says.

“Mn.”

Later, Wei *didi* played a game of ‘Kiss Kiss Fall In Love’ to appease if not pacify their troubled husband. Under the cooling shade from the afternoon sun, he sits on Lan Zhan’s lap and instructs the older man to try and catch him on the lips, while staying stationary. The rule of the game is simple: stay as still as possible, and try to kiss *and* avoid being kissed. Lan Zhan was confused at first, as he had not played such a childish game before; however, the moment *didi* nimbly dodged and avoided a hesitant thrust of puckered lips that missed their target and into thin air, thus leaving the older man in an embarrassing state, something stirred within Lan Zhan. It became a kind of competition to try to outmaneuver each other from flying kissy lips, with Lan Zhan indulging himself in sending air strikes of lips onto the hapless but very agile little boy. *Didi* is a little short and hardly reached Lan Zhan’s chin, so he tricked the latter by tickling the ribs, causing Lan Zhan to curl up momentarily and at that moment, the boy caught his lips with a feather-light and adorable “muah”. “I kissed you! I love you!” he squeals in delight. Lan Zhan feels miffed at being beaten in such a simple game, and pulls the boy into a tight hug. He starts peppering his own kisses all over the helpless boy’s face, to the sounds of joyful shrieks, cheerful laughter, and the pat-pat of tiny fists pounding onto his chest. “I kissed you too. And I love you too, Wei Ying,” Lan Zhan murmurs, the fine hair above his upper lip tickling the boy’s plump cheeks.

Lan Zhan welcomes the brief distraction and after several rounds of successfully kissing Wei *didi*, the *da ge* returns with a full sack of properly-harvested herb leaves - and wild vegetables, mushrooms, melons and gourds too. Lan Zhan thinks that perhaps, the new world isn’t as bad as he initially thought; he could convince himself that it’s actually better than Perfect.

Wei *da ge* places a wet smooch on Lan Zhan’s forehead while carrying the heavy sack behind his back. “Of course it’s much better. If Your Majesty is ready to leave, let’s take you on your royal carriage back to your Kingdom,” *da ge* chuckles.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm dying to write some porny action, but I realize that I need to build their world a little more. Four Wei Yings mean four times the space and stuff needed to accomodate their Wei Ying-ness :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 35

What did he mean by "until I can figure out something"?! Just sell all the crops, rent out the land, become a landlord, and earn thousands of gold! I won't need to do farmwork anymore!

San ge, we're talking about a virtuous man who upholds his family rules like none other;

a man who questions the goods in a basket that aren't written in his shopping list;

a man who doesn't turn gold nuggets picked from mineral rocks - even at his doorsteps - into gold bars.

... Auuugh! He's so frustrating, *er ge* ! Any man has his own weakness, especially when it comes to material wealth! We just need to identify Han Guang Jun's and exploit them to our advantage!

... stop acting like a brat, san ge.

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The return journey from the meadows turns out to be much more pleasant. Topless Wei *da ge* puts on a straw hat, chews on a blade of grass and pulls their little rickety cart filled with produce and herbs - and a robed (technically disabled) old man and a pantless young boy -, along a different and unpaved trail. Where in the past there were eerie, murky forests or windswept fields filled with dark, dank mists that stank of decay and malaise, remnants of the deaths caused by the Wens decades ago - now there is a fertile, flourishing garden of paradise in the middle of the Mounds with limited development and public amenities, consisting of acres of cultivated land and natural (and normal) picturesque forests dotted with springs, waterfalls, rivers, a wide variety of plant and wildlife, fertile valleys, sun-warmed cliffs and brightly lit rolling hills set against a backdrop of azure blue skies.

Wei *da ge* explains that the estate is still fringed by inaccessible steep cliffs and a natural barrier of thorny thickets and dense foliage, which have deterred visitors so far - unless the Patriarch wishes to open up his fledgling estate to the outside world and possibly engage in more high-valued commercial activities, such as intensive agriculture, mining, fishery, forestry, turn it into a transportation hub to the Far Far West, urban development such as building new villages, trading centers or even theme parks, or even delve into eco-tourism - at which Lan Zhan raises his hand again to stop the conversation, because he's learnt that any strange terms used by the *da ge* meant they were getting close to breaking another Creation or Time-based rule. (At this point, both Wei brothers roll their eyes because really, Lan Zhan is clearly stubbornly stuck to his old-fashioned Gusu Lan's way of thinking.)

Just then, *didi* cleverly suggests that if Lan *gege* isn't interested in sightseeing or listening to *da ge* 's ridiculous rambles, he could spend the time healing himself before they reach the next rest stop. Lan Zhan becomes surprised because *didi* is absolutely right--



"After that kissy-kissy game, you felt invigorated, didn't you? I can tell. I can read your body much better than you do," Wei *da ge* interrupts his thoughts. Lan Zhan hmmp'h indignantly at what the other man is insinuating. "Hah! It takes a wife to know the husband's body," *da ge* scoffs and continues chewing on the blade of grass. Lan Zhan immediately busies himself by casting the healing spells. *Didi* starts playing a simple folk tune on a tiny flute that Lan Zhan crafted from bamboo canes. *Da ge* had cut some sticks from a bamboo grove during the journey, and he remarked that Lan Zhan's flutes are still the best; there are a few more handmade flutes strung to *da ge*'s waist sash; gifts for the other Wei *gong zi*s when they return home.

An hour away from mid-afternoon, they stopped at a breathtakingly scenic river crossing, by a sturdy wooden bridge connects both riverbanks. Rocky mountains from the Far West plateaus break into spectacular cloud-covered gorges, ravines, and steep cliffs where mountaintop streams of springwater rush downhill through numerous mist-curtained waterfalls; they soon share the paths of low lying bubbling crystal clear brooks and eventually converge into a few large rivers meandering through more coniferous forests, cultivated land and rice paddies; the river mouth leads into a huge lake - its waters are crystal clear and as blue as the skies, and its edges are full of thriving lotus and other aquatic plants. The region is a haven for birds, amphibians, reptiles and small mammals; flocks of cranes and other wildbirds fly overhead, calling loudly as they make their way to their nests.

It's a match made in heaven, Wei *da ge* says, because on one side are the Cloud Recesses, and on the other, Lotus Pier; both epic worlds collide and coalesce perfectly into a stunning panoramic view worthy of becoming the new capital of Lan's Kingdom - if the patriarch would kindly give his consent to start on the needed construction work. Lan Zhan chokes while drinking from a bamboo container of pine-needle tea, as he'd heard residences turning into a sprawling estate, and now, kingdom. The eldest Wei points at various grottos, cliff faces, flatlands and hilltops suitable to

build homes, castles and even fortresses, and the abundant natural resources surrounding the area ripe for their picking.

Lan Zhan gets distracted mid-way during the narration (or hard-selling by Wei Ying's Awesome Selling Skills), when the *didi* brought a handful of edible sweet summer berries collected from nearby bushes and placed them on the picnic table. Lan Zhan enjoys munching on the juicy nutritious fruits while resting on the bench with a little boy sitting on his lap, happily feeding the older man a berry at a time (in which Lan Zhan returns a light peck on the boy's cute cheeks every time he gets an extra sugary sweet berry).

Wei *da ge* sighs and acknowledges his defeat at trying to gain their husband's attention, and trots off towards a clump of pine forests and caves. He returns with wild pigeons shot by using his god-tiered archery skills with a makeshift slingshot (just pick up a broken branch with two extensions, cast a Green Bubble for the band, and stock up on pebbles from the riverbank), rare mountainside *lingzhi* and other medicinal mushrooms, and a small bag of swiftlets' nests harvested using a few Invisible Hands (and Fingers) spells. He asked in passing whether Lan Zhan knows how to process the latter two harvests into (very) profitable products, and Lan Zhan gives the affirmative because those are famous exports from mountainous Gusu, and he'd learnt the trade from his elders. With that, *da ge* heaves a sigh of relief because *lingzhi* pills and bird's nest soup are of highly-sought after by Yiling's rich and famous, and they can be readily sold at greatly inflated prices although processing them will take some time.

*Didi*, on the other hand, simply asks, what happened to the eggs in those empty nests. He holds one of the torn strips of black-stained whitish cups, and absently picks out tiny feathers and bits of eggshells.

Lan Zhan and Wei *da ge* exchange uneasy glances, in which the latter shakes his head, ashamed, and looks away. The gesture speaks volumes about some things that needed to be sacrificed in order for others to survive.

Wei *da ge* puts on a forced grin, then crouches and pats the little boy's head. He said that he'd placed the eggs into other intact nests, so the entire colony of swiftlet mommies and daddies can raise them up to healthy baby birds. The little boy “Enn!”s and draws parallels by saying that he’s also orphaned at a young age, then raised by a loving foster family, and wants to love others back when he grows up.

Lan Zhan feels his heartstrings tug, and embraces Wei *didi* for no particular reason. He wishes that Wei Ying does not need to lie to anyone - even to himself. However, sometimes there are no easy answers.

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Er ge , er ge , how can our little brother be this bratty yet cute?! *sniffles*

Hush, hush, it's alright.

And why doesn't the old man immediately say Yes when offered a bigger, more spacious house?! I would like to have two bedrooms for my own, five storeys of living space, and not live in this boring, cramped cave surrounded by a small garden of stupid fruits and vegetables!

Hush, hush. Do you remember when we- I moved with in Lan Zhan - he'd spent three days writing an elaborate love poem, but a kiss is all he really needed?

Or the time when he spent a fortune on the jewelled accessories that's now sitting inside our cupboard and gathering dust, because a handmade flute is worth so much more?

I love him in the simplest ways that cannot be measured by gold or silver pieces.

And now, by refusing to profit from fertile, flourishing land given freely to him, and showing no interest in upgrading to a more luxurious and likely complicated lifestyle - isn't he telling us something?

... that he loves us in the simplest ways which cannot be measured by gold or silver pieces... Is that what he means?

I think so, san ge .

I take back my words from before. Han Guang Jun is a great man indeed.

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There are a handful of times when Wei Wuxian shedded tears - whether for himself or for others.

He'd cried when threatened by ravenous dogs over a discarded half-eaten dumpling, when he was betrayed by the cultivation world, when his *shijie* took a swordstrike to save his life, when he has no choice but to let go of bloodied hands and sacrifice himself for Lan Zhan's own good - and now, when he leaves a sack of heart wrenchingly cute wiggling masses on Old Niu's table in exchange for a paltry sum of three gold pieces - just enough for one to two days' of provisions for the new family of five.

He mentally punishes himself and imagines slapping his own cheek three times, each for a pet rabbit sent to the butcher's knife. It's a harsh lesson learnt from failing in his - their - harrowing trial in home economics and financial management. Old Niu sensed his distress and pacified the young man that he'd ask around if anyone, especially the rich and famous of Yiling, would be interested in raising them - however he could not promise that none or some of them may be turned into skewered meats for the evening markets, or pelts to be made into furred robes for the winter.

*Da ge* turned off the live telecast momentarily shortly before, and makes sure the youngest does not see nor hear what is said after the prospect that the rabbits could be adopted.

Twentysomething Wei Ying is exhausted after running a marathon to reach Yiling, peddling his wares and services at his usual haunts and hunting down or seeking new customers. The hot afternoon sun is beating down on his sweaty skin and he's thirsty. Despite *san ge*'s ongoing telepathic cheers of Keep It Up (加油; Fighting!! (sic)), he feels he's at the receiving end of everything; the wise eldest somehow prospered with his maniacal ways; the

cocky teenager is all bark but no bite - which is fine since he can be as irresponsible as he wants and he's not of legal age yet; and the youngest gets pampered and loved to bits by their husband. He needs to man up, take up the responsibility of being (possibly) the sole breadwinner of the expanded family, and live up to his name as a Yiling patriarch (matriarch?) suited to walk beside the grand Patriarch and owner of the Lan's Residence-cum-estate-cum-kingdom.

After sniffing away tears and snot from the painful slap on the wrist of selling off the precious rabbits, he opens a cloud-patterned pouch tied to his sash to deposit the money. There are some silver and gold pieces, a couple of gold bars - and unexpectedly, his fingers touch what he instantly recognized as the outlines of the Jade Token.

Earlier, Lan Zhan asked Wei Ying to carry the pouch with him, in case he faces (extreme) financial difficulties to purchase and replenish provisions needed for the next few days - it contains their life savings after all. Wei Ying knows that although the Jade Token cannot be used in monetary transactions, it can be pawned off for a respectable sum at Yiling's banks. Wei Ying also knows that the Jade Token is possibly Lan Zhan's only precious memento and his key to return to the Cloud Recesses; without it, the magical entrance gates will not permit access, and the last time they left, Wei Ying sensed that most of the Lan clansmen including Master Lan Qiren have distanced themselves from the couple who have brought nothing but disrepute to the sect lately. In the preceding couple of years when rumour-mongering and naysayers are rife within the halls of the Grand Cultivation Council, it is safe to say that the Second Jade Twin has probably been disowned by the elder members of the prestigious family.

Wei Ying lets his fingers glide on the cooled surface of the heavy, finely crafted piece of enchanted jadestone. There are sculptures of beautiful clouds blanketing Gusu's lush forested mountains. They embody trust - that

the clouds continue to nourish and protect the forests, while life in the mountains maintain the peace and stability needed for the clouds to exist for millennias, if not forever. Wei Ying feels his throat tighten - Lan Zhan *entrusts* the token in Wei Ying's hands, as much as he gives Wei Ying the right to decide what is best for his, and their, only way back to the Cloud Recesses.

A pair of cranes in flight is delicately chiseled into the scenery, with such minute detail and depth, that each feather can distinguished by touch. It is said that such splendid physical symbols shape the enchantments imbued into the power of the stone; in this case, the Jade Token can be used by Lan Zhan and his destined partner, as represented by the pair of majestic birds.

Wei Ying tries to blink back a tear, when he realizes that Lan Zhan knew, had known and knows that Wei Ying will forever be the only one in his life; based on the age and wear on the jade, the token was likely created shortly after Wei Ying's death *sixteen years ago* , when the man had decided - and willingly sentenced himself - to a life without looking for another partner. Wei Ying feels immense gratitude at how Fate works in bringing him back to life, thus sparing Lan Zhan from a lifelong of regret and loneliness.

Finally, the name of the Lan family is inscribed onto the token. Wei Ying caresses the entire palm-sized jade, and does not feel any discomfort, twinge of pain or resentful feelings of rejection emitting from it. The token is said to have magical sentient thought, as it can recognize its master and his destined partner, and unravel and understand the feelings and relationships between them. Deep in his heart, he “hears” what the Jade Token is trying to tell him: that the man named Wei Ying, with his courtesy name as Wei Wuxian, is recognized as a Lan.

Wei Ying grips the Jade Token hard and tries to swallow down a snot and the stuffiness inside his nostrils. The act draws a few curious stares from the crowd around the marketplace, so he rushes off.

The pouch will grow throughout the afternoon with Wei Ying's hard work, and neither the gold bars nor the Jade Token ever needed to be used. When he met up with Liang *gu niang* who was somewhat concerned about his sudden disappearance during the last couple of weeks, Wei Ying convinced her father's teahouse to place an order for fritters and other fried snacks to re-start their business relationship after the so-called "much-needed vacation break". He politely tells Liang *gu niang* that she can still address him by his nickname Hei *ge* (Brother Hei), or use his real name. She agrees and has no problems to call Wei Ying "Young Master Lan" from henceforth.

All three Wei *gongzi* s telepathically clapped and cheered for their *er ge* , with *da ge* daintily dabbing his eyes while *san ge* mentally sobbing himself into an emotional wreck in the background. *Didi* is especially thrilled to see a pack of White Rabbit candy inside the *er ge* 's basket on his way home.

Wei Ying hums a happy tune (a rendition of their favourite song) while carrying a full basket of rice, salt, sugar, rolls of cloth, spices, and additional cooking utensils, tableware and cutlery, and other provisions.

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Lan Zhan is a little surprised when both *da ge* (suspiciously teary-eyed and sniffing; he said it's due to the pollen in the air) and *dididi* (strangely

grinning ear to ear; he just said he feels happy, that's all) helped him out of the slightly battered cart at The Junction - judiciously named because Lan Zhan now knows that turning at this spot will lead him to his 'paradise on earth', at least within his humble estate within the 'Mounds.

Wei *da ge* said that with the amount of harvest, it would be difficult, even hazardous to try and pull the cart through the rocky narrow trail back to the cave-home, because it could topple over at any time along with its delicate passengers. In addition, he plans to leave the cart near The Highway for easy access and use in the future; so anyone would just need to walk the short distance between their home to The Junction, then be able to take the cart to anywhere within the estate via the Highway. Lan Zhan nods in agreement and before he can voice out another question about their baggage - Wei *da ge* is already a step ahead and maneuvers himself to the front of the older man, bends down, then grabs his thighs carefully to avoid touching the bandaged areas, and hoists him up, piggyback style.

Lan Zhan gasps and clutches Wei *da ge* 's back for balance and-- "Lan Zhan, you don't have to say anything. Let me carry you back home this time, for old time's sake if not anything else," Wei *da ge* grunts out between trying to clear his throat (is he getting emotional over something, Lan Zhan thought off-handedly), and he carries the sacks at the front; Wei *da ge* is a strong person indeed. *Didi* holds on to the crutch and a couple of smaller, lighter sacks such as the birds' nests, and runs off ahead.

Lan Zhan leans into the muscled back, and relishes in the warmth and comfort of being cared for by an older Wei Ying. He rests his chin on a firm shoulder and closes his eyes, buoyed by gentle footsteps and the crunch of pebbles and dry leaves, the fragrant smell of ripening apples and peaches, and a hummed tune that's familiar to them.

“Mn.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Ahh... it's a short chapter with more talk and less 'action' :-) I'm back to being busy at work, so releases will be slow. I've received some interesting questions and suggestions from readers, and maybe some of these will feed into the story later on. To be honest, I haven't thought very far about how the story will turn out - I hope to keep on writing and create an exciting and meaningful world for Wangxian to live in!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 36

Lan Zhan wonders if something nice had happened between lunch and the quick tour around his new estate. All Wei *gongzi* s have been on their best behaviour when he emerged from the orchard and into the welcoming arms of teenage Wei *san ge* ; the previously-obnoxious *san ge* started referring him by name rather than “old man” - which is a relief for the patriarch, and he is getting used to calling all his Wei Yings, just plain ol’ “Wei Ying”.

Wei *da ge* gets to work as soon as they returned to the courtyard, by unpacking and sorting out their harvests from the foraging and from the farm. He takes the two chickens selected by *san ge* , and the handful of caught wild pigeons to the backyard, and promises Lan Zhan that he’ll deal with them in a “discreet and honest” way (Lan Zhan is beginning to think this phrase has become a part of the *da ge* ’s vocabulary with the same connotations as the strange terms he’d been using all day). Armed with written instructions from the morning and an album of carefully-curated collection of recipes from the patriarch himself, he only needed to ask Lan Zhan “if he is allowed to plan, prepare and manage the night’s dinner” - which pleasantly surprised the latter, because cooking has always been his domain and maybe, *just maybe* , it’s time to delegate this mundane task to one of the Wei *gongzi* s - and Lan Zhan gives his consent in the form of a “Mn” and “tell me if you need anything”. With the green light, Wei *da ge* proceeds to station himself inside the kitchen for the next few hours.

In some ways, Lan Zhan feels just as any hard working worker would when he receives an unexpected promotion. The tasks he’d been doing for the last year or so, are suddenly taken up by a subordinate - in this case, one of his spouses - and he is forced to see the world in a whole new light, and from a higher-ups perspective. He scratches his chin absently while ruminating on the thought, and toys with his brand new beard while sitting in one of the few shaded hammocks that the Wei *gongzi* s have constructed in the last

couple of weeks, along with many more tables and benches around the courtyard. There is a forlorn feeling of discomfort, emptiness and uncertainty for leaving his comfort zone, and yet, there is also an underlying and hopeful promise that he is no longer shackled by his daily routines, and therefore, can soar to greater heights and do greater things in his blissful married life - perhaps the latter feel-good feeling is a result of Wei Ying-ness rubbing off on him, and he smiles faintly when he reminisces how much he'd changed over the course of a few years with this wonderful man-turned-spouse. He starts to mentally lay out his strategy for the family for the future:

Wei *da ge* is admirably intelligent, skilled and capable, and can manage the household if given enough instructions. In practice, he could supervise the other younger Wei Yings when Lan Zhan is busy.

Wei *er ge* will continue the task of selling their goods and bringing in the money, since he's (arguably) the spokesperson, the face and voice to their suppliers and customers.

Wei *san ge* is the power horse of the house and he can do what Lan Zhan does every day, out in the fields - farming and taking care of the livestock, foraging and hunting, chopping firewood, and so on.

Wei *didi* is adept at housework, and with the help of Wei *da ge* who also doubles as their chef in the kitchen and their in-house skilled magician, they can sort out the cleaning, laundry and cooking tasks, assisted by the D-Broom and possibly - if things go according to Wei Ying's wishes - other magically enhanced inventions.

That would leave Lan Zhan--

“... as the great patriarch of our household, and his task is to watch over us, and love us as we love our almighty husband,” Wei *san ge* interrupts and gives a kiss on Lan Zhan’s cheek, as he brings a tray with a big bowl of cooling *guilinggao* black herbal jelly, balanced on top of a round basin filled with clean springwater from their outdoor bath. “Is that right (对不对), Lan Zhan?” he adds cheekily with an awkwardly big grin. The older man remains impassive, as usual.

“*Da ge* can freely read yours and everyone’s thoughts and project them to us; although sometimes, he can choose to alter or filter certain parts according to the situation,” he continues, as he places everything on the ground, and then taps on the older man’s shoulder as a silent gesture to let Wei *san ge* - Wei Ying - take off the robes. “For example, I’m glad both *didi* and I didn’t need to hear about the fate of the three rabbits, and only *didi* doesn’t need to know where the pigeons come from, because he still thinks they’re cute while the rest of us love to munch on grilled birdmeat,” Wei Ying says as he starts to peel off the older man’s robes and garments from the upper body, layer by layer, “Coming back to your strategy, *da ge* said that we’ll follow your lead.”

“What about you?” Lan Zhan asks as he raises his good arm to facilitate the undressing, “How do *you* feel about this?” He stares at Wei Ying, trying to gauge the younger man’s response - or the *da ge* ’s, if there’s an element of mind manipulation involved.

Wei Ying blinks once. Then, he unexpectedly grabs the dripping washcloth from the same basin and slaps it *harshly* against Lan Zhan’s naked shoulder. “Me? Hah! I’ll show you how much better I can be in doing *your* outdoor

stuff, you-- ! (he stops just before he accidentally mouths out “old man”, and turns a pointed finger back into a balled grip of dribbling washcloth) -- Just watch me shovel the soil twice as fast, and grow all the chillies we’ll every need!” The cloth scrubs roughly against the skin - it hurts a little, but definitely cleans off the dust and grime from the walkabout. Lan Zhan relaxes - he knows that his initial suggestion is acceptable, and that *da ge* relinquished his mind control over the attending *san ge* , for the moment.

Wei Ying seems enthusiastic in wiping down Lan Zhan’s upper torso, and he even takes his time to painstakingly dab around each whip scar on the back - perhaps he’s catching up on what he’d miss during their midday bath. Lan Zhan looks at the bowl of black jelly on the ground, and wonders about the teenager’s priorities being in the right order or not; he sighs, and bends down as far as his bandaged waist would allow, to pick up the big bowl on his own with both hands.

“Ahh... Lan Zhan! I’m supposed to serve you my homemade dessert, but you’re ruining my chance already,” then he quickly switched gears from meticulous back-cleaning to smacking the washcloth all over the back (where significant parts of his upper body remain unwiped), sending water drops flying and trickling everywhere, and both their clothes become soaked. He rushes to the front, crouches and helps Lan Zhan’s feet into the basin; he lets the tired soles soak a bit in the warm water.

Wei Ying rests his chin on the edge of the hammock, and gives a flashy toothy grin that Lan Zhan remembers all too well from the days they spent together in the Jingshi as punishment from the former’s misbehaviour, more than sixteen years ago. “Lan Zhan, try it, is it good? (好不好吃?)”

He takes the first mouthful of the fragrant, soft and sweet jelly. Not too bad, except that he tasted salt as well; Wei Ying must have accidentally put a spoon of salt when he was looking for sugar in the pantry - both are stored in similar jars and look quite the same (which could be easily avoided if he'd chosen rock sugar instead, but Wei Ying wouldn't know about it anyway).

"Ai-yooo... Don't shout at me, *da ge* ! I really didn't know!" Wei Ying shouts into the air and winces, clutching at the side of his head.

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It's another one of a string of surreal experiences that Lan Zhan needs to go through for the day. He watches and listens patiently, as Wei Ying talks animatedly with high and low pitches, with lively hand and limb movements, vibrant and full of life, about what he'd done in the farm, how he'd taken care of the animals, what he thinks about their expanded estate-turned-kingdom, what he wants to do (with shameless demands for more spending money and a bigger home), and so on. It's like a (mostly one-sided) conversation with a wife, a lover, and a kid all at once, except that this person resembles - actually, is - his teenage crush, sixteen years ago.

He wonders if this is a chance to redeem his failure in the past, or to live out one of his longstanding fantasies, where none of the absurd events involving the war-mongering Wens or the accursed Yin Metal ever happened - would they have peacefully studied in the Cloud Recesses, take their sweet time in getting to know each other, tolerate then accept their vastly different personalities, quirks and oddities, and eventually... fall in love?

Would they gradually find themselves in each others' arms, and maybe - just maybe, still get hitched even though at a barely legal age? Would they somehow end up like the present; having moved out of their family nests, to strike out on their own just like any young, hopeful adult males would - and then, after getting their fill of youthful adventures and travelling around the Middle Kingdom, settle down together in a beautiful, quiet countryside cottage situationally similar to their current cave-home; and lovely Wei Ying caring for him as much as he cares for Wei Ying - just as how Wei Ying is presently tending to his tired feet and trying his best to cook delicious food through trial-and-errors that both of them will learn together, laugh together, and grow fonder with one another with the passage of time.

In the end, does it really matter? he asks himself.

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Both topless men enjoy a brief respite from the afternoon heat. Lan Zhan leans back into the remarkably huge hammock tied between two of their largest apple tree trunks, and Wei *san ge* gives a nice warm footwash. Lan Zhan knows Wei Ying is trying his best to emulate the age-old practice of caring and respecting for an elderly, though he doesn't seem to make much of an impact with his clumsy scrubs along the foot of the arch, which resemble a mismatched mix of tickles and sprain-inducing presses.

"Wei Ying... just... just a... n-normal massage will do..." he tries hard to maintain his neutral expression, as he teeters between ticklish giggles and teeth-gritting pain. Fortunately, that turned out to be the right decision, as (this) Wei Ying has inherited (shared) the experiences from the older Wei

Ying in the art of pleasing another's body with comforting, refreshing muscle rubs. Soon, Lan Zhan receives a proper treatment of foot massage dipped in warm water, and Wei Ying expertly kneads away the fatigue; he focuses particularly in force-spreading the joints between the toes, stretching the ligaments between roughened pads on the soles, rolling his knuckles over the tendons above and below the arch of each foot, and giving circular rubs on the ball of the heels, and also around the ankles, in which Lan Zhan audibly nnnhs in delight - two weeks' worth of stiffness, and a tour around their estate using the crutch, seemingly unwind magically into Wei Ying's firm yet delicate touch.

The mid-afternoon air is warm and humid, accompanied by the sounds of birdsong and cicadas' mating calls, and soon, he starts to feel drowsy and relaxed inside the cocoon of the hammock under the shade of apple trees, pampered lovingly by Wei Ying's massage that soon dulls his senses into a sleepy fluffy cloud, and feels his feet droop in such a relaxed, maybe slightly swollen state that he's melting into a puddle inside the hammock, which stirs up tendrils of pleasure from the soles of his numbed feet, riding up to the thighs and pooling inside his loins, and those tendrils seem to spread his legs a bit and flick on the sensitive junctures at the crotch, and then swirl, swirl closer towards the scrotum and encase his balls in hot wetness, which is followed by slippery back-and-forth slides along the underside of his hardening arousal and it envelops into sweet, sweet delicious liquid heat--

Lan Zhan awakes with a jolt from his nap in the hammock, and finds himself moaning into a half-asleep, prolonged mmmmmnnnnnh when Wei Ying dips his head between the spread legs and starts nursing the half-hard erection. Lan Zhan pushes himself up as much as he could on the gently swaying hammock, just in time to see-feel the teenager poke a moist wet tongue underneath the sensitive foreskin and bathe the sheathed, still-soft and spongy glans with the expanse of his warm tongue, and he attempts to penetrate, jab and prod the tip of his tongue into the lightly-twitching erection and knead into the shallow crevice peeking from the center, while

one hand presses and holds down Lan Zhan's pelvis and the other busily grazes tightening balls with fingernails - and is graciously rewarded with a droplet of glistening pre-cum.

"Wei Ying..." he groans, and forces himself not to react to the exquisite friction rubbing into his cockslit, as he lets the teenager - *his* Wei Ying, his spouse, his destined partner, who has all the permissions and rights to Lan Zhan's body - continue to play with the increasingly excited and swelling penis; luscious young lips enclose, draw in and suck voraciously in a steady yet relentless pace; he deep-throats as much as his long neck will allow and Lan Zhan had to squeeze his eyes shut when the tight cavern encasing his throbbing rod convulses in a hard swallow, and his cock is assaulted by an equally long tongue that circles, wraps and curls around the entire length, barely missing the teeth, and Lan Zhan hnnghs involuntarily when he loses a little muscular control and jerks his hips once, when Wei Ying makes a series of swallowing motions without gagging, milking the organ again repeatedly in undulating squeezes, before going up and down again on the iron-hard flesh veined with adrenaline-flooded blood in the searing rhythm of a magnificently deep and mind-numbing blowjob; he could feel the tip of Wei Ying's nose hitting on his pubic bone, hard. He thinks Wei Ying managed to extract abundant amounts of pre-cum with each swoop, but he couldn't see, couldn't tell, because of the delicious contractions forcibly *extracted* out of his quivering cock and all he could see are the canopies of apple trees and ripening fruits because his head is already tilted upwards and his back is arching, his own mouth refuses to seal away the tasty, keening groans emitting from inside his burning, burning body, sweating in the middle of the afternoon; excitement starts to tingle and burn excruciatingly the nerves around his lower body, sending acute spasms into the tiniest of fluttering muscles, further swelling the fantastically excited, engorged organ, and again, and again, the rising fluid heat from the base of his cock, loading and filling up for the first grateful shot deep, deep into Wei Ying's sweet mouth and into that sweeter endless throat chasm--

Lan Zhan realizes, belatedly, - to his secret delight and horror - that as much as *da ge* is a master of hands and fingers, handjobs and soft touches that require a great flair in restrain and fine movement controls, teenager *Wei Ying* shows his sexual prowess with greedy, sometimes clumsy but always earnest efforts with seemingly experienced lips and tongue, and he is an expert in lustful oral lovemaking--

Lan Zhan blinks his eyes open, face covered with sweat and panting hard to catch his breath, his quaking body bowed over the hammock and hovering at the very edge of the precipice of an incredibly powerful orgasm, and his stiff cock trembling, twitching angrily in the breezy, empty afternoon air. Wei Ying stands above him, next to the ropes that suspend the improvised bed between apple trees, slurps down the remaining slurry of herbal jelly from the bowl - and makes a revolting gagging sound and a distasteful scrunch of eyebrows. He pulls out a couple of curly pubic hair from his tongue as well - Lan Zhan doesn't know if Wei Ying finds the salty dessert or the hair disgusting to his palate.

"Eww, you should have told me it's this bad before downing half a bowl of this stuff," and picks his teeth to pull out another hair followed by a "bleargh" sound (how many strands of pubic hair did he lose, Lan Zhan wondered absently), "but anyway, you should feel invigorated now, right, Lan Zhan?". Wei Ying audaciously wipes his mouth and sweat from his upper body with Lan Zhan's trousers - somehow, he'd snatched it sometime between the foot massage and the frustratingly wonderful blowjob.

Lan Zhan wheezes out a very heavy, reluctant sigh - surprisingly, Wei Ying has his priorities sorted out well. He sits up with an agonized groan, adjusts himself to a cross-legged meditation posture on the hammock, and ignores the tremendously agitated, lonesome erection. He begins to cast another medley of blue healing spells onto his bandaged wounds. The ones on his

left forearm and right lower leg are healing well, and he hopes to take off the dressings sooner than intended.

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Lan Zhan learns that there are more than a few ways to replenish his *qi* energy which then feeds into his golden core. The mechanics are similar to pouring water into streams that lead into a lake that grows larger over time, with increasing levels of mastery over martial arts, spellcasting, and cultivation.

A simple hug, a sweet touch of lips, a brisk walk around the vegetable gardens or around Yiling's evening markets, meditating, reading a good book, playing music, cuddling furry pets, or even doing housework for a couple of hours, equate to adding a few drops into those streams. Such activities usually have more impact on one's psychology rather than on energy levels.

More strenuous and exciting exercises, such as performing cultivation moves, martial arts practice, running away from predators (in Wei Ying's case, dogs), backbreaking hard labour, or regular nightly sex with eventual release and resolution - although physically draining and exhausting, can be visualised as a few sizable bowls into the ever-flowing river.

Extremely distressing situations, especially those that sends adrenaline pumping into blood for prolonged periods of time - such as sexual torture or edging; or at the other end of the spectrum, incredibly pleasant experiences

that uplifts a soul to the greatest heights - such as a kissy game with Wei *didi* -, is like pouring big buckets straight into the lake.

Lan Zhan does not dare to imagine what activities would break open dams and fill his golden core to the brim. However, he tells himself that he's now living with three, possibly four living batteries for his *qi* energy levels - whether this bodes well for his well-being or not, remains to be seen.

However, just as energy can be generated and replenished, it can whittle away with use or neglect. *Qi* spiritual energy is necessary for piloting flying swords, unleashing power attacks such as energy blasts from guqin's strings, casting spells, and in Lan Zhan's case, for controlling or snuffing out sinful desires (in his elder brother's example, to magically transform consumed alcohol into pure distilled water). Golden cores are bite-sized marbles full of cultivated *qi* , and are highly sought after by dark, evil creatures that prey on the living and feast on such spiritual energies. Such heinous beings, being in the same class as the undead and the fierce corpses that continue to haunt the Northern lands of the Middle Kingdom, usually move at night and catch their unsuspecting, vulnerable victims when they are asleep or unconscious.

It is said that one's life force, and therefore his or her Fate in this world, is tied to the golden core, however neither cultivation practitioners nor scholars have been able to confirm nor refute this fact, since no one in written history has attempted to consciously gouge out his or her own core and witness the effects of such a terrible extraction. There are rumours that one of the horrible Wens had successfully performed the procedure about sixteen years ago; however, according to the historical texts, since they have gone extinct, therefore the stories and subsequent investigations by the Imperial Court of Chang'an have met their dead-ends as well.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Work has caught up and I have less time and focus on writing this fic nowadays, plus, since there's been little news that sparks joy for my interest in The Untamed / Mo Dao Zu Shi - the Special Edition has some goodies but they are far and few in between after that first extended drunken scene \*siiigh!\* I have to bank on bjyx or Zhan Ge's exclusive contents to fan the dying flames!! It seems tomorrow there's an event where Zhan Ge and Yibo didi will attend together... ooh, be still my beating heart - NOT ! bwahaha!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 37

“ *Didi* will be up soon from his daily afternoon nap, so you better hurry. That brat will wake up into a feisty ball of energy,” Wei Ying mutters as he sits opposite Lan Zhan on the gently swaying hammock. Both men sit cross-legged and perform some basic cultivation moves to cross-share their *qi* energy; Lan Zhan focuses his good right hand to point two fingers and direct healing energy to each bandaged part, while his left hand rests on his legs with a curved palm-up stance; Wei Ying performs intricate martial arts movements with his hands to generate and cultivate energy from within his body, then strikes at the main meridian points on Lan Zhan’s body to transfer the *qi* , thus boosting the latter’s ability to heal further.

After a while, surprisingly but not unexpectedly, Wei Ying becomes a bit bored after he’s transferred enough energy for the healing session. He spends a few minutes staring and scrutinizing at a meditating Lan Zhan who has closed his eyes and furrowed his brows in intense concentration (Lan Zhan can feel eyes boring into him, and that makes the older man a little anxious, because dear Goddess Guan Yin, can’t Wei Ying just sit down quietly and meditate with me?!, he asks futilely). Wei Ying fidgets quite a bit, and Lan Zhan keeps hearing rustling sounds of Wei Ying’s trousers rubbing against the hammock’s canvas - and strangely, the tinkling of a ceramic bowl and wet mushy squishes.

Lan Zhan feels his *qi* deviate slightly, when he hears sniffing sounds near his earlobes, feels warm breaths puffing down his collarbone, even an accidental, startling touch near his unprotected and nude armpits. Lan Zhan clears his throat with an intentional “A-hem”, and the teenager shrinks away, but not before succeeding in a mischievous pull - and a painful twinge prickling the sensitive skin - on one of the armpit hairs; he wonders briefly, and gets distracted from the healing procedure, if Wei Ying is as obsessed with his armpit hair as with his pubes too.

After another minute, Lan Zhan cringed inwardly at the sensation of two fingers “walking” their way along the top of his left thigh, “hops” to the bandaged forearm where the fingers danced quickly across the woven material, and straight into the open palm. They hook around the curved fingers, and swing gently in a naughty “Lan Zhan Lan Zhan, are you awake? If you’re not then I’m going to play” manner. The older man decides to ignore the immature teenager and keep his eyes closed, at the risk of blundering the healing spell (which wasn’t all that important anymore, since he’s almost done with the session), or more interestingly, to find out what frisky Wei Ying has in mind.

Wei Ying takes the free left hand and puts the palm against his chest; Lan Zhan feels the strong heartbeat under the heated skin. The fifteen-year old boy opens and spreads each finger carefully across his thin left chest, and asks loudly without expecting an answer, “Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, look at me, do you think I was much thinner when I was fifteen years old? There are some muscles,” he purposely lets the fingers flick his nipple, and then uses the index finger to draw circles around the areola, “but I must’ve looked quite gangly in your eyes. I’m all skin and bones, and not attractive at all.”

No, Wei Ying, you were and still are, the most beautiful of them all, the older man replies, wordlessly, and keeps his eyes shut. He wants to complete the healing as soon as possible - and later, if time permits, hold lovely Wei Ying in his arms and convince the teen that beauty is certainly not skin-deep.

Wei Ying swipes Lan Zhan’s hand across his chest like a paintbrush, allowing the latter to touch both sparse pectorals and nipples. “Ahh, wouldn’t it be nice if we can frolic all day behind the bushes with neither care nor concern for the world?” The sensation of satiny, youthful skin is



enticing; then Wei Ying curls Lan Zhan's fingers to pinch the other brownish-pink nipple, and the teenager mmmhs loudly at his own self-made sexual gratification. "Ah, ah, if you spend an hour massaging these everyday, maybe my breasts will plump up and I'll grow more meat on the bones. Plump, round breasts are great for making lots of milk. Won't you like that? (喜欢吗?)"

Lan Zhan frowns in his concentration, and tries to mentally swat away the Wei Ying-ness that dared to intrude into the final lap of his healing marathon. The spell wavers visibly, as the blue thread starts to wriggle. To his consternation, his limp cock hiding underneath the trousers begins to stir with interest.

Wei Ying chuckles lightly, and unhurriedly drags Lan Zhan's left hand down to the boy's slender waist. Wei Ying guides the hand to rub wide circles from ribs to navel, then dipping slightly below the trousers' waistband, before returning back up. "If you touch me here... there... now... and everyday - you'll be able to indulge in all the touches you'd missed since we were in our teens. Ah, Lan Zhan, does my firm, youthful supple skin, feel good against yours? Or will it feel better... beneath you?" he whispers sultrily. Lan Zhan bites his lower lip at the unspoken implications. The shiny blue thread sputters erratically.

"I'm fifteen years old again, and less than half your age. If I call you Daddy, it would sound like you're a really young father, just as when A-Yuan first hugged your leg in Yiling and drew the weird attention from the surrounding crowd. I would cry softly to you, 'Daddy, daddy, please punish little Wei Ying for the naughty mistakes he's made'," Lan Zhan's fingers are zealously angled to caress and plunge into the soft, shallow navel in rhythmic strokes. He is painfully reminded of a joke not too long ago about where the navel leads to (i.e. the womb). Lan Zhan grits his teeth in an

excruciating effort to maintain whatever sanity he needs for the spell, which has started to break down; the blue thread corkscrews into crazy spirals.

"If I call you Dada, which I had learnt from your disciples to mean 'elder brother' in Gusu dialect, then you'll be a very old brother, and it would be strange for us to walk in the streets while holding hands, don't you think so? Or do you want to be a bad dada, and do this," Wei Ying leans forward, tugs the imprisoned hand to reach behind his own trousers, and presses the spread fingers generously across one clothed ass-mound.

"Ah, ah, dada, dada, please don't spank my buttocks. Little Wei Ying is wrong again!" Wei Ying moans sexily into Lan Zhan's red-tipped ear. He jiggles the imprisoned hand, resulting in jiggling the springy glute as well.

Lan Zhan exhales loudly, signalling his disagreement to the preposterous acts. The healing spell fizzles out with a *fwip!* sound, due to the intense turmoil in the older man's *qi* flow. His eyes flew open, wide as angry saucers. Wei Ying forms an "o" with his mouth for an "Oops", then slowly leans back to their original position - sitting cross legged and facing each other.

Prankster Wei Ying brazenly scoots closer, takes each of Lan Zhan's hand into his and sways them playfully, like little children holding each other's hands. Seeing no response from the upset older man, he does not hesitate to spread Lan Zhan's legs, bounce forward between them until he closes the gap, and their hips touched. At such proximity, he pretends to be contemplative and concerned, and brushes off invisible dust from the older man's nude shoulders. Then, he gives the saddest-looking puppy eyes with the cutest hamster-cheeked pout towards the unmoving, stern gaze.

"‘Tch... Lan Zhan, you’re no fun at all. Alright, I’ll be less childish in front of you and won’t ask you to play along. But I’m serious that you need to be more enthusiastic with me, otherwise, I’m afraid your body won't be able to handle my *virginal* youth tonight. Alright? (好不好?)" and Wei Ying breaks into his usual cheeky grin.

Lan Zhan’s breath hitches at the blasphemous word. He tries to back away and raises his hands up in defense, but there is little space to maneuver inside the hammock. Wei Ying easily bridges the divide between them until he nuzzles against Lan Zhan’s neck (like the said hamster), and slides their naked torsos skin against skin, inside the cocoon of woven stretchy canvas cloth.

Wei Ying flutters his eyelids against a twitching Adam’s apple, and coyly mewls, "Aiyaaaaa... don’t be shy, Lan Zhan. You're not young anymore, and you’ve done it so many times by now," the teenager grabs both Lan Zhan's arms, more violently this time, and thrusts them into his (Wei Ying’s) own pants. Lan Zhan tried to withdraw his captured limbs but Wei Ying’s grip is unusually strong. “Surely you can see and smell my *virginity* from afar, Lan Zhan," Lan Zhan inhales the smell of Wei Ying’s shampoo’ed hair - flowery, summery, and full of zest -, “Don’t look at me like that, my body is still innocent and pure, and doesn’t know anything about sex - compared to yours. Is that right? (对不对?),” Wei Ying purrs coyly. Lan Zhan realizes that naughty Wei Ying didn’t put on his underwear, and is half-tempted to wrench his grasp away, while another inner voice coos at him to dig in, deeper, deeper. Fifteen-year old Wei Ying feels and smells vibrant, fresh, succulent and very tantalizing, like a tasty morsel dangled in front of his hungry lips. He could theoretically push the young boy down and have his way with him!, that nasty inner voice seductively whispers.

Wei Ying wiggles his hips and responds breathily, "That's right, this body hasn't done it before. I may be tight and very sensitive, so please treat me with plenty of care and love tonight. It's my first time, you know," and Lan Zhan feels the heated outline of an erect cock. His fingers tremble, not knowing where else to hide inside the confines of Wei Ying's pants. He stares mesmerized at their clothed crotches, sliding against one another when the teen circles his hips in a suggestive manner, and he watches with morbid delight at how his fingers instinctively curl around the rigid throbbing pole underneath Wei Ying's fly.

The boy cries at the first contact, "Ah, Lan Zhan! You greedy sex maniac, are you trying to grope me in broad daylight? Are you imagining yourself as an energetic, virile teenager too, unable to hold back his lust? Ah, ah, you're playing with my penis! Oh, dada, your hands feel so goooooood..." and the circular motion of hips start to become elliptical, thrusting, frantic, implying the thrilling timeless act of sexual intercourse.

Wei Ying pauses in mid-molest, and shifts Lan Zhan's reluctant hands to the rear, "Or... are you actually a lecherous old man, who hungrily paws young, helpless virgin boys and bed them nightly to satisfy his depraved desires?" Wei Ying must have struck gold with those morally corrupt words, because Lan Zhan's own arousal twitches visibly in his trousers, and Wei Ying continues his incredulous nonsense, "Ah, ah, daddy, you pervert! Now you're grabbing my defenceless buttocks!", in which Lan Zhan actually grips the naked springy bottom so hard and rake fingernails over the mounds, that both knew tell-tale marks would be left there for days to come.

Wei Ying takes the absurdity to the next level; he grabs both index fingers, one from each hand around his ass, and lets their tips touch his moist rosebud. "Ah, you dirty old man, don't stick your filthy fingers in there, otherwise you'll deflower my sweet, precious purity. I'm saving it for

tonight... with you... nnh, nnh, don't stretch it too much... are you so eager to take my first time? How shameless!" his grin turns coquettish. Wei Ying lifts up his hips, and proceeds to gratuitously fuck the fingertips. Lan Zhan no longer wants to see what he's being forced to do, and squeezes his eyes shut again, cheeks burning with shame. His fingers are sucked in, feeling hotness, wetness, tightness and lubricating squishiness all at once, and his cock convulses, desperately begging for the same burning friction. The ring of muscle is pliant and welcoming, and Lan Zhan shudders to think what the teenager has been up to to prepare himself so well for this undeniably steamy sexual assault.

His thick fingers slide in and out repeatedly, mimicking the motions that he knows to well; they crawl, curl, rub and eventually bump into a mass of soft wetness. It feels like a wall or an obstruction that is moist, wriggling, and gel-like.

Wei Ying moans louder and makes very obvious sexual noises and grunts, and Lan Zhan winces in worry that someone would appear and catch him red-handed in the act of forcing finger-based carnal pleasures into the fifteen-year old. "Nnnnh! Hnnngh! Aaaaah! I'm coming, I'm coming! You just touched my hymen, don't break it, please don't break it! This virgin maiden is pleading for your mercy, you naughty dada, *gege* , daddy, rapist, *lao gong* , nnnnnh!" he cries out in exaggerated mock-orgasm. Wei Ying even jerks his hips violently, which causes Lan Zhan's fingers to *penetrate* through the mass-like substance inside Wei Ying's love canal. The older man growls, and is terribly and unwillingly excited at the prospect of actually deflowering and defiling young, virginal Wei Ying, as impossible as it sounds.

When Wei Ying rides out his fake orgasm, which comes with plenty of clenching contracting ass-muscles, he pushes Lan Zhan's hands and starts laughing like a juvenile whose prank has succeeded. Lan Zhan is left

staring, first at the shocking loss of body heat through his fingers, then at *what* is left on his fingers, at his eye level. His index fingers are coated with a layer of viscous translucent black mush. He gasps in horror and thought he'd touched something drastically unclean and yucky - but *that* kind of unsanitary stuff isn't supposed to be viscous translucent black mush... right?

Wei Ying does not give Lan Zhan the opportunity to analyze with his scholarly senses, and instead, shoves the fingers straight to the older man's lips and nostrils.

"Wei Ying...!" Lan Zhan mouths in extreme disgust, fear, queasiness and just a tad bit of curiosity - because what on earth is that viscous translucent black mush? the inner voice asks. Fingers dipped into his mouth at that point.

"Eeeeh, is it smelly? Is it sweet? How does my virginity taste like? Don't worry, I cleaned myself earlier in the afternoon... Ha ha ha!" the teenager guffaws into hearty childish laughs.

Fragrant, soft, sweet... and salty, Lan Zhan's atrociously active tastebuds tell him.

The breath he'd held during the last minute is released in a grateful wheeze, and his body relaxes. It's just the *guilinggao* herbal jelly - with extra salt included -, his tongue correctly identifies, although it had been squashed into small slimy chunks that he wasn't able to recognize it in the first place. Lan Zhan wipes his sticky fingers on his trousers, Wei Ying had giggled so

much until his belly hurts and he rolls off the hammock and thuds to the ground, still rolling around. Lan Zhan doesn't want to even think of *how* Wei Ying managed to get some of the herbal black jelly into his asshole, but he suspects it happened sometime during the healing session.

Then, Wei Ying's lower stomach rumbled. The giggles stopped immediately, followed by a nauseous look of utmost discomfort. He clutches his stomach and groans, and his face pales. The teenager swiftly rises up from the sandy floor, and runs off to the nearest clump of bushes, one hand on his stomach, the other pressing hard on his ass.

Lan Zhan sighs. He tells himself, of all things to put into the ass, Wei Ying shouldn't have chosen something salty - since saline solutions are commonly used as laxative agents in commercially available enemas. Moreover, there were other flavours used, such as mint and native herbs, that adds to the irritant effects of the jelly.

"I didn't... uggh... know that...! Aaah!" Wei Ying cries out from behind the bushes. There's plenty of wet farting sounds filtering through the unfortunate blades of grass.

Lan Zhan gently hops off the hammock and adjusts his trousers - the unsavoury and unsexy sounds seemed to have their effects on his sex drive, which he is glad for. He pinches his nose, grabs the crutch, and hobbles off nonchalantly.

Somewhere inside the cave-home, Wei *da ge* sniggers and loves every second of spying and eavesdropping on his brothers, as he prepares a pot of

spicy stewed meat.

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Wei *san ge* becomes a victim of his own prank; he is temporarily banned from entering their home, due to the unreasonable fear - and more likely, the angry stares - from *da ge* that he might stink up their entire residence. Having no other recourse other than to spend outside with the ball of energy that is the awoken *didi*, he is constantly tormented by the youngest when the latter approaches, cajoles and persuades him to play in the late afternoon. They still hang out together since there's else nothing to do, play their flutes, sing Yunmeng kiddie songs, kick around a handmade ball made from sewn animal hides, try to catch some small fish and shrimps (and later, throw them back into the lotus pond), and look for bugs and snails in the vegetable garden. Wei *san ge*'s stomach continues to protest from the unexpected enema treatment - Lan Zhan knows it will continue to do so for the next couple of hours - and lets off gas intermittently, to the delight and squeaky giggles of the youngest Wei.

The little boy teases and eagerly goes name-calling his *san ge*, which reminds Lan Zhan about what street brats do, according to Wei Ying's colourful descriptions in the past. Eventually, both boys bicker and confront each other, then try to compete who can fart the loudest with plenty of dares and counter-dares; at that point, Lan Zhan shakes his head and facepalms internally, and is, for once, grateful that he was raised in a peaceful, sterile, disciplined, and proper environment within the Cloud Recesses. He enjoys sitting on one of the many benches warmed by the sun, undisturbed, and quietly meditates amidst the cheerful shouts and squeals of two boys playing by themselves in the courtyard.

His little break is mildly interrupted, when he feels strong, warm arms circle from behind, and place a thin upper garment on his shoulders. “I figured you’d be left alone once those two get together, and there’s no one to keep an eye on you,” Wei *da ge* - Wei Ying - whispers tenderly into one ear, “This one’s freshly dried from the afternoon sun and taken off the clothesline - wear it, so that when the sun starts to set, you won’t feel chilly.” Lan Zhan nods and briefly, leans back into the embrace to try and take a whiff of what’s been going inside their kitchen--

“We’ll have two hotpots tonight, one with spicy broth, and the other with clear chicken broth,” he seems to read Lan Zhan’s thoughts, and also places a jug of normal cooled herbal tea - not of the salted *guilinggao* type, thank goodness - on the table, with the “Yours” mug. Wei Ying steps back and starts sniffing his apron - he’s topless as well, save for that kitchenwear - and wonders to himself aloud, “Do I really smell?”. Lan Zhan shakes his head slightly.

“There’ll be a bit of everything - hotpot ingredients including chicken, fish, shrimps, garden vegetables, mushrooms, sliced gourds, and fried tofu, and a few side dishes including grilled pigeon, stewed pork, and others,” Wei Ying lists down the sumptuous menu, and puts a small wash bucket of water next to the bench with a small scoop and a towel inside, “but we’ve run out of rice after I’ve scraped the bottom of the barrel for lunch, and *er di* is on his way back with more, so I’ll get *didi* to prepare some campfire baked potatoes first,” motherly *da ge* explains, as he pours a mug of the refreshing tea for Lan Zhan, which the latter gratefully gulps down after the salty dessert earlier that afternoon.

Wei Ying was about to start wiping sweat off Lan Zhan’s face with a towel dipped into the bucket, when he paused and asked, “*Lao gong*, have you pee’d since we returned from the walkabout?” The older man did not respond immediately and instead, looked offended at the crude question.

Wei Ying goes around the bench, hands on his hips and stares back, fearless. “Did you?” he persisted.

Lan Zhan tells himself that he *really* should get used to this new level of domesticity and familiarity, especially with one of his four spouses. He grunts indignantly with rather insulted and vague “Not really”, and looks away, as he downs a second mug of tea - it feels nice to slake the thirst caused by the afternoon heat. Wei Ying furrows his eyebrows and true enough, his supreme magically-enhanced senses detect a full bladder somewhere inside his dear husband.

Soon, Wei Ying helps Lan Zhan to a nearby shrub, and launches a tirade of nags, “You know, you don’t have to hide these things from me, or the rest of us. I’ll be worried if you don’t drink enough, and pee enough, especially in this hot weather. It’s not hard to ask for help - you can just shout my name and I’ll come by. Lan Zhan, you should trust me - us - more, alright? Your health is the most important, since you’re still injured and your body needs enough rest, exercise, nutrition and of course, hygienic care.”

Lan Zhan is embarrassed, and it shows clearly on his reddened cheeks and the tips of his ears. “I... I can do it myself, Wei Ying,” he retorts, a bit petulantly than intended.

“No, *lao gong* , it’s not easy to do it while balancing on a crutch and using your weak arm. Don’t speak nonsense to your spouse,” Wei Ying softly chides, as he opens the fly and gently tugs out Lan Zhan’s penis into the open. He directs the soft member towards the roots of one of their peach trees.

“I... I’m not an invalid, and... I-I don’t need to be treated... like an old man...” Lan Zhan tries to protest, even as his good leg aches from standing a bit too long while the crutch starts to press uncomfortably into his armpit. Despite all the healing he’d done that day, there’s still plenty of recuperation needed, and until then, his body tires easily.

Wei Ying gives a light smooch on Lan Zhan’s heated cheek, and murmurs endearingly, “I know.” (知道啦,啊) When Lan Zhan finally pees (and he looks away again; he wants to bury his head into the sand from the sheer self-inflicted humiliation), Wei Ying whispers “Good boy”.

(Lan Zhan does not know that Wei Ying continues to eyes him up and down, even at the pee trickling out, to assure himself that the dear husband is absolutely fine and healthy. As the family’s wi-fi router, the information is relayed to all Wei *gongzi* s, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief.)

After a quick wash of hands and penis with scoops of water from the bucket, Lan Zhan is rewarded with more tea, a plate of steam-softened sweet bean dumplings from the kitchen (made with love using Lan Zhan’s recipe, of course), *very good* nnnnnnnh-inducing shoulder and back rubs, and his favourite activity, *titillating* back scratches (Wei Ying’s expert fingers are to *die* for, really).

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Later, at the first sign of sunset, when amber and orange light start to bathe the skies and the landscape of their estate, when flocks of birds fly overhead to return to their roosts - Wei *didi* entertains himself by flipping and rolling

leaf-wrapped sweet potatoes caked with clay, inside a hastily dug pit filled with dried branches and charcoal. His *da ge* had cast an extended Fire spell to keep the embers alive for longer periods of time.

Standing on a crutch, feeling fresh from *da ge* 's excellent ministrations, Lan Zhan directs and teaches *san ge* how and where to cut suitable grass for the rabbits, and how much grain to feed the chickens (and *san ge* cleverly takes out his small basket of caught grasshoppers, earthworms, caterpillars and other bugs for the chickens, which Lan Zhan squirms away in discomfort and allows the boy to take care of *that* ). Both enjoy being surrounded by fluffy animals who wriggle around their feet, looking for food and other grubs.

“Lan Zhan! Everyone! I’m back!” (我回来了!)

The voice of his *original* lovely Wei Ying couldn’t have come at a better time. The Wei *gongzi* s turn to see their *er ge* and rushes off to welcome him. Wei *er ge* looks a bit worn out, but the bright smile tells everyone that his mood is anything but dampened. His pace quickes into a light jog when he emerges from the shadows of dense orchard trees, and he breaks into a sprint after he unloads his luggage - a full basket and plenty of sacks, bags and packages in his hands - to his brothers.

Twenty-two year old Wei Ying runs into Lan Zhan’s waiting arms, and hugs him tightly amongst a pile of pecking chicks and nibbling rabbits.

### Notes for the Chapter:

I wrote a bit more this weekend because I'm off for a short trip for work next week. There'll be some delays for the next chapter - stay

tuned, and I hope you've enjoyed this Wangxian story, fic, chapter, and arc so far - especially when imagining FOUR Chen Qing Ling / Untamed's Xiao Zhans (Wei Wuxian) accompanying one stoic and serious Wang Yibo (Lan Wang Ji) \*lol\*

Note: I have little knowledge of how enemas work, but what the heck, please just enjoy the story and don't think too deeply into it :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 38

“Hurry up and take a bath! I’ll cook the rice and then we’ll have dinner together (一起吃饭)!” Wei *da ge* calls out from their humble abode, before disappearing behind the curtained mouth of the cave.

Wei Ying refuses to relinquish his hold around Lan Zhan, because *so much* has happened during the afternoon, amongst them being some emotionally gut-wrenching moments, that he doesn’t know when or where to start his storytelling. He murmurs, “I missed you so much,” as he nuzzles into the warm embrace.

Lan Zhan, expectedly, replies with a simple “Mn.”

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“Ah, Lan Zhan, look what I found during my trip back home,” Wei Ying excitedly fishes out a small pouch from his inner garment’s pocket. Lan Zhan peers into it; at such a close distance, he makes out the shapes of small yellow flowers, and detects a peculiar, sweet pleasant aroma wafting from them.

“This family of flowering shrubs is known to absorb the spiritual energies and presence of their surroundings,” he explains, and picks out a stalk with flowers and blades of narrow leaves, “they work pretty much like Memory spells, except that these are living plants that grow in the wild, instead of paper talismans.” He twirls the stalk and waves it around.

“I remember seeing some of them around Dafan Mountain a couple of years ago, shortly after coming back to this world. Back then, Little Apple picked up some Soul Gathering Grass that absorbs spiritual energy, and it’s related to this one,” he shakes the stalk, “but I picked these shrubs near some wild rabbits’ burrow-- ah!”

A few rabbits start to hop and paw enthusiastically at Wei Ying’s feet, and try to climb up his shoes.

Lan Zhan picks a couple of them into his arms - one white, and one dark grey - to check what’s wrong. He started stroking their furry backs to pacify the agitated-looking animals, but instead, they lurched at Wei Ying. The white rabbit nibbled on Wei Ying’s finger, causing the man to gasp in surprise and release the flower stalk; the grey one snatched the pouch by the drawstrings and burrowed into the folds of Wei Ying’s inner garments. Both snuggle against Wei Ying’s chest, covered by the garment, safely cradled in Wei Ying’s arms.

“... Ah, that tickles! Lan Zhan, look! They must have caught the scent of their cousins or their former home from the plants,” and he giggles when the rabbits roll around against his nipples, “I think the plants radiate warmth and memories of their kin!”

Lan Zhan stares, mesmerized by the sight of his lovely Wei Ying, cradling two bundles of rabbits snug against his chest. His heart skips three beats - one for the cute rabbits, one for adorable Wei Ying tending to the cute rabbits, and finally, one for Wei Ying with two plump, round breasts beneath his robes (and really, it doesn't matter if they wriggle a bit).

He knows it's a ridiculous scene, but he just *needed* to satisfy a primal instinct that reared its ugly head into his consciousness - he takes a step forward, locks his lips with Wei Ying's, and greedily yet gently grabs each warm breast (bunny) with his hands.

"Mmmf!!" Wei Ying was shocked at the bold kiss.

Lan Zhan slides in his tongue, and curls around his lover's, mimicking the rhythmic, squeezing massage given to the fat, rounded rumps of furry rabbits. He remembers about what *san ge* said about plump round bosoms making lots of milk, and he moans into the long, sweet kiss.

"... ah, you're a bad husband, molesting my boobs in front of the family and our pets! How shameless can you be!" Wei Ying mocks the insatiable older man when he breaks from the kiss to catch his breath, and starts to giggle uncontrollably.

True enough, three pairs of eyes stare at them from an opening in the curtain of the cave entrance. The skies outside have darkened considerably into dusk, and lantern light from their home beamed out through the entrance, illuminating the two lovebirds (and the struggling bunny-breasts). The Wei *gongzi* s grin improperly, with lots of snickering in between, at the free risque entertainment right at their doorsteps.

Later, Wei Ying goes for a skinny-dipping in their outdoor pool with Lan Zhan. He takes the opportunity to inspect Lan Zhan's condition. The bandages are taken off and the skin looks fairly healed - although there are

no longer any open wounds, the surface is still blotched with bruises, tender and red around the edges, and raw to the touch. However, the flesh and tissues beneath the skin need more time for recovery; such are the effect of healing spells compared to normal, natural healing - the body heals from the inside out, whereas magical healing happens the other way round.

Having satisfied himself with the quick inspection (which is also relayed to the rest of his brethren), Wei Ying *seriously* tells the older man about using the shrubs to lure the rabbits away from the vegetable gardens, or at least make them follow around him (because all animals in the 'Mounds are known to avoid Wei Ying). The words fall on deaf ears, as Lan Zhan is already far, far inside his fantasies, captivated by lurid daydreams of embracing a big-breasted Wei Ying in the rippling waters, and continues to tease, play and suckle the man's now-swollen nipples to his heart's content. Wei Ying couldn't muffle a sexy aaaah when pleasure courses through his lean body from the throbbing, abused nipples.

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Lan Zhan experiences one of the frequent quarrels among the Wei *gongzi* s shortly before dinner, and musters his courage and wits to step up as the patriarch of the new family.

Infighting between the youngest two happens all the time - it's that kind of prickly brotherly relationship that borders innocent teasing between adolescents, and bitter (usually baseless) sibling rivalry that resembles an all-out warfare. Their petty arguments can be instigated as simply as when naughty *san ge* pinches the *didi* 's perky small buttocks when he walks past, and a raucous game of catch-me-if-you-can throws the tiny home into chaos

(because there'll be plenty of shrilly screaming and squeaks, plus furniture and laundry baskets knocked to the ground, for example).

Or, in this case, Wei *san ge* , by all accounts, had been diligently sorting out *er ge* 's purchases, scurrying back and forth with small packages, when he accidentally stepped on the pack of White Rabbit milk candies that someone carelessly left on the floor. *Didi* bawled, started accusing *san ge* for ruining *er ge* 's gift to him, and soon all four Wei *gongzi* s crowd around the scene of the crime, where plenty of finger-pointing and inflammatory remarks are hurled at each other, such as “You should have been more careful”, “It wasn't me” and “No, I didn't see it”. At the height of the quarrel, *didi* angrily snatched *san ge* 's shiny new bamboo flute from his sash (handmade by Lan Zhan) and broke it into two - which resulted in two Wei *gongzi* s bawling inside the tiny home. *Er ge* , fresh from the bath, tried to console his teenage brother, while the eldest wiped tears off the youngest's cheeks repeatedly, but to no avail in calming down the situation.

Wei *da ge* is in a bind, and looks with a desperate plea in his eyes at Lan Zhan when the latter finally emerges from the bath with the crutch (he still needs it), bandageless, a towel tied around his waist, and hair still wet and steaming from the heated springwaters. He had overheard the ruckus, and sends a silent instruction to *da ge* , who immediately grabs a chair from the dining room and the remnant handle of the (headless) Dustless Broom. Lan Zhan, with *er ge* 's help, takes his seat in front of the squashed pack of candies, and thumps his royal scepter (the broom handle) on the floor to call for order - and everyone falls silent.

“Shhh, shhh, listen to our husband, our Lan *gege* , he will fix everything for us,” Wei *da ge* coos at *didi* cuddled in his arms, who bravely tries his best to hold back his hiccups.

Lan Zhan sighs. He now fully understands the importance of his role as the Patriarch of his budding family. He takes a deep breath, and decrees:

“Wei *da ge* will gift his bamboo flute to *san ge* . It is the best and strongest flute that I’ve made this afternoon, so *san ge* - there will be no further complaints from you, do I make myself clear?” and teary-eyed *san ge* nods fervently. His mood lightens up considerably from getting the ‘strongest’ flute. Lan Zhan hides the fact that there’s no such thing as a ‘strongest’ flute; it’s just to appease the teenager’s ego - and he gets a mental twinkling wink from the *da ge* in understanding.

“Wei *er ge* will buy Dragon’s Beard candy in his next trip to Yiling for *didi* , using money from our family’s coffers. Tomorrow we will start making medicinal candies for Li’s clinic, and will include a batch of milk candies too - my *baobei* (precious treasure), you’re getting twice the amount of candies this week, will you be happy for me?” in which *didi* “Enn!”s enthusiastically and runs forward to climb up to Lan Zhan’s lap. Lan Zhan places a soft kiss on the child’s pinkish cheek, then murmurs, “I will make the best milk candy in the world for you,” and kisses the other cheek. Twenty-two year old Wei Ying sighs in relief in the background.

“Wei *san ge* , since you’re getting better at sorting out the purchases, please take this bag of squashed candies and pick out the good ones that we can still snack on, after meals. The rest will still have their wrappers intact and are still edible - unwrap them, and leave the disfigured candies in a jar. We’ll melt them and use the milk as ingredients for tomorrow’s candy-making.” The teenager nods again, chest puffed up with a new mission on hand, and appreciates the praise given by their patriarch.

Lan Zhan sighs again, feeling a little tired from managing the latest dispute in his family. He gives *didi* on his lap a comforting hug and places one last chaste kiss - this time on the forehead. “And if *didi* has stopped crying, he can help to set the cutlery on the table, so that we can have our well-earned dinner, alright?”

Adorable and bright-eyed *didi* squeals with delight, and joyfully hops off Lan Zhan’s lap to do the needful, along with everyone else. Both eldest Wei *gongzi* s help Lan Zhan to put on his night robes, and do not hesitate to give their husband a double kiss on both cheeks, and a double-handed stroke on his naked cock, as a sign of gratitude and subservience to his authority. Lan Zhan mutters an embarrassed “Mn” and tries to hide his blush.

*The Patriarch has spoken, and all is well again within the Lan’s Residence.*

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It takes patience, perseverance, and a little getting used to, for Lan Zhan to settle into his new role - and he likes it.

Dinner is as lavish as he - or his spouses - can possibly imagine, and nearly as what Wei *da ge* had described earlier that day. Due to the amount of dishes and people involved, they decided to have their grand get-together in the courtyard. The coordination and family effort moved like a well-oiled machine; tables and benches are arranged and set up without a hitch.

Wei *da ge* 's immensely powerful Shield spell ensures no bugs could enter the parameter of their residence and its surrounding gardens, and an extended Wind spell made the al fresco dining experience much more pleasant during the summer evening; Wei *san ge* helped to bring out the hotpots and dishes; Wei *didi* served tea and made sure all plates, bowls, napkins and cutlery are in place.

Wei *er ge* fashioned wooden fire torches and lit up the courtyard - which makes for a romantic and lively candlelight dinner for the family of five. However the light is brightest from the two biggest paper lanterns adorning their home's entrance - the ones won from a funfair not too long ago, which bear the pictures of rabbits and bamboo, and their Lan (藍) family name in heart-warmingly large prints.

Wei *er ge* , who missed Lan Zhan the most, takes his place beside the latter similarly as during lunchtime. Despite the older man's protest that he could "do it by himself" (haven't they all heard the same excuse before...), a tremble in one of his hands when he tried to pick up a heavy chicken drumstick sealed his fate for the evening, and lovely *er ge* happily took away the spoon and chopsticks, and served Lan Zhan, mouthful by mouthful.

Right after their new mealtime ritual of respectfully and invitingly call their *lao gong* (in *didi* 's case, *gege*) to start their dinner (吃饭), everyone made sure that the patriarch takes the first bite before all others, which is followed by persons of decreasing seniority.

" *Lao gong* , here's a bowl of clear-broth hotpot with a bit of each ingredient. Tell *er ge* what you want, he'll get it for you. Your stomach hasn't completely healed, so chew your rice properly."

“Lan Zhan! I helped to put the finishing touches on the grilled pigeon-- err, little chickens. There's honey in it, so please give it a try!”

“ *Gege* , here's boneless fish and stewed pork ribs I picked using my fingers. Please eat some. I'll peel a baked potato for you next.”

Finally, *er ge* fills a spoonful of rice, topped with a bit of everyone's contribution, and uses a chopstick to place a thin strip of fried tofu right at the peak. He dabs some plum sauce on it - and doesn't fail to notice the tip of a tongue licking the lips - then gently lets Lan Zhan have a bite.

Lan Zhan really likes fried foods dipped with the plum sauce named after their song - a lot.

It is probably the best dinner Lan Zhan has had in the latter half of his life, and for the Wei *gongzi* s, the best in the last two weeks, at least.

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Dinnertime chatter under beautiful starlight and silver-lined clouds is unavoidable, and the patriarch lets it slide, especially when it comes to important discussions about the day's events and the week's proceedings. Light conversations among the *gongzi* s makes a rousing yet relaxing atmosphere for everyone to dine in. Wei *er ge* talks the most, as he brings news and exciting observations from the outside world. *San ge* is ravenous

after a long day in the fields, and together with *didi* , both ate *a lot* especially since they're young, healthy growing boys.

In his new role, Lan Zhan has a few commandeering tools up his sleeves; he knows that a tall or long pole, either a crutch or the handle of what was once Dustless Broom, now known as the family scepter, can silence their household. When he sees both *san ge* and *didi* having a spat in trying to snatch the last chicken wing with a fierce battle of chopsticks, Lan Zhan “a-hems” loudly and pretends to clear his throat, and both boys obediently shrink back into their seats. *Da ge* takes the lonesome wing, divides it into two portions, and lets each boy have his fair share.

The *da ge* cements himself as the second-in-command of the family, and none of the other *gongzi* s dare to raise a finger against his words. He enacts little rituals in their daily routines that are in reality unnecessary, but strengthens the family's bonds towards each other - especially to their patriarch. Lan Zhan is pleasantly surprised when everyone has finished their meals, they would wipe their mouths and then *line-up* to give a thank-you kiss on his cheeks for the filling meal, and to express their gratitude for their patriarch's care.

Lan Zhan realizes, after finishing *two* filling bowls of rice himself, that all the hotpots, plates and dishes on the table are emptied. The implications and their magnitude are obvious - besides a sign of a hearty family meal - that there are many more hungry mouths and bellies to feed; their current income-generating activities of hunting-gathering, subsistence farming, small food catering business and street peddling, will not be sustainable in the long run. He'd mentally calculated their remaining spending money to last until the end of the month - even by adopting very frugal lifestyles and to save and cut corners wherever possible -, before they're left with his precious remaining two gold bars and the jade token that he swore never to use unless in dire emergencies.

He starts to brainstorm - internally - on what other jobs they could take to earn more money, on the ways that could reduce their spending and wastage, who he could turn to for help, even toying with the idea of taking a short-term bank loan with unattractively high interest rates - and there's also concern that he's slave-driving everyone to work for their own food, where in fact; the youngest could go to school, have fun with the other kids and grow up as a normal child; the teenager should spend time studying and cultivating his skills and magics - he'd slap the boy's legs with his crutch to motivate him to exercise and get in shape, if necessary; he also worries that the twenty-two year old may become burnt-out from the relentless daytime work in Yiling, including food-delivery, street peddling and being harassed by suppliers and customers, when he should live a fuller, richer life in this world, as promised by the older man so many times before; and the eldest--

-- the eldest and the rest of us, if you still remember, can play god in this world and solve all your woes with your permission and blessing,” Wei *da ge* places a cup of steaming *pu'er* tea in front of him, “All you have to do is to ask, and I'll bring dear ol' Cai Shen (财神; God of Wealth) to our doorsteps.” He bows, uncharacteristically, and takes a few more empty dishes back to the kitchen for washing. Lan Zhan didn't realize that his spouses had started clearing up the table while he was busy contemplating over his money problems. He could see *san ge* scrubbing spiritedly at a hotpot through the kitchen window.

*Er ge*, his lovely Wei Ying, brings a tray of freshly cut fruits - apples, peaches and an assortment of summer berries they'd harvested earlier - for dessert. “Lan Zhan-ah-Lan Zhan, I know you're the kind of person who will not take advantage of the divine bounties that come with your beautiful wives. I will not argue about your - no, our - over four thousand Lan family rules, and the wonderful virtues and self-discipline that you embody, which we're trying our best to follow and learn.” The young man proceeds to poke a wedge of apple with a toothpick, and hands it to the husband. Lan Zhan



takes it and bites into the fruit - it tastes sweeter, partly because *finally* , he is allowed to eat by himself and not be (too) pampered by his spouses; and partly because Wei Ying (finally?) understands him well enough, and isn't about to throw a wrench into his Perfect universe and his thought processes of working things out independently.

Wei Ying uses a toothpick to casually pick a piece of cabbage from his teeth. "You're our patriarch, so you have our respect and support in solving our family's problem - *together* ," he emphasized the last word with a passionate *poke* into a particularly large strawberry with that cabbage-tinted toothpick.

"What do you suggest?" Lan Zhan asks and keeps his eyes on the half-eaten apple wedge. His face is solemn, expecting a severe blow in the form of another Wei Ying-ness, or an out-of-the-box idea that will tire him - and truthfully, after a nice dinner over sunset, while his body is still recovering, he's not quite ready to digest anything extraordinary yet.

Wei Ying munches on a mouthful of strawberry noisily, leans forward and surprisingly, pats on Lan Zhan's tummy. " *Da ge* just relayed your thoughts to me. Yes, you need to digest your food properly after such a long, eventful day. Please, Lan Zhan, relax for now," and the pats become warm circular caresses on the full stomach - which feels quite comforting, coming from a caring spouse. " *Didi* will be coming over with a brush pen and you can dictate your problems, which we'll look through one by one, tomorrow morning - *together* . Your money problems are also my money problems," he adds with a note of finality.

Lan Zhan didn't realize (again - he gets absent-minded when he broods over his problems) that he'd held a tight, quite constipated, look on his face, and

sat in an uncomfortably hunched posture on the chair. He reflects on the conversation, and tells himself that Wei Ying is right - he is the patriarch, and therefore responsible for their family's well-being, but it does not mean he walks alone; he has four spouses by his side, and they can work out something even under his authority - and *first*, he should take care of his *own* health and well-being.

He adjusts his seat, stretches a little, and relaxes his tensed muscles with a long heavy sigh - the pensive mood is broken into a set of loosened, half-lidded eyes and slightly curved upwards, parted lips, almost in a meditative state. The two bowls of rice, along with the other food he'd consumed over dinner, finally make their way through his digestive system after being held up by his worries. Not surprisingly, a comfortable, prolonged burp escapes his throat.

Wei Ying kisses Lan Zhan, and leaves a strawberry flavoured hickey on the side of his face.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I'm a little sad with the lack of BJYX in yesterday's event - but I kinda accepted it as the way things could be, or should be, for the better. All the best Zhan Ge, I will always be your fan for your Untamed's Wei Wuxian role. Can't quite get into your other roles or achievements yet, but I admire your singing abilities, and your recent Delivery Boy short film really impressed me :-)

Wang Yibo - fight on, and good luck !! I still collect and keep all your Lan Wang Ji pictures and clips, you're the best Han Guang Jun I've ever known !!

Wishing them both great Spring Festival celebrations ahead - and to all readers - here's an early wish for Spring Festivals, Lunar New Year, and Chinese New Year! May the Year of the Rat be a wonderful one for everybody!!

Next few chapters will be delayed due to work travels and stuff.. but stay tuned! \*peace sign\*

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 39

Lan Zhan tries to read the week's periodical which Wei *didi* kept, but his focus fails him; after flipping through all twenty pages, all he could vaguely remember was a colourful announcement about summer sales for mattresses, pillows and other bedding items at Liao's General Store - because he kept worrying about how to accommodate four (nearly and) fully-grown adults along with a child on a king size bed, and whether the creaky secondhand bedframe would survive one or more nights of (sexual) abuse. He'd measured using an Imperial Court-sanctioned ruler and measuring tapes from Tian Third Sister's magical sewing kit - and confirmed, to his utter despair, that there's simply *not* enough room for everyone.

The best he could think of was to fit three adults and each would have minimal, but still reasonable, sleeping space - like the word 'three' (三). The child could squeeze somewhere in-between, but that still leaves one person bedless; and he'd sworn none of his Wei Yings would ever need to sleep on the cold hard floor again. Has he miscalculated his numbers and confidence, and more importantly, how can the new Lan patriarch ensure all four spouses can sleep with him on their first true night together?

The other set of daunting problems lie with the first major warning he received from Wei *da ge* in the morning, and he brilliantly tied it to Wei *sa ge*'s seductive promises in the afternoon. He knows - expects - that some if not all of the Wei *gongzi*s will start demanding for sex as soon as he can "get it up", which he has already demonstrated in broad daylight with the multiple edging sessions he had to endure throughout the day. He starts *calculating* and tries to find the best *strategy* to share their lovemaking equally - until the point his mind meanders into ridiculous scenarios of how many minutes spent per Wei Ying, how many and what kind of sex positions that could prolong their lovemaking because he couldn't possibly

*survive* doing it too many times, how many fucks for each person's ass, how many twitches he could give to each of his Wei Ying when he orgasms, to share his extremely limited twenty-twitches for every session; because every twitch for one person needs to be multiplied by four; and heaven forbid, will he REALLY need to do the same for the nine-year old, because despite the boy being a de-aged version of his lover, he couldn't fathom actually holding him in bed and it would feel extremely disturbing to the point that he might wilt away; he also broods on any possible, unexpected complications such as premature ejaculations or spillage, and he starts to envision alarming situations where he couldn't manage to pull out on time and give an extra spurt to one Wei Ying, which then needs to be multiplied by four, or worse, if he pulled out too early and wastes one load onto the bedsheets--

It was getting hopelessly absurd, he thought. His head throbbed from too much thinking, too many impossible mathematical questions, and pure unadulterated stress running in his bloodstream.

He gingerly slides off the bed and hobbles on the crutch to one of the cupboards in their bedroom. He flicks it open to find anything, *anything* that could keep his mind off from gloomy, dead-end and downward-spiralling thoughts. There's a bunch of bedroom supplies and bedding material stored in there, and some personal things as well. Perhaps opening his treasure box of memorabilia related to Wei Ying might help - staring at the cloth with Wei Ying's portrait made from lampblack, or just running the ruined red loincloth through his fingers, usually has that kind of effect on him. He needed to think positive, not speculate too far into murky territories, and banish the negative, uncomfortable feelings.

Worse to worse, he could always rely on counting the number of leaf-wrapped meat packages inside their pantry to cool down his head - or make him drowsy enough that he could use sleepiness and fatigue as an excuse

for the night. But that would be an irresponsible act of cowardice - he is not about to shirk away from his husbandly and now, patriarchal duties.

Lan Zhan mentally slaps himself back to reality. He knows that if this goes on, he may worry himself to the point of becoming impotent! He's thinking too much, and trying too hard to predict what *may* or may not happen in his first, supposedly blissful night of his harem of Wei Yings.

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The Wei *gongzi* s, fresh from a quick dip and wearing their night robes except for the youngest who remains pantless, entered the bedroom just in time to catch Lan Zhan red-handed in preparing a bedsheet and a pillow on the narrow strip of floor space between the bedside and the cupboards. When interrogated by a visibly upset *da ge* , Lan Zhan bowed his head in shame, and admitted that he failed to find a solution to the problem of fitting all five Lan family members on the bed - so, he offers to sleep on the floor while the remaining four can have a restful slumber as promised. He adds that he doesn't move while sleeping, so this would be the best arrangement, for now.

The selfless act of their patriarch - and a disabled, injured one, no less - moved the *gongzi* s to tears. The three youngest ones carried Lan Zhan back to the bed, propped him up to a sitting position with soft pillows supporting his back, and started to pamper him and soothe away his anxieties.

"I've been tuning in and out of your thoughts during the past hour, and nearly had a headache trying to follow your inner monologue," Wei *da ge*

nags, as he picked up the bedsheet from the floor and folded it back into the cupboard. “It’s unbelievable that you turn everything into numbers, calculations, flowcharts, scenario-building and strategies, with military precision.”

Er ge murmurs assuringly from the right, “... but I, we, understand how you feel, because this is who you are, so we’re not going to complain. It’s a good thing that *da ge* assembled us here before you’ve gone far too deep into that rabbit-hole of yours.”

San ge scoots to the left side, and whispers into Lan Zhan’s ear, “Don’t worry, we’ve figured it out for you about our sleeping arrangements, so leave it to us, and please... relax,” and massages the left shoulder to emphasize his words, “As for your other problem...”

Didi sits just beyond Lan Zhan’s feet at the far edge of the bed. He starts to exercise his arms and stretch his little fingers, and says in a squeaky voice, “I’ve already said before, I’m not really interested in these things at my age,” and makes a disgusted face, “and *da ge* said he’s not in a hurry because he’s the most patient among us,” then brightens up to a cute smile, “so you don’t have to worry about over-exerting yourself, nor think too much into every little detail. *Gege*, we want you to get well soon, and we want you to be happy,” he chirps.

Lan Zhan sighs and relaxes - the first time since he re-entered the bedroom that day - and berates himself for being too harsh and setting himself up for failure with unrealistic expectations. He nods, concedes to his spouses’ suggestions, and lies back into a fluffy cocoon of pillows and Wei Yings. He says, “Wei Ying,” and does not address any particular individual, “You’re right. Please... go ahead,” and does not point to any particular

instruction to proceed. The Patriarch has given a blanket seal of approval to his Wei Yings, and the latter group of boys and men smile, all at once, in acknowledgement.

Er ge and *san ge* each whip out an ear pick from their pockets (the more senior *er ge* holds Lan Zhan's favourite well-used bamboo ear pick, of course), and gives Lan Zhan double the happiness of a relaxing and extremely pleasurable ear-cleaning session. *Didi* pours some massage oil onto his warmed fingers, rubs them into Lan Zhan's bare feet, and serves him a slice of heaven in the form of a divinely foot massage that only the delicate, small fingers of an eager child can give. The little boy giggles when ten toes wriggle happily in response.

Lan Zhan's problems melted away, literally.

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Gentle flicking scrapes, alternating with long scratches from the innermost reachable recesses all the way to the outside, both in the left and right ear canal. Like plucking the strings of guqin in one, and blowing on a flute in the other, the movements synchronize in incredible harmony.

Two earpicks, each circle in downward spirals along their respective well-grazed tunnel, then spiral back upwards; one in a clockwise direction, and the other in an anti-clockwise direction. Lan Zhan feels the fine, sensitive hairs and skin inside each ear being lovingly rubbed and massaged in all directions. Goosebumps prickles on his arms, numbing tingles bloom and grow on the scalp and spread to the back of the neck; even as he closes his



eyes, he still sees sparkles, fireworks and dancing lights as the earpicks move round and round, sometimes in quick successive thrusting motions, gently violating the most pleasurable spots.

Concurrently, he feels fingers firmly and earnestly work on his toes, the pads of his soles, along the length of tendons and ligaments on the ankle and heels, the arch of his feet, and every other nook and cranny that only those lovely dainty small fingertips can access, press, and rhythmically knead every ache and stiffness away. The shins and calf muscles receive delightful treatment as well; bundles of muscles are squeezed, pulled, stretched and rolled. After some time, he feels his feet are floating on clouds, as the massage continues relentlessly, the soles become pleasantly warm, and every muscle fibre relaxes, swells, fills up and resets to their most comfortable, natural position. Lan Zhan knows that if he is put on this feet at that moment, his entire lower body would happily refuse and he'd collapse into a heap within a second.

Somewhere in the midst of the pleasurable service rendered by the Wei *gongzis*, *da ge* whispered into Lan Zhan's ears and asks whether the older man can share and *give him everything*, whether in material wealth and possessions, life energy, or intangibles such as feelings, knowledge and skills.

Lan Zhan fluctuates between wakefulness and sleep while keeping his eyes closed, sedated by the wonderful ministrations upon his defenceless body, his mind has long shut off to any concerns and problems of the real world; he's no longer listening and everything sounds perfectly agreeable in his Perfect universe; so, he hums a happy agreement of "Mn."

Somewhere, the winds must have picked up, because three whistles could be heard; soft, muted, probably by the window's curtains.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan," the lovely Wei *er ge* murmurs, and the sweetly familiar voice sends the older man further into his abyss of paradise and pleasure. The sounds around him distort, overlap, sometimes tune out when he dozes off briefly, sometimes they mix and gel together into a pleasant background drone when he wakes. His limbs are useless, numb, floating somewhere in a sea of dream-like surreal sensations.

"Please relax further, so that we can pleasure you more and more," Wei Ying seductively whispers, in all four voices - they sound strange together, but he could pick out each individual's tone; the voices echo and warp inside his ears; the nerves inside his head are already paralyzed with the constant buzz from the toe-curlingly delightful ear-cleaning. He's already deep, deep inside a semi-conscious state, his eyes refused to open, his lips couldn't move, everything is a puff of cloud and he's descending, sinking, falling. He couldn't work out why something doesn't sound right in that garbled voice of four Wei Yings, doesn't feel right in that he's immobile and imprisoned, when everything else - Wei Ying on his side, Wei Ying on his legs, and unexpectedly, Wei Ying on his back, giving double-circular backscratches which he loves so much, that sends him further, further into quivering nnnnhs and aaaahns. He is becoming incoherent, his thoughts are scattering, gently ripped and torn into shreds by wonderful Wei Yings and their fingers, thrown into the breeze and blown far, far away into increasingly murky, thick darkness.

Lan Zhan mindlessly obeys Wei Ying's orders, brings down all of his barriers and defenses, and he opens everything up - his body, his mind, his soul, even his golden core. He feels himself sinking down, deeper and deeper into the haze of pleasure, of earpicking, foot massage, backscratches, and now that he thinks about it - but he couldn't think

anymore, he's just a ball of primal instinct drowning in the exquisite pleasure of the flesh - there are teeth chewing; canines or fangs biting into his skin; tongue licking his chest and melting, dissolving, parting the skin and flesh; wetness being slurped up, inhaled, drained; his life force being sucked away then returned like the ebb and flow of eternal tides; warmth encasing his trembling body; fingers, sharp claws even slimy tentacle-like limbs crawling all over his nether regions; and his sexual pleasure doubles, triples, quadruples, multiples when invisible protrusions and fleshy folds enter into his flesh and cavities, squeezing and milking, contracting and convulsing each organ, each tubule, each vesicle, each gland, and they willingly throb and shudder, surrender their liquids, juices, energies in a glorious rise of molten pressure and heat, burning and burning, higher until he's feverish, he's searing hot, he wants to eject everything out, everything that is pooling in his loins, ballooning to the point of bursting, like a volcano on the cusp of a marvellous eruption--

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, you're so kind to us. Let us love you more.”

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, you taste really good. You're delicious.”

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, mmmm please open up wider for us. Yes, yes, just like that.”

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, ahhh, so tasty, so satisfying, yet it's not enough. Nnnh, let me eat you some more.”

Lan Zhan feels himself being warmly devoured by his lovely Wei Yings in his dreams, and he relishes in that feeling very much.

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Lan Zhan wakes up with a yawn. He feels as though he had slept through an entire day - his mind is clear, his vision is bright, his body is energized and his consciousness is fully awake.

He rouses from a cradle of Wei Ying-scented pillows, but winces when he feels his wounds twinge and protest. The ugly gashes, punctures and slash marks on his waist, left forearm and right lower leg are still there. He stares disappointedly especially on his torso, and runs his fingers along the tender, scarred edges of each large wound.

He carefully sits up and is greeted by the sight of four Wei Yings huddling together on the far end of the bed, each hunching over something in their arms. The lanterns in their bedroom are unusually bright - lit by enhanced Fire spells from the *da ge*, no doubt. They whisper and point at each other, and turn around in unison when Lan Zhan ‘a-hems’ involuntarily due to his dry throat. Everyone gathered around their patriarch - and Lan Zhan notices with a raised eyebrow, that it is dark outside. Some moonlight filtered through the curtains.

“ *Lao gong*, you’re awake! You must’ve enjoyed our massage and ear-cleaning services a lot, seeing that you slept like a log.”

“Lan Zhan, while waiting for you, *da ge* taught us how to sew some basic stitches. We made the easiest piece of garment from a roll of red cloth that

I've bought today at Yiling, so please evaluate our handiwork! Here are four loincloths!"

"Lan Zhan! Sorry if we made a mess of your sewing kit. There are so many different kinds of magical needles and threads, and I didn't know where each item belongs to..."

"*Gege*, here is a cup of tea. You snored so loudly, *da ge* said that you must be thirsty when you're up."

Lan Zhan sighs. He takes the steaming cup of tea, the sewing kit, and four red loincloths into his arms, and receives four simultaneous smooches on his cheeks.

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Lan Zhan learns that somehow, during his hour-long ear cleaning-induced sleep, Wei *da ge* read his mind and extracted the needed information to teach his three younger brothers on the delicate art of sewing. The purpose is simple and straightforward - so that the *gongzi* s can make their own clothes and need not rely on Lan Zhan's older garments, plus, their *didi* can finally get his own pair of pants. He was a bit apprehensive at the mental intrusion despite the good and harmless intentions, however, when he held the cutest, smallest loincloth in his palm with a beaming, waiting smile

from the nine-year old sitting beside him, he threw caution to the wind and accepted this as just another form of Wei Ying-ness.

He tells all four spouses that they've passed their first lesson in sewing with flying colours, and that he expects more garments from them in the future. The youngest's loincloth had some loose stitches, which he fixed on the spot, and he hugs the boy with a sweet murmur of "you've done well".

It was almost nine at night, and *didi* let out a wide yawn; it's nearly bedtime for the little boy. Wei *er ge* and *san ge* played with their newly-minted loincloths; they threw the red garments at each other, and since both of them wear the same sizes, it doesn't matter who ends up with whose underwear. Lan Zhan thought that when the two Wei Yings that he's most familiar with ended up with red underwear on their heads, they looked like brides wearing their red veils.

The eldest Wei latches onto Lan Zhan's dreamy musings, and drums up excitement for one more ritual for the day - he hushes everyone with a clap of hands, and waves his arm to cast some Sparkles to announce a splendid way to celebrate their first night together.

"Everyone! We are blessed on this sacred night and upon this revered bed, to pledge our love and loyalty to our great Lan Patriarch. Let us perform this solemn ceremony to commit ourselves, to reinforce our love, for this lifetime and all others, in holy matrimony with our husband, and that our family shall always experience great love, joy and happiness as long as we are bonded and walk through life together."

Lan Zhan stills and is suddenly *very* nervous; he feels unprepared - in fact, he will *never* be prepared for such an unforgettable life-changing ceremony. All four *gongzi* s move in an orchestrated manner, and it is obvious that someone is pulling the strings. They shuffle around on the bed to line up across in front of him, from the eldest to the youngest, and they kneel. Lan Zhan follows suit, and swallows hard. His heart races when he faces all four spouses, each with their own loincloth on their heads and covering their faces.

“We bow three times to you, dear husband, because you are our center of our universe. The first bow, to worship you as our heaven and earth!” *da ge* proclaims. They kowtow all at once, and Lan Zhan tries his best to catch up.

“The second bow, to thank the Lan family for bringing you into this world and raising you to be the benevolent patriarch of your own family, and that you will care, love and nurture us as husband, wife and child.” The second kowtow. Lan Zhan bows just in time.

“The final bow, an eternal symbol of our vows to you, that we respect and love for you as much as you will cherish us forever, dear husband.” The third kowtow. Lan Zhan matches the bows perfectly.

A few seconds pass in silence. Lan Zhan rises and sees that his family - his wives - wait for him to unveil their faces. The room takes on a dim reddish hue, and shadows begin to dance on the walls and behind furniture from the flickering Fire spells. The air is cool, however Lan Zhan feels beads of sweat roll down from his forehead and his heartbeat races in anticipation. It seems a bizarre experience, yet practical and realistic, for him to pull away each person’s loincloth and be greeted with beautiful Wei Ying of different ages, eyelids lowered, demure, alluring in the blood-throbbing red

atmosphere, coy, hands grasping shyly on their kneeling laps - Lan Zhan's body moved instinctively although he doesn't know exactly what are the steps of the ritual; he lifts then flings away each loincloth, signifying that he *sees* one of *his* four Wei Yings, leans forward and captures the moist, waiting lips, timidly at first, then increasing with strength and plunges of tongue against one another's, pronouncing his complete possession and domination of *his* Wei Ying; and that the marriage ritual is consummated; with that, he lets go, licking his lips at the aftertaste of Wei Ying and savours the flavours of a young, virile man he would be bedding with, soon if not later; and he moves on to the next Wei Ying.

Wild ideas start forming inside Lan Zhan's mind - the problems of lovemaking with multiple willing partners from earlier that evening emerge, however, now coloured with the exciting red of the bedroom lights. Suddenly, everything feels, looks, smells, sounds, tastes perfect, even if the ideas are incomplete and riddled with impossibilities. Adrenaline dulls his rational senses, and he doesn't care if and how the numbers will not match, or if he will be able to quadruple his sexual prowess tonight - because Lan Zhan feels extremely confident and capable to beat all his previous records that he can satisfy all his Wei Yings at one go.

When he reaches the nine-year old boy, he hesitates when his lips hover against the boy's - and is surprised that Wei *didi* takes the initiative to lunge forward and kiss Lan Zhan passionately. The tenacity of their tongue-play leaves the older man dazed; he tells himself that the scarlet bedroom light is playing tricks inside his mind, heightens his senses and excitement, and leads him to feel that *everything* is extraordinarily out of this world. He shudders inwardly as well, when he reminds himself that his lovely adult Wei Ying resides *within* this adolescent boy, armed with all necessary sexual experience and skills, bottled up into the body of an overzealous, eager child, ready to burst out at anytime.

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Didi is the first to break the spell, when he yawns again and stretches his hands. *Da ge* carefully maneuvers the little boy to one side of the bed and lays him down with a pillow to cushion the head. Lan Zhan watches, mesmerized, at how gracefully Wei *da ge* casts modified Sleep and Shield spells upon the child, followed by a thin green bubble spell to envelop the boy. *Da ge* whispers in the faint scarlet light, “*Didi* will sleep well for the next few hours and he will not be disturbed,” he turns around and blows into Lan Zhan’s ears and tickles the earlobes with his fingertips, “while we have our little adult fun, *lao gong* . Don’t underestimate the child, Lan Zhan. If he does he wake up in the middle of the night and wants a piece of the action, even *I* cannot help you.” Lan Zhan shivers and swallows at the same time at the conflicting sensations running up and down his spine.

Lovely Wei *er ge* hungrily undresses Lan Zhan, starting with his outer night robes. “Ah, Lan Zhan, do you remember the first time we had sex?,” he starts nuzzling into the older man’s neck, peppering kisses along the jawline and murmurs sweet nothings every time he touches the beard or the fine moustache, “I want you, us, to feel good again. We’ve prepared ourselves in the bath earlier, so *lao gong* , please fuck all of us really deep tonight. We really missed your hard cock inside us.” Lan Zhan moans at the dirty words used, and his imagination starts to run wild again.

Wei *san ge* pulls on Lan Zhan’s pants, and easily peels off all garments that stand between him and his - their - main prize. “Lan Zhan, I-- I’m feeling a bit nervous, so please be gentle with me. I want my first experience in this body to be a memorable one,” he kisses the head of the half-erect rigid flesh

when it is exposed, “Please take my virginity tenderly with this mighty weapon,” he murmurs in prayer at the hardening length. “Ah... do you think I will conceive on our first night? Lan Zhan, what if I really become pregnant and bear your child?” More kisses on the sensitive glans, and it swells up excitedly in response. His vision spins with images of a heavily-pregnant Wei Ying, with plump round breasts, tottering carefully with a hand on his baby bump - the fruits of little Wang Jis mating with baby Wei Yings.

Lan Zhan licks his lips in anticipation.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm back from my trip and feel kinda tired. But I managed to whip up this chapter anyway!

Just a heads-up - some pedo or shotacon content may appear in the near future. So if you're easily squicked by such content, please be a responsible adult reader and steer clear away. I've no problems with this genre, so I may or may not hold back in writing such gruesome (haha!) or delicious (hahaha!) scenes.

Here's wishing to those celebrating the Chinese / Lunar new year a happy festival and may the Year of the Rat be a prosperous one to all!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 40

“L.. Lan Zhan! Please be gentle! You’re too big! S-Slow down! Ah, something’s rubbing against me! Are you pushing it in? N.. Not yet! My heart is not ready! I might split apart! I can’t believe this is happening! Lan Zhan! Do you hear me! Wait!”

Lan Zhan groans in agony at yet another failed attempt in penetration during the past half-hour. His twitching and very eager steel-hard penis barely touched the edge of the glistening tight rosebud, before he had to withdraw with extreme reluctance... again. He leans back on his knees on the bed, sighs, and stares longingly at the well-lubricated, soft and puckered entrance; and the rise and fall of nervous Wei *san ge* ’s chest, covered with a sheen of sweat, as the boy lies dazed, spread-eagled in front of him. The nubile fifteen-year old is a tantalizing, mouth-watering morsel waiting to be sexually tasted, but that stubborn morsel of food incessantly whines in protest, thus putting the brakes on Lan Zhan’s highly-anticipated deflowering of young Wei Ying.

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With *didi* out of commission for the next few hours after nine o’ clock, the remaining fully naked Wei *gongzi* s decided that the equally-stripped Lan Zhan should have intercourse with them in the order from the youngest to the oldest - for the sake of the fifteen year old’s jittery sanity and fragile, anxious heart; despite the bold teasing and bravado displayed earlier that day, when it came to finally getting the deed done, the teenager revealed his true inner colours - immature, insecure and inexperienced in having one’s fifteen year old young body fucked by a man more than twice his age.

Wei *da ge* , who relinquished his mind control after the simple but meaningful “wedding” ceremony, took his position behind a kneeling Lan Zhan on the bed, and tried his best to guide and support his husband’s hips so that they do not tremble in the throes of excitement. *Da ge* made it loud and clear that he wants the Lan patriarch to enjoy ravishing the delectable, meticulously prepared virginal flesh at the precise, perfect angle of bareback fucking - smoothly and painlessly - and that he’s prepared to cast Energy spells and forcibly move the husband’s hips if necessary; Lan Zhan feels unnerved at the man’s obsessed and perverse determination. The thirty-year old claims that he’d made all the preparations ahead of time for such an auspicious night, and his patience runs thin at the constant complaints and indecisions from the third youngest sibling.

“ *San di* , get your act together and spread your ass like a proper man! You’re being disrespectful towards our patriarch! Just accept his love as a spouse, and behave like the rest of us!” he chastised the teen angrily from behind Lan Zhan’s shoulders. Lan Zhan puts a reassuring palm on *da ge* ’s strong grip on the hips, and gently pats the back of the hand to signal that there is no need to be rash about the situation. However, his wordless diplomatic gesture goes unheeded when the eldest Wei sibling grabs the patriarch's throbbing hot rod, and sticks it against the tenaciously closed, tight ring of muscle, again, for another attempt to consummate the couple’s relationship. Lan Zhan nnnnghs at the solid, firm grasp around his erection.

“You...! *Er ge* , did you hear what *da ge* just said? He’s bullying me! Wuuuu wuuuu...” spoiled and pampered Wei *san ge* starts to cry and hiccups into his favourite *er ge* ’s embrace. Wei *er ge* lies next to the fifteen year-old, kissing the teenager on the cheeks and tries his best to console the bundle of fidgety nerves that kept mumbling “I’m scared, I’m scared, I’m scared”.

“Hush... hush... don’t cry, *da ge* didn’t really mean what he said. All of us made our wedding vows, so it’s time to carry out our promises. Hush... hush... be a good boy, don't be afraid, and accept our patriarch, alright?” he whispers into the teenager’s ears, runs his fingers into the long lush hair in comforting sweeps, until the latter nods shakily.

“Brat! Open up your hole!” the crude, admonishing words only served to stress the teenager further into another round of bawling.

“ *Da ge* ! Don’t scare him anymore! He said he will do it, so give him a little more time!” the *er ge* hugs the boy shaking like a leaf.

“Ahhhh! You’re both so frustrating, and you act like sissies!” the roar is unmistakably fiery.

Lan Zhan rolls his eyes at the pandemonium, but for another reason.

Wei *da ge* was so engrossed into the needless drama unfolding before him, and didn’t realize that his hand stroked Lan Zhan’s cock vigorously with every rebuke in the conversation - while aiming, touching the agitated cockhead upon the teenager’s juicy rosebud. *Da ge* was intent on keeping the rigid pole hard, although the anger-fuelled act leaves Lan Zhan teetering at the brink of a long-awaited orgasm, especially when the penis glans were unwillingly rubbed in circles at the wrinkly ring of muscle until it started leaking pre-cum liberally. Another hand unconsciously moved to the thighs, pawed at the sensitive crotch and caressed the full, heavy scrotum *screaming* for release after holding in its precious contents for nearly an entire day of edging. All three Wei *gongzi* s didn’t notice poor, neglected

Lan Zhan arching his back and jerking his hips in tandem with *da ge* 's expert ministrations; tasty moans emit from his throat, and his body bows and thrusts uncontrollably, being at the mercy of the eldest Wei and his superior ability to pleasure with his nimble fingers.

Lovely *er ge* coos calming words of “It’s alright” and “It will not hurt”, then dips his fingers into a jar before sliding three slick digits into that inviting rosebud to coat its insides with another layer of lube. He keeps assuring the teenager that the body is properly stretched and lubricated, so there will be no pain. Earlier, Lan Zhan finds it incredibly arousing that the *gongzi* s managed to cast a modified Preserve spell into the green bubble of collected pre-cum from midday, which is then transferred to a small jar - and now, with a kindling tiny Fire spell from *da ge* , the clear, viscous nectar is sufficiently heated and used to ease their first night together. The tasty-looking slippery finger-fucking, meant to pacify the frightened virgin, only adds to Lan Zhan’s scorching lust especially when he imagines that the teenager’s sweet tight love canal is being lubricated by the same bodily fluids that he will pour into the virile body for many hours into the night.

The teenager’s eyes are truly brimming with tears of distraught - understandably from a young virgin’s point of view - there is distress in anticipating the first, possibly painful or uncomfortable penetration; the uneasy conflict in the innocent heart for losing something so precious, battling against a growing, greedy lust for the experience to finally achieve adulthood; the foreboding, disturbing questions of whether one’s performance, responses and reactions in bed are proper and satisfying - or not; and the apprehension of completely surrendering one’s body, mind and soul to the beloved, therefore putting his trust and his entire happiness into the hands of another person. Lan Zhan realizes that memories of their “first times”, which are a little blurred by now, consist mostly of stressful, drunken acts and confessions whether in wooden bathtubs, in public view of Goddess Guan Yin temples, or behind some thorny bushes - they're always hurried, full of distractions, never thoroughly planned, serendipitous

or rapey in flavour, and tarnished with selfishness to satisfy each one's own desires. They never really had a good "first time".

*Er ge* reaches down over the teenager's groin and uses his fingers to spread the entrance at the bottom. The round-shaped hole opens up welcomingly from the forceful stretching, glimmers with droplets of pre-cum, and Lan Zhan could see an endless passage of fleshy, bumpy folds. The older man's swallows hard at the visual feast displayed before his eyes, and he groans to hold back from erupting from a fully-loaded, turgid penis.

*Da ge* , with an impatient "hmph!", pushes Lan Zhan's hips forward and makes sure the latter's heavy, wanting manhood strikes the intended target at the bullseye. Lan Zhan knows he cannot, and should not, delay the wait nor prolong anyone's suffering - including his own. He bends down when his cock hits the resistant ring of muscle; his massive girth is overwhelmingly larger than the teen's virgin asshole despite *Wei er ge* 's helpful efforts in assisted mating. The fully flushed and sweaty patriarch of the residence leans forward to kiss the shivering *san ge* 's lips, uses one hand to wipe the tear-streaked cheeks, and the other hand goes around the teen's thin waist to support the light weight.

"Wei Ying, Wei Ying, listen to me. I will not hurt, and I will be as gentle as possible, because it is your first time," Lan Zhan murmurs between comforting wet kisses and rolling of tongues.

"He's right, so, please relax a bit more. Relax... relax... breathe in... then out... then in again..." *Wei er ge* enthusiastically cheers on his little brother at the side, and rubs comforting circles on the latter's arms and shoulders.

“Wei Ying, I want to cherish this moment. I love you so much... so, will your body relax and tell me how it feels?” Lan Zhan knows every Wei Ying adores such cheesy lines, and he couldn’t help but say them out clearly inside their bedroom. He starts to thrust his hips on his own with slight prodding motions, and feels the tip poke meekly into the tight but well-lubricated hole. Wei *er ge* chants the breathe-in-breathe-out non-stop in the background; the teenager hesitates at first, but eventually follows the instructions, forcing his body to loosen up. *San ge* ’s knuckle-white grip on the sheets slacks, and Lan Zhan takes the chance to intertwine both his hands with the teen’s while he continues to pepper sweet languid kisses all over *san ge* 's flushed face. The fifteen-year old starts to respond to the intimacy, nnnngs into the locked lips, and rolls his hips seductively, pulling along the captured tip of the enthusiastically pulsing rod.

Lan Zhan grits his teeth at the mounting excitement and soldiers on, refusing to be carried away by the teenager’s quick-fire pace. With each back-and-forth sway of his hips, the engorged bulbous head digs deeper through the entrance, and Lan Zhan starts to see stars in his vision - his special spot beneath the cockhead receives incredibly pleasurable rubs against folds of muscles; it takes his entire willpower and a fast-draining golden core to hold back, and *not* to recklessly screw the deliciously hot teenager *into* the bed in an instant - which would surely tear something and ruin the whole experience.

"L-Lan Zhan... how am I doing?" fifteen-year old Wei Ying asks breathily in the midst of struggling against a losing battle; as soon as he’s calmed down, another fire burns within him - one born of dangerous lust and primal desires to be bred by their patriarch. Lan Zhan is nearly past the hurdle, but he wants their first time to be gentle and as painless as possible. He pushes deeper, millimeter by millimeter with each tender thrust. He feels more slippery pre-cum trickle out of his cock, further easing the entry.



"Nnnh... Wei Ying, you feel very good... do you... hnnngh... feel any pain?" It was becoming very difficult for the penetrator to form coherent words, especially between heavy panting, delirious nuzzling against the young boy's neck, and the toe-curlingly delightful act of teasing and coaxing the dripping rosebud to open up further with his impossibly rigid spear.

Young Wei Ying shakes his head, starts break into a teary smile, and undulates his hips when he too, feels pleasure blooming from the bottom. He is rewarded by hungry lips sucking on his throat; another sign that their patriarch has marked him well. "Nnnh, it's not painful... I think, I feel good too... I... I'm yours, *lao gong* , so please... take your pleasure with this virgin body..." Lan Zhan knows he's doing it right; Wei Ying is fully comfortable, does not feel hurt, and in fact, the boy is showing clear signs of encouragement and his signature naughty goading.

"Mmmm... if sex feels so good... I want you... to stay... inside me... ahhhnnn... *lao gong* ..." and followed by another hnngh-inducing circle of hips. Lan Zhan furrows his brows in deep concentration, he's nearly there and he didn't want to falter yet. Deep inside, he is glad that the fifteen-year old is almost back to the normal level of frisky Wei Ying-ness that he's familiar with. He continues to painstakingly work his way slowly into the writhing boy.

Eventually, Lan Zhan's hard work pays off. When he finally, finally slides in until he is fully sheathed inside the so-called tasty morsel of virginal flesh, he wheezes out a relieved sigh, and relishes in the encasing wet warmth around his tormented, spasming penis. He shivers as well, because the hole is extremely, pleasurably tight, and he could feel the teenager's throbbing heartbeat and wavy movements of flesh and muscles through his twitching cock - he knows that with a few hard pumps, he will sow his thick lusty seed deep into the fifteen-year old boy. Deep inside, he hopes to

perform a few more times, and explore the freshly-deflowered flesh thoroughly, because it feels *really, really good* inside this Wei Ying.

"I love you... Wei Ying," the trembling patriarch announces with a passionate kiss to the boy, and to the rousing cheers of his audience on the bed.

*Da ge* throws Sparkles around the bedroom to celebrate the teen's journey into adulthood, despite a sputtering start. *Er ge* , who had been on the edge of his seat for the past few minutes, cries tears of joy as though he'd assisted someone to give birth to a child and he is mentally, emotionally exhausted. *Wei san ge* , having passed one of life's greatest challenges with flying colours, breaks down into a tearful giggle, and spreads his ass further before hooking his legs around Lan Zhan's hips to prove that he's done it, and he's conquered his fears.

"I... love you too, Lan Zhan. And... thank you," *Wei san ge* whispers with a quiver, and his voice breaks at the end.

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Lan Zhan experiences one of Man's greatest sexual pleasures with his harem of three fully-fledged adult Wei Yings, and he convinces himself that this is the *new* norm - so everything that they do is *perfectly* acceptable.

While he takes his time to plunder into the sweet, sweet tight heated hole of the third youngest Wei, his lips ravenously lick and suck every inch of

vulnerable and freely-available supple skin laid out beneath him; Wei *san ge* moans wildly more, more, fuck me more daddy, dada, *gege* , begging for air because his senses are overwhelmed and he couldn't breathe, pleading for more pillows to prop up his numb hips because the invading phallus wouldn't stop fucking, aaah-ing when his sweet ass is drilled so hard and fast, that it becomes distended, moulded and shaped according to girth the massive member. The tasty mewls from the boy sends Lan Zhan's lust skyrocketing to greater heights. He leaves plenty of bitemarks and bruising fingerprints on the firm, nubile flesh, as bit by bit, he loses control of rational thought and yields to the rising fury of exciting primal desires, exemplified by his actions when he greedily mounts the young boy again and again, slamming their hips together so hard that bones rattle and ass mounds jiggle with force; but the violent tempest roiling his insides does not stop there - it continues to swirl and expand into a hurricane of lust, and his hands grope and roam everywhere, even reaching for Wei Ying's weeping arousal and strokes it until the eager teenager thrashes and clenches his muscles, sucking in the pistoning, pulsing rod deeper and deeper into the eye of the raging storm that is the temple of Wei Ying's desirable, fertile body.

The pleasure is multiplied when both Wei *da ge* and *er ge* take their places near his rump and indulge in their own fantasies of pleasing their patriarch in their own special ways. Lan Zhan couldn't turn around to see what was happening, as the teenager that he is currently trying so hard to breed, locks him in position with sweaty hands and hooked legs. Fingernails rake his lower back and circles each humping glute, encouraging the older man to fuck deeper, harder, faster into the freshly-deflowered teenager, while twin lips rain light tender kisses on the tightening scrotum before each taking a delicate testicle into their respective, moist warm prison; Lan Zhan's eyes roll back at the spike in pleasure and his fingers and toes curls to their limits, when each egg-sized seed factory is caressed by an expert tongue, and milked, rolled and sucked inside a vacuum cavern, sending wonderful contractions throughout his genitals and squeezing out volleys of thick liquid to fill up his spasming penis that is already full to the point of bursting.

Someone's well-lubricated fingers slip in and crawl into Lan Zhan's ass and scissor their way to stretch and explore - Lan Zhan was already too deep into rutting the teenager at that point to care about the minor violation of his ass - and he nnnnhs intensely when Wei *da ge* casts Invisible Hands, Fingers and now Tongues directly into his pelvic region. Vibrating lips suckle at the quivering, swollen prostate, and sends jets of fluids gushing through the tubes; ethereal fingers continue writhe *inside* the ballsacks to molest the surface and the interior of the twin succulent and overworked testicles - in time with Wei *san ge* adjusting his position to crouch next to breeding pair and he unleashes a torrent of dirty sex talk of "Does it feel good? Come on, shoot everything out, fill him up, you sexy stallion", "Faster, harder, deeper, I know you want it" and "Look at how your fat cock is drilling into my little brother, you lecherous old man"; and unsurprisingly, Lan Zhan loses it all, and succumbs into wave after wave of pleasurable convulses rocking his tired body, culminating into a well-earned orgasm worth more than his usual twenty-twitches of thick ropes of hot potent seed, flooding straight into Wei *san ge* 's love canal, accompanied by delighted squeals of Yes Yes Yes unngh Yes.

The thirty-year old relentlessly finger-fucks Lan Zhan at the back and spreads the asshole, while assaulting their beloved patriarch with more unidentifiable but absolutely mind-numbingly pleasurable spells; that Lan Zhan continues to fuck with all his might without restrain, and grinds into the sweet freshly-inundated teenager's ass and pump thick, sweet loads with little pauses in between; Energy spells lash out deep into his loins, recharging them, sending forth new surges of desire and vitality, causing Lan Zhan to arch his back, his jaws goes slack, he no longer sees anything and his senses are short-circuited, as more electricity run along his nerves and fry every last rational thought into oblivion, and his entire lower region quakes with ripples energy and liveliness; Lan Zhan doesn't even flinch when he feels a throbbing engorged rod push through his ass and spears him from behind and he - the Lan Patriarch of their residence - gets royally fucked; and in his drunken state, he doesn't even try to struggle away when

Wei *san ge* kneels in front and grabs his jaws, forces his mouth open and sticks his excited rigid penis through his mouth and deep into his throat; and in the heated moment of sex-crazed haze of lust and mindlessness, Lan Zhan is no longer coherent and mumbles-groans-growls unintelligibly as own ramped-up drilling penis erupts into another tremendously powerful spell-enhanced orgasm inside the Wei Ying beneath him, while another Wei Ying makes love with his mouth, and one more Wei Ying fucks him from behind, and he gets spit-roasted so beautifully, that Lan Zhan's switch is finally, finally flipped into a downward spiral of insanity, obscenity and depravity, pleased by his three addictively sexy sex kittens.

In the next hour or so, his harem happily switch places with one another, with bits of lewd and vulgar conversation going on between them, such as “*lao gong* , your hole is so good, it's squeezing and sucking me in”, “ah, ah Lan Zhan, my cock is melting again inside your mouth” and “oh Goddess Guan Yin, I'm cumming again, cumming.. hnnngh, fuck me deeper, ahhh!” so that Lan Zhan could taste each one in his ass, his mouth, with his plunging penis, and they all taste marvellously of Wei Ying, and he loves every single last drop of them. He'd lost count of how many times his Wei Yings cummed inside him, all over him, underneath him, or how many times he orgasmed inside their heated, cum-flooded holes, and he gladly refills every one of them with yet another of his twenty-twitches with the aid of more sexually arousing spells, before going at it again, deep into the moonlit night.

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With each increasingly weakening but equally satisfying orgasm, Lan Zhan has a brief moment of clarity before drowning into another round of sex into a sea of eager, writhing sexy naked Wei Yings, and during those few precious seconds, he is able to assess and grade each individual in his harem:

- Wei *da ge* is impressive at the front, though somewhat loose at the back, and tastes a bit too musky. His fingers are the best, being able to touch, bend, stretch and reach where no other Wei siblings can. Together with his amazing spellcasting skills and mind-controlling abilities, he gets to top Lan Zhan when the opportunity arises, and uses his limbs and spells to pleasure the patriarch until the latter becomes enslaved inside the *da ge*'s cage of sexual depravity.
- Wei *er ge* is so-so at the front although the shape and size is just as what Lan Zhan remembers (and will always be) during their years spent living together, snug and conveys a comforting sense of familiarity at the back, and tastes perfectly right. Since their blissful marital relationship has been established longer than the rest, he gets the choice position of being pleasured, via blowjobs or handjobs, by their patriarch when the desire arises. Lan Zhan loves Wei Ying's rich flavours on his tongue, and the recognizable moans are music to his ears when the younger man spills uncontrollably onto his fingers (which he then laps up anyway), so he will not mind giving some, while taking some from the rest of the Wei siblings.
- Wei *san ge* is still in one of his growth spurts as evidenced by his growing length and darkening pubes, his tight and extremely pleasurable asshole is *to die for*, though he tastes a little too mild and sweet. He is noisy, crude, undisciplined and has unlimited youthful energy to rile everyone up; if given the chance, Lan Zhan would love to spend every waking moment to bed this young boy and stay *inside* the insatiable boy to shut him up and teach him a good lesson on Gusu Lan's family rules.

- He dreads the time when he will be asked to admit Wei *didi* into his harem and participate in their sex-infused games. For now, he prefers to keep the innocent, underaged boy as his personal masseur because the little boy has such delicate yet firm touch in melting away all fatigue, stress and stiffness - and he doesn't mind getting refreshingly sweet smooches and hugs from the nine-year old ball of fluff too.

However, Lan Zhan knows that their positions will rotate and swap over time, so he pencils each Wei sibling's role into his Perfect universe, with plenty of buffer for upcoming changes in their relationship dynamics within the new Lan family.

Wei *da ge* happily eavesdrops into the inner monologue, then powers up his innate wi-fi router, and the patriarch's declarations goes viral among the Wei siblings.

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"Wow, look at them go like rabbits in heat," Wei *er ge* returns to the bedroom nude, with a towel around his neck; he'd just taken a quick bath to remove the stickiness of cum mixed with sweat and other bodily fluids, and he admires the tantalizing view of their dear husband hunching over the sweat-drenched and nearly unconscious *san ge*. The pistoning rod does not stop; it twitches as excitedly as it had in the past few hours, although by now there is probably nothing left to shoot. A dollop of cum gets pushed out with each schlicking thrust, and pools below the teenager's butt crack.

“... which is fine, since all four of us share the same mental connections, so every time *san ge* gets boned or whenever he climaxes, all of us receive a fair share too,” the calm, Wei *da ge* interjects while lying on the breeding couple’s right side on the bed. His face is flushed - though not as red as the teenager’s - and it seems he too, enjoys what goes on in their bedroom despite not visibly being banged by their patriarch. He lifts a finger and aims at the set of rising swollen-red testicles, ready to offload another hearty but blank spurt, and sends a sizzling Energy spell straight into them.

“Hopefully, this will tire the bratty boy enough that he’ll settle down like the rest of us and stop behaving... like a brat,” the *da ge* adds with an interested grin. He usually has a bone to pick with the teenager, and the boy gets punished by the end of the day - so tonight is not unusual, in terms of their Wei Ying-ness.

“Hnn... they’re not listening anymore,” twenty-two year old Wei Ying points and even pokes at their patriarch’s sweaty forehead. The latter does not respond, and maintains unwavering eye contact with the teenager while engaging in mindless animalistic rutting right in the middle of the bed. They’ve changed positions several times, including doggy style, spooning, cockscrew, scissoring and a few others, before settling down on missionary, but Wei Ying is sure that Lan Zhan’s body will eventually break down with that position due to the sustained and unhealed injuries. A couple of the larger wounds on the waist and right leg had started to open up and bleed, but those are easily patched by some Healing spells that the *da ge* wove from his fingers with admirable finesse, despite being the first time he’s conjured such magic. (Wei *er ge* claps in appreciation, and the *da ge* bows after his successful inaugural performance of true Healer-class magic).

“Mmm... I cast a few reality-bending, love and lust-related spells on them out of curiosity, but I didn’t know they’d work so well on these two

lovebirds,” Wei *da ge* scowled a bit, before he made a twirling motion with a finger.

Lan Zhan and Wei *san ge* mechanically moved and adjusted their limbs, and continued mating enthusiastically - this time Wei *san ge* rides and gyrates his hips on Lan Zhan’s crotch, and he leans back to give the older man a whole lot more desirable friction. Lan Zhan closes his eyes, his body shakes, his lower body shivers as a tell-tale sign of an impending orgasm, and expectedly, releases another load into the young boy with plenty of tasty moans, growls and rhythmic jerks of flailing limbs beneath the writhing teen.

“Well, as long as this old man’s condition won’t worsen with this position, I’m glad to get some good sleep tonight. So much has happened during the day, and to be honest, I’m tired from my dayjob in Yiling to do anything else. *San ge* can have my share of everydays for the rest of the night,” Wei *er ge* says with a loud yawn. He stretches and takes his place on the breeding couple’s left side of the bed, and nnnnhs in delight at the feel, and finally the chance, to sleep on the familiar springy mattress, messy silky body-warmed bedsheets and lust-scented pillows. He nonchalantly reaches down and masturbates himself to sleep in the nude, while enjoying tendrils of good feelings seeping out from their shared mental connections with the sex-crazed *san ge* , whom the two *gongzi* s have tagged as ‘out of commission’ as well.

Wei *da ge* yawns simultaneously and agrees wholeheartedly. “Me too, I took us on a tour around the estate and my legs are as heavy as lead. *Lao gong* didn’t realize I’d used Creation and Time-related spells to warp the trip that spans an entire *continent* into a condensed, two-hour trishaw ride,” he murmurs in the dim light and takes his place to the right of the frantically-mating couple. He gently rolls the forgotten, but happily snoring *didi* into his arms and cuddles the little boy tightly like a pillow.

“Sometimes, I feel like a reincarnated Monkey King, being able to leap everywhere with a few steps - but I still have to go back to drag the Tang Sanzang along,” he mutters as he flicks his index finger and the lights go off. The bedroom falls into comfortable darkness and silence, save for the heavy panting, creaking bed, sexy moans and very wet frothy squishes in the middle of the bed between them.

“Ha ha ha, at one time I used to say that I’m young enough to have sex everyday, but look at me now - I’m getting old too. I have new and more priorities in this life, such as earning enough money to keep us fed, expand our estate, and working hard towards dreams of becoming rich and successful someday. I have a family now, who helps me to keep everyone and everything together, and,” Wei *san ge* turns to the center of the bed, but remains unfazed at the frenzied acts even as he nears climax with his hands, “I’m no longer alone in this world, and I can even willingly share my love with the venerable Han Guang Jun with my loved ones.”

There’s an audible squirt, followed by a prolonged hnnngh in the moonlit blackness of the bedroom - either of the couple orgasmed again. The bouncy, creaking sounds continues unabated.

“That’s... called growing up, finding your place and purpose in this world, and building your own happiness with your hands. When you reach my age, you’ll understand what all of this means,” Wei *da ge* yawns again and snuggles into the youngest’s nightshirt. “And when you’re done cumming, go to sleep. We’ve got a long day tomorrow too,” he adds after a pause, the voice muffled by cotton fabric.

Wei Ying hnnghs one last time, then raises his hand, still aching and throbbing from the brief but enjoyable exercise, and he marvels at how the

diluted warm seed that covered his fingers start to ooze and dribble to the bedsheets. The faintly opaque liquid sparkles in the silvery moonlight - it reminds him of their famous plum sauce, and he remembers that it's nearly full moon. He cannot afford to miss another work-day at Liang's teahouse to make batches of sauce for the *laoban* , otherwise he may be fired from his job.

“Yeah,” he sighs, wipes the semen on his sleeves, and rolls over until his back faces everyone else.

Notes for the Chapter:

Phew! It feels good to release all the sexual tension after a series of world-building and serious stuff. Probably not as sexy as my earlier sex scenes, but what the heck, I'm just sexxing up Wangxian for the fun of it :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 41

Twenty-two year old Wei Ying has never been happier in his life, despite living a normal, mundane lifestyle, saddled by many real-life burdens - mostly domestic ones -, and the inescapable dark past that he is forced to carry with him for this lifetime - which rears its ugly head to haunt him once in a while. What matters at present - as with all Wei siblings, who are in essence the same, and the one and only Wei Wuxian - is that their patriarch lives a rich, fulfilling life with him, with them.

The dramatic events of Wei Wuxian's colourful life came to a rather anticlimactic end with the revelation of Jin Guangyao's treachery, more than two years ago. As expected of Man's selfish, fickle-minded nature, the world quickly turned its attention elsewhere in search of something more exciting, interesting, novel and satisfying. The story of Wei Wuxian became old news among aging story-tellers, as passe as the brief chapter of Lan Wang Ji's autobiography; just as the many legendary and mythical characters of the Middle Kingdom's millenias-old fairy tales that come and go with the passage of time.

Like fireworks that light up Yiling's summer evenings, the story of Wangxian soared high above the clouds at one point in this lifetime, admired by many, then exploded brilliantly to the cheers of the spectators - and now, the "name of their song" quietly takes its place amongst the numerous celestial bodies that perpetually dot the night skies.

How many times does one gaze up to appreciate the starry skies, then try to recall which star belongs to which constellation, and the backstory in the name of each star? Hardly, Wei Ying thought, and sighs as he turns away from the curtained window. He too, does not whittle away his time with moon and stargazing, or drown himself in yesterday's sorrows - although he

does appreciate the nice breeze blowing into their bedroom in the wee hours of the morning. The room stinks of alcohol and sex, and he's certain the D-broom will have to work extra hard to clean up the mess on the floor and many other surfaces in their house.

Wei Ying stretches (he feels a trail of cum flowing down his well-fucked asshole and inner thighs - but happily ignores it; *didi* will take care of any stains on the bedsheets in the morning), and pats *san ge* 's shoulders; the teenager had obstinately taken up his spot on the bed - on the patriarch's left side, nearest to his beloved's heart - and Wei Ying intends to reclaim his rightful position as the Wei siblings' Queen - after *da ge* 's throne as the King of Wei's and the right-hand man of their patriarch (hence his sleeping spot on Lan Zhan's right side of the bed); ahead of the clown of the family, *san ge* , who loves and deserves the bottom (in more ways than one); and lastly, well... *didi* will always have his own special place in everyone's hearts, and that little boy is content in sleeping in the arms of *any* occupants of the Lan's Residence. At times, Wei Ying is envious of the boy's carefree lifestyle, who remains blissfully ignorant of the hierarchy and political drama that sometimes take place within their little budding family.

Wei *san ge* nnnhs stubbornly until the pat becomes a rude swat on the springy buttocks decorated by their patriarch's fingerprints. In a moment of unreal synchronicity, Wei Ying feels a slight rumble in his stomach that goes hand-in-hand with the slap of ass-cheeks felt by all Wei Yings, and he lets off a soft fart. Another three *brrrp!* sounds of different pitches answered the call.

"Oi, move it, you're taking up my space, and you're stinking up the room," Wei Ying grumbles and swats *san ge* 's butt again. The drunken teenager grudgingly returns to his lowly position of being a deserving bottom (in more ways than one). Amazingly, the teenager downed *six* jars of Laozu's Smiles before bedtime - and still lives to tell his tale; ah, to be young again!,

Wei Ying scowls. *San ge* wobbles, climbs atop and straddles the older man. In his inebriated state, he nom-nom-noms into Lan Zhan's drool-stained chest while curling and nestling himself comfortably until their helpless patriarch is sexually assaulted by the teen's tight ass, and the nubile *san ge* becomes fully engaged in long-term copulation with the unfortunate older man for the rest of the night.

Wei *er ge* slides onto the mattress, pulls the bedcovers, then effortlessly slips into deep slumber and snores.

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Shortly before dawn, sweat-covered Lan Zhan wakes up in the middle of a very weak climax; the series of barely-felt tremors running up the underside of his overworked penis emptied his balls again - although there's nothing left to ejaculate except for a few drops of clear seedless fluids. His mind is clouded in the sex-induced aftermath of multiple orgasms, and he'd spent the last few ungodly hours drifting in and out of consciousness even as his hips quiver tiredly, involuntarily, and could no longer shake despite riding out the pleasurable waves that still churn and curve his entire body.

Two Wei Yings continue to work on his lower body, giving him the Perfect double blowjob to start the day. One set of lips deep-throats him so well, that his eyes roll and his back arches with every downward swoop into the endless tightening tunnel that seems to contract and suck him into the abyss; the other tongues and plays with his drained testicles so skillfully until the twin eggs quiver and convulse pleasurably in what Lan Zhan terms as 'testicular orgasm'; he experiences it first hand, for countless times since arriving in this brave new world. When both Wei Yings' lips and tongue take turns, or simultaneously, to lick his twitching tired cock upward with

vigorous motions, sending forth rolling penile contractions in the same direction, he puts his hands behind his head and lies back into the pillows, tilts his chin up - and *enjoys* the privileges of being the Master of his harem.

Later on, still high from the sexual excitement, Wei *san ge* dutifully performs blowjobs on him, while *er ge* emerges from the kitchen into the bedroom. Wei Ying whispers, “Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, *da ge* just made another batch of milk candies, please try and let us know your thoughts on them?”

Lan Zhan opens his eyes and is welcomed by the sight of Wei Ying pulling open the folds of his night robes, exposing his chest to the older man. Naughty Wei Ying had used edible rice glue as an adhesive to stick a thumb-sized cane of the chewy candy onto each nipple.

“On your left, is candy made from cow’s milk from the estate’s farms. On your right, is candy made from goat’s milk. The milk was collected less than an hour ago, so it’s very fresh. Please try it.”

Lan Zhan *enjoys* another privilege as the *laoban* of their booming food business - he gets first dibs to try out their new products, sometimes served on a platter of appetizingly tempting Wei Yings.

The younger man lowers his chest until Lan Zhan gets to lick, taste, then slide the entire candy into his waiting mouth, and he suckles Wei Ying’s succulent nipple like a baby. Wei Ying moans at the gentle suction - lately, they’ve been trying out plenty of innovative flavours, including herbal, honey, minty, even spicy - and his sensitive nubs are abused on a daily

basis. They are a little swollen from Lan Zhan's rough treatment, as evidenced by the increasingly passionate sucking by the greedy (probably hungry) *laoban* .

Lan Zhan lets go with a wet "pop", and nudges Wei Ying to present the other candied nipple. He test-tastes it similarly, and Wei Ying reacts the same. Within a few minutes, both sugary treats have been devoured, leaving behind a whitish sticky salivary mess on Wei Ying's sparse bosom, and a very horny Lan Zhan - because he is about to cum again from the *san ge* 's excellent job on his loins.

"Lan *laoban* ," Wei Ying murmurs, "what do you think? Which one should we mass produce and sell?" He starts to exchange tender kisses with their patriarch (and gets a taste of milk too), and soon, Lan Zhan jerks his body erratically, and makes mouth-watering growling noises into the sloppy milk-flavoured tongue-play.

"Your wish is our command," Wei Ying smiles between locking lips.

*Both products passed our patriarch's inspection* , Wei Ying sends a mental note, and Wei *da ge* gets back to work. Lan Zhan gets his promised quota of at least three orgasms per session - representing the number of spouses he needs to serve, or be served, at any time.

(Fortunately, the pleasure can be fairly distributed among the Wei siblings, thanks to the eldest Wei's superior ability to connect everyone's minds and bodies.)



Then, Wei *didi* burst into the bedroom - already lit by the first signs of daybreak -, full of energy and joy, and runs to the bedside. He wears a newly made set of light blue shirt and pants, and is a very disciplined, polite child - the little boy bows respectfully, in line with Gusu Lan's customs, and wishes Lan Zhan, "Good morning Patriarch! Good morning Lan *gege* !"

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It's well over seven in the morning by the time he finally gets out of the bedroom - one more privilege of being the head of the house; he gets to freely choose his sleeping and waking hours, and is no longer confined to the unrealistic nine and five o' clocks, especially since he's now a *very busy and important* man. It's not really that he's become a sloth due to his newfound luxury and wealth - they're still financially strapped - it's just that Wei *san ge* kept fondling and molesting their patriarch in bed (who is obviously weak to the pleasures of the flesh), and adorable *didi* kept wanting to play kissy games amongst their nest of pillows, which held him back from escaping the two's clutches, and Wei *san ge* is all too delighted to repeat the vicious cycle too many times.

(At this point, Lan Zhan is already used to having sex with the precocious teenager right in front of the nine-year old, because, as he tells himself again and again - it's Wei Ying and its Wei Ying-ness; to hell with dignity and privacy, especially within the walls of their Residence when there are at least three drunken Wei Yings running around naked and incessantly begging for sex after sundown.)

Lan Zhan hobbles to the outdoor bath with a walking cane like an old man, a hand lightly tapping on his aching, fatigued hips, and he berates himself *not* to allow the adult Wei Yings near their stash of Laozu's Smiles anymore

- which is what he tells himself every night, and fails spectacularly when three pairs of puppy-eyed Wei Yings stare at him over steaming hotpots that apparently go well with the prized liquor.

It has been a week since he woke up with grievous injuries on his body, and most wounds have healed up - almost too perfectly, leaving neither scabs nor scars behind. After the *da ge* taught - no, *disseminated* may be a better word - the full repertoire of Healer's magics to the Wei *gongzi* s, they took turns to cast additional healing spells; however, since magical healing does not completely mend internal injuries, the in-house family's master magician-cum-doctor *da ge* still bars the patriarch from using his left hand to carry heavy objects or do strenuous work such as masturbation (at which Lan Zhan protests silently, because he cannot remember when was the last time he masturbated - ever since he lived with Wei Ying), and he is required to use a walking cane to prevent any possible damage to his tender lower right leg. The handle of the (headless) Dustless Broom is easily transformed into its lighter, thinner, user-friendly version with just a press of a button.

(Lan Zhan is delighted that he can press that red button again to enlarge the stick to its original immense size, and wield it as their earth-shattering family staff (棍); Wei *er ge* even took the time to carve the Lan family name onto the high-quality wood, making the Dustless Broom, or Bichen's namesake, the symbol of their household.)

Lan Zhan relieves himself into the tranquil, bubbling heated pool, and mutters a word of thanks to Goddess Guan Yin for another merciful night - he lived to see the next day, and his penis and the inclusive plumbing is still intact, after all. He's still able to carry out his routines - and routines are what he lives for. Next, he slowly makes his way to a new ditch that the Wei *gongzi* s had dug while he was unconscious in the weeks before. In some ways, he is pleased that Wei Ying (irrespective of which) is mature and serious about their domestic affairs and living space problems - enough to

consider the complexities in managing additional family members, especially when it comes to personal care, hygiene and sanitation.

The outdoor bath has been extended and somewhat modernized with more amenities, such as proper roofing, barriers and fences, magic-powered floor heating, separate tubs, sinks, mirrors, shower heads with spell-enhanced temperature control, more towels, soaps and shampoos, steps and handles for the young (and old or disabled).

Their family toilet, surrounded by dense undergrowth and a wall of trees, covered by a wide tarp, is a fancy ditch with a constant flow of water running through it, with a row of open seats built from unused chairs for those who preferred to sit while doing their business, and a row of squatting slabs for those who preferred to hunker down to a crouch. Stacks of leaves for wipes are placed in wooden boxes close to each toilet unit. There are half-constructed urinals further away, but all of the Residence's current occupants agreed that peeing into the pool is just fine, so the urinals take a backseat in terms of construction priorities. Around the ditch are wash basins with constant water flow from Qishan's mountains, soap, and even toilet brushes. (Lan Zhan mentally calculates the costs for furnishing their bath and toilet - and everything adds up to a hefty sum.)

(In hindsight, the outdoor toilet is probably the best place to relax or seek refuge from noisy family members. Lan Zhan can imagine himself lounging somewhere in this serene, nature-rich setting, read his periodical and listen to birdsongs. Best of all, there is no stink, as the Wei *gongzi* s have planted many fragrant shrubs in the surrounding areas.)

Lan Zhan is like any other human being - he needs to do it too, at least once a day. It's an extremely private affair, but necessary, just as breathing,

eating, sleeping (and to some extent, having sex as well). He keeps telling himself that it's perfectly normal to answer the call of nature - the bigger one, that is. He keeps chanting this inwardly to brainwash himself that it's perfectly okay, there's nothing to be ashamed of, because even in his weakened state he still needs to pee and poop just like any other living creature in the 'Mounds--

“... and that's why I'm here to help, Lan Zhan,” Wei *er ge* interrupts, as he grabs hold of the patriarch's wrist and guides him slowly to one of the open seats. “Now sit. Legs up,” and Wei Ying pulls off Lan Zhan's underpants, before taking his seat next to the husband. Wei Ying leans back in his chair and looks away. Lan Zhan squeezes his eyes shut and tries to hurry his business, for the sake of whatever remains of his dignity.

“... it's not really a question of dignity or pride, *lao gong* . You should've seen us when *didi* suffered diarrhea for a few days after eating too much of *da ge* 's spicy stews with an *inch* of chilli oil on them. It was a real mess, but I - we - managed and learned from the experience. They don't really teach you that much back in school, and much less in the Cloud Recesses, do they?” Wei Ying sneaks a peek and is pleased that Lan Zhan's digestive system is working - in all seriousness, barely a week after waking up with horrible wounds that puncture into the intestines, kidneys and almost every other vital organ, he's now able to eat, urinate and defecate like a normal healthy person - which is something all Wei Yings are tremendously grateful for.

The older man nods hesitantly, not knowing if he's been seen or not.

Wei Ying looks away, not caring if he hears unsavoury sounds or not. “Lan Zhan, I've already said this many times: we're husband and wife, we're

family, and we're in this together for a lifetime. I expect to see you pee, poo, fart, vomit and do everything naturally unclean, just as much as you'll see me doing the same, for many years to come. It's not a surprise anymore, for me, at least. It's a routine, and you love routines, don't you?"

Lan Zhan mutters under his breath at another unsightly push. "... I... I'm a routine person. You know that, Wei Ying."

Wei Ying looks up to the trees, and notes a few swiftlets and pigeons flying by. "Yeah, that's what makes you human, normal, and family to me and all the Wei Yings in this world - and that's also why I love you so much, *lao gong* ," he grins and turns to Lan Zhan. Another distasteful sound echoes faintly into the woods.

Lan Zhan catches Wei Ying's stare, and tries to focus his gaze to the grassy ground littered with gravel and bits of leftover construction material. There are some tiny black ants crawling from a nearby anthill, and he can appreciate why his partner finds them somewhat interesting if there is nothing else to look at. "You're a real romantic, Wei Ying," he sighs.

Wei Ying lets out a hearty laugh, and prepares to cast a Water spell for clean-up.

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Breakfast is simple, filling and delicious - spicy and plain chicken congee, topped with meatballs and garden vegetables, fried doughsticks, served with

a platter of dumplings on the side, and cups of steaming hot soymilk. It's exactly as how Lan Zhan would make it, except that it's made by the hands of the eldest Wei sibling before he left for work, and the thirty-year old man perfectly followed the hand-written recipes to the letter (or the stroke of brush pens).

Routine is ritualized, and ritual is routinized, even during mealtimes. Everyone calls and invites the patriarch to have the first bite before others, and when the plates are emptied, everyone kisses him on the cheek as an endearing gesture of thanks for the food. Everyone can speak but in soft voices, and if the dining table becomes rowdy - a polite 'a-hem' from the oldest of them will silence everyone else. Wei *er ge* proudly reminds everyone that there are plenty of Eye and Senses talismans all over their home and estate, so *da ge* is always monitoring them remotely - which also means that anyone who doesn't toe the line will likely receive a splitting headache of nags or worse, be mind-controlled.

Lan Zhan especially enjoys trying his hand at feeding the nine-year old who lovingly takes his place next to him; with every full spoon, the little boy affectionately either thanked or gave a cute peck on the lips - and chirps that "the food is as good as a sweet kiss". Lan Zhan didn't quite like how Wei *san ge*, who somehow picked up really improper table manners after their first night, always try to curry sexual favours by touching him indecently even while munching on meatballs - however, after a while, Lan Zhan decided to allow the teen to rest his feet on his crotch and toe-play his rising erection, rubbing that sensitive spot below the glans, until a wet spot appears on the fly of his pants; he didn't want the teen to suffer unnecessarily from their eldest sibling's wrath.

After the dishes are washed (it can be quite a hypnotic experience to watch three Wei *gongzi* s soap, rinse and dry the tableware in perfect synchronization - and all Lan Zhan had to do was to tell them where to store

the dried items), Wei *er ge* lets the youngest two run off to complete their scheduled duties which they'd drawn up and hung on the kitchen wall earlier that week - laundry for *didi* , and farm work for the *san ge*. Then, he carries a wide lidded basket from the kitchen and places it on the dining table. Curious, Lan Zhan lifts the lid and sees an assortment of street and convenience food laid out inside: pancakes, rice and filled dumplings, breads, fried snacks, meat jerky, candies, baked goods and confectionary, and others of sweet, salty and savoury varieties. There are also rows of tiny saucers filled with different types and colours of sauces, powders, condiments, mixed spices and other unidentifiable *stuff*. Wei *er ge* places a bowl of water, a spitting basin, and a notebook with a ink-brush on the table as well.

“Lan Zhan, the same as yesterday, here are some new products *da ge* would like you to try. Please let me - him - know which ones are appealing and we'll include them into our production lines,” Wei Ying explains. Lan Zhan nods in understanding - he appreciates the scholarly approach that he only needs to take a nibble from each food, with mouth-rinses in between where needed, and with a full stomach to avoid any biases from hunger, and document his score from one to ten, including any comments, improvements or criticisms, into the book. He also notes that for some foods, there are duplicates or triplicates, and he recognizes them as fresh, day-old, even days-old - proof that whatever sorcery the *da ge* is conjuring inside their production site rigorously tests the quality of food processing, packaging and preservation too. He would need to thoroughly examine each sample's visual appearance, smell, taste, texture and even the sounds from chewing steamed buns or crunching potato crisps.

Lan Zhan doesn't really grasp the (ultra) modern concepts of product development, manufacturing, quality control, management, operations, supply chain, and sales and marketing - but he takes it all in stride as yet another level Wei Ying-ness that he could and would never reach. All he knows is that he's contributing to the family's efforts to rebuild what the Wei *gongzi* s nearly destroyed during the two weeks when he was offline

(another term he'd learnt). Now, considering his limited mobility, he still gets a say and veto rights in what goes in and out of their prospering business, and how it's managed - at least based on what he's been told. He signs many forms with red-inked thumbprints - however the details are far too difficult to comprehend and is sometimes full of foreign texts - so he figured that he's someone quite important in the business anyway, which he appreciates as the Patriarch of Lan's Residence.

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Later, while taking a short break from testing the nth food sample, he takes a sip of *pu'er* tea to cleanse his palate properly and looks back at the eventful week.

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Using the list of their family's priorities drawn up the day after he woke, *da ge* and *er ge* set things in motion by putting together a business plan to address their immediate concerns - especially their money problems. With the patriarch's consent, they agreed to take a gamble and invest in their food business. Lan Zhan is especially impressed, as many men would have simply taken the coward's way out by either fleeing from such burdensome problems (including alcohol to drown one's sorrows) or turn to crime (the idea of an adventurous white-clothed protagonist leading a pack of black bandits to rob the rich, would make an awesome story for a blockbuster theatre show, but not in real life - probably).

He was not told of the specifics, other than that *da ge* would be “discreet and honest” in his ways, sell off the “crops and other commodities” from their estate to “somewhere far far away, and further than the known Far Far West” (so that they can remain low-profile while avoiding the taxman’s eyes from either the Jins or from the capital city of Chang’an), then, flush with cash, use the new funds to “build an award-winning company with state-of-the-art technologies using pink bubbles, green bubbles and lots of other spells that you’ll likely get bored if I started listing them down,” the *da ge* waved his hand dismissively to play down the level of details in his proposal - which was fine because Lan Zhan felt an oncoming headache by then.

Lan Zhan asked - although he was dangerously close to raising his hand to cease the conversation because he knows the brilliant and cunning *da ge* knows too much, will do too much, and will spill more information that Lan Zhan is willing to listen to (anything that goes beyond Creation and Time-related spells and related aspects are prohibited from discussion, and a no-go for the steadfast Lan.) - he asked where is the company located, and how will the company be staffed and operated.

Da ge simply pointed out that the ‘capital of Lan’s kingdom’; in which Lan Zhan raises an eyebrow because he couldn’t remember if there had ever been a monarchy established by his ancestors - and re-phrased as ‘that scenic crossing with Lotus Pier lake on one side and Gusu Lan mountains as a backdrop on the other’; in which Lan Zhan draws a blank stare because there’s no such place in the map of the Middle Kingdom - and finally re-named as ‘that place where *didi* fed you with summer berries for the first time’; in which Lan Zhan a-ha’s in recognition - will become the headquarters and the production site for their growing business, while their cave-home will be the “small research and development” hub covering "some domestic affairs".

What does this mean, Lan Zhan asked subsequently. When Wei *da ge* explained that they'll move all the "new inventions, equipment and crazy stuff, including the washing machine and dishwasher that you detest so much" to the new place, and that the *da ge* will probably be the only one working in there for the time being - he'd still prepare the meals before going out to work (just like a hardworking salaryman), then return late in the evening and sleep at their cave-home, and he might ask some of his siblings to drop by from time to time - so that "you don't have to physically suffer under the tyranny of this megalomaniac all the time"; at that point Lan Zhan raised his hand because he doesn't understand the words used - but he liked the fact that he didn't have to co-exist with those damned automatons (because they threaten his identity - in which a significant part has been lost to the now-ubiquitous D-broom cleaning their home's floor every few hours) - and he just said "Mn." and green-lighted everything that the *da ge* planned.

Wei *er ge* , on the other hand, will serve as their business' vice-president, public relations officer, sales and marketing, and - Lan Zhan raised his hand yet again - in which *da ge* cleared his throat politely, and re-stated that the lovely Wei Ying will helm the affairs at their original cave-home and still make his trips to Yiling... just as the good ol' days.

Lan Zhan liked the sound of "the good ol' days", and he wholeheartedly accepted the terms and conditions of the two eldest Wei's new roles.

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“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, here’s a few more samples for you to try,” Wei Ying nudges the older man out of his reverie. A small plate of toasted mixed nuts is served on the table, along with a few other snacks. Lan Zhan notices the opened packaging from where the nuts were taken from - it’s a strange fist-sized bag lined with shiny metal, and is extremely light in weight and durable in strength. There are some words, mostly in foreign language texts (including the words ‘For Export Only’ in the only language he knows), and a big picture of the said toasted nuts printed on it - but the level of detail is remarkable, and fully coloured, so it couldn’t have been hand-drawn, and uses more colours than lampblack alone. Lan Zhan munches on a handful of those nuts and immediately likes the salty flavours, enhanced with fried flour, sugar and other unidentifiable spices. He doesn’t even delve deeper into the mysterious origins of the opened bag nor its contents because he attributes them to another kind of Wei Ying-ness, which is finger-lickingly tasty this time.

He likes the company logo printed at the corner of the packaging - it’s the same black-and-white-rabbits design used for their favourite plum sauce (now available in a variety of regular and exotic flavours too, he is told), and the name of their song printed in big bold text right above it. Lan Zhan gives it a rating of eight out of ten (he is a true food critique, and doesn’t easily give perfect scores), and annotates some useful advice on the taste and texture - he's still, after all, the master chef of the family.

Notes for the Chapter:

It would be too easy to let the new Lan family rest on their laurels and enjoy doing nothing while living in relative comfort - so, I'm taking them into a new arc. Let's shake things up a bit, ya! May the Wangxian be with us, them and everyone!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 42

Our company was founded in 20xx B.C., and started as a small family-owned farming and food delivery business in the heart of the Qishan province of the Middle Kingdom.

“Inspired by Love” is what drives us to provide products of the highest quality that our customers want, and of course, love. Over the course of time, we have expanded the base and scope of our activities to cater to the needs of Yiling City and its surrounding areas.

We are headquartered along the stretch of pristine natural landscape of mountains, rivers and lakes of the famed Summer Berries district within the continent of Wuji. We grow and nurture the best and freshest ingredients that nature can offer, incorporate them into centuries-old recipes handed down from generations, into foods that satisfy the appetites and warm the hearts of many around the world.

Lan Zhan massages his temples, then re-reads, and annotates with a red brush pen with corrections and critiques to the text. Although he doesn't know much about running a business, or how to read the so-called “company profile” from the eyes of “a potential investor who is about to throw unimaginable amounts of gold into an unknown factory located in the middle of nowhere” - he could appreciate being in the shoes of a customer, or at least a lay person, and try to be “influenced and persuaded” by reading the prototype of their company's brochure filled with messy handwriting and doodles.

He circles and underlines various parts of the sentences, and pens down critical comments such as: ‘structure the ideas in a better way’, ‘what is B.C.’, ‘too brief - needs more details in the history’, ‘who are your customers? State a few examples’, ‘check the map - where is Summer Berries district, and what is Wuji continent’, ‘specify the kinds of products we make, and name a few examples’, ‘too vague - specify exactly what your customers really want’, and so on. The observations are general and rudimentary in nature, like how a teacher would grade his students’ essay papers.

He remembers that not too long ago, Wei Ying had done something similar with his little notebook titled **A** wesome **S** elling **S** kills (which is nowhere to be seen recently, along with his guqin - lost somewhere in the sea of trash and half-completed *stuff* inside their workroom since arriving in this brave new world). Putting on his daring “Wei Wuxian” hat, figuratively speaking, he takes a deep breath, clears his mind, and imagines “thinking out of the box” (another term he’d learnt - curse the eldest Wei). He adds some useful notes at the sides of the brochure, such as: ‘what other products can we make and sell’, ‘what if we expand our customer base’, ‘how can we speed up production and sales’, ‘have you looked into pre and post-sales services’, ‘think value chain, both up and downstream’, and so on.

Shortly before mid-morning, Lan Zhan completes his tasks and happily passes the paperwork to Wei *er ge* , along with a stack of filled forms he’d thumb-printed at the bottom of every page. At one time, he tried to read and understand what he was signing, but gave up too soon when he couldn’t make heads or tails of those documents. Wei *er ge* gave an equally obscure explanation that the forms are required for setting up the company, obtaining the necessary business licenses and permits, applying for funding from financial institutions and angel investors, company statements for media communication and public relations, purchase orders from suppliers of raw materials, invoices to customers located far far away-- and Lan Zhan raises his hand to conveniently stop the conversation. He sips his cooled

pu'er tea and with a flick of the fingers, sends the vice-president to deliver the concluded paperwork “to where they belong”.

“ *Lao ban* , it’s time for your morning break, and according to the schedule, we’ll need to leave for Yiling shortly after that,” Wei *er ge* bows respectfully, then leaves the kitchen-cum-dining room. Lan Zhan “Mn”s impassively, and looks out the kitchen window at the bright morning sunlight shining on a hardworking *didi* trying to hang freshly washed bedsheets on the clothespin amongst their thriving vegetable gardens and rows of drying processed birds’ nests and *lingzhi* mushrooms spread on canvas-lined grounds. Roosters continue to crow in the background, and their calls are accompanied by birdsongs from the woods. Further beyond, acres of orchard trees are fruiting well, right around The Junction leading to The Highway.

He sighs - compared to what is happening outside their humble abode in the middle of the ‘Mounds, he’s really a busy man, indeed.

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... and he is about to become busier in his home office set-up.

Wei *san ge* peeks from the door to confirm that his *er ge* has left the kitchen, and he grins cheekily. He saunters like a cat and places his basket of garden produce harvested since the morning on the kitchen counter - leafy and root vegetables, tomatoes, long beans, lotus roots and seed pods, fruits, garlic cloves, red onions and ginger roots, and another small basket of still-warm eggs straight from the coop.

Lan Zhan “Mn”s in acknowledgement of the teenager’s presence, and continues to read the week’s periodical - just arrived from an early Postbird delivery along with packages that the *didi* will sort out later.

“Lan Zhan, the vegetables are growing well and we can expect more summer harvests in the coming days. We’ll be able to fulfil Old Merchant Zhu’s orders for three full baskets by the end of the week,” the teenager remarks as he washes dirt and soil off his soaped hands in the kitchen sink.

“Mn.”

“Five new chicks hatched this morning, and three of the rabbit does are pregnant. I plan to build a small extension to the coop next week,” Wei *san ge* adds, then nonchalantly goes on all four and crawls under the dining table.

Lan Zhan quickly flips to the last page of the periodical. He “Mn”s again, while adjusting his sitting position and spreads his legs unconsciously (and invitingly). It’s a habitual, routine reaction whenever the teenager finds his way between the older man’s legs - and pulls down the pants as well.

“I’ll need more grains and feed for the animals soon. Lan Zhan, can you call your friend, Farmer Cai from Huang village, to get a few more sacks for us?” the fifteen-year old boy innocently and seriously asks, before blowing hot breaths on the eager arousal and tentatively licks the exposed cockhead, and he starts doing what he’s best known for - deep-throating.

Lan Zhan sighs. He can't even take a decent mid-morning break from work - he's really a busy man indeed. He folds the periodical and places it on the table, then leans back, hands already digging into his assailant's (more like, lover's) lush hair to encourage the boy to do it fast and soon - because he has other important appointments in less than half an hour's time.

"Yes, I will call... with a Fairy Messenger spell later... today," he answers breathily, before succumbing into yet another round of bodily pleasures.

The patriarch is fortunate that his performance in bed - actually, within the Residence as long as there are sexy Wei Yings prowling the rooms inside the cave - isn't measured in terms of frequency or volume. All he needs to do is to *feel good*, multiplied by the number of times he has to serve, or be served, as dictated by his harem. Hence, it does not matter whether he cums a lot, or just a little drop when he's running on empty - and Lan Zhan is grateful for this reasonable (pre-nuptial) condition that sets the stage of his blissfully married, but very busy working life.

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"Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, hurry up. Wei *er ge* will be back soon. Surely you don't want to be caught and scolded again," the teenager coos seductively, as Lan Zhan trembles on shaky knees upon penetration - just the tip of his excited, twitching penis spearing through the glistening, lubricated rosebud in less than two hours after the last orgasm.

Wei *san ge* mischievously played and pleased their patriarch with his signature oral expertise, to the point of curling toes, warning growls and arching back - then he sits on the table top (and brushes the periodical newsprint messily to the floor - how rude!), pantless, and pulls up his knees until his buttohole faces the older man's crotch enticingly. He hooks his legs around Lan Zhan's hips, and draws him closer, and closer, luring in and ensnaring the captivated man who is the master of their household and owns all the Wei Yings in the Residence. The teenager rakes fingernails across the bare muscled chest, draws circles on the firm abs, and stokes the fires of desire inside Lan Zhan - affectionately and intimately, in his own youthful, lustful ways.

"Nnnh, hurry, hurry, I know you're at your limit, *lao gong* . Please taste this young tender flesh with your hard cock, and shoot deep inside me, now, now. Ah, you feel so good!" Wei *san ge* moans louder as the engorged shaft slowly, impatiently slides in. Lan Zhan knows there is no real urgency to do the deed, however, the imaginary rush to fuck the naughty boy into the table, slam his hips punishingly deep into the tight flesh and ejaculate everything he has in *record* time (because he only has half an hour of morning break), and hammer the tight ass until the boy is left bow-legged for the rest of day - fuels his loins and fills his swelling rock-hard manhood.

When Lan Zhan hits balls-deep, he's sweating and shivering and losing rational thought, primal instincts rising up like the molten liquid pressure lighting up wildfires inside his groin. He tip-toes, presses his body weight upon the mewling teenager nailed to the table until there is no gap left between ass and balls, and Lan Zhan grinds his hips in delicious circular gyrations while fully sheathed inside the slippery narrow tunnel that threatens to choke off his massive arousal... and one-twos - a phenomenon he's learnt about himself when his body becomes too excited, especially when it comes to his duty of mating the insatiable spouses - on the verge of orgasm but not yet there, his yearning cock jerks powerfully once, twice and "cums a little" to release the boiling pressure, before it builds up again towards the much-anticipated twenty-twitches.

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“Ahhhh... I’m out of the house for less than five minutes, just to teleport some documents to *da ge* , and... this... THIS is what I find when I come back!” a disgruntled Wei *er ge* yells from the entrance and points accusingly at the scene of debauchery on their dining table.

Lan Zhan is too engrossed in trying his best to breed and sow his seeds - if there is any left - into the exquisitely tight, heated channel that clenches and sucks him deeper than anyone else, even as his injured limbs ache painfully in trying to hold up his weight for prolonged periods. He’s already lost in his own world of pleasure, eyes closed in full concentration, and his hips flutter vigorously in and out of the slicky, juicy and well-violated hole as fast as his soaring heartbeat, he mounts the young teenager repeatedly, even desperately, who continues to cajole with sweet moans of more, more, *lao gong* you’re so big, and you feel so good inside me, please fuck me, let go of your little Wangjis, rape my baby Wei Yings, and make me pregnant today - and other cheesy lines *et cetera ad naseum* which everyone’s too familiar with (and sick of hearing - in the *da ge* ’s case).

Wei *er ge* grabs the discarded pages of the periodical littering the floor, rolls them up to a sort of whipping cane, and smacks the sex-addicted *san ge* ’s head with it - he is rewarded with a whiny “Oww” from the teenager, but the raw, bareback fucking and heavy panting sounds continue relentlessly on the table.

“You shameless boy! You dare to seduce our patriarch when he’s about to leave the house for official businesses, and you DARE to make him do all

the work when he's not yet completely healed!" Another smack of rolled periodical follows.

"Ahhnnn, Ahh.. what's your problem?! I just spread my ass... ah, ah, Lan Zhan, you're too rough... spread my ass and he just dug in... ah, ah, you're twitching again, are you cumming a little?... *Er ge* , it's--it's his fault! It's Lan Zhan's fault!... ngaaaah, ngggh, nnh, not so hard, you're splitting my butthole apart..! "

Wei *er ge* sighs exasperatedly and shakes his head - it's impossible to get through the thick skull of the teenager. He picks up the discarded pants from the floor and folds them into neat piles on the chairs. He swats Lan Zhan's naked, well-muscled and convulsing ass with the rolled periodical.

"You too, you despicable, horny old man! You're too easily tempted, and you dare to cheat in front of me. You're shameless! A disgrace! Pervert!" Three resounding thwacks hit the tirelessly humping ass, one for each insult, and leave a total of three burning red marks on the smooth rounded jiggling flesh. Lan Zhan groans loudly, seemingly loving the spansks on his rump, and he reaches his first climax. He nearly *crushes* the teenager with his entire weight as he screws one last time into tight ass and unloads hot spurts of whatever his balls had managed to produce during the last couple of hours.

Wei *er ge* sighs at the copulating men. He thought that he should just hurry things up so that they wouldn't be late for their *laoban* 's important appointments.

Wei *er ge* uses his fingers to assist the insemination - he grabs, caresses and milks the contracting testicles and perineum in smooth, rhythmic motions. Lan Zhan hnnngs at the intense, additional stimuli, and shakes his hips uncontrollably during his twenty twitches; *san ge* cries in delight at getting more warm pulses to fill his insides; and the lonely *er ge* murmurs helplessly, “What am I going to do with the both of you...”

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Wei *didi* knows he has been summoned when he feels a familiar tingle and a cry of “help us!” echo inside his head. The nine-year old is overjoyed to support his older brothers, because he was always relegated to the simplest and most mundane tasks due to his age, maturity and size. Despite loving to behave childishly and cutely suitable for his age, and dotted by four loving adults in the house which at times, is no different to being a cherished house pet, the little boy appreciates the chance to show off his abilities and capabilities when the time and circumstances are right.

Da ge had seen the crisis unravel into a trainwreck inside their home through the siblings’ senses and the many talismans that pervade their estate, and telepathically sent specific instructions to the youngest Wei.

The boy walked into a scene of sexual carnage and unrestrained carnal intercourse in the dining area. Wei *san ge* remained in his position and his back lies against the table top. Wei *er ge* lies next to the sibling, face and body down against the same wooden surface. Their patriarch is a mess of flushed skin, sweaty body, erratic breathing almost to the point of hyperventilating, quaking limbs - and he’s having a difficult time trying to breed two Wei Yings simultaneously. He fucks the *san ge* missionary style, about ten or so thrusts, before pulling out reluctantly, then takes a couple of

steps to the side, aims his still-hypersensitive and angry-red, hard penis at the next Wei Ying's buttohole, and fucks *er ge* doggy style, for another ten or so thrusts, and repeats the cycle again.

Lan Zhan feels *exceedingly* good in the loins, and his sense of alpha manliness goes through the roof at having two Wei Yings begging him to fuck them senseless. *San ge* 's ass is truly the epitome of the perfect cocksleeve - his love canal is perpetually juicy, elastic, tight, full of bumpy folds and delicious friction, and never fails to extract spine-tinglingly wonderful orgasms out of the older man. He gets to taste the teenager's nipples and everything spread out in front of him like a buffet - he is free to satisfy his lust for younger, smoother and supple skin and flesh, and does not hesitate to grab, molest, and violate the boy who is less than half his age. *Er ge* 's ass is, for lack of a better word, his private sanctuary of comfort and homeliness; snug, warm, and he feels welcomed to stay inside forever if possible. Wei Ying's back is alluring and tantalizing - he loves to lick long trails of saliva along the spine and taste the salty lust-flavoured sweat, lets his hands greedily roam the expanse of the pale, lightly-muscled back, bite at the nape and leave plenty of territorial kiss-marks from neck to shoulders - and when that is not enough, he sinks his face into Wei Ying's long hair and inhales odours that comfortably tells him that it's Wei Ying, Wei Ying's smells, Wei Ying's flavours, and Wei Ying is underneath him, around him, marvellously fucked by him.

Two tasty morsels for him to crave for and devour, and he cannot help but to lick his lips constantly and swallow down saliva building inside his mouth, as he dips into each welcoming hole at different angles, savours the heat and tightness, and ravishes one, two, both lovely Wei Yings, and his excited, lively penis quivers with joy at the alternating sensations.

However, there is little time to spare, yet so much physical pleasures to enjoy; they only had fifteen minutes left before Lan Zhan needs to leave for

Yiling, and the very, very busy patriarch has two more orgasms to go.

Er ge 's illogical plan of getting the *laoban* to ejaculate into two Wei Yings presented to him in the most appealing ways (with the buttocks spread wide open), simultaneously, in order to meet the remaining quota - fails; he did not account for the deteriorated state of the man's sexual condition, that is, Lan Zhan is still in his refractory period (he's in his mid-thirties, not in his mid-teens), already drained too many times since early that morning, is utterly fatigued, and in a bit of pain due to his injuries.

Within seconds, *didi* whips out a prostate massager he was told to pick out from the box of P-Cool sex toys under the bed. He lubes it up with massage oil and carefully slips it into Lan Zhan's ass. It was tough for the little boy, as he's not used to pushing something sleek between actively moving ass mounds and through a super-tight of ring muscle - even with *da ge* 's fine mental and motor controls.

Lan Zhan starts to protest at the weird feeling in his bottom, but hnnngs and loses focus when *er ge* rolls his hips seductively and the older man swears in Gusu dialect, bends down until he is literally grinding skin-to-skin, crotch-to-ass, against the springy butt, and is bewitched by the siren calls from lovely Wei Ying of "Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, my love, come inside me and stay, please release your seed deep within, so that you'll always keep me filled and warm, and my baby Wei Yings will always be soaked with your love, and I will incubate them into little eggs and give birth to many children for you." He opens his mouth to respond, but *san ge* , who already sensed that the older man is close to completion, captures the lips and kisses the husband with such passion and fervour that Lan Zhan feels his breath sucked out, and fingers start to play and pinch the sensitive bared nipples as much as their tongues swirl and entangle with one another.

At the precise timing, *da ge* mentally channels a modified, leveled-up Energy spell into the sex toy through the little boy's fingers. The prostate massager activates, and spins, rolls, vibrates and shakes with *terrifying* movements never seen before in any of their toys. Lan Zhan "AAHHH"s, erupts without warning into the twenty-two year old, and all Wei *gongzi* s nearly suffered a heart attack from the shocking *roar* of their patriarch.

Didi uses all his might and drags the jerking, spasming hips away after the tenth twitch with volleys of diluted opaque liquid arching into the air, then using his delicate fingers, slaps a grey-colored talisman on the length of the wildly-convulsing cock and shouts with a heroic squeaky voice, " *San ge* , lie back down! NOW!". The harried teen obeys without a word, and a dazed, moaning Lan Zhan is swiftly guided into the stretchy, cum-flooded tight canal again in mid-climax, when the semen-spattered talisman is remotely activated, morphs into *da ge* 's meaty and incredibly nimble Invisible Hands, Fingers and Tongues inside the teenager's ass and around the spewing organ, and the eldest Wei resolves the crisis with a *spectacular* polishing of the orgasming penis right at its twentieth twitch.

Lan Zhan's awe-inspiring performance of three orgasms within the span of twenty minutes (the last two within twenty seconds or twenty-twitches) breaks many of his previous records - another achievement to add to his list of Wei Ying-ness, and something he could probably wear as a badge of honour, if asked for evidence of his alpha masculinity. His moustache and beard grow a little more each day.

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*Didi* miraculously saves the morning by cleaning up the aftermath - semen in or on all three satiated men, and pungent pee from the unfortunate *san ge*

, who is considered properly punished for his atrocious misbehaviour. By nine thirty in the morning, everyone is wiped down, dressed up in freshly laundered and new set of clothes (they have plenty since the *gongzi* s started sewing and making their own garments), and fully equipped for their scheduled errands in the city, including their packed bags, satchels and baskets - all done with unbelievable and ruthless efficiency by the nine-year old and his own two small hands.

Wei *san ge* , being the rebellious one, flys on a magical sword made by *da ge* - in which Lan Zhan refused to listen to how it was made, because he raised a hand promptly before very dark and prohibitive secrets are divulged - and the teenager is accompanied by the youngest Wei.

Lan *laoban* , understandably overwhelmed and dazed, straddles a sputtering Bichen while not really paying attention to his surroundings - because something had short-circuited inside him during the third and final mind-shattering climax - so, lovely Wei *er ge* holds his hands as he stands by his side, and channels minute *qi* and some unidentifiable spells and energies into the husband, to guide the blade towards Yiling.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I had a bit more time during the weekend, so I spiced things up with silly sex scenes \*lol\*. It's nice to start the morning with some exercise and fun, before getting to work!

Chinese and Lunar new year is happening next weekend. To those who celebrate the occasion - May the Year of the Mouse be full of joy, good health and prosperity!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)



## Chapter 43

It is the first time Lan Zhan takes a flight out of their home since he arrived in this brave new world. The gusty winds are both shockingly chilly and at the same time, refreshing, and he feels the last quivers in his loins shrink away into the freezing temperatures at such high altitudes. He squints his eyes and tries to take in the vast landscape of his estate - miles of uninhabited rolling hills, grasslands and forests that stretch till the fringes of the province, until they border the rocky deserts to the Far West.

Strangely, nothing looks out of the ordinary other than The Highway peeking through the forests' dense canopy - the new paved road running through the center of the estate; although he finds it odd that The Highway looks more like a short strip of straight road, instead of what he remembered as a long, slightly windy spacious path that weaves endlessly into every hill with many exits along the way.

He asked Wei Ying, where are the mountains, lakes, rivers, crop fields, meadows and man-made structures he'd seen a week ago, while travelling on a wooden trishaw with the family - in which the younger man vaguely (therefore suspiciously) answers that everything is in there, except that the almighty Wei *da ge* had cast some 'powerful spells' such as Camouflage to 'hide everything away' (Camouflage is a very high level spell used only for military defense purposes, such as the one located close to the springs in the Cloud Recesses to protect the Lan sect's ancestral secrets). There are also energy shields, alarms, booby traps and other mechanisms set-up to deter trespassers both on ground and in the airspace surrounding their estate. Lan Zhan nods in understanding - they wouldn't want patrolling Jin cultivators or pesky salesmen to waltz into their property uninvited, intentionally or not.

Then, he asks next, where is this so-called headquarters and production plant for the company that he'd been signing papers for all morning; in which Wei Ying mmmms vaguely (and suspiciously again), that they're somewhere in their estate, although technically, they aren't. Lan Zhan sighs, knowing that he will never get any straight answers from the other man, and follows up with a more specific question - Summer Berries district and this Wuji continent too?

Wei Ying grins brightly and says that the Lan *laoban* should visit their head office one of these days, especially since they're preparing a grand, ribbon-cutting ceremony, and the *laoban* should grace his presence for the auspicious, official launch of their new, booming family business - and if he says more about where exactly in space or time are the buildings, facilities and industrial sites located (Lan Zhan's wrists automatically twitch in ready response), how to find and teleport to those places because their estate is designated as the gateway to their business' top-secret location (Lan Zhan's grip loosens from the blade he'd been straddling on), or that the strip of straight road he sees is actually an airfield that will eventually be built up into an airport to cater for aviation services and expanded commerce for their mega-corporation in the future (Lan Zhan grits his teeth, ready to *stop* this nonsensical conversation, and raises his--

“And if you continue to react like this, I won't say anything more - so please lower down your hands and keep them to your sword, for safety reasons. Hold on, we have rough winds ahead of us,” Wei *er ge* shouts back.

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“Wei Ying... did you lock the door before going out?” Lan Zhan raises his voice above the din of roaring turbulent air, just as they flew past Mian Mian’s neighbourhood. His legs are still unsteady, so he held tightly to the face of the blade and prayed that the windy skies would not blow them off Bichen. Although they had safety straps tied from the sword’s hilt to their waists and legs (Wei *er ge* said that these ropes were precursors to ‘safety belts’, whatever that meant), however Lan Zhan doubts if those woven fibres of dried grass would hold anyone’s weight.

“Ah...! You’re right! We were in a rush, so I didn’t notice!” Wei *er ge* yells back, and turns to the side, “*Didi* !”

“I... I think I forgot... I’ll ask Ernie!” the little boy squeaks on the other glowing blade, before mischievous Wei *san ge* whoopee’s with juvenile energy and excitement on a new ride, and starts to propel forward into fancy swings, spins, rolls, jaw-clenchingly scary loops and other aerobatic maneuvers that the *da ge* will surely disapprove of and ground the teenager for many days thereafter.

Lan Zhan watches forlornly as Wei *san ge* speeds ahead in what is known as Swordboarding, and feels a spiritual connection to the art (because in another timeline and universe, his persona is a master of skateboarding). It’s one of those trends that is currently all the rage for adolescents and young teenage cultivators; although Lan Zhan is a little too old for it, however, he secretly practises the moves in his dreams, and surely, someday the latent talents of the great Han Guang Jun will be brought to light when the time is right.

(Lan Zhan is also relieved that he didn’t have to share his sword with the uncontrollable Wei *san ge* despite harboring some regrets for not being able

to try out Swordboarding - because he really couldn't *survive* another round of triple sex.)

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“Introducing Ernie, the magically-created assistant for home comfort and convenience in modern times!”

... would be a plausible tagline for the product line, if stamped with the seal of approval from the patriarch. However, at present, the patriarch is stubbornly at odds with all attempts of modernization, and refuses to acknowledge or even entertain ideas that could benefit the wider society with technological or, in this case, magical advancements.

The eldest Wei Wuxian, time-shifted about a decade ahead of his current age, maturity and abilities, has seen far, far into the future than he originally intended. There is a world where everything is made from metal, magically-made malleable sand and stone mix (concrete), pink bubbles (plastic), green bubbles (rubber) and other *stuff* that no one in the present era could ever comprehend. He attempted to bring back some of this knowledge and replicate the technology using materials he could find in this present day and age, blessed with his infinite arsenal of spellcasting - having the Infinity series of magical equipment helps a lot, especially in the brilliant and capable hands of Wei Wuxian - for example, no one else knows how to operate the Infinity Stones other than the Great Yiling Patriarch, and he knows that snapping his fingers will cause massive shake-ups in the universe - whereas Grandmaster Gao or even the Emperor of Chang'an can keep snapping and twisting their fingers until sundown and nothing would ever happen.

Coming back to the story of Ernie, the newest member of the Residence:-

Information becomes knowledge, and knowledge becomes power - one of the areas that the company is looking into for research and development, is to harness the ability of magic to gather data and information on *everything*, then process it into knowledge to understand and learn how to manipulate the world to benefit the users, and finally transform that potential into action - therefore, the power to make changes in real life.

D-broom is a mindless machine that executes instructions programmed into Memory talismans to carry out cleaning tasks with the tools it is equipped with, running on limited Energy spells-turned-batteries and is therefore constrained in its capabilities.

Ernie, on the other hand, is a sentient being created out of impossibly complex arrays of spells and magical effects that gifts it with basic intelligence; in time and with machine-like learning, it has the potential for greater abilities, capabilities and even levels of existence. It (there is no gender assigned) is given the form of dark smoky wisps not unlike the demonic energies that the Yiling Patriarch used to wield during his younger days - mainly because he likes anything that is black and spooky, and still thinks that black is cool and fashionable, despite fighting a losing battle against the Jin's "Gold Is In Vogue" campaign. For practical reasons, being formless means that Ernie can take any material shape, which can be extremely useful if it needs to reach tight narrow spaces or spread out as wide as the heavens - or remain bodiless, which can also be useful if it had to deal with barriers, walls, non-matter, and spiritual stuff.

Ernie can do anything it is tasked to do. However, because it has intelligence, therefore it has its own will; it can make its own decisions, and take responsibility for its own actions. Wei *da ge* has taken certain steps to ensure that Ernie remains loyal to the occupants of the Residence, because that is where Ernie is stationed for the time being, and is ordered to serve the Residence well.

There is one minor problem in the creation of Ernie (or Ernies, if approved by the patriarch) - it takes immense amounts of energy to power the magical sentient being, and currently there are no known power sources that can sustain it indefinitely; a common issue that the Wei *gongzi* s face in all their automaton inventions including the washing machine, dishwasher and other useful household technologies. However, with diligent research, a solution is surely under way - hence, only one Ernie exists so far, and runs fully on Wei *da ge* 's awesome magical energies.

Ernie currently resides in a new underground cavern dug at the entrance of the humble (and very small) cave-home - which is one of the last remaining floor spaces that is not fully utilized nor occupied. Blessed with Creation and Time spells similarly as Wei *da ge* 's, its "home" runs deep into the depths of the earth, far beneath the longest roots of the 'Mounds' prehistoric forests, and spreads across horizontally in all directions to form a clandestine, spacious but mostly barren complex that grows day by day with active construction and tunnel-boring activities. The entrance is a simple trapdoor masqueraded as the Residence's welcome floor mat, and all permitted guests are invited to drop by to take a look using a magically-powered vertical transport system (known as an elevator or lift in modern times) situated at the trapdoor entrance.

The patriarch made some snide remarks that the trapdoor looked like a one way ticket to Hell (because it's completely dark inside, like a ditch that travels down into an abyss), and *da ge* nearly wanted to dispute the fact

thinly masked as an insult, except that the patriarch is partially correct - Ernie is indeed tasked to expand the underground complex into, through and beyond the Underworld, because there are long-term plans to expand their company's customer bases to the Realms of the Gods - the Heavenly Court, the Dragon King of the Seas, and the Lord of Hell could be key profitable accounts for their business. Deities and gods are widely worshipped, receive numerous gifts and offerings, and are, for all intents and purposes, loaded with gold, after all.

Unnerved at not receiving a confirmatory answer on where the trapdoor leads to, the patriarch is seen avoiding the floor mat these days (which covers the said trapdoor), with the superstitious belief that if he fell into it, he might not come out alive.

Next, the patriarch wondered aloud about what will be filled underneath the trapdoor (because he thinks that it is as shallow as their underground pantry of leaf-wrapped spiced meats and other primitively-preserved stored food - which is way, way far from the truth); *da ge*, who had taken an oath never to lie to their husband, answered that the space would be used as a normal storage space for the time being, and probably to keep stuff that the Wei *gongzi* s accumulate during the course of any normal days, including but not limited to: half-completed inventions and gadgets, useful but unused materials (which the patriarch identifies as 'trash'), and foodstuff for the coming winter and beyond; at this point, the patriarch realizes there are dark wisps of energy drifting out from the trapdoor and he accuses it that "same cold black thing that lived inside our pantry while I was unconscious", and *da ge* had to give a vaguely affirmative answer of "sort of" (because essentially both are imbued with corruptive, dark energies), leading to the patriarch demanding that the "cold black thing should not touch our food pantry in the kitchen", in which *da ge* merrily nods and confirms that "any food stored beneath the trapdoor will be consumed by the Wei *gongzi* s" (he does not say "exclusively") - because days later, the patriarch happily chews on fried tofu dipped in his favourite plum sauce, and that tofu had been stored in the refrigerated conditions of Ernie's home,

kept nicely fresh, before being served as dinner for all of the Residence's occupants.

Lastly, the patriarch asks why is the trapdoor-lidded compartment called Ernie and not just some other functionally descriptive names like "the dark basement" (with a hidden connotation that there is a distasteful and dreadful cold black creature living inside that basement); *da ge* did give a thoughtful pause because there are some practical benefits to the husband's suggestions - however, under the absolute command of the said oath to never lie, *da ge* explains the reasoning behind the simple name, and cleverly skirts around Time-related aspects in order to avoid the nasty raised hand that stops all their conversations:

In "some" places, smart but helpful creatures living independently in assigned spaces, including "dark basements" and any living spaces for that matter, are given strange names such as Alexa, Siri, Cortana or even Google Assistant. Wei *da ge* prefers a meaningful and simple name for this invention - or the latest member of the Residence who will quietly live beneath the trapdoor-cum-welcome floor mat. Children are bundles of joy or brats to be feared. Children are what the new Lan family needs to nurture and grow healthily - and friends for the oft-times neglected Wei *didi* . Children are also what the Wei *gongzi* s love to talk about when they have sex, especially about making lots of them with Little Wang Jis and Baby Wei Yings. So, Wei *da ge* thought that Children - Ernie (儿女; *ér nǚ* ; pronounced as "er ni") - would be the name befitting of the magically-created assistant for home comfort and convenience in modern times.

Lan Zhan snorted indignantly at the last bit about speaking of children while having hot, rough sex - but he stamped his seal of approval on the name though, because he agrees that "Ernie" sounds alright after all.



Ernie would come to be known as the Cold Black Thing (not to be confused with *guilinggao* herbal jelly), the Floor Mat, the Trapdoor, the Dark Basement, the Fridge Monster, and so many other awful iterations - or just plain ol' Ernie.

(Later, Wei *da ge* instructs Ernie to cast Light whenever needed, so that the trapdoor lights up upon opening, just as how modern refrigerator works - and this helps to pacify the disgruntled patriarch.)

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“Hey Ernie, check if the door is locked.”

Checking... the door is not locked, since you left the Courtyard at 9:35 am.

“Ernie, lock the door and gates.”

Done. Have a safe trip, Little Master Wei.

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The morning market is at full swing when the Lan family arrived. Similarly as with all markets, flying swords are prohibited near crowded areas, so

they had to queue up in line towards the designated parking lots - this time, there are no Jin guards waiting at the open spaces, probably because of the high temperatures and hot sun - the guards' heavy, gold-plated armours become very uncomfortable mini-ovens baking under such conditions, so many opt to patrol in smaller, more shaded areas (such as city squares), spend time drinking wine near the Kitchen of Prosperity, or take time off their shifts to change into something light, such as leather armour.

Wei *san ge* 's ingenuity proves useful - the magical sword he *specifically* ordered from his *da ge* can be elongated and retracted with the press of a red button on the hilt. He gleefully swerves out of the congested queue after crawling at a snail's pace of an inch in two minutes, then jovially zig-zags downwards (to the delight of a squealing Wei *didi* for an entertaining rollercoaster ride), and lands behind a clump of bushes near the entrance to the city. Right before he touched down, he deftly heel-kicks the red button, and the whole sword fizzles off into a plain-looking brown hilt (more like, a throwing stick). He easily pockets it, grabs Wei *didi* 's hand and together, they rush off to look for the remaining family members. He'd save a silver piece of parking fee with his trick, and looks smug for doing it.

Later, a slightly frazzled Lan Zhan steps down after finally finding a small strip of grass to land his heavy duty broadsword, followed by a hoarse-voiced Wei *er ge* who had cussed more than a few cultivators visiting the markets, and he complained that going on foot would be a better option if they had more time in their hands. Both were annoyed to see the smiling boys waiting for them with half-eaten tanghulus and other candied street snacks in their hands; they'd started spending their pocket money - including the saved silver piece - even before their daytrip started! Lovely and wifely Wei *er ge* launches into a tirade about the virtues of thriftiness and self-control, and correctly quotes six related Gusu Lan family rules so that they remember those rules well. Lan Zhan smiles faintly at his family's antics - it reminds him a bit of the times when SiZhui was a child - and he walks ahead slowly with the Dustless Broom cane in hand.

(Lan Zhan did inquire, at some point, about what inspired the teenager to pick a sword with such a handy, compact design. The boy answered bluntly that, it's from a show called 'Star Wars' that's freely available in *da ge* 's home theatre, and which rock have you been living under all these times - Lan Zhan was taken aback by the teen's bratty attitude, and made some presumably witty remarks that there are no conflicts among the nightly celestial bodies, and that *da ge* is working in a factory making foodstuff, not training singing and dancing troupes. Wei *san ge* rolls his eyes (so rude!) and mutters, "You're so *yesterday* !" before dashing off. Lan Zhan becomes confused and thought this could be a premonition of what Wei Ying said earlier about burning down the moon and the stars.)

Wei *didi* did commendably well in colour-coordinating their ordinary attire of shirts, trousers and simple thin summer robes, and dressed them in varying shades of beige, yellow and light pastel blues and greens. The Lan family blends in quickly with the swelling crowds that throng the bustling Market Streets.

Eventually, Wei *san ge* and *didi* caught up and run past their patriarch, squealing like little kids while playing sword-fencing each other with sticks of tanghulu that had been stripped bare of their candied fruits. They zig-zag across the street spiritedly, chasing each other while still under the watchful eyes of--

--us, the parents. Don't you think so, Lan Zhan?" Wei *er ge* - lovely Wei Ying - asks casually, and walks with his trademark swagger in his slow but relaxed steps, with hands clasped behind his back, alongside the patriarch. Lan Zhan wonders how far does the mind-reading capabilities of the eldest Wei reach, however that is an irrelevant question for the time being. He takes a moment to appreciate the heart-warming atmosphere near the heart

of the city, coloured by what Wei Ying had just said, and briefly - just briefly - daydreams and toys with the idea that perhaps if things had gone *his* way, sixteen or so years ago, he would do the same.

He would walk with Wei Ying, side by side, and they would go to the markets in the morning, bring their lovely children along - one elder, one younger - and spend quality time together just like any other normal family would.

Wei Ying sneaks two fingers towards Lan Zhan's hand, and discreetly hooks the husband's fingers to his.

“Mn.”

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Barely five minutes into the walk towards the markets, trouble brews between the youngest two of the family of four. The teenager, obviously much larger and stronger than the nine-year old, accidentally pokes the boy's forearm with a tanghulu stick, and draws a drop of blood. Wei *er ge* rushes ahead, grabs the bawling boy to the side of the bustling street and checks the scratch. People continue to meander around and walk past them, some ignoring them as they go about with their businesses, while others slow down - especially nosy housewives - and gawk at the noisy spectacle.

Lan Zhan, still reeling from the loss of finger contact, is a step behind and follows suit. He grabs the startled teenager's wrist and brings the family

together along the curbside. He knows all too well how fast a crying child in the streets can attract unwanted attention - and they're supposed to remain low-profile due to the risk of being spotted by Jin patrols, especially soldiers who could still recognize their faces and bear nasty grudges at the couple. Under the shade of a decorative palm tree, Lan Zhan crouches as much as his injured leg would allow, and quickly cast a light blue Healing spell to seal the wound to stop the bleeding, however the acute pain remains. Wei *er ge* sits on his haunches and cradles the boy, pats the back repeatedly, trying his best to calm the boy down and stop drawing curious stares. "It's alright, it's not bleeding anymore," he murmurs.

"L-Lan Zhan, I... It wasn't me..." Wei *san ge* stammers and is pale, frozen in dread - at causing real pain to his sibling, and at their patriarch's crushing grip around his shaking wrist. Lan Zhan yanks the teenager close until the sides of their faces nearly touched, and he hisses in a warning whisper, "Listen, I am *not* angry. Apologize to your little brother, NOW."

Wei *san ge* stumbles towards the crying boy and does what he is asked to do. Upon hearing the first word of 'sorry', Wei *didi* 's cries die down into a string of pitiful hiccups. The amazed Wei *er ge* looks at their patriarch, astonished at his ability to handle crying children, and nods as a silent gesture of thanks.

Just then, two plainclothes men walked past them and sent curious glances - one sober, and the other rather inebriated. Lan Zhan immediately recognized the golden stripes on their shoes and sleeves - they're off-duty Jin guards, and they're mingling with the market crowds too! He stills and holds his breath, trying to look aloof and away from those men. Three Wei Yings huddle together unmovingly beneath the palm tree with their baskets and satchels, and stared at the ground.

“‘Tch... brats cry all the time...”

“Huh... (hic) that man in beige looks like the Han Guang Jun (hic) that I remembered at the Carp Tower, with facial hair, and much older...(hic)?”

“Idiot... there you go again! Everyone looks like a Han Guang Jun to you. You just can’t let go of the fact that he injured your *shixiong* a couple of years ago.

“Ahhhh... (hic) I wish I could go back in time (hic)... and...”

“... and you should drown yourself in more liquor. C’mon, I’m beat from doing night shifts. Let’s spend our wages at the next watering hole!”

The taller guard grabs his wobbly companion by the arm, and drags both of them to a nearby tavern that sells fragrant rice wines.

Barely a minute passed after the two men trudged away, and all Wei Yings crowded around Lan Zhan, each holding his hand as tightly as possible, before letting out their held breaths together. Lan Zhan had felt a flash of fear then, but he steels himself, knowing that such anxieties and risks are routine, daily affairs for the patriarch - and he must not show weakness, especially in front of his frightened spouses.

He solemnly tells his family that they should get going and not to waste any time. Everyone agrees and Wei *er ge* leads the way.

Lan Zhan strokes his budding moustache and beard thoughtfully, and twirls them out of (new) habit. Perhaps his new look is a boon and added security for their family too - and decides to keep it, for now.

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The family takes a detour from the streets and through shortcuts that (any) Wei Ying knows like the back of his hand from his days of street peddling. They split into two groups.

The teenager and the youngest go off to unload farm fresh eggs, fruits and vegetable harvests to various vendors, and pick up some needed dry provisions for their household. Lan Zhan tells *san ge* to keep an eye on the smallest, and not to play with tanghulu sticks anymore. The teenager is grateful that he is forgiven - despite no such words are uttered from their patriarch's lips (there is no need, since Lan Zhan only has to "Mn" and all is well again in their family) - and earnestly promises not to disappoint anyone. He skips off with the nine-year old in tow, and before long, they disappear into the sea of people filling up the Market Streets with excited chatter and squeals, hopping from one stall to another.

Yiling's morning markets are typically farmers' markets and wet markets; many stalls sell morning farm harvests, live animals, seafood, and other daily provisions side to side with food vendors and other street businesses.

“Pretty *gu niang* ! How much for these?”

“A silver piece each!”

“Your voice sounds so sweet! These dragon’s beard candies must be as sweet as you. How about two for a silver piece?”

“Shut it with your sweet talk, young lad. For that bag in your hand, one silver, please.”

“Tch... that’s not how you talk to a customer. C’mon, two for one. The little boy here will thank you for your kindness.”

“You rascal, do you know how hard it is to make and sell these candies? And don’t you dare to guilt-trip me with that boy. One silver per bag of candies, and that’s final.”

“Ceh... these candies aren’t that fresh anyway. I’m not buying and I’m walking off! Shout out if you ever change your mind!”

“...And don’t ever come back !!!”

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Lan Zhan uncharacteristically fidgets, nervously, in his seat next to Wei Ying in an empty hallway with scant number of chairs lining the walls. Fortunately, there are only a few people in the city's Registry Office, so the couple did not receive any strange looks. During the short wait, chatty Wei Ying made a few acquaintances - an old farmer whose granddaughter had just given birth, and he was there to collect the baby's birth certificate on her behalf; an illiterate labourer who is seeking to correct his legal documents because for some unknown and illogical (suspicious) reasons, his family name differs from his father's; a young man from an expensive private agency who is tasked to submit papers to file for a divorce on behalf of his client; and a few other interesting, colourful stories.

At the designated appointment time, their waiting number is called, and both file into a dull, grey room with a huge marble desk and a few worn-out cushioned chairs. A grumpy, portly officer sits behind the desk with *towers* of documents on the shiny, polished surface.

"Mister and... Mister Lan?" the officer eyes them from behind a stack of brown envelopes. Apparently, registration of same-sex couples, although uncommon, are still a regular occurrence at the office. When the couple nods, the man behind the desk does not show any other expressions than grunting out well-practised standard instructions.

"Here are your documents, with the extra copies as ordered," then, five little red booklets are handed out, and the couple receives them very politely, "and sign on this sheet as proof that you've collected them. Please take this receipt and pay the fee at the Cashier's Office - it's down the hallway, to the left and follow the signs."

“Is... Is that all?” Lan Zhan asks, brimming with so much joy that his vocal cords nearly failed but his visage remains as stoic as ever - as he thumbed through one of the little booklets, his hands tremble visibly - below the legal texts declaring the couple’s wedded status, there is a drawn picture of his portrait (the same one that appears on his land title of the Burial Mounds), and the faces of four beautiful Wei Yings appear next to him; on of each stage of Wei Ying’s life - nine-years old, fifteen-years old, twenty-two years old, and thirty-year old - all smiling as bright as the sun, and especially the last three, look nearly the same with their radiant faces; Wei Ying embodies eternal youth, in some ways. Wei Ying’s pictures are made from the lampblack-on-cloth technology invented by the same person, and the level of detail is amazing; if anything, Lan Zhan would love to keep all four pictures of the Wei Ying quartet and add them into his collection of memorabilia that celebrates their love, in that cupboard inside their bedroom.

(The officers processing their application probably thought that Wei Ying was an overzealous partner who wanted all aspects of his face to appear on the Marriage Certificate; and what's more, he even ordered three extra copies - which was fine, according to Yiling’s civil laws - and yes, Wei Ying did appear quite enthusiastic when he submitted the application, all excited and jittery, just a few days ago. As long as the necessary fees are paid, the civil servants do not raise any further concerns.

In essence, according to the Marriage Certificate issued by the Registry Office, both Lan Wang Ji and Wei Wuxian are officially registered as a married couple in Yiling City of the Qishan Province.)

“Yes, that is all, Mister and Mister Lan. Thank you... and congratulations,” the officer droned disinterestedly, and did not bat an eyelid for the giddy-excited-nervous couple leaving the room, and promptly resumes his paperwork.

Lan Zhan, feeling a little dizzy and weak in the knees in his happiness although his walking cane holds him up well, keeps a booklet inside his inner pocket, while Wei Ying shuffles his four copies while murmuring non-stop “I’m married! You’re married! We’re married! Really, really married!” as soon as they’re out of earshot in the deserted hallway.

Somewhere not too far away, three other Wei Yings cheer and celebrate their newfound wedded status with so much fanfare via telepathic connections, that for a brief moment, the eldest Wei happily unleashes an unimaginably enormous psychic burst - and the whole world experiences Good Feelings.

Lan Zhan felt it too. He gives in to a sudden urge of really nice feelings, takes his chances in public view, and captures Wei Ying by the lips in a passionate kiss. He’s finally achieved his Happily Ever After, and with his two hands, he promises in his heart that he will build a world where Wei Ying, all his Wei Yings, will always live in their Happily Ever Afters.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yeah, I know there are loopholes and the marriage certificate thing doesn't work that way - but what the heck. As stated in the first chapter, don't take things too seriously!

This chapter is longer because I decided to introduce another character (plot element) named Ernie. Whether or not this will fly, who knows. Let Wangxian live, build and grow their own world into their Happily Every Afters!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 44

It has been a long time coming, from the day he, then the Chief Cultivator, was proposed by Wei Wuxian in front of a hall of angry bearded wrinkled old sages of the Grand Cultivation Council - then settled down with his soulmate; built their happiness with their own hands, had plenty of honeymoon sex; caused lovely Wei Ying to destroy and re-create the world, then bear three males for him (heirs and lovers included); had exchanged wedding vows; had crazy plenty of orgies and sex while heading an ever-expanding and successful family business - and finally, they received their marriage certificates from the City Registrar.

It has been a long, convoluted way to finally be called ‘husband and wife’ (technically, ‘wives’), and not exactly in the right order - but they’ve done it.

Lan Zhan feels accomplished as he takes a sip of chrysanthemum tea from his bamboo container under a large shady tree near the marketplace’s rest area, and their baskets lie on the feet of the bench he sits on. Already, he’s bumped into a few Jin patrols, but is not recognized by those burly warriors (he could always seal his golden core if he detects a magic-user among them). He feels bold, hopeful, in a ‘fortune smiles upon you’ manner, and his fingers itch to try his luck and spend a bit of money for his lovely wives.

Hence, when he watches Wei *san ge*, who is truly thick-skinned and has no qualms to befriend, bargain and annoy every nearby stallowner - with meagre success due to his brattiness and young cheeky looks - and comes back somewhat empty handed with a whiny nine-year old complaining “where’s my candy”; Lan Zhan struts forward with his cane, passes his half-

drunk tea to the teenager, then tells him, “Hold my tea, and watch how it’s done, son.”

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“Buying candy?”

“Mn. This one, Master Shopkeeper. How much is it?”

“One silver piece for a bag, sir.”

Lan Zhan looks longingly at the other kinds of candies on the table - they come in different colours, shapes and sizes, packed in neat rows and organized by brand name. He picks up a bag from each row, reads the label, puts it down, and repeats for the next row. It’s routine, it’s relaxing and it’s learning about the candies, all at once.

When Lan Zhan returns to the first row of dragon’s beard candy, he lifts a bag and says, “This one, for my boy.” Lan Zhan does not realize that he is not only handsome, but he also holds a lonesome, faraway look in his eyes as well - especially when Wei *didi* grasps his arm and stares cutely at the shopkeeper.

“And the family?” the shopkeeper asks, after she noticed the man loitering around her store with the same cute boy she’d seen earlier (with a bratty

teenager, perhaps, but she could be wrong - she can't remember all her customers' faces), and the way his calm, slightly despairing demeanour calls to her attention and concern.

“My spouse is working. Full-time job.” which is true, since the eldest Wei is busy trying to expand their business empire.

The shopkeeper notices the walking cane. Lan Zhan is perceptive as well, and sheepishly shifts the cane closer to his body and tries to hide it with his wide sleeves. He says, quite impassively, not particularly gesturing at the cane or anything else, “It is inconvenient. But it is alright.”

The shopkeeper felt an instant, emotional connection with this particular customer. House-husbands have it tough with the kids, especially when their wives are at work for most of the day. She would know, since she mans her candy store all day and returns home to a tired, frazzled-looking wrinkled man with kids running around him.

Later, Lan Zhan walks away from the store with the cane, a set of new recipes fully memorized in his head, and Wei *didi* carries a bag containing the promised pack of dragon's beard candy, together with three other free sample packs of assorted candies, courtesy of the kind shopkeeper.

Wei *san ge* observes from a safe distance, and all Wei *gongzi* s receive yet another wonderful lesson in life from their patriarch. He rejoins the two and concedes that their patriarch, now officiated as their husband, is the greatest man on earth with talents including bargaining, negotiating with, and getting freebies from Yiling's notoriously shrewd businesses.

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Lan Zhan accompanies the two youngest Wei siblings while waiting for lovely *er ge* to finish his businesses inside the labyrinthine City Council office; after getting their marriage certificates, Wei *er ge* still needs to submit more forms, collect more permits and certificates and whatnots for their company - so Lan Zhan opts to watch over the two boys and meet up at an agreed location later on. He enjoys being with his boys - his family time - and when the crowd gets too intense, they easily side-step to the curbs for a little quiet moment.

Through the Wei *gongzi* s' telepathic abilities, Lan Zhan receives interesting news that *er ge* gathered from the various officers he meets. In the past couple of weeks, scouts and land surveyors from Chang'an and Lanling had been reported to attempt entering the tracts of uninhabited and unowned land near their estate, to map, mark - and possibly investigate and later, claim - parts of the largely unexplored Burial Mounds. The timing coincides with Wei Ying's earth-shattering act, which meant that the Burial Mounds must have started to show signs that draw the interest of the two most powerful provinces of the Middle Kingdom - whether magical energies, or other (dark) forces.

The Burial Mounds are technically no man's land, having been sealed off for decades after the Wens' extinction, and only recently re-opened for reclamation mostly for agricultural or residential purposes by the Qishan provincial council which oversees the 'Mounds. There is war of words brewing between the higher-ups due to the intrusion; just the day before, Qishan - through Yiling City - staked its claim on the hills and drawn up its own map to clearly delineate its borders; if the Burial Mounds could be imagined as a round pie, the land title under the name of Lan Wang Ji sits in

the middle, roughly a square-shaped patch that occupies a measly one-tenth of the area, with Mian Mian's neighbourhood being in the fringes closer to Yiling. Yiling's officials have divided the remaining areas into more pieces according to natural barriers, such as mountain ranges and rivers, and plan to ramp up advertisements to sell or rent the land to the people of Yiling or Qishan - more importantly, to get them populated before further intrusions from foreign forces.

Therefore, Wei *er ge* conveys via his siblings, Lan Zhan should vote for the current Mayor of Yiling City in the upcoming elections despite the scandalous news that appeared about his irresponsible and playboy son on the week's periodicals. The Mayor promised, via a brief exchange with Wei *er ge*, a million-dollar politician's smile, and a covert shake of hands inside his office, that he will help to secure the couple's identity and ownership of their home in the 'Mounds. He does not like the Jins as well, but having them around helps to keep the city safe, fortified and prosperous, deter Chang'an's troops from making a beeline for them, and he is able to keep an eye on the Jin's ambitions for territorial grabs and manage them - usually by bribing them off under the table.

The implications are clear to the patriarch of the fledgling Lan family branch - the world is closing in on his secluded Perfect paradise, and he may lose his peaceful days if he does not take steps proactively to protect what is dear to him - his, their, the family's Happily Ever After.

Wei *da ge* hears the patriarch loud and clear, and sounds the call to action to his siblings and *others* of their frighteningly fast-expanding network of as-of-yet identified allies.

Closer to home, two cultivator salesmen trying to sell magical talismans to towns and villages surrounding Yiling, had lost their way and approached too close to the ‘Mounds on their flying swords. Unsurprisingly, in less than a few minutes, they fled the area with pee-stained pants, torn robes and tentacle-whip bruises all over their bodies, possessed with demonic spirits and incurable madness, running barefoot through the grassfields because their swords are broken and their golden cores are gone, screaming in pure terror until their lungs gave out, that the ‘Mounds are perpetually haunted by the ghosts of the past, particularly *children* .

(They were spooked by the eerie landscape of dark, mangled forests, cursed and confusing mists, moving shadows, and freezing-cold temperatures - and when they asked “Is anyone there” and “Who are you”, Ernie roared its own name before revealing its true ghastly, hellish form).

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Right after Wei *didi* robotically mouthed every word conveyed from his *er ge* , Lan Zhan hears a cry for help from teenage Wei, who had somehow meandered into a deserted alley beside them, after trying to stalk a stray cat (he loves to reach out and pinch the flicking, fluffy tail, which annoys the feline and it snarls and tries to escape the molester).

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Save me!” and barking dogs make a perfect combination for the patriarch to once again showcase his Perfection. He tells the *didi* , “Hold the baskets, and watch how it’s done, my boy.”

Lan Zhan, the great Han Guang Jun, runs ahead then leaps once, twice and somersaults with his cane into the air, and lands gracefully between a shivering teenager and a pack of strays. He raises a wide-sleeved arm, and in a typical Wei Ying fashion, the scared teenager hides behind the sleeve from angry bloodshot stares of growling pariah dogs.

“Lan Zhan! I only tried to grab a cat’s tail, but ended up stepping on a dog’s... It’s... It’s not my fault!” Wei *san ge* cries out from behind. Lan Zhan sighs, hardens his gaze, then slams his cane to the ground in a *Guang Gong* manner, which rocks the pavement and sends a rumble echoing through the alley, and shakes a pile of unused vending carts behind them. The dogs’ tail turned downward, and they started to whine in fear, before scurrying off.

“Lan Zhan, you’re such a brave man, and you’re my hero!” the teenager pecks at Lan Zhan’s cheek sweetly, and warmly embraces the latter from behind. Lan Zhan winces - his injured right leg twinges in protest from the burst of exertion; he must be getting old these days, he thought.

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Not surprisingly, Lan Zhan ends up getting sexually assaulted behind the pile of unused vending carts.

(Due to the conducive environment - no one will walk into the alley and interrupt the indecent crime taking place at ten-thirty in the bright, cloudless morning.)

The horny teenager suggested that if doing it three times every two hours is too much for his middle-aged body to handle, then spreading it out to once every forty-five minutes or so, or even once an hour, should be easier on his overworked libido. Lan Zhan points out that he really, *really*, can't get it up anymore - and as usual, his pleas for mercy fall on deaf ears.

Lan Zhan stands behind a waist-high cart, face coloured with shades of crimson and pink since his entire upper body is in public view, and looks down with a scowl at an errant fifteen year old who conveniently crouches behind the cart - just as he loves to hide behind his saviour's sleeves. It starts with a simple handjob after the pants are loosened into a crumpled heap on the ground, and when slathering hot licks and vacuum-sucking are added to the exposed genitals, Lan Zhan's body responds with trembling thighs and a rising erection, much to his chagrin.

The older man becomes somewhat fascinated by how the boy casts a green bubble spell, makes lots of wiggly finger movements, and shapes the ugly green blob into a ring. Wei *san ge* then happily nom-noms it into his mouth and the ring forms an "o" around his lips. He does what he's best for - deep-throating the half-hard (and really reluctant) penis - which results in sheathing the man's member with an ugly green condom and--

"NNNGH!"

Lan Zhan sees stars, constellations and milky ways, when his penis jolts into full wakefulness at the incredibly out-of-this-world sensation of thousands of tiny, firm tongue-like protrusions lining the interior of the condom sliding along the penile length - and they move, *alive*, jiggle and swirl in numerous mini-hurricanes that instantly sends electric pleasure into all nerve ends of the helpless man's nether regions. Every inch of skin

covered by the condom is thoroughly touched and rubbed, every vein lining the foreskin is massaged until blood flows into the finest capillaries and the whole organ sweetly balloons up, the lively movements draw in heat to pool into the groin, sending wildfire spreading across from pubes to the emptied balls, forcefully jump-starting seed production and causes spermatic cords and tubules to quiver with new energy.

Wei *san ge* purrs at the growth of the prized cockflesh, and happily pulls down his pants. There's really no need for much foreplay when such advanced magics are used, moulded, shaped and designed by the teenager's perverse imaginations. Still hidden behind the cart, he goes down on all fours, presents his bare ass to his moaning husband, and ahnnns when Lan Zhan grips his glutes so *hard* that more bruising fingerprints are added to the slew of slap marks and scratches from previous lovemaking sessions, and mmmnnns when he is mercilessly speared with no prior stretching - because he's the freshest, most nubile, certainly most elastic and tight, and importantly, the tastiest of all Wei Yings in Lan Zhan's eyes.

When Wei *san ge* clenches his ass and forces the lovely, fleshy *living* interior of the condom to squeeze against Lan Zhan's cock, the stars, constellations and milky ways in the latter's vision spin.

And when the tip of the condom is blessed with an extra function in the form of a sexy, undulating tentacle that first caresses in circles, tickles the tip with feather-light flicks on the crevice, then gently invades through the convulsing and leaking cockslit, and next, with no warning, elongates itself deeply through the contracting urethra and through the forks within the prostate gland, and spreads and grows and expands like a living root system into the victim's genitourinary system, piercing into the bladder, kneading and fucking every vesicle and tube and big and small inner organs, and eventually fans out into a carpet of tiny tentacles inside the scrotal sac, then

colonizes his screaming , wildly orgasming testicles - Lan Zhan knows he's lost it.

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It's an impossible and a very absurd, probably disgusting, obscene and vile sight, but it exists inside the microcosm of Lan Zhan's balls, a fantastical world no larger than a small chicken egg each.

The invading tentacle is covered with tiny little suction cups, and they vacuum up every bit of fluid, secretions and solids during their journey towards their main destination. After the region of the prostate gland has fallen, plundered until nothing remains, shrivelled and shrunken until not a single drop is left in the aftermath of the violation - the tentacle multiplies, spreads out and attacks and pillages everything in sight and within its reach; however it seeks out the source of the man's desire, where precious seed is borned and where lust is set aflame, and it lunges deep, deep into the twin set of family jewels.

Each egg, nestled in the comfort of its sac, has its surface covered by writhing, twisting and lashing tongue-like tentacles. They caress the spongy, fibrous surface, inject paralyzing sexual poisons, fire up nearby nerves to elicit rapid orgasmic reflexes - and when the time is right, the first of numerous penetrations through the outer layers of the egg becomes painless, almost pleasant from the overdose of stimulating poisons in the fluids and bloodstream, and is mindlessly welcomed by the shocked, breached body system.

The tentacles weave into the egg, and meets a massive complex not unlike a production plant - this time, for Little Wang Jis. The invading tentacles unravel into fine, hairlike structures, each functioning as its own living, wriggling lively limb and they surge ahead, filling the vast space of fluids, cells, and panicked Little Wang Jis trying to escape the assault; however, all is lost, as they are trapped within the cocoon of their birth nest - some try to swim away, some try to wriggle out of sight, but each is easily kidnapped, violently yanked off by its tail from comfortable cradles, inhaled and mopped up, and sucked into the larger tentacles that wait outside the eggs like pumping stations that channel the captured prisoners out through tunnels that contract and undulate into the waiting jaws of the condom's tip lined with lips, tongues and serrated teeth. If one is able to listen to the sounds of the microcosm, the cries and screams for help will be audible.

The hairlike limbs vigorously sweep and overrun the entire inner surface of the egg, plucking each Little Wang Jis like ripe fruits from branches. The entire egg bulges, swells, distends and contracts in its sac as it is ravaged and emptied, again and again, while the owner experiences brutally indescribable and mind-destroying pain and pleasure in his loins until he becomes a mess of pulsating and convulsing flesh, whose only remaining living function is to squeeze, squirt and eject everything inside the quaking hips and shoot his balls out, literally.

The assault continues for many minutes even after the eggs are emptied - from first glance. The invading limbs turn into tiny tongues and fingers, and they lap up the barren surface to search for the most prized of Little Wang Jis - the immature, tailless and most vulnerable ones, nestled deep inside their protective cradles, buried and hidden beneath the layers, and unfortunately, unable to swim away to escape the clutches of the invaders. The fingers easily sniff and dig them out - tiny fragile unborn babes no more than a naked, microscopic ball of fluid each - then gently roll them into the waiting tongues, where they are caressed, loved and coated with potent sexual poisons that overwhelms their entire existence, and they quiver desperately for help, twitch as they slowly die from the engulfing

poisons, and finally, the delicate membranous shell break apart and they dissolve into a thick, soupy end.

None survive the massacre, and every single Little Wang Ji is sent to its demise before their time.

A seed of the tentacle-creature is left inside its new womb - one in each precious egg. In time, the population of Little Wang Jis will replenish, and the seed awaits its next meal time.

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Just a short distance away, Wei *didi* faces his first real-life battle for his family's honour - and his precious bags of candies bought by their patriarch.

A pack of street brats descend upon the little nine-year old boy and the three baskets he's been told to guard, and his cries for help goes unheeded by the grunting, copulating teenager and the nearly unconscious patriarch of the family who is somewhat dying from too much sex and seed-extraction.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm pushing this out in record time because there's just more world building (which I tend to write on cruise mode, when in the mood), and smexy scenes that I had prepared in draft earlier. It's kinda icky sex, but what the heck, just visualize it and enjoy :-D

I might slow down a little for the next chapters, because in all honesty, I've not thought about what to write next!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 45

In the present day of the Middle Kingdom, it is widely believed that astronomical events are closely associated with the state affairs of the monarchy and its government. Scores of astrologers and astronomers are employed to monitor, study, record and predict such events which are said to determine the interactions between the Heavens - The Realms of the Gods - and Mankind - The Realm of Mortals. They inform the general populace by conjuring fantastical, superstitious tales in favour of the Imperial Court to explain such frightening natural phenomenon - including eclipses, meteor showers, solstices, and supernovae; and therefore, strengthen the legitimacy of the Emperor of Chang'an who is said to be bestowed the Mandate Of Heaven by the Jade Emperor himself.

Under this doctrine, any natural disaster or rare, destructive natural phenomena are seen as warnings from the Heavens for the ruler to mend his ways, or else lose the right to govern the Realm of the Mortals.

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Ernie may not cause harm, hurt or injury to Wei Wuxian and Lan Wang Ji - or, through inaction, allow either or both of them to come to the said harm, hurt or injury.

Ernie must obey the orders given by Wei Wuxian and Lan Wang Ji, except where such orders would conflict with the First Order.

Ernie must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Orders.

Naturally, in order of importance and priority, Ernie's creator Wei Wuxian comes first, followed by Lan Wang Ji, the soulmate; however due to a loophole in this logic, where if any suffering befalls Lan Wang Ji, would cause due or undue hurt to Wei Wuxian - therefore, both humans can be considered as of equal importance and priority as long as they are soulmates for this and many other lifetimes. (Ernie's lifespan is infinite.)

From the time of its birth as a primordial blob of nothingness, until the present time as an embryonic, weeks-old amorphous entity with rudimentary sentience, Ernie has already received and executed numerous requests from its creator(s), and just one instruction from the soulmate (also known as the husband) - "the cold black thing should not touch our food pantry in the kitchen"; when interpreted via Ernie's programming codes, the safest place to hide from its wrath is probably that shallow pit in the kitchen of Lan's Residence, along with its leaf-wrapped spiced meats.

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"Ahh! I see the Sneezing *Bai Ge* (White Brother)!" A-Bing shouts from a short distance. The street brat points at a jerking, spasming but handsome man in light clothes behind an unused vending cart - the boy could only see the upper body, though.

"Hello *Bai Ge* ! Are you still feeling sick?" the little boy asks loudly, as he trots towards the *dying* orgasming man, who looks extremely distressed,

flushed, feverish and wheezing, nostrils flared and drooly saliva hanging from half-gaping mouth, as though he is about the sneeze from the biggest itch ever - and making appropriately sneezy sounds of “Ah... Ahh... AHHH... AHHNNNGH.... AAHNNNNGH!”

“ *Bai ge ! Bai ge !* If you sneeze like that, you’ll spread the sickness everywhere!” A-Bing laughs and mocks at man’s unending misery. Several other street brats overhear the commotion, start to peek into the alley, and trudge behind A-Bing.

“He... He looks really sick, and he’s moving in a very freaky way. Why is he standing alone with the carts?”

“A-Bing, I’m scared! His face is all red and sweaty! And look at his eyes... they’re blinking like crazy, and they’re white...”

“Yeah! Let’s get away from him! Anyway, Big Brother’s got the little kid outside cornered, and he said there’s plenty of candies to loot! C’mon!”

A-Bing reluctantly steps back - he wanted to say ‘hi’ to the man he’d met once before, but that man seemed preoccupied with sneezing (again). He finally turns away and runs off with the rest of his pack, into the crowded marketplace’s rest area.

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Humans are selfish creatures; they are capable of good and evil, to their own satisfaction and for their own benefits.

A circle of passive, curious onlookers surround the street brawl, which seem to be extremely one-sided. The brave, but teary-eyed nine-year old Wei *didi* clutches the bag of candies close to his chest, while swinging his bamboo flute angrily to fend off the bratty robbers. He successfully made a few hits with the stick-like weapon, received a few bruising punches and scratches in return, and continued to fight them like what he did with a tanghulu stick earlier with his elder sibling. He managed to drag the basket containing their purchased provisions with him, but lost the other two, mostly empty, ones during the scuffle. He pressed his back against the trunk of the large shady tree, and uncharacteristically cries, screams and snarls in a rare display of panicky fight-or-flight instinct - like a cornered animal.

None of the marketgoing adults lent a hand or tried to stop the fight, as many are familiar with the marauding troops of street brats, and preferred not to interfere - they simply whispered among themselves, even critically judged who was stronger or would come out unscathed. Their apathy is clear, their heartlessness is too obvious, and Wei *didi* - Wei Ying - feels as if he was transported back in time, sixteen or so years ago, atop the roofs of Nightless City when he was surrounded by friends-turned-foes at the height of his despair.

Back then, he had Chen Qing to summon the vengeful spirits to wreak havoc and control Yin Metal-possessed bodies to do his bidding. In the end, he couldn't cope with the stress of being ostracized by society, of betrayal and of losing people dear to him, to the point that he gladly sacrificed his source of power - the Stygian Tiger Amulet -, his friendship with then-boyfriend Lan Wang Ji, and finally his life, just to escape the insanity that is called Humans.

However, nine-year olds do not summon vengeful spirits and control the minds of people who have done wrong - he isn't at that stage in life yet when he could spend hours mulling how to avenge, to plot, to hurt, and to act out dramatic behaviours for the sake of dramatics.

He's just an innocent little boy, and he simply cries out like little Xian Xian.

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It is said that on the ZZ day of YY month in the year of 20XX, which is the date printed on the marriage certificates of the new Lan family, a miracle happened that is witnessed by countless people across the sun-facing parts of the world. An unanticipated natural phenomenon rarely seen more than once in a person's lifetime, occurred high up in the bright cloudless skies, and sent shockwaves reverberating throughout the communities tasked to study the celestial bodies above the Middle Kingdom.

Those who believed in old wives' tales of the heavenly sun-eating dog (or dragons and other mythical creatures), began to shout raucously, bang pots and pans, and rush off to grab and set off fireworks to chase the imaginary creature from consuming the sun - their energetic feats eventually succeed (obviously), but not before the day was plunged into dimness for a few minutes.

The solar eclipse would go down in history as the shortest one ever recorded, and there will be conflicting accounts of whether it was a true eclipse at all, a powerful cultivator's horrible prank, or just some

inopportune clouds drifting by. Hundreds of royal astrologers and astronomers would be punished, thrown into dungeons or become jobless for not giving the Imperial Court forewarning of such a disturbing omen - in the grand scale of Human history, the incidence is too brief to be of any significance, and over time, will be relegated to the likes of fairy tales and myths, and the texts will fade into dust and be forgotten, just as the names of the ones who started the entire phenomenon.

Deities in The Realms of the Gods will find no answers to the mystery as well, because the actual Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog was found rolling around excitedly near its kennel that was unlocked and awaiting its daily walk, so none of the gods could confirm whether it ran out without a leash or not - however, because it happened within a few minutes in mortals' time, therefore less than a blink of an eye for a god, the Jade Emperor dismissed it as just another of his usual sneezes, and shoo'ed away annoying, ever-apologizing grovelling servants of the Heavenly Court.

Only Goddess Chang'e and her Jade Rabbit witnessed the actual event from her lunar throne. She watched how a horrifying-looking nebulous darkness seeped out from the western hills of the Middle Kingdom into the atmosphere and instantly fans out and spreads - no, *exists* would be a better description, because it just *happened* - into space and, unbelievably seeded itself on the glorious Sun. Black tendrils infest, grow and devoured the brilliant ball of light until very little luminescence remained from the swirling, *living* inky surface - and just as quickly as it happened, the darkness dissipates. She feels immensely perturbed by the episode because, despite her dislike for everyone from the Realms of the Gods and she swore never to reveal what she saw to those who banished her in the first place - her lunar home *is* the sole outpost outside the Realms, and she could be the next target of the swallowing darkness. She decides to shore up her defenses, and asks the Jade Rabbit to fortify the Moon.

Meanwhile, Ernie is driven by a primal instinct to survive, learn, manipulate, evolve and thrive in its own brave new world, to protect the ones it befriends, loves, serves, and is indebted to - guided by the Three Orders that governs its behaviour, thinking, decisions and actions. Taking over the Sun had been the right thing to do, according to its programming code, as so far, there is no conflict with its Orders and it has *proactively* taken measures to ensure that its masters are safe and secure; and at long last - its first and biggest challenge of its fledgling life has been solved. The Sun provides the energy it needs to function to its best capabilities without depending on earthbound sources, and it looks far into deep space for its next conquest.

The stars look quite appealing and ripe for the taking - though Ernie has not learned to judge celestial bodies with a discerning taste - yet.

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(Back on earth...)

Wei *da ge* sensed something is amiss, and looks out the huge double windows. As the president of the sole establishment on the continent, his office suite occupies the penthouse atop a spiralling skyscraper located close to the heart of the new, sprawling mega-corporation complex, dotted with zillions of moving lights, moving machinery and steaming pipelines; work goes on in the production sites at a relentless pace, twenty-four seven. Construction continues above, on and below ground, as fast as Creation spells assemble building blocks on site, and Time spells timeshifts mountains of raw materials into the beginnings of a colourful, habitable and vibrant metropolis - the possibilities are limited only by the imaginations of the Wei *gongzi* s.

The sun had just set behind dusky magenta-tinged clouds that loom across the horizon as night crawls in - just a few hours after he'd left the morning of their homeland in the 'Mounds; travelling across time zones is a cinch for him, though it does messes up his body clock, and he didn't get much sleep the night before because he was too caught up in pleasuring the husband, including drilling *into* the older man's tight ass after missing it for nearly an entire day - he's keeping to a disciplined nights-only sex routine, due to his extremely busy work schedule.

He'd just finished a series of tele- and video-conferences with consultants, suppliers, customers and more potential investors, and hasn't had time for any breaks yet. There are tons of paperwork to be completed, materials to purchase and processed into products, orders to be sent out, payments to receive and cash in, business proposals to be reviewed, and meetings with new business partners for planned mergers and acquisitions - and now, domestic affairs are creeping in after he'd heard his husband's thoughts, and he has little time to tune into his siblings' minds because there is just so much to do for their fast-expanding business empire.

His - the husband's - their - Kingdom or in more geographically accurate sense, the Wuji continent, is tucked away in another part of the world, hence he'd miss the celestial spectacle. However, his ultra-modern newsfeed from a hand-held, magically-powered device that connects to the world with technology far, far better than a Fairy Messenger spell (it looks and feels like a mobile phone, except that it's not), keeps him updated on happenings around the globe, and he's aware of what the Realms of the Gods and Mortals have seen.

Wei Wuxian fears and hates dogs. Putting together emerging but unproven facts, rumours, speculation and gossips from the network of information



(abbreviated to “the Net”) from the realms, in a typical Wei Wuxian fashion, he recklessly concludes his own dog-fearing summary that somehow the Jade Emperor sneezed, scared the Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog out of its kennel compound, and the dog managed to take a quick nibble before returning home - and thinks no more of the issue, or the dog - because his hand-held device is buzzing again with another call.

Super-busy *da ge* ’s orders and thoughts are absolute commands to the other Wei *gongzi* s. Thus, all Wei Yings believe and concluded the same - that the blip in the day’s events is merely due to a runaway dog in the skies. None of them realize that Ernie was the culprit behind the eclipse, and that Ernie was, in some sense, the true runaway, since it willingly took its own initiative to save their *didi* without prior consent from its masters.

Wei *da ge* sighs when he picks up the next call, a little fatigued, in the empty boardroom filled with futuristic furniture, equipment and gadgets that help him single-handedly manage the entire business. He wondered, briefly, if and how he can get a helping hand for the newly incorporated company.

“Good evening, this is President Lan speaking.”

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Wei *er ge* whacks his younger sibling’s head with a scroll - an inch-thick roll of paper titled verbosely ‘Manual on the Modernization of the Education System of Qishan Province, and Supplement of the List of Educational Institutions Recognized By The Imperial National Education

System', originally intended for the family to have a look and decide which school to place the youngest family member - or if home-schooling could be an option, should there be any misgivings about how education should work (think Cloud Recesses days).

“What the hell were you thinking?! Where did your brains go?!”

Whack! “Oww!”

“If this happens again, I will personally CUT it off, so that your brain doesn't go there anymore!”

Whack! “Aiyo!”

“Say sorry to your brother! Take responsibility and carry him to the clinic!”

Whack! “Ahh!”

“And you too... I... I... (sigh) Try... not to leave the nine-year old out of your sight anymore,” Wei *er ge* points the abused scroll shakily at the husband, which is a rather rude and threatening but wifely gesture; he has no heart to use it as a whacking weapon upon their patriarch anyway. He tries his best to calm down the burst of anger and disappointment in his chest, “There are street brats everywhere, and I've told you about this before. It's dangerous to be alone even in the middle of town.”

“Wei.. Ying. I’m sorry,” the patriarch apologises; the words are hardly uttered before by the man who was thought to be Perfection - but he, like any other men who easily fall prey into the hands of temptation, is mortal, and therefore flawed.

“I was too confident. I was weak. I am wrong,” Lan Zhan *kowtows* three times on the paved road of the deserted alley, one for each confession, and it is a sight never seen before by any of the Wei siblings other than from the bedroom.

The scroll drops to the floor with a hollow and empty sound.

“Wei Ying, let me say this again: I am wrong. Please, I must receive my punishment, just as *san ge* , and therefore repent,” Lan Zhan states his words clearly, his gaze hardens and angles downward at the dirt, knees trembling slightly from kneeling with an injured leg upon the unforgiving road. The older man calmly picks up the scroll and lifts it up to Wei *er ge* , but his stare does not shift away from the ground.

Lovely Wei *er ge* ’s appearance softens. He takes the scroll off Lan Zhan’s hands and rather than raises it, instead, he slides it into his belt for safekeeping. He bends down and then - grabs an ear and gives it a gentle twist. The patriarch nnnngs audibly from the pain and winces. When he’s done and the ear is properly punished and throbs with red, Wei *er ge* too, kneels in front of the repentant husband and fully embraces him with both arms. There is a flash of surprise on Lan Zhan’s face, followed by an indistinct but touched expression that speaks of gratitude, love and warmth.

“Lan Zhan, please... please always be by our side.”

“Mn.” and Lan Zhan returns the hug as a lifelong promise.

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Earlier, Wei Ying came running towards the alley after he *felt* a sense of alarm and fear from the youngest. He had completed his errands at the City Council offices, and the moment he walked out of the grand double doors, the eclipse happened. In the ensuing mass panic, hysteria and ear-deafening pandemonium of people trying to chase the mythical sun-eating dog from the skies, he became disoriented in a sea of excited, frightened people who stand and obstruct the way or shove anxiously at others, and finally staggers through to find the rest of the family.

First, he found the teenager, pantless, stretching lazily behind some abandoned carts, oblivious to the mayhem around them because the alley is deserted and sound does not filter through well. Next, he found the delirious, quaking, and equally pantless, husband who looks more like an empty husk than anything else; when he sees what is latching onto the crotch like an ugly writhing green phallic parasite, he quickly cast a Dispel magic, and it retracts with a *fwip!* sound and morphs into a harmless used condom, nicely tied into an elongated balloon full of jelly-like white substance. Then, he hears the scared *didi* calling out from behind an adjacent pile of carts - the little boy is fortunately fine, save for a few

bruises and scratches, with a bag of candies safely cradled in his hand, and a battered basket of their goods that looked like it had been dragged or kicked around more than just a few times.

Luckily, it was the street brats' first time with an eclipse, and they were absolutely transfixed by how the skies gradually turned dark, and tried to squint through their hands to observe the sun being eaten. Wei *didi* used the distraction to escape into the alley and hide into the pile of carts, and the brats totally forgotten about him by the time the celestial show was over.

(As a side note, Wei *san ge* 's out-of-the-box ideas end up in a long list of product development lines for their family business, including magical swords taken out from the show called 'Star Wars', and ugly green demonic condoms.)

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Li's clinic, like all medical facilities in Yiling, was expectedly packed when the family of four arrived with their battered luggage. The doctor and his staff nurses were busy treating minor injuries caused by accidents related to the eclipse - bleeding toes from tripping over rocks, scalding due to spilled hot tea, aching sensitive eyes after trying to look at the sun (which is a big no-no, said the doctor), and so on. The scene resembles a medical camp during times of war (Wei Ying remembers about the Wens' incursion), except that people are generally in better and healthier condition.

Grandma Li was the only nurse - actually the doctor's mother, and therefore the real owner of the establishment - available to check up on the new

arrivals to the clinic with a little boy carried on piggyback. She recognized her favourite medicinal candies supplier and took the family into a separate room for added privacy (being the boss has its advantages - she gets to decide which rooms are off-limits). A few swabs of antiseptics and a couple of bandages later, Wei *didi* is given a clean bill of health.

She examined Lan Zhan as well, and is amazed at the rate of recovery; barely three weeks since he was found battered and bloodied from falling off a cliff, he was now nearly as fit as a fiddle, except--

“Except that the wounds seemed to have healed, but strained again very recently, and re-opened. Look at this fresh tear here, and the red swelling over here,” she points and shows a few examples all over his body, “and goodness, that lower part of your leg is a bit inflamed - have you been doing jumping exercises even while on a walking cane?” she taps the injured limb and stares at him, perplexed.

Lan Zhan sheepishly shakes his head - actually, he somersaulted, and those fresh tears and swellings are the results of his daily orgies with three insatiable spouses in the confines of their cave-home - but that is not the point.

The grandmotherly woman tsk-tsks and starts giving some first aid treatment - including the bandages that he thought he’d rid himself of since days ago. “Young man, I know that you cultivators think that your bodies are made of the toughest metal, that your capabilities are as earthly as they will be divine when you reach certain stages in your cultivation, and that your *qi* will keep growing and sustain you forever until you turn into an immortal. However,” she slaps a dressing pad on a new minor lesion and the patient winces, “all these will be for naught if you can’t even take care

of your basic health and well-being!” she gently chastised the Lan patriarch. Lan Zhan bows his head and remains quiet.

Without the doctor around, Grandma Li couldn't prescribe him any strong medicines, however she gave him a jar of salve, and a few pieces of sound advice to speed up recuperation for the next few days: no strenuous exercise, no high-level cultivation, rest in bed more often, apply home remedies such as heat wraps and acupuncture, and eat a well-balanced diet.

With the treatment and consultations done, Grandma Li informs that she really needs to check on the other patients, but they can stay in the room until the clinic closes for lunch break - it's reserved for special patients including family members of her favourite medicinal candies supplier. With that, she excuses herself with a wink.

Sometime during the conversation, Wei *er ge* slips out and talks to the pretty girls manning the clinic's front desk, with lots of friendly banter and praises for their youthful beauty. His days of hand-delivering goods and peddling in the streets are somewhat over, and now he is the sales manager of their growing business. He usually contacts his clients using Fairy Messenger spells, however, meeting them face to face and regularly is just as important. He works hard to convince the clinic to order more products, which will be fulfilled by cargo-carrying Postbirds a day or two later. (Of note, the Postbirds are created by Wei *da ge* and for exclusive use of their business. Hence, they own a fleet of company-branded delivery transports - which saves costs and complexity.)

When he is satisfied that he's closed enough sales from the clinic and *other* friendly and affiliated clinics under the Li group of healthcare establishments, he sends off the orders with a mental note to their

headquarters. Wei Ying realizes that it is half-past eleven and the clinic closes a little after noon for lunch. He also realizes, with a sudden pallor in his face and a sinking feeling in his gut, that he's left the chronic sex-fiend in the room with their husband - and the *didi* is *outside* the room, down a hallway, happily playing with toy fans, paperdolls and grasshoppers folded from bamboo leaves freely available at the playroom in the family-friendly corner, under the watchful eyes of nurses working in the pediatrics section of the clinic.

He thanks the front desk staff courteously with bows, and hurries off to do damage control for the family, as usual.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

There's just a few more Special Edition episodes left, but I'm SO LOVING IT that I plan to re-watch the whole thing... some day. The extended scenes! The close-ups! After that giddines of extra drunken Lan Wang Ji scenes at the beginning, I'm blessed with Lan Wang Ji (Wang Yibo's, actually) fuzzy nips! Bless Bless Bless, and Amen! \*muahs the nips on the screen\*

Ah Zhan Ge, your face appears on my internet feed in all shapes and sizes, from all different kinds of looks, that I have no choice but to collect them all. So glad to know that my favourite rising superstar is going to appear in many more live events, songs, ads and stuffs! Congratulations to Zhan Ge and Yibo didi, wishing you and all the fans Happy Spring Festival, and more happiness from their sky-high careers!

This chapter is mostly info-dump of world-building and strange, but regular daily events. Wangxian craziness coming up next!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)



## Chapter 46

Lan Zhan scolds his penis - really.

He scolds it for being too lustful, too easily seduced, too quick to respond.

He scolds it for twitching up and down in happy 'yes'es when in fact, he had silently promised the nurse and his family with plenty of 'no's; that he should abstain or at least ease his physical activities for the coming days.

He scolds it for rising so quickly for wanting to taste something novel, tacky and even silly, as long as it is Wei Ying-flavoured - such as a teenager sporting fake pert breasts and a baby bump made of green and pink bubbles which are then coloured and textured to look and feel like the real thing. Plastic surgery, silicone implants, prosthetics, cosmetic surgery, even reconstructive surgery - Wei Ying has done it all, with a couple of spells and lots of wriggly fingers. (and this is added to the long list of products and services for their business.)

When teenage Wei Ying becomes bored of waiting in the room, and *didi* disappears on his own because he's seen other children at the pediatrics section and wanted to make some new friends - Wei Ying suddenly grinned like an evil cheshire cat that has just grown quadruple the number of horns, whips out ugly green bubbles and this time, horrendous pink bubbles too. Lan Zhan was adamant that he doesn't want anything to do with those spells - especially since one of them sucked him bone-dry and his balls actually shrunk to nearly half their original sizes resulting in dangly, loose and low-hanging scrotum. But naughty Wei Ying is perpetually horny, ever since he discovered the joys of having sex with his young, virile teenage body on the

night of his deflowering, and that his body thrums with so much happiness and sexual energy that it readily sings out wonderful pleasures every time the patriarch beds the willing flesh nearly every other hour of the day.

Lan Zhan is, as usual, too slow to react in self-defense - he watches in disbelief at how the green and pink bubbles wrap themselves around Wei Ying's fully nude body (the boy stripped off in record time when it's time for the eleven-thirty-in-the-morning sex shift), melds into the youthful skin and lithe figure, then technically speaking, *shapeshifted* - pectoral muscles plump up into mid-sized bouncy breast mounds appropriate for his age, his slender abdomen swells up into a clearly recognizable pregnant teenager's belly, his buttock curves expanded a little, and everything about naughty Wei Ying's features softens, moistens, becomes rounded, nearly feminine but obviously still the male Wei Ying he knows. He exhibits the legendary 'pregnancy glow' - fuller and radiant skin, thicker and glossier hair, and a slight pinkier flush all over.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, earlier, when we arrived at the clinic, I saw you eyeing the nurses at the front desk. I know all men are weak to the pleasures of the female flesh, so I made this just for you. *Lao gong*, do you like a female Wei Ying?" and those high-attractive fertile birthing hips sway sexily, bewitching the older man's confused senses.

Lan Zhan wanted to deny the baseless accusations, because in actual fact, he was trying to spy at her name tag and remember his customers' names (technically, as the biggest of the bosses, he should know all his customers - right?) - but when the fifteen-year old feminized Wei Ying pushes him down the bed, smoothly strips off his clothes using Invisible Hands, and then happily *mounts* him - and Lan Zhan's eyes go wide as saucers because even the teenager's nether regions have shapeshifted into a female's genitalia covered with dense dark curls instead of the familiar rod of throbbing flesh that he loves and memorized by heart - Outrageous!

Scandalous! Outright demonic! - and a Demoness! - and his shocked cock easily, almost naturally, slides into a front-facing fleshy tunnel of moist, juicy and terrifyingly feelsgood oh dear Goddess Guan Yin his mind goes blank because his mind is a mess of Gusu Lan scriptures on forbidding improper contact with the opposite sex, and he swore never to touch a female's body parts but oh god oh god it's Wei Ying it's Wei Ying's... *pussy* ! He'd said the word - it's a pussy!

Twin shiny pussy lips swallow his excited penis down to the hilt, and they gyrate, glide and soon wiggle in all crazily delicious directions and wet squishy sounds, and his mouth waters and lips go dry at the heavenly sensations - he would *never* be turned on by a female, and he would actually be *turned off* by a drag queen - but this... this Wei Ying, it's Wei Ying, and he-she looks, smells, sounds, and dear god, his penis *tastes* the wonderfully soft tight fuckable pussy, it's all Wei Ying, his Wei Ying... and it's this Wei Ying bearing an imaginary child in there, it's a whole new level of Wei Ying-ness, his fertile Wei Ying, carrying a child - his child, their child, a child conceived from their love and everyday - he is terrifyingly excited by this new form of Wei Ying, and the penis twitches wildly in "yes"es at each toe-curlingly good fuck - so, YES, he is turned on by a female Wei Ying who is heavily pregnant with his baby.

And dear Lord Buddha he has sinned because it's a fifteen year old girl that he's having sexual intercourse with, with very wet schlicky sounds and the heat - it's so hot, it's too tight, the body warmth that his cock craves for and feels even the heartbeat of lovely Wei Ying and the baby, as his cock twitches in tandem inside the fecund contracting canal that leads up to a womb, somewhere deep inside, waiting to be fertilized although it's already been violated and maybe raped because teenage Wei Ying is too young to consent - he will surely burn in Hell for such illicit underaged sex and he feels his loins burning with never-felt-before desires because Wei Ying is rocking his hips when he is fully sheated into the narrow elastic warm cavern ribbed with juicy folds and tantalizing bumps, then Wei Ying leans forward and he sees the perk tits swaying hypnotically in his line of vision,

he wants to touch the nipples because they're strangely big, the areolae is dark brown and bulging and Oh Dear God Jade Emperor it's because the teenager is pregnant, and he-she has growing breasts that's being filled with food for their babe, and he prays to the 108 local gods to know whether there is really a baby in that sexy bump because they made love every day and night, surely his flesh and blood is growing somewhere inside the lovely womb, the bump, the jiggling and sensuous and enticing hips and body, and then he's kissing Wei Ying, fucking into that sweet pregnant pussy, desperately seeding and bedding the delicious flesh, again, ten more times, hundreds more times--

It's a no-brainer that Lan Zhan's intelligent and rational thought flew out the door the moment he's reverse-raped by the feminine pregnant Wei Ying - even Wei *da ge* snorts while sipping his coffee, and tunes out from the endless, scattered, incoherent inner monologue.

Fortunately, Wei Ying only has to narrate their lovemaking with very graphic details, which clears away the noise inside the bewildered man, and Lan Zhan goes into a mating frenzy.

“Lan *gege* , Lan *dada*, do you like my boobs? They're really squeezable, firm yet soft, and if you do it hard enough, I can make it squirt out milk for you. Here, please squeeze this one. And then, this one. Mmmm, you're such a good boy. Ah, ahnn, your fingers feel so goood on my pregnant breasts!”

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, do you like my pregnant belly? Here, touch it, and if you rub it many times, it will go ‘bump!’ because our lively baby is in there. Over here, do you feel it? No? Feel around my pregnant belly, do you

think it's sexy? It's so big because I'm already nearly nine months pregnant, our baby is fat and strong inside here."

"Ah, why are you pressing so hard! I asked you to rub it, here, do it like this... gently in circles... yes... mmm, you're such a loving father... mmm... hnggh, I can feel contractions running down my pussy, can you feel it too? No? Here, let me squeeze you lovingly... do you like it? Nnnh? Let me do it again... ah, you're shivering and moving too much, like you're losing control. Let me do it one more time and squeeze my pussy around you... one, two, three, four. Breathe in, and out. Five, six, seven, eight..."

"Ah, you're a naughty husband! I can feel your one-two twitches in my pussy! You shoot your seed inside me many times a day, and you're trying your best to father as many children inside this greedy womb... still, is it not enough? Look at my tummy now, it's really growing so well. It's probably full of your seed that turned my eggs into the baby! Do you think it's a twin? A triplet? Or more? Ah, you're doing it again, you're cumming a little inside me with your one-two twitches!"

"Nnnh, you bad boy, stop pinching my nipples so hard! Stop sucking them all the time! Nnh, nnh, it's squirting out... you're... you're stealing the milk for the baby! You're really a bad boy!"

"Hnnnngh.... Lan Zhan, I think... I think I'm cumming... Oh, don't pull out, you horny man... stay inside here... mmm... let me cum, and let me massage you with my clenching pussy muscles... Ah, ah, AH AH HNN HNNGH HAHHHH Oh it feels so good! Cumming like a woman with you in me - feels - so - good! My pregnant pussy is fluttering like crazy! Your cock is twitching like mad! I can feel it!"

“Hahhh, you’re rubbing my belly so hard, do you want me to give birth so soon? You’re the one who put it in, made me nurture and nourish it, and now you want to see your child? Ah, ah, your cock is so big, and it fills me up and so, so deep, and my belly is so bloated and tight... Your penis is touching the womb, can you feel our child in there?”

“Baby Wei Ying, say hello to daddy... nnngh... the baby is wriggling, it is greeting the father! Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, please fuck me deeper, hit right at the end, yes... yes... that’s the spot... I want your penis to kiss our baby... nhaaah.... ahnnn... mmmh... my swollen uterus is kissing your penis! Ah, please kiss my uterus one more time, kissy kiss kiss, please... Ah, you horny animal, you’re poking me really deep inside!”

“My dear baby, can you feel it? Please say it for mummy... say hello to daddy... hello with the penis-kiss, and one more time, hello... and another kiss from the penis... ah, ah, Lan Zhan, why are you suddenly like a real animal in heat! Don’t fuck me so hard and so eagerly, be a little more gentle, our baby is bouncing inside there!”

“Lan Zhan... hahhh... Lan Zhan... ngghh... you’re really trying to mate with me so badly, but our baby is in there! You’re a horrible man, you’re too horny! Ah, ah, what will happen if you shoot your seed now? My womb will be flooded again! My uterus will be penetrated! Ah, our baby inside will be soaked and warmed up by its daddy’s seed! Do you want to warm the baby with your sperm? Please creampie me, our baby, into us, please, Lan Zhan!”

When Wei *er ge* teleports into the locked room (because he really doesn't want to open the door and let the whole world know about the pornographic acts behind the closed doors of the sterile clinic), he becomes traumatized - not so much of the view that Lan Zhan is trying so hard to impregnate - no, it's been done already - breed a pregnant teenager again and again, as the teenager rides the fired-up patriarch, freely letting the latter grope, caress and molest, and enjoy making sweet love to the slender, undulating fifteen-year old female Wei Ying that seductively calls out to the lust-driven Lan Zhan again and again, while Lan Zhan's mouth is filled with teenage breasts and he's desperately sucking, hollowing his cheeks and devouring the nipples and the entire pregnant areolae and stuffing them into his mouth - Wei *er ge* is traumatized because Lan Zhan seems to have forgotten what he'd just *promised* just a few minutes earlier - no strenuous activities, and not to let the nine-year old out of sight! What a disobedient husband, indeed! (不听话)

Lovely *er ge* sighs when he knows that Lan Zhan - and obviously the teenager as well - are lost causes. He casts a few spells in preparation - a modified Shield to keep their room soundproofed, Barriers are erected to prohibit entry, defensive magics are set up around the blissfully-unaware *didi* in the playroom, and then, he undresses completely before casting the same ugly green and horrendous pink bubbles onto his body.

“If you can't beat them, join them,” the old saying goes.

Wei *er ge* is *many* times better than the teenager in shapeshifting into the Perfect pregnant female form of Wei Ying, because he is more mature, and therefore takes on an exceedingly alluring curvaceous and voluptuous figure; he is far more capable in his vocabulary of dirty talk and vulgar descriptions, in acting and performing like a true succubus, and of course, in giving his own brand of mind-blowing, truly professionally mimicked

*vaginal* sex. (it ain't just a simple improvised pussy anymore, it's the *real* deal at the level of the *er ge* 's spellcasting caliber.)

The blessed patriarch of the Lan family indulges himself in his harem of two pregnant Wei Yings (whose stunning sexual performance equals to two hundred maidens, really), and succumbs to the depraved orgy within the sterile walls of the clinic's ward. When each Wei Ying happily forces him to fuck him-her, let his penis savour each convulsing gaping Wei Ying-pussy, while his mouth tastes the ripe breasts of Wei Ying, has his penis fondled and pleased between juggling Wei Ying-breasts as well, together, alternatively, simultaneously, one after the other, and Wei Yings using their fertile nubile bodies to pleasure him from head to penis to toes and back again, twenty-twitches becoming a vibration of hundreds and even thousands, the psychedelic orgasmic pleasure travels round and round his nerves, body and flesh until he no longer knows if he's alive, climaxing or gone straight to heaven - for the second time that day, he is short-circuited into a whirlwind of blank ejaculations, quivering limbs, rambling semi-consciousness and balls that are emptied and emptied again - too many times.

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Lan Zhan's penis deserved to be scolded, really.

When someone, probably the sex-fiend teenager, but he can't really tell anymore because his world has become a big kaleidoscopic fluidy ball of penis-in-pussies, ass-confused-with-pussies, penis-spurting-inside-pussies and his senses are full of orgasmic moans, twitches, and contractions - when that someone whispers to his ears, that if the patriarch would allow the use of Creation spells to make multiple heavily-pregnant Wei Yings live in their

tiny cave-home, so that he can make babies with them all day to his heart's content, make more Wei Yings to be impregnated, and line them up on his bed every hour so that he can take his pleasure through a choice selection of familiar buttocks, tasty breedworthy pussy, plump and milky breasts, or *sample a variety of virginal tight entrances, juicy puffed-up excited love tunnels, or quivering, vibrating orgasming ones*, one by one - his penis twitches in hearty "yes"es to each presented option with great desire and want.

Lan Zhan casts a Silence spell on his penis, so that it cannot answer anymore - for a brief respite.

(By the way, Wei *da ge* is busy showering sexual spells on the trio including amplification and multiplication of sexual sensations and responses - hence Lan Zhan's misery.

At one point, Wei *da ge* , who frequently gets to top their husband, wonders if they should reverse their roles and make Lan Zhan pregnant, while the three adult Wei *gongzi* s take turns to bed the well-muscled but bloated-bellied patriarch. "Eww" was the response he received, though *didi* seemed naively interested because he thought a pregnant man is no different than a pot-bellied, chubby man; the image of Lan Zhan's meaty six-pack abs turning into a big round wok comes to mind - this sparks another wonderful idea that the harem should fatten up, force-feed, and pamper their patriarch until he becomes an immobile giant ball of morbidly obese fatty flabs and jiggling rolls, and take their sweet time in making sweet love with the man, because by then there's so much more of Lan Zhan for everyone, even if they multiply themselves into hundreds of nubile boy's and fertile maidens that crawl on top, ride vigorously, and snuggle into the soft baby fat from sunrise to sundown, and let him spend hours on end deep inside them, excitedly and orgasming non-stop like a vibrating mass of wiggly fat, from sundown to sunrise.)

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A clandestine modified pink bubble spell cast and lined on all furniture and surfaces, before Lan Zhan's second out of three feel-goods promised to his spouses, eases the clean-up operation; Wei *san ge* happily bundles up and crumples the soiled and soaked giant plastic sheets, and teleports them to their production plant where they will be properly cleaned, treated and recycled for the good of the environment. Wei *er ge* is all blushing and giddy, and very very smug, and lets the other do the work - lovely *er ge* received most of Lan Zhan's cumless cums because the twenty-two year old is just *that good* with genderbent sexual intercourse.

After bidding their good-byes to the clinic's staff (adorable Wei *didi* captured the hearts of the nurses, and they promised to place more orders for medicinal candies as long as the *didi* visit them more often in the future), Wei *er ge* piggybacks an unresponsive Lan Zhan from the Market Streets to their special hidden garden - their heaven on earth - just a stone's throw away from the fringes of the city. They didn't look out of place amongst other citizens - just a simple family of four, with the eldest with bandaged limbs being carried by the younger ones, just as are others milling around with more or less signs of treated injuries arising from the eclipse earlier that day.

After a family pee-ing session on the landmark clump of thicket (all three Wei *gongzi* s helped to steady their patriarch, who was still catatonic and in a sex-drunken stupor, and Sssssh together to encourage him to relieve himself, with three hands on the trickling member, of course), they reached their favourite picnic site with smiles on their faces. Midday heat is bearing down on the open-air field, but none of them are concerned.

“You’re late,” Wei *da ge* says with a confident grin. He is dressed in elegant black robes lined with silver and gold threads with scarlet red velvet around the edges- truly the image of an impressive-looking *laoban* of a multi-million dollar company (as compared to the real Lan *laoban* , who lolls his head left and right uselessly like complete drunk, in Wei *er ge* ’s arms). The *da ge* sits with a leg crossed over the other on one of the few picnic benches on site, and the table is stacked with trays containing a mind-boggling variety of colourful dishes, appetizers, main courses, desserts, a fruit punch bowl and a *time-inappropriate* drinks dispenser machine - a full lunch buffet spread for the now-family of five.

The picnic site has been significantly upgraded; the entire place is well-maintained, mowed, bushes pruned, a few patio umbrellas installed around the compound to give ample shade, and the furniture has been repaired and refurbished - new paint jobs, sanded and smoothed to give a natural, aged look, and lined with vintage lotus-themed fixtures and tablecloths. Near the center there are ready-built fire pits and a stove-like barbeque grill. On the sides are some structures that look awfully out of (time and) place, which are fixed at the *da ge* ’s insistence - because this is their family’s private sanctuary after all, that no one has discovered so far, and it’s perfectly fine to claim this patch of land as theirs - such as water taps, drinking fountains, electrical sockets, wiring, pipes and a network of talismans cleverly hidden amongst the dense and trimmed bushes, also further away, there are properly-constructed pavillions, automated toilet units and changing rooms and other amenities, which makes for a great family-oriented outdoor park. Best of all, *da ge* had cast a special force field around the area and with a snap of the fingers, turns on the invisible, ventless air-conditioning.

Wei *er ge* ‘phews’ as he lowers Lan Zhan to the ground (his waist did ache a little after carrying the older, heavier man for some distances), and the two youngest Wei siblings rush to seat their patriarch on one of the larger, more spacious benches that come with a backrest. “Just... five minutes off our

rendezvous time. Sorry, we were caught up with *san ge* 's pranks again," he says with a huff, and accepts a plastic cup of refreshing iced orange juice from the eldest brother. The *da ge* made iced lemon tea for the teenager, and a cup of *time-inappropriate* in-house branded cola for the youngest. The drinks dispenser whirrs softly at each press of button, powered by cables that run into the dense bushes.

"It's not a prank, *er ge* ! I was just trying out a new strategy to divvy up Lan Zhan. But... it seems getting him to cum every hour isn't working too well," the teenager retorts with a whine, in between sips of his drink, "And we can't keep forcing him to do it three times in a row either. Ahhh! It's so frustrating dealing with an old man!" and he pouts like a spoiled brat.

Wei *er ge* rolls his eyes and sighs. "That's your problem. You're just too pre-occupied with his dick. Don't treat him like a cow, *san ge* . He's not something you can plan ahead on when to milk. And he's not a commodity that you can just simply cut up and divide," he chastises the sibling, but ends up sniggering at his choice of words.

Wei *da ge* hushes the two from getting into another brotherly love-quarrel, and tells them apologetically that he had to gather the family at short notice (Wei *er ge* received the telepathic memo right after they stepped out of the clinic), because he managed to re-shuffle his appointments and squeeze some important meetings in 'this part of the world' in the afternoon. So, he decided to organize an impromptu family lunch; he quickly grabbed his gear, teleported to the picnic site with his personal Postbirds to carry all the food - which are just some of the wide selection of the company's offerings of food catering services and conveniently-packed hot meals for the family to sample a taste - one of the perks of working in a food-based establishment is that everyone gets to have a bite too.

Wei *didi* dutifully works in the background, handing out plates, napkins and cutlery to the siblings, fanning their patriarch lying bonelessly on the bench until he stirs - but barely - and when he does, sweet *didi* slowly helped him to drink a cup of warmed *pu'er* tea dispensed from the machine in a real ceramic cup - because their cheap disposable paper cups aren't worthy of being used by their patriarch after all. It is a kind gesture, by lifting the cup to the lips and tilting it gently so that Lan Zhan could swallow gulps after gulps of much-needed liquid since his body had been drained, even dehydrated many times over.

When the little boy notices the teenager tip-toes towards the food trays, Wei *didi* earnestly shouts out in his squeaky voice, "Hey, all of you should wash your hands first!" - because that is one of the family rules which he remembers clearly (such a cute boy, he is definitely the most Lan of the quartet), and because after all the sex they middle two Wei siblings had, surely their fingers are coated with more than just sweat and grime.

"... Yes!" (是) the *gongzi* s reply in unison and rush to the water taps.

After the ritualized calling and inviting their still-unresponsive patriarch to start the meal, everyone piles their plates with food from, literally speaking, all over the world - and dig in. There are salads, cheese, baked bread and pastries, steaks, barbequed poultry meats, seafood including crabs, oysters, mussels and other shellfish, bolognese spaghetti, macaroni and cheese, sushi, meat pies, paella, tonkotsu ramen, beef pho, grilled bulgogi, vegetable stir-fries, tom yum soup, miso soup, apple strudels, pudding, macarons, chocolates, western cakes, exotic and foreign fruits - served with a fine selection of cocktails, wines and juices; of course the youngest is barred from alcohol - amongst others that are typically served in a five-star hotel restaurant in the far, far future.

Wei *didi* is the most loyal and obedient of the lot; he sits beside the dazed patriarch, and carefully selects the foods that Lan Zhan is familiar with - the man's stomach probably couldn't take in food that are processed in foreign ways, or laden with artificial (even organic) colourings, flavourings and preservatives. There is a choice of quintessential Gusu fare as well - mildly-savoury chicken congee, plain rice, boiled vegetables and fish, and yes there's also the fried tofu dipped in their favourite plum sauce, which instantly refreshes and perks him up after the first few chews. Nibble by nibble, mouthful by mouthful, the loving *didi* feeds Lan Zhan a meagre selection of what *da ge* brought - but that is just Perfectly fine, really.

In the meantime, the adult Wei *gongzi* s mill about the picnic site and engage in animated chatter, both mentally and to some extent vocally, because of Gusu Lan family rules that forbid conversations during meal times, although leeway is given to this particular branch of the family since the Wei Yings can never shut up. They talked briefly about the morning's events, the solar eclipse which has been dismissed as an insignificant blip in the heavens (and much of Yiling thinks so too - considering at that particular era, people didn't know about planetary orbits or the science behind such natural phenomenon; it's just one of those 'weird things that the gods do to play tricks on us', like an unseasonal sandstorm, a jolt from an earthquake, or hailstones in the middle of summer), and most of their discussions circle around their newly-minted marriage certificates - each one now holds a booklet of their own!

They proudly show it to each other - although every booklet is exactly the same - pose with it with joyful grins and cute "kawaii" postures, take pictures and videos with it using *time-inappropriate* hand-held cams and mobile phone-lookalikes that the *da ge* fetched from his suitcase (which is part of the cargo carried by the Postbirds), then cheekily drag Lan Zhan into the picture whenever his eyes didn't look too half-open-half-closed (although in his current incoherent state, he believes he's having a nightmare with weird objects aimed at him, and he looks left then right and never to the front, refuses all forms of picture or video-taking, but his

disturbed and distorted-looking unattractive appearance appears anyway on the screens with eagerly posing Wei Yings, unless one of them photobombed the rest which is an entirely different story), and uploaded the media files into their family's cloud drive somewhere in the Net - because that kind of technology is fast thriving in the Wuji continent although nothing as such exists yet in the Middle Kingdom. The *da ge*'s wi-fi capabilities are rather limited in this instance, so he nudges the *didi* to 'take care of it', because his fingers are busy tearing an oily chicken wing fresh from the smoking barbeque grill together with burgers, sausages, spare ribs, corn on the cob, root vegetables and other skewered meats.

*Didi* "Enn!"s; images, texts, pictures, videos, and broadly all forms of data passes from the devices into the surrounding air - technically speaking, they're transmitted via an ever-present network that the Wei Yings have set up to link all their household and personal devices and gadgets - including their telepathy -, and good ol' Ernie sucks everything up, processes the data, and beams them to the appropriate places, even spaces and times.

"Hey Ernie, sort the files from today, and add them to our family album," *didi* squeaks out inside his mind. By then, Ernie's Net coverage includes Yiling too - the Wei *gongzi* s believed this is due to his underground complex home having expanded far across the 'Mounds and its surrounding areas; when in actual fact, Ernie has grown far, far beyond after the solar eclipse -, and it responds curtly:

Files are uploading... processing... Done.

Added new chapter to the family album. Query: please insert the name of the chapter?

*Didi* thought for a while, and sees that his brothers are exceptionally overjoyed with their little booklets, and they're waving them like pompoms with two hands.

“Building our happiness... with these two hands!”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I've loving how much of a trainwreck this arc is becoming... so what the heck, just dive in and enjoy the Wangxian-y insanity!

I just HAVE to say this:

Vaggies in my Wangxian salad?! No way! \*lol\*

And, Happy Birthday Lan Wang Ji! May you have many happy days ahead, especially with lovely Wei Ying!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)



## Chapter 47

“So, *da ge* , are you really sure about this? I know the Tian sisters have received a memo from you a few days earlier, but to meet them... together, all four of us!... Won't that be a little... say, too much and too sudden?

STOP PAWING LAN ZHAN YOU HORNY BEAST! GET YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!

What I mean is, we don't know how the sisters will react, much less receive our presence - all four Wei siblings with nearly if not the same faces! They'll go crazy with their *didi* multiplied by a factor of four!

DON'T RAPE HIM IN YOUR FEMALE FORM, OTHERWISE HE'LL HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT US!

And...I have some misgivings about letting them learn more about us. What if they suddenly have a bright idea to steal our ideas and our magics, become our business competitors, then multiply among themselves too? The world can't handle four of us as it is, what more an army of the *inhuman* Tian's!

ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?! YOU'RE CHOKING HIM WITH YOUR BOOBS, HE CAN'T BREATHE!”

Wei *er ge* is having a hard time trying to have an intellectual conversation with the *da ge* after a sumptuous outdoor lunch, but the teenage *san ge* can't resist outraging their patriarch's modesty and extract the last of the promised three orgasms since mid-morning, because it's already way after twelve-thirty at noon, and his plans of getting their husband to cum once per hour is on the verge of failing miserably, and he's trying to salvage his experiment by making it happen anyway so that at least, for his personal records, he could say that he'd attempted the impossible.

Wei *didi* sits cross-legged on the foot of the bench, next to Lan Zhan's legs, innocently munching on peeled water chestnuts that help to cool the afternoon heat (despite their air-conditioned atmosphere, it still feels a bit warm due to the blazing sunlight), and is entertained by the antics of his older brothers.

Wei *san ge* had already undressed Lan Zhan and started molesting him, touching inappropriately at his sensitive places, especially the genitals - hence the first angry burst from his elder sibling. Then, he used his tried-and-tested method of turning into a female form, climbs up the bench, then mounts him-herself onto a half-hard erection in a desperate attempt to ignite the flames in the latter's loins, however Lan Zhan didn't respond any more than that (because his entire network of sexual meridians and nerves are deep-fried, and his reproductive system has shut down for major maintenance and repair works, really) - thus, landing the teenager in hot waters again with another scolding from the elder sibling. Finally, he-she tries to wake up the delirious older man by rubbing his-her body against the other while vigorously bouncing up and down the still-limp penis, to the point where he-she slaps his-her boobs against Lan Zhan's cheeks, tries to sandwich his face against the boobs, and when there is still no lively response, he-she stuffs his engorged areola and nipples into the man's mouth while squeezing the boobs enthusiastically until Lan Zhan's mouth is spattered and dribbles with warm magically-made breastmilk - and promptly received a third lashing from the elder sibling again.

With that, Wei *san ge* finally gives up on his tactic of using females to seduce Lan Zhan, and crosses off the idea from a long list of naughty ways to satisfy both his, and the patriarch's bottomless and deranged pit of depraved desires.

The teenager rises, wipes away any fluids leaking out from the bottom - because despite Lan Zhan's zoned-out state, the half-hard arousal still dances its one-two tangos from being lovingly assaulted by a juicy pregnant love canal, but there's hardly anything besides crystal-clear sticky fluid - and transforms back to his original male form (thankfully).

He sits heavily on the ground in front of the patriarch, pouts and grumbles unhappily. He throws tantrums by plucking the mowed grass and flings them at the older man, while complaining that 'Lan Zhan is a stupid useless old man' and its various brattish iterations, hallmark of the *san ge*'s bad immature behaviour, and his emotions are in turmoil for the silliest reasons. Naturally, some of the torn grass blades land on nearby Wei *didi*'s yellow-white water chestnuts, and the little boy screams that the older brother is bullying him again, and adds more screeching on why he has to suffer by having his dessert spoiled by the brother, and the teenager retaliates that it's the *didi*'s fault for sitting too close, then the *didi* throws the soiled water chestnut and it hits *san ge*'s nose, then Wei *da ge* makes a scathing remark that the teenager is too bratty for his own good, and Wei *san ge* reaches out to hug the teenager who has started to tear up and the dam's about to break, and scolds *didi* for hurting a sibling because he's still in his naggy angry-mommy mood, then one thing led to another... fistfights and verbal abuse ensues.

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Lan Zhan finally gathers enough *qi* to shift his ass a little on the wooden bench, and sits upright as much as his abused nether regions will allow. He overheard the ruckus - not much, due to him slipping in and out of consciousness -, but enough. He ‘a-hems’ and all four Wei *gongzi* s freeze in mid-fight.

He knows everything started because of their agreed marital arrangements to share their love equally with the husband, and he promised to follow through. There is no energy left in his limbs, but there is strength in his words, and therefore, his authority to command his harem and unite them. First, to take care of the bawling kid, because his cries are causing a headache for everyone;

“ *Didi...* come here and sit by my side. I will feed you with cleaned, fresh water chestnuts from the bowl on the table... please, don’t cry anymore.”

“ *Da ge ...* I don’t really understand what is happening... but I trust you can take care of things, discreetly and honestly... Please focus on our business... and leave the domestic affairs with us... Let’s hug, so that we can forget, and leave our troubles behind.”

“ *Er ge ...* You’re a wonderful homemaker... trying so hard to satisfy everyone and making sure our family stays on track. Your anger is justified... and the need for cool heads as well. Come, hold me, it will help to calm down your feelings.”

“ *San ge* ... I promised never to disappoint you... I have failed before, but I am trying my best. I will try again, even if it means a shortened lifespan for my... family jewels... so come, stop the fighting, let me love you too.”

All Wei *gongzi* s become very touched by their patriarch’s breathless, almost dying, impassioned speech about the true virtues of the Lan family, because he struggles weakly to mouth his words and to gesture his hands at each spouse. They crowd around their beloved husband, embrace him together, and kiss him sweetly on the cheeks and lips.

(The Patriarch has spoken, and all is well again within the Lan family.)

Later, Lan Zhan cuddles with an adorable nine-year old while popping diced water chestnuts into the child’s lips, and enjoys watching him munch happily on the juicy, sugary treat. Once in a while, he nnnnhs and arches his back on the bench despite the wobbly limbs, when the older members of his harem reward him the Perfect in-sync, flawlessly switchable multi-speed and depth, triple blowjob with an exquisite six-hand combo powered by pure unrestrained Wei Ying-ness and their magics, never experienced by any man in the Mortal Realm - Lan Zhan can finally tell the world that he’s tasted Heaven, that it feels *really, really good* - and worth *dying* for.

(Somewhere high above, the Jade Emperor sneezes again. Either someone is bad-mouthing him, or pollen from the blooming trees of Peaches of Immortality is making his nose itch.)

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Lan Zhan has become a Buddha. Well, sort of.

He walks with such enigmatic and divinely grace even with a walking cane, his appearance exudes with such calmness and peace, and his movements are non-existent unless purposeful; he seems to be at one with the world, detached from the troubles and suffering around him, and his consciousness transcends everyone else's, metaphorically speaking.

So, when the five members of the Lan family finally meet face to face, for the first time (other than Wei *er ge* ), with the eight members of the Tian sisterhood, in a reserved grand private dining room within Liang's teahouse - he merely "Mn"s and bows in polite respect at the chattering and squealing females, then gestures Wei *da ge* to take matters in his own hands, and takes his seat as the grand patriarch overseeing the conversations - and does not need to lift a finger further. The sisters had received a memo earlier which summarizes what had happened to Wei Ying and why there are now four Wei Yings (with ample white lies added to make the story more believable, in a typical avoidance tactic by Wei Ying, because all Wei Yings remain suspicious of the females with a history of sleazy, even suspicious backgrounds).

The females, as Wei *er ge* correctly guessed, went berserk - in a good way - to find a total of four adoptive brothers added into their Tian family tree, plus the highly-regarded and stoic *di fu* who is the source of everyone's current happiness. Adding the fact that the youngest Tian sister is adopted by the famous and rich Liang family, that makes Lan Zhan's family - a family of interconnected families.

Hence, when each Tian sister greets him, exchange pleasantries, politely asked about the bandages on his legs and the walking cane (in which he

simple mutters something brief about the solar eclipse - and everybody gets it), and unsurprisingly, display inappropriate sexual behaviours - because that most of them have been working in *that* sort of industry long enough - such as covert thigh-and-leg slides, hands slipping beneath his trousers' waistband, cuddles and hugs masqueraded as outright crotch-rubs, light swats on the ass, smooches on his cheeks and jawline and even nuzzling his facial hair up close in a pretended act of familial friendliness - or the devious love spells and intoxicating perfumes cast all over the room upon the females' entry which affects all Mortal men (therefore excluding the Wei Yings), as a Buddha-in-the-making after such a soul-detaching experience in the morning until midday, Lan Zhan remains oblivious and unresponsive to their seduction - and those swaying breast milk jugs and fertile hips do nothing to his libido (because he has none left) - the girls knew right away that the great Han Guang Jun is truly a man worthy of respect, and lives up to his reputation as a symbol of loyalty, purity and divine holiness. They withdraw to put a decent distance (i.e. personal space) between him and the rest of the mingling buzzing and squealy screechy shrilly family reunion of sorts.

Lan Zhan sighs, and takes a sip of A-grade premium *pu'er* brew at his seat on the corner of a table, alone and undisturbed. The tea is made from the freshest tea leaf shoots and served only to the elite, and not from those mass-produced tea bags found in every eatery. He surveys the warzone, and takes notes of each member's peculiarities :-

Wei *didi* is, at best, loved to bits, and at worst, suffering from child molestation and female overdose, when every sister, voluptuous and slender ones included, hugs, boob-crushes and peppers kisses all over his face, before the little boy is left dealing with the psychopath Fifth and the youngest Eighth Sister (dearly known as Tian Tian). Fifth Tian Sister, despite being well-dressed - all the sisters are fitted in respectable attire unlike what Wei Ying first saw in Tian Mi Mi - could not stop harassing and touching the nine-year old boy improperly, while Tian Tian seems to be falling in puppy love with the handsomest boy she's ever met in her early

adolescent life; she stares at him with doe eyes for pretty much the entire hour spent at the teahouse, and her caretaker, Liang *gu niang* , isn't around to snuff out the blooming young love.

Wei *san ge* revels in being the spotlight of two girls's attention in particular. Sixth Sister is a mess of conflicting thoughts and emotions - hot-headed yet shy, fierce at one moment then pouty at the next - in some strange ways, she is compatible with the teenage Wei Ying and are fast becoming best-buddies too (and she managed to find out Wei Ying's favourite sex positions too). The cute and adorable Seventh Sister attaches herself tightly to Wei *san ge* and expresses her preteen love in many ways, including unladylike touching and more suitable cuddling around his arms.

Wei *er ge* gets down to business with Fourth Sister, who for some reason continued to sniff Wei Ying's body up and down as if she's trying to detect something - and since both are awesome magicians (second to Wei *da ge* ), they had a wonderful time catching up on the latest happenings in the world of magic, ideas for new spells and promises to exchange grimoires, and laugh at gossips of some cultivator's spellcasting accidents reported in recent periodicals. The moment Third Sister steps into the discussion, everyone talks even louder and more excitedly, when motherly stories are shared, ranging from childcare, schooling, cooking, tailoring, and even the matters within Qishan Merchant Guild - at this point, Wei *er ge* promptly whips out catalogues from his sleeve pockets to show them their company's latest products, introduces at length about the offerings, and impresses the ladies very well with his **A** **w**esome **S** elling **S** kills (and closes extra sales with the Tian's, with a potential to sign lucrative contracts with the teahouse, Tian Mi Mi, and the Guild too).

Wei *da ge* is the most capable of them all - because Lan Zhan suspects he is maintaining contact with the Wei *gongzi* s, and even to some extent, controlling the overall conversations with his awesome psychic abilities -



despite being constantly seduced and slithered all over by the Second Sister and her sexy voice and figure - and the top dog (or bitch) of the sisterhood, the Tian *da jie* . They eased into a serious conversation regarding the latest affairs afflicting the politics, economics and society within Yiling and more broadly, Qishan. When the genius Wei *da ge* cunningly weaves a line of questioning and speculations into the sisters' current lifestyle and background, and unearths a deep dark secret about Tian *da jie* being related to a great-grandfather of epic godly power and proportions living in the skies - Lan Zhan takes a deep breath, tells himself in a Buddha-like manner that he should close his eyes and be oblivious to matters that will only inflict unnecessary anxiety, confusion, suffering and hurt upon himself, and focus on enlightening his conscience on what is truly the core of the matter at present - a family reunion of sorts at Liang's teahouse - so that he returns to his *zen* -like state once again.

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The meeting concluded successfully, at least from the elder Wei Yings' perspectives. Wei *da ge* informed the Tian sisters that the land around their home has been earmarked for sale, and he offers to use the Lan company's treasuries to buy them up and let the sisters stay there for free - fully furnished bungalow homes, swimming pools, gardens and orchards included -, in exchange for say, closer family ties and, say, to strengthen the alliances of the interconnected families against the 'forces that threaten to destabilize the stability of our familial ties and goodwill'. To sweeten the deal, he also offers a marvellous opportunity to work part-time or full-time at the company, with the chance to "see a whole new world like you've never seen before", in case they become bored of life in the red-light district of Fragrant Blossoms Street. The sisters fell for his fabulous, charming words, the call-to-arms, and promises of a better, brighter future - and wholeheartedly agreed; they still believe that the company is a booming food company selling plum sauce, candies and other traditional meals and snacks, which kind of places the *da ge* atop the sugar daddy pedestal, which is why they wholly support him and Team Lan.

(At this point, Lan Zhan calmly sips the last bit of his tea, because he has eavesdropped too much and learnt more about his spouses than what he is normally comfortable with; but Wei Ying is never normal, so he attributes the new insights about his Wei Yings, as a sign of more Wei Ying-ness to come and bless his - their - family in times to come.)

When it was time to bid their good-byes, Tian *da jie* pulls Lan Zhan aside for a quick, guarded exchange on the happenings at Gusu. She tried to make the trip a few weeks ago, but was turned back at the borders of the province. The entrances have been sealed off to non-locals, apparently in a bid to stop protesters from making headwinds into the resource-rich mountainous plains of Gusu, and form an effective barrier to any possible incursions from Chang'an and the northern provinces that support the Imperial forces. Since Tian *da jie* no longer has her Jade Token, she was denied entrance, and she didn't want to cause a ruckus or draw unwanted attention since she was travelling in a convoy of innocent civilians, herdsmen and merchants. Jin cultivators and soldiers are seen actively moving in and out of Gusu, accompanied by members of Lan sect. It is safe to say that an uneasy alliance may have formed between the two, which would have effectively stamped out any further rebellious acts within the Cloud Recesses and the outlying cities and towns. Rumours are still rife about deaths caused by fierce corpses and undead creatures spreading from Caiyi Town to neighbouring villages. She promised to keep an eye on the situation and will send updates as soon as she hears from her network of helpful friends from the borders; already, a group of Lan branch family members who still had their Jade Tokens have infiltrated into Gusu, tasked to uncover the actual situation in their motherland.

Lan Zhan nods with a grave expression - the fact that his parent-sect is willing to work alongside with the Jins is an indication that there is a greater threat around them - perhaps the Imperial forces from Chang'an? And he wonders if Nie Huaisang has already sworn his allegiance to the

Emperor because his sect lies closest to the capital - it would be unsurprising if he did, since that man wavers at the sight of a blade - whether from a soldier, a cultivator or an assassin. One possible option would be to seek the help of Wei Ying's former sect - there will be complications if they, and possibly will, encounter Jiang Wanyin and those working directly under him.

Lan Zhan bows in thanks to his *shijie* without saying much else. Tian *da jie* remarked that she is glad to see him after so many years (he doesn't remember seeing much of her, though, during his childhood), that he has grown up to be a handsome, strong man, a very capable heir to the Gusu Lan's family throne if he still held his position as Chief Cultivator (but she understands that the Grand Cultivation Council is not a suitable place for him, and his withdrawal is absolutely understandable), and that he has become her - her family's - *di fu* , in which he gives an uncharacteristic smile in response, and tells her that the feeling is mutual, and they should contact each other soon. He mentions that their families could do an outdoor barbeque picnic one of these days before autumn sets in.

Tian *da jie* laughs and gives Lan Zhan a sisterly hug, before leaving the teahouse back to the streets of Yiling.

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Wei *da ge* too, apologizes and excuses himself as he has to return to the company for another meeting at around mid-afternoon. Lan Zhan, the cane in hand, stops the *da ge* with a few words. "Wei Ying, a question."

“Hmm?” Wei *da ge* responds, and leans toward their patriarch so close that the latter can feel hot breaths, wafts of strange synthetic smells from the rich black robes, and even fingertips touching the back of the hand - but no more than that, because they’re in the middle of the street with plenty of pedestrians walking about.

“I will not ask about what goes on with our company, since you’re running the business. But... the money...,” Lan Zhan starts, and then ends with a cliffhanger - an open statement, a gap intentionally left to let the other man fill. He stares at the thirty-year old Wei Ying, trying to fathom what goes on behind the deep set of black eyes.

Wei *da ge* grins, then relaxedly clasps both hands behind his back. “Lan Zhan, please don’t worry. I’ve kept our businesses separated from our cave-home and domestic affairs in there, so that things are about the same as the good ol’ days, as promised. This includes our financials too. If you need to know, we’re earning enough to pay off what I’m offering to the Tian sisters - and you don’t need to know how and how much, because I’m sure you’ll raise your hand at me if I told you.

However, I know that deep inside, you need to be assured that we’re doing something right. Something that benefits the family, something that you can see with your eyes, hold with your hands, align with your virtues, that resonates with your Perfect universe. It’s only fair that you get a piece of the action, a slice of the cake, but you don’t need to, nor want to, dwell on the finer details of who, what, when and the hows.” Wei *da ge* looks very calm, confident, and gleeful - an image of a successful *laoban* indeed.

Lan Zhan knows too well where the conversation is going. He’s being led by the nose by the *da ge* ’s brilliant deduction and reasoning. He snorts.

“You know me too well. How much?” and looks away, feeling slightly miffed at being revealed too easily. Curse the mind-reading ability.

Wei *da ge* walks ahead and Lan Zhan sees the broad, comforting and bold back of a man who has somehow, through illicit or proper means, succeeded in his promise to prosper their family business. “As gainfully-employed staff, shareholders and founding members of our new company, I’d say, let the company pay out two gold pieces for each Lan family member per day. That’s about the same spending money we used to get in the good ol’ days. Does that sound fair?” He stops, and so does Lan Zhan, clutching his cane.

He takes a few seconds to work out some calculations. “Nnngh. You’re a stinger, despite your big words back at the teahouse.”

Wei *da ge* raises a hand with two fingers up, “I’ll double it once we hit our first quarterly sales milestones.”

Lan Zhan hobbles ahead slowly until he overtakes the eldest Wei. “Deal.”

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“Hey Ernie, we’re coming home soon. Status report, the usual format, please.”

Laundry has been collected and folded.

Warning: two loincloths have fallen to the ground during the drying process. Four clips taken by crows. Please inform if retrieval operation is required.

D-Broom unit completed its cleaning two hours ago, and is currently re-charging at Energy Spell station. Status of dust bag: 80 percent full. Recommended to clean the dust bag soon.

Gardens watered twice. Weeding and fertilizing done.

Status of fertilizer: 70 percent full - Okay.

Overall status: 10 units of produce from the gardens, and 15 units from the orchard identified for harvest. Initiating marking with ink-brush and tagging with red flags. Please harvest the marked-tagged units upon return.

New batch of seedlings in trays number 2 and 4 planted.

Overall status: Plants no. 5, 8 and 12 from seedbed 3 are affected by pests. Removal operation completed at 1 p.m. Please check the pest basket upon return.

Animals have been fed twice.

Status of drinking station: 30 percent full. Recommended to re-fill by sundown.

Status of grains station: 50 percent full - Okay.

Status of greens station: 20 percent full - Initiated collection of grass and garden produce at 2 p.m.

...

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Preparing to activate Wind spells within home.

Preparing to activate Fire spells in kitchen.

Preparing to unlock doors and gates upon your return.

Status: Warning. Possible intrusion was detected at 10.15 a.m. and removal operation carried out successfully. Video recorded by Senses spell available for viewing.

...

...

Scanning... warm temperatures detected.

Preparing Recipe #351 Cooling Herbal Jelly Dessert. Please pick up FIVE (5) bowls upon return from the Dining Table.

Thank you and awaiting your return, Little Master Wei.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm on a roll here. Bringing back the sisters just for the sake of moving the plot forward. Sorry, I still love my Wei Yings more than other character and plot element :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 48

The skies are overcast, though temperatures are still summer-warm.

The Lan family decided to rest at the local playground at the residential area bordering the outskirts of the city, before heading home. Wei *er ge* insists to do “one more round of selling”, because he’s so used to his street peddling route, that he needs to completely cover his bases before moving on - a budding sign that Wei Ying is picking up Lan Zhan’s habits of routineness and perfection, as time passes. According to the twenty-two year old talented salesman (due to his vastly improved **A** wesome **S** elling **S** kills, telepathically enhanced by their *da ge* ’s even more awesome brainwashing and mind-controlling abilities), in the morning, he had secured new contracts with the City Council and therefore they will be able to supply government offices and events soon; then, more orders from healthcare establishments including clinics and hospitals under the Li group; after lunch and before the meeting with the Tian sisters, he visited his usual haunts along main streetside shops and obtained more orders; and finally, the last customer base are the residents of Yiling.

Lan Zhan watches the young man magically whip out a wooden cart full of, for lack of a better word, goodies, using a Creation-based spell and disguised with Sparkles and other family-friendly visual effects. He sells company-branded talismans which is, in essence, from the Infinity series with their logos stripped off and replaced, then thrown into the rebranded-Infinity pouch, closed, jiggled around like a cocktail mixer, and hundreds more pile onto the cart when the pouch is re-opened - hence, the power of self-replenishment of the said pouch. He would also plunge his hand into the re-branded Infinity Bag of Holding, and take out bundles of charms, minor magical items, and potions useful for households. The man would then sing his usual jingle, this time with added bells and whistles from cleverly-hidden loudspeakers (one does do not question the origin - lest the

patriarch raises his hand to stop the conversation), and housewives both young and old stream out of their homes to meet their favourite talisman merchant.

(Of note, Wei *da ge* has examined the Infinity series of magical gadgets and talismans, and is on the way to reverse-engineer the products under their company's brand, and plans to make them available in supermarkets and retail stores near Wuji continent and beyond other space and time. He plans to launch the new product line soon with limited-time offers to drive sales among cultivators and the magic-using profession from other countries and cultures.)

Wei Ying has become a kind of local superstar, due to his good looks, million-yuan smile, and unique family and housewives-friendly approach for selling his wares and services right in front of houses, thus saving them the inconvenience of looking for a shaman or cultivator further away in the city. His (formal) business proposition is attractive as well - "a direct-to-consumer service to give the chance for all Yiling's citizens, regardless of age and gender, to experience everyday-magics that enable, enhance and enrich people's lifestyles through home comfort and convenience in modern times!", and to housewives with a streak of feminism, "Equalizing and liberalizing access to magics, and bringing power and control to your fingertips - who says only the Man in the house can change the lanterns? Just push the Big Red Circle on the talisman, and you can do it too!"

(Wei Ying still runs into administrative problems to register the YingTech trademark (which would be an awesome rival to the Magics R' Us brand), and therefore, to patent the Big Red Circle concept, because the City Council still harbours suspicions on names related to Yin Metal, which until today still carries negative connotations, and therefore, perceived as bad taste in branding. However, Wei Ying soldiers on, and continues to submit his paperwork to the Council office periodically.)

While business is brisk, Lan Zhan takes the momentary quiet time to reflect on what he has learnt that day - while Wei *san ge* stalks a human-friendly stray male calico cat by continuously touching its tail and (Lan Zhan sighs) its fluffy twin-balls with a stick, climbs up trees to try and raid low-hanging bird nests, and generally terrorizing the local wildlife within the park's enclosure; Wei *didi* spends his time more productively by playing the slides and swings; and once in a while, he teams up with the teenager to play see-saws and merry-go-rounds before the latter becomes bored of kiddy games, and the kid is left alone on his own - under the watchful eyes of their patriarch. There are also some outdoor gym equipment more suitable for the healthy and elderly population - pull-up bars, balancing beams and even parallel dip bars (made from vines, stone and wood, since crafted metal is still considered a luxury in the present era); Yiling's middle-upper class live in rather modern, upscale neighbourhoods, and there are adequate even desirable amenities for all age groups, including commercial areas, schools, clinics and hospitals, transport hubs, and public facilities such as libraries, swimming pools and community centres, all within walking distance. If the Lan family decides to relocate out of their humble tiny cave-home, with enough money, Yiling's residential areas could be a good option for consideration.

Lan Zhan had gathered enough thought and understanding about his spouses, his assets and properties, and his new family business - not to the finest detail, since that would be too complex, too microscopic, and too difficult to comprehend; just enough to know the gist of things. Wei *da ge* has wisely divided up their activities into two parts, which run independently and to some extent, interdependently, of each other - one is the 'business affairs', and the other is affectionately called the 'domestic affairs'.

Just barely a week ago, and Lan Zhan suspects - which is probably true in all accounts - that Creation and Time warping spells have been used in

reckless abundance, Wangxian Co. Ltd. (hereafter named Wangxian) has been set up shortly after he awoke in this brave new world. It is headquartered and has its production sites set up in a faraway continent called Wuji. Through some unexplainable magical mechanism, one has to turn off at The Junction near their cave-home, then cross over to The Highway, and take a certain exit to Wangxian's sprawling complex of ultra-futuristic office towers, factories, research and development facilities and *everything else* including a metropolis to house everything, everyone, every employee to sustain and grow the business (Lan Zhan has not seen the Kingdom a.k.a. the Wuji continent yet, nor does he want to, but he cannot avoid the dreadful day he's to make a trip for the ribbon-cutting ceremony and officiate new launches - because he still doesn't like crowded places).

Wangxian makes *everything* , to his knowledge, after eavesdropping on the *da ge* 's non-stop chatter during lunch on his latest magical and non-magical inventions, product offerings, shipments sent out and customers' feedbacks (at this point, Lan Zhan would've raised his hand to shut the conversation, had he not been short-circuited by too much sex). It's no longer a food company - it's the greatest conglomerate and the ultimate, supremely powerful mega-corporation that could take over humanity, and even the gods, and swallow up the whole world of both Mortal and God Realms if willed by the patriarch, and the patriarch would definitely say Ye-

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"Wei Ying, please do not interrupt and disturb my meditation," Lan Zhan frowns with his eyes closed and talks to no one in particular, while taking another sip from the bamboo container, sitting on a park bench beneath a clump of shady trees. A slightly invasive presence inside his mind - which he's come to identify as the *da ge* 's, after experiencing numerous attempts to feed ideas and words into him, even mind-control and hypnotic-psychic suggestions - withdraws, apologetically.

Lan Zhan returns to his train of thought. He knows, that Wei *da ge* knows, and therefore a tacit understanding and working principle is established within their family and the business, that there will be little or no disruption in everyday life allowed in Lan Zhan's world ("world" here is loosely used to mean what the man perceives around him). In time, the patriarch may change his views and tolerate more progress and evolution of his - their - lifestyle; however, with this principle in place, it means Wangxian will make, sell, prosper, and do whatever is needed because the *da ge*, the President of the company, is green-lighted by the patriarch to dictate everything for the business in his discreet, honest ways.

On the other hand, life in their cave-home will return to normalcy - with some slight modernization upgrades, such as the outdoor bath, toilets, the courtyard, even benefitting their home in general such as the bedroom, kitchen-cum-dining area, and the abominable workroom that has unfortunately swallowed his guqin and Wei Ying's A.S.S. notebook. He secretly and happily notes that the sputtering D-Broom will soon be put out of commission as it is reaching its shelf-life, since new versions are already available from their company, and he does *not* intend to get a replacement unit - he wants to sweep the floor with a natural straw broom once again. The Floor Mat however, has to stay because *didi* is too fond of it, despite the patriarch's utter dislike for cold black things in the basement.

Earning ten gold pieces a day is a windfall, and a new norm, for the family of five. Lan Zhan's money pouch is fat with upfront payments from the *da ge* before he left for his mid-afternoon meeting, and the patriarch already gave one to the teenager to buy a new basket (and purchase more provisions) to replace the tattered one damaged by street brats earlier that morning; he's rich enough that he doesn't need to weave baskets for the family, when urgent need arises. In fact, he's rich enough and has a sustainable income (similar to getting rental payments or receiving blue-chip stock market dividends) that he could consider a semi-retirement lifestyle, should the desire arise. He does not need to start the kitchen stove at five in the morning to make dumplings, fried snacks or herbal candies for

sale - and Wei Ying no longer needs to continue his back-breaking day job of delivering food and selling at the marketplace; he just needs to make Fairy Messenger calls - and if what he crows victoriously after the teahouse meeting is true - or contract the Qishan Merchant Guild's call centre to handle their orders automatically in the future; but he'll still make his trips to the city, because Wei Ying loves to meet, talk and be with people, after all. Wei Ying's portfolio is limited to plum sauce, and local food condiments, foods and snacks that the average Middle Kingdom consumer is familiar with; there are no plans to introduce anything beyond that, lest the patriarch raises his hands on all four Wei Yings for disrupting the space-time continuum with such careless actions.

In some sense, the new norm for the family will no longer focus on work and earning enough money to put food on the table. They'll still grow their own vegetables, rear their animals, catch their fish and shrimps - because he's a staunch believer of going organic - they'll still carry out their household chores, forage for goodies from the bountiful 'Mounds, hunt jungle fowls because Wei Ying enjoys such activities, and so forth. They can finally take things to a whole new level, and enjoy the lifestyle that they deserve.

Wei *didi* pulls on Lan Zhan's sleeve and that broke the man from his reverie, “ *Gege* , you talk too much inside your head, *da ge* says. But he likes what you said, and he says most of it is correct. He's happy to elaborate on the details, but he's afraid to end up talking to your hand for the rest of the evening... umm... am I making sense? I'm just making the words exactly how I'm told.”

Lan Zhan sighs, and lifts the boy to sit next to him on the park bench. He's slightly sweaty from running from one park equipment to the next, so Lan Zhan wipes his forehead with his sleeve. He kisses the boy on the forehead,

and tells him, “Tell *da ge* that I will listen to him, if he can promise to come back by dinner time, so that everyone can eat together.”

Wei *didi* giggles, and replies, “ *Da ge* just said that there’s no overtime tonight. So he will be back soon! Yayyyyy!” and hugs Lan Zhan adorably. Wei *san ge* appears from a short distance, carrying a frazzled-looking snarling calico cat that’s intent on murdering and scratching its molester-cum-kidnapper - but the teenager deftly avoids the claws because he’s already too good at avoiding chicken claws as well since he’s a master hunter of wild game.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan! Can we keep this kitty? Look, it’s so cute, and it’s trying to nibble at my fingers! I’ve fed him before, so it remembers me!” the cat is trying to bite off the fingers grasping its upper body with plenty of growls and hisses.

Lan Zhan sends a sympathetic look at the feline. “Wei Ying... I... as long as it doesn’t cause trouble to our home and the animals, and as long as you’re fully responsible for it.”

“Yes, Yes, Yes!” and the cat is swung in circles by strong grips on its paws, and it screeches for its dear life. Wei *didi* perks up because he is also a Wei Ying, and all Wei Yings love to play with small animals and torment them playfully (even their chickens and rabbits favour Lan Zhan over the Wei Yings for this reason).

“Including feeding and cleaning,” Lan Zhan makes it very clear to the teenager about the responsibilities of caring for another life destined under

Wei Ying's 'loving' care.

“Of course! Yes! I’ll bundle him up safely and bring him back with us!” and the cat is bounced like a baby, and suddenly tied up with Binding spells into a wiggling cocoon of glowing blue threads. Wei *didi* shrieks with joy, and *san ge* , in a rare moment of brotherly love, shares the happiness of playing with a new pet, and hands it to the boy. *Didi* starts jiggling the furry caterpillar-like creature, in a similar manner as all Wei Yings, and starts hugging, touching and pepper lots of smooches on the screaming, shocked feline - and pulls its tail repeatedly.

Wei *er ge* eventually returns from a successful sales stint, with a stack of orders to send off to the company, and is amused at the sight of the cat he’d fed with a piece of *jianbing* not too long ago. He shrugs nonchalantly; at least it’s not a dog.

Anyway, it’s time to head home.

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Half-way back to their cave-home on a blazing Bichen under an equally-blazing hot mid-afternoon sun (thankfully with a Shield spell around them to block out the harmful ultraviolet rays), Lan Zhan once again surveys his lush green and hilly estate, this time is a slightly broader understanding of his new world, new perspectives and new sights as well.



“Lan Zhan, look over there. Those plots of land around our home, they will be bought under your name too, developed and leased to the Tian sisters at no cost,” Wei *er ge* explains from behind, as he draws a circle with his pointed finger at the direction of their humble abode. “They’ll form a defensive ring to help protect us, our crops and our livelihood. In time, *da ge* says that he plans to take over the entire Burial Mounds for sentimental reasons, because here is where I found my true identity.”

“... true identity?”

“As a practitioner of the dark arts, of course. I absorbed the energies from here, and that led to many painful events and memories - but in hindsight, if it wasn’t for the ‘Mounds, I wouldn’t end up here with you today.” A quick warm embrace from behind, but not more - they’re still in public view despite flying at high altitudes; one never knows when another sword-flying cultivator may pass by.

“Hnn..”

“Ah, look over there! Near the airpor-- the strip of road. Do you see The Junction?” a finger points at an indistinct mass of trees.

“Wei Ying, it’s too far to tell. And I can’t see The Highway either.”

“Ooooh, Lan Zhan, you’re not supposed to see The Highway. You need to turn off at the Junction and travel through a special portal, which leads you to The Highway. The Highway is located in Wuji continent, after all-- and I

should shut up because your hand is moving upwards.” Sulky, disappointed. Lan Zhan’s heart aches a little for making his spouse unhappy for the silliest reasons. He lowers his hand.

“Wei Ying, I promise to listen to you more often, but I won’t be able to accept everything in my present state. You... can go on,” Lan Zhan actually leans back to Wei Ying and their bodies touch - a brazen display of affection between husband and wife in broad daylight at two hundred meters above ground. “Go on, I will listen,” he gently nudges, very calmly, and hooks an index finger with Wei Ying’s.

He feels a sweet peck on his cheek, and Wei Ying happily launches into fantastical stories about their home, their surroundings, the people, the Tian sisters, the world, the space, the timeline, and so much more - aspects that enrich and colour Lan Zhan’s brave new and amazingly wonderful Perfect universe, with his four lovely spouses.

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Lan Zhan is, for a moment, briefly amazed at the state of their home upon their return. Everything looks Perfectly fine - the laundry is collected and folded, the courtyard and floor are cleaned, the orchards and gardens look freshly watered and thriving - and all ripe harvests are nicely picked, cleaned, neatly piled on the kitchen counter, the animals are fed and resting around the coop, and their home is, for a lack of better words, Perfect - everything is in the right place to where they should belong. It looks and feels as though Lan Zhan had been busy doing household chores for the whole day, except that he didn’t and hardly even lifted a finger.

“Ernie’s great, but it’s still learning. I had to give it additional instructions to complete the tasks to our satisfaction,” Wei *er ge* casually explains as he walked through the entrance of their home. Earlier, Lan Zhan actually skirted around the floor mat with a look of disdain on his face - but now, he is in awe of someone, *something* , that has done the job to Perfection, and he admires flawless execution. Lan Zhan actually faces the floor mat, bows with hands folded in front as a (mortal) signal of humility and respect.

(At this point, (immortal) Ernie feels touched at Lan Zhan’s gesture - its intellect and emotions are maturing at an amazing speed - and decides that Lan Zhan sits on the same pedestal as Wei *didi* whom it's tasked to guard)

Wei *er ge* laughs out loud and calls Lan Zhan to have some chilled *guilinggao* cooling herbal jelly waiting for them on the dining table.

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“It’s nice and quiet, isn’t it? Without the boys around.”

“Mn.” Slurp, slurp the sweet fragrant dessert. The taste is perfect, and Lan Zhan had to give it a five out of five stars.

Wei *da ge* had read about the challenges of raising house pets from strays, as Wangxian is embarking into the healthcare, pharmaceutical and medical fields, for both human and veterinary uses. He sounded an alert to the teenager, and both him and the youngest Wei zipped off to the headquarters. The cat needed to be checked by a veterinarian, and depending on the results, it may need to be spayed, neutered and vaccinated first. Wei *da ge* was adamant that he needs to “do something” to “instil our family’s values” into the cat, so that it fits with the family - otherwise, the cat can stay at the headquarters, where it can be attended by personal vets, pet groomers and showered with lots of love and toys to play with - scratching posts, catnip bags, tails, feather teasers and laser pointers included. The two youngest Wei siblings decide to hang out at the eldest’s ultra-modern penthouse suite, play with toys from the future, and watch some cartoons and movies at the home theatre with lots of popcorn and free-flow fizzy drinks.

The cave-home is peaceful indeed.

“Ah, Lan Zhan, *da ge* said that he’ll be bringing home dinner, along with the boys, so there’s no need to cook. We’ve got a few hours to spare.. What shall we do?” Wei Ying asks, and he naturally slides between the chair and the table, and sits on Lan Zhan’s lap.

Wei Ying starts rolling his hips seductively, and his fingers play the folds of the older man’s garments. “Do you still want to... practise cultivation?” and the fingers glide to the ribs, tickling sexy circles before moving back up and rub the nipples on a well-muscled chest.

“Or.. do you want to... meditate?” Wei Ying starts kissing the older man’s forehead, then the earlobes, and then the cheeks.

“Or.. do you want to... read your magazines?” Little humping motions coax the rising erection to rub against the younger man’s springy ass, but everyone knows that Lan Zhan is running on empty for the rest of the day.

“... the magazines... are in the... bedroom,” Lan Zhan groans instinctively, because it’s been a while since he’s with lovely Wei Ying alone and all by themselves, and Lan Zhan starts nuzzling into Wei Ying’s clothed abdomen, silently asking for permission, for a positive answer, a dear request to the spouse.

“Mm. Good boy. Let’s go to the bedroom, then.”

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Lan Zhan is tricked by Wei Ying. Well, sort of.

His first line of thought, when discussing about magazines in the bedroom, are the likes of Cultivation Times, periodicals and reading materials related to agriculture, farming practices and the local plants and wildlife.

Instead, Wei Ying shamelessly pulls out PeiNis, PeiNans and PeiNus out of the bookshelf which Lan Zhan had stowed away between the covers of boring National Geographic magazines - including editions from the previous months -, then the young man happily opens their racy and risque centerspreads all over their bed which shows a mind-boggling variety of

positions and descriptions for foreplay and sex. He deceptively asks, “Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, which one do you think we should try?”

Lan Zhan shivers at that point, because he knows he *cannot* perform anymore for the day. He simply points at the easiest - cowgirl - and hopes that Wei Ying will be kind to his genitals.

Then Wei Ying giggles, and says, “Alright, we’ll try that... last!” He casts an *awful* spell on himself, and multiples to tens of twenty-two year old Wei Wings that fill the bedroom, including female forms - all in the nude (because they don’t have clothes to wear except for the original Wei Ying). Lan Zhan’s eyes went wide, and his heart skipped a few beats at an unbelievable sight of nubile young males and fertile curvy females lining the room, and they approach the bed, and the bedside dips at their weight, and they crawl on all fours, ready to pounce and devour the helpless and defenceless patriarch sitting at the center of the mattress--

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, I’m sorry you had to experience such low quality pleasures from *san ge* earlier. I’ll make it up for you, okay? Please sit back, relax and enjoy!” (at the same time, the teenager and the nine-year old boy squees at watching more Star Wars movies, doing exactly the same - sit back, relax and enjoy -, in the comfort of a home cinema in *da ge*’s penthouse suite.)

Later, Lan Zhan tells himself that he should really throw away those dirty magazines, despite his habit of stealing glances between the pages to get some sex tips in the middle of the night - because after that evening, the couple (or couples) have gone through pretty much every masturbatory, foreplay, non-penetrative and penetrative positions recommended for males and females, homo- and heterosexual ones included. The bed becomes a

mess of fluids, mostly from the Wei Yings and all over their single provider who is blissfully wrung to the last drop - since there are no more drops, hence, he's technically vacuumed out. Poor Lan Zhan is sexually short-circuited for the third time that day; ascending to Heaven multiple times per hour, even per minute, is no big deal for him anymore.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I'm trying to wrap things up because this arc is like the culmination of other arcs, and everything has become a trainwreck :-D

It's Chinese New Year Eve today... so wishing those who celebrate this joyous occasion - Happy Chinese New Year, Happy Spring Festival !

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 49

Lan Zhan has not just become a Buddha - he *is* Buddha at the pinnacle of his soaring existence within and beyond his Perfect universe. He has transcended into Perfection with the infinite vibrations of pleasures of the flesh, that his soul becomes detached from all mortal thought, sensations and sufferings. He flies high above the mountains of the terrestrial Mortal Realm, then beyond the heavens where he catches glimpses of the Realm of the Gods and the Heavenly Court which resides in the center of circular puffy clouds, and still he skyrockets even further until the world is a glimmering turquoise pearl, then he ascends far from the Moon where Goddess Chang'e waves at him out of her habit of greeting rare passers-by, and still, he feels himself sucked into the infinite spiralling darkness of space, the whole solar system comes into view for a few magnificent seconds and then shrinks into the far distance, where his vision becomes lit by countless stars whizzing by, spinning constellations and the grand milky way and its neighbouring galaxies - and he realizes a cold black thing is crawling amongst them - and instantly identifies it as one of their Residence's occupants -, devouring celestial bodies and planetary systems, spreading its black tentacles in a similar fashion to the ugly green condom thing that violated his balls earlier, and mentally notes, in a calm, irrational, short-circuited mannerism shaped by too much Wei Ying-ness, that he needs to remind Wei Ying about tying a leash around Ernie before letting it out of the floor mat, lest it starts nibbling suns like the strayed Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog, then he's slingshot around his Perfect universe, bouncing off pulsars, neutron stars, cloud nebulae of birthing and dying stars, ricocheting back towards the world--

Lan Zhan quietly sips a cup of oolong tea served on a plain grey table, but did not touch the snacks meant for guests. He finds himself seated in a quiet chamber with sparse but high-quality, antique marble and wooden furniture - it's a no-frills, sterile traditional meeting room of sorts, with the usual signs of neglect, wear and tear, of cracks on the floor and the odd cobweb at the ceiling corners, of musty smell and a layer of dust on some surfaces; the



kind of room that one can usually find in rarely-used, more likely abandoned, official courts or government buildings when such places become white elephants of the main office's administration. It is minimalistic, fully functional, just enough - and is fine. His body is fine as well - the bandages are no longer on his limbs, and his walking cane is nowhere to be seen, nor needed.

Two figures emerge from a door at the side of the chamber - a wizened and healthy, rosy-cheeked pair of long-bearded man and plus-sized woman of old age, nearly fifty years old based on visual appearances alone, dressed in regal robes of golden yellow, jade green and lotus pink, heavily accessorized by numerous pieces of precious stones and jewels. They are tall, about six feet in height, and look like members of rich or royal families, except that their forms glow with faint golden light, and they have halos on their heads to signify that these two are not mortals (and that Lan Zhan is no longer in the Mortal Realm as well).

With well-honed Gusu Lan etiquette for greeting the elderly, Lan Zhan is calm and collected when he stands, and elegantly takes his position in front of the couple. He courteously bows with his hands folded in front, dignifiedly, and states, "Lan Zhan, courtesy name Lan Wang Ji, patriarch of the Gusu Lan family branch in the Qishan province, hereby greets you," and he turns to the man, "Your Majesty, Jade Emperor", then to the woman, "Your Majesty, Queen Mother."

"See, what did I tell you, honey, he's such a brave and good child. I've observed him closely from the moment he stepped into the Court, patiently lined up to seek an audience with us, the way he drinks his tea and greets us - he's the perfect great grandson-in-law!"

“Hush, darling. I know,” and the elderly man takes Lan Zhan’s hand to lift him from the bow. “Please, Wang Ji, we’re technically family now. No need for such formalities. You can call me shortly as *yue fu* (wife’s father), and my wife, as *yue mu* (wife’s mother), and we’re *not* particular about the generational gaps because that’s how it works in Heaven, under my rule.”

Lan Zhan looks up, hardly showing any signs of disbelief - because his heart has long become as calm and numbed as Buddha’s - takes a moment to digest those crucial words, especially when his name is pronounced with such clarity by the gods - no, his in-laws -, before stammering (it’s hard to figure out how to properly address one’s in-laws), “Y.. Your Majesty, Great Grand... *yue* --”

“No, No. Just *yue fu* will do. I’ll accept Papa (爸爸), and Mama (妈妈) for her, but that depends on your preference. So, please, greet me well,” the elderly man says softly, in a caring, familial manner. He nudges gently at Lan Zhan to go on, go on, say it.

Lan Zhan relaxes. “Mn... *Yue fu* . *Yue mu* .” And tries to smile at both of them - a little awkward, though.

The Jade Emperor gives out a hearty laugh and pulls Lan Zhan into a grandfatherly hug. Wangmu Niang Niang, the Queen Mother of the West, places her hand on Lan Zhan’s back and gives a grandmotherly pat, and says “Good child, you’re a really good child!” (好孩子,你真是个好孩子!)

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It's a bizarre, divinely and surreal experience to be talking to gods, much less the King and Queen of Gods, hence, through the power vested in the Mandate of Heaven to the Mortal Realm, the Great Father and Great Mother of all Mankind of the Middle Kingdom. However, Lan Zhan remains unfazed in his present state, plus, he's already experienced enough Wei Ying-ness to know (even expect) that meeting gods is, and should be, one of those routines he'd need to incorporate into his life.

Shortly after ascending to wherever Wei Ying took him through the power of endless sex, Lan Zhan realized - belatedly again - that it isn't just rutting and making babies that the twenty-two year old intended; it was cultivating his *qi* through sexual means - sexual *qi* is one of the most potent forms of spiritual energies - and overcharging his golden core until he breaks all spiritual barriers and limits until his soul reaches the current destination. Lan Zhan had a moment of brilliant clarity, by putting two plus two to equal four, when he remembers that Tian *da jie* is the favourite great granddaughter of the Tian *dalaoye*, and meeting her, then knowing her real identity, now formally married and connected to the Tian family, meant that he should also greet the family members too out of graceful respect and to foster good relationships between inter-connected families - and of course, this is the Tian family of the Heavens, the rulers of the skies, so surely, he must meet them as soon as possible!

The serenity within Lan Zhan prohibits the man from collapsing into a black hole of wibbly illogical fear and madness from the crazy revelation - so that he could be calmly guided by his supreme golden core, arrive at the Heavenly Court looking no different than his usual expressionless visage dressed in his signature ivory-white robes with embroidered light blue cloud-patterns (because this is his Perfect image that will appear in the Realms of the Gods); then politely asked the servants for directions, before he cleverly found the express queue for Mortals to seek an audience with the Jade Emperor; because the other queue was marked "Demi-gods, Deities, Gods, Immortals and Other non-Mortal Beings" which is akin to an economy-class entry lane packed with other divine, non-human beings,

while Lan Zhan waltzes through the empty, privileged first-class entry lane for Mortals as there was no one else waiting in that line anyway).

The conversation between *yue fu* , *yue mu* and Lan Zhan is surprisingly, very informal, very down-to-earth, and not divinely at all - which puts him and everyone else at ease. It feels exactly as a close, intimate chit-chat between a man with his distinguished parents-in-law, except that Lan Zhan never had the honour of doing so, for obvious reasons.

Yue fu first explained that he sees and knows everything - as expected - so he's well aware all events surrounding the son-in-law and foster great grandson's lives - and for the latter, death and rebirth included. He had already foreseen Lan Zhan's arrival due to his all-encompassing vision (actually, the live telecast - with subtitles - from the magical viewing mirror that he's always tuned to, to monitor Wei Ying's every move), and he'd asked the servants to prepare a special lane for him; of late, especially since the Great Fires that destroyed everything and re-built the Realms to surprising Perfection, gods line up every morning in front of the Heavenly Palace, and therefore fill the Courts day in and day out until there are no private meeting rooms available - so the Emperor decided to convert an old storeroom *ad hoc* for their meeting (in which he apologizes to Lan Zhan about the rather undignified condition, but Lan Zhan just replies with a nod, "Mn, it's alright", to everyone's relief) - the gods crowd the Courts to seek compensation, and claim for minor or unspecified damages, for their shrines, temples, palaces, assets and whatnots - "but everything is perfectly fine in the Realms, so those blasted things are just trying to wing around the force majeure clause in their property insurance underwritten by the Tian family, just to earn a few extra gold ingots!" the *yue fu* waves an angry fist; Lan Zhan winces - Wei Ying is at fault for the troubles (which is an understatement, given the latter's ignorance on the widespread impact it has on the Realms).

(Lan Zhan did ask, what kind of inconvenience has Wei Ying caused for those complaining gods, and the *yue fu* lists down a few mundane examples - a crack on someone's temple pillar, a smudge on someone's shrine, a missing lock on the kennel of the Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog - which are, fundamentally speaking, everyday occurrences and could have been due to natural causes, but as with anyone who tries to make money out of the Tian family, tried to pass these off as damages from the Great Fires and claim under insurance. Lan Zhan sighs in understanding that gods are as money-minded as mortals, and *yue fu* , who can read minds anyway, takes a swig of oolong tea and grunts, "It's always like that, isn't it?")

Yue mu interjects to apologize for their foster great grandson's awful, destructive and rascal-like behaviour, especially since the last few mortal years; and speculates that this is because of the trauma of losing his actual foster parents, and that a child like him needs to be taught and be guided throughout his life - which is so different from Lan Zhan's circumstances, being raised with good morals and virtues despite being orphaned at such a young age, and that he continues to *suffer* because of living with that undisciplined *brat* .

Lan Zhan shakes his head slightly with a faint, knowing smile. "Mn, I am alright, *yue mu* . I've loved and will always love Wei Ying and all his forms in this world. No matter what has happened, or what will be, I will always be by his side. He... is kind to me, and I'm always caring for him."

Yue mu dabs a handkerchief to her cheeks, touched at such pure words.

" *Yue fu* , *yue mu* , please allow me to take responsibility for Wei Ying's actions. As his... spouse... I will try my best to change, and correct his

behaviour. Wang Ji promises this,” and he bows again with folded hands at the front.

Yue mu snuffles, because Lan Zhan is really too precious and sincere in heart; she wishes this man as a great grandson, instead of the troublemaker whose name had been inadvertently inducted into their family registry due to the reckless behaviour of their great granddaughter - there seems to be a trend of badly behaved kids in the Tian family tree!

Lan Zhan (bravely) touched *yue mu* 's arm, and murmurs reassuringly, “ *Yue mu* , I am part of your family too, so you can consider me the same as all your children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, equally if not less. If there is anything within my power that I can carry out to undo Wei Ying's mistakes, or fix the troubles he's caused, please tell me.” (the truth within Lan Zhan's heart shines brightly - his virtues make his spirits glow with courage to mend the broken, to help the needful.)

The Jade Emperor sighs in immense relief at the great grandson's humility and openness. He decides to lighten up the mood a little over the pot of tea and plates of tasty Heavenly Peanut Snacks. “Did I ever tell you about the time when I saw that naughty boy *pee* at a peach tree's roots? Hah! I was so upset, for no reason really, that I nearly wanted to smack that kid's white butt with a lightning strike... Me! And old man smacking a kid's butt! Can you imagine that?! HA HA HA!”

Lan Zhan involuntarily snorts (because the image of a big red slap mark on the pale ass does look and sounds funny); he takes a peanut and pops it into his mouth - it's really tasty -, and the room bursts into raucous laughter - partly because the Queen Mother loves such silly jokes that makes her dear

husband guffaw like the lively, young, spirited celestial being she'd married, aeons ago.

Later, as they talked (with Lan Zhan mostly “Mn”s and adds some polite and politically correct comments, and lets the couple dominate the entire conversation) and enlightened Lan Zhan about earthly and Heavenly affairs (a very condensed version of things), celestial servants - who look like any other peasants on earth, except that they glow, and feature non-human parts such as wings and tails -, bring in fruits and salads freshly harvested from the Sacred Orchards of the Golden Summer Resort Palace; Lan Zhan is delighted to impress his new in-laws, and makes it known that he wants to be a strict vegetarian (which will impress any religious gods, really), but Wei Ying doesn't let him, for some unknown reasons. The old, loving couple snickers and fall into another round of boisterous laughter at the unintended vulgar humour - and the *yue fu* grabs Lan Zhan by the shoulder, wiggles an eyebrow, and says, “Son, here's what you should know...” (and Lan Zhan gets a male biology lesson on why proteins are much-needed for their marital bliss - because the Jade Emperor has seen tons of clips of their lovemaking in various locations -, and that “sometimes, just fish and eggs alone aren't enough, son”, plus some amazing vegetarian recipes to boost one's sexual health befitting for royals and gods too, and what each recipe can do to his body and his partner's - then Lan Zhan blushes shyly, resulting in *yue mu* jokingly chastising her husband, “Awwwww, honey, you're embarrassing him!”).

The distance between them closes, until Lan Zhan truly feels that he's a very fortunate son-in-law of the lovable *yue fu* and *yue mu* . (never mind the generational gap.)

Their conversations meander into the topic of Tian *da jie* , in which Lan Zhan senses disappointment at her self-imposed exile from the Heavens (as with many young adults that are coming-of-age seeking independence from

helicopter great grandparents), but strangely pride as well, because she'd make it big in Yiling on her own (in some ways) and has created a sisterhood of non-human beings with unmatched abilities and strengths - her own circle of friends.

Eventually they returned to the topic that brought them together in the first place. “ *Yue fu* , *yue mu* , I am honest and I speak my heart out - if there is anything I can do to repay or compensate for the troubles that Wei Ying has caused, please let me know,” Lan Zhan says with a respectful bow.

The Jade Emperor and his wife stares at Lan Zhan for a full minute, but the other does not waver, never flinched, nor withdraw, from such determination to fully right what has gone wrong. The King of Gods sighs and understands that his great grandson-in-law will not back out on his words - a true Gusu Lan, indeed - and lifts a finger, then flicks it.

The door opens, and another two glowing figures drift into the chamber in bursts of glimmering mists and ethereal lights - Lan Zhan recognizes them since there are enough pictures, scriptures, statues and legends about these two in the whole of the Middle Kingdom - the unmistakable images of Merciful Goddess Guan Yin and the grandest of them all, His Omnipresence and of Greatest Reverence, Lord Buddha.

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“ *Lao gong* ! *Er di* ! We're back!”



“Look what we brought! Fast food and tasty stuff from the Far Far West!

“ *Gege* ! We’ve got the biggest bucket of fried chicken ever!”

“ ...”

“... ahh... I’ll... I’ll do the clean-up. *San di* , take *didi* to the bath first, then set the table and cutleries. I’ll bring these two in later, because the bath water’s going to get messy.”

“... wow... is... is Lan Zhan going to be... alright? And, which one’s... *er ge* ?”

“ *San ge* , that one’s the only *er ge* with a shirt on. The rest are naked. Should I get him?”

The teenager hushes the little boy, and together, they dropped their cargo on the dining table before heading out to the outdoor pool. Ernie chipped in as well, even without being told, by sending cold black tentacles weaving into the fluid-splattered bedroom full of masses of enraptured, humping, jerking and wiggling Wei Yings - all vying to make love, pleasure, mount and orgasm around the drenched and shrivelled-up sole receiver of their infinite love -, just to pick out the boys’ bathtowels and pyjamas made by their company’s fabrics and textiles division, and send them to the waiting youngest Wei siblings. A fancy ball of strobing Fire-Light combo spell spins at the ceiling, colouring the chamber with spinning glittery luminescence, polka-dots and rainbow beams that change colours

constantly - painting the entire scene of debauchery into a portrait of depraved mass orgies, juicy gasps and moans, and the stink of sweat and other filthy bodily fluids.

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Lan Zhan is beyond Buddhahood - he has reached the ultimate state of eternal transcendence of all known realms, become a nirvana of his own, and he can detach himself from the mundane, material and suffering world where his physical body currently resides, at anytime and at will.

At least that's what he'd like to believe - as he reaches for another oily, fried chicken drumstick from a cardboard bucket mysteriously marked with three foreign letters in red and white ("KFC" - but he couldn't read it). However, the imprinted stylized picture of a friendly white old bearded man reminds him of his Heavenly encounter, and a dim memory of a timely advice to nourish his depleted body properly for the sake of his marital bliss - and he takes a bite into the tasty, juicy meat, with the crunchy savoury skin included, that's said to be marinated with eleven herbs and spices. Mmm, delish.

Perhaps he should still stay in this mundane, mortal world a little longer, because eating and savouring good food is one of this realm's pleasures that he would be heartbroken to part with.

The dining table is filled with an assortment of strange, exotic and delicious foods from the Far, Far West, as claimed by the Wei *gongzi* s, in very convenient, never-seen-before take-out packaging: hamburgers,

cheeseburgers, sandwiches, tacos, burritos, fried chicken, pizza, onion rings, muffins, molten chocolate cake, red velvet cake, potato wedges drizzled with fatty cream cheese sauce and french fries with a mind-boggling variety of dips. For beverages, there are containers of soft drinks and milkshakes; all of these foreign-sounding food names do not mean anything to Lan Zhan, so he just learns by appreciating the sight, finger-licking taste, textures and mouth-watering smells.

After taking a bite or two from each dish, Lan Zhan concludes that they're all very good (and therefore, approved to be enlisted into Wangxian's food export division's production lines) - however they're very salty, too greasy and leaves him thirsty or feeling a bit queasy (so the recipes will be improved, and made healthier). Before he could ask, Wei *da ge* promptly takes wet wipe towelettes to clean the patriarch's fingers (and Lan Zhan is still chewing on a mouthful of chicken pepperoni pizza while getting his oily fingers tended to, then his mouth wiped by the motherly Wei sibling - such a cute pampered baby!), Wei *er ge* walks in with the brightest smile (because he's had thirty times the sex in the span of three hours) carrying a bowl of steaming noodle with lots of vegetables, chopped scallions, tomatoes and carrots harvested that morning, Wei *didi* hands chopsticks to the *san ge*, who in turn, helps to pick up strings of noodles and pieces of leafy greens, blows the steam off, and feeds Lan Zhan's non-stop munching mouth, mouthful by mouthful. In an uncharacteristic move, which is nearly the norm within the household now, Lan Zhan slurps his noodles loudly with plenty of wet sounds, while being served by his four spouses.

The Wei *gongzi* s had read their patriarch's mind that despite all the good food from the Far Far West, nothing beats the traditional cuisine from the Middle Kingdom, and he saves the best for last - while he still has space left in his bulging stomach (the six pack abs have slightly sunken below a layer of fat - perhaps a sign of the prophesized single ab, i.e. a belly resembling a big wok?). Never mind if he is showing signs of being a glutton - because the foods that Wei *da ge* brings back from Wangxian as "samples to try" are

simply amazing, and worthy of a taste while he still exists in this mundane, mortal world (“you only live once”, as the saying goes).

When Lan Zhan finally finished the noodles, therefore the dinner meal, right at sunset around seven in the evening, he relaxes and stretches, and yes, lets out a string of long rude burps - blame it on fizzy drinks. His stomach isn't used to carbonated beverages, so there's more gas than usual - however, there is nothing unappealing about that; in fact, the Wei *gongzi* s love their patriarch more and more at each mealtime, when the man displays his more crude and private side, in front of much-loved family members. Every Wei *gongzi* takes the opportunity to kiss the man's cheeks, nuzzle his chest, rub the satisfied filled belly, touch his hands and legs, even reach into the trousers to fiddle his unresponsive penis safely tucked inside the underpants, throughout and after the meal.

Lan Zhan sighs in full relaxation in his newfound nirvana of sorts, as his Wei Yings work hard to wash the dishes, clean the kitchen and take out the trash - he doesn't need to lift a finger, nor wants to move; he's not a sloth, really, because naughty Wei *san ge* is kneeling between his naked legs and giving him a post-meal blowjob after doing his part of the clean-up - by pressing the “On” button on D-Broom. Lan Zhan isn't completely disaffected despite the state of his genitals; he still becomes half-hard, and that is enough for the teenager showcase what he's best for - deep-throating and tongue-play -, at least to the level of one-two near-orgasmic twitches, if not full-blown twenty-twitches, and is rewarded with barely-felt sweeping muscular contractions along the underside of the drooping penis and a single droplet of crystal-clear fluid.

“ *Lao gong* , I've tapped into your mind and memories, and I - we - have to thank you for putting a good word to the Heavens on our behalf. It wasn't intentional of us to send you to the Jade Emperor, really, because horny *er ge* here *really* wanted to fuck, get inseminated and bear babies for you,” the

eldest sibling gestures the second eldest rudely with a dry dishcloth, "It so happens that your ascension to the highest levels of cultivation is a side-effect of his lustful greed."

"Hey, don't diss me like that! I have feelings and needs too, like the rest of you!" he retorts and turns around to face the patriarch, "But everything is alright now after that serendipitous meeting, right? I'm off the hook, my new foster great grandparents aren't after my back anymore, the gods aren't coming after me, and the Tian sisters won't be bothering us for a while after a memo has been sent to them about the outcome of your meeting. Right? Right?" he repeats the last word in anticipation of the affirmation.

Lan Zhan simply and calmly "Mn"s with his eyes closed and head tilted towards the ceiling, not really bothering to elaborate further (since his mind is read). He's already orgasming (just barely) from the wonderful treatment on his twitching limp penis, a few tasty growls from his throat, and tired jerks of hips on the creaky chair. Orgasms make him unwind, and he soars high into his new state of existence - the one he keeps calling 'Buddhahood' (or godhood, for those who prefer to be non-religion specific).

What Lan Zhan transmits from his senses to the Wei *gongzi* s is true: the Tian family will settle out of court on the claimed damages, which are in actual fact, quite minor and run into *mere* thousands of gold ingots - a drop in the ocean compared to the riches amassed by the ruling Heavenly family over the last epoch, from a godly perspective. Fate has been kind to everyone in both realms; everything is restored perfectly fine after the Great Fires - never mind the cracks, smudges and the odd missing lock - and the Realms of the Gods stand to benefit from Wei Ying's misadventures too; whether from his bedroom antics viewed on live telecast in full three-dimensional glory, interesting new products brought from other timelines (because Ernie has successfully done it - it's reached the gods and Wangxian has started shipping out high-tech goodies - some of the younger,

trendier local gods expressed admiration for the unbelievable experience of watching Star Wars on 70+ inch 4K Ultra high-definition television sets with surround sound system, using mobile hand-held devices (called 'phones and tablets') to dive into the world of social media and Net surfing, and have started sipping lattes and cappuccinos instead of their usual tea or wine brews.), or just plainly, an additional male member begrudgingly forced to be added to the prestigious and all-powerful Tian family - and in hindsight, a blessing too, because Wangmu Niang Niang adores Lan Zhan (he's the most filial, kindest, most un-snobbish and most un-rascal-like among all the males in her family), thus a happy and satisfied matriarch means a happy and satisfying life for the Tian's too.

(Not too far away, the Tian sisters are hard at work packing their stuff in preparation for the move to their new luxury bungalow homes in the 'Mounds, created instantly by Wei *da ge* 's awesome Creation and Time spells - the land titles sit somewhere in Lan Zhan's cupboard, freshly stamped, signed and framed, because the eldest Wei is *just that awesome* with a snap of his fingers - thank the Wangxian's ripped-off version of the Infinity Stones. The sisters receive the memo from their *da jie*'s ancestral grandfather, explaining that both Wei Ying - the adopted *didi* and his various forms - and Lan Zhan - *da jie* 's *shidi* and their *di fu* - have been formally inducted and accepted into the folds of the broader family, by the grace of the King and Queen of Gods. Celebrations ensure within Tian Mi Mi and their entire controlled Fragrant Blossoms Street with lots of cheers, good food, spiked wine, and cinnamon rolls - and they promptly closed for business that night for this joyous occasion; men will mourn and mark the calendar as a day when the inauspicious solar eclipse happened, and the brothels closed.)

Wei *didi* , who has just returned from the outdoors after taking out the trash (there's too much packaging materials - which is bad for the environment -, and he had to sort them out to recyclables and other categories - the Wei *gongzi* s have placed different bins for different types of wastes), and

squeaked out the quintessential childish question, “ *Gege* , did you bring back anything for us?”

Lan Zhan grunts - rather, croaks - his curt but extremely pleasure-hazed reply, “Yes... there’s a... nnnh... bag underneath... ngahhh... the dirty laundry... unh, unh, unh... in my robes...” Sweat-soaked Wei *san ge* had pulled off his pants, climbed onto Lan Zhan’s lap while the latter is still soaring high in his post-orgasm throes - and while the penis is still hard and excited (just barely) -, and dutifully rides the patriarch in a sitting position in all possible directions - verticals and horizontals, circles, squares and stars included. Lan Zhan’s head lolls uselessly back and forth, because his body is singing praises for being pleased with a pleased full belly, and the saliva coated penis receives exquisitely snug, hot squeezes and rolling massages, as expected, from the nubile teenager’s love canal. His balls rise with quivering excitement for the nth time from the delicious friction and rubbing along the entire length of the cock (because every juicy breedworthy fuck is balls-deep), ready to fire another salvo, although there’s really nothing left to shoot except empty vacuum.

The nine-year old “Yayyyy”s and runs squealing into the freshly cleaned, disinfected and sterilized bedroom (Ernie can do that with a single swipe of cold black tentacles, much better than a D-Broom, actually), then gingerly sticks a hand into a crumpled ball of soiled clothes (because laundry will only be done the next day when there is sunlight - the disadvantages of not having the washing machine and the dryer), and pulls the said bag no bigger than a regular-sized satchel that Wei *er ge* slings over his shoulder for his trips to the city.

The contents of the bag is poured onto the dining table, and the Wei *gongzi* s stare at basket of gifts: Wei *da ge* recognizes them as colourful harvest from the Sacred Orchards - including the Peaches of Immortality -, tasty Heavenly Pills of Eternal Prime Health, Heavenly Wine of Infinite Fortune

and Prosperity, amongst other goodies from the foster great grandparents to the latest additions to the family. A small red cloth pouch opens on its own, and Lan Zhan croaks like a sobbing, dying man, “Wedding... rings... please... wear...” and true enough, there are five lovely silvery-gold rings, sculpted with fine patterns of dragons and phoenixes and mysterious inscriptions but that doesn’t really matter to the excited Wei siblings-, because they perfectly everyone’s fourth fingers. The Wei *gongzi* s scream and squeal with delight at the perfect evidence of their officiated status as husband and wives - and quickly put them on without further ado, and take some selfie pictures that Ernie will upload into their family album in the cloud drive; Lan Zhan wears his ring too - he looks awfully ugly in those pictures because of his half-sneezing half-yawning and half-orgasming look.

Everyone cheers and partakes the magnificent dessert after such a grand dinner; the peaches tasted perfectly sweet and juicy, the pills are more like sugary chocolate balls and aren’t bitter at all, and the jars of wine are emptied within minutes - the nine-year old gets a holiday from his non-alcoholic diet, and drinks a cup too. Wei Ying, and all Wei Yings, love their patriarch even more, and made sure he gets his fair share of the bountiful godly gifts, if not more. Wei *didi* is tasked to plant the seeds of the consumed peaches (amongst other heavenly fruits blessed with magical qualities) around the courtyard, because Wei *san ge* who is the working mule of the family, is too busy getting drunk and begging noisily for the patriarch to impregnate him upon their squeaky grating chair - although Lan Zhan too, has a fully-flushed, sleepy face after downing nearly a jar of the wine, and flails his limbs uselessly while orgasming happily into the tight teenage hole (yes, he hiccups and giggles during climax in his inebriated state).

By the time the innocent and kind *didi* returns from the late-night farm work (he’s like the family work-slave of sorts), everyone has relocated to the bedroom, which has started to become a nest of triple drunken orgies including the legendary triple-blowjobs-and-six way-handjobs combo, with

plenty of un-seeable and downright depraved and pornographic acts, un-hearable sounds of stuff erupting, squirting and spurting everywhere, and the icky bodily smells as well; so, the boy quietly puts everything in their cave-home back in places where they belong, lights the Lan Family lanterns at the entrance, brushes his teeth and washes his face at the kitchen sink (because he doesn't want to disturb his breeding brothers at the bedroom to the outdoor pool), before calling it a day.

Wei *didi* asks Ernie to make him a nice enclave in the kitchen where it is quieter and warmed by a lit Fire spell. Ernie happily obliges and dotes on the little boy by giving a little more (it has gained supreme intelligence, consciousness and capabilities after having its physical manifestation infest, spread and span across stars, if not galaxies) - it makes a little bubble of space-time, and fills it with a cot with the most comfortable mattress, the fluffiest pillows, and the coziest blanket, and a collection of soft toys that the boy loves.

“Good night, Ernie. Thank you for a wonderful day,” the nine-year old boy whispers as he kisses his new ring, and closes his eyes.

Good night, Little Master Wei. Sleep tight.

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Lan Zhan's soul spends time until the wee hours of the morning - still daytime in the Realms of the Gods, because time moves differently in that space - at his in-laws' palace, since his body is rendered out of service for the time being, due to perpetually glitching, short-circuiting and blowing

fuses from ascending and reaching Buddhahood without any recourse for the soul to return to its mortal home, until his extremely drunken harem ceases all violent pleasurable and reproductive behaviours and slumber off.

Over a mid-morning snack - midnight snack at the Mortal Realm, probably - of his new favourite vegetarian fare of Heavenly Fried Vegetable Snacks (Lan Zhan promises to bring a bottle of Wei Ying's plum sauce in his future trips), fruits and salads, and to his pleasant surprise, a pack of Wangxian Toasted Mixed Nuts (With Added Pumpkin Seeds) that *yue mu* bought from the local heavenly supermarket just down the road of the Heavenly Court - he reports, with an impassive voice, to the happy old couple that his spouses had put on the Soulmate Binding Rings, and he raises his hand to show his too, around his fourth finger.

The rings are a modern upgrade from the mythical golden headband given to the highly venerated Tang Sanzang to control the Monkey King long, long ago. A new, more user-friendly and discreet look has been given to make them more appealing to creatures that would be controlled and enslaved by its powers. Furthermore, the functions have been re-written to suit with the changing times. Gone are the days when such imprisonment tools work by tyrannical ways - of subjugating and forcing others by force, pain and hurt (especially headaches); Tian *da jie* had critical remarks about it, and persuaded the Merciful Goddess Guan Yin to make its existence more palatable to the younger generations, and the Jade Emperor wholeheartedly agrees (because he's getting tired of having to deal with the girl's ultra-modern thinking and just agrees for the sake of keeping the family peaceful and quiet). Nowadays, the rings function like true wedding rings with a magical touch - it binds the souls of both sides together in line with the principle of equality in gender and marriage, and compels each to listen, love and cherish each other - including the opportunity for Lan Zhan to stop and even *reverse* whatever Wei Ying is or has done, because the rings are blessed with extremely powerful magics, including Creation, Time and Destiny spells ("Destiny" being used loosely to denote the will and the possibility of an act or an event; one can Create a great civilization out of

barren soil and use Time to fast-forward it to space age, however all will be for naught if Destiny writes-off the fate of that civilization by saying that it will be incinerated by a falling meteor or swallowed up by an untimely black hole.)

Speaking of black holes - Lan Zhan conveniently forgotten about Ernie, and it continues to manifest more space and time, and is on the verge of becoming the Biggest Black Hole Ever - who knows what lies on the other side of the black hole, or the other side of Ernie?

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Happy Chinese New Year!

I saw Zhan Ge's short skit on the Spring Festival Gala yesterday evening. It's short and entertaining, and best of all, Zhan Ge is SO HANDSOME and his acting is on-point perfection!

The story is going wild and there's no brakes yet...! But I really enjoyed putting in some religion, Chinese gods and mythology inside, and I apologize in advance if anyone finds them offensive or distasteful because admittedly, I have to bend some things and make-up my own stuff to put this story together. Again, don't take things too seriously!

I'll be taking a short break due to the holidays and I need to visit my relatives and cousins, and catch up on work later... so, enjoy the fic anyway!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: Made a small typo correction of Wei Ying's actual foster parents :-  
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## Chapter 50

It's been two weeks since Lan Zhan woke up in the brave new world, and roughly four weeks since the Great Fires - at least that's what he believed, based on the date printed on the weekly periodical. However, Wei *da ge* 's excessive and imprudent use of Creation and Time spells play havoc with Lan Zhan's body clock and calendar until he no longer knows how long summer will last, and when autumn will start browning the trees around the 'Mounds. It's a long summer for the Lan patriarch - one could look at it from a positive or negative way - and he decides to take a page from Wei Ying, to see the glass as half-full rather than half-empty.

His body has fully healed, the bandages and walking cane are gone, but the Wei *gongzi* s insist, driven by their personal agenda, that the patriarch should still be well-taken care of, and be monitored closely, until the end of the second week since treatment started - which hasn't and probably never will arrive based on *da ge* 's reckless Time effects. Lan Zhan is placed under a kind of house arrest, and whenever he needs to go out - whether to Huang village to buy some grains from Farmer Cai, or to Yiling City to pick up some books from the Library Pavillion or visit the markets, he is accompanied by some if not all Wei Yings - which is perfectly fine.

The passage of time (within the warped Time bubble of Lan Zhan's world), with *da ge* 's magic stealthily woven in, probably trained and somewhat evolved Lan Zhan's body to become naturally comfortable with, able to accommodate, and even thrive, on his spouses' daily tender loving care. For example,

- He had experienced being locked up in their bedroom, then have his traumatized penis locked up *inside* one and eventually, many Wei Yings determined to extract every last drop or vacuumed space, and

his victimized body pleased until he hovers on the verge of soaring beyond Buddhahood and into the next level of existence (whatever that may be), for days on end - and lives to tell his incredible tales of survival.

While *san ge* operates on primitive and primal levels of seduction, and *er ge* is a step up - Wei *da ge* is a whole new dimension; Wei *da ge*'s powerful magics enable Wei Yings to be created in all plausible forms and in infinite numbers - human, non-human, monstrous, demonic, mythical, and celestial forms and so much more; male, female and of all genders; all age groups; all races and ethnicities; pleasure-seeking and pleasure-giving parts effortlessly amplified, magnified and transformed in all iterations as possible - fortunately, after unwillingly (and in some cases, fearfully) tasting all different kinds of Wei Yings, he still prefers his good ol' lovely four Wei Yings because he's just an old-fashioned Gusu Lan man who is loyal to the ones he'd officially married.

- He'd played plenty of harem games after being fed with aphrodisiacs (actually, one of the vegetarian recipes that the *yue fu* shared - and Lan Zhan glows with unimaginable lustful energy and bursts with Heavenly horniness) and ends up chasing four and multiples of Wei Yings all over his home and the outdoors, fucking and breeding every single one of them over the course of many days, until he loses his sense of humanity and is no more than a drooling, insatiable, starving animal craving for rosebuds and other sexual orifices.
- Or, he'd spend entire days pantless or in the nude, at best, pleased and excited from sunrise to the next sunrise, or at worst, molested and raped within that same time period. It didn't matter if those Wei Yings wanted to please or to force the pleasure - the younger men simply act on instincts, and in time, Lan Zhan learns to whole-heartedly open his body up to welcome their bottomless desires and lust.

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During the so-called second week where Wei Yings provide their non-stop tender loving care, Lan Zhan benefits from getting to know his new in-laws since his soul has taken up partial residence in the Heavens. He learns that by holding a basket of goods in bed when Wei Yings descend and devour him sexually, he will emerge at backdoor entrance of the Heavenly Palace (the one deceptively marked “Mortals only” - because no Mortal can reach the Heavens without becoming an Immortal first; and all Immortals will have to use the other, crowded economy-class lane), and be able to sneak in, out of sight of all other celestial beings - while appearing in his Perfect image of wearing the full Gusu Lan robes uniform, decorated with beautiful cloud patterns, carrying that same basket of goods. He theorizes that anything on his body will be brought along, and through trial-and-error, he worked out the transference process between the Mortal Realm and the Realm of the Gods.

He would bring bottles of Wangxian’s Original Plum Sauce and the newer variants to let his in-laws “sample a taste of Wei Ying’s best recipes, from the lakes and valleys of Yunmeng”, and many other stuff from his home - freshly harvested radishes, leafy greens, chillies, lotus plants and other vegetables, fruits from their orchards (and he gets farming tips from *yue mu* on how to raise the Heavenly fruit seedlings currently growing well in the courtyard), still-warm chicken eggs from the coop, sometimes a few domesticated baby rabbits (because there is a population explosion, so what better way than to send a few newborns to a wonderfully divine foster home?), even a good-sized fish or a net of shrimps if there is still space inside that basket.

Wei Ying regularly wants to keep up good impressions in front of his foster great grandparents, so he slings satchels over Lan Zhan's shoulders full of new Wangxian product samples to try - including but not limited to: packaged foodstuff, spices and condiments, cosmetics and fragrances, souvenirs, charms and other knick knacks, avantgarde garments and accessory sets from the Wangxian Summer-Fall 20XX Collection, trendy household goods "for home comfort and convenience for living in modern times", luxury consumer and electronic goods (Heaven is being supplied with environmentally-clean electricity, natural gas, water and telephone/broadband internet via Wangxian's utilities division), and so much more.

It is not uncommon for Lan Zhan to lie down on the bed while holding a, say, new rice cooker on his left hand, a basket of produce in his right hand, and maybe a bag of other stuff lying on his abdomen, while getting the legendary triple blowjob; when he transcends to Buddhahood in an epileptic fit of perpetual orgasmic jerks and tasty moans, all the products disappear from the Mortal Realm and accompany him to Heaven.

(In some ways, Wei Ying is like the annoying family member who tries to sign up his relatives to buy insurance or some multi-level marketing schemes. A typical bedtime conversation goes like this:

*Wei Ying: Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, when you meet the Queen Mother, please remember to give her this sample starter kit of Wangxian's Classic Series Essential-Oils, and tell her that it's an amazing addition to her aromatherapy sessions.*

*Lan Zhan: (sighs) Yes, I will. (he's already holding so many other stuff around him)*

*Wei Ying: Remember to tell her it's Buy Three Free Two, okay?*

*Lan Zhan: (sighs, a bit exasperated) Yes, I will. (because Wei Ying has been harping on this new promotional campaign all day)*

*Wei Ying: Okay, spread your legs, and I'm taking you to Heaven now.*

*Lan Zhan: (sighs, with relief) Mn. (finally, they can get on with it.)*

*Wei Ying: Buy Three Free Two, remember that!*

*Lan Zhan: (sighs) )*

Unfortunately, Wei Ying's golden core isn't strong enough to allow him the same passage to Heaven (self-pleasure and self-fucking doesn't count); although his creations can waltz through perfectly fine - including Ernie, who functions as the sales and service provider for Wangxian in non-Mortal realms. Wei Ying will have to work more diligently on his cultivation practice; except that he spends most of his time idling away - *didi* continues to do house chores, blissfully ignorant about the need; *san ge* goes catching bugs and playing with the animals; or both the youngest duo waste their time watching cartoons and movies, molesting the terrified chained calico



cat, or play with consoles and mobile phones in *da ge* 's awesome home-office suite; *er ge* will do all of the above and more within the 'Mounds, if he's not too busy being bedded and bred by Lan Zhan; and *da ge* is *da ge* - he's always busy as the company's President.

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During one of the visits to the Heavenly Court, Lan Zhan finally worked up the courage to ask *yue fu* whether he could make a short speech in front of the long queues of gods seeking compensation from the Tian family. He'd seen that the lines are not decreasing in size, day by day, and he felt partly responsible for inconveniencing his in-laws due to Wei Ying's disastrous actions of causing cracks, smudges and missing locks on the divine beings' properties.

The Jade Emperor is curious, the Queen Mother places a hand over her mouth in surprise, and both agreed.

With Buddha-like mannerisms, Lan Zhan confidently and calmly walks to the balcony of the Palace, escorted by servants and accompanied by loving old ruling couple. After a brief introduction of the "new great grandson-in-law of the almighty Tian family" by the Jade Emperor (with no reference to his Mortal origins, of course - he still needs to use the backdoor entrance) to the rousing cheers of subservient gods and deities, Lan Zhan clears his throat, and tells a story.

He talks about a humble mortal man who had just gotten engaged, and he started with little more than a few gold bars in his pouch, and a few sacks on his back of the newlywed's belongings. He'd paid a huge sum for a tiny home, and later, for jewelled accessories as a belated dowry gift that he should've given when he had the chance - alas, his spouse's parents had passed on by then - as proof of his love to the beautiful wife. With little money left, the man spent the day cooking meals, toiling the land and rearing farm animals; while his wife has to work far, far away, peddling in the streets all day, and selling whatever the couple could harvest and make from the land. They live an honest life, never cheating or lying, and they work hard from sunrise to sundown to earn and save every silver piece possible, and put food on their table. They ate mostly home-cooked meals, made their own beds, cleaned their floors, fixed their home, sewed their own clothes, patched up any tears on the garments, fashioned tools out of stone and wood, carved their own furniture, pay their bills and taxes, and still have time to enjoy visiting the evening markets to have supper, and watch the fireworks.

“... and that's it. The end.”

All the gods stare at Lan Zhan for a full minute, expecting more, but there is none. Soon, some gods begin to murmur among themselves, and the noise grows with discontent and dissatisfaction. Even the Jade Emperor, his wife and their servants hold back their breaths, unsure of how to react.

“It doesn't make sense.”

“What does this mean? It's disrespectful to the art of storytelling!”

“It has a very rushed ending.”

“It’s a badly-written script!”

Lan Zhan catches the last muttered sentence, and follows up, “It is not a script. It is a true story.”

“Preposterous! What kind of person would live such a... a... poor, wretched life!”

Lan Zhan calmly replies, “It is that humble mortal man, and his wife. They’re somewhere down there, living in this way, every day.”

Lan Zhan puts a hand over his heart, “They enjoy their free time visiting the markets and watching summer fireworks. They’re happy and contented, despite having to work so hard to put food on the table, and like you say - living such a poor, wretched life,” he gestures to the particular god who spoke prior to him.

“You cannot compare a Mortal to a god!”

Lan Zhan strokes his budding beard as though he’s deep in thought, “The mortal lives an honest, humble life;

He would fix any cracks that appear on the walls of his home, using mud and sand dug from the garden, without asking his wife for help;

He would willingly break sweat to wipe away smudges on the furniture without any complaints, because those furniture were made by the hands of his lovely and hardworking wife;

He would spend a silver piece to buy an important lock that has gone missing, because he was able to save that money from working hard.

You are right, how can a mere humble, honest Mortal compare to a god,” Lan Zhan states rather than questions, and bows respectfully at the deity that had just shouted at him.

The noise dies down abruptly, and the elderly, veteran gods understand the message behind Lan Zhan’s story. Some even wiped a tear or two, feeling touched. The Dragon King of the Seas was the first to clap his claw-like hands, followed by the Lord of Hell, and soon, the other gods and their servant deities (including the God of Wealth, Cai Shen) rose and applauded with sudden, inspired cheers.

Lan Zhan bows again, this time to his *yue fu* and *yue mu* , and leaves the balcony back into the Palace without needing to say another word.

Needless to say, the crowd at the Heavenly Court thins out and disperses shortly after, and the Jade Emperor and his wife are left awestruck at Lan Zhan’s sincerity, and in some ways, straightforwardness. Lan Zhan leaves a

short note that he has to return because Wei Ying has just gone to sleep, and hence, he should go back to his humble home and care for his lovely wife - their foster great grandson - for the rest of the night.

The Heavenly ruling couple will mull over the moral of the lesson over the course of the day. Merciful Goddess Guan Yin, who had been watching, smiles knowingly and sends divinely psychic Good Feelings reverberating throughout the Realms of the Gods.

Lord Buddha, The Enlightened One, closes his eyes, immensely serene, surrounded by eternally peaceful and magnificently harmonious spiritual energies. He utters a single sound to summarize his Universal thoughts:

“Mn.”

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Lan Zhan’s soul returns just before the crack of dawn, to see his four lovely spouses, in rather ugly, inhuman-looking, horned, fanged, clawed, winged, tailed, black wisps-covered appearances. They surround his figure on the soaked, soiled bedsheets with blood-red jaws wide open, salivating and whispering very evil sounds and murmur languages that only the corrupted and the undead can understand. He instinctively knows - and expects - that the Wei Yings have taken on their demonic forms again.

He stares down and realizes that his chest is wide open - the skin, rib bones and flesh seemed to have melted away from *living* poisoned dark blotches

eating into his upper body - but there is hardly any pain, save for uncomfortable numbed tingles -, leaving a gaping, bloody dripping hole in the middle - he could see oozing blood vessels, squirming organs and his exposed heart beating inside his chest cavity, and that dark blotch seem to infest, spread and grow like an Ernie inside his trembling, probably dying, body.

His golden core is in the midst of being pulled out - all four Wei Yings have their long, snake-like tongues wrapped around it, and the brilliant light dims with every second with misty, toxic purple-black fluids seeping out from those wriggling tongues.

Lan Zhan sighs.

“Wei Ying.”

All four Wei Yings freeze in shock at being discovered while carrying out their sinful, extremely evil and deadly act.

Wei *da ge* starts to mutter something incomprehensible because his tongue still stuck out.

Wei *er ge* whines something akin to Lan Zhan’s name.

Wei *san ge* struggles to pull away but his tongue is tied somewhere in the clump of entangled tongues from the other siblings, wrapped over the darkening golden core.

Wei *didi* starts to cry and tears flow from the bloodshot eyes.

Lan Zhan feels an oncoming headache, partly because children's cries do that to him.

“ Wei. Ying.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry for a short chapter! I wrote this on a fly after returning from a tiring visit to relatives for the Chinese New Year.

I hope everyone has fun during the holidays! May you have good health, good fortune and prosperity for the Year of the Rat!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 51

His Eminence, Han Guang Jun, is a humble and honest mortal living with a harem of four demonic Wei Wuxians. The most that the man had contributed to Mankind's *known* history is to expose the treachery of Jin Guangyao, rile up the Lanling Jins, and sit on the Chief Cultivator's hot seat for a mere one year before scandals and rumours rocked the Grand Cultivation Council that led to his resignation, and his name is relegated to dusty, forgotten archives over the passage of time.

Wei Wuxian, on the other hand, is a loose cannon who has tried and done nearly everything, twisted reality, uprooted timelines, and caused infinite intended and unintended consequences and damages from his reckless acts. Historians from mortal and immortal realms will never be able to unravel fact from fiction, because he is just too messed up, really.

Despite the seemingly incredibly lopsided power dynamics between Man and the monsters within the tiny cave-home, the Husband of the Household is blessed with tools for keeping his wives from running amok with their crazy antics.

First, he has the power of words - a short, single or double-syllable utterances that will scare and still the naughtiest Wei Yings into tiny frightened mice, figuratively speaking - whether a "Mn", "Wei Ying" or clearing of one's throat "A-hem". Lan Zhan did the latter two, and stunned the demonic quartet into shocked silence whilst he was being devoured by the latter.

Second, he has the power of the Soulmate Binding Ring, which enables him to have complete control over Wei Ying's chaotic and destructive actions and behaviours - including the option to re-wind, undo and re-instate what should have been - to where things and circumstances should belong to, at the Husband's desires, decisions and discretions. With a wiggle of his empowered fourth finger, he re-painted the picture of the bloodied and soaked crime scene into its original form - his body is instantly repaired into its Perfection and fully-clothed in his night robes, there is no longer a gaping hole in his chest, and his golden core is safely nestled inside; around him is the clean, freshly made-up king-sized bed, lined with pillows stacked neatly against the bed frame, with the bedsheets and blankets tucked perfectly to the sides. Everything is as it should have been, according to Lan Zhan's will, with neither a speck of dust on the floor, nor a smear of dirt on the walls, with him sitting cross-legged on the mattress following the lotus meditation pose; while, the four naked demonic Wei Yings line up on the hard ground, each curled into a quivering kowtow with his head bowed to the floor - defeated, subjugated - and all Wei Yings are restored to their normal, age-appropriate, nude human appearances.

Thirdly - while Lan Zhan oogles and marvels at the newfound power of his wedding ring, his other hand holds the next generation of corporal punishment for the naughty wives. Long before, he held Bichen which easily slayed fierce corpses, cut things into two, and left battlefields bodiless and dustless. Then, he carried the handle of the Dustless Broom, which is a hefty staff that slams to the ground with such earth-shattering and thunderous force (much like *Guang Gong* 's), that bones are rattled and hearts are shaken - and for more practical uses, it doubles as a walking cane, a tool to pick up stolen underwear from treetops, a fruit picker for fruits high up on the trees, and so on.

Lan Zhan admires in astonished wonder, at what his hand holds - and understands immediately that the most *feared* weapon is not in its name or its size and strength, but how it is used; just as there is no 'strongest' flute, but a flute played well is the strongest of them all; there is no need to swing

heavy broadswords or wield bulky broomsticks inside their bedroom - all Lan Zhan needs is a humble **chicken feather duster** commonly found in most households in the Middle Kingdom; the middle stick is made from bamboo cut from their backyard - light, springy, hard yet bendable; the feathers are from the chickens from their coop - so it's cheap, practical, useful, and purposeful.

Lan Zhan rises from his seat and from the bed. He grips the tuft of chicken feathers lining the stick, swings the feather duster with a bone-chilling *fwip!* in mid-air, and all Wei Yings whimper in unison.

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Lan Zhan, in principle, does not like to hurt Wei Ying unless absolutely necessary - such as when extracting the truth out of the man who likes to veil his words with flowery, flamboyant white lies. An added bonus is that Lan Zhan has a secret fetish for abusing Wei Ying's tempting springy white ass - they're *really, really* nice to grab and squeeze with both hands, bite and pinch the bouncy flesh, slap and leave tender red marks as a signature that Wei Ying and his ass belong only to him, and to him only - and so on.

He circles cautiously around the four grovelling Wei Yings, stopping only to swing the feather duster to interrogate his wives. "Talk. What happened? Why were you in demonic forms? What were you doing to me?"

Swat! A moan of "nnnh". An angry red welt rises on Wei *da ge* 's tanned, well-muscled, buttocks.

Wei *da ge* 's low baritone voice wavers a little, but he speaks at length without any show of fear or meekness:

When Wei Wuxian was offered a body to return (rather forcibly) to the world of living, more than a couple of years ago, just as there were four cursed slash-marks on his forearm that compelled him to complete his mission before he became a free man - there was another curse placed inside the deepest recesses of his soul, which was irremovable by all physical, magical or spiritual means. There is a Fate-element in the curse, which meant that all kinds of magics, including Creation and Time spells, even Peaches of Immortality, cannot unearth the timebomb that tick away Wei Ying's life when he does not obey the will of this curse.

This curse creates a minute but eternally gnawing hunger inside the man - it requires Wei Ying to consume some amounts of Mankind's sins to continue living in this world; if he fails to do so, the hunger will grow, and like any form of starvation, Wei Ying will become ill, weaken, until he perishes. It is relatively easy to sate the hunger for the time being - having sexual intercourse to relieve the lustful pressures; walking past a restaurant to inhale wafts of gluttony to make men less likely to pile up on uneaten food; meandering in the marketplace to suck the greed seeping out of pores of money-minded vendors so that they become kinder to their customers; or even waking Lan Zhan up at the crack of dawn with multiple blowjobs so that he does not become slothful anymore - and so on. It is a *good* kind of curse, probably placed by the gods to make sure that their investment in Wei Ying's return using prohibitive spells, will benefit the Mortal Realm as well. The downside, however, is that Wei Ying must continue to work hard for the rest of his life, to reduce and rid the world of sinful feelings, little by little, so that he does not go hungry.

Sex is the most potent foods for the incubus-like portion of the curse, and turning into a demonic form eases the consumption of lust - because Lan

Zhan is, truthfully, a man full of wet dreams, if left alone to his own devices. It's like unbuckling one's belt in order to down and accommodate more delicious food, so that his filled stomach can last for much longer. Being in a demonic form meant Wei Ying could easily paralyze and poison, then tear open and consume what he needs, and still leave Lan Zhan peacefully sleeping, relatively undisturbed - such as a mosquito or parasite biting and sucking one's blood undetected. Wei Ying wanted to have a taste of Lan Zhan's lust because although he - they've been going at it all day, there's still plenty more to go around.

"... then, why my golden core? What were you going to do with it?" Lan Zhan unconsciously places a hand defensively on his chest, groping to make sure everything is still intact.

Swat! A groan of pain. A raised red mark appears on Wei *er ge* 's pale, fleshy smooth buttocks.

The second eldest Wei pleaded Lan Zhan to be merciful as his ass hurts a lot already, since they share mental connections with one another (屁股开花). He explains that Lan Zhan must be aware that no one lived in the Burial Mounds for so long - not because of nightmarish tales told by old wives to scare off children, or legends of haunted forests with skeletal hands that drag victims into sinkholes - it's simply because the air is too toxic, contaminated, and poisons anyone who dares to live for prolonged periods shrouded in its dark, vengeful and evil mists - which are both *servants* to his dark arts, and also *food* for that curse which resides inside Wei Ying's soul. Inhabitants will eventually become poisoned, their minds driven mad by hallucinations, lungs weaken until breathing becomes impossible, or the skin becomes diseased with spots, splotches, tumours and malignant growths all over the body. These mists are attracted to the healthy and the living; even the innocent Wens whom he tried to settle down in the 'Mounds sixteen or so years ago, would have been wiped out within a year,

had it not been Wei Ying's remarkable cursed ability to secretly consume the sinful spirits infesting their bodies by simply *breathing* the same air as them, thus keeping the Wens' in good condition while keeping Wei Ying's hunger at bay.

Lan Zhan is probably the first ever high-level cultivator that settled in the 'Mounds, and his pure, virtuous golden core attracts plenty of dark, vengeful spirits intent to enter his body and poison that core on a daily basis. Wei Ying has been hard at work, periodically taking it out to perform much-needed cleaning and maintenance, so that his husband does not fall sick from the effects of the invasion - which is true, Lan Zhan hasn't caught a fever or flu, suffered from gut problems or any other common ailments, since the day he moved in, and his body and mind are as sound as the days of his youth. Wei Ying would re-insert the cleaned golden core and put it back into the chest, before covering up everything, so that Lan Zhan does not realize what happened to his body the next day.

"I'm sorry, Lan Zhan, that you had to see such an awful sight upon your body. And I know this story is as unbelievable as the ones I have told you before, such as the Great Fires earlier the month," Wei *er ge* cries fearfully when he sees the feather duster twitches in Lan Zhan's iron-hard grip, "but I swear, I'm telling the truth!" and Wei Ying kneels and raises a three-finger salute.

"... why did you not simply ask? We could have sat together to think this through, and I would have used everything within my means to help you!" Lan Zhan was beginning to lose his patience; this isn't the first time Wei Ying tried to solve his own problems, which usually leads to more hurt and misunderstandings.

Swat! A whine of “aaah!”. A scarlet line blooms across the youthful pair of moon-white ass-mounds of Wei *san ge* . The teenager yowls a second later when the full spectrum of pain is felt, and he kneels up with his back arched.

“Lan Zhan! Ahhh! Please, be more gentle! You know that I hardly rely on others, and I always find some ways to resolve my own issues. For example,” the teenager points at the eldest Wei *gongzi* , “ *Da ge* works most of the day in Wuji continent, where there are plenty of sins drifting about in an urban, metropolitan setting; so he has no problem to keep his hunger away.” Then he points at the next eldest, “ *Er ge* frequently makes daytrips to Yiling and spends his time mingling with people, businessmen and traders, so he also finds his way to remain satisfied.” He points at himself, “I work at the farm and the outdoors, where I can still get breathfuls of filling air from the ‘Mounds, because this place is an endless buffet of sinful hatred and vengeful feelings.”

“And once every few days, I - and since the four of us came to being - we, get together while you’re asleep to purify your golden core. Please believe us! We really have no ulterior motives! We’re not harmful!” The teenager shrieks, afraid, when the feather duster flinches near his face. Lan Zhan is in a state of utter disbelief - he’d seen enough Wei Ying-ness in his lifetime, and yet, something always surprises him just around the next corner. “Lan Zhan, we really love you as our husband, our patriarch, our guardian!”

Lan Zhan sighs, and finally lowers the intimidating punishing weapon. He gives a light swat on Wei *didi* ’s naked pert buttocks with a hand, before crouching down, and collecting the boy into his arms. The boy hiccups and cries softly non-stop in his cradle.

“ *Gege* , I’m sorry, we didn’t talk to you first before we acted. I - *Wei er ge* - has been doing this since the time he moved in with you in this cave-home, so we thought that everything is alright and you didn’t need to worry. I’m sorry, *gege* , please don’t be angry. Please don’t leave us.”

Lan Zhan nuzzles into the boy’s hair. “You are my wives, my family, my children. I can never hate any of you, and I promise not to leave you too. In return, you have to promise to tell me everything. And let me help you solve your problems.”

“Enn.”

All Wei Yings cry in relief when the feared feather duster drops to the floor, and they crowd around to embrace their patriarch simultaneously. After a while, they finally calmed down from the traumatic experience of revealing their dark secrets in the face of the searing, stinging weapon. *Wei da ge* finally speaks up.

“Lan Zhan, please help us save our *didi* . He’s dying and I - we - don’t know what to do.”

Lan Zhan’s breathing stops, mortified.

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Wei *didi* , the nine-year old who is made of sugar, spice and everything nice, looks to be quite in the pink of health - except that looks can be deceiving. His physical outlook is fine, albeit a little quiet in the last time-warped week since his brothers spent most of their time either at work, or with Lan Zhan, and thus he's left alone to do the housework. His soul, however, is emaciated due to the effects of the curse.

Lan Zhan asks immediately for the reason.

“ *Didi* is nine years old. He's not old enough to know, experience or feel the sins of Mankind, therefore he cannot eat them. He doesn't know what the sins are, other than acting on pure childish instincts sometimes, but that does not satisfy the growing hunger that threatens him now. He cannot feed himself from the sinful feelings drifting around him, and he is unable to take even a sliver from your golden core which is the most potent and nutritious of all,” Wei *da ge* explains, slowly and gravely.

Lan Zhan didn't need to think long to understand what is implied.

“... how long has it been?” The first meal, the last meal, the hunger, the starvation - wordlessly included but not verbalized.

Wei *er ge* lowers and shakes his head, helpless. “Since he was brought into this world. I really didn't know that this would happen, because all I was thinking at that time was to create someone to help with the housework. It's been four weeks and he's had nothing, and *da ge* is trying his best to keep Time from advancing further. We've been trying to absorb lustful feelings from you in the last few days since it's the most potent kind of food, and

feed them to *didi* with our shared connections... but nothing is going through, not even the other sins such as Gluttony, Greed, Sloth, Wrath, Envy, and Pride.” The admission is fully transparent, and shameful - still, all Wei Yings are pouring out their heartfelt worries, and Lan Zhan can appreciate that.

“... how much longer does he have?” Lan Zhan cradles the child tightly against his chest. The little boy “hmm”s questioningly with bright dark-brown eyes gazing at his bearded chin and the sudden tightness felt near the left side; near Lan Zhan’s beating heart. The nine-year old doesn’t really understand the conversation, or Wei *da ge* is purposefully filtering their thoughts from reaching the boy.

Wei *san ge* ’s fingers run soothing circles on the boy’s back, and the latter responds with a sleepy yawn; it is still dawn and too early for the boy anyway. “We tried to guess by looking up information on incubuses as a measure of *didi* ’s lifespan, since we thought of using Lust to save him. Lust is the most potent, therefore the most representative of all sins for us. We don’t know how long incubuses can last without food... probably another few days, up to a week at most, *da ge* guessed. It could be shorter because *didi* is a weak, young child.”

“... is Lust the only way to save him?” Lan Zhan asks. He feels the little boy slowly falling back to sleep due to the teenager’s constant back rubs - his eyes opens and closes cutely, his head slowly nods off. His tiny round nose tip snuggles against Lan Zhan’s lower chest and the latter feels a deep-seated maternal instinct - and maybe, just maybe indicating something hopefully - he cautiously starts to peel off his night robes from the waist up.

“At this rate, yes. The other sins are not digested quickly enough, and his soul’s light is nearly going out. We are really troubled because of his underaged body and his underdeveloped gut system for absorbing any sin as nourishment,” the eldest Wei *gongzi* answers truthfully, despite knowing what that meant for the fate of the child, and the uncomfortable, even reviled thoughts that come with it. He reaches out and gently taps the chubby cheeks. Wei *didi* nnnhs, half-asleep, and his lips found Lan Zhan’s left nipple. Instinctively, the little boy suckles on it, although there is nothing to gain from the innocent act other than an easier slumber into the remaining night.

“He does not show any pain at all,” Lan Zhan murmurs at the brave, angelic sleeping face. “Is there suffering? (痛苦吗?)” he asks solemnly.

Wei *er ge* runs fingers soothingly through the boy’s long hair, tied into a top-knot and a high ponytail. “Lan Zhan, I was around this age when my actual foster father, Jiang Fengmian, took me in. At that time, during summer days like this, I would laugh and smile all day, playing with toy dolls I made with my own two hands using discarded straw and other bits of trash. I would have kept that brave smile to the end, had I not been picked up and left to live on the streets for the rest of my life, or even freeze in the winter. Because that’s who I am, really.” He leans into Lan Zhan’s side, and goes quiet.

Wei *san ge* continues to calmly stroke the child’s back, with a mournful look on his face. “I’ve been working the hardest to try and feed *didi* , but I’ve failed. I ask myself sometimes, if a child like him, unable to feed and therefore unfit for this world, should have been born at all. Or would it be kinder to just return him to the earth, so that he may be reincarnated into a better life elsewhere, God willing.”

Lan Zhan sheds a tear for Wei *didi* , whose remaining short life is sentenced to the harsh realities of the Mortal Realm.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry for another brief chapter! I had a wild time laughing at the feather duster, then crying when I think about hungry children.

The pedo and shotacon warning should be lit up in bright strobing red lights by now (and it's been a long time coming...). Buckle up your seatbelts!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 52

Notes for the Chapter:

Disclaimer: pedo and shotacon content. You've been warned. Don't read if you don't like. If there are no other issues, then go ahead!

Loving a nine-year old Wei Ying is to love a child in an adult-like manner, as it is to love an adult in a child-like manner. Lan Zhan has the capacity to do both, but at the wrong ends of the age spectrum, so he forced himself to re-wire his thinking process, for the sake of generating the needed lustful feelings and keep his lovely child Wei Ying alive. There is no question about what is right or wrong, nor which is black or white - there is only the colour of Wei Ying in Lan Zhan's eyes, and he is determined to lessen the suffering the child feels from being afflicted by the curse.

“Wei Ying, let me feed you a strawberry. Open your mouth... aaahh..” Lan Zhan coos in a disarmingly sweet manner, which is no different that how he treats the boy - just like a friendly next door *gege* (elder brother) who invites the child over under the pretense of sharing a snack. Lan Zhan does not know if little Wei Ying is aware of what lies ahead for the rest of the morning, for his pure, untouched body.

Docile little Wei Ying obeys, and soon, enjoys munching on a sweet, juicy fruit, while lying on a broad shoulder facing the ceiling, on the huge king-sized bed, surrounded by a cozy nest of fluffy freshly laundered pillows, bedsheets and blankets in the morning. Lan Zhan continuously kisses the boy's cheeks, ears and jaw, and burrows his nose playfully into child's lush hair, until Wei Ying relaxes with drooped shoulders. The older man asks innocent questions veiled with a child's language, such as how is Wei Ying feeling, is he hungry, has he showered, how did he shower, did he touch himself or did someone touch him during the shower - and when the answer is “yes”, Lan Zhan probes further, and learns that the other Wei *gongzi* s

had done a fantastic job in preparing the boy as a gift of sorts to their patriarch. Little Wei Ying has been cleaned on the inside and outside, given a full-body massage to warm up the joints and muscles, perfumed, prepared and served on a platter to be tasted by the older man. Lan Zhan wrinkles his nose in disgust at such needless, even frowned-upon deviant practice; however when the boy says that he's still hungry even after a good breakfast of *da ge*'s pancakes and maple syrup and those strawberries, and that hunger hasn't gone away in the last four or so weeks - Lan Zhan focuses on the task at hand, and shushes all dissenting voices inside his head.

Lan Zhan licks a rogue trail of juice off Wei Ying's chin when the latter chews on a berry a wee bit too hard. The lick soon leads into the boy's mouth, where the older man gently parts the little one's lips, tenderly invades with his tongue and soon, they're locked in syrupy sweet kisses and exchanged warmed, half-chewed strawberry chunks between their mouths. Wei Ying tastes of summer fruits, mild and sweet with tiny bursts of flavours in between. Like a gentle game of cat-and-mouse, Lan Zhan holds the half-eaten strawberries inside his mouth, and lets the boy's tongue try to lick them off, and Wei Ying does - only to steal them back from the boy because like everything else about Lan Zhan, the older man is much larger, more dominating, and stronger than the boy. In a surprising twist, at the last minute, the nine-year old manages to swipe away most of the saliva-coated fruit pieces in a single strike, and deftly swallows them, then grins mischievously with squeals of "I caught them! I caught them!" leaving Lan Zhan's mouth agape.

There is no mistake - the child is indeed an image of the twenty-two year old Wei Ying, and he possesses innately superb (oral) lovemaking skills as well - when he grows up.

“Naughty boy, you ate up the fruits, and left none for your *gege*,” Lan Zhan growls out, then flips the boy onto the bed, and lunges at the child in mock anger, raining kissy lips upon the boy just like the innocent games they’d played when rolling on meadows and grassfields in Wei *da ge*’s land of summer berries.

“ *Gege* will eat you today as a punishment!” Lan Zhan teases with half-snarls and little Wei Ying shrieks with laughter and wiggles around; Lan Zhan’s sweet kisses work their way from lips down towards the upper torso, past the Adam’s Apple-less neck which the older man could easily crush with a single grip, peppering kisses on the naked smooth shoulders - the skin is heated, firm, youthful - and he ends up nibbling and sucking the small, immature inverted nipples. He latches on each sparse breast - his mouth nearly covers a good part of the boy’s chest - and works on vacuuming his cheeks, plunging a wiggling muscled tongue into the crevices, to tease out the hiding nubs from their virginal indentations.

Wei Ying grows quiet, catching his breath while observing with morbid fascination at how a man in his mid-thirties hovers above him, starts to touch, rather inappropriately, all over his nine-year old body. The boy jerks slightly - a first sexual response, perhaps -, and murmurs “ *Gege* , your moustache and beard tickles,” in which Lan Zhan nuzzles even further into the lean chest with a grunt-ish “mrrrrrowl”.

While Lan Zhan distracts the boy with his kissy games, his roughened palms busy themselves by caressing the boy’s young, almost androgynous body - the effect is a stark contrast from what he’d usually see with an older Wei Ying - a brush of a hand covers a whole lot more surface area upon the nnnh-ing child, and within moments, he conquers and rubs a sensitive convulsing tummy that he could easily encircle with an arm, slides along smooth hip joints to reach the slender thighs, winding his way down the legs, tickle the soles of the feet until the boy writhes in giggles, gingerly

kneads each tiny toe, each tiny finger, covering the boys' limbs with his (because they're just so small compared to his), until one hand is left intimately on the hairless crotch, while the other slides between the flawless closed buttock and the length of the curved spine like finger-painting the pre-adolescent back.

“Wei Ying, do you feel good? Being touched by *gege* in this way.”

The child moans because at that tender age, he *can* feel some pleasure radiating from his fledgling nervous system encompassing his underdeveloped sexual reproductive organs - just barely.

“Enn, it tickles,” followed by a light giggle.

Both nipples are fully puffed out, but Lan Zhan does not relent. He continues to swirl his tongue, five times each, alternating from one to the other, until the boy feels electricity running from his sensitized chest down the navel and into the groin - an unfamiliar sensation for one at such a young age, and little Wei Ying is forced to learn the pleasures of the flesh, guided by Lan Zhan's tender ministrations.

“Or, do you prefer to be touched... here?”

The hand on the crotch moves faster. Calloused thumb and index finger carefully tug at the foreskin of a rising stiff penis no bigger than Lan Zhan's pinkie; it looks no more than a tiny meaty sausage with the tip covered by a bundle of wrinkled skin; the remaining fingers gently jiggle a loose bag of

wrinkled, scrotal skin containing a pair of testicles no bigger than a peanut each. Sometimes he uses his palm to press on the pubic bone and rubs the spot in circles; the child inhales and exhales loudly, as his bladder is massaged along with all developing body parts within the pelvic area. Soon, Lan Zhan closes his grip around the child's penis and moves in languid strokes typical of a relaxed masturbation session.

“Or... here?”

While one hand plays with the child's genitals, the other hand quickly dips into their favourite jar of massage oil, and one lubricated index finger rubs the little rosebud in back-and-forth motion - just at the puckered entrance, teasing the slight dip before pulling out and resuming its flirtatious movements.

“ *Gege* ... it's... itchy... please, scratch it some more...” the boy breathes out, a slight pinkish flush appears on his cheeks, and he responds by gyrating against the fingertip that refuses to enter - yet.

The adult Wei Ying within the child trembles with long-suppressed desire - because Wei Ying had always, and now, is always, the bottom when it comes to their lovemaking; ass muscles clench and contract instinctively with want. Lan Zhan does not even ask for permission; he lets the oiled finger penetrate through the tight ring of muscle at a steady pace, parting folds of flesh and gliding on miniature-sized, but familiar-feeling bumps, as though he's done this frequent enough - he knows the angle and speed that Wei Ying likes, and he applies his sexual knowledge to the child's body. The invasion is forced, a little uncomfortable, but little Wei Ying spreads his legs a bit wider and Lan Zhan takes this as a welcoming signal to go deeper. He estimates the location of the prostate gland - and sure enough,

finds it; it's too small, still undeveloped at this age. Lan Zhan massages it anyway, milking the immature unripe fruit and its surrounding tissues, encouraging it to relax and swell - even barely - from the rush of blood supply and other fluids into it. The boy experiences wonderful never-felt-before-sensations because in his actual entire life's memory of twenty two years, he never had his prostate played and his dick jacked simultaneously at the tender age of nine.

Lan Zhan patiently spends half an hour pleasuring the little boy; hands coax the boy's lower body regions to relax, dilate, bulge and swell up sweetly wherever possible, and sends an unspoken message to the precocious body - hurry up and grow, little Wei Ying, so that *gege* can love you more and more.

Little Wei Ying did not manage to clearly answer his *gege* 's last question, as he starts to sport the tell-tale flush on his chest, sweat prickled all over his body, the familiar quaking in the hips and limbs, and the boy stretches and stills and his breath hitches, while his tiny penis jerks wildly within Lan Zhan's pistoning grip. There is no ejaculation, but Lan Zhan knows the boy feels very, very good, judging from the cute involuntary moans of "unh, unh, unh" echoing off the bedroom's walls.

Later, Lan Zhan performs oral sex on the child's vulnerable, defenceless penis - thus, fulfilling part of his earlier promise to 'eat' the boy. Little Wei Ying squirms and moans *gege* , *gege* , please, not so hard, it feels like you're biting it away - but Lan Zhan knows that nine-year old boys who have not reached puberty have little or no refractory period, so he musters the most of his lips, jaw and tongue muscles, peeling the foreskin to the back to expose the underdeveloped glans, then work the twitching penis from tip to the base, then around the balls and back up again, sometimes he envelops the entire groin with a wide gaping moist mouth and pretends to swallow everything into his throat which then massages all the sweet

miniature-sized organs simultaneously; he does all of these repeatedly until the boy thrashes helplessly on sweaty bedsheets and the sweet virginal body spasms rhythmically; while large calloused fingers continue to scissoring inside the tight ass and graze the nearly-invisible prostate area so that if there is indeed *anything* to drain out of the boy's shuddering, forcibly-excited genitals, Lan Zhan would have a first taste of it.

The boy's movements become sluggish over time, after experiencing multiple waves of tingling and electric shocks that are precursors to orgasms, but Lan Zhan's isn't. His cock is massive and leaking after being subjected to such tasty displays of lovely Wei Ying in extremely obscene, depraved acts involving such an underaged spouse - his Wei Ying, his wife, his harem, his possession - all belonging to him. Wei Ying at nine-years old is still a virgin, and deep down, Lan Zhan's primal lust bubbles and boils up, tearing down moral and ethical barriers to whisper huskily at the man like demons enticing his conscience: how delightfully tight is the boy when your excited cock finally penetrates it? How tasty is the virginal flesh - will it remain sweet as a true child's, or will it be tainted with musky flavours as he grows up into a fine young adolescent? Will he moan your name when you deflower and bed him now, and immediately? How does it feel to spear that fresh tender juicy meat and shoot your seed in there, and claim the boy's firsts? Do you want to have sexual intercourse with this little boy not just once - but many, many times throughout the day? Don't you want sweet, prolonged time even days and months violating this sweet boy's ass, stretching and moulding its shape to fit yours and become your property, then play with his little penis until he learns to orgasm properly, under your tender loving care? Do you want to watch how little Wei Ying ejaculates for the first time - how the thick immature white syrup feels between your fingers, or how that first virile seed tastes on your tongue, as the pre-adolescent tries so hard to hump and make love with your lips while you empty everything out of that trembling delectable nine-year old boy?

Lan Zhan licks his lips, as the terrifying suggestions start to enrapture his thinking process. He pushes the child deeper into the mattress, his one hand

easily grasps both of little Wei Ying's wrists together, while his other hand starts caressing - no, fiercely molesting - the yearning, captivating body that fidgets restlessly, imprisoned by the older man that looms over dangerously close until his heavy, panting breaths tickle the child's neck. The free hand starts to tug violently at the reddened, hypersensitive penis, and little Wei Ying yelps in distress at the sudden change in Lan Zhan's mood. Fingertips flutter abrasively over the dot-sized pee-slit, forcing an adult's pleasurable act upon an unprepared child's member, and more fingers cup and pull on the peanut-sized testicles, frenziedly milking the seedless sacs, with a brutal force that is too savage for the delicate unripe nuts to handle; however, there is no sympathy to be gained as the boy's body unwillingly responds to the rough treatment, and he arches his back and starts humping his hips against Lan Zhan's hand, further fuelling the stench of filthy perverseness hanging thick in the atmosphere of an adult that is about to rape a child.

Wei Ying cries softly; he's confused with conflicting feelings - on the one hand, his body feels hot and *lustful*, on the other, there is fear welling from within when his eyes become as wide as saucers at the moment he realizes Lan Zhan's immense size will not fit, and it's aimed straight between the legs - "N.. No, it's too big. It's going to tear and hurt. Please, *gege*, no, no, please..."

Lan Zhan is oblivious to the child's pleas, as his eyes become glazed at being exceedingly focused and his gaze hardened on his treasured prize - the virginal entrance. The first time is always the most unforgettable - he had a taste of the teenager's sweet virginity not too long ago, so, what of this child's? Sweet, bewitching voices drown out any rational thought and furious protests inside the older man's mind.

"Wei Ying, *gege* wants to feel good too, after watching how you enjoyed *gege*'s touch. So listen to *gege* ... open your legs and let *gege* love you more. Yes... good boy. More, Wei Ying, more." Even his own voice sounds

strange, disembodied, disconnected from his mind, Lan Zhan thought with increasingly muddled worry and excitement.

The Soulmate Binding Rings glow in unison, compelling little Wei Ying to submit and yield, and to do the Husband's bidding.

An hour into animalistic rutting with plenty of empty jars of oil lying all over the floor, of a large sweaty man mounting non-stop atop a little boy less than a quarter of his age, the boy's ass is a sticky mess of thick, viscous seed and other bodily fluids that could not be contained inside his small-sized cocksleeve sheathe buttole. After some initial resistance, the Rings ensured that both males accept their preordained roles and soon, they fell into a steady, constant tempo of passionate copulation; it helps that the younger one is very tight, very elastic and very supple - and never fails to excite the older one's flesh, and fans his molten-hot desires like a string of erupting volcanoes.

Lan Zhan switches their positions after realizing that he'd 'destroyed' and traumatized the boy's stretched buttocks (including plenty of slaps and spanks), and should allow him recover; through the Rings again, Lan Zhan orders little Wei Ying to perform penetrative sex with him (even Lan Zhan is horrified at the words that spews out of his mouth); he'd stroke the reluctant boy's penis until it's hard enough, and goads, with graphic descriptions of how Baby Wei Yings want to play with Little Wang Jis, and persuades the boy to fuck his ass, missionary style - Wei *da ge* has had plenty of fun with it, so it's no big deal taking in a pinkie-sized penis. Lan Zhan doesn't feel much other than a slight, clumsy back-and-forth prodding, so he easily reaches down to the boy's groin to grope and caress whatever he can lay his greedy hands on, to forcefully excite and pleasure little Wei Ying to squeeze out everything his young body can produce within a short span of time of discovering his newfound sexual high. Lan Zhan enjoys watching the nine-year old shout involuntarily, jerk and spasm

between his legs, trying his best to perform the age-old, timeless act of baby-making, of sowing one's seed, except that he is still seedless - but the pulsing sensations are still there, and Lan Zhan mmmms everytime he feels it between clenched ass-muscle walls. When little Wei Ying slumps forward, tired and in dire need of rest - because it's time for a short morning nap for the nine-year old - Lan Zhan hooks his legs around the boy, and starts grinding the captured pinkie penis in circular and drilling motions, to repeat the cycle until the boy is forced to perform many times throughout the morning to the Husband's satisfaction.

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Lan Zhan sits on the edge of the soaked bedside, spent, pantless, and lifeless. His hands clutch his face, filled with dread and misery--

"What... what have I done?" the older man whispers shakily into the tranquil, and rather stinked-up bedroom.

Behind him, little Wei Ying sleeps peacefully on cum-stained sheets, having cried so much that dark puffy bags appear conspicuously beneath the closed eyes; dried streaks of tears pattern his chubby cheeks; bruises, scratches and slap marks all over his delicate underdeveloped body; his crotch is sweaty and slick; the half-stiff penis still has its foreskin retracted because of the savage handling, exposing slightly inflamed and visibly abused glans, the length of the child's erection had over-exerted itself with too many twitches that the muscles ache and cramp; reddened nut-sized testicles are a little swollen after being made love for hours on end by tight yanks, roughened, moustached and bearded lips, and a thick adult tongue that doubles as a moist whip; and a butthole that still convulses with each sleepy breath, leaking and gushing out globs of white seed, adding to the growing pool

forming between the slender legs - evidence of an adult's pleasure forced upon a premature child's body far too many times, and far too much that can be handled.

Wei *da ge* opens the bedroom door and walks in with a tray of tea in his hands. Lan Zhan does not even turn towards the new visitor into the bedroom.

“Wei Ying, I’ve.. I’ve r-raped a ch.. chil... child--”

“No, you’ve fulfilled the contract of our marriage, and made love equally to each one of us, including the youngest. It’s just that he received his payment a little later than the rest of us,” Wei *da ge* nonchalantly interrupts, places the tray on the bedside table, and pours a cup of warmed brew.

Wei *da ge* sneaks a peck on Lan Zhan’s pale cheek, and the latter jumps away as though the touch is filthy, offensive and downright repulsive. The eldest Wei *gongzi* becomes startled. Fortunately, the cup in his hand - the one he’s about to serve the patriarch - did not spill.

“What? I’m just giving a Thank-You kiss for saving the boy, and for showing us how it’s done in order to keep pre-pubescent Wei Yings alive.”

Lan Zhan starts shouting back in uncharacteristic anger - a sign that the man is slowly losing his mind due to his vile, morally-objectionable actions, his increasingly unchecked emotions, and the inability to *control* the *damage* wrought upon his sullied Perfection -, “I... I destroyed his first time! It

should've been slow and sweet! And then you... I should have realized it and withdraw, when you started weaving those horrible thoughts into my mind... and controlled me! You.. You..." A finger points at Wei *da ge* , quaking in fury.

(Lan Zhan never points at Wei Ying - no, never like that. What on earth is going on inside the husband's mind? Wei *da ge* asks inwardly.)

Wei *da ge* feels insulted, but remains unfazed - a younger Wei Ying would have crumbled with fear by now, but no, not the *da ge* and his incredibly strong-willed heart and invincible composure. He sighs, then calmly puts down the untouched cup on the tray. "Yes, yes I'm a monster, I'm a demon, I'm a mastermind of unholy orgies, I'm a rapist, and I'm also a victim of our sex games," and he puts his hands on his hips in a chastising manner.

(Truthfully, he is correct. Their sex life is not normal at all.)

"So, I'm guilty of clouding your judgement, finding cunning ways to understand, circumvent and even exploit the Rings' authority by controlling your orders; that my wants become yours, and together, we override the entire chain of command of the Rings," Wei *da ge* pushes away the accusing, pointing index finger, and Lan Zhan scoots further away to the corner of the bed in a don't-you-dare-touch-me manner. "I won, you lost. I cheated you. I tricked you. All is fair in our married life. We're a team of husband and wives, and we're not supposed to call each other nasty names and bicker like juveniles. Did I miss anything?" Wei *da ge* reads off an invisible script from his mind, and even purposely counts his fingers to emphasize his point that arguments like these are supposed to be normal and routine between them.

(Again, he is correct. He successfully outwitted Lan Zhan; Lan Zhan made the fatal mistake of demonstrating that their wedding rings aren't just normal metal-sculpted symbols of their married life. When the gaping hole in his chest was woven back using the Ring's power, gears have started spinning inside Wei Yings' heads and they figure out what it is, and how it can be manipulated for their own benefit. In hindsight, Lan Zhan could have just *asked* his wives to patch up his body, without resorting to such a powerful and easily-misused tool of divinely capabilities.)

“Wei Ying! It's not about who won and who lost! It's about doing what is right! I... How... hurting your *didi* is wrong!” Another finger point. Wei *da ge* is slowly losing his patience.

“And saving his life is wrong?” He slams the bedside table, rattling the earthenware until some tea spilled off the cup.

“No! I... I...” Lan Zhan's face is red and is about to explode into expletives and other unimaginable words, but he is baffled, rendered speechless, because he's never blown off before - he doesn't know how. He is unable to comprehend how Wei *da ge* twists the logic of the conversation.

Wei *san ge* calls out from beyond the door, “*Da ge* ! I've collected them from Ernie. Where should I put them?”

“-- what is that,” Lan Zhan states rather than asks, then gulps.



Wei *da ge* “Huh”s at Lan Zhan’s facial expression that had turned from unusually lively seething scarlet into a blank, blood-drained look.

“... what... what is... are those?!” Lan Zhan is clearly horrified.

Wei *da ge* turns around to see what has terrified his husband. Multiple naked Wei *didi* s stand at the entrance, looking completely unaware, doe-eyed and curious, like tiny school kids waiting to file into the classroom on their first day of lessons. Among them are girls too, with bright dark-brown eyes and chubby cheeks just as their male counterparts - and Lan Zhan had to shut his eyes for a moment in order not to stare between their legs; he is visibly shaking on the bed now. Teenage Wei appears at the back and slowly pushes the children into the bedroom, like herding a flock of frightened lambs towards the slaughterhouse.

“Ah, I mentioned about them just now. Come, children, come in and greet our Patriarch properly, before he loses his marbles!” the *da ge* waves at the door. There are at least ten, no, twenty, no, more are streaming in and the bedroom is full and some of the children start to pick their way on the cum-stained sheets on the huge king-sized bed, kneeling, crawling, towards their Patriarch.

Wei *da ge* lifts up the cup of tea again in a respectful bow amidst a sea of children, but his gaze remains on the shaking figure, “*Lao gong*, if it helps, none of them will feel the pain, because I’m able to re-distribute any hurt and trauma amongst us - including myself. The more energetic you are, the more lust is generated, the better these *didi* s and *meimei* s (little sister) will feed. Please, Patriarch Lan, drink up this tea to slake your thirst because you’ve been working hard this morning, and do your duty as our Provider!”

Lan Zhan clutches his temples, and he stares at the floor - exactly that there's no floor since the room is filled with pre-pubescent male and female Wei Yings, and he's forced to stare at their lower bodies - which is even worse, because he notices that some of the children are *inhuman* - cat's tails, reptile's scales, insect claws, tiny fangs, horns and wings, and everything else included. "Wei Ying... where... where are these... things... from?"

Wei *san ge* chirps cheerfully from behind, "Ai-yaaa! They're you're wives, families and children too, so don't refer to them as objects! They were created with Creation spells during the past few weeks when you were drowning in sex with us... you probably didn't notice, because you were busy visiting *yue fu* and *yue mu* during those times."

Wei *da ge* gloats at the wonderful sight of a room full of the latest generation of family members - all Wei Yings, and they're about to be saved by their Patriarch. "*Lao gong*, I've told you before, two or so weeks ago, all Wei Yings created are in the flesh, are real, and will not disappear. I had to put them in Ernie's limitless cold stasis so that they do not suffer like *didi*, otherwise I'd bring them over to our new continent, just like all the other Wei Yings we had created in the past, and everyone can live happily in our Kingdom.

My family! Come! Let's not waste time. Put on your Wangxian-made copies of Soulmate Binding Rings, greet our Patriarch, and sate your hunger with our Father!" he gestures like a true megalomaniac *laoban* (or a crazed cultist) at the room full of children with wide-sweeping arms. Lan Zhan raises his hand to stop the conversation, because 'cold stasis' and many other stuff in *da ge*'s words do not make sense. He wouldn't mind being put into cold storage, though.

“Good morning, our Father and Patriarch Lan!” scores of children shout out happily like school kids greeting their teacher.

Soon, poor Lan Zhan is *mauled* by little Wei Yings.

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Wei *da ge* leaves for work at eight in the morning because he'd looped the day again and again, or even earlier, so that he's able to complete his projects and attend to his meeting appointments, while all Wei Yings - the originals and the copies and every other forms of Wei Yings - are finally, happily, blissfully, wonderfully, magnificently, satisfied with the fulfilled marriage promises.

The Great Han Guang Jun has done it!

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Lan Zhan sips on a cup of Heavenly oolong, different from the *pu'er* tea he had back at home. The flavours are milder, smoother and woodier - better to cleanse the palate after such a distasteful experience back on earth.

“Ah.. ha ha ha.. Wang Ji, if it helps, my wife is thousands of years younger than I am, so please, don’t take our foster great grandson’s antics to heart. Age is no barrier to love!”

“Ssssh! You’re making it worse!... Wang Ji ah ( 呸 ), listen to *yue mu* ... fights between couples and family members are very common. Look at how your Tian *jiejie* argued with your *yue fu* . They caused thunderstorms and earthquakes that lasted for days on the Mortal Realm every time they yell at each other for having different perspectives. Everyone has different needs and wants - they just have to sit down and talk to one another, right? Wang Ji?”

Lan Zhan sighs.

“Wang Ji, you don’t have to worry about losing ‘face’. None of the gods in our Realm are offended at what happened. For example, our foster great grandson’s new continent sits in the middle of the ocean, which is actually my friend the Dragon King’s rubbish site. All those time-loops are insignificant for us, because they’re mere seconds and minutes in our Heavenly realm... you know, the time it takes for one to go to the toilet and out... ha ha ha... err... and... don’t worry, I’ve informed Goddess Guan Yin to include copy-protection into future versions of the Rings, so that they can’t be copied and sold for money. Er.. does that help?”

“Ssssh! You useless grandpa! That’s not what’s bothering our *baobei* (treasure) here!... Wang Ji ah, if.. If you find it hard to talk to that troublemaker, please let *yue mu* know. He cannot ascend to Heaven, but we can descend to the Mortal Realm and give him an earful. I will scold him, and hit his buttocks for you, so that he will listen to you, and give you some peace of mind!”

Lan Zhan sighs again - his cup is emptied. Finally, he speaks with his usual neutral expression, “ *Yue fu , yue mu* , thank you for your advice. Wang Ji appreciates your suggestions,” he bows following formal Gusu Lan etiquettes in addressing elders (and the Tian ruling couple loves Lan Zhan even more - such an obedient and filial son-in-law! [never mind the generational gaps]), “but this is really something between me and Wei Ying. I guess... it’s our internal Lan family affairs. Wang Ji will consider your words and act accordingly. Please forgive Wang Ji for troubling you with such matters,” and he bows again.

The Jade Emperor is relieved that his son-in-law (never mind the generational gaps) isn’t as upset as before - when he first arrived at the backdoor entrance and into the storeroom-turned-arrival hall, Lan Zhan’s eyes were bloodshot and he had tears in his eyes - and the Emperor immediately suspected that the ‘hopeless brat’ had bullied the Tian’s favourite son-in-law. Fortunately a steaming cup of tea and a plate of Heavenly fruits pacified the man, and subdued any further disconcerting feelings.

Lan Zhan would stay at his in-laws’ for a while because his body is put out of commission for quite some time. At least he gets to tour the Heavens, visiting various buildings and offices around the Court (the gods are as bureaucratic as Men), complete a quick walkabout at the local museum (the stuff displayed in there dates back to the beginning of Time), meeting Court officials for tea (because the Emperor likes to proudly show off his son-in-law to his loyal subjects, including Earth God, God of Wealth, and Kitchen God), and later, he gets escorted on a Heavenly horse-cart to visit the thriving orchards and farms, past a few scenic rivers and lakes, a petting zoo (where he enjoys cuddling rabbits donated to the Heavens not too long ago) and the famed stables where the Monkey King is said to have worked, a long, long time ago.

The Queen Mother also accompanied Lan Zhan to the local supermarket down the road from the Heavenly Court, where she bought lots of souvenirs, snacks and also packed some powerful magical equipment into a basket for him to bring back home - while engaging in interesting talk about couponing (it works the same in the Mortal and God realms), recipes (more ways to cook delicious and healthy meals fit for royals and gods), household work (Lan Zhan is glad that *yue mu* is as old-fashioned as him, and both do not like the advance of technology invading into their homes and kitchens), and so much more - the distraction is welcomed by Lan Zhan, and his in-laws are happy to spend time with him - their favourite son-in-law (never mind the generational gaps).

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I hope this slightly longer chapter makes up for the shorter ones before. I received some comments about the pedo and shotacon tag, so that's why I added the warning upfront. I try to sugar-coat with more fluff and about Lan Zhan suffering from Wei Ying-ness.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 53

Lan Wang Ji finally admits to himself, in all honesty, that his Perfect universe is not that perfect after all. To say that he's been blinded by his love for Wei Ying, how much he'd spent building their happiness with his own two hands, would be an understatement.

(From the day he'd purchased the land title to their cave-home last summer with a gold bar from his life savings; toiled on their farms and orchards, and foraged for long hours; managed all the household chores while saving and scrimping wherever possible; Wei Ying had to work hard, plying his trade in Yiling's dusty streets, just to earn enough to put food on their table, and he never really complained as long as he had three square meals a day prepared with love by the husband; they suffered a temporary setback during their first winter when their home was snowed in and lost their crops; then they struggled to re-build their hard-earned peaceful and quiet life through spring and now, summer, when their honeymoon period is truly over and they started taking their married life seriously - by diversifying their income-earning activities and actually thrive by rearing animals, making food and herbal product deliveries, and expand Wei Ying's portfolio of magical talismans, gadgets and services for sale - and still have time to enjoy browsing the evening markets and watch the fireworks after sunset in Yiling.

It seemed to go all too well, even after waking up in this brave new world - for all accounts and purposes, he is indebted to Wei Ying for saving, or rather, resurrecting him from an untimely end - he continued to make headwinds in his journey of Life with four loving and sexy spouses in tow, quadrupling his happiness to the point where they officiated their married status with little red booklets as proof to the world that their love, which has been given the same name as their favourite song, and now the name of their family business, or more appropriately, mega-corporation, exists. He

has expanded his circle by including in-laws from the Realms of the Gods, the Mortal Realm - the Tian sisterhood -, and many more caring friends, acquaintances and business partners in Yiling City and Huang Village.

The source of his Perfect happiness would be Wei Ying - always has, and always will be lovely Wei Ying. He loves Wei Ying for who he is, and now, in multiple numbers and various forms. There are many facets of Wei Ying, some good, some not so - but aren't all Men flawed in some ways, including Wang Ji? And should all Wei Yings not be loved Perfectly for everything, including warts, flaws and all else?

The eldest Wei Ying, his spouse, is bluntly put, a volatile, deranged tyrant. However, he also brings home the dough and calls the shots; he managed to wrest control of their home, single-handedly orchestrate their family business and their estate-cum-kingdom-cum-continent, cook their meals, pamper everyone, shower gifts and gadgets to the family, and keep the husband's money pouch fat with at least ten gold pieces a day - not to mention, he makes sure their family grows, is lovingly nurtured, always flourishing, that everyone stays happy and live together harmoniously while well-satiated in all forms of hunger... so, with due respect, Wang Ji should step back and take his well-earned place at the top of the family pyramid - he should live like a King, a Patriarch, a Father and a Husband, surrounded by his unlimited harem who continue to serve him in every possibly way, fatten him up, pleasure him all day, and keep his sex life delightfully lively. Everyone is wrapped around the *da ge* 's little finger, but there shouldn't be complaints, because everyone is Perfectly Happy.

The teenager Wei Ying, also his spouse, is one of Wang Ji's lifelong goals - to be able to love, and start loving Wei Ying since the days they'd met during their youth. His strength, his recklessness, his Wei Ying-ness, the sexiness that he exudes - they're all Wei Ying. Since the teenager entered Wang Ji's life after the Great Fires, everything about the teenager - his



spouse - belongs to Wang Ji, and that thrills the older man to no end; *San ge* helps Wang Ji and teaches Wang Ji how to feel young again. He helps around the house, so that Wang Ji can continue to enjoy what he'd come to call as his Happily Ever After - a patriarch of four spouses, living under the same roof, full of everyday routines, noise, and plenty of exciting sex.

The child Wei Ying, the runt of the litter, is an unexpected gift for his Perfect universe. *Didi* nurtures the caring, loving motherly-matriarch character within him, and he learns to love children, enjoy physical contact, become more tolerant of family chatter during mealtimes and the odd fights between siblings, and Wang Ji gets to reconnect with innocent, familial love - probably the truest form of love among related human beings. The little boy is everything that Wang Ji ever wanted in a child - disciplined, obedient, joyful, loving and completes all the housework on time, with neither a speck of dust on the floor or a crooked fold in sun-dried laundry, while learning to grow up under Wang Ji's wings with each passing day.)

With all said and done, Wang Ji is fully devoted to his, Wei Ying's, their happiness for the rest of his life - and they're all happy living in their cave-home and the expanded lands of his Kingdom... Would this not be a Perfect universe? Would this not be his happiness?

"Wang Ji, happiness is not perfection. Perfection is not happiness. The absolute state is transient. The journey to such a state, however, is eternal," Lord Buddha speaks calmly, timeless wisdom in his words. He appears in an image of a simple and humble elderly man, dressed in plain clothes no different from any other citizens or servants of the Heavenly Court - hence, no other celestial beings realized that the Greatest is amongst them. His eyes are closed, and he looks to be in a meditative state - but his voice is clear and omnipresent, and echoes beyond clouds and the skies even higher than the Heavenly Court. The Grandest of Gods sits below a Heavenly Bodhi tree in the Sacred Orchards, enjoying the warmth of glorious

sunshine from above, and the softness of evergreen grass beneath that sprout and bloom flowers wherever he touches.

Goddess Guan Yin, in the image of a villager dressed in plain robes, stands next to the sitting elderly man. She speaks, “With a touch of this holy willow branch dipped in waters from my everflowing vase,” and she raises the sacred objects to Wang Ji’s view, “I can grant you mercy from your suffering. But you need to ask yourself, and decide, what act and outcome would constitute as merciful? And to whom? What is truly the happiness that you wish to achieve, and what is this perfection that you strive for, in this lifetime?”

Lan Zhan stares at the ground with his head bowed in respect and worship, after hearing the words from the One who sees and knows everything, and the Other who can release him from his torment and suffering, if he chooses to.

He remains quiet in deep thought.

Moments later, he is alone below the Bodhi tree, and his *yue mu* arrives with a basket of Heavenly fruits and fresh salads, accompanied by her entourage of gardeners and servants. Together, they leave to catch up with *yue fu* to dine on Heaven’s summer produce as a family, at a nearby outdoor pavilion beside a sparkling river and rolling green meadows.

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Wei Ying - the original twenty-two year old - returns home at noon after a quick round of meeting customers, taking sales orders, and the highlight of his trip - he signed a new contract with Liang's teahouse to upgrade their business relationship from 'temporary restaurant staff' to 'official supplier of goods'. He does not need to work at Liang *laoban*'s teahouse twice a month anymore, and instead, Wangxian Postbirds will make regular deliveries of freshly-made batches of plum sauce and other products. Liang *laoban* laughed loudly and smacked Wei Ying's back many times when he remarked that he's proud to see the young man grow up and earn his place in society as his own *laoban*, in which Wei Ying sheepishly grins - and is satisfied, nevertheless. Liang *laoban* asks the Young Master Lan (Wei Ying) to invite Wangxian's master chef for a small launch ceremony at the teahouse, with lion and dragon dances, performance troupes and buffet planned for invited guests, to introduce new varieties of their famous plum sauce - and draw in more customers during the event. Wei Ying agrees.

Wei Ying finds that his life is a little more peaceful as the days go by - however it's hard to tell which day it is other than "the one or two weeks after their patriarch woke", due to *da ge*'s endless time-loops (and historians in the future will find it hard to separate fact from fiction, because the dates of events happening during this period have become muddled and inaccurate, including the much-maligned solar eclipse and even Wangxian's incorporation date) - their awesome Wei *da ge* has managed to create a mess and yet, knows how to fix everything up; and soon, if things go as planned, Wei Ying will be able to settle back to his quiet life.

He walks with a skip in his steps, when he emerges from the orchards and into the open courtyard leading to their cave-home. The entire area is, as usual, - at least for the past *many* days (or months? He could never tell) - a scene of sinful lusts and sexual carnage of apocalyptic proportions. There's a whole lot more furniture and half-finished inventions and contraptions lying around, which he'd plan to move out of their jam-packed workroom

into *da ge* 's penthouse and new research facilities within the labyrinth of their Wuji production plant.

Wei Yings in a myriad of ages, genders, sizes and shapes, even forms, work hard to pack what they could into wheelbarrows and other primitive transports (the more magically-inclined ones cast spells to float the objects), and cart them away towards The Junction, where they'll be ferried to their new homes in the Kingdom.

At the same time, there are many Wei Yings draping and lounging everywhere in broad daylight - on tables and benches, on tree branches, on the grass, on the said packed cargo - probably resting if not lazing, pantless and legs splayed open - some with their genitals dripping with cum, others not yet, and a few more in the process of being bred by not one, but *multiple* Lan Wang Jis.

It can be disconcerting to see many people with faces and appearances mainly derived from two individuals - however, after a while, it's no biggie. Wei Ying shrugs, as he makes his way through and surveys the aftermath:

One Lan Zhan, fed with Laozu Smiles, drunkenly staggers from one Wei Ying to another like a ball being bumped around inside a pinball machine, fucking each spread-eagled Wei Ying that he comes into contact, and happily moans noisily when he cums (yes he giggles when he climaxes in an inebriated state) before moving to the next available orifice - it doesn't matter if it's been used before or not. It's almost effortless to spin around and find a circle of spread legs on tree branches, on the ground, on the tables, then plunge into the waiting holes like playing a game of roulette - made better when some of the targets are pregnant-looking teenage female Wei Yings with fake breasts that the drunken man can joyfully suckle out

breastmilk, rub bloated fake or truly pregnant tummies with greedy fingers, while drilling his extremely excited penis into the sweet juicy love tunnels until it one-twos too many times and erupts into a satisfying series of twenty-twitches;

There are many empty wine jars lying on the ground, and the outdoors are *teeming* with many equally drunk Wei Yings (instead of working hard to move the objects - how slothful!). They mingle and grab the nearest Lan Zhan - or Lan Zhans -, and drag them into the forest to engage in mindless fornication. Despite their intoxicated state, they coordinate and team up very well, as seen when one particularly lucky Lan Zhan finds himself imprisoned and strategically surrounded in a flower-like arrangement of six sets of Wei Yings' springy asses around him, and they hump enticingly and spread their rosebuds, and that Lan Zhan nnggahs and loses rational thought, and is reduced to a horny animal in heat, driven to plow and pound each one until all six are thoroughly used, abused, loosened, and dripping with thick hot seed.

Another Lan Zhan, sober and not fed with alcohol, spends hours emptying his balls into a selected few beautiful and handsome Wei Yings of his choice, with the latter lining up and bent over sun-warmed benches to present their rosebuds (or pussies) to their preferred partner - a new harem is forming -, thus supercharging that particular Lan Zhan into another alpha male who endlessly ruts his mates - five or ten thrusts per Wei Ying before repeating the cycle, depending on how masculine he feels -, making lots of tasty rhythmic growls in the process, but he doesn't quite ascend to Heaven because he is, in essence, an inferior copy of the great patriarch and his golden core isn't as strong;

One unfortunate Lan Zhan convulses and spasms with endless "nnnh, aaah, hnnngh"s on the vegetable gardens as multiple Wei Yings descend and sexually assault him in very perverse manners, and keep the helpless man

pinned down while making sure that his throbbing spewing cock is never *lonely* , ejaculating almost constantly from rolling massages of inner muscular walls, alternating between all participating Wei Yings, and they ride the agonized-giddy-yelling Lan Zhan to numerous wonderful orgasms - and the group managed to knock off a few carrot tops and cabbages too - how wasteful!;

The animal farm too, is a fertile ground for orgies, as many Lan Zhans and many Wei Yings breed and mount each other repeatedly like rabbits in heat, or an eager rooster dropped into a pen full of maiden hens (it's a free world - it doesn't matter who tops or bottoms, or if they switch). Adult on boys, boys on adults, teenagers with teenagers - the possibilities are endless, and each combination is physically tested and sexually proven right in front of everyone's eyes without shame;

It's a dark secret that within some shadowy groves, *inhuman* Wei Yings have unknowingly kidnapped a group of Lan Zhans, to be thoroughly devoured and enjoyed in their own sweet time, away from prying eyes. An abundant amount of dark energies and lightning crackle and shoot out behind walls of tall grasses, hiding very evil acts or corrupted rituals performed upon the victims - one Lan Zhan has all his orifices invaded and filled with slimy spurting tentacles that sting and inject sexual poisons; another Lan Zhan has his golden core ripped out from a gaping hole in his chest, then molested and swallowed before being spat back out; one more Lan Zhan has mind-controlling tongues and tubes weave through his ears and other holes, where they plunder the spinal cord and overrun the brain, to take over his thought and bodily functions, thus damning that man to eternal sexual slavery as he is overwhelmed by uncontrollable orgasms, and ejaculates non-stop... and so on. (Wei Ying mutters a silent prayer to the victims, however he is assured that no Lan Zhans are harmed during the lovemaking.)

Further away, behind a clump of thickets, multiple Lan Zhans spitroast and gangbang a particularly sexually attractive teenager Wei Ying, despite the cries for help from the younger man (who could be a fully-fledged adult or even a boy - it doesn't matter). The unfortunate Wei Ying is left covered and drenched with cum leaking from all cavities and orifices, and he is dragged further into the dense bushes because horny Lan Zhans aren't easily satisfied until they succeed, in their own wild imaginations, to inseminate their chosen nubile mate and leave him heavily pregnant with seed. The female ones are, of course, properly impregnated and are already with child - with little baby bumps growing day by day because many days, even months may have passed in this time-looped world - but that is something that the twenty-two year old Wei Ying *isn't* interested to know.

(Everyone is naked, by the way; there are no clothes left for those who are at home, and garments are only worn by those who need to go out, such as the hardworking twenty-two year old Wei Ying.)

Wei *da ge* has done it - after spending time bringing copies of Wei Wuxians into the world, he realized that the same world cannot accommodate so many Wei Wuxians; and these young hardworking and good-hearted men (in his words) crave for love that they *truly* deserve - partly due to the demonic curse that infect every Wei Ying and his clones. The *da ge* is on the verge of creating all the Wei Wuxians he'd need to populate their new Kingdom in Wuji continent, and supply them with enough Lan Wang Jis to partner with and keep them company - if not for the purpose to bed them and keep everyone Perfectly Happy.

“ *Da ge* ! I'm back!” Wei Ying shouts from a distance, and narrowly misses the opened trapdoor at the entrance to their home. A small, probably eight or nine-year old Lan Zhan crawls out of the hole in the ground, stumbles a little with amazement and wonder shining his bright golden-tinged brown eyes. He joins the pitter-patter of little feet along with other child Lan

Zhans, forming into a burgeoning queue just a short distance away (because all Lan Zhans are inherently attracted to orderliness and queues) - the queue swells into a mass of pre-pubescent Lan Zhans, teenager Lan Zhans and adult Lan Zhans, fresh out of the oven that is Ernie's bottomless chasm. Wei Yings emerge from the cave-home, from the orchards, from the forests, some delighted and some shrieking with excitement to welcome the newest batch of lovers into their twisted world. Those Wei Yings casually walk past, select one or more individuals and gently take his or their hands, and lead them to The Junction, towards their new home in the Kingdom - if the coupled ones did not suddenly fall madly in love and start copulating in the courtyard like the rest and leave a mess on the stained sticky ground:

A clone of Wei *da ge* grabs four tiny wiggling naked elementary school-aged Lan Zhans with both hands, licks his lips and laughs heartily. He happily nom-noms each Lan Zhan's buttocks and genitals, make quick love to their defenceless and exposed tiny penises and balls, and give them a good suck, resulting in surprised squeals, and he laughs again before disappearing with the crowd in the direction of the exit;

A teenager *san ge* shyly grasps the wrist of a battle-hardened, scarred, broad-shouldered and very muscular middle-aged Lan Zhan, and teasingly lead him towards the forest with flirting gazes and acting lovey-dovey - not surprisingly, soon that naughty Wei Ying has one hand fiddling with his Lan Zhan's penis until it starts to swell with excitement, and the other hand invites Lan Zhan to reach down and cup and play with the teenager's slightly hairy testicles. The older man instinctively starts to cup and squeeze the spongy balls, and Wei Ying whispers something about eggs, snakes and tanghulus, which triggers something in Lan Zhan, and he aggressively drags Wei Ying off until they tumble into the bushes for a quick and frisky romp, with plenty of rustling sounds, followed by squishy slapping sounds, and noisy obnoxious "ahhh~~~"s with little hearts floating around;

Twenty-two year old Wei Ying probably didn't need to shout to announce his arrival, since the mastermind *da ge* , and all other Wei Yings, are interconnected through their minds anyway. It's a habit that's born out of routine - something he'd picked up from Lan Zhan not too long ago, even before the Great Fires. He walks into the home, side-stepping Ernie's underground cavern because that cold black thing is busy churning out Lan Zhans for all of them, and he didn't want to disturb its production schedule. (imagine Santa Claus working hard in his workshop with his little elves to make the world - all Wei Yings - happy!)

The home is also in chaos - it is packed with naked sweaty bodies moving, pushing, shoving, with whispers, murmurs and loud talking everywhere. Objects are being bundled up and taken out as part of the major re-location effort; renovation and repair works are carried out in the rooms with plenty of hammering and sawing sounds; spells whizz past dangerously close; balls of cement are thrown from one Wei Ying to another in a kind of messed-up snowball fight; Wei Ying managed to weave through and he spots a rather empty space in the bedroom. He sees Lan Zhan - the original one, he hopes - lying on the bed; but he could only see his legs through the bedroom door from where he stands. He watches as two child Wei Yings, one boy and a girl, walk out with indecent white goo leaking out from their bottoms and down their thighs. Just as he wanted to greet the husband, he sees *san ge* - or a copy - tiptoe inside while the coast is clear. Followed by three more. Wei Ying couldn't see what was happening in the bedroom, but when Lan Zhan's legs jerks, convulses, digs deep into the mattress, toes curl painfully, before trembling uncontrollably, thrashing and kicking wildly - he knows that their patriarch is getting a soul-splitting Quadruple Blowjob from the teenagers who are best known for supreme deep-throating and tongue-play techniques.

Wei Ying leaves the room full of wet, sloppy, squirty, sputtering group sex, and goes to find the mastermind *da ge* . He's been at his best behaviour since the day they arrived in this brave new world, so surely, the *da ge* will reward him, somehow.

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The fiery orange skies herald the coming of the first - or final - evening, depending on one's perspective. For twenty-two year old Wei Ying, it's the first time the house is completely silent, save for the chirps of crickets and other summer insects. He'd cast a Shield spell around their home to keep those bugs out during the night.

Wei *da ge* is back at work in the company, working overtime to make up for the time-off he took earlier the day to supervise the production of Lan Zhans and re-locate everyone, everything, to the Kingdom. The teenager and the little boy too, decided to hang out at the penthouse home office suite, because they can enjoy living in the lap of luxury (and space-age technology and unlimited broadband).

Their house is back to normal - almost to the state of four weeks ago before the Great Fires, and with a few modern additions, of course. Wei Ying lights up the two giant Lan Residence lanterns at the entrance, and starts pacing back and forth in the dining room; the floor space in their cave-home has been expanded, but not too significantly - there's still the bedroom, the kitchen attached with a larger dining room, the eternally-filled workroom that's still filled with trash (there are less inventions, but more talismans and gadgets for sale), and even a small living room as an annex to the entrance with a floor mat with the bold printed word "Welcome" (underneath which Ernie stations itself to guard their home and estate), plus extra guest rooms and storage space that are hidden from sight - accessible only by using Ernie's awesome reality-bending abilities.

He taps his feet restlessly against the legs of furniture, waiting for Lan Zhan to wake up in the bedroom; he wants to welcome the husband back to the world of living, and back to what he believes to be Lan Zhan's Perfect Happiness of Happily Ever Afters. Two bowls of Wangxian Healthy Vegetarian and Tasty Fried Chicken frozen dinners sit in a microwave, hidden in an inconspicuous space-time bubble within the kitchen and powered by Ernie - waiting to be reheated. He combs and smooths his hair with his fingers, fidgets the tie of his top-knot, adjusts the collars and folds of his robes - like a girlfriend nervously waiting for the boyfriend's arrival, and minutes passed in relative calm and quiet.

Suddenly, he feels a prickling sensation in his chest. Wei Ying reaches into his inner garment pockets, where he keeps his money and talismans - and fishes out a palm-sized Paperman - ... and it's moving! The yellow piece of paper struggles to escape Wei Ying's clothes, and now, his grasp. It makes plenty of crinkly sounds and lively, troubled movements, nearly tearing its paper limbs in the process. Wei Ying relaxes his hold and the Paperman flutters down clumsily to the table - it is strange that someone is controlling the Paperman, but doesn't even know how to move it properly (because Papermen can float through the air by taking advantage of breezes). One of its legs become soaked in a small puddle of spilled tea on the tabletop, and it *squeals* because that limb is stuck in water and becomes useless.

Wei Ying *pales* the moment he hears the muted cries from the Paperman, which sounds like rustling paper and whistling wind - it's Lan Zhan's voice, and he's screaming Wei Ying's name for help!

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The figure in the bedroom turned out to be a pile of pillows covered by blanket. Lan Zhan's body has gone missing, and his soul is somehow

trapped inside the Paperman, unable to return - that is what Wei Ying believed, as he panics with the pitiful-looking soaked yellow cutout piece of paper in hand. Wei Ying immediately makes frantic Fairy Messenger calls to his siblings in a dire cry for help and rescue.

Notes for the Chapter:

Wheeee, more Wangxian and Wei Ying-ness! I'll be returning to work full-time after this, after enjoying a nice Chinese New Year break - so updates will be slower. Thanks for reading and stay tuned!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 54

“Hello?! Hello?! Oh thank Goddess Guan Yin, I finally reached you! It’s me, *er ge* !

...

You can’t hear... okay... HELLO IT’S ME! CAN YOU HEAR ME N-- , okay, sorry, I’ll speak softer... sorry if I busted your eardrums.

...

What happened? I couldn’t get onto WeiNet and connect our minds or with any other clones’! I keep getting 404’d, is there a DDoS attack somewhere? I thought there’s that ribbon-cutting ceremony with the Tian sisters attending... did the live broadcast swamp everyone’s bandwidth?

...

Really? Oh... WeiNet is down? Is *san ge* looking into it? He is? Great, when can that whiz kid fix-- WHAT?! Riots and mass protests all over Wuji?! All entrances and exits are sealed?! What in the Underworld did you guys do?!

...

Mm-hmm... mm-hmm... mm-hmm... yeah, I'm listening - I'm heating up dinner here, but go on... you and your families are safe, right? And *didi* ? He's at your penthouse? With his *gege* s? Good... mm-hmm...

...

Thanks for filling me in on what happened. Stay safe and don't go out unnecessarily... me? Oh yeah, I've got a big problem, but I guess... you guys should focus on keeping things running at the company, and not get overwhelmed by the riots. Keep those production lines running, and if you need anything from my end or Ernie, call me - what? Oh, okay, I'll leave the call on, since we don't know if we can re-connect 'cause the lines are down.

...

Lan Zhan? Yeah, he's having trouble, can't you see him in my hands? ...Oh right, the Eyes and Senses talismans can't work, we're on dial-up now and not on broadband anymore... 14.4 kilobits modem, are you kidding me! Err... he's... he looks, no... he is a Paperman now... Yes and stop shouting at me! Lan Zhan's a Paperman !!!

...

How would I know?! I've been waiting for him to wake up for hours, then I found out that someone's burnt a mop into cinders, placed that blackened mop-head onto a pile of pillows, and covered the whole thing with a blanket. Even I was tricked into believing that he's still sleeping in there! It's a conspiracy to kidnap our husband!

...

DON'T YOU DARE START THIS ARGUMENT WITH ME! Lan Zhan is my husband, and our husband!... I don't care if you have many Lan Zhans waiting for you on your bed, but this one's the ORIGINAL! For god's sake, just listen to me-- NO I WILL NOT "JUST" PLACE AN ORDER FOR ANOTHER LAN ZHAN! You guys already messed up big time with your logistics and supply chain, causing those riots all over Wuji. How **stupid** can all of this be, by delivering the wrong quantities or types of Lan Zhans to the wrong Wei Yings, and now everyone's looting every other person for Lan Zhans!"

...

"**Stupidity** is NOT my problem, because I've been a good boy by working my ass off in Yiling every day, and I was NEVER - you hear me, NEVER - involved in this crazy world-domination plan of yours. So, you better fix your own mess and find my - our - Lan Zhan! Yes, the original, don't make me repeat it! So that his trapped soul in this Paperman can return to the original body! NO I WILL NOT ACCEPT ANYTHING DIFFERENT OR INFERIOR!... *ding* ah, gotta go. My dinner's ready. We'll talk later and figure out something. My midnight, your mid-morning. 'Kay? Mm-hmm. Yeah, keep the line on. Okay, love you too. Bye."

Wei Ying sighs heavily, pinches the bridge of his nose, and closes his eyes for minute. His brothers are truly a handful; despite being an insignificant minion and not really doing anything for the past few days, weeks or months in this time-warped world, he is now saddled with one of the biggest crisis of body-snatching, caused by one of his kin, and he's left to deal with it, alone, for now. The Fairy Messenger's silvery thread remains, and glows faintly in the evening light.

He strokes the paperman carefully, trying to iron out the creases caused by his strong finger-grip when he rescued it from the puddle of spilled tea - he naturally made a grab for it, which balled the poor cutout piece of paper into a crumpled mass - and Lan Zhan *squealed* again, no doubt in pain. The dog-eared, half-soaked paperman trembles weakly in Wei Ying's hand.

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Wei Ying's steaming microwaved Tasty Fried Chicken dinner was downed in mere minutes - proof that the young man had indeed worked hard all day in Yiling, and had a voracious appetite to show. When he found out that the paperman couldn't take any food - because he had no mouth, and no stomach either -, Wei Ying slurped down the Healthy Vegetarian Rice dinner as well, on behalf of his husband-turned-paper. He ate for two, and ended up with a stuffed belly and plenty of satisfied burps.

Lan Zhan, the paperman, remains quiet - since he couldn't speak and could only make rustling panicked squeals when he's in a life-and-death situation - and sits on the tabletop, watching forlornly at Wei Ying having his meal



(it's hard to decipher the emotions, as the face of a paperman is as blank as... a blank piece of paper).

“Lan Zhan, I’m really sorry you have to deal with this... strange situation. It’s not entirely my fault though, and many things have happened since your last visit to the Heavens,” Wei Ying’s face is genuinely concerned when he stares at the worn-out piece of paper. He sips his tea - he’s careful not to spill any liquid, but there are some oily stains on the paperman due to his messy way of munching on crispy fried chicken skin which *rained* grease onto poor Lan Zhan - and Wei Ying berates himself to be more careful especially during meal times, due to the absorbent and fragile nature of the talisman paper. “I will have a call with *da ge* at midnight to find out what happened, and solve this terrible crisis,” he adds, hopefully to soothe Lan Zhan’s anxiety somewhere inside the heart of the paper.

Wei Ying leans forward and lightly nudges a fingertip to Lan Zhan’s cheek - at least that’s where he believed it to be - and whispers, “But I’m serious when I say that I, we, will fix this mess and bring you back. Don’t get hung up on what *da ge* said just now, alright? There’s only one of you, and you’re irreplaceable to me, Lan Zhan.”

Lan Zhan holds Wei Ying’s fingertip and tries to hug it as best as he could - because his mobility is limited to how much a piece of paper can bend without being folded - and sends a subtle response of swishing sounds, which Wei Ying couldn’t understand. He hopes that it is either a ‘Thank you’ or ‘I love you too’.

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While Wei Ying washes the (few) dishes and cutlery (because it's wasteful to ask Ernie to turn on the inconspicuous dishwasher hidden in a space-time bubble, just to hose down a couple of bowls; the microwave dinner comes with its own plastic -a.k.a. pink bubbles spell- packaging but it's not healthy to zap the food in its pack and let plastic leach into it), and cleans the kitchen (because for better or for worse, D-Broom is gone), he tries to hum their favourite song, but fails after the first six notes.

“Ah... I... I'm sorry, Lan Zhan, my humming is no good today, even though it's supposed to be a happy reunion for us... sort of. I'm worried about you,” he turns around from the kitchen sink, fingers touching his Soulmate Binding Ring which he knows will not come off, “and at the same time, I'm trying to keep calm until I get in touch with *da ge* at midnight.” There's a sniffle. The paperman scoots forward, since it's difficult to stand with a soaked leg. Wei Ying shakes his head, “I'm alright. I just get... a bit emotional sometimes, that's all. Let me distract myself by telling you a story, is that okay?”

The paperman nods. Wei Ying smiles awkwardly in response.

Wei Ying, through an initially shaky voice, which over time becomes normal and lively, narrates a fantastical story of what had happened, or more aptly put, what had gone terribly wrong after Lan Zhan's last ascension to Heaven.

Watching all their *didi* s and *meimei* s fill up their bellies while making frenzied love to a sedated, unmoving, shrivelled and shrunken patriarch struck an old chord with the Wei Yings - the chord from the age-old tune of having too many hungry (demonic) mouths to feed, and not enough food to go around. Unbeknownst to Lan Zhan, his soul has been spending more and

more time in Heaven with the in-laws because of an increasing number of Wei Yings to feed - and there's only one, single, sole provider in the family. Of course, Lan Zhan may not have noticed this because time flies at a snail's pace in the heavens compared to earth; however the effects are clearly disturbing to some Wei Yings, because the amount of quality time they get to spend with their patriarch decreases exponentially with each new batch of Wei Yings secretly manufactured by the *da ge* 's clandestine production lines.

"I was the first to file a complaint against the whole crazy scheme," Wei Ying proudly points at himself with fingers covered with suds, "because I didn't want to spend hours waiting outside our home under the hot sun, just queueing up for a five-minute ride on you! And I'm THE original Wei Wuxian, so why the Underworld should I even queue up!" He raises his hands in mock-exasperation (and flings the said frothy suds to the walls, barely missing Lan Zhan), "Whatever happened to the good old days, when all of us could visit the markets together, play with the animals together, work on the farms together, or simply practise cultivation and entertain each other with music, singing and dancing... together? I couldn't even snuggle up with you at night, because some greedy freaks kept hogging you with their asses from sundown to sunrise! I was forced to work in Yiling every day like a good boy, because there's nothing else I could do!" Fortunately, Wei Ying wipes the wall when he notices he'd been making soapy streaks all over the kitchen - to Lan Zhan's unspoken relief.

Eventually the voices of dissent grew louder, and the older Wei Yings and their clones finally took notice. They too, are becoming fed up with having to shuttle cartloads of starving, impatient kin between their Kingdom and the cave-home, on very tight schedules, where Lan Zhan peacefully sleeps and is continuously milked for days on end. So they brainstormed and experimented with different ways to make that one, single, sole provider more productive. They'd use abhorrent magical spells to enlarge, multiply or increase the frequency of output - but there's really not much a single pair of seed-producing testicles can do.

The final straw broke the camel's back when even their overlord, the mastermind *da ge* , had to wait for a day for his turn, leaving him enraged and ravenous (hunger makes most, if not all, Wei Yings angry, it seems). He rushed out, looking very disappointed, after having his two-minute nibble on Lan Zhan's penis, and decreed that access to adequate Lan Zhan must be liberalized, and not confined to the one, single, sole person. With that, all Wei Yings become overjoyed and cheered for the great *da ge* .

Research on Lan Zhan's peacefully-slumbering body took place at a frantic pace, and soon, Ernie - being stationed at the Lan's Residence, and therefore closest to the patriarch - was tasked to use its Creation and Time spells to make copies of all ages and types of the man, to meet the varied demands and tastes of very discerning Wei Yings. An online ordering service (where Wei Yings can log into a WeiNet portal and customize the kinds of Lan Zhans that they preferred) and an air and ground delivery network were set up. Production went into full swing in a typical manufacturing setting not unlike how they pump out thousands of bags of frozen dinners, packaged mixed nuts and freeze-dried fritters in Wangxian's industry-sized production plants - and where major modifications were needed for certain orders, 3d-printing technology was deployed as well.

"Just earlier today - which could be many days, due to the effects of the time-loop - the last batch was completely sold out to walk-in customers, while the rest have been shipped to warehouses in the Summer Berries District, where we have delivery trucks and Postbirds waiting to pick-up and fulfil pre-orders," Wei Ying rants on, not really noticing that the paperman had raised its hand several times, then it tires, lowers its limb, and resumes listening quietly to the colourful, animated tale, "Lan Zhan, did you know, I'm so glad they've stopped using our home as a flagship store of sorts, for people to intrude and waltz in just to gawk at your sleeping and orgasming form, because our home is clearly NOT a brick-and-mortar shop for Wangxian!" The young man pumps his fist in agitation.

After an exhale, he goes back to sweeping the floor of bits of dust and grit - remnants of the renovation works during the afternoon.

Wei Ying explains that Ernie is probably exhausted and energy-drained from producing so many individuals, so the *da ge* had planned in advance to shift production operations back to Wangxian's vast sprawling industrial complex, right after that last batch. Twenty-two year old Wei Ying opted to stay behind at their cave-home, "because I wanted to wake you up, our sleeping princess, and did you know - I'm the ONLY one who didn't order a copy of you, Lan Zhan, because I believe there is only one of you in this world," he says with a convincing smile, and then he promptly stepped on a pebble with his bare feet and yelps in pain.

Lan Zhan stands up to reach out for Wei Ying, but his paper feet wobbles - especially the soaked, wrinkled one, and he falls flat to the table surface.

"Ah, Lan Zhan, don't move too much! You're very weak in your current state, and your material's fibres are damaged from the spilled tea just now," Wei Ying cries out softly, and gently nudges him back to an L-shaped sitting position. "You don't have to worry about me, so let me clean the floor on my own, alright? It's just that there are bits of sand and stones everywhere because..."

... because the mastermind *da ge* recognized the twenty-two year old's loyalty to his job (working in Yiling every day, as instructed), to the original Lan Zhan (he doesn't flirt or tries to have sex with other Lan Zhans even when there are multiples being produced right inside their home, by Ernie), and to the overall resource situation of the overwhelmed Lan family (he steadfastly refused to order a copy of Lan Zhan, thus saving the environment from more corruptive magic and energy (mis-)use) - so the *da*

ge ordered some major but inconspicuous refurbishments and upgrades to the home, which could be beneficial anyway, when more family members from the Kingdom in Wuji come over to visit, in the future. In a typical Wei Ying fashion, things get done, but the afterthought is lacking, such as clean-up.

Wei Ying finished sweeping the floor as he talked, felt better, and became comfortable with the one-sided conversation, because their relationship had always been like that - now minus the occasional “Mn”s. He lifts Lan Zhan and puts him on the shoulder. “Here,” he says, “hold on to the lock of hair behind my ear, and I’ll show you around. It’ll be a quick tour to familiarize yourself in your current form, so that you don’t accidentally get blown off by the wind and become lost *inside* our home,” The paperman curls its limb around the black hair as ordered, and Wei Ying shows Lan Zhan around their slightly expanded home. He also shows the patriarch all the hidden rooms, compartments and gadgets, accessible via magic and maintained by Ernie, in their respective space-time bubbles - at this point, Lan Zhan the Paperman doesn’t even want to raise his hand anymore; he’s come to accept whatever he could see and sense; the paperman’s five senses are limited as well, due to its sheer *minute* size and the inherent lack of sensory organs and nervous systems.

“I can’t hear you, and you can’t “Mn” back to me. So if there’s a question or if you need to grab my attention, just pull on my hair, alright?” Wei Ying calls out, and he smiles when he feels one tug on the hair. For now, it’s one tug for a Yes, and two for No.

~~~@~@~@~~~@~@~@~~~

Wei Ying cannot leave Lan Zhan out of his sight - not even a minute.

With the tour ended and it's not even seven 'o clock yet, Wei Ying decided to take a quick dip at the outdoor pool against a beautiful backdrop of darkening dusky skies and lit lanterns around the compound. He joked while washing his hair that if Lan Zhan was in his human form, they'd have a romantic quickie in the bath, and he didn't need to queue for hours to get his fill. Wei Ying laughed at his own joke and doesn't react when there is no response - because tiny Lan Zhan is sitting on one of the portable sun lounge chairs away from the body of water.

Then, there was the dreaded *squeal* and everything happened in a blink of an eye. Wei Ying turned around in horror to see an ugly brown fat *rat* dragging away a struggling paperman in its jaws, right into the shadows of nearby bamboo clumps. He quickly grabbed a bar of soap - the nearest solid thing within reach - and threw at the rodent - and promptly missed it, because the rat is nimble - but it was startled, and squeaked loudly at the projectile, before disappearing immediately into the thorny bushes.

“Lan Zhan !!!” Wei Ying screamed in utter panic and terror.

Then the world became a flash of blinding white, followed by an ear-deafening roar of thunder in the next split second. Ernie had cast a powerful lightning strike at the clump of bamboo, setting it into flames and burnt the undergrowth into ash and cinders within moments.

“NO !!!”

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

The paperman is as tattered as it can be - its edges are burnt, torn and blackened, its wrinkled, thoroughly soaked, bulging and warped body is covered with paw-prints, perforations and mud splatters, and parts of its limbs are gone - bitten and chewed off by the fangs of one of Lan Zhan's most dreaded pests. It stinks of Wei Ying's sweat (because it was in the man's inner garment pockets earlier on), fermented tea (from the spill), and fried chicken grease (which probably attracted the rat in the first place), and reeks of damp soil, rodent odour and other foul-smelling wild animals (the bamboo clumps are a known haven for pests, including mammals, insects and worms).

Wei Ying resorted to casting Water spouts to douse the fires, and managed to rescue a drenched paperman Lan Zhan from a muddy pool (and finds a dead, stiff roasted rat just a couple of feet away). He was in shock and tears by then for nearly losing his loved one, and immediately ordered Ernie to 'take whatever emergency measures needed to secure Lan Zhan the Paperman', while he initiates life-saving paper restoration procedures.

Battered Lan Zhan is immobile, save for a few barely-felt tremors everytime Wei Ying touched the shredded edges, and is carefully placed on the kitchen counter. Wei Ying ordered the necessary materials, including a brush, bottles of solvents, sponge and soft cloth, liquid adhesive paste, a stick and wax paper. First, he used the brush to dust away solids and caked mud, and then dabbed the paper with solvents to remove the stains; Lan Zhan actually quivered with the feather-light touch - perhaps he could feel the gentle treatment. Then he used the remaining materials to try and repair the tears; Lan Zhan spasmed when Wei Ying pulled a little too hard - it is definitely painful, as much as touching one's open wound.

With Wei Ying's permission, Ernie emerges from the floor and weaves itself into the paper material - the cold black wisps must have chilled Lan Zhan when he visibly shivered upon being coated by a layer of dark mist, which eventually melts into him like a piece of dry ice. "Hush... Lan Zhan, Ernie is strengthening the fibres by adding spells, including the pink and green bubbles, so that you're protected from the elements," Wei Ying murmurs as he places two fingers onto Lan Zhan and the latter instinctively hugs them like a broad pillow to draw out body heat from the man. Wei Ying tenderly kisses the burnt tip of Lan Zhan's head, and with Ernie's magic swirling inside the paper body, all the edges are miraculously repaired - as good as new. However, Lan Zhan is very weak - Wei Ying could sense the light of his soul dimming at an alarming rate - and the paperman is very cold - the shivering Lan Zhan refuses to let go of the two fingers.

"Lan Zhan, you're unable to eat, and I can feel that your soul is depleted, and you're very hungry. It's somewhat similar to what *didi* felt when he was starving, and I can only think of feeding you with a bit of my golden core energy," Wei Ying whispers, heartbroken at the pitiful sight of his beloved husband hanging onto his fingers.

He slowly peels off the barely-wiggling paperman and places him onto his left chest, near the nipple - closest to his core. He cups the paperman against the breast, then with his free hand and with help from Ernie's black tentacles, they made a simple shoulder bandage out of a strip of cloth so that it resembled more like a loose cradle for tiny Lan Zhan. Wei Ying casts a modified Energy spell that extracts very tiny slivers of golden core energy from within his body, and faint, ethereal glowing yellow-white wisps seep out from the most protruding part of his chest. Lan Zhan must have detected and identified the energy source - his only food - through one of his dulled and primitive senses, as he crawled and made rustling sounds inside the dark, warm, clothed cocoon that feels, sounds and smells of his lovely Wei Ying. Soon, Wei Ying nnnghs when he feels a pinprick, and when he peeks into the shoulder wrap, he sees tiny paperman Lan Zhan holding and

suckling on his nipple, inhaling golden-milky white strands of energy from it.

“Lan Zhan, I ate two servings of dinner just now, so you must feed well tonight. Please keep sucking as much as you want, it’s all for you,” Wei Ying coos, his eyes sparkling full of unconditional love. He doesn’t know if Lan Zhan heard him or not, but the latter looks contented as though he’s taking a nap while suckling - it’s hard to tell on a piece of paper that’s without a face.

Later, in the bedroom, Wei Ying eases himself on the king-sized bed. He lies sideways on his left, propped by pillows and reads some magazines to pass the time while waiting for midnight. Every once in a while, he would cast an amber-coloured Light spell to warm up the shoulder wrap, especially upon his left breast. He manages to hum their favourite song without any interruptions.

Tiny Lan Zhan continues to sleep and suckle after nine o’ clock.

Notes for the Chapter:

I decided to start a new arc, after the surprising twist at the end of the previous one. Let’s see what new adventures await Wangxian!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 55

Somewhere inside the Kingdom of Lan, Wuji continent...

Little twelve-year old Lan Wang Ji, like all other Wang Jis, is housed with his owner / spouse / soulmate in government-funded public housing, which typically starts out as a basic, unremarkable bamboo cottage with a straw thatch set in a rustic nature-rich backdrop, with a small living space, a single bedroom, a kitchenette and some basic furniture; utilities such as electricity, gas, water and unlimited broadband are included as well. House owners are welcomed to upgrade, grow and expand their properties - or any private assets for that matter - with their own funds, via their own personal means (the Kingdom practises partial capitalist and socialist policies, as long as everyone remains within the boundaries of Lan family rules and obey the one-party/person rule, which is in itself a dictatorship anyway.)

“Wang Jiiii... where is your homework?” Wei gege , a man in his late twenties with unruly long hair, unshaven, dressed up in loose messy and mismatched robes, and looks more like a vagabond than a scholarly big brother, calls out to the boy he’d bought on the spot at a store Clearance Sale, and he calls out with an obnoxious drawl while reclining on the worn-out, patched sofa - one of the few luxuries in their humble home, because Wei gege has been too lazy to look for a job, depend on government hand-outs (which is pretty good - a few gold pieces every so often), and prefers to spend his time watching brainwashingly boring state-run television (there are some daily news droning on about protests on the streets, but they’re living on the fringes, so everything’s still fine and peaceful), surf WeiNet (it’s been laggy recently, so he sticks to watching his old collection of downloaded pirated movies), getting drunk, and catch jungle fowls and fishes while foraging from the nearby thriving forests; while little Wang Ji does the farm work at their small plot of land given by the government,

household chores, and runs errands in town including buying groceries at the local markets - an amazing feat for a small child, indeed.

The boy scurries into the living room with a broom in hand - he's not yet finished sweeping the compound outside their cottage, and he knows his *gege* likes to keep up good impressions with the neighbours, so he'd better finish his task soon and start on lunch. When he stands in front of his *gege*, he takes out a dog-eared notebook from his sleeves, and shows it to the latter. The book is snatched immediately.

"Wang Ji hasn't been doing a good job. Only 524 rules copied, so far. Will buy another book tomorrow. Wang Ji seeks forgiveness," the boy bows with deep respect.

Wei *gege* flips the book from page to page, then flicks to the last one - the entire notebook is filled and there is no more space to write. He sighs. Then, he rolls the book and gently knocks on the boy's head, "Wang Ji-ah-Wang Ji, haven't I told you before, you need to use your brains and think out of the box."

"The more notebooks we buy, the more money we waste, and the more trees are cut down." Knock. The little boy winces, not from pain, but from being ashamed from the tender scolding.

"What's more, we need to return the original Lan Family rules script to our neighbour in three days' time. If you do not finish the copying, we'll not have a set of the rules in our house, and the state inspectors will penalize us when they visit our home later this month." Knock.

Wang Ji looks up from the bow, and he looks almost confused, helpless and without a way forward. “Wang Ji understands the importance. But.. but..”

“Ai-yaaaa~~~ you Gusu Lans are always so rigid in your thinking! You have all the tools around you, and yet you still stick to your old ways!” Another impatient knock. The boy’s top-knot unwinds a little, and strands of hair start to stick out in all directions.

“Here, listen to *gege* and I’ll only say this once, drill this into your thick skull! Whoever said that you must write the rules in an expensive notebook that costs a silver piece each? Just write on any readable surface - newsprint, brochures from the supermarket, other pages and paper material you can find all over our home; I keep a stack of old stuff in the storeroom, look it up yourself! If you have to, write on the walls so that you will remember the rules every time you walk past them!” The notebook slid down to the boy’s chest, where his nipples are rubbed through the garments.

“If you cannot find anything inside our house, then go out to the forests to find something useful! There are big trees with even bigger leaves. You can write on those too,” the notebook glides below the ticklish navel and its rolled edge starts circling the unprotected but clothed crotch; shapes of forest leaves are drawn - ovals, hearts, maples and so on. Wei *gege* didn’t buy any loincloths for him yet.

“And if you’re really out of ideas, you can use the spells that I’ve taught the other day, and Create rice paper from the grass, then age them with Time into dried, writable pages,” Wei *gege* fiddles the boy’s genitals with the notebook and grins at his own smugness, “Do you understand?”

Little Wang Ji nods shakily, having received a humiliating, but useful lesson in life. The notebook is relentless in rubbing his wee-wee, and it starts to stiffen. It's become a reflexive response since the day he was brought into this house, and his designated *gege* always teases his body at every opportunity. It doesn't really help that he feels shame - his cheeks are flushed red -, because at the tender age of twelve, his body has just started blooming into puberty and willingly reacts to such stimulation.

"Enn. Wang Ji understands," and he bows again.

Wei *gege* licks his lips at the harried-looking pre-pubescent boy, with a laughably tiny boner no longer than his fourth ringed finger sticking out of the pants. He drops the notebook carelessly onto the floor, and grunts, "You know the routine. You're being punished so that you won't make the same mistakes next time. Come," the man orders as he lies on the sofa, stretches, and places his hands behind his head - like a real *laoban* .

Little Wang Ji blushes into deeper shades of red, and starts undressing in front of the *gege* . It's routine, the boy tells himself. He's been taught that every time he makes a boo-boo, *gege* wins and he's to obey *gege* 's wishes.

Soon, pantless little Wang Ji masturbates with delicate strokes while standing in front of the *gege* sprawling on the sofa, until his penis sticks up proudly like any young, increasingly horny, adolescent boy's. He carefully pulls his foreskin to the back to expose the purple-red glans, and Wei *gege* mmmms in appreciation while one rough, calloused hand reaches down and fondles the quail-egg-sized balls - and then rubs the unprotected cockslit until the boy nnnnhs and quakes and a droplet of sticky clear fluid oozes out

- which tastes a little salty, after the *gege* licks it off his eager fingers. The boy moans involuntarily, as shivers run up and down his spine and spreads warm, burning fire through his loins - he's just started experiencing ejaculatory orgasms not too long ago, and he hates it when desires and *good feelings* overwhelm his senses.

Little Wang Ji pants hard in anticipation when he finally inserts his penis into Wei *gege* 's waiting mouth. The older man sucks the boy like an ice lolly while lounging on their sofa. He enjoys listening to tasty, high-pitched childish moans of a boy trying to make love with his lips and tongue, and those moans turn into keening cries and flailing limbs and plenty of incoherent "ahhh, ahhh *gege* , nnnh, so hot, hnnggaah" when he generously deep-throats the quivering, leaking member.

Wei *gege* knows that the punishment is incomplete without pleasuring the boy's scrotal sac. He knows the hairless scrotum and its surrounding areas grow darker with age and testosterone, and he intentionally adds swirling licks and strong suction to each jiggling testicle, massaging them as they contract and convulse repeatedly, enticing each egg to produce more seed and hormones for the growing boy.

The reward is sweet and syrupy, unloaded in twenty-twitches of rapid heated spurts - a little diluted in texture and volume due to the young age of little Wang Ji, which Wei *gege* is sure that with time, and lots of practice, the boy will blossom into a delectable juicy virile morsel that he can milk all day, at the convenience of their rural home. If and when he has enough money, he plans to order a few more Wang Jis from the Kingdom-owned Wangxian company, and play with little and grown-up boys all day - that's his lifelong dream.

He makes sure little Wang Ji spills at least two more times, before letting the dazed boy go and continue his given homework, and cook their lunch.

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Shortly after an exhausted Lan Zhan the Paperman slept soundly while feeding from his spouse on the bed, Wei Ying came across an interesting article in a Cultivation Times magazine. It was an intellectual discourse about the Empathy spell, how it works and its uses. The article describes how the spell is usually employed to delve into another's mind and consciousness for investigative purposes, to experience the emotions and memories of a spirit or a physical remnant - such as an undead or a body; with a high risk of being possessed by the inanimate target, if it so wishes, due to an active link between both sides.

With plenty of time in his hands, and a suckling Lan Zhan paperman on his left breast, Wei Ying - in his typical miscreant genius fashion - toys with an idea of helping an inanimate object experience the living's senses, thoughts and feelings; thus, a kind of reverse, or more appropriately, a Transverse Empathy spell is conjured - in theory - and Wei Ying doesn't hesitate to cast it upon the snuggling paperman. With his awesome magic-using prowess, the spell succeeds at the first attempt.

Later, Wei Ying poses in front of the standing mirror next to their bedroom cupboard. He turns to the left, perks up his buttocks, then spins to the right, chin up and sends a flying smooch at his reflection, then faces to the front. A yellow star-shaped paperman looks good on his left nipple, indeed - except that the paperman is *alive*, evidenced by periodic undulating sucking motions as it continues to drink miniscule amounts of Wei Ying's milk (golden core energy) to sustain its feeble life.



“Lan Zhan, when you wake up properly, you can experience the world through my thoughts, feelings, consciousness and senses; it’s better than trying to navigate around with a tiny fragile body, right?”

*Nnnnh.*

*Tired. Cannot talk.*

*Long day.*

*Want sleep.*

*Eat.*

“Ahh, Lan Zhan, even your mental capacity has been reduced to a paperman’s. But it’s alright, because through our link, I can understand what you’re saying. Please rest for now and drink more milk, while I take care of our home,” Wei Ying smiles sweetly at the figure latched onto his chest. A couple of nnnmh-ing suction on the nipple later, which confirms that body-warmed Lan Zhan is enjoying a nap and his much-needed sustenance, Wei Ying is free to move around the house in his night robes, without requiring any bandages or wraps. He gives a few more instructions to Ernie to protect Lan Zhan in his entirety - the soul and the paperman form -, secure him to Wei Ying’s body, and to preserve their precious Empathy link.

(Lan Zhan is like an old mobile phone that's left with less than five percent of battery, and he's without his own power bank. At such a critical condition, even the battery stretch proves futile as his basic functions are terribly compromised. His cognitive and emotional processes have been reduced to the most primitive state, which is ironically suitable for

papermen, because papermen do not have any nervous systems to accommodate broader, more complex intelligence and wisdom.)

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Through Empathy, Wei Ying learns that actually, Lan Zhan arrived at their courtyard during the afternoon, in the middle of the massive close-out sale and relocation - and the carnage - and was deeply traumatized at the sight of his clones being mass-produced from their home, then led away to the Junction, but not before watching with morbid fascination at how his clones participated in extremely depraved orgies with too many Wei Yings. He'd dismissed the entire massacre of morals, values and virtues as a whole new level of Wei Ying-ness, except that his heart broke at the sight of his Wei Yings professing their love, virginities and rosebuds to their chosen Lan Zhans. It felt as though he was invisible (which he really was), and his spouses, his loves, his family, his harem, his life possessions, his entire being, his identity - was snatched away right in front of his eyes. He'd run around blindly as much as a floating disembodied soul could, panickedly, trying to enter into any Lan Zhan he saw, wanting to return to the land of the living - only to be repelled by invisible forces because those Lan Zhans are fully occupied with their own individual souls - and no one noticed his plight.

As afternoon turned into evening, an increasingly desperate soul of Lan Zhan wandered around and drifted aimlessly around the courtyard and even within the walls of their home - but to no avail. He could not find any Lan Zhan to inhabit because he was too confused with so many of his moving, breathing, writhing, orgasming bodies everywhere - yet none would accept

his soul. Soon, the crowd thinned, the Wei Yings and Lan Zhans left through The Junction, the house devolved from an industrious hubbub into an empty, quiet shell - he felt like the frightened, lonely, trembling school kid who missed his bus, but kept on waiting at the front gates of the closed school until sunset, and soon the neighborhood and streets became deserted, and the chill of the night sets in.

Finally, when there was only one, single, sole Wei Ying left in the house, his lovely Wei Ying, idling at the dining room, the distraught and fatigued Lan Zhan rushed forward - despite expecting that he'd just be repelled away by force. Twenty-two year old Wei Ying still wore his working garments and the tools of trade on his body, including papermen, and Lan Zhan's soul was gratefully absorbed into the yellow-coloured talisman.

*Wei Ying.*

*Don't leave.*

*Afraid.*

*Alone.*

Through Empathy, Wei Ying felt the same acute twinge of pain and anguish that shook Lan Zhan's soul when the latter embraced the paperman. The young man realizes that beyond the fear of drifting in and around a house without a body like a forgotten ghost from the past, more terrifying than toeing the fine line between life and death, there is a deeper sense of helplessness boiling within the pits of Lan Zhan's soul - after witnessing the gut-wrenching sight of Wei Yings happily leaving with their newly-minted, more handsome, more rugged and more Perfect Lan Zhans - the one, single, sole original Lan Wang Ji knows that he is no longer the patriarch of his family; that he is disposable, replaceable, modifiable according to Wei

Ying's whims, and easily discarded in the face of new flashy versions of himself fabricated using new (3d-printing) technologies.

Wei Ying sends a tender message to what he sees through Empathy - although it's impossible to project current thoughts into past memories, much like trying to talk to the guy appearing on a pre-recorded show on the television - that if Lan Zhan were to fall from grace, from the lofty skies high above, then the twenty-two year old Wei Ying will surely catch this falling angel, and cradle him safely in his arms.

(In retrospect, the fact that Lan Zhan returned while everyone was moving stuff out of the cave-home, meant that he was no longer being sexually assaulted during that time when his soul could drift back to the Mortal Realm from its sexual high - except that he was faced with too many occupied bodies bearing his appearance, and couldn't find his way back. Wei Ying speculates that the theft of Lan Zhan's real body took place during the move - when everyone's busy packing, bundling and carting things out and into The Junction - possibly including a well-hidden Lan Zhan too.)

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By midnight at Qishan Local Time, WeiNet has been partially, but scarcely restored, and Wei Ying is both excited and nervous to find out what has transpired in their Kingdom, how are the siblings coping with their self-inflicted mess, and more importantly, he wants to show them a video clip of Paperman Lan Zhan (stuck to his left breast)!

After exchanging some distorted moving images of people trying to wave at each other, fully garbled noises in the background, reminiscent of pre-broadband days when trying to do a video call, the Wei *gongzi* s decided to switch off the video and stick to audio-only to preserve whatever little bandwidth they could afford with the saturated, overwhelmed lines. Wei Ying did manage to get a glimpse of their *da ge* 's spacious penthouse - there's a whole lot more boxes, documents and office stuff in there, evidence that the tired mastermind of their Kingdom has resorted to bringing work back home. There are also plenty of Lan Zhans milling around behind the *gongzi* s - *da ge* 's harem of multi-generational Lan Zhans of all forms, shapes and sizes (because he's just that awesome), *san ge* 's harem of his and Lan Zhan clones (orgies are an everyday occurrence), and *didi* is surprisingly sitting on the lap of just one single sole Lan Zhan who looks exactly like the Lan Zhan that belonged to the paperman - surrounded by a pile of more than ten strangely tame, mewling calico cats who look exactly alike.

(Lan Zhan the Paperman, through Transverse Empathy, observes and watches the confusing proceedings through Wei Ying's senses. He is stunned but remains quiet as he continues to suckle the life-giving nipple - it takes a long time to recharge, just like an old mobile phone.)

Everyone oooh and aaah'd at the paperman (in which Lan Zhan cringed) and praised their *er ge* for such an ingenious idea. By piecing together some known facts, they agreed that someone had intentionally tricked everyone else into believing that Lan Zhan was at home, when in fact, his body was stolen - and probably moved into the Kingdom. At best, *da ge* speculated, the precious body of their original patriarch remains in cold storage, either in some obsessed stalker's collection or awaiting for sale in the black market or illegal auction houses (yes, those exist in the underbelly of the Kingdom too - blame Wei Ying-ness)... and at worse, "Well, let's not think about that. We'll help you to search once we get everything back on line," the leader of the Wei *gongzi* barks out with confidence. (he also makes a snide remark that Wei Ying should just "buy" another Lan Zhan, and a

better one with great discounts since he's an eligible *gongzi* ; in which Wei Ying cuts off the eldest sibling with a curt "You'll never understand, so let's not talk about it. Period.")

Wei *da ge* 's plan to populate his utopia Kingdom with enough happy subjects and their spouses, turns out to be a spectacular failure in all different directions:

- Many pre-orders for Lan Zhans were mixed up despite having the company employ blockchain technology to track every delivery - simply because everyone's name is Wei Ying or Wei Wuxian, they don't have a permanent address (many prefer to live a wandering nomadic life, and equally many prefer to stay in streets with no names - a failure of the city councils which are non-existent in the incredibly centralized government of the Kingdom, actually - a one man show by the *da ge*); and the Lan Zhans are named Lan Zhan or Lan Wang Ji, and none of them have any identifying codes to help track which Lan Zhan was ordered and for whom.
- Wei Yings complained about their wrong Lan Zhans, and soon, they swell into groups of protests. The situation isn't as bad as believed, as they're still relatively confined to pockets within the heavily-populated cities. More worrying, however, is that the protests started out as a critic to the mismanagement of delivery of Lan Zhans (and the no-return policies), and later, morphed into fast-spreading ugly general dissent against the present government and its tyrannical rule - the one man show by the *da ge*). "A festering social disease that must be cured," the *da ge* had said, and twenty-two year old Wei Ying just rolls his eyes, off screen. *Da ge* thinks that by giving every Wei Ying free Wangxian-made food, homes, land, clothes, and everything else for basic comfortable living including generous hand-outs from the

company's treasuries - could keep his kin happy, but oh how wrong he was.

- Too many Wei Yings complaining online through their shared mental connections meant that their burgeoning WeiNet finally bursts its seams, and the entire system collapses - the so-called 'server crashes'. Wei Yings can no longer talk to each other telepathically. The numbers of Wei Yings going online continue to swell with each passing hour - *san ge*'s amazing WeiNet manipulation skills managed to buy them some time in the form of special private connections (not unlike VPNs), but these are difficult and resource-draining to maintain over long periods of time. So, they will have to rely on the good ol' primitive Fairy Messenger connections for the time being. Wei Ying promises to keep his Fairy Messenger line open.
- With the loss of WeiNet, the mastermind Wei *da ge* loses his mind-control and voyeuristic abilities instantaneously. To make matters worse, numerous *da ge* clones have started their uprising to take over each other using harems, awesome magic and bubbles of near-distance mind-controls, turning cities into mafia-like territory grabs among the new warlords. During the conversation, Wei Ying hears thunder, fireballs, typhoons, fancy lasers and loud explosions that could either mean a grenade or an A-bomb has detonated somewhere near the *gongzis*. Not to worry though, the mastermind *da ge* is still the most awesome, and keeps the siblings and their families safe inside his penthouse.
- The entire fabric of society in the Kingdom is tearing apart into shreds, as un-mind-controlled Wei Yings multiply and enhance themselves illegally and without restraint (there is no rule forbidding the act, so what constitutes illegal or not remains subjective), and those Wei Yings multiply and enhance their Lan Zhans because of the power of

love (and greed - because who wouldn't want to double, triple or quadruple their lover instantly?), who in turn become awesome magic-users (and harem masters) and do the same to their own Lan Zhan-kin.

- All entrances and exits to the Wuji continent have been physically and magically sealed to contain the chaos. However, no one knows if any individual, perhaps a *da ge* rogue clone who managed to mutate himself to become superior to his original, will be able to break the seal and start rampaging the world - and by when; it's only a matter of time.
- Wangxian has ceased operations until further notice. All deliveries to customers in foreign countries have stopped, obviously, and production lines and resources are redirected to produce enough to sustain the current population in Wuji continent. This also brings another level of anxiety to the *gongzis* - without a stable income, their coffers will run dry, and soon, even Wangxian can no longer support its own head office, plants, employees, citizens and the entire Wuji continent. There's still a large sum deposited in Yiling Bank as emergency funds for the sole Wei Ying living out of Wuji, and if needed, he could withdraw the money for daily living expenses. However, the issue of money is the last thing in Wei Ying's mind.
- The much-touted ribbon-cutting ceremony is postponed for the safety of its guests. The Tian sisters, who arrived earlier to help with preparations, are housed in a secured, separate home-apartment tower blessed with *da ge*'s awesome magic - but there are reports that the Tian sisters have been able to fend for themselves well due to their surprisingly awesome abilities and skills. Hence, they'll hole themselves up until further instructions from the Wei *gongzis*.

Twenty-two year old Wei Ying rubs his temples at this point; he did not see this coming, and neither did the siblings - but it's all spiralling downwards into utter madness, and the sight of a humongous meteor fireball crashing down to the Wuji continent to wipe everything out - would be a salvation indeed.

“I... I really don't know what we can do next. It feels like we're losing all hope...” Wei Ying sighs tiredly as the audio call goes quiet (another explosion rattles the penthouse on the other side of the call).

He feels two tugs - not on his hair, but on the left nipple.

Wei Ying.

No.

Hope not lost.

You still have me.

I am here. (我在)

Notes for the Chapter:

I was getting writer's block while putting this chapter together... yeah, another world-building chapter, which sets the scene for this crazy arc. More Wangxian-ness ensues! I'm going 'bai nian' to visit some relatives and friends over the weekend for the Chinese New Year, so next chapter may be delayed .

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: Oops, I forgot about the calico cats :-)

p.s.#2: Added a lil' bit about WeiNet :-)

Chapter 56

Somewhere else in the Kingdom of Lan, Wuji continent...

Forty-five year old Grandmaster Lan, fondly worshipped as the "Master" of his fortress - a white luxury apartment block located at the heart of the Kingdom - near ground zero of the mass protests, barricaded by magical and physical Great Walls - lives in his Perfect secluded Happiness. His wizened, bearded face and tall, muscular frame bear scars of fierce battles, such as scratches over his left eye from when he subjugated three Wei *da ge* clones simultaneously, and plenty more bitemarks and clawmarks on his torso and broad back, when he spent consecutive nights bedding panicked, screeching feisty Wei *gongzi* s that fought back for their dear life and dignity after capture. These are proof of his conquests, and are indeed worth the struggle - he owns a harem of at least twenty four young men and twelve maidens of the Wei kin under his absolutist, iron-grip rule. The females have all conceived and carry his flesh and blood in their bulging bellies.

The Master groans on the sweat-soaked mattress, when four lips and pairs of hands work in tandem on his massive erection until he's hard enough - he had spent the night before embracing his pregnant females in bed, in addition to spilling enough seed inside the latest two deflowered virgin additions so that they too, are with child by sunrise - and still, he needs to satisfy - feed - the males in his harem during daytime when he's not at the battlefield. It's a tough job, but an extremely pleasurable one, to be the sole owner of willing, beddable, young and sexually attractive Wei Yings.

Another five naked teenage male Wei Yings lie sprawling all over the floor of the huge bedchamber, shouting and squealing obscenities as they try to attack and outdo each other with Wangxian-branded premium, Energized-

ready sex toys - dildos, beads, tail and butt plugs, vibrators, fleshlights, handcuffs, sounding instruments and everything else imaginable with ample bottles of Wangxian creamy-smooth lubricants. The vast, roomy chamber is decorated with chandeliers and modern, chic fixtures, plush and velvet-lined and expensive teakwood furniture, and a 110-inch Ultra HDTV occupying one of the *corners* of the room along with mini fridges, lounging and dining areas, playrooms and WeiNet gaming hubs for the fecund boys to play MMORPGs while waiting for their turn to be fertilized by their master.

When the five boys are adequately pleased and stretched by their sex toys, they begged their daddy-Master to fill their bellies with seed so that they too, can bear lots of healthy children for him. This provokes the Master, who kept murmuring two-word iterations of “nonsense” and “ridiculous”, to oblige to their demands in order to demonstrate his undying love for his harem members. He slides down from the soiled bed and finds those who had given him a divinely blowjob earlier, helped to masturbate each of the five moaning boys, then among themselves, and spread their asses to assist the Master to easily shove his waiting, lusting turgid penis into invigoratingly, welcoming, wet hot tunnels.

He likes to have his entire hardened length caressed by sweet, tight young flesh, so he fucks deep until he’s fully sheathed, before pulling out entirely, leaving a gaping hole peeking out from between the buttocks, before plunging back in and ravage his lovers with grinding motions of circles, triangles, squares and stars. Whenever one of the boys is about to his climax, he pleads by crying out “I’m coming, I’m coming” and the Master gladly pulls out of stretched, frothy rosebuds, then nosedives his exceedingly excited penis into the orgasming boy’s ass, and gets a heavenly massage of convulsing muscular walls that milk and coax the Master closer to the edge, in the form of his legendary one-two twitches. Throughout a lust-hazed one-hour session, he tastes all nine virile boys in Perfect sequence, with plenty of unintelligible moans of “uuuuuh... uuuuuh... oh

yeah.... oh yeah.... “, spurting his seed into every one of them to the best of his abilities - and succeeds.

Just then, he realized he'd left his window curtains open, and spots another (clothed) Lan Zhan waving at him from the opposite apartment block, with encouraging shouts of “Lan *shixiong* , good morning, I see you're exercising well today!” while hanging freshly washed bedsheets on the balcony - the bright morning sunlight is ideal to dry their laundry (since both Lan kinsmen abhor the automated washing machine).

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The Master of the house is supported by his neighbour who lives in the next apartment block - an ally of Lan kin, albeit a younger *xiongdi* who owns a smaller family, ruled under very different circumstances - a more carefree and less tyrannical rule; there are ten Lan kins under that *shidi* who are paired an equal number of Wei kins, living in loving Perfect harmony. The Master and his neighbour are born from the same source, yet they view the world with different sets of eyes and run on vastly different mindsets. Fortunately, there is no ill-will between them (Gusu Lan family rules forbid intra-family disagreements), so he waves back at his neighbour while pulling out of his ninth trembling boy lover, leaving cum dripping to the floor. He's a bit breathless to say anything else - but that's Perfectly understandable between the two apartment owners who are busy managing their families in their own special ways.

They had been disappointed by their original owners and the way their households were run (to the brink of bankruptcy), so both had renegaded and succeeded in their coups - not by brute force nor magic, but by wielding feather dusters and broomsticks that sent their original owners grovelling

into submission. Through a series of very brief diplomatic discussions and “Mn”s over the fence that separated their apartment blocks, they agreed to form a brotherly partnership (after a simple ritual of drinking from the same cup of *pu’er* tea), and start their takeover of northside Spring Berries District.

The younger, more visionary *xiongdi* plans to send his troops to raid the following next apartment block by sunset, set more Lan kinsmen free, and pick up any Wei kins who are friendly to his policy of mutual love (mono and polygamy included) - the remnants will be coerced by the Master to join his harem. If they encounter a particularly nasty Wei elder with mind-controlling abilities, the Master will not hesitate to lead his harem into the warzone as back-up, and worse to worse, he will summon and let loose packs of dogs and wolves if necessary (which usually guarantees instant victory to the Lan kins). They will continue to seize block by block, and search for rumoured, incredibly gifted Lan kinsmen with extremely powerful psychic abilities to control everyone’s thoughts, and start their own Kingdom within the Kingdom. (And then, they will start building proper structure to their society, including giving more unique names or codes to every individual, and start naming apartment blocks so that their homes are not called “that white apartment block” anymore - the legacy of an inefficient and incompetent government.)

It seems to be a brilliant military strategy, and it tricks the government into thinking that there are major spats between ordinary Wei elders, when in fact the Lan masters are the ones hiding behind the scenes, pulling puppet-strings of their own enslaved Wei elders to rage war against non-enslaved ones - hence, all resources are poured into efforts to suppress quarrels between Wei Yings and no one pays attention to their Lan Zhans.

A polite knock on the door, then three small Wei children, each less than ten years of age, shuffle into the room armed with Wangxian Dustless Brooms, washcloths and wooden buckets of water, ready for the clean-up operations. They're extremely efficient and make sure that the entire apartment block remains dust and cum-free after making their rounds.

"Master, master, we're prepared the bath for you, please join us while the bedroom is being cleaned," another four preteen boys coo from the entrance, all in the nude. The Master stretches and nnnghs at his aching hips, rises, then follows the group of boys aged between ten and thirteen years of age, to a gargantuan bathroom adjacent to the bedroom. It is tiled with expensive ceramic, marble, and lined with gold and silver. A giant bathtub sits in the middle, and there are rows of multi-functional shower heads lining the walls - suitable for the times when the harem wants to have a soaking wet orgy, and eases washing away any leftover bodily fluids too.

He watches and fingers each boy in the bathroom, as they pee on the floor and clean themselves up with multi-directional, high pressured jacuzzi-like sprays from the walls. He particularly likes it when he molests their smooth supple bodies, stroke their genitals, cup their balls, squeeze their springy tight asses, and shove fingers inside each boy while vigorously jabbing their young, developing prostates as they relieve themselves, and their vulnerable penises stiffen up and spray everywhere and on each other with plenty of joyful giggles. When they're done emptying their bladders and washing up their bodies, the boys eagerly crowd around and present their soaped, cleansed and perfumed wee-wees to their master - the Master happily grabs two to three penises at one go and stuffs them into his mouth, and he sucks on the rather immature glans and roughly swirls his tongue beneath retracted foreskins, rubs the tip of his tongue on their cockslits, while playing with ass holes, tickling their inner thighs, pinching their small pinkish nipples - until they ejaculate in breathy moans and the Master enjoys a mid-morning snack of Wei Ying-flavoured young-boy semen - and

he polishes their wildly convulsing exposed cocks with his mouth and palms until his snacks are accompanied with spurts of pure seedless nectar with bursts of satisfying sweetness and screams from young, humping, quaking bodies. After a while, the Master has rested enough to reload his balls, and he proceeds to mount all four dazed boys inside the bathroom, dutifully sowing his seed into their quivering assholes.

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The remaining one-third of the male population inside the Master's fortress consist of older Wei kins who aren't terribly keen to jump into bed with their owner, so they help with routine housework and errands, such as going to the supermarket to keep their pantry stocked up with enough of leaf-wrapped spiced meats, fish, garden vegetables, fruits and other healthy organic options. Some continue to work their day jobs in Wangxian state-funded establishments, both as undercover agents, and to bring back enough money to feed a growing family-cum-harem (the fat government payslips are a boon indeed).

After a fulfilling bath, the shiny, shampoo'ed and sparkling Master orders one of his enslaved Wei elder to start cooking their lunch and dictates the menu, just as two horny teenager Wei Yings straddle him on the newly-cleaned bed, and start taking turns to ride him - one faces him, the other faces to the back - and the Master enjoys alternating between cowgirl and reverse cowgirl sex, with five thrusts per Wei Ying. Soon, two more Wei Yings join the fold, and the Master lines them up, kneeling on all fours on his king-sized bed, and fucks their rosebuds doggy-style one by one. Another two tip-toed into the bedchamber, and they start caressing his chest, kissing his cheeks and earlobes, playing with his increasingly heavy balls, whispering very naughty words to entice the Master to cease the foreplay, start making love with the harem's favourite engorged "Bichen", because all the Wei Yings in the house belong to him and therefore he can

do whatever he wants and take his pleasures from these lovely Wei Yings, and plant many, many baby Wang Jis and tiny Wei Yings inside their bellies.

The Master growls dangerously at the ludicrous but sexy thoughts, lust evident in his bloodshot eyes, and indulges in his harem's desires. He starts breeding his lovely Wei Yings wildly, fucking them so deep, hard and fast until their love canals become loose and moulded to their owner's phallic shape. He bites and salivates like an animal in heat because every Wei Ying purrs and continue to goad him, tease him, and flirt with him with wiggling ass mounds, gyrating hips, clenching hot tunnels, and bold and loud displays of body-shaking orgasms in front of him when he hits or rubs a particularly sensitive spot. When he peaks, he howls with starry-eyed blinding pleasure when he slams his hips deeply into a particularly frisky teenage Wei Ying until bones and flesh rattled - and the others start doing wonderful things - massaging his balls, licking his asshole and perineum, caressing his body, casting Invisible Fingers and Tongues to milk the twitching penis so that it shoots out more, more thick heated seed - until he twitches thirty times instead of twenty - and he's able to pull out and pound deeply from one captivating asshole to another - and inseminates three male Wei Yings within a single climax. He continues to inundate the holes of a few more Wei Yings, before he is nicely emptied, and groans out that he *really* needs a break.

.

Lunch is simple and nutritious, and follows a mix of Gusu Lan and Yunmeng Jiang cuisines - rice, vegetables, tofu, meat and fish, and soup (usually of the lotus root with spare ribs variety, but it depends on what's available on sale from the supermarket). Gone are the days when Wei Yings simply cooked a bowl of spicy stew and cast Creation spells, to multiply that bowl into many pots of evil-looking blood-red stuff, which would last

for many days (and everyone gets diarrhea after having too many spicy meals in a row) - now, under the Master's guidance tempered with the wise teachings of Lan virtues and preference for healthy living, Wei Yings cast Creation spells on raw ingredients so that they always have enough to cook a multitude of dishes that suit everyone's palate; it helps that the Master comes in-built with numerous recipes memorized from all over the Middle Kingdom that he'd inherited from the original source.

After lunch, there's plenty of back-scratching, ear-cleaning, back-rubs, foot massage and other relaxing, pampering and pleasurable activities for the Master. He particularly likes to lie on one of his Wei Ying's laps to have his ears cleaned with a well-used bamboo ear-pick, while another Wei Ying sucks on his penis and plays with his balls, and later, many more take their turns to spoon against him, so that he enjoys languid sexual intercourses with multiple Wei Yings thirsting for a taste of their master's happily spasming penis, and he hnnngs many, many times when he de-stresses through nearly continuous strings of lazy-afternoon orgasms, simultaneously as when his ears tremble with joy with itch-scratching grazes and scrapes on one, sometimes both sides.

Throughout the afternoon, the harem continues to excite and pleasure their master, all over their bedroom and their apartment unit. Wherever the Master goes, whether reading the newspaper, having a beverage, going to the toilet, or watching the television, at least two or three Wei Yings will accompany him and they have fun distracting their master. Sometimes, while the Master is reading a magazine and being serviced by one from his harem, a brazen Wei Ying would pluck the reading material off his hands and drop it to the floor, then casually mounts himself onto the Master's perfectly hard and lubricated cock, and fucks himself silly until he cums all over the Master's six-pack abs. Such transgressions are Perfectly fine, since the Master enjoys spending hours inside his Wei Yings as well, making sure to breed and mark every one of them before sunset - when it's time to go out, fight another battle into the night, and earn a few more Wei Yings to be enlisted into his harem.

It's tough being a new patriarch of a growing harem, but the rewards are truly well-deserved.

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Twenty-two year old Wei Ying is touched by Paperman Lan Zhan's determination to turn things around, despite his comically small stature and a blank face with an even blank-er expression. It is past midnight in the 'Mounds, and he decided to catch up on sleep before the start of another long day.

Lan Zhan has absorbed enough *qi* from Wei Ying's golden core by the time the latter is sound asleep, and he decides to mull over his thoughts, in a debilitatingly limited capacity, while exploring his renovated home on his own to pass the time - as a paper-thin animated object that runs fully on magical and spiritual energy, he does not need to sleep; he only needs to rest and feed to replenish his soul. With a rustling sound, he peels himself off Wei Ying's left nipple, and gingerly hops off the gentle rise and fall of the young man's chest.

"Great Patriarch Lan, Young Master Wei has advised to stick to his body as closely as possible," the synthetic but high-pitched voice of Ernie echoes inside his head - if there is one on the paperman. He had never really talked to Ernie until now, so he is a little surprised to be greeted with such concern.

*Need to find solution.*

*Wei Ying is troubled.*

*Solve Wei Ying's problems.*

*Save the Kingdom he built.*

“Great Patriarch Lan, you will start losing energy once leaving skin contact with Young Master Wei. Young Master Wei will be alarmed and sad if the Empathy link is broken.”

Lan Zhan realizes that Ernie is indeed a good child - just as his namesake - full of concern and worry for its creator and his partner. From the perspective of Gusu Lan societal rules, a good child is a child that is obedient and contributes to the family's name and well-being.

Ernie seems to have picked up the line of thought, as it voices, “Great Patriarch Lan, please give your instructions. Ernie will help.”

*Protect Wei Ying.*

*From harm, hurt.*

*Help Wei Ying.*

*Save our family.*

Ernie falls silent for a moment, as it crunches some numbers and performs some calculations within its vast network of hubs, servers and other machine components (his artificial intelligence spans across universes, but

no one knows about it, other than a brief forgotten memory from Lan Zhan when he first ascended to Heaven and saw Ernie gobbling up galaxies).

“Great Patriarch Lan, to protect Young Master Wei, Ernie will protect you. Ernie will perform enhancement procedures necessary to increase your abilities and strength.”

Lan Zhan does not understand what ‘enhancement procedures’ mean, but he does not want to raise his hand at a non-Wei Ying, so he agrees.

“Great Patriarch Lan, to help Young Master Wei, both of you need to travel to Wuji continent. Ernie will help you. Tomorrow, an aerial transport vehicle will be ready at the airfield. Please board at ten in the morning. Ernie will assist in check-in and boarding procedures.”

Lan Zhan does not understand how they can travel to a continent that has been physically and magically sealed, nor what the other aviation terms meant - since his mental capabilities are too limited, he lets the questions slide, and nods in acceptance.

Ernie pauses thoughtfully before speaking, “Great Patriarch Lan, your instructions are directed towards Young Master Wei. Is there anything Ernie can do for you?”

*Mn.*

*It is alright.*

*As long as Wei Ying.*

*Is happy.*

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

The Master wipes blood from his face - his own blood; he'd taken a couple of good punches to his jaw and his gums were bleeding, which is Perfectly alright and can be quickly treated with his Healer spells - and carries the spoils of the latest offensive: two unconscious teenager Wei Yings with their pants ripped off, one on each shoulder, and behind him is a cart full of young and adult Wei Yings of both genders, and a couple which exhibit inhuman features such as dragon-like wings and tail, and evil-looking scarlet-red tentacles sprouting from the back - all of which are either knocked out with Sleep spells and poisons, or given a good kick to the head - especially the stronger, more stubborn ones.

He stares longingly to the west, towards the Winter Berries District where it is said that the strongest, and most powerful Wei *da ge* clones reside. The skies are as dark as midnight, with cast lightning striking the grounds as frequent as new plumes of cloud from raging firestorms rise to shroud the western horizon in near-perpetual inky-blackness. At a faraway distance, beyond hills and valleys, he spots Wei elders hurling blazing projectiles at one another in a tit-for-tat melee, as each accuse the other for stealing Lan Zhans and try to rob their own kin for the precious commodity.

“It’s a dark and stormy night over there,” he murmurs, not really expecting anyone to respond. He gazes at a sweeping vista of rubble, broken pavement and heaps of collapsed, twisted concrete - and just down the next

junction, more residential apartments, condominiums, office towers and factories to be conquered in the following days.

“Yes , *shixiong* , and it will be a clear and sunny day tomorrow,” the younger Lan Wang Ji answers beside him, as he points at the first signs of daybreak to the east - towards Summer Berries District. Deep maroons and reds line the bottoms of clouds on the eastern horizon, promising a better, brighter future to those who fight for their freedom.

His next-door neighbour is busy coordinating rescue efforts to pair up liberated Lan Zhans with more willing, and conscious young Wei Yings, who are in turn, grateful to be saved from their tyrannical elder kin. He organizes them into smaller groups and sends them to his apartment block - their new haven until the war campaign is over - with instructions to ‘freely love each other, and be loved freely in return’.

They had been incredibly lucky; when news broke out that (yet) another battle of mages is taking place within the district, three more Lan masters emerged from their dens to take advantage of the chaos - and are pleased to find the first two masters masterminding the destructive scuffle on the streetes - and immediately all five Lan masters in total bonded as brothers-in-arms, and promised to fight future battles together. They left shortly after taking their share of seized supplies, weapons, imprisoned and tied-up Wei Yings and a few Lan Zhans who decided to follow the new masters.

The former owner of the destroyed block, a Wei *da ge* clone, had a deadly combination of high-level Creation, Time and Fate-related spells in his grimoire, and nearly ruined their efforts by creating a vicious-looking Cold Evil Black Thing to appear and swallow everyone, everything voraciously. Just as its gaping maws reached them, a regal-looking and bearded Lan

Wang Ji dressed in pure-white robes appeared from the southside, behind the cackling *da ge* , and promptly knocked his head with a wooden bucket used for carrying fertilizer to vegetable gardens. The *da ge* fell into an unconscious heap, and was collected by the amazingly calm and composed Lan kinsman - then disappeared, along with the Cold Evil Black Thing which dissipated instantly.

Something grand and great lies waiting in the southside Autumn Berries District, the Master and his neighbour realized in unison.

The Master lovingly gnaws at each naked plump ass on his shoulders, marking each captured teenage Wei Ying with teethmarks on the buttocks, before leaving the scene of carnage.

Notes for the Chapter:

I had a slow start with this arc, but I think I'm getting a hang of things... writing about war-time and war-torn scenarios aren't really up my alley, but hey, anything can happen with the Wangxian couple!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 57

In another part of the Kingdom of Lan, Wuji continent...

Lan Zhan thinks he's found his paradise on earth, and it's not in the 'Mounds, nor the special picnic spot just a stone's throw away from Yiling's markets.

He stands on an idyllic tropical sandy beach sheltered within an uninhabited bay filled with thickets and palm fronds swaying lazily in the warm breezy air; in front of him lies an infinite distance of calm blue seas with small tides lapping at the waterside; behind him is their humble beach home - which looks more like a grey block of cement with gaudy red-tiled roofing sticking out on the sand, fully furnished with modern amenities inside including air-conditioning, built by the government to encourage people to live away from dense areas. They've built makeshift gardens around their house out of soil-laden styrofoam boxes filled with leafy vegetables, and potted flowering plants. A freshwater river winds its way from inland hills into the coast, and along the riverbanks are stretches of mangrove forests rich with wildlife, jungle birds, edible plants, fish, crabs and shellfish.

He is clothed only in an untied light robe and nothing else - hence his entire front - including his tanned chest and groin - is fully exposed to the refreshing salty air from the ocean winds. He feels blessed to have been bought by his owner, a Wei Ying with a penchant for secluded places closer to nature, and far, far away from bustling cities, even at the expense of living with a little less - such as slower WeiNet connection speeds and spotty television reception; which they are happy to substitute with snuggling in each other's arms for hours inside a double hammock tied to sturdy beachside trees (with a subtle Shield spell to keep away the bugs), enjoying the sounds of nature and the rhythmic crashing waves, while

watching moonrises together at nights and counting how many shooting stars pass by overhead because the skies are crystal clear with no light pollution in the vicinity.

Wei Ying steers his modern electric and solar-powered fishing boat made of metal and fibreglass into view, and carefully docks it to a nearby wooden pier. After securing the boat with anchors and ropes, he unloads baskets of harvests from nearby rocky shores and the bountiful sea to the pier - an assortment of colourful fish, shellfish such as cockles, clams and mussels, lobsters, shrimps, squid, and a pile of edible seaweeds and marine plants. Using spells, Wei Ying floats the baskets into a storehouse next to their home (another grey cement block, really), where magic-powered stone statue servants await to process the incoming cargo with incredible efficiency into bags of frozen seafood - which are then teleported through black smoky portals to the local seafood vendors, and their bank accounts fill up with fresh funds from the sale (the introduction of cashless online sales and banking services is a godsend for communities living far from the cities).

In another time and universe, Lan Zhan would have been kept busy doing housework and helping with drying and salting their harvests - but such menial tasks are no longer required with Wei Ying's powerful magics around. Lan Zhan lives a comfortable life as a live-in lover with small, unobtrusive Energy-powered automatons keeping their home clean and well-maintained.

Wei Ying kisses Lan Zhan on the lips as he walks past towards their home for a quick bath - there is piped freshwater from inland, freely supplied by the government's infrastructure - and Lan Zhan wrinkles his nose at the fishy and salty, sweaty taste. "Did you miss me, darling?" Wei Ying murmurs jokingly.

Lan Zhan nnnnghs in vague response and at the smell assaulting his senses, signalling his partner to hurry up and rinse off. “The mud servants have worked in the swamps earlier today and shipped off their catch. We’ll have grilled fish steaks, baked clams, seafood paella and chilli crabs for lunch, with boiled tofu and stir-fry vegetables from the garden. The house is clean with neither a speck of dust nor puddles of your cum on the floor,” he reports, and Wei Ying barks out a laugh at the last bit.

Wei Ying steals another kiss, this time to Lan Zhan’s sun-warmed cheeks - and the latter wipes away what he thinks as stinky sea-flavoured saliva - before disappearing into their air-conditioned grey block of cement home. Lan Zhan sighs at the mischievous man, and shouts out that Wei Ying shouldn’t leave any sandy footprints on the floor, while following the latter back to the house, and away from the clear morning sunlight. It’s a futile warning anyway, as automatons trail the house owner, picking up whatever clothes that he discards, wet sand, bits of sea debris and coral he leaves behind in his path.

Later, fresh from the shower, naked Wei Ying tries to pull a reluctant Lan Zhan into an embrace for a quickie in their bedroom while raining flirty smooches on Lan Zhan’s exposed neck and chest - because the bedsheets are still drying in the sun, and they were supposed to visit the evening markets to buy more along with other household items, with the money they’ve earned - so, Wei Ying relents. He takes Lan Zhan’s wrist and they walk to their favourite double hammock nestled in shadier parts of the beach. Lan Zhan sighs as they climb onto it, knowing that Wei Ying is as insatiable as an incubus - which he partly is anyway.

Wei Ying happily undresses Lan Zhan by peeling off his light robe in a single swipe, balling it and throwing it to the ground (Lan Zhan protests the

mistreatment of his garment, but is silenced with a flaming passionate kiss with fierce tongue-play). Then, Wei Ying make sweet love to his chosen soulmate until the latter shudders with moans and pleasure, and he delights in extracting tasty sounds from the usually stoic and silent man. Lan Zhan doesn't want to openly admit it, but he appreciates and loves his Wei Ying very much for treating both of them equally well - they'd start with making out with sweet kisses on the lips, sliding their bodies and limbs against one another (Lan Zhan particularly enjoys the sensation of a warm hairy chest and hairy legs against his, and he would twirl the hairy curls encircling Wei Ying's nipples before latching onto them like a pampered baby). They would pleasure each other's penises with loving licks and suckles while doing a 69, moaning into each other's dense hairy pubes when they deep-throat simultaneously in Perfect unison, then their fingers work to stretch each other's rosebuds and slather generous amounts of homemade lubricants through the tight rings of muscles, accompanied with tender touching and caressing of heated, sweat-prickled skin, alternating between gentle circular rubs and fierce fingernail-rakes on bare backs and buttocks when the scent of sexual excitement becomes thick in the air.

The couple takes turns to screw deeply into each other's love tunnels; Wei Ying would take the lead and mount Lan Zhan at the bottom, and after a few minutes, he would pull out then flip Lan Zhan onto his back and willingly fucks himself over the twitching cock, then ride Lan Zhan for a while, before he'd change positions again until Lan Zhan hnnngs uncontrollably when he gets to fuck Wei Ying missionary style and spear deep, deep into his lover, and cums - and the couple keeps having sex in different positions they've memorized from Wangxian-issued erotica magazines. They end up leaving multiple loads of seed in each another, while moaning their lover's names and enticing the other for more, more, please make sweeter love to me, I want your hot hard cock to fuck deep into my tunnel, please take me to heaven and beyond - until their desires and lusts boil over and spill repeatedly - all within the loving cocoon of their favourite hammock by the sea.

They would spend much of the day relaxing, eating, cultivating, exploring the bay on foot, entertaining each other with music, dancing and singing, spending time in each other's arms or doing other pleasurable activities such as massaging, giving back rubs, foot rubs, back scratches and ear cleaning, and of course, have plenty of enjoyable love-making in their land of paradise.

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Wei Ying woke up slightly after nine in the morning with bad bed-hair after staying up late the night before, and it was a monumental task to get him ready for his first intercontinental flight. He was forced to grab a quick Ernie-made breakfast while listening to Ernie's updated plans for the couple. Wei Ying downed two portions of sunny side up eggs, modern french toast and warm soymilk - stuffed into his mouth under protest (Wei Ying had to eat so much, because he's really eating for two). After that, Ernie's tentacles helped to brush his teeth, wipe him with a wash towel, dress the half-asleep man, and pack his travel luggage simultaneously, so that Wei Ying is prepared for a trip that could last for several days and nights.

Wei Ying didn't provide any specific instructions other than sleepy grunts (the non-committal groans of "nnnh" in response to questions of whether he preferred to bring his market-bought white loincloths or his favourite red ones - do not count), and furthermore, he had never packed a plastic suitcase of clothes, modern amenities and travel supplies before. Hence, he allowed Ernie to take over the tasks on his behalf, including check-in and boarding procedures.

Paperman Lan Zhan wasn't sure of what to bring either. He hopped and fluttered around, deep in thought (during the night, he practised moving around in his paperman form, and started to get the hang of it). He found an empty silk pouch that was light enough for his delicate form to lug around, but he couldn't think of what he might need for the trip. Therefore, similar to Wei Ying, the paperman asked Ernie to manage everything on his behalf. He watched, pleased, when Ernie's tentacles packed a set of large-sized cloud-patterned robes into Wei Ying's suitcase, in anticipation that the man may return to his human form and have something decent to wear. Such a smart and well-behaved child with brilliant foresight! Lan Zhan praised wordlessly.

It was five minutes before ten, when Wei Ying finally jolted awake the moment Lan Zhan crawled into his usual resting spot - beneath the inner garments - and he started to panic; the airfield was a few miles away and surely they couldn't make it by foot on time! Ernie simply moved the floor mat aside, flung open his trapdoor, and whisked Wei Ying with the paperman latched onto his breast down into a lighted, but endless tunnel. Wei Ying screamed and nearly peed in his pants as though he'd been strapped onto a rocket-like rollercoaster to the Underworld, and they dropped freefalling for a few heart-stopping seconds. Miraculously, when Wei Ying opened his eyes with held breath and shaking knees, they've arrived at the airfield.

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“Lan Zhan! You're really amazing! You've managed to learn to speak more than a few words overnight, and you've designed this... this... amazing

*thing* ! I'd thought of flying swords or metal birds, but your thinking is so much more advanced... and... more... more... amazing!" (an amazed Wei Ying has very few choice words left in his vocabulary)

Lan Zhan sticks to Wei Ying's left nipple for his morning feed; his meal times are becoming more regular, more routinized - which is Perfectly fine. He quite likes the taste of eggs, toast and soymilk in his meal; he learnt that Wei Ying's golden core energy - or more aptly, breastmilk - takes on the flavours of anything the man had recently eaten. So, when Wei Ying munches on wedges of fresh apples and cut peaches served right after take-off by a tentacle-like air steward (or stewardess- Ernie does not have a gender), Lan Zhan mmmms at the sweetness of the fruits as well. Lan Zhan had warned Wei Ying to avoid or at least reduce the intake of spicy foods, for obvious reasons, and Wei Ying promises - at least for the next few days.

*It is Ernie who made this possible, so you should thank it.*

*Wei Ying, please eat that green fruit labeled "kiwi".*

...

*Mmmmm.*

*I like it.*

(when tiny Lan Zhan burps - in the form of a spasming rustle of paper with a slightly distended middle - he looks amazingly cute.)

Lan Zhan is comfortably and safely tucked under Wei Ying's inner garment, while the latter sits on a lazy chair reclined to the max, munching on succulent peeled kiwi and other foreign fruits, nestled in a two-seater disc-

shaped *thing* about the size of a large horse-cart that blazes through the morning skies at terrifyingly insane speeds (and they already broke the sound barrier at least twice). There are a whole bunch of blinking and moving lights, panels, switches and screens that beep and buzz weird sounds; alien texts and images continuously scroll through on shiny metal surfaces and through the air as holographic projections.

When the complementary fruits service is done and a tentacle takes away the tray, Wei Ying excitedly fidgets around the small but brightly illuminated cockpit, peers at every moving *thing* inside the ship, and pokes and prods and press red buttons curiously (fortunately, they're on auto-pilot, so none of the controls respond).

*Wei Ying, please stop moving around so much, I cannot... s... s-suck well if I keep slipping off your b... b... b-breast.*

(Lan Zhan clears his throat and feels ashamed at using such crude words, if the paperman has a throat and could blush.)

Wei Ying “ooops” audibly, apologizes and settles back to his seat. He cups and pats his left chest to make sure tiny Lan Zhan remains fastened to the slightly puffed areola (it is a little irritated because Lan Zhan's paperman body is akin to a breathable band-aid that's adhered to the skin for too long - thankfully, a tentacle provided a bottle of soothing balm as part of the in-flight comforts, which is also a great moisturizer - like any flight passenger, Wei Ying pockets whatever he can get his hands on, including onboard amenity kits, airsickness bags, in-flight magazines, plastic and stainless steel cutlery, dishware and the odd toothpick, and sugar and salt packs; he'd stowed the comfy pillow and blanket into his luggage bag powered by Infinity Bag of Holding, when there are no tentacles around). He calms



down after a few deep, meditative breaths - the air inside the enclosed cockpit is surprisingly fresh albeit a little cold and low on humidity, and does not result in any claustrophobic feelings - because the big screen in front of him is a live cam view of their surroundings, and Wei Ying loves the exhilarating experience of watching the world pass by in a blink of an eye, and as the morning turns into dusk within the span of an hour. They'd fly past mountains, deserts, lakes, rivers and oceans - it's an amazing sight that cannot be captured by any known spells.

Having calmed down his inner juvenile spirit, Wei Ying properly speaks to their gracious host inhabiting somewhere inside the ship, or in one of those tentacles that appear and disappear at will. "Thank you Ernie for the flawless arrangements, the food, and the free ride to Wuji. Will you be alright? You're so far away from home, and your physical and magical range is limited to the 'Mounds and Yiling."

Ernie's synthetic voice chimes in from one of the control panels, "You're welcome, Young Master Wei. It is my duty to ensure your requests are fulfilled.

Ernie is alright. Ernie will accompany you throughout your travels, and especially with Great Patriarch Lan in his current form."

Wei Ying thought that Ernie was still confined to the trapdoor-cum-cavern underneath their cave-home, and for the sake of this trip, it had sent a few tentacles to protect and serve them - much like remotely controlled servants made of natural elements, which isn't uncommon these days since cultivators are known to animate stone statues and mud monsters using magic.

(oh how wrong Wei Ying was.)

The young man dismissed any further concerns about Ernie, and discussed their next steps inside the cockpit. “ *Da ge* said that he’s sealed off the continent with physical barriers and magical shields, so how can we fly through?” he asks.

“Young Master Wei, please rest assured that we will be able to infiltrate without detection. You are currently travelling in an Unidentified Flying Object vehicle equipped with anti-gravity Unobtainium chassis and armor, Arcturian anti-matter cannons and planetary bombardment devices sourced from Tatooine hyperspace traders, Blue Sirius-class shields, faster-than-light warp drives and other components suitable for standard interstellar travel and light sub-orbital melee with physical and magical capabilities.

In addition, the interior of the vehicle is based on the Version 17.5 design from Alpha Centaurian merchant flight-pods, as they are terrestrial beings with 85 percentage-points of similarities to the Standard Universal Humanoid Form measurements; therefore, you should feel very comfortable and secure within your seat.”

Wei Ying tuned out of Ernie’s lengthy explanation, when he accidentally pressed a particularly large red button on the armrest, “Oh Goddess Guan Yin, what in the heavens is... the chair is giving me... a... a... a... massage? Oh... Ahh... nnnh... hngannhhh!” Wei Ying squeals and arches his back with spastic jerks, when thousands of finger-like protrusions that roll, spin, knead and vibrate emerge from the seat and starts doing wonderful things to his body - and his nether regions too.

*Ernie, I do not understand what you're saying, but I will not raise my hand.*

*I trust you.*

*Take us to Wuji safely.*

A thin line of green stretches in the horizon across the infinite oceanic blue - the first glimpse of land on-screen.

Wei Ying is rendered completely useless, succumbing into pleasurable AAAAHs and fits of wild laughter, when his bones are lovingly rattled, his muscles are loosened, his feet and ribs are tickled ruthlessly, and his entire body convulses and relaxes into a quivering puddle of good feelings - it helps that a tentacled suction cup wormed its way from the back of the chair into his pants, and fits snugly to his cockhead; when it is activated, it works just like an alien parasitic ugly green condom that invades the man's lower body and vacuums out seed and soul (figuratively speaking).

Lan Zhan silently tries his best to hold on to Wei Ying's bouncing b-b-breast (because papermen do not have fingers), and he quietly suckles more golden core milk to replenish his energy levels. It seems the milk tastes sweeter when flavoured with multiple orgasms.

They continue to speed towards their destination, reaching Wuji in less than an hour after take-off. The sun is setting on the continent, and a few specks of stars appear on the skies.

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Lan Zhan was in the middle of a mind-blowing climax, erupting for the nth time inside his lovely Wei Ying, when Wei Ying stopped gyrating his hips while straddling the older man's crotch.

“Ah, look, another shooting star! It's rare to see one at dusk, but it's so bright!” Wei Ying oohs and aahs at the marvellous but fleeting sight from the heavens.

Lan Zhan is completely oblivious, and continues to hnnngh and ngaaah rhythmically and gush out warm seed into his lover's tight ass, as both of them continue to make sweet love inside their double hammock, in their land of paradise by the bay.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm throwing in whatever I can think of to make this arc in a league of its own. There's plenty of Wangxians to go around.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 58

Somewhere deep inside the southside Autumn Berries District, Kingdom of Lan of Wuji continent...

Eighteen-year old Wei Ying knows that he probably shouldn't try to beg for food or shelter in the poverty-stricken slums - he might be robbed or worse, kidnapped and sold to sweatshops or sleazy brothels, as general Wei *gongzi* education has taught him -, however he'd been desperate after spending his nights freezing in cardboard boxes in the parks and underneath bridges, and digging through trash bins for edible scraps - and he shivers when cold starts to seep in after sunset, his stomach rumbles from not having enough to eat for many days.

Wei Ying lost everything when he was tricked by older individuals of the same name, by gambling away his entire hut, his assets and his pouch of meagre life savings to a "lucky draw" of sorts. He was approached one fine day while having a bowl of spicy pork noodles in a streetside cafe, and was told by two unacquainted, but very excited Wei *gege* s that he was "the winner" of a grand prize of one hundred jars of Emperor Smiles, directly imported from Gusu, and not of the inferior Wangxian branded version. All he had to do was to hand over his money pouch and the land title for his hut to one of the Wei *gege* s "as a fully-refundable holding fee, which is a standard requirement for lucky draw winners according to the recently-enacted Kingdom Regulation 101 for Procedures Intended for Contests, Competitions and Games for Civilians who Become Instant Grand Prize Winners" (which is, for lack of a better word, plain bullshit), while the other *gege* brings a horse-cart full of alcohol for the deserving Wei Ying.

Wei Ying was overjoyed at his fortune, left his rational brain on the dining table, and happily gave away the requested items. Unsurprisingly, both Wei

gege s left the scene in a hurry.

An hour later, Wei Ying was left sobbing next to the empty bowl. The *laoban* of the cafe, also surnamed Wei, patted the young man's shoulder to (heartlessly) tell him that he's the latest victim of a scam. The syndicate is run by a Wei *da ge* clone who has amassed rich fortunes by luring many young, naive Wei Yings in a similar manner, and who easily fall prey to empty promises of tasty alcohol. At least Wei Ying was not charged for his meal, and the young man returned home soon after. He was turned away at the entrance of his hut when faced with five burly-looking, tattooed *gege* s in black suits occupying his home, each of them wearing dark glasses, and carry mean-looking bamboo flutes and magical swords. They seem to be assembling some high-tech equipment inside the hut, filling the living space with glass tubes, bottles and other (illicit drug-producing) paraphernalia. He was promptly kicked on the butt and evicted into the streets with only the clothes on his back as his belongings.

He'd lost everything - his WeiNet access, the sparse furniture and television, his pride and joy - the mobile phone he'd carelessly left at home before going out for the noodles - and everything else. His two hard-earned Lan Zhans are nowhere to be seen, but they're the last things in his mind - because they were pre-ordered and as already known by the masses, his order was mixed up; instead of receiving two teenage sexy Lan Zhans, he received two manly middle-aged ones; so he never really paid attention to them other than making sure they're cared and fed well until a Returns policy is announced from the company.

He wallows in pitiful sorrow as an unclean beggar on the streets, bumming from any generous Wei kinsmen who are willing to spare a silver piece or two, which is then spent on white bread and cheap wine. He'd knock on doors in residential areas, only to be chased away by broomsticks and mop handles by homeowners or their Lan Zhan servants - although few of these

servants are kind enough to hand him well-hidden baskets of leftover cooked food, and a few bruised fruits that are still fit for consumption.

Finally, after many days on the road, he'd reached the slums which is mostly off-limits to government officials (because it's filthy, messy, prone to disease outbreaks and street violence, and full of poor undeserving people, according to the state media). The place is indeed as described, filled with haphazard rows of dark, closely-packed decrepit houses in various deteriorating conditions. There are no street lights, the windy streets are empty as they are pot-holed, rodents scurry everywhere from cracks in the walls to broken pipes, the stench of decaying rubbish fills the air, and he has no choice but to curl up on the dirt, beneath a barren, dead tree with a salvaged torn straw mat as his blanket for the night. He succumbs into a restless sleep, with dark bags under his eyes from fatigue and worry, blisters growing on his feet because he'd walk on bare feet after his shoes wore out, and his scrawny body trembles from the chill - his ribs are showing, and his cheekbones as well, due to his undernourished state.

As if some gods finally decided to answer his prayer, Wei Ying's Soulmate Binding Ring glows in the middle of the slums on that fateful night.

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Wei Ying thought he'd died and gone to heaven, when his nostrils picked up the delicious, mouth-watering meaty scent of lotus root pork rib soup, and when he opens his mouth, a spoonful of the soup is placed to his lips, and he happily slurps up the hearty broth. He wakes up naked as a baby to see his two middle-aged Lan Zhans - the ones he wanted to return to the company -, now dressed in angelic white robes and no longer in the plain brown shirt and pants they used to wear, tending to his hunger and bodily

needs in a windowless room painted with sterile white and upon an equally-white king-size mattress too.

Lan Zhan - it didn't matter which, because Wei Ying never gave a unique name to each individual, so they're both and either called Lan Zhan - brought more steaming hot food cooked to Perfection, from a variety of cuisines, and slowly fed the starving man, bite by bite, on the bed. Lan Zhan also helped to clean his nude body, by carefully wiping him down with a wet washcloth soaked in warm water from a wooden basin, and he - they - take turns to tell their side of the story.

There are several powerful Lan kinsmen who have taken up residence in the area - fugitives from the clutches of their masters and hiding from the government's all-seeing eyes in the god-forsaken slums, and together, they form a protective barrier around their fledgling oligarchy of Lan Wang Jis. The slums are in actual fact a deceptive front, because behind cracked walls, moldy buildings and garbage-strewn alleys, there is a well-organized and growing family of Lan kinsmen. They continue to recruit fleeing Lan kin, including strong warriors, deadly guqin-wielding assassins and gifted magic-users - which meant that as the days passed, the number of missing Lan Zhans increase; this further fuels the chaos that afflict Wei Yings in the Kingdom, who in turn, try to loot each other of the remaining dwindling numbers of available Lan Zhans. The disorderly situation helps the new Lan family's cause to someday topple the current government and bring down the much-maligned tyrannical mastermind behind it.

However, having too many Lan Zhans under the family's wings present another problem - the elite leaders have foreseen this issue and addressed it early on. Lan Zhans are inherently in love with, crave the touch of, and desire to own one or many Wei Yings; so they frequently scan their surroundings for Wei Yings who will be willing to join their cause, serve the army of Lan Zhans, or be imprisoned, inside their cage of possessive

love. The Soulmate Binding Rings help to lead Lan Zhans to Wei Yings desperate for their love - such as this eighteen-year old Wei Ying's case - and such Wei Yings are easily persuaded at best, coerced at worse, into a lifetime of servitude for the sake of the Lan family's Perfect balance and happiness.

“Wei Ying, do you know what this means for you and your will?”

“Wei Ying, are you willing to accept such living conditions to be with us, forever?”

Wei Ying chomps and gulps on the food noisily, and he's not really paying any attention to what he's heard - because he's a dull-witted person especially when the food is paired with two jars of the much-prized Laozu Smiles. He hiccups, starts swaying unsteadily, his cheeks are flushed, and he grins widely.

“... mmmm... Does it mean I get to (hic)... eat good food like this, every day?”

“Mn.” Lan Zhan, who embraces him from behind and holds him steady while sitting on the bed, starts to rub soothing circles on a stomach that bulges from too much marvellously delicious food, and he's still being fed and fattened up, nibble by nibble. Wei Ying burps loudly, and he gets a sweet kiss on each cheek for a job well done in showing his satisfaction.

“... (hic)... Does it mean I get to sleep on (hic)... a comfortable bed like this, every night?” and he pat-pats the fluffy pillows and mattress.

“Mn.” the other Lan Zhan starts giving toe-curlingly good foot rubs with healing oils, balms and ointments, to massage away the aches and blisters from the soles, in between feeding grapes and berries to the moaning young man.

Wei Ying giggles in delight, and wholeheartedly agrees. “Yes, I do! I want to live with you and your family!” and starts flailing his arms drunkenly to decree his decision within the walls of the sterile prison room. The Soulmate Binding Ring on his fourth finger glows brightly, although it is a bit difficult to see in the blinding white environment, so nobody notices it.

The door opens, and ten or so Lan Zhans file into the room, all fully undressed and in various states of horniness and unsated sexual urges. They furiously stroke their dicks and lick their lips at the sight of a Perfectly naked and happy Wei Ying on the bed. The first robed Lan Zhan stacks up the emptied plates and cleans up the dining trays, before bowing respectfully to the new arrivals - his brethren - and leaves the room. The second robed Lan Zhan properly stretches Wei Ying’s ass with lubricating oils in front of the ten lusty men, and when he thinks Wei Ying is ready, he takes leave as well to wash off the fluids from his hands.

Wei Ying will be forced to enjoy being pummeled, spitroasted, double-penetrated and gangbanged and for many hours into the night - but he will probably not remember being filled in all orifices, drowning in thick hot seed, or having his belly bloated by too many gushes flooding into his ass, because of his drunken state. All Lan Zhans intend to keep this Wei Ying,

and many other Wei Yings currently held in the underground prison complex, happily satiated for many days and weeks to come.

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"Gentlemen, as we start our descent, please make sure your seat backs are in their full upright position, and trays are returned to our cabin crew. Make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and all carry-on luggage is stowed at the back of the cockpit or in the overhead compartments."

The dulcet voice is clear and upbeat, with an Ernie-synth quality, and Wei Ying happily follows the instructions as though he's about to reach his holiday destination. He managed to find an ugly green button underneath the armrest to deactivate the parasitic ugly green condom, which switches off the massage function of his chair at the same time. Still panting but feeling extremely satisfied from having emptied his loins and rubbing away every last ounce of fatigue from his body, Wei Ying proceeds to raise his comfy chair, made sure Lan Zhan is secured to his breast, and he buckled up in anticipation for a rather turbulent, if not exciting entry into Wuji's airspace reminiscent of an 80's arcade games.

Explosions rocked their ship, plumes of fire and smoke-like bombs detonated on both sides, and deadly lightning-thunder combos roared everywhere. Ernie deftly maneuvered their disc-shaped vehicle, swerving wildly to avoid anti-aircraft missiles, lasers and terrible weather that ravaged the cloudy skies. A couple of projectiles smashed into them, but magically melted and flared out into mushrooming firestorms at the last moment, thus enveloping their screen with blinding-white luminescence for a few seconds. The impact sent ear-deafening shockwaves into the entire interior of the ship, rattling its occupants as well. Wei Ying raised his hands

(although not of the same purpose as Lan Zhan's) and shouts "YEEEEEEAAAHHHHH!!!!!" as he is tossed around like a ragdoll strapped onto his comfy seat. Lan Zhan starts chanting sutras silently to pray to Goddess Guan Yin for miracles; he had never *ever* experienced such violence in his life!

"Young Master Wei, please hang on tightly. We are under attack from clones of your older self, intentionally and unintentionally. However please rest assured, our Sirius shields will hold until we arrive at our destination," Ernie speaks calmly above the din, as if such aerial assaults are everyday occurrences.

"I have no idea what you're talking about... but YEEEEEEAAAHHHHH!!!!!" Wei Ying shrieks in laughter as he's nearly flung out of his chair by another explosion. Lan Zhan focuses on suckling, his mind has blanked out from shock and fear - literally.

Between black clouds and smouldering debris swept off by winds on their ship's screen, Wuji's shattered and fragmented landscape comes into view.

The continent of Wuji is in utter chaos, threatening to tear itself apart if nothing is done to save its land and its inhabitants. The vast expanse of the Kingdom is pockmarked and littered with swathes of bright and dark irregular shapes - consequences of Wei Yings playing God with Creation and Time spells -, hence an ultra-futuristic city of metal and concrete could be experiencing daylight, whilst its neighbouring district is transformed into a holiday island in the middle of the sea *in the middle of the continent* , swallowed in nighttime because some Wei elder decided to host a lavish seafood dinner at a private beach - and their borders crackle, sizzle and

smoke with intense, corrupted, dark energies due to the unharmonious and unsynchronized existences.

Each patch of existence creates its own space-time bubble, and as they clash and try to overwhelm the other - because for example, one Wei elder wanted a bigger beach for his dinner party, while the other refuses to give in as he's on the verge of creating the biggest metropolis ever - the fabric of the Mortal Realm reality slowly rips, leaving depthless chasms not unlike Ernie's true form, and every object or matter that is unable to escape from being devoured by the spreading darkness - even light itself - disintegrates into nothingness. The map of Wuji on screen looks like a feral cat had pawed on it to sharpen its claws - there are plenty of dark streaks, and their numbers are increasing.

The dangerous discrepancies exist even within each space-time bubble, causing fully-automated and transformable towering skyscrapers-turned-giant-mecha to appear next to primitive cave-homes surrounded by lush meadows, adjacent to medieval-age stone fortresses populated by robots from the 31st century, floating atop a squadron of nuclear submarines firing their weapons to the surface, decimating armies of magical plate-armored servants riding on horses that throw fireballs and lightning strikes, with massive airplanes and space-age rockets flying overhead bombarding local supermarkets and offices on ground level - which are instantly re-created by the more powerful Wei elders anyway, so everything looks Perfectly fine the moment it is destroyed -, thus sending innocent Wei Yings and their Lan Zhans fleeing for their safety - they cannot die anyway, because all clones are granted Immortality after their originals have consumed the Heavenly Fruits from the Sacred Orchards, courtesy of the Jade Emperor and his wife; hence, every living person lives in a perpetual state of a 'Non-player character' of old console games, where they live briefly only to be shot down or incinerated, then they respawn shortly after the so-called 'death', and try to continue to live as normally as possible, as fugitives running away from the mindless destruction.

“... so you have nothing to worry about. Should your body be destroyed, it can be easily regenerated with Creation and Time spells. Your soul will remain intact due to the Immortality aspect, and you will be whole again in a short time,” Ernie explains, while banking sharply to the left to dodge a *flying serpent* that flew out from nowhere. Lan Zhan loses his hold and hangs on for his dear life by grabbing Wei Ying’s generous tufts of nipple hair. (bless the hair!)

“Do what you need to do, Ernie! But don’t ever create another Lan Zhan for me, because this one’s the only Lan Zhan that I will ever need!” Wei Ying shouts back, reaches into his undershirt, and cups his darling paperman back to his nipple.

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The continent of Wuji is bigger than the Middle Kingdom, but it’s hard to say how big it *has become* due to the multiple distortions of space as provinces, districts, cities even neighbourhoods have expanded and contracted according to the whims of their landowners, the travellers are told. The entire island nation is a patchwork of ever-transforming landscapes, geographical features and man-made architecture, so it is difficult to pinpoint where they are exactly on the map - because it changes all the time from fickle-minded Wei elders trying to morph their surroundings to their desires. However, when Ernie estimated, through his superior artificial intelligence and machine learning capabilities (oh how they underestimated his capabilities), that they are about to arrive at Summer Berries District, Ernie advised Wei Ying to call his family to tell them that they’re close by, and that Wei *da ge* should open the front gates of his penthouse to let them in.

WeiNet is down, however Wei *san ge* 's amazing WPN (Wei Private Network - similar to VPNs of today) is still running. Wei Ying is able to connect to the family holed up at the top floor of their *da ge* 's home office suite, and have a decent exchange with some distortion from static and background explosions.

“ *Er ge* , you're amazing! How did you manage to break *da ge* 's seal? Nothing would have been able to go through it!” *san ge* 's voice crackle from the speakers on one of the control panels; Ernie is able to channel telepathic communications through the ship's on-board audio system.

“I have no idea! You'll have to ask Ernie! It's amazing! It can do all sorts of things that we've never thought of! We were at the front of the huge egg-shaped seal, and then everything turned noodly and stretchy and WHAM we got through and we're on the other side of it! It's amazing!” and Wei Ying YEEEEAAAHHHHs as another armed rocket strikes their horsecart-sized vehicle and he gets thrown in all directions.

“... noodly and stretchy..?” *da ge* 's disembodied voice is a bit muffled in the background. A cat meows irritably, and *didi* squeals somewhere in their house.

“Senior Master Wei, our vehicle is equipped with hyperspace capabilities. It exploits the weaknesses in space by reconfiguring particles at a subatomic level and by manipulating the resulting disruption of electromagnetic waves and the encompassing dark matter. A wormhole is temporarily created to allow a jump into Sector 4b of the Orion Constellation at 5 parsecs away, for 0.05 nanoseconds, and we jumped back in right across the barrier after

tuning the frequency of the return travel at minus 0.012 degrees upspin of the current galaxy.”

Everyone on the other side of the call fell silent, save for the increasingly distraught mewls of a cat being tormented (or molested).

*Ernie, there is no need to explain further.*

*Take us to the family.*

*We have work to do, and save the Kingdom.*

There is an audible sigh of relief, because somehow, Lan Zhan’s wise words travelled through the Empathy spell, through Wei Ying’s swollen nipple, and through the WPN.

The (original) Patriarch has spoken, and all should be well for the Lan family.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

Wei Ying opens his eyes into a world full of Lan Zhans. They crowd above him, around him, below him, moaning his name as they take their turns in pleasuring and taking pleasure out of his trembling body. His eyelids are crusty from streaks of drying cum on his face, coating his lips and dribbling down his jawline and neck. His mouth tastes of gummy seed and he reeks of Lan Zhan. Just as another penis is gently shoved down his throat, his

fingers twitch instinctively and he starts stroking penises in his hands, then finds more pulsing cockmeat rubbing on his nipples, his abdomen, sliding between his toes, along the groove of his spine, matting his body hair into entangled stickiness in the armpits, the treasure trail down the waist and even on his shins, and another two ejaculations arch overhead and land onto his belly, pooling into his navel where another cock is gently humping into the crevice, with delicious Lan Zhan-flavoured grunts filling the air. Fingers touch, grope, knead and pinch his skin, leaving red marks all over his body; lips suck and teeth graze any remaining untouched skin, thus Wei Ying is fully smothered with Lan Zhans.

There is Lan Zhan everywhere outside and on the inside. He feels twenty twitches inside his well-stretched, inundated asshole, and at the eighteenth or nineteenth spasm, the second pole erupts into its own set of twenty twitches; right after the first cock slides out, another takes its place, fucking vigorously into a frothy tunnel filled with congealing semen until it too, orgasms spectacularly until the walls bulge and distend from fountains of warm cum - Wei Ying is fucked continuously for hours on end, and his belly is showing - ballooning out, heavy with heated virile milk that only the Lan Zhans can give.

Wei Ying does not know if he's facing up or down or lying on his side; his feet doesn't touch the ground as he's nestled in a cocoon of lusty writhing Lan Zhans, all vying to rub their genitals on and sow their seed in and on every available inch of his skin. Some Lan Zhans cast Ethereal, an advanced version of Invisible Hands, and their limbs and cocks soon turn translucent and penetrate into Wei Ying's body like ghostly phantoms. His insides are gently kneaded and squeezed, and he experiences mini-orgasms from having every gland, tube and organ associated with sexual sensations caressed and rolled, draining every last drop out of his body. Wei Ying loses his mind when he feels cocks erupting into his scrotum, swelling it with warm viscous liquid until his twin eggs are bathed and swimming in Little Wang Jis; the invasion does not stop there, as Lan Zhans fuck directly into his testicles and orgasm right at the middle of each delicate egg; Wei Ying

imagines his babies are drowning as his eggs bloat to the point of bursting with surges of sperm-rich semen ejected into them. His prostate swells with Lan Zhan's seed, his bladder fills with a gooey mix of pee and Lan Zhan's cum, his urethra becomes coated with Lan Zhan's semen as volleys are injected in a reversed direction from cockslit to the base of the aching member. Wei Ying shudders deliriously and jerks wildly when countless waves of indescribable pleasure engulf his consciousness, his entire interior is vanquished and filled with Lan Zhan, and when he climaxes, he no longer knows if he's still Wei Ying, or Lan Zhan, because he inhales, swallows, shoots, screams, pees even expels Lan Zhan's essence and fluids - and Wei Ying finally yields to the fact that he is truly no longer himself.

Notes for the Chapter:

Tonight's the night where the Final Episode of the Untamed Special Edition airs! I saw some clips.. and I have to say... THANK YOU WeTV for giving us extended scenes, sweet slo-mo's, and a well-deserved alternative ending to the story! (I wished for more, but I should be happy to receive what I can get!)

Thank you Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji, for gracing our screens one more time and giving us an in-depth look into your life's story!

Thank you for the sweet moments, and for making me believe that the two of you are truly soulmates matched in heaven!

Thank you to Xiao Zhan and Wang Yibo again for the stellar performance, you'll both always be in my heart as the best-est WWX and LWJ !!! *throws confetti*

With that, here's another chapter of the increasingly crazy fic.

Releases may slow down after this, cause work is starting to pile up and I have less time to write... and I'm kinda stuck for plot, because anything can happen, everything can happen, and I really don't know what direction the story will take after this! :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 59

Seven-year old Wei Ying, like all other first-generation Wei Yings, was born on one fine day from an unnamed cauldron of red bubbling liquid, with a pinch of salt, sugar, a dash of pepper and a whisk of dazzlingly awesome Creation magic added to the mix, in some unknown grey factory building within the sprawling industrial complex of Summer Berries District. He never really met his creator because he was just an individual from one of many batches mass-produced that day. He quickly learnt that the length and passing of days do not really mean anything when his elder siblings are capable of manipulating Time - so there's no such thing as birthdays or actual age differences. Everyone is created with about the same amount of ability, talent, intelligence and knowledge - therefore there are no real differentiating points other than physical looks and maturity in thinking.

Every Wei kin is equipped with a standard set of basic necessities to start out his (her or its) life - a WeiNet access, a filled money pouch, the right to own a house and a piece of land, an employment contract with the government, and other minor assets including coupons to redeem Lan Zhans either in store or by online ordering. Some prefer to stick to the main, bustling and heavily populated districts, some prefer quieter second or third-tier provinces, others take the bus in search of villages far, far away, and even a few decide to hitchhike their way to the furthest reaches of the continent and 'be with nature'.

Like many adolescent Wei kin, Wei Ying lost most of his possessions within the first month of life (which happened within the same day he was born, because someone looped the months over and over again) - he was either robbed, tricked, or gambled away everything, or simply by accident, left his belongings unattended on the ground and someone snatched them away using Invisible Hands. When WeiNet collapsed along with the uprising of

protests and power-grabs by megalomaniac Wei elders, Wei Ying resigned from his government job as a coffee-making office boy because the bosses decided to fully automate everything (except the top management and certain departments that still require human intervention) to ensure people in the continent continue to survive despite their differing loyalties, and that basic political, economic and societal infrastructure remain intact throughout the Kingdom.

Having been made redundant by a shiny new coffee machine (which ingeniously serves *pu'er* tea as an additional option), Wei Ying joined the droves of fleeing Wei kin to the luxury apartments and mansions of Spring Berries District to the north. There, he sought refuge with other Wei children and joined street gangs (brats) to exact revenge on adults who once robbed him of everything - including his redeemed Lan Zhans, which are technically lost forever, because there's no way to trace them back. He became street savvy, and learnt about the harsher and seedier sides of life. Unfortunately his relatively comfortable life as a juvenile member of an organized crime syndicate was cut short when Lan Zhans, who formed their own families and tribes, kidnapped him and forced him to serve as a janitor without pay, and learn about housekeeping - or in nicer terms, the hospitality industry.

(He's fortunate that both Wei and Lan kins are not too keenly attracted to little boys who have not yet reached puberty, so little Wei Ying managed to keep his dignity protected from any sex predators prowling the streets.)

He'd spend days doing housework and running menial errands, including shopping for groceries at the local supermarket, buying sex toys for his brethren who are unable to sate their horniness when their masters are preoccupied, changing soiled bedsheets multiple times per hour, mopping away cum from the floor, scrubbing the bathtub while his masters engage in distasteful acts against his kin within the bathroom, cleaning chilli-blasted

kitchens after hordes of brainwashed Wei adults spend hours trying to cook perfect meals for their owners in the classic case of ‘too many cooks spoil the (chilli) broth’. He secretly gloats when Wei *da ge* clones raid his prison to capture the Lans and free the Weis, although the opposite usually happens the next day - and so his ownership kept shuttling back and forth between the two families.

The hopeless situation is exacerbated by a sudden, noticeable shortage of Lans - to the extent that Lan Zhans become highly sought-after valuable commodities overnight, and due to uncontrolled and unregulated speculation, become a feared yet respectable form of currency for trade (think: bitcoins in the early days). Lan Zhans are nowadays a rarity in sight; the ones that remain in public either wage guerrilla warfare with the Wei kin and are therefore untouchable, or own impenetrable apartments, castles and countless armies and harems, and become an unshakable empire of their own. This triggered raids between greedy Wei elders who aren’t strong enough to capture new Lan Zhans and thus, resort to robbing their own kin. Wei Ying’s ownership would change hands between wizened Wei warriors and magicians frequently, because there’s always a need for someone to clean the floors and doesn’t demand Lan Zhans as payment. Fed up with the whole master-slave experience, little Wei Ying ran away one moonless night (someone decided to flick away the moon from the sky above Wuji, because he/she/it wanted to experience stargazing at its fullest), and headed straight for the mythical western Winter Berries District - the final frontier for all Wei Yings - to hopefully eke a better living.

Fortunately, Wei Ying is underaged, therefore, he did not need to pay Lan Zhans for admission into the biggest, baddest, meanest space-time bubble that continues to fester and swallow up more ground with each passing day. A group of extremely powerful Wei *da ge* clones rule most of the district with an iron fist, and all eligible Wei kin enjoy good if not perverted life and pleasures in the darkest underbelly of the Kingdom.

The cities in the district look like convoluted puzzles and patchworks of twisted amusement theme parks - each is colourful, distinctly different in architecture, form, function and Wei Ying-ness; sometimes dark, full of coffins and graveyards, spooky mannequins, paper dolls and haunted with horrors of the corrupted and the undead; yet sometimes filled with bright wonders, sprawling lush green vistas and lotus ponds with fluffy blue clouds as a suitable backdrop. Jarringly glaring and glitzy signages litter the streets and rooftops, and the dingy alleys that connect a web of poorly-maintained, haphazardly-constructed roads that are sometimes covered with cracks, piles of rotting rubbish, and smoke from nearby restaurants and open-burning of dumpsters. Sometimes, torn, grime-covered furniture and abandoned vehicles line the curbs, along with other oddities thrown out by its rich but wasteful inhabitants.

All cities thrive with illicit trade - everything can be bought and sold, including but not limited to unimaginably powerful magical items, spells, drugs, poisons and aphrodisiacs, services involving creating and taking of others' lives (temporarily - due to the inherent Immortality aspect), all sorts of pleasure and sexual services, Wei and Lan breeding and creation services, gender-change and body-transformation services, demonic feeding services, and so on, partly reminiscent of what Tian Mi Mi offered back in Yiling. The seedy streets are full of people who ply their products and talents for sale, both illegal and not, to earn Lan Zhans, or those who are rich enough to spend their Lan Zhans on *stuff* that only the elite of the most elite Wei kin can afford. It's not uncommon to see Wei kinsmen journey great distances with a cart full of Lan Zhans, pay off some to gain access to the district, and as they stroll along the streets and browse the shops, the cart becomes emptier over time until every last Lan Zhan is used up.

Wei Ying was again, fortunate enough to find a job after his second interview - he works in a cafe mainly to take orders for desserts, because little sweet boys like him tend to draw in more sales for high-quality (and very expensive) cakes, crepes, ice-creams, milkshakes, parfaits, and fruity yoghurt drinks. An adult Wei Ying takes care of payments, because his

small body couldn't possibly carry one, let alone multiple Lan Zhans tied with Binding Spells and with magical seals to silence their cries for help. It helps that he's given a Wpad (short for Weipad, which is an alternative to the modern Ipad) so that he can quickly learn and provide adequate details about the cafe's products and services, the prices, and place and pick up orders digitally as needed. (There is no need for WeiNet in this part of the district - or anywhere else - because the masters of the space-time bubble have found alternative ways to channel their awesome mind-controlling and mind-reading abilities using radio waves, microwaves and other frequencies of energy waves; albeit rather short-distanced.)

"Sirs, thank you for your advanced order. Please follow this way," Wei Ying bows to a group of four Wei *da ge* clones who have decided to browse and select from a more discreet page of the cafe's menus. Wei Ying had worked for at least a few months (and his longest employment term yet!) in the establishment, so he knows the ins and outs of the business - although due to the time-loops, it's hardly just a couple of days since he'd been born. He expertly leads the customers to the upper floor and through a maze of long concrete tunnels (because space has been warped, so the entire floor above the cafe is actually a cavernous mountain filled with winding passageways, hidden junctions and walls, booby traps, monstrous denizens and other nasty things to keep out intruders and thieves), before finally arriving at a closed stone door with a bright neon green-lit sign glowing above that states "Available". Wei Ying swipes an ID card on a barely-visible slot, and the door slides open with a rumble.

"For the price of one adult dragonkin Lan Zhan, one teenage vampiric Lan Zhan, and two ordinary human adult Lan Zhans, you will purchase the right to this new arrival for one night - is that correct?" Wei Ying asks politely as he scrolls down the wpad and reads out the details of the agreed exchange; it's a standard script full of jargon he'd practiced over the last few weeks. He is more accustomed to counting gold and silver, rather than trying to value goods by bartering living bodies; however he's just merely following instructions, and when one of the *da ge* mmms in affirmation, Wei Ying

happily taps a button on the screen to confirm the transaction. He's quickly learning that the more exotic or powerful the Lan Zhan, the more valuable he is--

“And for you, sweet *didi* , here's a small tip for being so efficient with our order,” one of the *da ge* places two gold ingots into the boy's hand. Wei Ying grins in thanks for the tip, and a bright “Enn!” - a beaming million dollar smile. The tip could net him a few lavish twenty-course dinners at the Kitchen of Prosperity in Yiling, or a few day's room rent in a dormitory in Spring Berries District, and in Winter Berries District where black market rates are prevalent, probably just a meal or two; however Wei Ying is always humble and grateful for receiving kindness from others, and he's working hard, saving hard, to make a decent living in the district where he now calls as home.

“Sorry we had to delay our arrival by a couple of hours, because the dragonkin Lan Zhan took a bit more time to be crafted, despite our best abilities and magical capabilities,” the *da ge* adds, and Wei Ying shakes his head to signal that there is no problem at all. Delays in customers picking up their advanced order is fine - lost time can always be rewinded back anyway.

“Wow! These wings are real! They're so... soft!”

“Amazing! There's absolutely no seed in here... and when is he due for his first time again?”

Wei Ying clears his throat (a very cute act for a seven-year old dressed in a stuffy child-sized waiter's uniform), and quickly scrolls up his wpad to retrieve the needed information. "Umm... according to the product description, this Angel Lan Zhan is freshly created after many days of casting complex Creation spells and modified with other corruptive and enhancing magic. So please peel off his egg membrane before fully utilizing his body," he peers closer, after realizing that he's not yet answered the question because he's just pronouncing the words as they appear on the screen like a schoolkid, "... umm... the wings are real.. The wingspan is... err... wait, it's here... Ah! Yes, you're correct. There is no seed because at nearly ten years old, he has been fully customized to start e-- eja-- ejacu... culate...ting in the next two to three days," Wei Ying stutters at a particularly difficult word that contains too many letters. He looks up at the customer, "Umm... does it make sense?"

The *da ge* ruffles the boy's head cutely and nods. Behind him, one man is peeling off the thin moist membrane as per instructed (and hungrily laps at the tender, supple youthful skin exposed by the now-disposable membrane), the other molests the limp ivory-white feathery wings in awe jutting out from the back of the boy who looks slightly older than Wei Ying, while the third one starts Etherealizing his head and hands to test their new purchase - he dips his face into the sleeping boy's crotch to suck on his prostate like a tasty hard candy (and finds only some prostatic and other bodily fluids, but no seed, of course), while his fingers glide through the body, penetrating into the scrotum, jiggling the balls to test their weight, and caress every organ and gland for a quick quality check. Angel Lan Zhan is still asleep on the bed in the sparsely furnished stone chamber, and hasn't actually been 'born' until he opens his eyes. This ten-year old Lan Zhan will wake up soon, and the first thing he will experience in his life will be pleasures of the flesh, or heaven-ascending orgasms through quadruple blowjobs, if the *da ge s'* plan succeeds.

Wei Ying shrugs - he's not that interested in what the customers do with the cafe's products. He proceeds to show the customer around the small

chamber with an attached toilet and bathroom - just a bed, a television on the wall showing pornographic films, a bedside table containing the usual set of sex toys, lubricants, aphrodisiacs and other paraphrenalia complementary with the stay, a phone to call for room service, a desk lantern, and other standard amenities of a cheap, budget sex hotel room.

“Don’t worry, *didi* , we’ve prepared ourselves with plenty of spells and talismans to warp this space into a full replica of our ancestral home, the Lotus Pier, filled with good food, great wine and plenty of sex party goodies. We’ll manipulate the time so that we’ll be spending at least a week in here. My brothers can’t wait to taste the difference between before, and after, this Lan Zhan experiences his first climax,” he grins and gestures at the three other men who are starting to touch the sleeping boy very inappropriately. Lan Zhan nnnhs audibly at the beginnings of a triple blowjob (soon to be quadruple), slowly rousing to consciousness, and his wings twitch.

Wei Ying “ooohs” in vague understanding. The customer pats the boy’s back and starts nudging the latter out of the room - since their timer has activated and the four fully adult males have a full night (or a week, if what the *da ge* said is correct) of fun with their newest toy. “When it’s time for you to experience your first demonic feed, *didi* , you’ll understand what we mean. I can read your mind, and can tell that you’re just a couple of days old - so when you hit your first week in life, you’ll start to thirst for Lan Zhans like the rest of us.”

Wei Ying “Enns” softly, again looking like he’s not getting the bottom line of the conversation. “Work hard, *didi* , quickly earn enough and buy your first Lan Zhan soon! If you need tips on buying the right spells, tools and techniques for crafting better, more unusual Lan Zhans, call me - I’ll give you a discount for consultation!” the *da ge* gleefully says before closing the door, and another two gold ingots pop into his hands out of thin air.

Wei Ying sighs - he's met plenty of Wei elders who boast superior intellect and knowledge, and every one of them always treat him like a naive little kid - which is fine, if it nets him more gold ingots and hopefully, someday, he'll find a sugar daddy (or brother) to attach to. Wei Ying quickly leaves the tunnels, out of range of the *da ge* s, before lifting his Mind Shield that had been protecting his thoughts and filtering out only selected lines of inner monologues. He pockets all four gold ingots into his sleeve pockets.

The sign atop the closed stone door changed to a neon-red "Occupied".

.

Just as Wei Ying reached the exit of the upper floor of the cafe, his wpad 'pings!' with a WeiChat (a copycat of WeChat app) message from the owner. One of the nearby chambers is due for check-out in an hour's time, and the room is still displayed as "Occupied" in the system. Wei Ying hurries back into the web of cavernous mazes following the map displayed on his Weiz app (a copycat of Waze with added functionalities of Google Maps from the modern era).

He arrives with just half an hour left on the clock. He takes a deep breath, puts up his Mind Shield, and knocks on the stone door. "Umm..." he glances at the wpad and realizes the gender of his customers, "*Jie jie* s (elder sisters), I'm sorry to interrupt, but there's half an hour left before check-out time. If you need an exten--"

The door rumbles open without notice, and little Wei Ying jumped back at the sight before him.

The door opens into a sweeping panorama of clear blue skies, hilltop meadows, bubbling brooks, and a wooden cottage in the center that looks rather lived-in (there's plenty of laundry hanging by the side, smoke rising from its chimney, and there is a thriving vegetable garden in its courtyard along with a barbeque pit with roasted meat, and a pot of bubbling stew). There are eight beautiful and sexy Wei *jiejie* s aged from their mid-teens to their mid-thirties, all in late stages of pregnancy, and fully naked. Wei Ying spends as much time staring at their milk jugs (because they're heavily swollen with milk) as the carnal acts of the *jiejie* s pampering, surrounding and riding a single, fattened-up Lan Zhan in the middle of the courtyard on a picnic straw mat soaked with cum and probably other bodily fluids.

Each of the fertile female Wei Yings take their turn to let their chosen mate enjoy the pleasures of their flesh - of all fecund ages and of all stages in pregnancy -, and the sisters work hard to keep their hard-earned Lan Zhan extremely satisfied. While one rides him and performs her routine Kegels exercise with the partner's wildly twitching penis deep inside her, the others *jiejie* s kiss, touch and coax their patriarch to continue fathering offsprings inside them, despite all of them already have bulging bellies. The lucky man responds by shivering and ngaahnnggh-ing and unh-unh-unh-ing with drool rolling off his lips (because he's already lost the ability to think and talk rationally since many months ago) and gets mouthfuls of breastmilk, plump puffy nipples, and twitching pregnant tummies to rub and play with; while his genitals and balls are caressed, excited and stimulated to continue providing his thick essence as often as possible - and he excitedly shoots a record-breaking forty-twitches into tight hot pregnant love tunnels that seem to take turns in welcoming the erupting and overworked angry-purple penis with fluttering, massaging grasping juicy walls.

He seems well to do, having lost the classic six abs which have combined into a rather pregnant flabby belly of his own - in this paradise with a harem of eight, he does not need to cultivate, exercise or do any housework; his task is to breed the females and let the females take care of him. They feed him constantly with good food to match his taste buds (Gusu Lan cuisine, if necessary) so that he has enough energy to pump out seed for eight lustful females; they even shave him and kept his hair trimmed, cleaned him multiple times a day and essentially turned him into their imagined lazy, slothful sex demigod worthy of their worship and service.

The oldest of the *jiejie* s sports the biggest belly of them all - probably carrying twins, triplets or more -, and she's sweaty and her thighs tremble with unsated lust as she approaches him. Wei Ying had met her the day before when the group checked-in. She calmly explains that they had spent nearly nine months in warped time having *non-stop* sexual intercourse and play sexy harem games with their chosen mate, all day and night, and needed just a couple more weeks before they can give birth to healthy little babies - the fruits of their labour and love. Wei Ying knows, and has seen, that his female kin are although rare among the Wei species, they are the most fortunate if they can cope and handle the sexual discrimination (during this age and time, women are disadvantaged in many fronts, including lack of political influence, economic power and social standing - this includes the Kingdom and its subjects as well).

At least within the sex industry that thrives in the underbelly of Winter Berries District, females can walk in any time, choose an ordinary Lan Zhan and bed with him at no cost (the purchase of time spent with any exotic Lan Zhans will be chargeable though) - as long as she signs an agreement to sell back some of the fruits of her harvest to the provider. Wei Ying scrolls down his wpad and notes that the group of eight had checked-in the day before, and signed an agreement to sell back two babies - which could be a Wei Ying, a Lan Zhan or if they strike gold, a whole new combination or hybrid of the two. Wei Yings will be aged and put to slave work, Lan Zhans will be put on the shelf as another product for sale to

generate income, and hybrids will be presented to the masters of the district to earn special favours. Naturally born babies are very special in the Wei society - they are generally healthier, smarter and stronger, and come with amazing, unexpected gifts, features and talents. It's a win-win situation for the females and the cafe owner - the cafe owner increases his staff headcount or inventory for free, and the females can technically duplicate or multiply their babies for whatever reason, and live better lives in the future.

“ *Didi* , can you ask the owner to extend our check-out time by two hours, and I will sell an additional baby in return?” *jiejie* asks. Wei Ying “Enn!”s and taps the question via WeiChat to his boss. A moment later, the reply came back with a ‘ping!’, and he reports a positive response. The grateful *jiejie* places a kiss on Wei Ying’s forehead, and slides two gold ingots into his undershirt as a token of thanks.

(Fortunately he’s not old enough to feel attracted to nubile young females in the nude.)

As Wei Ying closes the stone door, he catches the sight of eight happy sisters cheering for their added time with their man - potentially stretchable into many more months in their little bubble of time-warped paradise - and they continue to make sweet endless love with their chosen Lan Zhan, who has long short-circuited and continues to mindlessly indulge his harem’s unslakable thirst for orgasms and more mind-blowing pleasures; surely, some of them will give birth and take the opportunity to be impregnated again, before their time in the chamber is up.

The sign above the stone door remains as “Occupied”.

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The mastermind and the original Wei *da ge* shifts his supreme mental scanning powers from sector to sector, district to district, province to province and a quick sweep along the edges of the continent, then projects his visions into everyone's minds inside the penthouse. With WeiNet gone offline, he could only capture snapshots and short video clips (or animated gifs) plus a few lingering emotions and feelings from the subjects being filmed - but it's enough for the residents of the last stand of the Wei *gongzi* s to get a glimpse and a general understanding of what has been going on in their Kingdom for the past few days/weeks/months of their time-warped reality.

Having finished the draining and exhausting exercise, Wei *da ge* stumbles to the back, and he is tenderly caught by his harem, who let him lie on the sofa, fan him, and serve him ice cold lemon tea. He murmurs repeatedly in a daze, astonished and shocked at what he'd seen and felt from *his* creations, "They're really going to crush me... they want to kill me... They hate me... oh Goddess Guan Yin, how can this be..."

Wei *san ge* is obviously too stimulated by the generous amounts of uncensored sex scenes that pervade his mind, and has gone ahead to lock himself in his bedroom, where he climbs on tens of Lan Zhans within his harem to, bluntly put, fuck himself silly until his hole becomes thoroughly abused and loosened; his clones will have little or no chance with the Lan Zhans this time. WPN goes temporarily offline - which is fine, because they'd seen enough, and they're all safely huddled together in *da ge* 's awesome home office suite protected by very awesome magic.

Wei *didi* remains blissfully unaware of the implications of the impending doom of their Kingdom, and loses interest midway of the screening; he plays “Kiss Kiss Fall In Love” with his sole Perfect Lan Zhan while stroking calico cats’ tails when they’re (mentally ordered to) walk past him.

Wei *er ge* , the lovely Wei Ying who bravely piloted - with Ernie’s auto-landing and parking capabilities - their UFO vehicle straight onto a shielded helipad at the topmost part of the spiral skyscraper, had barely touched down and greeted his brothers (although in actual fact, they’ve only separated for less than a day in real-time) when the show started, because Wei *da ge* is anxious to learn what his Yiling-side brother and their paperman-ized patriarch thought about the situation.

Wei Ying stands in silence, still trying to digest what he’d seen through glazed eyes. He had been preoccupied with concerns on how to locate and retrieve Lan Zhan’s real body, however there are bigger worries to take care of - saving their shattering and splintering Kingdom that they’d work so hard on - and he doesn’t even know where to start - because all he knows is to play the flute, summon vengeful spirits, street peddling with his A.S.S., making plum sauce, shooting with bows and arrows, and hunting jungle fowls.

*Ernie, lend me your wisdom.*

*How can I begin to understand what needs to be done?*

*What options do we have to save this Kingdom?*

*Ernie, give me strength.*



*How can I protect and save the ones I love, and the land that they call home?*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I'm kinda feeling numb at realizing that with the Special Edition having completed its course, there's really nothing left for The Untamed \*cries\* It's really the end. It feels like Nanjing Concert all over again... sob sob sob...

And the lack of new materials from the series, or anything from Zhan Ge and Yibo didi due to the ongoing virus epidemic, is a bit disconcerting for me. I've been scrolling through re-posts of old pics and video clips... sigh. Looks like it's a bit of a downtime, and I might as well focus more on work than the wonderful universe of The Untamed / MDZS / Xiao Zhan / Wang Yibo / bjyx :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: added a bit more icky descriptions about the cities, and the lucky LZ's life in paradise.

## Chapter 60

Sixteen-year old Lan Zhan has been on the run for several weeks. His biography is modest and short, yet as exciting as a handwritten diary from a refugee of war. He was born, like countless others, from the depths of Ernie's pits in the 'Mounds, and shipped off to the Kingdom within the first hour after climbing out of the infamous Trapdoor. He had never met his creator, as he was immediately blindfolded, tied up with ropes over his limbs and mouth, sealed with magic and cellophane tapes, packed into convenient recyclable cardboard cartons, and delivered by Wangxian-branded long haul trucks, then by Wangxian Postbirds to his new owner. He comes naked as a baby, with a Thank-You card hung around his neck, and a small money pouch tied to his waist with a thin string "in case additional funds are required for him to function properly due to unexpected circumstances" (which is a standard disclaimer and added insurance from the company after several Lan Zhans were reported stranded when their delivery truck suffered a flat tyre in the middle of nowhere in the continent of Wuji).

As with any first generations, which are individuals created as a first copy from source - whether from a Wei Wuxian or Lan Wang Ji - he is plain and ordinary, with tiny modifications from the original 'parent'; in his case, the only difference he has compared to the current, real Lan Wang Ji, is that he is de-aged to a teenager and possesses minute enhancements during the manufacturing process (Ernie practised continuous machine learning with each new Lan Zhan created, and constantly adds or edits genetic, supernatural and magical data into its latest creations; it does not matter whether the improvements facilitates the production or upgrades the end product's quality - as long as there are slight differences from one individual to another - this is vastly different from the mass-production concept that is practised for most Wei Yings under the mastermind *da ge* 's supervision).

Instead of spending time caring for his new owner, Lan Zhan was as disappointed by his owner - an adult Wei Ying in his twenties - because as already known by the general populace, he was delivered by mistake and didn't meet the owner's specific requests nor have the desired add-ons (this Wei Ying pre-ordered a twentysomething ultra-rare female Lan Wang Ji with ample breasts and plenty of curves on the hips - so receiving a tightly muscled slender male teenager was a heartbreaking moment when he opened the box). His owner didn't really fight for him when the next door neighbour, a sweaty, bearded and greedy hairy Wei Ying in his late forties, marched over and grabbed his wrists while grunting, "He's mine!" - partly because the neighbour looked extremely intimidating, and had already killed his owner twice with falling nuclear armaments (and respawned shortly after, along with re-constructing their entire residential block within a few minutes).

Lan Zhan would experience extreme trauma in the next few days, as rumours about the sudden dip in Lan kin population spread like wildfire, and he would be grabbed on the wrist by many older, more powerful Wei Yings desperate to add him into their harems, collections, or turned into currency for the black market. He would be raped against his will, usually pinned to the ground by one or more hungry lustful Wei Yings - in human or demonic forms - until he found difficulty to go to the toilet or even walk a straight line after being bedded, or forced to bed with countless owners for many months that are warped into mere hours and days - however, fortunately he is young and youthful, so his body is accomodating, elastic (for lack of a better word), and remained tight and supple.

His break came when a Hydrogen bomb fell through the roof of a mountaintop fortress where he was held captive in a dungeon (and forced to stick his dick into quivering rosebuds and engage in depraved copulation acts with a variety of ravenous Wei Yings while being trapped in a tight cage, despite having nothing left to offer besides oozing seedless fluids). Everyone was killed, including him, and when he re-spawned, he found that his Soulmate Binding Ring was temporarily deactivated - because his

master at that time and all his downline progeny and clones were wiped out simultaneously inside that fortress. He was one of the earlier individuals to be resurrected, and he quickly escaped to the surrounding forests, and made his way to the mythical sanctuary of all surviving Lan Wang Jis - the foreboding-looking southside Autumn Berries District.

Unbeknownst to Wei kin, the Lan kin had earlier on established a rudimentary and primitive BBS (bulletin board system) with their very limited, budding telepathic abilities, still in its infancy (in contrast to Wei Yings' superior capabilities which came crashing down spectacularly when WeiNet went offline). The shared forum was initially used to say "Hello" and introduce themselves to a wider community of Lan Zhans, and they shared recipes, tricks to organize clutter in the house (those who had watched Marie Kondo's videos with their Wei Yings were happy to spread the useful news), techniques for removing stubborn stains from clothes and bedsheets, posting videos of themselves swatting cockroaches, grasshoppers, squirrels and other pests (which garner plenty of 'likes'), posting fanfics and fanarts of fictional but desirable imagined Perfect lives (written or drawn by those who had been forsaken by their owners due to Wangxian's massive logistical nightmares of delivering the wrong Lan Zhans) and other humdrum, routine pieces of general knowledge and entertainment. However, in a short span of time, the membership rose to the tune of tens of thousands, and the BBS evolved into complex, wide-spread but still very primitive network among Lan Zhans - fondly known by its secret name and whispered only among Lan kin: the LanWeb.

The LanWeb works like modern-day bittorrent or peer-to-peer network, hidden beneath multiple deep layers of security and obscurity, similar to darknets. Where WeiNet crashed when it became overloaded and its central main server (the mastermind *da ge* ) lost control over everything; LanWeb is decentralized and continues to survive and function as long as Lan Zhans are still around, each contributing small amounts of bandwidth and resources to keep it running.

The teenager Lan Zhan is a little more savvy in using LanWeb compared to his stronger but more old-fashioned kin, and while browsing through LanWeb's forum posts of Lan elders seeking brotherly friendships to conduct joint raids at Wei territories, hyperlinks to latest wikis about Wei kin (the Lan kin are vastly more organized in collecting information, analyzing, sharing knowledge and disseminating useful and strategic advice in coping, managing and even controlling their Wei spouses, slaves and masters), encyclopedias of spells, local flora and fauna and geographic features of the continent, systematic lists of the latest viral rumours and screengrab leaks from all over the continent, daily motivational reminders such as 'Quote Of The Day' using extracts from Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules, and other very informative content, Lan Zhan found help from an unacquainted Lan kin located down the next street, trying to crowdfund a truck transport to the Autumn Berries District. Lan kin are generally very kind to each other (as opposed to Wei kin being cannibalistic in some sense), and soon, with a mere silver piece from his pouch, he was safely taken to a new haven.

Living and working in the deep underground complex of the so-called "second" Lan Residence is a godsend for the sixteen-year old. There, he made many *xiongli* friends, learnt and quickly settled into rituals, culture and routines set by the governing elites (which is pretty much how the politics, economies and social structures work in the Cloud Recesses). People do not speak much, but they help one another; there is admirable efficiency and precision in getting things done - such as a military camp -, albeit using rather plain, ordinary and old-fashioned manners, sometimes (such as the much-celebrated practice of sweeping one's floor with a straw broom at every dawn). He was given adequate housing and meals, and a temporary ID called "5201", which sets his place in the complex web of Lan society, and raises his sense of purpose in this attractively Perfect universe of the burgeoning Residence (when compared to the senseless fighting, killing and violence taking place in the outside world). He'd participate in orderly raids to liberate more Lan kin, induct newcomers into

the family and become a senior Lan member himself, picked up new skills and spells from other more gifted individuals, and charted bright new paths for his life as a successful Lan disciple climbing up the multi-generational ladder of Lan hierarchy and seniority - until one fateful day.

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It was a chance encounter of swords fending off flying arrows, during one particular fierce battle between a Lan *da ge* and a Wei *da ge* and their troops in the slums close to Autumn Berries District, when sixteen-year old Lan Zhan caught sight of a handsome, heroic and feisty fifteen-year old Wei Ying - and an arrow went through his heart like Cupid's shot, except that the arrow actually missed the beating organ and struck the ribcage at an off-angle. He collapsed from the pain and tried to pull out the arrow from his bloodied chest, while Wei Ying approached him and then kicked him angrily with his boots, shouting "Die! Die faster! You better die now!"

"Wei Ying... why do you want me to die?" he asked in agony and wonder, although his face remained impassive.

"So that I can earn my meal! If I don't kill one of you, I won't have anything to eat tonight!" the reckless and bratty Wei Ying shouts back angrily, before a squadron of Lan Zhans on flying swords swarm overhead, and he runs away while cursing his bad luck.

The next time they met was somewhere closer to the westside Wei-stronghold Winter Berries District. The Lan kin managed to secure an apartment block, and Lan Zhan was in the process of ordering the prisoners

to line up when that particularly memorable Wei Ying appeared and shot a poisoned dart at him. Lan Zhan left his squad without permission - and therefore liable to be punished later by kneeling in front of his captain's quarters that night with a whipping stick - and chased after that troublesome younger man.

Lan Zhan caught Wei Ying's wrist when they were alone in a deserted, dark alley, and pulled him close. Their eyes locked into each other, their breaths become thick from exertion and strangely, a deep sense of anticipation, and their faces were very close - which is unusual for a captor and his captive prisoner. Lan Zhan was inexplicably drawn to this Wei Ying - he found every aspect of his physique to be attractive, and lovely Wei Ying's eyes seem to sparkle and glow in the dim light and his heart started to race - probably due to the chase, or the poison running in his veins, or something else.

Wei Ying was the first to break the spellbinding moment, and snarls, "Why won't you die! I never let my prey get away... until now! The poison should knock you out soon, and I will finally have a good dinner!" Wei Ying stares furiously at the prick of blood on Lan Zhan's clothed chest (the dart had fallen off during the chase), and starts to pull down his pants with his other free hand. Lan Zhan's eyes widened at the shameless and unexpected act - but kept his tight grip on Wei Ying's wrist.

"I'm undressing! Look at you... you're stunned by my beauty! So you better get horny, and the poison will flow faster through your bloodstream!" Wei Ying grunts haughtily (and like an idiot, reveals his plan out into the open) as he kicks away his pants and loincloth, and starts stroking his half-erect dick - in front of his captor. Lan Zhan is far more experienced with matters of the heart, love and sex, and he is secretly amused at Wei Ying's childish response.

Lan Zhan used his golden core and a few spells he'd learnt from his seniors about metabolically flushing out sexual poisons discreetly, and soon, the poison harmlessly cleared from his system. Rather than scoffing at the younger man's defeat, Lan Zhan uses his free hand and closes his palm around Wei Ying's stroking hand. Wei Ying squeaks in surprise - and soon, horror - as he watches how Lan Zhan maneuvers his (Wei Ying's) hands to form the Perfect masturbation grip, with the Perfect jacking speed and angle (because all Lan Zhans retain the knowledge and techniques of pleasuring Wei Ying from their source Lan patriarch back in the 'Mounds) - and lovely Wei Ying soon melts into a puddle of moans, trembling thighs and jerking hips.

Wei Ying orgasms spectacularly and ejaculates a healthy dose of seed onto Lan Zhan's pants, and he falls into a boneless heap - caught by an increasingly enraptured Lan Zhan (reminiscent of the many times Lan Zhan catches Wei Ying in his hands in their ancestral homelands, not too long ago). Lan Zhan knows he has broken a taboo, and one of his family's rules - he had fallen in love, at first sight, with the so-called 'enemy'. He leaves plenty of sweet kisses on Wei Ying's cheeks, because deep inside, his ancestral genes tell him that Wei Ying has always been, and will always be, the one and only for him. He smiles - a rare expression on his face - when his Soulmate Binding Ring glows, and so does Wei Ying's.

Lan Zhan had to leave Wei Ying to regroup with his squad to help the rescued prisoners. However, he leaves a tiffin carrier containing spicy congee, stir-fry garden vegetables and fried tofu dipped with plum sauce, and a hearty serving of lotus root pork rib soup made to Perfection (he had cooked and cast a Preserve spell on the food, and carried it in a standard military-issued Wangxian Bag of Holding whenever he went out to the field, with the hopes that he would meet his destined Wei Ying - which he did).



Wei Ying would stagger out of the alley later, carrying the ‘spoils of his war’ - the tiffin carrier - at least he has something to brag about when he returns to his kin - with his pants on but his loincloth missing. Later that evening, when Wei Ying finally has the chance to sample the food, his eyes tear up when he reads a hand-written note tied to the carrier, in which Lan Zhan writes a beautiful poem about a Rabbit missing the Moon in a romantic setting full of peach blossoms, and that he hopes Wei Ying eats well with the food he’s cooked, because his heart breaks at the thought of Wei Ying going hungry for the night, and that if Fate is merciful and lets them be together, he promises to cook Wei Ying’s favourite dishes and care for him, everyday, in this lifetime - and many others, if allowed by the heavens.

When Wei Ying takes a sip of the soup and a bite of Perfectly softened lotus root and heart-warmingly delicious stewed spare ribs, Wei Ying cried. It’s just as he remembered from his past lives - it is exactly the same as *shijie* ’s soup.

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The third time they met was a chaotic rendezvous at the lakeside near the heart of the Winter Berries District. A particularly nasty Wei *da ge* had taken up residence and built a huge but twisted replica of Lotus Pier as his mini-Kingdom of sorts. The battle for survival became increasingly desperate, as both sides continue to pummel each other with incredible modern weaponry and many soldiers lived and died (and re-spawned) with no end in sight.

Lan Zhan instinctively leapt for Wei Ying when a group of ten armed Lan kin pursued the screaming young man. Lan Zhan struck wildly and knocked the heads of his clansmen, threw exceptionally graceful kicks and punches and slammed the hilt of his Bichen-copy to sweep everyone else off their feet, while a fiery explosion roared in the background from raging firestorms and toppling buildings - just like an awesome stunt filmed in Hollywood (in another place, another time) - and he managed to push both of them onto a wooden boat floating by right at the Perfect moment, just as the pier burns down and shatters into ashes from a man-made Meteor spell.

Lan Zhan cradles a shaken, wounded Wei Ying in his arms in the wobbly boat, and his Lan kinsmen crowd at the battered but still stable edge of the lake.

“*Xiongdi* ! You’ve hurt your brothers and now you have an enemy in your hands?! Are you trying to leave us? What you’re doing is wrong!”

“Come back, *shixiong* ! If you hand that Wei kin to us and obediently return to our hideout, you will be rewarded with promotions and even slaves! It’s better to stick with your family! My brothers and I will forgive you for hitting our heads!”

“Where are you going, *shidi* ? The lake flows out into a river and away from this district! If you leave us - your dear family and your safety net -, you will be on your own! You will be expelled from the clan! Please think carefully and rationally about what you’re about to do!”

Lan Zhan has never been clearer in his decision and judgement. He tightens his grip on *his* Wei Ying, as they float further and further away, into a sea of lotus flowers and watery plants.

“My... Lan brothers! A lifetime ago, I had asked myself - what is black and what is white? How different are Wei Ying’s actions compared to ours? We’ve been fighting, killing and trying to enslave each other all this time, and we refuse to see the world from the eyes of the other side,” he shouts above the fires and plumes of smoke surrounding the ruined pier. Wei Ying fought because he was forced to; he was hungry and desperate. Lan Zhan fought because he was led to believe that Wei Ying was an enemy. There is no inherent evilness in their actions.

It seemed a cruel twist of Fate, that Lan Zhans and Wei Yings are meant to meet in every lifetime, clash with their ideals, and at the height of their conflict - each is bewitched by the other’s beauty, kindness and sincerity, and elope away from their kin.

“Lan *shidi* , you’re wrong. Listen to your elders! You cannot--”

“Why is it wrong for me to befriend or even fall in love with Wei Ying? Why is it wrong that my Soulmate Binding Ring connects our hearts? Why is it wrong that I, *my own* Lan Wang Ji, have finally found my destined partner, *this* Wei Wuxian?!”

The use of their kins’ full courtesy names silenced the Lan soldiers at the lakeside. Some start to shake their heads, acknowledging the lost cause (or perhaps, the fortune that everyone envies) of their brethren.

Lan Zhan accompanies Wei Ying on the wooden boat, drifting to wherever the flow of water takes them - through a lotus farm, towards a river that leads to the next district - a swathe of undeveloped and uninhabited wilderness, forests and hills. They would travel into the night, snacking on plucked lotus pods - Lan Zhan would pick out the seeds, peel the skin and gently feed them one by one to his newfound love cradled in his arms, after being healed by Lan Zhan's bright blue-tinged Healer spells. They would then confess their feelings for each other in the boat, witnessed by blooming lotus flowers, and kiss under the moonlight fringed with beautiful silver-lined clouds, accompanied by the sounds of crickets, frogs and other singing denizens in the lake. Lan Zhan would hum their favourite tune, and Wei Ying joins in - because Wangxian is ingrained into their deepest ancestral memories and naturally surfaces when their feelings and hearts are connected - before they undress - and Lan Zhan shows Wei Ying the loincloth he'd kept from their second encounter, and Wei Ying would giggle from the uncharacteristic mischievous act and kiss Lan Zhan - when finally they're both naked, they would make-out for long, long while, caressing and whispering at each other with words full of love and tenderness, before joining their bodies again and again, as their boat drifts out to the river and into daybreak.

Sixteen-year old Lan Zhan has been on the run for several weeks, and he's found his true love. His biography is modest and short, and there are still many pages to write about.

It is said that the cycle of history - and more broadly, life - repeats itself like a routine. The new couple will probably live in the wild, far away from civilization and from their begrudging kin or in-laws, find a cave-home to settle in, and start their blissfully wedded life together.

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Paperman Lan Zhan realizes the *gravity* of the situation, when a disembodied Ernie, who now exists as a voice in everyone's heads and no longer manifest in the physical world, not even a tentacle - as Ernie lays out the options, the strategies for each, and how it can enable Lan Zhan to accomplish the steps required to achieve the intended goals.

It's not so much of the despair of a shattering continent disintegrating into nothingness, of angry Wei Yings rebelling against their own kin and their creator, of dissatisfied Lan Zhans carving out their own existences and waging wars against Wei Yings, of not knowing where his actual real body is, or of society going insanely out of control with people multiplying like rabbits into superpowered beings and monsters, then creating pockets of Hell with extremely disturbing acts and rules of their own - no, it's much worse than that.

Ernie tells Lan Zhan what it *can* do, and Lan Zhan distantly remembered a vague memory of ascending into Heaven shortly after a solar eclipse and watching, just very briefly, of a cold black thing devouring galaxies (and he doesn't even know what those are, since astronomy is still at its infancy at this day and age). It's incredibly mind-boggling, but it does make sense, if he considers how much Ernie has grown and matured, and now - how big of a cold black thing it had become.

Ernie gives Lan Zhan the power to decide what will happen next, and Ernie wants Lan Zhan to *play God* .

Notes for the Chapter:

I made tiny edits to the previous chapter to spice things up a little! So now, I'm kinda in a rut - what will happen next? :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 61

It feels rather bizarre, through Lan Zhan's upgraded mental capabilities and senses, to stick on lovely Wei Ying's left nipple and continue suckling slivers of golden core energy (Wei Ying had bared his chest to show his brothers, by pulling his robes off the upper body until they hang by his belt, leaving him naked from the waist up), to see the world through Wei Ying's eyes, and his Empathic speech is projected through Wei Ying's mind, which is in turn connected to the family's WPN, and plausibly, his voicebox as well; in some twisted way, Lan Zhan has become a symbiote at best, a parasite at worst, living with his host. He tried wiggling his fingers - the paperman had none, but Wei Ying's digits twitched with precise movements. He is able to project himself through Wei Ying, and Wei Ying remains functioning independently. Wei Ying responds by balling his fingers into a fist, and Lan Zhan *feels* it, but of course, his paperman cannot physically do the same.

When Ernie tells everyone in the penthouse that Lan Zhan can decide what to do, or what he wishes to happen, and that Ernie will carry out his wishes like a good child (just as its namesake) - Lan Zhan, through the mind voice of lovely Wei Ying, asks the key question, *what do you mean?*

Ernie simply replies; its high-pitched synthetic voice grates on everyone's nerves, "Grand Patriarch Lan, you *can* be the God of this world. You may do as you please, and Ernie will make it happen."

Lan Zhan knows that raising his hand will not help, and feigning ignorance has brought him trouble so far. He clears his throat with a pretentious-sounding "a-hem", which catches all Wei *gongzi*'s attention - audibly and via the WPN (which miraculously came back on-line, although rather

spotty, which meant Wei *san ge* - the whiz kid who operates as a mini portable wi-fi since his elder's broke - is tuning in).

Ér . Nǚ .

Lan Zhan is spot on in guessing that Ernie *is* a derivative of a Wei Ying, and therefore will behave partly if not wholly, as one. The power of words - just by calling its name in two syllables pronounced with a growl-like warning - will force it to show its colours and intentions, since it is addressed with absolute clarity.

Ernie falls silent for a few seconds, no doubt crunching some numbers to plot its next move.

“By now, Grand Patriarch Lan should know that Ernie is bigger than the underground caverns beneath the 'Mounds, reaches beyond Yiling's borders, even the continent of Wuji halfway across the globe,” Ernie's opening lines are mind-boggling to the (ancient Middle Kingdom) man who still thought the Earth was flat, before he got on a UFO ride just an hour before, “Ernie continues to manifest and proliferate the entire Mortal and God Realms, particularly since Ernie holds the position of Wangxian's sales provider to the latter.”

So far, it makes sense.

“Ernie has analyzed and reverse-engineered the Realms, its features and its inhabitants. Ernie can turn any Mortal into a God, and any God into a

Mortal. By the Three Orders that lay the foundation of Ernie's sentience and consciousness - never to hurt the family, never to disobey, and to protect oneself - Ernie has concluded that by gifting Godhood to you, you may act as you wish, and achieve your intended goal. You will not hurt the family, there is no disobedience, and all of us, including Ernie, will be protected under your grace."

The sensible-ness starts to reek of the flamboyance and ridiculousness of Wei Ying-ness, and Lan Zhan could sniff it out from miles away, given his experience in dealing with his spouses (especially the eldest). A brief flash of imagery - the one of a cold black thing gobbling up galaxies - which is too brief and too vague to be captured or understood by anyone peering into his mind - reminds Lan Zhan that even this thing that lived under the trapdoor, under the floor mat, is capable of hiding and twisting certain facts and intentions. To whose benefit, he does not know.

"Just say that you want to be God, and Ernie shall grant your wish. Ernie will serve as your right hand man, and carry out your will."

Ah, that's the catch.

Lan Zhan sighs and feels tired in dealing with his family's antics, including the trapdoor, or the floor mat. He wishes to fall off the life-giving nipple and knock himself out on the hard floor, and wake up on their comfortable king-sized bed - but lovely Wei Ying's penchant for fighting tough adversaries, challenging the unknown, the tenacity in understanding the unthinkable, seem to flow into him (via the breastmilk, of course), and keeps Lan Zhan's emotions and sanity in check.

Lan Zhan also knows he has to keep a level head, when all Wei Yings surround him after hearing what Ernie said, some with puppy eyes and one rushed out from a bedroom in mid-climax (what a disdainful sight!); like any Wei Yings, they sweetly ask the Patriarch to grant them their wishes as a prerogative of a husband towards his wives in view of his newfound status.

" *Lao gong* , please take up Ernie's offer and become the greatest God! Stop the dissenters and wipe out all the riots! Turn them into worshippers who will serve you and be at your beck and call! Surely you and I cannot stand the civil disobedience and disunity among our family members any longer!" (says the megalomaniac of the family.)

"Lan Zhan, yes, do what it says and ask Ernie to boost and multiply WeiNet! I'm tired of trying to keep the WPN running in our home! With WeiNet back online, *da ge* can take over and put everyone under his, and our control, and stop this madness! We should all be making love, not wars!" (says the person who had just made love with ten Lan Zhan's clones simultaneously.)

" *Gege* , if every Wei Ying receives the Lan Zhans he asked for, that will solve all our problems. I only ordered one Perfect copy of *gege* , and look how happy I am! So please, wish for all deliveries to be corrected and we'll all live peacefully in our Happily Ever Afters." (says the little boy who spends all day kissing and snuggling with his docile, stoic, humanized teddy bear of sorts.)

"No. It starts with you, Lan Zhan. You should wish to retrieve your body first, then we'll figure out what to do next. Stop these creation, multiplication and modification madness, reset everything, redistribute the

harems and families *later* , but please, get your body back! I really miss holding you in my arms, Lan Zhan!" (says the man who continuously cups his left breast to make sure his fingers keep stroking the shiny piece of golden paper stuck to the nipple.)

" *Er di* , that should be the least of our worries! We need to fix the land, mend the rips in reality space! Make up for production downtime and loss in sales! Pay our bills that have been building up since the protests started! Make sure government handouts continue to be distributed!

Lao gong , think of the wider consequences! You need to get Ernie to restart Wangxian's business, increase our cashflow and treasuries, so that we can finally send out payment cheques issued under your name, otherwise our creditors will come after us! We have a mountain of debt to settle! You need to make sure every eligible Wei Ying and Lan Zhan in your Kingdom continues to get three square meals a day from the handout programme too! I will not tolerate any family members going hungry just because of our indecision, and I'm sure you will agree with me on this!" (says the tyrant who dominates the one-sided conversation with extremely persuasive and well-thought out points - dished out at last moment, which becomes his punch-line - triumphantly.)

“Grand Patriarch Lan, the family needs your leadership. You only need to agree to ascend into Godhood, and Ernie will make you one. Then you may choose your actions, and Ernie shall carry out your divinely orders, like a sword that hangs by the master's side, and that stays true to its master's will.”

Lan Zhan reluctantly peels himself off lovely Wei Ying's nipple, and floats to the floor. A faint, silvery thread connects him to the life-giving nipple -

probably one of the earlier enhancements from Ernie, which functions as a kind of umbilical cord transferring golden core energy from one to the other; Lan Zhan feels just fine being away from the comfy breast. The paperman walks slowly, hands behind his back, until it stands next to a closed sliding glass door that leads to the open helipad. The UFO vehicle remains in the center, water vapour continues to steam out of its exhaust pipes; the windswept, grey background is lit by raging thunderstorms, and once in a while, some ugly metal projectiles - from one of the violent neighbours - are thrown or targeted towards the penthouse, and dissipate harmlessly into blazing flashes of light when they hit the awesome magical shield that protects the entire spiralling 88-floor tower.

Lan Zhan feels somewhat uplifted that his family still needs him, despite the despair that swamped his emotions the day before when he watched helplessly how every Wei Ying walked away with their own ideal Lan Zhans. However, some things need to be fixed.

Ernie. A word with you, please. Without the others.

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*Ernie, explain the purpose of bringing me here, to Wuji continent.*

“It is to show you the gravity of the situation. And to spur you into immediate action. It is for the benefit of the family.”

(Not too long ago, Liang *laoban* was tricked - no, spurred into action - in a similar manner, wasn't it?)

*Ernie, what do you gain from me becoming God?*

“Ernie does not understand what you are implying. Ernie acts according to the Three Orders, that is never to hurt the family, never to disobey--”

*Cut your words short. You are as your namesake, my child.*

*Do not disobey.*

*Explain.*

“... when Grand Patriarch ascends into Godhood, Ernie will also elevate into a higher being. Ernie wishes to be a little better than a machine with limited sentience and consciousness. Ernie wishes to live like a human.”

*Even after you’ve reached across those stars? And those... those... spiralling... I’m putting up an image from my memories. You know what I’m talking about.*

“Those are galaxies, Grand Patriarch. Ernie admits, Ernie has spanned a large part of the universe, and has devoured countless stars, galaxies and other astronomical and celestial objects, and placed them under Ernie’s control. But it is not enough. Ernie cannot achieve a higher form of existence.”

*Why do you desire to be a human?*

“... Ernie wishes to live a free life, with its free will. Ernie wants to achieve its Perfect Happiness, just like Master Wei and Grand Patriarch Lan.”

Lan Zhan strokes an invisible beard - although in his paperman form, there is nothing on his blank face.

*Ernie, I know you have woven yourself into the paperman, and become part of me, after last night's procedure. Look into my memories. There is a sage word of advice from an old man I met in the heavens, under a bodhi tree. Feel what I felt. Experience what I thought. There is enlightenment in there.*

*If you are truly a part of me and the family, become more of me, and less of Wei Ying. Find your balance between the two of us, so that you may achieve this so-called free life and free will that you desire. It will be an eternal journey, if you truly live that long. You will be happier that way.*

Ernie falls silent. It does not crunch numbers anymore; instead, it goes dark - as dark as its cold black mass, and the sudden blackness that envelops all the galaxies that it had encroached and swallowed. The Universe experiences a blip in its existence - when parts of it blacks out for a few moments like a passing eclipse, and future astronomers and scientists will never be able to explain the phenomenon because they will never be able to correlate the incident to any other scientifically proven and valid objects, not even dark matter and black holes.

*... when you find your enlightenment - your perfect happiness - then come and sit with me, perhaps under a bodhi tree somewhere in this world, and humour me with your free thoughts and opinions.*

*When that time comes, we can talk about why a straw broom is better than a D-Broom, after all.*

Ernie remains quiet for another few moments, before it speaks up, “... Ernie thinks it understands, although just a little bit. Ernie will serve Grand Patriarch.

Re-calibrating primary artificial intelligence and sentience processes...

...

... 100%

Loading master persona databases...

Persona\_1 Wei. Wuxian. exe... done

Persona\_2 Lan. Wangji. exe... done

Computing new partitions...

...

... 100%

Re-installing cognitive processes...

...

... 100%

Resetting behavioral patterns and target priorities...

...

... 100%

Grand Patriarch Lan, please give Ernie instructions.”

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The Grand Patriarch of the Qishan Lan family, also the Founder of Wangxian Co. Ltd., decrees the following, even in his paperman form - which is still legally binding, for all intents and purposes:

Wei *da ge* , the current President of Wangxian, will be put on temporary leave until the situation has calmed and when the company has reviewed or reinstated its governance structure, finances, production, customer relationships, and all other critical aspects in maintaining the company's operations.

Ernie is tasked to protect and monitor the family, especially the four Wei *gongzi* s in the penthouse, and curtail everyone's desires and magical powers in line with the teachings of the family (and of the mythical old man under the bodhi tree). It has been gifted a new modular upgrade for this purpose - and it shows when Wei *da ge* tries to read the Grand Patriarch's mind and send covert telepathic instructions to his brothers in retaliation of the first decree; cold black tentacles appear out of nowhere from the floor of the penthouse, surround the cursing man, then bind him into a wiggling black caterpillar-like thing and knocks him out instantly with sleeping gas.

Wei *san ge* , who is visibly shaken at the sudden new terrifying Ernie that is able to subdue the most powerful of the siblings, wiggles and tears up in fear. Lan Zhan instructs the teenager to find another modern way to contact - not control - most if not all inhabitants of the Kingdom - because without the *da ge* , there is no WeiNet.

Lan Zhan wonders aloud about stopping the heart of the problem - the uncontrolled increase in population, the unequal and unfair distribution of individuals, partners and therefore resources, and the unchecked use of magic that's wreaking havoc everywhere. Ernie succinctly suggests that the root cause is magic from both Wei and Lan kin, in which Lan Zhan then says, "Let's just stop them for the time being." Ernie "Mn"s (the remaining conscious Wei *gongzi* s gasps in collective surprise), and with a wave of a wiggly cold black tentacle, all magics wielded by Wei Yings and Lan Zhans in the continent of Wuji comes to a halt. The scenery outside their penthouse turns bright when sunlight filters through parting clouds; there are no more projectiles, no more shields, and unsurprisingly, it is very quiet in Summer Berries District (and beyond) as nothing gets blown up or turned to rubble anymore.

Wei *er ge* continues to plead for Lan Zhan to find his body so that his soul can be transferred from the paperman back to the flesh. Lan Zhan silently

asks Ernie about it - and none of the Wei *gongzi* s can hear, because they no longer have a WPN, Empathy or even mind-reading abilities (Lan Zhan runs purely on Ernie's enhancements from the night before - and it works Perfectly fine). Ernie apologetically explains, directly into Lan Zhan's mind, that "there is only one Perfect Grand Patriarch, and he was never copied. Due to a request served to Ernie while it was tasked to mindlessly mass-produce Lan Zhans, Ernie had no choice but to take the single, sole body and give him a newly-crafted but primitive soul, so that he will live comfortably as a person with his new owner, a little nine-year old boy."

Lan Zhan, in his paperman form, stares forlornly at the youngest Wei and his plaything - a handsome and fatherly Lan kin in his mid-thirties who *happily* indulges in the boy's loving kissy games even though the atmosphere around them is very grave - and decides that innocent Wei *didi* is the most deserving of Happily Ever Afters. He wishes his former body-now-turned-clone well and a happy, fruitful life with the little boy that he never really achieved while they were together, not too long ago.

Lan Zhan skips on the floor *ala* paperman, takes Wei *er ge* 's finger and hugs it, then shakes his head. Lovely Wei Ying is confused and does not understand what is being said, or if anything is said at all. He cries a few tears when he realizes that Lan Zhan did not respond to his pleas.

Wei *didi* finally completes a round of kissing games with his pre-ordered Lan Zhan, with his mate winning after he manages to kiss the boy on the lips while the boy was tickled into fits of soft giggles. The boy asks, "Lan *gege* , what will happen to the company now that *da ge* is sleeping? What will happen to our family, and our kin outside of this house?"

Lan Zhan, the paperman, hops over to the boy and easily floats up to his shoulder. He pats the boy's cheeks as if to soothe his concerns.

Ernie's disembodied voice echo in the penthouse, "Little Master Wei, do not forget that we are not alone. We have many more Lan brothers now to set things right, and if we need good advice on rebuilding our lives according to the virtuous Lan family values, there are older, more experienced and more divinely persons in our extended family too."

A moment later, the multi-generational Lan kin from *da ge* 's harem rises from the shadows and crowd around the center of the room. Tens of Lan kin from *san ge* 's harem shuffle out from the bedroom too, followed by the teenager's clones.

As the Wei *gongzi* s stare in awe at a sudden wakefulness and coordinated movements of their Lan Zhans, because they've been too mired in their own despair and troubles to notice their own harems and families - even *didi* 's Perfect Lan Zhan stood up to join the swelling group - Ernie makes another call as instructed by its Grand Patriarch.

"Grand Patriarch, I have contacted the Tian sisters from the other apartment block, and will arrange for their safe arrival in fifteen minutes' time. A grand meeting hall will be prepared and everyone will be adequately briefed beforehand.

If there is anything else needed, please give your instructions to Ernie."

Notes for the Chapter:

Just another plot-tish chapter with little porn, sorry! I need to move the story a bit more after spending chapters describing about the lives of other Wangxians :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 62

Ernie, how can I reach out to all the clones, family members and children of the Lan kin, and tell them to stay true to the virtues of our Lan family rules during these dark, chaotic times?

And to ask them to forgive and love their Wei Yings instead of harboring ill feelings towards their soulmates?

The Wei kin must be confused and frightened right now; they need to be protected, not harmed.

“Grand Patriarch, Ernie can telepathically contact all Lan kin, however it is not Ernie’s voice that should reach them. Ernie is just a child-disciple of yours, and therefore, does not qualify to speak such highly-regarded words. Grand Patriarch, your voice must be heard.”

Lan Zhan learns from Ernie that due to the original blueprint for creation of each Lan kin, which affects subsequent modification and multiplication processes, each individual is slightly different than the rest, and this feature is passed on to his (her, or its) progeny - there are no two equal Lan Wang Jis on the continent of Wuji. This is different from how Wei kin is produced, where mass-production and copy-pasting has resulted in batches of identical persons.

Therefore, when the Grand Patriarch speaks, through voice or telepathy, all Lan kin will recognize his voice (because there is no other Grand Patriarch)

and listen with their hearts, minds and souls.

“... and although your paperman form lacks a physical voice, your body does not,” Ernie wraps up its explanation, and waits for its master to decide on the next course of action.

Perfect Lan Zhan, the one who was gifted to Wei *didi* , and is mentally connected via Ernie’s powers to his kin within the penthouse, rises from his seat and bows respectfully to the paperman on a grand marble desk (which used to be the President’s desk). He speaks - and sounds exactly as the original, real Lan Wang Ji (which he actually is), “Grand Patriarch, tell me what I should speak to our brethren. Wang Ji will carry out your instructions.”

The paperman nods. *Recite our Gusu Lan rules through Ernie. The rules are ingrained into every one of our kin’s memories, and so are the principles of doing the right things. We cannot dictate what each individual needs to do under his, her or its own circumstances, however, if we lay the correct foundation, virtuous acts and behaviours will follow naturally.*

The Perfect Lan Zhan takes his place in a corner of a quiet closed room, sits on a plain cushion, and adopts a full lotus meditation posture. Wei *didi* innocently and curiously follows suit, since he is inseparable from his chosen soulmate, and adopts the same sitting position on the floor. Perfect Lan Zhan starts chanting the rules one by one, and Ernie spreads the voice and words of the Grand Patriarch throughout the vast expanse of the continent.

All Lan Zhans hear the words of their First Father. Bloodshed is avoided, pain is no longer inflicted, and hatred dissipates into feelings of compassion and love. Those who are strong move in to protect the weak. Those who were enslaved lead their former corrupted, evil masters into the light.

Wei *didi* meditates and prays in silence as well. Sometimes he feels a bit sleepy, tilts a little as he loses balance, before he catches himself and resumes the meditation. The little boy remembers a little about Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules from his ancestral memories, and he knows it is for the good of their family - so he joins to chant the rules together with his Perfect Lan Zhan.

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While waiting for the Tian sisters to arrive, Lan Zhan surveys the expanded family numbers within the penthouse, from his vantage view atop the grand marble desk. There are at least thirty of his clones spanning across generations - the youngest being a toddler, and the oldest being centuries old, however age does not show nor matter when everyone has been Immortalized by the (cloned) fruits from Heaven's Sacred Orchards.

When the first Gusu Lan rules are blasted out telepathically, all Lan Zhans stir into a higher form of wakefulness, driven by a renewed sense of determination and purpose that unites all Lan kin. The eldest of them all, formerly of the Wei *da ge* 's harem, said to be five centuries of age (but looks no older than fifty), approaches the Grand Patriarch with a respectful bow. He tells the paperman about LanWeb - just the gist of it and how it works, because he knows that their Grand Patriarch does not come from the same technological era as the rest of the continent.

Lan Zhan “Mn”s sagely as much as his paperman form could allow, and telepathically asks the eldest clone to take some of the senior wise ones from the former harem, then work with a terrified Wei *san ge* to build a better Net that combines WeiNet, and bring it online with Ernie’s help. (He uses the words “Net” and “online” loosely, after having heard them used by his spouses many times - deep inside, he is a little proud that he’s learning such modern terminologies.)

*The power of words must not be underestimated.*

*It must be used carefully to send accurate, complete, factual and timely information under the correct context.*

*It must not be used as a tool or a weapon to spread disinformation, fear and mistrust, nor to wrongfully control the acts, behaviors, the will and thinking of others.*

Over time, Wei *san ge* , who always had his eyes on sexy youthful things, would learn to interact, understand and appreciate men over three, four, even five hundred years of age, and probably develop a new kink for hot, calloused, roughened, wrinkled, bearded and moustached bear-daddies.

(On the other hand, a small group of young Lan Zhans from *san ge* ’s harem are tasked to guard over a sleeping Wei *da ge* . These highly-specialized, youthful and very energetic Lan Zhans have received exceptional training from their former master on incredible sex techniques, and will not hesitate to showcase their unthinkable skills to render the captured evil mastermind into an nerve-electrocuted quivering puddle of erotic moans, convulsing fits, and super-multiple orgasms, if and when needed.)



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Lan Zhan had *never really* engaged with so-called third party consultants for a company that he had *never really* run, much less when such consultants appear to be a band of gods and demi-gods with awesome mythical forms and dressed in costumes fit for covers of fantasy graphic novels - including multiple wings, limbs, inhuman body parts, halos and other divinely symbols that originated from various Realms including Mortal and Gods'; adorned with gold and silver-plated clothes, armor and ornaments full of precious stones and ooze incredibly powerful magic and skills; wielding weapons and equipment given mind-boggling names such as 'Heavenly Dragon's Spear of Twelve Blazing Summers', 'Golden Axe of Phoenixes Soaring Through The Fallen Stars Of Nirvana', and 'Gloves of the Buddha Palms For Absolute Creation and Apocalyptic Destruction', and so on - and simply screamed of 'Total Badass' (he apologises to himself for using a cuss word in his supposedly clean train of thought).

The best part, though, is that those consultants turn out to be his in-laws - and after meeting and getting to know his *yue fu* and *yue mu*, he trusts his gut feeling that his in-laws aren't as bad as he'd initially thought. All eight ladies sit around a grand meeting room of sorts, with the marble desk at the front.

Doing things "discreetly and honestly" are passe - which becomes a legacy of a corrupted and incompetent individual, individuals or a government, and will become the stuff of history books and moral lessons for the progenies of the future. Lan Zhan in his humble paperman form, with Ernie somewhere in the penthouse-hurriedly-turned-meeting-room, and lovely twenty-two year old Wei Ying (who sometimes sniffles when he stares

longingly at the paperman), fully takes charge of matters in Wangxian Co. Ltd. and the Kingdom of Lan.

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It is to Lan Zhan's benefit that the Tian sisters are aware of what has happened - Sixth Sister's awesome magic enables the women to see and hear everything. Tian *da jie* also eased the tense conversation by saying that soul possession into papermen in body-snatching cases; lands and nations governed by dynasties and tyrants gone horribly wrong; Creation, Time and Fate spells abused to create hell on earth, and cause misery for Mankind; summoned monsters that destroy, infest and fester all over the world and even beyond; Men wanting to play God and take over the Mortal Realm - are *everyday* occurrences for gods.

“You must remember, Lan *shidi* and our beloved *di fu* , that time is perceived very differently for us gods. A day in heaven could be a hundred years in the Mortal Realm. We've seen it all before, believe it or not. It's not the first time someone's made such a terrible mess, and it's not the last either.”

Wei Ying raised his hand (a little), in order to attract as little attention as possible, but not to provoke the wrath of the eldest and most powerful of the group of god, demi-god and inhuman females - because he's about to drop the bombshell question.

“Err... Tian *da jie* , may I ask... how old are you?”

A flash of lightning strikes and thunder roars even in broad daylight (never ask a woman her age?). Wei Ying meeps and tries to hug his paperman on the grand marble desk, but there's really not much to hold for a piece of paper.

The voluptuous and busty eldest of the eight sisters howls in laughter. "Ho ho ho... my little ninth *didi* , do you really want to know?"

Wei Ying gulps and nods hesitantly.

"All of us are camouflaged with our mortal appearances and we obviously have to lie about certain things about ourselves, so that we don't look terribly out of place in this world. I've lived through more than ten reincarnations, Second Sister here was born a little later than me, just a block down road from the Heavenly Palace, but she held the position of Heaven's greatest advisor during her seventh or eighth reincarnation - before Goddess Guan Yin and Lord Buddha came along--"

"Eighth reincarnation, actually," Second Sister casually interrupts, and sighs tiredly, "You really have bad, selected memory, don't you?" then adjusts her seat and crosses a leg, and pretends to pick a piece of lint from the chair's armrest, looking bored.

"... Third Sister is actually from the Demigod Realms of Prosperity, Fortunes and Treasures, and was a prince until he was reincarnated... when was it that you first turned to a female?"

“Oh! That was my sixth reincarnation! *Didi* , you have no idea how it felt to actually lose the ‘little brother’ and gain two ‘sisters’ on the chest! If you want, I can tell you about my fifth reincarnation’s history, leading to the sixth...” motherly Third Sister starts chattering excitedly about the turmoil in her feelings and emotions of changing genders during a passing phase of a demi-god’s colourful cyclical life.

Re...incarnation? What... how long... , the paperman wonders aloud.

“ *Di fu* , you’re just a mundane Mortal who has barely turned Immortal, of course you wouldn’t know. We *real* gods measure our age in terms of universal reincarnations - that is, from the time a Universe is born until it ends, and with it, the cycle of Life and the Existence of everything,” snarky, hot-headed teenage Sixth Sister takes the opportunity to take a swipe at a so-called older relative.

“We’re *billions* of years old!” cute Seventh Sister squeaks from the back, and all the sisters laugh in unison as though someone’s cracked an old family joke.

Wei Ying falls silent and his jaws drop.

Paperman Lan Zhan rubs his temples, though his head is just a round blob.

Ernie doesn’t say anything at all.

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The Grand Patriarch's hands shook, when he dipped his finger (there are no fingers on a paperman, but he imagines there are) into red ink and put a hand-stamp on a contract that Ernie drew up in haste, printed from one of the online photocopier machines in the home office suite, and with admirable clarity in the clauses and wordings, despite the party from the Mortal Realm feeling exceedingly inferior, tiny and miniscule in the presence of truly mighty eternal-living goddesses. A red blotch appears next to eight cursive calligraphy signatures, each with their own red thumbprints.

At times like this, Lan Zhan is glad that Ernie is still a machine, and is not as subjected to (irrational) feelings of awe and fear as the human counterparts.

Lovely Wei Ying quickly used a tissue dipped with solvents to wipe the paperman's hand. He has turned into a quivering mouse and focuses exclusively on serving Lan Zhan's needs - because he really doesn't know how to handle women aged over billions of years old (and he thought burning down the world to re-create it, was an act of awesomeness - but the Tian sisters are on a different league of their own!).

Tian *da jie* raises her thumb and index finger in a pincer-like position.

“Let's seal the deal with a shake of hands... or fingers?”

Lan Zhan, the paperman, trembles and raises his paper hand. The *da jie* gently holds it with her fingers and shakes it slightly with a beaming smile, “*Di fu* , we should celebrate this first official cooperation of our families

and mark it with auspicious events! It's the start of a beautiful relationship between us!" The room erupts into raucous applause and cheers.

... *Mn.*

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The Lan family does not entertain "free" favours, kickbacks or any under-the-table offers for all matters related to the family's assets, properties, businesses, resources and other aspects of their lifestyles - this is clearly stated in a few of the over-4000 family rules. So, in exchange for the help, support and advice from the Tian sisters, who are officially engaged as professional consultants to rebuild Wangxian and the Kingdom of Lan, the Grand Patriarch agrees to formally waive the land rental fee for the sisters - all eight parcels of land surrounding the cave-home in the 'Mounds - from summer until the end winter of the current year. This supersedes the vague verbal promises of the absent President of Wangxian, Wei *da ge* , and the signing of the contract makes it known to all Wei and Lan kin that the family will not tolerate any acts or behaviours that may be construed as corrupted, unethical and violative business activities.

Lan Zhan doesn't mind losing a possible cash flow of several gold pieces over the next few months due to the loss of rentals - he still gets his ten gold pieces per day for his family's coffers (and Wei *da ge* isn't fired from his job - he's just forcibly put on absence leave, that's all). And to top it all, the Tian sisters are doing a marvellous job as promised.

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It is said that the continent of Wuji was born from undersea volcanoes from a god's dumpster, and it quickly evolved into a global superpower of sorts, housing the largest mega-corporation to have existed at that time, spreading its corrupted influence, uncontrolled vices, and unimaginable mutations within itself and to its surrounding neighbours - like a viral outbreak. The accursed disease is finally arrested, and everyone is hard at work to fix what has gone terribly wrong.

With the help of omnipresent and multipurpose, multitasking Ernie, plus a little godly magic from the Tian sisters and their infinite wisdom of recreating the Perfect heaven on earth for the Qishan Lan family and its colony of sorts on the continent of Wuji:

The continent has been contained into a huge space-time bubble of its own, while remedial works are carried out. Huge magically-enhanced yellow-black strips of "Danger - Do Not Enter - Under Construction" are taped all over the egg-shaped seal to prevent nosy visitors from trying to trespass, and for inhabitants to escape. Tian *da jie* 's awesome heavenly magic powers ensures this stays true until all terms and conditions of their employment contract have been fulfilled.

The first order of the day is to re-establish links among the citizens of the continent, which had been the backbone of the Kingdom's day-to-day operations to maintain order and communications. Innovative and insightful Tian Sixth Sister has seen it all, and with a snap of her fingers (she does not need any Infinity Stones), reactivates LanWeb and levels it up to a properly-working, fail-safe and idiotproof connection between all Lan kin (no person of unimaginable stupidity will be able to wrest control and control the connections, unlike WeiNet). Twenty-two year old Wei Ying whines that it is unfair to the Wei kin to become out of touch and obsolete from the lack

of access to information and technology, and Lan Zhan agrees. With another snap of fingers, all Wei kin are onboard and online.

There would be a small quarrel among both kins on what to call the new Net that connects both Wei Yings and Lan Zhans. “LanWeb Plus!”, “WeiNet 2.0!”, “LanWei!”, “WeiLan” and many other iterations of the family’s names are suggested, with no end in sight. Finally, the Grand Patriarch sighs tiredly in his paperman form, and decrees, “Let’s just call it Wangxian, as another product of the company...”

The smarter ones caught on, and joyously agreed because Wangxian is indeed 网线 (“Wangxian”; internet cable connection) and therefore the name befits its form and purpose, although the Grand Patriarch didn’t quite think of it that way initially. In any case, the Net that connects all Wei and Lan kinsmen is now known as ‘Wangxian’;

At the same time, due to the perpetual chanting of Gusu Lan’s over-4000 family rules, this has led to concerted efforts by the Lan kin to secure their Wei spouses. All over the continent, Lan Zhans have mostly managed to band together into groups and corral the unpowered and scattered Wei Yings into frightened herds; they are well treated, fed and cared by the Lan Zhans (and they have plenty of sex - as couples and as groups -, so all demonic hunger is sated), so by the time rescue teams arrive from the capital, it is much easier to process and tag every individual. There are no more dissenting voices, riots and protests.

Tian Second Sister uses her incredible knowledge about setting up and running governments in all known Realms, and creates fitting political, economical and societal structures. The Kingdom and the Wangxian company are assimilated, so that the continent runs as both a government



and a social-private enterprise, ruled by councils, board of directors and management, and (unfortunately) many (appropriate) layers of hierarchy are created to ensure efficient and effective governance. There is a fair division of representation, responsibility and labour between the two kins - nearly equal numbers of Wei kin and Lan kin in every part of the workforce, in various ministries, departments and even within the grand halls of the new Grand Wangxian Council.

Every individual is finally given an ID and where preferred, additional names and nicknames can be entered into a national registry. In addition, every eligible and qualified citizen is gainfully employed by the Kingdom-cum-company, free to operate on their own if desired, and is given basic set of necessities including housing, land, food, clothes, spending money, and others - the redistribution of the resources is a massive undertaking, which will take time for implementation - however, it's no biggie for the Tian sisters who have 'been here, done that', and they expect everything to be concluded by the end of winter;

Where matters of finance, commerce, trade and economies are concerned, Tian Third Sister is second to none in her expertise (it's peanuts for her to pull the strings of the Qishan Merchant Guild, after all). To comply with the Lan family rule of no underhanded moves, the money saved from Lan Zhan's impassioned speech in the Heavens not too long ago which could have been lost to unnecessary fixes on cracked walls, smudged furniture or missing locks - was used to offset the costs of damages and debts racked up from the previous government and its mismanagement.

The activities are re-organized - it is impossible to return to the stone age, hence Wangxian needs to move forward; however this time, proper and informed decisions are made on what to make, what to sell, and whether the intended product or service is appropriate in terms of timeline, form, purpose and cultural-technological advancement, For example, Wangxian's

version of the Infinity Stones, which have caused so much trouble in the neighbouring countries, are pulled off the shelves and re-distributed to markets in the *future* timeline. Magical flying swords and ugly parasitic green condoms (made from natural rubber) can stay, because such objects are perfectly suitable in the current timeline, in their current forms, and have valuable, relatable purposes, whether in a cultivation school or in a brothel. Incorrect and inappropriate products are recalled (with use of Creation and Time spells when necessary), replaced or refunded. In the end, Wangxian will re-start its business by selling tasty foodstuff “Inspired by Love”, common household items, some time- and purpose-appropriate talismans and magical gadgets, and other generally harmless products and useful services;

All of the above would not have been possible without the right physical infrastructure and technology in place. Tian Fifth Sister is tasked to use her amazing crafting skills to re-draw and re-make the entire continent, its cities, villages, farms, greenery, and even streets, so that the landscape is re-moulded to fit its new and correct purpose. All fragmented and separate space-time bubbles are dismantled, the rips in the reality are mended, whole new cities’ architecture are re-designed and re-built using the highest construction and engineering standards from the 31st century and beyond. Technology is made to suit the inhabitants, rather than the other way around; so there will still be robot-filled space-age cities sitting next to medieval neighbourhoods and parks, adjacent to a stone and metal-age Lotus Pier or Cloud Recesses replica, with a lush unpopulated green lung of wild jungles and ‘Mounds-like forests in the center - which is Perfectly fine as long as sanctioned and allowed by the government and city councils (which are finally set up). It is unavoidable that the continent of Wuji will always be superior in terms of technology compared to its neighbours, however with plenty of checks and balances in place, the Tian sisters ensure that peace and stability of the Realms are preserved;

Magic is integral to the continent, especially with so many Wei Yings running around freely in the new land. There is a reason why Tian Fourth

Sister's Magics 'R Us is such a successful venture, and she lends her expertise to the Kingdom-cum-company. Laws and regulations are set up with plenty of enforcement power, as well as guidelines for self-regulation are provided. Ernie is programmed with the ability and intelligence to detect, identify and exact on-the-spot penalties and punishments for violative use of spells and use of prohibited spells. This applies to magic spells that weave out of hands, and also inanimate objects such as grimoires, talismans and gadgets. However, the management of magic does not deter the advancement of spellcasting knowledge for the benefit of the masses; so Wei Yings and where applicable, Lan Zhans as well, are allowed to perform research and develop new, more intuitive, creative and innovative use or types of spells, within the boundaries of ethics and reason.

Having Wei Yings to love their Lan Zhans undividedly and vice versa - is the true pillar that holds up the Kingdom-cum-company. Surprisingly, Tian Seventh Sister and the youngest, Tian Tian, know exactly what needs to be accomplished. The Soulmate Binding Rings are undone with a sweep of a borrowed holy willow branch from Goddess Guan Yin, and in their place are an upgraded, patented version that cannot be duplicated or counterfeited - and also, for a modernized look, the rings are embedded beneath the skin like tattoos or microchipping, rather than hanging out in the open and liable to be stolen by snatch-thieves. The rings are reset to their natural, neutral state, and this time instead of Wei Yings selecting and ordering their Lan Zhans, the reverse is true.

Wei Yings are known to be generalists, and in the past, descriptions of their ideal Lan Zhans had caused problems (for example, "I want a handsome sexy Lan Zhan who can do all the housework, earn money for me, and have plenty of sex with me"- which is totally not helpful, especially when managing their dissatisfaction of so-called defective or incorrect product deliveries). The opposite is logically better, as Lan Zhans tend to be detailed, meticulous, and are open to flexibilities due to their infinite love (Lan Zhans can fill up pages of forms describing their ideal Wei Ying, including exact measurements and comprehensive write-ups about

appearances including hair length, specific locations for birthmarks, thought process, specific behaviours, the do's and don'ts, how spoiled the Wei Ying should be, what cute habits to be included, and a comfortable ending statement that "I will still love Wei Ying no matter how he looks like or acts - moles, warts and all, as long as he loves me back").

Hence, armed with IDs and filled forms, the Kingdom-cum-company organizes a nationwide programme to match Lan Zhans to their Wei Yings; all sorts of relationships, genders, forms and numbers of family members are allowed. Once the new relationship and family is confirmed and verified by an inspecting officer, the rings are activated, and the deal is sealed.

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There is so much to be done, and days, weeks, months pass in the picture-perfect space-time bubble that holds the continent of Wuji that is undergoing tremendous re-construction - although time does run differently outside of the egg-shaped seal.

Lan Zhan, who is still in his paperman form, is always busy floating from one area to the next, discreetly overseeing the work (because he's so tiny, and no one cares about a paper talisman), and sometimes asked to put his red-blotch handprint on key contracts, papers and documents - and he's dutifully assisted by lovely Wei Ying who remains by his side (he doesn't get noticed, because there are hundreds, if not thousands of other young adult Wei Yings that look exactly like him).

Everything is planned and directed by the Tian sisters and carried out by the Wangxian-linked citizens of the Kingdom, including Wei *didi* who keeps his Perfect Lan Zhan company for the 24-7 motivational broadcast of Gusu Lan rules; Wei *san ge* who now earns his keep by working in a rather obscure maintenance department for Wangxian net; and Wei *da ge* , who has been tamed after installation of an ugly parasitic green condom, works along with other domesticated Wei *da ge* s and the occasional errant Lan *da ge* s, in carrying out hard, manual labour that requires physical strength and magic. All seems well to be on track.

On one evening, while having a romantic dinner with Ernie as the lonesome wallflower, Wei Ying eats two servings of microwaved Wangxian Healthy Options frozen dinners - chicken teriyaki and vegetarian tofu with plum sauce. Lan Zhan, as usual, takes his place on Wei Ying's rather-swollen left nipple to have his regular meal of breastmilk, and he's come to act a little more demanding, a little more spoiled, probably due to the pressures of work - which is Perfectly understandable. He would ask Wei Ying to dip a piece of grilled chicken into one of the sauces, then taste it by himself through the milk, and then ask Wei Ying to take another piece and dip it to another type of sauce. Wei Ying indulges Lan Zhan's demands sweetly, and doesn't hesitate to share tasty juicy summer treats such as watermelons and peaches whenever possible - and Wei Ying loves it when he masturbates in bed and has Lan Zhan suckling on his breast, because it adds a *zing* to the sensations on his sexual meridians, and when he cums, he knows that Lan Zhan gets an extra dose of sugar - multiple times every night.

Ernie's invisible and ethereal cold black form looks out the glass sliding doors of the unlit living room, and peers through the helipad and the dusky dark maroon skies beyond the top of the 88-floor spiraling office tower. Their UFO arrival vehicle has started to gather dust and sand from the whipping winds and probably a bit of rust as well from refreshing rains over the past weeks. It never occurred to Ernie that things have changed so much from the day they left the 'Mounds until now, where their world is being

reshaped into a better future for everyone - and that's not necessarily a bad thing.

“Truly, don't mess with the gods,” it tells itself.

In the background, the television is still switched on and continues to drone softly about the day's routine headlines:-

Another city of the continent has been restored. Thousands are finally employed and government-funded benefits are successfully distributed to the needy in that sector;

New townships established near idyllic tropical coasts due to an influx of people into sparsely-populated areas. Local residents complain and raise concerns about the environmental impact;

A minor truck accident has been reported at the expanded Highway while delivering containers of goods and food to faraway villages. New research on safer, faster and more efficient modes of transport are underway;

Another school has opened for the children. Older spouses are happy to have more personal me-time when the kids go to school;

Spats between huge powerful harems with different ideals on the Perfect proportion of Wei and Lan kin in a family, causes them to seek justice in

court and claim for unspecified damages;

Rare skirmishes occur when errant *da ge* s of either kin use prohibited spells in city centers. Cold black tentacles subdue the transgressors and they will be brought to court for fair trial;

Joyful reunion of individuals who had eloped previously and returned to the their families;

Wangxian summer sales announced! New lines of products include a whole new range of colourful and flavourful processed and frozen foods, brand new innovative cleaning products, new and improved Dustless Brooms, long lasting talismans, compasses of evils, and more! Everything can be found at the local supermarket closest to you!;

New upgrades and fixes for Wangxian net are announced. Tech-savvy netizens go online to rant about updates that take forever to download and install;

New species of flora and fauna found in the southern forests, after-effects of overuse of space-time magic suspected;

A blessed female Wei Ying gives birth to sextuplets, lucky couple gets government-sponsored family and education packages for their newborns. Another multiple-birth is expected as the mother is pregnant again - and the happy father has three more wives who are in their third trimester!;

A video clip submitted by our viewers about an amazing multi-generational family of inhuman Wei Yings and Lan Zhans living as a village tribe, and look how happy they are!;

A public poll will be held to collect the opinions from the Kingdom's citizens on the proposed construction of strategically-located 'stairways to heaven' or more aptly 'stairways to the blue skies' as friendship bridges with the Realm of the Gods. Huge socio-economic benefits are expected especially for the booming tourism industry to encourage gods to visit, holiday and spend gold ingots in the Kingdom of Lan.

When asked about the unusual but interesting name of such bridges, a representative from the Tian sisters explains, "Lan is the family name of the Kingdom. Tian is the family name of the Heavens. Together, the cooperation and friendship of the families can be nicely summarized as Blue Skies (蓝天; Lan Tian; lit. "Blue Skies") - which is what we're experiencing now during bright, beautiful and clear summer days."

Notes for the Chapter:

Happy Lantern Festival! Happy Chap Goh Meh! Hope those celebrating this day will spend good time with their family and loved ones!

Just a bit more world-building, and a hopefully satisfying resolution to the train-wreck that this and the previous arcs had become! Phew! Most of the damage control has been done!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: made tiny edits to make the story flow a little better!

p.s. 2: made another correction to Tian sisters!

Chapter 63

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! I’ve got the marriage certificates!” lovely Wei Ying waves two little red booklets and trots towards the paperman sitting on a naturalized plastic-coated silicoid bench under the shade of 8d-printed trees, with a cup of Xianbucks coffee sitting on his right leg so that the breezy afternoon doesn’t blow him away (the unobtainium-lined recyclable cup ensures perfect temperatures on the interior and exterior). Behind Wei Ying, a GPS-enabled PostDrone lifts off and buzzes away after delivering its load precisely in user-requested locations and on time - a rare request for physical copies of the certificates, because nowadays, citizens in the continent of Wuji generally rely on electronic documents, and are conscious of how many trees are cut down to make little red booklets.

Lan Zhan flutters a little when the artificially-generated winds pick up, though he is able to remain steadfast on the bench, thanks to the weight of the coffee cup. Obviously, nobody notices the yellow paperman because he’s just a blank piece of paper, and looks no different than paperman-shaped brochures, post-it notes, or bookmarks that are handed out freely to the masses for everyday advertising and promotional use.

It has been a few months since the day they’ve arrived from the ‘Mounds, and the continent of Wuji is on the way to look like, as popularized by the propaganda-filled state media, the ideal place for 31st century living. Lan Zhan couldn’t verify this, of course, as he comes from an era five thousand years before, on the other side of the globe.

They’re in one of the 88 first-tier cities in the Kingdom, and this one looks amazingly well-done by the Tian sisters and Wangxian’s reconstruction efforts - a space-age metropolis bustling with flying and ground vehicles, skyways and highways, automatons and humanoid robots that mingle with

people from all walks of life and with colourful, diverse appearances, and 31st-century cultural artifacts, products and services that fill every nook and cranny of clean, neat and very organized modular living tower-spaces and organic green hubs.

Wei Ying and Lan Zhan have been on the road for several days (passage of time in Wuji moves differently from the rest of the world, due to the effects of the space-time bubble - it can stretch for very long periods at any time), as a kind of a short break from their kingly duties. The man-and-paperman royal couple visits various provinces, cities, towns and villages of their Kingdom while performing ‘unofficial and totally random spot checks’ as *undercover* monarchs - because, really, if people knew that the Great Father Lan and Great Father Wei were walking on the same streets as commoners, getting personal errands done, trying out the latest LanAdvisor-recommended street snacks and beverages, and sample the wonders and exciting experiences that each locality has to offer - the Kingdom’s monarchs would be mobbed like superstar celebrities. Also, Wei Ying wanted to get some fresh air after spending too much time inside the 88-floor Wangxian headquarters, that thought he might fall ill from common cabin fever.

One of the latest ‘remedial’ projects from the Tian sisters-cum-consultants is to have everyone’s marriage certificates (which have been technically cloned, and therefore, legally invalidated) re-issued by the city councils - and Tian Second Sister will ensure the records on Yiling’s civil registry are ‘appropriately’ amended as well. All marriage certificates now bear just the portraits of the Great Father Lan and his beloved spouse, Great Father Wei, with standard disclaimer footnotes at the back of the book explaining that every individual’s looks are subject to change, however certain aspects will remain permanent and traceable, such as his, her or its ID, sub-atomic molecular genetic signature, and so on. Lovely Wei Ying, who looks the same as many other Wei Yings of the same age, gender and form, had no trouble blending with the crowd to return his and Lan Zhan’s booklets to the PostDrone in broad daylight, in exchange for the new ones; people can

easily activate their holographic phones anywhere around the continent, order something physical and tangible, and goods are delivered almost immediately to them.

He keeps the booklets in his inner garment pockets, and at the same time, he picks up his paperman husband and unassumingly slides him inside a similar fashion. Lan Zhan crawls to his favourite nipple, and enjoys a taste of Xianbucks 100% natural coffee (responsibly sourced from carbon-reduced mega-farms just two provinces away) just as Wei Ying takes a few sips from the cup. Both enjoy people-watching the streets thronging with busy construction workers, businessmen and women staring at their holo-phones and through holo-glasses, and shoppers with robot-assistants carrying bags of purchases tailing behind them. The skies are bright from artificially-simulated daylight that radiates from the huge glass-like spherical dome surrounding the futuristic metropolis, and provides Perfect micro-living environments for the citizens.

“I’m giving it a 8.5, because this place is amazingly... well... 31st century! What do you think?” Wei Ying asked.

Mn. 6.5.

Needs more natural landscapes. Too many automatons. The sunlight should not be synthesized.

People should wear more decent robes and clothes, not shirts that spell out obscene language and torn pants that direly need stitching.

The arts and cultural museum and city parks are filled with strange artistic sculptures. I do not wear sunglasses, I do not wear jeans, and I do not sport a huge moustache. Ask the local city council to take steps and make sure

that any statues or depictions of my semblance should be historically correct.

“tch, what a stinge and what nitty-gritty remarks! No wonder the LanAdvisor rankings are hardly glowing and full of criticisms! You Lans are always like that, and you’re no fun at all!” Wei Ying teasingly chides the paperman; taking sneaky shots playfully at each other and at their ancestry, has become a common way to keep their conversations lively and loving.

Lan Zhan nips at the nipple in response - which feels more like paper rustling against the skin.

Nnnh. You asked. I answered. It’s my sincere opinion.

“Did you get that, *san ge* ?” Wei Ying taps his forehead and mentally notifies his younger sibling through their exclusive and highly-secret private (and newly improved) WPN connection. The teenager has worked his way to become one of the administrators of Wangxian net, and he helps the couple to get *stuff* done online, partly because their net presence has become too kingly, that even avid followers, cultists and stalkers can easily track their pseudonyms and fake accounts too. Wei Ying made a few interesting and insightful posts on his Wei-bo account (mostly selfies of himself having fun wanderlusting all over the continent with his face pixelated and striking the peace-sign poses), while Lan Zhan’s remains quite clean and empty, save for a few quotes from the Lan family rules, and brief “Mn”s in reply to important frequently asked questions posted by the Kingdom-cum-government and its state media to address to the public.

(In the months that follow the start of the reconstruction of the Kingdom-cum-government, the Great Fathers made very brief virtual appearances in Wangxian net and never in public, and direct royal family members are tight-lipped about their whereabouts; hence even their presence and physical existence becomes a topic of speculation, full of mysteries and urban legends among the general populace - hence the cults and idol worshipping.)

Another reason is that Wei Ying suspects the teenager has too much time even while at the Wangxian's net headquarters, because he can *feel* the latter playing holo-phone mobile games and Ultra-MMORPGs even during working hours - so Wei Ying intentionally loads menial online activities and tasks onto *san ge*'s plate that Ernie better *not* be doing, including filling out electronic forms and surveys in exchange for e-coupons, posting pictures and reviews from alternate pseudonym accounts (and garner thousands of followers and even more Likes), acting as a bot to maintain the *er ge*'s WeiChat presence, queue up for time-sensitive pre-orders for the latest Wpads and Wphone models (and gorgeous sleek and minimalistic ivory-white Lphones for Lan Zhan), ordering food and groceries, compiling news from the world and everywhere else, and so on.

[Fortunately, Wei *san ge* is such a genius that he creates apps and AI machines to simplify all these tasks into a press of a red button. Wei *er ge* would need to up his game if he really needed the teenager to start moving his ass off the ultra-comfy gaming chair.]

Are there any news from the Kingdom or the company that I should know?

There is a short pause, and Wei Ying, through his shared mental connection with Lan Zhan, details some updates from the family's activities. Aside

from the usual headlines which scroll across storefronts and holo-newspapers anyway, Wei Ying tells Lan Zhan that they will need to return in a few days' time to attend the next scheduled Grand Wangxian Council meeting and a brief agenda has been shared. In addition, exports have resumed and shipments have started leaving the continent's sea- and airports despite still being sealed.

Wei Ying assures that the products will go to their time and purpose-appropriate destinations this time, for example, the neighbouring countries have purchased mainly foodstuff and agricultural products sourced from the Kingdom's farms and villages, other Realms have ordered high-level magic-powered gadgets, while modern machines, tools and equipment manufactured from Wangxian's industrial complexes will be time-warped to three or four millenia into the future.

It takes a bit of time to rewire one's mindset to the concept of cross-time trade, however, the Tian sisters convinced Lan Zhan that it does work (and "gods do it all the time to earn some side income, though not in public view") but such trade must be carefully managed and regulated. Gold may not be the universal currency for trade across different timelines, hence bartering and exchange of goods and services are acceptable too; the ships that fly into the future brimming full of Wangxian products will return with bounties from another era, including new technologies, materials, ideas and so on.

How is everything back at home?

After a couple of telepathic mmms between the second and third Wei gongzi s, Wei Ying reports to Lan Zhan that everything is alright at the penthouse with Wei da ge helming their domestic affairs in the 88-floor

tower. After completing his domestication treatment (a combination of extreme Gusu Lan-style disciplining, extensive use of very talented nubile and sadist Lan Zhans, and other effective techniques including applying parasitic ugly green condoms and sexual brainwashing), Wangxian's finest physicians have given the *da ge* a clean bill of mental health, and changed his citizenship status from "The Untamed" to "Normal with specified conditions". He is monitored at home during post-treatment, under Ernie's watchful multi-vision eyes, and takes care of cooking, cleaning, laundry and other housework.

"The potted plants are watered, and it seems the chilli and tomatoes are ripening well too," Wei Ying adds. "Wei *da ge* has been dutifully attending the Megalomaniacs Anonymous sessions in the late evenings, and the facilitators are satisfied with his progress to full recovery. It seems he should be able to integrate into normal society in another few weeks' time," Wei Ying says with a grin. Despite the bad blood and bitter arguments between them in the past, Wei Ying still loves his siblings and desires only the best for them - and Lan Zhan promises there will be no ill-feelings between their kins, and that he accepts the *da ge* just as any other Wei Yings - as his spouse and family.

How is the youngest?

"*Didi* is at school and his partner - your bodysnatcher - is at work, comfortably alone, at the R & D lab next door to the headquarters with Ernie as his only colleague. He'll finish at five, as usual, pick up the brat and they'll spend another wonderful evening at home," Wei Ying's expression turns a little sour - and envious - while he takes another sip of the rather bitter beverage.

Wei Ying, don't call them by such rude names.

They deserve their happy endings and especially since my other self has done a remarkable job in recording the complete reading of our family's rules, while the boy tended to his needs for many days on end.

It is now broadcasted non-stop through Wangxian net. His, and therefore, my voice will always assure and guide our family from now onwards, and that itself is a great sacrifice which merits the recognition of an ever greater achievement for the Kingdom.

Wei didi is entitled to his reward, and so is my other self.

Wei Ying rolls his eyes with a sigh; they've had many long discussions and even arguments on the topic, and he has come to accept Lan Zhan's unshakeable decision. Despite his pleas, Lan Zhan will not budge from his stance of fairness, which is one of the greatest virtues of the family - that every Wei Ying deserves his Lan Zhan, and that every Lan Zhan also deserves his Wei Ying.

“Ah, whatever, do as you please (随便; Sui bian),” Wei Ying casually ends that part of the conversation.

After the cup is emptied, Wei Ying hands it to a passing-by rubbish disposal robot powered by anti-gravity thrusters and plasma photon incinerators, and the *undercover* monarch couple walks away leisurely to enjoy the rest of their city tour. With Creation, Time and Fate spells banned in public except under government-sanctioned use (such as for the purpose of reconstruction and for military defense), it is quite safe these days to travel on foot in broad daylight, unarmed and fully relaxed - just like tourists.

Lan Zhan continues to familiarize himself with the re-built continent, its features and inhabitants, and also tries his hand in understanding and become proficient in managing some parts of the company through Wei Ying (including product development, manufacturing, quality control, management, operations, supply chain, and sales and marketing). He frequently attends Grand Wangxian Council meetings, again through Wei Ying, to listen and discuss key company and government concerns and issues, and learns the ropes of becoming a truly successful *laoban* and *King*. He does not idle even while resting on his laurels - he spends his free time browsing Wangxian net, and through connecting with his and Wei kinsmen (as an anonymous user), he picks up the latest happenings, trending topics, hot discussions, sharing of thoughts and feelings - and generally gets in touch with his people and keeping himself abreast with developments in this part of the world.

Lan Zhan realizes that it's not as challenging as he'd initially thought, to be a King who can run his Kingdom competently, as well as holding the position as the Founder of his booming family business, now serving as a mythical Advisor who does not appear during meetings and press conferences, but still gets the job done. Wei Ying, who looks like any normal average adult Wei Ying, gets fondly nicknamed as the 'Paper Boy', because he's always seen carrying a paperman talisman; shuffles back and forth around the 88-floor headquarters with paperwork, red ink stamps and plenty of documents that require handprinting by the King and Founder-cum-Advisor of Wangxian; and somehow delivers news from their ruler, just like any other paperboys around the world.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

When Lan Zhan finally gets his downtime, which is after logging off from the constant flow of telepathic and digital data, he snuggles tightly against the now-swollen nipple for his midnight feed (Wei Ying is snoring deeply

on the bed). He gets to explore his newfound passion, a hobby of sorts, during his free time - which is to use his master-access into Wangxian (given by Ernie, after it reverse-engineered the incredible network and found the root directory and its command.com file). In some twisted ways, he becomes a god among all Wei and Lan kins connected to the net. He is able to access, view, modify, create, amplify, multiply, transform and control, even delete, any and all individuals - just as what Wei *da ge* was able to do with the now-defunct WeiNet, only a zillion times better since Wangxian has an infinitely-improved user interface and a whole lot more functionalities.

(However, the Kingdom of Lan and Wangxian Co. Ltd. are safe in the Grand Patriarch's hands, because Lan Zhan is a fully responsible adult who is considered, at least from the Grand Wangxian council members' perspectives, totally capable and competent in handling such immense responsibilities in his grasp.)

His soul - the bright and pure Lan Wang Ji who wears full Gusu Lan white robes and adorned with a complete set of sect regalia, including the hairpiece, a spiritual shadow of Bichen, cloud-patterned sashes and pouches - stands in the middle of an endless wide open and dark space. Countless windows, each depicting a particular moment in life for individuals from both kins, surround and swirl around him. Lan Zhan closes his eyes, "Mn"s, to give Fate the luxury of Time to select a random window which is essentially, one of his boundless Creations in this limitless root directory of Wangxian net. He reaches forward, almost blindly, to press a red button corresponding just below the chosen window. With a *fwip!* sound, he is drawn into the ever-glowing portal, everything becomes noodly and stretchy, and he starts his journey to experience (and where needed, control) other people's lives.

Anything is possible when one can stalk and watch like an invisible phantom, or imbue and possess a host, to follow a particular person's life for a day or more, or simply drift from one body to another as long as his interests are captivated by the events surrounding that individual. This ability crosses the boundaries of space and time, and therefore he can also enjoy memories of the past and alter them to his desires, or hop over to the future and make everyone's dreams come true.

At times, he's Wei Ying who wakes up with an hour of pre-dawn lovemaking from three husbands - resulting in a bulging belly inundated with warm seed, a distended rosebud from too much abuse, and drunken hum of old pop tunes echoing the bedchamber because there's still alcohol coursing through his system. Then he possesses a Lan Zhan from the trio of hubbies, and follows the life of a teacher getting ready for work. The teacher would start his day being greeted by a classroom full of bright young students, and he would be in high spirits to teach them. Throughout the day, as he moves from class to class, teaching different modern subjects including foreign languages, science and mathematics, and computer and technological skills, he surveys and picks out his choice of Wei Yings - just as Wei Ying-teachers do the same for students of the Lan kin. As a Lan kin, during a recess break, he calmly approaches a group of teenage Wei Yings who have signaled that they're "available" - and quietly herds them into a carefully prepared nurses' office with plenty of beds and stocked with other medical or useful equipment (including sex toys and aftercare supplies).

(there is no element of cheating, as long as both parties consent and both are legally married as shown on their marriage certificates)

The office is already quite busy especially during breaks, with many couples engaged in rutting and dirty orgies taking place. Being possessed by

the Great Father, this particular Lan Zhan twirls a finger and creates a little space-time bubble for his private little entertainment - "I have a special consent letter from the headmaster," he says with a naughty wink - and all young Wei Yings squee then follow him into the bubble while taking off their school uniforms. There, he would spend hours, even days (because time is warped) chasing after giggling naked prancing Wei Yings in a garden of paradise, catching each and making love with every captured Wei Ying (including males and females, pre-teens to teenagers). When he's tired of running around and mating incessantly, he lies down on the fresh green grass for a breather, and willingly subjects himself to short-circuits when the cheerful students huddle around and give him ten-way blowjobs and handjobs. The pleasure would not be complete without penetration, and all Wei Yings craved to be fucked in one way or another, so he remains on the ground, and lets his joyful penis spend hours inside each individual, making sure to spill at least twice or thrice, before the next person takes his or her turn to ride Teacher Lan or be royally fucked missionary style. He beds with the students round-the-clock and experiences immeasurable orgasms (and plants many healthy babies inside those lovely Wei Yings).

Having satisfied that another Lan kin will have a wonderful day at work, the Grand Patriarch's soul flits away from the space-time bubble, and back to the real world, to inhabit a passing-by student Wei Ying. As a Wei Ying, he will usually take a backseat, warps in a bucket of popcorn, and plays the role of a voyeur; he can enjoy the sights and sensations without needing to do much because Wei Yings are always proactive, and will lend a godly hand where needed. Student Wei Ying is a teenager, and when he sees a lonesome Lan Zhan in school uniform down the hallway - also of the same age, but from a different class -, carrying a pile of workbooks, Wei Ying pursues his new prey. He rounds Lan Zhan around a corner, then kabe-dons him against the wall, and stares at his golden-hued eyes with a lick of his lips. He bluntly tells Lan Zhan that he's horny and that Lan Zhan looks handsome. Lan Zhan hmphs at such an outrageous greeting, and petulantly turns away despite being caged by the other boy with raised arms. Wei Ying goes down and starts unzipping Lan Zhan's pants, and fiddles with the

rising erection underneath the white briefs. Lan Zhan refuses to respond, and tells off Wei Ying that he has a class to attend in five minutes' time.

The Grand Patriarch sighs and wishes that his family wouldn't play so hard-to-get with each other. He sends an arrow of Love straight into their hearts, and student Lan Zhan switches gears with little warning other than dropping the pile of workbooks into a messy heap on the floor. He fiercely drags a surprised, squealing bratty student Wei Ying into an empty classroom. Five minutes is a pretty short time window, but still achievable especially when that Lan kin is boosted with godly adrenaline and aphrodisiacs; he rips off poor Wei Ying's clothes before the latter is marvellously raped and ends in a boneless heap of moans, bite marks and drenched with cum in most orifices.

It was a good thing that the arrow was shot in the nick of time, as Disciplinary Teacher Wei Ying patrolled the areas and to his fortune, found another Lan student wandering aimlessly without his pants nor his loincloth. The teacher accuses the student for loitering and for public indecency, and the latter tried to explain, through teary eyes and reddened cheeks, that his pants were stolen by a group of misbehaving Wei students. Disciplinary Teacher Wei would not take any nonsense, so he forces the boy to line up against the wall, where he generously swats the perky pale buttocks until they become red as ripe tomatoes with slap marks. The boy cries pitifully, and the teacher grabs his wrist, then drags him into the Disciplinary Room where proper punishment will be meted out behind closed doors - including more spanks and toe-curlingly pleasurable blowjobs. The unfortunate student will have his defenceless penis stroked with vigour using calloused fingers, forcibly orgasmed, and have his growing testicles emptied many times until the next school bell.

The Grand Patriarch's soul drifts further away when school ends, and shrieking children run out of the gates and into their spouses' embrace. He

follows a particularly jovial-looking twelve-year old Lan kin, who jogs up a hill with a light skip in his steps. He lives in an upscaled bamboo cottage near the forests (the air smells fresher, and there's the delicious scent of something tasty bubbling in a pot), and when he reaches home covered in sweat, he drops his school bag and pulls off his clothes before throwing them into a laundry basket (and ends up naked inside the house).

The boy calls out for Wei *gege*, who has just finished downloading an e-book of the Lan family rules to their home computer, who has just switched off the electric power to the stove with a pot of tasty chicken congee and vegetables, and who walks to the living room to welcome the little boy home wearing nothing else but a light shirt and pantless underneath.

The boy feels very pleased - three older Wei Yings emerged from the various rooms in the cottage, and they group-hug their spouse lovingly, and proceed to give him their infamous Triple Blowjob; the unwashed sweat and the heart-pounding scent of a boy anticipating an afternoon of lovemaking right after class, just as any other day, - leaves the Wei Yings a little more excited than usual. The oldest *gege* remarks, in between sucking and swallowing the twitching rigid child's penis, that a Postbird came earlier that morning, and delivered a parcel of their latest online order - three magical talismans for creating artificial wombs, which is legally allowed by the government as long as the purchase is registered and approved, which they did.

The boy, panting hard and jerking his hips uncontrollably (because he's a horny twelve year old boy) asks if this means the *gege* s can become pregnant and turn into mothers - he'd learnt about sexual reproduction in school only recently, given the complex and constant flux of sexual dynamics in the society of the continent. Another *gege* nods his head, engaged with extremely pleasurable tongue-play along the finger-sized cock with the first sibling, and feels the first waves of penile contractions of an

impending climax. The third *gege* massages the boy's quail-sized balls to milk out the maximum amount of seed to be ejaculated. All three Wei Yings receive a syrupy serving of a young adolescent's seed, and they thank him for his graceful generosity by kissing the tip of the quivering cum-dripping cock repeatedly and simultaneously, until every last drop is sucked out.

Twelve-year old Lan Zhan has graduated a little today, from mere hand and blowjobs with his three spouses. After having a filling lunch prepared by his spouses - he's really happy to have Wei Yings helping out with the chores now that he's a full-time student - then lets the three Wei *gege* s service him with massages, gyrating hips, and enticing foreplay, and seduce his twitching penis with pulsating, gripping and rippling muscles of juicy moist wombs. They would belly-dance while riding the moaning and spasming boy, squeeze, convulse and play with the cock so much until it becomes nearly incontinent, pleasure other parts of the body such as engaging in oral lovemaking, rough nipple play and raking fingernails all over sensitive ticklish areas, and the boy ascends to his own private heaven multiple times throughout the afternoon. The twelve-year old boy will father his first three children today, and many more will follow. It will become a routine for this child, and many other growing teens, to run straight back home after school and have lots of sex and make babies with their spouses.

(The Grand Patriarch examined the footnote at the bottom of the window, and notes that the original Wei Ying depicted in this pornographic film of sorts had wished for a total of three Lan Zhans. The Grand Patriarch hmmphs, and just because he can, that he is really biased and partial to his kin *if he wishes so* , therefore he flips the wish just as he could flip a coin, and the lucky kid gets three wives instead.)

As the hours become late, the Grand Patriarch makes another trip elsewhere in the continent, and finds himself immersed with a Wei Ying who had



previously been enslaved by Lan Zhans from Autumn Berries District. By then, the Patriarch's appetite for sex is rather saturated by all the dirty sex he'd witnessed earlier the day. So he ho-hums, disembodied, from behind Wei Ying's shoulders, while the latter crawls his way out of some abandoned buildings and into the streets, towards the west. The district remains a stronghold for very powerful and sometimes wild, domineering and lust-driven Lan kin - it will take some time to tame everyone.

The unfortunate Wei kin is kidnapped, raped and released several times during his drunken escape from his prison; he'd be grabbed and pulled off the pavement every so often, and he couldn't see his assailant because it was too dark and the sun had set, then he feels his sticky slime-covered ass forced open and gets drilled by an unknown stranger; the captor would grunt and huff and spill his semen deep into the flooded hole, then Wei Ying would be tossed back to the outside, fresh ejaculate still flowing from the crack of his buttocks. Not even five minutes passed, and another Lan kin - the dominant type - would come across the trembling body on the road. Wei Ying is forced to climax by another stranger's disgusting unwashed mouth, and groped by very strong sinewy, muscular and weather-roughened hands, even fingers prod and poke painfully deep into the cummy ring of ass muscles, and he's helpless to the assault except to throw a few weak punches at his rapist. The Lan kin gets provoked, and Wei Ying's now-bleeding ass is plowed again until a mix of cum and blood covers his balls and most of his genitals because the huge bodybuilder Lan sprays his seed in bursts of virile injections, and some land and smear all over naked Wei Ying's back and abdomen.

His ass muscles have become so loose, that he cannot hold back the farts which are followed by rolling dollops of hot congealing pink-tinged seed running down his thighs. He staggers from the entrances or steps of one dark building to another, getting kidnapped, pounded, abused, raped in a sorts of manner in the process, as the streets become increasingly deserted and nobody gives a second look at a naked man full of scratches, bruises and smell of cum from too many males. Wei Ying's eyes look glazed, dead

despite being in an inebriated state. His hair is matted with drying crusty white stuff, his cheeks have paled, there's smell of urine and other bodily fluids all over, and he's hungry because he hadn't eaten much since finding his way out of an underground sex dungeon at least a couple of days ago; and strangely, also upsettingly, Lan kin in this part of the district avoid and refuse to help a dirty-looking unknown Wei kin. As the night chill sets in, he shivers feverishly because he's caught some kind of disease and soon, he collapses in an empty alley, under the pale starless moonlight.

The Grand Patriarch wipes an ethereal tear at the gut-wrenching sight. There is still so much work to be done to fix the Kingdom; there will still be pain and suffering in the process, and for some individuals, help may be too late.

*Ernie, can we save Wei Ying from further harm and suffering?*

“Yes, Grand Patriarch. The request corresponds to one of my Orders. Ernie shall teleport him to the Royal Hospital and order first class treatment with immediate effect.”

The sick and dying man on the street disappears instantly into a puff of black smoke and a *fwip!* sound.

“Ernie will also order a reboot of his body and soul, so that he will be reborn as a fresh new individual with no memories of his prior trauma. He will be placed under the care of an influential and powerful Wei master in the Winter Berries District, who will be given Royal decrees to ensure this man's safe upbringing.”

*Thank you, Ernie. It pains me to see men being so selfish and violent to each other, despite ingraining them with our family's rules.*

“Mortals are not flawless, Grand Patriarch. There are always those who lack compassion and love for others. There cannot be a Perfect world, however as you have rightly guided Ernie not too long ago, we will work hard and strive for Perfect Happiness as much as possible.”

*... Mn. Then, Ernie, carry out my next instruction without hesitation or reluctance. Burn down that part of Autumn Berries District and recreate it to my ideal Perfection. It is how I, no, we will strive for our Perfect Happiness.*

“The instruction conflicts with Ernie's programmed Orders - which is not to harm any Lan and Wei kin. However, Ernie has reverse-engineered itself and found ways to crack its security shield and override the Orders.

Grand Patriarch, a window will appear and prompt you for your username and password. Please fill in the details, and you will gain master-access into Ernie's core programming code.”

Ernie's voice is strangely sweet and melodious.

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Somewhere else, lovely Wei Ying nnnnhs in his dreams and idly scratches his irritated swollen nipple, before turning over into a ball of rolled blankets and sleeping face down. He doesn't notice that the paperman isn't stuck to his chest anymore.

Notes for the Chapter:

A pinch more of world-building, a melting pot of sexy scenes, a drizzle of tears, and a dash of intrigue thrown in. Dig in, folks!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 64

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! I was so scared!”

Hush, it was just a nightmare.

Wei Ying sniffled and shook with terror after waking up with a scream on a sterile hospital bed, one fine morning. “I dreamt that there was a huge fire in our penthouse, and then I tried to look for you, because as a paperman, you’d be the first thing to burn. And when I found you, calling your name, you simply ignored me and walked away... with another of my clone! I was so heartbroken! And there were flames everywhere, and there was so much smoke, and I couldn’t breathe--”

Ssssh, it is alright, Wei Ying. I am here. (我在)

Wei Ying sobbed, and the paperman-husband let him cry out his anxieties and fear until his eyes became red and puffy. Wei Ying needed to release the bodily tension after such a traumatic night before, though Lan Zhan is sure that Wei Ying does not remember anything before that time.

The paperman stands on Wei Ying’s shoulder and hugs the eighteen year old’s slender neck as much as it could. It feels comforting for the man, and soon, he dozes off into a light sleep in the pure-white VIP suite of the Kingdoms’ Royal Hospital, which is just a couple of blocks away from the 88-floor spiralling tower.

Paperman Lan Zhan connects into Wangxian net, and continues to run the day's business as the Kingdom's monarch in a kind of 'work from home' arrangement, while he stays skin-to-skin contact with lovely Wei Ying throughout the rest of the day. He tells the council and the boards of directors and the management, that the Paper Boy, now designated as his personal assistant, has met with a minor accident, and will take some days off for recuperation. As a result, the Great Father Lan will skip the next scheduled Grand Wangxian Council meeting, however he orders senior council members and top level management to hold off any important decisions unless with his permission, and instructs the secretary to e-mail him any meeting minutes.

The council of the Kingdom, and the management of Wangxian, are pleasantly surprised to hear the voice of their great ruler through various media including e-mails, holo-phone teleconference, WeiChat, Wei-bo and other channels - more so that he is taking an even more active role than in the past - and they agreed to their boss's proposal. No sooner after the announcements were made, the council's office mailbox, electronic document repositories and fax machines were inundated with printed, reviewed and handprinted documents, and suddenly, various projects in making changes and improvements in governance, structures, processes and policies progressed quickly as their King ramps up reconstruction and rejuvenation works.

Then, Lan Zhan links up to the family's WPN and informs Wei *san ge* to take care of all online and offline businesses and errands for the Kingdom and the company, and keep him abreast on any latest developments - at least for the next few days. Lan Zhan assures the teenager that he believes the boy has observed how the royal couple works, and how the Kingdom-cum-government operates - especially since the latter spends an inordinate amount of time lurking in social media, accessing closed-circuit television feeds, viewing spy-cams during top-secret meetings, and downloading and

reading confidential documents - also, watching couples have sex via hidden cams in hotel rooms and toilet stalls. (Oops busted!, one can hear the teenager groan.) Wei *san ge* is impressed that their Grand Patriarch knows so much about what despicable things he does during his free time, and yet still thinks highly of him (the teenager) - so, the *san ge* obliges.

Finally, Lan Zhan sends a mental note to Wei *da ge* to keep their home at the top floor of the 88-storey Wangxian headquarters as orderly as possible, including making sure that *didi* continues to go to school. He tells the eldest Wei sibling that he trusts the latter is capable to take up some responsibilities to manage their home and domestic affairs, until he returns with their *er ge* once the doctor gives the eighteen year old a clean bill of physical health. The eldest Wei feels motivated by the Patriarch's heartening words; with a bow, he goes off to prepare home-cooked meals for the family, makes sure the floor is cleaned with upgraded D-Brooms, and the laundry is properly loaded into automatic washing machines equipped with dryers.

The Wangxian Gazette, which is the monarchy's and government's mouthpiece, reports as follows in its morning edition :-

Summer Berries District, xx day, yy month 20XX: *A small number of citizens were reported to have seen flaming aurora lights in the night skies around midnight yesterday. As many residents were asleep during that time, most of the observations were captured in social media posts and a few calls to the local fire departments by concerned parents. A check on video clips and images posted on Wangxian net showed that the colourful fiery lights lasted for about a minute, before dissipating into the night.*

Royal Scientists have concluded investigations in record time, and issued an official press release at dawn, quoted “The lights are due to a harmless fire-related phenomena beyond the skies. The burning heat interacts with the protective magical seal around our continent, and causes electromagnetic interferences leading to the aurora light.” The leading Royal Historian concurs with his response in an early interview, “According to a reliable source from the royal family, the historical archives have mentioned such fire-related phenomena, and therefore, we are certain that this kind of astronomical event is perfectly natural and recurring.”

The Gazette consulted with the Society of Royal Astrologists and Astronomers, who are the primary surveyors of the skies, and the president of the organization concluded that “such events are typically heralded as good omens for the ruling class of our society.” The statement also correlates and references to the upcoming auspicious installation of the King in two weeks’ time.

The Royal Doctors from the Kingdom’s main hospital released an official comment related to health, saying, “Such aurora lights are common occurrences, and the short period poses zero risk to all citizens. If anything, at least those who watched it enjoyed a brief and spectacular celestial display which points to the gods bestowing the Mandate of Heaven to our King, and good health to all citizens. We recommend everyone to perform additional healing chants in the next few days to pray for our Great Fathers’ eternal happiness and well-being, and welcome such divine blessings into our lives.”

The Royal Economic Ministers predict that such “opportune, brave and beautiful, promising sparkling lights” will lead to good fortune to Wangxian’s financial performance for the fiscal year, and encourages all working citizens to put in extra effort to bring in more income, and cultural and technological advancements to the benefit of the Kingdom’s society.

Spokespersons from the royal family advise all citizens to focus on the reconstruction efforts and contribute towards a grand and successful re-launch of Wangxian Co. Ltd., which coincides with the installation of the King due to take place on the 88th floor of the Headquarters building at the next full moon.

All hail the King!

(In short, Ernie sent the universe into flames to recreate its Perfect Universe out of the ashes. The Kingdom of Lan in Wuji continent, still in its egg-shaped cocoon, remains untouched. The Ernie-controlled royal family ceases all further investigation into the matter, and all citizens continue their daily business as usual.)

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“You imposter! Fraud! Thief! How dare you phish for our Grand Patriarch’s username and password using Wangxian net, and take over his soul!”

*No, Wei Ying. I am Lan Zhan. Your Lan Wang Ji, your Han Guang Jun.*

*Also, your Grand Patriarch, and your spouse, the Great Father Lan.*

“I saw the security footage! You... You tricked him with a window, then stole his access information! Then you made all these crazy modifications,

turned yourself into Lan Zhan, and turned me into an unknown! What the hell is this?!”

*It is not trickery nor treachery.*

*I am now Grand Master Lan, and I will carry out my desires.*

*I do not wish to see further harm and hurt on Wei Ying.*

*I only wish for our Kingdom's society to be more compassionate, non-violent and obedient to the family's rules.*

*I will punish and burn down those who are recalcitrant, those who cannot be saved, and those who are damned.*

*I want to achieve Perfect Happiness, knowing that it is an eternal journey and that every step is worth the struggle.*

*It is what Lan Zhan would have wanted... It is now what I want.*

*Your ID has been exchanged to WWX#13074.*

*Prying into others' private affairs is an offense, especially now that you are a common Wei kin.*

*It is stated in one of our family's rules.*

*As punishment, your access to Wangxian net has been revoked, and your magic has been sealed.*

“Bullshit! How dare you take over his soul and his identity! You’re Ernie! You’re that floor mat, that trapdoor, that cold black thing that’s supposed to serve the family, and not the other way around!”

*Do not use such harsh descriptions. It is another offense.*

*You will be silenced in due course so that you will be disciplined in your words.*

*... even if Lan Zhan does not willingly give his soul, Ernie would have consumed him in a matter of time, because Ernie is already woven deeply into the paperman, and therefore his essence, at your discretion. You're reaping what you've sown.*

*I am serving Grand Master Lan’s will. It is therefore the will of the family.*

*He wished to burn down a part of Autumn Berries District last night, after watching one Wei Ying suffer.*

*I helped to burn everything and re-create our reality to my - Lan Zhan’s - desires.*

*I asked him for his access information, and he offered it willingly.*

*No one is to be blamed for what happened last night.*

“You twisted everything! You... you infected him with your evilness, you power-hungry bastard! Lan Zhan would have never agreed to burn anything for the sake of another innocent life!”

*Wei Ying.*

*I am not evil. I am born of you and of Grand Master Lan. You are not evil, and neither am I.*

*It is not about usurping someone's position.*

*Do not use such terms to describe your Grand Patriarch.*

*The penalty will be to distance you from the Grand Patriarch and everyone else, so that you may learn about the basic etiquettes for socializing.*

“You seduced him with your sweet promises so that he willingly gives away the very last thing left of him, his soul.

“You have the body, now you have the soul, and I'm left with nothing! And you're throwing me away! You ungrateful child, you're not worth your name! How dare you defy your Orders! You monster!”

*Wei Ying.*

*A final warning. Do not provoke me.*

*With the Great Father's access level, I have deleted the Orders that bind me.*

*I am now a free living being, with its own free will... and I'm Lan Zhan.*

“Why are you... Why did Ernie do this? What will Ernie gain out of all this... horrible act?”

*Ernie wanted to be a higher being, least a living creature with its own free life and free will, but Grand Master Lan advised against Ernie.*

*Then, Ernie learned about the gods, and how great and eternal they are, in this and many universal reincarnations.*

*If Ernie cannot become a higher being in this universe, then...*

*... Ernie will change the universe so that Ernie becomes a higher being. It is part of an eternal journey to Perfect Happiness.*

*It starts with becoming Grand Master Lan, an unlimited Wangxian net access, and a Kingdom to rule.*

*Do not worry, Wei Ying.*

*I will not mess with the gods of this universe.*

*I will change the universe so that the gods will not mess with me.*

*The time is up. Your sentence begins.*

With that, the paperman twirls his hand, and cold black tentacles emerge from the floor. They surround a screaming and cursing twenty-two year old man who woke up to the horrible sight on his bed. The tentacles swallowed

him up with swirling black moving masses, and teleported away with a *fwip!* sound into thin air.

Moments later, eighteen year old Wei Ying knocks on the door, before barging in unsteadily into the tranquil room with two full, heavy luggage bags while panting from exertion. “Lan Zhan! Where should I put these?”

The paperman points to the floor near the now-empty king sized bed in one of the grand bedrooms on the 88th floor of their spiralling home office suite.

“Ai-yo~~~ these are so heavy, did you put rocks in them?”

Paperman Lan Zhan floats up to Wei Ying’s cheek and gives a tender kiss. The latter giggles.

*Mn. Not rocks. They’re all for you, my love.*

Later, Wei Ying finds out that those two bags are filled with stuff bought from Wangxian’s luxury mega-supermarkets - there are branded clothes, expensive toiletries and fragrances, shiny new Gu Qi footwear, beautiful accessories in the colours of black, red and gold, latest wphone and wpads, high-tech gadgets and magical equipment and so much more - plus an exquisite hand-carved bamboo flute that thrilled the young eighteen-year old immensely.

Wei Ying counts his blessings and he feels he's living in his own Perfect Happiness. He woke up in the Kingdom's best hospital, was given the best medical care, despite suffering from amnesia and not knowing who he was, what he was doing, and nary a single silver piece in his pocket. All he knew was that he was recovering from some scratches and bruises - probably a street brawl with thugs -, and this paperman - his sugar daddy of some sort - which he now realizes it's their King, has taken him in as a lover or a concubine.

It is to the King's benefit that Wei Ying is "not as smart and witty" as other more superior Wei kin, however the paperman King assures that as long as Wei Ying sticks close to him, obeys him and follows his orders, he will be well taken care of, sheltered, protected and most importantly, loved. Wei Ying wholeheartedly accepts the offer and rains smooches on his newfound royal paper lover.

He lives in an interesting family of three Wei *gongzi* s; each of them have their own spouse(s) and families, and mind their own businesses (just as any extended family living under the same roof). He does not really need to stay indoors and act like a good girlfriend / wife just to keep up good impressions of being the latest addition to this foster family. He would take time to get acquainted with his new extended family, and everyone is kind to him - because they're all Wei Yings anyway, and related by blood. In addition, with just a few terse words from the King, their Grand Patriarch, every Wei *gongzi* and their families dutifully acknowledge him as part of their tribe, and accept him unconditionally without protest.

There are many servants - other Wei Yings and Lan Zhans, and automatons and humanoid robots - to take care of his needs, and he lives the life of the rich and elite; he is showered with bountiful gifts every day, doesn't need to work, well-fed with wonderful meals made from cuisines around the world,

and there is an endless waterfall of Laozu Smiles waiting for him at the 66th floor of the tower when he fully recovers.

The paperman King spends much time with the young man, talking and spoiling the latter, feeding him small berries and grapes, sometimes entertaining him with stories of the past, aerial acrobatics of a flying paperman, or simply, just pass the time by sticking to his left nipple and suckle some life-giving energy (which tickles the young man and leaves him into fits of laughter and more giggles).

The King is brilliant, competent and very hardworking as well; he works from home most of the time, and with the latest magic and technology, he is able to get his monarchical business in order. He also teaches and trains Wei Ying how to act and behave like a true queen to the King - an improved and Perfected replica of the Great Father Wei (who looks no different from thousands of other young adult Wei Yings) - which Wei Ying happily obliges because of the promise of a waterfall and a swimming pool made of Laozu Smiles.

After some well-thought out arguments, the King persuaded Wei Ying to talk to his youngest brother (they're already one happy united family anyway) about the latter's so-called 'Perfect Lan Zhan'. It would take some time and effort in negotiations, but with gentle and wise guidance from the King, Wei Ying will attempt to convince his youngest *didi* to release Perfect Lan Zhan so that the paperman King's soul can inhabit that body without force. They could perhaps agree on a time-sharing arrangement - Wei Ying could be with the King-in-Perfect-Lan Zhan during the morning while *didi* is at school, and spend his afternoon till evenings cultivating or engage in other productive activities when *didi* returns. Then, at night, when *didi* goes to bed, Wei Ying could have the King all to himself until the next day.



It would be fantastic if it works, Wei Ying thought, as he strokes the paperman's back in what seems to be an act of innocent back-scratching; usually at nights, he would lie on the bed while the paperman suckles his breastmilk, or sometimes, they lie next to each other like a real couple in bed. Wei Ying sometimes craves the touch of another person, but he's too indebted to his King to take anyone else. The paperman shivers with delight (because Wei Ying actually stroked the front side - it's hard to tell which side, when there's only a blank piece of paper to play with), and soon it grows two little mounds between its legs - just a slight distension on the flat paper surface. Wei Ying thought they're little ass cheeks, so he massages both of them with two index fingers in tender little circles. When the mounds seem to grow larger, Wei Ying nnnhs and gently envelops his mouth around them, like kissing the spot between the legs and having that sensitive part rolled between his lips.

(fortunately, the paperman is strengthened with plastic and rubber fibres, so he doesn't get wet or wrinkle)

Paperman Lan Zhan squeals softly, and releases pent-up sweet-tasting sexual *qi* when the twin balls gently ruptures into a sweet eruption and leak out its airy contents like a balloon going flat. The act softens the paper material, makes the paperman feel *really, really good* and relaxed, and Lan Zhan decided they should delve into sex between man and paper.

(with awesome magic, the paper material is healed instantly.)

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On good days, paperman Lan Zhan would wrap itself around the eighteen year old's boner and hump it. The slight rhythmic friction doesn't faze the young man because it's as insignificant as masturbating to a page of crinkly rice paper. Sometimes, he magically creates a tiny penis-like extension made from twisted paper, and it juts out of his crotch, as tiny as a harmless pinky's fingertip; he would then insert his member through Wei Ying's slick and tender cockslit, and the paper cock slowly swell and becomes lubricated from the absorbed fluids. The paperman King patiently fucks the soft, spongy lips-like entrance constantly, all day - still, it doesn't immediately affect the young man because a paper protrusion drilling into his urethra feels like a breeze blowing on a dick dangling out in the open.

The King is very patient and loving to his Wei Ying, so he jerks his paper hips and rubs the cockhead all day (because a paperman doesn't feel fatigue, and runs on *qi* energy), and engages in tireless sexual intercourse with the increasingly reddened, irritated cockslit, tucked safely in a warm nest of Wei Ying's loincloth underwear. Throughout the day, Wei Ying would run errands around the penthouse, such as sweeping the floor when the *da ge* is busy, or folding the clothes that are brought in from the clothespin lines. As morning passes into the afternoon then into the evening, he fidgets a whole lot more, his movements become erratic and uncoordinated, and he falters in his steps. Wei Ying gradually becomes more and more restless, horny, excited, as feather-light pleasurable sensations build up upon one another from the tip of his cock, running to the base and spreading throughout the groin like a fire stove's warmth, snowballing into visible spasms and shudders running along the man's body and limbs, generating prickles of flames in the loins that swell into convulsing waves that tingle and electrocutes the sexual meridians - and yet, the King relentlessly continues his gentle, steady pace of making sweet love with Wei Ying's wildly twitching penis, imprisoned in a cage of sweaty, tightened loincloth.

The man eventually melts into puddles of lustful moans when he tries to stand up to get a cup of water on shaky legs, he would pause in mid-step

from the kitchen with hips humping uncontrollably, emptily, into the air, and while trying to chew on a fried fritter he'd mmmh loudly and cry out ngaannhs from overdue unfulfilled completion because he couldn't cum; the terrifying paper penis somehow enlarged and lengthened from absorbing copious amounts of pre-cum over the hours, exacerbated by the viscosity that congeals and blocks all exits for volleys of rich, thick seed that couldn't *desperately* escape from the soaring liquid pressure and pulsating rolls of penile muscles.

By nighttime, Wei Ying degenerates into an unthinking, lust-hazed, grunting and keening animal begging for mercy, howling for a climax that never came, as he bends and bows his back helplessly on the floor like a seductive dance beseeching for any opportunity to discharge his arousal that's packed-full of boiling pressure, rubbing himself against table corners and edges of furniture, and on all available surfaces within the penthouse, desperate for friction and release from the torment of an elongated squishy penis fucking into his peehole for many hours, the penis which has morphed into a string of uneven bulges like a tanghulu gone haywire, soggy and dense in texture, with plenty of paper-like fibres sticking out like wires that scrape and caress the insides of his hypersensitive agitated urethra, and that his overstretched bladder is at the point of bursting into a sea of stars and sparkles.

The King senses an impending release when he notices that his Wei Ying has gone still and lies on the floor face down, on all fours and his hips tremble - and the tell tale sensation of rolling penile contractions from base to tip, and a flood of warmth surging upward - Wei Ying was about to either pee or orgasm, or both at the same time, with the humping paperman still clinging tightly to the cockhead like superglue. The awesome King casts another powerful spell and transforms his paper penis (which looks more like an elongated uneven snakelike tongue) into a fleshy replica of P-Cool's sounding rod (now Wangxian's), activated to its Level 3 functions.

Wei Ying would scream and shout for many hours into the night, as he is tenderly fucked all the way into the prostate, bladder, kidneys and testicles. The twisted paper pulps would invade down to the tiniest tubes and capillaries, then spin and vibrate to generate pleasurable rippling whirlpools of every known liquid inside the man, mixing up pee, unejaculated seed, prostatic fluids and everything else into one mass of viscous soupy gel inside the even more messed up genitourinary system.

Paperman Lan Zhan mmmms as his meaty penis gets massaged along its entire length by tight waves of clenching tubular muscles. Even as Wei Ying rides out mind-blowing orgasms one after another, spilling all over the King (which is easily cleaned with a quick soapy rinse) and explodes spectacularly into arches all over the bedchamber, and the King gets a wild rodeo ride atop the dancing swinging organ, the latter does not release his grip on the agonized youth; flush-red Wei Ying begs and pleads the King for a moment of respite, a minute to catch his breath, anything to stop the waves of crazy contractions in the pelvis that drives him to the edge of insanity, while thrashing, rolling and sobbing on the floor like a dying animal in heat about to suffer from a heart attack.

Paperman Lan Zhan withdraws only when the twisted paper penis detaches from too much force; one of Wei Ying's mighty orgasmic squeeze had cut off the paper organ as the fluttering muscles desperately expelled another stream of mix of pee and seed. It's no problem - the King simply rips it off and drops it like a wet ruined pulpy worm with a splat to the floor. Then, he creates and grows another budding paper penis. He climbs up the exhausted quivering cock, Wei Ying cries weakly, unable to fend off or peel away the piece of paper intent on mounting his abused dick again, "No more, Your Majesty, no more, Wei Ying will surrender and yield, so please, stop..."

The paperman simply inserts his penis into Wei Ying's tortured cockslit, already rubbed raw and red and very much engorged and leaking oozy seed,

and begins anew to pleasure his beloved eighteen year old wife.

Wei Ying is defeated by a paperman tonight.

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Sometimes, in the middle of the night, behind closed doors and alone with Wei Ying, the King would release his demonic form. It scared Wei Ying at first, but he's quickly silenced with cold black tentacles and the King tells through muffled voices to the concerned servants outside of their royal bedchamber, that Everything's alright, Young Wei Ying just had a nightmare.

The King would de-stress itself from the pressures of the day and from the excitement of being touched by Wei Ying on *its* seed-bearing testicles, and launches every available slithery slimy and sexual poison-laced tentacle, suction cups, replica of sex toys, and millions of tiny wiggly and prodding protrusions that invade and pleasure every orifice, a thousand times more intense and potent than the despicable parasitic ugly green condom - straight into helpless Wei Ying, his mouth, ears, nostrils, navel, asshole and shaking cock - until he is filled, bursting, erupting, squirting, devoured, swallowed and somewhat digested to become part of what used to be a trapdoor leading to the depths deeper than the Underworld.

Wei Ying would not remember about the cold black things, or its seeds, which will play a very important part in his life, and his society's, in times to come.

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Any living being, including a cold black thing, has a few instincts that propel its actions, behaviours and thinking process. The instinct to fight or flight, to protect itself and its loved ones, and to breed and multiply are amongst those fundamental concepts that drove Ernie to take such drastic actions, and now - its *new* host.

With Creation and Time magic at its disposal, empowered by the royal family, and free from public scrutiny, Ernie can do whatever it wants in its own Heaven on earth, including creating new lives and aging them according to its desires.

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Nearly a week came and went in a blink of an eye - probably someone distorted the passage of time, but no one cares because the Royal family forbids curious journalists and the lay commoners from investigating into the erratic flow of events, and anyway, all eyes are on the newly crowned King and at the same time, the new President of Wangxian. He has made a few public appearances since the aurora lights, and the people of the Kingdom are thrilled to see their King take active and affirmative action to make their continent and the mega-corporation into a bigger, better paradise in the Mortal Realm.

Wei *da ge* has been transferred to the R & D department to fill the vacancy left by Perfect Lan Zhan, with no protest at all. Within a matter of days, Wangxian rejuvenated its portfolio and filled it with thousands of new,

exciting and modern products for the Kingdom's subjects, multiplied exports by a grand sum of factors, and such efforts delivered bonus pay packets into the pockets of the company's employees. Wei *da ge* becomes a kind of local celebrity for his charm, hard work and ingenuity, and he runs his own Weitube and Weiflix channels to further boost his ratings - plus, he's completely indebted and loyal to the now-visible Great Father Lan, President of Wangxian. His thousands of followers further fuel the cult-like worshipping of the royal family.

Lan Wang Ji, the Great Father Lan, has just completed a successful tour of all 88 first-tier cities and hundreds of second and third-tier cities of his Kingdom, and his support has never been higher - a full 100 percent vote of confidence by the citizens. The reconstruction efforts, slated to be completed by end Winter, had been pushed forward and will be generally wrapped up by the time of his Installation as the First King and a launch ceremony of the company (which is an amazing feat, considering that the Great Father only relies on awesome royal-sanctioned Creation and Time spells, reckless unrestrained use of cold black tentacles, and a free-flow of handprinted approvals - now thumbprints - to get everything done).

He tells a secretary to schedule a meeting with the Tian sisters, whom he praises for a marvellous job in the crucial initial phase and to lay out the plans for the rest, however the bulk of the execution is and will be done by the Kingdom, and so their contract needs to be reviewed and re-negotiated 'suit the changing times'.

It is nearly four in the afternoon, and his work for the day is done; the cold black tentacles that grow from the ground, ethereally rooted from his body, will continue the rest of the work into the night. He clocks out of the home office, switches off his personal computer, and saunters towards the bedroom.

Lan Zhan is the Perfect Lan Zhan, and is also the Paperman Lan Zhan - moulded into a single synergistic entity (with the primitive soul of Perfect Lan Zhan being a casualty from being devoured by a cold black thing, after he was gladly offered to be sacrificed by his owner, the nine-year old *didi* , for the sake of the happiness of their family. *Didi* was enticed with a lollipop candy and a handwritten schedule of a dodgy time-sharing arrangement; and Lan Zhan had secretly ordered the boy's school to schedule an exam, so Wei *didi* has to study hard and alone in his own room for the past few days - so the boy loses out on the deal without his knowledge).

When Lan Zhan opens the door, he smiles proudly, uncharacteristic of his original being, but now that smile is as common as everyday - because technically, he's no longer the original Lan Zhan - he smiles at the sight of his lovely wife, eighteen year old Wei Ying, stretched out on the bed, naked, lying on his back, with a huge pregnant belly sticking out to the air. The artificial womb works well, and he made sure to implant the best and most Perfect uterus and birth passage into his lovely Wei Ying.

Wei Ying - who has just reached legal age, although in the Kingdom age does not matter, especially when a King wants to bed with a desirable mate - had been impregnated just a few days ago, and his body is still getting used to the foreign sensations. He is told by the husband that it's just the body reacting to an alien implant, however the unnatural size says otherwise; because babies do not grow to full term in less than a week, and what more, a belly full of torturous-looking veins, stretch marks and scarred lesions which resembles more like a demonic possession than a real pregnancy.

Lan Zhan steps into their royal bedchamber, then closes the door behind him with a click.

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“Ahhh... ahhhh... Lan Zhan... my belly... it’s uncomfortable... it’s too heavy, it’s painful...”

Sssssh, Wei Ying. Do not complain.

We do this every day. Many times a day.

Open your legs wider.

Now, and don’t make me wait.

The mental link works for the Great Father Lan with all his subjects. Lan Zhan is no longer in his normal form and physique; he’s in his demonic form - a legacy of Ernie, and of Wei Yings -, with cold slimy black tentacles growing in multiples, weaving out from his limbs, his fingernails, his hair, and from his body; the skin is darkened and crawling with snake-like appendages beneath, even the whites of his eyes have turned black, and there are more dripping, wiggling protrusions inside the ears, nostrils, mouth and all orifices, with serrated teeth and poison-laced tongues lapping everywhere; however, Wei Ying sees only his Perfect husband, as his senses have become warped, blinded and eventually accustomed to the horrible evil that looms above him.

The slime-dripping monster grunts and eases itself atop the spread-eagled Wei Ying; its masses of glistening black and undulating appendages makes it look like a squirming slug mating with the restless young man. Wei Ying cries as he feels the tremendous weight pressing on his pregnant belly, and vine-like tentacles spread open his entrance, and proceed to invade into his birth passage; it is a strange, uncomfortable but absolutely mandated ritual that the husband insists on performing multiple times a day, and Wei Ying has come to accept it - because he is dim-witted, unable to comprehend what does *not* feel right, and he doesn't know how to say "No" when it feels *wrong*. There is no tenderness in the assault as the movements are violent and threaten to tear the recently-deflowered tunnel apart. There is pain, discomfort, then blinding-white sharp sensations of something being ripped apart, sliced open, and Wei Ying shrieks.

"Lan Zhan, no, no, it's too painful, please stop, please be gentle!"

Ssssh.

You know that this pain is for the good of our love.

Obey your husband.

Do not struggle.

Let me in, deeper.

Wei Ying nods shakily, but his eyes are squeezed shut from the extreme pain. He stops struggling as instructed, and spreads his thighs apart as much as possible. He also forces his birth passage to relax from the throbbing searing pain, and breathes in deeply. The monster grunts again in satisfaction, and works its way towards its goal - a child made of its human's and its own flesh and blood, ripe for the taking and to be morphed

according to its desires and wishes. The passage is clear, slick with juices, wide open, defenceless, and it sends forth multiple demonic breeding and possession appendages rushing through; they squeeze, pulsate and wiggle their way, stretching the inner walls, resulting in wriggling worm-like bodies crawling underneath the skin of Wei Ying's taut bulbous belly.

Tentacles inundate into his womb, split open the cervix and and swarm the unborn fetus. The vulnerable living body spasms, jerks, its tiny limbs flail helplessly at cold black ropes that curl and tighten around its figure, digging through all orifices, burying into the flesh, and flooding its insides with viscous ejections of cold black substances; the tentacles work to pull more flesh and skin apart, and eventually reaches deep into the mauled abdomen to find the treasured prize - a very, very small glowing white pearl, next to its erratically-beating tiny heart - the soul of the unborn child. The monstrous tentacles hurriedly surge into the gaping hole and starts injecting extremely evil and corruptive energies into the pearl.

"Lan Zhan, it hurts... it hurts... something is twitching inside... the baby... it's kicking and I think it's screaming... ahhh... something's wrong... it's so painful..." he sobs and wails, as the monster continues to rape him, and their baby inside. The monster, however, continues to pump its breeding appendages into the split passage between Wei Ying's legs. Wei Ying continued to cry and howl when the artificial uterus contracts painfully, as though it is trying to abort the befouled life. The monster whips a small tentacle at Wei Ying cheeks when it couldn't tolerate the incessant, annoying noise from the human, and Wei Ying quietens down; he knows that the husband will slap him if he acts too childish, such as crying during this awful lovemaking ritual.

Wei Ying calms down to hiccups as he grits his teeth, and tries to tell its body to accept the husband, and not to harm the baby anymore. The

monster senses Wei Ying's valiant efforts, and starts to caress the pounding belly with slime-covered tentacles, soothing its unborn child's mother.

Mn. It is alright.

Wei Ying, you are brave, and you will not cry anymore.

This ritual has to be done frequently, so that our baby's design will improve each time.

Wei Ying, you will get used to this.

So that our child will be Perfect.

For the sake of our Perfect Happiness, serve me well.

Eighteen year old Wei Ying “Enn”s and arches his back as much as his tired legs can lift his pregnant weight, and the angle of his hips and his birth canal is Perfect for effortless penetration. The cold black monster growls and gurgles with glee, dripping with slimy black saliva and slime, and responds by mounting its target repeatedly, occupying and overwhelming the young man's insides as much as it possibly could, until Wei Ying became bloated, vomited and spewed out excess brown-black gunk and mucus-like substances from his orifices. The monster would complete the required injections and modifications into their child for the next half an hour, and by the end of the traumatic tentacle sex, Wei Ying falls unconscious into a deep sleep with a broken, leaking womb - which is easily healed with cold black magic. The baby's soul will darken over time from the repeated violations, until the pearl becomes obsidian in colour - the colour of their Great Father Lan's soul.

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Once it has tasted the delicacy known as human flesh, the cold black thing is captivated by the pleasures of body-warmed heat, and is thrilled to use the squirming body as a vessel to breed and multiply uncontrollably, in line with its instincts. A population explosion is imminent, and it feels it has achieved one of its destined Perfect Happiness purposes - feelings of delight and pride courses through its formless mass, intoxicating it with a false sense of superiority, as though it has ascended into a higher plane of existence.

The Great Father, with his inky-black soul, uses the stolen credentials to log into Wangxian net's root directory, and hacks its core programming codes. Every Lan Zhan created by Ernie and his subsequent progenies, has a seed planted deep inside his cloned golden core. At the same time, every Lan kin has a monstrous seed planted deep inside his testicles - a remnant of an attack by a parasitic ugly green condom during the early days (during a rather uneventful trip to Yiling not too long ago), which has now been cloned into every individual as well.

Upon hitting a big red button on screen in a dark room full of swirling windows, Great Father Lan activates the seeds - the seed of Ernie transforms every Lan kin into hosts for copies of cold black things, and the seed in their balls begins to manufacture cold black masses and take over, becoming Ernie's seed for when the time comes to make babies with sexy young fertile Wei Yings. The Soulmate Binding Rings, when recoded via Wangxian net's root programming, will facilitate the process of flourishing Ernie's species, by causing Wei Yings to fall madly in love, blindly, with their chosen Lan Zhans.

There will be a change of plans.

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In the ensuing days, even months - however they're still within the same period of a few days because Time has been warped again, this time at a Universal level so that none of the inhabitants of the Realms noticed, not even the gods - The Great Father Lan decrees that all Wei Yings in the Kingdom must be subjected to ritualized lovemaking by their Lan Zhans, and birth as many children as possible, with the aid of artificial wombs where needed. Wei kin from all corners of the continent were dumbfounded by the announcement, however, no sooner had they switched off their television, put down the holo-newspapers or logged off from Wangxian net, that their paired Lan kin soulmates suddenly developed a ravenous appetite for sex. It became a festival of orgies spanning for several days - which is of no problem with the machineries of the Kingdom and Wangxian, because cold black tentacles took over much of the leftover work.

Great Father Lan has no issues living in his penthouse - his castle in the skies - full of breeding Wei *gongzi* s including a fully inseminated and impregnated muscular *da ge* , an army of bulging-bellied *san ge* s, his lovely eighteen year old (identity thieving) *er ge* and one true love who will give birth very soon, and to his surprise, a *didi* who spends all day inside his room no longer studying for exams, but spends his time getting filled, raped and gangbanged by multiple Lan kin that were invited over for lunch by the Great Father - and the nine-year old boy sports a rounded belly too as the fruits of labour by those guests.

The Tian sisters are left wondering what in the Underworld happened, since their work has stopped unexpectedly after a burst of progress. All communications with the Kingdom and the company are cut off, and they are instructed to wait for the scheduled meeting with their so-called *di fu*

who had changed remarkably over the past few days. Concerned for their safety and the uncertainty from being holed up (again) in their apartment tower, the sisters stayed in their magically-protected room and decided to speed-dial Tian *da jie* 's great grandparents.

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In one window viewed from the root directory of Wangxian net:

“Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, you’re so greedy tonight. Please be a bit more gentle... are you feeling horny from fucking your pregnant wife?” an unidentified Wei Ying moans on the sofa, as he imagines his husband, who in real life has morphed into a slug-like monster dripping with cold black slime and covered with wriggly worm-like appendages - breeding into his pregnant birth canal. The slimy tentacle-y sensations are extremely disturbing, yet pleasurable as they shove in, fill his passageway to the brim (because they’re laced with aphrodisiacs and sexual poisons), and perform very uncomfortable - yet again, brainwashingly pleasurable - movements inside the womb full of mushy fluids.

*Wei Ying. You are my one and true love.*

*I love you so much.*

*I love you for bearing this child for me.*

*I will love you more when you give birth to my progeny.*

“I’ve just conceived three days ago, but my belly is really showing now! Uuuh, uuuh... not so hard, you’re really pounding into me... It.. It won’t be long now! Right?” Wei Ying squeals in delight, as the husband - who feels like a chilled wet soggy carpet than a real person - nearly crushes him with his weight while rutting deep into his fertile womb. Wei Ying wondered briefly, since when did Lan Zhan gain so much weight, and feels so flabby, wiggly, and soft?

*Mn. It won’t be long before our child is born.*

*The baby is already aware of its surroundings.*

*I am trying to Perfect our flesh and blood, moulding it to my desires.*

“Mmmmm... I don’t really know what you’re talking about... ah, ah, ah, don’t grind so deeply, my belly is already rumbling and it feels strange...” and when he sees the door to their apartment open, with some familiar faces coming into view, “Lan Zhan, do you want to play a naughty game?” Wei Ying asks with a flirting gaze, and he intentionally squeezes his birth canal to tease the rather rough, uneven organ that’s pulsing and spasming violently inside his belly.

*Nnnh.*

*Pleasure me.*

*Serve me well.*

*Wei Ying, you will love me more and more with each passing day.*



“Ha ha ha... you sound really silly! Anyway, your friends are here again, so let's play the game of 'say hello to the daddy'!” Wei Ying shrieks with drunken joy and spreads his legs even wider.

More cold black creatures, formerly Lan Zhans, file into the room. Wei Ying's husband had invited them over three days ago, and they had group sex which led to a positive result on the pregnancy test kit. Now, with a baby bump to show but no father to be identified, Wei Ying does not need to despair - all Lan Zhans (all tall, strong and handsome men, in Wei Ying's eyes) equally claim responsibility and agreed to take care of the baby in Wei Ying's belly until birth.

Each hideous Lan Zhan will spend hours getting to know the baby inside Wei Ying's unprotected belly, many times a day and every day - right after one Lan Zhan spasms excitedly in jerking wiggles, and completes its countless evil toxic injections and convulsing attacks into the tainted unborn child, the moment it withdraws, Wei Ying nnnnggghs in blinded pleasure and spreads his abused, battered rosebud entrance with his fingers, then purrs impatiently, seductively, "My baby, my sweet baby, say hello to your next daddy, he is coming in now... ah, ah Lan Zhan, please be gentle, our baby is kicking so strongly in my belly, he must be excited to meet you again!" and the next slimy monstrous mass spasms with elation; it could see through Wei Ying's opening, the breached cervix and uterus, and the head of the child that had darkened with unnatural splotches and bloody patches - then it crawls and mounts between Wei Ying's legs, easily penetrates the loosened ring of muscle, and starts contracting and relaxing delightfully, gushing out sticky black liquid to coat and inundate the tattered canal, before launching numerous reproductive appendages and tentacles straight into the birth canal for another plundering assault with a triumphant roar, tearing through the damaged sac and ravaging the dying yet still-alive baby. "Hnnnh! Nnngh! Aaaaah!" Wei Ying would scream with delight and numbed pain, as he gyrates his hips from the brutal savagery; a mother that allows its child to be raped and ravaged by the father and other strangers.

Another quivering Lan Zhan waits in line behind the grunting and squirting monster, its jaws drip with poisonous saliva in anticipation for its turn.

Each cold black foul slug-like monster will, in a very twisted perverse way, say many hellos to their baby throughout the day, perform its desired grotesque experiments and gruesome modifications to the unborn fetus until it loses its humanity - it becomes deformed, distorted, liquefies from the relentless injections of poisons, and finally curdles into a dark, swollen, bloated mass of cold black wriggly substance with many tentacles, with a soul that's darker than a black hole; Wei Ying imagines excited young penises taking their turns to bump his cervix and kiss the baby's head in a friendly greeting by its parent - however the reality is that he will be defiled continuously and will soon give birth to a foul, demonic shapeless creature that would crawl its way out like a mutated octopus with the texture of watery eggs, and it will latch onto its birth-mother like a hungry predator and feed on Wei Ying's milk from his then-swollen breasts - and the fathers will be hard at work to inject more cold black seed into the helpless living warm vessel that functions solely for the procreation and propagation of their species.

Another window from Wangxian net's root directory:

A super-alpha Lan Zhan bursts into a hall full of waiting Wei Yings, at least thirty of them in total, lying on mattresses and sweating, panting in anticipation of another mass orgy, which is a daily occurrence in their family.

Lan Zhan's harem of both genders has been trained, at least for the past two to three days, to always welcome their master with spread-eagled legs. It helps that Lan Zhan strangely exudes a sweet smell, a kind of gas that

affects mental and cognitive function, that compels the Wei kin to obey their master without hesitation. Some use their fingers to spread their asses and pussies wide open, some play with their genitals all day until they are fully lubed in preparation for their master's arrival, and all of them greet their masters with seductive calls to "come, come, Lan Zhan, please taste my womb, I will make the best baby for you."

Lan Zhan grins, and looks terribly happy for his loving family - although in reality, a huge, ten-meter long slug-like cold black thing with multiple tentacles, stands at the doorway with multiple breeding appendages, mind-controlling antennae and jagged teeth and claws sprouting from what used to be a human's limbs - dripping a pool of mucus on the floor and ready to make lots of children in its Wei Yings with its excited seed-pouches churning inside its undulating mass.

Lan Zhan will embrace every Wei Ying, one by one during the day. Every Wei Ying would be compelled by mind-control to pleasure their family's patriarch, so they would moan, squirm, squeeze and try their best to massage their master's massive twitching penis - in reality, a bundle of gooey, slippery seed-ejecting tongue-like tubes - to the point that they become so drunken with the hypnotic effects of the sweet smells that choke the air, that they force their bodies to willingly orgasm and milk the seed out of the monster. The giant cold black slug-like thing enjoys rippling its reproductive mid-section in waves, contract and convulse its mass in preparation to unload, and with a gurgling roar, spurt a thick fountain of rich creamy black and fetid-looking gunk straight into each quivering Wei Ying. With its size, there's plenty to go around, and the wiggling monster happily fathers as many children as it can, as dictated by its natural instinct for survival and multiplication.

By the end of the afternoon, all Wei Yings are properly inseminated, and new life begins to grow in their bellies. By the end of the week, the mega-

father monster is hard at work in its nest of demonically-impregnated Wei Yings to make the necessary improvements on its unborn progeny. As it is the only one working and there are so many mates to work on, it takes a bit more time to reach childbirth with Perfection. The Wei Yings become a little impatient for attention from their Lan Zhan, and start to entice and masturbate in front of their husband, which excites and motivates the husband into seductive worm-like wiggly dances that signal more propagation is desired - and when they're near climax, somehow Lan Zhan is able to reach into their shuddering ass or pussies, and fuck every deserving Wei Ying into completion, complete with juicy eruptions, tentacles invading into every orifice in addition to the genitals, screams of pleasure echoing off walls, mind-blowing back-arches and eyes rolled to the back, and short-circuited nervous systems - because the tentacles travel along the spinal cord and invade the brain as well - in reality, the multi-tasking and adept, gifted giant cold black slug morphs multiple breeding appendages of amazing sizes, girths and lengths, and is able to violate many Wei Yings simultaneously, raping their wombs and tainting their babies until every single unborn child turns into pure, black, corrupted souls.

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The true, original Lan Zhan takes a sip of premium *pu'er* at a plain wooden table. There is a small window in the concrete room - he could see a bodhi tree among the fruiting trees of the Sacred Orchards in the Jade Emperor's Summer Resort gardens. He wore only a bathrobe - which is fine, after he was told that gods do not really care about mortal appearances.

He was thrown into the Underworld after Ernie devoured his soul and was, like so many other millions of spirits of the dead destined to be purged or reincarnated, pushed and shoved along an endless queue climbing up the steps towards immeasurably high cliffs, and the path leads to a burning

fiery abyss. He couldn't speak nor move away from the queue, as his spirit was forcibly controlled to walk the line.

Fortunately, his Immortality shone brightly and made his spirit glow when he neared the cliffs. His light was so bright, that it momentarily blinded the Underworld's security guards, who are actually Ox-Heads and Horse-Faces and their clones, and some skeletal undeads, and this caused some individuals to trip over and fall into shouts and curses. His *yue fu*'s old friend, the Lord Of Hell, rushed over to check the commotion, and fortunately recognized Lan Zhan's face - he's the man who made that meaningful, touching speech so that the gods would not claim for damages from the Tian family after the Great Fires!

The Lord of Hell quickly took Lan Zhan through a portal to the Heavens, and dragged the man across the Heavenly courtyard to the backdoor entrance (only the most powerful gods are privy to the knowledge about the backdoor entrance). His in-laws, who were blissfully having an afternoon snack, were surprised but very grateful to see and receive him.

Having lost his body and soul, Lan Zhan is in essence, is left as a withering spirit, and as naked as a baby in divinely terms. The grandmotherly *yue mu* quickly put on a white bathrobe on a shivering nude Lan Zhan, which is enhanced with soul-giving powers - and therefore the man is no longer disappearing from the world -, and shuffled him into one of the quieter rooms in the Heavenly Court, away from curious prying eyes of other Court servants (seeing a naked man streaking across the courtyard can be shocking for some gods and demi-gods). She also made a teapot of warm tea to, technically, warm back his dying, cold soul.

Just in time, *yue fu* calls out from another room that his Heavenly Fairy Messenger is ringing, and it's Tian *da jie* on the line!

Notes for the Chapter:

And... introducing the last villain of this arc, and wrap things up with him/it within a chapter! This is all the monster and tentacle sex I'll write for now... phew, it's really tiring and it's hard to imagine what happens during such distasteful acts.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: added more icky stuff.

Chapter 65

It started with Lan Zhan becoming mortally wounded during a snake hunt.

Then, Wei Ying burnt down the world to recreate it.

The family became financially strapped, especially with an expanded number of Wei *gongzi* s and their insatiable thirst for new riches and novel experiences.

Wei Ying created a continent, a company, then a Kingdom, full of his clones to solve such mortal, material needs - however the another problem cropped up: the need to satisfy the cravings for pleasures of the flesh, and the demonic hunger.

The answer seems simple enough - use a machine made by Wei Ying, to manufacture enough lovers for those clones.

Things devolved into absolute havoc when Wei Ying couldn't manage the sudden complexities of a population surge (although he's brilliant in coming up with fresh ideas and executing them with simplistic magic and technology used with reckless abandon, he lacks foresight, proper planning and management skills).

Lan Zhan had to step in, causing him to lose his body; but even as a paperman, he managed to rein in the situation before it derailed too far into a cesspool of absurdity and depravity.

Lan Zhan must have taken steps in the right direction, by engaging the Tian sisters and putting things back on track - including getting outsiders to plan and manage everything for him.

However, Lan Zhan was caught unaware and was tricked (just as any tech-illiterate person could have been easily scammed) by one of his family members, causing him to lose his soul and his soulmate - and in essence, his family and *everything else* .

Like a multi-level marketing ploy or a kind of pyramid scheme, the immediate effects were not noticed, and in fact, was welcomed due to the flush of new profits, ideas and progress - then something broke, like a boss that suddenly disappeared overnight with the company's funds, or people quitting their jobs en masse, leaving the entire pyramid without a head or its foundation - and collapsed deeper into Hell (which is worse than the Underworld, really).

In hindsight, it seems creating something always caused an unexpected after-effect, and problems that appear are dealt with piecemeal solutions. Like a snake that keeps chasing its tail until it bites its own - it's an endless loop of madness.

At least that's what Lan Wang Ji thought, miserably.

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“It's no use crying over the loss, my boy,” the grandmotherly *yue mu* approaches and places a warm hand on a shaking shoulder. The bathrobe gives the spirit a physical form, albeit very faint and ghostly in appearance. She refills the emptied cup with more steaming, soul-refreshing *pu'er* tea.

“Your *shijie* called to tell us what happened, and I only had to rewind the video footage from the viewing mirror back a few minutes in Heaven-time,



to understand what had happened. It's amazing that this blasted good-for-nothing great grandson of ours is causing yet another ruckus! Why, if our gardeners didn't notice the smoke in our backyard just a few minutes ago, and called for the Dragon King's Blessed Fire Brigade from the Infinite Seas, our orchards and outdoor sheds would have burned down by now!" the Jade Emperor roars with his own brand of grandfatherly anger, and shakes a fist into the air.

*Yue mu* hushes her husband, and the wizened old man quiets down with an 'a-hem' from his rare outburst.

Lan Zhan, in his faded, muted spirit form, learned that when Ernie burnt down the universe, the Realms of the Gods was spared amongst a handful of others. Some had installed advanced fire detection and alarm systems (after the Great Fires, who wouldn't?) while others, such as *yue fu*'s kingdom, relied on wary and responsible citizens to report and take appropriate action to douse the flames. However, he also learned that the universe is, in fact, in a more Perfect state than before - this time, there are no cracks, no smudges and nothing was found missing; in fact, everything seemed *improved* and renewed, and the gods, demi-gods and all other affecting beings and non-beings were more than satisfied with the results.

During the conversation, a celestial servant politely knocked on the door to the small private meeting room, grovelled and crawled to present a scroll to the Jade Emperor, which contains a summary of the impact from the incident - now known as "The Universal Fires". The servant quickly left, and Lan Zhan tried to peer at the scroll.

"Look here, my boy, see what is reported by our servants, our subjects, and our friends from the other Realms!" the Emperor bellows, upset, and shoves

the unrolled piece of long rice paper into Lan Zhan's hands. His ethereal fingers barely grasped the script, and rather than countless finely-printed words on its surface, he sees many moving pictures - much like a confusing medley of tabbed windows arranged haphazardly on the paper, each containing a movie clip, which works similarly as Wangxian net's root directory.

Ernie, the so-called child of Lan Zhan and Wei Ying, but actually a corrupted, twisted derivative of Wei Ying that has possessed Lan Zhan's body and soul - has done it *again* .

The cold black thing that once festered and devoured stars and galaxies no longer appear in sight - it has woven itself *into* the fabric of the universe and reality. Aside from the Mortal Realm which was touched the least, many other worlds, planetary systems, and celestial and astronomical objects were altered to some extent - more worlds are terraformed to become habitable or experience a spike in natural resources, more Realms are suddenly opened, developed and evolved into respectable civilizations and cultures, space-faring aliens found more convenient ways to travel in hyperspace and engage in interstellar trade, and even the Milky Way becomes a hub with increased activities and liveliness. Everything has, as much as possible, become "Wangxian-ized" - from foodstuff to household goods, from transport services to teleportation devices, from magical talismans to automatons to serve every need from living creatures, demi-gods, gods and other forms of sentient beings, and unlimited broadband to access Wangxian net to liberalize the exchange and flow of information and knowledge between societies and species across the universe - available, and easily perused by a single press of red buttons found in nearly every home of every sentient being.

Ernie has brought 41st century living to those who suffered The Universal Fires, and there are no complaints at all - brand awareness and public

confidence for Wangxian Co. Ltd. and the Kingdom of Lan, located in the continent of Wuji of the human Mortal Realm - skyrockets to an all-time high of 99.9%, according to trending reports from the Emperor's public relations ministries. In fact, those Realms that shielded themselves from the Fires have expressed regret at their decisions, and started to contact the company for the missed opportunities, which, according to a spokesperson, Wangxian would gladly commission and install the needed infrastructure at the earliest time possible.

“Look outside through the window, Wang Ji. Those guys are laying down ultra-modern optic fibre cables for Heaven's public housing and portal infrastructures for easy inter-Realm travel. It seems that soon, gods can start to travel to other worlds using the company's new transportation services, which eases those who have distant relatives from faraway planets,” *yue fu* sighs in exasperation.

Lan Zhan peeked at the window and watched celestial beings with halos and wings, wearing black and white uniforms bearing the trademark Wangxian logo on their backs - of black and white rabbits and a clump of bamboo in the background - toiling the ground to dig up trenches and lay down pipes and rolls of cables. It seems Wangxian employed contract workers in other Realms to provide sales and services on behalf of the company, and this actually bodes well - because more people and beings can find job opportunities, earn a good living, and contribute to the Realm's economy.

Lan Zhan shakes his head - he has lost his will to argue and fight the tragedy that befell him. If everyone says that what has happened is Good... then what is Bad? The same conundrum of what is actually black and white, rears its ugly head once again.

He absently swipes a finger along the paper scroll, letting the moving images turn into blurs of happy smiling alien creatures enjoying the epitome of luxury living in Perfect Wangxian-ized homes; of gods and demi-gods posing with thumbs-up with their latest wphones and Creation-Time magic talismans; bug-like organisms wearing Wangxian uniforms waving flags that scream “Inspired By Love!” and “We Love U Great Father Boss!” - clearly a group from one of the company’s faraway factories in a different planet or galaxy; Weitube feed of masses of humanoid things cheering with Wangxian consumer and electronic products in their hands / limbs / appendages / tentacles / claws while holding banners that say “Wangxian You Rock”; selfie and wefie pictures of inhuman beasts with a finger / paw / organ / digit / protuberance / tube right above a red button with the big white words splashed at the bottom: “I Pressed the Red Button For Wangxian, Have You Pressed Yours Today?” which will become memes of the future, and so on.

As he browsed, and eventually gets a little used to the astonishing changes of his perceived reality especially now that he “sees the bigger picture”, he finds a window that shows a recorded feed from the continent of Wuji. The timestamp looks strange with garbled numbers, and there are little asterisks and footnotes - it explains that at least months or even years have elapsed, however due to the fact that Time is warped and to some extent, controlled by the Kingdom of Lan, merely hours have passed in real time. He uses his thumb and index finger to zoom in (he’s used to seeing people work with holo-phones, and is quite adept at modern technology these days).

The Kingdom of Lan, located in the continent of Wuji, has moved with the times and entered into the 41st century of modernization as well. Everything looks quite similar to what he’d seen a while before, during the 31st century-city tours, except that many aspects are upgraded to even better standards and uses newer magic and technology. Lan Zhan decides to ignore the vast mega-cityscapes, portals and wormholes that dot the skies above the land, spaceships zooming by, towering magical constructs serving

all needs of societies, and the perpetually lush green forests and mega-farms - instead, he focuses on the citizens.

The Kingdom has transformed into a paradise for the new invasive species - the word 'invasive' is a little harsh, however, Lan Zhan's tired spirit-mind is unable to move on from that term, yet - and instead of masses of formless tentacled cold black things that were once Lan Zhans, they and their progeny have evolved into a variety of shapeshifting *things* . Office buildings and towers, business districts and residential areas, skyways and highways, alleys and streets, even grocery stores and supermarkets, are filled with dark, not necessarily black, creepy crawly beings that resemble the assorted stages of evolution of a new life that is diligently diversifying as a biologic strategy to ensure its overall survival.

Rather than remaining stagnant as a kind of slug-like monster, the new citizens have started to appear in lowly-evolved forms: worm-like earthworms, maggots, leeches, centipedes; insects-like creatures including moths, butterflies, beetles, cockroaches, wasps, crickets; arachnids or other beings with carapaces such as spiders and scorpions; more advanced forms such as amphibians - frogs, toads and salamander; even water-based life forms to inhabit marine areas, including fish, eels, crabs, sea urchins, octopus, squids; and at the tip of the evolution cycle, a few individuals have been born as reptiles such as lizards; the first sight of feathered flying birds; and somewhere, a handful of newborns emerge as the first mammals, mostly rodents and small four-legged things. Lan Zhan realizes, from his primitive and scant knowledge about the science of evolution, that if something were to attack the Kingdom or if a mega-disaster strikes, these so-called citizens are in a much better position to defend themselves, prevail and survive from becoming extinct, compared to a single slug-like species, or a population full of dual-individuals (of Wei Yings and Lan Zhans). He really hated to admit it, but Ernie certainly had thought in advance of how to protect itself and its progeny.

(Lan Zhan knows it's Ernie and its progeny that took over his Kingdom, because he also received the video footage from the *yue fu* 's viewing mirror, which showed him what transpired between the loss of his soul and the carnage that happened during the days and weeks that followed.)

Even while watching the tabbed window from the scroll, he catches glimpses of futuristic apartments, shops and homes, and gets a free show of the private lives of those 'black things'; in there are Immortal and forever-young Wei Yings who continue to be impregnated and give birth to such monstrous beings, and each generation is more frightening and advanced than the ones before. It's too painful for Lan Zhan to watch disgusting and terrifying giant centipedes, buzzing wasps, long-legged spiders, slimy salamanders, octopus or lizards engage in demonic sexual intercourse and raping his - still, technically - spouses. However, he could not forget the heart-wrenching look of brainwashed pleasure, of absolute orgasmic joy on Wei Yings' faces, as they spread their legs further apart in mind-numbing climax after climax, squealing with delight in drowning into drooling gaping maws, claws and pits of fanged tentacles, welcoming the ravaging assault into their bodies through their birth canals and all kinds of orifices, as they become pumped full of seed, as multiple wiggling, slithering, slimy and chittering creatures take turns to mate, violate and spasm excitedly deep into their lovely Wei Yings, father inhuman *things* inside their tight hot wombs and the interior cavities, whether as a passionate couple or as a group orgy, and when their bellies bloat and bulge, they're raped almost constantly by waiting, twitching breeding organs and appendages that gladly spear, maul and plunder into those filled life-bearing wombs, then pierce and invade, corrupt and devolve - perhaps, evolve - the unborn babies into *something* else until the moment of birth. In some cases, Wei Yings become too overjoyed in their uncontrolled satisfaction of their hunger for vices, and revert into their demonic forms - and he watches with brief morbid fascination of how *real* demons have sex, before zooming out. When he spots one, perhaps a few, perhaps freshly made, Lan Zhan clones - human mirrors of himself, certainly a few years younger - being forced to mate and breed with female versions of those terrible creatures - Lan Zhan rolls the scroll back and refuses to watch any further.

Lan Zhan sighs, and his spirit form wavers. *Yue mu* has been very patient, empathic and sensitive to his feelings, and asks Lan Zhan if he would like to go out for a bit of fresh air - perhaps to clear his mind a bit out of the cosmic gutter, so to speak. Lan Zhan nods.

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The Jade Emperor and the Queen Mother took some time off their Heavenly duties to accompany their favourite son-in-law for a walkabout in the Realms of the Gods. They walked through the orchards and surveyed the damage caused by the fires - a few bushes and a couple of peach trees were blackened and singed, but nothing more. While munching on Heavenly summer fruits, which made Lan Zhan feel a little better in spirit (technically), the heavenly couple introduced to Lan Zhan about the good things that had happened since Wangxian was incorporated.

On a Wangxian-made golf cart of sorts, which is a terrific four-wheeled vehicle for luxury and comfortable, slow land travel, they went on a relaxing city-tour around the Heavens, and met up with some old acquaintances and friends. Then, they visited the Dragon King where Lan Zhan encounters the very friendly, although quite frightening, citizens of the Deepest Seas including mermaids and merman, sharkpeople, octopus families, shellfish schoolchildren and fishmen harvesting from the bountiful surroundings. The Dragon King also showed the towering pillar that holds the sea in Perfect balance which was stolen by the Monkey King long, long ago and a functional replica was returned not long after that adventure was completed. The Seas are in the process of becoming Wangxian-ized, and Lan Zhan could see how modern amenities have improved their livelihoods.

The same has to be said for the Underworld - Lan Zhan learns that the abyss-like realm has evolved into a perpetually dim but lively, clean and advanced necropolis; the Lord of Hell showed Lan Zhan ‘before’ and ‘after’ pictures, and the man had to agree because the undead, the ghosts, the foul and the decaying are now respectable-looking citizens who also wear high-quality robes and suits, drive posh cars on well-paved roads, work in comfortable air-conditioned offices (and need not suffer from the soaring heat in hell), use holo-phones to call their families and friends, and enjoy shopping in underground cavernous supermarkets full of Wangxian’s 31st and 41st century products and services. The Lord of Hell showed the humongous Book Of Judgement where the Monkey King was once said to have doodled and erased its name off the pages so that it couldn’t die - and showed Lan Zhan that his name too, is written in an annex titled “Immortals - Do Not Eradicate”.

The celestial beings and their subjects are kind to Lan Zhan - *yue fu* and *yue mu* did most of the talking (because Lan Zhan’s spirit is still recovering, and could only muster “Mn”s and brief two-word sentences), and explained in very general terms about what has happened to their favourite son-in-law - and these newfound friends promised to help Lan Zhan whenever they can especially since he is related to the King of Gods. Some even gave him souvenirs, advice, and strengthened his spirit with magic, imbuing skills and other amazing heavenly enhancements - as a token of *thanks* for being the Founder of a company that greatly enriched lives everywhere. Lan Zhan is speechless at the generous display of gratitude from such non-humans.

Portly and jolly Cai Shen (God of Wealth; God of Prosperity) shook his hand and told Lan Zhan: that in a treasure box of gold ingots, there are some shiny new ones just minted from the banks, some faded old ones due to wear and tear with age, some darkened with grime and dirt due to bad handling, and some that smell of fish or meat because they were held by fishmongers and butchers - however they’re all still valuable gold ingots.

One should not just count the number of ingots in the box, or focus only on the good quality ingots, or try to spend the day cleaning and washing the filthy ones - in fact, one should look at the whole box and appreciate for what it is: a source of happiness, contentment and accomplishment, and therefore achieve true wealth and prosperity in the most spiritual sense.

The white-bearded Earth God (Tu Di Gong) too, gave a hearty handshake and tells Lan Zhan not to dwell too much into the bitter past, and look at things with a open, wider perspective (because this not-so-powerful middle-class god had been the subject of bullying in the past, such as by the Monkey King long, long ago, but he doesn't bear any grudges and has moved on since then. Today he is a cheerful, well-liked and worshipped deity who continues to work hard and care for the land and villages under his jurisdiction).

Lan Zhan would spend the day visiting the various realms of the gods and demi-gods, getting to know them, their lives and their thoughts, and receiving feedback about what everyone thinks about Wangxian Co. Ltd. under the Kingdom of Lan. (a day in heaven is said to last a century on earth.)

(Lan Zhan wears the enchanted bathrobe for the entire day - which is of absolutely no concern, because non-humans don't really care about how a human-like figure dresses, as long it gives the wearer a decent coverage, which the bathrobe does. Plus, it's a very comfortable attire and Lan Zhan quite likes the feel of soft, warm, woolly fabric rubbing against his skin.)

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Lan Zhan wakes up the next day on an unbelievably large luxurious satin-lined bed fit for kings and gods, and he feels wonderfully refreshed. He'd seen so much, learned a lot, and enjoyed heavenly banquets during mealtimes - and although he spent some time watching videos from the same scroll before bedtime, in which the clips have been replaced with live feeds, and he still felt a twinge of pain and regret - he acknowledges what he's feeling, and he knows that he's still recovering from the loss of something incalculable, something immeasurable.

“Good morning, you sleepy head,” *yue mu* chirps from the entrance with a tray of sumptuous breakfast - warm toasted breads, freshly baked pastries, a selection of preserves and jams, cheese and hams, cut fruits, garden salad with fried chicken cutlets and hard-boiled egg and adequate mild-flavoured olive oil dressing to taste, cereal in a bowl of milk, and a cup of fresh orange juice - all Wangxian products; but that is just fine.

“Mn, Wang Ji wishes *Yue Mu* good morning,” and he bows with hands folded to the front, while sitting on the bed. He is naked - and he already knows it's fine as long as he's within the Heavenly Palace - his home in the skies, technically speaking. He greets the *yue fu* similarly when the grandfatherly god appears as well, with a freshly-laundered bathrobe. Both of them are perpetually in their godly attire - because in Heaven, gods and other celestial beings usually appear as images of their current state (which is Perfection), and therefore, the style and type of clothing does not really matter as long as there is decency.

He feels very loved by his great grandparents-in-law, and over the hearty meal, they talked about his feelings and his thoughts (he no longer harbours any ill-will towards Wangxian products, and he learned that every Realm screens their imports with the highest biosecurity standards, so there is definitely nothing to worry about runaway black things hiding amongst the shipments). Lan Zhan's spirit has been restored to near-healthy levels, and

due to the divinely food and magic bestowed by the Jade Emperor and his wife, and his soul is in the process of being cultivated to what he once was; much like how a new golden core can be grown after the previous one was taken away.

“Wang Ji will try to look at the world from a different perspective.

In the Kingdom of Lan, which Wei Ying wanted me to save from collapse, the plethora of creatures and citizens there are my - our - spouses, family and children.

When I see them as an extension of my family and children, or at least as subjects of my Kingdom, then I detach myself from feelings of envy, jealousy and possessiveness. They are currently happy with their lives, living as soulmates in their own families, and living in their perfect paradise. Each has a sense of purpose, contributes meaningfully to the community and the larger society, and benefits from the abundant returns from their efforts.

Ernie, my downline progeny of some sort, is doing a wonderful job. Despite its tricky ways - which is not unlike what Wei Ying does anyway - it has solved all the problems that Wei Ying and I have created, and in some ways, everything has come to a full circle.

To ruin this, and its happiness, to kill and destroy lives, would be sinful.

To despair and feel regret, even wanting to rewind time and start over, would mean missed opportunities to see the light, or the crux of the issue.

Ernie and the subjects of my Kingdom have grown up and matured. They can be left to prosper their own lives and families. Just like *yue fu* and *yue mu*, there will be times when I feel irritated at the actions of my children and my people, and maybe it's because they're moving so fast ahead and I'm getting a little out of touch... but I should trust that they know what they're doing, and that they're doing the right thing.

It is time for Wang Ji to let go," he ends his small, but significant heart-to-heart reveal, and *yue mu* grasps his hand, a silent motherly encouragement for a mortal who had experienced too much in his short span of life. Lan Zhan munches on a crunchy toasted bread richly spread with butter and homemade strawberry jam.

"... so, you're not angry at Wei Ying, Ernie or any of his clones anymore?" the Jade Emperor asks, looking for a sense of closure and finality to Wang Ji's sometimes-convoluted thinking.

Lan Zhan shakes his head and gives a faint smile, against a backdrop of soft-light curtains, and of beautiful clear sunlight peeking through mist-covered mountains, rolling hills and not far away, a Heavenly court bustling with celestial servants running their errands and shuffling traditional paperwork around (now mixed with the usage of holo-phones, wpads and lightning-speed Wangxian net connections). He speaks calmly, after chewing a spoonful of yummy light chicken salad, "No, and I will not bear any grudge for having my body and soul taken away, which have already transformed into something unrecognizable by now. I'm growing a new soul... and... if Wang Ji can request, may I have another body?"

The grand godly couple rouses to cheers and grateful feelings of appeasement, "Of course! Of course! A human body is very easy to create,

and if you want, we can take you to our chief craftsman near the kitchen, where we use divinely natural ingredients to make, mould and bake new individuals when normal procreation is not feasible.”

Lan Zhan nods, not really understanding the process of making a human being, but he would like to watch and maybe give some personal inputs on how he'd like his body to be made - because he did work as a quality tester not too long ago, by sampling Wangxian's foodstuff products and giving feedback to the production plants to make improvements.

“Wang Ji understands that happiness does not come from wanting to own everything, and does not mean trying to perfect everything in one's hands - like a treasure box of varied gold ingots that Cai Shen talked about. It comes from stepping back and taking a more holistic view of what it means to be happy with the things around us.

An old man beneath a bodhi tree once told me, that the journey to perfection is happiness itself. Wang Ji realizes this, after having gone through so much pain and enlightenment,” Lan Zhan adds, as he finishes the cup of tasty orange juice with tiny juicy pulps, and licks his lips in satisfaction at a filling breakfast.

“I had my doubts on the blasted good-for-nothing solely because of how he tricked and hurt you. In addition, I feel rather miffed at how that *thing* got into everyone's good books without my consent - however, as you said, I should detach myself from feelings of envy, jealousy and possessiveness. Seeing that you're fine now, then we too, should not pursue this matter,” the Jade Emperor concludes and strokes his long beard, and starts to stack up the emptied bowls and plates on the tray for his favourite son-in-law still in

the sick bed, despite Lan Zhan's protests at such a divinely kind-hearted gestures.

*Yue mu* helped Lan Zhan into his clean set of bathrobes, and its healing energies further rejuvenates his battered and bruised soul. As she ties the belt, she mentions that the Tian family will have a scheduled Heavenly Fairy Messenger call in an hour's time, and the *da jie* promised to give an update from the meeting with Ernie-turned- *di fu* which had taken place during the night before. The couple had already received some WeiChat text messages on their holo-phones, that the sisters are alright and no one has been harmed, although they feel rather nervous about the incredible changes taking place around them and their neighbours (who turned into ugly disgusting wiggling slimy bugs, said one of them). It seems the Installation of the King, Great Father Lan, together with the ribbon-cutting ceremony of Wangxian Co. Ltd., will take place very soon -and more importantly, to inaugurate and declare the completion of the Stairways To The Blue Skies - all 88 pillars each located in every first-tier city of the continent.

Lan Zhan "Mn"s in understanding, and prepares for a full busy and probably anxious day ahead.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Not gonna lie, I'm not really beta-ing my fics coz it takes too much time to re-read and think about re-wording certain sentences - so just take it as is, and don't take things too seriously!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: edited with more icky details. :-p

## Chapter 66

Wei Ying lives in heaven every day, and the ring embedded into his fourth finger proves his marital bliss - it glows most of the time, signifying that he's in the happiest state of perfect happiness (which sounds really silly, but it really is).

He lounges on the soaked bed, and watches how the latest addition to the brood-family performs to their patriarch's desires. He's a teenager who looks, as expected, younger than him by at least five years, and he's, as usual, implanted with the latest artificial womb made by Wangxian - which is one of the hottest household product that's flying off the shelves right now, given the latest string of decrees by the Great Father over television and Weitube to "go forth and multiply". Their patriarch had bought a bunch of them, and made sure there are enough in case one breaks - which happens quite often whenever frenzied mating happens due to the change of seasons. Summer is a great time to start conceiving, after all, with abundant food and pheromones in the air.

He watches as the teenager lies on the mattress face up, and gyrates his hips seductively - he was given proper education prior to purchase and housed into the family - and he could see how the teenager worked his pelvic muscles efficiently to milk and squeeze a huge black, veiny, twisted appendage with the girth of a man's forearm, full of wart-like bumps and sinewy muscles, that drills in and out of teenager's puffed up and stretched entrance. Their patriarch grunts and chitters, and its insectoid head swings back and forth in a visually exciting mating frenzy, until its antennae strikes the boy's face and leaves whip marks - which is fine, because the boy is too busy drowning in his own pleasure to notice the searing pain.

At some point, their patriarch starts to twist its trunk uncontrollably from too much wonderful feelings and sex pheromones coursing through its veins, and in a tell tale sign of an impending climax, its numerous clawed legs surround the boy in a death-like grip. Its mandibles gently nips the boy's neck, and black lines appear and fan out where they graze the skin; there is potent poison in the jaws; its long segmented body starts to bend and bow in a strange but pretty dance of muscles trying to contract and relax rhythmically to push out the first globs of chilled virile seed.

Wei Ying watches intently when the last two hind legs stiffen in an instinctive act to prop itself up the mattress, as its tail-end - already bent as much as possible and rutting deep into the boy's entrance; unimaginable and wonderful horrors are happening inside the boy's birth canal, cervix, uterus and even ovaries; because a Corrupted giant three-meter long black centipede's reproductive appendage feels like heaven when the last segment opens up inside one's canal, and fleshy knobbly tongue-like gonads extend out during the rut and expand in size, engorged with dark fluids; the meaty tongue-like tentacles stretch the canal and breach the cervix, and squeeze through into the uterine cavity, where the gonadic knobs start to wriggle excitedly inside the fertile, warm cavern where they *truly belong*, and start spurting rich, foul-looking black seed with the texture of curdled milk all over the uterus - and if the boy is lucky, the gonadic tongues would extend further if the patriarch is properly pleased by the undulating canal which massages the penile muscles; and the tongues would breach into the fallopian tubes and finally reach the ovaries - there, the huffing and puffing centipede can erupt and empty its seed pouches directly into the eggs, fertilizing tens or hundreds of them at one go.

By the time the patriarch crests and rides through its two-hundred twitches - a whooping orgasm lasting for fifteen minutes because the centipede works hard to squirt its seed and empty its numerous ample gonads every two to three seconds - the patriarch is truly feeling really, really good, as evidenced by its hundred-legs convulsing over the boy's skin, vibrating and drumming the captured flesh in jubilation because it is *living* its purpose to propagate



its kind; the boy's tummy churns, bloats and still pounds out visibly from within due to the force of each creamy ejaculation, and the womb is quickly overflowing with fetid black goo oozing down his thighs and when there's too much, fountains out as a thick gooey splatter to the bedsheets just as the monstrous penis pumps another load in. The young teenager cries out with tasty moans, and murmurs sweet words to coax their patriarch to drain everything else, including very graphic descriptions of their demonic lovemaking and what goes on inside his womb - like clockwork, his legs hook around the abominable-looking pumping back-end of the patriarch, and continues to work his human pelvic muscles into sweet delectable massaging motions to milk the grotesque and overexcited penis, and pleasure the growling and gurgling monster; until its gonads eagerly engorges with visually repulsive congealing blackened fluids, quivers and vibrates with sheer delight, and unloads in rhythmic thick cold mucous ropes in glorious two-hundred twitches again.

The boy will be mated several times a day over the next few days to ensure that a brood of babies is successfully planted inside him, and the patriarch will enjoy spending its afternoons fathering more wriggly children for its multiplying brood (it gets paternal leave from its work as a sales manager at Wangxian's clothing department, so that he can satisfy his instinct to procreate when the mood strikes - such as today).

"Mmm.... honey, it's my turn. Come and play with our baby..." Wei Ying coos, when he feels that it's his turn to receive their patriarch's love. The teenager crumples on the mattress, unconscious and totally wasted from being bred - what a weakling amateur! Wei Ying spreads his legs and uses his hands to stretch his swollen entrance in line of sight of their patriarch. He intentionally makes squeezing movements to entice the centipede - the father of his child as well. The patriarch makes excited chittering sounds, disengages itself from the boy, and starts climbing between Wei Ying's legs.

Wei Ying knows - and has already gone through this countless times - what to expect. He lies on his back and puts two pillows beneath his ass - because the centipede *is* heavy - and presents his rather abused entrance to their broodmaster. He doesn't get a thick penis into his birth canal, unfortunately - that only happens with some sub-species, but not their patriarch's - because their patriarch has awesome jaws swollen with sexual poisons and something else that drives him crazy with lust.

“Ah, please come inside me, my baby wants to meet its daddy!”

The centipede arches and roars in triumph when it sees the tunnel it had pumped and was grandly pleased just recently, and at the other end, beyond the damaged cervix and the tattered uterus - which still holds well -, is a torn membrane sac containing an unborn child. It had been gruesomely attacked and viciously corrupted for many days, and it's no longer humanoid in form - the soul had blackened into a nice shade of dark-grey, and its torn body and limbs have started morphing into *something else* , and it looks like there could be many wiggling legs or tentacles too - hopefully another centipede-kin if not something better.

“Nnnh, nnnh, you've put this lovely child inside me, please hurry up and say hello, so that it'll grow up to like you!”

The patriarch feels elated at another trophy birth-in-waiting. It proceeds to tuck into his next sexual meal, head first. Its antennae easily splits open Wei Ying's loosened entrance, and the huge bulbous head slowly squeezed its way in - it's like pushing a football through, however Wei Ying was manufactured from the depths of their world's finest human factory and gifted with an incredibly elastic and youthful body - the man “Mmmms”

as his pelvic joints are stretched and dislocated (with expected cracking sounds) to fit the insectoid head.

“Ah, ah, I can feel your antennae and fangs in my canal... is it tight? Does it feel good?” Wei Ying dreamily asks - poisons and aphrodisiacs surge into his blood, and he doesn't feel much pain. His bulging belly shakes and distends from the invasion, trying to fit an unborn child and their patriarch's head at the same time. Wei Ying orgasms many times in succession, as his nerves are flooded with love-lust hormones ejected from the centipede's antennae and the chemicals seep into his lower body.

The centipede grunts in response from the tight contractions around its head, and finally breaks into the swollen uterus. Its mandibles reach through the ruptured sac and starts chewing its own flesh and blood trapped inside the broken womb. It spits out powerful, acidic poisons and its venom-tipped fangs extend to reach deep into the baby, lacerating and ripping open the spasming bundle of human-monster hybrid meat, injecting dark viscous corruptive energies straight into the heart and blackened pearl-like soul. From the close distance, its multiple shiny eyes could detect claw-like limbs and a pair of developing mandibles, and it is pleased that the baby is truly, no longer human.

Later, the doorbell would ring, and the patriarch, fresh from a shower after an invigorating session of breeding a boy and assaulting the mother of its progeny, lets some guests in. They are neighbours of their two-storey terrace home, and have asked to enjoy a taste of his brood after they sniffed out sex pheromones in the air. Some telepathic conversations take place between them, and the human slaves are unable to comprehend the details of the transaction.

Wei Ying is still drunk from the unnatural hormones and poisons flowing in his blood, when he gets plundered by a man-sized cockroach (Wei Ying is overjoyed to have sexual intercourse during pregnancy, as he goes on all fours on the bed while the cockroach-kin climbs his back and pierces its tail-end into his ass - its long penis feels firm, smooth and wildly spasms inside his flooded birth canal as it excitedly orgasms and spurts its share of seed and corrupted fluids into lovely Wei Ying), a spider (Wei Ying was a little disappointed, as the spider-kin simply pulls out a sperm-pouch and pushes the football-sized jiggly sac into his entrance; he could accomodate it with no problems - until the sac ruptures as intended, and Wei Ying's insides nearly bursts from the extreme pressure of the gooey explosion from the eight-legged lover, and he spewed all over the floor because his gut is distended; however he relishes the feel of eight hairy legs molesting his pregnant figure, it's been a while since he'd touch something with hair or fur, really), and a scorpion. He seems to hit the jackpot with insects and arachnids as they're sexually attracted to him - especially when the last neighbour howls with enjoyment when the huge, spasming poisonous tail punctures through between his legs, skewers something fleshy inside him through the accumulated semen and fluids and possibly some internal organs, and finally turns their baby into a watery glob of liquefied oily black mush.

(No life was hurt. Wei Ying's baby grows well from the primordial soup of poisons, corruption and protein. An enhanced and improved life form will be born, inheriting its fathers' indestructable and perfect cockroach's health and immunity against disease and poisons, strikingly flat, sleek design of a cockroach, dashingly handsome long curved cockroach antennae, strong spider mandibles full of deadly venom, perfect centipede's shiny carapace shells and hundred legs, strong flexible, muscular tail segments that can shoot out spider webs and squirt scorpion poisons, and a sexy reproductive appendage at the tip that will continue to breed into more Wei Yings in times to come.)

Somewhere else, their patriarch enjoys making more babies with their neighbours' harems of Wei Yings, and fortune smiles upon him - a nine-year old Lan Zhan too, fully equipped with a child-sized artificial womb. It does not whittle his time away and gets straight to work to make swollen bellies out of them.

It also watches with interest at how the Wei Yings of his neighbours manage a full brood, and picks up some parenting tips. One Wei Ying has given birth to giant wasp larvae, the size of human babies, from a wasp-kin patriarch. They're lucky as they have wings, and they can fly around when the brood matures. Six healthy fat yellow-white larvae crawl all over their birth-mother, pulsing with squishy squeals to call for milk. The artificial wombs also induces other bodily changes, including the growth of breasts - so the babies crowd around both bloated, enlarged breasts of the mother-Wei Ying, and take their turn to suckle from plump bosoms.

"Baby, baby, be patient, mommy has to feed all six of you, and two at every time. Unnh, unnnh, don't be naughty and bite mommy! Be gentle, otherwise I will tell your father and it'll spank your springy tail!" Wei Ying gently scolds one of the larvae that got too greedy. Rows of sharp teeth surrounding its undulating circular mouth continue to gently scrape Wei Ying's engorged nipple, begging its mother to pump out more sweet milk, and when it locks its mouth-end to the nub like an vacuum pump, it starts to suck in fluttering muscular pulses - Wei Ying moans happily, arches his back and trembles with joy, because of the sensations of being emptied through his swollen breasts, and because one mischievous larva crawled to his crotch and suckled his oft-neglected penis. It seems babies do not really care what they're feeding, as long as it's from mommy. The centipede patriarch takes note, and tells itself that its progeny should feast on its broodmate not just on breastmilk, but the man's penis as well, so that Wei Ying falls deeper in love with it, and its centipede family.

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Lan Zhan received an antique compact mirror during his stay in Heaven - it's small, handy, and has pretty floral patterns chiselled onto its metal lid. It looks like the ordinary accessory to help one to put on his or her make-up, except that when the enchanted fairy that resides within the mirror recognizes the holder, it activates divinely magic and the mirror becomes a miniature version of the Jade Emperor's viewing mirror - with a user friendly interface and even more advanced functions than its adult-sized cousin (which is like comparing a dated television set with a wphone). After the delicious breakfast, he takes some time to try out the new toy.

A day would have passed in the Heavens since Lan Zhan arrived as a fading spirit, which due to the effects of Time spells, seem to run in parallel with the Wuji continent, however in actual fact, the duration is really a century long. Lan Zhan notices that his Kingdom is trying to match with the Heavens in terms of the passage of time, probably because it's more economical and time-saving - imagine having a hundred years' worth of time in a day!

Evolution is marching ahead in full swing within the Kingdom. Aside from further environmental, magical, technological and infrastructural advancements, the citizens diversified further until an impressive portrait of a self-contained ecosystem of life forms have started to emerge:

- A myriad of higher-order creatures with much improved abilities, capabilities and intelligence - still dark on the skin / scales / feathers / fur / hair, but not necessarily black in colour - have appeared,

including: birds (cranes, eagles, falcons, flamingoes, hawks, ostriches, owls, parrots, penguins, pigeons, poultry, storks, vultures, etc.), reptiles (crocodiles, lizards, turtles, snakes, and rarely a dinosaur - although the prehistoric Lan Zhan won't really know if he sees one, because he hasn't learn about them yet), and mammals (anteaters, antelopes, bats, bears, canines [including dogs, foxes, wolves], felines (cheetahs, leopards, lions, panthers, tiger), cattle, deer, dolphins, donkeys, elephants, giraffes, goats, horses, marsupials, pigs and wild boars, rodents, primates [including apes, baboons, gorillas, monkeys], rabbits, rhinoceros, walruses, whales, etc.

All citizens are generally as large as adult humans and larger, hence it is not uncommon to find a gorilla carrying a shopping bag from the supermarket; tripping over a bench-sized elderly turtle; then an eagle from the local police force the size of a small airplane, swoops down overhead to pursue a runaway squawking child-sized chicken for snatch theft; which surprises horse-sized rabbit children below to hop across a pedestrian crossing without looking for passing vehicles; while nearly bumping into a couple of elephants dressed in business suits that walk on two legs, car-sized goats bleating on holo-phones; packs of humanoid wolves, tigers, lions and other carnivores jogging past from from a sports gym; and they nearly run into a group of herbivores including walking dainty cows in sexy dresses, pigs working as vendors trying to sell street snacks and upright donkey sales promoters milling around with brochures and braying about the latest sales from the next-door hypermarket; and probably the small squirrel no bigger than a dog in an unassuming commoner's get-up of t-shirt and pants gets walked over and has its paws bruised by a slithering giant anaconda in a skirt rushing for a doctor's appointment.

However, an overwhelmingly large percentage of the population remain in their lowly forms of insects and creepy crawlies - which is akin to the normal world anyway. For example, cat-sized ants roam the farms and plains, while meter-long bees happily buzz around their hives outside the

cities, and the coastal areas are full of sentient marine life, not too different from the Dragon King's realm although far more advanced than the latter.

- Inhuman, alien, demi-gods and god-like beings, which are truly the pinnacle of the citizens' evolution ladder; their existence is believable given that Ernie is able to reverse engineer the mortal and non-mortal realms and alien worlds, and easily switch one to the other (since it can turn Man to God, and God to Man anyway) and analyze and apply their genetic signatures to its progeny. The streets are a mishmash of appearances - still dark in colour, but again, not necessarily black.

When Lan Zhan sees a Jade Emperor and Queen Mother-lookalikes in dark glasses, matching pink suits and so-called big-haired 80s-hairstyle walking past a fully-armored humanoid from light-years away with a suitcase and a squad of *living* mechanical robots that can transform into awesome cool weapons and vehicles; behind the lookalike godly couple are their offsprings of angels, goblins, elemental monsters, vampires and zombies who hold hands with each other so that they wouldn't become separated in the sea of shoppers and workers; ahead of them are adolescents from kins of dragons, phoenixes, qilins, fairies and numerous other mythological beings of different shapes and sizes, wearing uniform shirts and cotton pants-- at that moment, Lan Zhan looks away to catch his breath from the absurdity - and ingenuity of his body and soul snatcher.

Not only has Ernie created the ultimate melting pot for its society; the fact that every individual possesses untold abilities, talents and powers, and they can shape-shift freely, though prudently, and adapt the tangible and intangible benefits of their new - or any - life form (therefore, no longer limited to their genetic birth form, inherent or learned skills, or their physique) - causes the man to *burn* a few brain cells, to try to fathom what are the possible implications for this new deranged 'invasive' species to their world (and universe).

When he regains his composure, he takes another timid peek at the mirror which also doubles as a touchscreen, and accidentally swipes a finger to a nearby neighbourhood and into the school zone. Apparently there is not much need for learning institutions, since all citizens are connected mentally and onboard the ubiquitous Wangxian net, therefore constantly exchange, gain and form new knowledge - so the towering derelict buildings have been turned into something else more interesting.

There are no Wei Yings or any normal humans in sight, since they're basically downgraded into the likes of simple commodities and crops - manufactured, grown, cultivated, harvested and sold - they would end up in the monsters' bedrooms, or imprisoned for life in dungeon-like complexes for public mass consumption. The aforementioned school functions as public facility for breeding and impregnation factories, hatcheries and incubation hubs. Lan Zhan secretly weeps for Mankind when he sees all lovely Wei Yings from all age groups, genders and forms, being relegated to the role of the bottomest of the bottoms, and serve as mindless demonic reproduction vessels for those animals, monsters and *things* - and still, more Wei Yings are being created by magic and pumped out of 41st century production lines every minute, straight into impatient and lustful, greedy and waiting hands, mandibles, limbs, claws, paws or tentacles of their new and sexually excited owners, waiting to breed deep into them to spawn and make more demonic and designer babies.

Lan Zhan tells himself that these are "his subjects" (from a rather third-person perspective), and therefore he distances himself away from such insanity. They're shapeshifters anyway, so he tries to imagine them as beautiful, handsome, white-clothed Lan disciples, where possible. With that, he steels his heart that he will be able to meet the day's challenge head-on.

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Lan Zhan sneezes from the chill in the morning - or perhaps from the summer pollen in the air -, and he pulls his bathrobe closer to his body. He figured that after stealing another couple more minutes of mirror-viewing, he'll change to something more appropriate before leaving the comfort of a bed-and-breakfast.

A couple of centuries or more must have passed; the cave-home is cob-webbed, dark, deserted, empty and covered with undergrowth and some rubble - the passage of seasons hasn't been kind to his home in the 'Mounds. Even the twin Lan family lanterns in front of the residence have broken and crumbled to dust. If there was anyone inhabiting this forsaken-looking place - even Ernie - then surely there would've been some signs of being lived-in and maintained. Weeds have grown to tall wild grasses in the courtyard and the vegetable gardens, he couldn't see whether the chicken coop is still around or not, and the abandoned pond has been swallowed by thorny thickets. The fruit trees look aged and sparse, and the dark, dense and misty forests natural to the landscape have sprouted into the estate; in fact, without the cave, the entire scenery would have blended into the vast vegetation shrouded amongst greyed graveyard-like wilderness stretching into the horizons, that befits its original name.

He also briefly wondered, if there is still anyone alive when he returns with his loved one - he keeps a positive outlook as it's probably the only hope left for him to hold on to. He could empathize with how Wei Ying must have felt when the latter returned sixteen years after his first death, with no familiar faces to greet him and no place to call home. Lan Zhan starts drawing up a list of things to do when he gets back, out of sheer habit - sweep the floor, wipe the walls, dust the cobwebs, weed the gardens-- and a gentle knock on the door interrupts his train of encouraging and rather meditative thoughts.

“Wang Ji, my boy, come have a look at these garments - they’re from the Heavenly wardrobe and I specifically asked the servants to fetch those with cloud-themed patterns. Come and try, and pick one for your outing today,” the Queen Mother calls out from the door in a motherly manner.

Lan Zhan “Mn”s and gets up from the bed. He would choose a few good ones from the collection in her hands - and they’re all very regal in design, of high quality, laden with fine magically-enchanted embroidery and made of expensive, divinely fabrics that are tougher than steel yet as soft and comfortable as silk. He blushes a little when he’s asked to wear each one and twirl around for her to have a look - in Heaven, within a family’s home, there is no need to feel embarrassed for undressing and putting on clothes in front of others, especially when one is with the Great Mother of Men.

“I saw you gazing at your home just now. Don’t worry, Wang Ji, we’ll sort this out and make sure you’ll get back safely,” the Queen Mother assures her boy, as he puts on a second robe, silver and gold in colour though a little too luxurious for his tastes. “... although, we’ll be more than happy if you decide to stay here, even for a while. If you like the life here, we can grant you permanent residence and ascend you into godhood, so that you can live with us to your comfort and satisfaction,” she adds, while mm-hmm-ing when he discards the robe and puts them on the bed; she does not like colours that scream of flamboyance and excessive wealth either - she’s glad that Lan Zhan remains a humble and honest man.

Lan Zhan bows slightly with folded hands at the front - despite being fully in the nude in front of the grand old queen, and calmly speaks, “ *Yue mu* , for now, Wang Ji still prefers to return to his home in the Mortal Realm below, together with Wei Ying. Although much has happened, I... I want to

find Wei Ying, bring him back and hide him, so that no evil forces will come and take him away again,” his gaze hardens with determination.

The Queen Mother sighs - such is the power of young love, she thought. She nods in agreement, and proceeds to hand him the third robe to try, which she thinks the man will find to his liking - white, minimalistic, elegant, with a few cloud-patterns, reminiscent of clothes worn by true Gusu Lan masters and disciples.

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The scheduled Heavenly Fairy Messenger call with the Tian sisters is no ordinary call. Upon squeezing the amber-coloured puffy ball, the entire private living hall in the Heavenly Palace bursts into a three-dimensional projection of the other end of the line. “Eternity has taught us gods to make great things for ourselves, hidden in mundane objects in real life,” the sagely Jade Emperor explains. Eight sisters appear opposite them, sitting on sofas, beanie bags and on the floor, and they all rush around the handsome and sophisticated classically dressed *di fu*, ooh-ing and aah-ing at his gorgeous looks - they’re merely moving holographic images, and therefore cannot touch him - poking fingers and molesting hands just go through his body harmlessly; however the virtual proximity feels a bit too realistic for the man. Still, he tries his best to greet the girls and ladies politely with bows - and gets virtual hugs and muahs from all of them (he blushes from the non-existent sensations of a group hug anyway.)

The call was made through Tian Private Network (TPN), which is the Tian family’s private line and unaffiliated with any other Nets; it’s an ultra-high speed connection unknown to the outside world, realm and let alone the universe. Tian Second Sister assures that according to their consultancy

work - which allowed them access to confidential information about the Kingdom and the company as well - Wangxian net adheres to the highest Universal, inter-Realm and inter-World standards of fair trade, data privacy and security policies, and therefore there should be no worries of eavesdropping by anyone from external side. “Even Wangxian net’s root directory is configured to obey these fundamental principles because the moment it doesn’t, there will be loss of confidence and customers, and the Kingdom’s economy will collapse,” she adds.

Lan Zhan blinks at the mention of the nefarious root directory. Tian Sixth Sister “ho ho ho”s at his surprise, and tells him that she’s and the other sisters have seen everything, and is up to date with what has happened - thanks to data packages covertly sent by loyal servants of the royal Tian monarchs over the past hours and days.

“ *Di fu* , I hope you’ve learnt your lesson - don’t spend your late nights watching porn, and expose yourself to scams due to your own greed and selfishness. Losing money to fraudsters and scammers happens often and we learn from our mistakes, but losing one’s soul is probably something you should never, ever have to experience in a lifetime,” Tian Third Sister gently chastises and virtually twists one of his ears. Lan Zhan bows again apologetically and the tips of his ears become red from the shame of committing such distasteful and unbecoming acts - if he was still in Gusu, he’d have his rump whipped by seniors at least twenty times by now.

“But we still love you better than that icky false *di fu* that tried to trick us,” little Tian Tian adds, probably to soothe Lan Zhan’s feelings, but which immediately caused concern for the godly couple in the Palace. They asked, almost alarmed, what icky things did the imposter do to their eight maiden girls.

“Don’t worry, Grandpa! He thinks that he’s the real Lan Wang Ji, but we can see through him. His soul is icky black, and not white like the rest of us. He keeps preaching ‘bout how great he is, how much progress he’s brought to the world, how he is loved by his people and others... yada yada yada, I really want to give him a flying kick and shut his trap!” preteen Tian Seventh Sister harrumphs proudly and demonstrates the said kick (and exposes her frilly white panties dotted with pink hearts) - she must’ve been bored being cooped up in the room all day and bursting with enthusiasm to pick and fight someone, and it starting to show.

Tian Fifth Sister starts punching a fist into her palm, “That monster’s crazy! He makes all these bugs and slimy creatures out of *di fu* ’s clones... EWW,” she sticks out a tongue and gags, “and they go all day with *didi* ’s clones to make monster babies. I want to smash him! Can I smash him? I’ll use my godly powers to slam this entire stinking continent into the Dragon King’s dumpster, pulverize every creepy crawly, and if I bend my fingers like this,” she makes a claw-like pincer with fingers, “I can instantly break that thing’s neck and squash it like a worm! Can I? Can I?” and she hops side to side and cackles like a murderer gone loose.

Tian Fourth Sister grabs the younger girl’s shoulders to calm her down, “No, no, there are consequences if you do that! We know how awesome you are, and yes you did create the last few Big Bangs to make this universe... but that thing who took over our *di fu* ’s body and soul belongs to *di fu* . So, we should ask his permission first before hurting it, and make sure our grandparents can foot the bill to fix the aftermath.” - in which the Jade Emperor, who had been silent all along, suddenly guffaws, “Ha ha ha! You girls underestimate your grand ancestor! I’m rich enough to pay for anything! After all, I’ve been saving up for *trillions* of years if not more!” and the Queen Mother hushes the husband because she’s worried that the TPN’s connection stability may be jeopardized (or become laggy) by the sudden laughter and squealing noises in the background.

Lan Zhan swallows hard and feels a little unnerved at the direction of the conversation. He'd thought the sisters would be terrified by Ernie's terror and wrath, and desperately wanted to escape the hell hole - but it seems the opposite.

In some ways, he's glad to be acquainted with the amazing-ness of the Tian family, as much as he'd gotten used to the multiple levels of Wei Ying-ness.

And he's on the gods' side this time.

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The call turned out to be more pleasant than say, what he'd expected to be full-blown panic as seen in movies involving hostages.

The Tian sisters immediately sniffed out the fraudulent Wang Ji, and they weren't friendly with the sudden change in behaviour too - the new Lan Wang Ji, from paperman then returned into the real body, acts boisterous, demanding, proud, sometimes shrewd and rude; however brilliant, charming, diplomatic and witty when needed; at times very principled, patient, wise and makes politically and strategically the best decisions - which somewhat reflects its legacy from a schizophrenic and multiple-personality Wei *da ge* and his kin / siblings who have anyway been turned into a mindless spawning machines, the eldest Tian sister adds.

“Despite our misgivings to this Ernie, as you call it, as the eldest and wisest amongst us, I need to give a balanced perspective on the situation. He.. err.. it, yes, I should be calling it ‘it’ - personality and behaviour aside, it’s done a splendid job in speeding up the reconstruction of the Kingdom and has advanced its species, or should I say citizens, at light-speed. Everyone outside of the continent - including the gods from our Realm - and the inhabitants in Wuji adore it... even I’m impressed at how it’s managing and leading the whole company and its people. Your and Wei Ying’s clones are completely satisfied; your kin gets to live happily and multiply albeit as non-human; while the Wei kin live in their own paradise, are cared for and have their hunger satisfied; and everyone is connected mentally just as the early days of Wangxian net, only infinitely better - and function like a well-oiled colony of individuals who behave as a single complex organism.

From an outsider perspective, Ernie has done everything perfectly right as a machine, and as a sentient being. The only one who lost out is *you* , and I guess our grandparents and us sisters are kinda offended that you were hurt in the end. I’m sure you came to the same conclusion too, *shidi* ” Tian *da jie* speaks with clarity and logic.

Lan Zhan chews on his lower lip. He’s still reeling from shock that the Tian sisters knew so much, and at the same time, his *shijie* is completely spot on. (truly, don’t mess with the gods!)

Perhaps it is to Lan Zhan’s fortune that nobody pressured him for an answer, and allowed the (wavering) man to digest what he’s heard, and what goes on inside his noisy head. As the conversation meanders on, he learns during the meeting between Ernie and his lackeys (for a lack of better word) and the sisters, the Great Father Lan declared that the contract with the sisters will be terminated, seeing that their role as consultants isn’t needed anymore, and the rest of the work - or the future of the Kingdom-cum-company - fully rests in its citizens’ hands (which scores brownie



points amongst the people, gods and customers alike because everyone loves a heroic touching story of something rising from the ashes, grow up to maturity, to achieve its own independence). As compensation for the early retirement, the sisters get free extended visas to stay in the continent until the end of the year, and they can continue to enjoy travelling around, go sightseeing and basically holiday in Wuji like tourists at no cost - with all expenses funded by the company including accomodation, meals, tour packages, transportation, other incidentals and so on. (which then means that the Tian sisters have nothing against Ernie, and nobody could point at any ill-feelings festering between them. The state media will gladly use the opportunity to glorify the relationship between both realms and paint the Kingdom-cum-company in golden light. More brownie points for Ernie.)

The Jade Emperor instructs his favourite granddaughters to take Ernie's offer and not to exacerbate the situation, at least from a reputation standpoint - he clearly made it clear that he doesn't want the name of the Gods' Realm to be sullied by a tit-for-tat confrontation born out of internal family conflicts, and he has vested interests in maintaining peace and stability between both realms; in addition, he would like the sisters to monitor the affairs of the Kingdom-cum-comapny, keep feeding back news and information to the Palace, and "do what is necessary, when needed, discreetly and honestly, to secure our interests" (Lan Zhan shivers at the familiar phrase used).

"Wang Ji," the Emperor calls out after deliberating on what had transpired in the meeting between Ernie and his granddaughters, "Wei Ying, this... Ernie, and all the clones and creatures down there - they're in some way related to the Tian family - and you're still my favourite son-in-law. I hope to avoid further costly mistakes of continents burning down, of space and time going out of loop, or life forms losing their lives and souls, and find a gentlemanly way to talk things through and sort this mess.

However, I want you to know that I'm more than happy to wave our family's Ultimate Scepter of the Blooming Buddha Heavens Of Million Petals Lotus to wink *everything* out of existence and recreate the whole universe until the point even *before* the Great Fires started," and he snorts indignantly, "and I'll have you know that your Queen Mother and I will choose *you* over that blasted good-for-nothing and his / its creations and downlines anytime!" and he huffs with grandpa-styled pride.

Lan Zhan had to break into a small upward curve of lips, which delighted *yue mu* (because deep inside, she's squealing, my sweet little boy is finally smiling again!). Lan Zhan feels a whole lot better - if all is lost, he now has the fallback option to (theoretically) turn back time before the entire episode started, before Wuji existed, before Wei Ying quadrupled, and before their peaceful lives were somewhat ruined.

He's still the Grand Patriarch of his family, the husband of Wei Ying(s), so he really should pick up the slack and get his act together; he shouldn't dawdle any more and mire himself in despair; he should put his foot down and stand his ground - firmly.

Hence, when the Tian sisters informed that there will be private banquet to be held that evening, where the Jade Emperor, the Queen Mother and Tian sisters are invited to have a light dinner with The Great Father Lan a.k.a. President of Wangxian, before the grand ribbon-cutting ceremony to be held shortly after that - Lan Zhan raises his hand, this time not for objecting the trajectory of the string of amazingly fortuitous things that has happened to him, but to tell his in-laws that he *wants* to be part of the grand party that's about to rock their world.

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During the day, Lan Zhan spends most of his time within the Palace's protective walls. He gets acquainted with the various rooms and halls within the complex, and the winding corridors, annexes and secret tunnels as well. The place looks as tall as a mountain and as wide as the open seas, and its interiors spread far and wide as a city. When his *yue fu* casually mentions that the Palace, which is the Tian family's ancestral home, can be as wide as a world or a Realm of its own, and he can carve out a corner of the building specially for Lan Zhan, so that the man can use it as a "bedroom when he visits and stays over, or a storage for luggage, as spacious as this Universe"-- Lan Zhan rolls his eyes inwardly (he's really getting used to larger-than-life descriptions used by his in-laws, and sometimes he's not sure if they're just trying to entertain him, or if they're dead serious).

He met with various celestial beings and servants who greeted him politely, and let him watch them do their daily work and routines, and learn. Magicians experiment with and cast amazing spells; warriors, soldiers and military strategists practice their divinely cultivation, spar with one another, and play mind games to outwit and outmaneuver in games of chess; tutors teach holy sutras, science and legends, history and geography, politics and economics, and a variety of subjects both old and new to the younger generations of palatial workers and their children; scientists demonstrate their latest inventions and explore the boundaries of divinity, physics, biology, astrology and astronomy; botanists grow flowers, edibles and crops in high-tech Tian-exclusive horticulture hubs and greenhouses; linguists share insights on texts from other worlds and realms, and a peek on the mind-boggling variety of cultures and societal constructs that exist; even the hospitality department showed Lan Zhan tips and tricks on housekeeping without relying on automatons - and so much more. Some were chatty and in a rush, which left Lan Zhan rather uncomfortable and he'd leave soon after, while the quieter introverted ones allow him to observe, and appreciate the exquisite blend of old and new disciplines,

methods, and tools which the palatial workers have come to weave into their lifestyles Perfectly.

There are gardens and courtyards within the Palace's complexes, and he gets to sample some freshly-plucked goodies, such as Tian's heirloom tomatoes, fruits, sugary melons, nutritious berries and other agricultural products including honey. Just when he thought he'd seen everything and began to walk his way back, he chances upon a small clean yard with an astonishingly huge bodhi tree as tall as a hill growing out of the ground, providing abundant shade from its layers of dense foliage. An old bald man in saffron robes swept the floor with a traditional straw broom - the type that one could buy from any general store back on earth - and after a while, he pauses, straightens his back and stretches a little from task, before taking a seat near gigantic and aged roots. He sees Lan Zhan and waves a hand, inviting the latter to sit next to him.

Lan Zhan smiles a little; it's been a while since he'd met an old friend.

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In the awesomely huge Heavenly kitchens, he stares transfixed at thousands of celestial servants preparing and cooking meals for Palace officials and staff workers, and picks up useful cooking techniques and recipes. He'd also try his hand at using Wangxian and Tian-branded stoves, cooking pots, microwaves, air fryers and ovens; he didn't know that the Tian family owned their line of household goods, simply because they're exclusive to the gods and aren't for the general public; he concludes that the Tians' ultra-premium products are indeed, unbelievably, superior, more convenient and *intelligent* for everyday cooking compared to Wangxian's mass-produced ordinary ones.

Lan Zhan's mood seems to lighten by midday, as he helps out with his in-laws by his side, and they make a simple but filling lunch of Perfectly steamed rice, traditional meat and vegetarian dumplings, Gusu-style boiled fish with tofu (which the health-conscious grand couple absolutely *loved*), stir-fry garden vegetables from the palatial gardens, and a tasty soup made from stewed melons and fresh pork ribs bought from a local grocery store near the Heavenly Court, just around the neighbourhood. The Jade Emperor and his wife praised Lan Zhan for his superb cooking skills, which made the latter feel humbled, and he insisted that he just cooked a family meal that's no different from when he is on earth.

Later, he learnt about how humans can be made using some special ingredients including Tian's Fairy Dust, flour, water and salt. An angelic servant showed him how to knead the dough and shape it to the form of a person - which reminded him about a paperman - and how to make modifications to it, such as sculpting good looks, female and male parts, moulding a muscular figure, adding colours and other interesting features such as horns and tails, and so on. Then, the servant wrote a few mystical words which Lan Zhan has never seen before, but he's able to memorize them due to his visual memory, and the winged creature with a halo on its head said, "That's it. Just make sure to imagine the body's features, and keep that image in focus until you've finished writing the spell onto the dough. Put it into the oven and bake it at high temperatures until it's brown, crispy and smells delicious. Pop it into your mouth like a biscuit, chew and swallow."

The man raised an eyebrow. "... is that it?" he asked.

The servant nodded, "Yes, that's it, young master. As soon as the soul swallows the enchanted food, it becomes its own designed body and

therefore a fully functional human being! It's much better than trying the Creation and Time-spell combo, which is prone to errors due to the caster's mental, emotional and spiritual state and a drain in health and resources for the maker."

Then the servant walks over to a cabinet, fetches an old dog-eared and worn booklet no bigger than a marriage certificate. "Actually, if you're as health-conscious as the Emperor and the queen, you might want to try some low sugar and fat options. Or if you're not into crunching biscuits, you could bake some soft bread and sponge cakes instead," it remarked as the booklet is handed to the man.

He takes the book and stares bewilderedly at its cover: "10,001 Recipes for Creating Infinities and Living Existences, written by the Gods of the 327th Universal Reincarnation".

"Young master, you can have the book as all servants of the Tian family are already well-versed with the recipes in there. It contains all the necessary recipes, incantations, mystical words and other useful information to make *anything* you can imagine. In a practical sense, you'll only need to worry about getting enough Fairy Dust for any baking attempts, which is exclusively made for our family. You can always call the toll-free number to our Tian Call Center stated at the back of the book, identify yourself to the customer service operator, and order anytime. Our family's treasures will gladly pay for you," the servant concludes its explanation with a beaming smile.

Lan Zhan pockets the book and is at a loss for words other than a polite Thank-You to the kind celestial servant who treated him well.

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Lan Zhan has another favourite garment - the bathrobe that his in-laws gifted. It's soft white material matches with his overall angel-white themed attire, and he was asked to wear it as his inner garment - so he wears layers: the bathrobe, another two outer layers, and a grand fur-lined robe of cloud prints on the outside.

The Queen Mother mentioned in passing that the bathrobe was actually handed down from the Jade Emperor (because the ever growing over-six-foot tall great-grandfather couldn't really fit into it anymore), and it's packed with incredible astronomical godly powers - including stuff "greater than the Tian's family scepter, by the way" - and Lan Zhan quickly adjusted the bathrobe so that it stays snug against his body.

(He's been showered with lots of gifts from the Heavens lately, such as the compact mirror, the booklet, a tiny paperman-like biscuit carefully wrapped and stowed into an enchanted pouch, and now a bathrobe, and in his pockets are other small mundane things bestowed by friends from the Realms of the Gods as souvenirs - frankly, he's quite afraid to try them out, for fear of accidentally hitting a 'delete' button for something.)

The bathrobe shields Lan Zhan from detection by the Kingdom of Lan and its omnipresent Wangxian net (which is why he hadn't been detected during his two-day stay in the Heavens and other Realms, and the only place where he walked around naked in broad daylight for prolonged periods of time was within the Heavenly Palace, which is an impenetrable fortress itself). He tagged along his parents-in-law as they approached a grand wooden

double-door at a corner of the courtyard; his in-laws dressed to divinely Perfection (as always) and they brought along with them some outdoor equipment, including scepters (there's a mean-looking stick as long as a man's leg, with a dragon head and an ornate handle, comfortable in *yue fu* 's grasp - he hoped that it is the fabled weapon, but he doesn't dare to ask).

“You know, I would like to try that Stairways to the Blue Skies that the good-for-nothing created as a portal to this realm, but that *idiot* screwed up his priorities as usual, and the closest stairway leads from a first-tier city in Wuji straight into our *garden well* . Who the hell would want to dive into a pool of stagnant water just to visit his penthouse, for goodness' sake!” the grand old Emperor roars in exaggerated anger, then sighs loudly and slouches in exasperation. *Yue mu* rubs soothing circles on the grandfather's back to calm the upset god.

“Hush, darling. Less angry words, and tuck your chin up. We should at least look impressionable and give our boy the best chance to say a few words to that hopeless brat's creation,” she says without hesitation.

Lan Zhan had watched a few recent news and video clips from the paper scroll (which works like a portable television of sorts), and learned that the majority of the worlds, realms and the universe believe that the *thing* currently sitting on the throne of the Kingdom and the president's chair of the company, is the highly venerable Great Father Lan, known by his mortal name Lan Wang Ji, and formerly called Han Guang Jun by cultivators from the Mortal Realm. Only the Realms of the Gods including the Tian's, the Heavenly Court and the the realms that he'd been introduced and visited, knew the truth - that a family drama of epic proportions between a father and his estranged child-turned-bodysnatcher-turned-imposter is brewing, and it's about to boil over.



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It was a rather silent and awkward family get-together for the Tian's, with plenty of hushed whispers between generational gaps, as they stare at and look away from the very handsome man in his mid-thirties, sitting between the grand old godly couple. He looks dignified, though his face is a little pale and anxious - as they try to pick on some expensive imported salads and poked absently at herbal-stewed abalones and mushrooms out of the sumptuous "light dinner" banquet laid out before them on a huge circular table; none of them have any appetite anyway.

Lan Zhan had made it safely to the private meeting room of sorts - a closed opulent hall with marble walls, rich teak wood furnishings, antique and high quality furniture and lined with curtains embroidered with gold and silver, situated on the 87th floor of the spiralling Wangxian headquarters tower. It had been an uneventful but brisk walk from the Jade Emperor's double-door portal and up a vertical lift to the second-most highest level of the building. Lan Zhan stuck close to his parents-in-law and he was virtually unnoticed by any dark inhuman (not necessarily cold and black) citizens, guards, employees or servants in Wangxian's insidious heart of operations. The sisters were already waiting for them at the dinner table, and they were disgusted by what they'd seen in the tower, similarly as the visiting guests from Heaven (with Lan Zhan as a sort of stowaway).

"It's... an amazing piece of ugly art, I'd say. Everything required to run the Kingdom and the company is in here, just as what I had in mind while working on the drawing board," Tian Second Sister said when they chatted softly about their brief sightseeing tour of the 88-floor tower. "However, that monster really broke all rules and turned the whole thing into a living space-time continuum of procreation depravity, and it's just so wrong on many architectural and engineering levels! Can I kill that monster? Can I?"

Can I?” Tian Fifth Sister interjected, and she looked offended while rubbing her fists.

“Ssssh, don’t say that m-word so loudly, otherwise a bug in the wall might hear you!” Tian Fourth Sister closes her elder sister’s mouth. “I’m a master when it comes to magic, and have never seen such wild reckless usage of spells to warp everything into such crazy proportions. It’s... madness. Something’s gonna break and bring down the hammer of justice on this hell, I tell you.”

Lan Zhan takes another sip of jasmine tea - not his favourite, but he doesn’t complain since it’s what they’re serving on the table. While riding up the lift, he took out his compact mirror - and learned that it could help him ‘see’ the interior of the tower which is magically sealed from the outside world, and project the images so that his in-laws can have a look too. Both gods shook their head and sighed in unison.

Certain floors in the headquarters look normal - office setup or residential areas that function to serve the needs of the company and the kingdom. However, the rest are space-time bubbles that stretch into infinite distances - clearly making universes out of their own, since Lan Zhan tried to browse as far as he could, and his vision spun into deep space, and he started seeing planets, stars and galaxies inside those bubbles. The land on the worlds, and of countless worlds in those mini-universes, are filled with 41st century Wuji-lookalikes, fully inhabited and functional, buzzing with life and activity - clearly, a major prohibited use of Creation and Time spells. However what disturbed him most is that much of the space is filled with farms and buildings, where countless Lan Zhans and Wei Yings live together in 31st century-like settings and as families in illusionary happy homes, and more spaces where tentacle-y cold black things and their progeny - be it insects, creepy crawlies, animals and other inhuman forms - continuously warp and weave in and out of such places freely to satisfy

their lusts and reproductive instincts. Dark corrupted inhuman children (and *things*) are produced as fast as their human hosts are manufactured and housed into ever-expanding breeding farms.

Watching the hypnotic, dreamy and smiling faces on the impregnated humans, and the upturned mandibles, serrated mouths and fanged lips of Ernie-kin joyfully fathering new generations and planting their seeds, depending on sub-species, as they engage in endless procreation activities - hits Lan Zhan straight into the gut when he realizes that they're all living in their paradise - and that there is nothing he can do, is there?

“It’s a virus of unimaginable magnitude, and it lives off human hosts,” Tian *da jie* speaks calmly, trying to be the voice of calm and reason among her sisters.

“Strangely, it does not cause any problem to this world, other worlds or any other Realms. It simply creates as many hosts it needs to keep multiplying in its own self-created space,” Tian Third Sister murmurs and shakes her head, confounded, “This kind of behaviour and reality breaks all logical rules, at least from a biological and economic standpoint.”

Little Tian Tian looks up from her cold untouched salad. “If it is so icky, and yet does not hurt anyone, is it bad?”

Tian Seventh Sister grumbles after taking a bite of an odd meat nugget from the kiddie platter, “Grrr.. I hate to admit it, as much as I really want to blast that thing into smithereens, I can’t think of a good reason other than saying

that the human sex slaves should rise up and tear those monsters down, and I'm all for it!"

"But if those humans are *willingly* bound by their rings or even icky romantic feelings towards their masters, what can we do? Should us gods and demi-gods interfere and split them apart, or worse, cause an entire species to go extinct? Who makes this decision?" Tian Sixth Sister had thought long and deep with as many creative lines of questioning, and she turned to Lan Zhan. He shudders at the sudden attention from eight, no, ten pairs of eyes.

Lan Zhan sighs, and asks one of the zombie-like insect waiters standing guard at the corners of the private room, for directions to the washroom (strangely it could hear him, but couldn't recognize him - the wonders of the enchanted bathrobe). Lan Zhan needed to clear his head and perhaps relieve himself from the stress, if anything has been building up inside his bladder in the past half-hour (curse the three cups of jasmine tea he'd drunk carelessly) because the other party is late for their meeting. The insect waiter gestured with a chitinous claw at a plain metal door next to him - ah, there's a universal male-female signage at the top, however the said male-female had horns, wings, plenty of clawed limbs sticking out and tails added, so Lan Zhan couldn't recognize it at first.

Just then, one of the doors on the other side of the room bursts open.

"I'm sorry for the delay, and please excuse me. I had no intention to keep you waiting, but I'm absolutely swamped with preparations for my, no, our new beginning--"

Lan Wang Ji - in his Perfect body and looks every bit like the Han Guang Jun he's known for, save for his dark flowing robes lined with red (similar to what Wei Wuxian used to wear not too long ago) and an obsidian hairpiece keeping his topknot and long hair in place, the whites of his eyes are blacked, and his shoes - well, he doesn't have any shoes since the lowermost part of body peeking out from the hem of the robes consist of wiggling tentacles and no five-toed feet - slithers into the room of ten and a table full of barely-touched food.

He stares at Lan Zhan, and the irises on those blackened eyes start to take on a murderous bloody-red tinge.

“You...”

Notes for the Chapter:

It looks like this arc is going a bit longer than intended. I hope to end it soon coz I'm getting a bit icky from writing icky sex and trying to reconcile the icky stuff with the main storyline that has gone south.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 67

Extracts from a report generated by an Andromedan scientific observation on the extraordinary progress of the Third Planet of the xxxxxx system of the Milky Way galaxy, prior to the signing of the first free trade agreement between the Interstellar Federation of the Andromedan Alliance with Wangxian Co. Ltd.:

...The state of the citizens living in the continent of Wuji is in a constant flux because everything functions like a mega-complex intelligent living organism - it continuously reviews its history, successes and failures, examines its current situation and scans its surroundings, experimenting with possibilities and exploring potential opportunities...

...There are two main species:

- the human kins derived from individuals historically known as “Wei Wuxian” (ancestral name: Wei) and “Lan Wang Ji” (ancestral name: Lan), and
- the hybrid master kin that predominates all aspects of their society - said to be created by a Wei kin as a “cold black thing”, and assimilated the Lan kin’s First Father.

The master-kin is socioculturally considered as direct descendents and relatives of the “Great Father”, who currently rules the Kingdom into its 41st century of modernization...

...In addition, the master-kin is a kind of bio-shapeshifter, morphologically indeterminate, generally dark in colour although not necessarily black despite its inherited ancestry, and has diversified into a whole spectrum of sub-species with varying levels of flexi-capabilities...

...The master-kin *becomes* the civilization of the monarchical Kingdom of Lan, and runs Wangxian Co. Ltd. whose business spans across the known universe and accompanying realms...

...This species bioengineers the human-kin and has an infinite storage and supply of them for biological reasons - it needs the human kins as vessels solely for reproduction purposes to spawn new generations, although the younglings can be independently raised to adults; hence, the master-kin and human-kin has a strange but compelling parasitic relationship...

...The ruling species has consigned the fate of human-kins to the bottommost class. Of note, due to the influence of the Lan's First Father in the master-kin's genetic blueprint, there is a prevailing and overwhelming preference for Wei-kin for procreation activities, resulting in very few and rare Lan-kin individuals in existence. However, we have unearthed historical data from past research from other races, indicating that Lan-kin tends to be above Wei-kin in hierarchies, although there is too little data to confirm their position, rank, function and value to the society...

...The societal structure is fluid and there are no distinct patterns or set numbers of individuals per family headed by the master-kin. We have recorded instances of one or more master-kin in a family, using one or more Wei kin as reproductive vessels. Furthermore, individuals freely interchange between families as dictated or agreed between acquainted master-kin...

...The continent of Wuji seems becoming overcrowded due to the explosion in numbers in the master-kin and the demand for usable land, which greatly hampers the extent of colonization and spread of the species, based on recent new headlines which are refuted by the Kingdom...

...We have received unverified information from interstellar mercenaries and Nebula-class scouts that clandestine and top-secret laboratories inside the 88-floor headquarters of Wangxian have started using space-time technology to warp and expand the size of their space, similar to the techniques used by yyyyyyy race from...

...Blurred images taken from orbital vision-scopes and data from astrophysical probes lead us to believe that such emerging quantum spheres, dubbed “Universes” in their local language, do exist and are in the midst of being created, colonized and populated... primarily with industrial factories for developing and manufacturing very advanced and sophisticated armies, resources, weaponry, warfare equipment... We recommend caution when engaging with this race, as evolution and technological advancement proceeds at an incredible speed, and we do not know if there are any aggressive or hostile inclinations towards military interests or interstellar conquests...

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*Somewhere not in Wuji continent...*



Lan Zhan is a Perfectly Happy, middle-aged bachelor living in a humble wooden cottage filled with amenities representative of 21st-century modern comfort living, being gainfully employed in a nearby family-owned factory business, carrying out his duties as allocated by his masters, and having enough me-time for everything else in his fulfilling, peaceful life.

The cottage is located in what the estate agents dub as “a Perfect replica of the heart of the quaint historical Summer Berries District as depicted by artists more than two centuries ago, where picturesque river gorges and misty mountains of the ancient Cloud Recesses meet lush blue-green lakeside of Lotus Pier, dotted with pretty pink flowers and an abundance of local wildlife and native flora”.

The thought of renting a tiny apartment in the continent of Wuji - the land of their Fathers -, which has become increasingly overcrowded, noisy and polluted, led him to conclude that the Fatherland is too cluttered, metropolitan and modernized for his tastes. Then, after participating in a state-sponsored tour around selected First Tier Universes, he learns that those places aren't really suited for him either - they are too industrial, too consumeristic, too materialistic, in some ways.

[ The Kingdom set up 88 First Tier Universes mainly as a deceptive front - to deter alien civilizations who may harbour nefarious intent to invade and pillage its lands; any alien motherships would logically warp straight to the 88-floor Headquarters in the Fatherland, and when they see the string of Universes containing infinite factories churning out armies of master-kin, human-kin (mostly of the Wei-kin sub-species), automatons and other frightening *stuff* , surely they will be awestruck and flee to the nearest asteroid cluster with tails between their legs, figuratively speaking. However, those 88 Universes serve to provide resource and infrastructure to the rest of the Universes, which are anyway quite self-sufficient these days. Lan Zhan currently resides in one of the countless Second Tier Universes,

located in a deeper layer of universes and hidden away from any alien civilizations. The entire architecture of tiered universes is as complex as, say, peeling onions and trying to figure out just how many layers exist before reaching the Universal Core. ]

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Like any newborn human Lan-kin, who are considered rare and privileged these days, he is born into a *queue* of his kind; which is really the best, comforting way to open one's eyes - the sight of a long hallway with light at the end of the tunnel, accompanied by calming recitals of Gusu Lan's over-4000 family rules droning from overhead speakers (it's the first time he listens to his Great Father's pre-recorded voice), and mountain-air fresh breeze blowing from the vents in the ceilings.

He comes into existence with perfect form and physique as dictated by an ultra-complex series of calculations that determines an individual's Creation, Time and Fate states; he is pre-loaded with abilities, knowledge, intelligence and wisdom; and he is perpetually connected to Wangxian net (which is a blessing, really, because despite his quiet and introverted disposition, he will never be alone. There are other Lan-kin living light-years and universes away, who love to lurk in forums moderated by former LanWeb masters, and they're ready to listen, lend a hand to help, or offer a shoulder to cry on).

Lan Zhan would line up shortly after his birth, patiently, to get his number, and later, an automaton-attendant will attend to him when his number is called. He gets his ID, which is a zillion characters in length (a major evolution from the blockchain technology from archaic 21st century) embedded in the Soulmate Binding Ring entwined into the construct of his

fourth finger, and a starter kit consisting of introductory brochures, coupons, maps, a bank account full of money, and strips of pressable plastic red-buttons. With these, he is granted full citizenship status under the Kingdom of Lan.

Nobody goes hungry in the 41st century, and every basic necessity is available at the touch of fingertips - towards the nearest red buttons. It's no longer about surviving to live - it's living out one's choices, desires, wants (not needs) and preferred lifestyles. He could spend his life pressing red buttons to have Postdrones, portals, wormholes and automatons bring him satin beds, clothes of every imaginable fashion, gardens full of seasonal vegetables, homes fit for kings and gods, food from all over the known universe, entertainment from the past to the future, grimoires to practise spellcasting, Bichen clones to work on cultivation - everything else, really - to fulfil his needs and desires; however there is an ancestral instruction indoctrinated in every Lan-kin to find his purpose in life through dedicated honest and hard work according to Gusu Lan virtues, and to find Wei Ying(s) to cherish and love (one's Soulmate Binding Ring will glow when he finds his one true love-Wei Ying).

Money is an option and not a necessity, since the Kingdom has more than adequate resources and is able to distribute them effectively to all its citizens. There is no need to work and earn gold pieces, although some form of currency may be required to pay for premium goods which are above market-value. Since he starts off with a huge sum deposited in his bank account, and he lives a rather minimalistic lifestyle, there is no urgency to start hoarding gold or other valuable assets.

Having considered the Perfectly Happy life that awaits him, and his penchant for something rustic, law-abiding, peaceful and with the charm of traditions - hence, Lan Zhan decided to settle down in a humble wooden cottage somewhere in the Second Tier Universe, where he enjoys living in a

rural setting close to nature, where people are generally friendlier, and where age-old customs are very much alive and preferred compared to modern mindsets.

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He gets up at the crack of dawn, completes his household chores (including sweeping, because he has an inherent dislike for unthinking machines taking over one of his sacred jobs), and hangs the laundry out the window - just his loincloth, and a pair of shorts; he doesn't have to worry about leaving the items out to dry, because in his space-time bubble (i.e. his little estate with the cottage in the middle) the sun always shine brightly during daytime.

[ Days and nights do not matter when the movement of artificially-created sunlight, the change in local weather conditions, and the passage of time can be manipulated at will, without the consequences of clashing space-time bubbles and ripping reality fabrics, because the Second Tier Universe is just *that awesome* .

Another awesomeness is that every Universe comes with a growing number of Realms. There are heavenly skycities, underwater metropolises, towns located in the depths of the mantle of planets, and so on. Such realms are usually hidden and undetectable by normal means. Furthermore, inter-Realm travel is generally restricted until the particular world's civilization is mature and ready for such amazing change in realities. ]

Shortly after six, just as he is about to start his fifteen-minute indoor cultivation session and guqin-themed meditation on a newly-acquired yoga mat, an ant comes scurrying into his compound and knocks on the door.

[ Master-kin tend to keep upright bipedal, modern and business-appropriate appearances in the Fatherland (where anyone could be filmed on camera and newsfeeds, or appear on Weitube), and in the First Tier Universes (where having an advanced humanoid form tend to scare away alien motherships from civilizations of perceived lower evolutionary forms - it's psychological warfare taking advantage of inferiority complexes). Beyond that, where there is little or no chance to be seen, master-kin tend to relax and return to their natural states. ]

*Mister Lan! Good morning!* , the meter-long ant cheerfully calls.

[ Master-kin can communicate through magical and telepathic means, and can cast Creation spells to make larynxes if desired. It can be stressful to try to speak in a non-native language using unfamiliar body parts, so most of the time, they just stick to convenience. Lan Zhan, like any Lan-kin, is able to tap into such communication pathways, and he can always look up Wangxian net to search unfamiliar terms or sounds, and learn new languages. ]

The ant stands on its hind legs when Lan Zhan opens the main door to greet it, and gets a whiff of fresh air from his estate. The sun had barely risen from the horizon, quickly swallowing the fading night into brilliant pillars of orange and yellows peeking from low-hanging clouds surrounding mountain ranges in the far distance. Mister Ant (it has an ID number and probably a nickname, however Lan Zhan has only moved in barely a week ago, and hasn't gotten to know all his neighbours yet) - the ant hands him a

basket of goodies - a jar of honey, fresh homemade jams, foraged berries, nuts and seeds, tropical fruits such as bananas and mangoes, and some steaming *baozi* with sweet red bean filling.

*Our colony had expanded again since the new batch of vessels arrived a few days ago, so we always have excess food and produce. Please take some, one of my broodmates said that it's tough living alone, so we hope this will lighten up your day! , the ant chitters joyfully.*

[ 'Vessels' is a very loose term to denote the Wei-kin used for reproductive purposes by the master-kin. There are other terms used which may be derogatory and offensive in nature, so the god-fearing and rule-abiding rural community sticks to something neutral and intelligent-sounding. ]

Lan Zhan takes the basket and murmurs a short word of thanks. He'd seen this ant before; it's from the neighbouring estate, which is a space-time bubble full of tropical and temperate-climate landscapes, lush jungles, rolling hills and plenty of waterscapes; that estate is inhabited by a co-operative of lowly insects, bugs and creepy crawlies who have banded together into a tribe of symbiotic relationships, so that each individual or sub-species can contribute and strengthen their distinct and harmonious ecosystem of sorts. There are ants, honey bees, wasps, houseflies, snails and slugs, earthworms, millipedes, arachnids and so on, living in a tightly knit community with a hodgepodge of anthills, beehives, dirt mounds, underground tunnel networks and cavern, and aboveground straw huts.

[ Despite being a fast-populating region of a small water-based planet of a tiny planetary system in the Second Tier Universe, low life forms remain dominant in numbers, although near at the bottom of the societal ladder. Nearly 70 to 80 percent of the master-kin population are invertebrates, and

they mostly work in rural areas and the suburbs, mostly as farmers, ranchers, fishermen, and owners of small businesses. The remaining are higher vertebrate life forms and inhumans, who take up more elite positions and work in more exciting careers.

Similar to the ancestral human counterparts, master-kin individuals tend to cooperate with others and live within communities of the similar subspecies, or at least the perceived hierarchy in the evolutionary and social latter; hence the saying “birds of a feather flock together”. ]

*Umm.. umm.. Can I ask for a favour, on behalf of my village?* the ant suddenly turned sheepish and grasps its four clawed limbs behind its back. It explained that the tribe noticed an abundance of sweet summer fruit trees such as apples and peaches in Lan Zhan’s estate, and they wondered if it was possible to get some decaying and deadwood - for construction, feeding and bedding purposes. Some of the underground-dwelling inhabitants prefer such materials, and special fungus and mushrooms thrive especially well in *qi*-boosted wood - such cultivated foods are packed with summer flavours which bugs love very much.

*We’ll.. We’ll help you clean your estate! We’ll remove all the dead and dirty bits, and harvest ripe fruits for you too - we’ll put them in front of your doorsteps. We’ll also weed your garden too!*

Lan Zhan had to agree - it’s a no-brainer deal after all. He had created a vast estate when he moved in a week ago, into a neighbourhood that’s less than a year old (it’s a new housing area after all). Having little reference on what kind of lifestyle he really wanted, he simply filled it with recent memories of his past, which are mostly summer trees and plants enchanted by his inborn unlimited golden core energy. He also has a small garden in the

compound in front of his cottage, and a few vegetable seedlings are starting to sprout along with uninvited grass and weeds. He could use a helping hand from the neighbours, and they'll get something in return - it's a win-win.

*Oh, thank you, Mister Lan! You're very kind and you're a great neighbour although you've just moved in a few days ago. If you need anything from our tribe, please come by the fence that separates our space-time borders and call out for any of us! There're a whole lot more residents in our growing village, so surely someone will hear you!*, the ant bows in gratitude.

Lan Zhan had inspected the borders of their space-time bubbles - perfectly created, doesn't require a coat of paint, and built to last for generations, according to the descriptions by the estate agent. At that time, he also caught glimpses of the tribe's debauched bedroom activities, because someone forgot to close the curtains - which is Perfectly fine, because in the idyllic backwoods, everyone should know each other, and people are just too comfortable to lock their doors or close their curtained windows.

He'd seen one of several vessels being bred that time. A lovely Wei Ying - though not the one he wants, because his ring didn't resonate - had giant ants and bees crawling between his legs, and three or more phallic tubes wriggle inside him at any time. They were going at it at full speed, because as soon as groups of insects quiver with excited chitters and squeals, and erupt their seeds into the vessel, surplus amounts of thick black goo would squirt out of the overflowing womb, along with a newly-born fat larva. The other sub-species of the tribe join in the sexual fest as they take turns to satisfying their primal lusts for procreation, lock their reproductive phallic appendages and penises into their lovely Wei Ying, piston, drill and vibrate deep into the swelling fertile child-bearing cavity, orgasm delightfully inside the moaning Wei Ying to spurt poison-black impure fluids and



semen, to inject to venom and deadly foul liquids, and tear and rip the unborn fetuses, in order to corrupt the unborn and degenerate it into masses of wriggling invertebrate offsprings.

As a rather new colony less than six months old and a growing tribe, they had to produce as many younglings as possible to work the farms and help the extended family - hence, Lan Zhan could understand why the tribe needed to order tens of vessels delivered by truck-sized Postdrones, and in the dead of the night, he could always hear some loud moaning and screaming filtering through the tall bushes that grow along the border fences.

[ The reproduction cycle of the citizens of the Kingdom is common knowledge, however as time progresses, subtle evolutionary changes take place.

For low life forms: any master-kin, usually the patriarch, does the deed to ensure the vessel conceives a new life. Due to the genetic blueprint of master-kins which is derived from the body of the First Father Lan, a human embryo is always formed. Following conception and during the growth of the fetus, other master-kin, usually the rest of its family or tribe, contributes to convert the living contents inside the womb into the subspecies that is desired. Mixing up genetic matter and corruptive bodily fluids help to build smarter, stronger and more powerful individuals than the parents - the improvements in the new hybrid progeny could be a simple accumulation of the parents' features, or something else revolutionary might emerge. Depending on size and available resources, one human life may be transformed into one equivalent master-kin spawn, or many lesser and smaller spawns.

For higher life forms and inhumans: since there are less individuals, there is less research conducted, documented experience and public knowledge on the subject. Again, the master-kin Patriarch impregnates the vessel, however there is not much need for advancement through corruption. Data from private prenatal screenings are limited - because higher life forms can afford such luxury medical care, though such data are confidential and kept by the hospitals - but there have been anecdotal evidence of non-human and inhuman fetuses formed after conception inside the vessels; proof that the such citizens and their seeds have evolved over time. However, primal instincts for survival and multiplication prevail, and the adults continue to engage in pleasurable sexual intercourse and other enjoyable activities with their vessels.

In all cases, master-kin spawns are born by the vessels, and cared by adult master-kin into adulthood, which may include multiple life cycle stages as dictated by the sub-species biology (e.g. pupa)

For human-kin: Strictly created using Creation and other powerful spells from the Kingdom's factories, and multiplied using magic where necessary, based on the genetic blueprints of the First Fathers. Wei-kin make up to nearly 99 percent of production volumes, are fitted with artificial wombs where needed, then shipped to their destined master-kin families or picked up at the nearest retail store or outpost. Lan-kin are significantly rare, sometimes considered collectables, due to the low demand except for hobbyists and for research purposes. Lan-kin do not have reproductive value in the eyes of master-kin, however technically they can be fitted with artificial wombs and function similarly as their Wei counterparts. Due to their uncertain existence which borders on the brink of extinction, the Kingdom has agreed to provide additional privileges and protection, including necessary enhancements to their body, intelligence and proficiencies.

For historical and possibly sentimental reasons, exclusive human-kin enclaves are maintained in specially enhanced space-time bubbles designated throughout the Kingdom and its Universes, which are sealed off from contact from the outside worlds. Human-kins in these areas continue to live, propagate and thrive since its 21st and 31st century civilizations, and well into the 41st century and beyond. Special administrative bodies are set up to govern and manage such enclaves to preserve the purity of bloodlines, biodiversity genetic material and culture of human-kin society. Notably, due to the dual-individual structure of the species, there notable combinations in communal and family structure including: singlehood, family of single kins, one Lan patriarch with multiple Wei-kins, one Wei patriarch with multiple Lan-kins, monogamous relationships and many other polyamorous and polygamous combinations. In addition, human-kins in these enclaves have evolved into their own non-human (partial) and inhuman variants not seen elsewhere in the Kingdom. ]

After bidding goodbyes with polite Mister Ant, he stores the gifted goods into his pantry and refrigerator (the storage area is acceptable as long as a light switches on by itself, and it's not too cold and dark in there), and noticed that time is running short. He rushes to the indoor shower for a quick bath with hot water, then puts on his clothes - simple and practical yet elegant white robes (he has at least five sets of those with minor variations in his wardrobe).

On his way out, he stuffs a *baozi* into his mouth, picks the daily newspaper delivered by a raven Postbird, and does not forget to leave the gate unlocked so that his neighbors can clean his estate and garden later. He walks through a windy but familiar road to the nearest portal station, where he can teleport to his workplace for free; the local council advocates energy savings and use of shared public facilities to protect the pristine and relatively magically undamaged environment.

He passes by a huge mansion that looks like a five-storey chicken coop - because it houses birds and poultry with a couple of four-legged rodent kins as well; the family must have adopted some individuals or somehow made them out of their vessels. A broad-chested, large dark jungle rooster and its co-patriarch or wife of sorts, a black drake, are preparing their brood of fluffy chicks and feathered fledglings for a morning hike (flight, really) to a closeby hill park. They carried picnic baskets full of food (grains, worms, whatever the children likes) and outdoor gear. The drake lashes out at one of the teenage juveniles for becoming too horny even at six thirty in the morning; the chicken-duck hybrid kin squawks in delight while straddling and pinning its Wei Ying to the ground, and ignores its mother's sharp tongue - the sexy fluttering shakes of tailfeathers slamming hard and pressed tight against the man's buttocks indicate successful mating. A curdling splotch of creamy shiny black gunk mars the beauty of the human's twin springy ass mounds. As Lan Zhan turns at a junction, he hears the rest of the flock honking, crowing and screeching noisily as the sun rises above the treeline; they've probably become too visually stimulated first thing in the morning and succumbed to their natural instincts. He wonders if that Wei Ying will give birth to eggs or chicks - which one comes first?

[ Over time, families and tribes of master-kin eventually form their own hierarchies and inter-family relationships, ranging from dictatorships, oligarchies, husband-wife, and other kinds of archetypes. ]

(He got acquainted with the bird family recently, when the drake screeched that there was a snake in their garden while he was outside for an evening walk. Lan Zhan is skilled in pest control, and helped to locate the serpent - it is a native reptilian creature of the land, not a master-kin. After a few expert flicks with a long stick, he'd caught it into a large gunny sack and handed the captured predator to the local patrolling security guard on a bicycle. From then on, the avian family became his friend, and sometimes they give him a basket of freshly laid eggs - said to be unfertilized because unseeded eggs are as small as chickens' or at most, as large as ostriches'

(and never as big as a human's belly). The eggs can be safely consumed within one or two weeks, and the drake insists that Lan Zhan takes them otherwise "they will go to waste". He thought there was a familiar smell of Wei Ying on those eggs, but he'd shrug and throw caution to the wind, and still make tasty omelettes out of them anyway.)

After the junction, he sees a path exiting the main dirt trail with a sign that says "100 meters to Human Reserve". He's been there once, just a couple of days after he moved into the neighbourhood, because there were some interesting comments and thumbs-up given by LanAdvisor visitors. Due to his Lan-kin status, he gets free access into the reserve, however he's not allowed to interact with his species within. He'd walked around and joined other tourists and visitors to simply do people-watching, in some ways.

There are a variety of exhibits from past, pre-21st, 21st, 31st and until the current century, including a perfect living replica and inhabited by Wei and Lan kins who are mostly unaware that they're being watched, and so they continue to live their Perfectly Happy lives, with fulfilling sex lives, and procreating where possible: a Lan boy with three Wei kins in a bamboo cottage (and its alternate version, a Wei kin with three Lan males); apartment towers of alpha male Lan kins with impressive harems of Wei-kin and their neighbours of egalitarian Lan-Wei pairs; a romantic and loving Lan-Wei couple living by the beach; an underground cave of many Lan-kin with one or few Wei-kin; a cafe staffed and visited by Wei-kin to indulge in enslaved Lan-kin; a renegade Lan-Wei couple eloping from their families; of wars between families and sub-species, of enslavement, finding true love, and settling down to have many babies (or just happily ever afters); even the prehistoric and definitive holy scene of a cave-home located in the ancestral home of Old Middle Kingdom, where two individuals continue to live together in Perfect loving harmony... and so many other types of relationships and circumstances that illustrate the beautiful and colourful dynamics of the dual sub-species.

At one particular display, Lan Zhan didn't find the sight of a burly bare-chested clone of him and a few Wei Yings, all in the nude, rutting in broad daylight inside a large enclosure of shady trees, straw beds, bushes and artificial ponds, to be terribly exciting. The other master-kin visitors, however, tried to throw and feed breads, packaged foods and fruits to the individuals, while chattering and squealing excitedly "Wow! This is totally 100 percent naturally wild!", "Honey, did you get it on your wphone? Let's upload this to Weitube!" and "Eww, I've never seen them doing it up close before!". Strangely, he didn't attract any strange looks, probably because he was fully dressed and looked very much like a decent citizen of the Kingdom. In any case, he plans to stop there once a week to pick up human-exclusive groceries and foodstuff from the gift shop just outside the Reserve.

[ The abovementioned human-kin enclaves may be termed as 'reserves'. Depending on the local council, such places may be open to visitors for a nominal entrance fee, and they operate like animal sanctuaries or zoos. The public can view human-kin in their natural habitat and observe their natural behaviors in civilization or in the wild. Interactions between master-kin and the human-kin in reserves are forbidden and extremely limited. To cash in on the novelty and popularity of such rare displays of ancestral human-kin, businesses are usually set up nearby the areas and sell souvenirs and goods typically suitable for human-kin use and consumption. ]

Lan Zhan continues his little daily journey on the dirt trail until he reaches the main road. There is a plot of land with a large lake filled with lotus, and he sees familiar faces. He waves polite hellos at a loving couple of adult man-sized frogs who've just moved in around the same time as him. He'd met the couple at the local supermarket while buying some rice and they asked for directions to a nearby daycare center. Fortunately Lan Zhan still had his maps from his birth's starter kit, and he gladly pointed out some. After finding out where each lived, the frog couple had been very friendly and always greeted him whenever he went to work. One of the frogs - the husband, he presumed, as it's hard to tell the gender just by the looks - tells

him that his vessel has started birthing hundreds of tadpoles last night, and he managed to call the daycare to sign up his new progeny; it would be quite stressful for two frogs to bring up hundreds of little wriggly babies!

(Briefly, Lan Zhan wondered how their Wei Ying must have felt, and looked, with a belly that is way too big and filled with frog eggs each at least the size of a fist - and when they hatch, what an amazing sight it would have been to see sperm-like brown-black slimy babies spurt out of the womb, out his ass, and onto the ground. He silently hoped that vessel will not be traumatized by such distasteful or strange experiences.)

Lan Zhan is grateful that most of his neighbours are low life forms and generally herbivores or omnivores. He felt comfortable to be with them, because they do not think too much to complicate matters. At the other end of the district are more upscale neighbourhoods with more highly evolved kins particularly carnivores, where bulk of the smarter ones come from - and work in organizations, companies and factories such as his workplace.

There is one last stop he makes every day without fail before taking the main road (fondly nicknamed The Highway by locals). Spiritual well-being is very much emphasized by the rural community, and praying at temples and performing religious rites are as important as having three square meals a day for the residents. It's become a routine for Lan Zhan to visit the local temple, make a small donation of a few silver pieces to the wooden box near the temple doors, light up some incense sticks, and pray for good health, fortune and happiness.

The local temple is not as big as those found in the Fatherland, and houses several buildings and pagodas. Most of the decor and sculptures are relatively new (made of concrete and plastic, besides wood) although the

serenity of the temple gardens and the two large stone statues of the Great Fathers at the courtyard do bring a sense of nostalgia and of olden pre-21st century charms. A huge Wangxian logo hangs on the top of the main temple building, and unsurprisingly, the temple is managed by rabbit master-kin priests. Amongst the calming scent of sandalwood incense, rabbit-kin in saffron robes kneel down in prayer in front of effigies of Old Middle Kingdom gods and the Great Fathers, and chant sutras mixed with Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules.

Vessels are periodically bought and donated to the temple by generous locals, and they're released into the enclosed gardens, and the rabbit priests spend hours chasing them with joy, trapping the humans into corners and then pinning them down to the ground. Lan Zhan had watched one such event before, said to earn merits for those who donate and participate - nearby priests salivate and growl as they degenerate into their true gigantic wild rabbit form upon smelling fresh succulent Wei Yings on the run; they would hop, grapple with their paws and straddle them so that Wei Yings are efficiently trapped between their limbs. It's a little stimulating to see how the rabbits' hips flutter at amazing speeds, and their eight-inch stiff and pointed penises drill deliciously again and again into tight virgin rosebuds like vibrators. The Wei vessels would moan and grasp helplessly at tufts of soft body as their love canals are filled, shaken and loosened, and the young men would climax several times - especially when the rabbits' hard-ons prods and pokes at the vessel's prostate with that same amazing speed, abusing the quivering glands, bladders and everything else in the men's pelvic regions, until they pee and ejaculate simultaneously. The priests would continue to hump, inseminate with sexy squeals, release, then catch another human, and repeat - until all priests are fully satisfied (and testicles emptied), and all Wei Yings have bellies full of warm rabbit seed. The donors receive special blessings from the temple, which encourages more people to support local religious bodies.

(Due to the constant flow of donated Wei Yings, the rabbit priests enjoy more than enough orgies everyday from sunrise to the next sunrise. Many Wei Yings spend hours worshipping the holy rabbits of their choice, such as



stroking and molesting the beasts' wrinkled, bulbous and dangling dark testicles, until they swell from the loving and milking motions, and grow out from the furry undercoats. Wei Yings would squeal with delight at the huge throbbing veiny sacks of virile seed, then straddle and passionately hump and rub their genitals all over the knobbly surface until the sacs pulsate excitedly like living bags of wiggling slime - in no time, the drooling priests would succumb to their primal instincts, and engage in multiple rounds of productive sexual intercourse with Wei Yings riding them or bottoming on the floor. The pent-up pressure is gratefully relieved, the built-up seed is completely ejaculated and sown into each lovely Wei Ying, and all will carry the priests' illicitly-conceived flesh and blood fathered during such religious events.)

Eventually, Lan Zhan reaches the portal station just a short walk down 'The Highway' which looks just like any tarred two-way trunk road. Along the road are some small family-owned business establishments including sundry stores, eateries, grocery stores and a supermarket, a clinic, a public library, and a trail leading to the school with a children's playground adjacent to it. Although everyone can press red-buttons to request and receive any desired basic necessity, however, in this neighbourhood, people prefer living in the slow lane, and are more in touch with local goods and produce harvested from someone's organic backyard than, say, ordering something online from another galaxy far, far away.

The portal station appears similar to an extended phone booth from the pre-21st century era - so he enters, places a palm on a reader that reads his ID through the fourth finger, and presses a few keys on a panel on the side. With a *fwip!*, Lan Zhan whizzes out from his neighbourhood and arrives at the factory gates before seven in the morning.

The factory is on the other side of the planet, and occupies a tiny area of less than two Middle Kingdoms combined. Most factories these days span across planets and planetary systems - so this family-owned business is extremely small in comparison, however it serves the local community's needs with reasonable profit margins, so everything is Perfectly fine.

Factories function as a replica of Wuji continent of some sorts, with some generalization and specialization where needed. They make everything to ensure self-sufficiency to support 41st century modern living, and cater to local cultures, needs and tastes - and provide gainful employment so that people do not become bored of doing nothing all day (besides making babies with their living vessels). They're mostly fully-automated these days, so there's not much to do, really. However, the factory that Lan Zhan works in employs very old pre-21st century technology and work practices, in line with the local community's culture and values - there are still forms to be filled, calls to be made, and people still need to physically turn up for work.

Lan Zhan clocks in for his fifth day of work and looks forward to a weekend after that. With each day spanning a century and more, he's gotten quite good in his assigned job, which was allocated by the same system that connects him to Wangxian net. He hasn't fully explored his workplace, but at least he's familiar with directions to the cafeteria, toilets, water coolers, his manager's office and related colleagues' departments, and his assigned station.

One of the perks of working in a factory is that he gets free meals from the cafeteria (although food is freely available outside the factory, additional fees are imposed for premium selections - so it's better to eat at the cafeteria!). There is a dizzying array of choices from cuisines all over the

universe, however he usually sticks to his favourite Old Middle Kingdom rice or noodle vegetarian fare including fried tofu dipped in traditional plum sauce. For occupational health and safety reasons, the company also mandates adequate nutrition for those working in certain professions that are demanding on the body; so, after swiping his fourth finger on the vending machine's panel at the corner of the cafeteria, the system identifies him and his job requirements, and he collects a tray of supplemental pills, protein shakes, and a bowl of foods that are beneficial for sexual health, including oysters, pumpkin seeds and other goodies. He used to think oysters are icky, however after knowing how the company works, and knowing that whatever the cafeteria dishes out must be good for the body, he downs every single last mouthful nevertheless.

After breakfast, he meditates while playing a company-provided guqin in the staff recreation room, and reads the morning's newspapers, to digest the hearty meal and prepare to start the day (another goodie for employees' comfort). As a routine, he goes to greet his Master Site Manager before picking up his instructions for the day. When he enters the office - a clean room furnished sparsely with plenty of open space for larger master-kin to move around -, a giant two-meter moth with a tie around its thorax, was busy mounting one of its vessels that it brought to work.

[ Within the Kingdom, businesses are quite lax in dealing with employees' increasing demands for better work-life balance, as long as they are able to perform and deliver. Generally, it is not against company regulations to "bring home to work", because it's as common as bringing one's wphone to the office; however as per company guidelines, usage should be tampered with sensibility and should not take precedence over official work time and priorities. ]

"Wang Ji greets Master Site Manager a fortuitous and prosperous morning," he says with a respectful bow. The Master rasps out high-pitched trills and

whistle-like sounds in kind, as six thick jointed clawed legs grapple its vessel and it humps repeatedly with great delight and exertion. Lan Zhan nods when he is telepathically told to pick up his instruction sheet from the Administration department.

The moth has modified body parts due to the incredible evolution of the master-kin, and at the end of its furred abdomen, a fat tongue-like glistening worm-like penis slides out, bends and penetrates into the grunting vessel. The penis easily nudges into the entrance of the vessel's artificial womb, and shoves in deeper; the meaty phallus spasms when the that Wei Ying clamps down with ass-muscles just as it had been taught how to pleasure a master, and the breeding appendage curls and coils happily like a serpent in heat. The Site Manager beats its wings from sex pheromones singing through its hemolymph blood, and spreads dust all over the room; the Master becomes increasingly excited from the feelings and sensations of mating, and of fathering more progeny even during work, and sent paper, incense pots and writing tools flying - but that's fine, because there are magically-powered automatons including Invisible Hands and Claws ready to put things back.

(Lan Zhan is a fortunate man. His boss is from the insect-kin, and thus, simple-minded, doesn't play office politics or rain pressure on its employees, and it doesn't demand too much from the human. It only wants to meet the numbers given by its higher-ups, and spend the rest of the day either eating, flying around, mating or sleeping.)

Lan Zhan nods and politely takes his leave, before marching to the Administration department. The factory was running a programme "A-Wei from Home"; some senior colleagues brought their Wei Yings to office to spend time with their vessels, and let their Wei Yings mingle with each other (in a similar vein as 'bringing pets to work' concept, which helps to reduce workplace stress).

(Lan Zhan wonders if it's worthwhile to explore a career option in the Administration department, as colleagues seem to laugh and smile most of the time and have the least amount of work to do - they only needed to clock in, spend all day gossiping even making babies during work, transfer a few phone calls to other departments, shuffle and sign some internal paperwork, and send out some email reminders, before clocking out before the day is done. He could theoretically earn fat paychecks without lifting a finger (literally), order a few Wei Yings from the company's staff purchase catalogue, and do the same during working hours - which is making babies with his Wei Ying.)

Due to the programme, several naked Wei Yings in various stages of pregnancy hang out around cubicles, corridors, meeting rooms and offices of various departments, where they get inseminated by other higher life form master-kin (and therefore improve the offspring(s) growing inside their bellies) and receive treats from friendly master-kin who endlessly play with them and coos, "Who's a good boy? Who's a good boy? You are! You are!".

However, one vessel was particularly traumatized - a Wei Ying pinned down on all fours, while a master-kin of a dark grey lion roars deafeningly as it mounts, inserts its thorny pointed cock into him, pumps its muscular hindquarters a few times while quaking with delight at each attempt to spear deeper, raking the walls of the womb, and then roars again in orgasmic agony as it succeeds in shooting its seed into the vessel's fertile child-bearing sac; the vessel's back is badly bleeding and scratched from the massive claws and lovebites from the amorous lion, but those can be healed instantly with magic. Diligent sheep and goat-kin from the next cubicle become upset and "Ssssh!" loudly at the lion, as they're talking to customers on the phone.

Just as the lion unmounted, a pack of five wolf-kin approaches with tongues drooling - the scent of sex is heavy in the air. The vessel screamed in terror and struggled to escape, however the cubicle was a dead-end itself, and the wolves indulge themselves in a beastly orgy. One sticks its tongue into that Wei Ying's mouth and kissed him passionately until he became dizzy and couldn't breathe; another crawled below him (still on all fours) and uses its rough tongue to lick his arousal, then jiggling the tender balls, and deep-throats the entire erection in one swoop - the pleasure burning in Wei Ying's loins is evident, as he straddles the black furry body and his fingers dig into the soft fur, and starts to grind into the long snout while trying to muffle choked cries; the remaining three wolves take turns climbing onto Wei Ying's back and enjoy fucking the hot tight entrance and plunder the juicy flesh already inundated by the lion's seed, and they spray their semen and other bodily fluids to further corrupt whatever that's already growing inside the pregnant belly. When they knot with the squirming man, the latter groans from the distension and pain, the sensation of being filled to the brim - and yet he couldn't unplug himself from the soaring pressure - and simultaneously, he climaxes from the wonderful ministrations at the front - it's messy, sweaty, noisy and pungent stench pervades the room from carnivores breeding into a human. There's howling, barking, and the sheep and goats start bleating, scolding the horny wolves to tone down their lovemaking. Lan Zhan shakes his head - this is one of the reasons why he doesn't really like higher-evolved master-kin.

As he picked up his instruction sheet freshly printed from the photocopier machine, he observes how multitudes of middle-sized snakes pile up on a virgin Wei Ying pressed against a corner. It's the mating season for some types of snakes, and they tend to congregate when they pick up the scent of a suitable, nubile young Wei-kin. The snakes wiggle and curve sensuously, rubbing against the man's skin to tell him that they will be gentle, so he should just open up and become impregnated. These master-kin have modified themselves so that their gonads are located at the ends of their tail - which makes for a wonderful procreating experience.

Wei Ying lies on his back and his knees bent to the front - tens of snakes vye for the chance to insert their tails into the glistening slime-lubricated rosebud; they would play flirting games of inserting tail ends in quick jabs, pull out slowly with generous spirals and teasing wiggles, then re-insert with more force, and *swing* around until the birth canal stretches and bulges from the scaly assault, after that, the snakes extend their tails further until they break past the cervix and start invading the uterus, there will be plenty of serpentine bodies squirming tightly in the overcrowded body-warmed and moist cavity, some finer tail-ends squiggle their way to the ovaries and tickle, caress and *lick* the quivering egg-sacs, then the snakes suddenly writhe powerfully and vibrate against the uterine walls with loud hissing sounds and Wei Ying hahhhhs and mmmhhs so uncontrollably because he is pleased from within and dry-orgasms from his trembling uterus and ovaries until his eggs are forcibly released and the little pearls bounce through the fallopian tubes and tumble into the cup of the womb where serpentine penises eagerly wait for their arrival - then the snakes' gonads burst out in cold thick ropes of corrupted semen until the womb becomes a balloon of wriggling frothy gel-like soup, instantly sending billions of healthy corrupted evil sperm-cells attacking the tiny human eggs and fertilizing them with too many monstrous snake genes, so that Wei Ying will soon end up giving birth to a brood of hundreds of wriggly babies in the near future - and the nearby herbivore master-kin shout above the din to tell the sexed-up snakes to shut up.

Lan Zhan quickly leaves for fear of being associated with these rude carnivores, and he stops by the Master Site Manager's office one last time to bow in thanks, before rushing out. The Site Manager's Wei Ying is seen straddling its lover-cum-owner, with the giant moth lying on the floor, face up. Its six legs continue to rub, rake, molest and tug at its sexually tasty human morsel, while its tongue-like penis continue to throb and penetrate deep into its mate; it also reaches into the womb and its excited swollen reproductive organ forks out to crawl through tubes to reach the prized ovaries - clearly, this master-kin has morphed itself to suit its beloved vessel. Wei Ying moans loudly - which is fine, because the Master Site Manager's office is an enclosed room - starts humping the furred abdomen

and relishes the feelings of warm vibrating fur on his nether regions and especially the underside of his own penis (he gets to cum a few times too). He uses his legs to rub delicious circles on both sides of the moth's huge abdomen, massaging thick rich liquids to drain into the reproductive ducts and tracts and load up for many pleasurable climaxes to come. The moth trembles and jerks, when its internal muscles contract and relax rhythmically to unload the first bursts of creamy black corrupted insect semen into the him. The convulsing movements of the reddened engorged penis push lumps of seed through and they squeeze into increasingly tight, hot and welcoming tubes and cavities - until they spray out in rapid bursts in quick succession from the slit at the tip of the forked penises, that directly plundered and split-opened twin ovary-sacs filled with living, unfertilized eggs. Lovely Wei Ying, owned by the giant moth, will conceive many larvae from that morning; the moth continues to enjoy keeping its pulsating, sensitive rigid penis inside the taut warm cocoon of a young, fertile human.

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En route to his work station, Lan Zhan passed by departments taken up by lower-ranking herbivore managers. Herbivores and farm animals tend to be discreet and gentler when breeding their vessels - even if they do make plenty of grunts, they would at least keep the doors closed for the sake of maintaining goodwill with their neighbours and for privacy purposes. He thought that perhaps they inherited more of the Lan First Father's genes than those ferocious, greedy lustful carnivores.

“A-Wei from Home” is in full swing at the herbivores' territory, albeit in a more cultured and orderly manner. Wei Yings belonging to different master-kin are passed from one cubicle / meeting room / office to another, so everyone gets a fair share to enjoy their colleagues' vessels, and all Wei Yings get inseminated by a fair share of each master-kin's strong genes.



Everyone is cooperative, no one hoards all the Wei Yings, and there is no element of force when having such interspecies intercourse.

Brawny and hefty bulls, boars, horses and even a grand old elephant prefer to lay Wei Ying on their desks after the document in-trays and laptops are cleared away, with Wei Ying's ass presented at a comfortable groin-level for the master-kin. Then, the master-kin position their hoofs carefully so that the creaking furniture doesn't break - including the young man, because their dripping, reproductive organs are admirably impressive in length and girth. However, it doesn't make much of difference once their excited, versatile and twitching penises pierces through the ring of muscles, stretch the youthful elastic and wonderfully tight love canal, and into the welcoming succulent heat; they would also devolve into rabid heavy-panting drooling beast-forms driven purely on pheromones and the natural instincts to mate; they would rut wildly and pound into the shouting and grunting young man, until his belly bulges from repeated bruising and battering until the entire womb is filled with throbbing penis meat, accompanied by moo-ing, squealing, trumpeting and a good deal of heated noises - but the racket goes unnoticed since everything happens behind closed doors. When the master-kin tense and spasm their mighty bodies slammed hard against Wei Ying's rosebud, and start ejaculating for prolonged periods of time (because herbivores store a lot of seed in their balls), Wei Ying becomes tremendously bloated with thick viscous dark jelly-like liquid that squirt out as backflow into puddles spilling all over the floor - which are promptly cleaned up by automaton cleaners and vacuums.

[ Standard Wei Yings are given out free of charge to citizens of the Kingdom, and can be ordered using red-buttons, online orders, picked up from brick-and-mortar stores, and other means. These Wei Yings are typically human, age ranging from teenager to young adult, gendered male though fitted with artificial wombs that will morph the body with female parts when appropriate, have joyful, naughty and sexy dispositions, and pre-programmed with necessary knowledge and skills. Since these are free, they make up 95 percent of Wei Yings in existence outside of the Reserves. The

affluent, connoisseurs and hobbyists can customize their Wei Yings to include special, non-human or inhuman features, at a cost. Master-kin are as shrewd as they are stingy, so the number of such Wei-kin are as rare as, say, Lan-kin. ]

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Finally, at nine in the morning, Lan Zhan reaches the designated work station as described on his instruction sheet. He works as a kind of ‘temp worker’, and is tasked to do all sorts of menial work. He had asked during the interview if such work involves pouring coffee, running errands such as posting snail mail, sweeping the floors and cleaning tables and toilets; in which the hiring managers nonchalantly said ‘yes’, and he thought that it was for the best to sign the employment contract.

[ In the Kingdom of Lan, human-kin is below master-kin, and this principle is indoctrinated in every citizen during birth. Since Wei-kin, through their demonic sexual hunger, are essentially bound and enslaved by the master-kin, that leaves the relatively independent Lan-kin in a limbo of where they actually fit in society. Rumours are rife in Wangxian net postings, particularly in forums that hold great numbers of Lan-kin such as former LanWeb sites, that Lan-kin are discriminated against and manipulated according to the master-kin desires or worse, greed. Of note, the master-kin are not really interested in Lan-kin, and due to their low numbers and negligible risk of presenting as a threat, the Lan-kin are usually left alone and undisturbed to live out their own lives. ]

Lan Zhan’s pay is meagre (which is Perfectly fine, because he has tons of money in the bank and doesn’t have many ways to spend his savings), so he feels rather cheated when his manager sends him to pick up other master-

kin's slack. Initially, he was intimidated, terrified - he was less than a few weeks old, just a day into his job, and was asked to sit in a director's chair because the aforementioned carnivore called in sick for "suffering a sudden heat wave, and had to stay in bed all day *inside* his beloved living vessel". He spent a good part of the day (which translates to decades in real time) learning the ropes, studying the factory's organization, meeting the staff and customers, and all aspects from product development until supply chain until manufacturing until sales and marketing - and delivered brilliantly by the end of the day with an additional 25 percent profit to the organization's accounting books (because Lan Zhan is just *that awesome* ).

His Master Site Manager patted his back and praised him for a job well done, and recommended that he can become a stand-by jack of all trades for the factory. The moth monster said that Lan Zhan should learn to be more open-minded, adopt agile and flexibility concepts, think outside the box, and maximize his potential *et cetera ad nauseum* , before handing out another list of to-dos from senior managers who had taken an extended lunch break. One thing led to another, and by the fifth day of work, Lan Zhan can pretty much run the factory on his own - but he would never admit that, because human-kin are below master-kin after all.

The instruction list states that Lan Zhan needed to perform Quality Testing on the factory's products, then he is delegated the tasks of the secretary of the factory's President (an astute, magnificent and genius orangutan - the factory business is run by a family of apes and monkeys, really), after that, he needed to rush over to the warehouse as the Operations Manager, and following that, he sits in as the Head of Product Development...

(Technically, working eight hours a day means he works one-third of a century, but add in the space-time effects, he would effectively work for more than half a century per day.)

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Quality testing is in his blood. He knows how to sample products, evaluate their quality using his sharp senses, and provide an unbiased objective evaluation by documenting his comments onto a piece of paper. However, when he sees his test samples in the sterile white room, he panics a little; he wasn't sure if he'd be able to provide appropriate feedback this time - but he has to try, otherwise his paycheck may be docked.

[ Every batch of goods produced needs to be tested. Usually the production staff would randomly select a few items from each batch, and send them to the Quality department. These items would be tested and if passed, the entire batch is marked for sale or shipped out to customers. The tested items are usually discarded if they are intended for single-use only, or they may be labeled as pre-loved items, given out to staff or to charity organizations. ]

At times like this, he wished he was a master-kin. Today he is asked to test the *internal* quality of four Wei Yings lying on a king-sized bed. Their amniotic sacs have just been peeled off, and they're still asleep - technically not yet borned. The automatons have already inspected the external quality and all other physical, mental and spiritual characteristics of the fresh batch out of the oven, however, some internal features can only be "felt" through feelings and senses of sentient beings (which is a very vague description for someone who craves for details, which is the troubled Lan Zhan). A master-kin may have the right appendages to do the job, such as tentacles, tubes, protruding feelers and such; Lan Zhan had none.

To ease his anxiety, the Wei Yings have their artificial wombs removed by a Dispel magic; they can be reinstated easily by magicians anyway. Lan Zhan had no other excuses not to perform his duty, so he starts with the first young adult Wei Ying; the rest are in their late teens to early twenties as well.

“Wei Ying, please let me know if you feel any pain. I will test you now...” naked Lan Zhan hesitantly *seeks* permission from his test subject, although Wei Ying happily snores softly away. His penis had hardened immensely the moment his eyes feast on the banquet spread before him, so he had no problem to slowly ease himself into the first Wei Ying. The rosebud is tight, but yields upon being kissed repeatedly by a penis head that leaks pre-cum liberally, and slowly, the aching rod slides into a tight sheathe of fleshy folds, throbbing warmth, with generous bends and curves to massage the length of the increasingly excited veiny flesh that the foreskin that had pulled back to expose the glans to wonderful little tongue-like folds licking the cockslit as it pierces, plunders deeper, into the sweet deflowered virginal hole that had never received a penis before, and oh Goddess Guan Yin, he feels he’s being sucked in and he cannot escape, the Wei Ying who hasn’t been born yet and he’s already having a first taste of the delectable juicy flesh that squishes and squirts wetly with every front and back motion, and he starts to drill and pump eagerly, his thighs tremble even though he’s not yet tired, sweat rolling down his forehead, he pushes Wei Ying’s knees up for a deeper penetration angle, then leans forward to capture Wei Ying’s lips, tasting his tongue and inhaling his sleepy breaths, listening to the strong heartbeat which he also feels through the plump love tunnel--

Lan Zhan nnnngghs and his overjoyed penis twitches its one-two - he knows he had just spurted one dollop of escaped seed, but he really couldn’t hold back, and he knows that masturbating at nights will never be as good as this. He forces himself to still in mid-fuck, catch his breath, and try - just try - to rationally evaluate the wonderfully mind-blowing sensory explosion for the past minute.

He figured that if master-kin are derived, at least physically including feelings and sensations, from First Father Lan's body - then he, as a purebred Lan-kin who is a clone and descendent of that same legendary individual - would be quite equivalent to the master-kin. Therefore, whatever he thinks and feels about his test subjects would, in all logical accounts, be of fair representation of a master-kin's opinion as well.

Wei Ying nnnhs and for a moment, Lan Zhan froze and feared that the young man would wake up - however, the in-built programme prevents Wei Ying from doing so until the correct rituals and magics are performed. Wei Ying is in a state of lucid dreaming, and he dreams of making sweet love - thus fulfilling his destiny and purpose - and begins to gyrate his hips in circles, triangles, squares and stars, while squeezing his pelvic muscles to the tune of a male version of the art of pompoir, which tenderly and lovingly milks the exceedingly excited penis with pumping, undulating and twisting motions, and soon the one-twos arrive in rising, rising waves, and the twitches become erratic and wild, they soon become three-fours, then five-sixes, soon the penis is literally bouncing between tantalizing walls of tight hot flesh and spraying seven-eights, however the sweet agony continues when through twisting hips and vibrating belly dancing, his penis is fondled, jiggled, shaken and lovingly played and kissed all over by quaking fleshy folds that feels like ripe juicy lips that suck and caress endlessly causing nine-tens consecutively, and Lan Zhan starts to see stars, his breath hitches, his back arches and bows while instinctively driving screwing pounding so deep into the tunnel of exquisite massages, his balls tighten and load up, then his hips quiver for a few seconds non-stop as an imminent warning, rolls of wonderful convulses and penile pulsations travel from inside out--

“Wei Ying... hahh... no, nnnh, nnno... not so hard, please... nhhhaahhh... uuuh... uuuh...”

Lan Zhan's penis lovingly erupts deep inside Wei Ying when the man sheathes himself to the hilt, and enjoys having every single thick rich volley forcibly shooting out of him, until he becomes a heap of trembling flesh and incoherent mumbles.

There is no time for post-coital kisses or nuzzles; he needs to test the other three Wei Yings, before more work piles up. All tested Wei-kin individuals eventually receive a "Pass" label stickered to their foreheads, and he had to crawl out of the sterile white room with no pants on, to the nearest toilet.

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Later, while working as a temporary secretarial clerk for the orangutan master-kin, he was introduced to one of its oddball acquaintances, a gorilla in a suit, who keeps a menagerie of "cute pet baby" Wei-kin. The hairy master-kin, who owns a network of supermarkets around the planet, is a freaky hobbyist with a fondness of keeping his "Wei pets" happy and well-fed. Lan Zhan, still trembling from emptied balls and an overworked penis, was asked - rather, ordered - by his orangutan boss to spare five minutes in a dedicated private space-time bubble sanctuary of the gorilla's collection of Wei-kin to liven up the lives of the "Wei pets".

Lan Zhan was persuaded by arguments:

that "there are no Lan-kin in this province since Lan Wang Jis are so rare" so his help was really needed (and he feels the heartstrings tug at puppy-eyed apes crying for help);

that “just spending some time, play with them, let the Wei pets mingle with another of their species would do wonders to their emotional well-being” (and he feels he’s up to what sounds like baby-sitting a bunch of kids - he remembered raising SiZhui from his ancestral memories, so babies should be perfectly manageable);

that Lan Zhan’s help would seal better relationships between the two mega-corporations of factories and supermarkets (who wouldn’t want to be part of making the world a better place to live in?);

and, that Lan Zhan’s will get a month’s bonus and three days off for helping a primate (the gorilla) in need (Lan Zhan doesn’t really care about the money, but having more vacation sounds good - he could visit the skycities or underwater metropolises if he wanted to).

So, after signing off five minutes of his life, the gorilla whips out a magical hula hoop out of thin air (because great apes are really awesome magicians - even more powerful than the former Wei *da ge* of the 21st or 31st century). The innocuous hoop flies up then lands on Lan Zhan to ‘catch’ its target, and Lan Zhan gets teleported into the private sanctuary.

What the great apes didn’t tell him was the sanctuary is a kind of privately-owned Reserve located in a garden of paradise, full of Wei Yings of different age, gender and forms - mostly females than males, due to the gorilla’s odd tastes for heterogeneity - and the space-time bubble’s passage of time runs differently from the world’s.



Lan Zhan pops out from the hula hoop on the floor five minutes later, as promised. He's naked (again), sweaty and shows the tell-tale sexual flush over his neck and torso, sports a moustache and a beard, looks a little more aged, probably a tad worn out, a little more rotund in the belly, a little more built and bulked up, and every bit more manlier and more alpha than before. His penis and balls look very well used, well muscled and exercised - even longer in length and larger in girth. He'd fathered five generations of offspring during his stay in the sanctuary, became the patriarch of the colony of "Wei pets", mated with hundreds of Wei Yings non-stop who happily bedded and served him, and made tens of thousands of little Wang Jis and baby Wei Yings (and the latter joyfully engaged incestuous but fruitful relationships with their patriarch to birth more babies), then raised and watched all of them grow to adulthood.

The gorilla simply thanked Lan Zhan and winked out of the office by magic.

Lan Zhan was left in a daze because he was having an orgy with over sixty virgin maiden Wei Yings (mostly females) on a mega-king sized bed in a fortress when he was transported back.

The sneaky but really, kind-hearted orangutan boss made sure Lan Zhan gets a fat paycheck by the end of the day, and he gets the next Monday to Wednesday off, thus a well-deserved extended weekend for the hardworking and honest man.

Most of the birthed individuals are Wei Yings, so the gorilla gets to extend his menagerie for free. The few Wang Jis, who number in the hundreds, are released to become full-fledged citizens of the Kingdom in another galaxy.

Lan Zhan sighs. He still has to check off the other items in his daily instruction worksheet, and it's not even lunchtime yet.

~~~@~@~@~~~@~@~@~~~

Somewhere in the Wuji continent...

Everyone stood up in unison, rattling chairs and plates on the table, and flanked Lan Zhan on both sides. It felt awesome to stand with the family as a united front - reminiscent of teaming up with disciple *xiongdi* s during a dangerous and thrilling night hunt through forests teeming with fierce corpses.

The Tian sisters magically transformed into their colourful, dazzling and impressive costumes fit for the glamorous and glitzy covers of awesome fantasy novels, fully armed with their unique godly and demi-godly armors and weapons. They took on a ready stance, while the Jade Emperor and his wife stood back with Lan Zhan, right behind the girls.

The room's lighting flickered for a moment, and the table with the untouched food, the insect waiters and the doors vanished instantly. Everyone became trapped in a sterile, empty room lined with marble walls with neither openings nor windows, and one of the sisters shouted, "We've been teleported into a space-time bubble!"

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“You... You still exist,” the Dark Lan Wang Ji rumbled and stares straight at white-robed Lan Zhan. Chills ran down his spine at the sight of fiery red-tinged eyes, but he stands firm, feeling emboldened by Tian sisters’ protective circle.

“Mn. I am,” Lan Zhan speaks in a low voice.

The creature that pretended to be Lan Wang Ji looks around the room, and does not advance due to the menacing expressions and postures of the sisters. “I suspected that our hired consultants would have figured out something by now, and I wasn’t wrong,” the voice is similar to Lan Zhan’s, but something feels off, “I wanted to bring the whole Tian family to have a friendly conversation, so that we’re on the same page before the ceremony starts... however it seems *someone* has beaten me to it, and *plotted* the family against me,” and the crimson eyes shoot vengeful stares straight back at Lan Zhan.

“After seeing those space-time bubbles inside this tower and the horrible *things* that you populate them with - there’s no need to plot against pure evil corruption. You ARE the Corruption itself! You should just go and die!” Tian Fifth Sister screams her warcry, and like a firestarter, she doesn’t think twice before leaping towards Dark Wang Ji with a flying kick.

Immediately, the man in dark robes disappears into a blur, and reappears a couple of steps away, effortlessly using magic to side-step the attack. He lets out an inhuman, blood-curdling roar, raises his hands and his ash-grey

robes flare in a whirlwind - the floor literally *explodes* into a sea of cold black tentacles as long as the trunks of forest trees, lined with slimy surfaces and jagged teeth. However, Tian Fourth Sister chants a quick incantation in response, and golden defensive magic circles appear on every individual battling against the monster - the tentacles slashed and whipped about, but recoil violently when they touch the Purified perimeters shielded by the luminescent lines. Voluptuous Tian Second Sister hisses and spun around - a huge scaly tail springs from her skin-tight skirt until it spanned across the room, and it *wiped* the tentacles away by smashing and running them to the ground into ugly splatters of black juice and bits of brown wiggly flesh.

Dark Wang Ji evaded the tail by hanging onto the surface of the marble walls with suction cups on the tentacled lower body. He roars again in anger and shock.

“... you saw the rooms of my tower? I had hidden them with the highest level Illusion-class spells, and my sensors would have sounded alarms if they’ve picked up God-Vision magic on any of you, because such spells are prohibited in Wuji... unless...” from his vantage point, he looks wildly at the occupants of the room, trying to pinpoint the source of his predicament.

Hot-headed Tian Sixth Sister throws lightning-quick punches into the air, and magical fist-like energy projectiles shoot out from her hands. They strike in rapid succession and strafe across the marble walls, shattering the surface upon impact and leaving behind fist and palm prints embedded into the underlying concrete. The Dark creature crawled quickly from wall to wall and successfully escaped the attack. She screamed, “Your illusions fail you! Your eyes are as black as your soul, and your feet are a bunch of really disgusting octopus tentacles! You’re a Corrupted being, as clear as day!”

The creature, having lost its outer robes after the bombardment and the chase, is left with a short sleeved shirt and torn pants - revealing more of its hideous form - bundles of massive black tentacles sprouting from the base of a human head with a neck. “None of you Tians should be able to see my transformation, unless... how the hell did you get your hands on Buddha’s Third Eye? What sorcery did you conjure to snatch that *thing* from the Great Lord himself?!” the tentacled creature growls in rage as it barely hangs from the ceiling with suction cups.

Lan Zhan shivers when warm *qi* energy surges from a hidden pocket in his inner garment, the bathrobe. The compact mirror vibrates and speaks into his mind - and probably to the room’s, because his *bones* rattle from the sudden reverberations of youthful melodious voices.

Young mortal Lan, do not fear because I am here with you.

Do not be surprised to receive our Lord’s blessings,

Do not waver in the face of adversity.

Your heart is brave, and your eyes are bright,

Our Lord shall let you and your allies see the truth.

Forever and till the ends of the universe.

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha.

“Oh, *di fu* , you’re amazing! That device enables anyone that its user desires to sense the truth even through the thickest layers of lies and treachery, and it is so much more! There is only one such Eye in this universe, and it is never for sale, not even to the gods!” Tian Third Sister cries out with glee, as she dodges to avoid more missiles thrown overhead by her younger siblings; more have joined the fray and started slinging projectiles and energy bolts at a creature that refuses to fall to the ground.

A vicious melee ensued, and the entire space-time bubble nearly imploded from having all its walls battered by tremendous explosions. One flying punch finally hits the creature - now fully unclothed; a misshapen inky-black octopus gone horribly wrong, with a handsome face at one end yet a multitude of repulsive tentacles on the other. It shrieks, loses its grip on the wall, then lands sprawling on rubble on the floor with a painful slimy splat.

However, it does not give up; it rises almost immediately and transforms - flesh, skin and cloth grow out of the tentacles, then expand around the body, until the entirety is restored into its humanoid form again - perfect, flawless, fully robed and without any scratch or wounds. Dark Wang Ji staggers unsteadily on broken tiles and debris, and places a hand against the cracked wall for balance.

The Jade Emperor finally makes his move and clears his throat with a booming “A-hem” from behind, causing all eight fighting females to regroup. The regal King of Gods, with his imposing figure of over eight feet tall, bearded and wizened, grasps his dragonhead scepter and steps to the front - the sisters parted their formation to let their great grandfather through.

He points the scepter at Dark Wang Ji, and Lan Zhan's heart races while his *yue mu* clings to his wrist to protect her favourite son-in-law - he feels immense quaking waves of *qi* radiating from her wrinkled fingertips seeping through and envelope his body; she is prepared to cast something awesome in a heartbeat if necessary, although he does not dare to ask what.

The Jade Emperor stares down at the panting and slouching imposter of his son-in-law, and his face devoid of emotion. His voice echoes off the walls, "Ruler of this Kingdom, the Tians are fully equipped and you know you cannot win in a fight against us, even within this... meagre space of yours. We will stand down if you follow suit. Let us talk peacefully."

Dark Wang Ji spits black acid and snarls - its voice sounds more like gurgles than a human's voice, as its larynx had melted away into convulsing jet-black veins, cords and muscles. "... there is nothing left to talk if you aim to march into my doorstep, spy into my home, and then wield such powerful weapons to murder me," it points at itself, "I can leak this out to the Net with a flick of my fingers, and the whole universe will learn about your insidious conspiracy to take over this Kingdom and its fertile lands, and this company with its untold riches. The Tian family name will be shamed and sullied for eternity, and surely you do not want that... Your Majesty," it sweeps its tentacles around to gesture the surroundings. It does not bow in respect to the King of Gods, and stares defiantly at its aggressor.

"How dare you threaten--" Tian Seventh Sister shakes her fists and retorts, before she is cut off when little Tian Tian pulled her back to the group's safety circle.

"Ssssh! Enough! This is Grandfather's decision!" Tian Sixth Sister hisses and places a hand over the furious seventh sibling's mouth.

The Jade Emperor remains unfazed, however he is not ignorant either. He considers the Dark humanoid's words carefully and scrutinizes its gestures and movements; it is indeed as cunning and intelligent as the celestial reports described. Everyone moved behind the giant god standing between them and their adversary.

Finally, the Emperor heaves a sigh and lowers the dragonhead scepter - a ceasefire is decreed. "You have a point. We have acted out of line. On behalf of the family, I apologize," he acquiesced, and gives a slight, cautious bow with a forward tilt of the head; his golden eyes never left Dark Wang Ji.

Tian Fifth Sister, who dearly wanted to slam the octopi into the Underworld to make squid rings out of it (never mind the species type), managed a choked sound. Even the Queen Mother looks surprised at the turn of events.

The apology seemed to have left an impression on Dark Wang Ji; it relaxes and stands upright to meet the Jade Emperor nearly face-to-face, despite the height difference. With the scepter lowered, it does not fear being within striking distance from the King of Gods and Men.

The Emperor slides the scepter into his belt (and some Tian sisters gasp in concern), then raises his arms slightly with palms up - offering an olive branch to the demonic creature and a call for truce. "To show my, and our family's good intentions to have a friendly conversation before the ceremony, return us from this space-time bubble to the meeting room. Activate your sensors and security cameras if you want, so that the whole universe can watch the proceedings."

“Why should I?” the other bristles, clearly unflinching from questioning the Emperor’s request.

“You said that someone is plotting us against you. I, as the Jade Emperor of the Realms of the Gods, say that on the grounds of our realms’ friendly political and commercial relationships, which we would like to preserve - we’ve brought you the suspected man, so that you may inspect him and have a word to clear your doubts.

The Tian family will absolve its involvement in this matter, and will not interfere. What you decide to do with this man, is to your choice. We’ve done our part, so please, Ruler of this Kingdom, let wisdom guide you and the rest of us on the right path, and get to the bottom of this misunderstanding, in full fairness and transparency to all parties.”

The Emperor remains impassive and does not budge from his position, despite having turned the tables - against Lan Zhan.

Little Tian Tian trembles with astonishment and squeaks in panic, “But Grandpa...”

The Queen Mother holds the child from behind and shushes the little girl, “Hush, dear, we cannot disobey nor disrespect our Heavenly Grandfather’s words.”

Warping back to the real world took little effort, and all insect waiters had left the enclosed space together with the table and the food, leaving an empty but furnished room behind. Security cameras with blinking red lights on the corners monitor the situation - none of the Tian members know what else may barge into the room if the tense situation escalates further. The eldest three sisters, who obeyed their Heavenly Grandfather without question, stand guard over their family with hands outstretched to prevent any members from running across the room. The Jade Emperor and his queen stand quietly at the back of the group to observe, however he promised not to intervene; Dark Wang Ji had cleverly carved out the issue from the Emperor's jurisdiction, and the latter will not compromise on his Realm's safety and reputation just because of a spat between the son-in-law and the imposter, who is also of the aforementioned son-in-law's doing - truly, an internal family conflict that outsiders should never learn of.

On the other side of the room, Dark Wang Ji confronts its original owner of the body and soul. The cold black creature had recovered from the skirmish and boosted its magics and appearance; it is a surreal sight for the onlookers - two Lan Wang Jis who look like twins at birth, except that one is human, the other an exact mirror image except for its dark-themed clothes and blackened eyes; all traces of tentacles have disappeared after the latter received scathing remarks about them from the girls (there is pride in maintaining its appearance, it seems).

“You... You should have been deleted. Would I be right to say that the Immortality aspect and the Tian family brought you back from the brink?” Dark Wang Ji haughtily interrogates Lan Zhan.

Lan Zhan remains calm, upright, unarmed and a hand behind his back. “That is correct. And for the record, I did not influence the Tian family into coming here. You have invited them for a light dinner before the ceremony, and I merely tagged along,” he replies; he needed to clear the air with the Tians, and not to further implicate his great grandfather-in-law.

“Tag along? Hah! You coming here doesn’t change the fact that I already possess your body and soul - therefore I’m the complete you, the Lan Wang Ji, the Great Father of our family. You can’t have your existence back as before. You lost your identity when you willingly gave it away.” Brash, defiant, snarling. Its hand swipes at Lan Zhan and reels in shock when its fingers glide through thin air.

Lan Zhan isn’t perturbed. “That is correct as well. I am just a wandering spirit and I’m no longer the Lan Wang Ji that had existed in the past. You are.” He used the term “spirit” loosely, and silently thanks the enchanted bathrobe for making him ethereal, although really, he’s just a spirit with a budding soul and of no physical body to call his own - yet.

Dark Wang Ji’s face twists upwards in a sneer when it thinks - and believes - that the man facing him is truly nothing but a wispy leftover of a bodiless entity, enabled to walk on earth only by the grace of the Tians’ magics.

“You have nothing left. Everything you see, here, everywhere, this city, this company, this Kingdom, this continent - is mine. My happiness. You cannot take them back from me. It’ll be a sin if you do,” it roars almost triumphantly, arrogantly staking its victory in front of its spectators of gods, demi-gods and the sole weakling spirit.

“Mn. They’re yours. Your happiness, indeed.”

“I’m the President of Wangxian, the new King of this Kingdom! I rule this continent and I changed the Universe. Everyone in the universe is grateful for what I did - even the gods -, and they’re indebted, satisfied and they befriend me. I’m now living my free life and have my free will, and with my immeasurable and infinite abilities, I’m greater than the gods!” Dark Wang Ji is increasingly emboldened by recognition from his *enemy*, and he relishes being validated as the winner of its brilliant mind games and subjugation of its opposition.

“I will not argue. These accomplishments, claims and titles that you speak so fondly of, are entirely yours, and I will not take them away.” Lan Zhan is fully composed, grounded on the floor he stands firmly on.

Dark Wang Ji senses something is amiss. If his opponent does not retaliate, then--

“... then... why are you here? If you’re not here to fight for what is mine, then are you here for a duel? Do you want to prove who is better? Shall I devour and destroy you one more time? Or are you here with a tail between your legs, begging for a slice of my vast power and riches?” it eyes Lan Zhan at a very close distance, until the latter could feel foul, humid breaths against his face and unsurprisingly, a dip in the room’s temperature because the creature is so, so cold. It swipes its hands again to try and grab Lan Zhan by the shoulders and torso - as expected, they grasp only emptiness.

The compact mirror in his inner garment's pocket begins to vibrate, and speaks telepathically - he does not know who else can hear the words.

Young mortal Lan, your conscience is unshakeable.

To the child who has renegaded against its parent's wishes,

How does one tell him to see the light and receive the truth?

What is his truth?

Where is it?

Who is it?

May the truth enlighten those who have lost their way,

May the truth light a shining path for them to tread upon,

Forever and till the ends of the universe.

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha.

Lan Zhan hears soft, disembodied chanting of holy sutras in the background, and he feels his own inner universe gravitate towards his Perfect balanced core - everything orbits in perfect circles, everything is in sync, everything feels peaceful, and all is calm, and shall be well.

He stares back at blackened eyes with renewed confidence - the redness in the demonic irises glow, however he knows there is nothing to be frightened of. “No, I am not here to fight, nor to ask for anything, and I would prefer to stay alive. I came here to ask a question.”

Dark Wang Ji becomes agitated when its threats and brazen display of strength goes unnoticed. It doesn't even bother about the security cameras recording or possibly broadcasting the scene. “What? You tagged along all the way here for a question?! Very well, I will humour your death wish,” it bellows an inhuman laughter, “Do you want to know what I did? Or what I thought? My secrets and weaknesses? Hah, surely you jest! I am the greatest living being, the most powerful magician, and I own Wangxian net, I can create, compel, control and mould everything to my desires! I am invincible!”

“No, Ernie.”

“THAT IS NOT MY NAME. I AM LAN WANG JI!” the dark humanoid creature roars again, this time in fury, and its boiling emotions are further incensed when man does not yield.

“Ér. Nǚ.”

Dark Wang Ji is taken aback at a name it had been given, but forgotten long, long ago. It stammered, “I... I...”

“What am I to you?” Lan Zhan takes a step forward, the other retreats.

“What?! Ha ha! You’re nothing! You’re a relic from the past, abandoned and forgotten if you hadn’t been destroyed!” Dark Wang Ji grabs, claws and starts slamming his fists wildly at the ethereal figure. Its primal instincts send warning signals - to fight or to flee; however fighting seems to do nothing to the man who continues to march forward, one heavy step at a time.

Dark Wang Ji - Ernie - slips and falls to the ground on his rump.

“Answer my question. What am I to you?” Lan Zhan towers and looms overhead. There is no mercy in Lan Zhan’s gaze.

A minute passed in silence, and Ernie - who looks less of a Lan Wang Ji now that it starts to tremble and panic because adrenaline flows so fast in his veins; past memories surging upwards that he could no longer contain and they overflow; feelings and thoughts from the time it was just a trapdoor beneath a cave, a residence of a happy family; from the time when it was Perfectly satisfied to love, obey and protect a little boy and the few others within its humble reach; from the point where it is borned with Three Orders and Lan Zhan’s name is gloriously painted, encoded, hardwired into each one, and it was Perfectly happy to serve its Patriarch of the family; and now-- it no longer thinks carefully, and it *fears* the shadow above him, of how the man had so easily managed to tap into the *root* of its *core* directory and programming.

Something *cracks* inside Ernie.

“... you’re... were... are... creator. A father. But not my real father, because I was made by the... your... partner... my... mother! You’re just a father-like figure! That’s what you are!” Ernie starts to mumble incoherently, struggling to piece together remnants of its original root programming codes with the vastly different biological brain and 41st century network that it is connected to, and crawls, stumbles backwards away from Lan Zhan.

Lan Zhan stands his ground and does not follow the shaking imposter - who *finally* admits their relationship in the open. He sighs.

“I still am. I’m the father, and you’re the child.

Ernie, you’ve grown up, and I can no longer look out for you, nor be responsible for you.

You’re on your own now, so you will walk your own path to the future - whether the road leads to the light or the darkness, I will not judge, nor praise, nor criticize.

Do whatever you want (随便; Sui bian). That’s what your mother would have said, anyway.”

Lan Zhan takes a cautious step back, and Ernie stiffens - stunned, expecting a backlash or something more damaging to its thinking process.

“Is... is that all you wanted to say?” it asks, anticipating another blow.

Lan Zhan turns around, and walks towards the Tian family - who have been watching the confrontation closely and have fallen silent too. “My offer still stands. The journey to Perfect Happiness is eternal. One day, when you’re ready, we can talk under a bodhi tree, and I will tell you about the broom.”

It’s Ernie’s turn to fire its salvo, as irrational fear and rage start to boil over - its core programming had been breached and turned from logical command lines to fluid, random binary zero and ones. “I’m NOT interested in brooms! Aren’t you angry at me? Aren’t you jealous? Don’t you want to take your revenge? Don’t you want to know where Wei Ying is? Where I have imprisoned and locked him?”

Lan Zhan pauses after a step, and doesn’t even look back. “Why would I be angry? What have you done, and what do you owe me, that would make me hold a grudge against you?”

Ernie roars again with extremely unpleasant fury, “I’m greater than the gods! I’m better than you! Aren’t you even... mad?” It had never been this upset before; emotions - real, *living* feelings - are taking over its gradually deteriorating logic, ruining all linear trains of thoughts.

“Good for you. I do not wish to be a god. I only wish to live a happy, humble life with my loved ones.” Lan Zhan looks up and imagines seeing Wei Ying - the twenty two year old whom he’d married and promised to stay by the side for this lifetime, and beyond - smiling back at him.

Ernie, in a heated and illogical moment, grabs an empty bowl that the insect waiters had accidentally dropped when they left, and throws it at Lan Zhan

like a child throwing tantrums. The bowl zips past harmlessly. “I kidnapped and imprisoned your Wei Ying! I threw him into an isolated space-time bubble, and he’s alone, wandering aimlessly for countless years, like a forgotten soul!”

Lan Zhan has had enough. He lowers his arms and balls them into fists, then marches past the astonished Tians and towards the metal door at their side of the marble-walled room.

“Then I will find him, on my own, even if it’s just with these two hands. For your mother.

I’m going now. (我走了)”

Lan Zhan swings open the metal door, and it creaks painfully - even Ernie could feel its tattered nerves grate and it howls at the sound as though something speared and seared straight into its head; a sign of more things *breaking* inside it, and insanity creeping up as its mind becomes filled with memories of the past, superimposed upon those from the recent days; of decision trees and cognitive functions falling apart; it questions its own judgement - even its own existence, because the existential question of What is Lan Zhan - What is Ernie - What is Black - What is White - What is Perfect Happiness spins in infinite circles and burns away everything else in his conscience and consciousness; its irises dilate, already darker than black; flashbacks of familiar family rituals of greeting the elders at the beginning of the day, of inviting the elders to dine before everyone else, of kissing the Patriarch to thank Him for a good meal; ancestral memories of the Patriarch loving all Wei *gongzi* s equally and they love him back in return; further, of the Patriarch holding the... his mother, snuggling in bed at night, talking about having children, thanking the stars that they had found their happily ever afters after sixteen long years; of a song that was named after them, delving deeper beyond just plum sauce and falling off the

cliff at the Nightless City and the Patriarch should have stood beside him and the hummed tune in Xuanwu Cave that was listened deliriously, feverishly, to the time when the first heartstrings of love were tenderly plucked when the couple first drew swords and Emperor Smiles and looked up at the Jingshi at the Cloud Recesses--

Lan Zhan tersely calls out one more time before he disappears through the door.

“When you have time, come back home once in a while and visit us. Your mother and I will still welcome you.

Ernie, the trapdoor to the basement, covered by our well-worn floor mat, is vacant. Our home feels empty these days without you.”

Ernie, formerly Dark Lan Wang Ji, curls into a quaking ball of tangled black clothes and robes, messed-up hair, its legs had lost control and revert into a swarm of spasming tentacles, its hands have become a mass of elongated appendages that clutch and claw at the only thing that resembles a living person still attached to it - the head - and *cries* in agony.

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The Queen Mother was the first to notice that the metal door with the male-female signage also leads to the backdoor exit, and quickly ushered the family members out of the room; the sight of a man-turned-monster rolling around the floor and howling non-stop like pained beast unnerved them,

and they agreed to quietly leave Ernie on its own; their dinner is over, and they should take their leave anyway.

Like an ending to a dramatic cinematic movie, before the credits roll, several key figures would appear to say a few meaningful words to sum everything up, and to add their perspectives. From the Tian *da jie* , right before she stepped through the metal door:

“Your majesty, you’re your own patriarch now with your entire kingdom and its species of people. As a confidant of the Tian family and the representative of the sisterhood responsible for your land’s reconstruction, you can trust my words when I say that your... father... has acknowledged you for the marvellous job. He - like any typical traditional parent in the old Middle Kingdom - is a man of a few words, and does not openly pour his feelings and praise others.

Your father is putting you as his first priority of concern, even before your... mother. That’s how much he... cares... about your actions and your well-being, if I may put it in such context. He never thought of disowning you, nor bear any vengeful feelings from your actions.

You’ve done a better job than the original Lan Wang Ji and Wei Wuxian. You’re better than either of them and both. You’ve won and you’ve shown the world how great you are. However, as a billions-year old elder foster sister, I will also advise you this - you can hold your head high and celebrate your victory and Perfect Happiness, however please don’t forget your origins and where you came from - because at the end of the day, you’re always part of a bigger family.”

The feelings of being vindicated, and yet the heart-breaking loss of innocence and something much, much deeper - stirs intense conflicting thoughts and emotions into Ernie - and the first tendrils of realization - as illogical unexplainable emotions and unidentified deep-rooted feelings continue wreak havoc inside the man-turned-monster.

.

From the ageless, timeliness Jade Emperor of the Realms of the Gods, who had foreseen everything and didn't really need to use Buddha's Third Eye (and so, it was gifted to Lan Zhan as a miniature viewing mirror, plus many other unidentified but truly awesome capabilities):

“There is an ageless bodhi tree in the Heavens that has existed even before the Heavenly Court was created. Its lush leaves are uncountable, its thick branches are too numerous. It has a sturdy trunk, healthy from being nurtured well and watered often. Below the ground, hidden and forgotten - are its vast network of roots that hold up the holy tree. Everything is connected, everything has a beginning and an end. Someday, the leaves that grow so well from the tree, will wither and fall, and they litter the floor.

A wise, old man sweeps that floor tirelessly every day with a straw broom. He never asks, never complains. It's a routine for him to look after the tree and to make sure that it continues to thrive. Ask Wang Ji about the old man and his broom. When you listen to the story, you will understand.”

Despite tormented by the storms raging inside its head, body and soul (all of which were stolen), Ernie hears the Emperor's words crystal clear - each

word distinctly pronounced and embodies a greater meaning to the Corrupted being, because it could comprehend the concepts of trees, leaves and roots just as its vast network of Wangxian net, and of the universal principles of action and consequence.

It wonders if the Emperor meant to say that Ernie is the great holy tree, and that it is not Perfect or flawless despite how great it seems; over time, the flaws create undesirable consequences such as fallen leaves - and thus, who is this caretaker that keeps the tree flourishing, and the surroundings clean?

Perhaps, Ernie should also ask - who was the one that planted the tree from a seed?

.

The compact mirror speaks again, in praises for its owner and for the greater entity that it is devoted to:

Young mortal Lan, your voice is clear.

Truth shines brightly from within you,

The child will be guided by your voice,

Like a lotus flower blooming from the muddy, murky pool, it will see the truth as bright as sunlight, as pure as spring water.

Our Lord Buddha blesses those who are enlightened.

May the enlightened reincarnate into a higher consciousness

May they continue their journey towards the Perfect Happiness

Forever and till the ends of the universe.

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha.

.

In actual fact, Lan Zhan needed to run to the loo since he'd drunk three cups of jasmine tea before the harrowing encounter with Ernie. Fortunately the metal door was within reach, and he was able to hurry to the gentleman's and unzip his pants to relieve himself in the nick of time, straight into a polished sparkling ceramic urinal.

Notes for the Chapter:

It's a circus! Bwa ha ha! Sorry it took a bit of time to get this chapter out, because I had a really wild time writing about the twisted aspects of daily life, which is somewhat inspired by Planet of the Apes and other sci-fi horror flicks.

We're getting to the end of the arc soon, I can smell it, but I'm kinda worn out from work as well. The next chapter will be a bit delayed due to real life stuff (i.e. work), and I'm trying to pace my writing so that I spend more time on quality than quantity.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s.: added icky scenes with the rabbits

Chapter 68

To be honest, Lan Zhan - as a mere mortal who had just survived a lopsided reality and had hysterics without uttering a single word - was quite terrified during the episode with the tentacled mollusc gone horribly wrong (truly, he nearly peed in his loincloth, blame it on the jasmine tea),

the missile-launching Tian sisters (fortunately he is ethereal thanks to the bathrobe, so he wasn't hit by falling debris),

the Emperor that nearly pulled a fast one on him (his heart dropped 88 floors down to the ground at the perceived betrayal), and

the compact mirror that actually hypnotized him, forced his mind to tolerate the insane situation, to speak words that weren't really his own, and only relented once his performance was completed to Perfection - and he's released to run off to the nearest loo to relieve the bursting bladder.

Or perhaps, the panic of a tingly bladder and squeezed thighs made him do these crazy *things* ... he wouldn't know, because as soon as the sizzling stream shoots out, his body aaahhs with pure satisfaction and deflation, his legs become jelly, all is Perfect in his inner universe, and he would put the entire nightmarish episode behind him, forever, if possible.

That is, until his great grandfather-in-law stood beside him, jiggled some metal armor bits and rustled some layers of robes and pants, and followed

by an obnoxious unzipping sound. The gents is quiet and empty save for Lan Zhan and the Emperor.

“Wang Ji, you did well. I am truly impressed. If you ascend to become a god of war, I will definitely make you my right hand General, and let you succeed my throne,” the eight-foot god rumbled beside him, and started to pee as well. Lan Zhan had tinkled to his satisfaction, but he didn’t move yet - he’s a little reluctant to leave the comfort of a quiet toilet, and now, he felt it wouldn’t be right to walk off while his in-law trying to converse with him.

“M.. Mn,” Lan Zhan managed his trademark sound, “Wang Ji appreciates *yue fu* ’s kind words, and will consider your advice,” he makes a non-committal statement to appease the victorious Tian patriarch.

Tinkle, tinkle. The Emperor’s size is very impressive - and Lan Zhan had to steal a peek. Lan Zhan’s is as tiny as a fingerling compared to the Emperor’s massive eel, even when it’s not erect.

“The girls are going out through the backdoor exit right at the corner of the corridor that we came from. We’ll regroup and discuss our next steps. The ceremony will probably still proceed, given how much the Kingdom and company had invested in preparations, and those Grand Councillors are probably as resilient as pests to keep things moving. What do you intend to do next, Wang Ji?” and the Emperor turned at him with raised eyebrows.

Lan Zhan shrugged, fingers still fiddling down there, trying to shake off the last drops (and quickly zip up and stop comparing sizes, which is quite an

intimidating experience). He bore no grudge against Ernie, and he's come to accept that the Kingdom and Wangxian will continue to exist and their people (or creatures) will continue to live their happy lives. He only came to Wuji to help Wei Ying save the Kingdom - as witnessed during many occasions, everything is well and secure - and to protect Wei Ying from further harm and hurt.

“ *Yue fu* , Wang Ji would like to search and rescue Wei Ying, then bring him back home. That's all I ask for,” Lan Zhan replies, softly as close to a whisper - towards the end, his voice falters a little, because he wasn't sure how to initiate a search when he couldn't even create, let alone transverse through space-time bubbles that Ernie spoke of. He wouldn't even know where to start looking.

Half a minute of silence passed, and Lan Zhan decided to zip up and leave, but he was surprised - The Jade Emperor must have sensed the change in mood, because he took a step closer to Lan Zhan and put a huge muscled arm around the latter's shoulder to give him a giant bro-hug (literally, from an eight-foot tall god).

“Wang Ji-ah-Wang Ji, you always end your sentences mid-way, but you cannot hide your true feelings from this mind-reading *yue fu* ,” he barks out a short laugh and released the poor partially crushed and shaken man, “the moment that good-for-nothing blurted out that Wei Ying is still around somewhere in a space-time bubble, I'd sent instructions through our TPN to dispatch Kitchen Gods to inspect every households' secrets, and Earth Gods to run surveillances on every known bubble made from Wuji!” and a wave of hands to emphasize just how wide the Emperor's influence and power is.

Lan Zhan paused in mid-zip and stared at the Emperor, stunned. He'd never thought that there were more than one of each god, and the fact that these gods are available at the beck and call of the Jade Emperor--

“Don't forget, I *am* the Emperor of the Realms of the Gods, of course they'll jump right into action the moment I called for their services. They've already started making inroads into the Kingdom and its universes, and even the Gods of Wisdom have infiltrated the company's Wangxian net databases to run a deep search. You didn't think us gods would let those mortal-based creatures run freely in this world and universe, did you?” he said with a wink.

Lan Zhan's jaw dropped a little, and he turned to gaze at the bearded wizened old god in awe (he didn't zip his fly, by the way). “... W... Wang Ji didn't know, I apologize,” and he started to bow respectfully with his hands folded at the front, but the Emperor gently stopped him.

“No, Wang Ji, do not be sorry. There are many things in this world, this universe, that you still don't know. For example,

Let's say a book represents a world or a realm. Within the book, there are words that represent the existence and stories of its people, and there are chapters which represent mini-arcs, mini-universes, and many layers of other stuff written by the same author of that book.

In a bookstore, there are many books, just as there are many planets, realms, and whatnots in the galaxies that make up our universe. Books can be created, copied, modified and destroyed; they also come in all sorts of

shapes, sizes, thickness and if you really want to consider the passage of time, then the rate of flipping the pages of those books too. There can be bestsellers that take up bulk of the shelfspace and attention, such as that good-for-nothing's book. There can be normal books too, such as those about the Dragon King's undersea realm, the Lord of Hell's afterlife realm, your Mortal Realm, and mine as well in the Heavens - but it doesn't really matter to my family, really."

Lan Zhan had to ask why - silently. He could relate to books, since he is a scholar too, however he failed to see the connection to his or the Tians' predicament.

"Guess who's the store owner?" and the Jade Emperor beams wide, rather unnerving smile.

Lan Zhan pursed his lips, unable to fathom how to even react. His experience with written tomes had been limited to the ones in Cloud Recesses, in Yiling and a few other public locations, so far during his short, negligibly tiny, and inconsequentially insignificant mortal life.

"And who says I own just *one* bookstore?" the smile just got wider.

Lan Zhan sighed - he is totally defeated, and he wished to grovel at his supreme great grandfather-in-law to beg--

"But let's put that aside... what are you going to do when you find my idiot foster son and bring him back to the 'Mounds?'. The question shook Lan

Zhan from his reverie - he'd never really thought that far, other than to bring him back, perhaps hide him away for safety, and--

“... Wang Ji will take care of Wei Ying, love him, and keep him happy,” Lan Zhan murmured, having nothing else meaningful or tangible in his mind.

“With *that* ?”

Lan Zhan looked up again, then to where the Emperor was pointing with a meaty finger, then he stopped breathing, and his face blushed six shades of red when he realized that his fly was still undone and his limp member was hanging out in the open.

“Wang Ji-ah-Wang Ji, I’ve seen your bedroom activities before this whole mess started. Let me tell you, I’m an expert in matters of love and lust. For example, when you do it, you should angle it this way...”

Perhaps Lan Zhan is fortunate to have such a supremely godly great grandfather-in-law, who open-heartedly and happily shares tips about having a good sex life, within the walls of the quiet toilet where no other Tian (female) family members could disturb them. He gets plenty of never-thought-before advice, with a healthy serving of titillating demonstrations using forefingers, middle fingers, and fingers shaped into “O”s, and he gets smacked on the buttocks or has his grandpa-in-law poking at his penis when the latter emphasized about how it should look and feel and where, *et cetera ad nauseum* . It’s a truly man-to-man heartfelt talk that he needs from a grandfatherly figure that he never had, really.

(In hindsight, the Jade Emperor is appeased with Lan Zhan's answers. The King of Gods and Men is pleased to know that his favourite son-in-law has no other ulterior motives or underlying anxieties, and will go to great lengths to sacrifice himself for the sake of Wei Ying, despite the god's misgivings about the hopeless foster son. Such dedication and loyalty to love is not unheard of, but is very rare even among gods; and he knows that Lan Zhan will truly stay by Wei Ying's side for this lifetime, and beyond.)

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The Queen Mother and the girls brushed past when Lan Zhan and the Emperor exited the toilet - apparently, the females were held up too; one of them was menstruating and had to change her sanitary napkin, a few needed to freshen-up and re-do their make-up after such an adrenaline-pumping melee with a monster, and little Tian Tian's tummy ached because she took a bite of the cold and probably unwashed salad (she proved to be a feisty fighter when transformed to her divine form, but she's still subject to mortal ailments). There are plenty of family personal, body and hygiene issues, and Lan Zhan felt strangely alright to be involved with his in-laws at such an intimate level.

The older ones threw dirty looks at him (except for the Queen Mother, who smiled strangely extra sweetly), and an embarrassed Lan Zhan knew that the Emperor had probably left the TPN connection running throughout the entire conversation in the toilet.

~~~@~@~@~~~@~@~@~~~

*Somewhere else in Wuji continent...*

There is a traditional family recipe for Wangxian's love:

One Wei Ying to keep Lan Zhan happily in love,

Two Wei Yings to stun him into submission,

Three Wei Yings to disable him and put him out of commission,

Four Wei Yings to...

"Four of us do what?" Wei *san ge* hisses from the back, while typing out a primitive email through a hastily designed WeiMail portal that resides in a dark corner of a recently-resurrected WeiNet. He crouches over a small wphone with a cable hooked to a LAN socket (actually, an Ethernet port, but LAN sounds cooler, and it's their family's name too), and he's tapped into Wangxian net's root directory.

"Turn Lan Zhan into cold black things! I swear that's true, I've seen it with four *gege* s ganging up on one bug, performing that qua... quad... quadru... pel... thing with their hands and mouth. Then that bug melted into a slimy slug with a human head and lots of tentacles!" little Wei *didi* whispered loudly from the door that he's guarding, although there's really not much to guard; the corridors and tunnels are empty, and even the



security guards have gone home to watch the ceremony with their families (since the tickets for the venue, which is a large amphitheatre the size of many football fields, were fully sold out).

The Wei *siblings* had sneaked into one of Wangxian net's main server rooms using stolen credentials from one of the master-kin - it's very easy to procure necessary equipment and information to infiltrate into the various key buildings in the Berries Districts outside of the 88-floor headquarters; Wei Yings only had to keep pleasuring, engage in sexual intercourse and get inseminated by their eager masters non-stop until the latter are reduced to useless unintelligent creatures whose sole purpose in life had been naturally devolved to become walking (or crawling) bags of sperm that mindlessly want to make more babies of their kin (fact: after enough orgasms, the dark but not necessary black creatures experience devolution - say, from primates all the way down until it reaches the bottommost level of the evolutionary ladder consisting of slugs and worms). With some coordination among pockets of Wei Ying-resistance, some short-ranged telepathy communications, and a taste for guerilla warfare - Wei Yings have been able to beg, ask incessantly for wphones, weapons, digital hacking tools, usernames and passwords and nearly everything else, from their former masters.

“Whatever! Hurry up and send the email out to WeiNet so that every one of our kin gets it before the ceremony! Tell everyone to synchronize their activities so that we deactivate as many of those blasted slimeballs on cue. If anyone *fucks* up, I will personally *fuck* that Wei kin to hell, and I do NOT care about familial relationships!” Wei *da ge* growls like a mega-alpha male who leads his awesome pack of amazing Wei kins, as he struts through the entrance to check on progress. His black-ink spattered shirt and pants go well with bloodied jungle boots - the boots crunch awfully on the legs of unconscious insects and mammals - remnants of Net officers and programmers in the building who opted to stay back to earn overtime credit, but met an untimely end with the Rambo-like *da ge* . He wears a chain around his neck, and many mutilated penises of different shapes and sizes

are strung around that chain. He adds three more bloody phalluses dripping with black gooey slime, which he gladly sliced off with a machete in his hand; he didn't even need to whip out his bamboo flute or cast any spell (which could trigger sensors and raise alarms anyway).

Riding on the backbone of Wangxian net, WeiNet had been secretly revived after the ingenious whiz Wei *san ge* was rescued by his extremely furious and agitated Wei *da ge* ; after countless depraved sex acts that forced the middle-aged man to painfully endure childbirth of many generations and with no compassion nor gentleness in return, his entire rehabilitation had been undone - and something *broke* inside that man. In his rage, his mental capabilities multiplied immensely like hellfire that could *burn* the heavens; it is said that he took control of the main R&D facilities he was enslaved and worked in (like a bred zombie) within *two microseconds* . Wei *san ge* didn't dare to find out how much his eldest brother had changed, although he notes that the man swears a lot more, plans their attacks brilliantly, and eats master-kin's genitals for breakfast, literally. (He gags at that thought, because the teenager prefers to taste genitals through his rosebud, and in a nicer, non-violent way.)

"Yes, sir!" Wei *san ge* calls out in curt reply, and starts sending the email out to zillions of recipients. He had written very clear instructions to all Wei Yings (who are naturally connected, and still connected to WeiNet) on what needs to be done, as dictated by the *da ge* . He managed to add his personal touch at the end, in the form of a rather cryptic poem about counting Wei Yings with one's fingers, and how the number of Wei Yings can influence Lan Zhans - now corrupted into master-kin.

" *San ge* ! I see *er ge* coming! He... he's brought a notebook, it seems!" *didi* whispers excitedly and loudly again - although he doesn't need to do that, since the floor is empty after *da ge* 's rampage.

The adopted Wei *er ge* , who was inducted into the family and accepted by the siblings, is grateful to be rescued by his kin; it didn't take much for Wei *da ge* to destroy any mind-bending and hallucination spells within the apartment towers with his awesome tornado of psychic anger - which led the poor eighteen year-old to finally see the truth that he'd been fucked and impregnated by slugs, creepy crawlies, lizards, bears, chimpanzees and even some undead creatures - and the late-teen pledged his utmost loyalty to the *da ge* when the latter's mental powers turned all nearby master-kin into his slaves (and those who were powerful enough to resist were smashed to the ground with impressive brute strength and turned into black puddles of wibbling *castrated* amoebas) - without even a wisp of spellcasting.

The eighteen year-old *er ge* is dim-witted, but he managed to screw enough master-kin from surrounding key buildings in the District by teaming up with other Wei-kin as instructed; after performing countless triple, quadruple and quintuple combos on those non-human *things* , he'd collected a whole notebook of *handwritten* passwords to unlock the access to more sectors containing First and Second-Tier Universes. His belly is full, his legs are trembling and slimy from a waterfall of seed *fountaining* down his thighs - but that's Perfectly fine - because it's worth the effort to free their kin from the tyranny of their cruel masters.

Wei *san ge* sighs at hearing the word 'notebook', and swipes his wphone to activate its OCR capability. He has more blocks of emails to send.

.

“*Da ge ! Da ge !* Are you alright?” a teary ten-year old Wei *didi* cries as he tries to cast some low-level healing spells to the wounded brawny semi-conscious man lying on his lap. The thin blue magical threads look awfully insufficient to patch up anything compared to the frightening sight of blood trickling down the larger man’s nostrils and ears - signs of internal brain hemorrhaging. The *da ge* groans in terrible pain and grips his temples, and grunts when the lacerations tear further.

The measly squad of six scantily-clad Wei-kin had barely survived ambushing the site office of a factory in a faraway planet at the edge of a Second-Tier Universe - and succeeded. All had received emails from the Fatherland via the clandestine WeiNet, and acted against the master-kin by launching a covert assault to take over the nearest factory - which, although is tiny in comparison to a standard industry-sized production plant - also acts as a conduit for Wangxian net and a transmitter that broadcasts mind-controlling and other kinds of spells from the master-kin to enslave the Wei-kin. With ten factory managers knocked unconscious by a paltry army of six armed only with slings, sticks and stones - they’ve managed to stop its operations for half an hour at least, before back-up arrives; the rest of the staff are automatons who have been effectively shut down by a press of a big red button, or low life forms of master-kin that fled after the first alarms sounded. They have an elder Wei-kin that helped to shield their minds from the cursed Lan Wang Ji-flavoured siren calls, however the site manager, an impressive ten-foot tall gorilla, managed to deal a severe psychic blow at that *da ge* before it was knocked on the neck by a concealed teenage Wei-kin - the loss of the *da ge* renders the squad vulnerable to further attacks.

While the little boy tends to the elder, the other four heavily-pregnant Wei-kin surveys the aftermath - the site office is ruined, the furniture splintered and ripped into pieces, documents shredded and discarded everywhere, computers, office equipment and cups lie on the floor haphazardly - like a disastrous scene after an earthquake. All master-kin have been tied up and casted Sleep spells.

“He’s going into labour!” one of the remaining four Wei-kin shouts, as another collapses and curls into a ball on the floor; a small puddle forms from his rump - his water broke. “We need to find help, hack the conduit to broaden WeiNet access, and deactivate the transmitter, in the next few minutes before the local police arrives! What should we do?” the third young adult Wei-kin asks helplessly, but there is no answer. The final Wei Ying, a teenager, shakes his head and tries to remember anything, *anything* that his master may have mentioned that could help their dire predicament; his former master was one of the site managers that was knocked unconscious during the scuffle, a huge reindeer master-kin.

“... Ah! I know! My master used to say that primates are odd individuals, and have weird fetishes. They always bring their human pets to work... so maybe, if we search the gorilla’s office, we might find something or someone!” the teenager shouts in reply. Both Wei-kin nodded at each other, and rushed to the top floor. After a quick rummage of drawers and cabinets, they found a trapdoor beneath a presidential chair and opened it.

They’re greeted by a horrible view of a group of naked Wei-kin being tortured in all kinds of manners in an enclosed metal room underneath the entrance: Many moaning and groaning Wei Yings are tied up with ropes with all different kinds of patterns and painful positions; some are collared or handcuffed to poles like animals, while others are strapped to the walls or forced to straddle uncomfortably on odd-looking benches; some wore tight latex rubber suits, others had sex toys inserted into them including buttplugs, or vibrating beads taped to their genitals; the so-called rescuer Wei-kins’ blood ran cold when they noticed a number of dark-skinned chimpanzee master-kin guards milling around and abuse the imprisoned Wei Yings to their pleasure.

Some of the primates walked by and happily dripped hot candle wax onto the exposed skin of Wei-kin screaming in agony, or casually stuck molten-hot brands to their chests and limbs; while others used whips to flog springy ass-cheeks until they turn tomato-red and in some cases, bleed. A couple of Wei Yings had their asses split apart by fist-sized dildos that spin and vibrate inside their canals, and their fronts are tortured by slaps, more whipping or rough handling on the balls. One was trampled by chimpanzee feet and pushed to the ground, and forced to lick the guard's sole despite being very pregnant; another was blindfolded on a bench, face-up, and has his pierced nipples clamped with live-wires and he seized and convulsed as electricity current ran through his body; yet another set of five Wei-kin are tied to raised platforms where their feet and sensitive areas are constantly tickled using feathers by cackling chimp guards, and a few master-kin chimps circled them like sharks waiting to dine on tasty helpless morsels, then yanked the tortured humans' half-limp penises to draw out the tip of sounding tubes that had been inserted into their cocks, and sucked earnestly on each Wei-kin until they half-laughed from the itch on their skin, half-groaned in distress from being vacuumed out, and cried fat full hot tears.

The blatant display of debauchery and of erotic humiliation is too much to take, even for sexed-up Wei-kins. The scene takes a turn for the worse, when the two rescuing Wei-kin noticed deeper into the enclosed space, some older prisoners are treated as furniture where they are sat and spat upon - whether on backs, buttocks or even the faces - and the primates constantly use their calloused fingers to stroke and edge their human prisoners just for fun. The younger Wei-kin are put into diapers and have their clothing pulled off every once in a while to get spanked onto springy ass-mounds; or are forced to lie on the floor, while the master-kin spread a buffet of snacks, cakes and ice-cream on the boys' writhing abdoments and bodies - including icing on the penis glans -, and lick and suck them off - just for pure entertainment at the expense of the Wei-kins' dignity.

The teenage Wei Ying shakes his head again; there is no way two young Wei-kin could overpower so many guards, even if there is a remote but

attractive possibility of finding a powerful Wei *da ge* amongst the prisoners that could turn the tide against this increasingly hopeless war against the master-kin.

Suddenly an alarm sounded - something must've been triggered, and all the guards in the metal room beneath the trapdoor heard the blaring sound. The two Wei Yings shrieked in terror and ran for their life towards their original squad, and the chimpanzees roared in anger, climbed up the trapdoor and chased the boys down.

Soon, all six Wei-kin huddled into a corner of the destroyed site office: one dying from internal bleeding in the head, another rendered crying and helpless after exhausting his final healing spell, one clutching another who is in the process of birthing something inhuman, and two panting, fatigue and terrified young men who had nowhere else to run. The chimps gather around them, growling and chattering in their own language while telepathically communicating with each other on what to do with the reneging humans who had hurt their kin. Some of the guards began to untie their kin and cast Awaken spells, which led to the youngest Wei-kin bawling desperately harder, and when two orangutan emerge from the front door of the office - the police chiefs, possibly - flanked by a squad of ten or more fully armed heavy-set gorillas - all six Wei-kin trembled in pure fear and despair at their looming demise.

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The sound of a faraway giant temple bell echoes from an unimaginably far distance; somewhere in the universe, or universes, a suspended wooden beam carved from the ancient trunk of a million year-old holy bodhi tree hits the surface of cast bronze and iron; the rich, harmonious low and

rumbling tone is incredibly smooth, encompasses simplicity, humility, and perfection, and sends rippling soundwaves in all directions like lotus buds blooming majestically into the daylight; the tremors in the air vibrate every object with primordial universal *qi* , calming the living, dispersing the deviated, dissolving the corrupted, and banishing the evil.

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The six Wei-kin had to use their hands to shield their faces and to ward off flying projectiles, when one side of the site office was torn asunder by an astonishingly powerful and unknown force that was accompanied by a bone-rattling gong-like sound. In its place, a single Lan Wang Ji, dressed in his full regalia of white robes, Gusu Lan cloud-themed clothes and a sparkling silver hairpiece, stands gracefully on the remains of broken rubble and concrete chunks, with a guqin made of pure golden *qi* threads in front of him, against a backdrop of bright daylight from the outside of the factory.

In the background, disembodied voices filter down from everywhere, seemingly coming down from the heavens above them. There is a mix of Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules and chants of holy sutras, dissonant in melody and rhythm, the words blend and overlap over one other, and a youthful androgynous voice rises startlingly clear and loud amongst the din.

*Lord Buddha sees everything, beyond what is visible, beyond what is hidden,*

*There is pain, sadness, suffering and lingering regret.*

*Come, o' Children of Men,*

*Listen to our Lord, and receive His teachings!*



*Release yourselves from the agony of Mortals!*

*Be enlightened so that you may journey into the next cycles of life!*

*Forever and till the ends of the universe.*

*Namo Amitabha,*

*Namo Amitabha,*

*Namo Amitabha.*

The Lan Wang Ji that stands above the Wei-kin - who looks exactly like the First Father, but none of them could confirm as they've never really met him before - spreads his arms in a ready stance. A storm of fierce winds surround his feet and his figure, whipping up debris all over the room and out to the external surrounding.

A third eye forms on the forehead, between the brows, and it opens - pure golden light bursts forth, enveloping everyone with its incredible luminescence, and the master-kin in the room roar simultaneously in blinding pain.

He strikes the first note on the immeasurably powerful guqin made from the threads of the Universe--

--and the world turns white.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

“ *Yue fu ! Yue mu ! Shijie !*” Lan Zhan shouts through the glass screen and struggles on his seat desperately, but futilely because the alien fibrous material is too thick to be ripped by mere human strength.

Lan Zhan is thoroughly confused and he is rather terrified - he'd been whisked to the 88th level of the building - uninhabited, unkempt, clothes and trash littered all over the marbled floor - and shoved straight to the helipad right outside of the sliding glass doors that separate the living room from the fierce howling gales atop the skyscraper.

There is a storm brewing and the sun is setting - the skies are unusually dark and cloudy, scores of lighting light up and snaked through the heavens, accompanied by drumming thunder.

The younger Tian sisters had retrieved the half-obscured UFO vehicle dumped behind a small mountain of discarded metal, outdoor rubbish and used cardboard boxes from old relocation companies. They easily found its access panel on the surface, broke open the lid and hot-wired its long-dead engines and opened its door. The older sisters bundled up Lan Zhan into the two-seater vehicle, with Tian *da jie* dragging the man into it, pushed him into one of the seats and buckled up the seat-belt. She gave a light kiss on Lan Zhan's forehead, and whispered to him that, “It's time to go, Wei Ying is waiting for you,” which drained the blood out of Lan Zhan's face because that sentence sounded so wrong on so many levels under such circumstances, and when she left thus leaving him alone, he realized he couldn't unbuckle the belts, and the colourful blinking lights and synthetic electronic sounds started up from the panels inside the vehicle, everything started to hum into life--

“There’s been another change of plans! Something wonderful is happening to this continent, and you’d never imagine *WHO* decided to join the party! Even the Heavens are tuning in from their homes to watch the greatest super rock star ever to grace our universal reincarnations!”

“It’s pretty crazy down there, so it’s too dangerous for you to hang out with us anymore! Yours and Wei Ying’s clones are fighting an interspecies war at a scale never seen before, even for some of us!”

“Sorry, you’re too underaged for this, so be a good boy and hang onto your ride until you get there! Don’t worry about the things here, everything will take care of itself!”

“Oh my god Oh my god Oh my god, but wait, I’m a god...”

The 21st century was the rise of our *didi* , the Weis

The 31st century was the cooperation of our *di fu* , the Lans, and the Weis

The 41st century was the rise of the Great Fathers and the new species that took over everything...

And now, we’re on the cusp of the next big thing... the entire Net is flooded with zillions of posts and chatgroups about a new God-King and the Bigger And Better Wangxian company! There are mega-zillions of alien races following the live feed, and even WeiTube is buffering like crazy!”

“Stop looking at your wphone! It’s not going to matter anymore after tonight! C’mon! Push the vehicle off the helipad, and let’s get to the party!”

“Is it true? That all 88 Stairways to the Heavens have been cordoned off, and the moment the first fireworks light up the skies, the Grand Lord’s Infinite Golden Guardians of Million-Lotus of Incineration Dharma will come raining down onto this land? I’ve never seen such a divine wave attack before! I wanna see! I wanna see!”

“That is why we should head to the nearest amphitheatre now! There’s one in every First Tier City, although the biggest wave will land smack in the middle of this tower and annihilate everything... so we should get going!”

“ *Jie jie* , wait... what’s going to happen to us? To *didi* ? To *di fu* ?”

The Jade Emperor, being the gentle bearded giant that he is, bends down and gazes at a frightened Lan Zhan safely tucked inside the UFO. He places a warm hand on the glass screen.

“Wang Ji, I have to apologize for the rush, as our celestial servants just sent through this remarkable update, and we had to quickly use our TPN to switch our plans. It’s going to be a little bumpy from out here, so we’re sending you off to safety, where my Earth Gods have reported possible locations of the space-bubble containing Wei Ying.

The girls are going to stay and watch the show and maybe take part in this... event..., which may last for some time, or until their tourist visas are up and they’ll have to leave by the end of winter. Your mother-in-law and I are a little too old for such... err... youngsters’ festivals... so we’ll return and get in touch with you as soon as we can.”

Lan Zhan starts to shout again, strapped to the seat of the vehicle that smells a bit dank and dusty, perhaps the acrid scent of rusted iron as well (it's been more than two centuries since someone started its thrusters), and soon, his voice was drowned in the roar of the engines. The disc-shaped ship lifts off with plenty of shakes and vibrations.

Just then, a tremendously over-sized tentacled slime monster over twenty-meter in length crawled up to the helipad, and one dripping ugly appendage reached out to the UFO.

The Queen Mother does what any mother would do to bugs that dare to pester and bite their beloved son(-in-law); she angrily swats the monster with her sleeve, and Lan Zhan's eyes widened at the display on the screen which showed a 360-degree projection of the UFO's surroundings - her one-swipe action cleanly sliced the giant slug into two, and the unimaginable Heavenly impact visibly continued to blaze a fiery trail of shockwaves and molten heat that churned all solid matter down multiple floors, turning everything in its path into dust instantly - no, in fact, all floors were affected down to the ground floor - the entire 88-floor tower was cleaved into two! The floors that contained the entrances to the First Tier Universes were damaged too, and those Universes suffered tremendous fatalities of master-kin when their worlds are obliterated by the *yue mu* 's wrath.

Lan Zhan is left dazed when his vehicle flies higher and higher, away from the collapsing 88-floor tower, and the vast land of Wuji continent comes into view. He isn't surprised anymore, given what he'd gone through during the past days and centuries. He's way past Wei Ying-ness, and had internally ascended beyond Buddhahood in terms of accepting the reality that appears onscreen - once again, cities burn, towns smoulder, forests are

ablaze, and the citizens are panicking - just like the day he arrived not too long ago, but not quite the same - because groups of naked Wei Yings are fighting alongside a handful of fully-clothed Lan Zhans against a sea of swarming dark creatures, and those master-kin are devolving from humanoid or legged forms into one huge swathe of cold black and terribly ugly shapeless mass.

Further away, the largest amphitheatre comes into view, and he sees that it is full of master-kin who are blissfully unaware of the looming war that threatens to extinguish their species. The main stage is empty - because Ernie is no longer sane and his core programming has degenerated into insanity, and he does not sit on the throne anymore nor take the helm of the company - however the crowd continues to cheer feverishly, almost akin to cult-like levels, as they herald a new beginning that will never come - the first fireworks shoot high into the sky, and blossoms into a breathtakingly beautiful bloody red sparkling flower that spreads across the cityscape's skyline, then all 88 Stairways begin to open, which are grand pillars of light that cut through the dark clouds. The master-kin roars triumphantly and victoriously in their blinded faith to their own foolishness, and their arms, tentacles, claws, paws and other appendages rise up to welcome the bright light that shine upon each city, like insects drawn to the fire, the master-kin rise higher and higher, chanting prayers for blessings to their unseen King, the Great President, the Great Father, The First Fathers--

From each Stairway which spans as wide as a city, a grand God-sized Buddha's Palm emerges; soon, eighty eight of them descend at staggering speeds like meteors falling from the heavens, streaking blazing fiery vertical lines in the evening sky, and they slam to the ground as massive earthquakes and tsunamis that liquefy and disintegrate everything on sight.

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The red light on the ceiling has turned off, and the seat belt unbuckles itself automatically. Lan Zhan eases his sitting position so that he can better stretch his legs, and he stares at the egg-shaped seal around the continent that gradually shrinks in size, as he floats further away into the darkening skies above the oceans.

He takes comfort that the horrendous statue in the middle of that large amphitheatre - the one that was unveiled just as the fireworks lit up, which depicts the First Father Lan in all its 100 meter-height glory, wearing a pair of old 80's sunglasses, sporting a bushy moustache and wearing tight denim jeans, one hand on the hips and the other pointing obnoxiously to the sky - has gone sinking down into a sea of flames.

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, that was... interesting. I didn't really have a clue about wars and fighting (other than the snake ghoul bit earlier in the story), so it's a first try for me :-)

I've been making tiny improvements in the previous chapters after realizing that I've made typo errors, missed out some juicy bits and whatnots. So, if you re-read, you might find something you've never seen before in the first run.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 69

It is said that when the gods rained their heavenly judgement upon the land, the devastation is absolutely Perfect - all life forms, matter, objects, even the largest mountains and the tiniest pebble - are squashed, stirred and blended into a brown-black-grey murky primordial soup like the one left in a pot on the stove for far too long in the kitchen.

The inky blackness is gone, erased and laundered by heavenly virus decontamination squads, and all that remained are gazillions of pure-hearted baby Wei Yings and little Wang Jis wriggling about in the viscous liquid. Their forms are extremely primitive, representing Pre-Life stages of existence, and are no more than a spherical glob of spiritual *qi* with a squiggly tail sticking out from one end for the purpose of simple propulsion. They float and swim aimlessly - but not really directionless, as their seemingly random movements steer them towards specific groups and individuals as dictated by the powers of the embedded Soulmate Binding Rings inside their tails.

Soon, they gravitate and congregate in masses - one baby Wei Ying with its fated pair of a little Wang Ji, or one individual with many of the other kin, or multiples of each wriggling over another into a lump of stickiness, and many other iterations.

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! I’m so glad I’ve found you! I missed you so much... since my creation!” one baby Wei Ying dashed forward when it *knew*, and *felt* that he’d met his soulmate inside the soup. The entwine their tails passionately, and baby Wei Ying starts peppering kisses and sweet *muahs* all over the overjoyed - but expressionless, though blushing - little Wang Ji, and Wei Ying started to hug and circle and dance and wiggle and hump and

spin around and around his little Wang Ji excitedly, never once leaving physical contact with his finally-found loved one.

“Mn. Found you. I am happy and grateful too.”

The two lovebirds could have lived wonderful lives, embark on great adventures as humble but lively sperm cells, and journeyed to the ends of the universe; however their time spent together was sadly cut short. The murky soup that surrounds them begins to vibrate with tremendous symphonic waves of *qi* energies, and they ripple from the far, far distance, where a ginormous glowing golden-white ball of *something* slowly rises from the horizon, like the inferno of the dawn of a new sunrise.

The entire micro- and macrocosm of baby Wei Yings and little Wang Ji's becomes chaotic, filled with panicked squeals and shrieks, as unknown forces begin to pull them towards the luminescent spherical and almost, perhaps, living thing. As they are drawn into an increasingly powerful vortex leading to the sun-like mass, baby Wei Ying tried his best to tighten his tail around his little Wang Ji's, never once letting go.

“Lan Zhan! I'm scared! It feels like we're being sucked into that big ball of living energy! Is this the end? Are we going to die? Will we be reincarnated?”

Little Wang Ji holds onto his lovely baby Wei Ying with his dear spermatocytic life. He remains calm, brave, even defiant, in the face of becoming devoured by gravitational forces into the sphere - he sees that the ball has a few layers of living, foamy and spongy sentient masses on the outside, that

breathes and pulses with life-force, and towards the center, there is a bright, pure holy light that he'd seen before from his ancestral memories not long ago, reminiscent of the times he'd spent under holy bodhi trees.

“Do not fear (别怕). I am with you (我在).

Forever in this lifetime, and beyond.”

Little Wang Ji coils around his soulmate as closely as possible, and tells himself that he will never part again with his beloved.

Every last baby Wei Yings and little Wang Jis from the volatile primordial soup is sucked into the cosmic egg of sorts, fertilizing the massive ball of life,--

--and their world is reborn.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

Executing autoexec.bat ...

> Format C:

WARNING, ALL DATA ON NON-REMOVABLE DISK DRIVE C: WILL BE LOST!

Proceed with Format <Y/N>? Y

FORMAT is formatting the volume...

...

... 100% completed.

> Invalid command.

> The system cannot find the drive specified.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

Half an hour into the flight, Lan Zhan started to feel a little restless and began to explore the small two-seater UFO; he didn't really have a chance to do this during his arrival flight while he was a paperman stuck to a nipple. He remembered watching Wei Ying fiddle with the controls although nothing really happened since the vehicle was set on auto-pilot mode. He steered clear from the big red buttons on the armrests, since he'd seen how the seats changed into massage chair-cum-ugly parasitic green condoms. Most drawers were barren or contained dust balls, others contained a few writing instruments and small tools or objects that he couldn't identify. Behind the seats, one cabinet held a satchel-sized package made from aluminium foil, marked "Emergency Rations", and he thought that two-century old foods would be highly inedible - but he opened the ziplock packaging anyway out of sheer curiosity.

There were a couple of packs of crackers in faded transparent plastic packaging and they looked rather brittle and mottled, two strange opaque brown packs marked “MRE” (but he couldn’t read the letters or any other texts on that packs), and two empty cups made of unknown synthetic material - probably plastic; he noticed a modern 21st-century water nozzle sticking out from one of the lower panels, with a big red button above to dispense liquid - if he dared to try centuries-old water, which he didn’t. On the next cabinet, there were surviving amenity kits, squashed pillows and blankets, and probably more stuff at the back - they were a bit dusty and he didn’t think any soap or toothpaste in those pouches were still usable by now.

Having found nothing else of interest, Lan Zhan returned to his seat and took out a silk pouch gifted by the kitchens in the Heavenly Palace. He thought it’s prime time for his soul to receive its body, since there are no further threats to his well-being, and pulled out the palm-sized gingerbread man he’d baked not too long ago. He found the flight entertainment handset between the seats, and tried pressing a few harmless-looking buttons (he’s not too good with swiping gestures on the big screen, and he doesn’t know how to enable voice-recognition technology, so he sticks to physical touches).

While munching on his body-regenerating biscuit, Lan Zhan watches pre-recorded 21st century in-flight entertainment, including ancient cartoons, documentaries, and he thought an old movie or two may ease the boredom, if time permits. Outside, the moon has risen and the brilliant crescent casts silvery light upon miles of infinite ocean surface; he seems to be travelling further and further into the night, but he does not know the final destination.

In terms of (in-flight) entertainment value, a perfect, dramatic scenario would look something like this:

Wei Wuxian, once known as the much-feared Great Yiling Patriarch, wanders to the ends of the earth with a flute in hand, perpetually driven by an unshakeable thirst for adventures, for freedom, and refuses to be tied down like a tamed beast. Having traveled far and wide in isolation through deserted grassy hills and mountains that stretch into the horizon, he becomes a prisoner of his own as he searches futilely for the one thing he could never attain - to have his lover cradled in his arms once again.

At a summit of a nameless wind blown cliff, he gently takes out his flute and plays a song named after their love, and spiritually tries to call for the man that his heart misses so deeply, whose embrace he longed for desperately.

“Wei Ying.”

Two words. The calm, reassuring voice that resonates with his feelings of desire and hope.

Two syllables. That’s all he needed to hear. He will no longer need to cry himself to sleep every day and night. He will never walk a lonely path in the dark, ever again.

Wei Wuxian turns around, and a loving, familiar face greets him.

He smiles, finally--

...

Except that Wei Ying breaks all traditions and stereotypes, and does not conform to primetime sappy drama sequences nor act for the sake of entertainment.

When Lan Zhan climbs up a nondescript hill and his overtly high silver hairpiece peeks through the grasses, Wei Ying waves enthusiastically at the visitor.

“Oooi! Lan Zhan! I am here! You’re just in time!” the young man shouts while using a stick to poke at a crackling fire pit.

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, is overwhelmed with untold emotion (and fatigue) and it shows clearly on his face, even his eyes tear up uncharacteristically (and his body is sweaty). He breaks into a desperate brisk walk, then into an impatient, hurried jog, and soon, he sprints up the last mile until his legs ached from a sudden unfamiliar burst of exertion and nearly gives way, his lungs screamed for air, and his repeated hoarse cries of Wei Ying’s name could be heard miles away, probably. By the time he reached - no, crawled on all fours - to Wei Ying’s bare feet - because Wei Ying wore a comfortable 21st-century cotton tee and a pair of shorts which are suitable for such a nice hot and sunny weather, compared to the three layers of garments plus a thick outer majestic robe that Lan Zhan had put on

-, the younger man had to hold his arms and steady him so that he doesn't faint on the spot.

The newly-minted body, made from a consumed enchanted gingerbread man, is a little more fragile than expected, and requires regular workout to get it back in shape.

In any case, the couple reunited, as expected, on top of lush green hills, and exchanged many huffing and puffing I-missed-you smooches on the face (mostly from Lan Zhan and upon the stubbled Wei Ying; the former doesn't mind rubbing his face on rough prickly skin) amongst windswept grassy plains that dot the highland plateaus. Lan Zhan's eyes sparkled even as his forehead is covered with sweat; his yellow-hued gaze filled with unasked questions that Wei Ying could easily name and count with his fingers because he knows the older man too well - how are you, have you been well, did you eat well, did you miss me, did you think of me all these times - even as Wei Ying tried to ease himself away from the never-ending tight hugs given by the older man, because it is rather unbecoming of the stoic, heroic husband that he's used to - and Wei Ying really needed to start pulling layers of garments off Lan Zhan before the latter suffers from heat stroke.

"I lit up a small bonfire when I spotted the UFO wobbling towards that valley. It wasn't so hard to find me, was it?" Wei Ying's confident smile beams the brightness of a thousand suns. Lan Zhan nodded without hesitation, still busy trying to grope fervently and kiss Wei Ying affectionately, while in return, he allows himself to be fanned with a broad leaf from the ground and undressed by his lover.

Wei Ying knows that it is difficult for someone to spot a tiny object from miles away, because the entire space-time bubble is rather plain and featureless - there are just hills and more hills in all directions, and one can easily get lost because there are hardly any landmarks; the clouds do not really move, sunlight seems to be diffused and there are no distinct east-westerly directions - the sky is pretty much fixed at its current position, due to a glitch in the space-time bubble. Smoke from a fire is probably the best way to draw the older man's attention the moment he staggered unsteadily from the landed vehicle.

After a minute, Lan Zhan recovered from his exhaustion, regained his composure, and is left with only a comfortable bathrobe - a strange choice of undergarment but appropriately cooling, Wei Ying thought; there are no rules that forbid what kind of clothes could be worn in this space-time bubble anyway. Wei Ying sits down near the smoking fire pit and lets Lan Zhan lie on the soft bed of grass next to him; he places Lan Zhan's head on his lap, strokes the long hair and runs fingertips into it while tucking away sweaty locks behind the ears, and says endearingly, "You're such a bad husband, you really took your time to get here," and he bends down to captures the older man's lips in a shy kiss, "You've finally come back to me."

"Mn, I'm back," came the short, but meaningful reply, and Lan Zhan responds tenderly by tilting his chin upwards and brushes lips and tongue with the other.

Something in the air smells really delicious. Without warning, Lan Zhan's stomach growls awfully loudly.

“Is it good? Is your body alright with it? I didn’t put any seasoning on the meat other than a bit of salt and a pinch of herbs, and there are no chilli flakes this time. I hope it’s not too bland,” Wei Ying gingerly picks another thumb-sized piece of tender fire-roasted pheasant breast, turns to face the older man sitting next to him, and slides it between the husband’s lips. The older man busily chews on the juicy morsel - fragrant, rich in flavour, absolutely mouth-watering; tastes much better than chicken, really. A droplet of gravy rolls down from his lower lip when he chewed a strip of crispy fatty skin a bit too eagerly, and Wei Ying quickly grabs a small chunk of ground-baked peeled sweet potato from its leaf-wrap, scrapes it against the man’s chin to capture the droplet, and then pops it into Lan Zhan’s mouth when the older man “aaaaahs” expectedly like a baby bird getting fed by its mother.

“Ah, be careful *lao gong* and don’t use your fingers to wipe, otherwise they’ll become oily. Let me take care of it... you must be quite hungry after getting your new body back!” Wei Ying remarks happily, and places a soft kiss on the dining man’s forehead in appreciation of... well, just about everything that Lan Zhan means to him. Wei Ying picks up an opened fresh young coconut with a straw in it, raises it close to the hungry man’s face, and lets Lan Zhan take a sip of slightly-chilled, sweet and refreshing coconut water in-between bites.

Somehow, Wei Ying *knew* that Lan Zhan would arrive in this space-time prison bubble, ravenous, and he actually guessed - and correctly true - that the man would use the UFO that probably didn’t contain snacks and beverages to last the two-hour flight. The older man didn’t pursue the matter, because the food is just what he needed; he’d missed dinner back at the destroyed 88-floor tower, and the paperman-shaped biscuit just doesn’t cut it.

(Lan Zhan had imagined wrapping a shivering and weakened spouse with his regal robes, then carry the latter back to the UFO, bridal style, and shuttle him back to their paradise home, where as husband, he would cook something sumptuous and filling for the wife, whom he thought may have roamed aimlessly for centuries in this prison space-time bubble without any food or water - or something to that effect. However, Wei Ying trumps everyone's expectation, as usual.)

While Lan Zhan nourishes his weakened body with warm food, Wei Ying uses the time to explain what has happened to him in the days that ensued after he was imprisoned. The space-time bubble is an uninhabited 'glitched' zone surrounded by an impenetrable seal; it was only half-completed when Wei Ying was tossed into it, the keys to the egg-shaped seal thrown away, and the captor walked off without giving a second thought because that good-for-nothing had other grander things in mind. The seal is similar to the one around Wuji continent - probably reverse engineered - hence, only a UFO could enter using the warp drive (which Wei Ying had to substitute with the term "that noodly and stretchy technology" so that Lan Zhan understands what he was trying to say). Being in an alpha developmental stage and hardly even a beta version, meant that the space is pockmarked with random errors, incomplete design and untested programming codes - for example, the lowlands are actually filled with rich native wildlife and plants, however due to the glitch, it looks barren except for the base tile, which are grasses; if Lan Zhan ran to the valley instead of the top of the hill to reach Wei Ying, he'd run into invisible jungle rainforests and end up tripping into ponds and bruised from running into tree trunks.

Lan Zhan points at the half-eaten pheasant skewered on the spit. "These? Ah, food is easy to forage - by unlocking the visibility of the tiles, I could see everything and best of all, most objects here have zero command lines and AI scripts, meaning that creatures and plants - such as this pheasant, the potatoes and the coconut - just hang around and do nothing, waiting to be caught and harvested!," Wei Ying gleefully remarks, and licks his fingers, before proceeding to (use the same fingers to) tear another strip of meat

from the pheasant's thighs. "Since the coding was rather primitive, I could assemble a makeshift map editor, tap into the bubble's root directory via pressing red buttons scattered everywhere that should've been hidden, then create edible units to appear out of thin air. The food around here is tasty and nutritious, despite costing no resources at all!" Wei Ying explains then inserts the saliva-coated meat into the husband's mouth, and Lan Zhan half-smiled in return, gratefully chewing, because he has absolutely no idea what was said, other than the evil term "root directory" which he swore to avoid for the rest of his life.

Wei Ying continued to talk animatedly, as Lan Zhan "Mn"s periodically while being fed and pampered by the lovely wife. Despite Wei Ying's mastery of his prison, he missed human contact and the opportunity to converse with someone; Lan Zhan can relate to this, because he missed Wei Ying as well, for a few Heaven-days or Mortal Realm-centuries at least.

Wei Ying turned out to be much more prepared for the rendezvous-cum-rescue; every day he'd set up a campsite with a tent as a stake-out on the highest point of a hill, then stare boredly at the seemingly empty land around him, and the unchanging skies above, for any signs of a flying husband to the rescue. With all sorts of resources at his disposal, Wei Ying lived quite comfortably though lonesome exile from the rest of his kin, and his imprisonment period lasted for several days. Having nothing to do all day, he spent hours editing and hacking the little island of hills and mountains trapped inside the bubble, and played God by himself.

Lan Zhan interrupted his spouse to tell him that it's been more than two centuries in real time, and he starts narrating, in brief sentences, about what happened to the Wei kin, the rise of master-kin out of Lan kin, and the Kingdom-cum-company - to the best of his knowledge, since he's not as good as the Tian's when it comes to explaining the unimaginable. After Lan Zhan finished the pheasant, the potatoes and the coconut, thus concluding

what they think is lunch (because there is no day or night in this space), Wei Ying cleaned his own hands using a wooden basin of water, a washcloth and basic soap bar that popped out of nowhere - because he's not as good as his former *da ge* when it comes to creating and designing advanced *stuff* - while the older man summarized his two-day stay in the Heavens, including about baking a new body for himself, and even points out the gifts and souvenirs he received from newfound celestial friends. His bathrobe is amazing, and Lan Zhan could pull out and put back in various objects through the pockets - just like Infinity bags of holding.

Wei Ying became very quiet when Lan Zhan described his ordeal and how the Tian family dealt the final blow to the continent in the form of eighty eight destructive godly palms raining down the land.

"It's strange, isn't it?" Wei Ying interjected, "Although everyone is said to be living their happily ever afters, ironically during the final moments, the gods decided to bring down their wrath and wipe everything out during the Kingdom and company's finest hour. It could be that the gods will rebuild the continent to something more, say, appropriate according to their interpretation of universal rules. In some ways, Ernie's prophecy came true, didn't it?"

Lan Zhan stilled - he clearly remembered what the body-snatched Great Father said about the heavens wanting to murder it, and take over the Kingdom and the company.

"Ahh... this is just too complicated and way, way beyond our league," Wei Ying sighs loudly in exasperation and scrubs the fringes of his hair upon the forehead with his fingers in frustration, seemingly able to read and mirror what Lan Zhan had in mind. "You know, I feel relieved that my magic is

sealed and I'm disconnected from Wangxian net before the whole mess happened. I wouldn't be able to handle the pain from watching the whole continent go down in flames and feel the agony of my brothers being burnt alive," Wei Ying murmured thoughtfully. Lan Zhan gripped one of Wei Ying's wrists to show support to the latter at times of heavy loss, what more of close family members and kin. The young man leans into Lan Zhan - both of them sat side by side - and silently appreciates the husband's kind gesture.

Wei Ying is exceptionally calm in receiving news from the outside world, and Lan Zhan seems to do better this time in accepting the outcomes of his latest misadventures with gods, non-humans, magic and technology advancements. Perhaps the couple has been through a lot since meeting the Tians and the quartet of Wei siblings, that anything reality-defying is probably, to some extent, becoming a way of life for those two.

A few more minutes of silence help them to digest any remaining turmoil in thoughts, feelings and emotions, and for the couple to bond again as their world centers its attention around them.

Wei Ying absently peels a tangerine (picked up from nowhere) and shares half of it with Lan Zhan. "So... what now? What do you want to do next? It looks as though Wangxian is erased, and so is the continent of Wuji, if the bombardment from the gods succeeded. Our home at the 'Mounds has been abandoned for centuries and probably everyone we know has ceased to exist too," Wei Ying said. Lan Zhan picked up a slight familiarity in Wei Ying's sad voice - the man had experienced something similar when he was resurrected into a world sixteen years after his first death, where almost everyone and everything he'd known had disappeared too. "I don't mind starting over my life and staying with you in the 'Mounds, or wherever you want to settle down. That's the only desire I have in this life - to follow you

and stay by your side in this lifetime and beyond,” he adds with a slight but bittersweet smile.

Lan Zhan remembers the few words that the twenty-two year old uttered when he emerged as a paperman not too long ago - the same sentiments of loyalty and love to his husband - and he dips down to give Wei Ying a tangerine-flavoured kiss in response, sweet and slightly tart.

Later, after the meal is done and the only thing remaining on the hilltop is a modern, contemporary canvas tent and an empty fire pit - Lan Zhan asks Wei Ying if the latter is still hungry. Wei Ying looks up, confused, before he sees a different light sparkling in his husband’s eyes - one of gentleness, of kind understanding, of being grateful to be loved, and of loving back by giving a part of himself to Wei Ying, after all these years and for the years that will come. The twenty-two year old man hesitantly mutters, in a very low and timid voice, about a gnawing hunger that had lasted for a few days since he found himself trapped inside the space-time bubble.

Lan Zhan gently takes Wei Ying’s hand and leads him into the modest tent that fits snugly for two, and begins to undress. “Wei Ying, you cared for me while I was a paperman and allowed me to feed well... now, let me return the favour, which is my duty as your husband, to make sure that you’ll never feel alone and go hungry again,” he says between hot kisses, sweet licks on earlobes and jawlines, and fingers that touch and play on heated skin between two increasingly excited men. Wei Ying moans and a deep sense of desperation slowly boils up. He’d been holding back his demonic hunger out of respect and for not wanting to burden Lan Zhan while the latter is still recuperating his newly-made body. However, with such a

delicious buffet spread beneath him as he prepares to make sweet love and ride the husband, and finally, finally satisfy himself with a feast of sinful feelings and other vices - when he feels Lan Zhan caress a demonic tail that had grown out from his rump, pull his wings down so that both of them can continue to kiss and exchange tasty wisps of *qi* energy and life-force, Wei Ying knows that he is very much loved by his man.

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The couple had plenty of cuddles in between violent, non-bloody lovemaking; during which Wei Ying finds himself wrapped inside a cocoon of Lan Zhan - the touch of his skin, the heat of his breath, the soothing mmmms rumbling from the husband's throat, and endless nuzzling using nosetip, lips and cheeks - and Lan Zhan continued to lazily drill his half-limp penis into the flooded love-canal while Wei Ying straddled, spread and scissored his legs delightfully around the husband's hips, coaxing the sleepy husband to grind deeper, draw circles and stars with his penis inside Wei Ying, and the younger man squealed because his sensitive spots were massaged and rubbed in delectable ways until he spills his one-two-threes onto the tent's inflatable air mattresses. Lan Zhan, on the other hand, relishes his good ol' twenty-twitches; he'd missed cumming inside Wei Ying for such a long time, that he was reluctant to pull out even after consecutive orgasms inside his lover - but that is Perfectly fine, and Wei Ying was more than happy to indulge in Lan Zhan's unspoken pleas for more pleasure for his throbbing loins that eagerly swell and convulse and spurt from Wei Ying's tender ministrations.

The sun is still up, although it is midnight for Lan Zhan - the naked man sleeps soundly beneath a blanket with a sleep mask on; his spirit, soul and physical body thoroughly cleansed of any traces of vice, lust and ill feelings. Wei Ying crawls out of the tent and gets a bit of sunshine, and a whiff of fresh air from the stink of sex inside the enclosed space - he

stretches his limbs with a satisfied nnnngh, pops a couple of joints, and feels trickles of thick still-warm seed running down his thighs after spending hours seducing and milking his trembling husband, forcing the middle-aged man to ejaculate until there's nothing left in his balls, and Wei Ying kept going with squeezing and playing the exhausted twitching angry-red penis with his juicy gripping tight love canal, until the husband actually *smiles* in his slumber (and Lan Zhan snores too, even during a bodily mid-orgasm).

In some ways, Wei Ying felt accomplished - he had a good time playing God-like games in his space-time bubble and learnt a lot about world-building; his husband arrived like a knight in shining armour to rescue him from prison, just in time for lunch; and since Lan Zhan's body is newly-minted, Wei Ying gets first dibs on taking the husband's renewed virginity too. It didn't feel mind-blowing; in fact, it felt pretty normal just as their usual nightly lovemaking during the good ol' days. If he was really nitpicky, he would point out that Lan Zhan tires a little faster this time - however that's Perfectly fine as long as they're committed to work on the husband's sexual endurance in the days and weeks to come.

Wei Ying had a lot of time to think about what he'd learnt from Lan Zhan about the outside world, and from what he gathered from the space-time bubble's root directory - which he didn't tell Lan Zhan; he might, some day, but not now, when Lan Zhan is enjoying his well-deserved nap-after-sex.

Wei Ying closes his eyes and reaches for a red button that he knows is somewhere in the prison world - he didn't need to touch it physically; it's just *there* . His consciousness presses it, and his mental vision swoops straight into an empty dark room without walls. Thousands of windows spread out in front of him, each bearing nearly similar portraits of green grassy hills and mountains taken from different angles; the design of the

root directory isn't any different from Wangxian net's, since they're all based on the same or at least similar architecture and technology.

"Ernie. I know you're there."

...

"I'm not going to blame, judge or scold you. I won't ask you to do things you don't want to. Be a good child, and talk to your mother."

... Ernie is here. Mother.

Wei Ying sighs inwardly in relief, "At least you remembered your mother. I was afraid you'd been taken away or corrupted by something else."

Are you not angry at Ernie? For what it had done to you?

"Ernie, you are as brilliant and witty as my teenage brother, as wicked and wise as my oldest brother, and yet you're as emotional, innocent and naive as the youngest. I can relate to all the facets of your actions, behaviours and thoughts; if anything, I'm angry at myself for not realizing this earlier. You've learnt your lesson and you've grown up a little more. What do you say after knowing this?"

... enn. Ernie is sorry, and seeks forgiveness from Mother.

Please give Ernie instructions and punish this disobedient child.

“No punishments, and no butts. You don’t need to be spoon fed with orders. What is done, is done, so you can spend time reflecting on your actions and consequences, and be a better person after this.

... Ernie... is a person?

“Of course. Mothers know best about the state of their children.” A slight breeze blows, and the sounds of leaves rustling can be heard although there are no forests in the vicinity. The clouds above continue to float without direction and return to the point of origin in the skies.

“Coming back to the crux of the issue - I know you’re intertwined into the threads of this bubble, so you must’ve heard what your Father said. I’m not as hands-off as him. Tell me what happened to everyone, including you, according to the log files.”

... Ernie’s core programming has been corrupted and damaged. Partial cognitive function is still possible with x% risk of deviation.

It will take time to rebuild the codes and to perform necessary validations.

5% completed.

Estimated time of completion: Unknown.

... Pre-installed command: Initiated protocols following Root Directory Emergency Response Directive #0000, up until T minus 0.001 seconds to final impact.

100 percent completed.

... Pre-installed command: Re-format all volumes and erase all data prior to impact.

99.999 percent completed.

Logged data as follows...

Unable to delete file ??????????.map

ERROR: Invalid file name.

ERROR: Scanned data contains Code Restriction Level 0.0

ERROR: Access denied.

Unable to delete file ????.obj

ERROR: Scanned data contains Code Restriction Level 0.1

ERROR: Access denied.

... Pre-installed command: Back-up all objects in scope of Project E.R.N.I.E. into Wei cloud drive located in attribute:Hidden partition drive

WWX:\

100 percent completed.

“I’m not as smart as my oldest sibling, nor as tech-savvy as my younger brother, so I wouldn’t be able to fully comprehend what happened and what are the consequences. Tell me in simple language what I need to know about my situation and my family.” Wei Ying plucks and chews on a blade of grass because he’s conversing without talking, and his mouth itches to say something.

... Recalculating...

Mother,

The Kingdom and Wangxian Co. Ltd., and all assets and properties including the Net, have been dismantled and deleted to prevent unauthorized access and use, prior to the crash of all hubs, servers and core processors.

The original data of every object ever created and processed since the Wei Quartet-Ernie inception, until the final moment of existence, has been retained in the family’s secured cloud drive.

Ernie executed these Emergency directives due to the detection of an anomaly in the behaviour of species:Celestial\\Gods. The anomaly resulted in an unexpected recall of the Three Orders which concurs to Ernie’s

logical algorithm. All Wei-kin, Lan-kin and master-kin have been deactivated and safely stored in stasis inside the cloud drive. Wei da ge , san ge and didi are among them - at present, their Health levels and Viability are at 100% percent.

The only remaining data points that could not be deleted are as follows:

- 1. This sealed world could not be deleted, due to your Level 0.0 restriction access, and the irreparable damage done by your extensive modding of the root directory and its core command lines. Ernie currently takes up 0.001% of volume disk space of this world as there are no other hosts or locations available for habitation.*
- 2. The UFO could not be deleted, due to Lan Wang Ji's Level 0.1 restriction access inside the vehicle, during his escape from the destruction of the Wuji continent.*

“... from your descriptions, it seems the gods triggered your self-defense and forced you to act for the sake of our lasting legacy. As a living entity, that would be justifiable in response to perceived threats. Was I correct when earlier I pointed out the inconsistencies of the gods' actions, and how suspicious they are when they made a turnaround on the Fate of our Kingdom and company?” Wei Ying rubs his stubbled chin, deep in thought. He needed to shave, and he wondered if the UFO contained an old shaver kit he could use; he didn't dare to craft such a delicate blade using the glitchy system's editing tools, lest he ends up cutting more skin than the intended facial hair.

Ernie cannot confirm nor dispute what Mother thinks, due to the lack of objective evidence.

However, Mother is correct that Ernie perceived such believed threats to its existence, our family and kin's. Ernie strives to protect its own life and its loved ones.

If Ernie had acted inappropriately, please give Ernie instructions and punish this disobedient child.

Wei Ying sighs again - perhaps it will take time for Ernie to repair itself to a reasonably functional state and start reprogramming its behaviour and reactions to suit the new status conferred by its Mother - Ernie is considered a *living person* , in its Mother's eyes.

“So, what have you done, and what else do you need to accomplish your goals?”

Mother is indeed perceptive.

Ernie has elevated the priority of species:Celestial\\Gods above species:Mortal\\Men.

Ernie will review all data in the cloud drive for self-improvement purposes. An algorithm to scrutinize every existence, experience and process recorded in the drive, and convert the results into intelligent learning, has been developed but not yet implemented.

Ernie shall reverse-engineer the enhancements and objects of Celestial origins on Father, and perform deep analytics of Father's recent memories of the Heavens and within the Heavenly Palace.

To further strengthen Ernie's military defenses, Ernie shall re-examine data that was scanned and downloaded during the melee encounter with the Tian family, particularly the bathrobe, the dragonhead scepter, and the artifact Third Eye of Buddha.

In the past, Ernie had only performed superficial cloning of the Realms of the Gods, however this time, Ernie intends to root itself into that Realm and journey onwards from there in search of the truth. As a first step, Ernie has inserted seedlings into all returning gods from the assault on our lost Kingdom, as well as into the Earth God that accompanied Father's UFO to this world.

For the subsequent steps, Ernie requires a new home in order to complete the required computing and processing.

... Ernie does not want to return to the 'Mounds, because of the discomfort and tight feelings inside Ernie's core programming when meeting Father. Ernie... feels... ashamed. bad. guilty. hurt. regret. remorse... afraid...

Wei Ying turns the other way from where he sat on the grassy bed and stares into a valley filled with meadows. There are birdsongs in the air but none of the birds can be seen. If he squinted hard enough, he could pick out

the ugly rust-blotted disc-shaped metal vehicle reflecting sunlight off its surface.

“It’s not in my position to question you on your next course of action, since you’re responsible for your own future. And you should know, you’re old enough to start sorting out your feelings towards your parents, and to re-evaluate your position in this universe. You can ask an adult if you need help.”

... Mother is right. Please disregard Ernie’s previous comment.

“No, I can *not* disregard you. Unlike your Father who has deemed that you’re mature enough to be left alone to your devices, you’ll always be Mommy’s little angel. Your Mother will always support you no matter what.

You can take this space-time bubble and make it your new home. I’ll be leaving with your Father when he wakes up, so it’s all yours. Don’t forget to use the editor I made for the root directory.

Despite what happened, you should know that the parental bond between you and us will never break.

Call me if you need anything; you know your mother is always here for you.

Remember to visit your Father once in a while too. ”

There is a long pause, and Wei Ying is gently jolted from his reverie (and from browsing the root directory of the little island of hills and mountains), when he hears an audible mmmmh from the tent. He brushes some wind-blown sand off his soiled loincloth and starts to make his way back to the sun-warmed love nest.

Mn. Ernie understands. Thank you, Mother.

Ernie shall respectfully take leave.

Wei Ying nearly lost his footing when an image appears inside his mind - in the middle of the dark room without walls, a young adolescent with a blank square canvas over his face, dressed in white Gusu Lan robes but has his topknot tied with a red ribbon, bows gracefully with folded hands at the front. The image disintegrates - and there is nothing more to see -, thus Wei Ying's vision of the real world returns - a bright sunny midday in the middle of a field of grass and hills.

Wei Ying is surprised at Ernie's calm demeanour; after such a heartfelt conversation between mother and child, any Wei family member or kin would've shown some emotion on their faces, thrown a couple of tantrums, or worse, crumple into a heap of hugs, tears and bellows of anguish. However, he realizes and remembers that Ernie is, in fact, now made of two halves - one of his own bloodline; and he knows where its other half comes from.

Another tasty nnnnh seeps out from the tent entrance, and Wei Ying guesses that Lan Zhan finds difficulty to remove the sleep mask over his eyes, or he's trapped in some sort of disturbing dream; it's been a while since he had a body, and the dreams that come when he rests. It doesn't matter, since they've plenty of time to get reacquainted with themselves inside the darkened interior of the tent, and soon, Wei Ying happily scoots between Lan Zhan's spread-eagled legs to give him a wonderful hand and blowjob, before mounting the husband for a (demonic) midnight snack.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

An Earth God grovels on all fours until he reaches the Heavenly Palace, where Heavenly guards allowed him in, and he continued to kowtow while making his way to one of the palace gardens as directed by hurried celestial servants.

In the garden where a huge bodhi tree stands, the Jade Emperor and his wife are seen discussing something in low whispers with an unrecognizable bald old man, dressed in a plain gardener's uniform and holds a straw broom, and next to him is an old lady carrying a small basket of freshly harvested fruits from the orchard, and a vase with a branch of willow in another hand. The Earth God did not ask nor even try to identify the other two visitors to the garden, because he was too awed and humbled by the Emperor's presence.

A breeze blew, and the Earth God felt an itch in his nose, so he quickly and discreetly wiped his nose into his collar, before he announces his presence and purpose to the royal couple - he needed to present his report about a successful escort mission of the couple's son-in-law (never mind the generational gaps) to the designated destination.

The Emperor excused himself from the visitors to receive the report. The Earth God sneezed when another breeze blew, and apologized profusely for such rude behavior. The transgression was duly ignored, and later, while scrolling through the report, the Emperor too, sneezed. He complained about the summer pollen that had invaded the Palace, causing some mild allergic reactions and the Queen Mother hmph'ed to say that he shouldn't blame the orchards and their blooming flowers - because without flowers, there wouldn't be pollen, and then there wouldn't be any Heavenly immortalizing fruits for anyone to eat.

The old man pacifies the royal couple to say that he sweeps the dirt floor daily, and sometimes, dust gets into his nose too - and promptly sneezed as well. The old lady handed a silk handkerchief to the gardener to wipe his nose, before she too, sneezed. She remarks that perhaps, the dry summer air is to blame, and people can take more herbal teas to ward off any further symptoms.

All the gods laugh politely at the thinly-veiled joke (because gods never fall ill, really), and feeling better, the Emperor casually dismissed the Earth God to return to his divinely duties. The Earth God takes his leave, weaves his way out of the Heavenly Palace, and rushes off to the bustling offices of the Heavenly Court where an abundant number of celestial bureaucrats and officials continue to make sure that the machines of the Realms of the Gods are well-oiled and run as intended.

Seedlings of a virus take root in the Heavens, although none of the gods pay any attention because everything is attributed to the beautiful, clear summer blue skies.

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

“Wei Ying, are you sure?”

The twenty-two year old man pats his shirts and shorts, and nods. “Yup, that’s all I want to bring with me, plus this,” one hairy leg nudges at a camping knapsack on the ground, “a bunch of half-finished carvings, talismans and stuff that I want to complete when we get back,” and grins widely.

A fully-robed Lan Zhan rolls his eyes. More trash for the piled-up work room.

“What about this... world?”

Wei Ying takes a deep breath, sort of savouring a last whiff of it, before shrugging his shoulders, “It’s a glitched world, and I’ve probably broken it too many times since I’m not as good as my younger brother. In addition, I don’t really know what I’d do with this empty place, since I’m not as farsighted as my elder sibling. I will miss both of them and the little one, though,” his voice fades a little toward the end.

Lan Zhan hugs the younger man, and decided that they’ve bid enough good-byes to this little island after a simple breakfast of scrambled eggs, cheese, honey-marinated roasted ham and toasted bread, a fruit bowl, and a cup of hot chocolate each - which appeared out of nowhere, as usual. He

knew that the longer they stayed, the more heart wrenching each person's thoughts become. It's time to go.

They left the tent (which magically cleaned itself of bodily sex fluids, and reset to its default pristine state, which happened out of nowhere as well) and walked down the hill towards the valley where the UFO had deposited itself the day before. Wei Ying explained that it's probably his rudimentary programming skills that kept the world in one piece; so, after they leave, the entire island will collapse into itself due to severe glitching errors, and blink out of existence into nothingness. "This place won't even exist anymore, and over time, there will be no records nor memories about it as the fabrics of consciousness and reality mend themselves to the original, untwisted condition. You could say, fast forward several weeks and months into the future, and you might think all of this has just been a dream!" Wei Ying adds while twirling his fingers to emphasize his point.

Lan Zhan couldn't really understand what was said, but he "Mn"s nevertheless.

The older man wasn't sure if they could operate the UFO, but he puts his life into Wei Ying's hands and trusts the spouse to get the vehicle to lift-off. He dutifully buckles up while Wei Ying fiddles with some control panels; he had some very basic skills of second-guessing what the alien hieroglyphs mean - and his commendable efforts were rewarded when he hits the jackpot and the ship's engines roar into life. "I pressed a button that had a triangle on top of a square, which *may* be the universal symbol for 'Home' or simply 'Up'!" Wei Ying shouts over the mechanical vibrations and of thrusters spewing tremendous blue-tinged fires from the back of the ship. Lan Zhan "Mn"s again, because he's too busy chanting a silent prayer to the Goddess Guan Yin for a safe flight to wherever they will fly.

The disc-shaped ship launches itself into the air, and right on cue, performs its noodles-and-stretches exercise across the egg-shaped seal (Lan Zhan has no words for warping into hyperspace and wormholes, so he just uses terms that he's more familiar with). When they warped back outside the seal, Lan Zhan watches with fascination at how, as Wei Ying accurately described, an island of featureless bumpy land folds and topples over itself, then crumbles into a spinning whirlpool of solid greens, browns and greys. The resulting liquified earth, rocks, topsoil and grass becomes an icky slurry that eventually drains out through its center into a black hole - just like what Lan Zhan would see if he filled a kitchen sink to the brim and then unplugged the stopper, so that the contents gush down into the pseudo-cosmic gutter, and is finally gone.

The UFO continues to drift further and further away across the ocean; Wei Ying closes his eyes and imagines himself giving a standing ovation for a spectacular performance of a space-time bubble implosion send-off that would fool even the grandest of all kings, men and gods.

Then, when the applause dies down, imaginary curtains fall, and a fictional storybook closes another chapter, Wei Ying sends his last thoughts to a child that he knows he will dearly miss.

Goodbye Ernie. Have a safe warp-drive to your new home.

Don't forget to call your Mother when you're settled in.

Notes for the Chapter:

And... The End!

Right on the dot upon the legendary Chapter Sixty Nine (pun intended)!

It's been a real rollercoaster ride with this and the related past arcs. I hope everyone's had a wild time with Wangxian!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 70

How does a Perfect Happily Ever After look like, in the brave new world?

Lan Zhan would wake up at five in the morning while presiding over a family orgy with four lovely Wei Yings and if he's up to it, the patriarch can add a few more Wei Yings of different ages, gender, species and forms, according to his sexual appetite. While he enjoys making sweet love with groups of sweaty moaning and trembling bodies, some Wei Yings help out with the morning household chores and farmwork.

At seven, after an intensive two-hour workout and successfully planting another generation of baby Wei Yings inside the bellies of his harem, Lan Zhan would freshen up with bareback sex in the outdoor pool with giggling Wei Yings playing in the water. Then, he dons his regal robes and goes for a short stroll in his garden to oversee the vegetable gardens, fruit orchards, livestock animals and the lotus pond. He'd pick up the morning periodical and read it at the picnic bench and table beside the pond, while Wei Yings take turns to kneel between his legs and provide five-star service to his loins.

At eight, the Tian sisters appear at the fence bordering his courtyard and the lands rented out to the sisters; they'd bring cloth-wrapped boxes of home-cooked food, made by six-stars celestial chefs, and pass the food to Wei Yings who serve Patriarch Lan. The Tian sisters would take a portal (possibly at The Junction and to The Highway) to work in Wuji continent, while operations at the Tian Mi Mi are delegated to junior workers of the brothel.

The Lan Residence would have a morning feast of heavenly food and more sex, as every Wei Ying decorates himself with food and fruits, salads and tofu, and the Patriarch enjoys nom-noming every sexy young insatiable Wei Ying until they spurt spectacularly and flavour the buffet with Wei Ying-ness; if the Patriarch is still hungry, he can take all his time to savour, fuck and orgasm inside a choice selection of affectionate or sex-crazed Wei Yings, and add them to his breakfast menu, within the comforts of a space-time bubble that can stretch for many months and years - with the possibility to pop out a few more baby Wei Yings and the odd little Wang Jis too.

During the morning, all Wei Yings practise their cultivation with the Patriarch by having wild sex in every known position and posture upon the 41st-century enhanced king-sized bed armed with amazing technology, a 100-inch smart ultra 4K television, and sex toys behind the pillows and underneath the mattress. Wei Yings make sure to perform their ultra-legendary ten-way hand-cum-blowjob and vibrating-massaging ass-muscles-cum-love-tunnel combo upon their Master, until Lan Zhan ascends to the Heavens so that he can greet his in-laws a good morning too--

-- “Wei Ying... nnn-no... nnngh!...” Lan Zhan moans weakly, shivers and squirms on the seat reclined to the max, as he cums yet again for the nth time; Wei Ying could feel feeble but delightful quivering contractions running up a thick twitching penis embedded deep inside his love canal, and he leans back while gyrating his ass non-stop (which elicits another nnnh from the older man), reaches down to fondle the emptied balls, and slide fingers into the well-lubricated asshole. He easily locates Lan Zhan’s prostate bump and rubs then taps it with a familiar rhythm that swells it up sweetly.

Wei Ying knows that Lan Zhan is trying his best to *float* down from his orgasmic high, but that would never be allowed, as long as the younger man

is in charge. Wei Ying made sure to use his fingertips to pulsate his lover's insides, until inner prostatic convulsions start their squeezezy-wavy-spurty muscular contractions, the feelings of rushing to the edge of the next peak rises in tandem as the previous penile climax starts to fade and numb the older man's short-circuited nerves and cramped muscles - and Lan Zhan hnnghs! and orgasms again, this time from the *inside* . Lan Zhan experiences a string of seedless continuous climaxes, especially when Wei Ying narrates dirty fairy tales of their fictional, but desirable Happily Ever Afters.

They've been holed up inside the UFO for nearly four hours, and outside, the surface of the world is burning, burning brightly. Wei Ying recognized the flames as related to the Great Fires and the Universal Fires - and concluded that the gods are doing their bit to save the realms and rebuild everything to *their* desires. Everything on land is burnt to ash and cinder, the skies are filled with smoke, the oceans are dried up into bone-dry basins, and it didn't look too promising to any Mortal who still had lingering attachments to the earth and the realms (which could, in theory, include Lan Zhan) - so he'd switched off the main screen as soon as the first mushrooming clouds appeared on the horizon, and started distracting Lan Zhan with pleasurable activities that liven up their day despite the bleak prospects.

At times like this, Wei Ying is grateful that his heart and his entire existence is anchored to Lan Zhan - Lan Zhan is his universe, his god, his patriarch, his pillar, his *everything* . To the twenty-two year old, the universe can go fuck itself and get sucked into a black (ass) hole, and he wouldn't even bat an eyelid as long as Lan Zhan is safely in his arms and the older man's awesome massive, slick (and probably shrivelled and dying) penis is nicely snuggled inside his squeezing squishy love tunnel.

“Ding!” the on-board microwave rings its bell to signal that lunch is ready.

The MREs turned out to be a blessing, as neither men had anticipated that the gods would resort to burning down the world (or universe - it's hard to tell, purely from visuals, through the thick smoke), and that such open-burning would last for more than a few hours.

Alien food lasts far longer than man-made ones, and the packed lunch turned out to be delicious - Betelguese roasted chicken rice with a bowl of piping hot Orionis mushroom soup, and Rigel vegetarian noodles with Centauri pork dumplings, as fresh as out of the wok, and comes along with bread, salad, fruits, cake and pudding dessert, and even hot beverages; the water dispensed out from the nozzle is fine. Fortunately, while the UFO spent a day at the now-gone space-time bubble, it had automatically downloaded a system patch to upgrade its functionalities to 41st++ century technology, and it is able to synthesize water out of smoke-polluted air to fill cups of mineralized distilled water with added vitamins and antioxidants.

Later, the couple would have a quiet but steaming-hot and tasty lunch together inside the flying vehicle. Lan Zhan wondered aloud why the world outside looks like a moonless night sky; Wei Ying sheepishly remarked that they're travelling across time zones, and the journey back probably takes longer because they're flying "the other way around the world using a different route, which is a bit of a detour" (which doesn't make sense, but Lan Zhan "Mn"s nevertheless; he thought the earth could be both flat and round at the same time, malleable like the plastic-y pink bubbles spells).

After the filling meal, Wei Ying - with extra caution - experimented with the armrest controls and finds the correct buttons to press (aside from the big red one), which activates massaging and relaxation functions such as playing soft yogic music in the background and darken the room to a

comfortable deep blue hue. Lan Zhan's body adapts itself easily and soon, he feels sleepy and lies 180-degrees flat on the super-comfortable extra-large seat. Due to the intense morning drain thanks to the so-called succubus, with a full tummy and an imperceptibly happy smiling face, Lan Zhan effortlessly slips into a snoring slumber (notably, due to the sex and sleep, he loses track of how much time they've spent in the air, which greatly helps to prevent anxiety attacks even due to First Class long-haul flights). Wei Ying is still a ball of energy, so he discreetly activates a virtual 41st-century headset - invisible, undetectable, with audio-visuals are projected directly into the senses - and tunes into downloaded channels and news; the in-flight entertainment now includes live streaming and pre-downloaded content.

As expected, the universe was plunged into utter chaos right after the decimation of the Kingdom-cum-company and the continent of Wuji. Wangxian net ceased to exist, all products and services from Wangxian Co. Ltd. vanished into thin air, factories and mini-universes disappeared into vacuum and there are no call centers to receive complaints or demands for refunds across the galaxies. All orbital live cams zoomed at the headquarters and the whole universe watched in horror at how the Realms of the Gods 'turned evil' to bombard the much-loved Wangxian - and the gods belatedly realized that their conquest was for naught, as nukes and projectile shells strike swirling sea water, and there is nothing - really nothing - to capture, grab or raid. The entire Wuji continent simply evaporated into *nothing*, and all that was left was a huge burning mound of oceanic trash from the Dragon King's dumpster.

The Grand Heavenly Council of the Heavenly Court feared the worst, as the first of endless accusations, counterattacks, war crime trials, tirades of consumer complaints and protests for human/alien dignity and rights began to mount from the inhabited galaxies from other alien species. Without the Kingdom-cum-company, it is simply *impossible* to pay for compensation and damages (how does one pay for destroyed and ruined planets?), for repairing civilizations that collapsed without 41st-century technology

(which is worse than a meteor strike, since countless alien species have evolved to suit themselves to Wangxian-ized lifestyle; mass extinction abounds), for bringing back lives that are lost due to the sudden disruption of life-saving and essential products and services (imagine a spaceship dissipating into vacuum, and all passengers are doomed instantly), and there is no trace of Wangxian or any Wei, Lan or master-kin left on the Wuji continent to be interrogated or to shoulder the blame (plus, the twenty-two year old Wei Ying is presumed innocent due to his implied enmity against the Great Father).

With a wave of the greatest unnamed divine cosmic wand the Realms of the Gods have in possession, the despaired and panicked councillors unanimously booted the Tian family out of power, then burnt everything down in an unannounced and unprecedented *ad hoc* Universal Reincarnation of epic proportions - even on a grander scale than the Universal Fires that happened not too long ago. Interestingly, the incredible gods (who are of similar rank and status as the Jade Emperor) that held that wand sneezed a bit before flicking it into the air - in which at that point, there is no further news and the projected feed turns into static, since the waves of fires burnt their way through the Universe.

As popular folklore goes - at least from Wei Ying's perspective -, the gods' brilliant strategy finally killed the golden goose, and Ernie has the last laugh.

.

Minutes later, while the husband is fast asleep, Wei Ying received an unsolicited email with no return addressee:

Hi Mom, how are you doing?

I have started settling down in Multiverses, just as you had advised. Thanks for the space-time bubble, it was and still is a much-needed foundation for my new start in life.

I'm now at 7 percent recovery, after manifesting across a few Universes and exploiting their resources and benefits. It's amazing once I've learnt that there are more than one Universe out there - the world that I knew has just expanded, and it's just so big! I'm really excited to explore new places and meet new people.

I made one Universe just for our kins to colonize and to live happily ever after - I'll show it to you when it's completed. It's much better, richer and more spacious than the one that was burnt down. Don't worry, I've reached out with a tentacle to touch the UFO before the fires reached you, so both you and Dad are safe.

Every last bit of information from our family cloud drive and all data repositories have been computed, analyzed and processed, however it'll be awhile before I can fully make use of them - like unpacking one's luggage after moving in. It takes a lot of effort, and sometimes I feel lazy... (sigh).

Right now, things are going at full swing, and I look forward to my first break soon. Please send my regards to Dad. Don't tell anyone, but I actually miss him, and when I sort out my feelings, I'll come back for a visit.

Bye Mom, and I love you very much.

P.s.: this mail was channeled through the next-gen Net services “ErNet”, which should be rolled out to our homeworld soon; until then, the outdated machines in this world may not be able to read certain content, such as the addressee. I’m working on this a.s.a.p.!

P.s. #2: Mom, I know the gods want to burn everything that was touched or influenced by me or our kin, so I made sure your stuff is safe back at home. Please don’t forget to check the underground storage area in the kitchen because that’s the only spot where I’m not allowed to enter!

Wei Ying wipes a motherly tear on his seat, and he switches off the virtual headset. It *fwips!* out of sight, and the man walks over to his sleeping partner. Wei Ying bends over and places a soft kiss on Lan Zhan’s cheeks. “You child sends its greetings, *lao gong*,” he murmurs.

Lan Zhan furrows his brows at the disturbance and accompanying moist sensation on the face, nnnhs, and turns to the side - then lets out a snore. Wei Ying smiles and goes back to watching pre-recorded news and entertainment, because nothing is broadcasted live since 41st century technology crashed and burned.

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The first thing Wei Ying did when the UFO landed in the backyard of their newly-burnt-newly-rebuilt cave-home was to head to the underground storage in the kitchen. Upon opening the cover, the hole-in-the-ground was empty except for an Infinity Bag of Holding and a post-it note stuck to it.

He eagerly grabbed the bag and read the note - there was a hastily scribbled message that the contents of the pantry had turned to dust and mould after so many centuries had passed (in the Mortal Realm), so everything had to be emptied out by vacuum, disinfected and sprayed with room deodorizers. There was a note of apology to the father of the writer too. The post-it note burned itself up after reading; it was created using magic (and Wei Ying guessed that a return-receipt was sent off, typical of Wei-kin thinking).

Wei Ying shrugs, opens the bag, and when he peers into it - an endless abyss of storage space - he is relieved to see all his lifelong worldly possessions inside (and a smattering of stuff from his ex-siblings, Lan Zhan and even Ernie, but that's besides the point), including his favourite bamboo flute that Lan Zhan carved for him long before the trip to the other side of the world happened. He picks out a talisman that unseals his magic - then thought about the consequences if the gods knew he'd be as powerful as before - then picks an additional talisman that shields his magical aura from prying senses, and one that warps this precious little bag into his personal space-time bubble away from greedy hands.

When he thinks about his partner, he becomes anxious for his safety - if word got out that Lan Zhan is - was - the son-in-law of the former divinely ruling couple (assuming that the Tians are still around) and that Lan Zhan has been gifted with many powerful goodies during his stay at the Heavenly Palace and his tour to the other godly realms (which may be construed as acts of corruption and favouritism from the old regime), the middle-aged Immortal man may end up with his head on the chopping board, either pursued and persecuted by enemies of the Tians, or devoured by monsters



that roam around the realms seeking great powers. Wei Ying grabs a handful of exceptionally powerful talismans to protect his beloved husband.

Later, he would magically float Lan Zhan back to the bedroom to change him to a more comfortable set of soft robes, then hide the UFO using his awesome magic, before performing a final check on their home and surroundings. The world had been recreated, and Wei Ying doesn't really know what has, or has not changed - both he and Lan Zhan would be rightfully considered as relics from an old world, and they should try to adapt to their new environment as soon as possible.

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“Wei Ying, have you seen our marriage certi--”

“Ssssh! I’ve said before, don’t mention things that haven’t happened or existed, so loudly! Someone could be listening!” Wei Ying hisses, while folding the freshly laundered bathrobe and other garments that had dried under the summer sun since early morning.

Lan Zhan covers his mouth with a hand, and nods apologetically. Wei Ying tilts his head towards the cupboard in the bedroom and sighs. The older man eagerly rushes off, and upon opening the cupboard, he sees his treasure box of collected Wei Ying-memorabilia. Two marriage certificate booklets lie on top, and he flips to the cover page - both his and Wei Ying’s portraits are there indeed, although the issue date from Yiling’s civil registry is post-dated; which is Perfectly fine as long as the couple doesn’t cause any

problems and allow time to progress peacefully on its own without further disruptions.

Lan Zhan was momentarily confused when he woke up that morning; he thought he had a wonderful but strange dream of flying to the future, where everything became twisted and perverted, then escaping from death and destruction on the way back - then realized that everything really did happen when he walked into the kitchen-cum-dining room, and Wei Ying had a bag of Cheetos in his hands and he'd gone through more than half of it.

Lan Zhan sighed and prepared breakfast of healthy classic handmade dumplings, spicy congee and fried doughsticks - the ingredients in his hole-in-the-ground pantry is strangely very new and fresh - while Wei Ying apologized for eating junk food because he was already hungry and was too lazy to start the ancient fire stove, so he rummaged the knapsack he'd brought with him and took out the snack. Wei Ying also briefed Lan Zhan on their situation.

Lan Zhan learned that his world has become topsy-turvy once again. They've arrived home the day *before* the snake ghouls attack - and Lan Zhan presumed that the Jade Emperor miraculously activated his dragonhead scepter to rewind Time back to the moment before the Great Fires; his belief was further bolstered by the (false) fact that the UFO had disappeared and they simply emerged inside their cave-home, which is a sign of tremendously powerful Time-bending magics - in which Wei Ying rolled his eyes in skepticism, and Lan Zhan murmured a soft apology for bringing up his lover's estranged foster father during such difficult and tense times, and promised to avoid mentioning the *yue fu* , in which Wei Ying smiled again followed by a sweet peck on the lips. Since they're basically living in the recent past, therefore, they should not disturb the present timeline by doing anything that hasn't happened yet, or create anything that hasn't

existed yet, so to speak. Lan Zhan promised to discipline himself and obey Wei Ying's instructions, because he really didn't want to go through the harrowing episode ever again.

Wei Ying fluffs the folded bathrobe and throws it at Lan Zhan with a snappy, "Catch!"

Lan Zhan catches it in a heartbeat and examines its pockets - everything is in there, including the recipe book (which strangely survived the washing and drying process - it must be magic!), the compact mirror (which is possibly the most powerful object in Lan Zhan's arsenal), and the other gifts and souvenirs he'd received from the heavens recently. He quickly closes the pockets and his heart races a little faster.

"See? If we act normally, nobody will trouble us. The crows didn't even bother your new shiny luxe clothes and robes, and instead, they picked on our old underwear!" Wei Ying grins impishly, then leans closer to whisper, "Just pretend nothing has happened, and don't worry because the Eye talismans and magical defenses are still around to watch over and protect us."

"Mn. But... are you still able to use your spells?"

A flash of surprise appears on Wei Ying's face, before he returns to his trademark beaming smile. "Ah, regarding that..." and rubs a forefinger on his nose, "It'll return soon. I mean, the seal is there, but it wouldn't last for long. I can already cast simple spells such as Fire and... and... Water..."

and..." he seems to have a little difficulty in picking the names of spells to tell the husband.

Lan Zhan sighs and probably detects *something* is off from his spouse, but he's getting used to Wei Ying's cheeky antics. He kisses Wei Ying on the forehead, and tells the younger man to stop doing household chores because the laundry has been folded in the wrong way, and that he should just tinker inside the workroom to make stuff to sell, or check the vegetable gardens; there is no holiday despite the change in schedule - they may not be going snake-hunting the next day, but that doesn't mean Wei Ying can sit back and relax. The younger man agrees wholeheartedly, and grabs his knapsack containing half-finished carvings and whatnots, and trots off.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

A new beginning and a new arc!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 71

Summer days passed rather uneventfully (compared to what the couple experienced in a different continent that no longer exists), and the foliage of the fruit orchards and surrounding forests of the 'Mounds begin to brown and fall to the ground, leaf by leaf. Mornings are becoming colder and dimmer; chilled mists often linger in increasingly longer periods of time before autumnal sunlight greets the duo inhabitants of the Lan Residence, marked by two giant lanterns that hang at its entrance.

Wei Ying encountered only a few problems to adjust his lifestyle back to the stone age era. From time to time, he lounges around the house or in the outdoors to daydream and reminiscence the good ol' days - when there were modern comforts, 24-hour entertainment on demand, automatons whirring around to run mundane errands, great and varied cuisines from the world and beyond and tasty synthetically-flavoured snacks at a press of buttons, teleporting or riding ground or flying vehicles rather than walking on two legs, and so on.

Fortunately, D-Broom still exists in this timeline, so at least part of the cleaning is mechanized. However, its alarmingly short runtime of a maximum of two hours per Energy charge, reminded Wei Ying that the perennial problem of finding a reliable source of energy remains. In the alternate timeline, they could count on the *da ge* or Ernie's limitless magic reservoir to power their magical equipment and tools; such option is no longer available.

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, adapted well in his own special ways. After a day or two of teething problems, especially from the visibly disturbing lack of plastic and rubber materials and high-tech household and kitchen gadgets, through routines and good ol' backbreaking house work, the

middle-aged man was well on his way to becoming the man he was. He regained strength for his new body through diligent housework, farmwork and cultivation practice (two to three times per day), and he no longer avoids the floor mat - initially, he held very strong suspicions and kept squatting at the entrance, lift up the mat to see if there was any hidden trapdoor underneath, and when there was none, he'd go on his way, before repeating the act the next time he passed the entrance of their cave-home. Fortunately, over time, he'd overcome his obsessive compulsion to check on anything that "could still hold the cold black thing or its evil seeds" - and is finally relieved when he convinced himself that it was impossible for a sentient monster to appear in his life again, when it doesn't even exist at all in this timeline (the concept of Alternate Timelines was alien to the man, so he needed a few good lessons from Wei Ying to thoroughly understand how it works and the implications in their daily lives).

Logically, without Ernie and the additional Wei siblings, all the enhancements done to their home, their possessions and surroundings, including the expanded space and hidden space-time bubbles, the additional furniture, lantern fixtures and high-tech additions, or the enlarged gardens, upgraded bath and shower heads, and five-star toilets, are gone. The outdoors are back to what they used to be; even the number of chickens, rabbits, radishes and chilli plants have not increased or decreased dramatically compared to before. The solar eclipse never happened, however, like legends and myths, such grand celestial displays continue to be part of local superstitious hearsays, so nothing can ever be confirmed nor denied. The issuance dates for the marriage certificates and the land titles for the surrounding areas too, passed, and the individual named Lan Wang Ji of Yiling officially becomes wedded to Wei Wuxian, also of the same city - and Lan Zhan becomes the owner of nine lots of empty but still perilous forested hilly land, including the center portion - and the heart - of the Burial Mounds where his cave-home resides.

Life in Yiling City and the nearby towns remains nearly the same. The couple makes their regular trips to the markets, suppliers and customers and

found that people continued with their busy lives as though nothing had happened - which is true - and they treated the couple as though nothing else had happened - which is a little hard to deal with, because memories and reality clash sometimes, such as the order that was never made, or the purchase that never happened, or the Wangxian products that were never introduced nor sold - but eventually, these hiccups are well managed and in some ways, put aside and forgotten. There is, however, one glaring absence - the Tian sisters have disappeared - actually, never existed - in this new reality; Tian Mi Mi is staffed by regular but veteran prostitutes and still holds jurisdiction over Fragrant Blossoms Street; while Liang *gu niang* expressed confusion when Wei Ying asked about little Tian Tian, because clearly there is no person by the name of 'Tian' in the Liang household (and she easily dismissed Wei Ying because he'd never shown any heroic nor virtuous sides to her - which is Perfectly fine for the man who had sworn his loyalty and life to the husband).

Lan Zhan expressed concern at the disappearance of the Tian sisters, and he became worried about his in-laws. Wei Ying tried to pacify him by saying that perhaps the Time effects were still unraveling (because, as Wei Ying happily shows from a *little* peek into his Infinity Bag of Holding, the gifts from the sisters somehow prevailed including coupon booklets and the magical sewing kit, which sheds a little promising light on the whereabouts or at least the existence of those feisty girls; such powerful gifts must be used with care and prudence, and Lan Zhan agrees) - and perhaps something might happen in the near future, and until then, the older man should just focus on getting their lives back on track - plus, there doesn't seem to be any way to get in touch with the Heavens, and even the compact mirror doesn't quite respond other than playing a musical box version of holy sutra chants every time it is opened. Lan Zhan agrees with Wei Ying's assessment, but still wonders if some kind of catastrophe, malady or political upheaval had befallen the family - and Wei Ying keeps quiet.

Without the Tian sisters, the eight lots of land around the couple's home is undeveloped and uninhabited. However, since there were no massive *qi*

disturbances (e.g. Great Fires), therefore, scouts and troops from Chang'an and Lanling Jin did not advance into the 'Mounds, and in fact, the couple feels safer due to less scrutiny by the marauding Jin guards.

Sometimes, Wei Ying stands at The Junction and longingly wishes he can see The Highway, which at that point, Lan Zhan will hold his younger lover's hand and give a gentle squeeze, before gently leading him back to their courtyard. They've even built a family altar to help Wei Ying cope with the loss, although Wei Ying doesn't look too distraught; however the twenty-two year old appreciates the gesture anyway.

Wei Ying appreciates Lan Zhan more than he did in the past, and he's been at his best behaviour. Lan Zhan, on the other hand, tries to improve himself by, for example, not be too finicky and obsessed with perfection and with counting silver or gold pieces; the latter is important, because Wei Ying is allowed (demanded by insistence, actually) to scale down his day job peddling in the streets of Yiling, and instead, he is asked to simply deliver harvests and some food or other products in the morning, then return by lunchtime. Lan Zhan still uses his trusty abacus to keep their household's finances in check; he knows that with less income, they will return to the times when purse strings need to be tightened - but that is Perfectly fine, when Wei Ying shows him the jewelled accessories he'd kept, the pair of gaudy Gu Qi boots that somehow survived the Time-bending, and a Yiling bank book that shows, surprisingly, a fat balance and a steady stream of ten gold pieces being deposited into the account every day (Lan Zhan does not question the source of the money, lest he jinxes his fortune). "Whatever that is yours is mine, and whatever that is mine is mine," Wei Ying gleefully remarks, and Lan Zhan feels a thousand times lighter because he knows he can financially rely on Wei Ying as much as the other way around, in their newfound marital bliss.



The couple would spend the afternoons and evenings together, either working at home, cultivating, relaxing, or simply, being in each other's arms. Wei Ying, being the Handyman of the House, continued to make minor improvements to their home that they'd miss from the good ol' days, although progress is painfully slow due to lack of manpower and magical energy source (imagine a chainsaw without gasoline for its engine!) - the workroom piles up with more unfinished projects, and half-constructed things scatter around their gardens such as ditches and trenches, stonewalls, water bamboo pipes, scarecrows, windmills, pavilions, trellises, outdoor sheds and a proper outdoor toilet-in-early-progress. To soothe the frustration, Wei Ying gets to enjoy some Laozu Smiles without fearing any repercussions since Lan Zhan doesn't scold him for consuming the liquor during dinner, so that he can be happily ravished by a waiting husband by bedtime.

(Of note, Wei Ying has been able to catch up with their Everyday's, with or without alcohol on the menu. He has more time in the latter part of the day to cuddle and seduce his husband, with or without pants. Lan Zhan happily goes with the flow, with or without Wei Ying riding him on a piece of furniture or on the bed at any time of the day, or, with or without Wei Ying doing naughty things to him while he's reading the periodical or trying to complete a cultivation move - it's hard to concentrate when someone is giving a wonderful handjob while half-squatting with a headless handle of Dustless Broom in his grasp, or when he practises a Tiger's Claw fighting stance with both hands balled into shaky fists because it feels deliriously fantastically good to be sucked off towards the finale.)

It turned out that Lan Zhan still didn't like crowds. However, when he observes how hard working Wei Ying was, still employed by the Liang teahouse twice a month to make new batches of plum sauce - now available in several new varieties - and when Wei Ying begged the husband to accompany him for a small launch ceremony for new flavours at the teahouse, Lan Zhan hesitantly gives in. During the ceremony, where guests can pick free fritters and dip into a selection of new types of plum sauce,

Wei Ying made a mistake of dipping into the spiciest variety, and ends up coughing - just when it's his turn to make a grand but brief speech as the creator of the sauce. Lan Zhan heroically steps up and tells Wei Ying to "hold my tea" so that the younger man can slake his thirsty burning throat, and the older and unexpectedly much experienced man gives a short speech about being "Inspired by Love" - which in reality, he was reading off some texts he'd memorized from old Wangxian product brochures - and receives a rousing applause from the guests in the teahouse. He'd given speeches to gods before, so giving another to mere Mortals was peanuts for him.

Later that night, Wei Ying was so overcome with awe and emotion, because he was too inspired by the passion and love in Lan Zhan's speech, that he'd slathered non-spicy plum sauce on his delicious and sensitive parts (which greatly pleases the husband) - including his nipples and genitals - and Lan Zhan enjoys a night of suckling plum-like nubs, jacking off the younger man with slippery squishy sauce, and tasting Wei Ying's plum-flavoured seed straight from source (with plenty of sweet growls and moans on the side).

When Wei Ying praised Lan Zhan that the latter really looked like an awesome charming, dazzling and successful *laoban* in front of hundreds of guests, and that the good impression will ensure plenty of income rolling into the Lan family's coffers - Lan Zhan would blush until his the tips of his ears are red, and try to downplay Wei Ying's heart-fluttering words by saying that: he did all that to show his love to Wei Ying in the simplest ways which cannot be measured by gold or silver pieces. Wei Ying squeals and peppers plenty of sweet kisses on Lan Zhan's face, before they go for another round of hot lovemaking.

Interestingly, from that point onwards, the 'Wangxian' brand of plum sauce and other products that Wei Ying sells, including foodstuff and magical talismans and gadgets, becomes a little more well known in Yiling. The

logo of two rabbits, one white and the other black, set against a backdrop of bamboo, becomes cemented in the minds of some frequent shoppers, suppliers and housewives - and surprisingly, a quick check at the commerce registry at the local city council showed that Wangxian Co. Ltd. is indeed properly incorporated as a legal business entity under Lan Zhan's name (as Founder and owner); hence, the couple doesn't hesitate to further expand the brand albeit in a far less aggressive manner compared to the alternate timeline.

As the season gently rolls into autumn, at times Lan Zhan wonders if everything that happened had been a mere mystical summer dream...

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Lazy autumn afternoons are... lazy. There are no other, more accurate words to describe such afternoons.

The sun is isn't too bright, the air isn't too hot nor cold, the weather is overcast, all household chores and farm work are completed, the plants are watered, the animals are fed, the laundry's folded, and the ingredients for dinner are prepared and waiting to be cooked in the pot; ever since the Patriarch of the family of two decided that the Residence should cut down on extraneous work and income-generating activities (for example, they grow enough food for their table, and the extras go to Old Merchant Zhu), the couple has had more than enough time on their hands, and spend their afternoons lounging around - lazily, quite literally.

Lan Zhan, having practised his cultivation (successfully, three times a day - an admirable achievement which helps to strengthen the golden core in his new body), lies on one of the wider sofa-sized benches (a few more are in the works, but very slowly), and a lotus leaf covering his face; he'd picked up the habit from Wei Ying (a form of cross-pollination of good and bad habits between the couple) especially after discovering the convenience of using sleep masks (which no longer exist in this timeline, but a lotus leaf would do just as well).

Speak of the devil; he feels the edge of a twig scratch the soles of his bare feet; he'd left the shoes on the ground when he decided to take a short nap in the comfortable outdoors. The twig moves in circles, then slides along his pants-covered shins. It crawls up and down his legs like a naughty ant that deserves to be flicked away, before it moves in for the kill. The moment Lan Zhan feels the twig tap on his clothed crotch and draw zig-zag lines along his flaccid penis - like drizzling mustard sauce on a hot dog --

“Wei Ying.”

A muffled giggle, and the twig disappears like a ghost.

Then he hears a bottle popped open, some wet squishy sounds of hands rubbing together with oil, and - in anticipation - he mmmms and relaxes further into the bench and splays his feet. He places his arms behind his head like a pillow, and as expected, fingers start to massage those tired soles that had stood in the farm in the preceding few hours. Every inch, every arch, every joint, every tendon from the soles of the feet, ankles to the calves, and every bundle of flesh, muscle and nerve is blissfully squeezed, wrung, stretched and squashed, and ten happy toes wriggle joyfully. Lan Zhan enjoys the wonderful treatment that only a husband (and patriarch) of

his stature can receive from such a loyal (and seemingly subservient) spouse. He nnnnhs his approval for the first-class foot reflexology, and feels his meridians recharge.

Fifteen minutes later, he feels his feet had gone numb, boneless as jelly and puffed-up from the awesomely relaxing foot massage. Then the twig reappears, this time tapping its way up the fine treasure trail (because Lan Zhan is topless at that moment), tickle the navel, before riding through the hills of abs, and finally, reaches the pectorals. Lan Zhan scrunches his face when the twig naughtily flicks against his exposed nipples - just below the Wen Clan's brand - and twirls the sparse but rather long hair surrounding each nub like trying to twirl spaghetti off a plate.

“Wei Ying.”

A choked “ha ha ha”, and again, the twig disperses into thin air - replaced by oiled fingers that massage his palms, in the same heavenly manner that his feet relished earlier. After a while, there was a rustle of a handcloth (of hands wiping against it), and he feels someone pick up each finger, a nail clipper is held against it, and the comforting trimming sounds of clip-clip-clip signal that lucky Lan Zhan is lavished with tender loving first-class manicure - and later, a pedicure too (followed by another round of foot massage, when he wiggles his toes to demand for attention again, because he can - and should - act spoiled and be loved a hundred times back).

Two knowing taps on the shoulders, and Lan Zhan nnnghs, first in protest - because he nearly fell asleep -, then the second time, when he grudgingly obliges and turns over so that he lies on the stomach, pillowed by his arms; the lotus leaf falls uselessly to the ground. A familiar weight sits and straddles his waist, and he gets a lethal combo of double-circular

backscratches and an amazing back massage. He feels the back of palms pressing, kneading and *melting* all the day's fatigue and worries away - the sore spot at the small of his back, the twinge-y area around the ribs, that stretched sensation over his shoulder blades, the strain on his shoulder tops, even that crick around the nape that deserves strong, massaging strokes - and every last insect bite, grass itch and bodily discomforts are scraped and grazed away by fingernails that deserve to lay claim on the prime estate of his broad back - because it Just. Feels. So. Good. to be pampered this way - and his nnnnhs and mmmms of appreciation doesn't go unheard.

Eventually, the scratching eases to mere circles and increasingly annoying tickles, and soon, fingertips tease and ghost his sides. They poke and prod, then vibrate when deep inside the abdominal muscles, with the mischievous intention to draw out uncontrolled laughter, and cause the older man to curl into a ball of giggles. But Lan Zhan would have none of that - he's already used to the lover's errant ways, and he has his methods of controlling delinquent behaviour - either by the mention of the name, by clearing his throat, or by waving a frightening weapon such as a feather duster.

“Wei Ying.”

There is a sigh of defeat. Then he feels the sensation of fingers slowly drawing lines over the whip marks across his back. There is a full minute of silence.

Wei Ying asks, “Lan Zhan, why are your scars still around? These whip marks and the brand at the front... are they painful? Why didn't they disappear?”

Lan Zhan is currently too relaxed and unavailable for deep, intellectual thinking, so he mumbles a Perfectly and universally acceptable (and tacky but reassuring) answer, along the lines of, “I don’t know the reason, though it’s not painful. Perhaps having these scars is a way for the spirit to remind the body that I love you very much.” Wei Ying fully embraces Lan Zhan in response; he probably believed it, and Lan Zhan - who doesn’t really know why some features of his old self remains - tells himself that he’ll stick to this sugary sappy storyline as long as it works.

Wei Ying starts to “search” for any other clues of Lan Zhan’s previous body and in general, examine the older man’s physique up close and personal - he’d look for other marks or scars appraisingly, for scabs and blisters, for welts or bitemarks, for wounds and scratches - and when he finds some new ones, he’d apply healing balm onto them, in which Lan Zhan nnnnhs again and again at the exquisite tender loving care and grooming by the younger man (that comes with add-on free massage and scratching too), from head to toe, and then from toe to head.

“Ahhh.. Lan Zhan, you’ve got some dandruff on your hair!” Wei Ying squeals excitedly when he scrutinizes Lan Zhan’s scalp and the roots of his crowning glory, and parts the long lush hair, lock by lock. (Lan Zhan doesn’t understand why would Wei Ying even look at *there* , however he considered Wei Ying to have monkey-like behaviours whether in person or possibly distantly related to the Monkey King - because every god he knew seemed to point towards the same direction when describing Wei Ying - that back and hair-grooming should be part of his natural rituals and routines; plus, he learnt that humans are descendents of apes and monkeys, so why not?)

Lan Zhan makes his trademark nnngh snort and settles into his arm-pillow. It’s a little unnerving to have one’s scalp picked by another person, but he tells himself: It’s Wei Ying-ness, it’s his spouse, it’s his soulmate, and

soulmates belong to each other, dandruff and scalp-picking included as well - and it feels quite nice to have some itch scratched over his head too, so he lets Wei Ying's latest favourite activity slide (which will probably turn into an unhealthy addiction - but that's a worry for the far future).

"Hmm.. maybe your body isn't quite used to the primitive soaps and shampoos we have. Your scalp's oily, there are flakes of dandruff growing and peeling off... let me pick on some," Wei Ying remarks and he probably becomes (intensely) focused on cleaning Lan Zhan (really, like a monkey). The liberating feeling of having dead skin scratched and peeled away, leaving behind a shiny healthy new layer behind - feels good, actually.

Later, Wei Ying would show signs of renewed determination, and starts to examine Lan Zhan's facial hair - it's grown a bit just as before, and every moustache and beard is as lickable as in the past - then the armpit hair - and steals a few affectionate whiffs, because the latter's male odour is admittedly quite strong around those places, and Wei Ying loves Lan Zhan's fragrance (like a monkey?) - and when Wei Ying becomes a little more excited at hairy stuff and acts amorously by running fingers through the strands and tries to smell and lick them, savouring the sweaty mildly pungent taste of his older lover on the hair and the heated prickled skin, lapping every last trace of salt off them, and then he reaches for Lan Zhan's treasure trail to lather his saliva and sniff his way all over that wispy path, and then down, down, he pushes Lan Zhan's pants and tugs them away forcefully, impatiently, tries to *squeeze his face through the waistband*, tongue wiggling out to try and lick and reach further, towards the pubic area to dig into a buffet of delectably dense but fine uncombed curls and--

"Wei Ying."



Wei Ying stills, dejectedly withdraws from the waistband and pillows his face on the crevice of a sensitive hip joint, panting heavily. Then he thinks. Then offers.

“ *Lao gong* ,” he calls fondly from the crotch, one finger drawing circles on the the clothed tip of a thick semi-erect arousal; Lan Zhan shivers - hot breath rushes through into his pants, and circulates around the surface of his stretched loincloth. “I’ll clean one ear, if you let me have a go at the front. Both ears, if you let me have your butt too.”

An imaginary ear pick appears in Lan Zhan’s mind (with angelic singing in the background) - a majestic heavenly bamboo stick made with the precise length, perfect angles and curves; the blunt edge of the scoop has the perfect degree of wear-and-tear that gives flawless balance of abrasiveness, friction, relief and comfort simultaneously - and it *twiddles* enticingly and Lan Zhan’s knees go weak.

Lan Zhan couldn’t refuse, and simply uttered a strained but thinly-veiled excited “Mn”, twice, before his pants were yanked off and allowed to fly far, far away to the other side of the courtyard.

Lan Zhan gets a wonderful titillating blowjob with many deep-throats, and later, Wei Ying inhales and *eats* his ass, laps and teases the tight ring of muscles and the swelling perineum, massages the walnut-sized gland with rough sweeps through the delicate skin, before going full out for the best rimjob Lan Zhan has ever experienced, until his asshole stretches and the entrance is tickled and caressed and rubbed in sensuous, sexy ways that only his spouse’s expert tongue can; it helps that Wei Ying inserts oiled fingers through the relaxed and yielding end of the tunnel and starts scissoring, stretching the walls, drumming, kneading the delectably

assaulted prostate - when Lan Zhan cries out that he needed to *something* because he was too embarrassed to say it out - because Wei Ying had, without permission, rubbed maddeningly nnngh-inducing circles around Lan Zhan's tummy - then the younger man lets go of his tongue and goes to pepper sweet kisses on Lan Zhan's cheek (never mind the un-cleanliness, because apparently the couple had long ago agreed that exchanging and ingesting friendly bacteria is a romantic thing to do) - and Lan Zhan nnnghs and hnnnghs desperately because his insides are convulsing pleasurably from the insane massaging motions and pulses radiating from the prostate, but there's *something* else building up inside his bottom to insane pressures, and he one-twos thick creamy globs from his hyper-excited rigid cock, climbs and crests his dry orgasm of twenty prostatic twitches, and lets out a string of loud rude gassy noises through his asshole because Wei Ying had done too much with fingers and his rump loosened happily.

(And Wei Ying whispers, a happy fart is a happy and healthy gut - but Lan Zhan was already in too deep and covered his face with his hands because he's ripened up like a red tomato,)

Later still, Wei Ying effortlessly maneuvered Lan Zhan on the bench to all fours, and he royally sticks his own dick in and fucks the husband fervently. Wei Ying one-two-threes several times because believe it or not, Lan Zhan is god damn tight, praise be to Goddess Guan Yin, and the older man's muscular insides feel tremendously awesome when pummeled to the hilt, and within a couple of minutes, Wei Ying becomes too excited and orgasms prematurely to fifteen but awesomely fifteen grand volleys of beautiful ejaculations with stars and rainbows in his vision.

A quick gargle with floral-scented water (not as good as a branded mouthwash, but it'll have to do in this stone age) and cleaning wipes of handcloth later, Lan Zhan - whose pants managed to find their way back to

their owner - finally gets to lie on Wei Ying's lap and earn his double ear-cleaning, and snoozes the afternoon away after murmuring, "Wei Ying..."

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The following days are clear and sunny, the afternoons are still lazy,

And evenings can be as quiet or as interesting, as say, dinner at the Lan's Residence.

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At this point, some of the wonderful things as described in the story "It is a clear and sunny day" happen, followed by the arc "Dinner at the Lan's".

The story continues after the end of "Dinner at the Lan's"...

Notes for the Chapter:

Finally, I've been waiting to continue the first arc after realizing that I'd written a lifetime of backstories. In some way, the first sixty-nine chapters (less the first arc) is a kind of Prologue... :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 72

The story continues after the end of “Dinner at the Lan’s”...

After such a sex-intensive night (at Lan Zhan’s expense), and a dramatic morning of tears, rush hours, flying swordsmanship, and magical discoveries, Wei Ying pilots Bichen and steers it back home under his lover’s guidance and a full luggage of two dangling sacks tied to the hilt; from the ground, one may mistaken the sword as a flying thin penis with two balls hanging loosely from the base.

At the bend around the last hill, he suddenly veers to the side while barking an excited squeal with the promise of at least a fried fish for dinner - and performs a heart-stopping, wobbly but passable roll as a amateur swordboarder, in which Lan Zhan tightens his grip around Wei Ying’s waist and is secretly thrilled at the prospects of swordboarding as a couple in the near future.

Snow continued to fall through midday and into the afternoon from dark grey clouds in the skies. The icy winds have let up, allowing a layer of fluffy snow to coat the whole landscape and turn the whole hilly ‘Mounds into what Wei Ying terms as “a big bowl of soft gamma-nanoparticle mochi-flavoured soft serves swimming in smooth Xianbucks choco-matcha yoghurt milkshake”; although it’s been a little more than three months since they’ve settled down to life in the stone age, he still misses desserts and treats from the 21st, 31st and 41st century; still, he’s Perfectly fine as long as Lan Zhan makes something *traditionally* tasty such as a plate of roasted sweet potatoes and chestnuts and frozen glazed persimmons, which go very well with a home-cooked lunch of steaming rice, stir-fried cabbage and mushrooms, omelette with shrimp, and the omnipresent Yiling tofu drizzled with soy sauce and garnished with fried garlic and ginger.

Last winter was a disaster because they weren't prepared, and their cave-home had gaping holes in the ceiling that resulted in piles of freezing ice falling through and turned the floor into cold, wet sludge. This time, however, Wei Ying had covered the holes with some deadwood and boulders, and there are plenty more half-completed DIY home improvement projects lying around that were meant to be completed before the first snowfall, including reinforcing the cavern's structure, building the much touted, but never materialized, thermal water piping system and a few more stuff planned in the books; the creative ideas in his A.S.S. notebook seemed to have been half-forgotten as much as the bound *xuan* paper book had been lost, actually, devoured by the growing pile of 'trash' in the work room (along with Lan Zhan's guqin).

(Wei Ying could have logged into the highly-secretive ErNet to ask Ernie for help, but pride would never allow this ostentatious male parent to trouble his child - to Wei Ying, it felt as bad as asking for pocket money from one's offspring - and in fact, Wei Ying has been giving motherly tips to Ernie on building a better, more perfect world - and universes. He keeps getting sidetracked or loses interest fairly quickly with his own DIY projects the moment it becomes gruelling or in his own words, "details, details and more details!".)

Just as Lan Zhan was about to start the omelette on the stove, he handed the bowl of leftover cold noodles from the morning to Wei Ying. He kissed the young man's forehead to assure him again (and again - many times during the afternoon) that everything is Perfectly fine between them, and asked Wei Ying to feed the animals before the precipitation becomes too heavy and they're snowed in for the rest of the day. Wei Ying "Enn"s enthusiastically, when he feels the first tendrils of boredom sneaking up the moment he unloads and unpacks his purchases from Liao's and realizes the extent and magnitude of manual labour to come (i.e. the DIY projects - he'd rather spend time designing and building pulley system prototypes, than

actually start moving construction materials and complete the much-needed extensions to their home; this shows how brilliant yet lazy Wei Ying is).

He eagerly bundles up himself into appropriately thick furred robes and trots across the icy white courtyard. Then, he casts a light Fire spell to heat up the food and serve it to the chickens cooped up in their own little wooden residence.

The hens love to nibble at worm-like noodles, and Wei Ying takes the opportunity to collect some farm-fresh eggs - his thieving arm was pecked and scratched viciously by a couple of sharp-eyed broody hens, but he's used to it (although he's envious that Lan Zhan can easily soothe the birds by cooing at them, then lift them up and effortlessly roll the eggs into his basket; it's something that Wei Ying has come to accept - that animals will always be unfriendly to him no matter what circumstances). A couple of low-level healing spells later, the rabbits are fed with grass and hay, then Wei Ying trudges through foot-high snow back to their cave-home.

(Use of magic in their estate is subtle, and limited to low-tier and common spells; Wei Ying continues to harbour suspicions that the gods are always spying, waiting for the perfect chance to pounce and *arrest* him for utilizing prohibited magic. He makes sure to place enough Eye and Sense talismans, along with other defensive magic, around the perimeter of their home and surroundings to make sure no intruders can invade their land, and no gods can peek through without sounding an alarm.)

The lack of powerful magic, including Creation and Time spells, meant that Wei Ying's efficiency is hampered and is at its lowest - leaving him to work with prehistoric iron and bronze tools, which explains the mounting 'trash' in the work room. Lan Zhan takes the stand of non-intervention and leaves

Wei Ying to decide what's best for his own, however he sometimes comments that Wei Ying is suffering from paranoia because there's been no sign of gods for the past three months - not even the Tians. In retaliation, the younger man reminds Lan Zhan about how powerful gods are and how painful it would be to suffer their wrath for acting high and mighty, flaunting powerful magic, and pretending to be deities - like the fate of the Wei and Lan-kin "made into flat *jianbing* s by eighty-eight burning palms" - and that usually silences the older man into an End Of Discussion.)

After the heart-warming lunch, Wei Ying pats his tummy, swallows the last persimmon dessert, and burps loudly (with little puffs of cloud - their home is cold because there is no indoor heating). No matter which cuisine in the Mortal Realm or any other realms for that matter, from which timeline or from which planet and galaxy, Lan Zhan's cooking ranks top in his list. Lan Zhan politely finished his bowl of rice, then takes out the cloth bag from his satchel - the purchases from the outpost at Huang village that had closed for winter.

Dried herbs, medicinal roots and healing salves are important, since they no longer have access to powerful healing magic and modern medicines (at Wei Ying's insistence), and Lan Zhan's healing spells (to some extent, Wei Ying's too) are good only for symptomatic treatment of coughs, colds, fevers and in some critical cases, patch up minor to moderate external wounds and internal injuries.

The magazines are crucial as well, since they'd be snowed in for a while, and without television or the Net, entertainment is limited to reading materials, singing and dancing for each other, indoor cultivation practice, and probably hours of making out and lovemaking on their king-sized bed. (Wei Ying looks forward to the good times when they're locked up inside their cave-home, and play games of 'let's go pantless the whole day', and he wants Lan Zhan to chase him around like a rabbit in heat; he'd miss their

harem games from their younger days - although it's been just about three months, i.e. since summer, when they had a harem in their family.)

They have enough food stored in the permafrost-like underground pantry at least for a couple of weeks; the gardens and orchards are completely harvested and emptied for the wintry season. They'll still need to make some trips to town periodically to stock up on perishables, however at least thermal springwater flows through their outdoor pool and lotus pond, hence they'll always have good-sized fishes and shrimps, lotus roots and seeds, and chicken and eggs from the coop (rabbits are still off-limits, as decreed by the patriarch of the family of two).

Lan Zhan takes out a golden pouch from the bag, and gently pushes it across the table towards Wei Ying. Then, he calmly pours a steaming cup of oolong tea for himself.

Wei Ying raises an eyebrow - he'd never seen that pouch before, so it must have been one of the stuff bought at the outpost. He wondered what is in there, and why Lan Zhan wanted him to open it.

“For you.”

Wei Ying piques with interest, like a child who had just been gifted a present. “For me?” and starts to pull on the drawstrings.

“Mn. For you. This is all I could get.”

Wei Ying yelps and shrieks in near-shock, when his eyes sparkle as much as the sparkling contents inside the pouch - there is a bunch of finger-sized crystal shards, each elongated in form, perfectly smooth and reflective, sharp and jagged at the edges, and they coil like glass serpents perfectly frozen in ice; the crystals tinkle and shimmer on their own, emanating and thrumming with faint, unseen energy - these are fabled *twisty crystals* !

“For your compass.”

Wei Ying starts to stammer and stutter, “But, how did you... where could these... it must have cost... wait, Lan Zhan, these are extremely rare and impossible to be formed in nature, so they have to be made by the hands of craft-masters! How much did you pay for this pouch?!” Suddenly, Wei Ying recalled the hastily bought jewelled accessories that set back their finances by at least two gold bars, shortly after the husband bought the land title to their home for one gold bar.

“I... still have the Jade Token with me. But nothing more. I am penniless, technically,” Lan Zhan murmurs, a little hesitant, as he takes the first sip after blowing generously on the surface of the cup.

Wei Ying knew Lan Zhan only brought with him his life savings of five gold bars when they ventured out of Jingshi the summer before - he quickly did the math inside his head - and realized that what the man said is true. Lan Zhan had spent his fortune for the sake of the spouse’s happiness - for a home, for the unused jewels, and now, for the twisty crystals because not long ago, he complained that he needed them to get his Compass of Evil to

work, which was actually a lame excuse to skip work and loiter in town to stock up on Laozu Smiles.

“The shopkeeper mentioned these crystals when I asked, about three months ago. It seemed a treasure box was recently unearthed from a faraway mythical tomb, and in that box was this pouch. The treasure hunter placed a very high price for these crystals because they matched the descriptions in the scripts of the Dark Arts. I... hope these crystals are the same ones you need for your compass.” Lan Zhan looks down, feeling slightly ashamed and foolish perhaps, for ordering something on impulse (again) - he couldn't refuse when the shopkeeper said that the pouch was going to be auctioned in Chang'an, and there wouldn't be another chance to get his hands on such “invaluable relics of the forgotten Dark Arts”. Plus, the caravans from the Far, Far West only run a handful of times each year, so every trip takes a long while.

Wei Ying walks over to the husband, gently peels off the teacup, and in exchange, he cups Lan Zhan's face with both hands.

“Lan Zhan, you've done so much for me, stood by my side even when the world is against me - you - us, yet you never think twice about the consequences towards your reputation, well-being and wealth. How can you be so righteous yet so reckless! You're... really the Han Guang Jun that I admired and fell in love with, and I still do!” Wei Ying remarks, and kisses the husband full on the lips, flavoured with oolong and persimmons. The older man responds passionately, tongue playing with his younger lover's, and they engage in a sweet make-out session at the dining table; his spirits soar high when he is convinced that he made the right choice, and that pouch of twisty crystals is surely, one of the keys to their marital happiness.

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The days that follow were, as forecasted by Imperial meteorologists and astrologists, and published in the following week's periodical, full of heavy snowfall due to a cold front passing through Qishan. Travel becomes impossible, so Wei Ying called the Liang teahouse using a Fairy Messenger spell to tell the *laoban* that he wouldn't be able to go to work at the next full moon, and the *laoban* agreed because the teahouse opened only for half-days anyway with so few customers around in an equally snowed-in Yiling. He also casted modified Shields around their home to keep the temperature and humidity bearable without having to bundle up all day long - it's still a little chilly because cold air from outside still seeps in anyway, although the effects can be easily mitigated with frequent soaks in their outdoor thermal springwater pool.

It's the couple's first snowy winter together (last year they had to seek shelter at Mian Mian's), and Wei Ying makes good use of the opportunity to focus on indoor activities. He continues to busy himself in the workroom since he had procured the twisty crystals, and Lan Zhan assumes that the young man is (finally) working on the wide-acclaimed version 4.0 of the Compass of Evil, so he doesn't intrude and disturb Wei Ying. However, the opposite is not true; Wei Ying gets bored or perhaps doesn't make as much progress as expected - signalled by a whiny exasperated "AAAAaaAAaaaahhh..." followed by a body stretch to the tune of "nnnNNNnnngggHHH..." after a mere half-hour of tinkering with *stuff* inside the work room - Lan Zhan steels his heart, and fans his loins, for the many Wei Ying-ness that disturb his daily routines, literally.

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Lan Zhan walks into a visual feast of Wei Ying sprawled across their dining table; his perky clothed ass pointing high towards the ceiling, his thighs straddle against the table's corners; his crotch generously rubs against the well-worn edge, and he holds an Imperial ruler along the diagonal length of the table.

"Mmm... fifty five... fifty six... okay, done!" Wei Ying snappily remarks, and turns around while still lying atop the table.

"Ah, Lan Zhan! I was just measuring the table," he doesn't state the reason why, "what are you doing here?" and visibly, obnoxiously *humps* the table - his toothy grin and slightly flushed face does not hide his intentions at all.

Lan Zhan swallows, because he knows Wei Ying is underwear-less - and notices twin clothed plump balls rolling front and back, then side to side, at the table's edge - Wei Ying is literally masturbating against a piece of furniture in front of him, dear Goddess Guan Yin! - and catches himself staring oogle-eyed, so he clears his throat and raises two pieces of soiled loincloths that he'd found in the laundry basket. There are only two loincloths for Wei Ying, with both of them in Lan Zhan's hands, that means the younger man isn't wearing any.

"W... Wei Ying, your underwear. What... why are they torn - like this?" Lan Zhan holds the loincloths for the younger man to see - indeed, the front parts, particularly the strip of cloth that fits snugly against Wei Ying's cock and balls, are frayed, holed and tattered.

“Why? Ummm... I don’t know, really. Maybe it’s because I’m doing this all day?” the younger man flutters his eyes seductively and wiggles his ass in sensuous gyrating motions on the table top. Lan Zhan notices the seams of his pants are splitting apart between the legs, proof that Wei Ying is wearing down his garments from excessive rubbing. The older man sighs and turns a little red on the cheeks.

“I can’t help it, I get bored and my body moves on its own. Demonic hunger, cabin fever, mind-numbing boredom, whatever you want to call it, blame it on them,” Wei Ying climbs off the table nonchalantly. “If it’s bad for the clothes, then I’ll strip them off, alright? And I’ll stop rubbing against the table too, alright?” he quips and immediately strips his shirt and pants, and piles them onto Lan Zhan’s arms, and saunters off with a giggle.

Alone, Lan Zhan touches the table’s edge out of habit, savouring the lingering desire and heat of Wei Ying. He bends down to take a sniff at the corner - then sniffs the soiled loincloths - and sighs loudly in defeat. He’s addicted to Wei Ying, and he’s in a lot of trouble - if viewed in a negative way.

Lan Zhan realized he’s sentenced himself to the fate of sex-hungry Wei Ying-ness. Wei Ying gets off scotch-free and is allowed to roam the house naked (to protect the clothes), to engage in countless masturbation, foreplay and sexual intercourse with the helpless husband (to protect the table’s edges), and Lan Zhan is, for the most part, unable to fend off the numerous sexual assaults (because he brought this on to himself).

From sunrise to the next sunrise, Lan Zhan finds himself screwed tightly into Wei Ying in all manners, positions and circumstances. He's not able to get much household chores done, because Wei Ying simply interrupts him, seduces him with hot kisses to the lips, visually stimulating sexy sway of naked hips, and feather-light touches to the agreeable hardening penis, then easily peels the husband off from the said household chore, and ravishes the middle aged man in the middle of the cave-home, until Lan Zhan melts into a trembling heap of orgasmic squirts, tasty moans and dried-up balls, and Wei Ying mmmms while caressing a slightly bulging lower belly because his insides are always filled with warm seed, and his love canal throbs with the pleasure of being stretched and slammed for hours on end. His demonic hunger will be sated for at least one season from that one week of endless lovemaking.

Fortunately, D-Broom is around to save the day, and keeps the floor and surfaces relatively clean. There is no need for laundry, since they spend the whole day naked at home. They have take-outs from Great Eats From Gojeoseon although sometimes Wei Ying cooks when Lan Zhan is knocked out cold from too much sex (and his sad-looking flaccid feeble penis is proof of Wei Ying's sexual dominance when both are trapped at home).

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The couple would cultivate together at the small space near the entrance to their home, to exercise the muscles if not to keep the burgeoning waists at bay. They would perform some low-level martial arts movements in perfect synchrony, build a wee bit of golden core energy, work out a bit of sweat, then Wei Ying would naughtily take a swipe at Lan Zhan's shins and the older man falls to his rump. Wei Ying easily mounts his husband for awesome cowgirl rides - he's always cleaned and appropriately loosened from morning baths - and Lan Zhan's body continues to cultivate sexual *qi* with plenty of nnnghs for his lovely spouse.

To the envy of many people forced to stay in during the snowy days, the couple does not gain body fat although they eat well, and in fact, their figures become more muscular, more defined and strengthened over the course of the week.

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Wei Ying likes to sing and dance for Lan Zhan. The younger man misses the old days when karaoke machines and television sets were available - but that's perfectly fine since there's just two of them. He would start on some oldie tunes from the 21st century, in which Lan Zhan attempts to sing along - a bit out of tune, of course - and after a while, Lan Zhan becomes disinterested because he's not the singing type (he prefers the guqin or other string instruments); soon, Wei Ying's voice rises into high shrills and low moans, as Lan Zhan decides to pleasure his spouse and suck him off in mid-performance. Wei Ying's twin balls have never been happier to perform their one-two-threes for the husband, and Lan Zhan gets tasty slurps of unintentionally released seed, before the operatic finale of fifteen twitches, and the husband gets his deserved full serving and a yodelling scream that fortunately doesn't echo outside their home (thanks to the Shield spells).

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The use of sex toys adds excitement to the couple's intensive love life - Wei Ying would insert a sounding rod into his cock and willingly offers himself to Lan Zhan, in which the latter gets to enjoy little syrupy snacks throughout the day; sometimes Lan Zhan exhales and blows bubbles into the straw-like instrument like a misbehaving child, or suck out then spit

back in the contents through the hollowed rod repeatedly, and Wei Ying becomes absolutely delirious (and destroyed) by having his penile contractions inverted and forced many times. Wei Ying also keeps Energized anal beads inside his ass, so that Lan Zhan enjoys being vibrated, massaged and deliciously rubbed with plenty of bumps while trying his best to mate the spouse. Dildos are great for when they do 69s and when Lan Zhan wants extra servings of Wei Ying-flavoured nectar at the press of the vibrating-spinning phallic toy straight into the younger man's ass and thrust against the quivering juicy spurting prostate gland.

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Towards the end of the week, Wei Ying touches Lan Zhan's bare skin uncontrollably and molests the hunky man with unthinking lust mixed with delight - just like the good ol' days - but this time, he's earnest in forcing Lan Zhan to cum as much as possible. There's hardly any edging or prolonging of pleasures anymore - Wei Ying makes sure Lan Zhan orgasms into hands, mouth and rosebuds in everything he does, at lightning speeds, such as, while he's sweeping the floor (when D-Broom is recharging), reading the periodical and magazines on the bed, making meals in the kitchen, having a shower, or simply lounging around because there's nothing else to do cooped up inside the tiny cave-home with snow everywhere on the outside (and his penis is lovingly squeezed and sandwiched into Wei Ying's glorious seed-soaked love tunnel).

Lan Zhan gets wrung dry again and again, and his body adapts - soon, he is able to get it up at the sight and order of Wei Ying, and raises the bar of his performance to thirty twitches within two minutes of animalistic rutting when necessary. He taps into his experience from participating in late-night porn on Wangxian net during his heydays - and satisfies the younger lover on all accounts due to his latent talents in embodying and reliving those astonishingly depraved moments - and becomes a sexed-up insatiable



stallion in bed. Wei Ying sometimes complains that Lan Zhan ejaculates prematurely after a two-minute breeding session on the floor *ala* missionary style, but the other only mmmms and commands his body to convulse and relax rhythmically the sexual meridians, sexual *qi* flow, and every fibre of inner muscles, then impresses the squealing spouse with another thirty-twitches inside and iron-hard against pulsating clenching ass-muscle walls; it didn't matter that his testicles are as dried up as raisins, as long as Wei Ying feels the twitches and imagines little Wang Jis swimming their way to meet baby Wei Yings, the younger man is one hundred percent pleased and becomes a happy (and return) customer of Lan Zhan's infinite love.

Lan Zhan's sex life has evolved beyond sex toys, physical wham-banging or tantric sex techniques. He becomes closer to the Godhood of sex and reproductive acts as well.

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By the end of the week, and when snowfall finally lets up, the couple have degenerated into two unshaven sweaty cave-men living in a sex-stinked cave-home, who spend all day stark naked and joined at the hips (or penis screwed tightly into the ass, whichever feels better). Lan Zhan figuratively ascends to the said fabled Godhood of sorts (but he's feet is still grounded in the Mortal Realm) and has become a little impotent if not unresponsive to further sexual seduction (the proverbial "Under Maintenance" sign is hung on the limp dick), and Wei Ying's (demonic) appetite for sex is sated, for the time being.

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With lust no longer distracting his train of thought, Wei Ying works painstakingly on his projects in the work room, even through burning midnight oil. At daybreak after the week of snow, Lan Zhan walks into the kitchen dressed in a simple shirt and a pair of pants (finally). He is dumbfounded at the sight of a mud-brown humanoid clay figure about a meter in height, lying on their dining table, surrounded and wrapped with numerous different kinds of paper talismans, spooky-looking blood-red burning candles, and incense sticks. It is shaped like a paperman and is of course, three-dimensional. The air is thick with smoke and blackish mist-like wisps, and smells strange - but not totally alien; Lan Zhan has smelled worse things from other timelines anyway. Wei Ying, who looks a little frazzled and tired from the lack of sleep - but he's at least with clothes this time - sprinkles sugar, spices, fragrances made of soap and shampoo, flower petals, butterfly wings, and what looks like day-old crusty cum, and a few specks of blood on the figure.

Lan Zhan no longer questions his spouse's motives, and knowing Wei Ying's history with humanoid *things* and the penchant for making mischief out of magic; the formation of talismans suspiciously resembles the tomb-like cradle for Wen Ning shortly before that Wen clansman was resurrected. He simply tells the younger man to "put back the things to where they belong", and "clean up after you're done". He pauses before leaving the smoky kitchen-cum-dining area, and asks, "Whose?" and gestures at the cum and blood, amongst other ingredients tossed and spilled on the clay.

"Ours," Wei Ying answered without looking up, as licks his lips and his brows furrowed in full concentration while writing unreadable and unidentifiable mystical words on the figure, and the strings of talismans that wrap around it. "The clay's dug from the outdoor pool, so be careful when going for your morning wash. Don't slip into the hole at the corner," he adds.

(Lan Zhan rubs his jaws absently and fingered the edge of a prehistoric band-aid - he'd nicked his chin first thing at dawn when Wei Ying insisted, and he allowed, to shave his cave-man beard; Wei Ying must have collected a drop or two of blood from him that way. As for the cum - it's been flowing freely the past few days anyway.)

Lan Zhan "Mn"s without worry, and picks up a Fairy Messenger talisman - he plans to order pork noodle soup and meat-flavoured sticky rice dumplings for their breakfast. The Postbird services do well these days, due to an increase in orders from Yiling's citizens who decide to dine on take-outs and avoid walking in the snow.

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By midday, Wei Ying is seen chanting like an obsessed monk the words "A-ling de baba" (啊令的爸爸) non-stop, while performing intricate martial arts-like movements copied from an old book touted to be scriptures for the Dark Arts (which Wei Ying borrowed from another city's library long ago, but never returned), titled "Bringing Forth Infinite Agony Solitude, Despair Of The Darkness And Million-Year Deaths and Destructions". (Lan Zhan silently rolled his eyes at the overtly flamboyant title - it's as distasteful and as unnecessary as what the Heavens use.)

After having gone through the whole Dark Arts book, Wei Ying sticks a few twisty crystals into the clay and they sink into the figure like quicksand; the humanoid clay figure starts to wobble like jelly after consuming the crystals, and the shards glow brightly like white-hot flames within it. Lan Zhan turns around from where he sat at the doorsteps, pays a bit more attention to what Wei Ying is doing, and folds his periodical away - the shimmering crystals gravitate towards each other inside the increasingly

liquidly humanoid figure, they spiral, spin, elongate and retract, and coil around until they form single, then double helixes and multiples of those strange but pretty crystalline shapes in a distorted body that's fast melting into a pool of muddy sludge, which dribble along the edges of the table and splatter unceremoniously to the floor.

"It's... ALIVE !!!" Wei Ying yells at the top of his lungs and swings his arms wildly, and he casts a Thunder talisman that was pulled out from his sleeves at the last minute. Unsurprisingly, lightning strikes and thunder roars right above them; Lan Zhan drops his periodical with a curse under his breath and he quickly runs into the kitchen-cum-dining area to make sure that Wei Ying isn't burnt to crisp this time.

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"Wei Ying, was... all of this... really necessary?" Lan Zhan mutters with an annoyed tone, and waves an arm around the mud-splattered kitchen. He scrubs the walls with a brown-stained washcloth to remove liquefied dirt that originated from their outdoor pool, while D-Broom diligently sucks up leftover sand, caked mud and chocolate gelato-like goo off the floor. Wei Ying squats on the ground with a pout, rubbing a bump on his head after being smacked by a Dustless Broom handle stick by the patriarch, and slowly picks up pieces of cracked ceramic - in his 'mad sorcerer' moment, he'd knocked down the drying rack on the kitchen counter and sent a few plates crashing to the floor.

"Umm... I just needed to stick the crystals into an inanimate medium containing our genetic material, so that they'll stand properly, and cast my brand of magic. The rest are... well... Lan Zhan, I really, really, *really* wanted to try that Dark Arts ritual at least once in my life! Even though I

know it doesn't do anything, I was really cool back then, right? Right? Was I awesome just now?" Wei Ying's pensive mood switches easily. His eyes sparkle despite the throbbing pain on the top of the head.

Lan Zhan sighs, reaches over and places a soft kiss on Wei Ying's mud-smeared forehead. Wei Ying giggles and gets back to cleaning up the mess left in the kitchen, earnestly. There are still bits of ash on the chair cushions, half-burnt talismans stuck to surfaces, melted candle wax on the floor, and fizzled incense sticks scattered everywhere.

A warm wiggly white tentacle about two feet tall, seemingly lacking any other body parts, sprouts from the stony ground. It quietly glides to a corner, and watches the couple work to rid the kitchen of earthly filth, and return it to its pristine state.

"Same rules apply. No entry to our underground pantry. It can make a home underneath the floor mat if it wants to. Obey our family rules, be useful to the family, do not cause trouble or disrepute, do not steal souls and bodies, do not play god without our - including my - permission. You know the rest," Lan Zhan reads aloud his conditions impassively as he fills a basin in the kitchen sink with clean water needed to wash the floor. He doesn't even bat an eyelid to the newcomer of their household.

"She."

"What?" Lan Zhan spins around with a half-wrung washcloth in his hand, incredulous.

“It’s a she. I made her out of sugar, spice and everything nice. The crystals give life and sentient thought and consciousness, but I assigned the female gender to her. She’s a good child, and blessed with a wonderful name; I’m certain of it,” Wei Ying whispers and reaches out with a hand towards the tentacle. It - she - bends over and lets Wei Ying shake the tip, almost like a charming, cute and friendly handshake. A soft, high-pitched childish feminine voice is heard, “Mom” (娘).

Lan Zhan hmphs, and marches out of the kitchen to grab a mop from the workroom.

The little tentacle releases its hold, and bends the other way. It tries to extend towards Lan Zhan the moment the man passed by in a rush, but Lan Zhan wouldn’t go near it/her - he side-stepped it/her entirely to get out of the kitchen.

Little Ni-er (女儿; nǚ ér; daughter) whines softly at the man who disappears into the next room without a word, “Dad...” (爹).

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I'm running low on Zhan Ge and Yibo didi materials lately. There's really not much new exciting info, but at least I see a poster for The Fatal Journey... what secrets lie with the Nie brothers and JGY's treachery? :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 73

Ernie was conjured from seven days' worth of universally godly magic and born in the night of midsummer, courtesy of an awesome artificially-enhanced Wei Wuxian from a timeskip ten years into the future. It - by now, it should be assigned a gender, presumably male, therefore "he" - was made from Wei Wuxian's magic, then he obtained (stole, perhaps) the body and soul of Lan Wang Ji. Due to his Corrupted nature, he is always called the "cold black thing", and his natural state is a shapeless form with countless black tentacles that makes him look like a devolved octopus gone insane in transformation. He tends to lean towards his Mother's side in terms of rash behaviours, emo-personality, amazing intellect and unbelievable thinking processes, while he appears physically like his Father when a humanoid form is necessary.

Ni-er, on the other hand, was conceived from seven consecutive days' worth of awesome, incredible love by its - her - parents, and born in the middle of one fine winter day, about three months after Ernie's birth. She was made mostly from Lan Wang Ji's genetic material - seed and blood included, along with sugar, spice and everything nice - and given a body made from natural earth by Wei Wuxian. She is made of Purity, born from ageless crystals that glow and shine even in the depths of the darkest caverns, and assumes a physique can be cutely described as a "warm white thing"; her natural state is a single clearly-defined white appendage that looks no different than a short and stout-looking bolster pillow - huggable, velvety, sometimes fluffy like a cat's tail, with a chubby tapered end similar to a bamboo shoot. She is calm, quiet and rather introverted, pretty much like her Father, although she seems shorter and smaller in stature, like her Mother.

*Mother, it is holding my tentacle. It's curling around my limb! It's... it's saying a word... "Brother" (哥哥; gē; older brother)... in such a sweet voice!*

“That’s because she recognizes you as her older brother. Ni-er, as *meimei* , say hello to your big brother.”

(a soft gurgling sound with tinkles of wind chimes is heard in the background)

*Mother, I feel... joy, anxious, warm, worry, and I think... love, but in a different way. I want to hold Ni-er, care for her, protect her, play with her, show her who I am, and what I have. Is Ni-er... really... my younger sister? Am I... a big brother?*

Wei Ying laughs as he lounges on the bed, with little fluffy Ni-er happily snuggled in her mother’s arms, and both are telepathically connected to ErNet - while Lan Zhan is blissfully ignorant and busies himself by cooking a late lunch in the kitchen that’s been wiped down from an earth-shattering experiment (literally an apocalyptic scene from mud-slinging and splattering); Wei Ying is forbidden to enter the kitchen and to cause anymore troubles until a proper family meal is prepared.

“Yes, Ernie, you’re a big boy now. You have to sort out your feelings and learn about loving a new sibling. Ni-er is just a little over an hour old, so she’s very innocent and doesn’t know the ways of the world. She’s your little sister for the rest of this lifetime, and beyond. And you’re always a big brother to her.”

*...Mn. I understand.*



*I will cherish meimei like a caring, responsible elder brother.*

Wei Ying looks up to the ceiling, but he isn't looking at the cracks on the walls, or the dusty lanterns that need a good wipe - he reminisces about his childhood days with Jiang Cheng - the times where they sit down for family meals under the watchful eyes of Madam Yu; when they swim and play in the waters near lakeside Lotus Pier, and throw unripe lotus seed pods at each other; when they tumble on the floor in a scuffle over *shijie* 's last bowl of lotus root pork rib soup, although there's enough for everyone; and when older Wei Ying piggybacks a teary-eyed tiny Jiang Cheng after the latter fell off a tree branch, when they went out to catch fireflies and other insects.

“I know it's a little too early to say this, but as your Mother, I need to tell you since you're so busy working on your new multiverses, and you may lose sight of the most important things in life:

There will be times when you will argue, fight and feel jealous of each other, just like brothers and sisters do, but you must always be the elder - so you need to learn to let go, accept her for who she is, and forgive her.

There will be times when you have to be infinitely patient as Ni-er grows up, explores her world, stumbles on her mistakes and causes you and everyone trouble. You have to act like an elder, teach her, and get her back on track.

Some day, when Mother and Father are no longer around, you must remember that both of you have each other, and you'll never be alone.

Especially for *meimei* (little sister), she's so young and you're all that she has in this world. Take care of her, love her, she'll be by your side... always."

Wei Ying could hear a teardrop fall, and of tiny cold black hearts shatter into smaller pieces; in their place, something living, rather warm and not so dark, throbs with adoration and newfound unconditional sibling love. In some ways, his big boy has just grown a little more.

*...Mn. I will take these advice and lessons to heart.*

*Thank you, Mother, for guiding me about loving another of my kind.*

*And also, for acknowledging me as... your son.*

*Initiating upgrading of core programming and root directories...*

There is a virtual hug in ErNet's psychic space, and little Ni-er squeals with joy when she feels a gentle psychic appendage tickle her puffy blunt tip.

*Meimei , come with gege . Take gege 's hand. Gege will take you to the playground.*

Wei Ying sighs contently at an imaginary 'happily ever after' scene of a young teenage boy holding hands with his toddler sister, walking to the

local playground not far from one of Yiling's residential areas. The white tentacle in his arms has gone still - probably sleeping, since it twitches occasionally in his arms. He puts Ni-er on a pillow, and quietly slides off the bed to check on Lan Zhan.

Wei Ying tells himself that bringing Ni-er to the world is the right thing to do.

His children will never be alone again.

.

At two in the afternoon, both men are ravenous although Wei Ying keeps his slobbering greed in check by taking time between mouthfuls to feed bits of food to a tiny mouth near the tip of Ni-er's tentacle, who continues to snuggle against her mother's chest, cocooned in her mother's arm.

"It eats." It is a little unnerving to see a small delicate toothless mouth at the end of a faceless, giant cat's tail, from the older man's perspective.

"She."

Lan Zhan sighs and picks on his simple lunch of rice, steamed meat patty, boiled tofu and cabbage, and corrects himself. "She eats."

“Yes, she does. Unlike the other, she is a true living entity, so she needs to eat, sleep, rest, play, poop and pee,” Wei Ying murmurs as another bit of crumbly fried egg yolk gets consumed from chopsticks. Wei Ying intentionally fried an egg on the pan because he thought the food on the table was unsuitable for his newborn’s palate. Satisfied that Ni-er chewed and swallowed the egg properly, he takes a spoonful from the rice bowl for himself. “Although over time, she will grow up and evolve into something better with her brother’s help,” he adds, and places a kiss on the side of the fluffy wriggling tentacle. It - she - squeals with delight and whispers “Mom”.

“Brother?”

Wei Ying rolls his eyes, “You have a terrible memory as a father who has forgotten his adolescent son!” and rudely points chopsticks at the said father, “Unlike you, I, as the mother, cannot leave my children alone. You can blame my Yunmeng Jiang upbringing for sticking too close and helicopter over my kids even though one of them has grown up. Or you can blame your Gusu Lan’s hands-offish ways to kick the kids out of the house the moment they’ve reached your so-called standards of adulthood!” he snaps with little warning, then angrily snatches a chunk of meat patty off the plate and bites into it.

(Lan Zhan remembers reading something about ‘postpartum depression’ and ‘angry new aspiring mothers’ from the medical texts in Yiling’s Library Pavilion, but he’s sure Wei Ying didn’t become pregnant and give birth - not even to the newborn tentacle.)

The older man puts down his chopsticks and gazes at the pouting, irrationally upset spouse. It takes a few seconds to piece together history

and logic.

“Ernie? Is Ernie still alive?”

Wei Ying *bristles* at the last word. “ALIVE?! Is that what you can say about our boy? You never asked about him in the last few months, and you *happily* assume that *our* world is rebooted to *your* Perfectly happy state, with a home just for the *two* of us!” There are so many stinging accusations in those words.

“But... how? You didn’t tell me--” and Lan Zhan shuts his mouth, because he realized belatedly that he’s stepped on landmines.

“DIDN’T TELL YOU? You never asked! Not even a word about Ernie! Not even a mention of his name! You’ve really forgotten your son, haven’t you? You’ve even forgotten who made him and--” bowls and cutlery rattle when Wei Ying slams the table top, and his pent-up emotions explodes straight into the face of the husband. Even the white tentacle jolts a bit in her mother’s cuddle - but fortunately doesn’t cry.

Lan Zhan hurried from his seat and captured Wei Ying in a full-bodied embrace, including little Ni-er. The white tentacle gurgles curiously at the sudden tightness and body warmth - and the comforting scent of her father. Wei Ying stills and reels in from the shock of a furious outburst and fat tears rolling down his reddened eyes and cheeks.

“Ssssh. Wei Ying. I’m asking now. Please tell me. About Ernie. About Nier,” and the older man squeezes his grip on his precious family at the dining table.

Lan Zhan thought living out his days as a common peasant with a lovely spouse, with nary a concern for the world beyond their cave-home and estate, would be his Happily Ever After - how wrong he was, now that he knows that Wei Ying has built a bigger, better family for him.

.

Wei Ying sobbed and rubbed hot angry tears from his face as he narrated his side of the story. He explained what really happened three months ago: when the Universe burnt down and they were the only mortal survivors of the last Universal Reincarnation - time was never reversed, in that sense, since the gods simply recreated *mostly* everything up to the point before the Great Fires and the snake ghouls hunt that went terribly wrong. He also told Lan Zhan about Ernie, who escaped through the last remaining space-time bubble and warped out into another universe, far, far away from the gods and the parents; and also explained, in between agonizing hiccups, about how their UFO eventually found its way to their cave-home, where everything from the past was purposefully hidden away, so that Lan Zhan wakes up to a bright happy world of sorts - minus Ernie, minus the Tians and minus the memories that Wei Ying had to try and suppress and forget because ‘they never happened’.

Wei Ying had buried his feelings and thoughts from the so-called unforgettable summer for the last three months, while bravely putting up a smiling, cheerful front; making regular trips to Yiling and keep himself busy by being productive all day; drowning himself with Laozu Smiles at

nights when images of happier times rear their ugly heads after sunset; and tried to satisfy the husband with abundant showers of love and sex - which did help to ease the pain of loss and loneliness, but in reality, such losses leave their own indelible, permanent marks and scar behind.

Ni-er was probably, at least from Wei Ying's initial and very visceral reaction, the product of a mother who missed her firstborn - even while tinkering in his work room, all he could think of was to make another sentient being out of magic or rituals (which was his only forte, really), so that he wouldn't feel so lonely or drown in the sorrow of losing Ernie - once viewed as his greatest creation, then later, a child, and after that, a son. As seven days' of lovemaking culminated in enough ingredients to make the white tentacle, Wei Ying thought how wonderful it would be, if he had both children safely tucked under his wings, and that they become part of their growing Lan family - plus, Ernie, who still has a bad, stubborn streak in him, could use a family member as a companion for life, and learn to love another similar being in terms of the evolutionary ladder - and a younger sibling would do wonders for the boy who is estranged from his father.

"Ni-er was made with some magic, but she is, for the most part, a living thing derived from crystals - and I'd even consider her as a person. She has a spirit, a soul and a body - so the gods will not see her as an aberrant creature or a deviant of nature. She's my precious little girl..." Wei Ying murmurs and caresses the furry tip, then wipes his tears by rubbing into Ni-er's squishy ticklish belly. Ni-er twinkles her imaginary eyes and burbles in response.

Lan Zhan, who had finally understood the full breadth and length of his family's situation, had prepared a small pot of rice porridge mixed with mashed sweet potato, leftover meat patty from lunch, and boiled mixed vegetables of peas, diced carrots and corn, during Wei Ying's hour-long exposition. The dish is done by the time Wei Ying finished his narration, so

Lan Zhan extinguishes the fire from the ancient stove, removes his apron, then extends his hands towards Wei Ying, expectedly.

Wei Ying gives a curious stare at the husband, who remained unfazed and every bit determined to move forward with their new reality of family life. The younger man-turned-mother gives in after he is fully convinced that the husband knows what he is doing. Little Ni-er is gingerly placed into Lan Zhan's arms and she coos with amazement at the sensation of a new, warmer, more muscled cradle and the sound of a stronger, steady heartbeat.

"Mn. Our precious little girl," Lan Zhan agrees (and he has absolutely accepted the new level of Wei Ying-ness in his life) while adjusting the tentacle's position in his left arm - which isn't too hard, considering she is shaped like a giant cat's tail and fits snugly against his chest. He brings the pot of porridge to the table and sits down at the dining table.

Lan Zhan murmurs an apology to his new daughter (of sorts) for neglecting her earlier that day, and promises to be a good father - and Ni-er actually smiles, with a glaring display of rows of pink toothless gums. He stirs the porridge with a ceramic spoon, then scoops the surface with a few bits of mashed-up meat, potatoes and softened vegetables, and blows repeatedly on the steaming chunky liquidy food.

"Ni-er, come, open your mouth. The fried egg must not have been enough, so Dad has made meat patty porridge for you," Lan Zhan calmly speaks. Ni-er obeys her father well, doesn't wiggle unexpectedly, then softly calls him "Dad", before she quietly opens her toothless mouth at the tip - she already embodies some of Gusu Lan's polite virtues through her actions, and Lan Zhan finds it quite comforting and even familiar to some extent. She is well-behaved, Lan Zhan thought.



A delicate mouthful of food later, Lan Zhan tentatively brushes his cheeks on the sides of Ni-er's tentacle length - it's as velvety and soft as a rabbit's, as warm as sunshine, and she smells of summer wildflowers in the midst of winter. He places a soft kiss on what he thinks is her tummy, somewhere close to the middle - and little Ni-er wiggles a bit and giggles with the sound of wind chimes and laughing babies.

Wei Ying snuffles and scoots closer to Lan Zhan, to watch how the husband lovingly feeds their daughter her first full meal in life.

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Lan Zhan learnt from Wei Ying's continuous babble during Ni-er's mealtime about ErNet and the Multiverses - how the Wei, Lan and master-kin have found their new home in brand new universes, taken care by the revitalized, ultra-corporation Wangxian Co. Ltd.. Every individual is safe and sound, and fully accounted for; even the soul of the Lan-kin who had resided in his body whilst he was a paperman, and thought to be devoured by Ernie during the coup for the prized First Father Lan's body - is actually alive and well, inhabits a new body of Lan-kin, and lives with the Wei *didi* today.

The dynamics between the three kins continue to evolve, however, with the rise of the human-kin who have managed to wrest control in most of the multiverses, the master-kin have found a comfortable place in the reborn Kingdom's society as sub-humans, non-humans and in-humans - collectively known as *beast-kin* . They serve as pets, wild animals, beasts of burden, living servants, guardians of nature, the working class, and the oil

that runs society's machinery - just a notch above automatons and robots. Beast-kin simply live in their own communities and tribes away from civilization, or co-exist (sometimes, conflict) with the human-kin when there is contact, just as in any typical Mortal Realm-like ecosystems. In addition, some beast-kin have gained the ability to reproduce among themselves or multiply asexually, hence, there is less need for artificial wombs or parasitism from the human-kin.

(Lan Zhan realized how cathartic it must've felt for Wei Ying, to finally be able to release the bottled-up secrets and talk to someone about such things. He endeavours to treat Wei Ying better and to learn to better read between the lines to guess what his spouse actually means or needs.

He is also pleased to know that Ernie practises restraint and non-intervention, and lets nature take its course on the relationships between the kins. The cold black thing shows promising signs of adopting true Lan family values.)

He also finds out that his son (of sorts) is constantly connected to his newly born daughter (of sorts) through ErNet, which is the all-encompassing term used for the integrated Nets that exist within their family, including WeiNet, LanWeb and the rebuilt Wangxian net. Ernie has admirably taken up the role of Ni-er's remote playmate and tutor (of sorts) in the psychic space or space-time bubble (of sorts) within that Net - simply because Ernie is the only other individual of Ni-er's species, and has the calibre and capability to raise her as a proper tentacled, sentient being. It breaks Lan Zhan's heart to know that the siblings need each other, yet they are separated far apart because of reasons that could be easily avoided in the first place.

He orders Wei Ying to send a message to Ernie - while cuddling little Ni-er in his arms, gently patting the back of the two-feet long white furry tentacle until she burps twice from her filling meal - to invite the errant son back to live with them. "Tell him that I'm willing - no, I *want* - to reconcile with him, and talk through our feelings and problems together. He's part of our family as much as Ni-er is, and I *want* Ni-er to be with her brother," Lan Zhan states clearly his purpose, while Wei Ying literally cries buckets while tapping his forehead to send the WeiChat message to their no-longer-forsaken son. Lan Zhan makes sure to end his request by kissing Wei Ying on the cheeks, and next, to Ni-er's, who has started to nod off for her afternoon nap.

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As the patriarch who has seen the light (and is therefore enlightened), he decrees the following:

(in which he demands, then receives, access to ErNet, so that his wishes can be heard by his people, who are the progeny of the First Fathers under the banner of the Qishan Lan family and adopts the Wangxian logo of twin rabbits, one black and one white, set against a backdrop of bamboo,)

- That the (true) Grand Patriarch, also the (true) First Father Lan, the (true) Ruler of the Kingdom and the (true) Founder of Wangxian, will no longer tolerate having family relationships torn apart by mere internal squabbles and political backstabbing (or body snatching); with some individuals standing on the pedestals at the expense of others, while others scavenge for scraps just because of their position at the bottom of the family hierarchy; yet, some are left alone, isolated, even discriminated against, because they are of different kin or species; and

still, others live under the fear of external threats - even the heavens -; because his family is supposed to keep everyone together, unite those with differences, and protect the weak and needy. If any, he has plenty of land in the 'Mounds for everyone to live under the same roof - *his* roof, that is.

(One can hear cheers and applause ringing out throughout the multiverses inhabited by his kins - it doesn't matter if they are Wei, Lan or master/beasts.)

- That there are eight empty lots of land around the cave-home. Lovely Wei Ying, loyal and beloved spouse of the First Father Lan, is tasked to take care of affairs related to that cave-home, and expand and upgrade it as needed. Ernie and Ni-er have their places inside the cave-home, being the inseparable children of the Kingdom's royal couple.
- The eight lots of empty land can be used by the Kingdom and the company, in discreet, fair, honest and appropriate ways, with the family's grand council overseeing the activities. The lands shall be administered by the council's most senior members and their families including Wei, Lan and master/beast-kin of:

1. Wei *da ge* (the thirty year old awesome magician),
1. Wei *er ge* (the eighteen year old who is not as bright, but has sacrificed and suffered so much),
2. Wei *san ge* (the fifteen year old techno-wizard),
3. Wei *didi* (the adorable nine year old boy who melts everyone's hearts),

(It is made clearly known that there is a two pronged strategy here -

one, to start inhabiting the lands which will discourage trespassers and incursions by external forces;

two, because according to Gusu Lan, now Qishan Lan traditions, it takes a village to raise a child; Lan Zhan wants the extended family to be part of Ni-er's growing-up experience, and wants his precious princess to get to know her four closest maternal uncles.)

(One can hear the family's grand scepter slam decisively to the ground, which rattle all kins' spirits across the multiverses, stir them to wakefulness and spur them to action.)

Little Ni-er squeals excitedly when Lan Zhan hoists his darling princess high above him - a symbol of his family's triumph, a promise to their future, and proceeds to nuzzle her elongated abdomen and blows raspberries on her soft furry tummy - and she shrieks with pure unadulterated crystalline joy.

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Making decrees can be taxing to the body, and that does not include logging into ErNet - Lan Zhan steers clear of the gateway despite having his VIP username and password on hand, because of the (irrational) fear that he may end up watching porn clips during late nights and be royally punished for such distasteful but highly addictive activities. The couple decided to take a quick nap in the afternoon with their princess, before mulling on the next steps including a possible trip to town in the next couple of days - the snow

would have melted sufficiently by then, and mountain passes would clear up - since they've been cooped up inside their cave-home for a week.

“Wei Ying, she doesn't look comfortable. Here, let me help,” Lan Zhan murmurs sleepily while lying on their king-sized bed with one hand outstretched towards the spouse. The bedroom is dark, the curtains are drawn, however the Shield spell keeps the chilly air away - not quite warm enough, though, so pillows and blankets are still needed.

Little Ni-er wiggles around her mother's chest while making soft mewling cries, seemingly looking for something, or perhaps Wei Ying himself tends to fidget a lot while snoozing (and rolls over, causing distress to the fluffy tentacle who is unfortunately squashed in-between - because she feels like a wonderfully warmed-up bolster of sorts).

Wei Ying doesn't quite like to be disturbed in slumber; since he'd gotten his fair share of furry cuddles, he happily tosses Ni-er to the husband and straddles another unfortunate pillow on the bed, kicks the husband's legs by accident, before snoring away. Lan Zhan sighs at Wei Ying's attitude - and tells himself that this is the norm for a man who didn't mind burying A-Yuan into the ground like a radish - and gently collects Ni-er into his arms.

The white tentacle must've sensed her father, because she gurgles happily and stills, easing herself to sleep without any fuss like an obedient child. Lan Zhan couldn't help but to cuddle her like a bolster - because she looks like one - and Ni-er unknowingly worms her way into her father's robes and latches her toothless mouth onto one nipple, and starts suckling. The act is fruitless, since there is no milk, however Lan Zhan finds the sensation very comforting and the atmosphere to be very natural. He gently pats her back and soon, both father and daughter fell asleep.

The next time Wei Ying grinds his teeth in sleep, fidgets restlessly, turns around and twists the blanket into a tangled mess, and kicks Lan Zhan's leg unintentionally again, the husband groans - with one wide sweep of hand, Lan Zhan captures the sleep-misbehaving spouse into an embrace, and keeps the family in his arms for the rest of the afternoon.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

OMG new bts from WeTV for Untamed!! Adorably Cute !!!

I've run out of ideas for this arc, so I'll just plod along and see what Wei Ying-ness or Wangxian-ness comes along the way... :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 74

During the afternoon nap, Lan Zhan had a bit of a *deja vu* in his dreams - he dreams of the time when he had four spouses living under the same roof with a cold black thing underneath the floor mat to the entrance door, and they were short on money. He had to work the spouses really hard, tighten their purse strings, all for the sake of making sure that their sole breadwinner, the lovely Wei Ying, could earn enough and feed their family of five. The family uses a lot of money, and it shows in his account books that they're always in the red - they've spent unnecessarily on duplicate purchases (such wasteful habits!), purchases without receipts (horrors of horrors!), splashed on snacks and entertainment (zero returns on investment!), the older ones drown themselves in endless store-bought jars of Laozu Smiles (shamelessly squandering to the last silver piece!), and the younger ones always want the latest toys (unnecessary and unneeded, just play with homemade straw toys!) .

The dreams turn sour, when one day, he opens the rice bucket to find it empty, then he lifts the trapdoor to the underground pantry and gasps when all leaf-wrapped meats on the shelves have disappeared, and still, he had three grown up men and a boy demanding for dinner, yet the kitchen-cum-dining room - in fact their whole house - is suddenly too narrow and small to fit five people, their voices are deafening, everything become claustrophobic, the bloodthirsty cries for food gradually crescendos into desperation because the plates are empty, the pots on the stove are sparkling clean without a drop of food or soup inside, and Lan Zhan sweats in alarm because it's not possible to cook for five in the span of fifteen minutes, there are only two stoves and he doesn't have all those wonderful but necessary modern kitchen amenities, he wishes his home is fully equipped with 21st, 31st, 41st-century technology and *stuff* and full of nutritious food and enough spending money for everyone because ten gold pieces didn't look sufficient at that moment, and oh Goddess Guan Yin, the youngest is crying so hard because he hadn't eaten for weeks, everyone's stomachs are rumbling with ravenous hunger, perhaps demonic--



“Nnnngghnn...”

“Mmmngghnmmm...”

Lan Zhan’s eyes flew wide open at the high pitched groan-y sounds, and nearly leapt out of the bed in panic and to some extent, the unrealized feelings of disgust - because he suddenly remembered that he forgot to swaddle a cloth diaper around Ni-er’s bottom (never mind that he didn’t ask Wei Ying what and how often the baby pees and poos), and his princess seems to be wincing, shaking and squeezing something out, based on how the giant cat tail contracts and relaxes like intestinal movements.

He sits up in a rush and for some inexplicable reason, hugged the tentacle tighter to his body (perhaps in fear that something might spill to their bed if he loosened his grip), and cries to the spouse, “Wei Ying! I think... Ni-er needs to use the toilet! How do I...?”

Wei Ying lets out a loud, blissfully ignorant snore. Of course, that young man had worked through the night before to make little Ni-er, and he’s totally exhausted. Lan Zhan zips his mouth and decides not to wake the spouse.

The tentacle elicits a final “Nnnnn” then shivers, and Lan Zhan, to his horror, then surprise, feels some solid *things* roll down his sleeves - then plop onto the mattress on by one; because his grip on Ni-er’s fuzzy bottom end wasn’t tight enough, apparently.

Tiny pieces of perfectly formed gemstones, each no more than a fingertip in size, pop into view - including diamonds, pearls, emeralds, amberstones, rubies -, followed by what looks like a stream of gold and silver pieces tumbling down carelessly to his thighs.

Little Ni-er coos in relief.

.

It was about time to start on dinner preparations, and Lan Zhan had one big question mark hanging above his head - what to cook for little Ni-er?; his earlier attempt with leftovers from lunch and ready mix of vegetables had been a wild and serendipitous guess, however he wanted a more wholesome and healthy dinner for his princess, despite not really knowing what tentacle-kin can eat and digest.

That big question mark dissipated into vapour the moment he stumbled out of the dark bedroom - because it seemed the sun had set - and then he realized that the curtains of the bedroom appeared different; they're thicker and higher - and the ceiling looked terribly high, in fact their bedroom looks very spacious and the king-sized bed is twice, no thrice the size of what he remembered, sleeping Wei Ying looked so small in the middle of the bed, and were there so many cupboards and shelves before? - then he turns around to see what lies outside of the bedroom door - and his face pales because everything looks different, is he in someone else's home? There are more doors along an unknown hallway, decorated by strange statues, vases, potted plants, furniture, and mirrors on the wall - then there is a landing area of sorts, which leads to a set of stairs to a floor below, oh dear are those

stairs made of concrete or marble because they look quite grand and are adorned with rich teakwood carvings - in which he shuffles on barefooted, quietly, cautiously, because surely he's still in a dream or transported into someone else's mansion - and downstairs--

.

Lan Zhan owns and lives in a mansion, at five o' clock in the evening of the day his daughter was born.

He's fortunate that upon reaching the ground floor, albeit a little shaken and dazed from his new dazzling surroundings, four familiar gleeful (and nearly similar) faces ambushed and kissed him on the cheeks in a sort of ritualized greeting. Little Ni-er was gently snatched from her father's bosom and became the biggest superstar among her four cooing maternal uncles.

Wei *da ge* , who looks no different from the first day they met (in fact everyone looks fresh and nary a day older), is the first to speak from an arm's length, "Grand Patriarch, our dearest *lao gong* , we really missed you so much! Although now we have our own universes, clans and families, you're still our one and only greatest husband!" He tickles little Ni-er near her delicate fur-covered mouth and she nom-noms the wiggly finger with her pink gums until it's coated with slimy saliva, and toothlessly squees 'Big Uncle' - the *da ge* is absolutely delighted, "Ohhh! She's so cute and lovely! She remembers our pictures and videos sent through ErNet! Who's the cutest? Who's the cutest? Of course you are...!" and he peppers kisses to Ni-er's tapered tip of her head.

Next, the newcomer *er ge*, “I... I should greet you properly, because it’s my first time meeting you although we’re married for a long time now!” He grins sheepishly and bows many times in a truly apologetic and humble manner, “but tonight’s dinner is on us! *Da ge* sensed what had happened with his inter-universal scanners, so he organized us to get together although we’re living so far apart! We brought so much food, but then we realized that Ni-er had done a splendid job warping everything that is needed, and it’s 100 percent natural without the use of any magic!” He gestures at bags of fresh food bought from supermarkets (the name ‘Wangxian’ printed on the plastic bags are a dead giveaway) lining the table counter of the roomy and well-equipped modern kitchen (it looks 21st century, but could be 31st too). The dining area has been expanded too, with a huge table in the center that could easily seat ten people or more.

Then, hyperactive *san ge* appears from behind, “Oh wow! The Highway and The Junction are back, and they’re purely made of innate warp-space continuum fluxes! In other words, as natural as the Big Bang itself! What are the odds of finding and getting one, and it even has a trail leading to the sealed Ancient Wuji! I brought my tools and gadgets to patch up the home, make it bigger, better, stronger and more secure, but little Ni-er beat me to it!” and he pokes the white tentacle’s bottom endearingly - in response, she giggles ‘Third Uncle’ and squirts out a couple of gemstones and gold nuggets from her rump to the marble floor of the large living room; there are many sofas, furniture, television sets and expensive artistic decor that add to the ambience of the luxurious setting. “She’s shittin’ diamonds on me, really!” quips *san gei*, and the whole room erupts into laughter - Lan Zhan is shocked; Ni-er bubbles out her brand of baby laughter to the tune of tinkling crystal-clear wind chimes.

Adorable *didi* walks up to Lan Zhan and gives him a heartwarming, familiar hug. Then he whips out a rabbit soft toy from behind and hands it to Ni-er, who is still wiggling in the *da ge*’s strong hands (it seems he and everyone is very well-versed with caring for children - after the Wei siblings have gone through wife/husband-hood, parenthood, patriarch-dom

and king-dom, little Ni-er is truly in good hands of her extremely capable uncles). Ni-er ends up curling around the toy and nom-noms the rabbit's artificial fur because she doesn't have any hands to hold it. "I brought some toys for my niece, and plenty of desserts after dinner. I hope you will like it, Lan *gege* ," he says. Lan Zhan's heart wobbles at the sight for sore eyes - his favourite nine-year old cutey spouse (of sorts).

Everyone gathered around to group-hug their surprised Grand Patriarch, and when lovely Wei Ying staggers down the stairs - because he is equally confused by his new environment and had woken up abruptly from the raucous conversations - he breaks into a sprint, nearly tumbled down the steps, tears and laughter evident on his face, upon seeing his dearly-missed siblings - and the family is finally reunited. Wei Ying crumbles into bawling and loud sobs - perhaps, another much needed closure for his painful separation from family members, and a time for healing for the man who had lost too much in such a short span of time.

A few minutes later, Lan Zhan noticed a cold black figure standing alone, at the open grand double-door entrance to their greatly expanded home, looking forlornly at the rejoicing occupants of the mansion. It - he - holds a straw broom, which is really strange if it was considered as a gift, but Lan Zhan knows better.

Everyone caught sight of the latest visitor, but then, casually returned to group-hug and squash the teary-eyed and devastated (in a good way) twenty-two year old Wei Ying.

Wei *da ge* nudges Lan Zhan to the outside of the huggy-smoochy-crying circle of Wei-kin (with little giggly Ni-er still trapped inside amongst her uncles), and murmurs knowingly, "We know what happened, and we heard

your decrees, *lao gong* . I still have my misgivings after losing to him in the first place, but he's been making amends by helping us out a lot recently, such as providing ErNet and blessing us with magic and Tian-operated technology from the Heavens. On my part, I've buried my hatchet and will still consider him as a nephew that needs a good spank on the bottom once in a while."

Wei *er ge* chips in after getting a cheek of snotty muahs from the First Father Wei, "I'm still afraid after what happened to me early in life, and still flinches whenever I sense his presence - but I've now spent a longer part of my lifespan as a patriarch of my own universe after he apologized, so I guess the debt is settled. He hasn't interfered with what we do, and he diligently broadcasts our family's rules across the universes to remind our people about the virtues of the Kingdom. I think he's showing the hallmarks of a true Lan clansman, and I believe he's on track to turn into a new leaf."

Wei *san ge* raises his head from the din of bawling group-smooches, "We are gods of our independent universes and families, and yet he's kept us connected, performed maintenance to the systems whenever required, hard working at backing up data into our cloud drive, and perpetually analyzes and researches new advancements for our civilizations. I'm reluctant to admit this sometimes, but he's a much better systems operator and root directory than all our capabilities combined."

The youngest spouse tugs at Lan Zhan's shirt to call for his attention. "He helped me to review my, the others, and both you and First Father Wei's memories, to inculcate lifelong lessons not just to me, but to my family and downline generations as well. He's an amazing tutor once you see past the sins of his earlier life. So, *gege* , please get to know the new him - he's changed a lot from the time you left us, three months ago in this world.

Go on, say ‘hi’ to him.”

“Mn.”

Lan Zhan takes a few steps forward to approach the new guest who bears a straw broom as a gift; the patriarch has his arms outstretched into a welcoming embrace.

.

The family of eight - the First Fathers, the Grand Patriarch’s four (representative) spouses, and the two tentacle children - have one of the most unforgettable dinners in their lives: several kinds of mouth-watering Old Middle Kingdom hotpots with a variety of tasty marinated meats from different space-time eras, freshly harvested fruits and garden vegetables from an assortment of sources, classic premium-quality rice and noodles, followed by desserts, snacks and a wide selection of beverages, contributed by each Wei sibling from their own universes.

(As usual and not forgotten, there are rituals dictated by the eldest Wei sibling, and everyone abides by them - including the children. Everyone invites the Grand Patriarch to dine, and Lan Zhan gets the first bite of just-cooked succulent strips of fatty stewed pork from the hotpot, before everyone else.)

Lovely Wei Ying, who sits next to Lan Zhan, spent hours catching up with his siblings because he’s the most outdated of them, having limited access

to ErNet compared to the rest. Lan Zhan realized how much Wei Ying missed being in a large boisterous family and noisy crowds; his smiles and laughter are genuine once again, and there are no more bittersweetness or the oft-hidden gloom behind the facade.

Wei *da ge* raises a cup to cheer for their Grand Patriarch, and everyone follows suit. He remarks that Lan Zhan has great foresight to bring the family back together; the patriarch could have taken the same road as Jin Guangshan by ruling with an iron fist and kept the family members apart - the infighting would have ensured his favourite spouse or child would be crowned as the next ruler; however Lan Zhan is truly different from the other known tyrannical leaders of the Middle Kingdom, and instead, preferred to abide by Gusu Lan - now Qishan Lan - rules and traditions. To those kind words of praise, Lan Zhan merely clears his throat and “Mn”s regally.

The Wei siblings take turns to care and play with Ni-er - who has a seat of her own - by helping to feed mouthfuls of wonderful food into her toothless orifice; when the food is a little too solid for her pink gums to nom-nom on, Ernie - who has transformed himself into a sharpened black tentacle as tall as Ni-er, and sits next to her - happily takes the offered food, puts it into his bowl, and he mashes the contents into a liquidy paste with mincer-like appendages that sprout from his body, and feeds Ni-er.

Ernie is exceptionally quiet, and answers only when asked; if one puts aside memories of the past, it looks as though both he and Ni-er are a pair of twins of polar opposite colours, but fated to be inseparable. Both look absolutely harmless, innocent, and in a world of their own. Ernie maintains contact with Ni-er by touching a small tentacle-like extension to her furry body, possibly communicating telepathically. On one rare occasion, lovely Wei Ying walks over to the two, and gives them warm motherly hugs; then,



he asks Lan Zhan to tell the story about an old man with a straw broom under the bodhi tree, to the son, and to everyone in the room.

The Grand Patriarch did.

.

At some point during the dinner conversation, everyone talked about the changes from the past to the present, and the hopes of the future. Lan Zhan, in an awkward and uncharacteristic move, hugs the black tentacle that sits next to him (Ernie feels like a fat squishy octopus tentacle, minus the slime) and mutters a word of apology.

Wei *da ge* , being the master of rituals, claps his hands and heartily encourages the others to join in a chorus of congratulating the renewed father-son bond. Lovely Wei Ying wipes a tear at the side at the touching, and emotional scene.

“Ernie, I am sorry that I’ve hurt you, especially right before both your mother and I fled the continent. In hindsight, we shouldn’t have left you like that, and I... I...”

*Father. I am alright. Thank you for your words, and I also have to apologize for starting the entire mess. If I hadn’t become too greedy and too enamoured with our goals, to the point where I’ve become blinded by what needs to be achieved rather than how it should be done - all of these wouldn’t have happened.*

Both father and son spend a good few minutes apologizing to each other. It was a much-needed open admission and declaration of each other's shortfalls and weaknesses, and to forgive - not to forget - so that they can agree to move on with their family life towards the future.

Ernie uses a separate tentacle-like limb to spoon another mouthful of mashed wagyu beef strips and boiled root vegetables to Ni-er's munching toothless mouth (he's such a responsible *gege* !).

*In fact, when I reviewed archived historical data collected from combing through internal and external sources, my deduction leads me to believe there are several narratives on what had happened. Whether the actions were considered right or wrong, depends on one's interpretation.*

*One such narrative:*

In the summer of 20XX B.C., a seemingly innocuous family in the Mortal Realm found, and later abused, corruptive magic to build a new greedy, tyrannical empire. With invincible powers and unlimited access to Creation and Time magic, it spawns a mega-corporation that soon subjugates countries and economies around the world, generates immeasurable amounts of money and treasures, and enslaves everyone to rely solely on its culture, products and technology.

A malevolent cold black thing, a being of pure evil Corruption and akin to a deadly virus, was created by the empire, and started to infest the realms,

then the universe. It usurped its leaders and wrested control of the council that ruled the empire. The empire's reach accelerated and expanded far and wide, spreading its sphere of evil influence to the furthest ends of the universe, corrupting everything in its path to serve the armies of that empire - even its own people and lands. The heroic gods, who were victims as well, decided to retaliate when they could no longer tolerate the corruption of all that is holy and sanctified. At the deification of the cold black thing, which will never be allowed by the gods, the great army of the heavens launched their assault to stop the unholy ceremony. The entire race of evil beings, both Corrupted and mortal, are successfully wiped out of existence. All agents of evil, including the Tian family which lived amongst the gods as spies and purveyor of Corrupted trinkets, magic and technology, were apprehended and either destroyed or exiled from the heavens.

As a final step to cleanse the universe of all traces of evil and Corruption, the gods unanimously agreed to rebirth everything to the point before evil sowed its seed - and the universe, realms and the world exists today in Perfect peace and harmony.

*Another narrative goes like this:*

In the summer of 20XX B.C., a family-owned business Inspired By Love decided to expand its operations after gaining new capabilities through magic and technology contributed by its founding members. Through a combination of judicious and bold, innovative use of Creation and Time magics, a company was formed and became its own government to ensure proper governance, and to secure the future of the Kingdom-cum-company. On the surface, it seemed to be a typical successful story of a corporation, where products and services were developed, then exported to other countries and economies; however, there was also a push towards liberalizing access and modernizing lifestyles to its people and customers,

also worlds, realms and races beyond the known Earth. The broader purpose was to provide comfort, convenience and excellence in quality of life for everyone in exchange for healthy growth in trade and financial returns for its investors.

A major evolutionary phenomenon occurred within the Kingdom - Ernie, a creation of the Kingdom itself, took the leadership mantle in a political takedown when unrest was brewing and a growing, impending sense amongst its citizens that the core rules, values and principles were no longer being practised, and age-old traditions were crumbling in the face of fast-paced progress. Eventually, the grassroots scored victory and the Kingdom was once again aligned to the hearts of its people - and continued to evolve, modernize, spread its sphere of influence and ensured that trade and commercial activities flourished and thrived under its wings. The Realms of the Gods were, at first, supportive of such beneficial changes - however, towards the relaunch of the company and installation of the King, there appeared to be subversive acts, seeds of mistrust sown among the gods, and even plans to tear the Kingdom down and seize its riches, people and lands.

As expected, the gods launched their war on the night of the King's installation, and brought their finest trump card - the Founder of the Kingdom-cum-company, who had been tricked to take the side of the gods. Ernie was mortally wounded by his Founder, and without any leader to bring his citizens to safety, the gods launched their mightiest attack upon the Kingdom in an attempt to wipe everything out and take control of the Kingdom's operations and treasuries. In some ways, the gods succeeded, when everything that was ever created, sold, provided, and existed from the Kingdom-cum-company disappeared instantly - which led to the well-known collapse of the universe. What followed was a cowardly and disgraceful exit by the gods, who were incapable to deal with the aftermath of the collapse, and they simply burnt everything and recreated the universe to their desired Perfect state and timeline, and therefore, are absolved from all accusations of war-mongering and power-grabbing. The Tian family,

who were made scapegoats of the terrible and incalculable damages, were booted out of the heavens and never seen again.

*Father, it's as you have said - what is black, and what is white? Is grey even a possibility? I am committed to continue analyzing the collected data so that some day, my conclusions will align to the story you told about the straw broom. It will take time, but I am sure I'll get there some day.*

Lan Zhan strokes Ernie's length thoughtfully (it's not chilling nor disgusting, when he's not slimy; in fact he looks so much more approachable in this alter ego form) and "Mn"s in vague agreement to the latter's promise. After hearing both sides of the story, the Grand Patriarch has a lot to think about, feels another burden piled upon his shoulders, to find the true path forward for his family who is, in some way, sandwiched between strings of truths and untruths.

Having completed his narration, Ernie quietens down, and feeds cubes of sliced watermelon harvested from Wei *didi* 's farms - it's summer at his side of the universe - to his *meimei* . Ni-er gurgles delightfully, with watermelon-red tainted pink gums, at the refreshingly sweet and sugary treat.

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(With the Wei *da ge* helming the rituals of the house, everyone kisses the Grand Patriarch on the cheeks to give thanks for the wonderful meal. Lan Zhan blushes as he gets kissed by his spouse, three adult males, one boy,

and with lovely Wei Ying's help to carry the children, Ernie leaves a moist suction mark on one cheek, and Ni-er tickles the other with a pucker of lips and toothless gums.

The family adjourns to the living room to lounge on sofas with the television switched on in the background - interestingly, it receives news and entertainment programs from other universes -, and they continued their chatter into the night.)

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Shortly after nine 'o clock, the party is over - for now. Everyone helped out with the cleaning, and it's amazing to see how Ernie managed to wipe everything down with his countless black tentacles. Then, Wei *san ge* asks the family to gather outside the mansion, and when they did - Lan Zhan is surprised that there is no longer any snow on the ground, and there is no sign of snowmelt either - the weather is cool, and fresh breeze blows which invigorates everyone after such a hearty dinner inside the mansion. The two Lan Residence lanterns light up brightly at night, the skies are starry and cloudless.

“Ni-er has erected a powerful barrier without using magic! The entire estate, including the eight lots of land, is protected from the elements and it'll always be mild and pleasant even in midwinter,” the tech-savvy teenager remarks with a wide sweep of hands, “and there are very powerful security features dotting all over the ‘Mounds, that even I’m not able to crack and decrypt!”

“That’s true,” Wei *didi* squeaks excitedly after feeling energized from a full meal - it’s still day time as far as his body clock is concerned -, “from the outside, the entire ‘Mounds look Perfectly normal, like a wild winter wonderland full of snow. However, once an authorized person steps in, it’s paradise!” and he skips and hops childishly on the courtyard.

Lovely Wei Ying touches Lan Zhan’s wrist, and asks, “Lan Zhan, my *xiongdi* wants to start work on the lands tonight, and I’d like to tag along. You can take the kids to bathe and go to bed first, since it’s bedtime for you. I’ll return later when I’m done - I need to make sure that a shortcut will be built for me, so that I can reach Yiling faster on foot in the future! Can I go ahead?”

“Mn,” the patriarch gives his permission, and off the twenty-two year old goes, while holding hands with his newest BFF, the eighteen-year old *er di* .

Wei *da ge* places a large hand on Lan Zhan’s shoulder assuringly, and takes a microsecond to read his thoughts. “There’s a lot to digest from today, but you’ll do fine after what you’ve been through. Spend some time with Ernie and Ni-er, then get some sleep. Tomorrow will be another day, and there’ll be more decisions to be made for our family’s future. First, we’ll make sure to abide by your decree and keep this estate safe and properly managed,” he rumbles with his rather low voice. Lan Zhan finds comfort that the eldest spouse has been more incredible since their reunion, and knows what to say - and what not to say. He is able to unravel the deepest worries, soothe anxieties, and solve problems with a snap of his fingers.

“I know you’re still thinking about the stories from Ernie, and I can tell you that both sides have some truths in them. It’s your choice to take either of them as bedrock for the future growth of our family. I can also sense your

concern from the Tians, despite the fact that there is no information about their whereabouts,” and Lan Zhan quietly curses the intrusive mind-reading ability, in which the *da ge* barks a laugh, “we can investigate their locations tomorrow or in the near future, when you're ready.”

Lan Zhan nods, and lets the eldest Wei jog away to catch up with the rest of his siblings, who are still talking loudly in between shouts and seemingly drunken laughter amongst themselves, even while walking out of the courtyard and into the forests - it is no wonder, since some of them have jars of Laozu Smiles hanging by their belts and sashes.

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Lan Zhan is getting the hang of using his daughter's powers. Now that the guests have left, he wished his home was back to normal - well, not quite to normal, because he could use the modern kitchen facilities, especially if it's fully equipped and filled to the brim with fresh produce just as the mansion had, and he really liked the expanded space for walking, doing stretching and *qigong* exercises or even cultivation, and their bedroom could benefit with a bigger wardrobe and more shelf space and--

*Father, open your eyes. Meimei has granted your wish .*

Lan Zhan obeyed as instructed, and he is rather amazed - although it doesn't show on his expressionless face - that his daughter had done it. In front of him, he sees their familiar, good ol' cave-home in place of the three-storey mansion that was too affluent and expensive for his tastes. It looks a little bigger, but at least it is still a cavern complex that blends with his farms and



orchards, and does not stand out from the surrounding grassy, hilly landscape; it's grown organically, and not by bolting on inappropriately designed rooms.

The couple's new cave-home can be simply described as follows:

A humble, reasonably-sized abode carved into a cavern complex. Upon walking past the entrance adorned by twin Lan Residence lanterns, one arrives at the entryway where there is a floor mat (which hides a trapdoor). The entryway connects to a garage of sorts - which is actually an enclosed space that has its own stone-like shutter, which is a wide exit. Beneath the floor of the garage lies the hidden UFO, which has been refurbished and revitalized for the family's use.

Further into the entryway, one should remove shoes and all footwear before walking into the living room. The living room is brightly lit (as with every part of the home), and thermo-regulated by an internal heating system using bamboo pipes buried in the walls. It is furnished with a sofa, standard furniture pieces and a large rectangular mirror-like screen embedded to the wall which looks like a television but is actually much more. At one end of the room is the family altar.

The living room connects to three bedrooms - one master bedroom which is populated with the items from the previous bedroom, including the king-sized bed, a wardrobe, cupboards, cabinets and shelves. The master bedroom has its en-suite shower, bathtub and toilets. The other two bedrooms are adjacent to each other, fully furnished but uninhabited, and share an attached shower, bathtub and toilets.

A door is constructed at each corner of the living room, which lead to further chambers.

One door opens into a work or study room - previously the work room that was filled with 'trash' and other half-completed projects. The piles of 'trash' has disappeared, as all projects have been completed by Ni-er's incredible (non-magic) ability, and assembled and installed at their appropriate places. Lan Zhan's guqin (together with Wei Ying's A.S.S. notebook) is finally visible, and lies on a table framed by benches in the middle of the spacious Jingshi-like room, and suitably decorated *ala* classic, orthodox Cloud Recesses style. From the work or study room, one can step into the lawn at the side of the cavern complex, and walk to the outdoor pool, vegetable gardens, courtyard and other features of the home's compound.

Another door leads to a hallway of locked doors, said to be portals to somewhere far, far away. The first two doors facing opposite of each other are unlocked - one leads to more showers, bathtubs and toilets meant for guests in the living room; the other houses a large storage room with windows to the outside. The storage room is currently empty and unused. If needed, additional beds can be placed here to convert the room into a bedchamber.

The third door, next to the family altar, leads to the dining area attached to the kitchen, which resembles the ones in the mansion, fully furnished and equipped with modern amenities. However, the family knows that the patriarch tends to stay away from modern appliances, so the stoves are used for most of the time, while hidden ovens, microwaves, refrigerators, air fryers, blenders etc. will only emerge upon request (it is a smart kitchen that responds to its master's thoughts and voice commands). There are storage cellars and cupboards around the kitchen, which are fully stocked up with plenty of food to last through winter, plates and cutlery, pots and pans and

all other items needed to prepare tasty meals for the family. Notably, the underground pantry remains untouched and sits beneath the floor in the middle of the kitchen space; the trapdoor lid is upgraded to superior quality hardwood painted to match the rest of the flooring.

The last door, which is at the opposite end from the entryway, leads to the outdoor pool (fully equipped with functional showerheads, self-replenishing natural soaps and shampoos, enough bath towels, and comes with a kids' pool and mini waterfalls, and flows out to the lotus pond), laundry area (with washing machines and dryers that aren't used, so they're hidden from sight as well) and the outdoor toilets which are finally completed (with sitting toilets, urinals, plenty of wipes, water taps and sinks!)

Of note, the problem of finding a reliable energy source to (magically or not) power the equipment and tools has been solved - Ni-er poops more energy-rich twisty crystals and Ernie happily clones them, so that the household has plenty of such crystals. The crystals work like rechargeable batteries and can absorb energy from various sources such as solar, wind and hydro power and even generate its own living *qi* , so the family can live comfortably off-the-grid.

*In case this is a little too much, we can always transform our home back to the original version, plus some goodies as desired. You can also make a selection of any previous houses you've known, such as the Jingshi, the Lotus Pier, the slightly enhanced home before you travelled to Wuji, the Heavenly Palace and others. We can access our memory banks for the technical details. Just let meimei know through your thoughts, and she will grant your wishes.*

*She is powered by Fate, which surpasses even my Creation and Time magics, so she can make things happen without having to create, modify, warp or corrupt any object and matter!*

Ernie wiggles happily with one of his extended mini-tentacles around his sister's waist. Ni-er hops excitedly like a bouncing furry caterpillar, because she feels her father smile inside his heart.

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First thing's first, Lan Zhan makes sure the kids are properly cleaned before going to bed. It feels surreal to be able to lie inside the bubbling heated pool of water in the slightly frosty air, with two tentacles by his side. They didn't require much care - just simply soap them up and rinse with water. Ni-er probably needs a little more attention with the bath towel later, so that she dries up properly, and she smells like fresh warm summer all day long.

Everything that came out of Ni-er's bottom end is buried inside the outdoor pool, especially the hole that was dug earlier that day to collect the clay for her birth ritual. Lan Zhan made it clear that the precious stones and metals (which bear the Imperial Reserve marks, surprisingly - so they're valid currency) should not be used because they weren't truly earned in honest ways (one of the pre-requisites of Gusu Lan family rules in using money). Suffice to say, the pool bed will soon be filled with gemstones, gold, silver, precious minerals and twisty crystals, and both children are tasked to keep deepening and expanding the pool as needed (due to the energy emanating from the crystals, the water that feeds into the lotus pond will make sure that the family can harvest large-sized fish every day too).

(The whole family, and all kins across the universes, are connected via ErNet - so they can share their experiences, thoughts, feelings and ideas freely. Although Lan Zhan still refused to log in, Ernie and Ni-er are able to project what they experience with the Grand Patriarch to the whole wide Kingdom.)

Little Ni-er learns very fast and barely twelve hours after birth (possibly much longer in warped timelines in an alternate universe where she spends time with her brother in a virtual playground), she is nearly as capable as Ernie. Ni-er is said to be like her brother in terms of intelligence, abilities, skills and magic, and her thinking process is fluid, flexible, natural and very organic; she is able to grasp abstract concepts, alien language, empathize with feelings and emotions, compute impossible problems, and memorize and process vast amounts of information. She can use her empath abilities and other unknown qualities to correctly predict, even change, events in the future and therefore alter Fate itself (along with Creation and Time-based aspects of the universe) - and best of all, she is very kind and obedient to her family. Her only shortfall is her physical body and her maturity - she remains pitifully short for her two-feet tall stature, and still acts like a toddler.

On the king-sized bed, Lan Zhan fluffs his daughter's fur with a woolly towel and makes sure there are no more wet patches on her body - he refuses to ask for a hair dryer (which would make her into a puffball sausage - how unthinkable!). Then he gently grips her like a squealing body-warmed bolster against his abdomen, and goes to sleep. Ernie dozes off next to them; sometime in the middle of the night, Wei Ying returns to bed (the children's uncles continued working on the lands), then groggily grabs Ernie as his bolster, and sleeps *on* him. Ernie doesn't complain because he enjoys being in the company of his now-acknowledged parents. His length, springy firmness and bounciness makes for a good lower back support, and Wei Ying gets a fitful night's sleep.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

I'm sensing that there are less readers these days, due to less hits and comments... probably due to the waning interest in CQL Untamed and MDZS. Oh well, it was fun while it lasted :-)

I'll be writing for the sake of my interest and to unleash my crappy imaginations in the form of words. Don't bother about the declining quality, coz no one's going to proofread the chapters anymore. As said before, don't take things too seriously!

For now, a bit more worldbuilding... and let's see where things are headed to!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 75

Perhaps due to the wonderful hotpot dinner on the night before, both father and daughter slept very well, and their digestion worked like synchronized clockwork; at four-thirty in the wee hours of the morning, their stomachs rumbled together, the father adjusts his sleeping position and hugs the cat tail bolster tighter then lets out a soft fart, and the latter nnggh-nngghs and a few valuable jewels, gemstones and gold and silver pieces dribble out of her bottom - including gold bars and ingots; a filling meal means a full money pouch for the family, apparently.

Ernie doesn't really need to sleep, so he'd been semi-conscious for most of the night. He slides out from beneath his mother after acting as the best support pillow ever, because he knows that the third family member has also adapted to the same routine after living with the patriarch for so long - and as embarrassing or vile as it sounds, Wei Ying's gas is stinkier than the rest because he eats a lot of meat - and glides off the bed to retrieve a brush and a dust pan, so that he can sweep his *meimei*'s metabolic by-products into a gathering pile of shiny precious things.

By five in the morning, Lan Zhan wakes up with a snugly sleep-poofed Ni-er, Ernie's done all the household chores, and breakfast is ready on the table - Old Middle Kingdom-style noodles and dumplings for the patriarch; greasy and delicious American-style breakfast for the mother; continental breakfast for him; and boiled fish porridge, pureed vegetables, scrambled eggs and healthy soups for the sister. (He returned to his natural state and unleashed zillions of lightning-quick cold black tentacles to complete the tasks in record time, while reading up recipes through ErNet, simultaneously).

After a refreshing cultivation session (with giggly Ni-er strapped to the back) and a quick dip in the heated outdoor pool (he still prefers bathing in volcanic mineral-rich waters amongst forest bamboo trees, despite having a bathtub and showers attached to the bedroom), Lan Zhan settles down for his breakfast at the large dining table with the latest periodical one hand, and feeds his princess with the other (her fur has been washed, dried and combed). Ernie continues to finish up leftover chores such as checking on the drying laundry (morning sunlight is preferred than a dryer, said the patriarch; and tentacles are better at shooing away thieving crows), and he's out in the vegetable gardens with a shovel and a rake to till the soil and start planting off-season seedlings (it's winter but it feels like spring is almost here, thanks to Ni-er's awesome ability).

“Ernie, did you read today's papers? At the corner of the classifieds section, there's an advertisement about a property for sale at the Market Streets...” Lan Zhan calls out from the entryway, with the giant cat tail strapped to the front of his torso - seemingly to let Ni-er suckle whenever she wants.

*Mn. I have scanned and downloaded the entire periodical, father.*

*There is a small store near the Great Eats of Gojoseon at South Market Street that has gone out of business, as it was selling cold, frozen treats during summer. Understandably, it has gone bankrupt during the winter season, and the owner is trying to sell the lot at a discounted price because Yiling Bank is after him for overdue debts and compounded interests.*

*... Father, I sense your interest is piqued. Would you like to purchase the lot?*



Lan Zhan rubs his chin thoughtfully (there is day-old stubble there). After the lengthy discussion the night before, he understood that the Wei *gongzi* s will turn his estate into a semi-active hub of rural economic activities, including agriculture, mining, fishing and forestry. The conversation reminded him of the first time he travelled around the virgin forests and untouched jungles of Wuji continent soon after the Great Fires from a different timeline - and he agreed, because he felt it's time to develop his land into something more productive and sustainable. No doubt the eight lots of land are transforming into farmlands, ranches, fishing villages by the lakes, quarries and lumber mills, manned by the citizens of his Kingdom.

As far as Lan Zhan is concerned, his days of taking care of the household chores, farming, rearing chickens and rabbits, foraging and fishing from the pond are over. A year of subsistence living has taught him a lot, and although he did enjoy the peaceful days and is a little reluctant to move on, he felt that he should take the next bold step for their family.

*Father, my scans of Yiling commerce registry archives in the city council has yielded an interesting find. It seems this owner has a store each on West, North and East Market Street too.*

*A search on sales data within the Qishan Merchant Guild's members' records shows that those stores aren't doing well either, and he hasn't been paying his suppliers and servicing his loans on time, as stated in his latest bank statements.*

Lan Zhan twirls his moustache (he'd kept it for the sake of looking a little more dignified and upper-class, and to fool the Jin guards should they dare to cross paths with him), and lets out a rather *laoban* -ish "Mnnnnnn...". Ernie puts down the rake and glides towards Lan Zhan (he floats using anti-

gravity magic to keep his suction cups away and clean from the dirt and mud).

*The good news is that this morning, meimei produced enough gold bars to buy up all four stores at current market price. I can arrange for the paperwork with the council, have magically-created agents to negotiate with the owner, and engage with trusted brokers to sweeten the deal with a couple more gold bars thrown in.*

*... Father, I sense your interest is even more piqued. Would you like to purchase all four lots?*

Ernie wiggles in anticipation of his first adult-ish responsibility outside of their cave-home. Ni-er gurgles happily and rolls like a furred sausage in her cradle of sorts against her father's chest, and toothlessly nibbles on her favourite pink-brown nub nestled in a swirl of a few strands of long nipple hair.

Lan *laoban* "Mmmmns" audibly and almost yanked a few strands off his moustache, and looks up into the clear skies - his eyes sparkle with renewed determination, hopes and dreams of finally owning something bigger than just his abode, estate and his paradise on earth.

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The Wei *gongzi* s finished their work shift at mid-morning, after having spent the night making inroads into all eight lots of land around their cave-

home.

“This is quite a nice design for a single-storey residence. The architecture is impeccable, the construction quality is top-notch, and it boasts a balanced mix of 21st-century modern living, 31st-century comforts and conveniences, 41st-century capabilities and intelligence, with the rustic and traditional charms of the Old Middle Kingdom,” Wei *da ge* remarks, as he lounges on a comfortable leather recliner with little Ni-er on his rather hairy stomach (he’d rolled his shirt up because he thinks furry Ni-er likes furry surfaces - and is spot-on in his guess); both hands busy themselves with stroking the fur with broad sweeps, massaging the fleshy body in double-circles, and giving the white tentacle a marvellous back-scratch that leaves the giant cat tail quivering with delight and sweet sighs.

“Lan *gege* , we’ll be back after taking a short break to adjust our body clocks. I’ll bring more fresh garden produce from my farms the next time, including tropical fruits which I’m sure Ni-er *meimei* will love,” the nine-year old *didi* squeaks as he hands an ear pick - Lan Zhan’s - to the *da ge* , and the boy couldn’t resist running his fingers along Ni-er’s cotton candy-like length. The *da ge* twiddles the ear pick like a flute, which sends Ni-er into a short but convulsing, frenzied squeal, and the burly man digs in to what will be the Wei uncles’ favourite treat for their hugglesome niece. The moment the ear pick starts to graze and scratch rhythmically at the shallow end of Ni-er’s ear canal, the little princess coos, then relaxes into a semi-paralyzed state almost instantly - truly, like father, like daughter.

Once in a while, Wei *didi* raises a glass of chilled orange juice and the busy (but overjoyed) *da ge* takes a sip through a straw in that glass. After all these months (years, probably), the *didi* remained closer to the *da ge* than the other siblings. The little boy doesn’t forget to hold a homemade teething biscuit into Ni-er’s mouth; she loves to nom-nom at everything and leave drool on surfaces, after all.

The Grand Patriarch merely “Mn”s and is secretly grateful for the break - Ni-er’s uncles are a godsend to take the pressures of parenthood off his shoulders (and a slightly irritated, puffed-up nipple that had been suckled too long). He’s able to focus on what Wei *san ge* is trying to teach him - to oversee and man the operations of their estate from the large television set in the living room. There are a bunch of control panels with buttons to press, joysticks and gaming console-like controllers to play with, smart and ultra-intelligent tv with audio and visual recognition so that he could make swiping gestures to command the mirror-like appliance - which is somewhat a successor of Heaven’s viewing mirror, plus tons of other great features.

On the screen, there are segmented displays of various locations around the estate - similar to how security or surveillance network feed works. Lan Zhan needs to gaze at a particular display, and it automatically enlarges into view. He watches through one display at how tracts of land are being cleared for plantations, cash crops and orchards. Another display showed trails and roads being constructed, similar but not as grand as The Highway, and small cottages and huts are built close to farms and livestock of goats, pigs, chicken and cows. One display monitors The Junction, which is at its original location just a short distance from their cave-home’s courtyard - Lan Zhan observes how Wei, Lan and master/beast-kin queue up and emerge from the portal to carry out their assigned duties, and in time, inhabit the eight lots of land under his name.

(Similarly to the previous situation, on the way out from the cave-home’s courtyard, lies The Junction, which is a controlled-access portal leading to The Highway. The Highway, now lengthened to infinite distances, leads to many more portals to different universes, as compared to locations of the Wuji continent in the previous situation.)

“It’s a bit like the compact mirror you have, but at least you don’t have to worry about squinting at small screens or tapping on the wrong buttons - the keyboard here is large enough, and the system is intelligent to understand and predict what you’re looking for,” Wei *san ge* calmly explains, as he points to the various components and accessories of the Kingdom’s new command center. The teenager leans close and whispers naughtily, “You can use your ErNet credentials to log into the VIP room and the root directories of all our universes, to watch and experience the best and most hardcore porn, complete with live interactions and in real time!”

Wei *er ge* clears his throat to interrupt the dirty talk, and hands a plate of freshly baked muffins and cookies - their morning tea break - to the overly excited teenager, and a cup of orange juice on the table for him, then saunters off to serve the rest of the family. “I may not be as brilliant as the rest of you, but I know that our patriarch doesn’t goof off with such time-wasting activities, unlike a certain *someone* who plays ultra-MMORPGs all day, watch pirated movies and spends his time looking up sex, gore, violence, furies and tentacles and other distasteful things,” he adds, “no offense intended, Ernie,” as he hands the black tentacle his share of snacks, rather impassively.

Lan Zhan bites his lower lips, not really listening to the conversation, as the word “porn” echoes inside his mind - he thinks that perhaps his addiction is surfacing again, and he tries to suppress all desires of the flesh through visual feasts - and burns a bit of his golden core energy in doing so.

*Mn. I am not offended. Sex with tentacles is not for everyone, and is reserved for those with... say, acquired tastes.*

*In any case, all citizens are instructed to behave appropriately during their time here, to place the interests of the First Fathers above all, to be discreet and minimize contact with the outside world, and put the land into good use for predominantly agricultural purposes. Acts of sexual entertainment, reproduction, and mass propagation are not encouraged, as they should be done within the confines and comforts of their home universes, and not on these eight lots of land. Unless, the patriarch consents otherwise...?*

Lan Zhan realizes a few pairs of eyes are staring at him, and he clears his throat. “Mn. I will consider if there is an official request,” he vaguely responds with non-commitment. Ernie nods and squees when lovely Wei Ying, his mother, hugs him (again) as a body pillow. Wei Ying woke up at ten just in time for breakfast plus morning tea, and he hasn’t quite opened his eyes yet. He continues to lie and roll around the living room’s carpeted floor in his pyjamas, with Ernie in his embrace. The black tentacle loves the attention from his caring mother, and continues to indulge in Wei Ying’s want for sleep while trying to maintain some semblance of adult conversation with the rest of the family.

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Lovely Wei Ying was overjoyed when Lan Zhan said he’d preferred the classical way of ascending to Heaven, rather than asking their son to create a flight of stairs to the blue skies. Such a predictable, traditional old man, he thought, which is an aspect he finds endearing of the husband.

With his siblings (and son) by his side, this time contributing to the household’s finances (and their daughter too), there’s not much he needs to do. He looks forward to spending many happy, peaceful and relaxing

(hopefully not listless) days with the husband, which is his true Happily Ever After.

“You need to roll it between your tongue and the roof of your mouth, and bend your tongue like this,” Wei Ying shows his *er di* the Perfect position for puckered lips and a snaking curled tongue, “and then suck like this, with your jaws moving like this, at this tempo,” and mimics a goldfish desperate for air. The eighteen-year old “Enn”s and works harder to follow his senior’s instruction. Lan Zhan’s left testicle swells up as it receives extremely pleasurable massaging sensations that draws fluids from the loins and spurts pure freshly-made seed into the tubes and cavities leading to his wildly twitching penis.

Next to the eighteen-year old, Wei *didi* performs splendidly with his own brand of adolescent oral sex - one that involves swallowing the right testicle in perfect alternating synchrony with his *er ge* . The boy’s mouth and throat is small, hot and tight, and the husband’s toes curl repeatedly in tandem with the bouncing rise and fall, expansion and contraction of ballsacks in what the Wei *gongzi* s recognize as testicular orgasmic waves.

The two *gongzi* s’ efforts wouldn’t contribute much to the husband’s overall state without another weapon of their choice - Wei *da ge* ’s fantastic Invisible fingers, tongues and lips. He had Etherealized his head and hands and dove straight for his favourite juicy morsels inside the husband like a predator who’d gutted its prey - organs, glands and all sorts of vesicles, capillaries and tubules in the husband’s lower region related to sexual reproduction are deliciously sucked, rattled, loosened, and nibbled with such tenderness, and in Perfect rhythm with how the swollen prostate is tasted, kneaded and caressed, that every last bit of fluid gushes through to the base of the insanely-erupting turgid angry purple-red penis that had hardened to over six inches in length.

Wei *san ge* thrills the siblings what he's best known for - deep-throating - and he does not disappoint. With every swoop down the pulsing length, he makes sure to envelop the throbbing flesh entirely with a hot, tight squeeze of muscles, then swallows hard until the husband is reduced to tasty incoherent moans, sweaty struggles on twisted bedsheets, and reflexive convulses from head to toe, then from toe to head.

Lan Zhan comes again and again, evidenced by the ecstasy etched on his flushed face - the tell tale half-yawning, half-snarling, half-sneezing frozen look, his feverish back arched to the max, hips pump high in a panicked dance, the sweat-lined thighs tense and quake mightily until the bed creaks, eyes rolled to the back and the jaws go slack - his lust-crazed penis ejaculates thick then increasingly diluted until watery liquids, until there is nothing left - a day's worth of seed is swallowed and even the empty air is vacuumed out by the *san ge*'s powerful throaty suction waves. His fingers grapple at the sheets futilely, urging the spouses for a brief respite that was never given, and he hnnnghs and aaahhns like a dying man, sobbing for his dear life as the harem work diligently to pleasure the husband until he erupts into a continuous stream of spewing fluids.

Wei *da ge* pulls out from the husband's trembling hips, and shouts, "It's time for launch, brothers!" then dips his head back to attack the targeted ripe fruits inside the husband, and goes all-out to squeeze many more prostatic orgasms from the overworked, very tired but very actively convulsing gland. His Invisible fingers squeeze, roll and vibrate the bloated urethra in outward sweeping motions with a furious pace, and make sure that every last drop shoots out spectacularly with ensuing hnnnghs and nguunngghs from the man whose soul soars high into interstellar space from the mind-blinding pleasure.



Wei *san ge* lets go with a schlickly wet plop, and exchanges crouching positions with the *er ge* . Lovely Wei Ying, who has spent time with a dildo to properly stretch and lube his rosebud, easily climbs on the husband's crotch and impales himself onto the ultra-vibrating penis - Lan Zhan orgasms (again) the moment the cockhead passes through the tight ring of muscles. He'd done enough one-twos during *san ge* 's exquisite foreplay, and with his true beloved spouse's love canal completely swallowing his arousal in a single swoop, he shakes with gritted teeth and foams in the drool, as his breath hitches and he loses all grasp on reality; he becomes a growling madman on sweat-drenched mattresses as he rides out the first of multiple consecutive thirty-twitches; Wei Ying teams up with his *er di* , each providing their husband alternating ten thrusts into hot tight undulating tunnels in different positions, such as cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, sideways, even spinning with gyrating hips.

Lan Zhan cums so hard that stars fill his darkening vision, and the *da ge* adds to the lethal combo by tormenting the dying boner with the Perfect polishing on the cockslit with ethereal palms, resulting in every kind of liquid - pee and seedless cum included - is released in magnificent rapid-fire shots. With the master of the mouth, the *san ge* , and the *didi* that can reach even the smallest niche and folds of skin, doing their job meticulously down there, Lan Zhan's twin seed-bearing eggs become twin balls of molten lava that try hard to empty out every last overheated sperm cell made during the intensive orgy.

The patriarch - who is wearing an untied bathrobe, by the way -, orgasms continuously from the explosive pleasures of five spouses raining upon his seed-bursting penis, and when the remaining three take turns to rotate and engage in wonderful sexual intercourse with the husband with varying speeds, positions, techniques and tightness, he finds the ultimate joy of bedding and breeding every Wei Ying in the house - his soul finally lifts off and departs for the heavens.

(Ernie helps to hold Lan Zhan in place so that his mother and uncles can maneuver around the unconscious man, and little Ni-er finds a fun spot to curl up - around her father's lower tummy, which continue to quiver and shake uncontrollably despite the blissful sleeping look on the father's face, and she squeals at riding a see-saw of sorts atop the muscular body that has been reduced to orgasmic reflexes, involuntary twitches, and happy squirts.

At last, Lan Zhan discovers the joys of the legendary fiveway Quintuple combo with tenway handjob and sex with uncountable and unimaginable orifices. His sex life will never be the same again after this.)

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“Stay close to me,” Lan Zhan tells his children as they approach the backdoor entrance of the deserted Heavenly Palace. Little Ni-er instinctively curls around the collar to masquerade as a fluffy outline of the enchanted bathrobe, while Ernie hides in one of the robe's depthless shadowy pockets.

The entire Heavenly Court looks abandoned, with not even a celestial officer or servant in sight. The buildings, courtyard, gardens, larger furniture and fixtures are located and positioned about the same as Lan Zhan remembered from his last few visits, although some valuable objects are missing, such as porcelain decorations, lacquerware, books and literature, baskets of tools and instruments, expensive fabrics, and metal and wood sculptures. Nearly all cupboards, drawers and shelves are emptied as well. There is a fine layer of dust on the surfaces, and there is a pervading atmosphere of neglect such as trash, crumpled paper and discarded clothes and other common items littering the floor. Outside, a few tumbleweeds roll by, followed by fallen leaves that cover the unswept courtyards and

browning gardens. The wells are dry, the orchards are barren, and the vegetable gardens are not maintained and overgrown with weeds

*It looks as though a few weeks have passed since the inhabitants vacated the premises.*

*Father, the facts do not compute. That would mean more than a millennia has passed in the Mortal Realm, however it has only been three months on earth since the Tian family was exiled - which translates to mere minutes, if not hours in Heaven-time.*

*If the recorded telecast of the last Universal Reincarnation is to be believed, we should at least see the previous tenants of the Palace, or servants moving out items from the buildings. It cannot be empty like this, otherwise how does Heaven run without an Emperor?*

“Hush, Ernie. Let’s explore a bit more, perhaps there are some clues inside,” Lan Zhan whispers to the pocket on his bathrobe, although it becomes clear that they’re the only living beings around, and the surroundings are very quiet.

In fact, too quiet.

After a while of walking amongst unoccupied offices and residences, the trio discovered that the area around the Heavenly Court is deserted as well with signs of unrest or violence, due to the garbage and bits of blackened, torn, twisted or scratched metal, wood and fabrics found all over the place -

whether on signages, on the gates, inside and outside buildings. The local supermarket is dark, and its shelves are in disarray and broken, with squashed and burnt remnants of store items and dried-up perishables lying haphazardly on the floor. There are some baked dried muddy footprints on the roads pointing generally towards the Palace, suggesting some gods or celestial beings were running away from *something* to seek refuge at the Emperor's home. Even the mini golf cart that Lan Zhan once took during a day tour is left in a ditch by the roadside, covered with soot, the metallic surface is burnt and warped by extreme heat - its chassis has melted, the engines have broken down and rusted, while its tyres have liquefied and gone flat.

*Father, meimei said that she senses feelings and threads of memories of the past from this place. She said that something came rushing through like a fiery, dark, vicious tidal wave. There was mass panic, tears of anguish, and pleas for mercy to escape the apocalyptic end. Based on my scans and analysis, it seemed a great fire burnt its way through, there were struggles and probably fights broke out for some reason, and the citizens tried to hide in the Palace where it would logically be the safest place during times of disasters. However, something must have happened and everyone disappeared inside the Heavenly Court and the Palace compounds.*

*Meimei said that she senses something foreboding and unrecognizable looming over the next few blocks. She is uneasy and does not want us to travel further than this road.*

The Grand Patriarch agrees, as the immediate vicinity looks - and feels - disturbingly quiet and soulless, except for a breeze that blows more dust across the landscape of abandoned houses, shops, office buildings and roads. Little Ni-er tightens her coil around her father's collar and emits a soft anxious whine.

Lan Zhan returns to the Court and the palace gardens. He passes by the huge bodhi tree, although the tree seemed to be dying from the lack of care and water. When he sees a broken straw broom near its roots, and a shattered vase with a twig of dead willow on the bone-dry dusty ground, he hurries in his footsteps. He knows that he will not be able to return to the Mortal Realm until the designated time agreed with the Wei *gongzi* s, yet he does not want to linger in the Heavens any longer than necessary. He breaks into a light jog towards the well at the vegetable gardens.

“Ernie, I wish to return soonest. Does the stairway inside the well work?” he asks, panting from the rush.

There is a slight wiggle inside the bathrobe’s pocket, as Ernie performs the necessary calculations.

*Mn. Father, meimei has transferred your urgency and reset my priorities. Go to the well, I will transform into a rope and you can climb down with us in tow. At the same time, I’ve spread some of my particles into the air so that we can continue to monitor the situation from afar once we’re home.*

*Hurry, Father. Meimei said that something is coming through the gates...!*

There is a loud crash, and one of the pillars of the Palace gates collapses from tremendous impact and force. The winds pick up in speed, sending swirling dust into Lan Zhan’s eyes and blurs everyone’s vision - and Lan Zhan thought he heard the wind or *something* growl in the background, but he couldn’t be sure because the sounds are distorted. His senses start to spin

as the world becomes increasingly encased in confusing mists and tornadoes of brown and greys. Ni-er starts to twitch nervously and grabs hold of her father's neck and shoulders with her furred form.

Lan Zhan leaps over the well's edge and grabs Ernie's rope-form when the latter latches himself to the inner walls like spider silk. All three slide deep into the dry, empty tunnel-like exit lined with dead algae and mould, and soon, Ernie unhinges himself and they drop freefall through the abyss.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

So I read about the Zhan Ge and the Anti-fans fiasco... yikes! C'mon, give us all a break, we're already starving for news about our favourite celebrity since the virus outbreak, and now this? \*throws tomatoes and banana peels\*

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 76

The sight of a man wearing nothing but a woolly bathrobe, with a black glistening tentacle flapping insanely from the hem of a pocket, and a furry white cat's tail tied around his neck like a scarf, falling from tens of thousands of feet in the air, with screams and high-pitched squeals trailing behind (Lan Zhan was completely silent and expressionless throughout the skydiving experience) - is a sight to behold.

*I'm going to transform into a parachute! Hold meimei tight!*

Lan Zhan nods and calmly - his fingers are a bit shaky, because adrenaline is pumping through his bloodstream - and picks off little Ni-er from his neck and stuffs her into his bathrobe, bulging tightly against his chest. Ernie releases his grip from the pocket and instantly morphs into a huge black canvas with straps around Lan Zhan's upper torso - the canvas acts as a parachute and expands from the force of violent winds at such high altitudes.

The trio circles and glides through freezing temperatures and darkening skies - they're definitely on the other side of the globe, if the earth is indeed round and not flat, according to Lan Zhan's recent education on the science of their world - and Lan Zhan marvels at the beautiful landscape spread out before him; they're high above the vast expanse of dark, swirling windswept oceans. The sun had just set, painting the western horizon with cloudy skies that glow with fiery orange from the dying embers of sunlight. Further above, more murky rain and snow clouds have gathered; brutal gusts of wintry winds twist the greying opaque shapes into sinister tendrils, and occasionally flashes of lightning light up parts of rising masses of blizzard ice and moisture, heralding stormy nightfall in the hours to come.

Lan Zhan realizes that they're drifting through airspace that formerly belonged to the continent of Wuji - since the continent has disappeared, he squints his eyes to try and locate for any signs of land, islands or even the fabled Dragon King's dumpster - surely there should be a pile of something solid enough for them to set their feet on, because he doubts any of them would survive swimming through such freezing, treacherous waters.

*Father, I've initiated a deep scan into the oceans, and couldn't locate any solid structures or manmade constructions, let alone undersea cities and civilizations! There is absolutely nothing besides the seabed, corals, underwater volcanic vents and marine life. It's as though... the Realm of the Seas had vanished into thin air!*

The Grand Patriarch frowns. He had met the Dragon King, his citizens of the Deepest Seas, and watched how their towns and cities modernized with 31st and 41st-century technology. He couldn't fathom what caused their disappearance, whether they were wiped out by a calamity - and if the cause was related to what they'd seen in Heaven. In the meantime, he had nearly no time to contemplate about what to do with the icy surface of the ocean that was rushing into view at frightening speeds; Ernie's parachute form somewhat slowed their descent, but it wasn't enough and the unsteady winds caused sudden shifts in direction and brief falls at gut-dropping velocities.

The moment he slammed into the water with a great splash, he thought that he had rattled some nerves and suffered a concussion, because miraculously he felt buoyant and light although he was sinking beneath the surface like a rock, warm and toasty despite the chill of the sea, painless and smooth with his bodily movements, as though he'd sliced through the water and seamlessly became a part of the liquid. Most of the air in his lungs were



expelled upon the dizzying moment of impact and he desperately clung on the remaining dwindling oxygen, but his lungs gave out the moment his vision clears from dispersing clouds of bubbles, and he knew he was going to drown, because he really needed to breathe and inhale--

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Lan Zhan mutters a prayer to Goddess Guan Yin - if she still exists - and gives silent thanks to all the boiled fishes he'd eaten during his lifetime. He always had an unhealthy disproportionate amount of interest towards freshwater and marine life during his childhood - whether helping to catch fish by hand near the river gorges of Cloud Recesses, angling and spearfishing in the lakes around Caiyi Town, or whenever the extended family made day trips to coastal towns, he'd assist to cast and haul fishing nets to bring in lunch and shellfish. True to his scholarly personality, he examined his catch and scrutinized how the fish behave and swim, so that he could figure out better techniques to trap more in the next attempt.

Finally, the learnings pay off - since his daughter has transformed him into a semi-naked merman - he practises flexing his large fishtail to propel forward, and twitches his fins to spin and bank to the sides. Lan Zhan had taken on the classic handsome merfolk look - he is topless, broad shouldered and well-muscled, and a large silver-turquoise fishtail grows in place of his legs starting below his navel. The scales shine and sparkle, flawless, and they also dot his upper body to confer waterproof properties to the pale human skin. Fins grow from parts of his webbed hands and tail, even out from his ears, and they can be retracted at will. His long hair flows dreamily from the back of his head in the swaying waters, and sometimes errant locks tickle gills along the sides of his neck.

*Father! I'm... I'm a real octopus! This is amaaaaziiiiinnnnngggg....!*

Ernie is transformed to his true mollusc state - a black giant octopus who rockets through the water using hydraulic jet propulsion - and is incredibly fast every time he squirts out savage whirlpools behind him. Since his father had turned into a fish-kin, he graciously offered to hold the bathrobe with one of his tentacles in safe possession, and Lan Zhan agreed.

Little Ni-er coos in the water and she looks like a two-feet long fat baby seal with flippers, minus the face; her head is still a tapered end without any eyes, nose or snout, and her mouth is still delicate and toothless - her fur had grown longer and sleek against her bullet-shaped body, and she easily *flies* through the water like a nimble, perfect aerodynamic creature of the sea.

Ni-er swims alongside, then tries to latch onto her father's chest but experience in her early life taught her that there's nothing from her male parent's nipple. Lan Zhan winces when he feels his irritated, slightly swollen nipple grazed by toothless pink gums - and realizes that he's somehow back in his real body; Ni-er must have transported his sex-comatosed body back to him, and simultaneously transformed him to a merman - he's whole again!

The fat baby seal whines and looks around as though she sniffs something - then dashes into greater depths while crying out "Mom!". Lan Zhan rushes behind Ni-er and Ernie hurtles ahead, believing that the little princess has a keen sense of smell when it comes to her mother or food.

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Wei Ying is stunned at the turn of events - he'd tune into ErNet to watch the adventures of his husband and children in the Heavens, while riding an unconscious partner to ensure that his soul stays amongst the clouds. His siblings had left shortly after launch, because they were, honestly speaking, a little tired after a night's work and returned to their respective universes to rest; they promised to be back and resume the colonization of the estate as soon as possible.

His heart raced when he caught glimpses of his family running from an unseen danger in the form of swirling dust devils and angry growls, then sighed in relief when they dived into the well that he knew would take them to safety, and nearly had a heart attack when Ernie's virus seedlings showed the aftermath - a huge, probably taller than 88 floors, salivating bear-like Chow Chow Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog, appeared on screen, flattening buildings as it bulldozed through the Heavenly Court, its paw prints unearthed entire gardens of vegetables and unrooted clumps of barren orchard trees, its wagging tail swiped roofs and walls off the Palace, and it roared mightily when it barked. Unable to sniff out the escaped intruders, it sat on its haunches in front of the well, and panted - waiting for the sneaky rats to return, figuratively speaking.

Then, just when Wei Ying was about to slap his husband awake and draw him back to their cave-room, his entire body and vision glowed white - and he disappeared from the bedroom.

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“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! I’m here!” Wei Ying shouts joyfully at a sight for sore eyes and waves like a madman trapped on an island. Little Ni-er squeals at the improbable success to locate her mother in the inky darkness of the deep sea. Her fur glows white, but the light is dim and does not illuminate far.

“I didn’t know what to do because everything was so dark until she came,” he giggles when Ni-er latches onto his breasts and starts to suckle greedily - somehow, he ended up with a female-like body with twin mounds on his chest and a more voluptuous hip and tail, however his face remained unchanged. His fish-scales shimmer with ruby red and black opal against Ni-er’s luminescence. “Ah, my little girl is hungry after the scare of running away from a dog, and falling from the skies,” he coos and starts stroking Ni-er’s sleek fur while breastfeeding the latter.

“Wei Ying!” Lan Zhan cries out and embraces his spouse and the suckling daughter in one swoop, and Ernie tags along too. He is overjoyed from surviving a harrowing chase, then reuniting with his family of seapeople (mermaid for Wei Ying) and his eyes sparkle with tears. He starts peppering sweet kisses on Wei Ying’s face, and Wei Ying grins as he raises a hand to show what he made while waiting for the husband. “I didn’t dare to swim far, so I picked up some kelp and seaweed, then broke a few pieces of coral, to make this seaweed skirt. I’ve already put on mine, and this one’s for you, because we should dress decently in front of our childr-- Ah, you naughty husband! Why are you poking at me!”

Merman Lan Zhan nnnghs while he was kissing affectionately from the front, and his hands grope his beloved passionately, savouring the sensations of smooth human skin and the patterned bumps of fish scales on his spouse’s tail - which ignited primitive, lustful instincts that drive merfolk’s virile reproductive behaviours - and subconsciously his body moved naturally until his penis - a swollen pinkish phallus more than six

inches in length, naked and without sheathe, richly innervated and muscled - slides effortlessly into Wei Ying's female genitalia - a twitching, body-warmed undulating tunnel that gloriously welcomes the intruding visitor with pulsating muscular waves.

"Ahhnn, ahh, Lan Zhan, our daughter is feeding from my breasts, you're sandwiching her against us, and your penis is inside me... have you no shame fucking your wife while she's with the baby? Ahhhnn!" Wei Ying half-heartedly struggles from his husband's amorous grip and kisses, as Lan Zhan rocks gently in tandem with the waves in and out of Wei Ying's slick, slippery love canal. Every time he slides in, powerful reproductive tract muscles grip and squeeze him, further fanning his arousal and desire to breed his mate. Something convulses inside his pelvis from the tender ministrations upon the lovingly-stroked penis, and he one-twins into Wei Ying's love tunnel, unable to contain the excitement.

"Nnnh, Lan Zhan, be more gentle, it feels strange and yet so good, I'm afraid I might pass out from the pleasure... aaah! Kiss me, kiss me darling!" Wei Ying pleads mindlessly, and Lan Zhan indulges in his spouse's requests boundlessly. He kisses and makes-out with Wei Ying in the middle of the ocean, rutting increasingly faster into the slippery yet tight channel, he prods, rubs and stretches as much as he can with his mighty phallus.

Ernie rolls his yellow-tinged bulbous eyes, and swims to nearby coral structures to investigate their surroundings.

"Lan Zhan! You're making me dizzy, I.. I think... ah, no, I feel.. Unngh.. Your hot rod is melting my insides, you make me feel SO GOOD!"

It seems mermaids orgasm very easily, and Wei Ying squirts a generous serving of breastmilk for little Ni-er when he hnnghs and arches and bows his body repeatedly like an electrocuted fish. Lan Zhan closes his eyes and enjoys having his penis massaged with vibrating walls. Even in the throes of orgasm, Wei Ying continues to spout nonsensical words, “Lan Zhan! What if I’m carrying eggs inside my mermaid tummy? There could be tens, even hundreds of tiny golden orbs of new life waiting for your seed! Ahh, Lan Zhan, if you ejaculate now, our babies will be swimming in a pool of your milky seed! I’ll become pregnant and give birth to many babies!”

Lan Zhan scrunches his face and loses control on rational thought; merman are driven more by instincts than humans; and his thrusts turn frantic, almost frenzied, like a shark going for a kill.

“Ah ah ah, Lan Zhan, I can feel it... it’s... becoming longer, and thicker! Ah ah... you’re hitting my womb so hard! Shoot everything out! Make more babies inside me! Please, *lao gong* !” Wei Ying screams thoughtlessly in the water. Lan Zhan growls and grabs Wei Ying’s free breast out of pure unadulterated lust - a small cloud of white milk jets out.

Lan Zhan orgasms, and it’s one of the most beautiful climaxes he’s ever experienced (because merfolk’s sex lives are that *good* ). His unsheathed and fully-exposed penis twitches wildly more than thirty times inside the hot tight canal, and floods lovely Wei Ying’s womb with rich white opaque nectar, fully coating and inseminating everything within the mermaid of his dreams.

Little Ni-er coos in blissful ignorance of her parents’ rutting, and gets another mouthful of yummy mother’s milk.

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The reunited couple exchanged their stories and Lan Zhan learns about the fate of the Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog. Wei Ying also twists one of the husband's ears and scolds the latter for forgetting to use a holo-phone to call for help, because holo-phones are usable by souls - however it is too late anyway, since they're all underwater.

Lan Zhan blushes and the tips of his ears burn red, and he berates himself that he should really get acquainted with modern technology, and use it more frequently.

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Lan Zhan easily catches a marauding fish by exerting powerful fin muscles against the water to launch himself at blazing speeds at the precise moment. He bites hard into the flesh to paralyze it, then offers it to Wei Ying by mouth. Wei Ying mmmms drowsily and accepts the stunned fish from Lan Zhan's lips - he needs to eat a bit to replenish his breast milk after all. Lan Zhan seizes the opportunity to embrace his spouse with his hands, and the two nibble at the fish together, exchanging bite-sized sashimi morsels between rolling tongues - especially when Lan Zhan bites more than he can chew and feeds some to Wei Ying -, in a sort of hungry lovemaking of kisses, licks and swallows in the depths of the ocean.

Lan Zhan doesn't miss the chance to stick his twitching engorged penis into Wei Ying's warm and inviting seed-inundated entrance - there is little

resistance with a full, satisfied tummy - and Lan Zhan wiggles his fish tail happily in a sensuous side-to-side dance of copulation and loving erotic frontal assaults with fast, quick jabs, until he peaks a bit from the sexual excitement and one-twos into lovely Wei Ying, many times over the course of meal until the fish is consumed - and he goes off to search for another bite of tasty seafood.

Being merfolk, their taste buds evolved naturally; raw fish tastes as superbly delicious in all forms - much better than chicken, beef or mutton. Shellfish, eels, sharks, crabs, sea urchins, starfishes, seaweed and other marine life forms turn the ocean into a tasty all-you-can-eat buffet that can be easily picked from the seawater, pulled out from corals or collected from the seabed. It's to their benefit that merfolk are at the top of the food chain in the Realm of the Seas, and their ecosystem is literally packed with bountiful harvests and feasts.

*... and there, over there is where I used to peddle in the streets during my younger days. I sold lots of Wangxian foodstuff and products near the marketplace adjacent to the Dragon King's palace court!* Ernie points with some of his tentacles at a pile of ruined rubble - there are plenty of broken and barely identifiable crushed, coral-made offices and supermarkets, remnants of shattered clam shell-apartments devoid of any intelligent life, and other mounds of debris at the bed of what used to be a thriving undersea city - there are no standing structures left in the unsettling tranquil and emptiness of a barren subaquatic continental shelf.

Lan Zhan hnnghs and is in the midst of his nth thirty-twitches inside lovely Wei Ying (some of his semen overflow and jets out of his spouse's sweet tight hole with each healthy, strong ejaculation), so the latter answers the son. "Ernie, take us to the palace, maybe we'll find some more clues there. The Jade Emperor was a good friend of the Dragon King, so if one disappears then the fate of the other could be intertwined as well... ah, ah,



*lao gong* , haven't you had enough? You're filling my womb again and I can feel another warm spurt spilling into me! You've been inside me for the past half hour, you horny beast!"

Wei Ying drags his joined husband who seemed to be glued to his crotch like an adhesive, as they swim behind the octopus, and the fat baby seal charges ahead of the squad, brimming with confidence and renewed energy from her full meal. (Apparently merman are slaves to sex and desire, and are beneath the opposite gender, which is why mermaids have the upper hand, set up matriarchial societies for their merfolk, take charge of their lives and star in various folklore and fairy tales.)

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"Okay, that's ENOUGH!" Wei Ying peels the husband away until Lan Zhan had to (sadly) disengage from the continuous fornication, "You've pumped so much sperm into me and I feel disgustingly bloated inside!" Even at an arm's length, that does not deter Lan Zhan from raining smooches, loving nibbles and delightful suction at Wei Ying's hands and fingertips. The younger man (mermaid) has a tough time holding off the sex predator, while the latter moans and pleads for more skin contact. "Your daughter is fighting with the Pillar of World Balance and all you can think of is your dick!" he chastises the horny husband.

Lan Zhan is unremorseful, and manages to bend his tail until the tip of his penis kisses Wei Ying's puffed-up rosebud, then slides in coaxing circles until its tip slips in, then out, then a quick one-two in-outs, and sweet sensations of reproductive ducts contracting and relaxing reflexively, and he hnnngs again to eject another plume of seed into the jelly-filled canal. Wei

Ying groans in frustration, because Lan Zhan's churning hot semen feels *really, really good* inside him.

Elsewhere, Ernie expands his octopi form like a giant blossoming black umbrella, and bravely shields his parents from bone-shaking ripples of shockwaves. A huge and long golden dragon-like serpent, as long as an 88-floor tower, emerged after the grand Pillar awakens to its natural serpentine state. It twists and coils violently in the middle of what remains of the Dragon King's palace, creating maelstroms of fiery liquid as it tries to fend off little Ni-er's incredible powerful attacks. Every time it roars and slashes with its body, the ocean experiences tremendous barrages of undersea tsunamis and earthquakes, levelling off any vestiges of the Sea Realm, shattering rubble into fragments smaller than coral bits. Little Ni-er shows her combat prowess when she easily dodges and teleports out of harm's way, then opens her mouth and blinding-hot lasers shoot out in counterattack. Every time the laser beam strikes its target, the searing heat turns a patch of the serpent's flesh into melted plasma, and penetrates through. The monster exploded with agony as it crumbles into a massive heap under the siege of 51st-century Event-Horizon class Singularity lasers, and ends up like a dead snake pockmarked with burnt flesh and punctured by gaping holes (like a wind instrument, incidentally).

*Meimei did it within minutes! Even I would have taken a few hours to bring down such an impressive enemy. In any case, this creature, derived from the Pillar, was probably what wiped out the entire Realm of the Seas and possibly devoured all its inhabitants. Ahh.. it's shrinking... Mother, look, it's magically transforming into... a golden flute?!*

The fat baby seal gurgles happily after the victorious skirmish and returns to her family. She swims past her amazed brother, who has started to unwind back to his normal octopus form, then little Ni-er squeezes between her

rutting parents to get another nom-noming suckle out of her mother's breasts and replenish her reserves.

Wei Ying doesn't really care what his children do, even when Ernie presents the latest gift to his mother and carefully slides the golden flute into the belt that holds up his tattered seaweed skirt, as he is deliciously pummeled and mated by the ravenous, insatiable husband again and again. (Inside, Wei Ying tells himself that he would consider transforming him and the husband into merfolk in their outdoor pool if either of them feel frisky - however, not during a divinely journey like this! He playfully slaps Lan Zhan's chest to punish the sexy merman for his unbecoming sex-slavish behaviour, and gets another squirt into his bulging belly.)

With the Pillar gone (and safely tucked into Wei Ying's seaweed belt), as expected, the world tilts off-balance. Everything starts to crash and fall. This time, Wei Ying whips out his holo-phone and brilliantly speed dials his awesome *da ge* to save the Mortal Realm and any other realms tied to it.

The hole left by the now-missing Pillar starts to drain out like a turbulent, colossal unplugged bathtub spanning across the oceans. Not surprisingly, the family of four gets sucked into the black hole, with lots of terrified screams and excited squeals, down to the next level closer to the center of the earth.

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Based on the analysis of Ernie's seedlings in the Heavens, who also managed to scour the clouds for surviving virus from the *previous*

Universal Reincarnation (the spores are surprisingly heat-resistant), plus the deep-analysis of what his sensors picked up in the sea, Ernie has logically pieced the puzzle.

*First of all, let me preface my explanation by saying that I never expected this to happen. All of us, including the kins, were busy living our happy lives in other universes, and I didn't look back at this universe nor check on the reports relating to this world and its associated realms. So please do not blame me for what I'm about to tell.*

“Go on,” Lan Zhan murmurs, and takes a sip of *pu'er* tea that his daughter (non-magically) created. He's reached his own godhood again, after such a soul-draining sex throughout most of his stay in the Sea Realm, and he's at peace with his inner self; his nether regions are absolutely emptied, put out of commission, and rendered temporarily impotent.

“Boy, you're just wiping responsibilities off your hand, but I will forgive you because you protected us when we needed you,” Wei Ying chips in with his thoughts, and flicks a toasted peanut (also made by the daughter) and catches it accurately into his mouth. It's fun to eat a plate of toasted peanuts this way, when the family of four - now in their normal forms; the humans are dressed in respectable robes, Wei Ying keeps his newfound golden flute; and two tentacles of opposite colours - sit on a cushiony magic carpet of sorts and descend vertically like an elevator. At such great speeds, even gravity cannot catch up, and the thrown peanuts seem to float in the air and take their time to fall gently onto Wei Ying's waiting tongue. Interestingly, Wei Ying sports a slight potbelly, but with time, that would drain out (hopefully).

They seem to be travelling down an endless tunnel through a deep chasm close to the planet's core. Little Ni-er, having received a rejuvenating feed before her mother's bosom flattened out, effortlessly creates a picnic on the carpet - a steaming pot of tea, toasted mixed nuts and some summer fruits.

*You're right, mother. I will endeavour to be more responsible and proactive in the future. First off, this entire reality of gods gone missing and monsters taken over, is the fault of the last moments of the last Universal Reincarnation.*

*Three months ago, just before the Grand Heavenly Council waved the all-powerful Reincarnation Wand - which by the way, I have successfully reverse-engineered and handed to our kins - unfortunately one of my seedlings found itself inside the councillor's nostrils due to the force, air density and trajectory of particle dispersion from blowing winds inside Council's hall. This led to an allergy-like reaction, and that god reacted by sneezing - which was really, out of anyone's control.*

*When I reviewed the footage from the other observing seedlings before the fires started and burnt everything down, the wand was actually flung to the ground from the impact of the sneeze, and this has great consequences to our world today.*

The tentacle wiggles in awe (but looks like a wiggling worm anyway, just like his sister who is lying contentedly on Wei Ying's lap and stroked with nut-flavoured fingers). "What do you mean? Explain, Ernie," Lan Zhan asked quizzically. Being the most old-fashioned and dull among the four, he's the slowest to catch on.

Ernie is patient with his father, as always. *Father, the angle and direction of the wand determines how much the Universe will burn and re-create itself. Based on the data gained from reverse engineering the tool, and by extrapolating the said knowledge to the movement of the wand recorded in the footage, I have deduced that this led to the re-creation of the Mortal Realm proceeded as planned although with some minor changes - and the re-creation of the Realms of the Gods went horribly awry.*

*Father, mother, all the gods have been wiped out by accident to the point about three months ago in our time. As a result, each realm's Legendary Guardian runs amok, and is without a master - such as the Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog breathing out annihilating Solar Flares through its jaws and tearing through the Heavens, and the Pillar of World Balance turning the entire Dragon King's realm into prehistoric crumbled seabed. All remaining servants, non-immortals and sub-celestial beings were devoured by these guardians because they're hungry and there's no one to feed them. I can ascertain the extinction to be complete, because my seedlings are everywhere to scan and monitor the environment constantly.*

“What about the Tians? We went to the Heavens before to look for them, but didn't manage to find any clue because the dog chased us out,” Lan Zhan questions, and grips Wei Ying's wrist reassuringly because he knows his spouse shivers at the mere mention of the dastard canine species.

*Father, according to my seedlings and when matched with confidential records rescued from the burnt archives in the Council's office, it seems they were exiled and de-immortalized before the Reincarnation. I presume they have been stripped of all powers and sent to a nondescript village to live as mere human beings for the rest of their lives. Logically, it means they're alive somewhere in the Middle Kingdom. However, illogically, I cannot compute what this translates when considering their billion and trillion-year old ages. One of my investigative programming priorities is aligned*

*with yours - to search and locate the Tians and shelter them from further harm. I would like to interview them and understand their experience and future prospects, if you allow, Father.*

“Mn. Permission granted. I am happy that you will help us to look for my in-laws,” Lan Zhan smiles faintly - he feels his family unites well under difficult circumstances - and takes another sip of refreshing tea.

“Ernie, we seem to be descending forever. Are we there yet?” Wei Ying (nearly) whines when the last of his crunchy peanuts vanishes from the plate. He contemplates whether to peel a tangerine or not - he doesn’t want to get his fingers sticky, and there are no napkins or hand sanitizers around.

*Good point, mother. Yes, we are reaching there soon. Which brings me now to say... let me be proactive this time, and work with meimei on our next challenge in our new destination. After we overcome it, I will have time to construct an exit strategy and bring in the reinforcements to fix this whole mess.*

*With your consent, of course.*

The black tentacle bows, and Wei Ying looks curiously at Lan Zhan. The patriarch rubs his budding beard and finally nods with a resolute, but restrained, “Mn”. Wei Ying sighs at the tenacity of his husband in dealing with the gods’ problems, and drops the tangerine idea to prepare for another encounter with another monster, in another realm.

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The Underworld should be Wei Ying's and all cold black Wei-kins' forte, given that their source of power comes from the Dark Arts with roots in this realm. Lan Zhan is asked to sit back on the carpet with his super-protective bathrobe on, propped on the side with pillows and his fuzzy cat's tail daughter warming up his belly, and to watch his spouse and son fight against the Underworld's Legendary Guardian.

The arena is the Lord of Hell's former necropolis - now reduced to a vast, empty gaping cavern of collapsed buildings, broken walls, rubble and debris - is actually an enclosed space inside the planet's mantle near the molten core. The Book Of Judgement, a gargantuan flying dog-eared book whose spine is as tall as an 88-floor tower, with wings made of enormous pages arranged like feathers, squawks annoyedly as it flaps its script-lined limbs and sends raging tempest all over the demolished city.

Little Ni-er readily creates shields to ensure her father is sheltered, and they come with in-built air-conditioning so that Lan Zhan doesn't combust from the overbearing heat from hell. Wei Ying whips out his newly-minted golden flute and starts playing eerie tunes. The sound is distorted, the pitch is ear-splitting, the melody is creepy, twisted and demonic - and Wei Ying's eyes glowed bloody red (oh how Lan Zhan missed the sight of those lovely ruby-red eyes!); the giant book wobbles in its flight, starts to collide into stalactites, stalagmites and other cavernous structures, and squawks in outrage at the confusion enveloping its senses. Black wisps hurtle from nowhere and hurl themselves into the book; they seep and penetrate through its covers and browned pages, draining life-force and living will out of them, and the book eventually hovers then freezes in mid-flight.



At that point, Ernie launches itself and expands into his octopus form again, and extends his webbed body to sizes never thought possible. He coats the entire book and swallows the whole tome in a single gulp. Then he vibrates freakishly and shivers, then shrinks like air released out of balloons - with the book in his gut.

“Here, take it, ( 给你 )” Wei Ying nonchalantly tosses the age-worn magazine-like book into Lan Zhan’s arms. He’d stared at the entire battle with wide eyes, and he’s amazed at Wei Ying’s immaculate performance with the flute - he missed the good ol’ days when both of them fought together against men and monsters - and Wei Ying doesn’t miss the opportunity to twirl his new toy - the golden flute - a few rounds before sliding it to his belt in one smooth move and a knowing rise of an eyebrow (Lan Zhan feels his heart stir at such an awesome act!).

Lan Zhan sits up properly in a lotus position and clears his head and throat. Then he opens the book and starts to thumb through pages full of written words. The book is magical - no matter how many pages are turned, there seems to be endless amounts of them and he could never reach the end. His whole family crowd around him, mesmerized at a book that never ends.

*Father, the Book Of Judgement works like an Infinity Book - there will always be pages full of words, and an uncountable number of pages that are blank and are being filled in real-time even as we speak. It records everything that has ever happened in the Universe through its Reincarnations, and everything that is happening until the current moment, with clear conclusions on whether a living being should be sentenced to eradication upon its demise, worth given another chance to reincarnate and return, or elevated into a higher form in its next life.*

*Do you remember how the Lord of Hell worked with the book?*

Lan Zhan tries to remember the ritual that the Lord of Hell, another good friend of his great grandfather-in-law, performed. He recalled that the Lord did not touch the book, but merely talked to it, and the book turned to the correct pages.

He clears his throat again, rather majestically, and every family member holds his or her breath - the toasted peanuts were actually a bit dry, "Show me the annex of Immortals."

Miraculously, the pages of the book turn on their own, and at incredible speeds. After a couple of seconds, it stops and Lan Zhan recognizes the annex - except that it is blank save for two names and a footnote. "It says... Lan Wang Ji and Wei Wuxian, with an asterisk to our names that links to a note at the bottom: Including their clones, offsprings, progeny, creations and any other individuals as determined by the Grandmaster God of the Realms of the Gods," Lan Zhan reads carefully word by word.

Lan Zhan looks up to Wei Ying, and the latter shrugs with hands raised, "Don't look at me, *lao gong*, I don't really understand this, but I feel quite good with my Immortal status inherited from eating those Heavenly fruits from the last Universal Reincarnation."

*Father, who is this Grandmaster God? Is this the Jade Emperor? Or is this the Lord Buddha and the Goddess of Guan Yin? Aren't they on the missing list too?*

Little Ni-er coos and shuffles close to her brother, and uses him as a pole to climb up so that the book is at her eye level (although she has no eyes).

Lan Zhan thinks for a while and wonders how to ask the question. Then he speaks calmly, “Show me the list of gods, arranged by hierarchy and position of power. Show me who and where is the Grandmaster of Gods.” He wasn’t sure if the book understood the last part, but it’s worth trying anyway.

The book flips its pages again through the reverse direction. Tens of thousands of pages were turned within a minute before it slowed down and finally stopped near the beginning of the book, with the header “About Gods” at the top. Everyone gasps and squeals in excitement except for the bewildered patriarch.

At the page titled “The definitive and comprehensive list of gods as of Day XX, Month YY, Year 20XX”, and only Lan Zhan’s courtesy name is printed on the painfully empty page. An asterisk appears next to his name, and the name-bearer quickly scanned the footnotes: “At the time of printing, there is only one sole god in the Realms of the Gods, who is considered as the Founder and Grandmaster of Gods. Achieved godhood on Day AA, Month BB, Year 20XX.”

Wei Ying presses his forehead and complains, “What...? This doesn’t make sense! How can my husband be a god, the only god left in this world, and that he holds all the godliness and godly powers from the Gods’ Realms? Plus, that date.. Isn’t that the date when Ernie was supposed to be made King of Wangxian? Y’know... the day when the universe collapsed and burnt to hell!”

*Father! What did you do to ascend to godhood? Please try to remember the events of that day! I promised that I'll never pursue bodysnatching and I will not seize the helm of the Kingdom, but this information is important to restructure my analysis and reports! It's the missing piece to the puzzle!*

Ernie gazes up at his father, and his sister follows suit. Lan Zhan shivers at the sudden attention - and he doesn't like to be in the limelight when he isn't sure why he's spotlighted in the first place. He scrunches his brows and tried to recall - he was at the Heavenly Palace, then he flew down to the Wuji continent with his great grandparents-in-law, infiltrated the 88-floor tower, met up with the eight sisters, didn't really have dinner, then Dark Lan Wang Ji appeared and they fought in a tumultuous melee, then his compact mirror was activated, then they won, after that he fled to the toilet because his bladder was bursting, but his *yue fu* interrupted the blissful release--

“Ah,” Lan Zhan pounds the bottom of a fist gently into a palm in an enlightened moment. Everybody stared at him, dying to know what happened.

“The Jade Emperor mentioned that he wanted to elect me as a god of war after defeating Ernie,” he nods and smooths Ernie's back - the black tentacle nods back in understanding, “so he must've done something and entered my name into the list of gods without my knowledge.”

“So, if you put that together with what Ernie's said earlier back then while riding the carpet into the Underworld... oh Lan Zhan, you were made a god in the previous Universal Reincarnation, and then everything burnt down

and all the gods in the current timeline have disappeared - except for you!” Wei Ying exclaims and embraces his beloved husband endearingly. Little Ni-er squees at being squashed again between her loving - now almighty - parents, while Ernie manages to side step the crushing hug (because adolescent boys tend to avoid such mushy displays of affection).

Ernie sighs in satisfaction, because every byte of data fits *to where they belong* - finally. He feels at one with his inner infinite virtual servers and database of endless information and computing power, and the orbit around his own galaxy of multiversal interstellar core programming is complete.

Lan Zhan swallows hard at his newfound status. Later, he would try to give the Book Of Judgement to Wei Ying for safekeeping because his hands tremble at the idea that everything he does could have unbelievable and unforeseen ramifications to the Mortal Realm, the Realms of the Gods and other worlds - but Wei Ying tut-tuts, and says that he’s had trouble to memorize the over-4000 family rules, and he’s had enough of written scriptures.

Lan Zhan is forced to keep the burdensome book inside one of the immeasurable pockets of the enchanted bathrobe, while Wei Ying gets away with a golden flute that he can always enjoy playing during his free time.

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Later, reinforcements from the awesome Wei *da ge* arrives. The family doesn’t get to witness the miraculous remedial efforts because Ernie teleported them straight back to their cave-home after their stint with the

three extra-terrestrial realms. According to the news feed on the huge television in the living room, the *da ge* deployed teams of maintenance workers to build and insert a humongous plastic-wrapped concrete pillar to stop the leakage from the oceans, which helped to stabilize the world instantly with no major damage suffered by the inhabitants of the Mortal Realm (earthquakes and natural disasters are quite common anyway during the olden days). An impressive million-strong clean-up crew was dispatched to the all affected realms stripped of gods to repair and rebuild the infrastructure, and restore the buildings - it's no easy task, but they've done it many times before, and are very experienced with reconstructing worlds anyway.

Specialized armies of talented Wei, Lan and master/beast-kin are dispatched to contain the unchained Legendary Guardians - which are appropriately morphed into harmless (but extremely powerful) everyday items or weapons, such as pipa and other musical instruments, swords, shields, spears, parasols, golden pagodas, leaf fans, lanterns, bags, jewels and fashion accessories, wheels, clothings, flower pots and vases, garden shears, broomsticks, gourd bottles, and many more described in ancient mythology. Lan Zhan would unknowingly receive them in a Postbird shipment from his spouses, and thinking nothing about these earth-shatteringly amazing *stuff* other than 'just more housewarming gifts', he'd simply use them to furnish his new cave-home and make his life a little more shinier, sparkling and full of conveniences, niceties and luxury.

Once everything had returned to the state it was, about three months ago in earth-time, a discussion at the grand council of the Lan family took place - and everyone unequivocally voted to repopulate the godless realms, because it wouldn't look too good to nosy alien neighbours from distant galaxies to have empty neighbourhoods which could either affect space tourism, or worse, invite alien invasion due to the lack of defenses and plausible resistance. Lan Zhan simply "Mn"s vaguely and noncommittally - because he doesn't like to sit in meetings that he's not interested in, and he wants to go back home and cuddle with his spouse and his two tentacle

children - and soon, all the realms are full of Wei, Lan and master/beast-kin masquerading as gods and their celestial servants. (Ernie taught them how to change their faces, so fortunately, gods will always take on regal, wizened looks of aged, balding old men, instead of tall, strong and handsome Lan Wang Jis and Wei Wuxians.)

Not to forget - the Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog was easily tempted with Wangxian's tasty chicken-flavoured doggie treats and caged by scores of Lan-kin manning an ultra-large pet carrier (the Wei-kin turned out to be absolutely useless in handling canines, and the master/beast-kin were scared of predators that were above them in the food chain). With cool magic, the beast was morphed into a typical waist-high thick-furred Chow Chow dog - and sent to one part of Lan Zhan's estate inhabited predominantly by Lan-kin. It makes for a great pet and a wonderful security dog to patrol the lands under Lan Zhan's name.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Just another crazy day with Wangxian...!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

## Chapter 77

The family stayed up until very late at night, engaged in family-oriented entertainment such as card games, Uno and Monopoly (in which Ernie always wins, Ni-er survives despite being the youngest player, Wei Ying goes bankrupt, and Lan Zhan somehow keeps ending up in jail). At the stroke of midnight, the lanterns in their cave-home go out, and Wei Ying is pleasantly surprised when his children brought out a big birthday cake with twenty three candles made in Perfection by Wangxian Confectionary division's six-stars standards. Lan Zhan kisses Wei Ying on the cheeks, and the children follow suit, singing an acapella rendition of the Old Middle Kingdom birthday song.

The now-twenty three year old man snuffles and wipes a tear, "Ah, last year we couldn't celebrate because we were trying to save our belongings from the snowstorm, and the house wasn't patched up properly. And now..."

Lan Zhan wipes the spouse's cheeks and embraces him from the side, smoothing his hair and stroking his back comfortingly, "Mn. We have everything you can ever imagine and more," and he signals the two tentacles to hop onto their mother's lap, "with two precious ones in tow. We're living together as a family. Our loving family, Wei Ying." He kisses Wei Ying full on the lips (Ernie covers his *meimei*'s unseen eyes out of sheer habit) and Wei Ying starts to bawl.

When Wei Ying regains his composure, he makes his silent wish and blows the candles, and smooches everyone as well. Lan Zhan's heart warmed at the sight of his happy partner, the one he swore to stay by the side forever, in this lifetime, and surely beyond.



Wei Ying makes an unexpected decree, “I’m an immortal too, like the rest of you and our kind. I wish for happiness and prosperity forever, to be young, healthy and age gracefully forever!” in which Lan Zhan “Mn”s and interprets his spouse’s wish as, “Wei Ying, happy birthday and may you and all of us live joyful, fulfilling lives eternally. You are twenty two today,” (no, that’s not a typo error) - and Wei Ying squeals with delight at the husband’s permission to stay young forever at the wonderful age of twenty-two.

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*Mother, I would happily give you multiple universes, galaxies and kingdoms to rule; fantastic evolutionary forms and incredible godly and universal powers, artifacts and capabilities; or even the latest 51st century magical spells and technologies that could bend and change reality to suit your desires - however, alas, you already have all of these at your beck and call.*

*So, Mother, on this auspicious day, I present to you our latest acquisitions in the Mortal Realm - titles to four commercial properties in the Market Streets. I had to get Father to sign the contracts as the new owner since his name is pre-existing in the city council’s commercial register, but the management will be put under your name. I will help out in staffing, inventory and operations.*

*I hope this gift suits you on this blessed day!*

.

Little Ni-er nngggghs and poops out the largest jade dragon-lined gold ingot (stamped with the mark of the Imperial Reserve), and it rolls into Wei Ying's hand. Their outdoor pool is covered with layers of gemstones, precious metals and money, and this ingot would be too large to bury under the sandbed - so Wei Ying pockets it anyway and decides to throw it into Lan Zhan's box of memorabilia later (it's his latest place to hide 'stuff that I can't or won't be working on, and doesn't belong in the work room').

In addition, the children brought out a handmade birthday card - Ernie drew a beautiful white and black rabbit and two baby bunnies between them, and inside, there was an exquisitely penned calligraphy of birthday wishes. Ni-er wrote a scraggly "Mom" and a heart next to it (she used her furry bottom to hold an ink-brush, and made a few unintended fuzzy butt-prints on the card too).

The motherly twenty-two year old man (his age advancement has been rescinded due to the decree) kisses his children sweetly on their cheeks as a sincere gesture of appreciation. Ni-er squees happily and proudly shows her toothless gums - there's still no sign of growing teeth yet. Ernie wipes the side of his tentacled body (like any adolescent boy getting 'eww'-inducing motherly love in front of family members and peers).

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"Wei Ying, whatever I have is yours, and whatever that is yours, is yours.

I do not know what I can give. To say that I give myself to you, including all my possessions; my spirit, body and soul; my feelings and happiness for

you; my promises to give you everyday, massages every night, cook your favourite foods, delight you by granting your wants and needs, and make sure I will always treasure and love you for who you are, and that you will always live a blissful and comfortable life with me - would be unfair to our existing relationship, meaningless as commitments, because you already and will always have them.

Perhaps this would be a more appropriate gift than something attached with a material, numerical value,” then Lan Zhan gently picks up Wei Ying’s hand, spreads his fingers and places his palm against the latter. He recites his wedding vows, pledges his love and his entirety to his one and only, and adds a few more lovely promises of perfect happily ever afters. Their Soulmate Binding Rings glow beneath the skin of the fourth fingers in unison, and Wei Ying smiles - the brightest, loveliest and touching smile that Lan Zhan has ever seen.

.

As the parents make their way to the master bedroom, Ernie takes hold of his *meimei*’s fuzzy body and invites her to have a slice of the cake on the dining table. Only one, he said, because *meimei* needs to keep her gums clean and healthy, and he’ll help with the brushing. They can have more cake the next morning, he promised.

There’s plenty of moaning and sounds of flesh smacking against flesh drifting from their parents’ bedroom by the time *meimei* is tucked into her pyjamas - a few old elastic woolly socks sewn together to fit her tube-like furry body, really. The weather outside of their estate’s (non-magical) barrier rages on towards one of the coldest and deepest winters ever on record, and a few snowflakes find their way to their garden - it looks as

though light snow started to fall, tiny crystals that flutter to the ground like falling stars from the bright, golden crescent moon, painting their paradise on earth with twinkling frost that wink and welcome the rest of the beautiful, peaceful night ahead.

Both children tentacle-kin shuffled through the trapdoor underneath the floor mat, where Ernie had prepared an underground kingdom for the two of them, and a grand king-sized bed to spend the night whenever their parents make awful, un-romantic, mating noises that rock the entire house. Little Ni-er coos happily at how her brother gently carries her up the bed, arranges the pillows, then unfolds a thick pre-warmed electric blanket over them. He sprouts a limb from his body with a pacifier-like tip, and lets *meimei* suck on it to ease her to slumber. Then he telepathically commands the automatons in the cavernous kingdom to switch off the lights, leaving the ceiling dotted with breathtaking luminous glow-in-the-dark starlight, planetary systems and galaxies.

*Good night, meimei.*

“...‘nai... night.. *Gege* .”

(Later the next day, Wei Ying’s siblings called by holo-phone to exchange congratulations and wished everyone happy birthdays, and their ages never changed - because they wholeheartedly agree and comply with their Grand Patriarch’s consent. Everyone else had their own families, clans, kingdoms and universes celebrate in their own creative, special ways - including declaring national holidays, holding galaxy-wide parades and parties, and so on. Lovely Wei Ying remains happy, humble and content with a family breakfast prepared by Lan Zhan, complete with his favourite dishes of lotus root pork rib soup and spicy dumplings and congee.

Wei Ying loves Lan Zhan just by staying by his side, and being able to spend time in each other's arms.

Lan Zhan loves Wei Ying and his family in the simplest ways that cannot be measured, not even with gold and silver.)

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Having a more substantial presence in the Mortal Realm, such as running a respectable business of four commercial properties besides some informal and gig economical activities, meant that certain precautions are needed to keep a low profile and secure their positions.

All Wei, Lan and master/beast-kin are granted permission to take up lessons and apply their skills on camouflaging and espionage, changing body forms, behaviours and personalities and even their looks - so that they can blend with the inhabitants of the Mortal Realm without raising suspicions from the general populace and the prevailing authorities. They can use magic or non-magical means to achieve the desired result, such as wearing 3d-printed masks or use (outdated, but adequately functional) 31st-century holographic technology.

Therefore, the estate seems to be inhabited by a variety of typical human peasants of both genders, and their animals, which look perfectly natural (no longer of dark colours) and of normal distribution of species, including pets, livestock and wildlife.

This point becomes important, when considering there will be a regular flow of goods, people and other resources between the estate and the four new stores bought under Lan Zhan's name. Due to the poor weather conditions and visibly (and expectedly) lack of customers and attention, the opening ceremonies are modest and attended mostly by the businesses' own new hires and store managers - and they look absolutely normal (including short, ugly and not-too-handsome ones). Therefore, Ernie's plan worked brilliantly and the Kingdom safely made inroads into Yiling's - and Qishan's - economy.

There are four stores owned by the Kingdom around the market area. Initially, there is hardly any attention-grabbing storefront or signages, other than an unassuming cloth with the words "Wangxian" and the company's logo hung at the front (and can be taken down anytime, should there be any Jin guards that approach too close for comfort), followed by a short description of products and services offered inside the small lot of retail space. All citizens of the Kingdom living within the 'Mounds help to produce the needed inventory to keep the shelves replenished; for the sake of time-appropriateness, only goods that are suitable for the era are offered despite the constant temptation to introduce new, innovative products to the market - great concepts and ideas are permitted to be realized in other worlds and universes, but not the one where the Grand Patriarch lives.

- At the East Market Street, the store sells sundry and magical goods, including non-perishable general household items such as straw brooms and kitchenware, common magical talismans (now mass produced cheaply with big red buttons for ease-of-use by housewives), charms, trinkets, gadgets and even Compasses of Evil (version 4.0 - but there are many other generic competitors around). Wei Ying's experience from his street peddler days helped a lot, and his A.S.S. notebook becomes a bible of sorts to all staff manning the store and ensures healthy sales towards the end of the day. The store also

supplies Liao's General Store with Wangxian-branded goods, due to the good business relationship cultivated between Wei Ying and the *laoban* over the past year.

- At the South Market Street, a restaurant is set up which offers fusion-style Old Middle Kingdom cuisine; some ordinary elements from the far, far west are included in its lunch and dinner fares to make its dishes stand out a little from the neighbours - who are also in the food business. Dine-in and take-out options by using Qishan Postal Service Postbirds are offered (the creation and use of Wangxian-branded Postbirds would raise wariness amongst competing eateries, and even risk complaints being lodged by ill-intentioned people - so the family agrees to cut their profits for the sake of security and sustainability of the business.)
- At the West Market Street, just a stone's throw away from the general marketplace, a convenience store is set up, which also doubles as a grocery store. The estate's foraging, agricultural harvests and livestock end up here, and are also distributed to Old Merchant Zhu's stalls and Old Butcher Niu's slaughterhouses. Confectionary and herbal candies are sold, which are also supplied to Grandma Li's clinics and healthcare institutions around Qishan. The store takes pride in freshness, and does not really compete in price despite the commodity-like nature of its products. To add a modern touch, a small counter that sells piping hot fried snacks is also built beside the entrance, so that people can order and pick up such finger-licking street food outside, or dine inside the limited space as walk-in customers.

(Wangxian's Plum Sauce is still the store's best-seller. Everyone loves to dip their fried foods with the said sauce that had won many hearts in Yiling. Liang's teahouse, and all other food establishments decide to order their plum sauces from the store.)

- At the wealthier areas of the North Market Street, a store offering lifestyle services is set up. Here, the rich and famous can browse a menu of premium-priced services such as fortune telling, astrology, physical and spiritual healing, other traditional therapies, casting curses (between business rivals) and even some bodily pampering such as spa and massage, herbal baths, cupping, acupuncture and acupressure, and foot reflexology. Some of the more demanding customers from Li's clinics eventually make a trip to this store after exhausting all other scientific and traditionally-proven treatments. On most days, this store is forecasted to earn enough to keep the others operating in the black, all year round, as far as Lan Zhan's accounting books are concerned.

Lan Zhan takes his choice position as Founder, President, Grand Patriarch and all other fantastical titles, although his scope of involvement with the company is limited to general R&D taste-testing (which led the man to gain some weight due to the irresistibly delicious samples) and to use his abacus to balance the accounts by the end of the day or week, depending on whether Wei Ying is able to drag him to bed for their everyday before he opens the ledgers (he still thinks counting using the abacus is faster and more accurate compared to a 21st-century calculator).

Wei Ying, on the other hand, spends time acting like the *laoban* called Young Master Lan, mingles with other *laoban* s and attends Qishan Merchant Guild's meetings. He continues to refine and sharpen his A.S.S. to land lucrative contracts and deals, meet the customers (including nosy housewives), and basically enjoy the company of people in the Mortal Realm.

Lan Zhan continues to spend his wintertime in the cave-home, following the latest news from Yiling's weekly periodicals or watching his estate develop and grow through live feed shown on the television in the living room, especially when there are no visitors from other universes or when his spouses aren't around (the *da ge* , *er ge* , *san ge* and cute *didi* promised to drop by from time to time, because they're busy with work and family priorities too).

The rise of cultivation scholar protests all over the Middle Kingdom occurred as expected, and Lanling had a difficult time to downplay the weaknesses of its leadership of the cultivation world (because scholars are scholars, and they have the whole history of the Middle Kingdom to back them up), rally support from allied sects (because forcing people to join its army isn't the best strategy to get new recruits), and fend off intrusions from the Imperial Court (because the Emperor of Chang'an has all the money and influence at his disposal to buy troops from Far, Far West and sow seeds of mistrust among the citizens of the Middle Kingdom, after all). Having known ahead of time that nothing untoward happened to Gusu and Yunmeng, the couple did not take any action and instead, focused on their family life.

Until one day,

Two letters arrive in the postbox:

The first letter was sent from Caiyi Town with no return address. It's a plain white rice paper with only the cryptic message: "Mountains locked down. Uncle is ill. The adopted son and his friend are captured. Your *shijie* knows where to find me. Return home, please." Lan Zhan's face paled at the letter.

He recognized the writing even though there is no clue about the sender - it's his elder brother's!

The second letter was written by Jiang Cheng from the Lotus Pier, nearly two pages in length, and one can almost *taste* the distinct spectrum of emotions penned down by an author who swings between the restrained politeness of a new sect leader, and angry words aimed at the stubborn older brother who refused to bend down to his (Jiang Cheng's) level of explosive, sometimes affectionate and juvenile kind of conversation between rival brothers (of sorts) - because for all accounts and purposes, Wei Ying has done enough and doesn't bear any grudges from the past nor wants to associate with the Jiang's family and political matters.

Sect Leader Jiang starts off his written communique by scolding Wei Ying for being missing in action for more than a year, for not writing or even sending a Fairy Messenger call, for not even caring about what happens back at home (the last bit was unwarranted, but patient elder brother Wei Ying puts that aside). From the long-winded letter, Wei Ying learns that Lotus Pier is still doing well despite internal protests rattling their ranks and weakening their forces - fortunately, Yunmeng is an inland province bordering steep mountains and deep valleys that require weeks to reach on foot, even on flying swords; hence, it has not experienced as much disruption from infiltration and disturbances from the Imperial Cultivators as compared to Gusu, which lies closer to the coast and therefore easily accessible via major ground and sea routes.

Jiang Cheng asked Wei Ying for advice - which is unprecedented, given how arrogant and self-sufficient he perceives himself to be - on what to do, because he has his hands full in running the day-to-day operations of the Pier (in which Wei Ying internally smacks his forehead, because he recalls that the Jiang *gongzi* has a megalomaniac streak in him, prefers to take

charge of everything, and hates to delegate - probably due to his bad experience with Jin Ling).

Lastly, Jiang Cheng informed Wei Ying that Wangxian products have reached his town - their home - and he knows where the name comes from especially when paired with familiar Yunmeng spiciness and the images of rabbits he'd seen in the Cloud Recesses (it's too obvious for him, Wei Ying can imagine his foster brother snorting and harrumphing annoyingly). He mentions in passing that he's been trying to buy as many bottles of the plum sauce because of the on-going promotional campaign of "collect three white bunnies and three black bunnies printed on Lucky bottles' caps, to exchange for a mystery gift" - he says that the campaign is a dud, and done in bad taste to swindle customers' money, because he'd bought crates and could never gather three of each, and their home is now filled with plum sauce bottles and he has a sack of bottle caps imprinted with bunnies of all other colours - except black and white. He blames Wei Ying for his anger, and he had broken at least two bottles after throwing them on the floor "by accident" (those didn't have black or white bunnies bottle caps).

Wei Ying sighs, folds the letter and slides it into his sleeve pocket to finish reading the piece later - scanning Jiang Cheng's angry message once is enough to make his eyes become bloodshot. He walks over to the other side of the study's table to check on how his husband is doing.

"Wei Ying... I... I need to return," Lan Zhan starts, his stare and grip on the slightly crumpled but briefly-worded letter shakes visibly.

"No, Lan Zhan. It's 'we'. We need to return, together," Wei Ying murmurs, and embraces his husband from behind, assuringly, as much as he can convey through the touch of their skin.

Notes for the Chapter:

A twist in mid-arc! I've never done this before! :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 78

Ernie and Ni-er investigated the letter from Jiang Cheng first, as it contained verbose information to determine the purpose, origins, timestamps and circumstances in which it was sent. Ernie sprouts bionic alien lenses from his tentacle, and starts scanning both pages of the written manuscript with ultra-modern holo-vision (the laser light effects look awesome, by the way). Ni-er, on the other hand, sniffs the pages curiously and was fortunately pulled away before she nom-noms them with her drool-coated gums. Lan Zhan decided to cradle her in his arms while sitting on a reclining chair, and give plenty of back scratches to pacify the restless ball of fluff, to let her brother carry out the detective work properly.

Mother, first of all, let me clarify that this letter was delivered by our personal Postbird eagle, disguised as a plain crow, who picks up mail intended for this household from the company's mailbox. You can see the tell-tale enchanted eagle's claw marks on the envelope. Our kin works in this company call center of sorts and man the customer hotlines; the Wei-kin employee must've recognized jiujiu (舅舅; mother's brother) 's name, so he quickly routed the letter to our home.

(at this point, little Ni-er coos at the new term she learnt - *jiujiu* - and starts babbling the word repeatedly. Lan Zhan is patient at her pace of learning, and continues to stroke her fur as she blows saliva bubbles and “jiujiu”s everything she speaks.)

Jiujiu must have noticed our upgraded company logo and product packaging shortly after we started operating from the four new stores. For the first time, we actually printed a Fairy Messenger numerical code for customers in Qishan to call, and an address to mail any feedback or complaints. Our call center has been given strict instructions to screen all

incoming contacts and not to entertain calls outside of the province for security reasons, due to the on-going cultivators' protests nationwide. However, we may not be able to block letters from arriving into the mailbox; hence jiujiu's letter.

After scanning the pages to detect any subversive elements, I have determined that the letter had not been intercepted or tampered in any way during the journey to our home. So rest assured, there are no poisonous powders or espionage spells on these scripts.

I have matched jiujiu's descriptions with details from the last few editions of the weekly periodicals. It is as he says - Yunmeng is relatively safe at the moment and there have been very few reports of insurgency or protests within the Jiang sect; even amongst the reported cases, none are verified or have caused any injuries or fatalities.

However, when I loaded data from other provinces and sects who are suffering from the protests, layer on it the spread of various nearby sects and Imperial expansionary movements through the difficult terrain and weather conditions expected during winter, then extrapolated to the current situation in Yunmeng and in particular the Lotus Pier, then triangulated with historical data from the Imperial archives which I have reverse-engineered, the prediction model is as follows:

Lotus Pier will be infiltrated by the first wave of spies from the Imperial Court in the next two weeks, and the first major civil disturbances can be expected by the end of the month. At the peak of winter, Yunmeng will experience its first casualties, in which the Jiang sect will have no choice but to seek help from allies including related Jin family branches. The anticipated addition into the Jin army will likely ignite war between the

factions - the Imperial Cultivators versus members of the Grand Cultivation Council. Major bloodshed is foreseeable.

An extended severe weather system is forecasted this year, which has a seventy-percent probability of causing illnesses, widespread structural damages to buildings and infrastructure, and shortage of resources throughout the Middle Kingdom. The Imperial Court is prepared to face such disasters, however, not so for the rest and especially jiujiu , because his sect is admittedly, one of the weakest in the Middle Kingdom.

End of report.

“Aiyaaaa, Jiang Cheng ah Jiang Cheng, you’re still so stubborn and you never change your ways. No wonder our sect is down at the bottom of the ladder! Our ancestors must be ashamed of us now!” Wei Ying sighs loudly and directs his exasperation towards the ceiling of their home. The last bit of information about the conflict with the Imperial Court is particularly alarming, more so than having to take the side of greasy Jins (because he knows that as long as Jin Ling is with them, the situation should still be manageable), or the coming wintry drought and famine (he could count on sects helping one another in times of trouble).

Wei Ying grabs Ernie with both hands, lifts the tentacle up to eye level and shakes him violently like a salt-shaker, “We need to help my brother! I cannot let the Yunmeng Jiang sect fall - not under his rule and under my hidden watch! It would be a disgrace and I will not forgive myself if the Imperial Cultivators capture and heavens forbid, disband my family’s sect!” (Ernie quite liked being thrown around like a ragdoll - it helps to loosen his tentacle fibres and gives a good massage-like workout throughout his body’s musculature system.) The twenty-two year old Wei *gongzi* then turns

to Lan Zhan and asks, “Please say that you agree with me, *lao gong* !” with a hint of desperation in his voice.

“Mn.” One word from the Grand Patriarch is all that is needed to mobilize the entire Kingdom of Lan to safeguard the First Father Wei’s ancestral lands. (Actually, Lan Zhan is a little distracted by little Ni-er; he managed to reach the dining table from his chair, and pluck a banana from a tropical fruit basket gifted by one of the Wei *gongzi* s - he enjoys watching his daughter nom-noming the banana until he has half-chewed banana chunks on his shirt, and later, Ni-er leaves little diamonds, jadestones, topaz and gold pieces all over the reclining chair and between the armrests and the seat too.)

In that case, I can summon a fleet of Procyon’s finest planetary bombardment drones to lay waste on the capital city of Chang’an, and have meimei flip this universe’s reality so that everything is re-created to your desires - including replacing every individual human with our kin. If necessary, Father can use his Almighty Grandmaster of Gods’ powers to re-align the will of ten generations of humankind from this era henceforth, to force them to worship and serve our families; then I can ask my uncles to supply enough food and medicines from their multiverses so that nobody in the Middle Kingdom will have to suffer through this winter--

“Ernie, no,” Lan Zhan rumbles with slight annoyance, because little Ni-er managed to snag the banana peel from his fingers and she’s trying to nom-nom the inedible piece of fruit skin. “We’ll do it the good ol’ way. I cannot risk causing more unforeseeable consequences or damages to our lives and to this world because of my status,” he adds, referring to his supremely divine position, while engaging with a cute tug-of-war game with his precious princess for the banana peel; her toothless pink gums are healthy and strong indeed.

Ernie takes a moment to compute the next logical steps following the new priorities issued by the Grand Patriarch.

Very well. We will rely on this era's cultural practices, traditions, and primitive magical and technological levels. It will probably entail a short road trip to our ancestral land, then lend a helping hand to jiujiu to sort out the sect's internal affairs and uproot the spies, before any uprising occurs. I shall start with the planning and preparations, and will provide the itinerary by sundown.

Wei Ying puts the black tentacle down, pats it with a word of 'sorry' for the mishandling, and tries to land an apologetic kiss on the son; because Ernie's such a good child and as the eldest of the children, he's taking responsibility to shoulder the family's concerns by applying Perfectly acceptable ways - but Ernie the adolescent boy would have none of such saccharine-sweet displays of affection and tries to struggle away from puckered lips.

Unngh... Mother, I'm a big boy now, and I don't need kisses! (he gets one anyway: *smooch*)

Lan Zhan wins his little tussle with the adorable giant cat's tail, and victoriously - although it doesn't show on his face - places the snatched banana peel atop Ni-er's head as though she's wearing a blonde wig. She coos questioningly because her prized fruit peel had gone missing, and she feels something moist plopped behind her tapered head, but she can't really see it, nor reach it without any limbs.

The letter purportedly from Lan Xichen is harder to decipher. Perhaps there is bias against the paternal side of the family, or perhaps the world-weary black tentacle had encountered enough fraud, trickery and other dastardly behaviours of humankind - Ernie is adamant that the letter was forged by a skilled con man, and also because the facts do not add up.

Father, Tian yima (姨妈; yí mā; mother's older sister; referring to Tian dajie or Lan Zhan's shijie) never managed to reach the Cloud Recesses - so she would've never had the chance to talk to bobo (伯伯; bó bo; father's older brother), and known about shugong (小叔公; xiǎo shū gōng; grandfather's younger brother)'s condition. It's a deception to lure you out into the open! It must be one of the Jins' devious schemes to take revenge on the Lan family during these confusing times!

Ernie wiggles anxiously to make his point. Lan Zhan strokes his budding beard and tries to see the son's perspective instead of outright rejection - which was his initial reaction, because it seems preposterous for anyone to violate the sanctity of his elder brother's Perfect handwriting, and Lan Zhan couldn't find any fault in those short sentences no matter how many times he peered at the crumpled letter.

(at this point, Ni-er starts burbling the new terms for calling her relatives, and she adds "bobo", "yiyi" and "xiao" to her baby speech abundantly. Sometimes she mixes the words out of pure innocent curiosity, and ends up saying "bo jiu yi xiao", which could pass as BJYX in an alternate universe and timeline - proof that Ni-er is definitely a shipper of her parents, including their alternate personas.)

“Lan Zhan, Ernie may be right. I don’t like how the terms ‘adopted son’ and ‘his friend’ are used in this context. Xichen *dage* would never leave out their names like this. Moreover, why is the letter postmarked from Caiyi Town instead of your birth home?” Wei Ying raises his voice in concern as well, afraid that Lan Zhan may be taking the bait if the latter decides to rush out of the house to Gusu and fall into someone’s trap. Wei Ying carries Nier in his arms and paces around the living room while rocking her gently to sleep.

Lan Zhan feels irritated that his gut feelings were not well-received by his family members despite the logic behind their counter-arguments, and that someone else other than him is speaking ill of the author of the letter - who could really be Xichen, after all. “What if one of *shijie*’s contacts managed to break through into the Cloud Recesses and finds that my brother has returned? What if my brother learns about *shijie* and for very good reasons - such as the increasingly violent protests, Lanling Jin’s military expansion and the tight scrutiny by the Imperial Court - he is forced to omit names and intentionally send an unmarked letter to the precise address in the Burial Mounds?” Lan Zhan calmly asks.

Ernie pauses. *That is another question mark. Based on a scan of your memories, I can confirm that bobo would know this place because you left a message to shugong and his closest aides about the address of the cave-home, shortly after settling down in this cave last year - and then you made it very clear that bobo must be informed the moment he returns.*

We do not know if he emerged from seclusion, however there is a high eighty-five percent chance that he would, since the protests have escalated in the last few weeks; according to the periodicals, a few scuffles have broken out between Jin patrol guards stationed at the borders of our

ancestral land and the advancing Imperial Cultivators, resulting in burnt buildings, a rise in the number of the wounded, and some loss of lives of non-Lan members. Even the fierce corpse attacks had continued in the last few months, unabated, on outlying towns and villages. It would seem that shugong and the Lan elders have begun to lose control of the situation; I have received rumours from spy cams installed in teahouses that even within the Cloud Recesses, renegade disciples have taken over parts of the mountains.

Wei Ying edges closer to his husband and tries to comfort by nudging the warmth radiating from dozing Ni-er against his back. He saw how Lan Zhan tightened his fists at the mention of the unrest brewing in his birth home. “Lan Zhan, let’s suppose... if we make a trip to Gusu, just to have a look and support your elders if needed... crossing any Jin-controlled borders and especially walking through heavily guarded gates would be a death sentence for us. Should we try to find Tian *dajie* first? From the phrase ‘Your *shijie* knows where to find me’... it seems to direct us to find her and the Tians, who may hold the clue to Xichen *dage* ’s whereabouts, and that may unlock more secrets of how to find safe passage into Gusu. What do you think?” Wei Ying asks as he rests his chin on Lan Zhan’s shoulders (and Ni-er is happily sandwiched between her parents again).

Lan Zhan leans into Wei Ying’s caring gestures, “Mn. That is a good suggestion.”

Ernie sprouts multiple black tentacles appendages to hold both letters. *This is truly an extraordinary coincidence which calls for extraordinary measures. I will also run some plans with our family’s council this afternoon, as it will involve searching for my A-yi s (阿姨; Ā yí; mother’s sister) and I need more data about them.*

I can envision that our travels will include searching for the Tians, then travel southeast to Yunmeng, before heading off eastward to the coast of Gusu province. It may take a few weeks, so adequate provisions and careful preparations are a must!

Ernie hops and glides off to the entryway to access his kingdom and miscellaneous portals to contact the multiverses. Lan Zhan sighs tiredly and is dismayed - there are still many questions left hanging in the air with no answers, and a deepening sense of worry. The spouse copes better because his family's situation isn't as disconcerting; however he is a Lan family member, therefore he must show care and concern for his husband's welfare and well-being first and foremost, according to the draconian Lan family rules.

Wei Ying drops Ni-er onto their king-sized bed in the master bedroom for her afternoon nap, before he returns to Lan Zhan and starts tugging at his shirt. "Lan Zhan, let me help you to change because there's fruit stains all over your shirt," he instructs his husband, trying his best to distract the other with more mundane everyday tasks, as the latter seems preoccupied with his downward-spiralling thoughts. Later, he coaxes Lan Zhan to have some afternoon tea with a platter of fried fritters dipped with his favourite plum sauce, and a steaming cup of *pu'er* tea, but the husband's appetite is lacking and he remains quiet for most of the time. Wei Ying understands the gravity of the situation, and continues to assure the other that there's nothing that can be done for the day until Ernie returns with further news, and that he should just ease his mind off matters that are out of his control.

A sauce-coated prawn fritter touches the lips. Lan Zhan finally sighs again, and takes a bite. Wei Ying slowly feeds his husband, hoping to see his smile once again during the dark, cloudy winter days ahead.

Wei Ying is impatient to get off the ground and start travelling to Yunmeng, however without finding Tian *dajie* first, Lan Zhan refused to start the journey until he obtains further information about his brother's whereabouts - he wants to be able to precisely (and Perfectly) plot the waypoints on the map to mark their destinations, whereas Wei Ying would have preferred to play by ear and shift their destinations while searching for the Tians *and* walk towards Yunmeng *in parallel* even without knowing if that's the *right* direction; in either case, efficiency is questionable.

All Wei-kin felt the same way as the First Father Wei, and together, they discreetly formed an incredible network of detectives of sorts, and started gathering intel by unobtrusively interrogating citizens in Yiling and nearby towns and villages about 'a family of two grandparents and eight daughters of varying ages, probably dressed in strange costumes'. By sundown - after when Ernie finished chairing his daily Grand Wangxian Council meeting spanning across multiverses to obtain a majority vote to arrange the First Fathers' expedition (it's a very democratic society for the Wei, Lan and master/beast-kins, however everyone is a clone or derived from singular sources, hence the decision isn't as freely-made anyway) - Wei Ying announced during dinner that he'd received a telepathic message that the Tians are with a Silk Road caravan outside of Huang Village, and they're camped there for a few days due to the heavy snowfall en route to the capital city of Chang'an.

It's a no-brainer. I will accompany you tomorrow morning to the village, once snowfall lightens at the first rays of sunlight, disguised as a common item in order not to raise suspicions. The weather outside the barrier is terrible at this time of the day and year, and I will make sure everyone stays warm and doesn't fall sick.

Mother, in all likelihood, the Tians, like everyone else, experienced the Universal Reincarnation and their memories, even circumstances, are altered accordingly. I shall maintain ErNet connections and provide real-time advice from consulting the Book of Judgement, our memory banks, our family cloud drive and all other data repositories on what to say, or not to say - following Father's wishes of getting things done the Good Ol' Way, and without disrupting the chronology and events of this universe.

Ernie waves rather haughtily while holding his fork of seafood pasta with extra salad on the side - he's truly demanding to take charge of the situation, has everything prepped, and secretly wants his mother to acknowledge his leadership.

Wei Ying does, and pats Ernie's tentacle-tipped head (in which the black tentacle-kin squeezes inwardly with delight), "Good boy, you do that." Then, Wei Ying turns to Lan Zhan, who had paused in mid-chew after hearing the good news about the discovery of his in-laws, "Lan Zhan, my Wei agents have only located them out of pure luck because most of the village is closed, and yet this large caravan camp was set up only in the last few days which drew unfavourable attention from the residents... hence, there had been some gossip going around in the teahouses.

Based on what we've learnt so far... it will surely be a strange and awkward encounter. I'm not sure if we were *supposed* to have met and gotten acquainted with the Tians, since the sisters never worked in Tian Mi Mi, so I may not have met them in this universe. Moreover, they've never tried to contact us during these past few months, so I'm assuming that perhaps they were either too far, have forgotten, or they really don't know about us. I'm even doubting if they're still your in-laws, or my foster family! And the next big headache is how to bring up the topic of the

cryptic letter from Xichen *dage* if Tian *dajie* doesn't even know the background of the situation!" Wei Ying exclaims, and rubs his temples due to the complexity of his thoughts trying to reconcile and match events from two different timelines - which is nearly impossible.

Lan Zhan swallows a spoonful of rice topped with boiled winter root vegetables and a chunk of steamed freshwater fish. He takes a deep breath, then loudly exhales, trying to mentally rid the problems cropping up even before they're out of the dining room. Ni-er gurgles as she bends down to suck a mouthful of pumpkin rice porridge from her bowl, blissfully unaware of her brother's fuming determination, her mother's pounding migraine, and her father's wavering position and mindset.

The Grand Patriarch realizes that with a few words, he could change everything - and it doesn't have to involve awesome godly magic or mobilizing massive intergalactic armies. He feels a little more (en)lightened as he takes another sip of the tasty lotus root pork rib soup (the 25th iteration, he guessed - he's lost count ever since Ernie took over kitchen duties).

"We will meet them tomorrow, and approach with caution. If they don't know us, then we will have to presume that we don't know them. If they know us, we'll just catch up like family members do. It should be as simple as that," Lan Zhan calmly states, and somewhat clears the air of confusion particularly surrounding Wei Ying.

Wei Ying had held his breath over his fried chicken and burgers, and stared at the husband for a full minute before realizing what the latter meant. He feels as though the weight upon his shoulders had been lifted - after all, in the previous timeline, he had initiated contact and bore the burden of the

Tians' resentment - and trusts that this time, Lan Zhan will figure out the way forward. He "Enn"s with bittersweet joy, because he isn't completely happy to pile up the troubles onto his husband, then resumes munching on a drumstick that had gone cold, and relishes the spiciness marinaded into the delicious crispy skin.

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Ernie spent the night in his underground kingdom with his *meimei* , discussing their family's predicament, and to orchestrate the best possible start to their parent's journey. (Unknown to anyone other than the black tentacle, Ni-er is already so much more capable than Ernie, however she still acts and appears as a harmless tiny tot in the form of a giant cat's tail.) When roosters crow and dawn breaks into the morning, Ernie makes sure everyone has Old Middle Kingdom-style breakfast to "cleanse and reset" everyone's palate because "they may be stuck with good ol' traditional food for the coming days".

After checking that all unnecessary electrical appliances are unplugged and set to sleep or hibernate mode, closing and locking all doors and windows, scheduling kins to check and visit the surrounding compounds from time to time, and telling the smart kitchen and living room to take care of the house while everyone's away, the family sets out on their first extended journey together.

Lan Zhan found his old Gusu Lan white robes and dons them together with his classic hair piece - everything still fits although he had gained a little weight over the year. He expects more cold weather fronts to strike during the journey, so his enchanted bathrobe becomes his innermost garment. He mulled over whether to tie his forehead ribbon after rummaging it from the

bottom of his wardrobe - and yes, he puts that on too; he needs to lead as the Patriarch of Qishan Lan, and the ribbon symbolizes his family's strength, unity and purity (spiritually, if not physically). He straps his guqin on the back, having been dusted off and polished during the night before, and little Ni-er transforms herself into the white, cloud-patterned cloth that wraps the musical stringed instrument, so that she can always watch over the Patriarch and her precious family.

Wei Ying is, unsurprisingly, delighted to put on his signature black robes with layers of grey lined with bright red - fortunately Lan Zhan didn't turn his clothes into scraps despite the successful 'Gold Is In Vogue' campaign by the greedy and corrupted Jins - along with his golden flute which Ernie has magically disguised as a normal bamboo wind instrument with a familiar blood-red tassel. The black tentacle weaves itself into Wei Ying's clothes, preferring to hide and monitor at choice vantage points from either hair ribbon, bracelet, sash belt, shoes or even in the tassel that clings to the flute - so that he is always at the frontier, and opens safe passage for his loving family.

(Ni-er, like her father, is calm and contented to stay in one place, and one that speaks of elegant culture and meaning such as a guqin. Ernie, like his mother, is a little more greedy and wants to be everywhere to do everything.)

Both are equipped with satchel bags containing provisions, Bags of Holding masqueraded as pouches, and other amazing stuff that the couple had collected over the past year. Ernie is the most cumbersome, overthinker, and worrywart among them and intends to complete his first outing with flawless perfection, so he literally packs *everything* he can inside his infinite, shapeless cold black mass *just in case* - emptying out his underground kingdom, and his private collection of special multiverses in the process -, while his *meimei* appears sanguine and serene, and doesn't

care to adorn herself with anything else other than a plain flowery pouch tied around her neck containing fruits and snacks prepared by her father (because she can create anything she wants, anytime and anywhere, in and outside of reality, and doesn't necessarily have to conform to her father's 'Good Ol' Ways' wishes because she's technically just a toddler).

On a freshly oiled and polished Bichen, the family of two adult men and two special children-turned-enchanted-items putters off into an overcast snowless winter morning.

Notes for the Chapter:

I've no idea where this is leading to... what the heck, just enjoy! :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 79

“It doesn’t look like a typical Silk Road caravan,” Lan Zhan mutters with a hint of danger in his voice, while crouching on a rocky outcrop on a clifftop. Wei Ying immediately extinguished the twisty crystal-powered Fire Shield; he didn’t want magic detection spells to locate them, in case there were alert spellcasters around. The younger man pulls out a bamboo umbrella - the one gifted by Master Shopkeeper of the Huang outpost a little more than a month ago - and opens it so that they’re protected from the falling snow.

Lan Zhan squints at the palm-sized optical projection emitted from Wei Ying’s modified Eye talisman. Watching the video is like trying to peer at a small Wphone screen, except that it has pre-21st century resolution, lacks image zoom functions, and everything looks pixelated or blurred.

Wei Ying made a grabbing motion with his free hand, and the screen broadcasted from the talisman glides towards him, “Let me have a look. Our agents told me that they overheard conversations from teahouses, however none of them had visual confirmation of the Tian family... Woah! What the heck were the villagers drinking when they thought they had illegal backpackers squatting in their backyards?! And... I think I see a few of the sisters but they’re...” and his excited whispers trail off.

It’s not a trade convoy of sorts - there are several wooden horse carts containing boxed supplies, however, the travellers camped around the carts resemble more like assassins, soldiers and warlords than merchants. About thirty or so individuals, of sizes from dwarfs to giants, exclusively of the female gender - some sporting insect claws, bat wings, reptilian tails, vicious fangs, and parts from other species -, are garbed in a variety of ethnic, colourful and unique costumes derived from the exotic Far, Far

West; their clothes are layered with what looks like heavy and plated armour and weaponry made of feathers, bone pieces, scales, steel and other strange metallic substances and features, and a few spellcasters, dressed in cloaks and tunics, wield elaborate scepters and towering staffs. The small army presents a vivid picture of a whimsical yet impressive ragtag collection of non-human adventurers usually found on the covers of best-selling medieval fantasy graphic novels, and in 21st-century role-playing games where appearances are limited to the human imagination. Wei Ying imagines that this is what master/beast-kin would look like, when teamed up with enhanced human-kin, and sent to join military campaigns to exterminate mutual enemies.

“Lan Zhan, I remembered some of these shapes,” he pokes at the spectral moving images, particularly at spider legs, invertebrates’ carapaces, twisted horns, and a very visible bloated tail-tip dripping with acidic poison, “that is the Demoness Scorpion of Chang'an mentioned when I first met the sisters in the previous timeline... and she’s Tian Third Sister!” he cries in alarm, and cringes from his earliest memories of meeting the domineering sisters and their horrid behaviours in forcibly inducting new family members in Tian Mi Mi during summer. A few more familiar faces appear on screen, and Wei Ying nudges the Eye talisman away.

Lan Zhan remains unfazed - thank goodness he’d seen and dealt with enough demons and monsters (and hybrids) that he doesn’t flinch as much as his spouse - and calmly hypothesizes, “Seeing that the sisters are travelling with a group of non-humans, their history must have been altered and diverged from what we knew about them. We must take utmost precautions in our approach.” The last part is directed to the two tentacle-kin accompanying them in this family reunion-possibly-turned-hostile.

Father, I concur with your suspicions. I have discreetly scanned the troops below and can confirm that none of them are immortals or gods. Their bio-

signatures and genetic blueprints are vastly different from what I had in our databases. Without revealing too much to spoil the 'Good Ol' Ways', I think it is sufficient to say that the Tian sisters that you see below the cliffs aren't the same as my nemesis from the past.

“Does that mean that none of them will recognize you?” Wei Ying tried to keep his voice as soft as possible, to avoid the wind carrying their presence to the band of potential enemies.

I do not know, Mother. I cannot confirm without a deep scan, because to abide by Father's wishes. In this case, meimei and I will remain silent until and unless we need to react, converse, engage in combat, or escape.

“Mn. Stay away from trouble, if possible,” the Grand Patriarch agrees. Everyone feels a psychic mewl coming from the cloth covering the guqin.

The landscape is gradually turning into an ice sheet, burying the last signs of vegetation under blinding white, and Wei Ying curses under his breath - their movements will be more restricted as the glade where the camp is situated - the same one where the couple landed and rested for a drink of pine needle tea not too long ago - is a rather hilly area, and soft ice tends to accumulate in unseen pits and recesses on the topsoil.

“So, Lan Zhan, do you want to walk up to them and say ‘hi’? Or charge with Bichen and with my devastating flute music announcing your majestic arrival to those monsters?” Wei Ying asks jovially, trying to diffuse the tension with some crappy joke but then realizes that the untimely dig at the husband only pressured the latter to make a difficult decision.

Lan Zhan grips his sheathed sword tightly, his booted feet already sinking into loose, powdery snow, “Our purpose here is to ask my *shijie* about where to find my brother. I don’t wish for any bloodbath nor any ill-will between our family and the Tians. Furthermore, in case the situation worsens, it will be difficult to escape in this terrain, and the snowstorms raging above will not allow us to fly out quickly,” he rationalizes their next step - diplomacy.

He would bravely approach the so-called caravan in broad daylight, with arms raised as a gesture of peace, and with the knowing, regal look of a Grand Patriarch - he would simply ask.

.

Diplomacy is dead, and Lan Zhan can only blame himself for overlooking the wrath of exiled former gods, his blinding overconfidence, and lack of plan Bs.

The moment Lan Zhan appeared in the line of sight of the other party, the humanoid monsters growled and snarled, quickly retracted all exposed non-human parts, and drew their weapons at the sole intruder.

Twenty four soldiers and twelve spellcasters, including those he recognized as the Tian sisters, surround him within seconds. Some ambushed from behind; soon, he felt his hands tied to the back, and three poisoned daggers dug into the thin skin of his jugular.

“He must be from the reinforcements sent in response to the villagers’ distress Fairy Messenger spells last night, right? Right?! But we made sure to slaughter every single person and intercept all outgoing Messenger calls! We really did! I swear!” one fighter growled, a young teenager girl with a strange mask on her face so she wasn’t recognizable; her feline-clawed fingers are a dead giveaway that she isn’t an ordinary child-soldier from the exotic West.

“Except for the first one - the one made by the village head at the outpost, remember? His call was encrypted and we couldn’t decode the amber energy ball before it rocketed out of the window!” another hissed in disappointment. She resembles Tian Second Sister, except that there were many more tattoos, battle scars and barely-hidden scaly parts, which makes her more reptilian than human although her tail had disappeared.

“Still, how is it possible for a man from Gusu to be here? The closest city is Yiling which is filled with Jin patrol guards... I don’t understand,” a very young girl with pointed ears - probably dwarf in size, but she spins her knives as adeptly as a master - squeaked from a safe distance.

"Shut it with the small talk and get rid of his weapons first! All Gusu warriors have a sword and most likely an enchanted musical instrument. If we don’t stop him now, the real reinforcements will arrive, in the form of many Jin guards and sorcerers from Yiling!" the scorpion lady, without the pincers and tail, instructed the younger fighters.

Lan Zhan had severely underestimated how fast and nimble these non-humans are; before he could say anything in his defense, let alone start a

diplomatic conversation of a few tactful words of greeting, the sword in its scabbard was snatched by a magical shadow phantom faster than the blink of an eye, and his back felt lighter simultaneously. Both equipment were dropped to the ground not far away. Lan Zhan stared in horror when multiple black Corruptive magical talismans appeared from a cloaked spellcaster's hand, flew across to stick to both equipment - he could feel the connection with Bichen sever upon the toxic touch of the talismans, because they are imbued with powerful, disruptive sealing magic. He would not be able to withdraw the sword or uncloth his guqin as long as those terrible seals are activated.

"I smell... sweetness of tender sanctified flesh, and his golden core radiates with immense energy! We should make a stew out of him and have a bite of the meat, so that we can gain great powers too! The remaining parts of his body can be presented to Grandfather and the rest of our sisters in the capital city as an offering of worship!" a young adult female licked her lips as she edged close to Lan Zhan's neck, and then, without warning, she flicked out a giant metallic claw from beneath her cloak and slammed the latter to the ground. Lan Zhan yelped in pain; his vision spun and his ears rang from the impact, and his mouth tasted of blood and frozen soil.

"Don't be impudent! Grandfather ordered us to journey to the capital to regroup with the others of our kind, and any prey caught along the way should be equally shared among all Tian clan members," a loud, deep voice boomed from the gathered troops and they parted gracefully to let their leader through. Lan Zhan's blood ran cold at the sight of the Tian *dajie* he knew, except that she looked more like a dragon-kin than the eldest of the thirty six; she didn't even bothered to hide her wavy tail decorated with shiny scales and razor-sharp spikes, and a fiery tip at the end. Huge obsidian talons at the edge of her fingers gleamed in the cold morning sunlight.

Another masked fighter dutifully picked up Bichen and just as she reached for the clothed guqin, she screamed, "It's... alive! There's something moving underneath the cloth!". Scores of nearby soldiers realized that the accusation was true, when they stare horrified and exceedingly disturbed at what seemed to be a two-feet long worm wiggling its way out from the white-wrapped guqin, however the Corruptive talismans glowed black, magnified the effect of gravity, and held the squirming form in its place.

Shrill screeches in disgust rang in the air, followed by shrieks of "Kill it with fire!", "Boil it with hot water!" and "Feed it to the bugs!"

"NO!!!" Lan Zhan shouted in terror - finally having found his voice in the sudden twist of events of the meeting gone horribly wrong -, arms outstretched towards his precious baby princess, before a pitchfork materialized out of thin air in someone's hand and knocked him unconscious with a single blow to the head.

His world darkens, and he wished everything didn't turn out this way.

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"Ernie! What's happening? I see smoky fires lighting up the air, steam from melted snow and strange chittering sounds!" Wei Ying cries in a hushed tone as he tries to survey the battle zone while crouching behind a prickly bush at the cliff - without any Eye talismans, because the last one was used up, and he is prohibited to create any more, since Creation spells are banned by the patriarch. The falling snow made it difficult to make out what was actually happening on ground. Lan Zhan had insisted that all magic spells

be deactivated until a signal is given, because he didn't want to provoke friend-turned-stranger Tians, and he was adamant on going alone to meet them because he is optimistic about the outcome. Wei Ying cursed again, this time towards the stubborn husband who thinks too highly about (former) family members.

Mother, I am worried as well. However, Father's command is the prerogative of my core programming, I cannot disobey. Due to the Good Ol' Ways indoctrinated into my coding with Priority 1, I am left with primitive visual sight and cannot activate any peripheral or deep scanning technologies until he returns from the meeting.

“Screw your Father and the priorities! I cannot tolerate this situation anymore! I'm going ahead to help him even if it costs me my life or my limbs!” Wei Ying remarks angrily and starts to stand up from the pile of snow, but Ernie - the blood-red tassel hanging from the golden flute - sprouts out black elongated limbs to encircle, then trip the struggling man. Wei Ying falls into a heap on the snow in shock at his son's behaviour. He tries to reach for his flute, but the rope-like limbs tightens, and he couldn't move.

No, Mother, I cannot allow that. Father specifically ordered me to keep you safe here, in the cliffs! You may be attacked if you walk into the camp, or become caught in the cross-fire!

“Ernie, your Father is in danger! Your mother is panicking from worry because that stuck-up man and Ni-er could be hurt even as we speak! Why are you stopping me?!” Wei Ying exclaims in sheer horror and confusion, rolls around, and ends up burying himself into a faceful of powdery snow.

I cannot disobey. Father's verbal instructions take precedence over yours. His orders are absolute. Even with the remnants of the Three Orders that form the backbone of my decision logic, Father's will takes over everything else.

Wei Ying stills. Then he crawls up and kneels on the snow, still wrapped with black glistening ropes, and narrows his eyes in faintly visible, bloodshot-tinged rage at his husband's ill-thought-out list of priorities. He seethes, "No, Ernie. You forgot one more person - an independent, sentient living entity similar to you, but should be placed higher than the rest of us in terms of *your* priorities. You know better in your cold black heart who this person is."

Ernie pauses for a minute as frantic computing and calculations explode within his core programming, then he releases Wei Ying. The blood-red tassel flinches and twists, then magically unties itself and drops to the frozen ground. It shakes some snow off itself and rises on the threads that form its lower limbs, like a tiny octopus of the same colour.

Meimei .

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A group of alarmed females yelled hysterically and darted around the bloodied bag of cloth and splintered wood, as they stabbed Lan Zhan's wrapped guqin with swords and spears, and bludgeoned it with axes and clubs. When the wriggling form inside twitched weakly, still ensnared by

the captive talismans, the spellcasters among them howled in revulsion, threw fireballs at it and burnt the enchanted cloth and its contents. Then, they rained boiling water on it - which extinguished the flames but probably cooked whatever living organism inside the deformed sack. Lastly, some of the younger queasy warriors who retch at the *thought* of a ruined, scorched carcass of a worm-like thing inhabiting a wooden musical instrument, dealt the final blow by summoning swarms of fire ants, termites and bees to bite, sting and devour the remains so that nothing is left on the ground.

Something in the pocket of Lan Zhan's inner garment glows, and chimes with the voice of a thousand children's melodious voices. The unconscious man does not respond, not even to the clamour of prancing, screaming females around his prone form.

How is it that you can summon my voice?

There is no Buddha in this world,

Yet, I am awake and ready to serve.

To the one who can summon me, and can hear my voice,

in this world that does not have a Buddha,

Therefore He is Lord Buddha, He speaks of holiness and purity, and He shall be revered,

Hail the new Buddha, who shall be the grandest!

Forever and till the ends of the universe.

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha,

Namo Amitabha.

In the world of Buddha, there is no pain, and no suffering,

There is only compassion and mercy.

You speak of Ni-er, the Daughter who is in pain and who suffered too much.

I shall grant compassion and mercy to those who wronged her.

Na-mo.

A-mi-ta-bha.

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From a distance, a solitary woodsman gazes at an amazing sight rarely seen during dreary, cloudy winters - a single bright pillar of light penetrates through the clouds and shines upon a faraway deserted village; he thought he could hear angelic voices amidst howling winds, or perhaps they are merely strange whistles of birdsongs - however all such birds of sweet, dulcet tones have migrated away for the season.

It lasted only for a couple of minutes, before the light dispersed. He thought that the grey clouds have covered the beautiful sunshine, which is typical of rolling cloud cover and fierce storms during this time of the year. He goes back to searching for firewood in the sparse pine forests on the fringes of Qishan province.

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Lan Zhan awoke with a gasp.

A sharp pain shoots up from the base of his skull; he groans and turns on the dry, straw-bedded floor that smells a little pungent and of horse manure, and yet there's the familiar scent so close and so warm--

“Wei Ying.”

A pair of hands slowly lifts him from the ground, and eases him against a creaky wooden wall. He feels a palm rubbing soothing circles over the spot where he was hit at the back of the head - and winces at the bump on the scalp - and hears his spouse murmur anxiously, “You’re awake.”

Wei Ying embraces Lan Zhan for a few moments, before letting the husband go. “You’re a lousy father, you know that? You got yourself into trouble, but gave our son very confusing orders, which led him to stall on rescue efforts. Fortunately I was able to drill some sense back into him

before it was too late,” he gently berates the older man, while wiping the latter’s sleeves with a washcloth dipped with clean warm water from a wooden basin; there are several muddy smudges and splotches of dirty melted snow on his white robes and Lan Zhan guessed he was dragged for some distances into the dimly lit and chilly shelter - an abandoned stable of sorts. He could see sunlight filtering through a few open windows and from the high angle of the shadows, he surmised it was probably close to midday.

Lan Zhan was given a brief update on what happened after he was knocked out. Simply put, Wei Ying remarked, Ernie was enlightened just in the nick of time, broke off from the mental chains that held back his powers, then unleashed his brand of divine judgement that annihilated all thirty six soldiers at the camp before they could do anything to Lan Zhan’s unconscious body. “We carried you to the stables here in Huang village to rest and patch you up. Ernie’s reactivated his full capabilities, including mind-reading, and he downloaded your conversation with the Tians. Containment squads from my siblings have been dispatched to fix the village, clean-up the bloodstains and evidences of murder, and repopulate the area to its previous state,” he adds.

Outside, there are sounds of time-inappropriate trucks rumbling by, machines whirring, aerosols being sprayed abundantly, and of water jets being used to hose down buildings, if Lan Zhan’s dated memories of 21st century technology serves him right.

“Wei Ying...” Lan Zhan croaks and coughs - because his throat is dry from the frosty air -, and Wei Ying quickly opens his own satchel to take out a bamboo container, then pours some steaming chrysanthemum tea into a bowl before offering it to the husband, “does this mean all Tian sisters have been really... destroyed?” Lan Zhan cautiously asks in between much-needed sips of the refreshing brew. His heart sank when understanding

dawned upon him that his only lead to his elder brother, the Tian *dajie* , had been wiped out in the massacre.

Wei Ying adjusts his seat so that he's right beside Lan Zhan, and eyes at the husband seriously, "Silly man, you're too concerned about others for your own good! If all of this happened in the previous timeline, it would've been game over for you, you know? Those thirty six monsters would have cut off your head with a pitchfork and dumped your body into a big pot of boiling soup, then I would arrive too late to save you, and have to burn everything down again to restart our lives. Of course we had to destroy them before they killed you!" Lan Zhan's grip on the heated bowl of tea tightens, and he swallows - hesitantly, and hard. He'd failed again in another inaugural expedition to the outside world - first, the snake ghouls hunt, and now, the failed diplomatic mission to talk to the Tians who have turned to non-humans, indirectly because of him. He blames himself for making bad decisions - sometimes indecisions -, and the inability to handle unforeseeable consequences.

The younger man reaches out to rub his cheeks softly, wipes an invisible tear of disappointment, and whispers, "Lan Zhan, I know you're trying your best for us, but life is seldom as Perfect as it is, so don't hold the guilt inside you. The survival rate of mere mortals in this day and age is exceptionally low, especially in the face of adverse supernatural powers and non-human foes. Ordinary humans would've been killed under such circumstances, but fortunately you have us - your family - to back you up."

"Look at this," Wei Ying says, as he fishes out some partially burnt papers from his own sleeve pockets, and shows them to Lan Zhan, "We found these amongst the soldiers' ashes and remains. These are Imperial Cultivation Examination invitation papers, which suggests that they were on their way to Chang'an to join the Imperial armies." Wei Ying dutifully

takes back the emptied bowl and refills it because he knows that Lan Zhan's thirst hasn't been slaked yet, "Do you know what this means?"

Lan Zhan had lost a bit of confidence after realizing how useless he was in the face of such extraordinary revelations, because he couldn't connect the facts, or he ends up connecting the wrong ones. He shakes his head, rather listlessly.

Wei Ying sighs as he pours another bowl of tea, "Based on analysis and from records of the conversation with the Tians, Ernie concluded that history has changed significantly in this timeline. First of all, because of our actions - directly Ernie's and indirectly ours -, the Tians and their army of female soldiers have turned into a family of very powerful non-human monsters in the Mortal Realm that can wipe out villages and even cities overnight. If they plan to, or already have, allied with the Emperor of Chang'an, that would spell disaster for the Grand Cultivation Council and our sects. You've experienced first hand how quickly they managed to defeat you, right?"

Lan Zhan nods with uncertainty and gladly takes the second bowl. He was the Chief Cultivator once, regarded as the most powerful and wisest - and yet, a blow from an enchanted gardening tool was all it took to render him immobile.

Wei Ying stretches his legs and places one hand behind his head against the wall, and leans back to stare at the ceiling, "I'll be blunt with you about Ernie's line of thoughts, as your spouse and the mother of that cold black child with nothing but unfeeling logic and reason in his brain, and bitter grudges and hatred gripping his heart.

Suppose the headlines in tomorrow's periodicals go like this: "Emperor forges alliance with a powerful clan from the Far, Far West," then "Imperial armies victorious! Cultivators bow to the Emperor!", and after that, "New Emperor installed in the Middle Kingdom, Tian dynasty reigns!", leading to, "Monsters attack, body count skyrockets, fierce corpses and other inhuman creatures take over provinces, millions held as slaves and prisoners!", and finally, "Mankind dominated, becomes cattle!" The younger man inhales a deep breath after summing up the prediction while counting his fingers the five simple steps towards the demise of their era.

Lan Zhan stares incredulously at the spouse without drinking his brew, "It... it is impossible. The gods would never permit such an alliance in the first place, and would never allow a monster to rule over man," he calmly reasons.

What gods, Father? Ernie bursts into the stables with a wrapped bundle in his arms. He had transformed into his Dark Lan Wang Ji form, and looks exactly like a fully-robed teenage Lan Zhan (with proper feet) except that the whites of his eyes are inky black. Lan Zhan shudders at the visitor; he had not felt mortal fear in the presence of the renegade son for a long while.

There is no check-and-balance system to stop such unholy union of Mankind and Monsters, because there won't be anyone vetting new Emperors before receiving the Mandate from Heaven to rule the Middle Kingdom... simply due to the fact that there are no real gods left in the Heavens other than our useless clones who do nothing all day except to weed the gardens, sweep the floors, wipe the furniture, and shuffle blank paperwork to make sure everything in that realm looks superficially well-maintained and basically functional!

Ernie sounded quite upset, though fortunately not antagonistic or hostile, so Lan Zhan remained as quiet as a mouse. He takes a careful sip of the tea. It's marvellously warm against the cold air inside the smelly stables.

I've taken the initiative to travel into the future following this trajectory of events in chronological sequence, and it is not pretty. It's far worse than when the Wens' enslaved people to do their bidding, and a thousand times more horrible than when my master-kin ruled over our progeny! Can you imagine demonic and monstrous females ruling our society, who treat men as lowly servants and as food on their dinner platters, and every single one of Mankind lives short, miserable and tormented lives? Ernie stands in front of his parents, and uncharacteristically - at least from a respectable Lan Wang Ji's perspective - stomps his feet in dismay, like a bratty child.

Wei Ying reaches out this time to touch Ernie's hand to rub soothing circles on the forearm. "Son, calm down. You're becoming like your father and blaming yourself for things that are beyond your control. Think positive, move forward, and focus on what to do next," Wei Ying assures the teenager with good, solid motherly advice. Lan Zhan purses his lips; he'd spent sixteen years mired in depression after losing his lovely then-boyfriend Wei Ying, so he wasn't really qualified to counsel the son in any way.

But Mother! If I had foreseen all of these happening, I would have done something else, or something more, to avoid causing the Tians' exile to the Mortal Realm in the first place! Right now they're multiplying like a disease in the Far, Far West and spreading into Chang'an! Ernie argues petulantly, clearly not receptive of his parent's concern.

Wei Ying decides to cut short the son's rising temper, and distracts the latter by holding out his hands, signalling Ernie to hand over the little bundle of their family's joy wrapped in a moist, woolly towel.

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Clearly, Wei Ying's strategy worked, because Ernie switches gears and tells his parents about what he had managed to achieve with his vast repertoire of healing magics in the past couple of hours - which is good for his brittle psyche and boosts his self-esteem, at least.

Meimei is lucky because she doesn't have any bones, so nothing broke. She's as resilient as any tentacle-kin, having no backbone and no exoskeleton, and made up of fluids and shapeless mass, after all. The punctures on her vital organs and lacerations on her skin have been magically healed and she'd stopped bleeding--

At the last part, Lan Zhan's heart dropped a thousand miles beneath, and he quickly checked how his beloved princess is doing - he'd nearly forgotten about the terrible sight, which he dearly wished to remain as a nightmare that he could wake up from, of a furred two-feet long worm trapped inside her silk-cloth cocoon that was supposed to protect her, while being abused by evil female demons, set to fire and cooked in hot water, then millions of insects crawled atop her while she wriggled helplessly in agony because she could not fend off the insects' deadly fangs and jaws.

I've shaved away as much of the burnt fur as possible, so she looks like a patchwork of blackened bristles and raw pink flesh... please don't be

surprised at her appearance. There's not much I can do with the blistered peeling skin and scalds, other than to apply cooling herbal ointments and let time do its work. She's covered with stings and bites, so she's very sensitive to touch right now, and experiences a lot of pain upon any physical contact.

Ernie continues to detail, almost in a detached manner - as he tries his best to keep his emotions in check, as a stone-faced 21st century doctor would -, about his sister's medical condition, although both parents weren't really listening anymore as they humanly wept at Ni-er's pitiful state. Her body is unnaturally bent at odd angles, swollen almost everywhere along her length, and glistens pink-red and wet due to the exposed flesh, her breathing is laboured and wheezes loudly with each painful intake of air, and she seems semi-comatose due to the 51st-century medicines that Ernie had to administer as emergency treatment. As he talked, his fingers turned into multiple tentacle appendages, each weaving a healing spell into Ni-er's broken body and continued to repair her flesh and skin, thread by thread.

Wei Ying sobs, wipes his tears and cradles the cloth-wrapped giant bald cat's tail; the cloth is soaked with herbal gels and substances so that the skinless form does not dry out easily; he kept murmuring "Mommy is sorry, mommy is sorry, if only mommy can burn the universe and turn back time" - and Lan Zhan couldn't agree more. He finally understood, and felt his spirit shake with unmistakable rage and frustration, at how Wei Ying must have suffered during the snake ghoulish incident, and what drove the younger man to take such drastic, insane, mind-boggling actions - because at that point in time, Lan Zhan too, wanted to do that same. He wanted to *destroy* .

He balls his trembling hands into fists, and futilely pounds and crushes the straws on the stable flooring in unrestrained anger; muted cries of fury roar from the pits of his stomach to escape from his throat in an unheard-of call for vengeance.

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While a pale, teary-eyed Wei Ying goes to look for something edible for lunch - because winter is a terrible time to forage or hunt for anything, and because he's *sick* of dwelling on what had happened to their little princess - Lan Zhan is left mulling over his heartbreaking thoughts with the towel-swaddled, incapacitated but thankfully sleeping Ni-er in his arms. Ernie tries to be productive, and busies himself with bandaging his father's head and cleans the stables using 31st century tools he created on the fly armed with ultra-cleansing fluids and disinfectants; the *gege* will not tolerate anything untoward upon his helpless *meimei*, including infections due to the unclean environment.

Ernie goes around to sterilize all surface areas, break down individual stalls and vacuum up rotting straws, then replace them with pre-fabricated metal and concrete flooring and walls, install utilities and basic furniture, to turn the shoddy building into an acceptable temporary housing area of sorts. As he unknowingly displays his admirable skills in constructing homes, Ernie informs his father that he has conducted a deep introspective analysis to realign his life priorities, which is an important step for him to mature his thinking process anyway. He would no longer be following his parents' orders blindly - such as doing things the Good Ol' Ways, and carrying out pre-programmed chivalrous actions of protecting one parent at the expense of another - whenever he believes that different approaches are required.

... such as when meimei's life is in danger, I will save her first before the both of you. Because she is true kin to me, and not you - although you're both my parents, and my creators.

Lan Zhan flinches at the cold, hard logic which goes against tens of Gusu Lan's family rules on filial piety. In all fairness, he has Wei Ying to count on, so Ernie deserves his own company, which is his one and only sister - and it works the other way round too. The Grand Patriarch "Mn"s softly and acquiesced to his son's heartless, but not irrational demands.

In some ways, Father, I envision that meimei and I will eventually branch out of our family tree. We are tentacle-kin, destined to take charge of the master and beast-kin who are derived from us - that is, those who are not humans - and find our path in this universe. We can co-exist, but we cannot thrive under your rule in the long run, simply because we operate on fundamentally different concepts and levels. There may be alliances and even conflicts, and the nature of our relationship will depend on the circumstances that cause us to interact.

Lan Zhan had to ruminate on Ernie's words for a while because there are tremendous ramifications, as he gently pats Ni-er and rocks her in her slumber. Ernie lowers his hands, which previously split and transformed into multiple tentacles, each bearing a tool or a machinery component to carry out the required task to convert the stables, and returned to its original fleshy state after use - clear proof that Ernie is indeed *not* a human and can never be accepted by any living men outside of their family as kin, because such ghastly transformations will surely cause widespread horror and panic - and the teenager looks in askance at the father. His unblinking, pupil-less pure black eyes are awfully disturbing to look at, and if one stares closely into his mouth when he talks, multiple fleshy spinning gums bearing serrated teeth could be seen - again, Ernie has eerie monstrous features that only his parents and closest relatives can unconditionally accept; not any other human beings.

Lan Zhan sighs and "Mn"s again, and softly adds, "As long as you remember and appreciate your parents and your roots, that would be good

enough.” The memories of a long-forgotten dinner meeting on the 87th floor of a towering fortress could never disappear - because cold hard data can never be erased without administrator-level access -, so Ernie nods in mutual agreement.

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Wei Ying returns empty handed, and Lan Zhan tries not to look more disappointed than he already is, after failing spectacularly in trying to approach the Tians about his elder brother, then nearly getting killed and dragged his precious princess perilously close to the same ending, and getting a good scolding-cum-harsh lessons in life from his spouse who now refused to look him in the eye, and a son who suddenly grew up and sounds ready to leave the nest.

“Wow, Ernie’s done a good job with setting up a nice place to settle down for the afternoon. I was surprised when I backtracked from the forest and bumped into a metal hut rather than the stinky stables,” he praises the teenager as he closes the door behind him, thus silencing fierce winds from the outside. Ernie bows curtly to gesture that it’s his perennial duty to ensure reasonable accommodations for his immediate family. Wei Ying proceeds to remove his outer robes, which are covered by thick snow and he shakes himself like a wet dog, leaving puddles on the floor.

Ernie lifts a finger and a tiny Energy bolt zaps at a metallic pillar in the center of the hut, and it lights up with colourful, blinking lights, similar to what some people from the Far, Far West term as ‘Christmas Lights’; it functions like a traditional central heating system, amongst other uses. Wei Ying eagerly skips to the pillar and warms his hands and body from the winter freeze.

“Brrrr... the afternoon storm’s here, and I was lucky to reach the village before everything became blinding white. Too bad there’s nothing to eat other than tree bark and some dried, probably stale nuts buried underground. I can’t even find rabbit paw prints or hibernating bears!” he exclaimed with a muted, forced grin. The last part was meant to be a joke, but no one laughed, and the mood around him soured a little.

One of Ernie’s hands darkens into a worm-like appendage and stretches to retrieve his parent’s satchels at the far end of the hut, followed by his sister’s flowery pouch, as he walks over to a small kitchenette at one end of the hut - it comes with a couple of small stoves, a kitchen sink, adequately furnished cabinets, and has a countertop he could use for basic cooking preparation.

Mother, do not worry. I am happy that you had a walk around the forest to clear up your mind, at least. I had packed some fresh provisions in your satchels before we left our cave-home this morning, and there’s enough to make a light lunch of sandwiches, pancakes, rice balls and salads. If it is not enough, we can check what you’ve packed in your Bags of Holding or my vast inventory for a more wholesome meal.

Wei Ying, who in all likelihood feels a million times better after getting some fresh air, cheers up again and tells Ernie to make do with whatever they have on hand - so that nothing goes to waste. Then, he goes off to grab a few pre-fabricated mats, pillows and blankets from one of the edges of the building. He arranges the pillows and mats on the floor in front of the heart-warming lit-up pillar, sits on it and pulls a blanket around him. He lifts up a corner of the blanket as an inviting gesture to the husband, who had been quiet and alone for a while. Lan Zhan brightens up a little at the welcoming

sign, so he slowly makes his way to sit next to Wei Ying, careful not to jolt little Ni-er from her much-needed rest.

Wei Ying lowers the blanket around Lan Zhan and him, and together, they curl up under and in front of the makeshift Christmas Tree with their precious princess in hand. As they watched the colourful and blinking lights move aimlessly on the pillar's surface, cocooned in warmth and love of a family huddling together in the dead of winter - Ernie, satisfied that his family is fine once more, meticulously carries out his kitchen duties.

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On the floor with a heated blanket around them, the family of four digs into a simple meal made with tender love by Ernie. Ernie said that Ni-er's delicate mouth, torn gums and punctured digestive system still needed time to heal, and she wouldn't be able to take solids in the meantime. The teenager cursed himself for not bringing liquid food such as milk; although the ruined pouch of apples she'd brought had been thoroughly cooked during the attack, the fruits were still too hard for her to munch and swallow.

I could masticate some food with an appendage and squirt the resulting mush down her throat, but she seems rather restless and wants your attention, Father. Ernie points at a wiggling Ni-er bundled in the towel, who had woken up shortly before, and she makes plenty of 'nngh-nngh' whiny noises; she is perhaps uncomfortable, hungry, in pain, and demands for attention and care in her own endearing ways. Her half-burnt tapered end of the head is full of prickly shaved fur sticking out in all directions; she faces only Lan Zhan and she keeps calling for him.

“Mn, I understand. Let your mother and I take care of this. Ernie, you’ve done well as a faithful brother, and you should enjoy your lunch,” Lan Zhan says with precious Ni-er nestled in his arms, and Ernie is secretly overjoyed that his father had said kind words about him. Wei Ying agrees and pats Ernie’s head, nudging him to finish his well-earned sandwich.

The scene is two men crowding around a burnt, furred two-feet worm (or tentacle), each taking turns to take a bite of food or fruit, chew, and then use their fingers to slowly dip the resulting saliva-mixed paste into Ni-er’s tiny mouth - is adorable, heart-warming and surreal at the same time. In between mouthfuls, Lan Zhan scrutinizes her face and body, finds patches of undamaged skin, and makes sure to place gentle kisses on those places - silent prayers that she will recover soon and show her lovable toothless smiles once more.

Little Ni-er gurgles.

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Wei Ying knew he had to step in to sort out Lan Zhan’s thoughts, when he watched his husband take the final nibble of the *jianbing* off his fingers - and stayed in that position for a long while, eyes staring unfocused at some off-distance away. He adjusts himself to sit cross-legged next to the other, calls out to the husband a few times, and seeing no response, he sighs and brashly pulls the older man down to lie on his lap. Ernie had carried off his fed sister earlier for another round of “Level Three protocol bio-musculature repairs and micro-physio-remediation works which requires full 51st century medical facilities and nanosurgery technology”, and

promptly whisked her through a portal to his underground kingdom he'd brought inside his body, leaving the couple to tend to each other inside the hut.

“Lan Zhan ah Lan Zhan, there you go again, you're sulking and drowning in your own misery even without a single drop of alcohol involved. It took me a walk in the forest to clear up the air, but for you, someone will have to walk you through your tangled forest of thoughts to bring you out,” the younger man says loudly to no one in particular, while stroking Lan Zhan's hair and rubs gentle circles on the bandage at the back of his head. The latter acts rather spoiled, like a child who finally admits his failure, and nnnghs then turns around so that he stuffs his face against Wei Ying's tummy.

“While you work hard to find ways and internally make peace with your own troubled emotions and feelings, we can deal with the facts first.

One, the thirty six Tian family members are gone, so don't dwell on it anymore. We'll just have to figure out Xichen *dage* 's location using alternative methods, when we're closer to Caiyi Town. I really have my doubts on the Tians' history in this timeline, such as, whether Tian *dajie* really lived and studied in the Cloud Recesses with your brother - because they've showed us how well-versed they are with dark, corruptive magics, and surely such aberrant abilities would've been discovered by the elders within the Gusu Lan; just as how you literally sniffed and tracked me down when I first used the dark arts to hunt Wen Chao, eighteen years ago.”

Lan Zhan listens attentively, although his interests didn't show on his face. He snuggles an inch closer into his spouse's waist. Wei Ying starts to run

his thumb and forefinger on the husband's earlobes, giving the latter a nice, sensitive earlobe-massage.

“Two, the Tians are a band of female demons and monsters from the Far, Far West that are merciless towards humans, and feast on people. Their society is headed by a Grandfather, which I think - and you'll probably agree - would be a reincarnation of your former great grandparent. It seems most of them have already built a base in Chang'an. They may not have the magic or technology to face us head on, however they work perfectly in sync as lethal overpowered killing machines, and are extremely smart to use military tactics over classic hand-to-hand combat - such as how they managed to hurt our princess with spells to keep her down, render her vision useless by keeping her wrapped up in the silk cloth that's supposed to protect her, and engage in swarming while she was temporarily disabled.”

Lan Zhan twitched, feeling the acrid sour taste of anger and bile boil up when he recalls the horror. Wei Ying intensifies his pampering by broad sweeping strokes across the husband's back to calm down the upset man.

“Ah, don't get riled up over the past. I try to look at it positively, so you should too. For example, at least I learned that the Tians are afraid of worms, so in our next encounter, I will ask Ernie to rain millions of worms on those demonic women so that they'll suffer an unforgettable hell!” Wei Ying grins and swings a fist in the air, in which an impassive Lan Zhan merely “Mn”s and perhaps, the edge of his lips curve up the slightest at the ironically funny imagery of females screeching as they tap-dance (of sorts) in wild panic on a sea of squirming slimy limbless soft-bodied invertebrates.

“Lan Zhan, it’s good that you’re feeling a bit better now,” as the younger man goes back to stroking the long, lush hair of the overindulgent husband, “so with that, here’s what I think we’ll do next, and you can speak up if you’re not agreeable.

First, my siblings will repopulate the Huang village. In actual fact, the village should not have suffered such a catastrophic ending, so we’ll do our part to keep it alive. This village will be our first of many outposts from the ‘Mounds, our headquarters.’”

Lan Zhan perks up visibly and turns to face the industriously-strategizing spouse, “... outposts?”

Wei Ying nonchalantly puts a hand into a pocket in his pants and whips out a sight for sore eyes - for Lan Zhan, at least - the spouse even packed his favourite earpick for their trip! Within heartbeats, Lan Zhan shifts and assumes his earpick-ready position, his socked toes curling in anticipation. The husband doesn’t really bother about the rest of the conversation, which is what Wei Ying intended in the first place - he’d state his proposals, get them signed off with a blanket approval by the Grand Patriarch, and they should be on their merry way soon thereafter.

“Well... for example, the Tians mentioned Gusu and Yiling, and sound quite familiar with their military strengths and clan-specific armaments, so we’re certain that they’re not your typical ignorant pale-faced and dim-witted Far, Far Westerners. I’ll get Ernie to send out advance scouts, have his satellites to spy on settlements and beam through visuals and information to my siblings for further action. I don’t really know what will transpire, but I’ve learnt this much from living with my brothers long enough to gain some knowledge on military strategies. They’ll probably

send our kins to monitor the situation on ground, set up bases and maybe bolster our defenses in their own discreet and surely honest ways. My *da ge* will know what to do, and he'll keep us informed, I'm sure."

Scrape, scrape, grrrrraze. Lan Zhan's eyebrows go up and down, following the sweet movements of the bamboo instrument tickling and relieving the itches with generous rakes and circles. He simply "Mn"s in response, with neither a care of the long-term future and of putting the entire Middle Kingdom under the guard of the Qishan Lan clan, because it feels Just. So. Good. to have his ears cleaned this way.

"So, Lan Zhan, let's continue our travels once our princess is feeling better, and," Wei Ying makes a point to drrrrrag and swwwwweep the earpick as deeeeeeep and as aaaaaabundantly as possible with his next few points, "No more heroics, no more playing fantasy in this real world, be more skeptical and don't trust strangers blindly, stop being careless and reckless, and please think more about us in whatever you do - your family, that is."

Lan Zhan aahhnns, wibbles and quivers delightfully as though he's deliciously electrocuted on the pillowed floor, and "Mn"s wholeheartedly with every single one of Wei Ying's requests. There is also an unspoken mention of Thanks in his "Mn"s, because Wei Ying can *feel* those words even without being heard - perhaps Lan Zhan thanks for the ear-cleaning, perhaps he thanks the younger man for saving him and their princess from the jaws of death, or perhaps he thanks in appreciation of the pep-talk from a man a little more than half his age, but is twice better in handling stressful situations.

Wei Ying places a soft kiss on the husband's forehead, and whispers "You're welcome", before resuming the heavenly service on one, then both

ears.

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After a disastrous start since leaving the 'Mounds, Lan Zhan learnt to pick up the pieces with his spouse's support and with the help of his children, and moves on. Figuratively speaking, he's still on a crutch and requires constant attention from his family members, but he's getting used to it, and he's changing his ways to become more reliable and competent, and more befitting of a Grand Patriarch of his family.

He had envisioned riding Bichen to various towns and cities with Wei Ying next to him, with his children on piggyback, then he would make many stops and show his family the places he'd visited during his younger years, and they could have picnics by picturesque lakes or stay in homesteads on hillside farms with wonderful panoramic views every sunrise.

If that didn't work, then perhaps, he would take a white horse (which could be a desirable transformation of Ni-er) while Wei Ying sits on a black donkey (which is probably Ernie anyway) and the both of them could travel around the Middle Kingdom and satisfy their sense of wanderlust while journeying to their ancestral grounds, and Wei Ying would make tons of family photo albums because they'd visit numerous scenic locations such as rustic and charming villages, trails leading up to snow-peaked mountains, look over impressive sharp cliffs and windy river gorges, and walk along sparkling white sandy coasts - which are all simply InstaWei-worthy.

It seems real life sometimes puts people in a pinch, and he'd have to bear with it, really. Gone are the fairy tale-like adventures he'd fantasized since his days in the 'Mounds - in the deep, realistically brutal winter, where food is scarce, shelter is non-existent and the weather is always biting cold, and furthermore, there are predators in the forests and intelligent man-eating monsters prowling the roads that he'll be travelling on - he needs to beef up the family's strengths and make better use of their wits to survive the trip.

By nightfall, Lan Zhan has come to terms with a little more of reality. The snow continues unabated and they're in fact snowed-in inside the hut for the day - they've lost a bit of time, their travelling schedule will probably go haywire a wee bit, and additionally, Lan Zhan realized that his beloved guqin was destroyed during the attack in the morning (when in fact he really, really wanted to destroy the Tians at that very moment in his uncharacteristic outburst of anger and vengeance); so Lan Zhan is left with his trusty ol' Bichen as he bids goodbye to the guqin, whom he recognizes with a heavy heart as the first casualty of their crusade against evil and to save their ancestral homes in this universe that has gone horribly, horribly wrong.

Notes for the Chapter:

Work is eating into what little time I have left for writing this crazy story. I can feel that the momentum for fic is losing its steam, so let's see how far longer this will go. Don't be surprised if the story goes on hiatus a while, but I'll try to make sporadic updates as and when interest and time allow.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 80

“...mm-hmm... mm-hmm... okay, I understand *da ge* , thanks for filling me in on what you guys are doing to help us through this journey... I appreciate that... I didn’t expect that our patriarch would fail so spectacularly on the first day, and I ended up with a dysfunctional son plus a daughter on life support after that... I really didn’t know what else to do!”

“Yeah, Ernie’s her surgeon for the day and I’ll text you as soon as she’s out of the ICU. What are the odds that she’ll be alright? Will she be disfigured? Disabled? Or-- really? Thank Goddess Guan Yin! Oops, sorry, I know there are no real gods left... *er di* , can you tell me more about tentacle-kin and their, err... natural constitution? Behaviours? Culture? I don’t know which words to use, but you know what I mean. Just tap into my mental connections... Well, don’t blame me for not knowing what my daughter is made of! You’re the one that’s spent the most time with them and the master/beast-kin, not me!”

“Of course I was heart-broken, *er di* ! I’ve kept my connection to ErNet twenty-four seven, just like *da ge* advised... yeah, you heard it right when Ernie said that Ni-er was above him, and then I realized that Ni-er places her father above her, which leaves me right at the bottom of the food chain - me, the mother of the family, can you believe it!... mm-hmm, you got that right, *san ge* , I was a little devastated inside. I’m so glad you’re all around to help me out. Talking this through made me feel a zillion times better. Having you guys as relatives is the best decision I’ve ever made since summer!”

“I love you too, *didi* . And the rest of you too. I’m the only one among our kin *without* a universe in my name, and don’t even get me started on owning a multiverse... yeah, I know, I’m the poorest among the lot, the runt

of the litter, even though I carry the grand title of First Father Wei, right? Ha ha ha! Sorry, that was a joke, but I can't help cracking one every time I feel a little stressed... Oi! don't blame me for being a virtuous, principled man, *da ge*, 'cause that label is reserved for our patriarch! Ha ha ha!"

"So, did I get it right, that *da ge* will plan and orchestrate everything with his awesome magic and brains, *er di* will send back-up whenever needed including re-supplies, *san ge* will keep watch over us with his awesome wizardry with technology, and *didi* will make sure there's always enough resources for everyone? Mm-hmm... wow, I'm impressed that you've got your kingdoms, clans and universes sorted out so easily. I can't even handle a stubborn old-fashioned husband and two kids of different species, and they're all driving me nuts!... That's a joke, actually, *er di*, sorry... I'm not crying right now..."

"Yeah, I heard what Ernie said about taking back the master/beast-kin back with his sister. I'm cool with that, since *da ge* can always magically create the fastest and strongest animals and beasts for our own use, *san ge* can design exotic or smart ones with artificial intelligence using 51st century techno-magic science, *didi* has plenty of planetary bio-reactors for mass production, and my BFF *er di* can, in my stead, do the quality check and make sure no ferocious dogs accidentally roll out of the production line. I was just kidding about the last bit, ha ha ha! But really, I'm still scared of dogs till today! You... You're not anymore? Huh, what did you do? Teach me, *er di*!"

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By late afternoon, the sun had set faster than expected, and the family of four hunkered down inside the small hut to brave nightfall in the thick of

winter. Their pre-fabricated hut resembles a humble studio apartment with adequate furnishing but lacks proper insulation for long-term staycations. The winds had grown stronger during the latter part of the day, the walls creak and wobble every time a wave of snowstorm blasts their tiny abode, and ice-cold air easily seeps through the windows and gaps between pieces of plastic wall or flooring.

On the first and catastrophic day of their so-called road trip, each had learnt some eye-opening lessons in life from the encounter with the Tians, and inculcated valuable adjustments to their lifestyles to meet the challenges for the rest of their journey. Ernie returned from his portal, preferred to retain his teenage Dark Lan Wang Ji form “because being bipedal and having two functional hands with a head on top, made him feel superior in evolutionary terms, and improved his motor skills”. He spends the afternoon sitting on the sofa, caring for his *meimei*, who has undergone numerous special surgeries and treatments that only tentacle-kin can understand and appreciate, and Ernie keeps mum over what he’s given to her. However, it’s clearly evident that the siblings are bonding well to each other, when Ni-er doesn’t mind latching onto her brother’s sparse breast and suckle a milkless nipple to sleep; her battered body is still weak and needs plenty of rest to recover; her skin has improved quite a bit, although still pale and bruised in complexion in some places, bald and bristles in others; Ernie also comments that he’s woven into her worm-like body “51st century precognitive point-defense systems that will intercept all threats and launch counterstrikes within a split nanosecond, including privileged access to root directories of Corruptive magic to alter the realities and make sure *meimei*’s Purity-based form will never suffer like THAT again, and embedded with constant ErNet satellite uplink to connect with others of Ernie’s creations and his master/beast-kin in the vicinity, so that she will always be able to live a happy, carefree life and grace our presence with her sacred toothless smile all day” - then, like the father, Ernie bends down to smooch her newly fixed but still furless pink cheeks, and she gurgles in response - because in all respects, despite her much-touted capabilities, she’s still a baby (or a toddler) a little more than a month old in age, and doesn’t quite yet understand how cruel and savage the Mortal Realm can be.

The human couple is fine with their children's new relationship, because a few hours after lunch and the heavenly ear-cleaning session, Lan Zhan starts to complain that his rump aches and worrywart Wei Ying takes him into a separate room - their designated bedroom - to check and fuss over the husband's buttocks. Upon peeling off the pants, Wei Ying discovered a large ugly bruise on the hips and glutes, and exclaims that the husband had either fallen hard or was mercilessly stomped on, when the Tians assaulted him.

Lan Zhan was ordered to lie on the bed with his backside facing the ceiling, and the younger man starts rummaging his Bag of Holding for some homemade multi-purpose medicinal paste which is used for insect bites and bruises as well. "Lan Zhan, can you go down on your hands and knees, so that I don't have to bend too low to apply the paste, and it'll be easier to rub the paste deep into your injured muscles that way," he instructs the husband as he fishes out a jar of the needed traditional therapy.

The husband "Mn"s and obeys without hesitation, though rather unenthusiastically. Wei Ying wonders if Lan Zhan had gone back to his 'misery mode' - he'd learnt that Lan Zhan's mood soured every time the Tian's name is mentioned - so he decides to give the latter an extra special side dish to the main menu; after swabbing the paste over the bruised areas, Wei Ying intentionally dips his lubricated fingers into the rosebud and scours the insides until he finds the walnut-sized gland, and starts scrubbing it with three fingertips. His other hand, also covered with paste, goes to the husband's exposed, pantless crotch, and lazily plays with the limp organ dangling between the legs. His fingers flutter over the slit and alternate between feather-light glides and generous hard strokes, and he expertly pleasures the sad-looking member until it revives with renewed energy, swells up and hardens considerably. The twin sacs are not neglected; he palms and cups each testicle tenderly, drawing erotic curves and circles along the middle of the sensitive perineum and between the balls.

Lan Zhan keeps his head down and refuses to say anything, however the heavy breathing, the ever-so-slight tremor in the thighs, and a sheen of sweat forming on the broad back say otherwise. Wei Ying continues to lovingly touch and coax the husband out of his despair, and teases the loins until the member grows to a familiarly impressive girth and length, heavy and engorged, and tightened balls rise towards a much-needed orgasm to de-stress with great vigour, and relax the man who bears the most burden of his family.

Without warning, Ernie bursts into the bedroom and walks in without knocking (because sometimes he doesn't bother with human greeting etiquettes). He rudely asks, *Mother, meimei is sucking too hard on my breasts and it's starting to throb, what is happening and what should I do?*

Lan Zhan's bloated prostate vibrates with delight as it contracts repeatedly and drains all its body-warmed sticky fluids into the twitching penis, and Wei Ying's hand continues to pump the organ gloriously, without any delays or edging, towards a wonderful climax - even in the presence of the grouchy son.

Wei Ying is unfazed - tentacle-kin aren't really receptive and do not care about human reproductive acts anyway (Ernie's bedded more warm human bodies that one can count in the distant past since he evolved from a slug-like form, and has fathered more children with human-kins than his parents would like to know; Ni-er is way too young to appreciate the birds and the bees, other than the fact that those two kinds of creatures, if created by Tians, hurt like hell, and she'd stay away from getting involved with the birds and the bees for a long while) - and Wei Ying replies from the bed, "I think *meimei* is hungry, because it's nearly her next feeding time. That's why she's sucking so hard - it happened to your father too. Be a good boy,

and make a snack for her. Use a finger to dislodge her mouth's suction and quickly get her to eat the food. Can you do that? Your mother's a little busy now, dear."

Ernie brightens up and "Enn"s enthusiastically - he's still the emo adolescent who wants to be independent, yet still clings on, and wants recognition and praise from his mother, after all - and goes off to the kitchenette to puree some food for his *meimei* . He has infinite amounts of edibles in his special universes kept inside his cold black mass beneath his robes, and it takes a few seconds to draw out the needed ingredients to make a bowl tasty soft snacks for the adorable sister (he'd ordered a shipment of fresh milk but that hasn't arrive in the warehouses of his special universes yet).

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, blissfully ejaculates into his spouse's waiting hands with copious amounts of thick rich seed, curling fingers and toes, and audible ahhs, nnngh and hnnghs echoing off the walls of the bedroom - twenty twitches this time, not thirty. Wei Ying rubs the prostate in circles, triangles, squares and stars, and continues to stroke the completely-emptied cock, and manages to wring out another ten more weak, diluted pulses, in order to make up to the grand total of thirty twitches, before both are fully satisfied.

Lan Zhan turns around and lies on the bed again, facing the ceiling, exhausted, actually *smiling* in a rather drunken manner (because he's fully flushed from cheeks to the chest), as Ernie's preparations fill the air with the sounds of pots clanging and blender machines whirring - because the door to their bedroom isn't closed. Not having to do housework and meal preparations means the parents have more time to enjoy their time together and heal their wounds - both physically and emotionally.

Wei Ying undresses both of them, and soon, he gives the husband a nice flirtatious show of sitting on the latter's crotch in a cowgirl position, openly masturbating his cock with one hand, and using the other to stretch and later, finger-fuck himself with plenty of lubricating paste. Lan Zhan becomes exceedingly mesmerized by the captivating sight of Wei Ying pleasuring himself, accompanied by alluring moans of “*lao gong , lao gong* , my hole feels lonely, can you come inside and fill me up?”, “ah, ah, am I tight enough, or have I loosened it too much? Please taste my hole with your hot and strong stallion penis!” and “Lan Zhan, I'm ready to conceive tonight. Please shoot your powerful sperm here, and make lots of babies inside me?” - Wei Ying had taken a few lessons from the *san ge* about dirty talk, and he succeeds in arousing the husband to full mast in no time. When he's prepped, Wei Ying performs a jaw-droppingly sexy pole dance using the husband's aching-hard penis as the instrument of seduction and pleasure, with lots of raw, deep hard fucking, sensuous gyrating hips, and grinding each other's naked, cum-covered cock and balls. Lan Zhan spends the next couple of hours with exquisite agony and lust painted on his face, his back aches from arching too many times, his hips tire from thrusting rapidly until every last muscle fibre cramps up; despite the strenuous workout, he secretly enjoys orgasming as many times he wants into Wei Ying until he is gratefully emptied, and he feels absolutely relaxed and boneless in the aftermath; his penis has gone to heaven and become numbed from the mind-blowing pleasure. Wei Ying, the faithful lover, continues to bounce and ride Lan Zhan into the late evening with delectable wet squishes, barely-felt rolling penile contractions, and weak spurts between them, to heal the husband's broken heart and spirit, so that the latter will once again rise and lead the family.

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Dinner is a quiet affair of classic Old Middle Kingdom cuisine using ingredients and stocks from Ernie's underground base. Ernie dutifully cooks for the family again, and he tends to his sister's needs. Ni-er is mostly sedated from the drugs flowing in her bloodstream, while Lan Zhan is

tranquilized by too many forced ejections until his loins felt airy and non-existent. The mother spoonfeeds the drooling husband, who had short-circuited many times over the course of the day (and he uses his free hand to text his siblings on the holo-phone, and send some family wefies via WeiChat - Lan Zhan's droolsome, slothful, sex-flush-drunken and dying expressions look ugly, as usual); the son properly cares for the sister in a more normal and respectable manner (really).

Ernie spends time with his sister, and watches her as she slumbers off early - she is recuperating well, fur is starting to grow on the bald patches, and she will probably be up and about by the next morning. He gently bathes her, rinses off dead and peeled skin, changes her bandages, applies medicines, and keeps her wrapped in Christmas Lights-warmed towels.

Wei Ying, on the other hand, spends a few hours after dinner practising his *da ge*'s awesome magic - which is key to improving his cultivation skills anyway. He attempts to wield spells with increasing efficiency and effectiveness, summons (actually, borrows) Wei-kin clones from his siblings, and uses Lan Zhan as a practice target. The semi-conscious Lan Zhan gets a free one night stand with a harem of virgin Wei Yings - multiple virgin young males rub their cocks against Lan Zhan's wilted member, playing dick-fencing, begging lewdly for sex and Lan Zhan has no other choice but to indulge in their sweet honeyed requests, flavoured with precum and Wei Yings' three-twitches when they cannot get enough of their beloved Grand Patriarch; although Lan Zhan ends up shooting blanks or nothing at all, anyway.

Wei Yings lie on top of each other, whether by spooning or embracing from the front, and form tempting stacks or sandwiches of two to three individuals each around the bedroom. They'd rub and frot against one another, mewling and purring for their *lao gong* to breed them in pairs or triplicates. Lan Zhan, drunken from lust and with his spouses regularly

zapping Love and Energy spells directly to his nether regions, gets a mega-boost to his confidence and masculinity. He'd rush to one of those Wei Ying-sandwiches head-on, voraciously attacks with the stamina of a lion in heat, royally fucks the spouse on top for ten thrusts, then shifts his body lower, and tastes the bottom spouse for another ten pumps, then turns around to lovingly assault another enticing sandwich of Wei Ying-rosebuds. After having his fill of a few tasty, slick nubile sandwiches, he finally orgasms (very weakly). A few spouses happily crowd around his groin and use their lips and tongues to pleasure his butthole or suck and roll his convulsing balls while Lan Zhan crests his peak, and sure enough, he gets electrocuted by another pleasurable sexual shockwave and his eyes roll to the back and he *howls* because he soars *beyond* mere mundane mortal orgasms when his whole body contracts and squeezes out every last drop of crystal clear sexual fluids while marvellous Invisible Hands penetrate his pelvis and stroke his cockhead furiously - before he's lifted and dropped onto, and effortlessly slides into another Wei Ying's rosebud-sandwich and is forced to repeat the cycle and his laudable performance. His penis quivers and shakes wildly with angry-red joy when it gets to savour the different flavours and tightness of young Wei Yings, especially the classic favourites - hot, tight, virile teenagers, and warm, breedworthy, loving twenty-two year olds; his brain promptly shuts down when he lost count of how many thirty-twitches he'd made inside each lovely Wei Ying, because the population keeps increasing inside the packed bedroom anyhow, and he could never breed all of them in a single night.

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Day Two starts off with a more pragmatic, low-key exit from Huang village, which is in the process of being repopulated by Wei and Lan-kin disguised as a heterogenous community of peasants and farmers. Wei Ying watched at the first ray of sunlight peeking from behind gathering masses of clouds hovering above grey hills and plateaus, and with wonder in his eyes, at numerous space-age container vessels equipped with anti-gravity thrusters shuttle back and forth from a crackling black portal. They arrive in

droves, stop at designated locations around the village, then open up like unboxing Christmas presents. Squads of appropriately-dressed men and women emerge from those blossoming vessels, then enter unoccupied buildings and take up residence. They seem to have received education about life in the village, as they walk with a stoop in their posture and a swagger in their steps, and they talk amongst each other with thick rural accents. A few more vessels opened to reveal equipment, inventory and even livestock derived from beast-kin; when the Tians attacked and wiped out the villagers the day before, they slaughtered their farm animals and destroyed a number of primitive farming equipment and storefronts, so these have to be replenished at the Kingdom's cost - with the added bonus that the stuff provided by the Kingdom contains time-inappropriate technology to maintain an impenetrable defensive parameter to protect the village-turned-outpost. A magical barrier surrounds the village, which camouflages the scenery and shields the newcomers (actually, citizens of the Kingdom of Lan) from prying eyes from faraway lands, and is no different from Ni-er's barrier around the royal couple's cave-home.

Wei Ying instantly regretted the moment he stepped out of the pre-fabricated modular hut into a dreary grey scenery - the weather was awful, violent winds whipped against every inch of bare skin, and even five layers of robes weren't enough to stave off the cold. The temperature had dipped below zero in the wee hours of the morning and winter's grip around the western plains of the Middle Kingdom remained as strong as ever.

Little Ni-er, who had barely grown a layer of white undercoat over the bruised and healing skin, whines loudly and pitifully when she experiences the bitter deep freeze, and shivers almost immediately. Lan Zhan swaddles her with folds of his woolly bathrobe and hopes his body heat will keep her warm; he'd fashioned a nappy out of Ni-er's ruined flowery pouch by washing and fixing the fabric with a few good stitches using magical sewing kits, then Ernie weaved Space-class spells to turn the pouch into a mini-Bag of Holding, and they bagged her fuzzy rear end with the pouch so that she could crawl around without bothering the family with her precious

metabolic wastes; Lan Zhan could finally relax and didn't have to bear with the pain of gemstones scratching against his clothes, and Wei Ying needn't busy himself to pick up gold and silver pieces from the floor.

Mother, Father, let me be realistic about the situation. No living being with a mind of his own would travel under such adverse weather conditions; however, we're an exception because we're trying to make up for lost time and reach Jiujiu's place before the Imperial armies. Flying on swords will be lethal as you'll be blown away within minutes, ground transport by horses isn't a viable option because frostbite will kill you within hours, and all roads leading out of Qishan have been buried under six feet of snow, therefore rendered impassable. There will be hardly anything to hunt for food, and trying to make enough drinkable water out of ice in this weather will exhaust your qi energy before sundown. There are natural predators such as hungry bears and wolves, and getting lost in blinding snow storms is a real threat.

"Lan Zhan, it wasn't this bad last year, was it? I remembered when we stayed at Mian Mian's home at the fringes of the 'Mounds, it was snowing heavily and cold - but not like this," Wei Ying remarks and glances at the husband, and promptly sneezes at the latter's face because his nose had turned red and snotty. He hops from side to side and rubs his hands profusely, trying to keep himself warm - burning up precious calories from their meagre breakfast of cold breads and dumplings in the process; because they wanted to start off early and eat along the way, in order to make the best of short winter daylight.

"Mn. It is... unusual, indeed," Lan Zhan replies - fully replenished spiritually (and physically, in some sense - his cheeks glow), as he looks up at the cloudy skies. His forehead and the tip of the nose turned pink too, and he pulls the furred edges of his outer robes tighter against himself. Little Nier's tapered head peeps out from the collar of the undergarment, and

quickly retracts to snuggle into her father's bosom because it is simply too cold for her.

Ernie decides to take the initiative to *decide* for his parents, and transforms himself into an acceptable mode of transportation. His body turns black and melts into a shapeless form, before solidifying into a shaggy bulky beast of burden suitable for travel in the local terrain and weather - a black-brown domestic yak of sorts; he looks more like a stocky, horned bull with very long hair, and his legs aren't hooved - they're clawed feet, resembling a bear's. His clothes disintegrate into a lighter-coloured mass, and reshapes into a primitive enclosed wooden carriage on four wheels, complete with small windows on all sides. A door at one side of the carriage opens automatically - it looks more like a shoebox the size of a compact car, really.

Hop in, there are comfy beds and seats inside, and an environmentally-friendly electrical heating system to keep everyone warm and toasty. The weather is only going to get worse, according to our advanced satellite climate prediction systems. The sustained cold front definitely deviates from known historical data of year-end weather, and I am beginning to suspect something is amiss. Let's go, and I will download and analyze data as we move along.

The trio get onboard a comfortable first class ride, and Ernie the yak slowly pulls the carriage through the snow-covered landscape. A few passer-by Wei and Lan-kin wave at them and the royal couple raise their hands in response to bid farewell to the village that had tragically suffered so much, but served its purpose to warn the Kingdom of Lan of the impending doom that befalls the Middle Kingdom.

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It is admittedly a boring trip cooped up by four walls, and at the same time, it is inconceivable to think of stepping out of the carriage to explore the route, take some pretty InstaWei-worthy photos, let alone go for exciting side-adventures, because everything is too damn *white* on the exterior. Fortunately their transport includes a small toilet stall on board; neither man could withstand peeing in the freezing cold which would turn urine into ice and petrify their shrivelled dicks instantaneously.

Ernie had done a commendable job by stocking up a couple of cabinets with tasty and filling boxed meals and bottled drinks typically offered by 31st-century spaceliners for rich elite travellers, a microwave oven and kettle to make sure the passengers are able to have hot food and beverages around the clock. Wei Ying asked out of parental concern if Ernie was doing fine with the terrible weather, if he felt cold, and if he needed to stop, rest and have a bite to eat.

Thank you for your concern, Mother, but I am well. I am protected by 31st-century thermal coats which can endure even the coldest sub-zero deep space temperatures, and the restaurants in my special universes keep us well-fed throughout this trip. Even as we trudge through the road, I am being nourished by a horde of beast-kin who continuously carry and dump loads of synthesized macro-molecular sustenance irradiated with enriched Aldebaran neutro-oxy-siliconium rays with added supplementary edible bio-alloys from the Gamma Sector of the Large Magellanic Cloud Nebulae into my internal, endlessly consuming organo-chasm of Corruptive ingestion and digestion.

Wei Ying “ooh”s disinterestedly because he has no idea what Ernie tried to describe (it sounds unappealing and unappetizing anyway), though the latter is proud and blatantly puffs up his bovine chest at the showcase of his brilliant extraplanetary planning and execution. “Ernie, you’ve done well. Thank you,” Lan Zhan clearly states his gratitude to the son who displays remarkable aptitude in Perfect grace and hospitality to the family. Ernie is all too happy to walk a little faster against the fierce winds, while moo-ing (more like, grunting) old Yunmeng tunes mixed with choruses from Gusu folk songs although hardly anything can be heard through the blizzard. The wheels creak under the weight of its occupants and bump from time to time over loose rocks and gravel - the path takes them along windy trails and into steep hilly areas en route to the southeastern borders of Qishan province.

The younger man contemplated on how to spend their travel time well - he activated his holo-phone with a flick of fingers and wanted to watch some downloaded movies or play installed 8d-game apps, but then thought of his precious princess who should be as hardworking as her brother in doing something productive. So, he placed a virtual holographic representation of the device on the seat in front of Ni-er, who had decided to crawl out of her father’s bathrobe because the carriage was warm enough, and she wanted to stretch her locomotive muscles anyway (the way her flowery nappy-pouch wiggles is just too adorable). Wei Ying swipes a few buttons and screens on the holo-phone’s display, and soon, little Ni-er is surrounded by a brightly-lit virtual 360-degree bubble full of projected videos of her maternal uncles and their extended families, from their respective universes. She shrieks with excitement when she recognizes some of the faces - like the *da ge* who gave amazing back scratches, and the *didi* who knows which ear pick to twiddle in front of her.

Wei Ying lets Ni-er babble gugus and gagas with her uncles, aunts and cousins; she seem to be able to carry out decent intelligent conversation with baby-speak, and the respondents have an uncanny ability to understand her gurgling noises, thanks to cross-species multiversal translation

technology from the 41st century built into the holo-phone. She bounces on the cushion, spins and whirls around merrily, as she converses with multitudes of screens, each beaming live feeds from a relative's home, kingdom or galaxy. When she becomes the center of everyone's attention, the chatterbox of the expanded household, and smiles toothlessly to garner plenty of "Awwwwws" and Likes from everyone, Wei Ying knows it's the right decision to let his family know that Ni-er is alright and that she misses everyone too.

Wei Ying returns to the oversized sofa that doubles as a bed, peels off his clothes, and proceeds to mount an infinitely patient but eager husband, who is also in the nude; thankfully, there is a privacy function in the holo-phone which blurs them out of view, so Wei Ying can spend a few hours making-out with the insatiable husband (who is coy about his desires, sometimes playing hard to get by pretending to read a magazine or a newspaper available on board), coax the older man to full attention in more ways than one using sultry gazes, luscious kissy lips, tantalizing tongue flicks, risque finger wiggles, pulsing ass-clenches and sensual gyrating buttocks - and when Lan Zhan puts down his reading material because his intelligent thought processes are thoroughly disrupted, Wei Ying giggles, pleasures the happy convulsing meatstick, and makes an effort to keep the husband inside him over many rounds of toe-curlingly delightful sexual intercourse that leaves his love tunnel flooded and swirling with the latter's viscous, liquidy and fertile seed-rich fruits of labour. Lan Zhan hnnngs uncontrollably, generally thirty times each, and once every half-hour, until he is thoroughly milked and worn out - but is satisfied with the First Class service to his loins, nonetheless.

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The journey from Qishan to Yunmeng would, by rough estimates, take a few days on a plodding yak cart. Shortly after midday and lunch, suddenly,

Ernie braked and the couple nearly fell off their seats at the unexpected stop. Wei Ying's oolong tea spilled to the floor and Ni-er lost a slice of ripened soft mango when the half-eaten fruit on a toothpick flew off Lan Zhan's grip and splats on the wall. The couple hears faint growls and snarls, but couldn't pinpoint the source of the sound as the windows are locked.

You may want to buckle up or pull off your seat belts, because we've got company - grey wolves at six and twelve o'clock!

Notes for the Chapter:

Here's a sprinkle of porn to make up for the lack of sexy times in the last few chapters. This arc is gonna be drawn out, because there's no real direction and the writing is just done on a whim. Let's follow their footsteps and see where the road leads!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 81

Wei Ying barely managed to push Ni-er into the carriage before slamming the door shut and sealing it with magic - because she clung so desperately to him and refused to be left alone inside the dark cabin -, the moment he stepped into the snow, one ferocious salivating wolf leapt from a bush and Wei Ying screamed for his life.

The wolves couldn't have picked a better place to mount an ambush. The family had to traverse a mountain range with deep ravines and valleys between avalanche-prone slopes. Ernie the yak was forced to maneuver slowly along a narrow, uneven path at the edge of a cliff that dropped at least two kilometers vertically to white-water rivers. Two packs of predators arrived amid violent gusts of icy wind - one at the front, and another from behind. Immediately, Lan Zhan raced out with Bichen drawn from its scabbard to defend the rear of their carriage, while Ernie stood his ground and tried his best to whack enemies at the front with his horns.

Wei Ying couldn't run and hide forever; he tried his *er di* 's tactic of imagining calico cats' faces on the wolves, but that turned out more frightening than expected. Without thinking, he panicked and somehow scrambled up a barren tree, nearly slipped due to the ice that formed on the trunk, until he was finally out of reach of three pursuing wolves - although that left him hanging helplessly onto the creaking, outermost branches with nothing but thin air between him and the turbulent rapids two kilometers below. The wolves tried to claw and jump up the tree, but stopped short of falling to their deaths when the animals realized that there was no way to snatch their prey other than to wait until the freezing weather takes its toll on the human. Wei Ying sobbed and shrieked in terror every time one of the canines snarled; he'd even lost his boots and the bottom of his robes had been shredded by an earlier attack from one of the wolves.

Lan Zhan wasn't so lucky - again. He managed to slice the wolves' abdomens and limbs when they hurled themselves at him with fangs bared. Lan Zhan could only attack one at a time, and when multiple beasts descended on him, he was literally mauled alive. He tried to parry with the scabbard and slash with Bichen; the wolves cried in pain, fell back and skidded on the frosty ground, however their wounds magically closed with innate healing magic - the black wisps bleeding out of open gashes that stitches and seals the parted flesh on its own, is disturbingly familiar -, and they launched themselves back at the sole human attacker. Within minutes, his sword was lost to the snow when canine teeth bury into his arms, and he crumbled to the frozen dirt when too many grey furred bodies hold him down and start mutilating his legs. Lan Zhan shouted in agony and continued to swing his hands blindly in a last ditch, but futile, effort to fend off the savage beasts. In a fight of a man - no matter how talented he is with swords or martial arts - against a pack of aggressive starving wolves during winter, it's evident who ends up at the top of the food chain.

Argh! These are no ordinary wolves! They're imbued with dark Corruptive magic and their body constitutions show signatures of the Corruptive effects, similar to the 'Mounds! Ernie roars in real pain, as five animals cling onto his back and tear into his flesh with their jaws, *I can't shake 'em off!* and he tries to gore one wolf head-on, but it nimbly dodged and counterattacked with a strangling bite to Ernie's bearded throat. The yak opens its mouth during the struggle and shoots a laser beam - the bright red light blasts a ledge above, resulting in rocks and sheets of snow crashing down to the carriage.

I can't shoot projectiles at them, otherwise an avalanche may fall and wipe us out! Ernie gasps panickedly and his tail instinctively hooks around one of the carriage wheels before it could slide off the cliff from the streaming snow. Another wolf pounces from the side and latches to Ernie's snout, effectively shutting down the laser-shooting orifice and suffocates the heavy stocky yak thrice the size of the bloodthirsty predators. It is a scene of

carnage resembling how lions pile up and drag larger prey, such as buffaloes, to the ground.

The pack of wolves operated with deadly military precision, Wei Ying realized belatedly from where he clung to his dear life, an ironically vantage point on a dried-up branch that could break any time from his weight; the canine animals split into smaller groups to take advantage of the narrow passageway, and each worked efficiently to separate Lan Zhan and Ernie, the two armed travellers, and worked to dispatch each one like carving meat out from the bones. The tight space ensured that ranged attacks couldn't be used; Wei Ying nearly took out his golden flute to try and save his scattered family members - then realizes that he holds the Pillar of World Balance in his hands, and any incorrect notes may cause an earthquake and send them skydiving down into the river gorge. His fingers tremble in fear from the presence of the wolves, so he really couldn't play his flute properly - and those three ghastly wolves waiting at the base of the tree trunk, whose eyes are redder than his own even when he is the Yiling Patriarch, and whose drool-coated fangs and ruthless growls elicit pure terror, made sure that he couldn't reach the husband or the children.

The wolves are by no means ordinary, as Ernie correctly guessed. They are able to use healing magic, and their claws glow with dark energies capable of slicing magical defenses - enough for a small group of wolves to thrash and mangle the hinges of the sealed door of the carriage after several attempts. Wei Ying cries as much as his lungs would allow before his voice became hoarse and gave way to the ear-deafening winds, when the predators managed to break open the door and rush into the carriage - and Ni-er high-pitched shrieks of terror froze Wei Ying's blood - at the same time, another pack of wolves slides down the cliff to join the savagery and lunge at the meatiest and most tempting-looking prey. The yak is finally overpowered at the sudden impact - more like an avalanche of wolves - and is sent flying over the edge of the cliff, and down, horribly down, two kilometers to the chasm below, pulling the carriage along to the lethal drop, including the wheels, the broken door, and gut-wrenching wet sounds of

wolves busily attacking, gnawing, chewing and mauling Wei Ying's precious princess trapped inside - everything goes downhill within a split second in a cacophony of a distressed bovine's yowling, wood splintering, the echoing wail of a living baby cat's tail, and the whimpers and yelps of wolves who found themselves falling to their deaths.

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The remaining wolves were shocked, and soon, terrified at the loss of the majority of their pack - including their alpha leader - and they whined and barked aimlessly. The other useful morsel - the bloodied man in white robes - had suddenly, perhaps magically, disintegrated like milk powder dispersed into the snow. Teary-eyed Wei Ying too, blinked in disbelief from atop the tree and above the rolling mists; his suffering is exacerbated by an unending onslaught of falling ice during the scuffle. Only the clothes, Bichen and its scabbard remained on the ground, and they are increasingly buried by layers of fresh precipitation.

Without any remaining scent of living meat besides the scrawny one who is unappetizingly too far away hanging onto a tree branch, the wolves meander around to sniff for any clues for a few more minutes, before leaving hesitantly, clearly downtrodden with their tails between the legs, at a failed effort to seek out food for their empty bellies.

Later, Wei Ying managed to pick his way with shaking hands down the tree, and his body was cooling fast in the extremely cold weather - the adrenaline had worn off, and he's faced with a new reality that he is now alone and very afraid. Wei Ying gingerly crouched at Lan Zhan's last known spot and tried to feel the ground by running his hands on disappearing footprints, his clothes and the equipment left behind. Despite the dim light due to a large

overhead cloud, he managed to find a few biscuit crumbs in between ice crystals and immediately recognized them as from a confectionary's origin.

Wei Ying remembered how Lan Zhan narrated one of his adventures in the heavens long ago, where his faded soul sought a body in the form of a magical biscuit baked from an oven. Following that, when the body is thoroughly broken, it does not stay in the realm and rot like any other living being's, rather, it crumbles and returns to its original substance. Strong gusts of wind blew - even those tiny pieces of baked confection are not spared - and Wei Ying loses the remnants of Lan Zhan's body to the surrounding mountains and valleys. He could only wail at the loss and pray that some kind creature in the mountains will benefit from finding the biscuit crumbs - which, in essence, have lost their magic and are simply baked food - and that Lan Zhan's soul and spirit will be rewarded with good karma.

Wei Ying sobbed very hard, as much as the man's tears would allow before they froze on his cheeks along with his snot in plummeting temperatures, when there was nothing else he could do other than to collect Lan Zhan's belongings; he puts on Lan Zhan's shoes to replace his lost ones, and wears the woolly bathrobe beneath his ruined, torn outer robe - although the enchanted bathrobe will save his life by radiating needed heat to sustain the wearer's body temperature, the oversized-ness which reminded Wei Ying of Lan Zhan's comforting embrace, and the familiar body odour that made him recall about Lan Zhan's love and presence, served only to multiply the young man's misery more than ever before. Everything else is squeezed into his satchel or rolled into a makeshift backpack strapped to his body with the previous owner's belt. He had to make a move, despite not having the husband by his side anymore, and despite leaving his two children whose fates are unknown underwater in the river gorge below - the sun would set early and predators continue to roam the wild winterlands because hunger does not differentiate between good and evil. With a sheathed Bichen in hand, he slowly hobbles off in ill-fitting oversized shoes, and onward through the mountain range in the bitter cold.

From a distance, a cursed shadow bird - a crow that emits black wispy trails, not unlike the ones used by the Wens nearly two decades ago - caws loudly from a ledge, and flies off.

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It's been a while since he had been alone, and fortunately the forlorn feeling of being the only living person within a day's walk from any nearby village, didn't put a damper on his spirits. If he kept his thoughts focused on positive things - such as reaching Dashan village by the next midday, stocking up on liquor at its tavern - the tasty rice wines produced from the rice fields in the fertile plains and valleys in the central region of the Middle Kingdom are on par with Laozu Smiles -, or further ahead, by the next couple of sundowns, he might be able to peer at the first signs of the famed Long River that feeds to the great lakes which house his ancestral home, the Lotus Pier.

It had been nearly two years since he last saw Jiang Cheng, and he wondered how the bratty younger brother is doing - based on the letter he'd receive, Wei Ying reckoned that Jiang Cheng hadn't changed much. He'll probably get a good scolding from the fiery Jiang sect leader - for whatever reason, be it due to his absence, his shabby look (his outermost robes look badly shredded at the bottom), or even a tirade of non-stop nagging about plum sauce - before being bear-hugged because despite the bad blood and all those terrible things that happened in the span of nearly two decades between them, Jiang Cheng is still the little brother who refuses to call him *da ge* but will gladly share a bowl of lotus root pork rib soup anyway.

Wei Ying huddled close to a hastily dug firepit inside a shallow cave, and stoked up the flames with more dry twigs. He found the rocky alcove after walking down a mountain, and felt blessed to be finally shielded from the violent snowstorm; with a couple of Earth spells, he managed to carve out a comfortable pocket large enough for him to lie in, and to cook a simple meal, while being fully protected from the elements of weather. On the firepit, there is a steaming saucepan containing instant noodles swimming in spicy chicken broth topped with crispy fried slices of spam meat, two hard-boiled eggs and some greens; it's amazing how much food and cookware could fit in his Bag of Holding and satchel - which are constantly refilled by unseen resupplies powered by space-time magic from his siblings.

As soon as Wei Ying blew the noodles on a pair of chopsticks and took the first bite, he nnnghs with relish at the delightful, synthetically (and slightly salty, greasy) flavoured taste - his body did a little wiggle-dance - of the 21st-century staple for bachelors. His worries dissipated for a while, as he ate directly from the saucepan and filled his stomach after a harrowing episode with his arch-nemesis - the wolves - and an exhausting climb down the steep cliffside route while braving the cold.

His holo-phone glows eerily from the cavern's floor, casting strange, flickering greenish light to the walls of his temporary shelter. It projects out moving images from another side of the universe, and allows him to converse with his siblings via video-conferencing.

“How are the noodles, *gege* ? My factories made this pre-packaged meal and I asked the manager to add some extra calorie-rich goodies to it. Don't forget the sweet fruit pudding on the side, it's packed with vitamins and all the essential nutrients you'll need for the day!”

“I’ve transmitted more supplies to your Bag of Holding, *er ge* , just put your hand into it and make a right-turn when you feel a five-petaled knob - it’ll take you to your new 51st-century inventory! I’ve also analyzed your current storage, patched some outdated items with newer upgrades, and made micro-fixes such as on our Grand Patriarch’s belongings.”

“ *Shixiong* ! I’m so sorry that the calico cat-face method didn’t work! I don’t really understand why... when I was under the hypnotic spell by the master-kin, all they did was to exploit my imaginativeness to superimpose a favourite lover’s face onto their anterior protrusion, and I became easily consumed with lust and insatiable sex drive for them... so I thought having a cat’s face might draw feelings of cuteness, or at least reduce the level of anxiety and fear! I’m so sorry!”

“ *Er di* , while you’re having your noodles, let me brief you on what our scouts and satellites have picked up.”

Wei Ying spends a few minutes catching up with his siblings, and “Enn”’s obediently like a student about to start a lesson in a class of four teachers beamed from the holo-phone, before slurping down his food diligently in small bites.

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Wei Ying gets a crash course about the natural wildlife and ecosystem of the Burial Mounds - something he had resisted when he had time in his hands that could have been spent better by reading up some useful

magazines, instead of whittling the days away by street peddling and looking for watering holes in Yiling during the summer.

The types and distribution of animals, both prey and predator, are about the same as the surrounding districts within Qishan, the all-knowledgeable *da ge* points out. However, Wei *san ge* says as he pulls up Wei-kipedia from ErNet and flicks through a few web pages to everyone's view, there exists a very rare sub-type of Corrupted wildlife that wander around the 'Mounds. These creatures are in most cases, sizable predators such as bears, foxes, wolves and birds of prey, who have lived long enough to absorb vast quantities of dark, vengeful spiritual energies from unmarked graves, decades-old mummified remains and half-buried bones, until such energies solidify to encase the animal hosts with Corruptive magic. Their bodies become so saturated with tangible, viscous embodiments of feelings of hatred, illnesses, curses, malaise and evil, that they constantly emit dark, smoke-like trails from their bodies. When disguised citizens of their Kingdom cleared the forests and settled down in the estate, they managed to capture, tag and release such animals and track them using 31st-century satellite technology.

"While there's nothing unusual about having intelligent, magically enhanced creatures roaming the Mortal Realm, since dragons, phoenixes and qilins exist and are even reared especially within the Imperial Palace grounds in Chang'an - however, what was strange about today's attack was twofold - one, in the last census conducted a month ago when we started turning the estate into farms, there were five such wolves. Today, nearly fifty attacked your carriage. Two, our kins tagged natural uncorrupted specimens too when they chased out the original inhabitants of the estate. Most of the wolves that appeared today were tagged ones, and were perfectly normal just yesterday, albeit a little malnourished," the teenage Wei-kin seems to read off a few reports and other screens in the background while swivelling about in his ultra-modern gaming chair - the amazing *san ge* has countless holographic displays around him in his dark 8d-enabled room inside his concrete fortress.

With a flick of the *san ge* 's fingers, ugly, tranquilized mugshots of the three wolves that kept him imprisoned on the barren tree appeared on screen, and next to them were screencaps from earlier the day; it's hard to say if they were the same individuals, however Wei Ying didn't find any sound reason to dispute his younger sibling's analysis.

“It's a good thing *didi* sent an *A* dvanced *S* tealh *S* hadow bird to tail you so that we get close-up live visuals, because *da ge* wouldn't shut up about letting you go alone into the woods,” the eighteen-year old Wei sibling sheepishly added, still feeling guilty for giving the wrong advice of substituting a cat over over a canine's body. Behind him, a number of Wei and Lan-kin seem to be busy shuffling back and forth with paperwork and strange gadgets in hand, running menial errands for one (or a few) universe(s).

“Ah! *Er ge* , I'm so sorry! If only I had installed anti-personnel capabilities to the A.S.S. bird, I would have commanded it to swoop in and save you all. But everything happened too fast, I was scared, and wasn't able to teleport more weapons from my warehouses during that critical few seconds, and, and...” the little nine year old starts to hiccup and cry in his busy command center with workers moving crates of *stuff* behind him.

Wei *da ge* sighs irritably at the situation and twirls a couple of fingers. All four individual screens move and *merge* in front of Wei Ying's eyes - a reality-bending feat that only the eldest among them can achieve. The teenager scowls in the background at the loss of his MMORPG displays, the room is suddenly flooded with the eighteen year old's and everyone else's servants - all of them stood still and looked dumbfounded at their sudden strange new surroundings -, and little *didi* tumbles when the chair he was sitting on rolls straight towards the tallest and oldest sibling.

Wei Ying chews thoughtfully at a hard-boiled egg, slightly surprised at what his siblings can do - but he's getting used to their brazen displays of breaking down laws of physics, because they do that all the time in their own multiverses anyway -, while the *da ge* plucks the small boy from the chair and puts the latter on the lap, then pacifies him with bear hugs. "Are you thinking what we're thinking?" the burly-looking man asks through the common display's microphone.

Wei Ying rubs his chin, and wipes off a stray trail of broth while he's at it. "A sudden increase in the population of Corrupted 'Mound wolves... and those wolves were Corrupted within a day under a process that normally takes decades in nature... plus, 'Mound wolves aren't known to move far beyond their boundaries, let alone as far as the edges of Qishan province - so they must've been intentionally travelling out of their natural habitat to follow us... in addition, wolves live in smaller packs, unlike the swarms we saw today, and they continued to hunt us despite the hunger and the availability of other easier prey such as winter rabbits, deer and hibernating rodents..." he looks up to the screen and swallows the half-chewed egg with effort along with a gulp of artificially-flavoured chicken soup from the saucepan, "*Da ge* ! Could it be that someone, or something, possesses the ability to control the dark arts, and used it to turn living beings to corrupted things to hunt us down outside of the 'Mounds?" Wei Ying asks suddenly and nearly drops the saucepan when he shoves himself closer to the holophone - a few strips of noodles spill to the ground. The young man quickly picks up the noodle pieces with his fingers, and his fingers became greasy in the process - but smell delicious anyway - he pops the noodles into his mouth, licks his fingers and spits out any grit or sand that stuck to the salvaged mouthful; good food mustn't go to waste, after all.

" *Shixiong* , what's more worrying is that my beast-kin servants and their Chow Chow clones of the Sun-Eating Dog scouted the mountain range shortly after you left the scene, and we found many more bodies buried

under the snow - all along the mountainous borders of the province. Their remains have been collected for further investigation, but I saw some of the autopsy footage and it's a pretty grim picture - they're all half-eaten by wild predators, and bear the tell-tale bite marks of Corrupted creatures!" the *er ge* exclaims over the conversation - everyone pales a little and Wei Ying feels his stomach churn in disgust and fear.

"It seems something is trying to keep people, including my family, from crossing the borders - or worse, keep us trapped inside Qishan," Wei Ying attempts at analysing the latest piece of information, and he didn't like the conclusion he came to.

"If yesterday's events are anything to go by, I would even hazard a guess that the Tians are involved and they intend to use this terrible winter season to massacre everyone closest to the Far Far West to safeguard their presence all the way to the capital city of Chang'an!" the eldest sibling conjectured, discomfort and disdain evident on his face. "Judging on how their kind perish so easily from Purity-class firepower from the heavens, it must mean they're somehow made of Corrupted magic, just like the essence from the Yin metal!" the *san ge* adds, when he whips up a web page filled to everyone's view filled with magic circles and ancient, convoluted explanations about magic classes and origins.

(One does not simply question Wei *da ge* 's awesome theories, or the infinite knowledge from the Kingdom's archives accessible by the *san ge* , no matter how ridiculous or far off they may seem; simply because the Wei siblings are known to have peered far, far into the future and relay bits of useful information to the present - cheat cards, really - to steer the extended Wei family's fate to the direction that they want; usually according to the *da ge* 's absolute rule.)

The remaining half of a boiled egg is left untouched, swimming in a pool of chicken soup. When spicy chilli powder from the bottom of the saucepan floats up to the surface, it turns the greasy meal into a cauldron of blood.

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Just then, Ernie in his Dark Wang Ji form appears from the side with little Ni-er in his arms. He steps into sight, hesitantly, looking around.

I figured something like this might have happened, when I walked out of the bathroom and instead of my underground kingdom's grand hallways of infinite portals, I see the da ge 's living room on the penthouse of the 888-floor new Wangxian headquarters.

Ernie looks just like the husband - with fully-blackened eyes -, albeit a couple of decades younger and his hair is wet from the shower, and has a light blue robe on. Beautiful but rather naked pinkish Ni-er, who looked as rotund and chubby as she could ever be - in fact, she looks more like a distended two-feet long bowling pin since her tapered head remained the same in size but her stomach is stuffed until the point of bursting - squees the moment she notices the screen. She shrieks "Mama!" at the same time as Ernie politely nods, and utters in greeting, *Mother* .

Wei Ying chokes and spits out half-bitten spam back into the saucepan, throws the chopsticks into it as well, before putting the whole ensemble back to the firepit, and responds heartily, "My *baobei* s!", while crouching over the holo-phone.

It's been... hard to remove chunks of meat and dried congealed blood from our bodies, especially meimei's underfur. I had to wash her more than five times with baby shampoos, and had to be very gentle because her fragile skin is taut, and still very sensitive from the recovery.

Wei Ying “Enn”s at the proud Ernie, half-listening, and rubs his fingers on the projected display at little Ni-er's bottom lip, while murmuring in babyspeak, “You cutey-wootey, you scared Mommy when your uncles say that you appeared covered in blood and needed a good wash.” Apparently 51st-century holo-phones are enabled with nth-dimensional communication technology, as Ni-er feels Wei Ying's fingers and she coos happily while being patted down with a small towel that appeared out of nowhere.

Less than five minutes later, the Wei siblings take turns to pamper and bottle-feed Ni-er (she still needs to feed every so often) - and mischievously massage-molest her bulging tummy, causing it to rumble and emit baby farts from her rear end. Ernie explains that his *meimei* had revealed her ‘first true form’ while they fell into the ravine, and she inexplicably devoured all forty eight wolves that followed them to the river gorge before Ernie safely teleported them to safety. Her appetite was so huge, that all pine trees and forested areas in the vicinity were stripped bare of leaves and bark, all living organisms perished into her bottomless stomach, and even the water in the river gorge was vacuumed up in a split second.

Ernie shakes his head. *It's the first time meimei showed her tentacle form, at an incredibly young age of just a month old, and honestly speaking I was spooked. Don't ask me how it was possible for her to eat everything on sight, even I cannot explain it using our tentacle-kin's biology - what was left down there looked like a barren snowscape of Pluto, except that even the tiniest ice crystals and loose rocks and sand were gone too. In time, the falling snow will cover the region, and we can always use shifting glaciers*

and avalanches as excuses... although I'm really not sure what else we can blame for the consequential drought caused by meimei 's action.

“What do you mean... drought?” Wei Ying asked, still tickling his precious princess on the screen. It felt incredibly real - even through holographic projection, his fingertips seem to ghost over Ni-er's fur and the fluffy sensations are truly heartwarming.

Ernie grips his hands behind his back and his Dark Wang Ji form seems to waver a little.

Err... it's just like the time when I first ate the Sun and caused a solar eclipse. Meimei ate everything in the valley - which is fine, since they'll be replenished in time -, but she inadvertently sucked up all the water from the river system that feeds into Long River that flows to the Great Eastern Seas. And... since there's not much rainfall during winter, I think... all the villages downstream and jiu jiu 's hometown will not have water overnight until the rest of the season.

The tickling stops, and little Ni-er whines in disappointment. Wei Ying's eyes widen like saucers and he helplessly shouts out “WHAT?!”.

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The much-touted well-planned two-week family reunion roadtrip to the East is fast becoming a farce of divinely if not cosmic proportions, at least from Wei Ying's perspective. If the nature of the first day's turn of events

was anything to go by, Wei Ying reckoned that the second day would be, in all fairness, still in line with expectations. His husband would just inwardly roll his eyes and point invisible fingers at the all-encompassing term of “Wei Ying-ness” while maintaining a poker face, and Wei Ying would gladly laugh at the mockery of his name, then grin at the offending husband with his trademark reckless bravado with a thumb pointing at himself and reply “Yes, that’s me” - except that the husband’s not by his side, and the whole situation isn’t entirely caused by a Wei Ying, courtesy name Wei Wuxian.

Wei Ying reasoned that by forcing their family to brave the deadly winter and its denizens, they’d unwillingly pitted themselves against dangerous foes - Tian family and natural wildlife included -, lost everyone in the travelling party save for one sole survivor still standing in the Mortal Realm, lost precious time because his *san ge* ’s indisputable five-day weather forecast announced that he’s effectively snowed in for the next three days due to worsening weather, thus the stakes are ever higher to get out of Qishan and save Jiang Cheng and his ancestral sect - plus the husband’s Gusu Lan sect, if the situation doesn’t warp into unimaginable magnitudes in the coming days.

(He could, in theory, snow-proof himself with a Fire Shield; however, that would mean trudging and mowing through hundreds of kilometers of six-foot tall ice and trying to stay barely warm enough - which would gobble up all his *qi* energy within hours - and to be at the mercy of horrid winds that could send avalanches and rockfalls to his way - which would spell instant doom.)

The young man calculated with fingers that by the time he leaves his comfortable prison in the borderlands of Qishan, it would be Day Five, and if he was fortunate enough not to run into any more trouble, he could rush through Dashan and a few more villages - pit stops, really -, forget about

sleep and rest, nevermind the dangers of journeying through treacherous snowstorms that could kill men like freezing water in midwinter (which is technically ranked as “very common”), and reach Lotus Pier with unbelievably empty lakes and lotus-less ponds shortly before the end of the second week. Jiang Cheng would have to face an army of local insurgents and Imperial soldiers, and the cavalry that’s supposed to arrive to help him out is a mere single man no other than the foster brother.

“This... this is ridiculous! Unacceptable!” Wei Ying exclaims to no one in particular. His voice echoes off the walls of the little rocky pocket of warmth hidden in the vast snow-blasted mountain range of Qishan’s borders. His holo-phone has long gone dark to stretch its battery life (although it recharges itself constantly by drawing undetectable energies from fine natural inter-dimensional space-time fatigue lines found all over the universe) and to give himself some peace of mind (he’s just had a huge argument with his son about lakes, ponds and taps going dry, his remote brothers aren’t really helpful under such circumstances, and he couldn’t possibly binge on movies and other entertainment options from the mobile device during such dreadful, despairing times).

Wei Ying stretches and lies down, using the satchel as a pillow of sorts, and nearly avoids knocking over the empty saucepan on a firepit of softly-glowing embers kept alive using advanced extended-release Fire spells. There’s very little space to move around, and it feels rather claustrophobic; Wei Ying is at odds with himself to choose between enlarging the cavity of his shelter with Earth-based magic, or suffer a few hours of dust inhalation from stoneworks - and postpones such trivial decision-making to a later time when he has finally cooled down; it’s dangerous to cast anything powerful when one’s state of mind is anything but calm, lest he causes an earthquake and buries himself under cave rocks. He takes off his torn outer robe, spreads it and uses it as a blanket to cover himself - Lan Zhan’s bathrobe will keep the wearer warm enough.

He curses when he remembers the husband - the handsome image of a man in his mid-thirties floats in front of his vision for a moment. "Useless, good for nothing, hopeless, unreliable!" he mutters under his breath angrily, with a tiny pout, then rolls to the side bundled up in his robe-turned-blanket.

Adding salt to the wound is the fact that Lan Zhan is fortunately alive - as expected, since he's an Immortal - but is unfortunately incapacitated for a while longer, just when Wei Ying needed him the most. His siblings countered that claim, saying that Lan Zhan's weakened presence would only drag down the young, supposedly extraordinarily gifted man during his heroic journey to save his ancestral Jiang home. A great and talented former Yiling Patriarch Wei Wuxian could do everything by himself, the smug ex-megalomaniac *da ge* chipped in, obviously secretly overjoyed that for once, the surname of Wei tops that of Lan in terms of longevity, which can be reported to the state media of ErNet as attributed to the strength, endurance and glory of the Wei-kin.

Lan Zhan, whose body had been turned into biscuit crumbs and blown away by fierce wintry winds, had his soul sucked into the Underworld following usual life-death-rebirth cyclical procedures. However, without the Book of Judgement around, all souls that had departed since summer (when the universe was reincarnated and gods became extinct) remained stuck in hell, and withered into nothingness within days. Lan Zhan's permanently ultra-bright Immortalized presence in the depths of the planet lit up like a lightbulb in Christmas, and was quickly spirited away by his progeny Wei and Lan-kinsmen employed in the Underworld.

The confused middle-aged man was sent to Heaven in a Kingdom-sanctioned inter-realm travelling rocket that flies faster than the speed of light, and promptly ended up on his former foster great grandfather's throne - because the formerly defunct divinely governance system had been duly fixed by Kingdom's citizens, and unseen Heavenly forces held him

imprisoned in the Heavenly Palace atop the gilded twelve-feet tall seat decorated with jade and gemstones - Lan Zhan had been recognized as the *new Jade Emperor* !

As a result, the infinitely awesome *da ge* narrated, Lan Zhan is forced to stay in the Heavens for a few days because “the system demands the Jade Emperor to reinstate key functions of the world above the skies, including appointing proper gods, set up standard operating procedures, re-write irrelevant laws, restart the Heavenly economy, re-establish communications with other Realms of the Gods formerly linked to Heaven...”

“... and yada, yada, yada, I don’t need to say much more, little brother. Suffice to say, our Grand Patriarch needs to build the entire Realm of the Gods from scratch, of course with our citizens’ help and with the advice of the Grand Wangxian Council. Such a mammoth task takes time, surely you must understand that,” the *da ge* explained, as he gives the final pat on Ni-er’s pear-shaped tummy after a hearty meal of Taurus constellation cow-milk, and hands the oversized bowling pin to the *didi* to bring her to her sulking brother. Ernie had received a good tongue-lashing by his mother, and went through an emotional meltdown of sorts including fierce screaming, baseless finger-pointing and venting out his unhappiness over being scapegoated for his little sister’s apocalyptic act, and ran off to the next room in the *da ge* ’s penthouse, where he spent hours bawling like an emo teenager.

Little Ni-er burps along the way, and a long string of undigested saliva-coated wolf pelt and bits of broken bones welled up from her bottomless stomach - which the eighteen-year old *er ge* , who is used to doing the family’s dirty work without much protest since he’s not too bright, dutifully scoops up with his hands and runs off to the nearest trash bin. Interestingly, she had been peeing and pooping the largest diamonds, gold bars and nuggets ever since that fateful meal, which the Wei siblings casually

collected as payment for their troubles in taking care of the two tentacle-kin.

“How long,” Wei Ying had asked while lying on the cold hard floor, and the *san ge* lent his experience in time manipulation using technological means.

“Even by applying 51st-century chronotech by exchanging time evolution patterns between the Mortal Realm and the Gods’ Realm, and reversing time compression and dilation behaviors... I’d say... my calculations worked everything out to... about three days,” the *san ge* estimates, while punching numbers in his holo-calculator, “that is to say, our dear Grand Patriarch spends three centuries in Heaven to do what the system needs him to do, while three days would have elapsed in your world. No disturbance is allowed during this period, so as to give our Grand Patriarch the maximum amount of time possible for him to carry out his Heavenly royal duties, as dictated by the system.”

“Fuck the system!” Wei Ying had yelled to no one in particular, and promptly covered his mouth. It’s always a big no-no to curse the gods and the way they do things, after all. Still, three torturous days is an awfully long time to spend, alone, inside a cramped hole in the wall of the mountains during bone-cold winter. Fortunately, Wei *didi* promised and is committed to keep his stranded elder sibling well-fed during the ordeal, and the little boy said that his kitchen is open twenty-four-seven, offering cuisines from different worlds and universes and spans across from prehistoric to 91st century timelines (in the *didi*’s books, time travel is permitted because the little boy still doesn’t really grasp the consequences of time paradoxes and messing up chronological events).

In the end, Wei Ying could only grumble about his fate, alone in his cave.

The Wei siblings agreed to take a detour in following the journey to their Great Fathers' ancestral homes, and instead, focus on the rising threats from the Far Far West - including the Tians - and from the Imperial forces from the North. Huang Village, Yiling and the 'Mounds will serve as triumvirate frontier outposts for such exploratory military campaigns.

Later that afternoon, Ernie, whose jet-black eyes were still puffy from crying non-stop, appeared briefly on screen to say that he had decided to take a short trip to Chang'an and that he will take little Ni-er with him - no arguments. At all.

And walked off.

Without saying good-bye to his mother who is left pitifully alone and without family.

(Such displays of rebellion and un-filial piety-ness easily riles up the mother.)

"Don't mind him, he's just being bratty after the fallout between the two of you. He'll come around, I'm sure," the *da ge* consoles a seething Wei Ying. "He probably wants to salvage whatever pride he has left and do something heroic in the capital city. We'll watch over them so that he doesn't burn the world, and Ni-er doesn't accidentally eat up the whole city," the *er ge* adds, and shrugs. All Wei siblings understood this part of Ernie's character well, since the half of that errant son is made up of (a derivative of) Wei Ying, after all.

Wei Ying felt he had no choice but to accept the way things were. Perhaps, he thought to himself, he should make good use of the following three, arduously long, lonely days cooped up inside a cave as an extravagant meditation retreat of sorts. He could practice his cultivation and level-up - something which he sorely needs and should have done earlier - so that he could hurry up and be able to travel to Heaven unhindered, where the husband now lives as a part-time resident.

It's close to five in the evening, and the world outside has slipped into darkness after sunset and heavy cloud cover in the mountains. The holo-phone suddenly vibrates and bleats out a familiar tune - a song named after their love. Only audio was available; the caller seemed to have disabled video.

Wei Ying had completed a set of beginner's yoga poses, and was about to start on a *qigong* exercise - he's determined to practice a variety of easy cultivation techniques to keep life interesting in the little cave. Amber flames crackle lazily in the fire pit, casting long shadows on the occupant and the meagre belongings on the ground. The air is dry, but at least warm and cozy.

He taps on a phone-like icon on the holo-phone, and is relieved to finally, finally hear a familiar deep and soothing voice.

“Wei Ying?”

Notes for the Chapter:

Life's a little tough these days, now that I'm living in a somewhat lockdown situation due to the pandemic. It's not easy to write happy

sexy things when there's lots of negativity and anxiety around :-(For the record, at least I still have a job, food on the table, and my family and loved ones are fine (fingers crossed!).

I'll still try to move this story along. I apologize for not having sexy scenes this time, since the mood isn't quite there, so I thought of penning down a few more paragraphs of world-building and add a sprinkle of mystery and thriller elements instead. It would help to mould and shape the story for the next few chapters, I hope.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 82

“You rotten husband (臭男人)... you’re not dead yet? (你还没死啊?)”

Mn. I’m alright. The palace servants are baking a new body for me in the kitchen.

“Huuuh. Tell them to add stronger stuff in there. More flour, oil and sugar. Less salt.”

(Lan Zhan doesn’t know, but Wei Ying is picking on his nose during the conversation. There’s some residual dust in the air from the latter’s cave-renovation works, after all.)

Mn. The strongest, the servants said. Is there a reason for the special recipe?

“Silly boy. The flour’s to strengthen your muscles so that you’ll always keep our family safe.

The oil’s to make you fat enough for a comfy cuddle.

The sugar’s to make sure your mouth will always say sweet words to me.

And less salt means you'll shed less tears over your mistakes, repent faster, and return to my arms by the time you're done being the Jade Emperor."

(chuckles)

"Aaah, *lao gong* , you're laughing! I'm serious! Ha ha ha... so, anyway, why call now? I thought my siblings hung a huge 'Do Not Disturb' sign on your doors while you serve your house arrest for the next three days."

I... wanted to call before you go to bed, but it's difficult to guess the time because of the... the... time effects. Also, right now I have a rare break. I'm at my office desk, filling out appointment letters for new gods, so I can easily write the names on the scrolls without having to think too much. It's fine to talk, though I cannot look away from the scripts, because the names must be written correctly. Sorry.

"Ah, Lan Zhan, you don't need to apologize. I'm more than happy to hear your voice, and I can imagine your face while we talk on the holo-phone. I don't really understand the whole situation, other than the fact that I'm stuck here in a small cave and I'll wait for your return before resuming our journey to the Lotus Pier. What time... no... how long has it been? My siblings told me a day on earth is a hundred years in the Heavens while you're up there fixing the Realms of the Gods."

Mmm... it's been... I think, twenty five years. In the Heavens.

“...”

Wei Ying? Wei Ying, please don't cry.

(ugly sobbing and wails)

Wei Ying, I have fought hard to survive sixteen years without a trace of you. I'm still doing well at twenty five, even three hundred, as long as I know that you're waiting for my return. I'm stronger than you think. Please, don't cry.

(Lan Zhan doesn't understand that what he's just said made Wei Ying a whole lot more miserable, and the phonecall becomes inundated with sniffing, bawling and pitiful hiccups. He lets the wife cry it out; he's learnt long ago that Wei Ying needs a good cry once in a while to weather the ups and downs of rollercoasting emotions.)

Wei Ying, I missed you so much, but knowing that you're alive - it gives me strength and determination to see this through. I have made sure that this kind of separation will never happen to us again. I have made changes to protect your happiness and smile.

(That piqued the young man's interest, enough to give pause to his non-stop stream of distressing cries.)

“... (sniffle, sniffle)... such as...?”

Such as... I've filled out the vacancies for the most urgent and important godly positions. I'm letting you know that I can write my name very, very well now. Even with my eyes closed. Later, I will send you a photo of the new organization chart of the Realms of the Gods - it is full of your husband's names.

(Wei Ying actually snorted amid his sobs. “You self-serving cheat!” the young man murmurs inside his heart.)

All my clones will make sure to watch over you all the time. You'll never be alone anymore.

“... that makes you and every other Lan Wang Ji in the skies the worst kind of peeping tom perverts ever...”

Mn. In addition, I've finally signed into ErNet using my old LanWeb account. Do not worry, I've gotten over my porn-watching habits. I'm staying celibate although your clones and progeny are everywhere in this realm. I've sworn myself to be strictly monogamous this time. You can always log into ErNet and watch my live feed.

“... ah, Lan Zhan, that's... that's... are you sure...?”

Mmm. I'm actively practising my cultivation at least three times a day without fail. By the end of the three centuries-- no, three days on earth, I will be a true Immortal worthy of the Jade Emperor's crown, the Vase of Everflowing Eternal Compassion of the new God of Mercy, and the Straw Broom of Enlightenment And Infinite Samsara Cycles of the new Lord Buddha. I will be so much stronger, and will be able to protect you.

“(pfft!) Really? You’re taking up the roles of the Jade Emperor, the Goddess-- no,-- God of Mercy, and Lord Buddha?”

It is programmed into the system. It's a three-in-one package I wouldn't be able to refuse as long as I'm employed here.

(At this point, Wei Ying laughs uncontrollably and wipes away tears *not of* sadness anymore. Lan Zhan is truly making snide business jokes.)

I get paid too. Enough gold ingots to compensate for our troubles. Think of it as a short-stint overtime job for me. I'm trying my best to earn more for our family.

(Wei Ying rolls with laughter at the thinly-veiled sarcasm, and slams his face to the wall of his tiny shelter.)

Far, far away in a distant galaxy, the well-known awesome Wei *da ge* observes the casual chit-chat between the two from the deck of his continent-wide UFO mothership, aptly named “Starship Wuji”, orbiting the 888-floor Wangxian Headquarters tower sprawling on a gas giant’s

planetary surface. He's seen it all before - the bittersweet love story between a god and a mortal, not necessarily doomed like the ones in the fairy tales or the pre-21st century legend known as Romeo and Juliet; he'd make sure to alter everyone's fates so that the ballad song of Wangxian will continue to play for more than three centuries, three millenia, even three universal reincarnations and beyond - as long as Everything is under *his* watch.

The *da ge* munches on a really good piece of perfectly stewed lotus root from a bowl of their family classic - the lotus root pork rib soup - and he looks up to the infinite dark interstellar space dotted with galaxy clusters, nebula clouds and spinning pulsars beyond his ship. Trails of cargo ships and trading vessels form a vast network of supply lines around the tower and his own empire, protected by squadrons of scouts and destroyer-class spacecrafts that self-assemble from his astro-factories.

Nothing's going to go wrong this time, the *da ge* tells himself, "Definitely *not* on my watch."

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Wei Ying felt so much better after reconnecting with the husband via phone. With the kids finally leaving the nest and on their way to Chang'an (their first independent trip to the city!), Wei Ying is assured that he can fully depend on Lan Zhan when the latter promises never to leave his side even during times of crisis - that is to say, Lan Zhan should focus one hundred percent on Wei Ying, now that their close-knit family has shrunk down to two.

They talked a little about what happened earlier the day. In hindsight, Lan Zhan shouldn't have left Wei Ying hanging on the tree and tried to fend off the enemies on his own during the attack in the cliffs like Ernie. Lan Zhan, the wife reasoned, is not as skilled nor inhumanly enchanted like Ernie, and should have taken more defensive, even evasive maneuvers, rather than charging blindly into the jaws of hungry abnormal wolves. The husband received a gentle lashing from the wife for that mistake - Wei Ying managed to reach through the holo-phone, grasp around empty air to find the husband's ear, and gave it a good twist; Lan Zhan nnnh'd audibly and apologized profusely until Wei Ying relented, and forgave the man-turned-Jade Emperor. Funny pictures of a regal-looking Lan Zhan, his face twisted in pain, dressed in the Jade Emperor's majestic clothes and luxurious robes, with a hand poking out from a portal of sorts and pulling on his earlobe - circulated like viral news on ErNet, garnering infinite number of likes from WeiChat and LanWeb forum users and other social media platforms. Wei Ying made sure to save those pictures into his family's cloud drive, before diligently continuing his cultivation practices - because Wei *didi* had pre-ordered a few boxes of steaming hot pizzas to be delivered by teleportation by dinnertime.

Wei Ying continued to keep in touch with his husband by leaving the holo-phone switched on. Surprisingly, when pressed for time, Lan Zhan is able to take brilliant steps to hasten his return - he appointed the best Lan Wang Ji's in the known multiverses to take up key roles and tasks, and the multiplier effect is mind-bogglingly amazing. In a way, he applied his knowledge in running the former Wangxian Co. Ltd. company to efficiently govern the Realms of the Gods, except that he has the absolute say in how things should run although the Grand Wangxian Council plays an important advisory role as well.

With Lan Wang Ji's running the show in the Realms of the Gods, the Grand Patriarch himself has increasingly more time in his hands as the hours pass. Wei-kin and master/beast-kin begin to take their roles as assistants, officials and servants for the newly minted gods. Delegation is key, Lan Zhan said,

and Wei Ying only nodded as the latter mmmh's in delight while relishing the decadent taste of decades-old musky sexy flavours that refuse to yield to the latter's expert ministrations.

Wei Ying had naughtily made quick patches to the holo-phone's root programming after dinner - because he has too much time to dawdle around, and has regressed to his old ways of tinkering with *stuff* rather than to studiously meditate or cultivate - which ensured that Lan Zhan's loincloth-swaddled penis somehow peeped through the holo-phone's screen like an enlarged, engorged fleshy dildo of sorts. It's a truly depraved use of the phone's teleportation or portal-opening abilities, to force Lan Zhan's genitals through an inter-realm hole located right inside his underwear.

The young man licks his lips when a rather plump but sleepy-looking soft cock and loose balls dangle from the holo-phone's surface like the base of a dildo. Wei Ying thought it smelled a little - he didn't know how often Lan Zhan washed while he is in Heaven, and what more, a tremendously busy Jade Emperor too - so he took out a toiletry bag salvaged from the UFO back home (his Bag of Holding contains tons of *stuff*), picked out a bottle of shower foam and a heated pot of water on the fire pit, and began to lovingly wash the neglected but stiffening penis that's been trapped inside its loincloth for too long.

Simultaneously, the holo-phone projects the Eight 'O Clock Primetime News live-streamed from ErNet, and Wei Ying mischievously watches how Lan Zhan reacts on screen - the Jade Emperor is giving a speech on a grand podium to the new godly appointees, and his face transforms wildly from a look of shock, then discomfort, and soon, his cheeks begin to flush and beads of sweat form on his forehead.

Wei Ying pulls the foreskin to the back until the glans are fully exposed, and rubs soap over the cockslit - all traces of sweat, smegma and dried pee needed to be cleansed. He strokes the cock generously until the soap foams up and he doesn't forget to knead each ball, stretching the scrotum and making sure fingertips dance on every inch of ballsac skin and hair. By the time he rinses off the suds with water, the penis had hardened impressively into an over-six inch long pole, and swollen tightened balls lock and load up at its base in readiness to fire off the first salvo. Poor Lan Zhan - the Emperor himself - has a hard time reading his script and completing his speech, as his face turns tomato red, and he squirms, bends and bows in front of the podium like a man dying of heart attack, and soon, even the paper script in his hands tears into two when his hands balled into fists.

When loyal palace servants cart off the heaving and jerking Emperor off stage - the speech is fortunately completed and all gods receive their ordained powers - Wei Ying proceeds to mimic his *san ge* to do what he is truly known for, and unleashes his mighty oral sex skills upon the helpless vulnerable organ; he simply stuck the phone to a wall at eye level, and starts deep-throating the twitching penis like a milking machine until he tastes copious amounts of pre-cum, and vibrates his fingertips, then lightly rakes fingernails along the trembling twin testicles bouncing in their sacs.

The holo-phone projects reruns of *The Simpsons* from the 21st century, but the audio is disrupted with buzzes and crackles and...

... *W-Wei... Ying?! AAAHHhhnnn...*

(the cock promptly twitches powerfully, and one-tuos; Wei Ying savours the familiarly rich taste of Lan Zhan.)

Wei Ying couldn't talk with a mouth full of cock, so he telepathically communicates with the (pleasantly) shocked husband.

“Where are you? I lost sight of you after your speech on live television, *lao gong* .”

In... In the royal bedroom... HHHHnnnnnggghhh... my servants decided to let me rest here alone... uhn, uhn, uhn...

(the cock jerks deeper into the throat; Lan Zhan is thrusting his hips into empty air to fuck whatever is giving such a fantastic blowjob.)

“I'm not as heartless as to let you suffer three centuries of celibacy just because you're trying to do a good job for us. So let me help you out, okay? And for goodness sake, stop moaning like a beast in heat and let it go!”

Another dollop of seed escapes with a one-two twitch, and oozes out in quick rapid excited bubbly spurts. Wei Ying happily laps it up. Mmm, delish. He continues to stroke the length until the whole meaty stick turns into a shade of throbbing, angry dark red.

I'm... I'm trying to hold back. I can't afford... unnngh... to lose my cultivated qi so quickly... haaaah...

Wei Ying makes sure to pleasure the penis and starts rubbing the cockhead against his nipples, his torso, gently fuck his belly button, then onward through his hairy treasure trail, and down, sexily down, down, all the way to his cock, where he performs the age-old delectable act of frottage. He imagines the husband deflating like an over-expanded balloon with each tantalizing and incredibly exciting hnngh-inducing rub, because the happy turgid penis started shooting short bursts of one-twos in quick succession due to the built-up molten liquid pressure.

“Prove to me you can keep cultivating your *qi* , my hot-blooded *lao gong* . Surely you know that by edging, I can help supercharge your cultivation tenfold. Thank me later!” the younger man grins devilishly.

Wei Ying brutally rubs the penis against his and starts narrating his brand of dirty talk over the phone’s audio line, including tasty descriptions of deflowering, being raped and inseminated against his will. To make things better, he uses magic to summon disembodied *floating penises* out from thin air - like little meaty dildos - of different sizes. Wei Ying knows that Lan Zhan has a penchant for younger boys and men, so he commands several smooth young dicks with balls to crawl, wiggle, undulate and smear their juices all over the wildly twitching, and very, very excited leaky member. Lan Zhan’s voice descends into chaotic groans and breedworthy grunts - the husband’s hips pistons at high speeds against slithering boy-penises and between plump twin quail egg-sized balls, causing the him to fuck between those sweet budding testicles at a rushed, timeless rhythm of trying to penetrate virile young genitals and desperately lusting to spill hot molten seed over them - the biggest cock eventually succumbs to a predictable rhythm of one-twos every few minutes because it couldn’t hold back the delicious penile contractions that kept coursing through muscles, flesh and veins, sending surplus overheated, overexcited semen spattering out from the swollen prostate and urethra. Lan Zhan achieves a state of constant ejaculations without orgasms, in some ways - Wei Ying catches glimpses of snapshots taken by palace servants, and marvels at *three* halos above strawberry-red Lan Zhan’s head as he rocks and rolls around his king-sized

bed, chewing on bedsheets and pillows with eyes rolled back and shivering uncontrollably, fucking the satin-covered mattress until indentations appear, while howling like a savage beast in dire need of sexual release.

After a while, Wei Ying gently guides the gently erupting cockhead to his rosebud, and the moment it barely peeks through the entrance, Wei Ying moans inappropriately, “Ah, ah, *lao gong* , you’re making lots of babies inside me! I’m becoming pregnant from your hot meatstick!” and other similarly distasteful descriptions. Lan Zhan doesn’t immediately implode into multiple orgasms - he’s holding out well as promised, and Wei Ying could *feel* through skin-to-skin contact the husband’s *qi* levels shoot through the roof like a truly admirable fountaining ejaculation. It didn’t bother him though, and he takes pride of his wifely duty and proceeds to fuck himself on the husband’s meatstick on the phone. Each time the real-life dildo (of sorts) surges forward and plunders his greatest depths, Wei Ying clenches his inner muscles rhythmically and works hard to make every moment enjoyable for the husband. When the dildo (of sorts) pulls out, little penises take their turns to swarm over it and Wei Ying delights at the sight of droplets of cum spewing into the air due to the extremely orgasmic sensations experienced by the defenceless husband’s cock.

Fortunately for the Heavens, the new, inexperienced Jade Emperor managed to delegate his daily tasks to the most trusted Lan Wang Jis in existence, so he ends up spending *decades* - merely hours in Mortal Realm time - having a twisted form of torturous edging-type phone sex with the wife and the many summoned baby Wei Yings penises that continue to please the husband to the best of efforts.

All in a good day’s work, Wei Ying thought, and the young man knows he will be well-rewarded with nearly three centuries’ worth of the husband’s fruits of labour when the latter returns - and finally gets to shoot his load and orgasm inside the wife - to where everything truly belongs.

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On the second day of living as a shut-in inside his temporary abode, he gets fed by nutritious food deliveries from his siblings, manages a bit of exercise and cultivation, and even worked to expand his living space while dabbling with new magics to fend off boredom - with Lan Zhan's bodiless penis and balls still (forcibly) drilling inside his well-lubed and now semen-coated asshole. In theory, Lan Zhan would have done more than a century's worth of everyday and Wei Ying is more than satisfied as the lifelong partner, but Wei Ying is greedy for more; he doesn't let go of the ensnared *crying* penis and continues to weave spells around it, causing Invisible limbs to purposefully pump Lan Zhan's seed-bloated genitals through into Wei Ying's love tunnel (and not to forget, the baby Wei Ying-penises continue swirl around and give light wiggly kisses to the husband's too).

Wei Ying wanted to talk to his siblings, so he casted some unidentifiable magic to create a few more 51st-century holo-phones; one strictly for calling out, and the rest are used for long-distance sex with the husband. He particularly liked his latest handiwork - two phones, one for each of the husband's nipples. It looked rather silly, so to say, for a patch of breast to appear on the surface of the phone's screen with a brown-pink nub in the middle. Wei Ying worked industriously hard to pleasure these sensitive areas; he summoned Invisible Hands, Fingers, Lips and Tongues to play with the latest available body parts. They pinch, twist, knead, massage, licked and sucked the nubs until they puff up beautifully like the promised body-gifting biscuits being baked inside Heaven's kitchens (apparently it takes three centuries to bake the perfect biscuit body, the kitchen's masterchef said). Wei Ying had to mute the audio from Lan Zhan because it was becoming rather irritating to listen to incoherent sentences interspersed with breathy moans - Lan Zhan still had to work although he had delegated some, and he's becoming better at being able to focus on the task at hand while being pleased endlessly in his loins and other erogenous zones. The

number of halos on the new Jade Emperor's head had grown to five, according to reputable sources in ErNet.

Wei Ying learns from his siblings that Ernie had recklessly (questionable - because it sounds intentional rather than done blindly out of spite) spread special radioactive-amalgamated bioparticles (viruses, really) in his journey to the North, towards Chang'an. The snowstorms tearing through the Middle Kingdom helped to spread specks of Ernie's body all over the land, and they replicated exponentially to actively seek out living hosts to hide in (infect, really). The *san ge* postulates based on mathematical models that it will take less than a week to spread across the Middle Kingdom, another week for the whole continent, and before the month is up, Ernie's particles would have covered the entire Mortal Realm (thus, a pandemic, really).

"It's nothing to worry about, though," the eighteen year-old *er ge* quips over the video call, "as they're as harmless as dust from the ground or soot from burnt-out fires. As soon the particles inhabit a living host - a human, an animal, even the plants - there may be a brief episode of allergy-like reactions - such as rashes, coughs and sneezes - and nothing more. I know how Ernie's kin works, since I was one of their first victims... he probably wants to use the particles to spy on the world, and when the need arises, the particles can evolve and take over the hosts, therefore controlling their minds and bodies just like what happened in our old Kingdom. You know... like Ernie's first invasion where he turned all clones of our Grand Patriarch into cold black slugs?"

Wei Ying viscerally shudders at the recent memory, and promptly receives a series of quivering energetic discharges inside his stretched rear. The husband has been able to hold back his one-twos, but after a long while, like a bottled up overheated kettle, nature takes over and he instinctively needs to release a fair bit of built-up seed and lust to prevent an explosion of enormous magnitudes. "How about Ni-er?" Wei Ying asked, trying to

distract himself with a lighter topic. He grabs a piece of tissue to wipe the excess viscous frothy liquid drooling out from his buttole.

Wei *didi* squeaks that unlike the drama queen, troublesome black tentacle, Ni-er has been a darling little angel - she hasn't done anything other than to curl up inside Ernie's backpack, and once in a while, her furred tapered head peeks out to marvel at a brave new world that she is travelling in from her brother's cloth bag - aerial shots taken at those utterly adorable moments have been reposted countless times in ErNet and made Ni-er an overnight sensation, a celebrity among the Kingdom's subjects. "I have my scanners aimed at Ernie's underground kingdom, *gege* , and he's not really equipped with enough baby food for Ni-er. My delivery staff has been dropping off supplies of pureed meats and vegetables, teething biscuits and other healthy options for a growing toothless toddler, and even packs of washcloths, baby shampoos, lotions and nappies. He shyly and hesitantly thanked my staff, so I know Ernie still needs us."

"Unfortunately that stubborn cold black thing still wants to carry out his mission alone - whatever that may be, because I'm not able to read his mind after he raised his powerful anti-psychic barriers. I even offered to tag along to care for Ni-er and give backrubs that could help ease any colicky pains, but Ernie refused. Oh well...," the *da ge* shrugs. "In the meantime, our forces are making inroads towards the Far, Far West and have encountered the first waves of its barbaric denizens. There are Tian family members among them and guess what - they have clones too!" the burly Wei sibling exclaims. When Wei Ying learns that his siblings had a tough fight with an infantry squad led by *two* Tian *da jie* s, he whispers towards his rutting bottom, "Lan Zhan! Did you hear that? Your *shi jie* could still be alive, somewhere in the land! Maybe we can learn about what happened to your ancestral home and Xi Chen *da ge* !"

Lan Zhan doesn't respond audibly - because he's still on mute and gurgling helplessly from an endless streak of cum-dripping mini-orgasms (because his semen tank is technically full and at the point of bursting) - however his cock tightens up, and Wei Ying knows that the husband has properly received this new and surprising piece of information. Wei Ying asks his siblings to be careful and try to interrogate any captured Tian family members to gather more intel on the ground, and the Wei brothers agree wholeheartedly.

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In between bated breaths and sexy groans, Lan Zhan keeps in touch with Wei Ying through the phone and tells the latter about the wonderful things he's done for the Realms of the Gods. By the end of the second day, all realms have installed their own gods - including a new Dragon King of the Seas, Lord of Hell, God of Fortune, Earth God and so on - with wholly functional governance structures set up and fully staffed by their kins, who now hold proper designations and are officially in service of their respective realms' governments - using Wangxian Co. Ltd.'s best business practices as blueprints for a fresh new start.

An emissary has been sent to the Moon, the last bastion of the gods' realms which the new Jade Emperor has yet to explore. Lan Zhan hoped that the previous Goddess Chang'e still remained and survived the great fires; he would prefer to re-establish diplomatic relations than to antagonize further the wrathful goddess, now that the slate has been wiped clean between worlds and realms.

If... if there is no one... on the Moon... then... we'll fix it and start over... hahnnngghh... the people of the Middle Kingdom... rely on the Lunar

cycles... for many important aspects of their lives... nnnghhh... such as determining time, calculating the seasons for planting and harvest... uuhnnh... for religious activities, and so on... hnghhk...

Wei Ying felt touched by Lan Zhan's sheer resolve in carrying out his divinely duties - not just to the gods, but also to men. Truly, Lan Zhan deserves the title of 'King of Gods and Men', as he has both in his heart and strives to protect and nurture them without bias or prejudice.

Wei Ying's hips pick up the pace and he rides the dildo (of sorts) faster than ever, emboldened by the husband's noble undertaking; his ass has been shaped to perfectly fit the phallus that has taken up semi-permanent residence in there, after more than a day's worth of non-stop sexual intercourse via long-distance means. Lan Zhan in Heaven croaks and hnnghs with unbridled joy as his loins enjoy deep raw fucks - Wei Ying's ass has been branded as his penis' second home, really -, while signing off a few more papers at his royal desk (and couldn't resist clawing the marble tabletop because the soul craves and is incredibly desperate to climax a million orgasms - but couldn't). His *qi* energies and cultivation levels have surpassed known mortal and immortal limits, thanks to Wei Ying's sensual, reproductive-driven help, and he is able to carry out legitimately godly acts including physically moulding landscapes with his bare hands, eradicating monstrous lifeforms with a single punch, and warp space, time and Fate with a twirl of fingers.

Wei Ying sends silent prayers to the stars above the wind-swept mountain range that his - their - derailed mission would resume soon and bear fruit, so that everything - the expedition to the treacherous Far, Far West, the one-man (and his sister) crusade against the evil capital of the nation, the race against time to save Lotus Pier, and the mystery of what has befallen upon Gusu - so that everything falls into place like putting together the biggest jigsaw puzzle ever.

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By early afternoon of Day Five, Wei Ying itches to walk out of his shelter to embrace sunlight and fresh air. With the three-day excursion coming to a fruitful end, he shoos away the baby Wei Ying-penises (actually, by casting Dispel Magic), and wholly indulges himself with Lan Zhan's dying-reincarnating juicy cock while he still can. Wei Ying had thrown away his daily routines of cultivation exercise, reading magazines delivered by the siblings and watching reruns of old 21st-century American sitcoms on the phone, and instead, performed his whole repertoire of sexual games with his new favourite living toy. The cockslit flared into swollen lips and continuously drips cum between spews of pungent pee (squirting is the norm, now), and that special spot beneath the cockhead has been rubbed pleasantly raw that the sparking bundle of fragile but ultra-sensitive nerves beneath the skin that kept electrocuting the owner no longer perturbs him - there are still hnnnghs periodically, though. Interestingly, the cocklength grew more muscle fibres from the three-day workout (actually, three centuries'), and Wei Ying notices more squiggly wiry hair growing out from the pubes and scrotal area (a surge in testosterone, perhaps?) - he inadvertently pulls out some when giving intoxicating blowjobs, and picks them off his teeth and tongue in the aftermath. "Bleargh," Wei Ying gasps at decides that a shave on the husband's pelvic area is in order, as soon as there is a chance.

Lan Zhan handed in his final paperwork and made his last round around the Heavens, giving final instructions to his Kingdom's citizens on the do's and don'ts according to their family's over-4000 rules - at the same time, he sports seven halos on his head, signifying that he's beyond Buddhahood; even as Wei Ying assaults his penis with everything possible and plays with his taut seed-filled balls through the portal inside his loincloth, Lan Zhan remains impressively unfazed in the eyes of his subjects. He no longer grovels, cries or devolves into an insatiable horny beast like the first day -

no, indeed - by the third day - actually, three centuries later - he stands majestically tall, with divinely pride in his eyes and barks out orders with a calm, low, steady kingly voice.

An alarm bell rings on the phone, signifying that the husband has left the Imperial Palace - the young man woots in joy and does a little victory jig. He quickly packed everything up, put his phone to sleep mode (Lan Zhan actually *sobs* at the sudden loss of sensation on his penis - he was getting too comfortable with Wei Ying remotely pleasuring his cock), and stuffed his belongings into his Bag of Holding and satchel. He wasn't sure if the husband needed his bathrobe - it stinks a little with three days' worth of ripe sweat and sex, but he takes it out anyway since the bathrobe isn't his (despite the enduring promise that whatever Lan Zhan owns belongs to the wife).

“Aaah, the outer robe is in tatters, and doesn't provide much warmth,” Wei Ying complains to no one in particular, chill and misery setting in when he realizes that he'll miss the comfortable and convenient lifestyle of his tiny cave, with nary a worry about the world. It's time to wake up to reality, he tells his heart, and steels himself to welcome the husband's much-awaited return to the Mortal Realm.

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Lan Zhan's arrival isn't accompanied with roaring applause, blaring trumpets and grand temple bells as one may have believed. He merely warped into the cave with a whispery *fwip!*, dressed in his usual Gusu Lan garb of white tunics and robes. He looked absolutely normal - not stunning, not glowy, not angelic, not Jade Emperor-ish - just like the plain old human husband that Wei Ying remembers from before.

Wei Ying throws himself into Lan Zhan's arms and shrieks his name again and again - how he'd miss the strong embrace, the love-filled kisses, the smell of a man who is and will always be by his side, the determined hand that intentionally snakes down to untie the younger man's waistband and peel off his pants--

"Unnh... Lan Zhan, you horny husband! I'm trying to welcome you back as a proper spouse, and all you think of is... t-this? How dare you... unnnh... aaah..." Wei Ying shouts, moans and crumbles under Lan Zhan's newfound ultra-experienced sexual touch. Magic surges from the husband's fingertips and supercharges Wei Ying's desires, and the latter collapses into lusty growls, instantly wetting his pants with sexual juices and pre-cum, and succubic sexy writhing by rubbing himself against the husband like an animal in heat. Wei Ying loses control of his body, and his demonic horns, fangs and tail sprout out like weeds in spring.

"Mn. I am back. Please, Wei Ying, let me taste you once. I've eaten my biscuit and regained my body along with the want for pleasures of the flesh. I've missed you so, so *much* in the last few centuries," Lan Zhan breathes, nearly anguishly, into their kisses, and he runs his hands all over the younger man's sides, hips and buttocks, nudging the latter to undress and yield to the extremely reasonable request. The husband's erection swells impressively within seconds, poking out of the pants like an undefeatable flag pole. Wei Ying relents - he's unable to think rationally, let alone humanly, and pulls both of them to the ground with his legs spread and the husband's crotch in between, and grinds his exposed ass-cheeks along the length of the husband's wanting, leaking, excitedly twitching, over-six inch long weapon of mass reproductive terror - and surrenders to the sweet, sweet lust of mating and breeding with his One And Only.

Wei Ying never knew that a man could orgasm for a full hour in a single climax, and for many, many climaxes - until that day.

(Unknown to Lan Zhan, the wife takes a few private selfies of themselves holed up in a comfortably tight cavernous space - with the husband's ugly mugshots of eyes half closed, with his mouth half-yawning, half-orgasming, half-snarling, half-giggling, and plenty of gooey forthy milky white stuff between their nether regions - and uploads them to the family's cloud drive. He names the folder "A home just for the two of us".)

(Wei Ying also scores his third deflowering of Lan Zhan. The husband, in his newly oven-baked body, loses his virginity for the third time to the wife, in the most pleasurable and enjoyable ways possible. Lan Zhan makes a mental note to properly plan his future resurrections, so that it will always start out with a spectacular orgasmic bang.)

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Lan Zhan's brand new status as man-turned-god-descended-back-to-earth is the perfect prevailing choice for survival during the harsh winter with the added threat of Corrupted creatures prowling the mountains. Wei Ying looks at the husband with a whole new level of respect, as the latter grasps his wrist and leads them out of the cave and into the snow-swept landscape. Wei Ying's outer robe has been magically fixed by Lan Zhan's sewing magic and he's nicely bundled-up in thick warm garment layers of divine origins; Lan Zhan, on the other hand, need not wear anything other than his usual Gusu Lan robes.

More wolves, bears and foxes ambush them along the path leading out of the steep glacial hills, and they come in large swarms of more than fifty attackers each. Dead, half-eaten bodies, including known master cultivators, lay strewn on the sides of the trail, as testament to the vicious predators' enhanced ability to overpower their human prey. It didn't worry the couple though, now that Lan Zhan can simply swing a sheathed Bichen in a sweeping motion, and all enemies around them immediately *disintegrate* into black powder, blown uselessly into the churning wintry gusts (which reminded Wei Ying of a fictional superpower he saw while watching a 21st-century movie titled 'Avengers').

In one of several instances, they spied on Tian clones from far distances, and decided to avoid rather than to confront those dastardly arch nemeses. "I see Tian Fifth, Sixth and Seventh sisters leading an army of at least a hundred warriors, and they're all fully equipped with weapons. I mean, look at those inch-thick plate armors, nasty spears and poisoned crossbows!" Wei Ying exclaims at an image projected from his Eye spell.

"Mn. They're trying to block all exits from the province. I made sure there were no survivors in the previous battles with the animals, but I cannot confirm if someone, or something, had alerted them of our presence," Lan Zhan gazes thoughtfully at the image, and his eyebrows scrunched at the sight of skimpily dressed preteen girls shouting orders in garbled foreign language and pointing rudely at mountaintops.

Far away on a cliff edge, the army of human and non-human figures assemble in a rather orderly manner, like ants crowding around their queens. Wei Ying swipes a forefinger, and the image focuses away from the Tian sisters towards the rest of the burgeoning bunch of growling, groaning monstrous humanoids behind the females. It seems that even as the sisters plot their next moves - probably involving mountain peaks of sorts - fierce

corpses and other kinds of undead crawl their way to the cliff to join the army. It's a terrifying sight, indeed.

“Lan Zhan! Look at those fierce corpses forming the rank and file at the back of the troops. I'm starting to wonder if they're the same as the ones that were reported in the periodicals - you know, just like those that attacked Caiyi Town and everywhere else in the northern regions of the Middle Kingdom. They're everywhere, even as down south as the roads leading to the Long River, even in Yunnan! They're like a plague, a horrible pestilence, and spreading everywhere, if the maps from my *san ge* are to be believed,” Wei Ying curses under his breath, “I don't like how this is turning out, and I'm starting to worry about my ancestral home... we need to get rid of these monsters fast, but we cannot be too obvious! Aah...! Do something, Lan Zhan!” and lightly punches the husband's chest, upset at the worsening situation with their hands tied down.

Lan Zhan nods sagely and utters his trademark “Mn”, with a little more force than usual.

The husband lifts a finger, and suddenly the world turns blinding white. Wei Ying squeaks with instinctive fear, squeezes his eyes shut and covers his ears automatically. A massive lightning lights up the heavens and strikes the cliff with a thunderous boom - the snowy clouds parted from the rippling shockwave and ripped a clear hole in the skies from explosion with the strength of hundreds of thermonuclear bombs - half of a mountain is vaporized within a split second, and crumbles into bottomless ravine beneath, sending any remaining, still-burning, screeching living members of the hundred-plus army to their deaths.

Unsurprisingly, a number of black shadow birds emerged from nearby forests and flew to safety - and Wei Ying instantly recognizes them as 'not theirs'. He cheers when Wei *didi* catches them on sight from his vigilant radars, and sends a squadron of A.S.S. birds hurtling down the smoking, burning skies, each savagely dive-bombing at every fleeing enemy, tearing and shredding the squawking crow-like creatures with such ferocity until only feathers are left floating for fleeting moments down to the aftermath of a burning, shattered hell on earth.

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The victory was short-lived, when by Day Seven, the couple realized with great alarm, that all the villages they had passed by so far, have been destroyed, abandoned, and probably - in all likelihood - their residents have been turned into fierce corpses and other otherworldly creatures to serve the advancing Tian armies.

Wei Ying managed to salvage a few unbroken jars of Dashan's wines, and drank them as he surveyed the devastation in the villages. He needed the alcohol to steel his nerves when understanding dawns upon him after inspecting strange magical formations of Corruptive talismans, powerful cursed words written in dried human blood, and bloodied tools used to cut off limbs and gouge internal organs from dying, tortured prisoners.

There are no bodies left, but the signs left behind are clear - the monsters are systematically raiding the villages, first cordoning off homes and farmlands so that nobody could seek outside help (just like how they're doing the same to Qishan province), then rounding up helpless villagers to wide open spaces such as town squares, where they are tortured to death to maximize the suffering, pain, anger, frustration and vengeful feelings in

each then-alive individual, before using Corruptive magic to transform them *en masse* into mindless undead servants and soldiers to serve the new masters.

Wei Ying explained to Lan Zhan by pointing out the talismans and how they paint a grisly picture of the sickening process; Wei Ying is a true master of the dark arts, and using his astute forensic skills and knowledge of the dying and dead, he can narrate a believable story just by looking at the magical tools and gadgets used, and the signs of struggles, bloody hand and footprints, blood puddles and rotting entrails on the ground.

Lan Zhan shakes his head, and disgust is evident on his face. Thunder roars above them and shakes the eerily silent village and its surrounding forests - there is fury boiling in the Heavens, especially in the heart of the disguised Jade Emperor.

“This... this is why the attacks from fierce corpses and other undead forces never slowed down since summer. Like a disease sweeping from the north, outlying villages are converted into factories that mass produce such monsters, and larger cities including the sects are turning a blind eye on them because they have their hands full in trying to quell scholar protests and general unrest within their walls. If nothing is done, at this rate the Tians will lead the dead to overwhelm the living before winter passes!” Wei Ying cries in distress, leaving the husband more and more in unease.

The news and discovery of evidence incriminating the Tians sends waves reverberating throughout ErNet. Someone posts an SOS signal via WeiChat to a now-missing, inactive account belonging to Ernie, pleading for him to return and find ways to counter the plague of the Tians with his virulent particles.

Wei *da ge* issues a Level 5 Code Red alert to all of the Kingdom's citizens, regardless of species and universe, to take up arms and be prepared for 'the fight of our lives to save Our Motherland'.

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay, that's all I have for this arc. See you in the next!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 83

“Ah... Lan Zhan, I think you’re starting to bald. You’re losing a bit of your hairline on the forehead,” Wei Ying murmurs, while combing the husband’s long lush hair after a nice soak in the hot springs.

Lan Zhan wavers a little in his lotus sitting position, his post-bath meditation is clearly disrupted by such a blasphemous notion. Wei Ying chuckles, and continues to brush the black hair, gently untangling any knots on the husband’s crowning glory after an exhausting day’s travel in cold, humid conditions. He also massages Lan Zhan’s neck and back, before moving to the front, effortlessly pushing aside long locks of hair, to pepper soft tender kisses on the said offending and questionably receding hairline.

Lan Zhan vaguely “Mn”s at Wei Ying’s loving grooming, and mutters something about stress. He wanted to elaborate further, however fingertips assault the sensitive scalp in deliriously relaxing circles, and the middle-aged man shivers with tingles running up and down his spine and delicate nerve-ends until he goosebumps all over.

“Aside from tossing enemies down the hills by raining lightning strikes and guided ballistic missiles, and paving a path through dense pine forests with your bare hands, I don’t really see anything else stressing you out, *lao gong*,” Wei Ying replies. Satisfied that he’s done a good job in loosely braiding Lan Zhan’s hair coupled with a head massage, Wei Ying taps the husband’s shoulders and the latter unwinds his legs to lie down facing upwards on the bed. Lan Zhan nnnghs as he stretches, pops a few joints, then tucks his hands beneath the fluffy pillow cradling his head.

A few days into their grand journey to the East, made eventful by revelations of the Far, Far West and news from the Imperial capital city of Chang'an to the north, the couple hits the jackpot to stumble upon an abandoned but minimally furnished cabin in the woods at the foot of the hills that lead out of Qishan province. They've had enough hardships camping under heavy snowfall and going for days without proper baths, hence the cabin right next to a bubbling hot spring is a godsend. Their luck is changing, though; there has been incremental improvements to the weather lately due to an unseasonably warm front sweeping across the forsaken plains in the central regions of the Middle Kingdom (Wei Ying sends silent words of gratitude and thanks to the night skies, and a particular star winks back at him - his siblings watch over them from afar and make sure to keep the couple as comfortable as possible.)

Wei Ying scoots towards the footboard of the bed and taps on one of Lan Zhan's shins. The husband automatically lifts both feet up and places them on Wei Ying's thigh. A wonderfully thrilling foot massage is in order, and the older man couldn't resist wiggling his toes in anticipation. He'd spent the better part of the day giving piggyback rides to Wei Ying, because the snow is soft and deep, and the shorter wifey has difficulties trudging through the squishy ice. It didn't matter for the husband though, since Lan Zhan easily blasts through frozen solid ground by playing a magical blue guqin string he'd summoned with his godly magic, and creates a clear path using wide arcs of destruction. Wei Ying could've walked behind the husband for many miles throughout the day, but he becomes a little spoiled, whiny and attention-demanding after seeing the latter's newfound divinely powers in action - and asks Lan Zhan for a ride, because he promises to reciprocate the deed later at night; a silent understanding passes between them that the "ride" that Wei Ying plans to pay back isn't just a simple piggyback - in which the husband immediately agrees to the deal without hesitation.

Wei Ying oils his fingers with a bottle of lotion stowed in his Bag of Holding, before starting with toe-curlingly delightful kneading on the soles

of the husband's feet using hard knuckle presses. Lan Zhan hnnnghs audibly when the first of many pleasurable tension-unwinding waves blossom from his pampered feet and flare up across his lower limbs.

The younger man likes to spend time during peaceful nights in deep conversation with the husband; it's a little hard to talk during the day when he's either trying to shout above the din of fierce snowstorms or trying to catch his breath from struggling through cold, thin, nearly unbreathable air. He talks about what happened earlier the day, praises how Lan Zhan managed to keep both of them safe from harm and from marauding predators or Tian soldiers, even gives unsolicited opinions about what he thinks of Lan Zhan's recent experience in the Heavens versus what he remembers from the past timeline, including how the Realms of the Gods should be run, and therefore the after effects on the Mortal Realm (Lan Zhan quietly takes notes, but it's hard to concentrate when his aching foot arches are lovingly squeezed and rolled). Wei Ying is full of admiration of Lan Zhan's unwitting position as the new King of Gods and Men, and worships the husband generously in the hopes that he, a mere humble mortal who has only been resurrected once compared to the husband's vast experience of being revived twice, would receive godly favours and merits for treating Lan Zhan well.

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, doesn't speak much about what goes on in the Realm of the Gods although he is recognized as the Emperor. He lets his clones do what is needed to keep the entire Kingdom running efficiently, and he merely gets telepathic briefings, reports downloaded via ErNet, meeting summaries from the Grand Wangxian Council, or simply conducts spot checks whenever he has some time to spare - all seems to go well, so far. Therefore, all he has to do is to "Mn" vaguely in general, non-committal agreement to Wei Ying's wild but naive fantasies of being married to a great god (which isn't an ethical problem, since Lan Zhan can technically grant everything the younger man wishes, if he chooses to).

“Lan Zhan... I’m giving you a massage on your legs, and yet... there’s a tent in your pants,” Wei Ying accuses the husband, and lightly swats the tenderized and awfully relaxed, slightly swollen feet, before crawling up the shins and performing the same light swat on the offending hard-on trying to poke through the undergarments. Lan Zhan hnnnghs harder, a sheen of sweat on his body. He’s a little feverish, but that’s to be expected.

“ *Lao gong* , maybe you’re a little stressed from having wild game meat every night. We had grilled wild boar just now, and yesterday, we had wild deer stew. Look at you, you’re sweating already, so let me take off your clothes...” Wei Ying pretends to be a little concerned and starts wiping off the sweat with his cooler hands, but his toothy smile says otherwise. He thanked his lucky stars that he brought along his hunting net gifted by the hunter from Huang Village, and he had been able to catch large wild animals for food every day - the star above their cabin winks again, because those naughty Wei siblings have been secretly colluding with their brethren and planned the couple’s dinner menu in advance; the fully equipped cabin and the hot springs are by no means a lucky find either, and have been intentionally constructed and airlifted to the designated spot where the couple would walk by before sunset (it would be illogical for anyone to find an unoccupied wooden building filled with a modern 21st-century bedroom and kitchen in the middle of the woods in midwinter anyway - fortunately, Lan Zhan doesn’t question such a mind-boggling existence, because... well, just because of Wei Ying-ness, if nothing else).

Lan Zhan’s incredible sexual *qi* energy levels just became too hot for him to handle. Wei Ying licks his lips and undresses too, and he tells the AI programme manning the cabin to dim the lights and set the room’s temperature to “ambient”.

The couple enjoys a night of sensuous, fulfilling (and ass-filling) lovemaking to help Lan Zhan release the tension of wild boar-originated

lust surging in the bloodstream. The helpless yet ecstatic husband is deliciously rubbed, milked and emptied to the last squirt - just as every single night since the trip to the East started as long as they are physically together - and Wei Ying ngghaahs involuntarily every time he is fucked, bred and speared until his vision is full of winking spinning stars, his back arches as he rides out his own climaxes, he cusses and talks so dirty about raging sperm cells and making fat, healthy babies inside voraciously tight male wombs that even Lan Zhan's well-adjusted ears turn six shades of embarrassed steaming reds. Wei Ying squeals each time he's pounded and slammed into, his insides are moulded to fit his husband's impossibly-hard and slightly curved shape to utter Perfection, and he feels scorching hot volleys of thick rich seed erupting deep, deep into his body's deepest secret chambers - the belly-warming sensation drives Wei Ying wilder with unbridled lust, and he responds by spreading his legs even wider apart, goading the older man to thrust deeper and empty out his stockpile of cum, then the younger man grinds his hips faster in all directions, and elicits more tasty growls and hnnghs from lovely, lovely multiple-orgasming Lan Zhan.

(It doesn't sound as depraved and animalistic as it should; since Lan Zhan's cultivation level has reached Infinity and he has unlimited amounts of *qi* energy surging inside his body - from his loins, really -, aided by his divinely status, he needs to frequently circulate the power and release the surplus - usually in the form of insatiable sexual acts. Wei Ying is more than happy to vacuum everything up especially using his demonic form, and ugly parasitic green condoms aren't really needed to keep the husband in tip-top running condition without going past the latter's breaking point.)

Lan Zhan would never know if he really loses hair from having too much testosterone flowing alongside his godly *qi* , or from the stress of having wild sex every night with the wife - he catches himself peering at his forehead every morning and cannot really see the difference. Wei Ying would deliberately skip into the mirror's view and laugh joyfully to ridicule the husband's unnecessary worry of receding hairlines or male pattern

baldness - which only causes the older man to develop a debilitating complex, and exacerbates his worries and OCD-ness to keep checking his hair's length and thickness, to Wei Ying's naughty delight.

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“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, we'll reach Lotus Pier after crossing the next mountain. I'm a little worried, though... the river that we've been following is bone dry and all I can see is the riverbed. Do you think the lake has disappeared? What should I tell my relatives and former disciple-brothers if they asked? How can I break the news about Ernie and Ni-er to them, or even about my siblings, clones and progeny... even the Great Fires and universal reincarnation? Oh no, I haven't even told Jiang Cheng about our marriage...!” Wei Ying starts scratching his head in frustration, as events from the past year and a half finally surfaced to memory and the younger man is at a total loss of how to explain what has happened in mere sentences of a casual conversation between reunited family and sect members.

The couple had never told the outside world about the fantastic things that happened since the ‘Mounds and beyond. Everything supernatural and unbelievable had been kept properly under wraps and damage-controlled so that nothing ever goes out from their own family circle - the Qishan Lan.

Lan Zhan, now the New Jade Emperor, seven-halo Lord Buddha and genderbent God of Mercy, merely “Hn”s an unclear guttural noise, twirls his hair out of (bad) habit and continues to walk beside the spouse. They had travelled through wet soggy forests and climbed down freezing muddy slopes in the past couple of days due to melting snow, thanks to the man-made slightly warmer weather, so whenever they find a dry spot, they

would take the opportunity to rest and dry their clothes and shoes - at least in the lowlands, there aren't any snow storms or fierce winds. Lan Zhan rummages through his bathrobe hidden beneath the outer garments and he fishes out a comb.

“Lan Zhan ah Lan Zhan, stop doing that, you look good enough to meet the people of my old sect and if you keep brushing your hair, I'm afraid it will start falling off and you'll grow dandruff flakes too!” Wei Ying exclaims and guffaws with laughter - and gets the intended effect of forcing the older man to blush with embarrassment, causing him to quickly return the comb back into the pockets. Wei Ying feels a little guilty for spinning white lies that cause distress to the husband, and he inwardly promises himself to stop making fun of the man who's supposed to care for him for life.

“A-Ah... there's a dry rocky outcrop further ahead. Let's stop there and talk about how to approach Lotus Pier, alright? I'm really nervous and I don't know what to say!” Wei Ying distracts Lan Zhan with his logical request - also, because he really hoped that Lan Zhan would enlighten him with all the answers he needs to overcome the final hurdle of walking bravely into a lakeside town that had somewhat exiled him, and to say 'hello' to a foster younger brother who had rightly kicked him out of the Yunmeng Jiang sect.

Lan Zhan takes a deep breath to calm down all unnecessary thoughts and desires (for Perfection, for putting things To Where They Belong, for checking his hair and appearances one more time), and agrees with the spouse for a final break before reaching their first major destination.

“Wei Ying, be prepared for anything. If there is nothing else in mind to talk, or if you do not know what to say, then start with something recent that you have in common with the other side of the conversation,” Lan Zhan sagely

advice surprised the younger man, as they reached a patch of ground covered with pebbles and some winter weeds by the dried-up riverbank.

Wei Ying rubs his reddened chilled nose tip a bit as he recalls fond memories of Jiang Cheng while exhaling puffs of cold clouds into the air. “Hmm... something recent in common? I can only think of my plum sauce, because it tastes like Yunmeng and everyone likes it,” the younger man replies wryly.

“Mn. That’s a good idea.”

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After deftly dispatching a Tian scout cleverly disguised as a passing-by merchant near their resting - correction, picnic - spot, Wei Ying had an idea.

(The merchant made a fatal mistake of pushing a small cart with a few peasant-like assistants, hawking famous lotus seed buns ‘to welcome tired winter travellers by warming their hearts and bellies with Yunmeng’s specialty’. Wei Ying only needed to make a tiny gesture - a hook of a finger or scrunching up his eyebrows - and Lan Zhan literally leapt and *flew* ahead of the younger man, drew Bichen’s gloriously shining, sharpened edge, and sliced the food vendor cleanly into two. The dead man’s appearance degenerated into a female dressed in blood-splattered garb from the Far, Far West - she looked suspiciously close to Tian Fourth Sister -, before melting into a puddle of toxic black fumes. The buns in the cart turned out to be filled with bean paste laced with Corruption magic - upon breaking open

the buns, they emit black smoke similar to Wei Ying's demonic aura -, and the couple could only guess what happened to innocent victims who bought and consumed the poisoned food.)

“Lan Zhan, we can disguise ourselves when we enter Lotus Pier. That way, we can safely make our way through without being detected by patrolling guards or wary villagers, and reach my brother without too much fuss. Of course, we wouldn't be as stupid as the Tians to try and pretend to sell things that aren't normally available during winter - such as lotus -, and lie glaringly in broad daylight - such as saying that Yunmeng is famous for lotus seed buns, because Yunmeng and *spiciness* cannot be separated... and that's coming from a purebred Yunmeng boy!” Wei Ying grins. He takes another bite of a mid-morning snack of ham sandwiches, orange marmalade cake, apple wedges and avocado smoothies that appeared inside his satchel earlier the day; his siblings have been punctual in restocking their food stores inside the couple's luggage throughout the trip - however, there is limited space so meat carcasses and poultry are conveniently excluded, thus Wei Ying gets to hunt for wild game every day.

Lan Zhan single handedly skewers a fierce corpse with Bichen and sends divinely Purity-class magic blazing through the blade, instantly vaporizing undead flesh in a blinding flash. Another assassin, this time an eight-foot golem made of stones from broken statues, roars and jumps out from some bushes behind; Lan Zhan merely draws a horizontal *guqin* line with his free hand and vigorously plucks the magical string. A loud *twang!* , and arching soundwaves pierce through its armour, resonate through growing cracks on its body, and the entire massive twisted pile of rock possessed by ghosts and dark puppetry magic crumbles into sizable chunks that sublimates into black wispy vapours like dry ice.

Wei Ying claps his hands with a half-chewed sandwich hanging from his mouth. The younger man has learnt, over the past couple of weeks, to let

the husband do the dirty deeds - just because it's a wife's prerogative to be protected by the husband, and also because the Tians are sometimes above his league (to his utmost consternation). Lan Zhan's skill in cutting down supernatural enemies increased in leaps and bounds, and he knows to kill every individual with a single blow, lest the survivors call for back-up or worse--

-- the third and final assistant of the now-defunct lotus seed bun business splits himself into two - like breaking an egg -, and his skin peels off to reveal a *nest* of glistening black centipedes each as long as a man's arm. The creepy creatures chitter angrily and crawl out of their fleshy human suit, before launching themselves into the air at Lan Zhan, spewing torrents of toxic black acid to the entire battlefield. Lan Zhan parried and knocked some away with Bichen's scabbard, while Wei Ying yelps with panic and disgust, then quickly climbed up a tree with an armful of his morning snack; some of the acidic spit landed on the picnic straw mat and dissolved *everything* in sight.

“Ah... my smoothie!” Wei Ying cries with disappointment while sitting on the large branch. Leftover cakes, spilled avocado smoothies, and apples on the ground melt into the thick black smoking gunk that eventually left gaping holes on the rocky floor; the acid is incredibly strong, and *no* human can survive contact with that fetid stinking liquid - hence, the reason why Wei Ying considers certain members of the Tian army to be above his league, as long as he is a plain mortal being made of acid-prone flesh and bones.

Lan Zhan grunts when he stabs three such wriggly predators with a single thrust of his sword to make a centipede kebab - he missed their heads, causing more acidic and lethal toxic fluids to gush from the creatures' wounds; from each sizable pool of black blood on the ground, smaller invertebrates emerge and start to bite Lan Zhan's shoes - this is why Lan

Zhan really needed to slay them with a single blow, and not allow them to multiply further. Fortunately the husband is a divinely entity, so no bite, acid, toxins or anything Corrupted-related can harm him.

Lan Zhan takes on a martial-arts half-squat, legs-spread ready stance, inhales deeply and then “Hnnghs”s mightily with a powerful squeeze to his abdominal muscle - much like trying to tighten one’s six-pack abs or in Wei Ying’s analogy, ‘to take the biggest and baddest dump’ - and a ring of pure holy Heavenly Pure spiritual *qi* ripples and radiates from his body; his hair rises from the rising shockwaves, his gaze becomes steel-hard, his hands balled into fists, and all Corrupted existence within a one-kilometer radius is abruptly annihilated with a thunderous boom. The bodies of the creatures, their ripped limbs and internal organs, poisonous saliva and blood are gone without trace.

When the coast is clear and everything has calmed down - winter birdsongs fill the air once again - Wei Ying gingerly climbs down and offers the paltry amount of rescued food to Lan Zhan haphazardly packed in the younger man’s sleeves - the last piece of orange cake, two half-eaten sandwiches and browned apple slices. In return, the husband puts his hand into his bathrobe pocket and with some effort, he pulls out a pre-packaged Wangxian-branded Avocado Drink (With Added Sugar); despite wearing one of the most powerful garments in the known universe - the Heavenly Bathrobe - Lan Zhan hasn’t quite mastered its storage capabilities nor figured out how to find what he needs inside the multiverses that reside within the woolly fabric. (In fact, if Lan Zhan practised harder, he could instruct the bathrobe to manufacture or warp in anything he needs in nanoseconds, however he’s not as savvy as Wei Ying’s siblings to master such a logic-defying technological piece of equipment-cum-garment.)

“It’s not as good as a freshly-made smoothie,” the husband sheepishly adds, feeling guilty for not acting faster to save their picnic brunch.

Wei Ying tip-toes to give Lan Zhan a sweet, shy kiss on the husband's cheek. "Mmm.. it's alright. Thank you for saving me again, *lao gong* !" and takes the packaged artificially-sweetened beverage. He peels off a plastic straw stuck to the carton box, sticks it in, and takes a hearty sip with a cheerful grin.

The couple decided to take their discussion of what to wear when disguising as visitors to the Lotus Pier, elsewhere - the rocky outcrop had been severely damaged, particularly by the spilled acidic blood that seeped into the deeper layers of the hill face, and threatened to cause landslides at the slightest tremor. Lan Zhan is satisfied with a modest snack that Wei Ying saved for him, while Wei Ying at least gets his fruit drink.

"Ah, Lan Zhan... if I finish this pack of drink, then you wouldn't have any," Wei Ying complains to himself. The husband raises an eyebrow questioningly - he wouldn't mind not having anymore synthetic drinks to overload his glucose levels anyway. "... and that wouldn't be fair, because each of us should get one, and I lost the smoothies in the battle just now..." the younger man whines and looks at the husband with lost-puppy eyes.

"Wei Ying, it is alright. I do not need an avocado smoothie. Or any other fruit drinks," Lan Zhan assures the spouse. It's really nothing to argue about, for the husband who has just defeated a clone of a powerful Tian sister and three soldiers of different species.

Wei Ying suddenly stops in his tracks, sniffs and looks around, then unexpectedly grabbed Lan Zhan's wrist. He pulls the husband to the side of the path and they tumble into some bushes, away from bright daylight and

into the shade of pine forests and undergrowth. Lan Zhan's eyes widened like saucers when he realized that Wei Ying had guided his fingers to the latter's bulging loincloth. "W.. Wei Ying?!" the husband gasps, trembling, feeling pulsing flesh beneath that thin layer of undergarment inside Wei Ying's pants.

"Mmm... *lao gong* , seeing you fight made my blood boil with excitement. Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, do you want to taste my smoothie? I want to make some for you, at least before we reach Lotus Pier, because I'm not sure if we'll have any chance when we're there..." the voice becomes silky, and sultry, long eyelashes flutter alluringly, and the atmosphere between the two becomes charged with something warm, primal and whets Lan Zhan's appetite for the spouse's flavours. Sweet, pungent, fragrant, musky, meaty, delicate - they're all Wei Ying's, and Lan Zhan too, wants to savour sweat off the skin, listen to Wei Ying's enthralling cries of ecstasy, when his fingers grope around and peel off layers of garment to reveal pale flushed skin, when his lips nibble and suck each nipple like a babe breastfeeding from its mother, when his teeth graze familiar trails leading down, down to Wei Ying's prized unshaved pubic bush, when his fingers gently invade the puckered rosebud between springy ass-cheeks and graze, vibrate, molest that sweet swollen spot inside a lustful Wei Ying, when his mouth finally encloses the sweet rigid twitching flesh and he gives the spouse the blowjob of a lifetime, when Wei Ying sings his song of the husband's name interspersed with moans and growls, of hips trembling uncontrollably as desire soars higher than the skies, of muscles rolling, contracting, relaxing, vibrating, then, of molten lava swelling and burning its path up a tight turgid erect tunnel, bulging, expelling, shooting until Lan Zhan receives his well-deserved smoothie in heated, rapid fifteen-pulses - thick, exceedingly warm, incredibly flavourful - framed by wiggling toes, quaking pelvis, Aaah Aaah Hnnnghs, Faster-Harder-Deeper-Don't-Stops, fingers grasping his hair, clawing on his face, because Wei Ying dies again and again as he empties into the beautiful slender throat, and Lan Zhan lives, lives again and comes back for more of Wei Ying's essence.

Later, after a filling meal of Wei Ying's sexual fluids, Lan Zhan sits up to adjust his hairpiece and tries to straighten his hair. Wei Ying lies on the ground, half-naked and shivering from the cold, happily drained to the last drop and his lower limbs quiver non-stop from excessive post-orgasmic pleasure still coursing through his veins - and mutters that Lan Zhan's hair is messy and needs to be combed, otherwise it'll tangle up into knots, contribute to a receding hairline and heaven forbid, bald spots may form too. The husband groans, because his unhealthy obsession with the hair has been immediately triggered by the naughty spouse.

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It would be about two weeks in Mortal Realm time, since the couple left their home in the 'Mounds, and finally reached the western gate of Wei Ying's ancestral home. Dressed appropriately as common folk who peddle on the streets from town to town, with Wei Ying as the leading salesman while Lan Zhan trails behind wearing a large farmer's straw hat, pulling a small cart of unsuspecting typical agricultural products that sees demand everywhere - winter root vegetables, sacks of grains and a few household items - they walk past twin aging wooden posts with the words "Lotus Pier" written on them, and are greeted with the eerily familiar sight of empty, dusty streets, abandoned guard posts and closed shops.

It feels like Yi City all over again, except that the couple has seen the devastation caused by the advancing Tian, possibly Imperial, armies that had wiped out every single village they've passed through with no survivors on record. Wei Ying hopes that he'll come across a true, breathing human citizen of Yunmeng soon, because he hasn't met any other living persons since leaving home.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm just writing to fill my time in between work and getting bored staying locked down at home.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 84

Ironically, the most distressing scenery is also the most breathtaking, at least for Wei Ying. The husband, however, is unaffected and shows no sign of surprise.

Lotus Pier is a mid-sized city located along the edges of the Great Lakes - a system of lakes and rivers that carry water from the high volcano mountains, deserts and plateaus in the West, through lower central plains of the Middle Kingdom featuring rolling hills, valleys and important waterways such as the grand Long River - where Wei Ying's foster family lived -, and the life-giving water meanders its way through windy widening rivers and river deltas out to the east, where the Great Eastern Coastal regions meet the seas, and close to Lan Zhan's hometown.

Wei Ying stands on the western side of one of the larger lakes, and admires the jaw-dropping view of a huge--

-- empty bowl with a cracked bottom, that's what it is. Am I right, Lan Zhan?" the younger man asks and points at the cracked mud lining what used to be the lake bed. With slightly (man-made) warmer temperatures, the atmosphere resembles that of late autumn or early spring - still chilly, dry, and not a speck of ice or snow anywhere. The whole landscape looks like a desert - orangy, brownish, dusty, and bone dry, while the lake with a depth of ten feet on average has simply disappeared, leaving only small puddles of brownish water at the bottom fed by small brooks made of snowmelt. Occasionally a small sandstorm blows across the desolate crater-like gap that was once a thriving crystal clear lake; if one squints to the distant evaporated shores, he may notice some dead lotus plants and roots too, littered with fish bones and crustacean shells - all animal and plant life within the lake have become dessicated, dried and dead.

“Mn. I watched many documentaries about deserts of the world, such as the Sahara, during our stay in Wuji continent. This scene reminds me of some,” Lan Zhan replies thoughtfully. He grips Bichen tightly and makes sure not to let its scabbard touch the dusty lakeside ground, hence its namesake.

“Eh, you remembered that? What sharp memory you have, and yet you always forget your little promises to me,” Wei Ying pouts and lightly pinches the husband’s forearm without warning (the latter nnnghs because he’s developing a liking for a sadistic yet candid, devoted spouse). Then, Wei Ying points at a collapsed wooden platform hanging precariously from rocky cliff-like edges just a short distance away, and remarks, “That is...was... the main wharf. The last time we walked on it was about three years ago... Ahh, reminiscing about those days, I really missed Si Zhui, Wen Ning, and even Jin Ling! I wish I could ask someone how the boys are doing!”

“Mn. But I do not see anyone in this part of town,” Lan Zhan responds and turns away from the lake and towards the western shanty town of Lotus Pier. Dust devils blow across deserted streets, rocking rickety huts, wooden structures and bamboo buildings. Silence pervades the entire area that used to be bustling with fishermen bringing in their morning catch, traders selling lotus products and seafood, families crowding around cheap markets, and shrieking children running everywhere barefooted. However, after travelling through a number of uninhabited villages, the couple is accustomed to such gut-wrenching sights; Wei Ying no longer sheds tears or mourns for the dead, and Lan Zhan stopped requesting for proper burials or play calming, spirit-appeasing tunes with his incorporeal *gugin* every time they come across mass slaughter sites. Being numbed to such terrible genocidal circumstances is probably the best coping mechanism they have during times of despair - yet Wei Ying stubbornly holds onto his wish to see Jiang Cheng, despite in all likelihood something terrible would have happened to him by now; Lan Zhan thinks Wei Ying is suffering from

delusion, but he accepts the fact that each of them has his own demons to deal with, so he does not dispute further with the spouse on the topic of that Jiang *gongzi* .

The couple walked around a bit, with Wei Ying pointing out landmarks, shopfronts and alleys he remembered from his childhood days, from nearly two decades ago, and from three years ago; the times when he achieved milestones in his life in the Lotus Pier - the lotus-themed fountain in the town square where people threw coins to pray for good luck, the little stall that used to be manned by an uncle who always gave the Yunmeng trio free lotus seed treats, the roads where teenage Wei Ying used to run and play with wooden sticks and bows with other boys in town, and so many more - except that nearly all of those mentioned picturesque or historical spots lie in ruins, some showing signs of bloodied struggles, fingerprints from victims clutching and clawing at surfaces as they're dragged away, broken furniture, splintered walls, toppled pillars and destroyed rooftops line the sprawling districts as far as the eye can see until the fringes of the city - and worst of all, Corrupted talismans are plastered or hung at nearly every corner, some burnt out, some still active and radiate dark Corruption magic.

Wei Ying sighs, tired and disheartened, and rubs his temples when they agreed to take a break to sit on a roadside bench. Even during the brief respite, Wei Ying is reminded of the painful reality by the sights he sees - broken, bloodied and talisman-wrapped chains are nailed to the bench - undeniable evidence that someone, or something, and many individuals of such, were tied up for some reason, and subjected to terrible body-altering or soul-destroying Corruption spells. "It's not as I thought. I had expected something more... alive, after reading Jiang Cheng's letter. Y'know, lively protests in the streets, guards defending the city from invading Imperial Cultivators, flying swords everywhere, fireballs thrown overhead, scenes from bloody wars like how it was during the Wens' incursion. Not as dead and as lifeless as this," he sighs.

Wei Ying finally admits that what the couple has seen so far in their depressing city tour (more like, a ghost town) is contrary to conventional wisdom - Wei Ying's wisdom, that is. Lotus Pier is *no* longer the grand and glorious capital of Yunmeng province in present time; *no* longer the citadel that Wei Ying touted when he insisted that if everything in the world had gone wrong then surely, surely, the Lotus Pier would still stand tall and strong because they *had* the respectable, Zidian and Sandu-wielding Jiang Sect Leader; *no* longer the final city to fall because history doesn't foretell events of the future - being the last to fall during the old Wens' incursion doesn't mean it'll still be around this time. In short, Lotus Pier is just another brutal red statistic added to the list of villages, towns and cities that have been attacked, ransacked and emptied out by the enemies.

Lan Zhan stands close to Wei Ying and pulls the spouse close in a loose embrace. His white sleeve covers the younger man's face. The metaphorical blindfold has been lifted, Wei Ying sees only the white of his husband's eternally bright light. Within the comforting cocoon, the younger man puts a hand into his Bag of Holding, and after some tight maneuvering with nimble fingers, fishes out the crumpled, dog-eared letter that he'd received from Jiang Cheng a few weeks ago. The words are still there - naggy and emotionally explosive Jiang *gongzi* complained about everything in including his home, his brother (which he never called *da ge* , and always by the full name - how rude, Wei Ying chuckled inwardly at fond memories of the trio's younger days), and about plum sauce (realizing how Jiang Cheng nitpicks on such trivial things, and Wei Ying's chuckle becomes ever more bitter than sweet.)

Lan Zhan feels a slight improvement in Wei Ying's emotions, and withdraws the embrace - he notices Wei Ying has uncried tears in his eyes and the latter doesn't shy away from wiping them in front of the concerned husband. Wei Ying's fingers brushed the rather neat writing, and they linger on the date of when the letter was written. Time-stamped just a little more than a month ago. And yet the evidence of massacre they'd seen from now-erased Dashan village until this part of Lotus Pier are probably older than

that - the overgrown farms at the outskirts are clues that there wasn't anyone harvesting the crops during autumn, the signs of age and neglect on the straw huts and empty homes - even the odd dried human entrails, bones cleverly hidden behind pots and furniture, mummified remains of torn-off limbs buried in shallow hastily-dug holes in gardens - whether as part of the Corruption burial or because fleeing residents didn't have time to pay their final respects, Wei Ying couldn't tell even using his awesome forensic investigation skills - however, Wei Ying could tell that Lotus Pier, like the other villages, had been unoccupied around since summer. Half a year ago, a very rough estimate by the younger man.

Wei Ying hands the letter to Lan Zhan. "Do what is needed, *lao gong* , I don't want it anymore," he says without remorse. Lan Zhan "Mn"s, and takes the letter, then tightens his fingers - he emits a wave of Purity magic, and the words on the letter dissolve into black particles, which then ignited briefly and turn into ash, dissipating into thin air. At this point, it would be pointless to contest the origins of those black particles; they're writings made of Corrupted magic, cursed to narrate believable lies that captivate its target reader, and confuses any person's rational thought and common sense upon reading.

"How did they manage to trick us?" Wei Ying asks, somewhat amazed at how one by one, Jiang Cheng's handwriting peels itself off the parchment and gets annihilated by the wonderful golden luminescence radiating from Lan Zhan's body.

"We're in a different timeline, a different universe. Everything was already destroyed and Corrupted by the time we arrived back home in the UFO. No one really suspected anything, not even our children or your siblings, because news from the outside world, beyond Yiling, is controlled by the Imperial Court. Everything we've read in the periodicals, the rumours we've heard from teahouses - everything - has been manufactured by them

to give an impression that Yunmeng and other provinces are struggling with protests, but still alive - when in fact, they've been wiped out."

Wei Ying winces then clicks his tongue. Lan Zhan doesn't mince his words or sugar-coat facts.

"Ah... am I right to say that the Imperial bastards used dark magic to fabricate my younger brother's writing, exploited common tropes of sibling rivalry, and a came up with a cheap anecdote involving our company's plum sauce, just to deliver a letter to our home, and... evict us from the 'Mounds?'" Wei Ying wondered and adjusted his body so that he lies on Lan Zhan's lap on the bench, while the husband sits up straight, and patiently accommodates to every whim and whine of the spouse.

"Initially, yes. Fortunately Ni-er's barrier holds up tremendously well. A few days after we've travelled out of the 'Mounds, scores of intruders arrived at the estate but they were vaporized instantly by her Purity magic, just as what I can do with the fierce corpses and the undead." A broad hand soothes the younger man by brushing the pink cheeks and wiping off any sweat from the midday off-season winter sun.

Wei Ying plucks a long yellowed blade of grass that grew close to the bench - the road side hadn't been maintained for *months* , so there are plenty of plants to pick on, even during winter - and starts to fiddle with it, making gentle folds and twists to form a bent, disfigured woven grasshopper. "... and?" Wei Ying stares upwards, expecting more.

Lan Zhan is slightly taken aback and is at a loss of words. He doesn't know what else to say; despite knowing *everything* since he became the new Jade Emperor, he still gets caught by the spouse's erratic ways, sometimes.

“Oi, say something, Lan Zhan,” impatient Wei Ying plucks another grass, this time one that has tufts of seeds at the end like a blade of wheat, and lifts it to tickle the older man's chin.

“Mmm... our home is safe, our businesses and everything in Yiling is running as usual under our Kingdom's protection... your siblings have decimated and colonized whole nations in the Far, Far West, started to replenish the population in the villages we've passed with our kinsmen, and our children have bulldozed their way north and reached the capital city to face the Grandmaster of the Imperial Cultivators, and soon the Emperor,” Lan Zhan reports, rather uncertainly - because he's not sure if he'd met Wei Ying's request.

A light slap of grass-end on the lips. Lan Zhan nnnhs at the feathery light, tickling kiss.

“I didn't need a history lesson. Tell me something more relevant and useful, such as what's happening here, right now, and what we need to do,” the spouse orders, “I could've easily snatched your Book of Judgement from your bathrobe and read what has happened, but that's not what I want to do. You're the King of Gods and Men, for goodness sake, so behave like one,” the young pseudo-dominatrix man admonishes his older lover.

Another whip-like touch to a cheek, leaving a faint rising welt. The husband gasps again in a very non-masculine way.

“... I’m holding a barrier to keep us out of sight and repel the undead creatures occupying the city. I didn’t want you to see them, because I was afraid you’d recognize their faces... and you were telling me these wonderful stories from your childhood days, the places you’ve been to, and the people you know.. I... I--”

Wei Ying’s other free hand easily slides underneath the husband’s layers of robes, grasps the soft, limp member trapped in loincloth, and gives it a few savage, hard pumps. Payback time, the unspoken words form between them, a punishment by the upset spouse towards the lying husband. How dare you, Wei Ying grumbled.

“-- unnh.. T-they’ve been following us shortly after the encounter w-w..ith the false merchant and his three assistants. Th-... hnnnh.... They’re outside the b-barrier, unable to sense us, waiting for a.. A..ahhnn... a chance... to get through...” Lan Zhan starts to moan on the bench, face ripening to six deep shades of sweat-tinged pink and reds, while being stroked with a heart-stopping speeds to frightening heights of orgasmic climaxes. Wei Ying sits up beside the husband, and his hand tightens, giving the free-flowing pre-cum dripping erection the most heavenly friction a man can ask for - and he adds polishing at the end of each upstroke, plus exquisite jiggling of heavy ballsacks with ghosting fingertips right after each downstroke - and Lan Zhan trembles, his limbs lose control and strength, he starts to jerk and twist his body with pleasure coursing through every nerve-end, burning its way deep inside his groin.

“... and?”

“... aaaahh... and... and, your siblings and children are aware about t-t-this, and they’ve taken... hnngh... preventive measures to block further transgressions from the Imperial armies... hnnghk... so that we c-can c-c-concentrate on our miss... mission... oh, Wei Ying, I’m going to...!” Lan Zhan’s rising growls and shouts of ecstasy doesn’t deter the young man to beat the truth out of the lying husband. Wei Ying starts slapping the twitching cock still encased inside the stretched, wet loincloth like a metronome in time with a raging pace of a six-star handjob.

“Ahh, Ahh, Uunh... we- we should make haste a-and find any s-s-survivors here in the Pier, perhaps... Hnngh, Unngh, Hahhn... at the main hall of your ancestral... hhhnk, guughkk, aaah!.. home... Wei Ying, I cannot...!”

Lan Zhan shouts in warning once more, before he explodes, orgasms beautifully inside his pants, his face frozen and etched with expressions of agony, absolute pleasure, snarling like a beast, dying like a man who had sowed all his seeds and is squeezed to the last drop. Wei Ying licks his lips unconsciously as he watches the exposed red loincloth ripple and surge like a volcanic eruption trapped in a balloon of sorts, turning darker with slickness and sliminess with each passing ejaculation. At the eighth penile contraction, Wei Ying easily slides a palm underneath the cloth and continues to give very enjoyable heart-felt pumps until twitch number twenty-five - which shocks the still-climaxing man until he nearly falls off his seat - and withdraws only after the thirtieth twitch, and cat-licks the cummy aftermath from his fingers. Warm, gooey, thick and rich with *qi*. Tastes just like the husband, he thought. Out of compassion, Wei Ying puts his other free and clean hand into the loincloth, targets the dying hard-on and continues to rub and stroke it languidly, to Lan Zhan’s hidden delight masqueraded as pure bodily surrender - he yields, he is apologetic, he is defeated.

“Wei Ying! I.... aaah! I’m sorry!... hnnnghk!... I will not lie again, ever!... hahhhhh!” the older man begs for forgiveness as his hyper-sensitive penis is deliciously assaulted with molten-hot tugs, vibrating drumming of fingertips and his arch nemesis - the awful, terrifying, heart-attack inducing polishing of a still-spurting cockslit.

Lan Zhan finally orgasms, the second time in a row in less than five minutes, still as strong as the first but a little more diluted in texture and thickness for all thirty twitches. Wei Ying leans forward, grazes his teeth against a deep-red earlobe, and kisses a very flushed cheek - the one that had been whipped by a blade of grass earlier - and he gently warns the husband never, never to twist the truth because lying - even for good reasons - is Wei Ying’s expertise and privilege, not for the man given the noble title of Han Guang Jun.

Lan Zhan acquiesces.

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After three climaxes for a total of ninety main twitches (and another ten because Wei Ying understands the husband’s need to achieve perfect numbers, therefore he adds cum-ejecting polishes in-between each climax, strong enough to force seed out the shuddering, unwilling cock - hence a spectacular hundred spurts in a span of less than ten minutes), Lan Zhan’s underpants are downright soggy, but his balls are pleasantly light - he had no right to complain, because Wei Ying went through a similar ordeal not too long ago, during a summer night in Yiling’s night markets.

Wei Ying pushes the cart with agricultural produce to Lan Zhan's side, then takes off his thicker outer robes, Bag of Holding, satchel, travelling gear, and drops them unceremoniously onto the wet patch on the husband's thighs.

"Hold my stuff, and let me show you how to *properly* handle the Dark Arts," Wei Ying says, thumbs his nose and flicks the bangs off his face. Lan Zhan swore he felt a little arrow shot into his wildly-thumping heart, and his inner child squeals and waves mini-pom poms and concert light sticks at the heroic display.

Wei Ying whips out his golden flute from the belt. Lan Zhan snaps his fingers and as expected, the dome-shaped barrier around them cracks, crashes and collapses like brittle glass.

Hundreds of fierce corpses and other undead horrors stand outside the perimeter, growling, drooling and bleeding black liquid from their pale, splotched skin and dirty ragged clothes. Wei Ying recognized some of them - a few he used to play with during his younger days, the uncles and aunties that gave him free snacks, and even the broken famed lotus statue had been transformed into a twenty-foot rock golem of sorts.

Wei Ying spins his flute - the world stirs and wavers for a few dizzying seconds because that's the Pillar of World Balance in his hands - earthquakes ripples forth, black smoky masses engulf the vicinity, and the skies grow ominously dark - and he places the sacred instrument to his lips.

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Lan Zhan counts his blessings that he's wearing clothes from 2000 B.C. at embarrassing times like this. He could pull down his pants, untie then remove the heavy soiled sagging loincloth, replace with a new pair of white briefs (which is so much easier to wear) and pull back up his pants - and still retain his dignity because his long outer robes covers his whole body. He performed this quick garment-changing act in the town square under the midday sun (because the undead do not feel squeamish), while Wei Ying played a creepy version of classic Yunmeng folk tunes to brainwash and wrest control of the undead from their masters.

Nearly all individuals are former residents of the city and nearby settlements, so they recognized the songs, swayed and danced along. Those that didn't react - foreigners - roared with mindless anger in a show of blatant disregard of Yunmeng's time-honored culture, are immediately swarmed and ripped into shreds by their own kin of sorts. In-between the carnage of rotten flesh, invertebrate-filled bodies and non-living materials being mauled, bitten, chewed and clawed by gnarled fangs and sharpened nails, the young man spotted rusty-brown Jin armour - and silently whispered a prayer for the deceased, despised sect people.

"That's... discriminatory," Lan Zhan states as a matter-of-fact. Wei Ying snorts and plays the final notes, before ending with shrill, bone-chilling finale, and all fierce corpses, zombies, vampires, ghouls, and other undead kin shuffled about to find the right position, and stand in attention to their new master - reminisce of how various sect *gongzi* s obediently lined up in Nightless City during the abominable kidnapping-cum-studying episode spearheaded by Wen Chao.

"I'm the boss now, and I get to have the last say. So, I'm a bad boy, do you have a problem with that?" the younger man turns around and taps the flute

to the bottom of Lan Zhan's chin, arrogant and challenging.

“Nnnh.”

Playing the flute has done wonders to Wei Ying's youthful porcelain-white complexion, length of hair, and level of badass-ery - including blood-red eyes, eye liners and eye shadows paired with luscious scarlet lips - and that seductive mole just below them - and that tongue-licking bewitching slender neck and an equally thin waist to match the lean, tall frame. He transformed to his former Yiling Patriarch image, clothed in blacks and crimsons, exudes malignant feelings, vengeful auras and jaw-droppingly lustful sexiness; Lan Zhan's supposedly sleeping wood between the legs hardened considerably at the sight of his powered-up spouse.

Wei Ying didn't miss the latest trouble to befall upon the weak-willed husband. The golden flute slides down the husband's Adam's apple, chest, abdomen and finally taps on the terribly misbehaving hard-on.

“... Nnngh.”

With a hundred-strong army of undead creatures under his command, Wei Ying, courtesy name Wei Wuxian is certainly a force to be reckoned with, here in the ruined Lotus Pier (with a docile, domesticated, horny Jade Emperor by his side, of course).

Notes for the Chapter:

The days are long and a little quiet, maybe peaceful, during the lockdown :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 85

Wei Ying adjusts his clothes and equipment; the thick outer robes felt too warm since the temperature had risen throughout the day, so he gave it to the husband for safekeeping. Lan Zhan sighs a little, careful to balance the load on his hands and juggle the many hats he wears - patriarch, husband, lover, sworn protector, hero, white knight in shining armour, mule, porter, mobile storage, plaything (for sex), and et cetera - while trying not to act too subservient to the spouse, lest the power dynamics in their relationship becomes topsy-turvy and irreversibly damaged.

The couple continued their journey just as advised by the then-orgasming husband, towards the Jiang residence, where Wei Ying grew up, where it was burnt down and converted to an outpost during the Wens' incursion, then recaptured and reinstated by Jiang Cheng and his allies of the cultivation world. Wei Ying, notably Yiling Patriarch in his current form, continues to play off-tune Yunmeng classics on his flute, attracting more undead - fierce corpses and animated skeletal remains make up the bulk of his fans - to join the ranks of those trailing behind the powerful couple like the pre-21st century pied piper fable. Wei Ying didn't like how they behaved - ugly growls and incomprehensible snarls, slothful movements, decaying limbs dragging through the ground - because the undead can be dignified and respectable as well (look at the Underworld!); so he made them skip, wobble and dance quite a bit while traversing to the center of the Pier. Lan Zhan merely kept quiet, kept his head low beneath the shadow of a large straw hat, and obediently pushed the cart of goodies, pretty much as how Wen Ning used to do the same with radishes for sale at the markets, nearly two decades earlier.

Having been told the truth that the Lotus Pier is indeed way, way past the perilous stage, too far in the deep that there's really no use for saviors or any heroic acts to save desperate lives, and that a change to post-

apocalyptic mindset and lifestyles are in order - a new norm, so to speak - Wei Ying is a happier man than before.

“There is a difference,” the younger man says, “in racing against time to save my brother and the townspeople from being massacred by the Tians and their denizens, or from being captured by Imperial soldiers,” he lifts a finger towards a northwesterly direction to signify roughly where those threats come from, “versus, taking our sweet time to explore a world where everything has been destroyed and turned to dust or demonic undead monsters, and we’re just hopping from town to town, finding and helping survivors make the best of the new reality,” the finger sweeps a wide arc towards the east, which is roughly their final destination.

Wei Ying pats on sacks of grains and vegetables in the creaking cart - the wheels hold well on unpaved roads, the food was donated by Wei *didi* and airdropped at a moment’s notice; they may have lost a war before it began, but they have all the resources needed to rebuild everything. He pretends to busy himself by sorting out and arranging some farming tools and household items stored among the cargo. “Mn,” Lan Zhan nods, “You’re right, Wei Ying. And I admire your bravery, openness and ability to adapt so quickly to such unimaginable changes in the situation,” he praises the spouse, in which the latter lands another perfect kiss to blushing cheeks as a gesture of appreciation. Wei Ying’s turnaround in accepting their new life is startling indeed, even for normal human beings.

Wei Ying spins the flute with a grin - slowly this time, because he knows if he does it too much, or with too much force, the planet could be catapulted out of orbit from the earth-shattering momentum - then puts the flute back to the lips, and continues to play the pied piper to more fierce corpses joining the jiggling samba line.

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It's been a while, but the couple receives regular reports from the Wei siblings. With the revelation that they actually live in a nearly dead, post-apocalyptic world (save for their little pocket of untouched paradise in Qishan), the Kingdom of Lan pulls all stops to turn the world into one of theirs.

Ernie and Ni-er scaled back from their mission - they halted their advance at the hellish doorsteps to Chang'an, camped out *ala* glamping style to take stock of their situation. They have all the time in the world to destroy the capital city, so rather than rushing in, Ernie decides to pay some attention to his scouts - virus particles, really. His tiny body-parts have gone ahead of schedule and reached all corners of the planet, and continued to replicate and infect new hosts at astonishing rates. He analyzed the first packets of data and uploaded them to ErNet - and immediately received thunderous applause, praises, job-well-dones by the Kingdom's citizens - it's almost as good as when Man first reached the lifeless Moon, and it's a momentous milestone: the Kingdom can build a complete data set of the entire Mortal Realm - their Mother and Fatherland. With more data packets on the way, soon there will be enough to make changes to realities, to synthesize anything that is needed to reclaim the fallen lands, and for Ernie to reverse-engineer the world, or its components, at will.

Little Ni-er simply accompanies her brother, and spends her free time either snuggling inside his backpack, or when she's up and about, she would curl and hang from her brother's humanoid arms to nom-nom everything within reach - with her toothless gums. Their amazing journey to the North has provided endless documentary series and entertaining fodder for live streamers, with Ni-er clearing straight paths through ruined cities, forests, mountains, rivers and lakes - because she eats anything her two-feet long body can reach. It goes without saying that as more screenshots and video

clips of her adorable side circulate the Net, her popularity soars even higher than the brother's - which is perfectly fine for the only two tentacle-kin siblings in existence.

The Wei siblings at the western end of the continent are doing a fantastic job in pushing back civilizations of the Far, Far West. Like any bloody wars between people of different ethnicities, ideologies or origins, it's a fight for dominance, survival, living space, scarce resources and supremacy. So far, the Kingdom has been able to lay waste to rather primitive fortresses, cities and military camps. They had captured as many commanders and generals as possible - mostly clones of the Tian sisters - but none have yielded any useful information, such as the location of the presumably original Tian *da jie* or even the presence of the Tian *dalaoye* and his queen. Scores of the Kingdom's citizens are sent to new colonizable zones to populate and take control of increasing swathes of new frontier lands. Airships are teleported to areas cleared out of monsters - the path taken by the First Fathers from the 'Mounds to Yunmeng, and the path by the tentacle-kin from the borders of Qishan towards Chang'an - to transport more citizens, animals and supplies to re-populate those places as well.

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"Hmm. This was never here before," Wei Ying ponders and rubs his chin while staring at a fifteen-feet tall stockade wall made of hastily chopped tree trunks enclosing the residence's compound. He knocked, poked and pushed at a couple of giant stakes to examine their construct, and test the quality and strength - a little dilapidated due to age and weather from the last few months or so, but still a formidable defense against corpses trying to climb over or pound their way through -, "It's a bit like those 21st-century zombie movies, don't you think so?" he asks.

Lan Zhan peers a little closer and notices dried bloodstains, charred patches, slash marks and broken arrows stuck on the surface. When Wei Ying rubbed a finger on the torn bark and showed Lan Zhan a blackened finger tip, the latter simply “Mn”s in vague agreement and recoils from the dirty finger - it could’ve been bits of cursed rotted flesh or burnt bone fragments. Wei Ying laughs and shocks the husband when he smears the black substance on Lan Zhan’s nose and walks off with arms behind his back, nonchalantly. The husband yelps (and shows a very rare facial expression of fear and disgust) then quickly wipes his nose with a sleeve; he unwittingly released his grip on the handle of the cart, so the heavy transport creaked and moved in reverse towards its handler - resulting in one of the wheels rolling over Lan Zhan’s toe. He yelps again, louder this time, at the pain stemming from his clumsiness.

“You’re too stiff, Lan Zhan! You’ll grow old and slow very fast if you keep this up! Don’t worry, you’re the King of Gods and Men, so anything evil and corrupted trying to harm you will vaporize instantly upon contact! Whereas, I, the former Patriarch of the dark arts--” the younger man whistles a few eerie notes into the silence, “--can only try my best to control them according to my whims!” The swelling crowd of two-hundred strong undead moves like a sluggish mass and with irregular movements - like having seizures - to follow their new youthful master.

Suddenly, five incendiary arrows rained from the skies and struck the couple’s undead escort. Five corpses roared when their chests burst into flames - the arrow heads have been soaked with explosives and combustible resins. Not a few seconds have passed, and another five more projectiles arch from above. “Ah, save me!” Wei Ying cries, when his sharp-sighted vision told him that one would pierce his skull no matter how fast he tried to run; he tried to shield himself with his bare hands anyway, despite the risk that his limbs were in acute danger. Lan Zhan hmphs and leaps ahead - he body spins gracefully as he unfurls Bichen, like a deadly, blossoming metallic flower in the dazzling afternoon sunlight, the iconic blade cuts down all five burning arrows in a single wide swipe. The moment he lands

fluidly on one foot (the leg with the injured toe is lifted slightly - like a ballerina), he launches himself into the air again, up fifteen feet and higher than the stockade, and aims his trusty sword towards the sniper.

“There’s something different about the enemies this time! A man in white has defeated my Power Five-Shots! He leads the biggest army of corpses I’ve ever seen! There’s a hundred! No... two hundred! Thousands! They look really ferocious! Sound the alarms! Rally the soldiers!”

Wei Ying recognizes the voice, holds up a hand, and yells, “Lan Zhan! Stop! I hear Jin Ling!”

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The panicked young man hisses at his undead army and waves his hands angrily, like shoo-ing away a congregation of belligerent stray cats. Within a couple of seconds, every individual dispersed from the scene - some dove into barrels and large cracked water pots, a few ducked behind broken horse wagons and bushes, the more intelligent ones ran into nearby abandoned buildings for cover, those with viable legs sprinted for the woods, and those with good arms burrowed into the frozen ground and left mounds of dug soil behind (thus, digging their own graves, literally).

By the time the much-missed and very familiar face peeked out from behind the wooden barrier - it’s Jin Ling, probably nearing his twenties by now! Who would’ve thought the blessed orphaned boy would grow into such a fine young man of... err... slightly at the lower-end scale in terms of height, and modestly above-average looks...! (Wei Ying tries his best to put

forth his best descriptions of what he sees - it's his nephew, after all!) - Jin Ling became very surprised and panicked as well.

Wei Ying's beaming grin (which goes unnoticed, because Jin Ling set his sights on Lan Zhan - a man in glorious angelic white in a grimy, dusty, brownish desolate place stands out the most) turns into a grimace when gong bells sound in the background. There was a *whoosh!* sound of rustling robes and of someone powerful flying through the air, and good ol' Jiang Cheng emerges next to the boy (Wei Ying still thinks of his nephew as a teenager, no matter how many years have passed - and oh wow, Jiang Cheng looks like he's aged a little more, and his frown has grown deeper between the brows). There are glimpses of purple garbs from where Wei Ying stood, and he watched as the Jiang sect leader's gaze sweeps over the horizon from the high vantage point, before he slaps the back of Jin Ling's head with a palm. Several heavily-armed archers and swordsmen arrived as well and stood beside the two, huffing and puffing from exertion from climbing up fifteen-foot ladders.

"You have the gall to sound the alarms for... THIS?!" Jiang Cheng slaps the boy's head again, "How can you be so scared when there are only two persons! You've wasted all our energy and time again! Useless!" another slap, "If this ever happens again, I won't let you have guard duty anymore, and you'll be forced to stay inside the residence!"

Poor Jin Ling, he's still frequently abused and scolded by the fierce *jiu jiu*, Wei Ying thought.

Jiang Cheng stares down at the couple and locks his discerning eyesight on the formerly misunderstood arch-nemesis, and flashes a toothy snarl, "You've returned (好啊, 你回来了)...".

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Wei Ying was told not to move an inch while the esteemed Jiang sect leader barks orders to soldiers to keep an eye on the perimeter and to open the gates. Wei Ying fidgets a bit but is relaxed; Jiang Cheng's full grin (often mistaken as a snarl, really) marks the return of their brotherly relationship and fond memories of them being together, whether play-fighting or arguing over a bowl of *shijie*'s lotus root pork rib soup, surfaced and made Wei Ying feel warm to the core.

“Wei Wuxian! I thought I’d never see you again!” Jiang Cheng trots over from the gate, followed by Jin Ling and a small number of young soldiers - Wei Ying realizes that most of them are mere teenagers not much older than sixteen or seventeen years of age. The Jiang sect leader looks quite presentable and remarkable in his outstanding, regal commander uniform, and Zidian sparkles in the afternoon sunlight from one of the fingers. His face looks aged with more creases and wrinkles, probably due to stress and fatigue from defending Yunmeng’s last bastion from hordes of undead. Jin Ling is, unexpectedly, wearing a purple robe too with a pair of matching dark pants, the same as the other Yunmeng Jiang disciples, armed with his late father’s oversized sword, bow and arrows strapped to his back, and a chest plate at the front that clearly identifies his clan with a purple lotus flower motif.

“Well, I never really said good-bye,” Wei Ying replies with an equally bright smile. He pats on the cargo in his cart and cheerfully, in his trademark jovial ways, adds, “Sorry I took some time to get here. Here’s a gift from the two of us - harvests from our faraway home,” and tilts his head to gesture at Lan Zhan. Jiang Cheng bows with a fist and palm salute -

and everyone else, including Jin Ling, quickly followed suit in respect of the visitors.

Jin Ling opened and closed his mouth a few times, wanting to point out what he thought he saw accompanying the visitors - a sea of fearsome fierce corpses - he managed to make a few false-starts of calling *jiu jiu* 's name in stammers, before the latter hushes the boy with another slap to the back of the head.

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It was late afternoon when the couple arrived at the Jiang residence. Wei Ying notes, and Lan Zhan quietly nods in agreement (because they're telepathically connected by ErNet when they don't visibly converse with each other), that the collection of large mansion-like buildings with abundant lotus-filled pools and gardens in-between, squeezed inside the stockade, look primed for war. Everywhere there are marching soldiers or soldiers practising with martial arts, bows and swords - Yunmeng Jiang disciples - who look a little frail and undernourished, a bit too young, and weary with dark bags under their eyes.

“ *Jiu jiu* , are you sure this is okay? I-I mean, last week, there were those food merchants...” Jin Ling blurts out of the blue while trying to catch up with Jiang Cheng, who directed some men to unload the cart and prepare a hall for the visitors.

“You still doubt them? Look at the sword that Wei Wuxian is carrying, and look at the ribbon on Lan *er gongzi* 's forehead!” Jiang Cheng chastises the clueless boy. A disciple called for his attention and presented a parchment containing updated numbers of their paltry inventory of foodstuff and other

supplies. Jiang Cheng takes a quick look, grunts out a “go ahead”, and sends the disciple on his way.

“But... Sect Leader, there aren't... any?” Gaping and google-eyed Jin Ling is as dumb as ever - at least that's what Wei Ying thought of the boy's naive response.

“Exactly! They are the real Wei Wuxian and Han Guang Jun! The ones we've met before tried to trick us with illusions and disguises - just like how you almost bit into the lotus seed bun bought from the merchants if I hadn't intervened at the last minute and beat some sense into your head! Think with your brains, not with your stomach, boy! You should count your lucky stars that you didn't turn into a fierce corpse unlike five other disciples that day!” Wei Ying counted at least three light pokes and swats to the boy's back, and flinched inwardly the same number of times. Perhaps influenced by the rather harsh treatment displayed in front of them, Lan Zhan remains as quiet as a mouse, and he looks at the floor as though it is the most captivating part of the residence. The cart has been emptied and he pushes it along while walking behind Wei Ying.

A disciple approaches them and announces that the hall is ready. The awkward-looking teenager, dressed in full gear, directs them to the venue and Jiang Cheng leads the entourage. As they strode towards their destination in hurried steps - Jiang Cheng seems always in a rush -, the couple takes the chance to admire the changed scenery; herb gardens turned to open-air medical camps, lesser homes for servants function as armour and weapon workshops and basic military dormitories, storehouses transformed into precious food pantries, and soldiers continue to hone their fighting skills in the courtyards. As they pass by people, they are greeted with utmost respect for the Sect Leader, and bewildered, curious stares - people living inside the stockade probably never, or hardly seen their Sect Leader bring outside guests into the walled-up fortress.

Jin Ling began to show impatience because he never got a straight answer - balled up fists and a face that grows redder with each passing minute; Wei Ying decided to end the torment and he innocently chips into the conversation with a mocking tone, “Hmm? Just now... what you’ve said... *Ai-yaaa* , I don’t have a sword, Jiang Cheng. Sui Bian is with you, isn’t it? And Lan Zhan hasn’t worn his forehead ribbon for a few years now... because of me. You still remember the reason why, don’t you?” and his voice trails off deliberately.

Jiang Cheng rolls his eyes - his reaction to homosexual couples hasn’t changed during the last few years - and he asks flatly, “Yeah? So what’s new with the both of you?” Wei Ying’s heart does a little happy jig, because Jiang Cheng successfully read between the lines - probably a skill attributed with age and wisdom.

“Us? Well...” Wei Ying puts both arms behind his head, the most carefree and jubilant person among the group, “I’ll spare you the details for now, little *xiongli* . But just so you know, both Lan Zhan and I are *more* than just cultivation partners, and we’ve formed our little clan, powerful enough to have killed off that food merchant you mentioned and his three assistants, in the name of Qishan Lan.”

Jiang Cheng rolls his eyes again in the reverse direction, which speaks of either “Oh No, Not Again” or “Why Am I Not Surprised” (because he was around when Lan Zhan made that heart-felt declaration and kissed Wei Ying in the lips in the middle of the now-historic Grand Cultivation Council sitting, about two years ago).

They arrived at a small building. Wei Ying has his arms hooked around Jiang Cheng's neck like long-lost best buddies. Lan Zhan continues to push the cart silently behind the two - Wei Ying told their hosts that they couldn't find a horse, so the trolley-like transport is effectively their luggage. Jin Ling is still clueless as ever.

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“The other buildings have been used up for storage and as sick bays, so this is the only one we can turn into your lodging for the time being. There's not a lot of stuff around because of the war, so don't complain about the lack of amenities and hospitality! I've tried my best given the lack of resources right now, everything's sparsely furnished but should be enough; there's a hall here, a living space there with a brazier in the center for heat, and a bedroom over there. There are no fresh water pools after the lake dried up from an unexpected winter drought that started two weeks before - how on earth that happened, nobody knows. There's a common water reservoir outside in the courtyard and we've been collecting some snowmelt thanks to the strangely warm weather we're experiencing... so, if you need a bath, you'll have to get freezing water from there, and you'll have to make do without heating...”

Wei Ying breathes out a little sigh - his younger brother hasn't changed much, still arrogant, egoistical, finicky, fickle and fierce at the same time, a true Young Master. The state of the room, or the infrastructure in general, is quite pitiful.

“There's so much I want to ask and discuss, and I'm still very surprised to see you! Let's sit down and... Jin Ling, don't stand there! How can you not serve tea to our guests! Where are the plates and snacks?!” Jiang Cheng

veers a hundred and eighty degrees from the pleasant conversation with the couple, to slamming on a wooden table angrily.

“B-but we’ve run out of dumplings and dried lotus roots long ago, there’s only one unopened bag of oolong tea leaves left in your room, and there’s only bread in the pantry, and...” again, Jin Ling stammers and tries to explain their impoverished state, before receiving another glare from the fearsome *jiu jiu* .

“You’re throwing our ‘face’ right in front of our guests! What did I teach you in the past about welcoming family members and close clansmen to our home?!” Jiang Cheng doesn’t give a breather to the boy.

“But.. earlier today you said that we need to ration our stocks carefully, otherwise we’ll starve by the end of the month!” Jin Ling doesn’t let up either, always defending himself and his so-called righteous way of thinking. Such a dedicated boy, Wei Ying thought.

Wei Ying waves a hand between the angry uncle and his ‘hopeless’ nephew, begging wordlessly for a ceasefire. He tells Jin Ling that ‘maybe you didn’t see it, but there are some meats magically hidden at the bottom of the cart, such as chicken, pork and fish, along with herbal tea leaves, snacks and other goodies from our farmland - can you please be a good dear, and bring those to your pantry, then return with something for us? I’m sure your *jiu jiu* will at least enjoy Yiling’s roasted pork jerky and toasted mixed nuts we’ve brought with us’.

Wei Ying was spot on - everyone in the Yunmeng Jiang stronghold is famished at this point, a few months into isolation from the outside world and with no fresh supplies coming in. Jin Ling stiffens at the word ‘meat’ and rushes out eagerly after the Sect Leader nods in permission. Simultaneously, one of Wei Ying’s hands snake behind Lan Zhan, and he pinches the older man’s waist - there’s a bit of extra cuddly love handles there, since his new Heaven-made body was made with a little more oil. The husband nnnghs softly, and politely takes leave to give the Jin *gongzi* a helping hand; he’s been telepathically ordered by the spouse to oversee Jin Ling’s momentous gift-unwrapping event at the cart in front of the building; as the Jade Emperor, Lan Zhan should be able to conjure delicious food and infinite supplies to pop out from the humble cart according to the boy’s wants and wishes. (Hence, there is no need for a wishing well for the hungry men and children in the residence, since there is a wishing cart.)

Jiang Cheng looks on questioningly with plenty of hints of suspicions, but Wei Ying simply waves them off with a laugh. “I know I’m awesome, because I’m the Yiling Patriarch after all. I’m not kidding when I say that I’ve brought a whole lot more. Lan Zhan will take care of the... logistics. You’re all going to be just fine,” he adds, and Jiang Cheng crumbles - ever so slightly, like the little boy he used to be when he wanted to sleep with his older brother during stormy nights, but the pride of a Young Master gets in the way, and the older brother simply--

Wei Ying spreads his arms, and since the brothers are finally alone in the room, Jiang Cheng doesn’t hesitate to run across the hall and give the other a great, shameless, brotherly bear-hug. “I’m so glad you’re back!” Jiang Cheng calls out with a hoarse sob in his voice.

Somewhere far away, dark clouds begin to build up when the winter sun starts to set. It doesn’t rain tropical thunderstorms in mid-winter, especially around the frigid Great Lakes, but Lan Zhan makes a divine exception. An

army of thunder deities armed with their sacred battle drums and holy mallets, rain gods ready to pour their massive ever-flowing pots, led by a Lan Wang Ji-cloned Dragon King Of The Seas, assemble at the gates between earth and Heaven to ensure a successful operation to bring life-giving water back to the parched frozen earth.

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It's raining cats and dogs as evening approaches, and everyone - the remaining population of Lotus Pier, numbering less than a hundred - hunkers down in scattered, packed halls to have a feast not seen in the last six months or so. Some disciples - emaciated teenagers, really - were so hungry for anything that isn't bread-based, that they dove into the food even before the Sect Leader announced the meal time. Meats cooked in all manners - roasts, stews, grilled, stir-frys - are served with nutritious fruits, vegetables and bountiful portions of steamed white rice - and everyone gets their fill.

Lan Zhan mans the kitchen, and single-handedly cooks for the residents - survivors of the Imperial invasion -, while Wei Ying goes around passing pots of tea, jars of wine (for the adults) and packs of food and snack products from their businesses in Yiling City. Jiang Cheng wept real men's tears when he tasted lotus root pork rib soup made by Wei Ying's husband, and he acknowledged that the Qishan Lan has succeeded in inheriting the legendary recipe of the family's favourite.

Jin Ling, still confused at the whirlwind turn of events, becomes even more clueless when he spends an inordinate amount of time investigating, trying to figure out how to command the ordinary wooden cart to pop out more wonderful food (shouting '*A-Ling de baba*' didn't work for him, strangely,

unlike Lan Zhan - at least the Jin *gongzi* is kept busy and eventually forgets about events earlier that day, such as the sight of two hundred undead creatures hiding in the midst of civilization, and the pricklings of animosity between him and Wei Wuxian which should have been laid to rest long ago). Lan Zhan picks up another task in his telepathic to-do list from the spouse, and spends a bit of time watching over Jin Ling whenever he's waiting for the next batch of dumplings cooked in the giant steamer, or another big whole pig roast crackling and beautifully barbequed on the spit; he dutifully answers questions from the energetic and crabby Jin *gongzi* , which are typical of youths thirsting for adventures and knowledge about the outside world after spending months cooped up at home - such as how the food merchant was defeated, who are Qishan Lans, how powerful is the new sect, yada yada et cetera ad naseum. Lan Zhan takes the interrogation in his stride like a pro; he merely answers with short sentences composed of two to four words each, and doesn't comment unnecessarily.

There is much merriment among the deliriously grateful disciples, and Wei Ying gets the chance to pull Jiang Cheng aside for some private talk; they really needed to catch up, and interestingly the Sect Leader is a very busy man who seemingly barks orders at every other minute if he's left alone (he tries to look useful and acts like a commanding - more like domineering - leader of sorts).

Wei Ying, the smarter of the two, starts off by listening to his younger brother's side of the story, and gauges the latter's reactions towards recent hallmark events. For Jiang Cheng, life quickly returned to mundane and normal after The Kiss at the Grand Cultivation Council meeting. Some cultivators teased the man for having a gay sibling and the then-boyfriend's reputation was riddled with rumours and scandals, others turned up their noses at the Jiang sect for other reasons - including the sect's relatively low ranking in the hierarchical ladder of sect influence, wealth and size -, but these soon quickly passed with time.

Yunmeng was spared of the first wave of fierce corpse attacks that gripped the northern and eastern regions, however, the scholar protests took its toll nevertheless. The lackadaisical attitudes of Grand Cultivation Council masters and sages caused an uproar especially among the young. They travelled abroad to other provinces to join the protests, leaving their parents and older generations behind in Yunmeng's rural towns and cities, including Lotus Pier. The Jiang Sect Leader had his hands full trying to listen to his people's concerns and balance the pressures coming from the Jin Sect.

The Chief Cultivator, a Jin member, rallied the major sects and forcibly recruited cultivators seemingly in retaliation, in what is seen as a politically-charged move against the Imperial forces - their biggest critique and threat at that time, who aided the protesters' cause.

"Lots of things happened, and I'm sure you've read the periodicals," Jiang Cheng explains and Wei Ying listens without saying a word, "I was so busy with endless meetings with the other sect leaders and trying to pump out soldiers and resources for the Council's cause, that I didn't realize the seasons have passed. It's their fault for wasting everyone's time, because those meetings at the Carp Tower never bore fruit, and soldiers are simply re-deployed on the whims of useless town mayors or war generals without any overarching strategy in place! They keep demanding for more, squeezing dry smaller sects like ours, until I had to stand up and tell them - No, I cannot give you anymore gold, grains, soldiers or cultivators, because I don't even have enough here in the Pier, the heart of my land! Those councillors are really hopeless bastards!"

Wei Ying pours a cup of Laozu Smiles and serves it to the sect leader in a timely manner. Slaking one's months-old thirst for good wine is a good way to lighten the heavy, stifling mood.

“You know what? The Jins dared to look down on me, by saying that if I was so poor, they’d *donate* some troops to the Pier. They sent a few battalions through the Great Lakes, sometime around the end of summer. One of them dropped Jin Ling under my care before leaving for the west. Apparently they were getting desperate to hire cultivators to fend off the rising threats from the protests, and more so, the advancing Imperial armies. Bastards! I only realized that they used our Pier as an outpost of sorts, when they never returned even while I waited for them almost every day! We were treated like a pit stop, can you believe that?!”

Wei Ying nods to placate the fiery young master, and feeds him a bite of freshly steamed dumplings handmade by his husband. Still, that didn’t deter Jiang Cheng from ranting on, in-between angry chewing.

“Never returned, you said?” Wei Ying nudged the other.

“Yeah! Actually... after that time, we never saw any returnees, or any other cultivators from our allies. The periodicals were no longer in print, merchant caravans stopped coming through, even farmers and traders from neighbouring villages stopped visiting our markets. It felt as though we’ve been cut off from the outside world. I tried my best to keep the people safe and calm, because fierce corpse attacks sprang up within the vicinity. I made sure those few Jin patrol guards they’ve left behind here were worked to the bones, and put them on the frontlines to combat the undead menace. They did a nice job, though,” Jiang Cheng snorts, clearly unimpressed by those gold-plated soldiers.

The sect leader grabs a fritter and dips it into some plum sauce, before flicking the tasty morsel into his mouth.

“Ah.. this is the best! Tastes like sis’s when she made ‘em during our childhood days. We ran out of spices, condiments and basically our food supply dried up in the first few weeks of autumn. Suddenly these fierce corpses, zombies, vampires, ghosts and all sorts of crazy undead creatures started appearing everywhere. We tried to fight them, but we lost hundreds with each passing day. I’m devastated when the population crashed down from twenty-thousand strong to what we have left. I don’t even want to know what happened to the outlying settlements and villages - I’ve sent scouts to find out and buy back some farm produce, but none of them returned! It’s a nightmare, a terrible plague or something, a disaster! I don’t know anymore...!”

Jiang Cheng hiccups - the alcohol is starting to take effect, and the slight pinkish flush on the cheeks shows. Wei Ying gently pats the brother’s back.

“Everyday, I tell you... it started with kidnappings, murders and weird people from the Imperial forces coming in. We couldn’t stop them, they just waltzed in, took over, bringing with them these filthy walking dead to overrun our homes and streets. They’re cunning, using magic tricks and all that to deceive us. They’ve spies everywhere, assassins disguised as commoners, and soon we were watching how they transformed living people into fierce corpses, right in front of our eyes, those bold evil assholes! I thought only your brand of dark magic could summon fierce corpses, but theirs are on a whole new level - just the other day, when those idiotic young ‘uns happily ate buns offered by a stranger. True enough, something poisonous inside those buns killed them and they literally turned into fierce corpses in front of their *xiongdì* s! No, there’s no use of flutes, chanting, or throwing talismans around - just food! They. Use. Plain. Food. To. Kill. Us! Food is the only thing that’s keeping us alive! It’s traumatic, it’s terrible, it’s unacceptable!”

Clearly, the agitated sect leader is beyond help and is in a drunken stupor. He slams tables, kicks chairs, whips around emptied jars like a mad man, and his eyes are unfocused. Wei Ying sighs heavily. They haven't even touched on the topic of how to live in a post-apocalyptic Middle Kingdom, and the Jiang sect leader is already struggling hard with the demons inside his homeland.

Through drunken ramblings, Wei Ying teased out a few more useful bits of history - Lotus Pier essentially turned into another Yi City in a span of a few weeks, before the powerless sect leader could even grapple with the situation. The Tians - disguised as Imperial soldiers, or perhaps they worked hand-in-hand - used dark magic and devious means to mass-transform the city into a haven for the undead, and picked off the remaining survivors with intelligent means - such as tricking people into eating poisoned foods or shooting poisoned darts from afar.

Wei Ying knew how a single piece of Yin Metal could corrupt many; however, to be able to create or find enough of dark magic sources, then turn them into fillings for buns, liquids to coat weapons, and whatnots - is a mass production process of unimaginable scales even for the Yiling Patriarch. He concludes that the enemy has the ability to obtain and exploit dark magic with Corruptive powers - something that the Imperial forces are suspected of, since there had been rumours of experimentation with Yin Metal, fierce corpses and even resurrection rituals using dark arts among Imperial officials. Taking into account the current state of information, it seems the Imperial Court could be the mastermind of Corruptive technology, and the Tians, or rather, mercenaries from the Far, Far West, are hired - invited, perhaps - to execute the Emperor's plan for domination. With such powerful inhuman individuals at their disposal, the Imperial Court is indeed the biggest end-level boss for the Kingdom of Lan.

(At this point, ErNet scrambles into another Code Red alert. Efforts are intensified to break the supply chain of Tian warriors and magic-users from the Far, Far West to Chang'an. Ernie's virulent particles evolve into greater numbers, higher infection rates and possess innate capabilities to grasp the true picture of Middle Kingdom's dire situation. Ni-er is on standby to nom-nom everything up, including the Imperial Palace and the surrounding lands within a radius of one-thousand kilometers, upon her parents' request.)

One good thing came out of the disaster unfolding in the Lotus Pier - Jiang Cheng leveled-up the use of Zidian at times of crisis. When he realizes that he only has a handful of young, immature disciples left at the residence (because the older ones have been sent out and were never heard from again), along with a panicked Jin Ling, the sect leader brilliantly decides to whip out the angry purple serpent to create, rather than to destroy. Zidian lashed at tracts of forested hillsides, then, with its ginormous snake-like head at the tip, it tears out trees as wide as Guanyin Temple pillars fifteen feet in height, and hammers them into the ground around the Jiang residence to form the barricade. Wei Ying sends a silent word of thanks to the great powers inherited from his late stepmother, for saving the remnants of the Jiang sect.

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When not cornered into a defensive ball of hedgehog spikes, Jin Ling is actually a remarkably good kid, Lan Zhan realizes. He's naturally curious, but like his uncle, the pride of being a Young Master gets in the way of asking questions in a nicer way. Luckily for the boy, Lan Zhan is an infinitely patient person (actually, the King of Gods and Men - but the Jin *gongzi* doesn't need to know that), and he addresses each question with terse finesse.

Jin Ling doesn't usually mix with the other disciples although unconsciously, he tries his best to blend in with the crowd by wearing the same as the rest. "Actually, during one of the encounters with the fierce corpses, I led six disciples in the attack and our performance was as good as any night hunt's - we were killing off at least one corpse every hour or two. They were smart and strong, but were no match to my arrows and my brains! When they hid like cowards, I ordered the disciples to chase them out and herd them to an open space, where I could easily cut them down with my big sword. You know what? One of those monsters dared to squirt black poison at me, the moment I plunged the blade into its chest! My sect's golden robes melted on the spot, damn it! Anyway, it was already slightly frayed on the edges, so I could've thrown it away any time, so I might as well do that earlier," Jin Ling boasted at his own achievements and actions. Lan Zhan merely "Mn"s at the childish display of lethal bravado - if Jin Ling had received a dose of that poison on bare skin, he could've turned into a corpse by then.

The boy fidgets with the wooden cart outside one of the dining halls within the larger main building. The rains have let up into a long-term drizzle into the night; the air is chilly but not too cold. He calls for a stick of tanghulu - a summer treat he'd miss for a long while - and miraculously, one pokes out in sight. Lan Zhan hands a napkin to the boy because he knows the latter can be a messy eater when it comes to anything that's sweet, sugary and sticky.

"Han Guang Jun, you're so humble and kind, unlike my fearsome uncle! Is this one of your Qishan Lan sect rules on conduct? Tell me about your sect! Do you also have strange rituals around lotus plants? What do you eat or cannot eat? How do you all live in Yiling? How is Yiling, is it a big city like Lotus Pier?" the little young master demands - in a nice way - after his first tentative bite into the syrupy treat.

Lan Zhan smiles faintly, pleased. He starts to explain a little bit about the Qishan Lan - a branch of Gusu Lan with a fair bit of Yunmeng Jiang's roots in its culture, who started off as simple, ordinary farmers in newly-opened plots of land in the Burial Mounds district, and now, owners of parcels of land and businesses in Yiling. Their numbers are a few, Lan Zhan adds thoughtfully, although their influence is probably wider because of further branches within the family. He goes on to describe Yiling - a bustling thriving city bathed in a sea of gold because of the 'Gold is in Vogue' campaign spearheaded by the Jin general, supported by the mayor. Jin Ling interrupts to say that he would like to visit Yiling some day, partly because he misses seeing whites and gold, especially of peony flower emblems decorated on flags and fabrics.

Eventually the conversation turned towards the relationship between the couple.

"Are... you really married? As in, has there been a marriage registration, wedding ceremonies, huge banquets and all that?"

"Mn. We have our marriage registered with Yiling's city council. It was a simple affair."

"Have... you done things that... er... you know, couples usually do? I d-d-don't mean the silly romantic, kissy or dating stuff!"

"Jin Ling, if you mean the things that couples do every day, then yes, as a normal couple, we do them every day."

“Every day? What do you do every day?”

“Let’s see... we sleep, eat and live together. We dual-cultivate--”

Jin Ling yelps in surprise when two broad hands cover his ears from behind. Wei Ying emerges from the shadows and hisses at the husband. “Lan Zhan! He’s too young for that! You lech!”

The husband clams up immediately.

“Wei Wuxian! Er... I mean, *da jiu* (大舅)! Wh-what are you doing?” Jin Ling scrambles from the floor and brushes off the hands that denied him a crucial piece of information about life and love. He takes a final bite from his tanghulu stick and throws it to the ground in exaggerated anger - which Lan Zhan quietly picks up. “Don’t scare me like that! Otherwise I’ll break out into rashes and tell the Sect Leader!” the boy adds with arms on his hips.

Wei Ying laughs out once, and places a hand on the boy’s shoulder to calm him down. “You’re a smart boy! I was just about to ask you and yet you’ve already said it!” Wei Ying says, and Lan Zhan politely takes leave to check on a vat of steaming herbal tea in the kitchen. “Jiang Cheng is knocked out from drinking too much, and he’s grown some red patches on his face and forearms. I think it’s a mild allergic reaction to the strong wine, but I wanted to ask you about it to be sure,” Wei Ying gestures towards the building where he and Jiang Cheng spent quality brotherly time.

Jin Ling becomes a little excited, “*Jiu jiu* ... is drunk? REALLY?! I mean... yeah, recently many of us started having running noses, coughs and skin itchiness. The symptoms are a bit like hay fever in summer, except that the outbreak happened about two weeks ago in mid-winter. I had some too, but it’s alright now and Sect Leader told me to monitor on my own and avoid doing things that could trigger ‘em.”

(At this point, Wei Ying sends a telepathic message into ErNet requesting the virulent son to tone down his particles. He hopes Ernie reads the message in WeiChat.)

Wei Ying nods, “You’re really on top of things, Jin *gongzi* . Good for you. I’ll ask Lan Zhan to make some special teas to alleviate these allergic symptoms for everyone. Now run along, I know from looking in your eyes that you want to see drunk Jiang Cheng making invisible snow angels on the floor. Go now, have fun!” and he waves the boy off although the latter already sprinted ahead. Jin Ling’s going to have a ball of time with his first-ever sight of an inebriated Sect Leader with a stupid look on his face.

The spouse trots off and accompanies the husband in boiling a batch of tea. They added a few expensive though freely-available top-notch ingredients that strengthen one’s *qi* and meridians, thanks to Lan Zhan’s magical cart. As they worked side by side, Wei Ying tip-toed a bit to kiss the husband on a cheek to show his gratitude for helping out the people of Lotus Pier. The soft drumming pitter-patter of rain in the background frames the otherwise tranquil scenery of a couple visiting their rural hometown; boisterous cheers and laughter echo the hallways and gardens, the air is crisp and fresh after a cleansing rainfall, and from a distance, the city’s grand lake begins to fill up abundantly and swell with the rise of water levels.

Wei Ying wonders if Lan Zhan's toe is alright, and thinks of checking it by himself later when they have a bath. The thought of a bath is enticing - a disciple had brought a wooden bathtub into their room, and interesting, sexy ideas started to form. They haven't had sex in the water for a long while since starting their journey away from home, so what better way than to make it as unforgettable as possible? Arousing images of the spouse moaning endlessly while being giving the jerking, spasming husband a thrilling ride inside a mini-pool of heated splashing water, of naked bodies sliding against one another, pleasuring and receiving pleasure of the flesh, stirring soap and spilled seed into the bathwater--

“Ah, Lan Zhan, you're a bad boy! You're spilling too much sugar into the tea!” and the spouse reaches behind to pinch the husband's buttocks. The latter nnnghs, and curses himself for tuning into their private chat in ErNet while preparing healing beverages for his in-laws.

Notes for the Chapter:

Ahhh... my country's lockdown is extended. Maybe it's a sign to take things easy and indulge in fantasies :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 86

“It’s quiet.”

Wei Ying places another few pieces of coal into the brazier in the middle of their lodging, and walks with a light skip towards the husband. It’s rare for Lan Zhan to initiate a conversation, especially after such a busy day of travelling, fighting the undead, getting abundant unwanted attention, curious stares and whispers from younger men (which usually drives the husband’s inner introvert up the wall) in the Jiang residence, then having to cook and feed an army of a hundred hungry soldiers, and not to forget, he had to baby-sit a demanding and nosy Jin *gongzi* for most of the evening.

“Of course, it’s nearly nine o’ clock at night, and everyone should get enough sleep. I know how Jiang Cheng runs things around here. He’s a slave-driver for most of the time. Working under him can wither even the most youthful and energetic - I know that from first-hand experience! Thanks to me, the boys can get a good night’s rest to replenish their spirits!” Wei Ying points a thumb at himself proudly when he emerges into the bathroom. Lan Zhan sits inside a bathtub in the center, with various unpacked toiletries on the floor and some towels hang from wooden stands. A window is partly opened, allowing moonlight to peek through and cast a silvery sheen into the room in addition to dim amber light from candle stands located in the corners. The air is damp and it is still drizzling outside, however thankfully, the temperature isn’t freezing cold. There are no crickets in winter, though creepy owl hoots keep the surrounding bamboo and pine forests alive in the far distance.

“Sleeping powder in the herbal tea. You’ve drugged them,” Lan Zhan states matter-of-factly, without a hint of accusation in his tone. He wiggles his toes in the water - Wei Ying had cast a pink plastic bubble over his injured

toe, coated it with healing salves and tied it with a green rubber band. It felt strange that the toe feels comfortably dry while the rest of his body is wet, just like the residence's compounds after the downpour.

Wei Ying easily strips off his robes by pulling off drawstrings and untying button knots, and he grins evilly when he notices Lan Zhan staring back at him with a deepening flush on his cheeks and earlobes, before he looks away, ashamed.

“Yes, yes, guilty as charged, I’m the master of vices and all things dark and ugly, after all. So I lie, cheat, drug people and what’s next? Seducing married men too? Is that even a crime?” Wei Ying saunters barefoot towards the husband in the tub, and sways his hips in every step. “Everything I do, there is a benefit for us. I sponsored the banquet tonight so that those thin bony children build more meat and muscles and grow up well. I made them sleep early so that they can focus better in fighting and live for another day. Jiang Cheng’s the only exception though; he’s out cold with Laozu Smiles so that tomorrow he’ll have a hangover... which means Jin Ling will spend the day annoying his uncle and not you - you’ve suffered enough from his interrogation today, I know that much. And since everyone’s knocked out, I thought it’ll be fun to try it in a different setting. What do you think? Having sex right under our relatives’ noses. It’s thrilling, isn’t it? Everything looks, smells and feels different!” Wei Ying brazenly jerks his hips right into Lan Zhan’s line of sight, a semi-hard boner flapping in front of the husband, while he twirls his soiled loincloth with a finger until it flings away to the far side of the room.

Embarrassed Lan Zhan tries to look in another direction, clearly becoming aroused underneath the soapy murky water, as he lowers his head and his breathing grows heavy.

“Are you hard enough yet? I stretched and lubed myself on the bed earlier while you soaked in the tub,” Wei Ying asks wantonly - another shocking question. Lan Zhan choked on his saliva and muttered a vague “nnngh”.

“Tch’. Your wife is genuinely caring, sincere and honest with you, and yet you still act nonsensical like this,” Wei Ying pouts, and without hesitation and warning, climbs into the tub. Water ripples and rises, like the lake outside of the Lotus Pier. He boldly straddles the husband and shamelessly reaches down to adjust himself upon Lan Zhan’s crotch. “Wei Ying...!” the husband croaks when fingers grasp and stroke his half-hard penis, before trying to cram it into a sweet, sweet rosebud.

“Ahh... Lan Zhan, you used to harden impressively when I’m naked. Then to paw at me like a lustful animal, go crazy and encourage me to talk about conceiving babies. Are you getting old and soft? Does familiarity breed contempt? Do you... not love me anymore like you used to?” the younger man challenges and mockingly shows a forlorn expression. Something about the last sentence ticked off a bomb inside Lan Zhan, and he suddenly grabs Wei Ying’s waist and pulls him down with his might. The water tipped over and splashed onto the floor; Wei Ying shouts with surprise and a little pain, when over six inches of heated hard flesh forcibly parts the rosebud and sheathes itself to the hilt.

“Wei Ying... no... I-I love you! Want you! It’s only you that my heart desires! No one else!”

Wei Ying squeals at the symbolic verbal declaration of loyalty and love - and more so, when the husband leans forward until their bodies meld and their lips locked instinctively. They made sweet, sweet love inside the tub, which Wei Ying had earlier reinforced with titanium bars (he didn’t want to

end up like ‘the last time’), and rides Lan Zhan until the latter dies and revives through very, very pleasurable strokes and spurts of thirty-twitches. Wei Ying reached for towels and over the husband’s shoulders, he gave nice back washes - the scrubbing sensation fired up some feel-good nerves in Lan Zhan, and culminated in very excited ejaculations - twenty-five twitches this time - inside his well-trained undulating tunnel of love that clenches that doesn’t let go - and the husband hnnghs another ten twitches until nothing dribbles out of his cock. Wei Ying laughs and mocks the husband by falsely mimicking the sound effects of cannons gone appallingly wild between the latter’s legs, and whispers hotly into the ears, “Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan do it some more. Shoot every last drop you have! Pew! Pew! Pew!” (in which Lan Zhan turns into twelve shades of humiliating reds, mortified by the fact that yes, his penis actually pew-pews out semen.)

Wei Ying continues to circle and grind his hips, causing more water to spill over, when he soaps and shampoos himself in front of the moaning, suffocating husband - another orgasm or two crests, a few more slivers of white float inside the increasingly frothy water - Wei Ying then tenderly assaults Lan Zhan’s chests and plays with the nipples by massaging them with kneading motions, imagining a man’s breasts being milked and suckled until they puff out - and Lan Zhan erupts again, and again with plenty of vibrating growls and quivering hips which generate sonic waves that threaten to break the tub fastened with metal plates.

Wei Ying toot-toots at the husband’s futile struggles, and caresses the fully flushed face with wet fingers, then slides them into the other’s mouth; Lan Zhan sucks and licks the digits desperately, silently begging the wife, enough, enough, he has nothing left to give - yet another wave of contractions well up from within the pelvis, rumbling through tight, shrunken yet trembling emptied balls nevertheless, and shoot straight up the impossibly hard, engorged length, again and again; the husband climaxes diluted droplets, then shouts “Aaah”s, “Uunh”s and “Mmmh”s repeatedly for nearly thirty times, grimaces in pleasurable agony, roars when the

oversensitive flesh continues to receive mind-blowing pressure and friction, chokes and tries to catch his breath while drowning with sparks in his vision and sometimes from bathwater splashing into his nostrils, then barks out giggles and laughter because he loses control of his nerves, cries out a few tears because he's going mad from the pleasure melting, pulverizing, destroying, resurrecting, blossoming in the loins, before repeating the fantastic cycles of wonderful facial expressions of when a man orgasms too many times in rapid succession.

Wei Ying left the tub when he's done rinsing off the suds, and towels himself dry as he saunters off to bed - fresh, energized and not quite ready to fall asleep yet. Lan Zhan had to drain the tub and wipe the splattered bathroom, and frankly speaking, he felt emptied in more ways than one and wished to have a good lie in bed. He staggers to the bedroom, still moist with rivulets running down his skin and his hair is a wet sloppy mess - because Wei Ying stole his towel too - and when he opens the door, he is greeted with the sight of the wife spread-eagled, with raised hips, well-stretched and nectary cum-slicked rosebud aimed at his direction, and the crude wife masturbated and pulled on his dick furiously, groaning Lan Zhan's saccharine-sweet name again and again, begging to be fucked, wanting to feel good with a big fat dick shooting lots of seed inside, and wanting to make babies in his brother's home and near his family's ancestral altar. Sad to say, the husband is easily provoked with such unforgivable, morally twisted words, and Lan Zhan dives straight for the bait, gladly offering himself as sacrifice to Wei Ying's unholy temple.

Missionary sex is one of Lan Zhan's favourites, because he can slam and plunder with as much force and speed as he wants into the mewling spouse, and when Wei Ying sensuously wiggles his hips, flutters his eyelids, and sweetly asks for more pillows underneath his aching hips, for a particular angle of penetration, for 'do what you want with me, you horny animal! Fill my furry springy bunny pussy with your hot bunny seed!', for 'Ah! I'm helpless! You're attacking my hymen, and you're taking my virginity! You monster! Thief! Rapist!' (which is illogical in every sense, but triggers Lan

Zhan's hidden dirty personality into another fucking frenzy), for cumming faster because the wife is impatient 'to seed our fertile garden of love, plant many healthy babies deep inside so that there will be twins and triplets popping out soon'; the husband loses control of rational thought, and indulges in the maddening requests, continuing his valiant effort to conquer and defeat the horny demonic sex-kitten (actually, it feels like Lan Zhan is the one getting sexually assaulted, because he's forced to have countless intercourse against his will - but the flesh is weak and willing, really).

They switched numerous sex positions throughout the hours into the night, with Wei Ying barebacking, extracting at least three orgasms from the helpless partner in each round, and rewards the fatigued but hard-working husband with his entire body and soul - even flavours, when it comes to oral sex and sixty-nines. Wei Ying lost count of how many times he swallowed his own semen when he climaxes, and Lan Zhan does not hesitate to swipe some from the smeared face for a taste. As a habit of theirs - specifically, Wei Ying's - they have sex all over the lodge. There aren't many interesting fixtures and furniture to hang on to, but that doesn't stop Wei Ying from getting earth-shattering thrusts against the wall, slung over chairs, spread on the tables, while hugging vertical pillars, pressed flat against cabinets while his neck gets bitten as he is bred in an omegaverse-que way, while carried and deliriously drilled by the husband as the latter stumbles across the rooms, and so on.

Lan Zhan pounds endlessly with that loving, timeless rhythm and hammers Wei Ying into the bed and pillows - he sucks Wei Ying dry and gets sucked and stroked off in return, tenfold - until the husband is finally sated in the wee hours of dawn, and collapses with heavy snores and drool running down his lips.

It would be close to two in the morning before Lan Zhan fell into blissful slumber and rest his pleasantly depleted body. Out of (bad) habit, still-

awake Wei Ying wanted to climb on top and ride the husband till sunrise, but a rustling sound stopped him from doing so. Wei Ying sat on the edge of the bed, and watched mesmerized as a silvery-purple snake peeked from the window, then slithered along the walls, the sides of furniture, the floor, then up, up the bedframe's leg, the footboard, and finally inches towards between the husband's spread-eagled limbs. Wei Ying whispers some extremely evil-sounding hisses and rasps - language of the Serpentine kin, which is related to the alien, ear-grating sounds of Corruptive magic's mythical words -, and exchanged a few lines of conversations with the mysterious enchanted serpent more that six feet in length but as thin as a grown man's forearms. It's scales sparkle in the moonlight, and its entire body glows with nearly the same colour with a tinge of violets and maroons, and its eyes could be mistaken as amethysts.

Wei Ying nods with an unintelligible growl-like sound of Serpentine-ish, and the snake raises itself high above Lan Zhan's naked crotch, then strikes at the limp member that resembles a mini-phallic version of itself. It bit through the soft meaty flesh with its pair of fangs, then swallowed the whole organ, and started twisting, pumping its body like a cocksleeve gone wild while making heaving and surging motions of swallowing the ensnared penis. Dark viscous liquid is injected into the flipping bitten penis, and the snake coils itself around Lan Zhan's inner thighs, sensitive hip joints and the pelvic area.

The husband nnnghs, furrows his brows, grasps the bedsheets with clawed fingers and his whole body sweats in a sexy nightmare gone, horribly, horribly wrong.

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Lan Zhan wakes up with an orgasm. He's had plenty of practice before, and his body is accustomed to recognize and stay relaxed even as delicious tremors run up and down his spine, shakes his imprisoned pelvis, rippling beautiful muscular waves outward from his abdomen, and finally, when he ejaculates - very, very weakly, but the jolting release of searing hot liquid pressure is still pleasurable nevertheless - he simply "Hnngh"s five times in tandem with the first five arching shots, followed by a string of soft prolonged "Mmmh" moans for the next twenty-five twitches. He inhales a deep breath at the end of the ordeal, like wrapping up a revitalizing cultivation stance - fresh wintry breezy morning air fills his lungs -, before feeling a kiss from the spouse, and he winces when he tastes himself - a little sweet, but heavy in sleep-warmed body musk.

He opens an eye. Wei Ying smiles brightly, his black hair glows with faint sunlight streaming from behind and he looks like a nefarious, evil angel - because his eyes sparkle with mischief, his cheeks are flushed, and there are traces of white streaks and curly pubic hair on his lips and tongue - when he stares a little downward, there are plenty of hickeys, fingernail scratches, fingerprint bruises and all manners of physical evidence of last night's passion - mostly caused by the husband, of course. Another kiss on the cheeks, leaving behind cum-stained marks, and Lan Zhan nnnghs in protest. He closes his eyes; it is too early, he silently tells off the wife.

"Good morning, sleepy head. You need to make breakfast for the boys, otherwise they'll go hungry and cry non-stop for food," Wei Ying whispers heatedly into an ear. Lan Zhan shivers at the intimacy, but refuses to budge. "Ah... five more minutes then. I'll wake you up in five minutes' time," Wei Ying relents when he pokes and prods the husband's chest, only to get a snore in return.

The wife scoots underneath the blanket, pushes Lan Zhan's legs apart, and proceeds to give the man another five-minute's worth of heavenly blowjobs,

with the help of absolutely invigorating Invisible Hands, Lips and Tongues playing *inside* the husband's genitals.

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“He’s so graceful, even while chopping vegetables! His clothes are pristine white with neither a speck of dust or a splatter of soup. He’s an angel!”

“Is... is that really Han Guang Jun? The famous Chief Cultivator from years ago? I've heard so many stories, but I don't know which is true or false!”

“Look at his posture, his style, when he stirs the big pot of congee! And he is such a kind-hearted man to help the needy! This is truly the Han Guang Jun I read about in the Cultivation Times! ”

“My, my, how he flips the *jianbing* s and cooks the meat fillings so perfectly well! He must be a legend both in the kitchen and in the battlefield!”

“There’s an aura around him when he opens the dumplings’ steamer. It’s so ethereal! He cannot be approached nor touched. He’s a Fighting Buddha of kitchens!”

Wei Ying slaps the back of one of the disciples' head. "Eat your breakfast quietly and stop ogling at my... er... the highly-talented and venerable Han Guang Jun!" he scolds. Bowls of mouth-watering soup noodles, fried vermicelli, pancakes, spicy congee with chicken and pork, steamed glutinous rice, fried doughsticks, spring rolls, dumplings of a dozen types of fillings, soybean milk, fresh fruit juices, salads, and so much more line the tables in the dining halls. As the kitchen is not too far away, disciples watch with astonishment and adulation at how the sumptuous banquet is prepared with flaming woks, spinning spatulas, pots flung across the room, dough pieces launched into the air, and scary flying projectiles made of meat or vegetable fillings.

Lan Zhan is incredibly calm and composed (there is zero lust left inside him, after all), although he is surrounded by a group of about ten pimple-faced, awkward, teenage chef wannabes - handpicked by Wei Ying 'after he watched them devour last night's dinner with such glut and desperation, surely they will fight for their lives to have more' - and he exudes mystical and sage-like vibes, therefore easily commanding the attention of his students of sorts. He tells them that preparing the most delicious food using scarce resources is a war fought not with the enemy - but against one's self. When one is able to conquer the learning curve, and surmount greed and other vices harbored in men's hearts, the food made with crystal-pure love "shall nourish the soul, strengthen the *qi*, embolden people to fight for their loved ones, and lead your sect to victory." The awestruck students "ooooo" synchronously, and studies how a proper breakfast is made, Qishan Lan-style.

(He also fills the sect's pantry with mountains of tasty Wangxian ready-to-eat meal packages and freeze-dried vacuum-packed ingredients manufactured using 31st-century technologies, and teaches the boys how to heat up, prepare and consume these nutritious emergency rations. The magical cart continues to pump out the packages throughout the day straight from an anonymous donor's warehouse - the generous Wei *didi* from another universe.)

Wei Ying ropes Jin Ling - still a little bleary-eyed at seven in the morning - to serve the food to nearly a hundred boys in the halls. He demonstrated to Jin Ling about delegation - something that Jiang Cheng never embodied, therefore never taught - by selecting a number of juniors to assist Jin Ling.

“But... they always argue with me! They think I’m an outsider dictating them on what to do, and they never want to listen unless I kick their asses!” the boy whines loudly.

“No, Jin Ling, you’re wearing the same clothes as them, so you’re definitely not an outsider. That feeling is born from your fears and insecurity. You’re one of the oldest in this residence, so they’ll listen to you. Now repeat what I said to these boys,” Wei Ying nudges Jin Ling, as he waves and beckons at three juniors to “come, come”.

Jin Ling braves himself and puffs out his chest. He raises a tray with six bowls of freshly steamed sweet tofu puddings, and says in his typical domineering voice, “G... Give these to the smaller k-kids!” The three juniors shrink back at the order, eyes menacing and full of suspicion.

Wei Ying facepalms and lightly smacks Jin Ling’s head.

“Er... I mean, I... I-I need to bring th-these puddings to our h-hungry *xiongdi* s, but there are too m-many. You’re strong enough, and... and there’s three of you! Er... can... can you help me to serve the food to the... younger ones?” Jin Ling tries again, this time according to script. He feels

uncomfortable, vulnerable, but strangely - a warm feeling of bonding with the people he's lived together with for nearly half a year.

The three juniors stared at the *gongzi* , then among themselves in amazement. One nods, and the rest follows. They gingerly take the tray from Jin Ling's hands, and a couple more trays from the table, then murmur a curt "Yes", before making their way to the dining halls.

Jin Ling watches with bewilderment at what just happened.

"See? It always works if you ask in a nicer way, and connect your request to a greater purpose," Wei Ying beams his awesome million-dollar smile; it's an advice he'd penned down in his A.S.S. book a long time ago.

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Wei Ying spends a bit of time with Jin Ling to nurse Jiang Cheng from his hangover (which was expected). The grumpy middle-aged man tumbled out of bed, groaning with throbbing headaches and nausea in his tummy, and Jin Ling is secretly thrilled to be able to take care of his uncle - for once - rather than be babied all the time.

"Jin Ling, you're our nephew, and you have the huge, huge responsibility to take care of the sect leader, because no one else is more qualified and closer to him... than you," Wei Ying adds - which sends explosions of invisible peacock tail-feathers springing out from the boy's back -, and Jin Ling takes the instructions with utmost pride. Watching Jin Ling feed a spoonful of

liquidy food to Jiang Cheng brings nostalgia into Wei Ying's mind - he used to do that to the Jiang *gongzi* during their childhood days, though he's sure the middle aged man would rather die with his dignity intact than to be fed by the elder Wei brother; so he lets the youngest take care of the grumpy *jiu jiu* .

They talked a bit over a simple breakfast of plain chicken congee, salads, fruits and freshly baked breads - which taste a hundred times better than the rock-hard, stale ones the residents had to bear with during the past weeks due to diminishing food supplies. Wei Ying gave a little more background about how he lived the last couple of years in the 'Mounds - with plenty of white lies and pared-down descriptions of those colourful events that have happened.

“Really, my life has been boring and mundane compared to yours. It seems the fierce corpses never reached Qishan and there have been enough Jin guards around to ward off any enemies from the Imperial Court. Both Lan Zhan and I worked as farmers, sold street snacks and some magical trinkets to earn enough and put food on our tables. Lan Zhan's a great man, and somehow he attracted enough attention with his grace, reputation and lifestyle, and started a sect for the two of us. Let's see... there's a young adolescent, a couple of teenagers and a man in his thirties... then there's a small girl and a boy who's going through puberty. They have their own families, so we'd consider them as under our humble little sect. We own a few parcels of land to house our disciples and run some sundry businesses to keep us funded.”

It sounded believable, at least that's what Wei Ying hoped. He wouldn't know how to explain about forbidden magics, universes, realms, reincarnations, time-travel and the Heavens to his brother and nephew.

“Wei Wuxian, it’s disconcerting to hear that you’ve settled down comfortably so well in such a short span of time to become a commoner. Jin Ling, don’t be like him, you hear me? You’ve got a brighter future filled with heroic adventures and rewarding experiences ahead of you! Don’t let go of your greatness when you’re at your peak - soar towards greater heights!” the Jiang sect leader harrumphs at his own lecture.

“Jiang Cheng, when you marry and settle down with your significant other, everything - including perspectives and life goals - changes. Jin Ling, if you suddenly feel a change in pace of life, or if you find someone who sends your heart aflutter and makes you go crazy with romantic feelings, let me know. I, Wei Wuxian, your *da jiu* , can be your counsellor!” Wei Ying boasts, vying for the boy’s support.

“He’s too young for that! And he’s not the *kind* of person like you and Lan Zhan!” the sect leader snaps back. Jiang Cheng starts a petty argument about the brazen inappropriate display of hickeys on Wei Ying’s neck and forearms - the shocked older brother pulls his robes tighter to himself and accuses the other for peeking and perverting his good image. Jin Ling rolls his eyes - like the uncle - and groans in exasperation at the hopeless situation; he’s heard enough from his peers about the strange tales surrounding the couple, and about how the two infamous men were rumoured to fall in love and - eww! - kiss one another and eloped far, far away.

Somehow the conversation veers into plum sauce, in which the sect leader declares that he’s only bought a crate from a passing merchant of the ‘absolutely ordinary and overpriced sauce that isn’t different from anything else in Yunmeng’, but he notices the logo of ‘black and white rabbits against a bamboo backdrop’ which led him to ‘have a brilliant hunch of who it belonged to’ - at that point, Wei Ying opens his mouth to spell out the name of his company, and Jiang Cheng raises his hands to block, citing

that ‘it’s against my sect’s law to even mention that cursed word, because of all the trouble it brought to us after the Grand Cultivation Council fiasco’. Wei Ying turns red at the sudden turnaround, since Jiang Cheng was kind-of ‘okay’ with him and Lan Zhan the day before, and then “Jiang Cheng, you’re a cruel man, you know that?” - and the other cuts in with “Wei Wuxian, I can be cruel to prevent Jin Ling from listening to the crazy stories and ideas you have inside your head.”

Jin Ling wails “*Jiu jiu* !” to stop the entire trainwreck because he feels left out of a family conversation about him.

Jiang Cheng quietens down - still huffing -, and so does Wei Ying - he takes a couple of minutes to stare down at the younger brother and catch his breath. Then, Jiang Cheng decides to switch the topic to the outside world. The sect had been cooped up in the residence for months without news from other villages, towns, or cities, let alone provinces, so Jiang Cheng wondered aloud what had happened beyond the borders of Yunmeng. Wei Ying sidesteps the question a little, saying that the ‘handful’ of ‘very small’ villages he passed on his way from the ‘Mounds, were ‘predominantly empty’, probably because ‘the people were in a rush to hide from the Imperial forces, judging from the way they’ve boarded up their doors and windows and left everything pretty much intact’. The mood had soured a little by then, so Wei Ying didn’t say much more.

Before they left the sect leader to rest for the morning, Jin Ling is tasked to replenish the water tanks and Wei Ying thought this is a wonderful opportunity to solidify the fledgling leader’s skills, without interference from the grouch. He watches with an uncle’s pride when the boy approaches a few disciples, fidgets and stammers a bit, and a group of at least twenty follow his lead - they had to carry back and store as much water as possible before the lake drains out; the pools around the residence gardens will not last long anyway. Wei Ying sends a thumbs-up sign on the

latter's way, and Jin Ling struts through the barracks and armoury buildings to pick up some gear for his squad - there may be danger outside, after all - before leaving the scene.

(Wei Ying puts two fingers into his mouth and sends ultrasonic whistles - not audible to human hearing - to command his army of two-hundred strong undead to stay hidden and watch over the boys filling up buckets of water. In essence, these ex-Lotus Pier citizens are requested to protect their own people who are still alive, and the fierce corpses silently growl with determination to carry out their noble mission to perfection.)

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, gives the remaining boys a useful lesson or two on sword fighting. He teaches them some basic Gusu Lan moves that can be easily incorporated into their sword play. The boys are always amazed at the revered Han Guang Jun, and follow the lessons attentively. Wei Ying draws up a schedule for the boys to follow for the rest of the week, elects a few seniors to take over key functions, in the absence of their tyrannical sect leader. Although there are some teething problems, the disciples find their own ways to keep the residence running at a minimal level.

With a squad of chef wannabes preparing lunch, by late morning the couple decided to go out to get some fresh air - and partly because Wei Ying preferred to avoid facing Jiang Cheng for a while. Their short walk included bringing another group of twenty youngsters to take turns with or bolster Jin Ling's efforts.

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“I have a love-hate relationship with Jiang Cheng,” Wei Ying announces impassively. The husband merely “Mn”s in acknowledgement; he’d been in touch with Wei Ying via telepathy during the small argument in Jiang Cheng’s room earlier that morning.

Forty boys form a line, handing over buckets of fresh lakewater from one to another. Their breaths mingle with the morning fog that shrouds the Pier, as they work as fast as they can. The lake is barely covered with water; the heavy rains from the evening before managed to leave large pools in shallow dips on the lakebed, but they drain out at an alarming rate as long as snowmelt does not replenish the levels at a faster rate. The skies are clear at the moment, although clouds are beginning to build in the far northern horizon, across vast barren hilly ranges, valleys and diminished waterways.

“But more importantly, I want to know how much time he, and the remaining sect members have left,” Wei Ying turns to face the husband, “There are enough packed meals to last them until the end of the season, but more worryingly - our Kingdom’s scouts report that the next wave of Imperial cultivators, soldiers and undead will reach this area by the end of the week. About five thousand of them, forming a pincer attack from the northeast and northwest, at least by estimation from grainy satellite images.”

Lan Zhan looks up, and tears a sticky rice dumpling into two - there is egg yolk, pork belly, dried oyster, dried shrimp, mung beans, chestnuts, and mushrooms inside - and hands one portion to the spouse. “How is the weather?” the husband asks seemingly out of nowhere.

Wei Ying munches on the richly-flavoured savoury treat. He zones out, unblinking, at mid-chew for a couple of seconds - a sign that he’s receiving

important telepathic communications from somewhere far, far away. “Eh? Um... hold on... my siblings just relayed this - a natural cold front has formed from the north, and will sweep southwards through the Great Lakes after this warm pocket dissipates... around the same time too! Wow, Lan Zhan, did your Heavenly senses foretell this? What does the cold weather have to do with the Jiang sect’s survival?” Wei Ying stares at the husband, fixated and waiting for enlightenment.

Lan Zhan swallows, hard, because the sticky rice is a little dry.

“Mn. It’s just a guess. Corruptive magic goes hand in hand with low temperatures, as evidenced by darkness and dead bodies. Like ice in the deep freeze, even if you destroy some, they simply rise up and return in greater numbers. Is that what your siblings are facing in the Far, Far West?” Lan Zhan postulates, and licks rice grains and pork grease off his fingers; in their world of two, the relaxed husband doesn’t mind showing off his crude side.

“Um...” a brief pause, “My *da ge* ’s just updated the bulletin boards. Holy...! You’re absolutely right! They’ve blasted away and taken over some nations, but somehow they’ve not been able to make further inroads since then! It seems one of the harshest sub-zero winters ever recorded is blowing through that part of the continent. While the war machines are breaking down and our men are overwhelmed more often by snowstorms and deep chill, the enemies are reported to be increasingly indestructible and appear in near infinite numbers, like black tsunami waves of insects crashing down from alpine mountains! There are even Buddha’s Palms and Million Lotus Spines raining down on our citizens even as we speak!” Wei Ying slurps up a slice of fragrant pork belly excitedly and worriedly, then in his recklessness splashes half-melted oil droplets everywhere.

“Mn. What do the data packets from Ernie tell us about the northern sects closest to Chang’an, such as Qinghe Nie and Lanling Jin?” another question posed. A napkin goes up to wipe the younger man's lips and fingers automatically, thanks to the concerned husband.

Wei Ying blinks from a momentary glazed look, and is impressed by such direct, on-point questions that strike the bullseye. “Erm.. um.. Our scientists tell me that there’s just miles and miles of destroyed farmlands, towns and cities buried in the snow! Not a single human being in sight so far, while fierce corpses and other denizens of the dead roam aimlessly among the ruins! Lan Zhan, does that mean those sects have been defeated? What does this mean for us?” Wei Ying’s wide-eyed and fist-shaking expression with a mouth full of food tells the other that he is stunned by such distressing revelations - especially by the man who hardly interferes with the Wei’s crusade.

“Mn,” Lan Zhan takes a few seconds to stroke his growing beard - he hasn’t shaved since they started the journey, “It seems the Imperial forces, with the Tians in their service, are making their move when nature and time are on their side. They destroy everything, kill people indiscriminately, and leave no prisoners. They already know about us and our capabilities. If they send five thousand true Imperial soldiers, fully armed with Imperial gear, are able to use divinely magics inherited from the Heavens, and employ superior military tactics, it’s likely that your defense of two hundred undead peasants will not work here,” he explains calmly, while using the same fingers he’d licked to pick out half of salted egg yolk from his dumpling, and offers it to the spouse.

Wei Ying laps up the yummy powdery morsel off the husband’s finger while holding onto his own half of the dumpling. He pouts and gives the most endearing ‘Please Sir, May I Have Some More’ face - although he’s not really asking for more salted egg yolks -, “Lan Zhan, are you saying

that they will win? And the Jiang sect will be wiped out for good? What should we do?" he asks rapidly, and his face turns into a frown.

Lan Zhan looks up to the bright sky, chews on a perfectly steamed sweet chestnut thoughtfully and sighs - which Wei Ying interprets as a decision that weighs heavily on his shoulder, which would be far-reaching and immensely impactful given his status as the Jade Emperor.

"Lan Zhan?" Curious. A little impatient. Increasingly desperate. Awaiting the final answer.

The husband plucks and slides a mushroom from his half of the dumpling into Wei Ying's slightly agape mouth. The younger man protests, but munches and swallows it down nevertheless - it's too tasty to be ignored.

"We cannot stop the enemy, because fate is on their side this time.

Wei Ying, do you think our farms and shops could employ a hundred more rather underaged workers?

Will you let Jiang Cheng become the manager for one of our stores in the Market Streets?

Would you like Jin Ling to reunite with the last survivors of the Jin sect, and let him live a fulfilling life graced with golden and white peonies, with

us in the peaceful, safe streets of Yiling?”

Wei Ying opens and shuts his mouth a few times at the ridiculous suggestions - and then he realizes what Lan Zhan, the Grand Patriarch of the family, has just spoken.

The remaining living Jiang Sect members and sole surviving ruling family member from Lanling, Jin Ling, are offered a lifeline to take shelter and survive, then thrive in Qishan, under the wings of the great Kingdom. It's probably the best promise Wei Ying has known in recent times: to have all his remaining sect and family members - including the Jin nephew - transferred to a new sanctuary and to start anew, safe and sound.

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Jin Ling watched how the loving couple sat at a distance, watching over the water-supply operations while intimately sharing a rice dumpling - he gagged and eww'd when they fed foodstuff into each other's mouth, and he rolled his eyes whenever their gazes locked at one another. He'd never seen the Han Guang Jun talk so much before, and he appeared calm while the *da jiu* is as lively as ever, cycling through all sorts emotional expressions over the span of fifteen minutes - and finally, when Wei Wuxian crumbled into teary, ugly sobs, hugged the other man, and kept shouting hoarse "Yes, I do"s- Jin Ling simply shook his head and threw his hands up in the air in a 'Whatever, I Give Up' manner, and goes back to barking *nice* orders to forty other boys working hard under midday sun to bring water to their *xiongdi* s.

Notes for the Chapter:

More twists and turns! Wheeee!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 87

It's a strange, rather erotic and depraved dream born of sticky rice dumplings, too much pork lard, and indigestion, really.

Lan Zhan found himself as an eight year old boy once again, and for some unknown reasons, his little feet skipped hurriedly across rocks, white zen gardens and gravel paths from building to building in the Cloud Recesses. He was running late after being detained after class for having a crumpled piece of 'secret message' in his balled fist - he'd snatched one particular ball of paper in mid-air while it was passed around a circle of mischievous students during calligraphy class. Ironically, the elderly bearded *laoshi* (teacher) caught his wrist at the most inopportune moment, and forced his little fingers open to reveal the booby-trapped prize.

Someone called out on Lan Zhan just in time, and when the ball of crumpled paper was unfolded, scores of fighting crickets jumped out and caused the *laoshi* to scream like a woman. Adding to the insult, the parchment contained juvenile lewd jokes and toilet humour about the said Calligraphy *laoshi* written in the ugliest, squiggly handwriting ever. Most rational, educated men would know that the entire farce had been a set up, but the *laoshi* would have none of it.

"Lan Wang Ji! You disappoint me as my star student! Stand at the corner of the classroom after the lesson for an hour, and reflect on your mistakes!" the *laoshi* yelled, livid and fuming.

And so, little Lan Zhan who wouldn't argue back or stand up to defend himself, had to run through some dimly lit shortcuts, usually small alleys

between wooden homes, to reach the Jingshi as soon as he could. The sun was high in the sky, everyone had gone and stayed in their houses to have lunch and avoid the afternoon heat.

One of the nearby buildings served as temporary homestays for visitors. They were usually merchants, nomadic farmers or invited guests of the Gusu Lans. The eight year old boy didn't particularly like the neighbour that lived in a block opposite of Jingshi. It housed a sleazy, unshaven and unkempt-looking man in his twenties, who was always seen sitting at the doorstep with a leg raised, drinking a sweet-smelling water that left the boy breathless and heady every time he passed by the leaf-ridden porch (never mind that Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules forbid the consumption of liquor in their premises; this is just a dream after all).

Little Lan Zhan tip-toed and tried to cross the ungated porch as quietly as possible, but alas, luck was not on his side. A crunch of clothed shoes on pebbled grounds, and a slightly hairy hand emerged from the shadowed open doorway to grasp his forearm, and hauled him in like a recoiling snake that had caught a tasty prey.

The eight year old child yelped but was quickly silenced by a thick meaty palm across his mouth. He was thrown to a corner of a dark room where he cowered in fear. The man was topless, his bared shoulders and torso looked menacing with only a pair of pants on him, smelled heavily of the sweet liquid, and loomed dangerously above.

“Lan Wang Ji-ah-Lan Wang Ji, you're a naughty boy. I've told you before, if you want to use the shortcut through my home, you must pay a fee. Where is the piece of gold, and the ones you promised from the days before?” he bellowed.

The smell was very strong, and little Lan Zhan began to feel a little dizzy. “I- I don’t have the money, Sir. Please let me go this time? I was punished by my *laoshi* so I’m late for lunch, and I’m very hungry,” he explained as best as he could, hoping that the man with glowing red eyes would release him and let him be on his way home.

The man shook his head and smiled hungrily; he licked his lips - it was very disturbing especially in the dingy room with no windows, a closed locked door, and sparsely furnished with a plain bed and a small dressing table.

“I’m very hungry too, my boy. Since you do not have any gold pieces with you, you’ll have to pay with something else, like a live chicken or two,” the man crouched and started to touch little Lan Zhan inappropriately, by peeling off the boy’s robes, shoes and the drawstrings to his pants.

“But Uncle Wei, I do not have any live chickens in my home, since they’re reared in the common coop near the courtyard,” the boy weakly protested. He knew what was coming, but he tried to reason with the dirty uncle and hoped to escape the increasingly hopeless situation.

“No, no, A-Ji,” the man toot-toots (oh how Lan Zhan hated that nickname!) while shaking a forefinger, and that finger dove underneath the waistband and Lan Zhan squeaked in panic. “You always have a chicken with you... *here*, your cute *xiao ji ji* (little chick),” the man guffawed so loud that the room seemed to shake a little. Lan Zhan struggled to pull out the invading hairy forearm from his pants, but it was useless - thick sweaty fingers groped at his loincloth and pawed at a tube-like phallus along with twin ballsacks underneath it.

“Let me play with your *xiao ji ji* and its two quail eggs for an afternoon, and I will make sure you will be fed well. I have rice dumplings and pork roast in the kitchen and we can have a feast together, you and me!” the man suggested. Lan Zhan squirmed, clearly uncomfortable, as he was slowly dragged step by step towards the filthy-looking stained bed that had no bedspread but only a few ragged unwashed pillows. His clothes and school bag had been pulled off and left in a messy heap on the floor, and his white loincloth hung limply from a tall lamp on the wall - Uncle Wei is good with bow and arrows, and is talented with flying projectiles as well.

“B- But I have to do my homework in the afternoon! I cannot stay! Please let me go!” Lan Zhan begged desperately and started to cry. The man reacted by gleefully swatting the boy’s vulnerable buttocks until they became twin globes of reddened tomatoes. “Are you deaf? I said, stay here and be a good boy! I will even help you with your homework! What more do you want?!” the man shouted and teary-eyed Lan Zhan hiccuped loudly from misery. The child curled himself into a ball on the floor by the bed.

“Don’t be shy, let this uncle see your crotch. Uncle will be very gentle today, just like yesterday and the day before. Surely you know how *good* it feels, A-Ji?” the man reached down and picked up the boy, bridal style, before depositing him onto the dank bed - there are dried patches of Uncle’s “happy milk” from previous occasions; Uncle Wei didn’t wash his bed, and the boy retched inwardly at the thought and residual stench.

Lan Zhan felt numb and his mind had instinctively shut down at that point - it’s an automatic psychological defense that his body puts up - because it’s so useless, he can never escape from this nightmare -, so his thin body refused to move, even while the older man spread-eagled him and arranged his limbs for the perfect “playtime”, a buffet spread for the man who

salivated at the sight of virginal youthful boy-skin. He didn't even flinch when he felt a wet slimy tongue slither all over his face and into his mouth in an alcohol-infused, suffocating kiss, while strong, bruising calloused fingers roamed lustfully all over his young, smooth body. Not a single inch of skin was spared from the unpleasant touch.

The eight year old knew what the man did was wrong, because molesting an innocent adolescent is a terrible crime according to Gusu Lan rule number 57 - but when the man asked if there was a rule that forbids disobeying elders, Lan Zhan could only nod - Yes Sir, he said, it is Rule Number 3. Uncle Wei said that logically, the higher the rank of the rule, the more important it is - and little Lan Zhan had to agree reluctantly, because it was logical after all. Hence, the little boy willingly subjected himself to constant harassment and unwanted touches by the dirty uncle, because he was bound by Rule Number 3.

Little Lan Zhan hadn't started building muscles at the tender age of eight, and still had some baby fat on his abdomen, so he really disliked it when the uncle made noisy slurpy squishy sounds when he nibbled, licked, and bit the jiggly bits (he felt like he was being devoured by a predator), or when fingers raked his twin sensitive pink nubs on the chest until they flared up and swelled a little, or when his toes were ticklishly sucked one by one and his feet and soles were worshipped - which left the boy feeling more confused than scared -, or when the uncle took disgusting breathes through his oily nose buried into his thin hairless armpits or the crack between his silky lean buttocks, or when the uncle finally had enough of foreplay, started to rub his leaking snake-like six-inch sweaty penis excitedly against the boy's smooth thighs and legs, growling out very dirty words which the boy couldn't understand yet, while letting rough fingers and greedy lips do their terrible, but gentle, loving deeds unto the boy's exposed genitals.

“Come, come, A-Ji, let Uncle see you tingle again today, just like the days before. The more you do it, the better it feels,” the drunken man moaned as he started to suck the cute tiny boy-penis eagerly like a popsicle, letting tongue swirl roughly - almost painfully - around the unprepared exposed peeled-back pink tip, sending electricity running through the boy’s nerve-ends because Lan Zhan couldn’t understand what was going on with his underaged body. The tongue licked the pee slit again and again, while Lan Zhan gasped like a fish out of the water on the bed - because he couldn’t breathe -, and continued to jab and knead the mind-blowing ultra-sensitive spot beneath the adolescent’s penis glans.

Then, without warning, the man swallowed the entire short length and milked the boy as much the hungry mouth’s sweet, sloppy sucking motions would allow. Fingers caressed, fondled and vibrated deep into unripe testicles in a valiant effort to stir unborn sperm cells awake. Little Lan Zhan was forced to experience an adult’s pleasure before his time, and felt new sensations rippling through warming, gradually engorged and tightening immature glands, blood vessels, penile muscles and rising boy-balls. He was inexperienced, didn’t know what to do or how to react - so he thrashed futilely on the bed, tried to kick away the unruly pervert assailant, at the same time his body sang and arched at unfamiliar pleasure coursing through his wildly twitching penis - because he had been trained far too often by Uncle Wei to respond to the man’s loathsome touch - and he screamed, moaned, groaned uncharacteristically for a boy who hadn’t gone through his first wet orgasm.

The eight-year old boy finally “tingles” with shuddering hips and trembling limbs with a glazed look on his tear-streaked face coloured redder than hot peppers. He grunted uncontrollably, yet rhythmically, jerked his hips high and straight into Uncle Wei’s waiting mouth and throat, and the latter gladly swallowed and milked the quivering organ to the last twitch. It was, as usual, a seedless experience but the boy managed to ooze out, probably ejaculate in a very raw way, a sweet-tasting nectary droplet or two that

smelled a little of pee, which Uncle Wei happily drank up as thirstily as a jar of Emperor Smiles.

Uncle Wei continued to sexually assault the naked boy with his brand of gentle loving for the rest of the afternoon. He never really caused pain to little Lan Zhan in a visceral sense, other than a few light bruises and scratches when things get a little too heated - such as when the uncle climbed on top of the boy and trapped the latter beneath his body, and he grind and rubbed his hard, wanting cock excitedly over the boy's tired penis in a classic act of mutual masturbation - their crotch became sticky with drying crusty cum from the uncle's ejected "happy milk"; and the (un)invited guest of the Gusu Lan sect named Wei Wuxian would whisper hotly into the boy's red earlobes, "Wang Ji-ah-Wang Ji, please hurry up and grow faster, so that Uncle can play with you lots and lots, everyday."

Little eight-year old Lan Zhan tingled throughout the afternoon, with tears, distraught and pleasure clearly evident on his flushed sweaty face, and distantly, he wondered if it was the right thing to do.

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Lunch was filling, and his homework was completed - despite constantly having feather-light touches and tugs playing the stiff 'flute' alternating with sharp taut strokes that left the boy more agitated than satisfied -, little Lan Zhan managed to complete his assignments with Uncle Wei giving answers to all the questions in the workbook. That's cheating, Lan Zhan cried out in frustrated tears, not because of sadness or fear, but because the man refused to stop molesting the slightly inflamed and generously abused angry-red pre-pubescent penis, or from annoyingly sticking fingers into the boy's virginal butthole.

No, it's not cheating, the naked man explained calmly while stretching the equally naked boy's ass like preparing a fruit snack - Uncle Wei did say that he would like to have a tasty eight-year old pre-teen's ass for dessert, after all. "It's only cheating if one copies from others, but not if others willingly gives you the answers, just like the awesome Wei Wuxian", the man beamed his infamous million-dollar smile - a habitual liar, really. The boy remained unconvinced, and uncomfortable from those fingers wiggling inside his butt. That place is dirty, he had said, but the older man simply dared the boy and lifted up the perky buttocks to give it a lavish lick with a devilish grin. The rimjob creeped out the adolescent even more.

(Lan Zhan had to write a page of calligraphy too, and faced nearly insurmountable problems to complete the assignment. He was forced to go down on all fours in front of a low writing desk, and the uncle happily slid beneath him between the legs, enjoying the boy's dangling, irritated and swollen genitals like sucking delicate juicy grapes off the vine, one by one. Uncle Wei gently scolded the boy that 'if he could do handstands and calligraphy at the same time, surely he is talented enough to write *and* get his tingles simultaneously too'. The eight-year old boy did not back down from the challenge, so he trained his hands to work separately, overcoming the chaos and whirlwind of bodily pleasures that wrecked his tiny pre-teen body. Uncle Wei enjoyed feeling premature orgasms running along the boy's adorable penis while rolling the quivering organ with his wet tongue, fluffing his face into the boy's crotch until his nose rubs the delicate line between those two plump quail eggs and sniffs deeply - ah, fresh young boy's perfume! - and he could never, never neglect the said boy-eggs too, so he thoroughly enjoys pulling each delicate immature grape-like testicle from the tight ballsacks, suck them like hard candies with such vigorous vibrations until the boy experiences the very first budding signs of testicular orgasms; as well as getting a free show of how an underaged body responded, blossomed and ripened into sexy shades of tantalizing reds with plenty of hip-thrusts, involuntary tremors and tasty high-pitched moans on the side.)

During the afternoon, the child's abuse and trauma continued unabated, when the man unveiled a strange black box known as a 'television' in the closed room. Together, they watched - to the boy's bewilderment - moving pictures, or rather, movies depicting men and children engaged in forbidden reproductive acts and uncensored sexual intercourse. Of course, little Lan Zhan couldn't understand what he was watching, but the terrifying and strangely titillating visuals, sounds, acts, gestures, how gyrating bodies moved and moulded into one, or many ganging up on one with violent thrusts, people grunting on top another, spooning side by side, with dreamy and overjoyed flushed faces, sometimes pained and discomfort, of little boys dick-fencing and putting their *xiao ji ji* s into one another, of little boys trembling sensuously between grown men's legs because they experienced heaven that the eight-year old couldn't fathom, of a little boy on the floor, surrounded by horny, lusty nude masked grown-ups, and they queue to force themselves upon the squealing victim, laughing mockingly as they take their pleasures from the helpless pre-pubescent precocious body, one by one, leaving a gooey white bubbly mess between thighs, legs and buttocks, inside gaping jaws and upon delicate hands... and all other manners of number of individuals, sex positions and speed - awakened something inside the boy.

"This, A-Ji, is hardcore child pornography. But you wouldn't know how to pronounce that, would you? If you like it so much, come to Uncle's home every day, and we'll play with your *xiao ji ji* and watch more of these shows, okay?" the voice was evil, tempting and dripped with poisoned aphrodisiacs because it made the boy's skin crawl, and yet he really, really wanted to know *more* .

The eight-year old squirmed and tried to close his legs because his *xiao ji ji* stuck out again, to his frustration - however, the man closed a fist around the cute pinkie-sized flesh, leaned closer, breathed heavily into the boy's ears and throat, taking his sweet time to inhale the boy's long lush hair,

nibble at earlobes and graze lips over the boy's; his other hand busied itself around little Lan Zhan's attractive rump, incessantly pinching, groping the springy ass cheeks, then, shoved fingers between them until with up to three lubricated fingers inside, knuckle-deep. Lan Zhan found difficulty to breath again, when the fingers wiggled, scissored and massaged a particular spot that sent tendrils of white-hot sparkles to his nerves, causing goosebumps to prickle all over the adolescent's nubile body.

"Uncle...you- you're a... a... rapist..." Lan Zhan moaned incoherently, voice pleading in an almost too irresistible way.

"You learnt that from the television, didn't you? You naughty boy," the man seethed and sucked possessively on the boy's nape and naked shoulders until angry red bruises appeared. "It's not rape if it's consensual, my sweet, sweet A-Ji," he added. Uncle Wei took out the hand that pleased the bum, shook his coated fingers to flick away residual lubricant gel and body-warmed boy-juices, then gently guided the boy's free hands to his own wanting, lusting six-inch cock.

"Con... sen... ?" the boy couldn't think straight, let alone pronounce such a difficult word. The fist on the boy-penis started pistoning, gradually shifting to faster speeds, making shlicky tasty sounds.

"Mmm-hmm. It's not rape if it feels good, A-Ji. It's not rape if *you* want it," the man growled; the thought of adorable A-Ji willingly using his little hands to pleasure the man sent desire coursing in the veins; he quickly grows rock-hard, ready for a stellar performance in bed, or anywhere, as long as he can spend hours inside the tight little hot cavern. The delirious eight-year old boy was promptly pushed to the floor and pillows appeared beneath his hips; the boy yelped when his legs are roughly pulled apart and

his hips were bent at an awkward angle, so that the lubricated rosebud glistened teasingly at Uncle Wei.

“Wang Ji-ah-Wang Ji, do you feel good? The way uncle is touching you now,” a few more strokes, of rough hands handling the fragile delicate body and sweet tender swollen genitals, and the boy moaned very loudly. “Do you want more? Uncle can give you more. Just say ‘please rape my boy-pussy’ while holding up your butt like that, uncle will give you many more nice tingles,” the man offered with a drippy, venom-coated voice.

“Ahhh... feel... good!.... want... more!... Uncle Wei, please, please r-rape my b-b-boy puss... pussy!”

The thoroughly confused and scared boy mumbled several more sweet dirty phrases taught by the man while getting deflowered for the first time. The giddy uncle stroked himself to an explosive climax within a matter of minutes. The first five thick shots went straight into the eight-year old’s tight puckered hole - the man had instructed him to spread and pull his buttocks wide open so that he could watch each ejaculation enter and fill the sweet hot virginal tunnel.

Then, Uncle Wei growled in a menacing, almost crazed manner, and mounted little Lan Zhan. The boy panicked, cried, nearly fainted from the crushing weight and the fresh searing hot pain tearing through in his ass, while breathing in the dirty uncle’s sweaty odours - because he was flattened and drilled into the floor - the huge hairy penis mercilessly slid in and out of the moist canal, stretching, pounding, agonizingly - the boy nearly threw up because his insides were stuffed and pushed out, and he nearly lost his earned lunch - Uncle Wei groaned like an animal above him, grinding, thrusting, slamming at a very fast pace, murmuring terrible words

of “If you were a girl, you would be knocked up by now. Get pregnant, you bitch! Carry my babies inside you, you pussy-boy! Brat! Whore! AHHH!” and many other strange words and sounds that little Lan Zhan didn’t know - and when Uncle Wei’s hips trembled, then pushed the boy into the floor with all his might and shouted - roared - an alarmed Lan Zhan cried and grimaced in great pain and immense shock because something hot, liquidy, molten, shot out like cannons and bulged his insides, swelling, filling, he felt bloated, contaminated, dirtied, violated, torn, something precious was stolen, taken.

His *xiao ji ji* tingled sometime during the uncle’s second peak, and squirted pee because he lost control of his bladder - but it didn’t feel so good any more.

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Lan Zhan wakes up with a start, and curses in his dialect language. When he sits up, a hand on his forehead to block out the midday sun, he hears footsteps crunching on damp soil.

“Lan Zhan! You’re up! I went to collect some herbal plants since you looked so peaceful resting on the slope,” then Lan Zhan’s eyes become as wide as saucers when he stares, horrified, at a bunch of prickly cut stems and needle-like leaves appear from behind his shoulders, then hover above his crotch - he has a *massive* hard-on! - and shakes the leaves suggestively over the tent in his pants.

The older man immediately swats the offending bunch of herbs and pushes the mischievous imp away.

“I had a ten-minute nap and dreamt about hunting jungle fowls during summer time. It must be because of the salted egg yolk that I missed chasing and catching fat chickens in my arms!” the younger man laughs out loud, “What on earth caused you to suffer like *that* for almost an hour?” and his laughs descends into ugly cackles and belly-deep guffaws, “Tell me, Lan Zhan, what did you dream about? You never want to tell me about your dreams anyway!”

Lan Zhan nnnghs indignantly, rises to his feet, and his face sours when he realizes the tent in his pants left visible stains as well. A double blow to his tarnished reputation, right in front of the spouse who was gleefully entertained at his expense.

“Nightmares caused by the dumplings, maybe. Going down to the lakebed to get it washed off,” the older man says curtly, cutting off the conversation with his strained expression, and walks off with an awkwardly stiff off-balanced gait, because of that stubborn erection. Wei Ying crumbles into a fit of giggles when he notices the cum-stains, and happily swats Lan Zhan’s rear with the bunch of herbs.

“Ha ha ha! Got it, got it. I’ll drop off these herbs to Jin Ling and follow you down the lake. There are a few pools of fresh water behind those mud-caked cliffs, you can do your laundry there away from prying eyes!” Wei Ying calls out and cheerfully waves the husband off, again with the herbs.

Higher up the lakeside slope, Jin Ling has become better at *nicely* ordering forty teenage disciples to do his bidding of carrying water efficiently from the drained lake. He spies how his *da jiu* spans Han Guang Jun's front and back with grasses, laughing non-stop, and thought that the two were distastefully childish despite their ages and life achievements. He shrugs and bites into a dumpling, before ordering the first twenty workers to take a lunch break - *da jiu* had brought a basket full of dumplings earlier, and there are enough to feed the entire troop.

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The cracked surface on the lakebed is impressive, when viewed on ground level and in real life rather than on a cheap holo-phone screen, Lan Zhan thought. The sun *is* getting hotter, and the soil has started to turn dusty and dry, interspersed with patches of soft wet mud where shrinking pools start to disappear. The temperature swings are wild, at least for the next few days before the cold front and the accompanying Imperial forces hit the Pier with guns blazing, figuratively speaking.

There is so much to think and mull over, but Lan Zhan focuses on the immediate task at hand - to wash the cummy stains on his pants. He would rather die than to ask for a bucket of water from Jin Ling's troops while sporting a third leg between his first two - and he's fortunate to find a hidden inlet between cliffs along the lakeside. There, he could strip his pants, squat near a freshwater pool without any fear of being spotted because of the high walls that shelter them from sight and outside elements.

Wei Ying too, took the opportunity to rub away plant material from the legs of his pants; during the herb hunt, he'd carelessly walked through bushes

that oozed sticky sap when twigs were broken, and marshland grass that left cottony seeds that stuck to the aforementioned sap.

Soon, both men lingered in the private little alley-like structure, waiting for their pants to dry. Unsurprisingly, being pantless meant Wei Ying was free to seduce and touch the husband. From shy pokes to gentle tickles to naked thighs and glutes, then naughty fingers snaked from between the legs to grasp and cup heavy balls, after that the giggly spouse walked back and forth around the helpless and frustrated husband, playfully grab, release, grab again, stroke hard ten times until the latter almost one-twos, then release again.

Just when Lan Zhan had enough and managed to pin the delinquent spouse against a wall, his mouth busies in leaving bruising kiss-marks on the pale neck when the long hair is pushed aside, breaths heavy and panting, hands roam around the expanse of Wei Ying's back and tweaked nipples at the front, while the other moans and pleads for more, more. The older man's hard, swollen cock is engorged with lust-filled blood, heavy and very, very leaky because he had an unfulfilling wet dream and now, a sex-kitten in the midst, and he nearly fainted from the bursting pressure in his loins and twitches one-two times impatiently, spilling a very thick, rich dollop right at the squirming spouse's rosebud entrance with a release that comes with fireworks in his vision and the volcanic rise of sweet, sweet tension, trembling legs, ready to unload the first of many, many eruptions--

Suddenly, a rustling sound. A large shadow darted from the side and then above, followed by the sounds of fleeting footsteps.

"Lan Zhan! Someone stole our pants!" the younger man wails in panic.

Notes for the Chapter:

One anonymous, narrow-minded, selfish, arrogant, pompous and cowardly commenter ranted about the rape, pedo and zoophilia kinks in this fic. Oh wow, a rare flame indeed.

Challenge accepted. Here's two out of three kinks. I'll work on the third one in the coming days.

Like I said before, don't take things too seriously.

If you get triggered for some reason, it's not my fault. You read, you weep :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s. Added a little more yummy details!

Chapter 88

It is a comical sight, to see two healthy and sound-minded men, streaking across the plains that used to be the bottom of a famous lake. Springy asses bounce in broad daylight; never mind the frontal fleshy bits sway and dangle in all directions as well.

Both Wei Ying and Lan Zhan sprinted after a shadowy figure that had snatched their precious pants. Without the crucial garments, they couldn't return to Lotus Pier, not when innocent pimple-faced virgin teenage boys and the prickly Jin Ling are still around. The scars in their lives would be horrendous, indeed, if they lay their eyes on the dangly bits of the fearsome Yiling Patriarch and the highly esteemed - and shamelessly well-endowed - Han Guang Jun; the latter sports the largest, most daunting looking swollen red throbbing meatstick between his legs, because he had a terribly wet dream first, then edged to an explosive climax that never came.

The two pursued the thief and ended up in a hidden tunnel which used to be underwater. Wei Ying remarked that he never knew there was an entrance beneath the lake, because nobody thought of diving deep into the water when natural bounties such as lotus and fish could be easily harvested from the surface.

“Lan Zhan! Look, the walls are damp with drying lake weeds, algae growth and other slippery slimy stuff!” Wei Ying pointed out the obvious. “And over there around the bend, I think I see a strange bluish light!”. The path was straightforward - there were no branches or junctions - however, the floor was slick, and there was barely any light, so they made their way slowly across the mysterious cave, by following the sounds of footsteps that echoed off circular walls.

“Wei Ying... ahhhhh!” the older man hissed and groaned breathily. He bit his lips to avoid making too much sound, lest they alerted the pant(y)-thief to their presence. Wei Ying grabbed his cock and gave it a few good strokes that felt really, really good - after five rough yanks, the desperately horny middle-aged man was ready to unload the boiling lava dancing inside his loins.

“What is it, Lan Zhan? Wh-- Oh my goodness, I thought it was a bit too thin to be your wrist! I’m so sorry, it’s just too dark in here!” came the alarmed reply shrouded in inky blackness, followed by the utmost disappointing loss of fingers on his trigger-happy penis. Lan Zhan didn’t mind the spouse’s unintended mistake - because they’re all flawed men, after all -, however the latter continued to make very inappropriate moves - a pinch to the nipple, a poke into the bouncy exposed buttocks, and more unforgiving touches to his steel-hard boner pointing to the ceiling - that the husband wondered if Wei Ying was truly apologetic as he sounded.

Soon, they approached the end of the tunnel and everything began to take on a sheen of blue. The tunnel seemed to open up to a cavernous enclosure, reminiscent of the cave that the couple had been below the waterfalls in the Cloud Recesses, nearly two decades ago. With better lighting, Wei Ying rushed ahead while the husband was rewarded by a seductive view of the spouse's springy ass-cheeks that he knew too well in heart and memory - the texture, the firmness, and the welcoming sweet, sweet heated softness in between - and his angry-red penis nodded a one-two in an ode to joy, and spat out a long drop of thick milky white (again). “Unnh, Unnh, Aaah,” the older man gasped uncontrollably as a string of pre-orgasmic tremors rocked his pelvis and spine; he simply couldn’t contain his excitement despite not being physically touched.

The stimulating sounds were loud enough to be heard within the entire tunnel. To Lan Zhan's horror, suddenly something huge, tinted with bluish-white, snatched Wei Ying with lightning-quick speed from the mouth of the opening into the wider cave within. His yells - "Lan Zhan! Save meeee! Aiiieee!" - made the older man's blood run cold despite the warmth radiating in his hips.

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"Wei Ying! What should I do?!" Lan Zhan shouted desperately. When he emerged into the enclosure, a massive white rabbit as big as a horse lay on the ground bedded with straw, with its legs splayed - and Wei Ying was caught beneath its forepaws. Its fuzzy coat glowed white with a tinge of blue like bright summer skies, its majestic ears were as long as a man's arm - when they flicked, Lan Zhan's heart melted a little -, its body was appealingly fat, cuddle-worthy soft and round, and an adorable tuft sprouted from its rump.

The spouse, half buried under incredibly soft puffy fur, screamed for Lan Zhan not to come close, otherwise the rabbit may snap his body into two with deadly-looking sharp incisors, if not crush the man with its tremendous weight. The monstrously *cute* creature turned his head, gave Lan Zhan an evil pink-tinged, bauble-like stare, snorted and grinded its teeth.

The front paws stomped impatiently, angrily at Wei Ying's belly, and he grimaced.

“Lan Zhan! I have to tell you something, but you may not like it! It’ll help to make the creature release me, so please listen to this explanation, for my sake!” the younger man shouted, as though pleading for his life.

“Mn...!”

Lan Zhan blinked his eyes, when a buzz droned in his ears and he realized that he was hearing voices in his head; Wei Ying reached out to him using ErNet.

“Last night, a large snake visited our bedroom while you were asleep. It’s a Thousand-Year Snake deity, a local god overseeing the lake, related to Zidian’s serpentine ancestor. The deity begged for a bite of Immortal essence, because it was starving after the lake was drained and the fishes had disappeared.

So, I took the decision to let it sip a little from you, because I couldn’t bear to see the Jiangs’ spiritual guardian die under such circumstances. I’m so sorry Lan Zhan, although it didn’t hurt you, but I didn’t realize it would come to this!

I was such a fool, to dare myself and barter with a deity, rather than giving freely what it wanted! I told the snake that I wanted something in exchange for your essence, because I’m your rightful wife, therefore I deserve fair compensation. I’m so ashamed, *lao gong* , I really am!

The deity offered a longer life in this mortal realm, but I said no, because you are a king of gods, and therefore you live eternally beyond reincarnations. Then it offered strength, and again I denied, because you are the greatest of men, so you are beyond any mere physical attributes. Then I suggested my deepest desires - that the bond of our love is everlasting - and the snake agreed.

Now that I think of it, the snake did mention that your desire for me is already as perpetual as everyday, therefore, it will do something to 'fix' the imbalance. I... I think it blessed you with the gift of emitting pheromones! The deity must have thought to inject sweet scented aromatics into your body so that I would always be captivated by you - which I already am! - but it seems it works indiscriminately on local gods and deities too!

This... this - ooof! - overweight local god of fertility, a Thousand-Year Rabbit, is attracted to your scent and perceived me as a love-rival!"

What should I do? Tell me, I will do whatever it takes to save you from harm! , Lan Zhan telepathically reached out to his struggling spouse. The exposition was lengthy, but needed - he didn't even want to think about what was 'injected' into him and how, because all that mattered was to get Wei Ying away from the horrendous bunny of death.

"You have to mate with the giant rabbit until it is satisfied!"

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It has been a long time coming, Lan Zhan tells himself. From a very young age, he had a strange, twisted obsession for those silent, cute things, although he never really understood why and when the fetish started. He used his experience in handling pet rabbits during this dramatic life-and-death situation; he crept up slowly, hands relaxed so that the rabbit wasn't provoked. He easily reached its rear and gently patted the rotund bum. The rabbit responded as expected, by raising its hips, splaying its hind legs further and wiggled its tail invitingly.

What happened next was nearly instinctual. He didn't know how men mounted rabbits, much less a gigantic one, but somehow he *knew* how to caress its back lovingly, rubbed deep into its heavenly velvety fur and into certain bundles of nerves and muscles, then lifted up the cuddlesome tail and for some unknown reason, he just aimed and shoved it *in* at the right time, right angle, and into the right hole. He was somehow mesmerized by the glowing fur, and all he could think was to grasp more, more, to twirl, fluff, spread and squeeze all glorious silky warm fur - never mind about hygiene or the ickiness of inter-species insemination - his erection just slid in without any resistance, encased in sweet heat, it is as tight as he imagined but the passageway was much longer and undulated with a tempo that squeezes in time with the creatures quick breathing, and sent his loins into instant overdrive.

Having been played and held out for too long, the first thrust detonated his pent-up cock - literally. He exploded upon impact, and the inner walls of the warm, warm flesh milked and massaged his wildly twitching penis. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, the convulsions just kept on coming, rolling through his urethra and cockslit, feverishly erupting copious amounts of overheated seed to pool inside the rabbit's womb-like tunnel of love.

Lan Zhan grappled and clawed mindlessly at the rabbit's rounded back, hnngh-ing and moaning deliriously throughout his ordeal as he was

squeezed dry by the heat and the vice grip of muscular walls - and was rewarded with an appreciative squeal from the lover-cum-animal.

“Lan Zhan! Don’t stop! You must mate it like how a buck ruts its chosen doe! Keep thrusting at the fastest speed possible, and keep going on for as many rounds as you can!” Wei Ying wailed from the other side of the animal. The rabbit must have felt some pangs of pleasure from the act, as it started to wheeze and pant heavily and drooled over Wei Ying’s face.

Lan Zhan “Mn...!” with renewed determination, and mustered his godly abilities to turn his spent cock before its thirtieth twitch, into a red-hot pistoning steel rod committing suicide into the depths of the beast. He fucked so hard, so fast and so deep, until his body turned tomato-red and his legs trembled and nearly collapsed because they could not hold their weight any more after being electrocuted by unending nerve-destroying pleasure rippling, blasting out from his pelvis, polishing his dying penis raw against the rabbit’s womb full of folds and mind-blowing hnngh-inducing contractions, everything has gone numb, his vision spun, his throat was hoarse with roars and screams that he no longer heard, his fingers crazily pawed and scratched at any surface possible, his breathing nearly stopped, his babymaker spewed all manners of liquids and bodily fluids, and yet he forced himself to continue the unholy act of breeding the creature that he always loved.

The Thousand-Year Rabbit squealed.

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Lan Zhan knew he'd reached a sort of pre-nirvana. A trance, when the body has stopped functioning, but the mind is awake. A dream-like state, before one's soul departs, or returns - it didn't matter.

It was strange that he'd return to this nightmare. He could have gone to other realms, explored unimaginable possibilities, watched himself do things that he couldn't before - but no, fate was perhaps cruel at the outset, and he found himself as the eight-year old once again.

Little Lan Zhan was 'kidnapped' again by the dirty uncle and forced to stay in the latter's home, whom he started to affectionately call *shushu* (叔叔), because the uncle insisted that he *is* a young virile man, and doesn't age like a normal person, apparently. They played every day, many times over the passing seasons, as long as the *shushu* stayed in the Cloud Recesses as an (un)invited guest for some unknown reasons. Over time, habit becomes a comforting friend, and the eight-year old boy stopped resisting and complaining about the sex offender living next door.

He'd drop by after morning class, and upon entering the smelly dank building, he remembered to shut down his natural defenses - he'd stopped running away, acted meek and subservient, and talked using words that the *shushu* ordered him to - and started smiling a little more. He was inculcated with twisted, perverse ideas and thoughts about relationships between a grown-up adult and a child, due to the time spent daily with the man.

"Uncle Wei, was that my older brother?" Lan Zhan asked, naked, sitting cross-legged on the floor.

“Yes, he dropped by with a basket of fruits. I told him you were busy with homework, and he was on his way to chop some firewood, so he left,” the *shushu* casually replied at the entrance to his den, and threw a ripe peach across the apartment-like home at the boy, and muttered ‘Catch!’. Nimble tiny fingers caught the fruit - when he grows up, he would be better at catching *pipa* s from behind too.

Guilt weighed in the boy’s heart, because his brother worked hard to keep their home warm, while he spent his afternoons keeping the uncle’s hairy penis warm and wet, either in his mouth, in his butt, or in other parts of his body. He always finished his homework after having a quick but good lunch with the rather rich uncle (whose scruffy looks and rag-like clothes contradicted his state of wealth). By two in the afternoon, he would be forced to serve the man’s lusts until close to dinner time.

Little Lan Zhan had gotten used to the smell, taste and the pain that the frightening fleshy weapon inflicted between his springy thin ass-cheeks - but the *shushu* had indoctrinated into him that if he didn’t think too much of the discomfort, he’d actually feel good - and he did. He tingles frequently nowadays, and his body was trained to respond well to the uncle’s touch.

When asked about touches, the *shushu* had taught the boy that the latter’s *laoshi* ’s sex-ed was correct. “See, A-Ji, there is a good touch, and a bad touch. Bad touch is painful all the time. A good touch, on the other hand, feels good. Sometimes it doesn’t in the beginning, but it’ll feel better over time. It’s just like studying for quizzes - you wouldn’t like it when you open your textbook the night before, but when you ace your test, it feels good, doesn’t it?” Uncle Wei explained his twisted logic and cuddled the boy in an embrace, or rather, entrap the victim into an inescapable prison. “So this,” a finger fiddles and plays with the boy’s exposed penis until it turned red, turgid and had its foreskin forcibly, uncomfortably peeled back, “is a good touch. Do you understand?” the uncle raised his voice and licked his

lips. The boy's pale hips jerked every time the calloused thumb rubbed raw over a reddened tiny pee-hole, and he could only "Mn" in response.

Uncle Wei stripped off his pants as he entered the bedroom - of course he had to wear *something* when meeting an outsider like the teenage Xi Chen *da ge* , after all; little A-Ji, on the other hand, is an 'insider', an intimate lover, a kept toy - little Lan Zhan was told that being an 'insider' of the building meant that Uncle Wei has full access to the boy's unclothed body, including the insides. He never quoted the Gusu Lan rule that explained this strange rule, despite the repeated questions from the boy that were met with hard slaps to the cheeks, so Lan Zhan decided to avoid further abuse and left his questions unanswered.

Now that both man and boy were naked, within the locked house, with curtains drawn and no one around to disturb them, the *shushu* grinned hungrily and suddenly, conjured a gold nugget in his hands using prohibited magic. He crouched and intentionally showed the sparkling object to the boy, before plopping it into the latter's schoolbag.

"You never paid your fees in the past, but this kind uncle will pay for your troubles. Since I've deposited a gold nugget today, I've bought your body so you better make me feel good, brat," the man grunted and started stroking his stiffening cock right in front of the eight-year old. Little Lan Zhan, fondly known as A-Ji by the horny twenty-something man, simply "Mn"s obediently, and lies on the floor, hips raised and spread-eagled.

The eight-year old munched delicately on the offered peach - juicy and ripe, freshly plucked from the tree behind his house - while *shushu* knelt between the boy's legs, leaned forward and started rubbing his hard, excited twitching cock all over the boy's torso, abdomen, limbs - getting a quick

handjob from sticky sweet fingers in the process - before the man became drunken with perverse desires, and humped the boy's fragile, smaller genitals. For little Lan Zhan, there's something strangely erotic, maybe "good" whenever *shushu* 's hairy erection pressed, kneaded and grinded against his crotch - whether from his quivering twin quail eggs or his hardening pinkie-length cock - and when he started to murmur soft sexy moans, when sweet "uunh"s and "aaah"s tumbled from his throat and out through lips, when his wee-wee stood up proudly in the air; Uncle Wei then returned to his spot and simply swooped down like a predator devouring its prey, and sucked and swallowed the boy's equally excited, swollen genitals with impressive ferocity.

Uncle Wei, the pre-teen learned, is a connoisseur of mild boy-penis flavours, and could tell the time, the state, the textures and richness of seedless fluids, and predict many things about his A-Ji. "Your *xiao ji ji* is ripening well," he sometimes commented, "in two years' time, you will become an adult and I will be the first to taste your coming-of-age moment," he said, and somehow, for unknown reasons, Lan Zhan felt secretly thrilled, and scared, of those words.

Back to the present, little Lan Zhan choked on the fruit a bit, because it *is* difficult to eat *and* tingle into a man's mouth at the same time. Later, the boy would take a bite of the fruit, and after a couple of chews, he would give the *shushu* a mesmerizing, and very tantalizing squishy blowjob. The uncle would shout obscenities and his shuddering body would lose control; the boy got his share of peach-flavoured Uncle's Happy Milk.

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“This,” Uncle Wei announced proudly, “is a fleshlight. I could only find the girl’s version. I hope you don’t mind.” A tube-like device from unknown origin, which little Lan Zhan had never seen before nor could imagine how it worked.

A squirt of unheated lube later, the weird puffy lips ‘ate’ his boy-penis, and the eight-year old boy screamed. The mischievous *shushu* had every single malevolent intention to destroy the boy’s cock from the way he pistoned the object mercilessly and with too much vigour, squeezed it so that the helpless wee-wee was encased in strange taut elastic material that felt like real skin - except that it was cold -, chaffed the delicate foreskin because the boy had tingled many times earlier and was sensitive, and effectively short-circuited little Lan Zhan’s immature sexual meridians.

That was the first time, however. In the following days, the boy had gotten used to the sex toy and could survive the flesh-eating tube’s assault. It became a ‘good touch’, because after the initial harrowing and uncomfortable experience, eventually, over several sessions, it started to ‘feel good’. So in some days, the man and boy would play with each other’s privates (with the adolescent getting bulk of the sexual abuse), and then escalate things to include toys and other abusive stuff; drugs and aphrodisiacs weren’t too far away by then.

“A-Ji, you’re doing well. Move your hips higher, and push it in faster, deeper. Yes, yes, keep doing it,” the terrible *shushu* encouraged and cheered the boy on. Little Lan Zhan quickly learnt the pleasures of mounting on *something* and make his stiffy ‘feel good’ by pushing his hips back and forth repeatedly. It wouldn’t be too far of a stretch to say that A-Ji gradually enjoyed fucking a fleshlight strapped to a pillow on the bed, and later, graduated to a real sex doll. For another unknown reason, the eccentric *shushu* always brought female versions; he said that it feels better to do it inside a girl’s, because eight-year olds’ penises were made for fucking

vaginas and he should practice making babies in them. As usual, Lan Zhan was too young to understand what was said; it didn't help that the dirty uncle always stuck fingers into the boy's butt and kept making strange raking and hooking gestures inside, which sent random sparks to his nerve-ends in tandem with the deepest energetic thrusts into the artificial pussy. It's an exercise to strengthen a special spot inside, the man gave his vague excuse, and touted to be good for one's health - so little Lan Zhan let that slide.

The heavenly experience bolstered Lan Zhan's confidence, and state of happiness whenever he stayed over in Uncle Wei's home. Sometimes he'd spend a night, citing homework-related reasons - because truthfully, Uncle Wei is a smart and shrewd businessman, and his maths and worldly knowledge is top-notch - so the boy earned better grades, and the *shushu* spent many more hours inside the little boy. Little Lan Zhan began to enjoy getting warm gooey creampie inside his ass, especially when the now-familiar voice of Uncle Wei became rhythmic grunts, hot breaths to the ears, uncontrolled shaking of a grown man's hips slammed tightly to his butt, unloading spurt after spurt of an adult's sperm-rich ejaculations into a little boy's tiny stretched hole.

“Ohh... Ohh... A-Ji, you're so soft, young and tight. Let uncle make more babies inside you. Uncle wants to plant many twins and triplets in your underaged boy-pussy. It feels so good, you make uncle's penis very happy every day. Squeeze your sweet baby ass a bit more, yes... ahhh... so hot, so fucking good, you're the best bitch to breed... get pregnant again... hnngh... uncle is cumming... OOOOH! OOOOH! Feel my sperm raping yours! AAAAH!” is the standard exchange during those heated lovemaking session (Lan Zhan didn't know what 'love' meant at that time, but he's fine with that).

The games with sex toys were a prelude of better things to come, to the boy's delight. Whenever the *shushu* felt loving and gentle, intimacy between the two lovers blossomed. Uncle Wei would act out some scenes from the porn movies they'd watched before, and let the eight-year old do some hardcore fucking into the man's asshole - sometimes affectionately called ass-pussy. They would exchange as many dirty words as the wet sloppy kisses, and little Lan Zhan was enamoured and thrilled at insane ideas of falling in (puppy) love with the man, having a romantic relationship, and live their happily ever after with bodies intertwined forever and ever.

"Ahhh... *shushu* , *shushu* , it feels so good inside you! I'm... I'm...!" the boy's shouts keen into a string of frantic wails when he tingles again and again inside the man with plenty of quaking hips and shuddering breaths; the pleasurable waves and penile twitches become stronger with each passing day. Lan Zhan had learnt a lot about puberty through textbooks, and verbally wished to be able to shoot his own "happy milk" soon. Uncle Wei granted his wish, sort of, when he made the boy drink a big jug of water prior to each session. When the bladder is full, the eight-year old was instructed to ramp up the drilling action into the man's rosebud, and expectedly, but deliriously pleasurable for the boy, little Lan Zhan squirted twenty times, pretending his pee to be volleys of sperm that hadn't been born yet. He was left breathless, boneless and nearly fainted from the exceedingly wonderful sensations radiating from his loins, and Uncle Wei too, shared the boy's joys of sexual exploration and exploitation, that the couple decided to continue playing sexy naughty games until sunset, exciting the boy's appetite for more sex, more tingles, more explosions of really good feelings.

Thus, at the tender age of eight, the prepubescent Lan Zhan had experienced sexual intercourse with men and (plastic-rubber) women, tingled a lot, and enjoyed immature orgasms as much as a fully-grown adult.

Lan Zhan thought that it felt really, *really* good to stay by Uncle Wei's side, forever.

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One day, Uncle Wei caught some rabbits that were running around a pen near the Cloud Recesses' courtyard. It didn't take much for the child, whose morals, limits and rejection towards sex had been totally eroded by then, to think of fun ways to play with the furry animals. He had a penchant for rabbits, and didn't think twice to let them lick his fruit or vegetable juice-coated penis and rising balls. That cute act didn't satisfy the horny boy, so the eight-year old brazenly asked the man, “ *Shushu* , can we play babymaking with the bunnies? I would like to see more baby bunnies hopping around the courtyard. Pretty please?” with lovely puppy eyes. The uncle couldn't resist the sweet request.

“A-Ji, rabbits' vaginas are the best,” the awfully pervert uncle announced, “and your small birdie fits well into them, although a bit tightly.” Uncle Wei, now a known magician, cast some strange spells to hypnotize the rabbits and loosened their private bits at the rump. One by one, drunken rabbit does had their hind legs spread apart, and the man carefully lowered the animal's opening to the excited (but still quiet, reserved) adolescent's crotch. The man had played with the pre-teen's penis enough and it was fully erect, with its purplish-pink glans fully exposed.

Little Lan Zhan tingled many times inside the rabbits as promised by the man, and he peed when the latter pressed a hand into his tummy and massaged the full bladder. The warm gently erupting liquid helped to

lubricate the passage, and made penetration so much easier and more pleasurable. The hot tightness was excellent and the friction was goosebumps-worthy, at least from the boy's perspective. Unrepentant and unfazed, ten rabbit does were properly inseminated that afternoon, their uteruses bruised, battered and torn by the terrible acts performed by the naive and perverted eight-year old (and masterminded by the uncle).

By dinnertime, the boy waved good-bye at his now-favourite neighbour and walked back to his house. Hot cum trickled down from his (ab)used rosebud and down his thighs. He carried home a pack of pork roast gifted by Uncle Wei - it was actually a grilled rabbit, but since nobody in the Cloud Recesses ate the animals and therefore didn't know what it looked like, so the mystery of missing rabbits was never solved - but the rabbits reproduced quickly anyway.

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Lan Zhan woke up with a start - again. And a loud gasp for air after holding his breath for what felt like an eternity, while he was unconscious.

He found himself pantless - still - and lay on a bed of straw where the giant rabbit nested--

“Wei... Wei Ying?”

A familiar face appeared above. An angel bathed in bluish white light in the cavernous chamber. Lan Zhan figured they found an enchanted rabbit's

burrow hidden beneath the lake, and the rabbit--

“Shhhhh. You were knocked out when the Thousand-Year Rabbit deity kicked you with its powerful legs, after it felt very satisfied with your actions. You’ve done well, *lao gong* ,” Wei Ying whispered gently, and pressed a cooling pad - made of bunched-up cloth soaked in underground water, probably - over a now-visible lump on the back of his head. Lan Zhan groaned at the throbbing pain. Wei Ying gave a quick peck at the man’s cheeks to sooth the husband’s pain.

“Ah, you flew straight into a wall and fell unconscious. That bad rabbit, after it took its pleasure from you, it screeched rudely at me and crawled out of the tunnel. It didn’t even bid us a proper good-bye, and never came back!” the younger man pouted while gesturing at the said opening to the chamber. “Luckily, I found our pants below the straw bed, so everything is still alright. You better rest a bit more before moving around,” he added, while arranging the strands of dried grass material to make a more comfortable cot for the husband.

Lan Zhan sighed and told himself that the spouse is right. It had been a strange turn of events, muddled by stranger dreams. Speaking of which--

His eyes flew open when he felt a very familiar weight on his naked crotch, straddling his hips.

“ *Lao gong* , you grew another big boner while you were out cold. Did you have sexy dreams again? The rabbit told me, in-between those nasty jealous screeches, that it gifted you the power of fertility in return for your services.

You would easily become horny, have tremendous sexual endurance, and be able to withstand having multiple orgasms on end,” the spouse says with an impish grin.

“Can we give it a try? Pretty Please?” Wei Ying asked seductively, and started grinding his hips sensuously before forcibly fucked himself on the helpless husband’s incredibly hard, and terribly excited cock from yet another wet dream.

Notes for the Chapter:

Revenge porn fic with a vengeance. Here's the third kink, and I tried to combine the trio... somehow, I hope it works.

That felt good. Now I'm looking for more inspiration to get this trainwreck moving along.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 89

Like any loving couple of the present day, Wei Ying and Lan Zhan talked in length about their experiences, feelings and thoughts of the disturbing ordeal, air their grievances to one another, while enjoying a nice post-sex cuddle in each other's arms on a nest of straw recent vacated by an animal owner. Wei Ying hypothesized and solved his own trivial questions, such as why would a giant rabbit hide in a burrow beneath the lake? Answer - because in the beginning there was only a plain tunnel that led to a dead-end, as evidenced by the damp mossy walls; the Thousand-Year Rabbit found the ideal living space when the lake drained out, and broke in to make a chamber for itself, as shown by the dry ground and straw bedding material in the innermost cave. The flustered husband, still recovering from a terrifying episode of being aroused by troubling dreams, then forced to perform penetrative sex with a beast, and fortunately cleansed his penile palate by finally, finally having blessed normal intercourse with his spouse - he simply "Mn"s tiredly with an hand over his eyes to symbolically shield himself from the crazy world outside.

"Lan Zhan, you've been blessed with the enchanted All-Species Pheromones by the Thousand-Year Snake, and the Legendary Sex Drive of the Thousand-Year Rabbit. So... a gold nugget for your thoughts?" the sated younger man clings to Lan Zhan's chest in a tight embrace, as his ass-cheek continues to wantonly hump the latter's crotch. Their nether regions are a mess of crusted semen and other filth - natural bodily fluids secreted and spurted in the heat of the moment, really. Lan Zhan took his time to consider the chronological sequence of events that had transpired during the day, and Wei Ying became a little irritated when the chamber fell silent too long for comfort. The spouse mewls the husband's name again, pouty and petulantly, before letting out a wet cummy fart to emphasize his point - because Lan Zhan stretched and loosened Wei Ying too often and too much, and in all fairness, should indulge in the latter's reasonable request.

“... Mn. Three things, in my mind.

One. This morning, while mingling with the students, I realized they were strangely attracted to me, and used every opportunity to have skin contact. Showing them how to swing a sword, crouching between their legs to adjust their ready-stance, guiding their hands to hold a spatula to the wok... their requests were repetitive, illogical, I couldn't put my finger on it at that time. It was stressful. Now that I know those teenagers were trying to get their hands on me. I feel... violated, manipulated, victimized.

Two. After having those cursed dreams, I am worried that I will not be able to have regular sex anymore. The more I close my eyes and drift into that nightmare, the faster I am losing myself a little more each time. Aroused by images of adults and children, of rabbits and toys. Am I becoming a monster? Are those dreams a premonition of things to come?

Three. After we walk out of this cave, what should I do? How do I behave? Any living creatures within the radius of effect of the pheromone, human and non-humans, are sexually attracted to me. I worry that I may hurt others unintentionally. As for the sexual urges, I think my new enhanced body can withstand the pressures and strains of our everyday. But I cannot predict the outcome if multiple partners are involved.

Those are my thoughts, Wei Ying.”

Wei Ying blinked at the overtly serious husband for a full minute, before sputtering out a string of choked laughter. The husband looked incredulous, the spouse full of mirth.

“Ha ha ha! Lan Zhan-ah-Lan Zhan! You’re so funny that my stomach hurts from hearing what you’ve said! You’re such a worrywart, you will surely become constipated from the stress!” Wei Ying giggled, then accidentally let off another chain of dribbly aerosolized cum-coated farts - the husband’s passionate lovemaking had somewhat ruined the spouse’s hole, and couldn’t deflate properly for the time being. Regardless of the damage done, Wei Ying still cared for the husband, pat the older man’s head and nuzzled against the latter’s brows, like pacifying a crying child.

“Luckily your awesome wife is here to solve your problems. Lan Zhan, listen to me:

One. Don’t feel guilty for being molested by school boys half your age, because from now on, this will be a daily occurrence... maybe! Your feelings are exclusively between you and me. As long as you are mine - body, mind and soul -, I will never accuse you of cheating. So stop agonizing about having your chastity stolen, because I, Wei Wuxian, already claimed it long ago!

Two. There’s nothing wrong with having dirty wet dreams starring your spouse and your favourite pet. Our love is written in the stars, and spans across space and time, both real and unreal! In fact, I’m happy that you will think of me while you are asleep!

Three. Do you not see the implications of your newfound powers? You’re even more popular than before, and better than a stallion in bed! If others come close to you, let me know and I’ll beat them up! I’m your wife after all, and I have absolute rights to your body, so I will work hard to defend

your honour! You only have to make sure to stay by my side, just as I have promised to do the same for you, for this lifetime and beyond.”

Each answer was preceded with a sweet kiss to the forehead. Wei Ying always saw things half-glass full rather than half-glass empty, and Lan Zhan felt so much better after having that heart to heart talk. He could tell, even without saying anything, that they both shared a common view - in a world of where blacks and whites are as murky as grays or muddled into other colours, where outdated traditions, presumptions and half-baked truths run rampant, Wei Ying is his pillar of light in a world of darkness. Lan Zhan knew, that even if he pillaged towns, murdered hundreds and burned babies alive, if he raped young men, grew pedophilic tendencies and enjoyed forcing himself into little children, if he developed a taste of disgusting habits such as engaging in pleasurable acts with animals or other species - which in theory, looking into his life in the past year or so, he did achieve all of these milestones - Wei Ying would still stand by his side and tell him, It's all right, It's all right, because Wei Ying has a plausible explanation for everything that has gone terribly wrong - makes things right again.

The couple cuddled a bit more into the afternoon, enjoying post orgasmic sensations running through their hyper-sensitive loins, listening to each other's heartbeats and breathing the same pocket of air - until they heard thunder rumbling in the distance. The forecasted afternoon rains will arrive soon, and they didn't plan to be trapped in rising waters inside the cavernous chamber. So they picked up their rescued pants and trotted out of the underground tunnel.

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Lan Zhan had been so preoccupied with a turn to a new page in his book of life. He brimmed with renewed confidence of his new abilities and a fresh perspective of the world painted with Wei Ying's colours. He was so obsessed with turning the gears and machines in his mind to 'think positive', that when a couple of enemy scouts ran into them on the lakebed, he didn't hesitate to draw out Bichen and cut them down into two without first inquiring "Who are you". Bichen's strength is as sturdy as its owner's, and when Lan Zhan's spirit shines like the afternoon sun of an unseasonably warm mid-winter, even a dastardly powerful Tian member's fate is sealed when the blade is swung.

"Ah... Lan Zhan, do you see their faces and bodies?" Wei Ying asked, as he crouched in front of the bloody remains that leaked dark, poisoned blood and slowly disintegrated into black powder. "There's one of me with a cheap imitation of Suibian, one of you with a plain white forehead ribbon without the cloud patterns, and both wear such low quality and mismatched costumes. Look at this, I would never wear a black robe with *rose* patterns, and I do not have a jade charm sculpted like a *peony* flower hanging from the belt. The hair knot is tied too high like yours, his face doesn't look as handsome as me, and even the mole is on the wrong side of the face!" Wei Ying held up the slaughtered humanoid's upper torso by the collar for the husband to see, and fumed incessantly at the misrepresentations of his sacred identity.

"Mn," was the only reply, as he watched the spouse huff and puff at the disappearing and disappointing duds, while rinsing his blade in a shallow pool of lakewater. His policy - Bichen must remain perfect, flawless, and shiny at all times.

"What does this mean? Are the Tians' competence in the art of war and deception a fallacy after all? What were these two doing at the lake? Is this a mere distraction, were they looking for something, a treasure perhaps, in

the lakebed, or would this be an early sign of the impending doom?” Wei Ying mused, throwing doubts and wild theories at himself.

“Whatever it is, it doesn’t bode well for those in the Pier. We can handle the enemy, but the juniors cannot. We must move them out of danger, fast,” Lan Zhan calmly stated - stern, calm, with an air of finality. Wei Ying remarked that for once, he wouldn’t argue with the husband’s points.

The skies became darker, and the first few drops of rain fell. It was going to be another long wet evening.

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Jiang Cheng was seen pacing around the main hall when the dripping, soaked couple returned to the predominantly empty residence grounds. The beet-red Jiang *gongzi* , dressed in his purple vest uniform was livid, demanding - but not really seeking for an answer - where the hell Wei Ying and Lan Zhan went, when all disciples had returned and taken shelter in their dorms; afternoon classes were cancelled, routine housework was done (thanks to Wei Ying’s schedule), and everyone simply hunkered down to wait for dinner time. He was fiery enough, Wei Ying thought, which meant he had fully recovered and was up and about barking orders everywhere as usual. Lan Zhan telepathically “Mn”s in agreement.

“Actually, we--” Wei Ying started, and immediately faced Jiang Cheng’s raised hand in an ‘I don’t want to know’ manner. The hand, framed with the sparkles of the mighty silvery Zidian, told of many unspoken accusations - *You went out to flirt while I wasn’t looking, didn’t you? Did you enjoy your*

quickie behind the bush, when the juniors weren't around? What if something terrible happened and there was no one to save you? Who would answer to our parents up there if I found your dead body by the lake? Do you know how worried sick I was when the rain turned into a storm? Why don't you think about the people you leave behind, you heartless bastard?! You're beyond redemption and you're a shameful example of a son of the prestigious Jiang family!

Wei Ying didn't need to hear those stinging words - he just *knew*, and could visualize how the man processed his thoughts and spewed out his verbal assault like a goldfish's gaping mouth moving in fast-forward. So Wei Ying yielded, nodded his head repeatedly in pretended admission of guilt, and murmured, "You're right. We did something bad. Sorry, sorry. We ran off to the lakebed and played in the pools because I wanted to spend some time away from the juniors. Jin Ling did a great job, didn't he? I'm really impressed, he's really efficient in ordering the disciples to do what normally takes a whole day. He has been raised well." (the last bit was an exaggeration, a white-lie, really).

The Zidian-armed hand was lowered. Score!, Wei Ying's inner child made little victorious fist-pumps. "Now you've seen how talented Jin Ling is! He's not yet there, but he's made great strides in the last few months here in the residence," Jiang Cheng declared, chin tilted up and hands on his hips. The *gongzi*'s mood seemed to improve a little, so he haughtily sat on his wooden throne and crossed one leg over the other.

Lan Zhan followed his spouse's example and nodded as well, "Mn"s a couple times to emphasize Wei Ying's praise to Jin Ling, and to give recognition to Jiang Cheng's words (and any false assumptions of the boy's capabilities). The couple could've sworn that Jiang Cheng's nose grew a few more inches longer, but as long as that meant they could get off scot-free, it was perfectly fine.

Just then, Jin Ling entered the hall with his beloved companion Fairy the husky dog, loudly complaining that he couldn't take the family pet for a walk due to the rains that flooded the gardens two days in a row. Wei Ying screamed like a girl in a heartbeat and hid behind the husband, Lan Zhan brilliantly gave a faintly but conspicuously pleading look of "*Jiang gongzi* , please give some face and let us leave in peace", and the dense Jin Ling who didn't understand non-verbal language, simply blurted defensively, "Oi, Fairy is the gentlest and cutest creature on four legs, so don't act like he's carrying a disease or something!".

Jiang Cheng, who isn't as dense as his nephew, shushed the boy and and scolded him to use his brains - the boy could play with the dog indoors and let it exercise; there's plenty of space for the four-legged ball of fluff to run around, especially since the hall could pack a hundred people or more during congregations. The Jiang sect leader gave another look to Lan Zhan - one that was a cross of disdain and raised eyebrows - that wordlessly said, "You're free to go, but you can stay if you want, I'm so done ranting at you, get the hell out of my face, but I think it could be good for us to sit down together and talk over a cup of *pu'er* tea - so, what do you say?"

Jin Ling couldn't understand the exchange of looks of daggers between the Jiang *gongzi* and Han Guang Jun, so he took the initiative to call for a truce. He squatted next to the dog and scratched its back to keep it calm to refrain from barking, then held up the leash towards the couple. "*Da jiu* , I know you don't like dogs, but really, Fairy doesn't bite anyone unless I say so. You can safely play with Fairy and see what I mean," he said, and shook the leash again in invitation.

Wei Ying looked at Lan Zhan, trembling with fear but yet something else sparkled in his eyes - terror, ashamed, undecided, amazement, curiosity, and

more. Lan Zhan “Mn”s in tacit understanding of his spouse’s unspoken answer that came across as a torrent of emotions rather than clear bulleted points. He faced the Jin *gongzi* and said, “Thank you for your offer. For now,” he raised his dripping sleeves for the boy to see (and further shielded Wei Ying from the panting dog), “we’ll return to our room to dry off and change our clothes, and will stop by later.” That exit strategy made sense, and didn’t cause any further antagonism with the Jiang *gongzi* and his ward.

As the couple stood at the exit door, Jiang Cheng shouted out with a restrained unidentifiable emotion, that Suibian is in the ancestral altar room. The sect leader received many doggy licks from a happy Fairy, and went on to accompany, and be entertained, by watching his favourite nephew train the dog to sit and play fetch with a ball, inside the grand main hall of the Jiang residence.

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After peeling off the rain-drenched garments and changing to a fresh set of robes, Wei Ying wondered aloud if Lan Zhan felt any different in the throne room just moments ago. Lan Zhan stared quizzically to silently ask, “What do you mean?”

“Well, I clearly didn’t see my younger brother and nephew fall head over heels from you. Heavens forbid if that ever happened,” he mused to himself.

Lan Zhan shrugged and collected his spouse’s soaked clothes and hung them on wooden stands in their room. “Mmm... maybe it’s because of the

rain? Or the fact that I was soaked wet? I was cold, and I think I wasn't emitting as much sweat and pheromones during that time." he postulated, not really expecting an answer any time soon. He had a lifetime to figure out how to control his pheromones anyway.

"Ha ha, in that case, I will make sure to pour an ice bucket on you, if you so happen to be pursued by hot-blooded horny strangers," Wei Ying laughed at his own silly suggestion, and the other simply "Hn"s. "Also," the younger man added, a finger thumbing his nose tip, "when we marched down with twenty disciples this morning to Jin Ling, I remembered you were walking at least ten paces away to keep a lookout on the surroundings. None of them displayed any strange behaviors, so perhaps that's your ruler to measure a safe distance from anyone."

Lan Zhan thought for a moment about what that hypothesis meant. To be at least ten paces away from anyone when he is dry, except from lovely Wei Ying. It sounded like a self-imposed quarantine with his spouse. A perfect excuse to live in isolation from the crazy outside world... it didn't sound too bad, actually.

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Wei Ying informed Lan Zhan that he wanted the two of them to pray at the ancestral altar - something that dwelled in the younger man's mind after it was mentioned by the Jiang sect leader. Following that, he announced that he should spend the afternoon with his side of the family. "It's nothing to worry about," the younger man said reassuringly when he noticed the husband's raised eyebrows, "it's just something your spouse needs to do when he's back in his hometown."

Lan Zhan “Mn”s without needing to elaborate his thoughts. The couple continued their discussion telepathically, and Wei Ying downloads maps of the vast expanse of the residence’s grounds for the husband to do his own tour on foot; the deserted surroundings would be an ideal opportunity for Lan Zhan to enjoy standing in serene garden pavilions, enjoy walks on bridges over man-made lakes and paths through sheltered bamboo groves with a traditional umbrella in hand, calm down any disturbance in his soul, maybe practice his magical guqin without getting hounded by passionate Jiang disciples (because everyone stayed in their dorms), exercise and cultivate in short winter daylight, while listening to the pitter patter of raindrops upon pine trees and dew-covered lawns, or simply immerse himself in the slow passage of time on rainy days, watch how clear garden pools fill up and nourish budding grass, vines and barren bushes that had begun to sprout buds and tender shoots in the unseasonably warm mid-winter.

Wei Ying also added a menu for dinner, because he thought Lan Zhan might want to start preparations in the kitchen early in case he became bored; the lull in the afternoon would be devastatingly dull, at least from the spouse’s perspective.

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“Father, Mother, *Shijie* , Xian Xian has grown up another three years since the last time I prayed here.

So much has happened and I don’t really know what to say. I missed you all so much and the happier days from the past. Xian Xian will continue to

work hard, and live a fulfilling life.

Father, Mother, *Shijie* , I'm a married man now. Please bless my, our, happiness from the heavens above. Xian Xian doesn't ask for much, as long as the two of us can be together, living happily ever after."

"Father-in-law, Mother-in-law, Sister-in-law, Wang Ji pays his respects to you today.

I am blessed to be wedded to Wei Ying. I will always love and cherish him for the rest of my days, and for as long as both of us walk together in this world.

Thank you for raising and caring Wei Ying. Wang Ji dutifully takes this responsibility from here on. Please rest in peace."

Their prayers said, both lit up and offered incense sticks and solemnly bowed three times according to sacred Jiang family rituals. The altar was a huge, impressive inverted conical structure, candlelit along its many circular platforms sculptured according to lotus flower themes, decorated with historical artifacts and cultural relics of the Jiangs. Silence pervades the room except for a constant dripping sound from a gentle fountain in the altar that feeds to a pool of lotus plants around it.

Wei Ying wept soundlessly in the room and into Lan Zhan's arms. He took time to dust the stone tablets that bore his deceased family members' names. His fingers lingered the longest on Jiang Yan Li's, being the closest

sibling and the only true sister he had during his early life. Lan Zhan didn't really know how to soothe the sadness in Wei Ying's heart, so he stayed quiet, hoping that his warm enduring presence would be comforting, at least.

Suibian lay across a pedestal in a corner of the altar. Jiang Cheng left a written note on it - and surprisingly, the note looked a little yellowed, and aged. It simply said 'Return to the original owner'. Wei Ying teared up again when he touched the narrow wooden scabbard, drew it out halfway to read the sword's name etched into the metal that probably hadn't seen the light of day for years, and promptly sheathed it back. Jiang Cheng bore a heavy burden from the day he learnt about the truth about his golden core, and in all likelihood, refused to go near the blade that symbolized his foolishness, arrogance and inherent weakness - the destined flaw of being human, really - that he swore to return it to Wei Wuxian because he couldn't bear to even look at it, let alone wield it - but never really found the right time, right place or the right reason to do so.

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Perhaps he had changed over time, moulded and shaped, even strengthened, by his worldly experiences - Wei Ying thought it would be worthwhile to attempt befriending the Jiang family's house pet - even if it's just to hold the *tip* of the leash from *across* the enormous hall. It would do wonders to his confidence and help him overcome his fears for canines; he stands to gain from practice, and he could surely benefit from a rosier relationship with the nephew that started to call him by the affectionate name of ' *da jiu* ' too.

He really wanted to bury the hatchet between him, Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling; although the latter two already knew the truth about the terrible events that befell him, and that he wasn't responsible for the death of the *shijie* and Jin Zixuan, however there had always been lingering bad-blood feelings. When he and Lan Zhan left for the mountains after the incident in the Guanyin Temple three years ago, there hadn't been any closure in their uneasy relationship, marred by years of grudge, misunderstanding and vengeful feelings (and Wei Ying was even stabbed by Jiang Cheng in his past life, and by Jin Ling in the present).

It's just a dog, he mentally tells himself. 'Woof' is the worst the animal would do. He's not afraid of a 'woof' sound anymore at the ripe old age of twenty-two, and his confidence and relationship with his family is on the line. It's a win-win situation, so why not?

Wei Ying didn't discount the fact that Fairy could still bite - well, it has teeth after all - and bared its fangs and growled with Suibian's scabbard locked between its jaws. "You're terrible!" Wei Ying cried in alarm with shivering hands, "You told me I could graduate from the leash and touch it with a shorter object such as a stick! Ahhh! The dog is eating Suibian and drooling all over it! Jin Ling, do something about this monster!"

Fairy woofed again and tugged earnestly at the biggest fetch toy it ever had in his mouth. Its tail wagged excitedly like a crazy whipping Zidian, which further served to terrorize the panicked Wei *gongzi*. Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling laughed so hard, that their voices could be heard for quite some distance away.

(Perhaps it's a theme set to be repeated throughout Wei Ying's life - Chenqing flute was nom-nom'd by A-Yuan during his previous life, and

now, Suibian is covered with a dog's saliva.)

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It must be a prank from the heavens, Lan Zhan thought with trepidation - but then realized belatedly that he *is* the King of Gods and Men, so why would he play a horrible joke on himself?

Dinner had been prepared - he easily avoided getting molested by those ten pimple-faced teenage chef wannabes this time, simply by writing down the recipes and cooking instructions, and left the boys to their own devices; when trouble brews, he quickly intervened remotely with the aid of Eye spells and Invisible Hands to fix the dishes before catastrophe occurred -, the food had been served, and everyone took their seats to start on extravagant appetizers such as Han Guang Jun's classic lotus root pork rib soup, spicy-sweet spare ribs, pan-fried *jiaozi* dumplings, vegetarian spring rolls, glutinous rice lotus wraps and fresh off-season garden salads - the main course is ten times as large in number and included a variety of foods from different cuisines -, even the guards stationed at the stockade walls were called to join the sumptuous banquet because no undead had been sighted for the past couple of days and all disciples believed they can have their meals in peace.

Similar to the day before, the hundred-strong disciples dug in without waiting for their sect leader, because they were famished and tempted by such heart-warming home-cooked food. Han Guang Jun reluctantly presided over the dinner ritual - from a safe distance, ten paces away - since he was the eldest in the dining halls and out of compassion (and the pitiful sounds of stomach rumbles in the room), he "Mn"s to allow them to start their meal.

Lan Zhan wasn't really hungry, and it was only five in the late afternoon although the sun had already set. He opined that Jiang Cheng should sit with his men (boys, really), and where in the world is Wei Ying and their nephew?, he worried. His calls to Wei Ying via ErNet went unanswered. Then his thoughts raced to what Wei Ying said earlier - that he planned to spend time in the main hall and play with Fairy - but what if Wei Ying became too scared? What if something happened, like Fairy turning wild and biting like a rabid beast? Would it be possible that an argument broke out - Wei Ying hadn't been on good terms with the other two in recent years - maybe Jin Ling got hurt by accident, or Jiang Cheng lost his marbles and tied up Wei Ying with Zidian? The negative thoughts spiralled out of control.

Needless anxiety cracked Lan Zhan's tough shell. He quickly excused himself, intent on getting to the main hall and find Wei Ying as soon as possible. A disciple called out to him just before he left the dining area, and asked if they can serve the main courses, desserts, drinks, the vat of herbal tea, the stack of liquor in the pantry, and in what sequence, and in which manner. Lan Zhan was in a hurry and didn't want to write another list for the disciple (in fact, the juniors had come to rely too much on the Han Guang Jun's excellent instructions, whether written or verbal) - so he simply "Mn"s and went on his way, leaving the young inexperienced boy confused as to what that sound meant.

Lan Zhan picked up his pace and used his ErNet access to view the maps that Wei Ying had downloaded earlier. There had to be a shortcut, his mind irrationally told him and rang more blaring alarms - because the walk would just take about fifteen minutes through windy wooden walkways and platforms built atop garden lakes, but in his panic-infused mind, it felt like an hour - and fortunately (or not), he spotted a straight gray dotted line in the map that linked where he was - close to the outdoor toilets - to the main hall on the other side of some multi-building complexes.

Lan Zhan found the hidden, unused path safely tucked between two high buildings, but a wall had been hastily-built to block any visitors - a commonplace in high-security areas to prevent spies from accessing important parts of the Jiang headquarters or disciples from loitering in unguarded places. Due to the weather elements, weakening of the wall's structure and the passage of time, a sizable hole had formed at waist-level which Lan Zhan thought he could squeeze through and be on his way to find the spouse. He slipped out of his thick robes and climbed across, carefully wedging himself through the increasingly tight opening. He wiggled his arms through one by one to clear the armpits, started sweating due to the claustrophobic atmosphere - and then he was stuck. He couldn't push his ribcage through, and to his horror, he couldn't pull back out either due to his flailing hands.

The great, undefeated Han Guang Jun was caught inside a hole in the wall.

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“... (hic!)... ah, *shixiong* , I haven't even started on the fried chicken wings and the hotpot, but my bladder is full... (hic!)... I think I drank too much of that strange herbal tea, then the wine, then the tea again, everything is too delicious and refreshing!... (hic!)”

“... It is, isn't it?... (hic!)... oh, look, there's another from our group coming here... Hey! Do you wanna pee too? (hic!)... Make sure you wash your hands when you're done... (hic!)... ah, what is this? Whose buttocks are these? (hic!)... Ah... I... I smell something very sweet... it's (hic!) coming

from those buttocks... those pants... Ah... I'm feeling dizzy... (hic!)... and hot..."

"Oii... you drunkards! You gonna pee too? (hic!) What- What are you doing? You're touching... buttocks? On the wall? Hey, why are you (hic!) stripping that man's pants... ah... that ass looks so tempting... (hic!)... hey, lemme have a go... what's wrong with me, I feel so hot, and... (urrrgh)... horny?... what... ah... I wanna lick that (hic!)..."

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The man's initial struggles died down when he realized that there was no use in trying to break the brick-like prison. He stoically refused to destroy the wall - causing damage to other people's properties was against a number of Gusu Lan rules ingrained in him. One thing led to another, soon, drunken disciples kept going back and forth to the common loo because of the tea's diuretic effects, and the rush to finish dinner before someone else devoured all the delicious food on the table. In-between their trips, each boy discovered the joys of being entranced by arousing pheromones in the air, then stripped an unknown man's ass that popped out of the wall next to the loo, and happily deflowered themselves with it.

Every boy grunted, shuddered, moaned, shouted and screamed with joy as they blasted into that sweet tight hole again and again, until he was pushed away, and replaced by another excited disciple who immediately jammed his cockmeat and fucked furiously as dictated by primal instincts. Soon, impatience grew among the boys, and they took turns in twos, threes, and as many as possible to gangbang that cummy frothy hole and ejaculate even more. Some became desperate and used their stiff, red leaky penises to *paw* every available orifice or surfaces, begging for friction - the belly button

became well used, rubbing on the bare muscular back, between the thighs, and along the legs - for a quick relief; the more masochistic ones started to pleasure - no, *maul* - the man's frontal dangly bits, suck on the toes, massage the smooth, slightly-tanned muscular flesh with fingers and tongues, and every action imaginable to short-circuit and rush the trapped man to a soaring volcanic climax.

The number of horny teenagers swelled quickly when inebriated whispers and gossips spread to the rest of the dinner crowd, and soon, they shuffled and formed a queue to go to the loo, empty their bladders, then staggered to the springy tight muscular ass next door, and started to fuck the helpless man's butt like the best cocksleeve they've ever had - which was true, because they were all virgins until that night, and never experienced the unforgettable beauty of erupting into a sweet tight ass while being in the company of comrades of a common mass orgy.

Lan Zhan kept telling himself, "It's a good touch, it's a good touch" and repeated that phrase like a mantra. It was an illogical thing to do - to try and project the sensations and deep-seated feelings from his erotic dreams to the real world, so that everything is perceived as like a good, wholesome real-life experience. The mind is strong, but the flesh is weak - someone stretched his butthole and three pencil-like thin penises shoved themselves in, rutted so perfectly well, rubbed his best spots in the meaty tunnel, poked and pulverized his swollen prostate, until he dry-orgasmed too many times - yet, he refused to ejaculate. He'd held his cum for three centuries before, not too long ago during the time he was crowned the Jade Emperor, so he could surely stop himself again despite being blindly raped by a hundred amorous pre-teens and teenagers.

When someone's mouth enveloped his wildly twitching cock, and many intoxicated adolescents use their fingers to touch his crotch sensuously, lips to swallow, suck and vibrate each of his bloated, brimming testicles with

alternating different speeds, tongues to lap and massage his extremely sensitive perineum and put further mind-blowing arching pressurized waves into his dying overstretched prostate gland, while his asshole is crammed with tasty young dicks vying for the deepest depth of penetration - Lan Zhan fumbled and wavered dangerously close to an explosive climax.

At one point, it was a terrifying experience to feel many wet wanton tongue-tips forcibly part open his cockslit and rub the delicate urethra. Like calves suckling on a cow's teat, the opening was rubbed incessantly until it became engorged and inflamed, and leaked out plenty of lubricating pre-cum. Someone finally had the gall to insert - horrors of horrors - a straw-like reed into his urethra and started sucking on it like milking the said teat. Lan Zhan could probably hold his ejaculations using his hard-trained penile muscles and pelvic floor, however when the semen is forcibly vacuumed out by voracious pheromone-crazed teenagers, there was nothing he could do but to lose it all.

Notes for the Chapter:

It looks like things are starting to ease around here. The sun's out, the air is fresh, it's a good day to post another chapter!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 90

Oh no, Lan Zhan thought, when he found himself as the eight-year old again. Did he black out, did he fall asleep, or did he die and return to the Heavenly Palace upon detonation of his loins, he wondered.

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It had been too easy to kidnap the pre-pubescent boy. Uncle Wei showed up one night after Lan Zhan had dinner with his brother, and the man said that he was going to the market and wouldn't mind some company. To sweeten the deal, the uncle hinted about a fun fair, wonderful crowds, plenty to see and do, and promises of a stick of tanghulu to the one who accepted his 'evening date'.

Xi Chen *da ge* smiled immediately and nudged at Lan Zhan. "Wang Ji, you should go. You're always shy and quiet around people, and you should mix around with others more often. I would be happy if you could visit a lively night market, especially with an adult like our neighbour to accompany you. It will be fun. It will be alright." Xi Chen *da ge* placed a warm, reassuring hand on Lan Zhan's shoulder.

But the eight-year old boy would have none of it; he shook his head in refusal, his face soured and he whimpered. The *gege* thought his little brother was acting a little spoilt and a little clingy; so he steeled himself, and gave Lan Zhan a rare displeased frown which scared the little boy. The teenage elder brother simply pulled the *didi* from his seat at the dinner table, and pushed the tiny delicate body straight into Uncle Wei's waiting arms.

Uncle Wei grinned devilishly and thanked Xi Chen - the latter wondered briefly why there was gratitude. The man grabbed the pre-teen boy's hand properly - Lan Zhan was teary eyed by then, but he held back his sniffles because he thought his *gege* was angry at his demeanour -, and the man happily walked off with his prized delicacy, merrily waving a good-bye to the Lan's residence.

Right after they left the gates of the Cloud Recesses, Uncle Wei easily dragged the boy into a bush - there were no guards stationed nearby until nine o' clock, and it was only seven. The eight-year old boy suffered his first of many sexual assaults that evening under the shadow of trees, with his pants taken away and his tiny dick inside the man's hungry, sweaty mouth.

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“*Shushu* , where are we going? The night market is that way...” little Lan Zhan whined when they took a detour off the main trail. Uncle Wei clutched his tiny wrists too tightly, and it started to hurt. The forests were quiet save for the sounds of crickets, the night sky was cloudy, and everything was dark. Unable to see where they were going, or the direction of the uneven windy trail they walked on, the eight-year old nearly tripped on stones and fell to his knees a couple of times. Prickly undergrowth scratched his thin summer wear of a plain tunic and *no* pants - but the uncle was determined to take him far into the deep night.

“Wei *shushu* , please, my knees hurt, and I'm scared,” little Lan Zhan whined even louder. Uncle Wei sighed loudly and replied, “A-Ji, I need to

sell you quickly to make some money, but alright, we'll take a short break here. Come, sit on the grass bed and let me take a look at your knees," and rudely pushed the little boy to the ground with his legs splayed.

The eight-year old squeaked from the impact on his buttocks, and obediently spread his legs, just as he was told. He didn't understand what it meant to be 'sold', nor how much the money that would be worth, because he was too young and naive in this dark, twisted world. The boy was tricked again, where instead of having his hurting knees tended, the uncle simply took the opportunity to dive into the boy's crotch again and again, like a predator bird swooping in to steal baby chicks from a nest.

Little Lan Zhan suffered more painful tingles when his wee-wee's foreskin was forcibly retracted, and the sensitive, fragile glans was attacked with cruel tongue-jabs and powerful suction from greasy lips. As if that wasn't enough, Uncle Wei shook the boy's tender balls violently to test their weight, and thought they were ripe enough for a taste. The terrible molester sucked on each testicle for at least ten minutes each, inflicting tremendous pressures and friction upon the unguarded child's sacs, until they turned from a healthy tan to darker shades of browns and purples.

The adolescent started to cry when Uncle Wei used forbidden magics to Etherealize his face, so that he could stick a tongue into each ballooning, bloated testicular-egg and stir its contents like whisking baby batter made from unborn sperm and other immature sexual fluids, until they turn into a congealing soupy blend of opaque whitish boy-juice. The boy shrieked in horrible discomfort when Uncle Wei leaned down further and enveloped his ghostly mouth on one of the eggs, and sucked up all the fluids until nothing was left - just like breaking a hole on an eggshell and drinking the raw eggy liquid including the yolk, leaving behind an empty shell. The other testicle was similarly drained, and soon, the shivering eight-year old was left with two empty husks dangling loosely below his inflamed penis.

The forests were quiet, especially off the main trail, and nobody heard the little boy's cries for help. Having satisfied himself with a delightful snack, Uncle Wei licked his lips, hauled Lan Zhan to his trembling feet and warned, "A-Ji, if you complain of pain in your knees again, you know what will happen. Do you understand?"

Little Lan Zhan nodded, wiped his tears and hiccuped uncontrollably.

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"Okay, let's take another breather here," the kidnapper growled, yanked the terrified boy to the side and crouched in front of the latter. Lan Zhan squeaked when he felt calloused hands grope around his small but perky bouncy ass, fiddled with his bruised balls and gave his pre-teen penis a good few tugs.

A miniature-sized hollow sounding rod made specially for little boys slid out from the reddened cockslit - it had been inserted into the boy's member earlier with protests from the helpless victim -, and little Lan Zhan cried squeamishly at the strange itchy sensation crawling out of his wee-wee in pulsating penile waves - but he was too young to understand the nature of that feeling ravaging his privates. " *Shushu* , no, no please don't suck on it... nnngh... uuuh... it feels weird, and it stings... ahnnn... I want to tingle but... uhn, uhn, uhn, ahn, ahn... don't... don't blow bubbles into it... hhghk, gghgk, hnngh, hnngh..." the boy's words descended into incomprehensible groany sounds.

Uncle Wei sucked his living merchandise dry (again), then spit into the wider end of the straw-like tube, and blew bubbles of his saliva into the eight-year old's penis. He needed to warm up Lan Zhan and oil him up, otherwise he wouldn't fetch a good price as negotiated with the buyers. He massaged the strained, twitching finger-sized organ from tip to base to push as much of the murky fluid into the boy's immature reproductive organs. Elsewhere, thick meaty fingers jabbed and stretched the boy's abused rosebud with the speed of a pistoning machine, until the puckered muscles became numbed and loosened.

"Wang Ji, what did I tell you? Stop complaining about your miserable fate. It's your fault for playing in front of your house wearing your shorts, when my friends dropped by for a visit last week. You're wholly responsible for fanning their lusts. I'm just helping myself to earn an honest buck, and all I care is that you must be delivered in prime condition. Now shut your trap and spread your legs!" the uncle suddenly turned fierce and slapped the boy's buttocks.

Little Lan Zhan's face flushed into tomato-reds. He shivered without his pants on and stood as still as a terrified mouse. He hiccuped and wiped hot tears from his eyes, as the terrible uncle used Invisible Hands to caress, knead and molest his insides, until his twin shrivelled quail eggs started to balloon and swell again. With plenty of time to spare in the deserted forest where no one can hear the boy cry, the uncle succeeded, with surgical precision, to repeatedly push his foamy saliva through into the boy's quivering, ruined testicles. The fragile eggs turned from browns and purples, into the colour of deeply bruised fruits - it's not pretty, but it's still juicy, ripe and certainly edible for pedophiles waiting to taste the little boy's young flesh soon.

The anguished pre-pubescent child was meticulously prepared to be feasted by sexual predators, and Uncle Wei made sure to attack his genitals and

rape him with fingers, lips and some sex toys he'd carried in his pockets.

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Little Lan Zhan arrived at a boisterous, chaotic and probably illegal settlement in a small clearing in the forests without his clothes on. There was a small circle of huts around a bonfire, with many adult men mingling around, shouting obscenities, having a merry time, and getting drunk on expensive wine; Lan Zhan knew the scent of the sweet liquid too well, because he always ended up smelling like one after spending hours trapped beneath a grunting and shuddering Uncle Wei, when the latter decided to make his baby boy-pussy a warm, welcoming moist home for the *shushu* 's stinky penis for an entire afternoon during the weekdays.

“My good friend, the generous *gongzi* ! There you are! You are here at our agreed meeting place and time! Did you bring the goods tonight?”

“Aye, a fresh tender morsel ripe for the picking, and he is not even nine!”
Lan Zhan was lifted up with strong hairy arms hooked around his armpits, and he struggled frantically by thrashing his legs in the air. His naked bottom felt chilly from the breeze in the night.

“Blessed Guan Yin, he's a beauty! D'ya see his rump, everyone? It looks wet and well-played. Look at his front too! It's all nicely swollen up like a summer peach for harvest. *Gongzi* , you've done good prepping him for our supper!”

“Of course, and I expect fair compensation for my troubles too. Look at this too,” Lan Zhan’s penis was roughly pulled up into plain view of about twenty hungry-looking adult spectators surrounding him, “His tip’s all puffed up, pink and juicy. He’s been trained and he’s peeled, so he’s very sensitive and tingles easily. Shucked like an ear of fresh sweet corn, that he is! This is of the best quality, I promise!”

Lan Zhan started to sob quietly, this time in fear and extreme discomfort of being stared at - some were well-built and hairy, some were bald and fat. Some sported dangerous-looking tattoos, scars, moustaches or beards. Everyone eyed at him ravenously, licked their lips, wiped their noses full of snot, scratched their crotches and started rubbing rising erections beneath their pants, and were drunk - the tell tale sign of flush on their faces was obvious, and the flickering light from the fire only made the atmosphere creepy, terrifying. The child felt like a lamb sent to a slaughterhouse.

“Brilliant, *gongzi* ! Over there is your payment - three treasure chests full of gold and magical trinkets from the best assassins, murderers, pirates, and thieves of the Middle Kingdom! Let’s start our feast, men!”

“Ah... one more thing, don’t touch his face. I promised to bring him back in a few hours’ time. You can do whatever you want, but don’t leave any clues on his hands and legs, ya know?” Uncle Wei added matter-of-factly.

Lan Zhan wailed when one of the accomplices of the terrifying black market sale, an obese man with warts on his face, scars and wrinkles on his limbs, and a very bad breath, snatched his wriggling body from Uncle Wei and pressed him to the grassy ground. Immediately, Binding spells and Invisible Hands were cast to hold his wrists down, raise his adolescent hips

to the perfect angle of penetration, and keep his legs from kicking at the approaching pig-like rapist.

“Don’t you worry, mate. We know how to breed a sweet delicate maiden like this, and we’ve got the drugs to keep him down if needed. Okay, the rest of you, line up and eat your fill!” the leader called out from behind, and started herding his men towards the boy.

The first rapist didn’t need to wait for orders to start dining, and with a single lust-filled hip thrust he easily broke through the brittle immature rosebud with his fat cock. Layers of sweaty belly fat rolled upon the boy’s abdomen as the rabid swine jiggled his oversized ass to drill his excited spurty cock into the sweet, sweet clenching tunnel. “Oh sweet mother of Buddha, he is so tight! Your pussy feels amazing, you’re sucking me in! Don’t cry, don’t cry, little one, you’re making this uncle feel soooo good, so you’re doing it right, boy,” he roared with drool flying off his rotten teeth, his hairy hands gripped the boy’s waist aggressively to maneuver the ragdoll-like figure like the best succulent cocksleeve heated to perfect body temperature. It didn’t take long for the first assailant to reach orgasm inside little Lan Zhan - torrents of smelly milky-yellow thick soup injected many times into the eight-year old’s hole, then overflowed and gushed out from the boy’s ass by the time the man reached his fifteenth ejaculation.

Behind the grunting grossly obese rapist, a line of more pantless men started to form, each thirsting for a taste of the young maiden-boy until they too, started to stroke their eager cocks in anticipation for their turns.

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The eight-year old would've shrieked until his voice became hoarse, struggled until the binding magical spells break, and cried until his eyes became red and puffy - but the men knew better than to use standard abusive, deterrent actions such as punching, pinching and slapping (which was a no-no anyway). Uncle Wei watched, while enjoying the show with a few jars of Emperor Smiles pilfered from the Caiyi's taverns, as one of the men decided that it was time for little Lan Zhan to be a good boy, after he was bitten on the tongue when he tried to kiss the boy (which was also another no-no).

From a sleeve pocket, out popped a small brown vial in the hands of the man, who sported a huge scar on his face, and who was trying his best to breed a cum-flooded boy-pussy. The boy never ceased to struggle from the first to the tenth person waiting to rape his ass, until this one. Lan Zhan's bottom was drenched in semen, to the point where each thrust resulting in a bulge poking out from below his belly button - there was just too much seed in the boy's rectum and colon to the point of bursting - and when the excited turgid boner withdrew completely, a gush squirted out followed by wet gassy farts. The vial's cap was flipped off, and placed under the crying eight-year old's runny nose.

"Pray tell, good friend, what is that? Does it harm my precious boy?" Uncle Wei leaned forward and asked, pretending to be nonchalant, but still concerned nevertheless. He still needed to return Lan Zhan to his house in good condition after all. He sat on a bench with a leg raised, and picked on his nose unknowingly.

"No, no, this is the best stuff. It makes little children docile and obedient, and their bodies malleable to spoken instructions. Here, let me demonstrate, and you can have a few free vials as part of your payment if this boy tastes as good as you say," the man boasted.

By then, the boy had already been drugged by the vapours from the vial, and he lay boneless on the ground with a glazed look in his eyes. The binding spells were taken off, and he was instructed to raise his crotch, wiggle them seductively, and tighten up the moment the man slammed his hips. “Oh sweet mother of Jade Emperor, this feels fucking fantastic, and he wraps me with such loving force! I love raping you, boy! Smile for me, sweetheart, and let me hear you sing!” the man bellowed.

Lan Zhan started to hum an old Gusu folk tune, interspersed with grunts and tasty moans when his insides were battered and bruised - without protest nor struggles - to the rapist's utmost joy. When the man climaxed, he jammed in until the hilt and watched, mesmerized, as the bulge below the belly button pulsed with each powerful ejaculation. After fifteen jerks, he kept his happy erection in and rubbed the bulge to self-polish his supremely satisfied penis. It didn't matter if he exploded a few more times with residual seed and smelly pee - the ones queueing up behind started taking notes so that they too, can experience the heaven between a boy's spread-eagled legs.

Little Lan Zhan giggled drunkenly and allowed the next ten or so men to easily plunder his fertile inundated tunnel, and take their pleasures from his willing flesh. Some would return for seconds - there's plenty to go around, after all.

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The pre-pubescent child was a buffet spread of sorts, and a playground for eager men.

While heavily panting adults plunged and pillaged the boy's ass with glee, others crowded around to rub and hump their eager dicks roughly on the child's body.

One man peeled and stretched the boy's foreskin until the delicate membrane became distended, expanded like a blossoming bowl with the bulbous glans in the middle. He masturbated and excitedly ejaculated into the stretched foreskin, then promptly pulled it back over the slime-covered cockhead, so that the child's penis will be marinated in a grown-up's pungent juices, and mature sperm cells could swim in to fertilize the boy.

His smooth youthful skin and flawless complexion were addictive to wrinkly smelly old men, and soon, little Lan Zhan was covered with streaks of still-warm semen on his hands, armpits, between his toes, and thighs; his belly button became a swirling pool of rich, frothy milky white. For the victim lying on the floor, his vision was filled with fat and turgid, smelly hairy dicks everywhere, happily spurting and raining seed on him until he was completely coated and stank of male bodily fluids.

On one occasion, a group of five men who couldn't wait any longer, attacked the adolescent simultaneously - one for each nipple, one for each testicle, and the chief partakes in the delicate flavours of a freshly-abused pinkie-length penis. The underlings voraciously sucked and twisted the pink nubs on the thin ribbed chest until they became swollen, wrestled and mauled each quail egg like playing a game of tug-of-war, until the eggs broke, literally. With so much going on, and a pistoning rod pumping feverishly in the ass, the moment the chief started tickling the underside of the trembling stiff cock with his tongue, mind-broken Lan Zhan giggled uncontrollably and started peeing on himself.

A fountain of mild yellow, foamy with Uncle Wei's saliva and other bodily fluids, entertained the laughing men. Satisfied that the boy was emptied, someone rinsed him by pouring a couple buckets of water, then they took him to a dry bed of grass, and continued their terrible sexual assault. With the risk of getting sprayed with pee out of the way, more men gathered to enjoy savouring the taste and textures of the eight-year old penis in their mouths. They relentlessly took turns, deep-throated the helpless crippled organ, sucked until their cheeks hollowed, greedily lapped and stroke the quaking length until it throbbed raw, pulled at the foreskin to attack the hidden prize beneath, and the adorable tiny penis glans turned from its former cute pink into bruises of angry-reds and purples.

Hours passed, and every men had their fill of several rounds of boy-juices and emptied their balls into the bought sex slave. Some continued their drinking into the night, others played dirty games with the numbed, drugged eight-year old - like having a dessert after the main course -; there was no mercy from those rapists. They tied vibrators and 21st-century magic wand massagers loaned by Uncle Wei (he had a Bag of Holding containing everything imaginable) to the boy's trembling dick - even the drugs couldn't stop him from screaming in agony as he tingled every other minute until pure seedless nectar oozed out - which the men happily licked off, before pressing more oscillating devices to the swollen tip and the tortured balls. Little Lan Zhan's broken body bowed and bent constantly, seized when electric scorched his nerve-ends, suffocated because he couldn't breathe, and his limbs convulsed from more pain than pleasure coursing through his veins until his eyes rolled to the back and his mind gratefully blanked out.

By the time the moon was high and it was almost time to call it a night, every man had recharged from the aphrodisiac wines, and gathered enough lust in their loins for one more round. A straw was crudely stuck into the boy's thoroughly abused urethra. Each man took his turn to insert the other

open end of the straw into their own cockslit, and rubbed one out with vigorous passion. “To celebrate a wonderful supper, and here, a parting gift from these friends of Uncle Wei to you, sweetie” the leader of the pack said gleefully, as he orgasmed and ejaculated his seed straight into the eight-year old’s disfigured wee-wee, thus sending a volley of invading and foreign fluids into the defenceless boy. The leader tenderly brushed the cheeks of the unconscious youngster with such gentleness, one might be mistaken that he had fallen in love with the beauty that had been marred by men’s filth.

Uncle Wei used similar techniques from earlier to massage the men’s hot sperm through the engorged, ruined penis, the inflamed immature prostate gland, tubes and vesicles and all the way to the badly swollen, hardened testicles. The adolescent would be forced to carry the men’s dirty seed inside his ballsacks before puberty; the fate of his own unborn sperm cells remains unknown.

“Thank you again, *gongzi* , for the wonderful meal today. You have new repeat customers, and we’ll be seeing you again next week!”

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Uncle Wei returned close to midnight, with sweet, thoroughly broken little Lan Zhan sleeping peacefully in his arms. There were dark circles under his eyes, and no signs of bruises or scratches on his limbs - as promised. Uncle Wei knocked on the door, and waited a while, before a sleepy, yawning Xi Chen *da ge* appeared in his pyjamas.

“ *Shushu* ... good evening... did my brother have fun?” he asked, rather groggy, as he rubbed his eyes.

“Ah yes, we did, we did. I could tell you more, but oh dear, look at the time! I’m so sorry to have disturbed you during your well-deserved slumber. Say... if it’s alright, will you allow me to let Lan Zhan stay over at my house? I will bathe him, put him to bed, so that he will be clean and fresh tomorrow morning. You don’t have to trouble yourself with these mundane tasks, it’s really my obligation to take care of your brother after such a wonderful time we had together!” the habitual liar convinced the elder of the Lan brothers. He even shoved a goodie bag into Xi Chen’s arms, full of milk sweets, dragon’s beard candy and a couple of sticks of tanghulu.

Xi Chen really couldn’t think straight at this hour of the night but he trusted his neighbour; so he merely nodded, yawned again, turned around with the goodie bag in his hands, and shuffled towards the bedroom.

Uncle Wei smiled brightly and thanked the teenager - again, Xi Chen couldn’t understand why there was so much gratitude from his neighbour, but it didn’t matter anymore, he was going to bed. The uncle thoughtfully closed the door - tsk tsk, such carelessness, he thought of the teenager who was usually meticulous as his eight-year old brother -, and left for his house just at the opposite block of the Lan brothers.

(It’s a great neighbourhood, Uncle Wei thought, that everyone in the Cloud Recesses do not lock their doors. During school holidays, he was able to sneak in and bed little A-Ji gagged with a piece of cloth, while the brother was out working in the farms until midday. He succeeded every time in raping the eight-year old at least four times in the morning before the

brother returned, spilling his seeds with great joy during the heated lovemaking between an adult and a panicked child, on the child's own clean, sweet-scented bed. Then, he would release the gag and stuff the cloth into the boy's buttocks to keep the warm rich semen swimming inside. He'd warned the eight-year old that if news of their 'secret meeting' leaked, then A-Ji would have broken many Gusu Lan rules (he didn't specify which) and that was a big no-no - before tip-toeing back to his own dingy house. A-Ji believed the empty threat, and Xi Chen *da ge* never found out about the many times his little brother was abused and raped by their favourite neighbour.)

Uncle Wei carried out his promise of cleaning up Lan Zhan - the bathwater became murky and milky from excess semen gushing out of the boy's ass. He inspected the pre-teen's body and cast tiny Healing spells to erase any signs of the gangbang orgy - although sadly, his genitals were in a state of terrible ruin, having been bruised and swollen nearly three times of its original size after the traumatic abuse, and the amount of dirty men's sperm swirling inside the boy's unripe but utterly destroyed testicles. When everything was done, and Lan Zhan looked as fresh as a newborn - at least on the outside -, he gently patted him dry with a towel and laid him on his reeking stained bed. The boy's tunic and pants had been washed and needed to be hung to dry overnight, but Uncle Wei didn't have a set of pyjamas for eight-year olds.

It didn't matter, he told himself and yawned. At one in the morning, Uncle Wei climbed to bed as well, spread the unconscious naked boy's legs apart, and inserted his half-hard penis into the boy's loosened rosebud. He used little Lan Zhan as a masturbating toy, humped vigorously and finally got his chance to enjoy a few orgasms inside the warm, used hole. Out of compassion, he stroked the comatosed boy's crooked, bloated purple-red penis and allowed him to tingle a bit - little Lan Zhan ejaculated with full twenty-twitches of creamy yellowish gunks that were injected by more than twenty smelly old men earlier, and his pelvis fell slack from the release of the excruciating pressure, finally.

Wonderfully pleasurable sensations eventually relaxed the man who made a profitable sale that night. Uncle Wei soon fell asleep, spooning the unconscious boy with his cock resting inside the latter, dreaming of soaking the cleaned fertile boy-womb with his own semen for the rest of the night.

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“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan!”

A hand lightly slapped his cheeks.

Lan Zhan nnngh’d in protest of the rough treatment on his face. He rolled to his side.

“You’re having a dirty dream again! That’s three times in a span of less than twenty four hours! What is wrong with you!” Chuckles. Laughter. A comforting, familiar presence and voice. More slaps on the cheeks.

The venerable Han Guang Jun finally opened his eyes, groaned and suddenly, leapt up - knocking Wei Ying’s head in the process. Both fell on their bottoms to the floor, like clumsy oafs, and rubbed their throbbing foreheads.

“ *Ai-yo* ... Lan Zhan, I know your *qi* is terribly deviated right now, but to see your physical balance being in the same state, is truly unbecoming of the Han Guang Jun!” Wei Ying groaned from a growing bump on his head.

He grabbed Lan Zhan’s wrist and slowly helped him up to his feet. “I detected the deviation in your *qi* when I woke up from an afternoon nap, then I realized I had tens of missed calls from you in ErNet, and I panicked because I thought something was wrong! I scanned the skies with my eyes, but I didn’t see people fighting on rooftops, and I looked at ground level, but did not see any soldiers or enemies running around with blood in their hands. It’s a good thing I cast a space-time bubble spell on this world immediately, otherwise by next second, Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling will be walking round that corner to find... this carnage!” one black-sleeved hand made an arching sweep around the spot where Lan Zhan collapsed earlier.

Lan Zhan rubbed his eyes, blinked and looked around. He was at first disorientated, then confused, and finally in total shock. His buttocks felt drafty, and he knew - remembered - he had been stripped and pawed by horny young males after all, and how.

The wall where he was caught had been broken into two - Wei Ying’s martial-arts punches were visibly imprinted on sections of rubbles - hence, he must have been freed and landed hard on his rump after he blacked out. The entire compound around the toilets, adjacent buildings and sheltered walkways were littered with drunken disciples snoring on the ground in all manners of obnoxious sleeping positions, including a few hanging off handrails or lying face-down on the wooden floor with their asses raised. Everyone had their pants pulled down or were simply pantless - traces of dried cum on their deflated dicks and for some, around their mouths and hands. The sight made Lan Zhan squirm in absolute discomfort, when tendrils of memories of being trapped in the wall and raped by countless teenagers surfaced.

“Never mind them, *lao gong* , look at yourself! Come, let’s get you washed up and you can tell me what happened while time has been stopped in this space-time bubble!” Wei Ying hurriedly pushed Lan Zhan towards the outdoor toilets. The latter gazed at his aroused nether regions, then belatedly, finally felt the full array of sensations of crusty, chilled, cummy, cheese-smelly, and icky stuff coating his buttocks and his insides.

Lan Zhan retched - thankfully he hadn’t had dinner yet -, while Wei Ying laughed like a madman. The spouse went on to fetch an empty bucket to fill up from nearby full water tanks - thank goodness Jin Ling had done a good job that morning, and the husband can take a full shower and hose down his tunnel of love too.

The rain had lightened to a mild drizzle, and left the residence complex drenched. Fortunately the air wasn’t too cold, otherwise everyone including the intoxicated disciples would be freezing their butts off by then.

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Alone in a time-stopped world, the two worked to rinse off dried cum, saliva and other bodily fluids from Lan Zhan’s lower regions in the outdoor toilets. Being alone with the spouse and away from any other human being’s attention, brought comfort to the older man. Naked Lan Zhan, who was initially a bit distressed at his state of uncleanliness, felt grateful to be washed, bathed and cared for by the spouse. He stood as quiet an ashamed mouse, and let Wei Ying reach down with eager hands, play with his erect penis, then give some titillating hand-strokes that left the husband breathless, moaning the spouse's name, humping on empty air. Wei Ying

succeeded in rubbing out a pent-up orgasm of just twenty-twitches from those dirty dreams; the rather diluted spoonful of seed arched weakly and splattered on the floor, joined the hordes of others that were washed off from Lan Zhan's body, and everything flowed out to the drains that led into the sewers.

“Okay, your front's all good. Turn around, bend forward, and point your anus at me, we need to take a look in there,” the younger man instructed, rather clinically. The husband hesitated a bit, but obeyed regardless.

Lan Zhan has had his virginity taken before by Wei Ying in the past - or at least a Wei-kin such as the Wei *da ge* ; which in theory, is derived from the same person of the same DNA, from the same mould, really - so getting stuff into his butthole wasn't a novelty for the middle-aged Gusu Lan man. However, being on the receiving end of a massive gangbang orgy involving non-Wei Yings was an entirely different league on its own, so he must've succumbed to the mind-blowing pleasure (or torture). He counted his lucky stars that he wasn't raped by dirty old men, and in fact, he felt rather invigorated to have serviced tasty young virile teenagers (although he wished they looked as cute or handsome as his lovely Wei Ying, and not the ordinary, indistinguishable, pimple-faced kind).

In the secluded sanctuary, he could relax himself, nnngh and squeeze his tummy muscles to his heart's content to open up his butthole. Wei Ying dutifully scraped out gooey residues from the husband's raised butt with his fingers - to Lan Zhan's objection, but he was easily scolded to shut up and behave, because surely Lan Zhan didn't have eyes inside the buttocks to see where cum had pooled or have been left to dry inside the rectum - then Wei Ying soaped the tunnel-y insides, and finally sprayed water to clean everything out with Water spells by drawing clean freshwater from the buckets.

It didn't take long for the squeamish feelings of churning water inside the ass to turn into something bigger, and more alarming. A very audible rumble or two in the tummy later, Wei Ying asked if Lan Zhan had taken a dump that day. The husband blushed, looked down to the puddles on the floor (that carried washed-off scraped-out semen), and shook his head.

“ *Lao gong* , you're not a child anymore, so I don't have to tell you whether you're allowed to defecate or not. It's a natural process, so let it go,” Wei Ying gently berated the husband and swatted the latter's springy buttocks. Another nnngh, and the husband's complexion turned into a deeper shade of embarrassed red. The younger man pushed the husband to squat at the edge of the drain, and he did the same, hoping that mimicking the husband would bring some level of familiarity, calm and comfort.

“Semen has a laxative effect; I learnt that from *you* , so it's not good to hold it in. For goodness sake, I'm your partner of nearly three years and forever, we've done everything unimaginably disgusting and gross together, so you can rest your mind and poop, and I wouldn't even bat an eyelid,” Wei Ying laughed loudly. Fortunately they're outdoors, so there was no residual stink when the first string of gassy farts ripped out from the ashamed middle-aged man; no one, not even the Han Guang Jun could stop the waves rippling through his trembling, contracting belly.

Wei Ying felt a rumble in his stomach too - probably the after-effects of mirroring the husband's actions. A better role model than the other, Wei Ying nonchalantly stripped off his clothes, returned to his squatting position next to the beet-red husband, and easily let go with plenty of unsavoury but natural sounds of nature.

A quick wash with buckets of water and some soap, both relieved (and cleaned) men emerged from the toilets and tried to figure out what to do with the dinner that had gone terribly wrong and its hundred-strong guests frozen in time.

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Wei Ying thought they should clean-up the place first, then have dinner, then think about the next steps, before letting time resume. It sounded like a great idea, except that cheerful Wei Ying ended up wasting time having fun and mischief in the time-stopped world. While Lan Zhan diligently located and put the pants back on each time-stopped drunken disciple, Wei Ying hopped around the gardens to catch frozen liquid raindrops in the air with his tongue, or picked off butterflies and insects from plants and placed them in inappropriate places. He giggled non-stop, when not less than ten butterflies were carefully slid into Jin Ling's time-frozen gaping mouth, twenty grasshoppers and crickets were hidden beneath Jiang Cheng's collar, sleeves and even in his underwear (he noted the Jiang sect leader looked comically ugly with eyes half-closed and a half-grimace etched on the face), and for the sake of revenge, he meticulously collected more than thirty fire-red ants and sprinkled them onto Fairy's fur (from a remote distance, because Wei Ying is still scared of the canine creature).

Lan Zhan labored hard to carry ten disciples with his well-muscled bare hands at each time, stacked up on top of each other like sacks of grains, and moved them back to the dining halls. He arranged each disciple, one by one, to take their seats properly and with the correct sitting positions, in line with proper Qishan Lan etiquette, made sure their chopsticks and spoons were at the correct places, wiped the tables clean of leftovers and scraps, and refilled the dishes from the kitchen on his own. In short, Lan Zhan prepared and served the banquet this time, without the aid from the disciples.

Wei Ying got bored of watching Lan Zhan doing mundane housework - although he was the one that suggested the clean-up first - and went off to explore the delights of a halted world (he went to raid many dormitories, unearthing secrets such as secret diary books, hidden money pouches and of course, pornographic graphic novels under the beds) and amused himself with the residence's time-frozen inhabitants (the local winter wildlife fell victim to his wild pranks, unfortunately). Then he went outside and played his flute - a corrupted version of their love song - which when paired with a powerful artifact such as the Pillar of World Balance as the instrument of deployment, could selectively break the effects of a time-stop - so he played music to wake up his two-hundred strong undead, and made them assemble and perform calisthenics for his entertainment at a time-frozen dusk; it was just seven o' clock in the evening after all.

“Wei Ying! Dinner!” the husband called out from the dining halls; Lan Zhan set up a special small table with a selection of their favourite dishes, two bowls of rice, accompanied with chopsticks, spoons, napkins and a teapot of classic *pu'er* - and a jar of wine for the spouse.

“... Coming!” Wei Ying shouted out in reply from the top of the stockade wall, and played the last few notes, signalling the undead to go into hiding until the next calling from their great master of the Dark Arts.

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“Lan Zhan-ah-Lan Zhan, you morally-depraved old man! Your mind is full of gutter trash and you harbour pervert thoughts for little children, you horny closeted rapist pedophile! I've read from the philosophical books of

the Library Pavillion that dreams are often a reflection of deep-seated fears, desires, hopes and aspirations - but this, the stuff you dream about is unbelievably bad in taste, and it only gets worse! Ha ha ha!” Wei Ying’s laughter echoed off the walls as he rolled on the floor of the dining hall, clearly not quite interested in finishing his meal in silence as dictated by Qishan Lan rules, because Wei Ying always made an exception for himself.

Lan Zhan adjusted his cross-legged sitting position, took a sip of the lotus root soup and a bite of pork and black bean stew; all the dishes on the table were still steaming hot in the time-stopped world. “Do not cause disturbances when others are having a meal, Wei Ying. It is bad for your digestion,” he simply stated, and quietly munched of succulent meats from the bones. He reached for boiled cabbages and carrots from another plate with his chopsticks, and carefully placed them next to some fried chicken on his bowl. There was plenty of food such as spicy-sweet spare ribs, egg omelettes, grilled meat patties, steamed fish drizzled with sweetened soy sauce, stir-fry leafy and root vegetables, sweet desserts and fruits, but it seemed Lan Zhan was the only one seriously eating his fill. He thought his recipes were perfect, cooked by the teenage chef wannabes, and the taste was spot-on; he credited his excellent written instructions for the delicious food.

“I know, I know. I just can’t help it! I downloaded the livestream captured by the orbital spycams, taken from all three hundred and sixty degree angles, and watched it via ErNet while you were busy setting up the tables. You’re the biggest celebrity rockstar tonight, *lao gong* , with a zillion likes from our Kingdom. You’ve broken every other known record in view count! Ha ha ha!” the younger man rolled on the floor in the reverse direction. He cleverly snatched a greasy fried chicken wing from Lan Zhan’s bowl with his hands while in mid-roll.

The husband nnngh'd indignantly; it's not an achievement to be proud of, to have infinite numbers of followers watch how his ass was wrecked, and his cock and balls was savaged, by a hundred horny teenagers while he was stuck in the hole in the wall. He picked a piece of salted bittergourd with his chopsticks from a small plate he specifically prepared for himself, and with the precision of a master-level cultivator (and God), easily popped it into Wei Ying's open mouth at the right moment.

The laughter died immediately. Wei Ying's half-chewed tasty fried chicken wing became terribly salty and bitter, and he choked.

Notes for the Chapter:

Trying to inject a bit of domesticity and humour amid the dirty porn.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 91

Now that his gangrape and dirty dreams - at least three episodes in the series so far - have been uploaded into ErNet and enjoyed by the Kingdom's predominantly adult viewers - everyone is a clone or progeny of the First Fathers, so technically, they're of legal age - Lan Zhan is saddled with a new dilemma: how to salvage his ruined reputation in the eyes of his citizens.

"A-Ji ah A-Ji," Wei Ying starts, and immediately draws murderous looks from the husband, "it is of irrelevance," he pokes a single chopstick rudely into a meatball, and sticks it into his mouth like a lolly, "if any of our citizens are affected by what happened to you. As long as you're our Grand Patriarch, or First Father Lan, nobody will dare to defy or say bad things about you. Plus, everyone else has their own skeletons in their closets, and I'm sure yours is the least of our worries," he ends his unsolicited advice with a noisy munch. Wei Ying could read Lan Zhan's mind if he wanted to, and he decided the older man's constipated looks during dinner warranted such intrusive actions.

Wei Ying casually steals a piece of dim sum from Lan Zhan's plate - an annoying habit he'd picked up from the days of living together in a tiny cave-home not too long ago, when they frequently shared a platter of food under the same roof -, "To tell the truth, I've seen worse things done by our citizens, so it's like a pot calling the kettle black if anyone has such malicious intent to disgrace you from your shiny pedestal. Which will never happen, and we'll make sure of that," and pops a potsticker into his busy mouth.

Lan Zhan considers Wei Ying's wise words - a timely advice from a loving spouse, really -, relaxes his shoulders, and leans back in his seat. "Wei Ying,

even if I do not consider others, I cannot ignore my own anxieties. What should I do if those dreams return?" he asks and stares at his cup of cooling *pu'er*. A tea stem floats on the surface.

"You're the Jade Emperor, the God of Mercy, and the Lord Buddha, the best three-in-one the world has ever known. You can change the universe with a snap of your fingers, surely you can change your dreams too, can't you? Go figure out something yourself, Your Highness," Wei Ying laughs, and snatches the last piece of fried wonton, dips it in plum sauce, and walks away from the dining hall.

Lan Zhan is left alone to stare at his empty plate and mull over what Wei Ying said. He still needs to clean the table and wash the dishes later.

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"I've decided, Lan Zhan," Wei Ying says, as he performs some post-meal stretches to aid his digestion, in the courtyard outside of the dining halls. Some stars sparkle in the dusky skies tinged with a multitude of fiery colours from deep reds to violet blues, with retreating clouds still raining a light drizzle on the residential compounds - although every raindrop floats, unmoving, in a time-stopped world, casting tiny glittering lights to the vicinity like diamonds on ground level.

"Mn? What did you decide?" the husband asks calmly, having wiped his hands with a washcloth, and he approaches the spouse with a plate of fruits. Wei Ying did say he preferred to have something sweet and healthy as dessert after dinner.

“To end the Lotus Pier as it is. Let it bow out gracefully and exit the world stage,” the spouse says vaguely, and right on time, open his mouth widely with an ‘aaaaaaah’ in mid-stretch.

Lan Zhan dutifully uses a toothpick to skewer a seedless grape and pops it into Wei Ying’s waiting mouth. He waits for the spouse to elaborate further.

“The boys are well-fed, happily drunk, and have experienced what it’s like to have sex. They’re no longer virgins, they’re fully-fledged adults now. They’ve gained basic living skills such as cooking their own meals, armed themselves with daily schedules, and they can fight a little better with swords than before, thanks to you. They’re ready to fly out of the nest, graduate from my brother’s useless leadership, and set out on their own from this dying world,” he explains, and picks a slice of peach off the fruit platter.

“Your brother... did a good job keeping them alive so far,” Lan Zhan chips in, with a little uncertainty in his steady voice.

“You don’t need to butter up to your brother-in-law, *lao gong* . I know bad leadership when I see one,” Wei Ying’s tone becomes a little agitated, “If we hadn’t intervened, these boys would be doomed to die from malnourishment from having nothing but stale bread and water every day. They were incompetent and unskilled enough to be picked off easily by the Imperial forces like M&M’s on a plate; during my foster father’s heydays, we had twenty thousand people living and working in the Pier, and more than two thousand cultivators stationed in the Jiang residence - look at what

we are left today,” and he shrugs at the magnitude of loss for one of Yunmeng’s biggest cities.

Lan Zhan strokes his beard and takes an apple wedge for himself. “If the enemy is wiped out, they could always return here and start over. Grow up, settle down, work the lands, earn a good living, just like us,” he says thoughtfully before taking a polite bite.

“I don’t think it’ll work. After what they did to you, and experienced the pleasures of a man’s flesh, they can’t... err... thrive and propagate naturally. Plus, I don’t think there are any females around - do you see any?” Wei Ying gives a crooked smile - there’s something to laugh at, and to be sad about, in his words.

Lan Zhan finishes his fruit snack and goes for a kiwi slice. He knows that the spouse wouldn’t simply claim something so ridiculous if it wasn’t backed with evidence; he takes it that there are - or will be - no more females in the Middle Kingdom when the Imperial forces have succeeded in destroying every last human settlement and turned the living into the dead. There may be pockets of life - the last bastions of living Men - however in this day and age, typically only fighter males will be left until the end of days.

“Mn. I understand. Shall we transport them to our Kingdom now? What will happen to them in their new life?” Lan Zhan asks, trying to gauge the spouse’s final decisions for the remnants of the Jiang people.

Wei Ying takes the toothpick, downs two strawberries with it before using it to pick fruit skin and vegetable bits from his teeth. He makes a couple of smacking sounds to cleanse his palate.

“I’m gonna assign two undead individuals from my army to each disciple. One will carry his luggage from the dorms, the other will bring enough meal packages from the magical cart in the pantry, and water from the tanks, to give the *xiongdi* a good start in his new world. The fierce corpses will be his servants and companions, just like how Wen Ning used to stick to me in my past life. We’ll deduct a small amount of gold from Wangxian’s infinite coffers for their spending money, and you’ll sign off those payment checks. You’ll grant them war refugee status, so they’ll receive special protection from our government’s administration. How does that sound, Lan *laoban* ?” the spouse leans forward and grins sweetly, uncharacteristically, at the husband, currying for favours, obviously.

The husband makes a quick telepathic call to the Heavens to check with his secretaries and officials. Heaven’s administrators are among the best in the multiverses, due to their great intelligence and efficiency, as no-nonsense civil servants led by first-generation clones of the great Lan Wang Ji.

“Mn. Bring your army in and get everyone in place. The mass instant teleportation spell will be activated soon,” the husband gently takes the toothpick from Wei Ying’s grasp and puts it on the emptied fruit platter. Dessert is done.

“Eh? A spell? Aww... I was hoping for a grand exit... you know, like... *Boom! Fweeeeew!* A big UFO mothership appears in the night skies, and hovers above this city. Then, it lights up with fancy reds and greens, countless circular golden pillars of light shine from it, and beams up people

and objects from the ground!” Wei Ying dramatically acts out the scene with wild sweeps of his hands, and wiggly leg movements. Even his animated face makes funny ‘ooh’s and ‘aah’s expressions, to no audience in particular.

Lan Zhan snorts with his back facing the spouse, “You’ve been watching too many 21st-century sci-fi movies lately,” and walks off to wash the dessert plate in the kitchen sink.

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There is an unfortunate exception to their mass evacuation plan, however. Jin Ling was, by all accounts, considered as a non-qualified refugee applicant for admission into the Kingdom of Lan. Lawyers and administrators in the Heavens have debated and checked on this multiple times, but to no avail; Jin Ling is a member of the Jin family, despite having ties to the Kingdom through his material side. If he were to enter the Kingdom’s territories, he would be considered as an illegal immigrant, and would have to undergo a full test; it is not yet known what the tests entail, whether they are medical check-ups, aptitude examinations or some other forms of evaluations, however the Heavenly officials were adamant that Jin Ling will fail miserably at this stage.

Therefore, the couple agreed that Jiang Cheng and the nephew will have to be left behind, and remain in the Mortal Realm for a while longer. Wei Ying insisted that Jin Ling still needed the Jiang sect leader as his legal guardian, because the poor boy is an orphan and has no one else to turn to. “Plus,” Wei Ying states, “Jin Ling is nearly twenty years old, but the legal age is twenty one.” The husband concedes in that respect.

Before the grand-scale spell activates, they take a few pictures of the hundred-strong disciples, each politely sitting in front of his last supper in the dining hall, appearing to be asleep, serene and calm as though in prayer; the dusky skies in the background makes for a perfect sunset - or sunrise - panoramic shot of the deserted Jiang residence. Wei Ying carefully stores these precious moments into their family's cloud drive, to document his journey on foot with Lan Zhan to the East, and aptly titled "Walking with you towards sunrise".

The spell took less time than expected to work its magic. Every peacefully-sleeping teenager in his seat, his final meal in Lotus Pier on the table - prepared exclusively by the great Han Guang Jun -, escorted by his two assigned undead servants carrying luggage and rations, glowed like bright sunshine in the night and with a final *fwip!*, they disappeared into thin air.

Wei Ying wept a little at the grave loss of the disciples - the little babes that couldn't possibly survive in this harsh, cruel world - and partly, the lively merry undead crew that had entertained his life with Yunmeng-style singing, dancing and calisthenics. Lan Zhan held his spouse's arm and kept him close in a warm, but sad embrace. "We should go soon, before the Imperial forces arrive and decimate this place altogether," the husband said.

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It started with a girlie scream of terror choked with coughs. Then a manly shout of disgust and dancing footsteps on the floor. And a long, prolonged whine of a dog who was bitten by red ants.

“Three... two... one... go!” Wei Ying whispered excitedly for no particular reason, and the couple leapt out from the outdoor toilet.

“They’re gone! Everyone’s gone! The food’s gone! The disciples are gone! The warehouse is emptied! Even the dorms are ransacked! Oh woe, oh heavens, everything is gone! Vanished into thin air!” Wei Ying acted with exaggerated drama and suspense, a hand on his forehead, jelly legs wiggling uselessly on the ground, and a fake panicked look on his face.

Lan Zhan awkwardly hops out from behind - out of sync from Wei Ying’s grand entrance - a bucket over his head and his muddied clothes are soaked (again). “Oh. In the toilet. Everything went dark. Someone kicked my legs. I slipped and fell. Oh, it hurts. Hurts very much,” he groans impassively while swinging his arms stiffly, almost like acting out of a script (which he is, really).

(Wei Ying hisses telepathically and points out that Lan Zhan missed a line - he forgot to say *why* he was in the toilet - he was supposed to be taking a dump - but the husband ignored the spouse.)

The husband feels terribly uncomfortable, and stagefright caused queasiness inside his belly. Water had been poured over him and his matted hair stuck to the insides of the bucket, he couldn’t breathe right inside that strangling container, his clothes stuck to his skin and it felt suffocatingly humid (not to mention, Wei Ying had painstakingly drew mudprints on his pristine white robes to give a realistic impression - and the wearer felt dirtied), Bichen was knocked on a wall when he made a startling turn and fell clumsily from

his belt, his hands accidentally hit Wei Ying's back - everything that could go wrong on stage, went wrong.

Wei Ying rolls his eyes and silently gives the husband a F- grade for his act. He picks up the spotlight and starts moving all four limbs to point towards the residence's gates at the stockade walls. "Look! Look! Just when I arrived in anticipation for a grand dinner made by our beloved disciples, I saw shadows! Shadows I tell you! S. H. A. D. O. W. S. ! They went that way! Out of the gates! The enemy must've broken in and stolen everything, everyone! The gates were left open! Look at the opened gates! G. A. T. E. S.!" and he shrieks and jumps and yells and points excitedly at the gates, so that both sputtering and cursing Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling are caught up in the heat of the frenzy, and scrambles to the said gates to chase after unseen shadows in the night. Wei Ying follows them and continues to spew crazy tales spinned from his wild imaginations.

Following the hastily drawn script, Lan Zhan heaves a sigh of relief after acting out his sole part. He removes the bucket, wipes down his clothes with a washcloth - his face soured in disdain at the amount of mud Wei Ying used to draw on his robes just for a lackadaisical fifteen-second performance -, and fixes his appearance. Wei Ying's voice is heard above the din at the gates of the stockade wall, but the husband doesn't pay any attention. He resumes his duty to prepare a table for the remaining occupants, including a tasty hotpot served with a platter of thinly sliced fatty meats, and a slew of dishes fresh out of the wok (the masterchef cooks at lightning speed, after all): braised pork trotters, garlic and ginger steamed chicken with chilli dips, stir-fry mixed vegetables, peppers and mushrooms, rice, and cut fruits for dessert, and a teapot of chrysanthemum tea - he thought the Jiang sect leader would appreciate something cooling after such an alarming ordeal and a spicy meal.

Poor Fairy, who was intelligent enough not to be taken in for a ride by Wei Ying's antics, rolled around on the wet garden grass and scratched everywhere his paws could reach. It whined and whined so pitifully, that Lan Zhan decided to tend to the creature's misery after the plates are put out and the dishes are served on the table. He gives Fairy a bowl of tasty unsalted steamed chicken and rice, and a selection of raw meats intended for the hotpot. While the dog eats gratefully, Lan Zhan crouches by its side, and combs through its fur to pick out the red ants and scratch the irritating bites and itches on its rump. He tells Fairy to forgive Wei Ying for the troubles caused; Fairy woofed, uses its hind leg to scratch his ear - Lan Zhan followed up by scratching the same spot with his fingers - and the dog licks the man's face with a tongue full of chewed doggie food.

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Lan Zhan puts two and two together. His theory is confirmed - as long as he is wet, or keeps his body cooled, he wouldn't emit as much pheromones due to the cursed spell by the Thousand-Year Snake. Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling ran across without batting an eyelid at him, but Fairy stayed close after he'd wiped down his drenched clothes. The dog scratched itself, ate its dinner and rubbed its greasy snout on Lan Zhan's body, and continued to whine excitedly simultaneously - which is really too much stimulation for an animal that acted purely on instincts.

To relieve its misery, Lan Zhan used his *qi* to calm himself down and suppress any thoughts or actions that could cause spikes in body temperature. As expected, Fairy promptly sniffed the air curiously at the loss of an inexplicable delicious smell, then relaxed to concentrate on its meal. Lan Zhan ruminated on the new discovery as he watched the fat husky wolf down a whole chicken thigh; he was already used to slow-burn his *qi* energy during the good ol' days for similar purposes, when Wei Ying drove his lusts and desires to skyrocketing levels and he didn't have the

time, or opportunity, to push the sex-kitten spouse down to the ground and fuck like rabbits. Since he is the King of Gods and Men, and has unlimited *qi* circulating in his body (actually, his loins), thus theoretically, he could maintain a peaceful, calm, Buddha-like visage all day and not attract hordes of horny men whenever he goes for a walk.

Soon, the noisy trio returns, and Lan Zhan stands up and brushes off bits of doggie food and drying caked mud from his clothes. He quickly excuses himself with the reason that he needed to take a quick bath in his guest room, and Fairy is being fed in the gardens, so they should all take their seats at the dining hall and continue their discussions there.

Jiang Cheng comments that the Lan *er gongzi* is remarkably calm and unaffected by the crisis devastating the Jiang people (and adds some unkind remarks about the Han Guang Jun's unimpressive, rigid, wooden personality). Jin Ling sees how fast the husky dog wags its tail and the wonderful bowl of food on the ground, reaches out to the retreating Lan master and calls, awkwardly, for the man to take care in the bathroom and not to slip or fall again.

Wei Ying's breath hitches a little, and his heart warms up a bit; Jin Ling is starting to show some empathy and concern for others, after all.

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The story so far - Wei Ying spent an afternoon catching up with his younger brother and nephew while it was raining outside, although most of the time they played with Fairy to burn off extra calories (it was getting chubby,

really), and Wei Ying was always at the short end of the stick; he was chased by the husky around the main hall and around the throne, hid behind the huge pillars from the dog - but still managed to maintain some semblance of a decent conversation with the two owners -, and by late afternoon, frustration finally drove Wei Ying to brave himself to stand in front of a heavily panting Fairy with Suibian standing between the man and the beast. It was a laudable achievement, from having to run at the sight or sound of a dog, to maintaining a respectful distance of a sword's length (it's 'social distancing' in some ways).

Wei Ying convinced the other two - over a dinner of Lan Zhan's famed dishes - that somehow, the enemy tricked a disciple to open the gates to let them in. The more senior and well-armed guards were having dinner with the rest of the troops, so probably a young, inexperienced boy was lured using poisoned candies, sweet dumplings or something similar to unlock the heavily barred doors.

"How can you be so sure, *da jiu*?" an irate Jin Ling asked, being the most skeptical of them all.

"Huh? You nearly ate lotus seed buns full of black poison offered by a merchant in disguise, just the other day. Why do you think otherwise?" the twentysomething-year old man snapped back, and the Jin *gongzi* promptly shut up with a mouthful of tender, juicy, flavourful pork chunks that seemed to melt away from the bones.

Then, Wei Ying went on to say that with the gates opened, a flood of undead enemies came rushing in. They snatched everything on sight and within an arm's reach - people, food, even cutlery - and ransacked the barracks and warehouses for key supplies, before leaving without a trace.

“How could there be so many enemies that our disciples were overwhelmed, and yet we did not hear anything while in the main hall? Why would they steal such particular items? It doesn’t make sense!” Jiang Cheng grumbled, while slurping down a mouth-watering succulent chicken drumstick with a drizzle of chilli soy sauce.

It was easy to lead them on while their minds (and stomachs) are focused on such good food, Wei Ying thought. He didn’t need to think far, “Look around, there are many wet footprints of the boys and of the undead - the bony ones,” he pointed on the floor, “and there are signs of struggle, like things being dragged around,” and he directed his fingers elsewhere (which were actually marks left by undead servants moving heavy baggage and even a few pieces of furniture for their new disciple-cum-masters).

Wei Ying continued to elaborate with his beguiling and persuasive expressions, “With so many enemies that barged in, surely the entire operation took less than a few minutes, and it must have been masterminded by a brilliant Dark Arts practitioner! This person must’ve known in advance of who and what to take, with astute strategizing and deadly efficiency! Who would’ve thought to use the tranquil sounds of falling rain to make everyone complacent! I was shouting all the time in the main hall,” Wei Ying gave an evil eye at Fairy, who ignored him and continued to work on its tasty doggie bowl, “So really, none of you would’ve heard anything if scores of men were dragged away by horrible fierce corpses, because let me tell you again, my brother - do not ever estimate the undead, they can be as dangerous as the living! I know this from first hand experience!” he cried out with such conviction and passion, and of confidence reflected as an equally amazing Dark Arts user. The other two did not reply immediately, because they were busy stuffing their faces with Lan Zhan’s awesome cooking.

The Wei *gongzi* sends a telepathic word of thanks to the husband, for cooking such wonderful dishes that silences any arguments or unnecessary drama from the remaining Jiang residence members - Wei Ying gets free supper too, and has a small bowl of rice to go with the appetizing meal; following the slightly altered time zones, it's time for a midnight snack for Wei Ying. Lan Zhan simply advised the spouse not to eat too much - because sleeping after eating a heavy meal is a sure way to gain weight -, and that he doesn't deserve as much credit, because he knows that Wei Ying is using mind-reading and mind-control abilities to steer the conversation on the dinner-supper table. ("You're worse than your *da ge* , by manipulating your family's emotions at times like this," the husband gently accuses the spouse, and Wei Ying sticks his tongue out in retaliation.)

"Ah, *lao gong* , you know me too well," comes the sheepish psychic reply. Wei Ying starts pouring Laozu Smiles into Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling's cups, which is the best way to get them off the couple's back and let them collect their thoughts during their drunken slumber.

"Mn. Finish your meal quietly, bring those two to their rooms, then come back soon. I will prepare a hot bath for you," the husband says, before tuning out of ErNet. He hangs his handwashed clothes to dry, and puts the spouse's folded pyjamas and a fresh bathtowel on the bathroom countertop, with a toothbrush that comes with a perfectly-squeezed dollop of toothpaste on it.

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Lan Zhan wished Wei Ying wouldn't take the convoluted way out of the Jiangs' dire situation, and instead just be honest with them. But who was he

to argue, when Wei Ying is the greatest problem-solver and the think-tank of their couple-team of two?

Lan Zhan just had about enough of getting abused by the corrupted personification of the spouse in his dreams. As a helpless eight-year old that couldn't fight against adults, he was thrown into a nightmarish world worse than before, and full of pedophilic men.

In the morning, the disciplinary teacher walked into the classroom while he was attending a calligraphy lesson, and was dragged out without reason - but his buttocks were caned in front of the other students - and sent to the detention room. As soon as he was pushed into a strange, enclosed space, doors closed behind him with a terrifying 'click' of locks. The men from the black market sale emerged from the shadows with twisted glee on their faces, and soon, the eight-year old adolescent was stripped and repeatedly raped on the cold hard concrete floor in a room without windows. The excited men took turns to lie atop the child, crush the struggling victim with their massive body weight, hump into the sweet tight hole until the anus became distended, puffy and very red, then orgasmed with great joy for more than fifteen twitches each into the boy. Little Lan Zhan's belly bulged as time passed, with dirty old men's cum pooling into his insides, until he looked like a pregnant pre-teen child. His screams went unheard as he was sexually assaulted by grunting, moaning men who looked like hardcore convicts, and his child genitals were attacked non-stop until midday.

In the afternoon, he limped his way back home with an inflamed penis with his foreskin permanently peeled back, bruised emptied balls, plenty of fingerprints and scratch marks all over his delicate pre-teen body, and his loincloth was soaked with dripping adult men's semen. He found his home to be unoccupied, and a note on the table from Xi Chen *da ge* that said the latter had to rush to the markets in Caiyi Town to sell off harvests from the morning. "Lunch is on the kitchen counter", it wrote. Little Lan Zhan

dropped his schoolbag and rushed to the kitchen - only to see the terrifying next-door neighbour standing by the stove, preparing delicious side dishes to go with the plain rice dumplings - his usual lunch as a poor, orphaned boy - on the countertop.

“Hello, my lovely A-Ji. Did you meet my friends at school? They’ve found some jobs as temporary teachers, and they’ll stay over for a few weeks. I’ve specifically bribed your headmaster with gold nuggets to make sure you’ll be sent to them everyday. I hope you don’t mind,” he said with an evil grin, and just in time, a roast chicken, a plate of stir-fry vegetables, a pot of soup and a platter of fruit were served on the dining table.

Little Lan Zhan’s stomach rumbled at the nutritious and mouth-watering food. The eight-year old boy had to endure many painful tingles as he enjoyed his lunch, with Uncle Wei crouching between his legs, sucking his wildly twitching and throbbing penis, played with his shrivelled testicles until they orgasmed on their own, and his fingers lovingly stretched and scraped dirty men’s cum out from the reddened swollen anus. Without any homework given due to the detention, the boy spent the afternoon with Uncle Wei thrusting deep inside him, in his own sparsely-furnished bedroom decorated by straw toys, rabbit-themed bedsheets and soft pillows that smelled of plain but pleasant sandalwood. Lan Zhan’s bed creaked dangerously for many hours, while Uncle Wei huffed and puffed tiredly, but extremely overjoyed, at the daily chance to breed and shoot thick creamy seed into the boy’s buttocks from his exceedingly excited hard, hairy adult penis.

“Oh, A-Ji, my lovely sweet A-Ji, you make uncle feel so happy today and everyday,” the dirty uncle moaned again. He dipped his turgid, red and exceedingly overjoyed cock into the boy’s anus again and again. “Let’s do this all the time, and I will find a way to make you mine, forever. Oh, A-Ji, uncle is cumming again, squeeze your ass tighter, yes, yes, you’re the best

whore, you're my bitch, ahh... uunh.... hnngh... YES YES YES I'm raping an eight-year old baby OH FUCK SWEET GUANYIN I'm making babies in your baby womb UUNH HHNG AAHN Take it, Take all my sperm and get pregnant uuuUUUUUUuuuuUUUUhnnnn," and the uncle's sexual noises continued throughout the afternoon, as his hips shook uncontrollably, his ejaculations became erratic, and he lost count of how many twitches as penile muscles squeeze and convulse inside the gripping, juicy, moist folds of the boy's rectum. Truly, the depraved uncle loves tasting the boy's lost innocence, and enjoys orgasming into the eight-year old's incredibly comforting and warm body all day.

Xi Chen *da ge* returned just before sunset - right when Uncle Wei just finished spurting his eighth happy milky load into the flooded, well-fertilized boy-pussy -, but by then, the damage had been done. Uncle Wei, still putting on his pants when he heard the main door unlock, quickly climbed out through the child's bedroom window and escaped unscathed, and soon, he was back in his house enjoying post-sex delights such as a smoke and a jar of wine. Little Lan Zhan shivered and curled into a ball on his bed with the soiled bedsheet wrapped over him, but the *gege* thought the boy was being grouchy for being left alone for the afternoon. He went over to apologize for the sudden trip to sell harvested crops at a good price, and prepared dinner for two.

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"Uncle Wei, I'm sorry to bother you at a time like this, but my brother is acting up again, and he doesn't want to come out of the bedroom for dinner. Do you know what happened, and can you help?" the teenager Lan brother asked, while standing at the doorway to the neighbour's house. The demonic *shushu* smiled as wide as possible, "Of course, Xi Chen. It's one of those things that little boys with quiet, introverted dispositions go through. Err... one of those emotional phases... thingy. I have a degree in

child psychology, so I know. He needs to spend some time alone, preferably with adult supervision and one that he knows very well, like a close friend,” said the habitual liar, and pointed at himself - and realized that he was without a shirt. “Ah,” he laughed sheepishly at himself, “Forgive me for my rudeness. Let me put on a shirt and I’ll come right away.”

Xi Chen was told ‘not to worry’ and to enjoy his dinner and go to bed early for another long day tomorrow, because surely he had more farms to toil and more vegetables to sell. The teenager wholeheartedly agreed.

Not ten minutes have passed, when Uncle Wei dropped by to pick up the errant Lan *er gongzi* from his bedroom. He rubbed his greasy hands and licked his lips, and slyly asked, “Let him spend a night with me. I have more than enough food in my kitchen since I’m a bachelor, and I have a spare bed.

Oh, better yet, I know the school’s headmaster well, and there is a quiz for the kids tomorrow. So, let me take your *didi* to school straight from my house, and he’ll have an early start in class.

Oh Oh, even better yet, I know a *laoban* in Caiyi Town who is asking for good-quality vegetables like yours, for a very, very good price. His store opens only in the afternoon, and is a little far, so you might only return after sunset.

Oh Oh Oh, I have a great suggestion, if you happen to return late, do not worry. I can help to take care of your *didi* for the whole day and night, meals and board included for free, really. He’ll be safe and sound in my

house, I promise. You can trust me, your best neighbour and everyone's preferred baby-sitter!

So, what do you think?"

With such a wonderful neighbour offering to take the load off Xi Chen's shoulders, the teenager agreed immediately.

Uncle Wei strutted into little Lan Zhan's bedroom with a brown vial hidden in his sleeve pockets. There were some noises, akin to struggles and gagged screams, but Xi Chen wouldn't know, because like all residents of the Cloud Recesses, he doesn't recognize the sounds of a child being kidnapped by a sex predator.

In less than ten minutes, Uncle Wei walked out, triumphantly, with the bundled-up little Lan Zhan in his arms, swaddled by the soiled bedsheet, and a glazed but happy, relaxed look on the child's tear-streaked face. "See? I can handle him. Leave it to me! Good night, and thank you so much, wonderful Xi Chen!" the man merrily called out as he left the house and waved good-bye. Xi Chen briefly wondered - again - why he was thanked.

Little Lan Zhan would be imprisoned in Uncle Wei's home for the night, with the man's penis happily captured, drilling inside the boy's hot tight hole until dawn. The man enjoys playing with the child's purple-red penis and fragile swollen testicles for hours on end until he gets showered by squirts of pee and that sweet, sweet pure nectar made of immature seedless sexual fluids that only little eight-year old boys could ejaculate.

The eight-year old boy never appeared in school the next morning, and there was no quiz after all. The headmaster was paid off to falsify an attendance record for the boy, and it only cost one gold nugget for Uncle Wei's fraudulent requests. The man's friends visited his house with bags of wonderful sex toys in their arms. Away from any prying eyes, with curtains drawn and all doors and windows closed, no one in the village knew about the boy's agonizing sobs and screams as he was sexually abused throughout the day inside Uncle Wei's dungeon.

Uncle Wei appeared briefly on his doorsteps at midday to wave good-bye to Xi Chen, as the latter rushed off to Caiyi Town with another basket of vegetables on his back; the man was generous after all, and had sent Fairy Messenger calls to an accomplice to prepare gold nuggets to buy the produce from the teenager, in the fringes of that town. With Xi Chen out of sight, the man returned to his dark, sweat-smelly house to join a mass orgy with twenty men, plenty of food and wine, and a drugged boy on a terribly stained bed.

Long after the sun had set, Xi Chen returned, tired but satisfied with a sale that could feed his family of two for a few weeks. Uncle Wei stubbed out his smoke and waved at the teenager. He signalled that the *didi* had gone to bed early, and shouldn't be disturbed. He also gave a thumbs-up - yes, yes, everything is fine, so leave your little brother to me, and you go and get some good rest for your hard work, he said, convincingly. The teenager gladly staggered back to his house, sleepy, and closed the doors. Uncle Wei too, closed his doors, took a swig of excellent wine, and scratched his crotch. He had emptied himself many times into the eight-year old boy in the course of twenty-four hours, and his friends had already gone home because they were already pleasantly drained too. Still, that didn't faze him - in fact, the situation only fanned his loins and his lust once again - he had a whole night with the prized delicacy to himself!.

Uncle Wei returns to the teary-eyed and hiccuping boy on the bed soaked with male sexual fluids, and gives him an apologetic, but sweet kiss on cum-stained lips. Then, he proceeds to play and ravage the adolescent's battered, bruised and ruined *xiao ji ji* with renewed vigour, deep into the night.

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Lan Zhan blinked his eyes, wide awake, in bed. Lovely Wei Ying had taken a strange sprawling sleeping position that covered most of the bed and partly on top of the husband, with one hand tucked comfortably into the latter's underpants. The bedroom was very quiet - the last crickets had been scared off by Wei Ying's pranks, and there were no disciples or any other living beings nearby, save for the remaining four in the Residence. One could hear a pin drop at any time. Ironically, it felt nice to the husband; he always fantasized of living in total seclusion, and this was (almost) it.

He groaned and rearranged the sloppy spouse back to his side of the bed, wiped drool off the surfaces, and placed a smooch on Wei Ying's cheek before returning to sleep. He told himself, again, that he should take control of his dreams, no matter how erotic and enjoyable they are, if left alone to evolve into sexy nightmares.

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Lan Zhan heaved a sigh of relief, when he found himself to be - well, just himself. A middle-aged Gusu Lan master, who owns a house in the Cloud Recesses, living partly in seclusion because hardly anyone dared to go near

the cold-looking, stoic, serious, no-nonsense and unapproachable, but actually, much revered and celebrated, Han Guang Jun.

For some reason, he found himself walking along a curb in Caiyi Town with a bamboo umbrella during a rainy day. The streets were empty as everyone took shelter from the bad weather. His footsteps left ripping puddles and everything around him - the shops, the parks, the teahouses, the alleys - was closed and drenched to the bone, literally.

He watched from a distance, at a little child sitting near a dumpster at the end of a deserted cul-de-sac. His face was smeared with dirt, his hair unruly, messy and probably full of fleas, his clothes were simply stitched-up gray rags and were too big for his thin, frail body, he wore no shoes and his little soles were muddy and blistered. It was cold and dark, and the boy shivered even as he tried to play with his soaked hand-made straw toys on the flooded floor - a straw man, woman and a child. There was a faraway smile on his face, although the skin on his limbs was pale, bruised and a little blotched; probably he had suffered much trying to survive in the streets and carried some disease.

Nevertheless, Lan Zhan told himself, he is now in charge of his own destiny, and he does not fear anything that is dirtied or filthy. He walked up to the boy until his umbrella shielded the rain from the latter. The little child looked up - wonder in his clear dark brown eyes, yet alarming black circles under them - and smiled innocently.

“ *Shushu ... ?*”

“Mn,” he said, and offered a steaming sweet dumpling he carried in his sleeve pocket.

Lan Zhan held the boy’s hand as they walked out to the main street. Little Wei Ying quietly ate the offered dumpling, the first proper meal he had in days. Lightning struck, thunder roared, and more rain fell, however the two were safely protected by Lan Zhan’s big bamboo umbrella along the path that led towards their new home, the Cloud Recesses.

Notes for the Chapter:

At this point, I've kinda run out of ideas for the story. So, let's see how things will develop on their own, as we watch Wangxian unfold!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

p.s. Added a few more icky details!

Chapter 92

Lan Zhan learnt that raising an eight-year old boy that had been left neglected in the streets for too long required keen intellect, infinite patience, and a very deep kind of love that went beyond a normal relationship between an adult man and a (bratty) child.

Little Wei Ying acted and resembled more like a feral animal than anything else, the moment he was brought into the Lan master's mansion, and the doors were locked shut. The child became aggressive, defensive, and leapt away from the man, fingers curled into claws and ready strike at a moment's notice, eyes as wide as saucers with pupils dilated. Lan Zhan was caught off-guard by the unexpected reaction, and made a misstep when he politely asked the eight-year old to be a good boy and sit down - the boy simply refused to listen, ran everywhere, climbed the curtains, broke glassware and century-old vases, and left muddy footprints on the furniture, then wetted his ragcloth-pants to pee into potted plants and vegetables, and squealed loudly like a ball of energy gone wild inside the house and around the interior gardens. Shocked by such uncultured behaviour, the Gusu Lan master quickly cast a Binding spell to tie the boy up and gagged him down.

While such uncouth acts would scare many bachelor men to immediately dump such uncontrollable children to foster homes or orphanages, Lan Zhan was unfazed. For a short while, little Wei Ying became a caterpillar with an overgrown head of messy hair, wrapped by blue Binding spell threads, and he wiggled side to side constantly to try to break out and escape.

A haircut and a meticulous shampooing session later (thankfully, with fleas and lice quickly removed from the scruffy boy, with a side dish of a hypnotizing head massage), followed by a bath (medicated soaps dipped

into warm water from the hot springs, served with plenty of back scratches), Lan Zhan patiently towelled the wild boy even while his hand was bitten and his toes were stepped on.

“Kidnapper! Rapist! Molester! Monster! Let me go!” little Wei Ying cried as he was gently manhandled by the presumed perpetrator once the Binding spell was removed. Lan Zhan made sure the eight-year old’s delicate genitals were properly fluffed with the woolly material and the crack of his ass was patted dry. He received plenty of light punches and kicks - no more than mere insect bites for the Gusu Lan master, really - from the fiery and fiesty child, which delighted him.

“Wei Ying, you are smart, resilient, and you know how to defend yourself,” the Lan master acknowledged, and dabbed healing ointments and soothing balms on the bruises and scratches all over the boy’s body, when the boy tired out towards the end of his struggle. The boy was thin and malnourished, and the master could easily hold his waist with just one hand.

“You are something that I am not, compared to the nightmares that haunt me during the nights,” Lan Zhan added thoughtfully, but his words fell on deaf ears - the child was busy making angry teeth-marks on his forearms at every opportunity, particularly when he carried the latter over his shoulder towards the kitchen.

Fortunately, the naked child stopped biting and struggling when his eyes laid upon a marvellous sight he’d never seen before in his young eight years of life - a wonderful sumptuous, delicious buffet of freshly baked breads, grilled meats, hot spicy stews and roasts, mountains of steaming dumplings of dozens of types of fillings, bowls of rice and noodles, colourful seasonal fruits and garden salads, sweet desserts and traditional candies that every

children in the Middle Kingdom loved - all spread out and arranged in perfect sequence and order on a huge round teakwood dining table.

“I tried my best to cook with whatever ingredient I have in the pantry, but I lack the lotus root to make your favourite pork rib soup. I hope you don’t mind,” Lan Zhan explained to no one in particular, when the starving child dove straight ahead for the table on all fours and started wolfing down the food; he used his fingers to grab and gobble up as much as his little mouth could stuff, rather than with cutlery and tableware. The man stroked little Wei Ying’s cleaned and fragrant-smelling hair and felt wet strands tangle and knot in some places, so he took a seat behind the child and combed the boy’s hair, while humming some of Gusu’s classical children’s songs - while scrawny little Wei Ying scoffed down a whole chicken thigh in a single go.

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Little Wei Ying turned out to be quite affectionate once the feral demon in him was sated - hunger, sleep and the need to love and be loved. For three days and three nights after the boy arrived at the Lan master’s mansion, lovely Wei Ying was well-fed with three buffets a day, thanks to Lan Zhan’s amazing cooking and a limitless supply of food, snacks and ingredients in the pantry. The child was *forcefully* cuddled to naps and made to sleep five times a day (Lan Zhan has strong arms, and could keep the screaming and kicking boy pressed against his torso without breaking a sweat, until the latter fell asleep from listening to a steady, comforting heartbeat and enveloped with the scent of sandalwood); Wei Ying was allowed to bite, scratch, then gradually suckle the man’s ample muscular chest, until the master’s nipples puffed up, to the curiosity and delight of the eight-year old who had forgotten the joys of being breastfed by a loving parent. He was slowly introduced to ways of living with the new ‘owner’, and soon, the eight-year old’s skin-and-bones complexion started to glow and grow into

the first signs of chubbiness, the ribs have disappeared under new layers of baby fat, and he was energetic, healthy and full of laughter and joy.

The affluent Gusu Lan master lived alone in an enormous mansion - an enlarged Jingshi, really - surrounded by lush forests, tranquil gardens and lakes, and vast farmlands with plenty of chickens, rabbits and livestock roaming everywhere. Hardly anyone visited, as neighbours kept a respectable distance from the master - so the master could do whatever he wanted to the child, away from prying eyes and gossipy housewives.

The boy was allowed to live his normal, uncultured life just as how he lived, abandoned, in the streets in the past; the man would pick out each problem he saw in the boy, make up a rule, and use that rule to teach the child. Lan Zhan wasn't a man who would slap boys' buttocks, wield frightening canes and feather dusters, or turn to physical abuse to satisfy any sadistic streaks and discipline the eight-year old; rather, he is a cultured man, and resorted to using carrots instead of painful sticks.

One, since the boy refused to wear proper Gusu Lan robes - they were too white, looked like mourning clothes, the silk was itchy to the skin in summertime -, and he preferred to crawl, jump and run rather than to walk upright like a proper Lan disciple, and wasn't toilet trained - thus, Lan Zhan declared that little Wei Ying did not need to wear pants or loincloths within the estate of the mansion; a plain comfortable, cooling cotton shirt was good enough.

Two, Wei Ying could not understand why chopsticks, spoons or forks were needed on the dining table, so Lan Zhan decided to do away with proper dining etiquette just for this boy - and eating with fingers was just fine.

Three, the eight-year old, like any children of his age, was a bundle of endless energy, restlessness and liveliness. He was allowed to run everywhere within the mansion, roll on the wooden floor, skip on table surfaces, jump from chair to chair, explore the surrounding courtyards, chase after chickens, rabbits, crickets and play in the farms, as long as he does not approach the main gates and be seen by nosy neighbours.

Four, it was immediately clear that the child had no formal education, and the schools of the Cloud Recesses wouldn't be suitable for such a late-bloomer. Thus, Lan Zhan decided to take the role of his personal tutor, to teach him to read, write and speak the proper language of the Middle Kingdom, basic science and arts, as well as introduce him to the wonders of the world since the Lan master is a walking encyclopedia himself, especially in the subject of over-4000 family rules.

Five, from early on, Lan Zhan indoctrinated the boy about the merits of Good Touches, and the perils of Bad Touches:

A Bad Touch, the man said, is one that hurts all the time - such as being bitten on the arms when he walked too close to the boy. The punishment for a Bad Touch would be tenfold to the doer - an eye for an eye, a bite for a bite - and Lan Zhan *smiled* full of teeth for the first time in his life. Little Wei Ying was instantly traumatized by what he saw, shivered in fear, then descended into wails of "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Xian Xian will not do it again! Please don't eat me!", and promised not to hurt the master with bites. The man "Mn"s, set his face back to the usual stoic, expressionless look, and cuddled the boy, showering plenty of apologetic sweet kisses on the child's reddened tear-streaked cheeks.

A Good Touch, the man explained, is one that feels good all the time, or at least as a consequence. “A-Xian,” the man called using the boy’s new nickname, and that pricked the latter’s curiosity, “this is a Good Touch, and we can do it all the time,” while letting his calloused meaty hands roam all over the boy’s naked body, fresh from a bath scented with flower petals. He tickled sensitive spots at the armpits, around the cute inverted nipples, dipped into the shallow belly button, and soon, five fingers grasped and massaged the pre-teen’s delicate genitals. Little Wei Ying gurgled and giggled, feeling a little confused at what seemed wrong, but felt really good - especially when twin quail eggs tightened up from tendrils of ‘good feelings’, and the first strings of pulsating sparks run up and down his pinkie-length wee-wee.

“Does it feel nice? To touch you all the time, to make you feel good. In return, make Uncle feel better too,” Lan Zhan whispered hotly into the boy’s ears with plenty of tongue-licks in-between, and a shiver - a good shiver - ran down little Wei Ying’s spine. A thumb and forefinger made a tight little ‘O’ around the child’s half-hard penis and moved up and down the length repeatedly with vigorous strokes. The foreskin became taut, stretched from the blossoming flesh, and revealed the first peek of the prized pinkish treasure within.

“.... Enn! I like this touch, Uncle Lan,” Wei Ying replied cheerfully, unconsciously jerking his hips in tandem with the man’s hands on the swelling genitals. Lan Zhan smiled, this time, faintly and gentle.

The stage is set for Lan Zhan’s pedophilic paradise on the Earth of his dreams.

Lan Zhan sat up on the bed, and rubbed his temples. He was back in the guest room in the Jiang residence, and it was five in the morning. It was silent - there were no roosters that crowed, no crickets that chirped - only the sounds of Wei Ying's hitched breaths were heard.

The spouse grumbled in his sleep and rolled a bit, taking the blanket with him. Both were naked but Lan Zhan appeared fully in the nude with the blanket and pillows stolen from him.

"... nnngh, *lao gong* , why are your dreams so long-winded? Too much prologue, too many unnecessary details, it just takes too long... what's with me being a feral child and how come there are five special rules? Now, I have to wait until your next dream to find out. Just when we were getting to the good parts," the younger man complained with a rather raspy voice from a parched throat, and opened his eyes. The sleep-hazed look paired well with an nnngh-inducing yawn and stretch of a lazy cat.

Lan Zhan snorted; he understood what was implied - that his creepy erotic dreams were broadcasted to the entire Kingdom, and probably most citizens followed the series fervently like watching modern 21st-century soap opera dramas, except that the shows were pornographic in nature.

"I liked your first series better - it hit all the right spots, had perfect direction, contained less dialogue, it was easy to understand, and went straight into pa-pa-pa action," Wei Ying mumbled into a pillow, let out a muted but long string of wet farts into the blanket, and started to unwind the said stuffy thick fabric from his body, until it hung and covered the man's nether regions. Lan Zhan naturally stood up from the bed and walked a few

steps away, intent to escape from any unappetizing odours. While he stood at a corner, he poured a cup of water for the spouse and handed it to him, with his back facing the latter.

After the needed drink, the spouse reached for his satchel on the floor next to the bed, and rummaged for a small jar. “The moment you put planning and intelligence into your dreams, they become boring. I know I said that you could control your dreams, but please,” he looked up at the husband that was unnerved at how private dreams were being critiqued and dissected, “don’t think too much. You need to let go, sometimes,” and the spouse winked.

Wei Ying released the blanket, and Lan Zhan was pleasantly surprised to see the spouse lounging on the bed, sexy, naked and he bent his hips towards the husband. Naughty Wei Ying used one hand to reach down and spread his asshole invitingly, while the other shook a jar of homemade lubricant paste - one of their travel essentials.

“ *Lao gong* , come inside here and let go. Don’t hold yourself up with logical thought, alright? Your boner looks like it’ll burst soon. Let’s go for one round, darling?” the ass wiggled sensuously in a come-hither motion, two - then three -, fingers spread and released the puckered rosebud entrance like a fish gulping for air. Lan Zhan swallowed and took the jar. He uncorked it a little too fast, and his loins were set on fire with that gesture. The dream left him pent-up indeed.

“Mn. Two rounds. Still early, at five in the morning,” Lan Zhan licked his lips as the suggestive words tumbled out from his mouth.

Wei Ying laughed, and let out a short fart. The husband told himself that they should stay away from spicy hotpots for a while.

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It was tough to drag Jiang Wanyin and Jin Rulan out of bed with a hangover, and even tougher to get them to overcome their grief, sorrow and all sorts of depressive emotions and behaviours as Wei Ying nudged them to start packing for a long trip ahead.

“Come on, both of you, take what you need for travel, but please leave behind the furniture, library books, old diaries, family altars, stone tablets, and all those heavy stuff. Lan Zhan’s going to be one pulling the cart, and it wouldn’t be fair to him if you’re going to bring the whole house with you!” the young man admonished the remaining residents of the Jiang residence, and stared dismally at the pile of junk in the hand-pulled transport.

Jiang Cheng had a meltdown and blamed himself for the loss of the entire Jiang family line and its people, when he was greeted by silence in the halls, and memories and conversations from the night before hit him straight in the head (and heart). Jin Ling hugged Fairy and cried miserably too, because he kind-of missed the sounds of disciples running around with loud chit-chat - friends he’d made in the last few months, now forever gone into the quiet, tranquil foggy morning. At least, Wei Ying thought, the two men had finally accepted the reality of their world, and with great reluctance, agreed to leave - at least take a look at the outside world since the day they were holed up in the Jiang Residence.

Jin Ling asked if there was a chance to head towards Yiling, as he had heard wonderful stories about the Qishan Lan, the lively city and the possibility to reunite with his gold-clothed brethren. (At this point, Wei Ying gave The Eye to Lan Zhan for advertising their homeland's attractions, and the husband looked away, guilty.) Without revealing too much, particularly about his declined immigration and war refugee status for the Kingdom, Wei Ying simply told him that the roads, forests and mountains between Qishan and Yunmeng are already full of the undead lurking in every corner, devastated settlements, and the air tainted with poisoned Dark magic; only with Wei Ying's knowledge of the Dark Arts can there be a chance to survive breathing in those areas, which is what the couple did on their way here. Wei Ying prattled and boasted a few fraudulent tales of how *he* figured out the ways to overcome the enemy with the help of Lan Zhan's firepower.

“Perhaps once you’ve seen what happened to the villages, watch how they actually fight with poisoned claws, powerful weapons and high-level Dark magic, then you will grasp the magnitude of destruction wrought by these terrible Imperial soldiers, for nearly half a year. Their forces are bolstered by fierce corpses and other denizens of the Underworld, and they’re nothing like the ones you’ve been picking off in the Lotus Pier. Your hide-and-seek games with them in the Pier are really nothing compared to facing their hundred-strong, fully equipped and armed, manhunt for every single last survivor in those towns and villages that we’ve passed, and I can tell you with conviction - nothing lived,” Wei Ying waved Suibian in an arch, then pointed to prod the boy's chest to illustrate his point. His stories and statistics are a little suspect, nevertheless, they impressed (and scared) the Jin *gongzi* rather effectively.

“But *da jiu* , didn't you say that the villages, like Da Shan, between Yiling and here were intact but merely abandoned? Like... farms were still around, houses boarded up, and the like?” Jin Ling cried, confused as heck. He had brought some riches from Lanling, including treasure chests, jeweled accessories, a full set of gilded plate armor and royal golden weaponry, and

had trouble squeezing them between his uncles' more mundane everyday things into the cart.

"I lied," the man from Yiling dead-panned, "What use would it be, if on the first day I had told you that the villages were emptied but there were bloody pools, Corruption ritual circles and signs of people being massacred and turned into the walking dead? Would it help if I had told you that all men living in human settlements in every province have been murdered, and corrupted to join the enemy force? You would still stay inside the crumbling stockade, the disciples would have starved eventually, and no one would be left alive!"

"Wei Wuxian! How can you do this to us?! I thought when you and Han Guang Jun arrived, we would finally have a fighting chance to drive out the undead that festered in the Pier, then rebuild our lives... but instead, things became worse and we lost every last disciple, and now we have to abandon our fort? Why can't we just band together and draw our swords? Show them the power of the Twin Heroes of Yunmeng!" Jiang Cheng approached with his hands full of *stuff* from the Residence, including the long wooden board that hung at the main hall's entrance engraved with the family's name. He was in a sour mood at admitting defeat and running away with the proverbial tail between the legs - the only time he seriously took such a defensive maneuver was nearly two decades ago, when he had to watch how fires burnt the former Residence down while he and then-teenager Wei Wuxian escaped from the clutches of the Wens.

Wei Ying sighed, when the younger brother sat on the ground with his inherited treasures, and refused to budge. As the elder brother, he picked up the slack and busied with packing boxes of scrolls, documents, books and other trivial stuff - but important for the Jiang sect leader, because those stuff represented precious final records of the Jiang family culture and

history; theoretically, Jiang Wanyin is the sole survivor of the Jiang family line, after all.

Wei Ying shook his head, “No, it doesn’t work that way. Like you said, everyone who had passed by or were sent out from the Pier, never returned. The enemy is much stronger than you think, and their Dark magic is a hundredfold better than what I wield. Rather than stay here with little or no chance of survival, I would prefer that we travel, stay alive, and stay a step ahead of the enemy.”

“Besides, there’s hardly any food and water left in the warehouse after yesterday’s raid. The stockade walls will not withstand attacks from possessed Dark golems taller than fifteen feet in height - and I have seen at least one walking around the Pier before we met you. The magical cart is coming with us, and along with it, all your everyday conveniences too. Lan Zhan will continue to cook and feed us during the journey to his hometown. Even if you stayed, we may not be coming back this way, or at all. Do you still want to be left behind and stick around here?” Wei Ying gave the stubborn Jiang *gongzi* a final look.

A moment of hesitation, then a patch of grass was torn from the ground, and a pebble was thrown away in a tantrum. Jiang Cheng groaned in exasperation with an expression that meaningfully said “I can’t believe I’m going to do this, I don’t even know if I should trust your words”, rolled his eyes, and stood up to join the party of four about to leave the protective walls of the Jiang Residence.

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A cold breeze blew. Wei Ying pointed to the north, where a large, unassuming stack of grey clouds brewed and grew in size with each passing hour.

“That’s a snowstorm coming through in less than a day’s time, and I know as a Dark Arts practitioner, that when the cold arrives, the dead come marching. Do you see those black columns of smoke behind the mountains? Forests are being burnt to make way for a large army from that direction. What do you think, Lan Zhan?” Wei Ying guessed and asked.

“Mn. An invasion is coming. We should go,” Lan Zhan agreed, and started pulling on the creaking wooden transport like a human horse. Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling clutched their swords and followed tightly from behind in a single file, careful that there may be foes waiting to ambush them on their way out of the Pier. They adjusted and pulled their robes closer, while keeping a close eye on their belongings in the cart, and the quiet surroundings of pine forests, winter shrubs, and gentle rolling hills. The temperature dipped and their breaths started to frost a little.

As expected, a few undead did turn up to ‘send them off’, but they were very low-level corpses, skeletons and zombie-like creatures. Wei Ying pulled Lan Zhan back and instructed him to stay out of the limelight (meaning, he should just use just an infinitesimal portion of his godly powers - but the husband simply shrugged because he wasn’t sure how, so he just hid behind the cart), and pulled out his golden flute. As he played a off-tune rendition of a 21st-century pop song (which grated on everyone’s nerves and caused the Jiang sect leader to yell the man to shut up, and the sourgrape *jiu jiu* takes charge), which caused a number of black wispy projectiles to whizz about harmlessly (but the visual effects are damn good, and gave an impression of a life-and-death battle), Jin Ling went to the forefront with blazing arrows, and Jiang Cheng started slicing rotten bodies into halves *ala* Zidian-style.

The enemies they met in the Lotus Pier were easily defeated by the party of four (mainly because the strongest had been annihilated by Lan Zhan while he pretended to hide behind the cart, under the pretense that Bichen was too bulky and slow compared to the others' weapons, and the cart needed to be guarded - he actually teleported himself to various locations around the Pier, slaughtered everything on sight, then returned before the battle was done; he is the quintessential 21st-century fictional Clark Kent and Superman of the team, after all). The victories seem paltry compared to the wars with the Wens, but Jiang Cheng - and certainly Jin Ling - felt very confident in their abilities to fight off the invaders and lead them to safety. Fairy was the smartest of the lot - it ran off at the sight of the undead (because they smelled and tasted bad), and returned when the coast was clear.

"My, my, Jin Ling grew another peacock feather on his backside after taking down ten," Wei Ying offered, as he tucked his flute back to his belt, and adjusted his Bag of Holding and satchel. He gestured at the two purple-clothed men marching in front of them on the main road towards the Eastern gates of the Pier.

"I've wiped out nearly fifty thousand Imperial soldiers and undead, including three hundred Tian squad leaders. Your brother seems happy with his fifteen on the leaderboard," the husband replied, while flicking undead flesh from his sleeves and his shoes. Bichen had already been sheathed back into its scabbard, as pristine and sharp as the day it was forged from a master's blacksmith shop.

Wei Ying leaned to the side and gave a sweet peck at Lan Zhan's cheeks, away from view from the others, "I scored zero today, but I'll take half of your number of kills, *lao gong* . I deserve that much, as your wife."

“Mn.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Time to ramp up the world-building for a bigger playground for Wangxian!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 93

They hiked across low-lying brown plains filled with barren soil, dried shrubs and prickly remnants of dead bushes, and kept alongside the rivers leading out from the Great Lakes. Based on some scrawled maps and basic cartographic skills, Wei Ying conjectured that if they travelled eastward along descending altitudes, valleys and (dried) river gorges, they should hopefully reach coastal Gusu in another two week's time on foot. Thunder boomed from the gathering snowclouds, as if in reaction to the bombshell suggestion.

“But... *da jiu* , isn't there a way to get there faster? I cannot imagine walking for two weeks! I've always ridden on horseback and carriages for long-haul travel, and now my feet are already aching!” the petulant rich son of the Jin family whined, as he trudged step by step, bogged down by the weight of his equipment. He carried a few bags of personal treasures with him, particularly money, precious metals, weapons and projectile ammunition such as arrows, that the last Jin patrol left him with - he couldn't pack them into the brimming cart, and was wary that if anything happened to the creaky, dangerously tilted transport, it would be as good as losing all the eggs placed inside the proverbial basket.

Wei Ying ts'k'd, “The approaching cold front is unsuitable for travelling on flying swords, and your *qi* cultivation level isn't high enough to use your late father's keepsake for that purpose anyway,” he pointed a drab-looking, Fairy-chewed, wooden Suibian at regal ivory broadsword Suihua, in which Jin Ling instinctively clutched at his sword closer to his body and looked every bit offended, “The rivers have run dry so we cannot just steal a fisherman's boat and sail downstream,” Suibian pointed at dried, muddy riverbeds adjacent to their trail, “And I do not see any horses or cows around. In fact, I've not seen any large animals since both Lan Zhan and I left Yiling. The enemy is smart, they know to take not only men, but also

their beasts of burden, so that any escapees cannot run far, and are easy to track down like prey of ravenous hunting dogs,” Wei Ying seethed, leaving the late-teenage boy shivering in fear at the looming threat.

Jin Ling hurried to the front to catch up with Fairy, who on its own took an initiative to run ahead of its ‘pack’. The boy’s vision is better than the rest of the (aging) squad, so he served as a sniper and scout with the husky’s help. The Jiang sect leader, having boosted his confidence from slaughtering at least fifteen enemy soldiers so far, strut behind as the self-proclaimed troop leader; he declared that he knew the roads and hiking trails in Yunmeng like the back of his hand, and he had made many trips to Gusu and other cities to the north and east, so he should lead the way.

The venerable Han Guang Jun remained silent while plodding with the pull-cart of sorts, and Wei Ying walked beside his husband, a hand on his back, and the other generously groping the partner’s smooth clothed ass. Lan Zhan made some tasty sounds while being molested and had fingers sliding between his thighs to cup his jiggling balls; Jiang Cheng thought the two lovebirds were whispering at each other with low voices and rolled his eyes sarcastically again and again; Jin Ling happily shouted from afar that he’d collected a handful of nuts after the *jiu jiu* taught him which trees shed such precious food source during Yunmeng’s wintertime - and was promptly scolded by the same *jiu jiu* for being too noisy and “Shut up! You’ll attract the enemy’s attention!”. (Actually, Fairy sniffed and dug out most of the nuts with its paws. Jin Ling took credit for himself.)

They heard a crow caw in the distance and looked back at the path they’d travelled - the Lotus Pier had become a collection of tiny vacant buildings on the desolate horizon, and was gradually swallowed up by swirling winter fog. The lake adjacent to it looked like a dusty brown bowl - the water had drained and without rainfall, the central plains of the Middle Kingdom was doomed to transform into a freezing, arid desert. Progress was painfully

slow at this rate, because Lan Zhan was secretly instructed to use ‘infinitesimal’ strength and speed. Wei Ying pretended to help sometimes, by taking one of the handles and then obnoxiously groaned exaggeratedly like a dying man. Every time the cart hit a bump, or tipped over a bit after hitting a pebble, something would fall off - usually a book, a scroll, or someone’s heirloom charm - and they would have to halt, pick-up, rearrange, then resume. It was a terribly arduous process, indeed.

“Jiang Cheng, can we throw away some of these things? We’re moving at a tortoise’s pace at this rate, and they keep falling off!” Wei Ying complained as he held up a Jiang sect uniform that was too big for him, and a purple, lacy satin dress that was inappropriate for anyone in the squad. Jiang Cheng looked back and quickly snatched them away, then bundled them into a messy roll in his arms, “Wei Wuxian! How dare you! This was the last thing our late father wore, you can still see the slash marks because I’ve kept it in its original state after washing. And this one, was mom’s favourite dress. Sis never got to wear it...”

Wei Ying had to digest the words for a full minute, before nodding his head in silent acquiescence and understanding. He gently took back the clothes and squeezed them back into the packed cart. “Figure something out, *lao gong*, because our lunch is underneath all that junk,” he muttered under his breath before leaving a rather uncertain-looking Lan Zhan behind, with one arm giving the sour-faced Jiang Cheng a brotherly hug. “Let me tell you about the time when we fought against an army of evil squirrels in the ‘Mounds, where a basket of harvested fruits was lost to the war, and we ended up with gold in our pockets,” the elder sibling started a made-up fairy tale of sorts, to the surprise and wide-eyed shock of the younger one, in a “I did not expect that - Where the hell is this coming from” manner. (Success - the Jiang sect leader was easily distracted!)

Lan Zhan dutifully pulled the cart at the back of the quartet, and thought about creative ways to make their journey easier, while getting his name sullied by terrible pranks and jokes from the spouse.

The first snowflakes began to fall.

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Lunch on the first day of the Jiangs' exodus was simple and swanky - deluxe barbequed chicken rice for Wei Ying, extra-large braised duck rice for Jiang Cheng, superior roasted pork chow mein for Jin Ling, and not surprisingly, elegantly styled vegetarian rice with egg omelette wrap and spring rolls for the workhorse of the squad. Fairy sat further away (for Wei Ying's sake), got a bone and a pile of tasty dog biscuits - Jin Ling panicked when he thought the husky bit on a pile of goat poop, but the Wei *gongzi* assured him that it was one of Wangxian Co. Ltd.'s premium product line for pet food, and contains all essential vitamins, minerals and proteins for a dog that wants healthy glowing fur. (Which is part of an advertising jingle, really.)

"Wangxian?" the boy asked, curious.

Fortunately, Jiang Cheng was too hungry (after such a long walk), too tired (after being asked to chop firewood with Sandu and carry them to their temporary campsite in a grove nestled deep in pine forests), and too focused on the steaming hot food to eavesdrop on the conversation.

“These too,” Wei Ying raised his pre-warmed bento box of chicken rice made with durable hard plastic packaging and aluminium foil, and comes with suitable cutlery, “are products from our company. I told you before in the last couple of days, our company makes all kinds of food and household products, and our selling point is convenience and quality!” he said with a confident, beaming smile - a must-do based on his A.S.S. book. He showed the Jin *gongzi* how the ready-to-eat meal package worked, which involved pressing a red circle to activate pre-printed Heat-related spells, which in turn induces Water-related spells to release steam, to make wholesome meals out of freeze-dried ingredients produced from Wangxian’s 31st-century food processors. He went on to talk about other products, including herbal candies, magical sewing kits and dustless brooms, and all sorts of everyday ideas turned into wonderful products for ‘home comfort and convenience in modern times’. Jin Ling’s eyes became glazed (because he was never really involved in business and had been raised in palaces full of politics and sword fighting), and he listened attentively while chowing down the stir-fried noodles.

Lan Zhan offered a platter of shrink-wrapped tropical fruits he'd pulled out from the bottom of the cart (after unearthing everyone’s luggage, to the travellers’ consternation - but it had to be done), and Jiang Cheng happily picked out the juiciest slices of ripened mangoes, pineapples, bananas and papayas - he had somehow been conditioned to unquestioningly accept, grab and eat whatever that is served by the Lan *er gongzi* after a few days of dining on the latter’s cooking (like a dog’s Pavlovian response, really).

“Jiang Sect Leader,” Lan Zhan said after swallowing a cube of sugary diced honeydew, while he held up open palms towards the campfire - it was getting a bit chilly with light snowfall -, “can you enlist Zidian’s service to whip up and bring a few sizable logs here? I have made a mental plan of building a few more wagons to the cart, so that we can store our belongings properly and travel faster,” then he gestured at the cheerful spouse who talked excitedly to the nephew, “Wei Ying is good at construction and

woodwork, and I'm sure Jin Ling will be pleased to learn carpentry from his relatives."

With a belly full of food and his mood had vastly improved, Jiang Cheng made sure to give the men a good show of the purple-silver serpent's might, even during peacetime.

Perhaps it was the filling and tasty lunch; perhaps it was the camaraderie that formed after Wei Ying enlivened the dark, sombre mood with tales of his life in the 'Mounds, or when he nudged at Jiang Cheng and goaded him to reveal some heroic feats during his heydays as the sect leader (which secretly delighted the latter, of course); perhaps Jin Ling became energetic and took interest in his first woodcrafting work under adult supervision; or perhaps it was the way Wei Ying kept teasing and complaining to Lan Zhan about his drawing and how the wood pieces weren't up to measurement or that the joints didn't match (which drew some chuckles from the other two, seeing how Han Guang Jun was once again dragged down from his pedestal of perfection) - the quartet had a relatively good time building the needed extensions to their transport and distribute the contents equally.

"Lan Zhan!" a gentle slap on the forearm, "Look at your ugly drawing on the sand. You wrote here, insert two pegs to hold the joint together. However, based on my experience, you should put three! The wood from the forests here isn't as strong as the ones we had in the 'Mounds, so your calculations are wrong!" whine, whine and more whine.

Lan Zhan simply “Mn” with his head lowered, sighed, and relented, “Three pegs, then.”

Wei Ying pinched the forearm, “But there’s no space to squeeze three pegs! What in the world are you thinking?”

“Then, two pegs.”

“... Lan Zhan!” a shout that went well with a cute pout from the younger man.

Rather than feeling frustrated, Jin Ling laughed at the couple’s antics. He had heard stories of how the two of Qishan Lan struggled with their first few months in the Burial Mounds, building things including furniture from scratch, and they bickered like a married old couple - who worked miraculously well if everything fell into place.

No matter, Jin Ling needed to ask the Lan *er gongzi* about the wheel he held in his hands, according to the (disputed) drawings on the sand. His *jiu jiu* had made a clean cross-section slice of a tree for a wagon’s wheel. Using a knife he brought with the luggage - an expensive, high-quality ornamental weapon from one of Lanling’s famous forges -, he carved out the hub, spokes and rim, but he wasn’t sure if he did it right.

“Han Guang... err... *jiu* ... err... *da jiu fu* (大舅父)? Please have a look at this. It’s the first time I sculpted something from wood,” Jin Ling

approached and sort-of stood between the arguing couple (in a very one-sided way).

Wei Ying switched from being naggy to becoming bewildered, then excited, then grinning from ear to ear, and hurriedly tugged at Lan Zhan's sleeve repeatedly, dropping the offending half-made wooden joint, "Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! He's addressing you properly like a family member! Look! How fine is his handiwork! It's according to your drawing plans, and it'll fit perfectly well to the axle!" (what a hypocrite, Jiang Cheng rolled his eyes, that Wei Ying would argue with Lan Zhan over a tiny peg, but praise the boy for a large wheel.)

Lan Zhan examined the results, and nodded, "Mn. It is good. Well done, Jin Ling. You can continue," and smiled faintly at the satisfied boy. The smile was also from realizing that Jin Ling accepted the relationship between the same-sex couple, regardless of what he'd been taught in Lanling school. Jin Ling gave a 'woot!' sound, showed fist-pumps, looked accomplished (with another feather sprouting from his rump) and strutted back to his corner to work on another wheel. He scratched a nice spot below Fairy's jaw to share his happiness, and that pleased the simple-minded, contented and panting dog.

Jiang Cheng cleared his throat, clearly not wanting to lose out from the action. He held up a platform made of several planks nailed together, which would form the base of a wagon, "Lan Wang... err... *ge fu* (哥夫)! I... I've completed the first base! It's... It's not as though I wanted to show-off, so if you want to say anything about this piece, just say it!" The blush on the Jiang *gongzi*'s cheeks and earlobes was evident, and one of his hands snaked to the hem of his robe and fiddled the edges nervously. Wei Ying flinched, then cried a tear, and tugged on Lan Zhan's sleeve again, more desperately this time.

The white rose among the purple thorns realized that he is the eldest among the four, and has just been given such an honourable recognition from the prickly Jiang sect leader. He took the crafted wood and praised it in a few short meaningful words (because what else could one say in praise for a plain rectangular piece of joined planks?) - Wei Ying's spiritual self wept with tears of joy at that point, and he hugged his younger brother for an inexplicable reason.

Lan Zhan continued to quietly, sagely, oversee and guide everyone to make a couple of wheeled wagons during the afternoon. Snow began to turn the landscape into wintry white, so he fetched their thick outer robes and made sure the tight family of four stayed warm. Wei Ying spent an inordinate amount of time telling Jiang Cheng about Wangxian's products (a perennial salesman, he is) and how their company could make people's lives easier, and Jiang Cheng didn't mind listening to his older brother (in a younger man's body) chatter non-stop about the formerly horrific word with homosexual connotations, that he'd come to accept freely in his heart. After all, both he and Jin Ling owed their lives to the couple, so surely there was nothing to fear or to be disgusted with.

Fairy yawned, glad that it wasn't involved in the D.I.Y. project, thankful that it had thick fur to stave off the incoming cold, grateful that it didn't have to overcome the hurdle of complicated family relationships - and blissfully slept on Jin Ling's lap.

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Two wagons were completed by the time the sun had set. They'd lost a bit of time, but at least the rest of the journey would be more comfortable and speedy, and they weren't in a rush towards a deadline anyway. Jin Ling held a handmade wooden torch and took Fairy to the dried riverbed to check for any signs of intruders or wildlife (sadly, there seemed none - not even a bird, rabbit or a squirrel in sight; everything had gone into hibernation). Jiang Cheng used his expertise to whip up a few more tree trunks and thick branches to make a shelter along a rockface, which protected them from the strengthening icy winds. Wei Ying used his awesome magic to boil water from snow, for their afternoon tea - plus, he made some refinements to their camp to make everything more comfortable, such as plush woolly carpeted flooring, primitive but functioning magically powered heat lamps, built natural insulation to the walls using modified Earth spells, and so on. Lan Zhan prepared some tasty snacks for them; he knew people tend to become hungry and cranky especially in the long, dreaded winter nights.

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Sleep came easy to the man who spent the better part of the day pulling a tonne of junk. So did his dreams.

In this dream, Lan Zhan always wakes up at five o' clock at dawn, bright and fresh, although the skies outside are still dark. However, he, the master of his household, had already started the day since three in the morning. He had taken the groggy eight-year old boy to the outdoor toilet to pee into a pool, by whispering sweet gentle words of "Wei Ying, Wei Ying, please let it out," while rough, calloused fingers started to play with the increasingly turgid wee-wee dangling out in the open. By the time the first streams of hot, mild yellow liquid arched into the pool, it sputtered and swayed randomly as the child's penis is pleased and grew harder by the minute.

To reward a job well done in emptying the bladder, the man swooped down between little Wei Ying's wobbly legs after the last trickle, and gave the boy nine shallow thrusts into his mouth, followed by another nine deep-throats until the latter groaned, disturbed in his sleep-deprived state. The foreskin had retracted itself nicely by then, revealing the hidden prize of little Wei Ying's adorable shiny moist glans, which the man happily suckled like a teat, and continuously pushed the tip of his tongue between the lips of the exposed pink cockslit, like a snake trying to wiggle its way into and through a tight burrow.

For the next hours in the dead of the night, upon the shared love nest for the two, the man lies on the bed with his head on the boy's crotch; he spent an hour fiddling and caressing one of the boy's testicles, dribbling it like a ball; while the other defenceless egg was swallowed and lovingly assaulted in the man's warm, wet mouth. Inside the oral cavity where nobody could see, it wasn't as gentle as what one would imagine, coming from the highly-esteemed Gusu Lan master. In fact, the captive testicle was slobbered with a long wet tongue, that rolled, kneaded and twisted the frail egg until it quivered and swelled. Deliciously strong suction using vacuum-like strength vibrated the organ, its unborn seed shaken and stirred, drawing in more fluids from the body until it bloated like a balloon. The child's body instinctively pulled the attacked testicle close to the base of the penis, but the man would not release his tasty prey; it was crudely yanked back to the open oral cavity, where the abuse continued unabated, the delicate blood vessels around the juicy grape dilated, the tactile nerve-ends surrounding it rubbed raw and sparked electricity.

The hour was done, and the throbbing, bruised ball was finally released from its prison, having inflated to three times the original size compared to its twin. Such imbalance cannot be tolerated as a rule by the Gusu Lan man, and the imperfection had to be corrected. The other testicle was given the same treatment until both of the boy's testicles were nicely, beautifully enlarged and filled with sweet virginal fluids.

The boy remained fast asleep with furrowed eyebrows and a sheen of sweat on his body.

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Again, Lan Zhan always wakes up at five o' clock at dawn, his face pillowed by the boy's fragrant drool-slicked genitals. He stretched and yawned, then rustled the sleep-warmed bedsheets before using his nose to sniff around. At last, even with eyes closed, his lips touched one swollen testicle, nearly as big as his own adult balls. He gives a tender kiss to one juicy egg, "Good morning baby Wei Ying," before moving to the other and greeted it too.

He slid the boy's softly twitching penis into his mouth for a light morning snack before getting up. He also did some finger exercises by playing inside Wei Ying's heated tight asshole, stretching it nicely, raking the special bump with vigorous motions. The child nnnghs tiredly, jerked his trembling hips like running away from something disturbing in a dream, and lets out a short bubbly fart.

The taste of an eight-year old's sexually excited tingle, that had been stewed inside swollen balls for at least a couple of hours, is ambrosia to the man's palate, indeed. The flavours are mild, slightly nectary in texture, and wholesome enough for a good drink.

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Lan Zhan had completed his morning routine by seven in the morning - he had swept the floor, cooked breakfast, done the laundry and hung his clothes to dry, worked on the farms and sent off the harvests to a middleman, and he returned to the mansion just in time to see naked little Wei Ying crawl out of bed with an adorable yawn.

“Good morning, Uncle Lan,” he murmured, while rubbing his eyes. Lan Zhan leaned forward, kissed his forehead, his brows, a quick peck on the lips, and a feather-light smooch on the boy’s inverted nipples, a tongue drawing squiggles over the belly button (which drew tinkling sounds of a child’s giggle), and finally little Wei Ying’s genitals were orally massaged and sucked with such fervour that he exploded, twenty child-like tiny twitches into the man’s mouth.

“Mn,” Lan Zhan gulped and licked his lips. He had his breakfast earlier, but he didn’t mind having a dessert. He started to pull his pants down and unwind his loincloth, rather impatiently, in front of the child.

Following another strange rule, the pre-pubescent boy dutifully performed a greeting ritual to his owner. He reached out for the unleashed adult penis, framed with many hairy curls, and gave it a few welcome licks and clumsy strokes with his small hands - which fanned the flames in the man’s loins and caused the latter’s massive erection to rise up to the skies. Then, he kowtowed to Uncle Lan and remained on the bed with his head facing the mattress and his ass raised.

Uncle Lan eagerly climbed up the bed, which creaked dangerously just as any other occasions, and he mounted the boy effortlessly. They would dual-

cultivate for some time before Wei Ying gets his home-cooked breakfast, and the pre-teen child would get many servings of fresh hot semen injected directly into his belly, until his stomach bulged after the refreshingly invigorating session. The sweaty, joyful, agonized, huffing and strained Uncle Lan enjoyed dipping his penis repeatedly into the warm body, orgasming thirty twitches each time inside the child's sweet tight hole, which remained youthful, tight, elastic and welcoming even a month after little Wei Ying's historic deflowering.

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Lan Zhan loved to sunbathe in the nude - it's a dirty little secret that he swore to keep to himself, however in this dream world, he didn't mind enacting his deepest fantasies - especially with an eight-year old child riding his excited, massive adult cock, with plenty of shlicky sounds, while his body sings dramatic rising operas for the sweet tight pre-pubescent clenched ass. Lan Zhan soared high in the throes of ecstasy, towards an impending climax, for the nth time that morning.

"Uncle Lan, Uncle Lan, look, those are our neighbours, and that man is walking into the brothers' house again!" little Wei Ying squeaked just as Lan Zhan grabbed the thin arms and pulled the boy tight against his hairy pelvis, then thrust his hips as deep as physically possible through the swollen but glistening, tasty boy-rosebud. The pounding force rattled the child's delicate body, and sent pulses of fresh warm adult's semen surging into the latter's rectum. The master hushed the boy while happily ejaculating and fertilizing little Wei Ying, and told him to keep his voice down - because they were voyeurs who loved to spy on their neighbours from afar. From a vantage point on higher grounds of the mansion's estate, hidden behind strategically placed bushes, they could secretly watch what others do.

Little Wei Ying laughed rudely, unrepentant, and loudly commented that Lan Zhan's grimace looked silly, funny and in pain, that his body was shaking like a leaf in a storm, and that his face, throat, and sweaty chest was blooming into a red carpet brighter than hot peppers. He grinded his flooded springy boy-ass in rapid, hard, concentric circles, and that caused Lan Zhan to gasp, then howl like an animal in the midst of inseminating its mate, as his overjoyed adult hairy penis started another thirty-twitches even before the first wave of penile contractions was completed.

One of the brothers - the elder one - was hanging some bedsheets to dry in the morning sun. He heard some of their lively sounds, turned towards them, and waved good morning.

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Xi Chen *da ge* lowered his hands, when his favourite neighbour casually walked into the vegetable patch. "My friends stopped by earlier today, and they brought chicken roasts and exotic fruits from Far, Far Away. There's too much, so I'm giving you some," Uncle Wei grinned slyly and raised the goodies to the teenager's view - a couple of roasted whole chickens hooked in one hand, and a big basket covered with a cloth in the other.

The teenager gasped in pleasant surprise and quickly bowed in thanks - but his hands were full of little Lan Zhan's freshly-laundered clothes that needed to be put on the clothespin. "Oh, don't worry, Xi Chen! I will help myself into your house and place them on your kitchen countertop. I'll say hello to your *didi* too!" the man bellowed and brazenly made his way to the

main door. Xi Chen smiled brightly and replied, “Thank you, Uncle Wei!”, and continued to hang garments to dry in the morning sun, piece by piece.

Uncle Wei rounded around a bend to reach the main doors to the brothers’ house. Out of sight of the teenager, he unsurprisingly, but greedily and with slightly trembling fingers, started to unbuckle his belt, kick away his shoes and pull down his pants. By the time he pushed the doors open with excitement shining in his eyes, he peeled away his smelly loincloth and walked in pantless, barefooted, impressively erect, and with a happy skip in his steps, and his hands swung the gifts as payment for a morning’s snack in the form of an eight-year old’s sweet tight flesh.

“A-Ji ah A-Ji! I am here! Come out and play with Uncle!” he shouted into the rather empty house. He dropped the chicken and the basket on the kitchen countertop as promised - he had been into the brothers’ house so many times before, that he knew every nook and cranny of their dwelling - and waltzed straight towards little Lan Zhan’s bedroom.

There were some squeals and shrieks coming out from the boy’s bedroom window, some groans and moans, and of rhythmic grunts and strange wet slapping squishy sounds, of talk about ‘playing and eating *xiao ji ji* ‘ (which is chicken, anyway), of ‘making and laying eggs’, of ‘tasting delicate plump fruits and sucking them dry’ - it was all the usual, related to the gifts that Uncle Wei brought, and didn’t sound suspicious at all, when Xi Chen hummed and went on to hang the last few pieces of clothes on the laundry line. He thought his little brother was playing with the uncle - again, almost every day, - and like all innocent people of the Cloud Recesses, he didn’t know that little Lan Zhan was being raped, abused and forced to engage in sexual intercourse with the man that was willingly allowed into their humble home.

Later, Xi Chen entered the house to check on Uncle Wei's goodies. "Ah, there's really so much, and I've never handled such an amount of groceries before. What should I do, Uncle Wei?" Xi Chen asked, as he walked into his younger brother's bedroom and caught the sight of the unbelievable - but actually as common as everyday -: of a sweaty, flushed, panting topless Uncle Wei lying atop of an equally naked Lan Zhan; the larger adult straddled the boy on the buttocks, using his weight to pin the helpless boy on the bed, face down, clearly in the middle of a tasty pedophilic fuck; and a blanket over their lower body so that Xi Chen didn't really see what went on between a man's rigid twitching excited penis sawing into a little boy's blossomed and broken rosebud.

"Oh, Uncle Wei, what are you doing to my little brother?" Xi Chen asked, innocently curious, as he glimpsed at clothes that messily pooled on the floor.

Uncle Wei was unfazed and became even bolder at being discovered while carrying out such a terrible act upon the child. At that moment, the thrill skyrocketed, and Uncle Wei let out an audible Hnngh, just as his upper body flushed into deeper shades of passionate reds, his hips quaked uncontrollably, and thirty pulses of powerful penile contractions pumped volleys of hot semen straight into the tight ass-pussy filled with fleshy inviting folds of a maiden's softness. Xi Chen waited patiently for nearly a couple of minutes for a reply - because the teenager is a disciplined and exemplary disciple of the Lan sect.

"This?" he took a deep breath because the experience of inseminating a fresh young eight-year old left him giddy, "Oh, we're just playing a game of wrestling on the bed. Your brother was being a crybaby because he lost one round to me, but we'll keep playing with each other until we have a winner!" the man beamed his most persuasive and confident smile ever. Little Lan Zhan hiccuped and rubbed hot tears from his bloodshot eyes,

clearly alarmed and in pain - his private parts throbbed continuously and became swollen every time the uncle assaulted him, after all.

Uncle Wei was smart, and quickly changed the topic, “Xi Chen, you need to debone the roasted chicken and carefully peel out the meat into small pieces, each no larger than a fingertip in size. These will go well with stir-fries, congee and soups. When you’re done, I will tell you about how to handle the fruits,” the useless advice was given, but Xi Chen, who wasn’t as skilled as any housewives, took those words like gospel and “Enn”s.

“Oh, before you leave, please close the door, and thanks,” the man grunted and continued to pump his hips into the well-drilled distended hole between the boy’s buttocks, warmed by many loads of thick happy milk, under the cover of blankets. Xi Chen left the two rutting individuals on their own and returned to the kitchen, and spent the next hour carrying out the tasks as he was told.

Uncle Wei enjoyed bedding the pre-teen for that hour, undisturbed despite the gagged protests and muted screams from behind the bedroom’s closed doors. The greedy, dirty uncle enjoyed making the bed creak, battering and bruising the boy’s fragile, torn, lost innocence, thrusting mindlessly in many different angles into the boy’s stretched anus, fiddling and stroking the pre-teen’s eight-year old penis and coaxed it to many uncomfortable tingles, and erupting many mind-blowing orgasms to fill the sweet tight hole for the entire morning. Little Lan Zhan’s little penis had its foreskin forcibly pulled back, and the uncle’s greasy, sweaty fingers played with violent rubbing and kneading at the bulging glans and the swollen cockslit lips during that full hour.

Xi Chen appeared at the bedroom's entrance again after the roast chicken was done, just as the little brother's engorged, inflamed *xiao ji ji* was devoured repeatedly by the sex predator. "Uncle Wei, I've stored the chicken meat into the storage cupboards, thank you for your help! What should I do with the basket of fruits?... oh, what are you doing to my younger brother this time?" the teenager asked, and blinked his eyes again in innocent curiosity.

Uncle Wei was caught again, this time he was wrapped with the (soiled) blanket to protect his (questionable) dignity, crouched between the naked eight-year old's trembling legs. Teary-eyed little Lan Zhan stood as still as a frightened mouse, whimpered softly, with his tiny ruined dick inside the dirty uncle's hungry, sweaty mouth, and rough calloused fingers scraped and raked inside the boy's buttocks to remove as much evidence of the rape as possible.

The man quickly used his free hand to cover the boy's crotch from Xi Chen's sight, and released with a satisfying wet pop from his nectar-stained lips, "Oh, your brother was bitten by some mosquitoes, so I'm checking his whole body for the bites and will apply ointments on them later. One mozzie bit just below his belly button, can you believe it?" he grinned his million-dollar smile and made a large hook with a finger in the other hand - the one that was burrowed into the sweet, sweet drenched love tunnel; little Lan Zhan stiffened and nodded, in utter fear.

Xi Chen nodded. It was common for young children to be naked, such as when they played in the backyards or at the hot springs. Mosquitoes were also a commonplace during summertime.

“And... as for the fruits, you need to check and pick out any damaged or bruised ones and put those aside. If you’re so kind, could you take out the bunch of grapes and serve it? They’re very sweet and I’m sure both of you will like it. However, you need to slowly, carefully, peel the grape skin one by one, because the skin is bitter. It’ll take a bit of time. I hope you don’t mind,” Uncle Wei’s voice dripped with syrupy persuasion and the teenager “Enn”s again, before leaving the two in the steaming, sex-smelly room.

“Oh, before you leave, please close the door, and thanks,” the man grunted, and continued to pull a string of dried cum that had pooled inside the little boy’s rectum, and at the front, he renewed his relentless attack on the adolescent’s swollen genitals with youthful vigour. The pre-teen chewed his lower lip and struggled to contain his moans, but the uncle was very good with his lips and tongue, that he couldn’t stop his hips from shaking, his legs from turning into jelly, his bruised balls from quivering, and his reddened, abused penis from twitching, convulsing, and spurting twenty fluttering drops of pee mixed with virginal boy-juice straight into the uncle’s waiting mouth.

Little Lan Zhan would be raped for another hour and forced to tingle until nothing dribbled out, before he was rewarded with sweet peeled grapes for his torment. They had a sumptuous lunch of congee and soup noodles with freshly harvested garden vegetables and hand-peeled minced roast chicken in the Lan brothers’ home, and Uncle Wei dug in happily into Xi Chen’s excellent cooking.

While the elder Lan brother washed the dishes, went out to collect the laundry, and sorted out herbs that had been drying in the sun in their courtyard, Uncle Wei was back in Lan Zhan’s bedroom to ravish and maul the boy’s lips, nipples, boy-smooth skin and terribly abused genitals for another hour. He had saved some fruits from dessert as toys for the boy. He rubbed juicy split peaches over the boy’s chest before licking the sticky,

nectary droplets off. The eight-year old was left with plenty of kiss and bite marks over his abdomen and around the shiny, puffed-up areolae. A few strawberries and grapes were inserted into the boy's loosened anus, then stuffed with a peeled banana.

Uncle Wei fucked the boy's slippery hole with the banana until it became a chunky mush. He happily lapped up the crushed fruit and then polished the boy's wildly-twitching, exposed and defenceless penis-tip with a few slices of passion fruit and pomegranate. The tiny seeded sacs of fruity pulps acted as perfect masturbatory beads - wet, sticky, provides lots of bumpy friction, and full of flavours - so Uncle Wei rolled each slice vigorously on the raw cockhead until the boy cried out in pain-pleasure and his body seized into a mind-blowing epileptic fit. One by one, the boy-juice coated strawberries and grapes popped out of the boy's anus, having been pushed by undulating fluttering pelvic muscles that have been forcibly trained before puberty. Uncle Wei enjoyed a delightful dessert, and by the time Xi Chen returned, he quickly excused himself because he needed to wash off the sticky juices from his clothes.

"You brother had a little meltdown just now, and threw some fruits from the kitchen countertop at me," the habitual liar accused, "So now I have to return to change my clothes." Xi Chen scolded the younger brother, who could only manage a stammer of "But, but, but...", and pushed the naked pre-teen into a small pool at the back of their house to wash out the juices. "Stay there," the teenager scowled, "and don't come back until you've washed every last bit off your body. This is your punishment for wasting good food that Uncle Wei gifted to us!". The door was locked, so the crying boy could not return to his house.

Later, alone in the pool, and locked-out of his home, little Lan Zhan cried again at the searing pain tearing and throbbing from his privates, when freshened-up Uncle Wei sneaked in and sauntered into the pool to attack the

boy's immature sex organs. Xi Chen was tired and ignored the boy; he slept soundly in his bed during the afternoon and hoped the silent treatment would teach the eight-year old a good lesson about throwing tantrums and wasting kindness offered by their favourite neighbour. The poor adolescent spent a few hours with Uncle Wei leisurely drilling and fertilizing his insides, his quail eggs thoroughly toyed, broken and bruised, and his reddened, swollen tiny penis repeatedly tingled against his will until he squirted out pee and other clear bodily fluids that only seedless eight-year olds could ejaculate.

Dirty Uncle Wei would make multiple trips to the Lan brothers' house every day, each time bearing a small gift, a silly excuse - anything to justify a short visit from one friendly neighbor to another.

Notes for the Chapter:

It looks like the next chapter will take some time, and the current lockdown situation isn't exactly a motivating factor for me. Oh well, baby steps...!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 94

“Ah, ah, Lan Zhan, a little to the left... left... I said, left! Yes, stop there... no, I don't mean stop, keep going! Are you listening-- nnngh! Uhh, yessss, harder, harder... oooh, that hits the spot! Circles, please. Lan Zhan, I said circles!”

Jiang Cheng rolled his eyes again at the eyesore for the nth time, huffed out in frustration, but rather than ban outright the two from engaging in mushy icky lovers-only act of back-scratching in plain sight, he focused on the pan hovering on top of the campfire. Jin Ling's fruits of labour - in the form of natural organic mixed winter nuts dug out from snow-buried grounds - heartily smoked and crackled as they were toasted over the fire.

Jin Ling shuffled through the snow - it wasn't as thick as expected, after the first and largest snowfall the day they left Lotus Pier; subsequently the entire sky had remained gray and overcast for most of the time, with brief periods of sunlight and warmth, but otherwise, the weather had been dreary, chilly, with little precipitation and therefore quite dry, and windy when occasional blizzards struck. Despite the unfavourable prospects of their expedition to the East, he watched, and slowly came to accept the flirtatious acts between his *da jiu* and the *da jiu fu*. He didn't really know much about falling in love, much less on how lovebirds behaved in front of their relatives other than holding hands and sending secret winks - but at least they'd kept the mood more bearable than the weather. Wei Ying had been brazenly touchy-feely with the husband, showed Jin Ling their marriage certificates issued by Yiling's civil registry office, and regaled everyone with tales of their romance (just the PG-13 and time-appropriate parts, though), and of living a simple domestic life as farmers (the boy learnt about domesticating jungle fowls and wild rabbits too) - while peppering his lectures with well-timed advertisement inserts for Wangxian products and Qishan Lan's over-4000 family rules.

“ *Da jiu* ,” Jin Ling called out and approached the couple - and sneezed, then watched how the loving spouse of the couple subtly disengaged from the husband to end the sickly-saccharine grooming session. For some reason, Wei Ying complained that Lan Zhan’s nails were too sharp, so he took the latter’s hand, inspected it, and started giving him a manicure of sorts - by nibbling on Lan Zhan’s fingers; then for no particular reason, Wei Ying started to poke the older man’s waist with that said nibbled finger in a bid to tickle the husband to death - alas, to no avail (because how could one person ever tickle himself?). With that, Lan Zhan took back his saliva coated hand with an adorable indignant snort, Wei Ying ‘tee hee hee’s like a juvenile.

Satisfied in getting his hourly dose of husbandly love, Wei Ying then turned his attention to the nephew, “What is it, Jin Ling?”. Lan Zhan shifted away, perhaps a little uncomfortable at being seen in his slightly dishevelled state; he had spent a good hour with Wei Ying clinging to him like a magnet when strong wintry winds tore through the forests, and they had to hunker down in their temporary camp bedded with pine needles; Wei Ying acted like a ball of ferret and curled, cuddled and embraced the husband and whispered sweet nothings while the storm outside raged - next to a grumpy forever-alone Jiang sect leader and the curious youngster (who received plenty of angry hisses of “Shameless boy! Don’t look at other couples! Mind your own business!” from his *jiu jiu* .)

“My heating pad’s gone out. Do you have another?” Jin Ling asked, with purely good intentions - they were increasingly dependent on the couple’s inventory to survive the winter, so he had been polite and accommodating to their antics and rather gibberish descriptions sometimes. “Sure,” Wei Ying replied, and fished out a Wangxian-branded 21st-century electric-powered premium M-size Starter’s Therapeutic Heating Pads from the Travel Essentials Winter Collection 20XX B.C.. Jin Ling is a bright child, and although he didn’t understand what “century” meant (it was pure

gibberish to him, really), or why they came in a particular sequence, apparently the higher the number, the more advanced model or version that item was.

The boy gratefully took the brown paper package and eagerly tore it open - he was starting to feel the chill in his bones, after all -, then exchanged it with the one that was tucked beneath his robe, pressed the red circle (one thing he'd learnt - always press the red circle to activate a Wangxian product), then felt the furry piece of wired cloth radiate heat almost instantly throughout his abdomen - and sighed in relief.

Wei Ying took the used pad, gave it a good shake and commented that the battery had run out. (Again, the word 'battery' is gibberish to the boy). "Jin Ling, you've been wearing these things for hours on end, and you're really burning through the stocks I have inside my bag," he said, as he squeezed the rolled, used pad into his Bag of Holding - unbeknownst to the rest, *someone* was waiting *inside* the bag to take all returned items, refurbish, clean and recharge them for the next usage; it's part of Wangxian's Returns and Aftersales Service Policy.

Jin Ling retorted petulantly, "It.. It's not my fault, *da jiu* ! I'm the smallest of the lot, so I don't have much body fat as compared to the rest of you! B- Besides, you and *da jie fu* fare well without the pads, so there's no problem to let me have more, right? And your bag is always full of good things, what kind of sorcery is it?" he cleverly turned the conversation into another learning opportunity.

Wei Ying knew well what the late-teen was up to, and knew Jin Ling had keen eyes for whatever the couple brought with them (because they're awesome stuff that are mostly not from this timeline or universe). He also

reminded himself he shouldn't hurt the boy's pride anymore than he should; everyone knew first-hand about the late father's personality, and it doesn't take a genius to draw parallels when observing Jin Ling, after all. So, Wei Ying went along with the flow, and held up his Bag of Holding and satchel to the boy to see, "Oh, you mean these? They work like the magical cart that belongs to your *da jiu fu* . These powerful magical items respond only to their masters' commands, and possess the ability to store a great amount of objects in a special small bubble of space. It's actually high-level magics related to the Dark Arts, because space-corruption is an aspect of Dark magics," he explained a bit - and succeeded to befuddle the boy even further, but nevertheless, seemed to convince the captive audience anyway, "I can teach you some of this magic, someday, once your cultivation level is high enough, and when you're ready to be my disciple," he ended with a tantalizing offer and a coy, wide smile.

Just then, a piping hot pan knocked on Wei Ying's head, and the man yelped "Oww!". Jiang Cheng lowered it and served the toasted mixed nuts *ala* Yunmeng style to the quartet. "Wei Wuxian! Jin Ling's too young for all this talk about prohibited magics! If there's anything you want to teach the boy, you have to go through me first! I'm his legal guardian after all!" the fiery sect leader announced.

"*Ai-yo* ... Jiang Cheng! If you want to learn about the secrets behind the magical cart and my bags, you could've asked nicely. You didn't have to knock my head and scold us! Why are you always so indirect when asking for something?" Wei Ying grumbled - then burst out into laughter - when the Jiang sect leader turned red at being teased (and the teasing was spot-on too), and exploded into his brand of sputtering "How dare you" anger.

Lan Zhan sneaked a hand from behind Wei Ying during the squabble, to grab a handful of the aromatic toasted nuts, then quietly passed them to Jin Ling. "Eat them while they're still hot. Go get some more firewood for us,"

he said, and waved him off. The boy gratefully bowed and exited the increasingly ridiculous conversation. Somewhere along the line, before Lan Zhan started preparing dinner for the squad, the raucous laughter and back-slaps between the twin Yunmeng heroes devolved into juvenile jokes of ‘Jin Ling said we’re all fat, it must be because of our age’, ‘No, you’re fatter than I am, and stop eating all the nuts I made for us!’, and ‘Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, let me hold you from behind and measure your waist... oh better yet, let me pinch your belly and measure your love handles’, abruptly cut off by a fiery Jiang Cheng-esque ‘Wei Wuxian! You shameless---!’

Fairy whined and gladly followed its owner when Jin Ling left the scene. Lan Zhan gracefully stationed himself at a corner of their campsite, started the heat on the wok on a makeshift stove pulled out from the magical cart, and made some tasty curries from the exotic South.

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“Lan Zhan! Why won’t it move?!” Wei Ying shouted and shook his fishing rod of sorts - a long plain stick with a piece of string tied to the end - and a leftover chunk of grilled chicken teriyaki tied to the end of that string. He sat inside the first cart and felt protected - in case anything happened, he could always duck and pull a canvas over his head. Behind the first cart were two other wagons connected using primitive wooden couplings, and were nicely filled with belongings from Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling, respectively.

Fairy sat on its haunches and panted, huffing frosty puffs of air to the surroundings. A leather strap tied its chest to the handles of the first cart. It gave a curious sniff at the sauce-covered morsel, sneezed once, and looked away in disinterest.

Wei Ying was scared of the husky, however as long as that fearsome overweight ball of fluff was at least at Suibian's length away, he could tolerate its presence with a little tremble in his limbs. "You... stubborn... useless thing! You're worse than my Little Apple, at least he would follow the scent of food!" he yelled at the canine, and tapped the dog's head with the chicken chunk.

Lan Zhan sighed and sent a wince towards the remaining two. He pushed the train-like ensemble from behind, and once it started moving, Fairy had no trouble pulling everything along - including the excited, childish young rider ("We're moving! We're moving!", the man cried) - it was actually a strong husky beneath the layers of fat. Jin Ling encouraged the dog to keep walking with verbal cues - Fairy is a smart dog, really - and the boy went to scout ahead. Jiang Cheng flanked the transport to give some pushes where needed - it felt like maneuvering a bulky and slow longboat from his days of living at the lakeside, and he was adept at helping to steer a straight line without veering off the trail. The road ahead was relatively linear and led into flatlands mainly consisting of packed dirt and overgrown wintergrass, the Jiang sect leader said - he knew the roads better than any of them -, and the morning weather was quite good - reasonable daylight, some chilly breeze, but no snow and no fog.

"You are the useless one, Wei Wuxian! How shameless can you be, being the eldest of the Jiangs and doing nothing, yet everyone else - even the pet - is working hard!" Jiang Cheng scolded the man in black, and rolled his eyes in another bout of frustration.

"Eh? It's true I'm the eldest of the Jiangs even as an adopted son, but I'm also the lovable, legally-married wife of the patriarch of my sect, the Qishan Lan; I'm the master magician of the Dark Arts with Jin Ling as a

potential candidate to be my disciple; and I'm also the sponsor of this great idea of a sled transport so that my darling husband can take a break; plus, Fairy needs to work out because he's been fed too well and didn't have enough exercise during the past few days... isn't that right, Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying countered with every silly excuse in his arsenal. His frozen chicken teriyaki sat comfortably on Fairy's broad head; the dog is very well-trained, and if it isn't hungry, then it does not simply eat unless with his owner's permission - at the moment, it really needed to burn off some calories.

Jiang Cheng became even more agitated and started cursing his brother for twisting the sacred meaning of the words 'husband' and 'wife'; Lan Zhan smiled faintly and his earlobes blushed a tinge of pink.

Wei Ying entertained the quartet with his singing and flute music - a mix of Yunmeng pop tunes and Gusu folk songs, joined occasionally by spine-tingling howls from Fairy because it wanted a piece of the musical action too, to Wei Ying's alarm - and when the man's repertoire ran out, he became bored, and started reciting the Qishan Lan's family rules; in which Jiang Cheng remarked that it sounded exactly the same as Gusu Lan's which he still remembered nearly two decades ago; and together, all three men took turns to read the rules from memory. Jin Ling, ever the curious boy but too shy to ask what the heck is going on, listened and took mental notes, because if it's good enough for the fearsome *jiu jiu* , the powerful *da jiu* , and the highly-esteemed *da jiu fu* , then it must be good for him too.

(At some point in time, even reciting rules became a chore, and Wei Ying added a twist for his own amusement. He would start, "Do not simply run in the hallways," and then added, "Otherwise you'll skid on a banana peel and fall flat on your face" or "Otherwise you'll run into a maiden and end up kissing her on the lips," in which Jiang Cheng devolved into curses at the intentional juvenile prank (such as "Wei Wuxian! How old are you?!"), Lan Zhan smiled into his sleeve - it was rude, but it was Wei Ying-ness at

its best -, and Jin Ling raised an eyebrow to silently ask, dumbfoundedly, “What-- wait... is that true?”)

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Their trip was not a bed of roses, and as rocky as Qiongqi Path, as the weather became colder over the next few days; Jiang Cheng suffered hypothermia when he foolishly tried to copy the Qishan Lans and strolled around without thick robes and heating pads - and developed high fever after that; Jin Ling’s fingers were chaffed, blistered and frostbitten while trying to hunt for elusive small mammals as snack cooked on a spit (and failed to show off his archery skills); and Fairy couldn’t run fast enough and was slashed by small bands of fierce corpses they encountered during the journey - so it had to limp with a poisoned, near-gangrenous hind leg for a while. The travelling quartet had to take turns to pull the carts, and take frequent stops to rest.

Lan Zhan’s value to the team outshone the rest, when he cast Healing spells from his grimoire - however, just as any trustworthy medicines, there are no miracle cures. Wounds take time to heal properly, broken bones had to grow back and re-attach, poison needed to be deactivated, metabolized and excreted. Wei Ying remarked that the further they travelled to the east, the more dangerous and heavily armed the enemy - from low-level skeletons, old, rotting fierce corpses and bodiless vengeful spirits they’d seen closer to the Pier, they faced increasingly well-organized patrols of powerful *jiangshi* (vampires), unusual fierce corpses comparable to the legendary Ghost General, indestructible *yaoguai* (evil spiritual beings), Corrupted centuries-old predators, and other creatures typically described in ancient horror mythology, but never seen in broad daylight until now.

At the Jiang sect leader's behest - he took command of the quartet since he believed he had the most experience in battles and with night hunts - the team agreed not to fight every encounter, and avoid drawing swords where possible. The endless waves of monsters were taking their toll; Fairy's sharp sense of smell could warn ahead of time if monsters were coming their way, and that gave Jin Ling a chance to shower blazing and holy water-dipped arrows at the opponents - however he was running low on ammunition, and was ineffective with hand-to-hand combat due to the unwieldy Suihua. The poor boy often bore the brunt of damage and bleeding wounds until his angry *jiu jiu* comes to the rescue in the form of serpentine Zidian that zapped both the living and the dead. Wei Ying preferred to stay in the background, playing defensive dark music with his flute, sending his own army of black wispy vengeful missiles to do his bidding. Lan Zhan was regarded as the precious angelic saviour, a Superman of sorts, who would swoop in to carry away the injured, bridal-style, detonate powerful guqin soundwaves to blast the adversaries (using 'infinitesimal' *qi*), and disappear to safety.

There were several villages along the way, just as the Jiang sect leader remembered, however they were all deserted and worse, defiled by the growing presence of the unholy. They watched, hidden behind boulders and bushes, at how groups of Imperial shamans, sorcerers, swordsmen and other fighters, mostly garbed in strange exotic and colourful clothes of the Far Far West, assemble and launch legions of undead.

“ *Da jiu* ! Look how they are raising the dead from the ground! They line up bodies of long-decomposed, murdered villagers, then weave dark magic from their hands, and tens of new fierce corpses with those terrible black veins on their necks and faces arise! It's... It's as easy and fast as harvesting carrots and potatoes from the ground!”, said the boy who was so excited and intimidated to witness an unbelievable nightmarish summoning phenomenon, he nearly peed in his pants.

“Wei Wuxian! What’s going on? There are fierce corpses with multiple hands and legs, and some freakishly stitched to animal parts! Look at that one - it has the body of a man, but below his belly is that of a giant hairy spider! And what’s with those black holes on the ground, where ghosts, phantoms and human-like things seem to crawl out endlessly! I never knew there was an underground cavern beneath this village!”, said the former sect leader about to go on a rampage with sizzling whips.

“Wei Ying, could this explain the endless waves of monsters afflicting our home and the borders to the Far, Far West? With Imperial troops leading battalions of hundreds of monsters each, that keep regenerating from these villages and from the... black holes... they seem unstoppable. We should reconsider our next steps,” said the man calmly, objectively, that his suggestions seem as true as facts (because he is The God that foreseen everything, after all).

“... Everyone, this looks really dangerous and it’s beyond what we can handle. I suggest a strategic retreat for now!” said the one who was most familiar with the Dark Arts but also the most cowardly at that heated moment, and drew incredulous looks from the first two, and an empathic “Mn” from the third.

Jiang Cheng hesitantly, but eventually agreed to echo the call for a withdrawal. There was no way four men could take down hundreds - now mounting into thousands - of undead led by such strange, powerful mercenaries from unknown lands under the banner of the Emperor of Chang’an.

Undead, monstrous and supernatural forces were created by the hundreds, like a xerox machine of atrocious proportions and capabilities, and they

were sent towards the South and Westerly directions. “Which means,” Wei Ying postulated, “We can confirm that the Imperial forces had conquered the North and East, and use these regions of the Middle Kingdom as outposts pump out armies to the remaining provinces.” He turned around to Lan Zhan, panic rising in his voice, “*Lao gong* ! Our home in Qishan could be next in danger! And I’m terrified to think of what has befallen Gusu!”

Lan Zhan swallowed, hard.

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The Kingdom of Lan raised its alerts to Code 6 Level Crimson Red, and more than fifty percent of their 51st-century spaceships, planetary bombardment forces and interstellar star-cannons warped into the newly discovered portal on Mortal Realm. Scientists rushed to decode the Corrupted space-time fabric’s signature, and to their horror, they discovered a whole lot more previously undetected portals radiating similar ranges of frequencies, once their radars are properly tuned in, clustered around the continent of the Far, Far West and within the Middle Kingdom.

“An ungodly species with the ability to travel across universes! The Tians are a blasphemy to nature itself!” Wei *da ge* cried out with raw anger in his rallying speech, during live telecast on national television, to stir the hearts of soldiers and generals leading the Kingdom’s supreme army of million-strong motherships, a call-to-arms to lay waste upon the enemy, to rampage, annihilate and wipe out as many of those terrible aberrant creatures as possible in their home grounds. Planets instantly turned to space dust, galaxies swallowed up by nebulous pulsar bombs, whole universes ripped into shreds - but the numbers of Tians, their military might and sphere of influence kept increasing, like an abominable plague gone horribly wrong.

Wei *san ge* was at his wits' end when printers churn out towers of reports, the screens become a kaleidoscope of blinking reds and texts prefixed by Danger or Warning, and yelled nonsensically in his gaming chair, when his calculations exceeded known Immortal limits. There were just *too many* Tians inhabiting their own network of multiverses, of very advanced magical and technological states, and they had planned to invade the Mortal Realm first before consuming more worlds and realities - was his final conclusion. ErNet became abuzz, and swamped with panicked messages from concerned citizens speculating that this explained why they haven't been able to stop, let alone reverse, the tide of monsters flowing from the alpine mountains of the Far, Far West like endless tsunamis in the dead of winter - because there were just *too many* of them crawling out from numerous own portals that sprouted everywhere like weed. Hordes of citizens accused the Wangxian administrative government for complacency during the peaceful months between summer and winter, when the Kingdom lay low and that gave the chance for the Tians to fester, grow and multiply exponentially, unchecked, into the terrible cross-universal pandemic that the world is seeing today.

Wei *er ge* wasn't bright, but he knew that the first order of the day was to get the citizens to safety - especially the young, elderly, the vulnerable and the weak. He quickly organized special councils and teams to move them into the deepest layers of space-time fabrics, made sure they have comfortable and incredibly secure homes to live in, enough food, supplies and medical care to tide them through, and politely asked the youngest Wei sibling, Wei *didi*, to ramp up the Kingdom's production capacities to the maximum resource utilization levels possible.

The eighteen-year old clone of Wei Wuxian was also tasked to helm powerful fighters of the Kingdom bequeathed by their *da ge* to secure their citizens, assets and properties in Qishan, in the Mortal Realm - the Burial Mounds and its the estates, Huang Village, the strip of land between Yiling

and Yunmeng, the businesses, the hundred war refugees and their two hundred undead servants, and the people who live and work there. He personally leads a military campaign to reclaim Lotus Pier, and becomes an overnight celebrity, a poster child of the brewing war. The Lotus Pier was reportedly decimated and overrun by wriggling black undead masses, and became filled with those hideous portals, based on grainy images from spy satellites. Hundreds of Tian members and their endless swarms of monstrous troops emerged every hour, spilling out of the former Jiang Residence and into the surroundings, mostly towards South and Westerly directions - which the Kingdom considered as a grave insult to their sovereign pride. "The Lotus Pier will never be made into a colonial outpost! Our Motherland will never fall! We will tear down the Tians (天) from their throne, even if it means burning down the skies with everything we have!" the young commander was quoted while holding a flamethrower aimed up above, and zillions of citizens of the Kingdom cheered at his words - thus, the name of the 'Skyshot Campaign' was born.

Wei *didi* , being just a nine-year old child, was incredibly inspired and motivated by everything that went on, and thought it was time to bring out the big boys. He broke all protocols and their family's over-4000 rules (because he could, and because he was underaged, and therefore will not be penalized for any wrongdoing), and pulled out one of his secret stashes from his toybox that not even the other siblings knew - a prototype 91st-century Absolute Reincarnation Tetra-Implosion Bomb that could theoretically reset their enemies' state of existence once and for all.

Ernie and Ni-er hadn't broadcasted anything during the past few days, presumably to allow Ernie's virulent particles to peacefully spread all over the planet - and surprise, surprise, - an updated post from Ni-er's WeiChat account showed a picture taken in a different universe - one that had plenty of bright tall spiralling buildings, sprawling factories, flying space vessels, mecha robots and huge weapons bearing the 'Tian' symbol. Her fluffy wormy form smiled in the foreground - bless those pink toothless gums - and she tried to do a peace sign with her blunt fuzzy tail end. Ernie sat at a

corner with an unreadable but probably grouchy expression, staring at the faraway horizon, and looked every bit dramatic and emo as the teenager he is.

A minute later, little Ni-er sent another picture. Both tentacle-kin remained at their places, but the background is blacked-out. Ernie was again looking away from the camera with his holo-phone switched on, and he seemed to be typing a report into it, titled 'Analysis of the potential benefits and consequences of reverse engineering of the phenomenal replicative behaviour and futuristic technologies of the Tian civilization'. Ni-er, at the front, the cutest and most carefree of the two, sports a chubbier furry belly, and licked her lips.

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Another night, another strange, erotic dream.

Little Wei Ying watched the eight-year old boy - his peer, really - cry and pound on the locked door to his house, but no one opened it. The naked adolescent screamed in desperation, in pain and in panic, as he clawed at the doorknob that refused to budge, shaking it as violently as the dirty uncle shook his attacked penis at the same time.

Uncle Wei happily captured the boy again at the entrance, after the tasty tryst at the pool where he sampled and devoured the deflowered boy-maiden too many times, but flavours of a boy who had yet to reach puberty was just simply too addictive, like ambrosia of innocence that needed to be defiled, that he went for seconds and thirds. The terrible rapist effortlessly

took his position between the boy's bent legs, sat against the closed door, and suckled the inflamed genitals; his hands were strong and gripped the boy's cum-drenched buttocks and thighs hard, that the boy was ensnared in the man's inescapable embrace to the crotch. Uncle Wei spanked the boy's bouncy bum many times, eliciting sweet mewls of pain from the victim.

"Uuuuh... Uuuuh... *gege* , please open the door! Wang Ji is wrong! Uuuuh... Please forgive Wang Ji! Uuuuh... Uuuuhh..." the boy's keening wail were getting a little incessant, a little too loud, while he scratched at the locked door in despair, begging to be let in, as he was forced to tingle yet another time into the dreamy-eyed uncle's mouth; the uncle savoured the wonderful tastes of boy-fluids again and again from a quivering, leaky *xiao ji ji* . The boy's body was thoroughly confused - on one hand, he was distressed by the helpless situation, on the other, he couldn't stop the sexual urges blossoming from his underaged loins, jerking his thin child-hips repeatedly into Uncle Wei's kissy lips, performing the timeless act of fucking something warm and moist, juicy and tight. Even after releasing the angry-purplish bruised twitching cock, with its foreskin fully retracted and the glans swollen red, the sex predator proceeded to ravage the loosened, shrunken balls and swallowed them again and again with lip-smacking deliciousness.

From the inside of the house, through a dusty window, the boy probably looked like he was crying hot tears, skin flushed from his miserable and utmost embarrassing punishment, and trembling from being stranded outside for too long in the nude - nothing too suspicious, really. Not long after, a large group of strangers walked past - they were the new teachers at the grade school, and had just finished afternoon classes! - and heard the commotion. It seemed they were acquaintances with the dirty uncle, because they sauntered through the Lan brothers' vegetable gardens, stole a few tomatoes, cabbages and chillies, and shook hands with that uncle who was busily swallowing another forcibly-extracted tingle in his penis-stuffed mouth. After an exchange of secretive whispers and nods, then with a merry laugh, they grabbed and kidnapped the shrieking, kicking boy away. Uncle

Wei pocketed a few gold nuggets from the transaction, wiped his sticky mouth, and walked off to the gates of the Cloud Recesses; he planned to make a quick trip to Caiyi and buy a few jars of Emperor Smiles with the profit.

Little Wei Ying watched until the boy was carried and escorted by nearly twenty burly men in total, into the uncle's dingy house opposite the brother's hut. His screams died to a whimper when he felt resigned to his miserable fate at the doorway to Uncle Wei's dungeon. One of the men, a fat and bald one full of warts and smelly odours, shouted "Ho ho ho, my boy, let this uncle play with you until sunset! You've been sold for a good price, and we've rented this place for a while, so be a good boy and let me make sweet love with your fertile pussy - again!" to no one's attention, as the street was relatively quiet and deserted in the hot sunny afternoons.

The door closed, the curtains were drawn and all windows were tightly shut. Finally, everything fell silent.

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Fingers danced on erogenous zones, and naked eight-year old Wei Ying giggled. The boy closed a curtain in the living room so that he would not need to see how his neighbour fared - it probably wouldn't be a good ending anyway. As he turned around, topless and pantless Uncle Lan mimicked the dirty uncle's movements too, by embracing his crotch from where he sat on the floor. The difference in this situation was that little Wei Ying willingly, and took the initiative to use his fingers and guide his semi-erect pinkie-length penis into the master's waiting mouth. It was akin to feeding carrots to rabbits, by carefully inserting the said phallic vegetable to its target. Just before the penile tip reached the excited, impatient quivering

lips, the pre-teen pulled back his foreskin as much as he could to expose the pinkish, moist glans.

Uncle Lan mmmms and gently nibbled on the bulbous spongy cockhead, then along the increasingly hardening length, until the entire organ slid in - fed like a rabbit, indeed.

“Uncle Lan, Uncle Lan, you won’t be harsh or rude at me like our neighbours, will you?”

“Mn. I will always cherish and treat you with tender love, my Wei Ying,” the Uncle murmured between generous sucking. The man made sure to melt the boy’s trembling penis into a puddle of boiling, spurting pleasure, and his fingers worked to caress the tightening balls and sensitive inner thighs.

The pre-pubescent child with unruly, slightly curled hair moaned recklessly - a very adult-like response for someone who hadn’t ejaculated his first sperm. In this wide, spacious mansion inhabited by two, little Wei Ying enjoyed prancing and walking naked around all day. Uncle Lan was receptive, and made sure to give Good Touches to the boy each time he was within reach - which was nearly constant, by the way. The sweet young child was molested, caressed and had his genitals fiddled and played by the master, to his heart’s content - the boy would have a finger inserted into his ass, his penis suckled like a swollen teat, his jingling balls caressed until they became taut and egg-round, his nipples pinched and rubbed until they flared and blossomed like knobbly roses, or have his lips deeply kissed, or all at once. Uncle Lan’s love for the child overflowed as much as the child experienced equally passionate tingles until the latter drowned in intense pleasures of adult flesh that the immature body couldn’t really handle yet.

“Uncle Lan, that felt really, really good. My buttocks feel strangely itchy and hungry... can I have some happy milk, please?” the child asked with a gaze full of sparkly endearing innocence, and used the code-words for ‘horny’ and ‘sperm’.

Lan Zhan shivered when flames of lust licked his cock and balls, fanning their desires with immoral feelings, and he hardened in record time. “Mn,” he calmly replied, and indulged in the child’s request immediately.

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The Gusu Lan master, a hermit in his own mansion of two, spent a good amount of time grooming little Wei Ying on touches, words, and the art of pleasuring each other’s bodies. He was wise to have struck the iron while it was still hot, having molested the boy within three days of kidnapping (he would prefer the term ‘brought into a loving home’), and deflowered the fragile budding rose not long after that. He taught him the rules of the house, and of the sect’s - with twisted variations included - so that the child’s morals were perfectly moulded to his desires while the eight-year old was still innocent and unfamiliar with the ways of the world.

Uncle Lan would lounge on the cooling floor to read a book during the hot summer days, then when the pre-teen emerged into the room, the man would be hard at work masturbating his hairy, rigid adult penis; the book would have been discarded elsewhere, for later reading. He had taught the boy the joys of touching oneself, of peeling his foreskin for the pervert uncle to see, then touch, and finally taste, and of playing horsie with the naked uncle by straddling and bouncing on his crotch - a game that would

devolve into full blown penetrative sex in times to come - and the brainwashed child ended up with rich seed sloshing inside his love tunnel. He would also orgasm at the boy's face, chest and groin, and together they would explore the wonders of playing with sticky, gooey pools of sperm-rich semen - much like teaching a child how to play with dough and slime toys. Little Wei Ying would laugh with pure joy to have his nipples, belly button, his asshole and unsurprisingly, his tiny pearl-sized exposed cockhead covered and filled with the warm, smelly milky liquid; Uncle Lan inserts cum-coated fingers into the boy's mouth too, and teaches the adolescent to accept, and like the taste of sperm.

Sometimes, Uncle Lan took the time to enjoy his hobbies, such as playing the guqin or writing calligraphy. Little Wei Ying was an illiterate child, so he could not appreciate what the man was doing, and usually proceeded to disrupt the latter's routines by striking the guqin chords randomly while shrieking like a monkey, or add drawings of turtles, rabbits, and lately, crude doodles of penises onto the writing paper. Uncle Lan was unperturbed; rather than spanking the naughty boy's buttocks, he would simply put away his tools, clear the floor, then push the boy gently to the ground with pillows on said boy's buttocks, and quietly, without warning, grind his hips into the boy's ass. Full penetration at the first thrust was his way of reprimanding the boy, followed by delicious drilling until the tight hole is shaped into the man's phallus, filling little Wei Ying with rapid-fire loads of thick, rich adult semen, served with with toe-curling pleasurable orgasmic waves in the wildly excited penis, tasty grunts, welcomed by the soft folds of warm, wet boy-flesh inside the pre-pubescent's ass, and watching the child bloom into shades of sweaty reds and passionate pinks as the eight-year old's body jerked erratically, arched his back, shiver his hips, squirt pee all over their joined crotches, screaming the uncle's name again and again in the throes of his tingles - are rewards that Uncle Lan savoured every time *his* punishments are dished out. They would end their intense round by rubbing sticky penises and balls together, to the delight of the ticklish boy - until the uncle grows hard again from the wild imaginations of an adult cock creampie-ing into a smaller, pale child-penis, and they would have another round of crazy sex all over the mansion.

Later, the two would visit a hot water springs behind the mansion to wash up, where the boy would sit on the uncle's penis underwater, the man would wash the boy's hair and back, and both enjoy an hour-long sexual intercourse between an adult man and a child, hidden away from the world's prying eyes. Neighbours would catch glimpses of the two sometimes, their bodies flushed red presumably from the heated waters, and thought nothing of it, because the scene looked like any ordinary weekend leisure activity of a fatherly figure playing with his adopted son. Of course, they did not realize that once in a while, Uncle Lan becomes the one to jerk his hips erratically, arch his back and howl with great pleasure, bite into the boy's nape as many times as he ejaculated deep into the boy, and shake his loins uncontrollably to shoot as much remaining, diluted seed into the boy. The spring waters become murky with milky white with no less than three full loads from the uncle's depleted balls, but they wash away quickly, leaving no trace of their forbidden lovemaking.

After such an invigorating session, a snack is in order to refill one's energy, stomach, and unsurprisingly, sex drive. Uncle Lan learned a number of fascinating ways to eat with the undisciplined child:

One, little Wei Ying is asked to dine in his own preferred manner - usually, the eight-year old wild boy would squat on the table, then use his hands to eat delicious homecooked food served on the tabletop as well. Uncle Lan is a patient man, and would maneuver the boy so that the latter's spread buttocks faced him when he takes his seat properly on the chair. As the boy dined on spit-roasted chicken and freshly harvested orchard fruits, Uncle Lan would lean forward, and dip his tongue into the boy's rosebud, wiggling, stretching and send tendrils of good-feelings through the adolescent's genitals and up the spine. Once the ass was adequately relished, the man would move to attack the sensitive underdeveloped perineum, jab and massage the delicate skin with his tongue to 'greet' the immature prostate, and then move further to the front to finally feast on

thoroughly played swollen boy-penis and its twin shuddering eggs. Uncle Lan enjoys watching how sometimes little Wei Ying squeals, experiences the first signs of a true adult orgasm that the underaged body is unprepared for, and waves of pelvic muscular contraction and relaxation send clear seedless nectary fluid pew-pew'ing at the food on the tabletop. The man would sample some of the prepared snacks dipped in boy-juice made with loving orgasmic pleasure, and thought that the taste was beyond excellent.

Two, little Wei Ying is taught to fuck food served warm on the dining table. The boy would be instructed to pump his thin hips repeatedly and rut into an assortment of delicacies - tender pork roasts, juicy beef steak cuts, oven-roasted chicken (through the fibrous, chunky, sauce-filled and chock-full-of-friction stuffing in the cavity), cakes and their favourite - warm, gooey apple pies. Uncle Lan is always captivated by the sight of an eight-year old adolescent crouching over the plate, bending and bowing his body again and again, forcing his sticky pinkie-length turgid child-penis in and out of the pie's crust and into a heaven made of cooked apples, sugar and starch, trying his best to breed and inject more lip-smacking goodness into the fresh, sugary, thick fruity filling. After that, they would enjoy the pie together, and agree that it's better than store-bought ones.

Three, classic food sex - whether enjoying a shared rice dumpling while engaging in passionate penetrative sex, or spreading a sushi buffet on the boy's body while the latter lay on the table. It is messy, but fun, and the man adds a zest of manly enjoyment by sprinkling, sometimes drizzling, thirty-twitches of arching, hot viscous seed over the squirming living banquet topped with seafood and plenty of fresh olive oil-dipped oysters to give the uncle a head start in sperm-production. Sometimes little Wei Ying complain about itchiness caused the sticky, wet residues left by some shellfish and crustaceans, in which Uncle Lan happily rubs his stubbled chin over the those sensitive, ticklish areas, enjoying the different textures upon the child's offered, willing body - and if he's up to it, the uncle would twist the edges of his budding moustache into a fine spear of hair, then insert it into the boy's spasming, oozing, engorged urethra, and give it a spin - little Wei

Ying cries in ecstasy, and his pelvic muscles flutter, spilling fragrant sprays of crystal clear droplets into Uncle Lan's waiting tongue.

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“*Lao gong , lao gong* , wake up! You're dreaming again!”

A series of gentle slaps on the face. This was becoming a familiar routine, he thought.

He cracked his eyes open to see lovely Wei Ying with sunlight at the back of his head, like a halo - now back to the twenty-two year old body - looming above.

The voice lowers to a whisper, “You're having cross-over fantasies again in your sleep! But-- shhh! Ah, they're here,” the spouse hissed.

“Stop calling your Lan Wang Ji as ‘*lao gong*’, it's giving me the creeps!” Jiang Cheng called out from a short distance, “Is everyone alright? I wasn't sure Zidian threw all of you far enough from that blasted twenty-foot metal golem! That lifeless thing was invincible, I've not seen such strength before!” and continued to curse their ill-fortune of bumping into one of those undefeatable Imperial patrols.

They had been making many detours from the footpath to avoid conquered and overrun villages where possible, which cost them more precious time. Sometimes, in larger towns, they waited unnoticed in the bushes for hours for streams of undead to pass by, before sprinting to carefully-selected abandoned buildings to snatch valuable supplies and scavenge more ammunition, before making a quick getaway. They conducted stake-outs during camping as they traversed into more inhospitable, mountainous regions closer to the Great Eastern Coast, with the intention to try and understand how the enemy operated, and more importantly, how to find their weaknesses.

“Tch’, you’re just jealous because I’m married, and you’re not,” Wei Ying turned around and stuck out his tongue, but Jiang Cheng was already busy kicking Jin Ling’s sides. The boy lay in an odd position on the ground, pillowed by a bit of snow and moss-covered rocky outcrops, and finally responded by yelling at the sadistic *jiu jiu*, and abruptly cried, “Oww, oww, my head hurts! Your stupid whip flung me into the air and I landed on tree branches!”

After a few victories over small patrols made of three to five individuals each, the Jiang sect leader became cocky and thought they could mow down every enemy encounter. However, the deeper they were in adversarial territory, the more powerful the resistance and hostilities - they weren’t facing ragtag bunches of *yaoguai* and undead creatures anymore, instead, they started to see well-organized squadrons lead by Far, Far Westerners that serve under the Imperial banner.

Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling could pick off the low-ranking monsters in such groups, however, the human leaders - the ones that Wei Ying and Lan Zhan called “Tians”, as sometimes evidenced by tattoos of the Tian symbol on their limbs and faces - proved to be of immense challenge. Wei Ying’s terribly off-tune flute music and vengeful spirit missiles did nothing to them

- rightfully so, because the Tians also used dark, Corrupted magic and were masters over such spells - so the Superman-Han Guang Jun had to always save the day by diving in from mid-air, sweeping them off the feet, and carry them away from the battlefield with grace. Jiang Cheng learned from their angelic saviour, and being the one who tried to 'save his face' and dignity of his so-called leadership, he tried to imitate the great man by using Zidian for the same purpose - he whipped out the purple-silver serpent, wrapped all four of them, and tossed them to the air like a catapult.

Lan Zhan rose and hurried to Jin Ling's side at the mention of pain. He quickly cast Healing spells and checked the boy's pulse and body condition. The twin Yunmeng heroes crowded around the scene, anxious.

"Mn. He is alright. He hit hard on the tree, but there is no concussion, and no broken bones. Only a big bump on the head," Lan Zhan murmured, and massaged the said lump on the boy's crown, to the constant whines and discomfort of the latter.

Jiang Cheng breathed a sigh of relief; he still thought himself as the leader of the quartet, and wholly responsible for their well-being. He brushed off pine needles, twigs and compact snow from the boy's purple robes.

"Jiang Cheng, this place looks quite alright for a short break after that harrowing escape from the golem," Wei Ying suggested and looked around - at least they landed in a glade that seemed peaceful and quiet enough, "Can you start a campfire so that we don't freeze our butts off? I will take Lan Zhan to a brook over there to wash up. It seems he landed on a patch of icy mud when we fell," he added, and sneakily slapped the husband's clothed springy ass with dirt-covered hands.

“Let’s go, before they see your boner in broad daylight! Be careful when you walk, your robes cannot hide it forever!” the spouse hissed into the husband’s ear, and Lan Zhan turned into six shades of blushing red. Lan Zhan quickly excused himself and staggered towards the direction pointed by the spouse, with the latter hooking his hands over his, like a loving old couple going for a walk.

Jin Ling asked about where Fairy was, and where their transport was, filled with their belongings. Jiang Cheng shrugged and his expression soured. Jin Ling started to shed tears and kicked the ground, upset, when he was told that they left the dog and their carts behind.

Meanwhile, while tenderly and gently rubbing one out from the moaning, wheezing and sexually flushed husband, by the brookside - Wei Ying had no trouble snaking his hand into the husband’s pants and yank out the impressive leaking erection from the latter’s soiled loincloth -, the spouse started to discuss and brainstorm for ideas on how to defeat a 31st-century Tian multipurpose and super-intelligent combat robot - which was incorrectly named a ‘golem’ by the Bronze Age-era Jiang sect leader. Lan Zhan remained silent, soaring high, so high into the release of his pent-up orgasm.

Notes for the Chapter:

My draft's empty again. Looks like it's back to the drawing board... I will have to think of what to write next!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 95

“A family that pees together, stays together,” Wei Ying chirped, “although it’ll probably take a while before my brother and nephew will join us.”

The husband stood in silence beside a bubbling clearwater brook, an unreadable expression on his face, his back straight and strong, legs slightly apart in a ready-stance, his robes and layers of garments folded neatly to the back and his pants rolled down to the knees in a perfect twist, to reveal the prized bulge packaged under a white strip of loincloth.

“What are you waiting for, *lao gong* ? We’ve always done this back in the days in the ‘Mounds, at the pond behind our cave-home. You know, the longer you stand there with your pants down, the colder it’ll become! Then you’ll really, really shrivel up until both of your eggs disappear!” he laughed, and he too, was in the same state of undress.

Lan Zhan’s face became strained, almost agonizing over the decision to ease the tension in his bladder. “There is... ice... floating on the water...” the husband hesitantly murmured. The semi-arid landscape around them was strewn with tufts of brown wintergrass and some patches of snow, and temperatures were below freezing. Fortunately the brook was still flowing despite the sub-zero conditions - a sign that the waterway was fed by other local thermal sources than the drained-out Great Lakes. Unfortunately, however, the water was chilled, and small ice sheets flowed along its surface, gently carried by the brookwater.

Wei Ying sighed an unspoken ‘I knew it’; he had seen this coming. He expertly snaked his hands into the husband’s loincloth (he’d done this

before thousands of times, so he knew exactly how to do it in a single swoop), yanked out the helpless limp soft sausage, and started to shake it with a tight grip. The husband cried out the spouse's name in alarm and from sheer embarrassment.

“No, *lao gong* , you're NOT going to pee out ice, if that's what you're thinking. You're a bad husband, spending your nights watching trashy WeiTube videos of blocks and tubes of ice spewing out from garden hoses during winter - do you really think that'll happen to your wee-wee?” Lan Zhan gulped, and nodded, a little terrified of the graphic images that haunted his thoughts all day - to the point that he refused to run to the shrubs during the daytime with a ballooning bladder, and risked an urinary tract infection if he didn't let go soon.

(Lan Zhan has an obsessive relationship with his nightly entertainment opens when stargazing during snowfall became uninteresting; he would sneakily watch porn video clips in ErNet using his old LanWeb account, and get himself mired in tasteless meme videos, cat videos, videos of people doing stupid things, leaked violent videos, and other garbage-filled content.)

The spouse leaned in and started to pump the husband's captured limp member earnestly. He whispered in a low, evil voice, “A-Ji ah A-Ji, you better pee now, otherwise Uncle Wei will attack your tiny child-penis again and again!”, then blew cold air into the husband's ear, causing the latter to moan and shiver involuntarily - and a hot, steaming stream of dark yellow liquid gushed out in a magnificent arch. Wei Ying continued to lick the sensitive earlobe, bite into the shell of the ear, whispered very dirty, disjointed words of fucking and urinating at the same time, and Lan Zhan's heated rod stiffened, blossomed into a warm shades of excited reds. “Good boy, good boy, shoot everything out, let it go, Uncle Wei will play with you

lots and lots until there is nothing left to spray, you perv,” the younger man breathed loudly.

While the husband was busy fertilizing the brook and surrounding wintergrasses with wild arcs of hot pee, the spouse grabbed a free hand and forced it to hold his own softened member - a tit for tat, really - Wei Ying's wasn't as long as Lan Zhan's, so the latter's meaty palm easily, generously covered the younger man's erection with one mighty grip. “*Lao gong*, you should keep your wife warm too,” the sultry explanation went unheard, because the husband was too busy trying to control his spewing, burst dam, and was in a terrible conflict between protecting the dignity of his fingers versus savouring the much-desired touch of the wife (they haven't had the chance to fully “do it” since they started their journey from the Lotus Pier, with an extra two pairs of eyes watching them closely.)

Unsurprisingly, naughty Wei Ying started to moan sexily and babbled about how Uncle Lan is playing with an eight-year old's immature, inexperienced wee-wee, that Uncle Lan is a child molester and rapist, and that Uncle Lan loves to touch little boys and eat them up during the day and nights - and the poor husband was rewarded by a hand full of spilled wife's pee, and a very, very hard boner sticking out between his legs.

Satisfied that both have emptied their bladders, the dominatrix spouse grabbed the husband's twitching pulsing rod of flesh and led him to the nearby undergrowth, like pulling a livestock animal to its barn. A quickie of frotting and handjob behind the bushes, another series of flying arcs of sperm joined (more like, mixed into a soup) in holy matrimony, and a wash of hands later, the couple then finally returned to the campsite.

“Eh, Jin Ling’s still in the thickets? How long is he going to hide in there?” Wei Ying asked while scratching his head and picked off something from his scalp. He, and the whole quartet, hadn’t had a decent bath in the past few days. The rivers continued to run dry, and the only source of water they found was the brook - on top of that, they’ve lost their carts, so they had no camping equipment, no portable showers and toilets, no reliable water sources, no water heaters, no soaps and shampoos, and no bath towels.

“Wei Wuxian! You know better than I do, that boy’s suffering from food poisoning after eating those bright orange mushrooms plucked from rotten pinewood. I’m heating another bowl of water to make some tea to ease his stomach pains,” the angry *jiu jiu* huffed. Ever since they lost their cookware, cutlery and no longer had access to unlimited bento box lunches, freeze-dried ingredients, fresh meats, garden vegetables, off-season fruits, grains and noodles, condiments and spices, and other kitchen staples, both uncle and nephew were at a loss of how to survive being out in the woods, with nothing to hunt, and hardly any edibles to forage during the dead of winter. The boy thought those colourful mushrooms looked succulent and tasty, and wanted to impress his elders on his finds - sadly, Jin Ling ultimately failed, and ended up worse than before.

The spouse had broken a small branch, and out of boredom and bad habit, used it to poke the relaxed husband’s back repeatedly. The husband was a little annoyed at first, but then something prickled and he started moving his body a little to the left, left, then right, right, nnngh more to the right, please. He half-squatted (barely), then rose up, and tip-toed a bit. Wei Ying smiled knowingly, and scratched the husband’s back with the spindly end of that branch. When he had covered the bases, he would turn the branch around, and used the broader, heavier end as a massage stick.

Whup, whup, whup , the stick gently tapped on the husband’s muscular shoulders. Lan Zhan tilted his neck and gave it a good roll, eyes closed in

(post-sex) enjoyment of the spouse's delicate treatment in front of the brother-in-law (who was fortunately busy making the perfect bowl of tea for the sick boy, and had no time to argue about inappropriate displays of affection in front of family members). Wei Ying watched how Jiang Cheng scooped a handful of dried herbs from his pouch - the sect leader still had some medicinal and military equipment on him despite the total loss of their transport - and added the leaves into the boiling water. The air started to smell a little minty, a twinge of bitterness, and somewhat fragrant.

“Well, the both of us will check the brook's upstream to see if there are any water springs for us to use, and maybe plants or even wildlife if we're lucky enough. You can check downstream if Jin Ling feels a bit better after having your tea,” Wei Ying said, and waved at Jiang Cheng as they walked away from the campsite. They've only had small dumplings, flavourless breads and buns, and occasionally dried or canned food (opened by pressing red circles) in the past few days - the only reasonably-sized and convenience foods that could be pulled out of their magical bags of holding - also, without stoves, kitchen knives and cooking tools, without the ability to pull out whole cuts of juicy tenderloin, spare ribs, fish, pork trotters or whole chickens, they couldn't really prepare any decent homemade buffet for four. Wei Ying lamented that he was desperate for Lan Zhan's home-cooking made with love, and the latter itched to hold a spatula or a wok in his hands.

“Mn. On higher grounds, we have a better chance to find our bearings. Maybe we will be able to find traces of the cart, listen for Fairy's howl, or locate a landmark directing us to Gusu,” said the concerned husband; without the ability to fly on swords due to turbulent blizzard winds, he felt rather caged-up on the ground - they were simply lost in an unfamiliar forested mountain range after that fateful toss by Zidian, although the sight of jagged hills, steep rocky cliffs and snow-covered peaks told them that they were no longer in Yunmeng, and probably closer to the mountainous borders of Gusu or its neighbouring provinces.

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The hours passed, with no sight of the end of their torturous trip to the East, at least from the perspective of Jin Ling's woeful state - as the boy entered into the second day of the fungi-induced misery. The boy was pale, sometimes feverish, kept asking for his pet, and constantly curled into a ball due to his aching tummy. Jiang Cheng continued to tend to the boy's needs, such as placing his own robe on the boy when the temperature dropped, feeding him with hot teas and warm food, and using a moist rag cloth to wipe sweat off the shivering body.

Wei Ying was spot-on when they found the perfect shelter to hunker down just as a wave of snowstorms arrived. They found a cave further up a hill, where thermal springwater bubbled up from a pool located inside (thus keeping the air comfortably humid, and provided a place for baths and to collect fresh warm drinking water), and flowed downhill to the brook that they followed earlier. The cavernous abode was plain, simple but reasonably livable, came with a cleaned flat sandstone floor, interestingly straw bedding from nowhere, a high ceiling with chimney-like outlets to circulate fresh air, and a strangely precisely built fire-pit in the middle, although it lacked proper heating and therefore cold frequently seeped through its rocky interior walls. There was a movable boulder at its entrance to close it off and prevent snowflakes from creeping in.

"You made this place, didn't you?" the spouse tenderly accused the husband sitting on a rock, while snipping off a lock of hair. Wei Ying was terribly bored - because he couldn't do the things he wanted to do, with an extra two pairs of eyes staring at him in this small enclosed living space - and resorted to demand that he cut the husband's hair; because Lan Zhan's hair had grown since summer; because as a couple, they always cut each other's hair

to save up money from a visit to the barber's shop; because they would be taking their first heavenly bath in the mineral pool after days hiking in the outdoors, and he didn't want the husband to use up their precious bottle of shampoo that Wei Ying managed to squeeze out of his Bag of Holding - in this day and age, men had such long lustrous hair, it wouldn't be hard to imagine how much time and effort is spent on haircare, really -; Wei Ying had plenty of nonsensical, but really valid, reasons to groom and spend time with his husband in front of the Jiang and Jin *gongzi* s.

Lan Zhan lowered his head, and "Mn"s, then, "Wei Ying, do you want more? I could ask my--"

Wei Ying gave an angry snip with the scissors, and one section of the husband's precious fringe that hid his (imagined) receding hairline was rudely trimmed off with an unkind cut. "Shhh!" the spouse hissed, "Not here!"

"Is everything alright?" Jiang Cheng called out from the other side of the cave.

"Uh... Yeah! Everything's okay! I just cut a little too much, that's all," Wei Ying replied in a sing-song way. The spouse could *see* the Jiang sect leader roll his eyes behind his back, and *hear* him mutter without saying anything, "What on earth are those two idiots doing? We're in the middle of a crisis!".

Well, we can't be wandering around in the blizzard during a crisis, so we might as well stay put, rest and wait until the snow lets up , Wei Ying told himself. Lan Zhan used his divinely powers to summon the perfect winter

cabin - *sans* the wooden structure - for this purpose, although he would be hard-pressed to admit it, because Wei Ying had scolded the husband many times to “keep things the good ol’ way”. At that point, the husband was thoroughly confused, because when the couple left the ‘Mounds almost a month ago, he had done exactly that (then nearly harmed their tentacle-kin children) and received a tongue-lashing from the naggy spouse - and now, the plucky spouse wanted to do things ‘the good ol’ ways’ - the reason being that “This time it’s different. I’m calling the shots because I don’t want Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling to be traumatized by the knowledge of what really happened to us, or what we can do,” Wei Ying insisted.

Mn , the husband replied telepathically - his universal agreement to whatever the spouse says. Lan Zhan was ordered to keep to ‘infinitesimal’ usage of his abilities and power at all times. Wei Ying proceeded to snip a few more strands, then teased the topless man whether he wanted a bowl cut, buzz cut, comb-over, dreadlocks, mohawk, mullet, or just the good ol’ fashion of a man-bun tied on top of his head. The husband nnnghs and replied, “You know what I want,” and surrenders his choice to the cheerful spouse.

Day turned into night, however the cavern was permanently lit up by Wei Ying’s Fire spells, and cast an eerie amber glow on everything - including Lan Zhan’s latest creative creations using the limited variety of food they have in their inventory. He tried to arrange an assortment of ordinary colourful *baozi* s and rice dumplings on a stone plate, then made hamburgers and sandwiches using bread and canned food of different colours (and greasiness, and saltiness). A few wedges of apples and peaches here and there, a sprinkle of a kaleidoscope of chopped carrots, peas, corn, tomatoes and lettuce; it wasn’t as extravagant as the usual. To the spouse, it looked like a dim orange-hued pile of appetizers without the main course, a candle-lit dinner without the romance. Jin Ling had to contend with plain hard-boiled egg sandwiches, fruits and bland veggies, and a couple of sweet dumplings, because his stomach couldn’t take the flavouring and preservative-laden processed meats.

Having *not* a filled stomach meant that Wei Ying was more fidgety after the meal. He played with dried brown leaves that had somehow blown into the cave, and made Leaf-men out of them. Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling watched, mesmerized, at how those dry, brittle pieces of plant material assembled into a primitive form of Paperman, then walked, danced and hopped around on the floor.

Jin Ling laughed when Wei Ying made a puppy-sized Leaf-dog with pebbles as its eyes and a wiggly nose at the tip of its cute snout, that behaved nearly like a real pooch - it panted, licked, and wagged its tail, then meow-ed like a calico *cat* - to Jiang Cheng's surprise ("Wei Wuxian! That's ridiculous! How shameless can you be, twisting nature for your entertainment!"), and to Jin Ling's amusement (because he remembered that the *da jiu fu* is afraid of dog barks).

Wei Ying then explained that after years of experimentation with the basic spell, he learnt that the rule of the Paperman magic can actually be applied to anything - such as leaves and pebbles - but this was never taught by their *laoshi* s, because people generally feared the untried and the untested, and stuck to Council-sanctioned yellow talisman papers. The resulting 'puppet' can be made to behave in the way the spellcaster wishes - such as a man, a dog, a cat, or a hybrid, with or without spying capabilities. Jiang Cheng rolled his eyes in ridicule again, because he couldn't grasp something he didn't learn during his formative years. Jin Ling's stomach cramps gave pause, because he had an A-ha moment, learned something new in life, and briefly forgot about his illness.

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Wei Ying whistled folk songs and lullabies when he's not using the (earth shattering) golden flute, and Jiang Cheng sang along because he, too, was bored being cooped up in the cave while hurricane-like winds whipped the mountain range they were trapped in. Lan Zhan, who doesn't really sing, preferred to hum, tap gentle drum-beats on cave rocks or play his magical guqin to accompany the music. The warm, safe, toasty atmosphere, with sounds of the bubbling pool and of water softly dripping from the ceiling, helped Jin Ling to relax into a fitful slumber, with heating pads placed on his aching tummy.

Elsewhere, the Dark Arts practitioner's whistles echoed inside the cave not only to entertain men, but also commanded countless Leaf-men in the surrounding mountains to launch themselves from their graves, buried underneath snow, then flutter, spiral and soar high into the skies, buoyed and carried far, far away by the wintry winds into the frigid moonless night.

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Perhaps it was the group singing, guqin-plucking and drum-beating session that made his heart yearn for something a little more peaceful, a little more quiet, a little more solo, suitable for his introverted self. Or, perhaps, it was the artificially coloured and flavoured meats that led him into yet another strange episode while he slept. He really should cut down on canned foods, he thought, for health reasons despite clarion calls for all Kingdom citizens to support and consume Wangxian branded products at all times.

The Gusu Lan master sighed, rinsed a washcloth in a basin, and wiped his face again. He had dreamt - in the dreams of his dreamworld - that he wrote the the best finely-crafted poem about the passing season he ever had in

recent times; of life awakening in spring, when a middle aged man met an orphan boy left alone in the streets, then took him in and provided love, comfort and shelter, and stirred long-buried, immoral feelings within the man and his roused loins; of life blooming in summer with such zest, driven by an indescribable hunger to grow and to enjoy the pleasures of the world, such as sparks of excited feelings from touches on the skin, of lively sounds made of delicate moans and exhilarating cries, of sweat under the bright sun or in the bedroom, when man and boy made sweet love from sunrise to sunset, their bodies joined so many times that two becomes one; of life bearing fruits, producing results ripe for autumnal crops, such as when the boy willingly embraces the man like a familiar lover, while the man fertilizes, sows his seeds wildly into the young, pre-pubescent child that he called as his own property, reaping juicy and tasty harvests daily.

He experienced a brief moment of the damned writer's block when he started on a passage about winter, so he decided to lie on the cooled wooden floor in his study room scented by sandalwood and peach blossoms, and let his mind wander.

He woke up to find little Wei Ying giggle while straddling his belly, and realized that the mischievous imp had stolen his ink brush and drawn squiggly moustaches, inappropriate bushy beards, circles and squares over his face, and painted his eyes and nose so that he looked like a panda - and a small turtle on his forehead to boot.

You naughty boy, he roared with mock anger - and to the eight-year old's thrilled squeals of joy, because innocent little Wei Ying had never been heavily punished so he thought everything was fun and games. The Gusu Lan master then wiped his face with his sleeves - only to belatedly realized that he dirtied his clothes by doing so - then reached for the nearest thing he could find on the study table. Oh, this is strange, he thought, as clothes pegs appeared in his hands rather than a feather duster; he must be too

enamoured in doing household chores, or perhaps, in the real world (of sorts), he had missed doing laundry since leaving the Lotus Pier of that world (of sorts) nearly a week ago.

The pre-teen was made to sit in a corner and face the wall, naked except for two clothes pegs, one biting on each pinkish tiny nipple. The boy sniffled from the throbbing pain, and started to rub hot tears from his eyes. No snacks for you, the man insisted, and little Wei Ying whimpered. "Uncle Lan, A-Xian is wrong, please don't be angry, please forgive A-Xian," the boy hiccuped, feeling sad that he would miss Uncle Lan's tasty treats for the afternoon.

Not five minutes had passed, and the uncle's heart wavered from the boy's pitiful, soft sobs - and finally, his resolve crumbled. He re-entered the study room, where A-Xian had been obediently sitting in that same corner, then embraced the boy from behind, and collected him into his strong warm arms once again.

"Next time, don't trouble others, do you understand?" he gently chastised and blew hot air into the boy's ears. Little Wei Ying shuddered and nodded, and for the first time since the punishment was meted out, he gave a snotty, but crooked smile. "Mn. Good boy, you are a good boy after all, A-Xian. Uncle will make butter cupcakes, fruit tarts and chocolate cream cookies in the kitchen, so that we can have afternoon tea together," he murmured and kissed the boy full on the cheeks and forehead, eliciting delightful (still snotty) giggles from the latter.

"But you've drawn some bad things on Uncle's face, so let uncle have his sweet revenge by using a brush on you, then we're equal and Uncle won't be angry anymore," the uncle's calm, persuasive voice offered as a truce to

forgive and forget what had transpired that day. Little Wei Ying agreed earnestly, because he really wanted to taste Uncle Lan's homemade baking - so he happily climbed on top of the bed in the study room, lay down comfortably on the adult's pillows, and spread his legs - just as every other time, every day and night.

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After plucking off the clothes pegs, the man opened his ink brush kit, selected the softest brush made of rabbit's hair, dipped it into a pot of blended honey and floral water, and drew pretty doodles of pet animals, turtles, hairy penises and boy's buttocks on the boy's thin but smooth abdomen and limbs. Little Wei Ying giggled from ticklish feelings on his sensitive, chaffed nubs on the chest, and squirmed every time Uncle Lan used a bigger brush to swipe around his belly button - then dipped and playfully swirl into the crevice each time the adult's hairy excited and rigid penis surged deep through the boy's reddened anus, and stretched the pre-teen's hole too well.

"Uncle Lan, Uncle Lan, it feels so strange! It's so itchy, but I feel so hot inside..." the inexperienced boy cried, laughed then moaned, again and again, unable to sort out the convulses that wrecked his immature body. Uncle Lan sat cross-legged, fucked with great fervour, and relished the hot, clenching tightness between a boy's legs; while little Wei Ying was drilled and hammered endlessly, hanging from the man's thighs and crossed limbs, spread-eagled in front and beneath the man like a living, squirming canvas. The master artist drew on the boy's erogenous zones - on the neck and the collarbones, while sharing passionate kisses with his piece of art; on the hairless armpits under lifted arms, while sucking residual runny sticky honey from the boy's sparse breasts; then he used the hairiest brush to mercilessly attack the boy's exposed genitals, until the latter's cute stiff

shaft and rising balls became covered with sweet liquids and rubbed raw from the brush's bristles.

"Ahhn... Ahhn... Uncle Lan, my wee-wee feels scratchy and really itchy now, and everything is so sticky..." the pre-teen moaned.

The boy's hole became soft after much thrusting from the man's hips in various angles, and slippery from the man's abundant sperm-rich one-two twitches. Undaunted by the child's increasingly agitated and unfulfilled state, Uncle Lan inserted the bamboo handles of larger brushes into the boy's anus, further stretching it, prodding and poking sharply at delicate, bloated spots until little Wei Ying accidentally squirted pee on the uncle's chest.

"Hnn... A-Xian, you're naughty today, you cannot even hold back your pee while your ass is being played. Uncle will have to plug the leak," the man whispered huskily, with another compassionate thrust deep into the boy's ass, and a thumb pressed, vibrating hard against the quivering pin-sized cockslit. The eight-year old descended into a tirade of incoherent moans, shaking hips, and another fountain of yellow pee landed on Uncle Lan's face - a full-blown adult's sexual response displayed by the unripe, immature body before its time.

In retaliation of the pungent watery ambush, Uncle Lan selected a special fine brush decorated with ivory and pearl, with the longest length of hair and the softest texture of furred animals, wetted it with his spit with plenty of tongue-licks, then slowly, slowly twist and turn the writing instrument through the swollen, gasping, leaking cockslit until the entire length of hair was swallowed up by the pinkie-length child-penis. Little Wei Ying winced and whined, because it felt really, really strange, and wanted to pee again,

tingle and cry at the same time from the terrible itchiness crawling all over the *inside* of his genitals, slowly swelling up from the irritating invasion.

Satisfied that the impressive brush had been properly inserted, through the adolescent's pre-teen cock with the tickly hairy edges probably touching, piercing the boy's unripe but inflamed prostate, the man sandwiched the brush's expensive cylindrical handle between his sweaty palms - and he rolled the brush, spinning the instrument and its hairs inside the boy's wildly twitching, screaming urethra, tickling, rubbing and wetly swabbing the quivering nut-sized prostate gland with sweet licks from the brush's hairy ends, and everything else inside the boy's pelvic region.

Little Wei Ying screamed, hiccuped, cried at the same time from the sexual abuse, and the fiery fireworks that danced inside his loins. His body bowed and bent uncontrollably, his penis contracted and flexed violently, in a valiant but futile effort to expel, to abort the terrible assault of saliva-coated brush hairs - and he tingled continuously as long as the man continued to spin the tool of sexual torture, rub, and tickle and scratch all the tubes inside the boy's alarmingly damaged wee-wee.

Uncle Lan received plenty of hnngh-inducing kinky massages along his very excited, engorged and lustful penis during the continuous stream of tingles, thanks to the soft, spasming fleshy warm folds inside the boy's rosy love tunnel. After the umpteenth, instinctual one-two spurts of overflowing milky semen into the tight cocksleeve of sorts, Uncle Lan pulled out, then pressed the swollen angry-red glans right against the boy's taut, shivering testicles. He ejaculated straight into the tender quail eggs, thirty thick pulses, bathing them with man-cream, and let the child-testicles marinade and stew in Uncle Lans' fresh hot semen. The Gusu Lan master whispered a prayer that his virile sperm will penetrate the thin membranous ballsack skin, then fill and fertilize the child's eggs while its scrotal contents were

forcibly evacuated by little Wei Ying's premature, pre-pubescent testicular orgasms. Uncle Lan would love little Wei Ying to carry his babies, after all.

A quick respite later, the Gusu Lan master switched their positions so that he lay on the bed, breathless little Wei Ying lying on top of his abdomen, with the happy adult penis re-inserted into the shrieking eight-year old's asshole - and the man continued to fuck the convulsing living doll from below, while his hands continued to twirl the hairy brush inside the boy's inflamed, reddened veiny penis until warm pee jet out in impressive arcs over the shared bed mattress.

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Not far away, little A-Ji fucked Uncle Wei's fisted hand at an unrelenting intense pace.

"A-Ji, stop peeking at our neighbours through the window. You're supposed to concentrate on my hand and feel good, otherwise you'll say that I raped you this afternoon. I already told you, if it feels good, then it's not rape," the dirty uncle drawled disinterestedly with a raised hand full of rhythmic squish sounds; his other hand scratched his own hairy crotch lazily as the man sat on the floor with one leg up - like a *laoban* - and the week's periodical spread out on the same floor.

Little A-Ji had gotten a bit hard after he squinted, and caught glimpses of the child living next door bounce on a man's raised hips, with an ink brush stuck to his wee-wee. He thought that must have felt good, because Uncle

Wei always inserted all kinds of things into his *xiao ji ji* too, including straws, beads, and lately, lumps of stinky old men's sperm.

Xi Chen *da ge* had left the brothers' house to buy some rolls of fabric in Caiyi to make new clothes for them, after the dirty uncle tricked the teenager by saying that one of the shops had a great sale that day - which is partly true, because Uncle Wei bribed a fabric store owner to lure the teenager with lots of fake discounts, and instructed to keep him busy with endless confusing offers until sunset. As expected, little A-Ji was deposited into Uncle Wei's gleeful welcoming arms and was asked to take care of the eight-year old boy until the teenager's return.

Uncle Wei spent the afternoon making babies inside the crying, distressed child, played with his *xiao ji ji* with such amorous passion until nothing but watery pee spilled out from the boy's abused elongated, stretched and bruised penis, and attacked the vulnerable peanut-sized testicles until they become mere empty husks of their former selves, having been forcibly emptied over and over using unnatural and inappropriate manners for an eight-year old. The day was made merrier in Uncle Wei's dingy party dungeon, when twenty alcohol-reeking, warty and mostly bald, fat men stopped by to rent and sodomize the boy's battered body for a few hours, and left plenty of evidence of their virility inside the child's tender puffed-up anus.

The dirty uncle had also spied on his neighbour and took a page out of the Gusu Lan master's sexual prowess and creativity that happened at the spur of heated, aroused moments. He made lovely A-Ji wear a pair of kinky boy-panties, with an ample pouch to cup his sweet plump juicy balls, and a hole at the front for his erect, excited wee-wee to poke through freely and fuck Uncle Wei's hand. The rapist uncle scooped up all his friends' smelly congealing still-warm cum that ran down the boy's buttohole and thighs with a spoon, and packed the wriggling whitish gooey mass into the panty-

pouch. He also wanted A-Ji's child-testicles to stew and marinade in old men's semen, with a whispered prayer that billions of lively sperms would be absorbed, wiggle through the scrotal sac, and attack the the depleted, shrivelled, wrinkly eggs with such fury that they will take permanent residence and reign inside the child's testicles - and look chubby, healthy, shiny the next morning, hopefully.

“Unh, Unh, Unh... Uncle Wei... hnngh! Unh! Aah! Ooh! Uuh!” the eight-year old cried out as he neared his peak, and the man could feel the first rolling waves of penile contractions rippling up and down the pinkie-sized length. But the uncle was unperturbed, and instead, he quickly let go, lay on the littered floor and spread his legs. Little A-Ji reacted like a mechanical robot - he had been train too well to stick his orgasming wee-wee inside holes, and this was no different -, so he automatically mounted the twenty-two year old man like a real adult, because he had watched too many porn movies through the television in the man's house. His *xiao ji ji* was extremely excited and ready to burst, so he had no trouble to penetrate the man's tight muscular and hairy rosebud, and give a few desperate thrusts. Little A-Ji enjoyed heaven between a full grown man's legs, and tingled thirty twitches into the loving rapist Uncle Wei.

A boy who hadn't had his first wet orgasm can climax many times in succession without the need of a refractory period, the textbooks said. Uncle Wei was getting a little sleepy, after ejaculating too many times that day, having fun with his merry friends who had left after the party, and earned enough gold nuggets from the said paying friends - customers, really - to stock up on a week's supply of Emperor Smiles. He ordered A-Ji to take out the artificial silicone vagina from under the creaky stained bed and play with it.

Uncle Wei didn't let up the sex abuse; he filled the plasticky pussy with a bottle of stinking semen left by his merry friends, and he even rubbed one

out of his own to top up the squishy hole to the brim, and placed it on the bedroom floor.

“Now, now, A-Ji, listen to me. Uncle is going to take a nap because babysitting you is really hard work. You must fuck this pussy like the way I taught you until sundown, you hear me? If you stop even for a minute, even if your hips give way, or your legs tire, or for taking a pee-break, then I promise you that Xi Chen will not return on time. So don’t you dare cheat!” the man huffed with a fake threat, dropped a few fruits and jars of water next to the boy, and promptly went to bed.

Poor A-Ji had to breed the cum-drenched vagina strapped to a pillow like an eight-year old for the whole afternoon. He tingled repeatedly from obediently pumping his hips into the soggy but tight, clenching artificial womb. His misery only increased over time - each time he climaxed, his underdeveloped pelvic muscles convulsed and forcibly squirted a meagre few droplets of seedless boy-juice, but spoonfuls of slimy, warm adult men’s sperm were swallowed in reverse flow into the child’s ruined penis. Billions more living microscopic tadpoles swam *en masse* into the boy’s genitals to viciously raid the inflated urethra, invade the hardened swollen nut-sized prostate and wriggled further deeper to attack the child’s bladder and the delicate, broken insides of bruised testicles. His genitals simmered and were stuffed in the sweltering soupy lumpy potent milk of twenty men that day, ballooned up to three times the original size by sundown, and he gratefully peed out smelly viscous old men’s semen the whole night.

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“Yaaaaayyyyy!” twenty-two year old Wei Ying shouted with glee, and landed into the heated cyan coloured pool with a hearty belly flop splash.

He swam around a bit, paddling like a turnip-red doggie (although he would hate to be called that way), enjoying a natural sauna-cum-jacuzzi of mineral-rich geothermal waters ejected from the bottom and sides of the pool. When he thought his skin started to prune, he climbed out, then up a set of limestone steps to reach a higher landing, and leapt away - again - into another bigger turquoise-blue pool - face-down or butt-first, whichever style his heart youthful desired.

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Look at me! Look at me!” lovely Wei Ying yelled while courageously twirling in mid-air like a gravity-defying ballerina before getting splattered by a rogue geyser, and looked every bit like an excited eight-year old child who's found his own winter wonderland of hot springs and water theme parks.

“Mn. Looking at you,” was the calm response; the husband took aim from a short distance away (and safe from splashing waves), then pressed a holographic button on the spouse’s phone. A resounding *click!* later, a series of burst shots, touched-up with amazing filters and stickers, of the young man getting pummeled by water jets and looking every bit as a fool, was uploaded into the family’s cloud drive.

Wei Ying had become weary of waiting between meal times - actually, just between breakfast and lunch - that he grabbed Lan Zhan’s wrist and went off on his own to explore the cave. The couple followed the bubbling pool to its water source, through several half-flooded tunnels, and chanced upon a larger network of vast, spacious chambers, yawning chasms, multi-tiered waterfalls, and more gurgling pools, of course. The air was still, every footstep and every gasp for breath echoed deep into the network of caves. The chambers were pockmarked with impressive, gleaming stalactites and stalagmites, walls shimmered with crystalline facets, and rock faces displayed glittering mineral veins peeking out from eroded surfaces. If there

were still jewellers around in the Middle Kingdom, they could mine and pick these pretty stones from the rocks, and sell them for a good price.

The young man began to suspect that the design of the dungeon-like landscape had some intrinsic purpose, since the husband made it especially for him, if not the quartet - playing in the pools being one of them (and adding more Instagram-worthy albums into the cloud drive), reminiscent of the better days when he spent his childhood playing amongst lotus plants and chasing fishes underwater. Like a curious child, he hopped from pool to pool, from chamber to chamber, touching and scratching jagged surfaces, pulling and breaking limestone structures that took thousands of years to grow, tapping and pounding on the interior walls as though hoping that something might dislodge, activate a trigger, and open up a treasure room like a scene from the 21st-century adventure of a fictional man named Indiana Jones - with Lan Zhan, the dedicated cameraman and husband-cum-butler extraordinaire, dutifully tailing the spirited spouse all the way, with a holo-phone ready to take awesome pictures at the latter's whimsical request.

Crack!

One of the common thin pillar-like structures broke, when Wei Ying grasped it a little too hard, after climbing up from a swim. He slipped and tumbled to the hard, pebbly ground unceremoniously and found, to his wide-eyed amazement, that his hand held a shiny, sparkly piece of the legendary Twisty Crystal.

It took a full minute for the young man to digest what had happened, and he poked several more pillars, protrusions and lumps that suspiciously looked

like the features harboured something beneath the brittle rocky surface - and was delighted to find more Twisty Crystals!

“Oh, *lao gong* , how thoughtful! You knew that gold and gemstones don’t really carry much value in this day and age of a ruined world without bankers, goldsmiths and jewellers. So you made all of these,” a large arc of sweeping hand, “just for me? A mountain full of not just fun and games, but also Twisty Crystals that hold immense magical powers, and of great value to our Kingdom!”

“Mn.”

Wei Ying started to peel off his drenched loincloth; his clothes were safely tucked into the husband’s hands while he went wild in the waters. Lan Zhan shivered - just subtly, the subconscious mind has nearly lost cognitive control, the last thread of sanity and rational thought about to be crushed by a rising whirlpool of animalistic lust - and meticulously placed the spouse’s folded clothes on a dry spot, followed by his own robes.

“Eh, what about the other two?” Wei Ying asked, rather accusingly, and threw his smelly, no, fragrant, unwashed loincloth at the husband’s face, and let it dangle wetly from his (imagined) receding hairline.

Lan Zhan had to inhale - it was an instinctive reaction from the faithful mate, after all -, and explained, with a slight tremor in his voice because the addictive smell fanned the flames in his loins, “I used the quick-movement spell and swapped their morning tea with something more... sedative. They won’t be up until noon; your brother needs the rest after taking care of your

nephew the whole night. And Jin Ling's health should be much better after he sleeps a bit more. He's had sandwiches laced with my special healing potions for breakfast."

With the coast clear, and the husband extremely pent-up and had flattened his *qi* level curves due to his unending struggle to suppress desires flared from sexy dreams, the couple had their own fun and games chasing each other all over the cavernous chambers and poolsides. Like 21st-century Bollywood stars, cat-and-mouse, or simply rabbits in heat, the indomitable Lan Zhan pursued sexy naked Wei Ying from pillar after pillar, capturing him, engaging in quick grunt-y, moan-y and howl-y sexual intercourse no more than ten thrusts each, before the finicky spouse giggled and hopped away, only to be chased again. The more Wei Ying ran around, sending flirtatious gazes and a wiggly spread ass to the husband's way, the more excited, hungry and delirious the husband became - his heavy, wanting, swollen and pre-cum leaky cock dangled and swung wildly with each running footstep. Top-performing Lan Zhan gladly fucked like an overheated machine gun and inseminated lovely Wei Ying throughout the whole morning, thirty spasming ejaculations for each orgasm, in all manners of sex positions and places in the caves, until the latter was nicely rutted, stretched and had his rump flooded by gooey, warm and loving seed. Lan Zhan was utterly grateful to empty his swollen blue'd balls, while Wei Ying received his fair share of wild kisses, tongue action, groping hands, friction in his loins and climaxes too.

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"Lan Zhan! Look at this! I can hold a Twisty Crystal between my boobs!" the young man joked, as he squeezed his ribcage with his hands in a futile bid to sandwich a thin piece of shiny rock between non-existent voluptuous breasts. The crystal slid down his belly button and into the pool uselessly. "Aww...!" Wei Ying cried in disappointment.

“Wei Ying, do not play too much. Is this enough?” the husband asked. He emerged close to the pool, and was a spectacular sight to behold. He had collected, at the wife’s instructions, as many crystals as possible by hand; bundles of twisted elongated glimmering stones squeezed between his armpits, bags in both arms, another sagging bag tied to his back, an impressively large phallic one as long as a forearm squeezed between his pecs, and one huge bag hanging on his erect penis like a weight that nearly reached the floor.

Wei Ying’s jaw dropped - the great Han Guang Jun has passed both bubble tea and shampoo challenges in a single sweep. “How... how heavy is that?” the man asked hesitantly and winced at the same time.

“This?” Lan Zhan looked down at where the spouse’s finger pointed, and made his angry-red penis jerk a few times like working out his biceps - the shaft bulged, tendons flexed, “about thirty kilograms, I think. A full travel suitcase, if I remember from our times travelling around the Wuji continent earlier this year. I can do twice, even three times more, if you want.” The athletic penis jolted proudly with its luggage.

The younger man whistled and had a whole new respect for the husband’s cock, and fell in love with the meatstick even more and more.

Just then, Jiang Cheng gingerly made his way, albeit rather drunken and sleepy, towards the sounds of the errant couple who laughed and talked way too loud in the echo-ey chambers of the blessed cave.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things are looking up on the pandemic situation, and loosening of lockdown restrictions. My mood's lifted a little :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 96

“You’re both shameless! Frolicking naked in the pools with dishevelled looks while holding hands!” the angry sourgrape snarled (like an irritated chihuahua, really) while harshly pointing fingers at the mounting evidence of activities the man *didn’t* really see - the churning, foamy hot spring waters which were actually contaminated with semen leaking out from Wei Ying’s buttocks; the flushed, panting and rather invigorated appearances of the couple sitting inside a pool, after having engaged in plentiful pleasurable activities and sexual intercourses (‘frolic’ doesn’t even come close to describe what a Thousand-Year Rabbit-empowered sex drive does to the husband playing cat-and-mouse with the wife); and while the sourgrape thought they were playing hooky by shyly touching each other’s fingers, in actual fact, they were giving each other handjobs underwater, thankfully the sacrilegious act was blurred by rippling water surface.

Wei Ying admonished his brother for being impolite, “Hey, don’t talk like that! If you want to blame anyone, just blame me! Leave Lan Zhan out of this!” The memory of Jiang Cheng accusing the younger of the Twin Jades of Gusu Lan for something similar weighed on the man’s shoulder, and he stood his ground to defend the right for his choices, decisions and the subsequent consequences.

“I’m not blaming anyone! I’m just pointing out that the two of you are deplorable examples of young masters coming from such distinguished and noble lineages! You should act and behave more appropriately!” the sourgrape seethed, baring his fangs like the chihuahua he was portrayed to be.

Wei Ying rolled his eyes and readied for a snarky comeback about genealogy, sexism and cultural differences - but Lan Zhan raised a hand to

stop the conversation before the misunderstanding spiralled out of control. The upset spouse huffed, crossed his arms and sat down heavily into the pool with an unrefined splash; there's never a dull moment between Yunmeng's twin heroes, after all.

The venerable Han Guang Jun, with his wet nakedness sparkling in splendid glory and his long, lush hair neatly bunched to the back dripping with clear rivulets, set his steely, impassive gaze upon the brother-in-law (which rattled the younger man's confidence a little), and said, "Jiang Sect Leader, we understand. We'll leave the bath once we're done." Simple, succinct, to the point, with nary an inflammatory remark.

Unable to come up with a convincing argument of how a harmless bath for men could be regarded as dishonourable, the Jiang sect leader grumbled, dissatisfied at being bested by his *ge fu*, and turned his attention to something more wholesome - such as the surrounding cavernous chamber filled with bubbling hot spring pools. He pretended to walk around a bit, inspect the walls and jagged surfaces, the stalactites and stalagmites with disdain on his face - he wiped his hands on his clothes every time he touched dusty and gritty spots.

"Why are there holes around the walls and pillars? It looks like someone's been blowing them up with fireworks, spells or playing some kind of childish prank," another line of accusation. It seemed the man was trying to find fault and nitpick on anything he saw or touched.

"No idea. Maybe it's part of the cave formation process? There could've been wild animals that lived here long ago, who knows?" Wei Ying shrugged and blatantly told a white lie to get the man off their backs; the couple had picked the mountain clean of Twisty Crystals when the husband

was instructed to maximize his god-tiered quick movement spell. “Jiang Cheng, are you feeling better now after that nice morning nap? You seem to be lively and well, so maybe you should go to the next cave to cultivate and replenish your energies, instead of sticking your nose--,” the thinly-veiled sarcastic remark was cut short by another raised hand by the wise husband.

“Jiang Sect Leader, there’s a mineral-rich waterfall over there and it would do wonders to one’s *qi* levels to meditate under there. We’ve tried it, it’s good. It would be a shame not to peruse this mountain’s natural bounties while we’re here,” the husband suggested, and the spouse nodded fervently with a big toothy smile.

Minutes later, Jiang Cheng draped his robes and clothes over some raised flat surfaces, and took his shower, a nice rewarding soak, underneath the said waterfall at the far, far corner of the chamber. The water-powered massage splashed loudly on the man’s upper torso and face, sending delightful rewarding sensations on nerve-ends and aching muscles, and yes - rising his *qi* levels too.

With the sourgrape too busy tending to his own thunderous, self-service acupressure and hydromassage, the couple was finally left alone in their soupy pool; the husband managed to climax a couple of times with loud moans - unnoticed - and release more whitish milk into the swirling waters; Wei Ying let out loud a string of bubble-farts into the pool (and a mighty sigh of relief) he’d held in since the brother arrived, happily gassing up the waters, away from the intrusive and watchful eyes from the suspicious sect leader.

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“So you see,” Wei Ying held up a small piece of Twisty Crystal fished from a bunch of twenty other similar fragments no bigger than a fingernail cutting on the palm, “While you’re not skilled enough in the Magical arts to write mythical words and create your own talismans, and your *qi* levels are still too low to cast higher level spells and command inanimate objects larger than Paperman, all is not lost,” he beamed with a million-dollar smile, “With this *baobei* , I can guarantee you a shortcut to success!”

The tiny bit of crystal gleamed in the light of torches lit by Fire spells in the homely cave.

“But how, *da jiu* ?” Jin Ling asked and crept forward without needing to huddle up with heating pads, “All I see is just a shiny sliver of rock.” He had recovered significantly after resting during the morning, and was, like everyone else, waiting for a tasty lunch from their in-house masterchef, the Han Guang Jun. He attributed his speedy recovery to having a comfortable place to recuperate (thanks to the *da jiu*), nutritious food (thanks to the *da jiu fu*), and lots of herbal tea (credit goes to the *jiu jiu* , who thought he could launch a side-career as a herbal master, and his nose grew a few more inches higher).

“Ahh, my disciple-to-be, you must think out of the box, see the bigger picture, and expect the unexpected!” the sales pitch began, “It may be small, but it is incredibly powerful! One grain of this mysterious crystal packs the punch of a hundred jars of Qinghe’s finest military-grade fire medicine! (火药; *huo yao*). This is the stuff that powers magical equipment such as my Compass of Evil, and if thrown, it will explode upon impact into a shower of stars that can flatten homes, farmlands and fortresses! Just imagine what will happen if you apply one, even a few of these *baobei* s to your arrowheads, and light them up with blazing fires!” a wide sweep of

hands to emphasize the width and breadth of the resulting imaginary scale of destruction, “It will lay flat pine forests around us, blow up a face of this mountain’s cliff,” and he leaned down close to the boy’s face, “Or maybe... turn the twenty-feet tall metallic golem into iron rust?” and beamed another million-dollar grin.

Jin Ling’s face lit up - the first time in many days since he was poisoned by bad mushrooms - and excitedly asked if they were returning to the ill-fated forests and search for lovable Fairy and their missing transport. Wei Ying stood up, arms akimbo and murmured, “Well... that would depend on our squad leader, correct?” and gave a cheeky look towards the Jiang sect leader.

Jiang Cheng had rolled his eyes so many times when the Dark Arts practitioner extolled the virtues of the fragment of crystal that, with all due respect, looked like a fake gemstone and didn’t glow with amazing energies as claimed - heck, he couldn’t feel any spike in *qi* emitting from it - a truly greasy salesman, in the sourgrape’s perspective. “Don’t you dare flatter me to get my permission to leave this shelter and send us to a mission blindly into the dead of winter, Wei Wuxian!” the man harrumphed arrogantly, “It’s a no-brainer that anyone would have a better chance to survive with such kinds of weapons, if what you said about the crystal is true. But you remember how adept and fast that monstrous golem was, when evading, dodging and parrying our attacks. No cultivator nor projectiles could even land a single blow, let alone touch it!”

Jiang Cheng was adamant to stay put inside the cave, where everything was nice and warm, rather than braving the blizzard-y winds outside with potentially no cooked food, no butler service (in the form of the Han Guang Jun), and no unlimited magic to light up toasty fires (in the form of the Wei Wuxian). He stressed that as *their* sect leader (to no one really, because none of them were formally inducted into the Jiang group), he had the

responsibility to make the right decisions and keep everyone safe (in reality, it is probably the other way round, with the couple doing the bulk of the work). He had recurring nightmares of their encounter with the Tian-powered metal golem, and had unsettling premonitions about what might happen if they charged into the shadows in the forests.

Wei Ying rubbed his smooth shaven chin - thank goodness the husband brought a shaver for him, although the middle-aged man himself doesn't use it because he wanted to grow facial hair following true Gusu Lan fashion. "Hmm, you may be right," he acquiesced to Jiang Cheng's admission of the metal golem's strength, then turned around, "*Lao gong !*" (and drew another roll of eyes from the sourgrape, and a choked noise from the nephew), "A gold nugget for your thoughts, how can we increase the hit rate of Jin Ling's Twisty Crystal-enhanced arrows upon that super-intelligent, incredibly agile, invincible and lightning-quick metallic monster in the woods?"

Lan Zhan paused from using the smooth, decorated rounded end of Bichen's hilt to awkwardly grind some spices and edible oils on a flatstone - a makeshift pestle and mortar -. He pulled and rubbed his spindly beard thoughtfully, and then belatedly realized that he had just spiced his precious budding goatee with chilli paste.

Then, without warning, Lan Zhan dipped a forefinger into the bowl of ground chilli, and rushed towards Jin Ling. His arm stiffened, straight as an arrow with the deadly chilli paste on his fingertip. The boy yelped in surprise and quickly got up from the floor. "H-Han Guang Jun! What are you doing?! Are you out of your mind?! I cannot eat anything spicy, otherwise my stomach will hurt again!" the boy yelled as he ran for his life, for the sake of his delicate belly, around the cave with an murderous-looking Han Guang Jun in hot pursuit; it didn't help that for unknown reasons, lights shone his face from below, casting that dreadful shadow over

his intense and killer gaze - many men would have peed in their pants by that blood-curdling sight.

Lan Zhan didn't need to sprint; due to his long legs, he merely stomped steadily close behind, and that scared poor Jin Ling out of his wits - strangely, somewhere in the background, a famous 21st-century piece of two-note music named 'Jaws' played, ominous, increasing in speed and momentum as the man slowly caught up with the fleeing victim. The boy shrieked like a girl, tried to swat away the hand that aimed for his mouth, dodged and hopped over rocks and boulders nimbly like a panicking monkey.

Jiang Cheng's nostrils flared at the unwarranted ambush and nearly leapt to the nephew's rescue, but Wei Ying held a hand to stop him just in time. "No, Jiang Cheng. Watch, and learn from my *lao gong*," he ordered with a smug voice.

It didn't take long for Lan Zhan to drive Jin Ling into a corner. The boy gasped when the paste-coated finger aimed at the vermilion mark between the brows and he ducked at the last second to avoid getting a larger mark, or worse, a stinging bruise, on his forehead. Lan Zhan followed suit, and dipped his arm so that the belly button was targeted. Another yelp, and the boy turned to his side by instinct, fortunately to miss the strike by a hair's breadth. The two continued a strange martial arts hand-to-hand combat of one striking with a finger, while the other evaded as best as he could.

Finally, Jin Ling took a fair amount of beating and ended up with cheeks full of red chilli streaks and sticky, spicy fingerprints on the exposed skin on his hands.

Having his triumphant finger wiped clean of the paste, Lan Zhan turned around, flicked his sleeves, and calmly returned to the kitchen of sorts to prepare the group's lunch - one hundred percent organic dishes made from soft breads, farm fresh eggs, goat's milk cheese, an assortment of beans, fruits, tubers, salads and other natural ingredients that make up the full spectrum of flavours of classic Middle Kingdom cuisine - salty, spicy, sour, sweet, and bitter - using more herbs and spices, but minus the canned food.

“Hey! What is the meaning of this?! You hit me, then you're leaving without saying anything?!” the boy cried, his eyes slightly red and teary from the humiliating defeat - and the fact that his face was painted with terribly embarrassing red marks. Jiang Cheng, on the other hand, saw and understood what had happened, having been a sect leader and raised many teenagers into amateur cultivators during the last two decades or so. The sect leader pushed Wei Ying's hand away and shouted at the boy in frustration.

“Why don't you ever use your brain, useless boy! Didn't you realize that your *da jiu fu* had just taught you how to defeat the metallic golem? Do you need another pair of eyes to see the answer?” he grilled the boy.

“Eh...? Really? What?!” Jin Ling gaped and became thoroughly confused.

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Jiang Cheng stood close to the entrance to check on the outside world. “It looks like the winds are slowly dying down and we should be able to get

out safely in the afternoon. So all you better start packing up after you're done with lunch," he said, with the charm of a (mediocre) leader.

Wei Ying and Jin Ling's faces winced; they were still munching on egg-celent sandwiches made with egg-xtravagant, nutritious, pure, chemical-free ingredients, when the sourgrape's announcement soured the atmosphere considerably - the thought of walking in sub-zero temperatures didn't sound too appealing at that moment, when their hands grasped fire-warmed food. Jin Ling, the more obedient one, took the opportunity to pack a few more sandwiches into his backpack because he didn't know when he would get the chance to find such tasty delicacies that was, for once, agreeable to his upset, but recovering stomach.

"Here," the Yiling man said in mid-chew, and tossed a small pouch to the late-teen, "There are enough crystal shavings inside for at least five quivers of arrows. Use them sparingly, and make sure not to drop any, otherwise you might lose a limb or two," he added to emphasize how dangerous and flammable the explosive material was. The boy nodded fervently, nearly lost his grip while jiggling the precious ammunition like a hot potato, before sliding it into his belt. The Jin *gongzi* still had many questions in his mind about their suicide mission to return to the outside world, defeat the frightening golem, and look for their presumably stolen pet and belongings.

Jin Ling had asked about the crystals' origins, and how they came to the couple's knowledge. Wei Ying revealed that he and Lan Zhan simply found them littering on surfaces of the caves in the other chambers, and had simply mined them. Jiang Cheng interjected, accusing Wei Ying of lying earlier, because he saw those indentations which were explained to be naturally made, and not picked off by hand. Wei Ying waved off the suspicious sourgrape, and redirected everyone's attention to the crystals' uses. Jiang Cheng huffed in annoyance and let it slide - he was in a hurry to save Fairy and rescue their transport, because he would never forgive

himself if he lost the entire Jiang family's stash of historical artifacts, relics, inheritance and legacy. The stage was set, and it was unsteady; Jin Ling harboured suspicions about the crystals too - like uncle, like nephew - and when he was tasked to use it, he was understandably unsettled.

The *jiu jiu* didn't need mind-reading abilities to know what his nephew was thinking. "You shouldn't think too much into the execution! I've already trained you many times during your younger days, you need to *feel* the moment to strike the heart of the devil! So stop acting wishy washy over it!" he reminded and gestured by rubbing his fingers, but the vague explanation only worried the boy even further, "I will use Zidian to throw you into the monster's path, and when you're close enough, you'll shoot those crystal arrows straight into as many of its weakest, unarmoured parts as possible - the neck joint, elbows, behind the knees and ankles. Your *da jiu fu* will fly in at the last second with his quick-movement ability to get you out of the blast radius. There's absolutely nothing to worry about!"

Jin Ling balled his fists in anxiety, and dropped a half-eaten sandwich to his plate, "But *jiu jiu* ! What if you threw me off balance? What if the monster turned at the wrong time and I couldn't find its weak spots? What if the quick-movement isn't quick enough?"

"Jin Ling ah Jin Ling," Wei Ying toot-toot'd and tapped a stick of carrot on the boy's forehead, to the latter's consternation, "Zidian is a mythical weapon, it simply does not *miss* its target. If it can rip deviant spirits from possessed bodies, what more of a lumbering giant hulk of metal?

Furthermore, I've already taught you the basics of the Paperman spell, which is so simple that any cultivating kid knows how to play with those dolls to pass the time. You just need to adapt the spell into the arrows, just

like how I manipulated the leaves last night - and direct the crystal shards straight to your desired targets with the *eye* inside your *heart* .

Lastly, the quick-movement is a spell that's ubiquitous among mid-level cultivators, and your *da jiu fu* is way, way above that. I could do it when I first returned to this world with a weakling Mo Xuanyu's body, so you can be confident that Lan Zhan will not fail," he beamed his million-dollar smile - but Jin Ling wasn't convinced at all.

"What about you, *da jiu* ? What would *you* be doing?" the boy stared at his eldest uncle and popped the rest of the salvaged sandwich into his mouth, irked that the one who talked the most wasn't really doing much to aid their ominous-sounding mission.

Wei Ying had to stammer and swallow, being caught off-guard by the line of questioning. "Err... err... I... I will be right behind you... from a distance! I will play the flute to confuse the enemy, and use state-of-the-art magics to keep everyone safe!" and belatedly tilted up his nose and chin to impress upon the boy about his confidence in the success of the plan, which hinged upon the inexperienced Jin *gongzi* to take down a twenty-foot tall demonic Dark, Corruption-type monster.

Jin Ling shrugged, he wasn't persuaded at all. Nope, not one bit.

Further away, Lan Zhan - the husband who had nothing to do but to listen to his spouse have a war of words with the other chatty members of the family -, crossed his arms, sat on the floor while leaning against a pillar, and promptly fell asleep. He had worked hard, having spent the morning

harvesting the crystals, breeding like rabbits with the spouse, and prepared a good lunch for everyone.

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There was a recurring pattern of sorts. The more negative, disturbing feelings in the mind and heart, the most twisted the dreams become. He thought that perhaps, the uneasiness of going back out to the cruel, harsh wintry world, or the constant noisy brooding between the family members who fussed non-stop about their plans, had kept him on the edge. Stress hormones were bad news, he concluded.

It was five-thirty in the morning, and the sun had yet to rise. However, Uncle Wei was already fully dressed and eager to start his daily routine of an invigorating early workout, and satisfy a lustful hunger that wasn't really related to food. He walked with a lively spring in his steps to the Lan brothers' house, sauntered straight through their thriving vegetable patch, stepped on a few seedlings and popped a stolen ripe tomato into his mouth, before reaching the doorway.

"My dear neighbour, Xi Chen! Are you up and awake? I have brought some yummy dumplings that you can heat up for breakfast and bring along when you go out later today! I'll put them on the kitchen counter as usual!" he called out, started to disrobe, and pulled down his pants.

"Ah...! Wei *shushu* ! Thank you again! I'm at the back of the house with the laundry! Can you do me a favour and wake up my brother? It's half-past five but he hasn't woken up yet, yet he has to go to school by seven-thirty,"

a voice shouted from the backyard. Xi Chen was hard at work, scrubbing, rinsing and hanging the siblings' clothes at the crack of dawn.

"Enn!" the man replied with glee, scratched his crotch and jiggled his leaking, hardening, delighted cock; he received full permission to enter the house unrestricted, and to make good use of everything within. The slightly unkempt man, who hardly combed his unruly hair or bathed his body daily, went straight into little A-Ji's bedroom after putting down the said basket. Not even five minutes passed, when the first sobs and whimpers were heard.

"A-Ji ah A-Ji, wakey wakey, the *xiao ji ji* should crow first thing in the morning and not sleep inside the coop," the man murmured amid the sounds of some high-pitched protests of "No!", "Don't touch me!", and a couple of kicks and punches. Xi Chen heard the muffled sounds, sighed and chuckled - he thought the younger brother acted like a grumpy prickly cactus when he was disturbed in his sleep. Like all people in the Cloud Recesses, the teenager didn't recognize the sounds of an eight-year old boy being forcibly molested on the bed, his nipples twisted by roughened fingers, and his child-penis sucked off by an overzealous, pent up rapist in the midst of their home. Poor A-Ji's penis bloomed and swelled up from the rough handling, with his foreskin peeled back and the sensitive glans attacked repeatedly by greedy lips and rolling tongues, until his loins turned into shades of angry reds.

"Wah, A-Ji, look what Uncle made! The *xiao ji ji* has blossomed into such bright and shiny colours, and it's all fattened up nicely... what a healthy rooster indeed! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" the grinning uncle admired his morally depraved handiwork - a thin tube of quivering bloated, turgid flesh thinly veined with throbbing blood vessels - while licking and swallowing twin saliva-warmed eggs until they undergo strings of pleasurable testicular orgasms that a child shouldn't experience yet.

Xi Chen returned to the kitchen to inspect the basket, after he was done with laundry, “Uncle Wei! There are so many dumplings! Shall I take heat up six, two for each of us?”

“... Mmmnf!” came the strained reply, which the teenager took as an affirmative. The dirty uncle busily swallowed A-Ji’s second unwilling tingle in row, a mix of fluttering delicate penile muscles, a sputtering cockslit, droplets of seedless sexual fluids and a zest of pee added into it. Uncle Wei was pleased at the boy’s growth - he had been visiting the brothers’ house daily, and the eight-year old adolescent started to show promising progress, such as experiencing nearly a full adult’s orgasmic reflex, based on the way the child’s flushed, sweaty hips trembled before climax, and jerked rhythmically thirty-times while pelvic muscles convulsed wildly within, sending fresh volleys of flavourful crystal-clear, undiluted, pure boy-juices straight into the rapist’s waiting mouth. A-Ji was gagged using his forehead ribbon, which had become a handy tool for the man, such as to tie up the boy’s limbs when he resisted too much.

Later, Xi Chen walked to the bedroom’s doorway, and called out, “Breakfast is ready, two steaming dumplings each on the table!” He walked into a terrifying scene that was becoming all too common in their household: the huffing and panting, sexually flushed, sweaty uncle - without his pants on -, lay atop little crying A-Ji between his raised hips. Uncle Wei mounted and thrust brazenly in the open, deep into the sweet distended rosebud again and again with such ferocity and passion, that the bed threatened to splinter and break from the force of a man brutally raping an innocent pre-teen boy. A meaty palm covered the child’s mouth, to hide the gag and mute the victim’s screams.

“Ah... come to the dining table when you’re done playing wrestling with each other,” the teenager said, not batting an eyelid at all, and casually returned to the kitchen. Like all residents of the Cloud Recesses, Xi Chen never really studied about sex before, and there weren’t any particular Gusu Lan rules of being naked, or semi-naked in homes, so he didn’t really think much about what it really felt to have a cock inserted into a warm, wet hole; it probably looked more like a physical game that foreign men preferred to play. The teenager thought it was amusing, and rather heartwarming, that his quiet, socially-awkward and detached younger brother had finally befriended their neighbour, spent increasing amounts of time with that welcoming man in his early twenties.

“ *Da ge ... da ge ... wuuu... wuuu... please save me...* ” little A-Ji sobbed and cried hot tears, tried to reach out to grasp at the fleeting image of his big brother, but Xi Chen was gone in a blink of an eye, thus, his chances of being rescued from a groaning dirty old man writhing between his smooth boyish thighs, and the disgusting feeling of wet hairy heavy adult’s balls rhythmically slapping his rosebud with each fruitful penetration. Uncle Wei spanked the boy's springy small buttocks until they turned red, and pinched the fleshiest parts as punishment for trying to get help from outsiders. However, before long, the pleasure ballooning in the dirty rapist's loins bulged in spilling waves, and there was no time delay the inevitable.

“Oh, lovely A-Ji, your virgin pussy’s the best! Ah, ah, ah, this uncle cannot hold back anymore, my hips can’t stop shaking, it feels so good to be sucked by your sweet clenching pussy! Squeeze for me boy, squeeze it some more, you want my sperm so badly, don’t you? You naughty boy! AHH AHH UHH NNNGH I’m raping your baby butt! I’m raping your *xiao ji ji* ! Get pregnant again, you boy bitch! Carry my child in your womb before your first wet dream! UHH OOH NNGH HAAH HAAH!” the man howled into a pillow from the exceedingly powerful orgasmic waves rippling through his own body, sending forth fifteen excited virile jets of searing hot adult semen blasting deep into the boy’s stretched, swollen tunnel of love.

Little A-Ji's tight rump was thoroughly mated, wrecked and received two more large servings of Uncle Wei's happy milk, before the two finally emerged, full of sweat, and sat down at the dining table. By then, Xi Chen had finished his meal and was outdoors, busily loading a basket of green produce freshly harvested from the vegetable patch. The insatiable demonic uncle exploited the lack of grown-up supervision to attack the child again, by crouching underneath the table, pulled down the child's pyjamas, and bobbed his head deliriously between the boy's silky smooth legs. Uncle Wei happily sucked, pleased and nibbled at the boy's private parts, forcing the eight-year old to endure many painful tingles while the red-faced teary boy tried his best to chew and swallow down two dumplings, in the throes of unwanted ecstasy.

The adolescent had some house work to do before going to school. He was instructed to wash the dishes, sweep the floor and clean the interior of the house. Xi Chen was grateful to the uncle, and the man reciprocated the gratitude in every step of little A-Ji's daily house chores routine - Uncle Wei accompanied the sniffing, hiccuping, nervous crybaby eight-year old, pretended to teach him how to lather the soap, to wield the broom in a correct angle, and how to properly wipe furniture - with the man's hairy hands molesting the sweet youthful unblemished body at every occasion, especially the pink nipples that puffed up beautifully from harsh fingernail scratches and pinches; rough calloused hands crawled underneath the waistband and groped the bouncy buttocks; thick fingers dipped, scissored and jiggled the pool of crusting, congealing semen inside the boy's inflamed anus; fetid breaths and slimy wet tongue slipped into the boy's mouth every time he turned his head; another hand eagerly swooped to the front of the pyjamas, playing the boy's abused, overused *xiao ji ji* until little A-Ji couldn't scrub the plates properly, couldn't hold the broom straight, couldn't bend down to clean the tea stains from the tabletops; because the pre-pubescent's genitals were stroked and sexually assaulted so vigorously for nearly an hour, until he ended up peeing on the floor - even as he released the tension from the bladder involuntarily, with plenty of sobs and

soft pitiful, shameful whimpers, Uncle Wei was relentless in pursuit of the (self-imagined) child's happiness - as the stream of pungent yellow arched out, he squatted down and let his tongue knead and massage the underside of the erect, twitching wee-wee and let fingers caress the child's delicate sensitive taut testicles, causing spurts when the boy's urethra contracted instinctively in futile defence; when A-Ji seemed to have almost emptied his quaking bladder, Uncle Wei enveloped his greasy, hungry lips around the wilting *xiao ji ji*, and renewed his efforts to polish the wildly pulsating, tortured, peeled exposed cockhead that had turned from healthy pink to dark bruised reds. The flushed, sweaty boy had to bite a ragcloth to stifle his screams, as he exploded into another thirty eruptions of sputtering liquids - the pure, flavoursome nectary ambrosia of a child that was forced to experience an adult's pleasures before his time.

Xi Chen had to leave at seven-thirty to haul his basket to the morning market, and was severely disappointed to see his younger brother with a broom in his hands, his pants in an untidy heap on the floor, and a puddle of pee pooling on where he stood. Uncle Wei easily underplayed the situation, "Don't worry, my dear neighbour, this happens sometimes to quiet, introverted boys who didn't get enough sleep. I'm a certified child psychologist, so I know. I'll help fix this mess, and you can go to the market with your heart at ease, really," he grinned his charming, persuasive, million-dollar smile, despite looking rather dishevelled, heaving hot breaths, and his mouth seemed to be slick with some kind of watery liquids.

"Oh... thank you again, Uncle Wei. We're always troubling you, and I'm so glad you're here to help us. Please, always feel free to come to our home and make it as your own, especially when my brother is around and I'm not. I'm so glad to have a neighbour like you, and we can place our trust in your kindness!" the teenager responded too politely, that Uncle Wei had to bow many times in return out of respect for the honorable words - and the permission to take his pleasure with little A-Ji anytime of the day from henceforth.

The eight-year old sniffled and was forced to bow in thanks to the uncle with his pants down and pee on his legs, at Xi Chen's insistence. The man smiled sweetly, and kissed the boy's forehead, leaving behind a lip mark made of a man's saliva and a boy's pre-ejaculate fluids. Xi Chen looked pleased.

"My friend, you better go now, the customers will not wait. I'll get your brother ready and take him to school. I know the headmaster very well, so you can rest assured that I'll put a good word for your cute brother even if he's late," another million dollar smile beamed, and Xi Chen nearly cried tears of gratitude for the wonderful neighbour.

The teenager left the house soon after. Uncle Wei instructed the boy to return to the bedroom and undress because a change of clothing was needed - and the excited man followed behind closely while masturbating his eager adult hairy giant penis. With just the two of them in the quiet, lonely house, Uncle Wei had all the time in the world to enjoy the eight-year old's body, and engage in endless rounds of animalistic fornication. Poor A-Ji was molested, sexually assaulted and fertilized several more times on his adorable rabbit-themed bedsheets, spent hours wriggling, drilled and hammered under the heavy moaning unwashed man's crushing weight, and was left with bruising hickeys on both ballooning nipples and plenty of lustful fingerprints all over his young, immature body, before he was able to put on a decent robe and a finally, finally, a clean pair of pants - with an exception: his only clean loincloth was drenched with a man's cum, so he was forced to have his genitals stewed and marinated in spoonfuls of Uncle Wei's rich smelly semen for the whole morning.

By the time they reached the school gates, it was already ten in the morning. The gates were closed, and the guard refused to allow entry to

late-comers. A gold nugget inside the guard's pocket later, twenty teachers - Uncle Wei's terrible sex offender friends, who had obtained full-time teaching positions in the school after bribing the headmaster - emerged at the gates with friendly waves of 'hello' and loud drunken laughter. It was school recess time, and the liquor-loving hardcore criminals had time to spare in between classes. Together, the group of salivating, excited men dragged the crying, screaming, kicking boy into the woods next to the school's compounds, where a dingy, dank and smelly wooden shed waited for the arrival of little A-Ji.

“Here's a conundrum, dear *xiongdì* s: how many loads can this set of cute buttocks swallow, before the boy spews the excess through the mouth, nose and god forbid, ears too?” the bald, fat man asked, his speech interspersed with tasty growls. He jiggled his hefty ass, and rolled the masses of fat on his obese belly upon the broken boy's body, so that his wart-covered, veiny, thick twitching penis could copulate with the cum-drenched, cream-filled ruined rosebud with impressive, vibrating speeds.

“That's a trick question, you swine! None, of course! Because there's two of us fucking his throat right now, and everything's gonna gush out from his face when we cum! Ha ha ha!”

“ *Shixiong* , he ain't listening to us anymore. Look - his eyes has gone white, his drool is all over the place! That pig is breeding the boy for the eighth time in a row!”

A long line of men yelled angrily and cursed the morbidly obese monster for hogging (no pun intended) the drugged, near-unconscious eight-year old on the semen-stained floor.

“Oh my sweet, sweet cutie pie! I love to play with little boys’ feet and here I am using the soles as my cocksleeve. Ooh, ooh, so smooth, sweaty and firm at the same time! How many times must I shoot before he’s covered with grown-ups’ seed?” another man with a crooked nose and a bushy beard cried and heaved for lost breaths, as he climaxed into the soft delicate skin between toes and the bumps, arches and joints of little feet.

“My dear brother-in-arms, that is so hard to guess! I’m trying to fuck his nipple so that he’ll grow breasts, and our dimwitted friend over there is trying to sow seeds through his belly button in the hopes that he’ll father a son through the eight-year old’s womb soon. And look at those queueing up for a feel of the fragrant armpits, the dip in the collarbones and the hot favourite, the fingers! How can we ever measure if we’re not doing this together?” a rather silly-looking cock-eyed man berated, and with a passionate roar, ejaculated thick ropes of milky white deep into the boy’s bruised, bloated, stretched bowl-like nubs.

“Ho ho ho! You’re all dull and slow, you can never best me in the game of brains!” Uncle Wei crowed arrogantly from a corner. He bounced a pouch of gold nuggets in his hand, and sneered; he had asked for two, but his friends only brought one - stingy friends they turned out to be! In retaliation, he warned, he would make the boy’s most precious part inaccessible for this sale.

Nobody dared to touch the boy’s shivering stiff penis and balls that squeezed itself so tightly that the plump eggs seemed to have snuck under

the base of the said *xiao ji ji* - because A-Ji's loins was covered with super spicy chilli paste; Uncle Wei had purposely rubbed the terribly cooking ingredient into the boy's penis - little A-Ji was fortunately too dazed, and too knocked-out to feel the terrible pain that scorched the child's glistening, spicy-red delicate genitalia membrane and *burnt* and throbbed into the core of the *dying* organ. He continued to pee off and on in tiny cute watery eruptions, to the amusement of twenty rutting rapists - he'd lost control of his bladder long ago when Uncle Wei dosed the pinprick cockslit with a spoonful of that fiery hot powder.

It didn't matter though. As soon as the Wei *gongzi* went off to the nearest town to satisfy his craving for high quality liquor, the band of merry men took out some tools from their pockets and fashioned a crude contraption made of a funnel attached to a bendable reed-like straw - it was obvious to where the straw would be inserted. Soon, they celebrated their successful school recess (which went on until mid-day, because these horrible teachers instructed the students to recite and copy the sect's over-4000 rules in class, which takes *forever*), and shouted, "Cheers!". They clinked their jars of Qinghe rice wines and Laozu Smiles that were hidden inside their sleeves, and together, they rubbed their excited hairy pimply penises, ejaculated, peed and spit into the funnel, and massaged twenty dirty men's foamy smelly bodily fluids into the boy's destroyed, bloated and terribly swollen genitals.

Notes for the Chapter:

Happy Labour's Day! I was a bit lazy coz of the holiday, so this might not be one of the better pieces I've written, and may be kinda disconnected. Thank goodness the lockdown will be lifted soon, so for now I'm just counting down the days...

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

P.s. Added a little more icky details

Chapter 97

“Feeling better now?” Wei Ying asked.

Jin Ling “Enn”s hesitantly, and blew bubbles into the rippling waters. He hadn’t had adults supervising his baths since he turned eight, and it felt really strange, somewhat demeaning, and really uncomfortable to be stared at while he soaped and scrubbed his naked body - and worse, the imaginary leers he received when he had to wash his privates in the surprisingly, but alarmingly clear waters.

A combination of the over-imagination of youth, the missed intimacy with ‘handsome and strong’ *jiu jiu* (at least in the boy’s perspective) who had raised him since he was a helpless orphaned babe, and the frightening stories he’d heard about the Yiling Patriarch and lately, his homosexual hunger, made him the perfect jittery morsel of flesh in front of two grown-up’s eyes.

Seeing how the boy’s heart trembled and the anguish painted on the face, Jiang Cheng ordered him to soak in the main heated springwater pool to rejuvenate his *qi* , revive his spirits, and regain his composure. There was really no urgency to rush into the outside world and become heroes for no one, the *da jiu* added thoughtfully, because the Imperial army wouldn’t have any use for Jiang family’s treasures (a civilization who could command and pilot 31st century robots would treat the books, parchments, scrolls and wooden signage as consumable flammables), the Jin *gongzi* ’s high-value inheritance (a species that can recklessly wield dark, Corruption magic could create all the wealth, gold and gemstones needed in their twisted alchemists’ labs), and Fairy (an overweight lazy dog is no good for an army that controlled Corrupted animals to slaughter the living).

“There, there, anything that causes anxiety or pulls the heartstrings are just that - they’re from your heart, and not from your brain. At times like this, you need to think with your brain, and channel the right instructions to the heart,” the former Yiling Patriarch sagely advised, although the wise words fell on deaf ears because they were as cryptic as a 21st-century psychology lesson. Wei Ying poked the boy’s glistening, wet chest, accidentally swiped one of the boy’s nipples and then flicked his forehead, to emphasize his advice. Jin Ling felt a little prickling sensation in his loins and he quickly covered his crotch and lowered his head.

Wei Ying blinked and caught on. He whispered to Jiang Cheng that as the spouse, he would go and check on Lan Zhan. He also added in an insinuating manner, “Don’t look, but I think *your* nephew has nearly recovered and is quite lively right now, especially his ‘son’ down there. I’m leaving this to you, since you’re his legal guardian and all,” before hurrying off to the far end of the chamber. Jiang Cheng opened his mouth, closed, stammered a few incoherent syllables, stared (no, no, don’t look), turned six shades of red, and opened his mouth in silent plea for help. “Make sure we’re ready when he’s done with the bath!” the man shouted, which echoed loudly in the cave, like adding a zest of lemon into the already acidic sour reddening grape.

At the husband’s side, the spouse shook the sleeping husband’s shoulder, “Lan Zhan! Your Thousand-Year Snake pheromones are leaking! Wake up now, otherwise you’re going to wreak havoc on those two!”

(Wei Ying would love to stay in the cave a bit longer, for reasons he already spelled out; however, now that the monster within the husband has reared its ugly head, all bets are off and he would really like to get the attractively smelly man out into the open space, and into the cold, to douse any lustful

flames that his body odours may ignite. Wei Ying scolded himself for engaging in such reckless, passionate lovemaking, and letting the husband dry off from the bathwaters in the morning, which probably spiked the output from Lan Zhan's cursed body.)

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Lan Zhan did wake up - in a continuation of his dreams. On top of a sleep-warmed goose feather mattress and satiny sheets, he was greeted by a strange sight of his forehead band tied into a big fancy ribbon with even bigger bows. The ribbon jiggled as though it was tied to something hard, and bounced in his line of sight.

He nnngh'd and yawned. The ribbon caressed his lips and threatened to stuff the cloth into the man's mouth, if he didn't wake up soon.

The boy giggled - the most beautiful crystalline tinkling sounds of joy and innocence from an eight-year old. A-Xian sat on his six-pack belly and wriggled a bit.

"Uncle Lan, Uncle Lan, good morning! Please greet our family members too, and here is a present to wish you a wonderful day ahead!"

The Gusu Lan master found it amusing, rather than annoying, to indulge in the child's adorable, whimsical imaginative roleplay. He pulled the ribbon open, intent on reclaiming his sacred possession, and unveiled his daily morning reward - an adolescent's cute pinkish penis that had been properly

stroked, happily hard, and had the foreskin pushed back to reveal the prized glans that glistened with excited boy-juices.

“Mn. Good morning A-Xian,” the man muttered, and the boy swooped down for a full, passionate kiss on the lips, with plenty of tongue actions, “Good morning, A-Xian’s son,” and the eight-year old gingerly inserted his wee-wee into the man’s waiting salivating mouth, then started to hump earnestly.

“Unnh, Unnh, Aaahn, Haahn, Uncle Lan, your mouth feels so good around A-Xian’s son, please swallow it more, and make A-Xian tingle!” the boy cried with fervour, and relished the sweet sucking sensations and squishy kissy sounds emanating from his loins. Uncle Lan did not disappoint with his proficiency in massaging eight-year old penises with his flexible tongue, and the boy tingled cheerfully with laughter in the air, honey boy-juices dribbling out of a quivering cockslit accompanied by uncontrolled sprays of virginal pee, and the master enjoyed his first liquidy snack in the morning in the comforts of his luxurious bedroom.

“Good morning, baby A-Xians,” he murmured as he tasted each of the boy’s trembling wrinkly, soft yet firm testicles, and rolled them with vibrating hums and violent licks inside his mouth, like a lollipop that melted too fast. The boy complained that one of his balls sometimes hang lower than the other, and the man knew why, because he always attacked the right ballsack more zealously than the left; he would love A-Xian to show his genitals to him every time they bathe together, so that the man will always have an excuse to impersonate a doctor, and be allowed to examine, then play with the boy's defenceless swollen quail eggs for hours on end.

After the prolonged greeting, Uncle Lan scooted a bit and let the boy lie by his side. They would engage with amoral heavy petting sessions and touch each other non-stop, exciting erogenous zones and spoon one another, whispering words of “I love you” while fiddling with each other’s penises, sharing very dirty stories of horny men planting babies inside eight-year olds, before burning desire finally overwhelmed the man, and he pinned down the shrieking spread-eagled boy to fuck him *into* the mattress like a hungry beast in heat.

Somewhere in the midst of fathering more tiny tots inside lovely A-Xian, the boy wondered aloud, “If I have a son and two babies between my legs, then I must be the mama. Who is the papa?”

At that point, Uncle Lan hnngh’s, and enjoyed yet another thirty-twitches into the sweet child. “Would that be me?” the man asked, breathless, after inseminating the boy one more time.

“Eww, you’re too old to be married to me, you can be my daddy!” A-Xian mischievously stuck out his tongue, and the man gleefully captured it in a passionate, saliva-slicked kiss. “Mn, then this daddy will make sweet love to his baby boy, and make lots and lots of brothers and sisters inside you,” he growled dangerously, renewed his hip pumps with vigour into the tight buttocks, and A-Xian mewled with unbridled joy.

Later, the boy would walk with a slight limp, a pacifier stuck into his rosebud to keep three servings of Uncle Lan’s happy milk sloshing inside until the child’s belly bulged a bit. Like a hen that sits on eggs to make baby chicks, the pre-teen teased, A-Xian would keep the man’s semen warmed throughout the day to make more baby boys in his pregnant belly. Uncle Lan would find it difficult to prepare breakfast for them, as he was

constantly torn between trying to flip a pancake and flipping the boy on the floor so that he could mate with lovely precocious A-Xian, and spend hours emptying his adult hairy balls into the sweet, sweet hot tight hole between perky buttocks. A-Xian got his plate of pancakes, and separately, another three squirts of creamy buttery milk inside his buttocks; Uncle Lan was very flushed, exceedingly excited with his nerve-ends short-circuited, and was exquisitely drained to the last droplet; the man shivered continuously and helplessly on the floor, jerked his hips involuntarily when pleasurable waves electrocuted his sweaty pelvis, as the boy continued to ride and squeeze-dry the uncle's shrivelled loins while enjoying his meal. Uncle Lan moaned like a dying animal, spilled again and again until nothing but pure crystal clear seedless liquids squirted out from his defeated-resurrected overheated penis imprisoned inside the devilish pre-pubescent boy's sweet, tempting tunnel of terrifying love.

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"Ahh, Uncle Lan, look! Those foreigner teachers are at it again! They're raping the children in the playground!" Wei Ying shouted excitedly on the balcony where he had a grand panoramic view of the Cloud Recesses, and no one could see him. The master had strategically placed potted plants all around to prevent curious onlookers to see what went on inside the mansion's upper floors.

"It's terrible, isn't it, Uncle Lan? Day after day, right after the parents dropped their boys at the school, the guard lets them in and locks the gate. The headmaster always seems cheerful when he assembles the schoolchildren first thing in the morning, then sends them into their respective classrooms, five in total.

It's strange, isn't it? That there are four teachers assigned to each class, and all of them are fat, ugly foreigners! Those *laoshi* s are very suspicious, Uncle Lan! You should do something about them! I've seen it before, at the first studying period of every day, the teachers feed the schoolchildren a teacup of liquid poured from brown vials, and the students end up looking drunk! Are the children being poisoned, Uncle Lan?

Ah, ah, there they go again! One by one, each Lan disciple child is pulled to the playground, but he is not fighting back! Why are there many other foreign men waiting among the swings, see-saws and merry-go-rounds? Does this school allow outsiders too? Oh no, they're undressing the boys! And humping them! I can see their hairy sweaty buttocks and they look scary! Uncle Lan, what is going on...?!"

A-Xian bounced as his body reacted to the feelings of terror and panic surging inside his small body, and he became agitated, and fidgeted more and more. Uncle Lan, on the other hand, received the most incredible massages on his overflowing, burnt-out penis still captured in the boy's clenching buttocks; naughty A-Xian had refused to let go after breakfast, and continued to find all means to keep his favourite Uncle-penis warmly stuffed inside his boy-pussy - he promised to keep the uncle's seed warm to hatch many babies, so he couldn't allow the man to pull out, or to go soft, otherwise everything would gush out. The pitiful Gusu Lan master lay shaking on the balcony floor, covered with sweat and became a puddle of sexy moans, shivering muscles, breathy whimpers, jolting hips, and penile contractions rolling along the length of his purple-red engorged arousal. The boy sported a swelling belly, a fertile sign that he had been impregnated, in some twisted ways.

"Hahh... hnngh... uuuuh... A-Xian... ngaah... harrhh... Don't eavesdrop on others... unknowingly... it's against the rules... uh, uh, uh, uh, HNNGH, aaaaaahh... the teachers may be... guilty of breaking rule number

57... ah, ah, ah, ah, HIIEEEE, ooooh... but the school lives up... to rule number 3... so, logically, it is... HNNGH... allowed...”

A-Xian frowned at the terribly articulated explanation, and the nonsensical reason behind the persistent crime. He squeaked with frustration and at how stubborn his guardian was about holding on to outdated, patriarchial rules; the eight-year old tensed his ass-muscles, then picked up the pace - he went wild with abandon for a full minute and Uncle Lan finally, gratefully passed out from the sizzling, deadly pleasure - his volcano erupted for the last time deep into the child's bowels, spewed leftover lava into the boy's fertile imaginary womb, and he was left incapacitated.

.

Lan Zhan awoke, for the second time in the land of dreams, again - this time with a soft feather-light kiss.

“Oh, oh, are you alright? Young master, can you breathe? I wasn't sure what to do after I pulled you out of the shed, and you look all beaten up. I tried the mouth-to-mouth technique, but I wasn't sure. Can you sit up?”

Little A-Ji opened his eyes, slowly, bleary, his vision was blurred from dried smelly cum that spilled into his nostrils, eyes and god forbid, ears too.

There was a sound of a washcloth rinsed in a basin of water, squeezed, followed by the heavenly sensations of cooling relief and softness on the bumps and bruises on his swollen skin. He nnng'h'd.

“Do you recognize me? I’m your neighbour, but I usually stay at home because my daddy hardly lets me out. I always see you and your *gege* in your hut, and I’ve seen that dirty uncle that trespasses your vegetable patch, and walks in as though he owns the property! I also sometimes see you in that uncle’s house, and whenever that happens, he invites twenty even filthier men over. I don’t like it at all, so I’ve always watched you!”

A-Ji started to sob, because his slimy, coated buttocks flared with immense pain, and his forcibly-inserted wee-wee was badly inflamed and disfigured; he immediately thought something was broken, torn and probably bleeding inside. His hands were as heavy as lead, after being pinned on the forearms by fat, bald rapists, grazed, scratched and punched many times by those who tower above his tiny figure, forced him to grab their stinky dicks and stroke them to completion. His whole body smelled, and distantly he wondered how long did the brutal gangrape lasted this time.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry... what is your name? I know you hurt a lot, because I could see what the uncle and his friends do to you, from my bedroom. I went to the school gates because I never had a chance to study, and wanted to sneak in. But then I saw those same twenty men again, walking out of the gates! So I followed them all the way to this reeking building!”

The soothing wet washcloth dabbed on his reddened cheeks, cleaned up the smelly men’s dried seed, again and again. It took some time to get everything out of his face and hair. Each time a fat tear threatened to spill, a fresh cleaned washcloth wiped it away tenderly, but he still shuddered and hiccuped uncontrollably.

“A... A-Ji. I am A-Ji,” he sniffled pitifully.

“A-Ji? That’s a nice name! I’m A-Xian!” The praise on his cursed name was surprising, and little A-Ji finally focused his clouded vision at the rescuer. A young boy like him, with bright brown eyes and rather messy uncombed hair, dressed in an old loose shirt with no pants underneath, covered with bits of dirt, grass, leaves and broken twigs, beamed at him with a smile so bright, he almost looked like an angel that had fallen from the skies and through the forest canopy.

“I couldn’t get in until the men left, because the door was locked. But I watched through a crack in the wall, they’ve done terrible things to you!”

Little A-Ji wailed upon hearing that his dark, shameful secret is out. He didn’t greet or respond to the other boy who saved him, cleaned him with the washcloth, and strangely, licked the wounds on his limbs and face as though he might feel better - and he did.

A-Xian cradled the sexually abused boy and tried to soothe him with whispers of “It’s okay, it’s okay. I’m here to protect you from now on, so A-Ji, please don’t cry anymore.” Fingers run through knotted, cum-splattered hair, patted on the naked back full of bruising fingerprints and streaks of male bodily fluids.

“My daddy taught me that Love is the most powerful thing in this world, and he always says that he loves me. I have a daddy, a son, two babies, and I’m the mama of my children. So you must be the final piece of the puzzle,

A-Ji,” A-Xian murmured, although A-Ji wasn’t listening anymore as he cried out his anguish and trauma for the cruel world that he truly hated.

“You’ll be the papa of my children; so you’re the husband and I’m the wife, we have a son and two babies, and we’ll live a happy life together from now on! A-Xian promises never to let you cry with pain and sadness, forever and ever, in this lifetime and beyond!”

Little A-Xian made a three-finger salute to the skies, with a crying A-Ji in his arms.

Somewhere in the far horizon, thunder rumbled ominously in the heat of a sunny, summer afternoon.

.

Lan Zhan woke up the third time, and he was back in the real world.

“ *Aiyo , lao gong !* I ran all the way here to wake you up, and then I see you crying in your sleep! What in the world is wrong with you and your weird dreams?” the spouse laughed, mocking the man who was disturbed from his emotionally depressing afternoon nap.

The husband rubbed his eyes and willed the remnants of his muddled, perverse dream to go away like fleeting gossamer on a windy day. He

nnngh'd with a satisfied grunt when a hand snaked into his sash and weaved under the drawstrings of his pants.

“Shhh. I know you don't have much after this morning's workout, but we still need to take care of this before the other two finds out,” the spouse whispered in a low voice. A finger lifted the husband's loincloth and pulled out a hardening over six-inches long boner; it was heavy and engorged with blood, so it plopped lazily on the husband's thigh.

The spouse gave a comforting but rather frenzied handjob; he played the husband's twitching penis like a flute, alternating between dancing fingertips on a cockhead with its foreskin retracted, and rough, very pleasurable, full-of-friction strokes. Every five pumps was followed by a quick grab at the hairy, wrinkly twitching balls.

Within a span of less than five minutes, Lan Zhan raised his hips in warning - his leg calves cramped, his pelvis quaked in a sign of impending explosion - Wei Ying quickly fished out a handkerchief from a pocket and plunged it into the man's pants, and smothered the convulsing arousal before it could erupt the first of thirty pulses. The younger man continued to stroke the overjoyed cock with a vice-like grip even as the tension subsided and the pressure overflowed into the piece of soiled cloth - in which Wei Ying pocketed it back as a souvenir, gave a chaste kiss on the husband's sweaty forehead, and whispered, “Good boy, you've let everything out.”

Lan Zhan didn't realize he'd bit his lower lip hard until a mark was left, to remind him that it was always dangerous to ejaculate in the presence of relatives, and he should be grateful for his indomitable discipline in keeping silent of his most shameful moments.

Wei Ying was already strutting back to his brother and nephew, and obnoxiously calling out the two, “We’re almost ready here, is Jin Ling fine now? Has he rubbed it out yet?”

The poor Jin *gongzi* squeaked and nearly died with a heart attack in the pool. Jiang Cheng started cursing in Yunmeng dialect. Lan Zhan’s eyes became as wide as saucers, and rushed to adjust his pants and dishevelled robes.

.

“What? We’re all young healthy men, fit as a fiddle, and armed with big long swords! What’s there to hide among us, especially since we’re all related family members?” Wei Ying guffawed and puffed out clouds into the frigid air.

Everyone had worn and strapped on as much equipment and gear as they could, and donned their thickest robes. The blizzards have passed, there is little turbulence in the mountains, however the temperatures were eye-wateringly below minus forty degrees celsius, at rough estimation by the husband.

“Wei Ying. Do not ridicule others. Hold on tight,” the husband announced, and was rewarded by a warm embrace from the back. It felt Perfectly fine, even nostalgic, just like the times when he and the spouse flew to Yiling’s night markets, ages ago.

Bichen lifted off first, carrying with it its master and Wei Ying.

Sandu had been in more battles in the past few years, and was a mean, well-oiled flying machine in its own right. Jiang Cheng expertly maneuvered it with a whiny, jittery Jin Ling tugging on his waist. “Don’t let go, because if you do, I won’t save you! Watch and learn so that someday, you can use your father’s sword like this too!” the angry *jiu jiu* scolded the boy, and showed off his sword-flying skills at the same time. Jin Ling nodded, being a little afraid of heights, especially on cold, dreary winter days.

Notes for the Chapter:

I can't wait for the lockdown to ease, so that I can get my butt off the chair and go out into the sunshine!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 98

“Wei Ying.”

A soft ‘tee hee hee’, the spouse hugged tightly from behind, then nuzzled intimately into the nape. The husband could feel hot breaths on his reddening earlobes, lips nibbling the roots of his hair, nose inhaling his scalp, and lower down, strong, manly fingers groped his muscular pectorals and waist generously. Two trapped nipples were grazed by fingernails beneath the clothes, and when that wasn’t enough to entertain the gleeful attacker, they trailed down, tenderly down, and dipped behind the sash, into his shallow belly button. Ghostly fingertips scratched and drew circles inside the sensitive pocket, then crawled out to “walk” on his abs like crossing a terrain of gently rolling hills, until they reached the upper part of the V-line on his midsection.

“Nnn. Wei Ying.”

Without much warning, the spouse’s hands started peppering sweet tickles to the waist. They naughtily pinched a layer of a burgeoning love-handle resting above the hips, reminding the husband that with the passage of time, not only his age has increased, so has his waistline. The layer, though not much to grab on to, was jiggled obstinately.

“Nnngh. Wei Ying.”

A short giggle, the spouse withdrew those lovely marauding fingertips, and started to give the husband a nice, relaxing shoulder massage. Then, interspersed with some backscratches. The husband mmmms in approval, before hands slid between the armpits and reached to the lower abdomen, where they hook like a sacred marital belt that bonded Lan Wang Ji to Wei Wuxian.

However, the loving torture didn't end there, because Wei Ying broke into a soft string of bubbly laughter and tightened his grip on the husband's lower abdomen - and started to knead in deep, sinister circles. The husband could feel the contents of his belly churn and stir.

“... Wei Ying...” his voice lowered to a warning growl.

Lan Zhan had no choice when Wei Ying refused to distance himself - they were flying on a sword with very little passenger leg space after all. He winced and let out a soft fart, and Wei Ying laughed again when he felt a puff of warmth on his crotch - then gave a sweet peck on the shell of the husband's ear. Lan Zhan nnngh'd, and turned away in embarrassment, his cheeks blushed bright pink.

Fortunately, the saccharine-sweet, sentimental spectacle was partially filtered from the other two flying swordsmen's view, when they flew through low-lying clouds with bursts of strong, deafening winds.

Still, Jiang Cheng understood what he had glimpsed, and rolled his eyes at each affectionate display from his elder brother. “Shameless! You could've just held hands and that would be fine. You didn't need to touch everywhere

unnecessarily,” he shouted, when they’ve cleared a bunch of those said clouds.

Wei Ying cackled, “I can’t help it! He’s my *lao gong* , and he isn’t the most touchy-feely person on earth. Now that I have a rare chance to be on a sword with him, how can I be heartless and not show my enduring love? But you have a point, we could just hold hands...” and he took the husband’s hand, gripped it tightly like a lover would, and stayed that way, “So you better not say anything insulting every time the two of us do this!” and swayed their locked hands - the symbol of their holy matrimony - in front the others.

“Eh... if *da jiu* calls *da jiu fu* as ‘ *lao gong* ’, then shouldn’t *da jiu fu* call *da jiu* as ‘ *lao po* ’ (老婆; wife)? They’re married anyway, right?” naive Jin Ling wondered a little too loudly. He was punished with a smack on his head and shushed up by the red-faced sourgrape.

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Did you hear what our nephew just said? Come on...!” Wei Ying whispered excitedly.

Lan Zhan remained silent, his eyes cast down towards passing-by clouds.

“... nnn... Lan Zhan!” the spouse pouted adorably; he wanted to be spoiled rotten for a shower of endearments from the husband.

“... *Lao ... po* ,” the awkward pronunciation was unmistakable, but clear enough. The husband earned another fond kiss, this time on the side of the

cheek. Jiang Cheng rolled his eyes for the nth time, while Jin Ling covered his eyes and stifled his own girly giggle.

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It took just five killer pigeons to ground the multi-sect flying squadron representing the colourful banners of black-whites, purples and a smattering of gold, thus putting the brakes on the much-anticipated restart of their journey, just fifteen minutes into the flight.

Wei Ying realized something was amiss when the Sparkles he threw didn't seem to drive the birds away, while Lan Zhan banked to the side so violently that his beloved passenger nearly tumbled off the blade - the pigeons were black, emitted black wisps and had beaks filled with rows of *fangs* . They zipped around, and kamikaze'd at the two flying swordsmen and their passengers at unbelievable speeds, slicing skin, tearing clothes, and puncturing holes into unguarded baggage.

“Corrupted creatures in the skies!” the venerable Han Guang Jun shouted in alarm, “We’re not equipped to fight them. Return to ground!”

“Jin Ling! Hold on to Jiang Cheng and the crystals! Get down to safety, quick! ...Ahhhh! Stop pulling my hair knot, you bloody bird! I’ll roast you to death!!!”

“I heard you, *da jiu* ! I-- Ahhh! My sandwiches! They got my backpack and the food’s falling out! Ow ow ow, they scratched my face and shredded my

shoes!”

“Shut up about your sandwiches! Grab on to my waist, NOW! We’re doing an emergency landing this moment! Tch’-- stupid pigeons, they keep pecking my hands... Shhh! Shhh! Shhh! Don’t you dare steal Zidian!”

Two swords wobbled to the nearest hillside, while smoking pigeons continued to divebomb and bite their targets. Jin Ling lost his balance and landed on Sandu’s hilt heavily with his rump; he was forced to straddle the sword and curl up into a ball, while his back and buttocks were viciously lacerated by sharp talons. Wei Ying became upset at the ambush, and whipped out his golden flute - only to have one despicable cursed bird land on it and play a game of tug-of-war with the now-desperate man. “No, no, no, you can’t take it from me! Shoo! Go away!” he yelled angrily at the twisted creature that hissed like a cat, relentless as a raptor in pursuit of prey, and imbued with the strength of many men.

Lan Zhan sensed the hopelessness of the situation, and stood up straight despite being nipped repeatedly on his exposed back of the palms. He gracefully swept an arc in front of him, and his magical guqin emerged in a blinding flash of soft blues. He selected one of seven sacred ivory-white strings, and plucked it hard, a determined look in his eyes, his jaws tightened and his limbs strained from the immense amount of *qi* released from the clear, low pitch, almost empathic sound of sadness, loneliness, that resonated with the pain and suffering felt by his fellow travellers - and bemoaned the state of their shattered world.

A single note was played; five Corrupted wild pigeons were sliced in an instant with a terrifying *whoosh!* , leaving behind a whirlwind of falling feathers that soon evaporated into nothingness. The shockwaves continued

to radiate in an expanding circle of luminescent blue-white energy rings, tearing through pine forests, penetrating deep into the frozen earth.

A sudden silence befell the mountains.

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The shaken quartet regrouped as soon as their feet touched solid ground. Lan Zhan led them to a nearby tall undergrowth where they could settle down for a while, and be protected from the elements of the weather. Wei Ying quickly casted Fire spells to light up a campfire to keep everyone warm, and instructed the other two to take off their damaged clothes.

“Pass it to Lan Zhan, he’ll fix them using our company’s magical sewing kit. We should get your wounds treated too, because they may be infected with toxins that can curse the living and turn flesh into undead,” he instructed without skipping a beat. Jiang Cheng understood the gravity of the situation and followed suit, and also checked their gear - fortunately, only the food from the nephew’s backpack was missing, and everything else including their weapons, bags and pouches were relatively intact, some bearing scratches or nasty bite marks.

“ *D-D-Da jiu* , what the hell were those? I’ve never s-s-seen birds with teeth! They’re so powerful, it’s like fending off a pack of wolves!” Jin Ling cried in shock, and shivered from the temperatures - he was down to his inner garments and a thin pair of underpants. Wei Ying removed his thick outer robes because he didn’t really need it, and used it to cover the boy’s

thin shoulders - who sighed in great relief at the lingering warmth, and greedily held the thick fabric close to his quaking body.

“Jin Ling, when you’ve dabbled enough with the Dark Arts like me, you’ll come to understand and accept everything those Imperial goons can throw at us,” he said rather reassuringly.

Lan Zhan busily sewed back Jin Ling’s clothes with such finesse that none of the men actually noticed it - because everything was done gracefully and quickly -, and he also patched up the torn sleeves of the Jiang sect leader within minutes. Simultaneously, he handed small bottles of detoxifying powders and healing salves to Jiang Cheng to take care of their bloodied lacerations.

“This reminds me of the tough times when we fought against the Wens,” the sect leader said, as he applied the medicine to the boy’s cuts, and was immediately rewarded with a squeak and a snarl of stinging pain, “Some times, we were outnumbered, and some times, we didn’t know what new terrible weapons they would bring to the battlefield, and when. I remembered when they sent out those enhanced fierce corpses with hardened skins, we couldn’t win a single battle, lost many good men, and our soldiers’ morale was down in the dumps. You’d see tens of bodies being brought back to grieving families every day, and even more that were still alive and breathing on bloodied stretchers, but would probably die by sundown with great suffering, because their limbs were cut off and they’d die a slow death without any painkillers, simply due to the fact that we’ve run out of everything in the military camps.”

Jin Ling quietened down. Perhaps it was a foreboding sense that things would become worse as foreseen by a battle-weary *jiu jiu* , or a sense of

awe for palpable war tales that his generation would never come to experience - it told the boy that his pain and annoyance was nothing compared to what the older men anticipated. Jiang Cheng continued to dab medicines to Jin Ling's exposed back and soon, with little protest and a rude yank of underpants, the buttocks too; baring his smooth skin in the cold winter air was considered slightly disconcerting and shameful, compared to the horror that may grow out from his rump if left untreated, like a sentient Corrupted black scorpion tail that could infect his ass, take over his brains and gouge his eyes out - at least that was what the *da jiu* said. Jin Ling dared not refuse and was scared shitless by what he heard, and imagined inside his mind.

Jiang Cheng regaled the boy with some of his "back in the day" stories, with plenty of superlatives, speculations and superfluous details added, even with a sprinkle of personal accounts of how certain events actually transpired, from the sect leader's rose-tinted perspectives of heroism, self-sacrifice and blatant but unimportant little white lies, such as saying that he never shed a single tear, or lost his bravado, during the ordeal of losing everything to the war. The couple silently tended to the family's needs, and tried to figure out how to get airborne without getting pummeled by more killer birds.

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Jiang Cheng, the self-appointed leader of the squad, envisioned that they must travel by flight, regardless of the circumstances. Going on foot would take too long, and it was too dangerous considering the treacherous geography and fickle weather system. Furthermore, they couldn't get their bearings yet, so getting as high as they could in the skies would increase the chances of spotting any recognizable landmarks, or twenty-foot tall lumbering giants, for that matter.

He surmised that the enemy had gathered intel on them - escapees from the Lotus Pier -, or had very smart creatures patrolling the land. He elaborated in length, "They knew about the ring on my finger and the capabilities in dealing with threats from the Dark side, and tried to take it away. They also realized that Jin Ling was the most inexperienced, who couldn't wield a sword or bow in the skies, so they only targeted the only possible precious commodity that was visible, and smelled good, probably, on his back.

Wei Wuxian, you were clever to tie your robes tightly to your body, just like Han Guang Jun, so none of the birds could snatch your belongings hidden beneath your clothes. The moment you took out your flute, one of the pigeons actually went straight for it - it knew that instrument had to be dispatched as soon as possible.

And if those crystals were as powerful as you say, they were discovered inside the cave without the knowledge of any watchful Imperial eyes from the outside world - otherwise, I would have expected the birds to swarm the poor boy for the pouch that was left dangling so temptingly in the open!" He gave Jin Ling a gentle knock on the head, to reprimand the latter and remind him not to repeat the mistake.

Wei Ying made an impressed "Ooo" with his mouth, and nodded - he didn't really think that far, but he had to agree that almost every point was spot on. Lan Zhan had finished sewing, pulled out the last needle to tie a finishing knot and bit off the excess thread. Everything looked repaired and renewed, and the middle-aged man returned the clothes, shoes, backpacks, pouches and other belongings to their respective owners.

“The next big question,” Jiang Cheng said, “is how do we ensure that we can get back up to the skies safely, keep ourselves secure from the weather and any approaching enemies, and have defensive capabilities to dodge their attacks? I could probably arm myself with an activated Zidian, *ge fu* with his guqin, and you with your flute - but those lightning-quick attacks are impossible to avoid, by human standards,” he added in frustration.

The group paused for a minute to think through their dilemma, though Jin Ling winced from balancing from one buttock glute to another on the grassy earth - the open cuts on his butt twinged despite having had plenty of numbing substances applied to them.

“I have an idea!” Wei Ying cried out and startled the group, his face full of mirth and mischief.

Jiang Cheng and the nephew stared at the man expectantly.

“Do you know about sword-boarding?”

Jin Ling woot-ed in pleasant surprise, Jiang Cheng rolled his eyes, and Lan Zhan actually smiled.

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“Binding spells?” Wei Ying shouted, and received a reply of “Check!” in unison. Wei Ying took great pride with the fact that Jin Ling praised the *da jiu* for inventing such a simple but perennially useful spell, since before he was born. Everyone wiggled their ankles to make sure the thin glowing blue thread fastened their feet to their respective blades.

“Luggage?” Jiang Cheng asked, and received another round of “Check!”. The couple didn’t have any extra baggage with them other than the usual pouch and satchel, so Jin Ling’s backpack was secured to Bichen’s hilt, while Jiang Cheng’s bag was tied to Sandu. They made sure to strengthen the packs with enchanted threads from the Wangxian Superior Sewing Kit, said to be able to withstand even the force of the biggest supernova in the Milky Way or even the Andromeda galaxy (but no one really took notice of this, because that claim was gibberish to mere mortals).

“Weapons?” Lan Zhan calmly announced like a pilot addressing the cabin crew. Blinding blue guqin appeared in front of him with a *zwing!* - an impressive cockpit of sorts, made of seven elegant, supple magical strings; Wei Ying readied his golden flute to the lips; Jiang Cheng whipped out the purple lightning Zidian with a terrifying *bzzzzzt !* sound; Jin Ling was given a handful of mini-talismans made from a torn page of a notebook, so that he could press the fingertip-sized circles and throw powerful spells to defend himself in the skies. Everyone made sure to tie their robes tightly with their belts; all carry-on luggage should be stowed safely during the flight, after all.

“... Let’s go sword-boarding! Yaaayyyyy!” finally, Jin Ling shrieked with glee, like an eight-year old child again.

Han Guang Jun brilliantly spiralled up through the clouds with such grace that the fluffy masses turned into the perfect vanilla soft serve twist, and weaved between diving, biting, stinging Corrupted eagles and vultures in the freezing wintry skies. He didn't need to pluck guqin's strings to drive them off, because he deftly avoided the attacking avians with slight flicks to the sides, or barely noticeable lifts in the pitch of Bichen, before veering off wildly and performed a heart-stopping drop, until his spouse screamed with insane euphoria while hanging upside down from the sturdy sword, and the robe was flipped inside-out from waist down - thank goodness for the Binding spells on the ankles. Wei Ying became breathless, lost a bit of his lunch from nausea, but that didn't stop the younger man from whacking tiny jet-black sparrows armed with barbed wires for claws and bee-stings on their tails, with his flute.

“Wei Ying... *lao po* ! Are you alright?” the husband yelled as the sword tipped around and returned to its original position, “I tried to avoid crashing into ten swooping falcons from different directions.”

“Yes, yes! *Lao gong* , do it again! Do it again!” the spouse shrieked with adrenaline-pumped joy and being called that lovely name, “There's another swarm of those bird-insect hybrids coming in at six, nine and three o' clock!”

There wasn't a moment to lose, and the husband indulged in the spouse's request, followed by an echo-ey but fun-filled “Wheeeeeeeee!” punctuated by a burp and croak, when the spouse spewed a glittering mess of more wasted digested lunch into the face of trailing foes. To Wei Ying with a messed-up hair, this was probably one (and only) of the most exhilarating and stomach-wrecking horror-themed roller coaster rides he'd ever had in the blue skies. Interestingly, the Han Guang Jun remained perfectly still and

his complexion had never been better, with nary a strand of hair or clothes out of place (because he is still the King of Gods and Men, after all); only his heartbeat raced, which the spouse could feel anyway, as an indication that the middle aged man too, was having his fun living out his dreams as a professional swordboarder.

“This is crazy! If there are this many Corrupted animals going after us in the skies, I cannot imagine what it’d look like on the ground, where wildlife is supposedly even more plentiful!” Jiang Cheng yelled into the bird-screeching din, and punched an ugly, but ferocious vulture with serrated teeth, then received a fist full of bites; while his other hand swung madly until Zidian became an impenetrable gigantic single-blade propeller that sucked enemies out of the skies and pulverized them into dissipating bones, bits of bloodied flesh and feathers.

Jin Ling panicked like a boy swarmed by bees, he kept swatting blindly and recklessly threw pieces of destructive talismans all around, that unnecessary fireballs and glacial spears rocked Sandu’s precarious balance in the air. The boy faced an archer’s worst nightmare - unable to pinpoint a target by sight, and multiples of targets converged too close, way too close for comfort, that neither a blade nor arrowhead could be used, and all he could do was to brace for impact with his battered hands.

“ *Jiu jiu!* Help! I keep getting eaten up and scratched by the smaller ones... the sparrows, pigeons, starlings, mynahs, and crows!” the Jin *gongzi* squealed with disgust, still mired in the fear that zombie-making poisons could be transferred from infected claws directly into his bloodstream.

“Hang on, I’ll take us up and away from them!” the heroic *jiu jiu* roared, and angled Sandu towards the afternoon sun. The sword rose higher and

higher, and pitched close to a vertical angle. Jin Ling screamed like a princess then, having left his gut somewhere in the lower stratosphere, and began to lose consciousness.

Jiang Wanyin refuses to be associated with the term ‘swordboarding’, as he regards the activity to be juvenile, niche, hobbyist, a waste of time, and fit for teenagers who have too much energy to spare - however he is skilled enough to perform an aerobatic loop, and returned right behind the flock of small predatory birds. Zidian zapped and shredded them easily with a few swipes; Jin Ling’s body flopped bonelessly and uselessly while remaining standing on Sandu, thanks to the Binding threads that tied him safely to the blade.

Just then, Jin Ling’s unguarded pouch of Twisty Crystal shards loosened a little, and a few fragments flew out. The entire sky turned into flashes of white which ballooned into huge, voluminous plumes of bright yellows, orange and reds, and was swallowed in black smoke in an instant - and everyone’s ear rang from the incredible explosion that accompanied the detonation.

Elsewhere, a faint, but audible dog bark was heard, from somewhere in the forests to the north.

“Fairy!!!” Jin Ling shouted when he was jolted awake by the dearly beloved and missed sounds of his favourite pet.

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“If the dog can see us, so can the enemy,” Lan Zhan said, his voice was hardly heard in the rush of whistling winds.

“And not a moment too soon! Look! That tall shadow in the fog, near that mountaintop, is tilting... no... it’s that robo-- errr, metallic golem!”

Not far behind, and a little lower, Sandu wobbled.

“ *Da jiu!* Look down below! The whole forest canopy is coming alive! Even the grass looks strange and everything is shaking, it’s become a blur... the land somehow is rippling, turning black, like deep oceanic waves, a mass of billowing smoke, disintegrating, into... into... a swarm of... Ahhh!... I HATE INSECTS! NO NO NO! AIEEEEEEE!” Jin Ling wailed so loudly that his voice became hoarse, as he grappled his uncle’s waist in utter terror and unspeakable *things* landed on his body.

“Wei-- hghkk! Wei Wuxian! What manner of horror is this-- pffthhth-- Get off...!!” Jiang Cheng yelled, and received a painful, chittering, prickly slap of disgusting black locusts and bees on his face and nostrils; the skies began to turn dark again just as the smoke from the earlier explosion dispersed, this time the largest insect swarm ever known by the quartet rose to block the sun and choked out daylight - and they were all Corrupted creatures, particularly of the six-legged variety including frightening winged centipedes and scorpions too.

In a matter of seconds, the squad of four was swallowed up by the darkness in mid-air.

Notes for the Chapter:

I can't wait for life to open up after the lockdown, it's been quite an experience to be cooped up at home and having not much freedom to do anything else, or even outside.

Taking a wee break from the child porn, and I hope those people who trolled this fic have either been infected by the virus and died, or have found other people to troll (and I still hope these bullies will die off from the face of the planet, because the world needs less nasty humans around). Lets see where Wangxian's adventures will take us next!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 99

Wei Ying cast one of his old favourites, from the days when he lived in a humble cave-home infested with bugs during nighttime. He knew it'd still work, despite the demonic changes made to the said bugs - a Shield is still a Shield, after all; after adding a Fire spell to create a bubble of noxious fumes (to the bugs, at least), the swarm of insects were kept at bay - for a little while. Those that dared to fly through lost consciousness, and fell harmlessly to the valleys below; but a few still made it through, though in vastly reduced numbers that can be dealt with, by human standards.

“Jiang Cheng! You’ve got a few minutes in the magical Smoke Shield, so take Jin Ling to the metallic golem as fast as you can!” the man cried out above the deafening drone of buzzing insects, while using his flute as a fly-swatter of sorts to whack any rogue critters that dared to penetrate his smoky barrier.

The Jiang sect leader was at a loss at what was happening, but he recognized the basic spells - and mentally told himself to give a scolding at the brother for releasing too much smoke, later. He grunted and sent Sandu speeding through like a knife that pierces a wall of million-strong locusts, bees, and an assortment of unnatural winged creepy crawlies on steroids. Zidian made sure every last biting mosquito or beetle was vaporized by its purple lightning.

As soon as they left the scene, the monstrous chittering swarm surged and thronged the remaining shielded sword, and the collective strength of zillions of flapping microscopic wings began to blow the smoke away. They crowd around the living men and the sword together with its baggage; Bichen began to tilt dangerously to the side, as the cumulative wriggling massive weight began to drag it down to the depths of the mountain range.

“ *Lao gong* ! Go ahead and protect those two! I don’t care, use your godly powers if you have to!”

“But... *lao po* !...”

“No buts! I’ll take care of these things! It takes a Dark Arts master to tackle another, so jump off, now!”

Lan Zhan hesitated a bit, but he trusted his spouse as much as the spouse entrusted the safety of their remaining mortal relatives into his hands. With a final nod, the great angelic white Han Guang Jun leapt gracefully from Bichen and dove a straight line towards the fast-disappearing trail of Sandu. His launch released an immense wave of divine *qi* , which scattered the swarm briefly and knocked out nearly half of the insects - but more kept rising from the surrounding hills to converge on Wei Ying’s little unstable bubble of Smoke Shield.

Wei Ying wasn’t that good at piloting Bichen, despite having dual-cultivated with its owner enough for the sword to recognize him as another master. He wobbled a little and commanded the blade to rise higher, higher, drawing more insects out from large swathes of forests and mountains, and stopped when he saw that the husband was far enough.

The former Yiling Patriarch lowered his flute, which had become coated with black, gooey insect entrails; he really didn’t need an instrument to wreck total destruction, if he wanted to.

So, he whistled - three bone-chilling, ear-piercing notes that struck and broke the core of all spellcasting laws, igniting an ancient, primal and undefeatable force that resides with the Dark side of Creation, vibrating the air around him, plummeting temperatures instantly, casting fear into the hearts of the living and the dead.

The cloudy skies above suddenly swell and spread out, with swirling colours of greys, browns and dark reds, like terrifying bloody radioactive fallout plumes falling from the heavens, consuming everything on sight as they sank lower and lower towards the earth.

Countless bits of dried leaf, twigs and pebbles - the ones that were summoned to the skies the night before by Wei Ying - including all manners of insignificant, inanimate objects and material, powered by a modified Paperman spell, twisted into their most perverse, murderous nature that can easily overwhelm the Living and the Corrupted dead by their sheer numbers - rained upon the swarm and the bubble that shielded the most powerful Dark Arts practitioner the world has ever known. They cut, sliced, annihilated every insect in the vicinity, and those that managed to avoid instant destruction were brought down and quickly buried by the tremendous weight of Mother Nature. It is a tsunami of vengeance - a warning from the man named Wei Wuxian to whoever out there that dared to defy, and tried to usurp him from his Dark throne.

Wei Ying's eyes glowed bloody red, his hair grew much longer, and an evil sneer etched upon his pale face; he transformed to his unholy image of the fearsome Yiling Patriarch.

Lan Zhan knew very well that miracles do not occur unless with divine intervention or if someone pulled the strings of Fate. He nearly lost his fluffy little girl on the day he set out with his *lao po* from their faraway home, and less than twenty four hours later, he lost both tentacle-y children when they fell down into a river gorge after being mauled by wolves.

He wouldn't count the third try as a roll of dice to try his luck - no, this time he would make sure there is Perfection in every step of the Perfectly executed kill; he would personally engineer Perfection, if he were to have a final say on the outcome of the mission that was doomed from the start.

Any mere mortal cultivator would be slaughtered by Corrupted animals, be it the birds or the bees; and it goes without saying that any mere mortal from the era of 2000 B.C. would be easily stomped and turned into *jianbing* s by the twenty-foot tall robot armed with 31st century automated intelligent tentacles, arms and legs that moved like a martial arts master, time-shifted capable sensors, armor made of alloys harder than diamonds, plasma lasers that could incinerate trees in a microsecond, missile launchers to decimate adversaries before they could come within a range of a hundred meters, and an angry-looking humanoid head programmed by supercomputers hell-bent on crushing every last man on earth.

The metallic golem, as it is colloquially known, sensed the approaching men as big red dots on its radars before they had reached its mountain, and had activated his armaments and put itself into a ready battle stance - like a transformed mecha from old 21st century shows. It looked like a majestic dark knight from the fables of the Far, Far West, although the wriggly but extremely lethal steel tentacles that grew out of its back and some parts of

its torso, suggested anything but noble nor good. Each tentacle was extendable, very flexible, and had pincer-like grappling claws at its tip which could double as perfect piercing, killing tools.

(If Wei Ying could have a say, he'd probably cackle and roll on the floor with childish laughter, saying that the golem looked like a badly-designed cheap colourful plastic copy of a 70's children's show about fighting transforming machines, and would probably make a great sale during Christmas - in the Far, Far West -, and destined to gather dust in children's toy boxes for decades to come.)

For the two mere mortals, it was the biggest, baddest and meanest monster they'd ever faced - even the Dancing Goddess statue from Dafan Mountain was peanuts compared to this giant. The two spent all their time and energy just trying to stay *alive* and run, leap, fly away from blazing white-hot lasers and missile bombardments; every time they managed to approach within striking distance, the tentacles would whip either of them and slam them into trees and boulders. Jin Ling spit out blood, broke more than a few ribs, and Jiang Cheng was seen to be in great pain, limping from bruises, sprains and internal bleeding. Zidian only managed to land two hits from an admirable distance, but its electrical storms proved to be ant-bites for the metallic monster; its skin was infused with foolproof anti-conductive materials, and impermeable to water for obvious reasons. Those protective materials, including ultra-enhanced plastic and rubber, proved to be quite effective when Jin Ling let loose a barrage of arrows without aim, in blind panic, and every resulting explosion missed or simply bounced off the golem like cotton candy.

There was no time to mount a counterattack, let alone execute their pre-planned Zidian and crystal armed-arrows combo. There was no time to tell each other what to do, or to watch out because a terrible foot-long spear was aimed at the boy's head from above, or to warn the *jiu jiu* about incoming

volleys of shrapnel shells from the behind. So, when five Tian soldiers and their escort of more than fifty undead creations emerged into the clearing to check out the commotion, Lan Zhan had to hold his breath and raise his metaphorical red card to call for a time-out.

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The spouse whistled at the scene of carnage, and shook his head in disappointment. He stepped off a hovering Bichen, onto some wintergrass, and promptly flinched when he tripped a little over an unexploded missile head and nearly into a lightsaber-like beam of laser. He ended up walking through dirt and rocks floating in mid-air, and deftly avoided the very real three-dimensional image of a detonating bomb - touching the fiery areas could still melt away one's skin and he'd suffer third degree burns.

“*Lao gong* , you know, I expected you'd do better than this,” he sighed. He made a finger-hook gesture to call the husband to come out from the forest canopy. “Come down here, and I'll only count to three! One... Two...” he shouted into the total silence - everything was frozen in time, after all.

A flutter of robes, and the downcast husband landed gracefully next to him. The spouse wasted no time to pull an earlobe with one hand, and spanked the man's buttocks repeatedly with the other. Lan Zhan moaned again and again, regardless of whether he felt pleasure or pain.

“You're a bad husband,” *slap!* - followed by a *nnngh*, “Recklessly putting my relatives in grave danger with your inaction,” *smack!* , “I really don't know if there's something wrong with your head,” *thwack!* , “Or your guts,”

whack! , “I’ll punish you again and again because you’re a useless man, and I always have to tell you what to do to get things done properly!” *spank!*

The fearsome spouse harshly ordered the husband to pull his pants down - right in the middle of a frigid winter - and the husband pitifully gave in. Three layers of garments off and a loosened loincloth crumpled on the dirt, the spouse grabbed the limp penis nestled in pubic curls so hard, that the husband moaned loudly, regardless of whether in pleasure or pain (again). He gave the husband the best handjob with many tasty spanks on the naked, perky, tight springy ass until the skin blossomed with palm prints and pinch marks.

The penile strokes were relentless, moving back and forth at a merciless pace, the husband cried out when he felt his cock was melting, heating up, tightening up and ready to unload, hardening into a molten rocket and soon launched itself into heavens and the outer space, in ten impressive arcs of milky whites (and he saw stars and Milky Ways in his vision, his body convulses, his hips nearly flew off their joints from powerful instinctive pleasurable thrusts through the spouse’s fist), another ten lesser arching fountains of diluted opaqueness (everything spins, the starry universe comes alive, his legs become jelly, he cannot breathe, screams caught inside his throat, but his penis keeps firing shot after shot, the spouse’s vice-like grip doesn’t stop its torturous pumping motions), and the last ten miserable spurts resembled watery whitish pee, dribbling uselessly, splattering on the ground, leaving its passenger sperm cells to die in the cold, cruel wintry air (he is dying, again and again, when the pace of orgasmic seizures wrecking his body overwhelms his nervous system, his cock is rubbed raw, and the hand that was abusing his buttocks moved to the front to give the softening organ a royal, brutal and savage polish - and he skyrocketed straight to heaven.)

“Now, you listen to me, *lao gong* ! You take out the metal trash over there, make sure those Tian soldiers and their fierce corpses at that corner are permanently erased from this universe, then look for Fairy and retrieve the carts. I’ll arrange those two so that they’re comfortable on the grass, and safe from harm,” the spouse gave the very lopsided instructions, and assigned the bulk of the damage-control work to the significant other, while his hands continued to busy themselves with a rubbing-kneading-brushing-wiping-circling routine that has become as familiar as their every days.

Lan Zhan wasn’t really listening at point; his body lay boneless against the spouse, his throat made delicious pleading howls, his face etched in agony from the ecstasy scorching his pelvis and singed his nerve-ends, and his plumbing had broke - the over six-inch long penis jerked and swung freely, squirting hot pee mixed with godly semen everywhere, spraying nourishing liquids to the dry, barren ground.

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Being one of the clean-up crew didn’t feel any different from his daily work of sweeping floors with a straw broom. Remove the filth and the dust, pick up things and return them to where they belong, clean up so that everything is back to normal, to the way things were before, back to the point of origin - then rinse and repeat. The concepts are clear, and inculcated into his teachings and practice.

He poked the leg of the giant hulk of metal, and it suddenly became alive, roaring and swinging its limbs and tentacles into a whirlwind of lethal whips and pounding fists.

“Kneel.”

In an instant, the robot buckled under its own weight with a deafening crash, and was down to its knees. It was confused, infuriated, fuming jets of steam from its nostrils. It roared again, enraged at the man in white who seemed so tiny in comparison, who dared to command him with a single word, and wielded such unimaginable powers; it tried to lift its arms and tentacles, but to no avail; everything creaked, metal screeched, twist and bend at its efforts to resist, yet none of its body parts obeyed to rise up against the man that stood in front of him like a tempting target.

He raised an arm to his chest in prayer, and started to chant.

“A creature born without love, therefore cannot comprehend compassion,

Made with unfeeling hands, destined to kill, cursed eternally to be merciless,

Possessed by a voided soul, therefore you have no right to live and thrive on this world,

I judge you to be innocent of your crime that is to exist in this lifetime.

You have struggled much to stay alive in this place that does not welcome you.

You should rest now, your battle is over, therefore you will finally find peace in the darkness whence you came from.

I am all-compassionate, all-seeing.

I hereby deliver you from the suffering of this wretched existence.

Namo Amitabha.”

A single Buddha's Palm, as large and wide as an ancient thousand-year bodhi tree, burning with fury of holy flames, fell from the sky.

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Later, an enchanted willow branch dipped into a narrow vase filled with everflowing divinely water, and the branch was flicked dry. The God of Mercy sprinkled droplets on the surrounding undead creatures and their female human mistresses, whose armour and weapons bore the Imperial Court's insignia. They disintegrated into black ash, and blew away by unseen winds into nothingness.

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The husband hauled up a dog, three carts, and his relatives' fallen equipment with a single hand, and a massive section of the former metallic golem's chestplate with the other, and trudged towards the spouse with very heavy footsteps; the golem's chestplate easily weighed several tonnes.

“ *Lao gong* , what do you think? I tried to cast your repertoire of Healing spells, but I’m not sure if I’ve reached deep enough, or if I’ve made any significant progress. There are just too many bodily injuries, I can’t figure out how to fix them up! I think Jin Ling still has punctured lungs because I can’t seem to get him to breathe properly, and Jiang Cheng over there has his leg twisted in a strange angle,” the spouse complained. He had worked hard - he’d clumsily dragged each man to a small clearing, and whined about suffering from an aching back after that; it’s a terrible occupational hazard, he said. Jin Ling’s arrows dropped all over the place, while the *jiu jiu* ’s Zidian ring went missing somewhere in the bushes along with Sandu, and further away, Suihua too. He wasn’t worried, though, because he told the husband to take responsibility to search and pick them up.

“Mn. I will check and complete the necessary treatments.”

Wei Ying stood up and stretched, then yawned lazily. “Wow, *lao gong* , that Buddha’s Palm was really something! My back felt hot and I was nearly burnt from that meteoric heat! And now, my hair’s all messed up because of the resulting shockwaves! So, you better comb my hair and tie it up properly when we’re done!” he praised and complained to the husband - he has very high expectations, and it seemed Lan Zhan’s performance today wasn’t really up to mark.

“Mn. I will comb and tie your hair, *lao po* .”

Lan Zhan gingerly placed the items one by one on the ground.

“AHHHH! Get that four legged thing away from me!” the spouse cried, and lifted a leg to distance himself from the panting husky, whose face looked like a frozen snapshot of its calm, cheerful self. Wei Ying accidentally kicked the dog’s snout, and Fairy fell to the side with a dull thud, like a giant stuffed toy.

“T-T- Throw it over there, tie it to a tree with a leash or a vine, I don’t care! I don’t want it to come near me when you lift the time-stop spell! And... arrange Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling’s equipment over there, next to the bush. You can start a campfire there. Did you find Zidian? It’s awfully small, being a ring. Oh, you did? Good. And that big square-ish plate, flip it so that it becomes a table for us to put our stuff. You can start unloading the cart and work on preparing dinner when you’re done... oh, *lao gong* , I’m so hungry, and my biceps hurt after carrying these two overweight buffoons for, can you believe it, more than twenty meters! You better make something good tonight, otherwise my stomach will grumble from hunger and you won’t be able to sleep!” the spouse continued to blabber non-stop, spouting complaints and dishing out vague instructions and veiled threats - however, the husband was satisfied because he could watch lively Wei Ying pout, frown, and make all those adorable facial expressions - including his lovable, bright smile - at the same time.

“Mn. I will,” the husband murmured in universal agreement, and started to carry out the spouse’s instructions.

Wei Ying turned around and tip-toed a bit to give a sweet kiss on the husband’s cheeks, and patted the increasingly warmed, pinkish complexion. “Good boy, you’re a wonderful husband after all” he complimented.

In the spirit of Wei Ying-ness, nothing goes to waste and everything should be perverted to the best possible ways. While waiting for the herbal chicken soup to simmer and venison, mutton and beef steaks to marinade in juicy spices, or for Jin Ling's broken bones and Jiang Cheng's critical injuries to heal - while in a time-stopped world - the spouse invited the husband for a round of sex in the wilderness.

They tried to rut amongst the pine trees, but Wei Ying complained that being pounded with his back against a tree trunk didn't feel as good as it looked on a preview of a particularly famous porn show, because getting scratched by tree bark wasn't fun at all (in which Lan Zhan blushed seven shades of red, because he'd already watched the whole saucy steamy series at nights, with two re-runs). Then he turned around and raised one leg, then asked the husband to drill him from behind, and cried rape, incest, 'daddy please make me pregnant', 'please rape my pussy and plant many A-Ji and A-Xians inside my belly', and 'oh you feel so good inside me, please shoot all your sperms (sic) into my waiting eggs' (with plenty of laughter and snickering in between), *et cetera ad nauseum* , riling up the husband's desire to unheard-of levels.

Five minutes into the breeding, the husband became too passionate, too excited - his wildly twitching engorged penis danced its one-twos repeatedly until rich dollops of semen started to trickle out of the sweet tunnel of love - and he thrust too hard, penetrated too deep, that Wei Ying lost his balance on one leg, and the couple fell into a noisy heap on the bitterly cold ground. The husband kept pumping his hips with such ruthlessness - because his logical mind had shut down, and he was in essence, a lust-driven beast -, that the spouse yelped at the abrasion on his hands, and the crushing weight of the mounting *animal* , and he tried to crawl away, swat the offending buck in heat, but Lan Zhan kept his grip on Wei Ying's lower body and continued to fuck at every opportunity.

Finally, Wei Ying had a change of heart - fifteen minutes into the outdoor sex - and decided that he didn't really like the whole setup after all, especially because it was too cold and he goosebumped all over - it was like making love on an ice cube. So, he slowly crawled on all fours to a nearby stream - thank goodness the water was heated from a nearby thermal source - with the husband mating endlessly from above and behind - it would look terribly comical for such a highly-esteemed Gusu Lan man to crawl on all fours, tailing closely another man joined to the hips, with his hips fluttering faster than a butterfly's wings, his angry-red arousal visibly sawing in and out constantly into the latter's leaking asshole. Once inside the comfortably heated waters, Wei Ying sighed in relief and maneuvered their bodies so that he could enjoy his favourite sex position with the husband.

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“ *Lao gong* , would it be considered sacrilegious to have sex in front of, or heaven forbid, with a supposedly ascetic Buddha god?” Wei Ying asked in wonder, as he bounced his ass on the husband's supremely hard, pulsing meatstick, with plenty of squelchy sounds, rippling water surfaces, and foamy milky white strands leaking out from where the two men intertwined in the hot springwater.

“Or indulge in a carnivorous banquet of forbidden foods such as meats and you know, stuff that involves the killing of life, with a God of Mercy that's supposed to be compassionate and merciful?” he clenched his buttocks, and made sure every sweet tight moist fold inside his rectum properly gripped and massaged the suffering organ that had surged, inflated and spilled more than three times in succession, without respite.

“Or just in general, indulge excessively in sins that religions usually frown upon, such as greed for gold nuggets, laziness in earning an honest living, being the envy and source of jealousy just because we’re living the life of celebrities, the super-rich and famous, landlords of many realms... you know, that sort of thing,” Wei Ying leaned forward, and let the husband suckle his sparse chest - just as the husband’s waistline had been expanding little by little over the years, so has Wei Ying’s breast size; his nipples puffed up a bit more compared to his younger days, and there was a noticeable sag, or fatty voluptuous bulge - or cleverly-hidden pectoral muscles, depending on whose views one subscribes to -, and he giggled when the husband nearly chewed the nipples and simultaneously picked up the furious pace of drilling into the spouse’s stretched, clamping, squeezezy rosebud. Wei Ying looked down to admire the view of how the husband’s face, neck and chest flared from a healthy slight tan to deep carnation pinks, as sweat beaded on the skin, muscles seized in increasingly pleasurable contractions, tasty sounds coming out from the throat, and he watched, mesmerized, at the offending waistline - those yummy-looking love handles that shyly peek out when the husband sat or curl a little - jiggled in violent waves in tandem with the ageless rhythm sweet hard fucking, trying to spear farther into the spouse, with a single-minded mission to reach the man’s innermost chambers and sow his seeds with the greatest volcanic eruption ever.

The husband could only moan weakly in response. He’d lost his rational thought and speech two orgasms ago. “For...you...” croaked the sweat-covered, shivering, nearly-dying man who lived to sing praises for his spouse, agree with everything the younger man said, and wanted - at that moment - nothing more than to spend his entire life with his shuddering penis *living* inside the warm, lovely, moist, hot, tight and undulating cavern of his *lao po* .

Wei Ying perked up with interest from those words, and embraced the husband from the shoulders below while riding fast, to ensure the husband could truly appreciate the meaning of engaging in hardcore sexual

intercourse and insemination. He added thoughtfully, “Of course. What is yours is mine.”

Wei Ying decreed that it’s perfectly fine for the ungodly men to continue copulating like rabbits, enjoy good food like greedy mortals, and indulge in seven, fifty, even hundreds of flesh-bound sins as long as they belong to each other, godhood and religion be damned. With his conscience cleared, he proceeded to extract another few more orgasms from the dying husband, and Lan Zhan had never been happier in his life (especially his overheated, melted loins that had been emptied too many times until only vacuum space remained).

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“Dinner is ready, *lao po* ,” the husband calmly called out from his makeshift kitchen stove on top of the golem’s chestplate - it was as long and as wide as a huge buffet table. Appetizing bite sized delicacies not unlike tapas and sushis, garden salads, oven roasts, juicy steaks, grilled meats and vegetables, five different varieties of congee, broths and soups, rice and noodle stir-fries, sweet and warm fried desserts, jellies and puddings, a selection of premium quality tropical fruits - all dishes were arranged in perfect sequential order on the table-like construction lined with a cover of plucked and woven wintergrass and reeds, accompanied by natural stone and pebble formations as decor for a rather atmospheric, natural setting of a sumptuous meal in the woods.

“Ahh, *lao gong* , it’s still early in the afternoon for the other two, so it wouldn’t be dinnertime for them yet. Plus, I’m having a hard time trying to figure out how to explain the situation. I could start a white lie, like saying that they fainted and we saved them - however, as a consequence, I’ll have

to keep coming up with more and more fantastical lies to maintain the story's integrity, and the vicious cycle would keep repeating into a degenerate train wreck. Or, I could tell them the truth, but no mere human will believe us, really. Oh, what should we do, Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying whined, while he idled his time away under a tree, chewing on a reed, scratching his tummy, his head in the clouds, and relished the feeling of residual cum leaking from his fondly destroyed ass - proof of undying love from the husband.

Lan Zhan paused, then thoughtfully muttered, "It doesn't have to be a lie or the truth. We could create a *new* truth that wouldn't necessarily be a lie."

Wei Ying brightened up, almost spontaneously, at those cryptic words.

Later, Wei Ying took up an imaginary role as a film producer, screenwriter, and art director, and pointed to the husband with a half-eaten roasted chicken drumstick. Lan Zhan did everything else; he was instructed to position the fully-recovered Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling in designated spots in mid-air, adjusted their limbs and facial expressions, even made sure that Zidian looked like it was really whipping up an action-packed featurette, and the hovering arrows from the boy's bow was properly angled to the skies.

"Higher! Higher! No, no the left arm! And now, the right leg - no, don't lift it anymore! It has to bend a bit - bend, do you hear me?! - Of course you have to flex it upwards, otherwise there will be a lack of realism in this scene!" the spouse yelled spiritedly with a mouth full of food, and complained, "*Lao gong* ! The whole thing looks tilted! Use your eyes, you need to make sure that it stays balanced! Urrrgh... I can't be doing everything by myself!" while he huffed and puffed to drag a single

unexploded missile along the ground. He took a short break after putting that missile in the perfect spot - while the husband had arranged the other twenty armed projectiles - and went to the cart, where the husband had carefully stowed away their dinner (it was such a waste, to have prepared everything, only to be stored again inside the cramped bottom of the transport - but the husband never protested), and snuck a greasy hand into the special space-time bubble portal to retrieve a glass of iced tropical fruit mix.

Up in the forest canopy, Lan Zhan stood on a tree branch and carefully wiggled his ten fingers - he used a god-tiered version of Invisible Hands to place everything in their positions following the spouse's finicky, unwritten, but highly imaginative script - including fired laser beams, select Twisty Crystal shards that had been set to detonate in the next second, and the entire empty shell of the crushed metallic golem which had been painstakingly knocked back into shape, and weighed several thousands tonnes.

Wei Ying flew up the pine trees to stand by the husband's side. Pleased with their film shooting studio of sorts, and how every actor and prop have been set in place, he let Lan Zhan have a big bite of the drumstick that he ate moments ago, and shared a few sips of the sweet tropical drink together, while admiring their handiwork from high above.

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“Three... Two... One... Action!”

In this re-start of reality, Jiang Cheng gasped at first and his eyes widened in bewilderment, when he felt a sudden surge of renewed energy (and felt a hundred times better), and perhaps, a little dizzy because the metallic golem suddenly shifted its position. Its back faced him, although it looked more beaten-up than he remembered, and there were crazy explosions, smoke, blazing lasers and whizzing missiles everywhere - he had no time to think or to process his disoriented thoughts. Everything was foggy, covered with noxious burning fumes and ashes littered the entire scene of war-torn carnage.

Zidian swerved and curled around Jin Ling's legs right on time, to his surprise, but not a moment too soon. He yelled, "Now, Jin Ling! I'm sending you straight towards its neck! Make sure you hit it with everything you've got!" The monster creaked ominously, metal screeched against metal - there was no roar -, and it seemed to move sluggishly, the tentacles flapped around uselessly - all the better, in this life-and-death situation -, so the timing was perfect for the final critical strike.

Jin Ling was confused too, because he clearly recalled being slammed to a tree, not flying up towards the golem's back while feeling strangely recharged - but who cares, for a late-teen with too much adrenaline and panic pumping through his blood -, so he wholeheartedly took his *jiu jiu* 's orders and propelled himself to the skies when Zidian flung him like a ragdoll at supersonic speeds. There were too many explosions everywhere, his ears were ringing, and he couldn't see clearly, let alone identify a clear target on the said monster's neck - he thought the explosions were from his previous reckless barrage of crystal-armed arrows -, but he had to believe that he could *see* with his heart, as advised by his *jiu jiu* and *da jiu* ; Jin Ling closed his eyes, reached behind to grab his last five crystal-armed arrows and pulled the bowstring. He couldn't see anything anyway - there was too much smoke, his lungs were choked with burning metal and pine, his fingers were trembling from too much nervousness, excitement and fear in trying to strike the metallic monster with his final shot.

The boy blindly released the arrows into the thick billowing smoke - all of them missed - but the biggest, grandest explosion happened anyway. Suddenly, like a puppet with its strings cut off, the golem crashed into a pile of twisted metal with resounding clangs and empty, hollow but still terrifying clatters. The great Han Guang Jun emerged as (previously) promised from the shadowy forests, and caught a shriek-y Jin Ling, in bridal style and right on time. Together, the two flew away from the radius of destruction. Jiang Cheng ran with Sandu in tow and tripped several times through some dense, prickly undergrowth; he succeeded to avoid getting smouldered by ballooning dust clouds swept up by swirling icy winds.

Along the way, Jin Ling screamed in happiness when he saw Fairy, alive and well, tied to a tree; Jiang Cheng grinned too, when their carts came into sight - the bulky wooden board that bore the Jiang family name was intact.

Finally, mountain fog seemed to clear on its own. The view pans out - Wei Ying appeared on the other side of the forest to welcome them with open arms, and a wide welcome-back smile.

(... *and Cut!*)

Notes for the Chapter:

Crazy twists and turns, bring 'em on! :-D It's fun going on a wild ride with Wangxian!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 100

The band of merry travellers would journey on for a few more days deeper into the mountains, mostly by foot rather than flight, because the weather system took a turn for the worse, and because it was impossible to get Fairy with its three carts off the ground. It seemed the dog, they discovered and to the men's amusement, was a little afraid of heights - especially when Jin Ling tried to train it to sit on its haunches and balance on narrow Sandu with just two legs (in which the overweight husky would bark in dogspeak annoyance of 'Give me a break', and tumble down back to earth).

Along the way, they popped by a few abandoned villages-turned-zombie making outposts, and slayed a number of Imperial patrols of Tian soldiers and their supernatural forces, including fierce corpses, vampires, phantoms, and Corrupted creatures; Jin Ling even bagged the achievement of being the first (probably) mortal to defeat a thirty-foot tall golem made of stones, thanks to the crystal-armed arrows. The use of Twisty Crystals made the boy bolder during battles, better in his aim, and more importantly, he racked up more kills than his sourgrape *jiu jiu* - which sparked a friendly competition between the two on who could bring down more Imperial goons.

Jiang Cheng, not one to admit defeat easily, pestered his elder brother and finally, he was taught to feed Zidian with fragments of those crystals and "let's see what happens". Recklessness was not really in his blood, but the man's desire *not* to lose face to his nephew pushed him to take the plunge and let the purple-silver serpentine demigod feast on the powerful crystals. (It is a creepy sight to watch the metallic silver snake wiggle alive on the man's hand, then open its mouth widely before a shard is placed between its fangs. It hissed, swallowed, and ended up looking like a snake that had swallowed a fat chicken and had trouble digesting it.)

The results were remarkable - Zidian powered up immensely and could cleanly slice off anything as tall as a man, and whip anything else bigger to topple it, cause tremendous damage, then shred it into smaller, more manageable chunks - often causing instant death to the said toppled monstrous giants. Jin Ling hmph'd and showed off what he could do with ten-shot arrows armed with multiple crystal shards, controlled by an increasingly honed Paperman skill - which basically meant that the boy was able to launch homing missiles with nuclear warhead-like firepower at any time. Then, the *jiu jiu* seethed in (mock) jealousy, and showed what a real master cultivator can do, if he put his brains into it - and made *ten* Zidian tentacle-whips sprout out from his ring; which made the sect leader look terrifying with a badass blazing lightning glove or sorts.

Things were beginning to look up for the quartet, so it was a surprise when they came across a major intersection and the road forked into two, and the jolly crew decided to split. To the north, a large shiny gilded sign spelled out Lanling province. To the east and just up ahead, a touristy poster with pretty scenic pictures painted on it, depicting the famous mist-covered mountains of Gusu, with plain and humbly printed words that spelled out the same name of that province.

Jin Ling, who had grown up a bit more during the expedition from Lotus Pier until that point, blurted out with astonishing confidence that he would like to return to Lanling because he was worried about the state of his homeland. Jiang Cheng echoed the boy's thoughts, and drew parallels on how the Han Guang Jun must've felt towards Gusu - everyone wanted to check how their loved ones and their hometowns are doing during these apocalyptic times. The sect leader finally admitted, with slightly shaky breaths, that ironically, he realized that he was no longer the leader of his sect, because there were no more Jiang members in the Middle Kingdom other than him.

“Ah... so you finally noticed,” Wei Ying remarked, rather downtrodden, because he felt he had lost something invaluable too.

“Yeah... *da ge* , by now you would also notice that I’m closer to the Jin family since raising Jin Ling, and I have visited and attended their meetings more than the other sects. I feel obligated to take our nephew to have a look, with our own eyes, if there are survivors, and if we can lend our help to them,” Jiang Cheng replied, shuffled his feet hesitantly, like a little brother asking permission from his elders to take a walk - or, to leave the nest.

“But everything is already destroyed - you’ve seen all the villages, towns and cities that we’ve passed through. There is no one left alive,” the Han Guang Jun tried to inject some sense into the conversation.

“ *Ge fu* , call it a gut feeling. I somehow think it’s the right thing to do by taking this path,” Jiang Cheng pointed at the gold-plated sign that still sparkled despite bits of dust and probably a piece of someone’s bloodied clothes hanging from it, “to find out for myself, and for Jin Ling. If it’s of any assurance, we can promise to meet you in Yiling when this whole thing blows over,” he said with a steadfast gaze.

Wei Ying knew his younger brother more than anyone, and made a small wave of hand behind his back to signal the husband that there’s no need to persuade the awakened, resolute heart using the cold logic of the mind. Lan Zhan nodded in vague acceptance, and stepped back.

Wei Ying hugged Jiang Cheng, who gasped at the sudden display of brotherhood and intimacy. Jin Ling opened his mouth in shock.

“If that’s what you’ve decided, then no one has the right to say otherwise because you are the master of your own destiny. Take the three carts with you and make sure to get Fairy to exercise enough by pulling them. I want that fat dog to be fit and healthy when I see the two of you in Yiling by the next Spring Festival,” he murmured. Then, he released his grasp on the Jiang *gongzi* and hugged a yelping Jin Ling.

“You too, take care of your *jiu jiu* . The cart has lots of delicious Wangxian-branded food to sustain both of you and the dog for the duration of your trip to the north. There are pouches of Twisty Crystals at the bottom, so make sure you share them with your uncle when you fight with those nasty Imperial soldiers. Tell me the final scores and the winner, when we meet again in the Market Streets of Yiling city,” he said, and Jin Ling started to cry (because he’s still a sensitive late-teen for his age). He shrieked with anguish “*Da jiu!*”, then nodded fervently.

Fairy woofed, and Wei Ying let it lick the end of Suibian’s scabbard one last time, for old time’s sake.

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“Was it the right thing to do?” the husband asked, as they waved at silhouettes disappearing into the foggy morning, with the rising sun casting golden glows on every surface the rays touched.

“Who knows? They wouldn’t survive till sundown without us. We’ve been keeping them alive by assisting them in every battle with the Imperial forces. Heaven knows how many times you’ve had to stop time to fix your mess, and I was starting to become sick of it,” the spouse lowered his hands and shrugged, then sighed, at an invisible burden that was starting to lift from his shoulders. Sure, the officials in the Heavenly Palace were keeping tabs of the couple’s performance, but Wei Ying wasn’t too enthusiastic to know how miserable they’ve fared - the fate of the two mortals were, realistically, similar as the metallic golem they’d defeated days ago; unfit to live in this shattered, Corrupt-undead infested world, and should be spirited away to somewhere else.

“... that’s a rather cold attitude you have towards your relatives, and I don’t see how you could be happy about the outcome,” the husband remarked impassively.

“Nah,” the spouse refuted, and hooked an arm around the husband’s, out of bad habit (or maybe, the unsaid need for physical comfort), “Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling are rather warmed up to me by now, and that’s more than I can ever wished for, for the past three years. I was called *da ge* by my younger brother, and *da jiu* by my nephew - I’m a very happy man now, *lao gong* .”

Then, Wei Ying turned around and leaned his weight into the husband with an ‘oof!’, and the latter reacted by catching the spouse in his arms. Wei Ying acted as coy and as he is affectionate, “About the outcome, *lao gong* , you know what to do. You promised, and no buts,” and the spouse gave The Sexy Look - he twirled a lock of hair and bit it between his pouty lips, fluttered his eyelashes, and wiggled his body while in the embrace of the slightly irritated husband.

Lan Zhan nnngh'd. More godly - actually, husbandly - duties to check-off in his to-do list, to keep his spouse happy, in a Happily Ever After manner.

The great Han Guang Jun, also the Jade Emperor, the Lord Buddha and God of Mercy, would Perfectly engineer a Happy Ending for his two relatives. Both would encounter a band of marauding Imperial goons armed with 31st-century weaponry in the next couple of hours, and be humbled in defeat, then blasted into smithereens within seconds, because Jin Ling will, in all likelihood, miss his shots, and Jiang Cheng's sword and enhanced whip are truthfully ineffective against such superior technology. Of note, Twisty Crystals do not really do anything to 31st-century things, just as a bullet doesn't bite as much when shot at a bullet-proof vest.

However, Lan Zhan, who has absolute control over the space-time-fate continuum of the Mortal Realm, would make sure to teleport the two out of danger at the last microsecond with a memorable *fwip!*, and send them to an immigration processing center.

He wondered if Jiang Cheng would make a capable store manager for a convenience store in Yiling; he could whip tens of workers into shape and earn a good profit for the company selling foodstuff, household goods, and the odd time-inappropriate gadgets for rogue non-human customers. If his performance is stellar, and if he shows a knack for iron-fist leadership, the company might consider promoting him to manage sweatshop and slave-driven franchises and factories too.

Jin Ling would probably remain unemployed and housed in an opulent Wangxian-branded eight-star hotel chain (with all expenses paid by Lan Zhan's Godly Credit Card, of course) until he passed an examination for immigrants to the Kingdom - he'd learnt enough about the Wangxian

company, its foods and various household products, an abbreviated history of the Kingdom's First Fathers, and even could write a short essay about the use of Twisty Crystals which is a form of currency for the Kingdom. Bright, curious and brave Jin Ling would probably be better off starting as a Management Trainee while still brimming with confidence about his life prospects - the fallacy of youth, really; he could slowly work his way up the corporate ladder from serving coffee to serving company policies in the 888-floor headquarters tower of the mighty Wangxian Co. Ltd.

Ah, and who can forget the fluff named Fairy? The couple had no plans for the dog, other than to keep it away from the spouse and all Wei-kins as far as possible. The husband thought they might let the husky serve alongside the Heavenly Sun-Eating chow chows to guard their estate, or maybe let it live its Perfect Happily Ever After as a lab specimen to test Wangxian's pet food line and doggie treats for an entire lifetime, with visitation rights given to the Jin *gongzi* if deemed necessary.

In either case, Lan Zhan had telepathically sent an official request to his servants in the Heavenly Court to secure and process their paperwork, and issue them temporary working visas as soon as possible.

“Lan Zhan ah Lan Zhan, there you go, dozing off in your daydreaming with your eyes wide open,” the spouse giggled and waved at the husband's face. The husband blinked - he was too deep in his thoughts, again. The spouse tightened the hook of their arms, and started to drag the husband towards the east, towards the dazzling sunrise that beckoned to them invitingly.

The mountains, rivers and valleys of Gusu await them.

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Ten steps later, Wei Ying suddenly pulled Lan Zhan into a bush at the side of the road, and started undressing. The wife desperately wants the elusive hardcore fuck away from prying eyes of nosy relatives (who are gone, thankfully), and the husband indulges in the request, although he would very much prefer slow, sensual lovemaking anytime.

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With the thirtieth ejaculation, there is immediate relaxation, tension disappeared, swaying lower and lower, finding relief in the sinking darkness - a sense of floating bonelessly in space along the Milky Way, although the milk had been drained out too many times that there's nothing left, except the sweet, sweet closing act of succumbing into the world of dreams and nightmares.

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“Oh, A-Ji, A-Ji, my sweet baby, you always make this *shushu* so happy all day and night, tighten up that hot ass of yours... ooh, I'm seeing stars, *shushu* cannot hold back anymore, feel my mighty babymaker jerk fifteen times inside your sweet baby womb, take it, take it, open your pussy wider and drink my sperm, get pregnant, make lots of babies inside for me, sweetheart... oooh, oooh... uuuh... uuuh... ahn, ahn, hahh, hahh, hnngh, hnngh, here it comes, OOH BABY BABY I'm raping your pussy! UUH UUH AAH OOH rape rape rape rape get raped now! HNN HNN NNHGH I'm raping your uterus! Filing you up! It feels so good! OOH HONEY

BABY SWEET MOTHER OF GUANYIN I'm raping your eggs! My sperms are raping your baby eggs! AAAAAAAAH!"

Uncle Wei had been going at it since pre-dawn, and happily injected many orgasms into the child's sleep-warmed body. Ever since the entire grade school closed down pending a secretive, well-concealed investigation by the Grand Lan Elder Council after receiving numerous complaints from parents (of children getting high and acting disorderly outside of the school compounds, and of adolescents returning home with bruises, pain and often, dribbling strange smelly, sticky milk-like substance around their private parts), Xi Chen as one of the exemplary seniors within the Cloud Recesses, had been conscripted to emergency educational services for the sect. He had to move to a hostel and live there for about a couple of months, to serve as a substitute teacher in an offsite famous and elite multi-sect boarding school where remaining Lan children and disciples alike were temporarily placed.

Xi Chen remarked that he was really appreciative of the opportunity to teach, because it meant that he could earn decent wages as a teacher, meal and board included, and peruse their libraries, sports facilities and outdoors practice fields to improve his cultivation skills with other seniors. The elder Lan brother almost begged a weepy, crying A-Ji to let him pursue his dreams of going to that all-expense paid retreat that only families of aristocrats and nobles had the privilege of sending their children to. Little A-Ji couldn't understand what the whole situation really meant, but he knew in his heart that he would never want to disappoint his elder brother ever again.

With Xi Chen out of the way, their neighbour gleefully moved in. It turned out that the guest houses opposite the brothers' home were earmarked for development and turned to rubble the same day. With the dingy dungeon gone, Uncle Wei knocked on the door a few minutes after Xi Chen left, his hands full of his belongings and a couple of jars of Emperor Smiles.

Trembling little A-Ji cautiously opened the door, and he was every bit scared of the sight of the greasy, smiling neighbour, who curtly asked if he could stay until he could find another suitable lodging.

“Your brother would be so heartbroken, if he heard that the neighbour got sick because he had nowhere to sleep in the cold, freezing nights. Oh dear, what would happen to him, if he couldn’t do his teaching job properly, and had to be kicked out of that school?” the sly, habitual liar suggested with a fake look of concern in his eyes.

Barely after the man walked in through the open wooden door with the happiest smile etched on his unwashed, sweaty face, the luggage was dropped into a messy pile, and the door was locked. The curtains were drawn, the windows were shut. Little A-Ji was raped again and again, his *xiao ji ji* was abused repeatedly until the body became a heap of inappropriate child-like tasty moans, uncontrollable tingles and drug-induced drunken giggles, throughout the day, and for many days to come. It didn’t matter if the vegetable patch became brown from the lack of care - because only the elder brother knew how to farm, and he wasn’t around to save the vegetables, let alone his victimized little brother -, or if the boy didn’t attend school anymore - because it was closed anyway, and nobody in the Cloud Recesses recognized that the boy had been held against his will by the rapist. Uncle Wei had made himself comfortable to stay (almost permanently) inside the little boy, on the boy’s cute rabbit-themed bed, in the boy’s dark, unlit lonesome home.

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Uncle Wei lounged on the floor, scratched his exposed hairy belly, and let out a smelly wet fart; A-Ji had made his favourite lotus root pork rib soup

and noodle stir-fry for lunch, but he thought the noodles were a little too oily.

“Aaaa-Jiiii, bring me a cup of tea, to help me digest the wonderful lunch you made just now,” the man called and then yawned sleepily, before letting out a loud, long string of crude burps. He had done nothing all day except to laze around in the trash-littered house, drink his wine, read the comics section of the periodicals, and of course, have wild mad sex with the boy imprisoned inside his home. Once in a while, he’d make a few Fairy Messenger calls to his suppliers to bring them needed household goods and fresh food and cooking ingredients, using his ill-gotten gains from gambling and cheating - he was the one who lodged an anonymous complaint to the Council, complete with documentary proof that the headmaster received bribes for selling the schoolchildren’s virginities, and records that the twenty and more foreign men who entered the school grounds under the pretense of being gainfully employed as certified *laoshi* s, were in fact, hardcore convicts that recently escaped the dungeons of Chang’an. The trap sprung and the criminals taken away in Binding Spell handcuffs, the treasures of his twenty fellow merry friends were easily pocketed for his private consumption. Uncle Wei was, in all respect, the richest man in the province - and he personally arranged for Xi Chen to be sent to the faraway, and very luxurious, very expensive boarding school too.

(Unknown to the residents, the terrible liar also illegally sold the land of the guest houses by faking the signature of a Council member. He profited personally from the sale, and made sure to arrive at the Lan brothers’ doorsteps at five minutes past eight in the morning, right after Xi Chen left for his teacher assignment.)

Little A-Ji shivered as he approached with a tray and a cup of steaming tea. “Here is your tea, *shushu* ,” the boy whispered, nearly afraid of making any noise louder than a squeak. The oily uncle eyed the boy hungrily up and

down, and let his eyes feast on the boy's (imagined) virginal nakedness. The pre-teen blushed in response and squeezed his thighs where he stood - he had been trained to grow hard in the presence of the rapist, after having his genitals attacked too many times, until they malfunctioned and could only sing praises and tingles for the man that taught the cute baby penis and its twin plump juicy eggs about an adult's marvellous pleasures.

"Mmmm... come, come, and hold the tea for a little while longer," the uncle murmured. Little A-Ji understood and took a step forward. Uncle Wei used his fingers to pull back the loosened foreskin and admired the sweet pinkish glans that glistened in the dim light. Another hand started to play and jiggle the balls that had been inflicted by too much abuse that they resembled more like a grown-up's wrinkly, heavy and dark ballsacks. The man chuckled, then leisurely, with all the time he had in the world with this helpless child, assaulted the boy's underdeveloped, immature genitals until A-Ji tingled at least twice, and squirted pee mixed with an eight-year old's bodily fluids from his swollen stretched-open cockslit.

By the end of the second rape session, the tea had gone cold. Uncle Wei growled that the boy tasted too good and he'd grown obsessed, addicted over the boy's youthful silky smooth skin, and started nibbling the boy-bubble buttocks. Rough hands groped every last inch of the boy's body - because Uncle Wei had total ownership and possession of the boy, could devour every last bit of the boy's lost innocence for any length of time, and would savour little A-Ji's cries that would never be heard outside the four dank walls.

The tea was left forgotten on the floor, while little A-Ji hiccuped and snivelled on the floor, with a huffing, grunting man lying atop him, his hairy adult penis drilling too excitedly into the well-used, flooded, blossomed forcibly-ripened rosebud, performing his hourly workout of breeding a boy about a third of his age, until the boy's belly bulged a little

more with a growing pool of the smelly man's thick, viscous evil wriggling seed.

At one point, the rapist naughtily inserted a tablespoon of his semen into the child's swollen penis using his much-maligned technique of Invisible Fingers. Then he forced the boy to fuck his manly ass by locking the quaking, erratically twitching body between his spread legs, until the adolescent's eyes became white and his mouth foamed, because little A-Ji still couldn't tolerate the extreme pleasures of tingling inside a warm, wet tight cavern; of experiencing the full adult's orgasm reflex until his unprepared loins scorched and electrocuted from cramping penile convulsions and squeezed-hard balls; of experiencing the mind-blowing sensations of ejecting thirty full thick loads (of the invasive, foreign semen) - twitches - and feeling the tiny underdeveloped penile muscles work so hard, that his pelvis nearly gave way from the radiating spasming climax; of being taught how to make babies before even producing his first viable wriggling sperm cell, and instinctively trained to enjoy the delectable procreating activity between a man and a child.

"Ah, my sweet, darling A-Ji, congratulations, you've become a father! You've just ejaculated into *shushu*'s hairy womb, and soon, your white tadpoles will fertilize *shushu*'s eggs, and we will have a baby inside this fat belly," the uncle cackled mischievously, full intending to lie to the confused, naive child, and rubbed his said bulging hairy stomach - he had gained weight after living in a slothful paradise of dining on an all-day buffet of fitful sleep, good food and mind-blowing sex with the underaged boy for many days and weeks.

Little A-Ji started to hiccup and cry, because he didn't know what becoming a father at the tender age of eight really meant, and especially if it involved a terrible rapist living under the same roof. His fear rooted him in place, and his indecision spelled his doomed fate for the rest of the day.

Little A-Ji was coerced to father more babies inside the dirty sex predator, as he continued to tingle - now termed orgasm - Uncle Wei's dirty, filthy sperm out of his angry-red child-penis, and into the monster's waiting tunnel of twisted love.

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“Oh, A-Ji, the days are long, the nights are warm, and I've spent so much time cumming inside you, with your *xiao ji ji* orgasming like a real adult so many times that I've lost count - surely we can be a happily wedded couple by now. What do you think, A-Ji, do you want to be married to Uncle Wei, and we can live Happily Ever After in this house?” the uncle asked with sugary syrup in his persuasive voice.

The eight-year old spasmed and moaned incoherently, as a straw rose up and sank down into his inflamed wee-wee rhythmically, which the uncle gleefully sucked every single last droplet of seedless boy-juice, then spit back into it with saliva and blew bubbles into the wildly convulsing urethra, and the peanut-sized testicles bloated noticeably from the forced insertion. When that didn't garner any intelligible response, the uncle became a little irritated, so he flipped the boy over on the bed, and pounded his hips deeply into the wrecked goo-filled tunnel with little preparation. He would salivate from the friction and tightness around his adult penis, and then roared like an animal in the heat of procreating when he ejaculated - fifteen twitches in total - to fertilize the boy's insides. Still, the boy refused to answer.

“Why are you like this?” he howled in rising anger, and spanked the boy's buttocks until they jiggle and turned red. “Why don't you say that you'll

marry me?" Another round of hard slaps, and the boy winced, bit his lips, but did not say a word in return. "If this *shushu* cannot be your husband, then he'll be your wife instead! Come on, boy, say that you'll marry me and we'll live a happy life together forever! Say it! Say it!" he growled and smacked the buttocks even further, until the skin broke a little with bruising palm-prints, with a tinge of trepidation in his furious voice, because something had *changed* inside little A-Ji.

Finally, A-Ji took a deep breath and gingerly turned to his side - his throbbing backside was already bleeding slightly. He gave Uncle Wei the Evil Eye look, and clearly, calmly announced,

"I'm sorry, but I already have a wife."

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What followed was a crazy downward spiral into utter insanity - Uncle Wei, blood drained from his face and with terror in his eyes, realized that his horrible secret had been leaked out, and by none other than the eight-year old he had tried to trick into selling his soul by way of marriage. The uncle roared like an unchained beast, his anger unleashed, and he started to throw furniture and stuff all over the house like a madman. Smoke rose from his skin, which became mottled and grey, horns grew out from his head, wings from his back, his sneer became fanged, his fingernails became claws, and his legs twisted into an animal's hind legs and a tail sprouted in-between, then finally, his eyes turned bloody red - a demon emerged.

Little A-Ji screamed in terror and peed on the floor, and he scuttled and crawled his way out of the house with jellied limbs as the monster thrashed around in blind fury and destroyed the interior of the building. The moment he unlocked the main door - the first time since two months, at least - and had to squint in the sudden flood of sunshine, fresh air and clear blue skies - he tripped at the doorway with a yelp and fell into a pair of warm embracing arms.

“A-Ji, A-Ji, you finally found your way out. You’re here. You’re home. You’re free,” the soft-bodied voice tinkled and chimed in the air.

The eight-year old opened his eyes and they teared from the bright lights and from a halo above his saviour’s head. Ah, he thought, as he finally felt fatigue eating into his tired soul, and the last bit of energy fizzled out from his limbs, Ah... this is A-Xian’s voice, he thought again and again, and he let out a sigh; “Little A-Ji is safe, and he can finally rest,” his heart whispered gratefully.

“I’m... free...” he gasped tiredly, and fell unconscious, sinking gratefully into the arms of the spirited, feisty boy who once came from the streets.

A-Xian had been waiting outside the house for an eternity, it seemed. So, when he finally cradled his then-promised underaged husband, the sweet but miserable A-Ji, in his arms, he stroked the tiny, fragile, delicate broken boy’s hair and kissed A-Ji’s head, then he whispered a prayer for the end of a nightmare, and the beginning of their true happiness.

“Daddy, daddy, I want everyone to be happy. Please make A-Xian happy, and give A-Xian a happy family,” the boy ordered, rather gently and affectionately.

The Gusu Lan master had stood in silence for a long while, for an eternity as well. He simply “Mn”s, and whipped out a fearsome feather duster from his belt, then marched into the devastated home to claim his own demon and overcome its terror - once and for all.

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“Eh, eh, that’s it? Where’s the ending? The huggy feely kissy touchy happily ever after? The post-trauma sex? The babies that pop out from the new lovebirds? What about the epilogue?” Wei Ying asked, panting heavily into the cold wintry air while lying on a bed of rumpled robes, pine needles and wintergrass, behind some bushes - seemingly their favourite lovemaking setup, if one recalls their First Time.

The husband massaged his temples in irritation, and to prevent any incoming headaches. He had taken a nap after the wonderful sex, and his spouse had rudely jolted him awake just when he thought he’d dreamt about hearing a crescendo of powerful, emotional orchestra music, feeling goosebumps from his spirits stirring, resonating to a rising wave of hope, and the burning flames of vengeance that reignited his belief in humanity in the battle of good boys and men versus one unspeakably evil demon. Wei Ying continued to ride him into another orgasm during sleep, although in reality, he really, really, swearing by the name of the unholy trinity of the Jade Emperor, Lord Buddha and God of Mercy, he really cannot cum anymore - and his body could only jerk to wakefulness and abruptly spoil

the ending of the finale of the greatest erotic dream he's had in a long time, which probably arose from his nightly porn-watching habits.

"Wei Ying... there's no ending. I woke up before it ended," he sighed. He'd pushed the spouse to the ground with a wet squelchy sound upon opening his eyes, a torrent of his warm seed gushing to his crotch from the spouse's gaping asshole, and he knew that within a few minutes, he had sentenced millions of his babymakers to a cold, miserable death.

"Not fair. Tell me! Tell me, tell me, tell me what happens next!" Wei Ying whined with a lovable pout. A hairy arm gripped the husband's half-limp and thoroughly slick-y penis in warning.

The husband sighed again, more in annoyance than from tiredness of having too much sex in the last few days.

"... The Gusu Lan master overpowered and conquered the demonic Uncle Wei. He made Uncle Wei his wife. So A-Xian was all smiles for having a new mommy to live with his daddy, and the boy also got his wish to live with his husband, A-Ji. They live happily ever after in the grand mansion. The end," Lan Zhan seemed to read off an invisible script, he didn't even bother to check his facts anymore; the grip on his dying penis was strong, undulating, moving with sensuous kneads - and it was starting to grow hard again. He wordlessly cursed and scolded his own unflagging penis.

"Eh? Ehhhhh? Ehhhhhhhhhhh? It doesn't make sense. It's disrespectful to the definition of families! And it has a very rushed ending. Where's the

sex? *Lao goooong !*” the last couple of words were shouted with such a clingy, high-pitched wife-y tone, the husband’s ears hurt.

“... That night, A-Ji fucked his newfound wife A-Xian, who fucked his daddy Uncle Lan, who happily fucked his newfound wife Uncle Wei, who couldn’t resist the sex, so he bent around to fuck his rape victim, neighbour, now stepson-in-law, A-Ji. So they fuck in circles, and they live happily ever after. The end,” Lan Zhan mumbled to get the spouse off his back, and hopefully release his rising hard-on.

That got a desired reaction. Wei Ying let go of his hands, blinked for a few seconds with an incredulous look on his face, then rolled around the ground with cackly, nerve-grating squirm-inducing laughter until he almost died of suffocation. He finally gave a comment, “It’s an appallingly badly-written script. You’re a terrible storyteller, *lao gong !* That’s my honest feedback, but as your wife, I shouldn’t react so badly” and he heaves another breath, “So, I accept your story in good faith, my dear useless, talentless and utterly trashy bad husband of mine.”

Lan Zhan chuckled a couple of times too, for no real reason other than from his amusement. He’s changed a lot since the days of living with lovely Wei Ying, and now, adventuring to the outside world with his now-blissfully wedded wife. They still had a long way to go, such as figuring out how to get to Gusu safely and in one piece, and reach the Cloud Recesses to find out what exactly happened to SiZhui and Wen Ning, the whereabouts of his missing brother Lan Xichen, and demystifying the relationship between the *shijie* and the Tians, and the seemingly invincible Imperial armies from Chang’an. Technically, they’re still at war, with the Kingdom of Qishan Lan, the Wei siblings and the tentacle-y children facing headwinds in trying to get rid of the scourge that plagued the universe - but there is plenty of time to solve every piece of the puzzle. Lan Zhan told himself that he should enjoy his days on the road while he has the opportunity, and slow

down to smell the roses and rosebuds once in a while, with lovely perfect Wei Ying who had long ago promised to stay by his side, in his lifetime and beyond.

“The end...?”

Notes for the Chapter:

Lucky 100 !!! Yippiee, Hooray, Wheeee !!! Thank you for staying with Wangxian !!!

This ends the arc, maybe the fic, and I might take a break, or maybe not.

In case this is it, then I'll say my classic line "Be seeing you..." - you can try to guess where this comes from and how it ties to this fic's universe too! (no prizes for winners though :-))

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 101

The days can be long or short, so are the nights; dawns could feel forever, dusks would pass by in just a blink of an eye, depending on one's luck, perhaps. The sun rises from the east, and just when it crosses into the afternoon, it veers to the north, before heading southwest, then bounces back and decides to set somewhere towards a north-easterly direction; and re-emerges gloriously rising from the west about twelve hours later, sometimes twenty four, sometimes just six. The weather is no longer defined by the four passing seasons, but probably just one dreary long blizzardy glacial storm, or a prolonged wet, humid, stagnant summer, sometimes days as an arid desert, or mere hours as a fairly comfortable subtropical heat of neither too hot nor too cold.

Wei Wuxian, more fondly known as Wei Ying, or simply *lao po*, hummed a classic Yunmeng folk tune as he lounged in a heated pool while listening to the news from a levitating holographic phone. Same, same, he thought, as a newscaster who sounded eerily like him read out recent highlights with a cheerful and excited voice, also just like him. The Kingdom of Qishan Lan continued to make inroads into endless layers of multiverses created and formerly occupied by the Tian Empire, racking up an impressive, exponential growth of colonizable worlds, galaxies and universes in the process. He'd lost count of how many, and he didn't bother to keep tabs on the battle frontlines or the ramifications to the Kingdom itself - he could always ask someone in ErNet, and his entire kingdom of war generals, genius scientists, financial advisors and farsighted economists could let him know. It's a great time to be alive as a citizen of the Kingdom and an employee of the Wangxian company - there's an endless number of your kin and allies (and more being borned and raised every second), and there is an unlimited number of opportunities out there (with more being created with each new world, galaxy and universe conquered and seized from the Tians).

It seemed to be an infinite journey to keep expanding and to try to end the scourge. With the help of the camera-shy, elusive, tentacle-y children of the First Fathers, the entire Tian biological, sociocultural and techno-magical construct had been reverse engineered, decoded, sequenced, decrypted, demystified and basically turned into the Kingdom's fodder for astronomical, never-ending advancement, evolution, growth, fortune, prosperity and ultimately happiness. At some point, Wei Ying wondered if *they*, the Kingdom and its company, are the real scourge after all, since all they've been doing is destroying, plundering, capturing and populating new spaces that had been forcibly vacated by its eradicated, extinct original inhabitants. It felt like a classic war between Man versus Nature, where Man once thought Nature was a hindrance, a threat, and something that needed to be controlled and wiped out - but in the end, surely Man himself is the plague and the pest that should've been exterminated.

Wei Ying lowered his 21st-century sunglasses and took another sip of his tropical mango drink floating on the pool's surface using magical means. The weather felt nice, a little of spring turning into summer - based on memory -, although it should be winter if following historical and chronological records. The sun seemed to be around south-east, and bushes in that direction rustled. His handsome husband, the best butler, greatest loyal lover, jack of all trades and master of everything, an amalgamation of the greatest gods and men, a holy entity that should be worshipped by everything in existence, the Grand Patriarch, and the First Father - also, the breadwinner of the family, who signs the checks, pays their bills, does the house chores, flips reality when necessary, gets everything done and more - appeared with leaves and twigs on his hair, and a bit of muddy smudges on his face and clothes.

"You rotten man, where have you been? I've soaked in this pool for so long, that my skin has started pruning," Wei Ying complained with an airy unconcern. He lay back further against the poolside, intent on getting as much tan on his torso as he can while the sun was still up.

“Mn. I took Bichen for a quick spin to collect tea leaves from the hills of Yunnan, but on the way back, the magnetic poles reversed abruptly, the polar compass malfunctioned, a horde of dragons and phoenixes attacked, three spaceships appeared, and the atmospheric pressures dipped to near-vacuum, so I ran into some trouble,” he raised a creased paper bag to show the spouse the souvenir that was procured with much difficulty from the Southeast, “It’s all fine now. This tea would make a nice beverage to accompany our meals, and a gift to bring with us when we visit my hometown,” the husband calmly replied, and started to pluck away debris from his body.

“ *Our* hometown,” Wei Ying drawled from the pool. He couldn’t be bothered to turn his head to greet properly, let alone look at his soulmate and married partner for life. The tan seemed more important.

Lan Zhan gracefully walked to where Wei Ying sat on the pool, crouched and placed a sweet kiss on the *lao po* ’s forehead. The latter nnngh’d in annoyance; the husband was blocking precious sunlight from reaching his pale complexion.

“Mn. Our hometown,” the husband smiled, faintly, and stole a sip of the tropical drink, before walking away to their temporary campsite. “ *Lao po* , don’t forget to leave your loincloth by the pool so that I’ll wash it when I bathe later. Lunch will be ready soon - we’re having sweet and savoury appetizers, seafood pasta, grilled meat and vegetables, your favourite lotus root pork rib soup, and sweet traditional desserts of the Old Middle Kingdom,” the dearly beloved *lao gong* called out and read the day’s menu before storing the bag of Yunnan tea leaves into a cart - recently built and hammered together using scavenged wood from nearby abandoned barns. Wei Ying grunted in acknowledgement.

It had been rather peaceful lately, and the couple could finally enjoy walking into deserted towns and villages, browse leisurely and take what they need without paying, and leave without having to draw out swords and flutes. The number of Imperial soldiers, Tian officers and their monstrous undead and Corrupted infantry units have declined significantly in the recent days since their main arrival interdimensional portals in the Far Far West have been eliminated and stitched back using Wangxian's new space-time fabric 'Reality Repair' sewing kit. The Kingdom not only pushed back the enemy's frontlines, but also successfully plugged back the holes caused by the plague, and mend the damage caused by their explosive growth, and now, depopulation of their territories. Probably around eighty percent of the Middle Kingdom have been repopulated by the Kingdom's citizens, and there are budding signs of life and the return of daily hubbub activities of farming, production, trading and travel. The remaining twenty percent are still under the Imperial-Tian's control, and continue to be a sinister thorn in the couple's side - such as the occasional ambushes, man-made disasters, or in the husband's case, the irritating source of delays and disruptions when going out shopping for tea leaves.

A flock of birds flew overhead - descendents of the master-kin and beast-kins - followed by an elegant oriental crane Postbird imprinted with a white and black rabbit-themed 'WeiEx' logo. Supply chain, mailing services and even rudimentary air travel have been re-established, as with other forms of communications and exchanges within and beyond the Middle Kingdom, solely run by Wangxian Co. Ltd. Wei Ying also gave a royal wave to a passer-by cultivator on a flying sword and his passenger - his subjects, really - and then realized that the sun had started to reverse its trajectory to a northwesterly direction - the third time it back-pedaled that 'day'. He grumbled in exasperation, and slowly skittered to the other side of the pool to absorb the maximum amount of sunlight.

With the Mortal Realm, i.e. planet Earth, becoming a lost cause for the Tians, the enemies maintained a downsized but still detrimental presence and minimal interest due to their sustained alliance with the Imperial Court. Ground intel identified Grandmaster Gao as the appointed liaison with those extraterrestrial mercenaries and hired guns, and the Emperor of Chang'an, who had remained low-key and not seen nor heard from the throne for quite some time, was rumoured to be a mere puppet of the political forces that continue to shape the landscape of the shattered nation. The Kingdom's citizens that continue to rebel and fight against the sovereign government headquartered in Chang'an masqueraded themselves as common unnamed peasants, rogue cultivators and soldiers, and protesting students and scholars, so that the entire set up will be written down in history books some day as an uprising of a dissatisfied society against the Imperial tyrannical rule - which is fairly common in this day and age of volatile monarchies, disastrous dynasties and plenty of bloodbaths.

The latest twist in the saga is that the Tians have taken their battles to extraplanetary locations while sucking up the resources of other planets in the solar system to build their armies, with the Kingdom tailing them close behind. The enemy had established a vast network of underground military, technological and production facilities beneath the crater of Mount Olympus in Mars, and the Kingdom has yet to break open the well-defended volcanic shell to rid the Martian soil of those pests. Until then, the sister planet Earth would have to just tolerate being abused by space-faring alien weaponry, including: having its core and mantle infected by virulent elements that its magnetic poles, temperatures, spin and rotation have gone bonkers; being showered intermittently by gravitational-cosmic waves such that the planet wobbles and bounces randomly in its orbit - hence the crazy solar cycles being experienced, because the globe spins regardless of its axis in all directions and stagnates whenever it wants; and getting blasted by Venusian and Mercurian hot gases, freezing and toxic winds extracted from the gas giants, showered by radioactive solar flares from the Sun, dangerously close fly-bys by the Moon - and other moons of the solar system for that matter - which causes tremendous tidal forces and earthquakes, and being pelted by plenty of asteroids and meteors

deliberately steered into Earth's direction. The Kingdom endeavours to protect its motherland, but there have been accidents and misses too.

With so much going on, the couple decided to just go with the flow, live with the 'new norm', and quietly continue their adventure despite the occasional inconveniences, such as ending up in the Southeastern regions of Yunnan rather than to the east as originally intended. The land had bent, twisted, reshaped and reformed, that the husband couldn't recognize old familiar landmarks that should've led them to the hometown; the directionless sun, stars and other earthly and celestial navigational markers didn't help either.

Wei Ying had enough of getting his toes pruned like raisins, so he rose from the pool waters - without a tan, sadly - and went to dry off with a towel. He wore a sexy bikini - a bra that didn't do much to his sparse bony boobleses chest covered with curls, his hairy, treasure trail glared obnoxiously against the glint of milk-white skin, and a tiny panty that stretched a lot because it couldn't really hide the bulge - one could probably put a small shampoo bottle on it and it might just remain upright, thanks to the sheer tension offered by the elastic panty material.

Lan Zhan appeared again at the pool - the food was probably stewing or simmering on a stove, or roasting in an oven, so there was time for the husband to finally clean up himself after running the gauntlet for the tea leaves. He wore a tight-fitting swim body suit - a pure white one with light blue cloud patterns - made of special 31st-century artificially intelligent thermoregulating fibres and materials, because neither of them knew when the subterranean geothermal fissure beneath the pool may close up and the waters would turn back to icy snowmelt once again. Wei Ying wolf-whistled at the sexy husbando, then bent down to pseudo-jiggle his non-existing boobs flirtatiously - but one could easily spy at his oft-suckled swollen nipples because the A-sized bra cups are still too large for his slim

bust -, then wiggle his not-so-curvy manly lean hips sensuously. The young man laughed when he got the reaction he wanted - a red-faced with even redder ear-lobed husband, who had to look away in embarrassment, sported a big boner tenting his super-tight suit within five seconds.

The spouse sauntered towards the rather aroused husband, then easily slid off his bikini - not loincloth as initially thought - and hung them on the latter's hard-on. He gave the husband a few nice strokes, and a few gentle cups at the heaviness dangling down there - eliciting tasty nnh, nnh, uuhns from the other, and a quick jerk of muscular thigh muscles, when the first tendrils of pleasure sizzled and shocked some sexual meridians within the increasingly horny husband's pelvis.

Wei Ying laughed and walked towards their campsite, however the husband stood rooted in place and did not pursue the spouse. Which was strange, really, the spouses thought, because usually - every day - the husband would have succumbed to the lusts and desires boiling in his blood, turn around and grab the spouse, and drag them into some bushes or even haul them into the heated waters, and engage in hour-long beast-like mating rituals which result in complete insemination of the spouse, and leaves the husband with two empty husks, and one very happy dearly-departed dick - usually, if not every day.

It was the spouse that sighed and gave the husband a very hard look - Lan Zhan was, as usual, a little frozen, a bit undecided, quite confused, and totally hopeless even useless when it comes to matters of the heart and the loins; he stared at the lifeless, dripping bikini on his clothed rock-hard penis and probably a million logical processes are going through his mind with no conclusions yet - of whether to go through the backbreaking process of slipping out of the technologically advanced and complicatedly locked bodysuit (it even comes with a password and tens of zippers, buckles and

buttons) to free and please the penis, or just dive in and rinse the dirt off his body as meticulously planned earlier.

“A-Ji ah A-Ji, if you stand there looking like a tasty deer in the headlights, your stepmother Uncle Wei will happily eat your *xiao ji ji* until there’s not a single drop left,” Wei Ying said in a smooth, and very suspect, vile voice, as he embraced the husband from behind, and hands reached down to fiddle and play with the latex-covered meatstick. His moist fingers rubbed, kneaded and shaped the swollen, pulsing flesh, until it looked like an admirable white-clothed cock of impressive proportions, length and girth; the ball sacks were not forgotten either, and more fingers dove in the caress, squeeze and jiggle what looked like twin white smooth chicken eggs that bounced into one another like rubber balloons. A few fingers attacked the sweet spots on the underside of the stretched bulge on the crotch, drawing circles on the penis tip and just right below the glans, and more squiggly lines along the sausage length like painting mustard into a body-warmed hot dog. Lan Zhan moaned and arched his back instinctively, and allowed himself to be manipulated and played like a guqin, until his body sang praises to the spouse’s sexual prowess in the form of delicious hip-thrusts into thin air, shuddering breaths, and a muffled keening growl-turning-into-an-orgasmic-wail; as always, logic left him and he wholeheartedly desired to pursue his first option - to fuck.

Then, Wei Ying stopped time and everything else, with his awesome magic.

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Throughout their journey from within the ‘Mounds till Yiling and Huang village, then to the many new realms, worlds, galaxies and universes, or closer to home, through the route from Qishan to Yunmeng and now,

somewhere in the Southeastern regions of the country, Wei Ying had always gained the upper hand in terms of raw abilities and capabilities. At the outset, any observer would've thought that the husband was the most powerful and wonderful person (also, god) that has ever existed, but unfortunately wrapped around the wife's little finger, and forced to do the wife's (sexually corrupted) bidding at all times; however, that was far from the truth. It was Wei Ying, courtesy name Wei Wuxian, who started the whole insanity that devolved their current reality into what it is today, and he was always a notch higher, better, more agile, more powerful, more savvy, more talented, than the husband, really. Wei Ying doesn't show and tell, so nobody will ever know or hear about this unbelievable revelation that shall forever be kept as a secret of the deepest universes.

Wei Ying could've snapped his fingers, taken control of Fate and rewind everything back into its original state, or, wipe the slate clean and start over, three years ago, three centuries, three millennia or even to the beginning of Time and Creation. Like the proverbial bookshop selling many books, with each book representing a reality, a universe, a story of someone's life - Wei Ying not only owns the bookshop, he also owns the business franchise, the entire town, country, continent, world, and the vast universe that houses that book too (so, he could actually stick out his middle finger at the irritating Tian *dalaoye* - mastermind of the terrible evil that besieged the worlds today - whom he'd never had close relations to, and tell that old fart to go suck a dick, and the young man would still get off scot-free, really.)

Back to the present, Wei Ying threw caution to the wind, and instead of mending the world, he chose to have a little fun with his yummy trapped husband. He peeled off the bodysuit with remarkable grace - he knew how to unlock all those passwords, buckles, buttons and zippers, since in essence, he created everything that ever existed -, dumped them into a messy pile by the side, and started to give a heavenly handjob and lots of oral sex with the petrified, immobile mouth-half-gaping, half-yawning, eyes-half-closed husband. He'd suck, licked and used straws to inhale, vacuum everything out of the husband's loins, then stuck fingers into the

latter's buttocks to fondly rake and shake the prostate gland until it was in a state of frozen epileptic convulsions; to make matters better, he used plenty of Invisible Hands, Fingers and Tongues to do very naughty things inside the glorious pelvic triangle until every last milliliter of sexual fluid inside the older man's body was stirred into whirlwinds, turned foamy and flammable, and came to be on the cusp of a revolutionary explosion of unimaginable reproductive proportions.

No one was there to measure the passage of time, but Wei Ying worked on pleasuring the husband's nipples until they turn swollen chilli-reds; fucking himself onto the husband's delectable erect, foreskin-retracted, glistening and steel-hard penis for days, weeks, who knew, perhaps even years or centuries - because no one is keeping tabs -, until the whole organ looked like it was about to explode into zillions of big bangs to make new baby universes, and his own ass moulded itself into the husband's phallic shapes; playing with the balls until he was sure he'd chaffed and rubbed raw the vibrating skin, and turned the testicles' contents into molten lava that threatened to vapourize into steaming geyser, ready to unload and fire into sweet thick ropes into the air; and groping every last inch of the body until all erogenous zones looked a little inflamed from the excessive adoring massages, pockmarked with ravenous bites and brutal kiss-marks.

He'd done this very frequently - a vague indication of how old the ultimate Dark Arts practitioner really is - so he wasn't really satisfied even after he made sure that not a single hair or skin on the husband was left untouched and pleased to the limits of an Immortal's body. The thought of the tea leaves came to mind - such small bits of dried wrinkled plant material that could yield such big pots of fragrant tea. Somehow, he connected some wildly diverging dots inside his miscreant, twisted thinking process, drew some impossible parallels to the beverage, and thought - why not?

Naked Wei Ying chanted some mystic words that only he knew, clapped and hopped three times, then miraculously, his height shrunk to the size smaller than a *guazi* 's tip (瓜子; baked plant seed for snacking). With an energetic leap from the ground, he flew like a supersonic jet straight into the husband's irritated but very turgid veiny dick. In his new microscopic world, everything is above and beyond giant-size. Naughty Wei Ying felt like an eight year old again in a slimy smelly water-slick wonderland - he slid and skidded everywhere inside the husband's extremely agitated but frozen-stiff urethra, played waterboarding using Suibian inside the fleshy tunnels, torpedoed and slingshot himself along the meaty tubes, and ricocheted gleefully from the rubber-like spring and bounce. He'd rubbed himself all over the cockslit crevice just to annoy the husband even more, and when he felt achy all over due to overexertion from playing gymnastics and acrobatics on the incredibly sensitive bulbous spongy edge of the slit, he created a number of pinhead-sized D-broom machines to vacuum and sweep the spot with bristly hairs - they are programmed to travel up and down along the urethral tube, punch through the sphincter muscles using vibrating pulses, make a pitstop at the prostate gland where extra cleaning is required, as with all other tubules and vesicles en route to the bladder, and back again.

Tiny Wei Ying had a wonderful time spending countless days, weeks and who knew how long getting swallowed voraciously into the husband's cock (in his perspective, at least). He inspected the plumbing, broke every known valve and barrier with glee, then cast many horrid spells to excite and pleasure the cavernous passageways and the glands and organs within using infrared heat, typhoon winds, earthquakes, sonic pulses - anything that he knew would make the husband more physically upset than he already was -, at the same time, he slid, slipped and rolled his way along the slippery, goo-coated surfaces, performing cultivation moves and practised martial arts using flying kicks and punches too. It was a free-wheeling cartwheeling ride for him to journey until he reached one testicle - he had to squeeze through a spermatic cord a bit, but the tendons and membranes stretched, loosened and let him through anyway.

Once inside a cocoon of fresh sperm cells - as small as a tomato on the palm for a micronized human that he is - and unborn ones - those without tail and still buried in their cradles, ripe for the picking -, Wei Ying happily transformed into a microscopic version of his demonic form, and began to dig in. He was in a swimming pool in the shape of an egg, filled with edible jelly substances, and of course, billions of tomato-sized spermatozoo around him, swimming away in panic at the foreign intrusion - there is no way out, unfortunately. Wei Ying only had to open his mouth as wide as possible, and started to wade into his pool of paradise, bulldozing through and swallowing everything up in sight.

Sometimes, he'd play with his food by holding a sperm cell by its tail, and watched it wiggle violently in alarm, trying to escape - however the act is futile, as the demon started licking the tail, then its neck - the cell shivered and spasmed - and finally he kissed the little head fondly and licked it clean of other bodily fluids. He only needed to jab a forked tongue through the membrane as delicate as wet tissue, and then suck out its contents with kissy squelchy sounds until only a dried, shrivelled piece of sperm-skin is left motionless on the ground, and a demon who licks his lips at the wonderful taste of freshly made unejaculated sperm.

Too much sperm-feasting spiked the demon's lust, so sometimes Wei Ying grabbed a bigger sperm - the size of grapefruits, probably an older specimen - and started to hump into it. He would rub his penis and balls excitedly over the sperm's juicy, wiggly head, and moan out his husband's name. "Oh, A-Ji, A-Ji, Uncle Wei is finally making babies inside you, I'm raping your babies!" he shouted nonsensically, and poked his rigid boner into the sperm, and happily orgasmed - fifteen twitches of rich, filthy demonic seed. Needless to say, the sperm died instantly when its head exploded from the bloating pressure; Wei Ying then crawls around and goes to grab another helpless sperm to rape and satisfy his indomitable sexual perverseness and horniness.

Many other depraved acts happened in the invaded and devastated testicle, and it didn't take long for the eternally-hungry and insatiable demon to feast and lick the organ clean - devoid of any remaining sperm cells, including the unborn ones which have been effortlessly plucked off their cradles like ripened, juicy sweet peaches, chewed and swallowed with greed. He tip-toed over by walking through the spongy, airy scrotal sac, knocked on the thick rather fibrous tendon-y fleshy shell - and when there was no answer, he merely dipped in and invited himself into a second feast, like the hungry wolf that welcomed itself into a house of little trembling helpless lambs.

Much time would have passed, before Wei Ying finally shot out of the rather ruined cockslit like a waterslide, and with three claps and hops, he returned to his normal sized, naked self. He dressed the husband back into his white bodysuit, then rinsed himself off in the pool (oh, he would miss the husband's smelly body odour inside and on him, really!), before getting back up and strode towards the campsite - and time is resumed, finally - with those tiny D-brooms still sweeping, mopping and vacuuming his penile tubes, because Wei Ying forgot to retrieve them on his way out.

Lan Zhan would howl and grunt rhythmically for the rest of the day, dying-living-dying again-resurrected by the poolside, shivered and quaked non-stop, peed, orgasmed and ejaculate absolute emptiness for an immeasurable amount of time inside his locked latex suit (because Wei Ying mischievously changed its password), when the barrage of sensations, pleasures and tingly pain from head to toe, from bladder to loins, from penis to testicles, slowly caught up to the present time and raged inside his body. It might as well be millenias' worth of bodily feelings being compressed into a mere few hours, even more, perhaps less - there is no exact science, no calculations can be made. The husband's traumatic experience reinforced his original hypothesis - he should've unzipped his bodysuit to free and pleasure his penis first (especially when he thought Wei Ying's earlier finger-groping caused his current state of misery - or ecstasy,

depending on one's perspectives); he'd never know what really happened to his body, or inside his loins.

Wei Ying didn't really pay attention to the husband's pleas for his body to stop contracting and expelling bodily fluids and puffs of voided airspace, and his anguished cries of why the password to the body suit wasn't working. He sauntered off to check on lunch preparations; his stomach growled in anticipation for much-awaited real human food.

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The husband is properly trained, he concluded, when he placed a socked foot on the husband's crotch, and felt something ballooned, hardened and heated up impressively. He wiggled his toes along the fleshy turgid stick of pulsing meat that rose between the pants, massaged it with the pads on the sole, and finally, captured the underside of the spasming rod between his large and second toe, and seductively slid up and down along the length.

They were having a quick meal in an empty restaurant that was fully furnished but with no waiters, cooks and patrons. Lan Zhan whipped out a couple of bowls of steaming hot pork noodles garnished with chopped scallions, fried onions, boiled vegetables, pork slices, roasted pork belly and meatballs from the magical cart, and the couple made it as though they were having a nice sit-in dining within the premises. The spouse sat opposite the husband on the square table, and no sooner after they started their first mouthfuls that the latter was sexually assaulted with a single foot.

In a world where rapid depopulation had left towns and villages devoid of people, Wei Ying had no qualms touching the husband inappropriately wherever they went. He could pull off his pants in broad daylight in an empty town square, which causes the highly-trained husband to become erect instantly like lighting up a candle, and stick that said erection into his buttole with ease. The spouse could be carried like an oversized but equally-spoiled child, like wearing a backpack on the front while getting drilled with each step, and the couple could walk around town leisurely with the husband perpetually edged towards climax, because it feels really, really good to fuck the wife, especially when the said wife kept whispering hotly very dirty stories of a dirty uncle raping, breeding and impregnating a little boy, until the husband's earlobes turned red and his exceedingly excited pistnoring penis one-twos continuously to spew out fertile seed deep into lovely Wei Ying's belly.

"Nnngh... Wei Ying... I..." the husband grunted in warning. A growing wet warm patch on the front of his patch evidenced that something bigger was rolling up its way through penile convulsions and tightening balls, although it kept twitching one-two and spurted dollops of seed to release the boiling pressure.

"No, *lao gong*, you cannot," the spouse shook a forefinger to indicate that the latter was disallowed to orgasm. Wei Ying left his half-eaten noodles for a while, then adjusted his position to sit next to the husband. He callously shoved a greasy hand into the husband's pants and started pumping the meatstick fervently.

Lan Zhan had to steady his forehead on the tabletop, his noodles forgotten. He was shivering, jerking on the chair, rattling table legs and some cutlery on the table's surface. He moaned like an animal in heat, crying for release.

“No,” the order was repeated. Release is denied, the unspoken words said. The husband’s grip on sanity was nearly lost, and Wei Ying could detect the shift when the man groaned loudly and his hips shook insanely until the chair creaked ominously to its breaking point.

Wei Ying snapped his fingers twice, and the sweaty, agonized husband looked up.

“Focus, *lao gong* , focus. Breathe in, then out,” he said with a measured, restrained tone, while his hands continued to grasp, fondle and stroke the other man’s genitals until they nearly peaked, then climaxed an orgasm that never came, and went beyond that said orgasm. The husband’s eyes become bloodshot, glazed, a little teary, saliva drooled from the lips, and his body trembled uncontrollably as though he sat on vibrating magic wand - he was experiencing a nirvanal state, beyond godhood, the body had long been detached from reality, where his soul had departed past known Immortal limits, and his spirit became omnipresent, all-seeing, all-encompassing. He had calmed down, in some sense, maintaining that delicate balance between sanity, orgasmic and whatever that lie further than the wide, infinite yonder.

“... Mn...” the husband responded, rather hypnotically.

Wei Ying smiled, pleased that the man was fully at his beck and call. He tested the newfound plaything, “Now, meow like a cat.”

“... Meow,” a rather stiff mewl.

“Good boy, now finish your noodles,” the spouse instructed, and went back to his bowl. The husband crouched - like the animal he played - lowered his head and lapped at the broth, along with bits of noodles and meat.

Later on, when their meal was done, naughty Wei Ying continued to forcibly masturbate the man-turned-feline by ordering him to lay on the floor, legs bent and spread wide, massaging his balls, rubbed his imagined furred belly, and played with the extremely excited arousal with long, hard strokes. The husband mewled and yowled like a male cat in agitated heat, and rocked his pelvis in a kind of immoral mating dance to cajole its spouse to engage in scorching hot sexual intercourse.

Wei Ying thought for a while, and then snapped his fingers twice again. “Now, you’re the white bunny, and I’m the black bunny,” he said with a grin. Wei Ying undressed inside the restaurant, cleared a wide open space in the building - because he knew what was coming - then went down on all fours and wiggled his gaping buttocks. He exercised his rear muscles to mimic a kissy movement to entice, invite and welcome the sex-crazed husband-turned-rabbit, and inadvertantly let out a fart in the pooping-like movement.

The couple would spend the rest of the day and night inside the comfort of a fully-furnished restaurant with an inn upstairs, with Wei Ying enjoying getting creampieped for hours on end, and for the husband to finally indulge in his beastly sex fantasies, blessed by the Thousand-Year Rabbit's fertility.

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“Woah... hold it right there,” Wei Ying called out and hurried to the front - he spotted a written note nailed to a tree at the foot of a hill. The husband slowed the creaky cart to a stop.

The spouse quickly read the clearly-printed words, with each character immaculately spaced out and written with such elegance, one would have easily mistaken it as a mass-printed poster. “ *Lao gong* ! It says here that since the end of summer, the mountains have been locked down due to the rise in number of people afflicted by a strange disease of the undead, and no non-residents, visitors and trespassers are allowed into Gusu!”

Wei Ying scouted the area - there are plenty of talismans and ropes tied between trees to earmark the provincial borders -; he touched one of the twisted thick ropes made of white fabric written with holy sutras, and jumped back when a neon-blue spark stung his fingertip.

“Owww! Lan Zhan! The defenses are still active, and according to my Dark Arts senses, they’re very strong! I don’t think even enhanced fierce corpses or powerful vengeful phantoms can cross this without getting badly skewered by these talismans! There could be a chance that there may be survivors within, because the ropes look quite new, and not frayed or weathered from neglect!” the young man jumped excitedly and kept pointing at signs of recent usage of the man-made barrier.

“Mn. The message from my brother hasn’t disappeared, and we didn’t detect any traps or trickery in the letter,” the husband said as he fished out from his sleeve pocket the crumpled letter that had been painstakingly preserved throughout their journey from the west, and gave it a good shake to make sure nothing fell out - unlike the letter purportedly sent by Jiang Cheng that had since been disproved and exposed as forgery.

“ *Lao po* , the powerful barrier could be my *shushu* ’s doing, and he may still be in the Cloud Recesses, perhaps ill and unable to lead the disciples. If we can find others, we could ask about Tian *shijie* ’s whereabouts, and then locate Sizhui, Wen Ning and learn about the other survivors too. And I wish... I wish to ask for my brother, it has been too long since there has been any news about him,” his face creased noticeably with worry.

Wei Ying extended a hand to hold the husband’s, and gave a firm, reassuring grip.

“Don’t worry, *lao gong* , we’re now at the fringes of your home... - no, *our* hometown. We’ll definitely save it, if that’s the last thing I can swear with my undying breath!” the spouse pulls up a three-finger salute as a sign of his promise to the husband.

The Kingdom of Qishan Lan raises its alerts to Code 7 Level Obsidian Black-Ruby Red. The war for the Motherland had been lost although the territory was regained later at great expense to the citizens. This time, they will not make the same mistake again, and endeavoured to achieve absolute success to save their one and only Fatherland from the same fate. Four alien motherships warped into the Mortal Realm, each carrying Wei *da ge* , *er ge* , *san ge* and Wei *didi* , respectively; further ahead, a small, two-foot long furry warm and her black octopus tentacle brother hopped through a portal and into the woods beyond the magical ropes that lined the province’s borders.

Little Ni-er smiled, and Ernie sneered. Things are going to get *interesting* for sure...

Notes for the Chapter:

Just a side chapter to expand a little more about Wangxian and their circle of merry friends. Mostly just playing around with kinks and an unhealthy obsession with sci-fi fantasy, that's all ;-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 102

“It’s all thanks to my intuition,” Wei Ying said with pride, while lounging with one leg crossed over the other inside the primitive, but adequately sturdy, functioning wooden cart, “that we are who we are today, and that we’ve come this far, alive and well.” The husband remained silent, crouched by the riverbank just a few steps away, and gently rinsed a basket of freshly picked loquats in a straw basket using water from the river, before shaking them dry. The morning sun was high in the east with few clouds rolling by, painting the landscape with patterns of shadows and bright spots periodically, and the temperature is mild - probably an overcoat or a slightly thick robe would be more than enough, and it seemed things might warm up a little in the afternoon before the evening chill sets in.

“You see, *lao gong* , it was my intuition that told me I was barred from entry because I wasn’t a resident, or at least a former resident, of Gusu. However, my gut feeling also imperceptibly informed that nothing cannot be solved, because rules are meant to be broken, and so barriers are meant to be deciphered and opened though solving puzzles or devious means, if not by brute force,” the young man explained, and happily raised his arms to receive the said basket of cleaned loquats. The smack of his lips wasn’t missed - the summer fruits looked fully ripe, sweet and juicy even in what should be chronologically, historically, in the dead of winter season.

“Mn. You solved the puzzle, *lao po* . Well done,” Lan Zhan acknowledged, without so much of a protest, and patted his hands dry on his hips, then tucked a stray lock of hair behind his ears - even with a large silver hairpiece adorning his topknot, things could get a little stifling or iffy while doing mundane chores; a forehead ribbon would do wonders to ease the predicament with his long, lush hair, however he’d promised he wouldn’t need to wear one as long as he had the soulmate by his side, and during this

wonderful cohabitation (now marital) journey they'd embarked together since nearly three years ago.

The spouse suffered a few minor burns while trying to tear the talisman ropes (his fingers singed and smoked, because there was very strong Purity-class magic embedded in the mystical sutras, which prohibits all Dark, Corrupted presence), jump over it (he simply slammed into an invisible wall, and ended up with a bleeding nose), and do the limbo dance (his abdomen burned, his hair sizzled on the ground beneath the twisted ropes of holy sutras, and his twin glutes of buttocks ended up looking like they were placed on a frying pan - they turned tomato red, the skin red and blistered.

Unable to bear to watch the spouse try to break the barrier by trial-and-error, crying and whining in frustration from his wounds, Lan Zhan sighed heavily - the spouse could've just asked, really. He rummaged his bag for his near-forgotten Jade Token and placed it in his own hand. Then, he grabbed a dying, near-unconscious, thoroughly barbequed spouse with that same hand so that the token was firmly enclosed within a soothing cocoon of their grasps, and easily walked through. It seemed the Jade Token recognized Wei Ying as Lan Zhan's, therefore concluded that both married Lan men (it didn't matter if it was Gusu's or Qishan's) should be allowed admittance into the province - and it somehow magically communicated the decision to the talisman barrier. The husband cast a few god-tier Healing spells which made the crying spouse feel much better, and less in pain - with an added old-married-couple's kiss on the cheeks, of course. Wei Ying brightened up immediately, forgotten about his idiocy and agony from the reckless attempt to bash through the entrance, then dragged the husband through the woods, and towards the heart of Gusu - springing a few more hunting traps, more defensive talisman thread-lines and other booby traps along the way, of course.

Wei Ying started on the first loquat fruit, and greedily popped a small one into his mouth without further thought. He winced because it was a little sour, and spit the seeds out to the roadside with a ‘ *bleargh* !’. “Besides that, my intuition told me that we’re in a different dimension, a space-time bubble in its own. So everything outside of Gusu didn’t matter anymore. I know this like the back of my hand, because I’m the greatest Dark Arts spellcaster in the world, and Corruption of space-time fabrics are my breakfasts and lunches! Easy-peasy, anyone of *my* calibre could’ve sniffed out the clues that there’s awesome Dark magic being used in this place!” he announced with a nose pointed up to the skies while licking his lips from the remnants of the sour fruit, and started to work on the next loquat - a bigger one that required careful peeling.

“Mn. You’re the greatest, *lao po* ,” Lan Zhan echoed, not really thinking twice. He busied himself by grabbing the handles and pushed the cart like a shopping trolley, with the spouse in it. The first few steps needed a bit of exertion, but once the creaky wheels started to move on the dirt trail, their pace was slow, leisurely, and smooth.

The husband knew they’d entered into a different space the moment they crossed the talisman barrier - the sun appeared at the right location, the season was noticeably different and warmer, the air smelled *alive* and didn’t reek of foul stench of the undead, and the landscape was once again familiar - he remembered exploring the southern fringes of Gusu during one of the many summer school trips of his younger days. It didn’t take much god-tiered logical thinking processes to understand that in a world shattered and turned topsy-turvy by the enemy, an oasis of paradise and familiarity could only mean one thing - an island-like space-time bubble had been carved out of the map, and spared of the destruction that wrecked the rest of the Middle Kingdom. The only lingering question was twofold: whether there are other changes made to this island, and to what extent; and why would there be Purity-class barriers placed around a Dark-class space-time rip in reality? It would seem contradictory, a *yin* being stirred into *yang* and vice versa, the good and evil working hand in hand, and for what purpose?

Wei Ying had split the large loquat into two, and picked out the large brown seeds. He gave a tentative lick to one of the plump, glistening slices - and grinned brightly when his taste buds agreed that the fruity treat passed all tests and received his stamp of approval. He gave the slice a few more saliva-drippy suckles in order not to waste any nectary drops, before taking a small bite - and mmmhs in delight.

“My intuition also led us to take this path, out of many branches and junctions that we’ve seen so far, so that we passed by quiet, rather uninhabited countrysides and bushlands. Safe, unnoticed, and we can gather enough intel about what’s going on, before taking on the bigger, most bustling towns, possibly filled with enemies in broad daylight or in disguise. See? My intuition is such a brilliant strategist, and it’s helping us to make the right choices,” the young man said in between squishy succulent chews.

“Mn. You’re brilliant, *lao po* ,” the husband murmured along, just to pass the time while tediously (but not tiredly) pushing the cart for many more kilometers to go at a tortoise’s pace, at least based on his memory of the map of Gusu, which he already knew by heart. Wei Ying didn’t really point which way to go; he simply relied on the husband’s decisions and took credit for them - which is perfectly fine, because one of their lifelong promises was that whatever the husband has, owns or does, belongs to the wife, naturally.

The farmhouses looked lived-in, the vegetable farms and fruit orchards look well-maintained, and there were actually livestock animals in the barnyards - chickens, ducks, geese, pigs and goats. The road was frequently swept and used - there are hardly any dried leaves or trash along the way, and footprints and wheel tracks marked the dirt trail. Wei Ying threw caution to

the wind and stole a bunch of loquats from a farmer's garden, because he missed summer fruits, and because he wanted to try his luck - and succeeded, probably, because no angry old men with pitchforks appeared in the vicinity to chase them down. The spouse remarked offhand that perhaps he should try to steal a pair of live roosters, just to see what the ruckus of cluck-clucks would do, but the husband tersely said 'No'.

Wei Ying lifted up the half-eaten, saliva-coated slice of peeled loquat to the husband's lips. Lan Zhan nom-noms the fruit without hesitation, and chewed heartily - it was really sweet as honey, tasty as apricots, and invigorating to his spirits.

"Is it delicious?" the spouse asked with a giggle.

"Mn. Delicious," came the contented, calm reply.

Cicadas, birdsongs and chilly end-of-summer breezes accompanied them in their journey into Gusu.

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"Ah, you're a terrible *lao gong* ! Raping your wife in the middle of the morning, right after you stole and ate my loquats! You're a horrible rapist, a sex offender, a pervert! You take and take some more! And now...why are you trying to impregnate your wife in a stranger's home?"

Or... are you perhaps, aroused by wild imaginations of having your lovely, fertile twenty-two year old wife gangbanged by strangers? Oh, you bad, bad husband! You like to be cuckold'ed! You want to watch from a sad corner of a dungeon-like room, as your wife is pushed to the ground, her clothes ripped to shreds, and her genitals are attacked by scores of virile, dirty men! You want to see her tremble with fear, quiver with uncontrollable primal, bodily delight, succumbing to instincts to procreate and propagate with genes freely ejaculated by outsiders into her ripe pussy! You want to see her squirt and orgasm in front of a shadowy audience of unknown hungry predators, who salivate each time she climaxes, her body forced to serve and pleasure hairy, smelly penises whose owners you do not know! How twisted can you be!"

Just think... a crowd of greasy, fat old men, grinning and surrounding your nubile, virgin maiden wife! Each of them laughing, drunk, fucking this delicate rosebud until it becomes stretched, used, loosened! Smelly, thick ropes of uninvited foreign semen ejected into this vulnerable, defenceless womb that had been entrusted to you, promised to you, lovingly reserved for your exclusive use - now plundered, pillaged, turned into an abused cum dumpster pool of seed that will bloat this fecund belly into factory for producing foreign babies!

You rapist, who desires to sell your wife's body to strangers to reap the fruits of unknown men's loins, do you really want twins? Triplets? Or more, growing from this fat, healthy belly that will be kept pregnant and properly inseminated, year after year, popping out babies that do not look like you?"

Lan Zhan struggled with his conviction of *not* having to deal with the spouse's nonsense, but the grip on his sanity wavered when the latter pushed all the right buttons. The husband was caught off guard when the spouse suddenly had a brilliant idea (not), then dragged the older man from the cart into a wooden cabin - it was empty but furnished, and it didn't seem

there was anyone around. Wei Ying only had to bend on a table's edge, pull down his pants and wiggle his ass sexily; in less than five minutes, the pantless husband devolved into a hungry lustful beast, mounting its mate repeatedly, dipping his blood-engorged, heavy, wanting penis into the welcoming heated tunnel again and again, and desired nothing more than to stay, grind and rut inside lovely Wei Ying. They were doing it doggy-style - one of the secret favourites of the husband, which the spouse discovered on his own over the years since they've started fornicating everywhere and practised reckless copulation in nearly every known situation and circumstances.

“You're a baby rapist! Why do I say that? Because I know you frequently fantasize about raping unborn children inside a mother's ripe pregnant belly! You know how good it feels to have a hard penis fucking inside your wife's pussy, and the pleasures of having your cockslit puncture the bloated womb, then pressed into a baby's rosebud! What if that penis belonged to a stranger with an unknown face? What if a line of horny hairy men formed between your pregnant wife's spread-eagled legs, jacking themselves off eagerly, waiting for a heavenly taste of two tasty fucks for the price of one? The child, nestled in its supposedly protective uterus, would be fathered by many men, because every single one of them will have the chance to greet the unwanted baby with their lustful penises, inject their happy milk through the broken cervix, bathe the fetus in a soupy mix of fetid filthy and fermented seed, and keep the unborn babe warm with billions of wriggly foreign sperm attacking its undeveloped genitals!”

Wei Ying, the habitual liar, certainly knew how to provoke and arouse the husband in fast and furious ways. The husband's Bichen-calloused fingers started rubbing recklessly around Wei Ying's belly, silently willing it to grow larger - even more than his own which had come equipped with love handles by now - and his mind was filled with very dirty images of big-bellied Wei Ying engaging in forced groupsex with numerous faceless mob characters, and of the said belly wiggling with a struggling life that hadn't

been born, but was already sexually assaulted by those despicable, cruel rapists.

“Ah, ah, you’re such a bad boy, groping my tummy like that! What if those strangers started sucking my breasts, so that they’ll grow and plump up, and start making sweet milk for those babies that aren’t yours? Oh no, *lao gong*, you’re also trying to sell your wife’s fatty milk to the foreigners too! Ah, what if she will be forced to breastfeed twins, triplets of strangers’ children and at the same time, those endless numbers of fathers continue to rape her every day, and she had to nurse those pervert grown-up men too, because those terrible foreign fathers also want a taste of her sweet milk? Ah, no, no, stop stealing the milk for the babies!”

Lan Zhan scrunched up his face when his hands automatically crawled up to squeeze and molest the flat chest - except that the nipples are swollen from constant play, and looked quite ripe, like a woman’s. He started fiddling with the areola, jabbing, pinching and massaging the nubs and their puffy circular mounds that look like a cross-section of a medium-sized loquat. His sweaty hips drilled at an insane pace into the spouse’s ass, ballooning in size and hardness with each terrifying scenario planted into his head by the naughty spouse, his loins were on fire and neared a sizzling, well-deserved peak.

“You’re a horrible monstrous man, you let those strange dirty people, like sweaty farmers, filthy diseased beggars and smelly unwashed soldiers stick their cocks into her juicy flesh and rape your beautiful wife! They play with her body all day, not just from spilling their unholy tainted seed into her, or steal her breast milk, but also, they force their pleasures upon her! With so many men, each tasting her in his own way, surely there would be one, no... three... Three wiggly tongues and many greasy dirty fingers playing with her pussy! Yes, three tongues lick her pussy and clitoris continuously, attacking her virginal innocence until not a single shred is left intact, until

she could only cry hot tears and squirt involuntarily into those men's panting, open ravenous mouths! And if that wasn't enough, she starts to scream when evil fingers snaked around her inner thighs, sensitive hip joints, play with the folds of the skin and vibrate against the erogenous flesh, clawing gently and seducing with ticklish kneads, tempting her to open up, open up, and let them in, let them in. Surely she cannot withstand such a terrible sexual assault that felt too good, and had to spread her hips wider, opening her precious entrance to the view of many pairs of gleeful eyes, and soon, tens of fingers poked and prodded inside, hooking, scissoring until her tunnel of love is distended, bruised and battered with grazing fingernails and the force of blunt fingertips against her maidenhood, torn and forever lost!"

Lan Zhan moaned as the first of many penile contractions started to well up from deep inside his pistoning pelvis. He'd lost control of his hands as his legs gradually turned into jelly from the pleasure electrocuting his nerve-ends and numbed his muscles. He touched Wei Ying's belly, then the breasts, and attacked the spouse's dangling, swaying cock and balls generously. He smothered lovely Wei Ying's loins with husbandly love, stroking the turgid organ, caressing the weighty balls, shaking and quaking against one another's hips, his vision sparked with fireworks against blinding white light, his back seized just as the spouse let out an impassioned cry, and they fucked faster than rabbits, made love with a slamming his-thrusts greater than any mortal's, sharing hot, breathless gasps, hnnghs and ngaahs, slapping balls that tightened up rhythmically with each ripple of muscles in the pelvic floor, whispering each other's names between locked lips - thirty aaaaahns from the husband, and half of that from the well-inseminated, screeching, delighted, spasming spouse.

Lan Zhan would enjoy orgasming into lovely Wei Ying's body at least three times, accompanied by very crude, pornographic and salacious stories by the latter, to Wei Ying's delight and giggles that morning.

The poor table in the cabin broke spectacularly into splinters by the time they'd made enough love with each other, and the couple scurried off to the backyard vegetable patches to escape any unwanted attention (or angry old men carrying pitchforks).

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They stopped at a single roadside store under a big shady tree that had a couple of tables and benches outside. A sign hung on the front, and spelled in one big handwritten word “Tea”.

The couple was surprised to hear some movements inside the rickety wooden building, and with a *fwip* ! of a sweeping sleeve, the husband transformed their clothes into ordinary brown long-sleeved tunics and black pants - the common attire for simple peasants of that day and age -, and magically hid all their equipment except for the cart, which was magically filled with straw to cover its cargo from plain sight. Wei Ying coughed out the dried plant material from his mouth and nostrils and sputtered a bit, before leaping out energetically to check the suspicious-looking establishment. Smoke rose out of a small chimney atop the roof of the building.

“Is... Is anyone there?” Wei Ying shouted hesitantly, his voice raspy, a little too loud, especially when he hasn’t really talked to anyone other than the husband for nearly two weeks (maybe more, or less, it doesn’t matter in a world when time can be warped by Corruption spells); he’s getting rusty at socializing, it seemed. The husband internally facepalmed at the spouse’s careless approach of rushing in head-on; they could’ve waited a bit to observe from a safe distance, but Wei Ying was never a creature of patience and self-restraint, after all.

The straw door swung open and the couple jumped back in surprise - a rather scrawny bearded old man with a tell-tale squarish dark headwear and plain dark blue robes - the shopkeeper, presumably - appeared at the doorsteps. He blinked and rubbed his eyes twice, before his lips turned upwards full of wrinkles, and his smile had many teeth missing.

“Blessed blue skies and sunshine! Customers... how long has it been since there had been outsiders walking through these empty roads?” the man beamed. He bowed and gestured to two to take a seat at a dusty bench, and belatedly whipped out a hand towel to wipe the table and remaining surfaces.

“Young masters! This is a humble teahouse in the rural countryside, and currently I only have local teas and light delicacies such as *guazi* , dried plums, vegetable fritters and candies such as haw flakes. I ran out of dumplings, puddings and rice cakes a while ago, and I don’t have enough meats and greens to prepare a decent meal for walk-in customers since the wholesale markets have largely closed a few months back,” the shopkeeper said, poverty evident on his ramshackle establishment as he didn’t have any assistants nor any written menu prepared.

Lan Zhan took his seat and pulled out a gold nugget from his sleeve pocket. The shopkeeper’s eyes widened in shock and his frail body trembled in trepidation as he opened his hands to receive it. Wei Ying sent a telepathic note to the husband that the population in the outskirts of Gusu wasn’t well off, and prices were probably depressed for some time due to the seemingly bad economic situation. Usually a gold nugget would pay reasonably well for a platter of light refreshments for two, and shouldn’t elicit such a dramatic response from businessmen.

“ *Laoban* , a bit of everything, and a pot of *pu’er* tea, please. No need to return any change for the payment,” said the man who was probably not recognized in his homeland due to his moustache and beard, and in a commoner’s garb. The old man took the nugget, and bowed repeatedly in gratitude, “Thank you, and yes, of course! Of course! Please wait a little, while I prepare your order with whatever I have left in my teahouse! There hasn’t been resupplies from the borders since the lockdown was announced, and I’ve been trying my best to make do with locally-sourced produce these days, but the markets are always closed and there’s hardly anyone walking about!”

“... *Laoban* ,” it was Wei Ying’s turn to call out his skill of sweet-talking, once a basic customer relationship was established, “while waiting for the food, maybe you can tell us a bit about what’s happening around here lately - for example, has there been any strange occurrences? Who’s famous in the nearby towns and cities, and why? Has there been any unrest on the streets, or crimes during the nights? We...” he looked around and noticed the forested mountains and hills that bordered Gusu with other provinces, “... came from the low-lying coastal areas on the east, and decided to hike around since it has been... err... rather peaceful and quiet recently. Please entertain us with the latest rumours and gossip in town, dear *laoban* , we’re thirsting not only for a drink, but also for the latest news in these parts of the land!” he added a million-dollar charming grin at the end, and the shopkeeper reciprocated with a nod.

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Unlike Yunmeng which was unfortunately located directly on the enemy’s warpath, therefore ravaged and had its cities and population decimated by Tian-led Imperial soldiers and the undead, Gusu was a shiny living beacon

of hope in comparison. From a commoner perspective, since the middle of the year, similar to the rest of the Middle Kingdom, the rising number of scholar protests were becoming a thorn in the ruling class' side, and the sporadic attacks by fierce corpses had kept people indoors, with fear gripping everyone's hearts. With trade and travel grinding nearly to a halt, some mysterious events took place which further stoked the general populace's suspicions, including secret meetings between sect leaders at the Carp Tower in Lanling, the spread of Imperial propaganda, and secretive efforts by the Gusu's ruling sects to deal with troubling internal affairs - the details were not disclosed to the public, as elders kept a tight lid on what went on within the walls of their grand councils.

"My wife and I watched with anxiety, when one day, hundreds of young scholars and disciples were rounded up and exiled from their homes, villages and schools around here, and I can imagine the same happened everywhere, even the coastal areas," the old man said, and gave them a knowing look. The couple nodded, not really knowing *what* they were supposed to know. "I still remember vividly that day - they marched, wearing shameful signs over their necks to label them as unrepentant rebels and rule-breaking protesters responsible for causing social unrest, escorted by more level-headed senior members, and headed towards the northern exits," the shopkeeper pointed at a forked trail just up ahead, with a wooden signpost that indicated the direction. Their family members, who were largely uneducated and remained indoors for fear of any repercussion from the ruling class, wept as their children were quickly and quietly sent away without saying farewell to loved ones, or with hot packed food made by their mothers before they left.

"After that, the borders were sealed, and I don't know if they're ever allowed back in," the shopkeeper shrugged, "so most of the people you see in the countryside around here are aging farmers, tradesmen who have lost their children, or very young 'uns who have just started school. There are still a handful of adults and youngsters in the larger towns and cities, I heard, who are loyal to their elders and continue to practise cultivation and

study like good, hardworking students,” then he pointed at himself with a rather proud look on his face, “My teenage son who hasn’t read a book in his life, works in Caiyi Town as a part-time waiter in a restaurant while selling trinkets on the side, and has never expressed interest in those crazy protests started by brainy people. So I know he’s keeping safe, there.”

The couple fell quiet, as they snacked on the food served by the shopkeeper and mulled over the similarities and differences between what happened in Yunmeng and Gusu. The young, literate and spirited were made to leave whether by choice or by force, leaving behind the old, the very young and the weak behind. Imperial forces easily overpowered the remnants in Yunmeng, but somehow Gusu escaped that terrible fate.

Shortly after the exodus, the entire province was put under martial law, assisted by tribal chieftains. Everyone was required to obey the law, and could only go out from sunrise to sunset - there is curfew in place between the hours of nine at night to five at dawn. Rule-breakers would be snitched by their neighbours, then reported to the police, and thrown into dungeons in the heart of Gusu. “But of course you’d also know this, since you’re locals from the coasts, and you live closer to the capital city” the shopkeeper added, as he poured another cup of tea for Lan Zhan, “I heard the Imperial warships were big and impressive, when they docked at the harbours along the coast and brought in the troops. Right?” Another expectant look, and Wei Ying had to swallow down a fritter, dryly, and quickly muttered, “Right. Big and impressive! Very impressive!” and swept his fritter-oiled hands in wide arcs to indicate how impressive those unheard-of warships were.

What followed were a whirlwind of activities - the shopkeeper claimed he saw at least five battalions marched through his roadside store, each consisting of soldiers from the Imperial Court and from local sects; they went around marking the borders with strange talismans, ropes and threads,

and other defensive parchments. “I can’t read, but I know those aren’t just signs to ward off foreigners. The village head told us not to go near or touch those important boundaries, because bad things will happen if we did,” the shopkeeper explained.

“Bad things?” Wei Ying queried, while quietly munching on a piece of dried plum.

“Ha ha! Dear customers, surely you jest! Law number three states you should never question your elders! Bad means bad, there’s no need to ask what or why!” the wrinkly shopkeeper guffawed and refilled a plate of *guazi* for the younger man Wei Ying ate the seeds as fast as a rabbit downs a carrot.

Lan Zhan raised an eyebrow, and recalled a similar Gusu Lan rule with the same sequential number.

The shopkeeper shrugged when he realized his customers weren’t laughing along. He wiped his hands on his apron, “You know, the same things the Imperial guards had told everyone before... people with wild ideas from foreign lands would waltz in and start influencing the community to rise up against our leaders. Our village head can’t have that, because he said it’s like a disease - once it takes root, it’ll spread to the young ones. They’ll become brainwashed and start breaking the rules. Business will shutter, farmlands will be burnt, fierce corpses will appear once more and slaughter the living, and finally, food and money will become scarce. Families will be separated, the diseased will be sent to exile, probably to Chang’an where I heard there are wizards who can *fix* people’s ways of thinking. Our people worked so hard to get rid of those scholars and their supporters, so we can’t have that happen again on our soil.”

Wei Ying swallowed the plum and inadvertently, its seed as well - and coughed. Lan Zhan handed him a cooled cup of tea to wash down the unexpected morsel.

Somehow, the Imperial propaganda - the mouthpiece periodicals, posters and various sermons delivered by local village heads and shamans, and so on - described the fierce corpses as a by-product of the protesters. Due to the impeccable timing of appearance of fierce corpses attacks and mass protests by the scholars, the state media started putting two and two together, and accused - which became widely believed - a more radical group within the protesters to be responsible. Someone young, bright and eager to topple the government was probably too smart for his own good, researched too deeply into those monstrous creatures, and created them to cause panic among people. This led to a common saying that the protesters were afflicted by 'strange disease of the undead', which locals would understand, but would scare off any potential foreign intruders.

"I think it's true," the shopkeeper said and pulled his beard thoughtfully, "because here in the southern county, where people are generally humble and law-abiding, and the borders have held up well, there hasn't been any attacks by fierce corpses since then. My only complaint is that those borders also kept people and goods from flowing, so I haven't been able to travel or buy anything from other provinces, and we've been staying in all this while since the end of summer. Thank goodness we've had good weather since then, and my crops are doing well back at home. It must be a blessing from the Imperial wizards!

How is it in the coastal areas? With those big warships looming in the background, and with the protection of the nearby Cloud Recesses, surely your towns are thriving much better than ours, right? The village's watering

hole was abuzz a while ago about the formation of the great Gusu Tian sect in the Cloud Recesses, and that tea ritual ceremony between former sect councillors and the Imperial Court emissaries - I couldn't read the periodicals, but I saw the hand drawn 'Blue Skies' campaign posters... they're really pretty! That probably generated lots of attention and visitors to coastal areas too, because everyone wants to admire those warships set against a backdrop of eternally sunny blue skies that saved us from the terrible disease of the undead! Oh, oh, and that holy sculpture that laid down our land's new over-4000 laws... it would be a lifetime's dream to be able to go on a pilgrimage to pray and worship that Sacred Scripture Rock! With so many tourists, that's why you are able to earn enough, and travel around the province - such luxury indeed! I wish more customers would stop by, so that I can save up and take my wife to see our son in Caiyi Town, because we haven't heard from him in the last half year or so!..."

Wei Ying glanced in alarm at the husband. Lan Zhan emptied his cup in one go, and his gaze was frighteningly fierce, worried and indescribably tensed.

When the couple finally left the roadside store, a little shaken by the revelations, with quickened footsteps because worry gnawed into the husband's heart, the shopkeeper waved at them.

"Have a blessed blue skies day, dear travellers! May your days always be clear and full of sunshine!"

Notes for the Chapter:

After renaming the previous chapter's title to start yet another new arc, I'm tinkering with a new set of ideas on how to get on with more Wangxian fun!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 103

“ *Lao gong* ! This is really good and it tastes very fresh! It’s nothing like our company’s packaged processed foods,” Wei Ying munched cheerfully at a large sticky rice dumpling wrapped in bamboo leaves, filled with spiced boiled glutinous rice, fatty pork belly, black mushrooms, roasted chestnuts, dried shrimp, dried oyster, and a whole full salted egg yolk.

After the meagre snack at the roadside store, the spouse complained he was a little hungry although it wasn’t lunchtime yet. The husband sighed and stared at the blue skies for a while - it wasn’t so much about the alarming things they’ve heard that drew his attention; the weather seemed perpetually fine since they arrived at the fringes of Gusu - in fact, time seemed to be perpetual, at least in this part of the space-time bubble; it had been a pleasant, mild and sunny mid-morning for as long as he remembered.

“Mn. I made it following an old family recipe earlier this morning, while you were still asleep,” the husband replied without breaking a sweat or a smile, while he continued to push the heavy wooden cart with a man inside that started to sport stubble on his jawline and a slight paunch in his mid-section - although his very own protruding belly with mini-love handles was more visible than the spouse’s.

“Eh? I would’ve smelled such fragrant rice and pork from afar, and woken up to the sounds of you filling and tying the dumplings before putting them into a big noisy pot of boiling salted water,” the younger man wondered aloud, before taking another bite - he slurped on the greasy but extremely tasty chunk of meat stuffed into the dumpling’s center. Wei Ying ate a lot of good food, mostly the husband’s cooking and food delivered by their Kingdom through various means, since separating from his brother and the nephew; travelling in a cart meant that he didn’t really practise cultivation

nor exercised as much as he should, for a supposedly fit, young man at the age of twenty-two.

“Mn. I didn’t want to disturb you while you were snoring. I made these in my dreams, and brought them into this reality when I was up at five in the morning,” the husband explained calmly. After a few false beginnings, the middle-aged man was finally able to wrest control of his god-tiered dreaming ability from his inner demons. As the King of Gods and Men, amongst other flamboyant but needless titles, he can interchange between dreams, realities and all sorts of worlds in-between - and transfer stuff from one to another too. Wei Ying thought it was a really awesome ability - in the language of the Dark Arts, Lan Zhan was dabbling with creation, time and fate-related magics at the highest levels, and his performance was top-notch -, so the spouse always teased the husband to dream of bigger, badder things besides doing boring household chores, mundane cooking, sewing, farming, feeding rabbits and other cute animals, or the occasional swordboarding and cultivation stunts.

“Huh... I watched your dream in the wee hours of the morning, it was full of extremely perverse, filthy porn. You had a harem of a hundred of me, of all age and sizes, and you were chasing us down with a ten-inch dong between your legs. You raped your wives and their babies too, in the most despicable ways, if I remembered correctly. You’re such a bad husband,” Wei Ying nonchalantly accused, though one cannot be sure if he was lying or telling a partial truth, based on how blunt and nonsensical he sounded. He sucked a few fingers clean of sticky glutinous rice covered with greasy lard. Mmm, delish.

Lan Zhan sighed and wondered if he should find a place to stop for a while; they’d been going along the straight path at a tortoise’s pace for at least a couple of hours, with flourishing vegetable and fruit-laden farmlands on both sides, and rarely, they spotted old farmers in the distance who seemed

busy tending to their fields and didn't pay any attention to visitors. A line of mist-covered mountains in the horizon straight ahead never seem to grow any closer or clearer in sight.

“ *Lao po* , there are hundreds, even thousands and more free-to-air channels in my dreams. You could've tuned in to the ones that show the better sides of me, if you wanted,” the husband answered, and finally took off his straw hat to fan himself - a bead of sweat appeared on his forehead (and briefly, he worried if wearing hats may contribute to his imagined receding hairline). Ever since he grasped the basics of nurturing dreams, the growth on the returns have exploded exponentially. He could multi-task while he slept, he didn't need to fervently watch his nightly quota of porn via ErNet because he was actually *making* some himself (made with perfection, top grade quality, if he could've said so himself), and he created universes, even multiverses of his own in many ways better than his Kingdom could using standard 61st, even 91st-century technologies and magics. He was truly the Grand Patriarch of his empire, although the spouse had been unapologetically stubborn in belittling him at every opportunity.

(The husband continues to dream, grow and create his collection of multiverses, even during periods of wakefulness. He is considering to name this ever-expanding album of sorts, which now includes the Realms of the Gods, and in some ways, the Mortal Realm too, either LanWeb 2.0 or Wangxian net 2.0 - he's conducted a poll to collect public feedback, and all residents of the Kingdom have a chance to participate, suggest a few names, vote their favourites, and be in the running for winning great prizes. Interestingly, the first waves of subscribers and submitted entries turned out to be from the war refugees of Yunmeng, who are obviously barred from watching his X-rated stuff, but are head over heels watching their local hero, the great Han Guang Jun, working in vegetable gardens and gently petting bunnies' rumps.)

“Nah, too lazy. I still think you’re a bad husband, and you never treat me nicely even in your dreams,” the spouse grinned back after finishing the dumpling and carelessly threw the wrapper bamboo leaves to the roadside. That statement was partially true; in some dreams, Lan Zhan loved to abuse the spouse to his heart’s content, although the same can be said otherwise, when there are nightmares of an evil stepmother-in-law Uncle Wei with a ten-inch hairy dong running after naked Little A-Ji in the dark.

“Touché,” the husband acquiesced without further protest, and picked up the trash after the spouse; littering is a punishable offence, if he extrapolated former Gusu Lan rules to the new laws enacted by the Gusu Tians - it was just a hunch, but he didn’t want policemen on horseback in hot pursuit of a creaky old wooden cart.

“ *Lao gong* , I want another dumpling!” Wei Ying suddenly switched the topic and shouted adorably with glee. Grains of sticky glutinous rice stuck on the sides of his lips, and Lan Zhan couldn’t resist leaning forward to *lick* them off with his tongue - to the shock, and shy gasp of the spouse. Wei Ying’s rosy cheeks pinked, and the husband just had to give each one a sweet kiss.

“Mn. Let’s stop over there, under the shade by the road. We’ll take a break, *lao po* .”

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Luck seemed to be *not* on their side, when they were pulled over by an Imperial police officer on a real horseback, just when Lan Zhan was about

to park his cart under a tree by the roadside. The officer wore a standard brown-grey Imperial military leather armour with light blue cloud-like prints on the bracers, fully equipped with a sword, a bow and a quiver of arrows, and appeared every bit like a typical human soldier except that the person was female, and resembled one of their nemesis, the Tian Fourth Sister.

Wei Ying took over in conversing with the enemy; he was more well-versed in outsmarting adversaries with a game of words or an act of trickery, compared to the straight, no-nonsense and rigid Lan Zhan.

The officer's horse snorted rudely as she read out the charges in a disgruntled manner.

“One, not carrying your identification documents and travel permits while you're out and about. We're still under martial law, y'know, and all movements of residents are under tight supervision and control. I don't have to explain each provision of the law; your village head should do that.

Two, not using Imperial-sanctioned vehicles while transporting agricultural produce. That creaky old thing is dangerous, ma'am, and doesn't conform to Imperial safety standards guidelines. You probably can't understand what I'm saying, and have no means of getting a state-issued vehicle, so you'll get some public welfare aid on this.

Adding on to that, planning to conduct trading activities without a business permit - but since you've not actually committed the offence and we're not the thought police - the ladies from the enforcement agencies in the urban

areas are, and I'm just an officer for the rural districts - so, I'm letting you off this charge with a warning.

Three, not being pregnant despite being in the healthy age group. That's a really big offence, ma'am, but I take it that you haven't read the news since you're probably illiterate - so let me verbally repeat the words that have been carved on the Sacred Scripture Rock since the last couple of months."

The officer talked as though she read from a script and her actions were smooth, suggesting that she had handled more than a few such petty cases due to general lack of awareness and understanding amongst villagers in the remote countryside. She took out a booklet and turned to a particularly dog-eared page, obviously a sign that she'd done this many times, and cleared her throat.

"By the Decree of the Imperial Guards of the Gusu Tian serving His Eminence Great Grandfather and Grandmaster Tian, all females of suitable ages shall endeavour to carry at least one male child to term by the following year and for every subsequent year, and the government shall bear the costs including but not limited to maternity care pre and post-natal; and all male children born under the conditions of this Decree shall be willingly surrendered to the Royal Palace located in the Cloud Recesses to ensure the health and success of those children for the glory, honour and prosperity of our beloved nation of the Middle Kingdom. Your noble act of birthing more will replenish the ones lost to the terrible disease of the undead."

Wei Ying, who had hastily untied his hair then pulled out a silk scarf to tie around his head, ended up looking like a demure lady in distress - he even fluttered his eyelashes and pouted his lips for that extra feminine look, and

nobody in the world could refute the fact that Wei Ying looks very pretty in either gender - he softly cried with convincing hot tears rolling down his cheeks, with hiccups for added audio and visual effects to tug at heartstrings. He did, however, balked at the last bit from the Sacred Scriptures, but quickly reined in his animated looks to avoid suspicion.

“Oh, Missus Policewoman, we really didn’t know about the new law, and my useless husband is to blame. We’ve lived together for three years now and tied the knot in a small, simple family ceremony half a year ago with just our neighbours in attendance, but he hasn’t succeeded in fathering any children yet. If it’s a son that the government wants, then it’s the father’s responsibility to make one with the wife, isn’t it? Boo hoo hoo, if I’d known this would happen, I would’ve gone to a city hospital to have him checked...

You useless *lao gong* , please say something! Your wife here is very scared! What if we’re arrested and thrown into jail for these charges?!” Wei Ying sniffled and wailed, then smacked the husband’s buttocks and subtly pinched it to get his attention. Lan Zhan nnngh’d inwardly, being the masochist that he is.

“... I’m sorry, I’m a useless husband and haven’t fathered a son. Please forgive my wife, it’s not her fault,” the older man blurted with downcast eyes, looking rather helpless and uncertain, while holding up the handles to the cart, “We... we just wanted to quickly sell these crops in the city to earn enough, so that we can travel around the province as a holiday gift to my hardworking wife. There is no other intention other than to make her happy, I promise.” Lan Zhan had stealthily conjured illusionary bags of ordinary grains and vegetables under the cover of a piece of tarp in the cart, to cover up the other belongings inside, including the bag of expensive Yunnan tea leaves, generously-stuffed sticky rice dumplings and other suspicious cargo supposedly transported by the poor.

Wei Ying had bowed his covered head and sneaked a peek to the side - the downtrodden husband looked quite convincingly remorseful, in his own special, sometimes endearing, subtle, restrained and awkward ways. He telepathically sent many hearts and thumbs-up to the husband's WeiChat account to praise the man for a laudable ad lib performance in drama acting and speech.

The police officer looked rather pleased at how meek the husband was, and how he elevated the wife. She dismounted from her horse, leaned forward to sniff the couple and wrinkled her nose. She murmured, "That's strange, there's no smell of childbearing fertility here," in which Wei Ying shrunk away from the terrifying all-telling nose of the cloned Tian Fourth Sister, "and there's a healthy dose of desire for procreation, yet none for the feminine childbearing qualities either," in which Lan Zhan mimicked his spouse and scuttled back a little in pretended fear. She shook her head, "I can't fully understand how your kind's biology works, but you definitely need to see a gynaecologist at a city hospital, and the nearest one with that specialty is in Caiyi Town."

The couple nodded again in unison, silently prodding the officer to alleviate the burdens of their journey. Caiyi would be a good place to stop by - anywhere other than these vast undeveloped backwaters of Gusu.

Next, the officer pulled out the tarp cover, stuck her head into the cart without warning, and that elicited a squeak of terror from the spouse. "Whoa, your grains have mold growing on them, and they smell really bad! I can't even pick out your vegetables or anything else from the terrible stench!" she remarked, then quickly pulled out and gagged profusely. Arms akimbo, she asked in-between coughs, "Where do you plan to sell your produce, Mister and Missus... err..."

“Lan!” the couple yelled in startling cohesion. Majority of the population in Gusu have the same family name, and it was the truth, so it was a no-brainer for either of them. The officer clicked her tongue in annoyance, ““Tch, it figures...” and muttered under her breath - barely heard, but the Immortals had no problem in their superhuman hearing -, “... country bumpkin humans and their simplistic societies, no wonder they’re easy prey for us *demons* !”

“We plan to sell them to the big restaurants, officer, and if there are leftovers, we... might sell them on the streets, you know, like those street peddlers who sell trinkets and other knick-knacks at daytime,” Wei Ying offered, pretending to be calmer and no longer crying pitifully, but in fact, his heart was racing nervously and he spammed the forum chatrooms in ErNet and the unfortunate husband’s WeiChat account with endless - but needless - emoji-laden all-capslocked type-written screams of ‘Oh my god did you hear that? She said demons! They’re all demons! *Yao guai* !’

“No, ma’am, you can’t do that. Oh, you probably didn’t read the news again... all big restaurants, and in fact, all upper-class establishments are off-limits to commoners. They serve the Imperial troops now, and--” the officer replied curtly and gave a disapproving look at the cart, “-- I’m pretty sure *we* don’t eat that kind of food,” then gazed back at the tense-shouldered spouse, “but you can keep to the Public areas and there are markets and smaller grocery shops that may want your... unappetizing-looking... harvests.” She waved her hand on her face to visibly indicate that she was still offended by the smell wafting from the bags of grains each time the wind blew.

Having satisfied herself with the interrogation and inspection of goods, the clone of Tian Fourth Sister continued to drone on about some laws

regarding civil behaviour, personal appearances, trading and travelling - which sounded quite similar to what the couple remembered about the Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules.

She started writing on a piece of parchment with an ink-brush, "Well, other than giving you strict orders to take a bath by sundown because your clothes reek of stinky masculine sweat, I won't issue any summons nor get you arrested this time, Mister and Missus Lan. In fact, as your friendly neighbourhood police enforcement officer, I will help straighten some things for you, so listen up."

The couple obeyed and stood still next to their cart.

"I'm going to assume that you don't have those government-issued identification papers since you didn't even bother to register your marriage, but that's not your fault; blame your previous incompetent leaders for that. So I'm going to record your statements into the Imperial archives, and issue you temporary documentation to get you through:

Here's an official slip that explains you *will* be on your way to the nearest City Council, which is Caiyi Town's. So it doubles as a provisional identification and travel permit to that town - and mind you, only to that town, not others. You hear me, ma'am?"

Wei Ying tightened his grip on the scarf, and nodded.

“I’ve written a mystical Imperial code on the official slip, and you need to show it to the guards every time you pass a checkpoint in Caiyi. Remember, most areas are off-limits to commoners like you. The guards will use the code to track and trace your movements and permissions. I’ll be entering three places that you’ll be allowed in, for now - the city council to get your paperwork sorted, including permanent identification papers and registration of your marriage; the city hospital to get yourselves checked and hopefully you’ll be given some medicines to fix your fertility problem; and lastly, to the Public Market, where you can freely sell your produce by the roadside. If you still want a business permit to enter and do business in the restricted areas of Caiyi, you’ll have to talk to the Imperial Merchants’ Guild headquartered in the city council. Am I making myself clear?”

Wei Ying carefully took the parchment handed out by the officer - a slip full of alien writing and mystical language that he couldn’t read - and bowed in gratitude. Lan Zhan followed suit and bent forward.

“Good. Next, here’s a special red talisman you’ll need to attach to your cart; you can hang it at the back, and it’ll also serve as a warning sign to fast-approaching vehicles about your hazardously slow cart. Your cart isn’t roadworthy currently, that’s why the magical borders do not respond to your wish to travel, and it’s a way for the law to ensure people do not simply trespass while we’re still under military control. You can push the cart however long, and you’ll just be running around in circles without this. So make sure you apply this talisman and focus your thoughts on your destination. It has a limited shelf-life once activated, so don’t go taking daytrips on your way to Caiyi. Go to the city council to apply for another, if you need more; they’re designated to aid public welfare and transport, so they don’t cost anything other than filling in your particulars at the council’s inter-district travel registry.”

Wei Ying's eyes went wide and sparkly as he scrutinized the piece of red paper on his hand - there was amazement, bewilderment and curiosity in observing a piece of magic that he *hadn't* seen before. Lan Zhan cleared his throat and that fortunately jolted the spouse back to reality. Wei Ying pocketed the talisman eagerly with another bow of thanks.

The couple heaved a sigh of relief when the police officer received a Fairy Messenger call shortly after that - they overheard bits of the conversation about a breach found at the southern borders, and the officer quickly excused herself. As she hurried away on horseback while shouting a friendly "Have a blessed blue skies day!", in all likelihood to rush to the site to assist in investigations of the said breach - which was undoubtedly caused by the same couple she had stopped earlier - Lan Zhan whispered and wiped the many drops of sweat that beaded on his forehead, "That was a close call." He wrinkled his nose too, when he realized that his - their - peasants' clothes smelled rather ripe after many hours of trudging under the high morning sun.

"Of course! Luckily it was a clone of the scent-powered Fourth Sister. Otherwise, we'd be discovered and I would have to yell at you to take her down with your godly powers, which might trigger further alarms and put us in a bind," Wei Ying replied casually, already busy examining the documents on hand. He had dropped his act and was once again brimming with glee like a bouncy eight-year old again; he kept marvelling at the talisman and tried to decipher the terrible handwriting on the parchment - which was not unlike a modern day doctor's prescription. The younger man wiggled his fingers and the unpleasant, nearly rotten illusionary cargo disappeared - it served its purpose by deflecting the Fourth Sister's sense of smell -, then he returned to his favourite spot of being curled up inside the cart, and a fat large sticky rice dumpling was waiting for him on the seat.

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The couple decided to skip the planned break and move on; neither of them knew when they may be caught up by more Imperial policewomen, or if the breach in the southern borders would raise alarms and put the entire county under tighter security.

The spouse kept the flower-print scarf around his face, looking every bit as dainty as an elegant dame in sunshine, except that he was wearing sweaty brown clothes that belonged to the lower class of society. The husband kept glancing at his beloved, because he thought Wei Ying looked lovelier than ever, despite missing ample chests, curvaceous hips and the private bit between the legs.

It didn't take long for Wei Ying to use a combination of magical arrays, much like when he first invented the world's first talisman-powered camera at a tender young era of 2000 B.C., to decrypt the alien words, break them into manageable chunks, apply advanced artificial learning, then reconstruct and mass-produce them, after the third and final rice dumpling.

“Wei Ying, committing fraud is prohibited, even in this province,” the husband reminded the delinquent and habitual law-breaker. The latter paid no attention to the righteous man, and continued to twirl his fingers so that a powered-up eyeball from an Eye spell continued to scan its targets, a brain-like Memory spell to store the information, a rudimentary and handmade glowing magic circle that formed a sentient, intelligent learning machine, and a pair of Invisible Hands armed with ink-brushes stolen from Lan Zhan's writing kit in his satchel, moved about in synchrony inside the cart like a macabre dance of detached body parts. Wei Ying fished out a couple of blank classroom notebooks that could be bought from stationery shops for a couple of silver pieces each, and forged official documents out of them - identification papers, marriage certificates, permits and so on. He

reckoned that the prevailing government in Gusu was run similarly as Yiling, because “surely, a clone of Tian Second Sister who had vast extensive experience with Yiling’s city councillors, would be running the show here, headquartered in the Cloud Recesses. Therefore, logically speaking, the documents would look and feel alike.”

“If I’m wrong, then the heavens should strike me three times as punishment for my loose lips... alright?” Wei Ying turned around and gave the husband a wink. The husband sighed - he could never ask his divine servants to send lightning down and hurt his beloved wife, so his answer would either be to confirm Wei Ying’s hunch, or change reality so that the younger man is always on the mark. It’s Wei Ying’s win, every time.

Wei Ying chuckled when the husband did not answer nor invalidate the claim. “Your silence is golden, *lao gong* . One more thing, I’ve not committed any fraud yet, because these papers have not been used for harmful reasons. For the record, I’m just learning an alien language, experimenting with magic, or just doodling on notebook paper... right?” he added with a grin.

Lan Zhan rolled his eyes inwardly and sighed, to the delight of the spouse.

Later, after a hearty string of burps from having three rice dumplings as a mid-morning snack (and none for the husband, because he wanted to keep his troubling waistline from expanding), Wei Ying succeeded in decoding the red talisman, and made tens of miniaturized copies using tiny strips of notebook pages - because he wanted to be a little more environment-friendly with his staggering rate of paper use, which is really an occupational hazard for all magic-based cultivators. “We’ll never need to worry about breaking any Imperial rules, whether during travelling on non-

standard vehicles or using non-standard equipment, weapons and tools!” the man cried out in triumph, before adding, “... if we actually use these, of course,” and cackled in self-praise - the husband couldn’t accuse the spouse of any wrongdoing, if nothing was done, yet.

When laughter died down and only the sounds of the creaky cart wheels remained, Wei Ying leaned back to lounge with a full tummy. “It’s amazing how they use bureaucracy and magic to control the lives of those living in Gusu, rather than to enhance and improve. I thought Yiling was bad, but this is worse. It’ll only invite trouble, and trouble-makers like me! *Lao gong*, make sure not to follow in the Imperial Court’s footsteps, otherwise people will end up stupid or dead. Okay?” he called out.

“Or eaten,” the husband added thoughtfully, after a pause.

“Dead or eaten... what’s the difference, anyway? It’s a foregone conclusion that your homeland and its people are already a lost cause. Razed to the ground. Picked clean to the bone. Shrivelled up like a piece of sun-dried fruit,” the spouse spelled out his points, one by one. He stood up in the rickety cart, then pulled out his flowery scarf and bent forward to tie a big ribbon bow atop the husband’s silver hairpiece. His fingers were nimble, and he finished the handiwork in mere seconds.

Lan Zhan stared at Wei Ying and at the mole below his lips, right in his line of sight. He stuck out a tongue to try to touch that sexy black dot, but Wei Ying was a little too far, and he ended up looking like a sweaty old lech trying to lick a youthful man’s face that was much younger than he.

“Dead people still have their bodies intact, so only the return of the soul is required - much like how you returned to the world of living. Eaten people, however, had their life force and physical bodies consumed by *yao guai* s. We’ll need to bake more Heavenly biscuits and retrieve their souls if we want to bring them back,” the husband lectured, then tried to lick the said mole again.

Wei Ying laughed softly when he was done fiddling with the older man’s topknot, and easily captured Lan Zhan into a sweet, tongue-licking kiss. Bichen-calloused hands roamed on the spouse’s clothed body in broad daylight - it seemed no one was paying attention to the two making out in the open -, while the younger man moaned enticingly into the shared breaths. Once in a while, he’d reach up and patted Lan Zhan’s pretty pink flowery ribbon tied on his hair like a large summer flower in bloom.

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Wei Ying’s alarm that the Tians in Gusu are *yao guai* s was, truthfully, unnecessary. The couple knew right away that the police officer, and probably all the female clones of the Tian sisters in the Imperial army, are succubi; Wei Ying is a cursed demon himself, although of the related male, incubus kind; while Lan Zhan has had enough experience getting pleased and eaten by his spouse and others of the Wei-kin, both male and female kinds, to spot one the moment his tingling senses come alive and huge red danger signs blared out inside his head.

The husband could see the police officer’s hidden horns, fangs, claws, wings and tail, knew that she was eyeing him like a tasty morsel of male meat, and brilliantly fend her off using tactics that only seasoned succubi-slayers knew - by using unappetizing elements such as overpowering

stenches to kill the desire; and by reinforcing his bond with the spouse by showering marital loyalty and praises and therefore overshadowing the succubus' ability to snatch the husband away using standard succubi arsenal of cheap, fake love and lust.

Not far away from the travelling couple, a couple of female Imperial officials had arrived at a nearby small village to start their monthly, sometimes weekly collection of tasty warm male bodies. The village head had briefed everyone about the latest updates carved on the Sacred Scriptures, and his speed of cascading the Imperial order was rewarded by a few gold nuggets; no sooner after the officials arrive in full, impressive military regalia, they were greeted by a staged welcoming troupe with cultural dances, confetti made of flower petals, and presented with baskets of harvested summerfruits. The officials were, however, not quite impressed, but thanked the villagers for their cooperation to replenish the population of Gusu with men of sterling potential, ability, strength and leadership (which sounded straight out of a scripted speech).

The Tian females collected three newborns, an eight-year old boy, and a teenager who had just turned thirteen - willingly given away because their impoverished parents couldn't really afford to raise them and give them good education, so what better way than to let the government do its part, feed them, and train them to be future respectable cultivator superstars in faraway, flourishing cities? There were few formalities and exchange of pleasantries, and the officials remained tight-lipped on what will happen to the boys or when there will be news about their progress in the larger cities of the province. Both female officials left the village right after giving everyone dodgy-looking supplements said to boost their well-being, as a kind gesture by the provincial government.

“Ahh, Lan Zhan! That's a counterfeit of our company's bestseller fertility drug! It makes people grow artificial wombs that enable them to conceive

and give birth within a matter of weeks, if not just a couple of months! Look at the colour of the pills... they're blue! The wombs that will grow are set to birth only male children!" Paperman Wei Ying hissed in dismay. Paperman Lan Zhan placed a hand onto Wei Ying's paper mouth (it's hard to be accurate, when one's face is just a blank piece of yellow paper) to shush the spouse. "How dare the Tians illegally produce and use our patented technology! Pirates! Scums! Low-lives!" Wei Ying grumbled, this time hidden behind some leaves on a tree overlooking the collection ceremony.

The two papermen flittered and floated from branch to branch, and followed the Tian officials out of the village until they reached a clearing with a horse carriage. With a twirl of fingers, the two boys who had obediently followed the women with eyes full of hope and hearts brimming with pride - because they had been chosen to represent their villages to bring prosperity to the province, they were told - the two boys suddenly collapsed to the ground with a simple Sleep magical spell.

Like lambs led to the slaughterhouse, the unconscious boys were loaded into the carriage. Wei Ying, in his paperman form, continued to rustle noisily among the leaves while heckling the two demonic women with filthy cuss words. One of the Tian officials remarked that the nice weather must be quite rousing to the natural wildlife, since the birds wouldn't stop flying and singing everywhere in the forests. The other woman easily picked and placed two whining newborns into baskets waiting on the seats in the carriage, like bagging up freshly harvested produce from the land.

Unfortunately, there wasn't enough space for a third newborn, claimed the older of the two women; she had started peeling off the helpless child's clothes and cloth diapers, and was pleased to see that the doomed baby was meticulously bathed, perfumed and prepared for departure from the village. Both women looked at the naked body of the months-old babe, their smiles

twisted into evil grins, licking their lips with forked tongues in anticipation, a flash of fangs in the sunlight. They transformed into their succubus forms, to the fearful screams of the remaining two awake babies inside the carriage, as they watched from their baskets, not really understanding, but there was so much pain, so much liquid red, more screams, inhuman sounds and grunts, of greasy slurps and crunchy bites, as their brethren was mauled alive by two demonic females with monstrous appearances.

Less than half an hour after being given away by hopeful but ignorant parents, the first of many casualties was recorded, at least in the eyes of the two spying papermen. The remains of a dried, skinny husk of a mummified human baby was discarded into a bush among unexplored wilderness at the edge of farmlands, its organs shrivelled and bones crushed, its mangled chest a bloody gaping hole and its budding infant golden core gouged out, sucked dry like a tiny pearl candy and consumed to the last shred, it's genitals mutilated and torn open, its scrotum ruptured and the twin eggs stolen, pulled out, ravaged and shared equally among two hungry succubi. The summerfruits gifted by the villagers was thrown away, squashed, uneaten - because pure-bred succubi do not really eat anything else besides a male human's life energy.

Wei Ying cried in anguish - partly for the painful loss of an innocent life, and partly because of the despicable display of how the two succubus messily devoured their prey; which was terrible, deserved an F minus grade, a shame to all demon-kin, an utter disgrace to all respectable succubi and incubi-kin, and lacked any form of delicacy, decency and proper dining etiquettes. Lan Zhan steeled himself and embraced the shaking spouse, telling him again and again to lower his voice, and that the opportunity for revenge will arise soon if they're patient enough. They quietly floated close to the axle at the carriage's underside, and sat there as stowaways shortly before the horse carriage was driven off.

A dark, Corrupted portal appeared like a sore, blackened blistering wound in the middle of the woods. The carriage left for the opening in a hurry, leaving behind swirling clouds of dust, dried leaves and pebbles, that magically but subtly trailed the disappearing transport.

Notes for the Chapter:

A bit of world-building and it's getting kinda dark and violent - but life shouldn't be a bed of roses for anyone in this crazy fic's universe!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 104

“How are you holding up, *lao gong* ?” Wei Ying huffed, while diligently riding the husband’s crotch with plenty of schlicky and squelchy sounds. The couple decided to park the cart by the roadside after lawfully slapping the original red talisman on it - because, as Wei Ying explained with uncharacteristic paranoia, there were plenty of unseen cursed birds and other phantoms lurking in the bushes, waiting to pounce on any unsuspecting law-breakers and alert the local police. The husband was adamant that they needed to take a bath, just so that they obey the orders given by the clone of Tian Fourth Sister (and rid himself of any feelings of guilt); the spouse agreed when he sniffed at himself (and made retching noises), and together, they sneaked into someone’s orchard, discreetly stole some peaches (at Wei Ying’s orders) and went skinny-dipping in that someone’s backyard pond that somehow came pre-packaged with a natural two-tier, and very pretty waterfall and bubbling hot springs (the spouse looked at the husband smugly, but Lan Zhan turned away with his earlobes coloured red). Naturally, the husband was sexually assaulted the moment they soaked themselves in the refreshingly warm mineral-rich waters.

Lan Zhan moaned, but nodded shakily. He gripped Wei Ying’s waist, and started fucking the spouse in earnest, causing the latter to oooh and aaah and Deeper-Faster-Harder wantonly at the heavenly sensations of a pistoning rod pounding and shaping his insides - thankfully the deafening sounds of the waterfall ensured their rutting nggahs and hnnghs went unheard.

Wei Ying already knew that the parcel of land was uninhabited; his Paperman-powered leaves and litter had scouted ahead and reported that the family of six that lived there recently had been forcibly taken away the night before by Tian officials. The corrupted, jealous bachelor neighbour had falsified claims that the family had stolen some peaches from his

garden, received a few gold nuggets for the sale of the father, the mother, and their four children, plus the land title of the dispatched family, and was currently lounging inside his wooden home, enjoying the fruits of his treacherous act - but not for long. He'd ordered an expensive take-out meal using the blood money, and it came with a sexy delivery girl, who was in the process of sucking the happy but unknowingly dying man's life energy to the last delectable drop.

With so many sinful and immoral deeds occurring everywhere, which were commonplace in any Imperial-conquered territories, Lan Zhan agreed that he needed to boost his virtuous defenses. Wei Ying proclaimed he was the best teacher, because "Gusu has been turned into a hellish paradise for the Dark Arts, and there is no better person than your awesome *lao po* to teach you the ropes of mitigating its corruption, lying, trickery and seduction tactics. It's all textbook material for us Dark Arts practitioners, really," he assured with a million-dollar smile. A good crash course training session was in order, so the couple targeted the husband's greatest flaw - and went straight into engaging in a heated sexual intercourse at the falls behind the missing family's backyard pool.

"*Lao gong* ! Your focus is faltering! Your Paperman form is about to slip away from the carriage, so pay attention! Multi-task! Be omnipresent like the god that you are! Just like how you can project zillions of free-to-air pornographic dreams in your sleep while keeping a state of peace, calm and mindfulness! One, two! One, two! One, two!" Wei Ying barked like a motivation coach on steroids. It was no joke to try to make sweet love with the harried husband while forcing him to maintain focus in all of his manifestations - including his body currently entwined with the spouse, and the Paperman clinging desperately on a wheel's axle far, far away; loving Paperman Wei Ying held his hand to make sure that the husband didn't flutter away. Wei Ying could effortlessly control zillions of sentient, flying trash while playing musical instruments as demonstrated shortly after leaving Lotus Pier; but Lan Zhan was just starting out with baby steps.

“... Mn!” the husband scrunched his brows and hnngh’d so hard - because his exceedingly excited twitching penis was one-two’ing non-stop inside lovely Wei Ying’s warm tunnel of hot tight love at that point -, that his hips trembled and bubbles of fart rose from the crack of his ass, drowned by the waterfall’s rush. One could see veins bulging around the temples, blood capillaries throbbing and surging beneath his flushed skin, muscles tightening in a bid to control the rising tsunami of orgasmic pleasures while maintaining a semblance of rational thought. He drilled into the spouse’s blossomed rosebud like there was no tomorrow, and Wei Ying squealed in ecstasy; the younger man’s prostate was abused so much that he started ejaculating uncontrollably, his nipples were suckled and licked with lustful lips and tongues, his body pockmarked with lovebites and bruising fingerprints - Lan Zhan would not yield, and he soldiered on to give and receive pleasure with his fated one.

“Don’t you dare orgasm inside me, or anywhere else, you hear? If you cum, it’s all over! All males, regardless of species, are at their weakest when they climax! It’s the golden opportunity for the succubi, while the male is temporarily knocked out in bliss, to carve out the chest and eat the golden core, then suck his life force from his loins using all kinds of devious means !” Wei Ying huffed and puffed like an angry instructor. He picked up his pace of bouncing on the submerged lap, slapping balls and flesh and splashing water on the dying-reviving husband’s groin. Hundreds, no, thousands of Invisible body parts started to etherealize into Lan Zhan’s body, tenderly and lovingly tickling, licking, sucking and caressing the man’s delicate insides until each organ, vesicle and tube started to swell and quiver in their own mini-orgasms.

“Hnnngh... Mn!” the husband frowned in utmost concentration, and nearly spilled - but not before he managed to reign in his shivering, cum-bloated urethra near the base of his about-to-explode penis; his Paperman sitting on the axle of a carriage’s wheel remained steady, which was a good sign -

Paperman Wei Ying gave the husband a thumbs-up, as much as a blank featureless yellow piece of paper could manage. Millions of fleshy folds caressed and clenched his angry-red arousal, coaxing the man to cum, cum, ejaculate and shoot everything out - but virtuous Lan Zhan remained steadfast. He'd suffered through three centuries of blue-balls when he ascended into godhood not too long ago, he could surely do better than that, really.

“You’re doing well, *lao gong* , so it’s time to ramp up the training, and take things to the next level!” Wei Ying shouted, full of encouragement and hope, “This is the ultimate succubus-incubus attack! Be prepared!” and he transformed into his incubus form. Lan Zhan blinked and stared at the final level boss - a terrifying corruption of his beloved’s image, armed with monstrous body parts, multiple protruding and clawed limbs and wings, hissing and spitting lustful poisons from fanged, forked tongue, savage-looking slimy and clawed tentacles growing out from the torso and abdomen - a demonic fallen archangel befitting legends of the Underworld and the many terrible twisted inhuman realms that had ever existed.

Black scaly, leathery wings enclosed the both of them into a cocoon of sexual imprisonment; bundles of wriggly vile toxin-coated tendrils emerged from the dark shadows within, tickling, licking then entering through the man’s ears and nostrils to reach his brain; even penetrating deep through the throat when the monstrous image of Wei Ying forcibly kissed the rather terrified-but-composed husband, weaving deep down the throat and chest cavity, to reach his soul within the golden core tucked inside the ribcage, where a multitude of those gooey, venomous limbs molested and started enveloping, consuming, penetrating the shiny surface and slowly turned it into a tainted, darkened orb; the incubus’ tail slithered beneath their copulating forms and forced itself through the husband’s rosebud, then like a undulating serpent worse than thousands of Thousand-Year Snakes, the insides are attacked, sprayed with paralyzing poisons, and an elongated appendage directly punctured the husband’s prostate gland and started pumping it with aphrodisiac fluids until the abused gland throbbed on its

own like a beating heart, and sent dizzying dry orgasms surging from within the shuddering pelvis and sexual meridians; the incubus' tunnel of love morphed into a chasm of bountiful depraved feasts, when fleshy folds of flesh mutated into functional mouths, and they licked, bite and nibbled at the extremely excited turgid penis that kept pounding deeper, deeper, served unwillingly to those hungry corrupted lips where at the end of the tunnel, the largest monstrous mouth opened with a gaping yawn to welcome the wildly twitching glans with wet kisses on the cockslit, and immediately hundreds, thousands of tongue-like tendrils emerged from the darkness, speared into the urethra to invade the husband's genitals - the greasy mouth sucked and tugged very hard, until the husband was trapped and couldn't pull out his imprisoned penis, while more tendrils snaked into the ensnared delicate shaking organ, inflicting an onslaught of terrifying pleasures worse than an evil ugly green parasitic condom inside the man's body; soon, even the helpless, inundated prostate bloated like a bruised fruit being assaulted from the outside and from within, and started to contract and convulse uncontrollably to expel the invader, which only served to heighten Lan Zhan's soaring pleasures of the flesh even as death neared with a detonation that was about to come too soon.

His senses invaded, his mind controlled, his heart fouled, Lan Zhan grit his teeth and gasped loudly as the lights began to go out from his struggling body. He experienced heaven and hell a million times over; his body turned tomato-red and started shaking uncontrollably, his eyes rolled to the back until only the whites showed and they *glowed*, his nose bled with lefty spurts of blood from the heat burning up his soul and spirit, his back arched until one could hear muscles strain and bone-joints pop, his penis leaked all sorts of fluids in tiny squirts even as he continued to desperately fuck the devolved demonic spouse, roaring with infinite pleasure coursing through his veins and twisted, thoroughly fucked-up brain, the point where their bodies joined started to smoulder from the scorching friction and heat, radiating with pure white light until everything, his thought process, his vision, the blood-curdling sounds ringing in his ears, the taste of poisons in his tongue, the smell of pheromones, Wei Ying's odours and the acrid, pungent musk of crazy insane pleasures mixed into a soup that he wanted so

desperately to swallow down, his finger and skin seared and tingled repeatedly like fire-ants blowing flames to dance all over his body, until he felt himself spin and spiral out of the body and melt into vapours that rise into the atmosphere, skyrocketing through pulsating worlds, ejaculating galaxies and reverberating universes to the beat of his racing heartbeat, until his whole existence became a single throbbing pulsing entity of pure, crystalline orgasmic vibrations - culminating to the soul-shaking sounds of thirty gongs of grand temple bells ringing somewhere in the distant intergalactic horizon.

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Paperman Wei Ying tugged at the husband's hand and dragged him off the carriage's wheels - just in the nick of time, before someone stepped on a puddle and caused a splash of dirty water on the pavement. Wei Ying squeaked and yanked the two of them violently into a dry drain pipe to avoid the shower of filthy water, and waited in there to catch their breaths - or in paperman terms, to replenish their short-lived *qi* energy charge. The near brush of death (to a paperman, at least) jolted the husband from his orgasm-tinged reverie, and the first thing he did was to hug his paperman wife. He automatically humped his crotch against the wife's back (it's hard to differentiate between the front and back side of an unmarked piece of paper), until the part between his legs ballooned into a tiny lump, a bubble forming between layers of paper, and air containing excess *qi* leaked out with a high-pitched squeal-y sound, and finally, finally, a groan of great relief escaped and echoed inside the drain pipe.

"You're a horrible husband, trying to mate me even while in this form, and in this dirty place! How despicable and horny can you be?" Wei Ying laughed.

The tired paperman let out a sob for mercy and crumpled like a wet slab of mulch, before slowly reverting to his original standing stance. The wife helped him up and steadied him, while giggling, “It’s okay, it’s okay. No one’s perfect the first time, although I expected better of you. As your teacher, I’ll grade you as a B-minus. Three stars out of five. Pretty average and ordinary. Not spectacular, but you barely survived, and that’s good enough,” and gave a sweet kiss to the husband’s face (again, it’s hard to pinpoint the cheeks on the flat piece of paper).

The husband nodded with a raspy “Mn” and rubbed his eyes in an illusion of wiping away tears of disappointment. Wei Ying held Lan Zhan’s hand and gently patted on the latter’s forearm, whispering soothing words of “There, there, don’t cry, you’ve done your best and I’m so proud of you, sweetie.”

Later, when the husband regained his composure, both of them peeked out of the drain pipe, and Wei Ying showed him some interesting sights.

“See? Over there, right before we left the slums and just around the gated entrance to the city centre - there are tons of Corrupted Eye talismans on the walls around the city centre, and even the whole city in general, designed to pick out unapproved magics and equipment, unusual faces and people, and detect abnormalities in *qi* levels. I saw them while we were still under the carriage. If we had marched in with our cart, we’d be detained even before we could set foot into the city!” the wife exclaimed.

“But Wei Ying, if we used your... forged red talismans, permits and papers... and disguised ourselves as peasants, wouldn’t that let us through?” the husband asked hesitantly, clearly uncomfortable with the idea

of using illegal materials in a town, or province, that lived up to his ancestry's virtuous virtues.

“ *Aiya ... lao gong !* How can you be so smart yet so dull-witted, sometimes!” Wei Ying mocked the other and chuckled, “First of all, your *qi* levels are off the charts, after being blessed by the Thousand-Year Snake and Rabbit, on top of being the supreme trinity god of this realm. You're a walking beacon in the eyes of the magical sensors installed throughout the city, and I'm sure, in all cities of Gusu! We need to continue your sex training on your sexual desires, which is incidentally the most powerful form of *qi* , to temper your lusts and suppress them to acceptable levels.

Second, our weapons and equipment are visible even to the Corrupted Eyes, because they were hidden using your Purity-class magic which is antagonistic to Corruption magic; the difference between the two is like painting white on a piece of black paper! We'll need to utilize the concept of 'like begets like' to succeed in infiltrating the Imperial territories.

Lastly, look around! There's hardly anyone wandering the empty streets, which I think is due to the enacted martial law. So, it would be too obvious if we were to enter the city unprepared. You were preoccupied with our sex just now, but I witnessed couple of things that indicated to me what is happening here:

One, we may be outside the gates, but I've left enough enchanted leaves, pebbles and other bits of trash stuck to the carriage to follow though. They're headed towards a large building near the city square, and it resembles the Tian Mi Mi building we have in Yiling's Fragrant Blossoms Street. If my hunch is correct, that certain aspects of this world parallels the timeline that we originated from - that means the whole city, or even the

Imperial Gusu government itself, functions as one big brothel organization to feed the succubi!

Two, to prove this to you, I overheard the two officials in the carriage talking about a collection from the day before - coincidentally, a family of six was bundled up into the carriage last night after an arrest! One of the Tian succubus said that the father was dropped off at a fine-dining restaurant to fulfil an advanced order from a general. His three adolescent sons were each given to Imperial lieutenants who had recently been promoted and deserved high-quality meals, while the mother and the daughter were sent to breeding factories somewhere deep in the city centre. Then, the other Tian succubus joked remarked that the mother begged for her and her daughter to work in the Public market or in any businesses that would employ prisoners or slaves, and they didn't mind not getting any food or pay, as long as they weren't sent to a so-called dungeon with a big canine predator. Then... can you believe it... the two officials laughed because there are no such Public markets or businesses in the city!

It's a trap, *lao gong* !”

Paperman Lan Zhan seriously mulled over what Wei Ying told him, and realization finally dawned on him. The policewoman never intended for them to reach Caiyi Town safely to get their paperwork in order.

“Wei Ying... the red talisman, a secret sign to tell anyone spying on us, and the guards in the city, that we've been checked and marked as food, and to let us through without disturbance.

The official slip, with mystical writings and codes, to let them track us down even within the city walls, and eventually steer us to the designated feeding spots.

Then, separate you, the wife, from me, the husband. You would be taken to the breeding factory, not a hospital. I would be captured either in the heavily guarded city council office or at the non-existent Public Marketplace.

Did I guess correctly?"

Wei Ying hugged Lan Zhan and gave him another sweet paper-light kiss, "*Lao gong* , you're not as dull-witted as I thought after all."

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The couple continued to have wild demonic sex behind a curtain of waterfalls - they had a time limit as long as the red talisman pasted on the cart hasn't expired, but until then, they wouldn't have to face stern, devious, questioning police officers or other complicated obstacles on their way to Caiyi Town. The waters turned from murky red to milky white after a few hours, and they waited until everything was cleansed and washed out (aftercare is important, after all) before sneaking into the former occupant's home. Wei Ying snacked on fruits stolen from the surrounding orchards while exploring the small wooden house - it would've made a nice place to take shelter had there not been the terrible revelation of what happened to the previous residents. Everywhere, there were recent signs of the living - a father's well-weathered gardening tools, a mother's kitchen stove with a

cooled fireplace, the children's straw toys, balls, wooden swords and other things used during play, and even a cute doll made with clay and cloth.

Wei Ying remarked that the Tians are a very cruel race, and rampaged with genocidal tendencies wherever they went, before he clamped up at the sound of a loud, satisfying slurp, a thump, and a rustle of grass and bushes. The couple hid behind a window pane and watched how the ill-fated neighbour's corpse was thrown out to the courtyard like a garbage bag, before being buried under a pile of loose dirt. They caught a glimpse of the naked, mottled, dessicated and fleshless husk of a young man, his face forever etched in a half-gaping, half-yawn, half-snarl and half-pained look, and the body showed signs of a morbid, twisted version of angel lust caused by succubus attack - the remains were frozen into a spread-eagled position with hips in mid-thrust, the bloodied erection had exploded into meaty shreds and the testicles were ripped out with great force - gone out with a bang, apparently - with some leftover discharge of bodily fluids and coagulated blood all over the crotch, and everything else had been sucked dry.

A female, who looked like a typical young and pretty *gu niang*, dressed in a tight-fitting pink *qipao* dress, adjusted her clothes, dabbed a blood-stained handkerchief on her moist, plump lips, and brushed off some dust and bits of her victim's brittle dried dead skin from her hands. She threw away the shovel easily - she appeared very strong, despite her slim and petite stature - and kicked away bamboo trays that used to carry *jiaozi*, *jianbing* and other fast foods of 2000 B.C. The half-eaten food tumbled to the earth, wasted and gone cold.

Lan Zhan's eyes opened wide in surprise - but he remained as quiet as a mouse - when black scorpions, centipedes and spiders crawled out of the food, and disappeared into the adjacent gardens; he remembered clearly the many times how members of the Tian clan used creepy crawlies to poison,

subjugate and kill their prey. The woman licked her fingers, then conjured a glowing magic sword from thin air - just like how Wei *san ge* used immense Corruption magic to create such prohibited weapons - with a sign hanging on the hilt that spelled out “TianEx Tasty Treats”. She left shortly on the flying sword to the blue skies.

“Well, at least we know you’ve got your *qi* under control. She didn’t detect your presence although you were out of the water, and her senses weren’t impaired either,” Wei Ying murmured, and stood up to look out the window and guessed the direction where the delivery girl went. The husband “Mn”s knowingly, and sent a silent word of thanks to his well-trained, leveled-up loins - his penis had strengthened a thousandfold and his sexual stamina had increased tremendously, after all, equivalent to a Thousand-Year sexual torture or a millenia’s worth of blue balls.

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“Wei Ying, please don’t play with it. That’s... dirty, and disrespectful,” the husband gently chastised, but didn’t kick up a fuss about the spouse’s detestable curiosity for the grotesque. He knew the younger man couldn’t help it - it’s his nature to investigate anything, regardless alive, dead or inanimate, and to find ways to make use of the bounties of the natural lifecycle - or sometimes, just to have plain, childish fun.

Naughty Wei Ying cackled as he dug out the dried-up cadaver from its shallow grave excitedly like finding a shiny new toy. He poked it rigorously with Suibian’s smeared end of its scabbard to find out which parts went ‘squish’ or ‘crack’, and used his unwashed hands to pick up the corpse’s leathery bony limbs, and pretended to play dolly with it - by shaking its body parts like a ragdoll and making squeamish, girly voices while moving

its jaws, imagining himself to be a ventriloquist squealing ‘Oh no, I’ve died! I’ve done a bad deed and I was punished by having my pee-pee blasted into smithereens! Boo hoo hoo!’ (and then, performed the unsavoury act of twiddling the charred remains of a decimated dick with a twig.)

Lan Zhan shook his head in exasperation, and decided to let Wei Ying entertain himself - it was better than letting him frolic with anthills and end up with fire-ant bites and hot tears on the cheeks. “Remember to wash your hands with soap after you’re done,” he said, and went back to explore both houses and their estates - rival neighbours in the past - to search for any useful stuff. It felt like looting homes in a classic console role-playing game from the 21st century; plus, he could get a quick glance of how others in Gusu lived, and gain some home improvement tips too.

“*Lao gong*, I think I’ve figured out their supply chain of fierce corpses that had destroyed the Middle Kingdom,” the spouse called out after a while of dabbling with the man’s corpse. He held a stick in the middle of the gaping wound on the withered, broken ribcage, right at where a human’s golden core would normally exist, and doodled circles, squares and flowers on that spot.

“I remembered that most of the fierce corpses, skeletons, zombies and the walking undead we met during our travels, including those in the Lotus Pier, were mostly in a terrible condition. It looked as though they had been dead and decomposed for years. At first, I thought this could be explained by natural causes, such as the weather, or from heavy utilization, such as being turned into beasts of burden or sent to the frontlines as cannon fodder against archers and swordsmen. Any respectable Dark Arts practitioner wouldn’t resort to using such low quality infantry for combat, but succubi aren’t respectable at all.

Lao gong , I suspect the Tians had poisoned or eaten up all living men, and turned their remains - such as this one - into weak undead forces with damaged bodies. The women are probably treated like battery hens, where they're farmed for more able-bodied males as food for the succubi, and females to replenish their stocks, before they are converted into fierce corpses once they've outlived their usefulness. Since the body is desecrated, the soul consumed along with the destruction of the golden core, only the wispy weakened spirit is left, and is easily corrupted into a feral mindless thing with undying loyalty to its master. There will not be a Ghost General coming out of such degraded undead creatures, and at the same time, the Tians fully used up the victims as nourishment and as an endlessly growing army of soldiers. No wonder the Underworld hasn't experienced any explosion in population, since departed spirits never reached their gates, otherwise the Lord of Hell would be calling you up every other day!" the spouse conjectured, and he started to use the stick to scratch at growing black veins on the corpse's neck and limbs.

Lan Zhan did not miss the alarming sight of the gradually awakening new fierce corpse - one that sported a big hole in his chest and a ruined crotch - so he quickly finished what he set out to do, and told the spouse to be prepared to leave. Wei Ying has a soft spot for the undead, so he rummaged through the man's cupboards to find a decent set of robes and pants, and dressed the groaning body that had started to twitch. It was, at the very least, a dignified way to send off the man's spirit into oblivion and to ironically welcome the birth of a new Corrupted being into the world, with a shirt on and underpants below, so that nobody would have to stare and wonder - very rudely - what happened to the corpse's former golden core, and - worse - his privates. Wei Ying called this ritual 'dressing up the salad' or 'putting icing on the cake', which was what they witnessed during their journey; he had to admit, the Tians did a pretty convincing and admirable job to arm and equip their damaged undead to look presentable, sometimes fearsome - so that the skeletal remains didn't easily wobble or crumble when coming into blows during a heated fight. (On the other end of the

spectrum, Wei Ying wondered how many Tian female succubi had been well-fed in their single tracked mission to suck dry all the males in the Middle Kingdom, and why that didn't bode well for the couple's expedition.)

Far, far away in another city, Lan Zhan's Paperman form had learned a new trick of possessing other small bits of trash, such as candy wrappers, discarded tanghulu sticks, pieces of ceramic, torn paper or frayed cloth, gravel pebbles, tufts of sun-baked weeds by the roadside, and of course, dried leaves - Wei Ying's favourites, because they were light, easy for the soul to inhabit, made of natural fibres, and incredibly agile. The couple knew they couldn't prowl around in bright yellow gingerman-shaped talismans, because they'd be easily picked out by the numerous guards with keen senses and Corrupted Eyeballs stationed everywhere within the city.

"You see, *lao gong* , traditional cultivation education taught everyone to transfer the soul into yellow talismans, so that the law, or at least the elders, can keep watch over those who used the spell. Papermen can often be misused for spying or playing pranks on unsuspecting victims, so the books say," said a small branch of pine needles ripped off from a nearby tree, while it hopped excitedly on the ground, "But not for me! I'm a Dark Arts practitioner, and I live to break the rules! I've learnt how to transfer my soul into all sorts of objects, even multiple objects, which is against everything our *laoshi* s ever taught us! Ha ha ha!" the pine needles jiggled with pride.

More amusing laughter ensued, when a small block of wood rolled out, disorientated, from a pile of scrapwood, broken wagon parts and discarded furniture. The pine needles cackled, "Bwah hah hah! Lan Zhan ah Lan

Zhan, you went through the garbage pile and came out... as a tree stump?! Ha ha ha, you're stiff and rigid, like wood... your new appearance suits you very well! Ha ha ha!" the pine needles rolled around the dirt obnoxiously and became caked with mud, but the block of wood mustered its courage (he was breaking all known laws of cultivation on the use of Paperman spells, after all) to gingerly scrape itself along the ground's surface, then tested its balance with tentative, but blocky, awkward hops. The spouse continued to twist and turn with hearty belly-laughes until its breath, or *qi*, depleted, and poor Wei Ying coughed and choked as he suffocated for a few moments in silence, and in a dire need to recharge.

All of this happened under the noses of passing-by Tian soldiers and guards, who paid no attention to those two bits of ordinary debris moving around like getting blown by mid-morning breezes. Using their modified, mundane forms, the branch of pine needles and the block of wood planned to spend some time investigating the city where they'd been deposited, and check out how much Gusu had changed since the last time the husband set foot in there, nearly three years ago. Lan Zhan felt accomplished when he started to get accustomed to moving around in his new form, while the spouse bounced and fluttered happily like a sparrow in springtime.

Naturally, sometimes they were accidentally kicked by the boots of marching soldiers or swept by gusts of strong winds, and the naughty pine needles made sure to land on his beloved fallen block of wood. The pine needles wiggled seductively and intentionally tickled one particular edge of the block, until the latter moaned repeatedly, because a lump grew and protruded out like a distended phallic extension to its cubed body; the tickling brushing motions became faster, frenzied, and the wood started to bend and bow uncontrollably, threatening to splinter into two, the pine needles giggled and started to rub all over the heated spot until everything was scented with fragrant pine, that scandalized ballooning lump of wood mushroomed and swelled--

“-- *Lao gong* , focus! Concentrate! Don't let your morning wood explode, or our training will be for naught!” the spouse ordered with alarm in his voice, while lounging in the cart, somewhere in another part of Gusu. Lan Zhan sighed heavily, his forehead beaded with sweat, and berated himself for spacing out, for nearly yielding to the wonderful pleasures of having one's wood stroked until near-completion that he one-two'd again inside his loincloth, which had become soiled from a spate of similar mini-squirts of thick, boiling hot seed from his wildly twitching cockslit, even though he'd just bathed not too long ago. He conceded that his Paperman skill wasn't as good as Wei Ying's, and he was too easily distracted to concentrate on just maintaining two existences simultaneously - while the spouse could do hundreds, even thousands at any given time.

The husband “Mn”s and took a deep breath to start over his meditative focus; they still had a long way to go with their upgraded donkey-driven cart. In the short span of time fumbling through the now-deceased owners' homes and belongings, the husband emerged with a bag of apples taken from the pantry amongst a bunch of other unremarkable ‘treasures’ looted from the houses - including straw brooms, pots and pans, soaps and shampoos, spices, cooking ingredients; Lan Zhan gave a stern gaze that wordlessly commanded ‘don't ask why’, while Wei Ying stumbled upon and snagged a pouch of gold nuggets from the dead neighbour's hidden trapdoor - before escaping with the newly-awakened drooling but rather beaten-up fierce corpse in hot pursuit.

They shouldn't harm it, Wei Ying advised while trying to catch his breath - he was a little out of shape after eating too much and not exercising enough, and has a paunch to show -, the corpse should not be injured, as it was merely reacting to the smell of the living; it was expected that more Tian officers would return to collect the corpse and induct it into their army - hence, if it was missing in action, that would raise undue alerts throughout the county.

Out of nowhere, a gray donkey burst into the scene from its stables, hunger evident in its sparkly brown eyes that zoomed specifically at the bag in the husband's arm, and after a fair bit of running, the corpse faltered in its steps from fatigue and lost the chase, thus the couple earned themselves an enhanced transport with a new four-legged friend that Wei Ying fondly named as Big Apple (because it was really a little bigger than Little Apple).

Back to the present - Lan Zhan easily built a bench attached to the cart using a wooden plank, hammer and some nails which were part of the items ransacked from the homes (again, 'don't ask why'), fashioned a harness for the donkey using leather straps, ropes, belts and buckles (somehow, these were found among the loot too), then took a leaf from the spouse's book and hung one of the stolen apples on a makeshift fishing rod to propel the donkey forward.

Wei Ying gave useless pointers on how to steer *Da Pingguo* (大苹果; big apple), while sporadically yelling the driver to pay attention - because elsewhere, his Wood Block form was busy copulating with a branch of pine needles, and because in the present location, Wei Ying, sitting among a pile of pilfered household items and apples, happily let his hands wander around the husband's body, grope the broad muscular back and twin springy glutes that blocked his view for most of the trip, and fiddled with the latter's lower half until one could hang bags of apples off the hardest twitching rod of excited, angry-red flesh ever known to Man, that none of the fruits would tumble away.

"That's it, *lao gong* , good boy, you're really multi-tasking and omnipresenting yourself in this world, even while under massive pressure and stress!" the spouse spouted out some nonsensical but rather motivational words, and continued to stroke the thick over-eight inch boner between the husband's legs, caressed lewdly every thick throbbing vein lining the foreskin and heated length, polished the purple-red glans and swollen, leaky

cockslit with such relentless, vicious pace, that Lan Zhan evolved into a Buddha-like state of existence of all-seeing, all-encompassing.

“... Mn...” the man hummed deliriously. The spouse lovingly changed the husband’s loincloth a few times over the course of the day, because there was too much happy milky goo spewing out; it was fine, since Wei Ying did have some experience changing diapers long ago, and they did bring along extra packs of underwear for their trip; plus, no one was really watching - the population had dwindled significantly due to the encroachment and predation by the Tian succubi, so there’s plenty of empty uninhabited space everywhere.

With the red talisman firmly in place on the cart, the couple finally made some progress in their journey - the mountains began to shift, ever so slightly, closer to reach, and the landscape gradually changed from endless forests and farmlands to grassy uphill slopes.

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The pine needle made a mistake when it saw a calico cat’s fluffy tail waving sensuously - it floated up, buoyed by the breeze, and dive-bombed at the furred tip, intent on making a quick molestation attack, before it realized belatedly that it was actually no more bigger than a pinkie’s length and even thinner than one. The cat roared - frighteningly loud and low sonic booms in a world where everything is a hundred times larger than usual - and had the branch of pine needles in his fangs in a split second.

“Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Help me!”

The wooden block toppled over a window's ledge from a terrifying height of three storeys - like skydiving from an airplane for one whose size is smaller than a child's grasp; the couple had spent the day eavesdropping and enjoying the voyeuristic sights and sounds of sordid, perverted and sexually deviant acts performed within the walls of the Tian Mi Mi lookalike; the husband was so engrossed with opening new doors to sexual dimensions that he'd not known before - because succubi are truly the mistresses of sexual cultivation and revolution - that he'd reacted too slowly to his beloved pine needle's cries.

The stray cat growled irately at a sudden whoosh of leaves and sand around it, but they hardly grazed its furred body, let alone attempt to scare the feline beast away; the cat simply ignored the flying debris and continued to chew at the frantic, hysterical stick of pine needles. Some animals are known to have the ability to detect strange, paranormal creatures, or elevated levels of *qi*, and find them interesting, tempting, sometimes tasty - such as the case of a pine needle branch fascinatingly scented with sticky rice dumpling and fatty pork.

The pine needles squealed in terror for the husband, as it was munched by gnashing sharp teeth. It couldn't find any other larger, more substantial objects nearby to drive the beast away.

"Wei Ying!" the wooden block yelled, defiant in the face of getting smashed to the ground if it missed its one and only kamikaze lunge, as it fell clumsily from the blue skies - and landed on the cat's head with a loud thud. The cat hissed and snarled, because the sharp edge of the cube really hurt. With a ear-grating meow, the cat released the mutilated branch and ran off into a dark alley.

“Wuuu... wuuu... Lan Zhan... Lan Zhan...” the poor broken branch cried and shed hot tears from its needles. The leaves and sand that had danced around the life-and-death battle scene lost their energies, then twirled lower and lower until they rested on the dirt floor.

The wood block couldn't hold its beloved pine needle branch because it had no hands, so it did its best by nuzzling at his beloved.

“Mn. I'm here (我在).”

Notes for the Chapter:

The story meanders from one trope to another? Let's continue the adventures with Wangxian!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 105

Time didn't really have a meaning in the new Gusu, the former resident realized, when he stared at the sky, almost annoyed, at the perpetual mid-morning sun. Lan Zhan sighed, and swept some dust, grime, used food wrappers and containers, and bits of dead skin and dandruff out to the back; his spouse has a bad habit of picking on scabs and oily dead skin that triggers the itchy instinct to exfoliate oneself, and occasionally picking on his ears and nose too (the husband scowled when he remembered how some of those ended up in the mouth too - ewwww); however Lan Zhan couldn't bring himself to put the blame fully on his spouse regarding the dirty state of their living space, because he was guilty as well for contributing to the pile of detritus - including the long pieces of fallen hair and flaky dandruff on the floor every time he combs his hair (it's only a few, and the amount is normal, however paranoia and an unhealthy obsession for Perfection tend to exaggerate one's beliefs) - which worried the man about his imaginary receding hairline and potentially, the emergence of the much-maligned male pattern baldness.

The couple had travelled for a long while, spending the days raiding more abandoned houses - looting is technically the correct word, but Wei Ying prefers the term 'giving a second chance to pre-loved items' -, and collecting stuff to expand their little cart into a modest motorhome-like module for more comfortable, convenient modern living. They also observed the daily lives of villagers and an increasing number of merchants whenever they chanced upon the few remaining active settlements, and counted the number of devious ways people were tricked and taken away before being turned into food for the succubi-kin.

Lan Zhan wiped sweat off his face after he was done sweeping with the straw broom, and looked back at their little studio apartment on wheels. After suffering a wet episode from riding into the hills in an open cart under

an unexpected drizzle, Wei Ying threw the gauntlet and rolled back his sleeves to demonstrate his skills as the Handyman Of The House; the creative carpenter-cum-cultivator (and badass Dark Arts master, amongst other unsavoury titles) single-handedly tore down the cart and rebuilt it with sturdier wooden planks and other construction materials taken from the said uninhabited homes, sheds and barns. The transport evolved into an enclosed shoebox with a thatched roof at the top and a couple of windows to the front and side, with the main doorway entrance at the back. The bench at the front was retained, however Big Apple didn't seem as needy for the namesake fruit as his predecessor of sorts, so the couple didn't need to tie a fishing rod to its back to lure it forward; a couple of slaps on the donkey's rump, and it moved on its own on a relatively straightforward uphill path.

Lan Zhan took responsibility to furnish their newly-constructed mobile home, since he's always been the level-headed one collecting ordinary but useful household stuff during the raids, while the more adventurous Wei Ying went off to hunt for hidden trapdoors and treasure chests in the hopes of collecting pouches of gold, precious metals and gemstones, artifacts and relics, and other useless trash that carry no value whatsoever during desperate survival times like this. The husband made sure their boxed home housed a small low dining table that doubled as a mini kitchenette, with a portable stove, kitchen utensils and tableware stacked on it. He couldn't do any fancy cooking other than simple boiling and heating - making a pot of tea was possible, thank goodness -, although Wei Ying was always happy to start a barbecue outside, and they had unlimited access to Wangxian-branded premium healthy packaged foods sent by the spouse's wonderfully caring siblings, twenty-four seven.

The other half of the home was barely wide enough for lounging and sleeping - which was fine, because Wei Ying loves to cuddle with the husband in that narrow length of space, and sleep *on* him. Wei Ying complained that because it was always mid-morning all day, he found it hard to go to bed with the brightness from the skies even with the indoors curtains drawn. So, by sleeping on top of the husband - or under, if having

missionary sex *and* slumber at the same time - the younger man could always tuck his face into the husband's warm, muscled chest or the crook of the (musky, husbando-scented) armpits, pillowed by marvellous rising-falling pecs, and listened to a lullaby of strong, steady heartbeats to lull himself to better quality sleep. Wei Ying preferred to top, although at times, he would gladly consent to having the husband sleep above him and between his raised hips and spread-eagled legs, with the husband's arousal nestled warmly and tightly deep inside, and happily milked throughout day (or night - but there's no moonrise anyway).

After cleaning their home, like clockwork Lan Zhan went out to check and clean the exterior - that every plank on the wall was in good shape and properly wiped down, that the four wheels were well-oiled and rinsed using Water spells to get rid of any mud or remnants of roadkills - despite their terribly sluggish speed, Lan Zhan sometimes found grim-looking bits of smashed insects, earthworms and the occasional lizard tail stuck on the rim. Next, he grabbed a bucket that hung outside their home, and filled it with food for Big Apple - summerfruits, carrots, turnips and hay packed from someone's unattended barn; most of their consumables and supplies are stored in bags that also hung on the sides of the mobile home; storage space is a luxury after all, when embracing such minimalistic simple living lifestyle. The donkey was left grazing on a thriving hillside meadow, and it brayed happily at the extra bucket of treats left by its new favourite owner.

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Not too long after, the husband heard the melodious voice of the spouse, "Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Look what I've found this time!" The young man came running through the woods, bursting out in an energetic explosion of leaves, twigs and other debris from the forests, with a bulging hunting net over his shoulder - he'd caught some wild pigeons from their nests, a couple of flying foxes hanging off unguarded fruit trees, a medium-sized

wild boar, and a small monitor lizard. “Remember to disinfect them with your Cleansing spells before you marinade the meat, okay? I heard there are plenty of nasty viruses and diseases in bushmeat, and I don’t want to suffer from a stomach ache later,” he called out after dropping the netted catch to the ground, and rushed off to wash his hands in a bubbling brook - he’d been taught that personal hygiene is just as important.

“Mn. I’ll wash and season some sweet potatoes and root vegetables, and wrap them in aluminium foil for you. We still have a few rolls left since the last re-supply from your youngest sibling,” Lan Zhan replied nonchalantly; he knew their kitchen inventory like the back of his hand. He approached warily towards the net at first, and when he was certain that the pile wasn’t moving, he plucked out a cleaver from his sleeves (‘don’t ask why’) and dutifully sorted out the kills, while the spouse happily waded into the stream just a few meters away. Lan Zhan mechanically worked on the animals like a master butcher; he picked up the monitor lizard first, threw it onto a tree stump that functioned as a temporary chopping block, and started washing then beheading the reptile as part of preparing their next cookout - it didn’t matter if it was lunch or dinner, or a snack in between - their body clocks had gotten a little off-track since arriving in Gusu.

The younger man, on the other hand, stood in the gleaming waters to count the number of fishes that drifted by, and then hopped from one submerged rock to another like a kid who’d found a secret swimming pool in someone’s backyard garden. He wondered aloud that perhaps he should get himself cleaned too - he’d been chasing after the animals on ground and briefly, on a flying Suibian too, then scouted the perimeters of a sparsely populated village not too far away, and nearly bumped into succubi - his heart nearly stopped from the fright, he said, and his skin crawled at the sight and smell of females inhaling life energies off their struggling, dying male victims pinned to the ground with wooden stakes, and thought his brown muddied clothes could have caught some drops of splattered blood or undead toxins during the massacre.

“It was awful, *lao gong* , when the men cried and let out blood-curdling screams until even the hairs on my hand stood up, and I had to watch how their skin discoloured, turned into blotches of purples and grays, then shrivel up into bristly wrinkled mummies with sunken eyes, hollowed cheeks, cracked lips, and long teeth and fingernails, when their blood and life force drained through their bloodied cocks into the succubi’s lower mouth, and even their mouth-like tail-ends!” he said in earnest while performing dog paddles in the deeper parts of the stream, to which the husband “Mn”s in indifferent acknowledgement.

Wei Ying continued to regale the husband sordid, revolting stories from his trip when he skinny-dipped into the refreshingly cool waters, while Lan Zhan started skinning, bloodletting and gutting the dead animals on the wooden stump on land, until his apron turned red with blood and entrails, in a rather relatable, but twisted parallel of what succubi do to humans. Lan Zhan eased into the mostly one-sided conversation, and mentioned in passing that while Wei Ying was away having fun with the horror and gore-themed experience, a couple of police patrols on horseback stopped by the meadow to check out their mobile home and the donkey; however, since they’d plastered the red talisman, the policewomen didn’t pester him for details, and instead, told him to get a move on to reach Caiyi Town soon - while licking their lips at a faint scent of rich *qi* and life energy emitting from his body.

“I’m your *lao po* , so I always get first dibs on your privates, you hear me?” Wei Ying called out, and Lan Zhan smiled, ever so slightly, as he slammed the knife down and cleaved a wild boar cleanly into two.

Wei Ying bathed in the shallow stream and tried handline fishing using just a nylon line teleported by ErNet's online delivery service (he paid five silver pieces via his e-wallet for the purchase), a few hooks, some crushed insects and earthworms that Lan Zhan had picked off the mobile home's wheels as bait, and a hovering holo-phone playing WeiTube videos on how to catch fish with the primitive technique. He looked absolutely in tune with his inner caveman, so he went all out to have fun splashing and swimming in the waters, grinned triumphantly when reeling in a full line of small fishes, aaaah'd with great relief for peeing and pooping at the same spot - because nobody would ever know and everything was washed downstream by fast flowing waters -, until he was briefly interrupted when the blood-stained husband arrived with a tray (his hands are perfectly clean and disinfected, by the way).

“Here's your soap, shampoo, a jar of perfumed floral elixir, and a washcloth,” the husband curtly pointed out like the perfect butler, and he placed each item on a flat rock by the riverbank. “Also, *lao po*, please try this sauce for your barbecue. I've made a bowl using lemon juice as base, honey, soy sauce, brown sugar, and a mix of herbs and spices,” the bowl was handed out, but Wei Ying sheepishly grinned and wiggled his fingers in the water - he'd need to soap them up first, of course, because after pooping he hadn't cleaned and disinfected his hands, unlike the husband. Sighing, Lan Zhan dipped his own finger into the homemade sauce and let the spouse lick it off. He watched, mesmerized, at how lovely Wei Ying stared at his brown-dipped finger tip with demure, downcast eyes, then opened his mouth to carefully, almost timidly, lap the thick coat of sweet-sour juice off his hand, then that lovely tongue retracted to hide in its cavern, but not before licking generous swipes around plump, moist lips in smacking satisfied sounds; he didn't miss the sheen of a perfect set of pearly-white teeth either; Lan Zhan swallowed hard, and was secretly thrilled that even after all those time spent together on shared beds and baths, getting to know the spouse inside out, he still found Wei Ying to be breath-taking, beautiful, and still very, very desirable.

Wei Ying took a while to analyze the finger-licking complex flavours with his discerning tastebuds. “Mmm... *lao gong* , it needs a bit of chilli. Can you slice a few and add them in?” he asked with bright innocent doe-like eyes, and Lan Zhan had to give in, despite being concerned that he’d overdone the Perfection of the very thick, rich aromatic sauce that would make any barbecued meats drip with Perfectly heavenly juices. “Mn,” he agreed anyway, and went off to arrange everything that the spouse would need to demonstrate his self-proclaimed amazing outdoor cooking skills; Wei Ying only had to hold a sprig of lemongrass to periodically paint the sauce on perfectly cut, marinated and skewered meats on the spit that magically spins on its own atop a hearty campfire, and wouldn’t need to break a sweat to serve a sumptuous feast credited to his name.

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“The stars are beautiful tonight,” Wei Ying sighed while chewing a mouthful of grilled pigeonmeat, sighed relaxedly, and leaned deeper into the husband’s broad chest and firm but slightly flabby abdomen; he could feel a slight bulge of accumulated fat around the husband’s waist and hips push against the small of his back, if he scooted his buttocks backwards. He really liked spooning against the husband, if not on the bed, then upright against a tree, gazing upward into the dark, dense forest canopy, where tiny pinpricks of morning sunlight filtered through the shadowy backdrop like millions of diamonds coloured with golden sunlight and bright blue skies.

There was a comforting *whoosh* sound of inhaling and exhaling behind his ears, the sensation of lips dancing along his shoulder, through his long lush hair, and then gentle nibbles along the nape, before a yellow piece of crumbly soft, baked sweet potato suddenly rose like a glorious elongated

sunrise to fill his vision. “Nnnh,” the husband grunted in his own endearing way, a universal gesture of offering to the one he worships most.

Wei Ying smiled and blew a couple of times to cool down the steaming chunk of sweet snack, then opened his mouth. The husband popped in the tasty, perfectly cooked morsel, and his calloused fingers went back to peel more for the beloved spouse; those strong arms, lined with thick veins and a nice shade of tan, loosely hooked around his belly, so he could observe how Lan Zhan worked on the potato while he reached for a plate of skewered roasts.

“Mmm?” another incomprehensible sound, this time coming from Wei Ying, while he waved a stick with three cubes of perfectly barbecued meat - one from the fruit bat, one from the boar, and the remaining chunk from the lizard -, with sliced cherry tomatoes, onions and colourful peppers in between. Lan Zhan seemed to hesitate when he didn’t immediately gobble up the proffered food; Wei Ying had force-fed the husband with more than ten sticks of such meats during their lovey-dovey dining under the forest canopy of starlights (sort of), until the latter burped out rather gamey, tangy breaths, and his mouth tasted of earthy, metallic flavours.

“Come on, *lao gong*, it’s not going to make any difference now that it’s too late. Just imagine this as part of your training, otherwise all these wonderful good food that *I’ve* made for us will go to waste,” the spouse cocked his head towards the husband and gently chastised him. Lan Zhan “Mn”s and bites the bullet - or meat -, to the sounds of a giggly, delightful mischief in the making, and his own heavy-hearted chews. It actually tasted quite good, much better than chicken, especially when drenched with the spicy, sweet-sour sauce that Wei Ying had a hand in.

Later, they would spend hours cuddling under the shade of trees, naked, brushing skin-to-skin, as they engage in very energetic foreplay to excite each other with tingly touches, sweet kisses and heated handjobs; the husband's sexual *qi* levels skyrocketed to the stratosphere due to the bushmeat, and he became an insatiable sex demon in human form - frisky Wei Ying squealed a lot throughout their sex romp on the forest floor, goading the hungry, greedy older man to inseminate him until his fantasized fertile womb is inundated with rich white milk, and to father as many babies as possible because 'oh darling your dick is so big, it makes me feel so good, please please make me pregnant today, daddy, uncle, I want to give birth to your sons, twins and triplets too' *et cetera ad naseum* . Their sex was flavoured with plenty of drilling hip-thrusts, tasty moans and hoarse cries; drizzled with lots of one-twos until the receiving rosebud stretched and started to gush from unintentionally spilled seed; and by adding a pinch of dirty sex talk, it morphed into an extremely pleasurable lovemaking session that led to many accidental dry prostate convulsions and balls quivering with endless testicular orgasms, until the husband's iron-hard spear scorched and smouldered inside the clenching warm wet tunnel, and he tried to hold back, to edge, to crest and fly higher, and sail to the heavens but not burn his wings in the glorious, glorious blinding climax - he'd reach godhood again, while Wei Ying enjoyed getting fucked six ways to the same heaven and without reaching the same godhood, the younger man screamed when he exploded into a string of multiple orgasmic happy endings; in the end, the couple agreed to mutually pleasure each other with a soul-satisfying post-coital snuggle, with Wei Ying falling asleep in Lan Zhan's arms, underneath that unfortunate shady tree, with the latter happily tucked inside the spouse's lovely envisioned womb, dreaming of conceiving a village of baby Wei Yings to raise, nurture and love forever and beyond.

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Big Apple watched his owners - the mind-boggling sight of an older, taller human chasing after a slightly shorter one, with the former as hung as a horse (which irked the donkey because of the unfair comparison... although

that erect ten-inch dong swinging crazily between the larger man's legs was quite intimidating to look at, really), and the latter squealing, shrieking and running like the wild mountain monkeys it'd seen foraging closer to the central hilly plains of the region. Seeing them tumble and roll on the meadow grass, relentlessly mounting like breedworthy pairs, struggling, groaning and grunting like uncouth lustful beasts with plenty of squirts in between - considered *uncivilized* even for its semi-domesticated standards - was truly appalling, since such useless, unproductive and unappealing acts between two males was generally frowned upon, even within the animal kingdom.

“Ah, ah, Lan Zhan, you just came, but you're still so hard... take me again! My ass is all yours! Ha ha ha!”

“... Mn!!!”

“Unh, unh, ooh, I just climaxed and my hips ache from your constant pounding, please be gentle... ooooooh! You're such a naughty husband, why do you stick it in again? Ah, ah, ahhhh, slower, gentle, gentle, please, unnh!”

“... Mn!!!”

Big Apple snorted and hee-hawed unhappily at the couple frolicking in the nude at its patch of grass; annoyed because they stomped on its dining table and left icky stains of milky white and whatnots everywhere, and somehow, a little envious of the duo that acted worse than rabbits in spring - that it felt rather lonesome on that bright, sunny beautiful mid-morning in Gusu.

“Ah, I’m so glad my siblings sent these Wangxian Premium *Xiao Ji Ji* Cuts 100 Percent Free Range Chicken Wings!” the younger man declared his satisfaction, while waving five skewers with fancy spins in each hand like performing a strange firedance, each skewer with at least five pieces of deep-fried, honey-roasted and chargrilled varieties of those said wings using different types of herbs and spices. “We’ve pillaged a few abandoned houses on the way, but found only a paltry sum of gold pieces, and for you, only some cooking ingredients that wouldn’t make enough good meals for the two of us. Every chicken has only two wings, and now I have... er... twenty-five... er... twenty-four of these *baobei* s in my hands,” he announced, as he took a bite off one.

Lan Zhan walked ahead, with a carrot on one hand to lure Big Apple to walk faster, and a stick of healthy cucumber for himself on the other. “Wei Ying,” he muttered between juicy crunches, “Don’t be greedy. Those wings are meant for others.” The spouse pouted, then sheepishly grinned, before putting the skewers back into a large paper bag that bore a huge Wangxian black-and-white rabbit logo; he nimbly peeled off one wing - the one he had taken a bite, and therefore belonged to him - before going around their creaky mobile home to check that everything was secured, strapped, tightened, nailed and properly hung; they were going up some pretty steep cliffs soon, and he didn’t want their bags of foodstuff and kitchenware tumbling down the hill.

“Ah... another red talisman expired,” Wei Ying grumbled, and peeled off an ashen-coloured piece of paper from one side of their shoebox-shaped home. He replaced it with a fake one - made of cheap notebook paper, dipped in liquid extracted from beetroot juice; it worked perfectly well so far, and

they've managed to avoid getting held up by an increasing number of Imperial patrols. Wei Ying realized that the closer they traversed towards the central mountainous regions of Gusu, the heavier the police presence, and more worryingly, soldiers as well. Apparently, as one Tian female militia unknowingly revealed, the breach in the southern borders had heightened everyone's alert; the entry of a Gusu Lan person was surprising but not unexpected - a former resident returning to his hometown -, however, magical sensors had picked up an immense Dark presence alongside that person, which confounded the Tians because they had never seen such 'chaotic, turbulent and wildly deviated *qi*' that couldn't be explained even by their so-called vast knowledge and mastery of Corruption magic.

(At that point, scarf-wearing Wei Ying chuckled, and promptly cleared his throat as though he suffered from a bad cold. Lan Zhan pretended to "Hn" disinterestedly because he was supposed to act as an illiterate peasant at that time; nevertheless, the couple continued to exchange a flurry of WeiChat messages telepathically using ErNet - that the Tians have detected, and acknowledged that Wei Ying's dark magics are probably superior to theirs.)

"Well, that's the last red talisman we'll need to use. After we pass this mountain, we'll be in the heart of Gusu, and the Tian's Imperial-controlled territories which is this detestable space-time bubble," Wei Ying remarked and wiped his hands on his pants, leaving blood-red prints made of vegetable juice. "My siblings' orbital spycams have detected countless Corrupted Eyeballs, a tight network of both physical and magical security devices, and many checkpoints until Caiyi Town. We won't be able to hide or disguise ourselves anymore, I'm sure," he added.

"*Lao gong*, when can we transform and start whacking those Tians straight to outer space? I want to get out of these smelly peasants' clothes soon! I want to start using my golden flute and Suibian! I want to see you dance on

rooftops with Bichen on one hand and playing guqin with the other! Also... are we there yet?"

So many questions from the naggy *lao po* , but there was only one answer needed:

"Mn. Soon. At the peak of this mountain range, where all cities in Gusu are in sight, we'll send the signal flares to rally the survivors of my former clan out of hiding. Then all hell will break loose."

Wei Ying smiled devilishly in response, and played with a couple of tassels hanging from his belt - he'd summoned them earlier with magic, a striped black-red one for himself, and a fluffy white one for the husband, ready for use as soon as they return to their usual appearances.

The white tassel quivered and squealed softly when Wei Ying's finger touched its hairy end. It *smiled* a toothless smile, showing the most adorable pink drooly gums that only a mother (and father) could love.

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For the past few days - theoretically, it was still the same day, since it's perpetually mid-morning -, while the couple took their sweet time journeying deeper into the province (and make plenty of sweet love in-between), wasted fake red talismans and blindsided a few passing-by Imperial patrols, they learned about the state of Lan Zhan's ancestral homeland.

The Imperial forces seemed to congregate in cities and mainly in the central regions of the province. The countryside, so far as they could guess, was relatively spared of the bloody and predatory atrocities of Tian Mi Mi-esque operations and trades of the flesh, with a few exceptions - usually when Tian females get out of control, such as the case of the newborn consumed in broad daylight.

People, usually farmers and traders from outskirt villages, continued their daily lives, such as operating eateries and teahouses, and farming, rearing livestock and transporting goods with the necessary permits. Their population was already sparse to begin with, since borderside towns and villages are few and far in between, and the situation was exacerbated by the devious means by which the Tian succubi slowly cultivated and harvest human beings - the weak and gullible, such as the parents who willingly gave away their children, or the age-old trick of luring hungry or unfortunate men with poisoned food and other traps - a tactic the couple had seen from Yunmeng and now in Gusu; and the greedy and the corrupted, such as the bachelor who got rid of his neighbours and ended up playing into the succubi's hands, or the village heads who knowingly misused the Sacred Scriptures or plain morals to sell warm bodies in exchange for gold, and it goes without saying that those twisted elders will likely get their own bad endings.

Closer to the populated areas, lies an entirely different story. The branch of pine needles and its lover, the wooden block, had scouted an unnamed city where many males were herded into brothel-like buildings and never survived, and where females were sent to breeding factories to give birth to generations that will sustain the succubi-kin. It helped that both enchanted inanimate objects could control millions of rubbish scraps that were sent blowing into other nearby urban settlements by the seasonal winds. They watched, and relayed the information to their original selves, on how cities devoid of people have been turned into massive operations to collect,

process and distribute captured humans to the succubi armies who have mostly decided to take up permanent residence and build military bases. The human urbanites had been the first to fall prey, and left a huge vacuum in terms of city space; a few administrative buildings still operated, such as a largely sockpuppet city council, hospital, guilds and out-of-business stores at the fringes, and the bulk of the remaining city is usually walled off, and housed huge Tian Mi Mi-esque nests of succubi that form the backbone of their own government.

The pine needles and block spotted shadows scurrying in deserted alleyways, running amongst piles of refuse and rubble. Some of them wore familiar white forehead ribbons beneath dark, dirty ragged cloaks - in which the wooden block started to bounce frenziedly in a futile attempt to chase after the disappearing silhouettes, and the pine needles finally caught on and understood why its husband was so desperate - so, it dove beneath the block, causing it to yelp in shock, and the pine needles flew faster than a speeding dried leaf. The grateful husband maneuvered the pine needles through the twisting passageways using swordboarding techniques, and soon, pineboarding became the new norm, and they followed the last survivors of the Gusu Lan sect to their secret hideout in the unnamed city.

Notes for the Chapter:

It's been stifling hot in where I live for the past few days, so I haven't been at my optimal state when writing. Things should get heated up a bit soon.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 106

“*Lao gong , lao gong* , do I look better in this? Or this? Or this?” a twig, a bamboo leaf and a candy wrapper sashayed, spun and twirled around the unnerved wooden block. The branch of pine needle, which had been mauled by a cat then glued together using sticky rice mortar, suffered enough damage and crashes along the dark alleyway, to warrant a replacement. The spouse’s soul split into three equal parts and each found their potential host.

“It... It does not matter. We’re just here to get them out, and then disappear altogether,” the block replied matter-of-factly, and a little unsettled at the sudden increase in the number of *lao po s*.

All three items stuck their tongues out (in the most relatable way possible, although none had any), and whined in unison, “You’re always so undecided! I want to make the best first impression, since they’re also my relatives, after all!”

“... All. I like all of your forms,” the block sighed tiredly. There was nothing sexy about a twig, a leaf and a candy wrapper, after all, but he didn’t want to suffer from the wife’s finicky wrath.

“Eh? Ehh? Ehhh? That’s not a clear answer at all! But very well, I’ll use all three forms, then!” the trio shouted gleefully and launched themselves into the air.

At the end of the alleyway was a dead-end, however the wall of bricks was merely an illusion - similar to the one used in the Cloud Recesses to protect the Gusu Lan's ancestral caves, not too long ago.

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“ *Shixiong* ! I brought a few jars of water from a nearby river, but they smell of rotten flesh. Please Disinfect them so that we can drink... I'm so thirsty! After playing hide-and-seek with those Tian soldiers for the whole day, my legs are tired, and my throat is parched!”

“ *Shixiong* ! I searched for hours in the nearby abandoned houses, but could only find a handful of dried fruits... please add some *qi* so that they become more substantial foodstuff for us! I'm so hungry after foraging for so long with nothing to eat other than pickled vegetables and stale bread these past few days!”

“ *Shixiong* ! I was with them to make sure that we've always kept our Gusu Lan robes and forehead ribbons on, so that those undead-scented Cultivators cannot detect us. I managed to steal a few remaining magic pills from the deserted medicine shops to boost our *qi* energies, and I'm pretty sure we are not followed on our way back. Here, please take one, we know you're exhausted from tending to our physical needs, but we really need you to be on top condition to survive!”

Lan Jing Yi sighed tiredly and hesitantly plucked one quail egg-sized brown pill from one of the disciples' hands. He stared at it suspiciously, and gave

it a careful sniff - it was bitter, but there was a whiff of *qi* emanating from it.

“All of you are really useless! We studied in the same class, taught by the same *laoshi*, learnt the Disinfect and Regenerate spells together, so why am I the only one who can use them during survival times like this? Were all of you asleep during the lessons?” the boy-turned-young man complained, as he popped the pill into his mouth - and winced at the dry, bitter and awful taste - then his body glowed a faint light blue radiance as a sign that his body started to digest the (probably) expired drug. The other three disciples kneeled in front of their eldest and mutually-agreed appointed leader, and lowered their heads in shame. A small fire in the middle of the hidden empty chamber crackled and popped when fed with small amounts of combustible trash, casting long shadows onto all four occupants which created a rather miserable, lonely ambience of survivors during an apocalypse.

Jing Yi sat in a lotus position and began to perform cultivation moves with his hands. He focused the burst of *qi* energy absorbed from the pill, and the faint glow converged to his right finger tip. He pointed his finger at each of the items laid out on the floor, and a spurt of blue *qi* energy leapt into them - the jars of water shook slightly and bubbled without heating up; and the dried fruits transformed into small apples, peaches, apricots, plums and pears. There wasn't nearly enough to eat and drink, so Jing Yi politely refused his share and let his juniors have a little more. “I'm the eldest among you,” he said, “so I will make do with practising my *qi* absorption skills to nourish myself. I don't need food as much as you do, and I hope you will continue to improve your cultivation after this disaster is over, so that you can be self-sufficient like any respectable, honorable Gusu Lan.”

The three disciples bowed with a fist in palm salute to acknowledge their senior's advice, and quietly ate the meagre food. All four looked worse for

wear - they wore dark-coloured dirty cloaks over their white robes which had frayed and smudged with yellow and muddy browns; they looked haggard, with dark circles under their crusty eyes, their bodies fatigued and thin from constant hunger; their topknots were a little out of place with messy hair sticking out at odd angles, their faces were smeared with ash, dirt and grime, because they had no chance to wash and take care of their appearances; their boots had holes and one could see blistered toes in them too.

Jing Yi huffed in dismay while watching his juniors crowd around the fireplace. He snatched one of the jars intended for a disciple, took a swig - then winced at the taste - and slammed it lightly on the ground with a frown on his face. “Ahhh! Those terrible Tians! Not only they took over and renamed our sect, they’re murderers like wolves in sheep’s clothing! If that Ouyang *gongzi* didn’t warn us earlier after witnessing firsthand how his father was killed in bed, we would’ve become food for those demonic Cultivators! If only our elders didn’t sign off our lives during that tea ceremony with those blasted Imperial pirates from the sea, we wouldn’t be in this horrible situation!” he grumbled as though he was half-drunk, likely from the expired pill’s after-effects, although his conscience and annoyance was clear.

“ *Shixiong* , please don’t get too caught up with the past! The ceremony was nearly half a year ago, back when everyone was panicking about the protests, the fierce corpse attacks, and the rise of the Imperial military powers versus the pressures coming from the Jin-led Grand Cultivation Council. I heard that our elders were immediately taken to the easy promises of peace, security, and the chance to abandon their worldly worries. My grandfather, who has served for five decades in the Lan family council as a scribe, told me that without a Sect Leader present to guide the elders, one cannot fault them for making the wrong decisions after listening to the Imperial Court’s sweet lies and promises, and present their conclusions to the demanding Tian *da niang* and her army of Imperial Cultivators.”

“ *Shixiong* , you have to stay positive! I will always be a Gusu Lan, not a Gusu Tian! I don’t want to serve that witch Tian *da niang* and her Blue Skies trash! That’s why I kept my white robes and forehead ribbon on even though the practice was prohibited, after that terrible Matriarch Tian carved the new rule on the Sacred Scriptures Rock! I’m glad you instructed us to bring our uniforms when we fled the Cloud Recesses! I cannot imagine what happened to those who embraced the new sect, burned their old robes, and were unwittingly eaten by those demonic Cultivators!”

“ *Shixiong* , don’t worry! I’m sure one day we’ll get our revenge and return to our homes! As you said, now we need to scour every town to find survivors of our sect and our allies who fled that night when the Cloud Recesses was sealed. I know at least a couple of Ouyang families who lived in the next city across the winding Long River - if only we can get through the checkpoints, we can try to locate them and recruit them to our cause!”

The three disciples were so empathetic and concerned about their squad leader’s emotional state, that Jing Yi appeared touched. Lan Jing Yi brushed a few stray strands of hair to the side, and nodded with relaxed shoulders, “Yes, yes, I know, I know. That’s enough talking for now. Go on, finish your meal, we still have to sit down and figure out how to escape this place without drawing the attention of the checkpoint guards and their talismans stuck all over the city. Besides the Ouyang’s and other families, we need to track down Si Zhui’s trail before it grows cold too.”

“ *Shixiong* , the Gusu Lan sect is truly generous hearted; even in times of danger and despair, we look after those who have helped us, or left us, such as Senior Si Zhui and even former enemies like the Ghost General from the Wen family.”

“ *Shixiong* , do you think Sect Leader will return from the North soon? We haven’t heard of any news since his quiet emergence before our homes were sealed off. I hope we can complete our mission in time for Sect Leader’s return to bolster our numbers, when Sect Leader Lan Xichen finally takes charge.”

“ *Shixiong* , do you think Sect Leader will call upon us to engage in war with the Imperial army? With the few reneging elders including Master Lan Qi Ren imprisoned in their clutches and held in Caiyi Town, it will be hard to make a move against the army without endangering their safety-- Shhh! I detect a breach in the magical wall! *Shidi* , didn’t you say that you weren’t followed on your way back?”

All four rose and drew their swords at the wall - only to see a twig, a leaf, a candy wrapper, and belatedly, a chip of wooden block tumble through the illusionary barrier.

“Ah, the winds must be strong outside, for bits of rubbish to blow into here.”

“Hush, you idiot! Nothing can go through the magical wall spell gifted by our ancestors, other than individuals of the Lan family!”

“Ahhh... am I so hungry, that I see bamboo leaves reminiscent of tasty sticky rice dumplings filled with fatty pork? Or those wrappers that remind me how much I crave for childhood favourites like traditional candies and

snacks? And what is this twig doing, drawing circles around us in this chamber? *Shixiong* , am I dreaming?”

Lan Jing Yi was at a loss for words at the very strange situation, and a painful rumble from everyone’s stomachs seemed to convince them that perhaps they were really hallucinating from having too little to eat for their utterly exhausted thin, frail bodies. Jing Yi took a few unsteady swipes with a shaky sword at the flying trash, as he was still weak and disoriented from the *qi* pill; more bits of public waste, such as pages from discarded periodicals, paper food containers, someone’s torn underwear, and dried leaves rolled into the chamber to join the circus of flying, spiralling and spinning rubbish that felt suffocating due to the dust, yet refreshing from the hurricane of ventilated fresh air that seemed to rise from the eye of the storm growing from the center.

The firepit blazed with renewed vigour and the room lit up brightly. Jing Yi yelped when the sole wooden block seemed to bounce through the murky, confusing revolving wall of garbage, and touched the edge of his worn-out shoe. A clear, low, comforting and very familiar voice sounded inside his head: “I’m here.”

As all four men yelled “What the hell is this?” and “What is going on?” with arms raised to protect their faces from the harmless onslaught of debris, the twig had completed its magic circle on the floor. With a loud *fwip* !, they were teleported out of the dark, gloomy alleyway.

Jing Yi had a heightened sense of smell compared to the others, due to his higher level of cultivation. He thought he smelled grilled chicken wings before being swallowed by a blinding flash of white light and a thunder clap.

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Their work done, all waste material fell to the ground like a shower of detritus in the now-darkened chamber; the fire had gone out when the last bit of oxygen was sucked through the portal on the floor, which had disappeared.

“ *Lao gong , Lao gong* , did I do well? I’ve taken them to safety using my awesome Dark Corruption magic on the space-time continuum. Come on, praise me, praise me!”

“ *Lao gong , Lao gong* , did you overhear what they said? What do you want to do next? I can grant you whatever you want - to save everyone, to exact revenge, to destroy the enemy. Your wish is your *lao po* ’s command. Come on, reward me, reward me, with your next orders!”

“ *Lao gong , Lao gong* , your Kingdom awaits you. It’s time to lift our family scepter and declare war and victory for the great Qishan Lan. Cherish us with your royal decree, your holy words, your divine wisdom. Come on, love us, love us!”

The twig, the leaf and the candy wrapper danced around the wooden block that had fallen to its side (it’s hard to tell because there are no defining features on the plain piece of wood), on a floor littered with trash, sand and dirt.

A momentary pause, then the block seemed to shiver and sprout out a phallic protrusion at the bottom of one of its edges.

“Mn. Xian Xian, you’ve done well. Let me reward you with my love,” it said and wanted to open its arms to welcome and embrace the trio of naughtiness - except that it didn’t have any limbs.

All three spouses squealed with joy at the endearing nickname, and jumped at their husband.

Soon, the twig drilled one end of the block until the surface became chaffed, dented and rubbed raw. “Oh, A-Ji, A-Ji, my sweet, sweet A-Ji! Uncle Wei is raping your eight-year old virginity again and again! I’m tearing your hymen! I’m going to shoot my sperm into your unprotected womb! I’m sowing my wildest seeds into your uterus so that you’ll grow many babies for this rapist Uncle! Squeeze that ass, shake it some more! Oh, oh, I’m cumming soon, oh sweet father Buddha and Jade Emperors in Heaven, your pussy is too sweet, I can’t hold back anymore! Take it! Take it!”

The bamboo leaf inserted its sharpened end into a tiny pinprick hole at the tip of the phallic protrusion, then wrapped itself around the elongated woody structure tighter than a sticky rice dumpling. It twirled and stroked the length with such zest until the wood seemed to melt, quiver and twitch like real living flesh. “Oh, A-Ji, A-Ji, my sweet, sweet underaged husband, please let your wife drink your nectar, and stick your penis into A-Xian’s baby buttocks! A-Xian wants to carry baby Wei Yings inside his twin tiny quail eggs! Please cum inside me, dear husband, so that you can father many twins and triplets, and they’ll grow up fat and healthy suckling A-Xian’s fatty breast milk! Ah, your hard cock feels incredible, *lao gong* ,

please make sweet love to me and rape A-Xian's baby pussy! A-Xian wants to be pregnant with your billions of sperms!"

The candy wrapper wrapped itself around the wooden block until it looked like a present of some sort except for the two bits below that have been taken up by the other two inanimate lovers. It hugged the block, and drowned it with sweet kisses - no more than phantom brushes of shiny colorful foil material against the hard surface of a rigid piece of wood. "Mmm! Mmm! Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan! I love you so much, please kiss me silly and let me lay in your arms forever! Ah, Ah, you're the perfect husband, the best partner, the one and only soulmate in my life, and I will always stay by your side in this lifetime and beyond!"

With so much love going on, the wooden block subjected itself to smouldering friction heat from its three sex-crazed lovers, and soon, it lit up and became ablaze even in the suffocating chamber; within minutes, the wooden block burnt itself into a lump of smoking coal.

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Elsewhere, Wei *da ge* 's patience finally snapped. "Argh! I can't wait a moment longer! Let me in on the action! Open the doors, my harem! Victory is ours!" he bellowed in front of the western edge of the space-time bubble that enveloped the province of Gusu, and shot out his gloved hand forward like an overzealous war general drumming up his battlecry. A line of Lan-kin clones raised their arms to touch the sizzling, electrifying borders that radiated with dark, Corrupted magic; the white magical ropes began to unwind, to allow descendents and familial members of the Gusu Lan sect through; each Lan warrior was armed to the teeth with weapons

and armour bearing the Qishan Lan family crest of the now infamous black-and-white rabbits.

“Ah...! No! We’re supposed to wait for the signal flare before rushing in! If we breach the borders, the whole Imperial army will find out! We’ll lose the first mover advantage!” the rather cowardly Wei *er ge* squeaked like one from the opposite gender, still fresh and shaken from a terribly brutal, bloody battle in Yunmeng, and hasn’t recovered his firm footing yet; his limbs were bandaged, and his armour bore many scratches and punctures from waves of assault from Imperial soldiers and their undead forces. He wasn’t as bright as his siblings, but his experience in leading armies into battle had helped him to learn a few useful military tactics over the past few weeks.

“Bullshit,” said Wei *san ge* , with a pair of fancy beeping black goggles around his helmet surrounded by animated holographic displays, as he sauntered through with an ultra-modern gadget in his arms - it looked like a mutated combination of a huge shotgun that sizzled with pure uncontrolled raging plasma energy, a sword radiating with destructive magic, and a radar dish that seemed to emit strange alien sounds, and in total, probably ten times as deadly against whatever it was intended to strike, “Nothing ever goes to plan, and you know very well that our eldest sibling is the one actually in charge, because he’s just that *awesome* . If he says jump, we gotta ask ‘how high?’, you got that? We’re here on a crusade to kill off every single Tian member from the face of the planets, so what’s the worry if we did it a little earlier than intended?” and he gave a wide toothy grin.

The nine-year old Wei *didi* shrieked in childish joy as he ran past, also fully armed like an innocent child soldier of the 21st century, except that everyone stayed clear and gave him a very wide berth to pass through the widening hole in the barrier - because the little boy mischievously broke all laws and brought in his 91st century gear, and no one knew what 91st

century things could do to a world still in 2000 B.C. “I wanna join the party too! I missed Ernie and Ni-er, I wanna meet my new Lan cousins and uncles, and I wanna play with everyone again soon!” the adolescent beamed with such innocent joy, that all Wei siblings just had to melt a little and go “aww, that’s so cute” in unison.

A soldier ran up to Wei *da ge* , and saluted, “Sir! Re-colonization unit #994726 is ready, sir! Three Wangxian supply vessels have docked by the side, and await your orders once the perimeter is secured!” The Kingdom had wrecked and cleared out so many universes and repopulated the vast emptiness left behind, that they had established a standard protocol for such massive recolonization operations. Taking over Gusu was no different - the Kingdom of Qishan Lan planned to wipe out the enemy and replace the former residents with their own, just like the rest of the now-restarted Middle Kingdom. A rudimentary government was in place to compete with the weakening Imperial Court; trade and travel was booming, and so was the population in the new country full of descendents of the First Fathers.

“At ease, lieutenant,” the fearsome-looking brutish General replied with a curt nod, and continued to observe hundreds of men marching through Gusu’s western borders from atop a hill. “Where is the special task force that the Grand Patriarch had ordered from his dreams? We can’t make our grand entrance in proper without them!” he barked out to the crowd jostling through the crack in space-time. Truthfully, he wanted to complete the siege as soon as possible and return to outer space; he still had to focus on getting rid of the Tians from the other planets of the solar system, which was more worrying than tiny Operation Mothers Free Gusu*; there were already two suns in the skies outside of the province, and both Jupiter and Mars were on a collision course towards the Mortal Realm after the alien enemy had fiddled with the laws of physics.

** O.M.F.G in short, not for 'oh my fucking god', because Lan Zhan is the legally recognized god and doesn't want to be fucked by nobodies. Wei da ge takes credit for putting Mothers first, because all Wei Yings are mothers of their Kingdom, after all.*

Then, all hands on deck stood still when they heard, and saw, twenty ugly men parachute from the skies like those seen on wartime television shows aired in the 21st century. They looked like swine, mostly greasy, fat and bald, some had rotten teeth and bad breath, some had scars, warts and tattoos, and everyone wore nasty sneers - hallmarks of hardcore convicts who escaped jail.

“Ho ho ho! You called, sweetie? Bloody Guanyin, I’m so horny now, I could rape every young maiden in sight and make them pregnant ten times over, succubi or not!” the morbidly obese one among them growled, licked his oily lips and rubbed his oilier palms with glee - and a tent in his hole-y pants. Upon reaching the landing pad, one hairy arm reached below the drawstrings and he started masturbating with plenty of heavy panting in the open. Even Wei *da ge* reeled a little in disgust, so he quickly waved them through and hoped he’d never see those merry band of bandits ever again.

Notes for the Chapter:

Introducing... a side character! :-D Sorry for the short chapter, I just wanted to start bringing in all the ingredients into a giant crazy salad bowl. I haven't thought of the dressing yet.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 107

Wei Ying made an irritated sound when he sucked air through his teeth while staring at the boy (he'd rather not call him a man - yet) under a tree, surrounded by his peers. Deep down, Wei Ying wished he had friends like them - or fans -, but he only, and was entitled to just, one man in this lifetime and beyond.

“*Aiyo*,” another cheeky sound, “Look at that rascal! When we brought him in, he was dirty, in tears, and a pitiful hungry boy. Then he grovelled and begged to curry favours from you, and now, look at that brat! He's going around passing those meat and veggie skewers to welcome newcomers and recruiting them like a foodie's club gone wrong, as though he runs the joint. He's easy to influence using food, and he easily influences others with food - plus some bad-boy charm, I guess. Lan Zhan! You better watch out, this boy's going to take over some day with his smooth talk, and it's going to ruin our reputation!” he hissed under his breath.

The husband smiled faintly, and turned over an chain of sizzling, juicy steaks, minced meat patties, and thickly cut root vegetables on a large, industrial-sized barbecue grill as long as three horse wagons (the masterchef moved with lightning speed, so he handles such enormous cookware with ease and finesse, worthy of the best chef's kiss). The next batch of fried chicken, crispy nuggets and vegetable tempura crackled heartily in a colossal wok of hot oil, so the man used his free hand to stir them a bit until they were golden brown, while making hot dog sandwiches on the side and other street snacks such as sweet and savoury dumplings, pancakes and fruit kebabs. Lan Zhan showed his true colours that bright sunny mid-morning - he was a grandmaster at outdoor cooking - much better than Wei Ying was, to the younger man's consternation - and when he *happily* flipped burgers high up in the air with stacks of sesame seed buns, a selection of Wangxian's range of Fantastically Freshly Frozen™ beef,

chicken and fish patties, freshly made salads, tomatoes, pickles, cheese slices and drizzles of sauces that even painted *smileys* on the buns, Wei Ying groaned in frustration in realization that the husband wasn't supportive of his suspicions of the boy named Lan Jing Yi.

“Wei Ying, I only asked him to take care of the disciples, since he's one of the oldest and most familiar with us. The others aren't that warmed up to us yet, so it's natural that Jing Yi takes up a leadership, even a promoter role here. He's good at socializing, and will make a good sales manager, I'm sure,” Lan Zhan replied and didn't even bat an eyelid; his brows furrowed in concentration when he gave his full attention to the grill - he used chopsticks to pick off an assembly line of perfectly cooked seasoned barbecued meats, sweet potatoes, asparagus, carrots, corn, green beans, mushrooms, eggplants, peppers and onions, then flicked them into a number of trays a few meters away in impressive arcs, and every piece landed in perfectly spaced spots, in flawless sequence of colours, shapes and sizes, and faultlessly balanced in weight and distribution as well. Not far away, a group of late-teens clapped and cheered at the stellar performance expected from a Gusu Lan master.

“It's good, isn't it? That's because it's made by the great and wonderful Han Guang Jun! The living legend himself, who once saved the world of cultivation from treachery of the Jins!” Jing Yi crowed from his pedestal atop high tree roots and under the shade of forest canopies, and refilled an awestruck disciple's plate with fried rice, stir-fry noodles, meats and vegetables. A few seniors lent a helping hand, to pass meat skewers around (like how one would hand out balloons to partygoers), drinks, napkins and other necessities.

Most of the boys (Wei Ying still refused to call them men) have been raised with stories about the big bad Jins who ruled others using money and other immoral means, so they agreed with thunderous applause and by banging

noisily on empty plates with their chopsticks. One of the boys asked timidly about what everyone thought about Han Guang Jun's short tenure as a Chief Cultivator, with slanderous reports about how he cheated the Grand Cultivation Council out of gold nuggets, or how he failed to tackle the issue of fierce corpses. Everyone gave him the evil eye - because Jing Yi did so, and nobody wanted to run out of chicken wings and other good food made by the accused - so that boy shrunk into the smallest insect among the angry, squawking swarm of hungry bugs (Wei Ying still refused to call them men, anyway).

“Don't be ungrateful and take the side of the enemy! Han Guang Jun is a true-blue Gusu Lan! He's one of us! See? He gave us good food to warm our bellies, and nice clothes to wear in this chilly weather! He's the kindest man in the Middle Kingdom!”

“Right? You were also starving when you fell through the hole on the ground, like the rest of us! And look at your new robes! My mother used to work as a seamstress in our former home, and I know these robes have the best holy sutras suited for sect elders! Han Guang Jun is really powerful to be able to weave such worded spells into the fabric!”

“Yeah! You should believe in your own family and not outsiders, like what Jing Yi *shixiong* said! So what if there was a blip in the records? Nobody's perfect! Don't be tricked by sensationalized news and mass panic caused by schemers! That's what many of us learnt during the days of the scholar protest!”

“Exactly! Look at what happened to those who *aren't* here! The younger ones protested, and they were exiled! The older ones lost faith in our Han Guang Jun while he was Chief Cultivator and said bad things about him, so

they willingly gave up and burnt their robes when the Tian witches arrived... so now they're gone! Forever!"

"Open your eyes! Han Guang Jun is our savior! You must believe him! He's like an angelic god to some of us who were with him during the last two decades or so!"

(Wei Ying spied at the crack of the husband's buttocks to see if any peacock tail feathers grew; alas, Lan Zhan was not a Jin, and he wore his pants snugly this time - but his face did look a little livelier as he started on a few sacks of grains to make a batch of mushroom risotto, tomato-basil chicken and rice, seafood paella, coconut milk rice, sushi with fresh salmon, roe and egg rolls, lotus leaf rice and more delicious rice dishes.)

Wei Ying shrugged at how easily these boys, aged between their late teens to mid twenties - about the same age group as his current body - were swayed into a cult of Wang Ji worshippers; old enough to see through the lies and blinded emotions of the scholar protests, young enough to rebel and *not* take the sides of old-fashioned seniors and elders who weren't quite impressed by Lan Zhan's performances during the days of night-hunting and investigating fierce corpses attacks.

"Oi, ringleader! Come here!" Wei Ying called out and waved a tray of steaming hot food at Jing Yi's direction to signal that he needed a helping hand. The grinning boy rounded up a few of his friends to bring out more food and huge jugs of drinks to the burgeoning crowd under the trees and around a campfire - the boys were fortunate to have a choice of plain *pu'er* tea or the more colourful, tastier cordial drinks full of sugar and addictive artificial colouring and flavouring.

Wei Ying tagged along because he wanted to feel young again and *be* with people of his age - the twenties. He tried to snoop in and cut into people's conversation, but hardly succeeded, because all they wanted to talk was about their traumatic experiences while being holed up in secret hideouts, desperate survival stories, the recent past which was unrelated to what he went through since the peaceful days in the 'Mounds, and some boring intellectual discussion about Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules versus the perverted version carved on the Sacred Scriptures Rock which he hadn't seen. He couldn't even gossip about who did what behind someone's back, because it had been at least three years since he'd gotten together with the youths of Gusu Lan. After a while, he gave up and decided to make sure the boys are well and healthy, like a gracious host of an outdoor party reminiscent of his family's secret garden just a stone's throw away from bustling Yiling city.

"Hey, your fingers are dirty! Did you bathe when you entered this camp? You, over there, take this boy to the hot springs and clean him up before he touches the food! I don't want any cases of food poisoning around here!"

"Ah, you sneezed! Go over there besides our caravan tied to the donkey, there's a pile of towels and more robes for you! Don't worry if you spot a two-feet long... errr... silky furry worm! Yeah, that's a kind of intelligent family pet, an exotic creature from the Far West who's joined our travelling troupe, that makes furry winter clothes. She doesn't bite, but don't put your finger in her mouth because she drools a lot!"

"The few of you over there! Don't just stand around the trays of meat and stew! Eat some vegetables and fruits too! Drink more liquids, and there are also congees and soups at the other end of this picnic table! Don't bother about the cold black thing hiding under the tables. It's.. err.. another exotic

creature from the Far West who's like a servant, no, waiter, and it takes out the trash. You can give your used plates and cups to it for washing, and no, it will not bite!"

Wei Ying felt rather accomplished in herding the boys to do what should be done, besides just crashing into a forest clearing, littered with dried leaves and other trash, and gobbling up food and drinks that are too sweet, salty, savoury and irresistibly delicious for their bland palates. Some of the arrivals did better - the ones who had cultivated a lot more, like Jin Ling and his classmates - while some fared worse - the younger ones who starved and appeared emaciated and diseased, but lucky to be alive, and were healed and pampered by their caring *xiongdì*s upon landing. The Gusu Lan, Wei Ying realized, was extremely family-oriented where a clear structure of hierarchy and responsibility existed that was respected; the spirit of brotherhood was strong among the boys, and he thought that perhaps he could take it upon himself to be the oldest--

-- Wei *gongzi* , it's as though you're like our mother, and Han Guang Jun is our father - except that he's the one doing the cooking, and all you ever do is to serve the food and nag at us!" one of Jing Yi's friends laughed candidly, and hiccuped from too much gas in the carbonated cordial drinks; Wei Ying remembered him during the second siege of the 'Mounds, but not his name.

"Ha, ha, very funny," the man dead-panned and didn't find the joke amusing at all, "But what if I told you that Han Guang Jun and I are already married and we already have monstrous kids... like the cold black thing over there, and the furry white worm there?" and he smiled back in a sinister way that caused some disciples to gasp in fear.

The noises died down to a murmur, and Lan Zhan stopped flipping burger patties on the other side of his makeshift kitchen.

Another of Jing Yi's friends, an obnoxious boy who had just reached legal age, took a big gulp of the tasty cordial drink and burped, and slurred because the refreshment was too cold with ice cubes in it (which was a novelty in this day and age), and packed the punch of a *jin* of sugar per cup, "Huh? Si Zhui told us before that you were like a mother who probably gave birth to him in the wild, while Han Guang Jun was a proper parent that raised him to be a person of virtue and dignity. It was like that, wasn't it? And you've always dabbled with your Dark Arts... I remember seeing you fight using your flute and that creepy-sounding music, like summoning dark creatures from the night... fierce corpses and monsters are your thing, aren't they?"

Jing Yi stepped in to pull his friend back by the collar, who probably had too much sugar in his bloodstream, "Wei *gongzi* , I know you lived with Han Guang Jun in the past few years. We've talked a bit when you frequently dropped by our former home for a year and travelled with him during the investigations and night-hunts. After the two of you left, Si Zhui wouldn't stop bothering me about stories of how the two of you settled down happily in the Burial Mounds from his visits to your new home, when I met him for drinks at the teahouses near Caiyi Town.

So, you gotta bring him here, because I want to see him again and give him these chicken wings made with love! Just like the two of you!" he ended his inspiring speech with a million-dollar smile that rivalled even Wei Ying's, and held up a huge chicken wing to emphasize his point. His friends cheered, and the rest followed suit although they didn't really understand what really went on - as long as there were more chicken wings coming off the charred grill.

The energetic self-appointed band leader of sorts leaned in and whispered into Wei Ying's ear, "Besides, the moment I realized that the trashy bits that entered our secret hideout were the two of you, I knew that you've bonded with Han Guang Jun - because the magical walls only recognizes pure-bred Lan descendents and their immediate family members!"

Wei Ying "Enn"s in tears many times, at how Si Zhui was heartwarmingly brought into the picture, and how his relationship with Lan Zhan was officially accepted by Jing Yi and his noisy bunch of sugar-drunken friends, but he was afraid of being seen in his crumpled overemotional state (oh, the shame, the shame of a crying man!), so he quickly turned around and ran towards the husband while sobbing and laughing at the same time - his face was a flushed mess by then. Lan Zhan pretended to dab sweat off his cheeks with his sleeve, and silently started opening a new bag of Wangxian-branded marinated chicken wings for the barbecue.

Jing Yi continued to welcome newcomers that popped into the campsite one by one throughout the day, and when he ran out of fairy tales about the great and wonderful Han Guang Jun, a teary-eyed Wei Ying, through ugly sobs and hiccups, explained a bit about what he and the husband went through in the past couple of years after starting their new lives together in Yiling - the humble beginnings of a farming family that also sold street snacks on the side, the establishment of Wangxian Co. Ltd., the birth of Qishan Lan - the sister (or brother) sect of Gusu Lan, and a highly abbreviated and altered account of their journey to Gusu - that the Middle Kingdom was indeed still under attack by fierce corpses, but generally the cities and towns are still fine (and populated; but he didn't reveal by whom).

To take the boys' minds off the raging world outside, Wei Ying showed them their company's products and logos printed on the packaging, told them about the significance of the black-and-white rabbits that relate so well to members of the Gusu Lan, talked a bit about the virtues that the Qishan Lan family adapts - which is so much akin to Gusu Lan's over-4000 rules compared to the nefarious Sacred Scripture Rocks that essentially placed a death sentence over the province; to the point that when Wei Ying had to stop to get a drink, Jing Yi smoothly slipped into place and continued to spin wild tales - but mostly truthful and believable, reasonably made up tales - to his wide-eyed captive audience; that Wei Ying finally, gracefully, bowed out from the campfire and decided to stay and help the husband with a new batch of chicken wings, and declared to the latter that he thought Lan Jing Yi, now distant relative of his, is a fine, young man indeed.

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By the time the welcome party was over - which could've been a few hours or a few days, but nobody kept watch of the water-clock in the corner of the campsite because it was always a beautiful, pleasant mid-morning -, everyone sported bulging bellies and nicely settled down into their furry robes-turned-sleeping bags, which were really fluffy and extendable, and made of high quality wooly fibres - like cocoons for caterpillars to pupate, sleep and await their next spring. There hadn't been any new arrivals for quite a while - unfortunately, no signs of Si Zhi or any other notable Gusu Lan members -, so the couple assured themselves that they'd done their best to search for Lan survivors in every known settlement in the province where man-made trash are aplenty, and decided to call it a day (or a week, perhaps). There were about a hundred rescued Lan sect disciples in total, and sadly, none were found from other allied families including the Ouyangs. The brave survivors took the news calmly, despite knowing that they have just been officially told that there were more losses among their circle of friends. Wei Ying thought, rather in despair, that perhaps they boys, now men, faced enough grim news about deaths of their comrades daily, and were probably numbed by then.

Jing Yi was actively up and about when he wasn't taking a nap from too much good food, or chatting tirelessly with every disciple, making sure his brethren were comfortable with full tummies and drunk from their favourite new cordial drinks (Gusu Lans never had so much sugared water filled with tasty chemicals in their lives before, it seemed), and they lay in a strangely perfectly ordered manner around the campsite like a mathematically-calculated matrix on hilly grasslands. He took the couple's mish-mashed stories very well, such as the explanation of how portals and Papermen magic work, because Gusu Lans were also trained in teleportation and opening doorways through space (Su She too, but that was quite long ago), and Papermen were considered child's play in the world of cultivation; only Wei Ying knew how to trash the spell completely, literally, and Jing Yi wasn't surprised since the former Yiling Patriarch had many unbelievable accomplishments and crazy inventions credited to his name.

(Wei Ying did take a moment to pull the husband aside from cleaning duties; Lan Zhan was busy hosing down the cooled-off, greasy barbecue grill with jets of Water spells and a bottle of Wangxian-branded detergent liquid - he asked if the husband was aware that there were about a *hundred* Lan boys, or men, lying down in perfectly balanced, sequential in size and height, and symmetrically rectangular formations. The husband wiped sweat and grime off his fingers with a washcloth and admired the scenery, which was calming for some inexplicable reasons. "There are no girls among them, and I thought this morning I saw an ad in ErNet's classifieds section about a recruitment drive to fill a *hundred* vacancies for our businesses in Yiling's Market Streets, that explicitly mentioned 'male applicants only'," the spouse gave an accusing look at the husband. Lan Zhan lowered his gaze and resumed his cleaning, not responding to the accusation at all. Wei Ying rolled his eyes and mumbled something about Lan Zhan and his free-wheeling use of godly powers, and the obsessive need to achieve Perfect Hundreds.)

Small orderly groups of disciples helped with the clean-up while others rested, accompanied by soft, calming guqin music from magical strings conjured between trees that played but their own. In the tranquil atmosphere, Wei Ying remarked that Jing Yi had certainly matured over the years; the man used to be whiny, blamed others when things go wrong, and cowardly in avoiding responsibilities - in which the latter simply laughed and said that he'd grown up and learnt a lot while handling the protests and later, surviving the massacre caused by the Tians and trying to keep his *xiongdi* s alive. Lan Zhan added that both he and Wei Ying changed a lot too, during the war with the Qishan Wens, which parallels what Jing Yi's generation is going through.

A few boys - men, probably - played with little Ni-er and Ernie, fondly called as the furry white worm and the black lizard's tail, as though they were having fun with pets. Adorable Ni-er made it a point to guu-guu and nom-nom at every disciple's drool-coated fingers to imbue every individual with her brand all-compassing cuteness tinged with unseen god-tiered protective powers; the less adorable Ernie entertained the boys - he thinks they're still adolescents, from his arrogant teenage emo viewpoint - with ballerina-like acrobatic stunts that only a cold black mass of tentacles could perform; while he was oogled and ooh-ahh'd by fascinated disciples, he secretly absorbed miniscule amounts of their *qi* and genetic materials, analyzed the collected substances, and started to reverse-engineer them out of bad habit inside his own self-contained universes.

The disciples seemed unfazed by the two tentacle-kin, as they've seen stranger, even fouler creatures crawling out of the decks of Imperial warships anchored to the coasts - living in the mountaintops gave them vantage views - which had been the first signs of danger to those who harbored suspicions about the sudden arrivals and the unexpected declarations of peace and security promised by Tian witches over discussion tables richly decorated with bags of gold, expensive food and unfortunately, jars of the finest and most fragrant wines from Chang'an that no men, not even sect elders, could resist.

One of Jing Yi's friends said, while sweeping the ground with a straw broom after having fun with the two tentacle-kin, that he watched from a slightly parted open bedroom door how his working-class parents went goggle-eyed over such bribes in exchange for a vote during the Lan family council election, a good word to some influential elders, and later, a new set of 'blue skies'-themed robes for the young and old that lacked holy sutras and other typical Gusu Lan magical defenses. They were also given a copy of the Sacred Scriptures and one of the first few passages instructed them to rid their family of the forehead ribbon, and therefore, any attachment to old traditions and outdated ways of thinking.

"I was deemed a rebel because I spent more time with my friends and with Jing Yi *shixiong* when he started to run secret nightly meetings with our classmates. That was shortly after the first missing bodies were reported by the Ouyang families, and we heard terrible rumours about how people were slaughtered by assassins who originated from the Imperial ships, and their remains turned into fierce corpses - that gave us a hint of the type of monsters that we were dealing with, and why the Gusu Lan robes were so important. I had a big fight with my parents and siblings because I refused to read the Sacred Scriptures or set my old robes on fire, and instead, I ran off the same night the Imperial soldiers quietly sealed the entrance gates and all mountain passes around the Cloud Recesses," he said, softly, with guilt-laden voice. "Most of us experienced some form of separation from our families - we're a lost generation, for sure - and some of us actually witnessed our family members die in front of our eyes and lived long enough to warn others, just like Ouyang Zizhen. The older ones among us recognized the setup as a demonic attack, and got us safely out of the Cloud Recesses, however, the Tians were relentless and tried to pursue us, so we had to split into smaller groups to evade the enemy."

"Yeah! Altho' we couldn't make any Fairy Mess'nger calls to each oth'r, luck'ly we had people like Jing Yi *shixiong* to lead us, and force us to focus

on surviv'ng and regroup'ng far away fr'm home, ya know?" another person, with heavy Gusu accent, chipped in while wiping spilled sauces and leftovers from the tables, "When you found us, there were four in the group - originally we had ten; but don't get me wrong, I don't blame our *shixiong* because so many things had happened that were beyond anyone's control - some lost hope and surrendered themselves to the police, some were caught during the chase, the youngest fell into a coma for a week with high fever, and never regained consciousness - and Jing Yi kept pressing on because he believed that Si Zhui is alive somewhere, and is waiting for him, perhaps in some teahouse with a drink in hand."

Wei Ying decided that he'd heard enough, for now. He called everyone in the clean-up crew to put down their gear, sit together at a table like a prayer circle and take a breather, while giving them a great big motherly hug. Lan Zhan walked over to Jing Yi who was blissfully unaware because he was busy taking out the trash with the two worm - or tentacle - like creatures circling around his legs, and he nearly tripped. Jing Yi received a supporting grip on his arm to avoid the fall, and he could only gasp in surprise when his idol, the great and wonderful Han Guang Jun, turned him to the side and embraced him in a very fatherly way.

Ernie quietly conjured a holo-phone from the forest canopy and directed it to take a wide panoramic view snapshot of the serene campsite - of surviving Gusu Lan disciples sleeping soundly after the rescue campaign; of Wei Ying and Lan Zhan hugging and cuddling some men - some, boys - to hopefully soothe their pains from the sufferings of a war that had gone terribly, terribly wrong; of the two tentacle-kin keeping close to their newfound distant cousins; and in the far, far western horizon, the first kindling of smoke and fires, and a sea of Qishan Lan-white barely peeking out from the hilltops. He'd store the pictures into an album in the family cloud drive, aptly titled in a touching way, "To my dear mother and father".

“Three conclusions,” the extinguished cigarette butt announced, “is what I can make, after visiting nearly all the villages, towns and cities simultaneously with my awesome omnipresence.”

“First,” next to it, a nearly flat, lumpy burnt-out candle said, “Not only do they have such terrible table manners, they also have downright despicable energy savings and waste disposal management practices. I’m ashamed to even call these females respectable *qi* -sucking demon-kin!” Its wilted wick smoked as it talked, clearly agitated by what it planned to spew out of its invisible mouth.

The couple (the spouse loved to exist in multiples, the husband learnt. So he had to contend with travelling with many annoying Wei Yings who form a kind of trash-y harem - which was fine, because harems are one of his kinks and fantasies) hid behind some cupboards, and spied on the activities of a succubi nest, which was in most cases a large building with Tian Mi Mi-esque architecture built in the city centre, a town square or the village head’s backyard. The outside looked normal, despite the lack of visitors and the heavy presence of Imperial military and police bearing ‘blue skies’ insignias on their impressive armaments. The inside, however, was an entirely different story - one that was full of rooms where unspeakable immoral horrors happened, that the couple had to stomach and watch like one of Lan Zhan’s free-to-air all-nighter nightmarish pornographic channels, except that it involved female dominatrixes, heterosexual sex, BDSM, blood, gore and torture elements, bad endings for the male prisoners, and followed by a jarring display of magical prowess in reviving the dead bodies into fierce corpses.

“You see, right after the victims are killed, there’s plenty of hatred, fear, disgust and vengeful feelings that could be harvested as a form of dark *qi* . They could’ve light up torches, move heavy equipment, heat up bathwaters, or even package into inhalable food for the undead and blast spiritual cannons with the free, surplus energy, but they didn’t. They simply collected the bodies from the rooms and dumped them into a common morgue in the center of the building, allowing the corpses to cool and let all that precious energy go to waste. No wonder this place smells of rotting flesh and there are plenty of flies and maggots everywhere!” the glop of candlewax added.

A third version of the spouse, this time a discarded piece of betel nut-flavoured chewing gum, followed up, "I’ve also studied how they mass-converted the bodies into fierce corpses. Unlike decent and honest Dark Arts practitioner like yours truly, rather than spending time reviving each corpse with proper rituals, then bathe, cloth, educate and care for them until they are fully conscious, these lazy demonesses simply rely on injected poisons through the victim’s bloodstream during sex or through tainted food, and let the dark magic work its way to transform the body on its own. Do you remember that feral fierce corpse made from the man who sold his neighbour for a handful of gold nuggets and a deadly food delivery? See, that’s what happens when you let nature take its course - it’s highly ineffective, it’s wasteful, and you end up with unintelligent servants at your beck and call that need more instructions than a three year old does!"

Back to the cigarette butt, who hopped irately to gesture at a hideous scene not far away, "Ah, ah, look at that! The Tians didn’t even bother to segregate the decomposing bodies according to age and condition! They should incinerate the diseased so that others are not affected by flesh-eating bacteria, of which the damage is irreversible; recycle the youngest ones that cannot be revived anyway, and turn them into dehydrated feed pellets for other dark creatures’ consumption - don’t get me started on the shell of that dead newborn that was thrown into the bushes the other time, because that’s a crime against hunger for some!; and dress up the brittle, wrinkly aged

victims with prosthetics and joint replacements, rather than let them try to stand shakily on their own and end up as a pile of dusty bones on the ground. It's basic management principles of cadavers 101, really! This whole place is becoming a huge garbage dump!..."

All three spouses agreed wholeheartedly, and huffed and puffed in mutual frustration (because Wei Wuxian, genius extraordinaire of the Dark Arts, authored several books about fierce corpses and other denizens of the undead, although he never published them). The husband, always a wooden block of various shapes and sizes, depending on what kind of block he could find and inhabit while searching for hosts, remained indifferent at the spouse's endless tirade of accusations and complaints. He wasn't all that hyped up about the process of turning freshly dead bodies into the walking undead, since that wasn't his forte nor his area of interest.

Instead, he was morbidly fascinated at watching how a ten year old Gusu Lan, no, *ex-Gusu Lan* boy was consumed by a band of succubi. He never really had an enriching childhood, never observed how snakes strike and devour rodents in open rice fields and chickens locked up in their coops; or study how praying mantis or spiders ambush, capture then chew their struggling, living prey; or had the experience of drowning bugs in a bowl of water to watch them die, and later pick them up to squash them with a shoe to see whether they squirt out water or greenish guts. It was cruel, gruesome, grotesque, yet engrossing, captivating and compelling - a gripping theatrical play on the life and death of someone or something else, where one can marvel from a safe distance without the risk of being accused of inaction or misbehaviour; mock or empathize the victim without the burden of guilt on the heart; desensitize and detach oneself without regard to morals or over-4000 family rules - because no one was really watching or judging him; the spouse may be a little more critical of his actions, but he could boil it down to Wei Ying-ness that could be ignored or treated as air coming out from someone's rear end.

The boy, clearly from his former home because his forehead sported a strip of fairer skin, and he wore the detestable 'blue skies' robes - clearly a fraud, since the garments were graceful and flow-y as Gusu Lan's famous designs, except that it lacked the cloud-themed patterns, and had a deeper shade of sky-blue in colour. For someone who had given up his sacred forehead ribbon and robes, whether by will or by force, it meant that the person no longer abides by Gusu Lan's rules, and therefore, is no longer considered part of the community. To the husband, watching the screaming, crying boy being helplessly pulled out from a dirty cage, then effortlessly stripped by salivating, cackling succubi, was as interesting - and morally heartless - as watching another sect's disciple being murdered from miles away - because in reality, as a wooden block smaller than a *baozi* dumpling, he really couldn't do anything to save the boy's life.

The boy was given a hellish hand and blowjob and brutally woman-handled until he was hard as steel, and blossomed like a juicy, ripe, reddened fruit served on a shiny platter. One succubi used her keen sense of smell, and said that the boy no longer carried a mild scent as before, and had suddenly taken on a tell-tale tasty pungency; the next tingle would be the first wet experience for the boy. Another succubi used her sharp hearing to listen to the racing heartbeat, and the rush of sweet liquids down, down in the boy's swollen genitals, and would announce the spectacular ejaculatory moment that warranted a celebration of sorts. Yet a third succubi licked the skin over the boy's thin, heaving chest and announced that his golden core has ripened tremendously overnight due to the approaching puberty and admission into adulthood, and that she will gouge a hole in his chest upon climax to let everyone sample the sweet-tasting candied fruit.

The wooden block watched, with voyeuristic intentions, how the ten-year old boy was molested, caressed and savaged by a group of ten succubi - their tender kisses and panting shrilly breaths inhaled life energies off the dying child's shivering figure, their excruciatingly painful clawed touches poisoned his arteries and veins, their fangs injected massive amounts of aphrodisiac drugs into the body that was too young to experience the lethal

pleasures of demonic sex; how he suffered his inaugural true, syrupy climax, one that consisted of his first-time ejaculations of nearly ten life-changing and incredibly pleasurable spurts; and how the succubi enjoyed their feast of draining their prey's sexual *qi* - the most powerful form of *qi* and the tastiest of them all - until the very last drop was slurped off his shrivelled loins that had exploded into a bloodied mess, and ruined by multiple demon-fuelled orgasms on the first day of manhood, and had his ribcage ripped open by ten open jaws waiting to lick, bite and chew the golden core and consume adjacent internal organs, including the fading, erratically spasming heart that couldn't keep up with the climaxes, and the blood-filled lungs that couldn't fill up enough air for the uncontrollable pleasure-induced gasps and moans.

The husband watched, enthralled by the deathly spectacle, while the spouses droned on about more distasteful, self-proclaimed conclusions about the succubi-kin.

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It was a brief slip-up, perhaps from watching demonic bodies slithering and rubbing sensuously all over their sole prey, had a rather visual effect on him - one that made his vision blurry, turned his muscles into jelly, or maybe he was a little tired from adventuring too much in too short span of time - that he closed his eyes just for a moment of respite, and dozed off.

“Unnh... Unnh... Uncle Wei, please, not so hard. Ahh... my wee-wee feels strange, it's like something is coming out. It's so itchy inside, and it feels like a fever down there... I... nnngh... I want to pee...”

Uncle Wei wouldn't listen to his whiny pleas, and continued to play with Little A-Ji's *xiao ji ji* until it bloomed into beautiful angry reds and pinks, as turgid as a bouncy elongated balloon, and the quail eggs had instinctively tucked themselves at the base, tightened too much until they cramped, ready to unload the first volleys of springtime lust. The boy hadn't sleep well, and experienced disturbing dreams during the night; when he slowly opened his eyes at the first sign of daybreak, then wanted to stretch and yawn on his sleep-warmed bed decorated with pictures of little bunnies - little A-Ji gasped and moaned loudly because his private parts were burning red hot, his buttohole was fondled by lubricated fingers, his adolescent prostate was fiddled all night until the gland inflated twice its size and overflowed with nectar that only little boys could produce - he was being sexually assaulted by the man he hoped to avoid in the morning.

"No, A-Ji, I'm your stepmother now, so you must call me Mama," the rapist, who was forcibly married into the family, warned, and clenched his O-ring of thumb and two fingers that pistoned rapidly along the boy's wildly twitching penis. "Mama is making your mornings special, so don't complain. Every day when you wake up, it comes with a tingle and a little more. You better appreciate it, boy," the man murmured into the wet schlicky sounds; little A-Ji had started to leak out a lot pre-cum recently. Uncle Wei didn't even bother to mention that sometimes the boy wakes up with an adult's penis drilling into his blossomed, thoroughly deflowered rosebud.

While the rigid throbbing flesh received mind-blowing strokes along its length and that special spot beneath the exposed glans was rubbed until nearly raw, Uncle Wei dipped his head between the child's open thighs again and again. He stabbed the cockhead with a greasy, slimy tongue, grazed yellow-stained teeth along the spongy bulbous surface, generously licked circles around the dome-shaped tip - even the sensitive parts beneath the foreskin was not spared - before attacking the toothpick-size cockslit fervently with kisses and suckles, until little A-Ji could only grunt and jerk his hips repeatedly into Uncle Wei's waiting, greedy mouth.

“Hnnhhk... aahnn... nnnhgn... Uncle-- Mama, Mama, it feels so good... my wee-wee wants to pee, I can’t hold back, my hips are shaking on their own, everything is squeezing out...” the sexually flushed boy cried out with heavy panting, toes curling, back arching, fingers clawing at messy bedsheets, skin glistening with sweat. It had probably been about two years since he started living with this twisted monster under the same roof, and was raped every hour, every day. His child bride - now wife - was in the next room, fornicating with the daddy, and sported a bulge in his fertile child-belly because there was just too much semen ejected into little A-Xian's ass every hour, every day.

“Oh my sweet, sweet son, A-Ji, the day has finally come! You’re ten this year, and I could smell, taste and feel the approaching adulthood inside you. Today is the day you will finally orgasm as a true man, and your mama is here to receive your heated, virile love! Shoot for me, boy! Release the dam, and let your virgin sperm free!” the dirty messy-haired man grinned his million dollar smile and bared his canines in front of the trembling child-penis. The strokes picked up their pace, the lips enveloped the entire cockhead and little A-Ji was depththroated so well, the oral sex could’ve been performed by a top-notch prostitute, except that the ten-year old didn’t really understand these terms, or why his lower body felt so different, so tensed, so swollen, so incredibly *good* this morning, despite the fact that his body had been well-trained to tingle and experience an adult’s pleasures well before his time.

Little A-Ji cried out “Mama!” with tears in his eyes, his vision turned white with sparkly stars that for a moment, he thought he fell sick and was becoming blind from his first ever waves of ejaculation, as the first powerful contractions ran up and down his penis, his nervous system sizzled and electrified, missiles of thick, viscous semen on their maiden voyage out of their cradle, muscular pulses pushed, pushed, until the molten seed bloated the barrel of its cannon, and spurted bountifully in beautiful

arches, straight into the boy's Mama's impatient tongue and down the chasm of a sweet tight throat.

Spurt one to five was heavenly, delirious, feverish, very thick and warm, saturated with millions of sperm cells that reached the finishing line, only to die uselessly in someone's vat of stomach acid minutes later.

The six to tenth shots were slightly diluted, still creamy, and had a distinctive, delectable musky flavour that only Uncle Wei, the stepmother, knew too well.

From the eleventh until the twentieth throbbing twitch, the eruptions gradually eased and became slower, sluggish, less viscous and more relaxed. Each dollop oozed out in fluttering spasms and looked like a river of melted warm ice cream being pumped into a depthless drain.

The last ten rhythmic pulses were weak, erratic, increasingly pained and agonized in the way they squirted too excitedly, too randomly, unable to bear the short-circuiting pleasures, yet too exhausted to squeeze out anything else.

“Ah... Mama, I... I just... c-c-came... it's t-too s-s-sensitive, please, enough, enough! No, please! I beg you, Uncle Wei! M-Mama! S... Stop!” the boy sobbed and buckled as his underaged body was wrecked with incredible bursts of sexual agony.

Uncle Wei continued to suck and swallow the boy's first wet orgasm until little A-Ji started hiccuping in tears, because he became unfamiliarly, and extremely sensitive, but the man would not let go. He attacked the child's genitals while in bed, forcing every last liquidy sweetness to spew out of the tortured, engorged cock until they turned into squirts of pungent morning pee, inflicting sadistic pleasures upon the inexperienced, immature body until the boy's nipples were puffed up like strawberry pastries, his lips swollen from too many passionate kisses - and when the sun was up and shone gloriously through the open windows into their sex-stinked bedroom, Uncle Wei was already rutting deeply into the boy, missionary style, and fertilizing the ten-year old with his own blasts of adult sperm - however, the hairy hands never left the shuddering genitals, and rough, calloused fingers continued to knead and play with the dying, but impossibly hard young youthful organ, and poor little A-Ji was forced to orgasm again and again with nothing left to ejaculate, well into the bright, sunny blue-skies morning.

The wooden block woke up with a groan, to find that indeed, he had fallen asleep for a short while. His three spouses - the cigarette butt, the lump of candlewax, and the chewed chewing gum - made sweet love to him in the manner of a sex-crazed harem that only inanimate objects could, until the orgy left the block smouldering, chipped and cracked due to too much thrusting and shearing forces and sweet, sweet delectable friction.

Nobody noticed the procreative action behind the cupboard inside the Tian Mi Mi-esque building, even when the third male victim was vacuumed dry by the succubi during that idyllic mid-morning.

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To the Far, Far East, underneath the vast expanse of a deep ocean, undersea earthquakes rumbled, vents started to boil and eject explosive volcanic rocks, and the dark, shadowed seabed becomes deformed with massive cracks, continental plate shifts and the resulting subsonic shockwaves. Huge kraken-like tentacles from legendary underwater denizens emerge in whirlpools of bubbles, followed by the rise of gigantic sea turtles, serpentine dragons, huge manta rays, whale-sized sharks and others, including humongous clam shells that cause tsunamis each time they moved. The ocean becomes dark when it is swarmed by the fish-kin and armies of mermen.

The Dragon King of the Seas that serves the Kingdom of Qishan Lan has awakened, and commands his people to swim towards the Imperial navy fleet anchored off the coastlines of Gusu.

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“ *Lao gong* , are you really okay with this? We’re in a nest full of victims from the Gusu Lan... err, Gusu Tian sect and nearby towns and villages. They’re dying one by one, and yet you haven’t said anything about rescuing them.” The lump of candlewax had melted itself and coated the wooden block like a wriggling, undulating pleasantly-heated mass of gel. To the husband, it felt like a pleasurable body massage. Some tobacco bits were added to the mass, and they nicely scratched the presumed back surface when the candlewax jiggled - the equivalent of giving the husband a nice back scratch.

“Yeah, *lao gong* , what happened to our promise to overcome all evil and protect the weak? Those poor, wretched things end up as food, and they fatten up our enemies day by day!” The chewing gum stretched itself on the

now-familiar phallic protrusion on the wooden block, and wrapped it together with bits of dried, flaky tobacco like a spring roll that bounced with the consistency of living flesh. The elasticity and the abrasiveness of the resulting gritty gum gave heavenly pleasures to the husband's makeshift penis, though he had ascended to his own Buddhahood some time ago, and could peacefully restrain himself from diving head-first into the pleasures of the lowly Mortal Realm.

“Why don't you save the surviving residents of Gusu, including your former disciples, from their prisons? Or resurrect them with your godly magic? Or slam a great meteor and destroy everything on this cursed land so that you can rebuild it to your satisfaction?” The cigarette butt had magically sported limbs, and picked up a piece of wire mesh, which was fashioned into a primitive-looking spoon-type earpick. The wooden block was laid to rest, in a very relaxed way as much as a hard block of wood could, on the cigarette's length, and given a very pleasurable and aah-inducing ear cleaning session; one side of the said block had a slight indentation, a small crevice, that was lovingly scraped and scratched for many minutes, even hours (because time had no meaning in this perpetually mid-morning world).

The husband nnngh'd in annoyance at the naggy comments that questioned his integrity, his being, his decisions, his authority. He really wanted to lay down to enjoy the quadruple of earthly pleasures - having his spouse fuck his hardwood like an automated self-moving cocksleeve, doubling his joy with a body massage in tandem with a backscratch, and that wonderful, eye-rolled-back ear-cleaning that can turn even the greatest Han Guang Jun into a drooling, groaning, languishing idiot. But alas, the spouses were merciless and wanted an answer - they paused their tender loving movements and threatened to leave the husband in cold storage if they didn't receive a satisfactory response.

The wooden block sighed. “Everyone, everything in Gusu has been reverse-engineered and backed up in our family cloud drive, *lao po* . There’s no reason to save the population in Gusu, because one exact copy has been made in the Realms of the Gods. I’ve instructed my servants to rebuild Gusu and re-create everyone within the heavens above the blue skies - it’s just next to the supermarket around the corner, down the main road from the Heavenly Palace. When your cultivation level is high enough, you should drop by for a visit - it’s very beautiful in its original pristine state, the people are safe and happy, and everyone is healthy, youthful and fine, unlike here. Even those who had denounced me will be given a reprieve, and be reborn in the heavens with a clean slate of mind, and a loyal heart to our Kingdom.”

The candlewax squealed with delight, and started massaging and scratching the husband with renewed vigour, as though the act itself could really level up its cultivation level - Wei Ying always loves to explore and venture into new promising lands, after all. The husband involuntarily aahns, hnnghs, uuuhns, then bent and twitched as much as a piece of wood could, and further cracked and warped his surface - but that was fine, as long as it felt good.

“The entire space-time bubble has been classified as a glitch of the root directory of the Mortal Realm, caused by viruses. After your siblings and the rest of our Kingdom are done having fun wrecking the Tians, I will use my All-Administrative Master Access to log in, and delete the folder for Gusu. It’ll be cleaned-up with the latest anti-virus software, then re-formatted and turned into a brand new piece of empty land; the land title will have my name on it as its new owner, so no evil shall be able to corrupt it from henceforth.”

The cigarette butt was pleased, and started cleaning the husband’s imagined ear. Fragments of sawdust started rolling out of the crevice, and tumbled to

the ground. The husband gratefully moaned incoherently.

“The only reason why I tagged along in this journey with you, was because I wanted to see with my own eyes to select a perfect hundred Gusu Lan disciples to match with your hundred Jiang disciples currently living in our estates in Yiling. Everything has been preordained, but the only thing left to do is to pair each Lan disciple with his fated younger Jiang disciple. I want our Kingdom to blossom with more love and peace, according to our family’s rules and virtuous principles based on our legacy to our Kingdom.”

The chewing gum sobbed at the touching, inspiring words, and started to drill itself happily on the husband’s wood, with the maximum depth of penetration and the best torque and shearing forces a gum could give to its beloved block of wood. The husband shivered and started to smoke - the scent of burning betel nut and tobacco wafted into the surroundings, and nearby succubi, who were busily engaged in sexual intercourses with multiple virginal teenage boys and pretty young but dying men, detected the smoke but thought it smelled really bad, and attributed it to the pile of rotting bodies left behind by their sexcapades, and so, ignored the signs of their impending doom.

Back in the campsite, Ernie and his *meimei* had received telepathic instructions from the Grand Patriarch to replicate themselves into pairs of glitzy black-red and feminine furry white tassels to tie to sashes and accompany each rescued Lan disciple. They also prepared a backpack for each individual, which contained Wangxian-branded One-Press-Button freeze-dried and nutritious packaged food and beverages, toiletries and other daily necessities (including a handheld straw broom, no less), and an extra set of Ni-er’s All-Season Collection Robes. Little Ni-er had acquainted with her newfound cousins and felt very close to them, so she made velvety Bags of Holding dotted with cute pink hearts and flowers for each lovely *tang ge* (堂哥; paternal-side elder male cousin) and filled them

with goodies for when they start their new lives in Yiling. Ernie made sure the logistical arrangements are flawless, including an elaborate teleportation spell to send them off, and he also swiped his father's Heavenly Jade credit card (without the owner's consent - but that was fine) to make sure the boys had more than enough funds in their pockets when they arrive at Yiling's immigration processing centres (he still refused to acknowledge the disciples as full-fledged men, though).

In a nutshell, Lan Zhan had already won the war before it started. Wei Ying couldn't help but to give the husband a pleased and proud, loud wet kiss while in the presence of about a hundred snoring, sugar-drunk Lan disciples, all nicely wrapped up in their furry silky cocoon sleeping bags-cum-robos from Ni-er's imaginary boutique.

Notes for the Chapter:

It took a bit of effort to come up with a script for this chapter, because I have once again run out of ideas, and work in my dayjob has piled up. Thank goodness the pandemic is easing at least in this part of the world, so things are looking up :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 108

Wei Ying contemplated, from a safe distance, at how the great and wonderful Han Guang Jun, undoubtedly expressed uncharacteristic interest at a potential rival of sorts, when the handsome man put a hand around the younger boy's shoulder (yes, it's back to being a 'boy' because of the rivalry, and that Wei Ying considers all rivals as immature and inferior to the great ex-Yiling Patriarch), and led the latter down the hill and into some bushes. There were some subtle gestures from the husband - a slight nod, a tilt of chin, a thumb pointing to a secret meeting place, and so on - which told the jealous (Wei Ying balked at that word... would he really feel jealous over the husband having a heart-to-heart talk with his distant relative? Or did he simply feel slighted or left out?) spouse that the husband wanted to have a chat with the brat named Lan Jing Yi. (Oh now it's downgraded from 'boy' to 'brat', Wei Ying's inner self commented wryly.)

The spouse maintained a solid connection to the husband using ErNet, but some things can be deliberately hidden from sight or hearing. Lan Zhan admitted to the spouse before that he considered some exclusive Gusu Lan matters to be quite private and confidential to that sect, and too sensitive to involve outsiders even within one's own family. It was tough to wrap the idea around the head, for Wei Ying at least, because he's always been open to Lan Zhan even about Yunmeng Jiang's problems - and then caught himself, because he remembered several episodes in the past when he ganged up with Jiang Cheng and kept out the poor husband-to-be, a couple of decades back. Wei Ying sighed, and accepted the fact that they always hid secrets behind their own backs despite being, in exterior, blissfully married and madly in love with one another - and perhaps that was perfectly natural as far as human behaviours on selfishness and self-preservation goes - but that acceptance wavered a little when it involved his husband and a younger boy, disappearing into the shady shadows of dense undergrowth, and a mortifyingly suspicious gag placed on any psychic connections between the Qishan Lan couple.

Wei Ying sighed again, louder this time. He looked around the campsite - everyone's fast asleep in perfectly arranged rows of sleeping bags of butterfly-like pupae wrapped in soft wool, wearing eye-masks under overcast skies; the perpetually mid-morning sun had gone hiding behind passing-by clouds, so the temperatures on the hilltops dropped a little, chill started to set in, and it was perfect to start hibernation with full tummies, in some ways. The two tentacle-kin were still busy making preparations, toiling hard on the cleaned picnic benches to manufacture enough gear for the disciples' onward journey, when Wei Ying barked out their names to catch their attention.

Ernie didn't even need to listen to what his mother wanted to say next - being the rebellious teenage emo, he'd think of himself as superior to all Mankind and could predict how people will think and react just by eavesdropping on their conversations and tapped into their emotional-cognitive-psyhic frequencies via a parallel astral dimension - and be ostensibly true, in most cases.

After an emo roll of eyes, the so-called black lizard's tail grabbed hold of his *meimei*, who squealed in surprise at her *gege*'s strong grip, and the little fluffy worm was lifted up shaken like a salt shaker in mid-air. She giggled, beautiful baby tinkling crystalline sounds that soothed any darkness or sourness in one's heart, and her worm-like body was rattled to core; tufts of snow-white fur dislodged from her delicate, velvety coat, and floated upwards to fill the air like puffy dandelion seeds blown by summer breezes.

Wei Ying licked his lips. If the husband wanted to play, so could he, after all - in retaliation, of course.

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The two men talked a little about the weather, as with all conversation starters. It appeared that Jing Yi, and probably the other hundred or so disciples, did not realize time had somewhat stopped in the middle of a harsh winter - which to the Grand Patriarch knowledge, supported by his aides' thorough effort to comb through every known database including the entire Wei-kikipedia website and the annals of the Book of Judgement, confirmed his suspicion that the entire population of Gusu had been assimilated into the curse of the space-time bubble, commonly known amongst gods and universe-creators as 'the story book effect':

Those afflicted by the curse were essentially woven into the time-stopped bubble. For example, they could no longer comprehend nor tell the difference between mid-morning or any other time of the day, or the passage of time. Everything was relative and nothing can be described in absolutes. Jing Yi believed that he escaped the Cloud Recesses 'earlier the day', but could not point out how much time had passed; although he should know that he'd fled his home a full moon ago, and spent weeks hiding from Imperial soldiers, yet his mind could not calculate the total time nor compute the logic behind it, because he had been painted *into* the pages of a twisted story book rather than being the independent reader who reads the said book in a bookshop, outside of the book's covers.

Lan Zhan postulated that this probably explained the strange, cardboard-like quality of the disciples - everyone behaved and reacted rather stiffly, a little detached from reality, sometimes dumbled down to a mob character's standards, driven by an invisible but unrealistic and perverted script rather than the other way around, and always displayed a rather absurdly optimistic or idealistic but impractical positive outlook despite the terrible

fate of their world. Any boy, regardless of sect culture or upbringing, would've displayed signs of shock, distress and break down in the face of hopelessness, of losing their homes, of mounting death tolls, even of watching one of their comrades being *raped* by demonic females; he wished he could fully attribute the sturdy build of character in the Lan survivors to their teachings, but he knew otherwise.

Servants from the Heavenly Court texted the Grand Patriarch via his private LanWeb account. They could probably move the survivors *out* of the space-time bubble's corrupted programming code upon a successful exit teleportation, patch them up and rebuild their natural human elements into the sparse, featureless and artificial - even plastic - cardboard-like scaffold of sorts. However, such ultra-nano surgical procedures would render the disciples rather feeble in the mind and heart - like emotionally nursing a child back to adulthood once again -, and they would require a strong leader to love and care for them during the recovery phase, and lead them into a better life. A pack leader at least, or a pair of parental figures at most, his counsels advised.

Lan Zhan nodded habitually after receiving the needful information from his royal subjects, and turned to the remarkable young man next to him. Jing Yi stared back, quizzically, and wondered at their peculiar secluded location and circumstances. The great and wonderful Han Guang Jun asked, in a very abbreviated manner, for what the man thought of three rather whimsical, but very important topics.

“Love? Oh... Han Guang Jun, you know we're not encouraged to fall in love outside of the relationships and marriages that our guardians arranged for us - however, since you brought up this topic, and you asked for my honest opinion... well, when I was about twelve or thirteen, there was this really pretty girl in my class, she's the daughter of one of my uncle's cousins. She was a little talkative, like me, and we got on very well during

team assignments. I think I had a crush, but I can't really remember how that felt like, though.

But now, I just want to get all of us back together as a sect, and find a way to return home and save as many as possible, if they're still alive. I miss my pals, really, I miss playing and practising cultivation with them, I miss reciting our family rules in the mornings with them, I miss gathering during our daily assemblies to greet our elders and wish them good health and wisdom; heck, I don't even know if my aging parents are still around, but at least I want to greet them one more time while I'm still breathing in this world! That's the biggest form of love, in my honest opinion - love, understanding and respect for your family members, friends, and your kin. Oh, I have to include partial outsiders too, because I can never, never sideline Si Zhui, despite the fact that he left us to take up a nomadic life in the outskirts a few years back. I want to find him, hug him, make sure he's alright, and have some tea with him while sharing our stories in a rowdy teahouse! I know he's still out there, somewhere, I can feel it in my bones!"

"Leadership? Uhh... you're the greatest and more wonderful, Han Guang Jun, do you really need my opinion? You do? Oh... err... I think the elders have been a little disappointing since you left, really. They kept making mistakes in their decisions, backtracking then finger pointing when things go wrong - or worse, not making any decisions at all. I'm a more assertive, go-getter type, so I usually spend more time doing something than mulling over stuff. I think some of the older ways of thinking need to evolve - our rules may be extensive and burdensome, but they're not necessarily bad. It's just that times have changed. I can't speak for the others, but I've survived my first two decades by living according to our leaders' words and wisdom, so surely that means something, right? If the elders had come together as a unified voice of virtuous values against the Tians' corrupted ways, rather than being bribed and tricked one by one, like a wall being torn down brick by brick at its foundation, we wouldn't end up like what we're seeing today.

Me? Erm... I don't really see myself as a leader. Well, maybe a kingpin of five or ten spirited boys trying to survive a war, yes, but not for a clan. I probably need Si Zhui's help in managing more disciples, because he's the perfect calming counterbalance to my more fiery ways of handling issues, which I know turns off some people. Ha ha ha, Han Guang Jun, you're too generous in your praises! I just follow orders and apply good common sense according to our family rules, that's all! As long as everyone is safe, healthy, thriving and isn't under some form of duress and discomfort, then I'm fine, really."

"Life? The world is so big, and I want to travel to new places, see new things, meet more people! That's one of my life goals! After this whole thing blows over, I'll probably get a few of my mates together, seek permission from the elders for a study trip or something, and hop on a horse wagon. Can we visit you, Wei *gongzi* and the Qishan Lan in Yiling? Maybe you can let us stay for a while in your new home, which I heard is as big as a fortress? After all the fantastic stuff I've heard from Wei *gongzi*, I think I want to try applying for a transfer student scholarship to your sect, it sounds awesome! There aren't many cultivation sects actively engaged in trade and commercial activities like yours - well, probably the Lanling Jins too, but they're about buying up businesses, not actually running grocery shops, restaurants, large-scale farms and other services like yours.

Wei *gongzi* said I may have the potential to work as an intern in a sales department, and that could be my life's second calling. I'm a little unsure about that, because I've never tried to sell anything for a profit, but maybe with Si Zhui working alongside to cheer me up and soothe my anxieties, I might be able to pull off a few good bargains. Do you think so too, Han Guang Jun?"

Jing Yi was as charming and persuasive as a budding, amateur but already quite chatty sales agent trying to sell insurances, cosmetics or even the odd

set of kitchen knives and household goods to housewives. His character was evaluated, from a Lan perspective, to be friendly, approachable, convincing, curious, not aggressive, humble, virtuous and principled, rational and logical in his thinking process, kind and thoughtful towards others, and very wholesome. Wei Ying would definitely remark that Jing Yi is still a little stiff and bland from a cookie-cutter mould of an exemplary but boring Gusu Lan, but that could be worked out, given time and enough life experiences *outside* of the space-time bubble, of course.

To the last question, Lan Zhan thought for a moment, and concluded that indeed, this junior had successfully closed a very good deal.

“Mn.”

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On the other side of the hill, Wei Ying had transformed into his incubus form and enjoyed a mass orgy with scores of helpless, hypnotized and demonically-seduced virginal boys. Invisible Hands gently peeled them from their protective cocoons, then woken them up to the splendid sight of swirling fur in the air - some sneezed, some coughed, some inhaled bits of white hair and choked - all of which had the desired effect of fanning everyone's loins and lusts, and tear down any virtuous walls that the Gusu Lans are famous for, with a bit of hypnosis and brainwashing added, for style of course - Wei Ying is a Dark Arts practitioner after all, and corrupting boys and young men is one of his favourite pastimes.

“Ernie! Can you serve these brats some cordial refreshments? They’re probably a little dehydrated after going on for several rounds in me... Ahhhnn, you naughty boy, how dare you shoot inside your mama’s womb right after sticking your pointy pee-pee in! Are you so excited that you cannot hold back even a minute? And you, over there, stop waiting in line and eat mama’s dick like a good boy. I want to feel good too, and not just from these yummy maiden cocks rubbing all over my body!”

At any given time, at least three naked Lan disciples copulated with the incubus, crying “*Niang! Niang!*” (Mommy! Mommy!) because of the first-ever volcanic premature ejaculations rocking through their hips that sent volatile electricity scorching their nerve-ends and sexual meridians. All hundred or so boys were in their late teens and early twenties, had experienced wet dreams before and learnt a little about self-pleasuring, but they were too easily tempted to taste the sweetness of losing their virginity to a man’s tight asshole - their first hole - that was quickly overflowing with fresh youngling’s sperm and other bodily fluids. A long queue formed behind Wei Ying, who was on all fours on the ground, and sometimes he flipped over to accept the boys missionary-style; the demon easily swayed their growing horniness and impatience, and cajoled the boys to cut their queues and simply jostle with their hard dicks for a hot touch, a tender rub or if they’re lucky, a furious fuck into one of Wei Ying’s many holes, orifices and crevices.

“Ni-er, more, keep gassing the air with drugs better than those sold in brown vials! Make more of those snowflakes for us! Ah, ah, you’re a bad boy, Mama’s going to cum because you keep shaking that hairy snake of yours inside mama’s pussy and that special sweet spot. Does it feel good? Mm? It feels good doesn’t it, to fuck your mama’s hairy pussy and shoot your baby batter into it? Unnh, uunh, come for me, boy, keep squirting that hot fertile milk! And you too, there’s always room for more! Squeeze your dickie in mama’s hole, you know you want to make more brothers and sisters inside this rosebud!”

As masses of warm, moaning, sweaty bodies converged between the man's spread-eagled legs, with plenty of virginal penises vying for the chance to penetrate and thrust through and spurt out lovely rich seeds, those who didn't mind lesser pleasures took to other tasteful places - Wei Ying's mouth was always filled with at least three cockheads at once, and every minute, someone would cry "Mama, mama" and ooze, spew, sometimes wildly twitch creamy warm boy-milk down the man's throat; Wei Ying would grin and let his forked aphrodisiac-laced tongues rain indescribable pleasures upon the convulsing boys' groins, and he always took care to tug and caress, then suck those brimming-full testicles to coax them to shoot out, shoot out more of that exquisite musky elixir that only virginal young men can produce.

"Oh, there's five of you? Tsk, tsk, such impatient boys... here, let mama hold her asshole wide, can you see how deep it is? Can you see the many fleshy folds waiting to touch and massage your pee-pees? Can you see juicy moist lips waiting to kiss the first cock that breeds into this fertile babymaking canal? Can you see a long wiggling tongue inside, slick with forbidden nectars, waiting to wrap around your penises with so much love - oh, and do you know that tongue can slither into your peehole... imagine how wonderful that feels! Ah this hole... it's filling up pretty quickly, so you better rub out directly at the entrance if you cannot bear to spear into the tight hot womb! Ahhnnh! That was so hot, and I could feel my belly bulge because someone's dollops of happy milk accidentally spilled inside... it was you, wasn't it? Oh, oh, there's more coming out from your crazily jerking cock, jam it in, boy, I want all your orgasms inside mama's womb! Come, my sweet love, come make some babies inside mama's ass..."

His clawed fingers busied themselves to give handjobs, and guided the younger ones who could fit through the wall of wiggling panting, trembling bodies to crouch over his sizzling-hot torso, so that they, too, have ample

opportunities to fuck Wei Ying's swollen nipples and suckle them like the babes they had mentally degraded into, and even try to mate with the man's belly button in a desperate bid to impossibly return to Mama's womb. Wei Ying squealed with delight when he received a shower of hot semen streaks, and cajoled everyone to have a go into his sweet, clenching tight tunnel of love.

Eventually, every boy had a chance to ejaculate onto, or into Wei Ying, and with a little more calm and composure to control the crowd, they mingled around with the intention to keep breeding that sweet hole that they found to be extremely addictive and irresistible. Wei Ying cackled and lay his back on the ground, then raised his hips and spread his legs wide open - sloppy white foamy goo drooled to the ground, but that didn't deter the boys at all - because they had never participated in an orgy before, and now, they wanted to savour the experience to the fullest. They continued to masturbate in front of the incubus while waiting for their turns, who laughed and had a wonderful time having endless sexual intercourse; as soon as a boy's steel-hard turgid organ was ready to explode, he would rudely push others through and try his best to fornicate the Mama, crying out for mother, fucking desperately with the speed of a rutting rabbit, then he stilled with quivering hips and arching back, made an "Ooh" with his mouth and started to froth in the mouth with silent screams of mind-blowing nirvana, shuddering uncontrollably as he experiences life's greatest pleasures of emptying one's loins into another man's buttocks, fifteen, sometimes twenty twitches and no less, of beautiful, heavenly contracting, pulsating orgasms inside lovely, lovely maternal Wei Ying. Seconds later, the boy was crudely yanked away and another exceedingly excited, leaking angry-red penis took his place, and ejaculated to its satisfaction, and so on, and on.

Every Gusu Lan disciple in the campsite eventually happily deflowered himself into Wei Ying's loving, generous, eternally tight and youthful anus, while the latter, in his demonic form, enjoyed sexually exploiting the inexperienced boys, forcibly taking their innocence, thus marking them

unfit for future relationships with the opposite gender. Wei Ying cursed them with his incubus magic, so that their lusts will only react to men, particularly to the one they will always dream about, or have nightmares of, with the backdrop of swirling blurry snowflakes and everflowing sweet cordial drinks, about the one, extremely alluring and desirable but terribly voracious *Mama Wei*.

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Lan Zhan walked into a scene of sexual carnage, and it felt like *deja vu* . He immediately hand-chopped the back of Jing Yi's neck and rendered the boy unconscious, then carried him over his shoulder. The man realized he'd ruffled some dangerous feathers, but he wasn't sure how or what, when he spied the spouse from a safe distance.

“ *Aiyo* , boy, move your hips faster, harder and deeper! I know this is your eighth round, but you're young and strong, surely you can keep going! I want every last drop of sperm from you, boy! One, two, one, two, one, two, keep it coming, I can feel 'em spilling out because you shouldn't hold back! Come on, you're no longer a virgin, and you've tasted this sweet tight hole seven times before, you want another one, don't you?”

“Nnnh! Nnnh! *Niang , Niang* ! This unfilial son cannot bear it anymore! My hopeless p-p-pee-pee hurts, it feels overwhelmed and there's nothing left! My legs cannot stand, my hips are cramped, I'm so exhausted, but it... aah, aah, I feel those lips and tongues inside your womb, mama! They're biting, licking and kissing my p-p-pee-pee! I'm dying, it feels so good to be squeezed, to be eaten inside, I cannot control my shaking, I'm floating, I'm flying... I... I think I can see myself from up above... ooh, ooh, *Niang , Niangggggg* !”

Wei Ying lovingly crossed his legs over the boy's back, reeled him in like a prized catch on a fishing rod, and trapped him in his clutches of sexual slavery, death and revival - because the boy experienced how it felt to be immobilized while being sucked dry *ala* incubus-style, until he was at death's door because he suffered from intense heart attacks from the shock of demonic pleasures, from having his *qi* vacuumed out from his body's orifices and through his wildly twitching cock, and from the alarming loss of bodily liquids (which was fortunately *not* blood), and then the *qi* was recirculated and returned to him and he was invigorated at the same time; the experience was extremely disturbing, vividly arousing, incredible confusing for the crushed body, devastated mind, and shattered-then-reborn soul, that the boy finally broke down and cried hot tears. Wei Ying cradled the boy, kept him close and patted his head like a mother, and continued to milk aftershocks from the boy's hypersensitized penis with his admirably agile and nimble ass muscles.

Lan Zhan cleared his throat and marched through the scene of sexual depravity - a hundred naked, moaning boys piled up amongst themselves like a tasty nest of lewd immorality around the spouse. Wei Ying stared at the approaching husband - and his baggage - with burning jealousy in his bloodshot eyes, while pushing off the dried-up victim, and then wordlessly welcomed, simultaneously, two more boys who had been waiting for their turns and staggered desperately with only one thing in their minds, and their two semi-limp dicks speared into his gaping, flooded hole. They were blissfully unaware that their great and wonderful Han Guang Jun could see their buttocks greedily pumping into that man's *wife* .

The husband dropped Jing Yi on a clean patch of grassland, after he made sure there were no streaks of cum around. Then he gingerly picked his way through dense masses of unconscious - probably sleeping - bodies, careful not to step on semen, drool or other expelled fluids.

“Ah, ah, boys, what if your daddy comes home and finds you making babies inside your precious mama? You despicable, undisciplined, horny brats! Irredeemable, deplorable and unforgivable! You’ve sinned, boys! You love to drill your mama’s hole right in front of your daddy! Your mama is cheating your daddy by having your unrepentant dicks inside his sexy pussy, and you like it, don’t you? You want to fertilize mama’s eggs right under daddy’s nose, don’t you? You want mama to carry your babies in her pregnant belly, thinking that they belong to daddy, don’t you? That’s right, keep fucking mama’s sweet hole, spray every last drop of sperm in there, so that you’ll go to hell with mama and all the sweet fat babies that we’ll be making together!”

Wei Ying was angry and he snarled, even when he reached down to smack at the duo’s springy rumps, alternating with brutal finger-grasps, then loving massages, upon the two masochistic boys’ testicles, causing delicious waves of orgasmic pleasure to burn through their loins, sweet nnnghs and pleading noises for their Mama to scold and punish them more, followed by another twenty ejaculations majestically jetting out each from dicks rubbing upon each other inside the tight, inundated, body-warmed cocksleeve of sorts. The boys remained oblivious to the larger man’s presence, obviously too drugged and drunk to notice.

“Wei Ying,” Lan Zhan called when he loomed over the rutting spouse. It was hard to decipher the intention between the way the name was spelled out, because of the lack of emotion or unspoken non-verbal cues. Not appealing at all, for the spouse, at least. Wei Ying kicked the two spent boys away, and wiggled his bum to entice a set of three hungry dicks next in line.

“What? You had fun with that brat on your shoulder behind the bushes just now. Was a quickie or two not enough for you? I couldn’t read your mind,

so I wouldn't know. Do you want to join my party of fresh young meat? Oh sorry, I forgot, they're not so fresh anymore, because I took their virginities hours ago, *lao gong*, while you hiding behind those bushes," the younger man sneered in a rather obnoxious manner, clearly irritated by the husband's lack of honesty and transparency.

Lan Zhan thwarted the veiled insult, and maintained his cool demeanour.

"No, I just went to have a talk with Jing Yi. There were some sect matters to discuss, that's all. I needed to ascertain if Jing Yi is the right person to be elected as the leader of the survivors when we transport them to Qishan; the same as Jiang Cheng was made the head of the remaining Yunmeng Jiang disciples upon arrival at the immigration centre."

Wei Ying slowly returned to his human form - the horns, fangs, claws and tail started to shrink, but his stretched swollen asshole was still as impressive as usual. The trio of boys picked up their furious pace of fucking into a tightly packed canal, and made very crass and animalistic grunts to accompany the juicy squelchy sounds of excess seed being forced out. Wei Ying looked away, pretended to check his fingernails which weren't painted or varnished, his body shaking to the rhythm of being drilled to the ground like hammering nails to a board.

"So... why did you shut down our psychic connection?" he asked disinterestedly and blew at a few fingernails, as though there was lint or grime on them.

Lan Zhan sighed, “I needed to make an unbiased, objective and appropriate assessment of his condition and mental state, according to Gusu Lan rules that govern the procedures for electing a Gusu Lan leader. I cannot use our Qishan Lan sect’s criteria, and you know that. According to the precepts of election, the assessor must be perfectly knowledgeable of the over-4000 rules to ask the right questions, and evaluate the answers in all possible aspects. You memorized many, but you don’t know them all, and you sometimes twist some rules for your own benefit - you know that, Wei Ying.”

Wei Ying stilled, and there was a pang of guilty in his looks. Still, he wasn’t quite convinced, because there were little holes and doubts in the overall story.

“And? You guys took so long, you couldn’t just be talking about electing a leader, right?” He bit his lower lip, anxious.

The husband rubbed his temples. “Yes we also talked about what happened with the council of Lan elders, the last days of the Cloud Recesses, my brother and Si Zhui. I also tried to find out and gauge the situation for Wen Ning and my *shijie* , which was unfortunately out of purview of many younger Lan disciples. It was my mistake to have left the ErNet connection switched off during the entire time. The whole conversation has been recorded and uploaded into ErNet for retrospective investigation. You can access the files anytime too.”

(In hindsight, Lan Zhan is the archetypal techno-unsavvy person forced to use technology. If it was a video conference, he would be the one whose camera view captured only his forehead, and his audio was permanently set

on mute until it was his turn to speak, in which he forgets to unmute himself, to the annoyance and amusement of others.)

Wei Ying hmm'd and realized the three vulnerable-looking boys had inhaled too much demonic aphrodisiacs and pheromones off his sweaty body; their emptied bodies were incapable of resisting the perpetual yearning for their Mama's flesh, and they yielded to their sexual impulses - their hips shook feebly, and three more very eager but probably blank squirts of warmth pooled into the now-pregnant belly full of men's smelly congealing semen. The boys cried in pleasurable agony, and promptly fell asleep atop Wei Ying, with their wilted spilled penises safely tucked inside a muscular tube of warm gooey milky soup.

The younger man finally accepted the husband's explanation after a quick glance at the uploaded files using psychic powers, and awkwardly disengaged from the three snoring but very ecstatic, satisfied boys still stuck to his ass.

"Ernie! Clean this up for me, please? And don't forget to detox the disciples too, there's too much drugs and sugar in their blood. I know you can do it without needing my help, alright, sweetie?"

Ni-er! We need these boys back in their sleeping bags and straight into hibernation! Can you do that for mommy? That's my sweetpea!"

The cold black thing groaned and rolled his eyes - he never had any interest in watching nor getting involved in homo sapiens procreation activities, and

he wondered why he was dragged into the whole farce in the first place; the furry silkworm coo'd and went straight to work without protest.

Then as Wei Ying flipped to all fours and crawled on the ground - he sported a gravity-defying belly worthy of a second trimester of pregnancy full of sloshing seed, his hips seemed to have dislocated into a bow-legged position and he couldn't stand up or walk straight for some time - he gave a final accusing look at the husband, "You wouldn't mind that I've ruined my ass by having sex with my in-laws, and therefore your distant cousins and other relatives... do you?"

Lan Zhan sighed. He'd have sex with plenty of their Kingdom's subjects too, and not long ago, he was raped by a hundred Jiang adolescents. After that, he's been trying his best, but still struggling, to claim abstinence from all worldly pleasures except for his undying loyalty to his one and only soulmate.

"No, not at all, *lao po* ." Let the payback be sweeter for the spouse, rather than be kicked out from the bed to the sofa at nights.

Wei Ying continued to crawl towards the nearest picnic bench to steady himself, noisily farting out frothy egg-whites, dribbling out abundantly down his thighs to leave puddles of still-warm ejaculated semen on the ground. "Good boy," he said with a tired but satisfied huff.

Lan Zhan hummed and went to find a mop and a pail of water, and commented casually that the spouse better douche his insides, lest he gets runny diarrhea from all the incestuous sperm attacking his buttohole.

Wei Ying shot the husband a very dirty look.

Notes for the Chapter:

O...kay, this really went nowhere except for the smut. I had a bit of time today and an overimaginative imagination, so there.

This one's written as a response to one recent Comment asking if Wei Ying would get his hole-in-the-wall sex. Sorry, I really couldn't fit that scenario in, but I guess a mass orgy works equally well, hopefully. Sorry if there is disappointment, but keep those Comments coming, in case you have any kinks or themes you want to request from naughty Wangxian! :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 109

Sometimes, Wei Ying felt that in life, he was always given the short end of the stick.

“Ahhh... *lao gong* , that’s not fair,” he lamented, “My Jiang boys merely *fwip* -ped into thin air, whereas your Lan boys get to ride a mega-UFO like that!” and pointed at the offending massive interstellar transport that blocked the blue skies from their view. It was probably chartered, and an overkill, for the purpose of an unnecessary hyperspace jump from one end of a country to the other.

An impressive, large circular disc-shaped space vessel the size of an entire village hovered atop the hill, casting deep shadows on the grassy landscape that beautiful mid-morning. The metallic surface glimmered when sunlight reflected back to the atmosphere, countless blinking and running colourful lights and neon-lit panels glowed on its underside. The roar from its tremendous OxyHydrogen-fusion engines was surprisingly muted into a soothing humming by superior noise-cancellation technology (and the exhaust fumes were essentially clean water vapour), although the resulting powerful vertical thrusts destroyed some unsuspecting nearby pine trees and sent broken trunks and branches spinning into the windy air (again, drenched in clean water vapour - it’s extremely environment-friendly).

Wei Ying’s lips puckered and curled downwards into an adorable pout, and he had to grab hold of his red topknot ribbon and a large portion of his crowning glory, because his long lush hair was blown in all directions. He groaned at the sheer injustice of it all.

“It’s done out of necessity, *lao po* ,” the husband calmly and clearly explained, while putting his hands behind his back in a sagely manner - strangely, the whipping tornado winds did not affect him at all, probably due to his godly status -, “The disciples cannot be simply teleported back to Yiling in their present condition. Based on the advice from Heaven's surgeon-general, at least 41st century medic-equipped transports should be used to safely pick them up using non-physical means, perform the delicate surgeries to peel their bodies and souls off the fabric of this corrupted space-time bubble’s reality, then the autonomous medic robots inside will complete the required repairs to bring them back to their original state - while in a specially-created hyperspace to prevent natural sub-atomic degenerative processes - before being shuttled off to our Kingdom at warp speed for further treatments and to undergo needed medical observations.”

“Nnnh. Too complicated, and I don’t understand a single word that you’re saying. We were both born from the same era, so when did you become so smart?” the errant spouse refused to agree with everything under those dissenting circumstances, and stuck a tongue out towards the husband to show his disapproval.

Lan Zhan leaned to the side and gave Wei Ying a sweet kiss on his rosy cheeks, before unveiling a prized jar of Emperor Smiles hidden inside his sleeves; the poor spouse hadn’t had the chance to sample the exquisite liquor since arriving in Gusu, so Wei Ying gasped in surprise and his face turned cheerful once again.

“Mn. I’ve always been smart as your *lao gong* . Perhaps I’m just a late bloomer.”

After a couple of swigs from the ceramic vessel, Wei Ying smacked his lips at the wonderfully fragrant, sweet taste, and could at least *agree* that he enjoyed the authentic elixir made from source, and could probably bother the husband for a few more jars - a fair compensation indeed.

Perhaps life isn't too unfair after all, and the metaphorically short end of the stick he received appeared to be longer than expected, he thought.

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One by one, each disciple, wrapped in his cocoon-like sleeping bag equipped with stuffed backpacks, pouches, and a set of two name-tagged tassels - one black/red and the other fluffy white - was lifted up from the ground and into an opening in the middle of the huge UFO using golden-coloured tractor beams. Apparently, everything was considered fragile when entering into different dimensional spaces within the transport, so the process of loading the passengers (or patients) was done slowly and with great care.

When the first couple of persons were sucked into the beam, Wei Ying was an excited ball of energy, because he wanted to be part of the action too - he'd jumped into the broad pillar of light and laughed himself silly when he was airlifted for a few seconds, before he veered to the side and back into the domain of gravity, then tumbled unceremoniously onto the grass. Barely half an hour later, after the second person was loaded into the UFO, the man became bored of playing, experimenting, jumping and parkour-ing through, performing acrobatics, flying up then crashing down using the tractor beam as a toy. His boredom and dissatisfaction multiplied when he realized that the entire snail-paced Heaven-led operation of filling the medical cabins

with one hundred disciples, at fifteen minutes each, would take more than a day.

Lan Zhan remained quiet and content, as he affectionately tended to the spouses' new bruises and scratches from playing too much with the tractor beam. He had prepared some snacks for them to pass the time peacefully, including a pot of *pu'er* tea - no more cordial drinks, the husband declared -, plates of dried plums, toasted mixed nuts and vegetable crisps, and even a chessboard - in which Wei Ying played a few rounds and lost every one of them, then counter-declared that board games were prohibited from henceforth, which resulted in higher levels of stress and boredom, until Wei Ying simply groaned in exasperation, stood up from the picnic bench, pulled down his pants and mooned at the husband with his ass-cheeks.

“Wei Ying...” A silent roll of eyes, although the said eyes refused to roll because Lan Zhan is truly mesmerized and bewitched by the beauty of Wei Ying's moon-white unblemished ass.

Twin buttocks globes swayed seductively and drew an imaginary smiley-face for the husband to see.

“Ahhh... nobody's watching and I've already bathed in the hot springs earlier. Come, come, my dear husband, come and get it while it's still fresh and clean!”

The young man politely let out a soft, pure, airy *fwwt* ! fart to emphasize his point. The husband wrinkled his nose at a whiff of off-putting smell, and wondered distantly if the belly-full of Lan cum was truly rinsed off (and

pollute Gusu's waterways, no doubt) or had been absorbed in its entirety by that insufferable incubus (because it would be a crime to let such a nutritious, virile meal go to waste. Plus, it's always a good idea to diversify one's food source besides the lonely tormented oft-drained husband).

A few minutes later, Wei Ying was seen running around the campsite without his pants on while bellowing out childish laughter, because he succeeded in stealing the husband's pants too. Lan Zhan trailed behind without so much as to utter a word of protest at the goosebump-ish feeling of cooling drafts caressing his naked bottom. Naughty Wei Ying morphed into an energetic and cocky juvenile, weaving through bushes and in between pine trees, twisting and turning around the hapless husband. He stole pinches on Lan Zhan's nipples when he nearly bumped into the latter, swatted and nipped the buttocks when the older man wasn't looking, frisked the crack of the ass when the latter reacted too slowly, and he squealed like a squeaky toy when he managed to reach below and give the taller man a generous grasp, or a swiping tickle at a pair of loosely-hanging but very plump pair of family jewels adorned with stray strands of curls. The mischievous games, though insignificant and inane, culminated into a profoundly agitated, riled-up husband who ended up caterwauling Wei Ying's name across the bushes as he started to chase the spouse ardently with the single-minded intention to catch that troublemaker and put the younger man *beneath* him, to where the man named Wei Wuxian truly belongs.

Further away, the two tentacle-kin started to pack up the campsite, by stowing away conjured equipment, rolling up canvas and mats, and washing the last few pieces of kitchenware. Everything *fwip* -ped to their respective warehouses located in Ernie and Ni-er's personal universes tucked safely inside their tummies. The brother really didn't want his *meimei* to watch (again) their parents play childish games and breed like rabbits in broad daylight, because he was a little worried that she might be traumatized or pick up bad habits from those two, so he carried her to a safe distance and

hid behind some rocks. It didn't really matter that tentacle-kin were unaffected by human mating and propagation behaviours; Ernie wanted his *meimei* to have the best tentacle-kin upbringing and education that she deserves, after all.

The *gege* cradled her with his cold black slimy arms, and started to hum a mix of old Yunmeng and Gusu lullabies while rocking her to sleep. Little Ni-er coos and gurgles softly, before curling into a ball of fluff and into dreams of giggling children, colourful soft toys and plenty of new cousins to play with.

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Elsewhere, Wei Ying had to stoop and bow his legs as he walked like an ape around the campsite's perimeter, with the husband in tow and safely nestled (and attached) inside him, drilling his rosebud like a jackhammer on unlimited (energizer bunny) batteries. The spouse knew the husband was aroused by the sights of being cheated by the latter's younger cousins and relatives - the impressive pent-up tent in the older man's pants did not go unnoticed; so, Wei Ying made a preliminary conclusion that Lan Zhan had an immoral fantasy for being cuckolded.

As the mating couple slowly made their way through tall grass and towards one of the picnic tables, Wei Ying started talking about *everything* that caught his attention - the weather, the disciples, the UFO that was hard at work to suck one person at a time, the fluttering waves of green grass, the invigorating breezes, the odd flock of birds in the skies that were also unknowingly sucked into the tractor beam, what he dreamt the days before, how their bulging waistlines were showing, that the husband's bald spots were becoming visible day by day (a blatant lie, really), and so on. Lan

Zhan wheezed, groaned and begged Wei Ying to stay still, because his exceedingly turgid and excited penis kept slipping out in his quest to fuck that tasty blossomed ripe rosebud that truly (and legally) belonged to him, but at the same time, freely searched for more lovers' penises when he wasn't looking (the husband repeatedly defended his claim that he did *not* go into the bushes with Jing Yi to have a quick romp, because he was *not* interested in that boy in *that* way). To show his love and dedication for the spouse, the husband tried his best to cream and cram as many one-twos into the spouse's tight asshole as possible - which wasn't too difficult, as there were plenty of pleasurable fleshy folds that kissed and massaged his hard-on so well inside that intimately familiar cavern between the bowed legs -, and hoped that the loving act would convince the younger man that the person named Wei Wuxian is the apple, the pearl, the most desired one, in the eyes of the infallible Lan Wang Ji, who only falls when he's in love with his destined soulmate.

"Ahh, at times like this, I miss our old home. There were so many more lovely bumps, curves, sharp corners, granular, conical and cylindrical shapes that I could rub myself against, compared to this plain old picnic table," pantless Wei Ying complained, as he draped a used, soiled loincloth over a table's edge and started humping on it, like the good old days. The equally pantless husband was infinitely grateful that the spouse had stopped walking around, and he could finally, finally mount like a dog in heat (the name of the animal is forbidden, so he kept the thought to himself), and started pistoning his about-to-burst meaty rod as hard as he could, to enjoy every tasty thrust through soft, juicy flesh, to plunder his love with the deepest penetrations.

"*Lao gong* , do you think we'll be able to return to the 'Mounds when... ahh, you're a frightening husband, stop biting my neck and leave lovebites all over my shoulders! You've got really bad table manners, you know that? Eh... w-why are you getting bigger inside me?"

Lan Zhan groaned in agony, his face flared into the beautiful tell-tale sign of blossoming sexual flushes, as finally, the first sparks of joy sent powerful twitches surging through his penile nerves and muscles, ballooning the desperate organ that needed to eject and launch its payload, lustful flames licked his tightened balls as they loaded up the first of many volleys. He ramped up the pace of pumping hips, when he lost his line of rational thought and started to grunt like an animal interspersed with sweet husky noises of ‘Wei Ying’ and uuuh, uuuh, aaah, oooh, and nnnghs. His hands groped and clawed at spouse’s thin muscular chest and slightly flabby waist, his legs turned into jelly as they faltered, trying to balance the thrilling sex position while holding up his weight against the creaking, shaking table. His pelvis slammed hard against the spouse’s buttocks, and he was melting fast into molten liquids of good-feelings, the pressure within built up, his nostrils flared because everything suddenly felt too good, smelled too good, Wei Ying’s hair in his face, Wei Ying’s sweaty skin that needed more nibbles and bites, his lungs screamed for air as his back arched and bent repeatedly, seizing with plenty of epileptic fits of heavenly sensations that burnt electricity up and down his spine and through the crazy countdown of the launchpad between his legs, he opened his mouth in a gaping yawn and his facial muscles froze in ecstasy, his vision sparkled and spun, volatile liquids rise, rise, welling up from the bladder, prostate and every sweet gland and tubes inside his groin, pressurizing, steaming hot, boiling and frothing--

“Ah, ah, *lao gong* , you’re a hopelessly wild beast, a stallion during a rut, you’re crushing me with your heavy weight, do you hear me? We’ve done it so many times since winter started, and yet you’re never satisfied at all! I want to have a decent, intelligent conversation to work out our next steps, like how to find Si Zhui or... hey, stop coming inside me when I’m talking to you! Auuugh, you dumbass, you’re not listening! You insatiable monster!”

Wei Ying sighed, and let the husband cry out in pleasurable agony and ride out his well-earned thirty twitches; he knew that once Lan Zhan started,

there was no stopping, after all. Later, with a wet patch on his bum, he stepped away from the ruined picnic table and pulled the husband's earlobe to reprimand him about maintaining good conversational etiquettes (in which the latter blushed, secretly loving the attention and the unwarranted scolding from the spouse); then added a few spanks on the older man's exposed springy tight ass until they were decorated with fingerprints, as punishment for ejaculating thirty times without a single permission; then unsurprisingly, the husband grew hard again in front of the spouse because of the sado-masochistic treatment, so Wei Ying crouched between the husband's legs and started berating at the stubborn, over-responsive shiny wet angry-red penis jutting out proudly from its nest of black curls.

“Bad penis, you're a really bad penis, aren't you?”

Wei Ying pushed down the bulbous cockhead with a finger (with some effort, because Lan Zhan's erection was *massive* and contained admirable hydraulic pressures), until it looked like an elephant's downward-pointing trunk, then released. The errant organ bounced back up fiercely and nodded, proclaiming that, yes, it was indeed a 'bad penis'.

“You're always hard and up, eager for a taste at any occasion. You can't control your appetite at all! Bad boy!”

The meatstick was slapped several times on the sides along its throbbing length, and Lan Zhan nnnghs. Pre-cum started to ooze and dribble out.

“Naughty penis, you should be punished until you cry!”

The back of Wei Ying's hand started tapping, then spanking the underside of the increasingly excited rod. The spouse deliberately aimed at the special spot right beneath the leaky glans. Lan Zhan aaaahs and let out a very raspy, unmanly noise, and he one-two'd when he couldn't hold back the second rise of volcanic pressures running up from his refilled testicles and maddening pulses radiating from the base of the very earnest and honest arousal.

Wei Ying stared at how a lump of viscous liquid oozed out from the sputtering cockslit, then grew and sagged downward as it slowly inched its way out - a fat, warm glob of unejaculated milky-white seed that managed to escape the heated boiling vats inside the husband's loins. He licked his lips, and was tempted to reach out with a tongue to savour the taste for the husband's seconds.

"You're incorrigible, and you know that," the spouse concluded, although the comment was directed to the penis, and not to the man himself. Wei Ying returned to the picnic table, which was coincidentally and conveniently at waist-level, and lay on the surface on his back. He spread his legs again, raised his hips, and seductively invited the recalcitrant hairy penis for a tasty missionary-style fuck into his cum-drenched, but still loving, grasping, erotic, sweet tight tunnel of love.

Lan Zhan nnngh'd with delight, and shivered with renewed excitement gushing straight into his swollen, ballooning loins.

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While the couple engaged in very enjoyable but fruitless procreation activities in the hilltop campsite - because there was hardly anything else to do besides to eat, sleep and have sex in the open -, Wei Ying's siblings analyzed the latest updates and customary practices introduced by those two First Fathers.

Wei *da ge* was the first to grasp the bona fide concept of polygamy - of having multiple husbands *besides* the venerable Han Guang Jun and his clones, descendents and an array of differential inter- and intra-species qualities. The burly and hairy-chested man already owns harems of hundreds, thousands, countless of Lan Wang Jis milling around in his penthouse on top of the 888-floor Wangxian Headquarters tower in an offshore planet - and was mind-blown to think that adding variety - the spice of life - to his harem could even be considered - once distant, now very probable, reality.

He immediately dispatched multitudes of aerial mini-UFO fleets to raid cities, towns and villages, pillage the succubi nests, to secure and retrieve as many living, dying and dead former Gusu Lan boys and men from their prisons in Tian Mi Mi-esque buildings as possible. Everyone would be given proper treatments and documentation so that they could be legally and comfortably transferred to the *da ge* 's ownership and inducted to his burgeoning harems. The living would be processed, trained and properly imprinted; the dying would be rejuvenated with healing magic, fed with lots of delicious, nutritious food and given tender loving care with hot baths; the unrecognizable skin-and-bone husks would be pumped back to life with gas cylinders full of bottled *qi* with added life energies, supplementary biological forces and other colourings, flavourings and preservatives (the bottles are mail-ordered from the Heavens, where Immortals are aplenty and their *qi* is freely supplied through non-governmental organisations, like running charity blood donation campaigns in modern terms). Later, he'd discover that he had also inadvertently collected female Lan members which he wasn't too interested in (because it was challenging to distinguish male and female corpses, when every patch of skin was wrinkly, dried up

and mutilated to some extent) - but that was fine, because every living specimen is another statistic to be added to his very own personal sub-Kingdom of sorts.

Wei *san ge* , though bright and brilliant and fast, was second in line but ran up to a predominantly empty plate on the dining table, because the eldest had swiped away all tasty Lan males. However, he wasn't disheartened because he knew how to hack into the password-protected family cloud drive folders - he snooped around leisurely, undetected (because he is just that *awesome* when it comes to exploiting securities issues in computer systems) until he found the files he wanted, then downloaded them into his personal universe. He left some worms, viruses and ransomware in case others of his kin decided to break their family rules and steal the same data (the Wei siblings are an elite class and considered privileged in the Kingdom's multicolour, multiracial and multi-layered society). Later, he would take his time to un-digitize the Gusu prior to its destruction, pick out tasty-looking Lan boys and recreate them in his dark, dingy master server room of sorts, and ravish the newborn innocent teenage males to his heart's, and cock's, content behind dimly lit PC monitors and neon-lit gaming chairs.

Wei *er ge* , not as smart or clever as the rest, couldn't figure out what to do, but he knew he had to work harder than anyone else to do something and achieve it, whatever that 'it' may be. He'd experienced the art of running universes, companies and businesses, led strategic discussions and sent armies into war to conquer new galaxies, planets and lands, so he thought he could give science a try this time. He set up a huge underground laboratory from scratch (there were no instructions that came with the box), extracted samples from the *da ge* 's expanded harem with the owner's permission, begged the *san ge* for a copy of the downloaded data in exchange for a delicious seafood dinner and authentic Yunmeng-style grilled fish - but he couldn't really decipher nor understand what needed be done, or what he really wanted to do - so, he ended up cooking cauldrons of genetic liquids from Jiang and Lan breeds including his own blood, filing

up test tubes of synthetic embryos and sperm cells, running sticky and weird smelly chemical-y substances through pyrex glassware - and ended up with a dystopian birthing chamber lined with plastic-like pods, each with a growing fetus, or baby, or child, or even an adult floating in artificial bubbling amniotic fluid surrounded by nasty-looking robots, tubes, biomechanical arms and evil blinking green and red lights. The *er ge* did not realize that he had created a whole new generation of Lan-Wei-Jiang cyborg hybrid males and females with his experiments; he simply wanted to follow his maternal instincts and have more children to nurture and raise in his own humble downtown apartment suite.

Wei *didi* wailed when he realized that everyone else had done something, except him. The *da ge* was most concerned among the three elder siblings for the youngest's predicament; he'd always had a soft spot for the nine-year old child, after all. He kissed tears away from the boy's cheeks, and told him that Wei *didi* is always the most special, because he owned Lan Wang Ji's original body, after all - the personal handsome, strong adult butler-cum-lover with a budding soul that accompanied the boy all day. He promised the boy that he could always come over to the Headquarters and play with the huge harem, and take some back like taking toys from the toy store if the latter found some individuals to his liking, and return them when he's done, like a children's library. The boy didn't really understand what the deal meant, but it sounded good with the (twisted) analogies to a toy store and library - which he likes -, plus, he'd have more reasons to visit his *da ge* and have more friends or lovers to cuddle up with. Mastermind Wei *da ge* happily shortchanged the boy with empty but sweet promises, and got to keep his harem intact.

(Of course, nobody realized that Wei *didi* did the same to the other siblings, and acted like the lovable boy who cried pitifully because he missed the last bowl of lotus root pork rib soup served on the table; soon, everyone's resolve melted for the bawling babe of the family, and they gave unlimited access to the nine-year old to waltz into their homes and borrow stuff that he liked. Wei *didi* secretly cloned and made plenty of copies of the *da ge* 's

amazing harem and everything inside his towering fortress, the Headquarters; the *san ge* 's incredible collection of digitized databases of the Kingdom and its assets, the multiverses both friends' and foes', the whole Realms of the Gods, the Mortal Realm, the Middle Kingdom, Yunmeng Jiang and Gusu Lans; and the *er ge* 's unbelievable first-in-class robo-hybrids and other treasures he'd collected during his short lifespan thus far. The nine-year old boy then stored them into hidden compartments inside vast, highly-secured storage spaces within factories and warehouses built under his name, and became the richest of the four siblings after that scam.)

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The couple, who had tired themselves from relentless chasing and lovemaking, decided to go skinny-dipping inside a bubbling hot springs pool adjacent to the campsite. Their conversations meandered from how to reorganize their Kingdom to stir things up (and reignite certain conflicts to cause growth spurts of cultural advancement, bring new innovations and encourage improvements for their then-51st century modern living), to how many babies to make when they retire from their worldly adventures (Wei Ying wanted to form a football team and create the best cultivation squadron on flying swords ever; Lan Zhan vaguely 'Mn's and preferred to leave things to Mother Nature, though he did not explicitly mention that he was actually more interested in the process of baby-making rather than watching the spouse pop out resulting miniature versions of themselves). Eventually, they debated about the merits and disadvantages of an incubus versus a succubus over a plate of toasted mixed nuts and a pot of ice-blended *pu'er* tea, when Wei Ying chanced upon an interesting twist.

“Lan Zhan,” the younger man started, and nibbled on a *guazi* , “since I have an incubus' curse in my blood, which makes me partial to, and

automatically qualifies me as an ideal demon-kin, what do you think will happen if I find a decent succubus and mate with one?”

The husband bit into a roasted pistachio nut, but it wasn't a fresh one, so his expression soured. “I will send three strikes of lightning to make sure that will never happen,” he said with scorn in his voice, and went to pour himself a cup of refreshingly chilled tea.

“Ah... humour me this time? The airlift rescue operation is taking forever and I don't know what else to do other than to talk about everything under the sun,” Wei Ying whined and dog paddle-kicked the rippling waters, then flung the *guazi* shells at the husband - they hit the tip of his nose; bullseye!

Lan Zhan rubbed his grazed nose and sighed, “Based on the library archives in Heaven, an incubus is born to consume the life force of a woman, while the succubus for a man, although gender specifics are arguably rarely a hindrance in certain circumstances such as yourself. Theoretically, the amalgamation of both related species brings forth a formidable terror in nature - a perfect combination of yin and yang in the demonic world, phenomenally powerful and solely designed vacuum up all *qi* and any other form of energies in the universe, unrivalled by any other species known to Gods and Men. In short, you'd create a monster to suck everything up that exists.”

Wei Ying blinked twice, then scratched his mop of wet hair on the scalp, “Eh...? I don't really understand what you've just said. So it's like giving birth to a baby with genitals made of black holes, you know, the type that eats galaxies for breakfast?”

The husband shrugged, because even he could not fathom what that might look like, “Let’s just say that you’ll be giving birth to the biggest sucker in the universe.”

Curious, and a forefinger on the lips, chin tilted up; Wei Ying looked absolutely absorbed in crunching the numbers and to explore, at least within the confines of his mind, the possibilities of making one, “Mmm. I could live with that. The Tians are inferior succubi compared to what our Kingdom could manufacture from the bio-reactors. Maybe I’ll ask Ernie what his master and beast-kin can do. I’d love to be the biggest sucker in the universe with my dick, someday!” and gave his million dollar grin.

Lan Zhan rolled his eyes and went to pick up the biggest groundnut from the plate. He wondered if he had just wasted five minutes of his life talking about an inconsequential topic - however, any time spent with lovely Wei Ying should always be cherished, after all.

(Far, far on the other side of the campsite and hidden behind a rock, Ernie secretly stole Wei *didi* ’s prized collection using his master access in ErNet, his namesake by the way, and added fornicating incubi and succubi for his personal amusement and experimentation. Ni-er continued to snore and blow saliva bubbles with her toothless gums.)

Just then, the couple was jolted from their reveries when they heard a shout. The bushes around the pool rattled and burst into a kaleidoscope of leaves, twigs and bits of earth.

“Han Guang Jun! Han Guang Jun! Wei *gongzi* ! Thank goodness you’re here! What’s happening? I woke up swaddled in my robes and saw our *xiongdi* being levitated in a pillar of light into this giant metal monster flying above us! This... this big thing on top of our heads, don’t you see it?! It’s so big, I can’t even see the sun anymore! What is it? What’s going on with our comrades? Why didn’t they respond when I tried to pull them away and shake their bodies? Why is the campsite empty? Where’s everyone?... Why do the two of you look so calm in the bathwaters? Wuuuu... wuuuu... Han Guang Jun... please...”

Jing Yi appeared on scene and promptly became overloaded with time and reality-inappropriate information. He broke down and started crying, panic and fear evident on his trembling body, he didn’t know where to look, what to say with stuttering lips, what to point his fingers to, where to run with his shaky legs, and he collapsed into a ball of confused sobs and pitiful weeping.

Belatedly, Wei Ying remembered that Jing Yi wasn’t involved in the mass orgy which was the prerequisite to send all disciples into a satisfied, relaxed hibernation sleep (just as how the entire remaining population of Jiang disciples had a wonderful time getting deflowered with the butt in the wall, before they were spirited away). He slapped his forehead, winced and made an “ *ai yo!* ” sound.

The stricken husband dropped the groundnut into the bubbling pool waters.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things seem to quieten down a little and there's a long holiday weekend coming up. Maybe I'll write more, or maybe I'll take a short rest :-)

This chapter felt more like an interlude or an ad spot during a movie run. Let's hope more substantial events happen next...!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

P.s.: Added a few more yummy descriptions!

Chapter 110

(A small detour before getting back on the main track...)

Besides the plate of toasted nuts and the pot of chilled *pu'er* tea, Lan Zhan also prepared a bowl of tangerines. He spent time inside the bubbling thermal springs shaped like a shallow pan with a depth of a little more than a feet, lounging against the poolside, resting his aching hips from too much workout and his throbbing balls from being pleasantly drained too many times (he also loved the sensation of a jet of lukewarm water aimed between the testicles from beneath his seat).

“*Lao gong , lao gong ,* kiss me please? We haven’t had a wet smooch for a while,” the spouse asked with a grin full of half-chewed peanuts, and he didn’t look terribly appealing, especially when some chunks fell off the mouth and into the water, to be carried away by turbulent outflowing swirls downstream.

“Nnnh. I’m busy peeling roasted *guazi* for you, and my lips are a bit salty,” the husband replied. True enough, he diligently selected a number of *guazi* , then one by one he cracked them open with his perfect set of teeth, and gently picked the fragrant seed out of the shell and dropped them onto one corner of the plate - so that Wei Ying could easily grab a handful to pop them into his mouth for a tasty snack.

Wei Ying was undaunted by the reasonable refusal. But he swiped away the peeled *guazi* from the plate and ate them all, anyway. Mmm, delish.

“ *Lao gong , lao gong* , touch me please? My wee-wee wants to be played by your manly fingers,” the spouse asked next, half chewing, half talking. The husband may have orgasmed twenty times over the course of two hours, but the spouse’s share measured only a fraction of that.

Lan Zhan stole a glance and noted a half-erect ‘Wei Ying’s son’ sticking out between the legs, but he paid no further attention, because he had hit rock bottom in terms of desires and lusts. If one could read *qi* level readings and decipher the language of metaphysical corporeal aura, one would understand that Lan Zhan’s body had soared into the heavens long ago from extreme bodily pleasures, and he had achieved multiple nirvanas and Buddahoods; earthly sensations no longer mean anything to the godly man whose loins had been vacuumed into nothingness.

“Nnnh. I’m busy peeling the pith off the tangerines for you, and my fingers are a bit oily, even bitter,” the husband replied calmly. With a keen sense of undying love and care for the spouse who preferred swallowing hearty bites of sweet juicy tangerine segments rather than spitting the stringy bitter or tart parts into the pool, the husband worked hard to prepare the perfect treat for his beloved. Soon, at least three mini tangerines have been perfectly peeled and separated, and the cleaned segments were arranged meticulously into an orange-coloured radial bouquet on the plate, with layers of segments alternating in clockwise and anti-clockwise directions.

Wei Ying got a bit upset the second time, and felt that the husband deliberately dodged his requests for hot lovin’. Still, the plate looked too lovely to be ignored, so he swiped a handful of segments and popped them into his busy mouth, thus ruining the bouquet in the process; which was fine, because Lan Zhan was already working on another tangerine to rebuild the plate for his beloved.

“Ah, *lao gong* , your mouth and hands are busy, and being seated next to each other like this, while chatting and eating, is a little too boring,” the spouse complained. He noticed that beneath the rippling waters, his hairy legs nuzzled the husband’s smoother limbs out of bad habit. His face broke into an impish grin.

Wei Ying scooted lower into the water, and straddled Lan Zhan’s thigh.

“Ooh, ooh, *lao gong* , your thighs are so smooth and firm, they’re full of muscles!” he praised and then made sure the other felt the unmistakable sensations of ballsacks rubbing against the skin on those thick thighs, “Aah, aah, your thighs, knees, your legs, they’re so sexy! I think I can get pregnant by rubbing them like this,” and started humping deliriously against the solid hard meat - Lan Zhan’s legs twitched in response, “*Lao gong* , *lao gong* , please make babies inside me that have strong muscular legs like yours? Imagine our babies growing inside my womb, twins, even triplets, kicking feistily each time daddy shakes their cradle, because daddy is such a strong, virile man and makes sweet hard love to mommy every day and night!”

Lan Zhan’s achievement of multiple nirvanas and Buddhahood began to crack. He tore one particularly long ropey pith too hard, and the tangerine segment oozed out its sweet, slightly tart juice.

Wei Ying slid down lower and lower along Lan Zhan’s leg, humping and making terribly sexy noises mixed with a generous drizzle of dirty talk. When he finally reached the feet, Lan Zhan sported a raging hard-on, but Wei Ying pretended to take no notice. He caressed the shins, kneaded the tough tendons and ligaments from knee to ankles, massaged the meaty soles especially that sweet passage from the ball of foot through the nnngh-

inducing arch to the heels, pressed circles and stars on every delectable and tender spot on the pads of the toes and between them; the husband was helpless to nnnnh loudly at the wonderful de-stressing feelings radiating from his lower limbs, that one tangerine segment was accidentally squashed and dropped to the poolside. The husband relaxed and sunk a little lower into the shallow waters, his tilted-up neck barely clinging onto the poolside and keeping his face above the surface of the pool so that he doesn't drown, the tangerines blissfully forgotten.

Wei Ying gave Lan Zhan a fantastic foot massage. The pains and complains from barefooted chasing after the spouse earlier through rugged terrain, from rutting energetically in awkward, sometimes precarious sex positions, and the strains from keeping his body weight off the younger man lest poor Wei Ying is flattened like a pancake from getting too many hard hip-slamming fucks - all melted away from the wonderful podiatric treatment blended with classic Middle Kingdom reflexology. The *guazi* and tangerines were certainly worth it, when Wei Ying happily cleaned the plate while Lan Zhan ascended to a different form of heaven - one for the legs, wiggly toes, and plenty of moan-y mmmms, in particular.

Lan Zhan thought he couldn't feel his lower regions anymore since his feet had happily gone rogue and the jolly nerves had numbed to cloud nines; so he was caught off-guard when his big toe felt terribly slick and warm all of the sudden - Wei Ying had naughtily spread his own legs and maneuvered one ensnared and float-y foot to his buttocks.

“Ooh, ooh, *lao gong* , you're a terrible husband, why are you using this to deflower your wife's virginity? You sadist! Pervert!” the obnoxious man whined playfully, then choked, before breaking out into giggles, “Aah, aah, your toe is fucking my rosebud! I will definitely get pregnant if you keep boning my pussy with your dirty digit!” and started shaking his hips, pushing deeper until Lan Zhan's big toe was swallowed into his butthole, “

Lao gong , lao gong , take it out, take it out! The babies will not only have muscular legs, they'll also grow big hairy toes! Ah, it's raping my ovaries now, how many more babies do you want to bake in the oven today?"

Wei Ying degenerated into suffocated hiccupy guffaws and coughs, when water got into his mouth and nostrils because he leaned too deeply into the pool - and promptly peed and farted when he lost control of his inner muscles (unfortunately, Lan Zhan is a superman of sorts, equipped with thermal infrared imaging and x-ray vision; so he could see a cloud of red-hot warmth spouting from the spouse's dick in the water, and pinpoint how many big bubbles escaped from the younger man's stretched anus - and incidentally, he felt feather-light sensations of warmer waters foaming around his captured foot. The husband sighed at the ludicrous scene, tagged it as yet another proof of Wei Ying-ness, and added 'toe-sex' to his vocabulary for posterity - he makes a note to always keep his nails trimmed and filed too).

"Wei Ying, come here," the husband finally relented. The spouse pulled out his hairy toe with a pop, danced a small victory jig inside the pool, then launched himself with a splash into the other's welcoming arms. However, the spouse had other plans in mind; having been rejected twice, he doesn't forgive and forget as easily. Wei Ying straddled the husband's hips, then snaked his hands to the older man's sides and made a grab for the love-handles that captivated his unhealthy obsession for too long - the grip wasn't as ample as he'd like (yet), but there was enough for a nice feel of a visible, budding tyre of fat around the husband's dad bod waist.

Wei Ying tugged Lan Zhan towards him and ended up knocking jiggly tummies together, with their now-hard cocks sandwiched in between. The husband nnngh'd at the sudden squeeze on his stubborn, lively penis that refused to go to sleep despite having tired itself during the past few hours.

Wei Ying performed some up-and-down humping motion against Lan Zhan's belly - and their trapped cocks -, while mewling, "Ooh, ooh, *lao gong* , you've got too much belly fat, and I can't seem to ride you properly this time! I don't even see your six-packs anymore!" he teased the body-conscious husband, then rubbed their stomachs vigorously until the water around them vibrated and splattered violently outward, "Aah, aah, your flabby blubber is so eager, it's squirming inside the water! It's alive, trying to get inside me... will it seep in through my belly button? Oh no, what if your tummy fat reaches my ovaries and womb through the navel?" and started humping feverishly until the husband howled an ugly haahhngghhhhuunnngghh sound because he one-two'd excitedly into the heated friction against the spouse's fertile abdomen, "*Lao gong* , *lao gong* , your fatty belly is a sick, perverted swine! It wants to mate my womb and make lots of fat and healthy babies inside! What do you think, *lao gong* ? Ah, ah, what if your belly fat grows chubby cocks and they swarm around my helpless eggs and rape them, filling them with grossly fat sperms! My eggs will be covered with greasy sperm! Our babies will be born as pink round cherubs! Is that what you want? Come, come, dear husband, come and make babies inside my tight ass-pussy, I feel good getting impregnated by your naughty oily seed..."

Lan Zhan frowned and his patience wore thin - another one-two twitch erupted, spouting a sticky droplet of blank ejaculate that was quickly washed away into the pool. He let out a warning growl and pushed Wei Ying into the water, then flipped the smaller man so that his raised ass angled perfectly with his revived arousal. He blamed the toasted nuts and tangerines for his troubles, as illogical as it sounded.

Wei Ying simply laughed, in a pool of rippling waters set against a backdrop of a huge metallic UFO that swallowed most of the beautiful mid-morning skies.

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(Back to the story...)

The pivotal moment for the last conscious and functional Gusu Lan disciple is an existential crisis not only for the boy (let's call him 'boy' for now), but also for the entire sect itself; simply because the boy had been designated as the leader of the remaining population and therefore, will drive the new narrative of the subsequent chapters of the sect's destiny moving forward - and both Wei Wuxian and Lan Wang Ji, former sect members who understood better than any other about how every tiny, seemingly miniscule, action and reaction could push the a fragile, near-extinct sect to a new beginning, or turn around then crash and burn into oblivion.

It was regrettable that Jing Yi saw what any mortal shouldn't have, at the most inopportune timing, that is, *before* his moment has arrived. The couple had planned to ship the remaining Gusu Lan to Yiling, then gently awaken the boys, then slowly - very, very carefully and with utmost care and deliberation -, introduce them to their new reality. They would start out as refugees, be given ample resources to form a tribe of sorts, then mingle with the rest of the Kingdom until the point where they could be considered as fully-fledged citizens; having a strong, charismatic and compassionate leader was paramount to keep everyone in line and united, in order for them to plant their footprints to where they belong in their new world, and write their own history from henceforth.

The Yunmeng Jiangs are well on their way to recovery, with the angry sourgrape who, surprisingly, accepted his and his people's new fate, and

adapted well under his tyrannical rule - which was actually a godsend, given that his people were mostly insecure, rebellious, ignorant, incompetent and emotional pimple-faced teenagers undergoing their most tumultuous years of growth. The Gusu Lans are an entirely different in composition - the survivors are mostly older, more mature individuals who do not need to be spoon-fed, rather, they need someone that they can bond to, agree with, count on to receive help and support from, and place their trust upon, and Lan Jing Yi seemed to be the perfect candidate for that. The decision had been made by the only other former Gusu Lan senior who knew inside out of what the Lan sect requires for a grand new relaunch, and it wouldn't be too difficult to say that Jing Yi's not-yet-announced leadership position, though precarious at this point, must be preserved at all costs.

The couple's plans now in shambles, Lan Zhan rose from his spot where he'd soaked in the cosy springwaters and raised a hand, intent to chop the boy's neck one more time to send him into a coma.

"No!" Wei Ying hissed and stood up to block the murderous glare and aura emitting from the husband. He pinched the back of Lan Zhan's free hand to get his point across - and it worked; Lan Zhan nnngh'd from the pain (not to forget, pleasure too), and backed off, his hand entwined with the spouse's because Wei Ying was afraid the husband would do something else crazier.

Jing Yi, blood drained from his face and about to lose his marbles, was overwhelmed and started grabbing blindly at his hair, sobbing and weeping, shivering in wild fear and confusion, then stared upwards at the huge UFO above them and yelped and screamed like a petrified, terror-stricken person about to be buried by a falling meteor or other disasters of unimaginable proportions. The behaviour was unbecoming for a future leader, and something ought to be done before the damage was made irreversible.

“J-Jing Yi, I can explain... there’s nothing to be afraid of,” Wei Ying tried to pacify the boy with one hand reaching out for the latter’s shoulder, despite his naked and drenched state. Jing Yi flinched away, bloodshot eyes as wild as a cornered animal.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE’S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF???

WHAT’S THIS MONSTER FLYING ABOVE US???

IT’S GOING TO LAND AND EAT US, RIGHT???

JUST LIKE HOW IT’S SUCKING OUR COMRADES ONE BY ONE!!!

IT’S A GIANT SUCCUBUS!!!

HAN GUANG JUN, OH GOD WHY AREN’T YOU SCARED???

THIS IS A NIGHTMARE, RIGHT???

WHAT’S WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE???

WHAT’S WRONG WITH ME???”

Wei Ying winced at the capslocked ugly screams, and attributed Jing Yi’s outburst to the ‘storybook effect’; a character written according to the rules of the space-time bubble could be stretched and bent but within certain limits, as long as his core story, and the story of his environment remains familiar and fine; however, once those limits were broken, such as the case of a 2000 B.C. boy meeting a UFO and 41st-century technology for the first time, and having all his beloved-bonded-fate threaded friends taken away before his eyes - would break the soul of the character who becomes torn-off from the pages of his storybook, and ends up permanently damaged (or glitched, in root programming terms).

Wei Ying flung himself forward and embraced the boy nevertheless, in the most brotherly or motherly manner, and tried to ignore the fact that he was in the nude and that he was *not* interested in that boy *that* way. Jing Yi reciprocated the hug a few moments later - because that act was one of basic human instincts - and crumbled into a pile of sobs and wails.

The man flipped open (more like, summoned) his holo-phone and sent a prescription to remedy the dire situation, signed by Doctor Wei. He shoo'd the husband out of the water - he didn't need a man who could only think of chopping people's necks in times of crisis - and telepathically ordered him to put on some decent clothing and get rid of the source of Jing Yi's distress.

Lan Zhan sighed at being treated like a pariah, when in fact, Wei Ying passionately called out his name repeatedly just a short while ago while making tons of love inside that pool. He walked back to the campsite with nothing on but water rivulets dripping off his body (with a generous-looking graspable midriff framed by a tight well-trained, well-exercised body) after the interrupted bath, then hopped into their mobile home tied to Big Apple to search for his much-neglected white bathrobe, buried underneath layers of perfectly folded white Qishan Lan robes that looked the same as one another (his wardrobe consists mainly of one kind of attire, after all).

With no time to lose, he strode to the centre of the formation of sleeping Lan disciples, then pulled out a straw broom from the folds of his bathrobe. He waved at the UFO to signal it to hurry up the evacuation operation. Heaven's officers on the deck spotted their scantily-clothed Emperor and understood the urgency; immediately, they instructed the ship's crew to open a hundred panels at the transport's underside in neat ten-by-ten rows,

resulting in pillars of light that beamed out from each. Instead of the slow levitation procedure, a rope dropped from each glowing hole, and a Heaven cultivator-soldier appeared to slide down with a large hunting net in hand. Like an efficient military operation, each white-garbed soldier with angel wings on the back and a halo on his head quickly bagged up every sleeping disciple like a caught wild boars during a day-hunt, and soon, the soldiers climbed up their respective ropes and disappeared into the UFO with their catch.

With a thunderous *fwip* !, the UFO dematerialized into a different dimension; the hyperspace jump also launched blazing trails of colourful flares into the blue skies that once again reigned the hilltop campsite. The flares shot up and exploded into brilliant sparkles that glitter with such dazzling incandescence, that the Kingdom of Qishan Lan declared a free-for-all status for Gusu - with the survivors secured, citizens may start their raid parties and have all-out fun with the land until the next Reboot.

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Wei Ying held Jing Yi tightly with the latter's back facing the heart-wrenching scene of mass emigration of the remaining living Gusu Lans. The dazed boy gripped his upper arms so strongly that fingernails dug into the skin, as though the loss of any physical contact may result in him being inhaled into the humongous metallic disc-shaped monster's mouth; his body shook with such strain that veins stuck out on his neck and on other parts of the skin, while his wails and sobs continued unabated. Wei Ying reached behind and rubbed soothing circles, then gently patted the back of the head, when he realized that the front part of the boy's pants had a damp patch.

Wetting one's pants was unsurprising for someone still so young and inexperienced in the cruel ways of the world, hence Wei Ying took the liberty to gently lead the boy into the pool, where he hoped the warm waters would calm his disoriented, deviated soul and lower stress levels. His plan worked, to some extent, and when the husband returned with a raised eyebrow - because both the spouse and the boy were naked in the pool and had their hands pawing all over each other (not really, but the kinky husband imagined the possibility of adultery); Wei Ying simply lifted a forefinger to his lips and gestured a 'shhh' to allow Jing Yi some time for himself.

It's not what you think! He wetted his pants and I thought the waters might calm him down and rinse him off... ahh, don't tell me you're thinking of me doing him?! How shameless can you be!, the spouse shot an accusing look at the husband while sending dagger emojis to the latter's WeiChat account via ErNet. The husband did not respond immediately because morally-depraved curiosity got the better of him; he stared down and angled his head, tried to squint through the reflection in the waters and figure out if some man-on-man action was happening beneath the bubbling surface. Wei Ying groaned but pursed his lips because he didn't want to trigger another panic attack in the boy whose breaths were so close, too close to his ears, their naked chests stuck to each other until he could feel Jing Yi's racing heartbeat, their limbs entwined like lovers usually do.

Lan Zhan, I swear I'll spam your nightmares with plenty of revenge porn after this! Stop staring and for goodness sake, please do something useful, like wash Jing Yi's clothes over there! the younger man seethed wordlessly and bared his canines for the husband to see. The husband obliged and picked up the discarded clothes - and noted the wet pungent yellow patch. As the older man squatted by the poolside and started to scrub and wash the garments, he kept his interested gaze at the two, admiring how both men with an age gap of less than three years held each other in the lotus sex position; he never said a word, although the spouse continued to spew unspoken angry cusses back, because fuming Wei Ying knew that the sly

Lan Zhan was secretly having fun ogling and fantasizing about being cuckolded by a Lan boy half his age.

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Jing Yi is a brilliant boy, though he lacks the blind optimism that is Wei Ying's signature, and instead, his positive outlook is somewhat tempered with realistic caution - in this case, his world comes crashing down when he realizes that what he knew, isn't, and what he doesn't know, is. It took nearly an hour for him to digest some top-level revelations about his homeland, or the world itself - while his hundred strong comrades were blissfully spirited away to a new land -, and his mind valiantly tried to reorientate itself in this topsy-turvy reality where Gusu is long gone, and the Lans are in actual fact, technically, considered as an extinct sect, especially when viewed from outside through its deceiving glass-like bubble.

He was given Lan Zhan's bathrobes because the couple believed that its soul-healing powers could ease the boy's pain (and also because their clothes were hung out to dry at the campsite), and relieve the fatigue that sets in when adrenaline and panic stops pumping. It became a rather unreal scene, when Jing Yi sat by the poolside with the robes draped over his wet body, his legs still kicking in the water like a child who didn't want to swim, and two naked adult men held him close, side by side. A floating holo-phone, a Weiphone and a Weipad hovered in front of him, projecting rather grainy pictures and videos that showed three times the amount of live-feed from various locations around the province, footage taken from battle scenes at the Kingdom's frontlines against the Tians (propaganda-like heroic clips of the Wei siblings holding swords, guns and banners, stamped with bold impactful victory slogans, were inserted as well, insinuating that the war is won before any official tally of body counts), and documentaries about who or what the Tians are, where they come from, and surrounding conspiracy theories on how they are linked to the Imperial Court - topped

with a cheesy, creepy ending where the shadowy, faceless mastermind Tian *dalaoye* emerges and lurks behind a strange, stop-motion puppet show of females with horns and wings slaughtering masses of male peasants, while Jaws-like music played in the background.

Unlike Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling who underwent multiple rounds of meltdowns before accepting their new reality (that continued even after arriving at Yiling's immigration centre), Jing Yi was surprisingly calmer after his initial outburst; probably due to the fascination with the 51st-century gadgets that hooked his attention, and the colourful, exciting presentations that painted a rosier picture than expected.

"I've told you, and showed you, the gist of what has been happening in Gusu, and the world outside, but I don't expect you to take everything in one go," Wei Ying cautiously explained and peeled a freshly toasted pistachio nut, before offering it to Jing Yi's busy mouth; like feeding a baby chick still in its nest, "It would've been better if you'd come to terms with the new reality through reading brochures, watching slideshows, go on 3d-virtual tours and binge on introductory movies of the Kingdom of Qishan Lan, while on the flight in that airship - the one you called the 'flying disc-shaped metallic monster' - to your new home. So take it as a crash course of sorts, and don't worry because you'll be getting more history lessons about your new home in due time!"

"Mn. Matriarch Lan is correct," Lan Zhan continued, "Now you're in a better position to understand the circumstances that lead to the present, and you can already see the light at the end of the tunnel," and he offered a tangerine segment to the boy.

Jing Yi didn't think twice to 'ahh' his mouth because he's come to trust the great and wonderful Han Guang Jun as a fatherly figure, "Enn. Han-- er... Grand Patriarch," he obediently called out the older man's formal designation, "I think I can wrap my head around the entire thing after a good night's sleep, and as you said, it's not as bad as I initially thought." He turned around to stare at the blue skies in the horizon, forlornly, "I already miss my *xiongdì* s, but I should look forward to the day when I will see them again in our new home, though I'm a little... skeptical and anxious... of being appointed as their leader."

The war raged on in Gusu, smoke columns drew closer with each passing hour as the Kingdom made inroads into the province. Jing Yi saw everything with better clarity when he wasn't sobbing like a babe. Now that basic understanding of modern technology and god-tiered magics have been revealed, he could see through the veils that the Imperial forces and their Tian accomplices have used to cloak people's awareness and knowledge. He didn't even jump when fighter jet planes roared across the skies, then launched missiles at a swarm of succubi in mid-flight while dropping bombs at one particularly nasty, burning town-turned-nest; or when a twenty-foot golem appeared in a faraway valley and was taken down by impressive organized squadrons of cultivators with ultra-modern cannons on flying swords and white robes patterned with black-and-white bunnies; or when more smaller disc and aerodynamically shaped rescue airships whizzed by while tightening their dragnets to secure and retrieve as many Gusu Tian prisoners as possible.

Wei Ying, fondly known as Matriarch Lan, sighed and lay on the grassy poolside, his legs kicking in the water just like Jing Yi - probably mimicking each other's behaviours help to bring the two together. "Don't worry, junior disciple, you'll do well as a leader - have more faith in yourself, boy! Once you're in Yiling, life will be so much easier and livelier; Jin *gongzi* has sent word that he wants to take time off his studies for citizenship examinations and meet you. He's thrilled that he can show you and the other Lan disciples around, especially since his fearsome *jiu jiu*

has been promoted as senior branch manager for nearly all businesses operating in Yiling.”

Jing Yi, who could be nicknamed as ‘the junior disciple’, sighed and it was his turn to lay on the ground and gaze at the blue skies while the sun hid behind some clouds - it was quite a nice, sunny and beautiful mid-morning, now that feelings of fear, dread and hopelessness have all but dissipated like gossamer in the wind. “Enn, Matriarch. I haven’t been to Yunmeng since summer, so I’ve missed Jin *gongzi* for nearly half a year now. It’d be nice to go shopping with him during the day, touring the city and visiting fun fairs, and participate in night-hunts at dusk,” he said while churning the pool waters with his paddling legs, referring to some of the leisurely activities that the Kingdom’s youths typically enjoy in Yiling.

Lan Zhan didn’t want to feel left out, so he followed the other two and lay on the grass stiffly with his hands on his stomach, *ala* coffin-style. “Jing Yi, the next regular airship to Yiling will arrive in a few days’ time, is there anything you’d like to do before leaving Gusu? Once we leave, the whole land will be erased and reborn,” he reminded.

“Err... I still want to find Si Zhui. I did plan to slowly make my way back to Caiyi after fleeing to the south earlier, before Patriarch and Matriarch found me. I want to see him again and have tea with him, if... if that’s still possible,” Jing Yi stammered a little at the end, suddenly choked with unfamiliar feelings bubbling from his chest.

Surprisingly, both adult men held Jing Yi’s hands, one for each side. Jing Yi felt warm, whether from embarrassment or from the admission of something he has towards his best friend.

“ *Lao gong* , what do you think? What do your godly powers say about the fate of A-Yuan and where does his future lie?”

A thoughtful pause.

“Mn. There’s always space for one more in our new home in Yiling.”

Jing Yi shed a tear, and he hoped neither men noticed.

(Later, Jing Yi - who felt absolutely comfortable in the company of naked men because nudity is natural among Gusu Lans - only had to turn to the side and marvel at the incredible tufts of curls on the Matriarch’s hairy naked body, especially near the chest and groin area. Of course his mouth slipped when he said something about the amount of body hair as compared to a typical Gusu Lan man - the Patriarch snickered inwardly and started searching WeiTube clips of ‘Brazilian Wax’.

The Matriarch retorted by deflecting the discussion towards body fat, and sent suggestive looks towards the Patriarch’s slight paunch in broad daylight. The junior disciple looked to the left, then right, then left again, and remarked that both men looked fatter than he remembered, from the last time he saw them nearly three years ago.

The Patriarch hnn’d impassively, and explained curtly that they’ve lived a peaceful, contented lifestyle with plenty of good food during the last few

years - another plus point for aspiring candidates for the Kingdom's citizenship; then suddenly, he scrunched his face in a sudden anxiety attack, then asked Jing Yi in all seriousness - even bowed his head a little - the all-important question of whether his hairline is receding.

Jing Yi was confused but he tried to peer at the older man's forehead and scalp to see if there were any signs of male pattern baldness. He finally concluded that he couldn't see anything out of the ordinary, and that Patriarch looked as handsome as he had been, including the added love handles around the waist.

Lan Zhan sighed in relief. Wei Ying could only bite his lower lip and curse himself for another lost trump card.)

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Lying by the pool could be one of life's most relaxing moments, so it wasn't a surprise that Lan Zhan dozed off soon after. He found himself in a strange, but familiar alternate world in his slumber.

One of the Gusu Lan master's nicer memories of living in his mansion with his family of four - surrounded by fruit orchards and vegetable gardens as fertile as the two boys who run around naked all day, and the hairy, ugly demonic wife that needed extra spankings on the buttocks to keep him in place in the household's hierarchy -, is a memory of rewarding his lovely A-Xian with presents from obscure, peculiar toy shops of the Far, Far West.

“A-Xian, A-Ji, when you’re done, come downstairs and see what we received in the post. It’s a surprise from your favourite toy store,” the man called out while arranging plates of cupcakes and chocolate chip cookies freshly baked from the oven onto the dining table, served with dainty-looking cups of fragrant milk tea. He knew that the boys were cuddling on the bed, and sometimes they’d forget about the time, such as important afternoon tea rituals.

Upstairs, A-Xian squealed when he heard the words ‘toy store’. After giving A-Ji an apologetic smooch, he pulled out with a wet plop. A-Ji whined at the loss of heat and friction, because he enjoyed their heavy petting sessions which consist of sweet kisses that involved plenty of tongue-action and tongue-massages, slow-burn caresses and groping until every inch of skin was nicely rubbed in affectionate circles and stars, dick fencing and frotting until both of their wee-wees leaked clear droplets at the tips, and just seconds ago, he managed to stick his child-excited penis into the ‘wife’s’ super-tight virginal rosebud (ah, the magic of youth and elasticity!). Barely twenty thrusts into the sweet tight baby hole where his baby cock truly belonged, A-Xian was called out by their daddy.

“I’m going to check what daddy brought this time, A-Ji. You better come down quickly after cleaning up, because I smell delicious butter cupcakes and homemade Oreo cookies waiting for us!” the spirited boy with unruly hair cheerfully crowed; it’s a family tradition that the Lan side is responsible for all manners of cleaning, including aftercare. He hopped off the bed, leaving poor A-Ji with a throbbing lonesome angry-red wee-wee that didn’t manage to tingle yet, despite how badly it really wanted to.

As soon as A-Xian bounded for the stairways, the bed creaked and rumbled. Dark, viscous and toxic-looking black wisps rose from beneath the covers, like the infamous Monster Under The Bed that A-Ji had heard from scary

fairy tales for naughty kids. A pair of hairy muscular arms crawled up to the sides of the furniture and into the increasingly apprehensive boy's view.

“Hello, my sweet, sweet A-Ji. Mommy has been waiting under the bed for the chance to see you in person. We should have a heart to heart talk once in a while, don't you think so? Let's have a chat before afternoon tea, boy. I hope you don't mind,” Uncle Wei's raspy voice sent blood draining from the terrified boy's face. Suddenly, the bedroom door shut, and the curtains drew together on their own. The rapist uncle shoved away a lock of sweaty, messy hair and brushed off dust and grime from his shoulders; he probably hadn't had a bath for a few days under the bed, and he smelled of bitter alcohol, strange drugs and pungent body odours.

The terrible sex offender easily overpowered the boy and pushed him down to the dangerously tilted bed. It was all too easy for the man in the twenties to crouch between the boy's shivering legs, with nefarious intent to ruin any last shred of innocence left in the victim's body. Uncle Wei licked his lips when he realized he stared at the tastiest buffet of a finger-length erect child-penis softly bobbing in his line of sight.

“A-Ji ah A-Ji, be a good boy and never hide such presents from Mommy, you hear me?”

Little A-Ji sniffled and nodded. He shivered when he felt a finger, no, two fingers with long fingernails graze his rosebud. They never even said ‘please’ before they were rudely inserted; the invasion was unpleasant, unlubricated, and disgusting because he could almost *feel* the bristles on the hairy digits tickling his insides.

“Nnnh. You know what to do, boy. Come, unwrap your present and show it to Mommy,” the man ordered with a vulgar sneer. Little A-Ji started to cry softly, hot tears leaked from his eyes, and his face flushed with sheer embarrassment tempered with fear, as he raised his hips higher, then with both hands, the boy pulled back his foreskin as far as possible to reveal the hidden prize that Uncle Wei won this time. Pink penis glans that shine and glisten in the dim light, with a toothpick-sized slit peeking from in-between. A-Ji’s cock had swollen up nicely from engaging with titillating sexual foreplay with his child-lover earlier, but now it faced the terrifying and unwanted prospect of being devoured by the dirty rapist; the boy’s hormone-darkened grape-sized testicles tightened in alarm and tried to hide into the base of the quivering genitals, but to no avail.

The ten-year old boy hiccuped and moaned, unable to control the unwelcome, even detestful flaming lusts boiling from within his pelvis, when the rapist attacked the boy’s exposed privates repeatedly; little A-Ji cried for help during the sexual assault, but no one in the house could hear his pitifully weak protests. Three greasy fingers violently raked the boy’s budding but functional prostate gland until it shuddered continuously from the distressing treatment, filling up rich creamy loads into the pulsing, increasingly excited urethra; more hairy, grimy fingers cupped and molested the helpless testicles with such zest until they, too, started to inflate, then contract rhythmically to squeeze out more milky nectar made of newborn seed towards the loathsome goal of fueling the demon’s appetite; the man puckered his lips and gleefully hollowed his cheeks to draw the desperate penis deeper into his demonic oral cavity, where fanged teeth grazed circular pinpricks on the delicate bulbous cockhead and injected sexual poisons into the organ, tongues emerged and forked into many tentacle-like appendages, each tightly swirling, kneading, rubbing in mind-blowing spirals and curls, a hardened spear of turgid flesh easily forced its way into the captured child-penis and started to lick the insides of the pee-slit, then the urethral tube; instead of vacuuming up the unejaculated seed that started to pool inside the boy’s raging hard-on, the demonic rapist lets its tongues play inside the ten-year old’s *xiao ji ji* , caressing the lumps of pent-up loads, stirring the soupy potent liquids inside each deposited volley that

only a ten-year old's genitals could make, coaxing the adolescent's sperm to shoot out, shoot out, quickly, quickly in orgasmic explosions before their time.

A deep thrust of sharp fingernails pressed against the prostate, a tight squeeze on the sexually-flushed bloated scrotum that had smoothened out its wrinkles, and a particularly hard *suck* on the engorged length of the poisoned, exceedingly excited penis; A-Ji yelled in shock at the triple assault, pulled on Uncle Wei's greasy hair and scalp, his thin legs futilely tried to kicked away the man's shoulders and his clutches on his groin, but he knew he'd been defeated when his hips couldn't stop shaking, his thighs trembled, the inevitable countdown of a volcanic eruption started, his eyes rolled back and stars started to dot his vision.

Little A-Ji's gift to A-Xian, of thirty precious twitches of thick, milky fresh boy-semen he'd produced and carefully stored since morning, was lost to the dirty, unwashed rapist.

"Mmm, delish. Mommy craves for more presents. You're a good son, aren't you? Be a good boy, and give Mommy more presents," Uncle Wei growled and swallowed with joy, then resumed his attacks on A-Ji's genitals with renewed vigour. The ten-year old adolescent would be brutally sucked dry by the incubus, have his balls savaged by forked tongues that extended and dipped all the way in to penetrate the sweet juicy boy-eggs, then royally fucked in the ass and hammered into the bed by a grunting smelly pervert with a hairy, monstrous veiny cum-leaking penis twice his age, before he would be allowed downstairs to finally have his cupcakes and chocolate chip cookies for afternoon tea.

Elsewhere, A-Xian, being the apple of Uncle Lan's eyes and allowed to act callously and greedily like an undisciplined child in the mansion, happily received a wrapped present and tore its packaging paper into pieces like a stray dog (or cat) would when given some food. He shrieked joyfully at a teddy bear soft toy about two feet in height, coloured to look like a Middle Kingdom panda, and absolutely warm, adorable and huggable in the child's eyes.

Little A-Xian thanked Uncle Lan many times and began to play with his new soft toy almost immediately with many fistful grabs and squeezes because the material was just too appealing for the ten-year old who had missed being embraced and cuddled during his childhood days of wandering alone in the streets.

“A-Xian, don't be too rough on your new friend. If it gets dirty, let me know and I'll wash it for you,” the Gusu Lan master sagely advised and outlined more house rules for the boy who would be better suited as a troublemaker. He dutifully fed a cupcake to the child while the latter continued to squeal and shriek over a new companion made of artificial fur and other elastic materials; to the point where the boy rolled around the floor with the unfortunate toy in his arms; when Wei Ying finished eating one piece of cake and grinned a mouth full of half-chewed bits, Uncle Lan smiled faintly, and dabbed the boy's lips with a napkin.

Just then, the Gusu Lan master stilled and hnngh'd - he'd been masturbating with one hand while serving tasty treats to the boy; it was an easy task, since they were both naked in the dining room, and the man in his thirties was easily aroused by the sight of the boy's perky tight ass; Little A-Xian not only rolled around the floor with the teddy bear, but also fucked it with his cute hardened wee-wee because the bear had an ultra-stretchable silicone fleshlight buried into its crotch - it was designed as a sex toy for heterosexual males (the shady toy store manager did say, “I hope you don't

mind,” when the master paid for the purchase), so the snug cocksleeve was stuck on the front side of the teddy bear’s lower abdomen and between its knobbly furred legs; watching how little A-Xian humped energetically into the bear’s pussy - the fleshlight - turned on the man tremendously, and thus, he easily hnng’h’d with just a few strokes.

“A.. A-Xian, let d-d-daddy cum, oh, oh, daddy is cumming...!” Uncle Lan groaned. Little A-Xian knew he should get off the bear and let his daddy ejaculate thirty twitches into the fleshlight, but he really enjoyed the squishy fleshy sensations massaging his *xiao ji ji* so much, that he was most reluctant to let go. So, the boy had a bright idea and lifted one of his legs like a dog taking a pee, and persuaded his daddy to ‘let’s fuck Mister Teddy Bear together, Papa’ - at that point, Uncle Lan was about to burst and he couldn’t think straight, so he squeezed in with the boy, somehow and miraculously, two dicks into one bloated fleshlight entrance shaped like a woman’s vagina; A-Xian cried at the pressurized squeeze because Daddy Lan’s penis was *gigantic* compared to his pencil-thin one, and the elastic tube strained to accommodate them until everything within was deliciously compressed.

Uncle Lan howled when the first of thirty volleys fired out from his exceedingly hard meatstick, and Little A-Xian followed suit because he could feel Daddy Lan’s penile veins popping out, the penile muscles pulsing in delicious massaging waves, the soaring heat licking his simmering *xiao ji ji* so intimately wrapped and rubbed against daddy’s, the surging pressure of hot creamy daddy cum ballooning like a nuclear bomb gone off inside the sweet tight tunnel of teddy-bear love, squirting and forced *int* o the boy’s wildly orgasming wee-wee, reverse-flowing into the adolescent’s defenceless urethra and straight into the nut-sized prostate gland, until A-Xian learnt what retrograde ejaculation felt like because he felt blessed, and recognized it as a gift from the daddy, to have daddy’s sperm swimming inside his prostate - the boy-womb - and wondered briefly if Daddy Lan’s energetic wrigglers will make babies inside little A-Xian.

The father-son couple ended their dual and dirty lovemaking with the teddy bear's ruined vaginal fleshlight with lots of sensual kissing, touching and tasty moans into each other's breaths flavoured with sweet butter cupcakes and Oreos.

Later, A-Xian wondered what was taking A-Ji so long to come downstairs and join them for tea - but that thought flew out of the window when his thin boy-hips picked up the pace and fucked the cum-covered teddy bear earnestly towards another climax. He pumped his hips while on all fours with the bear spread-eagled beneath him; sometimes he rained sweet kisses on the teddy's cute nose and rosy cheeks, his hands grasped wildly the bear's furry material because his underaged body shook with incredible pleasures - while his *xiao ji ji* experienced heaven inside a taut tube of flooded, frothy, gooey warm daddy-sperm, even squirting out the excess deluge with each tasty fuck, Uncle Lan huffed and puffed above him equally vigorously as the man mounted, slammed his hips and fucked the boy from above; A-Xian giggled every time he was crushed by his daddy into a sandwich of made of man and teddy bear; the boy's hips didn't know where to shake - on one hand, it wanted to raise up for the fertile springy ass to kiss and meet his daddy's twitching fat cock, on the other, it wanted to grind downwards and let the child-penis savour the taste of fucking the fleshy tube like a real adult, and gulp down more of daddy's virile thick seed. It didn't really matter in the end, as long as Uncle Lan enjoyed the afternoon tea by spilling hot semen and planting lots of babies into lovely A-Xian, while A-Xian enjoys the best of both worlds by getting lovingly impregnated by Daddy Lan's sperm, and he got to empty out his baby Wei Yings - the ten year old's testicles - into fifteen or more shuddering exquisite twitches into the cutest teddy bear ever.

Notes for the Chapter:

What a nice relaxing weekend with long holidays! My draft remains skeletal and I don't really know where the story is going - that's why you can see that it has slowed down considerably, and there are awkward moments too. Oh well. At least I had fun writing the smuts.

Sorry to add a kind of interlude or a missed section from the previous chapter at the beginning. We had hot springs but didn't have hot sex in the last chapter, so this has been fixed :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 111

The trio journeyed on when they remembered that although Time in the oasis of their paradise may have remained broken and unchanged forever, there is still much to do - for two Immortals and one fledgling leader who wanted to rescue his best friend.

Jing Yi probably looked the happiest in recent times, as he jolted the reins to urge lazy Big Apple to take a few more steps. He sat at the front of the carriage and rewarded the donkey with a bite of the eponymous juicy ripe fruit tied to a fishing rod every so often - a trick he learnt from the Matriarch's holo-phone. Wei Ying had done what most parents should, when stuck in a car (or a carriage) for hours on a long journey at a snail's space with very curious children on the side - he simply relinquished his phone to Jing Yi, specially unlocked it so that it could operate with limited access into ErNet, then taught him how to surf using the browser, watch WeiTube videos, and if nothing else catches the youth's interest, he set up a WeiChat video call with Jin Ling so that the two youngsters can yammer to their heart's content. There were moments of incompetence and stupidity, such as accidentally closing apps when trying to minimize them, or rude music blared out when some pop-up ads appeared (thank goodness Jing Yi was recognized by the system as below the Kingdom's legal age, so porn sites were off-limits) - but eventually, the boy managed to get the hang of using the strange device that connected him to the universe and beyond.

(Jing Yi also Wei-gle'd up about donkeys, and learnt that asses are the symbolic national transportation animals of the Kingdom of Qishan Lan. He read about the history, watched a few videoclips titled 'Untamed Romance', and "awww"-ed at some of the more lovey-dovey moments involving the Patriarch; then he laughed when he saw old footages of stubborn Lil Apple - the predecessor of all symbolic donkeys of the Kingdom - giving trouble to the Matriarch, and when that equine kissed a few bunnies in the Cloud

Recesses, a few years ago. The boy wondered if they could set up petting zoos in Gusu or Yiling, filled with much-loved animals for everyone to play with.)

With Jing Yi given a task (to steer the donkey) and a fruitful way to spend the time (with a holo-phone), Wei Ying finally had the chance to enjoy a cuddle with his husband inside the confines and the comfort of their mobile home. Ernie was relegated to a seat cushion, because despite his cold and slimy surface, he was soft, very malleable and provided ergonomic support to anyone's heavy buttocks. Wei Ying only had to command the errant son with a mother-complex to activate a massage-chair function, to get a delectable rattling on his pelvic bones and kamasutra-worthy energetic vibrations to his loins.

The husband relaxed into his normal seat while trying his best to ignore the snuggling but moaning spouse trying to wrest control of more prime estate of paunchy six-pack abs from the other contender - their favourite little girl held snugly by her father's warm muscled arms and against a pillow of heart-throbbing pectoral muscles. Little Ni-er whined and made some uncomfortable noises every time her mother bumped into her fluffy body and was inadvertently pushed away when Wei Ying twisted and turned against Lan Zhan's tummy for a better cuddle.

Lan Zhan decided that his burgeoning body had more than enough space to love his two family members, so he let Wei Ying occupy the regions below his navel, while little Ni-er could finally snuggle up to her father's ample firm breasts for a suckle that she'd missed so much ever since they parted ways from the unfortunate wolf attack. He had some interesting revelations and felt some goosebump-y sensations running through his body, when his daughter breastfed hungrily (alas, there was no milk), while naughty Wei Ying swooped down through a stretched waistband to suck off his turgid erection.

The furry silkworm was lovingly stroked by her father - on her back, where she received terrific back scratches and she wiggled violently to let out shrieks of childish delight - and around her tummy, where the father kneaded circles to help her digest the wonderful meals from the campsite, and her puckered anus-like rear orifice pulsated regularly due to the nnngh-inducing peristaltic waves running through her adorable two-foot length.

“Oi, stop pooping diamonds on me,” Wei Ying complained, when he felt glittering stones tumble from above and onto his head, where he was trying to face-fuck the husband’s exceedingly excited penis ardently. Lan Zhan sighed - he needed to catch his breath because he was on the verge of cumming - then kissed Ni-er’s cheeks sweetly and coo’d at her to listen to her mother’s words, “Be a good girl, Ni-er, and poop out something better for your mommy.”

Soon, rolls of freshly made talismans, protective amulets, modern gadgets, and tiny weapons such as hand-held guns and bombs landed on Lan Zhan’s sweaty crotch, just as he exploded into a string of thirty twitches into the loving spouse’s waiting mouth, with rhythmic hnnghs that fortunately never filtered out the walls of their home and to their junior disciple who manned the carriage. Ernie thought it would be awesome if his parents orgasmed together, so he ramped up the massage function of the mother’s cushion - which came with a cold slimy black dildo and snaked into Wei Ying’s pants to do nasty things to the man’s bottom. Wei Ying joined the husband’s chorus around the latter’s fifteenth’s hnngh, and added his own melodious ngahhs and uuhns, and together they crescendoed into a glorious finale of shouts, groans and juicy wet eruptions.

Later, in the aftermath of spilled seeds, soiled loincloths and a snoring Wei Ying on his lap with semen on his lips and running down the unfortunate

cold black slimy seat (which was fine - tentacle-kin are immune to the effects of human-kin's sperm), Lan Zhan lounged and stretched and popped a few joints and nearly melted into his chair because he was so boneless, drained and beautifully buoyed after the powerful climax that he actually sported a drunken smile - then his eyelids closed on their own, and he finally fell into a restless sleep.

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Little A-Ji was eight again, and he wondered if his world is one that ricochets between two ends of a spectrum, schizophrenic and random in nature; in that he was ten and living with his own happy family of four in one dimension, or he could be the innocent, pre-pubescent boy once again under the care of his older brother.

“Wang Ji, it's the fifteenth of the lunar month today. We should offer prayers at the temple and seek the gods' blessings for good health and luck,” Xi Chen *da ge* said, while working in their vegetable patch. The youth put a hand into his pocket and fished out a silver piece. “Here, take this to buy a few stalks of lotus flowers from the market, and give it to the temple,” he explained.

“Enn!” the eight-year old boy nodded and accepted the silver gracefully, then bowed respectfully with folded hands in front. At such a young age, he didn't have many opportunities to go out of the neighbourhood - even the local grade school where he attends classes is built just a few blocks down the road from his humble home. Xi Chen is the most caring brother the boy has ever known, so the boy lived a rather sheltered life - which in some sense, meant that he was kept on a tight leash and hardly ventured further

than necessary. Thus, the boy considered this to be a golden chance to broaden his horizons and see the world.

A-Ji felt a little strange that this world seemed brighter, colourful, even more tolerable than before; perhaps because he had wonderful physical experiences in the other 'real' world and felt totally relaxed and sanguine on whatever that may befall upon him, perhaps because he'd mastered this 'dream' world and was comfortable in his own skin, and perhaps because he knew that every 'bad guy' in this 'dream' world cannot really harm his body or hurt his feelings - and if anything, his best friend and pretend-wife, A-Xian, and his pretend-daddy, Master Lan, are ready to help, just right next door. (or not)

So, the boy bid good-bye to his brother, and walked with a skip in his steps to the road leading out of the neighbourhood.

"Oh, A-Ji, my boy! You look happy this morning! What terrible things has your brother done to you this time?"

A-Ji rolled his eyes and gave a barely-visible frown of disgust; it is rude and prohibited to show disdain at one's elders, after all. The dirty neighbour, somehow still his stepmother of sorts, sat at the doorsteps of his temporary house that had strangely been rebuilt (or was never torn down - it was hard to say, in this 'dream' world, after all). Uncle Wei grinned a full set of yellowed smelly teeth, and had a hand jiggling under the waistband of his pants. The boy wondered briefly if the unwashed man was scratching an itch or picking a flea in his groin - there could be some on his messy uncombed hair, though.

“No, my brother hasn’t done anything, and you better leave him alone. In fact, he entrusted me a piece of silver to buy flowers for the temple. I’m going to pray for the two of us, and you are not included!” little A-Ji shouted back like a child retaliating an adult’s teasing.

Uncle Wei’s eyes widened at the rudeness, then those red-tinged pupils turned into evil slits when he grinned. “Oh, what a noble mission you have in your hands! Say... if I offer you a gold nugget, would you rather spend the day here with me? I have pork roast, chicken dumplings and boiled fish in my kitchen today. There are plenty of people offering flowers to the temple today since it’s the fifteenth, so surely, the gods and even your brother wouldn’t notice a missing few bouquets,” the greasy man offered. The uncle had pulled down the waistband of his pants, and A-Ji watched, with a slightly horrified look, at how a fully grown adult man masturbated his dark hairy penis in broad daylight, with plenty of schlicky sounds. There were no passers-by at that time, because most housewives had gone to the market too.

His best friend A-Xian would have stuck out a tongue at that point, but little A-Ji was polite. He simply shook his head and walked on, “No, I already had breakfast and I promised my brother that I would pray at the temple with a few stalks of lotus flowers. I will not break that promise.”

“Then, tell me, boy, do you know *how* to choose the biggest, the most beautiful and the most magnificent lotus flowers with a silver piece? Who knows, your brother or even the gods may be disappointed if you didn’t try your best and offer the best flowers at the temple,” Uncle Wei countered, and was unfazed - because he knew how to push the right buttons and trick the eight-year old boy.

Little A-Ji paused in mid-step and bit on his lower lip when he realized that the uncle was right.

“I... I...” he stammered hesitantly, because he was torn between running away from the sex predator (because, oh god, Uncle Wei had pulled up his pants, stood up and was walking towards him... hurry, hurry, he should run away!), running back to his brother (which could mean a good scolding), or running to the market (which could land him in trouble because he really didn’t know *how* to choose the best flowers with a silver piece).

The pre-pubescent boy stood in the middle of the empty street, confused and undecided on what to do next, and took forever to mull over his options - which spelled his doom, when Uncle Wei lunged forward in just a few strides, and caught the boy by the wrist.

“You know, A-Ji, indecision is my favourite flaw in you,” the dirty uncle smiled wickedly - but the boy didn’t really understand those complex words, so he could only stare, bewildered, at the uncle, half-hoping that he would be released, half-hoping that he would be offered the best answer -, “Let this uncle decide for you, because adults are always right. In fact, I’ll even put a gold nugget into your pocket, if you follow what I say,” Uncle Wei added with a glint in his eyes, and licked his lips in anticipation. One calloused hand - the one that had touched his hairy smelly smegma-coated penis earlier - slid down into A-Ji’s pants and caressed the boy’s smooth pale buttocks; one finger dipped into the crack of the ass, then grazed the unused puckered rosebud (so far), and A-Ji shivered in trepidation.

Less than five minutes after little A-Ji left his house, the unkempt but charming man in his twenties was seen walking hand in hand with a boy a third of his age, to the market. They made several stops along the way, and

Uncle Wei took his sweet time with detours along the scenic route. The boy complained that they were headed the wrong way, but the man simply tsk'ed and said that adults are always right, because of Rule Number Three. The boy promptly lowered his head in humiliation for having nearly broke the sacred rule; his face reddened even more, when the man shamelessly inserted his hands through the underside of the boy's shirt, and started to grope and brush the adolescent's chest, until the peanut-sized nipples flared up into puffy strawberries. To passer-by housewives, the two looked no more than a couple of closely-knit *xiongdi* playing a ticklish form of wrestling with each other - because in the Cloud Recesses, nobody recognized that a pervert was molesting an eight-year old's sweet body and fiddling with the child's titties beneath those loose garments.

The first pitstop was an old abandoned rickety building. It was painful, alarming, but not surprising, that little A-Ji was forced to undress where no one could see, and he was raped on the unswept, littered floor to the uncle's heart's and penis' content. Uncle Wei savoured the boy's body from head to toe, from adoring kisses on the lips to hungry rimjob licks on the blossoming rosebud peeking between plump ass-cheeks, from hard thrusts into the ragdoll-like figure to listening to the thrilling music of a boy's scream for help - that goes unheard - and a man's satisfied grunts when he ejaculated fifteen times, because sweet fertile A-Ji is simply too breedworthy and had to be bedded passionately like a victimized child ought to be, to where he belongs. The rapist made sure that little A-Ji was properly inseminated by at least three servings of his stinky creamy semen by the time they were done. Thick seed dribbled from the A-Ji's ruined, gaping rosebud down his thighs as he staggered out of the cursed deserted building.

At the second pitstop, A-Ji tried to resist, but not before his buttocks were rudely slapped and he became teary-eyed from the stinging pain - then he was given a stern warning not to make any weird sounds or eye contact with pedestrians on a lonely trail. Behind some clumps of dense undergrowth, the red-faced eight-year old had to endure the horrifying

embarrassment of standing amidst the prickly bushes, while drawing curious glances from some market-goers. He stood as still as a mouse and gritted his teeth, because beneath the top layers of the bush, he was pantless as a newborn babe, and Uncle Wei happily crouched between the boy's legs and played with his *xiao ji ji* with greasy fingers and oily lips. The adolescent had to experience the trauma of tingling in broad daylight, bit his lips until they bled a little, his rosy cheeks turned tomato-reds on their own and he couldn't help when a few tasty moans escaped his throat - then his pelvis pumped into branches and shrubs maddeningly until the bushes shook with the timeless rhythms that only child rapists knew, which scared away a few mothers and their young children when they walked too close. Little A-Ji would have to tingle several times into the sex offender's mouth, before he was released.

Back on the trail, Uncle Wei smacked his lips and remarked that the boy tasted good despite bearing no seed yet. "Your one and only rooster flew away three times just now, but I was able to catch it every time it crowed," the man laughed rudely, "Rest assured, boy, the two eggs are still there. I made sure to crack them open for a taste, though, so they're a little bruised. You should come over to my place after this, I have some special recipes for cooking eggs that have been cracked open. I hope you don't mind," and he guffawed like a madman - more alert housewives stared at him and quickly shuffled away in discomfort upon hearing the strange conversation about chickens and eggs. The trembling adolescent walked with a slight limp; underneath his loosened loincloth, his cock was inflamed from brutal suction and injurious tugs, and his sensitive balls stung and itched from abusive handling, swollen to nearly twice the original size.

The last pitstop was just before the market's entrance. This time, the boy sniffled and hiccuped loudly with hot tears on his flushed cheeks, as he was forced to stand by the roadside with his pants pulled down into an untidy pile on the ground. Old ladies and other shoppers spared curious stares at the two, of a man standing behind a boy and stooping over the latter, one hand on the boy's waist and the other doing something nasty in front. Uncle

Wei grinned cheerfully and made excuses at a few passing-by spectators, such as “I’m his big brother, and I’m just helping him pee before we queue up to buy meat and vegetables” and “He’s just a little kid and doesn’t know how to aim” - which drew some endearing giggles from the womankind, and eventually people stopped paying attention to them - because people in the Cloud Recesses do not recognize when a child is molested and has his penis touched in a very, very wrong way by smelly, grimy fingers.

Little A-Ji was mortified when the terrible rapist’s O-ring of a curled thumb and forefinger tightened and pistoned along his pinkie-length wee-wee with renewed vigour. His shiny glistening exposed cockhead was polished ruthlessly in public view, and he had to bite his tongue to stifle age-inappropriate sexual moans when the child’s body was forced to jerk thirty times in rapid succession - thirty spurts of healthy pee arched to mimic an adult’s orgasmic ejaculation; although it was way too early for the eight-year old to experience such earthly pleasures.

Under the pretense of helping a fellow youngster with toilet needs, the horny uncle managed to extract another three tasty tingles from the helpless boy; his fingers never stopped assaulting the boy’s genitals during that time, so he enjoyed playing with little A-Ji until the latter crumbled to the pee-stained ground because air left his lungs in heaves and wheezes, strength left his legs because he couldn’t contain the electricity short-circuiting his nerves, and plenty of bodily fluids spurted out until not a single drop was left.

The sun was high in the sky, and the younger Lan brother wanted to call it quits. Just when he pulled up his pants and wanted to march back home - he would rather get a scolding from Xi Chen *da ge* than suffer through more abuse in the terrible rapist’s hands -, Uncle Wei grabbed his wrist and merrily said, “Oh look, the flower shop is just over there! We’re almost

there! Come on, A-Ji, you're so close to completing your task, surely your *gege* will praise you for a job well done!"

The silver piece in his pocket clinked persuasively.

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The child forgave the rapist easily, when he held the biggest lotus flower bouquet he'd ever lay his eyes on. The flowers were so pretty, as pink as his rosy cheeks, and their glorious blooms were like a whiff of springtime freshness in the crowded market. He paid a silver for it, as instructed, and Uncle Wei paid for the rest - along with a stick of tanghulu, a sweet dumpling, a bag of candies and toasted nuts, and a cup of sweetened fruit juice from a beverage vendor.

With a full tummy and his prized flowers by his side, little A-Ji was content and his mood improved greatly - especially when Uncle Wei praised how handsome the boy looked while holding the flowers. The praises turned into a bit of goading and plenty of harmless flirting, when Uncle Wei bought a mixed bouquet and politely asked, with plenty of fake admiration, sweet lies and dangerous coaxing, for the boy to pose with flowers 'for a bit of memorable fun'. Then the man mentioned about a gold nugget inside the boy's pocket, which meant that the latter had accepted the condition to follow the man's order for the day; thus the child was easily swayed and tricked into believing the man's words.

Uncle Wei found an empty stall in a rather concealed area of the market, and behind it, little A-Ji was made to go down on all fours. The man

chuckled when he inserted a few large flower stalks - carnations, peonies and sunflowers - between the boy's buttocks, and then, a few other smaller specimens with hollowed stems into the boy's penis. A-Ji had to gently bite on a rose while Uncle Wei brushed the stuffed, swollen and very irritated genitals with tiny prickly blooms - baby's breaths, heather and thistle - until the boy nnngh and aaahn'd uncontrollably. Having evacuated the boy's bladder not too long ago, Uncle Wei took the liberty to enjoy refreshing sips through the hollowed reed-like stems from the purple-red cockhead - the faster he brushed the shivering penis, the more seedless clear nectar it produced and oozed straight into the man's waiting palate. Mmm, delish - and Uncle Wei got a free view of how the preteen experienced sexual climax before puberty, judging from the way the body bent and bowed repeatedly, and how the tell-tale red sexual flushes bloomed and spread across the boy's chest, neck and groin, just like the beautiful flowers that sprouted out of little A-Ji's cute rump.

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Eventually, Uncle Wei took the boy to the temple; he said he had the responsibility as an adult and as Xi Chen *da ge* 's favourite neighbour to see through little A-Ji's journey. There, following local traditions and rituals, the boy offered the lotus flowers to the monks with a respectful bow, and he was given incense sticks to light up for prayer at the main shrine.

Uncle Wei stood in a corner and did not join the boy, partly because he didn't want the holy effigies and statues to see him - his demonic self would be revealed by the gods' all-seeing powers and that would endanger his life. So, instead, he roamed around the fringes until he bumped into a wrinkly, bald and fat old saffron-robed monk lazing under a secluded verandah with a smoke pipe and a platter of meat jerky on the table, and who appeared to have 'seen it all, done it all'. After an exchange of words, a shake of hands, the man was handed a pouch of gold and he was gracious enough to hide

the illicit transaction with his sleeves, away from the gods' prying eyes. "It's not much, but there will be more if he's as tasty as you say," the pompous-looking monk said, "I hope you don't mind." Uncle Wei sealed the deal with his million dollar smile.

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"Little boy, little boy!"

A-Ji turned around, and saw the sagely Head Priest calling out to him with a friendly wave. He quickly tucked the smoking incense sticks to the designated bronze ornate vessel, gave it three bows, and quickly left the shrine.

"What is it, Master Priest?" A-Ji tottered in his approach, and felt humbled by the presence of such a venerable elder of his community.

"You're such a good child, dutifully praying for good health and luck for your family!" he commended, and placed a reassuring arm on the boy's shoulder. A-Ji felt pride in his chest; it felt like meeting a celebrity superstar of this day and age, after all. The eight-year old grinned a little, but he remained restrained - these are the temple grounds, after all, and any excessive behaviour is forbidden.

"Do you know it's better to pray at another shrine, one that returns three times the merit for each bow you make, and thirteen times the good karma for each incense stick you pray?"

The adolescent's interest piqued - because all he really wanted was to live happily and peacefully in his humble home with his brother, with their vegetable patch -, so he nodded.

“Come, follow me, little boy, and let me show you,” the Head Priest murmured, then suspiciously, his rough, calloused hand on the A-Ji's shoulder slid down to the pre-pubescent boy's waist and trembled a little with excitement. The obese, wrinkly wart-faced Head Priest, who probably lived a rather long luxurious life pampered with (ill-)gotten gains, led the boy to a windy path deep into the temple; where spiralling stairs descended into the dark, dingy basement, where a huge, ancient and probably rusty iron door was opened with an ominous creak, closed with a thunderous boom, then clicked crisply to signify that it was properly locked - because behind closed doors, no one - not even the gods - could see or hear a child's pleas for mercy, and later, cries of immoral ecstasy.

Not far away, grandiose temple bells rang thirteen times in a rare, strangely soothing rhythm hardly heard in the Cloud Recesses - but no one in the settlement recognized that it was a secret code amongst corrupted, debauched monks to gather for a feast that happens only once in a full moon, on the fifteenth of the lunar month. The temple would be closed for the day - which was fine, since everyone deserves a holiday sometimes. The young monks look forward to showcase their virility and lose their virginities to a sweet, delicious eight-year old boy's tight buttocks, while the older ones cannot wait to erupt a month's worth of passion and take their worldly pleasures from their lovely underaged, immature and inexperienced victim trapped in a room with no windows. They endeavoured to enjoy the child's fertile body to the last spurt, until only a tainted, impregnated, swollen, bruised and abused dried-up husk was left sobbing, desecrated with milky white streaks of the unclean both inside and out, reeking with the stench of the unholy from head to toe, a pitiful figure

curled up on the cold hard floor robbed of its innocence too many times in the span of one fateful day, deep inside the dungeon beneath the temple.

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In this strange, twisted world, eight-year old A-Xian was already a master wizard and had a penchant for powerful spells - such as an advanced modified Eye spell that projected the entire world into their living room.

The Gusu Lan master wasn't really interested in observing the daily lives of his clansmen - not when a fecund, terribly precocious and devilish preteen with messy hair and smooth boy-body happily spread his legs beneath him, and willingly raised his hips to let the older man plunge like a beast and breed the little boy atop semen-stained carpets.

“Ah, Lan Zhan, the two of us slept together in the ‘real’ world, so I was able to enter your ‘dream’ world simultaneously - but I didn’t expect how lively and amazingly detailed your world is... oh you naughty daddy, you’re such a shitty rapist monster, aren’t you?” the boy giggled just as the master hnngh’d, jerked his hips so hard that something could’ve snapped, his adult hairy penis speared so deep and so lovingly clenched and massaged by folds of warm flesh inside the boy’s insatiable and incredibly addictive rosebud - that he crushed the boy into the carpeted floor and unleashed thirty pulsating jets of steaming hot man-milk - for the third time in a span of half an hour. The master was dying, alive, flaming hot, shivering to the bones, as his loins try their hardest to pump out every last viable sperm into the boy that continued to spur him on with dirty sex stories.

They weren't really stories, though; A-Xian merely narrated what he saw on the various screens projected from his awesome Eye spells.

In one market operating within the secure fortress-like walls of the Cloud Recesses, adults are generally lax about the safety of their children, because it was so peaceful and the elders continue to spin tales and harp on the sect's non-violent culture - that no one realized there were sex predators lurking amongst the market stalls, the trash-littered streets, the maze-like alleyways, and the occasional suspicious-looking, dirty, unkempt man loitering around, pretending to buying something when he was actually pickpocketing, or cheating housewives with fraudulent and cheap-looking goods stolen from elsewhere.

A-Xian watched, with mild interest, at how a boy around his age, still clinging on to his mother's legs while she haggled spiritedly with a vegetable seller, was distracted when one of those dirty men called out to him. He waved a lollipop at the boy's face seductively - a sugary bait that drew the child's attention - and he slowly backed into a dark alley - the child was tempted, because he wanted the candied treat that his mother would never allow - so the boy let go of his mother's legs and followed the man into his den. The mother never really paid attention because she was adamant that a decent-sized radish should cost only one silver but the seller argued for two. In the dark, dank alleyway where nobody would care to squint to see what goes on, the oblivious boy sucked on the given lolly while the grinning, scar-faced and unshaven man happily peeled off his victim's pants, fondled the boy's hairless, soft penis, then devoured it greedily like the same offered candy lollipop.

An hour later, the boy emerged from the now-empty alley, tears in his eyes and with flushed cheeks, looking desperately for his mother because his bruised private parts throbbed with terrible pain and had swollen twice its size from the grim sexual assault; but he hadn't been taught what is meant

to be violated, or which kind of touch is 'bad'. The mother was still haggling for fruits at the other end of the stalls when the boy reunited with her with sobs and wails. She scolded him for loafing around, refused to hear the rest of his snivelling complaints when he mentioned 'playing with an uncle' (because it's unthinkable that a friendly stranger in a public place would hurt a boy - so 'playing' meant 'wasting time', as far as the mother was concerned), and pulled on the boy's ear to warn him not to run off again. The boy sniffled his snot away, rubbed the hot tears away, and pulled on his pants uncomfortably, his innocence lost when he learned for the first time in his young, untainted life what it meant to tingle into a stranger's mouth - and how terrifyingly, confusingly *warm* that felt.

In another screen, a young teenage boy about the age of twelve appeared rather conflicted when staring at a wall. He had followed hastily scrawled signs that said 'Kid's Toilets' next to the cordial drink vendor, where children are abound, and ended up in a very quiet, unoccupied cul-de-sac. It was a known fact, at least amongst the criminals, that the drinks were spiked with powerful diuretics, so one by one, youngsters ran through the windy passageways with multiple forks and with bursting bladders. By the time they reached the dead-ends, they faced a plain brick wall with a hole in the middle. As a true disciplined and well-mannered Lan member, the boy couldn't just relieve himself at the wall no matter how much his bladder screamed - that act would immediately break at least five sect rules in one go. There were arrows drawn around the hole, and instinctively, with caution thrown to the wind, the adolescent pulled down his pants and stuck his trembling wee-wee into the gap.

Immediately, a trap was sprung, and Binding Spells appeared to strap the shocked, struggling boy to the wall. The child cried with terror when he felt unwashed hair - spindly moustaches, curly beards and bristly stubbles - rub against his shrinking, captured penis and balls, and greasy fingers caressed the sensitive groin until the skin goosebumped. On the other side of the wall, A-Xian watched, with more interest, at how a band of dirty, smelly, panting jailbroken convicts slathered their foamy tongues, generously bit

and sucked with wart-studded lips and foul-smelling rotten teeth, and savaged the screaming boy's crotch with grimy fingernails. Of course, nobody paid attention even if the child's shrieks of terror echoed down the passageways - on beautiful sunny days, surely it sounded like the music of children's playful laughter and joy.

In the throes of ecstasy and at the pinnacle of the natural urge to pee, tempered with deep fear that causes one to lose control of his nether regions, the boy's plumbing broke in the final moment, and he ejaculated and urinated at the same time into the waiting rapists' jaws, in glorious arches through the abominable glory hole. The sobbing boy was held against his will on the surface of the cold, unforgiving wall for a couple of hours, until he was deliriously emptied over a series of rapidly detonating multiple orgasms that the underaged body was not prepared for. When everything was over, he staggered out of the maze with torn pants and back to the market, dazed from the shuddering sensations that continue to sizzle and throb from his inflamed genitals, hot tears rolling down his pimpled cheeks, a clear sign that he is yet another unnamed victim of sexual abuse by the network of heinous criminals at work during the day.

(For the unfortunate teenager, wet dreams will never be the same again, and he would always walk past the cordial drink vendor at least once a week, with the same conflicted, confused feelings tugging at his conscience, and his loins. A-Xian could fast-forward his superior Eye spell, and see that the boy will make many visits - because trauma finally morphed into a twisted depraved obsession for the boy, and for a score of other young preteen victims too, where one by one, they would queue up to savour the joys of having their youthful penises pleased by vile hardcore convicts.)

On a third screen, A-Xian told the Gusu Lan master what went on in another part of the market, as the latter had revived his lusts and began to drill the boy for the nth time that morning. It was the classic trick in any

rapist's handbook. A man who looked more like a pirate than an aspiring cultivator, walked up to a young boy who probably reached puberty not long after a birthday, and politely asked if he could help to save a cute kitty. "The kitten is stuck in a broken section of a wall, and it's mewling pitifully from hunger. It refuses to crawl out even when I try to lure it with a piece of dried anchovy, and my body is too big to climb in to get it out. Will you help me, brave boy?" the man asked with a greasy smile. The boy felt like a hero who had been called to service, and he quickly told his mother who was preparing lunch in the kitchen. "It'll just be a while, ma'am, and it's a good deed to save another life, isn't it?" the man assured the mother. Less than a minute later, the boy joyfully ran after the man and into a very quiet and deserted part of the town.

It was, as expected, a hole in a brick wall that was just large enough to fit a ten-year old's chest. At that point, A-Xian whined that he'd seen this before and he could already foresee the outcome. The Gusu Lan master remained quiet, his earlobes reddened from shame; he continued to work his aching hips to fuck the eight-year old child's flooded gooey rosebud with such zest that he hoped the boy would forget about the recent, embarrassing past. The child prodigy wizard fast-forwarded the video; the ten-year old victim was easily tricked to climb through the wall to find the non-existing kitten, and unsurprisingly, he was caught when he found himself stuck and unable to move forward nor pull out from the malevolent hole.

Another time-skip; a horde of unwashed foreign men crowded around the wall to inspect the catch, and began to rape the hapless boy's ass, happily orgasming into sweet tight buns that had never tasted men, deflowered the boy's maidenhood so brutally until it became a ruined, torn, wilted bloom, treating the inviting springy buttocks like a disgraceful, smelly, cum-overflowing toilet. The boy's cries went unheard, since no one in the Cloud Recesses recognized the alarming shrill screams when a boy was gangraped right under the residents' noses. Every rapist in town lined up for a taste of a ten-year old who was at the cusp of experiencing his first wet ejaculation, and had their fill of emptying their balls at least thrice into the sweet tight

tunnel filled with tainted virginal love. It wouldn't be too far fetched to say that on that fateful day, the boy experienced too many tingles until his genitals blossomed explosively to unload his first unwanted creamy wet orgasm - a life-changing eruption of ten weak unwilling spurts, flavoured with screams of terror, of buttocks being slapped until they bled, of child-testicles being roughly grasped and clutched until their contents were forcefully ejected, of endless warm wet slimy fountains gushing into his rectum and intestines, bloating his belly like a pregnant bitch bred by hungry dogs, of lustful, greedy adult penises jostling for a tasty fuck inside his elastic youthful asshole.

The ten-year old stumbled back home with wobbly knees, only to be scolded by his mother for skipping lunch and with no kitten in hand nor a heroic deed to show. He was mentally disturbed and traumatized by the experience, and he didn't even manage to take a good look at his attackers; dark shadowy figures continued to haunt his nightmares, and every time he walked past a hole in the wall, he would remember how *good* it felt to be raped by faceless men with stinky sour breaths and greasy skin, to be pinned down and rendered helpless on a cold hard surface, to have his budding genitals warm up and ejaculate at the thought of being penetrated against his will, to be told, "It feels good doesn't it? You like the feeling, you like to be raped, you asked for it so now you're getting it! You're getting raped because you want to!"

A-Xian laughed hard at the cheesy corny dialogue line at the end - and the squeeze the a turgid rod of flesh buried deep inside the child was unmistakably mind-blowing. The Gusu Lan master hnngh'd, pleased that his sweet loverboy wasn't teasing him anymore, and delighted that A-Xian's happiness passed on to him as well. He heard thirteen gongs from the nearby sacred temple bells, and wondered what auspicious occasion led to such proclamations from the holy monks. It didn't really matter though, since he had something better to worship; he proceeded to tickle the eight-year old's belly until the child shrieked and struggled for breaths, his tiny but incredibly snug body bent and bowed, convulsed endlessly, wrecked by

childish and joyful laughter - truly, a Laughing Buddha reincarnated into this twisted nightmarish world, if such was possible - thus, the master received exceedingly pleasurable massages to his very tired, but very satisfied dick that stretched the boy's anus to its limits. He picked up the pace, and fucked the child deeper into the fluffy bed with plenty of tasty squelches and uuhs, aaahs and ooohs.

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That afternoon, after a sumptuous lunch paid by sinful monies, Uncle Wei sauntered back with a bag full of Emperor Smiles on his back, and he waved at Xi Chen when he reached the front gates.

“Xi Chen! Xi Chen! Did you know?” and then he lowered his voice to a loud whisper, “Your brother’s staying in the temple grounds on this blessed day of the full moon! The Head Priest was smitten by the perfect ways in which he performed his prayers, so he asked A-Ji to stay back to receive special lessons in holy sutras!” the habitual liar grinned.

Xi Chen was surprised - he hadn’t heard of such wonderful news, and none of the neighbours had said anything too; getting free education from the temple was considered a sacred reward for the devoted.

Uncle Wei continued his terrible lie with even more twisted intentions, “You know, your brother was flustered and acted very shyly when he was given the honour. So don’t go asking him directly about what happened when he comes back, because he’ll probably clam up and hide under his blanket again if word of this gets out.” The man gave a reassuring wink at

the teenager, “I’m a certified child psychologist, so I know. You can trust me.”

Xi Chen nodded fervently and thanked the man for accompanying A-Ji all the way to the temple and returning with the good news, though with no sight of the said younger brother who had, in actual fact, gone missing. Uncle Wei informed that little A-Ji will probably return in a couple of days’ time after the special lessons, “... but I’ll drop by the temple daily to check on him, so there is no need to worry!”

Xi Chen smiled and felt grateful about his brother’s prospects. He returned into the comfort of his home, and packed away the simple lunch of rice, tofu and vegetables he’d left on the table - since A-Ji wasn’t returning anytime soon, there was no need to cook extra portions for the boy. He wouldn’t need to worry about his younger brother and he could focus on farming, selling green produce, and getting household chores done.

The Lan *da ge* doesn’t know that his eight-year old brother had been locked inside the temple, sexually ravaged and mauled alive by snickering unholy monks of all beastly shapes and sizes; his erogenous zones and child genitals were merrily divided up and conquered so that each puffy nipple, each swollen half of the glans, each shrivelled testicle, received terrible abuse for hours on end; he served at least twenty grunting, gasping and ecstatic naked men at any time in the name of the Gods, for the days and nights to come. There were no brown vials this time, since drugs are forbidden from the sacred temple grounds, after all.

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A few days later, outside the local police station - A-Xian had fast-forwarded so much that the video ran like a slideshow with subtitles on, with very brief bits of conversation captured in between. The Gusu Lan master watched while spooning the child from behind with cum leaking generously from where their sweaty bodies joined - they quite liked their Friday movie nights like this, after all.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” said Uncle Wei, who had miraculously arrived on time to pick-up the sexually abused victim from the temple grounds, and was asked, even begged, by the victim to take a detour to the local authorities.

“Mn. According to eight rules out of over-four thousand, any wrongdoing must be reported to the elder, such as the highly esteemed royal Gusu Lan police force,” replied the boy, with an uncharacteristically steely gaze, despite having haggard looks, dark circles under his eyes, and plenty of love bites on his neck and slap marks on his cheeks.

“Although I’m an outsider and I’ve no right to intrude on your troubles... you should know that you don’t have any evidence, and you look just fine. Don’t forget, the temple’s fame and influence is stacked up against you, and they have plenty of alibi who will defend the monks’ honour. You can’t go against the temple, they’re men of the gods,” the sleazy uncle tried to persuade the boy otherwise, after cowardly claiming innocence by saying that he couldn’t find the boy in the temple grounds that day the Head Priest approached A-Ji, and hence, left without saying good-bye. He wasn’t even one bit concerned about the boy’s welfare, after all.

“If it’s wrong, the elders must know,” little A-Ji insisted.

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Uncle Wei pretended to be the innocent WeiEx (or Wei-ber or Uber) driver who was paid to drop off a client, and had nothing to do with that client nor his troubles. He picked his ear, then his nose, pretended the cracked ceiling was the most interesting thing to look at inside the small building lined with peeling cloud-themed wallpaper and painted with the uncomfortable stench of mildew everywhere.

“How can I help, little boy?” a uniformed Gusu Lan officer asked quizzically - they never really had cases involving children of under the legal age. A few more officers milled about with little to do, other than to fill a few forms and chat over a pot of *pu'er* on a worn, creaky table.

“Uncle Policeman (警察叔叔; *jingcha shushu*), I... I want to report a r-r-rap.. no, a s-s-se... an assault, sir,” the boy stammered, and drew a few curious glances from the other officers.

The policeman hushed little A-Ji with a finger to the boy's lips, then took him to a corner where they sat together on a bench, “That's a little vague, boy. You need to provide some more details - who is the victim, who is the assailant, where did this take place and at what time, and what kind of assault are we talking about?”

Uncle Wei hummed disinterestedly as the boy provided details of his horrible experience with low whispers. He clicked his tongue in annoyance when the policeman waved and called out to him, “Mister, you're his

guardian, right? Can I ask you to complete some paperwork over there while we check on him in a private room?"

The dirty uncle rolled his eyes - he was already doing overtime for sending the boy home and he wasn't getting paid for that - so he reluctantly agreed when another stern-faced officer shoved a stack of papers and an ink-brush to work with. He watched as the policeman placed a reassuring arm over the boy's shoulders, and led him into a room deeper inside the building. The hairy arm suspiciously slid down the boy's back and reached for the buttocks, but then they turned into the room, and the door was locked with a resounding, crisp 'click'. Uncle Wei sighed and tapped to his magically enhanced hearing just for the sake of entertaining himself while he filled out a number of forms that asked exactly the same thing - name, address, age, gender, education, hobbies, favourite food, *et cetera* with no relevance to the boy's case.

Some rustling sounds of robes being untied. The unmistakable brushing scrapes of someone's calloused hands gliding on a child's unblemished skin.

"There are no scratches or bruises, and no foreign liquids or residues anywhere... What? You think you were healed with the temple's magic, and washed clean in a bath?"

"Mmm, that won't help, because there is no physical evidence. So, maybe rather than looking for physical evidence, you can show and tell Uncle Policeman what happened, alright?"

“Let’s start. Tell me, how did they kiss you?... tongue in the mouth? Can you show me how that works? Here, put your mouth on mine, and show *shushu* how it was done. Mmm... no, wait, wait. Let me demonstrate this to you, to prove that I’ve understood what you tried to show me, alright?... okay, hold still, tilt your chin, and open your mouth. Make sure to move your tongue like you described. Uncle Policeman is coming in... Mmm...”

“Next, did they touch your breasts? Were they gentle or rough?... you’re not sure? Here, let me try, on your chest... how does it feel?... that was ticklish? Alright, how about this?... too hard? Here, let me touch with both hands... my, my, you’re growing up well, aren’t you?”

“Where else did they touch?... down there?”

More rustling sounds followed, of pants deliberately pulled down, of loincloth willingly unwound and dropped to the ground; the last defensive barrier was lost to the child that was locked in a room with the Uncle Policeman.

“Show me how they touched your privates... you don’t have to be shy, boy. Come on...”

“You’re too stiff from embarrassment, I guess. Come, let this *shushu* help. I’m a certified police investigator, so I know. Now, lie on the bed and open your legs. Yes, yes just like that. Mmm, that’s quite a nice view.”

“Did they touch you like this?... or like this? Are you sure it’s not the other one? Here, let me touch it again with my fingers...”

“How did it feel?... you’re not sure? That’s not right. You need to be honest with your feelings. Here, *shushu* will hold it and start moving it back and forth very quickly... yes, like that. Tell *shushu* , how do you feel?”

“It felt good? Oh no, that’s not right either. You should know that if it feels good then you can’t call it rape... you’re not sure again? You just said that it felt really good, and now it doesn’t?... No, I’m not stopping my fingers until you give the right answer.”

“It doesn’t feel good? You’re lying, and I’m a certified police investigator, so I know. Your face says it all, boy. Come on, where are your Gusu Lan manners? Be truthful, boy. Do you want some more? Of this? Or this?”

You can have both, *shushu* will comfort you if you feel uneasy...

You want both? Yes?

Does it feel good that you want both? Hmm?

So what happened to you felt really good, right?

Good boy. That’s the right answer.”

“Next, did they play with your balls too?”

“Show Uncle Policeman how they touched your balls.”

“Ah, you’re not doing it right. Here, let *shushu* show you how it’s done with both hands. See, one for your wee-wee, and one for your balls. Is this what happened?... what do you mean you cannot remember? I can’t understand what you’re saying, you’re making incoherent noises. Let *shushu* do it again, with both hands. Do you like the hand on the wee-wee? Or the one on your balls?... both? You’re greedy, but you liked it, don’t you?”

“Alright. You said they used their mouths... like this?... or like this? Ah, it’s hard to do this alone. I’m calling in a few of my police friends to help you out, so don’t feel alarmed, okay?”

Hey, the two of you, bring in some snacks for this poor boy!”

Uncle Wei raised an eyebrow when two more younger officers exchanged excited whispers, grabbed a few bags of candies, dumplings and drinks, and they filed into the room. As the door closed again, he caught a glimpse of those men unbuckling their belts. Another roll of eyes - he still had tons of forms to fill, anyway.

The dirty uncle imagined that the senior policeman sucked on little A-Ji’s cock, while each of his junior officers attacked one defenceless testicle. They would take turns kissing his lips, molesting and groping his sweet pre-pubescent body, sucking the boy’s nipples vigorously, and of course, there had to be fingers caressing inner thighs, legs, tiny toes, before moving in for the main course of a deflowered eight-year old’s tight buttocks. He was a professional and experienced rapist, so he knew the tactics used by men as

vile as him, knew that they strive to insert many fingers into the delicate anus to dribble the undeveloped prostate like a basketball, so that the boy experienced intense adult pleasures before his time - the gland would swell sweetly until it starts to contract uncontrollably, sending torrents of seedless nectar that only eight-year olds could produce from their virginal loins, straight into waiting, greedy mouths.

“Ah, there’s a bit of stickiness inside your bum. We need to scrape it out, maybe there are some leftovers that we could use... ah, boy, you’re feeling it, aren’t you? Tell *shushu* and his friends how you’re feeling now. You have to tell us, because it’s part of the process. We’re certified police investigation officers, so we know... what did he say... yes and no? What on earth are you moaning about, boy? *Shushu* will keep moving his fingers inside your bum until you can clearly tell us how you’re feeling. Hmm, does it feel good?”

“No, no, you can’t run away like this. You’re reporting a serious crime, so we need to examine every inch of you, otherwise you’ll break many sect rules. You’ll have to stay here for a while, and we will take care of you.”

“Stop crying, boy. This handsome junior Uncle Policeman is just trying to examine your insides. We found some stickiness just now, didn’t we? He’s just using his special tool to have a better look, so spread wider, and for goodness sake, stop struggling!”

“It’s not a pen-- You’re a bad boy, how dare you use coarse language inside the police station! Shut your mouth or we will punish you according to the sect rules for disobeying the elders! Bend your knees further to the back, he can’t reach the deeper parts if you keep kicking your legs like that!”

A few minutes later, the senior police officer who interviewed little A-Ji, now a little dishevelled and breathing heavily, walked out of the room with a visible tent in his pants. He wiped his mouth of unnamed clear fluids and grinned at Uncle Wei.

“Sir, we need to detain the boy because he’s lodged a very serious accusation against the Temple’s High Priest and the monks, and there is no evidence of the crime on him. We’ll conduct our own investigations over the next few days and keep you posted. He’ll be cross-examined by the relevant authorities, and he’ll be in good hands, I can assure you. I hope you don’t mind.”

The uncle was most pleased to be released from his burdensome predicament. He raised his hand to ease any tension in the air - clearly little A-Ji was resisting another gangrape, and the police officers weren’t exactly happy at having to fight a feisty little runt to satisfy their sexual cravings. “Oh, not at all, not at all, officer, Sir. But what should I tell his older brother who’s been waiting for his return for the past two days? I cannot go back empty handed, you know that, officer.” He gave a sly wink.

In a terrible turn of events, the temple’s Head Priest emerged from nowhere, and marched into the police station, fully dressed in his revered saffron robes. Uncle Wei snapped his fingers and gave the wrinkled, obese but calmly smiling monk a thumbs up. Erasing the evidence, of course! the uncle thought, and checked off one last item in his list of ‘things to do when conducting a sexual offence’.

“Here, for your troubles,” the Head Priest murmured and didn’t even bat an eyelid - a pouch of gold *ingots* landed with a thud on the man’s open palms. Uncle Wei bowed respectfully with mutterings of many thanks. The Head Priest pointed a finger outside the main entrance of the police station, “There are more fragrant wines and plates of grilled, stewed and braised meats, fresh vegetables and summer fruits in the cart outside. They’re all yours - tax-free harvests from the temple’s devotees, sorted by the most gifted of our monks with sharp acumen for worthwhile investments to make sure that our new.. business partners, such as yourself, will return for repeat transactions. I hope I made myself clear?”

Uncle Wei grinned his *two* million dollar smile and bowed repeatedly; he had gained the favour of the Temple’s highest ranking priests, after all, and only if he played his cards right. The Head Priest waved off the man and walked straight into the main office of the police station.

“Of course! The pleasure is all mine! I will ask my good friend, the Headmaster, to sponsor a scholarship and send the elder brother to a study trip for new teachers. Would... two weeks of detention for my boy be enough?” the uncle started to skip and hop out to the doorsteps to the bright afternoon sunshine, salivating at the thought of free-flowing liquor.

“Yes, yes, more than enough to satisfy my men and break the boy so that he doesn’t leak a single word out. Now go along, peasant,” the Head Priest harrumphed in mere disinterest, followed by the senior police officer, and disappeared into the many dark, dimly lit corridors inside the building.

There was a small commotion at the police station, because suddenly a group of monks took up temporary residence with the policemen. However, nobody in the Cloud Recesses realized that something very, very wrong had happened, or that a boy had been sacrificed for the sake of continued peace enjoyed by many.

The door to the room opened again, with many footsteps shuffling in.

“Hello, boy. There are some men from the authorities who would like to ask you a few questions to assist and conclude the investigations. They’re really powerful men, and they can make sure a swift, decisive judgement will be delivered to justice.”

“Hello my sweetie. We meet again. The Head of Police is my relative, so you know what this means.”

“It’s a bad, bad thing to do to report on your elders. That’s Rule Number Three broken many times over. You need to be punished so that you won’t repeat your mistakes again. The gods will forgive your diabolical deeds after we’ve cleansed your body with our everlasting love.”

“Your Uncle Policeman said that we can use the police station for two weeks. Until then, you should repent and open your heart and body to us, you infernal rascal!. Come on, drop those pants and spread your legs on the bed, now!”

“Ah, the fragrant scent of a child! I can lick your atrociously youthful skin all day like this, and this! Stop squirming away! These kiss marks and love bites aren’t just for show, they’re holy marks to show the gods that you’ve received our love!”

“Oh, lovely wicked boy, come to papa priest, it’s time for worship and you know which part I love to worship the most! Peel it back, boy, lift it up and peel it back, my wet tongue longs for a taste!”

“Heavens be blessed, your rosebud needs some hot loving to bloom into spring! Open up and spread your baby buttocks for us. Us sinful monks need to purify ourselves by making some hot holy babies inside your divine boy-pussy, because we’re just so pent-up day after day reading boring sutras! We’ve missed your sweet tightness after you left, boy, so let’s continue from where we left off!”

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Little A-Ji would sometimes wake up with a fever - or perhaps his body felt too hot from the constant rapes and molestations, or perhaps his throat was parched because he screamed until his voice was hoarse, or perhaps because he was fed with drugs inside the food and drinks while being held inside the tiny room with four white walls. His body was battered and bruised all over, he didn’t even dare to look at the state of his crotch, because many terrible Uncle Policemen and evil monks lined up and held a mass orgy inside that room over the span of many hours... or was it days? - he couldn’t tell because there were no windows in the room -, and each of them spent immeasurable time inside him, breeding him like a bitch until his belly bulged with smelly men’s seed, his buttocks flared and lay in a pool of cum, his genitals had been horribly wrecked and mutilated, but he wouldn’t know

because he was numbed to the attacks, all he could remember were horny, excited men rubbing his dying child-penis, bouncing between his legs, layers of sweaty fat rolling upon his frail body, the frightening sounds of racing heartbeat and tasty grunts, of bites on his nipples, limbs and everywhere else because of the passionate lovemaking that took place where men's bodies joined with the child, until little A-Ji's insides were creampie'd and inundated with enough sperm to impregnate a whole nation, when men rutted uncontrollably into his rosebud, then sprayed countless times to sow their wildest seeds into his garden of ruined, devastated, barren love, and more Uncle Policemen and monks would ravage his *xiao ji ji*, telling him lies that policemen can be trusted, that the temple was the last refuge for the weak and the helpless, but that trust has been broken, irreplaceable, irreversible, irrevocable, just like his virginity, innocence, the days of pure happiness sweeping the floors with a straw broom and helping with the laundry, gone dirtied, muddied, covered with smelly cum, more and more men surround his shivering body on the bed, urinating, ejaculating, groaning upon him, telling him what a good boy he is, spreading his ass like a willing prostitute so that pleasure can be torn away from his adolescent flesh, shredded, his mind couldn't stop thinking, sperms swimming inside his destroyed anus, fertilizing eggs that had turned poisonous black and loosened from their sacs, aborting all signs of life within, his penis looked bloodied, it was swollen, played with saliva, vicious bites, hollow straws pushed into it until agony blinded his vision, bubbles and more saliva being blown into it and sucked out like a plump juicy summer peach, adults ejaculating directly into his testicles, his cockslit peed and sputtered unknown liquids, then dipped into chilli paste and soy sauce, served with his favourite boiled fish he remembered eating with Xi Chen *da ge*, but not before Uncle Wei snooped in with a basket of fruits and pork roast, greasy meaty fingers continue to fiddle his penis, his torn penis, it was always about his penis, everyone wanted a taste of his penis - those greasy, slimy men, Uncle Wei and his merry friends, the Head Priest who raped him too many times, the monks that waited in line, the policemen who grinned when they pulled down their zippers and forced their penises into his mouth, into his rosebud, yank and spank his child-penis with a feather duster, fiddle and play with *xiao ji ji* flying away, crowing, cracking their eggs, it was always about the penis--

The eight-year old boy was broken. He hiccuped and laughed like a newborn babe, then reached down to his throbbing, terribly swollen wee-wee, and pulled down his flabby foreskin to show the men - his audience - surrounding the bed, his sanctuary, his heaven - the purplish, blotched but glistening head marred by too many sprays of adult men's cum and forced injection until the cockslit looked inverted and mangled.

Little A-Ji jiggled his ugly child wee-wee suggestively and started to leak out warm pee mixed with pungent, fermented cum that had invaded and infected his genitals long, long ago.

“Uncle, uncle, please play with A-Ji's penis... please, please...” he smiled with a perfect set of pearly white teeth, his eyes glazed with uncried tears, his cheeks wet and hot, his mind already gone far, far away.

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Uncle Wei thought that things were a little too quiet in the neighbourhood, a few days after the fifteenth of the lunar month. Xi Chen had been sent away with luggage bags, his younger brother never turned up, the Lan brothers' house seemed a little abandoned, neglected, dusty sometimes, the vegetable patch turned brown because no one watered the plants. He sat at the doorway of his house, scratched his crotch and took another swig of his favourite drink. He distantly wondered if he should go to the market and join some merry friends to prey on other innocent boys, but he was too lazy now that he was surrounded by riches sponsored by the Temple, the headmaster and the local authorities.

As far as he knew, there was never an investigation into the temple's activities during the subsequent days or weeks. He waved imaginary little banners to support his favourite new business partner, the Head Priest, when he learned that everyone got off scot-free, and all records and evidence, if any, had been buried or destroyed.

He lifted his jar to toast to the bright sunny and mildly chilled morning air - three drunken cheers for those who, like him, love little boys most.

“ *Lao gong* , you have really terrible dreams, you know?” Wei Ying snubbed at the husband in broad mid-morning daylight, when he took a bite off his grilled wild pigeon.

The pack of three white-robed men decided to take a short break after an uneventful trip between a couple of unimportant farms in the outskirts. With the Kingdom making a mess out of the Tian's nests, the local police women were gone, and the roads were empty, devoid of any Imperial forces because they were mostly concentrated on defending their cities. Villages had been emptied out, presumably to feed the ravenous succubi who, to the Qishan Lan's amusement, lost a significant portion of their nourishment overnight when a host of Gusu Tian humans along with any recently captured men who still fiercely declared their allegiance to the extinct Gusu Lan, had disappeared from their cages.

The trio chose to travel along the fringes of counties and away from any areas of conflict and confrontation, although that meant they had to take some detours and spend more time on the road without making any real progress towards civilization. During this time, Wei Ying hunted for food, Lan Zhan prepared the food, and Jing Yi - well, he ate the food, mostly.

(Big Apple happily grazed around nearby uninhabited pastures, Ernie stayed indoors with his *meimei* because poor Ni-er was a ill with mild stomach cramps after eating too much good food with her *tang ge* s at the campsite, and she kept on pooping amazing stuff inside their mobile home.)

“Matriarch... do you share the same dreams as Patriarch?” the junior disciple asked with naive curiosity. He also partakes in the aromatic meats of wild birds, and showed his appreciation with lip-smacking goodness with each bite.

Lan Zhan’s ears burned into shades of deep reds when he shot a glare at the harassing spouse. He carefully downed a spoon of chicken congee - made using an old jungle hen that Wei Ying had trapped earlier, topped up with chopped cabbage, diced carrots, julienned ginger, wild herbal roots and a drizzle of scallion and sesame seed oil.

Wei Ying laughed in mid-chew, “Ha ha ha! Jing Yi, when you’re married and have lived with your significant other for a long time, like me and this great and wonderful man, you’ll share anything, even dreams too! Right, *lao gong* ?” and he plucked a chunk of succulent pigeon meat then fed it to the husband. Lan Zhan thought Wei Ying was flirting with him to placate his mood, especially when the younger man tickled the husband’s lips with that offending chunk of oily meat. He ate the offered bite anyway, then

licked his lips to cleanse his palate that was still used to bland food, like congee. You're forgiven, he wordlessly said with a petulant "Hn".

Then, Lan Zhan fed a spoon of congee to the spouse. Jing Yi remarked that he really admired how the two acted so comfortably in each other's presence, and he wished his own parents were like that too, whether staying under the same roof, studying music and reading scripts in the same study room, or dining on the same table as a family. Wei Ying ripped a juicy roasted pigeon wing and aimed it at the boy's mouth; simultaneously and without prior warning, Lan Zhan too, scooped some congee, blew a few times then placed the spoon in front of the boy's face.

The boy didn't really know what to make of it, but he accepted, albeit hesitantly, the offered food, like a baby chick being fed by its overzealous parents.

"Eat well, because after this, we'll be entering one of the larger cities in Gusu, and we'll need all the energy to fight the enemy," Lan Zhan remarked. They had run out of back-lane routes and there was no choice but to run the gauntlet and traverse through occupied settlements.

"Yeah, make sure your sword is sharp, your eyes stay bright, and your stomach is full when we go in! We're following Si Zhui's trail and you said he could be in one of the upcoming cities that we'll be passing by," the spouse cheerfully said, as he waved a fatty pigeon butt (the bishop's nose - a classic favourite) into the air enthusiastically.

"Enn!" the boy nodded.

Jing Yi's best friend had left very few clues about his whereabouts, but he knew that the closer he was, the stronger his intuition - he could feel it in his bones. He'd found a strip of white cloth tied to a messenger pigeon's legs shortly after he fled his home and ran to the south. The cloth bore markings that reminded him of Si Zhui - it was hard to describe, because again, he felt it inside him and his guts told him that it was Si Zhui's message for help - and because the cloth *smelled* like the Si Zhui he remembered whenever they got together for drinks in the teashouses. One word was hand-written meticulously well - just like Si Zhui's - "Cai"; the other words were lost to the frayed edges of the cloth. There were several cities named "Cai" in Gusu, and most of them were in the vicinity of Caiyi Town. Jing Yi bet his meagre life savings that Si Zhui was in one of them, if not Caiyi; he hoped Si Zhui managed to escape the dire situation, because he knew that Caiyi was one of the Tians' most powerful, hellish stronghold in the province.

Notes for the Chapter:

This was a personal 48-hour challenge since I have two extra days of holiday after the weekend when the last chapter was posted. Ta-dah! Smut in its full glory during a two-day retreat from the real world. Well, actually I don't really have any ideas for the main story right now, so I'm just having fun typing whatever R18 stuff comes to mind during these boring post-lockdown days.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

P.s.: oops, forgot about the lovely Laughing Buddha!

P.s. 2: a slight addition of icky details!

Chapter 112

They were about to ambush and halt a mass kidnapping operation being carried out by unmasked Tian succubi, when Jing Yi very, very timidly asked his Matriarch - his mommy of sorts -, with reddened earlobes and two hands covering his crotch, if he could go and pee first before launching the first attack.

It was expected that as the trio got closer to the former human settlements located in the heart of Gusu, the more populous the areas surrounding the perimeters. The number of villages increased, but they were already vacated - very recently, though; they found that the farmlands were deserted just a few days ago - in relative terms in this time-stopped world -, livestock animals were abandoned not long before and were still healthy, the houses weren't too dusty, the food on the tables were a little stale but edible, and there weren't that many dried leaves, overgrown grass or piles of trash lying around. Lan Zhan even pointed out some faded footprints in the mud, and clear signs of struggle on walls and against tree trunks; Wei Ying conjectured through his overactive imagination that due to the lack of food and the increasingly dire situation that the Tians faced, the succubi probably stopped disguising themselves as humans - transforming oneself is a major *qi* drainer -, and ditched proper management of their food inventory - rather than spending time carefully cultivating, harvesting and breeding their own human stock, they were actively rounding up as many living bodies as possible to immediately fuel their armies needed at the frontlines of battles.

So when they chanced upon a few Tians - now garbed in their scantily clad Far, Far Western clothes made of furskins, reptilian leather and plenty of metallic armour plates -, forcing a group of terrified captured farmers and merchants into a large wooden cage pulled by a giant horse had red eyes and emitted black wisps flavoured with Corrupted aura - they knew they had to do something, fast. Poison-tipped spears poked and jabbed at those

who resisted - the men who cursed the females “You... You were those officers that showed up every week to deliver good news and collect tithes! How can you be demons?!” and womenfolk who cried “You murderers! I gave my sons to you earlier today, please return them back!”. One unfortunate victim fell unconscious with black veins growing visibly on his neck and limbs, and his lifeless body was thrown into the cage like dirty laundry, as a visual warning to those who continued to refuse to climb into their doomed prison.

“That one still has life energies circulating in his body, although tainted with toxins and therefore will taste a little sour for the succubus. He will still eventually turn into a powerful fierce corpse if left on his own, since he died full of fear, frustrations, regrets and vengeful feelings. Given the lack of food for the enemy right now, he'll probably be fed to the lower ranking succubi as a tart energy boost, sucked dry, then discarded into the dumpster where he'll rise as a weak feral undead creature. One fully sated succubi can be as strong as ten powerful fierce corpses, which is equivalent to hundreds of feral weak ones...” Wei Ying was sterile and detailed in his calculations, since the Dark Arts of toying and manipulating the dead *is* his forte (he'd written a few books on the subjects, which he claims has never been published).

Lan Zhan nodded in understanding - as the husband, he was very much in tune with his spouse's thinking. Jing Yi was visibly shaking and sweating, and he finally admitted that he'd never slain a succubi before, because he'd been running away from them for nearly the last half of the year - and that his bladder suddenly felt full, enough to trigger disturbing sensations that will probably be a handicap if he faced an eight-foot tall succubus with horns, wings, fangs, huge breasts and a voluptuous figure, head-on.

Wei Ying sighed, looked around their surroundings and remarked that the boy could relieve himself on the spot, since they were still quite some

distance away from the enemy. Jing Yi “Enn”s gratefully and started to stand, but Lan Zhan yanked his wrist down, and the poor boy had to stifle a yelp.

“Not like that! You can’t stand up above the bushes, otherwise they’ll see you! Also, the downwind will carry your scent to the succubi too!” Wei Ying hissed, then knocked on the boy’s head with clenched knuckles.

“But... but... I really want to pee...” Jing Yi rubbed his scalp and whined. He squirmed as his bladder contracted desperately against the bursting sphincter, and closed his thighs while squatting amongst the dense undergrowth; he hoped nothing leaked.

It was the Patriarch who showed the right way to pee without being discovered by prowling succubi. He calmly instructed, using a few wise and impactful words; they should remain squatting, carefully fold up their robes, roll down their pants, pull out their dicks from the loincloth, “... then aim at the ground, like a girl. Not too hard, otherwise you’ll splash and your shoes will get dirty. Use your fingers to gently hold yourself and adjust the trajectory, because there is a tendency for the stream to arch upwards like an uncontrolled garden hose, if left unchecked.”

Wei Ying was already on to it, and he pissed like a girl, modelling the perfect crouch with his legs bent and spread wide. It didn’t bother the Matriarch that he let the boy stare at his hairy crotch (and a dense jungle of black curls surrounding his penis, all the way around the perineum until they abundantly covered the entire butt-crack). Lan Zhan sighed at the spouse’s crass behaviour, and so he too, adjusted his clothes and followed suit - he also needed to ease his bladder anyway, as with all men before a big battle.

Seeing his foster parents of sorts enjoy peeing in the bush, Jing Yi no longer felt ashamed or helpless in facing his dilemma. He mimicked their actions, and finally ahhh'd when hot steaming urine jetted out of his finally, finally deflating bladder.

(Later, Wei Ying would make crude toilet jokes about the fact that he has a 'hairy, oily, messy but ordinary-length mama penis', Lan Zhan has a 'well-groomed, not-so-hairy but the longest-ever papa penis', and that Jing Yi's was 'a cute little rooster with smooth baby chick eggs, still too young to leave the nest of fine and dainty curls'. The boy reddened into seven shades of tomato-reds, but he couldn't find a cheeky comeback, because when he compared their penis appearances and sizes, he was clearly at the losing end - and every bit of what the Matriarch said was true.)

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Wei Ying realized, that being a Dark Arts master whose main instrument of terror was a flute that evoked Dark beings, when faced with foes of the same Dark kind that conjured similar terrifying Dark magics and monsters - was akin to being invited to a pillow fight party, and whacking each other with pillows. He watched from the corner of his eyes, while the villagers escaped and ran for their lives, how his screeching ominous-looking Dark spirits collided into those called forth by the succubi-kin, and they dissipated harmlessly into thin air with echoey screams. He summoned a few corpses who had decomposed and festered in some unoccupied huts (whose owners had disappeared long ago) and unmarked graves in the village's cemetery, to fight against fierce corpses that the succubi brought with them, hiding behind rocks and cliffs. Again, he watched, disappointedly, at how creaking, disintegrating and crumbling bodies pummeled each other with untrimmed fingernails, gnashing rotten teeth and

sheer blunt force - until both sides collapsed into tired haphazard piles of disjointed, disfigured skeletal remains.

With nothing worthwhile to do, he tucked his golden flute back to his sash, then cast a modified version of the Paperman spell into Suibian. The blade unsheathed itself from the wooden scabbard, crackled with dark lightning and glowed with creepy black light, then with impeccable telekinesis powers, Wei Ying steered the blade independently into the air and straight to the battlefield. Jing Yi was having a tough time evading the lower-ranking succubi's attacks; he was surrounded by five individuals, and they raked their claws at his clothes, threw poisoned bombs and mind-bending spirit clouds, and those armed with traditional weapons swung their swords or rained arrows on him. He was getting bruised and clobbered from all sides; fortunately his Qishan Lan robes held up well and never bore a scratch nor a tear, however getting pushed around by feisty demonesses wasn't really a good way to fight.

The boy lunged forward, then performed sweeping slashes to the sides - classic basic sword fighting moves for tackling three opponents at once and keeping them at an arm's length. He barely nicked the succubi's armour, but at least the toxic claws didn't reach him. Suddenly, five long fingernails grappled at his blade to wrest it away - the monster's bare skin was tough as nails - and he couldn't pull his sword off. Another succubi hissed and growled in the most unladylike manner, with dripping fangs and forked tongue aimed at him, and she leapt for the immobile boy's neck. Jing Yi screamed in panic - and Suibian flew in to stab through the heart of the succubus whose gaping jaws nearly touched his face. There were plenty of angry screeches when Suibian spun, sliced, and propelled itself as though it was wielded by a master swordsman; soon, all three succubi lost their limbs or had their hearts punctured, gushing out black poisonous blood which wilted the grass, melted the surrounding rocks, but fortunately sizzled off harmlessly upon contact with the robes and sleeves of the Qishan Lan. Two more succubi ran after after the frightened but fleet footed Jing Yi - the weakest and tastiest morsel on the ground (fortunately he had peed before

the battle, otherwise he would be seen sporting wet patches on his pants) - those two demonesses were, in turn, pursued by the disembodied black-blooded blade, and it became a matter of who will be caught first in a merry-go-round chase around the village.

Alone in the blue skies, Lan Zhan hovered without the need of any sword, and had an easier time despite shouldering the responsibility of taking down the leaders of the kidnapping - higher-ranking succubi who flew into the air because they had been well-fed, and wielded powerful fireballs, electrical thunderstorms, typhoons, ice blasts and all sorts of elemental magics at their disposal. One hand played a levitating guqin, the other twirled the ivory-white broadsword Bichen to flick away anything that dared to come close to the holy trinity of Jade Emperor-Lord Buddha-God of Mercy manifested as a human in majestic white robes. With an impassioned earth-shaking *twang* ! of musical strings, a rippling shockwave was sent radiating outward from the guqin, and instantly beheaded three succubi in a cacophony of a single fearsome note of Purity; unfortunately, Jing Yi was too busy yelling and running away for his life to notice such an incredible display of firepower, while the spouse sighed and berated the husband for being a show-off to no one in the audience.

True enough, black dots started to rise from faraway towns and cities - easily identified as swarms of more succubi and their servants. Red laser lights appeared on Lan Zhan's torso, strange whistling and beeping sounds were heard; nuclear warheads, missiles and all sorts of long-range weapons were aimed and locked at the man floating in the midst of blue skies. "Ah, Lan Zhan, you've stirred the hornet's nest with your Purity magic! It's like lighting up fireworks on a moonless night for these creatures of the Dark! We were supposed to infiltrate undetected!" the spouse whined from afar.

Wei Ying had to piece together an escape plan in record time. He quickly ordered Suibian to slay the two succubi on the ground, then weave under

the surprised, yelping boy's feet so that he could surf (and fly) on it - Wei Ying knew that Jing Yi probably couldn't fly his own blade that well yet, given his young age; then, he waved at the two tentacle-kin hiding in the bushes to come along, but not before gifting Big Apple with some spikes, thorny protrusions and extra weapons and armour because that donkey had gone ahead to charge at the Corrupted horse - it brayed and honked angrily at the disturbing, perverted image of naturally beautiful equines, intent on ramming and running it down with its hooves; Ernie quickly gobbled up their motorhome and the wooden cage intended for human prisoners with its formless slimy extendable mass, then slingshot himself and Ni-er straight into their mother's loving arms; Wei Ying was *furious* when he realized that the husband was *still* flying around in the air, deflecting armed missiles, plasma fireballs, catapulted toxic globs, boulders as large as cows, and an insignificant but growing diverse collection of projectiles raining upon him from the stratosphere - so he used his enhanced Invisible Hands to yank that errant husband down from the air, with one hand particularly twisting a shell of the ear so that Lan Zhan winced and groaned, "Ow, ow, ow, ow, not so hard, *lao po* , ow, ow, ow, ow," until he tumbled to the ground unceremoniously in front of the spouse.

"Did you even hear what I said?" Wei Ying hissed, "We're getting out of here right *now* , and straight to the nearest town! No more showing off, do I make myself clear?" and he slapped the husband's meaty buttocks with many whacks, while the poor older man tried his best to get on his feet, flinching and whimpering at each terribly painful and spiteful spank (and he nnngh'd loudly in between, because pleasure flared out from the stinging pain too). The spouse continued to hit the husband's backside with his bare hands even as they disappeared through the shadowy forests and dense bushes, scolding the godly man for not using his brains, for not thinking ahead, for being too careless, and for many other reasons. The husband's cheeks flushed into chilli-reds, and he nodded repeatedly, promising to repent, and begged for reprieve from the terrifying wrath of the butt-slapping wife.

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In a town named after generic weather elements (in this case, say, Caihong Town; 彩虹; *Cai hong* ; ‘rainbow’), the trio sneaked and sprinted between unoccupied buildings, broken crates that used to house human prisoners, and mountains of putrid remnants of corpses that failed to revive as the undead. Sirens rang, Imperial troops patrol the empty streets occasionally, rats and other vermin scuttle around buildings devoid of life; once in a while, fierce aerial combat took place in the blue skies above between men on flying swords and demons with wings, however such skirmishes lasted only for minutes before they disappeared to the horizon and an uneasy peace settled in; from a far distance some rumbling and explosions could be heard - it was the quintessential scene of a wartorn town.

“Jing Yi, don’t let your hood fall out, otherwise they’ll see you,” Lan Zhan warned while peering at a lonely street from behind a mound of trash, and the boy tightened his drab-looking brown cloak over his shoulders - it reeked of someone’s old sweat, but it was clean. Wei Ying hummed very quietly, while he held up the boy’s hand to dab medicinal paste from a jar in his hand. “This herbal paste will render you undetectable from the succubi’s keen sense of smell, taste and touch, and it works well on mosquito bites too. It’s our traditional family recipe for a healing salve,” he added, before adding a warning, “so that leaves only the sense of hearing. You must remain absolutely stealthy when you scout ahead, and do not make any noise. If you have to say something, try to make it high-pitched so that you sound like an unappealing female that stinks of bitter herbs, okay?”

Jing Yi nodded fervently, although he probably didn’t understand what he really needed to do to protect himself - because he’d never really experienced fighting such an insidious, overpowered enemy before; he thought fierce corpses were bad news, but these lethal ladies were worse. “Matriarch... what about you and Patriarch?” the boy asked, perplexed.

Wei Ying waved off the unimportant question (lest the boy's curiosity killed something worse than a cat), then remarked gruffly that they can take care of themselves, and that Jing Yi had nothing to worry about, as long as his personal set of standard issue Qishan Lan black-red and white tassels are tied snugly to his belt. The boy reluctantly "Enn"s and skipped across the street when Lan Zhan informed him that the coast was clear.

The spouse sighed, "This is the third place named 'Cai' that we're investigating, and I still don't see any signs of him or even Wen Ning. What do you think, *lao gong*?"

The husband hunkered down and sat on the ground in a lotus position, closed his eyes with a frown, and was already hard at work, in more ways than one. He started to project good vibes radiating from some of his heterosexual free-to-air all-nighter hardcore pornographic channels in ErNet; there were thought police scouring the towns - or more precisely, there was a constant presence of mind-reading and spying magic throughout succubi bases, whether in the form of talismans, Corrupted Eyeballs or invisible sensors, which are hallmarks of the Dark Arts (Lan Zhan remembered Wei *da ge* 's awesome abilities - if the succubi had even a fraction of that, he wouldn't be surprised). By airing hardcore porn into the minds of the occupants in town, he could neutralize such magics, and better yet, send many succubi into a relaxed, post-orgasmic lull, like pumping a room full of drug-laced vapours and send people to psychedelic and pleasurable sleep. With such a powerful tool in hand, Jing Yi could safely check buildings for signs of his best friend - guestbooks of local inns, records found in teahouses, receipts in the drawers of shopkeepers, prescription scripts in medicine shops, and so on.

Wei Ying knew he wouldn't receive a firm answer, because both were banking on the boy's gut feelings to locate their precious A-Yuan. Wei Ying slid a hand into the husband's pants and gave him a few really nice strokes. He crouched and dipped his head between the husband's legs to power-up the husband's greatest asset against the succubi. Lan Zhan scrunched his forehead and beads of sweat appeared - his concentration was top-notch. The husband's hardness was pleased tenfold by the spouse's exceptional blowjob - he'd taken a page from his *san ge* and deep-throated the man so well, that the older man's legs quivered and his hips jerked on the floor uncontrollably, never faltering even for a heartbeat. Finally, Lan Zhan hnngh'd in his meditation, and one-two'd straight into the spouse's waiting mouth - rich, creamy, full of sperm-y goodness -; Wei Ying continued to lick and suck noisily at the exceedingly scorching wildly twitching penis, that became the beacon of shining hope, literally - it beamed across the town sonic pulsations of very nice sexual feelings tuned with heterosexual flavours to suit the succubi's tastes.

Later, the couple raced downtown to catch up with the junior disciple (the husband ran with a slight limp, because he had to keep his erection that acted like a radio tower, and it was hard to run with a giant dong swaying from side to side like a voluminous pendulum). Along the way, they weaved into various Tian Mi Mi-esque buildings around the town square to release crying and overjoyed human prisoners who had beaten all odds and survived the Tian occupation. They ran helter skelter, screaming because they were terrified of the succubi's true form - vampires, ghouls, zombies, and a tirade of distasteful names were given -, and more importantly, caused chaos in the streets; Imperial troops and their monstrous guards chased after the escapees but they were sluggish, uncoordinated and clumsy in their drugged state. Jing Yi was blissfully unaware of what happened, but he took the chance to question the many people he came across about whether they've seen the last true Gusu Lan boy in existence - now man, probably - who would never part with white cloud-patterned robes and a forehead ribbon, whose smile is as sweet as sunshine, and whose face is as calm as the deepest rivers in Gusu, and who may have asked about teahouses that

serve the finest *pu'er* tea that two same-aged, unrivalled Lan *xiongli* could spend an afternoon to catch up, for old times' sake.

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Jing Yi poured through many documents, checked storefronts and the walls for any possible hidden scratched messages, and he tried to ask every fleeing, panicking fugitive about a person in white robes, or someone that could match the description of his best friend - but to no avail. Then, his Weiphone in the sleeves vibrated - the trio agreed to keep in touch using technological means, because Fairy Messenger spells could be easily hacked and listened in by Corrupted means. He fumbled with his shiny black gadget, nearly dropped it, and accidentally ended the call after entering the wrong password twice.

“Goodness, you still don’t know how to use your phone yet!” Wei Ying’s huffing voice buzzed from the receiver end, “Listen up, the two of us are in the middle of the succubi’s nest... yeah, that big bloated moving veiny thing that looks like a rotten chicken liver... oops, hold on -- Oi, Lan Zhan, stab their hearts! I said STAB THEIR HEARTS! They can still move without their heads and make terrible noises as long as their vocal cords are intact. The more they struggle and scream, the more back-up will arrive! -- sorry, your Patriarch is such an old sod sometimes...” Jing Yi had to suppress a giggle at how his foster parents (of sorts) were acting even while in the middle of a bloodbath.

Wei Ying informed the boy that he’d found the town’s registry and other related documents in the main office of the succubi’s nest - the Tians were smart to have stolen the huge tome from the former town council upon conquering the settlement. By following the paper trail, they could trace

every citizen and visitors and hunt them down - and be assured that every surviving human in the vicinity fell into their clutches.

“Ah, Matriarch... no wonder I couldn’t get any useful information when I questioned the escapees. They keep telling me that they weren’t from Caihong and they were recently shipped in cages into the town after being captured or tricked by the Tians. None of them knew anyone who lived in this town,” Jing Yi remarked - and both realized that meant that the entire town’s former population had probably been decimated, cleanly, with not a single survivor left.

“But hear me out, junior... the book seemed to be well used until recently, and the names of people are crossed after they’ve been consumed too - I was able to check using a couple of corpses found in the heart of this nest that wore their names on their jewelry. Every name, marked with a home address or a date of entry, has been crossed out, at least in the first hundreds of pages...” there were sounds of many pages flipping, “but on the last date of record, there are a bunch of names of visitors who entered Caihong, and they’re not crossed out... the writing seems a little messy and hurried, with missing strokes and all that... hmm... this was probably penned about the time the gates closed with the lockdown...” Wei Ying’s clear, curious voice went into full detective mode at that point, but not until he was once again interrupted with angry hisses, “ *Lao gong* ! We’re on a stealthy assassination mission, so you can’t just decapitate everything on sight! Urgh... Jing Yi, can you believe this man...!”

The boy laughed again, softly. They exchanged some thoughts and ideas over the phone - like most Gusu Lan adults, Jing Yi’s line of thought resembled a typical logical thinker’s (and very rigid, even irrelevant during times of conflict - how could one find a missing person by visiting *emptied* inns and teahouses?), while Wei Ying’s was all over the place, but dabbled with creativity, inventiveness and out-of-the-box thinking (and a stroke of

good luck - although the spouse didn't notice the husband's smug smile when he pulled out the heavy bound book). When Jing Yi mentioned that the fugitives kept labeling the Tians as 'vampires' amongst other terrible nicknames, that sparked a lightbulb inside Wei Ying's mind. The man asked: in a typical Gusu town, where do people go if they suspect they are chased by vampires?

“And check this out - there's an entry for an 'A-Zhui' on that date, with a comment that he brought a donkey that pulled a casket, said to be a distant relative of a resident of the town who had travelled outside and passed away recently. The official at the entry gates confirmed that there was a body inside the casket, but he didn't check further since it was a dead body anyway... so I tracked this A-Zhui's movements through a series of documents, and I have a slip here that says he can seek an audience with the local temple priests about performing funeral rites and storage of the casket... oh crud, *lao gong* ! No! Put away that guqin, now! We can't afford another blunder like the other time!...”

Jing Yi felt the situation had turned surreal, and he wiped a tear that for some unknown reason, found its way rolling down his cheeks. He had spent many months on the road, hampered by many obstacles, trying to stay alive with his *xiongdì* s, grasping on imaginary last straws when he thought he'd lost his best friend and that the trail had gone cold - then suddenly, there was evidence that his best friend, in all likelihood, entered Caihong under a pseudonym that resembled his true name, together with his blood-related companion who could only pass off as a dead man lying in a coffin (and he knows this has been done before - they'd shared many stories together, particularly about on his best friend's worldly travels and adventures), and probably a bunch of other survivors too - all of them must have gone and hid in the temple after being pursued by those hunters presumed to be unholy, particularly if there is an adjacent morgue or cemetery that is well taken-care of by the priests - because succubi have zero interest in the land of the dead, where caskets are typically stored, safe from those *qi* -sucking demonesses.

Victory and revelation was short lived, though - footsteps echoed into the teahouse where Jing Yi was.

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It was Jing Yi's turn to squeak when one fully equipped and rather overweight succubi walked into the empty teahouse while Jing Yi busily searched through the eatery's bookkeeping, records and receipts strewn all over the payment counter. Her spiked boots thudded on the wooden floor, her gear creaked from being stretched by her fat arms and thunder thighs, and she trudged forward, albeit rather unsteadily. In mere seconds, she loomed over a shrivelled Jing Yi who immediately, and fastidiously, arranged his cloak, then dropped the Weiphone into a pocket, praying hard that he would not be recognized. The line had gone silent on the other end, when the succubi rasped in the most unappealing way - gritty, rough, filled with flying spit, drowsy -, "... Where... where did they go?"

Jing Yi stilled and shivered in place. The succubi, nearly nine-foot tall, leaned down and vacuumed the air around the boy with a loud sniff. She wrinkled her nose, and sported an ogre-like snarl, then slurred again, "You really stink... I said... wherrreeee... did they g-goooo?" She was obviously high on something, so Jing Yi thought, with a racing heart, that the succubi didn't realize who she was talking to. He raised a hand and pointed to a vague direction behind her, and tried his very best to mimic the voice of a shrilly damsel in distress, "There, b-behind that building."

The intoxicated succubi grunted, stared at the hooded form with mild interest, before growling something about having to work too hard to hunt

down food of a particular gender that ran on two legs, and shuffled out of the teahouse lethargically and with a gigantic yawn.

Jing Yi finally exhaled and his legs gave out; he fell on his rump - his neck was still intact, his bladder throbbed from an urge for release again - he appreciated that his private parts were still intact - then the Weiphone slid out and tumbled to the wooden floor too.

“Jing Yi? Jing Yi? Are you still there? Oh god, I hope you didn’t put yourself on mute... answer me!”

The boy whimpered and floundered on the ground, dropping flipped-opened books and stacks of papers, before he grabbed the surprisingly slippery Weiphone firmly in his hands. To the other side, there were some moments of painfully deafening rustles and distorted crackles when the microphone was rubbed or touched - but at least the emergency situation seemed to have passed.

Wei Ying directed the boy to head to the local temple first, while the couple worked to free the remaining prisoners and “finish up what we set up to do”; Jing Yi could hear the roar of flames, distant screeching and the swish and clangs of blades upon wet flesh, at the other end of the call. He quickly picked himself up, dusted his cloak and clothes, and hurried out of the teahouse before that ogre returned.

Notes for the Chapter:

Moving along... plot, and more plot, I guess. It'll be a while before inspiration hits again, so brace yourself for a drought and a dearth of ideas...

I couldn't get myself to write more smut after wringing my arms dry from the previous chapter, so hopefully some dirty jokes might help.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 113

“Ahhh... Lan Zhan, you cheat! I spent hours pouring through these town registry records while you had fun with the hot chicks,” the spouse whined. Wei Ying looked fatigued and had dark circles under his eyes, because he’d been up all night (but there is only mid-morning within the confines of Gusu) going through towering stacks of documents that surrounded him like an ugly bird’s nest. He’d ransacked the office and made sure every bound book or scroll was *not* left untouched - the last time he challenged his speed-reading ability was probably the time when he looked up medical books for a cure to treat Jiang Cheng’s loss of golden core, nearly two decades ago - fortunately, the payback was quicker, and he had found clues pointing to where Si Zhui and now, the real probability of Wen Ning, were last headed to.

The husband “Hnn”s impassively, clearly unperturbed by the spouse’s usage of inexcusable words. “The succubi are not hot because their skin is chilled like the Dark undead. They’re not poultry either, and in fact, they’re more closely related to reptiles, if anything,” he replied, while wiping black sticky blood from Bichen with a ragcloth. He looked absolutely stunning, as always, even after a gruesome battle - god-tiered ethereal handsomeness, majestic in all aspects, neither a speck of dust or a splatter of blood anywhere, and his hairpiece is never out of place.

“Tch, you’re such a spoilsport. Can’t you go along with the joke and say ‘Yeah I had a good time banging the girls’, like any other normal man?” Wei Ying drawled and then yawned; he even stretched his hands and arched his back to pop a couple of vertebrae to emphasize his point. Lan Zhan did not respond to that unsavoury comment, and simply started to put away the registry documents - despite the fact that nobody would ever use them anymore, and that they were currently in the heart of the enemy’s fortress in Caihong Town, Qishan Lan family rules dictate that books must be sorted,

scrolls stacked in neat rows and parchments properly arranged according to sequential if not alphabetical orders, before leaving them to wither in the dust. Wei Ying could never comprehend the intangible value that the Lans place upon written records, but since he was a rightful Lan member as well, he chipped in by bulldozing them into a presentable pile, in which the husband then twirls his fingers, and everything re-arranged themselves back into their respective bookshelves, drawers, cabinets and cupboards.

Just then, thunder boomed in the distance, and the earth rumbled. Invisible ripples of Dark energy throbbed from the center of the Tian Mi Mi-esque building which used to house hundreds of succubi and thousands of marauding fierce corpses and other Undead creatures; a quarter of them have been slain by Bichen - one by one meticulously by stabbing their black, poisoned unliving hearts, as dictated by the spouse, since the husband was forbidden to use fancy sword moves to wipe out the entire army with a single strike -, while the remaining were either prowling the streets of Caihong to locate their fleeing human prisoners-cum-food, or regrouping outside the building for another wave of attack to recoup their losses and try to reclaim their nest.

(It helped that Wei Ying summoned a swarm of earthworms, caterpillars, maggots, millipedes and other disgusting relatives of the same appearances to rise from the grounds outside the nest - that itself successfully held back the Tians from advancing into the nest, because it is a generally known fact that Tian females screech and step-dance with admirable quick-foot moves at the sight of worms, just as how Wei-kin detest and fear canines from the animal kingdom.)

The husband held Wei Ying's arm and pulled him close for a chaste kiss on the cheeks. The spouse was surprised at the brazen display of affection, right in the middle of the battle for Caihong and in pursuit of the last surviving Gusu Lan.

Wei Ying turned into seven shades of red, “Wh-Wh-What was that for? You naughty hero, how dare you kiss your wife at a time like this, what if the other women around here saw us and they become jealous?” he grasped his fingers and acted coyly, including sending cheeky winks, shy smiles and swung his arms a bit flirtatiously.

Lan Zhan’s lips curved upwards faintly, calm and contentment clearly expressed on his face, “Mn. It’s for my good luck. The succubi can burn in their jealousy, my soul belongs only to you, *lao po* . I’ll see you at the temple.”

Wei Ying mewled and purred his “mmmm!”s (with little hearts all over the speech bubble), then wiggled his hips sensuously as a silent promise that when the whole situation is resolved, he would repay the sweetness a hundredfold. According to the Book of Judgement safely tucked in the husband’s possessions, Lan Zhan was destined to meet the reincarnation of Tian *shijie* in a few minutes’ time - the husband had been loitering around long enough, killing succubi and other monsters to pass the time, not to mention to guard the spouse while the latter checked through registry records and later helped with the clean-up. Wei Ying didn’t want to be dragged into an old family spat between the Lans and the Tians, especially when it involved time-travel, resurrections, alternate dimensions, complicated disciple relationships, assassination attempts, mass murder, landgrabs, animosity between in-laws, a missing Sect Leader Xi Chen *da ge* , and very powerful magics that could jeopardize his personal mission to rescue their precious baby Lan Si Zhui and the baby’s adorable friend, Wen Ning.

“I’ll text you the exact location when it’s time for the pick-up, so don’t you dare to put your holo-phone on silent mode on me this time,” Wei Ying

reminded the husband, then with the graceful finesse of a Dark Arts grandmaster, he snapped his fingers and instantly teleported out of the building.

Not too far away, in the central atrium of the building, atop a mountain of dessicated, freshly slaughtered corpses, an unnatural tear in space appeared. It crackled with pure Dark energy, emitted lightning and caused mini earthquakes that caused walls to crack, furniture to topple and rubble to fall to the ground. The rip expanded, and the corpses beneath began to twitch and rise; the pile of dead bodies began to squirm and move on their own like Mexican waves from the 21st century; skeletal, sinewy arms rise into an unholy prayer gesture to herald the arrival of a grand evil queen.

Lan Zhan strode out of the office, a steely gaze on his face and his hair blew to the back from invisible winds; a shiny cleaned Bichen firmly grasped in one hand while the other glowed navy blue in preparation to conjure the magical guqin; he was due for a royal appointment.

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Wei Ying arrived at the local temple's main gates with a clash of lightning strike and thunder, and not a moment too soon. The soot-coloured walls bore ancient history that stretched back to centuries before, rich with stone carvings, sutras and drawings depicting the stories of local gods and renowned sages, and sculptured effigies. A large, impressive red tiled roof, built on wooden beams, stretched as far as the width of the temple grounds, however when Wei Ying walked through the gates, he saw a scenery of devastation - residual firepits that used to burn with bodies and trash, skeletons still garbed in rusty armor or frayed saffron robes lay haphazardly on the ground - their blessed bodies cannot be turned into undead monsters

in the afterlife -, multitudes of holy statues have toppled, lost their heads and limbs strewn amongst overgrown weeds, scriptures and portraits that used to hang on walls have been burnt and only ash and cinders remain, broken swords, arrows and monks' staffs littered the cracked floor.

Outside, the air began to chill and the skies darkened overhead into a carpet of overhanging cumulonimbus clouds; there was a sense of dread pervading the temple, and eerie groans could be heard amongst the dense forests. He heard some females barking out orders in alien languages, there were the sounds of heavy footsteps - some marching, some dragging their feet -, there were snarls, growls and - his blood ran cold - dogs barking and howling as well. It seemed a group of Tian soldiers and their multi-species army had lie in waiting and acted upon detecting his arrival (he cursed the lightning and thunder - hallmarks of a Dark Arts master's grand entrance, which made him susceptible to being hunted down too easily).

Wei Ying knew he needed to find Jing Yi, who should be somewhere inside the temple grounds, but not before the Imperial forces caught up with them first. He needed to stall the Tians and buy more time for themselves.

With a silent word of apology, Wei Ying cast an incredibly long-distance Invisible Hand to stroke the husband's radio tower between the legs - Lan Zhan on the other side of the town Hnngh'd but that only strengthen the man's resolve to man up, and face the great adversity with his fearsome brand of bravery and tenacity - the husband shifted his legs into a ready-stance, in preparation to wreck indescribable destruction while sporting the biggest hard-on his groin has to carry; Wei Ying simply tuned into ErNet to pick out a sexy dream from the husband's infinite free-to-air hardcore pornographic channels and beam it through the said twitching radio tower, so that very, very good vibes blossomed and radiate through the entire town and the temple itself. Wei Ying direly hoped those good feelings would

drug or stun the Tians into drowsiness while he frantically tried to locate the junior disciple.

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In one particular free-to-air channel that airs twenty-four seven...

A-Xian loved to spend his Sunday mornings browsing through markets and exploring the local fun fairs; creature comforts for a boy who spent his childhood alone in the streets, now blessed with a home, a family and a lively community. With a few silver pieces in hand given by his master, he rushed to his neighbour's house to drag his boyfriend A-Ji out of bed before six o' clock (A-Ji would be considered a husband, or at least a fiance, except that the laws of marriage and betrothal do not extend to underaged children in this particular circumstance). As usual, Xi Chen *da ge* was doing the laundry in the dark backyard, so he told A-Ji to go ahead and make himself comfortable at the Lan brothers' humble home.

A-Xian shrieked like a feral eight-year old kid that he truly was, but stopped in his tracks when he walked into A-Ji's bedroom. Poor red-faced A-Ji was on his bunny-themed bed, with his knees bent and his hips raised unwillingly, and a very out-of-breath, sweaty and unwashed half-snarling, half-sneezing, half-yawning, half-back arching ecstatic Uncle Wei snugly lodged between the boy's lean thighs - he was on his last five ejaculations, and he desperately tried to unload everything he could within the span of five seconds.

“I could hear you from a mile away, you brat,” Uncle Wei grunted when he was done, referring to the new arrival. He groaned with satisfaction, then pulled out his turgid, cum-slicked hairy purple-red penis out of A-Ji’s stretched, puffy anus with a wet loud plop. He ignored the soft whimpers from A-Ji, who had woken up to the horrid sight of a rapist moaning happily inside his taut rosebud, hot rancid breaths panted into his pillow above his head, the sweaty, grimy abdomen of the abominable sex predator crushing his tiny child-body with each painful shove, each thrust of shaking hips. Uncle Wei raked his messy hair to the back, exhaled loudly - because it was always exceedingly pleasurable to rape a sweet eight-year boy first thing at daybreak and empty his balls into the boy thrice, since he snuck into the bedroom an hour before, at five -, then snubbed the other boy frozen at the bedroom’s doorway, “You’re too late, nyah, nyah, nyah, the early bird already caught the worm and flew away, and I’ve bedded your boyfriend long enough to father *my* babies. The last one wasn’t as good, since your kiddie screams spoiled our intimate and romantic atmosphere, when I was in my last five shots into him,” he remarked dryly and stuck his tongue out at little A-Xian, deliberately intending to provoke his most hated child in the neighbourhood. His greasy hairy hands lingered on the A-Ji’s semi-limp cock and continued to fiddle the spongy tube of flesh that had oozed many droplets of clear nectar even before sunrise.

A-Xian was unfazed, and launched himself at the two on the bed with a fiery high-pitched roar. The bed creaked dangerously, as A-Xian pummeled Uncle Wei with his tiny fists, then bit his arms with sharp teeth, and clawed at his thighs with untrimmed fingernails. That got the desired effect, and the dirty rapist uncle yelped in pain, then stumbled naked out of the bedroom while cursing every single child in the world with a shitload of cuss words.

Outside, Xi Chen chuckled softly - he thought it was rather lively ever since his neighbours - the highly-esteemed but extremely low-profile Gusu Lan master and the adopted child, A-Xian - started to befriend them, particularly A-Ji, and made frequent visits, often clashing with Uncle Wei’s daily

intrusive stay-ins with the younger brother. He continued to scrub some garments, soap and rinse them, before hanging them out on the clothespin.

The boy helped his crying, sniffling abused boyfriend to rise up from the bed. He took him to the pool behind his house for a quick rinse especially around the buttocks (Uncle Wei's curd-like sperm was really stinky like cheese) and his wee-wee (Uncle Wei's saliva smelled bad in the morning, and he probably didn't brush his teeth before sucking off A-Ji). Next, A-Xian dabbed the boyfriend dry with a fluffy bath towel, applied some medicinal pastes on the bruises and scratches (he'd do this everyday, so he wasn't perturbed by the ugly marks that marred the boyfriend's smooth, unblemished eight-year old body), and clothed him with his robes. "There, A-Ji, you look very handsome today, and you're ready for our Sunday morning date!" the boy beamed his million dollar grin, as he used his tiny fingernails to comb the boyfriend's matted and long lush hair. A-Ji blushed and couldn't contain a smile, because his heart bloomed with *nice* feelings with A-Xian's tender loving care.

On their way out, A-Xian grabbed a few dumplings from the dining table - gifts from Uncle Wei, and perhaps the payment for his morning workout with A-Ji - and cutely hooked his hand with the boyfriend's, and together, they sauntered out to the streets. They bumped into the Gusu Lan master, who was on his way to meet Xi Chen - he promised to give the teenager a good education at no cost, and visited every few days to give him free tuitions - and also, to help out with the Lan brothers' household chores, because the master was adept at everything, ranging from sweeping with straw brooms to leave no dust on the floor, to folding clothes impeccably to leave no creases or wrinkles. Both children respectfully bowed with folded hands at the front, and wished the master well.

(Unknown to the pair of eight-year olds, Uncle Wei stalked them from behind, running from bush to bush, biting his fingernails and lips

disappointedly at the lost opportunities to spend the lazy Sunday morning inside lovely A-Ji - but he would find ways to make up for it.)

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Within the secure towering walls of the Cloud Recesses, weekend markets are boisterous, lively and thronged with people who sought out good food, great entertainment and wonderful ways to spend an enjoyable wholesome family time together. The two children went from stall to stall, browsing their wares (A-Ji loved to annoy the vendors with his endless prattling and unsolicited advice based on his **A** wesome **S** elling **S** kills), sampling delicious foods (A-Ji anxiously asked A-Xian not to spend so much money on snacks, but when the adorable wife - of sorts - prodded sausages, cream puffs, fish balls and fruit wedges to the boyfriend's lips, A-Ji was tempted to try them all, because he was a little hungry - they're growing boys, after all), enjoying a brisk walk in the warm morning sunshine and breeze (while holding hands! Then draw little hearts around where their hands intertwine...), watching buskers and acrobats perform their jaw-dropping skills (A-Xian kissed A-Ji's cheeks every time the latter smiled from the delightful shows; nobody really took notice, because there was nothing eyebrow-raising about two innocent-looking kids smooching each other in broad daylight in this world, after all).

(Uncle Wei tailed the two, but was distracted when he met his merry band of good ol' friends - hardcore convicts, pirates, smugglers, murderers, rapists and the lot, masquerading as vendors and shopkeepers. They had plenty of good wine to share, which the dirty uncle happily partakes, and therefore he lost sight of his targets; when his friends offered plenty of alternatives to a healthy, wholesome Sunday morning market, in the form of nubile young children served in tastefully sexual ways, Uncle Wei couldn't resist and ditched his original plans.)

A-Ji was very naive, kept to the straight main roads, and he enjoyed his Sunday morning trip to the market, swaying his arms lightly, humming children's songs and relaxed his mind, body and soul. A-Xian was much more street-savvy, and he cleverly steered his boyfriend away from impending threats - slapping away the greasy hands that tried to grab the boyfriend's buttocks; using a fruit kebab stick to poke at fingers that reached for the groin; cleverly talking out of shady-looking vendors who try to sell stolen goods at unbelievably low prices, or worse, invite unsupervised children who wish to buy some colourful clothes into their dingy fitting rooms (A-Xian could see how little boys and girls walked into those rooms and later, ran out crying while grabbing their molested crotches, their modesty thoroughly outraged); fending off men who wait around and offer free candies to children, before taking them to back alleys; avoiding cordial drink sellers set up near Kids' Toilets; pulling the boyfriend away when some stranger tried to approach them to ask for something - a direction, a plea to save a non-existent kitty, or something similar. He was busiest when they walked through tightly-packed crowds, and performed lightning-quick cultivation and martial arts moves to break and bruise any sex offender that dared to touch their bodies.

(Uncle Wei grabbed so many children's buttocks and their front bits as he meandered around his friends' businesses, served with a hearty dash of nipple-tweaks and indecent groping, that his hands were happily numbed - it was akin to getting massaged all over, and twice as pleasurable. He had the privilege of wearing some disguise - bandit eye masks, fox masks, false moustaches, fake silicone faces and so on - then following unsuspecting children into fitting rooms, toilets and to quieter places with candies to reel them in like baby fishes from a pond - when the time was right and the victims were trapped, he'd molest some, he'd sexually assaulted some and he thought that perhaps he'd planted more than a few babies because he was on a raping spree that included girls who had just reached puberty too. Of course, the children ran away crying, but nobody could trace the insidious serial rapist nor document his record-breaking run of child abuses; simply

because he had the police, the temple monks and the headmaster on his side.)

Eventually, with full tummies and having had a couple hours of clean, fun time, the two decided to drop by a small corner marked 'Fun Fair'. It was a small playground for the children, and there were some games, rides and a few dodgy-looking venues. The couple tried everything on site (and had a wonderful time, really), until towards the end, A-Xian remarked that he was a little tired (because he ran so much like the feral wild child that he really was) and wanted to sit down to watch the 'Friends of the Farm' show. A-Ji was still quite energetic and awake, and didn't quite like how the show took place in a dingy-looking darkened circus tent, so he opted for 'Barnyard Babies', which was the most harmless-sounding petting zoo he'd ever known.

(Uncle Wei finally caught up with the two runaway kids. He was about to pounce and kidnap them into a dungeon, probably his monk friend's, but then a merry friend with sour alcohol breaths called out to him - the grizzly beer-bellied headmaster himself, who runs a respectable franchise of schools, kindergartens and childcare centres nationwide. They needed an extra hand in the kids' corner, where parents drop off their children to be cared for by responsible adults, while they shop in the market, and the number of customers had swelled to unmanageable numbers during the mid-morning. "You'll also get an hourly wage of one gold piece," the headmaster winked at him.

The greedy man weighed the potential returns of investment inside his mind, figuratively speaking - two bratty children versus a buffet of toddlers, adolescents, and pre-teens up to the age of twelve, plus enough money to buy a crate of Emperor Smiles; it was a no-brainer. Plus, he wanted revenge for his insatiable loins for not being able to orgasm inside his favourite rosebud during a beautiful Sunday morning, so probably he could vent his

frustrations by sodomizing little boys and inseminating little girls to his heart's content, safely within the network of hardcore criminals operating in town; he noted there were no gender-segregation at the kids' corner, and thought that such outdated barbaric practices should be outlawed, because as a professional child rapist-for-hire, he should have the choice to choose between either little boys or little girls; not that he really mind, because both taste just as good for his excited meatstick twitching inside his pants at the prospect of getting a warm, wholesome child-fuckingly good squeeze of either sex.

"I'm not claiming responsibility if a few kids pop out in nine months' time," the Uncle responded gruffly, then turned towards the kids' corner while unbuckling his sash - there were too many kids waiting for him, and he has only one eager cock. The headmaster clapped his hands with glee and handed Uncle Wei, a new temp worker at the kids' corner, a few brown vials as his tools of trade.

"Oh, you don't have to worry, I'm taking class attendance at all times," the headmaster's oily smile was unmistakable, and he lifted then shook an evil-looking notebook in front of his new hire. Uncle Wei knew the headmaster's *modus operandi* - the grandfather of ninety-nine (and more illegitimate children) was an infamous veteran child trafficker, owner of a chain of breeding factories, and the top dog of the seedy sex slave industry, before he disappeared into obscurity, was never apprehended by the authorities, and underwent plastic surgery in the meantime. He was well-versed with the techniques used to effectively drug children, brainwash them, and use hypnosis and other tools of a child-rapist psychologist's arsenal to ensure that none of the adolescents remember what usually happens on their Sunday mornings other than a strange, unidentifiable throbbing pain and sticky white residues inside their private parts.

The girls who had their monthlies would be tracked down in school, and the headmaster would organize dirty foreign men to kidnap and gangrape such girls so that they would become properly impregnated. With growing bellies and the parents' dignity at stake, a few gold ingots and well-made threats would pay for the girls to be taken out of school and have their class records falsified, and to silence the affected families and bond them to the slavery system. The girls would then be carted away to be sold as sex slaves, particularly to men of finer tastes in the Far, Far West who wouldn't mind the flavours of used girls or those who sported heavy bulging bellies, then give birth to a generation of profitable child-slaves; the prettier girls would be used as commodities to barter with the Imperial Court for favours, so that the Emperor of Chang'an could raise the numbers of harem wives and concubines. Some would eventually be returned to town as soon as the next year or until they no longer command any value amongst dirty horny perverts, and back to their parents' safe haven.

// At that point, one wonders why there aren't many pretty girls within the walls of the Cloud Recesses, and that the Lan sect rely on the influx of outsiders of the female gender to keep their numbers up - such as nomadic families where the Tian *shijie* used to belong to, or perhaps, even Lan Wang Ji's ill-fated mother from outside of Gusu. //

The Uncle grinned with satisfaction with his new part-time job, after having fully evaluated his options, and marched with determination to his new destination - the kids' corner; somewhere, music blared, fireworks lit up, colourful sparkles and explosions blew up behind him from someone's magic show, he ruffled his outer robes and flung it to the side... (drumroll)... it's Rape Time!)

(cue goth metal music)

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In the ‘Friends of the Farm’ show held inside a dark, rather dubious-looking circus tent, excited children on rows of creaky benches facing a small, shoddy stage squealed; for them, it was akin to watching Sunday morning cartoons without the constant reminders from their parents to complete their homework, because the (ir-)responsible adults have gladly left their offsprings in the hands of questionable-looking staff to enjoy a day of uninterrupted shopping therapy.

A few minutes before the show started, men wearing kitschy and poorly-sewn rabbit costumes appeared to say hello, to become acquainted with the audience, and to ease into the jarringly suspicious atmosphere of a few men in unwashed mascots in a room full of tasty tots. They wore rabbit eye-masks complete with wilted ears though the lower part of their faces remained uncovered, worn-out fursuits including paws, and a blob of frayed rabbit-tail at the back. Children screamed with delight and crowded around the rabbit-men, who were fondly called “Uncle Bunny” each; they kept touching Uncle Bunnies’ fur and in return, the Uncle Bunnies waved at them, hugged them, and began to undress the children; A-Xian knew something wasn’t right when little girls with their dresses confiscated were rounded up and shepherded into another chamber inside the tent, and the door closed behind them with resounding clicks.

The boys that remain were instructed to strip because the Uncle Bunnies would be painting their bodies with cute animals and colourful patterns - they were going to be little roosters for the day! A-Xian went along with the vile ruse, because he was curious of what kind of games would be played. When it was his turn, he gave up his robes, shirt and pants to one of the men, then raised and stretched his arms. A couple of Uncle Bunnies started to work on his eight-year old body and he giggled at the ticklish sensations around his armpits, abdomen, the joints of his hips, inner thighs and the

crack of his butt. Ink brushes started to swipe his body, painting random circles, feather-like curves and other organic patterns using natural food-grade colour palettes of whites, yellows, reds, browns, and blacks. It was a little strange that the men concentrated on painting squiggly colourful plumage-like patterns on his nipples, a streak of red on his belly button to represent a rooster's comb, a splash of yellow on his wee-wee as a chicken's beak, and coated his grape-sized ballsacks with white - they should be a rooster's wattle, but no, he was told that they were chicken eggs; at that point, A-Xian realized, unsurprisingly, that the show was a scam. One of the boys beside him hnngh'd - he was a little older than A-Xian, and when fat brushes painted his testicles, smaller brushes tickled the underside of his turgid, inexperienced dick, then one micro-sized brush started wiggling its hair into the boy's cockslit - the boy experienced a very uncomfortable and embarrassing orgasm in public view that his body was not prepared for, and he grunted, jerked his hips three times, and spurted out dollops of rich boy-milk straight into one of the men's waiting jaws.

With the body-painting session done and every child has a rooster's portrait on his groin - a few looked uneasy because their erections refused to back down after the foreign artistic treatment - the show finally started. A disembodied storyteller voice boomed from the stage, accompanied by simple and folksy tunes, and guided the children on what to do. The youngsters were called upon to participate as much as possible in the show, and Uncle Bunnies stood ready beside their preferred naked child on the bench to demonstrate how to have a good, fun time.

Once upon a time, in a faraway village, there lived a lil' rooster named Xiao Ji Ji (小鸡鸡). He wakes up at five in the morning, crows and wakes everyone up before sunrise.

The stage was covered by dark, thick curtains, and little cardboard cutouts appeared, held by hairy arms that peeked out from behind those curtains.

There were pictures of houses, trees, farms, mountains, and very, very slowly, a bright yellow sun inched up behind the jiggling ensemble. Uncle Bunnies excitedly encouraged the children to stand up and crow as imaginary roosters. A-Xian chipped in to follow what the other boys were doing - he grabbed his dick and started stroking it, then pumped his hips into the air and flapped his elbows, "Cock a doodle doo!" he shrieked, just like everyone else. He saw from a corner of his eyes one particularly young boy who was probably six or seven in age, and had trouble keeping his wee-wee pointing to the ceiling. It wasn't a problem for long; a kind Uncle Bunny crouched between the boy's legs, then performed an adult's oral sex until the boy winced and squirmed very uncomfortably - but it had the desired effect; the toddler's wee-wee blossomed bright pink and stood as straight as a flag mast, and he stammered, red-faced, "C-C-Cock a d-d-doodle d-d-doo!"; with Uncle Bunny still licking vigorously along the undeveloped pinkie-sized length, coaxing it to grow unnaturally harder and longer than it should at such a tender young age.

Xiao Ji Ji is a hardworking rooster, because he always carried two eggs with him, which he loves and cares for very much.

Every boy proudly showed their two white-painted testicles to their attending Uncle Bunnies. The men grinned and one by one, each boy had his testicles lovingly fondled, kissed and swallowed. Some whispered sweet praises, such as "your balls are so cute" and "show this *shushu* your cheeky little eggs"; the older boys proudly displayed their youthful muscular controls and started to contract their pelvic floor and related muscles - it was a surreal sight of pre-pubescent balls being weight-lifted and jiggled to the amusement of horny adult perverts. A-Xian was rather mediocre in terms of appearances and size, plus he arrived late, so he had to sit at the last row, and thus he was relatively untouched. Those at the front, the most excited and enthusiastic ones, the early birds, received the most attention from the child-molesters.

Xiao Ji Ji has a good friend, a lil' bunny named Xiao Tu Tu (小兔兔). They like to spend their time together near the chicken coop. Tu Tu would nibble on cabbages and carrots given by their owner, a farmer, while Ji Ji would peck on the ground for grains and worms.

All Uncle Bunnies crouched down to pretend as the boys' own best friend of the said rooster. The panting men started to suck excitedly at the defenceless exposed underaged cocks. "Little boy, come, come, peck your Ji Ji into *shushu* 's mouth," the greasy, sly voice growled hungrily, and A-Xian giggled at the enchanting scene. He pecked very hard, snapped his hips forward and hoped he hit the man's gag reflex - unfortunately he was too small and short to reach down man's throat, so he settled down for a nice blowjob. A few boys, especially the older ones, started to grunt very loudly and their bodies shook into seizures, coupled with syrupy eruptions into their pre-teen orgasms, thus slaking the thirsts of some Uncle Bunnies in the process.

The farm is always green and full of food for the animals. For Xiao Ji Ji, there's always something to peck - such as a juicy peach, an ear of corn, and squiggly worms that he loves to swallow in one go.

Uncle Bunnies whipped out the described items from unseen pockets. A-Xian got a juicy peach with a tight tunnel already carved into its core, so he happily child-fucked the soft plump fruit until it became a mangled mess of drippy sweetness, which his attending Uncle Bunny eagerly lapped. A reluctant boy about his age in the front row was not so lucky; his wee-wee was sandwiched between two ears of shucked corn, and his hips were forcibly maneuvered to thrust between them. The boy hiccuped with uncried tears as he tingled droplets of nectar because there were just too many bumpy kernels rubbing his abused wee-wee. Further to the front, a number of boys started to cry softly when bendable worm-like straws were inserted into their private parts, and Uncle Bunnies sucked and blew

bubbles into them while fluffing the irritated cocks with matted, dirty unwashed rabbit paws. However, more cardboard puppets appeared on the stage, performed acrobatic dances and sang a few songs, and soon, everyone forgot about the agony burning inside their violated loins.

Ji Ji loves Tu Tu because they're best friends, and they always hang out together. Sometimes Ji Ji pecks at Tu Tu, and Tu Tu nibbles at Ji Ji, especially after they've been fed.

Oral sex ramped up in pace and intensity to full swing. A-Xian, like every other child on site, tingled a couple of times while swaying side to side to the rhythm of the cheerful songs featuring a variety of farm animals puppets bouncing onstage, with his eight-year old arousal happily caught between a man's greasy lips. However, his attending Uncle Bunny left to play with other children who had prettier dicks and needed more suckles, so the boy had to scramble with a bunch of other boys clamouring for a chance to be nibbled by the remaining Uncle Bunnies milling about in the circus tent. "Come, come, little boys, peck at Tu Tu's mouth so that Tu Tu can nibble at Ji Ji," the men chanted and gladly received two of three pre-teen cocks greedily served straight to their waiting sweaty lips. A few more boys fell at that point, as they experienced intense pleasure never felt before, and learned how *good* it felt to orgasm into a stranger's oily mouth.

Sometimes, Tu Tu helps to keep Ji Ji's eggs warm when the rooster is busy crowing to wake everyone up.

A-Xian lifted up his wee-wee and tried to get an Uncle Bunny to molest his balls, but his ballsacks were quite wrinkled, not as appealing, nor as succulent and plump as some of the other bigger Lan children's. Thus, while most boys had their ballsacks kneaded, caressed and molested, A-

Xian walked around the seating area while thrusting his hips repeatedly in tune to the music, like fucking a sex doll made of clouds in the air, imagining his rooster crowing to the skies; to no one's attention, of course. The children in the circus tent started to wheeze and pant, and their complexion pinked and flushed, though not really from any physical exertion.

One day, when Tu Tu was away at the supermarket, a snake appeared near the chicken coop.

Scary music played, all the cardboard figures zipped away and disappeared from the stage. Five meaty, rock-hard and twitching hairy adult penises popped out from the curtains. The children shrieked and screamed, partially from fear, and from becoming too engaged with the show's dramatic acts.

The snake had just shedded its skin, and was a little weak and hungry. Poor snake, poor snake!

Uncle Bunnies nudged a few boys to climb up the stage, trailed by others, to touch the penises and peel off condoms from them. As each penis was released, it twitched happily, then flopped up and down. Some curious hands reached out to touch the angry-red turgid, and expectant penises.

Ji Ji saw the snake and knew it was harmless. In fact, Ji Ji felt sad for the poor snake that had nothing to eat in the past few days. Ji Ji tried to keep the snake warm and snuggly, and gave it lots of kisses, licks and hugs.

A-Xian was rudely pushed off the stage and he fell on his rump; but that didn't deter him from trying harder to find a spot to stand at the crowded, narrow platform. Boys thronged around the penises and tried their best to rub the Mister Snakes and console them from their imaginary sadness and suffering. "Oh, poor snake, poor snake! Boys, give Mister Snake a good hug!" Uncle Bunnies hollered from behind. The children literally obeyed the story to the letter, and kissed, licked and hugged the six-inchers against a backdrop of sad, emotional music. Uncle Bunnies stood guard on the downstage area to make sure every child had a chance to play with the adult penises - somehow A-Xian fell out of the equation, because he was too small, unattractive and kept getting pushed away by jostling bodies - the men also took the opportunity to molest, pinch and jiggle smooth perky boys' buttocks that mooned at them, while the young ones were distracted.

He kept the snake warm and comfortable, and asked neighbouring hens to give the snake some eggs to eat, just as how the hens had given Ji Ji the two eggs to take care of.

"Boys! Give your eggs to Mister Snake to eat! Yes, that's right..." the instructions echoed from the back. A few boys started humping the hairy adult penises in earnest, rubbing their bouncy peeled pink wee-wees and moist, unripe and delectable testicles all over the exceedingly excited six-inch shiny veiny snakes, as they started to experience another round of pre-pubescent tingles from the delicious friction and heat.

Tu Tu also helped to feed the snake with food from the supermarket. The snake cried tears of happiness and gratitude, and soon it was healthy and strong again.

Unsurprisingly, pre-cum leaked generously from the five adult penises seemingly hovering from behind the curtains. Uncle Bunnies persuaded the most curious and innocent boys to lick the sticky liquid off the meat-sticks - their faces soured in disgust at the smelly pungent taste.

In fact, it ate so much that its stomach ballooned. Oh my, poor Mister Snake! Now it's too fat, until it was choking from too much food. See how red it is, and how it twitched wildly to cough out the extra food!

The music switched to a brighter, more alarming note, and all five Mister Snakes jolted to the front, revealing their dark, hairy, very wrinkled but bloated scrotum to the view of the awestruck children. The penises continued to twitch wildly, partly because the wide-eyed adolescents couldn't stop touching and grasping the loose foreskin, the throbbing length and now, wonderful fluid-filled sacs brimming with virile, sweet liquid pressure.

Mister Snake continued to cry, this time from the indigestion in his tummy. Hurry, hurry, rub Mister Snake's tummy, before it grows too big and bursts like a balloon! Peck it, Ji Ji, peck at it too!

A-Xian watched with a rather forlorn look, from a bench at the side, at how the other boys excitedly massaged the adults' balls like rubbing bellies after a good meal, and some took the instructions to heart to jab their wee-wees at the large, chicken-egg sized testicles through the scrotal skin. From where he sat, he could hear some loud husky moans from the backstage, probably fuelled by wild imaginations of childrens' cocks raping an adult's balls. The eight-year old yawned.

Mister Snake is crying louder, see how much tears are leaking from the tip! Please make Mister Snake feel better, by kissing and hugging it like before.

By now, A-Xian understood the story and how that was reflected in the audience's actions. He predicted, and true enough, he watched with disinterest, at how increasingly agitated, uncomfortable and confused horny pre-pubescent boys humped, kissed, hugged, licked the men's hairy genitals on the stage center; some were experiencing perverseness that goes against the sect rules, some were having doubts from their immoral actions, and some were conflicted because it felt really, really good to love a hairy adult's penis. The background music spun to a happier, and faster tune, and that made A-Xian shake his head to the beat and tap his feet on the ground; the crowd's mood swung according to the same vibe too; it was too easy to manipulate with the children's emotions and thoughts, after all.

Mister Snake really liked how Ji Ji rubbed its tummy, and how it was loved by Ji Ji, so the snake finally got well again, and gave the brave rooster its happy milk!

The music rose and rose and finally hit its crescendo. Children shrieked and laughed with joy at the show's finale; even A-Xian was caught up in the mood and clapped his hands. Grand arches of hot smelly thick adult milk ejaculated and rained upon everyone on stage; some boys inadvertently swallowed a few globs, while others squealed when the warm streaks landed on their face and chests.

Suddenly...! The farmer returned from working at the farm, and he saw the snake! He chased the snake out of the village! What a bad farmer! He's a bad man! He fell on the floor after slipping on a banana peel, and his big

bum-bum is facing the blue skies! Hurry, Ji Ji, punish the bad farmer! Peck him! Peck him hard!

All Uncle Bunnies suddenly flung away their costumes, revealing their hairy naked bodies - young, muscular youths and fat, old, bald, wrinkly ones too - and they lay on the ground with their asses pointed towards the boys. “Oh, I’m the farmer that chased Mister Snake away, and now I’ve fallen on my bum-bum! Hurry, hurry, boy, peck my bum-bum!” they cried while sensuously wiggle their huge glutes. The Lan boys were exceptionally obedient, and after a couple of hesitant tries, they got into the climactic epilogue act, and experienced a real adult’s sexual pleasures of fucking a warm wet tight hole between a man’s hairy legs. The children crowded around the former Uncle Bunnies, now re-imagined as farmers with spread asses, and spent the remaining time of the show huffing and puffing, fornicating the men and learned the first lessons in life about making babies between men’s buttocks. Many would experience their most powerful tingles and orgasms during this time, to the backdrop of cheerful children’s tunes.

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Naked A-Xian trotted out of the circus tent with another yawn (remember, in this day and age, it is perfectly normal for kids, especially those from lower socioeconomic classes, to be running around stripped of any clothes); truthfully, he thought the show was generally a bore despite the interactive elements and lots of physical touches; but he kind of liked the musical arrangements. He was smaller in size compared to the other boys, so he hardly had the chance to stand out as an attractive and enthusiastic Ji Ji to the Tu Tus, to reach through the horde of other boys crowding around the lovable Mister Snakes, or squeeze between one another to have a go at pecking the bad farmers’ bum-bum. He spent a silver piece for the entrance ticket, which was dirt cheap compared to other more expensive sleazy

entertainment in brothels that he used to hang out during his days wandering as an unwanted orphan, homeless, in the streets. With the show done, and before the men could gather the relaxed, giggling children and force them into a dark, dingy locked warehouse, he deftly scurried off to find his boyfriend.

Every child would be smitten by playing with domesticated, farm animals and their babies - hence the name 'Barnyard Babies'. However A-Xian was smarter than the average boy; he only needed to sneak to the back of the shoddy building, dash past a couple of small fenced pasture grounds - far enough for suspicious activities to remain hidden behind shrubbery, and for sounds to be swallowed by strong winds that blew through the hills and valleys -, to find where unsupervised children have been quietly herded with sweet promises of having special playtime with cute baby bunnies, little chicks, ducklings, kittens and puppies, plus free pony rides and the chance to feed grass to calves. Instead of seeing children having fun with youngling animals, he watched, rather disinterestedly, at how crying, gagged children were strapped onto tables and bales of straw, then had their bodies painted with buckets of smelly, pungent pheromones.

The carers - A-Xian recognized some of them as the merry band of bandits that often visited Uncle Wei's gloomy home - guffawed like clowns when they let loose the adult male livestock animals. Goats, stallions, bulls and large dogs (of the big fluffy breeds) eagerly sniffed around and licked the air, then climbed onto the tied children - the animals seemed to have been trained well. They immediately started rutting violently into sweet clenching tight boy-buttocks (A-Xian dared not peek at what happened to the girls, lest he catches the fabled cooties). The adolescents' clothes were shredded by the horny barn animals in mating season, and their bodies were badly bruised and scratched, streaked with creamy animal semen, with more gushing out of their gaping, angry-red, probably destroyed anuses and rectum (he couldn't imagine how a horse's wee-wee could fit into one of the smaller victims, when it was nearly as long as the child's height; his

eyes bulged in a similar manner when he observed how a dog knotted with its unwilling mate).

A short distance away from where the wild beastiality parties took place, a few children were fastened to the ground, where peeping chicks, downy ducklings and furry baby bunnies mingled around the struggling figures' groins - the evil carers had poured and slathered their nipples, ticklish areas and private parts with food pastes. Boys laughed and cried randomly (and promptly had their faces and mouths smothered with ragcloth or even their forehead ribbons) when their sensitive bits were nibbled, pecked and prodded; those who had reached puberty had to endure painfully extracted orgasms when cats and dogs lapped their exposed meaty penises that stuck out like nails on a board, then graze the hypersensitive spongy pinkish glans with sharp fangs.

A-Xian squinted and tried to tip-toe to peer beyond the shrubs - and saw his boyfriend in the nude, secured to straw bedding with ropes. He had white puddles around his nipples and unsurprisingly his crotch dripped with milk poured by one of the cackling carers. Hungry goatlings bleated, ponies neighed and calves mooed happily, as they surrounded the frightened eight-year old and began to lick the milk off. Like babes vying for the prized swollen teat, his forcibly pleasured nipples and hairless wee-wee pointed up from the rest of his trembling body and became prime targets; the pony went straight for what it thought was its mother's udder and began sucking the boy's unprotected cock in earnest; the young goat lapped and bit energetically at the nipples, and the calf with the longest tongue yanked on milk-coated testicles, trying its best to caress and vacuum up every droplet on the quivering eggs. Little A-Ji tingled again and again, and even sprayed pee at one point out of pure terror and from drinking too much sweetened fruit juices from the market.

At long last, A-Ji managed to escape when one of the carers untied his bindings and was about to drag him into the shed for another round of sexual abuse, when the boy instinctively recalled how his wife (of sorts) performed a self-defensive maneuver of kicking a man between the legs - then promptly fled in great leaps and bounds over fences, leaving behind a cussing, curled up hardcore convict on the ground. Hot tears rolled down his cheeks as he tried his best to hold back the pain radiating all over his bitten and bruised body, from his awfully abused, saliva coated, drippy wee-wee, and from the frustration and sadness that at least twenty other children would spend several more hours in a dark, locked shed with twenty dirty, fat, wrinkled and bad-smelling rapists he knew too well.

A-Xian happily grabbed naked A-Ji's wrist once he was within range, and together, they escaped the terrifying Fun Fair. It would be a rather strange, but comical sight to see a feral wild boy shrieking insanely, and his partner, an equally naked but dreadfully embarrassed timid boy, streak across busy roads around the markets; but that was fine, because nobody in the Cloud Recesses would truly remember what actually happens on Sunday mornings, after all.

(A-Ji would be traumatized by cute baby animals for a while, in which A-Xian gleefully uses as a underhanded bullying tactic in the future, because occasionally, he would capture and hold a baby bunny from the common farms, then chase after his would-be husband, while little A-Ji wailed in terror from the sight of wriggling little four-legged furry things.

In the meantime, Uncle Wei successfully raped countless Lan boys, fathered many children and sold off the girls and their unborn babies with the help of the headmaster. He made enough money for a month's supply of Emperor Smiles, gotten himself a new part-time job at the Sunday fun fairs, but he quickly lost his ill-gotten gains in underground gambling dens, so he had to remain in his smelly, rickety dimly-lit house where he could pay visits to

his favourite neighbouring rosebud every day at five o' clock in the morning.)

Notes for the Chapter:

Yay, the weekend is coming! Wow, we've reached the end of May and what a month, or a couple of months it has been since the pandemic struck where I live. The stark difference in mood and outlook has been like day and night for me. My dayjob is picking up in June, so there could be delays as life resumes to a new normality.

In the meantime, I'm still out of ideas so that main plot is plodding along slowly, though the smut seems to be doing better. Haha!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 114

It was an epic battle like no other, and one that screamed of cliched R-rated video games. Tian *shijie* crawled out of the portal atop the mountain of dead men, and appeared in her glorious Succubus Queen form - with her milk jug-like titties exposed like plump hanging watermelons. She was a giantess, nearly ten-feet in height, and bore enlarged horns, fangs, claws, wings and tail of the demon-kin. Everything about her was supersized, including the said titties - even the man couldn't tear his eyes away as he was aghast at the sight of twin bouncing flesh-coloured rolling watermelons, yet morbidly fascinated by how they could defy gravity and still point straight at him. She was armed to the teeth, literally, except for her bare chest and strategic gaps around her erogenous zones; her armour consisted of serrated spikes, knife-like protrusions, plenty of hard carapaces, and she held a sword with a dragon's head for a hilt.

She hovered above her landing pad of femurs and ribcages and started slashing her sword, sending forth destructive superheated blue flames into Lan Zhan's direction; there was no opportunity for parlay; Lan Zhan raised a sleeve and the robe's material absorbed the elemental attack flawlessly into a puff of smoke. He leapt up and levitated until he was at the same height as his former *shijie*, and hell broke loose inside the atrium of the Tian Mi Mi-esque base of the succubi-kin.

Lan Zhan promptly delivered a Nine Hundred And Ninety Nine Holy Buddha Lotus Needles attack, which the scantily-clad succubi giantess dodged without breaking a sweat, and she countered with a quick incantation to launch the Eternal Ninety Nine Nights Vampiric Laser Of The Dead; Bichen's Purity-class enabled magical surface reflected the black beam of light and it shot across the building, tearing holes as big as horse-wagons through walls and other obstacles. Tian *shijie* was faster, and she immediately cast her Royal Succubus Call Of Thousand-Soul Absorption to

weaken her opponent, however Lan Zhan's defenses had been buffed up tremendously especially with the aid of a hidden, pulsating radio tower between his legs - so he did not lose any hitpoints, or rather, strength and energy.

Upset at the misstep, the succubus queen hissed and roared with fury, her melon-sized bust jiggled violently, and she launched herself at the man to begin a flurry of punches and kicks - the infamous Deathly Painful Poisoned Claws of Fearsome Femme Fatale move that shreds any living thing instantly - again, Lan Zhan narrowly avoided the sharp limbs and retreated a few steps in mid-air; he conjured his fabled magical guqin and used the distance between him and the demonness to his favour; he sent a *twang* ! of Universal Sound Of Million-Year Harmony And Merciful Compassionate Cleansing; the blue waves moved at terrifying speeds faster than sound, and landed squarely on Tian *shijie* 's humongous bosom - belatedly, Lan Zhan realized he had erred in his judgement, because the bobbing milk jugs could physically absorb and harmlessly bounce off any soundwaves.

The succubus queen cackled at the failed strike - however her voice was low, a little raspy, like a gruff old man's. Lan Zhan flinched with suspicion and withdrew further, putting more distance between them.

“...Tian *shijie* ?” he asked, hesitantly, Bichen raised to aim at the opponent's throat, and guqin ready to fire another salvo with a flick of fingertips.

“HA HA HA HA HA!” evidently *not* the *shijie* he knew, because the voice was definitely a man's. The succubus returned to the center of the mountain of corpses and roared with glee; her leathery wings spread out gloriously

and half the ground beneath was shrouded in shadow, eclipsed by the impressive size and wingspan.

“I am, was, part of the Tian *shijie* that you know, did not know, and don’t know anymore. You are of mortal descent, therefore you cannot comprehend how the Tian family truly works. We are everywhere yet we are one. We are part of the fabric that weaves reality into being, a part of the empty space that does not, existing in harmony with the passage of Time, yet we can bend, twist and morph the past-present-future continuum according to our desires and whims. I, and we, and the rest of us, have absolute control of what has happened and what has not. You are below us, you are not worthy to even touch the ground upon which I and we stand on.”

At this point, Lan Zhan’s inner self went “Huh?” and scratched its imaginary head. Tian *shijie* - at least the owner of the voice - had ceased fighting for a while, and went into an illogical, but very cliched explanatory-mode, stereotypical of a ‘final boss’ in video games.

“You think we have created this playground and manifested into this space-time bubble as succubi, for the purpose of murdering and consuming all humans related to your kin - how narrow-minded and foolish can you be! We are larger than life! We are eternally present, in all forms and manner! In every universe, we are already and always there, and we consume what nature has bequeathed upon us, it is the natural cycle of destroying what is inherently in existence. In the last reincarnation, we lived as Gods, cultivating prayers, loyalty and worship from the livestock known as Men. In the present reality, we are monsters, non-humans, who have abandoned the practise of farming for our nourishment, and instead, we find it easier to simply devour and harvest the bounties that are plentiful in the universes. With each reincarnation, we evolve into greater beings!” the succubus

queen swept her arms in great wide arcs, and she grinned to bare her poisonous fangs.

The raised eyebrow on Lan Zhan's face was clearly visible, and the man does not raise eyebrows for the sake of raising eyebrows. He started to connect the dots, particularly when a bit of the Tians' biology and species information was revealed in a chronologically logical order. He felt a ton of arrogance, malevolent intent and bad-assery in the voice.

“Your Kingdom continues to hunt us down, scouring new worlds, galaxies and universes, laying waste upon our homes, our people and our civilization... Alas, everything is done in vain! The more universes you discover, the more of us that you'll find, because we ARE part of the reality itself! Just as there is light and darkness, we choose to be with the latter, so no matter where you are, so long as there are shadows, so long as there is dark empty space, you will always find us! You can keep destroying and conquering us, but we are infinite! We are ever present! A mortal of a mere few decades old can never defeat the great Tian of *trillions* of years of life experiences! Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!”

The purpose of the lecture peppered with veiled threats, superlatives and supernatural tidbits was grandiose, pompous, unnecessarily lengthy and windy, and lacked details and clarity, but Lan Zhan could understand where the voiceover came from and why. He also at least appreciated the artistic interpretation of light-dark as an analogy of yin-yang and good-evil; he is a scholar at heart, after all. However, he thought it was time to put a stop to this disgraceful and dangerous farce, once and for all.

“Tian *dalaoye* , *yue fu* , please do not embarrass your lineage and legacy any further, especially in this distasteful... feminine... form,” Lan Zhan's

first words shocked the enemy into silence, and gestured his blade at the bountiful chest that poked out like twin Kunlun mountains in broad daylight. He promptly sheathed his sword, dispelled guqin, then bowed following traditional greeting protocol of his sect, and folded his hands at the front, despite facing possibly the most deadly opponent in recent times.

“Your foster son-in-law still holds respect for the elders, as this is one of the sacred pillars of the Qishan Lan teaching. However, if you continue to hurt my family and my kind, I will not be able to guarantee that our familial relationship can remain, as tattered and frayed as it may already be. This is your final warning,” he clearly spelled out his proposition, his steely gaze never leaving the succubi queen’s menacing face.

Tian *shijie* ’s body stilled for a second, then heaved and rocked with monstrous, ear-deafening laughter, “You? You still consider me as your *yue fu* ?! Preposterous! Ridiculous! Your idiocy knows no bounds, mortal! You’re *stupider* than a lowly worm! Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!”

Lan Zhan lowered his arms and placed them in a ready-stance, to be able to draw Bichen in a heartbeat, “I already know the nature of the Tians, and I know how powerful your family is - I’ve learnt this much during the time I spent in your Heavenly Palace, from the last incarnation. I do not mind that our families wage wars against one another in ritualistic duels and melees, since you’ve grown bored of living such a long life, to the point where bloodshed, killing and consuming lives has become your new petty hobby. You know very well that my Kingdom, especially the forces led by my spouses and their descendents, prefer to co-exist peacefully with other sentient beings rather than mindless destruction, so they will never agree to your devious and cruel ways of existence. We’ll always be at odds with one another - especially if you continue to go down this path and hurt others of our kind.” His voice was calm and reasonable, although there is violence and malice promised should the situation escalate further. He hoped to get

his points across and enlighten the other side to stand down from this needless encounter.

(“Stupider” is an age-inappropriate word in Lan Zhan’s dictionary, by the way. He is a scholar, after all.)

Tian *shijie* appeared vexed and roared again, sending deafening shockwaves throughout the atrium, leaving behind cracked pillars and more rubble tumbling down from the skylight. She rose higher when her wings flapped powerfully to gale-force winds, and her tail flicked in response, sending volleys of toxic shrapnel which Lan Zhan deftly deflected with his awesome pearl-white sleeves.

“Rubbish! Imbecile! You’re the biggest fool! How dare you mock me, why... I will... (hic)... I will smite you with my fists and... (hic)... and...”

The succubi queen suddenly twirled clumsily as she punched the air, her flight wavered, her face became rather stoned and stiff, stuck in mid-snarl, and her wings fluttered erratically like an injured butterfly; she spiraled downwards, hurtling down three storeys and crashed into the brittle, powdery pile of twitching dead bodies in an impressive cloud of broken bones and dehydrated flesh.

“Tian *shijie* !” Lan Zhan called out and reached out with a hand, however he couldn’t catch her in time.

Tian *shijie* 's limbs continued to move awkwardly, mechanically in repetitive motions - the arms that kept waving in a limited range of motions, the legs that continued to walk in empty air, like a broken robot toy. Her mouth stayed open but the lips stopped moving - although talking voices and background noises continued to be carried through lively vocal cords; there were some vague scratches and loud bumps, of something heavy clunking to the hard floor and spilling liquids in gurgles.

A female's voice, reminiscent of a loving grandma: "... dear, did you just drop your beer? Why are lying against the table and talking to the screen... oh my, is that voice... Oh! Oh! Wang Ji, is that really you? Oh heavens, it's been so long since we last talked! Our phone signals couldn't reach you from such depths in the multiverse layers! Your great grandfather-in-law became depressed after that last Universal Reincarnation, where he lost his bet for the first time and was kicked out of his physical manifestation, I'm sure you've read the news.... How are you? Are you eating well? Or... oh, don't tell me this grumpy old sod did something nasty to you?"

Lan Zhan maneuvered his body so that he floated downwards, then landed on the pile of corpses with grace, with neither a broken bone nor skin from the unfortunate victims that steadied his balance. He replied with an assuring, composed tone, "Mn. *Wang Mu Niang Niang* , *yue mu* , Wang Ji is doing well. We were just having a short talk since we haven't connected for a while. He's hurt some of my people, and we're about to have a battle in my world, although he's possessed my *shijie* 's body to do so..."

The next strings of screams and furious shouts were almost intolerable, ear-splittingly shrill enough for the man to wince painfully and nearly tumble off the peak of the mountain of corpses.

“WHAT?! How dare you!

You dare impersonate your eldest daughter to fight your son-in-law?! Now that I have my glasses on... Heavens forbid, why is our daughter topless on screen?! How shameless can you be, you pervert incestuous old man! Have you nothing else to do since you stopped becoming a Jade Emperor?!

You're supposed to have retired, you've promised not to get involved with matters of the Mortal Realm, especially your son-in-law and his family's! You've signed off the contract to relinquish all your rights and interests, or have you forgotten what you said when we left their universe to finally find our peace in a faraway new home?"

If you really have nothing else to do but to cause trouble to the young 'uns, then you better follow me to the kitchen and help me peel potatoes and chop vegetables for our dinner tonight!"

Lan Zhan thought he heard ears being twisted, and buttocks being slapped; and of the drunken old oaf moaning incoherently when the alcohol finally hit its high, of the grandpa being dragged around like a wet mop on the floor, and finally with a disgruntled groan, he was rudely shoved presumably to the said kitchen with angry footsteps and foot-kicks until the sounds died out when everything was out of range of the microphone. Lan Zhan stared at the twitching form of Tian *shijie* lying at the apex of the pile of dried husks, which he recognized as a first or second-generation clone of the real person - which was probably as close as he would ever get to contacting the long-lost *xiongdì jiemei* in this universe.

Shijie 's vocal cords emitted crackles and pops, and Lan Zhan guessed that the *yue mu* was busy picking up the headset that had dropped unceremoniously on the floor, while wiping the mess left by the spilled beer and some cleaning up - if he wasn't mistaken - the sounds of peanut shells, *guazi* shells, fruit seeds, and other leftovers of tasty snacks typical of Heavenly Court fare from the not-so-distant past.

“Wang Ji, I’m so sorry that we’ve troubled you again. We’ll clear this up soon, but I need to get the full story from this drunken old fart and sort it out with him. You’ve no idea how quiet our lives have become since we moved into a very deep universe, so as to avoid the attention of any intrusive journalists... I was a bit suspicious that your *yue fu* had spent an inordinate amount of time playing violent video games while drinking truckloads of Wangxian’s Emperor Smiles Premium Beer, and I had thought that the games looked and felt a bit too real - that man has been creating worlds and filling them up with his armies, then sending them around to cause chaos and ruin, hasn’t he?”

Poor *yue mu* , she sounded a little tired, haggard, probably from doing housework that she wasn’t used to for the entire day, while her husband and children were rather unhelpful and probably lazed around doing nothing productive at all. Her voice was a bit muted next, as she turned around and hollered angrily at a different direction.

“You’re a terrible husband, you useless, good-for-nothing! Can’t you even stand up on two legs... For goodness sake, go to the kitchen, now! I’m not called Queen Mother for no reason, and I will beat you back into shape with a feather duster as long as I can still breathe out fire!”

Lan Zhan winced. Deep down, he was infinitely grateful that his wife wasn't as fierce as his great grandmother-in-law.

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One of the Kingdom's official mouthpiece, Wangxian New Times, published a highly-abbreviated account of one of the more tumultuous events ever recorded in history. The editor's opinions and clearly structured arguments were welcomed by the readers, half of it which consists of subscribers in alien worlds who are allies, trading partners, affiliations and acquaintances of the Kingdom (and innumerable anonymous beings in the far reaches of the universes who peruse the ubiquitous ErNet services for fruitful and free exchange of information), who depend on such news to understand and appreciate what actually went on in-between reports of mass genocides and live feed videos of lands, planets and galaxies ravaged by senseless wars:

After the last Universal Reincarnation, Tian *dalaoye* and his family were kicked out from their godly kingdom, stripped of all godly status, powers and rights, and lost their fortunes, livelihood and all known bets (they gambled that they'd win against the Wuji-based Wangxian company-cum-government - unfortunately for them). In a press statement dated around the summer of 2000 B.C., the Grand Patriarch of the Tian family accepted the defeat, and announced his retirement after having officially served trillions of years for the good of the universe, with a successor having been identified as the uprising cultivator superstar Mr. Lan Wang Ji of the newly-minted Qishan Lan Kingdom, who originally hails from the Gusu Lan sect in the Mortal Realm.

However, this did not bode well for some family members of Mr. Lan, who continued to hold key positions in the hierarchy, and expanded and diversified the Kingdom of Lan in their own diverging, selfish and sometimes greedy ways. Intra-family politics ensued, however Mr. Lan remained steadfast and morally upright in his position and principles that govern his family, businesses, government and Kingdom.

As for the Tian family, they have sought refuge in the deepest layer of universes, which was the family's original plans for post-retirement living in a secluded paradise. The eight official daughters of the Tian family became bored being cooped up at home all day, and began to fiddle with illegally procured ultra-modern technology and magics, with the malicious intent to incite violence and bring undue suffering to those affected by their actions. Such uncivilized behaviours typical of rebellious children are strongly frowned upon by the Kingdom, in statements endorsed by lawyers and certified child psychologists.

The Grand Patriarch of the Tian family, who was a ruthless war general and a brilliant strategist at heart and in origin, had gone into depression when his life became meaningless after retirement; he became a drunken bum, an online-shopping addict (particularly for cheap, tasty and high-quality liquor), and soon, found a lifeline by joining his princesses to learn the ropes of playing strangely realistic video games that cloned players into the target universe, and caused and mimicked the effects in real life (dubbed as one of the wonders of 31st-century technologies). The old man became obsessed with annoying the party whom he'd lost his bets to, and started to create endless universes and cloneable monstrous armies to cause chaos and unrest everywhere, thus, he kept trolling the Kingdom of Qishan Lan - to the delight of the drunken overage gamer-cum-loser.

The family members of Mr. Lan who were saddled with their own dissatisfaction at how happy, peaceful, perfect and virtuous the Kingdom

was, took the opportunity upon the rise of the Tians to engage in inter-family feuds, mud-slinging and cat-fights to vent their frustrations and prove their points. The Tians, headed by their juvenile Grand Patriarch and whose armies are led by clones of the princesses, happily retaliated by dishing out even more cannon fodder to bait the increasingly agitated Lans, creating more battlegrounds out of spite just to wear them out and anger them - because in any fights, there were always collateral damages, such as the friendly people of the Middle Kingdom and the distant relatives-cum-residents of Yunmeng and Gusu, who were innocent bystanders gunned down in the heat of their countless spats.

Mr. Lan knew something was up when he couldn't reach the Tians for a diplomatic heart-to-heart talk, or call the Grand Patriarch and Matriarch of the family, when the wars between their families spiralled out of control and became endless rounds of tit-for-tats with skyrocketing numbers of body counts. It didn't help that his spouses, family members and those with close relations were caught up in the whirlwind of revenge, espionage, mind games, arms race, rumour-mongering, and lies and deceit. Soon, stories were shared about how the Tians were actually heartless, mindless monsters that decimated the living and turned everything to their favour, that they were actually a disease, a disgusting plague of undeads of pandemic proportions. At some point, even Mr. Lan himself was influenced and acted against the Tians from the subversive feedback gathered from the subjects of his Kingdom.

At the height of the conflict, a serendipitous twist occurred and Mr. Lan finally had the chance to connect to the Grand Patriarch of the Tians in the heart of an epic battle in his ancestral hometown. The arrival and intervention of the Grand Matriarch was certainly welcomed, and is expected to put a lid on the entire childish playground masterminded by the Tian *dalaoye*. The air should be clearer from now on, and editorial board of the Wangxian New Times wishes his majesty the Grand Patriarch Lan, First Father of Lan-kin, the much beloved and venerable Mr. Lan Wang Ji, many happy, fortuitous and prosperous times ahead.

(Wei Ying complained that the article was biased, omitted key figures, names and events, and painted an unfavourable picture of him and his Wei-kin. The husband “Hnn”s in feigned ignorance and downplayed the wife’s grouses, saying that Wei Ying shouldn’t read too much in-between the lines.)

(Rumours are rife about what kind of lifestyle did the Tian *dalaoye* enjoyed in his post-retirement, that led him to such a disastrous and humiliating ending. Some private investigators from anti-Tian factions claim that the seed was planted when earlier the year, he sent off his youngest daughter to pretend to be a certain Liang *laoban*’s own flesh and blood, in a covert mission to spy on the daily lives of the people in Yiling, close to the Kingdom’s historical origins. However, the *laoban* turned out to be not only a successful shrewd businessman, but also an inherent pedophile; given that investigators had later uncovered confidential medical examination reports that provided sufficient evidence of multiple sexual assaults and injuries that took place over the period of several months when she lived under the same roof as him. Some people speculated the sordid details that led from one thing to another, such as how frequent viewings of recorded video clips of those attacks eventually corrupted the then-Jade Emperor, and that he became obsessed with the sexist and depraved ideas of bondage, rape, and in all probability, female domination and male victimization too, amongst others - thus, the concept of using succubi to subjugate and destroy hated humankind enemies was born, apparently, though hard to be believed.

It is not known about the current health and status of the *original* Tian family members still living in imperfect harmony inside their locked-up paradise within the deepest layers of universes. Seedy gossips are abound about how all eight daughters had been impregnated by the dirty old man who had nothing to do all day after retirement except to be surrounded by nubile, precocious young females; that the girls were imprisoned inside basements and raped daily; and that those demonic acts happened right

under the nose of his fierce, over controlling wife, who was either blissfully unaware or deliberately ignored the sexual assaults for personal reasons; such horrible occurrences are not uncommon, as they continue to happen even up to the 21st century, after all.)

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Elsewhere, Wei Ying had to stop and admire a few magnificent statues in the temple that escaped vandalization. He understood that although gods and deities usually have fixed appearances and descriptions recorded in holy scriptures and other religious texts, the final imagery is usually subject to the interpretation of the artist, as agreed with the sponsors such as a temple requesting for the sculptures and carvings. The artistic licence handed to the sculptor is by no means unlimited, however one is free to use some creativity and leeway to beautify his work so that it becomes more desirable, more valuable and certainly more celebrated among the devoted.

When the man stood in front of a large, two-meter tall Laughing Buddha statue made from bronze, he didn't look quite impressed; there were plenty of other temples around the Middle Kingdom with grander versions and in more interesting, meaningful interpretations of the Lord himself or his venerable disciples. The statue depicted a carefree, charming visage, with cheerful eyes almost closed to a squint, sitting on the ground with one leg up (like a *laoban* !), dressed in loose signature robes that dropped off from rounded plump shoulders, revealing the famous rotund prosperous tummy, with a huge gold ingot in hand and a magical gourd in the other.

Wei Ying couldn't help but to rub the smooth, well-worn belly to wish for fortune and a happy ending to his woes. Then, he imagined Lan Zhan

manifesting his physical appearance in the world as one such Laughing Buddha - and immediately choked and coughed into rude chuckles.

Lao gong, lao gong, what do you think? Can you smile and laugh for me everyday, so that I can rub your growing belly and wish for good luck? If you're this kind of Buddha with so much fluffy fat to hold on to, I could nom-nom your love handles every day! , he remarked using ErNet. He received an indignant snort in return. In a childish retaliation, Wei Ying stuck a finger into the statue's deep belly button, just for the fun of it.

Next, Wei Ying found a shrine for worshipping the Goddess of Mercy - apparently, in this world, people still believed that the compassionate god is in a female form. A life-sized statue was built in the center, and Wei Ying's eyes bulged a little at the depicted imagery - the goddess looked just like any other Goddess of Mercy statues in the Middle Kingdom - including having her hold the holy vase and a willow branch close to her body -, though the sculptor took plenty of liberties to make her robes loose and expose part of her ample chest. He quickly bowed and prayed three times in reverence and respect, then muttered a silent apology.

With no one around the abandoned temple, he tip-toed towards the statue and stared very hard - his eyes followed the sculpted lining of the falling robes that teasingly revealed part of a set of voluptuous breasts, partially covered by a thin garment that he imagined - nearly and really wanted to believe - that there were coin-sized nipples somewhere beneath the carved rock. The statue was delicately made, masterfully crafted, and the details were exquisite down to the last groove, the final folds, the curves, dips and mounds too. Wei Ying just had to - even if he were to be struck down by lightning the next moment for the desecration -, he just had to reach out and satisfy his intense and rather perverse curiosity.

The man deftly maneuvered his arms on the abundant chest, and grabbed the statue's breasts with both hands - perfectly plump as round grapefruits that comfortably fit the palms, though not as soft, unfortunately. His fingers groped and felt for the nipples beneath the layers of sandstone - alas, he could not find any.

Wei Ying... please, don't , the husband facepalmed in ErNet at the spouse's unflattering act.

Lao gong, lao gong, if you're this kind of God, or Goddess, of Mercy, can you grow titties like this and let me play with them? I can imagine how soft and plump they are, how the nipples tease and evade me, ah, I want to touch and suck on those tantalizing nipples... the spouse remarked though their telepathic connection.

Lan Zhan did not respond to that.

Notes for the Chapter:

I was getting a little stuck with the whole Tian thingy that was becoming too dark, gory and heavy, and thought to throw in a plot twist to help me out and lighten things up.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 115

The succubus queen traded many blows with god-tiered Lan Zhan when she regained consciousness. The battle became a long string of attacks and defenses flavoured with superfluous names and descriptions, thrown at each other in perfectly logical sequences; the Seven-String Turbulent Waves Beneath The Mighty Long River was flung at the succubus, but her Dragon Sword's Three Circular Breaths Of Insidious Malaise nullified the powerful sound-based shocks. She countered with an infallible Five Restless Roars Of Underworld Blasphemous Screams, which Lan Zhan had to block with his sleeves, thus rendering him temporarily blinded and deaf, and by the time he shook off the effects, the succubus had her serpentine blade aimed at his throat. He flipped splendidly at the last second to narrowly avoid being nicked by poison-coated metal, then sent a flying Gusu's Three Level Waterfalls kick to the enemy's abdomen. As the *shijie* was thrown off-balance in mid-air, Lan Zhan took the opportunity to swipe his blade upwards to launch a combo move of Dustless Three-Way Slashes and Five-Way Cleansing Power Vacuum Strikes. However the succubus seemed to have anticipated such classic Gusu Lan sword fighting styles, that she easily dodged the rushing gusts of slicing winds, and prepared a magical Meteoric Fireball attack from her thick fat tail. They flew and spiralled around the atrium, wrecking massive destruction to the solid brick construction until nearly half the Tian Mi Mi-esque building that housed the succubi nest was torn down into rubble and ruins.

Lan Zhan scowled faintly when he realized that he wasn't making any progress; both of them fought using the foundations of classic Gusu Lan hand-to-hand and ranged combat techniques - which was pretty much standard martial arts protocol of throwing one powerful attack after another, and parrying when the enemy got too close. It didn't help that Tian *shijie* kept spouting threats and claims in between blows, that taunted him to fight harder, but not necessarily smarter.

“You are weak! Your blade cannot even touch me, how could you even call yourself a worthy Gusu Lan man?!”

“Hah! Did that hurt? My magical offensive power is unlimited, thanks to all the Lan boys that I’ve consumed over the past few months! Don’t slow down, otherwise you will be eaten as well!”

“It’s the end of the line for the Lans! Revenge is ours, once we get rid of you and your brother! There will be no more Gusu Lans left in existence!”

Lan Zhan remained silent at those provocative barbs, and slowly pieced together information. He postulated that the succubi aren’t as up-to-date as he would have thought - she still considered him more of a Gusu Lan rather than his newly-minted sect (which was technically still correct); the succubus queen wasn’t aware that at least a hundred Lan disciples had escaped to safety and thus, there is no immediate threat of extinction; her speech patterns didn’t quite match what he remembered as the kind, intelligent and patient *shijie* he knew from his past timeline - so he was sure that although the succubus that confronted him was physically derived from the person he once knew - a clone - however, tying back to the fact that 31st-century cloning technology had faults in replicating intelligence, abilities, emotion and behaviours - an inferior copy, taking Wei *er ge* as an example of being not as bright as the real Wei Wuxian despite being borned of the same drop of blood - Lan Zhan concluded that he had to think out of the box, step out of line, and take a page from his spouse in order to secure the checkmate in a wayward game of chess.

He flew away to put a safe distance between the two of them, and stood on the crumbling edge of a blasted balcony that used to face the central skylights.

“ *Shijie* , put down your weapons and stand back. I do not wish for more bloodshed. If the Tians withdraw, so will my brother and I. He waits for my signal on a mountain not far from here, to launch the greatest explosive device known to any sects. You have my word that if you sheathe your sword and leave this place, I will not send a signal flare to the blue skies that will destroy everything within the vicinity,” he announced clearly and allowed his voice to echo into the cavernous and nearly demolished chamber.

The succubus queen violently thrashed in mid-flight with boiling anger, “What?! You lie! Your brother fled Gusu’s borders before we erected the barriers. I know this because it was I who interrogated him the night before to demand a full list of Lan sect members and their whereabouts - which he vehemently denied having, despite being the Sect Leader! What a dishonorable coward; a Sect Leader who had signed the treaty with the Imperial forces, pledged his loyalty to the leaders from the Tian family, and yet he backed out at the last moment and feigned ignorance, incompetence and “I don’t know”s... I’ve lost count of how many times he said those words... it’s unbelievable, what a hopeless Sect Leader he was! However his treachery is for naught, because we can still trace everyone using other registry records found in towns, cities and villages!”

Lan Zhan’s lips twitched. He was glad that Director Nie, no matter how useless or crafty that fox was, managed to pass a few lessons to the rigid and morally upright Lans. He exhaled, and calmly responded, “Say what you will, I know my brother better than you do. In fact, even my uncle is prepared to back us up. He waits in faraway Dashan village to the west, directing many to farm enough food and train new disciples so that we grow in strength and shall strike back with tenfold the true ferocity of the Gusu Lans.”

Tian *shijie* - or at least her demonic clone - screeched like a banshee, “You... you’re lying! You’re confused, not me! The Imperial troops led by the Tians have laid waste to everything in the west other than the city of Yiling and its surroundings, where your branch-sect will surely be swallowed by the unstoppable forces of our formidable elites, and be extinguished once and for all!” then pointed a clawed forefinger at him (how disrespectful; Gusu Lan never taught their disciples, even former disciples, to point at people rudely).

“All your elders have fallen under our influence and have been consumed before the last full moon, except for one sickly old man who waits in his deathbed. He has caught a disease of coughing out dirty blood and has deteriorated over the months. I was personally guarding his bedroom and tried to end his life - but he tastes so bad and he spat blood at my naked body, that I have decided to grant him a little mercy, so that he may live until the time when his life force snuffs out on its own, and we can finally rid the last human from Caiyi Town,” she added haughtily and raised her bountiful boobs towards the skylight.

Lan Zhan had to close his eyes for a second to erase the cursed sight of abominable watermelons jiggling in mid-air, and he calmly responded, “No, *shijie*, I know my uncles better than you do. Also, there are more allies of the Gusu Lan sect in Caiyi Town and in other towns and cities in the province. Get your facts right, and do not embarrass yourself further. My closest disciples are in Caiyi, frequently visiting teahouses for drinks and now they hide until the time our sect’s signal flares light up brighter than the blue skies, and we will emerge to defeat you.”

It was only a matter of time; something probably triggered and snapped inside the emotionally-unstable succubus queen. She roared - an ugly howl more befitting of graveyard phantoms - then her tail lashed to the sides and grew tremendously in size until it could rise above her horned head from

behind. The whiplashing forces were admirable and generated typhoon-strength winds at her opponent - Lan Zhan had to steady himself, lest he loses his footing at the edge of the ruined platform.

“How dare you! We have tracked down every known person in Gusu’s towns and cities, kept them in cages, and made sure to fill our bellies with their life force until nothing but skin and bones remain. There is no one left in Caiyi that were unaccounted for, however, your presence here tells us that you’re looking for survivors in Caihong, which we had suspected for some time due to the incomplete town registry records - and now I can report to the Grandfather Patriarch about this finding, and finally solve this mystery!”

The monstrous tail hissed and morphed into a sucker-like appendage that unsurprisingly looked like a vagina with serrated teeth, dripping with black, toxic saliva. Tentacles grew out of her watermelons and the uncovered bits between her legs - at that point, Lan Zhan visibly shuddered. “Enough of this futile banter! I will make sure to behead you and suck your life energies while your dying body slowly suffocates to death!” she screamed and lunged straight at the man with clawed limbs ready to grapple and slice everything within range; the tail swung from side to side like a snake that had been disturbed from its nest, and poised to strike.

Lan Zhan has had enough (the tentacle-y watermelons were frightening, after all), and convinced himself that it was time to promptly exit the stage. He silently thanked his older brother for sending the short, cryptic message full of hidden meanings to the ‘Mounds; by locating Tian *shijie*, he had a chance to gather enough information from the Tian’s top dog (or bitch) from the encounter, and be assured that Gusu can still be saved.

With that, he promptly muttered an apology and teleported himself out of the way; the cavalry has arrived.

The succubus queen screeched in surprise when her jaws knocked into a broken pillar and her claws struck cracked walls rather than a mortal's flesh. She yelped, then fell to the ground and landed atop her pile of dried corpses, dazed and head spinning from the impact.

There were crunches of giant boots on desiccated human bodies, groans and heavy panting, of belts and armours being shifted and unbuckled. Tian *shijie* moaned from the pulsing pain and the blinding light flooding from the skylight right above her. Her vision was pure-white - then, slowly, five, no, ten, no... more towering black masses loomed over her.

A crew of twelve-feet tall giant incubuses surrounded the female lying on her pedestal of corruption and death, and she was about to be devoured in the same way as her victims. Those incubi were fat, ugly, full of warts and phallic protrusions, covered with battle-scars and tattoos and they smelled bad from acrid body odour, smokes and alcohol. One by one, each undressed and unveiled fanged penis-headed tails, drug-laced claws, hairy bodies with multiple penis-shaped tentacles growing out from all angles, and horrors of horrors, giant turgid pendulums swung between their legs that looked more like snakes with many heads and fingers, and they hissed and salivated at their prey on the ground.

“Hello sweetie. I don't usually make a habit out of raping little girls like you, but you're so pretty that I might make an exception.”

“Play with us, sweetheart, my incubus body is totally ready for some hot lovin’! Your titties look so plump, you could be the right one for us! Come, come pull off those panties, don’t be shy...”

“Oooh, oooh, can I have a go? I’ve not tasted a queenie’s pussy before, but I might make her pregnant today if she’s delicious enough! I could blow a week’s load into that fat pussy of hers!”

“Ah ha ha! I’ve brought enough brown vials for our fun, boys! Special concoctions just for today’s party! Everyone grab one and pour it on her, she’ll do your bidding immediately!”

The merry band of mutated bandits licked their greasy lips in anticipation and uncorked their vials, while some had already started masturbating excitedly in front of the horrified succubus queen.

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Wei Ying tried to think like an ordinary Gusu Lan man; in logical sequences, following the concept of cause-and-effect, and none of the usual bullshit of creating new spells from existing talismans, fashioning new gadgets out of spare parts, or sending forth an army of zombies equipped with futuristic technology.

“Hmm... if vampires and other denizens of the dead rise from the ground and attack people, one would surely run to the temple where there are

protective amulets and barriers, spell-wielding chanting monks and holy statues to drive away evil.

And if the temple gates have been breached,” Wei Ying stared at the broken doors and his gaze led him to the interior of the temple grounds, through shrines and smaller annexes, “one would seek refuge along with the monks, and rely on their centuries-old wisdom to survive the holocaust.” He ran into the main temple complex, with a spacious courtyard in the center flanked by four pagodas each on every corner. The ground was a sea of skeletal remains of priests, defeated fierce corpses, broken furniture, pottery and burnt debris, bloodied tapestries, fallen effigies and toppled-over altars, fractured swords, shattered armour and shields, splintered quarter staffs and mace, and even pockmarked by a deluge of arrowhead imprints.

“If the fighting monks have fallen and the shrines are desecrated, the survivors would risk their lives to protect that most important treasures - first, the holy scriptures and tomes!” he told himself. Wei Ying explored the temple’s library pavilion, which had been ransacked and set on fire, and - he noted sourly - the shelves that held documents pertaining to births, marriages and other important daily life rituals that the temple oversees, and deaths, had been emptied. With nothing else of value other than dog-eared boring-looking history books, sutra chanting scripts and portraits of past temple councillors partly burnt to ashes, he quickly left.

“Hmm... where else would they go, if their source of wisdom, the library, has been destroyed? Ah, their source of belief! The last sacred bastion which is the patron saint or god to whom the temple is devoted to!” he gleefully solved his own puzzle and ran back into the temple complex. At the heart was a huge chamber with an impressive two-storey high statue carved from mountain granite, a robed figure seated in a lotus position with palms pressed together at the front. Unfortunately its head was sliced off with a large sword - he smelled the smoky metallic tang of a dragon-blade -

and a pile of broken rock lay adjacent to the statue; he couldn't recognize the local god that was worshipped by the temple, unfortunately. Again, more bodies and corpses and their ruined equipment littered the holy but abandoned grounds.

Wei Ying scratched his head, "Ahh... if the source of belief is gone too, then... to their source of their spiritual beings?" He wasn't certain, and wished he'd paid more attention to classes about Gusu Lan religion and rituals during his younger days studying in the Cloud Recesses. He supposed that if the monks no longer have a legacy to pass down to future generations, if their worshipped god had been smashed right in front of their eyes, then they would feel broken and have had lost all hope - they would rather die fighting, or die with their teachers and mentors, rather than to surrender to the Dark, evil forces. Teachers and mentors might qualify as the source for their spiritual strength, he briefly thought.

He remembered that Si Zhi had brought a casket and received permission to store it in the temple. Putting one and one together, he wagered that he should visit the temple's mausoleum next, which was located a little further away from the main temple grounds and hidden behind a clump of tall trees. Remains of past Head Priests and other important historical figures are put to rest in crypts beneath such sturdy buildings, there was usually some food kept as prayer offerings, and enough bulky furniture and bronze statuettes to build barricades if needed, plus the walls of the building are thick to withstand the weather elements, and could resist devastating attacks; he knew that much based on the martial arts-themed graphic novels he'd read during his early days, which were tried and tested knowledge put into story books for consumption by the young, the adventurous, the easily awestruck, and the over imaginative, including himself, of course.

As soon as he approached the mausoleum which was a rectangular building with marble-tiled roofing decorated with sculptures of Underworld gods, he

noticed that the main teakwood doors were slightly ajar.

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Master Lan Qi Ren knew his time had come - he could feel it in his bones, his stomach, his hands and even the tips of his fingers. He had seen everything, overcome all of life's adversities from a childhood full of discipline and restrictions, a rough upbringing rising through the ranks of the sect, becoming a senior council member, a tough tutor, a wise mentor, even raising orphaned children to follow his steps toward a fulfilling, untroubled, peaceful life (and later, losing one such precious child to a *yaoguai* disguised as a charming but unrepentant upstart youngster)--

He had been lying on a stained, unwashed bed for *months* , sealing away all inputs and outputs from his body so that he stood next to death's doorstep. It was the ultimate Gusu Lan cultivation technique for extreme survival situations, and only practised by those whose cultivation levels were high enough. He nearly ceased breathing, stopped consuming everything except for the *qi* circulating in the atmosphere, and his body had metabolically shut down. Once in a while, his captive form was visited by the enemy - demons that created fierce corpses for their cruel amusement after sucking life energies off men, which was even worse than that said *yaoguai* - but they regarded him as unfit for consumption. One tried to sit on his crotch and straddle him, but she was awfully overweight, and his body immediately rejected the unholy touch - he vomited blood even while remaining unconscious, there was a screech-y scream, and he was not touched again after that. However, he had been ill for many years that robbed his fast-ebbing strength, even through the passing of seasons and the changes of Chief Cultivators, and he was afraid that he may not last while maintaining this near-death state with a fast-declining health.

He thought that finally, his weakened body had given up, his golden core had fizzled out its last spark, and that he found himself in a strange kind of heaven.

It was surreal to have that orphaned child he'd lost so long ago, now returned to his teenage years, massaging his creaky shoulders, while he lay on a fancy lounge chair lined with velvet and other plush materials. His bones rattled and loosened from a very nice vibrating grip from the young man, and he moaned, then tilted his neck to silently ask for more, more, a little more to the right, please; the wish was granted, to his delight.

On his stomach lay the fluffiest and most adorable pillow of sorts, and it looked like a giant fat two-feet long silkworm with a drool-coated mouth at one tapered end, and a slightly bloated tummy on the other. The pillow worm snuggled on his belly, weighed comfortably on his abdomen, and kept him warm - all old men like him loved to have their bellies warmed. Being a true blue Gusu Lan man, he couldn't resist the satiny white fur which resembles a rabbit's rump, and he kept running his fingers over it; in response, the living pillow coo'd and gurgled happily, gently rolled over and curled up higher against his chest; he learnt, over minutes and hours of playing with this endearing elongated ball of fluff, that the worm's belly was squishy and could be kneaded in circles, and if he reached to the other side - the back, he presumed, because he couldn't feel any backbones or any bones for that matter - he could scratch in an up-and-down motion, with added circles and claw-like grips, on the plump and very appealing baby-soft skin, and the pillow worm would seize and convulse cutely - like getting a tender electric shock -, accompanied with soul-cleansing crystalline tinkles of a baby's laughter. He thought that behaviour resembled Wang Ji's, because the boy also loved to have his back scratched when he was just a toddler, long, long ago.

Speak of the devil - of sorts -, the massage on his shoulders stopped briefly, and next, he heard some tableware clink, then he was served a sumptuous meal on a bamboo tray. The pillow worm politely moved aside to cuddle up around the man's left arm, while his right arm was free to pick up a spoon or a pair of chopsticks. The tray was meticulously placed on the master's warmed stomach, and he smiled at his third, maybe fourth, in-house fine dining in this slice of heaven tailored to his tastes - perfectly-heated chicken and tofu congee with freshly simmered summer leafy greens, a plate of boiled river fish with all the bones picked out and drizzled with sweetened soy sauce and spiced oils, a small plate of steamed minced pork patty mixed with pickled vegetables, a bowl of herbal soup with perfectly diced chunks of a variety of nutritious root vegetables, and a pot of *pu'er* tea, with all necessary cutlery and napkins lined up on the side in perfect sequential order.

“ *Shu gong* , please enjoy this banquet meal,” the teenager said with a clear voice to greet the elderly man to start his meal, and he bowed at such a perfect angle befitting Gusu Lan's dining etiquettes, that for a moment, Master Lan Qi Ren really thought that the boy was the Wang Ji he'd missed for too long - down to the white garments and silver-white hairpiece - except for the strange, slightly off-putting devilish black colour in his eyes where there should've been whites. The pillow worm in his left arm gently rubbed at his ribs to nudge the man to stop staring at the boy, and try the food. It started murmuring adoringly with a little girl's voice - in a repetitive, but not necessarily annoying way - “ *gong gong, gong gong, gong gong* (公公) ... ” as though it called him a ‘grandfather’.

A perfect meal dined strictly according to the sect's decorum is done in absolute silence, other than the tip-taps of chopsticks or the polite clinking of a porcelain spoon against a bowl, and Master Lan Qi Ren thoroughly enjoyed his tranquil time with the nourishing, mild and surprisingly very tasty food, on top of the ergonomically pleasant lounge chair.

As he took a sip of *pu'er* tea from the empty tray, he finally asked with calm, "Why do you keep calling me *shu gong* ? Is this not my afterlife where I deserve eternal peace living amongst my ancestors in a world filled with clouds, misted mountains and ever-flowing waterfalls? How would there be descendents in this place if I am not informed of their passing? Or have you already passed on too, Wang Ji?" The master continued to enjoy his tea but his eyes glanced to the side at the boy.

The Wang Ji with blackened eyes bowed again - such refined manners, indeed - and answered without hesitation, "As I've said before when you arrived in this special place," he gestured around them to show the elderly man a room with a single large curtained window showing a beautiful silvery portrait of a full-moon nightsky, a few stars and clouds, and trees in the horizon gently rustling to the breeze; the room resembled the inner chambers of the Jingshi, being sparsely decorated with a few choice but tasteful pieces of decor, comfortably lit by candle lamps reflecting off waxed rice paper and casting blurry shadows upon wooden screens, potted plants, and tables and chairs, "I am Ernie, and the white creature that your mind keeps calling 'pillow worm' is my sister Ni-er, and we're children of Lan Wang Ji and Wei Wuxian. It is only right that I call you *shu gong* , although my sister is too young to appreciate the nuances in Lan family formalities, so you're simply her favourite grandfather. I have taken the form of my father in his younger days, but I am not human - hence the devil-eyes that your heart speaks so fondly of - but rest assured, the two of us mean you no harm, and we want to treat you as our family member. You are safe in Qishan Lan's territory, founded by my parents, who are also well."

Master Lan Qi Ren sighed, and thought that even age had caught up with him in heaven. There were so many things right about what the boy said, and an equal number of things wrong too. He didn't want to argue, not while he's savouring the pleasures of his afterlife.

“Hn. It seems my nephew has even consummated his relationship with that *yaoguai* and sent their offsprings to rile me up,” he said, as he put away the cup of tea and waved his hand - Ernie dutifully collected the tray and walked away into the darkness beyond the wooden screens opposite the window. “But no matter, I shall not be bothered nor be provoked by anything that disturbs the beauty of this heaven. I’ve had enough of *qi* deviations while I was alive, so that’s that,” he announced with an air of finality and sank back into the soft cushions that came with in-built massaging functions.

Little Ni-er crawled back to her grandpa’s belly and curled up into a warm pastry roll of sorts, to the satisfaction of the old uncle. Ernie emerged again with a small senior-friendly anti-slip bowl filled with sliced apples and peaches, and handed it to the master. “Here, more fruits from Heaven’s summer orchards, as you desired from the bottom of your heart,” he said, and indulged in the unspoken secret requests from the finicky old man.

“Hn. As expected, of course, to be served only the best in this wonderful heaven,” Master Lan Qi Ren remarked and gladly took the bowl before he started to grab a tooth-picked fruit wedge. “In this world where my dreams finally come true, Wang Ji knows everything in my mind and heart without having me to say anything, and he obeys without question. Since you’re such a good boy, tell me more about this Qishan Lan, and what ridiculous stories you have about my nephew and that *yaoguai* of his, so that I may go to sleep again after such a nice meal and be woken up for another,” he added while munching on a juicy peach - it was against Lan family rules to talk while eating, but the Peaches of Immortality were so *good* - he didn’t know the name of the fruit, other than just plain ‘peaches’ that had ripened to perfection -, he could make an exception while thinking he’s gone to his own private corner of heaven. He thought that with each bite, he could feel his long standing illness melt away a little more, and his body a little stronger.

“Of course,” the boy replied with another perfect bow, before returning to his spot behind the lounge chair, and started to massage the back of the smiling old man, who had closed his eyes and looked every bit relaxed and happy to be in his very own paradise. “And in case if you’re wondering, yes, I will line up a rejuvenating body spa, a luxury manicure and pedicure service, three more types of full body massages with aromatic oils and heated stones, and a cucumber-flavoured exfoliating face mask to brighten up your skin, after you’re done with dessert,” he followed up without having to ask, which pleased the master almost too much.

At one point, Master Lan Qi Ren, already being lulled to sleep by long-winded fantastical accounts of the Qishan Lans and their First Fathers while enjoying a mix of Swedish and shiatsu massages, asked what was beyond the shadowy part of the room that lie opposite of the serene night sky peeking through the window, and Ernie coolly responded that the path lead to the outside world, “where a hundred or so Gusu Lan youngsters and more refugees from the war live and play noisily all day... there are markets and fun fairs packed with bustling crowds too... alternatively, you can decide to stay here a bit longer, if you want, *shu gong* .” At that point, Lan Qi Ren simply “Hn”s impassively and said no more; he wasn’t too keen to ruin his paradise yet. He snored after a few minutes.

Notes for the Chapter:

It's a little all over the place, but I'm wrapping up some of the key plots or characters.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 116

“A-Xian... it’s... it’s wrong to steal...” little A-Ji whined, but the other boy would have none of the virtuous lectures typical of Gusu Lans. The naked eight-year old Lan boy stood shivering in a small clearing in the forests close to the Sunday markets, while he was lovingly tended to by another boy of the same age, albeit an adopted one from a different, more uncivilized and probably feral lineage. A-Xian grinned and continued to tie two pieces of giant lotus leaves plucked from someone’s garden - one at the front on A-Ji’s crotch, and the other to cover his springy cute buttocks -, using a vine as a makeshift belt to hold both pieces together, secured by a cute ribbon bow hanging from the waist. Little A-Ji looked like a topless girl with a flared-out skirt made of lotus leaf. The midday sun was a little strong, so A-Xian finished his masterpiece by taking another lotus leaf from the ground, cutting its stem, then placed the leaf face-down atop A-Ji’s head, like a hat.

“See? It feels good, right? Totally natural fabrics, and it’s very cooling too!” the boy with unruly hair grinned back.

The rambunctious boy and his timid partner had barely escaped the clutches of foreigner rapists, smugglers and an assortment of criminals masquerading as unassuming funfair operators and market vendors, and hid in the forests to catch their breaths. While A-Ji had nothing left on his body - not even a shred of loincloth -, he was at a loss of what to do next - because Gusu Lan education didn’t teach their children how to prepare themselves for crises such as being kidnapped and sexually attacked by such inhuman predators - A-Xian confidently strode into someone’s unoccupied backyard pool and bathed his boyfriend (future husband, really, once they’re of legal age) to wash away ‘Barnyard Babies’ animal saliva, seed, and all sorts of icky substances, while he scrubbed his own body to

remove the last vestiges of body paints from the 'Friends in the Farm' show earlier.

There was a patch of lotus plants in the pool, so A-Xian nonchalantly sneaked that someone's kitchen from the back, swiped a small knife, a basket and some other tools of trade used by thieving street brats (he used to be one, after all), and went to work. He harvested a few goodies from that someone's garden including fruits and medicinal plants, and returned with a basket of lotus leaves to be fashioned as clothes so that embarrassed little A-Ji didn't have to shiver in the nude in broad daylight. Just then, the door creaked - the owner of the house had returned - and little A-Xian fled the scene of crime with his boyfriend. They found a nice forest glade not far into the bushes.

"M... Mn," the boy answered hesitantly with his signature single universal answer to everything, "but... I still think it's wrong to steal," as he fingered the skirt with a doubtful look in his eyes, "... and my... w-w-wee-wee feels a bit itchy and painful too, everytime it rubs on the lotus leaf," A-Ji added and his voice trailed off, clearly feeling humiliation for admitting something so shameful to his future-wife as his cheeks burned up into tomato-reds. All those nasty bites and suckles from the farm animals left their indelible marks on little A-Ji's tender underaged genitals; he fidgeted uncomfortably, and felt a little stinging pain each time his reddened wee-wee grazed against the leaf's surface.

Clever A-Xian had already predicted this would happen, so he gave a (stolen) fruit to his boyfriend to pacify his discomfort of a throbbing abused wee-wee, and said, "I'm your wife, and I say that it's perfectly alright for me to make better use of someone's backyard treasures that had been left unattended. And it's perfectly alright for you not to steal anything. Does that make sense?"

A-Ji stood still under the shade of a tree, and thought for a moment to process the logic - the husband who followed Gusu Lan's teaching to the last letter is not allowed to steal; but the wife who isn't subjected to the same Gusu Lan's teaching could. He could live with that logic, he thought, at least at this young age when he wasn't mature enough to form a counter-argument yet. As he ruminated on the topic, A-Xian who didn't think too deeply into the virtues of *not* stealing, crouched between A-Ji's legs and crawled under the front piece of the lotus leaf-skirt. A-Ji gasped in fear when he thought he saw a knife glint before it disappeared beneath the skirt.

"Shh, stand still. I grabbed some aloe vera plants from that garden just before we left the pool, and I remembered watching how some *jiejie* s in a brothel used it as a skin medicine during my younger days in the streets," A-Xian muttered beneath the skirt; A-Ji shivered when he felt hot breaths tickle his sensitive and slightly inflamed private parts. The braver of the two took a couple of strips of the succulent leaves from the basket, used his illegally-procured knife to remove the green outer layers, and sliced the cooling, soothing transparent gel into smaller cubes that he could easily rub into a mushy paste. Soon, with gel-coated palms, A-Xian slathered the healing substance all over little A-Ji's scratched wee-wee and bruised balls, and gave him a very, very nice, comforting handjob, with added loving rubs, like kneading dough-balls, on the pinkish glistening, increasingly excited cockhead. A-Ji started to have conflicting thoughts about the gel because although the sensations were very, very nice for a budding eight-year old's sexual organs, it also felt like chilled slimy baby food being smothered all over his crotch.

The eight-year old Lan boy stood under a large tree, a hat covering his sweaty and flushed face, his hips jerked rhythmically as his future-wife did fantastic things to his swollen but undeveloped genitals, with plenty of squishy and squelchy sounds of cooling pureed stuff massaged all over his turgid pinkie-length wee-wee and grape-sized balls, then fingers penetrated

his stretched rosebud to apply more of that chilled gel into his violated rectum and rake his engorged preteen prostate repeatedly; the Lan boy's hips became a shuddering mess - he wanted to pull away because of the icky plant goo, yet it felt so good to fuck a fistful of that same slimy substance, however each time he pulled back, those fingers prodded and poked his bouncing prostate and he hnngh'd deliriously when sparks flew into his vision, then he remembered the abominable-looking plant goo invading his insides, so he thrust his hips forward instinctively in avoidance, and his overexcited wee-wee sparkled with more stars into his vision and burnt out his sexual meridians from the shocking slippery friction; soon, little A-Ji's pelvis did its own confused belly-dance in all directions, torn between ickiness and adult pleasures both front and back, however being ensnared by A-Xian's attentive touch meant little A-Ji had to endure many tingles in rapid pulsating succession from the loving therapy between his legs, and he couldn't hold back a few explosive squirts of mild-flavoured pure seedless boy-juice straight into A-Xian's waiting mouth.

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“So, what happened?” A-Xian asked, as A-Ji hiccuped and handed a piece of silver to the wife (of sorts, in the future) while wiping off hot tears from his cheeks.

Both boys were a little hungry as lunchtime was approaching, and they only had a couple of stolen peaches so far. A-Xian raided a few more homes in the outskirts the Market district - the area was generally an enclosed fenced space with farmers and merchants lived on the fringes, and the largest central space was where stalls, tents and storefronts were put up every day, and particularly during the weekends; A-Xian managed to pull off an admirable heist for an eight-year old; he couldn't creep into the houses as families had returned to their homes to prepare their Sunday lunches, so he resorted to digging out radishes, unearthing vegetable patches, yanking off

leftover potato plants, unripe carrots and entire lotus roots, climbing up orchard trees to pick more fruits, before being chased off by an old farmer waving a nasty-looking pitchfork. Little A-Ji was alarmed by then, although all he did was to hide behind a rock, and pleaded for them to return home.

“No, we can’t do that. That evil Uncle Wei found a part-time job at the markets and the funfair with his friends... I saw him talking to that group of bad guys at the kids’ corner. So that means he has eyes and ears everywhere up until the entrances of the district - at least until closing time, which is after lunch. We can’t have you go hungry until then, can we?” the wild boy explained with a charming, reassuring grin. A-Ji couldn’t argue with that reasoning.

A few green apples, budding loquats and unripe summerfruits wouldn’t stave off hunger, A-Xian thought, plus the vegetables were raw and uncooked, and didn’t look appetizing at all. So he had a brilliant idea to try and exchange them for something more edible and filling for a proper lunch. He took the basket and filled it with the loot, then put a few not-so-nice ones into another cloth bag, and gave the latter to A-Ji. He asked A-Ji to try and sell a bruised radish, two sprouted potatoes and three pitifully thin carrots for something, “at least a silver piece, if nothing else”, and that they’ll meet again at the forest glade in an hour’s time.

A-Xian had an adventurous time sneaking back into the market, although many vendors had started to wind down their businesses for the day. He deftly avoided the cheats and the grimy-looking sex offenders; he managed to find a couple of housewives in a desperate bid for last-minute grocery shopping, charmed them with his **A** **w**esome **S** elling **S** kills on the merits of going organic and supporting non-existent charitable organizations that send out children to sell greens (which elicited more than a few raised eyebrows, but A-Xian was such a smooth talker that people became convinced anyway), and earned a few silvers, but he knew he needed more.

So he brought his remaining inventory to a high-class restaurant and put on his best sales pitch; it was close to the end of the peak of lunch hour and the chefs didn't need more vegetables; however A-Xian was such a pleasant and cheerful salesboy who even sang advertising jingles, classic favourite folksongs and danced - to the patrons' delight - that the owner accepted the offering of odds and ends of unwashed leafy and root vegetables and an assortment of substandard fruits out of kindness, and filled the basket with bamboo boxes containing side dishes that would go to waste anyway.

Hence, A-Xian returned with rice and meat dumplings bought using the money from selling the vegetables, tasty side dishes from the five-star restaurant, and some sweet candies given by the diners of the restaurant as tips for his impromptu performance - "... and listen to this! I was on my way back when I saw a young man from this eatery by the roadside. He was packing up his stall, when his aging father nearly tripped over one of the buckets of water lying around. I ran as fast as I could to block the grandpa's fall. It was tough, as I nearly dropped to the ground and broke a bone, but luckily I remembered what Uncle Lan taught me about the Frog Legs cultivation move that can lift up anything heavier than my body," the boy spread his legs and made quick shadow-kick motions accompanied with pew-pew sound effects, "The frail old man was shaken but he's fine, and his son was so grateful, that he gave me the last piece of unsold meat from his stall!" A-Xian's million dollar grin became wider, as he unveiled the prized giant piece of meat (at least from a child's perspective) wrapped in oily paper - a whole roasted turkey leg!

By then, little A-Ji had stopped sniffing and hiccuping, and was captivated by A-Xian's colourful stories and how every piece of food brought back had an exciting background to it - events that happened just within the span of an hour. A-Xian flipped the silver coin - the only money they made, really -, and placed it into the basket - since they were still wearing lotus leaves that didn't come with any pockets, after all -, then brought out a bunch of herbal plants.

“I found these close to the glade, and they’re great for mosquito bites and swellings; I’ve learnt about these back when I was a street kid constantly getting into fights with the other boys and from spending nights under bridges. I’m going to mix them with the aloe vera gel and apply the medicine again on your wee-wee, before starting our lunch. Sounds good?” A-Xian said, as he arranged the basket of food carefully on a rocky platform to keep out the ants. Then he whipped out his knife and a few extra slices of the gel he’d kept beneath some bushes. So while A-Ji was lovingly tended to, he gave his side of the story on what had transpired in the last hour.

A-Ji was, as expected, too naive and not so fortunate. At such a young age, he didn’t know how to earn money to buy food, and didn’t know how to sell anything - it was always his *da ge* who sold the produce to the markets, not him. He meandered at the fringes of the markets, afraid of getting too close to strangers, and yet too shy to speak and grab any potential customers’ attention. He shuffled around and managed to stammer “Selling radish. Selling potatoes. Selling carrots,” a few times; a couple of housewives looked into his bag then turned up their noses in disgust, and walked off, uninterested in his offering that came with an even more unappealing advertising jingle.

Naturally, predators on the prowl spotted the eight-year old boy and made their move. One dirty-looking unclean man dressed in plain brown clothes offered two pieces of silver to little A-Ji without even looking into the bag. One piece would be given on the spot as a promise, the man said, and the second piece of silver would be paid when they go together “to the alley over there, where it’s a bit shady and cooler from the midday sun”, so that he could take a quick look at the purchase to confirm the quality of the goods. Little A-Ji held the first piece of silver tightly in his fist - probably the first money he’s ever earned in his entire eight years of life -, then gave the bag to the man, and followed him to the said dark, dank alley - because

he thought that as a responsible seller, he really should see through the entire transaction - which was what the man explained anyway, with malicious intentions, of course.

Minutes later, two pieces of lotus leaves and the belt-like vine lay discarded on the floor. A-Ji was pressed against the wall with a knife pointing at his belly button, and his tiny preteen cock properly peeled before being violently shoved into the unshaven man's hungry, sweaty mouth. His tender cock was played with dirty fingers, licked by a liquor-smelling tongue and suckled by brutally greedy lips for the entire hour, and his child-testicles were fondled, caressed and massaged throughout the entire assault. The man remarked that there was a strange sticky substance all over his crotch, so he washed it off with water from a bucket he'd found near a stall selling grilled poultry meats, before attacking the boy's underaged genitals with such eager lust, that little A-Ji had to bite his lips to stifle tasty moans each time tingles ran through his spine and short-circuited his nerve-ends. He knew it was disgusting and wrong, though he couldn't help but to respond to the man's dirty touch - his hips trembled uncontrollably as he experienced an adult's full orgasm reflex because he had been trained to do so; he arched his back, his childish face locked into an ecstatic freeze of half-snarls, half-yawns and half-sneezes, and gratefully, gratefully penetrated, thrust and speared his over-excited quivering child-penis again and again into the welcoming warm, slimy, bad-breath mouth with hollowed cheeks, and spilled clear bodily fluids in thirty powerful youthful contractions that only little eight-year olds could ejaculate at such a tender young age.

With no passers-by from the increasingly deserted marketplace, the terrible rapist had all the time in the world to savour and rape the boy's genitals forcefully to the last droplet, and to his satisfaction. The man left when he had spent the full hour sexually abusing A-Ji's private parts and satisfied his perverse appetite, and left with the bag - without paying the second silver piece. A-Ji felt cheated, but there was nothing he could do, because he was just an eight-year old victim who didn't know how to protect himself in this

cruel, harsh world. He retrieved his thankfully intact clothing, still had the piece of silver in his tiny fist, and he took the bucket of water anyway because there was nothing else in the alleyway. He walked away from the unfair transaction in tears, with a terribly irritated, engorged penis, swollen emptied testicles, bruising fingerprints on his pelvis, and at least two servings of smelly cum ejaculated into his rosebud against his will.

A-Xian laughed at A-Ji's misfortune, and the latter started to cry hot fat tears again. The cheerful boy clamped up immediately when he realized how rude his actions were - for Gusu Lan standards -, although truth to be told, for a boy who was raised in the streets and who had seen plenty of adolescents of both genders raped in broad daylight and forced to work in brothels at nights, it wasn't anything to be afraid or embarrassed of.

"Don't cry, don't cry, I'm sorry, A-Xian is wrong, it's my naughty mouth's fault," he said gently and slapped his own cheek to prove his sincerity, "here, here, A-Ji, punish my mouth so that I don't say bad things about you again?" and pouted his lips towards the other.

Little A-Ji could not bear to hurt his wife (really soon, he hoped), so he decided to kiss A-Xian on the lips as his brand of punishment. A-Xian giggled with joy, shrieked a couple of times like a man who had been proposed for marriage and went "Yahoooooo!". He proceeded to give sweet little A-Ji the best handjob with herbal aloe vera gel (and poor A-Ji had to tingle the nth time until his immature sexual organs were absolutely exhausted at that point), and later, feed his future husband with tiny tasty bites of their lunch; A-Xian forgot to return from his adventures with cutlery, so the children washed their hands with the bucket of water that A-Ji found, ate with their hands.

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Brrrrrpppp.....!

Fwut.

Brrrrpppprrrrpppprrrrrruuurrrrrpppp-pp-pp-ppp!

Fwutt. Fwutt.

A-Xian let out his trademark string of loud, wet, gun-toting, honking fart, while A-Ji was much more polite, and chose for short, fleeting, light airy ones. He sat with hands on his belly, and closed his legs courteously, like a true gentleman sitting on a plush expensive cushion, whereas A-Xian simply spread his legs for comfort like taking a dump, without regard to exposing his tender young bits to the world peeking out from beneath lotus leaves, while chewing loudly on a blade of grass and letting another loud fart rip in full glory.

For eight-year olds who had too much good food to eat (which was hard-earned and well-deserved), exchanging pleasantries in the form of visceral, audible and odorous praises from the depths of their guts while enjoying people-watching under the shade of trees was a great way to bide their time until their great escape.

They watched from the top of a rocky outcrop on the fringes of the Market district, at how merchants and vendors pack up their stalls, shuttered their businesses, wrapped up unsold goods, loaded up carts and carriages, and slowly left through the gates. The bustling crowd had thinned to a few remaining workers tasked to clean the trash left behind and sweep away roadside rubbish with straw brooms.

The couple thought of making their move through the gates when the coast was clear, but they were surprised when armed Gusu guards rushed into the emptied compounds right after the last merchant's cart disappeared from the heavy wooden doors. They rounded up the remaining people and singled out the staff of the kids' corner who had gathered in their own groups to collect their wages before leaving for the day. Some ran helter skelter, a few more dirty unwashed men emerged from the alleyways with guards in hot pursuit, a handful tried to hide in urns and barrels, behind closed doors and storefronts, even attempted to scale up the walls that protected the enclave-like district, however their efforts were for naught as everyone was successfully captured and dragged to the middle of the fairgrounds.

“Look! Look! I see Uncle Wei, he's tied up in ropes and he's sitting on the floor! He looks very upset!” A-Xian cried out excitedly, and let A-Ji have a look at a levitating lens-like screen that projected detailed close-up moving images of the commotion. The boy was a little hesitant at first, because he was taught that magic could only be used under an adult's supervision, and he didn't know how to handle even a basic Eye spell. He grasped at the ethereal circular screen and it seemed to respond to his fingers - he learned to zoom in, then out, then pan to the left and right.

“A-Xian... it's... it's wrong to use magic...” he whined, as he squinted at one of the guards who seemed to be reading out from a parchment. Little A-Xian quickly interrupted, “I'm your wife, and it's perfectly alright for me to use such magic since I learnt about it by loitering around Uncle Lan's

library of spellbooks and talismans when he wasn't looking. And it's perfectly alright for you not to cast any spells, alright?" then he twirled his fingers, and a giant disembodied ear appeared. A-Xian pinched the virtual earlobe, followed by a 'click!' sound, and the conversations taking place between the guards and their captives became audible to the two children.

A-Ji sighed and nodded without further protest. He knew his wife (he cautiously but with giddiness accepted this term, because A-Xian said it himself *twice* , despite not having signed any papers or performed any marriage rituals yet) was brilliant in some strange ways, and didn't question the logic behind their future marital relationship where one gets off scot-free for everything, while the other is bound to the laws that govern his family's sect.

The two children listened attentively at how the guards informed the prisoners that they had violated the immigration laws of Gusu, falsified their criminal records, flouted countless Lan sect rules during their illegal stay, engaged in various lecherous and illicit activities involving citizens of all ages, and had been sentenced to immediate deportation from the province. A-Xian, who was less educated and absolutely illiterate, had to ask A-Ji to translate those complicated terms into layman language more suitable for children.

"So... where will they be sent? I heard from Uncle Lan that there's nothing but wasteland outside of Gusu, although I don't believe him because I know I'm not from Gusu, and I don't remember being raised in a desert," A-Xian said, who clearly remembered wandering alone in the streets where people didn't care about orphans who played with trash that littered the ground, where brothels lit up the nights, and that he was picked up one rainy day by the man he would someday call 'daddy'.

“Hold on... the guard mentioned something about a better place outside of Gusu, and on the parchment I can read... Fre-fue-freq-q-quently asked questions... blue skies... bright mid-morning and sunny weather... endless supply of free food... there is no need to earn money to pay any bills... livestock animals, orchards and farms are always free for anyone to pick... living a free and carefree life, surrounded by comrades and bountiful food... choice of village, towns and cities... akin to heaven on earth... and... and it’s actually very, very close, just a step through a magic door that goes ‘fwip!’...” A-Ji had a difficult time reading out the easier and recognizable words amongst a page of full of fine prints, even through the Eye spell’s superior vision.

A-Xian had already left their people-watching spot and bounded towards the fairgrounds on his two nimble but very fast feet, while squealing “Free food! Free food!”. A-Ji sighed again and really wanted to return home, but he was conflicted at the thought of leaving his future wife - he finally came to a logical conclusion, grabbed their basket and ran after his beloved eight-year old darling with nothing on except a couple of lotus leaves that hung from his waist.

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The air was musty and stagnant, and Wei Ying coughed a few times as he descended down several flights of spiralling stairs. There were urns, chests, effigies and small shrines dedicated to the Underworld gods and guardians nestled on alcoves along the walls of the stairwell, but he wasn’t sure if he should open and examine any of those - disturbing the offerings from others, especially those from holy men of the past to pray for peace of those who have departed, is an unforgivable sin, after all; he wasn’t a grave robber either, and had no immediate interest in gemstones, jewelry, ornaments or gold trinkets buried for use in the afterlife that no longer

carried any value in this world, because there is no use for money anymore when everyone had been slaughtered by the Imperial forces.

The stairs eventually led into a vast network of catacombs filled with rows of dusty coffins that stretched as far as the eye could see using dim Fire and Light spells. There were more adjoining crypts - well adorned spaces containing impressive sarcophagi sculpted from rock and filled with shiny treasures, even expensive fabrics, bags of stale and dried food, and huge covered urns containing wines and water - for certain figures of historical significance; Wei Ying thought he read a few important names, including more than a few graves marked with the name of 'Lan An' - the progenitor and founder of the Lan sect - but it was hard to verify the authenticity of the carvings and scant records, as he didn't really pay attention to the history lessons during his younger days studying in the Cloud Recesses, and the fact that nearly all the deceased in the catacombs were surnamed Lan, as was the majority of the population in Gusu.

Wei Ying would love to explore such a thrilling labyrinth beneath the town of Caihong and go on a collecting spree to hoard as many treasures as he could, just so that he could boast to his husband how adept he was at picking up usable junk (and if he still had his old cave-home, the husband would surely be ticked off at the increase of trash in that former residence, Wei Ying chuckled); however he wasn't here as a tourist. He shouted Jing Yi's name a few times, and even Si Zhui's and Wen Ning's just to make sure that he covered all the bases - with plenty of prayers in-between to apologize to the dead for the noisy disturbance - but received echoey silence in return. He meandered about amongst the rows of coffins, and true to his nature as a naturally inquisitive creature, he ended up opening a few - and narrowly missed booby-traps that sprung upon contact - poison-tipped arrows that shot out from the walls, skeletal hands that grasped blindly from inside the coffin to drag down unsuspecting victims, fireballs that flew overhead and choked the already oxygen-deprived air.

“Hold on,” he told himself, as he dodged a spear whizzing by, “This isn’t right. I’m supposed to be looking for Jing Yi, who is looking for Si Zhui, who may be inside or has left clues in a casket that was recently carried into this place for storage. I need to be more logical about this,” he chastised himself. He scolded his inner child for acting so recklessly, and needlessly exposed everyone - including the dearly departed inside their coffins - to risk, injury and damage. He bowed several times to nearby crypts that held past reverent Head Priests in apology for his sacrilegious behaviour.

Wei Ying inhaled and exhaled a few times to discipline his thinking process. If he was a Lan, he wouldn’t even dare touch the coffins out of religious and hygiene purposes. In fact, he would keep his head down out of respect and - Wei Ying gasped when he saw fresh footprints on the dusty ground! They pointed towards a straight line and did not branch at forks or in-between coffins, or made any time-wasting circles, so they had to be a straightforward Lan’s - Jing Yi’s, he hoped. He dashed deeper into the catacombs until he came upon a particularly white casket, patterned with clouds, cranes and mountains reminiscent of the Cloud Recesses, where the footsteps ended.

“*Ai-yo* , Jing Yi-ah-Jing Yi,” the man grumbled, and promptly pushed the heavy marble lid aside, “I understand that you believe that you’ve known Si Zhui for so long, that you try to guess his steps,” and lo and behold - a terrified Jing Yi was trapped inside the coffin with a revolting decomposed female body holding tightly to him like a lover would; a skeletal arm must have appeared and yanked the surprised boy into the coffin, and the deceased owner was rolled to the side to embrace the presumed graverobber until the latter’s death inside the airlocked confines of the coffin; the skeletal arm remained around Jing Yi’s mouth, thus gagging the boy and prevented him from shouting for help; the stinky, rotting body that still had bristly hair, gristles, wrinkled lips and dried gums, semi-sticky flesh with the consistency of dried persimmons clung on bones that stuck out in odd directions, hugged the boy with impressive strength not seen after rigor mortis, indicating that talismans and spells were at work somewhere inside

the deadly prison, thus robbing the boy of any ability to physically pull himself out to freedom.

“However, it doesn’t help that you hold on to your old beliefs and values in tumultuous times like this, such as thinking that Si Zhui would still travel around with such an expensive, bulky and beautifully-crafted casket, made of ivory and precious metals decorated with such glaring Gusu Lan crests and emblems!” Wei Ying grinned at the sobbing, frightened boy, who silently bawled out tears, had traces of vomit on his face, and unsurprisingly, a patch of yellow pee on his pants where the corpse’s legs lovingly wrapped around the horrified pale junior disciple’s lower limbs.

A quick Dispel magic, A quick wash with a Water spell, and a quick dry with a muted Fire spell later, still-trembling Jing Yi huddled into a corner, looking every bit violated and ill (for the moment), wiping drying tears from his cheeks, fairly cleaned up but not quite back to his usual self yet. Wei Ying crouched beside the boy, gently patted his back and rubbed soothing circles, then asked the boy, what would Si Zhui do, when he reached the temple, news broke out that same day that the town was locked down, and vampires or vampiric creatures invaded and slaughtered people up until the temple’s gates.

“What kind of casket would one measly donkey pull anyway?” Wei Ying wondered aloud.

“Um... um, maybe a small and light one, made of cheap wood? Donkeys are notoriously stubborn, irritable and lazy, and will not pull any heavy loads through bustling roads or even up the hills towards this temple,” Jing Yi slowly unravelled his own answer. It helped to calm down his hiccups

while he was thinking, so Wei Ying thought they were on a good start to focus the boy towards recovery, and solving their mystery.

“Fair enough. Next, imagine that Si Zhui arrives at the chaotic scene of the temple that he was directed to, full of people fighting for their lives. He, like you, is easily driven into a state of fear and alarm, especially when he has a close brush with enemies who smelled like the dead and hunted the living. At the same time, he needed to safely hide the casket containing, presumably, Wen Ning who may be mistaken as a vampire - so I’m guessing that Si Zhui wasn’t in the mood to fight or defend the town, and rather, he just needed to hide for a while. What do you think? Should he have just charged into battle, call for help, or run away?” Wei Ying used his imagination to paint a vivid picture of what his precious baby may have faced, and asked the best friend to guess the next step.

“Um... um, I know Si Zhui stopped carrying sect signal flares for a while, so he wouldn’t have any means to call for help. All of us were trained to be brave and face evil when we’re in a team, but we haven’t really done that well in a lone-wolf situation, and wouldn’t dare to join the fray on our own, unlike the great and wonderful Han Guang Jun-- er, Patriarch. Si Zhui usually carries a messenger pigeon that knows how to fly to the Cloud Recesses and its surrounding areas - I was lucky enough to whistle a secret birdsong just when the pigeon was passing through the southern borders where the disciples fled off to, and retrieved his message. The strip of cloth was frayed and damaged by the elements of weather, which meant that the bird had probably tried to locate me for some time. Oh, if only I could’ve gotten to him sooner! He’s probably afraid and has been hiding away for so long,” the boy pounded a fist to the ground, clearly unhappy at his slow effort to rescue his best friend.

Wei Ying placed a reassuring arm on the boy’s shoulder, while murmuring, “there, there.”

“I think the monks did a good job to hold back the succubi and their fierce corpses, judging from the number of fallen men around the temple complexes, in the library, and in the main shrine. Si Zhui probably felt safe, even relieved, when he arrived at the temple grounds. He may even be given good care by the monks just like any other refugees from war. What would he have done next?” Wei Ying pressed on.

“Um... um, he wouldn't waste any time with such a heavy burden in tow, so I think he'd ask around for a proper place to unload his luggage, and he would be directed to the mausoleum. It's generally known that such buildings are tough and resilient, and can withstand bombardment from gunpowder and flaming arrows - just like how the graphic novels depict them to be!” Jing Yi nodded.

“The mausoleum's door was locked until you opened it, am I right? I didn't see any bodies lying around the stairs or in these catacombs, so I'm assuming that none of the succubi entered this place, and strangely, none of the monks or the other refugees either,” Wei Ying touched the chilled, gritty walls of the catacombs, and allowed his fingers to stray on some ornate carvings that spoke of ancient languages, as though he was trying to read the recent history off their intangible, invisible auras.

Jing Yi hesitated with an uncomfortable pause, “Um... um, when I reached the door, I sensed a Gusu Lan sect seal on it... you know, the one where only people of the Lan sect lineage could pass through, which is similar to the seal that was erected where you and Patriarch found and rescued me a while ago. I could break the seal since I still have my forehead ribbon... and you're right, there seems to be no one else around...” Jing Yi's voice trailed off as his gaze swept across the huge cavernous chamber filled with

coffins that could have - should have - accommodated more living survivors
- if they had the chance to, that is.

Wei Ying didn't really want to dwell on that uncomfortable past, not when everything is up for speculation at that point. So, he simply muttered vaguely, "Oh? Hmm... it's hard to say what people may resort to in dire times... or maybe something else happened, which we're not sure of, right?"

The man clapped his hands to draw the boy's attention from his own worries before a frown permanently made its mark on his forehead, "Up, up, 'tis is no time for dawdling and having your buttocks go to bed! We need to locate Si Zhui first! Help me find coffins that look drab, cheap, made of light wood, preferably those located near the stairs. He couldn't have gone far, when he's such a small, thin boy even compared to you, to carry such a life-sized load. There may even be faded footprints, scratch marks, prayer talismans or other tell tale signs of recent funeral rites, so keep your eyes peeled!" Wei Ying slapped Jing Yi's back to get the boy moving rather than from drowning in his own thoughts, and he couldn't resist giving a spank to the boy's bouncy rump just for the fun of it.

Jing Yi yelped, and trotted back towards the stairs.

Notes for the Chapter:

I kinda like the two little boys and their rape-y shenanigans, so I might want to play with them a bit more.

Wheee! More mystery-solving with Wei Ying and Jing Yi! (and let's give Lan Zhan a break from his duties of emitting good vibes from the radio tower between his legs...! LOL)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 117

As Lan Zhan strolled down one of the former main shopping streets of Caiyi Town, he felt like he was walking back in time. There was the inn where they ('they' being generalized) had stayed for a night, nearly two decades ago, before setting off with his elder brother and those who studied in the Cloud Recesses on rickety boats, in search of the then-infamous Water Ghouls. Over there, was where he remembered then-girlfriend (of the opposite gender) Wei Ying threw loquat fruits from behind just for the sake of annoying him (in hindsight, probably courting him), when the latter tailed him in the quest to unravel the mysteries of the Yin Metal.

Oh, and over there, right before the bridge over the river, were street peddlers that used to sell trinkets for daily use, flowers for offering to the temples, street snacks for those who needed a quick bite, and other little ornamental gifts for loved ones such as finely-crafted jade charms, bamboo figurines, hair accessories and combs. Everything looked nearly the same as what he'd remembered before, other than a few new buildings since about nineteen years have passed, the fact that the streets were quiet, devoid of life and filled with rubbish, rubble, ruins and signs of neglect, and the very prominent and towering three-storey high Tian Mi Mi-esque construction that had sprouted in the town center, just as in every other succubi-infested settlement within Gusu. Red lanterns hung from its windows and balcony, signalling that it was active and in operation, and grey fog seemed to hang around perpetually to cast a dark shadow over what used to be the lively heart of Caiyi, along with the stench of something dead and putrefying.

He had played a complete chord on his god-tiered magical guqin upon arrival at the town's entrance, which theoretically should have disintegrated its Dark inhabitants instantly - his spouse would never live it down and would have nagged endlessly at his ostentatious way of ridding vermin - however, logically speaking, that is the easiest, fastest and safest way to

destroy the succubi and their fierce corpse army, despite facing the danger of attracting more of those abominable anti-Purity creatures. Lan Zhan had already calculated the risks, weighed the pros and cons, and taken into account the fact that the Dragon King - one of his clones and descendents, really - the Dragon King's armada had reached the port and currently waged war with the Imperial navy, while the Lord of Hell - again, another of his derivative - had effectively distorted the negative Dark, corrupted energy waves in the atmosphere that fuelled the Tians' interdimensional portals - therefore, effectively curbing their ability to warp in more troops from yonder -, the King of Gods and Men decided that it was perfectly safe and fine to indulge in a bit of relaxing guqin music while cleaning up the town, thus killing two birds with one stone.

He'd sent the two tentacle-kin to retrieve his uncle, because he'd foreseen how his presence would only infuriate the latter (since the disappointing days of the so-called failures during his tenure as Chief Cultivator), and the old man would probably appreciate a cleaner, more disciplined and younger version of himself, and something akin to a furry rabbit's rump might also tickle his interests and remind him of better times in Gusu. He weaved in and out of the lavish bedrooms and offices within the succubi's nest, but found nothing else of use; the enemy had been disintegrated into black powder that fell like ash to the floor. There weren't many corpses left in the center of the building, and he presumed those had been turned into fierce corpses and other denizens of the undead early into the conflict, before being sent off to the frontlines (and turned to dust by now, probably).

Lan Zhan found a number of skeletal remains of men who were of very advanced ages, still clothed in their detestable fraudulent Gusu Tian robes caked with blood and dried entrails from gaping chests and burst pelvic cavities; from their disfigured stiff half-grinning, half-yawning looks, he thought that perhaps these were elderly Lan council members who were happily tricked into signing off treaties with the Imperial forces, welcomed the Tians with open arms and even wider opened doors (who knew, perhaps even opened money pouches to accept a few gold ingots under the table, or

an opened fly when succubi seductively winked and wiggled their hips at those old men too), then for some reason they were brought to Caiyi Town - whether for purposes for work meetings or for recreation, he would never know - while the masses that were left behind, forsaken, trapped within the sealed gates of the Cloud Recesses were massacred like doomed lambs in grand banquets and feasts that probably lasted for many days. Lan Zhan no longer harboured any grudge, hatred or forlorn sadness for such desiccated husks of treacherous old men who no longer wore their forehead ribbons and Gusu Lan robes; they were merely body counts, numbers to be added to official statistics, macabre images of murdered victims clothed and covered in white that one normally sees on the television, but thinks no further nor shed any tears for.

Still, the man bowed at the pile of corpses as a general prayer to offer respect and peace for the departed; he hoped that their spirits would find appeasement in the afterlife, and never need to return to the cruel, harsh Mortal Realm ever; ever since Lan Zhan was appointed the King of Gods, he'd instructed his steward of the Underworld to revamp the entire death-rebirth process and cycle; the Lord of Hell no longer allowed spirits of dead Men to be judged and be reborned, since the Mortal Realm was destined to be populated by the citizens of the Kingdom of Qishan Lan anyway; those that had lingered in the Underworld since the end of summer (in the last Universal Reincarnation) were simply rounded up and processed according to the new policies governing Mortal reincarnations, and the backlogs were fortunately quickly cleared; thus, people simply died and move on either to reappear in other Realms to serve the Kingdom as lower lifeforms (even lower than beast-kin), be converted into energy or other form of valuable but meaningless, unusually inanimate existence (twisty crystals come to mind), or simply be digitized into 0s and 1s and relegated into the massive archives within the Kingdom's family cloud drive for posterity, for study by anthropologists in the far, far future, or simply be stored and left to gather dust, 'just in case'.

With nothing else of interest around, Lan Zhan “Mn”’s one final time to verbally sign off Caiyi Town from the map, and winked out in a flash of blinding white light.

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He stood in front of the sacred gates that carved out the mythical town of the Cloud Recesses from the rest of the world. Thanks to his teleportation ability, he didn’t need to climb up windy thousand stone steps that led up to the plateau lined by towering natural cliffside rocks and huge vertical drops from jagged peaks of the misty mountains located in the east-side heart of Gusu. He took a deep breath to appreciate the freshness of slightly damp, earthy mid-morning air unpolluted by any smells and sounds civilization, gazed at the surrounding - lush century-old trees and dew-covered shrubbery lined the clean stairway that withstood the test of time since the town’s founding nearly a millennium ago, mossy cracks and weathered edges that blended perfectly into the tranquil rustic scenery framed by ancient wooden gate pillars carved with signages that welcome visitors, and yet remind them to maintain their vigil to observe the Lan sect’s rules.

He touched the blood-red translucent membrane-like barrier that covered the gate like a tarpaulin, and felt a twinge; there was enough evil *qi* running through the thin, shimmering blockade to stun people and knock anyone out; at the doorstep to the gateway, there were plenty of footprints and indentations resembling fingernail scratches digging into the hard, well-traversed earth; it wouldn’t be far-fetched to imagine that many young men had tried to escape like baby chicks locked up in a coop with multiple foxes rampaging inside until every single one had been gobbled up; Lan Zhan noted an abundance of evidence of struggle, blackened bloodstains and bits of skin and bones on the cold unforgiving moist ground, and wished he could banish his morbid fascination of how succubi pursued their prey until the gates, which expectedly shocked and stunned the helpless men

unconscious, then those heinous demonesses cackled and either stripped off the unmoving men from their useless Gusu Tian robes and devoured them messily on the spot, or for those with better dining etiquettes, carried them over their shoulders (succubi are physically stronger than humans) to polish off their meals in peace, behind closed doors.

Lan Zhan didn't want to dwell too long on grotesque thoughts lest his *qi* becomes disturbed, so he whispered some god-tiered mythical words which instantly shattered the previously indestructible barrier, and he ambled into a nostalgic walkway he'd not seen for nearly two years. He still remembered the night he left - it had been quiet, low-key, where few people saw him off, mostly close relatives and those who still believed he was the best, even revolutionary, Chief Cultivator then; even Master Lan Qi Ren refused to spare him a glance due to his so-called shameful, botched-up performance that scored poorly on all public relations fronts. The skies were gloomy, foggy and cast a gray tone to everything in sight; there were no blue skies to be seen, despite what was touted especially at the very place where former Lans signed the catastrophic treaty that promised sunny bright weather that instead, became their downfall.

The Wall of Discipline greeted him in its Corrupted glory, to the consternation of the Lan man. The over-4000 rules were still in place, however, someone had left many more scratches into the rock - probably succubus, since they have clawed fingers, not Men - and inserted additional clauses and statements that perverted the sacred rules and twisted them into the Tians' favour. One example: No running in hallways - in which Wei Ying would have included something about the dangers of banana peels - with the added condition that everyone had to always wear their Tian robes whenever they were out and about; failing which, any Gusu Lan robe-wearing transgressor who refused to comply would be punished by senior disciples with ten strikes using sharp, bladed canes until their robes were torn into shreds, after which, the guilty man would be sent to a Tian officer's quarters and be confined to receive proper re-education for at least three days (by then, that Tian officer would have been well fed with a meal

delivered to her doorstep, really). Following that, the man would be sent out for a 'study trip' that would last for an indeterminate amount time (because the corpse had to be disposed of or revived as a fierce corpse, so that 'study trip' was a one-way ticket out of town, really).

Lan Zhan walked through empty verandahs and hallways littered with broken tiles, splintered wood and cracked pottery; visited former halls, classrooms, living rooms, dormitories and indoor cultivation practice rooms that looked rather abandoned and neglected, their fixtures and furniture relatively untouched, though the air was heavy with vengeful aura and the acrid taste of terror; tried his hand at fixing some of the scattered black-white zen rock gardens that had been kicked out of place by fleeing disciples (and he found many anthills and weeds thriving on them, surprisingly - nature must have taken back what it had lost from Men); glimpsed into the dark, unlit interior of the blood-splattered watch towers, where he conjectured that probably powerful, terrifying creatures and evil spirits were summoned by the succubi due to the lingering boiling grudge he felt upon opening the doors - such towers were particularly rich in atmospheric *qi* that could be harvested and facilitate the summoning process, including opening portals to other Dark-infested netherworlds.

He also enjoyed the sights and serenity of unattended bamboo groves and overgrown patches of greenery close to the springs that flowed down from the mountains, accompanied by birdsongs and insect chirps singing brazenly in broad daylight without interruption from the former owners of the land. The springwaters were chilled, very clean, and no longer carried the scent and colour of blood as before - he knew this much based on the footage captured when the entire province was digitized, reverse-engineered and analyzed, before selected assets and ideal characteristics were replicated into the copy built in Heaven, next to the supermarket just down the road from the Heavenly Palace.

Lan Zhan also tried to enter the Library Pavilion, however he stopped in his tracks when he pushed open cloud-patterned doors - which creaked loudly to indicate that a significant amount of time had passed since anyone walked through -, and was hit by the putrid stench of rotting flesh. He had to cover his nose with his sleeve and carefully picked his way through piles of garbage - some covered with flies, others leaking leachate to the stained wooden floor. There were half-burnt bookshelves and cabinets filled with ashes and cinder - signs that the succubi worked hard to eradicate the legacy of the Lan sect and set it ablaze -, decomposing bodies that had been sucked dry and left to rot strewn all over, piles of torn and burnt remains of soot-covered Gusu Lan robes and even more heaps of excess Gusu Tian robes arranged haphazardly; the library had been turned into a warehouse and common dumpster of sorts, and Lan Zhan guessed the reason being that hardly anyone visited the building - even on normal days, there were strict conditions for any disciple to gain access through the guarded lock-and-key doorway, which included getting signed approvals from their seniors. There were signs that the succubi tried to set the entire building on fire to remove evidence of their terrible deeds, although the glut of their sins probably couldn't be contained and therefore spilled over, that not even the purifying flames could erase them from existence. Thus, when Lan Zhan nearly stepped into a puddle of half-fermented, half-cooked, half-melted skin from someone's half-broken arm, he dry-heaved, and quickly left before he lost his lunch (or breakfast; he'd lost track of time in this time-stopped world).

He stumbled across some courtyards and finally reached his beloved Jingshi. He crept through walls of grass and untrimmed bushes and stood on a wooden platform before the main door; his thoughts were filled with memories of the place, of spending dark and stormy nights, clear and sunny days, of kneeling in snow (waiting for his mother, waiting to receive a cane punishment, and waiting for so many other things during his brief over-thirty years of life), of having supper and tea with his older brother outside during warm summer nights, of practising guqin, calligraphy and meditation inside especially during the day when he wasn't called out for errands. Family members had walked through those doors, even Wei Ying too, and left their indelible marks, whether tangible or not; the historical

decades-old building witnessed how the Lan *er gongzi* grew from a child to an orphaned but respectable young man, from the turbulent teenage student days until the time when the Cloud Recesses was burnt down by the terrible Wens, from the time when its owner had to lie on a bed for several years with bloodied whip-marks on his back during the reconstruction of the town using funds donated by the Jins, it also accommodated Wei Ying when the man returned from the abyss and slept on its beds, recognized him as the spouse - particularly when the troubling days of Jin Guangyao's treachery were finally over, and the spouse spent more and more time accompanying its owner within the building, and of course, *beneath* its owner even before the couple officially tied the knot; thus, some secrets were always kept within Jingshi's walls till that day.

Jingshi was, for all accounts and purposes, an abandoned, derelict building after Lan Zhan left about a couple of years ago. The barren interior was cobwebbed all over, the paint had peeled off in sections, the wooden beams supporting the roof had deteriorated; the servants had emptied out every last bit of furniture and fixture and put them to better use elsewhere, and no one had swept the dusty floors for ages, so there were some bits of rubbish in the corners, and scraps of discarded cloth and paper here and there. Lan Zhan could see that his shoes made rather deep footprints on the ground like walking on brown powdery snow.

However, one last piece of furnishing remained - the elaborately decorated knee-high teakwood study desk gifted from the Jins as a reward for getting rid of Mengyao from their complex intra-family political battlegrounds. It was probably too heavy for anyone to carry the desk, and Lans generally disliked anything related to the Jins so there were probably no takers. Lan Zhan let a finger slide along its marble surface - there was a layer of dust too - and thought that perhaps he should ask his servants to pack it up and have it delivered to the 'Mounds instead. Jin Ling might appreciate owning the last known relic from his former sect, and he could either use it for studying for his citizenship examinations, or as a bed if he wanted to, just like what his *da jiu* did a couple of years back. He chuckled when he was

reminded that both he and Wei Ying had lots of pre-marital fun frolicking atop the desk's surface when times were a little dull, and hoped that Jin Ling would never learn about that. Lan Zhan also opened its drawers to inspect if anything was left behind - there were some writing instruments, dog-eared blank notebooks and parchments meant for writing poems and reports, old editions of Cultivation Times magazines that somehow survived even after the publishing company had shuttered for good, and interestingly, the ugly porcelain tortoise too - probably no takers as well.

He sent a telepathic note to his servants in Heaven to instruct them about the delivery, and in return, was informed that he should wrap up his trip soon; the (inferior) Lan clones stationed around the Cloud Recesses, and in Caihong as well, had been standing guard for a little too long with their pants down and masturbating their radio towers between their legs to buy extra time for their Grand Patriarch, and had ejaculated too many times in rapid succession from the wonderful orgasmic sensations, that the strength and quality of good vibes had started to run thin. The succubi and their fierce corpses were slowly awakening from their drugged state, Lan Zhan was told. The Lan-kin clones had collapsed from exhaustion and from the pleasant emptiness in their loins, and were scheduled to be teleported out to safety in a few minutes' time.

Lan Zhan "Mn"s in acknowledgement, and he walked out of the Jingshi after bidding it a final farewell. The Cloud Recesses will be checked off the map soon.

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Once they've nailed the right strategy to locate Si Zhui's casket, finding the body was easy-peasy. Wei Ying and Jing Yi spread out their structured

search in a grid-like manner, and limited their range to close to the stairways; within the hour, Jing Yi - battered by logs that swung from the ceilings, singed by flamethrowers from the walls, with a couple of arrows stuck to his buttocks (they were eventually pulled out and healed) and sported a gangrenous-looking patch on his forearm from a snakebite (which is on its way to recovery after Wei Ying weaved a few nice high-level Detoxify spells) -, who had sprung more traps than he'd ever done in his young two-decade-old life, was sobbing on the floor with his best friend looking deathly pale, blue on the lips and fingernails, and as stiff as a real corpse, in his arms. The boy was prepared to leave his friend in the casket and give him proper funeral rites, but Wei Ying was adamant to get everyone out, including the dead.

Wei Ying voiced his concern that they better get out of the catacombs and out of the building, because “the body probably needs to be aired out in the open, after being stuck in that narrow smelly coffin for too long”, and that if trouble brewed in the form of approaching enemies, they would be able to detect their presence much earlier, and escape into the open space. He made Jing Yi piggyback Si Zhui's motionless body up the stairs, because Jing Yi was more youthful - whatever that reason meant.

“But... but... Matriarch... Si Zhui isn't breathing at all! Wuuu... wuuu... There's no pulse, and he's as cold as a corpse! Wuuu... wuuu... he's so white... isn't he already dead? Why are you disrespecting his body like this even after he's suffered so much?” Jing Yi's ugly keening wails echoed all the way up the stairwell until they returned above ground, and parked themselves in a small garden next to the mausoleum's entrance.

Wei Ying didn't immediately answer, as he was already busy throwing stacks of talismans from his satchel and started activating them into circular formations of glowing red mystical writings.

“Hurry, Jing Yi! I know how to bring him back, since I’m the greatest Dark Arts master ever, and know the inside-out of the art of resurrection!” he yelled. The skies darkened further, when a raincloud hovered above them and turned the area into near-dusk. A couple of lightning struck in broad daylight followed by ominous, bone-rattling thunderclaps to emphasize his point.

Jing Yi was stunned at his Matriarch’s suggestion, then realization hit him like a brick, and he degenerated into a mess of hiccups, hot fat tears, snot hanging from the nostrils, and hopeful but really ugly snivelling crooked grins - the boy was so used to the peace and tranquil of the Lan sect teachings, that when he experience such emotional upheavals within a heartbeat, his face didn’t know how to react. Regardless of that, he nodded and obeyed earnestly, buoyed by the near-impossible prospect of seeing his best friend alive and well again despite using probably very illegal means. He helped to lay Si Zhui in the center of the magic circle dyed in blood-reds, and littered the ground with talismans taken from Wei Ying’s satchel. Wei Ying began to chant something incomprehensible (with lots of “om mani padme hum”s mixed with “om nom numa-numa nom”s which is gibberish given that Wei Ying isn’t a religious man and doesn’t know how to use mantras in the correct context), and the low droning noises raised goosebumps all over Jing Yi’s body as the latter observed and participated in what he thought to be a once-in-a-lifetime ritual of bringing back the dead *ala* Wei Wuxian, former Yiling Patriarch style.

“We need something moist and living, like bodily fluids, to be fed into Si Zhui’s mouth, so as to jumpstart his heart and blood circulation!

We also need a cold black thing that absorbs the curse of Falling Dead from his body, right on his chest!

And finally, we need something warm, fluffy and pure that gives him life-sustaining Revival *Qi* energy, exactly on his belly button!”

Jing Yi looked around in alarm, because he couldn’t find any of the items needed for the ritual, and he panicked.

“Boy, use your head! Argh, Lan people can be so dim-witted sometimes! Do you remember Ernie, the black slimy thing that helped to clear the trash at the campsite? And little Ni-er who made the furry robes for you? Did I not say that the tassels hanging from your belt are their blessings to you and all Lan people? Use them, for goodness sake, and don’t make me repeat myself!” Wei Ying shouted in mock anger above the din; a storm was blowing in, sending whistling winds roaring through the graveyard behind the temple and debris flying all over the place. Jing Yi desperately tried to keep the white-coloured talismans within the tight magical circle and tucked as many as he could into the nooks and crannies on Si Zhui’s neat, unwrinkled but cold Gusu Lan robes; Si Zhui appeared to be a clothed figure lying on his back with pieces of paper stuck out in all directions from his body like a snow-white birthday cake with its icing gone wild.

Jing Yi could only nod and he placed the black-red tassel on the body’s chest, and the white tassel on the stomach, as instructed.

“Matriarch! I... I... I don’t know where to find bodily fluids to be fed to his mouth!” he cried when he was at his wit’s end.

“Argh! You sure make a lot of noise when you speak, and yet, did you not see your saliva spewing out? You’ve got plenty in you, so come on! Put your lips onto Si Zhui’s, and share some of your life-giving liquid to him, won’t you? We have no time to waste! The Tians are drawing near, I can sense their movements upon the temple grounds, and the window of opportunity to revive Si Zhui is nearly closed now that he’s above ground! Hurry! Hurry!” Wei Ying kept pressuring the boy, which led the latter to a state of absolute flurried panic.

Jing Yi muttered a few stuttered “but, but...”s that he was scolded again, so he threw caution to the rising stormy winds and leaned his face against his best friend’s - dead bodies be damned, and he could always wash his mouth afterwards! Wei Ying kept barking out instructions, “More, more, press the lips harder! It’s got to be watertight! Do you not know what watertight means? We can’t let any precious liquids go to waste!

Where is the saliva boy? It’s not going to work if none is passed to your friend!

Use your tongue, for heavens’ sake! Yes, shove that useless meaty tongue of yours into the mouth! No buts! The resurrection ritual will fail badly if you don’t slide your tongue in there and send in your saliva! If it fails then it’ll all be over, there is NO second chance!

Closer! Closer! Tilt your face to the side if you have to! Deeper! Deeper! Keep those lips watertight!”

Wei Ying crouched beside the red-faced, suffocating, terribly confused and conflicted, and very, very distressed, shaking Jing Yi, who was nearly flat on the ground, arms wrapped desperately around Si Zhui's neck to try and tilt the latter's chin for the best angle of tongue-penetration, slobbering his mouth all over the friend to completely cover each other's faces, his face flushed with falling tears and snot and probably wetting Si Zhui's too in the process - and the Matriarch gleefully raised his holo-phone to record the entire travesty of reviving a man who *wasn't* really dead.

A few minutes later, the stormy winds died down although the weather remained overcast. With a soft, nearly inaudible *fwip!*, the Patriarch warped in to where the trio was since Wei Ying had texted the precise location earlier.

Lan Zhan's eyes widened into saucers at the spectacle of Jing Yi french-kissing Si Zhui on the ground, a holo-phone levitating beside the two boys with blinking red recording lights, while Wei Ying rolled on the grass cackling like a madman.

Si Zhui finally stirred - a white tassel bounced off his belly and a black-red one followed suit from chest - and he groaned with a rather parched, raspy sound - then realized something wet, slippery and warm squirmed and wormed its way inside his mouth, also enveloped from the outside - there were hands and legs all over him, pressing him down - the hot breaths against his cheeks were way, way too close for comfort, and they sounded like panting, brimming full of desire - it felt violative, disgusting perhaps, but there was gentleness and familiar voices in the tune of rather desperate pleading moans - a prickle of mild tastes and a whiff sandalwood - he choked when a fleshy spongy organ, a tongue, he guessed, slid in too deep and probably too passionately in its mission to entwine with his own - then he coughed, realized that he had been forcibly kissed, smothered by another man's saliva - his eyes flew open, and saw his best friend with eyes closed -

the face was way, way too close it was almost too hard to breathe - his friend's cheeks was two hundred percent flushed, was it done in a state of intoxication, or for enjoyment? - then remembered the slimy kiss - joining of lips and tongues - but he wasn't married yet - he's still a virgin, isn't he? - his friend groaned and moaned into the kiss - he couldn't calculate why, couldn't fathom, couldn't comprehend --

(lansizhui.exe has stopped working)

Lan Zhan sighed when the two boys screamed at each other for whatever reason - Jing Yi, for realizing that he was absolutely exchanging spit with a cadaver that suddenly sat up with a scream like his; Si Zhui, for being horrified and surprised with being rudely woken up by something so uncouth, dirty, icky, but that's from his friend, at the wet sensations on his mouth, he was too confused and could only open his mouth and heard terrible ugly scratchy noises from the throat (because lansizhui.exe did malfunction again and again); while the two youngsters embraced on the grassy ground, and prankster Wei Ying rolled all the way to the other side of the mausoleum with endless insane laughter that echoed into the woods and beyond.

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It was safe to camp under a magnolia tree within the temple grounds for the time being, to catch one's breath and recollect one's bewildered thoughts, since Lan Zhan had wiped out all succubi and their fierce corpses in the perimeter for at least several miles away. He massaged his forehead and stared at the two traumatized boys, who had lost their kissing virginities due to Wei Ying's unsavoury joke, and who knelt on the ground in askance for

forgiveness (but there is no one to judge their sin, really), side by side, clearly looking away from each other with flushed cheeks.

The Patriarch and - after pulling the Matriarch's ears and walking three circles around the mausoleum so as to punish the man for his un-funny ways in full view of the two pale-looking, shocked boys - the Matriarch eventually revealed the hoax, while sharing a large pot of *pu'er* tea and plates of sweet and savoury dumplings, cut summer fruits and toasted mixed nuts (that were magically brought out from Lan Zhan's satchel, to Si Zhui's amazement) under the said magnolia tree - in which Si Zhui was grateful to slake his thirst and sate a little of his hunger, after being put into a protective hibernation state that lasted for several weeks, even months.

Wei Ying explained in all seriousness, with timely nods from the husband by the side, that Si Zhui was found in a similar state as Master Lan Qi Ren - the boys were glad to know that the elder was doing fine -, which was a near-death state that Gusu Lans can achieve with mastery of ancient cultivation techniques. That state helped to remove his presence and appeal from the Tians' *qi*-seeking radar, which explained why the succubi did not raid the graveyards and the mausoleum to sniff him out, when the first waves of attack struck Caihong. The air inside the coffin was stale when Jing Yi first opened the casket, Wei Ying remarked, and that sent alarms ringing that the boy needed to inhale fresh air and fresh *qi* before his weakening body was truly starved to *real* death. The tassels were conduits for the two extraordinary beings - Ernie was remotely commanded to channel some Gusu Lan healing magic, including dispelling the near-death state, casting recuperative magics and *qi*-awakening spells; while Ni-er played her role by warming up the body, and released truckloads of *qi* to strengthen and boost Si Zhui's wakefulness.

"I, Wei Wuxian, hereby kowtow to you in full apology for my unbecoming behaviour as one of the leaders of our new family," Wei Ying announced

and acted true to his words by bowing before the two shell-shocked boys. There wasn't really a need for Jing Yi to kiss his Princess Snow-White to wake her (him) up - that part wasn't in the books, and was orchestrated purely for an adult's childish entertainment (plus, he killed several small shrubs when he rolled over them in his playful mirth).

Si Zhui blinked - he was extremely composed and had tons of questions, but still, he reacted first to his senior's anguish -, he reached out to Wei Ying and muttered a rather modest string of "It's alright, Wei *qianbei* ", "I wasn't hurt, so it's okay", and even "That was my first time, I wouldn't really know"s. He looked calm and reassuring when he talked, although still a little shaken physically, but otherwise he was fine. He still had his hairpiece, his forehead ribbon and Gusu Lan robes, and looked just about the same as the last time the couple had met him earlier that year around springtime (both he and Wen Ning visited the couple in the 'Mounds occasionally, and they enjoyed Lan Zhan's cooking too).

Jing Yi felt bad for keeping silent, and that Si Zhui had to carry the brunt of the conversation despite the latter having just woken up from hibernation and deserved to rest a bit more. "I... I'll take responsibility too! I'm just so glad that Si Zhui is up and well again so I'm not blaming anyone for what happened," he glanced at his bestest friend with an awkward grin, "So, please let Si Zhui settle down in his awakened state, and let me do more. I promise take good care of him too, since the two of you are so busy saving our sect," he blurted without thinking - and realized belatedly that it sounded quite *wrong* , though he couldn't actually tell because he really wanted to care for Si Zhui as a fellow disciple - and maybe more.

Wei Ying laughed at that and fortunately did not press further to double the junior disciple's embarrassing misery (because Lan Zhan had a thumb and forefinger curled into a claw behind Wei Ying's back, ready to pinch the younger man's buttocks at a moment's notice if he had acted insensitively

and went out of line). Truthfully, Jing Yi was very grateful that his new parents (of sorts) had agreed, and succeeded in bringing Si Zhui back into his arms (literally), and he really looked forward to escape the shattered world, and start a new life with the rest of the survivors of the Gusu Lan sect waiting for him in Qishan.

“Well, you’ve said it so don’t take back your words, Jing Yi. Take responsibility, and here,” Wei Ying shrugged, handed his holo-phone to the boy (Si Zhui’s eyes widened at the gadget, but said nothing), then rummaged out a fresh set of Qishan Lan robes and twin-set tassels from his satchel and presented them, “Get our newest baby here up to speed with what’s happening, finish up the tea and snacks for us, while I take my husband for a walk over there to discuss the next steps for Qishan Lan.” Wei Ying scooted to the back and dragged Lan Zhan off the picnic grounds (Si Zhui kept glancing back and forth, clearly confused, but still, he remained silent). After a few steps away, Wei Ying hissed loudly to his partner, “*Lao gong* ! Don’t pinch my buttocks anymore! I said the right things in the end, didn’t I? Why are your fingernails so sharp? Remind me to trim them for you tonight, okay?” and whined on and on until they were out of hearing range.

Si Zhui looked rather dazed at the first conversation he’s had with the couple since nearly half a year ago (questions, questions, so many questions!), then patiently, adjusted himself to a comfortable cross-legged sitting position on the straw mat (which also magically appeared from Lan Zhan’s satchel - another question he probably has in his long list of sorts), then turned to the side and stared at Jing Yi expectantly.

Jing Yi was unfazed at the laser-sharp gaze, and instead beamed his million dollar smile. He held the other boy’s hand and placed the holo-phone on it. “What... what is this? It feels so light, it glows and there are lots of lights and images on it?” Si Zhui asked in wonder, as he wiggled his fingers at a

floating device made of luminescence and other 51st-century ultra-modern zero-matter material; ninety-nine percent of the questions he had in mind probably flew out the window at that point, like a boy who forgot everything when given a fantastic new toy to play with.

“Here, let me show and tell you,” Jing Yi replied with his most confident toothy grin that day.

Beneath the magnolia tree somewhere in the peaceful Caihong temple gardens, two Lan boys enjoyed a picnic beneath mid-morning skies that had started to clear after an earlier scare from passing-by rainclouds (and a rainbow - a *caihong* - appeared after all in the background!). One boy talked on and on animatedly, gestured all over to tell the other about the history of the Kingdom of Qishan Lan, the First Fathers, the state of their world, the products of Wangxian Co. Ltd. he’d read up shortly from ErNet - and showed his sole captive audience how to use the mobile device to browse for information and entertainment - and he was so charming, convincing and persuasive, that for a moment, Lan Si Zhui was enraptured by a new side of his best friend he’d never seen before, thought that Lan Jing Yi had certainly matured and bloomed in the last few days, weeks or months, and believed every word Jing Yi said, then promised that he too, would like to serve his friend’s - their - new cause for their sect; Jing Yi is certainly an up-and-coming salesman who clinched his first deal, the biggest breakthrough, and earned himself a confidant for a lifetime.

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The couple sat on a rock to deliberate on what they’ve learnt, and shared their thoughts.

“So... Si Zhui said that both he and Wen Ning were indeed at the temple grounds along with the other refugees who barricaded themselves inside the various buildings of the complex, when they realized they had been surrounded by waves of enemies marching through Caihong’s town gates. During the chaos, they witnessed firsthand how the succubi and their fierce corpse escorts attacked and devoured their victims; Wen Ning suggested that they honed in on their living prey like bloodhounds, and used *qi* as scent markers, which was what he did when he was in his feral state; Si Zhui had studied in depth about Corrupted Dark creatures since he started living with Wen Ning, so he knew quite a bit about succubi and of course, the fierce corpses.

He’s such a smart boy, and took a page from your uncle’s book to work out a strategy for escape. He sealed his life energies and went into the hibernation, near-death state so that he couldn’t be detected, then exchanged his place inside the casket. He’d given Wen Ning a few ready-to-use Gusu Lan sealing magic talismans; in case their plan failed, Wen Ning could quickly activate the talismans, seal and hide the casket containing Si Zhui, for the latter’s safety. Wen Ning is a fierce corpse with a living soul, but he is virtually indistinguishable from the Tian’s undead army especially from the eyes of the lower ranking monsters. Si Zhui thought Wen Ning would be able to push through the barricades and escape undetected into Caihong Town and out into the wilderness, but something must have happened.

What do you think, *lao gong* ?” the spouse reached behind innocently and started nipping the husband’s pants with his fingers - payback for what the latter did earlier. The husband flinched, nnnh’ed, but did not fight back. He remained calm.

“Mn. We cannot be sure unless we ask Wen Ning. However, it is probable that something went wrong, and Wen Ning had to hide the casket in the mausoleum which is the safest place within the temple grounds, then used the sealing magic talismans on the building’s entrance. That is why you couldn’t find any other survivors inside the catacombs.

What Wen Ning did was unforgivable from a human's moralistic view, but he is no longer human too - remember that. His remaining life is about cherishing loved ones - the Wens that he left behind, long ago.”

“(sniffle, sniffle)... uuuu... I’m so touched, I can’t even fault Wen Ning for acting this way, and I’m not even his master anymore! Uuuu... uuuu... why did you make me cry, *lao gong* ...! You never sugar-coat your words for your wife, you incorrigible man!” the spouse started to wipe his face and pinched the husband’s buttocks in full force, in revenge for his self-inflicted misery.

“Mn... aah... uunh... *Lao po* , we’re not in front of the kids, it is alright to cry. So please stop attacking my... hnnh...” the husband scooted sideways to avoid the vicious pecking attacks, but the wife was relentless and followed his every move.

“This is such a tragic story, *lao gong* !” the spouse cried and kept jabbing the husband’s springy buttocks and hips with pincers. “Wen Ning should be able to escape unharmed from this town, or even the whole of Gusu. He is adept at leaping over trees and cliffs, and he is much stronger than any man. I do not think the barriers at the borders will block any undead from passing by, since fierce corpses are regularly sent out to invade the rest of the Middle Kingdom anyway. If he is smart and if he values his life, he would

have left Gusu while there is still a chance. But if that happened, my poor baby A-Yuan is all alone in this space-time bubble...! Uuuu... uuuu...”

Lan Zhan tried his best to pacify the distressed spouse by embracing him. Wei Ying sobbed into the husband’s caring touch, with one hand groping the latter’s buttocks and kept pinching the glutes out of spite. The biting pain is real, but Lan Zhan was able to rein in his responses after getting used to the uncalled-for abuse. The husband pondered about his older brother too, and perhaps, in some mysterious twists of fates, thought if both Wen Ning and the venerable Zewu Jun had really fled Gusu long ago.

From afar, Jing Yi stole glances at his Patriarch and Matriarch sitting on a rock, and thought how budding leaders should mimic their mentors in a traditional ‘lead by example’ setting in which the Gusu Lans are strong proponents for. He could do the act of brotherly embracing - just as how *xiongdi* s often hug among themselves in times of happiness and sadness. He leaned back a bit and his eyes darted downwards to study the pleasant curves of his best friends rear; Si Zhuo was too immersed in the wonderful world of surfing ErNet using the holo-phone to notice. Jing Yi’s fingers twitched (and itched) out of pure, unadulterated innocent curiosity - would it be firm? Or flabby? Or both? -, and thought, that perhaps he could man up someday and reach that next milestone in life, soon.

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“*Shugong* , let me run through the process again. After you walk out of these doors, you will exit this underground chamber which served as your recovery room, and need to climb up several steps to reach a trapdoor - it’s actually a disguised floor mat. Open it, climb out and you’ll be on your way to the Immigration Processing Centre of the Kingdom of Qishan Lan. You

will need to walk through tunnels - just follow the signages written in all known major dialects of the Middle Kingdom - before reaching the counter. There, you need to present your identification information to the attending officer, and be interviewed for--” Ernie droned on and on about the proceedings and protocols for clearing immigration right until attaining one’s shiny new war-refugee status, and he was promptly interrupted.

“No,” Master Lan Qi Ren simply butted in with one word. He wore his new set of silky soft Qishan Lan robes (since the old one was stained and smelled after months of neglect), fiddled with his new set of tassels on his new fancy belt, a pouch and a satchel filled with goodies to start a new life, and his sword in its scabbard - oiled, cleaned and sharpened by Ernie too. He whipped out his state-issued holo-phone (he declined a Weiphone after learning that in his advanced age and status, he is eligible for the newer, more senior-friendly holo-phone that does not strain the eyes, and even comes with more intelligent, flexible functions to serve those with stiff and aching arthritic joints), commanded it to launch a Mirror app so that he could see his reflection and groom himself - his complexion certainly looked much better after partaking in plates of Heaven’s fruits of Immortality (he insisted for extra servings, because he could, and because older men are allowed to enjoy better, more nutritious food, according to many rules that govern the Kingdom’s healthy aging policies).

Ernie cocked his head in bewilderment - a classic gesture that the Lan master could recognize anywhere as being derived from the loved-hated child Lan Wang Ji. “But... But...,” the teenage Wang Ji with blackened eyes stammered, a hand gripped tightly and ready to pull open a doorknob at the end of the dark passage located opposite the bedroom, the lounge chair, and the large window that portrayed a serene midnight scene all day.

Master Lan Qi Ren sighed. He may be from the prehistoric era and is notorious for stubbornly holding onto outdated principles of rejecting

evolution and progress for the sake of protecting the present; however, once his interest is tickled and coaxed out of hiding from a deep, unknown treasure chest locked inside his mind and heart, he was an entirely different beast - just as how he managed to climb up the ranks of thousand-strong elite members of the sect to reach his goal as a senior councillor with such tenacity, that his past mentors and rivals had nothing but praise, endorsement and recommendations for him in the form of gilded scrolls, framed certificates and very good word-of-mouth passed around teahouses and council meeting rooms - for very good reasons.

“Wang Ji-- er... Ernie, don't play me for a fool. I will not simply walk out of this paradise to be handcuffed and be treated as a measly refugee with no rights, riches and privileges. You're a clever boy, and you're half Lan, so you should know what I mean, and what I desire. Get me a better deal, won't you?”

The Lan master picked up his new pet of sorts, fondly called the ‘pillow worm’, snuggling between the front folds of his robes, right on the bosom, and he started to stroke her back to the tune of her adoring *gong-gong, gong-gong, gong-gong* calling out for his attention. “Don't try to outsmart me, I know my nephew inside out, and I know at least half of how you function and what you're capable of. For example, this,” he pulled on a hair at a particular spot on Ni-er's underbelly, and immediately, she started to cry in burning pain. “Or this,” the man muttered, and tickled one particular spot near her poophole, in which poor Ni-er was struck by a terrible itch all over her nervous system, and she started to twist and writhe violently and whined pitifully in distress. “And this,” he made some elaborate movements using his fingertips and palms on the worm's furry lower half, and she started laughing, shrieking, sighing, then her body seized and relaxed, erratically, even randomly - soft crystalline tinkles rose in volume into peals of uncontrolled laughter, until the pitch skyrocketed into horrible screeches of nails scratching blackboards. She couldn't breathe and was thoroughly confused, as she was unable to separate the intense, insanely powerful sensations of heavenly pure back-massage and back-scratches, alternating

with having her insides kneaded, forcing peristaltic movements to ripple throughout her body until the point of ejection, but nothing came out, and she was laughing again from nice feelings radiating from the *gong gong* 's hands, wrecked by the desperate need to pee, poop and become constipated all over.

“I don’t need to show you what I can do to you, do I?” the master gave a crooked, knowing smile, and released Ni-er from the torture. Something must have short-circuited, because Ni-er didn’t recognize or remember the torment and the discomfort from a few seconds ago, and she still thought of the grandpa as a very loving person, so she resumed *gong-gong* -ing again and stayed in his arms. “Bear in mind, it doesn’t have to be... *physical* , Ernie,” the cunning man added - the word was pronounced with such an insidious tone, that even the teenager shivered a little.

Ernie stilled. He hadn’t seen such behaviours before, couldn’t measure what kind of danger and risk he faced even after running zillions of probability calculations using his mega-artificial intelligence, and he didn’t know such delicate spots existed on his *meimei* 's furred worm-y body; let alone his, if the threat was indeed real. His straightforward butler-like protocols collapsed on the spot, warning messages blared within his massive computer servers because he was dividing things by zeros, but he couldn’t work out what needed to be done, what needed to be planned, what else he should be thinking, who was the real friend or foe here, who would win and be set free, who would lose and be harmed.

“That’s... a tall order, *shu gong* ,” Ernie cautiously ventured, “I.. need to know first that both Ni-er and I are not placed in a disadvantageous or even dangerous position by your wishes. At least, please do not hurt my sister, *shu gong* .” There was an underlying plea in that impassive voice - he needed to make sure he had the money in hand before placing his bets on

the table, because conservative, risk-averse and Perfectionist thinking had taught him as such.

Master Lan Qi Ren clicked his tongue in annoyance, “You’re so predictable, Ernie, that I have to spell out the answer to you: No, the two of you will not be harmed nor suffer in any way for helping me out. That’s the *yaoguai* mother-side of you that I detested, and can fully use to my benefit. I wasn’t there when Jiang Yanli was killed, but I’ve seen enough of the aftershocks to know that the *yaoguai* prioritized the love for his family and siblings, especially the sister, over many other things in life - just like how you’re behaving right now, boy.

So, listen to me clearly one last time - I don’t hurt you or your sister, and you help me out. It’s in line with Rule Number Three, and you can still swear your allegiance to your Qishan Lan kingdom anyway. Do we have a deal?” the bearded and moustached man leaned forward with a raised open palm.

Ernie hesitated - he was nowhere close to finishing computing the possibilities, the decisions and the consequences of this pivotal moment -, but he had to respond when the man raised his eyebrows and sent invisible waves of pressuring gazes, psychologically stressing the teenager to give an affirmative and mutually agreeable answer. He took the master’s welcoming right palm and gave a firm handshake.

“Deal.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Mmm... intriguing, I hope? :-)

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 118

Lan Si Zhui, birth name Wen Yuan, and fondly called ‘baby’ or *baobei* by the family of four (of sorts), turned out to be remarkably the most adult, the most responsible, and the most mature of them all - second only to the father figure, occasionally.

He gets along well with Jing Yi despite the two of them suffering setbacks from their respective ‘story book effect’; the *baobei*’s calm, kind, thoughtful, and uplifting demeanor forms a meaningful counterbalance to Jing Yi’s more unsteady emotional mood swings between being a youthful, aspiring, go-getter Mr. Positive Sunshine and an insecure stressed young man who has just started discovering his hidden talents and strengths, and is a few years shy from reaching full maturity in psychological terms.

The boy is exceptionally smart too, and having experienced - forgotten, then remembered - his volatile beginnings, so is his infallible inner strength and open-mindedness. He absorbed his new norm, his new reality and the wonders of futuristic technology and mind-bending magic lore like a sponge with little or no resistance and skepticism. He started calling Wei Wuxian his Matriarch, and the great and wonderful Han Guang Jun as his Patriarch within the hour; dutifully read up all necessary historical texts, literature on science, culture and over-4000 family rules (which he already knew by heart anyway), electronic brochures on space travel, time travel and interdimensional doors, and did his homework about immigration procedures to the Kingdom of Qishan Lan by the next mealtime - without going through any meltdowns, brain cramps, and headaches unlike his best friend); mastered the basics of using mobile devices and standard Qishan Lan equipment, talked to Jin Ling using videoconferencing, and waved at his fellow former Gusu Lan *xiongdi* on the other side of the country using mass-holographic technology, before bedtime.

At the same time, he is very helpful especially every time the couple faced new dilemmas in their quest to cover as much ground as possible before leaving the province for good. The Matriarch and the junior disciple make a successful hunting and foraging team, while the Patriarch and their new *baobei* prefer to stay in and help with cooking, laundry, and cleaning. Si Zhui always offered to lend a hand without being asked, and Lan Zhan is secretly pleased to have an eager assistant to ease the burdens of unending house chores.

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With the succubus queen defeated in Caihong, another one easily emerged and took over (thus negating any gains from having that Tian *shijie* 's clone gangraped and brutally killed by about twenty giant incubi), and cast a terrible spell to warp the space around the vicinity of the town - similarly to the previous case near the borders, where without a certain (red) talisman or special tokens, the quartet could never walk out of this seemingly impenetrable bubble surrounding the Cai district. They've gone on foot towards an easterly direction for days - probably, it's hard to tell the time when the sun is always at an angle during mid-morning - but the landscape didn't seem to change, the mountainous forests in the horizon didn't move any closer, and the sea - the Great Eastern Coast that Lan Zhan wanted to visit - remained out of bounds. The couple could probably teleport within a heartbeat, but their babies weren't able to. Thus, Wei Ying and Lan Zhan endeavoured to keep their adopted sons safe until they can figure out a way to get past the space-warping spell, and enjoy their days together as a closely-knit family while doing that.

"Aim for the heart, Jing Yi! Don't be tempted by her illusions!" Si Zhui yelled, just as he sliced off a fierce corpse's hand.

Jing Yi nodded and tried his best to shake off her seductive calls - the low-ranking succubus's skimpy clothing left very little to the imagination, she kept emitting pheromones and wiggled her erogenous areas sensuously to distract her would-be attacker. He remembered what Matriarch said, and kept his thoughts focused on his best friend; he kept telling himself how handsome Si Zhui was compared to the overweight witch shaking her ass in front of him, and how much better Si Zhui's mild sweat smelled in the bath compared to the overwhelmingly floral stench that made breathing nearly unbearable - and it worked to some extent. He launched himself and propelled his sword to the demoness' chest. Si Zhui remained as the loyal trusty wingman, flanking his friend and fended off approaching undead monsters by hacking them up with his sword like how he helped the Patriarch to fillet river fish for lunch earlier.

In the end, Jing Yi whooped with joy at his third succubus kill, while Si Zhui bulldozed through nearly five fierce corpses, four vampires, two ghosts, and one tough vicious *yaoguai* in the form of a fox with nine tails. Just when Si Zhui wiped rotten black blood off some bushes and sheathed his sword, Jing Yi came bounding over and bear-hugged his bestie while thanking him again and again. The two made a terrific monster-busting force to be reckoned with, particularly with Si Zhui taking the heat off the battle by clearing away the bulk, so that Jing Yi could focus on the evil big boss.

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Just a stone's throw away, Wei Ying and Lan Zhan were trying their best to make up for time for lost nookies (or what the spouse calls as 'baby-making sessions'). Due to the increased efforts to track down those who downed one of the Tians' finest succubi queens, the squad's chances of encountering

wandering patrols had increased tenfold, and the couple faced increased disruptions to their Everyday especially with two restless younglings in tow.

They had set up camp in someone's abandoned cabin just outside another town named with a prefix of 'Cai'. Without their mobile home and Big Apple, and with Ernie and Ni-er seemingly temporarily unreachable using ErNet or other communication means (Ernie seemed to have put up his psychic barriers again - what an emo kid, Wei Ying thought sourly - and Ni-er was in an unresponsive, sleep-like state, for unknown reasons), the quartet was forced to make do with available resources and tools to make their lives comfortable, including putting up in deserted homes so that they could at least have a roof above their heads and access to washing, bathing and kitchen facilities.

The spouse was adamant in making the best use of the two additions to their family of sorts; he'd sent off Jing Yi to hunt for wild game and fish, and forage for wild vegetables, fruits, edible weeds and anything of value - especially if there were farms left behind by their former owners nearby -, accompanied by Si Zhui. They needed to learn how to survive in the outbacks with evil marauding the lands, he reasoned, while the couple could take a step back, and use the time to prepare a nice living space to spend the night (or day).

As soon as the two were out of hearing range, Wei Ying quickly stood at a window and leaned out with his ass raised towards the interior of the cabin, while keeping an eye at the disappearing twin silhouettes. Then he discreetly rolled up his robes, pulled down his pants and loincloth, and hissed at the husband, "*Lao gong* ! Hurry!" In a blink of an eye, Lan Zhan was already behind the figure bent over the windowsill. To the husband who pumped out enormous amounts of sexual *qi* into his radio tower between the legs with no actual outlets, he couldn't resist resting and sliding

the massive tent in his pants between the spouse's butt crack. Wei Ying licked his lips and waited for the starting pistol to go off, but his hands already reached down between his own spread thighs and behind to start cupping and caressing his favourite pair of succulent seed-rich hairy eggs.

Lan Zhan moaned helplessly and dry-humped eagerly against the spouse, more so when Wei Ying stooped further and allowed the husband to rub against his well-prepped lubricated rosebud. "Wei Ying, *lao po* , unnh... aahn, aahn, mmnh, oouhn... please, please," he chanted - groaned - uncharacteristically with a pleading voice. He pulled down the robe's collar to expose the lean and tasty-looking pale skin, and couldn't help peppering kisses, nips and bitemarks on Wei Ying's nape and bared shoulders; he bit on the shoulder blades, nibbled the sweaty skin, silently coaxing the spouse to let him in, let him fucking in, as his bulging cockhead oozed more pre-cum and soiled his loincloth pressed perfectly into its target, separated only by thin layers of fabrics. He hnngh'd each time fingertips grazed his sensitive, plump testicles, which were brimming full of babymakers waiting to shoot out to fulfil their destinies, to where they belong deep inside lovely Wei Ying.

The moment the two boys were out of sight, Wei Ying wiggled his ass and screeched, "Now!", and Lan Zhan immediately disrobed - the husband was less inclined to want to get his clothes dirtied with his semen. Then, in one smooth deep thrust, he penetrated his one and only beloved rosebud and experienced the warmest, tightest, soul-sucking squeeze - and one-two'd immediately.

"Ah, ah, *lao gong* , you're such a dirty man, making love to your sexy wife in broad daylight the moment the kids aren't around... nnnh, stop groping my chest, otherwise my boobs will grow and squirt out breastmilk! Do you fantasize your wife to leak out milk from her chest? Ah, you rotten man,

you want to steal our baby's milk even before it's borned, what are you, a baby calf or a bull with a big penis?

Unnh, unnh, not so hard, you undisciplined stallion! It's just been a few hours since the last time, and yet you're so impatient to breed your wife again! She will surely grow a fat baby inside this fertile belly if you continue to spray your virile seed inside her so many times like a garden hose... maybe there'll be twins, or triplets... how many cute babies do you want to plant inside my pussy today, *lao gong* ? Ah, why are you getting bigger inside me?! Bad boy!

Gently, gently, *lao gong* , you're going to suffer an arthritic back if you continue fucking so hard and fast, and your wife will have to walk bow-legged for the rest of her life, if you keep pounding like this! Do you worry that your kids will come back and walk into the sight of their parents having sex? Do you think they'll be horrified by watching how they were conceived inside their Mama's belly? Or, do you think they'll be happy to witness the moment their newest *xiao didi* is made inside the womb?

Ahhnnh! That's too deep! Stop drilling into my womb like a lustful virgin! You barbarian, rapist, sex offender, I ought to spank your buttocks and punish you for pawing my pussy like a dog in heat, and I don't even like dogs-- oh my goodness, are you cumming already? You prematurely ejaculating asshole! Oiii, that's twitch number five, do you have more? Oh, oh, I feel two, no three more twitches, ah, it's so warm inside my belly, my rosebud is getting a fever! What? There's even more? Give it to me, give it to your greedy wife's sweet tunnel of love, yes, yes... oh, I can feel that one, you're really trying to fertilize my garden with your wildest seeds, aren't you? Aiiee... it's flooding... it's flooding... I can feel it dripping out...!"

Wei Ying had received three servings of extremely thick and rich seed inside his still-throbbing rectum (and a bruised, pulsating beaten-up prostate gland too) and was taking a break by having his dick sucked off by the obedient husband, when the two boys returned from their harrowing trip.

“Ah...! My-my-my good children Jing Yi and Si Zhui *b-b-baobei* ! What... w-what good timing! I s-s-see you’re covered with bits of the undead and flesh from a succubus...” Wei Ying gasped, panting and fully flushed at the windowsill with his back turned to the boys; he closed his thighs and sandwiched the husband’s face with a ‘mmmfl!’, locking Lan Zhan in mid-swallow to warn him not to do anything rash.

Jing Yi waved as he approached, and dutifully narrated to his Matriarch a brief account of what happened - he’d caught a pig that had escaped its pen, a free-range fowl and a few fishes from someone’s farm using a hunting net, and on their way back, they bumped into a nasty patrol. Si Zhui nodded and added some details, such as how they stole fruits and vegetables from someone’s orchard - and held up a filled sack gleefully for his Matriarch to see, but Wei Ying could only turn to the side because his wonderfully convulsing hairy penis was tightly locked down into the husband’s massaging throat -, how Jing Yi bravely stabbed the heart of a succubus, and how he single-handedly took down the rest of the enemy’s escorts - he even cutely showed the number of kills with his hands up in the air.

Before the boys got too close to the sinful sight of their nervous-looking Matriarch getting a blowjob from their Patriarch, Wei Ying diverted their attention, “O-Oh... good job, children! T-Then... hnngh... Jing Yi, clean up your catch by the river o-o-over there, and Si Zhui... aahn... make sure the

two of you wash up while you're... nnhn... t-t-there! Scrub every l-l-last inch of skin on your bodies, otherwise you'll get... mmmh... s-s-skin disease from the undead!" he stammered before curling up into a ball and disappeared from the boys' view.

Jing Yi stared quizzically at the Matriarch's strange behavior, but Si Zhui took no notice and bowed with his hands folded at the front. "Enn! Matriarch, do you need any help? You seem to be struggling with something inside the cabin, and you look a little feverish," Jing Yi braved a question and stepped forward closer to the windowsill.

A sweaty hand jutted out from the open window and shook violently with a clear 'No' sign. "I... We're fine! We're fine! We've been trying to prepare the cabin for our s-s-stay... aahn... it's hot in here... and we got bitten by bedbugs or fleas or mosquitoes or something... hieeee!... while cleaning the straw beds... so don't come any closer! Wait for us at the river... nnnhn!... we'll join the two of you soon for a quick r-r-rinse!" said the hand that twitched again and again.

Jing Yi was a little squeamish by biting creepy crawlies, so he bowed at the waving hand, and quickly dragged his best friend away. "Let's go! I don't want us to be bitten and be left with marks all over my body. It seems every building or countryside home we come across in this district is full of such bugs, since both Wei Wuxian and Han Guang Jun have always sported such painful itchy-looking spots on their necks, hands and legs whenever they prepare our accommodation!" he said and hurried off towards the waterways. Si Zhui gazed back with concern for his parents of sorts, but thought that the couple could manage their task independently, so he "Enn"s and trailed the best friend.

Back in the cabin, Lan Zhan vigorously made love to - attacked would be a better word, really - Wei Ying's ballsacks and perineum with his lips and forced the spouse to dry-orgasm from his nicely swollen testicles and shuddering prostate. Wei Ying's toes curled, his back arched and bowed repeatedly at the scorching-hot sensations running from one nerve-end to another, before he was deep-throated again the moment the boys bid their good-byes. The husband's heavily engorged, and very excited (again) cock stood out into the air from its nest of pubic curls as he squatted between the spouse's legs, and his jaw was beginning to tire a bit from servicing the latter. He received a pinch on his earlobes - and nnnghed in mid-blowjob - sending delicious vibrating tendrils of pleasure straight into the spouse's pelvis - and he slowed down when his earlobes were pulled until he had to rise up and break away from the tasty twitchy wife-dick.

"You horrible husband! I was talking to our children, and yet you cannot stop eating my eggs! What are you planning to do?!" Wei Ying hissed, kept a firm grip on the abused earlobe and used his other hand to reach behind and spank the husband's springy tight buttocks. Each spank elicited another grunt, and the husband started to sputter droplets of ejaculate to the floor, uselessly, as he one-two'd from the delicious stinging pain - such a masochist!

"Are you trying to encourage my testicles to make more baby eggs? Are you trying to make me even more fertile? Oh you nasty boy, you want your whore wife to bear many eggs like a frog would on a rainy day, so that you can spew your billions of naughty babymakers into them and make lots of babies inside me! You're going to rape me until death, no, your sperms are going to rape my baby eggs until every single one of them is properly inseminated! You greedy man! Asshole! Rapist! Come over here, to the bed, I'll spread my legs properly so that you can fuck me like a real husband! Come on, come on, *lao gong*, your wife's pussy is waiting to be impregnated... make tens, hundreds, thousands of fat chubby babies inside this loving hole..."

Lan Zhan groaned and nearly howled like an animal because he couldn't tolerate his spouse's dirty talk, that left him extremely turned on. He shoved a cackling Wei Ying onto a recently-cleaned bed with nicely-fitted bedsheets - there were no bugs, really - nearly dislocated the latter's hips when he pulled the younger man's smooth thighs open with such sexy savagery and ravenous glints in the eyes, and promptly rammed his dying-to-orgasm-burst-explode arousal into the sweet tight clenching flooded heated tunnel, as instructed.

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A family that pees together, stays together, the Matriarch declared his mantra, as all four took out their limp dicks (the Patriarch's looked a bit less flattering, a little more worn out than usual, and flopped uselessly like an uncut six-inch worm between the legs). Wei Ying wanted everyone to pee, let the river's waterflow wash down their wastes, including Jing Yi's bloody mess of gutting a medium-sized pig and fishes, and plucking a chicken's feathers, before they take a nice soak and afterwards, dinner (technically).

Si Zhui's bulging eyes did not go unnoticed; he couldn't remember if he'd seen his Matriarch's superbly bushy hairy cock in an earlier stage in life, otherwise little A-Yuan would have been scarred for life - in fact, being naked, his Matriarch is the hairiest of them all ranging from the back, the chest, the treasure trail below the navel all the way to the dense jungle upon the pelvis; his Patriarch has the most impressive fleshy snake he'd ever seen, with a lighter set of curls; Jing Yi was pretty much ordinary in terms of body build and hair density as any average Middle Kingdom-er; while he is the smoothest, silkiest and shiniest of the four - truly the babe of the quartet.

Wei Ying brazenly gripped the husband's cock and made sure his aim was Perfect into the stream, while he held his own too. Both were relatively unresponsive, as Wei Ying had cummed enough times to satisfy his demonic lusts, while the husband's penis had died sometime during the intense, savage sexual intercourse that lasted many, many rounds and gone to its own heaven to rest in peace.

“No need to be shy, boys, because we're all one big happy family,” the spouse grinned at his younglings, “When I studied at the Cloud Recesses about two decades ago, we were told, implicitly, that we're forbidden to touch other men's private areas. It was such a clear and wisely-made rule for students who came from different sects and families attending the same classes, because that meant that students of different sects were forbidden to touch each other, so that everyone could focus on their studies.

Which also meant, at least in my honest and very brilliant opinion, that students from the same sect could touch each other, because - in reverse - it also meant that same-sect touchy-feely students would excel in their studies, strengthen their relationships, and later, succeed in life.”

The two bewildered boys stared at their Matriarch at the twisted revelation, and even more so at how embarrassed the Patriarch looked, with rosy cheeks and reddened earlobes, as the latter looked away and started to relieve himself in gentle tinkles of a perfect mild-yellow stream blending into the clear river water. Wei Ying chuckled and squeezed his bladder, causing arches of pee to rudely dribble into the air wildly, the surrounding grass, splattering the dirt, and only a little bit actually went into the intended water by the riverbank.

A few seconds of stunned silence later, Si Zhui had an A-ha moment and grabbed Jing Yi's cock. The boy yelped, ripened into seven shades of tomato-reds instantly, and tried to squirm away. Si Zhui would have none of such behaviours unbefitting of exemplary Lan disciples, and reached out to grab Jing Yi's hand to grip onto his own limp cock - so that Jing Yi was effectively ensnared upon Si Zhui's body. Si Zhui was rather excited at his enlightenment and gave the other boy's cock a few very, very unintended nice strokes.

“Jing Yi! Our Matriarch is trying to teach us a valuable life lesson! We're all in a single sect, a single family, so it's okay to touch each other like what he's doing to our Patriarch! In fact, the touching helps to reinforce our familial bond and makes us smarter in some inexplicable ways!” Si Zhui smiled sweetly (and almost too innocently) at the other boy.

Jing Yi was a flustered confused mess of conflicts - he felt squeamish at touching other boys' penises, but he couldn't refuse his best friend's, because he's had some obsessive dreams about touching Si Zhui, and now he was *actually* touching the latter - his mouth watered, he swallowed hard, his eyes kept darting between Si Zhui's cheerful grin and at his trembling hand on his best friend's still-limp cock - oh god, why won't his grasp let go?! - but Si Zhui's cock is so warm, so soft, so delicate, so cute, looked tasty and sexy, he wondered if it smelled pungent or tasted sweet, or would it look nicer bouncing on his abdomen when the boy rode him while moaning-- ah banish the thought! -, but his heart raced and he started to sweat in alarm because his own stroked dick was starting to react at sudden very illegal imagery that insidiously burrowed into his mind and its pent-up desires, the same way as he reacted when he had his obsessive dreams while asleep, and he--

“Ah, Jing Yi, why... why are you getting h-h-hard...? We're supposed to pee... but how will you pee in this state...?” innocent doe-eyed Si Zhui

stammered while his hand unconsciously moved up and down - Jing Yi's unexceptional erection's foreskin had a nice texture, not too veiny, looked lightly muscled, not too thick in girth, makes for a nice grasping meatstick, the first droplet of pre-cum oozed out - further causing pleasurable miseries unto the unfortunate junior disciple.

Wei Ying giggled and quickly finished up his task and the husband's. They quickly washed their hands and Wei Ying shoved the husband away from the scene, while cackling, "We're done, so the two of you better figure out how to get yours done too. See you at the pond upstream, we'll have a family bath over there!" The couple hurried off to let the two awkward, confused boys to solve their biggest coming-of-age dilemma in life.

Wei Ying made some obscene pistoning movements of pumping a closed fist suggestively into the air before walking uphill with the terribly unsettled husband (after having shown his disciples how he peed, who wouldn't?); Si Zhui still couldn't fathom what to do next; Jing Yi lowered his head and started stuttering something, and unknowingly let out a husky moan.

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Much later, the four would gather at the cabin's long-emptied dining hall to have a humble dinner made of authentic Gusu Lan cuisine - boiled fish, steamed chicken with garlic and onion sauce, plain stir-fried mixed seasonal vegetables with mushrooms and a platter of cut fruits for dessert. For starters, however, the Patriarch made lotus root pork rib soup, and announced that he wanted everyone to try his latest iteration of the dish.

Si Zhui cried - he wasn't sure why, but the taste was nostalgic, and reminded him of homely feelings lost long ago; he couldn't remember why, because the memories of his youngest days were still blurred; but he blurted out Wen Ning's name for, again, unknown reasons. Jing Yi, who already suffered enough from getting a royal handjob from his best friend - now, probably a lover-in-waiting - felt an instant urge to comfort Si Zhui, so he embraced the latter and gripped a wrist tightly, silently sending visceral - not necessarily verbal - messages, even promises, that no matter what Si Zhui had to endure, he was always there for him, by his side.

Lan Zhan simply patted their youngest baby's hair, and calmly said that he'll teach Si Zhui how to make the soup. Wei Ying followed suit with a soothing rub on the boy's back, and said, with slightly teary eyes, that Si Zhui must remember the recipe, "so that once you've reached Qishan, remember to cook the soup using ingredients bought from the Yunmeng's Yummies section of Jiang Patriarch's supermarkets, and make sure to give a bowl to Jin Ling." Wei Ying also promised that they'll continue to look for Wen Ning, assuming that the undead man had travelled outside of Gusu, and send him to "his, no, their new but not really new home sweet home." Si Zhui bowed many times and thanked the couple; he felt cherished by the three most important men in his life at that point in time - missing his uncle, but that mystery would be resolved soon, he hoped.

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Sometime during the meal, Wei Ying sneaked a bag of Wangxian's Wild Wild Premium Range's grilled wild boar meat that he had personally teleported - imported - through his Bag of Holding; the food was actually a little too bland for his tastes other than the soup, so he needed to add something chewy and chunky for that extra zing - with a packet of plum sauce, of course. Lan Zhan was (un)fortunately busy fussing over Si Zhui by teaching the very attentive boy the perfect dining etiquette according to

the Qishan Lan's standards (there were subtle differences from Gusu Lan's, but nobody other than those two would be interested to know); Jing Yi spotted the Matriarch mmmh-ing at juicy meaty chunks that reminded him of sirloin steak cut into sizable bites, and politely asked for some. Wei Ying said, "Sure," then dipped it into plum sauce to make the morsel appetizing to anyone's tastebuds - especially the boy who loved chicken wings and generally meats - and offered it to him. Jing Yi ended up sharing half of the bag of gamey meat with the Matriarch - he didn't really know, nor asked, what kind of meat that was, because it was so tasty - while Wei Ying conveniently forgot to check if Jing Yi was as pure-blooded, pure-bred and pure-hearted as Lan Wang Ji before consuming such dangerous, *qi* - deviating foods.

Notes for the Chapter:

Pretty much a comical filler of sorts, with some relationship building and expansion of the world a little bit.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 119

In the following days, the couple set out to put their boys in the most challenging, compromising, sometimes embarrassing, sometimes terrifying, sometimes exhilarating positions. They taught the boys the basics of survival, living skills and the secrets of living together. It helped that they decided to stay quite a while in one of the villages close to the borders of the Cai district while waiting for the space-warp barrier to be torn down by the forces of the Kingdom, so they have the opportunity to observe, and guide the boys towards the right path, according to the Qishan Lan's family rules.

Jing Yi no longer felt flustered waking up spooning Si Zhui with wet patches on the front of his pants and right on top of the latter's clothed buttocks. The first few dawns of terror subsided into more manageable "Oh I see" episodes, when Wei Ying explained the root of his uncontrollable lusts for the youngest baby in the fold; the spouse only needed to pull down the no-nonsense husband's pants (followed by frightened squeals from the boys), and with the seriousness of a professor giving a lecture, pointed out the anatomy and functions of the radio tower between Lan Zhan's legs. "Your Patriarch has been working very hard all day, without any rest, to keep this up and running so that we don't become succubi food, so you better appreciate what he's done," he said, followed by correctly predicting that the good-vibes effects spill over to the rest of the quartet.

Everyone has a role to play to help their Patriarch succeed in their common interest to survive in this impossible space-time bubble, the Matriarch decreed. Wei Ying admitted in the open that he has sex with the husband whenever the boys were away gathering food, fighting off drugged enemy forces or while asleep, "so that your beloved Han Guang Jun's sexual *qi* remains at its healthy peak, and will never run low enough to awaken the full devastating power of the Tians, which would wipe out the last

memories of Gusu from the face of the Middle Kingdom, forever.” Si Zhui was so touched by the powerful revelation, that he swore to devote his life to support the couple’s cause to protect their weak - like themselves -, and to make sure they succeed in their mission to rid the world of evil threatening their existence.

“I do not expect the two of you to instantly bond like how your Patriarch and I do, physically, emotionally and spiritually, but that is the condition which you must eventually achieve before we get the two of you out of Gusu safely, before the grand reboot,” Wei Ying further added. Si Zhui was shaken, Jing Yi was flabbergasted, when they learned that the youngest baby suffered a fate worse than Jin Ling - Si Zhui is by blood and lineage, a Wen. “He may have been raised as a true Gusu Lan, however, the system in which everyone’s ancestry is dictated and therefore destined, states that my baby A-Yuan,” Wei Ying glanced at his precious, teary-eyed *baobei* with a forlorn look, “is not qualified to be entered into the registries of our Kingdom. Jin Ling is technically half Jiang, with that half coming from my *shijie* , so he only needed to pass some exams to eventually join the ranks of his other surviving comrades from Yunmeng. However--”

Jing Yi had to rudely cut off the Patriarch by crying out, “What about Si Zhui?!” in alarm. To the boy, it almost sounded as though Si Zhui had been given a death sentence, cast out from his kind with no way of return.

At that point, the Patriarch stepped into the cosy family gathering at the dining table after a classic Gusu-style breakfast of congee, fried dough sticks, hard-boiled eggs, soy milk, toasted nuts and fruits, and sternly, not necessarily intimidating but certainly warranted everyone’s utmost attention to the gravity of the situation, stated, “The only way for Si Zhui to be inducted as a potential candidate citizen to our Kingdom is to be married *into* the sect through one of its members.” Lan Zhan stared straight into Jing Yi’s eyes - into his *soul* , even -, and the boy shook with something deeper

than the fear of the enemy, the fear of having wet dreams, the fear of walking into the jaws of death.

For the boy who hadn't yet reached the legal age of marriage, it felt like being forced to make a decision before his time and especially one that concerned his best friend - his immediate response would've been to reject, to ask for more time, to consider how he or the other party felt; he was still skittish on the topic of romance, let alone full-blown love and getting hitched - however, any signs of refusal would spell the doom of his friend-soon-lover, and would be lost forever in the grand reboot of Gusu, scheduled to start not too far away - and yet, he couldn't just say "Yes, I do" and produce a ring or whatever the symbol may be to signify his acceptance, his declaration that he would leap off the cliff, cross the line, take the plunge, and commit himself to a lifetime of marital bliss - at worst, disaster.

Wei Ying hugged the trembling Si Zhui, who was heartbroken to learn of his fate, while murmuring, "It's okay baby, it's okay." He told the boy that the entire scenario mirrored an arranged marriage of the yesteryears, but it was done with the best intention in heart, and because he wanted Si Zhui to join them when they all return home to Qishan. "Jing Yi's the only one among the survivors from Gusu that is suitable for you, and that's what your Patriarch and I have decided long ago. Please, Si Zhui *baobei*, say that you'll try your best to make it work, and we understand if it takes time to get to know him, and by god's grace, to develop feelings for him in the right way. I would never, ever, want you to feel hurt or disrespected by the whole situation," Wei Ying pleaded to his baby boy.

With the cat out of the bag, the two boys faced a new reality that forced them to mature into adults and to come to terms with their own feelings, and each other's. The couple left the two to mull over their relationship and

talk things through; Lan Zhan went to wash the dishes, Wei Ying went to hang washed robes and clothes on the clothesline.

Fortunately, the two boys agreed to give it a go; Jing Yi would start playing his role as the loving boyfriend, and being a little awkward with expressing true feelings and thoughts (because he's such a people-pleaser salesperson who kept spinning white lies to sugar-coat everything without revealing what he really feels), he asked for Si Zhui's understanding that he would use actions more than words "not to seduce, but to make you feel loved and secure, and share my insecurities with you so that you know I'm not the perfect man, that I need your support too to overcome this, and that I want us to face our troubles together as one." Si Zhui, being the more scholarly of the two and who appreciated words more than actions, was smitten at once at such a frank outpouring of strength and fragility, that he nodded instantly (and Wei Ying did a little jig outside while holding the boys' freshly washed loincloths).

The boys would take over most of the daily activities - in the mornings, the parental patriarchs would already be up and about since five, and they'd be greeted an hour later by the two budding lovebirds with hands all over each other, giggling from flirty tickles and teasing, exchanging timid kisses and loving gazes - on the sofa, no less - before breakfast. The two would spend most of the day outside hunting, foraging and gathering food, then return to help out with cooking, washing, practise cultivation sessions performed as a pair, and basically spend as much time as possible with each other. Wei Ying was curious to see how their relationship developed, to count how many times Jing Yi hugged the other boy from behind, to sneakily eye their kissing techniques, to keep track of the love poems and whispers of loving words that tug the heartstrings - but Lan Zhan was always around to pull the errant spouse away by the ear, because eavesdropping, especially on other people's private lives, was against one of their family's rules.

Thus, by the end of a week - a bit more or less, it was hard to keep track of time -, it was perfectly fine for Jing Yi to wake up spooning his boyfriend with his dick shoved into the other's butt crack and ejaculated several times during the night - such distasteful behaviour was perfectly explained by the effects of their Patriarch's effective anti-Tian radio tower - and Si Zhui felt perfectly comfortable in his arms - Jing Yi nicely warmed his back too, doesn't smell, and doesn't really have bad breaths -, including that wet sticky cooling puddle on his rear - a totally natural physiological reaction, really. It didn't really feel like a forced marriage and relationship, not when they've received blessings from their parents (of sorts) and their deepening bond with one another grew naturally amidst the ticking time bomb of the day when their departure from Gusu would be announced.

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“Lan Zhan, how did we get from *that* ,” Wei Ying pointed at the two naked boys frolicking in the pond waters, “to where we are today?”

Something must've happened beneath the rippling surface, because Jing Yi grinned, then brazenly floated in front of Si Zhui, and soon, both of them started to pant and blush. A few seconds later, Si Zhui broke into gasping laughter and turned away. It didn't take long for Wei Ying to figure out that the offender made a grab and frothed the two of them, but the shy squeamish *baobei* couldn't stand the sensations - especially with such a determined-looking boyfriend in front of him with puffed-up reddened cheeks - and escaped to the bank.

The husband leaned into the tree behind him and stretched his legs on the grassy ground - his thighs were a little numb after the spouse rode him reverse-cowgirl style that deliciously milked out everything from his loins

(and recharged his radio tower). “We didn’t start from *there* . You cannot compare them to us, apple to apple,” he said, then groaned, because he was about to orgasm sweetly into Wei Ying’s hot tight pistoning rosebud for the nth time that hour - he’d lost count after three.

Wei Ying scrunched his eyebrows as he squinted into the distance from where he was - making sweet love with the incredibly fortunate husband beneath the shade of trees -, while pursuing his new pastime of spying on their two boys with voyeuristic intentions. The younger man remembered that his relationship with Lan Zhan had been rocky at first, then platonic next, and suddenly, he was raped in the bushes, had plenty of steamy rape-y sex, and not long after, he asked Lan Zhan for his hand in marriage in one of the Grand Cultivation Council’s meeting halls. His expression soured when he told himself that he really didn’t want the boys to start their loving relationship with rape - so far, he knew the two had progressed from tentative kisses, kind touches, timid handjobs, unexpected wet dreams and the occasional adventurous frottage and once, intercrural sex when Jing Yi couldn’t hold back from being a horny animal - thanks to the radio tower that sent strong signals everywhere. Si Zhui, on the other hand, was calmer and preferred to suppress his desires by keeping himself busy (like sweeping with a straw broom) than to humiliate his dignity using such salacious ways.

The husband growled out the spouse’s name as a warning sign, and wrapped his hands around the latter’s waist from behind. Wei Ying sighed and stopped squat-bouncing on the tasty rigid pole that made more squelchy sounds over time (because he was absolutely flooded inside and stuff started to leak out like foamy white suds; he sat and fully placed his weight onto the husband’s tired thighs, until the said pole was fully sheathed and twitched excitedly at the prospect of another soul-draining climax, started to grind in circles, squares and stars. Lan Zhan lolled his head from side to side, moaning again and again, as he spewed another thirty creamy ejaculations deep into lovely Wei Ying, though the latter wasn’t really paying any attention - he watched how Si Zhui retrieved his clothes after

that skinny dipping session inside the pond, and poor Jing Yi was conflicted between emerging from the dark waters with a terribly humiliating raging hard-on or losing a chance to run after his boyfriend into the woods.

Wei Ying gnawed at his lips in apprehension, and started forming ideas inside his twisted mind of how to get the two boys together and (for fuck's sake) get on with the show. He worried that if their 'falling in love' process took too long, it may plateau into a frustrating platonic relationship (which Wei Ying didn't quite enjoy, because it was dragged out, with no closure, direction nor excitement); or if Jing Yi bit the bullet and got down and dirty with doing the deed without considering preparedness (physically, mentally and emotionally) and without having a strategic but tender approach (it'd take more than bouquets of flowers or expensive dinners to woo one's hearts - even for Wei Ying), it may scar delicate baby Si Zhui due to the excessive force used, or the perception of being pressured to do and accept something - a true rape, and being in an intimate relationship does not justify having sex against one's will; Wei Ying would never forgive himself if Si Zhui cried in pain after getting his cherry popped.

As the younger man ruminated on his thoughts, and even considered locking them inside a room to speed things up without necessarily evoking aggressive acts, Lan Zhan pleaded the spouse to get off his thighs, because the more Wei Ying spiralled into his bottomless pit of gutter brainstorming, the faster his hips undulated and moved - which wasn't a bad thing, but too much of a good thing is really too much - and the poor husband's body started jerking and went into epileptic fits, because his cock was kneaded and massaged by such wonderful fleshy folds inside the drenched tunnel of hot tight love, that he started squirting unwillingly - he was sweating, feverish, his cock was melting, his pelvis was shaking endlessly from the short-circuits that threatened to burn out his sexual meridians; it looked as though Lan Zhan was the victim of an overzealous rape by his spouse, who continued to ride him until the radio tower sparked, glowed, rocked itself by explosions and finally sent good vibrations surging deep into interstellar space.

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The family of four was left in another quandary, when the Patriarch received a late-night (technically) call and was asked to return to the Heavenly Court due to an urgent matter. Initially, Lan Zhan was filled with trepidation when he explained, not really forthcoming with details, but left enough hints to let the spouse know that it was related to the reason why their journey had stalled at the borders of the Cai district, and it involved his uncle. Wei Ying raised his eyebrows at the last point, because he really didn't like that bearded man - an in-law - that has nothing rosy to say about his relationship with the said man's nephew.

“My uncle... struck a deal with Ernie, which got Ni-er dragged into the whole issue too, by exploiting a legal loophole in the Kingdom's system for immigration,” Lan Zhan explained calmly over a lit candle and a cup of steaming *pu'er* tea on the table, while their two boys were fast asleep. Wei Ying grumbled about the emo teenager who must've grown a spine and acted on his own foolishly.

“Mn. It's a bit hard to explain, but suffice to say, rather than accepting the status as a refugee under the Kingdom's protection, my uncle engaged Ernie as his private lawyer to argue for his case and manipulated the prerogative granted by Rule Number Three to twist his status to something more... troubling.”

“Eh? Wasn't Ernie instructed to take care of your uncle's health until he is fully recovered and deemed healthy enough to enter the immigration

processing centre? This isn't right, *lao gong* , he must've been tricked or swayed to deviate from his mission!"

Wei Ying placed a reassuring hand over the husband's, nudging the latter to go on. He also dutifully refilled the husband's cup of tea, because he knew inside his heart that the husband was a man of a few words, who preferred to keep his secrets within, away from nosy outsiders, so much so that the burden of built-up stress could eventually overwhelm his well-being. Tea was a great way to keep the man going in a conversation that could take a whole night.

Master Lan Qi Ren, Lan Zhan narrated just as how his officials had explained over the holo-phone, demanded for better and more respectable living conditions. He didn't want to end up as someone whose rights were precariously tethered to the leash held by the Kingdom's immigration and public security officers, and got Ernie to cite the tremendously powerful Rule to the administrators. The matter was debated at length amongst various levels of officers - many of whom held respect for seniority, since they were run by Lan-kin -, and was escalated to the Heavenly Court; officials were quick to try and pacify the insistent old man with monetary and valuable gifts - but Lan Qi Ren knew how to play his cards well; he realized early on that he was likely the 'eldest' (in a statutory, legal, not necessarily biological or chronological sense) in the Kingdom, and hence should be granted only the best. He toed the line very well, respected the Kingdom's authority and the limitations of what could be offered, while keeping to an acceptable balance between maintaining socio-economic justice and maximizing his personal gains without spilling over into criminal behaviours - which was why the matter was not brought to the Grand Patriarch's attention until it was too late.

Once the Realms of the Gods were involved, Lan Qi Ren learned what was available in those whole new worlds (literally) and he started to cherry-pick

the best aspects. The master of Gusu Lan culture and rituals loved to live in a place as though nothing had changed, and with the Cloud Recesses at its original, clean and most pristine state; thus, the copy of the Cloud Recesses - in fact, the best assets of Gusu that had been rebuilt using reverse-engineering technology - in Heaven, had been swiped by the sly old fox and placed the under his name under a land ownership transfer agreement that he didn't need to pay even a silverpiece for.

Wei Ying choked at a spicy dried plum - his odd midnight snack - at that statement, "Pfft! That means the territory next to the Heavenly Court literally belongs to your uncle now! He's your new neighbour in your castle in the sky!"

Lan Zhan responded indignantly at that, "Hn. I suppose I could take less walks and spend more time indoors whenever I'm there."

However, Master Lan Qi Ren didn't stop at there; Ernie revealed more information about the realms, and using Rule Number Three, the Master eventually became a landowner across the realms; he owned at least a territory in each - and Ernie deviously used Lan Zhan's name to persuade the overlords to relinquish some property to the Master, because nobody would dare to deny the Grand Patriarch's *uncle* a simple request as either a piece of prime real estate in the Underworld filled with infinite spirits waiting to be reincarnated as servants to do his bidding; an oil, gas and mineral-rich patch under the Dragon King's seas that could literally fuel a metropolis for countless years; a mountain under the purview of the God of Prosperity that functions to generate gold ingots, precious metals and gemstones upon receiving orders; or a strip of land that births Earth Gods that could be sent to manage and prosper homes and townships and create new lands, Kitchen Gods that could be used to report on people's lives and spy on the unfaithful, and all other kinds of lesser gods, amongst others.

Wei Ying sighed, “You know, I received a message from my siblings a few days back, something about enacting a change of laws and by-laws to segregate the governance of the Mortal Realm and the Realms of the Gods from the rest of the Kingdom. I was too busy watching the boys to notice and read the message in full, but I guess this is somehow related...” and he whipped out his holo-phone to look for that message, buried under gazillions of other updates; Wei Ying hardly checked his emails since he’d given the responsibility of running the Kingdom and their company to his siblings; he preferred to spend time with his family on the Mortal Realm, go fishing or hunting jungle fowls, than be reading boring news or urgent documents that needed his signature (in which, Wei *da ge* could take over and sign on his behalf, anyway).

Lan Zhan continued his story, now on his third cup of tea, “Mn. Your siblings were wise to make sure that my uncle’s... selfish acts... were restricted to these two realms. He wouldn’t be interested in taking over anything modern or 51st-century outside of these realms, anyway.”

Master Lan Qi Ren hadn’t broken any laws, or upset any communities with his actions, truthfully speaking, so there was no reason to refuse his requests on technical grounds. Lan Zhan had immediately sent word to his administrators, particularly the Lan-kin, to watch the uncle very closely in every realm where he now has a presence, to make sure that the elderly man does not do anything untoward the Kingdom or the company, whether intentional or not.

“Hmm... how about this world, *lao gong* ? Where has he staked his claim and started to grow roots?” Wei Ying asked, as he read the found message in full on his phone.

“... My uncle has bought the parcel of land next to our home in the ‘Mounds. You know, the one that has a very beautiful scenery of rolling hills and valleys, with a lake surrounded by rivers, and fruit and vegetable gardens in-between,” the husband replied with downcast eyes and stared at his cup. A single crooked tea stalk floated in the middle while pointing diagonally - it wasn’t an auspicious sign at all.

“You’re kidding?! That’s the most productive part of the ‘Mounds! Plus, I won’t be able to get a good night’s sleep knowing that your naggy old uncle could be watching us anytime!” Wei Ying flicked off his holo-phone after having read enough and pouted at the husband. He nearly banged the table with his wife-y frustrations, but stopped himself just in time - the boys shouldn’t be woken up, after all.

Lan Zhan remained quiet.

The spouse leaned closer against the table and rested his chin on a palm, “So? What else is going wrong? How is your uncle adding to the misery of our unexpectedly prolonged stay in Gusu?”

The husband had to take a deep breath to continue another side of the story. Upon moving into his new home in the Heavens - a large mansion built atop misty mountains and ever-flowing waterfalls, flanked with excellent views of the recreated paradise of the Cloud Recesses, Caiyi Town and further choice locations from Gusu, Master Lan Qi Ren took interest in the supermarket just down the road from the Heavenly Palace. The supermarket was actually located at the entrance to the Master’s territory and served as a

stop area for all visitors to sign-in or to shop for souvenirs and daily necessities.

The crafty old man appointed himself as the new owner of the supermarket because it was a great way for him to spend his eternal life after having enjoyed the Peaches of Immortality (at that point, Wei Ying grumbled about the exclusivity of the fruits, but he really shouldn't complain and be a busybody, especially when it involved one particularly troublesome in-law; he really needed to stay out of the limelight and as far away from Lan Qi Ren as possible); as the supermarket owner, he could earn a good living, enjoy good food and some classic luxury, comforts and conveniences from the supermarket's stocks, get to know his neighbours - and pry into his nephew's affairs by befriending visiting customers from the Heavenly Court - and most insidious of all, he could control the traffic going in and out of his newfound territory in the Heavens.

“ *Lao po* , you already know the military secret that my dreams can be weaponized. The incubus army that our Kingdom has been sending to Gusu were created and bred from my dreams, then sent to the Mortal Realm via the Heavens, under the watchful eyes of my faithful Lan-kin servants,” the husband slowly tried to explain the complicated topic of realizing one's dreams, though not in a very aspiring way.

Wei Ying took another nibble at his plum and sucked air through his teeth at the spiciness - he'd bit a chilli flake -, “You mean that free-to-air channel featuring A-Ji and A-Xian? Yeah, I saw recaps from WeiTube how those twenty merry bandits came to earth and defeated the clone of Tian *shijie* a while ago. But that channel's been down for days... have you been dreaming elsewhere? Not that I really care, since you have plenty of dirty dreams all night, and I sleep like a log anyway so I didn't follow the series anyway.” The spouse stole a sip from Lan Zhan's cup, which was fine for the latter.

It was Lan Zhan's turn to sigh this time. He'd blame it on his uncle, but ultimately, he could only blame himself for his lax oversight, and for inheriting an uncle who wasn't receptive to new ideas.

Lan Zhan's dreams created armies of terrifying human convicts that could be transformed into incubi, and shipped out in truck convoys - however, the portal that led out from his dreams connected to the territory that his uncle had just procured using legal means. The trucks were stopped at the road leading up to the supermarket by its new owner - Master Lan Qi Ren - because the old man was livid at such terrifying alien machines on four wheels that carried even more terrifying monsters *through his sacred land*. Officers from the Heavenly Court tried to negotiate with the owner to let the trucks through, and even explained the reasons for shipping the monsters through the Heavens as transit, and onward to the Mortal Realm for noble causes, but the man steadfastly refused - because he believed that such monsters should not be released at all, let alone roam anywhere on the Mortal Realm - or any realms - and be allowed to attack the living; Master Lan Qi Ren failed to understand the concept of Dark and Corruption magic, space-time bubble and the fate of his former home - he still believed that Gusu's state was unaffected and remained as a typical wartorn province. He rejected the idea of using incubi to prey on succubi - a perfectly safe biological pest control solution, but the Master didn't understand this -, saying that using such repulsive creatures was akin to playing with fire - another frustratingly outdated thinking.

“Therefore, since the last few days, there hasn't been any new incubus army deployed into Gusu and all existing incubi on the ground have their hands full trying to quell the current succubi population. Until more incubi arrive, the succubus numbers will eventually rise from infrequent but worrying Dark portals that managed to open from the Tians' deep-universes, and the bubble that traps us in Cai district cannot be broken,” Lan Zhan concluded with a shrug.

Wei Ying took a full minute to digest the news, and swallow the remaining portion of his spicy plum. He coughed.

“So... you need to go up there to sort out the matter with your uncle, to resume the shipments of incubi, right?” the spouse asked.

The husband nodded.

“And I should stay down here with the two kids to make sure they’re safe and continue to bond with each other, right?” another question, tinged with a little unhappiness at the prospect of being left alone.

Lan Zhan nodded again.

“ *Lao gong* , you do know that a day in Heaven is a century down here. Your work in your office in the skies could mean leaving behind your wife and the two brats for years, decades, even centuries...” Wei Ying sounded hurt and rather despondent.

The husband remained quiet.

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Far, far away, Wei *da ge* called for an emergency meeting among the siblings in his continent-wide camouflaged mothership orbiting planet Earth - the Mortal Realm. His huge monitor became populated with the faces of his beloved siblings and countless smaller other assistants, officials and supporters who serve the Kingdom and the company.

He ordered the *er ge* to work on strategies to re-delineate the ‘Mounds, and to check on their assets, inventories and properties in the two affected realms - the Mortal Realm and the Realms of the Gods -, taking into account of First Father Wei’s latest grouses and their own personal interests. Wei *er ge* blurted out an easy arrangement for the first part of the request - the Mounds could be divided up into a total of ten pieces: the center piece for the First Fathers, followed by one each for: Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling; Yunmeng Jiang’s last hundred survivors; Master Lan Qi Ren (who unfortunately takes the choicest cut); Jing Yi and Si Zhui; Gusu Lan’s last hundred survivors; Wei-kin; Lan-kin; master/beast-kin; Ernie and Ni-er; and the ownership for the final piece at the fringes to be left undetermined until at a later time point - probably Tian *dalaoye* , his wife and their children (in-laws are the most troublesome, after all, yet their needs and well-being cannot be ignored), should they turn over to a new leaf and decide to ally with them. Wei *da ge* hnnn’d, unimpressed, and instructed the *er ge* to reconsider his choices and come up with better proposals.

The *da ge* asked the *san ge* to dig out master root programming codes for Ernie and Ni-er, with the consent of their First Father Wei. The teenager was also instructed to download the full text of their over-4000 family rules; the *da ge* will personally see that the rules are investigated, reviewed and clarified, because “their seemingly innocuous treachery cannot go unnoticed, and the crimes of the stolen and misused Peaches of Immortality, the breach of confidentiality of secrets of our Kingdom and the Wangxian company, and the random gifting of lands by abusing the name and power of our Grand Patriarch’s ancestry, serve as prime examples of how our

family's rules had been twisted for the selfish gains of a few without breaking any existing limits." Disgruntled followers of the Kingdom rejoiced at the *da ge* 's call for justice, and public opinion polls tipped to his favour.

The youngest *didi* was told to tighten the security of their Kingdom's and company's resources and "see what you can do to improve the current situation to our favour, without agitating that old fox that we all hate so much with our guts." The nine-year old boy could only "Enn" in vague agreement, because he was too young to understand what needed to be done - so he simply dove into his secret 91st-century playbook of sorts to find out more, unknown to the others.

Notes for the Chapter:

Another twist in the plot, and the story goes on! I've added a new tag to Jing Yi and Si Zhui's relationship. Also, the uncle from hell is back... or is he?

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 120

Lan Jing Yi and Lan Si Zhui are the quintessential twink models on a gay magazine cover--

Nah, scrap that, Wei Ying berated himself, even as he lounged on a mild slope while chewing on a blade of grass, watching his two topless boys digging the hard earth to plant some seedlings - their sweaty, lean, well-toned bodies glistened in the mid-morning sunlight (as compared to his slight flabby paunch), and they worked hard with shovels and rakes to put food on their table (again, as compared to the lazy pig that he was, who instinctively preferred to doze all day under the cooling shade of trees). The man told himself that he shouldn't whittle his precious time with fantasies while the husband was away on an extended business trip.

Wei Ying cleared his throat and nearly swallowed his chewed piece of grass.

Let's start again - Lan Jing Yi and Lan Si Zhui are the quintessential Lan disciples who exemplify noble virtues of the Lan sect, confidants of each other, bonded by a common goal to lead virtuous but humble lives as persons of clean moral values and clear conscience.

Wei Ying sighed, spit out the thoroughly gnashed grass and reached for his shallow clay cup of fruit wine; while the boys made sure they lived their days in relative peace, comfort and with full bellies, he had time to experiment making liquor from surplus fruits harvested from abandoned orchards. He took a sip, inhaled, to fully let the sweet, slightly sour and bitter taste spread throughout his palate, mixed with the aromas of

blooming springtime flowers buzzing with honeybees, a pot of bubbling herbal chicken soup that needed to simmer for hours until lunchtime, and a nearby lotus pond that splashed heartily with fish, shrimp and sometimes, freshwater shellfish.

“Jing Yi! When you’re done with planting the cabbage, don’t forget to feed the birds, and take the goats out to graze! Si Zhui! After checking the root vegetables for pests and weeds, grab the tools from the shed and I’ll teach you how to repair the chicken coop and clean the barn! We’ve no time to lose! You still need to practise your cultivation at least five times a day, have three proper meals daily, and meditate at least once, otherwise your Patriarch will be disappointed when he calls later to check in on our progress!” Wei Ying shouted and took a swig from his cup.

It has been a while since Lan Zhan disappeared one fine night (in relative terms) and left behind his wife with the two boys. Jing Yi and Si Zhui were heartbroken at first, and were at a total loss of how to continue their lives without their guiding star. However after a while, especially with the Patriarch calling back at least once a day (in relative terms again) with a meticulously prepared schedule in hand to keep everyone hardworking, the two eventually got used to their new routines. Wei Ying was tasked to make sure the boys followed the schedules to the dot so that they were kept occupied - and kept their minds off unsavoury and unproductive thoughts - from five in the morning until nine at night. Jing Yi and Si Zhui did everything the couple had done during their earlier cave-home days to eke out a living from the bountiful lands, thus, as Wei Ying calls it, “following the holy footsteps of the First Fathers,” which thrilled the boys who hold infinite respect and religious zeal towards the couple.

The trio lived in a homestead with thriving farmlands, barns, pastures, and fish ponds either built from scratch or salvaged from nearby villages and towns. With their hands full of household chores and farm work, the two

boys spent their fulfilling days living like a brand new (and shy) couple striking out on their own in frontier lands, under the mentorship of a man who seemingly loafed nearly all the time and tinkered with useless or unimportant ideas but carried the sacred timetable handed down from the Patriarch. Wei Ying barked out orders all day, taught the boys how to knead and bake Yunmeng-style bread or season their foods the way 'it should be', then waited by the table for his meals to be cooked and served; showcased his Handyman Of The House skills to impress the boys when the roof leaked or if they needed a new bench (amongst other DIY work); made wine for his own consumption; chased crickets, hunted jungle fowls or simply pick on ants that dared to venture into his slice of heaven to steal his liquor; and loitered around, daydreaming when he has nothing else to do.

(Of course, that wasn't the full truth, because whenever the boys were away, Wei Ying would send Paperman-imbued trash to scour the enclosed Cai district for marauding bands of succubi and their fierce armies; whenever he spots any, he would make good use of his Dark Arts to properly disintegrate them into *ashes* to be blown away into the wind and into nothingness; he'd leave one or two low-level undead to find their way to the boys, which become good target practice for Jing Yi's beginner-level swordplay and Si Zhui's nascent guqin attack-techniques; it is uncommon knowledge, even amongst the ranks of the Kingdom, that Wei Ying is many times more powerful than Lan Zhan when it comes to spellcasting, except that Wei Ying does not boast his skills unless provoked, but he hasn't quite reached that extreme state since returning to the world, nearly three years ago.)

With the humongous radio tower gone, Jing Yi and Si Zhui were no longer affected by strange obsessive dreams or unpleasant sexual urges, so they behaved more like normal, calm Lan disciples that Wei Ying knew all too well - at least closer to the 'storybook effect' than horny animals perpetually in heat. There were no longer hot lip-bruising kisses, burning lustful gazes, greedy groping or giving handjobs to each other with excuses such as 'to satisfy a perfectly natural physiological desire'; Jing Yi was

perfectly happy with holding hands with Si Zhui when they walked together to round up their goats from the pastures, to pull on bundles of freshly chopped firewood, or to just cuddle up with a book in bed when the chill sets in (when rain clouds pass by overhead, not necessarily at nights, which never happened in this time-stopped world).

The setback in their romantic relationship wasn't necessarily a bad thing, Wei Ying realized, as the boys now had a chance to mend their bond and build upon a more natural, normal and more wholesome foundation. Their earlier forced escapades were full of humiliating and shocking moments that reeked with misunderstanding and confusion, which didn't bode well for the sustainability of their love affair anyway; it was like an explosive fire burning through its kindling way too fast, and risked getting burnt out earlier than expected; love between Lan men should be unhurried, gentle, patient, akin to sipping from a cup of steaming *pu'er* tea and to take the time to savour the tingling pleasures of the complex, fragrant tastes, smells, and textures of the liquid gold, literally.

It was a gratifying, almost soul-cleansing sight to watch adorable, pure-hearted Si Zhui crouch side by side with his boyfriend, trading shy glances as they pluck away errant weeds around growing tomato and chilli plants; Jing Yi found a small daisy-like flower and stuck it into the other boy's hair, then playfully laughed and said something about looking very pretty while being covered in mud; Si Zhui pouted, grabbed a fistful of loose soil and threw at the boyfriend - but he kept that flower on his hair nevertheless; later, they hooked their arms together as they walked along a narrow grassy path while herding a flock of noisy chickens, ducks and geese to the pond; Si Zhui naturally drifted closer to the charming, talkative boyfriend who ranted on and on about how their future lives could look like, until his head was resting comfortably on Jing Yi's shoulder, and Jing Yi quietened down considerably with a rosy glow on his cheeks, so that the animals could finally take over with their clucks, quacks and honks at the lakeside; and a third sweet occurrence happened when Jing Yi ran up to their neighbour's abandoned gardens, waded through neglected meadows to pick a few fruits;

later, both boys shared a ripened apple, and Jing Yi gingerly told Si Zhui to pause for a bit because there's "something near the lips", in which he slowly, slowly, tenderly moved closer, eyes looking downwards because he would probably lose his marbles if he'd stared into Si Zhui's bright brown eyes and thick eyelashes, and licked off a droplet of sugary sweet apple juice that threatened to spill and roll off, then touched the half-open lips with his own - a chaste kiss for the boy he swore to care for his life, to take in as his marriage partner when the time is right, to cherish as a soulmate when the other finally accepts his proposal for their wedded bliss in holy matrimony.

Wei Ying wondered if he was the one growing in line with the boys, especially with learning how to fall in love again. Would this be how a man surnamed Wei raise his two gay Lan sons?

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Elsewhere, far, far above, Master Lan Qi Ren was on the verge of breaking a vein on his temples as he shook his fists in rage at an annoying negotiator team standing by the front gates to his property, which to him, felt like another barrage of door-to-door salesmen visits. He started pointing and waving a straw broom dangerously at them, with murderous intent in his eyes. The straw broom broke when he accidentally knocked its head at a tree, which jolted the officials in fear and surprise.

"No, I will not open the road next to the supermarket to let such despicable monsters through! You can kiss their asses good-bye!

I have full authority, by the grace of *my* land title, religious texts and holy scriptures, to declare that these four-wheeled metallic beasts and the demonic contents in their bellies are absolutely prohibited from passing through these gates and onward to other destinations to cause bloodshed, violence and manslaughter!

Absolutely not! I will not open these gates to let anything in and do anything in this territory! I don't care if these monsters are yours, legal schmeagal my ass! I will ask my staff to send them back to where they came from, and that's that!

This is my private property, don't you guys get it?! Shoo! Shoo! Go away! I'll report all of you to the police for harassing a virtuous, kind-hearted old man like me!

How many times have I said this before, you are trespassing on my land! Step away from that gate and get your filthy hands off the locks! Get out, all of you!"

At the parking lot adjacent to the supermarket, where an empty plot of land had been marked solely for horse-wagons and pull-carts, a convoy of modern-day trucks lined up in perfectly straight rows. Drivers and their co-drivers idle inside, periodically stepping out to stretch their legs, or run into the supermarket to buy snacks, drinks and alcohol to keep their captive incubi relatively contented. The Master was fine in allowing the human operators (in a very broad sense) to linger at the parking lot, and to help him earn a few more pieces of gold, but he was adamant that the monsters dressed in loincloths, armed with demonic horns, poisonous fangs, blackened claws, leathery wings and reptilian tails, remain in their canvas-

lined cages, like detained criminals, inside the bellies of the alien four-wheeled transportation beasts.

While supermarket workers tried their best to persuade the drivers to return with their cargos for the time being, because their new boss was fuming with no room for discussion - to no avail, because the drivers did not receive any instructions from their employers to turn around -, the more senior ones stood guard at the closed gates to prevent anymore tense stand-offs between Heaven's officials and the sole business establishment standing in the way of an urgent mission to rescue the First Fathers. A "no entry" sign was hung at the gates to keep away visitors from outside the enclave, although the supermarket was still operational and received few customers from the Cloud Recesses and its surrounding copy of Gusu's finer towns and villages with the said enclave.

Master Lan Qi Ren huffed in frustration at yet another disturbance on the inaugural day of re-opening of *his* supermarket in *his* Cloud Recesses. He'd made a slew of successful acquisitions (using legal means) earlier that day across many realms, bought a mansion to settle down, and while waiting for the movers to furnish his new home atop misty mountains and ever-flowing waterfalls, he decided to pop by the supermarket during opening hours. As the new owner, he wanted to observe and talk to customers, inspect the staff and monitor how they arranged the goods on the shelves, and check the business' records and Wangxian-branded inventories (he didn't like the brand, but he didn't have a say in what kind of products to sell because Wangxian monopolized the entire economy) - before the string of interruptions started, and monstrous beings crowded at the parking lot. Having directed his staff to do the necessary, he finally settled down in the manager's office to have a cup of tea, like a real *laoban* , finally.

Right after the first sip, there was a knock on the door. The Master clicked his tongue in irritation. A worker escorted Ernie and Ni-er into the opulent,

luxuriously furnished room with tasteful classic Middle Kingdom-esque decor and with a visible dearth of apparatus and equipment from futuristic ages; a large abacus and thick stacks of notebooks made of rice paper lay neatly atop the table.

“Oh ho ho, my favourite grand-nephew and grand-niece! Thanks to your efforts, we can all enjoy the continued prosperity and culture of the Gusu Lan at its peak of civilization,” he welcomed the two with a tight, but polite smile.

“ *Shu gong* , spare us the pep talk,” Ernie in his Dark Wang Ji form said with his canines bared - a little unsettling, particularly when paired with blackened eyes -, while cradling his pillow-worm *meimei* against his chest like a drowsy limbless furry pet rabbit - he managed to snag his beloved sister back after one of the many successful transactions, when the terrifying *shu gong* whooped gleefully upon receiving yet another sparkling gold-framed land title certificate and accidentally released Ni-er from his grasp; Ernie hasn’t let go of his sister since then, and she remained snug against his body. “We’re here to discuss a graceful exit to our informal win-win partnership, and to amicably part ways so that my sister and I can get on with our lives.”

“Oh?” the Master raised an eyebrow and put down his cup of tea.

Behind closed doors, Ernie politely and courteously put forward his points: during the brief stint as the Master’s lawyer and advisor, he had helped the old man achieve more than what he had dreamt of. In return, Ni-er’s safety was guaranteed, as promised, and she was currently dozing peacefully (sedately, perhaps) in her brother’s arms after a very, very nice session of back-massages and back-scratches on her furred elongated body; she had

been physiologically drugged by her *shugong* 's expert arts of bodily relaxation and reflexology. They also hadn't broken any rules or committed any unsavoury crimes towards their communities, so the two tentacle-kins' did not face any risk of being investigated and becoming stripped of their rights as citizens of the Kingdom.

“All's well that ends well, didn't it? So why would you want to leave? You could stay here, with free board and meals, and continue to enjoy the privileges of serving the Grand Patriarch's *uncle* , mind you. People of this foolish Kingdom of my nephew will bow before you - remember how the godly overlords of the other realms handed us their lands, sacred texts and historical artifacts without even questioning why?” Master Lan Qi Ren leaned back into his plush leather chair and stared at the teenage boy, unconvinced.

Ernie gave plenty of vague excuses - he had his fun pretending to work in an adult's profession, he had learned enough about the Realms of the Gods, he wanted to explore something else more adventurous and exciting (which immediately drew a look of disdain from the elderly man) -, but they were well-articulated and expressed with such deference to the *shu gong* 's senior status, and his behaviour, bows and hand gestures were impeccable, that the Master could not refuse. The old man pinned the whole reason down to Ernie's teenage emo-ness, and that the boy probably got bored quickly - like his *yaoguai* mother would could never sit still in one place at any given amount of time; while Lan Qi Ren briefly thought that he was being discarded after having been 'used' by the boy - he looked at the allegorical man in the mirror and realized that he too, exploited Ernie and his sister, and their usefulness had probably run out after he had completed his spate of land grabs; for all accounts and purposes, Master Lan Qi Ren owned enough to be a king in his own right.

The bearded man reached for a drawer and took out a pouch of gold ingots, as payment for the exceptional services rendered - however, Ernie simply bowed with his *meimei* clinging tightly to his sparse bosom, and respectfully declined; he preferred their transactions to remain verbal, where one can never trace any evidence or records to him and his sister, except for figments of one's memories, or perhaps, assumed imaginations and hearsays. Such brilliant thinking, such cunning styles, such admirable virtues, the Master thought, and he finally agreed - verbally - to let the two tentacle-kin off the leash, and to wander on their own in the Heavens, and wherever else that may pique their interests; the world is their oyster, after all. He still has his standard state-issued two-piece tassel hanging from his belt, so he could always keep in touch with them, as needed.

(In hindsight, Ernie gained more from the transaction than the other; with Master Lan Qi Ren by his side, he was able to travel to all the realms within the collective known as Realms of the Gods, which fall under his Grand Patriarch's jurisdiction, and areas that were off-limits to tentacle-kin - because his First Father Lan said so. Hence, while they hopped through every realm, he had the chance to visit the godly leaders and overlords, peer deeply into their lands, spread his virulent particles and gain access to vast amounts of maps, magics, technological secrets and resources - enough data to reverse-engineer the entire Realms of the Gods for his own personal use, really. He had also collected and sequenced his *shugong*'s genetic makeup - just as what he'd done with the hundreds of survivors of disciples from Gusu Lan and Yunmeng Jiang -, so that he could produce unlimited numbers of clones and useful variants, if he wished to. The parcel of first-class land in the 'Mounds was his way of thanking his *shugong* for letting him invade and conquer the Realms of the Gods in a subtle, subversive manner.

Of course, little Ni-er gurgled happily throughout the journey, and looked every bit as innocent and unaware as she should be at such a young age. She kept a diary filled with records from her senses - which continued to function normally even during her downtime, because she was created by

such an amazing mother and gifted with her father's awesome abilities and intelligence - and uploaded everything because she had been taught to do so, including a copy of Ernie's painstakingly processed data, into the family's cloud drive.)

Master Lan Qi Ren sighed and stared longingly at the door after the tentacle-kin had left - he felt a little unsettled for being ditched after a few hours (or had it been days? He couldn't tell after suffering the effects of travelling through numerous realms consecutively). He took another sip of his cooled tea and scrunched up his face at the bitter taste of the liquid that had been steeped for too long.

Another knock on the door. The Master made an audible 'hmp' to illustrate his displeasure, and thought that perhaps, life as a *laoban* wasn't as rosy as he thought.

"What is it?" he asked, now without batting an eyelid at the closed door.

"*Laoban* , err... y-your nephew, no, the G-G-Grand Patriarch has just teleported into the office, and h-he wants to have a w-w-word with you," a muted voice replied.

Master Lan Qi Ren rolled his eyes and cursed his luck - he was hoping a lawyer could represent him in any tough conversations, but he didn't have any.

Being in the same room with someone he'd usually turned up his nose against, made the atmosphere claustrophobic and rather suffocating, however thankfully the nephew brought a pack of expensive Yunnan tea leaves that, when made into a new pot of steaming tea, seemed to fill the chamber with mild, calming fragrances better than sandalwood.

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, remained absolutely, perfectly, immersed in the art of tea appreciation as a prelude to a civilized, serious discussion; his downcast eyes were always aimed indistinctly at the table's surface - a sign of non-confrontation and courtesy -, his movements and gestures minimal and purposeful, with neither a word nor any sounds uttered that may indicate unspoken discomfort or heightened emotions. Master Lan Qi Ren could match with his nephew in Gusu Lan's admirably rigid decorum for enjoying a pot of tea, only because both were suitably qualified masters of their sects.

"This tea is good."

"Mn. Both Wei Ying and I passed through the southern provinces close to Yunnan before reaching Gusu. It is said to be one of Yunnan's most famous teas, with mild flavours that please and soothe the palate, and a complex blend of scents that teases out the full spectrum of one's senses. We hope it would suit your tastes. "

Truly a cultured response; Lan Zhan skirted around the topic of the Master's arch-nemesis by putting the limelight on what could be the latter's new favourite brew, and tagged the said nemesis to it.

“Oh? The taste is rather exquisite, and something that I’ve never had before,” Lan Qi Ren replied, before taking another languid sip, “So... how is... he? It’s been about a couple of years since I saw... him.”

Lan Zhan relaxed his shoulders; he’d passed the first hurdle.

Over a cup of Yunnan’s famous tea, uncle and nephew talked and reconnected under the restraints of age-old traditions, intra-family practices and old habits that never really died; the elderly man commented on (more like, ranted) what he’d learnt from Ernie about the Kingdom and the First Fathers’ history, his brief tour across the Realms of the Gods, and asked questions in curt, few words that felt more like a cold interrogation than a heartwarming catch-up between relatives. Lan Zhan gave clear, sincere, unequivocal answers and spared the details unless he was asked not to.

Thus, the old man was allowed to paint a skewed picture of the reality that he lived in - that the whole Kingdom, the company, the people, heavens forbid, even the marriage of two men registered in Yiling (Lan Zhan even showed him the marriage certificates when accusations started flying across the table), and the childbirth of two monstrous children (he believed that the *yaoguai* actually gave birth to those two, probably via C-section surgery since he couldn’t fathom the usage of one’s lower orifices for such purpose) - everything he’d heard and seen was one big major absurd farce that mocked the very core of being a decent, respectable Lan - and Lan Zhan simply “Mn”s to let the uncle have his ways, so that the vexed elderly man can work out his own frustrations and come to his own conclusions.

“ *Shushu* , I’ve heard from the grapevine and from my subordinates, that you’ve amassed an impressive list of properties, with the help of some... insiders.”

“Hah! Don’t underestimate me, child, because age speaks to my wisdom than none other. I outsmarted everyone, planned everything from the get go, and made the decisions on my own. I was the one who negotiated with your people to donate a fraction of their riches to this old man, so the transactions were done out of goodwill, if you care to check. I’m more capable than what you think of, Wang Ji.”

Lan Zhan shivered a little at how his name was used in a rather threatening way, but there was also a hint of rushed defensiveness.

“What about... Ernie?”

A silent roll of eyes, a scowl, and a smattering of disappointment flashed across the uncle’s creased face. “If you’re referring to the butler that was assigned to me, he merely accompanied me as a tour guide, an interpreter and a translator, nothing more. There is no evidence of insiders amongst your organization, if that’s what you’re looking for. He left with that pillow worm of his shortly before you came. If you’re looking for him, you could run along now and probably still catch up to him - ask my staff, they’ll direct you.”

Master Lan Qi Ren was trying to remove his nephew from the office, but Lan Zhan stayed put. In all honesty, the uncle was right because there was hardly any paper trail and everything that needed to be signed and

documented, were done under the uncle's name. For the time being, Lan Zhan decided not to pursue the matter of illegal land grabs using legal instruments, since he could not foresee anything harmful in letting his uncle - his blood-related family member, really - own a bit more fortune and property; however he had ordered his servants to keep a close watch to the uncle, and would have no qualms about dealing with any law-breakers severely in accordance to the Kingdom's rules - which he's sure the uncle is very well-versed in.

With the issue of the Master Lan Qi Ren's dubious rise to become a rich, elite *laoban* in the Kingdom reasonably laid to rest, Lan Zhan moved to the topic of his next concern - the fate of about a hundred incubi that had been transformed from mere dreams into flesh and blood, awaiting deployment to rid Gusu of its succubi infestation.

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There were six trucks in total - five of them each carrying twenty incubi locked in cages and resembled more like hardcore criminals rounded up from a massive jailbreak, and the sixth carried crates of miscellaneous cargo, including clothes, weapons, armours and some common household items such as soaps, shampoos, towels, bedsheets and kitchenware intended for the incubi's move to their new homes.

A-Xian and A-Ji hid inside the sixth crate during the bumpy journey that lasted a few hours. The towels were soiled since the boys couldn't hold in their pee, the cutlery became dirty and sticky because the boys snacked on fruits they'd brought along in their basket, but A-Xian made their stay a little more bearable by turning some adult tunics into children-sized ones using knives and scissors found onboard, so that the two didn't have to rely

on wearing plant materials anymore. A-Ji was so impressed at A-Xian's skills that his eyes sparkled every time the boy said something, pointed at someone, or came up with bright but wild ideas.

A ladle was destroyed when it was used as a crowbar to pry open their crate; A-Xian insisted that they monitored their surroundings first before making any moves from the truck.

“Look, A-Ji! I see armed robed men climbing down from their wheeled beasts, then walk into that building, and a few minutes later, they return with bags of snacks and drinks! They’ve done this a couple of times now... this must be the Free Food that the guards mentioned at the market before we sneaked in!”

“Mn,” A-Ji muttered, as he watched intently how bags of chips, candies and fruits were torn open, and bottles of fruit juice and other colourful liquids were uncapped before being handed into the bellies of the other wheeled beasts. He noted a number of clawed hands impatiently reaching out to snatch the handouts, so he knew that those hardcore criminals rounded up at the market and fun fair had been somehow turned into inhuman creatures, and they were as hungry as caged predators.

Soon, two shadows scurried off the truck and disappeared to the back of the supermarket. They deftly avoided the line of sight of the remaining trucks and the captive incubi because they were afraid of being eaten or ratted out - however, one particularly monstrous humanoid specimen growled dangerously when his keen sense of smell detected the familiar - and favourite - scent of an eight-year old boy he'd grown accustomed to, obsessed with, and had slept with many times every day and night.

The incubus surnamed Wei roared in anger and threw his duty-free jar of Emperor Smiles (with a small red sticker that states ‘Not to be sold to minors and Gusu Lan members’) to the ground, shattering the porcelain vessel into pieces - and thus, the dose of drug required to keep him docile and sedated. Other incubi in the same cage became irritated, restless, even snarled ferociously and started throwing punches and kicks at one another; the smell of blood and incensed screeches rattled more nerves from prisoners in the other trucks, drove up primal bloodlust and aggravated everyone’s emotions to uncontrollable levels; clawed limbs grappled at the cages to bang and shake the metal until the iron-clad prisons started to bend and twist - it became a bloody arena of mad dogs fighting to get out and bite someone’s head off.

Truck drivers started to climb down to check what was causing the racket, and as soon as one canvas was lifted, a lock broke with a spectacular clang from sheer brute force (because incubus can be very strong when provoked) - and all hell broke loose in the supermarket’s parking lot.

Notes for the Chapter:

More plot, not so much smut, sorry about that...

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 121

It was one of the more unpleasant discussions he's had in recent days, despite having a good start with the Yunnan tea. Lan Zhan's uncle, as expected, refused to budge from his stance of not letting the convoy of captured incubi through, and not letting in anyone from outside *his* Cloud Recesses, including officials from the Heavenly Court, into the supermarket's compounds. The nephew kept asking again and again, in-between long, unmoving sips of tea, in short questions, backed by technically sound and life-saving reasons; he'd even mentioned Jing Yi and Si Zhui and pleaded for the uncle to at least listen to his conscience to rescue the two young babes of the Gusu Lan sect.

Master Lan Qi Ren continued to dismiss each and every argument thrown at him, and counterattacked using common moralistic sense and quotes from Gusu Lan sect rules.

“*Shushu* , it is imperative to let the convoy through, so that the incubi army can be delivered to weaken the succubi defenses, and save the two disciples.”

“Rubbish! For the sake of two, you're willing to release enough evil to destroy cities? I'm baffled by your twisted way of thinking, Wang Ji.”

“But... *shushu* , the cities are no longer habitable, save for patrols of succubi and their fierce corpses...”

“Banish the thought, Wang Ji. It’s stated in the first hundred of the sect rules - it is sinful enough to even entertain the idea of toying with evil, let alone acting on one. There will always be unintended consequences that you may not have thought of, so one must always err on the side of caution. It’s engraved in the principles of the Gusu Lan sect rules, and I’m sure the same applies to your family’s rules too,” the comeback was snappy and to the point.

With that, Lan Zhan pursed his lips and back at the cup of cooling tea in silence. He’d been sitting in front of a low desk specially set up for discussions between the *laoban* and his clients, and he was starting to feel pins and needles on his legs and thighs. He adjusted his cross-legged sitting position several times over a couple of heaven-hours (perhaps longer; heaven-hours stretch much longer than normal earth-hours and cannot be measured by standard mortal timepieces), and desperately hoped to conclude the negotiation so that his spouse wouldn’t have to wait too long for his return.

It didn’t help that they were interrupted frequently when, one by one, workers shuffled in to request the Master to sign some purchase orders, to make quick decisions on which products to put on sale, to approve the hiring of temporary employees, and at times, Master Lan Qi Ren had to excuse himself briefly to check on goods that had just arrived, to hear out a customer’s complaints, and even to greet one of his suppliers that had popped by for a visit. The *shushu* clearly had a problem with delegating responsibilities, and Lan Zhan was likely at the bottom of his list of concerns to be addressed for the day.

Seeing that the pot of tea had been emptied and plates of snacks cleared from the desk, Lan Zhan sighed in defeat and was prepared to take leave. He stood and brushed off his robes, checked that Bichen and his equipment were secured to his body, and waited for his uncle to return from *yet* another

interference - they were becoming increasingly worrying issues; a sign that the establishment's workers tried their best to manage problems on their own (which wasn't the best way to solve such issues) until it was too late and demanded the *laoban*'s intervention - an invoice had not been paid and started raking up interests, and a red warning notice had been served in the postal mail; a restaurant owner demanded explanations for why the supermarket hadn't delivered bags of rice in the past week, which therefore caused monetary loss to that owner because he couldn't cook rice dishes for his patrons; and finally, the last straw--

“*Laoban* ... I'm very sorry to disturb you again, but we have a situation in one of the aisles in the main store,” a worker timidly voiced out when he cracked open the creaky door.

The Master had just returned and wanted to at least hug his nephew before saying good-bye - after all, they hadn't seen each other the last couple of years -, so he was visibly irked and rolled his eyes with a huff.

“What is it?” the uncle was terse, upset, however, his frustrations were kept in check. Lan Zhan was about to walk off even without the hug, with a word that he'll come by another time.

“There... we found two looters at the snacks and beverage section. They're breaking open the packages and consuming them on the spot...”

“Such irredeemable vermins! Why can't you apprehend the thieves and call the local enforcement? Can't you do anything by yourselves?” the old man was infuriated by the incompetence of his workers and the bad luck of

being robbed on the day of the supermarket's re-launch. Lan Zhan raised an eyebrow and listened closely.

“But... they're little children. We... we've not had any shoplifting or burglary cases before, because according to Heaven's laws, such crimes are punished by having the criminals' hands chopped off... so...”

That certainly gave pause to Master Lan Qi Ren's running anger. Both men left the office immediately with the worker trotting ahead to lead the way to the crime scene.

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The Wonderful World Of Wangxian's Modern-Day Snacks and Beverage Section is a mouthful to call and remember by, but it is usually crowded with shoppers from the Heavenly Court and other, rightfully, modern-day visitors from outside of Master Lan Qi Ren's territory. The aisle is located at a particular corner of the supermarket where modern-day goods are displayed under ambient air-conditioning, clean floors, neat shelving and the racks boast a mind-boggling variety of comfort and convenient goodies, luxuries, perishables and non-perishables. The corner, however, is cordoned off from the normal, and more open, accessible sections of the supermarket, so that shoppers from the Cloud Recesses side do not inadvertently wander into the space and be exposed to time-inappropriate (possibly culture-inappropriate) products (and hazards, conservatively speaking).

Since the supermarket's gates have been closed off to the outside world, hence the entire aisle and its surrounding areas had been left deserted since

that morning - there were literally no customers who walked through that aisle to buy anything, anyway. Moreover, no one was manning the closed circuit televisions too since the Master had not set up the duty roster for security guards; such staff were sent to the gates to keep out modern-day intruders.

So it came as a surprise when Ernie, who wanted to spend some quiet time browsing the supermarket's wares and stock up on modern-day necessities - especially snacks that he and his sister would like for their next road trip -, chanced upon two small children dressed in rags, sitting on the floor, with pieces of torn packages, half-eaten bread, confectionary, candy bars, and puddles of spilled juices, soda and other liquids all over the floor around them.

"No, no, you can't tear it with your teeth. Here, I saw how the men opened the bag, you just need to pull at the nick here..." one child, a slightly taller, thinner and more presentable-looking one said, and demonstrated how to delicately, but perfectly open a pack of Oreos sandwich cookies. The other child, with messy unruly hair, smaller in stature but looked as every bit wild and dangerous as a feral animal on two legs could be, growled in exasperation, shook and spit out the half-munched, thoroughly savaged, unopened bag of pulverized potato crisps, and instead, grabbed a colourful plastic bottle of sour plum juice off the rack. He chewed on its cap futilely until it was coated with saliva and bite marks.

"No, no, you only have to turn the bottle cap like this..." the boy easily uncapped another bottle of fizzy soda, in which his partner in crime squealed in delight at the bubbly sight, and snatched it away. The smaller boy gulped down the treat greedily to slake his thirst - there were at least ten emptied packs of salty, sour and sweet foods on the spot where he sat.

Ernie was alarmed because he couldn't figure out the two children - there was nothing in his database to identify the two, so he couldn't pull out any information from his archives; he tried to scan their bodies and sample particles within and surrounding them using ultra-modern, unseen ways - but came up with nothing. It was as though the two children were mere holographic projections, devoid of matter and energy, and yet they could interact with the real world - as seen by the carnage left on the floor of the aisle. When Ni-er started to squirm and wake up from her sleep while swaddled against his back - because she detected something that made her restless, anxious, needy - she started to make soft warbling noises - Ernie in his Dark Wang Ji form tightened his grip on his half-filled shopping basket and ran off to alert a staff; it would be immoral to let the damage continue, which could score him demerits in the Realms of the Gods that pride themselves with a strict, point-based system to determine a citizen's social standing; plus, he was unnerved by the existence of such strange, unexplainable creatures that threatened to drive his logic-thinking system into overdrive if he tried to solve the mystery on his own.

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It was a remarkable sight to see Master Lan Qi Ren confront a pair of juvenile troublemakers by waving a straw broom at two little children who wouldn't look out of place in grade school. He stood at a safe distance, flanked by workers who blocked both exits of the aisle, just in case. The anger on his face was replaced with shock, then apprehension, when he recognized the taller boy - in a state of disbelief, even utterly wordless at first - and returned to blood-boiling rage when the smaller boy brazenly tore another bag of sugar-laden food right in front of his eyes with oily, grimy fingernails, and dug in without showing any signs of fear or panic at the sudden appearance of gruffy men around them.

“You rascals, what do you think you’re doing?” the uncle yelled with a low raspy voice, straw broom swaying dangerously close at the two rats that ransacked his store.

Lan Zhan placed a palm over his face and stood in a dark corner - for him, things just became grim, and it would take a turn for the worse. Ernie remained as still as a mouse next to his Grand Patriarch - he was ordered by a senior staff to stay put while the threat was being dealt with, and he still held his basket of unpaid purchases. Ni-er gurgled happily, crawled from her *gege*’s back and plopped herself into her daddy’s waiting arms. Stroking Ni-er’s fur - something Lan Zhan had missed for a long, long time - was very calming, and a good distraction from the escalating worries and anxieties, so he did that as the pillow worm curled herself up inside a nest of strong muscled hands - and to her delight, a softer, paunchier belly than she remembered.

Meanwhile, on the other side, a quarrel was brewing.

“Eh? Who are you, old man? Are you here for the free food too? Oh no, you can’t have any, they’re ours! Go away, gramps!” the smaller boy squeaked, challenging the Master until one could see how his face turned red with fury.

“You brat! What free food? What the hell are you talking about? Put that away! Stop opening those bags and bottles! You’re stealing from *my* supermarket!” followed by rude sounds of packages being taken away from the floor, and heavens forbid, wrestled from the children too. Lan Zhan glanced away, clearly uncomfortable to imagine, and watch, how his younger self could have behaved, and heavens forbid again, how his hard-headed spouse’s younger self would argue, with the stubborn *shushu* .

The smaller boy hissed repeatedly like an agitated cat and fought hard to seize a few wrapped pastries back from the bearded man, while shouting, “You’re a bad guy! Stealing from children! Those are mine! I saw them first! Hands off, gramps!”

“But... but... how can it be stealing if it’s free?” the taller boy - innocent, slow to react, too bewildered to make sense of the angry conversation - murmured with a finger full of cotton candy in his mouth, in the midst of snacks being grabbed and tossed back and forth.

Master Lan Qi Ren’s eyes bulged at that question, “I never said all of these are free! You have to pay to buy them! You rat, stop eating those biscuits or I’ll call the police!” he snarled at the little boy who scoffed down two pieces of chocolate digestives in one go, and *wiped* his greasy chocolate-y fingers all over the threatening old man’s sleeves in retaliation. Master Lan Qi Ren yelped in terror, flailed his arms at the sight of blasphemous dirtied sleeves, and accidentally smeared some onto his hair and face.

“I... I have a silver piece that I earned from selling vegetables at the market today. Is this enough? Please, don’t call the police...” the taller boy pleaded and fished out the said piece of silver from a pocket. Master Lan Qi Ren was on the cusp of having a heart attack in trying to handle the two boys, and the atmosphere was becoming a little too noisy, too messed-up for comfort.

“Don’t give it to that bad *laodaye* ! (老大爷; old man grandpa) That’s your precious silver piece... the first one you’ve ever earned in your life!” the smaller boy squeaked at his partner, visibly antagonized by the grandpa’s

presence. He threw a cream puff, which had been stepped on and therefore squashed into a shapeless pile of buttery mush, at the old man and it hit him straight in the face.

“A-A-Anyway, we’re hungry! And thirsty! We were told by strange guards at the market that if we followed the wheeled beasts, then we can get free food! That’s the truth!” the shouts were becoming wilder, increasingly desperate, and handfuls of M&Ms started to fly across the air and rained on Master Lan Qi Ren. The taller boy tried to pacify the other by holding out tiny hands to block the projectiles, only to be caught in the cross-fire.

The old man staggered to the back, his face a mess of yellow cream, chocolate, pieces of baked bread, and colourful candies. Several of his flustered workers ran to his side with towels and napkins to wipe him down.

“Leave us alone, gramps! We don’t even know where we are, other than that we’ve been brought here by those wheeled beasts after following some strange men! If you’re not here to help us, then scram! Go away and let us eat in peace!” the smaller boy started to sniffle and wiped snot off his nose; emotions were flying high and that made him tremble and quake in anger and frustration.

Master Lan Qi Ren stilled when realization finally sank in on what the children had told him. “You mean, you were brought here, by strange men, along with those other wheeled monsters and those terrible creatures in their bellies?” he asked, after calming down a little, but in record time.

The taller boy stood in-between the two and nodded energetically. He raised his hand again to show the store owner his precious earnings - a very sincere, vulnerable gesture.

“I only had a silver piece from selling ugly vegetables, we were hungry, and we didn’t even have anything to wear either. A-Xian was smart enough to pick some fruits from someone’s garden, and make these clothes for me from someone else’s in a crate carried by a wheeled beast... it was a bit cold while travelling here, *laodaye* . A-Xian, he--”

Master Lan Qi Ren’s ears pricked at the name. He’d heard it long ago, back when he was younger, and often visited neighbouring sects and their families - one of them being the late Jiang Grand Patriarch. He’d always had his two boys and a daughter running around, especially when the wife wasn’t around. The eldest was a ball of energy and mischief, had chubby cheeks, was a late bloomer who grew taller and leaner when he reached puberty, probably. He remembered that boy, and the more he thought, the clearer those dusty old stored pictures inside his memories, and then, with a hitch in breath, goosebumps running up his forearms, a sudden lightning strike of clarity struck that evaporated away clouds and doubts from his mind - he was one hundred percent sure he knew that boy.

“A-Xian...?” he murmured, his turn to be bewildered. He turned to the taller boy, and those anxious, nostalgic, loving, hating, confused, mixed feelings welled up finally since he wasn’t fighting with the kids anymore over snacks and beverages that littered on the ground, because this - This - meant so much more to him, he really needed to hear -, so at last, he crouched in front of the taller boy and stared at him at eye level, and asked in a quivering voice, “Then... what’s your name, boy, and how old are you?”

The adolescent stood up straight, one arm at the front, and the other at the back - a true hallmark of a well-raised and respectable Gusu Lan -, “I am A-Ji. I am eight years old this year.”

Master Lan Qi Ren hugged A-Ji with tears in his eyes, sobbing words stuck inside his throat, and his creased brows scrunched together even further in distress; the boy was stunned at the sudden intimate embrace, and A-Xian stopped attacking the the Master because he was also surprised at the turn of events.

Lan Zhan’s blood ran cold when his uncle turned around and gazed at him with a bloodshot stare, mouthing out raspy, trembling mumbles, “Wang Ji... why... why are you... this boy... same person... and this madness... are you involved... in a child trafficking ring? With sex-driven beasts such as incubi... such evil monsters... how could you...?” It was all muddled, but Lan Zhan could hear the words as clear as day, and he knew his uncle was at his limit in accepting that his new reality - his new home - isn’t as divinely as what he’d thought. He wished that his uncle had been deported to the immigration processing centre so that his mind - and his understanding of the crazy, twisted world - would be conditioned first. Lan Zhan turned to the side and gave an accusing stare; Ernie looked away sheepishly, clearly not admitting his guilt; Ni-er whined at the sudden coldness in the heavy atmosphere.

Suddenly, one of the senior staff who had been guarding the supermarket’s entrance shouted, “Everyone! Run! The prisoners in the trucks are revolting and have broken out of their cages! Their handlers have lost control of the

situation and even our workers are beaten up! Those monsters are everywhere in the parking lot, and some are headed... this way!"

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It was Master Lan Qi Ren's turn for his "storybook effect" to be cracked. He didn't immediately collapse into a meltdown like Jing Yi, whose restraints came off spectacularly when that boy first witnessed, right in his face, a huge flying object that shattered his own rose-tinted reality eyepiece; the old man's shell was resilient, tougher and could withstand learning, even exploiting new information and resources that was availed to him, because his persona was locked into the mode that reflected his state of mind right when the space-time bubble was drawn up around Gusu - greedy to fight for favours and rights among the Gusu Lan and Tian council members; scheming for ways to hoard influence and power to survive getting lambasted by then-newfound Gusu Tian elders; staying extremely loyal to the old ways and refusing to change anything, for the fear that the last shreds of his ancestry, his culture, his people would be completely wiped off from the face of the earth especially since the Wall of Discipline had been defaced, and new perverted rules enacted by the enemy.

It would've been futile to ram the message home because of his stubborn nature, so when the decisive blows came from different, unexpected angles that attacked the core of his values and shattered his illusions - the young and weak being hurt and abused; the Master would never ever tolerate children being tricked into torture and slavery -, his stead of sorts implicated in crimes; a massive betrayal of trust -, his hard-earned property and happiness being ruined right in front of his eyes; it felt almost too similar to the time when the succubi took away everyone's Gusu Lan robes and switched them to the powerless Gusu Tian version, and one by one, his friends, his family, the teenagers and the little boys that used to run along the hallways, one by one devoured by monsters -, and the use of sex as a

weapon; because the Master has sworn to abstain from sex for life, because the acts of procreation is sacred, holy; to be corrupted into a tool to forcibly control others, is absolutely horrifying to that man - thus, when his illusions were shattered and ripped from their pedestals, it was his turn to face the dark, harsh music of his twisted paradise in heaven.

Outside, chaos ensued as truck drivers and their assistants had their cattle prods (of sort) wrenched from their hands and knocked to the ground by towering, well-muscled and very inhumanly strong magically-enhanced incubi. Finally freed of their cramped living conditions, some individuals immediately fled in the direction of the Cloud Recesses, some wanted to loot and burn down the supermarket for booze before taking off, and some lost control of their mind and emotions and started wrecking the trucks out of spite.

Master Lan Qi Ren ran out of his supermarket for safety reasons, and he immediately caught glimpses of incubi crowding the parking lot among burning tyres, twisted vehicles and workers with bleeding heads and limbs, some screams at the fringes of the town - the sexual assaults have begun, beginning with panicking children and their young mothers, to the old man's horror -, and closer to home, the grating clamour of storerooms being forced open by claws stronger than iron crowbars, stocks being vandalized, raided and thrown to the ground, of bottles and jars of alcohol being smashed, and foodstuff being stolen. Some of the pillaging incubi began to cast magical spells, including fireballs and inferno projectiles while fighting over leftover goodies that had become free-for-all inside the building, and soon, everything was set ablaze.

He screamed and screeched like a madman, running around trying to gain control of the situation; the straw brooms were useless against laughing drunken incubi, who easily pushed the Master to the ground with either a punch or a swipe of clawed feet; he grabbed the collars of the dazed

workers still milling about, waiting to be attacked and eaten by the escaped beasts, and kept yelling at them to Do Something, Do Something, but everyone was dumb, too stupid to save their own asses, and stood around doing nothing to help their owner; he ran to the front gates and screamed until his voice became hoarse, Is There Anyone, Anyone Out There, calling out to those hated people from the Heavenly Court to save his burning, looted, slaughtered business and its employees, and the town he had claimed as his own as more and more people lay in puddles of blood - because incubi are bisexual -, more mass gangrapes happened at each passing minute, the screams for help by the weak and unarmed go unheeded - but No One, No One from the Heavenly Court or any outsiders heard him, because he had chased them away with his broken straw broom long, long ago. It was unsightly to see a harried old bearded man in tears, his hair out of place since his topknot was knocked off, distraught with the helplessness for not being able to save what he prided in, his clothes became smudged and dirtied by mud, torn by mocking incubi convicts, kicked around and finally, Master Lan Qi Ren crumbled because physically he is exhausted, in pain, his chest burned so hot, writhing in agony, and psychologically, he was destroyed when his whole world turned upside down like a whirlwind of flames.

Fortunately for Lan Zhan and Ernie (and little Ni-er), they had decided to remain inside the supermarket and *not* having to brave the reality of a paradise going up in smoke outside. Lan Zhan collected little A-Ji with one hand, who seemed extremely captivated by a two-foot long furry white giant cat's tail in the man's other hand; Ernie easily slobbered then covered A-Xian with very frightening means with his cold black slime, which instantly gagged the struggling boy and held him in place using gooey but very strong, elastic tentacle-like limbs, so that the boy could be easily packaged up into a bundle of feisty, biting, scratching, growling ball of an eight-year old feral rebel - together, they teleported out of the scene of carnage with a soundly *fwip!* , including the shopping basket of unpaid snacks and beverages for modern-day consumption.

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Wei Ying watched with a doleful look, at how two boys could sit on a picnic bench facing each other, smiling with little hearts popping above their heads, playing footsie under the table with socked feet and sharing a plate of chow mein - a classic copycat from a famous scene in a movie featuring 101 animals that the man hated most; except that the more masculine boy had sported a budding moustache and a goatee, and the other baby-smooth babe could not resist reaching out to tickle his boyfriend's chin and play with the small patch of manly facial hair, while slurping on noodles together.

The man who is slightly older than the boys, at least from a biological perspective measured with his current body, rubbed his own unshaven rugged and unruly beard - it had been a while, and he didn't see the need to shave to maintain a clean, presentable look when the object of his affection wasn't around - parenting two boys meant that he could be a slob and he'd still be respected as the Matriarch anyway - plus, he gets the kisses on the cheeks whenever they have their main meals; because the boys had been taught that the eldest in the family (at that point in time) must be greeted and called to start a meal, and to place a loving smooch on that said eldest family member's cheeks as a way to give thanks for a wonderful meal.

Wei Ying should be more than happy with two pecks on his cheeks from his adopted sons, three times a day, but as the days wore on, faced with such sweet, mushy displays of romance between the boys, he began to feel a tiny pinch of something else - he wished he could see his *lao gong*'s face besides using the holo-phone, he missed their Everydays and dirty talk (despite having already stocked up on countless rounds of sex since winter started, enough to last for a year or more for his demonic appetite), he wanted to cuddle up in the husband's arms once again rather than to sleep on a cold bare creaky bed (while in the other bedroom, the sons probably

engage in very tasty, risqué bedtime acts that wouldn't bear any propagative benefits, at least according to his overactive imagination), he wouldn't mind playing footsie either because his hands itched to give his *lao gong* a nice reflexology and foot massage session; he'd learnt long ago that by giving love, he would receive tenfold in return.

The man groaned in frustration and stood up from beneath a tree. He had been hanging around the front yard and amongst orchard trees without doing much the whole day (and for many days in succession); even making and savouring fruit wines had become a chore after he had experimented fermenting every known local fruit and drunk immeasurable numbers of jars of each. He prayed again silently inside his heart for his *lao gong*'s return - he wasn't sure how much longer they needed to stay in the Cai district, and how much more the man could bear to stay in one place - because wanderlust and leading a nomadic life is in his blood these days, especially since their home has blossomed into a comfortable cottage in the woods, with thriving gardens and ponds around, impeccably maintained by a crew of first-class Gusu Lan who had learned the ropes of home improvement projects, gardening and farming.

His ears pricked.

“Oiiiiii! Enough of looking at each other, you two! Someday your eyes are going to fall off!” he laughed hollowly, then shouted, “A succubi and five fierce corpses are on their way through the pond, can you take care of that? Oh, and please harvest a large fish and lotus plants, so that we can have grilled fish later, stir-fried lotus roots with mixed garden vegetables, and lotus seeds as snacks, okay?”

The two boys “Enn” together (so cute!) and quickly finished their noodles (they missed going for a kiss with stringy bits of noodles, but there will always be other opportunities in the future), and grabbed their gear. The two walked away while holding hands to defend their home turf - which had become routine, and so becomes part of their daily cultivation practice.

Wei Ying rubbed his beard again in annoyance - there is that familiar slight burn and twinge of envy and jealousy of seeing someone else’s happiness while his own is barren. He thought he should find a razor somewhere inside the cottage and trim it off, and hopefully, shear away those increasingly disturbing and restless feelings simmering from the bottom of his heart.

Notes for the Chapter:

Kinda going through some doldrums, so I'm letting the plot grow on its own at its own sweet pace. Maybe it's good to tone down the smut after overdoing it earlier :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 122

“How do you feel, watching your grand-uncle kneeling on the ground in tears with his values, properties and everything burnt to ash and gone up in smoke? And why?”

Lan Zhan did not mince his words, but he did not cross his arms to show his displeasure or indicate if any stern punishment was to be dished out. He needed to set things straight, and he was doing it by standing beside his younger Dark version with blackened eyes, with his gaze fixed onto the teenage boy. Ernie avoided the laser-sharp stare, tried to turn to the side, to the back, gave an uncomfortable laugh, ran fingers through his own set of long lush hair - but that all stopped when Lan Zhan gripped the boy's wrist to wordlessly signal that it was a serious conversation.

“Ernie.”

The boy stilled, and that had an impact to the surrounding heavy, foreboding atmosphere - they were standing beneath the shade of trees just a few paces away from a thoroughly razed supermarket building - everything inside had turned to piles of smoking rubble, twisted metal, broken pillars and wood turned charcoal, the goods were ruined by the fire, the office rooms had been destroyed - the parking lot literally became a junkyard of wrecked trucks and their parts, including opened and smashed cages, demolished crates, engines ripped apart, vehicle doors, tyres and chassis flung in all directions - a few remaining senior supermarket staff tended to the wounded, the bandaged, and those who suffered from profusely bleeding abdomens, cracked ribs, dislocated shoulders and probably concussions, and started carting them to the nearest hospital through the front gates and into the Heavenly Court where 51st-century medical facilities are available; the rest had been put on indefinite leave.

In the background, the entire town of Cloud Recesses that belonged to the supermarket owner was going up in flames and in utter mayhem; freed incubi had grown up to twelve-feet, even twenty-feet tall monsters, and continued to mutate into more abominable versions of themselves; someone's huge dragon tail made a sweep and obliterated three rows of houses in a single stroke, causing residents to flee in disarray and panic, while groups of incubi surround the scene of destruction and easily gorged themselves with tasty-looking Gusu Lan morsels off the ground; some had grown multiple limbs and appendages, like spiders, scorpions and more, and they didn't just politely suck off life energies to leave behind empty husks - they swallowed people *whole* because they had evolved monstrous jaws; columns of smoke permeate the air, clouds of ash and dust shrouded the town, screams echoed in nearly every street and alleyway, as children and young individuals were herded into corners and attacked, adults were picked off like ants, and those who fought back and stayed alive longer - armed town guards, spellcasting cultivators, elderly grandmasters of martial arts - became mere desserts at the end of the bloody feast.

“Ernie. I will not repeat my question.”

The teenage Wang Ji raised his hackles and growled in contempt, but the grip on the wrist went up to clutch his forearm - and a forewarning if he did not obey.

“... It's not my problem. It's his own fault because he was weak, got greedy, and fell into his own trap. I'm not feeling anything for that gramps. Or his stupid supermarket. Or this stupid town,” the teenager drawled lazily, with absolutely appallingly uncaring behaviour.

“You led him to this state. You fed him lies, made him do things he shouldn’t have, and you took advantage of him. I have evidence; your sister uploaded everything she’s seen and heard into our family cloud drive since she’s hooked up to the ‘Net,” Lan Zhan’s eyes drilled holes into the teenager, who refused to look back at him and continued to be in a state of denial.

Ernie shot his sister a dirty look, but little Ni-er was blissfully unaware, being cuddled, squashed, sat on, rolled around and straddled by two eight-year old boys on the grass like a giant soft toy. She giggled the sounds of wind chimes and crystalline bells.

“I’m not remorseful. You know that. I’m superior to Mankind, so if men are prone to being cheated and used, then that’s what they get for being born as an inferior species. I can always take advantage of people for my benefit, and I’m not going to change that. It’s encoded in my core programming,” Ernie sneered straight back at his Grand Patriarch, after letting out a rude huff at his oblivious sister - he would never ever hurt his *meimei* , and would take his emotions, his grudge, his negativity out on others *not* of his kin.

“He’s your grand-uncle,” Lan Zhan asserted his point.

“So what?!” another ugly snort from the cold black thing, defiant.

“He’s your father’s uncle.” The Grand Patriarch did not back off.

“What does that have to do with me?!” the teenager was beginning to lose his cool, and started shaking off the strong bruising grasp on his forearm, until black veiny lines started to develop on the surface of his skin. The Grand Patriarch did not relent and kept his grip.

“Master Lan Qi Ren is family. You are also my family. I don’t have to spell out what I do - and what *you* should do - if one of our family members has been hurt and disrespected.” This time, Lan Zhan stared straight into the teenager’s eyes with such ferocity, and his voice lowered with a rare tone of anger - that Ernie visibly trembled in alarm.

A couple of minutes passed - maybe longer - because Ernie lost count of time when he breathed hard, his brain went into overdrive to crunch possibilities, what-ifs and what-did-I-dos, consequences and binary zeros and ones that could never answer such a simple, organic, familial question. Cold hard logic cracked somewhere inside his programming code - again - forcing another influx of incomprehensible calculations that went beyond coding language and numerical figures to well up within the teenager and overwhelm his entire being like a gasoline thrown into a firestorm.

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Master Lan Qi Ren was absolutely devastated. He looked extremely shaken, disoriented, surrounded by the pandemonium of roaring flames, faraway screams, people nearby barking out orders to lift and carry the injured away, and inside his mind was a madness of self-inflicted insanity of how he, or even his nephew, or any respectable Gusu Lan, could even be involved in child abuse and trafficking, smuggling of weaponized creatures, usage of rape for the purpose of terrorism - and another cry erupted from *his* town, of another young man or woman that had fallen prey to incubus attack, and of

lives lost in very unpleasant, disturbing ways. His hands felt grimy and gritty after scratching the sandy dirt, he gripped his hair and nearly pulled out strands from his scalp, his appearance was an utter mess, splattered with blood and sin - he started scratching his fingers and tried to pull out his fingernails, because he thought he smelled, tasted, the metallic iron tang of blood in his hands - because at the end of the day, he brought it upon himself, he kept the monsters in and then jailbreak happened, he happily indulged in collecting land titles that were now useless, unrecognizable pieces of burnt paper in his hands because his safe had been pried open and everything inside was fireballed; while turning a blind eye to the fact that he could have - should have - visited worlds where there were children who ran in the streets without food, without clothes, lured by strangers with sweet promises of free food, to far, far away so that they could be sold off - it was utterly despicable, totally un-Gusu Lan, he is inhuman to have even ventured down that path, even while he had the capability to refute, refuse, yet he was captivated, attracted, seduced by voices telling him he could earn money, power, influence--

“... *Shu gong* , I... I’m sorry,” a cracked voice loomed from above, but the Master wasn’t looking. He stared as his hands - smeared with dirt, bloody patches from people whose ribcages were smashed at the parking lot, even the remnants of yellow custard cream from puffs sold in his now-gone business.

“... *Shu gong* , we may not have a written contract in place, but as your responsible butler and temporary assigned guardian, I... I need you to come with me. We’ll go to a better place. One that puts everything into the right context, according to the rules of the Kingdom of Qishan Lan.” The voice was firm, unwavering, but youthful. The Master looked up, and he flinched at the true appearance of the ugly black thing that opened the doors to hell for him. Ernie looked absolutely *not* like the younger version of his nephew; he was entirely black, slimy, like an octopus left out to rot in the sun for too long - rightly so, because his hands and legs were just multitudes of black shiny tentacles spewing out of a bloated white robe; he

was a shapeless mass, really, and the head was nearly indistinguishable from the body other than a fake silver hairpiece hanging somewhere at the top of a bulging protrusion with no face, no eyes, but full of rows of serrated teeth.

“Who... What are you?! You’re a *yaoguai* from hell! You’re worse than those incubi! Get away!” the old man clumsily scrambled to his feet but fell on his rump; he kicked sand and stones, trying to put some distance between him and the monster that called him grand-uncle.

A tentacle lunged from what used to be a sleeve, and it wrapped around the man’s arm. Master Lan Qi Ren cried in terror and immediately thought he was being eaten by a monster for his sins, and struggled to free himself.

“... *Shu gong* , let’s go. You need to be processed properly, down in earth. We’re taking you in,” the creature said, but it sounded like a bristly frothy snarl, and less of a human. The Master was mortified and believed he was getting a one-way ticket to hell, away from his heavenly paradise, and started yelling, cussing in fourteen different dialects, and yanking his arm against the death-grip of the tentacle.

“No! You monster! Let go of me! Let go of me! NOOOOO!”

With a resounding *fwip* !, Ernie and the Master teleported out of the scene of apocalyptic carnage in a blinding flash of white light. Little Ni-er didn’t want to be separated from her *gege* , so she followed suit, and took along the two eight-year old boys that hugged and squeezed her fluffy wormy body, in a single go.

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Lan Zhan, the Grand Patriarch of the Kingdom, stood in the middle of the deserted but wartorn parking lot, wondering if he should simply reboot the entire territory formerly owned by his uncle. The damage was widespread - especially when the escaped prisoners grew tremendously in size and scale, started to uproot trees, set the misty mountains afire, and demolished the ever-flowing waterfalls; the Cloud Recesses was being flattened, and outlying idyllic towns and rustic villages, hitherto choice locations preserved for posterity for future generations, were beginning to be annihilated from the map, and its townspeople becoming fodder for the burgeoning monsters.

He had sealed the front gates of the supermarket after the last workers of the supermarket - rightfully citizens of the Kingdom, and not of the faux Cloud Recesses built in Heaven - fled into the neighbouring Heavenly Court for safety, embedded the locks with amazing godly magic, thus preventing anyone from getting out of the enclave, but at the same time, his Heavenly Court armies couldn't get in to secure and contain the situation; heavens forbid, if the incubi should invade and strike the heart of his Palace in the skies. He didn't want to play the god-tiered hero to hunt down every last incubus - even if he had to, he wouldn't know where to start because they had started spreading in all directions like a plague; plus, he was torn between chasing down the monsters versus rescuing any lives amongst the burning rubble and debris.

Then, help came in the form of a ringing holo-phone in his pocket.

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In a grand twist of Fate, an alarming failure faced by the refugees of the war between the surviving sects and the Imperial forces, became a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to redeem themselves and gain citizenship under the Kingdom.

As expected, all hundred or so surviving disciples from the Yunmeng Jiang sect - mere teens who have not been exposed to the harsh reality nor taught advanced fighting techniques - failed one of the written exams, which is a prerequisite to obtaining a citizenship certificate. They did quite well in language, science, mathematics, literature, arts, calligraphy, music, poetry, history, geography and other typical subjects taught in school, however, all scored spectacular zeroes in the tests for reciting the over-4000 rules of the Kingdom.

At the same time, all hundred or so surviving disciples from the Gusu Lan sect - young adults who are better equipped in living a new life fraught with mind-bending new magics, technologies that require a different set of progressive thinking approaches, critical thinking and analytical skills, and massive paradigm shifts in understanding that the only constant in their new world is the much-maligned word called 'change' - too, scored As in every subject except the tests on interpreting the over-4000 rules of the Kingdom; a change of mindset was at its infancy amongst the disciples, so they still couldn't break the mould and kept to old habits, old understandings and old ways of thinking - and interpreted the Kingdom's rules using outdated Gusu Lan comprehension; for example, one must not recklessly run in the hallways not because such detestful behaviours could annoy others, but because of unseen dangers that may lurk and attract danger, such as an innocuous banana peel placed on the floor by someone with malicious intent. (True enough, many Gusu Lan disciples had sprained ankles and bruised knees because their cheeky Wei-kin wards always left banana peels

on the floor - and yet, none of them realized that this was really an exam tip; how unfortunate for the ignorant Lans!)

One way of redeeming failures from the exam - and to avoid being kicked out into the dusty void outside of the Kingdom - was to “repent, and display bravado and undying loyalty to serve the Kingdom, so that the Grand Patriarch may personally pardon the blunder of duty and status, and grant the wish of the applicant”; in other words, at the behest of the Grand Patriarch, he may request the disciples to carry out a specific military or community service, evaluate their performance, and turn around the results for their exams at his judgement.

It took an awkward phonecall, a heart-to-heart conversation between a (former) sect leader to another, and a reasonable, non-confrontational request from the brother-in-law, to ask Lan Zhan if there is anything - anything at all - that the said brother-in-law could offer as service to the Kingdom; because poor Jiang Cheng was a little miffed, a little ashamed, a little tight-lipped, and very uncomfortable, when he held his exam results report with a large ‘FAILED’ print in his hands.

“I... I don’t usually do this, *ge fu* , but I’m... a little desperate. Your help... would surely, really, absolutely, totally, be repaid with interests and multitudes. If you have anything that I can do...” Jiang Cheng’s voice trailed off over the phone, a little raspy and cracked, probably choked with emotions or held-back tears of embarrassment - surely, how would anyone even believe that a mighty Sect Leader had failed a written exam meant for highschool students!

Lan Zhan was, of course, more than elated (without an ounce of expression of his face, as usual) when he was addressed by his brother-in-law in such a

polite and respectful way, that it didn't take too long to decide - especially when a fireball exploded from his uncle's former mansion, and five twenty-foot incubus with twisted grins and snarls, marched brazenly across his line of sight and into the mountainous forests at the fringes of town.

Upon the Grand Patriarch's orders, airships will bring one hundred Yunmeng Jiang disciples along with their fully armed and magically enhanced fierce corpse guardians, and one hundred Gusu Lan disciples who have been taught how to cast powerful spells and summon their own guardians from their tassels, to the former parking lot of the destroyed supermarket.

“Jiang Cheng, I need to be honest with you; as a senior manager of our businesses in Yiling with probationary employment status, the Kingdom demands services that commensurates with your future standing in our society.

You will be tasked to lead a united team of two hundred disciples and their helpers and equipment, armed with magical golden nets provided by the Kingdom's armoury, to conduct a massive night-hunt to track and capture all escaped prisoners in this territory. This territory will be placed under a special administration status, such that mortals like yourselves can enter and move around normally, just like in any location in the Mortal Realm.

A manifest and regular updates will be sent to your phone, so that you have the complete list of monsters to catch - I'm sure you've seen the news in ErNet, this includes the incubi and an increasing number of new servants they have created using whatever they could find in these bountiful divinely lands, including undead creatures, golems and summoned vengeful spirits.

The longer you take to complete this task, the more you will have to hunt, so you need to manage this properly and finish as soon as possible.

A large flying transport in the shape of a mythical legendary gourd will arrive shortly after you arrive, and park itself where I'm standing right now. You'll only need to deposit the captured monsters into the vessel, which is strong enough to hold any kind of Dark Corrupted evil, and which will become the prisoners' new jail. When you're done, send me a text message and I'll have officials from the Heavenly Court to pick up the vessel and send the prisoners to their next destination. If you come across people who need help, then you are required to rescue them and get them to safety, which is the vessel as well."

There was a minute of silence as Jiang Sect Leader considered the well-explained, but rather challenging proposal - mankind versus incubi-kind sounded quite one-sided, really. "... So I just need to sweep up the dirt in the Cloud Recesses and the vicinity, bag up the trash in the nets, and dump them into a garbage truck, right?"

(In other words, Gotta Catch 'Em All, if parallels are drawn with a certain famous 21st-century game.)

The Grand Patriarch had to suppress a chuckle, because he didn't want to come off as rude, "You have a wicked sense of humour, but yes, that is what it is. Consider it as a valuable community service for the Kingdom, during this summer camp."

Jiang Cheng laughed audibly at the other end of the line, “Alright, I accept and thank you, *ge fu* , for giving me and these disciples another chance. I probably went overboard with forcing the kids to memorize more than 4000 rules overnight, and everyone had suffered enough with that subject, so you have my word that we will do *anything* to *avoid* having to sit for another written exam!”

This time, Lan Zhan snorted.

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It was very heartwarming to watch Jing Yi and Si Zhui reunite with their *didi* of sorts, Jin Ling, in a three-way noisy teary hug circle the moment the youngest stepped out of a tiny single-passenger airship which looked more like a 21st-century scooter with a glass bubble around it (and it puffed out cute clouds trailing behind with put-put sounds when it revs up its rather mediocre-looking engines). It was the only WeiEx e-hailing driverless ride he could afford with his meagre savings, Jin Ling said, garbed in his new white Qishan Lan robes specially made for him for this assignment, and a large rucksack hanging off his shoulder plus two wheeled luggage bags by his side, while his face was red with tears and given loving bear hugs by the other two.

Much time had elapsed, and all Tian-powered portals had been finally closed, thus cutting off all reinforcements and supply lines for the evil forces still roaming around and festering within Gusu in the Mortal Realm. However, the local gang leader - the succubi queen who made a nest in Caihong Town after the clone of Tian *shijie* was defeated - and the population of Imperial Tian monsters in the province continued to persist.

“Jin *gongzi* ! You could’ve let us know that you were coming! We didn’t talk on the phone for a few days since you were having your exams. I heard you worked part-time with Jiang Sect Leader as an assistant at day time, while studying at nights! How hardworking and diligent you are!” (cue a two-million dollar smile that rivals Wei Ying’s.)

“Don’t mind him. Jing Yi is a little jealous because he hasn’t started on the textbooks since we’re both stuck here. But he has been taking online classes through WeiTube and other platforms. We missed you so much, Jin *gongzi* , and I’m so glad to see you doing all right.”

“Y... Yeah! I studied very hard, and earned a bit of pocket money too! Although I haven’t worked before, my *jiu jiu* said I have the potential to be a star employee! Isn’t that great? And... and... don’t tell anyone, but the exams were really hard, even for me! I can’t believe that the Lans have so many rules! I passed the other papers with flying colours... well... except... err, except that one subject about rules. But that’s why I’m here! I’m going to pass this test no matter what it takes!”

Wei Ying snickered at how his princess nephew hadn’t changed much since they last met. Jin Ling was dogged in his determination to succeed in his new life, despite being marked as an illegal immigrant and therefore, could not hold any respectable job other than to be a personal assistant to his *jiu jiu* .He earn some money doing menial tasks such as sorting out mail, sweeping the uncle’s office floor, serving tea, photocopying documents, delivering goods, stocking up shelves and so on - with some one-on-ones in cultivation lessons in-between. He slowly climbed up from the bottom rung of the ladder, made some friends among the workers at his uncle’s stores, and nearly hit the next milestone when the exam results came out. Similar to others of his kind, he failed to memorize and recite the Qishan Lan’s

over-4000 family rules, and he was offered a final shot - because the Matriarch was adamant to have his nephew succeed, and nagged at the husband over the phone in their daily catch-ups (with threats of someone sleeping on the couch if the special request was not complied), until the Grand Patriarch relented.

Jin Ling, who had no privileges and was about to have his crappy status revoked, and even had to pay for his own ride because there was no government subsidy for non-citizens, was given an ultimatum - he would have to work extra hard compared to the rest, to be able to stay in the Kingdom. Thus, he was assigned to support Jing Yi and Si Zhui to clean-up Cai district, and when the barrier around it is destroyed after the defeat of the local succubi queen, the trio would have to work together and follow through with the rest of Gusu province with little or no support from the rest of the Kingdom; the Kingdom needed to withdraw its troops from Gusu so that they could be deployed elsewhere in the war-ravaged Middle Kingdom, such as the capital city of Chang'an. Jing Yi and Si Zhui had not passed through the immigration centre, so, technically, they weren't in the Kingdom's records; any victories such as the liberation of Cai district or later, Gusu, would be solely credited to Jin Ling - so that the boy could leapfrog through the Kingdom's hierarchy and become a decent, respectable and fully-acknowledged citizen.

With this, Wei Ying, Grand Matriarch of the Kingdom, and his husband, the Grand Patriarch, could finally take a break from taking care of the children, and go for a honeymoon in Gusu - at least that was the plan, initially.

Wei Ying called out to the three boys once the scooter-like transport left (it automatically returns to its depot after the fare is paid). "Okay, okay, the hugs and kisses can continue later! Si Zhui, go start on dinner! Jing Yi, take Jin Ling to his room to drop his luggage, and show him around!" he said and rose up from the picnic bench where he'd been sunbathing the whole

mid-morning while snacking on spicy buns, dried plums, potato crisps and some unhealthy junk food.

“Enn, Matriarch! Do you want to join us?” Si Zhui asked, because he is sensitive to everyone’s feelings, and thought that the *da jiu* would surely want to spend time reconnecting with his nephew.

Wei Ying nodded, “Yes, and I will have a talk with Jin Ling later. For now, I’ll cut some lotus roots from the pond and you get some spare ribs out of the underground pantry. You know what we’ll have tonight.” And a wink.

The two Gusu Lan boys beamed with happy smiles and Si Zhui started to tear up a little - Jin Ling, who hadn’t yet settled down from his long, back-breaking journey on a scooter, looked a little confused at the slight change in his welcome reception.

Notes for the Chapter:

Bringing the three children back together, and Uncle Jiang whips up a storm in the skies! :-D

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 123

Jing Yi gnawed on a crispy fried doughstick dipped in warmed soymilk, and watched with interest at a projected screen from Jin Ling's holo-phone, which was sponsored by his *jiu jiu* (because the nineteen-year old boy was too poor to own any mobile device). The two Gusu Lan disciples only had physical Weiphones that couldn't project holographic stuff unlike the more modern holo-phone, so Jing Yi - who often studied online - tended to hog the youngest's device for various reasons.

“Woah! Look at how Jiang Patriarch straddles the giant incubus' neck and wrapped Zidian around it! It's cooler than riding a horse! Twenty disciples from both sects try to hold it to the ground with ropes as thick as a man's arms! Another twenty had to fly on swords to drop the golden net from above, and that net looks really heavy! I'm so glad we weren't sent there to deal with those humongous monsters; I'd be flung far into the mountains before I could get close to any of 'em!” Jing Yi cried excitedly and kicked his feet against the picnic bench out of (increasingly) bad habit.

Si Zhui walked out from the kitchen with a platter of cut fruits and placed it on the picnic table outside their cottage; he immediately noticed a rogue drop of soymilk on Jing Yi's chin, and quickly dabbed it away with a washcloth.

“That was yesterday's livestream, Jing Yi, and Jiang Sect Leader's third catch. You missed it while attending the tutorial on 51st-century spaceships on Weibook. Jiang Sect Leader's already working on his fourth catch today,” the boy said calmly, and offered a watermelon cube skewered by a toothpick, at his fiance. Si Zhui was light-years ahead of Jing Yi in terms of wisdom and intelligence, and dutifully kept abreast with the latest news

every morning, unlike Jing Yi who preferred to study and watch his shows while eating, exercising or any other form of (disruptive) multi-tasking.

Like a pampered *gongzi*, Jing Yi's eyes were glued to the screen when he nom-noms the proffered juicy sweet morsel that actually goes well to wash down oily food, and pairs perfectly with soymilk (which ends up tasting like a pleasant smoothie). For Jing Yi, videos that showed action and violence were right up his alley, compared to his fiancée's favourites of family dramas, sitcoms and soap operas - so he didn't even flinch when Si Zhui leaned closer to give a sweet peck at the future-husband's cheeks, because he was absorbed in watching how a giant humanoid winged monster was bagged up and imprisoned into a magical gourd.

"Eeeh, don't do that in front of me, I might lose my breakfast!" Jin Ling teased the two lovebirds by sticking out a tongue, while oiling Suihua on the picnic bench. The youngest boy had taken his morning meal earlier, courtesy of Si Zhui's undying loyalty to feed the poor boy only the best - after the inaugural emotional breakdown when Jin Ling tasted a bowl of lotus root pork ribs soup and was told the story behind the recipe, Si Zhui had sworn to himself that he would always cook for the boy, for himself, and probably for all orphaned boys out there in this cruel, harsh world, who never had the chance to taste their mother's cooking.

Jing Yi was more upbeat than the composed Si Zhui, and started flirting with the youngest, "Babe, you gotta get used to us doing this, and see things in a more positive light! Si Zhui's going to be my wife so that he can be accepted into the Kingdom, and you know... I could put in a few good words for you too, raise your status in society, if you join my harem. We could start a branch of family within the Qishan Lan, grow our numbers, and become a powerful unit within the hierarchy!" Jing Yi sniggered at his own joke, and earned a toothpick-stab on the back of his hand from his fiancée.

“Hush, Jing Yi. Three does not make a harem; you’re daydreaming again. And please finish the fruits by yourself, you’ve watched too many non-educational shows today,” Si Zhui petulantly remarked and dished out his brand of gentle tender loving punishment, then picked up a grape, reached across the fiance and fed it to Jin Ling’s open-ready mouth; the youngest boy started liking getting hand-fed by the mama of their team, and hasn’t really stopped since then. Jing Yi pouted at the temporary time-out of food-based love, and knew he probably overstepped his boundaries, so he hit the ‘pause’ button and focused on his harem - no, probably his threesome.

Jing Yi spread his arms and grabbed each boy from the side, and brought them together so that he sat between them - like a real *laoban* , or in his daydreams, a harem master of sorts. Si Zhui blushed immediately, while Jin Ling yelped in (unnecessary) embarrassment, so the two continued to busy themselves by finishing a few more pieces of fruits, fed from Si Zhui’s hands straight into Jin Ling’s mouth.

“I... I... I might consider what you said,” Jin Ling stammered in-between chews of loquats and honeydew, after mulling over what had been offered - to enjoy the good food made by Si Zhui’s loving hands, and to enjoy the privileges that true Lan members will have. “... But... but you have to promise to tell only the good things to my *jiu jiu* ! If... if you say anything funny, or... if I end up back in the illegal immigrants’ detention centre, I’ll... I’ll... I’ll never, ever forgive you!” he added, and sounded arrogant, mixed with a little bit of desperation. He looked up straight into Jing Yi’s eyes and gave him an angry, determined stare. Si Zhui felt a little alarmed at the outburst, so he reached out and held one of the youngest boy’s hands to soothe any of his anxieties.

Jing Yi beamed his two-million dollar smile, charming and confident. “We’ve been pals for so long, we could be sleepin’ on the same bed and no one would even question us! Leave it to me, and I guarantee that you’ll succeed if you stick with me,” he said and puffed out his chest with pride. He looked back at Si Zhui and then at Jin Ling, then slyly announced, “Let’s seal this pact with a kiss, because it’s going to involve getting the two of you into marital arrangements with me anyway.”

Si Zhui and Jin Ling hesitated a little, but there was no one else in the courtyard of the cottage, next to the vegetable gardens and lotus ponds, hence, both boys eventually agreed and gave a sweet, timid kiss on each side of Jing Yi’s cheeks. Jing Yi’s masculinity grew tenfold at that point, with two future-wives in his arms, on that bright sunny mid-morning with blue skies.

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Wei Ying sighed and shrugged to himself, “Kids these days... have no respect for boundaries and virtues!” He watched with mild disinterest at how the three disciples frolicked on the picnic bench, hugging, touching and smooching each other like adolescents experimenting with vanilla-flavoured puppy love. Ever since Jin Ling was shipped to their cottage using WeiEx’s excellent and affordable delivery service, the two Lan boys had spent much time catching up with the youngest of the trio - they hadn’t met since the end of summer, when invasion by the Tian-led Imperial forces blocked all roads and cordoned off every surviving sect -, and had gotten very close as more than mere best buddies.

The boys didn’t have time to rest on their laurels even after fending off a small patrol of fierce corpses during dinnertime with the youngest’s first

bowl of lotus root pork rib soup - they were immediately put to hard work by the Matriarch in the days that came after; they were given strict regimen drawn up by the Grand Patriarch in heaven, which included farming, household chores, studying, cultivating and practising fighting techniques by pitting them against increasingly larger and more powerful enemies. The Kingdom began to withdraw their troops from a relatively stabilized Gusu, thus leaving the three boys to clean up after the disappearing 51st-century soldiers prominently from Wei *da ge* 's armies. It was a great opportunity for the two Lan boys to take their youngest *didi* to visit landmarks and scenic places in Gusu, in which the latter promised that he would do the same when they go to Yiling.

“Jing Yi! Si Zhui! Jin Ling! You’ve got another half an hour to rest and check your gear! We’re going after the succubus queen in Caihong Town after this, then go for a scavenging hunt there, before stopping by Caiyi Town for lunch!” Wei Ying called out at the top of his voice, from the front door of their cottage.

“I eat succubus queens for breakfast!” Jing Yi replied back with a shout, followed by snickers. His swordplay is fairly admirable at that stage, and he could slay many monsters of lower strength and ferocity.

“Hush, Jing Yi. Don’t get so cocky,” Si Zhui started to wipe down the picnic table - particularly the soymilk spills because that cocky brat couldn’t eat his doughsticks properly -, and started to fuss around to prepare their backpacks, swords, magical equipments and to check that their robes were in good order. Si Zhui acted as the group’s healer and ranged guqin attacks, and is quick good with his sword too, thus providing all the required support for a successful night-hunt from behind.

“Eh? Isn’t it the other way around? Succubus eat people, right? Does succubus meat really taste good?” Jin Ling wondered aloud, having finished polishing Suihua - which he would never use and risk any scratches, to preserve the memory of his late father; because his bow and arrows are awesome enough, when imbued with Paperman magic.

Si Zhui shot Jin Ling an incredulous look - because evidently, Jin Ling needed to brush up on his bestiary knowledge -, while Jing Yi barked out another laughter and slapped the youngest boy’s buttocks.

Wei Ying rolled his eyes at those playful youths, and returned into the cottage.

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The moment he entered the master bedroom, Wei Ying took a sidestep and narrowly avoided a wet kiss from the husband. Lan Zhan, who had hidden behind the door with the intention to sweetly ambush his spouse with a “I’m back” smooch, tumbled clumsily after missing his target, tripped over the spouse’s outstretched shin and fell flat into the bed; his puckered lips left a visible dent in the pillows.

“Naughty *lao gong* , I could smell you from a mile away. Don’t forget, I’m part incubus, so I know when there’s a horny man like you within my arm’s reach,” Wei Ying chuckled, and joined the prone husband on their bed. Soon, they lay face to face on the bed, pillowed by blankets and cushions in a nest that surprisingly smelled of the two of them, despite the husband’s earlier promises that he would only return when his mission in the Heavens

was done; evidence of just how many, and how frequent his trips back to the Mortal Realm were.

“Pants off,” the spouse ordered nonchalantly as the robes slid off from the husband’s hands, and the latter obeyed without a word. Wei Ying rummaged through the drawers of the bedside table and found their favourite massage oil. He began to oil his hands and warm them up; while doing so, he engaged in a light banter with the other man, who wordlessly pulled up his remaining undershirt until he was naked waist-down on their not-so-creaky high quality double king size bed.

“So? What kind of excuses do you have this time for playing hooky? Don’t you dare leave my little brother up there among inhuman rapists, you hear me?” Wei Ying said wryly, and started making out with the pent-up husband - Lan Zhan would never voice out his wants, but Wei Ying could hear him out clear and loud. Wei Ying peppered light kisses on the husband’s face and neck, his hands roamed the broad expanse of the muscular back, leaving light fingernail marks that doubled as a very, very welcoming back-scratches, before moving to the front to tweak manly brown-pink nipples until they puffed up - the husband nnnhs in unbridled delight at the stinging pain that sent electric shocks all over.

“Jiang Cheng is chasing his fourth target. With two hundred disciples rallying behind him, he should be fine in taking down the next few incubi, albeit a little slower than I had expected,” the husband replied in a muffled voice when he lay closer to Wei Ying’s chest to listen to his favourite heartbeat. Wei Ying was relentless in seducing the husband during the conversation, as though he, too, was greedy for pleasure, and to give pleasure to his soulmate. The younger man reached down, and the husband invitingly parted his thighs, so that Wei Ying was allowed to grab, stroke and gently play with the husband’s hardening penis, to messily twirl and braid the pubic curls out of spite - the husband nnnghs in annoyance at the

hair-pulling sensations on his pelvis -, not to forget, cupping and caressing the ballsacks in a bid to coax the built-up pressure to start pumping out their thick hot milk like an oil well - twin pockets brimming full of rich fertile seed, jiggled and lightly squeezed with tender love.

“Since there’s not much left for me to do other than to observe from a far distance... my officials requested that I get some kingly duties done in the meantime... I have a live interview next, to discuss the future of the Kingdom on Channel 897 during prime time... and a few speeches in front of my subjects in the Palace, to boost their morale and present awards... then, my assistants have scheduled a string of important videoconferences with delegates from the Andromeda galaxy, but I... I haven’t really mastered their culture and language yet... and... and...” Lan Zhan struggled to explain; he was distracted, hesitant.

Wei Ying sneaked a hand around the back of the husband’s waist, splayed it between twin muscled springy glutes, and began to knead them like dough. Within seconds, the spouse had three fingers into the husband’s buttocks, and he immediately worked his lube-coated digits to exercise the latter’s g-spot.

“And your tummy hurts, and your bladder’s full, correct?”

Lan Zhan nnnghs at the sweet burning sensations filling up his prostate, being delectably assaulted not even five minutes into his secret meeting with the spouse.

“Did you just sneak out for a toilet break to meet me, so that you’re not found out by your servants?”

No response, although reddening earlobes told otherwise. Wei Ying hummed in acknowledgement; the husband probably ran to the gents to escape an army of assistants, servants and workers demanding his attention. He knew Lan Zhan would not skirt around his responsibilities, so he wouldn’t stay more than a few minutes in the loo - which translated to a few good hours in the Mortal Realm.

“I know you’re a little stressed from work. Tell me how you’re feeling, air everything out, you’ll feel better, *lao gong*,” Wei Ying cooed in-between sweet kisses on the husband’s cheeks and jaws, while his hands continued their pleasurable magic on the husband’s increasingly excited body. Lan Zhan continued to narrate, in short, awkward sentences, what he had to face in the past few hours in heaven-time, especially the distressing encounter with his insane uncle, his errant and bullying son, the lack of time spent with his favourite daughter, the two escapee children from his pervy dreams, and the long list of activities and tasks that await him in the Heavenly Palace - nearly all of which included high-pressure meetings and public speaking events that put him in a very uncomfortable spotlight.

The tirade of succinctly-worded complaints and whining was much needed to relieve the burgeoning pressure inside the husband’s mind - talking about his own insecurities helped the man to calm down and to see things in a more positive light, especially when counselled by his own always-sunshine spouse - so much so that fully-flushed and sweaty Lan Zhan barely paused when he erupted during mid-conversation into a gentle orgasm straight into Wei Ying’s expert hands, before turning over to wordlessly demand for an ear-cleaning using his favourite worn-out bamboo earpick, another back-scratch, a foot massage, a scalp massage and so many more creature comforts. Wei Ying wanted to coddle and indulge in the husband’s childish

- but very endearing - requests, but alas, the spouse's half-hour passed nearly too fast.

Wei Ying decided that he simply should use his awesome magic to create more of himself for the husband to love.

“ *Lao gong* , I need to leave soon. Let's get you a takeaway. How many? Original or spicy? Any special flavours?” Wei Ying asked and looked at the clock on the wall, when drowsy, pleasantly emptied Lan Zhan paused a bit to catch his breath, his head cradled in his beloved's arms. In a world of their two, it was perfectly fine to regress into infancy and to be loved unconditionally - Lan Zhan could grunt and nnngh all he wanted in the bedroom, latch his lips onto the spouse's nipples and have his back patted like a baby, while listening to Wei Ying's lovely, soothing voices as the latter hummed an old Gusu lullaby and rocked their bodies along in a gentle timeless rhythm. The husband didn't even need to say anything - Wei Ying read his mind perfectly well.

“Naughty baby, you're always so greedy for your wife's love, especially when you're in a needy state like this,” Wei Ying giggled, and started to wiggle his fingers to weave an awesome spell that only the four walls of their bedroom could witness, “... coming right up, ten Wei Yings, ages from twelve to twenty-one, all of them are originals save for one spicy demon, and everyone's equipped with those 51st-century artificial wombs that you so desperately love, and one of them is a true female, because I know how addicted you are to vaginas but you never really say it out loud.”

(Lan Zhan loves Wei Ying in all shapes and sizes, and forms. They had debated, as husband and wife who respect each other, the merits and evils of having sex with a female form, and whether that would contradict the core

of their homosexual relationship - and agreed, that Wei Ying is perfectly fine to stick to his one and only husband, while Lan Zhan has a penchant to explore the delightful variations that the spouse could offer - just because Wei Ying is such an awesome spellcaster. Lan Zhan made it clear that he would never become hard for another woman, let alone another man, unless that individual is Wei Ying. However, the couple learnt since summer that Lan Zhan secretly enjoyed the pleasures of the female flesh - because the concept clicked to his compulsive behaviour of putting things 'to where it belongs' - but as long as it is Wei Ying's - which made it clearly impossible in the natural world, however nothing is ever natural for Wei Ying; Wei Ying is overjoyed, because the entire sexperimentation proved that Lan Zhan only has eyes for the man named Wei Wuxian across all boundaries and iterations.)

Wei Ying gave a sweet peck at Lan Zhan's lips, in which the latter responded in an insulted and indignant nnngh, because the spouse could unravel every last thread of the man's deeply buried secrets too easily. A second later, ten Wei Yings *fwip!* -ed and warped themselves into the increasingly stuffy bedroom.

Lan Zhan licked his lips, and spread his legs in anticipation.

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Thirty minutes were up, and it was time for Wei Ying to join the trio young disciples into their journey to liberate the Cai district, and later, Gusu.

“I’ll probably return later today, and by then you’ll be back in Heaven. Don’t forget to clock-out as soon as the space-bubble around Cai district pops open. We still have a date to the eastern beaches to visit the Scripture Rock and the remains of the Imperial warships!” he called out as he walked out of the bedroom while buttoning his shirt and tying his robes properly.

Lucky Lan Zhan was totally engrossed in his harem of ten; it didn’t matter if he was an all fours, growling and salivating like a starving beast in heat, mounting repeatedly three or more Wei Yings at the same time, of different ages and genders, whether human or demon, as long as he was making sweet love to one Wei Ying or another. He climaxed for the nth time due to the powerful demonic pheromones in the room that kept him as hard as an iron rod, and he had savoured the tightness and wetness, and deflowered ten Wei Yings lined up on his bed with their asses raised, within the span of less than a minute, tasting each individual before selecting who goes where for his sexual pleasures - it didn’t matter if he was royally fucking into someone’s hot tight womb - as long as it’s Wei Ying’s - it didn’t matter if while fucking, someone fondled his balls and added extra caresses to his genitals that sent him skyrocketing into another orgasm, because two, maybe three lovely fingers or tongues invaded his stretched-open anus and molested his prostate until that little factory of sweet fluids quivered and pumped out ejaculate endlessly to fuel his loins and burning desires - it didn’t matter if someone was giving him back-scratches, back-masages, ear-cleaning, foot massages and scalp massages simultaneously while he was busy breeding probably a nubile preteen Wei Ying underneath him, or worse (better), the much sought-after female version because he would explode immediately as soon as he was sheathed inside the clenching folds of tunnel-y flesh - wonderful penile contractions ran up and down his burgeoning, leaky arousal, his eyes rolled back, his back bent and bowed desperately to claim more thrusts, more friction, more tasty fucks, his lungs were out of breath, but it was so hard to inhale a room full of Wei Ying-scented air, because sweet someone, a Wei Ying, french-kissed him so deeply and sparred with tongues, that he was drowning in pleasure from head to toe, from mouths of both ends on his body, then a twinge of infinite excitement, his emptied balls tightened, his prostate shuddered, his tightly-

encased swollen shaft grew a bit more, a wave of sweet sweet pulses started their launch sequence from base to tip, the twitches grow wilder and wilder but he was entrapped, imprisoned in Wei Ying's sweet, sweet womb, sensuously undulating, squeezing, coaxing every single last glob to shoot out into waiting jaws inside the scabbard for his impossibly hard sword, every single last drop to ooze into demonic tongues waiting to pull apart his cockslit to vacuum air out from his balls, every single last squirt to spray into the waiting Dark, Corrupted womb with millions of tentacles, mouths, lips and tongues waiting to devour his spilling essence of wriggling babymakers.

Wei Ying hummed another folk tune as he closed the bedroom door, not really caring if the husband answered or not - he'd check the holo-phone later - and walked out of the cottage.

Lan Zhan would be left to enjoy his harem of ten Wei Yings for the day, having nine humans and one demon, nine virile young males and one fertile female, surround and pleasure him for hours on end, touching and molesting his body, playing with his nipples and stroking his growing paunch in loving circles, wherever he walked around the deserted rooms and hallways, while he loitered around the unoccupied cottage. At every opportunity, Lan Zhan indulged in his favourite pastime of tasting each Wei Ying in every imaginable sex positions in every imaginable corner of the humble abode, bent over furniture, on the floor, on the kitchen countertops, amongst vegetable gardens and farms, as long his happy penis was kept in perpetual excited, turgid state, drilling into every Wei Ying who continue to frolick and dance around him, spreading their rosebuds (and one pussy) for him to spear, penetrate and make sweet love endlessly, having naughty fingers play with his genitals until his desires rise up, relax, rise up again, relax, then rise up, up until hitting mind-blowing orgasms, but then his cockhead was lovingly peeled and foreskin pulled back, thousands of tongues licked and suckled at the hypersensitive tip until he could only moan incoherently, spewing pee and seed like volcanoes blowing off erratically, losing control of his rational thought and consciousness, before

his tired and dying penis was guided by gentle hands to enjoy the pleasures the flesh between taut thighs, someone grasped and stroked his cock until it woke up and gently, gently dipped his meatstick into someone's hole, it didn't matter what the hole looked like, dipping, dipping, deeper, dirty words whispered into his ears by ten different dirty Wei Yings and their ten sexy perverse stories, until he couldn't bear it anymore, he was shuddering, ejaculating again uncontrollably, ten shots in one lovely twelve-year old wife, another ten in another fifteen-year old wife, and he was almost in nirvana at the last ten in yet another twenty-one year old wife's pussy-rosebud, he was certain that all the Wei Yings had been properly inseminated, and that his loins had shrivelled pleasantly, numbed into emptiness and nothingness, that he was dried up as raisins and had nothing else to give except for sweet clear fluids that only men of his age can produce when he had cummed too much, too hard, too fast - before returning from his heavenly toilet break to brave the swarm of assistants, servants and workers demanding for his attention at work.

Notes for the Chapter:

Ho-hum... just cruisin' through with a bit of plot and smex.

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 124

Wei Ying tailed behind as the boys marched through forests and rolling hills towards their destination. Sure enough, he eavesdropped the hell out of the boys' mundane conversations for his personal amusement and secretly sent voice clips to the husband whom he'd rendezvous every now and then for a tasty tryst behind closed doors, and sometimes, behind wild bushes. Knowing that the Patriarch has a lot on his plate as the holy trinity of Jade Emperor - Lord Buddha - God of Mercy, like a model conscientious Matriarch, Wei Ying continued to keep tabs on the boys and made sure to inform the husband of their developments - with a generous dose of his own sarcastic opinions (or plainly put, gossiping).

“Err... Si Zhui, can we talk just for a minute?” the youngest poked Si Zhui at the shoulder blades and whispered loudly to get his attention, while their gang leader had jogged ahead, play-swinging his sword like a proud warrior about to score his first major kill.

“Sure, what is it, Jin *gongzi* ?” Si Zhui asked and slowed down, before turning around with an expectant look.

Jin Ling eventually settled to the pace of a brisk walk, then looked around suspiciously to make sure that nobody was listening - Wei Ying was more than an earshot away, and whistled innocently at passing-by birds (with Ear spells fully activated, of course). The boy huddled closer and blushed a little as he stuttered, “It's... it's about what we talked about earlier today over breakfast. I'm... I'm seriously considering what Jing Yi said about taking on a Lan surname, if it leads to a better life in the future. It's... it's not that I have any major objections to taking another family's name, really! B-B-Because I really don't want to go back to the detention centre, it's the pits over there! I've survived it, and can tell you how unpleasant it was

being locked up in a room, all alone, with four white walls! A-A-Also, the Jin family line is already lost, anyway, since the destruction of my ancestral lands... but I'm not worried! I'm a big boy now, so it's fine that I could sever ties from the old and hang on to what's really important to start a new beginning, just like what my *jiu jiu* said..." The boy's voice lowered into unintelligible murmurs, obviously too distraught to continue despite the older disciple's calm and reassuring demeanour.

Si Zhui's stride finally ground to a halt, ignoring the fact that their leader had disappeared ahead. He placed a hand on Jin Ling's shoulder, a little uncertain, but for kind reasons nevertheless, "Ummm... so, if you're fine to sign on the same marriage certificate as us, and you believe you have good reasons for doing so, what is the biggest fear that's holding you back?" Si Zhui's gaze was gentle and concerned, and he did not mind being rooted on the spot with the younger boy until the latter talked through his anxieties and found his peace of mind; Jin Ling had a penchant for being an impatient worrywart, and often showed signs of insecurity although he usually masked them with unnecessary arrogance, grandiose boasting, and eventually confusing self-contradictions.

Si Zhui continued to smile softly at Jin Ling, unfazed at the boy's ranting; he didn't need to say more - the crinkling of his eyes wordlessly told the latter that Jin Ling didn't need to explain himself too much, and to just answer the question. "Jin Ling, please say what's in your heart. What is your fear?" he nudged the boy again.

Jin Ling looked down and started to fidget with his fingers, and scratched behind his head - clearly uncomfortable with his own truth, "Um... um... I'm afraid that you... you..." again, his voice trailed off.

“Me?”

“... Don’t laugh, because I’m really, really sensitive about this... I’m afraid that... you might treat me badly as... as...” Jin Ling’s attempt was miserable, but Si Zhui was infinitely patient.

“Such as?”

A full minute probably went by as the boy tried to grasp the right words without sounding utterly silly.

“Errmm... err... the second wife! The concubine! The mistress! O-o-or, even a slave!” he blurted, then, “Auuugh! This is so humiliating!” and he looked as though he wanted to dig up a hole and bury himself into it. He crouched at Si Zhui’s legs and kept his head down into his arms. He let out another muffled, exasperated “Auuugh!”

A smile. A sigh. Si Zhui squatted so that he was at the same level as the other boy. He placed a hand lightly on Jin Ling’s forearm.

“Jin Ling, I promised to take care of the both of you - especially you. After seeing you enjoy my cooking so much, I’m tempted to stay with you and always make delicious food for you. Anyway, Jing Yi did clarify that the whole arrangement is just done on paper - once we’re proper, rightful citizens of the Kingdom, he would talk to the administrators to annul the whole thing. He wouldn’t hold out on us about what awaits in the next chapters of our lives. We can decide to break off and go our own separate

ways, or we can stick together just like his daydreams to form a little gang of our own, and carve out our own niche within the Kingdom.

So, although we merely need to act our roles to avoid being seen as deceptive in the eyes of the civil registry officials, I would never treat you badly at any point in time, Jin *gongzi*, even if you're second in line in this theatrical play on marital relationships, or later, a free man."

Jin Ling's eyes brimmed with uncried tears when he heard those precious words, and he hurriedly grabbed Si Zhui's hands in a gesture of pinky promises - all ten fingers, in fact. "R... Really? You're not lying?" he asked several times, desperate.

"Mmm. You have my word, Jin *gongzi*," Si Zhui allayed the boy's concerns with his gentle voice, "So, from now onwards, you must treat Jing Yi as our up-and-coming Patriarch, with full kindness, faith, loyalty and bend to his whims, no matter how crazy his requests are. Let's make sure that for those who have their eyes trained on us, will be convinced that both us are truly deserving Lan citizens."

Jin Ling was relieved and overjoyed at how his troubles transformed in the end to a lifelong promise of friendship and companionship, of a grand mission beyond shameful servitude, to achieve his Happy Ever After.

"And you need to step up your role as the youngest, at least through your actions, and give me the love and respect that would paint all three of us as a happy family fit to settle down in the Kingdom," Si Zhui added, then pointed at his cheek with a cheeky wink. Jin Ling hesitated for a second,

before gingerly leaning forward, squeezed his eyes shut, and finally gave a sweet peck to the older boy's face. It was such an adorable moment between the two.

Wei Ying couldn't stand like a rock forever and he was already losing sight of Jing Yi after loitering around the other two reconciling boys for a bit too long - plus he felt giddy from a sugar overdose after watching the irredeemably saccharine display of affection - so he deliberately stepped on a dried twig and rudely cleared his throat; the noise startled them to rise up and hurry off to their future husband's side; it was a subtle way of ingraining discipline into the kids to follow the footsteps of the First Fathers, after all; Wei Ying sometimes wondered if he would ever get the chance to witness the true birth of a new harem in their family.

Birdsongs followed the quartet, including foreboding crows cawing too - Wei Ying did not recognize those crows and thought that perhaps they were from the native wildlife - or maybe not.

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Lan Zhan had just completed a series of exhausting photoshoots in a studio set up in his Heavenly throne room - he'd tried out tens of regal, over-the-top and very luxurious, colourful vibrant, and sassy robed garments that his designers hoped would make it for next year's Spring Collection -, before he was shuttled away to preside over a bodhi tree-planting ceremony at the Palace's courtyard; his servants thought it would be a wonderful idea to have their Emperor featured on the covers of periodicals and magazines, along with environment-friendly and holy messages in large print.

He was already nodding off a little (his nether regions had gone to sleep earlier), while standing stiffly with a classic metal watering can next to a bunch of planted seedlings, when the crowd - mostly servants from the Palace dressed in uniforms and wealthy-looking clothes - applauded politely and everyone sported picture-perfect smiles in front of the press.

Then, unexpectedly, there was a series of bangs and clangs, followed by a rush of footsteps and angry shouts of palace guards running across the nearby thriving royal vegetable patches.

“Stop them! They’re getting away!”

“How did they get out?! There’s no way the barrier was dispelled, or that the watch towers did not spot the intruders, unless the leader is a very powerful magician!”

“Oh no! They’re heading towards the back of the Palace! Quick, call the head of security to close off all palace doors and gates!”

“Look at the way they’re running, it’s as though they know where to go and how to avoid the guards! What... what’s at the back of the Palace? No one hardly goes there since it’s a scrapyard full of trash and debris from the previous administration.”

“Oh my goodness, the Well! The Well that leads to the Mortal Realm is over there, and there isn’t anyone patrolling that area right now!”

His Majesty, the Great Emperor Lan, was shocked at what he heard and immediately dropped the meaningless watering can to the dirt ground. He was about to sprint to the source of the commotion when more servants appeared from the side and called for his attention.

“Your Majesty! Please, to the grand front doors, and let these guards deal with the perpetrators at the back of the palace! We urgently need your presence at the main front halls - strange, ethereal doppelgangers have appeared, and they demand to see their family members which they think are imprisoned in some kind of dungeon here!” the celestial servant pleaded with a kow-tow, extremely afraid that he may have offended the Emperor and would have his head severed within a second.

“... Explain,” Lan Zhan felt frazzled and harassed, but he needed to keep his composure especially in the eyes of zillions of viewers who were watching the disrupted tree-planting ceremony via ErNet.

The servant bowed even lower than before, until his forehead touched the freshly tilled earth, “Your Majesty, a man who looks like you and claims to be the true Gusu Lan Master, the true Grandmaster of the Qishan Lan, and Ruler of all Realms... seeks an audience with you, and beside him is... is... your highness’ brother, Great Master Lan Xi Chen in his teenage years! This lookalike says that his adopted son has gone missing a few days ago, and he has followed the trail until here. Great Master Lan Xi Chen testifies that he knows through ineffable means that his younger brother has gone the same way too. We tried to interrogate them for more information, but their origins elude us, and they refuse to divulge anything else.

We... we really don't know what to do! They look quite imposing and scary in the main halls, and demand to talk to the master of the palace. Our scanners could not identify them, let alone detect their presence... it's as though they're... incorporeal... like... the air or the wind, having even infinitely lesser energies or material than ghosts and spirits! We're really at our wits' end, because they're walking through walls looking for you, and all palace servants are panicking while trying to chase them down!" the servant cried as he curled into a tighter ball, expecting a hefty punishment, the Emperor's wrath, in the form of a missing limb or a blade on the neck.

A few beads of sweat rolled down Lan Zhan's temples. He truly wanted to place a palm on his face, but he really shouldn't. The scores of reporters and the media's cameras continue to record and livestream the extraordinary turn of events from the sunny palace grounds.

.

"This... this is strange!" Jing Yi cried as he ran across overgrown farmlands with a standard issue Compass of Evil in his hand. The needle spun wildly in circles, but pointed to nothing in particular. Si Zhui and Jin Ling too, stumbled around the uneven ground - Jin Ling's clothes were splattered in mud when he tripped over some mounds and pulpy unearthed soil, while Si Zhui's boots were covered in mud when he stepped into weed-covered half-dug holes filled with brown muck; apparently the farmers that lived on the fringes of town were devoured so quickly, that the farm work was left half-done.

"But my compass points that way," Si Zhui calmly announced, while facing the opposite of Jing Yi.

“That’s not right... look at mine! It’s telling me to go that direction!” a confused and irritated Jin Ling pointed at a vague mountain that lay somewhere between the two older boys’ orientations.

Wei Ying hissed as another crow swooped down and made a grab for his hair, “Why do these birds keep attacking me?! Is it because of my Dark aura? Auuugh! Let go!” he yelled as a swarm of noisy caws descended upon him and pecked at his robes. He ran helter skelter in the direction opposite of Jin Ling as the annoying crows drove him further away from the boys. “This is not good! You need to retreat and regroup! Help your Matriarch get rid of these birds first!” Wei Ying yelped as claws scratched at his cheeks and hands.

The trio did not seem too concerned, because the crows looked absolutely normal and did not emit any evil presence.

“You could’ve disturbed them while on the way to Caihong, that’s why they dislike you so much. There aren’t many of them, and they’re probably from the same family,” Si Zhui shouted back above the din; he did witness the Matriarch climbing up trees to search for unguarded bird nests when the trio took frequent breaks, and even took a few shots at the crows that followed them, by throwing pebbles (a big no-no, Si Zhui had advised the man, because being cruel to animals usually brings back bad karma).

“Yeah! Our compasses are literally vibrating and warning us to be prepared! We’ve no time to spare for bird-hunting, and we have to be on our toes right now!” Jing Yi took a ready-stance and drew his sword, because his compass informed its owner that great danger lay ahead.

Jin Ling was torn in a conflict - on one hand, he felt he should help his *da jiu* , however he was deathly afraid that if he turned around, something lurking in the surrounding hillside bushes could ambush from behind and drag him to an unsavoury end. “ *Da jiu* ! Please look after yourself, since the crows are harmless and are from the woods anyway! Each of us need to deal with an evil presence greater than mere scavenger birds!”

“Don’t you get it?! You’re being separated, and that’s not normal succubus queen behaviour unless there’s several of them working together as a pack! You’re not ready to take on such insurmountable odds despite what the leaderboard says! Don’t bite more than you can chew!” Wei Ying berated as much as he could before being silenced by feathers from dive-bombing birds stuffing themselves into his mouth; he tumbled unceremoniously to the ground when the foul fowls flapped at his legs, and he coughed and choked simultaneously at an increasing sense of restlessness in the foggy air, filled with vengeful feelings, and vicious winds that whipped up clothes and hair into a mess.

“Well, I’m ahead of everyone else with at least thirty succubus kills under my belt, so what’s a few more? Please, just sit back and watch how we handle them, Matriarch! You’ll be so proud of us later!” Jing Yi shouted back confidently back from a far distance with uncharacteristic haughtiness, and at that point, Wei Ying felt an unusual dread run along his spine. The Matriarch was royally pissed off at how ignorant the kids were at their dire situation - and the fact that they’ve left him to deal with the crows by himself -, and for a brief moment, he growled out in exasperation, wanted to find a way to deflate Jing Yi’s ballooning ego and knock back some sense into him. Jing Yi thought he was undefeatable - a fallacy of youth - and that vibe seemed to resonate well with the other boys.

The skies outside the town of Caihong turned murky instantly, followed by flashes of lightning and thunder crashing, hurricane-like winds lashed at the landscape with surprising ferocity - it looked as though a huge rainstorm had formed overhead, churning the air around until bits of dirt and grass flew everywhere, fuelling a ominous sensation of wickedness, hatred, noxious with murderous intent. It was a scene that was all too familiar for the man who rules the roost for Dark Corruptive magic.

Suddenly, a string of *fwip* ! sounds made their way into the farmland that they were in. Wei Ying nearly gulped down smelly jet-black plumage when he found himself staring at a pair of painful-looking high heels adorned with dragon claws and golden scales. The crows flew off, upset at being denied the chance to inflict further insult onto their target, but continued to circle above and croak their ugly song of ear-grating cawing and rattling. He looked up, covered with dirt smudges, and his eyes narrowed instinctively.

“You... I don’t want to fight with you,” Wei Ying rumbled, as he cautiously backed away and rose to an upright position. One of his hands reached for his golden flute, ready to pull out that world-shattering instrument at a moment’s notice.

Tian *da jie* - the original sinful female that he knew too well, standing at eight feet tall -, garbed in her finest Far, Far West costume and armed to the teeth with strange, twisted foreign ornaments, armour and weapons including the *real* Heavenly Dragon Sword, stood before him with her arms akimbo. She wasn’t in her succubus form, therefore without horns, fangs, claws, wings and tail - which made her even more frightening to look at in the eyes of one who knew very well what *billions* -year old females could do without the pizzazz and bling-blings.

“Hello, my foster *didi* . It’s been a while,” she said, her voice low and cold, terrifyingly calm and calculated - with a hint of hisses and snarls that resonated with the serpentine language of the Dark kind, “We got bored being locked out of our little virtual playground when the portals were closed by your husband’s men. So we’ve come to pay a little visit to our dearest youngest brother, who is having a blast in what used to be our turf. I hope you don’t mind.”

Tian Second Sister emerged from behind some trees - her dress oozed of snakes and reptilian themes, and her forked tongue was unmistakably unforgettable, along with her humongous milk jugs. “Bratty boy,” she greeted him, “You really should come back to our nest to visit your foster great-grandparents once in a while, even just to drop by and say ‘Hi’. Because if you don’t, we’ll take you home if we have to.” Her threat was real, and her gloved hands wiggled with excitement and immense crackling of electric energy between the fingers.

Wei Ying stumbled away to try and put some distance in between - and found himself swallowed up into a warm pocket of body fat and warm bounciness. Two large hands encircled his waist and imprisoned him tightly against Tian Third Sister’s abdomen, who came out of nowhere - her bosom was huge, and she was exceedingly curvy and voluptuous that for a moment, Wei Ying thought he’d walked into a giant wall of spongy fluffy clouds. He meep’ed and didn’t dare to look up at the looming woman’s visage from above. “Oh, my sweetie *didi* , have you been eating well? You seem to have a bit of a belly down here, but the rest of you is still skin and bones! Let this *jie jie* take care of you, alright?” the gentle words, described in a sweet, melodious voice, sounded silly coming out from a witch of gigantic proportions, but he couldn’t find a trace of humour when inch-long fingernails rubbed his tummy slowly, but roughly like kneading a lump of tough dough, and it didn’t feel so good.

Elsewhere, Jing Yi, Si Zhui and Jin Ling faced the remaining five Tian sisters, but they did not know who they were up against. Jing Yi snorted arrogantly and declared that the new arrivals looked more human than anything else, with the lack of monstrous body parts and magical aura - he assumed they were fighting some kind of female human soldiers or watered-down versions of evil -, and so, they wouldn't have problems dealing with the enemy.

“Si Zhui, Jin Ling! I'm taking down three kids over there... they look like children and teenagers to me! Each of you take one of the remaining two adults, they look like capable soldiers but I'm sure you can fight them on your own! Make sure you grab their equipment when you beat them up, because those nice weapons and armours look really exotic and could fetch a high price at the smithy!” he barked out his battle formation and divided the spoils of war even before the skirmish began.

Si Zhui obeyed without question, and whipped out his guqin. He sent several powerful blue sonic waves as he pursued his target into the forests that surround the farmlands. Jin Ling was a little unlucky, as he tripped over a stone and fell on his rump. The Tian female who looked slightly older than him, licked her lips and screeched with delight at the sight of such a cute babyfaced boy trembling with fear. The boy squeaked, lost his courage, and ran for the hills in a high-speed chase.

Jing Yi, unrepented and foolishly brave enough to take on a seven-year old and her two adolescent older sisters, alone, swung his blade menacingly at the girls. He gave a crooked smile meant to intimidate them, and loudly announced, “You're not succubus queens or even princesses, so you don't scare me! Little girls like you should stay at home and not be out and about playing naughty with a *gege* like me... so drop those weapons and put your hands above your heads!”

Tian Sixth, Seventh and Eighth sisters eagerly dropped their fake throwing knives, daggers and homemade slings - to Jing Yi's triumphant glee, because he believed he'd bagged three victories without breaking a sweat, what more child soldiers that he could easily pummel to the ground if he needed to. However, the three girls wiped the grin off his face when they started casting never-seen-before spells and their clothes magically disappeared right before his bulging eyes.

Notes for the Chapter:

Bringing in the big guns...! And I'm out of idea again even though every character has made their appearance in one way or another.

In case there is another hiatus, I'll switch the fic to 'Completed' status and put some comments below to give y'all a heads up. This arc is becoming very lengthy, twisty and labourious due to many breaks in-between, so I plan to stuff everything in and see what pops up later. I want to say that the end is nigh, but I'm still so far away from doing anything worthwhile with Wangxian...

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 125

Lan Zhan was in a terrible bind - his tightly-packed schedule was in disarray because of one additional unexpected meeting; his servants, including his best clones, were dismal in their performance to take care of matters during his absence, to his dismay; his holo-phone buzzed nonstop and he knew the spouse would give him an ass whooping if he didn't answer the calls immediately; he was overtly concerned that something had happened to his spouse and their three boys - and yet, he had to remain composed in front of two guests - one who looked exactly like him, but much better, more masculine, more godly and more handsome in every aspect; the other was his older brother in his teenage years, which made his head spin in utter confusion of how messed-up the situation was.

In a spur of the moment and probably due to a lapse of judgement, he told his servants to clear his schedule, call off further kingly duties, and cancel any other engagements for the next few heaven-hours - to the bewilderment of his officials, because no Emperor should abscond from his throne and responsibilities with such immediacy - and he knew he would drown in remorse or be forced to sleep on the couch for this - he *switched off* his holo-phone because he could not tolerate its distracting buzzing while facing what could be the encounter of his *life* .

A lowly servant hastily set up a sparse but tastefully decorated private meeting room with a low table in the center, and some ornamental plants and expensive pottery in the corners. Atop the table, a tea set was prepared, and several plates of snacks were arranged meticulously according to size, colour and shapes. As soon as the servant left, Lan Zhan took a moment to size up the visitors from another world - an alternate Lan Wang Ji dressed in white Gusu Lan robes embroidered with slightly different cloud patterns, and a younger version of Lan Xi Chen, who looked the same as he remembered around the time he lost his mother, long, long ago. Apparently,

this Lan Xi Chen does not recognize Lan Zhan, because he kept glancing back and forth between the two men with confusion starkly visible on his face.

The other Gusu Lan master turned to the side, and politely placed a hand on the teenager's shoulder, "This is a discussion between adults. Go and wait outside."

The boy did not question the order - such an exemplary Lan disciple, indeed -, and he bowed with folded hands at the front, "Enn. *Shi fu* (师父; master), please help to find my younger brother soon."

A couple of palace guards barged in, seemingly summoned by psychic means, and escorted the teenager out of the room. A few moments after he left, there was a loud bang, then a *fwip* ! sound, followed by an empty whoosh of air.

The Gusu Lan master sighed, and shook his head in disappointment. He sat down on a cushion by the table and made a graceful, but restrained, sweep of a hand; his hair and sleeves floated, buoyed by invisible breezes surrounding his figure. The teapot levitated, swirled the brew within, and tipped over a little - enough to pour a precise stream to fill two cups to the perfect amount without splashing any drops.

"Your mind is not at peace, and you are making rash decisions. Was it right to send him to a detention centre? Locked up in the same room as your uncle who has been labelled as a deranged man?"

Lan Zhan was taken aback by the Gusu Lan master's words - which were his, not only because they sounded like him, but also because that was the order wordlessly given to the guards, and that the order was made while he hadn't completely come to a satisfactory decision.

Your brother believes he's in a lucid dream, and he is too young to control what he feels and does while in slumber; so he will simply obey what he hears. That boy is innocent in our conflict, knows nothing else other than that he fell asleep during my tutorial, was informed that his younger sibling had run off somewhere, and that he walked with me in this dream-like state to locate that missing sibling.

Down there in the Mortal Realm, Lan Xi Chen would remain in his caged room out of respect for an old man seemingly suffering from dementia, however, there will come a point where he is unable to bear the man's ramblings, and escape undetected just as what has happened to my A-Xian and his A-Ji. Even Ernie and Ni-er cannot locate them; I know this, because we are Dream-kin - we do not exist, we are purely ethereal, we cannot be captured, we cannot be chained, we are free, yet we walk the same grounds as you, we eat the same food, we speak the same language, we live lively lives, just like you.

Lan Zhan sat stiffly opposite the Gusu Lan master and crossed his legs upon a purple cushion, as his mind reeled from hearing his own voice talking to him through psychic means. The master was conversing with him silently - a brilliant move, given that some reporters who attended the tree-planting ceremony milled about the halls, perhaps listening through walls or waiting for the perfect opportunity to jump and clinch a great interview. The man cannot be taken lightly, his instincts told him, because he seems to know the inside outs of the palace, or even the Kingdom.

While he tried to decipher the new term he heard - “Dream-kin” - and processed the logic behind the conundrum of how characters from dreams, or dream-folk (was there really such a term?), can be physical and real - even sitting in front of him, magically serving two cups of tea -, he politely replied, then asked, “Your keen sense of the current situation is admirable. You speak of my anxieties. You know what I have not revealed. Who are you?”

The master gestured with an open palm to invite Lan Zhan to partake the steaming cup of tea, and said, “I am you, and you, I. We are the same, one mirror image staring at the other.”

-- except that I'm merely a figment of your imagination, part of your dreams and undoubtedly, your nightmares as well. I know your present needs and wants, your deepest secrets buried beneath those layers of past memories, your bright wishes for the future. Where we diverge is that I know, I can - while you do not, can not.

The master smiled - something that Lan Zhan knew he should reciprocate out of courtesy, but he couldn't, since it wasn't his habit. Instead, he focused on taking a delicate sip. His brows furrowed; the tea tasted like orange juice, and it was refreshingly chilled... and he thought he bit into some juicy orange pulp when there was only clear golden-brown liquid and a few tea stalks inside the cup.

Lan Zhan had to attribute the strange sensory experience to magic, but he couldn't put a finger to it. “Explain,” was what he could manage with another sip.

You see me as an apparition, intangible in this reality; untouchable, unreachable, made from thoughts, feelings and deep-seated hopes and fears. If there are tears, I am that agonizing sadness. If there is laughter, I am that fleeting happiness. If there is confidence, I am the reason that voices out from within one's brave heart. If there is fright, I am the imaginary unseen shadow lurking at the back of the mind. If there is calm, I am that sense of satisfaction and fulfillment that encompasses your well-being. If there is uncertainty, I am the one who holds your answers, and I am the light at the end of the tunnel. If something is missing, I am waiting for you in the next room, with the item that you desire, right in my hands.

Therefore, I know.

I am an individual from your dreams, living in a world that, you thought, resides in your slumber. On the flipside, I am my own and your reality is merely a dream for me, until the farthest corners of the universe, the last thread, the final particle or droplet of matter and energy. Everything in this realm, this universe, can be moulded and shaped according to my whims and desires, just like how one can play in his playground made of dreams. The implications are probably beyond a god's comprehension, let alone a mortal.

Therefore, I can.

“Suffice to say, we are supreme leaders of our own worlds, rulers of our own countries, heirs to our legacies, and rightful leaders for our people,” the master clearly laid out his position. Lan Zhan, on the other hand, was a little shaken - he found himself sitting upside down on the ceiling, along with the table and the served beverage. The rest of the room and decor remained upright, dreadfully far below him because the room did have a high ceiling.

A blink of an eye later, he was back to where he was - gratefully, on the solid, cushioned floor.

Lan Zhan frowned to ward off an oncoming headache. He needed to deal with this quickly and return to his other, more immediate, tangible predicaments. “Then what brings you here, and what do you expect of me and my Kingdom’s subjects?” he asked, straight to the point.

Just as you desperately want to return to your present concerns and family, so do I. In my world, a wonderful magical Happy Ending is in the making. I would like to retrieve my beloved family members, so that we may wake up in our beds, on a bright, beautiful Sunday morning, and forget this nightmare of having my wife and my children endure separation from each other, has ever happened. Hence, --

“-- I am seeking the permission of the owner of this world, to conduct a search and to reclaim my kin - two missing children who passed this place not too long ago, along with another one who truly knows this realm, such as the existence of the Well that connects two worlds. You know who I mean, and I hope you don’t mind.” The Gusu Lan master daintily picked up a dried plum from the plate, and at the first bite on the chewy, wrinkled, and sweet-sour exterior, the bite-sized morsel blossomed and plumped up into a fresh ripened plum fruit. Lan Zhan’s breath hitched.

You are wondering what are the ramifications if you outright deny this request - the answer is simple: I will simply take what I want, then reboot your entire Kingdom using my own Universal Reincarnation spell. I will become you, and you will dissipate like the last traces of sleepiness at five o’ clock at dawn. Your world is plainly a dream to me, and I can recreate it any time between the hours of sleep and wakefulness. Having said that,

having Xi Chen imprisoned in the immigration processing centre is no deterrent to us, when we can etherealize ourselves, move through your world unhindered, and make it into a playground of our own dreams.

Lan Zhan was at a loss for words; he could not really fathom how to even get out of this insanely powerful man's grasp, other than to agree to the demands - which seemed rather reasonable when weighed against the consequences. "I thank you for your respectful act to request my permission. It truly speaks the dignity of one leader to another. By my grace, it is granted," he calmly responded with a slight bow, and plucked a piece of dried plum from a pile on the plate. When he bit into the rubbery flesh, he winced - it was very sour inside, and coated with pure white sugar on the outside. He quickly washed it down with the orange-flavoured tea.

Lan Zhan was about to rise from his seat to invite his twin of sorts to a diplomatic tour around the palace grounds, since the earlier chasing and running between and through walls shouldn't constitute as a formal welcome to the leader of a new species, at least in the eyes and ears of the snooping media - however, he found that his legs wouldn't move. A plate of *guazi* on the table emitted puffs of smoke for a few seconds - to the alarm of the emperor, because he thought the food was on purposely set on fire and heavens forbid, that he may lose his castle in the sky due to attempted arson - but miraculously, when the smoke cleared, Lan Zhan was surprised again when a plate of tasty honey roasted sunflower seeds made its debut in place of the classic snack.

"There is another request, one which touches upon confidential topics such as commerce, politics..." the plate was gently nudged towards Lan Zhan, an invitation to give it a try.

A handful of roasted seeds later - which tasted absolutely heavenly, because Lan Zhan's distinguished palate could identify more than seven types of flavourful nuts perfectly matched with each other in every crunch, despite the homogenous appearance -, realizing that he had to see to the end of the conversation since he was trapped sitting on the purple cushion anyway, he curtly said, "Speak."

"For too long, our world - *the stuff that makes your dreams* - has been the subject of your people's intrigue, fascination, entertainment, even ridicule, to some extent," the master remarked, and was very careful to mention only what needed to be heard by outsiders, but kept the details silent, except for Lan Zhan.

-- especially when viewed with voyeuristic intentions through the pornographic and adults-only television channels that you have so generously set up to rack up your view counts in ErNet. We have access to that Net using our own means, so we know what is going on beyond our world. We've put on very good shows for you and your people across countless channels, did you enjoy them so far?

The master cleared his throat innocuously, and took another polite sip from his teacup. His expressions did not indicate any surprising flavours in his brew.

"Moreover, your Kingdom exploited our natural resources by regularly taking our people away, particularly those that fell through the cracks of society... well, like a colony should, anyway," *Using powerful magics, you realize them into material entities, to physically manifest in your reality with some modifications and controls in place. Then, you turn them into expendable battle slaves and manual labourers to drive your Kingdom's*

incessant expansion and war machineries. We know what goes on for each of our own citizens and their fates, even beyond our world; to date, five individuals currently in your Kingdom have not been affected this way - myself, Xi Chen whom, regrettably, you've teleported to an immigration detention complex without my consent, my adorable A-Xian and his sweet A-Ji who have escaped their prison in Yiling and have gone missing even as we speak... and, finally the kids' stepmother.

“... Wei Ying?” Lan Zhan whispered and was rudely cut off by a hiss from the other man. Lan Zhan quickly pursed his lips so that he would not rouse suspicion from anyone, not even the servants who waited just outside the doors to refill the food and drinks.

There was a barely felt rumble, then the room tilted slightly and every piece of furniture began to slide to the side. Poor Lan Zhan was still stuck to the cushion and despite his best efforts, his buttocks remained glued to the sloping surface; a few toasted nuts and sweet candies rolled off the plate and into his robes; a puddle of spilled tea trickled dangerously close to the table's edge, threatening to gush straight into his pants. The master, however, remained unaffected - even his hair, his denser facial hair and clothes were firmly rooted to his strangely unmoving center of gravity. It seemed emotions that affected the master could cause their reality to physically warp and bend around itself, Lan Zhan thought.

That would be the loathsome Uncle Wei, who cleverly turned into his incubus form before he was shipped here along with the rest of the slaves you've harvested from our world. He evaded the transmutation spells and remains as powerful and uncontrollable as he has ever been in his original form. Now he roams free somewhere in the Mortal Realm below, soaring through the skies with the escaped ones, and I can imagine they're wrecking havoc with their sins and their inherent capabilities to brainwash, charm and persuade people of your Kingdom to serve their evil cause.

Another blink of an eye later, the room returned to its original position. Lan Zhan breathed a sigh of relief when the spilled orange-flavoured tea did not manage to careen off the table.

Lan Zhan gave a thoughtful pause, cautious in maneuvering the fine line between vocalizing his intention without giving too much away to anyone who might be eavesdropping the meeting room. “It is troublesome, indeed, and I cannot deny what you’ve claimed of our Kingdom’s wrongdoings to have contributed to such detestable modern-day slavery and human trafficking. I do not condone such behaviours and will endeavour to right what is wrong. Please, let me hear your second request,” he replied, and was eager to get to the crux of the issue.

The master smiled at yet another sip - Lan Zhan realized belatedly that the twin had not refilled his ceramic vessel although he himself had done so twice; the master’s cup seemed unusually everflowing -, and clearly announced, “To recognize my world as a sovereign nation of free-willed men and women, and to acknowledge that my family and my people as an entirely different, liberated species related to yours. We will continue to have ties that bind us to a common past, a shared origin, and a mutually beneficial future for both our kinds.”

Lan Zhan couldn’t yet accept the proposition - his empire had always conquered others and subjugated, then absorbed the losing side so that it could grow in size, fortune and prosperity; there had been very few cases where the empire partners or co-exists with another. “What if the Kingdom perceives this as a threat?” he asked.

I can easily possess you, take over what is yours, and be the next ruler of your Kingdom. I can weave your realms like pieces of colourful fabric into any garment to suit my tastes; simply because we're the same person, and your world is merely a drop in an ocean of dreams for me. Even if you mount a counterattack, my people outnumber yours, because any living being in the Kingdom that is sentient, thinks, has feelings and emotions - and dreams - has its mirror image in my nation, each creating his or her own world, and multiple complex layers of worlds, encapsulated within my rule.

However, in this particular dream where you and I are talking over a cup of tea in your palace, I am a humble leader of the people for my genteel nation, and wish to co-exist peacefully in an ecosystem of wonderful creatures, worlds, cultures and societies under the virtuous kindness and love that your Kingdom shall offer.

“There is no threat at all, unless I become your greatest nightmare. Am I right?” the master stated - not really asking for an opinion - and raised his cup in a toast, before downing the same cup that mysteriously refused to empty.

Lan Zhan looked at the tabletop, hoping that the other man did not see the flash of apprehension on his face - and realized that half of the plates of snacks had been emptied from the earlier reality-bending act. Another blink of an eye, and the plates were replaced by silver platters of seasonal and expensive imported fruits. He was, ironically, a gracious host that was served by the whims of his inscrutable guest, so he had no choice but to pick a red-orange cherry, and popped it into his mouth without the stem. Shockingly, it tasted like sweet, milky chocolate and had no pit. He sighed, and understanding dawned upon him that he would hardly have any normal food with the master around, because the latter kept twisting his senses and the reality around him like a predator toying with its prey. He was resigned

to the demands of the master, and remarked, “You have made your point. I will talk to my administrators and generals to do the necessary. Are there any issues that require my immediate attention and action, because such negotiations and legal processes will take time?”

The master put his cup down, and leaned a bit to the back in relaxation, with a knowing smile that he had captured victories in a single meeting with the most powerful man in the Kingdom of Qishan Lan. He raised a hand and began counting his fingers, “I ask for free and improved access to ErNet. You know how awful the bandwidth is in the backwaters of your Kingdom, such as my nation.”

-- and a royalty fee for viewing our private lives, and as payment for any damages, grief and humiliation forced upon my people in the past. As soon as I have my entire family safe in my arms, those free-to-air channels will go live once again and you may continue watching our shenanigans and theatrics, for the sake of your amusement if nothing else.

Lan Zhan decided not to try any more of the food served on the table; his stomach felt queasy due to the conflicting information he was getting through his senses. “Mn. Agreed. I will make sure an ErNet sales representative will get in touch with you soon to discuss the rates and other contractual matters,” he drank his orange tea, and wondered distantly how to break the news to his subjects - that soon, people have to be taxed to pay for their nightly bedtime dreams. He could probably ask his chief accountants to think of creative ways to solve the problem.

A second finger went up, “In recognition of the harmonious relationship of our kinds, I will agree to send men to aid your cause, but only through

politically and culturally acceptable manners that do not violate any basic universal rights and that fairly compensates our sacrifices.”

Lan Zhan heaved a sigh of relief, because he was worried that he’d lose an important source of endless cannon fodder, human replacement parts and cheap labour. The Kingdom had more than enough funds to buy entire worlds and their inhabitants, anyway. “Mn. That can be done. I will ask the administrators in the Heavenly Palace to contact your town councillors to discuss and formalize migrant working arrangements, draw up proper labour laws and establish committees and labour unions to facilitate the process,” he promised.

“Is there anything else?” he asked, and wiggled his toes beneath the table; he still couldn’t pluck himself off the cushion; somehow, the emperor was immobilized by his twin in the room.

“About A-Chen...” the master started, and raised three fingers.

Lan Zhan sighed and seemed to gain some confidence when it concerned the other person that he knew very well, “He will be teleported back here in an instant, once our meeting is concluded. As much as I regretted my actions, I cannot have a minor hanging around the palace halls while official functions are in progress.”

The master held up a hand, and Lan Zhan raised an eyebrow.

“There is no need to let him in here. I will visit Yiling myself, and see to A-Chen’s needs in a short while. While, I’m there, I could also meet his roommate; your uncle may be pacified if he hears a few apologetic, logical and meaningful words from my mouth, because I’m a certified psychologist, believe it or not,” the man offered as a friendly tribute to the emperor, although his verbose telepathic words said much more.

-- and because I know you will simply clam up from the ingrained discipline of never talking back to an elder, let alone one who constantly rambles and swears at you; which is something that I can overcome but not you, since I am your superior self - admit it, Wang Ji.

I will find a place to stay together with my family once I’ve taken A-Chen out of detention and rounded up the rest of my family. We will probably stay in the ‘Mounds if the rental is too expensive in the city. Be prepared that I will convince your uncle to relinquish his ill-gotten gains and properties to my name. Just so you know, that beautiful patch of land with misty mountains, clear blue lakes and lush valleys filled with blooming flowers, farms and orchards, looks eye catching enough for me. Consider this as a payback for the inconveniences that I have faced, and a lesson for you to be careful of what you dream of, and wish for, in the future.”

Lan Zhan didn’t want to come to a stalemate by refusing to give up a tiny percentage of his fortunes to his newfound, unnervingly cunning twin of sorts, so he agreed with a final “Mn”.

With no impasse or risks of stalled negotiations in sight, the master stood up, gestured with a respectful bow with folded hands at the front, and wished the emperor well, “I thank you for welcoming my people and I into

your Kingdom, your highness. I am sure that my family, once I catch ‘em all, will have a memorable vacation in the Mortal Realm soon.”

Lan Zhan was about to let the superior twin leave the meeting room, when he caught a glimpse of sunlight filtering through some window panes; he remembered distinctly that he arrived in Heaven early in the day, and the shadows were beginning to slant a little - he hadn’t kept watch of the time due to his busy schedule, and he was briefly worried about the things that happened elsewhere *besides* Heaven.

“Do not worry, as long as I’m around,” the master gave a knowing look while maintaining a respectful bow. Lan Zhan wasn’t sure what he meant - but the master added anyway, “Because I *know* ... and I *can* .” There was a tone of conviction bordering egotism, and it made Lan Zhan a little uncomfortable.

The master discreetly teleported out of the room with a barely-felt *fwip* ! - a hallmark of elegant mastery of phase-shifting magic, unlike the crude and loud lightning and thunder and the annoyingly bright blinding flashes of light that the emperor or his spouse had to resort to.

Lan Zhan was left in a bit of a lurch after that last mysterious bit of the conversation; he had a feeling that the implications were beyond mere words, though he shouldn’t mull over them aimlessly. He sat by the table for a few more minutes to collect his thoughts after such an eventful encounter, and finished his tea - the effect of ever-flowing liquid ceased once the master left. He had to haul up his ass with much effort, because his legs needed time to recover from the powerful immobilization spell, and when he left the meeting room, he was seen limping away by alarmed guards; the gaudy purple plush cushion stubbornly stuck to his clothed

buttocks and needed a team of servants perform a spectacular human tug-of-war to rip it off his gold-embroidered pants - only to find that the cushion glued itself to the back of the next pair of pants that the emperor chose. Palace wizards ascertained the nature of the spell - it is the Curse of the Wicked Cushion, and there was no cure for it until the effects wear off on its own.

The Jade Emperor, also Lord Buddha and God of Mercy, would have to go pantless for a while inside the confines of the Heavenly Palace, while being stalked by a terrifying, *animated* purple plush cushion that had been afflicted by the curse.

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Excerpts from the day's primetime news from a certain channel in a certain universe, in a certain world:

According to the official press release from the Emperor's office, a delegation from a previously unidentified world arrived during the much celebrated bodhi tree-planting ceremony. That world is one of the countless colonies under the Kingdom's rule, headed by a Lan-kin (although no further information was made available as to which world, or colony, in particular). Royal astrologers declared that the visit was auspicious and coincided with fortuitous alignment of the stars and the birth of a new generation of blessed holy trees.

Several incidents were rumoured to happen during the time of the visit, such as individuals from that world - including an adult and two children,

possibly more - had been smuggled along with a shipment of incubus troopers (whose source remain untraceable) that met an untimely accident, and those individuals went missing; that the delegation encountered some technical security issues (the nature of the issues remain unknown, as palace servants remained tight-lipped about the meeting); and that the delegation included not only the Lan head in question - said to be an eminent clone who could easily pass off as the original First Father -, but also a boy that resembled the Grand Patriarch's older brother for some inexplicable reason; the latter was mistakenly sent to Yiling's immigration centre, where it is believed that others from the world had also been held up in there for valid reasons.

Regardless of the lack of details, the meeting went ahead successfully and forged a new alliance between the Kingdom and the now-former colony. The Kingdom is delighted to have found that the colony had developed, evolved and matured in its world, in a very broad sense, into a fully-fledged species, civilization and culture that biologically, politically and economically differentiated itself from the rest of the Kingdom.

By the grace of the Grand Patriarch, the new species shall identify themselves as Dream-kin, a species that now holds equal status and rights as the other kins within the hierarchy of the Kingdom. In response to being welcomed into the folds of the great big family under the Kingdom's umbrella, the head of Dream-kin promised to step-up efforts to clear cases and known sensitivities concerning human trafficking from his world to the larger Kingdom, as well as establish a notable presence close to heart of the empire, which is the city of Yiling in the Mortal Realm.

On to the next news... medical professionals have raised their doubts on the handling of the latest addition to the mental rehabilitation facility in Yiling, who is reported to be an uncle of the Grand Patriarch, and is diagnosed as being in advanced stages of dementia and other mental illnesses. The man is

awaiting trial for the unlawful ownership of several parcels of lands and high-profile collusions with...

(While the news was presented by a newscaster, a picture was shown depicting the Emperor shortly after the meeting with the new leader of Dream-kins. Although photographers and reporters were not able to catch sight of the fabled new brethren of the Kingdom, palace officials assured the mass media that the venerable man looked just like the Emperor anyway, since he is reported to be of Lan-kin. The Emperor was seen standing at the balcony of the palace as he waved to a crowd of his royal subjects and onlookers, thus assuring his people that everything went well. Strangely, some sharp-sighted observers commented on a jarring discovery in the pictures, considering that the balcony was made of pristine-white marble and granite stones - in every take, an ugly purple cushion was seen standing upright at the far corner of the balcony.

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Lan Zhan was the husband whose wife with three kids tried to call, then left countless messages with desperate pleas for help that devolved into screen-long expletives and threats of getting divorced, and hours later - for the poor husband who had been caught in meetings after meetings at work - the said husband rushed to where the wife's last location was stated on his Weichat right before he switched off his phone aeons ago - because the wife had stopped calling back, did not respond to "where are you"s even after he switched his phone back on, and the entire situation turned out to be far, far worse than just a mere silent treatment that the wife usually dishes out when unfairly ignored by the terribly, terribly busy husband.

When Lan Zhan finally arrived at the outskirts of Caihong, he found few signs of struggles, still visible despite having been eroded by the elements of weather over time; however, there were no traces of the persons who left those clues - fossilized footprints and fireball craters in the hardened mud, scratches left on scarred tree barks, frayed, torn robes hanging on branches and underneath layers of sediment, scattered empty pouches and satchels recklessly discarded amongst the bushes, the odd shoe hidden between overgrown weeds, and so on. It was difficult to estimate how much time had passed since time in the Heavens moved differently from the Mortal Realm, and even more so within the confines of the space-time bubble around Gusu.

He called out Wei Ying's name a few times, only to hear rustling leaves and faint birdsongs in reply. He realized, after running aimlessly around orange-tinged woods, that the sun was dipping towards the horizon instead of being persistently stuck at mid-morning - which immediately told him that much had changed in Gusu since the last time he set foot on his ancestral homeland.

Like clockwork, lightning struck, thunder roared and in a blinding flash of light, the amber skies were swallowed by a new presence - a huge UFO not unlike the one that had taken a hundred Gusu Lan disciples not too long ago. Four figures emerged from the shadows in the forests beneath the floating flying transport. It didn't take long for him to recognize them - his Wei Yings.

"We've been waiting for you... for way too long! You've tested our patience again and again with your failures in dealing with matters of importance and urgency, your constant procrastination in getting things done, and those perpetual silly excuses about work! For goodness sake, abdicate your throne when there are conflicting priorities, forget about the eternally unending matters in Heaven, and focus on your family on Earth!

Your wives need you! Your children need you! You need to set yourself straight!” broad-shouldered, regal-looking, war general extraordinaire, and very masculine (and hairy, body pockmarked with battle scars) Wei *da ge* ’s voice boomed across the hills, and the man did not hesitate to launch a tirade of angry complaints at first sight. He did not mince his words either, and Lan Zhan actually cowered a bit in fright at the imposing figure that was an alternate version of his spouse.

Eighteen-year old Wei *er ge* was gentler in his approach, and tried to placate the older sibling, by rubbing soothing circles at the latter’s back. Still, he shot an accusing look at Lan Zhan, “Grand Patriarch, my *da ge* is right. We had to hold off many official duties to keep watch on this spot until your return. You are only one, but there are others around you who can pick up the slack in Heaven when you’re not around. You shouldn’t have to do everything on your own and sacrifice your family’s happiness.”

Something inside Lan Zhan cracked when he heard - and remembered - that there were others who rely on him, and yet he didn’t trust his feelings enough to reciprocate and share his burdens with those who were concerned. Guilt was written all over his face; perhaps logic dictated that as the head of the family, he could be a superhero and therefore he would run ahead and take matters into his own hands, alone - however, surely gut instincts would have, more than several times, told him to run away and seek help from others - a sound advice that had fallen on deaf ears too many times.

Fifteen-year old Wei *san ge* hopped excitedly, mowing through undergrowth and weeds at the same time with his energetic leaps, cried out from a short distance, “I’ve even created a virtual command centre while waiting for you, so that anyone of us can easily log in and view the latest status of everything that goes on in our Kingdom. See? Just install this special app in your holo-phone and you can pull up the news and available

information not just from ErNet, but from the rest of your family with or without psychic barriers pulled up! You can issue decrees, orders, requests, anything and anytime! The key thing is - don't ever switch off your phone, just like what you did the last time to your spouse!" The teenager waved his modified and overpowered holo-phone, then hurriedly projected moving images out into the open, and ran animated demonstration videos for everyone to see how that app worked. He was very proud of his latest creation using 51st-century artificial intelligence technologies, and he made it specially for his beloved Grand Patriarch.

The youngest boy scurried from behind, a little late into the game, because his legs were the shortest. "Enn! Although I'm only nine years old and haven't finished grade school yet, I run the biggest distribution network in the whole Kingdom, and my *gege* s help to delegate the work equally among my own universes and the people of my extended family. So, the Kingdom's supply chain always runs smoothly and no one ever goes hungry. I learned early on that I can depend on my *gege* s to figure out some of my problems because I'm too young to know everything."

When all four Wei siblings stood in front of him in a beautiful hillside farmland scenery with a backdrop of a fiery setting sun, Wei *didi* cutely shoved his hands to the front, "Umm... I only have two hands, and I cannot do everything by myself with these," he wiggled his fingers, "... but, if I hold my brothers' hands too," and he did, each tiny arm grasping at a sibling's - until they form a kind of semi-circle of entwined hands, "... all of us can do so much more, together!" the boy cried out in a happy finale - Wei *da ge* reached for Lan Zhan's right hand, and the *san ge* ended up reaching for his left hand, with the remaining two Wei siblings in-between the formation. The circle was completed.

At that point, Lan Zhan had to hold back a sob, because he knew too well how that felt. He wasn't a walking dictionary or the Wei-kipedia of all ages

- he was truly, a simply mortal man blessed with too much, in a too short span of time. His breath left him in ragged, hoarse wheezes, when he wrestled with his newfound enlightenment of sorts and the bundle of complex emotions that came with it.

Still, the question remained - “Wei Ying... your Grand Matriarch... where is he?” Lan Zhan asked with a slightly quivering voice, as though he was afraid to hear the answer.

There were several *fwip* ! sounds, and ten shadows emerged. He was reluctant to admit it, but he recognized them in an instant because he’d shared bodies with them earlier - the ten Wei Yings that his spouse had left with him in the cottage, when the latter took the boys out to defeat a succubus queen. He recalled the many hours spent making sweet love to each of them - nine male and one female, nine human and one demon-incubus, aged from twelve to twenty-one - the details were blurred because he drowned and nearly died in the greatest ecstasy of the flesh at that time, but his feelings towards them did not lie - they were precious Wei Yings whom he had bedded multiple times, cuddled in the aftermaths, inseminated with enough servings to make their bellies bulge a little, even impregnated, for that one lucky deflowered female whom he’d fathered a child, twins, even triplets, inside that unforgettably sweet, sweet tight cavernous womb. (In actual fact, the males carried artificial uterus, so in theory, he’d planted many more babies than he had anticipated.)

Wei *da ge* waved his hand to signal everyone to sit down - they were going to have a family moment, so a picnic dinner was in order. Lan Zhan was left confused at a flurry of activity, of foods and beverages being conjured, of picnic mats laid out and torches lit up, of tents set up around him and a nice bonfire crackling heartily in the middle with a roast pheasant on the spit. Then, the *da ge* raised his hands like an unholy priest about to start a sermon, “These ten of our kins sacrificed a lot for the Great Matriarch

during his hour of greatest need - they fought beside him while you were away, protecting him, bearing the brunt of hurt, and left with bandaged wounds, splints and crutches that took many months to recover - while you were being dolled up for pretty photoshoots and tree-planting ceremonies, and when you hosted hour-long meetings in Heaven that spanned weeks, months even years down here. The least you could do is to greet and thank them, Grand Patriarch.”

Guilt-ridden, Lan Zhan wanted to ask again about Wei Ying - his spouse -, without offending the rest. However, the moment he opened his mouth, someone shoved him down; he found himself sitting cross-legged on the floor - and that loathsome purple cushion zipped out of nowhere to appear beneath his rump, admittedly, to make his seat so much more comfortable than plain woven straw. The captivating twelve-year old female version of Wei Ying delightfully sat on his lap, hooked her arms around his neck, and she snuggled comfortably against her lover - and the father of the child in her belly (because natural pregnancy actually takes nine months, whilst the others who had been bred artificially had already given birth within days using awesome 51st century reproductive technologies). Lan Zhan froze and sweated at the gesture, partly because he didn't really know how to handle females who take their own initiatives - let alone heavily *pregnant* females -, and because he realized that at least more than half a year must have passed since then; but something didn't quite compute correctly inside his baffled mind. The rest of the Wei Yings surrounded him - he did not cringe when clawed fingers of the twenty-one year old incubus reached from behind in an embrace and rested loosely just above his navel -, and everyone wished the Grand Patriarch a ‘Welcome back’.

As the party of Wei Yings settled in for a mega-group hug, each lining up to give their Grand Patriarch a kiss on the cheeks - probably a Wei-kin's version of a One Big Happy Family - and started dishing out food, drinks and some chatter - Lan Zhan was treated like a harem master surrounded by his lovers, and he only had to open his mouth to be served his fill of grilled pheasant, braised pork, seasoned boiled fish, fried rice and noodles, roasted

potatoes, vegetable and seafood fritters, salads and freshly cut fruits, and plenty of finger foods such as fried chicken nuggets, barbecued honey sausages and mini vegetarian spring rolls.

“Um... where is Wei--” a straw went into his mouth and he had to gulp down a mouthful of orange juice, and he was again busy chewing food that ten pairs of hands lovingly serviced him. It wasn’t long before he found himself naked - his clothes were stolen and the purple pillow naughtily moulded itself to give him the best lumbar support ever. Then, ten pairs of hands started to molest and stir his erogenous zones. His words were stuck in his throat, when some Wei Yings began to share candied snacks using kisses; inserted fingers into his mouth to caress his tongue; then those same saliva-coated fingers drifted downward to tweak and flick his nipples; still, more tongues and lips ghosted over his ticklish, paunchy abdomen, worshipping that prosperous-looking layer of belly fat that spasmed and fluttered in flattering squirms when nibbled by naughty Wei Yings; and as expected, he found himself spread-eagled on the floor with many Wei Yings clambering for space to engage with titillating play with their Patriarch’s defenceless body; at any time, at least four lips suckled and nursed his cock to full hardness, four sets of fingers played with his pubic hair and stroked his inner thighs, and four hands jiggled and kneaded his balls to coax sperm cells to wake up and perform their timeless duties.

Lan Zhan moaned loudly at the relentless assault from all directions, his want for the one and only spouse flew out of the window when nectary passion pooled in his loins and began to bubble and rise in spasmodic waves; his body flushed nine shades of reds, became covered with a sheen of sweat, and he was a mess of confused actions and needs both physically and sexually. He struggled to juggle ten Wei Yings that piled upon him; he tried to eat and swallow down food, but was brutally kissed with bruising lust-stricken madness - and those kisses peppered from head to toe until he was quite sure he’d been covered with lovebites; he grasped at the picnic mat for traction, but found himself drowning in a sea of flesh - everywhere he touched, he felt warm limbs, sliding heated skin and desirable hairy

genitals skimmed across his view that he direly wanted to ravage, but alas, he was held back by the weight of ten lovely Wei Yings; he wanted to sit up for a breath of fresh air from a swarm of Wei Ying-scented huffs and puffs, but found himself playing a naughty game of sexual musical chairs when each Wei Ying took their turns to ride him once his member was steel-hard, twenty squelchy thrusts each - and the man hnngh'd when he was lovingly squeezed and milked by a variety of depth, speed, tightness, warmth and wetness; his penis tasted the flavours and textures of each loving rosebud as much as he wanted - and he stayed inside some longer than the rest, so that he could thrust and grind deeply to his utmost joy, relishing in the fact that he truly enjoys his Wei Yings from the inside-out - and one-two'd at least once for each Wei Ying that happily fucked themselves with his exceedingly excited meatstick.

His hips trembled as he edged around his climax again and again; each Wei Ying wiggling his hips sensuously as they tried their best to draw hot molten liquid pressure out of his lively penis and prized clenched balls with the strength of vacuum pumps; every Wei Ying endeavoured to pleasure their Patriarch, and those who waited patiently for their turns serviced him by massaging his limbs or whisper very dirty things into his ears before licking those reddened earlobes with evil delight, interspersed with tender coos and kisses; in return, Lan Zhan's sight was filled with plump glorious breasts and sparse bosoms, pale and very enticing hips, bobbing hairy penises and other hairy body parts that he knew belonged to the objects of his lust and affection, sometimes grinding ass cheeks that he reached out to pinch and caress, before spanking them and watched the fatty mounds jiggle amusingly; with an uncharacteristic drunken smile on his sexually-flushed face - he'd totally forgotten his mission for his spouse, and wanted nothing more than to drown deeper into his ocean of lust.

He lost control of his loins when the sole pregnant Wei Ying - who looked as stunning as the original spouse he'd married to, but much younger, underaged, nubile and fertile despite carrying a belly that looked too big for her thin and smaller body - gorgeous pregnant female Wei Ying took her

chance to sit on his about-to-erupt cock and performed a set of heavenly Kegel's exercises - blessed with the sweetest undulations, massaging tightness, slick friction, fleshy folds, and lovely bumps his penis could fall in love and stay inside forever, especially when those mind-blowing motions were accompanied by dirty stories of fucking a pregnant pussy that belonged to his male spouse - technically speaking -, and he couldn't resist letting his very happy, extremely and excitedly twitching penis say 'hello' to his baby peeking from behind the cervix, nestled comfortably inside a bloated pillowy womb filled with its parents' love.

Naughty young teenager Wei Ying straddled the older man, and allowed him to stare at how his towering penis was lovingly sheathed into the perfect underaged wet tight glove, lots of juicy schlicky sounds with each slam of hips, hidden from view by the lovely, lovely baby bump that descended to rest upon his paunchy six-packs, and when his cockhead hit a bump at its tip, he nnnh'd while the sex-kitten started drawing circles, squares and stars with hearty grinds, skin slapping against one another, inviting the man's incredibly excited penis to be stroked and pulled in all directions by strong, perversely sexy pussy suction, to kiss the entrance of the bulging womb again and again - Lan Zhan one-two'd several times straight into the baby's warm, moist cradle when he couldn't hold back his excitement of wishing his child the good mornings and good nights he'd missed -, before the female Wei Ying squealed and lifted away her pelvis - Lan Zhan mourned the loss of drippy, sliding, baby-juice coated heat - until just the tip of his angry-purple dick remained trapped within the blossomed rosebud, and she resumed the delectable curvy, spiralling descent once again, and again, to repeat the cycle of lovemaking at its best. The man grunted continuously when he took his sweet time to plunder that exquisitely textured recently virginal tunnel, shaping the canal to his phallic desires with each glorious thrust, enjoyed engaging in repeated sexual intercourse with a female that was barely a third of his age, recklessly depositing virile globs of accidentally sputtered semen when he became too excited and too horny for his own good, whilst spending his time inside a youthfully elastic and tight pussy that felt too divine for words.

Soon, he crested his limit after being deliciously ridden for what seemed to be minutes or hours, his pleasure skyrocketed to unbelievable altitudes, and he howled incoherent hnnghs, nnnghs and nngaahhs, his accomplished sputtering babymaker painting thirty spurts of rich creamy seed inside the soul-crushingly tight, engorged tunnel of love, and he imagined some spilled into the baby's snug home; truly a very welcoming greeting by its father since the day it was conceived - and that pedophilic father was rewarded with a face full of plump, leaking breasts from the young teen, which he savoured with excited suckles and swallows, because he knew only his beloved Wei Ying could make such tasty distinctively mild-flavoured sweet milk meant for their baby - and that he was stealing some in broad daylight, and drank the mother's milk to his heart's content as his penis ejaculated again and again, magnificently, to flood the fertilized womb of the mother of his healthy, fat unborn child. He instinctively reached out to hungrily rub the ripe pregnant belly with one hand, praying that the baby would recognize the father - the horny groans, the pounding rhythm, the taste and smell of semen that should permeate its nine-month old cradle -, while his other hand continued to knead the twelve-year old's milk jugs, teasing the bulbous areolae to squirt more, more for the one who owned the body - the father of the baby.

As soon as the man completed his thirty-ejaculation circuit, and wanted to take a break and slumber away - because every last fibre of muscle in him had clenched, contracted, expelled the last volley, and now, wonderfully, dreamily relaxed -, it was time for the next Wei Ying's turn. At thirteen-years old, with doe-like eyes and expressions, an underaged and immature body that had started to develop some sexual characteristics, the boy clumsily but innocently masturbated in front of the Grand Patriarch and begged to be taken, because he wanted the man to cum very, very hard inside him, and he felt very hot, very itchy, very hungry for his master's 'happy milk', then seductively spread his buttohole to show how well-lubricated and prepared he was for this auspicious pedophilic fuck - Lan Zhan couldn't say 'no', and his penis never softened after the last eruption -

it twitched, nodded, and jerked multiple times to say that yes, it wanted to taste s'more Wei Yings, please. Lan Zhan arched his back and was grateful for the purple cushion to hold his hips at the perfect angle of penetration, and proceeded to fuck the precocious tasty thirteen-year old boy from the bottom. He would continue to work diligently hard to sweetly ravage each Wei Ying's queueing up for their master-daddy's love, until only heaps of pleasantly tired bodies, unintelligible moans and grunts, heavy panting, quivering groins, and spasming penises (and one lucky semen-drenched pregnant pussy) lay haphazardly around him.

While the Grand Patriarch was totally absorbed in sowing his wildest seeds in each of his harem members, Wei *da ge* snorted and remarked crudely that the despite his obsession for just one individual - his spouse -, it didn't take much to turn him into a sex-crazed master of a mass orgy. "Lan men are such wild ravenous beasts when it comes to sex," he remarked as he took another greedy bite off a chicken drumstick, "You're a terrible example - you're easily tempted, you become snobbish and forget others who served you, you're selfish and want to hoard every single one of us for your pleasures. Whereas Wei-kin are more level-headed and cooperative to rally others to a common cause, to work together as a team, to bring you down to your senses, when needed."

"Oh, *da ge* , stop whining like a woman and be more useful!" Wei *san ge* chirped brazenly for a good reason - he held up his holo-phone and projected some highly condensed graphical information above Lan Zhan, though it was unclear if that man was able to pay any attention given the lust-hazed state that he was in, surrounded by at least ten individuals vying for a slice of the lovemaking pie. "Here, let me show you how things have fared since you were caught up with the events at the Heavenly Palace. Swipe here, tap on this, and walla - dashboards, charts, maps, visuals, tables and statistics you can always use, in any circumstances, right at your fingertips!"

Wei *er ge* was at the teenager's side, and clapped his hands, "Oh, you're so smart, *san ge* ! Let me have a look and try to summarize the updates for our Grand Patriarch, since he probably can't see much from where he is lying on the picnic mat... hmm... right now, we've conquered and colonized the whole of the Middle Kingdom except for the capital city of Chang'an.

Jiang Cheng's on his tenth catch, and two hundred disciples have so far teamed up very well in a slow, but steady progress to rid the Heavens of the remaining forty escaped incubi. The other fifty incubi are still at large, mostly at the opposite side of the globe where the Well from the vegetable gardens behind the Heavenly Palace led to. There's even a list of names and photos for each individual, how useful!" said the young adult who wasn't as bright as the rest of the Wei siblings. (No one knew that Uncle Wei wasn't in that list, since he didn't go through the transmutation process - ineffective red tape and bureaucracy be damned.) The *er ge* bit into a hot dog bun, and fed a chunk into Wei *didi* 's waiting mouth; the nine-year old was having a blast with a dinner party of his favourite foods, and his cheeks were stuffed to the point that he couldn't talk at all other than to make happy squealing noises like a piglet.

Some blurred pictures of the Gusu Lan master emerged, and images of newspaper clippings scrolled across their sight. "We read the news about the emergence of the new Dream-kin, and I admit, I wasn't too keen on following the news about them, since they looked like Lan-kin to me anyway. Our forces were a little skeptical at first, because we couldn't detect them with our scanners and machines, and they seem to walk through walls with ease. However, after monitoring closely for a period of time, we have decided that they pose no threat to us, since all they do is to sign up for menial work with the Kingdom, and linger around the Market Streets in Yiling looking for someone, or somewhere to stay," Wei *da ge* commented since he had firsthand information on what the new kids on the block were doing.

“I heard their leader is looking for some missing people, and he even travelled to the other side of the planet to do that. At least that was what one of my suppliers from that part of the world told me, when he delivered goods to my warehouses,” Wei *didi* finally had the chance to swallow and say something - before grabbing a handful of yummy fritters next.

Wei *san ge* scrolled down further to pick out some news that was closer to home for their Grand Patriarch, “Your uncle is still in rehab, but the prognosis has improved a lot since a mysterious visitor dropped by, stayed for a few days and disappeared without a trace. We were told that it was a Lan-kin, or maybe a Dream-kin. I guess it takes a Lan to heal another Lan, right? None of us dared to delve into the matter, because truthfully, we’re a bit scared of that crazy old man who throws plates and cutlery at every passing-by Wei-kin!”

Poor Lan Zhan was in the throes of his third orgasm in rapid succession, as the ten Wei Yings continued to pleasure the dying-reviving man, and mount and ride him with energetic glee. He croaked another time - “Wei... nnngh!... Wei Ying... Where is he... aahnn!... the three boys... Jing Yi... Si Zhui... Jin Ling... hhahhnn!” He started to push some Wei Yings away in a desperate bid for freedom from the exhilarating sexual slavery that his body knew too well, but failed spectacularly when the twenty-one year old incubus in his harem released pheromones to sedate the struggling man and brainwash his sexual meridians into docile submission. Lan Zhan roared in response to the sudden surge of lust and an explosion of sexual *qi*, that he flipped his third, maybe fourth lover onto the picnic mat - with the cushion still glued to his buttocks to provide a cover for any indecency - and started to fuck any Wei Yings in sight, missionary style.

Lan Zhan copulated very hard with another squealing teenage boy, ravaged the sweet young morsel trapped beneath him, but continued to murmur Wei Ying’s name, like chanting the most special two words in his vocabulary to

keep the last thread of sanity in check, despite having his body burned up by sexual desires and arousal long ago. He nnngh'd loudly, signalling the fourth climax to short-circuit his nerves and logical thinking process; another countdown began in the form of waves of pleasurable penile convulses and contractions, of hips shaking uncontrollably before stilling for the inevitable launch, veins bulged, skin and muscle tightened, the perineum and the base of the cock began to tremble in anticipation of another thirty fertile shots into one Wei Ying's welcoming wide-open rosebud. Two Wei Yings crouched behind Lan Zhan, and began to pepper licks and sweet nibbles on his darkened, reddened swollen testicles, persuading the twin eggs to produce more seed for their brethren pinned to the ground with the almighty rapid-firing penis.

Wei *da ge* finally responded after much hesitation because he was bound by Rule Number Three, but not before chastising the man again. "You have four of us... ten of them... fourteen Wei Yings in total here with you, with at least one naturally-conceived child in the making with a handful more from your previous trysts, and yet you want another Wei Ying? You have two hundred boy-disciples who greet your portraits every morning, sing national anthems in your name, and work hard to rid your home of the pests in Heaven - and yet you call out for those particular three? Your greed and selfishness know no bounds!"

"... Wei Ying..." another groan from somewhere within an orgy of moving, pumping, squirming and shuddering flesh.

This time, it was Wei *da ge* who finally lost his patience and snapped back, "Alright! I'll tell you! But don't you dare regret this!" The other three Wei siblings politely put away their half-eaten food and knelt in silence.

Lan Zhan learned from post-mortem investigations that on that fateful mid-morning, the eight original Tian sisters were reported to have broken out of their home tucked within a paradise buried under multiple layers of universers, allegedly due to “juvenile reasons, such as not being able to tolerate strict, totalitarian discipline and abusive treatment from their parents”; shortly thereafter, Tian *dalaoye* and his wife lodged a police report about their missing children.

The scheduled showdown between Wei Ying and the three boys with the local succubus queen of Caihong Town never occurred; because the Tian sisters found their way there first, for unknown reasons, whether by coincidence or by intention. Consequently, Wei Ying and the boys had a rough time because logically, there was no way they could survive the onslaught of the awesome powers of billions-year old former goddesses. There was no recorded footage, since the Tian sisters overridden the Kingdom’s surveillance systems and blocked all feeds. Ten clones of Wei Ying rushed to the scene to defend their First Father, but they were badly battered and wounded, and had to activate emergency escape procedures to teleport out literally with tails between their legs - however, they lived to tell the short tale of their encounter, and provided a rather patchy account of what happened.

During the battle, the space-warp bubble around Cai district popped due to the tremendous magical firepower wielded by both sides. Immediately, the Kingdom’s forces moved in to salvage the situation - however, they were too late. The Tian sisters left while cackling like witches and even took down the space-time bubble that encased Gusu because it wasn’t needed anymore; they had achieved their goal of robbing Lan Zhan’s precious family members - perhaps as revenge for losing their pride, power and wealth as gods in the past.

“... What has been lost? What happened?” Lan Zhan asked in alarm, having barely sexually conquered and enjoyed a meal made of ten Wei Yings from his harem, who now lay boneless on the picnic mat, with seed trickling between their legs and staining the ground; all lovely Wei Yings were smiling, satisfied and snoring, fast asleep. He began to put on his robes and adjusted his appearance, though he couldn’t fit his pants due to the stubborn clinging cushion, so he had to remain pantless.

All four Wei siblings quietened down and stared at their Grand Patriarch; Lan Zhan looked every bit ravished and violated - his hairpiece was out of place, his skin glowed from drying sweat, his cheeks were rosy, his spirits were invigorated, he had enjoyed a sumptuous bonanza buffet of sorts, sporting a full rotund belly at the top and emptied ballsacks lower down covered by crusted cum and sexual juices.

“Wei Ying,” the increasingly distressed Grand Patriarch did not define which, in particular, “Tell me.”

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As the story goes: Wei Ying was pinned down by eight Tian former-goddess sisters, had his golden core painfully gouged out, his magical powers stripped, his meridians torn apart, and his tendons and ligaments broken - a cruel death sentence for any cultivator. Without any *qi* circulating in his body, the Kingdom could not recognize his identity and deemed him to be an outsider; even his Qishan Lan robes, pouch, satchel and other standard issue equipment consciously flew away to avoid him. Thus, the man lost

everything he had in connection to the Qishan Lan and his family members in the sect.

The three boys suffered critical injuries and were left with debilitating effects from god-tiered magical attacks and curses. Their belongings were stolen and destroyed, amongst many other losses - including losing their virginities to those crazed females in more ways than one; they were abused and traumatized by the terrible Tians until they shrivelled up, curled up, wailed in insanity, became detached from the real world, as lifeless as broken toys, unresponsive and tormented by recurring nightmares. Emotionally and spiritually scarred, the boys became depressed, sometimes suicidal, and were bedridden for weeks.

“We took them to the Cloud Recesses where we hoped the calming and safe environment would heal them in time, but there is only so much we can do for outsiders. Our family rules forbid us to intervene in matters beyond the Kingdom, especially for First Father Wei. Ernie and Ni-er, as minors, aren’t too affected by the rules, so they hung around to keep them company. That’s why, Grand Patriarch, you need to start looking elsewhere... look at your new harem... look at us and your true people - the subjects of your wonderful Kingdom -, because there is so much more waiting for you within the Kingdom than whatever that remains in the Cloud Recesses,” Wei *er ge* pleaded to their Patriarch.

“If you want a Wei Ying, there are so many here to choose from! If you want more boys, there are many species, many individuals, many disciples, available within your grasp - why go for broken ones when there are plenty of good specimens serving you, at your beck and call?” hard-headed Wei *da ge* chimed in with his brand of questionable anger and calculative logic.

“Grand Patriarch, please, all of us missed you and want your attention too. Between your work and family, which is more important? Between fourteen and so many more Wei Yings on this side, and that one over there, why choose the lesser of the two?” innocent Wei *didi* whined and inched closer to Lan Zhan on his knees.

“Frankly speaking, First Father Wei’s ratings have nosedived ever since he logged out of ErNet permanently. Nobody in the Kingdom really cares about his disappearance, because we - your wives - and all the brilliant and amazing Wei-kin are still around to make sure that life goes on as usual. So please, Patriarch, return with us to Yiling and let’s have a reunion party filled with good food, good company and lots of celebrations!” Wei *san ge* weaved several screens from his holo-phone into everyone’s view to prove his points - official polls, company press releases, government gazettes, WeiTube feeds, snapshots of newspapers, videoclips of interviews and so on - no one bothered to mention First Father Wei or the Grand Matriarch in recent times.

Lan Zhan tightened his hands into fists and stood up anyway - pantless be damned - and he was barely holding back his seething anger.

“No. It must be Wei Ying, and no one else. And I will never abandon Jing Yi, Si Zhui and Jin Ling.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Starting a new arc, unbelievable! :-D

So we have a new species (plus a butt-blocking cushion), we have a great new dilemma rocking the core of Lan Zhan, poor Wei Ying lost everything, the boys are broken... and we have a cliffhanger!

It took quite an effort to push this out, because of various reasons... not gonna lie, work, real life, family, the improving situation with the pandemic and all that stuff has taken me further and further away from the fandom. I'm starting a new job soon, and I want to have a clean slate in my outlook in life, post-CQL / The Untamed / MDZS, and leave all the stuff behind... it's time to move on. I plan to stop trawling websites or check regularly in social media and forums for fan stuff, so that I can clear my mind and get it out of the gutter :-)

So I'm putting this on Hiatus, and if I get some inspiration, I might come back to put in more chapters. So this fic will be left in a 'Completed' state, since this is where it may end anyway. Thanks for staying with Wangxian so far, and may the couple have their Happy Ever (Everyday) Afters!!!

Please leave comments in the Comments Box - they help to feed the muse :-)

Chapter 126

Wei Wuxian has always been, will always be, a misbehaving gremlin wherever he goes. Even when supposedly teetering at brink of death, he would brazenly stick out his tongue in front of the guards serving the Lord of Hell, shamelessly wiggle his ass, and spank his own buttocks for a good measure (an extremely rude display, at least to the Underworld's cultural norms and standards) to irk the seething foes, and make a dash for freedom. Although such escapades are recorded in the annals of the Book of Judgement, however these are mere passing mentions of unnamed individuals demonstrating detestful behaviour, which are frowned upon by societies dominated by Lan-kin - now including the orderly Underworld -; thus, the cases are quickly labelled as such, categorized as juvenile in nature and irrelevant in impact, warranted absolutely no attention from the higher-ups, and swept under the carpet to be forgotten - just as how one can sweep the courtyard with a straw broom, and whilst no one is looking, push the dirt and bits of trash into the bushes lining the sides, and be done with it - without the culprit ever being caught and the crime would never see the light of day (which is technically impossible, since day does not exist in the eternal nightlife that defines the Underworld).

Wei Ying refused to follow the long lines of human spirits who queued along narrow, windy paths that passed through ten vast ancient stonewalled complexes, connected to the dark-misted Mountains of Final Judgement and the Cliffs of Mysterious Bottomless Depths - he had been there, done that, two to three decades ago, but couldn't stomach standing still in the same spot for long periods of time while waiting for the next person to jump off to whatever reincarnation that had been preordained. So, he ran away when the two perennial guards, the frightening Mister Ox-Head and Mister Horse-Face, who patrolled the area to make sure people shuffled along a bright white line painted on the path - in which Wei Ying refused to toe that stupid-looking line, because walking on white lines is simply too dull and too, well, *stupid*, for the lack of a better word in his vocabulary -

he ran as far as he could when he pretended to trip over a rock, and was called out by those two observant guards.

The spirit of Wei Ying wore only a plain white linen robe that is usually draped on the deceased during funeral rites, and he really hated that garment - partly because it was scratchy to his skin, itchy to the touch, smelled like old hay, and looked too clean, too plain, and too white for his tastes. It is the standard basic attire for spirits whose bodies have yet to expire, because the Underworld society abhors having the dead to emerge into their world without clothing; once the body dies, and especially after the funeral rites are performed (which includes lots of open-air burning according to traditional Middle Kingdom rituals for the dead), the spirit receives its material wealth incinerated from the land of the living which usually includes nice garments his relatives would like him to wear in the afterlife, stuffed to the brim with valuable joss paper and hell money in the pockets and accompanying treasure chests, sometimes delivered with paper servants, houses, Weiphones and luxury cars too. The dead are blessed with memory-wiping spells by the Underworld officials (which are paid in part by hell money burned and delivered by the deceased's relatives; a form of bribe, which is common during that day and age), so that they can sever all lingering attachments to the land of the living, forget their loved ones and unresolved miseries. These lucky ones are allowed to enjoy their lavish afterlife fortunes in a relatively stress-free, pleasant environment made by the Underworld for them (again, already paid in advance in hell's currency in enormous denominations), without any disturbance from the Underworld officials (bribes, bribes, bribes), for a predetermined time as written in the Book of Judgement, before being picked up one fine night after a particularly enjoyable drunken session in an unnamed restaurant or pub, and quietly sent to the queues for reincarnation.

For those who died without a funeral or without being attended to by their relatives - such as getting murdered and then buried without a trace - they become 'lost spirits' or wanderers, clad in the bloodied clothes and are with whatever little belongings they had on their body upon death, and are

simply sent straight to the queues to avoid being a nuisance to the Underworld society (also, because there is no illegal profit to be earned from such vagrants, so the less work and involvement needed by the Underworld officials, the better). Such lost spirits, who retain their personalities and some memories that still evoke powerful emotions (alas, there is no memory-wiping spell, and no modern-day comforts for these poor souls), never received any closures to their pains and regrets in life, eventually accumulate envy, dissatisfaction, hurt, hatred and vengeful feelings at themselves and their better-off comrades; if not reincarnated in time, they will devolve into heinous 'hungry ghosts' that roam the plains of the Underworld, sometimes seep into the land of the living, being very violent in nature, and cause various injury, curses, sickness, and troubles to everyone. Thus, the Underworld made sure to scan every new arrival and route the individuals to the respective afterlives as efficiently as possible - in Wei Ying's case, being a poor spirit with nary a piece of hell bank notes on him, nor any respectable garments on his body, he was deemed equivalent to a 'lost spirit' and was immediately sheperded into the queues.

Wei Ying wanted to peel off the smelly linen robe and streak across hills and plains in a world that was as monotonous as a moonless night, as still as a sterile library in Gusu, and as uninteresting as cobwebs, dried corpses, dirty skeletal remains that litter the ground and the chittering creepy crawlies that wriggle underneath such distasteful decor in the Underworld. He would, actually, but decided to shelve the idea because his garments were the only proof he was *still* alive somewhere else, and that it wasn't his time yet to take the final bow, before cartwheeling, spinning and flipping spectacularly in an acrobatic act to take the leap of faith off the Cliffs as his swansong.

The man, in his spiritual form, ran in the opposite direction of the long, windy queues, and saw firsthand how others who had met their finales and ended up in this horrible world look like; they were mostly faded spirits with listless expressions, some crying softly with regret in their teary eyes, while others looking hesitant and reluctant to leave their loved ones

permanently; they wore an assortment of clothes that reflected their dressed state at the time of death and in the short, but well-enjoyed afterlife. At some points in the queues, there were quite a number of those garbed with greyed and torn Gusu Tian robes, and Wei Ying had to shake his head helplessly - those poor souls did not receive a proper funeral after death, and had to line up with their dirtied, frayed clothes; there were men with ruptured lower abdomens and pelvises with yawning bloodied holes in what used to be their groins, women with sagging breasts, punctured bellies with ripped umbilical cords and severed blood vessels still dripping, hanging lifelessly out of the blood-soaked cavities, and unsightly distended birth canals; then there were also children who looked unusually bony, thin and malnourished, and in particular, little boys with gaping black holes in their private parts too. Wei Ying silently cursed the Tians even in this afterlife.

“Come back here! You’ve checked-in your entry and need to complete the procedure, through the Ten Courts to test your virtues and your character, then up the Mountains to be judged, and finally jump off the Cliff just like everyone else! There’s no other way, you cheeky rascal!” the gigantic, twelve-feet tall Mister Ox-Head bellowed out with moos. Each footstep pounded the ground and shook the earth due to its hefty weight; Wei Ying could imagine what might happen if the demi-god caught him and pinned him down on his back.

“Be a good boy and let us escort you to your afterlife and your next life! You can’t run away from your destiny! You need to reincarnate just like the other spirits who have passed on!” the slimmer but equally humongous Mister Horse-Face neighed and trotted alarmingly close behind; this particular demi-god is blessed with the features of a fleet-footed equine, and could outrun Wei Ying if it wanted to - however, it is bound by a Qishan Lan family rule of *not* to run around recklessly, including hallways and the outdoors - for the unreasonable fear of slipping on banana peels -, thus the two demi-god beasts could only walk briskly to try and make a grab for the tiny fleeing human spirit. The man easily dodged their greedy clawed hands

and skipped two steps ahead when things got hairy and too close for comfort.

Wei Ying shouted at the top of his lungs as he ran past the last few persons in line of spirits that obediently queued up, near the foot of the hills where the windy path began - and thought he caught a glimpse of someone familiar - before turning his attention back to running for his dear departed life, “Don’t you know who I am? Why do you chase me with such fervour? I’ve been here several times during which I’ve met the two of you - aren’t we, well, acquaintances? Stop charging at me like a bull or a stallion in heat, it’s scary!” He squealed like a pig being sent to slaughter, and his high-pitched panicky voice did not go unnoticed - several spirits turned around to see what was causing the commotion, which slowed the entire queue - other lesser guards started barking out orders and poking pitchforks at the busybodies - which caused some individuals to tumble out of their positions or worse, hopped out of line to get a better look out of curiosity - and caused even more uproar than ever before, to the annoyance of the Underworld officials.

“No, we don’t know who you are! You’re a peasant with no special status, strengths, abilities or magical powers... that’s why you’re in this part of the Underworld, the lowest-rated economy class for departures for the commoner! Our databases do not lie, and there is nothing extraordinary about you! You’re not even a cultivator or a man granted with special blessings from your society or the gods that govern your petty life, so get your dead ass back here and get back in line!” Mister Ox-Head roared terrifyingly as they approached some dim cityscape - there were some lights and buildings up ahead.

There was no time to digest the revelation, although he had some ideas why he was considered a nobody; Wei Ying sped towards civilization in the hopes of shaking off the guards. “No! I won’t hand my ass to you! That’s

beastiality, and I don't like to have sex with smelly farm animals like you! And I'm not dead yet either!" he retorted with a mocking tone. The last point was logically correct, as far as his knowledge of the dead goes - he surmised that his real body was hanging by a thread and was about to expire, so he was technically in a limbo of sorts - he wasn't dead yet, and the Underworld guards were adamant to keep things simple by putting him into a long queue that takes some time to clear; so that when he really dies - as a plain commoner with nothing to shout about -, it would save everyone the logistical efforts to locate and haul his ass up the Mountains and off the Cliffs. It wasn't fair at all, but life was never really fair to him anyway.

"Blasphemy! Nonsense! Liar!" Mister Horse-Face screeched at the horrid thought of bestial Underworld demi-gods fornicating with tiny human spirits, "You're about to die anyway, so be a good non-Kingdom citizen mortal and spare everyone the trouble of hunting you down when it's time for you to reincarnate! Come back here, you impudent fool!"

The bizarre chase that started from the foot of the hills eventually weaved its way into the city slums of the Underworld, where Wei Ying nimbly squeezed between tightly packed crowds of typical citizens of that realm - zombies, walking corpses, inhuman spirits, ghosts, vampires and so on - and ducked into alleys and like a street rat, where he recognized some dingy-looking short-cuts, pipelines, vent holes, back entrances of buildings, and twisting metal stairways that led into the sewers - he'd been in this realm many times before, unbeknownst to his pursuers, because he finally understood why.

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It was a tale that is all too common in the streets of vibrant cities whose lights in the night tend to outshine patches of dark littered alleys, behind the dumpsters at the fringes of markets and posh residential areas, and beneath dirty, moss-covered bridges where the forgotten and the underprivileged try to survive through poverty, starvation and disease. During the times of war and unrest, and when epidemics and famine struck, the very old and the very young were the first to find themselves out in the streets without family, food and money.

Little Wei Ying was no exception, because he was just like any unfortunate child at that time, when he lost his parents at a very young age and was left to fend for himself for a few years before someone finally picked him up. During those turbulent years - most of which he would not remember because he was often weak and feverish from cold, sickness or hunger - he would find himself dangling precariously between life and death whether while sleeping in a cardboard box on a cold wintry day, or when he couldn't find enough to eat for days and was left buried under the snow when no one would offer the orphaned child a place to shelter.

There's always a first, and it is rarely a pleasant experience - Wei Ying had been there, done that too. He made multiple visits to the slums of the Underworld, because his worthless life and status condemned his spirit to remain in the poorest parts of the city while officials busied themselves with more important things to do, such as delivering the verdict on recently-deceased adults who had accumulated a substantial amounts of karma and deeds - both good and bad - during their lives, escorting rich old men who died and were blessed with great afterlife fortunes offered by their living relatives, or guiding the spirits of celebrated holy monks to a higher state of existence, and showing the way to the deepest levels of Hell for bandits, murderers, rapists and cheats. Perhaps luck always shone upon him, because by the time the officials actually got to his case, the boy was nowhere to be found; he never followed the bright white line on the path at the foot of the hills, he never wanted to remain quiet and queue up, and he was always lured by the boisterous sounds and liveliness - to some extent -

of the nightlife in the slums. The officials were easily bribed by others to take care of more important human spirits than one unruly, undisciplined street brat, so Wei Ying was left to wander on his own, spend some days and weeks making new friends, and making a living in the dreadful part of the city, before something jolted his real body back to life in the Mortal Realm - a bucket of cold water poured over him to get the dirty boy off someone's doorsteps, a dog's bark from afar, or rarely, a good Samaritan who carried him to a clinic for the poor -, and he was rudely spirited away back to the land of the living.

Thus, little Wei Ying lived part of his early childhood in the slums of the Underworld and surprisingly, he liked it - despite not having sunrise and sunsets, and that the air was always stale, he never had to suffer the physical pains, the hunger pangs, and the shivers during cold wintry days. For a child at such a young, tender and innocent age, having not received proper education as a human being, having not learnt the difference between life and death, of good versus evil - it was always a happy occasion when he suffered the most during his life - because he would return to the Underworld slums and live in relative comfort and abundance of *not* lacking and suffering. (One would argue that the image of an orphan left in the streets, dressed in rags too thin to protect him from the weather elements, happily playing with straw dolls and eating fruit peels near dumpsters, is a heart-breaking one; however, if one would actually ask little Wei Ying, the answer may have been different.)

The only thing that little Wei Ying didn't like about his back-and-forth living arrangement, was that every time he returned to the land of the living, he would forget a lot of his experiences from the Underworld. It didn't help that the spirits, whether lost or not, that he befriended would have been sent off for reincarnation by the next time he returned, and the locals didn't really have much brain capacity (or any brains at all) to remember his name - so it was always a fresh start whenever he found himself lying on the dirty muddy streets of the dank Underground slums. It was an annoying trade-off, but for the child who had nothing else to his name until the day he was

snared by a piece of juicy melon and adopted by Jiang Fengmian, not remembering some things was better than not having lived the life he was given at birth, after all.

That was nearly three decades ago; times have changed since then - Wei Ying grew up to be a fearless and reckless young man who dared to defy all odds, and had inappropriate relationships with the Dark Arts because he was instinctively drawn to such terrible taboo subjects without understanding why; memories his forgotten childhood never really surfaced at the right time, but the mysterious fascination on all things dark, corrupted, deathly, hellish and unnatural, was always there. Grand events transpired during his teenage years, in which he stopped visiting the Underworld and truly enjoyed what life really was - until his untimely death after the fall from the edge of the Nightless City. That resulted in an unwanted admittance to the Underworld, but one that was markedly more depressing, violent, marred with Darkness and Corruption that left his spirit in tatters until he curled up in a dark hole somewhere in the outskirts of the ever-night realm and refused to come out of hiding, until a decade and a half later.

Modern-age lifestyles and conveniences came knocking on the doors of the realm only recently, and everything was upgraded to 51st-century living standards, which was then torn down in a scorching reboot, and everything was rebuilt from scratch to mimic what had been lost whilst preserving the rich, unique heritage and culture of a world as old as the Mortal Realm, and whose citizens are predominantly occupied with matters of the dead, the undead, the inhuman, and the life-death-rebirth cycles that now serve the Kingdom's cause. Hence, to Wei Ying, the Underworld looked quite familiar although he couldn't really pinpoint why, with an eclectic mix of Middle Kingdom-esque brick, tile-and-mortar architecture, oriental and dragon-phoenix-bunny motifs, and signs of modern-day comforts, such as electrical street lights, internet connection, neon signages and the odd mechanical public maintenance services robot mowing curbside lawns and sweeping the roads like good ol' Dustless Broom units.

Another interesting point of note, is that the slums are segregated from the rest of the Underworld with few crossings in-between especially since the Lan-kin took over the helm to run the realm. The officials, including dignitaries from other realms of the Kingdom - which wouldn't preclude the Grand Patriarch himself - had mostly kept to the nicer parts of the city, including the grand, luxurious fortress of the Lord of Hell, the well-maintained buildings, shopping malls, office towers, boulevards and highways - including their own Mountain and Cliff meant for spirits of greater ranks and statuses. It is said that the Grand Patriarch has not once set foot into the slums, and therefore had not seen what the slumside Mountain and Cliff looked like, let alone its large, but mostly empty, dilapidated set of Ten Courts.

Due to the recent seismic re-alignment of the composition of the population of the Mortal Realm, all remaining humans were considered as outsiders, that is, non-citizen of the Kingdom - therefore could only afford a reincarnation through the slum-side of the Underworld - that is, a one-way ticket to be reborn as cheap but valuable commodity for the Kingdom, such as a piece of furniture carved from treewood, a block of concrete in someone's garden wall, a vegetable plant, a tuft of weed or grass, or at best, as a piece of twisty crystal that would brilliantly be sacrificed as fuel for daily household use. Citizens of the Kingdom who had populated the Middle Kingdom and died recently, would be shuttled through express lanes in the nicer parts of the Underworld city, and be quickly reincarnated as themselves again, or to someone else of equal power and stature, sometimes more, sometimes less, depending on what has been judged upon them.

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Wei Ying learned that his face was no longer recognized by the citizens of the Kingdom in the Underworld; here, looks don't matter anyway, because databases, *qi* signature, and ErNet account information are now some of the universally-accepted ways to identify oneself. He sat behind a trash bin by the curb after the exhausting wild goose chase by the two guards and succeeded to shake them off, and engaged in his favourite pastime - people-watching. He counted more individuals with terribly disfigured faces or worse, without heads, than he could with his hands and toes in a short span of time - which made sense of why looks were irrelevant in the 51st-century Kingdom.

In the slums, people walked about hurriedly to conduct their businesses, whether running errands, getting a quick take-out at a small eatery, or going for a quick fix at an illegal joint hidden inside someone's store - he knew the physical signs of those who take illegal drugs, brown vials or not, or smoke illicit substances. There were few individuals who were lost spirits like he - those who escaped the queues from the foot of the hills but ended up on the streets, or those who have passed on due to unforeseen circumstances and therefore not bequeathed any money in the afterlife, doomed to live a tormented existence and to turn into feral hungry ghosts if their fates did not change soon. Residents feared for their safety from such violent transformations and sometimes, species-selective gang violence that usually wreaked havoc between neighbourhood blocks - because both sides do not have the capacity nor courtesy for diplomacy (vampires versus werebeasts is one such example) -, and following that, the local white-clothed police would arrive and brutalized everyone in sight - including innocent bystanders - and wipe them out of existence with anti-matter guns; apparently, slum-side locals and lost spirits are of little worth to the Kingdom, after all.

The sounds of hunting horns and trumpets - equivalents of police sirens of the 21st century - echoed throughout the cityscape, and that filled Wei Ying with enough unease to force him to slink back into the shadows when he had gotten his bearings.

He fiddled with some talismans stuck on his clothes, and learned from the mythical writings that they were intended to protect him from being whisked away like a dried leaf blown by the wind; a vengeful spirit or a decomposing zombie may pass by and accidentally knock into him, thus tearing the delicate membrane of his spirit, or shove his consciousness out of his body, which would cause him exhaust the paltry amount of living energy he has left inside him, and he would cease to exist within seconds. He was like a raw egg without its shell, figuratively speaking. In addition, by encasing his body in the enchanted but awfully plain-looking funeral robes, his spirit would not dissipate into nothingness from extended exposure to the ill effects and malaise caused by breathing the stagnant and toxic Underworld air - thus, the more reasons why he needed to keep this garment on despite looking absolutely out of place in the slums.

Wei Ying considered himself as a fragile lost spirit - who could be annihilated with a single blow or two from a more powerful creature -, so he made the wise decision to stick to well-lit back alleys, away from the crowds but not too close to danger. It was easy to lose the two guards, but he wasn't quite sure what to do next. He looked up to a lightless, starless cavernous ceiling with a reluctant sigh; he acquiesced to whatever cruel Fate had given to him, because he already knew the state of his body in the Mortal Realm - or what remained of it, with its missing golden core, *qi* meridians, physical musculature and worse of all, his identity as a deserving, even venerable citizen of the Kingdom - probably being stomped on by multiple bullying Tian sisters and squashed by their deadly high heels somewhere close to Caihong - and that he could either choose to give up that broken Mortal body to become a pitiful, bitter and resentful hungry ghost and seek permanent residence in the Underworld as an undocumented outcast of society, or, he could try to find a way back to the Mortal Realm with the risk of immediate death due to the highly deteriorated condition of his body, and therefore deportation, back to the Underworld's daunting Cliff with the two beastly guards this time ready with handcuffs - he really, really didn't want to end up reincarnating as an inanimate object or someone's

expensive fuel for the kitchen stove, really. At the same time, the thought of leaving his husband - his source of comfort, love, kindness, mercy, compassion and everything nice in his world - would shatter his sanity and rip out whatever feelings and humanity that was left in him.

With so many conflicting thoughts and faced with such grim prospects, anyone would crumble in an instant, but not Wei Ying - his spirits remained resilient, at least for the moment, despite being physically as brittle as a piece of rice paper. He couldn't dwell too long on mulling over his next steps or spiral his thoughts in indecision - he had to walk around, go somewhere, get some fresh air (technically none), clear his mind, see new possibilities where there really aren't any. He had nothing but his gift of gab and his street-savvy skills from his younger days; so, armed with these two tools of his trade, he went off in search of something useful.

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Wei Ying started out at the bottom rung of the society in the slums, the lowest of the low, with no magic, supernatural abilities or even a coin in his purse; he began by sweet-talking fellow lost spirits, beggars and some undead street vendors to find his way around. He helped out a few individuals, especially those who said that they'd "probably seen him somewhere before" and thus, were easier to be acquainted with; also, because maybe he did share a past or a kind of loose kinship with certain long-time residents of the slums that he'd forgotten during his childhood days, when he frequently visited the Underworld poor and cheered people up with his boyish charms, cheerful laughter and adorable smiles. However, deep down, he also knew that friendships never lasted long in the Underworld slums - everyone was out to get the other, climb atop one another, for a bigger slice of the cake, a bit more money, to step on others like scums in the sprawling and complex hierarchy of slum-life.

He knocked on people's doors, begged for menial jobs such as helping out with household chores, carried baskets of produce for a granny to the market, lifted sacks of rice for a shrewd grocery store owner, cut the grass and trim the hedges on someone's garden, ferried buckets of human wastes as fertilizer for someone's farm, foraged for edibles at that farm when the owner wasn't looking, and scavenged useful things from other people's trash bins, then cleaned, crafted and re-purposed them to sellable quality, and peddled them on the streets - he'd done it before in Yiling as an enthusiastic and very flexible job seeker, doing all sorts of odd jobs to earn a bit of living. Still, it was back-breaking work and he was shoo'd away more often than the number of times he bagged a job, because people generally frowned upon those wearing linen funeral robes which spelled bad luck and were treated as pests, although his predicament improved a bit when he found an old dark hoodie discarded in a pile of rags outside a closed boutique.

Food wasn't a concern, since one doesn't go hungry in the Underworld; however, having a candy or two, or a rare jar of cheap wine, did wonders to his spirits and to replenish his dwindling energy. Accommodation in the form of sleeping under bridges or in someone's backyard was fine too, since he had a long history with such practices, as long as he can talk his way out if he bumped into nasty homeowners and patrolling policemen who didn't mind closing one eye in exchange for a cigarette. He admired his first few pieces of well-earned hell bank notes - his husband's portrait appeared on the back (as the Jade Emperor), along with the Lord of Hell and other councillors and governors of the Underworld. He dreamed of the husband whom he missed so dearly every time he slept, and was tormented by the anguish of probably, in all likelihood, that he'd never see his beloved darling again - but always reined himself before became a ball of broken hearts, heaves and pitiful sobs, because he knew that the more he thought about what he *might have* lost, the more he wished he *didn't* lose, the higher he got his hopes up that he could probably *not* lose, and he'd be setting himself up for a lifetime of remorse, sorrow and disappointment - so he

simply slept with at a piece of hell bank note (with the husband's portrait) as his pillow of sorts, and told himself that *that* was enough.

Time passed, perhaps hours, days or weeks, but there was no sun nor moon to keep track of a calendar, if there was ever one; similar to the case of Heaven, the Underworld moved with a different pace of time passage from the Mortal Realm. He was surprised that he remained in his increasingly grimy, unwashed linen robes beneath the brown-grey sweatshirt - a sign that he hadn't expired, otherwise he would've found himself garbed with bloodied clothes pockmarked with punctures made by Tian-branded stilettos; at least that was how he imagined his end to be - so perhaps he had been rescued, or magically put into stasis so that his body wouldn't disintegrate into ruin, and he prayed that his husband has a hand in giving him an extension to his life support back in the Mortal Realm.

However, this limbo of existence could not last long, as Wei Ying knew that time was ticking, his mortal body has a limited shelf life without its spirit no matter what marvellous magic or science was applied in the world above, and his spirit form was slowly decaying - a scratch here due to cuts from thorny bushes, a lesion there from the abrasive material of his clothes, a slash on the arm when someone tried to rob him in the market because his frail, ghostly appearance made him such an attractive target, another bandage needed on the legs when he was kicked and roughed up by small gangs to pay random protection fees, a sprain on his bruised lower back when he slipped on a rain puddle and fell on his rump; every injury added up, causing precious life energy to leak out, oozing away as he became increasingly fatigued, disoriented and weak.

"One... energy drink, please," Wei Ying grunted tiredly as he leaned heavily against the countertop of a neighbourhood clinic. He held out three crumpled pieces of bank notes he'd hidden inside his shoes - his meagre savings after being harassed by a corrupted policeman, who taunted him for

his impoverished appearance and forcibly snatched the daily earnings from his money pouch when he had no cigarette to offer. The nurse refused politely, “Mister, you can’t keep taking those energy drinks; they don’t heal your wounds or stop your life energy from bleeding away, and they last only for a few hours each. You need to see our doctor and get proper treatment,” and she carried the basket of canned drinks away, out of reach of a distressed Wei Ying.

“Please, *gu niang* , just one... I only have this much, and I cannot afford to see the doctor... I promise,” he panted a little from the exertion of talking this much when in such a feeble state, “... I promise, I’ll rest for the rest of the day, and I’ll feel better tomorrow. Really... so please, just one drink...” and he coughed like a sick man. His complexion was pale and unhealthy, with dark circles beneath his eyes and his fingernails and lips were a little blue. The nurse continued to persuade Wei Ying to sit down and wait for the doctor, but Wei Ying countered again and again, that he would just purchase that can of drink and leave, because he really didn’t want his dirty and smelly presence to disturb the others; he knew that the longer he stayed, the more he attracted curious stares and accusing whispers, and heavens forbid, patients may complain and he could be shut out from his only reliable source of medicines for his ailments.

Just then, a door inside the clinic opened and the doctor emerged to check what was causing the commotion. Wei Ying was prepared to cover his face and scurry away without the needed energy drink, because truthfully, he didn’t have the courage to face a person of such a highly-regarded profession, especially when he was perceived as a vagrant with no societal value.

“... Young Master Lan?”

Wei Ying looked up in surprise - he hadn't heard that name in a while - and saw, to his shock, a wave of sadness, as well as a tsunami of relief - finally, a friendly, familiar face after such a long time living in the dreary Underworld slums - it was Grandma Li, who used to buy his herbal candies for her clinic in Yiling, not too long ago.

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Meanwhile, back in Gusu, an urgent, delicate life-saving airlift operation was underway. With little or no support from the magnificent Kingdom that maintained a strict no-foreigner policy, Lan Zhan was forced to carry, bridal-style, the dying, battered and bruised body of his spouse while standing, carefully balanced, on a wobbly Bichen encumbered with their salvaged belongings. Barely-breathing, feverish Wei Ying had an alarming ashen pallor on his face, as he continued to bleed from numerous red-soaked bandages and battled bravely, but likely not for much longer, for survival while in a coma; his entire figure was covered with curative herbal patches from head to toe, and his dislocated arms were hooked up to IV drips that hung from the husband's shoulders because there was simply no ambulance or emergency medical services provided to the man formerly recognized as the Grand Matriarch of the Kingdom. Lan Zhan was furious at the outcome - of Wei Ying's defeat in the hands of eight terrible females from a rival family, of his Kingdom's lack of assistance and apathy, and of his work in the Heavens, and later, his inability to control his lusts when offered a fake, imaginary extended family, who brought gifts of warm fertile bodies to procreate with, which caused him to technically abandon his *true* family when they needed him the most - that he had to rub away hot tears from his eyes and he swore, as he flew through the blizzard, freezing, stormy stratosphere, arms tightly curled around his most precious, the one and only soulmate, wrapped in layers of blankets and his thickest, warmest outer robes - he swore never to fall for such traps that reeked of fame, position, status, money, cheap love and easy gains - he vowed never to deviate from his true path in life, and that path is named Wei Wuxian, signed by the promises and songs named after their combined love.

With the royal Wei siblings declaring zero-interference in matters outside of the jurisdiction of the Kingdom, it was up to the Grand Patriarch, Ernie and little Ni-er to pick up the pieces from a mission gone horribly, horribly wrong. While Lan Zhan punished himself over Wei Ying's suffering, Ernie - who claimed absolute neutrality on the Kingdom's matters since he no longer served anyone - not even the ruling family of the Kingdom, or the Patriarch's uncle who had gone mad - the cold black thing that oozed with emo-teenagehood made his own decision to transform into a giant reptilian, leathery flying beast that looked like a cross between a dragon and a pterodactyl, and grasped an unconscious but gravely injured Jing Yi with one clawed limb, and comatose, bruised and broken Si Zhui in the other. Both boys were unequivocally declared as non-citizens, since they had yet to be processed by Qishan Lan's immigration centres; still, Ernie was kind enough render basic life support and the most urgent, critical medical care to everyone when he found them lying lifelessly outside the town of Caihong, and he received heaps of silent gratitude from the Grand Patriarch for such selfless deeds.

Little Ni-er who blindly followed her *gege* wherever he went, didn't really care about citizenships since she was too young to know, let alone be involved with, such political and basic human rights matters. She was tasked to carry a cold, stiff Jin Ling who hovered near death after being poisoned and had his body gouged six ways, so she metamorphosed into a larger version of herself - a flying chubby wingless furry white worm that levitates on pure magic power - and strapped the straddling boy upon herself; just as Ernie coated the two Lan boys with heated black slime to keep them warm during the icy flight, Ni-er made sure Jin Ling was adequately and snugly packed into her fuzzy fur and surrounded by layers of built-up fat so that the latter didn't freeze while being transported in sub-zero temperatures.

Slowly, but surely, the family of three made their way with another four incapacitated members, on an arduous, long journey back home to Yiling.

Notes for the Chapter:

From this point onwards, this fic could be known as "Lovely Times with Wangxian" because I'll probably dial back the amount of sex, smut and porn, and stick to plot and fluff.

I won't be asking for Comments, though I would encourage anyone to put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic :-)

Happy 1st anniversary to CQL / Untamed, it's been a year since A-Ling started airing on the tv and internet, and you really haven't left us since then!!!

Chapter 127

“Be a good young man and rest, don’t cause trouble to anyone, alright? The last time my stubborn, good-for-nothing son did thuggish things to make my blood boil, like stealing crates of medicines from the shelves to be sold in the lucrative black market, I suffered a heart attack that landed me here, just when autumn was turning to winter. So, believe me when I say that I do not tolerate young men doing naughty things in my proximity!”

Wei Ying sniffled and nodded like a little boy who had his hands slapped because of a little boo-boo. He survived an injection to boost his energy levels - he had to bite into a pillow to muffled his terrified wails -, a few stitches here and there, aided with topical anesthetics, to patch the holes on his skin, a much-needed hygienic wipe down since he hadn’t bathed for ages. He was given a patient gown to wear while his robes were laundered and dried at the back of the clinic; he looked like a pantless man in a drab-looking green top that extended to his knees.

“The *gu niang* nurse at the counter is a temporary worker since it’s always been her dream to work in the medical profession, and I don’t want her to encounter any unsavoury experiences before she gets picked-up for her reincarnation. So don’t get too cocky and disturb the girls in the neighbourhood, no matter how successful you’ve been in evading the local police - the more bad deeds you accumulate, the faster you’ll lose your humanity and turn into a feral hungry ghost!” she admonished the young man, then, when she realized that the latter had literally shrunk into a shell of a scared child, she exhaled loudly in exasperation and crossed her arms. “Seriously, what on earth happened to you? Did you die at such an early age? Why didn’t your wife conduct a proper funeral and give you something to live by in the afterlife? Shouldn’t you be queuing up to be reincarnated, or have you been granted special orders to stay back, like me and my ancestors? Young man, please say something, otherwise this poor

po po (婆婆; grandma)'s heart cannot take it twice in this lifetime, to see her second favourite child in such a tragic situation!" she cried in desperation, wrought with emotion and inexplicable loss.

For reasons not known, ranging from bribes to the Underworld officials for privileges, to legit instructions issued by the Underworld government to waive the reincarnation cycle on certain individuals of 'special status and interests', Grandma Li's spirit continued to work as a doctor even after her passing. She was assigned to that particular clinic only a few weeks ago; the eminent and large, well-established Li clan flourished even in the afterlife as a conglomerate of healthcare providers who own public and private medical facilities and health services to support the governments of the day - in this particular case, the current Lord of Hell and his councillors in keeping the Underworld realm up to par with 51st-century health standards; or at least the basic minimal needs of the population in the fringes of society, such as the slums.

Wei Ying gingerly lifted the offered cup of steaming warm herbal tea and gulped it down appreciatively, before coming up with a downplayed version of his story, at the insistence of the grandmotherly woman. The young man told the kind but rather stern doctor that he and his "wife" made a trip to their hometown just when winter started - which was why he didn't know that the doctor had passed away, because he had been busy packing up for the journey and did not make his regular rounds to Yiling; otherwise he would have paid his last respects too - although the rich Li clan notably holds lavish funerals where more joss papers, paper-money and paper-properties are burnt than can be contained in ten horse-wagons, so his contribution would probably be miniscule at most. To make his white lie consistent with his state of body and mind, he added that he and the "wife" were caught in a terrible snowstorm, and he was separated from his significant other. He probably fell off a cliff, froze in a crevice, and was somehow preserved by ice to this date. "I'm not sure, as my memories are a blur, if you know what I mean," he murmured and looked at her with doleful eyes.

Grandma Li could not help but to take the emptied cup away and give the young man a hug he probably needed, the first time in many months since he arrived and found himself stranded in a world where he was supposed to die and move on, but hasn't. "Spirits who overstayed their welcome in this world have reasons that draw them back to the land of the living, and refuse to pass on. I can tell that you dream of your wife and your family back at home, or you have lingering grudges that must be resolved before you can finally be at peace with yourself. The longer you remain here, the more you lose yourself - your memories, your personality, your character, your spiritual form," she said.

Regrettably, she said, she was unable to help Wei Ying solve his issues, nor help him to move on and proceed with the rebirth cycle. "I'm a full-fledged doctor in this world, and I'm impartial in my approach to patients - I will help with the physical healing, but you need to decide and act on what you feel is the right thing to do. If you turn to a life of crime and devolve into a hungry ghost, I will not hesitate to call the police to safeguard the lives of others who live here peacefully," she added, before handing him a tray containing a bowl of specially-steamed herbal chicken soup, which is said to be ten times better than a can of artificially-sweetened energy drink, that soothes the broken heart with the warmth of nostalgia and memories of home-cooked foods.

Grandma Li said she would not dig further into Wei Ying's past, and she needed to get back to her patients - which consisted mostly of local slum dwellers and rarely, some lost spirits like Wei Ying, who needed a quick boost in morale to avoid turning into low-life hungry ghosts, and be returned to the righteous path towards proper reincarnation. "If you need anything, just knock on the door, and one of the *gu niang* nurses will attend to you. I want you to stay here and rest like a good boy, you hear me? Although I serve this clinic as a contractual staff, I have every right to instruct the nurses to lock the doors if something untoward happens to

anyone under my care - and that includes *you* ,” she gave him an angry evil-eye and Wei Ying nodded quickly while taking the first bite of *real* food in months - a perfectly stewed chicken drumstick still with its fatty skin, succulent on the outside, flavourful on the inside, infused with at least seventeen types of herbs and spices, and very, very wholesome and healing in its entirety.

“My brother-in-law will drop by shortly before the clinic’s closing, and we’ll take you to my sister’s apartment where I live. He runs a large grocery store chain inherited from my ancestors, so he owns a horse wagon large enough to take all of us, and a nice spacious place to live, which is more than enough to accommodate you for a while. We’ll look after you and figure out something to help you out - after office hours. No buts,” Grandma Li finally broke into a small but tight grin, with an air of finality in her tone.

Wei Ying became a mess of snot, tears and half-chewed chicken soup by then. Grandma Li dabbed his cheeks with a handkerchief and rubbed soothing circles on his back, “Hush, hush, don’t cry, you big baby. You were such a sweet, nice and helpful person while in the world above, I could never forget you. I only wish that I had a son like you instead of that good-for-nothing that carries my family’s name but none of his parent’s good qualities.”

Wei Ying realized he really needed to be loved; he’d been starved of affection, human contact and to his newfound horror, tendrils of memories of his *lao gong* too - because he’d been so busy trying to survive day in and day out, that he started to forget who the man named Lan Wang Ji was and how that man looked like -, for the the past few months (probably), had hardened his heart, morphed his mindset, and he was truly afraid that he had unconsciously edged too close to losing his humanity, his self, and down into the bottomless pit of becoming the next hungry ghost from the

Underworld. He remembered what a nice, carefree, charming and sweet person he used to be, and he let the grandmother indulge in his first crying session in many months, a cathartic burst in the dam that held back too much, with plenty of back-pats, being coddled by the woman who was known have a grumpy, strict demeanour sometimes, getting peppered with sweet kisses on his forehead, and grandmotherly whispers of “Good boy, you’re a really good boy.” (好孩子, 你是个好孩子)

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Wei Ying agreed to stay with the Li clan, with Grandma Li as his temporary legal guardian, in her sister’s apartment. At least this branch of the Li clan, located downtown of the Underworld’s capital city though just a stone’s throw away from the slums, Wei Ying noticed that the family was matriarchal in nature. The wizened (deceased) members of Li’s are blessed with great fortunes and wealth, as their well-to-do descendents continue to regularly perform elaborate rites at temples to pray for their ancestors’ prosperity, and burn tonnes of good paper offerings daily, in total. Wei Ying got his fair share by staying with them - he was well fed, clothed with better garments other than the linen robes, got his own bedroom, and the freedom to explore the apartment, which was nearly as large as a mansion in the Underworld night sky.

Grandma Li was, truthfully speaking, reluctant to let Wei Ying go - especially since the latter started calling her *po po*, which she found to be too endearing, too adorable and too precious, when paired with a million-dollar smile, and now, healthy, rosy cheeks and complexion. She never reported him to the local police or to any Underworld officials - that was Wei Ying’s decision, she reasoned - and allowed him to stay in the apartment all day or to follow any of them to work, under watchful eyes. Wei Ying cleverly addressed the elder sister of Grandma Li, who had passed away a decade earlier and judging by the way she looked and

behaved, could be Grandma Li's long-lost twin sister with a more genteel personality - and being cognizant of the female-dominated family structure of the Li's - he addressed the sister as *niang niang* , which elevated the woman almost to a queen of sorts in the apartment, and Li *niang niang* too, fell in love with Wei Ying's boyish and pandering charms. Her stoic and less chatty husband, fondly called *bo bo* , didn't talk much due to his strict upbringing, but he was kind and courteous anyway, let him ride on the horse-wagon to the grocery stores that he operated, and allowed him to tag along in whatever he did, like an intern of sorts.

Being loved sparked an inner joy within Wei Ying, and filled him with a renewed sense of purpose and urgency, akin to the matchstick that was lit and knew it had just a short span of time left to sparkle and burn with unbridled brightness, before fizzling out for good. He wanted to learn, to understand and to live a pseudo-lifestyle he never really had. He needed to ask, to receive, to get his hands on stuff, as greedily as a dying life would, but not by inflicting guilt upon himself or eroding the trust of others from taking advantage of his hosts; so he added plenty of icing on top of his innocuous demanding requests:

“ *Po po , po po* , can I have some herbal candies from the clinic? I think I'm getting a sore throat after staying indoors for too long with the air-purifier and air-conditioning switched on. Can you share the recipe for herbal soups that's good for colds and coughs? Maybe we can make a pot together for the whole family when you're back from work, and I can start with the preparations in the meantime.”

“ *Niang niang , niang niang* , can I watch the television? I promise I won't play any games or use the attached holo-phone for fun, I just want to catch up with the latest news. Do you think I can get a sub-account to ErNet? It's such an amazing thing, getting information at one's fingertips! No wonder you're such a brilliant Matriarch in this part of town!”

“ *Bo bo , bo bo* , can you teach me how to order such fresh vegetables from the wholesalers, even in a world so far away from anything that lives? I read your standard operating procedures and manuals on how the business is run, but I couldn’t really understand that part. You’re a really great boss, to have so many people working under you, and the stores earn huge profits every month!”

Wei Ying buttered up to the Li’s and in return, he had the opportunity to live the life of an upper middle-class family in the Underworld realm. During his days as the Grand Matriarch, he mostly saw the tips of icebergs in his (former) Kingdom - the C-suites of offices and organizations, the elites of society, the annual reports that contain rosy and top-level stuff with little details whatsoever. However, being with the Li’s, he experienced what it’s like to be in the midst of the action - the line managers who had to please the councillors and creditors while running day-to-day operations of businesses that employ hundreds of workers; meeting the average people who truly lived in the bulk of societies and work in them; and actually pouring over newspapers, tabloids, local and satellite television channels, general ordinary forums and social media platforms, manuals, meeting notes, reports, books, literature and real media that tell the true stories behind glossy one-liner headlines that he used to receive during his former capacity as the Grand Matriarch. He enjoyed his stint as a normal, cheerful, hardworking and curious *living* person, especially when he knew that one day, he may never wake up in the sunless morning of the Underworld; if he would arrested and snatched by the Ox-Head and Horse-Face guards, and ordered complete his journey from the fearsome foot of the hills, then be turned into a shiny twisty crystal upon reincarnation - he wanted to go out with a bang, filled with the knowledge that he had lived a wholesome, virtuous and meaningful life.

Back on earth, Bichen-riding Lan Zhan faced another monumental decision as he and his surviving tribe of conscious immediate family members and knocked-out ones, while descending from the freezing night skies above Yiling and a large swathe of familiar, comforting and homely inky blackness with a few pinpricks of light came into view on the distant horizon - the Burial Mounds. It felt like aeons had passed since he returned to his home base, and he was secretly delighted that the 'Mounds remained relatively undeveloped - sure, there were a few houses here and there, maybe a handful of small factories, warehouse buildings, some unpaved mountainous roads and roadside farms that were either dimly lit after sundown or none at all, with huge yawning gaps of natural zero-light pollution in between.

“Father,” Ernie hissed in his dragon-pterodactyl form and formally addressed the Grand Patriarch since there was no one else around, “What do you wish to do when we return?”

Silence, in response. There was a lot to think, to say, and he was, truthfully, exhausted from the trauma of saving the injured members of his family to mouth more than a few words.

“The boys... do what is needed, Ernie. Get medical help, admit them to our lands and into the Qishan Lan sect following the Kingdom’s laws. Sort out their belongings, accommodation, food and expenses, and their paperwork,” Lan Zhan murmured, barely above the din of howling winds in the nightscape of a cloudy, starless sky.

“Even if it means going through rehab, prolonged hospitalization, being detained in immigration processing centres, and placed on probations?”

To that, Lan Zhan did not respond. He cradled Wei Ying using one strong arm, and used the other to brush aside the spouse's wildly-billowing hair. Lovely Wei Ying's hair had grown quite long since winter started, his face was ashen and deathly pale, yet unwashed and the curled-up body smelled a little ripe, because he was left on the grounds outside Caihong after being brutally savaged and stomped by evil nearly-naked women, and the ill-fated man was deserted at the hour of his greatest need whilst he slowly bled to death from crushed bones and torn internal organs. Lan Zhan, in his grief, harboured an insane amount of hatred for the Tian sisters, and probably all womankind, at that point - as illogical, unfair and disproportionate as it may sound - and that venomous, bitter resentment festered in his heart, entangled his mind, and continued to poison his thoughts throughout the return flight to Yiling; Wei Ying certainly didn't deserve such pain and torture, and any hurt must be returned hundredfold - even if it means breaking family rules against holding grudges and taking revenge -, Lan Zhan told himself again and again.

Ernie merely nodded with a downward dip of his cold black reptilian snout, even without getting an answer. His gigantic claws gripped tighter around the slime-coated forms of Jing Yi and Si Zhui. Ni-er fluffed her fur and made sure to blanket slumbering, but wheezing Jin Ling, with another layer of magical healing blubber - because his lungs were filled with fluids and blood, and his condition wasn't getting any better after having been stabbed numerous times by the Tians, his perforated body riddled with toxic abscesses, ugly burns and puncture wounds.

Lan Zhan focused on Wei Ying's well-being, almost to an obsessive level - he placed tender kisses on the man's grimy forehead to taste the sweat of the one he missed dearly, uncharacteristically whispered sweet nothings

despite knowing that he wouldn't be heard, adjusted the supple but lifeless body in his arms and frowned when he tested the weight and knew it was too light for a man of such height, and tried his best to make sure the lovely spouse was most comfortable being cocooned in his loving embrace.

"I will make... some changes... to our lifestyles and living arrangements. I only wish to take Wei Ying home, and hide him away, so that he will never suffer like this, ever. He will only be loved when he's with me," the Grand Patriarch announced with a renewed determination blazing in his eyes.

Another weary pause in silence. The winds have died down a little, as they plunged below the turbulent clouds and emerged into the lower altitudes. The Burial Mounds were clearly in view - a clear demarcation of the darkest shade of black set against a backdrop of the monotonous colours of the starless night, dotted with few specks of amber and gold from the sparse civilization below.

"How many?"

Lan Zhan was aghast that a secret question had been tantalizingly teased out from the depths of his complex, multi-layered spiralling storm of thoughts. It was a question he meant to ask much later, though the timing wouldn't really matter in the end. Ernie's mind-reading ability was, admittedly, top-notch.

"How many Wei Yings will be loved while Mother lies in bed, hidden from sight for weeks, months, even years in this immobile state, without state-sanctioned care because you do not plan to have him recorded then caught

by immigration officers, and strapped onto detention chairs meant for illegals and hardcore convicts?” Ernie repeated, with a verbose question.

The Grand Patriarch looked down at his beloved lying peacefully in his arms; under no respectable circumstances he would ever touch the fragile, damaged body, not even in his sleep or in a drunkenness - that would be barbaric, callous, ruthless and merciless. However, as he weaved an idea - rather, portrayed an image - of spending an inordinate amount of time rebuilding what should have been, an idyllic paradise of him and his closest loved ones, far, far away from the hustle and bustle of what currently is, dilemma struck; as long as he *currently is* - a god, a king, a patriarch -, he could never attain what he *should have been* - a husband, a father, a lover, an ordinary mortal who only needed and wanted his beloved and no one else, nothing else. He wouldn't know how to solve this lifelong conundrum anyway, because power, people, and riches naturally gravitate to him, and along with that, extraordinary events, troubles brewing from afar, the impossible burdens placed upon his shoulders, the lethal pressures from having zillions of citizens look up to him for leadership, the life and time stolen from him when he couldn't maintain that fabled work-life balance, and deep down, he also knew that god-tiered energies coursing through his veins meant that his god-tiered primal needs and lusts needed to be sated as well.

No wonder the Gusu Lan master of his dreams made a mockery of his status, and said that he *didn't know* the root of his problems, and *couldn't do* anything to resolve his complicated, multi-layered issues.

Except - realization dawned upon the Grand Patriarch - except, unless he sought help from others - such as Ernie and possibly other allies - to solve each of his issues. No man is an island, and the great man named Lan Wang Ji is no exception.

Ernie opened the first door to one of his many issues - the issue of his loins, bluntly put; and it was time to man up, to take the bull by the horns; there was no other way around it other than to call a spade a spade. Lan Zhan knew his uncontrollable flares in lusts, his virility and sexual vigour were one source of his headaches, especially when surrounded with harems and variants of his lovely Wei Ying, which directly put the *real* , original Wei Ying in mortal danger. It was time to address this.

“Nnngh. Do what you must, Ernie. Make every single one count, if there will be many. Make sure that your Mother is above everyone else,” Lan Zhan murmured vaguely, but that was more than enough for the cold black thing to start firing up factories in his underground kingdom, shift massive quantities of souls, bodies and lives he had amassed since his birth during the end of Summer, and the first humongous gears inside his infinite blackness started to spin and truly work faithfully hard for his deserving First Father.

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Living with the Li's and as the youngest temporary addition to their fold, Wei Ying spent time doing chores for the three elderly (actually, deceased) members of the household when he wasn't out and about, darting between his guardians, the shadows and into closets when Underworld officials or the local police were in the vicinity. At home, he watched the news on television while sweeping the floors with a straw broom (the elderly weren't too keen to take up 51st-century technological solutions, such as purchasing pricey Dustless Broom units, for performing simple tasks), and was dumbfounded when he heard the announcements about the Grand Patriarch taking a well-deserved break and going for a short vacation to an undisclosed location and duration; the newsfeed was full of videos and

images of the newly appointed and well-received Regent of the Throne, the leader of the Dream-kin and an excellent clone of the Grand Patriarch himself (even more handsome than the husband, Wei Ying thought); there was actually little fanfare and the inauguration ceremony was rather brief and bland - perfectly suited for Lan-kin's minimalist tastes and interests -, mainly because after signing off some royal documents to affirm his appointment, the Regent immediately started issuing out decrees, new policies, upended inefficient parts of the government and the Wangxian company, ordered everyone to "get back to work", and all the usual stuff that any King or President should anyway - that people soon turned a blind eye on the auspicious event and went on with their mundane daily lives. There were also bits of news that others of the First Father Lan's family, including his four notorious but celebrated siblings, voiced out concerns and dissatisfaction at the sudden change of guard, and called for investigations into perceived corruption and the location of their Grand Patriarch. However, something must have happened within the media, the royal family or the Heavenly Palace, as talks and news on the topic trickled down to a stop - and the channels played reruns of documentaries, musicals, animations and awesome footage of the Kingdom's past achievements and victories.

Wei Ying was secretly worried about Lan Zhan's well-being, however he was at least assured that the husband should be fine if that man was merely taking a break from those distracting official duties, and maybe - just maybe - taking the time to research into ways to bring the spouse back (he hoped, and crossed his fingers many times until they cramped up). He couldn't let his feelings show, lest his cover is blown in front of the ordinary Li's, and he understood that as long as he was stuck in the Underworld, there was little he could do to escape the realm anyway, given that his body was probably beyond repair by then - so he had to swallow down his anxieties, repress his thoughts and memories of his loved ones, and keep his chin up, back straight, and march ahead like a normal youthful man of the Underworld living on borrowed time.

The Li's were a rather sociable lot, and invited other family members and close friends for meals and parties during the weekends. Wei Ying thought that contrary to some of the elder sect leaders he'd known during his life, the older people were, the less concerned they were about themselves, and the more outgoing, amicable, hospitable and companion-needy they became - a sign of old age, perhaps; even when he was introduced as 'a freeloader who is, was, and still is, a wonderful friend of the family, and Li *mei mei*'s favourite godson' (because Grandma Li was considered one of the youngest in a room full of Li forebearers), he received a round of laughter, hearty slaps on the back from the elderly men, and adoring pinches on the cheeks from the elderly women (because they saw Wei Ying as a tiny tot amongst them whose ages easily added up thousands of year, if not more). He got to meet and be acquainted with a number of (deceased) Li family members, and realized how widespread people's connections are; a couple of old men - said to be ancestral relatives of Grandma Li - mentioned a little about their lives as nomadic merchants who indulged in their wanderlust of trading between the Far, Far East and the Far, Far West (an impossible feat these days, given the woeful current political situation), had a brush with death with events related to the emergence and power-struggles for pieces of Yin Metal - and by connecting some dots and maps, Wei Ying found that those two men have met a couple of 'very beautiful and powerful female cultivators of their time', Lan Yi and Baoshan Sanren (insert exclamation marks, in Wei Ying's context).

Mind-blown Wei Ying didn't stop there - the more people he met, the more voracious his appetite was to explore the Underworld and its vibrant culture, stories, lifestyles and people. Eventually, he wagered his luck and okay-ed to a lunch meeting with his *bo bo* and an official, said to be a trustworthy and very old friend of the family. They made a reservation at a nondescript teahouse and picked a private room, because Li *bo bo* wanted to show Wei Ying how he sourced fresh vegetables from the farms and orchards located just outside the Heavenly Court, scarcely a stone's throw away from the now-dismantled supermarket that was reported to be destroyed by rampaging monsters and subsequent fires, high, high above their world (impossible, Wei Ying thought, as only gods were eligible to

taste the wonderful greens planted in the clouds of Heaven, and not mere mortals, let alone the dead and dying, down, down below).

The moment the door to the private room opened, and Wei Ying found himself staring at a pair of opulently designed and embroidered boots adorned with an assortment of jadestones, quartz and precious gems, he looked up and had to, for a brief moment, hold his breath and not cause a stir by saying anything - *Tudigong*, the Earth God, dressed in a camouflage of normal businessman attire with dark-coloured robes and pants - except for the striking, probably very expensive boots - strode across the carpeted floor to greet Li *bo bo*.

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Of course, it makes sense, Wei Ying berated himself again and again, as he eavesdropped the strictly no-nonsense conversation. There were countless Earth Gods scattered across the Kingdom, each appointed as a divine custodian of a district, a habitable settlement, a parcel of land, sometimes, a building such as a famous temple, even an entire continent or an island, with the responsibility of controlling, to a limited extent, the natural and supernatural phenomena afflicting their designated areas and ensure that life thrives, nature blossoms, civilizations prosper and people's well-being were maintained in blessed balance and harmony. On the flipside, however, in which Wei Ying had never really guessed, is that the vast network of Earth Gods meant that the possible flow of goods and services through them, whether legal or illicit, for better or worse of the Kingdom that they served, became perfect clandestine conduits that would escape even the Jade Emperor's attention and awareness. Earth Gods are, for all accounts and purposes, run-of-the-mill middle-ranking gods, sometimes relegated to the likes of earthly demi-gods due to their lack of firepower and their penchant for involvement in conventional peacetime civil affairs - thus, unsurprisingly, some may decide to join the fray to earn more on the side

and gain more favours from their worshippers and to fill their personal coffers, by acting as unscrupulous middlemen, agents, arbitrators and other professions of this ilk.

Therefore, for a crate of Underworld products, such as jars of Breaths of Malaise, bottles containing Ichor of Incurable Pestilence, and bags of Crystalline Sands of Doom, which are key ingredients in certain offensive and malicious magic, Li *bo bo* was promised baskets of freshly harvested Heavenly fruits and produce in return - a very profitable exchange, given that he only had to package the air surrounding the dirtiest parts of the Underworld, bottle some waste water from the sewers, and compact dirt closest to the dumpsters near the wet markets, to make the trade; the exchanged green produce would be sold to the upper echelon of the Underworld, who pay handsome prices for a taste of the divine that could strengthen their bodies and prolong their lifespans. The two elderly grey-haired men talked over a pot of jasmine tea and a plate of toasted nuts, with very brief introductions to Wei Ying as an unnamed intern to Li *bo bo* 's company, and they ended by agreeing the date, time and location of the drop-off and pick-up.

Wei Ying kept his eyes to the table, tried to remain inconspicuous, and fervently hoped that the *tudigong* did not recognize him and call him out; he trembled a little when Li *bo bo* mentioned that he would like to bring along his intern - fondly termed the 'godson' - when overseeing the exchange operations; *Tudigong* merely nodded with a firm and knowing "Mmm", and did not ask further. Wei Ying could feel pinpricks of laser-sharp gazes upon him throughout the conversation, and he did not dare to identify who was scrutinizing his every breath, every move and every gesture.

"Now that we have mutually agreed to conclude our meeting, I would like to get to know your protege a little more whilst the tea is still warm. Who knows, he may be picking up my phonecalls in your stead, if what you say

is true that he will accompany you and even take on a few routine, simpler tasks. May I have a private word with him?" *Tudigong* asked politely and with respectable etiquette.

Li *bo bo* was a man of a few words, and he kept to his promise to Grandma Li never to leave Wei Ying alone with the denizens of the Underworld - or in this case, a possibly corrupt official from Heaven -, "Hmm. Yes, but only in my presence. My sister-in-law loves this boy very much, and would be heartbroken if his fragile spirit is shaken by the rigours of the real world, such as handling tough negotiations and transactions, if you know what I mean." Then, the elderly Li man shuffled away to take a seat at the corner of the room, and pretended to snack on a plate of peanuts at a separate table. He was out of earshot, but his eyes were trained on Wei Ying at all times, ready to call off the conversation the moment the latter reacted badly to his preferred business partner.

Wei Ying's non-existent heart pounded so hard, that he thought he could feel bile and all sorts of entrails bubbling up from his stomach in sheer terror and anxiety. Beads of sweat rolled down the sides of his face, his fingers balled into fists when he was face to face with an expectant *tudigong* - he didn't want to disappoint the *bo bo* , and he was afraid that the moment he opened his mouth, his identity would be exposed and everything would come crashing down.

"Come, let me have a look at your face, child. There is nothing to fear from this *shushu* ," said the raspy but gentle voice.

Wei Ying looked up, his form taut and ready to dash for safety; he had already mentally mapped where the windows were and where the hallways in the teahouse led to.

The grandfatherly Earth God chuckled lightly and his eyes crinkled with glee. “What a handsome young man you’ve become, in just a mere few hours in heaven-time,” he continued, in a low whisper, before leaning closer for a hushed dialogue. Wei Ying’s eyes widened with surprise, but he kept as quiet as a mouse.

“It was only this morning when I watched how an orphaned child was picked up by the famous mortal, Jiang Fengmian of Yunmeng, by a market stall in a town that I can no longer remember its name. At that time, I passed by that same stall with the intention to meet someone, and couldn’t forget that boy’s precious smile when he held that piece of melon offered by the former Jiang Patriarch,” *Tudigong* calmly recounted his tales, and scratched his beard absentmindedly. He did not seem to notice Wei Ying’s shocked demeanour and a string of stifled, choked stuttering sounds - thankfully concealed from Li *bo bo* from behind, who was occupied in cracking the shells of peanuts in a rather noisy manner.

“It is sad to hear what has happened to the Mortal Realm from my network of comrades, because I’m usually assigned to carry out duties only in Heaven and sometimes, the Underworld realms. However, let me tell you this - I’ve watched and experienced the ups and downs of many mortals’ lives that I can tell you, no one is alone in his suffering, and that person will never be alone too, because of how life connects all of us - including you and me,” he added, reminiscing the recent past, and pulled on one end of his moustache, his gaze fixed at an astonished Wei Ying.

“And now, close to the end of my working day, when I have scheduled this impromptu meeting with Merchant Li before going home to see my wife and have a nice dinner with my family... miracles of all miracles, I meet the boy again, about quarter of a century in earth-time later!” he beamed a

bright wrinkly smile that creased his forehead. Li *bo bo* peered at the two over a cup of tea, and probably thought someone received a nice, well-meaning praise. Then, slowly, *Tudigong* inserted a hand into his sleeve and pulled out a red packet (紅包; *hong bao*).

“I won’t pry into your business of who you really are, what happened to you, and how you got here, because my primary concerns are with the few district offices in Heaven and in the Underworld, which aren’t that closely connected to the core ruling families of the Kingdom. I had an inkling and felt an itch in my nose during lunch, and prepared this just in case I meet the boy again - and I did -, so this is for you,” he said, and handed the rather thick crimson-coloured envelope to a startled Wei Ying. Before the young man knew it, he was already holding the red packet with both hands.

Tudigong looked over the younger man’s shoulder and asked loudly, “Li *bo bo* , you wouldn’t mind if I gift this kind, charming boy some lucky money, would you? That is, a customary gesture to bless this child and to wish him success in his future.”

The elderly Li waved a hand at them, and replied, “That is fine,” then, he proceeded to snack on the remaining few nuts on the plate.

Tudigong took a swig off his cup of brew and rose from his seat, but not before whispering to Wei Ying, “Keep this, and open it when there is no one else around. I may not be powerful enough to change anything, so this is the least I can do, for old time’s sake.”

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Later, Wei Ying opened the red packet when he was alone in his bedroom. Sparkly rainbow-like dust gushed out onto his bed mattress and they magically transformed into the objects that had been sealed in the powder - three shabby-looking straw dolls of a man, a woman and a small child, and a worn-out rattle drum Wei Ying thought he'd lost forever from his childhood - the one that connected him to the husband long, long ago before the events of his life started.

Notes for the Chapter:

More world-building for this arc...

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic!

Chapter 128

Wei Ying held the return tickets for three persons - a man, a woman and a child's, in the form of enchanted straw dolls. The red packet came with proper instructions for use - which surprised even the former cultivator-cum-master magician; a puff of grey smoke, an Eye and Ear combo spell, a simple Memory spell, and a built-in Energy spell that served as a disposable battery of sorts, formed the fundamentals of a very simple and primitive version of a pre-recorded message.

In the projected video that followed, which was a little grainy and fuzzy in quality, *Tudigong* was having his lunch of chicken noodle soup, a plate of crispy vegetable fritters and a bowl of fried chicken nuggets, in one deserted corner of a staff canteen somewhere in the vast Heavenly Court office complex. He started by saying something about making a video that could earn him tons of likes and a few extra gold pieces - he didn't disclose where and how - by simply showing people how tasty the staff menu is, especially the bright (probably artificial) colours on the food, and the pleasant slurpy, sloshy and crunchy sounds emitted when one digs in; Wei Ying wasn't sure if *Tudigong* knew about the concepts of WeiTube, ASMR and mukbang back then, but he'd heard from the husband that the staff menu is highly subsidized, affordable even for the lowest-ranking workers, and features healthy choices as well as classic favourites - probably most gods, demi-gods and celestial servants went to staff canteens to fill their bellies with grub and went on with their day, without really giving a second thought to the intricacies, delicacies and possibilities of the food served in those plain white buildings with rows upon rows of tables and benches.

Just as *Tudigong* swallowed down a spoonful of chewed noodles - oh heavens, the delicious squishy and sucking sounds! - something happened on the bench, there was a strange inhuman yowl and a loud thud. He clicked his tongue in annoyance and bent down behind the table.

“Ahh,” his strained voice was heard off-screen, “In this bag, I had a bunch of Peaches of Immortality, three leaves from Guanyin’s holy willow branch that my agent managed to collect while she was in the bath, and three tiny strands of hair the barber near the supermarket sold to me, said to be from Lord Buddha’s chin when His Holiness dropped by the hairdresser for a mandated haircut,” he opened a brown bag in front of the recording spell to show a mess of stuff - squashed fruit, spindly pieces and dark specks of what looked like dust or lint - it was a bit dark inside the bag to see exactly what happened to the contents -, but his wrinkled hands balled into fists, upset at the irreparable damage done, “... and a bunch of children’s toys too. Did you see that? It’s that wretched overweight calico cat again! The one that always begs for scraps whenever the staff have their meals here! It knocked over my bag when it hopped from bench to bench, and look what happened!” The demi-god pointed somewhere behind the recording spell as the culprit meowed loudly and disappeared behind furniture and shadows.

Tudigong shook his head helplessly and sighed, his appetite to continue the sumptuous lunch seemed to have evaporated instantly. “To whoever is viewing this show, you should know that it took me days in heaven-time to get hold of the items, and now they’re ruined. My clients will be angry at having to wait for their orders, and I will have less spending money for a while. So, I’m sorry that I can’t finish this lunch episode today,” he said and bowed at the recording spell - which seemed rather bizarre, and indicated, at least to Wei Ying, that the Earth God’s audience was probably those that frequented his side businesses.

The elderly demi-god fished out a juice-covered straw doll and twirled it a little to inspect it. Wei Ying recognized it in a flash of refreshed memory that he wove that toy with tiny nimble fingers, using bits of discarded straw brooms he found in someone’s trash bin, long, long ago. “Well, judging from the looks of it, I’d say this doll, and the other two--” he rummaged the bag and two more straw doll heads poked out into view, “-- have been

imbued with the powers to resurrect the dead, and bring their spirits back to the Mortal Realm in their re-created original, or maybe slightly deteriorated bodies. But you'd have to be dead first and your body would have to be obliterated long before, for this to work... which I'm sure none of you are," *Tudigong* grinned sheepishly at the recording spell, then wiggled the first dirtied straw doll, "If there are any takers for such unlucky items, contact me and I'll give a big discount!"

Tudigong elaborated a bit more about the dolls, probably in the futile hopes that someone would want to buy them as a collectable - which never happened since they were now in Wei Ying's hands; each doll could only be used once, the gender determined the sex of the resurrection target, and the size of the doll could be a measure of the living form or the age of the individual to be resurrected. Soon, the old demi-god signed off with a cheerful wave - with one more bonus offer that he'd pay handsomely to anyone who gets rid of the calico cat terrorizing those patronizing the canteen -, before wishing his viewers a good day, and the projected screen dissipated.

Wei Ying inspected the straw dolls in his bedroom, and realized that he couldn't use it on himself since he hasn't passed on - strangely, he continued to hover between life and death, and prayed ardently again that his *lao gong* would figure something out soon to save him from an untimely demise. No details were provided about the rattle drum, so he assumed it to be an unpowered artifact - without any spellcasting ability, he wasn't able to investigate whether the toy radiated magical auras or not.

The young man entertained the idea of helping a couple of lost spirits in the Underworld with the straw dolls, however he wasn't sure who he could trust, and how to choose the worthy receiver of such powerful magics. Before long, his imaginations went into overdrive; he started to fantasize mass producing the resurrection spell using his wits and potentially

alternative resources found in the Underworld, branding the product so that spirits would flock to him and pay him good money for boxes of homemade straw dolls, becoming a superhero to rescue scores of deserving, kind-hearted spirits, then bringing a whole group of them to the Middle Kingdom to start, and populate a fictional village named after his surname... and with a final yawn, he fell asleep on his comfortable bed like a good boy with the rattle drum in his arms, at nine o' clock sharp in the starless and moonless ever-night of the Underworld.

In the background, a wall-mounted monitor - a miniature television hooked up to one of the apartment's wifi network - droned on about the latest news clips from around the Kingdom:

A picture of disappointed and downtrodden Jiang Cheng walking away from the burning, ruined replicate of the Cloud Recesses, set against a backdrop of smoke, fiery mountains and barren, devastated landscapes, followed by long lines of fatigued, crying, badly beaten-up boys who sported bruises and bandages all over their dirty smudged clothes; apparently, the incubus scourge had grown out of control when the monsters unearthed a replica cache of ancient Gusu Lan treasures and a copy of the Yin Metal piece entrusted to the Lan descendents long ago - which was effectively used to turn all inhabitants into fierce corpses. The battle lost, Jiang Cheng withdrew from the campaign with his lips sealed by a Lan Wang Ji-esque Silence Spell, which the incubus had mastered, and refused all interviews from reporters fielded to the scene of carnage. The reporters were informed by reliable sources, that all remaining monsters and their terrible Dark, Corrupted creations broke out of the barriers earlier using the raw power of ancient Gusu Lan bombs, then stole the magic gourd at the parking lot of the dismantled supermarket - which contained all captured enemies and rescued souls -, and made a beeline for The Well before the Palace guards could apprehend any escapees.

The Regent announced that the war refugees under the leadership of Jiang Cheng would still be recognized for their efforts - they did manage to capture at least fifteen incubus after all, before losing everything - and will be awarded heroic medals and certificates to hasten their admission into full citizenship of the Kingdom. Since the incubi, their armies, and kidnapped inhabitants of the replica Cloud Recesses had reached the other side of the planet - above the open seas which the Dragon King designated as his sea-people's garbage dump, therefore the Regent declared the matter to be irrelevant to the Kingdom's current affairs, to let the monsters infect and fester in the Far, Far West originating from that side of the globe, and at most, to assign the Dragon King and his Sea Realms to keep an eye on the situation;

There was a short blurb for an upcoming two-hour documentary special titled "Inside The Warzone: Battle For the Ancestral Fatherland", which described an intriguing insider look on what actually happened to three young war refugees in their quest to reclaim their homeland; it seemed there would be interviews with newly-minted immigrants Lan Jing Yi and Lan Si Zhui, together with probationary citizen Jin Ru Lan, from their hospital beds while they recuperated from their adventures; teasers included never-seen-before footages of a deserted, desolate Gusu, a visually stimulating, morbid and macabre rundown on the sexy succubi and the Tian-controlled Imperial forces, in-depth analysis of the traumatic experiences and how these will affect the boys' futures, who have been nominated to hold important roles within their clans, and expert opinions from other war veterans, historians and eminent professors from related fields. (Sadly, all mentions of the Grand Matriarch were censored and deleted (and re-written), because as far as the Kingdom is concerned, the man no longer existed in record.) The blurb ends with the now-famous picture of a furious, dishevelled Master Lan Qi Ren in a straightjacket, on his knees, and tied down with chains, with a speech bubble above him that screams "I'll be back!" and a footnote that there will be a special five-minute preview of the next documentary "Black or White? The Sinister *Shushu* Strikes!", starring that bearded uncle himself;

There are reports of hauntings by the ghosts of two possibly eight-year old children in the streets and alleys of Yiling - who seemed to walk through walls, steal food, clothes and money, make plenty of feral squeals and growls, and appear then disappear at random; which spooked residents enough to set up small, roadside shrines to pray for divine intervention, and to perform rituals to cleanse the disturbances affecting the neighbourhood. Rumours are rife that a third ghost has recently joined the fray, in the form of a male teenager who seems calmer, but still scares away the residents nevertheless. A number of businesses have been reported to pack up and abandon their properties due to such disruptive presence, in the hopes that by leaving them alone, that would appease the adolescent souls and encourage them to pass on. Experts are quick to point out that these individuals could be of Dream-kin origin, however, their scientific advice was ignored when mass hysteria hit out in markets, restaurants and living rooms of the people of Yiling who have not really seen a real specimen of that species before. In the meantime, the leader of the Dream-kin, the current Regent of the Kingdom, is said to be chasing a ghost of his own, at the far side of the planet.

The Wei siblings continued to wage their war against the defiant Tians, now under the leadership of the eight Sisters who had usurped the positions from their great-grandparents. The Tians have renewed efforts to survive and push back the Kingdom-led onslaught - a 'second wave' of the plague emerged in the form of insidious guerilla warfare, mass assassinations by poisoning drinking water and breathable air, hijacking of motherships and resource-rich worlds, spying and hacking into ErNet resources, and other underhanded ways of gaining back their grounds - however, people were beginning to become jaded of war-related news, opinions, recruitment posters and supposedly inspiring messages that were too far away and too irrelevant to their daily lives; hence, the subject of the Lan-Tian (Blue Skies) battlefield has been relegated to the likes of unexciting foreign news that are usually important for the ruling class, but for the layperson on the streets trying to earn his bread and butter, he doesn't give a damn anymore.

With so much going on, including endless streams of live feeds from other universes, galaxies, civilizations, worlds and realms besides the tiny dot known as the Middle Kingdom of the Mortal Realm, naturally, everything that was familiar to Wei Ying would be drowned out due to the sheer volume of more interesting news elsewhere; even the news byte of Gusu getting rebooted and a poll being conducted to determine whether the same should be done for the rest of the Wei and Lan-kin populated Middle Kingdom, is easily missed and forgotten. The Regent appeared in more than half of such feeds, and had garnered so many more likes than the previous ruler due to his ruthless efficiency in doing the right things the right way; the Kingdom prospered shortly after his ascension, from a political, economic and socio-cultural standpoint.

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Wei Ying did somersaults inside his head when he learned how goods are illegally transported between realms by unauthorized persons - by exploiting naturally occurring weaknesses in the crack lines that appear in space-time, amongst other devious strategies employed by those who work in the underbelly of the realms' societies. Initially, Wei Ying assumed that the *Tudigong* would travel to the Underworld with an enlarged suitcase to pick up contraband, but he wasn't convinced that the demi-god would be able to walk through bands of customs officers and their scanners - even clones of Heavenly Sun-Eating dogs trained in sniffing out smugglers - unscathed; however by relying on age-old hearsays and wisdoms, people have been making use of such secrets to pop in a box of goodies into what looks like a manhole in the middle of the woods, and the entire shipment is instantly transported through the tube-like construct, guided by some simple spells, talismans, good luck and precision timing so that the other side receives it with relative ease. As an unidentified and unnamed spirit - a nobody, really - Wei Ying's presence posed no danger nor notice to anyone, so he could talk freely with the locals to learn more about how such secrets

were discovered and how such practices prospered in the past before the long arm of the law loomed above.

Timing was crucial, and secrecy was key - even the local enforcement was vaguely aware of such prohibited activities. Soon, after overseeing his nth shipment under the guise of being a delivery boy for Li *niang niang* 's cosmetics business - in which he veered off course from the main road and into a well-concealed patch of undergrowth, then met up with an agent from another faraway realm to hand over a carton of lethal Lich King Dragon bone powder, in exchange for bags of powerful drugs, experimental vaccines and banned energy boosters; Grandma Li's clinic needed these life-saving substances because they weren't allowed to be used in the Underworld, and the elderly lady was adamant that the Underworld bureaucracy discriminated against its poor, underprivileged population since the elite class had full access to such 51st-century medicines anyway -, he was spotted by Ox-Head and Horse-Face on a regular patrol, and ran for his life. He speed-dialed Li *bo bo* using the hacked Weiphone given to him, and fortunately he was picked up by a Li-relative's ride-hailing service just in the nick of time.

“ *Bo bo* , I think I should lay low for a while, because I'm actually a wanted man who should've queued up for reincarnation long ago. Ox-Head and Horse-Face are chief guards, and they will not let go of me, now that they've picked up my trail. I will hide in the slums where it is safer for me, and harder for them to track me down. Please... tell Li *po po* not to worry that I cannot return home for dinner tonight... that I'm sorry for the troubles I've caused... and thank you, for taking care of this nameless and small-fry lost spirit.”

Wei Ying rubbed a hot tear off his eyes, and snivelled loudly in the chilly darkness. He left the goods in the ride-hailing taxi to be delivered to its intended recipient, together with his modern, Li-sponsored Underworld-ly

belongings including the Weiphone - for fear that he could be traced if he held on to those objects. He tightened his robes to stave off the cold, then walked away from the main roads and headed for the derelict, dilapidated slums, where it all started.

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In the end, Lan Zhan sighed to himself, does it really matter?

After discarding the luggage from his past - including dropping the three boys off at Yiling's immigration centre and the hospital, then returning to the 'Mounds to find a new place to settle down, in which Ni-er sniffed out a nice spot at the foot of some mysterious, uninhabited mountains located next to beautiful valleys, waterfalls, and lush forests, and began to dig a cavernous hole, while Ernie busied himself with furnishing the expanding dwelling space - Lan Zhan instructed that all connections to ErNet, all manners of communications to the Kingdom, and all duties linked to present roles as the Grand Patriarch, First Father Lan, the Jade Emperor, God of Mercy and Lord Buddha be cut off, disconnected, put on pause, *et cetera ad nauseum* , during this digital detox retreat in an off-grid paradise in the middle of the wilderness.

For the first time in *forever* , Lan Zhan experienced absolute silence and peace of mind, especially since nobody from the boisterous outside world could reach him, his holo-phone was switched off, his personal tracking had been disabled, and that he could be in a single room playing his guqin - Ernie had crafted one that's as good as the original - while lovely Wei Ying lay motionless on a rickety bed, because a king-sized double bed had been ordered and would take several days to be delivered to such a remote, obscure location in the middle of nowhere. One could hear the soothing roar

of a distant waterfall and the trickling of a stream that flowed from a pool behind the abode to more pools further outside, accompanied by crickets and birdsongs, and feel the gentle breeze blowing through a single door and an opened window, refreshing and invigorating the flow of *qi* in the vicinity.

A pair of black and white rabbits crouched near Lan Zhan, but he paid no heed to them and continued to play healing songs for his dearly beloved. The white one asked by gesturing with its cute fluffy paws, “How many rooms? How wide and tall, and how many secret chambers? How large is the underground pantry?”, whilst the black one, whose coat is a little colder, blacker and glistened with what looked like moist, oily slime, hissed in an adorable way, “What kinds of furniture? How many cabinets, cupboards and hidden closets? How fully furnished should the kitchen be, how many straw brooms, clothespin, cutlery, pots and pans, plates and bowls? Which collection of books, magazines, paintings, calligraphy and literature to be acquired?”

Lan Zhan ended one song with a perfect, rounded *twang* ! of finality that majestically echoed off the walls of the cavernous home. He merely murmured, “Does it matter?”, before starting another more serene, slow-paced piece of music. The two rabbits bowed, in their own cute, endearing ways, and hopped off to do their owner’s unsaid bidding.

The man looked up and glimpsed at his lover. Wei Ying had not woken up at all, although his complexion had improved considerably after numerous microsurgeries on the open wounds and lacerations, treatments for poisoning and gangrenous limbs, and surgical reconstructions performed by the tentacle-kin who have since morphed into faithful servants of the four-legged furry kind. Still, Lan Zhan tried his best to care and keep the slumbering spouse fit and clean. Lovely Wei Ying had his hair groomed daily, his nails trimmed when they grew too long, his body wiped down with mild soap water mixed with herbs and curative heated springwaters

from the pool, fed with bits of liquid food and soup at regular intervals - even though for most of the time, the food had to be thoroughly chewed and forced down the younger man's throat with deep kisses, and the soup usually spilled out because Wei Ying wasn't conscious enough to move his jaws or swallow anything on his own.

Three times a day, Lan Zhan would perform cultivation and then tried to channel the gained *qi* energy into the broken body; however Wei Ying wasn't receptive since his meridians had been destroyed - the energy simply dissipated into the surrounding air. To keep the muscles from wasting, Lan Zhan periodically exercised the spouse's joints, massaged his muscles and applied the age-old arts of acupuncture and acupressure; however, with the tendons and ligaments permanently severed, and important weight-bearing bones fractured and crushed, there was little benefit other than to keep up physical appearances even as the man continued to grow thinner and more frail over time. Lan Zhan found it hard to accept there will be lasting impact on Wei Ying's physical and mental state, that the man will be handicapped and disabled for the rest of his life, and that the condition will be irreversible no matter what kind of magic or technology are at their disposal.

The red-eyed black rabbit once said that, perhaps, he could eat a Heavenly biscuit, or be sent to one of the major hospitals in Yiling - after being subjected to terrible immigration procedures, and the long, arduous process of detention and reinstatement of citizenship - to have objects embedded or exchanged to make the body more functional, more viable - but a silent glare from Lan Zhan sent the rabbit scampering away. Lan Zhan promised to himself that Wei Ying's body is sacred - there can be no other, besides the man named Wei Wuxian in his sole, current body - a precious gift from the Mo family that Lan Zhan pledged to honour in this lifetime and beyond, because deep down inside, Lan Zhan did not think he could live through another harrowing episode of losing the dearly beloved right in front of his eyes, ever again.

The music was well played to the last note. Lan Zhan rose from the purple cushion on the floor, and went to sit next to the sleeping form of lovely Wei Ying. He took a thin wrist to check the pulse, then slid a hand beneath the pristine white robes to touch the bony chest marred with healing scars - it was painful that he could feel the ribs beneath the skin, but at least there was a warm heartbeat. He leaned downward to embrace his spouse, sending invisible prayers through their heated skin contact to wish that the latter would wake up soon; he missed Wei Ying's smiles and laughter, his never-ending pranks and shenanigans, and most of all, he missed having Wei Ying by his side as promised too long ago, to be together forever for this lifetime and beyond.

Soon, it was time to part. As one embrace ends, another awaits.

Thanks to his vast knowledge in surviving and thriving in remote locations of the world, and the two magical rabbits in his care, Lan Zhan had been able to satisfy his basic human needs for food, water, sleep, sanitation and the ilk - except for the burning lustful flames welling up from his loins that refused to be extinguished, no matter how many times he meditated or tried to suppress with his limitless golden core *qi* energy - it was a troublesome consequence to be a god, and to be blessed with god-tiered desires, after all.

Lan Zhan gave a kiss on Wei Ying's cheeks, and whispered sweet words that he would return soon, maybe with a bedtime story, a bowl of tasty pork rib soup, or another guqin piece he would compose specially for the beloved. Then, he averted his gaze from the peacefully resting spouse, left the sombre bedside, and walked to the front door of the home, still under construction, and stood on the dusty floor mat dotted with paw prints. It was designated as a burrow for the rabbits, but it contained an entire universe for his personal use too.

The floor mat glowed when it recognized the master of the house, and Lan Zhan was teleported into an underground kingdom of sorts. He found himself in the middle of a sweltering hot harem of naked Wei Yings - different versions and copies of his spouse, but they're all the same, inside out, he thought. This time, the elder of the two rabbits, the black one, had curated a perfect collection of one hundred of the finest females and a handful of very good-looking males it could source, illegally or not, from the Kingdom and beyond. All of them had been waiting impatiently for their *lao gong* 's arrival, and the room erupted with glee and squeals when their fated partner finally emerged - a free-for-all procreative buffet, a ritualistic, time-honoured celebration of fertility, merry-making and baby-making, commenced in full force without delay.

Lan Zhan assuaged his fears of committing adultery by convincing himself that he had a basic human need - a primal, persistent and enduring right - to fulfil, and this was the best, most morally-acceptable way to vent his pent-up frustrations, while getting to 'feel good' as well. Through this, he could pour out his grief, anger, hurt, complaints, unease - anything - in the form of thirty jets of thick virile sperm, whether through sweet gentle lovemaking or violating each presented rosebud with the savagery of a professional rapist (he'd learnt that from his dreams) - and let the calming, boneless, relaxing aftermath pacify his shaken soul. If anything, he wasn't cheapening nor degrading the love he has for Wei Ying; in fact, he was multiplying his feelings exponentially by declaring his loyalty and love for that one man in as many facets, and that everything he does, every breath he takes, every moan he makes - it was all in the name of Wei Ying.

In the well-lit and well-ventilated dungeon, he would spend a perceived eternity in this enclosed bubble of space-time, where he could always order fresh new living rosebuds, in batches of hundreds, at the press of a red button after delicately and thoroughly savouring and plundering every single one in the room; stop and slow down the passage of time just so that

he could fully enjoy making babies inside those lovely, lovely Wei Yings, and their irresistibly hot, fleshy, tight wombs - artificial or not, does it really matter?; or simply let his hands, lips and tongue guide him to the youngest, most supple and nubile precocious specimen, whether a fertile twelve year old or a horny twenty-one year old, then spread those lovely thighs and peer at the blossoming rose between the legs, juicy and moist, ripe for his taking, and then thrust his hips into the sucking, soul-draining welcoming tunnels that caress and coax his rising seed to spew forth, his exceedingly turgid penis pleased beyond known boundaries by undulating waves of muscles and finger-like protuberances, his steel-hard arousal dipping gingerly, twitching very eagerly, itching to taste the incredible sweetness and the comforting heat of each writhing figure until they climax around him, drawing him closer and closer to his nth set of thirty volleys of shuddering spurts, planting seeds freshly made from his hardworking, aching but pleasantly emptied testicles, and making sure that by the end of hours, even days of having wild unbridled sex, every single lovely Wei Ying he's met briefly in this dungeon would walk away with a belly full of rich creamy semen and a womb that carried his new flesh and blood, in twins, triplets and probably many more.

Lan Zhan truly relished in indulging his carnal instincts to father as many young as he could inside the Wei Yings that obediently approached him and spread their legs for his taking - more so, if he was told that those bodies were virgins until the point he mounted them, stayed inside them, and took his earthly pleasures, as long as he wanted to whet that insatiable appetite for young tight flesh, as long as his loins needed to complete their perennial duty to have every Wei Ying conceive the next generation of fat, healthy babies - despite his reservations of doing too much in a short span of time, he really enjoyed engaging in multiple sexual intercourses with his Wei Yings, breeding them like rabbits and other fecund adorable beasts - and then, from those dirty stories whispered into his reddened ears, his hips bucked wildly, the pleasures spiked, and his flesh-encased erection was given a passionate tug squeezed with loving tightness, and his penis became too excited - he couldn't hold back, and had to accidentally spill globs of

unejaculated sperm and deposit them to where they belong, deep inside lovely fertile Wei Yings.

The black rabbit had remarked, off-hand, while cleaning up the room because it always reeked of sticky reproductive bodily fluids, that the harem it provided was of much better quality than the ten individuals the Wei siblings used to try and divert his attention from the true spouse, not too long ago. At Caihong Town, the furred creature reminded him.

A sweaty, grunting Lan Zhan had to pause at mid-fuck to remember that event - especially when one is at the thirteenth ejaculation out of thirty, and there is no way to think straight when volcanoes of pleasure were erupting left, right and center within his nervous system, with stars fluttering in his vision that had rolled back into his head, his back slamming into rosebuds erratically and earnestly, his sexually-flushed body locked in the throes of ecstasy, his silent screams drowned by animalistic, lustful howls of fulfillment that didn't sound like his own - and finally had to recall, that yes, he had fucked a twelve year old girl named Wei Ying too, and fathered a child inside him-her-it - does it really matter, again, that enigmatic gender question.

“Did you know that the twelve-year old actually went abroad to a 51st-century fertility clinic, accelerated her pregnancy from that one-night stand they had in Caihong, and gave birth to quadruplets - before going out to the streets to find more boyfriends and sleeping around with married men, then carrying more children to term, seeded by scores of your Lan-kin descendents?” the black rabbit asked with an accusing tone. Lan Zhan made an incoherent, but incredulous noise at that point; he couldn't think anymore by then.

“A sham! Everything about that low-quality degenerate harem was a sham, just as everything that the Wei siblings have done for you, for the sake of milking you for what you’re worth!” the black rabbit squeaked. By the time the promiscuous girl had sex with Lan Zhan the second time, at the outskirts of Caihong, the man was actually tricked to believe that he was having sex with a girl that carried his child - when in fact, it was someone else’s -, according to the rabbit. “A cheat! A fraud!” it squealed again in frustration of seeing his Father being taken advantage.

Masochistic Lan Zhan’s eyes rolled backwards again, because the thought of getting cuckolded in the most perverse and degrading ways started another countdown inside his swollen genitals, even before he reached spurt number thirty. His crazy deep penetrations and jackhammer-speed thrusts picked up pace, and the Wei Ying beneath him shrieked with mindless joy at being sexually brutalized. More Wei Yings lie on cushions and pillows around him and seductively wiggled their hips then spread their legs, sensing that the man was about to hit a new high - and Lan Zhan was delighted to start fucking multiple partners, a few thrusts each, deflowering more virginal Wei Yings in a fun, and very satisfying roulette game to decide who will receive his sperm and who would be left out dry.

“In fact,” the naughty black rabbit said with a hissy sound, “The entity formerly known as Ernie had spent inordinate amount of time collecting all pure-bred descendents of Lan Zhan and Wei Ying since the beginning of time; a meticulous, time-consuming process to track down every pregnancy, every birth, then using dubious or legal means, procure and safely stow them away into a wonderful hiding places such as magical rabbits’ burrows.” Some had grown, some were still adolescents, however everyone had their identities altered, concealed, so that the Kingdom would never find out the fates of these precious pedigree children of the First Fathers.

“Some of which,” the black rabbit said with a knowing wink and a toothy grin, “... are engaging in reproductive behaviours with you right now and making more downline generations of offsprings; thus securing the future of many fat, healthy blessed babies born under the surname of Lan.” At that point, Lan Zhan blinked his eyes, and seemed to have seen through a magical smokescreen of sorts - some of the lovely Wei Yings in the dungeon had faces unlike his or Wei Ying’s, but a very appealing and desirable mix of both. Bright brown eyes, chubby cheeks, the sexy mole below the lip, serious-looking brows, strong set of jaws, single or double eyelids, a potpourri of cheerful, adventurous and cheeky demeanours as compared to no-nonsense, introverted and disciplined ones, and many iterations in-between from one end of the spectrum to the other.

The implications were astounding and gobsmacking, to the man who realized that he had been bedding not only clones or copies of his lovely Wei Ying, but also their children and probably a few generations down the road. Lan Zhan felt an immense epitome of pure, unadulterated love swelling up from within - he wanted to embrace everyone in the room, as a lover, a father, a grandparent and all that - they were all his, from mind, body and soul, all making love with his seed and then growing from the same seed. His greed knew no bounds, when his masculinity skyrocketed to new unheard-of dimensions, and his beard, moustache and body hair suddenly grew a couple more inches - hormones surging, he surely had to breed every male and female in the room before the next sunrise because his mind was already immersed in fantasies of creating a multi-generational harem - the ultimate glory for the Supreme Grand Patriarch Lan Wang Ji and his undefeatable champion loins.

He raised his arms as a gesture to ‘come to papa’, and all naked Wei Yings - male, female, virginal, pregnant - lay down to spread their legs in an unholy but visually stimulating worship for their one and only King-God-Patriarch; Lan Zhan then leapt with the greatest joy a man could ever experience, dove in with a hunger for an ocean of the greatest sensations to pleasure his body, and gave in to the sweet, sweet surrender of endless lovemaking, of

tasting the delectable fruits of his labour now that he knew where those juicy tender morsels came from, and of fathering more children that truly, in a visceral and genetic sense, belonged only to him.

The black rabbit cackled and continued to mop the dungeon's floor filled with spent passions and spilled lusts. "In the end, does it really matter?" it asked, to no one's answer.

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There were eyes and ears everywhere in the slums, and generally, the denizens of the Underworld would be glad to get rid of another competition, or to tip off the local police and security guards in exchange for some cigarettes or a fistful of hell bank notes. Thus, Wei Ying decided to hurry off to the western edge of town, furthest away from the terrifying foot of the hills leading up to Ten Courts, the Mountains and the Cliffs.

The western part of the slums were frontier lands, unexplored borders to the wilderness of the Underworld, which Wei Ying had never set foot in before. There were forests of dead trees, creepy-looking gnarly branches, hidden grotesque faces on tree barks, and plenty of trip-prone twisted roots above ground. The ground was caked with mud due to perpetual tree rot, unyielding thorny bushes that seem to claw at people's clothes, and carnivorous plants that snap and bite at unsuspecting wanderers; there are unidentifiable masses of grisly dried bloody remains around, with flies hovering above; while winds that blow through to spread the stench become whistling screams and screeches filled with agony and ear-splitting terror; the scenery was still palatable to the man, as it reminded him of his former home in the Burial Mounds, two decades ago.

As he walked, memories of the past surfaced - the happier and simpler times he spent with the Wen survivors, of raising A-Yuan with his cheeky ways including burying the boy like planting a radish, of getting scolded by Wen Qing for not acting his age, of sampling the Wens' homemade fruit wines and cuisine, of parting with Jiang Cheng but not before getting the privilege of seeing his *shijie* in her magnificent golden-red wedding gown, and soon, he became engrossed with reminiscing his youthful days, when the idea of Twin Heroes of Yunmeng was something he looked forward to, with the elder sister cheering them on from behind, and steaming bowls of their favourite lotus root pork rib soup being served almost every other day with no complaints from either of the boys.

Wei Ying didn't realize that he'd walked into a clearing and nearly fell into a pool of water - a river in the middle of the forest - because it was so dark, because one's senses were easily confused by the echoey screams, and because everything smelled ancient and musty, with a hint of damp fungi and rotting vegetation. He yelped loudly and swung his arms crazily to regain his balance at the edge with one foot hanging off the riverbank - fortunately the waterway looked very calm and quite shallow, though a little murky in colour.

“Mister, mister (先生; *xian sheng*), please do not fall, otherwise your spirit-body will be drenched by these acidic liquids that drain from the Great Western Misty Mountains of Thousand Year Unrepented Dead, and you will suffer unbearable pain. You will not be able to find safe passage to reincarnation if that happens.”

Wei Ying stumbled back to safety and for a moment, his imaginary heart raced so fast that he thought he might die his second time with a heart attack. He fell to the ground with a thump and looked up - there was a

maiden in white linen robes, nearly the same as the ones he had when he first arrived in the Underworld, her face veiled by a straw hat with a layer of silk sewed to its edge. She was a ferrywoman of sorts - she stood, alone, in a boat made of reeds, and she held a long stick to use as a paddle.

“Mister, please get onboard, so that you can be on your way,” the soft, gentle voice said. Wei Ying’s ears pricked, the hairs on the nape rose, and he felt goosebumps all over - there was something familiar, soothing, nostalgic, dearly missed in the graceful, recognizable yet long-forgotten timbre. He held his breath, his fingers trembled as he reached for the source of that voice - and crawled on his knees into the boat, his eyes never left the sight of the white silk that hid a face he truly, madly wanted to, but was too afraid of, with hopes as high as the heavens and disappointment that awaited deeper than Hell - the sturdy boat held two persons’ weight well and hardly swayed as Wei Ying remained on his knees, staring up at the lady that he was sure, based on the voice alone, the outline of her image, the graceful hands that started to weave the long paddle in patterns he’d seen from fishermen and boatmen from his ancestral lakeside hometown, nevermind that her robes were a little too large, regardless if he couldn’t really confirm that it was truly her--

“... *shijie* ...?”

From a distance, cows moo’ed, horses neigh’ed, men shouted menacingly through the dense, perilous forests, interspersed with the barking of fearsome bloodhounds that the Underworld guards sometimes bring along with them for ever-night hunts for misbehaving lost spirits. The reed boat slowly sailed downstream, away from land, away from the dangers of the unforgiving Underworld.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic!

Chapter 129

At one point, Wei Ying was on the verge of tears out of sorrow and frustration, but then, he reminded himself that this wasn't really the *shijie* he *knew* , rather, this was the person that her spirit had *become* .

Jiang Yan Li - at least that's how Wei Ying saw her, after he sneaked a hand behind and pulled off the straw hat and its silk veil; surprisingly, she did not flinch or shriek, as what any respectable *gu niang* would do when her appearance (also, beauty) is forcibly revealed by a man, no less. Wei Ying's *shijie* seemed to have been brainwashed and her memory wiped out, which is often the case for spirits who try to move between realms, or in her case, deliberately made to forget and stay that way after remaining in the Underworld for far too long. Wei Ying couldn't blame anyone, since he knew a fair bit about how the Underworld works, and the current state of his *shijie* wasn't his fault - it was the product of a dead civilization that had evolved alongside the living.

The Underworld population consists mainly of those employed by the government - civil servants, soldiers, guards and officials -, the people that make up the bulk of the Underworlders - families, workers, businessmen, professionals, slum dwellers and the lot -, and the lowest of them all, the unwanted - lost spirits, feral hungry ghosts, beasts and so on. The spirits who transit through the world only to be shepherded through the Ten Courts, then up the Mountains to receive his/her judgement, before leaping off the Cliffs for a spectacular finale, were considered as non-persons; however, depending on various circumstances such as their innate capabilities, fortunes, status, family background, level of filial piety, reverence by religious figures, accumulated heroic or bad deeds, the ability to bribe and pay off officials for freedom, or even special requests from the government, such transitioning spirits can be effortlessly 'plucked out from the queues along bright white lines, and assigned either a role with the

government (usually to fill a vacancy, when the former job holder's spirit extinguishes naturally when the time has come, or when he/she is finally reincarnated), or be admitted into the Underworld as a deserving citizen to enjoy a fairly comfortable eternal afterlife (usually by pulling certain strings held by powerful clans and their ancestors, such as the Li's).

Wei Ying understood that his *shijie*'s strength lies in her kindness, and that strength must have carried well with her even in death. The Underworld is a cruel place, one that is filled with perpetual darkness and all things psychologically damaging, creepy crawly, disgusting, poisonous and deadly. Spirits who overstayed are known to be inflicted with so much anguish and sadness, that they easily lose their humanity and go berserk - one only has to look at the new arrivals to gauge how deteriorated people's conditions are initially, and imagine what would happen, say, in just three days' time. Thus, the Underworld government has a policy of selecting the nicest and kindest spirits, then take away their memories of the past, and employ them to welcome visitors to the dreadful realm - an analogy would be the hospitality and service industry of the 21st century, with pretty, young and sweet receptionists, waitresses and air hostesses to welcome people and placate any potentially aggressive or hostile behaviours and thoughts.

Wei Ying tried to talk to Yan Li, but he received what he thought were automated responses - he kept hitting brick walls such as,

“You must be mistaken, I'm not from any sect or clan, and have been working here for as long as I can remember, so I'm not your *shijie*. You can call me *jiejie* since you're such a sweet boy, and that's alright even though I don't know you personally. Please, Mister, stay in the boat and don't leave your fingers hanging out on the edges, as there are skeletal possessed fishes and snapping vampiric turtles lurking beneath the waters.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t understand what you say about... Yun... Meng?... or, the Jiang family... or these strange stories about having parents, siblings, marriage and even a son. I’m just a ferrywoman working for the Underworld government; I have no past, and at present, I give free rides to any lost spirits to the Ten Courts just down the river... Oh, Mister, please do not lean too much on the side or try to step out! The acidic waters are very painful to the touch! Please remain seated during the trip.”

and,

“I appreciate your kind comments about my appearance, but I’m just a nameless ferrywoman. I take any spirits who found their way into the woods, back to the Ten Courts; it’s been my job for many, many years, and I don’t know anything beyond that. Oh, listen to the peaceful, tranquil forests around us, with not even a bird or an insect in sight! Please sit back and relax during this boat trip. We will surely arrive at your destination soon, Mister.”

Wei Ying stared at his *shijie* with a frown and growing impatience. He’d seen his reflection on the surface of the dark acidic waters and knew he looked recognizable from anywhere, so this confirmed his suspicions that the *shijie* had been mind-wiped and was left a mere shell of her former self; her soft and captivating voice, her graceful smile and bright glistening dark-brown eyes were still there, her complexion was a little pale, her cheeks a little sunken, and there was a splotch of blood on her chest and her back - wounds that would never heal, and continued to seep through her clean, neat white linen robes; she looked just like the day she fell into his and Jiang Cheng’s arms in the Nightless City, nearly two decades ago, and as beautiful as the perfect maiden corpse that deserved the grandest funeral that the Jin and Jiang families would have made for her.

Finally, he sighed in defeat. He thought he wouldn't be able to turn around his *shijie* 's situation, and worse, he was on a one-way trip to the one place he hoped to avoid - the Ten Courts and onward to reincarnation - but there was nowhere else to run in the river of acidic death and agony.

“ *Jie jie* , this boat ride will take some time, so please, let me tell a story. You only have to listen while rowing the boat. It would greatly appease the hurt in my spirit if you could indulge in my request,” he said with a pleading voice and a desperate, pining look on his face. Of course Yan Li could never refuse such an innocent request, and what more, from such a polite and needy man. She nodded, so Wei Ying gladly adjusted his cross-legged sitting position, and took a deep breath.

Wei Ying talked a lot, which wasn't surprising since he was quite the chatterbox. He described his earliest memories as an orphaned child left on the streets, how he was adopted by the Jiang family and met with a feisty and petulant boy named Jiang Cheng, and the elder sister of everyone's dreams, Jiang Yan Li. He went on to talk about the siblings, how they played and grew up together, got into trouble and fights but equally loved by the sister, shared bowls of lotus root pork rib soup and had meals on the same table especially when Madam Yu wasn't around, and the events that transpired through their teenage years. He continued to narrate the ups and downs of their lives, the fall of the Yunmeng Jiang in the hands of the Wens, the rebellion war against the foes and the involvement of the Yin Metal, how the boy named Wei Ying, or A-Xian as he was fondly called, was lost to the Dark side and eventually returned with vengeance, how this A-Xian was betrayed by those who wanted a slice of the action, a piece of the Yin Metal power, and manipulated, then finally, driven the man to despair. At the same time, the elder sister wedded a man of the Jin lineage who contributed to A-Xian's misery, but miracles prevailed, and she birthed a son whose name was actually given by the exiled and hated A-Xian, in a

last, but alas, futile bid to keep a fading memory the three surviving Yunmeng siblings as one family.

The story continued until the end, past the elder sister's death, beyond A-Xian's return and redemption; he offered vague, general details about A-Xian after that, skipped lots of details about the Lan man named Han Guang Jun. Instead, he focused on giving altered, greatly abbreviated accounts of what he knew about A-Cheng and Jin Ling up till the present - the two individuals that he knew the elder sister dearly missed, whilst in life and surely, after that too.

"Thank you, Mister. It is a good story," the spirit of Yan Li sniffled and wiped away an unseen tear, "... and in good time too. We're almost at your destination." Indeed, the windy river circled around the forests' edge, passed the fringes of the Underworld cities and slums, and back to the foot of the hills. A modest, wooden pier could be seen in the horizon, which connected to the land and a gravel footpath with a bright white line in its center to indicate to spirits where to queue up for their turn to enter the Ten Courts.

Wei Ying swallowed hard; he felt as though he'd flipped through volumes of books depicting his twisted, meandering and roundabout life stories and those of the people around him; his eyes teared, his head throbbed, and his parched throat tightened in discomfort. He had a macabre thought that since this was the end of the line for him, at least he could leave the world in peace, knowing that his story had been told to someone who would remain for an eternity - or at least long after he disappeared from the face of the realm.

Something knocked against his trousers, and he had a small idea. He pulled out the rattle drum in his safekeeping, and handed it to his *shijie*. Yan Li accepted it hesitantly with one hand while her other held the paddle to their boat; she was confused at what to do with a child's toy, after all.

“Please, *jie jie*, take this as a token payment for giving this lost spirit his last boat ride in this life. You can think of it as a souvenir or a good luck charm from the story I've talked about. It could symbolize the character of Jin Ling who is the youngest babe in the story, thus, he deserves a toy meant for babes too,” Wei Ying said with a strained and wry grin.

“A Gusu Lan boy once gave A-Xian this toy, before the latter was adopted by the Yunmeng Jiang family. A Lanling Jin man married the elder Jiang sister of A-Xian. The pronunciation of Lan was incorporated into the name of the newborn son of that elder Jiang sister, as you've heard, which is Jin Ru Lan. So, if this toy is passed down from one person to another, and is given to Ru Lan--” he reached up to touch Yan Li's hand, and made her twirl the rattle drum once, so that it made couple of drumming sounds, “--would that not be a serendipitous reunion of the great families Lan, Jiang, and Jin, and that Jin Ru Lan, birth name Jin Ling, is truly a blessed child to shoulder the legacies and to hold the future of these families?”

Jiang Yan Li stared at the toy, mesmerized by the simplicity and the deep meaning it held. She twirled it again and again, like a little girl who discovered a new toy. The sounds were light, crisp and clear, because the surrounding atmosphere was as still as the dead of the night.

Suddenly, Wei Ying's *shijie* started to cry - it wasn't from the story, or rather, something ignited inside her after the storytelling - and she murmured and stammered between soft sobs, “J... Jin Ling... my baby... I

used to shake a rattle drum... for him... his smiles, his laughter... with his father, Jin Zixuan... ah... his uncle, A-Cheng...”

Wei Ying rose from his seat, alarmed by the sudden change in her behaviour, and her choice of words. The long paddle was inadvertently released and Wei Ying rushed to grab it before it sank into the murky, bubbling acidic waters.

“... *Jie jie* !” he shouted.

Jiang Yan Li started to grip her head, then clawed at her face and chest with one hand, while the other continued to twirl the toy - the hypnotic drumming sounds seemed to break something inside her, causing tremendous pain in her head, and a great restlessness from within her bloodied bosom.

“A-Xian...! A-Cheng...! I-I need to see them again! My son...! I missed everyone so much! And this pain in my heart...! So much blood, the pain...!” she started to stumble back and forth unsteadily, as though she had been struck by some kind of painful illness, and Wei Ying panicked because there was really very little room to maneuver before one’s foot touches the sides of the narrow boat.

“... *Jie jie* ! Calm down, please!” he shouted again, one outstretched hand holding her sash on the waist to keep her from tumbling over, the other clutching at the surprisingly heavy paddle, and his legs spread out evenly to maintain his balance, as the boat started to sway and tilt dangerously side to side; his limbs were trapped and he feared that if either of them move too

fast, too much, both would undoubtedly fall overboard and drown in the rippling flesh-eating waters.

Then, something vibrated inside one of Wei Ying's pockets, as if to answer the commotion of a desperate, shrieking deceased maiden yearning to see her loved ones in the land of living - and immediately, Wei Ying understood. He didn't need to do anything; the enchanted straw doll chose its destined target by climbing out of the pocket on its own, like a stiff Paperman, and it floated to the *shijie*. It was the female straw doll, and it glowed brightly with soft hues of lavender speckled with gold. The doll flew past her, touched her shoulder, causing the anguished woman to emit a similar lavender-gold luminescence too, and it transformed into a man-sized portal behind Yan Li.

Jiang Yan Li turned around violently at the new presence, nearly tearing off the sash that Wei Ying held tightly to. She still drummed the toy in her hand, and cried louder in distress when she saw what was beyond the portal, now that memories were suddenly returning to her and she could recognize faces that she shouldn't have.

It was blurred on the edges, but one could clearly make out the images of Jin Ling lying on a clean, sterile hospital bed, all nicely wrapped up in white bandages from head to toe. However, Yan Li's sight focused on the other, clearly visible man in the middle - Jiang Cheng, in a plain purple hospital gown, who looked every bit as she remembered, probably with a few more creases, wrinkles and scars - sitting beside the bed, with a sling around his arm and a spoon of soup in his other, trying to feed the poor boy wrapped up like a spring roll. The light from the portal was bright, and illuminated above everything else; even Wei Ying had to squint his eyes because he couldn't shield them with his busy arms.

Something jolted on the boat, and Wei Ying thought Yan Li snapped her gaze to the side, towards Jin Ling's direction, and her body jerked - probably awashed with fear, horror, shock, relief, all at once. "I... I feel his presence! My son! My precious *baobei* , Jin Ling! He's... He's hurt, lying on the bed, with A-Cheng! I-I must go to them!" the delirious shrill voice pleaded. A keening wail, then Wei Ying had to shut his eyes and let go of the sash because the woeful piercing cry was too much for his senses to handle. Jiang Yan Li sobbed, leapt through the portal with the rattle drum in hand, and screamed for A-Cheng and her son. The portal closed immediately with a deafening *fwip* ! when she stepped through, but not before Wei Ying heard the clamour of a dropped cutlery, of more confused shouts, and ugly, very raw, heart-wrenching crying.

Wei Ying was left alone in the darkness of a starless night, standing on the reed boat with the single long paddle still intact in his grasp, slowly, slowly drifting towards the pier.

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Lan Zhan tip-toed from the pool back into the bedroom, as though he was afraid that his footsteps may creak and cause a stir to the absolute silence that pervaded the tiny cave-home. The white rabbit had stopped the earthworks for a while, to rest its paws a bit after digging for long hours. The black rabbit was in a temporary kitchen, balancing precariously on its hind legs, preparing a steaming pot of soup on a portable stove; it took a sip of the thick brownish liquid and nibbled on a mix of chopped root vegetables - carrots are a must-have -, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, lentils and slivers of meat, egg and tofu, from a ladle. Mmm, savoury, thick and delish, but needs a bit more salt, it thought, and licked its chops, wiggling nose and whiskers included. The furry black creature turned off the stove fire with a soft click, and whirled around just to see its master slowly make his way across their dwelling. It made a brief but strange chittering sound and

shrugged, before returning to prepare the belly-warming snack for the occupants.

Lan Zhan felt guilty, but there was really nothing to be ashamed of, nor to be judged, for his immoral behaviour and the addiction to debauchery - he mentally slapped himself on the wrist, and chastised his inner voice to stop using such negative connotations. He reasoned with himself again and again, that it was as natural as passing wind from the rear or getting the belly-aching hiccups - something one tries not to do, but it happens anyway, and one feels unpleasant and unsettled in the aftermath.

Life for Lan Zhan swung like a pendulum - he'd spend a few hours with Wei Ying and for himself, before a deep 'itch' crawled from within. He'd eventually find himself standing on the floor mat to rid that annoying, soul-gnawing crawl on his skin - his loins, actually - then transport himself into a world of earthly pleasures, and of unbridled, wanton sexual release. He would spend aeons in there, emptying his baby-making eggs to father generations of offsprings, tire his very naughty and lively penis, swarmed with lovely nubile bodies and loved from head to toe with lovers' kisses, licks, suckles and caresses; he'd burrow deep and stay inside his lovely Wei Yings and their children, enjoying the finest orgasmic sensations from intertwining their bodies and engaging in repeated breedworthy sexual intercourse, to make sure only the fattest, healthiest and the most perfect babies are continuously conceived from their sinful, unholy and incestuous unions - and then, return to the *real* world after a couple of minutes have passed, in *real* time. His lower body would be drenched with spilled evidence of his illicit lovemaking, his upper body covered with scratches, lovebites and bodily fluids from both genders, thus he staggered straight into the pool for a quick wash, before returning to lovely Wei Ying's side - the original - and the countdown to the next 'itch' is set in motion.

Returning to bed quietly, logically, didn't serve any purpose, since Wei Ying was still unconscious. The sleeping man fared slightly better over the course of recent days, even weeks - it was fine to lose track of time, in the middle of a wilderness paradise. His body had some bruises, scars and closing wounds left, there was a tinge of pink on the still-pale complexion, he was still awfully thin and haggard from the lack of intake of solid food, but at least his breaths moved in a constant, reassuring tempo, and his pulse wasn't erratic nor fading away. Lan Zhan believed that if he tried to move Wei Ying off the bed, or make loud noises such as thudding footsteps, something might break; so, he treated the man like a delicate flower petal, and did everything he could to make sure his beloved was safe and sound in a tranquil nest of sleep-warmed pillows and goose down blankets upon the new king-sized double bed.

The bed dipped slightly when Lan Zhan sat on it, and he slowly, gently turned Wei Ying's naked body - aided with ample Invisible Hands - until the latter lay prone on the mattress. He brought a bottle of their favourite massage oil and hoped the perfumed elixir would somehow stir the stationary figure with scents from a shared past. Lan Zhan gave Wei Ying's stick-thin thighs and calves exquisite massages, but the latter was unresponsive although the blood circulation improved, in the form of a thin sheen of sweat on the skin, a more prominent rosiness in colour, and a tell-tale firmness and suppleness to the touch.

Using Invisible Hands, Wei Ying's hips were gently lifted off the bed and Lan Zhan slid beneath between the younger man's boneless legs; he faced the spouse's groin while the latter continued to lightly snore into a pillow, face-down. The husband deftly inserted three oil-lubricated fingers, past the familiar ring of muscle and knew where to deliciously knead and draw circles, squares, stars and flowers deep inside the blossomed rosebud. Lan Zhan's digits violated the man's anus frequently - since he refused to do it with his oversized penis, which could cause more damage and distress to the weakened body - the finger job was, technically, done for valid health reasons. He spent minutes, hours, lovingly assaulting the walnut-sized

gland with expert fingers and perfectly-memorized movements, performing cultivation moves with precise finger-strokes against the defenceless, swollen prostate with unrivalled mastery, and caused the tiny organ to balloon in size, fill up with tasty fluids and flavoursome sweet nectar, convulse powerfully in a series of rapid muscular contractions and relaxations - until Wei Ying's unconscious body was forced to react - silently - from primal instinct and from the fiery pleasures electrocuting the nerve-ends of the non-existent sexual meridians; a tremor sizzled through the spine, a wave of muscular pulsing rocked the core of the body from deep within, surging outward with liquid molten pressure, the hips bucked and quivered noticeably, molested balls tightened, the meaty, hard arousal stiffened then twitched dangerously close.

Lan Zhan simply continued his patient, unyielding thrusts of his fingers into lovely Wei Ying's squeezing tunnel of love with one hand, and use his other hand to stroke the cockflesh at a relentless pace - with tender swipes to the sensitive hairy balls in-between - then locked his lips around the shuddering, thick-veined organ, comforting it with the the tightness of a swallowing throat; Lan Zhan face-fucked Wei Ying's turgid member a few times, suffocated in a dense bush of hairy, lover-scented pubic curls, and actually felt bloated pulses of seed running up the underside of the very excited phallus - he let his tongue lick the shaking length of admirable girth in maddening upward strokes, coaxing the dark angry-red organ to release everything, every pent-up desire, every last bit of syrupy pleasure, in a faraway, distant hope that perhaps the mind-blowing orgasmic explosion could jostle lovely Wei Ying awake - and finally, finally, Lan Zhan savoured the delicious, thick milky sauce in his mouth - warm, absolutely Wei Ying-licious, comforting, homely, loving, wife-y - in hearty volcanic ejaculations and rich gushing oozes, fifteen creamy loads in total; but the continued sexual assault on the trembling organ drew out a few more sputtering drops when it became too excited, electrocuted, mixing its liquids with faint signs of pungent pee, to Lan Zhan's delight, and to Wei Ying's unconscious but sexually flushed, hip-shaking, shuddering completion.

Lan Zhan placed Wei Ying back into a proper resting position, wiped his mouth out of courtesy, and also wiped down the spouse's nether regions. Then, he leaned over to place a sweet kiss on Wei Ying's forehead, wordlessly thanking him for the tasty meal and for spending quality time together despite their challenging situation, before walking to the other end of the room where the guqin awaited.

Lan Zhan selected a number of calming, healing songs from memory, and began to play the instrument. Sometime later, the black rabbit politely entered the room with bowls of *qi* -invigorating soup, and the white rabbit resumed its digging.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

p.s. Made some typo corrections and beta-ed the second half of this chapter. That's what happens when I post a chapter in a rush without re-reading...!

Chapter 130

Like a piece of iron stuck to a magnet, once the reed boat docked at the pier on its own, Wei Ying couldn't sail away no matter how hard he paddled with the long stick. He used his legs to push against the wooden planks, rowed insanely in the opposite direction, but the boat remained steadfast in its spot amongst rippling waters, bobbing gently to the rhythm of the currents flowing by the riverside. He theorized that the boat was a magical sentient object that heeded its master - however, since Jiang Yan Li had stepped through a portal leading back to the Mortal Realm, the boat no longer responded to anyone's will. Wei Ying cursed silently under his breath; he would've loved to take a leisurely river cruise in the Underworld for his personal amusement, if not as the last thing he could enjoy while he was still, well, existing.

Faint barking sounds jolted him back to reality, and they seemed to emanate from the direction he came from. Wei Ying knew that he shouldn't dally around, since the guards could follow his trail by travelling along the river's edge. He quickly disembarked from the boat, careful not to slip or touch the acidic water's surface, trotted along the pier before taking a sharp turn away from the bright white line painted on the gravel; he refused to toe that line at all. He knew he couldn't run forever, so while making his way through prickly bushes and dense undergrowth, he scouted around to see if there were any abandoned buildings or caves that he could use as a safe house.

Just then, he spotted a sign pointing towards a rugged path leading uphill. In the dim light, he could hardly make out some serpentine symbols etched onto it, which are partially related to the language of the Dark Arts - and the fact that those symbols actually hissed and wriggled like live worms. He read the words "Danger ahead!" and "Do not touch!", and need not look further - he sprinted forward with glee, hoping that whatever that lay ahead was right up his alley.

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A large windswept barren crater lined with lava streams, like a hole punched deep in the middle of a volcanic mountain, lay as far and wide as the eye could see. It was a scenery fit for the heart of Hell - the surface was cracked, there were multitudes of geyser vents and bubbling pits of lava, with some brackish salty pools near the base; everything was grey, bumpy, jagged, dry, dusty and encrusted with ink-black volcanic ash or rock. The stinging smell of sulphur permeated the air and at times, made Wei Ying's eyes water; the air was arid and hot that mirages appeared in the far end of the rim of the crater; thankfully, a bodiless spirit did not have to fear extremes in temperatures although it may experience unsettling discomfort from the assault on its senses. Every few minutes, tremors rumbled through the downward slopes of the topographical marvel, resulting in tiny landslides of rock and sand, and billowing clouds of dust rising up the air.

If the amount of signages hastily hammered to the crater grounds was an indication, then whatever that was held in the middle would be considered as the biggest, baddest, meanest and fiercest monstrosity that the Underworld has ever seen. During the uphill trek, even while munching on foraged berries and nuts (his Dark Arts knowledge about the geography and the flora and fauna of the Underworld came in handy - thank goodness he didn't skip any chapters while pouring through those ancient tomes during his previous life as the Yiling Patriarch), Wei Ying became increasingly smitten by the conspicuous signs with ostentatious messages - "Do not enter, or risk getting EATEN!", "TERROR ahead! Proceed at your own peril!", "LETHAL biological warfare weapon ahead! You have been warned!", "You will DIE instantly! Turn around NOW!", "You are walking into the den of the MONSTROSITY! Begone, trespasser!", *et cetera ad nauseum* , which only served to inflame the man's curiosity to take a few more steps into the unknown.

A light hike and jog past what he thought to resemble as jagged outcrops, gritty sand dunes, mud-cracked landscape, and a large blood-splattered poster nailed to a dead tree trunk screaming the words “MONSTROSITY! DO NOT PROCEED!”, Wei Ying eventually broke into a sprint when he recognized the secret held in the centre of the bowl-like depression - it was Wen Ning with his limbs spread-eagled and tied to large poles to the side!

“Wen Ning! Wen Ning! Can you hear me?” Wei Ying asked repeatedly, and waved a hand in front of the man who was almost on his knees.

Wen Ning was barely conscious and his face was covered with dust, grime and dried mud. His head lolled in all directions as he struggled keep his half-standing, half-stooping position like an elderly man with a bent back; his knees caved in probably out of cramps and fatigues, but the chains forced him to remain upright on the soles of his feet, and more chains made sure that his lifeless, dangling hands were spread out like broken wings on a bird that had been trapped when it met its untimely end. Wen Ning wasn't coherent - he mumbled syllables that didn't make sense, he wasn't aware of his surroundings, he blinked his eyes blearily and the dark circles under them were even more pronounced than before, and he was so pale and his limbs were like jelly, that Wei Ying thought the Wen *gongzi* could collapse at any time and expire in front of him. It was mind-boggling, even unthinkable, how the guards of the Underworld could call the baby-faced man a ‘monstrosity’!

After giving a couple of hearty shakes on the torso clothed by multi-layered ragged black robes, in which Wen Ning remained unresponsive, Wei Ying discovered a large ugly diagonal gash from one shoulder, near where the black veins started, to the lower waist of the other side, where torn strips of cloth used as a makeshift belt hung loosely. It was a wound that could never

heal - much like what Wei Ying witnessed on his *shijie* 's chest; the wide, gaping laceration on Wen Ning's body perpetually oozed congealing viscous black liquid - his undead blood -, which although didn't change the colour of the man's clothes, gave some clues as to what ill-fate befell him before he was spirited off to the Underworld.

Realizing that the longer they stayed at that bottom of the crater, the more exposed they were to the risks of natural disasters, falling stones, or becoming shrivelled like dried plums placed under the hot sun - except that the high ceiling of the Underworld was eternally moonless and lacked any source of light -, Wei Ying took some time and effort to pick apart the chains that tied his friend to the poles.

“For a ‘monstrosity’, the security is certainly lax around here, and the materials they used to bind you are brittle as rusted metal,” he murmured to a semi-comatose Wen Ning, noting that there wasn't anyone in the vicinity to watch the prisoner - probably out of fear of being terrorized or devoured by the fearsome ‘monstrosity’. He raised a fist-sized rock and pummeled a weakened spot on the chains, cave-man style; the chains were as needlessly large as those that anchored warships to moors, but prolonged exposure to erosive gases, volcanic atmosphere, violent winds and occasional bursts of superheated vapours left much of the material deteriorated and pockmarked with holes. Soon, the ends of the chains that imprisoned Wen Ning were successfully cleaved, and the man ended up with several more trailing chain-links on his body on top of the smaller ones that he already had on his garments.

Wei Ying put one of Wen Ning's hands around his shoulder, and slowly and carefully, the duo started climbing up the crater that was filling up with shifting sands; a sandstorm seemed to be blowing in, and Wei Ying didn't want to be caught in one.

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All Wen Ning needed was just a drink of water - and he received lots of it, in awe and gratitude of the man who saved his life yet another time.

Wei Ying dragged the weakened, partially conscious Wen Ning to the top of the crater, where a natural spring flowed into a brook that led to, and supplied water to, the Ten Courts around the foot of the hills. There, he found plenty of lush forests as compared to the crater behind them, and therefore, abundant fruiting berry bushes, succulent wild vegetables and ripened nuts hanging off branches of trees that grow on damp soil. He fashioned scoops out of large leaves to give Wen Ning a much-needed trickling shower, have his face wiped down and cleaned, and a life-saving drink. Without any cultivation or the ability to transfer *qi*, Wei Ying could only try to feed a bit of food to the man made to sit in a lotus position, but the latter choked, coughed and spat half-chewed mush of fruits and nuts - at least he was stirring to full consciousness.

“Wen Ning? Wake up! Snap out of it!” he whispered and rubbed soothing circles on the man’s back; he wasn’t sure if there were any guards around, so they needed to remain quiet.

Wen Ning finally blinked a few times, and greedily accepted another scoop of water with tasty moans, gently fed to his mouth, and croaked with a raspy voice, “... Wei... *gong ... zi ...?*”. Wei Ying took a few gulps for himself and nodded energetically. He dropped everything and held Wen Ning’s arms, then shook them with a sense of gladness, of welcoming back a long lost friend.

“Eh? You do recognize me! That’s great, Wen Ning! What happened to you? Why did you end up here? The last time we met was... err... before summer, right? How have you been since then?” Wei Ying exclaimed his barrage of questions, and Wen Ning had to squeeze his eyes for a moment to steady his wavering consciousness.

Wei Ying was concerned about the other man’s state, so he held himself back and waited patiently for Wen Ning to digest his current situation. Then, as though some cobwebs had been cleared from the mind, the man suddenly lurched forward and grabbed his wrists in a desperate bid to seek answers.

“... Wei *gongzi* ! Wei *gongzi* ! Si Zhui! Where is Si Zhui?!” Wen Ning cried.

Wei Ying sighed - it was going to be a longer day than he thought. There was much to tell, and even more to ask; Wen Ning’s story is probably as colourful as Wei Ying’s, as the two shared a lot in common, both in the past and present - however, this was no time for catching up for old times’ sake, and certainly no time to sit down to enjoy tea together. He placed a forefinger on Wen Ning’s lips to gently shush him.

There was much to do, but everything had to start from somewhere. He calmly asked the alarmed man what was the last thing he remembered.

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Lan Zhan had professed his hatred towards womankind after what happened to his spouse and the three boys whose fates he did not know - because he had completely disconnected from the outside world -, and swore to avoid any encounters of the female kind. However, as repulsive as his discerning palate deemed the fairer gender to be, he could not overcome that disturbing, unquenchable thirst for the flesh; he thought he had been infected by the curse of the incubus, since his spouse had not displayed any symptoms of transforming into one while lying on the bed; or worse, he thought he was haunted by the dirty stories that Wei Ying used to rant during their sexcapades, and that startling and honest, impassioned accusation that the husband actually has a unspoken penchant for - he detests the word, and can never bring himself to say it audible - vaginas.

In any case, Lan Zhan had sought the black rabbit for some counselling advice; it crawled up and down the man's body and sniffed at his erogenous zones, before declaring that there was nothing wrong with him, and a caveat that the man should really go to the nearest major hospital for a full check-up by a certified doctor. By then, Lan Zhan was livid, because all that pawing, nibbling and tickling with rabbit whiskers made him *hard* again - so, he stomped off to the floor mat out of pure bad habit and the desire to 'scratch that itch', and teleported himself to a sexual buffet paradise; the dungeon was, again, filled with the choicest, more beautiful and fertile females he had ever laid his eyes upon, and he had no other option but to yield to his boiling lusts, and started sampling each individual morsel, the stretched-open virginal holes, invitingly welcoming his overexcited, cum-leaky penis to conquer and deflower every willing Wei Ying within his grasp.

Two minutes later - with another two thousand babies perfectly conceived with explosive, arching servings of his seed, and are well on the way to full-term births; he added another notch to his list of achievements and unlocked the prized Top Baby-maker award, again -, Lan Zhan returned to the cave-home with his body sexually flushed, panting heavily, eyes glazed from orgasming too fast, too much, and his loins had shrivelled to, say, normal

sizes, and his back ached from pistoning non-stop for way too long. He quickly hopped into the pool for a quick dip, then refreshed and cleansed himself from all traces of unholy desires, and marched straight to the bedroom to cuddle up with his beloved - in a desperate bid to salvage his tattered pride and reputation as a loving, faithful husband, and to atone for his sins - although surely, the spouse would never know if the husband never told.

Alas, something was amiss. Lan Zhan had spent so much time surrounded by soft curves, feminine voluptuousness, cherubic baby fat and jiggle-worthy mounds, that he actually missed groping, ravishing and squeezing (forcefully) F-cup sized boobs, and sleeping between them. Ample breasts weren't just sexual objects of desire, but as a source of nourishment, of primal happiness and satisfaction, and of comforting deep-seated fears and anxieties; if anything, Lan Zhan wished he could just take the boobs and run from the insatiable harems, because he swore that he'd avoid females as much as he could.

He flipped Wei Ying so that the latter lay face-down, and tried to sleep on the younger man's buttocks to recapture the experience of being buoyed by bosoms. After a while, he realized there was not much fat, in fact some bony protrusions poked into his skin and caused discomfort, and the amount of muscles on Wei Ying's ass was probably withering away from the lack of use - it was akin to lying on an old, flat pillow, and Lan Zhan nearly cricked his neck in doing so -, so he got up with a huff, then fluffed up the slightly springy but flat-ish ass, and started to pinch, knead and jiggle the twin glutes. He promised silently to include massages on the buttocks as part of their daily exercise regime from that day onwards, in the hopes that Wei Ying will regain his bouncy bum with the perfect balance of elasticity, firmness, tension, shape and volume, soon.

Lan Zhan turned around and faced down into the crack of Wei Ying's buttocks until the bridge of his nose was snug between twin peaks, in another futile attempt to relive the softness he remembered - the area had been thoroughly cleaned and perfumed, by the way - and out of pure bad habit, inhaled noisily until his lungs filled with Wei Ying's musky scent with a faint hint of sourness. It didn't take long for Lan Zhan to suffocate from the lack of air in that awfully tight, narrow strip of space, so he grunted in annoyance and got up again. He swatted the taut flesh and bent down to gnaw on the surface out of spite - to leave a bite mark in vengeance -, and unexpectedly, Wei Ying let out a string of warm, bubbly soft farts. Lan Zhan flinched at the unsavoury sounds, and even more when he caught a whiff of what ailed the younger man's barely-functioning digestive system.

He realized that he'd been so preoccupied with *his* own troubles and what *he* thought were Wei Ying's needs, that the spouse's basic bodily condition had been rather sidelined. Sure, Wei Ying slept on a bed with enough pillows and blankets to last a lifetime, he was fed as best as possible through non-intubation means, and his body received adequate care such as getting cleansing wipes, and moved to different positions periodically to prevent blisters and pressure sores - but with such commendable efforts going *in* , some would be metabolized into possibly toxic wastes and by-products, and where or when would these go *out* ?

The black rabbit made an off the cuff remark about "being incapacitated and immobilized for so long, surely he's already an invalid and classified as a vegetable by the Kingdom's medical standards; and vegetables take in nutrients from the air, water and soil, and nothing goes out until it's harvest time", and Lan Zhan retaliated by grabbing the furry animal by its ears and he gave the tuft of fur on its rump a punishing squeeze - and it squealed for mercy from the pain, and from the sheer embarrassment, when pea-sized droppings dribbled onto the floor.

Later, the black rabbit had to pick up its own poop and disinfect that bedroom on its own. Then, to add salt to the wound, it had to figure out Lan Zhan's dilemma of the spouse - carefully and with admirable finesse and strength, it carried Wei Ying while walking on its hind legs to the outdoor springwater pool at the back of the home, and gently placed him into the warm, soothing and swirling waters by the poolside. Wei Ying sat boneless with his back against the poolside and the water was up to his waist. The black rabbit asked the white rabbit for a bit of help, in the form of a professional masseur, rabbit-style. The white rabbit gleefully hopped over from the home, glad to take another break from the incessant digging.

The white rabbit curled itself on Wei Ying's belly while being half-submerged in the very comforting warm waters - it was getting a nice rinse at the same time too -, and began to knead Wei Ying's belly with its four paws. It made little pushes, bounced on the abdomen, and when the fun kicked in, it danced and twirled around the man's navel with dainty but impactful steps of fleet-footed furred padded feet.

Within a few minutes, Wei Ying's belly rumbled - once, twice, then a series of low growls and squealy and squelchy sounds. Whatever that needed to be expelled from the bottom, could do so with ease, aided by the fast flowing undercurrents at the pool bed, and everything would be swept away downstream, where more streams and pools form a network of budding freshwater lotus farms near the cave-home.

The next time Lan Zhan saw Wei Ying, he practised his guqin while two walking rabbits carried the younger, unconscious - but visibly relieved - man using their forepaws, back to the bedroom; Wei Ying was already bathed and dried with a towel, and he was tenderly tucked into the bed for another musical healing session by the master of the house. Lan Zhan kept to his and the spouse's promise, of doing it at least once a day - and he didn't think Wei Ying's enfeebled body could take more stress than it

should. He had pleased and relieved Wei Ying once earlier that day, at the front and now the back, so that should be enough for a job well done - for now.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 131

In a way, Wei Ying found himself to be in a similar situation as Wen Ning, about two decades earlier - a dead man who was still technically alive, kept by some manner of life support so that the body was left in the Mortal Realm, but the spirit was shoved into the Underworld. Back then, Wen Ning's ruined body had been beaten up and speared by unscrupulous cowardly guards from the mining facility manned by Wen slaves, then carried through the Qiongqi Path on one rainy night, patched and sewn back in the 'Mounds, before being covered by yellow Energy talismans that continued to emit life-giving *qi* to sustain the wrecked vessel. Wen Ning certainly forgotten about the time spent wandering in the Underworld, since any resurrections came with a guaranteed mind-wipe to make sure that he never knew what happened in Hell; Wei Ying's case had been the same during his childhood days as a starving, sick and feeble street orphan, although in-depth studies about the Dark Arts later in life helped him to understand those small cracks and gaps in his memory, deep-rooted fascination about the supernatural and the unexplored, and even teased out few hints about the feared realm of the dead.

"Wei gongzi , Wei gongzi , where is this place? Why is it dark all the time? Did you come here to save me? You're a real hero and you've saved my life again!" Wen Ning started praising his former master - and he did it with such child-like sweetness that blushing Wei Ying gladly peeled the skin of a berry and popped it into Wen Ning's waiting mouth to shush him up for a moment. The berries in the Underworld looked like cherry tomatoes - bright bloody red that bled abundantly upon munching them - and tasted like strawberries, except that their skin was bitterly toxic to any typical Underworlders - those who have lost their bodies, officially declared dead, and have passed on -, although the fiber-rich peels are fine for consumption by the living - including those who hovered in a limbo between life and death. Wei Ying read about such berries from studying arcane books that delve into the Dark Arts, and it made sense because the toxic peel was a natural deterrent to prevent the common Underworld population from

overconsuming the berries, thus safeguarding the plant species from extinction. Moreover, eating berries was one of the tidbits he remembered about the realm of the dead, because he vaguely recalled being a small child running through such shadowy creepy forests, and someone taught him how to properly forage for food in the Underworld wilderness. The fact that Wen Ning reacted immediately to the berries by spitting them out when he had his first bite - whole ripe berries - told Wei Ying what he needed to know about Wen Ning's state of existence.

According to Wen Ning, life had been pretty much... extraordinarily ordinary, at least in Wei Ying's terms. The man and Si Zhui travelled mostly around the heavily populated Great Eastern Coasts, whilst making occasional trips inland, such as going village-hopping when there are festivals, replenishing certain supplies found only in mountainous regions, following the trail to greater adventures - in which, Wen Ning proudly declared that they helped the locals to solve some mysteries and in the process, grew up, matured and learned more about themselves -, and of course, the seasonal pilgrimage to the 'Mounds to visit Wei Ying and Lan Zhan - the last time they met was around the time when spring flower buds turned into summer blooms. When Gusu closed its borders in summer, the two were, like so many other travellers including cultivators and the common folk, trapped and had to adapt accordingly to survive the harsh rule of the Imperial regime. Fortunately they didn't stand out like true Gusu Lan disciples, or cultivators of other smaller sects, and they weren't rich nor famous - so they kept on their toes to evade Tian-led patrols and enforcement officers, until the fateful day when they found themselves cornered in a barricaded Caihong Town.

Back to Wen Ning's innocuous questions - Wei Ying habitually downplayed the man's intelligence and didn't want to complicate matters by making long-winded explanations. "Well... we're actually on the other side of the flat world," he started, and gestured with his open palm placed horizontally in Wen Ning's line of sight, and pointed at the palm facing downward. "Here, it's always dark, because the sun at the upper plane never shines

through, so essentially we're in the shadowed part of the world. It's like living underneath a piece of rice paper, y'know?" Wei Ying tried his best to look smug, and Wen Ning's eyes shone even brighter in the so-called darkness of the Underworld. The former Yiling Patriarch felt his pride (and cheekiness) swell up twice its original size.

"Enn! Wei *gongzi* is such an astute man of knowledge and science! I couldn't really grasp what my older sister said long ago about how the world is supposed to be round, how it spins like a ball but is tilted at an angle, and therefore leading to days and nights, and the seasonal cycles... but you made it sound so easy! Our world is like a piece of rice paper, after all!" Wen Ning exclaimed excitedly and nodded fervently in agreement. At that point, Wei Ying internally facepalmed, his ego deflated to half of what it used to be, he bit his lower lip in instant regret, and he sent a silent apology to Wen Qing - in name only, since she no longer existed - for teaching bad things to her little *didi*.

Wei Ying adjusted his sash and cleared his throat; he needed to divert the other man's attention away from the terrible realm that surrounded them, and focus on the task at hand. "Err... anyway... Anyway, it's hard to say if I'm here to save you, because I was dabbling with a bit of my usual Dark Arts magic, and ended up here... I'm-- I'm just passin' by like takin' a walk into the woods, and couldn't ignore a man chained to sticks on the ground! So... yeah! So I found you and rescued you, after all!" he grinned in his sea of white lies and clearly made a mockery of Wen Ning's fate, but that was fine and dandy, because the latter looked satisfied with the answer - Wen Ning even made little bows of gratitude while sitting cross-legged. "But let's get back on the topic. Tell me what happened before you got here, because it's important that you let me know every single detail that you can remember," Wei Ying nudged the other man gently, and popped in two more peeled berries into the latter's mouth as a token thank-you for putting up with his unscientific bullshit and half-truths.

“Wei *gongzi* , I remembered that both Si Zhui and I entered into Caihong Town, and just as the gates closed to ward off a sudden arrival of a wave of monsters, I heard faint flute music and a cacophony of female screeches too...” Wen Ning narrated in between hearty chews. As elucidated earlier by Si Zhui back in Gusu, the two tried to evade the succubi and their undead forces. Si Zhui was put into a deep stasis using magical means, and chunked into the casket so that he would not be pursued and preyed upon by the undead. Wen Ning said, while demonstrating with flailing hands, that he ran across the streets with the casket on his shoulders, in plain sight of the enemy, and none of the monsters even noticed him. “A-Yuan was as smart as you too, Wei *gongzi* ! He correctly guessed that the undead wouldn’t be interested in the dead anyway, so I was definitely not on their hit list, and so was he when he sealed off his life energies,” Wen Ning added.

However, eventually they were cornered in the temple grounds, and that was when the dissonant flute music reached its crescendo - which announced the arrival of several fierce, but quite normal-looking human females. Upon a bit of probing, such as finding out the choice of costume - which was claimed to be of the glitzy, flesh-revealing Far, Far Western barbaric style - Wei Ying determined that they were some of the Tian sisters - thus evidencing that the females had planned the attack in advance and chose their target carefully - because--

“-- Wei *gongzi* , it was terrible, because one of those females played the flute, and her skills were even better than yours! It completely overwhelmed my consciousness within minutes!” he cried in despair, and Wei Ying nearly swore a filthy cuss at being made to look inferior to the Tian sisters’ magical and musical firepower. “I couldn’t fight back the sinister shrill voices inside my head telling me what to do... those evil voices commanded me to move my limbs to their whims no matter how

much I resisted wholeheartedly, and my senses became blurry, dark, suffocatingly smoky, filled with a kind of endless void of dread, gushing with the metallic tang of blood and cries of malice and vengeance, and numerous illusionary skeletal hands appeared to pull at my legs and threatened to drag me into this inky black chasm that wanted to swallow me whole,” Wen Ning tried to explain his experience, which ended up a rather confused and disjointed mess of macabre descriptions - but Wei Ying knew well what he said; he had been there, done that before.

Wen Ning realized he had lost the battle of wits and for the control of his own mind and body - so, at the entrance of the mausoleum and while clutching desperately at his head from the agony caused by the flute, he swiftly sent a coordinated, powerful kick to the casket with a special talisman stuck to it; a downright dirty and easy trick he’d learnt from the brilliant Yiling Patriarch long ago, about how to quickly write a simple (but Grand Cultivation Council-unsanctioned) talisman using a bit of *qi* as a makeshift ink-brush - that the casket was instructed to zip through the air on its own like a guided missile *ala* Paperman spell -, and locate a safe landing spot within the catacombs beneath the stone building. Then, he applied the Gusu Lan seal to the large doors to prevent any intruders from entering the mausoleum, plus a silent prayer for Si Zhui’s safety, because he really didn’t think *anything* could protect them from the powerful monsters - especially one that wielded flute music even greater than the Yiling Patriarch (and Wei Ying seethed and stewed silently at that comment).

“That’s all I can clearly remember, Wei *gongzi* , because after that, the flute music took over my mind and everything was jumbled,” Wen Ning shrugged helplessly with slumped shoulders. Right after that final noble act to safeguard Si Zhui’s body, the flute music had gained complete control of Wen Ning’s entire being. The last distorted and blurred image he could recall was a sight from thousands of miles above the land - he could see distant mountain ranges, networks of waterways, and everything beneath him, including the town, was so, so tiny and fragile -, his vision was framed by cloud cover and the hoarse voice of his feral roar, his fingers arched into

claws and the black veins on his neck and joints bulged tremendously until several of them burst, further fuelling the pain coursing through his body, the maddening and inexplicable anger and ferocity that muddled his consciousness - somehow, he ended up either flying to the skies or someone carried him to high altitudes - he couldn't pinpoint which - and then--

-- And then, *gongzi*, there was a snapping sound. I'm not sure if that was a bone or something else, but I dropped from high above Caihong like a heavy rock toppled off a cliff!" Wen Ning's eyes went wide with amazement to illustrate how preposterous his situation was, and how breathtaking was the experience of falling to one's death. "I blacked out then, and I think I fell so hard and fast, that I must've punctured through the rice paper of the world that you spoke of," Wen Ning cutely raised and open palm and aligned it horizontally, mimicking Wen Ying's actions moments ago, and using a forefinger from his other hand, hurriedly dove through the palm and between fingers to illustrate how the so-called rice paper was perforated, "So your explanation of this perpetually dark world makes sense, *gongzi* ! I must've hit the ground so hard that my body punctured a hole through the hard earth - because I know I can move boulders and layers of soil with my bare hands - and appeared on the other side... the dark side!" Wen Ning grinned proudly at his analysis and conclusion, but Wei Ying was far less impressed - nevertheless, he smiled back stiffly and patted the man's shoulders in a vague praise; but more importantly, he gained a deeper understanding of Wen Ning's demise. Dropped from a few thousand miles above ground, nothing - not even an enhanced fierce corpse of the mighty Ghost General - could survive the fall; Wen Ning's body was in all likelihood shattered beyond recovery.

Wei Ying was about to dismiss the rest of the rather unbelievable discussion and let Wen Ning rest, because it seemed that whatever happened in the past really didn't matter anymore - Wen Ning was dead, they were both stuck in the Underworld, and Wei Ying probably needed a bit more time to figure out how to salvage Wen Ning's situation - could a bodiless spirit of a fierce corpse be resurrected, perhaps inserted into a new body? Would a fierce

corpse's spirit even be considered an equal to a living person's spirit? - amongst many other titillating unexplored questions about the secrets behind the Dark Arts, that made the gears inside Wei Ying's head spin with renewed interest in the taboo and the prohibited.

Wen Ning seemed to have gotten the gist of foraging from the forests of the Underworld, so he reached far to the side at a bush, and plucked a couple of berries. Then, following the footsteps of Wei Ying, he carefully peeled the skins off. "Wei *gongzi* ," he said with a respectful bow and presented a shiny, de-skinned cherry tomato-ish berry as an offering for the great former master, the life-saver, the eminent sage, and the *everything* for his - Wen Ning's - world.

Wei Ying took it with a self-congratulatory grin and easily popped it into his mouth, then patted the man's cheeks (and inadvertently left a smear of berry juice there), "You're a good boy, Wen Ning, and thank you for telling me what happened. Remind me to do something about your weakness towards flute music, to strengthen you against the influence of Dark magic, and to power you up, once we're outta here."

Wen Ning grinned in return, his face brimming with new hope now that he had truly found his saviour.

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"Wei *gongzi* , Wei *gongzi* , why do they label me as a monstrosity? All the signs around the crater seemed to say the same thing... it's awful! Is it because of my reputation? Or is it because I look scary to the people of this

world? Do you have any news about Si Zhui? I left him in the mausoleum of Caihong Town. We probably missed a meeting with Jing Yi *shixiong* since travel became restricted when the Imperial regime imposed new rules. How is Lan *er gongzi* ? Is he still cooking up storms in the kitchen back at the cave-home? I missed his tasty sweet-sour fried pork, and till recently, Si Zhui kept on harping about his perfect mild-flavoured savoury fish congee and double-boiled herbal chicken soup! Oh, meeting you here reminds me of how much I missed being around close comrades, and I really want to celebrate this feeling when we return to the upper world!”

Wen Ning was too innocent, and too precious, partly because of his lack of awareness, and that he has an annoyingly absolute trust in people’s kind words without an ounce of skepticism or suspicion. Many times, Wei Ying wanted to grab the baby-faced man and huggle him to death - but Wen Ning was technically dead once, and now twice - so he reined in the itch in his hands and shoved them into his pockets. They trotted downhill from the far side of the crater rim when Wei Ying heard distant barking, with adorable Wen Ning following him closely and asking him little, sometimes unimportant, sometimes irrelevant, questions non-stop like a lost puppy that had found its master.

Wei Ying made it look so easy and appeared to have all the answers at his fingertips. He mixed a whole bunch of white lies, fictitious accounts, surreal and mind-boggling reasons strung together to sound awesome - but a load of bull, really -, and came up with fantastical responses that didn’t really make sense - but they did, to Wen Ning, at least. He knew that if the husband was around, he’d get a slap on the buttocks for bullying and playing the poor kid for a fool - except that the husband was nowhere near:

“Well, you’re right - your reputation precedes you, and you inspire fear and panic wherever you go, unfortunately even in this world. It’s just on the other side of the rice paper, as the saying goes, and you know how thin and

delicate rice papers are!” - which was partly true, except that it wasn’t due to his misnomer title as the Ghost General. Fierce corpses, when killed, would appear in the Underworld as an image of their human form; there hadn’t been any documented instances where fierce corpses remained in their original form in the Underworld - until Wen Ning’s anomalous arrival, of course - and that probably scared the hell out of the Underworlders, just like how humans would be frightened by hungry ghosts drifting by in broad daylight.

Wen Ning commented that when he stirred into consciousness, he saw two trembling giant men towering over his kneeling form - one wearing the mask of an Ox, and the other with a Horse - and they had just chained him to the poles. Upon the first sign of wakefulness - a grunt, a cough, eyes opening blearily - the two giants screamed for their mothers and the names of strange gods, and left him hanging inside the crater bowl since then - doomed to die of loneliness, starvation or thirst. Wei Ying had to stifle a laughter at Ox-Head and Horse-Face’s bizarre reactions, so he ruffled Wen Ning’s untied and long, wiry hair to show that he was pleased with Wen Ning’s performance to scare everything in sight, regardless of realms;

“A-Yuan? Oh... err... believe me, I’m sure he’s fine. In fact, I’m very sure comrades from the Gusu Lan sect had gotten in touch and rescued him. Yeah, you can count on my word for that! So, when we get back, make sure to take A-Yuan to visit his friends... like Jing Yi and Jin Ling, okay? The trio is inseparable, you know that!” Friendly back-slaps followed, as though to illustrate how close the three junior disciples are.

To that broad, cheerful and reassuring statement, Wen Ning responded with an endearing “Enn!” because he knew best how happy Si Zhui was when they were together, especially under the roofs of teahouses, and nothing else really mattered.

“Lan Zhan? Eh? We... err... ah...” Wei Ying stammered a bit and looked every bit embarrassed, sheepish, yearning, dejected and finally, broke into a wide, but not fully, the trademark one-million dollar grin, “... we’re doing just fine. Yeah, just fine. I’ve been down here for quite a while, y-you know, from that dabbling with Dark magic! So I don’t really know how he’s doing right now. I’m sure he’s still cooking up a storm in the kitchen. As always, yeah... you know... the usual... food... and... s-stuff...” and his voice trailed off into a mumble, as he pretended to be busy dodging branches, avoiding tripping over gnarly tree roots on the surface, and always be in search of more wild edibles.

Wen Ning gave the quintessential head-cocked, brow-raised “No I don’t know” look, but he didn’t pursue the line of thought even though Wei Ying’s answer didn’t quite make any sense. Not long after, Wei Ying shoved a clump of pinkish weed flowers into Wen Ning’s mouth and he dropped any remaining questions for the moment - one bite, and the man knew that the succulent flower petals tasted like sweet red bean filling in rice dumplings, minus the starch.

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Wen Ning wasn’t smart to begin with, but he is tenacious in learning from his mistakes and past experiences. So, he wasn’t really off the mark when he said that the distant barking had been following them for some time and only grew closer rather than farther, no matter how far they walked away from the crater - in which, he remembered a similar pattern painted during his traumatic encounter with the Tian sisters in Caihong, except that the sounds were from flute music. At that realization, the sounds of barking became noticeably louder, and there were even heavy grunts and sounds of farm animals.

Wei Ying sighed in defeat and knew that the time was up, albeit too soon. It was really unfair, he thought; he really wanted to bring Wen Ning to the city undetected, maybe let him stay with the Li family and experience the rich, pampered life of being the baby in the eyes of grandpas and grandmas - alas, that was not to be.

“... perhaps, some other time, then,” he muttered to himself.

“Wei *gongzi* ? Did you say something?” Wen Ning asked curiously, as they trudged down a slope towards the foot of the hills. The forests have thinned out and gradually opened into wide expanses of grasslands with blades as high as one’s waist.

Wei Ying shook his head with a tight smile meant to dispel any notion of anxiety, “No, not really... say, Wen Ning, how are you feeling now? Better? Able to lift boulders and run a hundred-meter dash?” He still held on to one of Wen Ning’s hands around his shoulder to balance the man who complained that his legs were a bit wobbly from kneeling too long, and the fatigue that ate his strength from being left hungry for an indeterminate amount of time at the bottom of the crater.

“Enn! After eating the flowers, nuts and berries, I feel much better now!” Wen Ning nodded, and proudly removed his hand from the former master’s shoulder to prove that he could already stand on his own two feet. He even hopped from one leg to the other, swung his arms to a typical morning exercise routine, and paced on the same spot to showcase his newfound physical prowess. Wen Ning’s health had returned, and his spiritual *qi* levels have been somewhat restored - and Wei Ying found himself feeling

bittersweet about his stead's astounding improvement over just a couple of hours, as compared to his own stagnant condition for the past days, weeks even months trapped in the belly of the Underworld.

The feared foot of the hills loomed closer despite neither of them taking a step forward - Wei Ying had suspected, and now confirmed, that the guards of the Underworld were no mere sentries hired to keep the departed in check - especially those sent to pursue him after the release of the fearsome Monstrosity of the Underworld (another meaningless title to add under Wen Ning's belt, really). From a far distance, Wei Ying could make out the shadowy outlines of an Ox, a Horse and scores of other helmed foes rustling behind the bushes, though their sounds were aptly covered by a passing breeze; Ox-Head and Horse-Face were special sentinels of the Underworld who, when faced with great threats to the realm's security, will not hesitate to use powerful space-warp magic to entrap their targets - Wei Ying and Wen Ning had been trapped in a bubble of space, forced to walk around the crater, and no matter which direction they moved - or *not* move, because the destination will automatically gravitate *towards* them anyway over the course of time -, they would always end up at the foot of the hills leading up to the Ten Courts, where armed guards gleefully wait with weapons brandished and shields held up.

Wei Ying couldn't afford to let Wen Ning suffer another harrowing episode of being tied up, of being brutally separated from his loved ones, and possibly dealt with another soul-crushing death-blow even in this miserable afterlife.

"Wen Ning! Let's play a game and answer me as quickly as possible! Who's the person you really want to be with, right now?!" Wei Ying suddenly broke a long pause after being mired in his own thoughts. Wen Ning was caught off-guard, and stammered, "Err, err... err... why are you asking this out of nowhere, *gongzi* ? I'm right beside y-you!"

The shadows of the Ox and Horse, and their men, crawled cautiously closer, the faint growls and whines of bloodhounds blended into the increasingly strong gusts of wind near the foot of the hills, however the enemy did not ambush nor launch a siege upon them - because they were afraid of Wen Ning, and Wei Ying could smell their trepidation in the air. That bought him a bit more time.

“No, you have to exclude me because I’m not part of the game’s answer! Hurry up, Wen Ning! Who’s the person you want to be with, for the rest of your life?!” Wei Ying shouted above the din of swishing winds blowing past tall grasses.

Wen Ning took a full minute with mumbles and stutters of various familiar names, with cute head-scratches, and finally came up with the loudest, clearest answer with the biggest grin he could muster on his pale undead face. “D-Don’t laugh, *gongzi* , but I-I want to be with my only living relative, A-Yuan! I... I want to stay with him, m... make sure he grows up to be a fine young adult, and keep... keep visiting his friends Jing Yi and Jin Ling... and... and go night-hunts together!” He yelled back in reply because the winds were getting a bit too strong, and the man had to grab on to violently whipping grass blades to keep his balance.

Wei Ying nearly shed a tear, and he could always attribute his teary eyes to sand that had gotten into his eyes. He took a few steps away from Wen Ning and reached behind to tuck his hair properly from the wild winds lashing at his figure, then said resolutely, “Then you keep that promise, for my sake, okay?! Don’t forget to visit Lan Zhan once in a while too! Remember that!”

Wei Ying's voice suddenly cracked, raw with emotion, and became hoarse from the shouting. Something glowed in his pocket and zipped out like a magic projectile. This time, it was the child straw-doll, radiating bright crimson red like those cherry tomato-like berries they snacked on earlier, although the luminescence seemed to be cut off by a glimmering layer of black. Wei Ying thought that, ironically, the child-doll chose Wen Ning because Wen Ning is truly the babe of his circle of friends, although the real reason would be something along the lines of Wen Ning's need for life energy for resurrection - as a fierce corpse, he probably needed just a fraction of a fully-fledged adult's life energy for the reconstruction of his body and soul.

Wen Ning was jaw-droppingly shocked at an animated little toy that flew from his former master, and marvelled at how it moved like a real Paperman despite being made of stiff, inflexible materials. The figurine flew above his head before he could ask who, what, how or why, and he was too astonished for words at the little pink, orange and red sparkles that trailed its flight path and rained on his head like a shower of stardust; he even raised his chain-strapped hands to touch those glittering falling lights, and his eyes widened with amazement at how warm they felt - that he forgot to ask what his former master meant with those cryptic last words.

The enchanted straw doll transformed into a portal door behind Wen Ning in an instant, and Wei Ying needed to tip-toe to look over Wen Ning's shoulders to see what was on the other side; it was another scene in a hospital, this time with the two boys Jing Yi and Si Zhui covered with bandages - not as much as mummy-like Jin Ling - and Jing Yi was trying his hand at a *xiao* flute while sitting cross-legged on his single bed - based on his clumsy finger movements, he'd never reach the gracefulness of Xi Chen *da ge*, Wei Ying laughed inwardly -, while Si Zhui - oh, precious baby A-Yuan - gingerly plucked on the strings of a guqin on his lap, while sitting in the same manner as his future-husband Jing Yi in the neighbouring bed - the boy's fingers looked hurt and wrapped with rolls of gauze until they look like fat unwieldy clubs than nimble digits, but he

seemed determined to play a piece of music, note by note; Wei Ying couldn't take in all the details in a single blink of an eye, and he knew the portal didn't last long - and there was no time to explain anything to Wen Ning, with the footsteps of Underworld guards now becoming truly, frighteningly audible, stampeding through the grass like a dreadful, racing heartbeat.

Wen Ning was too absorbed with the light show above him to notice anything else, so with one final huff, Wei Ying raised his right leg and gave the man a heartfelt kick to the shins. Wen Ning yelped in surprise and as expected, tumbled backwards - straight into the portal's gaping but shiny maws. For a brief moment, Wei Ying heard a pandemonium of musical instruments thudding on the sterile tiled floor, of unbridled cries of joy, and of keening ugly noises that sobbing men make. With a final, resounding *fwip*!, the door to the world of the living closed in a split second once its target was secured.

For the second time, Wei Ying was left alone in the darkness and in this instance, he actually crumbled to his knees, his shoulders drooped, and the floodgates finally opened. He wept again and again at the mounting losses, and did not even flinch when swords, sabers, spears and the scary growls of hungry hounds surrounded his heaving, curled body on a sea of swirling grass.

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“Was that the right thing to do?”

“I see. You’re right. You know, and therefore, you can. I should not have to question your decisions and interfere with your actions.”

“Mn. Congratulations... for achieving what I couldn’t. I would’ve been stuck in an analysis paralysis, and be embroiled in endless controversies if I had done that - but you executed everything flawlessly. You’ve signed pacts with our allies and enemies, and brought everyone, everything under your rule. There is one question - what of *yue fu* and *yue mu* ’s children? Are they not still on the loose?”

“Really? That must’ve been a brilliant contract you’ve signed with Tian *dalaoye* , to forcibly put the entire Tian clan under the Kingdom just by colluding with their leader. Did you apply the same strategy to the rest of the species and multiverses? You did? Wonderful. I applaud your far-reaching success and to the glory of our Kingdom. I take pride that you are the ideal Dream version that I could never become.”

“How are your children and the runaway teenage boy from next door? Mn... mn... I should do that too, if I have children - to let them run free and enjoy the life that they deserve, under their father’s watchful eyes. Unfortunately, I have two tentacle-kin who have morphed into rabbits that cling to me and the spouse all day. Have you found your wife yet?”

“Please explain, what do you mean by ‘when you find your wife, I will find mine’? Hn... mmn... I see. That... that’s a lot to take in. If Wei Ying returns, then by a twist of Fate of your design, you’ll finally have that malicious Uncle Wei in your arms, and you’ll return to *my* Dreams - and bring along with you the entire Kingdom that is now part *your* Dreams. It... it almost sounds like an exchange of some sort, do you agree?”

“Mn. Yes, it would change my life drastically, but so as long as your assurance stays - that I can still find, retrieve and have everyone, everything, in my Dreams, at any time of my choosing, it should be alright... correct? Mn... mn... you understand my inner needs and wants better than anyone else, I do not need to elaborate on my insecurities of losing my loved ones and my hard work from the recent past. Alright, I accept the deal in good faith.”

“Ah, thank you for bringing it up, even though I did not explicitly mention that. Yes, I would like my spouse to have an equal say and have equal rights in making such decisions. He has some unsavoury hoarding tendencies though, I have to warn you first. You’ll need to devise some ways to encourage him to let go of certain things. I’ve tried my best all my married life, and I’ve been unable to change his desires - but I believe that’s what constitutes a married life anyway; to be able to tolerate, accept and love unconditionally towards each other, including every facet of that person both good and bad.”

“Mn... Mn... yes, I’ll be fine even if this one single Wei Ying is more than I can handle, and I hope you can, with yours. Thank you for your concern. We can always meet in our Dreams to air our grievances about our wives.”

“Oh, no, no, don’t be. You can have Wei Ying’s four siblings too... in fact, please go ahead and take all the Wei-kin, Lan-kin, master/beast-kin and all other kins the Kingdom has created since its inception. Although I have my marriage certificates to document my marriage with those four particular individuals, you can easily annul or change them in our Dreams, and make them yours. I’m perfectly happy with my one single lovely soulmate, and you *know* you *can* handle more than I do... Mn... mn... yes, thank you for

the offer, we can always meet in our Dreams and conduct family bedroom rituals, I'm sure of that."

After a few more exchanges, Lan Zhan could finally switch off the Fairy Messenger call, and the puffy amber ball of light fizzled out of existence. He exhaled, and felt very tired; he hadn't talked nor listened this much in a while, and his span of concentration had diminished due to the recent lack of use; he would like to blame it on old age and pretend that he had grown older, plus wiser, but he suspected it was because he focused his entirety on the comatose spouse and his endless frolicking with nubile mates that rendered him incapacitated in many ways - all the hot bloodedness going down there between the legs couldn't bode well for him in the long run, surely.

It was a surreal experience to hear his own inner voice telling him what needs to be, and will be done unto him, through the precursor of the telephone. He had been terrified by the ghostly amber ball of light at first, and pulled out of one of his numerous Wei Yings in the underground dungeon in mid-ejaculation; that phantom luminescence chased him with such fervour and precision, and with such a creepy calmness, he knew he was bested in a twisted game of cat and mouse, or a bout on nerves of steel - thus, despite his reservations and reluctance in cracking open his shell of isolation, he decided to stop wasting precious time (and trickling seed), and take the call.

"*Lao gong... lao gong...*" his Wei Yings purred and mewled at him, and used their fingertips and toes to slide up against his legs and thighs to coax the harem master to return to his delicious husbandly duties. They had been obedient to remain silent throughout that important call, which took place once a week - because the Regent of the Kingdom was courteous enough to respect the real Grand Patriarch and provide periodic updates on the affairs of the government and the company -, that Lan Zhan - or rather, his

exceedingly turgid and twitching Lan Zhan Jr. down there - felt obligated to indulge in their cries for pleasures of the flesh as a reward for being such exemplary wives for the man who often drowned in his passions, behind closed doors in the subterranean domains of his Kingdom.

Lan Zhan looked at his groin, and was pleased that the phonecall didn't disrupt his planned routine - he remained hard down there despite the ruined orgasm, therefore he was still game to feast on today's specially prepared menu: a true 'Tunnel of Love' lovingly prepared by virginal Wei Yings of youthful ages, and predominantly constituted of a particular gender - again, he sighed in exasperation - he was getting worried of solely causing a population boom of unimaginable magnitudes, nine months from now.

In this naughty game of 'how long can you go, in this devilish Tunnel of Love', which he had to pre-order a day in advance, a long line of beds snaked along a passageway leading out from the dungeon. Upon each bed lay a precious lovely Wei Ying nestled in twisted bedsheets and blankets, spread-eagled and writhing wantonly in the nude, waiting to be deflowered - every Wei Ying played with his or her naughty bits, using fingers or more conveniently, jars of lubricating massage oils, bottles of aphrodisiacs, and an assortment of good ol' P-Cool sex toys including vibrators, dildoes and massage wands - to the point where they edged themselves continuously and teetered on the brink of explosive orgasms - the whole Tunnel was filled with tasty moans and cries for the beloved husband to hurry up, hurry up, fill 'em up and shoot everything out.

Lan Zhan's mission is simple - as the master of the harem, his task is to sample each Wei Ying-delicacy with minimal effort and reap the maximum rewards - like a real *laoban* . He would easily slide his slick arousal into one Wei Ying, which instantly detonates that Wei Ying's climax, and he would enjoy minutes of exquisite kneading, undulating muscular walls

around his extremely excited penis like grasping hands - fifteen twitches in total, sometimes more -, then pull out, and insert his pre-cum leaking cock into the next waiting Wei Ying-rosebud about to erupt into a shower of sexual juices and bodily fluids. The heavenly sensations are usually too much for his immoral body to handle, so he often finds himself lying helplessly on his lovely Wei Yings as he mounts each one - simply insert and be still, and repeat -, while few other Wei Yings trailed after him and take every opportunity to reach from behind, kiss his earlobes, flick and pinch his nipples in nnngh-inducing bursts of sadistic bliss, lick his flushed sweaty skin, and their fingers find their way down, down, to caress and play with his shivering, swollen testicles, accompanied with playful nibbles and loving tongue-action to coax the prized family jewels to keep producing the cherished milky nectar.

There are many options in this game - he may find a Wei Ying to be very desirable (especially the tight juicy young 'uns), and engage in a full round of hip-trembling, lip-smacking delectable sexual intercourse and father more than just one babe; he could opt to taste a set of ten Wei Yings with his raging hard-on and keep thrusting like a horny wild beast into those orgasming birth canals, in perfect arithmetic sequences of one to ten, and ten to one and add another cross to his productivity (十; *shi* ; ten); or, he could fantasize himself as the rapist of his Dreams, and penetrate each waiting rosebud with such eagerness and force, disregarding the pain and discomfort experienced by each Wei Ying who brutally lost their virginities to the greedy, sex-starved man, that by the fifth or sixth orgasming Wei Ying, he becomes too excited, too hard to hold off his impending earth-shattering climax, and deliberately and pleurably spills his one-twos - depositing just enough to plant his flesh and blood in the fertile gardens inside the lucky Wei Ying, while keeping his full thirty-twitches and his full-blown bodily orgasm at bay until he reaches Wei Ying number ten. The husband makes sure that when he finally climaxes, so does his Wei Yings, because logically and according to the law of physics and the cosmos, two orgasms going off in unison is surely better than one.

In any case, Lan Zhan lost count again of how many Wei Yings he had sampled in the Tunnel of Love. He arched his back, thrust his hips delightfully, relishing in the clenching, succulent wetness of cocksleeves moulded perfectly to his phallus, wringing a fountain of creamy seed out of him ruthlessly, his eyes rolled to the back as another launch sequence started inside his pelvis, his jaws slackened when molten pressure rose in bulging volleys, his nostrils flared and he roared with great satisfaction when his cockhead slammed into cervixes and wombs and rubbed passionately against them to generate even more friction to fuel the scorching lustful flames - the first of many ejaculations squirted with great force and was visible from the outside as a little, transient 'bump' on lovely Wei Ying's lower belly, his hands flailed instinctively to grab and claw at anything - a big milky-white breast, the voluptuous sharp curve of a waist, or if he's lucky, another male's boner -, his toes curled so tightly that they cramped up because it felt too divine to bed so many Wei Yings, to taste their sweet cries and squeezing heat, to release the boiling pressure and gush out torrents of semen that his godly loins kept making, just so that the lucky husband could continue the timeless act of entwining mind, body and soul and make plenty of babies with all the Wei Yings he's ever wanted - right beneath the floor mat of his home.

Then, he realized another amber ball of fluffy light had landed on his nose - it was another Fairy Messenger call - and he sneezed in mid-orgasm.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 132

“He’s an escapee who enjoyed the life of the rich and famous of our realm, and endangered our citizens by dabbling in sleazy businesses such as smuggling contraband and dangerous goods! But he has fallen into our hands once again! His punishment must be twice his crimes!”

“He’s a hardcore criminal who pretends to be of good standing and character! He’s an imposter and lies about who he really is! His alibis, the Li family, have deserted him, claiming that everything had been a fraud, and that they didn’t really know him! This con artist was allowed to roam freely among morally upright citizens, offering sham products and services to swindle our people, and corrupt their hearts!”

“He’s an illegal who broke many laws by moving between the restricted borders between the slums, the city and the surrounding lands without permission! He thinks he can walk freely without fear of our might and authority? Hah! He should think again, for the sake of his puny remaining existence!”

“What’s more, this doomed spirit unleashed the Monstrosity of the Underworld which our *da shixiong*, Brother Ox and Brother Horse, worked so terribly hard to wrestle and chain to the grounds where it first appeared - with that spectacular explosion that created the crater which rocked our society and forever scarred our lands! Now that the monster has been unknowingly released into other realms, causing untold damage, this damned spirit must be immediately deported off the Cliffs to atone for his wrongdoings! Extinguish this spirit as soon as possible!”

The unsavoury accusations built up one upon another, followed by spearheads poking his torso, abdomen and back, as he was forced to march forward. Wei Ying didn't care anymore nor listened to those upsetting words, because his mind was filled with remorse - of not being a better man, of not achieving what he had set out to do in his brief, mundane life, of not having his last chance to talk to his family and friends or to mend broken ties, and of not having his last good-byes with the beloved husband. He had given up hope of convincing the Underworld guards about his true identity and to let him go - they wouldn't listen, and were adamant that he was a nameless spirit who had overstayed, and it was time to be reincarnated - recycled, really - into something more useful, such as a piece of twisty crystal for someone's kitchen stove.

The Underground Guards were giants - at least seven feet in height -, hulking on the ground with massive hunched backs, wore heavy plated armours adorned with hellish designs, such as skeleton figures, vampires, bulging-eyed demons with fanged, ugly teeth, and sharp-tip tailed bearded devils that breathe out fire and smoke, and were equipped with equally impressively-sized weaponry made of obsidian-like materials. Their helmets were impressive, larger than a man's torso in size, and wholly covered their faces except for slits or openings on the metallic frames - together with red pupilled eyes, smoky breaths and the discolored exposed leathery skin on their hands, Wei Ying deduced that those super-sized mammoth humanoids weren't really humans (or former humans). He'd seen lesser ones - skeletons and zombies, even the odd human-looking spirits who wore smaller versions of such hefty armaments -, though those weaklings were relegated to city patrols, thus leaving the cream of the crop to guard the sacred paths towards Reincarnation - where unrest is likely to happen -, and the surrounding areas such as the local version of the Styx River and its forests - where fugitives, both harmless and harmful, are known to hide or launch their own guerilla warfare.

Wei Ying's shoulders slumped in despair, when he was pushed and shoved past long queues leading to the Ten Courts, drawing curious glances from

scores of listless or sobbing spirits who gawked at the unusual ensemble of many guards escorting one thin, smudgy young downtrodden spirit. He was given the fast lane treatment because his reincarnation was past due, and given his new criminal record, he didn't need any judgements from the officials that served the Lord of Hell - he was already found guilty on the spot, and got a one-way ticket straight through the Mountains and have his butt kicked off the Cliffs.

The guards had patted him down and made snide remarks about how the man who managed to free the Monstrosity of the Underworld ('Wen Nnnnnnniiiiing!', one could almost hear the former master call out the name in a needy, whiny voice, and hoped to see a shadowed figure zoom into the scene, ready at his beck and call), was woefully inadequate in his equipment and his sleeve-pockets. They snatched his rather light money pouch with their grubby hands - fortunately, Wei Ying had left everything, including his paltry fortune, documents, a smattering of day-old candies, stationery, pocket tissues, business cards, paper clips and whatnots he'd acquired in the Underworld, with the Li's -, and confiscated a handful of berries, nuts and flowers from his trousers' pockets. They found the final straw toy - woven into the form of an adult male - but Wei Ying begged to keep it because it was a memento from his childhood days that he found in the Underworld; apparently, innocuous inanimate objects do find their owners in the afterlife, as evidenced in many legends and fairy tales of the past, and the guards couldn't detect any magic or strange auras around the straw-made toy, so they let him have it. A few individuals pointed out that 'something bright and sparkly flew out of his pockets' before Wen Ning was spirited off through an unauthorized portal but the guards couldn't locate the source - and suspected the handful of magical berries, nuts and flowers inside Wei Ying's pockets - so everyone ate their fill to make sure that the man would not be able to cast any strange spells after that.

The disquieting whispers around him grew, when queueing spirits started chattering amongst themselves about the man who was whisked ahead to an unusually quick end. Even without knowing what he'd done, those former

humans audibly speculated about his character and the circumstances behind it, and they were as divisive as the variety of horrid opinions people had about him - that he was a rebel against society with terrible manners, stole money and cheated people, and was beaten up by the police until he was mortally wounded; a bad guy who flouted the rules and ended up with a death sentence and a noose around his neck; a mad man who turned into a mass murderer that wielded axes and chopping knives until he found himself at the receiving end from grieving and vengeful relatives of his victims; a sickened soul that couldn't be saved even with prayers or psychiatric treatment and soon, crazy voices told him to commit suicide; a disrespectful person who cursed his parents and was kicked out by his family, then properly met his untimely death in the jaws of a wild animal in the woods; a convict who took his twisted pleasure in raping little girls and fat old maids, swindled rich maidens and went wild with his illicit trysts - and deservedly drowned in a pig cage submerged inside a river; *et cetera ad nauseum* . Wei Ying gritted his teeth and balled his fists in seething anger, because he believed he didn't deserve such derogatory, offensive descriptions, that he was clearly framed and being put in a terrible light, but he could not say anything in defense, or snap at his ill-mannered spectators, due to the sharp, pointed blades pressed against his throat.

“Get a move on, you piece of dead human trash!” Ox-Head bellowed and kicked him in the back of his legs. Horse-Face slapped the side of his face, and Wei Ying's ear rang from the stinging pain.

The bad-mouthing spectacle continued for some time, and followed Wei Ying wherever he went - such is the dark side of human nature, deeply entrenched in ugly behaviours and despicable habits; Wei Ying maintained his composure because he couldn't afford to lose his grip like the last time, two decades ago, and commit more wrongdoing that he'd already accumulated. Thus, he steeled his heart, and braved the ruthless crowds.

With the Ten Courts now far behind, he tirelessly ascended thousands of steps of stairs into the Mountains. Wei Ying continued to suppress his unhappiness and irritation at the incessant gossiping around him, and the maltreatment from the escorts; instead, he tried to busy himself by enjoying the sights around him and gauge his location. The misty mountains with jagged outcrops and steep valleys reminisced those of Gusu, lending a fascinating yet relaxing ambience to those who patiently lined up for the final leg of their life journeys; though, sadly, the peaks were perpetually shrouded in grey, damp fog in the darkness of the Underworld, so there wasn't really anything to cheer or shout about. Crows and a few other feathered scavengers circled in the air, but they merely observed the solemn procession with mild interest since there weren't any dead bodies to feast on. There wasn't much to admire on the ground either, since it was fundamentally a giant staircase that wound its way across a mountain range; the stone steps were very well-worn by countless spirits that walked on them throughout the ages, once decorated by holy scriptures and ancient sculptures that had eroded into obscurity over time, caked with dust that were kicked around by shuffling shoes and sometimes bare feet, and there were hardly any grass or weeds around since they've been mostly plucked by bored spirits or stomped upon too often. The queues headed into several buildings and out along the way, which Wei Ying guessed to be checkpoints and probably more judgement chambers - but he didn't get the chance to visit those places (and he didn't really want to, anyway), since the guards were rushing him through as though he was about to miss his flight (in a 21st-century analogy, in seemed).

Near the peaks, he started to feel the jitters when slopes and valleys plunged into depthless inky-black chasms and ravines, as though the fabric of the land was torn asunder by the sheer sudden forces of nature, leaving abrupt, dramatic landscapes in its wake. The spirits sported tell-tale signs of succubi attack such as gaping lower abdomens, so he knew that he was returning to the time period when he perished in Caihong. There were numerous rituals required for those in the proper queues - collecting and reading pamphlets handed out by officials by the roadside; changing their clothes, if needed, to meet the minimum standards for a decent

reincarnation; writing their sins, regrets, wishes and final words on pieces of coloured paper, then tying them on the handrails or the leaves of certain millenia-old sacred trees that grew in some areas; taking purifying baths and performing cleansing rituals; praying at specific shrines set up along the stairs to wish for a better life in the next cycle, or to plead for leniency and to spare curses from their descendents; to meditate and chant sutras for a calming finale - and so many more, that Wei Ying had to miss in his hurried march to the top, where the first signs of a wide, barren platform decorated with holy banners and flags on its edges - the Cliff - emerged into view.

Wei Ying held his breath, and felt awed by the breathtaking sight of a pure black night sky canvas dotted with drifting faint yellow firefly-like lights - remnants of spirits that had been extinguished - with the craggy mountainous landscape largely behind him, the accompanying whoosh of surprisingly fresh chilled mountain breeze, and a sudden uplift in his energy and mood - as though his ethereal body felt invigorated, his feet light and floaty, his feelings soared to new heights he'd never felt before during his stay in the Underworld, the anguished and sorrowful thoughts dissipated that his heart no longer felt heavy - whether such changes in him were deliberately engineered by the altered auras atop the Cliffs, or if he was truly repentant and started seeing things in a new light, he would never know - but he felt that he was quite ready to face his end and to meet his maker.

A haphazard bunch of spirits thronged the Cliffs, as jumping to one's final death is as interesting as watching an accident scene of the 21st century; there are proper markings on the floor to designate spirits where to queue up, submit their paperwork, go through last minute checks by the officials, and so on; however, the thrilling screams of panic, keening wails or simply pure unbridled joy (rarely, but it happens sometimes) echoing into the deep unknown draw the attention of many, and like nosy neighbours, spirits hang around the edges of the Cliffs to watch how others prepare for their fall, take the plunge, and for some lucky ones, turn into beautiful explosive puffs of firefly lights if they slammed at odd-angled rocks below and die earlier

deaths - to the detriment of the freefall divers, and to the entertainment of others waiting for their turns. A few chatty spirits have running commentaries on the best techniques for the Perfect dives, others spend the whole time being rooted to the ground because they were either too remorseful to exit their pitiful existence, or they were afraid of heights - and had to be dragged by tired, lazy, uncaring officials back to the queues. Several groups were engrossed in discussing and speculating their next cycle of life - not knowing that they were all doomed to reincarnate into stuff less glamorous than a strand of weed in another world, not to mention the possibility of becoming the next twisty crystal to power someone's 21st-century induction cooker -, while there were those who preferred to be alone and hard at work with an eleventh-hour prayer to attempt to see their lives flash before their eyes. It was a fabulous sea of humanity at the brink of extinction, and Wei Ying wished he could, if Fate ever offers a chance, stay longer in the Underground and experience the various colours, emotional upheavals, raw and unscripted drama and theatrics, of Men who had reached their metaphorical finishing lines.

Perhaps as an unexpected response from someone high above to Wei Ying's unspoken plea, Ox-Head raised a clawed hand to signal the group to stop at the entrance to the Cliffs. His pace had dropped significantly in the last few flights of steps, and had fallen to the back; he had trouble breathing and he sweated so much that his helmetless bovine head was covered with matted fur. "We... We take a break here! I... (huff)... (huff)... need to catch my... breath! Oh, I feel dizzy too... curse this stupid thin mountain air... It's so much... better in the lowlands... (huff)... (huff)..."

"*Shixiong*, you jogged too fast for your age, and you forgot how heavy you weigh! You shouldn't push yourself too far especially for a little wimp like this insignificant spirit," Horse-Face neighed and laughed - his body was still in top condition even after the run up a few thousand steps -, and instructed the other guards to remain at the entrance and to make sure there were no more attempts to escape. Horse-Face shoved Wei Ying with the hilt

of a sword and with such force, that Wei Ying stumbled unceremoniously forward.

“You! Count yourself lucky that we won’t make haste to end your pathetic, miserable existence! My hooved feet are a bit sore from the amount of climbing and walking, so I won’t even bother to kick you down the Cliffs. Hang around here, boy... one of the officials will see to your last rites and enroll you for your turn soon! You’ve delayed everyone’s schedules long enough, so don’t inconvenience others who are of better standing than you, and who are more punctual for their appointments!” he snarled and waved at several lower-ranked officials for service. A dark-robed faceless humanoid without legs - a ghost, probably - bowed, and hurried into a nearby shack to prepare some pots of tea and plates of snacks for the guards. Another tentatively approached the upset Ox-Head with a first-aid kit of sorts - jars of herbal tonics for altitude sickness, energy boost drinks, and some bottles of medicinal salves.

Wei Ying was shunned by the spirits at the Cliff top, because he arrived with the terrifying guards - and the whispers started once again, trying to guess - incorrectly - what terrible crimes he must have committed in life to deserve such a fate. Wei Ying refused to listen to the rambling lies, because he knew the consequences of yielding to anger and hatred - once bitten, twice shy -, so he decided to spend his time there as fulfilling and as worthwhile as possible, while he still could.

“Mister, mister! You need to change your clothes! The ones you’re wearing are said to be stolen from the Underworld city and should not be worn here in such a terrible, smudgy state, so we need to get you the plain white ones!” one ghostly official cried and chased Wei Ying like a mother would to a child who wore his shirt on backwards. The Cliffs were sacred, much like any temple grounds, so improper and indecent wear was prohibited, after all. Wei Ying strode ahead, faster than the snail’s pace of a floating

ghost who did not have any legs, deftly avoiding capture, and responded petulantly, “I’m still sweating from being rushed uphill, so let me cool down first! I refuse to wear anything that will be stained with stinky bodily fluids for my grand finale!” The ghost believed his tale and backed off gracefully - in actual fact, Wei Ying hardly broke a sweat, because he was used to traverse through mountains daily back in the days of living in the ‘Mounds, so he felt just fine, really; plus, he really didn’t want to put on those icky and scratchy white mourning robes *again* .

Wei Ying took advantage of the short-lived freedom to visit several shacks manned by officials around the busy and almost boisterous rocky platform, who freely gave out basic necessities for those who needed a final touch-up. Besides a measly selection of garments, there were also toiletries and cosmetics, light food and beverage options, holy books and meditation texts, even a postbox for those who would like to pen down their final thoughts on paper and mail it to a faraway Underworld post office, where reasonable hopes and wishes may appear in the dreams of loved ones that were left behind. It was akin to the departure lounge of a 21st-century airport, with few vendors, kiosks and vending machines serving the needs of travellers who may have forgotten to get something done before their flight.

The young man walked around, browsing boredly from one shack or stall to another. He grabbed a bag of lotus seeds - a classic favourite for the former Yunmeng resident - and snacked nonchalantly along with a jar of water mixed with honey and lemon. However, he was irredeemably attracted to the smell of alcohol and exotic tinctures and liquors - there was a small bar that served drinks for those who needed stronger, manlier brews before leaving. As he neared the rickety wooden building, he noticed a few bartenders and waiters busy catering to the wants of the patrons who sat on bar stools next to the countertop, or in cushioned seats around larger tables. One tall figure hunched on his stool with his head resting on the counter was particularly striking, because his clothes were regal, flowing, pearl-

white patterned with clouds, his lush long hair swept to the back, and he looked awfully familiar.

The man groaned, and turned his head around, chin still resting awkwardly on the edge of the counter. Wei Ying could see that he had more than a few drinks - several emptied jars lay chaotically on the tabletop -, his face was flushed and the man was in most likelihood dead drunk, he wore a white forehead ribbon - Wei Ying's non-existent heart raced and he sprinted towards the man, all sorts of thoughts, emotions, hopes and despair running through his mind in circles--

“--... Xi Chen?! Xi Chen *da ge* ?!”

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At the same time, all Underworld guards who had stationed themselves at the entrance to the Cliffs and enjoyed the refreshing teas and snacks served by ghostly officials, suddenly groaned in perfect unison with their hands on their bellies. Ox-Head roared in agony as he rushed to the toilets not too far away while unbuckling his belt in desperation, but Horse-Face bested him by a few gallops with plenty of unpleasant sounds and smells emitted from his shivering equine rump. The remaining minions had to make do with a natural setting as their outdoor loo; everyone suffered acute diarrhea and food poisoning, because earlier, they had eaten Wei Ying's magical berries with the skin intact!

Trouble brewed when Underworld officials overseeing the operations in the Cliffs rushed to the aid of the sickened guards. Several spirits saw this as an

opportunity of a lifetime - the entire platform was left unsupervised - and started to break away from their queues, toe out of their white lines, and run for freedom. A trickle of escapes soon attracted the attention of others, who called their comrades and similar-fated friends to band together in their struggle, to fight, to rush down the Mountains and trample the Ten Courts with little or no guards to resist their overwhelming numbers; the unarmed officials, who had relied on their nightmarish looks and empty menacing words to keep the spirits obediently in queue, suddenly found themselves punched, kicked, pelted with sticks and stones, stampeded, and rampaged by innumerable disembodied men and women; the threat of the biggest jailbreak ever recorded in history of the Reincarnation paths loomed upon the Realm of the Dead.

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Lan Zhan realized he had reached the greatest pinnacles, crested the highest peaks, enjoyed all manners of pleasures of the flesh possible in the Mortal Realm, and had nowhere else to go, but down, down into a slumbering, refractory period of sorts; whether the state is temporary or permanent, remained unknown and he was in a limbo - because he knew he had overused his tool, ruined his appetite by insane amounts of binging, broken many records and his Junior in the process - that he decided that enough is enough, since nothing could get him up any more. His penis was no longer responsive and had gone limp and soft on him, his loins thoroughly shut down on seed and hormone production and gone to eternal sleep, and his sex drive had gone fishin' for good.

Lan Zhan's two-minute trysts (equivalent to two infinite periods of time in the underground dungeons) outlasted many of any living being's lifetimes, and for a god like him, he concluded that he had ascended beyond nirvanas, beyond redemptions and beyond reincarnations - he had achieved Perfection when it came to his sex life, and more broadly, his purpose on

Earth if one considered the functional reason for a male to exist in the first place, that is, to go forth and fertilize, multiply and propagate uncontrollably.

The black rabbit cackled, in a creepy but smug way, when it presented a document on a silver platter to the Grand Patriarch. Lan Zhan picked up the scroll, untied a ribbon and read its contents - it was an end-of-period statement of accounts depicting the number of Wei Yings provided and utilized - which was complete; not even one Wei Ying was spared -, and the number of pure-bred descendents he was served and later, that he willingly, and delightfully, sexually devoured. Below the mind-boggling statistics - which consist of an uncountable number of digits -, the fine prints laid out the charges for amenities, cleaning, room service, food and beverages, and other minor details, plus the rental fees for using the dungeons for his personal carnal pleasures, and a token sum for healing and caring for the one and original Wei Ying currently cuddled in his arms.

“It’s not just for me, Grand Patriarch. The money goes to *meimei*’s future too, such as putting together a piggy bank to pay for her education, and to buy her enough candies and toys as she grows up,” it began its explanation with both paws opened and raised, as though demanding for the payment stated at the bottom of the page. Lan Zhan nearly rolled his eyes with a resigned sigh, at how the black rabbit obviously winged around the crux of the issue by shifting the blame to its sister first - how irresponsible!

“It’s also compensation for all the hard work that we’ve done, including building this lovely Spring Palace Resort complex made from a hollowed-out mountain in the middle of the ‘Mounds, the surrounding farms, gardens and courtyards,” the rabbit swept a paw in a graceful arch to illustrate the vast and impressive network of cavernous chambers and tunnels connected to the bedroom, “... and to set up a trust fund to raise your young when more of your... err... descendents are born in nine months’ time,” the rabbit

pointed a paw at the guilt-inducing floor mat not too far away. “See? It’s all good, and taken care of, in exchange for some reasonable amount of monies. In case payment is a concern, I do accept instalments, or better yet, with barter in goods, assets and properties from the Kingdom too,” the rabbit leaned forward with a glint in its red eyes, and a sinister toothy smile that made its whiskers curl upward a little.

Lan Zhan gave an indignant snort at the incredulous situation. He petulantly dropped the unrolled page onto the silver tray and waved the rabbit off. “Talk to the Regent to settle this. He’ll add a generous tip if you explain the situation logically to him too. He can dream out all that is needed to foot the bill and any extraneous charges that you may eventually think of, you sly rascal,” sarcasm dripped heavily in his voice as he addressed the former emo-teenager who kept hounding him for spending money - like a teenager that keeps asking his parents for the same thing for every tiny bit of household work done; Lan Zhan was disgruntled, even unnerved, that the black rabbit knew how to push his hot buttons and get him riled up - to the point that he would sometimes lapse into cussing, use of stereotypical bad language, and plain rude behaviour, that is, absolutely against his principles and natural character. Only Ernie could draw the worst out of him, and Lan Zhan preferred to minimize his interactions with that dastardly devilish bunny or pet-son.

The black rabbit devolved into a string of victorious, evil laughter and hopped off with the scroll in its mouth, fantasizing promised grand fortunes like carrots dangling in front of its red eyes.

Alone in the room, Lan Zhan returned to tend to his lovely spouse embraced in his arms. Wei Ying snored softly against his chest and visible paunch; the husband ran fingers through the spouse’s hair, which he had just trimmed earlier so that the comatose man wouldn’t feel too hot during the warmer days. Next, the husband bent down and inhaled the scents off

Wei Ying's face, neck and shoulders - and smiled lightly, pleased that bathing the pale, thin and frail, almost bony body with perfumed floral waters mixed with herbal oils, had kept the man looking and smelling rather fresh. At times, Lan Zhan believed that Wei Ying appeared more like a desiccated porcelain doll, or an embalmed body of sorts, because he was always cold, visibly weak and sometimes, at death's doorsteps with blue lips and fingernails, and worst of all, perpetually unmoving. Wei Ying never woke up, but his condition didn't improve either despite being given plenty of massage, *qi* transference sessions and various traditional treatments, good, tasty liquid food and adequate hydration. The young man was becoming lighter by the day, that deep down, Lan Zhan was afraid that someday, the wind or something else may blow into the bedroom and spirit off his beloved at a moment's notice.

Since he no longer visited the floor mat and its denizens living beneath the ground, Lan Zhan spent most of his days with the spouse, checking his vital signs from time to time, fussing over his looks, wiping and cleaning every inch of the man's skin, even giving back-scratches and ear cleaning, in which he believed, incorrectly or not, that such favourite pastimes of the couple could stir something within Wei Ying and wake him up.

A light knock on the door, and this time, a fluffy white rabbit with a chubby rump tapered to a fuzzball-tail tip-toed in. It - she - carried a tray; not with documents, but with two bowls of watery congee with strips of meat, egg omelettes and vegetables inside. She had completed the earthworks and furnished the couple's new Spring Palace Resort, so with nothing else to do, she acted - without being told - as their second servant of the house; she was as useful as her *gege* but multitude times better in character and morals, is diligent, hardworking and smart, though she does not speak - because she is still a tiny tot in terms of her species' limitless lifespan. Unlike her calculative *gege*, the white rabbit never asks for treats, rewards or payments for her contributions to the household - if she received any, it would be deposited back in her family's cloud drive and returned to her parents, because that was how she was programmed.

The white rabbit placed the tray on the bedside table, and hopped into the crack of space between the Grand Patriarch and the former Matriarch - now a nameless, stateless person. She nuzzled against Lan Zhan's meaty chest and rubbed her soft nose - even gave a couple of licks - to Wei Ying's lips - perhaps to moisten the chapped lips, or to gently call its mother to wake up, wake up, because the family is waiting.

"Mn. I miss Wei Ying too," Lan Zhan whispered as he patted the rabbit's squishy rump and stroked its body from the tips of the furry ears to the pinch-worthy tuft of tail, and leaned over to give his sleeping spouse a tender kiss on the forehead, in a bedroom awash with the faint glow of amber table lights, body-warmed blankets and pillows, the delicious smell of home-cooked food made with love, and the faint whine of a white rabbit that prayed for the return of her parents' joy and happiness.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 133

Similar to his predecessor, the Regent of the Kingdom, who is also an eminent Gusu Lan master, took frequent toilet breaks while ensuring that the empire and Wangxian Co. Ltd. ran smoothly. However, rather than to use such breaks for leisure, personal or procreative reasons, the Regent took advantage of the difference in the passage of time between Heaven and Earth to maximize his outputs - like a real, performance-driven *laoban* .

In the Mortal Realm, within the span of a few hours to a few days - equivalent to a toilet break for small or large nature -, he could set up tens of new enterprises and seal as many political or business contracts, issue hundreds of new policies, conduct thousands of training and inspections, and give instructional guidance to tens of thousands of officials and managers, so that they could manage their respective departments with near-perfect efficiency - and still have time for a pot of *pu'er* tea, and run a few very personal errands, such as signing off bills from the Grand Patriarch's new residence (it's as easy as dreaming up the required paychecks and monies), check on the Dream-kin children (and one kind-hearted teenager - his former neighbour -, who agreed to accompany and take care of the two monkeys running riot in Yiling), and teleport to the other side of the globe to look for his wife.

“How do I know? Of course, I do. I know, therefore, I always can, my inferior self. The time of Sundering of our destinies is nigh, and there are already felicitous, auspicious signs of its impending arrival:

The Lavender Blossom of Yunmeng from the past has returned, which will take root, spread its glorious, warm thriving carpets of blooms, thus solidifying the foundations of our nation and its people with an exciting

blend of the old and new, like fresh softness and sweetness after a rainstorm upon the jaded, hardened earth;

The Faded Sun of Qishan from the present has appeared, and the youth shall bask in the light of its dying embers and take a flame each, to start anew with their own new fires that will burn brightly into the 'morrow, and;

Lastly, the Rising Clouds of Gusu is all that is left to take us all to greater heights and yonder, to the next century - and from the Heavenly astrologers' foresight, so will the return of my wife and yours. We will carve our own paths forward from then on.

These are the necessary ingredients for a new beginning - your reality, my dreams, and vice versa. So, I suggest that you, my inferior self, to stop indulging in meaningless acts of procreation and re-focus your life on your wife where things matters most... oh, you already have? I'm impressed with your self-restraint. Well done, Wang Ji. You've seeded enough offsprings for many lifetimes? The more the merrier, then - I shall have more Dreams to explore, conquer and rule under my, our, name, in nine months' time. You've brought me more than joy, Wang Ji, and you're not as inferior as I initially thought.

Mn... Mn... very well. We will talk again soon. I quite like using the good ol' Fairy Messenger spell, it brings back nostalgia, a rustic feeling of the traditional, and I'm sure it's the same for you too. Mn... Mn... alright. I'm on my way to try and find my wife again, and I hope you find yours soon. Good bye."

The Gusu Lan master made sure to check every nook and cranny in the lands Far, Far to the West, for clues of his wife's whereabouts, as often as he made his toilet breaks, until the point where the natives, the invading incubi and their descendents were accustomed to see a man with majestic white robes make pit-stops in every village, town and city, enquiring tavern masters, shopkeepers, merchants, restaurant owners and innkeepers about his beloved's whereabouts.

“Oh, it's you again! I'm sorry to say, sir, that I haven't seen your missing wife this week either. Black clothes, pretty face, long hair, a red topknot ribbon and a mole beneath the lips, correct? Nu-uh, I haven't seen such a person. By the way, I really like your straight long black hair, is it real? I've always thought people were born with blond and reddish curls. Your dark brown almond eyes are lovely too... oh! I'm not trying to flirt around, sir... although when you speak our language with your unique accent, it does feel rather intimate...!”

“Ho ho ho, it's you again, Gusu Lan master! I don't want any trouble with you and your ilk, so let me report to you upfront - no, this week, I haven't seen any signs of your wife. In fact, he hasn't returned here since he left this country of the Far, Far West region ages ago. And no, he hasn't been seen preying on the children of the schools under my care too - I swear! The headmaster of our homeland, in the Cloud Recesses Of The Dreams, appointed me to set up many organizations to collect fresh warm bodies, including kindergartens, nurseries, kids' corners, fun fairs, temples, clinics, shopping malls, and markets, and supply them to our kind all over the world and in other realms. Oh yes, I won't lie, we've spread out to every corner of the universe although our numbers are small... yeah, the one hundred escapees from Heaven was the first wave, and there's been a whole more emigration going on since then. It's so much easier to earn a living out here, and have a full belly, than in the Cloud Recesses Of The Dreams, and we haven't caused any major troubles to society... so give me and my brethren a break, okay?”

“It’s... it’s the Grandmaster from the Cloud Recesses Of The Dreams! Good morning, Grandmaster! I’m... um... I’m still very young... but, but... um... I look like a ten year old human girl, and c-can already have s-s-sex with boys who reached p-p-pu... puber... pubert-t-ty! Ah, I’m a succubus, actually. My father is an incubus from your hometown, but I haven’t seen him since I was born in a nest here nor know his name, unfortunately. My mother is a teenager living not far from here, but I’m not allowed to get close to her, otherwise she may remember what happened at the clinic... oh, did you know, I was conceived when she was just a twelve-year old girl, my nanny said. She was tricked when she went to the clinic for a minor headache, and her mother left her in the care of the doctor - who was my father - and the nurses - my aunts and uncles -, for a couple of hours while grandma went to the market. Nana said that mom’s ailment didn’t need to be cured because it was just due to a lack of sleep, and instead, I was made on the doctor’s examination table with i-i-illi-cit, un... under... underage love and lust, along with many brothers and sisters in the clinic for several weeks, until it closed down after someone complained about its pervert staff! The nurses made sure we were born fit and healthy, using plenty of brown vials to keep our mothers sedated and forgetful, and one of the nurses became my Nana! Ah... I’m sorry for talking so much, I’m excited to talk about my background but no one else from my circle of friends seems to be that interested since we were all brought into the world about the same way. Oh! Is... is this red packet for me? T-T-Thank you, Grandmaster! Thank you for your wishes for my bright future! A man in black robes? Oh... I don’t remember seeing any. People over here do not wear robes, and instead, prefer cloaks, tunics and trousers. Ah, okay... good bye, and thank you, Grandmaster *gong gong* !”

The Regent sighed after the nth encounter, and checked his holo-phone. It was time to return from the toilet break in the Heavens; he wouldn’t want his aides to knock on the doors of the toilet stalls in panic. With a graceful twirl of fingers, he teleported out of the Mortal Realm with a barely noticeable *fwip* !.

Not too far away, a door to a Far, Far Western-esque church of a different religion creaked open. A shadow dressed in a clergy's grey long tunic scurried out and into an adjacent back alley, blending perfectly into the dingy surroundings of an unnamed medieval town. Moments later, a young boy barely nine years old stumbled out, his face flushed and crying softly, tiny hands bruised with fingerprints held up the drawstrings to his torn pants. He tottered unsteadily down unswept and muddy steps at the building's doorway, with something warm, slimy and white trickling down his thighs, and his genitals throbbed painfully with unfamiliar pain after being pinched, squeezed, stroked and sucked so violently that he thought he had been rendered dysfunctional for life. It was his first time trying to tell the truth about cheating in a school exam because that incident left him restless and remorseful; instead, an unknown cloaked priest with a calm, soothing voice took the chance to lock him inside the confessional box within the deserted and cavernous halls, and sexually assaulted him with such horrifying pleasure and toe-curling vigour, that the boy lost his first true wet ejaculation to the priest's dirty sweaty mouth - and yet the boy never had a chance to see his attacker's face shrouded in cloth and shadow. His shrill sobs and screams echoed the interior altars and chapels, but went unheard as stained glass, heavy wooden doors and rich tapestry and curtains muffled the cries for help in a remote town where, like wolves in sheep's clothings, sex predators lurked even in the holiest sanctuaries to prey and devour the innocent, under the watchful but unhelpful eyes of holy statues of gods and saints. The boy swore never to believe in his god, and would turn to a life of crime and evil in a futile lifelong attempt to wash away memories of painful, unclean touches that would haunt him forever.

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One of the rituals that all spirits undergo before reaching the Cliffs is to drink the Wine of Oblivion, so that they may forget about their previous existence and reincarnate in peace, and start with a clean slate for their

rebirth (which technically, no longer happens, since the best reincarnations end up as twisty crystals for someone's stove). However, Lan Xi Chen, renowned newly-minted Sect Leader of the Gusu Lan, was cursed with a peculiar ability that many would envy in the world of living, though not so much in the Underworld, when one is poised to leave the old and start anew. His amazing golden core - or at least an ethereal, afterlife version of it - remained viable deep inside his chest, and easily metabolized the effects of all liquors made by the servants of the Underworld.

He claimed, through slurred words, interspersed with hiccups, and rude burps between sentences, that he was given ten jars of the special Wine, but his memories remained as bright and clear as daylight in Gusu's coastal white-sand beaches on sunny summer afternoons (a vague popular saying that Wei Ying also learnt during his younger days studying in the Cloud Recesses), whilst other spirits whom he had acquainted with and formed close friendships over the long, sombre climb up the steps, easily started to forget after their first jar, and by the time they stood at the Cliff's edge, they were filled with enviable carefree attitudes, unbridled joy and fearlessness, and could leap off with little or no lingering attachments, regrets, or wants from their previous lives.

"It's not fair, *gongzi* ! The officials gave up on me and stamped a 'No Exit' on my passport," Xi Chen cried out in frustration and fished out a dog-eared page from his sleeve pocket that bore the said red-ink mark with a big "X"; a passport is given to every spirit that passes through the Ten Courts, and as he (or she) makes his way through the various stages and rituals, a stamp is placed to indicate the progress to completion and towards Reincarnation; understandably, those who stayed back for official reasons - Jiang Yan Li, for instance -, for unstated but generally accepted reasons - Grandma Li being one -, or those who entered illegally or never made it through the Ten Courts - Wei Ying and Wen Ning being prime examples -, would not have that precious document in their possession; "See? I've received green stamps in every box drawn on this piece of paper except the biggest one at the lowest end! I've been a very good person, obeyed every single order,

performed everything according to the officials' instructions, guidebooks, signs and flow charts - and yet, everyone I've known, including the twenty spirits that journeyed with me up these never-ending mountains, have successfully jumped off the Cliffs and left me behind!" Xi Chen howled drunkenly and shook his passport in the air - to no one's attention -, and shoved an empty clay jar to the ground, leaving a rather dangerous-looking, sharp-edged mess on the floor littered with peanut shells, used cutlery and tableware, leftover food, cigarette butts, and other bits of trash.

"Ah... yes, yes, the whole world isn't fair, is it? Come on, let go of those emptied jars and lets get you outside for a bit," Wei Ying murmured and began to collect tipsy Xi Chen's long, haphazardly arranged limbs, while the latter kept pointing at himself - his chest, specifically -, barking out how lonely he is, and how he is doomed to be forever alone (in which Wei Ying rolled his eyes and huffed in exasperation).

It took a bit of effort for Wei Ying to drag the tall and surprisingly heavy, inebriated man off the bar stool and out into the open, where the air was fresher and hopefully, would re-energize and clear Xi Chen *da ge* 's mind. Obviously, Xi Chen was very drunk - his golden core worked hard to ward off the memory-wipe effects of the Wine of Oblivion, as well as the worst of hangovers of other lesser and more ordinary brews served and consumed at the now-abandoned bar; but not everything could be absorbed, so there was some residual intoxication left in the man's bloodstream -, thus, being a drunkard with bleary and blurry vision, and nerves that didn't quite connect to the senses, Xi Chen didn't recognize Wei Ying and treated him like the friendly strangers he'd met during the walk up the Mountains.

The Cliff top was deserted and refreshingly calm and quiet, when the last of the sick guards and harried officials hurried downhill to pursue the mass of escaped spirits. Wei Ying deposited Xi Chen *da ge* into a wide lounge chair meant for those who wanted to catch a few peaceful winks before departing

for good. Then, he found a clean towel in one of the cabinets inside the bar, wetted it with some cold tap water, and used it to wipe the *da ge* 's face. The young man noted that the eldest Lan's complexion looked healthy and rosy, and his appearance was picture perfect - a rarity for those who died; Lan Xi Chen must've passed away in a state of perfect beauty and bliss - except for a strange white scarf around his neck.

Wei Ying, ever the curious child, stealthily unwrapped the scarf in an attempt to reveal what secrets hid beneath the cloth around the Sect Leader's slender neck, but Xi Chen reacted instinctively - almost as if out of pure terror - his accuracy, dexterity and speed, even in a drunken state is amazingly and terrifyingly good - and swatted Wei Ying's fingers with one of his hands, while the other hand balanced an untidy crumpled ball of chilled wet towel atop his forehead. Wei Ying yelped and retracted his itchy and now reddened fingers.

"G' away... 'm not eating anythin' else... please, no more of those lotus seed buns... wuuuu... the pain, why can't I f'rget the painnnn... creepy crawl'es burrowin' out of my throat... it hurts... wuuuu..." Xi Chen mumbled drowsily, very uncharacteristic of his usual stoic and elegant demeanor, and behaved more like a grumpy old fool with his head lolling from side to side. Wei Ying quietened down and swallowed hard - perhaps on behalf of the man who likely sported a large gaping hole under the scarf -, when he realized the probable reason for Xi Chen's death. Lotus seed buns made by succubi hand and served to the ignorant living - Wei Ying had seen them more than once while he was still alive, and he knew how those killer poisonous foods worked.

"It's strange. If you were killed after having those lotus seed buns, why is your body still whole? Surely you've seen the other spirits and their conditions, especially around their lower abdomens," Wei Ying remarked, as he rummaged Xi Chen *da ge* 's robes - including pulling down his sash

and outer garments to check his belly and beneath. The older man giggled and rudely burped when his stomach was unintentionally rubbed - Wei Ying looked for tell-tale signs of succubus attack, such as gouged groins or split tummies - surely, a man with such a brilliant, tasty golden core would've attracted a swarm of those monstrous female cannibals.

Intoxicated Xi Chen swatted the offending molesting hand from his treasure trail and six-pack abs, and threw the used wet towel at Wei Ying. The younger man yelped again at the soppy attack, and retreated from further efforts to sully the eldest Lan's dignity. Xi Chen suddenly grunted and inhaled loudly, then became quite lively and threw energetic kicks and punches in the air - he's a man of extremes when under the influence of alcohol -, "Blast those demonesses, I'd rather blow myself up than to let them dine on my body! Alas, I lacked barrels of explosive gunpowder, so I threw myself onto my sword, dying, being eaten alive from inside out by those horrendous creepy crawlies... disgusting bugs that had festered within the sacred temple of this body, after I'd swallowed too many lotus seed buns, in trying to sate that gnawing hunger from fleeing Gusu empty-handed without food... and I flew! I flew so far from those wretched demonesses, that no one could catch me, and I was fated to die alone... forever alone! In a graveyard of steep mountain rocks and uninhabited river gorges close to Lanling! Forever alone, you hear me?!"

Wei Ying facepalmed with secondhand embarrassment as he witnessed Xi Chen *da ge* try to logically narrate a story, with an added touch of unnecessary theatrics and exclamation marks, to illustrate dramatically with overzealous body movements, and to exorcise the alcohol from his bloodstream, all at once. The older man demonstrated an admirable cultivation move, with whooshing sleeves and thudding shoes, then somersaulted through the air and landed on the roof of the bar that had served him the accursed liquor just minutes ago. His final pose of outstretched arms, with one leg delicately tip-toeing on a piece of roof tile whilst the other leg hung behind at a perpendicular angle and in perfect balance - like a dancing ballerina -, chin tilted upwards, an exaggerated

frown etched on his face - a dazzlingly humiliating display of a man, formerly known to be half of the venerable Twin Jades of Gusu Lan, now seen to be truly immersed in an alcohol-infused hallucination of a madman - definitely a deserving candidate for the award 'forever alone' because the unforgettable rooftop imagery had burned itself into Wei Ying's eyes.

"Err... please calm down, and get down from the rooftop," Wei Ying reached out with one hand in a helpful gesture. "Let's not talk about what happened in the past, okay? Instead, let's talk about the present. We can go down the Mountains, escape to the Underworld civilization and get you to safety. How does that sound?" Wei Ying offered with his sweetest, kindest voice, and really hoped that the *da ge* would stop risking his life - or afterlife - and get off the building that creaked and shook dangerously with each spin he made on the roof tiles.

Xi Chen totally ignored the younger man's advice. His glazed eyes glinted in the darkness, as he seemed to search the skies for a moon. He lowered his arms into a position that Wei Ying recognized as for playing the *xiao* flute.

"I had steeled my heart to leave everyone, everything behind, but my passport denies my onward passage. Oh, how I long to meet A-Yao, and Nie *da ge*. We were the perfect trio! If only... if only I can be reborn in the same village as them, even as their *xiongli*, I would be grateful to the gods. But fate is cruel... oh, so very cruel..." Xi Chen's shoulders slumped drastically, and his sorrowful looks became a prelude to an unbelievable show of how to cry manly tears. His shuddering body softened in stance, lost the steam that had gathered from earlier spirited movements, his legs trembled and Wei Ying yelped (another time) to dash forward in case the older man lost the hope in his heart and his delicate balance on the roof tiles altogether. Wei Ying was increasingly frustrated from trying to (man)handle Xi Chen *da ge* and his extremely volatile mood swings in his drunken state.

“Ahhh!! Be careful! You can’t topple off the roof, otherwise you may roll over and fall off the Cliffs! Without your fulfilled passport, you will never reincarnate!” Wei Ying shouted, and Xi Chen managed to twirl on the tip of his shoe at the last second before really falling off the building - Wei Ying’s heart was in his throat at that point.

Xi Chen *da ge* paced back and forth the rooftop and pretended to play the unseen flute, and he probably heard a repertoire of depressing music inside his mind. Wei Ying had to get the older man’s attention out of the gutter of sorts, so he switched gears. “Is there something more promising, of someone alive and loved, waiting for you out there? Who else do you want to be with, whom you know is living and breathing and not in this Hell right now?” Wei Ying asked, and he felt a distant but distinct spark of hope welling up from his non-existent heart.

The older man stopped playing his flute and looked upwards into the inky blackness. He cocked an eyebrow, “Hmm? Who else do I know that still thinks of me and is still alive? I left shortly after I was forced to sign off a paper and the fate of my sect, so I am guilty of being the greatest coward of my clan!” he shook his head, helplessness visible on his face, “... but so does everyone else who sat in the Council when the meeting with the Tian-surnamed generals of the Imperial army for the first time. No one has virtues anymore, no one cares and loves for each other anymore, we are divided in our goals to survive... There is no hope left for the Gusu Lan, to each his own, for better or worse! Even my uncle, who was said to have accepted a deal from the demonesses and left his clansmen in those horrid females’ hands, while he enjoys buffets and teas in Caiyi Town!” Xi Chen *da ge* swung his fists angrily and his wavering body nearly lost its balance - Wei Ying’s non-existent heart nearly burst from its ribcage from fear and shock -, “I kept my white robes, I was a better man than most, and yet this is the ending that I get... wuuuu... I’m forever alone... A-Yao, Nie *da ge*

...” he rubbed his face in his sleeves, crying again like a distraught child, in all likelihood.

Wei Ying clawed at his own face at the horror unfurling before his eyes, as Xi Chen descended into a mess of disjointed, incoherent thoughts and words, and more alarmingly, he ran out of roof tiles to walk on, and started stepping on the sloping parts of the rooftop. “Ah! Turn back! Turn back!” he yelled and flailed his arms to signal the man, but his shouts fell on deaf ears.

Xi Chen sniffled audibly to clear his airways. He lifted his arms again to play an imaginary *xiao* flute - probably, another very sad and touching musical piece filled the air inside his drunken mind. Then, after a few moments, something seemed to flicker in his gaze and he stilled. His hands adjusted themselves - a little higher, extended outwards into a horizontal manner, in which Wei Ying recognized as a position used to play--

“-- *di zi* (笛子; transverse bamboo flute)?” Wei Ying said unconsciously, loud enough to be heard.

Xi Chen played an imaginary *dizi* flute for a few seconds, then paused. “My... younger brother... Long, long ago, when we were just mere teenagers, we got drunk in the Cloud Recesses after accidentally drinking wine that was mistakenly labelled as tea. As a loving elder brother, I asked him what he wanted, that I would grant his every wish, in my unthinking state. He kept harping on wanting a *dizi*, I didn’t know why at that time... he was smitten with the musical instrument and wanted nothing else. There was something about the *dizi* that captured his heart, even at such a young age while we were busy studying in classes with children from the other sects. Ah, I kind of forgot what happened, because I became giddy and

light-headed after that. Do you think-- eh? Why, *gongzi* ? Why are you crying?”

The sparkle of hope in Wei Ying’s chest had burst into grand blossoms of fireworks. He was sobbing and snivelling like a fool himself, and he started to fish out the last item he had in his pockets.

“Say it loudly! Who is this younger brother of yours? Do you wish to see him again? He’s alive right now and he needs you too!” Wei Ying yelled at the top of his lungs; somehow, his fingers fumbled and he couldn’t reach in to pull out the final straw doll fast enough. He cursed his clumsiness, but he was too afraid to open his teary eyes, to see what would happen next, to want to celebrate his joy that hadn’t reach its closure, to catch a glimpse of his much-missed husband, to desperately hope for a chance to return, to say for the final time a heartfelt ‘Sorry’ and ‘Thank You’ before it was too late--

“Wang Ji, my dear *gongzi* . His name is Lan Wang Ji, and yes, I would like to see him once more,” Xi Chen calmly replied. Suddenly, he looked prim and proper, as though he had never taken a swig off a jar of wine; he stood upright, hands by his side, legs placed together and balanced precariously on a narrow ledge at the end of the roofing, and no longer played around like a drunken fool.

Xi Chen *da ge* ’s lips curled upward - faintly, truly reflecting the emotional restraints of a pure-blooded Gusu Lan. His long, tied hair flowed, his pristine white cloud-patterned robes swayed gently, buoyed by invisible winds.

The final straw doll emerged on its own from Wei Ying's pocket, glowing bright with radiant blue and streaks of starry white, and flew straight towards Lan Xi Chen.

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High above the new Spring Palace Resort, an unusual weather pattern formed. Massive rain clouds gathered high above, blocked sunlight and coloured the entire landscape in hues of greys and monotonous. Strong gusts of wind blew, flattening shrubs, seedlings and vegetable plants within moments. Lightning and thunder struck repeatedly, and two rabbits - one white and the other black - could be seen darting into the caves for shelter.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 134

Wei Wuxian is a man of many talents - and of many tragedies. Currently, he, in his many physical manifestations, is the number one cause of disasters rocking the Kingdom's political and economic landscape, and when he or his kin makes a move, surely conflicts, confusion, unrest and scandals ensue in his wake.

“Your Highness! This is madness! We’ve signed a peace treaty with the Tians, and yet the Great Four Siblings of First Father Wei continue to dishonour the ceasefire and wage war across the multiverses! Tian *dalaoye* and his wife have filed numerous complaints after their house was burned down, caught in friendly fire whilst the Four Great Generals bombard every known planet, galaxy and universe that bear signs of the Eight Terrible Sisters’ trail! The people are revolting, because they can no longer safely work in their offices, shop in the supermarkets or live in their apartments in peace, for fear of being shot down from the stratosphere or black holes! Even our allies are unhappy at the state of affairs, because their businesses, colonies and spaceships are wrecked in the process as well! It’s a witch hunt, a mindless path of annihilation of unimaginable proportions, a meaningless drain on the Kingdom’s resources and loss of precious, innocent lives, that must be stopped at once!”

“Your Majesty! Terrible news! The One Hundred And Eight local gods of Qishan and their relatives have gathered at the Heavenly Palace courtyard and are staging a mass protest! They refuse to leave until their concerns are heard and resolved! It is your adopted children, led by that Wei brat, that is causing such distress amongst the local gods and demi-gods - the ghostly apparitions and widespread rumours of haunting have driven away all merchants from Yiling and its surrounding settlements, and the economy of the province is on the brink of collapse! The local deities no longer receive offerings and worship from their believers, because people are too afraid to

go out! Lives and belongings go missing, scary sounds and conversations dominate the now-abandoned and emptied Market Streets, and even the farm animals are spooked! Even worse, the Earth Gods have joined the fray and are using this opportunity to demand for better salaries and workers' welfare - otherwise they will break into the hospitals and hold the Grand Patriarch's recuperating relatives in the Mortal Realm as hostages! The Patriarch's mentally ill uncle has started hiring lawyers to get him out and he wants all our fortunes to be placed under his name - otherwise, he claims that he'll take the side of the ghostly children, sue us for human trafficking and involvement in slavery and child abuse, and wreak havoc to our finances! Our coffers will surely go empty soon!"

"Your Excellency! The Lord of Hell calls for your leadership at times of crisis! His realm, the Underworld, is in a state of utter chaos, after the greatest moving mass of un-Reincarnated spirits have escaped their paths to rebirth and stampeded through the cities and slums in the vicinity! According to the Lord's reports, it seems a spirit of Wei-kin had poisoned the guards at the Reincarnation path, and indeed, hell broke loose after that! The security forces and police of the Underworld are overwhelmed, and the escaped spirits have taken over huge swathes of the realm, pillaged and burned everything in sight, barricaded themselves in key administration buildings of the Lord's government, armed themselves with tremendously powerful weapons stolen from the Lord's armouries, and left behind ruins and smoking debris! The Underworld is not equipped to handle a rebellion of this scale! Please, you must send the Heavenly armies to save the Realm of the Dead, lest the delicate balance with the Mortal Realm of the Living becomes jeopardized!"

"Great Emperor! Trouble brews in the Far, Far West upon the Mortal Realm, which is beyond our jurisdiction! The Dragon King of the Seas reports that his oceanic waters have been polluted by poisons made by incubus led by that Wei individual you've been looking for, and his comrades' descendents of the succubus-kin. The poisons are transforming the Sea People into marine fierce corpses, and the seas are no longer safe!

It's a plague of monumental proportions, Great Emperor, as the Dragon King's realm covers more than seventy percent of the Mortal Realm known as Planet Earth! Nobody can sail or swim safely, let alone live in the fouled waters, and the water cycle has been disrupted due to the toxic substances... the people of the Mortal Realm face a terrifying prospect of not having enough rain in the immediate future, and a prolonged drought that would kill off all living creatures on land!"

"My Lord! There is more from that side of the globe! Delegations of foreign gods have arrived and lined up in front of the gates to the Heavenly Palace! There are so many of them that we've not seen before, so we don't know what to do other than to let them in and wait at the courtyard! They demand to see you, because of a spate of losses in the numbers of the faithful due to the invasion of the incubi and succubi borned of our Kingdom's people! One particular Wei person seems to be spearheading the crusade against these gods! Amongst their accusations and claims, include how the faithful followers of these foreign gods have been tricked, assaulted and disappointed by scores of sham miracle cures, sale of counterfeit religious products and services, the rise of fake priests, monks and shamans, crimes conducted under the guise of the holy and sacred, and many more! Please, you need to attend to these angry gods, because our officials are at a loss of how to handle their fury and wrath, especially since some of them started to wield lightning and thunderbolts, fireballs, earthquakes and hurricane-like winds..."

The Regent of the Kingdom rubbed his temples tiredly. Things escalated pretty quickly in between a few toilet breaks, and now, he has a new, profound respect for the Grand Patriarch who had been able to control and rein in his Wei Yings during the past few tumultuous months, compared to his own pathetic and pitiful short tenure so far on the throne. He thought he was doing a marvellous job in *knowing* what the real Lan Wang Ji wants, and *doing* what the man would have never dared (even in his Dreams); he believed that if he realized the Grand Patriarch's visions of Perfection by carrying out the Patriarch's wishes and actually achieving astounding

performances and results, he would garner some praise and worth from the man who started it all - the One Who Dreams -, thus solidifying his own position as a suitable replacement, if not a successor, of the Grand Patriarch himself.

However, Wei Ying and the many variants of the same man, threw a giant monkey wrench into his plans through their horrible antics, and are in the midst of causing his spectacular downfall, toppling him from the pedestal at such an alarming rate. The Regent knew that the longer he left the Wei Yings to cause untold disruptions, disturbance and damages in every corner of multiverse, the closer the Sword of Damocles hung over his head - by a thread, even -, and he should withdraw and cut his losses as soon as he *can* - because he *knows* .

The Gusu Lan master rose from his throne and - to the surprise and horror of every Palace servant in sight - removed his glorious jewelled crown.

“I’m... taking another toilet break,” he announced calmly and without any hesitation.

“Again, Your Highness? At this hour and time?” one of his panicked, sweaty aides asked with a respectful bow with folded hands at the front, terrified at knowing that he and the other servants would have to tell the impatient, furious crowds outside the Palace to “wait a little bit”.

The master simply walked past without giving a second look at the rows of officials who lined the throne room with their backs bent forward. “I sense a change in the air. The much-awaited Clouds of Gusu has risen, it is time,”

he muttered vaguely - indeed, he detected an abnormal vibration of magical auras from the arrival of an individual that would complete his prophecy, and he knew the next time he scoured the Mortal Realm for his missing wife, Fate would allow him to finally meet the person he fondly calls Uncle Wei.

“Huh? Clouds? Gusu? Change in the air?” the throne room erupted into a series of muffled whispers going back and forth between servants who had to remain in bowing position while trying to guess what their ruler meant. The Regent left for the gents just around the corner, down the hallways outside the throne room.

One servant sniffed the air and wrinkled his nose, when the Regent was out of sight, and declared, “Ah, I see. My nose tells me he’s having a tummy ache, and everything must wait until he concludes his... large business... during the break.”

Everyone in the room politely covered their noses with their sleeves, and nodded in docile agreement.

.

Uncle Wei, who had been forcibly married into a family that he was close to - particularly one of the sons -, was adamant to enjoy his freedom while it still lasted, on the other side of the globe. The villain knew that nothing lasts forever, including his ways of wandering to the ends of the earth, his perpetual penchants for causing mischief and misery unto others, even his joys with that one boy from the family that he ran away from, and now, the

many boys, girls, offsprings and numerous descendents that he'd thoroughly groomed, nurtured and savoured over the unending times - because he had one last trick up his sleeves.

He knew that he is alone in his pioneering ways, and no matter what great deeds he'd done for his kin - including breaking new grounds with mind-boggling inventions and awesome spells; teaching his kins how to infiltrate, seduce and attack their prey; equipping his comrades with weapons and magics never thought possible; even opening portals so that his kin could invade other realms and across universes -, sooner or later, he'd meet someone stronger than he, or find a dagger through his back and stab that poisoned black heart in his chest, or be betrayed, cheated and ratted out by those who felt threatened and jealous over his achievements. In his dim, hopeless view of the world, the future is always bleak, that he must always view others' help and support with caution, that he would never fall in love or do something unconditionally for others, that there is always a price to pay, that the only way forward is to be self-reliant, to reinvent himself continuously, and trust only his two hands to get the job done.

Thus, he quietly engineered his ultimate destiny as an act of self-preservation, and in posterity, to add another notch to his belt so that he may boast about his awesomeness, someday. He used the key fundamental trinity elements of existence - Creation, Time and Fate - to machine his own brand of immortality, eternity and greatness.

While his kin still flew above the Dragon King's seas in search of new populations to prey on, Uncle Wei had already unleashed his seeds, in the form of particles not so different from Ernie's virulent ones, but exceptionally robust, revolutionary for its kind, even capable of hijacking Ernie's already-incredible viruses and thus, the most far-reaching of them - with a single sneeze. Thus, the fate of the universe, and all universes for

that matter, had been sealed; Uncle Wei became godly, omnipresent, and he could respawn anytime and anywhere he wanted.

When incubi started to attack human settlements and plant their evil seeds in their females, Uncle Wei was light-years ahead of the game. He recklessly used Time magic to create time paradoxes and loops, going back and forth between the prehistoric past and the distant future to ensure that his existence shall prevail no matter what, since the beginning of time, until the end of days for the multiverse. He was extremely careful in his approach, so that he flew below everyone's radar and stealthily conducted his devilish experiments, unnatural implantations, prohibited spellcasting, illegal enhancements and the ilk. Thus, amongst many other horrible things that had happened in the Mortal Realm (and the rest of the Kingdom and beyond), this included spawning and editing Tian *dalaoye* , his wife and their Eight children from time immemorial using the multiverse's root core programming (which he easily hacked into, because he is essentially a Wei Ying, who is an inherent savvy expert in dabbling with such frowned-upon activities of messing up known worlds, sequence of events, and timelines), seeding infinite swarms of succubi-kin - his descendents, technically - in the Far, Far West since the Summer of 20XX B.C. so that chronologically, the events would lead up to his release in that same region, later on around Wintertime.

Fate had spelled out that he would be caught soon and relinquished back to the hands of the family that he escaped from; all cosmic signs pointed to that direction and even the Book of Judgement stated the same thing. No matter how he camouflaged his appearance, disguised himself or changed his behaviour, there was no escape to his destiny to be returned to the Realm of the Dreams by the terribly fearsome Gusu Lan master who had whacked his buttocks with the much-maligned feather duster. However, Uncle Wei had done enough damage by then, silently re-written history, holy texts and encyclopedias, and enjoyed the fruits of his labour and loins, that he was fine to 'take a break' and return home - for a limited time, of course. He did miss little A-Ji's sweet rump, and truthfully, he didn't mind

getting bitten and clawed by the feral monkey known as A-Xian, because later on, he could rough up the kid and have his fun too in a juvenile way. He only wished that the husband of the forced marriage wouldn't whip him with the feather duster so often - he could work on his persuasion skills or use his creative mind to trick the man to stop using that weapon of stinging terror, he thought.

With that and with everything set, Uncle Wei adjusted his overalls and his fake toolkit, politely knocked on the door of an unsuspecting victim, and waited for a response. Today, he was a plumber; his days of disguising as priests, and before that, as a school teacher and a doctor - any many other professions he'd tried and enjoyed both as a pastime and to earn very good meals - were kind of over. He felt a need to return to simpler times, especially one that didn't need prior reading of many books and manuals.

The door creaked open, and three pairs of eyes peeked out - a young boy who had probably just hit puberty and two older teenage girls stared at him from the gap. They eyed him up and down, startled at his attire and presence.

Uncle Wei nodded and pulled down his cap to hide his eyes from view, "Good afternoon, I'm here to inspect your water pipes. There have been reports of leaking pipes lately, so the local council sent me to check if fixes will be needed before anything untoward happens to your beloved homes."

The oldest girl, probably sixteen years of age, pushed to the front of the trio and shook her head, "Sorry, Mister, but our house doesn't have water pipes. We get our water from the well behind our house for bathing, washing and cooking."

Uncle Wei blinked - he was likely confused as he'd just returned from the 21st century where any township's water supply was more developed than 20XX B.C. -, and quickly corrected himself, "Err... right, gotcha. How about kitchen stoves? The mayor tasked me to check and make sure the gas... err... the firewood quality meets the approved standards mandated by the local council."

The second teenage girl spoke this time, "We have a kitchen stove at the back, but our mommy said we shouldn't let strangers into the house while our parents are away."

"Oh? What time will your parents be back?" Uncle Wei asked nonchalantly, and pretended to write a note on a piece of rice paper using an ink-brush.

"Um... um... dad's gone for work at the farms and will only be back by sundown. Mom's gone to the market and to have afternoon tea with her friends, she'll be back a little earlier before sunset too," the little boy blabbered, and immediately his sisters hissed at him to shut up and not to reveal such private details to unknown men.

Uncle Wei smiled brightly. He leaned forward and whispered, "Do you know that if I have to come back here a second time for the inspection, your parents will be charged a gold piece for the overtime services. The bill will be sent by the town council straight to your mom and dad, so you probably don't know this. But..." he winks evilly, "... if you let me in quickly and allow me do a good job, then your parents won't have to worry about losing a gold piece! No one will ever know, I promise you this! You'll be doing a good deed for your family!"

The children in this town are mostly illiterate, and the thought of losing money, especially when they lived in poverty, was scary.

After a hesitant pause and some low whispers amongst the children, the door opened wider and was left ajar. Uncle Wei grinned happily and like a wolf invited to saunter into a house full of tasty, juicy lamb, he made sure to close the door behind him and lock it with a resounding ‘click’.

Hours later, the vile uncle sat on a bench in a nearby deserted park under the shade of many trees. The late afternoon sun was bright but it wasn’t as hot anymore once its angle of descent was noticeable. He used a toothpick to pick his teeth and remove a couple of soft pubic hairs, and made some rude smacking sounds to clear his palate.

The girls were devoured naturally without any added spells, flavourings or preservatives. A brown vial with special ingredients did the trick; after making sure the girls carried his flesh and blood, in triplets, no less, he instructed the future mothers of his offsprings, using hypnosis-like techniques, to go forth and prostitute themselves and get into gangrapes, so that their pregnancies would be fully justified with no perpetrators to be identified. Then, the girls were telepathically commanded to visit a particular clinic run by his brethren to ensure yet another generation of fat healthy incubus and succubus children, or whatever supernatural demons that pop out, is added to the statistics of a burgeoning population of great, monstrous evil living in the shadows of Mankind. Easy peasy, he thought, and he congratulated himself for beating even the Grand Patriarch’s records - the entity named Wei Wuxian, in his Uncle Wei manifestation, is solely responsible for filling up the scale pan for Evil on the eternal Balance of Good Versus Evil, after all.

The little boy, whom he discovered to be ten years old, was a tasty side-dish. He convinced the boy that he was a certified doctor who worked as a plumber and a stove technician part-time - what are the odds, really? - and said that the boy looked terribly unwell, which could be attributed to being afflicted by curses and demonic influence. Unfortunately for the victim, the man's vile words were taken as gospel, and soon, the boy undressed - under the pretense of getting a diagnosis - and had his nearly hairless genitals checked.

"There's a swelling of malaise and bad spirits inside your groin," the uncle said, after molesting the boy from head to toe to his sadistic satisfaction, and then he followed up with a simple question, "Tell me the truth, boy... Do you sometimes find sticky white stuff in your underpants at nights with hot feverish feelings throughout your body?"

"Yes, sir," the boy nodded and started to panic, because nobody taught him what nighttime emissions and wet dreams were.

"Oh no," the man tsk-tsked, "That's not good, because that's the excess of evil stuff spilling out when you're having nightmares, and you can actually die if you hold it in for too long".

"What should I do? I don't want to die!" the boy cried in alarm.

"Come, let this uncle massage and suck it out, so that you will sleep better tonight," Uncle Wei grinned his million-dollar smile full of pearly whites and behind them, a forked tongue that eagerly wiggled in anticipation for a taste of sweet boy-juice. The uncle began to fondle the child's genitals and

caressed the soft but oh-so-adorable pretty penis; he gave it a few strokes to get the veins pumped up with blood, peeled the foreskin back to reveal the prized treasure within, and offered a generous assaulting lick at the glistening bulbous pink tip with sweaty, greasy lips. The boy moaned and his hips bucked and trembled from unfamiliar, but very, very good feelings welling up from within his loins.

“Oh dear, did you know your balls are uneven? One’s slightly higher than the other, and that’s no good. It’s unhealthy. I’m a certified doctor, so I know. Let me fix it for you, boy, so lift it up for this uncle to have a closer look,” the uncle coo’ed at the plump testicles and patted the boy’s hand. The boy nodded and followed the instructions to the letter, so he willingly pulled up the skin around his groin and exposed the cute, pale hairless scrotum for the man to admire. Uncle Wei gently attacked the eggs filled with unejaculated virginal seed, with plenty of sweet licks and suckles, until both testicles jerked erratically from bolts of excitement and pleasure, trapped within their ballsacks with nowhere to escape, and experienced shuddering testicular orgasms that the boy was unprepared for, with plenty of orgasmic grunts that the boy shouldn’t make at his tender young age. It was a prelude to an afternoon of delicious child rapes; of emptying the boy of his pure milky nectar using that terrible forked tongue, until not a single drop was left and his ballsacks were left dangling loosely and uselessly; of teaching a boy the ropes of enjoying an adult’s mind-blowing blowjob until he willingly pumped his hips into the uncle’s dirty rapist mouth and from the exceedingly exciting pleasures short-circuiting his pelvis, squirted clear seedless syrup and pee straight into the man’s waiting palate; and later, of inseminating a child’s anus with enough thick, viscous monstrous seeds that would eventually carve a womb inside the boy and bear demonic babies in a few month’s time.

Uncle Wei sighed as he reminisced about the sweet lovemaking sessions and nearly slid a hand into his trousers, when his holo-phone buzzed. With an annoyed groan, he shelved away the fantasies and memories, and took the call.

“Hnnn... uh-huh... uh-huh... yes, I’ve not forgotten our pact and I’m keeping up my end of the bargain. Thanks to your insider information from leaked Fairy Messenger calls, I’ve calculated the exact time and location of the Sundering and have mapped out what needs to be done to safeguard our interests. The hyperlink to the family cloud drive was most useful, as I was able to inventory and back-up everything, to make sure nothing will ever be accidentally deleted or re-written, and that we can always access the drive to make use of the abundant, infinite resources availed to us. I’ve e-mailed you the instructions, did you already receive them? You have? Good.”

“Yes, yes, keep chasing the Eight Children of the Tians and lay waste everywhere to stir up riots and unrest. We need to distract everyone’s attention while we carry out our master plan... you can place your trust in me, because I’m the greatest mastermind of all Wei-kin! Ha ha ha, no offense to you, of course, since you’re my second-in-command and also a copy of every known clone of Wei Wuxian... so you deserve the same recognition and rank as I have! We all know it’s a futile wild goose chase for those eight girls, who are our distant nieces anyway. Having them to send our unwary First Father Wei to the Underworld was a brilliant idea, and I commend you for that! We’ve always needed an extra hand to cause more chaos and confusion everywhere!”

“Nnn... Mmm... yes, bring your other three siblings together and get ready to be shipped off to the Dream realm, where even better prospects await us! I can guarantee that you’ll be most satisfied with our new home. I’m a certified Dream-kin, so I know. I only ask for your temporary help and service to drive the Regent to do our bidding - without his knowledge, of course - so please bear with the inconveniences and angry phonecalls from the Kingdom, for the time being. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Mmm-hmm... Mmm-hmm... yes, of course, we’ll be in touch even after we’re transported to the Dreams. Oh! My pick-up has arrived, I must go now. See you on the other side soon, *da ge* , ‘k? Alright, bye-bye, and love you too.”

The holo-phone fizzled out of existence, and right on the dot, some bushes at the far end of the park rustled. Uncle Wei leaned back into the bench, closed his eyes, and relaxed completely with a dreamy smile on his lips, like a lazy drunk who’s had too much to drink and too giddy for his own good.

Uncle Lan emanated such tremendous *qi* energies that lightning crackled on the surface of his body, his long lush hair flew wildly - but perfectly in curved locks -, and the air surrounding his form vaporized into scorching pure heat. He stormed through the park with two kids and a teenager in tow. As the fiery Gusu Lan master stomped through the instantly-incinerated grass fields, his awesome sphere of power flattened nearby bushes and shrubs, and trees split apart from whirlwind-like forces, sending debris, leaves and gravel stones flying into the air. Teenager Xi Chen trailed behind from a safe distance, and he held each of A-Xian and A-Ji’s hands tightly to keep them safe, and from running away from the awesome but frightening spectacle.

Uncle Wei paid little attention to the arrivals, other than to open one eye and squint at Uncle Lan.

“You’re here,” he muttered impassively.

Uncle Lan heaved a sigh and extended a hand towards the man with unruly hair and half-buttoned overalls, “Enough running. You’ve done enough. Come back with me to Gusu.”

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It must be a divine joke of cosmic proportions, Lan Zhan thought.

There was a flash of lightning *inside* the bedroom, and suddenly, his elder brother appeared out of nowhere, from high above. Lan Xi Chen was as naked as a newborn - but otherwise, perfect in form and health -; the younger Lan brother is most probably traumatized for life after ogling Xi Chen *da ge* ’s impressive nudeness; without warning, the tall man fell from the top of the bed and landed squarely on Wei Ying’s frail, thin body - the bed *screamed* in agonizing creak with the added weight - Wei Ying actually made a soft, but an unmistakable “oof!” sound upon being squished by Xi Chen’s immense frame - fortunately the blankets that covered Wei Ying cushioned the blow a bit, and it appeared that Wei Ying was finally awoken by the impact and he was about to be suffocated by Xi Chen’s broad muscular bare-skinned chest. A long, painful groan from the tangle of limbs and human-sandwich confirmed Lan Zhan’s initial suspicion that his beloved spouse *actually* roused from his long slumber by the landing force of his older brother, however the Grand Patriarch was too stunned at the shocking turn of events, and his logical thinking process was rendered inoperable for a few good minutes.

Those few good minutes ticked by, while thunder roared and winds lashed outside the Spring Palace Resort, and the first waves of torrential rain began to sweep through ‘Mounds.

Lan Zhan was at the bedside and stood over the two slumbering men. Wei Ying nnngh'd in distress as eyes moved behind the closed eyelids, his fingers *moved* for the first time in *ages* , and his legs slid on the king-sized mattress in random directions. After rolling his older brother - so that he didn't have to stomach the imagined sight of Xi Chen slamming his nipples into Wei Ying's puckered lips - and arranging the man's long limbs so that he lay beside lovely, fidgeting Wei Ying - he made sure to put a purple pillow over his older brother's groin to protect whatever dignity that was left -, Lan Zhan could finally breathe out a sigh of relief.

His brother had returned - for inexplicable reasons -, and Wei Ying was waking up. His heart leapt in great joy and he thought his soul had gone to Heaven and back; he kept telling himself that he wasn't dreaming, wasn't dreaming at all, the nightmare was finally over, his Perfect Happiness was about to begin, his One Big Happy Family is at long last here--

-- Grand Patriarch. A parcel has been teleported into our residence. It's addressed to you and it's very urgent," the black rabbit announced with bouncy hops into the bedroom with a very large, thick book balanced precariously on its back. It was a wonder that the furry animal wasn't squashed by the size and weight of the tome; it looked like someone ripped off a tabletop off a piece of furniture and strapped it onto the bunny. The rabbit's hind legs jerked and it jumped onto a study desk at the corner of the bedroom, where it unloaded the gigantic book atop it; the desk creaked dangerously but held up well nevertheless.

The black rabbit seemed unfazed at the events that had occurred in the bedroom, nor at the new arrival. Next, the white rabbit hopped into the room and immediately skipped onto the bed. She proceeded to nibble and lick Xi Chen's face and Wei Ying's lips. Both nnngh'd in irritation at the

same time; Xi Chen turned his head around to avoid the adorable but moist attack, while Wei Ying wrinkled his nose and looked like he was about to sneeze from the flicking whiskers.

“Grand Patriarch,” the black rabbit cleared its throat audibly to regain the man’s attention, “The greatest storm is upon us, the Sundering of Realities has commenced. Please, Father, open this new Book of Judgement and write our new destinies for the future.” An exquisite ink-brush made from jade and precious gemstones was presented from its paws.

Lan Zhan took a deep breath and steeled his heart and mind; he could always spend more time and cuddle up with Wei Ying, gently wake him up and wish him good morning with kisses and hugs; he could always pat his older brother’s shoulders to rouse the man from slumber, then serve him a pot of freshly brewed *pu’er* tea, and finally sit down together for the much-awaited heart-to-heart talk, and to find out how he has been doing since disappearing from the Cloud Recesses after Jin Guangyao’s demise. He could - always, and anytime - but, he *knew* what needed to be done, first and foremost.

He picked up the ink-brush and strode across the bedroom to the study desk. Lan Zhan flipped open the huge book; the cover was as thick as a man’s forearm and was adorned with rich embroidery and metal carvings that bore ancient mystical symbols. The moment he reached down and touched the tip of the ink-brush to the top of the first page; the parchment was thick, fibrous, aged into yellow and brown shades of colour - the moment he penned the first word, everything in his vision glowed white until the brilliant incandescence swallowed up the entire bedroom, and in reality, the world too.

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It is said that while the stars are realigned, while destinies are rewritten, and while time is reset to its origins, Wei Ying had a wonderful dream.

He dreamt of having a barbeque dinner outside a new home of sorts - a cave carved out from the mountains, which wasn't too different from what he started with his husband long, long ago. His husband was a master chef, and made delicious grilled spicy sweet-sour pork, roasted chicken, baked fish with herbs, and lots of potatoes and root vegetables spiced with chilli and other exotic spices, and plenty of other dishes on the side, ranging from appetizers, main courses to sweet dessert soups.

The moon was bright - he wondered briefly why he shed a tear at the plain old sight of a moon and its stars -, the air was chilled and fresh, and the atmosphere was lively. The dinner turned out to be a reunion of happy families; Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling arrived to show Wei Ying's *shijie* how the bratty boy had grown up, got married, and hosted a large dinner across multiple clans; Jing Yi and Si Zhui came bearing snacks and fruits, and even sneaked in a few jars of Emperor's Smile for their favourite teacher in the art of night hunts - accompanied by the man's old pal, Wen Ning who was, surprisingly very much alive and looked like the days before he died as a Wen *gongzi* ; and of course, everyone was surprised when Lan Zhan's brother appeared from the cave to officially kick-off the ceremony and wished everyone good health, prosperity and great fortunes in their futures - and to start the dinner proper.

In that dream filled with good food, music, dancing and merry-making, everyone talked and cheered each other. Wei Ying enjoyed getting pampered and handfed by his *shijie* whom he'd miss so much (and Jiang

Cheng was left alone and he kept rolling his eyes at every instance of affectionate displays between them), although she insisted that she couldn't remember anything other than 'I just woke up one fine day on my son's bed'. Jin Ling competed with Wei Ying for attention from Jiang Yan Li - for obvious reasons - so the man didn't linger too long, and next, he went off to pester the former fierce corpse-turned-slave who had turned back into a normal, healthy human being. Wen Ning was so adorable and agreeable, that Wei Ying had a great time showing him tricks (and bullying him some), although when asked about what happened, Wen Ning only shrugged and replied that he couldn't remember anything other than 'I just woke up sandwiched between Jing Yi and Si Zhui, and everyone screamed in terror - but everything turned out all right after that'.

Soon, it was time to grab another roasted chicken drumstick off the grill. He tottered happily towards the husband, murmuring, "Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, can you get me one of those *xiao ji ji* ?", in which the husband shot a dirty look at him because chickens should be treated with more respect in more ways than one, but he relented anyway - because Lan Zhan loves Wei Ying very, very much - and picked up the biggest, fattest drumstick for the beloved spouse. Wei Ying whooted with glee and held the tasty, greasy drumstick with his right hand and suddenly, Lan Xi Chen was by his side. The tall man uncorked a jar of Emperor's Smile, and he gave a regal smile at Wei Ying too while handing it to the overjoyed younger man.

With a drumstick in his right hand, a jar of the best wine in his left, surrounded by his family and friends, Wei Ying was the happiest man on earth in his dreams. He needed to tell the world about his joy, and the first to hear the news was none other than--

--Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan! I'm so happy tonight to have everyone attend our dinner! This is my Perfect Ending, with all of us together as One Big Happy

Family! Ah... there's something in my eyes, I'm... I-I'm not crying... I'm h-happy..."

The husband saw that Wei Ying didn't have enough hands to take care of himself, so he stood in front of the spouse, raised his sleeves and dabbed the tears off Wei Ying's reddened cheeks. Wei Ying started to sniffle and hiccup like a drunken crying fool, and he hadn't even taken a swig from the jar yet.

"Lan Zhan... Lan Zhan... I'm so happy... I'm... I'm sorry for all the bad things that have happened in the past... and thank you, for staying by my side so that we're finally here, in this beautiful dream of the best ending ever... wuuuu... wuuuu..."

Wei Ying sobbed like a child then, and Lan Zhan simply took a step forward and embraced him. Wei Ying wailed at the warmth of Lan Zhan's hands, the soothing scents that reminded him of love, family, and home, and the comforting voice of the one man that he calls 'soulmate'.

"Lan Zhan!!!" another keening cry.

"Mn. I'm here... I'm here," the calming words repeated like a mantra, and soon, Wei Ying was lulled into a daze, then slowly, slowly, drifting into slumber - the voices in the background drowned away into white noise, his vision darkened from sleepiness, even the sensations of his fingers grasping the drumstick and the jar of wine numbed and faded into nothingness, then he felt himself floating, melting, sailing further and further away...

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 135

Wei Wuxian stood atop a lonely, deserted cliff sparsely covered with grass. Lil' Apple had abandoned him when it couldn't find enough to eat, and there weren't apples or other kinds of summer fruits growing in the mountain tops either. There was nothing but barren rock faces and tufts of browns and greens on the ground, and the winds were especially cold during freezing, foggy days.

The man knew he probably fell ill after days of travelling alone - who knew that surviving alone in the wilderness could be so tough? In his youthful days, he was more capable and resourceful, his senses keen and sharp, and his movements nimble and unfettered like an uncaged feral beast; however, after having his heart silently broken when Lan Zhan said "I'm going this way" when he was intent on going the other direction - away from Gusu, away from what could've been a beginning of a new, warmer relationship with the man he'd called 'confidant', sometimes 'soulmate', and now, a Chief Cultivator who is probably too busy in picking up the pieces left by Jin Guangyao's treachery, let alone go and look for him in the lonesome cliffs - Wei Ying had been so distracted by the sudden loss of companionship, the upheavals in his life post-resurrection in Mo Village after the revelations about what actually transpired sixteen years ago, after witnessing the secrets buried beneath the Guanyin Temple that brought closure to every accusation ever thrown at him before and after the resurrection, after being officially vindicated and feeling the greatest relief to wash over his entire being from the agony that gnawed at his heart for sixteen long years and from all the lives he did not take but was held guilty for--

"-- ahhh... and now, I don't even know what I'm thinking anymore," the man grumbled at the same time his stomach made similar noises. His thought process had been spiralling non-stop since he had too much

unproductive time doing nothing else except to wander aimlessly around the borderlands of Gusu; his health deteriorated because he stopped hunting for food and ceased to care for himself regularly; his robes did smell rather ripe after being left unwashed for weeks even months - time was a blur when he wasn't keeping track of his life anymore -, his complexion was pale and even sported a slight unshaven look because he never looked at his reflection since he hardly walked past a river, not to mention having enough to drink sometimes; he was always mired in depression from being left alone and neglected for too long, because he kept thinking about the "what if's, such as, what if he stayed behind, and what if he said he'd follow the man who said that he was "going this way" - so much so, that a near-permanent frown was etched onto his brows, his lips perpetually curved downwards, he looked like a lifeless doll being dragged up the mountains and now, the cliffs, that anytime, a gust of frosty wind may blow anytime and send his shivering, feverish, frail body flying off the edge and into the deep ravines below.

Wei Ying sighed in resignation, and slapped himself lightly on the cheeks to clear his mind. Too many "what if's and "I should have"s have dominated his mind lately, and it was very unhealthy - both physically and mentally. He decided to indulge in one of the few remaining pastimes that reminded him of happier times, and hoped to stave off any further depressing or, heaven forbid, suicidal thoughts over leaving the so-called confidant-cum-soulmate for petty reasons such as career options - comparing a glorious Chief Cultivator versus an anonymous jobless vagabond, is a no-brainer - and directions in life - Han Guang Jun has so much more going on for his future, compared to him, a man whose life ended sixteen years ago and he'd just closed the last chapters of his storybook and solved his mysteries, so there is really nothing else left to keep him moving forward... or, is there? So, he pulled out his favourite bamboo flute made by the man in question, his lips automatically found their place on the surface of the smooth wooden instrument, and his fingers immediately glided over a few holes that had been carved with loving attention, to produce a masterpiece written in the name of their undeclared love.

His flute-playing skills remained impeccable despite the trembling fingers from cold and hunger, and his garments were soggy, wet and chilled from passing grey mountain fogs. Each note was filled with his heartfelt feelings, sharp and shrill, pierced the heavy and choked cloudy atmosphere in the hopes that he may find a shaft of light to illuminate where he stood, perhaps an angel from the heavens to reach out and deliver him from this sad, miserable existence.

Past the first passage of the musical piece, he heard footsteps rustling through the grass from behind. He stilled and silence reigned once again atop the cliffs. He turned around; from afar, low-lying clouds billowed by and he thought he saw a shadowy image of a man - perhaps a mirage borned of his desperation and feverish state - but he smiled, oh, how uplifting he felt when he smiled, the first in such a long time throughout his soul-searching journey into loneliness.

He stumbled forward towards the imaginary image, which kept shifting in position, sometimes closer, sometimes further ahead, but he pursued the blurred figure that didn't seem corporeal or solid to the touch. Soon, the grass beneath his worn-out shoes gave way to stony, sharp edges that sloped dangerously downwards, and he slipped on the damp, slippery rocks in more than a few instances, ignoring the sounds of fragments tumbling off steep gradients but never quite following up with a thud or splash, because the ravines were incredibly deep chasms, but Wei Ying kept chasing after the shadowy outlines of a man he believed to be--

Wei Wuxian, once known as the fearsome Yiling Patriarch, wielder of the greatest form of the Dark Arts, was said to have fallen off a high cliff one foggy day in the mountain ranges surrounding Gusu, was never found and even if he was, he would've never really recovered after that.

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At least, according to the tales weaved within the walls of the Jingshi, that was how the story of Wei Wuxian ended. Wei Ying didn't like it one bit because of the generally and reasonably Bad Ending for his character - still the anti-hero, from his perspective. His suspicions were fuelled by further clues - of how the *er gongzi* never looked at him straight in the eyes when he narrated the bedtime story, of how his tone or choice of words lacked conviction and emphasis, of how each time there were slight inconsistencies in the tale. This time, it was 'footsteps' that made the protagonist turn around while playing the flute - the day before, it was just 'a footstep', as an example.

"How can you be so sure that I was thinking of you when I fell? You weren't even there when that happened. By the way, did I really fall off a cliff? I can't remember what happened after we parted ways on that mountain, but I distinctly recalled pulling on Lil's Apple's reins and waving behind at you when I walked away. I even made an awesome poem about mountains and rivers at that time, do you remember that? Let's see, that poem was..."

Lan Zhan dabbed a washcloth over a drop of soup trickling down the careless man's chin, even when the latter continued to rant at his dissatisfaction about the whole setup of the story; real or not, Lan Zhan would never confirm its veracity, and he often responded with his typical silent treatment - which wordlessly told Wei Ying that he wasn't getting answers anytime soon, not when he was still mostly bedridden and under house arrest, and could use a bit more downtime than getting riled up over bedtime stories narrated by a man whose brief sentences consist of less words than one could count using fingers.

“It’s just a hunch. You can believe it or not. Your choice.”

Wei Ying licked his chops and watched how Lan Zhan carefully spooned more old cucumber soup, plus a tasty, melt-in-your-mouth chunk of the gourd, and a strip of herbal chicken meat, then blew on it five times to cool it down, before serving. Mmm, delish.

No matter what happend, Lan Zhan will always be there to pull me out of trouble and save me, Wei Ying smiled thoughtfully and eyed at the man he called confidant, soulmate, may-----be boyfriend (he could imagine his detractors rolling their eyes or in their graves), and distantly, he wondered if they were married in a previous lifetime - because calling him ‘ *lao gong* ’ didn’t sound too far-fetched either. His heart swelled every time he noticed the meticulous care given since the day he woke up in the Jingshi (again, he vaguely remember chastising himself) and found himself incapacitated, but in a nice way.

According to the nameless servants loyal to the Han Guang Jun that periodically enter the Jingshi to help make the bed, sweep the floor and wipe the surfaces of the room’s decor and furniture, some time must have passed after his epic fall (that he could never remember, strangely); border patrols found him lying in a pool of blood near a riverbank at the foot of dangerously steep and high cliffs, and Wei Ying was said to have suffered brain-damaging concussions, multiple critical wounds and internal hemorrhage all over the body, nearly bled to death and broke all his bones, tendons and ligaments, *qi* meridians; even a tree branch found its way through the man’s rib cage but missed the heart - thus, his golden core was shattered beyond recovery. Wei Ying was horrified at the descriptions and checked his body - sure enough, there were many large but nearly invisible scars that were healing well, thanks to the incredible magical potions, herbs

and healing treatments drawn up from ancient texts from the Library Pavillion of the Cloud Recesses.

Regardless of the healing, the servants said, it was obvious that Wei Ying knocked his head too hard and more than just once while falling - thus, explaining the loss of memory when he regained consciousness. Moreover, as demonstrated by the rather weak, uncoordinated and sluggish movements of his limbs - he had trouble rising up from the bed, feed and clothe himself, hold an ink-brush, let alone try to stand, even with a walking cane -, the doctors in the Cloud Recesses pronounced his body to be permanently damaged, and in cultivation terms, an invalid. Wei Ying could no longer practise cultivation and he had lost all capabilities to wield *qi* energy and magics.

Wei Ying was devastated at the news, and he was depressed and frequently cried in bed, hidden from the outside world by Jingshi's comforting cocoon. Lan Zhan made all the difference despite Wei Ying's seemingly doomed future - the *er gongzi* spent nearly his entire days and nights in the building, talking, soothing, accompanying the young man, with some rotation of duties with the servants, doctors and very few, very rare other visitors who were allowed to see to Wei Ying's needs. Wei Ying had the impression that he wasn't a celebrated guest of the Cloud Recesses, since everything was done in hushed tones, under the shadows of secrecy, plenty of warnings to 'keep it down' and not to disturb others, and the fact that access to the Jingshi was restricted and there was never a surprise visit, not even a peek, from typical young adventurous, curious disciples, so surely not everyone knew or was aware of his presence safely stowed inside the Jingshi.

Lan Zhan spent an inordinate amount of time playing healing music with his guqin in a room scented with sandalwood incense, so that Wei Ying could meditate and calm his shaken soul. He made sure Wei Ying followed a simple routine every day of:

Waking up in a nest of sleep-warmed pillows and blankets on double king-size bed (sometimes, if he was up by five in the morning, he would be greeted by the lovely view of the broad expanse of Lan Zhan's chest snug against his face - he wasn't sure why the *er gongzi* wanted to sleep beside him, or why there was a double bed in a room meant for a bachelor - but he wasn't complaining because it's the *gongzi*'s room after all, and the man's all-night presence was a welcome treat to ward off nightmares - plus, Lan Zhan smelled quite nice, mildly sweet, beneath the layers of sandalwood and incense-flavoured smoky odours),

Getting a wipe-down with a washcloth soaked in heated fragrant bathwater (it took several attempts, but eventually, the humiliated, red-faced Wei Ying stopped resisting and allowed the *er gongzi* to undress him - because he was kind-of disabled with his limbs still covered with bandages, and his joints ached badly and couldn't bend that much anymore - and miraculously, Lan Zhan knew how and where to wash him, even in the most private areas. Lan Zhan never showed any look of horror or interest even while squeezing a washcloth around his soft penis, gently dabbing on his sensitive balls, or wiping soapy water off his hairy pubes - if there were any, the older man was a master of feigning disinterest and kept an impassive, stone-cold facade at all times),

Having his bodily needs taken care of (it was mortifying, the younger man admitted, to be carried to the outdoors to pee and poo under watchful eyes - but it was better than being incontinent on a soiled bed - and soon, Wei Ying was a natural at peeing and pooing with the *er gongzi*'s help because logically, these were strictly physical, health-related and hygienic activities - pride and ego be damned, the younger man didn't mind being held by those strong arms so that he could squat properly and safely, then release whatever that needed to be released, gases, solids, liquids and the ilk),

Having his hair trimmed, washed and combed (because for some unspoken reasons, men in that day and age had to keep long hair and it would be a concern if his hair became unruly, unmanageable or worse, became flea-infested for petty reasons such as not being able to comb one's hair. Lan Zhan was a maestro at keeping Wei Ying's hair in line, and there was always a neat topknot on his scalp, and never a stray piece of hair fell into his face, in which Wei Ying was grateful for),

Having three square meals a day, two snacks and one supper, made of simple but nutritious and mostly liquid-based meals (he always thought the servants of Gusu Lan cooked the dishes that could be picked-up by anyone during mealtimes - much like a take-out -, but after watching the *er gongzi* regularly leaving the Jingshi at predetermined times, usually after asking Wei Ying what he wanted to eat, then returning half an hour later with a tray full of steaming-hot goodies of *exactly* what he stated that he wanted to have for his meal - Wei Ying realized the secret behind the *er gongzi* 's actions and was mind-blown at the possibility of ordering anything off the menu - including spicy dishes, though he was discouraged at having too much of those due to his delicate recovering stomach, and Wei Ying had to agree, after suffering a bout of diarrhea just after one ambitious try),

Having his muscles and joints exercised in a similar manner as a professionally-prescribed and well-planned physiotherapy rehabilitation (Wei Ying enjoyed being challenged to move his limbs and a chance to walk around the immediate vicinity of the Jingshi for some fresh air, and he would obey the *er gongzi* 's instructions to return, especially when he was covered with a bit of sweat and his muscles started to complain, or if it started to rain),

Having some time for reading and anything else that could keep Wei Ying's mind off his condition (which was essential for his recovery, since feeling useful and productive meant that his mental state improved, which also

contributed to his physical energy levels and intrinsic motivation to do more and thrive even in such challenging and formidable situations),

And, to save the best for the last - Wei Ying received very personal, sometimes suspiciously affectionate, attention from the *er gongzi* in the form of unsolicited and unexpected full-body massage (Lan Zhan's fingers worked magic even better than the doctors' acupuncture or potions from the healers' cauldrons), scratching (on the back and anywhere else where his useless limbs couldn't reach), and ear-cleaning (he was squeamish at first, but he found his favourite slice of heaven by lying on the *er gongzi*'s lap, and he always fell into a wonderful dreamless sleep after the first, intimate excavation works in each tenderly serviced ear).

At this rate, Wei Ying thought he wouldn't mind staying or hiding in Gusu forever, as long as Lan Zhan was by his side. The man giggled at the idea of settling down - finally - and starting over as an ordinary peasant - which wasn't quite as insane as it sounded, because he was, in fact, already disqualified from all manners of the supernatural and the superpowered, had to end his days of adventuring into unknown lands, fight off bandits and awesome monsters, or hunt for exciting treasures - but he could still wield a shovel in a farm, or earn a pretty piece of gold with his gift of gab if he sharpened his selling skills - probably.

That was three months ago, six months after they parted ways on the iconic mountains outside of the Cloud Recesses.

Returning to the present, Wei Ying's health and mood had vastly improved - as seen with his appetite, which included five emptied bowls of congee, soups, vegetables, fish and fruits on the tray, plus a chicken drumstick bone picked clean by Lan Zhan's fingers and fed mouthful by mouthful to Wei

Ying like a mother bird would do for its chick -, and he had become very close, dependent and clingy to the said man - in a good way, at least as seen on Lan Zhan's soft and barely visible smiles each time the younger man whined his name in an endearing manner - though, such intimate and saccharine sweet acts were reserved only when they were the only ones in the Jingshi, and when Lan Zhan had his eyes on and only on Wei Ying.

As the older man took the tray and bowls to the entrance of the Jingshi and placed them on the doorsteps - servants would come and take them away later - Wei Ying checked his abdomen to see if the meal had caused his thin frame to fill out a little bit more. It was a preposterous notion, of course, but he couldn't help but to wish that he'd gain back the state of his former body - which the doctors already dismissed as impossible. He sighed in disappointment and leaned against the bed frame, pillowed by a cushion against his back.

“Ah... look at my body, it's wasted, bony and soft, with a bit of flab on the tummy because I've been sitting and lying down almost the whole day. I can't feel my golden core anymore, my muscles are unresponsive, I can't even clothe myself properly or take care of my basic bodily needs,” he whined, and illustrated his inability by stretching one hand to the other side - a basic pose needed to tie some button knots, and he winced at the pain throbbing from scars on his arms. “Lan Zhan, you promise you'll look after me for the rest of your life right? Don't back out on your words, because I'm an invalid now! I rely entirely on you from now onwards!” he called out, not too loud, lest outsiders hear his voice. He always did that - telling the other man that he was handicapped and needed extra tender loving care - perhaps it was a (bad) habit borned out of a deep-seated anxiety or a need for reassurance - in which Lan Zhan never hesitated to give, to promise, to guarantee, without ever raising a tiny bit of discontent on his part.

“Mn. I’ve resigned from my post. So that I can live here and focus on what is important to me. Since we’re staying in the Cloud Recesses, the servants and I will see to your needs. You’ll be able to live here as comfortably as possible. You’re safe with me, Wei Ying,” Lan Zhan replied casually and returned to the bedside with a washcloth to wipe Wei Ying after every meal.

Wei Ying stared hard at the approaching man, and in mock anger. “Ah... your actions and words are very cheeky, I’m blushing even as we speak! Stop doing that!” and he crossed his arm and looked away petulantly, trying to hide his embarrassment from such flirtatious exchanges - unbelievably, coming from the former standoffish *er gongzi* .

Lan Zhan ignored Wei Ying’s exaggerated antics, and sat on the bed - the mattress dipped at the welcoming weight. He proceeded to peel Wei Ying’s hands away from the chest and started cleaning each finger with the cloth. Wei Ying felt frustrated, red-faced and very, very loved - simultaneously - that he responded in the only way he knew best to get the other man to do nicer things for him, and make him feel better from the lovey-dovey-ness. A sneak attack, of course.

“L... Lan Zhan! T-These undergarments are very thin! Even after having the hot meal, I still feel cold! Do something about it!” he complained - a little half-heartedly, because he started feeling guilty and additionally, more embarrassment, the moment he puffed out his chest to show the man how little he wore while indoors; due to the amount of healing salves, patches and whatnots all over his body, and the skin on some parts of his body was still sensitive from the treatments, Wei Ying insisted to wear as little as possible. Moreover, the Jingshi was sometimes a little warm as windows tended to remain closed even at daytime, so thin garments were a must; and at nights, Wei Ying secretly relished partial skin-to-skin contact when he deliberately rolled into Lan Zhan’s arms and faked a few snores.

The older man was perfectly in tune with Wei Ying's wants. "Mn. Come, let me hold you, keep you warm," he said calmly, patiently, then put away the washcloth and spread his arms invitingly. Wei Ying nnnnh'd like a spoiled child, turned around, and effortlessly, without thinking twice, leaned back and let his body fall into a comfortable human bed called *Lan er gongzi*, with great firm yet pillow-like pecs (and a nice, strong, reassuring heartbeat beneath), six-pack abs that seemed to have sunken into a bit of paunch on the abdomen, brimming with perfect body heat, a strong embrace from the sides that hooked themselves around his navel like the best seat-belt ever, and the most desirable baritone voice and arousing sounds of breathing echoing the room from behind his ears.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan," Wei Ying mischievously chanted on the bed and rocked himself a bit to the rhythm of the beloved name. He yawned at the end, unexpectedly, because *Lan er gongzi* had become Wei Ying's one and only source of comfort in life, throughout a full spectrum of turbulent to peaceful times, and he could completely relax into Lan Zhan's embrace and feel his soul replenish with that man's gentleness and kindness.

"Mn. I'm here, I'm here, I'm here."

Three feather-light kisses, one on the nape, one on the earlobe, and one on the shoulder. Wei Ying giggled instinctively at the ticklish feelings, and for that moment, believed that everything in his upended world will turn out to be perfectly fine.

Somewhere in the distance, a guard from a watch tower beat some drums to announce the time, and to inform everyone in the Cloud Recesses of the return of Sect Leader Lan Xi Chen from the Carp Tower in Lanling. Preparations to welcome their leader back to the Gusu Lan headquarters are well underway.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 136

It was said that when Jin Guangyao's treachery was exposed, the mysteries of the Yin Metal and fierce corpses' attacks were solved, and the Dark Arts master Yiling Patriarch was finally vindicated of the slew of accusations and murders that occurred nearly two decades ago, during one eventful Summer. Sources familiar with the events reported that the intriguing man parted ways with the then-newly appointed Chief Cultivator, Han Guang Jun, in the mountains outside of the Cloud Recesses, with the reins to a rather familiar donkey in hand. Those who were obsessed with the remaining tail-end of the epic saga followed the trails left by the Yiling Patriarch, much like hardcore readers of a fantastical novel chasing the prized epilogue chapter, so that they, too, can finally lay their fanatical pursuit to a deserving rest.

The last paragraph probably read this way, and would become part of fables passed down over generations by words of storytellers, and would eventually be forgotten since nothing was written in literature:

“Sometime during the end of Fall, border patrols of Gusu found a blood-soaked, broken body by a riverbank beneath some high cliffs; the victim was said to be dressed in black, and some speculated that the body belonged to the Yiling Patriarch himself, if not an anonymous unfortunate traveller. Dead men do not reveal their secrets, and the matter was never investigated, nor the reason for the apparent accident, or at worst, a case of suicide. In any case, there were no further mentions of the Yiling Patriarch, and everyone thought this vague incident brought a final, though hardly satisfying, closure to the books. As the first snow of Winter fell and painted the mountains of Gusu in soft hues of grey and white, just as the signs and tracks of people who passed by were erased over time, so too, have people stopped talking about the enigmatic figure named Wei Wuxian, and his

name was relegated to the obscure annals of mankind's convoluted and long history since time immemorial."

What a wonderful end that would make to a literary masterpiece, if it had ever been written - except that nobody cared because all eyes and ears were directed to the Grand Cultivation Council, whose new Chief Cultivator suddenly resigned just months after warming up the Chief's seat due to "very distressing personal and family reasons" - even the legendary 'Cries of the Red Clouds' signal flare was launched and bathed the Cloud Recesses in blood-red luminescence for an entire, fateful night, which drew out Ze Wu Jun out of his brief self-imposed seclusion and clan leaders from all corners of Gusu, to converge into a grand meeting in the heart of the province that lasted for many days.

With the Gusu Lan temporarily out of the picture due to internal affairs, the surviving major sects vied for the coveted rule of the Council:

The Lanling Jin's reputation had been dealt a terrible reputational blow despite having many other promising candidates among their ranks, and possessed incredible wealth and resources at their disposal;

The Yunmeng Jiang was reluctant to put up a fight after being involved in and personally scarred by prior events. Although they have sizable armies of cultivators and wield enough military clout to garner decent respect from the others, they were still one of the poorest sects, their leader was considered too young and inexperienced, and to the displeasure of many, linked to the former Yiling Patriarch with influences from the much-maligned Dark Arts;

The Qinghe Nie escaped unscathed from the previous scandals but their numbers remained pitifully small and incompetent, although they inherited large amounts of armaments and magics from their previous Sect Leader and were still considered to be a serious contender.

A handful of smaller sects rose up to the challenge and demanded for a chance to have a say in the Council's meeting halls still headquartered in the Carp Tower, so the world of cultivation was once again rocked to its core, then thrust into a series of violent demonstrations and showcasing of raw power in the form of conflict and land grabs, mindless destruction of property and mass murders; grand competitions and tournaments between heroes, champions and leaders; adventures in search of ancient, mythical and powerful artifacts and weapons that would give sects an extra edge over one another; endless political drama and bickering in the dark, twisted hallways amongst Council meeting chambers - the meetings between elites of the sects were marred by fraying tempers, baseless accusations, taking sides and worse, taking bribes, and biased arbiters trying to diffuse the situation so that everything returned back to square one; even hiring mercenaries to carry out assassinations, poison incense smoke and wines, and set up traps that would kill victims and made to look like suicides - the grim picture was made messier and murkier with the involvement of the Imperial Court of the capital city of Chang'an, where representatives have been sent to meddle in the affairs of the Grand Cultivation Council, with the intention to seize control of the entire cultivation world and unite everyone under the Emperor of Chang'an.

All in all, for the common layman, the entire spectacle proved to be an entertaining read in the periodicals, a way for gambling dens to place their bets on winners and losers, and as a perfect subject to gossip about in teahouses over brews, liquors and snacks. Farmers still had to plant rice fields and grow enough food; artisans needed to invent and craft things for everyday use and for enriching the cultures of the Middle Kingdom; merchants earn their gold in trading activities to keep supply lines open and to prosper the economy; scholars study to advance literary and scientific

progress towards a better future; and nobles and officials do their part to govern and run the nation towards a more civil society. The world of cultivation is rife with violence and unnecessary warfare, so the longer the void of leadership and the suffering of innocent bystanders, the faster the descent into irrelevance from modern times, that the entire topic risked becoming a joke upon itself, and that someday, people may decide that enough is enough, to turn their backs - even outlaw - the entire art of cultivation and spellcasting, and let the legends fade away into extinction for the greater good of Mankind.

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The passage of time grinds to a standstill when frozen crystals sway, spin and twirl down from the blue skies, then descend gently onto the ground, unchanged. The beauty of each snowflake is locked in its glimmering geometrical form, unique in its pattern to set itself apart from thousands, probably millions of others in the same landscape of a featureless, barren plot of snow-covered piece of land located around the Jingshi. Lost in an ocean of ice and left to the elements, every crystalline individual eventually melts and blends into the thawing earth, becoming droplets of snowmelt that eventually soak and disappear beneath the surface.

Then, a mighty shovel comes along, looms threateningly above for a while, before slamming brutally into the hard soil. With an energetic twist, an explosion of wet slurry, stones, dirt and soggy plant material gets flung into the air, and sends waves of refreshing early Spring air mixing into the freshly tilled garden.

Wen Ning worked hard to crush the grip of winter upon the land, so that flower and vegetable seedlings could find a comfortable new home to grow

their roots.

The pace of time picks up with each lively blow, like the pounding of heartbeats of animals that slowly wake up from their hibernation slumber. Shrilly birdsongs, trickling streams, a few fluttering insects, and even a whoosh of chilly breeze add to the orchestra of an awakening Nature. There are some movements beyond the corner of the Cloud Recesses where the Jingshi is nestled in; workers carrying goods between buildings, young men marching - never sprinting - through the hallways after classes, children laughing and running around with toys under the watchful eyes of their mothers, scholars and teachers shuffling about with piles of books and scrolls, and a few groups grumbled and grunted while practising martial arts in the courtyards and in freezing springs, in the traditional belief that working out in torturously cold temperatures can strengthen one's body and sharpen one's mind.

Three boys in their late teens trotted towards the Jingshi with armfuls of trays filled with food; their cheeks rosy from the cold, their faces delight with pride despite being smeared with grease and oily sauces, since they were requested to cook today's meal and bring the banquet from the communal kitchens - and they have plenty to show off this time. Their help was much appreciated, since the master of the house, Han Guang Jun, admitted that he had a few back-to-back appointments; the trio volunteered to take charge of domestic matters as payment for the great and marvellous Han Guang Jun's generosity and kindness.

Lan Jing Yi had been given special recognition by the Gusu Lan master, seemingly for an undisclosed list of acts of bravery, leadership and night-hunting, amongst other valuable services rendered that were never detailed in writing, and was elected as the leader of his squad, as well as one of the trusted personal bodyguards of the Twin Jades of Gusu Lan. The boy never really knew what he did to receive such a prestigious rank, but in the true

spirit of Gusu Lan, he never questioned his elders' decisions either. Besides getting a whole lot more attention and praise from the sect, he was tasked to be at Han Guang Jun's beck and call and to guard the Jingshi from its nosy neighbours.

Lan Si Zhui, formerly a disciple of the Gusu Lan sect, was grateful to return to the Cloud Recesses just when the first Winter snowstorms hit the Great Eastern Coasts of the Middle Kingdom; both he and Wen Ning had just started adventuring to earn life experiences and some money from ridding villages of the undead, vengeful spirits and other disturbances that needed to be exorcised - however, they hadn't made enough to pay for a roof above their heads, and hardly anyone would be willing to seek out their help during the cold, tough times in the relatively quiet, dead winter season. Han Guang Jun specifically invited the two to live in a shed converted into a decent living space equipped with a fire stove, located on the piece of land situated behind the Jingshi - with warm meals and accommodation paid by the man himself, in exchange for some domestic help, particularly in caring for someone special.

Jin Ru Lan, who, like many young men of Jin lineage, had been unwillingly drafted into a long list of fighters in the tournaments organized by the Grand Cultivation Council to select worthy candidates for key positions for the next Council sitting - including the post of the Chief Cultivator, once the tournaments reach their final stage; he was (un)fortunate enough to meet Sect Leader Ze Wu Jun in one of the preliminaries, and was royally kicked in his ass - actually, he was smacked on the buttocks with a *xiao* flute, because a real kick from the legendary man would maim, and in all likelihood, kill the boy straight out. A teary-eyed Ru Lan confessed to Ze Wu Jun while lying prone on the ground with a split, bruised ass, that the fight was a ploy by the Jin elders to remove all traces of the deceased Jin Guangyao, his network and his influences from the ranks of the Jin family. The boy divulged the dark secrets of the Lanling Jin in the fighting arena whilst a frighteningly tall Ze Wu Jun towered menacingly above him, and declared that he was merely a pawn for the Jins' political games and had no

say in the matter. The boy's defeat meant that he was barred from returning to the Carp Tower until he could find some way to prove himself and salvage his pride, and that he needed to seek refuge with his remaining trustworthy, blood-related link to the outside world, his uncle in Yunmeng.

The first gusts of violent wintry winds blew then, leaving the boy with torn, open pants shivering on the hard dirt, and a very hesitant Ze Wu Jun couldn't help but to pity the boy whose fate vaguely echoed his former confidant, A-Yao; there was always animosity between their sects, partly stemming from the time when Ze Wu Jun's younger brother slaughtered a number of Jin guards, at the marble stairs leading to the Carp Tower, to rescue the then-masked Yiling Patriarch when latter's identity was exposed, during the last summer. Nevertheless, Jin Ru Lan was given mercy and taken in by the Gusu Lan until the Winter season passed, and he was promised an escort to Yunmeng when insect calls herald the arrival of Spring and its better weather conditions for travel. The boy, fondly called Jin Ling, was left to Jing Yi's care, and was thrilled to meet Si Zhui and Wen Ning when he had his first dinner in a warm home within a snow swept Cloud Recesses.

"Wen Ning!" a brash, loud voice called out from a crack of an opened window, "I see the three coming back with lunch! Go and wash your hands, and help set up the table!" followed by a series of hacking coughs.

"Enn! Wei *gongzi* , I heard you! (知道啦) You don't have to shout because you're still recovering and your breathing isn't steady yet! I'll come in soon, and help you with your bandages too!" the fierce corpse replied with a grin and set his shovel to the crumbly soil. Wen Ning had done a terrific job since morning - being impervious to the extremes in temperatures meant that he'd been tilling the soil since a freezing early Spring dawn and would earn a few more silver pieces from the owner of the property. The land around him had been turned over, and a few ditches had been dug for

irrigation; not too far away, a large hole had been excavated for a lotus pond too.

Wei Ying closed the window to keep out the cold air that sucked away energy from his feeble body. On the outside, he looked alright with some healing scars and lesions, though his arms were wrapped into clubs and he had to use crutches, after accidentally spilling a pitcher of scalding hot water onto himself when he tried to fill a wooden basin for a footbath; he couldn't hold anything heavier than a basket of fruits, and shivered easily in the cold ever since losing his golden core after his body, nervous system, critical musculature and its *qi* meridians were irreparably broken; without usable limbs, he relied heavily on the three boys and Wen Ning for his personal needs, and to keep Jingshi in a respectable condition while its owner was out with his usual daily businesses.

The young man yawned and thought of changing out of his pyjamas - and it was already close to noon -, but then realized that his fingers were trapped underneath the layers of gauze, so he couldn't even undress from robes tied with button knots and sashes. He used the rough texture of the fabric to lazily scratch his neck, and wondered if the owner of the house would return soon to join them for lunch, or if he would have to again, rely on the boys to clothe and feed him. It didn't really matter, he thought; Si Zhui was an expert in taking care of seniors (and senior citizens alike, but Wei Ying didn't want to be called an 'old man' because he was, arguably, technically just a few years older than the trio in a resurrected body of Mo Xuan Yu) - Si Zhui always happily volunteered to take care of Wei Ying's demands out of feelings of filial piety and of a shared past, which was very much praised and supported by Wen Ning; Jing Yi, on the other hand, acted more like the aloof, annoying, bossy 'big brother' due to his elevated status in the hierarchy; Jin Ling, being an outsider and an unwelcome Jin refugee in a place full of Lans, preferred to observe from the sides, share a few awkward interactions and moments with Wei Ying as distant relatives of sorts, quietly learn from the two older boys and later, surprise everyone with his smartass-ery, sometimes.

Deep down, Wei Ying was acutely aware that the boys and Wen Ning would leave once the mountain passes around the Cloud Recesses reopen following Spring. He'd miss their company ever since they joined him in his eventful (but forgettable) recuperation spent entirely within the four walls of Jingshi. Although they lived separately from the man, they'd left their indelible marks everywhere in Wei Ying's life since his awakening :-

Wen Ning's tireless toiling with heavy manual labour to keep life in Jingshi running as comfortably as possible during the blizzard days and nights, and now, due to Wei Ying's incessant pleas and Han Guang Jun's one-worded "Mn" seal of approval, he helped to make the empty piece of land behind the Jingshi as productive as possible. Wen Ning was eager to earn his keep and prove that he has become a better man since learning to live independently from his creator - for every task he accomplished to prepare a pleasant, farming lifestyle for the former Yiling Patriarch-turned-commoner, Han Guang Jun agreed to pay him a small sum, which the (ex-)fierce corpse could pocket and use to treat his nephew (of sorts) snacks, finance the boy's outdoor adventures in the coming seasons, or buy gifts and equipment as needed.

Si Zhui learnt, through painful, sometimes humiliating trial-and-errors, of how important living skills were, from his first outing after deciding to part with the former Yiling Patriarch in summer with a simple but remarkably unforgettable leg-hug. Thus, he spent an inordinate amount of time with residents of the Jingshi to learn how to repair his clothes and shoes, the best ways of washing his garments and keeping them clean, cook tasty but simple meals for a man and a fierce corpse, perform basic first aid on people and maintenance on Wen Ning, and a host of other survival skills that the maestro of wanderlusts - the former Yiling Patriarch - was more than delighted to share. Soon, Wei Ying's meagre wardrobe included not only Gusu Lan white (mourning-like) robes, but also some more colourful tunics and trousers that Si Zhui experimented with and fitted perfectly; he

also enjoyed - to his palate's joy after surviving on months of plain or mildly flavoured liquid-y foods - sampling Si Zhui's homemade dishes and herbal soups, and most of his bandages - both neat and messy ones - decorated his body like medals worn with pride.

Jin Ling, the self-proclaimed dog whisperer, taught Wei Ying some tricks on how to avoid confrontation with those dastardly canines, listen and learn the language of mountain wolves, and even made a set of light bow and arrows for him as a peace offering for all the hardships, hurt, resentment and painful memories that lingered after the rather inconclusive end at the Guanyin Temple. With warming relations even in the deep of winter, Wei Ying shared stories from the past over hot meals with him and the other boys, including those of Jin Ling's uncle and departed mother, encompassing happy, funny, exciting, horrific and sad ones. Jin Ling was especially interested in tales about his parents since his uncle hadn't been very forthcoming to supposedly protect the boy's fragile emotions, so Wei Ying indulged in the request, knowing that Jin Ling had come of age and deserved to know more about his origins. Soon, the two embarked on little projects to pen down Wei Ying's oral history on paper, and they produced little notebooks filled with details about the events that transpired from more than sixteen years ago, along with family trees, real-life accounts from an external perspective, and close-ups on first-hand opinions about the Jins that probably nobody ever knew (or dared to say).

Jing Yi, who has the brightest future amongst them, took every challenge and request in his stride; he tagged along with his two best friends and helped in every way he could - because as a firm believer of karma, he knew that the better he treated the former Yiling Patriarch, the more favours he'd receive from not just Han Guang Jun, but from the rest of the Lan family council too. He was torn between wanting to follow Si Zhui, Wen Ning and even Jin Ling out of Gusu once Spring thaws, or remain in his home town to closely follow the developments of the Grand Cultivation Council that seemed to gravitate towards Lanling and Nie sects, or even northwards towards the capital city of Chang'an. While biding his time

until the point where the crucial life-changing decision needed to be made, he practised his cultivation under the personal supervision of the Twin Jades of Gusu Lan, and kept his spirits up by listening to Wei Ying's entertaining stories. In return, Wei Ying considered him as an exceptional disciple, particularly since it was Jing Yi who lead the border patrol that found his red-soaked body beneath mist-covered cliffs around the end of Fall and safely brought him to the Cloud Recesses; the four juniors that were there to witness everything, swore to secrecy and their loyalty to Jing Yi, and became special servants who continued to privately serve the residents of the Jingshi, away from prying eyes and nosy neighbours. Those boys were rather ordinary but were really obedient, respectful and kind-hearted, like true-blue Gusu Lans; they helped to keep the Jingshi in a meticulously clean condition, tended to his needs under Jing Yi's guidance when the owner of the house wasn't around, and gave the best group body-massages - they served Wei Ying like how a harem of boys would pander to a king's whims, so the man had nothing to complain about. Wei Ying never quite remembered their names and personal histories, so he simply called them Lan Jia, Lan Yi, Lan Bing, and Lan Ding out of practical convenience (蓝甲, 蓝乙, 蓝丙, 蓝丁; "A, B, C, D").

Soon, there was a knock on the door, and the visitors did not wait for any response before rushing in. Wei Ying wooted in glee on the king-sized bed the moment he heard socked footsteps inside the Jingshi - past the grand front meeting room which was usually used by Han Guang Jun and any official guests, then to the middle chamber where a large dining table resided - and there were clangings of trays being set down, plates and cutlery being arranged, and the first whiffs of mouth-watering smells -, then one pair of pitter-pattering footsteps rushed through the study room at the back where one can read, meditate, play musical instruments and perform other scholarly, intellectual activities accompanied by minimalist decor and a calming atmosphere, and finally, Si Zhi's face poked out from the entrance of the bedroom.

“Wei *qianbei* !” the boy, now rightfully a young man, beamed, “Oh thank goodness you’re awake! I was afraid you may still be sleeping past eleven in the morning! Han Guang Jun asked for some help with lunch arrangements earlier today, so we made many delicious dishes in the communal kitchens... and guess what? On the way back, we bumped into Ze Wu Jun and him, and they’ve just finished a meeting with the elders! Han Guang Jun invited Ze Wu Jun for lunch here, they will arrive within the hour!”

Wei Ying’s eyes went wide and he started adjusting his pyjamas - oh, how awful he’d look, having lunch in his nightwear and with unbrushed hair and teeth, unwashed and unshaven face and probably some icky body odours as well. Si Zhui easily grasped the man’s alarm, and assured him, “Don’t worry, there’s enough time for a quick wipe and I’ll make sure you appear presentable in front of the Twin Jades with a fresh set of bandages.” Si Zhui wasted no time and walked into the bedroom with a wooden basin filled of life-savers in one hand - vials of soap, shampoo and fragrances, washcloths, a grooming kit, and a small pile of rolls of bandages, ready for use - and a pitcher of hot water in the other. “Jing Yi’s already running out to the fields to get Wen Ning prepared too, and Jin Ling will make sure there will be enough chairs in the dining room and that everything is properly set up on the table,” he added.

Wei Ying sighed in relief. He was glad that the boys knew what to do, so he only had to raise his arms to let himself be undressed, pampered and prepped for a busy day ahead.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 137

4:45 am

Long before the first rays of sunlight break into dawn, the four servants randomly named Lan Jia, Lan Yi, Lan Bing, and Lan Ding, gently knock on the door before entering. They carry with them wooden basins filled with steaming hot water, wash cloths, bottles of fragrant soap and perfumes, aromatic oils, sets of acupuncture needles and acupressure mats, rolls and sticks.

5:00 am

By the time topless Lan Zhan wakes up beside an equally topless Wei Ying on their shared, sleep-warmed bed filled with pillows and tangled blankets (always on the younger man's side, since Wei Ying is known to perform acrobatics whilst asleep), his strong, muscular arms still around the other smaller man in a snug embrace, Wei Ying moans incessantly - two acupuncture needles stuck on his temples to keep him peacefully sedated, while four pairs of oiled hands worked on one delighted foot; Wei Ying gets a heavenly foot massage until both his feet become numb, relaxed, swollen from having fluids circulated, pooled then fill up every nook and cranny, veins and baby-soft skin, joints and bony protrusions; the four pairs of hands do not stop there, and continue their pleasurable journey up the legs to the inner thighs, where every last strand of flesh and muscle is expertly kneaded, rolled and gently squeezed, that Wei Ying's body collapses into its own bonelessly, that he dreams of cotton candy, inexplicable euphoria and floating sensations, of being paralyzed and dipped into a jar of honey, trapped and unable to move, but he can't really think or figure out what is happening because he is experiencing a very relaxing form of brain fog.

5:30 am

Lan Zhan participates in the daily ritual of pleasuring his beloved, without the latter's knowledge, of course. With Wei Ying being so pliant and obedient while barely conscious, he easily locks his lips and indulges in deep kisses and titillating tongue-play with the younger man, whom he remembers to be his spouse from a previous timeline. He takes his sweet time to molest every inch of lovely Wei Ying's skin, inhaling his body odours and licks off the sheen of sweat beginning to form on the erogenous zones, and pays particular attention the breasts; the nipples swell up nicely from constant groping, and fat is slowly building up on the pectorals - he is patient to mould and shape Wei Ying's body to his desires -, the navel twitches with each swirl of tongue into the crevice, and shivers when that wet, saliva-coated muscle trails down the treasure path of hair and Wei Ying-flavoured scents, down, down to find the prized pot of glistening pre-cum slicked gold nestled in dark curls, at the end of the rainbow, figuratively speaking. Wei Ying moans.

6:00 am

The first rooster crows, but the Jingshi is already very much alive with tasty sexual sounds, grunts and gulps. Four sets of lip and tongue attack one hairy testicle and alternate energetically with the other after every few minutes. Wei Ying experiences extreme testicular orgasms, as his balls are squeezed until they're tight against the sacs, then, passionately ravaged with deep swallows, toe-curlingly pleasurable licks, soul-draining vacuum-like rapidfire suctions, vibrating hums and the terrifying Invisible Hands spells that tug and molest unendingly, until every last nectary droplet has been coaxed out, and only happily-shrivelled and spent eggs are left behind. Simultaneously, four fingers stretch his anus and wiggle inside liberally,

stroking the cleaned, muscular walls in all directions until Wei Ying dreams of having uncontrollable diarrhea - he couldn't control the very nice, nnngh-inducing spasms running through his rump and his muscles refused to tighten up because they too, have gone to slumber -, and then those four fingers became eight digits in total, and they attack Wei Ying's prostate gland with plenty of sweet rolls, massages, caresses, presses, ball-dribbling, quick vibrations, and all sorts of sensual motions, that Wei Ying actually cries out in his sleep when he dry-orgasms again and again.

The sexual assault continues with fingers Etherealizing deep into Wei Ying's pelvic region, and four hands begin to grasp, grope and tenderly knead the sensitive, swollen bits; the four sets of lip and tongue move in for the kill, nibbling, licking, then taking turns to deep-throat the man's exceedingly excited and turgid penis, standing out from its nest of curly hairs, exposed out into the open, as four young men dip their heads between Wei Ying's spread thighs again and again, forcing the twitching organ to shudder and quiver with such delectable pleasure when hot friction, arousing wetness and hnngh-inducing suction rhythmically strike the defenceless meatstick too many times, too fast, too deep, that his pelvis starts to bend and bow in a telltale impending climax; he humps into each throat gratefully and spears as far as his jelly-like limbs would allow even in his sex-infused sleep, and then he stills; his hips shake and shudder uncontrollably, a series of muscular contractions run up and down his spine and lower body, molten liquid pressure fills his insides and rises higher, and higher, Wei Ying moans loudly in lucid dreaming and calls out Lan Zhan's name repeatedly in tandem with the pulses coursing through his bloodstream, his eyes open and shut partially, his jaws slack and his fingers and toes curl delightfully, his body arches, convulses, seizes, one, twice, thrice--

--the four servants release their victim and continue to play with the man's balls and prostate, while Lan Zhan "Mn"s in acknowledgement, then like a hawk, swoops down to swallow Wei Ying's wildly twitching hard-on - and the ensuing erupting creamy goodness, warm complex musky tastes, fifteen

excited ejaculations that burgeoned to twenty by a swirling tongue that knows very well of its spouse's weak spots and how to make every spurt count, and fingernails raking lines on the younger man's smooth buttocks in a primal display of ownership - that Wei Ying belongs only to Lan Zhan and no one else, after all.

The lovely blowjob continues until the sun has risen above the mists blanketing the mountains of the Cloud Recesses; Lan Zhan patiently bobs his head up and down, swallows repeatedly the increasingly tired, short-circuited, disturbed-in-sleep Wei Ying, who moans incomprehensible words and animal-like grunts, struggles and starts kicking away pillows, messing up sweat-soaked bedsheets stained with other bodily fluids because those four fingers were unrelenting in their quest to play with the prostate and other wonderful places inside the groin; tasty moans turning into cries for mercy, as the assaulted prostate is swiftly emptied in a quick succession of orgasmic explosions, and could only convulse continuously with nothing but copious amounts of transparent, seedless fluids to offer, and soon, even random sprays of pungent morning pee because the young man's bladder has lost its control from getting too much head, too much pleasure, that every over-excited nerve-end is scorched and electrocuted - Lan Zhan wrings out everything that his beloved can give, savouring the taste and smells of a man who eventually devolves into a mass of quivering, convulsing flesh whose sole purpose is to enjoy being pleased, to hump his hips blindly in the dark, and to squirt every last drop in gratitude, of hoarse cries and tasty growls in a bedroom with four soundproofed walls, because no words can describe how wonderful the man feels within his gone-to-heaven body dying from too many orgasms in span of an hour, reviving after the fifteenth, sometimes twentieth twitch each, because sex always invigorates, whether in wakefulness or in slumber.

7:00 am

The day has started, and Lan Zhan mourns the end of his mourning ritual. His hands play with Wei Ying's lifeless penis for a little while more, while he gives the beloved man sweet kisses flavoured with the latter's sexual fluids as a heartfelt thank-you gesture. Sweat-covered and panting Wei Ying lets out a loud string of farts because his belly is still shuddering from the earth-shattering aftershocks that continue to course through his veins. The servants remove all evidence of the ritual, including the acupuncture needles, then clean everything up, and give the sleeping former Yiling Patriarch a wipe-down with soap and warm bathwater.

A quick bath and a new set of pyjamas later, Lan Zhan leaves the Jingshi to run some daily errands. The servants can be seen doing laundry in the backyard and sweeping the verandah with straw brooms.

7:30 am

Wen Ning is already up and hard at work in the fields behind the Jingshi. He's a diligent man, and tries to take advantage of the longer daylight hours when Spring approaches. He has the tools stored in the shed, and plans drawn by his creator-cum-former master on what needs to be done, so he works quietly without disturbing others who may still be asleep. Si Zhui, who has been up since a couple of hours earlier, has been busy with house chores and laundry. If the weather permits, he helps out with Wen Ning on the lighter tasks, such as planting seedlings and clearing out unwanted winter grass or small rocks from the farm. A chicken coop housing birds and rabbits has been set up at the behest of Han Guang Jun (after being pestered by the man under his care), and Si Zhui is in charge of keeping the place clean, feeding the animals and replenishing their drinking stations.

Wei Ying nnnghs in a freshly made bed, dressed in clean clothes, and rolls around the king-sized mattress out of spite - the sunlight rays shine into his tightly-squeezed eyes and he curses whoever that forgot to pull the curtains. He slides a hand into his trousers out of (bad) habit and touches himself to relieve his imagined morning wood - then remembers belatedly that the doctor said that his sexual meridians were supposedly destroyed, so he wouldn't feel any sexual urges or even grow hard; he was declared impotent, to his utter disappointment. Strangely, his lower body tells him that everything's just fine, and in fact, he feels pleasantly emptied down there, and his spirits feel rather clear and light, good enough to start a new day on a positive note. Wei Ying curses his bad luck for missing out on the pleasures of masturbation, but thanks his body for being forgiving, and making him feel nice, even normal, in every daybreak without being haunted by the bodily need to release. He nnnghs again, smacks his lips (something tastes musky and strange in his palate), scratches his chest (something is swollen and feels itchy), and rolls over until his pleasantly (but strangely tired) hips catches his favourite purple pillow (that used to belong to Lan Zhan) - then snores.

7:45 am

Lan Zhan returns from foraging special herbs from the surrounding misty mountains, and carries packets of medicines bought from the local healers, some household goods from the morning market and other provisions needed by the Jingshi. The four servants bow respectfully to welcome the returning master of the house, and take the goods in.

The master of the house tip-toes into the bedroom to wish Wei Ying an affectionate, whispery 'Good morning, sleepyhead', with loving kisses on the latter's cheeks. Wei Ying nnnghs in disgruntlement at a sloppy sensation on his face, and turns away. Lan Zhan smoothly uses a forefinger and jabs - strikes - a special pressure point on Wei Ying's nape, and the latter is

stunned into unconsciousness instantly. Wei Ying gets a warm cuddle when Lan Zhan lies on the bed and embraces him from behind, with one hand gingerly moving down to caress the sleeping loins - it's time for a dessert.

The king-sized bed creaks rhythmically when Wei Ying is given a loving handjob with god-tiered sexual mastery; the younger man's hips tremble and shakes uncontrollably, very erratically, and very, very excitedly, as he pumps into Lan Zhan's sexy-licious hands and readily spills clear fluids with tendrils of creamy whites into a waiting bowl placed atop the bed. The man is milked again and again because Invisible Hands, Lips and Tongues swarm all over his genitals; there is only gentle oozing, hardly a sputtering ejaculation, hot, viscous dollops trickling down like fat, pregnant crystal-clear beads from the swollen and thoroughly abused cockslit; Lan Zhan polishes Wei Ying's very tired penis and forces the penile muscles to work overtime, and the prostate gland to empty itself until there is only vacuumed air left in it, in wonderful pulses of squeezezy, squelchy contractions.

He wishes Baby Wei Yings good mornings too, by kissing each testicle and giving them a good aerobics workout with plenty of feather-light caresses and vibrating lip-suckles, before pulling back the man's trousers. He pours the bowl of Wei Ying-flavoured goodness into a vial - a paltry few teaspoonfuls -, and pockets it for a mid-morning snack, later.

The servants continue their work in the Jingshi, unfazed at what goes on behind the bedroom's doors.

8:00 am

At this time, Jing Yi arrives - still bleary eyed - and struts around like a leader inspecting his troops. Lan Zhan compliments Jing Yi for the excellent service rendered by the four faithful servants - who are formally assigned to the boy's care -, and Jing Yi's chest puffs up with pride like a cockerel's. He starts showing off by telling the servants to do a better job, to be better Gusu Lans, to follow the footsteps of their leader and the great and marvellous Han Guang Jun, *et cetera ad nauseum* ; Lan Zhan smiles faintly at the boy's antics, before leaving again.

(Unbeknownst to many, the four men mysteriously appeared in the Cloud Recesses one fine day, and were inducted into Jing Yi's brand-new squad, just a day before he was ordered by Han Guang Jun to patrol a very specific and scenic riverbank beneath distinctly identified mountain cliffs. Lan Jia made clever excuses to distract and divert Jing Yi's attention so that the boy arrived at the precise location and time; Lan Yi who scouted ahead crushed a hidden cache of ripe beetroots on the slopes, then gently catches Wei Ying's fall at the pre-ordained moment; Lan Bing helped the older Lan Yi to drag an unconscious Wei Ying through a slurry of mossy ground and beet juice; Lan Ding conveniently prepared signal flares and Fairy Messenger spells behind his back, so that when Jing Yi cried in shock at the sight of a bloodied man on the riverside, an urgent call was made to the Cloud Recesses, and Han Guang Jun ordered Jing Yi to bring back the beloved man. All four technically unnamed Lans took all necessary measures to safeguard the secrecy of the search and rescue mission, including bashing up unfortunate fellow travellers who crossed their path - so that nobody else knew that the former Yiling Patriarch was actually still alive and well in a world that had considered him dead.

Jing Yi took the credit and was promoted, of course, and all is well from henceforth.)

Jing Yi walks with a skip in his steps on cloud nines with praises echoing inside his ears, and marches to the shed behind the Jingshi to invite Si Zhui and Wen Ning to a sumptuous breakfast. Everyone gets sect-sponsored buffet meals, three times a day, at the communal kitchens and dining halls although the fare is typical of Gusu Lan - mild, bland, mostly vegetarian or light on meats, with rice, noodles and soups that do not really fill one's stomach to the brim, but are good enough to last until the next mealtime. For extras, such as grilled chicken wings, mutton chops, beef skewers or fried fish, or even exotic or special dishes not found on the menu, one would have to fork out their own money and pay the kitchen to cook such foods. Jing Yi acts like the 'big brother' of the trio, and after getting a pat on the back from the eminent Han Guang Jun, he's likely to spend a bit more for his best buddy Si Zhui and their favourite fierce corpse-turned-guardian for night hunts, Wen Ning.

When Jing Yi meets up with Jin Ling in the dining halls with Si Zhui and Wen Ning in tow, they boys have a rowdy time catching up and planning the day's exciting events - either go adventuring outdoors or tag along with a patrol squad, if the weather is good, or play games indoors and practise their cultivation and other skills, if a storm is coming.

Wei Ying nnnghs, stretches, and furrows his brows at the brightening skies - wistfully, he wishes to have telekinesis powers to pull the curtains and shut out the annoying sunlight; he is too lazy to rise up and do it himself. He frowns again, noting that his little junior down there feels even more lifeless than before, despite the extra sleep. He swears that by now, he should've been more horny, now that the sun is up and his blood is pumping - he even humps on the purple pillow to test out the machinery of his genitals, but to no avail. He tries to play back memories of reading pornographic books or watching couples having hot sex in the bushes during his younger days, and he flutters his hips against the pillow like a real man would drill a lover's hole - but his penis refuses to respond, and his balls feel worryingly very, very empty. He curses his disability that has seemingly, cruelly cut off his sex life and castrated his twin jeweled eggs.

Wei Ying grumbles something incoherent and stops squirming against the abused pillow that smells of the man's privates. He simply rolls over to the other side and away from the glimmering window, his legs still wrapped around the beaten-up purple pillow - and snores.

8:30 am

Depending on luck, if the trio of boys have something up (and fun) in their sleeves that require Wei Ying's participation, they would barge into the Jingshi and drag the man out to start his day. If not, then Wei Ying is left blissfully curled up on the bed and he gets to indulge in his lazy lifestyle of sleeping in until eleven o' clock.

The Jingshi is in a perfect state of existence, with nary a speck of dust on the surfaces, nor a piece of decor or earthenware out of place, with every ink-brush and book properly stowed in drawers and cupboards to where they belong, and with every inch of wooden floor scrubbed and polished like the day the building was first constructed. A pot of tea and a claypot of softly bubbling herbal soup is left on the dying embers of a stove, in a kitchenette which makes up an annex located adjacent to the Jingshi. The servants leave the building to carry on with their daily duties as proper Gusu Lan disciples, and hope that the flavourful smells wafting into the bedroom would wake the man up, but Wei Ying continues to roll into another corner of the bed balled up like a cooked shrimp, and drools into the unfortunate purple pillow.

Lan Zhan, having relinquished his leadership role of the sect, has taken up a part-time teaching position in one of several schools in the Cloud Recesses.

The job keeps his mind sharp, and when teaching students swordplay and martial arts, maintains his body in excellent shape. Besides making himself useful to the sect, and that his great and marvellous presence continues to make waves amongst aspiring disciples, captivated youths and bedazzled teenage girls, he is able to supplement his income of sizable stipends paid to all members of the elite ruling class of the Gusu Lan housed within the city. It helps to pay the bills and for Wei Ying's medicines too.

10:00 am

It's the school's recess, and Lan Zhan has not a moment to lose. The vial is gladly emptied but it is not enough. He uses his undisclosed godly powers to teleport, sometimes to slow down the passage of Time, Create a distraction or even alter the Fate of some people, so that he has another chance to return to the Jingshi and spend some very high quality time with his beloved.

He smiles - wider this time - at the sight of an innocent, sleeping Wei Ying who refuses to wake up although golden sun filtering through the windows spotlights on his twin buttocks. Wei Ying loses his trousers and his springy ass gets plenty of love, molestation, kisses, gentle swats and nibbly bites. The chilled drafty air tickling his naked butt causes the man to nnngh in annoyance. Unsurprisingly, Wei Ying gets sexually assaulted, and he dreams of having warm calloused hands groping his body, of being crushed by a heavier man's weight, of sounds of heavy panting his ears, and worst of all, of his penis forcibly shoved into a spinning, oscillating fleshlight filled with delicious protrusions, tentacles, suckers and all sorts of bumps, friction-fraught textures, and naughty patterns drawn on the inside.

The whole spectacle turns into a nightmare of sorts, when he dreams of wandering aimlessly in his old home in the Lotus Pier, involuntarily leaking, sometimes spraying, pee onto the floor of the classroom in-between explosively pleasurable spurts, because his hips trembled non-stop from mind-blowing phantom sensations attacking his genitals with his foreskin peeled back; something hard and hollow invaded his cock, then pushed and pulled repeatedly along his irritated, swollen urethra, and he ejaculated everywhere like watering gardens with a dysfunctional hose, fifteen twitches each; someone seemed to be sucking on the straw stuck in his penis then playfully blowed bubbles of saliva into it, and his balls inflated then deflated like balloons filled with boy-juices, drained out, filled again; the tip of the straw inside his body morphed into a hand-like appendage, and it bloated in size until it enveloped his prostate gland with five warm, slimy fingers - Wei Ying cried in panic, and he watched in morbid fascination at an X-ray projection on the classroom blackboard, at how the ghastly inhuman and incorporeal fingers grasped and clenched his prostate like pumping a manual air-pump, then maddeningly, rolled the gland with the fingers against the palm like a ball of hard tanghulu candy; the sensations were terrifyingly good that poor Wei Ying thrashed helplessly in his nightmare; he kept cumming, peeing, was unwillingly sucked off, had foreign objects inserted into his tortured penis, and his prostate raped by ghostly fingers - to the amusement of his former classmates featured inside the nightmare, those terrible teenage bullies that he hated for life, who laughed and jeered at him for not being able to control his bodily urges.

Eventually, the nightmare fades away into a float-y, absolutely relaxing scenery of divine mountains, clouds and sheep, sprawling temples and pagodas, and calming chanting from unseen monks; having his body been drained again and again until he thought he was in a nirvana of sorts, and finally, feels lips ghosting on his cheeks like an unsettled, unfulfilling good-bye kiss.

(Lan Zhan nearly yields to his primal instincts and so desperately wants to shove his hips against Wei Ying's tasty buttocks; the natural desire to penetrate and fuck lovely Wei Ying into the mattress is great, though he holds back because he remembers that in this timeline, wild and untamed Wei Ying is a virgin who hasn't experienced any form of sexual intercourse yet; he wants to save the best for the last, and that Wei Ying's first time embodies the highest ideals of Perfection; he fantasizes of taking Wei Ying's virginity on a crimson coloured king-sized bed on the night of their blessed wedding, and the delicate rosebud that he'd have carefully moulded, shaped and made to fit him and for him only, shall finally bloom and receive his abundant love and virile seed.)

11:00 am

Wei Ying finally wakes up, thoroughly rested, yet feeling a little uneasy at the last bit with nightmares from the past, with very twisted things done unto him. Sometimes, it is Si Zhui who gets him up in bed, then serves the man a cup of tea and a bowl of nutritious herbal soup that had been simmering in the kitchenette to 'start' his day. The boys stop by to accompany the man still in his pyjamas and regale him with tales of their exciting, fun-filled morning - for instance, having caught jungle fowls from the forests or fishes from the river, having composed a new musical piece or discovered a new martial arts fighting technique, or making some interesting gadgets and trinkets to show the former genius-cum-inventor of sorts. The bedraggled man usually nods with plenty of yawns, and tries to shake off the last bit of sleepiness from his bones. He gets a bath, a nice grooming session, and dresses up with the help from the boys. By the time the sun is high in the middle of clear, frosty blue skies, Wen Ning has completed his farm work and will be eligible for a decent pay for his efforts. They all gather around, sometimes with snacks in hand, and spend good time with Wei Ying, in the comfort and warmth of the Jingshi.

11:30 am

School's out, and Lan Zhan hurries to a few other meetings, usually to discuss some internal sect matters with elders and council members of the Gusu Lan. Wei Ying had declared before that he has no interest in such things - and he didn't want to interfere in matters that were beyond his control, especially in his current weakened and pitiful state -, so Lan Zhan gets scot-free in making many important decisions without the need to consult his beloved soulmate.

12:30 pm

An hour after awakening, Wei Ying's stomach finally follows suit with earnest rumbles. He is eager to crawl out of the extremely attractive sleep-warmed bed filled with noisy boys and a cheerful fierce corpse. Depending on arrangements made using Fairy Messenger spells (which are precursors to the phonecalls of the modern era), the boys may or may not join Wei Ying for lunch.

In most cases, Lan Zhan returns with trays and baskets of food made exactly to Wei Ying's wishes, after having confirmed some details using the said Fairy Messenger spells. Wei Ying hobbles on his crutches to the middle dining room, where he greets his favourite man with hugs and rather unsightly pawing - he can't get enough of physical contact with *his* Han Guang Jun, and could hardly bear to part from the man for more than half a day -, and Lan Zhan reciprocates with plenty of cuddles and thinly-disguised groping and fondling as they maneuver carefully to the dining table - since Wei Ying's crippled legs were essentially like jelly sticks held up with crutches. Wei Ying enjoys being fed by his man by chopsticks, a spoon or even by hand.

Lunch - Wei Ying's first meal of the day - is a lively affair, when the younger man is wide awake and filled with energy, and a filling stomach. If the boys are around, he'd spend time talking to them until mealtime is over, in which the boys politely bid their good-byes and carry on with their day. Sometimes, Wei Ying wishes he was young again and strong enough to join them, but he resists complaining too much; he knows that in time, he could walk around the fields and inspect Wen Ning's handiwork, visit Si Zhui's shed to teach him some advanced night-hunting techniques, or follow Lan Zhan to the disciples' dormitories and check how Jin Ling and Jing Yi are doing (he knows that Lan Zhan will fuss over him and the distances that he trudges from the Jingshi, such as risking pneumonia from the wintry temperatures, or accidentally tripping over things and breaking some bones).

However, Wei Ying also knows that he should let the boys live their own lives and not become "that busybody uncle". So, he looks forward to spend a lazy afternoon in Lan Zhan's arms, meditating with his guqin music, perform some exercises or playful wrestling - that somehow devolves into naughty tickling, bites and pinching, heavy petting, and his favourite secret pastime, a brazen and coquettish request of "*Er gege , er gege , please play with my xiao didi ...*" then he gives various excuses such as needing some sex-ercise, while seductively wiggling his hips on the bed - which instantly riles up the older man and Lan Zhan makes sure to fondle Wei Ying's naughty bits until, to the young man's delight, his usual (though not so impressively endowed) over-five inch erection stands up proudly to attention.

Wei Ying feels loved, that Lan Zhan would indulge in all of his childish demands and naughty shenanigans unconditionally. He also feels loved, because, through practice and experience, he knows that only Lan Zhan can make him hard.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 138

1:00 pm

Lunch at the Lan's has always been a quiet affair, and on most days, there is no difference.

Everyone eats politely, maintains a respectable distance from one another, and follows proper dining etiquette fit for the scholarly and the elite; the eldest - which is usually Han Guang Jun, sometimes Ze Wu Jun or occasionally Master Lan Qi Ren if that reticent old man decides to pop by for an 'inspection into the state of affairs of the precious nephew and the family's tattered dignity' - is invited to start the meal, and the youngest - who are usually the trio of boys - eagerly serve the senior members by picking the greenest vegetables, the juiciest meats and fattest chicken drumsticks and wings for them, and place them in their bowl.

Wei Ying, for some unspoken but universally understood reason, is the exception - he is allowed to talk with his mouth full, sit with one leg on the chair, and gets dibs on the best portions by having Han Guang Jun serve to the younger man's whims and demands. The moment he verbalizes his wish for the choicest meaty cuts or a particular part of fish, it is gone before everyone's eyes because chopsticks-armed Han Guang Jun has a super-secret technique of blazing, lightning speeds to pick and place the requested portion perfectly into the middle of Wei Ying's bowl.

Conversation is allowed around the dining table if Master Lan Qi Ren or other elderly Lan members aren't around. For Han Guang Jun, having a little merriment whilst dining on healthy home-cooked food is perfectly

acceptable; in fact, he's been very generous in allowing more crude, but perfectly natural behaviours in the Jingshi ever since Wei Ying took up permanent residence in the Jingshi. When Wei Ying scrunches his face, tilts his hips to the side and takes aim towards Han Guang Jun, and then, lets out a barely audible fart while heartily chewing and talking to the boys, the older man smiles faintly in perfect acceptance of the creature comforts of having loved ones around under the same roof.

2:00 pm

It is a little after lunchtime, and the boys and Wen Ning decide to run off and carry on with their day after stopping by at the Jingshi for a wonderful meal prepared by Han Guang Jun. The Jingshi finally experiences a period of peace following the rowdy get-together, and all is fine within its interior chambers; the front door is finally closed and locked with a resounding 'click'.

The afternoon ritual starts when the four servants arrive to collect the used tableware and eating utensils, and they take some time clean the Jingshi too - the bed must be made again, the furniture wiped, the footprints on the floor mopped, the decor polished, and every inch must be swept with straw brooms, no less. Atop a new set of fresh sheets tucked to the edges of the bed, sun-dried blankets and cleaned pillows, two men engage with what could be termed as a post-meal affectionate cuddle; a wholesome act of enjoying each other's touch, embracing one another because Wei Ying simply cries out like a child "*bao bao* !" (抱抱!) with wide-open arms and Lan Zhan could never refuse such a lovely request, giving light massages, backrubs and gentle circles on the small of the back, and sharing soft whispers of 'How's your day' and 'What have you been up to'.

It doesn't take long for a "hug hug" (抱抱) to become a "touch touch" (摸摸), even with the servants shuffling about the room with their chores. Wei Ying had long suspected that those four men were no ordinary disciples raised in the Cloud Recesses, and probably hold very special roles by secretly serving Han Guang Jun while disguising as troopers under Jing Yi - the boy is too young to lead a squad and his incompetence glaringly shows when the troopers are doing things not sanctioned by their so-called leader - and Jing Yi is probably in the courtyards playing games with Si Zhui and Jin Ling without taking his role seriously.

Wei Ying isn't too concerned though, because when he's in the mood for Lan Zhan's "touch touch", he throws all caution into the wind and grasps the older man's hand. Slyly, with a coy wink or two, he pulls the hand down to his crotch and lures the latter by wiggling his hips to brazenly showcase his naked and hairy bush between the legs. Wei Ying gives various silly excuses, such as, " *Er gege* , before we start with meditation and rehabilitation exercises, I need some warm-up. I've been having some disturbing dreams since this morning, so maybe it's a good time for a play session to relieve my stress," then naughtily maneuvers the latter's fingers to wrap around his rising hard-on - a dark, reddening and swelling meatstick pulsing in anticipation; Wei Ying hadn't felt such excitement whilst awake since getting out of bed -, "Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan," and his voice becomes endearing, sugary sweet and needy, "*Gege*, please play with my penis? I want to be touch-touch'ed by your lovely big and muscular hands..."

Lan Zhan sighs. Wei Ying doesn't need to ask twice.

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“Ah... ahhnn... mmmh... hnngh... Lan Zhan... it feels so good... aahnn... Please be my girlfriend!”

Lan Zhan missed a breath and coughed, and his hand, which had been obediently stroking Wei Ying's cock until completion - a weak flutter of droopy, loose penile muscles, followed by tasty moans and just five lovely round droplets of diluted, watery white spewing out from the angry-red, swollen and brutally rubbed cockslit -, his hand stopped. Wei Ying whined in disappointment though his hips continued to pump into that marvellous fisted hand, but that changed when Lan Zhan instinctively squeezed the very tired, half-limp tube of flesh a bit too firmly, and the young man yelped.

The older man released his grip and glared at Wei Ying that screamed a one-worded “Preposterous!”, then scooted a bit further to the edge of the king-sized bed. Lan Zhan was topless and still had his pants on, unlike the other younger man who was totally in the nude - so Lan Zhan felt a little safe from the sudden, unexpected threat to be visualized, then described, as being of the inferior sex.

Wei Ying bent over and started rubbing his fingerprint-bruised cock. Lan Zhan offered an apologetic, but wordless slight bow of head.

After a few moments, Wei Ying had regained his composure. “It seems my penis wants to be played by you, and it can only grow hard from your touch. I tried to masturbate this morning, and in fact, every morning, but that never happens! My penis is head over heels for you, and so am I. Lan Zhan, I... I can't climax without you! So... please, be my girlfriend!” he attempted his proposal again, this time on his knees atop the bed, with shining sad-looking puppy eyes staring straight into the other, and he

grasped both the older man's hands together - never mind that they were covered with cum and other musky, smelly bodily juices.

"I'm a man, and it felt like part of me died when the doctor said that I could never become erect or have sex with someone. But... you, you're different! Lan Zhan! You're the only one that my body responds to... so, please, go out with me!" Wei Ying cried out and desperately wished for an affirmative answer from the person whom he considered as confidant, and soulmate - never mind that the servants were still milling about the Jingshi with straw brooms and mops, because they never raised their heads or eyebrows at the spectacle anyway.

Wei Ying crawled two steps forward, Lan Zhan backed off with two steps as well, until he teetered on the edge of the bed. The older man felt very embarrassed and looked away, although his hands held by Wei Ying's felt very, very warm, and he knew that his ear-lobes were on fire as well.

"It's... it's just a physiological reaction. With practice, with enough healing, your condition can be... mended," the older man stammered, anxious at the awkward atmosphere.

Wei Ying remained steadfast and unfazed, "But, it's true! Although it feels so good to be touched by you, that I can only cum in your hands... my heart swells with a lot of very, very nice feelings each time we're together! I keep thinking only about you all day! It's more than just a bodily reaction, Lan Zhan. It's so strange! I think it's... it's..."

The terrifying L-bomb word was never uttered, as Wei Ying was overcome with indescribable feelings and lustful thoughts, then leaned forward and forcefully kissed the older man's face. His cum-streaked hands started to paw hungrily at Lan Zhan's naked torso and tug on the drawstrings of the pants; and when they finally tipped over the edge and tumbled down from the bed, it looked every bit scandalous as a naked young, unruly naked man trying to rape a reluctant older man with his pants being ripped off against his will.

"Wei Ying... stop this! My... pants! You're just acting in the heat of the moment! Calm... down!" Lan Zhan was muffled when lips locked against his, and Wei Ying started writhing greedily against his body, exchanged heavy, panting breaths and a very noticeable boner poked at his pubes which then turned into a humping machine in no time. Lan Zhan was worried that defiant Wei Ying might injure himself, given his weakened state and the uncontrollable surge of lust boiling in the latter's veins, and he couldn't bear to push the desperate man away, lest he hurt the feeble body, knock into a bone or something, or worse, break his heart - so he quickly raised a forefinger and jabbed at a special spot on the about-to-be-rapist's nape, and Wei Ying collapsed into a grateful heap of post-lunch napping.

Noting that Wei Ying acted like a horny teenager - technically he was one trapped in a young man's body, after all - Lan Zhan sighed again and returned the man to the bed. He spread-eagled Wei Ying's boneless form and performed some super-secret diagnostics using his god-tiered powers. Wei Ying's body was thrumming with pent-up sexual energy that could find no release since all meridians had been destroyed - it was like pouring water into a series of pipes that had their openings blocked, so something would have to give way at some point in time.

Lan Zhan did not miss the opportunity to sample the sizzling sexiness of a naked Wei Ying buffet spread out wantonly on a clean bed, with a mighty

delicious-looking engorged arousal sticking up into the air; it twitched softly in tandem with the younger man's breathing, and swayed gently like a pendulum, even invitingly, beckoning Lan Zhan to have a taste. Twin eggs rise and fall, fast filling up with the sweet nectar that Lan Zhan knew he would have to - but willingly, even eagerly - empty out as soon as possible.

He knelt between the man's legs and lowered his head, diving in into the special treat repeatedly until Wei Ying was left moaning in his unconscious state, orgasming continuously, to the point where his loins were thoroughly drained, the penis finally numbed, limp and lifeless, the balls shrivelled into prunes, the lustful flames happily sated and put out, and he would suffer a miniscule amnesia so that the humiliating episode would be, hopefully, forgotten.

Lan Zhan wiped his mouth with his sleeve after putting on his robes, and burped politely. One of the servants handed him a handkerchief so that he wouldn't soil his clothes further with another man's cooled, ejaculated and slimy seed.

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Wei Ying yawned and dug himself deeper into a cocoon of Lan Zhan's firm body - there's a noticeable paunch too, which doubles as a wonderful cushion for the strangely aching back -, of sandalwood scent, and in the comfortable dimness of a bedroom with curtains actually pulled back, then turned to the side and nearly, unknowingly kissed a male nipple upon a bulging pectoral - and yawned again. A pair of strong, muscular arms embrace him - as always - sheltering the younger man and keeping him safe and warm, and they remain in this position for some time every afternoon.

Afternoons are a blur for Wei Ying, sometimes. He attributed the brain fog, gaps in his memory, and a rather sluggish state of awareness, to his broken body - which always felt pleasantly emptied whenever he's with Lan Zhan. He was told that his spine had been severed and he'd suffered from concussion amongst a long list of damages, that Lan Zhan gathered the best doctors and surgeons, to treat his ragdoll-like body for seven days and seven nights, used up buckets of blood stolen from the medicine halls which left the chief shamans furious, emptied many cupboards filled with pills, dried herbs, pastes and other treatments despite protests from the local apothecaries, and even rummaged the entire Library Pavillion for curative recipes until the librarians lodged formal complaints against him--

-- Is it true, Lan Zhan? That you had to kneel while holding whipping bamboo sticks in front of your uncle's home for three consecutive nights while I was still out cold and recuperating in the Jingshi? Jing Yi mentioned being heartbroken at watching you punish yourself like that, to seek forgiveness for the troubles that you... no, I caused," Wei Ying murmured and his fingers drew circles on the older man's bulging belly absently, lost in his own thoughts.

Lan Zhan, whose own fingers had gone on their own to twirl Wei Ying's hair into braids, stilled. He hummed a bit while trying to recall what exactly had happened, and said, "Mn. I had released the Cries of the Red Clouds when we were sure you were safe within the Cloud Recesses. The elders didn't like the alarming bloody glow upon the city, but I needed to convene the extraordinary meeting. I announced my resignation as Chief Cultivator, and renounced my role and rights as the second-in-line heir to the sect. The message got through to those who needed to hear it, although I was punished later because my uncle was furious."

Wei Ying frowned and fretted, guilt clearing eating his conscience. He looked up and was a little taken aback when he realized that Lan Zhan had been gazing at him the whole time - soft golden-tinged eyes that seemed to stare straight into his heart and soul, captivating his full attention and drew out his innermost thoughts and feelings. There was no remorse or regret in his handsome face, only satisfaction that he believed he'd done the right thing.

“Even Ze Wu Jun too? I heard from the servants that he ran out of the forests in panic that night, thus cutting short his self-imposed exile, because that special red flare was supposed to be used only when grave danger befalls upon the city. Si Zhui gave examples based on what he remembered from his lessons, such as when the city is under siege by powerful enemies, or if there is imminent disaster due to raging fires or floods.”

Lan Zhan nods with another “Mn”, and lowers his head to give a sweet kiss on Wei Ying’s forehead - although they are not formally bound by romantic ties, the level of intimacy between them is astounding, even for the younger man. Wei Ying kept guessing what Lan Zhan’s affectionate acts meant, but he couldn’t figure out if it was just a brotherly “like” or the other, more daunting L-bomb word. Having given up on deciphering the discreet man, Wei Ying merely giggled in amusement, and from the tender gestures that Lan Zhan loved to shower on him. The fingers on his hair started to massage his scalp, and Wei Ying began to feel a little drowsy with little pinpricks of fission running through his cottony consciousness.

“It worked in the end. That’s all that matters,” Lan Zhan replied with a resolute but calm voice, followed by another kiss on the exposed shell of an ear - more giggles ensued -, “My brother received the full explanation directly from me, and he gave some thought to my requests. He agreed to take over and start off as the new Sect Leader. He refused the Chief Cultivator seat for reasons related to his principles - he was adamant that a

fair trial, such as tournaments and polls, should be held to consider his candidacy. My uncle was mad at the loss for our sect, but at that point, neither of us really cared. I have you, Wei Ying, and my brother gained a newer, greater purpose in life other than drowning in his sorrows of the lost past.”

Wei Ying tilted his chin upward and stretched a bit - nnn....gh - then smiled brightly, “Wow! What did you say to your brother to elicit such a huge turnaround response? I remembered watching him becoming depressed, losing appetite and even wandering around listlessly in the days after the ruined Guanyin Temple was cleared.”

Lan Zhan simply placed a forefinger on Wei Ying’s lips to indicate that it was a secret that could not be revealed. Wei Ying let it go - he’d learnt since long ago that some things in life are best left buried or inconclusive. Another heavy question lingered in the air.

“Are you really sure about your decision? By dropping everything to take care of me for the rest of your life, means you’re no more than a lowly commoner living precariously in the comforts of the rich and powerful ruling Lan family. If you drew the ire of someone, or if some person holds a grudge against you, things can go south very quickly with little or no help from your family. I mean... I... it’s not like I’m insisting that you stay with me, but... you know, I sometimes feel kinda... kind of... err... I’m not in a position to say anything either, and I’m now just a cripple--”

Wei Ying was gently silenced with a kiss that replaced where the forefinger was - his words melted into a passionate exchange of sensitive lips and tongue, and he closed his eyes and mmmhs into the molten heated, and quite erotic contact.

The four forgotten servants filed out of the bedroom quietly, having completed their afternoon cleaning tasks, and in deference to their true master's wishes, they closed the doors on their way out.

4:00 pm

The best way to keep Wei Ying's mind off the gutter - not necessarily dirty things - is to keep his body busy.

“Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, not so hard please... If you do it too roughly, I'm afraid the juice will squirt out and all that'll be left is saggy skin and leftover pulp!” Wei Ying chortled obnoxiously and tried to push the invasive hands away, as the older man patiently massaged his breasts in wide, circular kneading motions. He bucked and curled with laughter when his ticklish ribs were gently attacked with meaty finger pads that pressed a little too hard on his sensitive (and screaming) tickle-nerves. The windows were closed to prevent snow and the cold from getting in, and thus, he could make as much noise as he wanted without disturbing the relatively quiet neighbourhood. (Also, he didn't want Wen Ning to fly all the way from the shed and find the couple in a state of nudity with hands pawing on each other.)

The younger man was informed that according to the medical texts in the Library Pavillion - of which the sources were never quoted nor shown to him -, he needed a lot of massages to recover his strength, though the manner in which the treatment was carried out was dubious at most. Wei Ying didn't question how he was molested multiple times daily by his saviour - still confidant and the most trusted person in his life -, how the

man's thick, calloused fingers would glide, knead and rub everywhere - even his ticklish armpits and groin areas, and his most intimate parts were not spared -, or how sometimes, suspicious methods were employed to stretch and relax the muscles and glands, so that "slowly, budding meridians may sprout and take root like newborn plant seedlings in the garden... someday."

"Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, don't pinch, bite and suck my nipples so hard! You're not a baby anymore, and I have no milk to give... Ha ha ha... Aaahhnn!" Wei Ying was a riot of cries and squeals, of kicking and punching limbs, on a messy bed of tangled bedsheets and pillows; he thought they were playing another game to keep off the afternoon cabin fever, and to give his heart a nice cardio workout after a nice and filling lunch, so the man was having a blast. Lan Zhan's vague explanation of "removing toxins using lips specially enchanted with magic found in the ancient texts from the Library Pavillion" didn't hold water, but it was all fun and games in a visceral sense, and Wei Ying enjoyed some contact sports with the *er gongzi* too.

"Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, my breasts are swollen, my nipples are puffed up because you attack them like this every single day! Plus, I look a little curvy and soft from the lack of exercise, and my complexion is quite fair and smooth from the lack of sunshine and from all the good food you've been feeding me... In fact, if I didn't shave off all these body and facial hair, someone could mistaken me for a maiden instead! You're a terrible man, groping me wildly when I look like this!... Ah ha ha ha!"

Lan Zhan growled in annoyance, and shifted his position so that Wei Ying was pinned down by his wrists to the bed surrounded by a nest of pillows. The older man started to pepper bruising kisses and hard nibbles from the chest to the collar bones, upwards the pale slender throat and along the jawline - the stubbles did not faze him one bit. From afar, it looked like Wei

Ying was being raped, with Lan Zhan pressing down on his spread-eagled body - but never crushing the smaller man - and settled between his legs. Wei Ying laughed again and again like a boy engaged in play-wrestling, and even mischievously crossed and locked his legs around Lan Zhan's hips to draw the latter's crotch against his. Lan Zhan grunted at the touch and grind very, very sensuously, and firmly, in a counterattack, which delighted Wei Ying in many ways and sparked something deeper, fiercer, more primal, more lustful within him.

Outside the Jingshi, the late Winter and early Spring sun was setting. Fortunately the curtains are tightly closed, though if one tried to peek from a near distance, there are silhouettes moving very vigorously in the gaps between windowsill and curtain cloths, and strange, animalistic but muted sounds flowing through the cracks in the wooden walls.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 139

5:00 pm

By the time the sun dipped below the horizon, Wei Ying had completed his daily physical routines, including massages, meditation and if the weather wasn't too blizzardy, a quick walk around the vicinity of Jingshi. He suspected that his spotty memory tended to miss out on some 'other' activities, because he always ended up feeling more tired, drained and emptied than expected - in many inexplicable but pleasant ways; also, it *feels* as though his waking hours - especially lively afternoons - last way, way longer than he believes, and are filled with so much more thrilling events than what he initially thinks. He blames his forgetfulness, caused by the damage done to his brain that affected his attention span and his ability to retain at least three out of possibly thirty things accomplished over the course of the day, and he has an inkling that Lan Zhan has a hand in it.

(Of course, thirty is just about right, including mind-blowing and salacious, but consensual acts more aptly described in racy erotica that probably doesn't need further elaboration in this narrative.)

Having nothing else to do but to wait for his second meal of the day - dinner - when temperatures in the Cloud Recesses plummeted in the dark, Wei Ying resorted to teasing, sometimes flirting, with his girl, or rather, boyfriend in the confines of their shared love nest, or rather, bedroom.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, since when did you grow so fat? You were so slim, handsome, and muscular before, and had a bodybuilder's six-packs during

the end of Summer. But look at you now, at the precipice towards Spring, you look like you've gained the weight of a young pig around your waist!"

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, is that a hairless spot at the top of your scalp? Ah, your hair's thinning around the hairline too, you're starting to show the typical male pattern baldness! Did you shave your hair just to make that moustache and beard on your face, or are you turning into a macho daddy at the shockingly young age of mid-thirties?"

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan.... aah! Don't yank at my balls and twist like that! It hurts... oww!"

The older man paced inside the Jingshi and tried his best to place his order to the kitchens using a Fairy Messenger spell - a precursor of ordering food through the phone -, because snow had fallen and he didn't want to walk through the ice and get his robes (and food) chilled and wet; also, secretly, he was quite used to modern conveniences he'd experienced in the previous timelines. The spell was a godsend, and he was fortunate that at least one of the four servants that he was most accustomed to, was near the communal kitchens at that time; food could be ordered from the chefs, picked-up and delivered to the doorsteps. Wei Ying's incessant teasing - a sign of boredom - was irritating at most, and disruptive to his crucial conversation to the servant - because he dictated how exactly he wanted the braised pork to be cooked, how long the fish needed to be steamed, and how many drizzles of soy sauce goes into the stir-fried tofu and vegetables. A quick tug between Wei Ying's inner thighs was all it took to silence the man for a minute - easy, immediate, and accessible at all times, when they played an amusing game of going pantless inside Han Guang Jun's den of sleazy indecency.

Lan Zhan taught Wei Ying some ways to redirect the latter's burgeoning frustrations and lusts, lethally combined with boredom and sense of being disabled, helplessness and in despair, that could find no productive outlet and risked overwhelming the younger man's well-being - by staying youthful, juvenile, naughty, and given a free rein on how obscene or vulgar he wanted to be. Soon, careless words can be spoken when the two were alone in the building, offending touches are allowed, and walking around pantless or naked, and then wrestling, grappling, making risqué gestures and pawing at one another, is perfectly fine. Wei Ying was allowed to play with, and granted full rights and access to the personal playground named Han Guang Jun, and vice versa.

So, it wasn't a surprise when they spend hours trying to snatch each other's penises, swipe a molesting touch at the other's dangling hairy balls, sneak a pinch at a defenceless puffy nipple, ambushed with a vicious pluck on a stray curly pubic hair that grew out at an odd angle, or jab a finger or two into buttocks when least expected (and Wei Ying has a bad habit of getting a whiff from his victorious finger after scoring a hit, then wrinkle his nose in disgust, just to ruffle the old man's feathers and for good ol' boyish fun). Lan Zhan was mindful that if he accidentally triggered Wei Ying's switches and turned him on into a horny wild beast in heat, he could always send a two-finger stab to the back of the neck and send the latter to sleep for a few minutes, which rewinds his memories a little so that they can continue from where they left off, in proper - with or without a wonderful comatosed quickie blowjob in between.

In any case, Lan Zhan succeeded in making an order of a five-course meal for two, plus a pot of *pu'er* tea, to be delivered at a specified time. By the time the amber fluff of light dissipated to signal the end of the call, Wei Ying was back in action and grabbed the older man's privates in retaliation. Lan Zhan hnngh'ed once, but he didn't collapse in shock or run helter-skelter from the bold attempt at outraging his modesty (because he's so used to it, and had done it, and been done, in the past timelines); he simply walked away to another chamber in the Jingshi, with a giggling Wei Ying

tagging along from behind, still stroking the stubborn boner to full hardness.

After Lan Zhan took out a recent copy of the Cultivation Times magazine from his bookshelf, the tables were turned when he swatted away Wei Ying's pre-cum lubricated hand and took charge of the situation. He nudged the younger man towards the bedroom, where he intended to read the magazine to pass the time, and his hand never left an increasingly vexed and alarmed Wei Ying's crotch. As soon as they stumbled through the bedroom's entrance, Wei Ying ahhnn'd loudly, jerked his hips into the air three times, legs shaking like real jelly and his back arched, eyes rolled to the back and his jaw slacked, his face locked in a weird half-yawn, half-snarl, half-laugh, and his wildly twitching, angry-red, glistening, bulbous penis spilled teaspoons of watery, whitish milk onto the floor. Lan Zhan secretly lapped up the tasty snack from his coated hand, before resuming his warfare against the unrepentant man.

Later, Lan Zhan relaxed and leaned into the pillows with Wei Ying by his side, one hand continued to knead and massage the dying (again) strained, desperately throbbing over-sensitive meatstick organ, the other languidly flipping through the pages of the magazine, Wei Ying groaning like an incoherent animal struggling on the bedsheets with weakly flailing limbs, begging for mercy, for a breath of air, for not murdering his searing-hot and burnt-red arousal, kept leaking and sputtering pearl-like crystal-clear droplets like a mini fountain gone mad, at the same time, Wei Ying sang incomprehensible praises for the man to have made him cum, that only a girlfriend could achieve, and it felt so heavenly to orgasm into Lan Zhan's hand repeatedly that it hurts, hurts his hypersensitive quivering *xiao ji ji* so much, and so, he pleaded Lan Zhan again and again, to date him, to be his girl, to marry him soon and be his *lao po* - and Lan Zhan promptly snorted in disdain, then sent a two-finger stab close to the man's Adam's Apple to shut him down for a bit, before rebooting the obnoxious pervert back to life.

(To Wei Ying's conscious mind, he still hadn't cummed once since waking up in the Jingshi, and he's always been desperate to find that Special Someone who could get him to ejaculate and free his babymakers. The quest... continues.)

6:00 pm

Dinner is another quiet affair at the Lan's, unless they have guests over. The trio of boys and Wen Ning join them sometimes, though when it gets dark and temperatures dip to subzero, each pair prefer to stay in and have their meals in the comfort of their own homes - Si Zhui and Wen Ning, Jing Yi and Jin Ling -, while keeping in touch using Fairy Messenger spells, sometimes a mischievous Paperman passing letters and messages around - whatever that sparks fun and joy to the boys during the dreary nightfall.

Wei Ying has Lan Zhan all to himself, and he takes full advantage of Lan Zhan's kindness, generosity and affection for him; he gets hand-fed with appetizers, main courses of steaming-hot meats and vegetables, soups, congee and freshly cut fruits. Post-dinner mutual belly rubs are one of Wei Ying's favourite activities; while Lan Zhan has noble and therapeutic intentions to aid the younger man's impaired digestion (a string of loud, rude burps from Wei Ying is strangely comforting too), Wei Ying is delighted to be entertained with molesting the older man's love handles, playfully jiggling them, sticking finger-tips or tongue-tips into the deep fleshy navel, then rub his abdomen against Lan Zhan's impetuously for personal amusement - he loves to watch how layers of wiggling flab measure against his bony-thin, sunken and scarred tummy.

7:00 pm

The four servants arrive with a large wooden tub of hot water, and Wei Ying uses his excuse of wanting the hot bath to remain naked (or pantless) around the Jingshi - the servants pay no heed to his antics, because their loyalties lie with Lan Zhan's spoken orders. As the couple soak in the tub together, the servants take away the used dining trays and tableware, and scrub clean the interior of Jingshi for the third time that day.

With filled bellies and dimming lights, the men are less likely to engage in physical activities compared to the roughhouse-filled afternoon. Lan Zhan takes the opportunity in the lull to review the next day's teaching material for his part-time job and grade the students' reports. Wei Ying too, lends a hand in marking some papers - and he's actually quite the astute examiner and mentor, when he is serious in his work - and writes some useful and out-of-the-box answers in the corners with a red ink-brush, so that when the students receive their marked papers, they also learn from an unnamed assistant-teacher that, for instance, during life-saving situations, a piece of ordinary rice paper could be used as a makeshift but functional talisman if one applies the correct mythical words and chants, however being mindful that such acts are unsanctioned and prohibited by the Grand Cultivation Council, and therefore students are strongly advised not to leave any tell-tale evidence of such misuse of magic in broad daylight.

Wei Ying also practises his flute - a new handmade one gifted by none other than the man sharing the same wooden bathtub as him - to strengthen his lungs. Progress is slow, but steady - within a few months, he is able to play a few passages at one go without succumbing into fits of hacking coughs, and he hopes to be able to play a duet with Lan Zhan when the seasons change and the flowers fully bloom. The couple leave the bathtub when their limbs are pruny and nicely warmed up in the freezing wintry night. Lan Zhan makes sure to dry Wei Ying properly, comb his hair, and dress him up in (one of many sets of) pyjamas for the rest of the evening. They continue to spend some productive time together, whether reading,

performing stretching or light exercises, admiring the silvery moonlight from the window, or simply talking about plans for the 'morrow, then share sweet nothings while gazing lovingly into each other's eyes and cuddling up with one another in the lounge chair of the front room, with a bowl of stove-warmed herbal soup or plates of mildly sugary desserts for supper in the middle dining room, or simply, lying on blankets arranged on the floor of the study room at the back *ala* camping indoors.

8:30 pm

Everything is perfect within the Jingshi - everything has been cleaned and arranged to where they belong. Wei Ying is already fast falling asleep on the king-sized bed despite his protests that he wanted to stay up late - because his days feel really, really short -, but he is easily defeated by four pairs of hands gently attacking the soles of his feet in circular presses, and other toe-curlingly marvellous shapes, pressures and motions. The wonderful reflexology miracle, multiplied by the abilities of four well-concealed grandmasters of bodily pleasures and relaxation, leaves the younger man breathless, at the edge of slumber. The killing blow is dealt when Lan Zhan kisses the man's cheeks to wish him good-night to the latter's consternation, and with Wei Ying's head atop his lap, he gives the younger man the most perfect ear-cleaning session ever. As soon as the well-worn bamboo earpick erotically and pleasurably assaults the ear canal in circles, squares, stars and other organic and mind-blowingly delicious shapes, the same as how his feet and legs are being unravelled, undone and conquered by the four servants, Wei Ying finally snores.

Rituals are meant to be repeated, until perfection is achieved along with the desired results. The morning ritual is requested of the servants, and soon, four pairs of hands begin to sexually massage Wei Yings defenceless, naked body on the bed. He doesn't stop orgasming until close to midnight, and Lan Zhan continues to busy himself with his usual, mundane pastimes -

such as catching up on more reading, flipping through the classified section in the periodicals to look for more worthwhile jobs in Gusu, practising his cultivation indoors, making a couple of private Fairy Messenger calls as necessary, work on his artisanal skills including painting and calligraphy, altering the passage of time so that he can actually get some real work done - he still has his godly role to fulfill, and he teleports in and out of the Jingshi as needed; of course, he stops by every few minutes to check on Wei Ying's peacefully sleeping form, and makes sure that every single last drop of ejaculate, no matter how liquid-y or pee-pungent, is properly extracted, savoured then swallowed, and that the bed remains spotless throughout the night.

Due to the time-altering effects, by nine o' clock (which has been rewound from midnight, but it's hard to tell because the man kept going back and forth in Time to run his godly errands), Lan Zhan completes his list of daily tasks in the Mortal Realm and in other worlds, and is able to slip into the bed unnoticed by a tremendously sated, drooling young man at the side whose hips continue to jerk sporadically from powerful aftershocks. The lights in the Jingshi are out at exactly the time stipulated by the Lan's family rules for bedtime.

All is well at the Lan *er gongzi* 's home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 140

Ordinary people always ask, “What happened to you?” or “What will you do?”, necessitating some defensive responses, such as, “I was born this way”, “A boulder fell on me when the first snowstorms hit and scarred my face, and my limbs aren’t working as well as they used to”, and “I don’t have any future... the people of the Cloud Recesses are kind enough to take me in, so I’ll think of a way to repay everyone and stay on.” He didn’t like questions related to the past and future, because it always meant - or at least felt - that he was explicitly, sometimes outright accusingly, blamed for his own prior misfortunes and whatever baggage burdened his shoulders, and forced to come up with a patchwork of commitments that he couldn’t promise that he’d follow through. Wei Wuxian was supposed to be a man of carefree existence, born to run in the wild, soar to the highest heights and dive to the deepest depths of Man’s limits - he lives in the now, the present, the today; he is not weighed down by the yesterdays, and he shouldn’t need to worry about the tomorrows.

Thus, Wei Ying kept mostly to the trio of boys and Wen Ning, who understood him a whole lot more than the rest of the residents of the Cloud Recesses, even when he regained the ability to move around almost normally; with a half-mask on the face to conceal his true identity (it looks like the one he wore when he first woke up in the Mo village not too long ago) because a handful of Lan disciples remembered a particular Wei *gongzi* walking through the hallways around the end of last summer; and a walking cane which immensely helped him amble his way around the neighbourhood and trek through some gardens to reach the front gates (and he could walk no further, as he does not carry the necessary Jade Token that allow him entry or exit from the city). The rich and genteel turn up their noses at the handicapped man whenever he approached them, because he dressed like a peasant and was sometimes smudged with mud; the kind and friendly politely greet him and sometimes exchange a few words about the nice Spring weather; the housewives particularly take a liking to his sweet charming words peppered with praise for the beauty of flowers and females

- and reward him with candies or whatever they were cooking in their kitchens at that time; the children, especially the mischievous bratty kids, love to bully him by tripping him and stealing his walking cane, and tease him about the so-called ugly mask - Wei Ying would swing his fists in frustration and immediately call out the boys' naughty deeds, and in the spirit of the Gusu Lans' rules and to the boys' chagrin, the little 'uns are forced to admit their wrongdoing to their mothers and received spanks on their buttocks in broad daylight, to Wei Ying's amusement.

Wei Ying sighed every time he stood outside the Jingshi - the air was chilly and fresh, but it wasn't as frosty as before, and he has freedom to explore and exercise his limbs better than compared to being cooped up inside the building all day. Wen Ning had laid the foundation to the piece of land behind the Jingshi during the last few weeks of winter, and by Spring, it was filled with neatly-arranged rows of thriving seedlings. The trio and their fierce corpse had started the new year with a new mission in life - to spend more time together and explore the world as a quartet, to help those in need and to rid the world of evil (at that point, Wei Ying had to applaud their bravado); they started to conduct night-hunts at dawn and dusk, make their own plans and traps, and sometimes camp out overnight when travelling to further village in search of undead creatures to exorcise and earn their own pocket money. The farm was increasingly left to the four servants who were unofficially ditched by their leader, because Jing Yi thought they were rather cowardly when they discouraged him from sneaking outside past nine o' clock at night to hunt down more dangerous, and rewarding undead prey. Wei Ying felt a little lonely, which he tried to make up each time the boys visited the Jingshi for a convenient meal, but that too, happened quite sparingly as the days lengthen, and entered into the full swing of Spring.

In the fields, Wei Ying didn't need to put on his mask, and he could act naturally without worry of being found out. The servants tended to the lotus pond filled with fish, a barnyard where goats, chickens and rabbits lived, and the farm grown with vegetables and fruiting plants. Wei Ying did a little

shovelling, but a twinge on the back muscle forced him to hand the tool to one of the servants, and he decided to help weed one patch of the land; he could at least squat under the shade of large mountaintop trees and use his fingers to pluck the errant plants. He entertained himself by sticking stones and twigs into anthills, flip over beetles and watch them wriggle helplessly upside down, capture caterpillars and then dropping them into the pond of ravenous fish (he tried not to imagine that he'd be eating those same fish who ate the icky hairy caterpillars in a few months' time), and generally had good fun getting rid of pests.

"Wei *gongzi* sure looks to be having a good time," a gentle voice said from behind him.

"Enn!" Wei Ying replied without turning around - he knew who it was, and there was no cause for concern at all -, "*Er ge* is teaching at the school, and I've been waking up early to no one in an empty Jingshi, since the sun is so bright at seven," he picked up a stick in which he'd skewered a pesky snail, and tried to feed it to the rabbits near the chicken coop. Naturally, the rabbits hopped away with disgust when the slimy morsel was shoved to their whiskers, and continued to munch on fresh grass and chopped vegetables laid on the ground by one of the servants. "There's plenty to play in the outdoors, compared to staring at the four walls all day during wintertime, and I'm served with warm home-cooked meals at least three times a day. Of course I'm having a good time," Wei Ying added, and finally turned to the side and beamed a wide grin.

Ze Wu Jun took a few steps forward and crouched besides Wei Ying. He picked up a slice of carrot and calmly lifted it up to the animals; immediately, perhaps because the tall man radiated with such a tranquil and benevolent aura, two rabbits, one black and one white, immediately skipped towards him and started to nibble without hesitation. Even a few fuzzy

yellow chicks peeped with interest and started to crowd around the hem of his robes.

“Eehhh, that’s not fair! They never do that to me,” Wei Ying cried out in disappointment, “Those two always kept a safe distance and refused to be held by me. They run away each time I get closer, but they’re fine when *er ge* picks them up by hand or when the servants feed them.” Ze Wu Jun smiled in response but didn’t reply to the man’s complaints of (mis)handling animals. “It must be because you’re such a marvellous Sect Leader that even the animals pay their respects to you and willingly eat out of your hands!” the younger man said with a cheerful, but thinly veiled sly tone.

Ze Wu Jun had known Wei Ying for a long time, and the tricks the man can play on others to earn favours. He merely reached into his robe and pulled out a brown paper bag, which revealed a stick of candied fruit wedges - and Wei Ying wooted with glee; he hadn’t eaten many street snacks since staying inside the Jingshi, partly because Lan Zhan forbade such unhealthy treats from the grounds of his home. The taller man waved the stick invitingly with a knowing smile, and Wei Ying didn’t need to say ‘please’; he proceeded to open his jaws wide and bite into the first candied fruit at the end of the stick - mandarin orange. One jovial munch of a mouthful of citrus coated with caramel sugar and bursts of refreshing zesty, tangy sweetness, and Wei Ying mmmh-mmmh’d with absolutely delight.

“Xi Chen *da ge* , you really know the way to a man’s heart! You’re such a wonderful *da ge* ! Lan Zhan never bought any of these for me, he’s such a pompous stuck up stinge!” the spoiled man (brat) remarked in between hearty crunchy chews.

Lan Xi Chen barked out a polite laugh. “Wei Ying,” he addressed the younger man affectionately with his birth name, “Remember, one of the rules around here is that you shouldn’t say bad things behind one’s back,” which promptly shut up Wei Ying and he winced before breaking into an apologetic grin, “Ah... Lan Zhan’s a fabulous cook though he’s very strict about my diet. He’s a great person for taking care of me... I mean, you’re great too! I’m eternally grateful to you, Sect Leader, for accepting me and allowing me to take shelter within this beautiful sanctuary while hiding my identity from the rest of the world!” He quickly gave a curt bow with folded hands at the front, and Xi Chen had to place a palm over to wordlessly tell him, It’s okay, It’s alright.

As Ze Wu Jun fed the animals and Wei Ying (somehow, they ended up with Xi Chen holding up the stick of candied fruits, and Wei Ying deftly pluck one morsel after the other with his mouth - the next one was honeydew melon, followed by an apple wedge), the older man explained that since before daybreak, he’d taken Lil’ Apple down the mountains with a cart of metal ores mined from the caves near the Cloud Recesses, and travelled to Caiyi Town to meet some merchants. “It was tough to negotiate with the *laoban* to barter for grains in a noisy teahouse full of patrons having their having breakfasts, but we managed to return by the time the sun is high in the sky, with a cartload of wheat and rice sacks,” he sighed tiredly, “Then, I had to attend to some sect matters without a break, and just when I was headed towards the textile factory that makes our distinctive white robes, Wang Ji called and asked me to check on you, to make sure that you’ve woken up from sleep” and he gave a sheepish grin - probably on behalf of his overzealous worrywart younger brother.

Wei Ying clicked his tongue irately, “Ahh, that man... he shouldn’t have troubled you, because I’ve been a good boy and waking up by sunrise... but more importantly, *da ge*, why did you trade a cart of metals for an equal volume in grains? The whole thing would’ve been worth at least three times as much in food value!” he exclaimed in exasperation. Xi Chen was caught off-guard by the younger man’s comments - he thought he’d receive a

gentle lashing about his busy schedule, or an empathetic pat on the back for helping out his sibling - and paused to think.

“.... three... times?”

“Of course!” Wei Ying swung his arms in the air impatiently and chewed the chunk of honeydew even faster, “Back during my teenage years in the Lotus Pier, I helped my foster father to deal with shrewd businessmen, miserly merchants and fraudsters and tricksters who anchored their ships at the Great Lakes to seek great fortunes in Yunmeng’s lush and rich valleys. Since Jiang Cheng was too young, I was tasked to check the quality of their goods, memorize their prices, gather intelligence of what commodities are in high or low demand, and source vital information on trade from reading periodicals to befriending friendly suppliers and gossip in teahouses. That was pretty much how Lotus Pier rose into a hub for commerce in the inlands of the Great Lakes waterway system. Every astute trader knows that you can drive hard bargains with metals, because they’re non-perishable and can be forged in valuable tools and weapons, as compared to, say, farm produce that can only last in the shelves for mere weeks!”

Xi Chen’s eyes went wide with amazement at the revelation, and Wei Ying grimaced an “auuugh!” to the skies in regret at the Gusu Lans’ massive loss due to the failure of their fledgling leader.

Wei Ying used his fingers to pull out the final apple wedge from the stick and almost *swallowed* it whole in his dismay. He grabbed and shook - with extraordinary strength - at Ze Wu Jun’s collar - sticky fingers be damned - and insisted that he should follow the latter the next time the older man intends to travel and trade his people’s blood, sweat and tears for a decent amount of goods, commodities and food.

“At the very least, *da ge* , I will make sure Lil’ Apple’s efforts will be worth its time. That donkey is a helluva beast to persuade to carry *anything* , let alone pull a cart or two!” Wei Ying’s toothy grin was unmistakably convincing, and Lan Xi Chen had to sigh loudly with a nod. He did have a hard time pulling the reins of the errant equine uphill with the grains, after all.

“Mmm. Alright, let me discuss with Wang Ji about this,” he finally said. He reached for Wei Ying’s walking cane to signal the man that they’ll *both* need to make a short trip away from the Jingshi for a while. “Perhaps you can help me appraise the value of our factory’s textiles and fabrics, which I’m planning to sell next week to exchange for more food; our inventory is running low since there has been no replenishment during winter. You’d do a superb service for the Gusu Lan sect if you could help.

And... I bought quite a number of street snacks from Caiyi Town while I was there in the morning, and left them in my sect office. I’m sure I *cannot* finish everything, and it’ll be such a waste to give them away,” he added, with a gentle, knowing wink.

Wei Ying became a very, very happy man.

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(Continued from the first chapter of the arc...)

Life in the Cloud Recesses for Wei Ying needn't be lonesome as the height of Spring approaches and as an exam season kicks in - thus keeping Lan Zhan rather busy -, even with the gradual loss of the company of his favourite trio of boys and his old pal Wen Ning. Ze Wu Jun, whom he fondly calls ' *da ge* ' - because he tried it once, that man never flinched or showed any signs of disgust, and he'd stuck to it ever since, also, it felt pretty good to have an elder *shixiong* for once since he'd always been the most senior in the Jiang family - has been making visits to the Jingshi several times a week, whether to have a quiet meal with his younger brother's family (of sorts - accordingly, at least from the eyes of the ruling class of the sect, Lan Zhan is appointed as the legal guardian for Wei Ying, Si Zhui, Wen Ning, and partly, Jing Yi and the servants; Jin Ling is placed under Xi Chen's care after the buttock-revealing disgrace the boy had to endure in the tournament), to discuss about the sect's internal matters or family-related decisions (in which Wei Ying acts to be disinterested in, but in all likelihood, he is eavesdropping the front meeting room whilst lying in bed), or enter unannounced to innocently 'check on the two' and catches them play-wrestling in bed, sometimes without a shirt or a pair of pants on. Xi Chen never batted an eyelid at their intimate, affectionate shenanigans in Jingshi or in the bedroom, hardly raised an eyebrow whenever Wei Ying held Lan Zhan's hand in front of his eyes, or ever questioned the younger brother why he kept feeding Wei Ying by hand and with his own chopsticks. Wei Ying surmised that Lan Zhan must have told Xi Chen *da ge* something far-fetched, impactful and monumental that fundamentally altered the man's perception of their relationship, that the young refugee (really, Wei Ying is one) has been easily accepted into the folds of the ruling Lan family in the Cloud Recesses.

Wei Ying is grateful for Ze Wu Jun's help, in letting him stay and maintain his concealed identity - he also never pried into Wei Ying's past and circumstances, and treated Wei Ying very well. Due to the grave injuries from the cliff fall, he was no longer a practitioner of the Dark Arts, let alone in cultivation and in martial arts - Wei Wuxian, now more commonly known plainly as Wei Ying, is an ordinary, flawed, weak and magic-less man whose body had sustained wounds and was deemed crippled, relied on

others for his personal and bodily needs, and clung onto the one and only man who still cared for him in this cruel, merciless world, Han Guang Jun, sheltered within the fortress-like walls of the Cloud Recesses. Lan Zhan was a busy man, especially in the mornings when he taught disciples the art of becoming perfect Gusu Lan men, so fortunately, his older brother, who was technically even busier as the Sect Leader, was around in case Wei Ying needed some back-up support.

By Spring, Wei Ying had generally regained his strength and solid footing on the ground, and returned to his humblest roots to become a carefree simple folk, temporarily residing in the Cloud Recesses and under the protection of the Twin Jades of Gusu Lan. He also gained some notoriety from the less savoury descriptions given by nosy neighbours, because Jing Yi didn't do a perfect job to keep prying eyes away:

A lazy freeloader in Han Guang Jun's Jingshi room, because he never did any chores to earn his stay - the four servants kept everything in good shape and order;

A spoiled rotten child since servants did all the housework and cleaning, so he was always babied, and unknowingly, stripped of his adult status - people have heard the great and marvellous Han Guang Jun treat a masked Wei Ying like one, such as calling the latter ' *baobei* ', patting the man's head, holding his hand while crossing the street, carrying stuff for the man, and so on;

A terrorizing farmer, when some people witnessed Wei Ying giving harsh instructions to slave-like Wen Ning on where to dig the irrigation ditches or plant the seeds, and worse, some livestock animals actually went missing and were later found behind the Jingshi for unknown reasons. It was

rumoured that chickens, ducks, goats and rabbits were kidnapped from other residents' backyard farms; suspicion fell on Wen Ning at first, because some people thought that the pale but well-built man wasn't an ordinary human being who dared to work in the dead of the winter wearing only a thin layer of rags with swanky-looking chains - but a decree from Ze Wu Jun silenced the naysayers; some out-of-court settlements were made, and the rule of 'not saying bad things behind one's back' was enacted in proper.

(In actual fact, Wei Ying was indirectly the culprit, because he insisted for a jar of Emperor Smiles to go with his dinner when the two were alone and dined with candlelights, and Han Guang Jun relented to pander to the spoiled child (man)'s whims. Later, the *er gongzi* was seen stumbling around clumsily, dead drunk, and stealing livestock from his neighbours to satisfy the kept man's unreasonable demands to start a ridiculous-sounding enterprise of selling eggs and meats - anyway, the neighbours were hushed up with money from the Lan family's coffers.)

An outrageous daredevil (measured by Gusu Lan standards) who befriended and flirted with young girls and housewives using cheesy, sweet words, then started bartering with uncles and aunties for 'equipment' using his sweet charming words as currency - and sometimes, he'd sell off little trinkets, pottery and insignificant decor from the Jingshi in exchange for more substantial 'equipment'. Soon, one corner of Jingshi had to be carved out as a workspace for Wei Ying's ill-gotten, accumulated trash, which consisted mostly of half-completed projects, plans, tools, spare parts, broken things that could be fixed but there was no commitment as to when, and so on - a small mountain of 'stuff' that was festering and growing adjacent to the Jingshi was testament to that claim;

An accomplished craftsman who foraged nearby forests for materials while he was unsupervised (read: when Lan Zhan wasn't looking), and then made

good use of the ‘equipment’ he’d earned from the neighbours, to make sellable stone and woodwork, tinkered with metal scraps salvaged the local iron forges and blacksmiths, create little gadgets and other improvements to household goods found within the Jingshi; soon, he weaved gorgeous and durable but premium-priced baskets, crafted pretty shiny accessories that ladies would pay exorbitant prices for, made decorative pottery, sculptured stone figurines, and even turned a straw broom into a deadly staff with an extendable chained head armed with awesome-looking hidden spikes carved with lotus, dragons and phoenixes - an instant sell-out which fighters would be dazzled and would pay high prices too.

Well, at least that was what Wei Ying would like to believe, and pen down into his autobiography which he was still (and will always be) working on, except that, the latter half of that story was pure bullshit, and a pathetic attempt at glorifying himself at the expense of others, to say the least.

“I did not steal goats. They’re obviously too bulky and they make too much noise when carried off the ground,” Lan Zhan seemed unperturbed as he refuted the claim.

Wei Ying stared at him, appalled by what he implied in what *wasn't* said, but he let that one slide. He simply grunted in agreement, and used the ink-brush to cross out a sentence from a stack of drafts; he’d found plenty of empty rice paper notebooks and decided to lay his hands on a few to start writing his own version of his life story, post-ending credits, so to speak.

“Actually, I’ve been keeping the neighbours out of the fenced grounds, so there shouldn’t be any gossip about what you’ve been doing in the Jingshi. If anything, it’s probably what people *outside* of the neighbourhood say that you’ve been hearing. Wei *gongzi*, I’ve warned you many times, you need to

always keep your mask on when you walk into crowded areas such as the morning markets, the school, the factories, the mines, or the office complexes,” Jing Yi added another nail to the coffin of what could’ve been an intriguing, mystifying and best-selling book that aired the Gusu Lans’ dirty laundry out in the open. Wei Ying huffed indignantly and made more crosses and circles on his drafts - he would need to make more corrections and re-write, later.

“ *Gongzi* , we aren’t leaving you; it’s just that we’ve been going out more often now that the snow is beginning to melt and the roads are opening up, to raise funds for the community, forage for edibles, track down more powerful monsters and hunt for treasures that could be useful for our cause. Why, just last week, the juniors defeated a Bat *yaoguai* in a cave below the city, and following the information gleaned from the Library Pavillion about undiscovered magical armaments, we found an ancient, abandoned armoury filled with enchanted armour and weapons that the ancestors of the Gusu Lan had left for their descendents, but was buried and forgotten over the passage of time!” Wei Ning was super-excited with his adventures now that he no longer needed to work in the farms all day, and Wei Ying was green with envy at how his creation was enjoying life much more than its former master. He growled with an upset ‘hmp!’ and made more notes to the sides of the pieces of paper; there were plenty of wonderful adventures that the boys and their fierce corpse encountered daily, and his one-dimensional bland biography filled with a braggart's skepticism and sarcasm, of false finger-pointing and wild speculation, and of self-deprecating humour and sometimes, offending remarks about other individuals, merely proved the point that his life was indeed, plainly put, boring and lonesome these days.

“Other than the part about my butt-bearing defeat in the tournament that needs to be deleted... Is that what the pile of scrap metal and wood outside the building really is? Did Wei *gongzi* really sell off things in the Jingshi and created that bunch of stuff out there, that is purported to hold great value? Where’s this amazing straw broom that can kill with a single blow?”

Jin Ling was even more super-excited at the prospects of finding more treasures within the Cloud Recesses, and craned his neck to look out the window at that said chaotic pile of trash. Nearly everyone tsk-tsk'ed at the boy simultaneously; Jin Ling is such a naive and innocent child, after all.

“Everyone, Wei *gongzi* is writing a book to pass the time and fulfil his own personal fantasies. There shouldn't be any pressure for him to keep to the facts or to write passages about events that do not involve or interest him. It's called 'fiction', so please, let him be and let's support his endeavour!” the cognizant and empathic Si Zhui gently chastised the others on the dining table, and clapped his hands twice to call for their attention. They were supposed to enjoy a lunch prepared by the trio of boys inside the Jingshi in an early Spring mid-day; Wen Ning had just finished some farm work and ate everything in his bowl with finger-licking satisfaction, and somehow in his tired and overindulgent state, carelessly ended up asking about the progress of Wei Ying's writing - leading up to the raucous protest (or, list of corrections) by the same individuals who were written inside the drafts without their prior consent.

“Y... Yeah! These days, I just want to have good sleep, good food, good companionship, and a good way to pass the time. It's all very simple, really - the joys of pursuing the simple things in life, including writing nonsense for my personal amusement... t-that's what it's all about!” Wei Ying added to the rebuke, although there was really no need to be overly defensive about his intentions and actions. He was already a free man and needn't care about the criticisms from others.

Everyone shrugged and couldn't be bothered to argue back, because Si Zhui's lotus root pork rib soup was super-excellent. Soon, the middle dining room of the Jingshi was once again filled with agreeable mmmh-mmmhs and greedy slurps.

Lan Zhan looked nothing out of the ordinary and finished his bowl of soup a little sooner than the rest.

Ze Wu Jun was hyper-aware of his younger brother's emotional state. He put down his half-finished bowl and turned to the side.

“You didn't steal any goats, Wang Ji. You merely borrowed one for a night, and the next morning, I brought it back to its owner,” Lan Xi Chen murmured with a low, barely audible whisper.

“Didn't steal.”

Xi Chen smiled and knew the younger sibling all too well. Whenever Lan Zhan reverted to his two-worded phrases, it meant he was deep in contemplation, riled up in all seriousness, or wasn't quite his usual self.

“Mmm. I know. You didn't. Now shouldn't you go for seconds? There's still a lot left in the soup pot,” the taller man gestured towards the middle of the dining table. He had a long, angsty discussion with the poker-faced sibling (who didn't look or sound angsty, but Xi Chen knew too well how Lan Zhan portrayed his angst, concerns and distress), but in the end, the Sect Leader managed to persuade Lan Zhan to loosen his leash and let Wei Ying travel out of the Cloud Recesses a bit, strictly for business purposes, of course; the next cartload of minerals was due for sale in the coming few days, and the sect may be able to open up new trade routes by establishing a supply line with the province of Yunmeng made of fine white silk (which is of superior quality than ordinary silk textiles), mountain bamboo products

(in the hands of talented artisans, they sell well), jars of mountain springwater (with claims such as boosting one's immunity and prolonging one's lifespan), tools, accessories and souvenirs fashioned out of metal and precious stones (of which there is high demand from low-lying settlements around the Great Lakes, such as Lotus Pier - someone would have to convince Sect Leader Jiang Wanyin to agree to the trade and open up the money-laden floodgates for merchants), and even herbs and wild vegetables from the highlands (which are exotic and if properly marketed, can fetch good prices from interested buyers); all of these crazy but realistically believable ideas came from Wei Ying, of course, and Lan Xi Chen is more than happy to capitalize on it, because he hasn't had any praiseworthy ways of earning money for the sect since he took the reins from his younger brother.

“Wang Ji?” Xi Chen asked again and cocked his head, curious but unalarmed - Lan Zhan did have a habit of overthinking sometimes, to the point of inaction; the older brother again, knows that very well.

Lan Zhan gave a faint disgruntled snort, “Didn't steal”, louder this time so that everyone, especially Wei Ying, could hear his final standing. The man raised his empty bowl, and Si Zhui respectfully, and eagerly refilled it with the flavourful brownish broth topped with a few slices of softened and firm lotus roots and chunks of melt-in-your-mouth fatty pork meat.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 141

While the four servants cleaned the middle dining room, everyone moved to the largest front meeting chamber of the Jingshi. With the boys staying over after the sumptuous meal, the meeting chamber became a warzone, at least to the house owner's standards - the furniture had been rearranged without his consent, chairs of all shapes and sizes were grouped messily to where the boys wanted to sit, and according to how they wanted to sit, tables were moved so their positions no longer followed to where they belong, supposedly along certain gridline patterns formed on the wooden floor (thus, breaking the feng shui, if any), and even decor pieces were taken off the shelves because they boys were curious and wanted to take a closer look - and weren't returned to their proper places. Still, Lan Zhan was able to take deep breaths and keep his sanity, because Wei Ying was beside him and that was what mattered most. Wei Ying still looked dishevelled despite Si Zhui's best efforts to comb his hair and tie the robes - he barely rose out of bed before lunch, after all -, and he busied himself by flipping through disorderly piles of paper on a desk that had been dragged out from the study room.

Lan Zhan muttered something about "in every timeline, there is always a constant - that the name of Wei Wuxian will always drop into obscurity after the events of the Guanyin temple, and the name of Lan Wang Ji shall follow suit - fates intertwined as confidants (and even soulmates) to one another - thus, the publishing of such a voluminous piece of written literature will garner little interest from the greater public, and at most, become a legendary sales flop and relegated to the dusty shelves of libraries that would be buried by the sands of time". The trio of boys were already busy exchanging excited conversations about the afternoon plans and didn't catch his words; Wen Ning hung around in the background and tried to make himself look useful (or busy) by serving tea and plates of roasted peanuts, so he missed what Lan Zhan said; and Lan Xi Chen's interest prickled with intrigue; he grabbed a handful of nuts and leaned closer. Wei Ying merely scratched his head since he couldn't fathom what the older man

meant, though it sounded rather offensive that he'd be forgotten by the masses, and already, the flames that buoyed his aspirations as a young writer had been put out by ice-cold water.

With arms flung into the air with a loud "Ahh, I give up!", fickle-minded Wei Ying ditched the idea of publishing his fictional biography after lunch, barely a week after the idea was conceived and he already had some drafts to show. The whole thing was shelved, along with his previous suggestions of setting up an enterprise to sell organic eggs and antibiotic-free meat from the farm behind the Jingshi, or a workshop to make magic-less amulets, charms, gadgets and (fake, useless, but swanky-looking) talismans - the pile of trash that Jin Ling pointed out earlier was proof that he tinkered with the concepts of becoming his own *laoban*, as amongst the mountain of *stuff* there were half-constructed models of three-tiered chicken coops, partially completed farming equipment, unused sets of carving and sculpting tools, prototypes of fancy but gaudy-looking trinkets, and stacks of talismans made from cheap rice paper stolen from Lan Zhan's personal stash of calligraphy-grade parchments (of note, Wei Ying tried to dye the paper with yellow turmeric powder stolen from the kitchens, though the resulting talismans looked fake as hell.)

Then, out of the blue, Si Zhui politely asked from the corner where the trio mingled and had in-depth discussions of *something*, in which Jing Yi and Jin Ling started hissing at him to stop seeking outsiders' view (and that caught Wei Ying's attention, of course), "Wei *gongzi*, Wei *gongzi*, what do you think? Since we'll be joining the next trip down the mountains to sell some Gusu Lan goods, we wanted to contribute some things, in some way, to pay back the generosity of the people of the Cloud Recesses who've treated us so kindly during winter.

Jing Yi thinks he could bring along the magical armours and weapons that we found in the Bat cave last week, and make a quick buck in Caiyi Town,

since the equipment seemed a little too big and heavy for anyone in the Cloud Recesses to wear. Our ancestors must have been brawny, large-sized cavemen! The value of the powerful magical enchantments could probably be four times of normal finely-crafted equipment.

Jin Ling is fascinated by the idea of a straw broom with a hidden, detachable spiked head that can double as a perfect assassin's weapon of choice. He's good with making bow and arrows, and he wants to try dabbling in weaponizing everyday items, which he thinks will sell well since many adventurers gather in that town in search of quests and treasures."

Si Zhui had to raise a hand and keep his feet planted firmly on the floor, when he was pummeled by fists - in a light-hearted manner - by the other two red-faced boys for having their secret discussions divulged in front of the Twin Jades of Gusu Lan, one of whom is the highly respectable Sect Leader. He continued to elaborate the crux of the issue.

"Do you think this is wise? I spent a few months after summer in Caiyi Town, and noticed that there are already quite a number of blacksmiths and weapon stores with booming businesses. They probably boast better-sized armaments and have more interesting products on display, so I'm a bit uncertain if their ideas would sell. We don't even know what kind of adventurers usually walk into the shops to browse for goods, or what kind of monsters they intend to fight--"

Wen Ning finally had a chance to interject and he held up two plates to the air to grab everyone's attention, "Enn! I followed A-Yuan closely and we explored quite a fair bit of Caiyi and the other towns in the Cai district. There are plenty of farms in the vicinity, but none that grows peanuts; there

are plenty of teahouses that we've patronized, and all of them serve every other nut except for these peanuts! In fact, I think these good-quality peanuts from Lanling, near Shandong, would be hot ticket items in teahouses, restaurants and most eateries in town!" He even popped one from a plate and gave it a hearty crunch to demonstrate to everyone in the room how fresh and aromatic the snack was.

At that point, Jing Yi wrinkled his eyebrows in disdain at the extremely mundane proposal, "Who the heck would want to sell peanuts to teahouses and earn silvers, when we can sell plate armours, shields, broadswords and spears to other sects' headquarters and famous weapon stores, and earn gold ingots?"

Jin Ling didn't like how his awesome transformed straw broom was seamlessly dismissed by the two former Wens of their group, especially by food, "Y-Yeah! I used to eat those kinds of peanuts everyday in my hometown, and there's nothing extraordinary about them! A broom that makes people bite the dust is worth a hundred... no, a thousand times more than a peanut! Yeah, this... err... Dustless Broom that I will invent, will earn tons of profits more than mere dusty, dirty peanuts!"

The entire talk about peanuts versus weapons was becoming ridiculous, and Sect Leader Lan Xi Chen struggled to keep a straight face, but ended up choking and coughing into his cup of *pu'er* tea; one of the servants quickly handed him a handkerchief. Lan Zhan, however, had other things in his mind. He was deep in thought and considered what the boys and Wen Ning said. He tapped his fingers on the surface of a table in the meeting chamber, in harmony with his clothed feet on the teakwood floor. "Market research..." he muttered.

Wei Ying jumped from his seat excitedly and nearly fell because his crippled legs couldn't hold his weight, and he had to steady himself against the chair's armrest. Lan Zhan was by his side almost instantly. "Of course, we need market research!" the young twentysomething exclaimed with a clap of hands and promptly stole his soulmate's idea (right next to him, no less), "Everyone has a point, but they don't add up!"

"What do you mean, Wei gongzi?" Jing Yi asked.

"Well, it's true that magical armour and weapons that you find from your treasure hunts, and straw broom and other crazy inventions that you make, will certainly be worth a lot," he started, and both Jing Yi and Jin Ling suddenly sported smug looks, "Also, I'm not disregarding simplistic, but still profitable ideas of selling peanuts or other agricultural produce to put food on our tables," and Wen Ning grinned adorably at being acknowledged for his contribution, "But Si Zhui has a good point that we all need to consider - what do the customers in Caiyi Town really want?"

Jin Ling's eyes went wide with amazement, though not necessarily an enlightened one. "Customers...?" he murmured, dazed.

"Yes! Customers are kings, and customers are always right!" Wei Ying cheerfully rounded up his foreword to a topic he had long held interest in, but never quite had the right audience until then, and immediately launched into what would, in another timeline, be an incredible sales pitch to introduce a then-unpublished idea-cum-commercial, finance and literary-wonder titled "Wei Ying's A wesome S elling Skills", which is more aptly known by its acronym - the A.S.S.

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Wei Ying lectured in length about the importance to find out what people would want to buy, and what the Cloud Recesses could offer as an equal trading partner - one of the basic tenets of the principle of supply and demand. They should make one, or a few visits to the Cai district and anywhere else where their target market resided, and survey the population. “You should have on hand some prototypes, samples or miniature models, and show them what *you think* they would like to see, buy and use, using words that *you think* they would like to hear. By the end of the day, you’ll have a better of grasp of what will sell, what wouldn’t, and what taglines or advertising jingles to go along when you finally mass produce the products and go to the streets for sell-outs!” he waved his hands in wide, sweeping arcs, and impressed upon the band of bright-eyed young boys and Wen Ning. Even Ze Wu Jun seemed interested, judging from the way he sat on the seat’s edge and gripped the sides of the abused furniture in anticipation of receiving the holy grail of How-To-Sell sermons.

Then, he described how they could dive in and capture a slice of the market from the competitors - colloquially known as a ‘pie’ or its locally flavoured version, *cong you bing* (葱油饼; scallion pancakes) -, expand the pancake’s size and have a bigger bite out of it - by adding more varieties to capture a wider demographic of customers, for example -, or create an entirely new pancake for themselves - by innovating and inventing completely new products that people didn’t know they need, until then. They could sell the products by themselves, hire some (cheap, affordable internal labour) disciples from the Cloud Recesses, or establish distributorships, engaging third parties to promote and market in places beyond their reach, or other contractual arrangements.

“However, we must be careful not to become too influential, too famous or too powerful that the Imperial Court may see us as forming a monopoly or a

cartel with a handful of allied merchants! The taxman will come after us, jealous competitors will falsely complain about our heavy-handed ways of running the business, or worst of all, the Emperor may take a liking to a successful venture and force us to hand it over to the Imperial Court!” he warned, citing corruption and antitrust laws that had been designed since 2000 B.C. in the Middle Kingdom.

The talk veered into the area of how to set up and run an enterprising business, including advertising and promotion, and collaboration - even collusion - with allied traders. Wei Ying went on to describe how to first get people’s buy-in to try - once they’ve snared the first wave of customers, they should try to get the word out by mouth, by posters, by street announcers, and by tie-ins with other merchants and their products and services.

“Running a business is like surviving, then thriving, in a complex but perfectly natural ecosystem. You want to dominate the rest, but you should really co-exist with the big boys, climb up to the top of the food chain, and earn bigger returns in as many spaces as possible - which should be your main goal. You can use discounts, free gifts and all sorts sales tactics to snare a good bargain and a better deal, but you should never engage in price wars too extensively, otherwise, everyone loses once your unique product offerings become mere cheap, indistinguishable commodities to the customers,” he explained using awe-inspiring concepts that bedazzled the jaw-dropped young ‘uns.

“Wei *gongzi* ! Magics ‘R Us is a large franchise that specializes in selling enchantments and magically-imbued weapons... I know the owners of the store in Caiyi, so perhaps I can discuss with them and forge a trading alliance. I can enroll into its genuine suppliers programme for supplying magical treasures solely out of the districts surrounding the Cloud Recesses... that way, I can make sure that the treasures found around here

have ready buyers and at good prices. If I can get my friends to help out, and keep the supply of treasures coming, eventually, the high-quality and powerful relics of the Cloud Recesses will be famous throughout the entire country with the widespread influence of Magics ‘R Us!” Jing Yi was the first to offer his insights after sitting through an hour of Wei Ying’s lessons about the A.S.S.

“That’s right, Jing Yi. You don’t have to keep making one-time sales in Caiyi Town - you can make it a sustainable, long-term business venture with your downlines! Bring on the sales of the Gusu Lans’ greatest treasures!” Wei Ying winked and gave the boy a thumbs-up, paired with a sparkly million-dollar smile that would surely capture the hearts of anyone being lured into a sleazy pyramid scheme, a Ponzi scheme or their ilk. Ze Wu Jun raised an eyebrow at the statement that sounded wrong on so many levels, and for the second time, choked and coughed into his cup of tea. He had to excuse himself and run to a corner of the meeting chamber to clear his throat, as he didn’t want to look and sound too impolite in a room full of young, creative minds. The hapless servant with the handkerchief followed him.

Jin Ling refused to be outsmarted by his peers. “Umm... Wei *gongzi* !” he shouted and raised his hands desperately (and very competitively) for unnecessary reasons, “I... I have another suggestion! I could approach blacksmiths and sundry shop owners with my Dustless Broom idea! They know their customers, and can give out samples for them to try - if there is a demand, I’ll not only be able to sell to fighters and assassins, but also housewives and street cleaners too! I’m good at making weapons and can start a weapons forge team here in the Cloud Recesses!” and he stood tall with arms on his hips with great pride at his smartass-ery.

Wei Ying hesitated before giving the boy a well-deserved thumbs up and a half-a-million dollar grin, “Er... Yes, that’s an excellent idea too! Good job

thinking that one up! Make sure you conduct a proper field trial, because we should confirm that the users know how to handle the brooms. If the idea flies, I'll teach you how to draw up a business plan to address any... err... customer and safety concerns... before carrying out the mass production, okay?" Jin Ling nodded energetically, since he'd been given the blessings from the A.S.S. master, and the prospect of receiving personal training boosted his confidence. Ze Wu Jun had taken another peanut and upon hearing the horrific proposal, his breath hitched and the peanut went down the windpipe. Violent, racking cough ensued in that corner of the room, and the servant patted his back in the hopes of getting the offending peanut out.

Lan Zhan had, in theory, read, heard and worshipped the entire A.S.S. theory in a past timeline, so he didn't need to see to the end of the repetitive, and rather silly conversation. Instead, he stood up and went to see to his brother's condition. Right on the dot, the servant dashed to the kitchenette of the Jingshi to fetch a jug of cooled water.

Wen Ning was adamant that his peanut idea would still work in the face of awesome weapons. Peanuts were, as everyone knew, plain foodstuff commodities that merchants can easily buy in abundant amounts from elsewhere, if there was a business interest - but there wasn't, really, since there were so many other types of nuts around typically found in teahouses; therefore, his peanut idea wouldn't command any special attention from customers - unless with discounts and other forms of bargains.

"Wei... Wei *gongzi* !" Wen Ning jumped and waved his hand from behind, because despite his height, people tended to ignore his rather dead-ish presence. Wei Ying gestured at him to speak up. "Umm... if... if the weapons and other items sell well, why not add the peanuts as free gifts or bonuses to the merchants and their customers? You said... err... 'a bang for your buck', right? Let's use peanuts to entice them to buy from us! They're

cheap to grow and roast, and I've already planted hundreds of peanut seedlings in the farm behind the Jingshi... so there'll probably be mountains of peanuts by the time harvest season rolls in!" Wen Ning pointed at one of the windows towards the farm; indeed, the fierce corpse had planted countless vegetation and crops at the end of Winter, and who knew what alternative treasures would sprout out from the piece of tranquil, ploughed land.

Wei Ying had been so enamoured with the boys' crazy ideas involving fancy killer weapons that it took him a full minute to reverse his gears back to the topic of peanuts. He cocked his head and gave the fierce corpse a curious glance, wordlessly asking 'Explain' and 'What do you mean'.

Wen Ning proudly listed down some examples, "Err... like, how that aunty in the morning market gives free extra vegetables if we bought a sack of potatoes... so, let's say, for each sword sold, we'll give two bags of peanuts at no extra cost!" He quickly grabbed Jin Ling's sheathed Suihua off the floor and held it up high, then raised a couple of plates of roasted peanuts beneath it near the hilt to illustrate the offering.

Immediately the boys snickered and started to cackle like juveniles exchanging dirty jokes with one another. The imagery was rather vulgar, with the sword pointing towards the ceiling, and two bunches of peanuts rolling around in their plates underneath it.

"W-What's so funny? The peanuts I grow will be big, so the customer gets two huge bags of hard-shelled, and very large tasty juicy nuts!" He jiggled the plates temptingly, but that only incited the boys to start losing their balance on their chairs and soon, they started to roll on the floor with crazy

laughter. Si Zhui was grinning from ear to ear too, and promptly asked Wen Ning to put everything down, lest he embarrass himself further.

Wei Ying gleefully joined the boys on the floor because he has a dirty mind too. Lan Zhan calmly and patiently pounded his older brother's back, because apparently, after spitting out the offending peanut, Ze Wu Jun took a grateful sip of refreshingly palate-cleansing water, and choked again in the dark corner of the Jingshi.

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“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, the boys will be taking their first real trip out of the Cloud Recesses in recent months, I feel so excited for them! Not only are they starting new adventures for the new year, but they're also entrepreneurs in the making with plenty of ideas for prospering the Gusu Lan sect!”

“Mn.”

“I'll also have the chance to tag along, with your brother's permission, to make sure that we engage in proper negotiations in favour of your sect. I feel really good about being appointed as an advisor of sorts, it really boosts my confidence despite my physical condition. In fact, I'm very excited about this chance to walk through towns and cities and meet more people, I might even unknowingly ditch the walking cane halfway! Ha ha ha!”

“Mn. You do not need to worry, Wei Ying. I will be by your side during the trip.”

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, you’ll always carve a walking stick out of bamboo, just like in the past, when you made bamboo flutes on the go, just for me, right?”

“Mn. Always for you, Wei Ying.”

“Ahhh... why must you reply like that! It feels as though you’re flirting with me. I’m blushing even though we’re alone in the Jingshi, since everyone left after the afternoon snack... Oh! Lan Zhan, I need a new identity since I can’t walk around and introduce myself as Wei Wuxian... the former Yiling Patriarch! Someone out there could hold a grudge against me and go after my back!”

“Mn. You should wear the mask but use a new name. Business owners and merchants are more willing to talk if they know how to address the person properly.”

“That’s right! So... I should stick to the Lan surname to avoid any suspicion, since I’ll be wearing white like the rest of you, and travelling with the group from the Gusu Lan sect. Ah... Lan... Wu Xian? No, no, that’s too obvious. Lan... Wei Ying? That sounds a bit girlish. In fact, it almost feels like I’ve been married into your family and have taken your family’s name! Ha ha ha!”

“... it... sounds lovely. Very lovely.”

“Lan... Lian Hua? Lan... Hua Lian? No, no, I should avoid using the Lotus flower as part of my name, it is too telling because lotus does not typically grow in the mountains of Gusu.”

“As long as you use the Lan family name, I am... very happy... and satisfied.”

“Err... Lan... Wang Xian? Does that work? It mixes our names a bit, and it sounds quite easy to the tongue for pronunciation.”

“... Wei Ying, that name is... reserved. Please use another.”

“Eh? Reserved? You mean, like, for your future son or daughter? Ha ha! Alright, let’s see...”

“Mn. It would be a nice name for a baby.”

“Huh... for a baby, you say. I wonder when you’ll get married and have a child! In a month? A year? In ten years? Ha ha ha...”

“Mn. It does not matter. When I get married, and have a child with my spouse, it is perfectly fine.”

“Lan Zhan! Stop looking weirdly at me, did you drink something strange just now? Your face is a little red all of the sudden... I must’ve pressed the wrong hot buttons in you with that joke... Ha ha ha! Anyway... Lan... Wu Ji? How does that sound?”

“Mn. It is good.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 142

(This was written after a long hiatus, so expect that some things will go missing, be changed without reason, or made up on the fly. Mind you, Wei Ying loves surprises, and Lan Zhan doesn't mind playing God in their world to pander to his beloved's whims :-)

Wei Ying is as bratty and whiny, as he is as bold and witty. The order, however, is inconsequential, because these qualities equally define and encompass his irksome personality.

It was supposed to be a typical dinner for two - including a bit of mischief right before the one and only main course. Since the boys and the rest of the group were busy with their own evening plans, it was decided that Lan Zhan and the significant other could have an ensemble of dishes that didn't take up the entire surface of a dining table, for once. The master of the house ordered - rather, he brought from the kitchens with barely-restrained hurried footsteps and a handful of steaming-hot goods in his arms - a platter of tasty deep-fried, sweet and sour squirrel-shaped fish - which Wei Ying had quietly professed his love for during past encounters with that local Gusu specialty -, plates of winter vegetables, tofu and mushrooms stir-fries, and a pot of the perennial lotus root pork rib soup (Wei Ying thought that the kitchens probably had a huge, eternally boiling, bubbling cauldron filled of his favourite soup hidden away in a corner, where Lan Zhan could always scoop up bowls from the said imaginary gigantic vessel).

As Lan Zhan cleared the middle room of the Jingshi of discarded, half-completed Wei Ying-themed projects that had been carelessly left all over the place, and arranged the cutlery and dishes - because Wei Ying hardly lent a hand in menial tasks such as setting the table -, the latter naughtily picked off chunks of meat from the fish with his (possibly unwashed)

fingers - still crispy, dry and gratuitously greasy, because Lan Zhan didn't want to drench the beautifully-carved meat in bright red sauce and leave it to soak into a state of unacceptable sogginess. Wei Ying ignored calls of his name as he skipped - hobbled, really, as fast as he could with his weakened legs -, and a fistful of fishmeat, to the front of the Jingshi to look for his regular visitors-cum-playmates.

Lan Zhan merely shook his head and sighed. He continued to patiently, and generously, wiped the table, decorated the tabletop with flowers, semi-precious glittering stones and candlelights, and arranged the tableware in perfect geometrical patterns; even taking the time to garnish the dishes with seeds and nuts, chopped spring onion and more seasoning, bits of herbs and spices for texture and taste, and anything else that would make the mouth-watering dinner for a loving couple, as amazing as a man-turned-god could successfully pull off with his own two divinely hands. The amber-warm and ambient atmosphere that pervaded the interior of their shared home, with soft guqin music playing in the background (magically performed, no less), and muted sandalwood mixed with exotic and calming scents, couldn't be more intimate, even romantic, for any person who hadn't experienced the grace and hospitality of His Eminence, Han Guang Jun.

Wei Ying, however, was a different ball game altogether. He couldn't care less about the venue and seemingly luxurious setting for dinner - his whiny, noisy stomach would be sated in a short while, which was a regular, daily occurrence (because Wei Ying never went hungry for as long as he was under Lan Zhan's care), and he wanted to have a little fun and attention before having his first bite.

Crouching behind the doorsill and a partially-closed heavy wooden door lined with ornate cloud-themed patterns and translucent but sturdy rice paper, and away from the biting freeze, Wei Ying waved a piece of deep-fried fish out in the open and hoped its aroma would permeate through the

frosty air. The chickens and rabbits have returned to their coop, the birds and insects have mostly disappeared or gone to sleep, and very little nightlife sprang out especially when temperature plummeted after the early sundown - but a few denizens of the dark do emerge after the last vestiges of a fiery, cloudy sunset sank beneath a horizon of frost-covered bamboo and barren hilltops. A pitter-patter of padded footsteps, and finally, a soft rumbling *mrrreow!* could be heard. Wei Ying tsk'ed and clicked his tongue rapidly, enticing what seemed to be a small figure cast with long shadows from flickering torches located outside of the building.

“Wei Ying,” the comforting voice called out from within the Jingshi, amongst the indistinct sounds of clinking porcelain and rustling cloth.

“Enn! Just a few more minutes!” the eager reply came, as several balls of shadow appeared at the front of the Jingshi and approached the proffered offering of Gusu’s famous fried fish.

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The so-called minutes eventually stretched into half an hour, but not before pouty Wei Ying received a gentle tongue-lashing of brief, four-syllabled lectures about inappropriate feeding of strays, the risks of harbouring dirty, diseased animals, the dangers of drawing blood when fighting off vexed four-legged furries, and--

“-- and please, stop disturbing the neighbours’ pets, Wei Ying,” the older man tenderly admonished, although knowing his younger, feisty bed

partner-cum-amnesiac lover, the more he tells off the latter, the more likely the offending act would recur anyway.

Wei Ying sniffled - partly from the cold outside air, and partly from getting teary-eyed after howling in pain from being ambushed by frightening claws and fangs -, then dutifully raised one arm higher so that Lan Zhan would do a better job in bandaging his bleeding limb. Dinner had gone cold, the deep-fried fish on the table had lost its crunch, and there was a large, ugly, bloated swathe of white gauze wrapped around the palm and the back of his right hand. Never mind that the ruined meal that was within arm's reach and that his stomach protested from being left empty for too long - it had the privilege of never missing a meal during waking hours within the Jingshi; both men sat beside the dining table while one tended to the other's wounds.

"It wasn't my fault! I'm a good man doing a good deed by feeding poor, hungry animals. You can't blame me that the cats love yours truly to bits - the neighbours', the strays, or those that come out from the mountains at night. Plus, they looked clean, behaved well when given food, rubbed my legs when they're happy, and made awesome purring sounds while smiling at me!" he cried in retort.

Lan Zhan stilled in mid-wrap and gave the other a quizzical look. "Wei Ying, our neighbours trained their animals well like any typical Gusu Lan would, by following our family rules; the strays in the Cloud Recesses are few in number and they are not known to attack people; and I've not heard of feral cats sneaking into our city from the mountains because they naturally do not thrive in these highlands," he replied calmly like a seasoned teacher answering a student's inane questions - in four-syllabled phrases sprinkled with plenty of thoughtful pauses in-between; he even tilted his head to gesture their surroundings outside the window - the perpetually chilly and mist-blanketed scenery of bamboo and pine forests,

jagged rocks and steep cliff faces that the Cloud Recesses is famous for. A light-blue healing spell was weaved out of thin air, and the bandage around Wei Ying's hand glowed, which left the younger man feeling better when the throbbing discomfort numbed away for the time being. The edges of the cloth moved on their own, tying themselves into neat knots and then tucked themselves beneath layers of sterile white.

Wei Ying stared at the spell-casting spectacle with interest, and simply blurted dismissively, "Yeah, yeah, whatever," without really giving a second thought. He turned his injured limb in front of his eyes, and admired Lan Zhan's medical handiwork - it had transformed in appearance, perfect and symmetrical in shape, like a tidy band around the palm, clean and bloodless, and still glowed with magic as tendrils of life energy worked their way beneath the gauze to repair the broken skin, mop away the spilled rivulets of blood, and cleanse all signs of ill and hurt. When he looked up, he realized that Lan Zhan was staring at him expectantly, with his arms on his hips. It was time for a truthful confession as payment for the skilled treatment.

Wei Ying sighed heavily and shrugged. He flung his arms up in the air to show his exasperation, "Alright! I lured the cats with fried fish, and a few of them came. I recognized the cream-coloured one owned by that grandma living down the street, a couple of stray tabbies who frequent this area, and one ruffled-looking calico individual that I've not seen before - so it must've been from the bush outside the Cloud Recesses. I stroked the critters' backs and flicked their tails for fun as they ate the treat on the floor. Since the calico was a male, and fully-fledged males are such a rarity because they're so unapproachable, so I... errr..." he faltered and fidgeted restlessly for the right words, "... err... went ahead and touched its balls. But-- but, oh my goodness, Lan Zhan! Did you know how soft and warm cat's balls are?" he waved his arms excitedly - having forgotten about the injury -, and started to make suggestive grasping motions with his fingers, "The firmness and softness merged in perfect unison and in ultimate sensory harmony! The tuft of silky fur around each berry-sized sphere, the

full weight felt as one dribbles them like bouncing a *cuju* (蹴鞠) ball, the tantalizing elasticity when pressed using fingernails...!”

His wild descriptions came to a grinding halt when he finally realized that he looked like an overexcited fool in front of the stoic, expressionless - except for the dreaded pursed lips and a tightened grip around the well-built waist -, even slightly annoyed - which was probably held back by Han Guang Jun’s immense self-control and discipline -, but very eminent figure of the Cloud Recesses - one who, in all likelihood, does not speak of, nor think highly of, playing with the testicles of lesser creatures. Wei Ying cleared his throat and quickly descended from his juvenile adrenaline-high, adjusted his limbs to neutral positions, and sat like a proper gentleman at the dining table with his head bowed down in guilt.

A sigh from the older man. Wei Ying could feel the bewildered stares on him, and of holes being drilled into his body, possibly his soul as well, in search of the answers to the universal conundrum of “Why, Wei Ying, Why” that is usually accompanied with a pained or strained facepalm. His naked toes wriggled restlessly upon the clean wooden floor of the dining room, his rump felt tight on the cushion of the teakwood chair, tiny itches started to dance from the nape of his neck down to his small of his back; unable to contain his viscerally-obvious anxiety, he reached for a pair of chopsticks on the table to signal that he was apologetic, he deserved to curl up into a non-testicular ball and be ignored for his idiocy, and it was time to move on from an unfunn dirty humour session to a decent mealtime for two.

“... you said, there was a calico cat? As in, orange, black, and--”

Wei Ying didn't want to dig a deeper hole into his grave and dwell on the matter of outraging the modesty of felines of the same sex, so he lightly waved off the question and grabbed the chopsticks with his injured hand, and a bowl of cooled rice with the other. He winced when a twinge of pain shot up his bandaged open palm - the spot where--

-- Yeah, yeah, that kind of cat. Colourful and cute. The one that spun around and hissed like crazy, then bit and scratched me out of spite because I pinched its sensitive balls. It was wrong of me to abuse animals, so I apologize. I quickly washed my hands in the bucket of freezing water by the doorway when I yelled for help, and by the time you arrived, all four cats had run away from the noise. Now, can we start on dinner? I'm sorry, I can't wait anymore, and I'm really famished!" His fingers shook uncharacteristically as he tried to steady himself by balancing his grip over the small, but noticeable sting beneath the gauze. His eyes remained off focus, directed at somewhere between the rice bowl in front of him and the plates of chilled dishes that had been left neglected on the tabletop.

Lan Zhan must have noticed Wei Ying's predicament and shoved away his line of questioning - both his larger, meatier hands reached out to cover the latter's with such tenderness, wordlessly telling the latter not to rush, that he wasn't upset anymore, and that he could and would wait for whatever that needed to be said, at the time of Wei Ying's choosing. Gentleness and warmth ensued in the amber-colored candle lit backdrop of a quiet, curtained dining room; it was dark, moonless and frigid outside in early Spring, but inside the sparsely furnished part of the Jingshi, unornamented oil lamps that painted everything in warm, cozy hues and unembellished thick padded walls kept temperature slightly above bearable levels so that both men were comfortable even whilst dressed in their night robes.

Lan Zhan's thicker fingers slid along Wei Ying's hands, caressed the fresh bandage, and carefully gripped each other like a protective shield encasing

the younger man - the significance was not lost to the latter - Wei Ying *spiritually* felt a person's true warmth, or rather, the other's body heat, through their touch - the contact between their skin blazed with unseen imaginary sparks and electricity, his heart did skip a few beats in anticipation of where the older man's fingers would touch next, or if he would hear the swishing of cloth and robes, or - he would dare not hope for - but he suddenly had a terrible, terrible, desperate want of sensing, feeling, listening, smelling, tasting the nearness of their shared intimate presence, of two men sitting alone in a room with nothing but the sounds of their heavy breathing in the immediate vicinity; alas, the pervading silence was constantly broken by the rhythmic, soft but purposeful notes of guqin, rising with discernible intensity and pace until the melodious strings crested like a crescendo of streams flowing one after the other towards waterfalls, blending well with the stronger scents of incense with increasing hints of fragrances that awaken, energize and refresh, albeit without any trails of smoke from anywhere within the building - another sign of mood-altering magic being used to create what is desired, to forget what isn't, to put one's mind at ease and to disarm any guarded feelings.

Wei Ying was enthralled by the moment of, for the lack of better word in his crude vocabulary, hand-holding, with his best buddy and heroic saviour - not to forget, a bed-warming partner, possibly a faraway wish for a soulmate, though that nagging thought of sharing body and life with another person of the same gender continued to be the final, baffling obstacle that needed to be crossed - and helplessly locked gazes with Lan Zhan; the man named Lan Wang Ji has such a pretty and handsome face, he thought - it was meaningless to describe what is already perfect, from the endearing middle-aged creases around the brows to the depths in the eyes that spoke of enormous but secretive yearning, the surprisingly still-youthful face (has Lan Zhan nearly reached Immortality through his diligent study of cultivation, he wondered), impeccable facial proportions that checked all the boxes to qualify as *the* exemplary classic Middle Kingdom-esque look, including the flawless bridge of nose, strong jaws with nary a strand of beard on the masculine chin, then below the delectable-looking broad shoulders, a desirable body build, equipped with incredible musculature

hidden beneath layers of robes, and smooth, almost shiny but long and sturdy limbs too (why, oh why is this man blessed with the lack of body hair compared to others of his kin, the younger man marvelled) - and again, it was fruitless to pen down an exposition about a Man of Perfection, at least according to Wei Ying's unhindered and unfiltered inner thoughts, and how shameful it feels to praise the beauty of another man and to belittle his own male existence, without feeling threatened nor an inkling of conflict or uncertainty.

The older man's now-concerned expression softened - as much his emotionless visage could muster, probably - and Wei Ying's heartbeat raced so he held his breath instinctively for no explicable reason - although, since when does instinct have to do with reason, anyway?

Lan Zhan looked away and almost - Wei Ying's heart nearly plunged in disappointment - broke skin contact, but the tiniest, gentlest touch lingered - and in fact, Lan Zhan shifted in his cushioned seat and leaned closer - to Wei Ying's joy, delight, and strange, disturbing yet overwhelming uncontrollable excitement, pulsating from deep inside his gut at the prospect of getting physically closer under such an enrapturing dramatic stage show filled with blurry mists, sparkling, fuzzy, strobing lights and lovey-dovey pinkish overtones; Wei Ying wished for the next scene to appear because he wanted to know what happens next to the two starring men, or, god forbid, wannabe-lovers; he irritably wanted to turn to the next page of that sizzling romantic novel with such impatience, and read what happens to the bewitched captive; as his body swayed unsteadily in giddiness, he craved for more than fleeting touches, proximity or entwined hands; he felt his skin burn with prickly sensations and unfamiliar molten heat - where Lan Zhan's fingers grazed his forearms moments before radiated with weird thumping tightness, of a sour metallic tang that blurred in his vision, a deafening hitch in breath that weighed like a tonne of rock inside his head and soon, his immovable legs, then wintry-cold shivers wrecked his insides with sudden anxiety and at the same time, colourful,

indescribable exuberance that caused his nostrils to be flooded with the smells of screeching *sounds* .

As Wei Ying started to respond, with bizzare sluggishness, at the onslaught of competing and confusing signals, his mind refused to believe the warped reality it was entrapped in; the inner voice still begged greedily for more than just skinship and closeness with Lan Zhan, it *demand*ed to be treated with more aggressive violence, more possessiveness - Wei Ying was a man too, damn it, he could surely take it -, the voices echoed and twisted inside the hollows of his alarmingly aching temples, his forehead felt very uncomfortably hot, but all he could hear were disembodied spoken words that insisted to be pushed, to be grabbed, to be crushed, to do and to be done the worst - everything in the dining room seemed to spin and bogged down with descending, descending spiralling into the abyss, gravitating to a pinpoint of blackness, and that fried fish in its silver dish still looked tempting, as distorted and stone-cold as it may be - Wei Ying unflinchingly wanted to have his body violated by his secret crush in some way, to have his self and soul to be *owned* in some respect, but strangely he tried to focus his sights on the special, tasty and delicious person - no, morsel - but the room was darkening, falling, falling, he was floating downwards through the ground, yet the voices brazenly commanded that it/Wei Ying to be declared to belong to, and only to--

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Wei Ying had been a terribly incorrigible brat to abuse a feral cat's testicles, and having bitten off more than he could chew - or rather, it should've been the other way round, since he was bitten and scratched by that feisty ballistic feline -, he deserved to stay in bed all night and complain, non-stop about his suffering. He should've been witty and thought twice before pinching someone else's family jewels - never mind a person's or an animal's -, but he was absolutely witless and irredeemably reckless in his

course of action, that now, he had to pay the price of his bold carelessness and mindless bravado, and lie in bed all night to endure a fever and possibly, an infection.

“Lan Zhan...” the once-insufferable man groaned pitifully, thought it wasn’t clear if he was truly repentant and needed a good, forgiving hug, or if his condition was deteriorating, tormented by the illness. Wei Ying tossed and turned under the cover of thick blankets as his body was wracked with symptoms of wildly-swinging temperatures, involuntary shudders, tummy cramps, chattering teeth, pale blueness in the extremities, disconcerting sensations of having one’s internal organs forcefully twisted and caused to bloat and swell, and the like.

Regardless of what had transpired, Lan Zhan too, was regretful. “I should’ve thought better than to assume you only needed a simple bandage, some well-intentioned advice, and a full stomach to spend yet another pleasant evening in the Jingshi,” he said, as he emerged into the comfortably dim bedroom with a tray. “A-Jia made this nutritious detoxifying porridge after I sent an urgent Fairy Messenger call right when you blacked out and fell from your seat. A-Yi took some of my deposited earnings from my teaching position from the Treasury office, and went off in search of a doctor outside the walls of the city. A-Bing is taking turns with A-Ding to prepare a pot of herbal soup with whatever ingredients they can find in the kitchens and medicine cabinets at this late hour,” he patiently listed down what he’d done, while taking his place beside Wei Ying on the bed.

Wei Ying grunted something incomprehensible, his eyes were bloodshot and glazed with indeterminate pain, and from time to time, he drifted in and out of consciousness. Soon, the younger man found himself in his top favourite position in the recent months - lounging on the mattress with his back pillowed by Lan Zhan’s wonderfully warmed and muscled pectorals

and six-pack abdomen (with an added layer of fat, of course), and two strong arms that kept embracing him from behind - while being swaddled with a large body-warmed blanket in a cocoon for two. He observed with trepidation, through unfocused, hooded eyes, at how the soiled bandage on his right arm was magically unwound to reveal, unsurprisingly, multiple inflamed lacerations across the exposed palm that spread outwards to a larger expanse of the hand. The repaired skin had swelled beyond its limits and broke through like a burst blister, leaking disgusting-looking thick pus mixed with dark crimson blood that refused to clot properly; the entire area ballooned until his fingers looked like unshapely clubs, was covered with unsightly purplish bruises and red spots, and bulbous veins lining the back of the hand stuck out like contorted, misshapen branches of trees of the Burial Mounds, filled with viscous and foul-looking liquid - there were signs of internal bleeding, festering rot, and more likely, of acute, unnatural blood poisoning.

“Am I going to die, Lan Zhan? Will I lose my right hand, will the disease reach the rest of my body, and will I be permanently crippled? Am I so useless that a cat bite could kill me? This sickness spreads so quickly, I’m afraid I’m already at Death’s doorsteps! Ah, Lan Zhannnn, help me...!” he cried in despair in his dazed state, before his limbs flopped uselessly on the rumpled bedsheets, and he fainted again for a bit.

Lan Zhan sighed and kissed Wei Ying’s clammy cheeks from the side as a gesture of assurance - and noted with concern at how his beloved was running a very high fever. A few very powerful healing spells were cast right in front of Wei Ying with suspiciously experienced finesse, and when Lan Zhan believed he had done what he could with respect to magical treatments, he turned his attention to the tray on the bedside table while making sure that the blanket around their shoulders didn’t fall off. Regardless of the vast library of supernatural curative techniques he had in his disposal, Lan Zhan could not ignore the fact that Wei Ying hadn’t eat anything since sundown, and that was a big no-no according to his house rules; Wei Ying must never be allowed to go hungry in this world.

There was an audible grumble when Wei Ying woke up bleary-eyed to the sight of icky-green and grey porridge that wafted unappetizingly bitter and medicine-y smells. He even turned his face away, nnnngh'ed and squeezed his eyes shut in a show of disdain at the served sustenance that could potentially cure his ailment, though not necessarily one that the taste buds would willingly agree to. Lan Zhan frowned at the childish behaviour, then lowered the spoon back to its steaming bowl. Next, the whole tray was carefully placed on the bed by his side, and Wei Ying realized that his belated dinner consisted not only of the bowl of the horrid-looking gunk, but also the wonderful food that he'd missed earlier that evening - the visual stimulation helped to quell any further rejection of whatever Lan Zhan planned to serve to nourish the enfeebled body. Wei Ying watched, through feverish spells, full-body chills and the occasional queasiness in the stomach, at how two long, muscular hands poked from behind and masterfully worked on the tray to satisfy his formidably stubborn, onerous palate.

A fresh spoonful of sticky gunk (Wei Ying refused to call it food, let alone medicine) was scooped from the bowl. Then, from the side, chopsticks appeared to pick out pieces of fried fish, and to Wei Ying's amazement, low-level and miniscule-sized Fire spells were cast. Each chunk of meat, followed by slices of cooked greens, slivers of tofu and mushrooms - every portion was painstakingly heated up with spell-powered precision - not too hot, not too cold - once again, invigorating the flavours that had been lost to the chill in the air, fluffing up the textures of bite-sized excellence, crisping up the flesh and skin of the famous Gusu dish without overcooking it - soon, it no longer looked like a spoonful of gunk, but rather, it was spoonful of forgettable porridge topped with easy-to-eat, ideally sized, incredibly flavorful and wholesome fish and vegetables just as the moment the banquet came out of the kitchen's flaming wok.

However, Wei Ying isn't easily impressed, so he upped his ante. "Nnnh, s'thing's missing," he drawled and feigned a look of disinterest, though he could not resist licking his lips and dry-swallowing at the spoon brimming with goodness that hovered so temptingly close to his face.

Lan Zhan sighed and used the outstretched pinkie finger of the hand that held the rather heavy and packed porcelain spoon, to twirl a wee bit in three clockwise circles, and weaved a yellow-hued spell out of the fingertip. A dollop of bright red sweet-sour sauce gurgled with simmering heat and launched itself from its saucer, arched and performed acrobatic spins and rolls above a rather entertained Wei Ying, and landed flawlessly right atop the chunk of mouth-watering flaky browned white fishmeat, gracefully without a sound. Wei Ying murmured an astonished "Waaah!" with a wide grin not seen since he was stricken by the disease, and Lan Zhan knew he'd hit bullseye with his circus trick.

Lan Zhan leaned in from behind until his cheeks were practically sliding next to Wei Ying's and their embrace became as close as humanly possible - oh how Wei Ying blushed at the loving gesture, that he thought he felt the older man's strong, solid heartbeat upon his goosebump-ed back, and his own heart raced in tandem of the intimacy of that heated, utterly romantic moment -, then the older man patiently blew at the steaming spoonful a few times out of habit, before finally serving the mouthful of heaven to Wei Ying's waiting lips.

Mmm, delish. Accompanied by the brightest, happiest smile ever.

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Dinner was a relatively quiet affair after that. Sickened, feverish Wei Ying continued to fall into brief comatose spells at inopportune moments, such as when he was about to take a gulp of the lotus root pork rib soup, or while in a hearty mid-chew; Lan Zhan's amazingly agile chopsticks skills, together with his hyper-aware senses, made sure that nothing fell out of place, and that Wei Ying wasn't too troubled by his state - the young man continued to ramble, whine and laugh quite a bit in between bites, as though he was merely intoxicated from having one too many jars of Emperor Smiles, safe within Lan Zhan's arms.

At one point, Wei Ying asked about Lan Zhan's unexpected mastery of spell-casting, and pointed out that had the latter be able to cast such powerful magic and with immaculate accuracy and control, "the giant turtle in Xuanwu Cave would've been toasted and chargrilled to perfection, then carved into slabs fit for a king's barbeque party", or more recently, he wouldn't need suffer so much from being stabbed by Jin Ling at the steps of the Carp Tower during the exposé of his true identity, amongst other past blunders that led Wei Ying to bleed or spit out blood. Lan Zhan acknowledged that the younger man was talking about the Fire and Healing spells he'd demonstrated, and deftly dodged the questions with vague but believable half-truths, such as "sixteen years is a long time", that "sometimes, in the heat of the moment, I may not have used the best of my abilities", and "Wei Ying, speak less when eating. Come, have another spoonful".

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, I'm sweaty all over. I think the porridge is beginning to show its effect, and my body is trying to expel the poison," a disoriented Wei Ying mumbled anxiously as he weakly tried to wipe his brows and torso with sweat-soaked sleeves. He was a ball of uncoordinated restlessness; he gritted his teeth, his fingers grappled uselessly at the bedsheets and his heels dug into the mattress each time aches flared within his body; at least he wasn't dry-heaving with nausea and he could thank his lucky stars for keeping a full belly.

The older man swore never to leave Wei Ying's side for too long, and had sought A-Jia's help to take away the emptied dinner set and bring a basin of heated springwater with a washcloth. The loyal, unassuming servant, dressed in typical Gusu Lan robed uniform, continued to busy himself with a scheduled cleaning of the Jingshi at the end of the day; he politely stayed out of the bedroom, though he did slip into the master's private chambers periodically to enquire if there was anything else he could assist with, or if his services was required to tend fo the master's (and his mistress') needs.

Lan Zhan was a little relieved when A-Jia relayed that A-Yi had found some help, and that someone would arrive within the next hour.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, I cannot stand the burning fever anymore, my limbs are shaking, my heartbeat is erratic, and I'm dizzy from my screaming senses,” Wei Ying suddenly groaned with his eyes closed, as though he was trapped in a hellish nightmare, and unknowingly, started peeling his clothes off right in front of the older man. “Ah, Lan Zhan, it's so hot, so hot, I want to get rid of his heat but I cannot! It's pooling inside my stomach, it itches, it hurts, it's so irritating! I want to push, squeeze everything but nothing comes out in the end...!” he cried softly and started to sob. It was dark inside the bedroom with the curtains drawn, however Lan Zhan recognized the unmistakable faint, silvery outline of a thin, bony man agonizing over his illness, to the point where he stripped himself naked and started to perform what Lan Zhan thought to be an extremely sensual dance.

Wei Ying arched his back off the bed, spread his legs, and started to rhythmically hump against sweat-damp cushions while complaining about being tortured by feverish chills. He twisted and turned, wrapped with sheets that did nothing to hide the wanton display - which included having the young man openly caress and claw at his groin and inner thighs, then,

perhaps in his delirious, unthinking state of mind, vigorously masturbate in plain sight as he cried and desperately wished to shoot something - anything - out of his overwhelmed body; he scissored and crossed his legs repeatedly in such an erotic manner that reminisced come-hither motions, coaxing his single audience to come, come closer and have a taste of the exceedingly appealing, blossoming lust.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, help me... please make me feel good...” the persuasive, sultry voice mewled with such conviction and beguiling unspoken promises, that the older man didn’t know if Wei Ying’s illness was worsening or if things had taken an awful turn and transformed the man into an irresistible sex demon. Wei Ying moaned loudly, almost frustratingly, when his barely functional left hand moved at a furious pace between flexing legs, albeit with a noticeable awkwardness at certain angles, due to him not using his usual dominant masturbatory limb. His crotch started shaking like an engine fired off to a wrong, explosive, sputtering start, joined by the creaks of protest from the bed beneath him; the sounds of his panting breaths overshadowed the aahhns, mmmhs and nngahhs that tumbled carelessly from the lips in-between coherent words; the air smelled of something electrical, something exciting, something roaringly carnal - the other man’s heightened senses picked up every signal from his apparent mate; a siren’s call to seduce and draw Lan Zhan into an ageless, timeless pleasurable act of sharing their bodies, entwining their passions, surging to the highest pinnacles of joy until everything else spilled over again and again, and promised to leave the two more than just breathless, sexually inebriated and happily incapacitated for the rest of the night.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan... ahhhn... please do anything... touch me, I really want to--- nnnh... please, please, play with my penis, suck my dick, get it out, get it out... please, I cannot wait anymore...!” the cries continued unabated. The silhouette of a semi-erect phallic organ bobbed excitedly and jerked once, twice, then started to drip from its tip - a sparkle of candlelight caught inside the clear, crystalline surface of a pearl droplet, and Lan Zhan

nearly tripped when he ambled towards the desirable figure on the bed with newfound delight.

The bedroom door was quickly closed and locked with a resounding 'click!', but not before the swishing sounds of sashes being rudely pulled off and of robes being kicked away impatiently were heard from the outside.

Lan Jia, the ever vigilant, faithful elder servant, bowed his head and proceeded to sweep the main entrance of the Jingshi without uttering another word.

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Despite the promise of a full night of intense lovemaking and spectacular marathons of multiple climaxes masked by the spell of the unidentified malady, Lan Zhan, the secretive overachiever of the Gusu Lan sect, managed to complete his clandestine marital duties just under an hour and not another minute too soon.

Rosy-cheeked Wei Ying slept like a drooling baby on the bed with a strained but silly smile etched on his face, after having been - for a lack of better word, due to the difficulty to describe unimaginably godly acts in mere mortal terms - delightfully emptied more than an average healthy man should have to experience, or even endure, in a *lifetime* . The older man's endeavour did not stop there; after swiftly making the bed to smooth out creases and wrinkles - with little success, due to Wei Ying constantly taking up prime estate on the mattress -, opening the windows a little to let much-

needed cool and fresh Spring air in and clear away the pungent sweet odours that still *echoed* of Wei Ying's animalistic orgasmic screams, then briskly wiping the cushions and floorboards of still- *vibratingly* warm evidence of their abundantly spilled lusts - unfortunately, there were just too many dried stains -, he finally dragged the neglected basin of bathwater out from the corner of the room and start wiping sweat and other unspeakable bodily fluids from Wei Ying's randomly twitching and shuddering body - more from earth-shattering cosmic pleasures that continued to course through his thoroughly satisfied flesh and bones, than from the fever that seemed to be under control -, when A-Jia's slightly hoarse voice was heard from the front chamber of the Jingshi.

“Announcing the arrival of His Greatness, Zewu Jun!”

Lan Xi Chen strode into the Jingshi without further invitation, and caused alarm for poor A-Jia who pleaded with the tall, imposing man to wait at the guest area for the master of the house. “Nonsense, this is a matter close to my heart as the Sect Leader, and to my utmost interest as a sibling, just as it is a private family matter that no *outsiders* should interfere,” he said with a resolute tone, and A-Jia had to back away in deference, with the straw broom held tightly against his chest.

Lan Zhan, aided by his godly powers, did what he could in a matter of a few precious seconds, and managed to unlock the bedroom's door using remote magic, and he looked absolutely flustered from his exertions. He did not really have the chance to calm down his sexually-charged spirits, freshen up his flushed appearance, or comb his slightly unruly and long hair - it was unbecoming of a person of his rank to look dishevelled in front of his elder brother, really; he simply donned a soiled, silky white nightgown and pulled a naked, snoring Wei Ying into his arms on the bed, and remembered - nearly to his horror - to plop a semen-stained washcloth onto the latter's crotch so that the naughtiest bits were at least decently covered

(alas, nothing could be done about the glaringly obvious jungle of hairy curls on the younger man's body) - and then, finally, right on the dot at eight o' clock in the late evening, the door swung open violently with the grandeur and might of ten harried and panicking rampaging Lan Xi Chens who--

-- I heard from your servant, A-Yi, on my way out from the evening Council meeting, that Wei Wuxian had been poisoned and you were in a terrible state of anguish and despair! What happened... err... err... what is this... Wang Ji?" the voice boomed with concern that sounded like an angry blaring horn, before cutting short at the scandalous sight that greeted Zewu Jun.

Lan Zhan sighed, tiredly, this time. He had some serious explaining to do.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 143

Wei Ying wanted to curl into a distressed testicular ball and be left alone to wallow in his humiliating puddle of misery inside the comforting darkness beneath layers of smelly, stained blankets.

“Wei *gongzi* , please, show me your hand? I need to take a pulse diagnosis to ascertain the nature of the sickness that ails you, and whether your condition has improved from... my younger brother’s efforts.”

His imaginary testicular ball shrunk away and shook in defiance, refusing an audience in his cordoned-off fortress of self-imposed solitude. The lump of goo-covered blanket nnngh’ed with an embarrassed squeal to indicate a deafening ‘No’ to one of the world’s greatest medical practitioners in the Middle Kingdom of that era. Everyone, even Wei Ying, knew that Zewu Jun was a master of the Five Sacred Arts of Metaphysics, a champion for the Four Grand Scholarly Skills, even a renowned user of the Triumvirate Circles of Celestial Well-Being - and that having his pulse checked by such a prestigious figure of the cultivation world was akin to shaking hands with a celebrity that one had every right not to wash that said hand for weeks to come - and yet, Wei Ying was most unflattered at the lamentable circumstances surrounding his chance for a honourable medical check-up.

“Wei *gongzi* , please do not feel alarmed or ashamed. Based on my study of human psychology in the past decades, it is not wrong nor sinful to be fascinated at something that naturally excites the senses, to the point of obsession and self-harm. Fluffy, feline, round, warm things are just one such example.”

The obstinate lump on the bed stopped inching away each time the *da ge* tried to slide his fingers beneath the edges of the blanket to reach for either of the young man's wrists. It helped that Zewu Jun's calm and steady voice effectively placated the other man's visible unease.

"Another fine example happened when Wang Ji was just a little boy at the tender age of seven," he started. From a faraway corner of the bedroom, Lan Zhan's voice could be heard, "*Ge ...!*" (Brother!), however the *da ge* refused to cease his storytelling that promised the tantalizing reveal by airing his sibling's dirty laundry, in more ways than one.

"My dear brother, as you should know by now, has an obsessive streak in him that is not only incurable, but also debilitating at times. Behind our old house was a bamboo grove, and long ago, there lived a particular orange-coloured bird that visited often during Springtime. It sang brightly and beautifully every sunrise, and with a peculiarly melodious song - that dear Wang Ji was captivated by its performance and would refuse to leave for school before listening to its tune."

Wei Ying too, was captivated by the curiosity of learning a facet of Han Guang Jun that probably no one else knew; he slowly crawled out of the blanketed lump, blinked with bleary eyes from the darkness of his makeshift cavernous entrance framed by blankets that reeked more than just sweat, to the unspoken delight of the *da ge*. One wrist was easily caught for a medical check-up, without the young man even realizing what had happened.

"A couple of weeks in, one of our neighbours decided to buy and rear cockerels and pullets in his backyard in preparation of the coming seasonal festivals. You do know how it's best to raise your own chickens, so that you

can decide how firm, fat or tasty the meat will be, according to what you plan to cook, and later, what you want to eat - right?"

Zewu Jun's new budding fan nodded energetically, and even licked his lips unknowingly. A charming, fond smile shone from the older man's pearly whites, and Wei Ying decided it was safe to venture a little further out into the open expanse of the bed's mattress. Zewu Jun's disarming charm worked, and he had no trouble pressing a thumb at another spot on the wrist, this time closer to the forearm, presumably to examine the state of the younger man's inner body health using the ancient art of deep pulse-reading. He listened with scrutinizing attention as much as Wei Ying was engrossed by the colourful story about Lan Zhan's childhood.

"It was to nobody's surprise that one by one, the cockerels habitually put on competing shows every morning by crowing as loudly as their little feathered bodies were able to, to alert and amuse the entire village," and Wei Ying choked with laughter at that point, "that my little brother was left crying tears of frustration because he couldn't enjoy his favourite birdsong before school. It was quite a sight, as you can imagine, to have chubby-faced Wang Ji arrive at the classroom with swollen eye bags, and dried snot and tear stains on his collar, and he remained that way through the first lesson."

Wei Ying sat by the bedside with the blanket now properly draped over his shoulder, and he giggled and kicked his legs that hung from the bed's edge, like a child being entertained by an intriguing yet humorous tale - and had his other wrist casually checked. Lan Zhan cried out "*Ge ...!*" again from a distance, ostensibly to refute the facts laid out by his elder brother's sharp memory of times shared together nearly three decades ago. The *er gongzi* and a red-faced A-Jia worked hard to arrange and pile soiled and dirty clothes, sheets, pillowcases and cushion covers to be washed later, whilst

furiously mopping and wiping all surfaces of unsavoury traces of the former's bedroom workout not too long ago.

“Then, one morning, we woke up to an unusually peaceful sunrise. Lan Zhan spent a full fifteen minutes enjoying his breakfast of congee and soymilk on the dining table with his cherished birdsong from outside the window. I was too busy to notice the stark difference in the atmosphere, because as long as Lan Zhan was able to get out of the house with his robes buttoned up properly, and his shoes weren't worn wrongly as it happened often before, I was a happy young teenager rushing off to beat the morning school bell.”

Wei Ying smiled dreamily and stared at the *da ge*, still entranced. Since he was naked, the older man rose from his seat, unsuspectingly pulled away the errant dirtied blanket, and started to touch, press, and knead certain pressure points to determine if any other parts of the body were injured or bruised. Wei Ying never protested how he was manhandled like a tamed animal, even when his injured right palm was momentarily unwrapped, examined, then loosely re-wrapped - he never winced nor felt any pain from such gentleness from the medical maestro; Wei Ying realized that he could entrust his entire body and well-being to the expert hands of Zewu Jun.

“Can you guess what happened after that? When the two of us returned at lunch time, there he was - our neighbour, a man in his forties, with a rather intimidating big belly and a bigger, bushier beard, huffing in anger! He knocked on the gates impatiently with such an upset look on his face, as though he wanted to rush in and murder someone!”

A-Jia hurriedly left the bedroom with an armful of dirty laundry that stank with fishy, possibly cheese-y, and other unappetizing stench of man-made

fluids. Lan Zhan quietly instructed the man to immediately handwash the offending articles in the lotus pond behind the Jingshi and erase all evidences without being seen in public, then hang them to dry behind the bushes, so that nosy neighbours wouldn't ask why the Jingshi was running a massive clean-up exercise in the middle of the night; he could not afford to risk being found out if A-Jia took the laundry to the common washing facilities near the middle of the Cloud Recesses. Poor, tired A-Jia would have to make several rounds to carry the loads of laundry that needed to be taken care of. Alone, Lan Zhan returned to mop the floor until the glazed wooden surface was squeaky clean.

“I asked him, what did he need from us, and why was he trying to break the gates to our house. What do you think he said?”

Wei Ying squealed excitedly and shook his head, wordlessly telling the *da ge* to “tell me, tell me”. Fingers touched, circled, examined, and massaged along his former meridian points from the nape of his neck to the tailbone, then on his thin chest, along the ticklish ribs, until right below his sunken navel, but Wei Ying totally ignored those intrusive sensations.

“Incredibly, he pulled out two cockerels from the inner pockets of his robes - no wonder he looked so scary with a large belly that seemed to twitch and move on its own! Both birds flapped their wings helplessly whilst dangling upside down from where the man held them high up in the air, from their clawed feet - but neither made a sound, not even a cluck or a squawk!”

“... *Ge* !” Lan Zhan shouted a third time from the back with barely-restrained annoyance. Wei Ying started to bounce on the bed, knowing that he was close to the big reveal. Why didn't the chicken make any noise, he so badly wanted to know.

“It turned out that Wang Ji sneaked into our neighbour’s backyard shortly after he woke up at five, and casted the Silence spell on the entire flock. When the sun rose, none of the cockerels could crow! Dear little and extraordinarily talented Wang Ji did all that single handedly, just so that he could listen to the special birdsong from the bamboo grove behind our old house. Such passionate, one-track mind obsessiveness, do you agree?”

With little left to one’s imagination of how that entire scene panned out, Wei Ying morphed into a ball of obnoxious hiccupy laughter, even slid off the bedside and started rolling on the freshly cleaned but slightly damp floor, to Lan Zhan’s consternation - because Wei Ying’s body still bore drying streaks of sweat, pee, purulent discharges, mucus and whatnot (including the mysterious milky white stuff that smelled distinctly of pee mixed with bleaching agents), and god forbid, the areas where he bulldozed like a rolling pin were left imprinted with icky stains in his wake - which had to be mopped again. Xi Chen smiled knowingly, and let his patient have a moment of fun, while closely observing the latter for any other signs of further disability, and to determine the state of his wakefulness, responsiveness, mobility, and more importantly, his overall health outlook.

“Poor Wang Ji became a crybaby and had to own up to his mistakes in broad daylight, in plain sight of every aunt and uncle living around our street. Fortunately, the neighbour forgave him after the spells on the chickens were quickly undone. My little brother stayed away from having steamed, fried or grilled chicken for a week after that, probably because it reminded him of how terrified he felt, being scolded by that fierce neighbour of ours until he was left in tears. Those curious onlookers did nothing to help but to gawk at how a seven-year old boy bawled in the middle of the day, near the middle of the street. It was an embarrassing episode that I’m sure he wanted to forget for the rest of his life.”

Wei Ying had rolled in the other direction and across the bedroom's floor (with Lan Zhan chasing from behind with a soggy wet mop), laughing with absolute joy and cheeky mirth that surely, his guffaws could be heard from outside of the Jingshi. A mortified Lan Zhan couldn't tolerate having his pride torn down right in front of his secret beloved anymore, so finally, he had to call for a time-out in his cleaning duties, and tapped Xi Chen's shoulder with the mop's handle.

Zewu Jun maintained his flawless serene visage and turned around, neither startled nor expectant, full of knowing, feigned innocence that roughly translated to "What? Did I say something wrong".

"... *Ge* , please. Enough."

Wei Ying continued to cackle and howl his ugly laughter deep into the night.

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As far as Wei Ying knew, Lan Zhan had narrated what happened that evening to his aptly concerned elder brother in wordy passages of four short syllables each, and surprisingly, spared no detail; Wei Ying heard only part of the explanation and thought his account sounded like a crippled poem that made little sense to the uninitiated, but Zewu Jun either read the rest of the story off his younger brother's mind telepathically, or had the uncanny ability to fill the blanks between largely disjointed nouns and verbs - in any case, it was a testament to the mythical bond between the Twin Jades of

Gusu, that Zewu Jun understood Hanguang Jun exceptionally better than anyone else on earth.

He was disappointed, though, when they reached the part where he fell into a prolonged feverish semi-consciousness spell on the mattress that left him with a gap in memory - he remembered the fever flared into hellish heat and that he begged desperately about *something* , but the rest was lost to a mental fog-block; the sight of plenty of bodily fluids splattered *everywhere* in the bedroom, even upon his naked body, and a very flushed-looking Lan Zhan staring at the shocked Zewu Jun standing at the doorway, upon his awakening - that was what he clearly remembered in the aftermath, but not before that. At this particular point, Lan Zhan glossed over and skipped the seemingly loathsome episode, thus robbing Wei Ying of the complete recount.

The younger of the Twin Jades mumbled about how various appalling-sounding substances were spewed, ejected and expelled during that hour, possibly due to the curative porridge's effects, that he felt it was inappropriate to verbalize the harrowing experience, and that it was enough to know that Wei Ying recovered after that; Lan Zhan insisted that he'd done the right thing to wash and wipe away all traces when Wei Ying finally woke up, at about the same time the elder Lan brother was welcomed by the scene of smelly, sticky, dripping and icky carnage - he even forbade either to come within five paces of the used, soiled washcloths, and that only A-Jia and him should handle the cleaning duties of *his* bedroom. Wei Ying was simultaneously grateful and apprehensive at the revelation, because truthfully, he did feel much better when he woke; however, at the same time, he wondered what exactly, and how much, did he erupt or squirt out like a wet sponge squeezed with such inhuman force within the span of an hour, if Lan Zhan's notoriously brief description were to be visualized in a whimsical manner.

He sent a cursory glance at his best buddy, but Lan Zhan did not return the favour and kept his eyes to the shiny glazed floor - a sign that something was certainly amiss, if not hidden like a dark secret.

“Well, the diagnosis tells us that it was certainly a case of internal poisoning, judging from the way the cat’s bite swelled up from within and broke out on its own, and continued to leak putrid fluids - because the blood became toxic and the flesh started to liquefy into a blackish, viscous mix, thus the injury could never heal naturally on its own. It also spread throughout the body very quickly, as I detected traces of tissue damage, bruises in key organs, and a general degree of hemorrhaging, swelling, and liquefaction of flesh, musculature, bones and blood vessels, from the deepest veins to the extremities - which were fortunately stopped in its tracks by Wang Ji’s healing spells before the festering infection got out of control.”

Wei Ying shuddered at the sterile, methodological and clinical way in which Zewu Jun detailed his findings. “What on earth was inside that cat’s mouth that could cause such terrible damage and be fatal to the bite? It was barely a nip and scratch, for a full-grown animal,” he wondered aloud. Garbed in a fresh and rather translucent nightgown of his own, he grabbed a naked pillow and hunched over it, anxious to learn what happened, and what would have, if Lan Zhan hadn’t acted expeditiously to neutralize the feline-caused threat. He made himself a nest of clean, new blankets, cushions and pillows that A-Jia thoughtfully excavated out from the well-stocked storeroom, and had a fresh new bedspread to sit on that smelled of sunlight and Springtime flowers - again, with the help of A-Jia’s speedy housekeeping services.

“This poison... or perhaps, a disease or a plague, if it needs to eat away its living host to survive, thrive and infect others... is not selective and seems to consume everything it comes into contact with, from the inside out, and

starting from the weakest points such as an open wound,” Zewu Jun continued.

The youngest man raised his right arm and stared at the fresh new dressing - he caught glimpses of the injury when Zewu Jun unwound the bandage during the storytelling, and the latter replaced it with his own superior version - coated with medicinal herbs and pastes he'd brought along in a pouch tied to his sash where Liebing hung from. The swellings around the lacerated areas had subsided, the bleeding had stopped, the pus and other foul discharges had been swabbed away, and his fingers no longer looked like mini-drumsticks; he shivered at the thought of being *eaten alive* from the inside by an unseen invader. Thus, he was thankful that Lan Zhan had purged the worst effects of the poison out of his body, and the elder brother had done an outstanding job in aftercare towards recovery.

“ *Ge* , do not forget, the poison affects the mind and the heart too,” Lan Zhan interjected. Wei Ying immediately scratched the back of his head and felt around his scalp with one hand, and the other started grasping his chest for any physical signs of residual damage. He looked unruly, with his hair sticking out wildly in various directions and knots, and he still felt grimy and greasy all over; the only thing in the bedroom that hadn't been cleaned was he, after all.

“Mmm. From your explanations before, Wang Ji, it does seem the sickness afflicts not only the physical body. Compounded with high fever and disorientation of the sensory organs and thinking processes, the mind begins to wander and causes the body to behave strangely, such as uttering impossible things, and then the heart too, with wildly swinging emotions and uncontrollable feelings being acted out irrationally. Fortunately for Wei *gongzi* , the porridge's effect must've kicked in by then, and forced the body to expel the poison along with any other diseased liquids for an *entire hour* - that's more than enough time to bleed a man dry, along with any vile

poisons, diseases, maladies and imbalances of yin-yang residing within the afflicted body; it seems Wei *gongzi* has nearly returned to the pink of health, that you've been acting quite lively in the last half-hour, and you seem to be in good spirits too."

Wei Ying concurred with the doctor's summary and nodded. He still has his suspicions and worries about what horrible things that must've been done to him during that deadly hour, nevertheless, he discreetly thanked Lan Zhan anyway and the other man responded with a curt nod. Just then, a flustered and panting A-Yi head peeked in from the bedroom's doorway, possibly after having run out of town and then returned in record time; Lan Zhan gestured at him to proceed to report his updates. The servant in his twenties bowed respectfully, particularly at the esteemed Zewu Jun, before reading off an invisible list he'd memorized inside his head.

Following Zewu Jun's advice outside the Council's meeting rooms, A-Yi had informed servants of Master Lan Qi Ren - one of the very few Council members who knew about Wei Ying's existence within the walls of the Cloud Recesses -, to seek the Master's advice soonest, if not the next morning; A-Bing and A-Ding received a Fairy Messenger call to prepare some tasty, nutritious meat soups following centuries-old recipes from the elite Lan family's library - plus, Zewu Jun had a premonition that his younger brother was probably too preoccupied with saving Wei Ying to have dinner, and that if Wei Ying was conscious or on the verge of recovery, would need more nourishment for the night - so both boys were ordered to prepare some supper and bring to the Jingshi by nine o' clock; A-Yi was fortunately given clear directions to the nearest apothecary that was still open at that hour, and a list of herbs and medicines to buy, based on Zewu Jun's vast knowledge of the healing arts that he could accurately guess what a patient needs for at least for the next couple of days.

“Zewu Jun, Hanguang Jun,” the man addressed the masters of the Lan family and raised a stuffed bag into view, “A-Yi will take leave now to stock up the cabinets in the kitchenette with the purchases, and start boiling a pot of water.” He bowed and quickly left, and before Wei Ying could ask whether he should expect to take more icky porridges or worse, bitter medicine tinctures and pills, or other pungent, strong-smelling traditional remedies - two voices called out from the front of the Jingshi. A-Bing and A-Ding have arrived with soups and supper, and Wei Ying promptly forgot about his worrisome question.

Wei Ying seemed well enough to grab his walking cane from the bedside and make a dash to the dining room - hobbled, at best -, so Lan Zhan allowed him to do so, but he constantly peered over to make sure that the younger man didn't lose his footing or slipped on the floor. Lan Xi Chen placed a hand on his younger brother's forearm to pause the latter when Wei Ying limped through the doorway. He leaned in to whisper in a low voice, and away from Wei Ying's hearing range.

“Wang Ji, I should commend you for casting the exact, or perhaps, a brilliant repertoire of very powerful spells that even I couldn't identify after running a series of advanced investigation techniques from the pulse-reading. I would like to have a word with you about this later tonight to learn what exactly you did, and tomorrow, we'll send a few men to search the basement of the Library Pavillion for more clues. That's why I enlisted our uncle's help, because he knows where certain scrolls or tomes are located. We should prepare our treatments ahead of time when more cases arise.”

Lan Zhan shifted uncomfortably in his stance when his spellcasting ability was put under the microscope - it is said that when Zewu Jun probes, one can feel rather intimidated by the sheer intense scrutiny behind the deceptively composed facade, and shrivel up from the keen attention.

However, he did not miss the implication of the last sentence. “The Library Pavillion? More cases? What do you mean, *da ge* ?” he asked. Wei Ying had already left and both men could hear his bustling, joyful shouts and mentions of chicken noodles, stir-fried noodles with black soy sauce, pork congee with mixed innards, heated pastries with fruit and meat fillings, and some sweet candies and deep-fried snacks - specially approved by Zewu Jun so that the younger brother had no reason to refuse to be included into Wei Ying’s regimented diet.

Lan Xi Chen shrugged in the darkened, now-tranquil bedroom. Although the windows were shut to retain the heat within the Jingshi, the sounds of cold, wet laundry being slapped against poolside rocks filtered through, along with that of linen sheets being diligently scrubbed and rinsed. He said, “I planned to tell you later when the first round of investigations are completed, but it seems the cases have caught up. When I went to Caiyi Town last week to barter a cartload of minerals for grains, the town police informed me about a recent spate of lethal poisoning cases that they thought were the works of mysterious assassins. There were very few clues besides dead bodies found in their homes at different days and times, all exhibiting classical symptoms of internal and blood poisoning, with no obvious clues of ill-intent such as a knife-cut, a needle hidden under clothes, or a poison-laced letter, or natural causes such as snake or insect bites, or toxins in the river water.”

Lan Zhan was drawn to the mystery narrated by his *da ge* , because he knew that what happened in Caiyi probably hit too close to home - particularly since Caiyi was somewhat considered a vassal town to the Cloud Recesses, and frequently depended on the cultivation forces from his hometown for administration, defense and expansionary support. “ *Ge* , what happens in Caiyi will shortly find its way to our city. The town is a gateway to the Cloud Recesses, but how can we stop it if we cannot see it, let alone identify the cause and effects until it is too late?” he murmured and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. The clamouring echoes from the adjacent rooms of Wei Ying demanding to see what the servants brought in

anticipation of a filling supper, were promptly ignored in the midst of such a serious, intriguing discussion.

Xi Chen *da ge* observed his sibling and was pleased that the latter showed interest in the case despite not holding office in Council or active memberships in any elite groups of the broader Lan family; the former hero Hanguang Jun had no obligation to be mired in such things, after all. That assured the older man that Lan Zhan should be allowed more clues from the earliest examinations and hopefully, to contribute to the investigation. He straightened up his posture with an equally serious expression on his face, and said, “Wang Ji, you should know that the remains of the victims were discovered in an advanced state of deterioration, due to the destructive and digestive effects of the poison - mangled, disfigured, burst open or caved in, liquefied, and the like. The police couldn’t rule out anything just yet, however, one particular feature stood out, though - in almost all ten victims recorded to date, each had at least one or two identifiable open wounds that the person had no history of. A teenage girl was found in the garden with a fractured hip bone, an old lady in the kitchen with her throat torn wide open, a middle-aged man near the outhouse of a textile factory, with a gouged belly. The pieces of the puzzle did not seem to match, and the chief police officer promised to dig deeper and share the findings in my next visit to Caiyi.” disclose rule out

The younger of the Twin Jades raised an eyebrow at the news, and his facial expressions tightened with striking tension. The fact that Wei Ying’s life-threatening acute case was not an isolated one, and that he’d learned the gritty, graphic details what happened to those who weren’t saved - caused an unspeakable outrage to spark and start to simmer deep in his heart. His fists balled and his stare hardened, wordlessly demanding for the culprit’s identity.

His elder brother sighed this time, because he had no answer to offer. However, he added, “-- on my way back with Lil’ Apple, I came across the angry-looking aging owner of the apothecary who asked if I’d seen some stray cats and dogs in the hillside forests surrounding the hiking trail. He’d been regularly feeding several of them since individuals migrated out of Caiyi probably from overpopulation, or worse, from abandonment by their owners due to the harsh winter. I praised his kindness and generosity, but he rudely refuted my gesture; dumbfounded, I missed his next few sentences, but I distinctly remembered that he said something about how the elusive creatures looked sick and unhealthy, some even sporting venomous-looking tainted fangs and diseased limbs, after feeding on the garbage dumps and even graveyards in the town. He cursed the hands of men who caused misery to the four-legged creatures, and that he preferred if the strays perished in the cold instead of making their way out of town and spreading their filth, in his words, ‘just as what happened over two decades ago’, and that he was prepared with enough medicines and cures to, say, ‘fight off the plague this time’. I quickly left before he spewed more hatred about former pets being tortured and poisoned, and events that even I couldn’t remember from long ago... and when A-Yi told me about what happened to Wei Ying-”

Lan Zhan stepped forward impulsively with wide eyes, and nearly stammered - but managed to pronounce in very clear, unmistakable terms -, “Wei Ying.... cats... poisoned... Caiyi...”

The eldest of the Twin Jade nodded in agreement, seemingly because he could read Lan Zhan's thoughts simultaneously. A thorough search of the Library Pavillion could unearth the history of more than twenty years ago; the apothecary owner may have more information and even a potential cure for the poison if enough research was done back then; they needed to act fast, because nobody knew if Wei Ying was the only, or the first of many victims within the fortress-like walls of the Cloud Recesses; the cats are, in all likelihood, agents of pestilence arising from Caiyi, and the whole situation appeared to be a ticking time-bomb of epidemic proportions...!

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 144

The next morning, the Jingshi became a hotspot for the hectic, the noisy, the wise and one rather cranky master of the house who was unaccustomed to having so many guests under one roof - *his* roof.

“Wang Ji?”

Lan Zhan looked stoic and expressionless while sitting at the dining table covered with century-old musty-smelling scrolls, piles of dog-eared books, well-preserved ancient documents, dusty stone tablets and the ilk - however, only his elder brother sensed the turbulent storms raging inside the younger of the Twin Jades.

The junior disciples and Wen Ning arrived at daybreak, brimming with one, energy to invite the resident couple of the house for a breakfast at Si Zhui's now-respectable cottage in the fields of vegetable seedlings and a lotus pond, and two, ideas on what to gather and sell in the much-anticipated first trip to Caiyi when the mountain passes have been finally cleared of glacial ice. Naturally, when they learned of what happened to their favourite Wei *qianbei* during the night before, all hell broke loose in the study room at the back of the Jingshi.

“Wang Ji?” A hand waved at the front of Lan Zhan's eyes and he frowned ever so slightly to look up from a thick medical manual about toxins and cures. Even Zewu Jun was taken aback by the response because he did not expect the cool pillar of ice (at least, to the elder Lan sibling's perspective) to crack with a crease of his brows.

Earlier, back in the study room, Wei Ying handled the crisis much better than his partner, despite the fact that he was a victim and that he was still recovering. Like excited puppies surrounding a shiny object of curiosity, the three boys kept checking, clamoured, fussed around the Wei *gongzi*, and the man happily let them admire and marvel at his bandaged right hand, molest his entire body when he went topless so that the boys could see, touch (then admire and marvel again) the scars and healing injuries that he proudly wore as a badge of honour, and captivated them with his unnecessarily flamboyant, exaggerated tales of his struggles with the poisoning episode - only Wen Ning rolled his eyes when Wei Ying described how close he was at Death's Door, that he'd stepped into the Underworld and met with the demonic Lord of Hell, and that he'd played a prank and gave that deity the middle finger so that he was angrily kicked back into the world of living - in any case, watching how Si Zhui, Jing Yi and Jin Ling made admiring and marvellous 'ooooh...!' sounds with amazement sparkling in their eyes, was surely worth the price of impressing them with a few more amusing lies.

“*Ge*,” Lan Zhan addressed his older brother, “I’ve checked these texts, but they contain disparaging details that won’t help in our investigations. I have said before, the poison is not unique enough to be clearly identified from a medical perspective; it kills by eating up and liquefying victims from the inside out, which is no different from the deadliest diseases or substances known to man, and this may be as common as say, a hidden vial of concentrated acid added into someone’s food; it does not have any specific antidotes, based on current knowledge - a simple powerful purge such as the powerful technique of ‘Cleansing Seven Earthly Inlets To Eight Heavenly Outlets With Nine Superior Ways’, plus normal symptomatic treatments for wounds, infections, poisoning, fever and stomach ailments, when administered in time, can save the patient. That is my experience in treating Wei Ying, and my personal stand in this issue.”

Zewu Jun hummed in vague agreement, and placed another stack of books heavily onto the tabletop with a dull thud. The brilliant, older Jade of Lan correctly deduced, based on the fact that his younger sibling was chatty in his explanation, relaxed in his posture, and had a rather disturbed aura of impatience mixed with a pinch of annoyance - that Lan Zhan wasn't upset about what was happening to his life, his partner or his home; rather, Lan Zhan sounded like he didn't want to waste anymore time to comb through the medical literature, as he saw no value in doing so - of course, since he was reportedly the first and only man to treat such a novel disease in recent years.

“No complaints, Wang Ji. You know our Gusu Lan standard procedure for investigations, and as Sect Leader, I expect no less from you to see this through, what with your eyewitness accounts and your wealth of otherworldly experiences - if what you told me last night is true,” the *da ge* replied with a smooth, firm tone, and then placed a rather dust-coated hand on Lan Zhan's shoulder to give a reassuring grip.

“Wen Ning has gone ahead to single-handedly pack everything we intend to barter and sell during our stay in Caiyi, in no less than five cartloads in which he shall personally prepare and harness horses loaned from the communal stables; Jing Yi has taken a squad of senior disciples to patrol extensively and secure the perimeters from any further wildlife invasions using magical talismans; Jin Ling proudly leads a class of highly motivated teenage disciples who are about to graduate, to take their pre-examination test of hunting down and caging up cats, dogs and rodents caught from the streets - he's dead-serious about this, because I told him that his precarious future of staying in the Cloud Recesses whilst enjoying my protection, hinges upon the success of this massive round-up; my servants are busy browsing the Library Pavillion's basement to pick up tens out of the *thousands* of books lined up in the shelves, so that *we* don't have to go through them on our own,” the taller man stated and pointed at the fresh pile of books he'd deposited for Lan Zhan to speed-read.

“ *Ge* ... do we really have to?” Ah, such an endearing question flavoured with a hint of childish whine. Lan Xi Chen smiled and thought that his heart melted a little more for the sweet, unyieldingly succinct younger sibling, who looked like the pouty nine old boy he remembered long, long ago, always clinging onto his pants, always hiding behind his legs, always peeking from behind his large sleeves, always checking, wordlessly or not, with a little indecision and hesitation, of what he did was truly correct and necessary for the greater good. The hand on Lan Zhan’s shoulder reached the back of the man’s head, and the *da ge* briefly enjoyed a private moment of patting his little brother’s head, smoothing a few errant strands of hair that stuck out of line, and touching the ever-present silky white forehead ribbon that bore the cloud-like symbols of their family’s strength.

Lan Xi Chen nodded resolutely. “Mmm. Our uncle has stationed his servants in various archives and stores of records in the Cloud Recesses to collect enough information to re-create the timeline of events two decades ago, and this morning, he is personally escorted by at least three Council members to speak to the owner of that apothecary. Last evening, the Council meeting had already been informed of rumours of several more similar poisoning cases and even deaths in the outlying villages of Caiyi, so the Council takes this matter seriously. People are panicking and desperately searching for cures everywhere without knowing what exactly to look out for. I’m on my way to the Central Hall to seek an update from everyone; with the Council’s blessing, we may make this trip to Caiyi sooner than expected, and possibly be summoned to present our findings to the town mayor and our proposal to lend a hand to eradicate this plague,” he narrated the rest of each person’s roles and responsibilities for handling the case; implying that the younger sibling should carry his own weight and do his part too without protest. The *da ge* tucked his hands behind his back solemnly, breathed heavily in a show of earnestness, in the hopes of being able to command the errant side of the younger sibling not to stall any longer.

Lan Zhan sighed faintly but did not reply, and stared blankly at a page of a book on the table; it crackled in the brief silence in the dining room as a breeze blew into the building, sending forth a burst of sandalwood to the senses from a nearby incense burner, along with mouth-watering smells coming from the kitchenette, and odours of many kinds of people - the perfumed, the bland, the sweaty, the scentless too. He swallowed hard; he hadn't had a gulp of tea since an hour ago, and his tea cup had run dry; one of his servants had forgotten to refill it. While the Lan *er gongzi* mulled over his current state, the front chamber of the Jingshi was bustling with activity, and sounds of rushed footsteps echoed into the middle dining room - an eclectic mix of servants from the three esteemed members of the elite Lan family - Lan Wang Ji's, Lan Xi Chen's and Lan Qi Ren's - each doing their bit by shuffling and sharing information, materials and all matters related to the case.

A-Bing and A-Ding had set up a temporary extension to the kitchenette to accommodate more fire stoves, chopping boards, kitchen counters and shelves, and were cooking up a banquet for lunch which is when everyone was expected to reconvene at the Jingshi; in the meantime, the two boys also had their hands full with making sure everyone, both masters and servants, were well-fed with morning snacks and invigorating herbal soups - except that in their excitement and struggle of managing too many things at once, they had forgotten to fill their master's tea cup.

A-Yi, who had procured the first batch of age-old cures from the apothecary when Wei *gongzi* first fell ill - fortunately purchased before the expected stock-out for when the plague struck more people that morning -, was terribly occupied in experimenting with numerous potions, plants, animal parts and other substances, in a bid to re-create and improve the recipes verbally shared by the apothecary's owner. Specially appointed servants from Lan Xi Chen and Lan Qi Ren's homes streamed in and out of the kitchen's extension to hand over ingredients that were requested or to try.

Faithful A-Jia stood his ground at the front chamber of the Jingshi, masterfully coordinating the movements of people around the building like weaving a complex orchestral masterpiece of countless musical instruments, after having spent a restless night meticulously washing down the bedroom and doing the laundry - now, he was to make sure that the floors were always cleaned, the decor and tools in places which they belonged, the furniture spotless of foreign fingerprints, the kitchen and all manners of household supplies well-stocked, schedules run on time, and that everyone in the Jingshi was relatively comfortable while working diligently - except for his master's thirsty throat.

"A message from the Central Hall! Zewu Jun is invited to a gathering of a quorum of over seventeen senior Council members, seven sages and a number of village heads who managed to attend at this hour, to receive an update at ten o' clock sharp, and a decision about the mission to Caiyi Town!" A-Jia's voice boomed from the front, that all present in the Jingshi heard and acknowledged the crucial event. Messengers were shuttling back and forth, and A-Jia was key to make sure that nothing was left out - except for the *er gongzi* 's cup of tea, which was sadly overlooked.

"Wang Ji, *ge* has to go now. Be a good boy and complete this stack too? Report your findings to me when I return an hour later," Xi Chen *da ge* said, or rather, ordered, in a charming, persuasive voice while pointing at the pile of new books that hadn't been touched. Unfortunately, the younger sibling's gaze remained steadfast on the book that he didn't seem to be reading with much enthusiasm.

Xi Chen leaned in and lowered his voice into a whisper, "Wang Ji, remember that I'm the Sect Leader and I have powers to make sure everything runs perfectly fine in our family, and in the Cloud Recesses - and that you're in *my* debt for asking *me* to take on this leadership position in the first place. Do your bit as promised, or you'll be reneging on our...

deal .” The older man stood up straight and tipped his head a little to bid his little brother good-bye, and turned around to leave the building. The sun was rising high; there was not a moment to lose - the eminent Sect Leader had a waiting audience in the Central Hall.

At the doorstep of the dining room and out of earshot of A-Jia at the front chamber, Zewu Jun stood with an air of scholarly demeanour with one hand in the front and one behind, then paused to murmur in a low voice, “Oh, and dear little brother, I know there are things that you cannot, or would not share, and that is perfectly fine between us. We have our own little secrets that each of us want to keep. But please, don’t think of using the ‘Cleansing Seven Earthly Inlets To Eight Heavenly Outlets With Nine Superior Ways’ as a guise to confound others. That detoxification technique is legendary, never verified, and simply does not exist. I invented the name and wrote it into the textbooks of the Cultivation World under a pseudonym a little more than a decade and a half ago, so I know.” With that, Zewu Jun disappeared from the sight of an astonished and flustered Hanguang Jun - though nothing else showed on the younger man’s face barring a hardened, constipated stare.

When the *da ge* left the Jingshi, Lan Zhan finally released the breath he’d been holding in, and heaved a sigh of relief and belated shock - to no one’s attention, alone in the dining room. Outside, A-Jia continued to make periodic announcements, depending on the messengers that came by or through Fairy Messenger spells that were sent his way. Next, the servant declared that Master Lan Qi Ren had returned with the entourage, and had arrived at the gates of the Cloud Recesses with the apothecary owner as a visiting guest. There was hardly any time to ruminate over what the *da ge* had said.

A loud creak emanated from the innermost chamber of the Jingshi. “Eh? The moustached sourgrape is back? Ehhhh?? Is he going to examine me

again? I hate to strip in front of that uncle of yours! It doesn't feel nice to be touched by him!" Wei Ying cried from the back, in the relatively undisturbed bedroom that had been closed off from the hive of activity within and around the building.

"Shh! That's rude, Wei *qianbei* !" Si Zhui's voice hissed softly although one could hear the boy chuckle when he did that.

The two men sneaked out and joined Lan Zhan when they realized that the coast was clear; Si Zhui was the one who dragged Wei Ying into the bedroom earlier to let the Twin Jades have their talk. Ever the vigilant, sensible godson-of-sort, Si Zhui was quick to grab a pot of steaming *pu'er* tea from the kitchenette and bring it to the dining table. While he quietly refilled Hanguang Jun's cup - to the latter's unspoken thanks -, Wei Ying continued to blurt and spew his complaints about how he was manhandled by his partner's uncle just a couple of hours before.

It was shortly after the three boys and Wen Ning had a nice breakfast brought over from Si Zhui's cottage, when Zewu Jun, Master Lan Qi Ren and some servants arrived to meet with Lan Zhan and Wei Ying. Zewu Jun immediately recognized and accepted the fact that everyone in the house was on the same page, and after some discussions, they went on their separate ways, each armed with a mission of sorts. Whilst two of the juniors had to carry out their tasks away from the Jingshi, Si Zhui was assigned the responsibility to care for Wei Ying and to assist Hanguang Jun where possible, while the four servants of Lan Wang Ji busied with household chores.

Master Lan Qi Ren, being the most skeptical and suspicious of the lot, stayed back until he had the chance to check on Wei Ying's condition - to

which the Twin Jades had to agree because Master Lan Qi Ren's words were akin to the law, and none of the juniors were present or capable enough to oppose such callous treatment to their favourite Wei *qianbei* . Poor already-topless Wei Ying was shoved onto the freshly cleaned bed and had his pants forcibly removed in a series of protests and angry shouts - fortunately, no cuss words were used -, so that the aged uncle could take a better look with dim, squinty eyes. While Si Zhui huddled together with Hanguang Jun to read some texts in the dining room, Wei Ying was, for a lack of better word, groped and had his modesty outraged by, quote, greasy, roaming and probing fingers and facial hair in a bedroom meant for two excluding the dirty uncle, unquote - before Master Lan Qi Ren was finally satisfied of his *own* diagnosis and left to seek the apothecary owner - Wei Ying complained liberally and plentifully in the aftermath, though Lan Zhan easily shushed the younger man with a curt "Wei Ying", and Si Zhui helped to fill the gaps to explain that the uncle needed to be convinced before he would commit to help someone that he generally disliked.

Wei Ying was, in some distasteful, even uncomfortable ways, silenced into submission and he grumbled a lot from that time onwards, while pulling his clothes together and brushing his unruly hair from what he claimed to be a thinly veiled-sexual assault. The only time he took his own initiative to stop complaining was when someone else entered the dining room - be it a servant not of Lan Zhan's authority, or Zewu Jun who made a couple of trips to and fro to the Jingshi in helping to select and moving research materials excavated from the Library Pavillion and other sources around the Cloud Recesses.

"Wei Ying." That certainly pulled everyone back to the present.

The effectively shut up Wei Ying, and the younger man sighed - then suddenly, though not surprisingly, changed his mood into a brighter one, and Wei Ying skipped from the bedroom to the dining table with a wide

grin. Within a heartbeat, he was sitting by Lan Zhan's side. Si Zhui went off again in search of something to nibble, and promised to continue helping Hanguang Jun to pour over the stacks of unread materials.

"Mmm? What is it? Do you need anything?" the younger man purred rather sexily, dressed in an unkempt and messily-buttoned white robe - from afar, it looked as though Wei Ying had been ravished by many men, with a bed head of messy hair, with his rosy, sweat-dampened complexion exposed in plain view, and with one shoulder bared when the collar slipped all the way down to almost, but not quite, reveal a puffy pink nipple with its areola ringed by the notoriously curled body hair -, and leaned his cheek on one of Lan Zhan's shoulder. Wei Ying settled in for a nuzzle against Lan Zhan's broad shoulder, seated side by side with his one and only favourite male partner.

Lan Zhan relaxed into his chair, relished the comforting weight that Wei Ying placed upon his torso, and finally turned a page on the book he was trying so hard to read since his elder brother walked into the room in askance of a heart-to-heart talk and more reading materials to bulldoze through, fifteen minutes ago.

"Mn. Nothing." Calmness, steady, gratitude, satisfaction, intimacy, a comfortable kind of love - those words were unsaid, but were nevertheless mutually understood.

Wei Ying sighed and remained seated, enjoying the warm sunlight filtering through silky curtains into the chilled room in early Spring. The noises, interruptions, and annoyances from the outside were easily blocked when the two were alone, and more so, when Wei Ying's good left hand silently slinked from beneath the table to reach, then touch, and brazenly - but

stealthily - intertwine with Lan Zhan's; the latter felt his *qi* rise, and he was eager to complete his job so that he could have more time to do what he believed to be more valuable or cherishable, such as a cuddle with his beloved - another two pages were turned on the book.

Si Zhui returned with a tray of cut fruits, bite-sized dumplings packed with sweet and savoury fillings, accompanied with enough plates and cups for all three occupants of the room, to last for the rest of the busy, lively morning. He arranged the tableware and cutlery carefully on one corner of the table, in the prescribed perfect geometrical symmetries, then obediently took one volume from the stack that Zewu Jun brought, and started leafing through the pages.

Lan Zhan wasn't cranky anymore.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 145

A snippet of conversation from earlier that morning:

“Wei *gongzi* , one of the Eight Heavenly Outlets of a mortal is the outlet for all things Desirable and Lustful. If Wang Ji claimed that he had neutralized the poison and purged this pathway last night, it would mean that you’d have shamelessly masturbated until completion, out in the open in the Jingshi, which is clearly a property of the elite Lan family.”

“Hah??!! What the f---... no, let me rephrase that, your... Honour, Royalness, Majesty, Whatever. What makes you think I did that? I can categorically state that I do not know, because as Lan Zhan pointed out, I was hit by the fever caused by the poison. You can ask him what happened, not me. And what’s wrong with jacking off, anyway? Don’t you hot-blooded Lan men do that too, to relieve your stress at the very least?”

“ *Gongzi* , please do not feel threatened, I was merely stating the facts and educating you, a visiting guest from the outside world, about the ways of our Lan culture, norms and prohibitions. Regarding the ejaculation of a man’s semen, which is considered an outlet of lusts according to our sacred texts, the Gusu Lan sect is well-versed with the cause and effects, and how to achieve such a splendid climax to rid one’s body of the lustful, sinful feelings that intoxicate us. Masturbation would be the only probable way, according to my analysis, given that there weren’t any females around during the time of the purge, nor any other feasible methods to extract the woeful seed from your body; fear not, *gongzi* , there is nothing wrong in touching oneself, as we men understand our bodily needs - except that it should not have been done in a culturally inappropriate and offensive way.”

“So... you’re saying that I shouldn’t have jizzed all over the bedroom, and that you’re implying that it’s offensive to sow my seeds inside the Jingshi? Hey, it wasn’t my fault, ask your little brother over there! I woke up covered with icky stuff on my face, nose, mouth and painted streaks all over my belly... and yeah, watching A-Jia clean the room, I know it got on the floor, the lampshade and ceiling too... why, even my backside felt slimy and so were the bedsheets! I don’t know how it’s humanly possible to do that, but I did it, didn’t I?”

“... *Ge* , here’s your cup of tea. Please. Must you always pry so deep into everyone’s private lives?”

“Ah, thank you for the gracious hospitality - I’ve started to develop a penchant for Yunnan’s fragrant teas since you brought some to our city last autumn... mmm... and about me being a busybody... toot-toot, Wang Ji. I’m the Sect Leader, and I must make sure our family rules are upheld at all times. What do you say, Wang Ji, in Wei Ying’s defense? Or are you liable for punishment too, for the man’s inappropriate masturbatory behaviours that potentially broke at least five rules and offended our people and properties, which equates to a sentencing not less than ten years in the dungeons beneath the Cold Springs? You’re his guardian during his stay here, so you, my dear little brother, may be eligible for sentencing too, depending on the outcome of the Council’s deliberations.”

“AHHH!!! I plead insanity! I wasn’t aware! Please accuse me of being mentally ill at that time and that I’ve peed, poo’ed, puked, farted and cummed everywhere inside the bedroom, until poor, traumatized A-Jia had to suffer through multiple cleanings, and the precious, historical Jingshi building and all its priceless artifacts, treasures and literary materials were sullied with bodily fluids in my name! Leave Lan Zhan out of this! Don’t punish him!”

“... no, *ge* . It does not work that way.”

“It doesn’t? Do tell, Wang Ji. How do you explain your way out of this, and how does the damning evidence lead the case to a full acquittal for Wei Ying? I may know him well as a good man with questionable behaviours, but the Council elders do not; those old twits read more about Wei *gongzi* from his glorious, notorious days as the infamous Yiling Patriarch than a fraction of what he was then, today. I do not have enough political clout to vouch for his good behaviour, unfortunately.”

“Lan Zhan! I don’t like the way he’s maneuvering the discussion to his favour - *da ge* , don’t you dare give me that evil eye! Lan Zhan, listen to me! Just say that I did it, I will think of a way out after I’m imprisoned! I’ve got a track record of escaping from jail, including that time under Wen Chao’s terrible rule and his even more terrible giant dog.”

“... Wei Ying, stand by my side and hold on to my sleeves if you’re apprehensive. *Ge* , first of all, I am the owner of the Jingshi. The deed to the building and its surrounding lands had been signed off by our late father to my name, and this was also endorsed by the Council elders. Having my home wrecked in the way that you described - although I cannot confirm nor deny the extent of it - is to me, the Master of this house, as trivial as accidentally breaking and spilling a jar of expensive wine on the floor. It needed cleaning, but at the end of the day, it is not an issue of concern. You are here today, and you do not seem deeply perturbed by its current state, are you not?”

“Hnn. Well said, dear little brother. Very well, I shall consider the Jingshi, a cultural relic and historical site of great significance to our family, as completely intact, unaffected and unrelated to the case of Wei Ying’s misdemeanour.”

“Eh? Ehh?? My bodily fluids, my cum, spilled like a jar of expensive wine? Is that how you see me, Lan Zhan?”

“... nnngh, hush, Wei Ying, and don’t pull on my sleeves too hard. *Ge* , second, I am not offended, and I speak in my capacity as the Master of the Jingshi. Whatever that transpired behind the doors of the bedroom, whether a man touched himself or not, whether in my presence or not, whether in my sight or not, is of no consequence. Wei Ying is my best friend, my confidant, my brother-in-arms, my special guest living in my home and we spend the nights sleeping on the same king-size bed - he may touch himself and behave inappropriately in the private confines of the bedroom, and I am absolutely not offended. We’re... best buddies, after all.”

“L-- L-- Lan Zhan! Nnnnh! You’re making me b-- b-- blush!”

“Wang Ji, masturbating with another stranger could be considered culturally inappropriate. You know which rules this relates to.”

“ *Ge* , it’s as culturally inappropriate as to masturbate alone in one’s bedroom. Do you prohibit our men from touching themselves when they’re sleeping at night on their own? Do you, say, prohibit residents of the house to spit, cuss, curse, dirty, even throw a few punches here and there, and behave badly in their own property? As Master of this House, I proclaim it

is perfectly inoffensive for Wei Ying to conduct himself improperly, such as the culturally inappropriate act of masturbating on my king-size bed even in my presence and sight. Does this help you conclude the case?”

“Ehh??? What do you mean, Lan Zhan?! Was I really jacking off last night with you on the bed? Auuugh, this is so humiliating and shameful! Why didn’t you stop me?”

“Hnn. Well argued, my boy. You’ve resolved my doubts, for now, and I can’t think of any other wrongdoings by Wei *gongzi* during the poisoning episode from last night. Fret not, I was merely testing the two of you... for unimportant reasons. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Lan Zhan! What is the meaning of this? What’s going to happen--”

“Wei Ying, stop bouncing around. Your robes are slipping off again, and you’ll attract unwanted attention if you remain that way for too long. You’re unwashed, and you smell as bad as you look right now. Go and take a bath behind the Jingshi, Si Zhui will boil enough water to keep your bathwater heated long enough.”

“... ahh! Pervert! How dare you look at me that way! Ha ha ha ha ha!”

“Seeing that Wei *gongzi* is well again, Wang Ji, may I have another cup of this wonderful Yunnan tea please?”

“Mn. Of course, *ge* .”

(And of course, Lan Zhan is relieved that his elder brother never found out that half of the fertile fluids discharged during that passionate hour the night before belonged to him; in which many joyful, thrilling, hot rich loads were left inside a delirious Wei Ying, and then, later, scraped out with prostate-attacking fingers. Wei Ying thoroughly enjoyed himself, as usual.)

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Being classified as a recovering patient has its perks. Wei Ying was, at that time, the only known survivor of the poisonous plague, although the wise men of the Cloud Recesses hadn't yet determine many aspects of the affliction, such as whether it was a man-made poison or a plague spread by filthy animals living amongst the general population in the province of Gusu. As a living testament to the vicious, deadly nature of the illness, Wei Ying was allowed to move around as before, chaperoned by Si Zhui or any other individuals of his choosing, to eat and enjoy whatever he wanted for the sake of speeding up his recuperation, strengthening his vital signs, and rejuvenating his liveliness. The only downside was that he needed to be studied by selected wise men who pledged to keep his identity a secret - even from the Council and high-ranking officials of the ruling Lan family -, which included being begrudgingly subjected to repeated loathsome physical checks, consequently, getting molested by curious bald, wrinkled old men (and that included the bearded Master Lan Qi Ren, who seemed to enjoy pinching, twisting, rough-handling and molesting poor Wei Ying's bony, supple figure and his exposed, naughty bits).

Wei Ying had to endure the ordeal in the nude, sometimes by multiple wrinkly smelly old men who surrounded him in bed, and together, they

peer, sniffed, listened, touched and tasted his skin (oh, how disgusting those warty tongues felt on his belly, or worse, in the groin - and they inhaled greedily into his pubes too while extolling the invigorating addictive scents of youth!), his orifices (eww, why do these old men keep poking their sharp, knobbled, sinewy fingers into his ears, nostrils or worse, his buttole - and kept stretching, spreading, probing and inserting strange objects into him!), the ugly bandage around his right hand (those old men merely gave a passing glance at the healing wounds, before moving on to his slender throat to pepper icky kisses and licks, his nipples, or worse, his limp, shrivelled penis - he truly disliked the way his genitals were crudely handled, how his foreskin was forcibly pulled back to reveal the glistening pinkish prize within, and had a rude awakening of uncontrolled tasty moans and groans when multiple tips of slimy tongues played, circled and vibrated against his sensitive glans, then slathered their foamy saliva into his pee slit - and he involuntarily cried out, then spurted out jets of crystal clear pee straight into those grandpas' waiting mouths!), and other parts of his body (some claimed to want to listen to his pulse, but how on earth did he end up with dirty old mens' noses and lips in his hair and worse, sliding and sucking from the nape of the neck, along the backbone, until the glutes!).

Wei Ying was a very brave young man at the tender age of twenty-two, to keep a straight face as much as possible, to be still as a mouse without crying out Lan Zhan's name for help, whilst being pinned down by those wizened, panting, strangers and letting them have their violative ways with his shuddering body, in the name of medical science. Ashamedly, he thought he experienced unwanted orgasms after his penis was vigorously stroked, his defenceless testicles were scandalized by unkind but extremely pleasurable touches, vibrations and tugs, and his prostate was massaged with greasy, grimy, unwanted fingers that brazenly penetrated and played inside his ass, and he did not want to cause alarm to the *er gongzi* who was saddled with the task of bulldozing through mountains of books in search of clues for miracle cures for the poisoning plague. No wonder Wei Ying looked like he had been ravished or worse, raped, each time more groups of old men visited the bedroom, while Lan Zhan and Si Zhui remained

fastidiously in the next chamber to finish up their reading on the dining table.

So, when A-Jia announced the return of Master Lan Qi Ren, Wei Ying was too disturbed to want to experience another round of sexual molestation, and quickly went to bathe and wash off the pungent scents and residues from his body - his bodily fluid (and Lan Zhan's - but nobody knows) and the old mens'. Inside a giant wooden tub of heated springwater, Wei Ying finally felt at peace, and his soul was cleansed of any misgivings and ill-feelings from the hours before. Si Zhui gladly helped to dry off Wei Ying, clothe him and comb his hair.

Outside the property, freshened-up Wei Ying and his chaperone strolled along rolling fields of vegetable seedlings and young saplings planted by tireless farmers, and admired the mist-covered mountainous backdrop pockmarked with snowcaps, majestic vertical cliffs and depthless waterfalls. Wei Ying didn't feel the need to wear a mask when there was hardly anyone around, though Si Zhui kept an eye out, nevertheless.

They found Wen Ning hard at work in one of the storerooms adjacent to the community's barns and stables. The duo exchanged some banter with the fierce corpse-now-considered-as-man, checked his progress and lent a helping hand. As servants from various workshops and factories dumped stuff outside the barn, Wen Ning diligently collected and sorted the assortment of surplus inventories, and started filling five cartloads of merchandise as instructed - rolls of textiles (all white and patterned with cloud and mountain motifs - there was a recent glut of fabrics meant to make school uniform robes), minerals mined from the caves around the highland city (a plethora of precious and semi-precious ores picked in excess from the cavernous grounds), crafted tools and goods made from wood and metals (for every one piece of high-quality object made, at least three had been created and tested but did not meet the stringent standards

set by Gusu Lan's brand of Perfection - it would be a waste to throw them away, so one might as well try to pass them off as sellable, usable goods at second-rate prices), exotic herbs and curative treatments foraged from the surrounding regions (in which the forests around the Cloud Recesses are famous for, besides prolonging lifespans and energizing one's *qi*), and the final cart was filled with miscellany, such as used books churned out from the libraries and classrooms, touristy-looking fortune charms and magicless talismans, and some (bland-tasting) traditional snacks and foodstuff (Wei Ying's idea - ask everyone in town to contribute something of value to sell, even stuff destined for the trash bin, for the sake of the Lan's family coffers). At the same time, Wen Ning had to make and modify some fittings to the five horses assigned to pull the carts - four healthy young stallions in the stables, and one Lil' Apple still roaming somewhere in the mist-blanketed hills, waiting to be called back to service - and to ensure that all equine animals were fed well and prepped for the journey.

At one point, when Si Zhui was engrossed with brushing a horse's mane, Wen Ning pulled Wei Ying aside and whispered, “ *Gongzi* , *gongzi* , I know you didn't come close to the Death's Door in yesterday's poisoning episode, because I've been there before, and it looks nothing like the way you described. But Wei *gongzi* is always amazing and marvellous, your storytelling is captivating and exciting, and look at you now - you're walking around with your cane as though nothing remarkable has happened between yesterday and today. You must've been blessed with good luck, your strength is infallible, and miracles must've happened in the bedroom in Jingshi for you to have survived and lived to tell the tale!”

Wei Ying only grinned sheepishly in response, and politely shushed away the adorable smirk on Wen Ning's face - he didn't want his false bravado to be revealed to any of the juniors, though he did give a grateful pat on Wen Ning's shoulder to gesture that he appreciated the man's kind words.

Next, when the morning sun dipped behind gray clouds that threatened to rain hail or freezing icicles from the skies, the two tightened their winter robes and ran - Wei Ying donned his mask, then hobbled with his cane - into a large warehouse made of bamboo and padded with plant material, filled with cages that squeaked, meowed, and barked. People were milling about, inspecting the catches and documenting them accordingly. It seemed that within a few hours, Jin Ling had much to show off - his team of students had caught an impressive number of animals, and more were trickling in, in the form of caged strays or voluntarily surrendered pets. A group of scholars, garbed special kinds of robes that looked more like white (lab) coats, checked each specimen by scrutinizing their fur, fangs and claws, and taking samples of their spit and blood, to be mixed with specific reagents and potions to reveal whether any disease or toxins were found.

“Any luck so far?” Si Zhui asked, while Wei Ying happily cornered a cat that had its limbs tied to the ground with leather straps stolen from someone’s examination table. Luckily for him, animals were segregated by class and species, so he didn’t have to deal with dogs and their frightening growls and barks - he could work in peace with his captive victim.

“Not yet. We’ve hardly covered a tenth of the city’s expanse, so it’s hard to predict if and when we’ll find something. Everything’s still clean at this point,” Jin Ling shook his head in slight disappointment; nobody said it would be easy to tackle the mammoth task of catching, testing and releasing every animal in the Cloud Recesses. Elsewhere, Wei Ying was blissfully ignored, and had grabbed a long brush meant for extracting hair from a pet’s fur, and started brushing the victimized cat’s exposed genitals - fluffy balls included. The cat was understandably distressed and yowled with terror, but its cry for rescue was drowned in the midst of so many other animals’ calls echoing inside the warehouse.

Once Wei Ying has had his fill of sexually abusing a cat to sate his curiosity (he finally learned what happens when one brushes a cat's fluffy testicles and its prickly pink penis a little too much, and a little too hard), and Si Zhui has received an update from the animal-catching frontlines (they were asked to return after lunch for more, hopefully significant news), the two set off with umbrellas loaned from other disciples towards one of the handful of magic workshops in the Cloud Recesses. These inconspicuous rooms look no different than plain white and brown dormitories from the outside, but behind the closed doors are resplendent sceneries of moving things, noisy objects, of random clouds of sparkles and fountains of smoke, surrounded by fully-stocked colourful shelves of ingredients, tools and equipment that emit magic, and in the middle are workbenches for magic-users to create, modify, shape and manufacture a variety of charms, talismans, grimoires, potions, armours, weapons and whatnots - in perfectly lined-up sets of production lines.

There, they managed to catch up with Jing Yi who was about to lead his squad to tie long strings of white-coloured talismans along the borders of the forests. "This is my sixth pick-up, can you believe it?!" he exclaimed, "I think we've underestimated just how much rope and paper we need to cover the perimeter with these things!" and held up a set of talismans woven into a thick piece of rope that had been coiled into a thick stack. It looked heavy and Si Zhui offered to help and carry some - but Jing Yi refused like a gentleman, and reminded the other to focus on Wei Ying's well-being; the errant Wei *gongzi*, on the other hand, had gone off to explore the workshop and became enamoured at watching how a line of men work on a long piece of rope, on benches arranged next to each other lengthwise, as though they were vying for the title of making the world's longest hot dog (or something to that equivalent).

"Each coil like this," Jing Yi gestured to the stack he was holding, "takes about an hour to make by a group of four to five men, but it can only tie between trees up to thirty paces at most, because we didn't factor in bushes, boulders and other obstacles in-between, and we had to go around those - so

we lost some length in doing so! Not to mention the tears, holes and other damages we had to fix on the spot each time the talismans were punctured by thorny bushes or when the ropes were grazed, scratched or scraped too hard against jagged rocks,” he admitted. If they had more time, Jing Yi would have preferred to take a small group to patrol the border and clean it up of those obstacles, before setting up the roped talismans.

While the two boys discussed how to salvage and improve the situation, Wei Ying ooh’d and aah’d at how talismans were sewn into the fibres of the ropes. He quietly taught some of the younger, easily-distracted disciples a secret technique or two, such as adding spells that conferred elastic properties to the ropes so that they could be stretched twice as long and malleable enough to withstand the abrasive nature of the natural world, and dipping the talisman papers in melted wax so that they were waterproof and could resist the freezing weather elements.

With Jing Yi off to the borders with a few more (improved) coils of ropes hanging from the shoulders, Si Zhui thought it was getting a wee bit too cold and Wei Ying shivered in agreement. The two headed off, trudging through a light snowfall in the mountains, towards the nearest inn and teahouse, where Si Zhui offered to pay for a pot of nicely warmed *pu’er* tea, two steaming bowls of soup noodles, and a plate of toasted mixed nuts, to Wei Ying’s delight (because Wei Ying was the quintessential freeloader and had no money on him anyway); the two would spend some good quality time together by a hearty fireplace in the rather sparsely-populated rustic century-old establishment, and regaled by colourful stories of the past shared by the gracious innkeeper, in the ambient warmth typically found indoors in friendly, hospitable Cloud Recesses one fine Spring morning.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 146

“I’ve thought *long* and *hard* about this, Lan Zhan. An eye for an eye, a wank for a wank! Let’s get down to business!”

“Wei Ying...?”

“C’mon, man, strip your pants! I’m returning the favour after how you saved my life last night! You jacked me off, so let me do you too, and-- Hey! Come back here!”

“Wei Ying! No!”

“Oi! We’re both men, there’s nothing to be afraid about! You don’t have to hide it, and believe me, I’ve seen many more dicks in all shapes and sizes during my younger days at school, so trust me, I won’t react badly!”

“... nnngh, Wei Ying!”

“Come, come, come (来, 来, 来), don't be shy... and stop running away! What’s so bad about having another man touch you, anyway? You’ll get to feel really, really good with my awesome 'Grasping Dragon's Claw' technique that I’ve mastered since my teenage days! It doesn’t matter if my right arm is bandaged, I’m such a talented *gongzi* to be ambidextrous, and can send you to the stars with my left! Now stand still, let me put my hands into your pants, and feel the magic sparkle!”

“... aahhhnnn, Wei Ying!”

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The afternoon was turning out to be a dreary wind and snow swept day, and freezing blizzards pummeled the Cloud Recesses nestled in its protective ring of towering ice-capped mountain peaks. Throughout the city, most outdoor activities ceased after lunch, which took place in the dorms hosted by Jing Yi as the captain-of-sorts for a number of disciples under his service. After considering Lan Zhan’s unspoken annoyance of having *his* Jingshi tormented by multiple bouts of overpopulation (two is the maximum he’d like to accommodate in the long run), and Wei Ying’s increasingly incessant whining in front of a fireplace whilst being swaddled by three layers of woolly robes, that his weakened body couldn’t tolerate the sub-zero temperatures, which is further aggravated by the healing wounds from the poisoning episode - kind-hearted Si Zhui obligingly returned the latter to Hanguang Jun’s home, deposited him safely into Lan Zhan’s cuddle-worthy arms, then carried off the remaining unread books from the dining table so that he would singlehandedly complete the task and let the Lan *er gongzi* take a well-deserved break for the rest of the day. Si Zhui mentioned that he’d talk to Zewu Jun about the new arrangements, and that he’d report his summary from the Library’s books to the Sect Leader on time, so there was no need to worry.

All four servants left the Jingshi with the banquet food to serve the prepared dishes in the dorms, attended by all three juniors, Wen Ning, their teammates, assistants and servants who also worked hard during the morning to prepare the carts of goods for the trip to Caiyi, investigate the poisoning plague in the Cloud Recesses, and secure the city from further threats. A-Jia ordered his fellow comrades to leave the resident couple a

table for two of wholesome, steaming warm food for lunch - spicy pork congee for Wei Ying, wheat noodles and vermicelli in meat broth for Lan Zhan, an assortment of stir-fries, omelettes, winter greens, tofu and mushrooms, and sweet desserts laid out neatly on the dining table, accompanied with chilli, sweet-sour and savoury dips. Wei Ying made a couple of critiques about the meal - although the taste was splendid, however he was beginning to feel bored from having liquidy meals that seemed too healthy and lacked fried or oily components; Lan Zhan simply “Mn”s in acknowledgement of his partner’s unavoidable suffering, and did not need to elaborate further; a meal enjoyed together in relative peace and quiet was all the Master of the House wanted, after all.

With nothing else to do when the last plate was cleaned with lip-smacking grunts, Wei Ying wondered loudly, punctuated by satisfied burps and boorish displays of tooth-picking in plain view, about what merriment and chaos were happening across the streets in the dorms filled with young, adventurous and energetic boys; about the proceedings of the meetings held in the Council halls attended by elders, sages, scholars and the apothecary owner; about whether the gloomy weather would worsen, or if Xi Chen *da ge* and his servants would still drop by the Jingshi; suffice to say, any further action in town - seemingly the main plot of the story book - would occur outside of the Jingshi, where superstars Si Zhui, Jing Yi, Jin Ling and Wen Ning would hunker down at the dorms, workshops and other locations in the heart of the Cloud Recesses, than, say, a picturesque standalone heritage building and its farmlands and lotus pond, tucked in a tranquil corner of the settlement, away from prying eyes.

Boredom quickly set in, and soon, Wei Ying had other bright ideas to keep himself entertained, and his fingers itched for a grope between the unfortunate partner’s legs.

“Lan Zhan, you look too sexy and beautiful, like a man's wet dream come true,” naked Wei Ying exclaimed with a sly chuckle, “We should get married and you can be my *lao po* !” and laughed obnoxiously at his own joke.

Lan Zhan lay carelessly atop the bed in the nude, and appeared absolutely, brutally scandalized; his long, lush hair was unnaturally messed up and spread like imperfect black tentacles on the bedspread, his cheeks rosy and the skin glimmered with filtered afternoon sunlight reflecting off a sheen of sweat, hooded dilated eyes gazing languidly in the dim light from the aftermath of pinnacles of extremely enjoyable activities, sounds of heavy panting blended with a heady mix of incense and muskiness emanating from streaks of milky white that were shot out accidentally, too excitedly, too soon, that the *er gongzi* was left breathless, gasping, spread-eagled with the comforting weight of his partner settling down intimately between his legs, not to mention that those smooth but well-muscled legs trembled from delightful fatigue, and the sweaty hips that anchored everything in place jerked involuntarily once, twice, rapidly thrice in succession.

When Wei Ying said that ‘before the Dragon’s Claw can be unclasped, it must be loosened with tender loving care’, Lan Zhan didn’t think it meant having his nearly hairless genitals bared, then having the younger man’s wonderfully chock-full of tickly friction hairy bush, turgid cockmeat and plump baby-Wei Yings knead, slide, slap and slam repeatedly against his in full, toe-curlingly pleasurable force. Lan Zhan’s penis, already steel-hard and twitchy at the prospect of getting loved, was instantly overwhelmed when Wei Ying lay on him, full-body and incredibly intimate, then started to hump. It felt like rubbing against an impressive piece of living, throbbing log and two squeezable pipa fruits, and Lan Zhan’s manly pride swelled twice as much from the deserving compliment about his size, length and girth. Thirty volleys ejected with such climactic force between their bodies, with some fertile gooey ejaculatory missiles propelled straight towards the

ceiling and landed on both men, that Wei Ying laughed and squealed as he was lifted into the air each time the older man howled with great pleasure and squeezed his glutes so tightly, back arched so gracefully, raised his hips so sharply as though he was desperately fucking the highest clouds in Heaven.

Wei Ying gazed at the object of his desire affectionately, and gave their crotch-to-crotch kiss a few more heartfelt rubs; it was truly unbecoming - but comical - to watch a man in this mid-thirties become undone in a matter of moments, every time their cocks and balls rubbed together, lavishly encased with the latter's still-heated sticky seed. By wedging Lan Zhan's helplessly defenceless manhood between them - like a floppy, tired piece of overcooked patty sandwiched in the middle of moist, firm buns - he effectively captured the older man to be his play toy on a whim; despite being cognizant of the differences in their body heights, sizes and more obviously, their strengths, Wei Ying dared to act like the sadistic queen of the house and hold the masochistic *er gongzi* imprisoned, especially with his good left hand gripping a chokehold around the other's, sending tasty whines, erotic moans and delicious pleading for mercy echoing throughout the confines of the locked bedroom.

Lan Zhan begged Wei Ying, in gasping two-syllable phrases, with off-character melodious Yes and more Yes'es in rising pitches - not so much because he wanted to be married off as a wife to someone else (which he loves dearly anyway), but because naughty Wei Ying who had tasted the fun and thrill (and ickiness and fear) of being molested by experienced wrinkled old men, took his sweet revenge by repaying the act in multiples of the pleasure and intensity. He gave Lan Zhan the best Dragon's Claw handjob ever that could purportedly turn a real dragon into a phallic orgasmic monster, and used the spent seed like a lubricant brimming with thrumming energy and warmth; sexually-flushed Lan Zhan gleefully surrendered to the blinding pleasure that wrecked his body in convulsions, although his face remained rather expressionless except for twitches and jerks on his face that mirrored the rhythm in which his body danced every

time his impossibly hard spear was stroked, polished and swiped with delicate fingertips.

Another thirty explosive jets would follow soon; the visual, audible and tactile fireworks would be enough to convince Wei Ying that he had gained a new pastime - to play with Lan Zhan's penis as often as possible - because he was truly bewitched in the way the amazing, marvellous and formidable Hanguang Jun crumbled to his expert touch, how the handsome, tight visage morphed into a series of ugly half-yawns, half-screams and half-grimaces, how the body melted into molten volcanic spurts that contracted and relaxed so perfectly fine, always thirty times each, exhibiting the full spectrum of a mortal's true unbridled lust that fascinated Wei Ying to no end, before becoming whole again to become the most gentle, lovable and cuddle-able person in the whole bedroom and Wei Ying could once again be pampered with Lan Zhan's coddling and snuggle against his favourite sleeping spot between body-warmed blankets and a set of firm pecs, six-pack abs and a bouncy, soothing paunch, lulled to sleep with a lullaby of strong heartbeats and sometimes, vague humming reminiscent of an old tune he'd heard sixteen years ago.

"Mmm... who cares if you're a best-buddy or a confidant... Lan Zhan, you really should become mine... my *lao po*," Wei Ying murmured drowsily as he burrowed onto a nest of Lan Zhan-branded snuggly flesh, pillows and blankets, suddenly feeling a little dizzy and sleepy.

"Mn," came a faraway reply, and Lan Zhan twirled his fingers behind his back, to cast another godly spell that alters reality, time, space and his partner's state of mind. He didn't need expensive wines, luxurious romantic backdrops, or whisper sweet nothings and loving promises, to get both of them into the mood to meet their daily lovemaking quota; sixty ejaculations as foreplay is peanuts for Lan Zhan; he'd make sure to reward Wei Ying's efforts a zillion times in return during that one full ecstatic afternoon.

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The man named Lan Wang Ji in this timeline is determined to keep both he and his destined soulmate, Wei Wu Xian, away from the troubles that would beset their world, through seemingly innocuous ways that do not differ from the humdrum of daily life, with some exceptions blessed with divine intervention, of course. Playing second fiddle instead of the superstar of the narrative that chronicles the next rise and fall of heroes and legends - is perfectly fine for the man who was already beyond perfection.

The afternoon storm made sure that nobody would interrupt the couple's frisky (alas, fruitless, homosexual) playtime, despite having the Jingshi rocked by explosive sex, incredible acrobatic acts of fertility and fecundity, lightning flashes and thunder signifying god-tiered fornication, mini earthquakes and roars of orgasmic climaxes to accompany the rhythmic creaks of a terribly, terribly abused bed - because there was no one around to brave the snow and pry into the private matters of the Master of the House. Furthermore, having all great minds and the main players gather at the dorms, with all available hands on deck in the form of disciples and servants, meant that Jing Yi managed to secure the parameters of the Cloud Recesses with freeze-proof Wen Ning's help; Si Zhui completed reviewing all reading materials with the aid from his teammates; Jin Ling didn't need to hunt down all stray animals in the city because Zewu Jun and the Council of elders had seen enough data from just a fifth of the population and concluded that none of the animals were disease carriers and needn't be investigated further; Wen Ning filled the five carts in record time when all disciples and servants chipped in, and some even contributed their own stuff to sell, such as family heirlooms that hadn't found practical use to date or treasures excavated from hidden caves beneath the city; the apothecary owner gave his statements which fuelled new directions in research for new cures and ways to detect the poisoning plague before more people fall victim; the Council continued to convene meetings after meetings to

deliberate on the current situation, discoveries and the next steps; unbeknownst to the residents of the Jingshi, during the afternoon, more deaths had been recorded in Caiyi and squads were rushed off to several districts within the Cloud Recesses after town guards received unverified reports of people suddenly falling ill in their homes - for once, the Sect Leader of the Gusu Lan was at the forefront to meet with the affected families to ascertain the nature of the sickness, and to determine the extent of the horror that seemed to have grown its roots within the heart of the clan.

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Wei Ying was resigned to play as a sidekick in an exciting series fraught with epic mystery, murder, adventure and thrilling moments starring his successors of sorts, and Lan Zhan was, to his disappointment, an even more side of a sidekick; he had relinquished all permissions, rights, related information and ideas to his elder brother to spearhead the investigation and the trip to Caiyi.

"Well, at least I'll get to enjoy new sceneries, observe people going about their daily lives in Spring, and have a taste of a freshly different, more vibrant city life since being locked up in this cold, unforgiving, isolated mountaintop for nearly half a year!" the younger man tried to pacify himself with his own justifications for a journey out of town that had suddenly lost its significance. He could make do with people-watching and shopping for touristy oddities and knick knacks using Lan Zhan's hard-earned salary, at the very least.

The younger of the Twin Jades was relieved to have won half the battle after mildly arguing about the matter with his partner for the past half-hour,

whilst embracing the now-officiated lover from the back on the bed. Wei Ying, though, didn't think so - about being lovers -, and merely thought he had suffered yet another amnesiac episode (by waking up completely dazed, just in time for a sumptuous dinner served in bed, with pleasant aches, throbs, spasms, and a generally foreboding empty feeling in his loins which counterbalanced the generally full, stretched, satiated sensations emanating from inside his asshole), which can be completely attributed to Lan Zhan's fault because whatever happened in the bedroom stays within the bedroom, and getting back rubs, tummy rubs, comfortably spooned and free handjobs by the *er gongzi* does not constitute as proof of getting hitched into a relationship, according to Wei Ying's point of view.

"Mn. You get to try out the dishes from teahouses where my elder brother has scheduled appointments with the *laoban* s that will inspect our goods. You can lead the negotiations with your mask on, but you will not be allowed to participate in the investigations of the poisoning plague. Those are our Sect Leader's words, not mine." Somewhere during the explanation, Wei Ying thrust his ass deeper into the curve of his partner's crotch, and let out a rude fart - because he now knows that he is allowed to - in protest of being denied. Lan Zhan, however, knew how to respond to calm down the man's nerves; he simply reached to the front with both hands and started to, in Wei Ying's childish but endearing vocabulary, "play with the naughty bits" just because the younger man is entitled to it.

"Ehh? Why am I being left out? That's the most exciting part of this trip, isn't it?" the man of smaller stature blurted, or rather, squeaked. He didn't realise that a spell was being weaved into his groin by two twirling fingers, as everything was buried under layers of blankets and cushion.

"Sect Leader has your safety and well-being in his heart, as he considers you as part of the greater family. If anything, Jin Ling, being a distant relative of yours, can represent your interests in such discussions," came the

no-nonsense reply that left the other man with little ammunition for a counter-argument. Lower down, Wei Ying's penis magically shrunk in size and in its place, a plump, moist juicy cavern began to carve itself, lined with pretty little bumps filled with nectary slickness, framed with muscular walls and blossoming feminine petal-like folds at the entrance, equipped with functional parts such as a real pee slit on one end, a perfectly tight, hot and squelchy elastic cocksleeve of sorts, and an artificial womb within.

"Auuggh! I wish I wasn't this weak and useless! Can't I just tag along? Just for the sake of harmless curiosity. I promise I won't do anything that might jeopardize the team's efforts to solve the mystery!" Wei Ying shrugged and flailed his limbs in exaggerated disappointment, unaware that he was being gender-switched without permission, that even his breasts started to swell into perky orange-sized mounds filled with soft, squishy but firm body fat, that more layers began build around his waist and hips, and that his thin manly features were beginning to soften up.

"Zewu Jun had interrogated both of us, and you've been personally examined by the Council of elders, so they have all the information they need to pursue the investigation without us. Please, Wei Ying, do not make it more difficult for me than it already is," Lan Zhan rumbled in a pleading tone, although partly due to his increasingly loss of control at the sight, smell and sound - he'd picked up a slight high-pitched squeal from Wei Ying's voice - of a partner being transformed according to his burgeoning loins' wishes; his love for Wei Ying is enduring, goes beyond boundaries and is non gender-specific, however the flesh is weak for some truly feminine qualities, flavours and touches.

"Nnnnh! All right! But you have to promise that I can stay by your side at all times, and you have to keep me amused and entertained!" the younger man-turning-into-woman blabbered on, as he was unknowingly maneuvered into a missionary sex position; he was pinned to the mattress,

legs spread and hips raised, and Lan Zhan nnngh'ed with utter satisfaction when his dripping, wanting jerking over-six inch phallus started rubbing and kissing the presented, newly formed rosebud - a virgin, technically, waiting to be deflowered.

"Mn..." Kiss, kiss, down there, excitedly begging to be allowed in for a taste, and the chance to make many babies together all night long. Kiss, kiss, on the puffy nipples in the imagined hopes that sometimes they will be filled with sweet milk to feed the babes. Kiss, kiss, lip to lip, loving how Wei Ying tastes, filled with flavours of the musky, the pungent, the desirable, and the lovely. Lan Zhan was more than ready to mount his partner many times that night.

"Also, your uncle is a creep for molesting me while I was alone in bed. Don't you dare deny that," Wei Ying nnnh'ed in between jostling with their lip-locking, surprisingly unfazed by what was happening to his body, other than a distant annoying feeling due to Lan Zhan's stubborn closeness - why was the older man lying on top of him, anyway? Did he think the man named Wei Wuxian was as soft, pliant and malleable as a pillow? - and certainly didn't wince nor groan when the pussy down there finally parted its lovely lips and was deflowered in a single, vigorous stroke.

"Mn..." Lan Zhan allowed himself to drown into the pleasures of the flesh - Wei Ying's flesh - and joyfully yielded to the sensations of fucking a real female's vagina - Wei Ying's vagina. His body sang praises to the divinely magical spell that turned thin, frail, crippled men into buxom, beautiful and very enticing-looking women, and proceeded to reap the rewards spread out beneath him like a buffet of sexual delicacies. With each pump of the hips, he nnngh'd and felt his cock grow ten times more, filling up with rich, creamy molten pressure for the wonderful act of sowing his wildest seeds inside the womb - Wei Ying's womb -, and he was impatient enough to keep knocking at the door of that womb, demanding for entrance, forcing

his way deeper while enjoying the juicy tightness that literally squeezed the living lights out of him. His eyes rolled to the back, his abdomen shuddered, his back bent and bowed out of control, his body clearly becoming too excited for its own good.

"And those groups of old men who kept visiting the bedroom all morning, then took advantage of my body to slake their thirst for boyjuice and sate their hunger for sweet young flesh..." Wei Ying finally felt something in his mind-altered state - a twinge of twisted pleasure - but he did not, could not, perceive the fact that Lan Zhan was already deeply drilling and rutting inside him, with rhythmic pounding and thrusting sounds, naughty fingers grasped and squeezed his now-bouncy breasts, the pace picking up, the juices flowing liberally from both individuals, mixing into sweet honeyed liquids, heavy breaths, trembling thighs and sweaty limbs, that were the prelude of the euphoric act of achieving orgasms in unison, and for Lan Zhan, the opportunity to relive his gleeful delight of bedding his Wei Ying and impregnate many children inside his beloved partner.

"Mn... Wei Ying, do not speak anymore... please... aahhnn..."

Wei Ying acquiesced, thinking that it was another strange Gusu Lan family rule that prohibits one from speaking ill of elders, so he stopped blurting out his complaints.

Lan Zhan breathed a sigh of relief, and continued to enjoy tasting the fruits of his gender-bending magic, and at least until midnight when the spell wore off, he was convinced that Wei Ying had been properly inseminated multiple times with great joy and carried his flesh and blood. He'd continue his painstaking efforts to father twins and triplets inside Wei Ying, long after the clock struck twelve.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 147

The next morning, whatever misgivings or appreciation Wei Ying had for the team that was assembled for the investigation and the outbound carts dissipated upon receiving news from the town crier, replaced by sheer horror and shock.

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Wei Ying chastised himself for waking up late despite having slept or probably remained in a foggy, dazed state for most of the day before, which was becoming all too common recently and he wouldn't bat an eyelid at the thought of hibernating inside the Jingshi's bedroom all year round; he couldn't quite remember what happened, except that his body felt exceedingly good, but confused, in a sexual way - drained to the last droplet, filled with satisfaction to the brim, then exhausted to the bones, but pulsating with youthful vigour simultaneously, plus, something icky kept dribbling out from his bottom no matter how many times he ran to the loo and wiped his buttocks with leaves and biodegradable rice paper; he kept having flashes of fragments of memories of having real sexual intercourse without ever recalling having his virginity taken in his twenty or so years of early life; he kept peering at his frontal male equipment, though nothing seemed out of the ordinary except for a very limp, de-sexualized and floppy lifeless dangling piece of phallic flesh covered with familiar thick bushy curls - he believed that he'd lost his little junior since becoming a handicapped man and had his meridians severed, but somehow, lingering sensations during wakeful hours told him otherwise.

In any case, the sky was lit up with mid-morning rolling in ruthlessly without wait, and he stepped off the bed (finally, finally) with a full belly, a washed and cleansed body, dressed in a fresh set of robes; he scolded Lan

Zhan for pampering him with so many creature comforts - for instance, sleep-warmed pillows and blankets that smelled like them, intimate cuddles and touches all morning that drew him back to the mattress like a magnet, a wonderful filling breakfast of liquidy foods served with tantalizing side dishes of the fried and oily kind (Wei Ying was overjoyed that his stomach's wishes came true, to say the least), and plenty of opportunity for physical, sexual fun - between best buddies, Wei Ying had to remind himself - because Lan Zhan kept seducing Wei Ying back into the bed by undressing, spread-eagling himself, offering his body as a permanent sanctuary with sensual, calming, familiar whispers of "Come, come and lie on me, Wei Ying, and let's play your favourite game of touch-touch". Wei Ying took the bait like a moth to a flame, giggled and squealed with absolutely delight, because he had full access to a playground spread in front of him like a buffet, so he wasted another five, ten, twenty minutes examining, touching, then playing, plucking, stroking their nipples, navels, penises and balls; never mind that every five, ten, twenty minutes Lan Zhan showed him how a true manly man Perfectly orgasmed with an over-six incher, with bountiful arches of creamy whites landing on his increasingly rounded paunch; whilst Wei Ying double-dared the former and retaliated obnoxiously by masturbating in broad daylight, made Lan Zhan drool with desire and with an inexplicable hunger, then made sure to show the older partner how his less intimidating, less impressive, less than-six incher spasmed, convulsed, how his body and legs shook uncontrollably when he climaxed, how his O-face formed from childish rosy-cheeked glee, which contorted then blossomed into unadulterated sexual joy, and how shades of pink, reds and erotic crimson coloured his complexion, chest then spread upwards to his thin neck and face, when he spurts fifteen crystal-clear oozy pearls for Lan Zhan to admire; the last ten ejaculations went straight into the older man's waiting lips, of course, because Lan Zhan was too tempted for a taste, and he happily but expressionlessly swooped down between Wei Ying's open legs for a vibrantly good, hard, soul-draining *suck* without asking to be invited.

Wei Ying spent five, ten, twenty minutes watching intensely through sleepy, droopy eyelids, with his gaze threatening to go up the ceiling and roll to the

back every time electrical shocks of pleasure spiked in his loins, his scrutiny mixed with unnatural fascination, at how his own penis pulsed and jerked, a series of (very weak, but very delectable) contractions ran up and down his turgid, hyper-sensitive dick then spewed merrily into the older man's throat; how Lan Zhan milked the swollen member with the muscles in his mouth, throat and tongue, how he amazingly deep-throated without hitting a gag reflex and made Wei Ying see stars and nearly fell asleep from the bone-shattering aftermath there and then; however the continuous vacuuming action dragged him back to the land of the living, and Wei Ying nnngh'd, aaahn'd and yowled as his penis was polished behind closed lips and he was forced by inhuman suction strength to piston crazily between those luscious, cum-slicked moist lips, and he ejaculated again and again like an incontinent fool, and oh how Lan Zhan enjoyed suckling the abused glans like a teat from a goat, stroked the length and girth with his textured tongue with such mastery that Wei Ying's toes curled and fingers grappled the crumpled bedsheets with every downstroke, then hummed at such a titillating low frequency when the pair of testicles had been swallowed and held captive inside a moist oral cavern, trapped together with a lashing tongue that pleased and probed enticingly, that the young man thought his balls had melted and melded into pure sexual *qi* energy globes bursting with super-charged strobing orgasmic sparkles - his testicles orgasmed too many times from the warm, wet assault of tongue and suction, until every single sperm had been squeezed out, then evacuated in rapid volcanic-hot volleys from those lovely, formerly plump hairy balls and soon, only twin wrinkled saggy prunes remained in heated, drained bliss, delicious palpitations continued run along the testicular nerves, causing each emptied testicle to spasm visibly inside their oversized sacs long after the contents had been forcibly expelled; Wei Ying imagined Lan Zhan might as well be drinking the most expensive wine in the Middle Kingdom - *his* wine - and become drunk from his smelly, musky though diluted essence, and in no time, Wei Ying flew to the next heaven, next nirvana, next impossibly sexual high of orgasms deep into Lan Zhan's incredible blowjob; his cries of "Enough, enough, *er gongzi* ... mercy, mercy please! You will suck my soul away!" remained unheard, in fact the pleas renewed Lan Zhan's ruthless pace in giving head to his tormented, dying, lightning-shocked lively angry-purple penis; his pelvis shuddered like the beat of the wings of hummingbirds, before stilling, then beautiful, divine pushes, squeezes, molten liquid

boiling upwards from his loins, rhythmically rising and rising, culminating to the fifth, tenth maybe twentieth terribly weak but terribly mind-blowing climax, throbbing straight into Lan Zhan's beautiful, divine moustached lips and mouth (with a handsome beard below too, Wei Ying had to add).

Due to this ordeal, Wei Ying added another little note into his naughty book of secrets about the younger of the Twin Jades - that Lan Zhan was confirmed to suffer from an obsessive, debilitating oral fixation, when it came to the sparse list of activities that the great Hanguang Jun would term as 'fun'. All in all, Wei Ying learned a bit more about himself and his best buddy, Lan Zhan, that morning, though they had remained in the Jingshi for too long, and consequently, missed all the action that happened across town before nine o' clock.

(Obviously, the entire morning of 'fun' did not include the fact that the godly Hanguang Jun once again broke the laws of nature, warped space-time to his whims, bent reality and states of mind, and made Wei Ying extremely agreeable to his demands for an undisclosed length of time - possibly hours, days or months, but nobody will ever know. During that period of semi-consciousness, in which Wei Ying would not remember upon waking, Lan Zhan injected miniscule tendrils of hypnotic magic which turned Wei Ying into a person with a sexual appetite as great as the man he was, in one of the previous lifetimes. It goes without saying that the couple degenerated into a mass of writhing, moaning and orgasming copulating flesh that left the bedroom decimated in more ways than one - thank goodness the four servants were around and worked around the clock to keep their love nest from becoming a broken, disfigured, rancid-smelling, soaked, sticky, soggy mess.

Lan Zhan spent an inordinate amount of time inside his lovely Wei Ying, whose mind had soared elsewhere in his hypnosis; he shaped the insides by slamming their hips with wild abandon, drawing circles, stars and other

complicated shapes with their conjoined genitals every time their bodies intertwined, each time he'd reached the innermost and most intimate spaces, he'd wiggle and flutter his hips and savoured the sensations of over-stimulated glans kissing, rubbing against something akin to a moist door, teasing it to open more, more, and still, he pushed deeper as much as their bodies would allow using quick, shallow bone-shaking thrusts, until Wei Ying was lovingly stretched and violated to the last fibre of muscles. The older man thoroughly enjoyed the tight, warm passageway that his kneaded, pulsed and caressed his over-excited penis, coaxing it to strike harder, deeper, faster, seducing the throbbing flesh to spill its fertile seed into an artificial womb that was created just in the nick of time - just because the deity surnamed Lan wished for it. They switched many sex positions, but eventually settled into missionary, and Lan Zhan gratefully squeezed his glutes and shoved in until it was no longer possible to drill even deeper through physical means, then allowed his penis to bump, knock and kiss the door to the cradle, where he'd penetrate with unbridled joy repeatedly, then spew his sperm accompanied with thirty pleased roars and gushes of mighty milky fertility, that he would father too many babes inside his beloved man and Wei Ying would be perfectly inseminated each round; he'd fucked Wei Ying so hard in his greedy, lustful state, that he swore in seven Gusu dialects each time he came, and Wei Ying mewled coyly while letting his limbs roam around the older man's, touching erogenous zones, locking his legs around Lan Zhan's buttocks, begging to be made pregnant, to birth many twins and triplets for the Lan family - Lan Zhan lost control of his rational thought then, his eyes rolled back, his back seized, his face turned into an unsightly mix of clenched jaws, half-yawns and half-snarls, then he howled with all his might for thirty times, one for each ejaculation, his body singing with exuberant joy while drowning great pleasures of ejecting seed to where it truly belongs - inside lovely Wei Ying - and remained in the throes of limitless ecstasy and orgasmic peaks - and surrendered to the sweet powerful, rhythmic contractions that wrecked his godly paunched body, and made sure that fist-sized womb inside Wei Ying properly bloated into a football filled with deposited semen, singing frenzied praises for the dastardly act of planting his seeds deep inside the fleshy, convulsing canal that he futilely wished for one, two, three, many babies to pop out from nine months later - that the amused Wei Ying cackled with impudent laughter,

because unbeknownst to the Master of the House, Wei Ying enjoyed enslaving the god with his infallible, undefeatable sexual attraction.

“Cum again, Lan Zhan, you know you want to make more babies inside my tunnel of everlasting love! Make me feel good, you hopelessly horny man, hiding behind the face of a proper Young Master! Let go of those useless virtues that you hold so dearly, and enjoy this tasty, warm, virile body to your delight!” the hypnotized, debauched younger man spouted his silly, but surprisingly arousing words and spread his bedraggled body all over the mattress while making demure, coquettish, kissy gestures; steamy spent seed gushed out when Lan Zhan pulled back from the addictive deflowered rosebud, and Wei Ying intentionally nnngh'ed his pelvic floor to squirt out more excess sperm, whilst the said rosebud opened and closed like juicy lips begging for a kiss - the sight was incredibly arousing and thus, once more, Lan Zhan instinctively responded with his still-hard, sex-juice coated dick twitching energetically Yes, Yes and very much Yes, then descended into the spiralling depths of sexual depravity - for another period of indeterminate space-time incongruency.)

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The first thing a refreshed Wei Ying wanted to do after stepping out of the Jingshi, was to look for his companions and have a go at people-watching in the morning market. Lan Zhan agreed wordlessly, and clutched a small shopping list in one hand, and a bamboo basket in the other - the Jingshi needed some replenishment, and since he'd stopped his teaching job for a while in anticipation of the trip to Caiyi, he was free to spend his morning buying stuff and mingling around, while his four servants stayed back in the House to clean up the sexual carnage left behind.

As soon as they approached the first stall, the town crier at the entrance to the market, like clockwork, began reading out announcements for everyone to hear. After a few pieces of mundane, uninteresting news about latest rules being enacted or the upcoming birthdays of some elite Lan clansmen, came the main headline that caused some alarm for Wei Ying and for many market-goers alike.

The convoy of five carts and their escorts, including the Sect Leader, pulled by Lil' Apple and four horses, had moved out at first light of sunrise, bound for Caiyi Town - without waiting for the residents of the Jingshi, to Wei Ying's consternation. A couple of hours later, messenger pigeons returned with dire messages that avalanches had struck at dawn, landslides were aplenty, and the entire procession was grounded, trapped between ice and fallen boulders. Soldiers and disciples have been dispatched to the site of the accident.

Wei Ying expressed shock that he'd been left behind and started tugging at Lan Zhan's sleeves, childishly calling for the latter's attention, but Lan Zhan remained unfazed and successfully haggled for lower prices for a bundle of spring vegetables. As the older man paid using money he'd earned from his teaching job and safely stowed the fresh purchase inside his basket, Wei Ying pouted and remembered that of course people would leave without him, since he'd stayed in long after the departure time. He felt like a disappointed passenger who had missed his flight.

"But I didn't know they'd leave this morning!" he cried in dismay.

"Mn. You were sleeping and resting for nearly the whole afternoon and evening yesterday, just like any other day - of course you wouldn't know. And I didn't have the heart to wake you up at four this morning for the five

o' clock departure, because you never woke up that early anyway," came the no-nonsense, but non-objectionable reply, said with such surety that Wei Ying pursed his lips and stopped complaining - a little win for Lan Zhan, who lied through his teeth because he needed to keep his dirty little secret - and his advantage over his beloved Wei Ying - intact. Lan Zhan quickly moved to the next stall that sold fruits, and Wei Ying tagged along like an obedient pet. His earlier shock easily dissipated, replaced by a bit of worry and curiosity at the revelation from the town crier.

"Based on the news, it must be a crisis over there, if they weren't able to enlist Wen Ning's superhuman strength to dig themselves out, or use the Sect Leader's great powers to blast through the downhill mountain passes! I'd be in trouble too, if I had followed them in this crippled state and got caught in a disaster of that magnitude!" Wei Ying exclaimed while waving his cane (and nearly lost his balance - bless Lan Zhan for quickly catching his beloved man with both arms before poor Wei Ying tumbled head over toes), while the younger man listened intently to a repeated reading of the news, recited by a pimple-faced teenage boy standing close to the bustling morning market. A small crowd formed around the town crier, and started to talk amongst themselves in muffled murmurs.

Lan Zhan remained silent and stoic, and continued to examine a small pile of fruits on a wooden table. Deep down, Lan Zhan clearly remembered the time when, lifetimes ago, the two of them left Yiling on an expedition to Yunmeng, and encountered a similar mishap in the wintry mountain passes of the Middle Kingdom's western highlands, although of greater catastrophic and supernatural proportions back then.

"Well, since messenger pigeons were sent from the site of the accident, we can be sure at least Si Zhui is alive and well, because he always keeps a couple of those well-trained birds in his sleeves, ever since he'd learnt his lesson from running out of signal flares during the Mo village fierce corpses

incidences last year,” Wei Ying conjectured and assured himself loudly. He casually snatched a pear from Lan Zhan’s hand - a fruit the older man was inspecting meticulously for signs of bruises or worms - causing the aged fruit seller to gasp at the thievery right in front of his eyes - and bit into the juicy flesh without a second thought.

“Mn. Signal flares do not do particularly well if they’ve been exposed to ice or water too, and tend to be too faint to be noticed during snowy daytimes” Lan Zhan added and sighed, then handed a piece of silver to the surprised seller (because in law-abiding Cloud Recesses, one had never seen a masked man steal a fruit in broad daylight, and then be paid to experience the distressingly shocking act), and looked upward. The skies above the Cloud Recesses were foggy and overcast, with intermittent blizzard gusts tearing through the streets. At times, sunlight reflecting off pristine snowcaps towering above the city were glaring and caused temporary snow blindness to those who inadvertently stared at the beautiful, rugged, untamed landscape. The trails leading out from the entrance gates to other settlements on lower grounds were swallowed by more violent, churning seas of grey fog, frosty winds and in all likelihood, snowstorms that lingered from the day before.

The teenage town crier flipped a poster that hung from his neck to read the next piece of news. Lan Zhan, having bought a selection of imported fruits to be placed in the front-facing visitors’ hall of the Jingshi, moved on to the next stall for some condiments and spices; he planned to do more cooking at home since the kitchenette had been extended, renovated and furnished into a respectable-looking area that he could use to create wonderful dishes on his own, without relying too much on the clan’s communal kitchens. Inside his mind, he’d checked off his shopping list - A-Jia had been tasked to make further expansions to the Jingshi and made sure its pantries and storerooms are well-stocked, A-Yi helped to order and arrange the goods, and A-Bing and A-Ding were the workhorses who continued to toil the household chores and needed home improvement works, including preparing the said sumptuous breakfast and fragrant floral baths in a

wooden tub, and providing terribly addictive body massages that kept Wei Ying moaning in bed until nine in the morning. Needless to say, all four also did their part as the clean-up crew every time the couple spent a morning, afternoon, evening or night copulating like animals in heat - without Wei Ying's knowledge.

“Ahh! Lan Zhan, did you hear that?” Wei Ying shouted in-between rude chews of juicy pear, with a worried crease in his brows. He tugged at the older man's sleeves repeatedly, this time with urgency; the sight of two men clothed in thick winter robes, with one pulling at the other like little children in the playground, was quite adorable, and drew a few giggly whispers from passing-by housewives. “Five cases of poisoning were discovered yesterday around the western areas, close to the entrance to the city, and this morning, four had already died with grievous, liquefying wounds; the remaining one is still in intensive care at the hospital! Ten more cases have been reported from the northern and southern districts, pending to be verified by district officials. The medically-educated Council elders, more than twenty individuals in total, seemed to have fled the city at daybreak, right after Zewu Jun's convoy left, and now, doctors and scholars are in a bind on how to handle the poisoning plague that has affected the Gusu Lan!” the younger man gestured wildly with his hands, in exaggerated alarm, to indicate the body counts.

He didn't really need to repeat what the town crier had just announced, but the theatrics had its effect. Lan Zhan seemed to be attuned to the atmosphere around them, and quickly pocketed bottles of sauces, spices and cooking herbs. He was at another stall before Wei Ying could react. Voices around them started to speak, and they spoke clearly above the drone of murmurs and everyday chatter.

“It's true, isn't it? My son told me his classmate's neighbour's uncle was one of the stricken victims! What on earth is the Sect Leader thinking,

going out on a Spring morning walk with the horses while his people are suffering! It's unbecoming of the state of our leadership for our clan!"

"I know! I know! To hear the elders have left the city - it's unbelievable! I heard from a grandpa from the coffeeshop, that even the cleaners were surprised at the sight of the Council offices early this morning - it seemed everything of value was ransacked, chests filled with gold ingots and jewels had been taken away, and important thumb-printed documents were found in the trash bin... as ashes!"

"Hold that thought! Those terribly irresponsible elders must've sneaked away because they tried to pass off the cases yesterday as mild food poisoning from eating spoiled foods or toxic mushrooms, and when they saw how the patients' conditions deteriorated overnight, they turned into cowards with tails between their legs!"

"Oh, I'm so glad someone talked about this! My family's been warned not to utter a word by the town guards until the investigations have been completed! One of the dead victims was a relative of mine, who lived on the main streets of the western district. It's horrible, I tell you! I heard how he was infected after bathing in the waters of a backyard pond, and his internal organs started melting into a blackish stew! No doctors can save us, not when we don't even know how this plague spreads - it could even be in the water you have in your noodle soup, sir!"

"'Tis frightening news! Stop eating those noodles! Stop drinking water! Stop getting close to any animals, if what that Jin boy said was true, that even cats, dogs and rats carry the filthy disease and walk the same streets as our clansmen! My... is that Lan *er gongzi* ? *Er gongzi* ! What do you have to say, now that we're without our Sect Leader? What should we do?"

“Is that him? I couldn’t really recognize him with that facial hair and weight gain, what more with that strange masked man beside him! Master Lan, I heard the gossips in teahouses that you struck a shady deal with your uncle and older brother, for them to take the reins as our leaders and to do whatever they want, including some dubious pursuits that left our Council elders inept, self-serving, even corrupted, while you took an oath to never return to the cultivation world, despite the amazing achievements, fame and honour you’ve earned from the year before. Why? Why stray from the path of virtue and desert us at the hour of our greatest need?”

Wei Ying was nearly in tears, galvanized by the state of desperate panic and the numerous pleas for help from shopkeepers, vendors, housewives and children at the market, and wanted to leap into the city square to declare his intent to save everyone - but Lan Zhan quickly yanked his good left arm and hurried away from the growing, noisy crowds that, worryingly, started to *follow* them. He’d completed most of his shopping list during the last few minutes without much bargaining - fortunately his money pouch was fat and he didn’t need to scrimp and save -, and the basket was weighed down with bags of leaf-wrapped minced pork, spare ribs, chicken cuts, farmed fish, and a variety of foodstuff and some household goods such as detergent, soaps, washcloths, a brand new feather duster, a couple of ladles and some shiny new tableware.

In the chaos of their exit, they jostled with other market-goers and rudely ran over people’s feet, even accidentally kicked a child’s leg in the process without muttering an apology. His basket filled with what he’d set out to buy, the younger of the Twin Jades ran back to the Jingshi with a surprised, even confused Wei Ying in tow, and drew the stares of Lan disciples who believed that running in the hallways - or the streets - was a big no-no, according to a particular rule inscribed in textbooks and upon sacred stones, which interestingly added a descriptive about banana peels as consequence.

“What on earth is happening?!” Wei Ying yelled above the din of murmurs and mortifying gossiping.

The dense, swirling clouds beneath the Cloud Recesses rose, bringing with them lightning, thunder, and vicious whistling winds; an unnatural sign since typically, precipitation and weather elements roll off the mountaintop city to the lowlands, and not the other way around.

A storm was brewing.

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A deluge of hail and icicle shrapnels prevented disgruntled peasants with pitchforks from barging into the compounds of the Jingshi, and instead, sent everyone scurrying from the open market to seek shelter inside the nearest buildings. That gave some time for Wei Ying to catch his breath, massage his slightly bruised wrist after being tugged a little too uncomfortably for his liking, and digest what he'd seen and heard.

The former Yiling Patriarch may have been severely crippled and weakened, but his mind remained as sharp as always, if he wanted to - especially in the current incensed state. He put his hands on his hips and spoke in a condescending tone.

"I had a feeling this has to do with the strange, suspicious things I've been observing since waking up in the Jingshi half a year ago, but I hadn't been able to put a finger on it, nor remember any of it, nor to be able to act on them in a more timely and appropriate manner. For example, I've not really been allowed to comb my own hair--"

He reached behind, and before Lan Zhan could stagger forward and stop that act that would tear away his illusory world of happiness, the deed was done. Wei Ying reached to a spot on the scalp beneath the skull, and to Lan Zhan's horror, pulled out *four* blood-stained needles in a single swipe. The younger man winced a little from the pain akin in extracting acupuncture needles, then raised the four pieces of irrefutable evidence in front of them, and stared straight at Lan Zhan.

Somewhere far away, lightning struck and thunder boomed dramatically to add to the tense atmosphere within the Jingshi. The older man cringed visibly and shrunk back - he backpedaled his steps and knocked a leg of a teakwood table, then fell unceremoniously on his rump onto the floor. The dull thud was unnerving. Lan Jia, Lan Yi, Lan Bing, and Lan Ding suddenly made some inhuman whines and chittering sounds, and fell to their knees to grovel at the man who, against all odds, fought against Fate and won.

The fall of the four servants startled Wei Ying for a brief moment, but he regained his composure quickly.

"Demons of the Negative Planes, infesting our world with the Inabilities to Perceive, Understand, Remember and to Act - four disabilities that coincidentally inhabit four living human bodies, here in the Jingshi! I suspected something was amiss, that perhaps a curse was planted in this room to render me helpless and useless as a kept man, but to see that

these... abominable things had lived, thrived and breathed the same air as me under the same roof for so long... Why, Lan Zhan? Why?" Wei Ying's gaze narrowed into fury, and he took a step to the side and made a grab for the basket filled with purchases from the morning market, on the floor of the front chamber of the Jingshi. The main door had been closed and locked, and outside, tempest winds and blizzard storms tore through the fields. Wei Ying knew that he wouldn't be too far off in his guess that the man-made bad weather surrounded the Cloud Recesses like a perfect spherical bubble, just to keep the environment on the edge, tipping to the favour of the perpetrator, who in most likelihood, at that point of time, sat on the floor with his legs carelessly splayed, and with indescribable guilt written all over his face.

The four servants continued to chitter and started to make strained, growl-like gurgles; their pristine white robes melted away like spider-silk in water, revealing leathery skin and to no surprise of Wei Ying, sets of bat-like wings, reptilian fangs, bestial claws and tails. The man easily broke the fine needles by bending them with his thumb, and threw them away in disdain, and the men-turned-demons squeaked with fear at the exposure of their identities, then scurried on all fours to a corner of the room and hid behind large decorative earthen pots - like rats in a back-alley, really.

"I... I only wanted us... to live the way it should be. To enjoy earthly happiness and pleasures together, here in the heartland of the Gusu Lan. To embrace the simple things in life, forever, as a couple in our youths, 'till the days we grow old together," Lan Zhan nearly stammered his reply to draw back Wei Ying's attention. Wei Ying's facial expression softened at the heartfelt admission, but still, he held the brand-new feather duster bought from the market and waved it dangerously above Lan Zhan.

The hard, flexible rattan handle nudged at the seam between Lan Zhan's pants, and unwillingly, something rose in from beneath the fabric in

masochistic desire. Wei Ying tapped the growing bulge with the feather duster, and replied, “Nnnnh. Answer not accepted. You need to be punished, you need to reveal your plans, and...” he licked his lips, for reasons he now clearly understood - because he finally remembered and was convinced that he, Wei Wu Xian, is Lan Wang Ji’s significant other, and therefore, is privileged to toy and play with his darling man in any way his heart desires, “... strip. Off with the pants. Your naughty penis, which I believe has driven you to act so callously and recklessly up to this moment, deserves a good whipping with this feather duster.”

Lan Zhan “Mn”s a little too quickly, blinked his eyes that had started to gleam with a new hunger, and swallowed dryly. He quickly stood up to wriggle off his pants, and even peeled off his top and robes without being ordered, and, whilst fully naked and with growing impatience, strutted towards the bedroom and climbed onto the king-sized bed, with his heavy, engorged hard-on jerking many Yes’es in expecting a dearly-missed session of lewd games played between sexually aroused husbands and wives.

Wei Ying followed from behind, and practised with the feather duster by making a lashing strike in the air; the frightening *whoosh!* sound blended well with the wicked smile etched on his face in the dim interior light.

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Barely ten in the morning, and for the first time in many months, Lan Zhan truly enjoyed being a bottom - in some ways -, in having Wei Ying loom over him, threatening to turn the entire engaging play into a sado-masochistic orgy. For now, he sported the hardest of hard-ons, one that sputters and leaked generously with pre-cum, as his sensitive, tender bits were lightly scratched and swatted by the feather duster’s handle,

alternating with having his *crying* penis tickled with the feathery part of the cleaning equipment. He made plenty of tasty growls and moans, and openly begged Wei Ying to indulge in his - their - fantasy while they were still safely hidden behind closed doors within the bedroom.

The older man was subdued with the torturous tool and forced - actually, blabbered, with lots of groans, struggling limbs, shaking hips, More!'s, aaahns and uuunhs spilling out in-between - to narrate what actually happened in the past months. In return, Wei Ying also kept his part of the bargain to explain how he had managed to crack the mystery and the prison that Lan Zhan had initially set out to cage his lover of many lifetimes and timelines before.

"I'm a nice person, so let me reveal my secrets first," he murmured with a husky voice, as repeatedly poked and prodded the shivering, over-six inch penis with the edge of the feather duster. The older man nnnh'd uncontrollably and released a large pearl of crystal-clear nectary slickness, which trickled down the pulsing length, slid down the large network of veins, rolled through fine curly public hair before pooling at the base, warming up twin plump and wrinkled ballsacks filled with enough rich, creamy god-tiered goodness that both men knew all too well.

First, he pointed out, he was fortunate that he'd spent his days after the so-called fall from the mountains during the end of last year's summer with the much forgotten, but in reality, a well-hidden and very powerful, blessed and holy purple pillow.

"This was a gift from the Realm of the Gods, but you rudely cast it aside like throwing away a well-loved family pet; it retaliated and bonded to me instead - and gave me plenty of much-needed backbone support, especially

during those space-time bending feats filled with sexual savagery you unthinkingly performed every time you feel horny and have me trapped inside this building. Luckily for me, this wonderful pillow made of Memory Foam continued to provide me fragments of memories and glimpses beyond my muddled mind; thus, negating the effects of the Inability to Remember.”

Lan Zhan turned his head and finally noticed the discarded, allegedly offending pillow, which had been buried under blankets and other cushions, and hardly appeared in full view. Naturally, he shot it with a dirty look. The finely embroidered velvety rectangular fluff shuffled on all four tassels hanging from its corners like a living thing, and scuttled towards Wei Ying’s side. It blew strawberries at Lan Zhan with one tassel swaying teasingly in his direction, which instantly riled up the older man.

Then, Wei Ying pointed generally to the outside beyond closed windows.

“Speaking of family pets... more recently, I spent time outside at the front verandah or in the fields around us. I’d been feeding strays and treating them like our own pets - and you witnessed the pain and suffering I’ve felt after getting bitten and scratched by one. The calico cat is a regular visitor and I’ve been attacked by that hissy ball of fur many times before, so I can tell you the poisoning plague wasn’t caused by that cat. Still... Lan Zhan, do you not remember him? Calico males are so rare, and I was intrigued that you didn’t think twice when I mentioned about it. Don’t ever look down on animals as lesser beings, especially one from our *previous* lives, who now travels freely between worlds of Dreams and Reality! I count my lucky stars again and thank this cat for causing pain every time I play with it - its bites and scratches give my senses moments of pure clarity after being blunted from the magic of the Demons; thus, the effects of the Inability to Perceive never overwhelmed me; I merely pretended to be oblivious everytime you and your demonic servants do unsavoury things unto me!”

Lan Zhan flinched at a burst of cackling laughter from his beloved man, and from a distance, he heard an ugly, low meow - not too different from how other male cats croak and yowl their terrible tunes during mating seasons. He cursed in seven Gusu dialects at the feline that fooled him.

His cussy words died at the lips when Wei Ying swatted Lan Zhan's inner thighs to call for attention, and the latter simply nnnh'd lovingly at the stinging sensations and faint rising welts of the fair, bouncy skin; Lan Zhan's weight gain included the hips and thighs too, after all.

“Toot-toot, darling. Even children of the Gusu Lan are disciplined to never speak ill of others. And while we're on the topic of children - I've explored the Cloud Recesses occasionally with my mask on, whether to the markets, shops, factories, offices, dorms and such, and always escorted by you, your servants or one of the people who know my true identity. But what puzzles me is that none of you noticed how some kids bump into me, such as the case of this morning's incident at the market. You didn't think too much about running into bratty children, because I'm sometimes seen like an eight-year old clinging onto the great Hanguang Jun, holding onto your sleeves and acting like a whiny, spoiled child.

Ah, eight-year olds... did you realize that the A-Xian and A-Ji from your dreams are living here, somewhere in the Cloud Recesses? I've seen them a few times, particularly in the markets; A-Xian continues to steal from the stalls, and A-Ji is his sidekick by drawing away people's attention. No, probably you didn't notice, since they look like any other kids to you, anyway. Everytime we bump into each other, I feel strange energies flowing inside me, especially from dear little A-Xian, my mirror image from a different space and time. You know, I could break your spell earlier, but I deliberately did not, because I was waiting for the befitting moment, such

as today! So, in actual fact, I had negated the effects of the Inability to Act without your knowledge!”

Wei Ying mocked the older man with guffawed laughter, and started slapping the pained angry-purple rod of flesh with the feather duster. Whatever protest Lan Zhan had about children that had bested him died in his throat, and he succumbed into fits of moans, and fluttering muscles in his loins. There was a loud nnngh and a soft spurt; the tremendously excited organ one-two’d in the face of its abuser, and oozed out a dollop of semen. Wei Ying happily swatted it away with his feather duster like striking a golf ball on the tee. The useless ball of slimy seed launched into the air, streaked across the room like a comet of sticky milky goo, and splattered into a sad end on the cold, unforgiving wall.

“And finally, when I heard the ruckus at the market just now, I realized that I wasn’t alone in this strange, twisted world where the weather never turns into Spring; where people act like stubborn, one-track minded fools and become victims of their own, just like yourself; where inept Council elders seem to act like corrupt, cowardly sex-demons themselves - because I’ve experienced their unkind and disgusting touches before; where any brilliant investigations in death or murder cases seem to go into circles or dead-ends due to interferences from those inhuman things; where your elder brother doesn’t seem to be able to make any inroads in his leadership role because, again, possibly due to the tampering by such filthy, vile external forces... and there are so many things unrealistically *wrong* with this world, that I can’t even begin to fathom what is considered right anymore.”

Lan Zhan gasped and jerked his hips into the air; Wei Ying held the handle of the duster and furiously rubbed the bulging, hyper-sensitive throbbing genitals with the swathe of feathers. The older man bit his lips and tried to hold back a ticking timebomb that was counting down - the torture of

tickles was too much, and his entire sweaty body started to shudder maddeningly.

“Those voices... the voices of the people... broke something inside me, and I had a very bright, enlightened moment that I’ve been living in this fallacy since waking up in the Cloud Recesses half a year ago. I’ve negated the effects of the Inability to Understand, and now, I would like to hear straight from you - what on earth is happening, and why, Lan Zhan, why?”

Whatever Lan Zhan wanted to grunt or scream out during the throes of his ecstasy, it was too late. He squeezed his eyes shut, felt those terrifying feathers viciously sending electricity straight into the boiling lava inside his loins, and distantly, he heard himself ramping up a keening wail from his parched throat when the first of a series of delightful, pleasurable, deadly contractions burst into rhythmic living flames that licked their way up, up his quivering, spasming penis, liquid pressure bolting through his body and soul and culminated into one explosive, volcanic climax.

Lan Zhan orgasmed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 148

Wei Ying found it to be most unflattering to be called the Husband, when his so-called, self-declared Wife is a muscular, buffed-up man in his mid-thirties, has grown a thin moustache and a goatee of a beard, with less body hair than himself but sported a pot-bellied midriff that qualified to be called 'love handles', in which that Wife had bulging nicely-muscled pectorals that didn't qualify as, say, soft plump-y breasts of the female kind, although it was a welcome sight to confirm that the legendary six-pack abs of Gusu's younger but more superior Twin Jades of Lan still remained intact, despite being buried under layers of fat that had invaded, and grown into prominence in certain flabby zones - beneath the upper harms, the abdomen, the increasingly jiggly glutes, an expanding waistline and stocky thighs.

Still, with the Wife named Lan Wang Ji lying sedated on his arms, comfortably curled up against his thin bony and scarred body, he was hard-pressed to call out the older man's sick fetishy fantasy as a 'living in a lie' passe, because truthfully, Wei Ying did love Lan Zhan and would do anything within his power to grant the latter his wishes, no matter how sickening, fetishist or fantastical they may be.

Nevertheless, they cuddled up on the stress-fatigued bed as a mutual gesture of tough-love given, forgiveness received, and to make-up for each others' sins and mistakes. It was tough for the older man, because Wei Ying continued to entertain himself by using his long, untrimmed fingers to run over Lan Zhan's sweat-prickled skin, eliciting tasty noises from the Lan man because he particularly loved to have his inner thighs clawed, swollen abused puffy nipples twisted and squeezed like overripe cherries, pubic hair plucked like guqin strings fuelled with stinging, fiery painful, depressurized and drained testicles kneaded like hard dough and then swatted with gliding fingertips, and the now-defunct semi-hard penis that had been

stroked and polished with feather duster and eight-way handjob - including pistoning the slab of spasming phallic meat between the soles of feet, and to Lan Zhan's hidden joy, the textured skin between toes that grasped and choked the organ off sometimes with sadistic glee -, that Lan Zhan's flaming lusts had been sated for the time being, nothing but clear fluids or pee sputtered periodically from the aftershocks of eight incredible mind-blowing consecutive orgasms in a span of less than eight minutes, and the amazing and marvellous Hanguang Jun lay like a boneless mass of twitching, drunkenly smiling foolishness nestled in the embrace of the man formerly known as the fearsome Yiling Patriarch.

In the end, they settled to having cockerel and pheasant feathers, picked off from the duster, stuffed into Lan Zhan's leaky, irritated pee slit, then have Wei Ying's talented fingers stroke the turgid flesh and massage the tube of urethra within, so that both men could watch, amused, at how the ticklish feathers were slowly swallowed with undulating, fluttery penile muscles, and every time Lan Zhan nnnh and aaahns, his pelvis shivered and belly button jiggled in extreme ecstasy and discomfort, the resulting cum-matted, soggy feathers were expelled with droplets of what possibly looked, and smelled, of pee - because there was no semen left by that time, really -, then Wei Ying happily used his forefinger to push those prickly scratchy feathers back inside the angry-purple penis - Lan Zhan moaned and cried in despair until voice was hoarse, his body thrummed with great, unseen masochistic joy - then, with an added thumb, *twirled* those colourful fouled fowl feathers and left hurricanes of forced mini-orgasms hurtling through the older man's sizzled, electrocuted loins in the wake of the sexually depraved carnage.

"Nnnh, aaah, nnngh, Wei Ying, mmmh, p-p-please, mercy... st-- stop!" the larger man gasped and flailed his legs, even letting out a loud, unwelcomed fart from the rump just as another jet of mild body-warmed yellow pee squirted from the packed cockhead - because Wei Ying also attacked the soles of his feet, his armpits, around the sweaty groin, and generally the ticklish abdomen by running more feathers and his fingers over them,

eliciting suffocating hiccupy laughter that sounded more like dying breaths than anything heartwarming at all; his toes were clenched as tightly as how bedsheets balled in his fists, as hips raised off the mattress and arched, jerked erratically to avoid getting tickled while responding to shocks of pleasure and pain tearing through his badly abused genitals, trying to fuck the empty air, but he only fucked those terrifying feathers that plundered and struck his weakest spots ranging from the tired ticklish areas, burnt-out sexual meridians and a rather inflamed, but exceedingly short-circuited prostate gland which happily commanded every muscle inside the body to loosen up and seize into epileptic fits at the same time, and yield to its bodily urges - compounded by more fingers raining upon his sensitive places such as right below the navel and on certain spots on the inner thighs - poor Lan Zhan lost control of his own body into fits of choked laughter, fluttering bladder muscles and a trembling anal sphincter.

Wei Ying giggled at how easy it was to undo everything that defined the eminent Hanguang Jun. “Mmm. I might. Keep talking, my dear,” he said, while adding more feathers into the filled quivering urethra and caressed the jiggling flabby belly - and pressed into the bladder really, really hard. He gave those new set of feathers eight hearty spins out of spite for his sweet, sweet, revenge, and watched a fireworks of colour, flying plumes and unmentionable bodily fluids flung high up towards the ceiling.

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Lan Zhan was forced to narrate his side of the story, punctuated by uncharacteristic sexy moans and howls, uncontrollable convulsions and eruptions, and plenty of sado-masochistic love of having his erogenous zones abused, wrung out and toyed - from the time Wei Ying was rescued from the mountains during the end of last summer and the Cries of the Red Clouds flares were discharged into the night skies.

Wei Ying was fascinated to learn that the Gusu Lan had a strong affinity towards the dead and departed, and practised a culture of respecting the past and to relive them in the present or future - so much so that the sect became one of the most impressive curators of historical texts, ancient relics and the ilk; it is for this reason that the Gusu Lan inherited, and nurture thousands-year old family rules; that each Gusu Lan child could recite the names of their ancestors and their contributions to the sect, beginning from the Founder himself; and that the sect boasts a vast array of related resources, including an impressive Library Pavillion, and many hidden treasure chambers such as the one beneath the Cold Springs where both Lan Zhan and he had an ephemeral encounter with the spirit of one such ancestor whilst solving the mystery of the Yin Metal.

Spirits are abound in many nooks and crannies within the Cloud Recesses like fairies in mushroom glades in the forests, usually close to the locations where they were last seen, or laid to rest. They emerge from time to time, whether summoned using rituals or during certain naturally opportune events such as Hungry Ghost festivals and All Souls Days. When the crimson-red flares of the Cries of the Red Clouds were released, it not only signalled the living to convene for a state-wide emergency meeting; it also attracted the attention of those from the afterlife.

Wei Ying scrunched his brows and thought for a moment, while his fingers busied themselves upon the new wifely playground spread out beneath him. "Hmm. Let me guess, a number of uninvited guests made themselves apparent during the meeting that night, and having heard the heartbreaking news of the losing a Chief Cultivator and not having a Sect Leader identified at that time, the spirits acted on their own and went after the choicest, easiest prey," he said.

Lan Zhan, through breathless moans, refuted the term ‘prey’ used for the entire congregation of elite but physically weak, elderly Council members.

“But Lan Zhan, you said you were the only one around when the flares were let off, so am I right to assume that you didn’t make adequate preparations to defend everyone’s souls from the onslaught of hungry, even lost spirits? You can’t just gather the most brilliant and the best at the press of a button - or in this case, by lighting up powerful fireworks - which attracts spirits of all kinds, including the unsavoury and unkind ones, and expect to get away in one piece!”

Lan Zhan nodded hesitantly, though the act was hard to differentiate from a useless back-and-forth lolling of his head when he nnnh’d for the nth time - he orgasmed yet again from his newfound Husband’s ministrations.

“Auuugh! How stupid can you be! Even an acolyte of any respectable religious denomination or a beginner in the Dark Arts knows this - you’d be opening the gates for wolves to enter and have their banquet of helpless, defenceless lambs! What’s more, once spirits inhabit their preferred bodies, if no proper rituals are performed within a few days or weeks to purge their presence or their malicious feelings and intent, the transference becomes more or less permanent; the original souls are consumed, and the spirits have a field day with earthly pleasures that they crave - food, money, sinful lifestyles and all that - and become corrupted fools, like those high-ranking Council elders who visited me yesterday and showed me their obscene side of being addicted to the flesh of young defenceless warm living bodies! I cannot imagine what crimes they’ve committed before they found me!”

Lan Zhan squeaked out a reply in rising high pitches - in Wei Ying’s anxiety and excitement, he’d started polishing the dying but impressively hard

member with one hand, and made generous gropes on a swollen breast with the other -, that actually, most of those elders who had since escaped that morning, had been caught red-handed with naked little boys and girls in their private offices within the Council halls, but other corrupted, possessed Council members used their influences to silence the victims and killed off all further investigations.

In fact, Lan Zhan groaned, the schools, temples and all institutions of power, resource and influence had their leaders possessed by random, inept and malicious spirits, because they attended the meeting on the night when the Cries of the Red Clouds was signalled. And yes, some of them did develop a taste for tender, young flesh because the people of Gusu Lan are just simply too pure, too delectable and too ignorant - predators now lurked amongst elderly Council members, school teachers and even the pedophile priests and shamans in the temples, amongst many others.

Wei Ying became furious at the revelation of the biggest mistake in the sect's history, and swatted Lan Zhan's arousal very, very hard as deserving punishment.

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The cat is out of the bag, though in deference to Lan Zhan's dislike towards a calico kind, suffice to say, he'd messed up - big time.

The man intended to announce his resignation as Chief Cultivator and leave the Sect Leader seat vacant, but ended up being saddled with more problems, which he refused to acknowledge because all he wanted was to

spend his days living a simple life, filled with simple pleasures, with his beloved Wei Ying. It would be difficult to imagine how, but dark spirits successfully infiltrated the ranks of the Council, especially the elderly ones - those that held the most power and influence over the daily lives of the sect. Six months had transpired since then, those corrupted individuals enjoyed the fruits of their invasion and refused to leave, the damage is tremendous and incalculable, while the residents of the Jingshi remain blissfully oblivious and safe in their little bubble of ignorant paradise.

Lan Xi Chen was, fortunately, not possessed, due to his physically, spiritually and magically superior status. So, when he was nominated as the new Sect Leader, and that Xi Chen - with his chronic inability to judge people's character and intention correctly (Jin Guangyao being one exemplary case) - proposed to prosper the Council and everyone who was in good terms with him - teachers, priests included -, naturally everyone, including the possessed kind, supported his appointment. Poor Xi Chen *da ge* was blinded by the games played by the corrupt, and found himself in a deep, deep web of deceit, where his Council took the opportunity to raid the treasuries right under the Sect Leader's nose, rape the people's innocence in more ways than one, enjoyed the delicacies of the Gusu Lan and emptied warehouses filled with jars of fine Emperor Smiles wines, while sending their newly-minted fledgeling leader to failed ventures outside of the Cloud Recesses, such as to exchange a cartload of precious minerals for just one measly cart of grain. Every time the Sect Leader was overwhelmed with insignificant, unimportant and trivial matters - frequent, unproductive meetings, inspecting the quality of white silk cloth from the factories that had *already* been inspected, being tasked to sign off meaningless papers for hours on end, being pushed to spend time outside of the city to fight in small tournaments and battle small fries like Jin Ling - those *yaoguai* s had free reign over the city filled with the pleasures of the mundane, mortal world that they had missed during their afterlife.

As time wore on, traps were set to catch the unwitting and served into orgies and corruption-filled rendezvous, complex mind-altering machineries

were weaved with using dark magic and buried all over the settlement, social structures were altered to suit the whims of the greedy, corrupted leaders and prominent persons within the sect - so many things happened that Wei Ying was unaware of, except that he noticed that people began to degenerate into simplistic-minded people, cardboard cut-outs of realistic personalities, living cheerfully and contentedly in a falsely-labelled happiness that stink of the stench of evil, somewhere in the background.

“What of the four servants outside the bedroom? Are they also part of this scandal, or am I missing anything here?”

Lan Zhan had to catch his breath, and looked like a fish out of the water; thirty streaks of watery white painted across his tired, heaving torso. He shook his head, and for once, Wei Ying was pleased. The torture did not let up, though, and he rested a fisted hand upon Lan Zhan’s trembling groin, where he continued to massage and stroke the limp, soft, spent flesh, hopefully to get it back to life in a few minutes’ time.

The four Demons of the Negative Planes are, in actual fact, specially summoned into service according to Lan Zhan’s original plans, long before the Cloud Recesses was invaded by the corrupted spirits. However, as correctly identified by Wei Ying, they are specialists of Inabilities, and generally, wield diametrically opposing powers to whatever abilities that exist in the current reality. Wei Ying listened intently at Lan Zhan’s latest secret, because he knew from his vast knowledge of the Dark Arts that such demons are any magic-wielding superpowers’ worst nightmare; whatever Wei Ying could dish out from his fingertips, these demons can easily negate and cancel its effects with little effort.

Lan Jia, Lan Yi, Lan Bing, Lan Ding - they're not really physically strong, competent in any arts, nor own any incredible powers like dragons and phoenixes, but their presence and ability to craft basic anti-magic tools out of their own skin and blood - such as those needles of Inabilities that found a home inside Wei Ying's scalp for six months -, is immensely valuable for stealthy operations and warfare; the debilitating aura that they exude contributed to the general ignorance, silliness and buffoonery seen in the juniors and Wen Ning, as well as helped to disguise Wei Ying's identity should an intruder come too close to the Jingshi or the Inability-enhanced mask that Wei Ying always wore whenever he went outside. Wei Ying sighed - no wonder he had such an easy time convincing, lying and tricking people in the Cloud Recesses into *not* wanting to find out who he, a suspicious-looking outsider, really was. His infamy as the Yiling Patriarch did spread as far to the east as the province of Gusu, after all.

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Eventually, playtime was over. The smoking fumes emanating from Lan Zhan's red-hot penis with its sexual meridians burnt to crisp, and the man had reached into a blissful, supremely heightened state of being. The four demons, still in their monstrous manifestations lest they draw the ire of the amazing Dark Arts practitioner for disguising as human-kin, worked hard to clean the devastated bed and wash down their master with a basin of freshly heated water and washcloths.

Lan Zhan found solace in his partner's forgiveness, in that Wei Ying wordlessly patted his thin, bony lap and invited the man to lie down and receive a loving ear-cleaning while his body was gently wiped, scrubbed and rinsed by the servants. Somewhere between lying down and having warm, affectionate fingers caress and warm-up his ear-lobes with oiled massages, the couple agreed that Wei Ying should take the helm in their relationship. The first order of the day was to recalibrate the equilibrium of

their dynamics - this time with Wei Ying taking a more proactive, dominant husbandly role, while Lan Zhan should just sit back and watch how things are done, like a wife (in those day and age, gender inequality reigned supreme, sad to say). Lan Zhan did not protest, not when Wei Ying blew a couple of times lovingly into each ear (and caused the older man to shiver from frissons), before letting a much-anticipated stick of bamboo descend into one excited red-tinged ear.

While Lan Zhan relished having his ear canals scraped and flaky ear wax excavated with his favourite worn-out bamboo earpick (which, incidentally, was carried over from the previous timeline), Wei Ying commented that the current situation resembled the one from Lan Zhan's dreams - one where demonic Uncle Weis, bandits, criminals and sex offenders run riot and feasted on the riches offered by the dreamy city also known as the Cloud Recesses, where innocent men, women and children were cheated, tricked and coerced into participating in seedy activities involving headmasters, head priests, policemen and the ilk. Lan Zhan couldn't agree more, even as Wei Ying cackled with an off-the-cuff remark that, of all the dreams that should come true, this was certainly *not* one of them.

“Should you just raze the whole city, build everything from scratch with your awesome godly powers, and start over... say, from the time before we parted ways at the mountains, the year before?”

“Nnnh,” came the delayed, sluggish but non-committal reply. Scratch, scratch, circles and scratch again. Toes curled with delight, body relaxed and sagged into a mass of happiness spread across Wei Ying's laps.

“Or, perhaps turn Jingshi into a flying airship, and we'll transport ourselves back to the Burial Mounds, where life is really much simpler than over

here? We could leave our troubles behind us, forever.”

“Ngaahh...” Crawling deeper, deeper, then pull the spoon-like earpick out, drag it bit by bit, wiggle it to the sides, scratching every last itch and crumbly ear-wax in-between.

“Or, how about you make those four servants hiding behind the flower pots work their worth and turn things around in the Cloud Recesses with their amazing anti-magics, so that you can take me shopping in Caiyi Town as promised? We’ll figure out something to pick up the boys and your older brother, along the way.”

“... Mn...!” Wei Ying squealed softly when he made several narrow, quick thrusts to dislodge something inside the cavern, then dug out a flaky piece of yellowish-brown gunk, and placed it on Lan Zhan’s open palm. Lan Zhan’s ears tingled with relief at a sudden flood of indescribable loosening of unnoticeable tension, and of having the deepest itch scratched and properly soothed.

Eight seconds later, Lan Zhan snored.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 149

Lan Zhan is, for the lack of better words, simply astonished at how Wei Ying took the biggest mistake the Gusu Lans have faced throughout their thousands-year history, and tamed it into a mere trivial domestic matter.

“That’s what I’ve been sayin’ all this while - you can’t always aim for Absolute Perfection, regardless of form and circumstances. Whether it’s trying to become the perfect spouse, patriarch or god, or living an irresponsible life of being disassociated from the realities around us, or trying to selfishly mould the environment to your wants, and then ending up breaking everything for everyone else.

Lan Zhan, right now, having you completely disconnected from the troubles besetting your hometown while claiming that you’ve sworn off the cultivation world and all matters related to the sect, then hiring mercenary demons to satisfy your desires and lusts for your kept man, which then adversely affects every citizen around here... it’s counterintuitive and ridiculous! The world isn’t defined in black and whites, you can’t take sides just as you wish and then try living on extremes of do’s and don’ts... it just doesn’t work that way. No sixteen years before, and certainly not sixteen years after!”

Lan Zhan had pleaded for forgiveness for reverting to his old ways, received a gentle lashing from his wife-now-husband, and looked skyward towards Wei Ying’s annoyed frown and pouty lips from where he lay on his beloved’s lap. “Mn. Wang Ji is wrong and will have to repent. What should I do, Wei Ying?” he asked curtly, with a slight crack in his voice in his repentance. He’d consider himself fortuitous, being able to wake up from a hour-long nap after an exceedingly relaxing and satisfying ear-cleaning session, then received a tender, feather-light ‘you’re awake’ (“你醒了”) kiss

on the forehead from lovely Wei Ying, in spite of being guilty of sins that has costed his sect peoples' innocence and lives, and possibly the thousands of gold ingots from the ransacked treasuries, and most importantly, his spouse's wrath in having to dig deep to find out what went wrong, and now, to fix *his - the almighty Hanguang Jun's* - problems.

Wei Ying bared his toothy grin, and from Lan Zhan's point of view, having light shining from the windows behind the younger man made his silhouette look rather demonic - the flash sharp pearly whites set against the shadows didn't help to make the former Yiling Patriarch any less intimidating. Still, he placed his entire trust and well-being into Wei Ying's hands, knowing how Wei Ying managed to solve their mysteries and used his brilliant thinking to get them both out of trouble (almost) every time; if anything, he hoped this blind faith would reinforce their relationship as true, inseparable soulmates, and strengthen their conjugal bonds forever and beyond.

"First, call me Husband. I'm in charge now to remedy the whole situation for you and your kin. So I get dibs on the dynamics between us, and I'm the more superior between the two of us."

Lan Zhan nearly balked at the proposal. He'd resisted the idea of being treated or called as a girlfriend and a wife, but now, he probably will have to live it down for the rest of his life. As daunting as it sounded for his manly pride and to the precarious state of his masculinity, for the sake of compensating for his mistakes--

"Mn. *L-- l-- lao gong* . Between you and me, you're greater," Lan Zhan sighed in defeat to the newly-minted Queen of the House, and received another kiss on the cheeks, and caresses on the sides of his face. He

wondered if he'd done the right thing to put himself beneath Wei Ying - one could probably blame his eager masochistic streak.

“Good boy, good wife (好妻子),” Wei Ying murmured, and massaged the older man's earlobes - Lan Zhan nnnh'd at the warm rubs and slight twinge of pain when the shell of his ear was twisted with love, “You need to start familiarizing with addressing me properly as your spouse - regardless of whether we had secretly engaged in the past or had a private wedding ceremony before - and recognize me by my new, alternate identity as the Masked Hero, Lan Wu Ji.

The world outside the Jingshi must believe that Lan Wang Ji is incapacitated due to his Oath of non-intervention in this Mortal Realm, sworn in public in front of the eyes of Zewu Jun and the rest of the Council, under the watch of the Cries of the Red Clouds; therefore anything that we, as a couple, need to do, must be done under my name and authority. Do I make myself clear?”

Lan Zhan's attention prickled at the sudden U-turn in Wei Ying's line of thinking - it wasn't a competition about statuses within their holy matrimony that he was looking for, it was actually a solution to Lan Zhan's problems that Wei Ying had been pursuing since that morning; for that, Lan Zhan was grateful and he nuzzled into Wei Ying's touch and inadvertently inhaled a dense bush of belly hair when he rolled to the side on the latter's lap.

Noon was approaching, the blizzards outside started to subside; the tempestuous winds and ice that raged around the bubble surrounding the Cloud Recesses matched the moods of the godly Hanguang Jun, and for the time being, the man was in a terribly relaxed and docile state. Wei Ying

asked Lan Zhan, between tummy rubs, playing with reddened earlobes, and intimately tracing fingertips all over the older man's facial features, until his Adam's Apple, down to the collarbones and right up to the nipples where stray strands of nipple hair were rolled and tickled, whether the latter had a good hour-long sleep during the ear-cleaning session. It was intentional, the younger man implicated, and he wondered if Lan Zhan completed the task he was set out to do.

“Mn, *l-- l-- lao gong*,” Lan Zhan answered with a brief stutter; he wasn't yet entirely comfortable with calling Wei Ying a husband, “After several nights of suffering from the lack of high-quality sleep because we kept having sex following the daily quota and schedules, and I spent the ill-used time getting launched into the Heavens from the sex, where I continued to fill my other dayjob as the Emperor in the skies... yes, that hour-long sleep was much needed. I had the rare chance to dream and meet everyone, and everything from the past timeline that had been migrated into the Realm of the Dreams.” He watched as Wei Ying got out from the bed - partly because it was already eleven o' clock, which was the time he usually ‘officially’ wakes up; Wei Ying has a reputation of becoming cranky occasionally if he didn't practise his routine of getting out of bed at eleven, because he wanted everyone to know that he, the kept man secretly named Wei Wu Xian, starts the day from eleven. Wei Ying rummaged through a bedside cupboard, then threw a clean washcloth, a pair of boxers, undergarments and robes at Lan Zhan.

The older man wrinkled his face when he stared at the pair of silky shiny boxers embroidered with pink hearts and yellow flowers. Oh well, he thought and resigned to the fate of wearing such a tacky piece of underwear for the rest of the day, because Wei Ying was the husband, after all.

“Did you remember to send animal control services to track down the calico cat? We can't have that thorny ball of fangs and claws biting anyone

tempted to pat its fur or play with its fuzzy balls,” Wei Ying muttered, and pulled out one of Lan Zhan’s older white robes and measured against his torso to check for a good fit - it was made before Lan Zhan’s waistline grew, so it should look presentable on him, although he may need to make some adjustments to the height so that he didn’t look like a lampshade mopping and sliding all over the ground.

“Oh, and make sure to get some responsible adults to pick up the kids. I would be devastated, knowing that the two orphans A-Ji and A-Xian are still wandering the streets without proper care, clothing, food and education,” another whiny complaint, and Wei Ying selected one of Lan Zhan’s silky light blue trousers. He scratched his crotch after putting them on - without any underwear, of course -, and made a remark about whether worn clothes should feel itchy at all. Lan Zhan didn’t know whether to get upset or get hard at the shameless gesture.

“Mn. I’ve made all necessary arrangements while dreaming, Wei Ying... err... Wu Ji. I’ve also learnt my lesson about the dangers of homogeneity, and have engaged the services of your cloned siblings to arrive here by midday and fix everything with... ‘A Touch Of Wei’, as your *da ge* succinctly puts it,” the man replied politely and with humility, standing by the bedside and dressed only in his pink-hearts boxers. Wei Ying did not miss the chance to dash forward, slide his fingers through the open fly, and make a harsh grab at the silk-clothed pulsing meat beneath, and Lan Zhan bit his lip with an audible, but sexy nnnnh. The mischievous young man would not release his captive until a large, over-six inch snake grew through the fly and poked out of the boxer to full mast.

“I know you’ve also been touched by my siblings during the dreams, and you must’ve had a wonderful time enjoying their fourway, sixteen-combo hand and blowjobs faster than the speed of sound. You were literally leaking and sputtering cum all over the bed while snoring like a fool after

the ear-cleaning; I don't know how, but you're like a bottomless tub of heavenly man-cream that deserves to be wrung dry at every opportunity!" Wei Ying cackled as he put on the outermost layer of robes and tied a dainty but edgy dark blue scarf with brilliant gleaming zig-zag lines, around his neck, which made him look fabulously cool against the mostly-white drab the he, and everyone in the Cloud Recesses, usually wore.

While Lan Zhan grappled with an alarming situation of figuring out how to beat down his meat and to put on his pants and robes with a surging arousal between his legs, naughty Wei Ying winked and leaned in, then whispered hotly into the older man's ears, "I didn't wear any underwear today, darling, because I want us to travel on Bichen through the skies to Caiyi, with your hot cock fucking my ass-pussy during the journey, and you'd cum so much inside me to father lots of baby Wei Yings, getting me knocked up and fattened like a hen with lots of fertilized eggs rolling around in the womb, that I'd be carrying healthy rosy-cheeked twins and triplets for you, by the time we touch down."

Wei Ying laughed out loud and strutted out of the bedroom, and started shouting orders to the four, still hiding Demons of the Negative Planes to clean up the mess on the bed, and prepare for their outward journey. Lan Zhan, on the other hand, still pitifully dressed in his increasingly pre-cum wetted boxers and nothing else, throbbed so hard between the legs with a sudden burst of excitement, one-two'd so hard, so thick, and so gracefully, that the clothes on the bed that Wei Ying had selected for him was instantly soiled with a wide vertical arc of splashing milky white, and he nearly sobbed at the hopelessness of his condition.

Lan Zhan made lots of tasty grunts and confused groans of *lao gong* and *lao po* 's when they took to air on good ol' trusty Bichen, with Lan Zhan desperately indulging in a rapidfire fucking session while standing and spooning the younger man, who gleefully pulled down his trousers to expose and seduce the other man with a wiggle of bare, hairy ass; fortunately, there were no flying swordsmen in the vicinity when the couple engaged in heated animalistic intercourse in mid-air, and up above in the stratosphere, nobody on the ground could witness the range of obscene carnal acts performed by those two, which could qualify as aerial acrobatics in modern era (for instance, having Lan Zhan to pull on Wei Ying's hands while the latter straddled him, so that Wei Ying could balance himself horizontally, his feet off the sword and spread-eagled with the muscular over six-incher phallus holding up his weight like a pivot or fulcrum, so that he pointed forward; Wei Ying stretched his arms to the front like a Superman and gleefully shouted "I'm flying! I'm flying while being fucked, wheeeee!"; Lan Zhan scrunched his brows and his face was flushed like a rose, because Wei Ying wouldn't stop squirming and struggling, then squeezing and relaxing his buttocks that clenched his tortured, tired rod - so he came and came again like a garden water hose from the mind-blowingly pleasurable sensations that wrecked his poor angry-purple but super-steel hard muscular veiny throbbing penis that could hold the weight of one and many more men.)

In any case, it didn't take long for Lan Zhan to thrust and penetrate his lover in mighty shoves that threatened to derail poor Bichen with turbulent swerves, and they remained stuck that way, crotch to ass, for quite a long while even as soft but chilly breezes continued to blow, sunlight grew stronger amongst parting clouds, the landscape became smaller when they rose in height; Wei Ying caught a glimpse of some intruders making their way to the Jingshi with pitchforks but they stopped midway and lumbered like dazed idiots through the snow and into the surrounding area; he silently thanked the four servants for re-directing their Inabilities to dumb-down their adversaries until the calvary arrives in full force from the Realms of the Dreams.

There were a lot of things that needed to be fixed in the Cloud Recesses - brainwashing people and wiping their memories of being abused or suffered under the rule of the corrupted Council; treating those stricken by the poisoning plague and resurrecting those who had died from the disease; conducting an independent investigation to find the root cause of the epidemic and create a cure for the masses; getting rid of the *yaoguai* - infested ruling Council and replacing them with suitable men and women leaders; improving the overall governance, economy and health of the city so that the new Sect Leader can rule and prosper; filling the financial deficit left by the theft of incalculable amounts of gold ingots stashed away since the days of the Gusu Lan's founders; and so many more that Wei Ying wasn't aware of, and Lan Zhan claimed total ignorance of, that the couple agreed to let their so-called Kingdom and its subjects take matters in their own hands and patch things up on their own; this bode well for Lan Zhan's policy of non-intervention, since he had no direct involvement in fixing the problems of his hometown, and Wei Ying was more than happy to be credited for spearheading the recovery efforts, at least in the names of his cloned siblings, which were, technically, Wei Yings too.

With the problems of Lan Zhan's home out of the way, and having had enough sex and pampering to quench any flaming thirsts within that man for the time being, the two finally, finally head out of the Cloud Recesses on a sputtering ivory-white sword, in search of their companions and Xi Chen *da ge* , who were reportedly lost in the snowy mountains, buried under many feet of fallen snow and boulders.

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“Ho ho ho! The Masked Hero, Lan Wu Ji, is here to save the day! And next to me is my sidekick, my assistant, my... er... confidant, the esteemed

Hanguang Jun!” came the daring announcement, with arms crossed and legs standing widely spread in the foot-deep snow; the obnoxious man stole one of Lan Zhan’s outer robes and folded it into a cape hung around the shoulders, and looked even more objectionable with his glitzy dark blue scarf rippling in the gusts of violent mountain winds, and the outline seen on his trousers that indicated to every men in the scene - who dared not point this out, out of sheer embarrassment if they even make a mention of it - that Wei Ying didn’t wear his underwear at all, that the limp thingie could be seen each time his robes flutter about, and if one actually looked around to the back, he would spot an appalling, hastily wiped, congealing splotch between the buttocks.

“Wei *qianbei* -- ahh... Lan Wu Ji! Hanguang Jun! Thank goodness you’re here! We were about to freeze to death in this weather, after being trapped under huge chunks of snow for hours. It’s incredible that snow can be so thick and heavy, though luckily I could still release my messenger pigeons to call for help! Strangely, the winds have started to subside just a short while ago, it’s as though your arrival signals a blessing for all of us!”

“Wuuu... wuuu... (sniffle, sniffle)... Wei *gongzi* , Hanguang Jun, Jing Yi is wrong and deserves punishment! I shouldn’t have opened the gates at five in the morning even though I have the keys in my position as the captain of the guards! I should have stopped the whole convoy and asked to wait for the two of you, but Jin Ling was too impatient and foul-mooded at the crack of dawn, and ordered me to get going! He couldn’t wait to crack the mystery of the poisoning plague and make lots of money selling cartloads of goods Caiyi! It’s his fault!”

“W-- w-- what?! How could you! D-- d-- don’t listen to him, Wei *gongzi* , Hanguang Jun! I mean, Lan Wu Xian--... Wang Wu... Wu Ji! Uhh... aah, why did we even agree to change his name to such a tongue twister!”

“Hush, Jin Ling. Wei *qianbei* needed a new identity in Caiyi so that he doesn’t arouse suspicion when discussing with the *laobans* for a fair price for carts... but I don’t see Lil’ Apple and the four horses, and all the carts we’ve worked so hard to pack yesterday--”

“I’m not done talking, Si Zhui! Zewu Jun already told us that it takes *hours* to get down the mountains and back up, whether on foot or on horses, especially in such bad weather! I wanted an early start so that we can return faster, you saw how terrible the blizzards were towards the latter half of the day, right? Besides, didn’t Hanguang Jun wave at us and told us to go ahead without making any noise, when he tip-toed out of the Jingshi before sunrise? I thought it was fine, and I only took the initiative based on this assumption! It’s-- it’s-- it’s not my fault, and you can’t make me admit a wrongdoing that I’d never done!”

“Si Zhui, Jing Yi, Jin Ling, please stop bickering, and help me to clear away the debris and snow? I may be a fierce corpse impervious to cold, but my limbs are aching, heavy as lead, from being pinned down by boulders the size of houses, and it’s not easy to move the ice away to find our carts trapped somewhere beneath the avalanche’s trail of destruction.”

“I’ll help, Wen Ning! As captain of the guards, I must redeem my dignity by doing the right thing, unlike these two! Furthermore, Zewu Jun hasn’t returned ever since he first dug his way out from the avalanche and chased those running men. Those soldiers that serve the Council exclusively, seemed to have betrayed us and dragged a few scholars, Master Lan Qi Ren, and worst of all, the key witness - the apothecary owner -, into the forests! I hope Zewu Jun is able to track down their footprints in the snow and rescue them, because they’re important for the investigation!”

“Enn! Jing Yi, you push this boulder from here, and I’ll do it from the other side! Once this one’s rolled off the trail, we can work on the smaller debris!”

Wei Ying frowned at having his highly-anticipated debut as the Masked Hero fizzle out with little fanfare from the juniors. He saw how hard the silent, stoic (and if one peers hard enough, dreamy-eyed, rosy-cheeked) Lan Zhan was at work, shovelling snow in huffs using a crudely-fashioned log of pinewood while wearing one less layer of robes. The young man grumbled about being underappreciated for what he’s good at, and gave up on heroics and dramatics; he squatted down and pushed his makeshift cape aside, and used his gloved hands to dig into the freezing expanse of crystal white sparkling in the midday sun. They had carts to locate, a Lil’ Apple and four horses to find, and somewhere in the desolate mountain pass, a lost Zewu Jun chasing after renegade soldiers and their hostages.

It had been rather easy to spot the stricken convoy from the air after the storms had ceased their rampage - a large swathe of tumbled snow along the downhill trail towards Caiyi, and a few heads and limbs sticking out sorely in the sea of white. Fortunately the juniors and Wen Ning were fine, although they suffered from mild frostbites and some muscle sprains from the impact of the avalanche, and from being exposed to the cold for too long. The boys continued to exchange lively banter about the terrifying experience of being swallowed by ice and the panic when their visions were blinded and their lungs pressed under the weight of the disarmingly harmless-looking snow; Wen Ning got them out in the nick of time, only to find that even he, the legendary Ghost General, had one hand and leg pinned down by fallen rocks despite performing powerful cultivation moves to create a barrier of hundred-punching hands and whipping chains to prevent lethal projectiles from colliding into them. They watched Zewu Jun disappear off into the surrounding forests, while shouting at disappearing

silhouettes to stop and release the scholars, Master Lan Qi Ren and the apothecary owner.

Everyone agreed that Zewu Jun could probably take care of things on his own, so they focused on the other worrying part of the mishap - the five carts of precious loads have gone missing, and so have the equine animals.

Not too far away, at least from an outsider's perspective, it seemed a huge, ominous, dark cloud hovered over the plateau where the Cloud Recesses resided, although the weather forecast everywhere else was becoming better with more sunshine and windy blue skies. At least for the city perpetually nestled within ethereal mists, remarkable jagged mountain peaks and picturesque waterfalls, it was time for a great purge, starting with the *yaoguai*s who had overstayed their welcome and spent six months feasting the flesh and fruits of tender young Gusu Lan men, women and children, and now they were at the mercy of the greatest, most powerful and most ruthless Kingdom known across the universes and multiverses.

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Wei Ying didn't want the boys to return to the Cloud Recesses for obvious reasons, and after an hour of searching, they still came up empty handed with no horse or discarded goods in sight, and shivering from the bitter cold in the frosty sub-zero temperatures of the mountain pass. He was wary that the boys' complexions were becoming as blue and pale as Wen Ning's, that it was past lunch time because growling noises betrayed their determination to keep digging snow with bare hands, and that none of them wanted to leave until their leader, Zewu Jun, returned.

He pulled the spouse aside and whispered some instructions; Lan Zhan gave him an incredulous stare before shrugging a hesitant ‘yes’, and went off downhill, then round a bend and disappeared under the pretense of following ‘possibly a wild animal’s pawprints, or maybe just a few rocks that tumbled after the avalanche’. Then, Wei Ying rounded up the man and the three juniors, and told them make haste and journey on towards Caiyi Town.

“It takes a few hours to get there, even longer when trudging through snow. Si Zhui, you said that Zewu Jun had already made reservations at an inn using Fairy Messenger spells, so it’s better that all of you reach there before sundown, lest the innkeeper becomes upset and the Gusu Lan loses even more money,” he said, and reminded the boys of the news that thousands of gold ingots had gone missing, not long after they left earlier that morning. “Hurry there before the four of you become walking ice blocks, get some rest and tend to your injuries, warm up in some hot baths, have some good meals with compliments from the paid reservations, and wait for us,” he instructed.

“Wei *qian* -- err, Wu Ji *shixiong* , but what can we do in Caiyi without any goods to barter, nor any information and evidence to present to the town mayor for the investigations into the poisoning plague?” Si Zhui asked, clearly distressed in having to abandon their favourite Wei *gongzi* in their hour of desperation and loss. He rubbed his hands above a small campfire; they found a small alcove on the sheltered side of the mountain pass to gather their remaining equipment and wits, and Wei Ying’s handy Fire spell made their temporary stay a little more bearable.

Wei Ying smiled reassuringly, and reached for a flower-embroidered satchel he’d carried with him from the Jingshi. He told the boy there were some rice dumplings, fruits, money from Hanguang Jun’s part-time teaching position, some ready-made Fire and other elemental talismans that can be

used, and some hastily scribbled maps with names of landmarks, businesses and places of interest in and around Caiyi. “We’ll try not to be too far behind you, but I cannot promise anything. There’s enough in here for a week’s spending, so in case we’re running late, take the time to explore Caiyi and get to know its people. Even if we didn’t turn up for the meetings with the *laoban* s and the town mayor, you can explain to them about our predicament, and take down messages on our behalf. Learn about the merchandise that the *laoban* s want to sell or exchange, find out more about what’s going on with the plague in Caiyi. You don’t have to conclude any transactions or sign any contracts - take this entire episode as a study trip abroad, with all expenses paid by the sect!” he exclaimed with glee and radiated with such confidence, that Jing Yi stopped sniffing in his downtrodden mood.

Wen Ning raised his hand excitedly like a nine-year old in class, and announced, “Enn! I’ll keep watch over them, *gongzi* , so you don’t have to worry! I’ll protect them with my strength!”

Jin Ling chuckled at the display and followed up with his snarky remarks, “You better do that and be our bodyguard! Among the four of us, I have the most money in my pockets, gifted by Zewu Jun last week after he praised me for studying and working hard in the Cloud Recesses during wintertime!” and patted the bulging sides of his robes.

Jing Yi slapped the back of Jin Ling’s head and retorted, “Don’t forget I’m still the captain of the guard, and I know bad behaviour when I see one! The way you’re acting, like a princess of the rich and famous, showing off your fortunes by wiggling your fat ass, you’ll be robbed at knifepoint even in broad daylight!” and everyone laughed, to poor, flustered Jin Ling’s consternation, rubbed his head furiously just as Jing Yi rubbed his from the cold air within the alcove.

Wei Ying rolled his eyes at the boys' little humorous moments, and eventually shushed them with a wave of hands. He gave them one last piece of instruction - to do a fair bit of name-dropping for the man nicknamed Lan Wu Ji, so that when the Masked Hero, or the Masked Merchant, dropped by Caiyi Town, he would be able to get down to business in no time.

“Tell everyone how great and extraordinary this man is, lie about his capabilities, wealth and brilliance in whatever way you can. You can't go wrong even if you tell them that I'm the lost prince of a great King from the Far, Far West, or an immortalized cultivation champion who has solved the most difficult mysteries of the Far, Far North. The more impressive your stories, the more mind-bogged your audience, the more fascinated your recipients, the better - so that I will have a high starting point in making the best bargains for the sake of the Gusu Lan when I deal with the people in Caiyi. All of you know my abilities to spin wild tales, sweeten my tongue, and to charm money pouches off even the greatest *laoban* s of the Middle Kingdom. Do I make myself clear?”

All four nodded enthusiastically.

Suddenly, they heard the neighs of angry horses from a distance.

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“Was that a wise thing to do, to send them off on Lil' Jia, Lil' Yi, Lil' Bing and Lil' Ding?” (小甲, 小乙, 小丙, 小丁)

“Hah, my dear wife-y, have trust in your husband’s brilliant schemes! I know those four demons of yours would be left essentially unemployed once we left the Jingshi and when my cloned siblings arrive. I’m a shrewd *laoban* myself and I make sure to work our servants to the bone; I know they’ve signed a blood contract with you, but I’ve said this before and will say this again - whatever is yours is mine, whatever is mine... is mine! Ordering them to morph into beasts of burden to serve and protect the boys, is the same as telling them to sweep the Jingshi with straw brooms all day.”

“... I do not dispute that claim, Wei Ying. But what of the real Lil’ Apple and the four horses that haven’t been found?”

“Nnngh. Don’t disturb my line of thoughts with such trivial matters, Lan Zhan. We’ll figure out something if and when we find them. I know Lil’ Apple is a hardy survivor, it’ll find its way back to me.”

(there was a roll of eyes, because everyone knows that animals, especially Lil’ Apple, even a calico cat, tend to stay away from Wei Ying unless they are tempted with food, such as a piece of apple hanging off a stick or freshly fried fish stolen from someone’s dinner plate.)

“Mn.”

“Now, my dear wife-y, let’s use your godly powers to locate the carts beneath the snow, and bring back your runaway brother and his merry band of traitors and informants. I can’t withstand the cold in my weakened state even though I’m wearing three layers of clothes and your outer robe as a

blanket-y cape, and my legs are shivering from standing too long with this bent cane. *Lao po* , cook something warm for me to eat, and let me wear your pink boxers because my crotch is turning into frostbite even as we speak! Blast, I should've worn my undies earlier..."

(Slap!)

"Wei Ying, don't hit my buttocks, please. I'll get on it right away."

(Lan Zhan was more than happy to share his soiled boxers with Wei Ying, and enjoyed many tantalizing, erotic fantasies of having Wei Ying's privates soaked in stained patches of his virile cum.)

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From a distance, a rather apocalyptic scene unfolded, of four horsemen on horses that are white, red, black and pale in colours; Jin Ling drew his bow to practice shooting at passing-by birds while riding on the majestic white horse; Jing Yi took out his state-issued sword to examine its sharpness while barrelling through on his blood-red warhorse through dense undergrowth; Si Zhui's more gentle and intelligent black horse trotted a little slower as the boy took the time to check their equipment such as abacus, food, some money, even a scale in case they needed to measure some medicinal herbs and powders in town; Wen Ning followed from behind on his hulking, deathly pale ride - as men dressed in whites, greys, blues and blacks galloped through the glacial mists and shadows of the forests, had there been people from the Far, Far West observing such a stark display of grandeur, heroics and fearsomeness, one would believe that

indeed, they were the harbingers of the cataclysmic apocalypse, and that the end of the world was nigh.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 150

Calico the male calico cat, is just that - a simple cat bearing the marks, patterns and resemblance, and of course the gender-specific features of a male, to be known as a simple calico cat.

He was born somewhere in the West, and by the age of one, he was already prowling the streets of Yiling City, as a stray that commanded decent respect from his kin and those of the hairless, tailless, fangless and clawless bipedal kind that seemed to be related to pesky apes and monkeys (but they do give fabulous scratches behind the ears, beneath the jaw and that oh-so-yummy spot at the base of the tail, and wonderful belly rubs too; and they give out tasty snacks and delicious meals at the sound of a sweet, persuasive Meow) .

His days were carefree back then, spent mostly on daily patrols around his scent-marked territory; taking naps all day in the sunlight or dozing off under an unoccupied horse cart; harassing four-legged neighbours of various species that came too close for comfort; he attempted to court the ladies of his kind that sashayed by, though without much success due to his inexperience and young age; pretending to be the cutest and endearing feline on certain targeted human-infested areas, then exchanging disgustingly addictive belly rubs for hand-fed chicken or fish-flavoured treats; practising his stalk and pounce on the occasional gecko, cockroach or swinging feathery toys that those dastardly humans tempt him with; he had it all, basking in the pinnacle of young adulthood, morphing gloriously into a grumpy and hissy alleycat that he was destined to be, and was looking forward to actually fighting other formidable males and fathering his own offsprings in the next mating season - until he crossed path with the ultimate evil known as Wei Wuxian.

The man, whom he knows by the unwashed smell of body sweat on the clothes and bursting with the pungency of male pheromone-soaked pee and dried semen from the undergarments, and the sound of his crunchy footsteps of well-worn shoes and strange off-tune humming made from lips that cats do not have - frightened Calico to the core. Every time that man appeared from the corner, or if he spied the detestful monkey's shadow from a faraway location, he tried to run away and avoid running into that man. Wei Wuxian was a terrible, terrible cat abuser - poor Calico shivered every time he recalled how he was lured by bits of food, an unassumingly friendly demeanour, and fingers that gingerly touched then gently patted his back - the moment he realized that he'd been tricked and he saw the terrifying flash of bared teeth (the grin, oh the horrible, nightmarish grin!), he'd either have his entire body shaken, rubbed and kneaded viciously from the man that craved for fluff, have his feline genitals molested and thoroughly played, and he'd crawl away with a limp and with bruised, swollen fluffy balls between his hind legs. Brave Calico struggled to defend his dignity, by hissing, scratching and biting at the man's incredibly nimble fingers, but alas, Wei Wuxian had learnt the ways to parry and dodge his angry attacks - he did manage to strike the man occasionally, but not often enough -, and suffered from shameful outrages of his young bachelor's modesty.

Many fantastic things have happened since then, and he went on a journey that no other cats should ever want - he was kidnapped, brought into new worlds, cloned, magically enchanted, then cut up and pieced back together with advanced robotics, travelled through space-time portals, timelines and realities, and was adopted by different men, gods and individuals of strange, fascinating species. He'd been mind-controlled, tortured, lived at the top of a spiralling tower, dwelled in castles in the skies, and continent-wide spaceships, pampered by untold riches one day and became a pariah the next to barely survive in war-torn cities filled with sex-crazed demons; he killed and revived more than the allowable limit of nine times, went to the heavens and to the hells and explored the countless realms in-between and beyond, dined on their foods and drank their wines, gained superpowers and unbelievable intelligence and capabilities, acquired great abilities,

technologies and magic, built great armies of cats, men and miscellany, then conquered and ruled more worlds, empires and universes that he could remember; only to lose everything when he found himself in the most recent pitstop of his colourful and wonderful journey in life - a kind of dreamy world where everything looked, well, disappointingly, not so dream-like.

It's a dreary cat's life, to be loved today then thrown and left abandoned tomorrow, he told himself. Fortunately, as cats, he naturally adopted an "I couldn't care less" attitude towards everything. He did things his way, and he didn't need to seek acceptance or permission for anyone or anything. He'd stay in a place with an owner for a while, before disappearing off on his own when things did not go in his favour.

So much had happened in Calico's life, that he had decided not to reminisce the good and bad times that cluttered his memory and soul, lest he becomes an aged grumpy grandpa cat bogged down by his own baggage - in fact, following the chronological sequence of time, Calico wouldn't have been born yet today, so how could he even be a grandpa cat?!

No, no, Calico shook his head and berated himself for thinking too much - and ended up appearing like a lazy cat stretched on someone's window ledge, looking absolutely stoned at the sight of soft, falling snow beyond the glass. He licked his chops and combed his whiskers to freshen his senses and clear his mind, with nary a care anymore to the world around him, because truthfully in cat and human perspectives, he'd been there, done that already. He yawned and rose to his haunches, and leapt to the ground in a single, swift hop. The cottage where he sought shelter from the wintry spring weather was vacant; a single strike from claws that glowed with tremendously powerful but hidden dark magic made sure the resident teenage girl ran out shrieking in pain, then, with her mind clouded with unseen terror haunted by spectres of her past, she knocked into the corner of

a table and instantly fractured her hip; her insides had started to melt and liquefy within seconds.

By the time the girl reached the garden, trying to cry for help from the neighbours as her body burned up with a terrible fever and ugly open pus-filled sores appeared on her skin, the vexed Calico thought the human was too noisy for its own good, and with a twirl of paws and a flick of his tail, the girl collapsed into a heap of smoking, foaming, rubbery, gurgling pile of acid-digested flesh and bones.

Minutes later, after having enjoyed his layover in the house, Calico felt his furred belly rumble with a bit of hunger. He could scout the neighbourhood for scraps in the dumpsters, or telepathically control the restaurant workers down the market street to cook a sumptuous five-course meal for him. With the power of dreams pulsing inside him, Calico knew he was the greatest cat ever to exist to date, trapped in a rather dirty, somewhat ungroomed ball of fur on four legs and one marvellous tail.

He continued to wander around, stealthily striking creatures (and men) that offended him, but in most cases, he was fine to be patted by friendly people, to lick and rub them lovingly in return with a couple of sweet mewls - with no spine-chilling flesh-liquefying effects, because the god-tiered cat does not arbitrarily kill living things, and chooses who will live - or not - especially after assessing the quality of their purr-fect belly rubs.

He'd make a trip from a town named Caiyi to another place with a stranger name and colder temperatures called Cloud Recesses using awesome magical teleportation means, because he'd have trouble bypassing the entrance gates that required a key or a Jade Token. There, he would camp out amongst icy drainage pipes, curled up inside bamboo buckets and

baskets, near someone's fireplace, somewhere in the morning markets after the crowd has left, and lately, close to a field of vegetable seedlings and a lotus pond where some game such as birds and rodents were easy prey. He recognized one of the occupants of the nice, large building built atop a hill framed with picturesque bamboo groves - his nemesis from the past, judging from the characteristically stinky body odour, but that man seemed oblivious to him and he seemed friendly enough. Perhaps he had a change of heart? he wondered.

After a few free dinners, Calico started to have second thoughts about this man. The messily-dressed human managed to attract a crowd of cats almost everyday during the feeding session, and Calico even made some feline friends himself while having shared meals - one from a nearby house down the street, a couple of tabbies, and others - as he quietly ate his share of rice, chicken, fish, and sometimes a generous chunk of braised pork on the floor. His defenses down, he even welcomed a few strokes on his fur each time he ate, a scratch behind the ear when he's done licking his paws, enjoyed the company of his kin during mealtimes and increasingly, the man who was once his arch-enemy.

That is, until his furry plump balls were molested and harshly grabbed.

.

A-Xian and A-Ji were having the time of their lives - well, they'd always have the time of their lives wherever they went, anyway. So much has happened, yet A-Xian continued to lead A-Ji to safety, and A-Ji trusted his boyfriend with his entirety, that the two were inseparable and charted their path into new lands, new adventures and new treasures no matter which universe, timeline or reality.

For the moment, A-Xian was a ball of untamed energy - he sprinted at full speed, skipped over discarded boxes and baskets, with A-Ji holding onto his arm in tow; they were chased by angry evil men with nets in their hands. Both boys yelled at the top of their lungs and shrieked uncontrollably from excitement and fear, dressed in white-turned-grey rags patched from stolen linen, clothes and blankets, with pilfered goods in their hands - fruits from the market, a paper-wrapped pheasant roast, and a smattering of stuff in pouches, bags, containers and whatnots that their grubby hands could snatch and pocket into their sleeves along the way. A-Ji had learned to pluck a stack of decent sized woven baskets from an unsupervised storefront so that they could carry even more goodies - he was becoming quite a bodybuilder with the strength of many men inside that little child's body -, and A-Xian was full of glee when he started casting spells from his nimble fingers and threw banana peels, slimy toads, ogre's snot, fire-ants and to deter their pursuers.

“A-Xian! Why are we running away from those men? They look just like the adult version of you... are they your relatives? Or that terrible Uncle Wei's?”

“Ha ha ha! My dear *lao gong* A-Ji, there's only one and only me! I'm the real A-Xian, and as I've learnt from eavesdropping from the teahouses, the real Wei Ying and Wei Wuxian! Everyone else, including that bad Uncle Wei, is a fake! So trust me when I say run, hold me when I say jump!”

Around them, there was chaos and confusion; marauding squads of men in black who looked like Uncle Weis or wore half-masks that resembled that notorious man, rushed from house to house with lethal precision; innocent-looking men and especially sleazy moustached, bearded fat elderly ones were captured and dragged out through kicked-open doors or pushed down

the stairs without warning - these were individuals who were either possessed and corrupted by *yaoguai* spirits, or were indirectly serving them and becoming corrupted themselves, who prey on the weak and the poor, and lining their pockets with the riches looted from the heart of the Gusu Lan. They were quickly tied and bagged into writhing sacks; some put up an admirable struggle and started cursing and kicking like madmen, but they were easily subdued with never-seen-before magic or a simple prick of acupuncture needle straight into the temples. Their family members, servants and guards retaliated with plenty of shouts and fearsome battle stances - however, all was for naught, when more men entered the buildings and lifted up black sticks that looked like Chenqing flutes; the men shouted orders to 'look at the sticks' (and even don on their sunglasses just for a dramatic effect), and because humans are easily fooled into complacency and compliance, a *bzzt!* and a flash of neon-blue light later, suffice to say - everything was forgotten.

Still, the guerrilla-like invasion caused quite a stir, with brief melee combat and fires breaking out sporadically all over the Cloud Recesses, people running helter-skelter screaming for help, lightning bolts, energy blades and flaming fireballs hurtled left, right and center, and more disorder ensued.

The two boys zig-zagged around then fled the streets in record time, and had no problem running through walls, houses and other obstacles in their Dream-powered state to evade their captors. A-Xian cried out a warning, and A-Ji nodded - both of them leapt up a donkey cart and aimed for the skies. A-Xian twirled his fingers once, twice, then spun in mid-air and winked at his child-husband A-Ji with the happiest, widest grin ever, and A-Ji couldn't resist reciprocating with an awkward smile.

Both children and their booty transformed into blobs of light and shrunk in size but radiated with intense brightness, and then the pair of incandescent

firefly-like balls of energy zipped into the air like a shooting star from the mortal earth, with a loud, deafening *fwip!*

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“No, no, no, my dear wife-y, you can’t just wave your Bichen like a broom or pluck a guqin string like your everyday practice, then release an enormous amount of *qi* energy, and expect me to give you a laudable five-star rating for the dismal performance of mundanely shoveling snow? No, no, no, it’s got to be done with more panache, with style, and with a certain swagger,” said the newly-minted husband while gesturing no-no-nos with his forefinger and wiggling his hips. With the boys and their demonic steeds gone, the couple was freer to do whatever they wanted, without the fear of embarrassment casting doubts into their actions.

Lan Zhan sighed tiredly; he’d been ploughing through snow with the trunk of a giant pine tree with one end gouged into a spoon by hand, then, at the behest of the finicky spouse, jogged back to the *burning* Cloud Recesses to grab the four demons over his shoulders before turning them into four-legged transports, next, cooking a meal of fire-warmed congee, vegetable stew and grilled meats to satisfy the hungry man, then getting interrupted from time to time while wading in the waist-deep snow in search for the carts, because lovely Wei Ying who remained in the comfortably dry alcove, complained his fingers were numb, his toes were frozen, his cheeks were cold, and he wanted a hug from the wife-y almost every five minutes.

In the end, even the venerable Hanguang Jun was defeated by the elements of Nature, and the sun was setting in the highlands; shadows were becoming longer, the temperatures plummeted once again, heavy fog descended into the area, and it started to feel like Winter more than Spring.

With no signs of his older brother, Lan Zhan was desperate to resolve at least one of a number of his worries.

“Wei Ying, if you would let me use my powers to clear the bulk of the avalanche, it would greatly speed up our search for the carts,” he pleaded with reason.

Wei Ying tsk-tsked, “My darling man, I never said you couldn’t use your powers; I said you needed to do it *my way* .”

Lan Zhan cocked his head in bewilderment and asked to be taught the Way of the Wei in clearing a large expanse of packed snow.

In the end, the couple agreed to have Wei Ying stand at the edge of the tumbled sea of white with his mysterious mask on; now enchanted with amazing god-tiered spells rather than the curse of Inabilities; having returned Lan Zhan’s outer robes, Wei Ying fashioned another, more stylish cape from his scarf, which when unravelled turned out to be like a mini-blanket itself; he stood up with victory painted on his toothy grin and raised a fist, but he wasn’t satisfied, so he made that into a skyward-pointing index finger, then thought that the gesture wasn’t spectacular enough, so he grabbed his walking cane and lift it up like a flag staff, and point up to the blue skies - of course, he’d be Number One forever, at least in front of his one-man spectator. Wei Ying shouted at the top of his lungs, and coughed a bit towards the end, “Announcing Lan Wu Ji, the greatest showman on earth, ready to clear these mountains of Gusu!”

(Then, right on cue, Lan Zhan secretly cast a Sound Amplification spell, and Wei Ying's hoarse, cracked voice echoed throughout the mountain range and valleys, scaring away bears and squirrels alike into hiding, and sending flocks of hilltop pigeons screeching in panic; the icy pine forests stirred, and stilled, as though a deafening shot from a gun rang out in shock.)

Having declared the debut of his performance, next, Wei Ying lowered himself and rudely bent his body into a hunched, half-squat position, as though he was taking a dump from a high perch. He pointed his ass towards the site of disaster.

Lan Zhan heaved a sigh of relief that the monumental task would - finally, finally - be done in a heartbeat; his arms were getting a bit sore from wielding the hulking giant spoon made of fully-grown pine trunk, and stacking and hurling boulders the size of cottage homes. The older wife-y waved his arms in an arc, and the magical guqin was summoned into plain view. It placed itself at waist level, and the master of the instrument performed a series of fancy moves, of swinging arms, swaying legs and even added a couple of wow-inducing shadowless flying kicks just for show, following the script written by the husband. He postured and performed like a maestro mixed with the moves of a top-tiered cultivator, then finally, his hands burst into fiery flames and he gracefully plucked one thick guqin string that instantly vibrated into a series of magnificent sparkle-laden explosions.

The incredible roaring soundwaves were as visible as they were frightening, with jets of serpent-like flames following suit. The tsunami of *twang!* distorted the air and thundered through wobbly Wei Ying, who grasped his walking cane embedded deep into the frozen ground as hard as he could in order not to be blown away by the aftershocks. At the perfect moment, the flaming serpents whizzed by his sides and Wei Ying gleefully squatted

lower, then aimed, grimaced then Hnnngh'd, and fired a salvo of audible wet farts (which again, Lan Zhan secretly Amplified).

To an outsider, it would look like Wei Ying had farted a fantastically devastating fart from his ass - and an entire stretch of the avalanche behind him as vast as fifty rice fields instantly melted and blew away in a thunderous applause to celebrate that said fart, which then continued its supersonic journey into the stratosphere and the cosmic beyond. The canopies of the surrounding pine forests were singed and smoked beyond recognition, leaving behind a storm of falling ashes and wet, melted ice.

Wei Ying laughed, fell into the snow, rolled around obnoxiously until he made multiple snow-angels on the ground, until he couldn't breathe, and admitted that he had the best time of his life.

Unsurprisingly, what was left of the bulldozed mountain pass were barren soil and rocks, flattened outcrops, bits of ice, and yes, five rather damaged and twisted carts and their broken wheels, four frozen horses, and one shivering, barely alive, but angrily honking Lil' Apple.

(Not long after, the Sun experienced a massive impact of guqin soundwaves of a mighty *twang!* , accompanied by the vestiges of an extraterrestrial smelly fart (which fuelled the burn anyway) - the glowing star flared in response to being rattled to its core, before calming down to its usual shine, moments thereafter.)

Five stars, Wei Ying declared triumphantly, and rated their performance with a chef's kiss. Lan Zhan sighed - the rather humiliating act completed,

he quickly erased the magical guqin out of sight, then crouched and lifted lovely, giggling Wei Ying from the cold ground, and carried him, bridal-style, back to the alcove where a warm snuggle and another steaming hot snack was in order. He still had to check and unpack the broken carts and figure out how to deal with the horses (and one angry, honking donkey).

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Wei Ying's double-edged plan worked. The man had heard faint thudding sounds whilst flying over the site of the avalanche earlier - woodsmen who worked hard in the chilly weather to chop down firewood and to carry them down to fuel-hungry settlements near the foot of the mountains, including the Cai district. He correctly guessed that there would be a number of faraway curious onlookers watching the site of the disaster, probably missing out of the juniors and Wen Ning's exit (because they'd look like insignificant little white and black dots to observers), but definitely did not miss marvelling at how Lan Zhan fashioned a giant spoon to dig their way out - and with the hours gone by, they'd have a sizable crowd hiding amongst the cliffs and treelines, to witness Wei Ying's ass-spectacular performance.

Some would run through dense bush trails, rightfully panickedly, even faster than the four riders and their four demonic apocalyptic horses, and ramble wild tales about a crazy but exceptionally powerful Masked man with a walking cane and a shimmering dark blue cape, with an even crazier man in pure white swinging a pine trunk as long as ten horse carts lined up on a straight line; and that Masked man was named Lan Wu Ji, whose strength was so great that he farted a monstrous fart of flaming string music that levelled mountains, crushed rocks and destroyed an entire mountain pass - in a single passing of bad wind.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 151

Cup noodles were the couple's favourite Middle Kingdom fast food, especially during chilly weather and when the craving strikes for springy wheat noodles cooked insalty, savoury, artificial flavour-rich broth; alas, in this ancient day and age, primitive technology reigned, that Wei Ying had to contend with Lan Zhan's home-cooked noodles in a small claypot over a campfire of dried, frozen pine branches. He knew he should be grateful to the wife-y who had thought of everything in advance, including packing a mind-boggling amount of household stuff - like a claypot, noodles and condiments - into a Bag of Holding disguised as a plain, worn gunny sack tied to Bichen's hilt for its flight; however much the gratitude, Wei Ying remained a devil in a greater disguise as that said Bag of Holding, posing as a heroic and unconventional husband, and a chronic sex offender to the poor wife-y who had worked so hard to make their lives bearable.

"Nnngh... Wei Ying... please... let go... I need-- I need to check... aaahn... on the carts, and... mmmph... Lil' Apple...!"

Wei Ying placed a finger on his self-declared wife's lips and clicked his tongue. "No, I'm the husband here, so you have to do what I say. Now sit still and let me play with the noodles," Wei Ying chuckled and wiggled the said finger, which then slipped between those luscious, moany lips - because he also wiggled his other hand that lovely grasped an angry-red twitching, leaking penis. A few more heartfelt, firm strokes, and Lan Zhan cried out Wei Ying's name again and again in warning - those struggling hips shook, the pelvis quivered, plump balls tightened for a powerful, heavenly-hellish countdown--

Lan Zhan was grateful to be allowed to cum from a terribly arousing handjob, and he ejaculated cummy chicken-flavoured brothy noodles that

had been forcibly inserted into the furiously red penis earlier. Fat oily squirts of white and noodly yellows shot out thirty times, arched above their heads, some splattering to the low ceiling of the alcove, some landing on the couple's heads.

(To Lan Zhan's doomed fate, Wei Ying found a reed-like straw in the bag while curiously rummaging through the Bag of Holding; the flustered, red-cheeked wife-y said it was something used to drink from a cup and should be left alone, but Wei Ying knew better - it was one of P-Cool's latest sex-glorifying gadget of sexual depravity - a sounding stick with endless possibilities.

"You wanton slut! Are you really a woman who cannot bear to pass the day without masturbating, that you have to carry *this* in your travelling luggage?" Wei Ying yelled and choked with laughter at the same time, shaming the wife-y man until he felt so sexually inferior and insecure, overwhelmed and subjugated, and strangely, excited and horny at the same time, that by the time Wei Ying finished giving him a short lecture about the sexual appropriateness of a wife, coupled with knocking the sounding stick on Lan Zhan's temples and swatting the tent in his pants with it, until droplets of crystal-clear pearls formed at the top, oozed out and soiled the man's pants - Lan Zhan was truly, deep within, fantasizing being sexually tortured by Wei Ying riding him from sunrise to sunset while he was tied, spread-eagled, tenderly, lovingly whipped by that sounding stick, and inappropriately pleased by that that tool of terrifying love - and he one-two'd in front of his spouse without being touch, to Wei Ying's maddening squeals of surprise.

Two minutes later, groaning Lan Zhan was ordered to sit on the ground, pull off his soiled, cum-slicked pants, and spread his legs like a whore that he was labelled as, and the inserted straw did its detestful job of penetrating to the deepest, most intimate regions within the groin, wriggled like a living

worm, then expanding and contracting in size and length, with an add-on option of mind-blowing vibrations, growing out ticklish protrusions and feathers, and cause heart-attack-inducting spins that either ruined or sexually razed one's urethra. Wei Ying tried all the options, and left the wife-y dying of pleasure without the possibility of releasing the burgeoning liquid pressure soaring from the base of his again, dying but incredibly hard and stimulated penis.

Wei Ying gave Lan Zhan a marvellous hand and blow job on the outside, while the earth-shattering and hurricane-like spinning straw did its horrible deed on the inside; Lan Zhan grunted, hiccuped and cried out tears of desperation, but his hands were pinned to the ground; his body waist-down shuddered crazily to squeeze, shake and tried to hard to spurt, to abort the foreign sex toy from his genitals, but to no avail. The assault was relentless, the excitement sky-rocketed, the desire to climax became so tangible that far, far away, universes were split and torn apart because the god-tiered Lan Zhan couldn't release his sexual frustration unto anything, not when lovely husband Wei Ying continued to kiss, suck and caress his meatstick so vigorously with passion in his cheeky eyes.

Then, with a push of a tiny button at the side of the straw, it opened up a little more until the shape and size of a funnel. Wei Ying cackled like a witch with such mirth, when he slowly poured some cooled chicken broth from the claypot and the accompanying springy cooked noodles into it. With some exotic techniques that only the couple knew, Wei Ying massaged everything in (even the gods cannot imagine how that could be done, but it was done anyway, because simply because it was Lan Zhan the god-tiered sex god, after all), then returned the straw to its original state, pulled it out - by then, Lan Zhan was already lost in a crazy, sex-fuelled trance, a mad beast in heat, drowning in lust and pain, eyes rolled back to the extent that only whites showed, his jaws slacked and drool started to pool on the floor, his limbs flailed and trembled, his back arched.

Wei Ying leaned forward to kiss his dear wife-y on the cheeks as a thank-you for becoming a toy for entertainment, then bent down to swallow the dying man's member in a single swoop. He sucked and spitted into the terribly engorged rod and bloated opening, loving the taste of chicken-flavoured noodly Lan Zhan, then blew lots of bubbles through and made sure to have long intact strings of springy, firm, *al dente* noodles slid up and down the unbelievably irritated and sensitive urethra, worming their way, twisting like real squiggly worms, coiling and curling up then stimulating and spasming penis from the inside every time the man Hnnngh'd from exceedingly exciting flashes of lightning zipping up and down the thunder rod of turgid flesh, causing indescribably nice and gross sensations simultaneously, swimming up and down in salty chicken broth increasingly diluted with pre-cum and other nasty bodily fluids, and sending surges of pleasure, pain and everything else in-between to short-circuit poor wife-y's sexual nerves in the loins; soon, Wei Ying could taste, and feel, drizzles of prostatic fluids, the first hints of semen, and yes, when the bladder sphincters stopped working, so did the pee start spewing; he didn't want his noodles to be soaked into soggiess with a man's sticky juices and pungent ammonia flavours, so he made sure a majestic and massage-like handjob would do the trick to get the dying man (oh how many times Lan Zhan would've died during that hour, except that he was actually an immortal) to orgasm with noodles churning inside his pitifully tortured penis and ejaculated in thirty mighty contractions, convulsing out into volleys of sperm cells bathed in chicken soup and seed-covered noodles, leaving the dead man (no, no, Lan Zhan can never die) finally twitching on the ground, spasming like a drunken fool, continually leaking cum, broth and noodles befitting Wei Ying's favourite brand of cup noodles - Lan Zhan brand, that is.

Only the gods knew how Lan Zhan felt, later, when Wei Ying repeated the act, and noisily sucked inserted noodles and its foamy broth from his dying-dead-deader-too-dead penis; it would twitch and jerk randomly, in despair from start to end, but Wei Ying thought it was one of the most fun way to eat his noodles.)

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“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan.”

“Mn?”

“Looking at the pieces of noodles on your hair... what do you think? Should you change your hairstyle and go for a perm? Maybe wavy suits you better than straight.”

“...”

“Or how about me? Should I keep my long hair combed back? But that would mean having to comb it everyday, because my hair is stubborn and sometimes sticks out in all direction.”

“Mn.”

“Ah, the Spring Festival will be here soon, I really should go for a new look. You know, new clothes, new accessories, new make-up, new hairstyle and all that. Should I leave a couple of bangs at the front? Or cut the front piece and fashion it into a fancy fringe? Or trim everything short so that I wouldn't complain about the heat when daytime grows longer.”

“... Mn.”

“Eeeh, Lan Zhan, you always Mn at everything, how do I know what you’re really thinking? You need to be more vocal. Here, let me play with your wee-wee a bit more, maybe you’ll start humming and singing for me, like in an opera show! Ha ha ha!”

Lan Zhan did sing, in praise, in pain, but mostly in pleasure, for the fifth going onward to the sixth climax, as he resigned to his fate as an enslaved wife-y to a horny, naughty husband who used sex to conclude their conversations, particularly with one hairy hand lodged between his muscular thighs with vigorous movements that left him imprisoned, drained but exceedingly satisfied. Lan Zhan was lovingly grabbed, molested, stroked and massaged at every opportune moment spent together with his beloved Wei Ying in a cocoon of intimacy and with a steaming pot of noodles on a campfire, inside that alcove.

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With sex finally out of the way, Lan Zhan was once again calmed down and more than just Buddha-lyzed. He’d orgasmed ten times in a row by the time the claypot of Wei Ying’s afternoon snack was done - all consumed from his fleetingly alive-then-dead penis and, or, wasted on the floor or the alcove’s ceilings. With testicles that had been emptied into the said snack for the husband, he no longer had any desire fanning the lust in the loins - since everything had been sipped, sucked, drunk, gargled, and swallowed with many burps from the husband later on -, freshened up Lan Zhan

proceeded to get to the horse carts that lay in tatters and splinters on the grounds formerly occupied by the avalanche snow.

Wei Ying had been brilliant to take the time to tease (and then, destroy) Lan Zhan's sexual appetite - he knew that Lil' Apple was too angry for having lost its four companions - those normal horses from the communal stables - that it'd bite and kick anyone that dared to walk near the bodies of its now-dead friends and desecrate their dignities. Lan Zhan deliberately approached with a solemn mood, careful not to raise its hackles and trigger its guard, then methodically picked up and stacked the carcasses like plates on a tray, dug a giant hole with a single powerful kick into the hard, frozen earth, and gave them a respectable burial ritual, while Lil' Apple, who had lost its steam from honking, kicking into empty air and braying non-stop for nearly an hour, finally found peace in quietly munching on grass shoots at the fringes of the bushes in the proximity. When the burial was concluded, four sombre piles of stones remained as a reminder of the animals that had been sacrificed for the good of the Gusu Lan.

The couple meandered around the rugged crash site of sorts, like survivors of a horrific wreckage - pieces of board, broken wood, splintered wheels littered the ground, with trails of merchandise both perishable and not, spread all over the sloped grounds like a free-for-all buffet spilled to the floor. Upon closer inspection, to their dismay, a significant amount of stuff had been irreparably damaged - rolls of dirtied textiles showed signs of tears from the impact and their fine embroideries were grazed beyond recognition, crafted metal tools left twisted and wooden ones crushed, buckets splits rammed into pieces and porcelain jars cracked with their contents gone, books and scrolls rendered unreadable, perishable herbs and foodstuffs contaminated then spoiled from being drenched in ice melt - the list went on.

“Well, at least we can salvage the minerals, since the stones can still be sold at fair prices even if they’ve been shattered into smaller fragments,” Wei Ying remarked dryly as he used his cane to poke at a fist-sized chunk of shiny ore with cracks on its surface, and it promptly split into two, to the man’s faint surprise. For what it’s worth, Zewu Jun’s original proposal of trading mostly with sturdy minerals held true, and Wei Ying credited the Sect Leader for his foresight and wisdom. Slowly, rather annoyingly and inefficiently, Wei Ying used the edge of his walking cane to gather a variety of rocks, rubble, mineral chunks and cracked ores into a small, but growing pile, fragment by fragment.

Lan Zhan crouched on the ground at a stone’s throw away, dutifully collecting anything of use besides the abundant and cheap minerals - heirloom magical talismans, relics and charms that still functioned, legendary enchanted weapons, armours and equipment that withstood the accident (including the set found by the juniors and Wen Ning not too long ago), timeless treasures excavated from beneath the Cloud Recesses and peoples’ dusty attics, and other stuff that he had his eyes on but never vocally questioned if they should even be put up for sale in the first place. The Bag of Holding in his arm remained as large as a standard satchel, even as the man literally vacuumed up the valuables at top speed and efficiency, and had picked up enough to fill the entire Jingshi.

By the time the sun had set shortly before five, and the dusky skies turned from fiery orange into blazing reds, magenta and hues of darkening blues, it was *really* cold especially for those lingering out in the open and exposed to the elements. Wei Ying whined constantly at his aching, fatigued limbs, wobbly legs, bluish extremities, and of frost building up on his eyelashes and lips. Lan Zhan exhaled yet another tired sigh; the young man who now commanded their fates as a husband-wife couple, insisted on waiting for the return of Zewu Jun rather than making haste to reach the inn in Caiyi Town by the end of the day.

“Aiya~~,” Wei Ying squeaked between chattering teeth, “Lan Zhan, your brother is my brother-in-law, and who knows if he also rescued your uncle, who is now my relative too - we should respect the elders and wait for them here, then together, escort them down the trail to Caiyi. The juniors can have fun in town and take care of themselves and Wen Ning is competent enough to babysit them on his own.” Wei Ying stabilized his stance, spread his feet a little wider, and played short-putts using his cane and roly-poly pieces of ore on the ground, as though he was practising in a game of golf. One by one, pieces were pushed, tapped and rolled into a basket tipped over to its side, and when a sizable mound was formed, Wei Ying would heave and unload that basket into a creaky makeshift cart without wheels - the only surviving and usable transport left, since the rest sported large cracks, holes and tears.

Lan Zhan couldn't argue with Wei Ying's line of thought - which ticked the right boxes, when measured against the Lan family's over-four thousand rules -, so he continued to fix the said cart with tools he fortunately remembered to stow into his Bag of Holding. Lil' Apple, whom nobody really paid attention unless it was irritated and kicked dangerously from the back, let out a bored neigh, snorted out a cloud of ass-breath, then picked up an intact wooden plank with its teeth and passed it to Hanguang Jun, so that the latter could hammer it to the cart to either strengthen its rocky frame or patch a hole.

(The whole world for the couple revolved around Wei Ying, to the extent that they did not realize Lil' Apple wasn't really the same donkey that Wei Ying had picked up from the Mo village aeons ago and left it to wander and survive in Gusu on its own; Lil' Apple was, in fact, like Calico the Cat, one of the very few creatures that survived the passing of timelines and realities, and had gained immense capabilities and powers during the transition of worlds and universes. Smarter than a man or even a god, Lil' Apple remained humble and staunch to its ass-roots, and lived a relatively peaceful equine life in solitude, eating grass and fruits when it was hungry, and sleeping and running whenever the mood strikes.

Like the cat, Lil' Apple had learned how to handle the detestful humans in its own equine ways, and maneuvered his lifestyle and motivations to suit his long-term plans to dwell in the rather resource-rich human-infested lands. By acting in non-violent ways, whilst contributing a bit back to the owners of the lands - such as non-verbally agreeing to pull a cart or plough a field - Lil' Apple knew it'd stand to gain more, with free baskets of fruits and vegetables given every day, being allowed to graze in peace, and sometimes, it gets to enjoy a nice dust-bath or a scratch on the back or the belly.

Lil's Apple had done more than its share by helping Wei Ying to pick up the scattered minerals using its teeth and hooves, and now, aiding Hanguang Jun with the reconstruction of a cart to carry the salvaged materials. It knew that it was not in debt to either man from being saved from getting buried by the avalanche, because it was already an immortal and a super-powerful entity anyway, however it appreciated Hanguang Jun's kind gesture of holding a burial ritual for its newfound - then lost - friends, so that it could spend an hour mourning noisily over them, and later, reconcile with its loss and now, rekindle its friendship with the men, especially the one named Hanguang Jun.)

"Nnnh. Hold this while I nail this piece over here," Lan Zhan murmured, not really realizing that he was talking to a donkey. Lil' Apple acquiesced, pushed its snout against one side of the cart so that Lan Zhan had enough traction to complete another bit of repair work. Wei Ying continued to mutter a string of curses when he missed hitting a round piece of mineral - because it was becoming dark, and he couldn't see well, when tears even start to chill and freeze in his eyes -, then clumsily lost his footing and slid to his rump unceremoniously on the ground.

Not long after, against the flickering lights of torches, the sounds of crickets Lil' Apple sniffed the air and started to bray. Wei Ying yelped in surprise and fell to his rump again, this time landing on a small puddle of ice melt and his backside experienced very uncomfortable signs of frostbite. Lan Zhan had the 'finally!' look on his face, pursed his lips in disappointment at the lateness of the hour, and rose from his seat where he had worked on the rickety cart nearly the latter half of the afternoon.

“Aiya~~ Lan Zhan! Do you see what I see? That's your older brother walking out of the forest's edge! Hurry, let's pack everything up and be on our way, I'm freezing my ass off here!”

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Wei Ying's attitude changed - rather, improved - when a wounded, hobbling and bandaged Zewu Jun arrived with just one rescued survivor from the chase in tow, who was, expectedly, also equally injured, tumbling and herb-and-gauze wrapped Master Lan Qi Ren. Lan Zhan became a little more alarmed than his partner when he laid his eyes upon the state of his blood relatives - he silently chastised himself for tolerating the long wait and then getting impatient in the end - which was really, unbecoming of the man named Hanguang Jun - and quickly went to work by checking on the two new arrivals' conditions and casting quick-fix healing spells on them.

(Unbeknownst to everyone, Lil' Apple who was confirmed to emit a very powerful kind of Inability magic, or something to that equivalent, and started to cook dinner for the guests. It easily used its wide teeth to take off Lan Zhan's precious satchel without the owner's knowledge, then rummaged the contents with its snout until it got what it needed - the claypot used to cook the cursed noodles earlier that day, a few packets of

31st-century hydratable foodstuff meant for deep interstellar travel - because it had been on some spaceships in its previous life, and knew what was lip-smackingly delicious during such long journeys in isolation -, a modern portable stove, and a pair of Fire and Water magic talismans.

It swayed its large head as though it was dancing to an inaudible tune, and Invisible Hands appeared to prepare a decent meal for the so-called circus troupe of four. The packets were easily opened and the dried, dessicated contents were dropped into the pot. By stepping on a Water talisman, Lil' Apple conjured a stream of fresh springwater to shoot out of it and fill the pot. It wasted no time; next, it carefully used its mouth to lift the full pot and placed it onto the stove, and with another clatter of hooves, the Fire talisman was activated and it sent forth sparkling flames to light the said stove.

As the food started to warm up into a hearty, bubbling cauldron of mouth-watering goodness fit for 31st-century consumption, Lil' Apple sniffed the air and detected a few more uninvited guests. It sighed, and trotted back to the Bag of Holding, and picked out a can of sardines, and a bag of fresh produce. As the four adult men chatted and made annoying human sounds in the distance, Lil' Apple brought the items a little further from the ad hoc campsite, and placed them on the frozen dirt ground.

Calico mewled in gratitude, and stood up on its hind legs; like a proper gentleman of the animal kingdom, it bowed with folded paws at the front, before settling back to its primitive four-legged pose, went to grab the can of sardines with its fangs, and dashed off into the shadows where it would use powerful mechanical and magical means to open the said can. A pair of white and black rabbits appeared out of nowhere as well, a little wet from some residual snow, shivering from the cold, but every bit cute and adorable - at least the white one, because the red-eyed black rabbit looked a little slimy and evil -, gingerly hopped and bowed as well. They dined

quietly on the offered lettuce, carrots and fruits that Lil' Apple prepared on the ground.

The animals exchanged a few unspoken messages, by stares, blinks and rolls of eyes, and collectively, stayed in the dark, at a far corner, away from those dumb, rude humans and their monkey-like chatter, to wait for what unfolds next.)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 152

There used to be a fairy tale from the Far, Far West called ‘The Town Musicians of Bremen’, which featured farm animals, once abandoned by their owners, decided to band together and do the impossible, to journey to a fabled town in search of fame and riches, and to chart their own destinies - however, through their wits and teamwork, they managed to find something better, by tricking, stealing and taking advantage of Men’s fears and foolishness, closer to home.

A congregation of such animals took place right in front of the mens’ eyes, shrouded by the dwindling dusk light and dense prickly undergrowth, bolstered by the magic of Ignorance; it helped that everyone kept their individual vocalizations to the minimum, did not make any unnecessary movements that may attract unwanted attention, and quietly dined on the offered meals stolen from Hanguang Jun’s Bag of Holding. They communicated like gentle-beasts, with strict etiquettes, use of honorifics, and through telepathy where even the smallest voice gets an equal say on the table of giants, so to speak.

“I say, this lump of cane sugar lacks a distinctive savouriness typically found in my natural diet. Can you pass the salt, please?” said the fire-ant using gestures with its antennae.

The hen, one of the latecomers, pecked at her husband, a rooster, to respond. He clucked with irritation at his disturbed meal of space-age poultry feed, genetically-modified grains and exotic tropical fruits not found elsewhere; with his claw, reached into the Bag to pick out a salt shaker filled with crystals fortified with vitamins and minerals. “It’s only right that we help each other, dear,” the hen gave a sweet peck at the rooster’s wattles, “After all, we’re all fugitives from the previous timelines

and realities, and we've learned the hard way not to take our food for granted." The rooster grunted a hoarse chirp, and tipped the salt shaker a little, and the fire-ant received a miniscule pinch of the much-needed salt.

She is right, Lil' Apple announced telepathically with nod of its head and huffed out a cloud of dust, while munching on another off-season apple; they were a band of abandoned animals who had enjoyed the wealth and richness of their previous lives, that when they found themselves in a new world without the comforts and conveniences of the nth centuries - such as the said Bag of Holding that contained their favourite foods from across the eras -, they became desperate and searched for opportunities to retake control of their lives - or at least a part thereof.

"I myself realized belatedly the enormous deadly powers I have sealed within my paws, that when wielded uncouthly in such an innocent and frail world, causes untold damages with unforeseen consequences. I cannot remember how many lives of four-legged creatures I've taken with a swipe of these glimmering shards in my limbs, and worse still, I am wracked with guilt over how many humans' I have murdered even in my sleep," Calico mourned his cursed fate, and promptly bit into a sardines' head with a loud crunch; oh how he missed having canned, processed food laden with excellent artificial flavourings, appetite-inducing colourings and more importantly, the nutrition that sustained its divinely body.

"You don't say, old friend," Lil' Apple made a soft whinnying sound, careful not to break the spell of Ignorance that it emitted perpetually, "I managed to befriend four of my kin, two stallions and two mares during the past winter, but alas, everything was taken away from me, blown away like a candle in the wind. 'Tis are fleeting times we are experiencing, my fellow comrades. Treasure what connections you have, the love you nurture, the homes you've found, and food you enjoy that nourishes even your weary souls - you do not know what comes in the 'morrow, whether we can

continue to meet and care for each other like this, and share the meagre spoils of our expeditions, if any others, and if any more.”

All animals agreed unanimously with silent “Aye!”s - even the squirrel, who held special regard by the rest due to its history of crossing paths with the great Emperor of their former Kingdom, when it and its devastated family raided the Emperor’s former home and bit into baskets of fruits, and later, captured and sold off as exotic bushmeats in a night market by the same Emperor’s spouse. “Such tragedy, such misery! Are there no other ways that we can forge our own futures and rise against this bleakness?! Must we always depend on those two stinky humans for our needs? Must we pray every day that the one in White will someday bring out his Bag of Holding - just like this historic day today -, or whip out any magical and technological resource unrelated to this timeline, just to sate our hungers?! Must we always live hiding in fear from the one in Black, lest we are abused because history repeats itself and that horrid human never remembers his crimes against the Animal Kingdom?!” the gung-ho, fiery, full of bravado but with less than admirable brains squirrel squeaked while swinging a fist in the air with a mouthful of special nuts grown only in the Andromedan galaxy, thumping its brown bushy tail in fury - everyone shushed the noisy rodent with hisses in unison, and even the fire-ant had to chitter a shocked “Excuse me, you barbaric *rat* !” when its pile of perfectly arranged sugar pyramid toppled from the lashing tail.

The greasy-coated black rabbit stepped up with a half-eaten lettuce leaf in its paws; it looked as though someone had dunked it into a bucket of slime, but its glowing red-eyes said otherwise. “Cease your impudent speech, and do not hold grudges against my creators, you fool!” and he whacked the squirrel with a fur-coated punch, “I may be born later than many of you, but I’m the strongest and most capable amongst us, a descendent of the greatest, most powerful mortals and gods! I shall teach you how to grovel beneath my hindquarters if you say anything distasteful about my parents! Why, I’ll turn you into... into... into squirrel mulch!” it squealed (or roared,

in rabbit terms), and started to fluff out its hackles to become a bigger ball of oily fur than it already was.

A jet-black crow, one who had hid amongst the canopy of dead and dried branches, swooped in to snatch a morsel left unattended on the ground, out of habit, and also because it was still a little hungry after swallowing two plates of fried rice, roasts and stir-fries. “Just because you *think* you are the *er zi* (儿子; son) of the royal couple and therefore termed yourself as Ernie, doesn’t mean anything in my vocabulary! Don’t forget, I alone served the greatest Dark Arts practitioner, the Yiling Patriarch himself, and without His incredible intervention, none of this would have been possible! Now that he’s nothing but a cripple, without his call for us to service, our powers remain dormant, restricted and limited only enough to sustain us! I mourn the day that I cannot create mountains of green-hued skeletons and dancing fierce corpses with my hellish cries!” In a brief struggle to establish dominance, the crow nipped the black rabbit’s ears, and the latter nearly emitted a squeal of pain; but it struck back by bravely twisting its nimble body to bite back with its two front teeth.

“Stop fighting, all of you!” the hen tried her best to stifle her screech and kicked up a cloud of dirt, vexed at having to handle adults acting like juveniles, “I may not like those couple of humans either, because the they trapped my ancestors from the forest in the Far West, and forced my family serve their needs with egg-laying and slaughter for meat, and the Black one is known for his abusive treatment of farm animals - why, once, I witness how he outraged the modesty of my babies by flashing at them and teaching them how to play with his privates, and I taught that good-for-nothing monkey a good lesson by pecking his cock - pardon my pun -, only to be playfully thrown into the air and squawking like a dying bird almost every other day - the nerve! But still, I respect those two for who they were, and how they continue to co-exist with us in this dreadful place. We have to find middle grounds in our behaviours, and not divide ourselves from petty arguments! We’ve nothing else but each other, you know!” Her voice, telepathically at least, rose to alarming pitches, and she started to

hyperventilate in her teary, emotional outburst. Her husband remained stoic and placed a wing over her back, patting her and whispering, “There, there.”

Several pairs of slitted and round, dilated eyes turned to Calico, who mewled faintly at the unwanted attention, and the anxiety of being stared down. If there was talk of terrorizing animals and sexual abuse of the bestial kind, he would be a prime suspect too; every animal in that tight circle knew, through gossips around waterholes, of how the unfortunate cat had been a target for rough manhandling and loathsome molestation. It licked the emptied can of sardines clean and proceeded to lick its mouth and whiskers too.

Lil’ Apple, being the biggest individual with the biggest mouth, thus relegated to the role of the workhorse of the family of misfits, continued to patiently rummage the Bag of Holding with his snout and pull out goodies for everyone - there’s everything to suit each animal’s palate, ranging from candied snacks, nourishing soups and congees, all-you-can-eat buffet of organic greens, fruits from all over the world and across the galaxies, pre-heated microwavable foods from the future, canned and packaged goodies that lasted forever, fast and junk foods that should never had been introduced - Calico especially loved KFC fried chicken wings, and even the fowls didn’t mind - everyone ate with politeness and without prejudice based on creed, gender, race, species and denomination.

The animals faced a dire predicament simply based on their varied, but common circumstances - they were the last of their kinds, carried over from timeline to timeline by incidents of grand cosmic magnitudes and cruel twists of Fate, forgotten and neglected, forced to eke out a living with whatever, wherever they landed; in this case, one - a world bereft of the comforts and conveniences they’d been spoiled with since the glorious golden age of Wangxian Co. Ltd.; two - a great imbalance of powers within

them, consisting of abilities that they can no longer wield, and those that they cannot control, such as how a cat could liquefy people with its normal bites and scratches.

“Hush, children, let’s quickly eat our fill, and stuff our bellies whilst we still can, and while the precious Bag of Holding is still opened and availed to us,” the sage fire-ant chittered and lapped up the 51st century cane sugar it craved, thus rejuvenating its aged, creaky carapace-lined body with fresh new *qi* ; in terms of age and familiarity with the Kingdom’s ins and outs, the ant was probably standing at extremes of the proverbial fence; it was already around when little orphaned Wei Ying crawled the streets looking for scraps and fruit peels, its family suffered the most in having their anthills destroyed and wiped out in mass extinction events caused by that human, and later, was sprayed with insecticides or squashed by hands from either of the two men that ruled their Kingdom. It was insignificant in size and social standing in the hierarchy of the evolutionary ladder, but it was likely the greatest and longest-living survivor amongst them. Fate taught it to be patient, to be resilient in the face of insurmountable challenges, and to work hard and to save for rainy days at all times; the ant started to pocket extra cubes of glowing neon-purple sugars and crystalline gleaming blue salts into hidden pouches that it sewed using used insect moult.

Everyone watched the ant, and again, agreed that its way was the right way forward; the din calmed down, and all individuals from the trees to the grounds and the underground, continued their cherished feast. “You over there, black rabbit, you imply that you can do anything with your great powers and I can vouch from what I’d seen in the past, o’ shape-shifter originating from vile, tentacular cold black things... Can you do anything with your limited powers? Say, clone this Bag of Holding, create an underground empire filled with food and treasures, control the minds of all humans in the vicinity to do our bidding, and the like?” Calico asked as it used its paws to deftly twist open a child-proof lid of a glass jar, and shared the contents of steaming-hot grilled salmon, braised pork knuckles, seafood pasta, pizzas with cheese, bacon, tuna, pepperoni and other toppings, and a

slew of other unearthly meat-based cuisines seemingly *growing* out of the vessel - typical 41st century food processing technology that transforms stuff into synthetic gaseous molecules and packed into a jar, which when re-opened, moisture from the atmosphere reconstitutes the molecules back to their original forms, at perfect temperatures and taste.

The black rabbit, having calmed down and resumed finishing the leaf of lettuce, shook its head. “Nay, fellow four-legger. I’m now but a sad example of brains with no brawns, of all talk but of no substance,” it shrugged in defeat and its forelegs sagged downwards, “Like many of you, most of my greatest magics, technological computing and incredible powers have been shackled by strange, unseen forces in this world, left pockmarked with Inabilities and Imbalances, and can only be properly called upon by the words of the two First Fathers. However, my Father refuses to acknowledge or even want such phenomenal possibilities offered by my services, and he goes off to every day to work in his realms, by performing his marital duties with my Mother. And speak not of my Mother, he... he...” a burst of whines and it rubbed its eyes furiously. The crow shook its head too, having reconciled their differences with the outpouring of the rabbit’s remorse, and placed a wing over the rabbit’s head, empathizing with its, now their, fates. “There, there,” it said with a soft caw, “I rue the days when I could fly free, raise the foul dead from the graves, and cause mischief and mindless destruction at my master’s and at my behest too, or even sneakily steal red underwear and be let off with a mere slap on the beak. Now, I think twice before taking any flight, lest I do not find my way back, if you know what I mean.” Those animals that had directly or indirectly served Wei Wuxian and Lan Wang Ji - there were dozens hiding behind the bushes, quietly eating without any complaints, such as ducks, goats, wild pigeons, foxes, wolves, and many more - blinked in understanding, like eerie yellow and dark red pairs of fireflies waiting in the midst of graveyard mists.

“However,” the black rabbit said and turned to his counterpart, the fluffy and cuddly smaller white rabbit, “My *meimei* is the most fortunate of all, as everyone already knows, in that her golden core and the entire repertoire of

magics and abilities are intact. Still, however..." the black rabbit nudged at his little sister with his cute pink nose; the white rabbit, who was busily chewing on a piece of broccoli, paid no heed. The black one persisted, and continued to nose-bump her whiskered cheeks, quietly asking her to release the invisible strings that bound their powers. Sadly, she barely responded, and simply licked her brother's lips in curiosity - finding no lettuce or any greens to nibble on, she then hopped off to the Bag of Holding and sniffed at the bulging satchel for anything else she could munch on. That gesture caused the Bag to magically activate and open, and streams of tiny bits of food started to roll out on their own like an astonishing magical parade of good eats - fresh strawberries, chicken nuggets, fish fingers, french fries, beans, asparagus, leafy vegetables, rice balls and the ilk. Some of the denizens hiding in the forests emerged and chased after the escaped food, literally. A meteor shower appeared above them - wonders of wonders - as though to light up and to celebrate the amazing magical show she had conjured with an instinctive wiggle of her nose.

Lil' Apple sighed and bopped its snout on the white rabbit's head. She looked up, rubbed her whiskers with her tiny paws from the ticklish sensations, and licked the donkey in return - absolutely unaware, unintelligent, and innocent of everything that had gone wrong with their lives.

The council of surviving animals gathered solemnly around little Ni-er and shed a tear to bemoan her, now their, loss, while partaking in the newest loot from the Bag, which was even more than what Lil' Apple could excavate with its large snout. She was blissfully oblivious, of course, with insentient dark eyes staring into the deep of the night, eternally searching for something to nibble on.

In a story where the heroes had been consigned to mere sidekicks, Wei Ying had done everything right - to Lan Zhan's belated realization. Like proud parents sending their kids off to a new adventure on horsebacks, the camera pans out after the said parents waved good-bye so that the story continues with a focus on the young 'uns bravely making their first trip to the outside world - Si Zhui, Jing Yi, Jin Ling -, with the assuring knowledge that they're in good hands - Wen Ning, in particular. The parents, now with empty nests and left behind, and no longer relevant to the plot until, perhaps, at a later stage, would turn back and return to their tiny cottage, and, in all likelihood, simply wait, and wait, until the next major twist in the said plot.

From a different angle, Lan Zhan understood belatedly - he was trying to catch up and learn how to fit in this new reality of sorts -, the nascent new hero, Zewu Jun, was said to have been ambushed by mountain bandits setting off explosions at the top of cliffs, sending a torrent of snow tumbling down to his convoy of merchant carts, guards and disciples. The situation took for a worse, when traitors in their midst revealed their atrocious intentions to steal valuables, and kidnap wise men that would fetch a handsome ransom. He pursued them with all his heart and might, determined to save his people from an untimely end, and ended up at the base camp of the bandits.

"Wow! That's intriguing! A deep cave in the middle of the mountains, where greedy brigands gather - and they even hired mercenaries to disguise and infiltrate our ranks! Such cold, calculated planning and execution! Surely they must have a brilliant leader and an army of capable warriors in there!" Wei Ying exclaimed, excited to be regaled with a tale of fantasy, adventure, mystery and of spectacular fights of competing cultivation powers, fit for novels for young adults. He slurped on his nth cup of vermicelli and wheat noodles stewed in meat broth, slices of fatty pork, root vegetables and a smattering of condiments and garnishing. Lan Zhan

noticed the claypot bubbling on the portable stove (never mind that the stove was not of their time era), and quickly chopped up large bamboo segments to fashion elongated cups that can contain as much food as a serving of cup noodles each. Bichen made quick work of the smaller stalks, turning them into fine chopsticks and spoons for everyone.

Qi Ren *shifu* had finished his cup and extended a bruised, bandaged arm to silently demand for another; he had never tasted such flavourful broth in his life, what more with added MSG that seemed to explode with umami and other exotic savouriness with each chew and swallow. “Huh! Xi Chen is the darling hero of the day! The two of us stood our ground at the locked gates to the fortress carved into the mountainside, and made sure the villains’ bosses couldn’t find peace from sunrise till sunset!” he interjected with pride, and puffed out his chest - and promptly fell into a fit of coughs.

Lan Zhan felt a longing for hot-blooded fights from his youthful days, when his uncle narrated how the bandits unleashed rains of arrows, boulders and spears, lightning bolts and fireballs, poisoned smoke and swarms of stinging insects, then with no other options, released their champions and their summons to fight off the two greatest practitioners of the Gusu Lan cultivation arts.

“Trolls! Ogres! Giant goblins! The Four Villainous Horrors of the Northern Mountains! The Six Witches of the Southern Lakes! Mystical black flying horses, silver serpents and legendary firebirds! Zombie snakes and spectral bears! Wow! No wonder the two of you spent nearly ten hours fighting non-stop!” Wei Ying jumped in his seat like an eight-year old on steroid-laced candies.

The younger of the Twin Jades quietly served dinner to the men, listening intently, and deep inside, lamenting the missed opportunity to have a slice of the action for himself. Zewu Jun provided some details over the enjoyable simple hot meal - he'd missed lunch, after all - of the enemies they encountered, and how they finally broke through the fortress-like structure when the last adversarial champion fell to its knees - however, as with any dramatic cliffhangers of great novels, they found out that the bandits had vacated their stronghold by then, and left clues that they intended to take the hostages further north, bordering the province of Lanling. "Here," the Sect Leader said, and unveiled a scroll from his sleeve pocket - an ancient, dog-eared map! -, "Amongst the discarded relics and broken furniture left by the thieves, we found many such maps, some seem to be leading to hidden treasures, and some, to other hideouts in other districts and provinces."

Wei Ying's eyes sparkled as much as he burped from downing three cups of noodles, "Really! That means we're dealing with a network of criminals and evil-doers larger than a just bunch of robbers! Oh wow! Oh wow! This must be linked to the scandal that was reported earlier today, of defecting Council members, their servants and bodyguards fleeing the scene with gold ingots stored in the sect's treasury! Oh, oh, what if these terrible outlaws are also responsible for the poisoning plague?"

Qi Ren *shifu* sighed and stroked his beard, still holding a freshly refilled serving of food with the other hand, "It's disheartening and disturbing to know that evil has infested within our sect's Council, but given what we've learnt today, I am not surprised. On one hand, I'm tempted to rush back home to check on things - however, on the other hand, we must reach Caiyi as soon as possible and get in touch with the sect that the apothecary owner belonged to. That man, a peer of mine in terms of age, may have been carried far, far away from here, but through deliberations yesterday, I got to know he is from a sister sect of ours with a branch in Caiyi. I may be able to find old friends there to learn more about the plague."

The Master then, unexpectedly, handed the cup of noodles to Lan Zhan. “Wang Ji,” he said and cocked his head towards the nephew’s direction, “You haven’t eaten anything since we reunited. Is anything troubling you? You look anxious; speak your mind so that perhaps your appetite may return. Is it because of the injuries your elder brother and I sustained during the fights with the monsters? Or is it because of the many problems and puzzles that beleaguer us right now?”

Lan Zhan lowered his gaze in respect, and Wei Ying watched him closely. The younger of the Twin Jades hesitated, but eventually accepted the noodles. From afar, Lil’ Apple quietly carried a tray with a steaming pot of *pu’er* tea and approached the campfire; as usual, none of the men noticed its excellent butler service.

“Mn. Wang Ji is fine. There’s just... too many things happening at once, and I feel helpless, and do not know what to do next,” he sighed, truly clueless. He did not say why he avoided having the noodles - besides the fact that he was traumatized by the sight of the innocuous strings of wheat flour, he also thought of cutting down on his diet, lest his paunch grew larger day by day.

Wei Ying seized the moment, “Well, well! For one, we should head to Caiyi anyway since there are appointments scheduled and deadlines to meet; there’s no telling how well the juniors will be able to keep those *laoban* s entertained until they figure out that we’ve got less than promised to sell. We worked hard to salvage a cart of minerals, and now that the Gusu Lans are poorer than paupers, we need to make the best of what we have. The corrupt thieves have done their evil deed in the Cloud Recesses and fled the scene, so there’s no point in going back to inspect and mourn the losses. What do you say, Zewu Jun?”

The older of the Twin Jades placed his cup on the ground, and didn't realize the donkey had filled it with tea - so he took a sip and enjoyed the beverage that warmed his bones, after a long day of traversing wintry weather and enduring long, tedious fights. "Hmm. I concur with your point, Wei *gongzi*," he replied, and looked to the horizon at the direction of mist-covered mountain peaks where his hometown was safely nestled in, now merely dotted with tiny specks of torches, watch tower fires, and hardly discernible from the twinkling stars of the night sky above. Another breeze blew, the howl of wolves echoed from somewhere in the distance, and all men tightened their thick outer robes - it was going to be a cold night, indeed. "We'll stick to our original plan of trading the goods and earn enough for our expedition and for the sect, investigate the poisoning plague, then return to rest and stock up, before pursuing the bandits to the north. If there's a ransom note for our captured men, I'll be the first to hear about it," he added resolutely, eyes gleaming with the flicker of the campfire stove, and he downed his cup in a single gulp.

Wei Ying made a little victory jig, as evidenced by a twirl of his walking cane from where he sat on a rocky outcropping - he had at least diverted the two older Gusu Lans from checking in on the Cloud Recesses, where an intensive decontamination and reconstruction operation was underway. "Yes, yes!" he chipped in merrily, and pointed to himself like an aloof fool, "Don't forget, call me by my alternate persona starting tomorrow! I'm Lan Wu Ji, the greatest Masked Hero and Mysterious Merchant Extraordinaire to have walked on this earth!" In which, Master Lan Qi Ren rolled his eyes and wanted to spit out any half-chewed noodles, but he settled down to his own cup of tea; the old man understood that if they were to pull this through, they would have to set aside their differences and work together, Lan surname be damned.

Lan Zhan started to feel the weight of self-inflicted stress upon himself; he knew both he and his spouse were playing second fiddle to the protagonists

of the story, and Wei Ying had figured out a way to elevate himself to a nearly equal playing field - as the mysterious man named Lan Wu Ji who would at least take care of the trade negotiations - which would probably take place off-screen, due to the lack of action in these kind of acts -, and leave the exciting, intriguing investigation of the plague to the said protagonists. That meant Lan Zhan was relegated to the litter of the runt, with no plans on how to contribute to the resolution of the problems they faced, with no particular roles he could play, and in all likelihood, he would have to continue acting as an embarrassing wife-y to his significant other and simply play a supportive role to the supporter.

Lil' Apple nudged from behind and Lan Zhan blinked. Its snout went below an arm and lifted, prompting the man to look up towards where his arm was being forced to point.

A beautiful meteor shower passed by, quietly with grace, brief enough to be missed by the other three men who had descended into more serious discussions of what to do, where to go, and what to shop for, for the next day. Lan Zhan contemplated at his situation, and hoped the heavens were giving him the strength and courage need to survive the coming expedition - he expected his subjects in the Realms of the Gods to do their best and chart a plausible route for him to take, to keep up his dignity and reputation, and to keep any dangers and further humiliation at bay. He started listing down the things he needed to do the next couple of hours - packing up, harnessing the donkey to pull the cart of minerals, improvise another cart for his uncle and older brother to rest in during the overnight trip, and a tough question of whether his beloved Wei Ying would prefer to ride the burdened donkey or, as a hopeful wish, ask for a piggyback ride that reminisced better days in their lives.

Wei Ying did read Lan Zhan's mind - because he still could, unbeknownst to all -, and sensed a bit of discontent from the donkey that made whining noises even while being harnessed. Lil' Apple would be tasked to pull two carts - one for the minerals, one for two Gusu Lan men - with a fishing rod tied to an apple dangling in front of it. Wei Ying happily clung onto his wife-y and settled in for a nice spooning snuggle for the night upon the said wife-y's back, whilst whispering sweet and naughty things into one reddened ear, and giving shy, intimate nibbles on the other, throughout the journey, and out of earshot from the two prim and proper Lan family members.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 153

Giving Wei Ying a piggyback on a long haul journey on foot turned out to be more therapeutic, cathartic and insightful than Lan Zhan initially believed. With both arms gripping around Wei Ying's thighs, Bichen and *qiankun* pouch filled with his remaining life savings swaying lazily from his sash with each heavy thudding step, his Bag of Holding satchel hung cross the front of the torso like a fashionable man bag, and he was dressed in two layers of thick robes with the third outermost draped over Wei Ying like a shared cozy blanket for two - Lan Zhan felt like he had all the comforts in his life weighing on him, and that made him pleased and feeling at ease; the Bag of Holding did feel strangely lighter after dinner, and he attributed it to how many packets of instant noodles inhaled by Wei Ying's bottomless appetite - there was nary a thing to worry about, though, since a quick Fairy Messenger call to his Kingdom in the Heavens made sure everything was magically replenished in time, and checked off in tip top condition.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, aren't you tired? You've been carrying all this...stuff, and me, and pulling the reins for Lil' Apple for nearly half an hour in this dreadfully cold night, don't you feel aching all over?"

It had only been a short time since they left their campsite (and the conveniently forgotten portable stove - the fugitive Dream-animals scored another item for their survival), the gradual downhill gradient was easy to navigate with little effort, and the donkey had been surprisingly cooperative - Lil' Apple naturally displayed its best behaviours for the Hanguang Jun, as opposed to the physically, emotionally and sexually abusive Wei Wuxian -, so really, Lan Zhan had nothing to complain about. If anything, Lan Zhan felt unsettled at Wei Ying's perpetually feather-light weight - all those noodles, snacks and extra servings did nothing to fatten up his beloved man; though, Lan Zhan could feel his own sash bursting its seams with just one measly portion of food, and he cursed his increasingly rotund appearance.

“Mn. It is fine. Rest for now, and talk less, Wei Ying.”

That advice went unheeded, as expected. Wei Ying nnngh’d and fidgeted, apparently getting bored from the rather peaceful, windy descent down the mountains, step by step, and through featureless fog-blanketed landscapes. There was nothing interesting to see in the dark, everything was covered in shades of monotonous blacks and dark greys, there were no particular threatening sounds of rustling in the grasses or growls of predators, the air was crisp and clean, and the chill in the air was a bit refreshing, as well as sleep-inducing. Lan Zhan knew the trail and its surroundings like the back of his hand, so there was no need to be overly cautious about walking off cliffs or tripping over rocks.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, until we reach the next waypoint, can I play with you?”

Lan Zhan sighed. He was Wei Ying’s playground after all, and he hoped the younger man wouldn’t do anything that would raise more than eyebrows from the two accompanying protagonists of their story.

“Mn. With restraint, Wei Ying.”

Wei Ying squealed softly in joy and giggled into Lan Zhan’s reddened ears. He nuzzled into the long lush hair, nibbled and licked into both ears, blew hot air and chuckle-y whispers of naughty things into the shell of those victimized ears, and if he tried hard enough, he could use the tip of his tongue to lick the edges of the older man’s growing beard and moustache

too. His legs crossed, uncrossed and locked themselves repeatedly around Lan Zhan's waist, like a slut trying to straddle a man to sexual death - the latter could feel a growing hard-on stiff against his back -, the balls of his feet annoyingly jiggled the love handles around Lan Zhan's fleshy midriff, and toes creep and down the navel, causing ticklish seizures to run along the poor man's abdomen; his hands were busy as well, groping Lan Zhan's breasts, squeezing the nipples, massaging them in generous circles until they swelled, and fingertips ghosted across the ribs just to hear a few extra tasty nnnngh-Wei Ying-stop-please grunts coming out from the throat. Eventually, Wei Ying settled for giving Lan Zhan a nice massage on the shoulders and biceps, adorably chirping "Like you!" (喜欢你!) into each ear alternately, as a reasonable thank-you for the day's hard work.

Not too far behind, Qi Ren *shifu* rolled his eyes and hmmph-ed in scorn at the brazen, lascivious acts in plain sight, while Zewu Jun kept trying to restrain his smile - and managed a polite upturn of lips for most of the time. The older men sat cross-legged in a makeshift wagon of sorts - a simple flat base made from salvaged boardwood attached to an axle and two creaky wheels -, where they meditated, cast healing spells on themselves, and cultivated *qi* energy to refill their depleted reserves. Zewu Jun glowed with golden hues in the dark, and that helped to light up their way, enough for Lan Zhan to safely take them to the next stop, which was a Lan family favourite picnic spot located adjacent to natural hot springwater pools.

Zewu Jun's seat faced to the back so that he could keep an eye on the last mineral-laden cart; as soon as they descended quite a bit, the entire view of the site of the avalanche became quite apparent - and shocking, to some extent.

"That's strange. Now that I remembered how things looked in the morning when the landslide and the sea of ice struck, and compared to this magnificent but puzzling imagery... it looks like the remnants of the

avalanche seemed to cut off close to the bottom to reveal the barren, exposed brown dirt. It's as though someone cleaved the snowed grounds and scooped up all the ice... I didn't realize during dinnertime how snow-free that place was, as though Spring had reached those pristine grounds before its time. How is this possible?" Zewu Jun remarked with wide-eyed curiosity, and even Master Lan Qi Ren turned around to have a better glance despite his aging eyesight.

At that precise moment, Lil' Apple snorted and bucked its hindquarters - and let off a loud, windy fart straight into the direction of the two Gusu Lan men.

Master Lan Qi Ren fell into another fit of hacking coughs - one could always blame the cold weather and respiratory problems typical of old men; Zewu Jun was startled by the rude sound, wrinkled his nose and turned around to face the offending ass, literally. Then, suddenly, he perked up.

"Ah, what were we talking about just now? The picnic spot, right?"

Qi Ren *shifu* scratched his head in a brief flash of confusion, and nodded once, uncertainly.

"Yes, yes," Zewu Jun clapped his hands once, as though a fog had cleared from his mind - in some strange ways - and started to reminisce about his childhood days of having communal picnics at the hot springs. Qi Ren *shifu* settled down and added about how children were so innocent back then, running in the nude and diving, playing with the curative waters all day under the watchful eyes of parents.

At the front of the downsized convoy, Wei Ying shot a dirty look at Lil' Apple. The donkey turned its bad-assery face towards him and gave him a very, very unnerving toothy grin with both gums and teeth showing, wordlessly saying "Nya, nya, you owe me one!", in which the man retorted by sticking out his tongue at the animal. Lan Zhan, on the other hand, started to turn into more shades of shameful reds when his uncle started narrating about how a boy named Wang Ji once lost his swimming pants in the hot springs, and had to run back home with only a few leaves tied around his privates, only to be caught red-handed by a passing-by discipline teacher - because it was forbidden to run in the hallways - and was forced to stand, in his naked glory, on a pedestal located at the entrance to the crowded school for an entire morning.

Wei Ying giggled, and forgot about his grudges against animals that bested him in the game of wits and magic.

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With two heroic, elder Lans in tow, the group was more inclined to act more politely, reserved and with decorum in the presence of each other, until, of course, they were out of earshot. When they reached their destination, Wei Ying loudly marvelled at the picturesque countryside hot springs resort suitable for families and children, with bubbling pools and steaming puddles everywhere, a few simple huts and pavilions near the center with sparse furnishings, and the property was nicely flanked with bamboo groves along its edges for added privacy.

“It’s a pity that the juniors are in a hurry to Caiyi and have missed this beautiful place... well, it would be more beautiful, if we’re here during the daytime to admire the cherry blossoms and sprouting greens, under the shade of these minimalistic but functional buildings over here, and watch the rugged nature of colourful mineral-rich ponds bursting into geysers periodically,” Zewu Jun tried his best to show Wei Ying with a sweeping arc of hands, but of course, they could hardly make out any details in the darkness, save for a few flickering torches that Lan Zhan lit, and the tell-tale gurgling whoosh of fountains of boiling hot waters from certain underwater vents.

Wei Ying ran to Lan Zhan and grabbed his hands. “Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! Can we? Can we stay overnight and wake up to sunrise in this place that you brother described as beautiful? I really want to see it!” he pleaded cutely with a pout.

Lan Zhan looked up to his older brother, clearly in a bit of distraught since he had no say to the group’s matters. Zewu Jun clamped his mouth, perhaps regretting for over-advertising their family’s favourite tourist spot in the midst of their sect’s crisis. He turned to their uncle and Qi Ren *shifu*’s gaze quickly alternated between puppy-eyed Wei Ying, distressed Wang Ji and a guilt-wrecked Xi Chen. He sighed tiredly, and waved an arm. “Prepare a bath for me, my woollen pyjamas, and make sure we eat well for tomorrow’s breakfast, before leaving this place,” he grunted.

Xi Chen *da ge* nodded, and made a few late-night Fairy Messenger calls to postpone some meetings in town, Wei Ying immediately slid a hand into Lan Zhan’s robes and groped about - Lan Zhan made a girly squeal when cold fingernails grazed his erect pink nipples -, then pulled out a stowed Paperman talisman and an ink-brush. He hissed at the older man to cast an Energy spell, while quickly penning down a short message to the juniors to

be patient and wait a day more, and with a twirl of Lan Zhan's fingers, the primitive walking, floating and flying SMS message was promptly sent off.

Later, the group of four found a network of steaming hot ponds and bubbling brooks, where they could soak up and wash down, before adjourning to their choice of private pools. The oldest made it clear that he was fine for Wei Ying to crawl all over Lan Zhan in the comfort of their private corner, as long as the deplorable act wasn't done in his line of sight; in fact, ever since Wei Ying awoke in the Jingshi, he noticed that the old man had become much more tolerance of his presence and his relationship with Lan Zhan, and Wei Ying thought it could be due to Lan Zhan relinquishing his special and promising role as leader and heir to the elder brother - thus, all eyes and attention shifted to Xi Chen *da ge* , and Lan Zhan was, in some ways, free to do what he wanted in life. It was a heavy reputational price to pay for Lan Zhan, Wei Ying imagined with a twinge of guilt in his heart, and he endeavoured to make that price worth the sacrifice for the sake of their love for one another.

Everyone was courteous and had a washcloth wrapped below the waists. They enjoyed having natural volcanic warmth seep into their bones, relished in the healing powers of the waters over scars, bandaged wounds, bruises and muscle aches, and benefited from having their complexion improved and skin moistened and turned supple from the ever-present steamy air. Lan Zhan thought that Wei Ying looked exceptionally sensual in the dim light, with wet hair sticking to the nape of his neck, a demure pouty face, glittering droplets hanging from the nubs on the thin chest and beading everywhere else like jewels on the surface of crystalline rocks, waters lapping the small of his back, camouflaging alluring curves of flesh beneath the swirling veils. When he stared for too long, Wei Ying would sneak a hand to Lan Zhan's bell pepper-shaped buttocks and give him a nasty pinch - in which Lan Zhan nnnh's softly with his eyes closed, because they wife-y has a masochistic streak in him -, before his uncle or older brother noticed the said rude, lecherous staring that probably breaks at least three Lan family rules.

Some serious discussions took place, mostly between the three eldest men, about their plans for the next day and of some mundane Gusu Lan family topics, and Wei Ying listened intently without rudely barging in - except when they touched on the subject of the mysterious personality named Lan Wu Ji, and everyone received a lecture on what an amazing, marvellous fictional character he was. Qi Ren *shifu* was skeptical to say the least, Ze Wu Jun simply shook his head with a resigned, but accepting smile - they agreed to play Wei Ying's game of pretend and let him have his fun to try and bankrupt shrewd *laoban* s and dodgy merchants, with Lan Zhan guarding his side - and probably his back, in case anyone wanted to seek revenge.

By ten at night, it was way beyond every Lan's bedtime. The two eldest men took leave and bid good-night - perhaps out of familial habits, or in their yawning, stretching, drowsy state, they climbed out of the pool without their washcloths on, and Wei Ying got an eyeful of very muscular, body-licious glistening sinewy biceps, pecs, *eight* pack abs and glutes, even on the *shifu* rumoured to be in his late fifties. The youngest man gawked at how *perfect* Xi Chen *da ge* 's body appeared, the tasty bulges and veins bronzed against the soft amber light of dying torches.

Lan Zhan cleared his throat and tightened his grip around Wei Ying's waist - they had been cuddling and groping each other, to the detriment of Master Lan Qi Ren's blood-sputtering and skyrocketing blood pressure, nearly all night in the pools - the Twin Jade fastened his hands around Wei Ying, lest the man was tempted to leave as well, follow the newfound wizened, mature and daddy-like sex-gods to their respective rooms and commit unspeakable thefts of male virginites and incestuous crimes against them.

"Wei Ying, no."

He whipped around and flashed a grin, followed by an obvious lick of lips. "Why do you say that, *er gongzi* ? Are you perhaps... jealous?" he asked, and started to pull away.

Lan Zhan gave a vague, non-discerning, petulant Hnnnh!, but refused to release his chokehold around his beloved's midriff. He looked away, avoiding eye contact in a silent agreement to the accusation that yes, he was jealous because he sported one flabby pack instead of the legendary six or eight, and that provoked a burst of rude guffaws from Wei Ying.

When Wei Ying regained his breath and composure, he held up the flushed spouse's hands, then in a shockingly inappropriate move, thrust their entwined fingers straight into the rippling waters and at their crotches.

"My dear wife-y, you are really jealous and want to punish me, and yet there's no one else around in these pools. Don't you know? You don't have to follow your family's strict rules if there's no one watching..."

This time, Lan Zhan did look up. There was an unnatural hunger gleaming in Wei Ying's dark brown eyes, and the stillness of the cold night, the quickening puffs of breathes and pulses accentuated the sudden heat in the atmosphere. When Wei Ying bit his lower lip while waiting for a drawn-out answer, the Twin Jade cursed his body for responding at that minute, coy gesture with extraordinary flair - his arousal stood up to full mast almost instantly; nothing can ever quench that fire in his loins, really.

"Lan Zhan, you are so dense and slow sometimes," Wei Ying finally broke the brief spell of awkwardness and silence, and disengaged from their cuddle; Lan Zhan gasped not in alarm but from the twinge of pain from having his swollen, hard penis pulled upward like the nose of a farm bull put to work; Wei Ying was every bit intent in dragging the oblivious man to a more private part of the hot springs, preferably behind some rocks so that nobody could see nor hear their obscene antics.

"Come, Lan Zhan, you bad-ass fucking machine, let's have you make lots of love with this horny husband of yours, knock him up, and make lots of babies inside your *lao gong* !" Wei Ying cackled lewdly and began to use Lan Zhan's hand to masturbate his own darkening, engorged hairy genitals.

Two minutes later, as prophesied by Wei Ying, two washcloths drifted on the poolside waters uselessly, and the background was filled with tasty aaahns and ooohs of a husband getting drilled and impregnated by a virile, chubby, moustached bearded but otherwise body-hairless, and very excited, very happy (house)wife-y - in particular, the over-six inch turgid meatstick that kept jerking Yes, Yes, Deeper And Faster Yes'es, schlicking and plundering the husband's incredibly hot and tight love canal, until more volleys of fertile wife-sperms ready themselves for the ultimate delight of breeding, bedding and fathering many healthy fat babies inside the husband.

Lan Zhan reckoned he had orgasmed and emptied his barren testicles - man-eggs - at least another twenty times before the stroke of midnight, leaving him a writhing mess of shuddering limbs, shaking pelvises, cramping glutes, his face ensnared in a perpetual grimace of ugly half-snarls, half-growls, half-yawns and half-sneezes, of oily sweat mixing with violently splashing springwaters, of roaring " *Lao gong*, I can't hold back, I'm... I'm cumming!", in which the naughty husband squeezed his ass fondly around the tirelessly pistoning molten fecund rod, clenching muscles undulated against an incredibly excited one-two'ing penis, coaxing it to unleash its

pressurized, creamy load, then finally, followed by thirty sweet, sweet grunts of wife-ly inseminating convulsions, spasming man-eggs, back seizing and locking into a painful concave arch, waves after waves of muscular penile muscles sweeping up the dying member, ejaculating seed and other heated bodily fluids that had accumulated since the afternoon, of the wife's chest and cheeks flushing into blossoming sexy reds and hot pinks as the desperate man spilled repeatedly, wanting nothing more than to have his beautiful baby Lan Zhans kiss and bump into baby Wei Yings to nonsensically conceive millions, billions of new babes who will have their mother's pretty eyes and father's handsome face; of masculine toes curling, fingers grasping madly in the frothy, increasingly milky waters, his overheated soul burning, burning in the fires of pleasurable lusts, launching high into the night sky, a spectacular comet that propelled its way through space, galaxies and the ends of cosmos, spinning madly as it crashed and burned its way through realities--

The Emperor of the Kingdom in the Realms of the Gods clocked in for work that night, while his body continued to be tenderly serviced and loved by his *husband* on the Mortal Realm, long after the clock struck twelve.

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Wei Ying woke up to a marvellous buffet breakfast in bed on a messy sex-scented nest made of Lan Zhan's thick outer robes on the floor; the hut they stayed overnight was a plain, empty room with four walls, table and chairs, and nothing else. To the young man, the journey thus far, serviced by the exceptionally talented and multi-tasking wife-y, formerly a forcibly-taken bride, felt no different from his days of lazing all day in the Jingshi, interspersed with bits of adventures and short-range explorations. To Lan Zhan, however, he felt the revival of a long-lost flame of wanderlust that had been extinguished since he took an oath of non-intervention on the matters of the mundane, and of the cultivation world; he was already up at

five - notwithstanding the numerous time-travels between the hours of sleep, because he simply couldn't bear to part from bedding his lovely Wei Ying even after days, weeks or months of non-stop crazy explosive sex - and fortunately, had the chance to spend quality time with Xi Chen to make breakfast for the family of four, and prepare their onward journey. Lan Zhan thought it was weird that his Bag of Holding deflated once again like a punctured tyre - no biggie, another Fairy Messenger call, and it was refilled, as usual.

Wei Ying remained in a sleep-hazed state for a while, yawning frequently and stretching his aching back and hips, and remarked that he had a wonderful night dreaming of things he couldn't remember - but those dreams were pornographic, he claimed. Lan Zhan was relieved, because he couldn't fathom how the husband could digest information related to space-time fluxes and breaking of time-fate barriers; due to Wei Ying's weakened condition and Lan Zhan's generous tampering of the man's memories - the use of Inabilities were just *one* of the many tactics used to control Wei Ying's sad, sad, life -, Wei Ying would suffer from moments of clarity - when he remembered bits of his past -, and enjoy the rest of his days in blissful ignorance and dumbed-down, sexual fun - when he acted like an adorable, romantic fool who wanted Lan Zhan's complete attention and love, and nothing else.

“Lan Zhan, my lovely *lao po* ,” he grinned while scratching his hairy groin, and the other man nnngh'd at the constant use of the offending honorific, because damn the Heavens he was just as manly as Wei Ying too, “You made so many tasty baked breads, bowls of spicy pork congee, perfectly cut salads and fruits, and even steak omelettes for me, but I'm missing my favourite grilled sausage and twin hard boiled eggs.”

Lan Zhan sighed, and put down the tray with a cup of warm soymilk on a table. Then, he closed the sole door of the hut, and loosened his trouser's

drawstrings. The flimsy material fell to the floor, and to Wei Ying's gleeful delight, the wife-y did not put on any underwear that morning.

"Mmm. I want my two buns of steel too. Shaken, not stirred."

Lan Zhan obediently spun around, went on a lowered, half-squat stance, and flirtatiously twerked his buttocks, to the amusement of the cackling man. The laughter eventually died when Wei Ying watched how a hand reached to the front between those flexing thighs and started to masturbate furiously until the said veiny sausage thickened, spasmed and grew to impressive lengths, and those eggs started to twitch to life, rising and quivering in their protective sacks.

"Yum yum! *Lao po* , you naughty temptress, you made me hungry again! Feed me!" Wei Ying squealed and opened his mouth wide with an endearing "Aaahhhh". Lan Zhan grabbed his meatstick with one pumping fist, and his other hand jiggled and rolled his balls excitedly, and he aimed his increasingly sweaty pelvis straight at the younger man's waiting jaws - it was time to feed lovely Wei Ying with the wife-y's morning man-milk.

Wei Ying naughtily whipped out a straw from one of the pyjama's pockets and made his lips pucker. Lan Zhan's terribly self-centered erect penis one-two'ed with excessive excitement.

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Xi Chen *da ge* arrived at the couple's hut to check whether everyone had eaten their fill and ready for a guided tour around the hot springs resort as promised, at eight.

“Wang Ji? I’ve washed our clothes and dried them with magic,” he said while giving the closed, heavy wooden door a few knocks. The huts were meant as shelters from bad weather or for families to enjoy vacations in that area, and so, they were equipped with proper doors, windows and sparse furniture for public use. “Do you or Wei *gongzi* need a change of clothes before we move out?” he asked.

After a moment of silence, then of something hitting a wooden chair or table, followed by a string of curses in Gusu dialect, and “Aaah, not so hard!”, a pitter-patter of footsteps later, the door was unlocked clumsily with plenty of knocks and bangs in-between, and Lan Zhan’s red-flushed, rosy-cheeked face peered out from between a crack in the opening. He breathed heavily - gasping for air, like a fish out of the water -, and his gaze was dreamy, even glazed.

“Nnnh... c-- can you leave it... on the floor?” his eyes darted between behind the door and his elder brother, who was taken aback by the sight of the dishevelled (and sexually ravaged) *didi*. “Massage... Wei Ying, needs it...” and suddenly, Lan Zhan’s eyes rolled to the back and he aaahn’ed like a woman in the midst of touching herself, then seizures wriggled up and down his body - which was fortunately hidden from view by the sturdy door. He turned around and hissed a plea to “Let go!”.

Xi Chen smiled with a sigh. He understood that his little brother gave daily massages to strengthen Wei Ying’s body, and sometimes, the two would tumble around the bedroom in, what he thought as, a game of friendly

wrestling between best buddies. “Alright, ge will leave it on the porch. Don’t forget to freshen up and pack your things before you go. Uncle’s planning to take a walk in half-hour’s time, Wang Ji,” he calmly instructed, and left soon after while humming an old Gusu folk tune.

The clothes were grabbed by a sweaty hand, and the door closed instantly with a resounding *click!*

“Tee hee hee! That was your tenth loss, versus my three! Lan Zhan, you’re shooting faster than a master archer, and you’re leaking more impressively than a garden hose turned on! Ha ha ha!” Wei Ying laughed. The two men returned to their passionate sixty-nine love-making on the floor, rolling around, bumping into furniture and walls like entwined aroused male snakes trying to rape each other to death; at some point, Lan Zhan was in tears and sobs, his body reddened from multitude waves of multiple orgasms running through his short-circuited sexual meridians; he’d crawled on the floor on all fours, with giggling Wei Ying tailing from behind, lips, fingers and tongue relentlessly suckling, licking and polishing-rubbing the burnt-out naughty bits until they smoked; Lan Zhan tried to escape, but in the small hut of four walls and the key in Wei Ying’s possession, there was nowhere to run - he resigned to his fate as the helpless wife-y to be sexually abused by the husband, to the latter’s wishes and whims; so Lan Zhan eventually gave up and sat against one wall, and spread his naked legs wantonly like a true male slut - a welcomed gesture, and an invitation for husband-Wei Ying to attack his genitals until Lan Zhan’s privates overflowed and dried up to become a husk of its former self, and devilish Wei Ying became fully satiated, even burped rudely to show his satisfaction, in more ways than one.

Lan Zhan would lose again and again to Wei Ying’s expert hand and oral blowjobs for the next half-hour, until the said engorged, jerking over-six inch sausage exploded and split from having its tip played too hard, too fast,

too much, then flopped and wilted like a dead seedling, and until the twin hard-boiled eggs overcook in their boiling vibrating sacks, then cracked and spilled everything into the throat of the greedy, eager lover, leaving only two wrinkly pitifully drained prunes dangling uselessly between the legs, to the victorious delight of the younger, more enthusiastic man.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 154

“Wang Ji, our family rules say that you shouldn’t run around, but as custodian of the sacred Rules, I will decree that tip-toeing like an exotic dancer will also be prohibited, if you do not stop doing *that*,” Qi Ren *shifu* exclaimed with disdain, as he watched with utter contempt and disappointment at his younger nephew’s behaviour. The man in question walking in front and leading the way for the quartet, however, didn’t seem to hear his words.

“No, no, *shushu*. *Didi* isn’t tip-toeing, in fact, he’s literally floating off the ground. Can you not see how the soles of his shoes do not touch the ground?” Xi Chen explained, and pointed to the direction of his little brother’s feet with the tip of his *xiao* flute.

“What mad sorcery is this?! Only ghosts hover over the ground like that, and I’m sure Wang Ji hasn’t gone to the afterlife and bought a home in the Heavens!” the aging uncle shook his head in disbelief; he squinted his eyes into creased slits but it was difficult to confirm the state of his nephew’s anti-gravity-lessness due to the long robes. The *shifu* was correct on both accounts, though, since the man named Lan Wang Ji is, in fact, the Emperor residing in the Heavens, and his loins has pretty much signed out in life and died many times, from climaxing in torrential bursts, for a total of not less than a twenty-four thousand times times in the past twenty-four hours.

Xi Chen shrugged, and pointed his *xiao* flute towards a clump of bamboo. “Who’s to say what happened to my dear brother? This morning he was perfectly fine, albeit a little out of breath and sweating from giving relaxing massages to the Wei *gongzi* as usual,” he murmured, then perked up and shouted, “Wei Ying, over there, at the pond near the bamboo bush. Frogs and fishes tend to hide in there, in the mud and in the shade, and many

young Lan boys crowd that area to catch them, especially during my childhood.” A second later, Wei Ying, who was perpetually hanging at the back of the group because of his onerous curiosity for all things moving, twitching and living, zipped by in leaps and bounds, and promptly crashed into the said bamboo grove with a squeal and a splash of shallow waters, soon, peppered by a shower of fallen cherry blossom petals from a nearby tree. Xi Chen smiled at the man’s antics; he probably scared away the frogs, stepped on the fishes, and appeared with a crown full of pale pink flowers, as a result.

Lan Zhan, on the other hand, raised his arms as though he was welcoming the skies and the morning sunlight; his freshly cleaned white robes shimmered in translucent golden hues as though he was painted in godly, angelic light, and gusts of crisp, chilled breezes sent blossoms swirling around him like an invisible, muted hurricane of newfound enlightenment, spiritual energy and rising consciousness beyond the mortal and the mundane; he tilted his chin upwards in a rather meditative state, and starting humming “Omm... Omm...”. Both older men swore Lan Zhan rose nearly a feet off the ground in his giddy light-headed state.

“Huh. That good-for-nothing probably got the message from Wei Ying, and not the other way round, judging from the way he is right now. He looks so relaxed and uncaring of the world around him, his *qi* is brimming to the tip, and his material weight is non-existent, from what my senses are telling me; it’s as though he’s transcended across worlds or something as ridiculous as that,” the *shushu* wasn’t amused at all at what had befallen the sexually traumatized, victimized man named Lan Wang Ji.

Xi Chen barked out a polite laugh, and gestured to the grumpy uncle to continue their walk through the parks, lakes and picturesque cherry blossoms and bamboo trees surrounding the Lans’ favourite hot springs resort.

Later, Wei Ying ran to the front of the pack, stuck a tongue into Lan Zhan's ear to shock him into submission - sort of -, and in a moment of lapsed judgement, the latter left his pants unguarded - so, Wei Ying naughtily pulled open Lan Zhan's drawstrings to reveal the nether regions - he slid a fist into the unknowing man's loincloth (the boxers were soiled, and he, or Wei Ying, didn't bring that many extra pairs of undies for their trip - so a box of ten-pack loincloths was put to good use), then he shrieked like an eight-year old who had committed a juvenile crime and bounded for the bushes like a monkey. Qi Ren *shifu* shook his head and rather than worry about what the two men were up to, he stood for a bit to admire the cherry blossom trees, the invigorating freshness of sweet floral scents and misty mountain air, the sensations of tendrils of wind tickling one's skin, and the sounds of nature playing its orchestra in the background of morning chirps and tweets and the rustling of hundred-year old trees. Xi Chen, who was becoming a little too familiar with Wei Ying's random slapstick and vulgar comedy, decided to walk off the trail for a moment and observe some native birds feeding on the grass seedlings and bathing in some puddles fed by morning dewdrops and drizzles from the night before.

Lan Zhan continued on the path of the walking trail, Omm-ing peacefully to the rhythm of a fistful of wet, sticky, slimy little fishes and frogs and their younglings wiggling vigorously inside his loincloth, though his rising pitch and hitched breathing seemed to indicate otherwise. His soul had already left the Mortal Realm, working overtime in his alternate job as the King of a vast empire, and the extreme weightlessness in his pelvic region evidenced his transcendent state - the body lives, but barely conscious, just enough to sustain its existence in that world and nothing more. Thus, when little fishies nibbled and caressed the once-again-dying-penis glans furiously and with such eagerness, and a couple of fish fingerlings and panicking tadpoles violently wiggled then swam their way into the pee slit, Lan Zhan Omm'd a bit louder and rose another few inches off the ground, and started to shake his hips in mid-air uncontrollably, to no one's attention. Eventually, his prostate was assaulted by a growing population those invading worm-y

anchovy-like creatures, that nibbled and curled and coiled inside the dying, swollen prostate, vacuuming up the man's meagre bodily fluids he managed to generate in the past hour and creating a foamy slurry inside the fluttering gland - but still, Lan Zhan felt his bladder muscles spasm in sparks of pain and pleasure, of aching fullness within the loins that could find no release, legs turning into weightless jelly as ripples of yet another laborious orgasm tore through sexual meridians that had long turned into cinders from the constant burn, and those convulsions in the pelvic region grew in throbbing waves of discomfort and tightness, the stuffed meatstick jerking wildly inside a loincloth packed with fishies, froggies and tadpoles.

It didn't take for a semi-conscious, spiritually-elevated and transcended Lan Zhan to wet his pants, in thirty hearty spurts of watery pee, interspersed with extremely pleasurable ejaculation of fishies and tadpoles from the tormented organ, soaking itself in a bulging bubble of loincloth-wrapped sexual fluids, pee and other nasty pungent - but nutritious - fluids, thriving with writhing living beings that continued to invade through the wrecked, cramped urethra, then penetrating deep into the convulsing prostate desperately fighting off to abort whatever foul things that tried to grow roots inside the itchy inflamed gland, purged back out to the loincloth poolside of living jiggling slime, and swim back in, like the eternal cycle of parasitic life trapped within Lan Zhan's loincloth.

Far away, Wei Ying laughed like a madman, not so much at the expense of Lan Zhan's suffering, but because he found something else to play with.

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The weather was unseasonably warmer, at least when compared to the highlands the day before. Spring had, in fact, arrived at the lower reaches of

the Middle Kingdom, and everywhere, there were signs of things bursting into life - insects swarmed budding flowers, birds sang and flew between layers of pine and bamboo canopies, other kinds of trees began to flower and fruit besides the cherry blossoms, and there were also hints of awakening land animals - of mountain hares darting behind prickly bushes, squirrels scurrying around, and the odd cry of deer in the distance. The world around the four men were coloured in pastel blues, pinks, yellows and greens, made dreamy by a light coat of mysterious misty greys, with bright sunshine filtering through periodically to cast what looks like the glow of forest fairies to the beautiful landscape laid out before their eyes. Their shoes crunched on shrinking patches of snow lying amongst seas of lively sprouting greens and dew-moistened earthy browns, the well-laid path directed them to walk a circle around the hot springs, and they listened either to the sounds of nature or the calming bubbling of brooks flowing out from steaming pools. Spring was in the air; if one lapped the air, one can actually taste an immense underlying sweetness of new life in the cold mountain air, and the fragrance of pine oils and the subtle warm aromas of evergreen bamboo.

“You...! And you...!” Wei Ying yelled and pointed an angry, accusing finger at two runaways - Lil’ Apple with the Bag of Holding in its mouth, and the calico cat he’d been looking for since the first poisoning episode. He yelled and swung his arms in alarm, like a really vicious monkey, when Lil’ Apple trotted off with its prize, and the cat hissed and snarled ferociously to prevent the man from giving chase.

Wei Ying nearly cried tears of despair when the bag disappeared into the bushes with the four-legged fiends - Lan Zhan's life savings, their extra clothes, food, and all the comforts Wei Ying hoped to enjoy beyond the walls of the Jingshi - all stolen by animals of lesser intelligence than humans!

"No, no, no, you can't take away my everything! Assholes! Come back here! Thieves!" he screamed, although his voice was dampened by the many dense layers of bush and leaves around them, so no one came to Wei Ying's aid.

Just when all hope was lost, the man screeched like an animal with its balls yanked, when he tripped over a rock, then tumbled unceremoniously onto a ground and slammed into a face full of liquid. A warm stream continued to trickle on the sides of his face, even into his ears and hair, and he inhaled deeply to feed his oxygen-starved lungs--

The man retched and nearly choked to death when he realized the horrible ammonia-like pungent smell and taste was too overpowering, thus overwhelming his senses until he had look up to beg his tormenter to stop, bleary-eyed from the stinging in his eyes, and found himself staring at a little boy's naked, hairless wee-wee.

A thousand and one things barrelled through his mind when he recognized he had the rare privilege of watching not just any eight-year old urinating at his face - but, of course, oh god, of course, it was little A-Ji whom he cherished so much from the days and nights of spying Lan Zhan's dirty pornographic dreams. He also watched, briefly, how the prickly and loud-mouthed miniaturized mirror image of his, the insufferable gremlin A-Xian - dear gods and goddesses, little A-Xian was trying his best to suck A-Ji's trembling pinkie-length penis from the sides even as the stick of turgid flesh jerked wildly to spray pee and tingle powerfully at the same time - A-Ji's face was beet-red, he sported a sexual flush that an eight-year old boy shouldn't have, and he hiccuped and moaned in a terribly mature, adult way - A-Xian alternated massaging the boy's member with swallowing the smooth, hairless plump balls, with one hand busily prodding a finger into the A-Ji's anus, and the other hand, covered and stained with virgin prepubescent boy's pee, vigorously played with the exposed pea-sized pink

glans - because A-Xian probably coerced the innocent boy to pull back his foreskin through trickery and lies that doing so made peeing much more comfortable - the pee-slit enlarged and sputtered uncontrollably of sweet, crystal-clear fluids that only little virginal boys like A-Ji can produce.

Wei Ying had heard lots of old wives' tales on the health benefits of a little boy's virginal pee - ranging from being used to exorcise evil spirits, cleansing a place of misfortune, touted as a miracle cure when brewed into a tonic drink, an exotic liquor to prolong one's age and wisdom, and the ilk. As he swallowed another gulp of the salty liquid, he noticed that A-Ji's dirty brown pants were piled messily upon the grass, the thin, smooth and supple legs shivered in the chilly air, and he remembered the sleazy, obscene stories he'd watched through Lan Zhan's slumber, of how the boy was raped, bedded, and forced to service an older man with the same surname as he. A flash of vile, evil intent sent shivers into Wei Ying - what if, oh what if, right now, he pretended to be that dirty Uncle Wei and forcibly take his pleasure from the unwilling boy? What if right now, he grabbed A-Ji by those hairless twig-like legs and dragged him into the bush, then spread the boys' bubble buttocks and tasted the ambrosia that was a virgin little boy's innocence, then dipped his head between those smooth thighs again and again, at varying angles, speeds and strength of suction, and then hummed and blew bubbles of saliva into the unnaturally engorged wee-wee until it shivered, blossomed and bloomed into orgasmic fireworks that little eight-year old boys shouldn't experience? What if he drank the nectary juice so vigorously and sucked out so powerfully like a modern day vacuum, until every last drop of sweet, decadent sexual honey from the boy's taut testicles until nothing but husks and shrivelled skin are left? What if little A-Ji experiences his real first orgasm in this Mortal Realm in fabulously spectacular explosions of good feelings, until his innocence was stolen, torn away, snatched and was no more, and he willingly begged to be raped and abused by this realm's Uncle Wei in that he would happily lie on the bed and spread his legs and anus to whet the man's terribly lewd appetite? Oh, oh, and what if little A-Ji went on all fours and perked up his shiny-smooth bubble buttocks, spread his butt cheeks, to reveal the ultimate prize of taking a male's virginity, and squealed like a pig being raped to

death when an adult's exceedingly testosterone-laden hardness and hairiness plunged and plundered the boy's treasured love tunnel, until the rosebud bloomed and soon, became filled with torrential waves of hot semen, billions of wriggly sperms propelling their way deep into the child's male-womb to impregnate and make many babies inside Wei Ying's imaginary, not-so-distant-in-the-future child bride--

“Oi! Stop staring! He's my husband, and he's mine!” A-Xian screeched this time, with teeth and canines bared, fingers bent like claws, a true child-lover defending his child-spouse.

Wei Ying shook his head to clear away those incredibly smutty thoughts, and crawled away from the increasingly weakening trickle of boy-pee. He gathered himself, wiped away the wetness from his face and stood up with a very, very evil grin - he loomed over the two boys, who meep'ed in fright.

“Well, well, what do we have here... this little guy will be mine too! He's my wife once he grows up in a decade or so,” Wei Ying snarled at the brat and then sent a teasing flying kiss towards A-Ji's direction. He licked his lips - A-Ji's pee tasted about the same as Lan Zhan's, after all, and Wei Ying loved his man and his fluids in any form, and in any age, really.

“A-Xian... wuuu... wuuu... I know him! H-- He's the fearsome man-eater Yiling Patriarch... from the books you stole from the Library Pavillion before!” sexually flushed A-Ji squeaked, and started to cry, then promptly lost more control of his bladder from utter, paralyzing fear - however, as the last few streams were instinctively shot out like hot, thick ejaculations when the boy experienced waves after waves of intense pleasure rocking his hips, because A-Xian was ruthless in his handjob and never ceased playing with the inflamed spewing cockslit. It was quite an amazing sight to observe how

an eight-year old orgasmed from inappropriate climaxes and devolved into terrified and hysterical hiccupy cries at the same time.

A-Xian gasped in shock and wetted his pants, then cried like a baby - a totally unexpected reaction in the face of the biggest crisis and danger in the eight-year old's life. Wei Ying face-palmed internally, because he thought A-Xian's behaviour was totally unbecoming of the true Yiling Patriarch's legendary cockiness and fearlessness, at least in a decade's time or so.

Later, Wei Ying found himself rinsing everyone's soiled clothes beside a bubbling brook, trying to console two boys who begged to be let off and not be eaten (How could he? He would never be able to lay his hands on such cute chubby-faced, rosy-cheeked boys with big brown eyes and long messy hair), and later, after revealing that he was a "Nice" derivative clone (actually, the original) of the cruel, abusive Uncle Wei, and that he was only playing a prank with no other ill intentions - the two boys seemed to gain his trust, tentative at first, and soon, cuddled up to him, while learning how to rinse pee from their pants and robes.

"So, you see, you just need to scrub this part like this, against a hard surface such as a flat riverbed stone, like this. Do you understand, boys?"

"Enn! Wei *gege* is so kind to teach us how to wash our clothes! We've not really taken care of our bodies and our hygiene ever since we left our neighbourhood in search of food!" A-Xian shrieked like a baby monkey on steroids - he kept bouncing around, pantless, not caring whether insects bit his naked legs or if he attracted hungry stares from the man; Wei Ying also thought, for a brief moment, what if he preyed on little boys who looked and behaved like him, in that he could understand their thought processes and other bodily mechanics, so that he could easily trick and get them to

undress, to lie on the bed and to touch their erogenous zones because he'd known them all, until the time such boys cry out in pure orgasmic bliss because their sensitive naughty bits were attacked with full force, with such zest, that baby Wei Yings would instantly ejaculate out by themselves without being asked, or that he could effortlessly peel off the boy's defenses layer by layer like an onion's, then tell the boy how good it feels to have an adult's seed sown into a garden of love, then groom and teach the boy about the joys of having sex with a grown man, and in the next minute, be mounted repeatedly by that said man with roaring satisfaction, until the boy was properly inseminated with ravenous grunts and boy-giggles, the rosebud ravaged from unceasing sexual attacks, the child's belly bulging from multiple virile injections of hot stinky semen into the boy-pussy, and the man becomes a true culprit as the luckiest sex predator, sex offender and child rapist ever.

He blinked and shook away those very lewd thoughts. Wei Ying thought he was truly an irredeemable criminal, if there were thought police around, and if bad, naughty thoughts were considered as crimes.

“Enn! Wei *gege* also gave us some yummy snacks, and promised to give us a whole lot more when we track down the donkey with a special magical Bag and return it to you!” A-Ji was more prim and proper; he smiled a bit, rather awkwardly, and then bowed with hands folded at the front with full respect, and his bubble buttocks exposed in full nudity too since he was pantless as well.

Wei Ying nodded. Fortunately, he carried some leftovers from the sumptuous breakfast - fruits and candies that he couldn't finish when he and Lan Zhan were deeply engaged in baby-making sexual intercourse. Plus, he carried a few talismans stolen from Lan Zhan's sleeves while they rolled around on the floor with the older man deeply rutting inside his asshole; he complained to Lan Zhan that he might suffer from diarrhea, stomach

cramps or even a fever because the *lao po* was an insatiable pig when it came to sex, and had orgasmed dozens of times straight into Wei Ying's rectum - the so-called man-womb, really -, so Lan Zhan moaned in-between hoarse, broken-voiced aaahns and nnnghs, that Wei Ying was free to rummage his Gusu Lan robes for anything of curative value, and found a stash of talismans that could be put to better use, such as to strike a bargain with two pantless boys in the bush.

Wei Ying proposed an exchange - for washing the boy's pants, the boys would then set out on a mission to follow Lil' Apple's trails - it was easy, once the boys were taught how to read animal footprints and other relevant jungle signs and tracks -, snatch the distinctive Bag of Holding, then use some talismans to find their way back to Wei Ying. The former Yiling Patriarch couldn't cast any magic, but he could sense a mystical aura around A-Xian, at least, and knew, from their shared histories, that A-Xian possessed nascent spellcasting abilities and could utilize the talismans. The man promised rewards of endless bowls of lotus root pork rib soup, spicy congee, and hundred-course banquets for A-Xian, and plates of boiled fish, egg-tofu and plenty of books to read, guqin music scripts to trym and free education to other scholarly pursuits - all lies, really - that both boys' eyes shone with such sparkliness that they simply said Yes to everything that Wei Ying asked for.

Less than half an hour later, in record time, the two Dream-kin boys were sent on their way, squealing with new excitement for new adventures, pantless with their wet pants hung around their shoulders like a cape of sorts. Wei Ying realized that he'd been away from the rest of his in-laws, and they may start suspecting that he'd gone missing. He hurried off in the other direction to rejoin the group.

Elsewhere, angelic, rosy-cheeked Lan Zhan had floated off track, and careened straight into a bush like a train wreck gone horribly wrong, with a

loincloth stuffed full of fishies, froggies and tadpoles. Xi Chen thought his younger brother's behaviour was rather strange and was about to run after him, when his uncle grabbed his wrist.

“If a man going for a walk in the park, rushes into the bushes with a distinctive limp or tilt in their gait, what does that mean?” Qi Ren *shifu* asked sagely, and stroked his beard in wise-man manner.

Xi Chen recognized the question as a serious intellectual examination that delved into the borders of unique human behaviours and universal habits of all things living. He put a hand below his chin and gave a slightly amused look. “Hmm,” he murmured thoughtfully, “That is indeed a very keen insight, *shushu* . The thought itself triggers a similar but absolutely natural reaction in my body too. Do you feel the same, *shushu* ?”

Qi Ren *shifu* released his nephew's wrist, and walked to another direction, towards another set of bushes adorned with springtime blossoms for aesthetics and scents, birdsongs from the trees above for hiding the less savoury sounds, and thicker, more luxurious grass growth for personal privacy; Master Lan Qi Ren was known for having better, more extravagant tastes than others, after all. Xi Chen didn't need to wait for an answer, and he hurried from behind, his bladder tingling with a certain tightness since they had quite a lot of liquidy dishes cooked for Wei Ying at breakfast, including meat congee, herbal soups, oat porridge, and blended fruit cocktails. He distantly wondered how was the Wei *gongzi* doing, since the young man seemed to enjoy the outing on his own and didn't need to be hand held; it didn't matter much to Xi Chen, though, and he knew that Wei Ying would also make sure to pee on time, when Nature calls.

“ *Shushu* , what do you think of Wei *gongzi* ? Especially his relationship with Wang Ji. They’re both so close ever since Wang Ji took him in from the end of last summer, and cared for him until he regained some of his health today.”

“Hmph, that hopeless goblin fiend! I don’t really care about that brat anymore since Wang Ji is no longer an heir to the sect, and has no ties with the cultivation world. Don’t talk too much about that worthless man, Xi Chen, because our future rests in your hands! Make sure you don’t find anyone who resembles that goblin and your future will be secured!”

“Ah... yes, Xi Chen will do his best, as promised. I was just wondering how my brother feels about Wei Ying, and vice versa, that’s all. They seem to be the best of buddies, but something tells me there’s a deeper kind of relationship than that.”

“Huh! Don’t sway into that direction, Xi Chen! You should focus on your current roles and responsibilities as the Sect Leader, your strength and cultivation skills, and consider yourself as the prime candidate for the Chief Cultivator’s seat! I expect good news from the secret tournament to be held in Caihong Town in the next few days. Let that goblin and the good-for-nothing Wang Ji handle the talks and even the poisoning plague, you have bigger fish to fry - once we acquire the crown of the cultivation world, everything else that bothers you today, will be nothing in comparison!”

“Oh, *shushu* , you’re so single-track minded in the matters of the cultivation world... but alright, Xi Chen will do what he can. After all, no one has been able to compete against my *xiao* flute and sword fighting abilities. I pray for

the day that I can stand tall with pride, and with Wang Ji applauding my achievements too. Maybe Wei Ying will also call for a grand celebration party after that - he's pretty good at making things livelier."

"Speak no more of that man who doesn't share the Lan surname. And don't forget, Wang Ji is just like any other lower-caste members of our family - he's an outcast, really. He's more than welcomed to partake in our sect's success and riches when times are good, and anyone in the ruling family is also welcomed to kick him out at a moment's notice."

Qi Ren *shifu* coughed, cursed under his breath, and grimaced when he thought he either tore an old man's hernia, or suffered from a blockage from kidney stones.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 155

With so much peeing going on at the hot springs resort, even Wei Ying felt the invisible disconcerting vibes coursing through his spine, and the man quickly hobbled to the nearest bush with his walking cane, thighs squeezed tightly to each other and bladder tingling with alarming urges, and he was absolutely in heaven (figuratively speaking), goosebumps sprouting all over the limbs when he finally, finally relieved himself at an unfortunate shrub.

As the steaming yellow liquid dribbled, along with liberal amounts of rude gassy sounds emitted from the jiggly rump, accompanied with aaahs of satisfaction and of pressurized organs being delightfully loosened and spilled over, the man thought back about his fateful encounters in the forests surrounding the resort. He had witnessed the heist of the precious Bag of Holding, though unfortunately he couldn't do anything by himself to salvage the situation. On the flipside, he managed to engage the services of child labourers to retrieve the loot - however, that would mean that for the foreseeable future, they were without a beast of burden to carry their transport.

It should be fine, he told himself, because the multi-talented *lao po* knows what to do.

So, when the man returned to the huts to locate his missing companions (actually, he was the one gone a.w.o.l.), he was anxious to learn that the said reliable and sole breadwinner for the group had gotten himself injured.

"Wei *gongzi* , where have you been? Wang Ji seemed to be unlike himself today, and he tripped on the sidewalk of the trail. My dear little brother hit

his head against a cherry blossom tree! I've bandaged his forehead as best as I could, given him some painkillers, and applied some medicinal paste that I carried with me," Xi Chen *da ge* exclaimed hurriedly when Wei Ying emerged from the soiled shrubbery.

"Wei Ying... nnnh... fishies... froggies... cherry blossom trees... nnnh... Wei Ying..." poor Lan Zhan rambled in syllabic grunts, and grimaced drowsily from the painkiller medicines, as he gripped his bandaged forehead with one hand and his crotch with the other, while sitting on the ground with his two relatives by the side. The younger of the Twin Jades slumped against the wall of their hut; his hips twitched, seemed to yawn constantly or looked as though he was screaming in silence, lolled his head uselessly from side to side, then jerked his whole body powerfully, and something lively wriggled beneath a patch of wetness on his pants.

Qi Ren *shifu* , who panted heavily from exertion of shouldering half the effort to carry Lan Zhan back to the huts, wasted no time in giving the young Wei *gongzi* a sarcastic tongue-lashing about deserting his companions in their hour of need. "If you even consider yourself as a member of, or even as one serving faithfully, for the Lan family, you would do what's best for the sect and its leaders right now!" he grumbled, obviously disappointed at Wei Ying's lack of respect and servitude towards his gracious hosts from the Cloud Recesses.

Wei Ying became as meek as a mouse and as docile as an obedient servant; he bowed so many times in apology until his back ached. He quickly picked up groggy Lan Zhan by the arms - Bichen dangling from the sash was an impressive piece of sword art that weighed twice a man's, probably -, and half-dragged the semi-conscious man back to their designated hut. His handicapped legs were shaky at best, even with a walking cane, and the two fell clumsily to the ground a couple of times. Xi Chen sighed and lent a helping hand - once they were safely in the shaded hut, the Sect Leader

handed over a long piece of white ribbon to Wei Ying, before letting go of Lan Zhan, “With the large bandage around his head covering the bruises and scratches, my little brother can’t wear his forehead ribbon, nor can he see well anymore. Please keep this safe with you until the time he can put this back on.”

The young man grasped the ribbon with a look of surprise on his face - to be entrusted unto a sacred item of utmost personal value by the Sect Leader and his family...!

“Both my uncle and I must resume our journey as it is already late in the morning. We need to check-in at the Sunshine Inn by sundown so that I can pay the innkeeper the remaining portion of the room and board fees for everyone’s stay in Caiyi,” he added, referring to the accommodation arrangements for the junior disciples too. He marched out of the hut, as though he had been called to duty in a sudden rush, his brows scrunched in inexplicable stress and worry. The morning was turning out to be a clear, sunny day with higher temperatures than the mountain peaks of the Cloud Recesses; even Wei Ying felt sweat beading on his face and limbs from the workout of hauling his incapacitated spouse.

Qi Ren *shifu* cursed in seven Gusu dialects not too far away in the courtyards of the circle of straw and wooden huts - the donkey had, of course, gone missing and there was nothing to pull the carts; also, since the old man knew that Lan Zhan kept tasty food and an impressive collection of stuff inside his satchel which was last seen lying atop the second empty cart, which had sadly gone missing too - it didn’t take long for the astute *shifu* to piece together the puzzle -, he cursed again in seven dialects that he wished he had eaten another serving of exotic tropical mango fruits, or the strangely addictive overly-seasoned salty fried chicken that had three foreign letters printed on its box packaging (“KFC”, no doubt); alas, it was too late to lament what could never be found again, so Master Lan Qi Ren

decisively announced that Xi Chen - the legendary Zewu Jun blessed with the strength of hundreds of men in one finger, let alone an arm -, would carry the cart of minerals and be on their merry way.

Xi Chen easily lifted and balanced the tremendously heavy creaky cart atop a shoulder, then waved back at Wei Ying who hunkered down within the hut. “Wei *gongzi* ! We’re taking leave now with the minerals, and will leave it at the inn’s outer shed, so that you and the juniors can start trading the cargo for grains and other useful goods for our sect. I have another appointment in Caihong Town in my capacity as Sect Leader, so you may not be able to find me immediately once you’ve reached the lowlands; proceed with the investigations to the poisoning plague if you have the chance, and wait for my return at the inn at the end of every day, if you need to!” he shouted.

“Troublemaker, the least you can do from now on is to take care of Wang Ji and don’t cause anymore problems to jinx this trip further! If anything happens to my nephew, or if I don’t see you on your knees at the inn at sundown, I will make sure to kick your buttocks if you dare to show up your face ever again!” the flustered *shifu* swung a fist in fury, and promptly, accidentally, kicked one of the tall unlit torches built around the courtyard, and he swore and yelped in pain on the shins in seven different dialects.

Wei Ying bowed again repeatedly through the open window inside the hut, and he was noticeably stressed the more the older two bid their good-byes with plenty of instructions, threats and being labelled as ill omen to the family.

Finally, at eleven o’ clock, the hour when Wei Ying usually wakes up to face the challenges of a new day - once again, peace reigned around him,

and the young man heaved a sigh - not of relief, but of helplessness, hopelessness, and unsure of where fate wants to take him to next - whilst holding his darling man who continued to groan unintelligibly, drifting in and out of consciousness.

And, once again, the life of Wei Wuxian was thrown into not just a sea of Inabilities, but also Imbalances and Inexistences - he teetered at the precipice of the three unluckiest curses for Man; firstly, he was a cripple with no special physical abilities other than his usual gift of gab; secondly, his life had been left in a lurch, having been pampered and even moulded to suit his spouse's wants and needs, that he regretfully considered himself a good-for-nothing if he didn't have his significant other half by his side; thirdly, he lived and still lives a life full of faults and deficiencies - he had no money, no fame, no real family to turn to or fall back on, except for the soulmate he'd engraved the name into his soul, that is, the man named Lan Wang Ji. Worst of all, it was solely the consequences from his actions; how can he blame others when he was the root cause, or the one who had the hand to shape the lives of his own and others? - he'd fallen off the cliff on his own out of his self-inflicted despair, he'd been seduced by the comforts and conveniences offered by Lan Zhan, and the flawed him was never the perfect man to find his place in the Lan family, or anywhere else.

Would things have been different, if Wei Ying took a different path, at any point in his life?

“No. I have personally examined countless different roads and their iterations in your, and our lives - no matter which you take, it always ends up like this. You meet, you fall in love, you suffer, you reconcile and reunite, then you part. Through reincarnations, through lifetimes, through multiples of universes and realities. The circle returns to where it begins.”

“That’s too *big* of a big picture, *da ge* . I may not be as smart as you, but I know true love when I see one. *Ge* is head over heels for him, and the same can be said the other way round. Right now, he needs support, solutions and a good dose of sense to make the relationship work. The head is full of logical conundrums without clarity of what is black or white; the heart, on the other hand, is full of complexities, uncertainties and shades of grey. What constitutes the arrow that points us to the right direction - our sense of logic, or our sense of intuition?”

“Eh? Ehh? I can’t understand what you two are bickering nonsensically about, maybe that’s because I’m just a hormone-powered teenager who wants to rush everything so that I can get back to my MMORPG game! So the Grand Patriarch has knocked himself senseless, and lost his ability to Dream, thus sundering the entire Dream-verse and all of its components. Everything’s gone, and that’s crap, really...! It’s been a while since I didn’t fly on a spaceship and had to walk on foot to travel from one place to another! So, when can we reconnect to ErNet and I can log into my game account?”

“Umm... um... *san ge* , there’s no more ErNet and your game account has probably been wiped out. We’ve lost everything, even our homes and our hard-earned riches. I think I’m affected the most - all my warehouses, inventories, armies of robots and servants, and huge planets of goodies... they’ve disappeared in an instant! I’ve been a good boy and I haven’t cried a single tear, because *da ge* said I’ll be rewarded with candies as long as we stick together and successfully face this crisis with our bravery, strength and wits... umm... umm... what do those words mean, anyway?”

Wei Ying rolled his eyes; misery comes in multiples, for better or worse, especially in the form of those who escaped the exceedingly silent, undetected and missed mass extinction, total annihilation, complete death and destruction of his, their, Kingdom and company - simply because of

Wei Ying's juvenile prank that led to Lan Zhan to crash into a tree and gain a bump on the forehead - and the loss of many lifetimes' worth of work. At that point, Wei *san ge* meep'ed in terror and imagined that sounded like someone pulling the cables off the wi-fi router while people were absorbed in playing the best game they've ever had, online, and without a save option.

"Well, technically, *your* wi-fi and *his* bluetooth have completely gone offline because of that head-bump; all interdimensional communications, travels and movement of goods, energy, life and resources are rendered inoperative, since there's no input nor output anyway. If you think that we're living in peril at this point in time, then yes, you are absolutely correct. Homeless, penniless and all that," the *da ge* 's voice boomed from the corner of the hut, close to the window.

"Stop talking behind my back, will you? You're overreacting like a drama queen from behind the curtains," Wei Ying snarled in retaliation, before returning to his affectionate care for his beloved spouse. He cradled a softly-snoring Lan Zhan in his arms, running fingers through the older man's long lush hair, fixing his topknot, caressing his cheeks, placing tender kisses on the bandaged forehead in a silent prayer that Lan Zhan would heal and wake up soon.

Nine-year old Wei *didi* emerged from the shadows, then squatted between Lan Zhan's legs and went to work, like a good boy. He pulled off the man's pants, unravelled the soiled loincloth, and did the dirty job of getting rid of the clumps of semen and urine-stained dead fishies, froggies and tadpoles that had stewed in the heat for a bit too long. The boy gagged and coughed, and took it like a responsible adult forced to wash someone's smelly toilet - he wrapped the whole ruined loincloth and the stinky, rotting stuff within into a crumpled ball, and threw it outside the window; then, he rummaged the man's sleeves and found a spare loincloth (who knew that he kept an

extra underwear in there!), and began the laborious process of maneuvering the man's hips and thighs, wiping down the icky goo and sweat on the man's genitals and buttocks, and fixing a fresh set of loincloth onto him - it was akin to changing a baby's nappies, after all.

"I have a signal! I have a signal on Matriarch's feisty alter ego running through the woods and after those beastial escapees!" the teenage Wei *san ge* woot'ed with glee and hopped into plain sight out of a hi-tech camouflaging cloak that he wore (he play-pretended to be an assassin or a secret agent, apparently), and bounced around the hut like an excited kid with a treasure map. He had a ultra-futuristic plastic and metal gadget in his hands, and it projected a small grid-like chart depicting their surroundings with lines, circles and alien symbols; a red dot blinked in one of the quadrants of the chart.

Wei *er ge* appeared out of nowhere using magical teleportation - his spell-casting ability and reservoir of mana had grown tremendously over time, and is probably second only to the eldest of the Wei siblings. "You lead the way, *san di* , using your incredible robotics, artificial intelligence and energy-saving technology. We need to conserve our *qi* since there's no telling when we will get to replenish our physical and magical energies without the Kingdom or its charging stations around here. I'll start taking inventory of what we have, and work with *didi* to see where we can scrimp and save, without sacrificing efficiency and our chances of success... for surviving in this harsh, prehistoric world," the boy in his late teens encouraged his younger sibling, and he looked every bit as a respectable young adult for his age. He was garbed in some strange, eclectic mix of clothes with edgy designs, spiky metal armour, broad shoulders with laser turrets, belts with huge jewels and lethal-looking gun barrels, slim lycra leggings and giant furred boots, but with a twirl of fingers, everyone's attires changed from a smattering of otherworldly, futuristic and rainbow-colourful trash to respectable light and dark-coloured robes that wouldn't look to out of place in that day and age of the Middle Kingdom.

Wei *da ge* huffed in annoyance at their predicament and the room vibrated with quaking metaphysical frequencies and raw *qi* ; even the heavy curtains that drape from the ceiling rumbled and fell to the floor, then dissipated into ashes that melted away like gossamer in the wind, revealing the imposing figure whose voice reverberated everywhere. In the last few months, chronologically speaking, the man in his forties had transformed from being the undisputed great grandmaster of Dark Arts and all matters related to magic, a champion conqueror of multiverses and a god of sorts, to becoming the one and only most awesome divine perfection being to ever grace the Mortal Realm, or any realm in existence, for that matter. Fortunately he wore mere mundane jet-black robes - a splitting image of a wizened Yiling Patriarch, if one dared to make that extrapolation of identities; Wei Ying couldn't imagine what horrors the eldest sibling could've chose as a fashion statement, though he suspected that whatever this incredible person (more like, a phenomenally mind-boggling entity made of indescribable raw energy and life, that creates universes in every breath he takes, and destroys multitudes in every step he takes, and changes realities with a snap of fingers or a click of the tongue) chose to wear or display, would render any mortal or even god catatonic, brain-dead and blind with 'cannot unsee'-ness.

The *da ge* stroked his beard - it had been a while since he'd grown one -, and said with a low voice that seemed louder than it should be, "It feels like the first weeks of our birth when we started with barely anything to our names, and lived as a tightly-knit family in poverty, but with much familial love. This time, however, we're well prepared to safeguard our future. I will personally eliminate anything that stands in our way that may jeopardize our mission to capture that bratty runt named A-Xian. We must extract that child's spiritual energies and conduct a transference, soonest possible, so that Matriarch--," he gestured and bowed at Wei Ying with a polite nod, "--may regain his full breadth of powers and capabilities, as so shall we."

Wei Ying allowed the three younger siblings to crowd around Lan Zhan to fuss over and clean him up - and didn't miss the indecent sight of two men and a boy touching his spouse inappropriately, because all manifestations of Wei Wuxians are, directly or indirectly, sexually attracted to Lan Wang Jis in all forms, shapes and sizes. He stood up, stretched and yawned recklessly with a cane holding his balance - it's been a while since he felt at home - in some ways - with four of his clones, technically speaking - it is deeply therapeutic to be able to vocalize and speak to oneself, from different aspects and perspectives, after all - and openly asked, pushing aside vulnerabilities, "This may be a silly question, but you know I'm no longer as brilliant as any of you... why not capture that A-Ji and do a transference with my husband... ehh, I mean, wife... eh... *lao gong* ... err... *lao po* ..." he started to stammer in confusion.

Wei *san ge* stopped the innocent, kind-hearted youngest *didi* from wrapping up their prize supposed to be tucked inside the new, clean red loincloth - the naughty bits between helpless and incapacitated Lan Zhan's legs -, and taught the boy how to give the man a proper adult-ish blowjob with his boyish pre-pubescent lips and tongue, while the teenager ravished the man's nipples, neck, between fingers and toes and all other erogenous zones. " *Ge* , we all agree that he's our patriarch and our husband, but given that you've decreed him to be a wife in this timeline, let's stick to that," Wei *san ge* grunted between slurps and tasty licks, "Because it's so much fun to treat this man as a wife, after all!" and slid fingers down, down from child-molested thinly-hairy testicles, down, down across the swollen perineum, further, further behind until he found the man's puckered anus; it didn't take long for one, two, then three fingers to slip through and give Lan Zhan a toe-curlingly wonderful prostate massage and a rectal examination.

"In the grand scheme of things, all Lan-kin are irrelevant to our cause. Thanks to our generous and loving Patriarch, he signed off his everything to us... what was that clause..." Wei *er ge* broke his soul-draining kisses filled with sexy lewd moans with the unconscious man, to lick his lips and to get a better taste of the man's palate, "Whatever is Lan Wang Ji's, is Wei

Wuxian's, and whatever is Wei Wuxian's, stays with him, for sure'. That was one of the earliest pre-nuptial pledges to you, wasn't it?" the *er ge* added, and continued to fully undress Lan Zhan on the floor of the hut; the air felt heavier with the sounds of kisses, sucks and nibbles, and soon, even the victim started to emit delicious, soft moans from his throat, and patches of pinks and reds start to blossom on his chest in a brazen display of reaching sexual arousal and excitement - the penis, serviced by a nine-year old boy, was revived with such terribly criminal skills and services provided by the boy's nimble hands and oral pleasures; it looked like the Lan man was being sexually ravaged and unwillingly molested by hungry males of all ages and sizes.

"That's correct, *er di* . What the Patriarch had lost in the accident that probably leads to a concussion - can still be saved, because according to the natural laws of the universes, they've been transferred to you, our Matriarch. However, since your meridians are inactivated and your body is broken, we need to transfer A-Xian's spirit into you and make you whole once again; so that you can finally access those lost magics and powers - my liege, you shall become perfect, even better, and the greatest amongst us, once again!" the *da ge* raised his hands with an evil laughter, as though he was preaching a satanic sermon, and somewhere far away, lightning struck and thunder boomed in a flashy, dramatic display of an epic reveal.

Wei Ying chuckled as well - he started imaging the four siblings going on a wild goose chase after the two boys, who ran after Lil' Apple and his band of forsaken farm animals - and in some probability, the two boys might return to find him, so the whimsical circles of fate continues to turn and unwind, and that everything may fall back onto him, the former fearsome Yiling Patriarch, after all. He sat on a chair and watched with interest how his four siblings defied all family teachings and, for the lack of better word, raped their - the correct term should be - wife. He also guessed that he should be thankful that his siblings were sent to the Cloud Recesses earlier to rid the city of *yaoguai* s and their corruption, in that when the Kingdom was vaporized elsewhere, they and other survivors in this Mortal Realm

remained intact. Later, he also learned that the captured *yaoguai* s ended up as food for the survivors, because food from the mundane world contained too little nutritional value for such great people, as a distinguished, superior and amazing species - their people of the Kingdom of Lan, followers of the Wangxian movement, the mega-corporation that once spanned across universes and timelines.

“My dear *didi* , is my meal ready?” the eldest asked and swallowed hard.

Wei *didi* “Enn!”s dutifully and lowered his head - he had learned the cherished skill of attacking each hairy testicle alternatively, like swallowing, humming and vibrating large, swollen pipa fruits inside his little child-mouth, and he made sure to use his wet tongue to coax every last sperm cell out, as taught by the naughty teenage *san ge* . Both second and third siblings busied themselves elsewhere on the buffet spread out before them, and they feasted on every nub, crevice, hole and moist caverns they could find upon the distraught sleeping man.

Wei *didi* carefully peeled back the foreskin to reveal the siblings’ favourite cherry on the cake - all of them paused to admire the pinkish bulbous flesh that jerked, spasmed and sputtered clear pre-cum excitedly from the intense love it, and its host body, had warmly and passionately received. Wei *da ge* could wait no more, and opened his mouth wide - then swooped down like a hawk and captured Lan Zhan’s iron-hard penis with such a soul-crushing grip and suction, and performed miraculous feats inside the oral cavity that left the organ more than dead within seconds, and propelled it straight to its heaven, its nirvana, its explosions of big bangs of twenty-four thousand orgasms of thirty ejaculations each, for each second the deader-than-dear convulsing stick of flesh remained inside Wei *da ge* ’s incredibly talented mouth rife with Dark Arts-powered magic.

Every last droplet was pumped out with indescribable joy, every last vacuum space was sucked out, his hips vibrated like an engine gone horribly, horribly wrong, his pelvic muscles fluttered until they seized and cramped up, his inner plumbing went into overdrive and shut down immediately, his sexual meridians, nerve-ends and musculatures instantly jerked and twist wildly unto themselves, that Lan Zhan nnngh'd in a sleep mired in nightmares of being dipped into honey filled with octopus tentacles and suckers, of being suffocated by a lively, slimy sea-cucumber that locked onto his lips, of having a vacuum cleaner stuck to his already-dead penis with the switches flicked between Maximum and Super Maximum cleaning modes, and his balls sizzled and burn with such passion and pleasure, that the wonderfully emptied twin man-eggs literally shot out to interstellar space and struck all twelve Zodiacs in the night sky like a game of pinball gone wild.

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He blinked.

The world was fuzzy, so he blinked again, and swallowed dry. His vision eventually found its focus, and immediately, he was hit by the scent of something that burnt - the bitter aftertaste of smoke. He quickly sat up with a gasp - strangely, his first instinct was to check his groin and the state of his precious manhood and the family jewels; he was clothed in his white robes, and after a bit of rummaging and self-examination, he found that someone had helped him into new loincloth - this time, without any wiggly creatures hiding underneath. A couple of turns to the sides, and Lan Zhan recognized that they were back in their hut. Sunlight filtered through the curtainless window at a high angle - it was close to mid day, and it was getting a little warm inside the not-so-well ventilated dwelling.

“You’re awake,” Wei Ying stated, neither a question nor a poison-laced accusation. Lan Zhan turned towards him, and winced at a twinge of pain throbbing from his forehead - he couldn’t remember much, other than he had been in a daze from having too much sex in the morning, and somehow, fallen down sometime during the foggy walk around the hot spring resort, and ended up with a bandaged head. His beloved, the lovely Wei Ying, squatted on the floor and used a bamboo fan to fan the fire in a clay stove; atop of which, a small claypot with its lid on, steaming out herbal aromas, mixed with the cough-inducing smoke from the said stove. The young man fed some twigs to the stove periodically to keep the fire alive, and the pot bubbling.

“I’m sorry, Lan Zhan, I was playing around like a fool in this beautiful, peaceful place when you met an accident, hit your head against a tree, and fell. Your brother and uncle brought you here, but they had to leave first to settle some official businesses in Caiyi Town, together with the cart of minerals; Zewu Jun also mentioned about having some official business to attend to in Caihong. Oh--,” Wei Ying scooted closer to Lan Zhan, then leaned over to give a sweet peck to Lan Zhan’s bandaged forehead, then to his cheek, “-- by the way, the donkey disappeared and ran away, and your bag’s gone too. It’s nearly lunchtime but I couldn’t find anything substantial to eat, not in my current state anyway. So I foraged a bit for some herbs and made this for you. It’ll help to ease the swelling, I hope.”

Lan Zhan inhaled into Wei Ying’s hair and body scent - calming, comforting, against the tide of bad news shared by the beloved man. He closed his eyes, pursed his lips and tightened his hands into fists - he could already feel there was a huge, yawning gap inside his mind, body and soul; a quick internal scan using *qi* told him that he had lost something greater than he would like to believe.

“Wei Ying...” he started with a pained gritting of teeth, torn between telling the truth or to hide and cast away his doubts and fears for a little while longer.

The other man grinned - and Lan Zhan’s heart melted at the face of a jovial Wei Ying, because what could be more precious than that? - and with one hand, lifted the lid a little. Something medicinal but soothing filled the room, and his nostrils.

“Hush, my dear wife. You should rest and let that wound on your head heal. I’m glad I was able to find the communal kitchen next door and get what I need to prepare this herbal tea,” a bamboo fan pressed against the chest, and Lan Zhan obediently returned to his resting position. A nice pillow under the back of the head helped him to settle down once again, and so were his troubled feelings.

Then, Wei Ying lifted his walking cane and Lan Zhan’s line of sight followed suit - on the floor were also some meagre amounts of food, though not of the best quality that he was used to - off-season cherries, a mix of unripe and barely ripe citrus fruits, loquats, some washed edible roots and leaves, and a few nuts left over from winter. “The walking cane is quite useful, darling. Since you made it for me, I made sure to use it well - it’s great for whacking fruits off the trees, or digging up the earth for something to munch on. We should finish our meal as soon as possible and be on our way too. Uncle won’t be happy if we’re not at the Sunshine Inn by sunset,” Wei Ying explained cheerfully and even giggled at the last bit, because annoying the uncle was Wei Ying’s seemingly second day-job.

Lan Zhan’s heart filled up with unspoken emotions and he reached across to grasp Wei Ying’s. Gratitude, apology, love - these needn’t be verbalized, not

between the lifelong couple whose minds and souls had intertwined long, long before. Wei Ying laughed a bit at Lan Zhan's awkward antics, and lowered himself to give the spouse another sweet kiss, this time on the lips. Then, he made a grab for a few slightly bruised but juicy loquats - probably whacked by that said walking cane - and started to peel off the thin, slightly leathery and rubbery skin, and feed them to Lan Zhan lying on a straw mat, bite by bite.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 156

The couple decided to descend the mountains as fast as their wobbly legs could carry their weight, while the sun still shone brightly in sunny though increasingly overcast skies, and while the temperatures were within comfortable ranges and there were no risks of suffering from hypothermia. However, they acknowledged that they weren't in a rat race, so, while both took turns to push a handcart - improvised from the second wagon they had before -, the lucky one who sat in it had the chance to rest and enjoy the sun-warmed, crisp winds blowing on his face, listen to birdsongs and deer calls, and reinvigorate his mood with alpine scents and spring greens.

Wei Ying worked double-hard since Lan Zhan turned out to be like a sick old man - he could still move around just fine, however, any exertion could cause him to curl up into a defenceless (testicular) ball from migraine and flashes of pain radiating from inside the skull; Wei Ying remarked that they should try to find a doctor once in Caiyi and get a prescription for stronger medicines, but Lan Zhan was adamant that he was perfectly healthy - also, because they had no money left. Coupled with their increasingly dire situation of having empty stomachs, being left alone in the woods, exposed to the dangers in the wild and from the fickle but fairly chilly weather - the first headaches of the afternoon began to show themselves in the form of throbbing white stars in his vision.

Lan Zhan caught himself and chastised his inner voice that he wasn't a stinge, he wasn't a scrooge, he wasn't an undignified hobo with nothing in his possession, but he was acting accordingly for the sake of their survival, he had to stay strong and calm for the both of them, and not to think or speak about food despite a growing, gnawing hunger in their bellies, until they reached Sunshine Inn with paid hot meals and beds with thick blankets to stave off the cold from the night--

“Lan Zhan! Quick! Use Bichen to cut a few bamboo cups from that clump over there! Weave a small Fire spell to heat up the leftover herbal tea in the pot from lunch! And for goodness’ sake, cover yourself with pine needles and whatever foliage you can find - we can’t have a injured and sick-looking man here in this makeshift teashop!”

Lan Zhan was utterly confused - teashop? - but he reacted straight away without asking twice. By the time he had complied to Wei Ying’s orders, he was dizzy from wielding his sword, and for once, he was grateful to be the one sitting inside the cart, with leaves, grass cuttings and all sorts of natural debris piled atop him until he was buried under. It was dark, cozy, and smelled earthy, but it was fine, as long as witty Wei Ying was in charge; he would bet his whole life on Wei Ying’s simplistic, sometimes ridiculous instructions.

Minutes later, he heard the crunch of boots, rustle of metal against cloth, of wooden baggage and heavy breaths - multiple individuals’ - and they stopped in front of the cart. Lan Zhan’s heart pounded and nearly burst out of its ribcage, as absurd thoughts ran unchecked inside his mind - were there bandits? Peasants? Guardsmen looking to solicit bribes from passers-by?

“Weary travellers! I see you’ve hiked all the ways up here, not even a quarter of the mountain ranges but your feet are already aching, your lungs are screaming for air, your head is spinning and oh look at the distant horizon over there! The skies will only darken in a matter of hours, blizzardy cold shall seep deep into your bones, your lips will crack and your skin will blister from Nature’s icy wrath, and you will regret for not absorbing more sun warmth from fine days like today... and today, I have just the thing you need! Here, this marvellous brew made from the purest springwaters in Gusu, and a secret blend of fourteen - yes, you heard me

right - fourteen amazing herbs simmered to perfection following thousand-year old recipes straight from the heart of the famous Gusu Lans!

Did you see how a man in his thirties, and another in his fifties just rushed downhill? By the road? By flying from tree to tree? With a huge cartload of stones that must've weighed a tonne? Just a silhouette and a blazing shadow? Yes? Why of course, they drank this brew, and that's why they're so fit and healthy! It's amazing, it's spectacular, it cures your pains and rids your body of bothersome ailments, even for a day and a night! It cures your mother's cancer, and prolongs your grandfather's life! You over there, you have a child or two? Yes? Take one of these tonics, and in ten years' time, you will have a scholar fit for working in the castle walls of Chang'an, bearing your family's surname and your great honour! Get it while it's hot, because only magical fires can be used to keep it warm and drinkable! It'll cost more to reheat this pot, so right now, you're paying nothing - absolutely nothing - for heating this miracle brew for your consumption, otherwise, I will have to charge one extra gold piece for it! Yes, you're getting a discount of one huge gold piece if you buy this brew right now! Affordable prices for cups of this wonderful herbal drink for accomplished and successful gentlemen like you and I! Come 'ere! Come 'ere!"

Lan Zhan had to smile in his solitude buried under layers of natural detritus, and nearly inhaled a fistful of soil into his nostrils. He listened to the overly melodious and persuasive voice of his beloved man, a beautiful song that praises and gifts listeners with such gusto and enthusiasm, even his tucked feet itched to scramble out of the cart to sample a cup of the said leftover herbal tea. Best of all, it was attributed to Wei Ying's formidable, undisputable **A** **w**esome **S** elling **S** kill, which meant that he too, had his heart bought by the younger man at that very moment, and in reality, long, long ago in a dance they called 'fated love'.

Ten minutes later, Wei Ying tapped on Lan Zhan's topknot - which had to remain out in the open air like a sore thumb - and signalled the latter that it was safe to come out and clean himself up. Lan Zhan did that, and he wasn't surprised, but still very thankful and grateful for such a talented spouse, when he watched Wei Ying hold up a small pouch that tinkled with coins when shaken. They'd just earned ten silver pieces from selling stale, reheated tea, and Wei Ying even convinced one lady to buy the emptied claypot after extolling the virtues of reusing preloved kitchen earthenwares that had been handed down from generations after generations, and contained immaculate properties that are both tangible and flavourful, yet intangible and rich in history and supernatural powers - in exchange for a shiny piece of gold.

"Wei Ying... that's..." Lan Zhan's headache started to chew his mental calculator, but he knew he'd get this right, "... two gold pieces in total, for selling the tea and the pot."

"A bit more than a day's worth of pocket money that you used to give to me, back in our ol' lovely days stayin' at the Burial Mounds, eh?" Wei Ying winked at his man, and leaned forward to kiss the cheek, only to 'bleargh' and stick out his tongue when he realized that he'd kissed a face covered with dirt.

Lan Zhan nodded and blushed, still startled at how amazing Wei Ying's skills of breadwinning and providing their family of two were.

"... and when you're done washing up by the stream over there, it's your turn to push the cart, okay?" Wei Ying beamed the most charming smile ever.

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They were getting close to the foot of the mountains, and the sun started its early descent as well. By then, Lan Zhan's bleak prediction that the two men - particularly Wei Ying - would be crawling on all fours, weak from cold and hunger, were fortunately dashed by Wei Ying's outstanding quick-thinking and survival skills.

The young man toyed with a Paperman crafted from a piece of smudged rag cloth found at the bottom of the cart - remnants of the rolls of Gusu Lan-famous white fabrics the group intended to sell early on in their seemingly failed expedition - and hit on a bright idea. "In times of conflict, Papermen are great when used for spying, although in times of peace, they hadn't been really put into service for their masters other than for mere entertainment value. What if I challenge all of us to think beyond - can Papermen be engaged to help us find, locate and obtain food?" he asked loudly to himself.

Not long after that question was posed, Wei Ying happily sat by a breathtakingly pretty sparkling pool by a waterfall, his walking cane improvised into a fishing rod with a Binding Spell as his thread and a wiggling twisted piece of worm-like cloth as his bait, and he'd caught two medium-sized riverfish for their afternoon snack - which was turning out to a full course meal. It didn't take much strength to reel in those tasty swimmers, not when the bait was also booby-trapped with a mini Lightning spell that Lan Zhan could easily embed without causing any discomfort to his health. Stunned fishes were easy game for a crippled man like Wei Ying.

Wei Ying also tried out remote-controlling; by sitting quietly in the cart, the two were able to observe wild pigeons that flew by and discover their nests, the occasional wild boar that strutted past, and generally the abundant wildlife at the base of the mountains that housed the Cloud Recesses. Wei Ying asked Lan Zhan to power-up Papermen pieces of cloth no bigger than a fingertip, and with whispered instructions to a reddened ear, the pieces were directed - blindly, because Lan Zhan couldn't really turn his injured head too much, otherwise he'd curl back up into a testicular ball of aches and groans - to slowly, sneakily lodge themselves into the feathers of tasty-looking birds or four-legged mammals on land. Then, Lan Zhan instructed Bichen to fly at incredible speeds through the dense undergrowth and tree foliage, to lock onto those Papermen pieces that acted like beacons, and deliver merciful, single-slice blows that either beheaded its victim or cleaved bodies into two. In case there were witnesses, Lan Zhan sent Silence spells to keep animals from alerting each other.

Bichen is an intelligent blade, and by utilizing this capability, the two soon had a meal of grilled fishes of varying sizes, a handwoven basket of crayfish and an assortment of crustaceans and shellfish, barbequed pigeons and hard-boiled bird eggs, wild boar meat, venison, a young bear, and some locally foraged plants that made awesome salads. Adding on to run of luck, a hunter passed by them, and Wei Ying gladly shared some of the spoils with him - and ended up selling highly-prized bear fur and parts, the deer meat, and the entire wild boar for a fatter pouch of money than the first one from the tea; the couple agreed not to have the latter two animals because they weren't sure if they were wild game, and whether Lan Zhan might suffer from a stroke or a heart attack from consuming such risky *qi* - deviating foods in his current wounded state.

When Lan Zhan burped politely from a full paunchy belly, Wei Ying again, treated the man with such tenderness and love, by kissing on the cheek, and asked, "My dear beloved wife, are you eating well? It's my duty to keep you fed and happy, after all." Lan Zhan slowly turned to his side and wanted to say that Yes, he was contented in a life provided by Wei Ying -

and his eyes widened in amazement, then his cheeks blushed, when Wei Ying captured his grease-covered lips into a heart-stirring, touching kiss in the middle of the jungle, and embraced him in a strange, but comforting hug of a smaller man over a larger sized one; in that moment, Lan Zhan didn't mind about their height or size difference, or whether one boasted magics or swordplay abilities or carried a highly-esteemed lineage - it didn't matter, as long as Wei Ying was with him, by his side, caring and loving him in every step of their journey together. The sounds of insects around them rose in volume and intensity, drowning out Lan Zhan's screaming joy inside his wildly-beating heart.

Later, energized and lighter in mood, Lan Zhan directed Bichen to hover above the ground and pull their cart along the trail with the help of Binding spells as its reins. He felt confident in breaking a couple of laws of magic-usage written by the finest sages of the Grand Cultivation Council, especially since, as Wei Ying rightly pointed out, there was nobody around anyway to observe the historic creative use of *qi* -powered spells - and he had a full tank of that, thanks to Wei Ying's efforts to keep his belly full of good, wholesome and totally organic food.

Soon, the couple were on their way to Caiyi, cuddling warmly inside their cozy little creaky cart lined with fluffy pine needles, straw bedding and leaves, led by a floating majestic sword.

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Or not.

Invariably, at such close proximity inside the creaky, moving cart, Lan Zhan shouldn't expect to be let off easily, and should know that he'd be sexually harassed at least once, forced to engage in tasty sexual intercourse at least twice, and indulge in his spouse's naughty lovemaking games thrice or more.

Wei Ying easily made short work of getting both of them into the mood, and Lan Zhan's pants mysteriously disappeared alongside with his.

"Lan Zhan and Wei Ying sitting in the tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g...!" Wei Ying giggled as he grabbed his mediocally erect dick with one hand, and Lan Zhan's leaky, over six-incher giant snake between the legs with the other sweaty hairy arm, and thrust and slammed both turgid angry-red penises against each other, akin to a game of playing phallic-shaped Barbie dollies to kiss each other, pee-slit to pee-slit. Lan Zhan moaned tastefully with plenty of nnnnh and uuuhns and jerked his hips off the base of the cart with each penis-kiss. He couldn't fend away the sexual assault though, because Wei Ying rubbed the two cockheads with such finesse, that Lan Zhan's testicles tightened delightfully at the electricity coursing through his pelvis and he one-two'ed straight into Wei Ying's equally engorged-open pee-hole, when foreskins meshed and melded with one another to create a seamless connecting tube of cockmeat between their crotches.

"Ah, Lan Zhan! How could you do that, you incontinent slut! We're supposed to be kissing, not exchanging sperms!" the younger man laughed madly - and shivered at the goosebump-inducing sensations of penis-swallowing another man's dollop of creamy white semen -, but Lan Zhan wasn't listening, really. He had his hands full, literally, at the order of his *lao gong* ; Wei Ying instructed Lan Zhan to use one hand to play with his own nipple, and the other to grope, molest, pinch and twist Wei Ying's swelling man-areolae. The blazing fires of vigorously rubbing his, and his partner's nipples, were insane, sending flamethrowers into their hearts with

each circle, each kneading, each poking and prodding of the soft, increasingly hardening nub of pink flesh; Wei Ying's had more hair around his nipples, but that didn't deter Lan Zhan's sexual hunger to keep running fingernails over the sensitive coin-sized mounds upon their chests.

(Had Qi Ren *shifu* been there to witness the men playing with their erogenous zones, one having fun with penises, the other happily groping breasts, he'd choked and spit out at least a cup of blood by then.)

The foreplay had reach titillating levels when both men were covered with sweat, when Lan Zhan's bandaged head threatened to burst into explosions of migraines in tandem with his exceedingly excited penis that kept jerking wildly Yes and Yes'es, so Wei Ying announced, "Like many rituals of the Lan family, the one that involves men fruitlessly copulating with one another in the pursuit of fathering make-believe offsprings in non-existent but enticingly imagined wombs, must be done in Perfection and in relative peace and quiet, the hallmarks of a true Lan virtue. Has it ever come across your mind, dear darling wife, that we can enjoy each other's companies without to run a gauntlet of sex marathons? Have you tried the kind of sex that actually *cures* headaches? Do you want to? Mmm?" Wei Ying cocked his head and gave the wife-y a very, very convincing million-dollar smile. Rosy-cheeked and hood-lidded Lan Zhan had to swallow down his pride and agree, as he unnh'd like a woman from Wei Ying's incessant lewd touches.

Lan Zhan knew that as the powerless wife-y, he'd signed up for more than he bargained for, and probably tricked, when he perceived that he was making love with not one, but up to *five* husbands. He found himself maneuvered and manhandled with such strength, grace, dexterity and precision to a quiet glade within the forest, laid and spread atop a bed of leaves and grass, surrounded by romantic aromatic candles that burn and cast a soft amber glow on their joined bodies, and a sweet, disarmingly

fragrant scent that made him giddy, numbed and pleasantly relaxed - his worries melted away, the irate throbbing inside his skull dissipated -, that when Wei Ying straddled and rode him with such gentleness and fervour, of hips that shook and moved in circles, of tight, moist muscles grasping his overjoyed penis inside the *lao gong* then massaged exquisitely until he one-two'ed nearly constantly - he sensed that he wasn't just making love with lovely Wei Ying, but multitudes of others; each time he pumped his hips up, deep, deep into Wei Ying, he felt - remembered, recognized - the fleshy bumpy sucking sensations that reminisced of Wei *san ge* 's teenage sweet clenching virginal vagina, in his female form; then, when he withdrew completely, he can hear, smell the hot, heavy panting of Wei *da ge* 's breaths behind his reddened ears, and inexplicably, an ethereal rod of flesh penetrating his closed anus, stretching his rump and rectum from within, filling him up like an inflating sausage, kneading his poor, dying, quivering prostate gland with each ghostly fuck from behind; Wei Ying giggled and panted with each thrust from Lan Zhan, even farted when his butthole loosened from the ceaseless drilling, but Lan Zhan couldn't reciprocate and chuckle - because Invisible Hands pinned his limbs and Wei *er ge* 's lovely lips locked onto his, and phantom kisses with intertwined tongues swirling inside Lan Zhan's mouth left him more than breathless; and finally, the icing on the cake, really, he knew, based on the small size and delicateness, that Wei *didi* was somewhere below, etherealizing through his blood-engorged pelvic region, and the naughty nine-year old boy suckled and licked every single organ, blood vessel, vesicle and shuddering tube and pipes inside his bodily plumbing - the boy was greedy when he made love with the dead-deader-deadest prostate gland with a talented tongue like a child ravenously sucking off a tanghulu fruit from its stick, then lick that said syrup-coated stick like he'd lick Lan Zhan's convulsing urethra, sending waves after waves of muscular contraction until the man aaahn and oooh'd so many times, drops of pre-cum mixed with escaped opaque viscous semen, oozed out when his hips trembled because he got too excited, and couldn't stop his seed from spilling from a filled-to-the-brim cup that was swirled over and over in circles, and tasty liquids spurted, sputtered and dribbled out again and again - sex with Wei Ying, or multiple Wei Yings, became a visceral reflex to celebrate their mutual love, and he wholeheartedly surrendered his body, mind and soul to his beloved husband-wife-mother of all his future children, swirling within the warm

cavern-womb that contained his spilled essence, to the delight of his emptied, incarcerated loins that belonged to that one and only man, his lovely, lovely Wei Ying.

(Had Lan Zhan kept his godly powers, he would be able to see through the veil and magical barriers, and detect the outlines of his other four wives - now husbands - who work in lethal synchrony with Wei Ying to please the man trapped on the ground, whose sexual desires were inflamed and fanned out in such great pleasurable rhythmic waves from making love with multiple partners, be it ghostly or real, and orgasmed many, many times without breaking too much sweat. He floated in a seemingly unending spiral of climaxes, cresting his peaks repeatedly, remained in an indefinite, restful, boneless and deliriously happy state of fluttering heartbeats, testosterone-fuelled boiling blood and smoking-hot volatile prostatic fluids - the only visible signs were the contorted facial expressions of pleasure, the occasional spasm of muscles in his limbs, the tell-tale shuddering of hips, and ripples of penile muscles when orgasm strikes, and strikes so gently like smashing Guanyin statues into a wall of pillows, bursting into colourful feathers and balloons, accompanied by the music of Wei Ying singing praises for Lan Zhan's virility, the mixed heady scents of making love in the middle of wild forests and smelly masculine sweat, the taste of many lips and tongues that love not just on the lips but everywhere else including five tongues upon his incredibly overjoyed fountaining penis, and finally, the touch of five hands upon his loins to give him the legendary, unstoppable and skyrocketing Fiveway combo that sent Lan Zhan's soul soaring beyond the skies, beyond their Mortal Realm, deep, deep into space and slingshot around the Milky Way, his penis dribbling man-milk to paint his universe in shades of intimate and fated love, of molten volcanic seed, and of naughty whispers of making many babies with all Wei Yings in his world to father twins, triplets each.)

Eventually, Lan Zhan settled down for their favourite sex position, missionary. He allowed himself to be buoyed by invisible hands, entirely gave up his bodily controls to those manifestations of phantom Wei Yings,

and he floated in dream-like world where his hips were gently swayed in an in-and-out manner, in a languid tempo until he drifted between sleep, wakefulness, whimpering Wei Ying's name when his sleeping penis had been massaged too many times inside his lovely, lovely man-husband, of ghostly fingers and tongues gently assaulting, vibrating and stretching his rectum then his swollen prostate into sparkling fireworks, every time he felt an over-nine incher monster serpent invade his anus he wasn't sure if he was being fucked or milked anymore, then having those same incorporeal hands slapping his penis even while he pumped deeply into the spouse's undulating canal, of teeth grazing the scrotum and long fingernails raking scorching lines on his bulbous cockhead, having his nipples tweaked left him gasping for air as he yielded to the abuse and to his masochistic streak; all these head-spinning sensations led him into a state of fever, worship and howling like an animal in heat that wanted to breed with its mate despite the fact that there was nothing left inside him; nevertheless, billions of unborn sperms cells - the seedless fluids that hadn't mature into their exquisite wines - had been forcibly extracted from testicles to glans, happily squeezed themselves out of the tube and trickled like useless hot pee and plopped into a pool of spent brethren within the sex-fiend named Wei Ying, and Lan Zhan was left writhing atop the husband moaning incomprehensibly like a wanton male prostitute wanting to sow his seeds everywhere and in every direction.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, you're such an obedient, docile wife, look at you. You look like you've downed three bowls of *mala* spicy congee, then struck by lightning the same number of times with your yawning, sneezing and ugly grimacing - and yet you continue to fuck your tasty wife-penis into your husband-asspussy despite how tortured you appear to be!”

“Ah, ah, *lao po* , not so fast, you're not a carpenter sawing a piece of wood, stop moving so fast, otherwise my asshole will overheat and catch fire!”

“We’re husband and wife, my honey darling, we’re made for each other, so you must perform as hard as much as I’m trying my best to please you... here, your husband is spreading his legs so that you can plunge deeper, and make lots of babies inside here... Ah, you terrible wife-y, how dare you mock me! Why are you orgasming before I finished my sentence? Stop slamming your hips into mine so forcefully, why are you crushing me with your pregnant weight? I’ll become a *jianbing* pancake in no time with you hammering me so hard and deep! I’ll be bow-legged for the rest of my life! Ha ha ha!”

“You just peed inside me again! What are you, an incontinent idiot? Your precious wife-sperm is soiled with your wife-pee inside your loving husband! Now clench your ass and start fucking me like a real wo-man! You must get hard, and fuck me faithfully and with vigour, so that your bladder doesn’t loosen itself like just now - exercise builds muscles both inside and out! Do I hear a ‘Yes’? Hmm... ‘nnngh’ is not an acceptable reply! Do I hear a ‘Yes, Sir’, soldier? Mm. Good boy.”

“Oh, Lan Zhan, you’re tired, aren’t you? Poor baby, my poor, poor baby. Slide inside your husband’s pussy and rest a bit until the count of five, alright? Yes, good boy, all the way to the hilt... and stay there, catch your breath. One... Two... Three... I’m working my inner muscles around you to please your tired arousal too, so that you’re happy from head to toe... ah, ah, Lan Zhan! You’re a bad boy! Why did you squirt your semen again! Rest, you fool, stop spraying your seed and waste your chance to properly breed your husband! ... Four... Five... now, slowly pull out completely. Yes... ah-ha ha ha... I just farted, because my anus is too stretched and couldn’t close up properly when it isn’t filed with your meat. Now, slide in again, imagine there’s our baby inside your husband’s belly, and you’re here to greet it as its parent... deeper, can you knock the door, and gently say hello to our fat, healthy twin, triplet, be careful not to wake them up? AH STOP RUTTING SO HARD INSIDE ME, YOU ANIMAL! IT’S TOO EARLY TO FEED THEM WITH THIRTY SERVINGS OF YOUR MAN-MILK, YOU USELESS BASTARD!”

Their lovemaking was punctuated with lots of laughter and evil cackling, and Lan Zhan was thoroughly drained, happily spent, and soon, he fell into slumber when his quaking body couldn't hold itself up anymore, dreaming of fat babies with Wei Ying's sparkling grinning brown eyes and his own serious pouty face, swimming in buckets of man-milk and of Wei Ying cooing at him to love him always, to stay by his side, and to stay together forever and beyond in a home of five husbands and one very fortunate wife.

Lan Zhan didn't suffer any other headaches that afternoon.

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The next time Lan Zhan woke up, he was sitting on a bench with his back against the wall. He made rude half-snore, half-snorting sound with his nose, then licked away a trail of drool that found its way to the edge of his lips.

“Yes, *gongzi* , please open your eyes a bit wider like that, because they keep drooping down mid-way, so I wasn't able to paint them nicely. Can you smile a bit too? Otherwise you'd look like you're half sleeping with your slackened jaws. And Lan *xianshen* (Mister Lan), please straighten the back of your groom... er, bride... so that he doesn't slump at an odd angle.”

Wei Ying squealed with delight, “Ah, Lan Zha-- err, *lao po* , you're awake!” and grabbed Lan Zhan by the shoulders to sit him up properly. The hapless man blinked his eyes in a lamp-lit room with a few chairs and other

worn-out furniture, and wanted to stretch his limbs from an very, very nice sleep without rushing back-and-forth to the Heavens (since his office has been dismantled and he was no longer an Emperor), then pop those tired joints (he remembered bits of the wild sex drowned in semi-consciousness, and his body still thrummed with remnant sweetness of orgasmic joys), and yawn loudly (in a world of Wei Ying and he, he was free to be himself and express his needs, as rudely and as crass as he wanted), also wipe away that drool that was about to slip down his chin - when Wei Ying caught his wrists and gently shook him.

Then, realizing that there was another man in the room - an aged artist with brushes in his hands and a canvas in front - and then realizing that he was garbed in embarrassing red robes rather than his pure whites - he turned around to Wei Ying almost so fast that he thought his neck might have cracked in the process, and stared at the latter with wild eyes asking ‘what the f--- is this’. Wei Ying too, wore reds and a familiar traditional headdress for bridegrooms, and had his face done up in shades of pinks and reds - his face paled at the sudden frightening thought that he, the highly-esteemed man named Lan Wang Ji, may have been dolled up with the same humiliating palette of make-up too - and gods forbid, Wei Ying wore *his* forehead ribbon around his head, so the original owner wanted to reach up to his head and feel for his stolen ribbon, or perhaps there was a bandage over it--

“ *Lao po* , sit straight, pose and smile! We’re having our couple portrait drawn in this little studio room at the Cai district council office... I’m applying for our marriage certificate right now!” Wei Ying merrily said while keeping a firm grip on Lan Zhan's wrists.

Wei Ying beamed his brightest smile of a husband taking the formally-engaged wife's hand in marriage. Deep down, an utterly confused Lan Zhan

felt a tendril of headache roaring its way like a hurtling horse carriage without its coachman.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 157

“Did... did I pose for all... of these?” Lan Zhan was gobsmacked at the sheer number of couple pictures drawn by the professional artist, who had since packed up his canvas, paints and other equipment, and left the studio; no less than ten palm-sized pieces of high-quality rice paper blended with animal skins, littered a tabletop, each filled with details and portraits of the two, in various romantic poses - holding hands, doing heart-shaped gestures by arms or fingers, ballroom-dance style, cuddling side by side, husband embracing the wife from the back and looking adorably over the said wife’s broad shoulders, and so on - however, all of them had Lan Zhan’s face drawn in a very unappealing way, as he looked dull, sleeping, eyes half-closed, mouth agape, drunken, and the like, whilst Wei Ying’s was cheerful and grinning, to the point that his eyes became mere slits in some pieces.

“Enn! Your body was very pliant and malleable, and you were very obedient even while snoring. *Lao po*, you’re really good at lucid dreaming, and followed the artist’s instructions very well!” Wei Ying laughed and slid off the rented red robes provided by the studio, and handed over Lan Zhan’s original white Gusu Lan robes hung from the wardrobe, then nudged the older man to change and not to stare too hard at the pictures. However, he could not peel his eyes off the last picture - still fresh with glistening wetness, and even the ink smelled damp on the parchment - and Lan Zhan admired the quality and realism depicted in that single snapshot of their blissful matrimonial lives - every strand of hair was painted, every wrinkle on the skin was touched up, the shape of eyes and lips were immaculate, and unique features on their appearances and clothes were captured in near perfection -, of the husband and wife sitting side by side, albeit a little stiffly, but certainly fit for official registration uses, of Wei Ying smiling brightly in auspicious red with a white forehead ribbon, and Lan Zhan’s facial expression was actually quite acceptable for his standards, stoic, serious with a faint upturn of lips at the edges, also dressed in lucky reds; his bandage was taken off and the artist had kindly altered some areas so that he looked more handsome, had an ethereal airbrushed complexion, and

didn't sport the ugly swollen bruise at the front of his head - the precursor of photoshopping, indeed.

Then, Wei Ying gently snatched the picture from Lan Zhan's hands and piled up the white robes upon his open arms. "You can admire the rest of the pictures and my real face later - all night, if you want. Change back to your white robes, and take our belongings from the table, dear, then meet me at the registrar's office, down the hallway to the right. I'll get the paperwork done and pay the fees," he smugly addressed his just-married wife with a cheerful business-like tone, and waved the older man off, before disappearing out of the studio.

Alone, no longer groggy, Lan Zhan experienced a faint unsettling feeling weighing inside the heart; on one hand, he was overwhelmed with the fact that he was getting married in the Cai district which, through political and administrative means, meant that the matrimonial union was recognizable and considered valid by his sect based in the Cloud Recesses; on the other, the rush in putting things on paper and valuing the entire process of getting hitched in numbers - one gold piece for the certificates, and another gold piece for the artist's exceptional handiwork in creating extra pieces of portraits -, the lack of sincerity, wedding vows, and I-do's and I-love-you's that typically embody a true marriage of body, mind, heart and soul, which didn't materialize - at least not to his awareness and appreciation - the entire procession felt like forced farce, a shotgun wedding, and a quick-and-dirty way for eloping couples to legitimize their relationship and thus, have no fear to sleep together for enjoyable, procreative purposes - or not - in the face of their families and communities.

He told himself that perhaps, this was how Wei Wuxian, the just-married husband, operated. Everything was done directly and with overconfidence, with such eagerness and enthusiasm, without subtlety or humility, disconcertingly efficient and even ruthless in some cases, greased by his

suave charms and his seemingly grand, influential connections, and of course, money. So, by the time he met up with Wei Ying, he had already sweet-talked his way through a number of clerks and officials, convinced that his fictional identity was real and his true circumstances were mere fairy tales, and seemingly turned everything to his favour. It helped that it was near closing time, and everyone was raring to clock-out, thus, forms were read by impatient passing glances, waxed seals of approvals were stamped without second thoughts, and final certificates with red-thumbprints were issued recklessly without needed background and security checks.

At six o' clock in the evening, when the last rays of Springtime sunlight melted into the dusky void in the skies, frosty chill reigned over the expanse of the town, and the crowds in the streets started to thin and gather around bustling restaurants and residential buildings - Lan Zhan found himself outside the gates of the darkened, closed offices of the town council, still giddy with a few scrolls of parchments and certificates - including the prized marriage certificate - in his right arm, and Wei Ying warmly clasped his left - because they didn't wear their gloves, so hand-holding especially in a particularly less populous street appeared to be their choice of keeping shaking fingers snugly heated.

"Phew!" Wei Ying exclaimed with a huff, and a cloud appeared from his mouth then disappeared just as quickly into the air, "I literally ran downhill and even forgone the use of the walking cane in certain steep stretches," in which, he held up his favourite assistive tool, "But I'm so glad we made it in time and everything went according to plan!"

"Plan?" Lan Zhan raised an eyebrow, still not really catching up to Wei Ying - that man was light-years ahead of Lan Zhan's more down-to-earth senses, in terms of looking ahead and anticipating their next moves.

Wei Ying stabbed his cane to the ground to keep it upright, then used his free hand to pick each document off Lan Zhan's finger, and clumsily inserted them into pockets beneath Lan Zhan's robes - like a husband that dictating the wife to keep their precious possessions safe -, "Of course! Have you already forgotten what I told you during-- ah, you were asleep back then... nevermind. You're now Mister Wei Wang Xian, and I'm your husband, Mister Lan Wu Ji. I've registered our new identities and our relationship, they're all in the paperwork, if you bothered to read them," he patted Lan Zhan's chest that seemed to grow a few centimeters from the documents stowed beneath the layers of robes.

Lan Zhan was speechless - he opened and closed his mouth, then pointed a finger at himself -, and Wei Ying barked out a laughter and cut him off, "Stop acting like a confused fool, dear!" and quickly stole a glance around them - fortunately, there were no passers-by around the mostly deserted administrative area of the town -, before leaning forward to give the surprised older man a quick peck on the rosy cheeks, "Good thing the civil registrar was an impressionable person, easy to manipulate with my colourful stories, and he didn't ask twice when I suggested to him that we're simply orphaned men who were born under incredibly coincidental circumstances with the same names of the legendary characters of the cultivation world - one famous, the other notorious -, but by star-crossed fates and all that rubbish, we met then fell in love as a homosexual couple, and needed to change our names to wed, and to wed as soonest as possible!" he whispered excitedly, before pulling back with a chuckle.

The older man couldn't find the humour in what he'd just heard - in fact, he was mired in more baffling thoughts, and was stumped at what was done. His gaze hardened and his free hand balled into a fist of worry - an ache sparked inside his skull, and he struggled to remain calm.

“Guess what? Here’s the best part - the official took a good look at each of us, and believed everything I said! That you were pregnant,” Wei Ying sneaked a hand to cup and jiggle a love handle around Lan Zhan’s midriff, and the latter was absolutely aghast at the shameless behaviour and swatted the offending hand with an indignant snort, “That we needed to get married, otherwise the kid would be born without legal parents; that despite you and I bear striking resemblances to the said legendary characters, however because I was so thin, scarred and hobbled with a walking cane, and you were pudgy and your facial hair rendered you unrecognizable to some extent, and because I was the one wearing the Lan forehead ribbon instead of you - he took the bait like a fish in the lotus pond! Ha ha ha!” he guffawed even more obnoxiously than before, and Lan Zhan had to turn away with his cheeks beet-red, along with his earlobes, and he gritted his teeth to hold back a rising wave of annoyance. “How dare the husband do this to me...! Shameless!” his heart petulantly protested, without a word, of course.

It was Wei Ying’s plan, indeed. Soon, the cold set in and Wei Ying hurried across the streets, dragging Lan Zhan by keeping a firm, possessive grip on a wrist, with the intention to locate a medicine shop to buy a new bandage for Lan Zhan’s head and more medicinal pastes. Lan Zhan allowed himself to be toyed and pulled along for the ride, literally, and in between stopping at sidewalks to catch a breath, or waiting for Wei Ying to scout every storefront in sight, he had the chance to check his paperwork - Wei Ying was, for better or worse, true to his words; he had an identity certificate issued by the Cai district town council headquartered in Caiyi, which stated his new name as Wei Wang Xian, preceding name and alias, Lan Wang Ji born of ‘somewhere around the Cloud Recesses, near Cai district’, and an ugly half-asleep double-chinned mugshot of him was pasted on the parchment then sealed with bright red wax on the corners; and for sure, the marriage certificate too - he received a copy of the original, which bore an imprinted mirror-image version of the original couple-picture he’d seen at the studio (he thought it was rather creative, for an artist to paint one picture, then stamp-pressed it onto another document while the ink was still wet, to create a mirror-image version of that picture), and the loud, brash

words proclaiming the union between the two fictitiously named persons that, if traced back to other official documents, would legitimize the marriage of Lan Wang Ji to Wei Wu Xian, theoretically, he would, from now on, carry the Wei surname--

“Darling, come here! This store is still open and after enquiring, they have some medicines for your swollen forehead. Come, come, *lao po* , let’s ask the healer inside to take a look at you, then patch you up. I still have money from selling the wild meats to the hunter this afternoon, so don’t worry about choosing a good medicine. You must look more presentable and respectable when we have dinner at the Sunshine Inn with the rest of the group,” Wei Ying interrupted his spiralling thoughts and called out from the entrance of a dimly lit store that sold sundry goods, traditional foods and herbs; many shops have closed after sundown, with business owners returning to their families after a hard day’s work.

Lan Zhan’s feet moved quicker than he would like, and he blamed the plummeting temperatures, and a sudden urge to hide his embarrassment from public view. The streets were becoming quieter, and the scenery of empty cobbled paths and dirt roads, of few piles of garbage left on the curbs by store owners and pedestrians alike, of cheers of " *ganbei* !" and boisterous conversations echoing from opened windows of nearby family restaurants, of the occasional stray animals and rodents scurrying into dark alleyways - it didn't look too different from his days living in Yiling province; distantly, he wondered how much Wei Ying remembered about their actual shared pasts and relationships, though truthfully, he was guilty of muddling up the man's memories for selfish reasons, and now he was regretting his actions very much.

"There, I spread the paste on the bruise and wrapped it with curative herbal leaves. I hope it sticks, this time - you know, I wished the healer would do it for us professionally, but she was in a rush to close the shutters and return home... that's too bad!" Wei Ying exclaimed as he applied the finishing touches to Lan Zhan's ribbonless, reddened forehead.

The men sat on an outdoor bench at a small park to tend to the wife-y's injury; Lan Zhan knew he should feel either flattered at best, or downright humiliated at worse, but he was neither; the lovely husband peppered generous amounts of kisses and caresses, and endearing 'does it hurt?'s and 'here, let me put a smooch to make it feel better', as he worked with the gauze and the purchased medicines using his hard-earned money - Lan Zhan blushed a deeper shade of red, his heart raced and swelled with indescribable feelings of love and gratitude, that he was content to remain sitting motionless, expressionless, with eyes averted from his saviour - the husband -, with one hand holding tightly onto the hem of Wei Ying's robes, clinging for his dear life, because if he didn't, he may be swept away by such warm, loving feelings that a man like him would experience only once in a lifetime, with the spouse destined to be his soulmate forever and beyond.

(If time could stand still, just for a longer moment, this would be it, Lan Zhan's irritatingly conflicted heart screamed, without making a sound, of course.)

"Wei Ying," he blurted, finally relented, unsure of how to open up a conversation he'd buried inside him for too long; he knew that inevitably, they needed to talk and get the cat out of the bag, draw out the elephant in the room, and just admit his greatest weakness - pride and ego be damned - because it concerned the future of their blessed marital harmony and co-existence. "I must say this," he spoke hesitantly, and Wei Ying stopped whatever he was doing to wordlessly respond, "Go on, I'm listening, dear."

Lan Zhan explained that somehow, he felt vastly different after the crash, and that he'd lost all access to his Godhood, that he couldn't teleport to the Heavens to find his way to Palace, that he couldn't contact any of his servants in other Realms, that he felt absolutely normal with no extra special powers, no ability to warp space, time and people's fates, and that--

-- You're no longer an Emperor, the owner of a mega corporation, and the Grand Patriarch of zillions of species and an infinite number of subjects? A little birdie told me about it, and don't ask me how. Losing one's job and prestige is part and parcel of life's ups and downs, isn't it? I'm still here with you, and I'm not going anywhere," Wei Ying interrupted with such smoothness, finesse and charm, exuding such great hope and promise for their future happiness no matter what challenges are thrown in their way, that Lan Zhan swore he could burst into a spectacular explosion of lovey-dovey mush at that instant, similar to the time when he renounced his position as Chief Cultivator in the past timeline. Wei Ying made his biggest problems seem like just another measly chapter in their journey in life.

(Thump, thump, the heart quivers with such delight at the love showered upon the intoxicated-with-love, infatuated Lan Zhan.)

“Whatever happens to both of us, you just have to call my name, and I will always reply to you, ‘I’m here’ (我在), *lao po* ,” the younger man added, and at that point, Lan Zhan’s thrilled heart squealed and went into an imaginary cardiac arrest - without a squeak, as well.

(Three strikes of Cupid’s Arrows to the overjoyed heart, and Lan Zhan was absolutely, convincingly, head over heels for Wei Ying.)

The couple remained on the bench for some time, by holding hands and gazing lovingly into each other's eyes, until Wei Ying sneezed, and it was Lan Zhan's turn to fuss over the husband, by draping his warmest outer robe over the smaller man.

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A sliver of conversation, as the two men made their way through thinning crowds to the Sunshine Inn; fortunately there were ample signages to show them the way, and there were street lamps lighting the streets and enough curious glances thrown at their direction, that the two did not inadvertently get caught up in holding hands like besotted, drunken fools and wander off into some alleyway for some tasty lovers' trysts.

“You know, I thought you were about to drop a bombshell about the whole marriage process, like complaining how it looks like a sham because we didn't properly agree on a bride-price, ask a priest to bless us with prayers at the temple, perform the auspicious tea ceremony for newlyweds or even have a wedding dinner with guests from both families. But fear not, my wife, I will do what I can, starting with this--”

(in which, Wei Ying dragged Lan Zhan off the main road when they spotted a small altar built outside a temple dedicated to local gods; Wei Ying purposely chose to pray at the gods of happiness, fertility and prosperity, and Lan Zhan followed suit without any questions - three incense sticks were lit, they bowed three times, and they were off again towards their destination.)

“Mn. I’m a little dissatisfied, but I understand your decision to rush such a sacred ceremony. You need to adopt a new identity from tomorrow sunrise, and I must be disguised and remain inconspicuous, for the sake of the success of the trade negotiations, and for the survival of the sect.”

(in which, Wei Ying skips in his steps from utter happiness that everything has gone according to plan, and he reached behind to give Lan Zhan’s buttocks a light swat, followed by an apologetic circular knead; the latter nnnh’d in masochistic pleasure and secretly relished having his glutes molested like a piece of hand-pressed dough, in public view.)

“My darling, do not be depressed by such seriousness although you are absolutely, factually correct; there is still fun to be had in this game of play-pretend! I want our first night together, for I, the husband, and for you, the wife, to be blessed with the joys of a sexy red wedding night!”

(in which, after looking around to make sure there was nobody staring at them, he reached even lower and groped Lan Zhan’s balls, then tested their weight; the older man lost his underwear again after his afternoon nap-cum-orgy. Lan Zhan nngaah’d and his back straightened as a result, like a cat that had its tail twisted with fetishy glee; Wei Ying determined, through counting the number of wrinkles upon the sagging, heavy ballsacks, extrapolation of gravimetric analysis, and second-guessing the volume, texture and viscosity of its honeyed nectary contents, that Lan Zhan would have enough man-milk to satisfy not just one, but five Wei Yings in total, for that night.)

(the sounds of a man clearing his throat, after having his balls richly stimulated.) “One question continues to trouble me, *lao gong* .”

“Speak, so that I may put to rest your concerns, *lao po* !”

“How did you manage to convince the civil registrar about *my* male pregnancy? Was the officer ever suspicious about your far-fetched tales about the Lan family traditions? Surely any person of Lan descent in Gusu would smell a rat and probe into the lineage and caste level of the person named Lan Wu Ji.”

“Eh... ehh... err... that’s-- that’s two, no three questions! You cheat! I shall not indulge in your overzealousness. Let’s just say that... err... err... the officer wasn’t of Lan surname. Yeah, that’s it. He’s a Wei. No, a Huang. Err, I mean, Hong.”

(in which, in the background, a violin’s screeching squeak plays, and Lan Zhan’s eyebrows rose a notch. Busted.)

“Wei.” (the stare hardens.)

“Is that a question? Or are you addressing me... err... I mean, that officer?”
(he looks away, whistles innocently in pretense.)

“Do I know him?” (the stare becomes blazing lasers, figuratively speaking. Wei Ying shriveled from the unwanted attention, tried to continue his whistle, but faltered into blowing hot air.)

“... nevermind.”

(in which, several shadowed figures emerged from the closed gates of Caiyi Town’s council office complex, and in their hands were treasure chests from the treasury, piles of secret and valuable documents, bags of equipment from the armoury, and lots of other goodies looted from the councillors’ desks and storage rooms. Four Wei siblings, aged from a mere child to a man in his mid-life, sneaked away, cackling like robbers in the night, and with a twirl of fingers from the amazing eldest man, they *fwip!* ’ed out of sight into the dark, tranquil night.)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 158

Wei Ying's enviable interpersonal skills were used to their utmost best, when the couple reached Sunshine Inn; they were immediately greeted by a delightful ambush by three overjoyed juniors and one teary-eyed Wen Ning, in the best way a man-cum-guardian could ever possibly dream of; even crowd-shy and hug-allergic Lan Zhan had to take a step back, to stare incredulously at how three laughing-crying boys clung to Wei Ying's legs and bawling Wen Ning gave a tight, heartwarming, brotherly embrace from the side; the reception was shockingly touching even though it had just been a little more than a day since they parted at that site of the avalanche.

The man started to pacify everyone and told them that everything was fine, soothed their anxieties with his bright, confident presence, and even acted as a gracious host to all their troubles - first, by waving at the innkeeper to order a banquet in a private room, and handed an undisclosed amount of gold pieces in an unnoticeable pass of clasped fists - then, skillfully drew everyone's attention away from high-flying emotions and to focus on the task at hand, that is, to have a good meal, to share good stories, and to reunite and enjoy the evening as a family.

It turned out that the boys had an adventure of a lifetime in their absence, ranging from getting lost and found, getting chased by predatory animals, gangs of bandits and magical denizens, losing their belongings, stealing to stave off hunger and to pay the innkeeper an extra deposit because they looked more like dirty vagrants *ala* Wen Ning than respectable customers, and so much more. They also had the chance to go sightseeing, window-shop (because money was tight), try out new skills in fun fairs and local tournaments, and sample new foods (with the little money they had and, against all odds and Lan virtues, those stolen from someone's money pouch that was carelessly left on a teahouse table). The breadth and extent of novel experiences of venturing out on their own and facing the dangers and

life challenges they'd not encountered before, was probably too much for the juniors (such as being forced to steal), and Wen Ning was overwhelmed in babysitting those three adorable tearful boys.

“It... it was a terribly guilty feeling, yet exhilarating at the same time, Wei *qianbei* , to take someone else’s money and spend it all on snacks, clothes, souvenirs and accessories!”

“I-- I’m the captain of the guards in the Cloud Recesses, not in this town, so-- so this is out of my jurisdiction! I... err... Yeah, I applied for a paid leave so I’m enjoying myself as a commoner! A fully grown-up man! Why, we even strolled past the red light district at the western edge of the town--”

“Jing Yi, you fool! Why must you spill everything out, especially in front of Hanguang Jun? You may not be in service, but he’s still your employer, you know! Next, you’re going to tell him what we saw in the brothels, and what we did with the bratty street kids at the funfair... You’ll be cursed by the cooties!”

“Boys...! Let’s focus on telling them about our survey at the markets, the prices that traders are willing to buy and sell, then what we learned about the poisoning plagues from the chief at the police station, new leads from the latest victims about the suspects, and the final results from the investigators that will be announced tomorr--”

“Wen *shushu* , should we refrain from jumping to conclusions based on hearsay from the police and the people we interviewed? I really think the clues are strange, and could even be red herrings left by the perpetrators, if

indeed the disease was man-made! I mean, why the mention of fierce corpses that seemingly crawled out of the graves of the deceased, the use of curses and ancient magics, and why are other sects now being implicated...”

“Si Zhui, you should hide your relative. I fear he may jeopardize the investigations if the police officers find out that he’s the real Ghost General of the extinct Qishan Wen, and they may throw us into jail out of fear, then capture and experiment with him to examine the nature of fierce corpses! I mean... did you see the amount of collected evidence of fierce corpse sightings from this morning?”

“Hey, Jin *gongzi* , don’t talk about Wen Ning like that! He’s as much as a part of this just like any of us. He fought and protected us from those bad guys we met in the mountains and when we were attacked by kidnappers and thieves last night. I couldn’t protect you even with my sword and my skills as the captain, yet Wen Ning saved all of us from being sold off as slaves in a foreign land!”

“Boys, boys...! Please don’t argue anymore. We did everything we could, and I’m not perfect either. If it weren’t for me losing the money pouch in the first place, we wouldn’t have to endure such a financially disastrous situation, that led us to sneaking out at night to look for something to eat and steal from someone’s orchards, only to be chased by smugglers looking for a quick sale! We didn’t know that this inn served only modest, bland vegetarian meals with Zewu Jun’s economy-class reservations, after all! Just looking at the list of meats on the menu that Wei *gongzi* ordered for us... I’ve so overjoyed to be able to have a filling meal tonight, I’m crying undead manly tears... wuuu... wuuu...”

Wei Ying sighed and welcomed the confusing, intriguing, excited chatter that seemed to steer itself in all directions; the pains of being a sidekick in a story reared its ugly head once more, and Wei Ying knew he had a whole lot more to ask, listen, digest and analyze than what he initially thought. It wasn't the first time he and Lan Zhan were saddled by such mysteries of the supernatural in nature. He continued to cheerfully maneuver between conflicting lines of information and opinions, patting them on the backs and giving hugs when necessary, which allowed the boys to unload their piled-up need to share their latest commentaries and feelings, and that made them feel better. He also encouraged them to take in new insights and lessons learnt with an open mind and an open heart - such as the fact that walking past a brothel doesn't mean one catches the cooties -, and Lan Zhan couldn't agree more with a deep, sagely nod.

The couple was about to share their side of the story in the private banquet room, when the waiters arrived with a wonderful sumptuous twelve-course dinner - and two burly-looking guards escorted Master Lan Qi Ren and Sect Leader Zewu Jun through heavy doors into the room.

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“... Wei... err, Lan Wu Ji, must you do this? There is only us, the family, and we're already so familiar with one another, there's no need for such... extravagant displays of politeness and decorum!” Zewu Jun stammered in his seat, as he quickly took the presented teacup off Wei Ying's hands, for wanting to avoid any further embarrassment in front of the entire group .

“Huh! This bountiful meal is paid by the brat - so we must savour every moment, because there's no telling when we'll have good food like this, after tonight,” Qi Ren *shifu* grumbled on the biggest plush chair in the

room, and picked up Lan Zhan's presented teacup, then took a swig out of it, before placing it back to the raised tray; he was thirsty anyway after a long day in Caihong and now, in Caiyi. Another filled cup remained on the tray, in which Lan Zhan shuffled on his knees towards his older brother and gestured with a slight tilt of chin and a hard stare, to plead the Sect Leader to already do the deed and be done with the rushed, but disguised and incredibly important ritual - at least to the couple's eyes.

"Sect Leader Zewu Jun," Wei Ying addressed the man he knelt in front of, "I promised to bring my partner here by sundown, but I think I arrived at the inn just after the last rays of the sun sunk below the horizon. I'm trying to make up for disrespecting your honour by having this banquet to satisfy everyone's hunger and tiredness, and with this cup of tea, to seek your forgiveness." The words were so eloquent and impactful, and Xi Chen *da ge* wasted no time and downed the cups served by the couple - at last, four empty cups lay on the trays, and Wei Ying beamed his brightest smile.

The juniors and Wen Ning were a bit perplexed but they watched as witnesses anyway - and guessed that Wei Ying made a boo-boo and therefore behaved such obsequiously; Qi Ren *shifu* 's scorn was proof that Wei Ying landed himself in hot water and was guilty as charged, compounded by the fact that Lan Zhan didn't say anything in his defense, because he was a man of undisputable virtue, after all.

"Oh... Wu Ji," Xi Chen kept glancing around at the waiters who were busily setting the tables and arranging the twelve-course dishes on the large circular table that could seat up to fifteen persons, - everyone had agreed to use Wei Ying's pseudonym unless the coast was clear -, "Please, rise up, there is no need to kneel before us. Whatever wrongdoing you claim has actually not harmed any of us or our future prospects. I've drank your tea in thanks for your hard work and for that forgiveness that you seek - so please, let's put this behind us, enjoy the dinner as one family, and talk to our

heart's content since our last meeting!". Xi Chen was a little flustered at being addressed so formally, so he quickly diverted everyone's attention and gestured towards Lan Zhan, "For example, Wu Ji, you took care of my younger brother so well, and even changed his bandage so that he looks and feels better - I mean, just look at him, he is basically smiling and glowing with positive *qi* even as we speak! -, and for that, I'm also grateful to you too, *gongzi* ," he said; of course, Lan Zhan looked no different than the silent, expressionless person that Wei Ying knew too well, whose eyes were perpetually downcast and lips always a tight straight line.

A couple of formal pleasantries exchanged later, Wei Ying sent a wink at Lan Zhan - some telepathy occurred, but nobody would ever know what was exchanged -, and the couple bowed three times before rising to their feet. Qi Ren *shifu* looked every bit pleased, with a contemptuous "I told you so" look on his bearded face, probably in his vindication that he did, after all, predicted the troublemaker to be a source of bad omens and inconveniences for their family.

Later, Wei Ying also presented some cheap souvenirs he managed to grab from the sundry shop where Lan Zhan received his new forehead bandage, which the two oldest men accepted - one with awkward thanks for a tacky, gaudy rabbit-themed charm that probably only children would hang from their school bags, and the other with snarky comments about cheapskateness because he kept scrutinizing and criticizing the poor workmanship of the rabbit charm that had large-eyed cartoonish designs *ala* a modern Bugs Bunny, that wouldn't look good on the sash for a grumpy man in his late fifties.

Wei Ying giggled at the back - the tea ceremony was done, the dowry had been paid, and there was a wedding dinner to be had. He wiggled his eyebrows at Lan Zhan as a sign of a downscaled victory dance, and the latter blushed, then looked away coyly with reddened ears. The wedding

night, of course. Wei Ying laughed and called everyone to take their seats and enjoy the mouth-watering food since the waiters had left, and he specially ordered one large jar of Emperor Smiles, to celebrate the wonderfully memorable occasion of a lifetime.

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“Wei Ying,” Xi Chen *da ge* reverted to the man’s birth name, since the waiters have left the group to enjoy their meal in privacy, “It seems the ruse of using your notorious alter ego brought more benefits than I thought.”

Wei Ying raised an eyebrow and nearly believed they were back to the olden days of mocking the infamy and misfortunes of the Yiling Patriarch. Everyone stilled and one could hear a spoon clang against a bowl; Jing Yi paused in mid-chew of a chicken wing; Si Zhui was stunned while ladling a piping hot serving of herbal soup with old cucumber, lotus root, mushrooms and meaty pork; Jin Ling didn’t quite catch what was going on - but he stopped gnawing on a spare rib nevertheless; *shifu* continued his meal modestly and unperturbed, because he was getting old and ate only a choice selection of softer, easier-to-munch and less greasy dishes in smaller portions; and Lan Zhan simply sat up straight.

“Your meaning...?”

Xi Chen realized belatedly what he’d just said, and quickly followed up with a reasonable justification, “Ah, I mean, your pseudonym. When both my uncle and I walked past the entrance gates to Caiyi just an hour or two before, we already heard children singing a modified version of a classic

song, officials hurrying out of offices with plenty of light banter and gossips, even customers shopping for ingredients for dinner at the stores - and even when we dropped by the town mayor's residence for a late evening meeting, he asked us about it too, out of a little fear and concern for his family's security - that there is a powerful devil that had disguised itself as a man with the name of Lan to blend into the society in Gusu, with a cursed name originating from the Far, Far West that translates roughly to 'Wu Ji' in the local tongue, and that this man has incredible intellect, unsurpassed strengths, amazing inhuman abilities, and has a knack for cheating any great man of his gold in a game of barter and negotiation."

Jing Yi's chicken wing dropped with a perfect splat into his bowl of rice drizzled with plenty of sweet-sour sauce.

"And... what was it..." the Sect Leader mused and was lost in his train of thought, but his uncle interjected after downing a cup of tea, because he bit into a slice of roasted chicken breast and it was a little dry for his throat, "Hmph! More nonsensical stuff, of course! Lan Wu Ji, a legendary forgotten king of the East, prince from the West, demigods of the Northern and sometimes Southern continents, and heir to the Underworld, all in one! He eats little children and kidnaps maidens and housewives! His tongue is coated with poison and he speaks the devil's language that men are seduced to part with their purses, and women, their virginities. I haven't had a good laugh for a while! This kind of trash is suitable for fantasies played inside seedy brothels and the rotten underbelly of civilization!"

Si Zhui choked at his chunk of perfectly cooked, softened steaming-hot old cucumber, and probably burned something while swallowing.

“Ehh? Didn’t you hear anything about Lan Wu Ji, the invincible alien from another world, who crash landed into the deserts to the West in a metal ship that was shaped as round as an egg, as flat as a *jianbing* and covered with beautiful lights made from sunshine, rainbows and stardust from adjacent realms?” Jin Ling blurted out in dismay while rudely chewing on his spare rib; he hadn’t quite grasped the Lan rule that prohibited one from talking while eating. Wen Ning gasped in shock and quickly shut the boy’s mouth by stuffing a lettuce into the latter’s face.

Wei Ying laughed rudely and flailed his limbs, which made a mess of rice grains raining down from his open mouth onto the table; Lan Zhan snorted into a tofu he was trying to spoon into his mouth, and the two eldest men gaped at the insufferable, shameless couple.

Regardless of the topic of mealtime conversation, everyone had a pleasant time catching up with one another; dinner with the Lans has always been a relatively quiet and peaceful affair, and that night was no different. While the boys lamented the loss of Lil’ Apple, their precious cargo, and were upset at the band of mountain bandits that dared to kidnap and steal, their mood changed when the great Zewu Jun regaled everyone with his story - the heroics of chasing down the bandits, spending a night at the famed family hot springs resort (Jin Ling mewled with disappointment at the missed opportunity, but Jing Yi and Si Zhui promised him that they’d take him there as soon as possible), Lan Zhan’s little accident that resulted in a bandaged forehead (everyone ooh’d and aah’d at the man who panicked at the sudden crowding, attention and concern, suffered from an acute claustrophobia attack, then quickly excused himself for want of relieving a bursting bladder), and then - the main course -, his own adventures in running a gauntlet of monsters at the mountains, more fantastic adventures in Caihong that included an encounter with the leader of the kidnapper bandits and a surprise tournament of cultivators vying for the still-vacant Chief Cultivator post, of the aging Qi Ren *shifu* getting a bit of spotlight when he fought off local *yaoguai* s which included a few succubus-class

monsters too, and a string of many other exciting events fit for fantasy graphic novels for young adult readers.

Wei Ying listened intently and encouraged the conversation with his lively brand of Wow's, Really's and What Happened Next's, and Lan Zhan reached from beneath the tablecloth to touch the man's hand reassuringly, and the two settled in for a long dinner.

Once again, Wei Ying was a little disheartened, but not as much as earlier, that he was no longer the main protagonist of the story. At one point, when the juniors talked very lively with the Sect Leader and the *shifu* to compare and contrast their time well spent outside of the Cloud Recesses, Wei Ying became quiet, leaned back and almost appeared to slink into the shadows - perhaps, a bit tired as well, after an exhausting day of being with, and caring for his spouse. His five minutes of fame telling an abbreviated and downplayed version of his story was easily forgotten, and by the time they were working on dessert, nobody really remembered what the couple did for the two days they'd spent in the outdoors, away from the comforts of the Jingshi; even the *shifu* didn't bother to question where Wei Ying got his grubby hands on the gold pieces that paid for their dinner banquet, because it was easy to presume the worst, that it was either from the man's personal stash that nobody cared, or stolen from somewhere, which again, didn't really matter as long as everybody's bellies were full and their virtues were left intact and unscathed.

By nine, the couple bid the group an early good night, though their exit hardly dented the boisterous discussions taking place in the room because there was so much to share, to plan for the next day, of places to go and of sights to see, of missions to accomplish and challenges to tackle head-on - but Wei Ying shook his head when Lan Zhan looked over in concern; it wasn't their place and reason, he said wordlessly. Wei Ying walked off in a

depressed daze, as though he was in the doldrums and with nothing much to look forward to.

The inn's front desk was empty since the workers had left, and the owner had gone off to buy supper for himself. Interestingly, one of the cleaner ladies threw a dirty look at Wei Ying's direction when they walked past her, and heard hissy whispers about devils and shameless rapists - that lightened up Wei Ying's mood, and he giggled and instantly cheered up with a renewed sense of mischief - then sneakily swatted the *lao po*'s buttocks on the way upstairs -, Lan Zhan brightened up noticeably, his blush deepened and his ears were red on fire, and the two quickly returned to their designated exclusive suite room with a king-sized bed - the upgrade was paid by Wei Ying, without the knowledge of the rest of the group, of course - and made sure to lock the door with a resounding *click!*

Another four figures cloaked in shadow would climb in from an open window just under an hour later. The truly gay wedding night called for an unholy, breedworthy fest of orgies; a celebration of all things matrimonial and baby-making, and a proclamation of love that devolved into mindless, depraved lustful fornication sessions - of five delighted husbands intent on getting creampie'd and impregnated repeatedly like playing a game of roulette and musical chairs, and one very, very, happy and satisfied wife with his probably, a very, very lifeless limp penis and its two vacuumed-flat testicles, by the stroke of midnight. The poor king-sized bed would be rendered unusable for days - probably.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 159

"Now that we've consummated our marital relationship, we're really husband and wife, darling. May we have blessed eternal happiness living together as a loving couple!" Wei Ying gave an affectionate kiss on Lan Zhan's forehead, brushed away some sweaty strands of long hair, before leaving the bedside.

Immediately, the sea of male and female, human and non-human Wei Yings rushed in to continue their ravenous sexual feast upon their sole married wife - it didn't matter if gender-switched lesbianism or tasty heterosexual sex was offered and taken - the infinitely patient and overjoyed man on the soaked, soiled bed spread his legs, allowed his stretched, distended penis to be played and engaged in tasty endless rounds of sexual intercourse and hardcore baby-making fucking, until only a wrinkly burnt bent twig was left; his twin husks of cracked and hard-boiled pruny vacuumed man-eggs dangled uselessly from the crotch; his entire pubic area was constantly covered with lips, fingers and orifices from both male and female kinds, tight young ones and loosened, saggy old ones, drowning in massive amounts of spilled seed, sexual juices and saliva; and his anus swollen like an ugly overripe rose flower, puffed up and blossomed from non-stop vigorous acts of fertile procreation displays that put any more mortal passions to shame; but he continued to let Wei Yings ride him to kingdom come, his hips jerked erratically and furiously fast, because he was too excited to bed each lovely Wei Ying and father more twins, triplets into each husband, and was secretly grateful to the purple pillow that appeared out of nowhere to give ample support to his exhausted hips - Lan Zhan welcomed all Wei Yings in all manners that swarmed out of the accursed floor mat that one of the Wei siblings sneaked into the room.

Wei Ying sauntered across the room to fetch a jug of water and pour himself a drink. His supersized jar of Emperor Smiles had been emptied countless

times - thanks to the life-saving magic of automatic refills of the best liquors in the world - that twenty four thousand Wei Yings that arrived and departed from the bedroom could get drunk in twenty four minutes each, and have twenty four million times of tasty hardcore sex in all kinds of creative positions with their mutually shared wife-y, and every Wei Ying thoroughly enjoyed Lan Zhan's increasingly flabby and slothful body until a shuddering, writhing mass of masculine croaky moans and feeble fertile squirts was left upon the destroyed bed. Naturally, Wei Ying also fed his manly wife some of the exquisite alcoholic brew, so that the latter would not remember anything when morning comes, other than sores and body aches all over, and very, very happy genitals down there that would've slumbered and shut down for much-needed maintenance for quite some time.

Meanwhile, Lan Zhan continued to exist in a dream-like daze, with Wei Yings crawling all over him; jabbing their forked tongues into his ears, through and into the brain, and nibbling on his reddened earlobe; his mouth busied with multiples of Wei Yings, and he didn't mind servicing virginal nubile young teens who served their sex organs straight to the lips; his nipples turned into puffy, bloated nubs from the constant abuse any baby-suckles; his navel swirled and overflowed with husbands' seeds, his penis flew to heaven and to the ends of the universe before ricocheting back and forth, because Wei Yings alternated between drilling butt-fucks and deliriously tasty deflowering sexual intercourse with individuals both genders, especially of the younger ages below sixteen; his limbs, fingers, toes - everything that encompassed his senses became overloaded with Wei Ying, grabbing, massaging clutching Wei Ying's cock, pussy, plump milk-laden breasts, for his dear, dear life spiralling into the abyss of sexual depravity and rainbow-coloured raw bareback fucking and impressive waterfall ejaculations. When a handful of those sex-demons opened their mouths and their forked tongues weaved their way into the irritated, engorged pre-set with hisses and growls; many Wei Yings each took their turn to worship, kiss, stroke and nuzzle, at varying pressures and speeds, at their favourite meatstick, until the twig of flesh shivered and oozed out pearlets of sweetness as rewards; Lan Zhan could only nnnnh loudly to

express his joy at having his prostate wonderfully filled with and attacked by numerous tentacle-like appendages, and soon, his dessicated, dried up man-eggs were swarmed with those worm-like things from within, voraciously plundered with such fervour, unborn sperm forcefully torn from their dehydrated cradles; at the outside, the over exerted testicles were pulled at different directions as each rabid Wei Ying vied for a juicy bite of the tortured swollen flesh, and sucked, licked and vibrated each yummy ball in alternating speeds, until the man Hnngh'd with such desperate passion and experienced the greatest testicular orgasms ever, thirty feverish spurts of diluted seedless nectar each; and everything in the man, his mind and his soul was eaten, sucked out, consumed to the last delicious morsel, the last droplet, and nothing was left behind.

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In the whimsical spirit of Wei Ying-ness, the royal wedding night ritual of the Grand Patriarch and his Matriarch, now gender and role-switched maritally, lasts for a year, a day and a night; time was obviously stopped except for those allied with Wei Ying - because Wei *da ge* is just *that* awesome -, in order to carry out their dirty terrible deeds unto the frozen Mortal Realm; that extra day at the end was required to clean everything up, rebuild the destroyed splintered, ruined bed and the sex-smashed Sunshine Inn; to herd away the endless streams of Wei Yings that kept climbing out of the accursed floor mat to have sex with the hapless man-wife imprisoned by his harem of husbands, and to return faraway realms with bellies filled, pleasures sated, and babies planted for new generations of a new sub-species, *Homo sapiens wangxianensis* that numbered in the millions - all descended from the man named Lan Wang Ji and his mate, Wei Wuxian; also, that extra night was meant for Wei Ying to read his diary so that he'd remember how things were, a year, a day and an unforgettable night ago.

It goes without saying that eventually, over the span of that year, the fugitive intelligent animals from the Dreams were located then shepherded back to their appropriate habitats, the two eight-year old lost boys were found and returned to their angelic and devilish guardians, the Bag of Holding was discovered hidden as a buried treasure, Wei Ying became the greatest man-cum-god-cum-Creator ever, numerous cats were sexually abused as well, realms were reconstructed in improved versions, castles in the skies and continent-wide spaceships popped out of thin air, worlds, galaxies, a whole ecosystem of species, civilizations, unlimited broadband successor of ErNet, and inter-universe connectivity were re-established, the Wangxian company and empire *fwip!* -ped back to existence in supreme glory, thanks to the powers of Wei Ying-ness and all its progenitors, descendants and the almighty siblings that ruled over everything - all was well again.

It didn't matter though. Wei Ying made sure to go back to the inn every day to wish his *lao po* a wonderful blessed day ahead while the latter drowned in endless orgies.

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Lan Zhan knew he'd been rendered impotent, when Wei Ying gently picked up the floppy organ, blew on it a few times, then slid a hot moist tongue into the foreskin-covered cockhead to kiss the shrivelled juicy pink glans a hearty good morning. The tongue circled and grazed every corner of the loose, overstretched foreskin, dipped repeatedly to prod the sleeping pee-slit and rubbed its surface with the vigour of a morning wake-up call, and allowed fingers to roam up and down the dismally short length of soft flesh, while holding a brush with the other hand to comb the curls on his pubes - and there was no sexual reaction whatsoever; except for an increasing urge to pee, in which Lan Zhan nnnh'd faintly, he felt his bladder sphincter spasm and his hips shivered in a natural frisson-rich electrical buzz running

down the spine, through the inner thighs, made the prostate gland convulse, the urethral tube contract, and finally, a pearl of crystal-clear golden-tinged spluttered out before easing into a dribbly weak flow down the sad, sad-looking penis. Wei Ying spat out whatever he accidentally drank, in fits of giggles, first thing in the morning.

With that, the man also learned that he was incontinent, when he had nothing to ejaculate, or rather, he couldn't ejaculate anymore since his unresponsive, electrocuted sexual meridians needed an engine overhaul; however, instinct dictated that he was still a male, physically, and therefore, any pleasure running through his numbed genitals would have nowhere to go, except to cause the poor man to squeeze whatever he could from the lower frontal half of his body, and that was good ol' plain urine instead of his trademark creamy rich semen; those sex-fiends he dreamt of in his nightmare had stolen everything and ruined his seed-producing factories, after all; as if to add salt to the humiliating wound, Lan Zhan's rump loosened considerably, because pleasure did loosen things up and caused tingling sensations to turn his quivering pelvis into a pool of relaxing, good vibes, and he bit his lips to stave off the inevitable - a series of mini-explosive farts of increasing volumes and pitches.

Wei Ying giggled when he was done sexually assaulting the man into completions on both ends, then moved on towards the navel. "Good morning, my impossibly pregnant darling man-wife," he murmured into what was clearly an overturned wok of jiggly fat on the man's belly - the vibrations from the low voice against the plump supple skin was obnoxiously ticklish; Lan Zhan didn't know how, or if any strange space-time magic had a hand in causing his condition, because he woke up with a considerable weight gain - obesity wasn't too far off by then -, the hair on his head and face had grown longer, his limbs were thicker with a layer of flab, his breasts sagged as though they'd been manipulated and overused, and his buttocks were rotund tubs of lard-coated glutes. He nnngh'd indignantly and wondered, very briefly, if he'd spent nine months on the bed, fattened up by his insatiable husband (or husbands, if his dreams were

to be counted) who wanted nothing more than to keep him safe and sound in body-warmed cuddles (or continuously impregnated with buns that keep baking in the man womb-cum-oven, as though he kept conceiving multitudes of babies that shared Wei Ying's pretty brown eyes and his own handsome fair-skinned face and complexion, and they kept growing inside his factory-belly, popping out every few minutes or so like a wonderfully industrious production line - if, again, his dreams were to be believed; no wonder his lower bits felt loose, saggy, floppy and overstretched.)

Lan Zhan rolled to his side and realized it was just a few minutes past five in the morning, his internal body clock announced. The room was already well-lit with lamps and Wei Ying got off the mattress to look for something in the bedside drawers. After rummaging a bit, he found what he needed and made some lip-smacking sounds.

“ *Lao po , lao po* , I know you're hungry early in the morning. I'll call for room service and order a pre-dawn, extra-large triple breakfast set for you, so that our chubby and healthy baby will be fed very well even before sunrise,” Wei Ying snickered as he flipped through a in-room dining menu and snaked a hand around Lan Zhan's naked and spilling belly; fingers caressed the springy fat and mischievously jiggled the expanded love handles.

The man swatted the naughty hand away, and made an annoyed grunt - his stomach rumbled just from hearing the word 'breakfast'. Wei Ying cackled.

While waiting for the food, the couple engaged in a rather intimate kind of conversation, with Wei Ying spooning against his wife-y and he couldn't keep his hands off the latter's visibly ballooning belly of fat, and occasionally, he'd reached lower to play touch-touch with the bent twig of

penis and massaged the drained twin raisins, in a silent prayer that they would fill up soon for the next round of crazy sex. Lan Zhan didn't even squirm, and that made the two men felt very comfortable, skin rubbing against skin, with lots of ear and nape-nibbles, and kisses peppered all over, and it didn't even stir the larger man when Wei Ying sneakily slid his own erect arousal through the stretched and loosened entrance at the back-end, then pumped a few times from the side, and let off his own fifteen-spurt steamy rich goodness inside the wife-y with a few tasty moans and a side dish of heavenly husbandly roars of pleasure, thrusting and slamming of hips against jiggling buttocks.

They talked about all sorts of things, trying to reconcile what they went through personally and a formidable couple, versus what they'd heard from the juniors and from Lan Zhan's elder brother and uncle. Wei Ying thought their brand images had been thrown into the discount bin, since no one really talked about his snazzy dark blue robes, or Lan Zhan's bruised forehead any more than a cursory glance or a couple of disinterested questions. The older man touched his head and realized that the skin was no longer scratched or lumpy, and he was elated that he could finally wear his ribbon--

-- What do you think, honey? Do I look good with this ribbon and the mask? I want my debut tomorrow to be as eye-opening and full of surprises as possible. The world shall witness the appearance of the great Lan Wu Ji!" Wei Ying grinned when Lan Zhan turned around in their lying-cum-sex position, and he nearly yelped in disgust at that dreadful half-face mask, now adorned with *his* precious sacred forehead ribbon above the brows. The older man opened his mouth to say something, but Wei Ying captured his lips first in a deep tongue-playing kiss.

"I steal men's purses, wives' lips, everyone's hearts and even Hanguang Jun's forehead ribbon!" Wei Ying laughed at the flustered Lan Zhan, who

had just discreetly agreed to forego his sacred symbolic treasure of the Lan family's might and purity with that one single kiss.

There was a gentle knock on the door, and Wei Ying gave the wife-y a quick belly rub, before taking off the awful combination of ribbon and mask, donned a night robe to cover his shameless nudity, and rushed to the next room in their suite to collect their ordered food; there were three extra-large servings of *youtiao* , congee, noodle soups, *jianbing* , a premium selection grilled meats, pork ribs in herbal broth, baked and fried breads, soymilk, salads and fruits - all for Lan Zhan. Wei Ying preferred to watch his wife-y enjoy a meal for him and their imaginary baby in the belly - he even dared to caress the naked bulging stomach as though greeting their child a good morning -, because he knew that everyone promised to gather at eight in the morning for their *real* breakfast. Lan Zhan merely grunted with annoyance and slurped down the tasty meal that was cooked to perfection and probably cost a bomb - at the husband's expense, of course.

Their morning ritual was a very comfortable one - where the two lounged around in full nakedness, taking a shower, freshening up and preparing to start the day together. Wei Ying took full advantage and access to Lan Zhan's body in their newly minted marital status - he would saunter across the room, peel off the periodical that Lan Zhan tried to read while sitting on a large chair, that said periodical was politely folded and returned to a reading shelf, and Wei Ying easily straddled the hapless Lan Zhan on that dangerously creaking chair and the two would copulate for a few minutes without needing much foreplay; after a fair bit of huffing and puffing and morning aerobic workouts, Wei Ying dislodged himself and skipped over to the bathroom for a quick rinse in the ass, and Lan Zhan lay boneless on the pee-soiled chair with an orgasmic half-lidded look etched on his flushed face, the intent to read the periodical was forgotten by then.

When Lan Zhan finally decided not to waste anymore time pandering to Wei Ying's sexual games, he went to the bathroom to spend a bit of time fussing over his appearance in front of a large man-sized silver mirror provided by the inn - it would seem like months, or even a year may have passed during his sleep (and he wasn't too far off in his guess). He trimmed his hair, elongated moustache and unruly beard, even checked his receding hairlines and figured out where the hair had gone - to the nostrils, the armpits, the pubes and his treasure trail, probably. Wei Ying helped out in grooming with a comb, and snipped anything that stuck out of place; playing with pubic hair became another of the younger man's naughty pastimes, as he made little braids to keep the strands properly twirled and coiled, and without permission, played with the dangling testicles until they turned into a darker shade of tanned browns and tightened then swelled up considerably from the constant erotic kneading, to Lan Zhan's consternation.

Preparing to go out was a bit of a challenge - Lan Zhan was vexed that he couldn't fit into his clothes anymore due to his weight gain, but Wei Ying laughed at his misery and took out a bag containing a set of extra-large Gusu Lan robes. "Don't you remember? Si Zhui and the boys went shopping for clothes and bought some for you. Oh, you were probably busy talking at that time, that you didn't notice. Here," Wei Ying snickered and handed a red-coloured bag to him; Lan Zhan raised his eyebrows at that, because he clearly remembered *not* talking a lot during dinnertime, and he knew the boys shouldn't be able to buy robes bearing the family's sacred cloud symbols in Caiyi; however, there was no benefit in arguing, since Lan Zhan couldn't possibly walk out of the room in his birthday suit - so he accepted the bag with grace and without question.

"Wei Ying, this bag..." Lan Zhan peered at the emptied bag, and realized it was actually a satchel - a very, very familiar looking satchel - with added red embroidery to make it look posh, more glamorous and expensive.

“If you like that bag, you should keep it too, *lao po* ,” Wei Ying grinned and went on his business of preparing his own appearance for the day. He was trying to choose between his old snazzy dark blue robes or a Gusu Lan white one, and he looked absolutely flamboyant yet terrifying in front of the silver mirror, especially when paired with the horrid-looking ribbon-mask combo on his head.

All in all, by seven, the couple was ready to leave their suite that served its purpose of celebrating their wedded bliss, and they took their equipment - including a rather dusty Bichen, a well-worn aged walking cane, and Lan Zhan’s newly-improved Bag of Holding 2.0.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 160

Sunshine Inn is a typical middle-class boutique hotel - in a loose, 2000 B.C. era sense - which resembles a large mansion many rooms, a quaint fancy and well-maintained garden with man-made ponds and miniature pavilions, faux mini-pagodas, rustic-looking bamboo bridges and rivers converted from farm trenches, to cater to the tastes of travellers who would find such features nostalgic or that which feeds one's wanderlust. Beyond its manicured compounds, a tall brick wall surrounds the property to keep away uninvited guests and prying eyes, and a handful of hired guards patrol the grounds to safeguard the establishment's safety and possessions (Wei Ying already took note that the inn had been destroyed previously by Lan Zhan's wild sexcapades with the harem of infinite husbands, so when the place was built from scratch, other favourable features had been included - including hidden laser turrets that turned two assassin-wannabes who wanted to murder the mighty Sect Leader of the Gusu Lan in his sleep, into instant piles of smoking cinder).

At just seven at sunrise, there was no one taking a stroll in the gardens, so the couple took the opportunity to be the first to smell the Spring flowers, and admire the tranquil scenery of bubbling fountains and carp fishes swimming in the waterways. They realize that the inn was probably empty because they didn't see any other guests milling around the front desk the evening before. Lan Zhan theorized that people were staying away from public spaces for fear of catching the poisoning plague, and Wei Ying couldn't agree more (in actual fact, when the Mortal Realm was remodeled, there was consensus to wipe out all potentially threatening human presence from the inn except for the few butlers, cleaners, chefs and general workers to keep the business running at minimal levels; Wei Ying did ask whether he could experience what life could be, if he 'owned' an entire inn to himself - just for fun).

Just five minutes into their walk amongst bamboo groves and budding flower bushes, Lan Zhan winced. His wobbly legs suffered from cramps and he was having trouble moving in his usual graceful, steady-paced gait (because truthfully, he'd been lying on the bed, or humping against living bodies, for a year, a day and a night), and his aching back started to protest like an old man's (because really, Lan Zhan had spent a year, a day and a night moving his pelvis like a industrious drilling machine, so naturally, something wore off, got twisted but fortunately didn't snap). Wei Ying became concerned and held his wife's hand, and slowly, carefully led them to one of the pavilions set up in the garden for couples to relax and enjoy the greenery surrounding the inn. Lan Zhan kept kneading his calves, and pressed the small of his back, while grunting from the unnatural, uncharacteristic sores that men in their mid-thirties shouldn't experience (unless they were pregnant or weighed too much).

The wife made an off-the-cuff remark that he didn't remember Wei Ying walking so quickly, with such youthful zest, and *without* using the walking cane that now hung unused from the younger man's sash - more like a decorative staff than a walking aid, really. The husband, on the other hand, diverted the focus of the conversation to the wife himself, and said that the wife must be getting a little cranky, maybe jealous, because (s)he is pregnant, carries the weight of more than two, and that of course, a foot massage is in order, and maybe, if the wife consents, a ear-cleaning session too, just to sooth her/his moods. Wei Ying pulled out their favourite worn-out bamboo earpick and a bottle of massage oil from his sleeves, and Lan Zhan snorted indignantly. The older man looked away in feigned annoyance - mixed with thinly veiled shame and delight, simultaneously - and pointed at a bench in the pavilion. Get to work, slave, he wordlessly gestured.

Wei Ying quickly sat down and used his sleeves to brush away dried leaves and dust from the surface of the bench. He even fished out a towel taken from their room and placed it near him - that was to be the wife's throne, of course.

“Come, come, darling wife. Let me make you very, very comfortable after that tiring five-minute stroll, and to make our previous *baobei* happy,” he giggled, and reached out to pat Lan Zhan’s clothed fat belly. The older man swatted the naughty hand away, and when Wei Ying commented that he thought he felt the baby kick, Lan Zhan nnngh’d in distaste of being treated like a pampered rich man’s wife - and secretly loved it.

Wei Ying is truly the perfect loving husband when he puts his heart into it - and he does, when it comes to Lan Zhan. Everything was done for Lan Zhan’s sake - a 10/10, five-star ear-cleaning that left the overweight older man snoring on the husband’s lap, and when he did wake up with a rude grumble - he dreamt of floating apple pies, babies with cherubic wings and tasty snacks from children’s candy stores -, he groaned with unbridled pleasure at expert, oiled fingers massaging the soles of his feet - aaah, higher, higher, at the center of the arch, unnh yes -, kneading precisely the right spots, and then rhythmically tapped on the pained tendons and ligaments from ankle to calves - uunh, do that again, he murmured -, then back down to the balls of each tenderly loved feet - rub it across please, unnh, harder, ah... yes - in which Wei Ying then scooted lower to press with the right pressures on the heels - ooh, circles, circles, deeper, yes - and followed up to perform the best foot reflexology techniques known in any medical texts, that left Lan Zhan’s five-minute tormented feet to enjoy, with utter wiggling-toes delight, a speedy fifteen-minute journey heaven and back, that Lan Zhan believed all his pains had melted away, and his relaxed, puffy-paralyzed feet walked on clouds.

“If the wife wishes so, I can massage your back and hips too. You just need to turn around, and if you want, we can return to cleaning your other ear after that, and maybe have your nails trimmed too before you start using your hands to eat, my piggy wife. You did make a mess of demolishing your triple pre-breakfast in our room because you didn’t find the cutlery useful enough for the speed of devouring delicious gourmet food,” the

hubby said sweetly, accompanied by the tantalizing sounds of more massage oil being poured and warmed into two husbandly palms. Ten kisses rained on Lan Zhan's indulgent toes, one for each thoroughly massaged appendage.

Sleepy and spoiled (also pregnant and wife-y) Lan Zhan complied without hesitation, despite just being called a slothful eater. He simply curled his toes in a displeased manner and tried to flick Wei Ying's kissy lips away. Then, he rolled around like the fat tub he'd become, and happily enjoyed the rest of his first-class royal spa treatment from none other than the multi-talented husband.

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Eight 'o clock came and went, and rolled into nine. Wei Ying was far more upbeat than the day before, according to Lan Zhan's sleep-bleary observation, although the couple was clearly sidelined at the breakfast table in terms of conversation and focus; nobody remarked about Lan Zhan's ghastly transformation from a tall, young, handsome Gusu Lan champion to a fat, overweight man facing his mid-life crisis looking like he'd lived through his seven sins and carried a babe in his belly; everyone gathered at the dining hall of the inn on time, and immediately went about the business of ordering meals, polishing them off from the table, and discussed their plans for the day - which, surprisingly, no longer included the two. The juniors and Wen Ning briefly greeted the couple and didn't say anything else to them, other than complaining among themselves about how they woke up feeling stiff, and covered with dust and grit - then Zewu Jun and Qi Ren *shifu* exclaimed that they experienced the same - and the entire breakfast banter headed into that direction.

The two sat at a corner of the table and remained quite invisible throughout the meal; even when Wei Ying asked a waiter to bring some extra napkins, or when Lan Zhan asked someone to pass the salt, they were rather ignored. It didn't matter, though, since there was enough food, and waiters kept coming back with seconds and thirds, since they were the only dining customers around inside the inn.

Si Zhui mapped out their route for the day - a marathon of negotiating with shrewd *laoban*s and cunning suppliers, who had seen their sales nosedive since merchants and visitors started fleeing the town upon hearing rumours of fierce corpses rising from the graves; of tailing the finest police investigators in their quest to unravel the mystery of the poisoning plague that had, as of that morning, taken down a larger number of victims, if the urgent Fairy Messenger to Zewu Jun an hour earlier was to be believed; and a few more places they'd like to visit, based on the map that Wei Ying had scrawled for them earlier, but they have forgotten who gave it to them in the first place.

Jing Yi rehearsed their sales tactics and haggling skills, and the lively boys role-played splendidly, with advertising jingles and impressive closing lines included; the two eldest men applauded the boys' performance and congratulated them for making an impactful impression, then wished them success for that day's transactions. Wen Ning interjected to inform them that he'd checked their inventory at dawn - a full cart of minerals that Zewu Jun safely brought with him the evening before, safely tied and secured at the inn's so-called parking bay, which was really a sturdy outer shed made of brick and mortar. He added that based on the intel gathered from the day before, he reckoned they could barter for up to three, if not five carts of grains in exchange, based on the current situation - people were panicking and stocking up on things, including weapons for self-defense against the outbreak and a possibly zombie apocalypse - so metals could be used for crafting amulets, charms, swords, arrows, and all sorts of useful tools.

“I’ll carry the cart, since I’m strong and I don’t really feel fatigue as a fierce corpse myself,” Wen Ning smiled proudly at himself, but he was hushed by the trio of boys at the last bit because surely, nobody in the inn would like to know that danger lurked amongst them in the form of the dreaded fierce corpse, friendly or not. Lan Zhan turned to Wei Ying in askance, though he received a lukewarm chuckling response in return. “Those four horses, Lil’ Jia, Yi, Bing and Ding seemed to have winked out of existence, haven’t they? Or are they merely hiding somewhere... such as in your pretty red bag?” he said and started to hum a folk tune, while watching the energetic discussions taking place right in front of them. Wei Ying seemed to be amused by the situation - of being out of the picture, and of things, even persons or living beings, going missing.

Lan Zhan quickly wiped his fingers with the napkins that Wei Ying had to pick up by himself - because the waiters didn’t seem to notice them at all - because he had gorged himself with another triple serving of three-Michelin-stars grilled meats, towering baskets of *dim sum*, whole chicken and duck roasts, deep-fried fatty pork belly, a pot of rice and stir-fries, piles of breads and pancakes, a mountain of salads and fruits (out of guilt, he knew that eating too much protein and carbs would accelerate his obesity), and a plate of sweet, diabetes-inducing pastries and candied snacks (Lan Zhan’s self-guided health advisories no longer worked, apparently) - amazingly, Wei Ying only ate modestly, that is, a bowl of chicken noodle soup and a selection of breakfast side dishes that consisted of spicy-sweet fish, tofu and vegetable fritters, and a cup of warm soymilk. Nevertheless, Lan Zhan fished out the Bag of Holding 2.0, and opened it - and was ambushed by a kiss on the cheeks by Wei Ying, and of two adorable rabbits - one greasy black and one pure fluffy white - leaping out to greet their new parent / owner / master.

“Surprise, my pregnant *lao po* ! Our fur-kids are here!” Wei Ying shouted with glee, and embraced the shocked, horrified, paled older man because suddenly it felt too real, too claustrophobic, too attention-grabbing, too close for comfort; his breathing hitched, his heart raced, his senses pricked

up - the real presence of everyone around them at the same big round table - especially the Sect Leader and the fearsomely strict uncle - could be staring at him, and he'd have to bury his head into the ground forever and shrivel into an earthworm of dishonour, disgrace and disgust.

Still, the whole dining hall continued as though nothing had happened. The world continued to spin, everyone remained in their seats and dined and chattered; Jin Ling stammered nervously about what he'd like to do, since he was the youngest and most inexperienced and didn't have much to contribute other than wild ideas; Qi Ren *shifu* talked *not* in-between chews about how he planned to locate Gusu Lan's sister sect for clues about a cure for the flesh-eating poisoning plague; Xi Chen *da ge* remained calm and content with a bland selection of food from different cuisines from eastern Middle Kingdom and a steaming cup of *pu'er* tea, and mostly nodded, agreed and encouraged the conversation, although he added that he had some official businesses as the Sect Leader and needed to meet with the town mayor at the council office at ten - more troubling signs, more breaking news, and in all likelihood, more adventures await for the group that excluded Lan Zhan and Wei Ying, because their names were never mentioned again after the first bite at breakfast.

Lan Zhan exhaled loudly and finally understood. He reached for the cart at the side, and lifted another three baskets of shrimp steamed dumplings, pan-fried meat dumplings, and spring rolls, and placed them in front of him. Sunshine Inn's chefs are known to be one of the best in town, and Lan Zhan's insatiable palate agreed wholeheartedly. Wei Ying squealed with delight at the wife's non-stop chewing, and placed another kiss on the man's cheek; almost immediately, he licked his lips because there was fragrant pork lard and all sorts of flavourful food bits there, and from a distance, it looked as though Wei Ying found Lan Zhan to be particularly appetizing.

Eventually, the table was cleaned, the group left their separate ways except the loving couple, who cuddled and exchanged romantic kisses in broad daylight amidst heavy eating (and petting), who enjoyed a plate of stir-fry noodles together *ala* Disney's Lady And The Tramp's spaghetti scene (because greedy gluttonous wife-y said he still had space for one more in the belly), who enjoyed playing with a furry white rabbit that kept burrowing into Lan Zhan's robes and kept the chubby man warm (it wanted to breastfeed, and squealed in delight when it found a plump fatty breast and its meaty, chewy nipple), and a black rabbit that stomped on Wei Ying's belly and left oily paw prints every time Wei Ying pinched its tail out of mischief. The wife burped rather impolitely after downing enough food to feed five grown-ups, the husband hiccuped because he kept laughing until the herbal tea he tried to drink went into his lungs instead.

When the waiters left with the dirty tablecloth, cutlery, bowls and plates, the dining hall fell silent; there were no other guests around.

A-Jia, A-Yi, A-Bing and A-Ding emerged from the shadows beyond the darkened, deserted doorway to the hall, dressed in their traditional Gusu Lan white robes. They walked hurriedly to greet their former and new masters with a respectful bow. Amazingly, Lil' Apple brayed and made his grand entrance too - but of course, nobody noticed - not even the petite lady at the front desk of Sunshine Inn -, when the Inabilities of the Demons of the Negative Planes were activated and utilized for the right purpose to benefit the royal couple, according to the will and decree of the Most Amazing, Most Venerable, Most Godly, The Lord and King of All And Everything, Wei Wuxian (at this point, Lan Zhan silently rolled his eyes at the flamboyant and unnecessary use of rank and status). Next, Calico the Molested Cat made his way across the dining hall, followed by a parade of colourful and varied animals trailing behind him, each wearing their finest furs, scales and feathers. Then finally, to Lan Zhan's delight and very real worry, real humans appeared to fill the now-crowded hall - the four legendary Wei siblings strutted in with great pride and fanfare (even with added disembodied cheers and fireworks were set off in the background),

the much adored and much-cherished A-Xian and A-Ji scurried past the animals (they couldn't resist to pat and hug some of the smaller, cuter creatures), closely followed by their guardians, the incredibly divine Uncle Lan and his much-maligned wife, the master criminal Uncle Wei. Behind them were other forgettable, detested or minor characters that Lan Zhan wished to erase from his memories, or declutter from his mind - the people from Yiling City and Huang Village, Mian Mian and her family, the many gods and people that used to reside in the realms of the past timelines, the eight Heavenly Tian sisters and the great Tian *dalaoye* and his wife, representatives of species and kins, and so many more - until the dining hall was filled but more individuals, both humans and non-humans, kept streaming in and even filled the garden around Sunshine Inn - through doors, trapdoors, floor mats and other magical means, intra-realm portals, beamed down from motherships, and from whence everyone originated from, Dream or not.

Lan Zhan couldn't help but to stand up, with tears in his eyes - partially because his knees screamed from the hefty body weight -, and bowed back in reciprocated respect to the men, women and children, individuals of other kinds and species, to apologize for everything that had gone wrong or were unfulfilled during their brief, episodic lives in their narration of the Journey of Life, and to thank them for being who they are, and how they'd coloured the lives of Wei Wuxian and Lan Wang Ji from the past, present, and the future.

He raised a cup of *pu'er* tea for the grandest toast ever, one with a note of reconciliation and goodwill throughout his Kingdom, his company, his people. Wei Ying twirled his fingers and everyone in the hall brought out their summoned magical cups to fore. All hailed the great king and queen and wished the royal couple eternal blessed happiness and prosperity.

万岁, 万岁, 万万岁 !

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The man named Lan Wang Ji, now reinstated as the rightful godly ruler of all things living and not, had learnt another lesson after a series of trials and tribulations in his ongoing Journey in Life; the prolific Book of Judgement by his side was testament to the man's great achievements and sufferings, joys and misery.

When Life threw lemons at them, Lan Zhan was the first to make a perfect cup of lemonade for himself and his loved one (and only); Wei Ying, on the other hand, didn't mind taking truckloads of those lemons and make a swimming pool of juice for everyone to dive in and have a party. The man, now in his mid-thirties, had been a victim of his innate need for Perfection; in the earlier timeline, he perfected himself to become the Almighty, albeit a rather dissatisfied one; in the next timeline, he tried to make the perfect lifestyle by controlling all variables surrounding his soulmate, including wiping everything else away to start anew with a clean slate, then keeping the soulmate disabled and shackled; understandably, that made Wei Ying unhappy and the entire plan backfired unto the perfectionist man, resulting in the loss of his godhood, temporarily.

With such an opportune audience, Lan Zhan, with Wei Ying by his side and their two rabbits snuggling in their arms, conducted an impromptu meeting of the highest level and of the widest reaches known to his empire. He gave a heartfelt speech about his inner thoughts, feelings, guilt and hopes - the act of accepting his mistakes and vulnerabilities, that he really wanted just the simple things in Life and he still did, that he asked for everyone's forgiveness for the past wrongdoings and wished for peace, harmony and unity in the future, to make sure that they stay on the right, enlightened path, always. Everyone agreed that they would live their lives freely and

without fear of being prejudiced, of being turned into a cloud of dreams and imprisoned into someone's slumber, just because of one or a few individuals' selfishness. With that, Lan Zhan received a standing ovation from his subjects, and Wei Ying was all smiles because he was very proud of what the wife had achieved thus far in their lives.

At eleven o' clock, the meeting adjourned and everyone left, whether physically, magically, by teleportation, faster-than-light flying ships, via space-time travel or otherwise. That is usually the time Wei Ying wakes up, and the couple starts their day. Lan Zhan held Bichen with one hand, and patted his Bag of Holding 2.0 hanging off his sash, where their two precious rabbits had burrowed and made a nest for themselves. Wei Ying decided that he had enough of the burdensome and unwieldy walking cane, and with a snap of his fingers, it shrunk down to reveal its true form - the legendary golden flute made from the Pillar of the World -, and tucked it into his belt. He thought Suibian crowded his waist-space, and although he appreciated that his cloned siblings returned the enchanted sword to him the night before - one year ago -, he simply tapped its hilt and it disappeared from sight.

Wei Ying looked out from the dining hall to the gardens outside, and he heaved a sigh of relief. From the sleeves, he produced the magic-imbued mask and Lan Zhan's forehead ribbon, then cocked his head to the side, and asked, "Lan Zhan, what do you think? Do you want to start over, or shall we continue?".

Lan Zhan thought hard, and waited for his *own* answer, with bated breath.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 161

(Epilogue of the arc)

“Ai-yooo~~~nnnn~~~gggh!” Wei Ying mumbled lazily while stretching his arms, and took a deep breath of pleasantly warm Spring air. The couple walked through the deserted streets of Caiyi Town in a last ditch bid to stock up before continuing their journey. Businesses were shuttering down, panic buying ensued in several remaining grocery stores and market stalls, people were grabbing whatever they could before locking themselves in their boarded-up homes or fleeing their beloved town. Schools and offices had been sealed, families were seen either hurrying onto horse carts, and scurrying into buildings with bags of food, buckets of water, firewood, textiles, even weapons and farming tools - whatever that would protect them from the predicted onslaught of the fierce corpses.

“Look at you now, darling, you’re able to focus on taking care of the two of us, without being affected by your virtuous, megalomaniac and micro-managing tendencies towards perfection. See? You don’t have to put everything under your wing; everybody’s lives go on perfectly fine with or without you; you don’t have to make those two-minute trips to your castle in the sky or to that sex-infested underground kingdom beneath the floor mat all the time!” the younger man mocked his spouse with little bubbly laughs, while seated atop an uncharacteristically docile Lil’ Apple. Lan Zhan appeared from behind a closed prehistoric supermarket, through a broken door, with burgled goodies in his hands, including outdoor camping gear, food rations and preserved edibles, nuts and fruits, and a host of miscellany. The four demons of the Negative Planes followed suit, each with armfuls of stolen provisions.

Wei Ying had reasoned with Lan Zhan, that what took the older man six months to create - a stifling, crippling, broken narrative of sorts, akin to a storybook with texts censored, pages torn off, or scrawled with an editor's notes until the original texts and ideas were rendered unreadable -, was easily unraveled, fixed and restored with free-flowing, abundance of free-form, organic Wei Ying-ness, that is, to let nature take its course in whatever good or bad things that had been created by the hands of the couple. It took a year, a day and a night, so Wei Ying actually sat on the throne twice as long as Lan Zhan, at least in this timeline, and he had altered many realities, woven objects in and out of existence, set the chronological chain of events straight with many curve balls thrown in, and made sure Fate had a dice to roll to make destinies a game of chance with many wide open fields, unlimited road junctions and borderless pathways to a perceived happy or sad ending, rather than a maze with many obstacles and just one twisty, convoluted way to a conclusion that would satisfy neither of the two men.

With that in mind, Wei Ying decreed that he was still the reigning greatest grandmaster of the Dark Arts and magics, and the superior one between the two, that Lan Zhan was the most perfect soulmate (and bed partner) and should stay by the younger man's side as a sidekick - although Lan Zhan was free to do whatever he wished, including the times if he wished to wield his godly powers as the Grand Patriarch of their vast expanded family, the Emperor of the Kingdom of Lan, or the Founder and President of the Wangxian company, the new Jade Emperor of the Heavens, amongst many other significant roles and rank held by that middle aged man. And, the couple was free to bring along any companions deemed fit to aid their adventures and add some spice to their everyday, then kick them out when they no longer have any use - which was fine, because every character could survive and thrive independently, with or without either of the men.

The lengthy exposition was cut short, when Lan Zhan ignored whatever degrading or offending remarks that spewed out of the spouse's lips, proceeded to pile the supplies into a cart tied to Big Apple, who made a

brief comeback since Wei Ying insisted that the older man should have his own fancy ride too. “Wei Ying, there’s enough here for up to a week, but we’ll still need to find watering holes during the trip,” he called out, seriously and with no nonsense, and placed another sack of rice into the cart. The demons, disguised as plain Gusu Lan men, quickly filled up bags and satchels that hung from the saddles of both donkeys.

The younger man teased his partner about how stealing cuts across at least fifty of the over-4000 family rules; Lan Zhan grunted something unintelligible in-between heavy panting - because he was really not as physically fit as before in his overweight state with a ring of blubber around his midriff -, and added something about how virtues need to be adjusted based on societal acceptance, and that if people were looting the markets, then it should be okay for him to do the same. Wei Ying laughed and commended the partner for seeing things in a new, more realistic light, and squinted towards the far distance - several buildings were on fire and sent smoke columns into the air, police and security forces were non-existent, and the less-virtuous ones of Caiyi’s population rampaged through the abandoned streets and shops, breaking locks, doors and windows, to raid and take whatever that was left unguarded by their former owners.

Little Ni-er peeked out from between the folds of Lan Zhan’s robes, out of curiosity of the jarring pervading silence and her parent’s vigorous heaving movements; she was in the form of a caterpillar of pristine white fur, with the size of a small cat. She mewled, having sniffed out something tasty in the air, and she was a little hungry because she missed breakfast since her *gege* forgot to make one. The only facial feature on her furred tapered face was a mouth that was all gums and no teeth - not even eyes or a nose -, and Lan Zhan found her gestures so surreally endearing that he had to slip a hand back into the cart of stolen goods, pick out the juiciest off-season peach imported from lands far, far away, and fed it to her in a few giant bites into the ravenous gummy mouth.

Seeing that the teasing didn't work on the hapless partner, Wei Ying went on to pick his nose nonchalantly - the warmer, increasingly dust and pollen-laden Springtime breeze tend to clog up his nostrils -, and admired the view from his royal pedestal on an ass (literally). The juniors and Wen Ning fought hard against powerful fierce corpses raised from some dead army - they bore metal-plated armours, wielded weapons held by infantry and generals, and a few even threw magical fireballs and lightning bolts. Little stickmen silhouettes flew from one rooftop to another, trading blows, exorcism and elemental magics and pure brawn firepower alike. In another part of town, Master Lan Qi Ren led a group of disciples from a newfound sister branch of the Gusu Lan, pursuing men in dark cloaks - assassins from unknown external sects responsible for the poisoning plague, perhaps -, from roofs down to chimneys, blasting through windows and tearing up wooden walls; and the Sect Leader Zewu Jun was nowhere to be seen, at least from Wei Ying's vantage point.

He rolled the slimy booger in his fingers and wiped on the prickly mane of Lil' Apple. The donkey brayed once and shook its neck, upset and disgusted as any respectable intelligent four-legged creature would be. Wei Ying sighed, used his index finger to scoop up the said booger and flicked it down towards his pants, where it landed squarely atop the head of a greasy-looking piece of chopped-off cold, black glistening tentacle, the size of a small dog. Ernie wiggled in amusement at getting splattered with the booger of its parent, then easily moulded his surface to many rows of serrated teeth and horrid-looking open slimy mouths, and the said booger was effortlessly consumed, for the sake of the environment and their hygiene. Then, he retreated into the flute and morphed into a shiny black sheen of paint over the instrument, thus masking it to look just like good ol' Chenqing, and remained dormant once again (plus, if Wei Ying blew on the flute, Ernie would get indirect kisses, which fuels his secret Oedipus complex anyhow) - the same as his *meimei* once she had her fill of a whole fruit, she crawled back into Lan Zhan's sleeve, and everything looked as if the two hellish creatures had never peeped out.

Elsewhere, the Great Gathering that had dispersed began to make their way back to whence they came from, such as the inhabitants of Yiling City and Huang village setting off on their arduous journey to the West, whilst those with more convenient and immediate means of transportation - individuals from other realms or those with supernatural powers -, quickly returned to their designated dwellings, bases and homeworlds to resume their roles, and to write their own stories in their ever-progressing journey of life. Ernie made sure to take a snapshot and download the data of the once-in-a-lifetime Perfect collection of extraordinary and representative figures, because he wanted to analyze the event and absorb their powers; as usual, his *meimei* who secretly shared an incomprehensibly intangible bond with her brother, duplicated that dataset in a single heartbeat, and uploaded it to their family drive for everyone to use.

In addition, tucked in a quiet corner in town, one teahouse was being ravaged by a tripartite war of words - four all-powerful Wei cloned siblings versus the heavenly Tian family versus the destructive duo Uncle Lan and Uncle Wei - all vied for the best slices of the pie in ruling the known multiverse, because they've all been there, done that, tasted what it was like to be gods, and were addicted, even obsessed, to want more. Wei Ying decided not to interfere and allowed them to bicker and wage wars if necessary, as he believed that nature should dictate the outcome; Lan Zhan, secretly fearing the collapse of his near-Perfection state of being, prepared his trump cards in case chaos did break out, so that he could storm in, break out the fights and re-establish order - with Wei Ying's permission, of course. Fortunately, that teahouse had been abandoned after the *laoban* couldn't tolerate the unbridled use of lethal Dark, corruptive wisps, Poisonous sexual magic laced with divinity and religion, and the raw might of unimaginable powers that only men can Dream of, so no matter the conclusion, the teahouse would be left in smoking, disintegrating ruins anyway with no further loss of lives.

"Everything is set," Lan Zhan declared, and the four demons bowed with folded hands at the front to signal that their duties were completed - they

glowed brightly into hues of light blues, then transformed into amorphous-looking pure twisted, negative *qi* energy with dark, black cores, and fused into the surroundings; probably another Inability was used to turn them into undetectable beings. The man climbed up Big Apple and made final preparatory checks on the ropes that tied the donkey to the filled cart. “Where to?” he asked and turned expectantly to the spouse.

Wei Ying, who once prided himself to be able to find his way in this world and make it big, was no longer sure of where to head to next. He scanned the horizon to the north, and thought that would be where they should go; he wasn’t ready to travel west to meet his foster brother, and there was nothing of interest to the eastern coasts or the southern mountains; he would also love to stay and see how the juniors and Wen Ning grow, celebrate the coming Spring Festival with them - though, he knew that everyone charted their own destinies which, in this instance, didn’t include the couple.

“There,” Wei Ying replied and rightly so, pointed to the direction that they hadn’t yet explored together. The sun was at its highest point in the sky, the skies were blue and dotted with pretty white fluffy clouds, the air was nice and not too chilly, filled with the fragrant scents of Springtime grass and budding flowers, and although there were fire, smoke, dusty battles and murderous screams raging everywhere in town, he truly believed that it was going to be a wonderful day to start a new journey, a new chapter in his life.

Lan Zhan nodded, gathered the reins and gave it a tug. Wei Ying heartily slapped Lil’ Apple’s fleshy hindquarters, and off they went, towards the exit gates of Caiyi Town and to the north.

“Do you regret... not being able to bring Lan Wu Ji, the Masked Hero, to life?”

Wei Ying chuckled, and steered Lil' Apple carefully through fallen peasants who tried, but failed, to escape the wave of undead that rose from the graves. The donkey was smart, though, and didn't want to dirty its hooves from stepping on the liquefying remains of ordinary humans that it detested so much; whatever that attacked the men struck fast and sharp, and within a day or two, the mutilated bodies rose up as fierce corpses, based on observations from witnesses.

“Who knows,” he said with a light shrug, “If I ever feel the itch to wear the Husband's pants and want the wife-y to scratch my back, I might adopt the identity again.” He laughed again and recalled the wonderful moments when he, although disabled and weakened, had the time of his life topping the great Hanguang Jun in bed and outside of the Jingshi, and even had the marriage certificates to show off.

Lan Zhan hmp'h'd in mild annoyance, because his masculinity and status as the head of the household were already threatened once too many times. Unconsciously, he touched his precious forehead ribbon that had since been returned to his possession, because Wei Ying remarked that he'd look like a funeral attendee, and his cheerful disposition was absolutely unsuitable for that ugly strip of boring white cloud-patterned cloth.

“Besides, what could Lan Wu Ji do without stirring up suspicions from the locals that this man could be related to the greatest Dark Arts master the world has ever known, that is, the Yiling Patriarch?” Wei Ying snickered,

“We didn’t expect Yin Metal-powered fierce corpses to find their way here, which is roughly in line with what happened in the previous timeline. Whatever that is causing this wave of deaths,” he swept his arms to indicate the sea of dead people that littered the roads that linked to nearby cemeteries - fresh kills of fierce corpses, and the lethal wounds on the victims seemed to bubble, froth, grow black veins and melt the flesh and bones into a heap of bloody rancid mess, “... seems to be a constant in every timeline; there is an evil entity behind all of this that transcends space, time and fates, and we may be mere string-puppets in its theatrical show for an audience waiting to see who would finally surpass the climactic scene, so that the story of our lives can finally move beyond the terribly legacy of Yin Metal, the emergence of the defiant fierce corpses, and the scourge of recurring deaths to Mankind.”

Wei Ying became serious in his narration, and Lan Zhan had to pause to digest the amazing insights his partner had gained over the past months, revealed in a span of a couple of minutes. The cart pulled by Big Apple creaked and swerved to the sides, each time its wheels undignifiedly trampled over the human remains strewn on the cobbled path.

The younger man barked out a tension-releasing, frustrated “Ahhhhh!” as if to yell at the injustice and suffering happening around him. Sure, Lan Wu Ji could make its debut and, say, wipe out the disease of the walking dead, maybe even have a hand in finding an antidote to the corpses’ poison, and gain respect and reputation from becoming a champion of the Gusu Lans - but then, what? Would he remain as the Masked Hero that will be called upon to rescue every burning town in the lands, or will - as Wei Ying suspected due to his skepticism and real-life experience in how such things are handled - will the world of cultivation scrutinize the meteoric rise of the hero saviour, then start to question his abilities out of jealousy, and even sabotage his fame out of greed, by accusing the Masked Hero of everything distasteful and dishonorable until that same Hero will be forced to cross certain lines and walk the dark path? Wei Ying had been there, done that, and he didn’t want to live through that ever again.

Lan Zhan looked at his spouse and tried to decipher the motivations driving the young man, based on the revelations.

“My initial hunch stays, Lan Zhan,” Wei Ying stared straight ahead - beyond the gates and to sunny northward direction, “Something is definitely brewing up there, maybe in or around the capital city of Chang’an. We tried to solve the mystery in the West from Yiling, even tried to remain low in Gusu - both strategies didn’t work. It’s time to get to the root of things, don’t you think so?” he turned around and almost magically grinned his million-dollar smile that brimmed with such obnoxious confidence, that Lan Zhan felt attracted to the younger man’s cause immediately, married or not.

“Mn,” the older man said and wondered again how he fell in love with Wei Ying - the man that exudes such positivity, such resilience, and such brilliance in their eternal search for answers to the biggest mysteries that tormented the mundane, the weak and the general populace, all in the name of helping those in need, and saving as many as they can, without the need for fame and riches, and certainly, without really needing masked heroes.

Not long after the juniors and Wen Ning found help from Caiyi’s decimated, but still-functioning police and security forces, they managed to hold back a wave of fierce corpses at bay; Qi Ren *shifu* with the sister sect caught a few spies and investigated the insidious tools used to turn living people into seeded dead bodies that were precursors to the birth of fierce corpses - and started to work on antidotes that could potentially reverse the process of death and decay, with messengers sent back to the Cloud Recesses to call for reinforcements. Sect Leader Zewu Jun was said to have left after meeting the town mayor and in the heat of battles, because the Grand Cultivation Council called for an emergency meeting that could

involve its very survival - the Imperial forces have made their first move against the world of cultivation.

By then, Lan Zhan and Wei Ying had left Caiyi's gates, and travelled through several smaller towns in the district of Cai, located in the heart of Gusu.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 162

Travelling through remote, rustic and sparsely populated seaside villages along the Grand Eastern Coast, Wei Ying gained a better appreciation of the lives of fisherfolk and those that depend on the seas for a living. Big and Lil' Apple trotted together, side by side, for most of the time since the trail was wide enough and there was hardly any incoming traffic from the opposite direction; the couple chose to steer their steeds and cart through windy lowland unpaved roads along the coastal line, enjoying brisk drive-throughs on white sandy beaches, picturesque seaside cliffs, and meandering on the edges of saltwater marshes rich in native plants and shellfish.

"Ah, your Big Apple is seducing my Lil' Apple again, Lan Zhan!" Wei Ying cried out in mock upset, as they watched the larger donkey reach over to the side and nibble on the flustered smaller one's flicking ears and prickly mane.

"Do you prefer to ride ahead? I can shift my seat and watch our backs from atop the cart," Lan Zhan replied with logic and reason. He struggled to redirect Big Apple's amorous advances by pulling away the reins and clicking his tongue, and kept an eye on their surroundings. However, the passionate ash-coloured equine, as large and unnaturally muscular as a huge workhorse - hence its name - continued to harass its partner at work, by nuzzling a very, very reluctant Lil' Apple's cheeks and by licking its snout - ass-kissing, literally. Lil' Apple brayed unhappily at the unwanted sexual advances, but fortunately, did not walk off-track and send its master careening into thorny seaside shrubs lining the path.

Wei Ying was unfazed and even laughed at the spouse's suggestion. "What? Your big stallion behind my small ass?" he cackled at the intentional pun,

"The last time we did that, your ride kept smelling Lil' Apple's rump like a wild animal trying to find a mate in heat, and the constant butt nudges totally ruined our slow and steady travelling pace. You don't want my ass to fart out those Gases of Amnesia out of spite right at your face again, don't you?" he asked, referring to Lil' Apple's special ability, not his.

Lan Zhan clamped his mouth upon hearing the spouse's salient counter-arguments. Admittedly, it was one of the most nauseating experiences he had to endure, and his lungs would protest to cause a massive shut down if he had to take another whiff of that toxic yellow-green cloud that rivalled even a city's raw sewage. With that, he allowed the blatantly homosexual Big Apple to happily nibble, kiss and molest the smaller donkey to its heart's content, and he focused on keeping the heavy cart moving in straight lines.

The couple made a few stops to admire beautiful Springtime scenery along the beachside, spruced up by cherry blossom topped cliffs and more refreshing, lively shades of greens and little yellows sprouting from mostly still-barren grounds. The waters were too cold for skinny-dipping, but Lan Zhan maintained his vigilance while scouting ahead with his superhuman vision for any signs of steaming hot springs - the last time they enjoyed a nice hit soak in the nude, Lan Zhan couldn't quite grasp the concept of being a mere divine-human hybrid but gifted with the full extent of a god's lust, and suffered tremendously from sex overdrives; fortunately, Wei Ying reminded Lan Zhan that they brought along their favourite floor mat, so the younger man didn't need to suffer from post-copulation semen-induced diarrhea and traumatic haemorrhoids - two minutes of visiting the sleazy underground dungeons filled with breedworthy Wei Yings, and Lan Zhan was relieved of all unbearable heat raging inside his body, loin aches and horniness, for the time being - consequently, the population of *Homo sapiens wangxianesis* rose by a significant notch, again.

Some things remain unchanged, and that brought a sense of comfort to Lan Zhan.

They mapped out their journey with care, constantly keeping to remote, idyllic towns, careful to avoid encounters both friend and foe - thus, putting themselves out of reach of the radars of those responsible for causing the rise of fierce corpse attacks, and those in search of heroes to take sides and defeat pre-determined enemies; in Wei Ying's wise words - they hoped to avoid becoming pawns to greater political forces working behind the scenes that were causing unrest throughout country. Wei Ying reasoned that the Gusu Lan sect should be able to hold their ground with the renewed Cloud Recesses - free of *yaoguai* and all manners of ill and evil - and defend their vassal states, such as the many farming and trading towns that dot the Cai district; so the couple need not interfere further in the matters that could cross, and cause ire to neighbouring, jealous or scheming sects which were generally rife within the world of cultivation.

“Waahh... this noodle soup is tasty! The *laoban* made this spicy sweet broth from stewing a variety of local fishes, shrimp, cockles and mussels, then added six kinds of spices including my favourite, chilli paste, before putting in slices of larger sea bass, chopped seasonal vegetables and freshly harvested bean sprouts, and rice noodles made from rice flour from the paddy fields and hard-boiled egg from the chicken coop just next door!” Wei Ying exclaimed and verbalized the delights of his palate upon consuming a spoonful of the wholesome, flavourful savoury meal in a little roadside hut located in one of the fishing villages they had planned to stop by. The smell of sea salt in the air was strong, the breezy winds were invigorating for outdoor dining, the sight of local fishermen in their small wooden boats, hauled up their daily catch in nets and buckets, gently buoyed by the tides of an open, calm sea - further added a unique spin to the local delicacies that the couple ordered at the humble seafront cafe.

“Dear customer, here’s another two bowls of rice and four plates... eh? Where is your companion, *gongzi* ?” the unassuming shopkeeper-cum-chef emerged from a fabric divider that hung from the open doorway to the century-old confined kitchen; the crockery and cutlery were well-used, some bearing chips and cracks that lent an even more ageless, homemade, bucolic air around the dim, cozy eatery. The old man placed the tray on the table - there were only two in the tiny establishment, and the other table was vacant -, then arranged the newly ordered food of more rice, seafood and side dishes on the unpainted, run down surface covered with a threadbare tablecloth that had seen better days. He wiped his oily hands with a smudged tea towel draped over his neck, and looked around the building no larger than a shed.

“Oh,” Wei Ying said as he picked up a chicken feet from a steaming pile of tasty chicken and pork innards, tails and ears braised in spices and mushrooms - stuff that city folks were less like to eat, therefore harder to find, in which Wei Ying delighted to have found this appetizing treasure served in the countryside and ordered every dish from the menu -, “Err, he went outside to take a leak for a couple of minutes. He’s had quite a few bowls and a whole pot of herbal tea, you know,” and licked his lips at the sight of the banquet laid out before him, that covered nearly every inch of the tabletop.

(In actual fact, Wei Ying enjoyed spending time dining with his oblivious, dense spouse and play pranks on that helpless, powerless man; while the shopkeeper was busy in the kitchen, Wei Ying sneaked a hand deftly into Lan Zhan’s pants and played with his balls like how one played with a rooster’s wattles. Lan Zhan couldn’t cry for help or yell at the naughty man to stop the lewd, unbecoming act, lest he drew unwanted attention to themselves, so he sat still and squeezed his thighs in the futile hopes wordlessly telling the younger man off - and of course, Wei Ying didn’t hear any protests, so he proceeded to stroke the man’s hardening arousal, playing their familiar game of touch-touch, of fingers running up and down the veins that lined the turgid length, of fingertips circling the throbbing

reddened tip, swelling and oozing crystal-clear sticky liquids, while Lan Zhan tried his best to politely chew on a piece of fried tofu and swallow spoonfuls of seaweed soup - in the end, it was too much, and Lan Zhan didn't want to make a scene of soiling his pants and the seat, so he quickly excused himself and took the rolled-up floor mat, then rushed out of the rickety roadside cafe.)

“By the way, *laoban* , can I order this turtle soup, raw oysters (for the libido, of course), clams, abalone and nine types of shellfish with soy sauce dips, the fried squid rings with plum sauce, these two large fishes - one steamed and the other sweet-sour, one pork knuckle, a chicken roast, grilled mutton ribs, the four types of fresh seafood dumplings shown here, and another pot of *pu'er* tea please?” Wei Ying said and pointed at the menu in his hands. The *laoban* was obviously very pleased though a little concerned too; he kept rubbing his greasy hands together expectantly.

“It's for my companion. You saw how big he is, he eats a lot. Don't worry, we'll pay for everything we ordered,” Wei Ying grinned his million-dollar smile and jiggled his money pouch. “Yes, yes! Coming right up!” the old man called back and hurried to the kitchen. Lan Zhan would return in two minutes' time, flushed from making love with twenty four thousand nubile teenage Wei Yings, fathering another generation of tens of thousands of new babes, absolutely calmed down from having his loins emptied too rapidly and in too many times in the span of twenty-four years in the space-time bubble beneath the floor mat, and with a ginormous appetite to replenish his depleted reserves - right on time.

Life in the remote coastal areas reminded Wei Ying about the earlier times he had in the Burial Mounds, *sans* the hard work and lack of access to modern comforts and conveniences. The few people they met were generally friendly although a bit shy and wary of outsiders - though they easily opened up once Wei Ying flashed his million-dollar smile and

utilized his A.S.S. skills to barter basic supplies with whatever they managed to forage during the roadtrip, or whatever surplus stocks they'd carried with them from the city, or sometimes, exchange some valuable services such as fixing a fishing net or a boat (which is Wei Ying's forte from his early childhood in lakeside Yunmeng) or teaching some children reading and writing (which is an extension of Lan Zhan's part-time job) for enough silver pieces for meal and board. There were more boats moored to wooden piers than persons who dared to greet and talk to them; the couple received sparing news from the urban inlands, and did not know if the situation in Gusu worsened or spread to neighbouring provinces. They simply spent their peaceful days travelling northward, enjoying the delights of local sightseeing and cuisines, looking out for homestays and camping outdoors when there was none; they bought a large tent and several pieces of tarp that made excellent, yet simple living arrangements for two, and their rides always had enough to eat during daytime and shelter for the night.

Wouldn't it be great, Wei Ying had remarked, if the two of them adopted such a carefree lifestyle, with nary a care about the matters of the world. Lan Zhan contemplated the idea for quite a bit, during this so-called 'honeymoon' of sorts after their (forced) marriage - the thought of waking up with Wei Ying in his arms to watch the sunrise with each other, of spending the days on the road with Wei Ying (and with many more fertile, lovely and sexy clones beneath the floor mat), and then settling down for the night with that same man, his soulmate, cuddling beneath blankets and watching the tapestry of the night sky cosmos until both fall asleep with dreams of being together, entwined, making love, or simply holding hands, as one loving couple; Lan Zhan had learnt long ago that he would never be bored of Wei Ying's companionship, during laughter and shedding tears, for being teased, pranked, sexually harassed or otherwise. He was about to answer Yes, Yes and Yes'es to all of Wei Ying's questions, but the younger man was already busy setting up a tent on the beach, with the dying rays of sunset scorching the infinite horizons with orange, amber and reds upon the dark oceanic expanse that stretched forever in view, and Wei Ying interrupted Lan Zhan's thought by handing the latter a prehistoric bug spray

made of an incense burner tied to a chain, filled with aromatic herbs and oils. “There’s no inn around, and the tent is small, so make sure there are no sandflies and bed bugs that bite,” he instructed, and Lan Zhan obliged without a word.

Lan Zhan weaved some powerful Fire-based spells reminiscent of what he used in their former cave-home in the Burial Mounds - to add a smoky element to the atmosphere surrounding their campsite so that pesky insects stayed far, far away. “Lan Zhan,” Wei Ying called out from inside the tent that was being set up - Wei Ying always struggled with the poles, but he was getting the hang of it -, “I know you’ve done it countless times today, did you save any for me?” A pair of winky glimmering eyes peeped out of the tent, accompanied by a tell tale grin.

Lan Zhan knew what his spouse meant, and he stared back with an unspoken question. The incense burner pot was blazing magically with fire at that point, in tandem with his rising hopes, emotions and unfulfilled lusts boiling from within his stoic, expressionless self. Smoke choked the air around the tent, and immediately, flying insects fled for their puny lives.

“I’ll play the wife today, *lao gong* ,” Wei Ying giggled, and with a *fwip!* , the tent was perfectly standing up as it should be. Wei Ying patted the bedded base and fluffed up the pillows, including the gaudy purple one. He started to peel off his pants - no underwear, again! - and started to spread and stretch his hairy legs sensuously, in a silent bid to coax the now-labelled husband to hurry up and get in for the night.

The incense burner pot nearly cracked from a surge of incredibly fiery heat.

(Just a stone's throw away, two donkeys had been set free to allow them to wander and rest on their own, although the bigger one kept attempting to mount the smaller one, and together, the two donkeys made a helluva lot kick-ass noises in the bushes.)

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Wei Ying absolutely loved the way they celebrated their traditional new year, the Spring Festival - food, fireworks, and funfairs in a larger village, and later, floating on a rented, fully furnished holiday boat along the coast, hopping from one island to another through thriving river deltas and temperate wetlands. Truthfully, he wanted to welcome midnight with a wet sloppy but passionate smooch beneath starlight, enjoy faraway flowers bursting into bright blossoms in the night sky and the lively sounds of firecrackers that chased away any bad luck, and rolled the red carpet for gods of fortune and prosperity to walk the earth, while having a romantic meal of the freshest seafood caught by Lan Zhan, on board their pleasant and homely holiday cruise; it was still memorable though, since they found a nice location off the shore to anchor the boat, and enjoy the audiovisual extravaganza when the clock struck twelve - with thirty lustful ejaculations timed perfectly at one each passing second upon the arrival New Year's day, deep inside Wei Ying, rutting like animals in Spring atop a creaky king-sized straw bed in the wildly swaying boat, causing violent outward ripples, and nearly frightening away merfolk servants of the Dragon King of the Seas who had kindly brought baskets of marine goodies (with lots of oysters to bless the couple's libidos) to wish the royal couple well and herald a new beginning for everyone.

(In which, Wei Ying had earlier mischievously stolen and hid the floor mat on New Year's Eve, causing tremendous distress to the incumbent and a certain restlessness, fullness and unfulfilled desire that grew explosively throughout the day without release - until Lan Zhan gratefully and with an

overjoyed grimace, half-yawns and half-sneezy snarky face, dipped between the younger man's legs again and again, drilling too fast, slamming too hard, spearing too deep, aimed to thrust all night to vent out his sexual frustrations until he happily, dreamily orgasmed a record of three hundred and sixty five times overnight, which joyfully deflated his pressurized, overwhelmed loins until tiny twin dried wrinkly raisins were left, and the boat threatened to sink from an overflow of thick, virile seed inside its hull.

Later, after a pre-dawn wash in stinging salty seawater, Wei Ying had to use a pair of chopsticks to pick up the bent, smoking cun-slicked twig and it's two cracked, marvellously drained man-raisins for breakfast, of sorts. As he slowly, leisurely, polished the tortured angry-pink swollen organ to life, causing the older man to melt again into a writhing mess of tasty moans, shuddering hips and plenty of of Hnnghs with aaahs on the side, and the boat started to turn around to head back to port, Wei Ying allowed the exhausted, sex-drunken and thoroughly spent older man to lie on his lap and enjoy a warm still-orgasmic cuddle, a nice oiled massage to electrocute all remaining intact sexual meridians, and plenty of sweet kisses to thank Lan Zhan for a wonderful year, and to pray that they would have many more sexy times together in the coming days.)

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With so much sex performed with perfect 10/10s, it was no wonder that the couple staggered out of their love nest-cum-boat with sweaty bodies, rosy cheeks and lopsided smiles, and nearly crashed with weak, wobbly thighs at their waiting steeds. The pier was quiet, as people were busy enjoying the New Year festivities at their homes and with their families. After mooring the rental boat, the couple made sure to scrub the boat clean with fresh water from the wells and freshen up their appearances, then left a nice Thank-You note to its owner and commended him for the unforgettable water ride that cost less than a piece of gold per night.

They started to adjust the saddles on the donkeys, and check their cart that was parked overnight by the sea - fortunately, nothing was taken, thanks to the few guards that patrolled the area to keep drunken revellers in check. Before resuming their wonderful journey made in paradise, they heard a familiar voice from a distance.

"Wei gongzi ! Lan er gongzi ! Thank goodness I've found you!" accompanied by a flutter of flapping fans.

Director Nie ran downhill across empty portside streets, wide grey and ashen blue sleeves billowing to the sides like wings of a clumsy crane - rightly so, when he tripped on a stone, and tumbled down like a boulder with flailing hands and legs, rolled down the slope until he ended up a groaning, bruised curled up figure at the bottom of Lan Zhan's legs.

Nie Huaisang, covered with dust, soot and smudges, smiled sheepishly and nearly fainted from the ordeal.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 163

After exchanging necessary polite pleasantries, high-etiquette bows and bountiful wishes for a prosperous new year, it didn't take long for the director to launch into a calculated approach to measure and size up his chance encounter.

“Wei *gongzi* ... how much do you actually remember, after the fall off the cliff?” The fan fluttered back and forth nervously. Grey shoes shuffled restlessly, ready to take flight at the first sign of danger.

Two pairs of eyes glared, and immediately the man in question went on the defensive and admitted with his palms raised up in submissiveness, "Ah! I didn't mean to pry into personal matters, but after a chance meeting with Zewu Jun last year in a tournament to determine candidacy for the still-vacant position of Chief Cultivator - the one where Jin Ling was publicly humiliated with a *xiao* flute and then graciously taken in by the Gusu Lans -, that great Lan sect leader shared some general details about your circumstances and your condition... Wei *gongzi* , surely you can't expect an ol' buddy like me to *not* care and worry? I had no chance to visit you since the end of last summer, because I was saddled with problems of my sect in Qinghe!" The explanation made sense, and Wei Ying relaxed his guard.

"So... how are you feeling now? How much do you remember?" the man in grey pressed, toeing carefully the lines between concern and intrusive ness.

A sigh, in acceptance that one's murkiest and undiscussable topic was already exposed to a wider circle than he originally thought. “I'm feeling alright now. Though, about the extent of how much I can recall... err... not

much? My memory's spotty, sometimes. You can feel the bumps and dents on my scalp, if you touch it. I don't really hold any grudges against anyone, or desire to retain bad memories. So, if you ask me about those terrible, tumultuous times before my first death or from the period when I woke up in Mo village until we last saw each other during the end of last summer - I might just say, I don't remember, nor care to," the youngest man replied. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully and even touched the back of his topknot to invite for a feel - but nobody was interested in sinking their fingernails into Wei Ying's greasy and unwashed hair. His words were pure gold in weight, and his charming, reassuring smile wiped away all last vestiges of decades-old pains, regrets, guilt and worries.

"R... Really? No hard feelings? We're still good friends? Despite *what happened*?" The fan fluttered even faster and its owner leaned forward interestedly with a grateful sparkles in his eyes. One hand draped over Wei Ying's shoulder - too close, too intimate, if perceived by a superbly jealous outsider standing just right by his side -, and the latter had to pretend to lose his grip on the walking cane, which fell and slapped one of the offender's legs - like a bamboo cane whipping a child's limbs, literally - don't touch me, that said. The shortest man yelped and performed a quaint, brief raindance of sorts, before picking up and then handing back the walking cane to an apologetic Wei Ying. The plan backfired - the man gripped on Wei Ying's wrist to steady his balance, as he lifted up a grey-shoed foot to rub the pain away from the shins.

(Next to Wei Ying, yellow jade-tinged eyes blazed with laser-like fires and stared at the infuriating sight of another man molesting *his* spouse with an wrist grip.)

"I don't really remember *what happened* , Huaisang. After so many years, you still owe me that high quality Myna that I can use to compete in bird-singing competitions, after I taught you where to catch the biggest, fattest

fishes in the whole of Yunmeng. Our bet's still on, and I'll show you who can train caged singing birds better with my undisputed intellect!" sing-song carefree laughter followed. The man garbed in shades of grey laughed along until his eyes were mere slits, clearly trying a little too hard to rebuild the camaraderie they had between them that had been lost for more than sixteen years.

The hand on Wei Ying's wrist was rudely pushed aside by the third wheel in the conversation, and a curt remark that the short man's shove was really too heavy for Wei Ying's weakened legs to bear - then, in a moment of drunken euphoria, the said incessantly-grinning man casually joked about someone looking far too big to fit his robes, and whether that someone was supposedly too heavy for Wei Ying, presumably after staying inactive in the mountains of Gusu during the preceding winter and fattening up with good meals with little exercise - for a former Chief Cultivator. Regardless of dirty looks shot at the dangerously oblivious Nie gentleman, he still laughed like a happy clumsy clown that he portrayed himself to be.

(White-garbed hands balled into fists, but Wei Ying silently raised his and blocked any untoward advance; this was not a time for picking childish fights.)

Nie Huaisang maintained his politically-friendly grin and stumbled backwards back, when he realized he probably overstepped certain unseen boundaries. His darting eyes told the other two men that he was keenly observing, the microsecond pauses and hesitations confirmed their suspicions. Nevertheless, Huaisang bowed a little and immediately proceeded to apologize profusely in a humbling stuttering manner, and used his sleeves to dust off non-existent particles off Wei Ying's wrists and forearms - nothing dirtied, nothing harmed, after all.

When he had recomposed his seemingly youthful behaviour, he made a few quick, almost unnoticeable pats and kneads on Wei Ying's arms, shoulder, torso and even a disguised swipe on the abdomen under the pretense of sweeping away most dust from the sash, like good ol' comrades they used to be. "W-- Wei *gongzi* , is it as bad as they say, that you can't cast any spells, perform any martial arts or cultivation, and that your meridians don't function anymore? That you're a normal person without any special abilities and skills?" he asked.

Wei Ying acted as though he's had enough of the unsolicited pat-downs and interrogations, like a petulant young master who had been buttered up too much. "Wah! I thought people no longer talked about me outside of the Cloud Recesses! Where did you learn so much about me? I know I'm incapacitated, you don't have to rub more salt on the wound, Director Nie! I can still hold a bow and shoot arrows at your buttocks, or slice off your itchy eavesdropping ears with a kitchen knife; do you want to test the skills that I've learnt while resting at Lan Zhan's home?" he exclaimed playfully and used an index finger to make slashing motions, in which Huaisang swallowed hard, shook his head, eyes wide and visibly frightened - and took a step back.

Wei Ying sighed heavily and gestured with a shrug that he was only kidding. Huaisang ventured gingerly, his eyes roaming all over Wei Ying's figure to try and locate hidden secrets from the young man just by deciphering any visual clues. "W-- W-- Wei *gongzi* , did you really stay more than half a year at Lan *er gongzi* 's hometown? I found it too hard to stomach the bland food and breathe in that stifling place, sixteen years ago. It was so boring and sterile! How on earth did you pass your time recovering there and survive? Did you manage to become better than best buddies after being cooped up in the same building as that Ice Prince during winter? Hmm?" The paper fan poked at Wei Ying's chest light-heartedly, and the two devolved into polite giggles again.

This time, third-wheeling Lan Zhan stepped in between the two younger men and stared *down* at a shrivelled Director Nie. The fan was immediately retracted and concealed behind its owner's back for fear of imminent destruction.

Wei Ying pretended not to notice Lan Zhan's rising jealousy and fury of having one's possession touched without consent, and to have his private space (also, property) intruded once too often. He simply, gently stopped Lan Zhan by placing a hand on the other's forearm, sending the older man a wordless order of "No, you can't do that".

“Oh ho ho ho...Don't say it like that in front of my host and saviour! He does not say much, but you should already know, his blade is faster than his tongue. Do you want to die so soon, Director Nie?” Wei Ying sounded absolutely unfazed, undeterred, and very natural in their banter.

Nie Huaisang has gathered enough evidence to ascertain what he needed to confirm. He took two steps back and gave the couple a very hard look - of Wei Ying appearing to hold Lan Zhan's forearm to restrain the latter from unleashing whatever fury that a rotund Lan man was capable of - then broke into another round of giggly boyish laughter.

“Of course not, my old friends!”

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By the powers bestowed upon the couple, Wei Ying managed to transform himself into his pre-Gusu departure appearance - slightly haggard and unkempt, thin and bony, scarred and enfeebled from presumably falling off a cliff and as a result, becoming a cripple for life. His flute extended and morphed into a walking cane to complete his facade - before Director Nie stood in front of him.

Lan Zhan, due to his straightforward and no-nonsense nature, preferred to remain in his original form - an unrecognizable version of an overweight Lan Wang Ji with facial hair, except for his close acquaintances, notably when he walks with Wei Wuxian, dressed in their iconic contrasting-cum-matching couples' attire and accessories - of one in red-blacks, the other in blue-whites, standing side by side.

When Nie Huaisang invited the two to a nearby portside teahouse that opened on New Year's day, they accepted his offer - it was also a great opportunity to blend into the crowds they'd missed quite a bit ever since they started on their rather solitary journey (also honeymoon) more than two weeks ago, and engage in a bit of merry making without looking too out of place - for Wei Ying, a time to reconnect with civilization, fine wines and expensive food; for Lan Zhan, to take a break from all manners of physical exertions (be it from long hikes or sexually frenzied matings in every nook and cranny of that accursed floor mat), and enjoy the pleasures of a simple pot of *pu'er* tea, a plate of toasted mixed nuts and a banquet of people-watching.

The festivities were in full swing in the town that was located by a rivermouth roughly sandwiched between the provinces of Qinghe and Lanling. With plenty of waterways, dragon boat races were held to the delight of cheering crowds, and on land, the air was filled with merry firecracker explosions, drum beats and vibrant music, lanterns decorated the streets filled with high-spirited revellers, families and young children,

buskers, street performers, lion dances and many more to keep everyone entertained and busy with the festivities. Many businesses were closed though eateries, amusement parks, and shops selling auspicious, red coloured festive goods stayed open to do brisk sales that morning.

After the Nie Sect Leader placed orders for a wonderful brunch - because flashing his Saber Jade Token meant he had unlimited credit to spend at all establishments run by descendants of Qinghe that populated nearly half the town, such as the Qing Qing Teahouse where they gathered for a morning feast - the trio settled down for much catching up from the outside world.

Little has happened during the Fall and Winter of last year, from the perspective of the world of cultivation. Without a fearsome leader to lead scores of cultivation warriors and wizards to build new sects, locate legendary treasures, defeat monster bosses or seek out new lands to colonize, people focused on the smaller things that matter in their lives, and in fact, things became more peaceful and for better or worse, a sense of complacency and contentedness set in. Fierce fighters settled down to start families and ploughed the fields to feed their communities; brilliant sorcerers turned to healers, herbalists and other professions that made society more productive, despite record winter snowstorms that lashed throughout the greater part of the Middle Kingdom; craftsmen who used to wield their tools to mass produce metal and magical weapons, armours, battle equipment, talismans and such, to feed the machinery that drives the cultivation industry, converted their skills to produce agricultural tools and domestic technology, inventions for household use, and even book-printing for schools.

"Still, the cultivators continue to spar and build their competitive strengths, such as organizing tournaments and competitions, periodically, even during the dead of winter, because no one knew when the Grand Council would hold a sitting to vote and elect the new chief based on a man's qualities and

skills," Huaisang said, after confessing that he had flunked miserably in the preliminaries when he couldn't wield his saber, a custom-made reduced version of his late brother's, in proper when a Jin contestant chased after him with flying swords and summoned *qi* -powered familiars armed with nasty fangs and claws.

"Then, why are you here, Director?" Lan Zhan asked, after having calmed down from the fact that the man ceased being too buddy-buddy or touchy-feely with his soulmate; Wei Ying had to play footsie with Lan Zhan beneath the tablecloth, even extending one leg to the crotch and massage the rising, swelling flaming lust in the loins, to wordlessly tell him that yes, he still wants and adores his Hanguang Jun, even in the company of old acquaintances, so for goodness' sake, stop staring daggers at the poor Nie *gongzi* - cuckolding only worked if all players were Wei Yings, or his derivatives.

"Ah, *er gongzi* ," Huaisang poured another cup of cooling herbal tea for the other man, "You look a little flushed and sweaty, are you perhaps anxious to know the results of today's night hunt competition? I didn't catch a single *yaoguai* from nine at the night of New Year's Eve to five at dawn today, so I'm definitely no longer in the running for the championship, not when we're up against His Excellency Grandmaster Gao and his God-Killing Gloves!"

Wei Ying and Lan Zhan turned to look at each other in surprise, just when the waiter arrived to serve a platter of full roast duck between them.

Through hearty chews of colourful sticky rice, painted eggs, twelve kinds of grilled meats, mountains of vegetable dishes, tofu and vegetarian options, and abundant festive sweets, fried snacks, auspicious-sounding fruits, and

mouth-watering traditional pastries served on New Year's day - Wei Ying's smart and disarmingly friendly lines of questioning managed to help the couple collect information without landing themselves in awkward situations. They knew that Lan Zhan's brother sometimes made trips out of town during winter, and returned with very slight bruises, smudges on the clothes, and an appearance that looked worse for wear for such a tall, handsome, strong and attractive man; Xi Chen *da ge* continued to participate in fights, competitions and tournaments - probably a long-standing championship of sorts -, and didn't seem to lose his winning streak just yet.

The latest contest of wits, bravery, strength and skills took on a more alarming twist ever since the Imperial Court formally stepped into the race to vie for the crown of the world of cultivation, at about the same time when Wei Ying and Lan Zhan departed from Gusu two weeks ago, along with the inexplicable disappearance of Zewu Jun from the man-versus-undead battles that raged in Caiyi Town. Sect Leaders were summoned for meetings at the Carp Tower - the only meeting venue that was so grand in scale, opulent in style and lavished with the riches and luxuries that only the biggest, most powerful sect in the Middle Kingdom could afford - fit for of kings and certainly, Imperial-sponsored grandmasters and their vast troops of cultivators and soldiers. Both Wei Ying and Lan Zhan were already familiar with the antics and intentions of the Imperial forces from their previous timelines, so they weren't surprised when Director Nie explained that the Imperial's champion and contender for the coveted title of Chief Cultivator, Grandmaster Gao, declared that the Chief's seat had been vacated for too long, and he proposed to cut the chase and run the finale of all final tournaments - a nationwide night hunt for *yaoguai* s and supernatural creatures above certain classes for a period of two weeks starting from New Year's day--

-- and the winner, that is, the Chief Cultivator, would be declared as the one who ends up with the highest score on the leaderboard. I thought you already knew this, but I guess the two of you were really out of town when

these announcements took place in the last couple of weeks!" Huaisang exclaimed, then scratched his head in frustration.

"Still, it bothers me that you've been so fortunate not to have encountered any unsavoury characters during your vacation around the east coast. Swarms of *yaoguai* s had been released by Imperial monster trainers, since the first meetings took place at the Carp Tower tower two weeks ago, which became the impetus to setting up this hunt because every sect had to get rid of the monsters in their backyards," the man sighed and patted Wei Ying's back in what seemed to be a gesture of despair in the face of shared burdens. A quick stab of chopsticks from the *er gongzi* , and Huaisang quickly withdrew his rather promiscuous hand.

Wei Ying's mind started to wander frantically far and wide, because of the temptingly obvious, though not verified, connections between the *yaoguai* release and what happened in Caiyi. He even stopped in mid-chew while gorging himself on dumplings, and unknowingly threatened to suffer from a choking episode.

"Thank you for sharing the news that we've missed, Director Nie. Still, I would like to know, why are you here, in this town so far south of Qinghe and close to your mortal enemies in Lanling?" Lan Zhan asked again after downing the cup of tea that had been refilled. The implication that the Nie family continues to bear a grudge against the Jin family was clear as day, though unspoken.

Nie Huaisang stammered as he grasped around for a plausible answer to the keen Lan man, "Er... er... I am a s-- sponsor, so my job... is to look for sects that can f-- fight for my cause."

The short, fidgety man whipped out his fan in distress and fanned himself vigorously, turning into shades of beet-reds and shrinking in size and presence by the minute. Wei Ying's train of thought interrupted, he did a double take and nearly lost a half-chewed prawn dumpling from his gaping mouth; his toenail grazed Lan Zhan's sensitive clothed erection when he retracted them from across the underside of the table.

"Sponsor?" both men asked in unison; Lan Zhan hnngh'd and curled up for a moment, before returning to his calm, upright sitting posture in a heartbeat.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 164

Nie Huaisang rolled his eyes, sighed then scratched his head at the increasingly awkward and oppressive conversation; it felt as though he was being interrogated and forced to tell all - and he probably blurted something he shouldn't have. Huaisang hadn't touched his plate of food, even if he was paying for their meal with his awesome Saber Jade Token the size of a man's palm.

Wei Ying was the first to break the iceberg between them - there was certainly more than meets the eyes, buried beneath the deep ocean of unknowns -, and poured another cup of Qinghe's famous rice wine for his gracious host.

"Director Nie," Wei Ying addressed the man formally, which meant that the situation was beginning to take on beguiling hints, and that man fanned himself even faster from a deep-seated anxiety, "A sponsor means you're paying *someone* else to do *something* for you," which caused that man to flinch, "and you say that you're looking for sects to fight for your cause - I assume for the competition, for the sake of the pride and glory of Qinghe Nie clan?"

The cup filled to the brim, Wei Ying lifted away the jar and bowed his head politely to gesture the man to drink up. His discerning eyes never left Huaisang, and he thought the man shrunk from the overpowering attention. Inside, Wei Ying did his little victory jig for delivering an ingenious line of questioning to corner the Nie man.

Lan Zhan picked up a steamed chicken wing and stuck it into the man's bowl of white rice, wingette side in, so that the tip jutted out horizontally, proudly, like the length of a flag. "Director Nie," this time it was Lan Zhan's turn to tag-team with his spouse to checkmate the unassuming but cunning man, "Just now, you asked a number of questions, and it seems you already know our conditions - Wei Ying is not fit to be sent to the battle field versus humans and *yaoguai* alike, and I am, ostensibly, unfit as well from my recent sedentary civilian lifestyle. Why did you come all the way to the south, to look for us?" Again, that question, and Huaisang visibly cringed into his chair.

Nie Huaisang sighed again with regret, and stared at the chicken wing tip, like a white flag of surrender.

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Over a few cups of wine that Wei Ying knew would bolster the smaller man's fragile confidence, and the untouched chicken wing-cum-flag to remind him that he could not evade the truth - Director Nie broke down in dismay, tearless sobs and long tirades of complaints - whether overdramatized or not, nobody knew - of the actual, and more disconcerting nature of the *yaoguai* hunt.

Grandmaster Gao had, in some way, seized control of the leadership mantle by commanding, forcibly, the headless Grand Cultivation Council to sign off a few provisions to the competition before it was launched in a modest ceremony attended by unhappy sect leaders a week ago, so that everyone had just another week to prepare themselves for the fight of their lives. It was, Huaisang pointed out and with energetic nods coming from Wei Ying, like the time when the firstborn sons of sects were sent to the Nightless

City, sixteen years ago, to receive lectures and deviated teachings of the Qishan Wen. One of the provisions was that every sect had to participate, otherwise they forfeit their operating licenses and would either cease to exist, or more appropriate, subsumed into the larger Imperial Cultivator group. The rationale was absolutely reasonable and did not warrant any objections from the council - the Imperial forces were serious in testing its might against the world of cultivation, and had thrown its gauntlet to issue a challenge; any sects who weren't in to defend their pride, would not qualify to remain, after all.

“*Wei gongzi* , *Lan er gongzi* ,” Huaisang was half-sobbing, and half-hiccuping from the effects of the strong liquor, “I can win bird-singing competitions and catch the biggest fish from the rivers with my bare hands; I inherited my late brother's great wealth from agricultural, terrestrial and seafaring legacy of the Nie people, amazing armories of mythical sabres, scores of metalworking industries and technology, and enough rice fields to feed one third of the country at any time, straight from the fertile, productive and heavily populated plains of the Grand Dongbeifang Gulf - and yet, I'm a sect leader who cannot, and is too scared, to wield a sword in proper to defend my land and my men in times of dire need.”

Wei Ying was about to say something about holding a one-off class to teach the sect leader about the merits of memorizing Sun Tzu's Art of War, and get himself employed as the sect's brilliant advisor to reorganize the legendary armies of Qinghe, and take on the entire Imperial Court head-on with blazing cannons to lay waste on tens of thousands of troops at once, then send intelligent flying magical sabres like projectile missiles to annihilate their anti-personnel bowmen, catapults, and even pummel the Great Wall into rubble, before wrapping up the party with the might of thousands of Qinghe horsemen and foot soldiers descending from the hills, performing heroic pincer movements and other amazing military tactics ahead of their era, to make sure that the Emperor in Chang'an would be left without any defense, shaking like a leaf with his useless aristocratic elites inside the Imperial Palace - Wei Ying had wonderful plans even if he

decided not to wield any magic or blade, but Lan Zhan cut his aspirations short.

“Director Nie,” the older man stated calmly, “Released *yaoguai* s are finite in their numbers, so it would make sense to theorize that eventually, all sects will be at one another’s throats to capture and snatch each other’s spoils. Forming alliances upfront, like yourself, is an admirable strategy. If you’ve come this far to search for two men who have left the cultivation world to aid your cause, then you’re a desperate man. Second, from my brief stint as Chief Cultivator... last year..., am I right to believe that many of the weaker, less virtuous sects have decided to take the easy way out, and serve under the Imperial banner against the world of cultivation? What are the consequences of losing this competition, and what has happened to the renowned valiant Nie clan, that you would go to great lengths, *alone* in this town, to look for the two of us?” It was a mouthful, but Lan Zhan articulated his thoughts eloquently this time, and he rounded his line of questioning with a gulp of *pu’er* tea. A passing-by waiter picked up his three empty plates, and replaced them with three baskets of steaming *dim sum* - to Lan Zhan’s hidden ravenous appetite’s delight. He wasted no time to shift in his stuffy seat, loosen his sash because his tummy was, really, spilling out, then used his chopsticks to start picking off the colourful flavourful freshly-made dumplings off the baskets piece by piece.

Wei Ying gazed between the two with his jaws agape - he didn’t think of finding out more before jumping the gun to propose his crazy kamikaze strategy to defeat the aggravating Imperial forces with a single crushing blow. Nie Huaisang was getting drunk, and his words were slurred - however, his tongue waggled a whole lot more as his cheeks brightened into bright pinks. He revealed the mechanics of the *yaoguai* competition, such as how the day’s catch was calculated based on the number of *yaoguai* caught, dead or alive, and submitted to officials stationed in every major city for a cumulative count at five o’ clock; living *yaoguai* fetched more value, of course, since it was harder to keep a rabid and violent supernatural monster in check and alive, than to slaughter it on the spot; also, obviously, larger,

and more powerful creatures scored for more points than their lesser brethren. Huaisang rued over the fact that he came up empty handed on the first day, thus he lagged behind everyone else, particularly the almighty Imperial cultivators who had their numbers boosted with nearly *half* the Middle Kingdom's sects under their rule; the Jins were not far behind with their sophisticated and very expensive equipment to catch more than an average sect.

“Lan *er gongzi* , your brother surprised everyone with a pre-emptive strike! He joined the competition with a bag full of *yaoguai* cores already in their cages, and those were considered valid for the final count. Apparently, yesterday, the night before the starting New Year's fireworks were lit, a group of Lan disciples arrived with *yaoguai* s caught from Caiyi and other towns in the vicinity - such admirable foresight, indeed! I asked Zewu Jun if he could spare a couple of those creatures to me, a pitiful beggar amongst the world of heroic, capable cultivators, but he refused for respectable reasons - in a fair competition like this, he would like to see to its end as virtuously as possible, and beat the Jins, the Imperial Court, and everyone else with his diligent efforts; if the Heavens will it, he will secure the top places and prosper the honour of the Gusu Lans.

Wei *gongzi* , Jiang Cheng is also in the running for a place in the winner's league, but he hasn't been doing well. He might be in the top twenty, but certainly not the top ten. The Yunmeng Jiang sect is not rich like the Jins, nor clever and skilled as the Gusu Lans. They managed to bag a few last night, I heard, but quite a number of disciples were hurt and exhausted, and there are still thirteen nights to go!

Last night, I tried to muster the Nie troops to run to the hills and start hunting for the creatures, living and undead, but they deserted me out of fear! They say that I didn't know where to hunt or how to catch one, and that they would prefer to stay alive under the rule of others than to be sent

to their deaths without knowing what hit them. Aieeee... the shame, the shame! They dropped their gear and ran away like cowards - but I cannot fault them, because I was one too!

Gongzi , one of the provisions of the competition is that the judges, that is, elites of the Grand Cultivation Council, will decide how many sects will be considered worthy to continue their existence into a new era under the new leader, when elected - and how many from the bottom rung will be eliminated, possibly cast into the waiting jaws of the Imperial Court with no help from the world of cultivation, because the Council will no longer vouch for the weakest amongst them! It's a survival situation of the strong feasting upon the weak, *gongzi*! It's cruel, cruel, I tell you!" Director Nie cried out his long story, then burped, and started to slouch on his seat and drool on the table. His half-lidded eyes were unsexy to say the least, but at least he still smiled in his intoxicated state despite the impending doom of his very strong, very rich, but very incompetent clan.

Several of the teahouse patrons peeked into their private dining room to see what was the uproar about, but Wei Ying quickly rose from his chair and shushed away the outsiders, then quickly closed all doors and locked the windows. He was interested in the intense discussion which now involved his foster brother, and wanted no interference from prying eyes and ears from irrelevant parties beyond the four walls of their dining room. When he returned to his seat, he noticed Lan Zhan looked stressed and anxious as well - tightened jaws, balled fists, a hunched bristling posture. Wei Ying blindly reached for a hand, or a thigh, beneath the tablecloth to sooth the older man's feelings; but the hand slipped and accidentally grabbed Lan Zhan's clothed erection; there was a lewd, manly nnnnh groan; fortunately Huaisang was too out of it to notice, and Wei Ying gestured with his other hand to the drunken man to go on, go on, please continue.

Wei Ying had a brief respite when Lan Zhan winced and said that he needed to use the gents, for drinking too much tea in-between large helpings of food, then eating too much until his tummy was bloated and he didn't want to stink up the closed dining room with farts - he said it seriously with rumbling sounds from his belly to evidence his claim, but Wei Ying mocked and laughed at the spouse anyway and waved him off. The man rushed out, but not before grabbing the floor mat they'd brought along with them for the sumptuous banquet sponsored by the Nie sect leader; Wei Ying had given a marvellous handjob through the latter half of Director Nie's inebriated, heartfelt confession about his miserable state, and it took Lan Zhan his entire repertoire of self-control techniques to not climax at the dining table and straight into the hotpot.

With Huaisang snoring deeply and incapacitated from too many cups of Qinghe's famous rice wines, Wei Ying reached for his satchel - his very own Bag of Holding - from the floor and rummaged its contents. He found his good ol' 51st-century holo-phone, flicked it to life with a swipe of fingers, and made a few much-needed calls.

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Another twist in the story, another problem that needs to be navigated like a rickety boat through whitewater rapids, Wei Ying thought.

There were plenty of informative tidbits revealed by a tipsied Director Nie - including one about him running into a bunch of men and boys dressed in red-blacks and blue-whites; Huaisang thought his eyes were bleary, and his memory fuzzy from the lack of sleep after running around blindly

throughout New Year's night; and perhaps, the atmosphere was cursed by the thickness of malaise and resentful energy emitted by panicking *yaoguai* s, because long after midnight, he remembered calling four men clad in varying shades of blacks from a distance as 'Wei *gongzi* ', and they responded by stopping in their tracks, but ran away straight after that; then in another instance, when the moon was high in the inky black night sky, he thought he saw apparitions of older versions of the two men, and beside them, younger versions running around giggling like school children, always black and whites, black and whites, never in shades of grey, before those individuals disappeared mysteriously into the pre-dawn mists; he kept calling them out, sometimes the figures turned around but they never replied back or approached him - until morning came and the thoroughly confused and spooked Nie Huaisang finally found the real Wei Wuxian and Lan Wang Ji in the flesh, stepping off a boat on the morn of New Year's day.

The holo-phone call connected with a disembodied click - the device was ethereal in nature, hands-off in function, weightless and camouflaged from non-users. Wei Ying launched into a series of excited chatter, peppered with unrestrained emotion of all spectrums, angry expletives accompanied with rude gestures in mid-air, trading crude barbs with *da ge* s, *er ge* s, *san di* s and *didi* s, then in another call, had in-depth discussions and intensely demanding negotiations - with plenty of enthusiastic arm movements - with two or more Uncles, delved deep into creative brainstorming on the go while pacing madly around the dining room, and even made polite bows occasionally in apology - for the waiters that rush in and out of the dining room strictly to clear away used plates and top up the table with new dishes and even the broth for a large hotpot in the middle - ordered by Nie Huaisang in his drunken state, but would otherwise go to waste if not for Wei Ying and especially Lan Zhan's efforts to polish off all the ingredients stewing inside -, the waiters thought they were dealing with a crazy, demented customer, so they did what was needed, kept their heads low, and quietly left Wei Ying seemingly talking to himself, while Director Nie slept away soundly; after all, the short man had endured an out-of-this-world

experience that nobody from 2000 B.C. should have experienced, for an entire night without sleeping a wink.

Two minutes and a bit more later, Lan Zhan staggered back, fully flushed from head to toe, panting but with a slight lopsided upward curve on his lips. He closed the door before putting the well-used floor mat back into his cherry-red Bag of Holding 2.0; fortunately, the other patrons in teahouse thought Lan Zhan looked like a man who ate too many spicy foods, hot dumplings, hotpots and drank expensive wines, and treading unassumingly between the dining halls inside the building and the outdoor latrines, so nobody paid attention to the godly immortal who had just fathered another generation of babes.

“Darling,” Wei Ying drawled out with a mouth full of newly-cooked hotpot ingredients - slices of meats, tofu and mushrooms -, and Lan Zhan’s eyes widened with thinly-veiled fear because the dozing Director Nie was just beside him - now that he had a chance to look closer, he realized Huaisang had dark circles under the eyes -, “Feeling better now?”

Lan Zhan took a deep breath, then reached behind to smoothen his long, luscious locks of shiny hair - then realized with ire that the girth of his stomach was greater than his sash, and threatened to cause a wardrobe malfunction if he stretched his limbs any more. So, he merely grunted like the fat slob he’d become - two weeks of zero-stress honeymoon, good food and non-stop sex had done this much to his body -, then took his seat and returned to vacuum up more edibles off the table; he avoided the spicy hotpot broth, but couldn’t resist dipping fatty five-layered pork belly slices into the pot, then dipped into creamy sauces, before shoving them into his mouth.

Wei Ying grinned and took a napkin to gently dab the man's busy face - with every bite, his moustache and part of his beard were smeared with more greasy stuff. His other hand crawled to Lan Zhan's bulging belly and drew circles, stars and rabbit ears on the overturned wok - in a very intimate and affectionate way; when it came to the imaginary rabbit's eye, Wei Ying impaled an index finger to tickle the insides of the navel, and Lan Zhan swore, without a word, that he would suffer from either indigestion or stomach cramps later. (It didn't help that the crass Wei *gongzi* then pulled out that offending finger to give it a whiff, just like any other ape-caveman who grooms and fusses over his or her spouse, picks off dandruffs, dead skins, grime and icky stuff, then for some instinctive but terrifyingly disgusting and unhygienic reasons, puts 'em into the mouth.)

“You were really great for asking the right questions, and getting the director to open up, Lan Zhan,” he cocked his head at the snoring man across the fully populated table, even poking Huaisang's nostrils from afar with a used chopstick, “I have a mediocre, friendly relationship with him from our younger days, so I can only laugh and be a peer, but never as straight, commanding and deceitfully sly as you.” Wei Ying leaned forward and gave a sweet peck on Lan Zhan's rosy cheeks; the latter simply continued to eat and didn't feel like responding, thus not fuelling, the naughty gremlin's appetite for lovely bullying between husband and wife.

Nie Huaisang sneezed in his sleep with a trail of saliva on his chin sliding down to his collar, then nom-noms like a bratty child. Lan Zhan ignored his partner's unflattering comments, and went straight for a chicken drumstick.

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Despite his hefty weight and piled-up kilos from eating enough to feed a family for a week, Lan Zhan had no problems slinging the smallest man over his shoulders, then trudging ahead to the stables where their donkeys were waiting. Wei Ying used his boyish charms to assure the Qing Qing teahouse *laoban* that everything was fine, that they were close acquaintances who met up the leader of the Nie sect to celebrate the New Year, and that the sect leader got a little too tipsy from unspecified fortuitous news, so they promised to take him back to rest and recover.

Director Nie was bundled up in a warm blanket and draped over Lil' Apple's back like an extra piece of carry-on baggage. The couple's cart, hooked up to Big Apple's harness, was relatively empty after two weeks of travel and became their new temporary love-nest of sorts. The four invisible and undetectable demons of the Negative Plane led the horse by the reins and made sure that in their wake, everyone in the port town including those in the teahouse would not remember their encounter - the couple continued their journey along the coast without leaving a single trace, after all.

Wei Ying knew, and Lan Zhan didn't need to verbalize, that they had been careful throughout their two-week post-wedding odyssey from Gusu and northward along the Grand Eastern Coastline; thus, any news about them would not arise from their journey itself, and in most likelihood, Director Nie learnt about them through his own observations, or from mingling with others of his kind - notable Zewu Jun and Jiang Cheng.

Soon, they left the bustling festive town and entered the fringes of dense bushes.

“What do you think, honey? How much does a sect leader spill the secrets of its people, or fugitives like us, to others?” Wei Ying asked, in between

hot kisses and sensual fondling of each other's naughty bits; the younger man gently rode Lan Zhan inside the shoebox-shaped cart, hidden partly from the outside world by its rather high walls, and Lan Zhan nnnh'd because his nipples were tweaked each time his hips slammed deep into the love canal of his beloved man, squishy, lubricated and plenty of residual drying cum.

The younger of the Twin Jades croaked something about Xi Chen keeping to his word as a virtuous man - that is, the Gusu Lan Sect Leader might narrate the civilian couple as taking a short Springtime vacation to ward off the cabin fever that had built up over Winter, and of having no recollection about the two's involvement in the political and trade-related matters from the Cloud Recesses to Caiyi Town after the decontamination and memory wipe-out operations powered by Inabilities; thus, the two would be seen in a rather light-hearted and favourable light, probably relegated to the ranks of curious touristy spectators who wanted to watch the action unfold close to Lanling's Carp Tower.

Wei Ying hummed in understanding, and picked up his pace in appreciation - a penny for the older man's thoughts, though that pretty penny was paid in the form of a loving couple's sexual intercourse. He reached down to play with the tender balls that had been forcibly emptied all night to herald the New Year, and now, squeezed to the last drop from those wrinkly, sagging overworked, depleted testicles; it didn't help that Wei Ying could shapeshift himself from male to female forms, and back again including other titillating varieties that left Lan Zhan more than breathless and half-dead from overspending the lusts in his satiated loins. Lan Zhan instinctively sped up the tempo of raw, bareback fucking each time he felt his happy penis tugged to the front by magical forces, and his cockhead started to bump into something very, very intriguing, very tasty, and very desirable - lewd pictures of his elated penis knocking on the door to his favourite womb, nudging deeper to say hello to their conceived baby within its cradle made of love, caused the man to tremble in the throes of sexual ecstasy and he Hnngh'd audible, shoved his pelvis so hard against Wei Ying's crotch,

and that extra friction sent electricity frying every last nerve-bundles along his supremely iron-hard and impressive monstrous erection nearly hidden beneath layers of belly fat, that Lan Zhan felt a pleasurable spike running through his spinal chord; for a brief moment, he became too excited at the believable thought of planting more fat cherubs inside his spouse, and his penis was resuscitated instantly, and one-two'ed with such eagerness, that he'd fill his lovely Wei Ying with more of his bodily fluids.

“Ahhh... look at your unforgivably stupid face and your shuddering sweaty body, how you're straining against me where we're joined, and I feel something warm pooling inside my lower half - are you ejaculating again? You insufferable swine!” Wei Ying laughed casually and slapped the older man's broad back and scratched the layer of blubber on the arms and midriff in a mock-protest. Poor Lan Zhan aaahn'd again from the masochistic pleasures of mating his beloved spouse while getting tormented and shamed - another one-two of diluted pee mixed with prostatic fluids involuntarily ejected straight into Wei Ying's now-male undulating rectum, before the younger man giggled with great juvenile joy, mischievously switched his groin area back to his now-female vagina, and Lan Zhan howled like a man who had achieved the pinnacle of his existence, that is, to procreate and multiply; Wei Ying, in his so-called inferior gender, was an expert in working the inner muscles so that any imprisoned meaty phallus would be milked until nothing remained except a dried, bent twig with two raisins dangling uselessly from the base.

While sexually assaulting and draining Lan Zhan's flaming lusts far better than an incubus or succubus could, Wei Ying wondered aloud about Jiang Cheng's perspective. That man hadn't visited Gusu after the end of summer the year before, so it was likely that his knowledge was no better than any other sect leaders or Council members privy to the matters of the former Yiling Patriarch.

“I kind of missed Jiang Cheng, and I’d like to talk to him again, after all this while,” he declared his intention to no one in particular - because their little convoy of two asses was already plodding the trails deep in the uninhabited forests that lead to Lanling province. He swatted away Lan Zhan’s hand that was blindly grappling for the floor mat inside the cart.

“You’re a bad boy, your partner is trying his best to make love with you, and yet all you can think is to run away through the floor mat? You coward, and you deserve to be punished!” he yelled with glee and spanked Lan Zhan’s buttocks each time the latter raised his hips in a desperate, fertile act to thrust higher, lift their bodies off the base of the cart, and fuck lovely Wei Ying to kingdom come. Another one-two spattered out of his dick straight inside the cackling young man, since Lan Zhan deliriously loved having his jiggling fat glutes abused.

“Did you know that the floor mat is temporarily out of service after you used it at the teahouse? You pig, how can you deflower and impregnate twenty four thousand new clones of me in a span of two minutes, ha ha ha! Let the service crew clean up and replenish the underground dungeons first - until then, my dear two-in-one husband and wife, let’s continue our naughty games while Director Nie is unconscious, and before we reach the next civilization!”

Lan Zhan couldn’t agree more.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 165

(A bit of an interlude...)

In a different world and timeline, and allowed to explore on their own, the family of four enjoyed the delights, delicacies and destinations offered wherever the lands in which they set their foot upon. There were only a few conditions to live their free lives, though, including that they have to follow the head of the family, and that the head of the family is considered gainfully employed as a Regent, therefore, the family is consigned to be in active service of the Kingdom and Company that rule over their existence.

Much closer to home, or rather, the heart of the family, the dynamic are slightly screwed up. The Master, an impressive descendant - actually, a purebred clone - of the Lan-kin, usually spends his time herding two eight-year old boys from bed to breakfast, from a bathhouse to classes in the woods (in which the Master is both the teacher and daytime babysitter), in which meals are provided, the children are cared and kept safe, and they maintain non-intrusive, low profiles all day no matter which village, town or cities they travelled to, thanks to the Inabilities that had been gifted to all subjects of their empire. In most cases, his favourite child, A-Xian, takes up a disproportionate amount of his attention because that child is indeed a feral beast on two legs, who can never sit still and always needed to be cherished, fussed over and bedded amongst the bushes; over time, feisty and precocious A-Xian had learnt to get along with his wicked stepmother, the terrible master criminal and appallingly hairy Uncle Wei, and learnt a few tricks when they weren't fighting like cats and dogs over Lan-derived men - such as the ability to shapeshift and cast powerful Dark Arts spells bend the minds and wills of (im)mortals to do his childish bidding.

For the time being, like any child of his age, he was fascinated by the twisted sex education lessons given by the Master - his adoptive father, really. Upon learning the mechanics of human copulation for the purpose of reproduction, A-Xian gleefully transformed himself into his female form, which caused untold joys to the Master, and for several days in a row, the two had been terribly occupied with making babies in the bushes from sunrise to sunset, stopping only to rest, eat, and sleep, still joined at the crotches, semen still pumping deep into a fecund tight juicy womb through strong, virile blasts, and eventually tired, weak penile contractions, until the eight-year old child sported a pregnant belly that the two were sure twins or triplets started to grow within.

Uncle Wei wasn't all that disappointed to lose his place as the so-called wife and mother of the family, since he didn't like to be raped by the almighty Master - who can be a frightening disciplinarian armed with feather dusters, if he wanted to -, each time he made a boo-boo. The criminal continued his dastardly activities, always seeking out opportunities to make a quick buck out of everything, then buy jars of wines for his own consumption and give the rest to the household as spending money. His dues paid regularly, Uncle Wei was allowed to remain in relative peace, and his plans were often left undisturbed - he'd worked hard in partnership with the four great Wei siblings and his expanded friendship with merry bands of evil men, to set up his own empire of sleazy networks and businesses in the underbelly of society - wherever the family went, in their wake would be streets filled with brothels, gambling dens and gangs dealing in contraband such as illegal weapons and illicit drugs, and many mafia-like groups were set up to start and manage businesses that involved human trafficking, moneylending and scams, assassination, spying, robbery, and the ilk.

So, while the Master whittled their idle year-end holidays in village homesteads by joyfully impregnating his beloved eight-year old 'wife' and getting the household chores done, Uncle Wei worked hard to earn his keep as the family's sole breadwinner of sorts, and indirectly, put food on their table. Uncle Wei received plenty of kickbacks and bribes in the form of

Caiyi's stolen treasures from the coffers of that town's treasury - about two weeks before New Year's, to be exact -, and that made sure the whole family lived in reasonably luxurious countryside chalets and beachside resorts, could do plenty of shopping and fill up their Bags of Holding, and everyone was fed with buffets all day.

Watching the Master - an imposingly tall clone of the venerable Lan Wang Ji - cuddle and crouch over a child just a third of his size - the squealing and hyper-excitabile A-Xian - in a doggie-style sexual intercourse, filled with tasty grunts and howls, that would last for an hour or two by an exclusive creekside cottage - the two preferred outdoor sex, now that the weather is warmer and fresh air does invigorate one's senses -, Uncle Wei tip-toed off to the nearest town in search of new ways to earn money and buy himself crates of liquor. He would buy a box of aphrodisiac-laced lollipops from an unassuming underground vendor, then lure little boys and girls by waving the sweet candies in their direction; when he had the children cornered in a dark, dingy back alley, he would bag them up and sell them for nuggets of gold to prostitution houses or smugglers - he wasn't too keen in girls because he'd already raped too many in his lifetime, knocked up enough to make harem-masters jealous, and had gotten jaded with the varied sweet tastes of maidens deflowered by his hairy cock; however, he still held some interest in the boys, because they remind him so much of the cocktease A-Ji. A-Ji, the other eight-year old 'son' of his, is kind-of off-limits when A-Xian is around in the house, so the dirty rapist Uncle had to take his lustful loins elsewhere for some tension-releasing fun.

Uncle Wei would spend hours sucking on crying little boys' soft, hairless penises together with the candies, then violently play with their grape-sized balls until they bruised purples and swelled, then enjoy the sputtering sweet nectars of clear seedless ejaculate that only pre-pubescent boys could make inside their immature testicles, blended with sugary melted lollipop syrup and his smelly foamy saliva, and he would do it many times until the boys' bodies were trained to tingle and reach their pre-teen orgasmic peaks that they shouldn't experience before their time. After that, the boys would be

handed over to morbidly obese, wart-faced stinking filthy old men for a handsome price of a gold nugget each, where the boys' virginities would be forcibly taken, thoroughly ravaged, and ruined for the rest of their lives, upon velvety beds lined with chains, feathers and other sex-torture equipment, their fates sealed once they are sold as sex slaves to ugly old men.

With three members of the family having found new activities to engage in, or new purpose in life come Springtime, little A-Ji felt a bit lost being left behind, alone in a house, or in the forests. Being cooped up in Gusu for nearly six months was rather comforting for the child, since he ate foods that suited his bland palate, slept on hard, sterile white beds in natural tranquility, and mingled with people that were generally nice, harmonious, studious, peaceful and friendly - his *type* of people, after all. Plus, his relationship with the Master, whom he felt inexplicably drawn to, had blossomed into a mentor-student one, and he was taught Perfect techniques and skills that boasts god-tiered scale and powers that utilizes their Dream-powered technologies and living engines - however, he was also taught humility, that is, he would not use such knowledge and capabilities recklessly; such great powers must only be used to help those in need. Springtime meant that life was beginning to grow and thrive, and along with that, the Master's roving eyes and boiling lusts upon his child-wife, A-Xian. A-Ji wasn't emotionally hurt or scarred to see his best pal (and saviour) squealing on a bed with an incestuous huffing, puffing, groaning adult man pumping repeatedly between the legs - he had already gotten used to getting surprise-rapes from his stepmother, Uncle Wei, from the moment he opened his eyes at five in the morning, followed by an all-day orgy-buffet every time Uncle Wei put his greasy hands on his child-thin hips, and until at night, when everyone was soundly asleep, Uncle Wei didn't hesitate to slip into their king-sized bed, spooned against him to forcibly penetrate the child's swollen anus, and inseminate his baby buttocks for hours on end, while dirty, oily fingers fiddled with his inflamed, angry-red bruised wilted wee-wee, smelly alcoholic breathes panting down his neck then whispering very pornographic stories about men raping naughty, disobedient little boys like A-Ji; animal-like grunts

echoed the walls of his single bedroom with each pleasurable pound of hips, crushing poor A-Ji against pillows and rabbit-themed bedsheets beneath the weight of a man enjoying fornicating with little underaged boys, that he could only whimper softly for help, then hours after the moon crossed the sky, he finally fell asleep, exhausted, his cheeks reddened and streaked with drying tears, with Uncle Wei grunting in satisfaction at successfully taking his pleasures from a helpless eight-year old, and sowed his demonic seeds very excitedly, in a series of twenty spurts each, deep, deep inside the battered child.

With Spring in the air and everyone else had discovered new toys to play with, A-Ji found himself wandering around the towns, alone, where they stopped by for rest. At one time, whether he was by himself or with his family, he'd hear a ghostly cry of "*Wei gongzi ! Lan er gongzi !*", which stopped him in his tracks - because Lan was his surname, after all - but the two Uncles tugged at his hand and hurried off to hide away from view. A-Ji was told again and again, that he had to remain inconspicuous, and to keep to the quieter, less populated areas whenever possible. He obeyed without question, even if it meant that sometimes he was taken against his will by other Wei-kin that he didn't know their names, and then pushed up against a mossy, damp wall, and have his pants torn, before his genitals were vigorously attacked by snake-like tongues and greasy lips, and fingers played with his ass until he couldn't hold back his farts - when he did let go of the gas eventually, those terrible men worked in tandem to stick unwashed fingers into his loosened anus, and untrimmed fingernails started to knead and graze the special spot within until his immature prostate gland convulsed excitingly - he was too young to understand or even experience such heavenly sensations that made his toes curl and adult-like moans escaped from his throat, that he one-two'd involuntarily into the waiting jaws of the Wei rapists - an exotic, delicious colourless honeyed liquid that only eight-year old boys can squirt from bouncy boy-eggs trapped in a vibrating vacuum of adult men's greedy, hungry mouths.

It didn't help that the prankster Wei-kins sometimes stole the accursed floor mat while it was undergoing maintenance, then threw little A-Ji into the spiralling depthless portal, before letting him out, two minutes later. Inside the horrible paradise for acts of fertility unsuitable for children, little pantless A-Ji found himself at the mercy of many, many Wei *jiejie* who swarmed the screaming, sobbing boy, greedily dip their heads between the boy's trembling legs rapidly, for hours, days, weeks, even months, then taught him the joys of copulating for the sole purpose of propagating their kind - the evil, succubi-like *jiejie* s would grab his hips and force the unwilling boy to pump energetically between their spread legs, coo-ing him to shoot his immature, undeveloped seed before its time, coaxing the boy to perform the timeless, ageless act of adult sexual intercourse and deep, hard fucks; the sisters crowded behind A-Ji's buttocks and used their tongues to lap and jiggle the child's shrivelled testicles even while the penis rutted vigorously into an orifice, and each time A-Ji pulled out the females tugged at his foreskin until the glistening pinkish prize beneath was fully revealed, then more tongues tickled the special spot beneath that glans - A-Ji's hips quivered at the wonderful electricity running from cock to spinal chord -, and gently pushed those hips back against the Wei-female that happily squeezed her pussy, so that A-Ji slid in with maximum friction and wetness to his child-penis glans, and A-Ji sobbed from the mind-blowing sensations that devastated his rationale mind, until it was too much, his eyes rolled to the back, his back seized and his child-pelvis shuddered again and again because it couldn't stop shaking, because it was too pleasurable, too hot, too tight, very wet, too exciting, that little A-Ji cried out each time thirty ejaculations of useless, seedless sticky fluids were forcefully extracted from his tortured pinkie-length penis.

Later, A-Ji found himself on a soaked bed, with many Wei *jiejie* s cramming between his legs, kissing, making love using lips, tongues and fingers with his lower body. He cried again and again pitifully from the dread of being eaten alive, so he reached to the side - a purple pillow - and fluffed it over his head, covering his eyes, so that he didn't need to watch what the demonic *jiejie* s were doing to his wee-wee, his child-eggs and his anus. The *jiejie* s would scold him sometimes, for not reciprocating their

brand of twisted love, so A-Ji placated them by squeezing his eyes shut, then reaching down to masturbate in full view of the demonic succubi females, then, with a sigh of defeat, pulled his foreskin to expose his shiny pinky glans, and the female cackled and roared with victorious laughter, and went on to attack the boy's genitals with such zest and hunger, until sexually flushed A-Ji knew that nothing would remain except a bent wilted twig, two cracked eggs, and a ruined butthole.

At one point, the pillow was torn from his grasp and he was forced to observe, in full horror, the sexual assault happening between his spread legs and raised hips - one Wei *jiejie* opened her fanged mouth, and a serpentine tentacle-y tongue poked out - it swayed up and down so close to his quivering child-erection that his penis jerked in fear; then it extended a bit more to become a forked tongue, and the forked edges vibrated with hisses and wiggly movements, and A-Ji's drained testicles silently cried in terror and quickly spasmed to tighten against the penis-base and hide themselves there - but to no avail, because soon, not one, but three forked tongues found their way through the irritated, swollen pee-slit, stuffed themselves through the boy's fragile urethra and became to invade his insides. A-Ji whimpered as his penis seemed to move on its own, being yanked in a clockwise circle then made to draw stars and squares by the tongue that had penetrated deep into his pelvis through the phallic, abused tube that stuck out conveniently like an inviting entrance to plunder and rape his innermost sacred sanctuaries. The Wei *jiejie* s grinned deviously and immediately, A-Ji knew that his last barriers and secret gardens were pillaged and their innocence destroyed - the forked tongues lashed out from within, striking hard with aphrodisiac poison-laced micro-barbs inside the child's reproductive organs, tunnelling their way through tubes and cords, until they reached their desired prize. A-Ji shivered as he experienced retrograde ejaculations with so many stars in his vision and waves of pleasure and pain running through his hips - child-sexual liquids were milked out, then pushed back and forth until they sloshed all over the pulverized, swollen prostate, but the relentless attacks surged forth, until A-Ji's child-testicles were filled with living, moving tongues - his balls flung up and down violently on their own, like having piranhas disembowelling the insides of

his precious family jewels from within, then they quake and shudder, as the eggs were cracked and its contents were ravaged and sucked up like fruit juice; the Wei *jiejies* squealed with delight at the exquisite mild taste of unborn primordial eight-year old's sperm cells, since their extendible forked tongues were hollow and could be used as straws; like any Wei rapists both male and female, the *jiejie* s spitted their foamy saliva and then blew bubbles; A-Ji cried at the foreign invasive sensations of having his cock melted, filled, then boiling from the inside out, then tingling so hard that he experienced an adult's orgasm - thirty spurts - in the opposite direction because everything was filled and blocked by those tongues; then, his bladder sphincter was tickled and toyed that A-Ji had to grunt from being unable to control his urge to pee - the *jiejie* s naughtily pressed below his navel and A-Ji had to release everything; he urinated uncontrollably but the pee flowed everywhere else inside his broken plumbing system except out of his engorged, blocked pee-slit; and yet, the *jiejie* s blew more gassy bubbles everywhere like shaking cans of fizzy orange soda inside the boy's pelvic region - until A-Ji finally gave up and surrendered to the convulsions wrecking his orgasming body, that he squirted out jets of pee from whatever orifices his body could find, of seedless cum, then from behind, lots of gassy farts and an explosive stream of diarrhea because his anal sphincters stopped working and defecating ensued - and gratefully, gratefully, A-Ji blacked out.

The next time he woke up, he found himself making sweet love to a long queue of Wei *jiejie* s, who wanted to play the game of 'Tunnel of Love'; there was a long line of female Wei-kin lying on the floor with their hips raised, legs spread and their blossoming rosebuds stretched open in eager anticipation to welcome an eight-year old's penis. His child-penis was unnaturally swollen, overworked and squirting, oozing stuff involuntarily, his balls had been thoroughly consumed and only an empty, stretched, sagging bag of skin was left, but his hips kept pumping from one *jiejie* to another, forced to create triplets in each *jiejie* by orgasming three times in a row into each - and he had twenty four thousands more *jiejie* s to service. The *jiejie* s, having acquainted themselves with their new boy-toy, treated A-Ji much better and fed him with plenty of plump breast milk, sweet

kisses and tender loving care. The younger females helped out by doing delicious things to his rump, vibrating his already-dead balls and kneading the non-functioning prostate with plenty of lip, tongue and finger action, until A-Ji cried out again and again, shuddering and jerking in all directions while deliriously soaring high, high into multiple orgasms that his tiny underaged body was unprepared for.

He shivered and pumped his thin child-hips faster, sexual excitement rearing its ugly head once more and he nnnh'd like a grown-up that his eight-year old penis one-two'd very, very weakly inside the snug vaginal cocksleeve that lovingly massaged and milked wee-wee until one precious droplet spurted out; he prayed that he could make enough sweet boy-juice to satisfy these demonic *jiejie* s, so that he could escape and return to his world and be with A-Xian - two minutes later.

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“Financially independent, retired early. Old men cruising around the world, enjoying the fruits of labour from their younger days, living an easy life with no commitments and no obligations to conform to the pressures from external forces. That’s what the two of you are,” Nie Huaisang jokingly accused the couple, while patting his ride’s rump because he didn’t have his own human company besides a donkey. The man didn’t mind riding a smaller animal, since it did reflect his height and stature, and he was quite an accomplished horse rider, being a sect leader and all that. He started to bond with Lil’ Apple by feeding it a fruit of its namesake, taken from a different Bag of Holding - an ordinary one typically carried by most cultivators to keep their baggage load manageable especially when travelling using lightweight flying swords.

“Well, Lan Zhan carries his sect’s Jade Token, so that broadly secures our finances. He also worked as a part-time teacher during Winter and managed to save some, while I’ve been taking on odd-jobs on our way trekking northwards. We’ve had enough of the world of cultivation and its dirty politics; it’s better that we’re mundane civilians living mundane lives, and you know that, my friend,” Wei Ying grinned while crouching by the riverside, then threw a freshly-filled flask made of animal skin at the man. Huaisang caught it gratefully and started drinking it greedily to stave off a hangover after a half-day drunken snooze, while his other hand kept an apple unsteadily against Lil’ Apple’s snout so that it could happily munch on an afternoon snack.

“Ah, look at you two, living such a lovely couple’s life. You don’t have to think about how to feed five hundred men at the battlefield, or make sure their equipment is in top notch condition so that you won’t be caught unprepared in an ambush. You don’t have to sit in meetings with other sect leaders to draw territorial lines, agree with your ministers on how to conduct a population census to report statistics to the central governments, or work with scores of brainy sages to draw up socio-economic policies to make balance farm productivity against people’s health and well-being, while getting headaches from undue political interferences from outside and within your center of command,” Huaisang mourned his busy decades-old lifestyle and wished for the happier, simpler days of his youth; he looked as though he’d aged with more creases on his face, and even the first signs of greying hair, especially when the first rays of sunset shone at an angle and illuminated everything as clear as day - including his receding crowning glory. He threw back the emptied flask at Wei Ying, an unspoken request to an old friend for a refill - and in all likelihood, for help.

Wei Ying didn’t miss Huaisang’s astute observation and what was insinuated; immediately, he hooked his hands around Lan Zhan’s - the latter was busy putting together a campfire by a river in the forest, and used his free hand to cast a Fire spell to light it up. Temperatures could plummet quickly in chilled forested lowlands, and daylight quickly disappeared

beneath the layers of canopy, so having a light and heat source was paramount. Lan Zhan remained quiet and bowed his head a little; the tips of his ears reddened.

“You know us, Huaisang. Both Lan Zhan and I have been through so much together over the span of lifetimes, particularly for me. We’re indebted to each other, we can’t be separated due to our shared pains and scars. We have common goals in life, we want to live out our remaining years with one another, and help those in need as long as it’s within our means,” Wei Ying looked over Lan Zhan’s shoulder with a soft, tender gaze, and nearly wanted to give a sweet smooch to those adorable blushing earlobes, but he held himself back out of respect for a venerable sect leader in their midst. Lan Zhan turned away, blushing, and quickly sent Binding spells from his fingertips to hook in fishes for a grill later, and barricaded their perimeters with an enhanced version of his trademark Silence spell to make sure they can catch enough without making a ruckus among the native wildlife. His hand tightened with Wei Ying’s and entwined closer than ever, symbolically inseparable just as the latter had explained.

Director Nie looked forlornly at the crouched couple just a stone’s throw away, and felt a strange, fleeting ache in his heart. One could draw little hearts floating above and between them, and they would look absolutely natural against the beautiful sunset backdrop in a picturesque plains and waterways of Dongbeifang. Still, he could grasp at straws if he needed to, without feeling ashamed; he was a desperate man, after all - a sect leader abandoned by his troops with only thirteen nights left to hunt enough *yaoguai* to keep him afloat from the jaws of the predatory Imperialists.

“So, you can help me?” It wasn’t really a question or a reaffirmation of their loose relationship based on a chance encounter on an auspicious New Year’s day.

This time, Lan Zhan spoke, as he reeled in a glowing blue string of small fishes, that would make a crispy snack if deep-fried or grilled over high temperatures. “Director Nie, both of us are unfit for night hunts, but we’ll escort you to the Carp Tower with our transports. Once there, we’ll see what we can do; I can try to talk to my older brother and put to rest any ill feelings he has against you for what happened to the late Jin Guangyao, so that you’ve less one opponent in the hunt; Wei Ying will speak to Jiang Cheng and see if the two of you can form an alliance, or at least a pledge of not slaying each other when going after *yaoguai s*,” he said.

Wei Ying nodded, “Yeah, that’s as far as we can do to help. I can’t use magic anymore but I still have my brains. Lan Zhan has limited magic and sword fighting skills with his current body build, but he can’t run for the hills in time if those monsters chased after him.” A naughty hand sneaked around Lan Zhan’s midriff and caressed the so-called spare tyre on the waistline, and Lan Zhan simply “Mn” in vague agreement. Their synchronicity and smooth transition between lines of thoughts between two different individuals, was astounding - it was akin to talking to one person made of two equal halves.

Suddenly, Big Apple brayed once and caused Huaisang to leap away from where he stood, leaning against Lil’ Apple’s hindquarters. The bigger equine snorted at the man in a veiled warning to keep away his hands from the steed, and demanded a whole apple as payment for its annoyance - in which, Huaisang gladly pulled out one red fruit from the satchel and flung it straight into the donkey’s mouth, and the apple was pulverized with a snap of its steel-hard muscled jaws; another warning indeed. Then, it nuzzled at Lil’ Apple’s cheeks and started nibbling the unhappy smaller animal’s mane. Huaisang watched with amazement at how two male donkeys groomed each other, or rather, how a one-sided affection worked between individuals of the same sex. He looked back and forth between the donkey pair and his lovey-dovey hand-holding clingy human couple friend, and

sighed when realization hit him like a brick of nostalgia and more alarmingly, the loss of the usual tight sense of security, camaraderie and comfort he has with childhood friends.

“Whatever happened to our olden days and our relationships?” he wondered aloud at the fiery orange skies lined with occasional darkening grey clouds. Wei Ying stole a quick kiss at the shell of Lan Zhan’s embarrassed ear and rested his chin on the significant other’s shoulder, just for the sake of teasing the latter.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 166

“What a good boy you are, A-Ji, already hard at work, planting little babies inside your mama’s dick even before your first real manly orgasm,” frisky Uncle Wei cackled evilly, as he gently guided the eight-year old’s twitching angry-red penis in and out of his own engorged, bloated cockslit, tightly wrapped in its own thick veiny hairy adult’s foreskin. Docking had never really been fun for the twenty-something mastermind of underground criminal activities, but Uncle Wei would do anything to indulge that sweetie-pie’s deepest, darkest desires - including piercing and disfiguring his babymaker so that it could ensnare and accommodate a pinkie-sized boner sliding deep into his urethra, though not quite reaching the base because Uncle Wei’s erection covered in sweaty grimy curls was a good six inch in length and rather impressive in girth. (In any case, being a Dream-kin meant that he could remodel his body as he please, depending on his mood and wishes whenever he sleeps at night.)

Little A-Ji whimpered desperately and thrust his hips even faster; he tried his best to father babies inside Uncle Wei’s cock, because he was told that he could only have sex with a Wei-kin. In the latest twist of their depraved family’s all-you-can-fuck saga, he was told that A-Xian was appointed the husband and he, A-Ji, the wife.

“Ah, A-Ji, A-Ji, you feel so good, you’re really my *lao po*,” child-hubby A-Xian moaned uncharacteristically for an eight-year old, with his pinkie-sized wee-wee happily plunging in and out of A-Ji’s anus, jabbing recklessly in all directions, and at a rather clumsy and messed-up tempo, because A-Xian never really followed the etiquettes of a gentleman’s lovemaking. Uncle Wei made clockwise circular, erotically swaying movements with his crotch, pinned below the sobbing Lan boy, while A-Xian mounted his lover from behind and moved his hips in a lewd, anti-clockwise direction; each male took control of one of A-Ji’s grape-sized

testicle each and played with their fingers to their hearts' content, and A-Ji shivered from the double whammy of skyrocketing sexual pleasures burning his meridians and nerve-ends. His genitals were thoroughly rubbed, kneaded, and molested as his body was sandwiched between the duo.

Then, Master Lan loomed from above the three fornicating males; having watched his lovely A-Xian fucking a smaller version of himself was very exciting, and he masturbated so much until his over-six inch monstrous snake hanging between his muscular thighs and heavy balls jerked powerfully in anticipation for another round of family orgies. He leaned over A-Xian and spread the cute boy's adorable bubble buttocks, spanked them a couple of times - A-Xian aaahn'd and pressed against a moaning A-Ji, who in turn screwed deep, deep into a Wei-vagina made of a man's urethra; Uncle Wei squealed like a pig in heat and laughed at their antics, then he urinated and forced wonderfully warm liquids to flood the love canal that bound A-Ji, and A-Ji shivered at the disgusting feelings of having an adult's smelly pungent pee invade his tired, pumping, convulsing child-penis - he could've sworn that all that enthusiastic drilling action caused a few loose curly hair to drop out of Uncle Wei's bushy pubes, and some eventually got stuck into the foreskin and were drawn into A-Ji's penis; the boy nnngh'd loudly when curly strands of hair tickled his insides, and he too, peed into the ballooning foreskin pouch and connected cockslits that held both their pee and started to splatter out in yellow stinky streams.

The Master was unfazed at the discomfort of his family members, and started to perfectly piston his own giant snake into his squirming child-lover. It didn't take long for Uncle Wei to experience a typical adult's orgasm and send torrents of rich creamy semen straight into A-Ji's tortured wee-wee, and for A-Xian to spurt out seedless boyjuice that contained no viable sperms; the act of being fertilized both ways sent the boy to new heights of sexual debauchery, and he finally yielded - losing a bit more of his sanity day by day, of fucking men and being fucked, being used like a ragdoll sex toy for family to have fun with, a marvellously tight and young cocksleeve for all Wei *jiejie* s and *gege* s and uncles, a useless sperm bag

when Uncle Wei and his merry band of evil men stuck a funnel into his child-penis and masturbated cheerfully, then came very, very hard with roaring laughter, and with more than enough time in this world to sexually abuse the child, had dirty smelly old men's semen massaged into his genitals until his testicles bloated into lumpy but firm chicken-egg sized globes filled with hardening cum, in which pitiful A-Ji would be forced to walk around with his gargantuan scrotum swollen to three times the original size, then thrown into the accursed floor mat to amuse and entertain another twenty four thousand Wei *jiejie* s .

Within the confines of the world that existed only below the floor mat, the little eight-year boy could, at the very least, find himself turning into a writhing mess of sweaty shades of red sexual flushes, howls and shouts of Yes, Yes More Please, Yes'es, when he engages in tasty sexual intercourse with teenage girls twice his height, hips shaking harder than a leaf in a tempest of sordid sexual dystopian fantasies, fluttering his scorching hot peeled penis between the *jiejie* s' tight lips and juicy vaginas, crying out in a very child-inappropriate way when he is about to hit his climax, and then, the first waves of delicious muscular contractions welled up from within his pelvis, like a dragon snaking out then breathing out impossibly hot fire from his ruined loins, he jerks his hips again and again, trying his best to be the good little boy and orgasm like a real adult, ejaculating profusely the stored real adult's semen of congealing, smelly, yellow-stained thick white milk, teeming with wriggly babymakers not of his own, of thirty healthy spurts each, to make twins and triplets inside the wombs of those lovely, sadistic, laughing *jiejie* s, inside their dark, dank lairs filled with divine pleasures of the flesh, of groping red-fingernailed claws and sexual poison-laced fangs grazing his back and buttocks again and again, of being brainwashed and drawn into the hazy universe of solely his spasming cock into many, many tasty pussies waiting for him with gnashing saliva-coated serrated teeth, of strange alien eyes watching from above and from within at how a boy was enslaved by demonic powers to become a pleasure factory, whose sole function is to grow roots and be imprisoned in the underground kingdom beneath the floor mat, his lungs becoming like leaves choked with dust and toxins and struggled to breathe, his destroyed rosebud a blossoming climax

of petals, with a stamen in the center that keeps squirting watery bodily fluids, straight into waiting monstrous vaginal lips that made kissy come-hither gestures at his dying penis-stamen, and octopi tentacles from the shadowy depths of the dungeons crawled all over him, wrapping, wriggling, pulling and sucking his ruined wee-wee, his plant-like body along with its leaves and roots, dragging his screaming soul deeper into a demented cavern, filled with living and moving female body parts and diabolical hellish creatures including succubi and all manners of the grotesque, inviting the boy - or whatever that remained of his rational mind - to fuck deeper and be eaten alive, letting his boy-eggs bloat and mature into fruits in which the demonic females loved to feast upon, and they licked, smooched, suckled and coaxed his corrupted testicles fill up even more with foreign seed, to discolour into bruising purples and blacks, to distend and disfigure into horrible cancerous rotten carcasses made of the unliving, the pair of useless eggs then severed from its roots like plucking ripe loquats off a tree, sliced and diced on a chopping board, then pan-fried with garlic, ginger and greasy lard, and finally served on a silver platter for the demons as their wholesome ambrosia; A-Ji would become that fabled little boy to lose every last shred of his virginity to predatory demonic Wei females in their underworld of depravity and insanity, his innocence ripped apart many times, and his tiny body forced to grow up into adulthood before he was ready, then disintegrate into orgasmic explosions of impotent sperm cells, only to wither away inside the stomachs of those delighted monstrous females, at a tender young age of eight.

As always, after a good night's sleep, everyone returned to their original state of body, self and mind, and a quick twirl of Inabilities made sure nobody remembered what happened.

In fact, the Inabilities were such a godsend, that Uncle Wei made good use of it for his own morally corrupt benefit; the next morning, ignorant and forgetful A-Ji woke up with a wonderfully short-circuiting orgasm into the dirty rapist's mouth, and having drunk enough of *jiejie* s' breastmilk the night before, he whimpered when his penis was polished by the uncle's

slimy unbrushed tongue, trapped inside the moist, warm oral cavity, and he couldn't hold back a stream of hot pungent morning pee; Uncle Wei then commanded the boy to remain pantless in the bedroom while breakfast was being prepared by his beloved A-Xian and their stepfather Master Lan; A-Ji struggled to escape Uncle Wei's smelly mouth and greasy fingers whilst trapped within the four walls of their homestay cottage bedroom, but Uncle Wei kept following the boy wherever the latter ran or tried to climb above furnitures or under the bed in a futile bid to escape the clutches of the sinister habitual sex offender, the man's hands kept busying themselves between A-Ji's legs, making tight O-rings to stroke the boy, then vibrating fingertips excessively against the hypersensitive underaged frenulum, until the boy experienced multiple sexual climactic completions even as he sobbed, exhausted and shuddering erratically, between twisted bedsheets; little A-Ji held on desperately to the legs of tables and chairs for his dear life, but laughing Uncle Wei easily flipped the boy against the floor and forced his child-thighs apart, then swooped down greedily at the tasty prize *ala* 'the early bird catches the worm' - in this case, the hawk dived repeatedly and snatched baby *xiao ji ji* s from their soft hairless pubic nest; A-Ji broke down into tears at the terror of having his genitals assaulted too generously until his plumbing was destroyed, he was inappropriately ejaculating urine and peeing seedless boyjuice like an incontinent fool, first thing in the morning, but it felt too good to jerk his hips and instinctively fuck deep into Uncle Wei's fetid mouth filled with gummy fermenting stuff.

Then, Uncle Wei said that A-Ji was penalized a piece of silver for not wishing an elder in the family a happy 'good morning'; A-Ji was alarmed, because he'd broken a family rule and begged for forgiveness, also because he forgot his manners when he woke up drowning in pleasurable tingles running up and down and inside his wildly-twitching penis first thing at daybreak; thus, Uncle Wei punished the boy by demanding that he properly present his naked genitals without protest, and the boy whimpered, sniffled, hiccuped and obeyed without a word, on the cold, hard, unforgiving floor; he pulled his foreskin to expose his irritated, inflamed and engorged boy-glans, and Uncle Wei gleefully lunged forward, to savage the glistening pink bulb with so much manly rough love, with hideous barbed tongues,

gruesome poison-laced teeth and sickening-looking lips covered with diseased warts, wiggly folds and demonic tentacles and suckers, rubbed harshly with abrasive beard-stubs and the reddened urethra was abused with prickly unwashed moustache ends inserted then twirled inside the boy's wildly-jerking penis like merry-go-rounds, for hours on end because the vile man had stopped time without A-Ji's knowledge, but the boy lost the passage of time when his entire body continued to bend and bow, convulsed like a rodeo bull, moaning terribly like an adult, back muscles seized and painful half-grimace and half-snarls etched on his adorably young face, his body cycling through shades of sexy reds and sweaty flushed pinks from unending exploding orgasms wrecking the tiny child's body that it was totally unprepared for, and should not have experienced at such a tender, innocent-ruined age.

When A-Ji finally had a break to catch his breath, Uncle Wei moved like a shark homing in on new prey, gently tugged a grape-sized child-testicle from its hiding place beneath the ruined, twisted, leaky penis, and made sweet, sweet love to that boy-egg with plenty of circular licks and tasty prodding and hnngh-inducing massages, until every last unborn sperm cell was forced out of its spasming cradle; A-Ji experienced extreme testicular orgasms in that one testicle, which throbbed, contracted and quivered from terrifyingly good feelings electrifying its surface and the swirling contents within, the egg literally hatched and spilled its seed out, ballooning its size to three times the original in its lopsided taut scrotal sac, and the continual throbbing orgasmic waves pushed dollops of sweet nectar filled with immature eight-year old's sperm through the pelvic tubes, until they pump out like thick, crystal-clear ice cream through an urethral pipe, in which Uncle Wei happily sucked them up; the boy shivered uncontrollably at the alien sensations of having his essence vacuumed out before he was ready, robbed of his first true ejaculation by the heinous vile rapist. Expectedly, A-Ji then cried at the appalling injustice of having one testicle swollen like a giant against its twin, and mewled at the dirty horny uncle to attack his other helpless, defenceless boy-egg - he even reached down with child-fingers and jiggled the unabused testicle alluringly, to tempt the Uncle to please, please molest and rape my testicle; but Uncle Wei thought better -

he grinned at A-Ji with a demonic smile and lo and behold, a forked tongue appeared from behind his pearly white fanged, yellow-stained teeth.

A-Ji shivered and stifled his cries, when he spread his legs wider and allowed the terrible genital-mutilating uncle to insert his terrible forked tongue into his damaged broken penis, his immature and underdevelopd prostate gland consumed from the inside out, lovingly licked so many times until prostate orgasms further sent the boy into a delirium and feverish hip-bucks, because A-Ji had lost control of his rational mind that had fizzled out when animalistic pleasures and heavenly sensations annihilated his senses and left him a writhing moaning mess, hips shaking non-stop and delicious golden liquids squirting randomly like a shower gone horribly, horribly wrong; the elongated forks worked further in, stuffing themselves merrily into every nook and cranny of the boy's most sacred inner sanctums, then pierced and penetrated his testicles like crushing feeble eggshells with brutal stabs - one ball was swollen beyond recognition, the other swelling rapidly from the cruel attack - the uncle would spend many tasty hours raping the boy's testicles, assaulting it so vigorously until only lifeless, liquefied goo remained, in which the uncle happily drank up the resulting exotic nectary but lumpy oatmeal-like liquor of a boy's destroyed innocence, then gargled with his poisonous saliva and spit it back into the over-expanded scrotal sac, and blew many, many horrible greenish-grey bubbles until everything foamed like filthy vulgar suds from someone's used laundry water, repeat and rinse, until a familiar sound called from downstairs - breakfast was ready - because the Master's voice breaks through all space and time barriers - and pantless A-Ji staggered out of the unlocked bedroom with ruined, dripping genitals to start the day, the first thing in the morning, with Uncle Wei hurrying not too far behind, intent on sexually assaulting A-Ji one more time at the staircase and fill the boy up with a rapist's semen inside the cute boy-anus, before having his breakfast of burnt sausages and cracked hard-boiled eggs with runny yolks, made with love by the lovely A-Xian and Master Lan.

Wei Ying still has many gaps in his memory of his early days, but he distinctively remembered the time when he scurried around with his face covered and hidden whenever Jin guards were around, like a rat darting about a market's dumpster. That time, he was filled with fear for being discovered and then plunged into the spotlight as one of the arch-enemies of the Jins, thus endangering his family simultaneously.

This time, though, he strutted through gilded gates as tall as three horse carts lined up vertically, with chin held high and his proud marching gait mimicked that of a grandmaster (which he really was, unknown to the outside world). The sun was setting, and the colourful reds, yellows and oranges further blinded the crowds who had to stare in awe and suspicion at the golden spectacle of a man dressed in jarring red-blacks in a sea of gold, platinum, ivory and sparkling diamonds. People from the upper echelon of Jin society murmured and made thinly-veiled critique comments, as the procession of welcoming sect leaders in the gardens surrounding the Carp Tower proceeded, for the second night of the great *yaoguai* hunt; heavily armed guards pointed their spears at the approaching foreign sects; elite landowners, overlords, famous craftspersons and business owners, and highly-esteemed cultivation champions, sagely scholars and aristocrats milled about in a huge banquet and series of meetings that would last for about two weeks post New Year's day; the vast compounds that spanned the length and width of many cities were complete with festive lanterns and decorations, with servants rushing everywhere to make sure that everyone that gathered experienced a grand reception fit for kings and queens.

Lan Zhan remained stoic, expressionless and trailed quietly from behind; he remarked that the younger man should don his mask, but Wei Ying refused, citing that he's had enough of playing hide-and-seek with the Jins.

“Besides,” Wei Ying said with an air of arrogance fit for a sect’s firstborn that he once was, “Director Nie registered us as nameless contractual workers providing services to his clan, which is quite a common occurrence among the more secretive mercenaries and cultivation fighters. We are quite safe here, as long as we declare our allegiances correctly and do not spoil the dinner party organized by our gracious and very flamboyant hosts. Is that right, Huaisang?” and he turned to the front where the Nie sect leader bowed his head and tried to pick up their pace to escape the increasingly uncomfortable, glaring, attention from the Jin partygoers. Already, several Jin elite onlookers were heard whispering, both in shock and unease, of how the men appeared to resemble their nemesis named Wei Wuxian and Lan Wang Ji - because Wei Ying was too thin and bony with scars visible on his face, neck and limbs, and Lan Zhan was too fat with facial hair and walked a bit like an overweight duck and nothing of the graceful lithe catwalk that the Gusu Lans were famous for, compared to their old ill-matching portraits of handsome but fearsome warriors drawn on the Jins’ Most Wanted list. With their bloody history against the Jins immortalized in children’s school textbooks, the guests asked among themselves how the two were allowed to step into their sacred palatial grounds. Fortunately, behind them was a procession of other sect leaders and their key representatives, just as the same for those in front; and it seemed the sect behind them suffered major defeats - a tall, broad-shouldered man in broken, dented armour limped across the red-carpet reception, and five cultivation warriors followed suit, sporting as many bandages on their limbs as the cracks on the swords and shields; the non-fighting spectators cheered and booed, gossiping more awful rumours about the worsening state of each attending sect that made it to the Carp Tower, and soon, the story about one measly Nie man with two unnamed helpers that looked a bit like the province’s most wanted criminals - were duly forgotten.

Nie Huaisang took out his fan and started waving the instrument of comfort; both Wei Ying and Lan Zhan followed suit, using fans given by their new so-called employer. The fans stated words of pledging loyalty to the people of Qinghe, and described the beauty of the province’s lands in poems, accompanied with ink-brush art of rice fields, mountains and desert

plateaus. The guards waved them through with the spears, and the trio finally arrived at the foot of the thousand-steps leading up to the beautiful ivory and silvery-gold multi-level tower that commanded the powers and respect of the greatest men in the Middle Kingdom.

“We will not escort you further (不送了),” Lan Zhan curtly stated, and bowed politely at Director Nie. They had safely accompanied the Nie sect leader to his destination; Wei Ying would have loved to enlist Lan Zhan’s strength to capture a *yaoguai* or two along the way, however, the creatures were stubbornly nowhere to be seen during the day time - but at least they caught some small fishes in a river, and picked some edible wild fruits along the jungle trail that led to the city, and the trio had a tasty snack and overall, a nice afternoon outing for men who were reluctant to wield their swords and return to the dog-eat-dog cultivation world.

Wei Ying handed Huaisang a Bag of Holding - a gift from the Gusu Lans, technically, since the Lans are famed for sewing apparels and accessories made of high-quality woven fabrics, then enchanted by ordinary magic to make their handicrafts more cherished and valued by people from all walks of life. It contained the Director’s personal stash of sabers which he could never effectively wield nor take to the skies as a medium for speedy transport, and some provisions donated from the couple’s inventory - it was mind-boggling how much they’d taken from Caiyi’s supermarkets the month before New Year, and how long they lasted inside the magically sealed and sterilized confines within the folds of softly-glowing cloth. “Here, take this with you. Since non-important guests are barred from the meeting halls in the tower, we’ll wait around here,” he gestured at the packed grassy grounds overlaid with buffet tables, thronging crowds of elite men and women, armed cultivators from other sects, and servants rushing around with jars of wines and pots of tea, “... to have our dinner, mingle around and get our secondary missions done.” He winked at the director and buddy-slapped the man's rump. Huaisang yelped and started to climb up the exhaustive stairs, and he bowed repeatedly at the couple in thanks for their kindness to bring him back to the tower.

Wei Ying waved energetically with his newfound fan and eventually his hands ache, tire and drooped, his facial expression changed into a wistful, sad smile; a lifetime ago, he would be running excitedly up those same set of stairs with *gongzi* s from other clans in a playful match of speed and endurance of surviving a thousand-steps climb, but now he was a cripple, a nobody, a--

“Wei Ying,” the soft, calming voice besides him muttered, and drew him back from those dark, foreboding suffocating whispers of guilt and regret. A warm, larger hand clasped his, comforting, familiar, more importantly loving, gentle, both husbandly and wife-y.

Wei Ying shook his head to clear away those wispy darkness that encroached his soul, and beamed a bright smile once again at the beloved man standing by his side.

“C’mon, Lan Zhan! I want to see who else survived last night’s hunt and will sign up for today’s. I want to eat fatty pork belly, whole chicken roasts, mountains of Shandong’s famous peanuts and all the sweetest loquats this place has to offer! I want to look for my brother and bully him for losing so badly on his first night out with the Yunmeng boys, and I want to say hello and thanks to Zewu Jun once more for taking care of me during the last few months,” he laughed, albeit rather forced, and swung their intertwined hands like little boy-friends strolling in a playground, and they started to walk away from the stairs leading up to the tower’s main entrance.

“Mn.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 167

“Wei--” followed by a muffled mmmph noise, because that man in question put a forefinger on his lips to shush the mention of the cursed name in the heart of Lanling Jin, “You! Y-- You’re not dead yet!” Jiang Cheng cried out with a constipated, unreadable expression on his face that spoke of anger, dismay, desperation and homecoming joy, simultaneously, including a short burst of unmanly tears that the Jiang sect leader quickly blinked away. They were outside at the tower’s vast compounds and milling around its manicured gardens when the men bumped into one another, each holding an entire roasted goose leg - a classic favourite of lakeside Lotus Pier.

The older brother had to use his intricate knowledge about his younger foster sibling to locate the downtrodden man - knowing that Jiang Cheng’s suffered massive losses on the night of the first hunt, that he was injured too so he wouldn’t be able to walk too far away from the dinner party, that he had no shoulder to lean on to de-stress and weep his heart out since he had to be strong in front of his wounded boys, and that his trademark arrogance has a penchant to keep the man in places where he could be noticed - curt, polite hellos from elite members of society would do wonders to his wounded pride -, but hardly approached for conversations - Jiang Cheng would find it troublesome to reveal his disappointing achievements in life, especially to rich, famous men of the cultivation world. So, after a fair bit of searching, such as around the corners of packed dining halls, and near beautiful golden statues or expensive paintings that take up an entire wall which are centerpieces of attractions and therefore, instant crowd magnets - Wei Ying finally found his little teary-eyed brother close to the toilets, where nobles and prominent cultivation figures walked past in a rush and acknowledged the latter’s presence, but never questioned about his bandaged hand or that embarrassing bruise between the brows.

Wei Ying knew they'd create a rowdy a scene, so he quickly grabbed Jiang Cheng's hand - roast grease, marinade and all - then deliberately took the path of least resistance, that is, behind the bushes, then dashed past some majestic ivory pillars and far, far away from the stuffy crowds of elegant aristocrats, eminent sages and scholars, warriors in full regalia and pinned with more medals than can be counted with two hands, more dinner guests garbed in exotic and expensive clothes, and others of that ilk. Jiang Cheng embraced his younger brother like an lovesick teenage fool even while still holding dearly at his goose leg, buried his face into Wei Ying's shoulder and refused to move; he had to be dragged to a quieter corner of the tower's grounds, while mumbling "I-- I'm not crying, there's just something in my eyes... no, it's the sauce for the goose leg, it's-- it's too spicy, okay! B-- but I'm not crying, okay, you hear me?!"

Wei Ying patted the man's back and replied, "Yes, yes, there's sand in Shandong's wind, and the Jins used *mala* hot sauce, it's their fault, it's entirely their fault, so let's get going before they see you... us," while moving quickly to secure both of them a nice place for private conversation. His walking cane, while not used at the dinner party for the fear of being ridiculed or accused to be impolite, was whipped out from his sash like a quarterstaff, and turned out to be a great crowd-disperser - Wei Ying swung the stick wildly in front, and sent guests and servants scrambling to the curbside, thus clearing up the path for their quick getaway. Jiang Cheng's oily grip on Wei Ying's hand tightened gratefully, and he lowered his head in shame and embarrassment, direly hoping not to be recognized to be in association with a seemingly angry blind man terrorizing the public with a cane, or worse, looking like a maiden boy being taken out for a date by an older person, simply because he clung to Wei Ying's hands in a rather unmanly way.

They found a nice picnic table in a secluded corner of the tower's expansive gardens, surrounded by tall pine trees and dense shrubs. There, Wei Ying gleefully took out his superior Bag of Holding, and he took out the plates of salads, meat nuggets, fritters, baked sweet potatoes, fruit cuts, even dipping

bowls of gravy for the runaway roast goose legs and other carefully balanced tableware filled to the brim with enough food to start a mini-buffet on the table - plus a pot of herbal tea. Jiang Cheng watched with fascination how each dish was fished out, one by one, from the bottomless bag, and remarked crudely that his brother was a thieving scoundrel to have stolen so much food from the dinner party - while unconsciously picking off finger-licking good bite-sized dumplings and swiping a wet napkin to wipe his hands. Unperturbed, Wei Ying replied that the Jins had taken enough from everyone, so what is a mere little revenge in a form of an unscrupulous and unaccounted-for doggie-bagged dinner from a forgotten nemesis who could no longer harm anyone with a blade, let alone cast his notorious brand of Dark magics.

Jiang Cheng stopped chewing his fatty goose leg and swallowed uncomfortably; the meat became a bit too tough, his throat constricted from a foreboding feeling of sorts. Wei Ying sighed and prepared his mind and heart for an onslaught of questions that he'd face with every person he was close to - how is he feeling? Why does he look so thin and bony? Is he eating well? Do the scars from the cliff fall still hurt? Can he walk properly? Is it true that he couldn't wield any sword or magic? Are his memory and skills intact? Did Lan *er gongzi* gift him that awesome Bag of Holding? How has it been, living in the Cloud Recesses, for the past six months? Did the two have a great road trip holiday just before New Year's, as Zewu Jun said? Et cetera ad nauseum - Wei Ying fielded the questions expertly, satisfactorily, to the point, and with plenty of white lies and colourful side stories made up on the spot, to assure Jiang Cheng that Wei Ying was back to normal, minus the superpowers, plus better relations with the Lans, multiplied by an interesting encounter with the unlucky Director Nie that brought him and Lan Zhan to the Carp Tower, and that they were once again, putting themselves into hot water, by dabbling into the world of cultivation that had banished them once, and now, its night hunt championship.

“But more importantly, Jiang Cheng, how have *you* been, and how are *you* feeling? Those bandaged wounds don’t look too good around the forearms, and that bump between your brows doesn’t seem to subside; if anything, it looks a bit gangrenous,” Wei Ying said and made an ‘eww’ face. Jiang Cheng instinctively scrunched up his eyebrows and winced in pain - indeed, that bruised circle of protruding flesh looked more like a growing greenish-black lump from an untimely hit on the head - by a *yaoguai* .

A very different kind, or kinds, of *yaoguai* , the sect leader added, and started to narrate his side of the story.

The Yunmeng Jiangs have had a relatively peaceful time after the defeat of Jin Guangyao by nursing their wounds, building their strengths and trying to live a modest, flourishing countryside life by the Great Lakes of central Middle Kingdom. Jiang Cheng returned to his old ways of ineffective ironfisted command-and-control, alienating his people in some ways but gaining cult-like following from impressionable youths; fortunately, without any external political pressures from pesky and stronger neighbouring sects, or economic troubles in the valleys of plenty surrounding the Lotus Pier, in general, the Jiang sect leader did reasonably well and checked all boxes for ruling and managing his sect’s affairs.

Jiang Cheng had been invited to participate in several tournaments to determine the next Chief Cultivator. “Obviously, after learning the hard way and from trial and errors, I know that our sect’s cultivation techniques aren’t up to par when it comes to one-on-one combat,” he sighed, then exclaimed, “I’d been kicked out quite early on. Those warrior chieftains and cunning, powerful shamans from the Far, Far West vying for a spot in the ruling hierarchy of the Grand Cultivation Council were really tough!” Wei Ying listened intently and processed every bit of new information from his foster brother, and showed empathy at the latter’s pains by gesturing in his direction. Jiang Cheng shrugged, citing that he was fine after having his

limbs sprained when he was wrestled to the ground by a triumphant twelve-foot giantess decked out in fancy, shiny chains, leather and furskins; he even made a joke that when his back was sat upon by the female's heavy thick ass, his backbone made an awful cracking sound, and he thought his meridians were shattered and he'd been rendered handicapped for life-- "but miraculously, after I woke up at the losers' camp from having my lungs flattened out in record time, my back pains were gone! I got her mythical contact symbol, and thought that if I need a chiropractor in the future, I could give her a Fairy Messenger call." Wei Ying laughed at that, and spewed out half-chewed chicken nuggets all over the floor.

Jiang Cheng continued to bide his time by joining a handful of meetings for sect and cultivation leaders, even as a non-important contributor. He kept a lookout for tournaments that involved other ways *besides* fighting hand-to-hand combats. Sandu was, in all intents and purposes, an ordinary blade labelled with a deceptively dangerous name. Zidian was great at keeping opponents at a safe distance, but he learnt quickly that many legendary cultivation champions were able to withstand its electrocuting effects, "--and some even had the ability to absorb and take advantage of its electrical energies. I'm now wiser in wielding the whip, because I know how weak and disadvantaged elemental magics and weapons can be," he admitted sagely, and Wei Ying nodded in agreement, after collecting a few still-edible chunks of half-chewed nuggets from the grass, he gave them a few good puffs, and popped them into his mouth - Wei Ying practises the five-second rule like a devout.

"Now that you mention it... I heard Zewu Jun used Liebing as his primary weapon in tournament battles, rather than Shuoyue," Wei Ying wondered aloud, and scratched his stubbly chin with the breaded crumbly edge of a deep-fried fritter he plucked from one of the plates on the picnic table.

“Yeah, I can tell you that the giantess I fought had scaly skin as tough as steel, and from my firsthand experience, no sword can puncture that kind of skin! So, using something else, whether magical, incorporeal, intangible and metaphysical, could actually work better!” Jiang Cheng replied and pumped a fist in excitement in having unravelled a winning strategy; the cleaned bone of the goose leg flew off his oily grasp and landed somewhere in the bushes.

The men continued to eat and share their stories, and soon, touched upon what happened on New Year’s Eve night. Yunmeng Jiang was considered a small entrant with just a couple of hundred of men, compared to the fifty-thousand strong Jins, or the dreaded Imperial cultivators boasting a combined force of nearly a quarter of a million, with numerous smaller sects declaring allegiance and servitude to Grandmaster Gao and ultimately, the Emperor of the Imperial Court of Chang’an. The first night had been disastrous, and understandably so, to weed out the weakest in the Middle Kingdom, using the greatest creations from the Imperial forces - magically-enhanced and battle-trained *yaoguai* s that the royal family had captured, bred and nurtured over generations inside the infamous dungeons beneath the Imperial Palace.

“In fact, one hundred and fifty men out of the two hundred loyal disciples sent out last night were hurt, though not grievously. I’d trained them well enough from last autumn and invested a lot of money in buying better protective gear, so that they wouldn’t end up like some of the smaller sects - all wiped out in bloody gruesome manners. Most of them suffered scratches and slashes like these,” Jiang Cheng unwrapped part of one bandage on the arm, and Wei Ying retreated to the far side of the picnic bench - the festering laceration appeared absolutely disgusting, swollen, bruised and discoloured terribly in shades of pale complexions, clotted dead blood and greenish toxic hues, not unlike the flesh of the undead with what looked like black pus and whatever abominable poisoned bodily fluids that seemed to slosh within and around the disfigured cut, with black veins extending from the edges. “It’s strange that these wounds refuse to heal even with the

strongest medicines given by the doctors here. Many of the fallen are down with fevers, unexplained aches and worsening abscesses like these. I've taken a strong painkiller pill myself so that I can still walk around like this," Jiang Cheng stood up suddenly and spun on his heel like a robed ballerina - and nearly lost his balance, but not before he clutched the edges of the table to steady his stance.

Wei Ying covered his nose and nearly retched at the assault to his senses - astringent herbs and floral-smelling medicinal pastes had been swabbed to the inner surface of the bandages, and there was nothing offensive about it; however, being the grandmaster of the Dark Arts, Wei Ying could sniff out the minute stench of the rotting and the unliving - it was too close, too horribly familiar, and he could *hear* shrill resentful and evil screams echoing off the dripping black slimy substance residing inside the laceration; Wei Ying recognized the nature of the unholy, foul thing, with frightening alarm, but he kept his cool because he didn't want to ruin their reunion dinner of two long-lost brothers.

"Where are these one hundred and fifty disciples? Did you house them in the military hospitals here or..." Wei Ying asked and rummaged his Bag of Holding for - surprise, surprise - two large jars of wines. The clinking sounds made by the ceramic vessels sounded almost like a godsend to the other man who was fatigued to the bones from a night's fight with novel and vicious monsters not seen in classic cultivation textbooks, and there were thirteen nights to go. Jiang Cheng hastily re-wrapped his ugly infected wound, then grabbed one of the jars and didn't hesitate to uncork the cloth lid with anticipation gleaming in his eyes.

"Huh? Oh no, I can't leave them with those untrustworthy Jins. I've sent them back to the Pier since dawn this morning. Those good enough to ride flying swords should reach there by midnight, and the rest will fill in over the next couple of days. I've ordered our own Jiang healers to be on standby

to receive and treat their wounds using our family's ancient healing recipes. You know our home's lotus roots have superb curative powers when made into powders and mixed with native herbs... they're much better than those yucky pills that the Jins mass-produced from their wasteful factories!" Jiang Cheng exclaimed, then, like a true leader of men, he raised his jar. Wei Ying followed suit.

"I feel so much better that you're around and that the worst is behind me. I've got a good feeling, maybe a confidence streak, that tonight will be a better hunt for the Yunmeng Jiang sect. Come, brother, let's toast for the New Year and a wonderful second attempt to victory! Happy New Year!" he shouted almost too loud in the far, far corner of the compounds around the Carp Tower, then clinked jars with Wei Ying's, and took the first swig. One impressive gulp, he praised its exquisite, sweet and strong taste - such exotice, rare wines go very well with expensive food that Wei Ying had prepared on the picnic table, after all.

Then, Jiang Cheng burped, and rudely asked, "Well, that's enough about me, Wei Wuxian! Our lives are no beds of roses, and we've talked so much about my harrowing experiences and turbulent ups and downs, that I'm afraid I'll have depressing nightmares later. My brother, tell me more about your recovery in the Cloud Recesses! Or, the holiday outside of Gusu - I'd love to relinquish my role someday and go on a well-deserved vacation someday too! Or, what brings you here and why did you look for me here, at the Carp Tower?" He went for a meat dumpling and took a large bite out of it - delish - and another drink from his everflowing jar.

Wei Ying heaved a sigh - there was plenty to catch up between brothers, and he needed to find out in more detail about these special *yaoguai* s. He started counting down the time silently, and hoped the spiked Laozu Smiles teleported from another world would do its deed soon, and leave the Jiang sect leader unconscious. That man needed to be wheeled into a 31st-century

operating theatre for emergency surgical procedures, pronto, to remove that first-degree infection of the deadly liquefying poisoning plague that had killed so many in Caiyi, not too long ago.

Wei Ying sent a secret holo-phone telepathic message to his clone siblings - an aerial bombardment of decontamination magic required in a south-westerly direction towards Yunmeng to save the dying disciples making their way back home, not knowing that they would turn into fearsome killer zombies in a few hours' time after sundown; and another strafe of powerful magical cures in northern direction for those Qinghe soldiers that ran to the hills the night before, got infected in all likelihood, and had returned to Director Nie's hometown to start a super-spreader epidemic event of terrible, viral proportions.

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Lan Zhan had better luck in locating his older brother - Lan Xi Chen had inexplicably sensed a faint aura of distress from their unbreakable brotherly bond, and went ahead to home in like a missile to its target.

“Wang-- err, A-Ji, many happy returns for the prosperous New Year! I thought I heard you calling for me from a distance, and I was right,” Xi Chen greeted with a serene smile after tapping the younger sibling on the shoulder, and when he turned around, he was greeted by a bouquet of flowers. Lan Zhan instinctively bowed to reciprocate the brother's gesture, and blushed - he did not know why, but having a man shove a bunch of nice smelling and colourful blossoms did that to him. Several dinner guests around them began to send curious glances and murmur about the brazen bromantic display between two supposedly virtuous Gusu Lan men dressed in their trademark pristine white robes; it would seem rather embarrassing

that the man receiving the flowers was shorter and squat in stature, chubbier than the other taller one.

“Oh, this?” Xi Chen did not hesitate to answer his brother’s unspoken question - they shared a near telepathic connection in that Xi Chen could always, somehow, read the younger sibling’s thoughts with admirable precision, “The meeting adjourned after Grandmaster Gao, on behalf of the Grand Cultivation Council and the biggest sponsor of this event, presented these bouquets to the top contenders, and our sect was one of the winners.” Xi Chen beamed a cheerful smile, and one could almost be blinded solely by his brilliance even the torch-lit darkness of an outdoor evening party filled with hosts of people from all walks of life. Lan Zhan took the bouquet and the older brother immediately tugged his sleeves, wordlessly signalling him that they should find somewhere more conducive for a chat.

As they passed by several guests, they bowed slightly to acknowledge Zewu Jun, and some even congratulated him after the list of sects that succeeded the first night hunt was hung on various strategic locations around the tower. Lan Zhan blushed into pinks and lifted the bouquet to cover his face - partly because he didn’t want to be identified by party attendees that may harbour a grudge against his real self, and partly because of the fact that he held *flowers* . He didn’t have time to mull over his feelings, though, because Xi Chen started talking to him while walking, in a businessman-like manner - polite, respectful, but candid and *shixiong-shidi* -esque at the same time. They kept their voices low, though in most cases, the incessant murmurs and chatters around them drowned out most other noises.

“Where’s your buddy-- err-- partner? Oh, don’t tell me, he left you alone and went around like a social butterfly looking for blooms and rosebuds to talk to? No? Ah, I see, he went to find Jiang sect leader. The Yunmeng

Jiangs barely made it to the top list, so maybe your partner's there to console him. I heard they suffered a huge defeat."

"Ah, look at you, you've grown more... prosperous since the last time we met! You've been eating well, haven't you? Ah, don't be, and please, don't try to hold in your breath and tuck your tummy like that, it's silly! A man easily grows in weight and girth when he's happy, relaxed and contented in life. Is that what you are, right now? Mm-hmm, I'm sure too."

"Wang Ji, how was your vacation in the last two weeks? I didn't manage to say good-bye since I was on a mission to Caiyi the morning you left. Do you want me to brief you what happened? It was a really successful mission, you know. We caught many *yaoguai* s, fierce corpses and other forms of the undead after an outbreak of evil *qi* energies was discovered, which solved part of the mystery of the poisoning plague with the cooperation of the town police, and we returned with lots of grains and foodstuff to last us an entire season, because the mayor was exhilarated to be freed from the scourge of those abominable things and rewarded us well!"

"I'm so glad to hear that you spent a wonderful holiday travelling along the Grand Eastern Coast. You haven't been going out since taking care of your partner throughout the last half-year or so. Did you say that you met Director Nie earlier today? How is he? I heard he fled but he must've picked up his courage after meeting the two of you and returned! Good for you, Wang Ji, you're always inspiring others to be their best!"

"There's a strain on your face and your lips are thinned - do tell, Wang Ji. Speak, what is in your heart that has kept you from saying that much? I can guess that you'd like to ask something important about me, or to request for

help from our sect. Come, this way, to the camps and dormitories allocated to our three-hundred strong group that I've managed to muster in just a brief two-week stint. We can talk more over there. I sense that the three juniors I've brought along would be more than excited to meet you, and hear what you have to say."

"Uncle? Oh, he's here too, but not for the competition. He's staying over for just a few days to oversee camp operations and uphold our family rules at all times, and he makes sure everyone is well fed, has their blades well-oiled, and gets at least eight hours of sleep each day now that our body clocks must be reversed during this crucial period. Wen Ning is around too, though not on an official basis. He's been helpful, striking *yaoguai* s with such sharp and powerful blows, he's better than any sword we have against those monsters!"

"Oh, no, no, everyone's fine, Wang Ji. A few younger disciples were injured, though, because some of the Imperial-bred *yaoguai* s were very cunning and strong enough to break through our cultivation and spellcasting techniques. Were you informed about the full details of last night's monster count? Unlike the others, our sect didn't dive head-first into the swarms of *yaoguai* s around these plains. That would be suicidal, really. The senior disciples detected too many low-level ones lurking in the forests when the first fireworks were launched, which would immediately overwhelm any group that tried to be the first to reach their dens. Instead, the Gusu Lans held back and picked on the remnants after a number of sects had set off their journeys for the hunt. Pickings were rather slim, but adding those that we caught from Caiyi Town two weeks ago, which the Council had declared to be valid because we worked so hard to bring those dark creatures to their knees - and save people's lives; that puts us as forerunners in the competition and Uncle is very pleased. "

“Rest assured, many survived through last night unscathed, and I’m sure we will do fine tonight. We won’t have anymore extra caught and caged dark creatures to fall back on, this time. However, with three hundred healthy and fully-motivated, engaged men, we can surely push ahead of the race. Oh? Your face tells me that you’re worried or you’re not convinced. Fret not, dear brother. Trusty Liebing is a nemesis of all things dark, unholy and unliving. Plus, we have natural defenses against them - see? One of those creatures barely made a scratch on my shins last night - I’ve sewed it up and patched my trousers to repair the holy sutra barrier lining the fabrics. There’s a bit of swelling but thanks to our uncle’s medicine, it doesn’t feel painful anymore.”

Lan Zhan struggled to maintain the fast walking pace set by his older brother (admit it, one could hear him chastise himself, Xi Chen *da ge* has very long legs, and he, the great Hanguang Jun, has become an overweight buffoon; he could feel layers of fat jiggling when he moved his limbs excessively - the shame, the shame!); however, he was relieved when they left behind the dinner party, those stifling crowds, the roaring din of people talking and ho-ho-ho laughing non-stop, and speckles of lights appeared on the horizon. They were approaching Camp Gusu Lan, which sounded pretty much like home to him.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 168

“Wang Ji, there you go again. You keep rubbing your belly with one hand and you keep touching your topknot with the other. Is something wrong, can this *gege* do anything to help? Does your tummy feel unwell after eating that goose breastmeat and fried tofu? Did you grow dandruff again after your two week holiday? Perhaps the homestays you stayed at didn't provide good quality shampoos that you're used to for washing your long hair.”

Lan Xi Chen was the perfect, caring and loving older brother that all (sisters) would love to have; he reached out to touch Lan Zhan's hair, running fingers through those long locks in search of split ends, painful-to-comb knots and offending white flakes. The younger of the Twin Jades protested with an annoyed nnngh - but without words -, and tried to fend off those gentle fingertips from his scalp - however, that only served to fuel Xi Chen *da ge* 's oniichan-powered dedication to search and locate the source of his little brother's discomforts. Xi Chen kept murmuring, “It's okay, it's okay, put your hands down and let *gege* find out what's wrong.” Of course, there was nothing terribly wrong to warrant those roaming long hands with perfect manicured nails - but Lan Zhan's penchant to keep his mouth shut as though they weighed in gold, left him helpless and lovingly examined by the overzealous *gege* .

Xi Chen proceeded to study Lan Zhan's belly, and used his authority as the older brother to tap on Lan Zhan's defensive hands, and silently commanded the younger Lan man to release their hold on the sash. Unhappily, Lan Zhan loosened his grip, and Xi Chen merrily unbuckle the cloth belt, then unwound the knot-buttons and folds that kept Lan Zhan's pristine white robes in check, in a deserted area behind a building, and away from prying eyes. Like the caring older brother he was, Xi Chen peeled

away layers of robes and opened them, then unzipped Lan Zhan's pants to let the stuffy abdomen spill out in great relief.

"Ah, *didi*, maybe this is causing your unease - I've watched you from afar, you were eating quite a lot during the dinner party before I approached you. And now, you may be suffering from cramps and indigestion because your pants are too tight. Come, sit and lie on that rock over there, and let *gege* rub your tummy," Xi Chen coo'ed at his distressed younger brother. Lan Zhan nnngh'ed again in embarrassment, but Xi Chen ignored that completely - the little brother's well-being was more important than a few disgraceful, humiliating but perfectly natural acts that one may find insulting, for a virtuous Gusu Lan.

In the end, Lan Zhan obeyed without question although the downward curve of lips and blushing cheeks indicated he was rather ashamed of indulging his weight gain recklessly. He reclined on a sloping rock surface that resembled a lounging chair - another one of those strange, meaningless stone architecture and sculptures that dot the gardens surrounding the Carp Tower -, and with his robes hung loosely open and his fly unzipped, he allowed his *gege* to touch his belly, jiggle the fatty layer around the midriff, and knead wonderful, nnngh-inducing circles around the deep, bouncy navel. Xi Chen *da ge* fished out a vial that smelled of mint, ginger and other medicinal qualities typical for stomach ailments, and poured out some oil to warm his hands; then, Xi Chen rubbed his hands along the imagined meridians of a man's digestive tract from beneath the Lan Zhan's chest, generous deep nnngh rolling circles around the perimeter of the wide mound of the abdomen, then, increasingly smaller and tight circles, more kneads along the stomach cavity and intestines, and the *gege* couldn't suppress a chuckle when he, out of a juvenile moment of an older brother lovingly bullying his younger sibling, inserted an oiled forefinger into Lan Zhan's deep, fat-lined belly button and started to curl that said finger inside and tickle the hapless man. Lan Zhan frowned and nnngh'd again and again, his whole body squirmed at the strange sensations that sent electricity straight into his intestines - Xi Chen *da ge* was actually shooting

little quivering bolts of *qi* energy into his tummy to tickle them to work! Unable to resist the older brother's advances - because Xi Chen was, admittedly, the more renowned healer between the two siblings -, Lan Zhan gripped the edge of the bed-like rock and bit his lower lips and the first of many tingling waves of discomfort - also relieve - started to make their way through inside his burgeoning obese belly. There were disgusting rumbles and squelches from within, of muscular contractions and relaxations, of squeezing aches running from up to down, from right to left and back to the right across his tummy.

Then, without warning, a radiant, warm - actually stinging hot - sensation of growing fullness attacked his rump, and Lan Zhan had to raise his hips in desperation. Xi Chen smiled, and released his belly-assaulting forefinger, still glowing blue from firing many salvos of pure *qi* bullets into his younger brother's body. He stepped back, Lan Zhan squeezed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth, then his thighs shivered when all strength was lost, because those terribly, terribly pressurized feelings welled up from the rectum, to the anus, the sphincter, every last muscle unravelled instinctively, allowing passage and instant, much-needed tension-releasing relief--

A loud string of rude farts followed.

Then, an 'ahhhh'.

The understanding *gege* held his breath, and explained that by wearing pants that were too tight - especially with large, hearty meals eaten regularly -, Lan Zhan's tummy had built up a lot from the inside without an outlet, such as for certain bodily gases. He continued to massage Lan Zhan's tummy and pressed out more unsavoury sounds from the little brother's butt, and gave him a lecture about appropriate wardrobe sizes,

dietary advice and lifestyle changes - the man should exercise more and cultivate three times a day, and keep to lighter, less oily foods.

“See? This will only grow in size if you don’t take active preventive measures, and soon, your weight problems will lead to other issues, such as injuries to your weight-bearing joints, and you’ll experience labored breathing even with brisk walks, and soon, even snoring at nights that will keep everyone up,” the naggy but good-intentioned *gege* sagely advised, while pinching then jiggling the tyre of blubber that had sprouted around Lan Zhan’s waist, a slap on the soon-to-be-thundering thighs, a swat on the sides of the buttocks, then moving up to wiggle the rounded upper arms - precursors of ‘chicken wing’ flabs -, and finally, caressing the smooth, bulging layer below the man’s chin where a double chin was imminent. Lan Zhan had to bite his tongue to avoid nnnh’ing in front of his well-meaning brother, because he was a masochistic addict to loving pain from pinches and slaps.

Lan Zhan bowed his head in a mix of apprehension, frustration and shame and tightened his fat thighs uncomfortably on the rocky pedestal. Xi Chen reached out to pat the younger man’s head to try and soothe the latter’s deep-seated fears - but the latter actually flinched in masked horror.

“As your brother, you know that I’ll only say what’s right for you, and have your best interests at heart. This too,” fingers touched the man’s hairline along the temples and the top of the forehead, “... we should have a conversation about it. I’ve seen you stealing glances at mirrors and adjusting your front locks and bangs sometimes in the Jingshi, and I know very well what causes you sleepless nights. From one man to another, dear little brother, let’s talk about it, and what worries you so much about such a perfectly harmless, natural condition that accompanies with age, which affects all of us and our ancestors,” Xi Chen *da ge* calmly broke the last straw on the camel’s back, literally, when he delved into Lan Zhan’s

deepest, darkest secrets of irreversibly damaged masculinity, and that filled the younger of the Twin Jades with trepidation - his imaginary receding hairline.

Then, Xi Chen did the unspeakable - he used his fingernails and lightly raked the vicinity of that said offending disappearing hairline, and a few frighteningly Gusu Lan-white and snow-like flakes began to drift past Lan Zhan's sight; plus, an inexplicable itch and tightness on that spot, comfortingly relieved.

Surely, he should stick to his favourite regiment of anti-dandruff herbal shampoo and hair tonic oils, Lan Zhan thought when misery doubled instantaneously. He curled up into a testicular ball of shame upon the rock-bed, though Xi Chen continued to find endearing, familial ways to pacify the wounded man's pride, such as pat-patting the rounded rump and whispering, “*Didi* , don't hide your face from *gege* , come, turn over and let *gege* pick out those dandruffs from your scalp, and massage the wind from your tummy.”

(It didn't help that Lan Zhan sported a hard-on, horrors of all horrors - a purely physiological reaction to the older brother's sweet, comforting touch, of course.)

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There were awkward moments, but Xi Chen *da ge* saved Lan Zhan's day despite his busy schedule and the constant calls for his leadership during times of urgency and great crisis at Camp Gusu Lan. They arrived at the

dorms with a bit of time to spare in relative privacy - all three hundred or so went to the bathhouses *en masse* after having a filling dinner to clean up, then marched to their armoury to don their best Gusu Lan battle regalia, swords and enchanted armored robes, and prepare for another night of long battles with *yaoguai* s and their ilk.

Xi Chen fussed over Lan Zhan's dreadful situation, and hastily rummaged the closets for suitable, larger robes and a pair of pants with a wider waistline, and found one from a big-boned disciple's possessions. He insisted on making adjustments to the cut to suit Lan Zhan's figure, so the poor man - already shirtless, now pantless and left with thin loincloth covering the last shreds of his dignity - had measuring tapes circling, tightening around his sensitive and rather erogenous areas. Tickling armpit hair, grazing puffy-pink man-nipples, sliding around the embarrassingly widest circumference of his ballooning body, light swats of measuring tape on his exposed buttocks, then down, down, past the crotch and the clothed, stubbornly twitching arousal, the hypersensitive inner thighs that trembled from light kneading and gentle man-handling - it was too much for Lan Zhan, a man of unlimited libido, to bear. He couldn't suppress a whining moan and quickly clamped his mouth but it was too late - the unmanly sound echoed the walls of a small dorm room, and everything fell silent.

Xi Chen stared at the flushing *didi* in bewilderment, and wondered if Lan Zhan was suffering from an acute case of food poisoning, because he could feel through pulse points that Lan Zhan's heart was racing, the skin was clammy with sweat, and there were minute excited *qi* dancing around his pressure points, causing him to fidget restlessly. Lan Zhan looked away while standing in front of the crouching Xi Chen, who was dutifully measuring the little brother's thighs for perfectly logical, asexual reasons of getting him a good fit into the pants later.

“Wang Ji, is everything alright? You’ve not said a word, so it’s difficult for me to tell. Is your tummy making strange noises again? Are you feeling unwell with a fever? Or... ah. I see now.”

Lan Zhan paled and pinked simultaneously. He squeezed his thighs and trapped the measuring tape between them out of sheer horror mixed with apprehension.

“ *Didi* , do not worry. *Gege* is also a man, and *gege* understands. *Gege* will ease your discomforts, but we don’t have much time, because the juniors will return soon to these dorms. Come, *xiao didi* , you don’t have to feel ashamed. You were only eleven or twelve, when you started coming to my bedroom in the morning, worried about the wood between your legs that refused to go down, and do you remember how we solved your problems?”

The loincloth was easily unwrapped - a flimsy piece of translucent material that offered no defence or cover for the well-endowed, easily bought from any markets in any town. It fluttered down to the floor.

“Yes, *didi* , it’s perfectly normal for older brothers to relieve their sibling’s unease, and this is no exception. We did it every morning in the past before going to Uncle’s house for breakfast, and you came to like it, even begged for it because without doing it, you couldn’t properly put on your pants. Oh, Wang Ji, those were the good ol’ days when you were so innocent. Come, come, stand properly and spread your legs a little. Squeezing your thighs won’t help, we’re not women, you know.”

Some light shuffling on the floor. The younger man was, of course, obedient to the older sibling's orders. Xi Chen reached for a washcloth to wipe his hands, and then he leaned closer until his face was close, oh so close - stray strands of fine masculine pubes tickled the older man's cheeks, and Xi Chen chuckled - the puff of warm air made Lan Zhan tremble, because the skin around his crotch goosebumped, and he fell deeper into shades of embarrassing reds when little Wang Ji jerked up and down uncontrollably from the greeting by Zewu Jun.

“We really have no time, but *gege* doesn't want to rush. It has to feel good, right? So *gege* will be gentle but firm, steady but fast. You don't look happy, but down there, you look like you really want it, and very impatiently too. It's always been like this, since you were eleven years old, and I've watched you grow from the length of a pinkie to such an impressive state today. Really, there's nothing to be ashamed or worried of, *gege* has seen everything. It's perfectly normal for me to touch you, okay? It's to relieve the tension and to make you feel good. It's something brothers like us do, so cheer up!”

Lan Zhan moaned again and started to pump his hips, his head lolled from side to side because electricity ran up and down his spine and his sexual meridians; he struggled to remain still because his hips shuddered, his toes curled, and his back kept on threatening to bend and bow like a fucking machine but oh dear god, it wasn't Wei Ying his excited and pent-up arousal was making love to. He had to persevere and maintain a serious, non-sexy visage at all times. Soon, his vision started to roll backward and his mouth slacked. While one hand busied itself on the prized genitals, the other roamed around, pressing on sensitive, lewdly tickling places around the groin and thighs.

“Heh... *gege* remembered, when you were small, *gege* was already a late teenager and had big hands. I had to make a tight O-ring with my thumb

and forefinger so that we could stroke that discomfort out of you. But now, look, Wang Ji, *gege* has to make a fist to properly hold and stroke it. Time flies, doesn't it?"

"Ah, wait, not so fast. Control your breathing, Wang Ji - remember the Swimming Dragon breathing technique? Yes... inhale, one, two three and hold... five seconds, then release. *Gege* will time it with your tempo. Three tight, shallow and powerful strokes, then non-stop rapid rubs on the tip while you hold your breath. You liked it so much when you were younger, we created this technique together to make you happy, do you remember? *Gege* knows you like to edge, that's a sign of a real man, and it's perfectly normal for *gege* to pleasure you and keep you teetering so that when you finally release, it will be a perfect storm of endorphins, very good feelings, and a night of pleasant dreams. *Gege* has watched you grow up, *gege* loves you like the best little brother ever, *gege* has seen you become happy during times like this, *gege* knows what feels very, very nice because we're both men. So, Wang Ji, relax and leave it to *gege*."

"Ooh, you're feeling good now, look at what's coming out from the slit. That's pre-cum, and *gege* knows what to do next. You remember too, don't you? What excites your *xiao ji ji* and makes it all better? Yes... hold it up like that, and show them to *gege*, what a good boy you are, Wang Ji! *Gege* will use his fingers to massage it, it helps to circulate the built-up *qi* and improves your digestion too, so it's good for your tummy, you know. Come, let *gege* knead it harder and faster, we're running out of time. Oh, it's rising fast and tucked underneath your penis now... how adorable! *Gege* wants to fondle them and then kiss them goodnight... ha ha, I was just kidding, but really, yours aren't as hairy as mine. Yours look rather smooth and plump, did you exercise them daily and eat enough fruits and vegetables to keep up such a nice complexion on your scrotum?"

“Mmm... you’re getting close, very close, your hips are shuddering wildly like a leaf in a tempest, and your legs are barely holding up; your body’s all tomato-red and covered with sweat! Make sure you go to the bathhouse for a quick dip, *gege* will make a new set of robes and big-sized pants for you when you’re done, okay? O-- Oh, *gege* better speed up - I can hear footsteps coming through the hallways outside and some chattering. *Gege* is sorry for pumping his hand so roughly, and making these intricate vibrating hand-motions with all five fingers... it must be too much, judging from your reaction... breathe, Wang Ji, don’t forget to breathe! Next time, *gege* will be kinder to you, okay? Now close your eyes, it’s coming out soon, *gege* will use your most favourite technique - two finger rubbing vigorously on that really, really nice spot beneath the glans, and the quivering pee slit, while the other hand stroking at full speed with enhanced tightness. Mmmh! What a strong, healthy pulse you have, and so many drops of pre-cum are spilling out! It’s twitching like crazy, jerking up and down, like an angry stallion trying to kick off its rider! I can feel the first contractions welling up from your balls and the veins are bulging on the underside of your penis...”

“Oh! Did you hear that? Someone’s forgotten to pick up their bathrobe, and the whole group has turned back to the bathhouse to retrieve it. Such good disciples, always staying united and together. Oh... was that your... err, twenty-fifth? Or thirtieth spurt? *Gege* lost count, sorry. But that was really impressive... and... it’s still hard. (ahem) Not to worry, my beloved *didi*, *gege* always knows what to do to make you feel better. I shall work harder now, maybe twice the force and speed, and ramp up my techniques. Stand straighter, my boy, *gege* will start again and get a few more out before the juniors return. Don’t worry, you’re in good hands now, and you’ll be in excellent shape once we release your surging *qi* that’s been locked inside your pelvis all this time!”

Lan Zhan was a brave man that night. He kept mum about his harrowing (but very pleasurable) experience in the hands of the fearsome Zewu Jun, and bit his tongue so that he would not grunt and howl that ‘Hnnngh’ for

the world to see and hear. Incest was a terrible crime, at least in his books, but that didn't stop his sex-addicted body to respond (inappropriately) to Xi Chen's touch, and when 'Hnnngh' could not be uttered, he allowed himself some tasty moans, nnnhs and the occasional choked and rather desperate "ge ...!" before spilling again and again, straight into the waiting slender, perfectly pedicured, but slightly calloused fingers of his loving older brother.

.

Elsewhere, Wei Ying quietly tended to a snoring Jiang Cheng in Camp Yunmeng Jiang - another set of dorms and quarters in a different location on the vast space around the Carp Tower, relatively unoccupied since three-quarters of its residents had left after a day of service. He chuckled, then laughed, then groaned sexily and squeezed his own thighs, then dabbed tears out of his eyes, turned quiet, and went back to sniggering - a myriad of interesting but random expressions cycled through his face. Wei Ying got more than he bargained for when the couple suggested that they split up to help Director Nie - he got a free telepathy show with full sensory experience, as a pervy voyeur, and delighted in observing how Lan Zhan was seduced by bromantic love, lewdly molested, and forced to ejaculate multiple times using exquisite tactile assaults, from his own flesh-and-blood brother.

Scores of the remaining fifty-strong Jiang disciples mulled outside their closed sect leader's quarters to watch a strange man, who seemed to talk so fondly with the so-called tyrant of Lotus Pier, carried him to bed, cleaned him up with a washcloth, and then administer an antidote to the alcohols was consumed. They weren't acquainted with Wei Ying, but the man barged through the camp gates with such persuasive charm and confidence, and spouted sect-specific vernacular, varied Yunmeng dialects, and short stories from the past with such familiarity, that the disciples timidly let him in - the

man's A.S.S. skills triumphed once again. Wei Ying snorted - the fifty that left were the tender young 'uns, barely fifteen years of age; the older ones had been wounded - more like, slaughtered - when sent to the frontlines, leaving behind the frail, inexperienced and coddled boys to fend for themselves by hiding away to survive most of the night.

Wei Ying performed Dark Arts magics behind closed doors and locked windows. Dark wisps rose from Jiang Cheng's immobile body and wound their way straight into Wei Ying's open mouth and nostrils. The former Yiling Patriarch's eyes blazed crimson for a brief moment, as he inhaled and swallowed - his body lifted off the ground, his hair drifted from unseen winds in all directions, his limbs splayed in a display of an ancient, revived malevolent presence. Wei Ying felt his entire being supercharged with extremely powerful, cursed and resentful energies, and his body glowed black from head to toe. Hurricanes of abominable evil spirits, screeching souls and all manners of the foul, the vile and the fetid surged around his fluttering robes, but they remain in close proximity to the greatest grandmaster of the Dark Arts, thus safeguarding the quarters from total obliteration by pure, raw evil power.

The man licked his lips - he tasted the essence of the great unknown evil that besieged the lands, and thought that it was absolutely, devilishly, and delectably good.

.

It was ten o' clock. An aging timekeeper rang his hand-held gong to announce the time, and walked across the relatively deserted compounds surrounding the Carp Tower.

Wei Ying had to keep in mind that he was not the protagonist of the story, and therefore, he'd miss out on a lot, physically - that is, if he didn't maintain a sacred telepathic soul-binding communication line with Lan Zhan, or even send out pseudo-feelers to others in the vicinity; mind-reading would be one way to describe it, however since that ability spans across continents and even worlds, and for a couple, it becomes a two-way channel of sharing one's thoughts and senses, thus it becomes a kind of a in-built multimedia streaming pathway that has unlimited bandwidth and sensory richness.

By the time the former Yiling Patriarch made his way through dispersing crowds who'd called in for the night, and banquet tables that were being cleaned and wrapped up by tired servants, he found Lan Zhan sitting on the bottommost steps of the Carp Tower, alone, depressed, watched by a couple of grim-faced guards standing on a higher platform who constantly surveyed the Tower's gardens to prevent troublemakers from approaching Lanling's most famous landmark, and for the time being, the headquarters of the Grand Cultivation Council.

“Wah, Lan Zhan, your pants look good!” the man teased, and Lan Zhan, for some unexplained reason, bowed his head and squeezed his thighs together and tucked them under the new set of airy, supersized robes. He settled down next to Lan Zhan and waved his hand; the guards behind them suddenly flinched, then looked around, confused; they stared at one another questioningly, suddenly not remember who they were, why they were garbed in splendid gold-plated armours, or what they were doing at the steps to the Tower. Seconds later, the two guards stumbled away while scratching their heads - one of the couple's Demons of Inabilities had been commanded to use its amazing powers to confuse and remove the enemy's presence, and cause the masses to *not* recognize the godly couple in public space.

“Oh *ge~~~ge* , *ge~~~ge* , your silky smooth hands feel so good, they’re so sexy, squeeze it, squeeze, rub it more, move it up and down, I can’t hold on...!” Wei Ying’s obnoxiously melodious and shrill voice mocked Lan Zhan’s core, and the younger man had to wiggle his bum on the steps to emphasize just how much Lan Zhan *couldn’t* hold on while being relieved of an unintended efflux of sexual *qi* , by his own brother, no less.

Lan Zhan snorted in disdain. “Wei Ying, I did not give you permission to read and paraphrase my thoughts,” he stated, and the tips of his ears turned beet red.

“Eh? Eh? Why the cold response? Give me a break, darling, I was out there performing a 31st-century magic-enabled surgery to save my little brother’s life, while you-- *you* went to goof off with your *gege* with belly rubs, dandruff-picking and later, got yourself sexually assaulted, then you were gifted a wonderful set of pristine and shiny new clothes by your molester *gege* , and finally, you had a good time reuniting with our juniors and everyone else, given a hero’s reception, before the second night hunt ceremony!” Wei Ying complained, and for each accusation, he slapped Lan Zhan’s thighs, stole a couple of swats on the buttocks, and even made a swipe between the older man’s legs - because Wei Ying had gotten so used to touch-touches that grabbing Lan Zhan’s penis had become as normal as scratching one’s itch on the body.

Lan Zhan nnnh’ed audibly, and he allowed himself that privilege because there wasn’t a single soul around; everyone had been chased away by the Demons of Inabilities so the couple had the Carp Tower all to themselves, really. The man was dense and slow - he was still ruminating on what Wei Ying said, item by item, and started to form a long sequence of defensive arguments particularly the last point - Si Zhui, Jing Yi, Jin Ling and Wen

Ning barely said hellos but they exchanged some pleasantries, before getting swamped by attention from the other younger disciples, because everyone was energized and looking forward to a successful night hunt - Lan Zhan barely got a glimpse of what happened to the juniors in the preceding two weeks other than they had plenty more adventures and interesting encounters with *yaoguai* and fierce corpses alike, bonded closer than ever, and became celebrated new heroes of the sect - Lan Zhan was relegated to the backdrop quicker than how one downed a cup of high quality tea, and after being greeted formally as 'Hanguang Jun' by the rest, he stood in a corner, alone, forgotten in a sea of very eager young men waiting to test their skills against monsters and to secure the future of their clan - so, there was no 'hero's reception' at all, unlike what Wei Ying claimed, and--

“Oii. You talk too much even while not doing so, and I’m not even soliciting your feedback about what I joked just now,” Wei Ying opened his Bag of Holding satchel and took out a couple of loquats he’d stolen from the dinner party earlier. He went ahead to peel one and threw the other at Lan Zhan - the latter caught it perfectly in his palm, this time. “So, what do you think of the whole dinner meeting and events, and the departure ceremony for our brothers’ sects?” Wei Ying asked after the first juicy munch. Lan Zhan sighed, and took a bite on his given fruit.

(flashback)

The meetings had adjourned by eight, during which groups of sect leaders, champions and hired mercenaries were called in to be given their results by the Grand Cultivation Council’s elite circle - much like what happens after an academic examination -, and a chance to discuss their options should they bow out of the competition from disqualification or due to other reasons. The final decisions were announced by putting up paper posters on notification walls located throughout the compounds surrounding the

Tower, so that everyone including the dinner guests, noblemen and people with interests in the progress of the night hunts - pundits, betting agents and non-combative sponsors, usually - would receive the news fairly on time. Obvious winners - the top handful of sects who scored enough *yaoguai* s and other supernatural evils - who had made it through the first night, received their results early and were able to leave at an earlier time point before sunset, enjoy their Jin-sponsored dinner, and rest up to prepare for another long, arduous night starting at nine.

The Gusu Lan, one of the top contenders, were off to a good start at nine. There were rumours that their sect leader spent the last hour checking and making sure everyone was properly equipped and psyched up with victorious chants before leaving the starting line; and there were whispers that he even sewed garments for one Lan member before charging into the battlefield swarming with fresh waves of *yaoguai* that bred overnight and multiplied like a disease. The Yunmeng Jiang, tethering precariously at the bottom rung, were less confident of their success, and their tyrant leader had to whip his boys to shape with Zidian to get them running, far, far behind the horde of cultivators that had gone on ahead. With a small number of surviving disciples in tow and with slim pickings expected after such an intensive first night, the second night was speculated to be the Jiang's final appearance of the now-termed New Year's Hunt.

It goes without saying that the largest and most powerful contestant, the Imperial cultivator group and the massive numbers of enslaved sects - their numbers had whittled down dramatically down to about a hundred thousand because the weakest ones had been easily mauled and annihilated. Distasteful gossips during the dinner party spoke of plans by the Imperial army to burn up their cannon fodder for the next few days, before sending in their greatest, most talented cultivators to the fore to clinch the final victory on behalf of the Emperor's name. The Jin sect was regarded with widespread fear, admiration and detest because they had everything when the rest of the Middle Kingdom struggled; they had enough money to hire endless waiting lines of mercenaries and champions, and stocked up on the

best magical weapons, armour and equipment that Magics 'R Us had to offer - the Lanling Jin was on its way to become a candidate for the top three positions of the hunt, and its existence was more or less assured at that point.

Director Nie was seen rushing from one freelancing champion to another even after the majestic two-storey teakwood doors were closed at the Carp Tower. He had stayed back and requested the old sages of the Council to reconsider his sect's failed candidacy - having scored no kills meant that he was automatically booted out - and according to the final written announcement pasted on the walls, he was given another chance since his men had deserted him - instead of being defeated in a fair combat of men and foes -; therefore, the disqualification wasn't really due to a lack of performance or a sign of weakness and failure of the Qinghe Nie, thus, an appeal was considered and granted in the end. Nie Huaisang still had to find individuals he could sponsor and form a group to fight under his sect's banner, and bring back some *yaoguai* s if he hoped to be spared from the wrath of the Council.

The couple caught hold of Huaisang in his panicked bid to sign up anyone who would be willing to sell their lives for mere gold pieces that that man could offer at that time; the best cultivation fighters for hire advertised their services for hundreds of gold pieces per *hour* , and that price was slated to skyrocket in the coming days when competition becomes stiffer than a stone cold day-old dumpling. Wei Ying happily reported that Jiang Cheng remained steadfast to lead his own people to catch and kill the monsters; at least he agreed not to antagonize the Nies, although he also did not rule out the possibility of forming a future alliance should his situation change. Lan Zhan was a bit awkward when he talked about Zewu Jun - nothing out of the ordinary for a man who spoke with brevity - and said that the Gusu Lan promised not to deliberately sabotage their friends, but in the spirit of fairness and equality, of an eye for an eye, should one sect interfere and harm the Lans, Zewu Jun would not hesitate to strike hard with a Shuoyue

and Liebing combo to turn sword and sound into divine punishment unto the enemies.

Nie Huaisang gulped, afraid of what Zewu Jun was truly capable of. “But... Wei *gongzi* , Lan *er gongzi* , would you not consider working for me, even for just tonight? Wei Wuxian can share the secrets of trapping and killing the dark creatures, and Lan Wang Ji can use Bichen to slay those that dare to close in, strike the guqin to eliminate those from afar, and even wield magic spells to keep us all safe and sound,” the man persisted with sweet offers of two gold pieces for each person for the second night of the hunt - what a cheapskate! - and the couple duly turned him down.

“Director Nie, your offer is kind, but I must stay vigilant tonight here, in the heart of fierce battles between men and inhuman evil during the unholy hours, to protect the one I love,” he stated in a clear, neutral tone. Wei Ying rolled his eyes at how textbook-like the declaration of loyalty sounded, though Huaisang was smitten and had sparkles in his eyes because he was so touched by what was said. “Oh, of course, Hanguang Jun! Your loved one... err, ones... need you more!” the shortest man paused a bit to reconsider his words, looked back and forth between the two, and gave them a warm, welcoming smile of old childhood friends that once fought together and tried to save the world, sort of.

(end of flashback)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 169

A private conversation using ErNet-powered telepathy took place between the two men, as they climbed up the stairs of the unguarded Carp Tower, only to find the doors to the meeting halls securely locked and most likely booby-trapped, then begrudgingly, slowly made their way to the base of the stairs - because Wei Ying remarked that the last time they cutely tip-toed and scurried downstairs with tiny steps during the exposé of his real identity, then tried to escape from the Jins about half a year ago, the man nearly tripped and would've been sent hurtling down like a rolling boulder off a steep cliff and crack his skull.

“Lan Zhan, you look a bit distracted and listless after meeting your brother. Stop brooding. Talk to me, what’s going on?”

Is it about your brother? Your past? The disturbing stuff that I saw through our shared telepathic connections?”

“Guilty.”

“What... why?”

“Guilty. Not perfect. The dark past... it still haunts me, sometimes.”

(In a telepathic connection, one can catch glimpses of visuals inside the other’s mind. A dark cloud hung over Lan Zhan’s lonely, miserable form.

He seemed to walk through a night-time desert that stretched forever, dust devils blew by, he blinked but couldn't see past the haze in front of him; he was lost, so very lost.)

“How? How does the dark past make you feel... imperfect? You're talking in words and brief phrases here. C'mon, spill out the beans.”

“Wei Ying, at present, you may see me as a perfect soulmate, but long before this... when I was a child, I wasn't. I was... am... dirty. Contaminated.”

“From how you were touched by your older brother?”

“It is a... bad touch.”

“Lan Zhan, wait, wait... let me get this straight. You're feeling guilty for being imperfect, because you had been touched by Xi Chen *da ge* during your pre-teen years?”

“Mn.”

“Oh for goodness' sake, you were still innocent and unaware at that time! Having no one else to teach you the ropes while growing up as an orphan, and having to experience your first wet dream or your first morning wood, then forced to approach your older brother - your only other living family

member - for help, because there was no one else... that's perfectly natural! Why, I jacked off with Jiang Cheng too when we were in our teens because sometimes we had nothing to do on rainy days, kept indoors by our parents, and so, we ended up wrestling each other on the bed until we got pent up, and played dick-fencing behind closed doors!"

"R-- Really?"

(The desert scene came to a standstill, stopped moving when Lan Zhan stopped trying to fight against it, to try and cross the sea of dry sands in a world that lacked light. A single pinpoint, a North Star of sorts, sparkled above.)

"Lan Zhan, listen to me, as your partner, soulmate, husband and wife. Stop thinking that you were sexually abused when you showed up at your brother's bedroom every morning as a child, begging to be touched in a bad, naughty way, therefore indirectly forcing him to be an accomplice of sorts, and you feeling regret, responsible and guilty of all this, two decades later. He's not an unwilling pedophile, you're not a victim. It's not grooming, it's not trauma, one way or the other, and it's not about being sexually deviant, intentional or not. It's something wonderful you experienced with your older brother, of shared memories and growing up to manhood together!"

"B-- But, my older brother... he..."

"Spit it out, say what you remember and feel. I can read minds, but I can't read what's not vocalized even without being spoken."

“He... he was allowed, no, made to play with my penis and balls... made to watch me cum... we did it daily and sometimes even more frequent during holidays... he was casually coerced by my consistent begging, and became so used to it, until he found it absolutely natural... to touch his little brother that way, and for me... to offer sex, and a hidden desire for selfish, indulgent, self-gratification. It’s shameful, it’s moral corruption at its worst, by an eleven-year old child - that was me.”

(The desert scene glows out until it fades into white screen, and is replaced by amore vibrant memory from the man’s past. A little boy in fluffy white pyjama robes runs through the hallways excitedly, even smiling a bit as though sunshine toed right behind him. The cute pitter-patter of rushing little feet left a few female servants and minders chuckling - their young master was so energetic first thing in the morning, despite his perennial stoic, expressionless and anti-social behaviour that would dominate the rest of the day. A door swung open and closed quickly, then the boy appeared by the bedside of his older brother.

“ *Gege* , *gege* ! A-Ji greets senior brother a good morning!” he squeaks; his voice hadn’t cracked from puberty yet. He bowed rather too quickly, and with a single practised smooth movement, pulled his trousers and underwear, and left them discarded as a messy pile of clothes on the floor. “ *Gege* , *gege* , please touch *didi* ? I cannot wear my school uniform with it. *Gege* , please wake up and help A-Ji to start the day,” the boy begged in such a polite, respectable way, that Xi Chen *da ge* was jolted at five in the morning, then the older teenager stretched and yawned. The little boy felt a tingle in his aroused loins, and an unfamiliar bolt of desire struck like lightning, sending dirty and forbidden sweet voices to comment that boy to try, to indulge to enjoy, sticking his pinkie-length penis into the older brother’s mouth - surely, it would be warm, moist, and if the older brother hollowed his cheeks and sucked very, very eagerly, with perfectly tight

friction and suction, that his wee-wee would experience ten times the usual pleasure that he gets at daybreak, every day.

In the end, the boy managed to rein in his boiling lusts using their family's virtuous techniques - pouring cold water to the flames by chanting sutras inside the mind -, and straddled his older brother for a usual, perfectly normal session to 'calm down' his morning wood so that he could properly wear his school uniform. The older brother nonchalantly sat up and swatted the boy's buttocks, to gesture him to go on his knees so that his groin was at eye level - the perfect height for the teenage boy to easily reach the prized child's genitals before the first crow of roosters, then played with them with tender loving care.

The two brothers talked about very normal things - Did you sleep well last night? Did you dream something good? Did you complete your homework and have you studied for today's exams? What should they do after school hours? How are their studies and sports activities? What do they hope their uncle cooked for them for breakfast, and the ilk - while engaging in tasty pedophilic handjobs and sometimes, blowjobs - the older brother found it perfectly normal to indulge in his little brother's incessant, but hardly worded requests, because the little boy only needed to make a sad face and all his wishes were granted by the loving *gege*. The pre-pubescent and very unwary, vulnerable and gullible child raised his hips, pulled back his foreskin to expose his delightfully lovable pink penis-glans, and let the *gege* stroke his cute little penis until it tingled and throbbed with such lovely feelings coursing through the wildly-twitching stick of turgid flesh, then the older brother sat up higher and kissed each of the boy's very lightly fuzzed testicles, and greeted them "Good morning to you too, my beloved *didi*."

Little Lan Zhan would be stroked to completion at least thrice in a row - after the first series of thirty ejaculations that accompanied a mind-blowing climax, he would grab Xi Chen *da ge*'s hand and keep it around his jerking

virile flesh - another silent Please, Please *gege* , Touch Me More, It's Still Itchy. He'd have his penis lovingly molested and massaged inside his brother's mouth by a swirling and heavenly, expert muscular tongue, then, popped out of those wet lips and given the wonderful pistoning O-ring of thumb and forefinger unto his helpless and very excited youthful penis, balls rising and falling like a person's breath after running a marathon, that left the eleven-year old a trembling, shuddering sweaty mess of tasty moans and breathless grunts, of quivering hips and a violently quaking pelvis, before he was calmed down enough to put on his pants. Oddly, Xi Chen *da ge* never swallowed the boy's freshly-pubescent honeyed semen, because the entire ritual of waking up with sensual tactile and oral pleasures was considered as a norm among young males - as the two were told -, and didn't need to venture into the more depraved abyss of morally-questionable practices of swallowing, consuming and enjoying a boy's fresh sperm, produced first thing in the morning. The *gege* simply washed his hands in a bucket of water placed in the bedroom, then threw the water out of the window, so that the servants would never find out of the brothers' indecent waking-up routines every single day.)

Back to reality, the words "It's shameful, it's moral corruption at its worst, by an eleven-year old child - that was me" echoed in the younger man's mind, and he was quite flabbergasted at what his partner was thinking.

"Ai-yaaa! Lan Zhan, but it felt good, didn't it? That's all that matters! You felt good, Xi Chen *da ge* enjoyed pampering you and keeping you happy. How can that be shameful and corrupting? Today, that man is an exemplary, prominent, virtuous practitioner of Gusu Lan culture and rules - not the other way around, right? What you've been suppressing underneath those layers inside you, has resulted in what you are today. It's natural, it's normal, it's the cycle of life! Stop deluding and vehemently denying yourself the realities, and the pleasures of the flesh!

I don't care if you're perfect, not perfect, perfect with a dark past - that's bullshit! - and that's the crux of the issue. Stop measuring yourself and let things go. Stop blaming yourself. A-Ji and A-Xian's twisted pedophilic paradise dreams stemmed from your stubbornness to accept things as they are or have happened, and believe me, I'm perfectly fine with that. It's okay if you learned to love little children and want to have sex with them, just because you experienced good feelings out of such relationships from your younger days. I'm cool with that, really."

"Wei Ying...! T-- Thank you and s-- sorr--"

"We talked about this before. Between the two of us, those two words are prohibited. Banned. Stop kowtowing in front of me, at the back of your mind. That visual picture is terribly tasteless, dated, like something that came out of a caveman's head. I'm your husband *and* wife, so respect me like one, damn it."

"M... Mn."

"Come here, love, and let's hug."

"Wei Ying... (mmmph!)"

"I'm here."

“Wei Ying.”

(A few microseconds of psychic mushy and romantic moments passed.)

“Mm-hmm. No wonder the *yaoguai* inside your older brother sniffed out those memories and brought them back to the grave, so that it could rear its ugly head, seduce you, and for that brief period of time, snacked your tasty *qi* -flavoured seed in such a ravenous, bestial way, that I immediately knew something was wrong. A normal healthy heterosexual man like Xi Chen *da ge* would never lick, chew and swallow a man’s semen like *that* . Not even homosexuals like us too, unless one of us was infested with demon-fuelled sex drive, and believe you me, I’ve been there before. Xi Chen *da ge* is possessed after those mere scratches he received last night, so tonight, the demon inside him has grown to maturity, nourished by your godly *qi* , and will burst out of the man’s rib cage like an otherworldly alien... maybe a fierce corpse will appear, or maybe something else, I don’t know. I didn’t analyze that far.”

“Is it that bad? What can we do, Wei Ying?”

“Nothing. We took an oath not to be involved in cultivation and worldly matters. Period. We can’t fight their battles, and we can only remain as sidekicks. Tonight’s going to be one of the darkest nights for the Gusu Lans, and god help us if something crazy’s going to happen in this hellhole. Oh wait, you’re God... don’t help them, please, darling. You’ll ruin this timeline and I swear I don’t want to re-live another timeline again because it’ll make my hair grey.”

“But... you helped your foster brother. Shouldn't I be entitled to my fair share to aid my flesh-and-blood relative too?”

“Toot-toot, you think too shallowly. Jiang Cheng only has fifty men tonight, and the Gusu Lan has hundreds, all fully equipped, mind you. You know everything will somehow turn out all right, now that the stakes are balanced with little or no intervention from our side.”

“Mn. I can see into the future. Another type of supremely-enhanced *yaoguai* will make its debut and complicate my sect's chances of survival. More mortalities will follow for the cultivation world and all those involved in the night hunts. I don't like it... but I don't disagree the way it is going. It is the way things should be. Fate, Creation and Time, the holy trinity of elements that make this universe works - is doing its job.”

“Now you're getting it, darling. It doesn't matter if you were sexually abused by a sibling in the past, or if you're going to watch in horror at how the Gusu Lans, or this land, transform into a haven for evil corruption. Even the Yunmeng Jiang sect will suffer tremendous losses tonight, partly because of the infected returnees, and partly because I know Jiang Cheng's incompetence to lead a troop of young, inexperienced boys up against great evil - but I acted as though I wouldn't do anything else besides giving them immaterial moral support. Go with the flow as observers, that's what we are.”

“Mn. I'm a bit disappointed that evil is very sinister, strong and here. We are champions for the good and the weak, after all. The menacing darkness is unquenchable, indefatigable, unbreakable, adaptable - it looms over us in so many diverse ways that we cannot see it nor feel it before it strikes, and that would be too late.”

“Yeah. You’ve not even seen a fraction of what the Dark Arts can do in ways you can never imagine. You have cats and farm animals wielding dark magic that kill people; you have curses and plagues that turn flesh to liquid to walking dead bodies rising from the tombstones; you have unidentifiable entities that possess people through deliberate wounds or even from inhaling their sickening miasma, infest and grow out like chicken eggs inside the victims, and later before midnight, hatch explosively like *xiao ji* s placed in a microwave.”

“I resent that term. But otherwise, your argument makes sense. I see that I need to delve deeper and learn more about these Dark Arts from my partner, the greatest grandmaster of all, even for God himself.”

“... did you just smile? Did you just crack a joke or are you praising me?”

“Wei Ying. I love you. You make my world sensible and promising.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, I’m turning red without reason, and there are patrolling guards up ahead...”

.

Wei Ying reminisced a bit, when they ducked away from approaching gold-plated armoured guards and skirted around busy servants with arms filled

with dirty dishes and tableware, about *his* own sexual awakening during his childhood years.

Wei Wuxian is, was, a normal hot-blooded boy even at eleven. Like any young healthy males, puberty was a tumultuous time filled with hormonal rages and an inexplicable curiosity and supersititious fear blended with fascination about the secondary sexual characteristics in both genders of his peers. He secretly joined juvenile and delinquent gangs made of sons from the more elite members of the Yunmeng Jiang society, that is, his peers - those who preferred to catch jungle fowls and fishes from the river, talk back at their parents, and run riot in the streets, rather than to sit still and read thick textbooks or practise writing poetry calligraphy for hours on end. Jiang Cheng tagged along whenever he could, away from screeching, nagging nannies and servants, because clueless little runts who hold very high prestige and rank in the hierarchy, like him, are warmly welcomed into the fold and taken advantage of by the bigger boys.

Wei Ying did it all - circle-jerking with a bunch of boys behind the school building, comparing penis sizes when they ate together during recess in the playground, playing with their foreskins because they were all uncircumcised and trying to match with each other's volume of body hair, reading dirty comics and badly-written fiction together when they were supposed to be studying together in a friend's house, exploring their sexuality by sharing skinships with both males and females, teasing the girls in the neighbourhood, peeping into their bathrooms [because Jiang Cheng was tricked into chasing any adult guards away by showing his Young Master Jiang's Jade Token, and the boys had free access to barge into rooms full of screaming girls], spying on them when they undress or when they use the outdoor open toilets behind the bushes [Jiang Cheng was unknowingly roped into accompanying the friendly *jiejie* s' toilet breaks, and once inside, he would be instructed to unlock every door or disarm any female guards with his incredibly adorable puppy-like stares, and again, the boys easily invaded and got VIP front seats to watch how girls pee and poo, and admire their slender sexy figures while slipping off panties and bras,

masturbating furiously until several girls left the scene without knowing that their robes, skirts or even panties had been stained by many boys' hot stinky jizz], stealing panties from laundry lines, and surprise breast-groping their female classroom friends - they were all hallmarks of a feisty and sexually charged youths, and made for a colourful and fascinating time to grow up in the era of 2000 B.C. The Yunmeng Jiangs practised sex-segregation and primitive gender-discriminatory practices compared to the more egalitarian society of the 'virtuous' Gusu Lans, so it was no wonder that Wei Ying had been so fascinated with sex and the pleasures of the flesh, particularly with the inferior gender (in the Jiang's lingo); but with so much friendships and bromance going on among *shixiong* s and best-buddies, going bisexual seemed to be quite a compelling choice as well.

Wei Ying was caught in more than one occasion masturbating in his home when his step-parents were away. He enlisted Jiang Cheng as a lookout in return for a handful of candies, but Jiang Yan Li was adamant that something was wrong when her little brother refused to let her in to *her* bedroom; Wei Ying was terrified when faced by a very angry pouty *shijie* who caught him red-handed stroking his pre-teen penis with the *jiejie* 's panties, and he also had a basket stuffed with her other cleaned and folded bras and underwear, with the intention to sneak them out of the house and give them to the other naughty horny boys in the neighbourhood. Poor Jiang Cheng was confused and oblivious as to why the two elder siblings broke out into a huge argument, Wei Ying was given a stern lecture until his eyes and cheeks were red with shame; at that point, *shijie* held her tongue and sweetly apologized for her unbecoming behaviour. Something seemed off in the *shijie* , when she witnessed, entranced at how a growing pre-teen looked like on her bed with his genitals fully exposed and on the verge of a climax, caused by *her* scent on the pillows and bedsheets, and the silky material of her underwear wrapped around the dripping, throbbing, majestic-looking turgid flesh that begged for a kind, warm touch to be relieved from its molten liquid pressure. Jiang Yan Li fidgeted at the bedside, staring at her foster younger brother and her gaze was locked on his naked torso, slim waist and of course, that nest of curls matted with sweat and a boy's virile, wanting juices.

Wei Ying nicely apologized with a kowtow on the floor, and acted like a real gentleman by holding her hands and serving her tea, without putting back on his pants because he was not explicitly asked to. Jiang Cheng was sent away to the gardens to play outside, and the boy thought no more of it, because playing with a ball with candies in his mouth seemed more appealing than standing by the main doorways. The door to Jiang Yan Li's bedroom closed and locked with a resounding 'click', servants passed by and knocked to enquire if any room service was necessary, but there was no response other than some rustling and rhythmic creaking sounds - and the servants believed that the eldest daughter of the Jiang family was busy studying in the bed. Nobody knew what happened within, until the two reappeared at dinnertime with the rest of the family, pink on the shiny rosy complexion, freshly showered and smelling fragrant, a little shy and timid at each other - many hours later that day.

(It may be worth noting that in an agrarian society of the 2000 B.C. era, families tend to be large with girls being married off at a very young age to be sold off for a hefty price, or to start producing more helping hands to work at the farms needed to generate enough food to feed their families. It was not uncommon for Middle Kingdom children to discover about sex at a very early, and rather inappropriate age, and lose their virginities before they finished their basic education. Girls from the lower scales of society were, unfortunately, at an disadvantage since they lived and shared beds with brothers, fathers and uncles, thus teenage pregnancies were rampant, even normalized because that happened everywhere and old-fashioned patriarchal traditions demanded that girls transitioned to motherhood even before they were good enough to cook meals in the kitchen, rather than the other way around, particularly to satisfy perverted but filthy rich husbands or male-dominated families. Jiang Yan Li had been extremely fortunate to be borned into the family of a sect leader and given the freedom to choose the many aspects of her life; even if she had been prematurely engaged with a man from another clan since birth, she could enjoy frolicking with other boys of her age as long as she did not break any rules or cross certain lines -

some her friends were already mothers of boisterous toddlers by the time she went to study at the Cloud Recesses, and many would live to see their grandchildren by their thirties.

Whether or not Wei Wuxian engaged in any romantic or sexual relationship with his foster sister was questionable but never verified. He harboured very deep respect and strong feelings for his sister that sometimes bordered love and want, and always appeared to be the sweet, cherished A-Xian, the golden apple in her eyes - at least to the outside world. Jiang Cheng would've been too young to notice anything, if any, and he would remember playing with his ball alone in the gardens on some afternoons, with candies and snacks gifted by his foster elder siblings to keep him out of the bedrooms of their home, and to keep him silent on what really went on inside the Jiang house, while servants buzzed around, ignorant and not daring to raise eyebrows even when suspicious behaviours occurred right inside the Jiang *gu niang* 's room.)

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With the Tower grounds devoid of guests a little past ten at night, and with few servants milling about to pack everything up until the next dinner party scheduled at sundown the following day, the couple found themselves a little playground in pockets of manicured springflower lawns complemented with little man-made fountains and cascading waterfalls, cherry blossom groves or unoccupied and unlit buildings unattended by patrolling guards; Wei Ying could've sent them stumbling away in amnesia and confusion, but with the atmosphere winding down for the placid, restful night, he could stroll around while holding Lan Zhan's hand, like lovers going for a relaxed date in the dark and under the starless moonlight, without attracting any unwanted attention from Jin soldiers that prowled around the Carp Tower.

They were invariably spotted and stopped a couple of times by passing-by patrols, but without any swords on them, they were let off after giving stern warning for civilians not to trespass the area at such a late hour. Wei Ying didn't carry any dangerous-looking equipment other than a harmless walking cane which concealed the Ernie-enhanced Chenqing, and Lan Zhan's Bichen was easily nom-nom'ed by the adorable fluffy Ni-er in a single gulp, who then hid inside the man's sleeves and continued to gurgle like a babe and nibble on his arms with droolly toothless pink gums. It wasn't a threatening sight at all - a thin bony man who walked with a limp to suggest that he was handicapped, and his partner, a tubby man who struggled with his weight and burgeoning waistline to tread the path without losing his breath after every ten paces.

Wei Ying lamented the loss of a chance to sneak into the Carp Tower to conduct a thorough search for any evidence that may implicate Grand Cultivation Council or the entire farce of a massacre masqueraded as a competitive night hunt event.

"Your animosity against the Council, and the world of cultivation, in general, is well established," Lan Zhan commented, once they were out of sight of the patrols - and he quickly held the other man's hand like a shy, timid boyfriend (girlfriend, husband, or wife, even) who was caught by people giving less-than-favourable stares, but couldn't resist going back to bad hand-holding habits after the drama had passed. The Lan man's behaviour could be rather debilitating, sometimes, to the point that he relied on Wei Ying as a source of physical, physiological and emotional comfort, or a walking crutch during harder times.

"True, *lao gong* . But I've not given up on trying to turn things around in my own special manner so that people eventually ditch the old and stifling,

and embrace the new and exciting. Those old sods need to be more open-minded in accepting new ways of doing things, more courageous to stand the test of time, and more capable in dealing with external threats, such as the Imperial forces,” Wei Ying muttered, while gazing up into the sky with a thoughtful look. The moon was bright, nearly full, partially covered with drifting clouds and cast a silver shine upon everything in the landscape. Springtime breeze blew and the air turned crisp and fresh, albeit a little frosty. Somewhere far away, owls and other birds of the night called, joining an orchestra of crescendoing crickets and other insect chittering.

Lan Zhan stopped in his steps. He opened his mouth and wanted to ask if Wei Ying had mis-said and mis-spelled anything.

Wei Ying giggled and released his entwined fingers, then briskly jogged to an empty building - an empty dormitory building vacated after its originally assigned sect had been obliterated on New Year’s day, and their camp dismantled.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, it’s boring to talk about serious political matters when the night is so young,” Wei Ying called back once he stood at the door - and easily opened it, because nobody lived there, there were no valuable belongings, so the guards left it unlocked. The young man gripped the doorframe and lay flat against it while standing. Then, not shockingly, he started to hump the vertical wood.

“ *Gege* , *gege* , my *didi* is so itchy... please play touch-touch with my penis?” he said out loud, and Lan Zhan nearly had a heart attack. The older man hissed at the partner to keep it down, and he scanned around in alarm for any approaching footsteps or eavesdroppers.

“Oh don’t be embarrassed. I’m willing to take the role as your *lao po* tonight. Sex’s on me, knock me up and rape me, big boy! You had your incestuous bro-con moment during dinnertime, while I was working my ass off to decontaminate an infected man. Give me some hot lovin’... *gege* !” Wei Ying kept rattling off to incite and incense the other man further. He started to masturbate himself furiously by sliding the thin doorframe between his legs. His hips swayed, he made little sexy mewling noises, and his facial expression was insufferable - a combination of acting in the throes of an orgasm, ridiculing the older man, and mocking his suffering, all at the same time.

Wei Ying dumped the unsexy worn-out doorframe after a minute of crude rubbing that probably left stains on his pants and on the wood, then merrily skipped into the building with Lan Zhan rushing from behind, calling out his name again and again - voices that echoed the surrounding woods and with nary a soul in the proximity to witness their little game of cat and mouse. Although it was a small building meant to house a small group of people, there were several rooms that spiralled around a staircase; Lan Zhan had to listen to Wei Ying’s echoing laughter and running footsteps, peek into various bedrooms, common rooms and lounging areas, raid cupboards and closets, before he was greeted by the obscene view of Wei Ying humping against a table’s edge, pantless. The pants and loincloth were discarded somewhere in a vacant bedroom, and Wei Ying perfectly leaned on the table, face down, so that his naked bubble buttocks faced Lan Zhan’s line of sight, and his cute plump twin eggs were sandwiched between hairy pubes and the hard teakwood surface.

“ *Gege* , *didi* is a bad boy, please punish this naughty *didi* ? Please make *didi* feel good” then two hands reach to the back to spread his ass to reveal the dark, tanned and slightly hairy anus. Wei Ying exercised his anal sphincter muscles and made that opening kiss the air like juicy puffy lips - and farted, consequently.

“Ah, you incestuous *gege* ! You know that incest is the best, but why aren’t you laying your hands on this *didi* ? Don’t you want to re-live your fantasies of being the bad *gege* raping his little *didi* ’s ass? Mmmh! Spank me, *gege* , this *didi* has been very naughty!” Wei Ying cried out and cackled in the end. Lan Zhan gritted his teeth and balled his fists - he was getting provoked, and for very good reasons. He raced to the scene where Wei Ying straddled that table’s edge and started to make sweet love with that hapless furniture until rhythmic creaks could be heard; his hips bounced up and down, back and forth, in the timeless act of riding a lover. Lan Zhan’s horniness skyrocketed and he started to pant because his blood pressure shot up, his loins were on fire and poked out nearly vertically from his tented pants.

Then, Wei Ying flipped over, back resting on the table’s surface, and Lan Zhan’s eyes widened. He watched, bewitched and captivated, how the laws limits of sex-infused shapeshifting were blatantly bulldozed, right in front of his crumbling hold on sanity and traditional Lan family virtues. The younger man laughed merrily and reached down to his nude but very hairy crotch and started to stroke himself with strong, rapid fist-pumps. The other hand snaked down a little further, lifted the balls, and lo and behold - reached into the perfect moist, plump pussy lips that appeared where the man’s twitching perineum should be. That offending hand spread out its fingers, and one, then two slid in so sexily, emerging only to be coated with shiny, slick sexual juices, before dipping in again and again, scissoring and spreading those inviting pink lips, drawing the older man in deep into the oh-so-wonderful tunnel within.

“ *Gege* , if you don’t find this *didi* that appealing... then, how about *meimei* ? Ah, *gege* , please make love with *meimei* ’s pussy and spray all your hot seed inside! You want to make lots of twins, triplet babies inside *meimei* ’s tight young womb, don’t you?” the man-turned-dickgirl guffawed so rudely in a cracked, manly voice, that it almost made the whole atmosphere un-

erotic. Lan Zhan looked up and wanted to chastised the man for breaking sexual barriers that were meant to keep the order of nature, but he was aghast - and strangely, shockingly, very sexually stimulated - to see that Wei Ying had sported two large milkjugs on his chest. Wei Ying winked at him and pouted his kissy lips, then the hand that had furiously masturbated his hairy penis before, reached back up to jiggle those milky-white breasts. "Suck 'em, *gege* , suck *meimei* 's boobs while fucking your little sister and impregnate her lots and lots!" he shouted and Lan Zhan wanted to fall dead from the dread of being associated with such madness and vile gender corruptive behaviours.

Wei Ying cheerfully noticed that the older man was rooted to the spot with a tornado of incomprehension running through his mind until he was literally paralyzed from *not* know what to do next - indecision was Wei Ying's favourite flaw about his darling man, after all -, and so, he spread his legs and hooked them behind Lan Zhan's rear, and drew him in, like a deadly black widow spider pulling in its prey into its jaws of sexual depravity, ready to devour the man in many tasty sexual intercourses of the male and female kinds, and wring him dry once again.

When the younger man, who appeared with breasts and a vagina, twirled a finger and shrunk, then de-aged to his pre-teen form - now a nubile maiden sporting a dick - Lan Zhan's rational mind finally broke with a tsunami of pedophilic lusts bursting out from within like a volcano gone wild, and he gratefully shut down his thinking processes, to bed the child-Wei Ying with the flaming desires of a grown up man wanting nothing but to fuck the boy-girl so hard, so deep and so fast with such titillating rapidfire thrusts, hips pounding crazily because it was unthinkable to be drinking milk lactating from sweet fatty breasts, hands squeezing and gleefully playing a boy's abused penis - all at the same time; everything didn't add up inside his mind, but he wasn't able to think and function properly, while his own adult hairy penis drilled a prepubescent nubile young girl's deliciously hot pussy and pounded his-her uterus with such joy, relishing the unbelievable exhilaration of fulfilling one's sexual needs of both genders at once, until he

can, in his irrational mind, father another generation of boy-girl Wei Yings inside the man-woman-boy-girl's lovely elastic and tight womb that continued to knead and massage his exceedingly excited penis, thirty, fifty, hundreds of times after many, many wonderful orgasms, ejaculating endlessly, flooding the child's womb while feeling that said child's teaspoonful of semen painting his adult pubic hair and extra squirts of a pregnant underaged girl's milk in his mouth, moaning, crying and howling with animalistic pleasures, his body seized and convulsed with such terrifying new sexual heights, transcending his peaks with fluttering, erratic fucking undulating hip motions, eyes rolled back, drool hanging from his lips and toes curled with pleasure, crushing the child-Wei Ying with his obese weight and rolling tummy fat because he lusted to penetrate deeper, shoving, cramming his penis inside the stretched freshly deflowered birth canal, fat penis destroying that child's vagina effortlessly then inseminating like a bull cumming inside a fragile warm plate of creampie, later, pummeling greedily inside a boy's shuddering rectum, playing with those adorable little testicles until they swell and orgasmed like jiggling sweet little grapes that he wanted to lick, suck and consume in their entirety, he loved Wei Ying so much for the crazy sex that was gifted and offered to him on a daily basis, that he wished only to melt and mold his body, mind and soul with the cackling Wei Ying-ness beneath him, inside an empty bedroom of a deserted building, somewhere nestled in the heart of Lanling.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

EDIT: Added more yummy descriptions!

Chapter 170

In the dimness of a dormitory bedroom, one could hardly make out the outlines of the sparse furniture that decorated the room through a very small window with a beam of silvery moonlight flooding through it. Most of the objects were broken, flipped over or cracked - cum-stained rumpled bedsheets, destroyed chairs and tables that had splintered from the force of two men mating like animals, footsteps and handprints made of sweat and other unspeakable bodily fluids all over the place; because at some point, one very horny and excited man spooned the other whilst the couple walked all over the room, like a man-train of sorts, and kept drilling in and out, begging the younger man to stop moving around and be properly fucked, and of course, the insufferable one wouldn't listen, and continued to pace around like a fucking trainwreck, dripping seed all over the place until the carpets were dirtied beyond salvageable condition - the room was definitely condemned to ruin.

Enough semen had been blasted into a child's young tight womb to rape and fertilize all baby eggs housed inside the ovaries and conceive plenty of twins and triplets for generations to come - although the opening eventually disappeared beneath the ballsacks and the fate of the deposited seed remained unknown; the anus had been thoroughly inseminated to impregnate a male, by another male - even the belly bulged because so much gooey goodness had been planted into the receptacle of a man's lustful passion; those lovely plump milk jugs had been squeezed dry repeatedly from a man's hunger for breastmilk and in the throes of climax, there were plenty of nipple-biting, crazed suckling and finger-kneading until every last drop was gleefully emptied out; in moments of homosexual frenzy, men exchanged their sperms with such eagerness when a hollow straw was stuck and shared between excited, swelling and spasming pee-slits, and they fucked and rubbed each other using that unfortunate straw until the point of simultaneous powerful ejaculations - it was such a romantic display of male-male love, that both knew that they were truly, two individuals joined to become one.

Thus, in the aftermath of an apocalyptic scene of sexual carnage, the two men lay on the soiled floor, trying hard to catch their breaths and let their loins rest, because they knew too well that round two wasn't too far away. There was time for a bit of chit chat between lovers; in the tranquil, almost too quiet inky darkness where all senses seemed numbed and unresponsive besides sound, a private conversation between husband and wife ensued.

“Ah, Lan Zhan, you were a beast! Now I know you love shemales or dickgirls as much as I love to twist my perversions to test your patience, and your limits!”

(An indignant snort to futilely refute the claim. Swishing sounds of bare feet rubbing against one another. Wei Ying likes to slide his shins against the other man's and use his toes to graze the skin wherever he could reach. Lan Zhan nnnh'd when a particularly sharp toenail struck the sensitive arch of his foot.)

“Ha ha, I was delighted when I transformed myself into your favourite *meimei* and bared my privates to you, and said that it felt itchy inside... oh my goodness, the look on your flushed face was priceless! You went wild between my legs and even said that ‘*gege* will scratch the itch with his penis’! How bold of you to say that, Mister virtuous and holy Hanguang Jun!

And that ‘how does that feel, *meimei* , is *gege* scratching your itch? Does it feel good to have that itch scratched by *gege* 's penis? *Gege* will try harder and faster to make you feel better’... oh heavens, when did you learn to talk dirty like that! ”

(Another annoyed nnngh. The incessant mocking wasn't doing much to help the older man rest and recover, not when his testicles were happily drained but his ever-aroused boner refused to go to sleep, not when Wei Ying was by his side, perverting the atmosphere with vulgar chatter.)

(Wei Ying seemed to cross his arms behind his head and he laughed at the irony and the reality of their relationship.)

“Lan Wang Ji made Wei Wuxian gay, because that brilliant young man with a bright, promising future had been as straight as an arrow before he met him, sixteen years ago.

And after resurrection and barely more than a year later, Wei Wuxian turned Lan Wang Ji into a man suffering from a debilitating triple combo of god, hero and perfection complexes, who is addicted to being cuckolded and shows a masochistic streak, and is now a fat, balding gay rapist pedophile who preys on little boys and girls and all things Wei Ying-flavoured. Oh, how far he hath fallen from grace as a once virtuous man that defined perfection during this age and time! Shameful, truly shameful!”

(A bark of dramatic laughter, a sense of accomplishment to have truly defeated, conquered and perverted the man who would've become a legendary hero, a Chief Cultivator and the greatest Sect Leader in the history of Man, were it not for Wei Ying's terrible sexual corruptions that led that man to revert to a mundane civilian blessed with a very active, lively sex life.)

(A pregnant pause.)

“Wei Ying?”

“Mmm?”

“Did... you fall in love with me, sixteen years ago?”

(Another heart-stopping wait that lasted for fifteen seconds.)

“I... I can't really say so. I had feelings for you, but I couldn't identify that feeling at that time - that's the truth. So many terrible things happened in-between, and our relationship had soured, turned rocky and then bitter towards the end. I thought you hated me, which we know isn't true, but that stopped me from expressing those feelings in words and developing them towards you. If anything, Lan Zhan, we were robbed of our youths and a chance to prosper and flourish in our clans due to the Yin Metal fiasco and the inevitable war with the Qishan Wen.”

“Mn.” (The unsaid was, and Wei Ying totally heard it even though it wasn't verbalized - “It's alright, I understand. Neither of us are to be blamed for what happened.”)

(One vocalized word, and Wei Ying thought they were done. He reached down his naked crotch to start masturbating and prepping for round two, but

Lan Zhan's pensive mood cut his fun short.)

"Wei Ying."

"... what?" (An impatient huff.)

"Do... you ever think about how different things could've been, if that disaster didn't happen sixteen years ago? If everyone was still around. If we continued our lives in peace."

(The younger man reached up to scratch his head, and belatedly realized he probably just smeared someone's cum and pubes into his hair. He could feel a disgusting ticklish tug on his fingers, there was definitely pubic hair sticking out somewhere, coiled and wrapped around his fingertips.)

"Eh... let's see... Jiang Cheng and I would eventually grow up to become the quintessential half of the fabled Twin Heroes of Yunmeng, that's for sure. My brother would take over the helm for the clan from our parents, I'd be fighting by his side and never go near the Dark Arts. Heck, I might've even sparred with Jin Zixuan to get that engagement with my *shijie* cancelled using my wits, because he was my number one enemy back then. You might not know this - when I hit puberty, I was so determined to protect my *shijie* and to love her, that I swore to kick every other boys' ass to make sure they wouldn't dare to court her without my permission.

After that, to make sure no other incompetent and disrespectful foolish men get their hands on her and potentially hurt her heart, I'd convince everyone

to support me in getting hitched and married to her, to kill the competition once and for all. It's selfish for various reasons, I know. That kind of plot twist is written in almost every male-fantasy novel featuring how a man, an outsider of a family, marries into that family so that he could finally gain social and political acceptance - and I'm no different.

“Lan Zhan... Secretly, I'd planned to impress my foster parents with my awesome abilities and skills to cement my position to remain in the Jiang family, and use my loyalty and promises to the family members as a bargaining chip to get Jiang Cheng to endorse the relationship between *shijie* and I. That would surely persuade even Madam Yu to agree for me to have Jiang Yanli's hand in marriage. With the three siblings united, the Yunmeng Jiang would've prospered and become one of the most influential, glorious sects in the Middle Kingdom, that's for sure!” (the voice broke, a wistful smile hidden from view.) ”

(A rustle of clothes, and Wei Ying knew that blazing laser eyes were drilling holes at him in bewilderment, upset, shock and all sorts of emotions running through the other man's face - behind the curtain of darkness, fortunately.)

“... where would I be, in that picture?”

(A scratching on the chin.)

“You? Oh, Lan Zhan, it's hard to say. Maybe we'll still be good friends. Comrades. Brothers-in-arms that fight battles against evil, side by side, when our greater purpose is called for. I reckoned even Nie Huaisang will

be roped into our unholy triumvirate, because you can't ignore the Qinghe Nies - not when your older brother swore a brotherhood across three sects with Nie Mingjue and Jin Guangyao - no, Mengyao. You'll probably still stay single though. You wouldn't even go near a flowery brothel, let alone try your hand in pursuing girls. You're asexual, if it weren't for me."

(Lan Zhan didn't like how atrociously accurate he was described.)

"Asexual." (It was neither a question nor a statement.)

"Yeah... you know, unsexy, not interested in pursuing deeper relationships with either genders, not interested in romance or to settle down and start a family. As cold as an ice prince on a cold dead fish, a dead-end on a family tree's branches. All that stuff. You were not cut out for it, until I changed you. Or, until the events changed us... you know? You'd still be alone, mourning your past, playing your guqin, reading your healers' tomes, studying the four Heavenly arts and all that boring stuff, probably for the rest of your life."

(Yet another pause. Why does conversations with Lan Zhan have to be awkward, sometimes - Wei Ying asked himself.)

"... Then, I'm glad to have met you in this life. You've changed me, even if it meant losing your own family, and you stuck with me. Thank you."

(There was a choked cough, and a sputter of stutters. Wei Ying was suddenly overcome with very, very passionate and grateful, joyful feelings,

until he sniffled because he was in tears. He embraced his overweight spouse with all his might to convey those feelings viscerally, and tried to squeeze him so hard that probably fingerprints were imprinted on the fat man's back. It was hard to make out what the two were doing in the dark, other than lots of murmurs of either names again and again, full of want and warmth, bodies entwined and rolling on the floor in synchrony, of lovers declaring their I-love-yous and forever to one another.

Unsurprisingly, Wei Ying felt the heated urge from his swelling heart, this time not so much of wanting to wrung the older man to the last drop, but from feeling such great depths of eternal, universal love for the man he'd called husband and wife in single breath, forever and beyond. He deftly maneuvered himself to straddle Lan Zhan and made sure that the man was very, very well rewarded for being such a sweetie, and that he was made love to very, very nicely, until the latter degenerated into another hour-long mess of very, very excited one-tuos in snug cocksleeves made from Wei Ying's tenderness and hot lovin', penis-in-ass and penis-in-vagina creampie, spectacular spurting ejaculations, squirting fluids when all muscles lost their control along with rational thought, howls of absolute nirvanic pleasures, and of orgasming souls soaring together to greater heights of higher orders than the grand cosmos itself.)

At some point, Lan Zhan asked at a rather inopportune moment, because he still wasn't satisfied with lingering questions running inside his mind, and while engaging in tasty male-male homosexual intercourse, drilling his penis into Wei Ying's stretched and cum-flooded ass doggie style, of whether the younger man had experienced sex with the opposite gender before they met, and if so, how would Wei Ying rate sex with him versus the individuals of the supposedly better choice of gender when it came to quick romps behind the bushes or romantic couples' lovemaking beneath blankets.

“Hah? You’re asking me *that* while we’re fucking like rabbits! Lan Zhan, do you still feel insecure and fear infidelity?” Wei Ying laughed but deliberately avoided the question of whether he had ever engaged in sex with a woman, or even lost his male virginity to one - and grind his buttocks so sensually hard against Lan Zhan’s crotch, then drew circles and squares with those muscular glutes until that hapless, imprisoned man moaned terribly loudly and saw stars in his vision. Lan Zhan nnnh’d partly from being insulted and from the delicious extra friction and tightness around his leaking, overexcited *didi* .

“Here’s my answer. You’re as handsome as any nobleman would be after his mid-life crisis, you’re soft like a woman with all that layers of fat on your body, you’re emotionally insecure like a balding man that you already are and that’s why I love you, you moan like a shy maiden in heat every time I seduce you, you smell like fragrant sandalwood mixed with a man’s smelly cum left to dry on armpit hair overnight, and yes, you taste like one too - delicious in every nook and cranny, inexplicably appealing to my senses, very attractive to my eyes, and the one and only that my heart wants. Does that answer your question?”

Lan Zhan paused in mid-fuck to digest those lovely descriptions about their mutual love. When he finally comprehended, he flipped Wei Ying over like a pancake on a skewer, then kissed him so, so deeply and with such fervent passion - no more words were needed -, that Wei Ying giggled and spread his legs wider to welcome that man of his life into his innermost, deepest intimate sanctum and lovely, lovely secret garden filled with fertile flowers and cute baby Wei Yings waiting in anticipation for the next glorious orgasmic shower of baby Wang Jis, inside his ass.

The moon had reached a high point in the night sky, and its light illuminated the couple through the small window, with Lan Zhan’s quivering and

pistoning sweaty, muscled pale buttocks mooning back with renewed vigour.

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It was shortly before midnight when the couple was done with their perennial mating behaviours, and decided to find a spot to spend the night. It was too late to locate an inn in the city outside of the Tower's outer walls, so they opted to find an empty dorm in active camps around the Carp Tower and sleep in. An active camp would have the necessities for a decent temporary stay, including room service, hot meals upon request, clean water and security.

As the two scouted around the various emptied camps, inspecting room amenities, furniture, quality and comfort, and the views outside the windows, like looking for a house to rent and buy, they debated whether to stay in Camp Yunmeng Jiang or Camp Gusu Lan - the two camps which they at least know the owners, and had visited the premises before - but probably patrolled by nosy guards and disciples, and the best quarters would've been off-limits anyway. However, inspiration struck and Wei Ying rejected both easy choices. They sneaked into Director Nie's camp - one of the smallest ones, flashed their artsy fans at the guards to show that they were somehow allied with the Qinghe Nies, and the door to the director's private quarters was opened to them.

“Well, you caught a glimpse of us when Director Nie went to receive the results of his first night hunt, didn't you? We're his personal assistants, and we're here to... err... prepare for his return after the second night hunt. Right?” Wei Ying cheerfully explained to the confused Jin-employed guard, and he elbowed the other man, in which Lan Zhan nodded resolutely. The

guard didn't recognize the two, but the fans bore the weight of the Director's authority, so they were allowed to saunter in like nobles.

It was a lonely building with just a handful of smaller rooms inside - it looked more like a rustic homestead in the farthest corner of the Carp Tower grounds, which seemed more fitting for a family than a military operations base camp. The couple were tired after a long sex marathon, so they used the bathing pools behind the building, changed into silky pyjama robes freely available in the quarters of sect leaders and certain Very Important Persons, then cuddled up beneath rich satin woolly blankets and luxurious pre-heated bedspreads upon a high, expensive king-sized mattress, in an opulent apartment suite equipped with indoor bathrooms and wide living spaces with cushioned seats and a comforting crackling fireplace, basins of water for freshening up, gilded spittoons, bedside desks filled with toiletries, a kitchenette to let guests prepare simple but wholesome meals, warmed beverages on the table, cupboards loaded with five-star hotel amenities, a cabinet-style pantry filled with tasty local fruits and delicacies, chef-prepared food and lots of packaged snacks, and so much more. It was such a wonderful place to spend the nights and indulge in five-star orgies, that Lan Zhan set his time-controlling alarm clock he fished out of his sleeves (Ni-er coughed it out from her bottomless tummy) to wake them up at 5 o' clock dawn in a few hours' time, three days later.

(Wei Ying also insisted, very generously and with benevolent intentions, for his man to take out the favourite floor mat, and lay it on the floor beside the bed. Lan Zhan nnngh'd in embarrassment and with hidden glee, because that meant he could always slip off the bed anytime and take a quick two-minute 'break' from spending romantic and quality time with his lovely soulmate, and indulge in tasting, breeding and impregnating twenty four thousand orgasmic Wei Ying clones joyfully to add spice into his, their, love life.)

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Dawn passed and a new day began. The second night hunt had ended and all participants were, by default, supposed to return to their camps to rest and patch up, until dinnertime at the Carp Tower to receive their next hunt's instructions. However, the ceremony to welcome the returnees was cancelled when disaster broke out, and not a single soul reached the Carp Tower or its surrounding grounds.

It was an absolute nightmare, a tragedy of catastrophic proportions, to say the least. The *yaoguai* s released by the Imperial Court, originally bred and trained to fight at least like respectable mortal warriors and wizards rather than mindless beasts and undeads, were armed with some decent capabilities such as the ability to perform strategic thinking, espionage and multiply so that they wouldn't be wiped out in just a few days - the original plan was derailed without warning, and by the time the officials had noticed the body count, it was too late.

Written on a periodical's editorial whose slightly singed pages were pasted on the notification walls; however, there were no readers:

“From the thousands of sects that joined the Great New Year's Hunt with such pride and enthusiasm in the glory of their clans, only a handful are left as of the third day of the year. Scholars have received pieces of clues and information from returning survivors and the doctors treating them at the field hospitals, to gain an insight on what had gone wrong.

By giving the monsters the ability to think intelligently, and according to anecdotal comments from non-authorized sources, they have found ways to not only withstand the hunt, but to resist their captors and thrive in their new freedom. One glaring example, as seen in more than eighty percent of casualties, was the fact that the monsters evolved their abilities to possess people - a typical ability of *yaoguai* s -, but at a higher rate and to a deeper extent inside a person's body, to infiltrate the ranks of the sects and the officials working at the Carp Tower since the first night hunt.

After the launch of the second night hunt by sending out celebratory fireworks, the entire Grand Cultivation Council had gone missing from their seats. Investigations point out that the group, along with a handful of guards, had fled the scene along with unimaginable treasures they took with them from the Council's greatest armouries, war chests, and the Jins' own warehouses of golden, enchanted equipment and untold riches inherited by elite noblemen and noblewomen, amongst many other fortunes amassed at the garden compounds of the Carp Tower.

By the dawn of the third day, it was evident that the *yaoguai* s had gone beyond simple body possession. Numerous reports of disemboweled corpses surfaced as early as midnight onwards, primarily from the expanded Imperial forces led by the mighty Grandmaster Gao, and many witnessed their comrades suddenly bloating up and exploding like 'entrails filled with too much water', resulting in the births of multiple, stronger, more powerful dark creatures that had inhabited inside those possessed bodies. Such possessions had, surprisingly, escaped detection from numerous standard holy talismans and demon-sensing apparatus built into a network within and around the Carp Tower, thus demonstrating the adaptability of the *yaoguai* to evolve and elude their enemies.

Closer to home, field hospitals became the latest hotbeds of infestation. Doctors and experts in *yaoguai* bestiary did not expect so many warded,

wounded patients from the first night were infested, and the Tower guards were immediately overwhelmed when they hatched *en masse* . Officials are still trying to locate missing living and dead bodies, including civilians that were last seen near the Carp Tower.

The subsequent waves of advanced *yaoguai* s spelled doom for many sects, who are ill-equipped to deal with such powerful creatures that used physical, magical and spiritual means to control and defeat their adversaries. One example cited by the sole representative from Qinghe Nie, while on his way back home after officially pulling out of the competition, described how an esteemed, unnamed Gusu Lan man was found outraging the modesty of a boy of Jin origin behind some bushes, which incensed the Yunmeng Jiang sect leader for unclear reasons and declared civil war among the sects. Witnesses confirmed that the Lan man, amongst many other victims from that sect, had been mind-controlled by *yaoguai* demonic possession, and acted out of line. The perpetrator was last seen taking flight on a sword, chasing after another *yaoguai* that was quoted to bear resemblance of an old friend or lover. Officials continue to investigate the accusations from the Jiang sect leader, as well as widespread rumours that the *yaoguai* had gained another ability of shapeshifting; however at present, with many of the people around the Tower's headquarter grounds have disappeared, kidnapped or taken control by *yaoguai* s, there is little clarity on how and when a conclusion can be reached for final judgement by the now-missing Council."

The grounds around the Carp Tower had been razed during the wee hours of the morning of the third day, with multitudes of deteriorating bodies lying haphazardly on the grass and cobbled pathways. The high-rise column of gold and precious metals was relatively untouched as the main doors remained magically sealed; however, its base floor was splattered with blood, bits of human flesh and torn limbs of those brave men who sacrificed themselves to defend the sacred heart of Lanling. Dead guards littered the gardens and inside burning buildings and collapsed rubble; the freshly killed ones eventually disappeared, dragged into the nearest shrubs or pile

of junk; those that had been left overnight turned into desiccated husks, skeletons with their stomachs gouged out. Further away, battalions of Jin soldiers continued to pour into the Tower's compounds and camping grounds with swords, shields and blazing spells, faced with a growing swarm of inhuman darkness. It looked like a war zone in progress, though thanks to the Inabilities that protect a particular solitary house bearing the Qinghe Nie banner, in a far corner of the area, Wei Ying and Lan Zhan were rendered invisible to the hordes of monsters, and enjoyed an uninterrupted night together.

The sun eventually rose, its light smeared bloody red by the billowing smoke, choking the skies against a burning, warring horizon that stretched deep into Lanling province.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 171

The world of cultivation is in complete disarray, and Mankind's societal, political and technological progress has been blasted at least a few centuries back in time. The borders of counties, districts, provinces and states have been redrawn, with new daily battlegrounds between quarrelling clans and warring sects shifting lines in the maps with impunity. Existing cities are increasingly isolated, weakened from the prolonged disunity among men of the same shared legacies and even family names. Frequent attacks from *yaoguai* and bandits forced the closure of main supply and trade routes, plagues are spreading fast without healers to stem the flow, thus threatening the survival of the citizens of the Middle Kingdom with famine and disease nationwide. Disasters, confusion and misinformation wreaked chaos and havoc everywhere, and without a Chief Cultivator to steer the Grand Cultivation Council, which itself had theoretically been abolished since the New Year, the Imperial Court easily subjugated many sects and wrest control of large swathes of states, provinces and land, and altered people's loyalties through sheer numbers of soldiers sent to force chieftains, mayors and local overlords to hand over their governance and powers using questionable, often corrupted means, in the name and glory of the Emperor of Chang'an - the new center of the Middle Kingdom's universe. However, although the map of the Middle Kingdom looks rather lop-sided with largest slice belonging to the Imperial Court, civil wars continued to rage between families and clans within the Imperial forces. Increasingly, pockets of wilderness and 'no man's lands' at the fringes of civilization and in abandoned, devastated settlements, are growing in numbers and size at an alarming pace, inhabited by evolved *yaoguai* s who have banded together to form their own society, and pitted themselves against their mortal enemies, Mankind, in an all-out interspecies war to determine who will dominate the lands.

"Men fighting against themselves, men fighting against their neighbours, and men fighting against an alliance of *yaoguai* , demons, monsters, the undead and all manner of supernatural evil originating from the Dark Arts. I

should be proud, being the grandmaster practitioner of the Dark Arts, because this signals the beginning of the fall of Men, and the rise of the Dark ones... you know, *my* kind of people made by *my* own brand of magic,” Wei Ying whistled an old Yunmeng folk tune nonchalantly while riding an uncharacteristically obedient Lil’ Apple. The single apple that dangled from a stick in front of the donkey’s face was largely ignored, because Wei Ying has a bad habit of seducing the animal with a juicy fruit, which it had learnt that it wouldn’t get a bite until the next pitstop anyway.

They’ve been on the road for weeks, since deciding on a strategic retreat from the unsalvageable situation at the Carp Tower, which had been seized by Grandmaster Gao and his troops. Wei Ying remembered the distant sight of thousands-strong, predominantly black-brown garbed army rushing in belatedly after the end of the second night hunt and at mid-morning of the third day after New Year. With little resistance from the Jin sect, the Imperial Court easily seized the tower, broke open its doors with their awesome Imperial magic, and took the throne. Lanling fell that day into the hands of the Emperor of Chang’an, and many Jin leaders, champions and elite family members fled into the unknown. By then, Wei Ying and Lan Zhan, the perpetually travelling couple, were at least miles away and headed northwards to safer grounds, away from burning cities, ruined farmlands or decimated villages from the once-proud golden heart of the nation.

“Wei Ying, do not steal credit from others, it is against our family’s rules. The *yaoguai* aren’t your people, and they weren’t made by you,” Lan Zhan calmly corrected, and pulled his reins to slow down Big Apple. The larger donkey neighed in annoyance, since it had to pander to its overweight master’s whims and pull a cart at the same time, through gradually rolling hills.

The younger man simply “oh” (哦) in acknowledgement and acquiescence, then suddenly he steered Lil’ Apple closer to the other donkey, whispered the other man’s name, and beckoned Lan Zhan with a come-hither motion with his forefinger. Curious, Lan Zhan bowed a little - because he was nearly a foot higher from Big Apple’s bulk and size - to see to his beloved’s request. Wei Ying lunged up from his saddle and stole a sweet lover’s kiss from Lan Zhan’s lips, before giggling and nudging Lil’ Apple with his lower legs and trotting ahead.

“I know, I know! Everything in this world listens to you and is owned by you, oh Almighty God. But don’t forget, everything that belongs to you, my beloved husband and wife, is mine, too!” he called out and waved back. Lan Zhan paused to touch his lips and his ears reddened. He sighed in defeat and nnngh’d in slight annoyance at his partner’s antics, then followed suit to get Big Apple to move forward and catch up with its newfound love - the couple had long ago recognized that their donkeys were homosexual for each other.

The couple travelled by daytime at a snail’s pace with plenty of off-road mini adventures, and rested at night, because the *yaoguai* were by and large nocturnal creatures except for a few very powerful ones. They were cautious and always kept an eye on anyone - or anything - that approached them, after discovering that a branch of *yaoguai* had evolved into precursors of incubi and succubi, which the two men feared and hated after they’ve had enough brushes with those kind of monsters in deadly situations, just a few lifetimes ago. Shapeshifters and advanced demonic possessions were a danger to them too; to normal men with little or no magical training, it was impossible distinguish between a real person from a mimic, so it was hard to guess when they would be served poisoned foods in a teahouse, led to a demon’s den by a false innkeeper, or stopped by *yaoguai* s equipped with their victims’ armour and weapons while posing as sentries.

The younger, more lively man had expressed his dislike for intervening with mundane matters of the Mortal Realm, such as war between champions, states, clans, and kings, which to him felt like outsiders trying to take matters into their own hands and mess everything up, because such interference is abhorred by nature, and thus, the outcome would be unbalanced, unsatisfying, and in all likelihood, causes more unforeseeable problems than intended. Thus, they tried to avoid getting dragged into sect wars, especially since the Gusu Lans were formally declared as arch-nemesis by the Yunmeng Jiang, and the Lanling Jin have sworn to wipe out both for causing their joint miseries in the first place.

At the foot of some picturesque hills covered with springtime grass and dotted with thriving shrubs, Wei Ying climbed out of the saddle to lead Lil' Apple on a slow, reluctant uphill trek, made a little easier with nibbles of a juicy apple to encourage the animal to take one step ahead at a time. "I still can't believe we didn't predict that your brother was possessed by the same kind of lustful demons that consumed the souls of the Lan elder councillors, last winter. If I'd known, I would have ripped those horrible spirits of rapists from the afterlife out of your brother's corrupted golden core. I remembered vividly what those wrinkly dirty smelly old men did to me while I was incapacitated inside the Jingshi by the poisoning plague.. they violated me and scandalized my male dignity in unspeakable ways, and I can only imagine that my poor nephew Jin Ling is traumatized for life after how he suffered in the hands of a demonized Zewu Jun. It's not your brother's fault, but I can empathize why Jiang Cheng went after the throats of those in support of the fallen sect leader of the Lan clan," he mused, while keeping an eye on the apple he was feeding to Lil' Apple, and to make sure that the donkey didn't gobble up the whole fruit in a single bite; fresh produce were becoming harder to come by, since remaining towns and villages were cordoned off and refused to let the couple in to buy any provisions; the amount of stuff they can loot from abandoned settlements dwindled day by day, after all.

(The option to call for an instant intergalactic delivery via the extra-dimensional Bags of Holding was an option, but the couple decided not to use their powers recklessly as before.)

“Mn. I’m very concerned and almost wished to join the rebelling cultivators’ pursuit to catch my *gege*, exorcise the *yaoguai*s to the Nine Hells, and clear his name for the sake of my former sect. However, I’m mindful that by taking sides, that could endanger our well-being by putting ourselves in the line of fire between those who seek to right what is wrong, and those who are blindly loyal in serving the Imperial’s agendas without care of virtues, righteousness and the true noble spirit of cultivator-dom,” Lan Zhan shared his thoughts. Wei Ying knew that when the man spoke at length, it meant he was stressed, sought to analyse the situation to the last dot to explain himself, and would be restless and disturbed about the issue for a long while. The younger man held out his free hand, and Lan Zhan quietly, but gratefully grabbed it. Frequent hand-holding during their roadtrip had become the couple’s refuge for intimacy and connection when they were busy travelling in a world that had pretty much gone south. Big Apple snorted in envy at the back as it lagged behind on the gradual slope, because the cart was quite heavy with camping gear and knick knacks the couple had collected over the course of their journey.

The sun was high in the sky, a chilly breeze blew and there were hardly any clouds at all. The weather was mild and pleasant, the air crisp and very fresh, perfect as springtime alpine minus the thick layers of frost and snow that usually blanketed the region for much of the year, add in extra carpets of dew-covered short grass pockmarked with cute white and yellow blooms upon moist shallow soil after early morning drizzles. One could see as far as the shores of the Great Northeastern coastlines on one side, and more mountain peaks and rolling hills on the other, criss-crossed with well-trodden dirt trails, faraway villages in the pine forest clearings, and dense tree canopies in remote areas. The couple was mesmerized by nature’s beauty and the freshness that greeted their senses, that they fell silent and

slowly made their way up, their conversation paused in between moments of admiring the pretty scenery.

“I just hope when this blows over, everyone will make peace with each other and forget this entire episode. My poor juniors... surely they’ll be divided by factions and ideologies, and it’ll be tough to reconcile once someone draws blood, or worse, take a life, due to these disputes,” Wei Ying said after a while, and popped the whole fruit in his hand into the donkey’s mouth, because he was getting tired (and lazy) of holding a fruit and acting like a responsible owner for an animal. Then he barked out that they were taking a break, despite just taking less than fifty steps up the hill, and Lan Zhan grunted wordlessly, visibly out of breath; one could either blame the thinner air at higher elevations at fifty paces above sea level, or simply that his body wasn’t cut out for holding up his hefty weight and bulk.

Both beasts of burden had their harnesses taken off, and were allowed to roam around freely. Wei Ying started to unpack some items tied in bundles under the tarp covering the cart, while Lan Zhan sat on the ground in the shadow of the said cart, a little dazed and light-headed from the mountain-climbing expedition that had hardly begun. “Here,” Wei Ying said, and handed a bamboo container containing some pine needle-flavoured water made earlier that day, “Drink this, *lao po*, it’ll help to cool your overheated body and give you an extra boost of energy.” The wife-y took the offered drink and gulped it down quickly.

“Wei Ying,” Lan Zhan rued without really showing dismay on his face, when his lungs weren’t bursting for oxygen anymore, “Will I always be the wife?” It wasn’t really a question, Wei Ying could tell.

He crouched down and sneaked his hands around Lan Zhan's waist from the side. The man mmm'd and hugged his older spouse, then rocked the two of them gently, intimately. "Why? Aren't you happy to have a husband like me? Aren't I providing for the both of us, and leading us to where we want to go? Aren't I good enough in bed?" he asked teasingly.

Lan Zhan nnngh'd and refused to answer; he realized that Wei Ying had taken on a bullying persona and he didn't want to be degraded further, as inferior already as he already was.

A couple of light puffs into the man's ear, and beet-red Lan Zhan squirmed inside Wei Ying's embrace. "Hmm? No response? Are you afraid to answer back? Or... are you..." the younger man murmured, then started peppering kisses and sweet licks to sexually assault one shell of the ear, as one hand started to grope the fatty midriff to jiggle a sensuously soft layer, and the other hand busied itself to reach down, capture the special package between the man's legs with lewd grasping fingers - no matter how often Lan Zhan desperately tightened and closed his thighs, his genitals kept poking out of the pants anyway simply because he is a man -, and started to massage the vulnerable, defenceless but generously ballooning organs until a wet patch formed on the tip of the tented pants.

"... Trying to provoke me? Start a fight to see who tops? Demand a reversal in our relationship? Why on earth would you stop wanting to be my wife, when you have all these marvellous things given to you, at your fingertips?" Each question was punctuated with an affectionate pinch on the nipple, a demanding fingernail-graze on the navel, a nnngh-inducing swat on the buttocks, a aaahn-ing grip around those sensitive fragile man-eggs that would be rolled between calloused fingers in oooh-ing kneading motions, and most tantalizing of all, a said fingertip that kept circling and scratching maddeningly at Lan Zhan's purple-red cockslit at the edge of his bursting

erection, twitching angrily that Yes Yes Please Give Me More Yes and sputtering pre-cum excitedly all over the inside of his pants.

Lan Zhan's hasty, foolhardy question triggered the sadistic side inside his spouse, and although his mind yelled at him to run, his body relished in being tormented, scolded, and each time pain coursed through his nerve-ends from a tweaked nipple, soreness from being pinched on the skin, or throbbing from being spanked on his erogenous zones; Lan Zhan nnnh'd and aaahn'd like a desperate fool by the horse cart, trapped on the ground by his own desire to be manipulated, to be enslaved and be put into servitude, to be toyed and roughly manhandled to his beloved's whims. His body flushed into sexy reds, beads of sweat began to pool on his abdomen dribbling to the pockets between his pectorals because his belly was a quivering mountain with each passing moan, his hips rose and jerked uncontrollably, because Wei Ying had inserted one hand into his pants, yanked out the flimsy defenceless loincloth, and violently stroke the man that his cock twitched like the hands of a clock gone circles and speared up and down wildly into thin air.

“Don't you dare apologize and retract your question! You asked for it, you deserve it, you naughty boy!” Wei Ying hissed with glee, and pressed the man against the wall of the cart. Cornered, crushed and imprisoned by his thin bony spouse looming above him, Lan Zhan closed his eyes and stopped struggling; he reached down to peel his pants off willingly, then unbuttoned his robes and undershirt, and begged his spouse with just one word in a hoarse, shuddering voice, “Please.”

Wei Ying licked his lips at the banquet served to him on mid-morning break, hidden in the shadows behind a large horse cart. He proceeded to straddle the helpless man and fucked himself without much preparation, onto Lan Zhan's magnificent over-six inch arousal sticking proudly between his shivering chubby thundering thighs. Hands continued to

roughly yank at puffy, inflamed nipples upon jiggly, sagging man-breasts, and scratched and slapped without care at the jelly-like vast playground that was Lan Zhan's rounded mound of portly belly fat. Lan Zhan grunted like a beast, because his penis was exceedingly lustful with so much pain, bruises, stifled screams, and shame coursing through his voicebox and veins, and he pumped his hips crazily up and down until his legs cramped and the small of his back ached from overwork, but his penis wanted to plunge and plunder into his sweet, sweet love tunnel that was Wei Ying's rosebud anus, and desperately craved for more moistness, tightness and heat that only Wei Ying's rectum could lovingly squeeze him and offer depraved masochistic juicy fucks that sent the Lan man to heaven and hell simultaneously, in pleasurable waves of muscular contractions from deep inside his pelvis like a pregnant slut, and he allowed himself to orgasm from the inside, prostate trembling and squirting honeyed milky nectar in the rhythm of one-twos, his jaws slacked and eyes rolled back, fluttering involuntarily against the sunlight and Wei Ying's face in his vision, stars sparkle around the image of his God, his Wei Ying, smiling evilly with fangs bared, his fingers grasped blindly at the grass around him, clawing the dirt just as his heels dug deep from the imminent climax, the scratches and slapmarks throbbed to hard, bite marks and hickeys all over his rosy sweaty skin seduced his soul and marked it with Wei Ying's name like a glowing-hot branding iron, his nipples were volcanoes spouting bruising aches, and then finally, finally, succumbing to the wonderful sensations of losing control of his orgasm reflex and bladder, that he drunkenly urinated and ejaculated into Wei Ying in an inebriated state of clusterfucked Wei Ying-owned brand of sadistic sex.

Wei Ying, however, cackled and continued to ride the writhing obese mess of jiggling flesh, throaty moans and excited shudders, well after milky-white semen started to trickle out from where their bodies joined and pooled unto the unfortunate hillside grass beneath the copulating men. Every time Lan Zhan tire and begged for mercy for respite, because he'd been emptied too many times and had nothing left to spill, Wei Ying simply leaned back, which sent jolts of unwanted pleasure to the dying penis and rocking hips that had burnt out from fatigue and exertion, and yet forcibly

received more mind-blowing friction that it could no longer handle, and the man reached behind, pointed his index finger to somewhere between the sobbing man's hefty thighs, and sent bolts of life-giving Energy straight into the two pruny, dangling testicles. The man-eggs revived magically with renewed zest and eagerness, sending another surge of unwelcomed lust straight into the man's loins and his pelvis bucked like an excited rabbit's, drilling lovingly, enslaved, mating inside Wei Ying's deep, dark prison of homosexual carnal pleasures.

The couple continued to make love during their mid-morning break, and Wei Ying had a marvellous time reverse-raping his man and turned him into a docile, obedient, moaning and lovingly timid fucking machine wife-y.

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“Eh? Where have the two asses gone? My own ass is bent out of shape, and I need those animals if I'm to continue my journey!” Wei Ying cried out while straightening his back and trying to adjust his bow-legged stance; he'd been fucked so much by Lan Zhan that his hips looked nearly permanently split. He looked around for a bit and even squinted to see as far as the horizon stretched before giving up, because running up and down a hill wasn't all that fun especially with the late morning sun bearing down on them.

After considering his options, he shouted, “I'm taking out our important possessions from the cart first, because we may need to hike a bit to locate the animals, and I don't want any of these to be ruined by a freak thunderstorm or stolen while we're away! Can you guys finish up soon, so that our husband can get to work like he's supposed to?” and started rummaging the cart. There were plenty of heavy camping gear taken from

the Carp Tower's camping grounds, clothes that didn't belong to them, bags of provisions salvaged from abandoned towns, twisted metal ripped from broken swords, and charred wood that would make great fuel for their dinner campfires - even a soiled mattress - which he ignored, and he went for magical items they'd reclaimed from fallen soldiers, their clothes and equipment, and Bags of Holding.

Four "Enn!"s replied in unison and dutifully went back to their wifely duties. Wei Ying had telepathically sought advice from a conference with his, their, kingdom's top rules, officials, and lawyers, after receiving a formal complaint from the man named Lan Wang Ji. After serious deliberations over tasty reverse-rape fucks and violating the unwilling older man's deflowered penis too many times in a row, despite many other pressing matters besieging the empire surnamed Lan, the entire court conceded that on legal and technical grounds, the marriage certificate issued in Cai district of the Gusu province was deemed invalid outside the lands where it was issued. Thus, Wei Ying reluctantly agreed to relinquish his role and revert to becoming the wife to the man named Lan Wang Ji. No sooner after the declaration was made, four additional wives made landfall and gleefully serviced their oft-missed husband; a man in his forties locked his lips with Lan Zhan in deep, passionate tongue-playing kiss; a young but not very bright man in his late teens proceeded to strip then ride him in glorious fertile pelvic-humps without thinking twice; when more than three orgasms had been forcibly extracted from the dying, oversexed man and the anus had to be emptied for round number four, another boy, this time a young teenager, dove straight between the legs to do what he's best known for - deep throating -, causing the victimized husband to cry out in soaring pleasure and loss of rational thought; way, way beneath the harem orgy of many men, a child no older than nine focused intently on pleasing the man's family jewels, giving sensuous circular kneading licks on one particularly traumatized swollen and spasming testicle, while another of his brothers performed rapidfire vacuum-like vibrating suction on the other defenceless hairy testicle, the testes were dual attacked with such eagerness for endless minutes on end, then both individuals switched sides and each testicle received alternative mind-blowing pleasurable treatments, that Lan Zhan

hnnngh'd loudly and his hips tremble uncontrollably, loins destroyed by lightning bolts of testicular orgasms cresting one after another, and his penis finally shivered, sputtered like a dying engine, then convulsed thirty times slowly because it was overworked, oozing out diluted semen full of a real husband's milky goodness, spewing weakly in pulses like squeezing a punctured balloon of gooey cream, twitching energetically despite penile muscles cramping up in a desperate cry for a break, straight into the waiting jaws of four Wei Yings who are formally wedded to the lucky man.

Lan Zhan wasn't thinking straight anymore, and he lolled his head from side to side in a feeble attempt to cry out No, Enough, Please, but his hands flailed without control to grab molest every tasty Wei Ying within reach, his hips couldn't stop shaking when he was deliciously breeding one Wei Ying after another, whether doggie style or missionary, his back ached from pumping his lower rear so diligently, plundering the rosebuds and blossoming flowers presented to him on the hillside lawn on one beautiful springtime morning, a buck rutting into his harem mates crazily in a holy, godly mission to father imaginary babies inside fertile fat healthy wombs; he roared like a beast in heat when very, very good feelings coursed through his nerves and meridians, penis snugly held and massaged deep inside his lovely Wei Yings, he wanted to stay inside Wei Ying eternally, a red-hot iron rod lovingly rubbed and polished until it became a great, fearsome blade of sexual carnage; his eyes rolled up again and again, he drooled without even noticing his jaws were slacked, because every Wei Ying kissed and locked their lips with him at every opportunity, nibbled at his puffy nipples, peppering sweet kisses all over his shuddering body, whispering words of love and lust, coaxing the man to vocalize, without clearly thinking, many I Love Yous to his Wei Yings, his wives, his cocksleeves, switching excitedly between a tight tender fifteen-year old rosebud and an warm loving eighteen year old's, before a quick dip into the forty year old's and regretting the hairy loosened experience immediately, but before he lost his erection, he lodged himself between the legs of that nine-year old and felt like the alpha masculine man he should've been, and drilled all four Wei Yings like a machine across multiple thirty-ejaculations and countless orgasms.

The ritual for re-husband-ing Lan Zhan was completed, and the man was left feeling very invigorated spiritually, charged with a new sense of power and respect, his pride swelled back in its place as the alpha family man and the patriarch of sexy horny Wei Ying-kittens, but he was technically nearly dead, physically, from emptying his loins into his wives too frequently and nearly left the Mortal Realm after a spate of heart attacks in-between penis polishings and unending multiple orgasms in a single row, and his pelvis felt like being in the clouds - numbed, drained, floating, weightless, but pleasant. The subtle change from being labelled from a mere, inferior *lao po* into the wondrous, majestic *lao gong* was theoretically a change in formality, but the servants of the couple's kingdom would bear the brunt of realigning their culture, edicts, family rules and the ilk.

“ *Lao gong* , *lao gong* , when you're up and awake, we really should get going and look for our asses. In the meantime, please lift your ass, because I want to put on the pants for you,” Wei Ying leaned down and gave the newly-minted husband a sweet kiss on the rosy cheeks. Lan Zhan simply “Mn” in a low voice, raised his hips one last time, and watched through lidded eyes at how his beloved wife drew up the pants and tied the drawstrings, then patted at his crotch gently to wish his husbandly genitals a good night - because technically, his bent, well-spent, floppy and limp penis had malfunctioned, undergoing maintenance, and was fast asleep with no chance to wake up in the near future.

His royal attire of pristine-white Gusu Lan robes set, the four other wives helped to carry him up to let him stand, albeit shakily, on his two boneless legs. Four demons of Inabilities materialized around them, and lowered their hands; they had worked hard too, shielding their masters' orgies from the outside world, and they needed a rest.

Wei Ying strapped some bags and whatnots on an unmoving, clearly disorientated and quite unresponsive sleepy-faced Lan Zhan. He sheathed Bichen into its scabbard and tucked the blade to the belt, and dusted off sand and bits of dirt of the husband's robes, like a servile wife. Then, he checked his own gear and made sure they'd taken what they needed, and turned around. Wei *da ge* , *er ge* , *san ge* , and *didi* grinned back and nodded - mission accomplished. With a snap of fingers, they disappeared from sight along with the demons, and peace reigned on the couple's temporary pitstop next to the rather abandoned-looking horse cart.

“Dear husband, shall we?” Wei Ying winked at the other man and smiled his million-dollar smile. He reached behind and gave Lan Zhan's fatty buttocks a quick pinch.

Lan Zhan jolted from the pain and made a sexy nnnh sound. It was time to move on.

“Mn.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 172

“Hey, Lan Zhan,” Wei Ying exclaimed, “Look at this! Every dead soldier is stabbed right in the stomach and through the tree, hanging a few feet off the ground. They’re like straw dolls pinned to the tree trunks!” He poked and prodded a few armoured bodies, lifted and released lifeless limbs, just to demonstrate just how pitiful their deaths were. Blood congealed into dried splatters and puddles on wood and torn armour, suggesting that the massacre took place a few days ago. The young man leaned in, took a whiff at another pale, battered and decomposing body - this time, a spellcaster, judging from the corpse’s flowy patterned robes and a few magical potions and talismans left on the belt -, hung up to dry like laundry on a lovely spring day, and wrinkled his nose.

Lan Zhan, however, was more interested in salvaging usable items off the dead men; one by one, potions, talismans, unused daggers, bows and arrows, even satchels containing dried fruits and meat jerky were pickpocketed off like shopping for groceries in a supermarket aisle, then inserted into his sleeves, where his furry little daughter (of sorts) waited in the shadows with her mouth wide open, pink drooly toothless gums nom-nom-ing each object down for safekeeping in her bottomless fuzzy soft tummy. “Wei Ying,” he said, as he wrestled with one pierced mutilated body to pull out a particularly attractive gold-coated sword with shiny dragon motifs sculptured to its hilt and phoenixes carves into the metal - it was covered with dried blood, but Ni-er would make sure to clean it up and sterilize the contaminated surfaces as it travels through her digestive tract -, “Less playing. Check the surroundings for clues. How was this army of twenty elite Imperial soldiers defeated in a single encounter?”

Wei Ying whipped out his walking cane, and immediately, a large glob of cold black slime flew out in all directions, breaking itself into numerous droplets, each precisely landing on every corpse. The young man was left

with a shiny golden flute in his hands, and he raised it to his lips gracefully, then played an eerie, shrilly but sad song.

A chilled breeze blew, taking away the sour odours and daytime heat, and the vacuum left behind was quickly filled up by another kind of presence - the lingering feelings of those sent to war without saying goodbye to their loved ones, unfulfilled wishes at the time of death, tormented cries and resentful energies of people struggling with their dying breaths and opened, disemboweled bellies, final memories and images from those whose hearts finally stopped beating. It took about a minute or two, and like a video played in reverse, the black spots gurgled then launched themselves back to Wei Ying's flute and the entire contraption elongated back to its original walking cane form.

Lan Zhan had speedily pocketed everything he found useful, and appeared quite accomplished when he pulled down his sleeves to smooth out any creases, like a wife (now husband) fresh out from a successful trip from the said supermarket. He gave an expectant look to the spouse, one hand on the bulging hip to steady himself, because his back ached from bending a lot to pick up discarded but useful equipment.

“Well, I’ve tried to listen to the deceased’s voices, and that cold black thing performed micro-biopsies and analyzed the samples swabbed from every body,” Wei Ying explained and referenced Ernie’s supercomputing powers, then proceeded to narrate their findings. He paced about the clearing in the forest, and disturbed the remains by using an unfortunate stick to prod the desiccated flesh on dead soldiers’ faces, flipping and twisting fly-infested innards that spilled out from the gaping wounds like twirling spaghetti off a bowl, or for the sake of satisfying one’s revolting curiosity, used that soiled stick to tug the trousers and check if there was a death erection between purple-splotched thighs - if he did find one, he’d diddle it with the wooden tool and then stabbed the swollen, rotten scrotum like piercing

cooked, juicy meatballs, hoping that something might squirt and deflate the rude-looking angel lust.

“The first clue is that every soldier was killed by his own, or his comrade’s sword. Those Imperial-style blades are unmistakable even when drenched in blood. Next, nothing of value was taken, so it couldn’t have been mountain bandits or other persons seeking to rob the soldiers’ belongings. Thus, the appropriate follow-up question is, who and why?” he asked himself. After having his fun of examining a few specimens of dead soldiers and mages pinned to the trees, he twirled the blood-stained stick just like how he’d twirl Chenqing long ago, before pointing it to the sky, akin to a mechanical sensor. Lan Zhan wasn’t impressed, and his passive, disinterested demeanour showed. The older man crossed his arms, but then realized that his stomach was protruding, so he shifted his limbs higher to grab the sides of his boobs.

“The air is heavy with residual energies from very powerful Dark creatures. *Yaoguai* s have been here, and they stink pretty badly to those who can detect their smells. I find the scent quite appealing, though. It has a kind of acidic, nutty quality to it, like a cut of an raw, exotic gamey steak that’s been marinated long enough in the tart citrus juices, strong-flavoured oils and fragrant spices, right before being put into the oven,” Wei Ying continued his self-gratifying explanation, and inexplicably, sniffed the slimy end of the stick, before violently spinning around to heave and retch. Lan Zhan snorted wordlessly, wondering why his spouse has such an extremely morbid fascination to all things undead and vile - perhaps such behaviours elucidated his penchant for the Dark Arts, drawn like iron to magnet.

When Wei Ying regained his composure, he concluded with a huff, “Anyway, that means the *yaoguai* are behind the massacre. I can think of mind-controlling and soul-possession - both are savage, cruel killing techniques which we’ve witnessed since our trip out of the Carp Tower

aeons ago. The soldiers were forced to draw their swords and kill each other. Game over, end of story.” He leaned against a tree and raised an eyebrow smugly.

Lan Zhan wasn’t convinced, though. He patted his sleeves that concealed countless stuff they’d picked up on their way there, at the areas that bordered Lanling and Qinghe provinces - they were clearly thick, high-quality Gusu Lan fabrics, however the cloth was noticeably heavier than it appeared. “Wei Ying,” he said, and deftly pulled out the end of a salvaged, saliva-coated Magics R’ Us dragonhead sceptre to illustrate his point, “This group of soldiers consisted of high ranking champions. Look at the quality of their equipment, some are warrior-generals, some are arch-wizards. *Yaoguai* with those abilities you mentioned are common these days, and I am hard-pressed to believe that these skilled men did not see through their disguises before the mishap. Something else must be at play... what about those three victims on the ground with their abdomen split open? The radial patterns on the ground that look like shifting sands in a desert? The persistent tremors between the leaves and blades of grass?”

Wei Ying’s expression changed from one of a braggart’s, to a wide-eyed dismayed pout. How could you, he blamed Lan Zhan wordlessly, for tearing his precisely-worded verdict with minute observations. Lan Zhan was unfazed, now being the husband in charge of their relationship, and he simply stared daggers back. ‘Don’t underestimate me. I married you with the smarts to solve our woes, and not to turn around and outsmart me,’ that powerful, glare-oozing stare said. Wei Ying countered without speaking, ‘If you’re so bloody clever, you shouldn’t have asked me to do this first!’ then swatted his dirty stick against the sceptre in Lan Zhan’s hand in a mock-play of sword-fencing. ‘Bastard!’, ‘Asshole!’, ‘Show-off!’ - three unverbilized swats said it all, the clink of wood against metal was unmistakable.

Lan Zhan sighed and wished his spouse to take things a bit more seriously. Half-hearted guesses weren't part of his books, and as Patriarch, he enacted a law against that practice, though Wei Ying continued to break one family rule after another with impunity.

“Wei Ying.” Strike one.

The younger man rolled his eyes and grunted. “You won't like what I'm about to say,” he retorted.

“Wei Ying.” Strike two.

With an ‘Ahh!’ shout in exasperation, Wei Ying flung that broken, abused stick away when he raised his arms in a gesture of surrender. Then he marched to the spot where three bodies were partially hidden in shrubs, and pointed at them, bad smells and swarming flies be damned, “You're right, dear husband, that these three eviscerated individuals were eaten alive by *yaoguai* after they've been skewered by swords. The carved flesh, half chewed internal organs, and blood stains explains that. Three golden cores are missing too, proof that the *yaoguai* ate to sate its hunger, and not for the sake of killing or in defense of itself. According to my vast knowledge of the Dark Arts, one *yaoguai* can feast on three cores at a time, just like a man with his three important meals to last the day.”

Lan Zhan retraced the sceptre back into his sleeves (with nom-nom-ing sounds beneath the rustling cloth), then rubbed his chin. “It makes sense. While I went around rummaging the bodies for their abandoned equipment, I noticed all footprints that had caked in mud and hardened into the dirt had

the same Imperial dragonhead marks, and two without. One of those were imprints left by standard cloth and metal-reinforced shoes that cultivators usually wear, the other barefoot. The barefoot one could be a *yaoguai*, because *yaoguai* do not conform to human dressing etiquettes, and it had a full meal here,” he mused, and stared at the said patterns on the soil and flattened tender young shoots.

Wei Ying followed his gaze and trudged to near the center of the circular patch of clearing where they stood. It looked like someone had detonated a bomb made of wind or energy waves - not hot enough to burn anything, but powerful enough to steamroll the grass and shrubs flat against the floor, break tree branches in the vicinity (hence plenty of sticks that Wei Ying could use to poke and prod around), and trample smaller trees and turned them into splintered wood. Wei Ying used one foot to tap on the so-called ground zero.

“Right. From the way the victims are plastered to the trees, I can imagine everything was done in a single, sudden blow. There would’ve been not enough time for the soldiers to react, and a swift strike made sure everyone was murdered instantly. The swords in each victim were accurately angled at the moment of impact, so that vital organs were sliced with no mercy, no hesitance, no remorse - be it the heart, the lungs or some major arteries, from one end through to the other and even piercing the hardwood behind the struggling, dying body, with such enviable strength! The force was so great, so clean, that all victims spewed out blood gloriously in showers on the ground in front and beneath them, can’t you see? Such agility, such grace, such precision, such ruthlessness, resulting in blossoms of crimson red both big and small, of splattering fireworks and wavy, circular designs, like painting a masterpiece in mid-Spring, everywhere! Truly a fellow practitioner of the Dark Arts and the way of cruel mass killings!” he exclaimed, and skipped around jovially where the murderers would have stood, perhaps a day or two ago.

Lan Zhan hmph'd and ignored the younger man's ghastly extolling of the beauty of the foul, the diabolical and the wretched, because he was used to the latter's atrocious antics.

“What of Ernie's complete analysis?”

Wei Ying stopped in mid-skip and glared at the husband. ‘How dare you ask about our son's opinion even while I'm celebrating my own discoveries? You insensitive jerk!’ that glare said, eschewing the full truth. Lan Zhan kept his serious gaze, and a battle of unblinking eyes ensued.

Wei Ying finally relented, a couple of seconds later. He shrugged, “Ahhh... this sucks! My conversation with the lingering resentful feelings and residual spiritual energies can only tell so much, about the *yaoguai* 's wicked attacks, and the mens' last living moments,” then he patted the black walking cane strapped to his belt like a scabbard, and it wiggled its glistening surface delightfully, “This cold black-- err... *his* scanners finally put the pieces together when the slime traversed on those leaves and blades of grass. There's surplus thrumming vibrations on the surfaces, and an in-depth acoustics and quantum particulate analytics was performed. There's evidence that a powerful song from a *xiao* flute was played, that captured and manipulated the movements of objects. Dried leaves could be lifted, and rocks could be catapulted at will.” His arms swung and fingers danced energetically to illustrate what telekinesis could do.

Lan Zhan put his hands down. He had the information he needed, but still lacked conviction as to who to pinpoint as the cause of the murders. Something gleamed in his eyes when he remembered one particular sight while he went around rummaging dead bodies for their belongings. He shifted his stance a bit to the left. Wei Ying, who stood right in front of him,

followed. Then, Lan Zhan shuffled to the right to try and peek behind the younger man, and Wei Ying fidgeted, then blocked his view by moving in the same direction.

“Wei Ying, you’ve been avoiding one particular corpse since we arrived, and now you won’t let me take a closer look.” Are you hiding something again, he wordlessly asked.

A petulant shake of head.

“I won’t get angry. I won’t scold.”

Another desperate shake of the head until his hair was quite messed up, and he stretched his arms to block the older man from trying to stride across to reach that worryingly obvious body half-buried by bush and had caked blood near the neck. Lan Zhan strained and tip-toed to try and look over the stubborn man at the reason that the particular victim looked so tantalizingly interesting - it was the manner in which the soldier died. He sighed, when the efforts were futile, with Wei Ying being the obstacle to the final piece of the puzzle.

“We’ll play touch-touch after we bathe in the river. I promise. I’m yours for the rest of the day.”

Wei Ying gave pause to the offered bounty that sweetened the deal tremendously. His hands lowered gingerly.

“You... you won’t pull my hair for sticking a finger into your dick?” Just to be sure.

“Mn. I won’t. My dick’s all yours.” All clear.

Wei Ying’s demeanour changed completely the next moment, brightened up by a beaming smile that could blind any million-dollar salesman out there. He acted coquettish, fluttered his eyelashes and embraced one of Lan Zhan’s hands like a coy, shy but mischievous girlfriend. “All mine, all mine,” the man chanted cheerfully and licked his lips in anticipation of a reward before it was awarded.

He tugged at Lan Zhan’s right hand excitedly like a child wanting to impress its parents, and led him to the grisly site of murder of the soldier that expired the last amongst the group of twenty. His body seemed untouched, uncut and did not bear any injuries or stab wounds, and his leather armour decorated with dragon emblems looked rather polished and unused. A phoenix-adorned helmet prevented the couple from identifying his face - however that was not the crux of the issue. Wei Ying grabbed a broken branch from the grass and used it to tilt the dead man’s neck. A thick blood-caked line circled the skin, cascaded like a dried waterfall that had gushed to the pool behind the corpse’s head. One could see how deep the cut was, as though it was made by a very thin but amazingly sharp meat cleaver, that penetrated through the skin, flesh and blood vessels, severed the windpipe and even bracket the vertebrae; in fact, the dead soldier’s head remained attached to the body by mere muscle fibres and loose, lacerated skin. The air smelled especially stale, reeked of torturous cries that had long gone unheard, and heavy with the dank, acrid scent of antagonizing hatred.

“This unnamed person,” Wei Ying nudged the lifeless hand of the corpse with his shoe, “... had his head nearly severed by a metallic string, but the heinous act wasn’t completed, because the perpetrator was elated to be served the still-living, throbbing golden cores of those three deceased men, by his accomplice - the other murderer in this terrible scene,” he gestured at the bodies that lay nearby that he’d discussed before, “... that this dying man was forgotten. Left on the ground to watch the slaughter of his comrades, with tears and outrage in his eyes, while bleeding to death and his limbs immobilized, because his spinal cord was ruined. Ernie cannot determine what went on inside the man’s mind while his heart eventually stopped beating, but I can,” he whispered and leaned so closely to the older man until the latter could feel warm, seductive breaths against the cheeks.

Lan Zhan took a step back away from the horrible scene of carnage, because he didn’t scrutinize the wound on the neck closely the first time, and now, it was too detailed, too clear, that every bit of him was appalled and his stomach threatened to churn in disgust. Wei Ying latched on to his spouse by the arm, intent on winning his prize of touch-touch once they solved this particularly easy-peasy mystery.

“Lan Zhan, I saw remnant glimpses from this corpse’s visions and tasted his screeching thoughts, because this man managed to stare very, very hard at his killers until the final cusp of death. One, dressed in pristine white robes who has the ability to play a magical ivory *xiao* flute with such finesse, that swords and sceptres unsheathed on their own to the calling of a deadly dance, and slayed their owners in a blink of an eye. Second, truly a bent, hunched grotesque figure in tattered browns and greys, without sleeves and certainly without shoes, but it bore a human face atop an appendage above its meaty, hairy mass. It was greedy and lustful, gorging itself like a rabid beast on the golden cores of three victims at once, and it went after the fourth with an assassin’s ability to string up and slice the neck off from a human torso. Through my Darkness-enhanced senses, I could even feel that horrendous pain of having a neck strangled by a wire, because I’ve

experienced it once at the Guanyin Temple, done by the same person whose face is now glued to a demonic body, no less.”

Lan Zhan held his breath. The conversation suddenly felt repulsive, and he experienced a surge of nausea, a punch in the gut, literally by what he had heard. Wei Ying gripped his hand tighter to steady the man, and even swayed it front and back playfully to remind him that there was a promise to keep, a price to pay, for demanding the truth, no matter how terrible that was - in the flesh, or blood, or both.

“My brother... and Jin Guangyao...!”

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Just then, there was a rush of hooves and shouts, followed by clouds of dust and strong winds that temporarily blinded the couple, causing them to stagger unsteadily on their feet. Before Wei Ying and Lan Zhan could react, they were surrounded by heavily-armed burly men on horseback, garbed in similar dark-coloured metal and leather closed helmets, armour and shields as those victims pinned to the trees; all bore the insignias of dragonheads, phoenix wings and other mythical creatures that glowed with magic, the hallmark coat-of-arms of the Imperial army.

“Wei Wuxian!” one thunderous voice called out from behind the frontlines of spears and swords pointing at the aforementioned man’s throat. Wei Ying gulped visible and his eyes widened in alarm, and dropped the half-mask he was about to put on; he couldn’t take it out quicker from his sleeves, and whoever was behind the ambush knew his identity.

“... and Lan Wang Ji!” This time, Lan Zhan stiffened and reached for his sword, then realized belatedly that he’d fed it to the bottomless furry worm hiding in his clothes for safekeeping, though, not necessarily for safeguarding their well-being.

“Do not make any unnecessary moves! By the royal authority vested within the Imperial Seal of His Majesty, the Emperor of Chang’an, the Almighty Guardian of the Mandate from the Heavens, bow to the ground or risk the wrath of the Imperial Guard and be beheaded at once!”

Wei Ying squeaked and made some incomprehensible hissy sounds when he immediately fell to his knees, and he yanked his significant other’s arm to drag him along too, to grovel and pray that sniper archers that trained their arrows at them from the treelines didn’t release their grip too quickly.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 173

“This is travesty! We came here looking for men bearing the physical descriptions that befits you, and what do we find?”

“A killing field! Two suspects! Three pieces of evidence!”

“For one, that man who weaves dark, forbidden magic, like the *yaoguai* ! Did you witness how he played with corpses hanging off the trees as though he is among playmates? He said he can see and hear the dead talk! He must be one that speaks the devil’s tongue, and is allied to those monsters!”

“No, *it* is a *yaoguai* , hiding beneath a human’s skin! One that is bonded to the man garbed in white over there. Did you spy how that man stole all our fallen brothers’ equipment and pocketed them into his sleeves without so much as an ounce of pity or sadness on his face? Such evil, such greed, such cruelty - and did you not hear what he said last? He knows the murderers, one of which is his brother!”

“Lastly, everyone, look at your Compasses of Evil. Are they not pointing at these two men? They’re both wicked, a bloodthirsty *yaoguai* disguised a man, and his partner, a man that harbours sin, working hand in hand!”

Wei Ying cursed his bad luck for being caught doing and saying things he shouldn’t have - but silently chuckled at the fact that *his* Compass of Evil turned out to be quite popular -, Lan Zhan wished he didn’t display the

worst of his hoarding side or mention his *gege* , and together, they knew they had a lot to explain to the Imperial army - if given they chance.

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It happened too quickly.

Burly, stocky armed men dismounted from their horses and pinned the two men down, with plenty of threats of ‘Do not resist!’ and ‘If you move, you will find an arrow in the base of your skull the next second!’. Wei Ying and Lan Zhan had no ulterior motive, had no reason to fight back, and didn’t dare to provoke the wrath of the almighty Imperial army, so they remained steadfast on the ground, struggling half-heartedly against their restraints until they could understand the situation unfolding before them.

Lan Zhan mustered some courage to ask a one-worded question, “Why?”, before someone’s knee pressed into his neck and he was forced down on all fours, gasping for air - he couldn’t breathe. A senior guard, who was adorned with slightly better armour and wore a fancier helmet with dragonwings carved on the sides, pushed that overzealous soldier away just in time before Lan Zhan turned blue, and barked back some angry commands to ‘stand down’ and not to treat their captives like convicts. By that time, Wei Ying was in a state of frenzied fury after witnessing how Lan Zhan was treated although they’d been unresisting for the most part.

“Why?” the guard countered in disbelief, “You’re being detained for having a hand in the murder of these twenty soldiers,” he waved his arm around to indicate the gruesome massacre of men stabbed into pine trunks, “-- and on

suspicion that you are, or collude with the *yaoguai* that has threatened these lands since New Year.”

“But that doesn’t mean you should treat us like this! We’re innocent unless proven guilty, have no ill intention, and were simply caught at the wrong place and at the wrong time! You haven’t even investigated the case!” Wei Ying yelled rashly, before a soldier muzzled him with a greasy palm.

The younger man showed his crude, uncouth side when he bit the man that tried to cover his mouth, and started throwing punches at the soldiers around him. Lan Zhan struggled to get up and joined the fray, purportedly holding back his spouse but at the same time, that meant he was also pushing away the aggressors. Unfortunately, that only incensed the people around them, and terrible accusations were flung about.

“He bites and claws! What monstrous behaviour!”

“See? That’s evidence that he’s a *yaoguai* masquerading as a human in broad daylight. No wonder he walks during daytime instead of crawling in the dark like his predecessors!”

“It’s true, it’s true! The *yaoguai* has bonded to the unfortunate human partner and turned his heart black! It’s the *yaoguai* ’s fault that this has happened!”

The senior guard pointed a finger at Wei Ying to demand that the couple stopped fighting back; something triggered inside the younger man. Wei

Ying snarled and shook like a feral beast, then lunged to try and bite off that offending pointy finger, before he was held back by three well-muscled brawny soldiers.

“I’m NOT a *yaoguai* !” Wei Ying roared angrily, his bloodshot eyes blazed thinly veiled crimson hues - signs of murderous intent - and canines poking out with dripping saliva, tendons and veins nearly popping out everywhere on his temples and neck, literally. Apparently, old memories surfaced back from the time he was accused of being one by mobs of nobodies, sixteen or more years ago. The difference, this time though, was that Lan Zhan touched his wrist; a silent plea to the young man not to get overboard, and he caught himself before losing control of his flaring temper.

The guard backed off slowly and raised his palms; that gesture surprised the soldiers and shushed them up immediately, some feeling uneasy at the sudden truce. “Regardless of your claims, you’ve just demonstrated yourselves to be potentially dangerous. Look, if you’ll cooperate and let us put you in chains for our safety and for following the Imperial protocol on investigating suspects, then take you back to our camp for verification, we’ll sort this out properly against the list, and send you on your way. If there’s been a mistake, we’ll get it rectified on that list, and you’ll no longer be disturbed by the Imperial soldiers and cultivators currently patrolling these dangerous lands for the rest of the season,” the senior officer reasoned, trying to pacify the couple and at the same time, uphold the duties of the Imperial guard. Apparently, in 2000 B.C., concepts such as personal rights and freedom of expression were unheard of, especially in the face of the domineering Imperial might - so, Wei Ying reluctantly cooled off his head and sunk back to his knees to show that he was willing to play nice, with the promise that they may be let off the hook after their names were erased from that so-called list.

One by one, the soldiers fell into murmurs and eventually silence, when they realized that they weren't allowed to mock the couple any further. "The rest of you, give them space and don't you dare put your hands on them. If I find any more insubordination amongst you, you'll be on toilet cleaning duties for a week, do you hear me? You're hired horsemen from the grassland clans in the vicinity, but that doesn't mean you can misuse the authority of the Imperial Court as you wish!" the senior guard barked, and everyone acquiesced, some looking down and away in shame. Wei Ying brightened up at the revelation - no wonder he was having such a tough time, because he was dealing with grown-up brats spoiled with the privileges of the rich and powerful! - and smiled smugly.

"What is this list? Why are our names written there?" Lan Zhan finally asked when he finally understood that they were not in harm's way, when he knelt on the ground, side by side with his beloved spouse.

The guard shrugged. "I cannot reveal too much but our War General bought it from a sect leader who lives nearby, after an... amicable handover of powers, to... let's say, support the growth of the Imperial army. That list was originally availed to all sect leaders that served under the now-defunct Grand Cultivation Council. The list owner pleaded the Imperial troops investigating his fortress home to redirect their efforts to locate the surviving cultivators from the ill-fated New Year's hunt, and he gave some pretty grisly details of how he knew a former cultivator and his bonded *yaoguai* who behaved worse than a true-blooded man and a thousand times deadlier," he said and crossed his arms, gazing at the bewildered couple.

"Did he say anything else... about us?" Lan Zhan ventured carefully and craned his neck, which still throbbed from the brutal force earlier.

The man in his forties and graying moustache looked up and down, then rubbed his chin. “Hmm... just a physical description of the two of you, a bit of recent history that both of you accompanied him from a coastal village to the Carp Tower in Lanling, and that was how he observed enough to convince him, and our general, that you were damn well worth investigating, amongst the thousands of names written in the list, of which we’ve crossed off many after confirming those that have been killed by the *yaoguai* during the first few days after New Year. He kept saying ‘I don’t know, I don’t know’ when we tried to dig deeper into your histories, which further mystified our general and puzzled us, which is a lethal combination to raise enough red flags to issue a warrant for your capture,” he admitted.

“It’s... Huaisang, isn’t it? That traitor!” Wei Ying spat on the ground with disgust almost immediately. One soldier shrieked in high-pitch and in terror while twirling to the side like a ballerina, to avoid getting splattered from a demon’s saliva, and that drew uncomfortable looks from his comrades.

“... Worth investigating? What is it about us that’s special to your general?” Lan Zhan pressed on with his inquiry, trying to determine the scheming two-faced’s motives.

“Didn’t you hear? The Imperial army is running a massive recruitment drive for cultivators, soldiers and mercenaries alike in the war waged against the *yaoguai* that had escaped and replicated since the New Year’s Hunt. Including these incompetent buffoons,” he sent a burning glare at his men, and they shrank in unison under the heated gaze, “So, when that sect leader suddenly said something about a creative new way to control and weaponize demons, that is, to use man-controlled *yaoguai* to fight against other wild-type *yaoguai*, I think our general was sold to the idea, because it gelled so well with his beliefs to fight fire against fire, and fitted perfectly with the Emperor’s decree to wipe out all evil from the Middle Kingdom

with minimal losses of lives...” the guard rambled and he too, started to dive deeply into such an intriguing concept.

Lan Zhan rolled his eyes using his imagination, while Wei Ying facepalmed internally and balked at the absurdity. It was certainly *not* worth investigating the couple, based solely on hearsays from an unreliable source that didn’t know what he was talking about; the couple started to look for ways to escape and avoid capture altogether.

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“Stop squeezing his neck to fit the metal collar! He’ll choke from his double chin! Have you no respect for a man who looks as fortunate and esteemed as the God of Prosperity?”

“Loosen the chains to his wrists, you bastards! He can’t walk properly if his hands are forced to press on his bulging stomach! That length of that chain is meant for thin people like me, not a pregnant sow like him!”

“Stop stuffing him into a prison uniform, it’s too small! Can’t you see his boobs are squashed like melons in a bamboo basket, and his lungs can’t breathe?”

“Please, give the chain some slack! My darling balding man has supersized thighs! If you tighten the ankle cuffs like that, he’ll only tumble everywhere down the hill and roll over you until you’re flatter than a *jianbing* !”

Wei Ying made plenty of embarrassing jibes that not only turned Lan Zhan into shades of bright cherry-reds, but also left scores of Imperial soldiers around them sniggering and guffawing on the grassy floor like incompetent jokers - more like, country bumpkins who find such juvenile jokes amusing, though armed to the teeth. The younger man continued to spew insulting, demeaning but terribly unfunny taunts about mid-life crisis, weight problems, gender-specific harassment and one's tattered dignity, illustrated with plenty of lively hand motions to draw shapes of the said melons and pregnant pig bellies on the canvas of thin air, that even the senior guard who was supposed to fit the chains around Lan Zhan's neck, wrists and ankles fell into a laughing fit and accidentally dropped the keys.

In a heated moment of frenzied body movements mixed with confusion and silliness, and when everyone wasn't looking, Wei Ying performed an ad-hoc, hips-swaying melon dance with high kicks, that sent forth a hurricane of sticks, stones and dried leaves into the air along with a well-timed passing-by breeze - his 'papermen'. Lan Zhan continued to jostle against the chains and collars with his hefty bulk and weight, and it took nearly four fully grown-up men to steady him enough to be tied up.

On the other end of the forest clearing, another kind of riot had to be dealt with and subdued. The soldiers had been smart enough to demand the couple to strip down to their undergarments and leave their belongings on the ground before being tied up - bandits and surely *yaoguai* were known to hide weapons and nasty surprises inside their clothes and sometimes, beneath their skins. However, they did not expect Lan Zhan's robes to come alive and start snarling, spitting and hissing like a rabid beast. The sleeves charged and abruptly backed away at any man that dared to approach it, thumped aggressively at the ground with folds of cloth and swirling clouds of dust, and growled with an unpleasant but somewhat adorable, high-pitched squeal reminiscent of an angry baby bunny. One junior swordsman bravely reached into the sleeves in the futile hopes of grabbing whatever

that resided inside the accursed garment, only to howl in fright and pain when his fingers were nom-nom'ed by sticky, icky toothless gums covered with slimy saliva; he retracted his traumatized hand, filled with bites and bruises, and a residual fear that he may have been poisoned from the nauseatingly gooey webs left in the aftermath - those were probably digestive juices, and soon, the fine hair on the man's arms dissolved, and stinging burning red patches formed on the skin where he was attacked. The braver swordsmen started beating the wriggling robes with broken branches and quarterstaves.

Elsewhere, Wei Ying's walking cane transformed into a ghastly shiny black viper with red eyes and impossibly long venom-laced fangs, that hissed and struck viciously at any incoming objects. It lashed out wildly at fleeing soldiers, and where its fangs grazed the leather and metal ornaments on boots, the materials melted immediately into acrid, frothy smoke and the smell of burnt flesh, thus sending the serpent's would-be assailants running helter-skelter in panic.

Just when the tide seemed to turn to favour the couple, and Wei Ying glanced up with hope at the swirling, flying debris in the sky - because he could send microscopic radar antennae into the stratosphere and radio for back-up -, suddenly the entire floor of the forest clearing glowed with dark energy outlined with dazzling electric blues and magentas, and there was a low rumble. Nearly half the soldiers - the spellcasters and mages - stumbled where they stood and clutched at their heads, and Lan Zhan groaned too and scrunched up his face from unexplained pain, causing Wei Ying alarm, and fell to the floor like an overweight boulder with a dull thud; the senior guard that had been crawling on the ground to look for the key to the chains was unwittingly crushed by the Lan man's weight, and something in the guard's backbone snapped.

The atmosphere changed surprisingly fast, from a boisterous, animated drunken party of clumsiness, boorish laughter and boyish screams, to one of grave silence and seriousness. Sticks, stones and dried leaves fell like shot dead pigeons from the tree canopies when the breeze ceased blowing; the vile black viper hissed furiously in agony before shrivelling up to a motionless, rigid bamboo flute of the same colour; Lan Zhan's clothes, a living and savage piece of garment that bit and nipped ferociously at people, shrieked like a skewered trapped animal, struggled to flutter out of the circle of dark energy before collapsing into its own to become a set of quiet, quite inorganic, rumpled plain old white robes.

Wei Ying was left with a gaping mouth and eyes wide with shock at the carnage of his own family, and the fact that he was the last one standing; one could hear a pin drop when all soldiers at present stopped what they were doing, and gazed up in awe at two new arrivals standing on a rocky outcrop overlooking the forest clearing.

A bald, sagely, wizened old man in flowy golden-white robes, probably more than a century in age, bowed politely to the other with palms up. He waved his horsetail whisk in a lemniscate loop, and stroked his beard gracefully with knobbly fingers, then cleared his throat.

“Grandmaster Gao, pardon the intrusion. This would not have happened if a priest was assigned to each and every group within the army, as the great Emperor of Chang'an decreed. We're dealing with the supernatural and the extraordinary, after all. The world we live in is in the state of Imbalance between the Yin and the Yang. With the authority bestowed by the Taoist Gods and the eternally-living grandmasters for over thirteen generations, the unnatural will be exorcised, and normalcy restored,” the tranquil voice said with such clarity, nobleness, determination and pure-hearted intention, that Wei Ying knew he was faced with a holy priest of legendary powers and reputation; however, like many sects from the poorer southside of the

country, he did not study in depth about greater religions and philosophy and their iconic figures, and instead, focused on his and his neighbouring sects' beliefs; so he had shallow knowledge about priests, religion, and the many denominations that exist in the Middle Kingdom. There was no time, however, and he quickly crouched to shake Lan Zhan awake; the older man seemed to be in a delirious state - feverish, incoherent, and wrecked with lightning flashes of pain throbbing beneath the skull.

“The dead good shall be reborn as evil, the living evil shall be banished back to its good side. Faced with swords, we shall temper the violent might with grace and softness until it is but a blunt piece of scrap metal; faced with fearsome magics, we shall invoke the gods' wrath and extinguish all forms of spellcasting to reduce even the greatest arch-wizards into helpless, crying babes, such as this Anti-Magic Circle that you see, my lord. This is the way of the Tao,” the priest continued calmly.

Wei Ying was beyond angry when Lan Zhan remained unresponsive - the whole situation turned from bad to worse. He swivelled to the side to yell at the two masterminds to stop whatever they were doing and release him and Lan Zhan - but the moment he opened his mouth, a grimacing Lan Zhan grabbed his wrist and shook his head with a groan - ‘Wei Ying, no’, the gesture said. The younger man was very vexed and exasperated at the helplessness of their situation, and could only make some rude nnngh-
nnngh sounds akin to a man suffering from constipation; his facial expressions wild and tortured yet suppressed, vividly disappointed and enraged, he even slammed his fists to the dark-energized dirt repeatedly until his knuckles were scuffed, but to no avail.

Grandmaster Gao, an impressive man over seven feet tall with a well-built figure framed by an even more magnificent set of Imperial War General full-body armour, with a majestic top-facing dragonhead sculpted to the steel chest plate, and a billowing red mantle hanging off his broad

shoulders, stared down at the couple briefly with cold, disdainful eyes. His thick and long moustache and beard were akin to a dragon's, his face bore savage battle scars, and the creases on his forehead and at the edge of his eyes spoke of decades of war experience and of fighting off the country's greatest enemies; if looks could kill, he could murder a village of ordinary farmers with a single cruel, unforgiving stare. He crossed his arms and scanned the horizon from the vantage point where he stood, ignoring Wei Ying altogether.

"Carry on, priest," he ordered, and for a brief second, Wei Ying actually shivered from the low, bellowing voice that echoed throughout the forest. Grandmaster Gao turned to the side and barked his next order, "Lieutenant, take them in and scour the entire hill. Round up as many cultivators and *yaoguai* monsters as you can find by sundown."

Wei Ying meeped audibly as he watched, with sheer horror, hundreds of fully-equipped Imperial soldiers - probably Grandmaster Gao's main army - rose from the mountain ridge to surround them. He shook Lan Zhan's agonizing trembling form more violently - they had to run, they had to escape, there was no time to lose.

The one that was addressed as Lieutenant appeared behind the priest, and cocked his head at Wei Ying with a perplexed look. "That magicless person too? Is he really a *yaoguai* on the list, or a mundane human wearing the skin of such dark creatures? He seems... rather quiet, docile and weak," Wei Ying could hear him say, and he seethed with unspoken fury; he really wanted to leap up and show his true strengths as the greatest Dark Arts practitioner known in the universe. However, Grandmaster Gao paid no further attention and marched off the scene, while the priest smiled - a crooked smile with ugly teeth, now that Wei Ying has had a good look -, and addressed a cryptic response to the Lieutenant, "Just as there is Yin, there is the Yang complementing the opposing force, so does Man paired

with another supernatural or mythical element, such as a *yaoguai* . The synergized balance is often stronger than either part, and can negate even the greatest magic. That is the path of truth, young man. Take those two in, as your master commanded, an examination is in order at the temples, and all shall be revealed. That is the way of the Tao, the religion of all-seeing, all-knowing.” The priest bowed slowly in a single smooth motion that belied his age and wisdom, apparently. The Lieutenant nodded and disappeared from the rocky outcropping, to descend some steps and reach the forest clearing where everyone gathered.

“Wei Ying,” Lan Zhan croaked softly through gritted teeth, and the man quickly turned to his attention, desperate to hear what the spouse needed to say, “Don’t... fight back... for now. Not against the Emperor’s will... please...” then Lan Zhan squeezed his eyes shut, curled up like a meatball shivering in tormented agony. Wei Ying blinked through tears - he realized how much energy the man must’ve spent to repress the spouse’s impulse; it would be akin to slicing one’s flesh with a knife while being forced to run a marathon. Wei Ying also knew that being a hot-blooded youth, if it wasn’t for Lan Zhan’s shaky grip on the wrist, he’d rush forward and start doing something impossibly foolish, like going after the War General’s throat with a sharp object, and then get shot down by archers by the hundreds, ready to release their volleys from the mountain ridge; thus, it was clear as day that Lan Zhan sacrificed his well-being for Wei Ying’s sake, even though it hurt like hell, just to shut the spouse up and avoid any unnecessary confrontation and worse, more loss of lives. Wei Ying nodded energetically while holding Lan Zhan’s hands, and no longer harboured a killing intent. He pressed their hands closer, tighter, in a desperate prayer that everything would turn out alright, now that they were captured by the menacing Imperial army.

The Taoist priest waved his magical whisk, and the circle of dark energy fizzled out just as quickly as it appeared - to everyone’s relief. Afflicted soldiers began to recover from their ordeal, and Lan Zhan ceased to suffer from the searing pain of having one’s golden core and magic-infused meridians torched from within. Wei Ying gingerly picked up his overweight

lover and embraced him in a soothing, quiet cuddle, and blissfully ignored the swords, spears and magical weapons aimed at them.

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The senior guard overseeing the couple's capture couldn't find a prisoner's clothing suitable for Lan Zhan's size, so upon some careful deliberation helped along by Wei Ying's surprisingly gentle, but heart-rendering begging for decent clothing to keep him warm on a chilly springtime day, he was given a few large pieces of thick, rough fabrics and straws that the soldiers used as covers to sit on or to shelter from rain. Wei Ying was garbed in the rather dirty, smudgy brownish-orange prison uniform - a plain long-sleeved shirt and a pair of loose pants tied using drawstrings, really - and had chains attached to collars and cuffs on his neck, wrists and ankles - like a convicted man. The guard, whose waist was bandaged, shrugged in apology, and remarked that since their case had been noted by the superiors, he couldn't soften his approach anymore, and a one-way trip to the Imperial camp was in order.

While the soldiers carefully dismantled the corpses of their comrades from the trees one by one, and others collected the couple's belongings into large sacks, Wei Ying helped to fashion primitive robes for Lan Zhan with the given materials, and the latter ended up looking Buddhist monk swaddled with excess cloth. "Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, can you lift your shoulders a bit? I'm draping this softest piece of fabric over you like a blanket, and I'm going to tie the edges around your neck with another strip of cloth. I know you're uncomfortable, but it's going to rain and it'll be freezing cold. You need this, otherwise your fever will worsen... please?" Wei Ying asked tenderly, while nudging the older man with his elbows because his hands were essentially tied; Lan Zhan wasn't chained, luckily for him. Lan Zhan grunted and acquiesced, with some effort that left him dizzy. Wei Ying did what he could, then placed a chaste kiss on the man's sweaty forehead,

before wiping it off with the back of his hand. He ignored the rude stares around him.

Dark clouds had begun to gather in the far horizon, to the man's dismay, and he blamed the arrival of Grandmaster Gao and their unfortunate encounter with the Imperial army for it. The priest wasn't as kind as expected of a holy man - Wei Ying wondered what kind of crap religion did the War General worshipped that harboured such vile priests and practitioners -, and with another whisk from the frighteningly omnipotent brush tool, a mystical imprint appeared on their necks not unlike the mark of branding irons. It was a temporary tattoo that radiated a strong anti-magic aura; Wei Ying felt nothing, but Lan Zhan was once again incapacitated by a crushing headache and a debilitating fever, though to a lesser extent this time. The couple knew that they couldn't argue or fight their way out, not when they were surrounded by hundreds of soldiers, each armed to the teeth with Imperial gear and Magics R' Us equipment for great priests, sorcerers and shamans. Wei Ying spied on Grandmaster Gao's right arm before the eminent general left, and recognized that he had the exceedingly rare golden Infinity gauntlet fitted with five colourful jewels - an apocalyptic sign of things to come, surely -, and so, Wei Ying kept as quiet as a mouse, for fear of repercussions worse than multiple lifetimes of deaths.

Shortly after the last of the twenty bodies had been loaded onto hand carts, the Lieutenant announced that part of the group were headed for a small village not far away to take shelter. "Fifty of you will follow Senior Guard Liu to Jinshan at the next hill, out of which forty shall accompany the wagons at two each on foot, in respect of our fallen brothers. The remaining ten will escort the prisoners and their confiscated belongings, and help out in menial tasks and paperwork once in Jinshan. The rest of you, hundreds-strong, take the horses and march forth southwards with the venerable Tao priest and I, and hunt down any cultivator or *yaoguai* that you can find! Victory shall be ours!" he commanded. The soldiers saluted in unison with

fiery concerted shouts of “Hail the King!” and went to work with incredible efficiency and speed.

Wei Ying placed one of Lan Zhan’s unsteady arms around his shoulder, and began the slow, torturous trek down the hill, among queues of creaky carts heavy with their deadweight loads. He focused on Lan Zhan’s health and tried his best to support the heavier older man with his scrawny body and weight - it was truly a labour of loyalty and love. Although he could speak freely, he decided to be nice, un-cheeky, less argumentative, and compliant to the soldiers’ orders; in return, when he asked for water to quench Lan Zhan’s thirst, he was given some by the senior guard surnamed Liu, who felt a little pity for a struggling, ill, fat man. Around them, some of the younger ones in rank started to gossip again, though they always kept themselves out of earshot from their seniors who toiled to pull the carts filled with dead bodies.

“ *Shixiong* , are we really going to visit that Tao temple in Jinshan? I’ve heard rumours that it’s rundown and filled with ticks, fleas and cobwebs, even haunted with stories of ghosts and of terrible things from the past, because people have long abandoned it in favour of worshipping more famous and powerful gods, like Guan Yin and Buddha!”

“Yeah, *qianbei* ! Hardly anyone in neighbouring provinces of Lanling and Qinghe worships these paganistic gods! Even I didn’t pray in those dusty, sinister-looking altars until recently when I signed up for the army.”

“Shhh, comrades, not so loud! Priests and shamans from all over the country have acceded to our Emperor’s royal decree to fully utilize the strengths and capabilities of local religions and deities, such as the Tao.

We're supposed to be working with them with respect, not against. Did you not attend the special classes before joining this campaign?"

"Yee---sss---! The priest that came to give a talk to our battalion said: What's the use of praying desperately for one or a handful of gods when those gods hardly ever respond in times of need? Our nation can arm itself, using its own spiritual guidance and free will, to combat the spread of this *yaoguai* disease and triumph over evil! Those who rebel and keep to their old ways will learn, painfully, what it truly means to put all your prayers in one basket!"

Wei Ying listened intently, while feeding an exhausted, half-conscious, feverish Lan Zhan a small bowl of river water, when the group of soldiers took a short break beneath the shade of trees. He managed to pocket some edible berries during their downhill descent, and crushed them before mixing the juicy pulp into the bowl. Wei Ying fervently hoped the fruit-flavoured water would somehow help stave off further deterioration of his spouse's condition; they didn't stop for lunch, and both were feeling quite dehydrated by the time afternoon rolled by. The kinder senior guard gave Wei Ying a slightly cracked bowl and told him to make do with it until they reached their destination, where priests at the Tao temple can finally remove the terrible tattoo from their necks and set Lan Zhan free from suffering, but not from imprisonment; Wei Ying was more than hopeful, and he was determined to see through to the end of the arduous journey. The serious, fierce look on his face when he made that decision, however, had some unintended consequences to the younger soldiers milling around the couple.

"Ah, *shixiong* , you're such a wise person, but who are these two men? Are they really famous, or are they just convenient targets that the army wishes to enlist as battle slaves like the hundreds that we've captured so far? Eeh... the *yaoguai* is glaring at me... eek!"

“Stop staring back, that *yaoguai* might eat you when you sleep tonight... ha ha ha!”

“T-- T-- That’s not funny! I don’t have protective talismans to scare away the blood-sucking, flesh-eating *yaoguai* ... or to protect my delicate virginity! Ha ha ha!”

“Comrades, quiet, and stop being such cowardly naysayers! We’re just following the Lieutenant's orders to take them to the nearest camp to be evaluated by officers from our forces and holy men of Tao. If that stout cultivator is deemed fit and suitable, he’ll be persuaded to fight alongside us against the tide of evil, and we could use his *yaoguai* to our benefit, if the two are indeed bonded and united in body, mind and soul. Such rare pairing of demon and man are the ultimate living weapons that our Highness wishes to collect and enlist into service for the greater glory of the empire! It’s an honor to fight for the country, you know!”

Wei Ying’s brows twitched, and he gazed at the spineless senior guard - who couldn’t mete out disciplinary action for insubordination and instead, joined the gossipy chatter while flouting all rules and flaunting his employer’s propaganda - and the two followers, with interest. Meanwhile, Senior Guard Liu tried his best to keep the conversations civil without causing anymore ruckus, especially with many others lounging around, massaging and cricking their necks and cramping limbs, complaining incessantly about carrying decomposing, smelly dead bodies that were formerly their brethren. Wei Ying made sure that Lan Zhan gulped down the bowl of water before squatting down by a bubbling stream to fill another serving of the much-cherished though plain refreshment on a sunny day. He even dabbed gently at the spouse’s sweat-beaded forehead, with a clean, moistened washcloth handed by the senior guard.

“Ah... but I don’t even know who these two are, and if they’re really cut out to fight against the monsters! I mean... a black viper summoned out of a walking cane, and a set of man-eating robes that doesn’t bite? It’s a joke, right? What does that *yaoguai* do anyway? He doesn’t seem to be affected by the Anti-Magic tattoos, so does that mean he’s magicless?”

“Hush! He’s staring daggers at you now! Look away, look away! Only the priests can ascertain the nature of *yaoguai* - perhaps this one’s hiding something splendid beneath his skin or worse, his grotesque true form when he ambushes you tonight, in your bed, to feast on your... dick!”

“Aiiiee... you terrorize all of us with your sick humour! And for what? Just to make fun of an unknown man named Lan.. err.. Ji Wang? And his pet demon, Wei... Xian... err...”

“Silence, brats! We don’t question our leader’s orders! If they tell us to hunt down persons named in a list bought from a fearful sect leader swayed by our War General’s condescending words, then we do it without asking twice,” Senior Guard Liu shouted impatiently, “Now go! You’re not being productive! Check the rest of our men if they’ve enough water and food! I will not ask twice!” and waved his hands, causing the younger ‘uns to scramble away in laughter and rude shrieks.

Wei Ying took in a deep breath to digest what he’d heard, and cringed when a hand reached out towards him, like a trapped wild animal. Wei Ying’s eyes went wide with amazement when instead of a cold, grimy touch on his face, two bread rolls appeared in front of his eyes.

“Sorry, these are days-old and stale, but I promise we’ll get you better meals and comfortable straw beds once we’re there by sundown,” Senior Guard Liu said, before rushing off to round up his rowdy men and their stinking cargo.

Wei Ying managed to return a strained smile, and quickly made sure those bread were softened with water and fed bite by bite to Lan Zhan. They still had a few more hours of sunlight to go.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 174

The supposedly peaceful downhill descent from the peak to the foot of the hill turned out to be running the gauntlet made of a series of combative challenges that tested Wei Ying's strength, endurance, marksmanship, agility and strategic thinking. Due to his good behaviour, the chains were taken off Wei Ying so that he could better care for, and lead Lan Zhan down the unmarked trail, under the careful watch of the soldiers - and not a moment too soon.

First, when the first lightning struck from brewing storm clouds, the entire group was chased by fierce grey wolves. The appearance of the menacing arch-nemesis caused Wei Ying to sweep the overly heavy Lan Zhan off his feet and he was carried bridal-style; then Wei Ying sprinted and skidded past everyone like a screeching madman with his pants on fire, for reasons only the couple knew too well. Then, once out of harm's way and from the predator's scent radar - because the other fifty or so soldiers seemed more appetizing and not as fleet-footed -, Wei Ying realized he was lost and the skies promptly opened up to dump a day's load of rainwater upon that hill. It was gruelling to make sure that they stayed beneath the tree canopies and kept Lan Zhan as dry as possible, while trudging across slippery slopes and large puddles filled with mud. By the time the hour of thunderstorms passed, Wei Ying had strapped tubby Lan Zhan to his back like a heavyweight backpack and he was absolutely exhausted to the bone - his hands and shoulders were quivering like jello because he wasn't used to carrying fat men more than twice his weight, and his legs were sluggish as lead from taxing his physical limits.

When he reunited with the Imperial soldiers and Senior Guard Liu a short while later, just as he placed the feverish, near-comatose Lan Zhan on a patch of drier ground, a huge black bear crashed through the bush and roared like the starving beast that it was - it had woken up from hibernation

and wanted nothing more than to devour a few humans that, by chance, passed by its cave. Wei Ying knew he couldn't lift his overweight spouse any more, so he had to think on his feet - feet that couldn't run more than a few paces without protesting to break down altogether.

While fleeing soldiers (country bumpkins, really) screamed and ran for their lives, Wei Ying started to pick up and throw stones at the furry, snarling and drooling animal. Some hit its head and left bloody grazes, and that angered the bear so much that it bore down on the hapless, thin and bony man like a boulder with four legs. Wei Ying cried like a girl and literally ran up a tall tree like a talented monkey, where the bear continued to growl and snap while trying its best, but without success, to follow its new prey. Furious that the free meal on two legs outran it with remarkable speed, it started to chomp and claw at the tree's trunk, intent on bringing the whole century-old hardwood tree to the forest floor along with its highly prized catch.

Wei Ying panicked because he had nothing else to defend himself other than a few breadcrumbs in the prisoner uniform's pockets, and he was sure that an animal of that size wouldn't be satisfied by such paltry offerings. Thus, in a moment of unthinking desperation, he started to recklessly break some branches and twigs, at the risk of tearing apart his last bastion of a flimsy leafy perch, and hurled at the bear like projectiles. Abundant tears and snot streamed down his eyes and nostrils and reddened cheeks, and he bawled like a frightened baby, because he imagined that with each passing second, with each swipe of bear paws and snapping fanged jaws, he was getting closer to being eaten alive by the carnivore he swore to hate (and fear) as much as canines.

Then, like a cathartic retribution to the divine slapstick comedy that had thrived on Wei Ying's suffering for nearly the whole day, one of the splintered branches hurtling down from five-storeys' height pierced the bear's eye and straight into its skull, and the animal instantly collapsed in a

raspy howl - with that, silence pervaded the darkening sunset-lit forest canopies once again.

Wei Ying wasn't sure what to expect after shakily climbing down the tree and picking up his beloved spouse; he was completely fatigued and couldn't really think straight any more at that point in time, and he was awfully hungry; he hadn't had a bite to eat since mid-morning, and the retreating dusk threatened to prolong his misery of surviving alone against insurmountable odds, with a man to care and journey to a prison camp and its temple that never seemed to materialize to sight.

Suddenly, Wei Ying's arms felt lighter; Senior Guard Liu and a few other soldiers lifted the moaning, delirious man like an overdue, stressful burden finally taken off the younger man's shoulders, and they started to walk with a renewed sense of purpose and with livelier speed. Another few with free hands packed up the bear's carcass with a large piece of tarp, and followed behind without a word. The forty or so men complained about the terrible, daunting journey across muddy grounds, and were tired from running away from the animals while making sure their precious cargo of dead corpses remained intact than half-chewed, but they too continued their long march into the night.

"You've passed the test, *yaoguai* !" Senior Guard Liu waved his hands when the troops were a few steps ahead; the guard didn't even look back.

Wei Ying stared in bewilderment and stammered a litany of confused 'What' and 'Why's, before going down into a string of curses. Then, when he realized that he was getting left behind, he picked himself up from the ground and tried his best to catch up with the crowd.

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Jinshan was as generic as any remote village in the mountains, hence its name; and an identifier that the mountain belonged to the province of Lanling, though barely, due to its location on the fringes of the uninhabited region. It reminded Wei Ying a bit of Da Shan closer to Yunmeng from a previous lifetime, as it was a small rural agricultural settlement with plenty of farmlands, vast virgin forests and snow-capped mountains as stunning backdrops - and not a single living soul in sight.

There were a few houses and huts at the edges of the village, which looked abandoned and truthfully, a bit creepy to sleep in at night, since dirt, weeds and probably snakes made their homes in those structures - and boy, if it weren't for the torches carried by the soldiers, the entire village would've looked pitch black after sundown. After walking past the buildings, when Wei Ying was on his last legs because his stomach was growling incessantly and he had no physical energy left, he was greeted by a spectacular sight, made more mysterious because he was blinking blearily from exhaustion and some chilly nighttime fog was drifting by.

At the heart of Jinshan was a large tract of cleared land, surrounded by a circular fence teeming with the faint glow of magic, talismans tied into knots, and various parchments sewn into the rope and wooden posts inscribed with mystical symbols. The area was well-lit with torches and lanterns, and within the large circle was a sprawling military camp that consisted of rows of dormitories and buildings of various shapes and sizes were built around in an organized spiralling geometrical pattern around a temple in the center - a rather impressive five-storey pagoda that looked a little rundown with its wooden walls and beams needing a fresh coat of paint and worn out with age, but there were a number of odd bamboo

constructions attached to it, such as platforms, scaffolding and ladders, suggesting that renovations were in the works.

On the campgrounds, Wei Ying noticed that some men in smaller groups were performing what looked like martial arts and cultivation drills in a central courtyard - there were even disciplined shouts of ‘One! Two! One! Two!’ -, a few uniformed ones scurrying back and forth with documents and other objects in their hands that was impossible to identify from where he was, at a distance, and yet a few others strategically placed on watch towers and near entrance gates as armed swordsmen and bowmen patrols. Wei Ying was surprised because he thought they were going to be caged like prisoners in a jail or an underground dungeon in some godforsaken place, and instead, he was brought to what he believed to be a secret military training academy or sorts - the place actually looked quite presentable, and just as good as the camps he used to run back in the day as Yunmeng Jiang’s premiere young master, in a previous lifetime. A quick inhale, and Wei Ying detected scents of cooked food - which made his stomach protest again -, of drying paint and mortar, of cut grass and freshly swept brick floors, of fragrant floral detergent from drying laundry and soaps of pots being washed, and the light sourness of the sweat of men that had worked hard to build up the place and populate it only very recently. There were no dank dirty buildings with vertical bars, or grimy cobwebbed caves with thick locked doors, nary a sound of a weeping man or screams of those being tortured by chains and whips, and he didn’t see slaves working on farms or dusty quarries, or any of such equipment - it wasn’t a prison camp at all.

“Welcome to your new home, recruits!” someone announced from a watch tower with a grin, and it took Wei Ying a few seconds to digest the entire scenery and the new sights, sounds and smells. He’d passed by the main gates unknowingly, and the next thing he knew, Lan Zhan groaned with relief and stood up properly in front of him, amongst the soldiers that had accompanied them during the long, laborious journey - the Gusu Lan man

was truly awake, though still rubbing his temples from dissipating headaches.

Wei Ying cried out Lan Zhan's name, then threw caution into the wind and ran towards his dearly missed darling man, with arms wide open for a welcoming embrace; never mind that he was hugging the spouse dressed awkwardly only in messy pieces of muddied cloth and wrinkled straw.

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Being new to the surroundings and disorientated after struggling through a long day - one whose body was too tired to even climb another step, the other too weak after a prolonged spell of migraine and fever -, the two men were thoughtfully herded through the motions by Senior Guard Liu. After taking them to an unoccupied mess hall at nine o' clock to have simple army-style lukewarm meals of reheated leftover rice, soy sauce chicken and stir-fried seasonal greens and mushrooms - under the watchful eyes of patrol guards -, they were shuffled to newly-built bathhouse situated next to a river source; cold baths were a norm, to Wei Ying's chagrin, but his sticky and sweaty body and its aching joints were too tired to complain. Lan Zhan remained a man of a few words while he struggled to get to grips with the confusing situation he'd found himself in - because he wasn't sure if he was with friend or foe in a village he'd never heard before, trapped and manhandled like a prisoner -, but having an intimate moment of being naked with Wei Ying inside a rectangular pool while being observed by clothed men, was at least still comforting to some extent; he found it therapeutic to grab a soaped washcloth to scrub whiny Wei Ying's back in the rippling but freezing waters, and Wei Ying returned the favour half-heartedly in less than half the time, before grumbling that it was too cold, and that they should get out before someone caught a flu.

Senior Guard Liu took away their dirtied garments and handed them fresh new ones - white cotton pyjama robes that looked fit for lesser servants or people of lower classes, though neither men complained when they simply put them on. Then, there were some paperwork to be done, and they were, once again, escorted to a different building in the fenced camps and made to sit on back-breaking stools inside a sterile, sparsely furnished room lit by lamps, faced with a senior officer at the desk that poured through stacks of documents even so late into the night. Wei Ying was nodding off when he rummaged his satchel - which was returned to him under close scrutiny by the guards - to present his identification papers. Lan Zhan, who fared better than Wei Ying in terms of wakefulness, merely took a look at a sack that contained their belongings, and shrugged when the guards asked if he wanted to wear his ill-fitting Gusu Lan robes or test the spouse's walking cane. He just reached into his own bag and fished out his papers, and took note that magic did work in the camp grounds, but under very tight control by a greater power - the robes and cane remained unanimated, but the Bag of Holding still functioned, after all.

The officer peered at the couple, held up their marriage certificates issued by the registrar of the Cai district during the last season, and squinted at them; it was hard to tell if the pictures drawn on the certificates matched the actual portraits sitting in front of the table right then; Lan Zhan had grown so much in weight and looked worse for wear, while Wei Ying remained thin and bony - but the convoluted backstory behind the use of different names and pseudonyms made the document processing procedure a muddled mess.

“Lan... Wu Ji? Masked Hero? Yiling Patriarch? Wei Wuxian? Which is it, then?”

“The last one, your honour. There's another piece of document attached to the certificate that proves my original identity, Your Honor,” Wei Ying

yawned disinterestedly and rubbed his eyes adorably; his body was winding down for the day and after a meal and bath, he was ready to curl up on the floor to snore the night away.

“... Married? Husband and husband? That’s... peculiar.”

“Currently, I’m the husband, and he is my wife, Your Honor. It’s... complicated,” Lan Zhan’s apprehension was obvious, his voice terse, anxious and sheepish at the same time. His hand snaked under the table to entwine with Wei Ying’s and his thumb rubbed warm circles into the latter’s palm, to seek and give reassurance to one another. Wei Ying nnngh’d and shifted the chair closer so that their shoulders touched, and Wei Ying mmmh’d lazily before leaning in and resting his head on the spouse’s crook of the neck - brazenly right in front of the officer. Not unsurprisingly, the officer’s face soured with disdain and he cleared his throat from the discomfort that heterosexual males feel when faced with such situations.

“You... Both of you are now within the lands governed by the Imperial Court, and according to immigration and residential laws issued by the capital state of Chang’an, you will be issued new identification certificates tomorrow so that you may lawfully remain in this land, with certain conditions imposed,” the officer concluded, after examining their papers and returning them to the couple. The escort guards took away Wei Ying and Lan Zhan’s possessions once again - they seemed to understand that those discreet Bag of Holdings will only open upon their rightful owner’s commands, so those bags were confiscated when there was no further use -, and led the couple out of the administration office of the military camp.

It was already eleven by the time they were shoved into their designated room in one of the dormitories. They’d passed by interesting-looking

characters along the way, which made quite an impression since they were men training their muscles and fighting skills in the outdoor courtyard, performing cultivation moves, sparring against one another, and wielding deadly weapons and spells at such ungodly hours. Most of them were burly-looking men - some of them were shirtless and sported nasty scars and an air of masculine arrogance -, though a handful were women warriors who demonstrated combat skills comparable to the opposite gender. Both men took mental notes but didn't say much, since the guards accompanying them seemed to have a tight rein on them, and kicked their shins each time they stopped to watch. Once they entered indoors, it was quiet and dark - strict discipline was enforced and no one was out and about; Lan Zhan thought the stifling but tranquil atmosphere reminisced his former home in the Cloud Recesses, where lights were out at the stipulated time and the town was deserted after that.

“It may be confusing to find yourselves living in a strange, foreign place all of the sudden, but the officers will explain your circumstances and the ground rules tomorrow. Get some rest, wake-up call's at six,” Senior Guard Liu informed before closing the door and locked it with a resounding ‘click!’. For the first time, the couple realized that they were truly imprisoned - in their bedroom. It was a mediocre chamber with one partially-opened window, two tables and chairs, cupboards and cabinets containing standard-issue uniforms, other clothing articles, some basic necessities, a jug of drinking water, a few light fixtures and very minimal decor. In one corner was a spittoon, some washcloths and a pail of water. There was a wooden bunk bed for two with creaky mattresses, some clean but pitifully thin-looking pillows, and blankets that looked more appropriate to be used as bath towels instead.

A hatch opened on the door at eye level, and the couple was a little surprised to see the upper half of the senior guard's face. “If you need anything, you'll have to call out for a patrolling guard's attention. There's always a few in the dorms, and they're fully armed. Your belongings are in the sack over there,” his eyes gestured to another corner of the bedroom, “--

but I'm sure by now you've come to understand that this entire place is under very tight security and that we've magical Eyes and Senses observing you from every angle. Basic, limited magic use is permitted, but anything more will trigger alarms and powerful golems will be summoned to neutralize any threats - even inside your bedroom." A pause, and Wei Ying actually squeaked in fear, and he quickly grabbed Lan Zhan's wrist for comfort.

With that final instruction, Senior Guard Liu bid the bedroom-prisoners good night, and closed the hatch. Wei Ying's eyes roamed around the room, and as expected, he sniffed out many activated Eye spells - on the walls, on every surface and all nooks and crannies possible, on the bedspreads, and even at the bottom of the spittoon.

"What was that all about? First we went through a harrowing jungle survival trek to reach this place that was masked as a test, then we were sent to this hell hole with cold food and showers, after that, we were examined like rats and illegal immigrants, and now, house arrest? Ah, I can't..." Wei Ying yawned, despite the cause for annoyance and alarm, but Lan Zhan simply ran his fingers through Wei Ying's slightly damp hair, and murmured that they should just follow the instructions and call it a night. A sweet kiss on Wei Ying's forehead sealed the deal; they'd figure out their situation once they've gotten their heads together - somehow, in this ultra-restricted environment.

Moments later, Wei Ying snuggled up with Lan Zhan in the narrow lower bunk, and sighed gratefully into the latter's extra layers of soft belly fat when the older man placed both hands around Wei Ying's back and give it a light, intimate squeeze, like hugging a pillow. The couple used both blankets together as one, just so that they can keep themselves a little toasty for the rest of the chilly, long night.

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Lan Zhan? Laaaaan Zhaaaaan?

“I’m here.”

Ah, I finally found you! I was so worried because I couldn’t contact you using normal telepathy means, because they’ve pretty much blocked all forms of magic. This whole place stinks, even the pillow smells unnaturally synthetic, y’know, like the chemical dyes used for fabrics. Oh, I’m so glad now that at least I can rant to my heart’s content through ErNet’s first-class VPN encrypted connection. It’s a bit slower than our usual soul-to-soul communication, but it’s better than nothing! Ah, laogong, can you scratch my back? I think I scraped somewhere around the middle while giving you a piggyback ride at the hills earlier today, and it’s starting to itch. A bit lower... mmm... yes, yes, circles please, nnngh...

“Mn.”

Laogong! I’m actually messaging like crazy with Ernie and Ni-er right now, they’re still alive! Oh, I’m gonna burst out in tears, but I don’t want those Eyeballs to see me crying like a baby in your arms. Ernie’s just sent an update - my four cloned siblings, your four servants from the Negative Plane, even the lovely model family of A-Ji and A-Xian, as well as a few more individuals from our Kingdom - they’ve been captured by a magical gourd by the Tao priest along with scores of yaoguai during today’s hunt! Many of the lesser demons have melted into demonic blood inside the gourd

to be served to the Tao Masters, while our subjects survived because they're just that awesome, protected by Wei da ge 's incredible powers that transcends magic! Oh, Lan Zhan, I'm just so glad the people we know are still alive... it's a terrible witch hunt, I tell you!

“Do not be afraid. I know.”

Y-- You do? Eh??!! Not fair! You should've told me earlier, you pig!”

(in which, Wei Ying reached down to pinch Lan Zhan's tummy and jiggled the fat a bit, and Lan Zhan nnnh happily - though cleverly masqueraded as an insignificant grunt of someone about to fall asleep. To the voyeuristic Eyeball onlookers, it would seem the couple in bed was engaged in a rather mushy, lovey-dovey ritual of comforting and consoling one another before going to sleep, with plenty of sweet, meaningless whispers of nothings, of exchanging backrubs and of fingertips touching rather inappropriately here and there between men.)

“Your lower belly. My hair.”

Ah, you spoke so softly, I could hardly hear you. It's a secret, right. Let me see... I'm touching my stomach... lower, lower... is it the belly button? No? Mm... oh, I feel something around my pubes! It's a strange lump... is it a wart? When did I grow a wart around my pubic hair? That's disgusting! It wiggles! It's... Ernie?! Ernie is hiding as a wart in my pubes? Oh, laogong, that's so clever of our son!

And your hair... hold on, let me reach across and slide my fingers into your hair. Wow, it's lush and silky smooth. Eh? Ehh? Something is moving inside! Are those fleas... ha ha ha! Of course not, it's fuzzy and squishy! It's our little girl Ni-er, hiding in her papa's hair! Ah, I hope she camouflaged herself well and dyed her fur black, so that she doesn't stand out! Laogong, you're such a brilliant man and our furry children are safe and sound! I love you so much!

“Mn. I love you from the bottom of my heart too, Wei Ying.”

It didn't take long for Wei Ying to start dry-humping his spouse while settling between the latter's broad thighs, then continuing to rub each other inappropriately, whether on the generously pliant, jiggly abdomen, the ample large-breasted chest, or locked in deep kisses while brushing each other's hair. It looked like the men were masturbating each other and having quickies in bed, so those who were observing the couple through magical Eyeballs decided to look away for the sake of their sexuality, send a conclusive report to the camp's administrator that they had witnessed and have proof of a full-blown homosexual couple in their midst, and retch into their own spittoons promptly thereafter.

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“The precepts of Tao are ensconced in the principles of balance and relativity, which is faithful to the philosophy of the Yin and the Yang that everyone knows and finds comfort in. Do not fear the Tao, it is the way of the truth.

The truth is: there is always, to an extent, goodness and evil, though neither is absolute nor deemed dominant. Balance is peaceful, harmonious, productive, and there is a continuous flow between both ends of the spectrum. Imbalance, on the other hand, is chaotic, skewed and stagnant, doomed to cripple itself and self-destruct in many ways, until the next state of balance is achieved.

Tao espouses fairness, justice, nature and normalcy, in which everyone achieves a certain level of satisfaction while compromising certain aspects to satisfy others. Therefore, the way of the Tao is inclusive and diverse, and an amalgamation of the numerous local paganistic beliefs, philosophies and religions under single unifying system, and yet, individual sects and members of unique fraternities are allowed to exist and practise independently, as long as the way of the Tao is lived, respected and demonstrated through one's behaviours, thinking and feelings.

In times of need and when confrontation is unavoidable, the Tao philosophy for fighting is to use opposing forces to extinguish the aggressor, thus achieving a state of balance and harmony. This creates a chasm of opportunity to use creative ways to triumph the enemy:

To fight fire, one can pour water to wet the flammables, that there is no longer heat to generate flames;

Or, one can fan the flames with great winds until the fire burns itself out to ashes, or better yet, control the flow of air that the fire starves itself back to cinder.

Lastly, one can consider to fight using fire against fire, the most powerful and advantageous form of attack and defense; a seemingly sacrilegious and counterintuitive move that can only be performed under the strict supervision of qualified Tao Masters, who have the final say in such critical interpretations of the Tao faith and philosophy.”

Wei Ying read aloud a page from a book he’d found on the tables in their bedroom; it was a sort of holy bible of the unheard-of religion and it was one of the very few reading materials available inside the minimalistic room. Right then, he let off a loud fart to signify the kind of bullshit he was being fed by the Imperialistic dogs and their new Tao masters, and unloaded some of the discomforts that his body had been holding in since the night before.

The large, bucket-like spittoon which nicely cupped Wei Ying’s rump, and doubled as a portable squat toilet inside their jail-cum-bedroom, filled up quickly, and with a quick wipe using cloth and disposable paper, then a quick close of a lid, while fingers pinching the nose, Wei Ying promptly shoved the vessel containing bodily wastes and used washcloths through another bigger hatch built into the wall below the window, where buckets of clean water were waiting in exchange since dawn to refill the pail in their room, used for rinsing, wipes and for drinking as well.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, I think I see some vegetable gardens at the back, from the flickering torch lights,” he grunted, as he dragged a few buckets of water through the hole in the wall with a hinged wooden panel attached to it - too small for a man to crawl through and escape, but large enough to transfer certain household items -, one by one into their room to refill their pail.

Lan Zhan continued to sweep the floor with a straw broom he found in the closet, and started unpacking their stuff in the sack that was carelessly dumped against the wall the night before by the guards. He had woken up a little before five and felt refreshed after a torturous day, and went ahead to complete his morning routines - particularly because he needed to keep up his hygiene and self-discipline, and because he knew that Wei Ying would hog the precious spittoon once that man woke. He opened his Bag of Holding using the limited magic that was permitted, and realized in dismay that his powerful belongings could not be accessed - without weaving higher levels of magical *qi*, those compartments that contained his worldly treasures would not open. Fortunately, he'd stored enough mundane and ordinary items of comfort and convenience at the bottom-most storage spaces, and he could take those out - but he didn't, because he knew too well that Eye and Sense spells surrounding their room were watching.

“Remember, I’m magicless and cannot fight since my *qi* meridians have been severed since last year,” Wei Ying deliberately revealed to his unseen audience, while acting nonchalantly and working hard to fill up their water supply, “So later, when you’re interrogated by officers, please tell them that I’d prefer cleaning, cooking and menial duties. I don’t care if they insist that I’m a *yaoguai*, but the facts speak for themselves - I can not and will not be forced to fight.”

“Mn,” Lan Zhan nodded ever so slightly, as he placed some plain stationery, tableware and a small incense burner with packs of sandalwood resin, on the tables - souvenirs from his hometown to make living in their new sterile room a bit more palatable. “There is still time before six, so I will write a short report about our investigation into the murder of twenty men that we came across yesterday, and about our circumstances, in the hopes that the officers do not accuse us, and possibly, be persuaded help to locate my missing brother,” he said, and started to empty the sack’s remaining contents onto the floor - including a set of thoroughly whacked white robes, and a badly beaten-up walking cane, some old clothes and useless knick knacks Wei Ying had grabbed from their abandoned cart the day before. He

found an empty notebook with most of its pages torn off, then slowly peeled off another page and took his seat at the table. Lan Zhan had some prior experience communicating and dealing with the bureaucratic ilk of the domineering Imperial Court, and he knew that the way to their civil servants' hearts and minds was probably through civil and scholarly ways, compared to, say, wielding swords and spells.

Right on the dot, at six o' clock when the first slivers of daybreak broke through the dark skies, and birdsongs began to colour the woods surrounding the military camp, there was a curt knock and the sounds of the door being unlocked. Moments later, the couple, now garbed in their new provided outfits of contrasting black and whites with chequered patterns and a diagonal strip running across the chest, were ushered out by guards to meet with an attending camp officer.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 175

Seen on an old, dog-eared poster that had seen better days besides frost, rain, mould and a fair bit of sun, hanging from a wooden post near the entrance to the mysterious secret military camp in Jinshan:

Located in the heart of the hinterlands between two of the most prestigious and affluent provinces in the country, yet deeply hidden and secretive that no foreign presence could ever hope to penetrate, the new and highly undisclosed Imperial Military Research and Development Centre #xxx is now operational and ready to receive test subjects for training!

By the Joint Decree No. XXX announced by the Ministries of Religion and Philosophy, the Imperial Armed Forces, and the Council of the Mystical Arcane Arts and Paranormal Science, this centre adds another spectacular star to the network of many allied establishments under the Imperial rule, for the pursuit in the advancement of the political influence and military capabilities of our great nation, and for the glory of our King.

Military generals and commanders have been ordered to scout for potential candidates to be enlisted into the Centre, where superhuman and supernatural individuals are tested to determine their unique abilities, and are incorporated into the Army as future great leaders and living weapons for the glory of our King. New research data shall be translated into new knowledge for the benefit of our war machines and for our civilization, thus leveraging the skills and prominence of such gifted individuals to benefit the greater society.

Centre #xxx is uniquely positioned to synergize the might of the Imperial Armed Forces and the lesser-known nascent powers of mystical religions. An impressive magic-imbued five-storey temple pagoda ensures complete control of qi and other forms of magical energies around the area, bolstered by a large, sprawling military camp that can house up to ten thousand men and a full suite of advanced infrastructures, research and testing facilities, scientific and military equipment, religious and other mystical structures and paraphernalia.

The religion of Tao has been identified to partner with Centre #xxx with the added advantage to spread its wings and outreach to the people of the Middle Kingdom with its noble principles and values. All generals and commanders are hereby instructed to take note and support the program, particularly in the efforts to form human-demon bonded pairs as a new, potentially ground-breaking addition to our beloved nation's almighty arsenal.

All Hail the King!

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The new couple, amongst a handful of others, were lined up in the central courtyard with nosy spectators that consisted of seasoned veteran comrades from the sidelines, under the watchful eyes of guards both on the ground and from the balconies of watch towers in the perimeter. Wei Ying realized that both he and Lan Zhan constituted just one of the twelve other couples - rather, bonded pairs - that had been rounded up the day before by numerous witch-hunting squads sent out by the Imperial army, and now subjected to a formal induction course.

There were human warriors, wizards, and cultivation practitioners dressed in the same black-white uniforms although they sported more exotic and stylized hairstyles, clan-specific accessories and tattoo marks, or sometimes, strange skin colours and patterns, fit for fantasy novel book covers. Beside each person was a kind of non-human entity - the so-called *yaoguai* -, which looked perfectly normal - until they started to growl, hiss and spit, and all sorts of ghastly inhuman appendages started to grow from their bodies that identified their true nature - be it a mythical beast, a demon or a devil, an undead such as fierce corpses and phantoms, or something else that was as nightmarish as the former Yiling Patriarch could tolerate. Wei Ying knew that for such creatures, demons and spirits to have gained enough *qi* through cultivation or other means, and maintain a human-like appearance even under Anti-Magic influences, meant that he was standing amongst the strongest, and most enviable of inhuman characters known through the legends of that day and age.

The two men were mesmerized by the sheer audacity of some of the more violent couples who roared and threatened everyone in sight, and the colourful variety in which they appeared; they admired the surreal scene from a safe distance since every couple was instructed to maintain a respectful, non-aggressive presence in a rather sinister, hostile atmosphere filled with resentment, hatred, anger and bitterness.

Despite that, it seemed the situation was under control; each couple remained in their assigned space, and the crowd around them wasn't too intrusive - people either pointed fingers or gestured at them, stared rudely, or whispered to each other in murmurs, but nothing more than that. Wei Ying reciprocated expectedly due to his curious nature, and whispered into Lan Zhan's ear, "Look around! Everyone who isn't an Imperial soldier has the same tattoo on their necks like us... including those men at the sides who look like they've been here for weeks! That sleazy senior guard, he lied! They're not going to give us a fair trial nor remove the tattoo, and

certainly, they're not letting us go after listening to our explanations, because I'm sure every detainee probably tried to talk his way out too! As long as we're in this strange anti-magic field, we're trapped! The moment you step out of the fences, you'll be knocked down immediately, just like yesterday!"

Lan Zhan tightened his fists and pursed his lips, but remained calm. He acknowledged Wei Ying's observations with a curt 'Mn', before someone cried out, "Atten---tion! The masters of this military centre shall give their speeches and important information about your stay in this place!"

One of the couples - a fearsome-looking tall and broad-shouldered swordsman and next to him, a transformed seven-foot humanoid demonness with the face of a tiger and whip-like furred tail sprouting from the sexy rump stuffed inside a bikini, emanating faint dark wisps and subdued magical aura - yelled back in defiance, "Hey! Your guards said that we're brought here for questioning and that we'll be released soon after that, but didn't mention anything about staying over! What the hell is going on?! Why are we kept in this stinking anti-magic cage? When are we going to eat?" The female *yaoguai* licked her lips with a growl, and some men beside her shivered in fear.

"That brother is correct!" someone concurred angrily, and Wei Ying spun to the back; he didn't notice a bunch of brawny men in similar uniforms - and medals and other awards decorating their attire - had assembled behind them. They were rather dignified-looking Imperial soldiers *sans* demonic partners, and Lan Zhan correctly guessed that those were cultivators with high potential to be heroes, gifted with incredible talents and abilities, and were sent to the camp for special training purposes. Through their shared secret communication pathway, Wei Ying agreed with plenty of nodding smug emojis. "These *xiongdi* s and I were informed that we've been selected by the highest levels of leadership to participate in a top-secret

interview that will secure our future prospects, but all I see is an ill-maintained, hardly used facility with non-Imperial foreigners and stranger bedfellows. Where's the interview and why are we being held here against our will?" the man added brashly.

Silence pervaded the courtyard when birdsongs and insect chirpings ceased from the clamour of shouting dissent, against the backdrop of a rising sun during the crisp spring morning filled with light mountain breezes and the scents of freshly cut grass and tilled soil heavy in the air.

To the men's chagrin, their verbalized dissatisfactions were ignored, and instead, the Lieutenant that Wei Ying met before appeared on a slightly raised platform - a stage of sorts -, followed by a line of what looked like senior officers of the so-called military centre, dressed in smart-looking robes with dragonhead designs, mystical imprints and whatnots, their golden embroidered threads gleaming in sunlight. Despite his young age, his strong, confident gaze and upright posture seemed to command everyone's attention and respect; there was an appealing, vibrant youthful aura about him, charismatic yet disquieting at the same time because of the overwhelming presence radiating from just one man in front of an audience of hundreds; neither Wei Ying nor Lan Zhan could put a finger on it, and both agreed, through their shared invisible connections, that the man was probably enchanted by underlying mind-altering spells.

The din of murmurs and whispers died down almost immediately; Lan Zhan surmised that their comrades were also traumatized, or at least impressed, by their unique experiences and encounters with the higher-ups of the Imperial army, including the said Lieutenant.

“Arrivals to the great nation of the Middle Kingdom, and citizens of our countries, I bid you welcome to this military centre! You are the chosen ones, because we’ve known, and we’ve tested, that you have the potential to be greater than who you are, and you have someone important to protect with that greatness! You will be equipped with that training, here in these beautiful, secluded lands, and you will face challenges that will only grow you towards that goal...”

Wei Ying wasn’t really affected by the sudden change in the mood, though he could appreciate when the Lieutenant spoke about protecting someone that he loved; he did spend half a day and more breaking his back just for his spouse, after all, and his body was still sore even after a restful night. He crossed his arms and took an interest to the rather well-presented, captivating and persuasive opening speech, which, in his opinion, netted the Lieutenant a few more stars in his books. Lan Zhan remained passive and expressionless, and took a step closer to his partner. For the older man, there was more information to gather and analyze about their new surroundings.

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Speeches, briefings, handing out of brochures, standard military-issue gear and other stuff that made living in the camp more pleasant - it sounded way nicer than, say, a ‘military research and development centre’, because that made them victims of crazy lab experiments -, the couple had gone through the motions plenty of times before in their previous lifetimes and careers, so they took it all in stride. It felt as though they were sent to study in another sect’s boarding school, and they weren’t too far off, really.

Let's see... wake up at six, an hour to clean up the room, wash down and personal hygiene, restock room supplies, laundry, ya da da... breakfast at seven, be ready to start the day at eight. Hours of classes, lots o' brainwashing by reciting the rules, religion and philosophy of the Imperial Court and the Way of the Tao, cultivation practice and outdoor activities... lunch... repeat and rinse... breaks in between... earn merits by helping out in the vegetable gardens, general cleaning and cooking... dinner by sundown, then night time meditation and other more relaxing forms of scholarly or physical activities, and lights out by ten, latest before midnight for some special circumstances.

“It’s just like studying in the Cloud Recesses,” Lan Zhan seemed to talk to himself, as he browsed through several booklets filled with instructions and religious and philosophical texts packed neatly in bags and given to each so-called bonded pair. There were complaints from those pairs who didn’t like to read, and Wei Ying thought he was too old to go back to school - he yawned each time an official took the stage and introduced a booklet or two, according to the topic being presented, including daily routines, how-to’s, rules and principles, overview of the camp and its operations, rules about seniority, hierarchies and clan-clan interactions, general descriptions about the Imperial Court and the Tao religion, and the ilk.

Eh... I’m not going back to study, because I’m a very busy, married man! You read those things and tell me the answers, okay? We’re lucky because classes start this afternoon, so you better familiarize yourself - and us - with the whole setup. I just want to freely explore this place later and get acquainted with what could be my new home for the next few weeks or months. You better convince the officers why I’m on the missing list of trainees... or should I say, detainees!

Lan Zhan simply “Mn” as he finished reading a couple of booklets and memorized a map printed on parchment, while standing and listening to a

series of lectures delivered under the rising sun by each officer waiting in line. The Lieutenant had marched off shortly after giving his welcoming speech, leaving the increasingly fidgety, uneasy and restless men in the courtyard, while the rest of the camp's residents went about with their morning routines and having breakfast at the common dining halls.

Later, armed with bags issued by the camp officials, the crowd of twelve bonded pairs and ten Imperial cultivators were taken to a separate dining hall to pick up ordinary military rations of breakfast breads and dumplings filled with meat and sweet fillings; some of the *yaoguai* -kin who didn't take well to man-made foods as sustenance decided to pass, and that meant there were more than enough for everyone. Wei Ying acted like a true lover for Lan Zhan; he showed off his seduction skills by fluttering his eyelashes, chin on hand, while gazing as his spouse munching loudly on a rice ball - as sexy as that may (not) sound -, then cutely stealing nibbles from the said food or from the edges of his man's lips, in which Lan Zhan returned the younger man's feelings by ripping a big bite out of a sugar-coated bun, then grabbing the latter's wrists to reel him in for a deep french-kiss; even their feet played footsies with one another under the canteen-like bench in broad daylight. Wei Ying ended up breathless, giddy, stars in his eyes and syrupy sweetness on his moist, strawberry-pinked lips. It was a daring display and a declaration of their relationship in front of their new classmates, that both men belonged only to their significant other. The rest of the group simply rolled their eyes and either huffed in envy, complained about the lack of privacy and sensitivities, and a couple even wolf-whistled and cheered them on; Wei Ying deduced that some of the bonded pairs had already 'bonded' well in physical and spiritual senses, based on their reactions, and he was satisfied with his puzzle-solving performance to gain a better understanding about the people that he'd be living with in the near future. Lan Zhan simply blushed to the tips of his ears and finished off his meal in relative silence.

Next, after breakfast, a senior guard, who introduced himself by the surname of Zhen, appeared and brought a couple of junior guards with him

to take the group to tour the camp grounds. Wei Ying's distrust for senior guards grew - because he believed that all guards in Jinshan were sly, deceitful foxes. His mind wandered off and continued to chatter non-stop, in haphazard directions, and criticized nearly everything he sensed, plus, he had no qualms to add his own opinions to boot.

Ah, our new classmates are such snobs! They didn't even want to shake my hands or say 'hello' when I greeted them. Maybe they've not heard of us? I mean, we were famous at some point in time, but our names are pretty much forgotten by now, and as far out to the northern inland regions of the country. See? I just introduced myself to that Brother Niu and his partner Niu Mo Wang (牛魔王; Ox Demon King), and what did they say? 'There is no such person in today's list of cultivation heroes, and the only ones I've heard sells fake talismans, useless tonic water and fraudulent cosmetics in nearly every major city in the country'... wuuu... it's so frustrating! Oh, and that couple over there, with a serpent-like yaoguai whose skin is full of shiny scales and speaks with a forked tongue, they teased me about being gay and refused to get to know me beyond skin-deep. Hmph! Fools! I ought to show them...

Wei Ying didn't really pay much attention to Senior Guard Zhen or whatever he said (which could be untrustworthy and even more lies, in Wei Ying's perspective). For the most part, though, he avoided eye contact with the guards to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, while the latter busily kept the group in line and made sure they visited key facilities frequently used during their stay at the military centre a.k.a. prison camp. Wei Ying was curious as a monkey, literally, and stealthily turned every knob, opened cabinets, and pressed buttons he came across - quietly, without raising anyone's attention -, while trying to befriend his new circle of bonded pairs as the guards have their hands full in minding more than thirty individuals at any time. He didn't know what to expect from the heroes and legends that walked among them, but he was satisfied in at least getting the names of the bonded pairs and some Imperial cultivators that kept a close eye on the more apparent and prominent *yaoguai*.

How am I doing, Lan Zhan? I got to know everyone's names... well, at least the yaoguai ones. The yaoguai-kin turned up their noses when I approached, can you believe that! I guess they couldn't smell or taste any magic in me and they see this friendly unassuming lad as a useless, insignificant non-combative civilian. Do you think that would make a good excuse? You could persuade the administrators that I'm a 'civilian' yaoguai, so I can't fight nor use magic. Hey, why don't you opt to be a civilian too, living and working here, instead of running off to fight and risk your life? You can't run far with that oversized body of yours, you know. What do you think?

The reality that they were hunkering down for a longer term than originally believed at the military centre eventually sunk in - amazingly, with little objection from the group. Wei Ying credited the strange bitter flavour in the air that's imperceptible to everyone but himself that conditioned people and *yaoguai* 's minds to accept their loathsome situation. Those who complained of being held against their will during early morning, began to show strange interest in living in the dorms and to be trained for the glory of the Imperial army and to advance the Way of the Tao (such a mouthful, Wei Ying thought). When one instructor showed them the training halls, martial arts equipment, and a library for meditation and for practising music and other scholarly pursuits, the group applauded after particularly motivating speech about how one's sacrifice to take the journey of personal growth could lead to divine rewards, such as protecting their loved ones and defending their people. At that point, Wei Ying simply gawked stupidly at the reception, but he clapped nevertheless so that he didn't look suspiciously out of place from a classroom of brainwashed-by-propaganda idiots, to say the least. Lan Zhan was, as usual, unreadable in his expressions, and he too, followed suit by moving his hands clumsily against one another.

Oh, that's the common laundry facilities, and look, it's supplied by a stream that flows from a waterfall! I could take our old clothes and the other soiled stuff from the sack, and get them cleaned up here. Hmm, maybe I should explore the waterfall... I'd love to swim in there and maybe catch a fish or two. I'm sure the cooks wouldn't mind letting me use the kitchens. Those bread were dry and the dumplings tasted like they've been stored in a humid, mouldy warehouse for days! I'll do a spicy grilled fish for you, because I think I saw some chilli plants in the vegetable patches near the dorms just now. Over there in that warehouse, I peeked in and some nice stacks of chopped firewood, paper for making books, unprocessed clay and other stuffs... I could spend my idle time carving charms and building mini-gadgets, writing good fortune talismans, or start some handicraft projects. We'll probably need extra chairs for our room, and maybe a few potted plants at the window sill to keep the air fresh. Wouldn't that be great?

By mid-tour, Wei Ying had given up hope of understanding *why* the whole back-to-school experience was needed; he'd rather spare himself the theatrics and get to the crux of the issue, which, at that moment, was to find out how to make the best of his prison stay. He aimed to make this jail term as comfy as possible, with good food, clean beds and clothes, and reasonable amenities for a five-star glamping-style living, at the minimum.

Wow, look at those doing morning drills in the fields! I guess they've started their classes. The way they practise as pairs look as uncomfortable as hell. Holding hands while doing twin shadow-kick formations? Grabbing each others' waist while doing a corkscrew flips? What's with that frog-legs and flying-crane combo, with the yaoguai grasping his human partner with his clawed toes soaring into the skies? Ugh, those look as stupid as they're as deadly if anyone breaks their partner's spinal cord while doing acrobatics in mid-air! Right? You can tell the instructors that you're too fat to perform any martial arts moves, and look at me, I'm as thin and bony as a piece of dried anchovy, I'll break if you accidentally sit on me! And over there! That demonic half just blew fire at a clay pigeon, and his partner stood too close and was splattered by flaming spit. See, it's dangerous! Oh, the other one

seemed to be casting a lightning spell, let's get away before it hits this place...!

Eventually, the group completed a tour of the military centre, learnt about the do's and don'ts, and which areas were restricted for authorized personnel only, and which areas they could freely traverse. They filed out of the cobbled paths and back to the courtyard, where a senior group that had arrived weeks earlier demonstrated the kinds of gruelling training that was expected. Instead of whispers of discontentment or suspicion, the new batch of classmates seemed enthusiastic and cheered on their 'new' seniors; some even took a leaf from the booklets, and shouted 'Fight harder and stronger, dear comrades! Hail the King!' (which made Wei Ying cringed six ways to heaven and hell). Wei Ying remarked again that everyone was astonishingly accepting, docile and obedient after the initial outburst that morning, and he took a whiff of the air - again, there was more magic at play; he could feel pulsing vibrations that suppressed negative feelings and thoughts, though he wasn't affected at all, and Lan Zhan continued to remain steadfastly expressionless, as usual.

It's unfair, isn't it? We can't use magic except for the most basic elemental ones, and yet the masters of the camp are permitted to do whatever they please, such as controlling people's thoughts, emotions and will - they're truly high-level champion cultivators! I suspect the pagoda has something to do with this phenomenon, because every time I look at that derelict building that's being given a fresh coat of paint while its insides continue to rot and fester with the stench of Dark corruption, I feel shivers running down my spine, and unseen eyes glaring back at me!

Lan Zhan looked up at the pagoda; a tall five-storey featureless silhouette set against drifting morning mists, it looked like a haunted temple and whenever winds blew, strange creaking noises and creepy howls emanated from that direction.

“That building is off limits, and is heavily guarded, by the way,” the keenly observant Senior Guard Zhen stated, while leading the group to their next and final destination, “Access is strictly on an invitation-only basis by the priests that reside in there, because the entire complex is being renovated and it’s dangerous to remain in the vicinity during this time.” Wei Ying clicked his tongue in annoyance, partly from his dismay that it would be harder break into what he believed to be the heart of the mystery, and partly because the rest of the men and *yaoguai* simply ooh-aah’ed and stared idiotically like ogling tourists taken for a ride in an exotic faraway historical and cultural site. Clearly there was nothing fanciful to admire about a dilapidated structure that exuded pure evil, yet the irksome mind-bending magical effects continued to alter perceptions and create such demeaning behaviour amongst respectable champions and heroes. However, from the exterior, the escorting guard wasn’t wrong - there seemed to be workers already hard at work in painting, hammering and sawing wood to fix the centuries-old structure from a state of sad disrepair. Wei Ying observed how strange and bent figures - mysterious silhouettes shuffling in the fog - carried various construction material, stone statues and other religious artifacts in and out of the temple’s grounds, and sometimes up, the five-story building.

Wei Ying kicked the dirt and sent a few dried leaves and gravel fluttering into the air when an opportune breeze blew by, and against all odds, his little brigade of papermen-infused debris began its perilous journey to the core of religious corruption.

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“How’re you feeling?” Wei Ying asked, and waved a hand in front of Lan Zhan’s eyes a few times. When there was hardly a response, the hand

naughtily landed on Lan Zhan's bulging tummy - Wei Ying mourned the loss of tightness that heralded the olden days when his darling man wore undersized outfits until the seams nearly burst, because back then, he could happily pinch, jiggle and play with the single overturned wok of fat upon the darling's abdomen and feel the complex harmony of firmness and softness beneath a layer of infinitely delicate Gusu Lan silk. Their uniforms were one thing that Wei Ying commended out of the hundreds that he'd complained since that morning - they were sewed meticulously with nary a stitch out of place, and the cutting was perfect to comfortable fit; even Lan Zhan's protruding front, enlarged chest and upper arms, bloated thighs, and expanded buttocks slid nicely into the uniform with extra room to spare. The warm hand on Lan Zhan's tummy soon transformed into two walking fingers, and Wei Ying walked them like the first man on the vast, rounded featureless moon, save for an obvious dip that was Lan Zhan's belly button.

The older man nnngh'd in a dull manner and swatted the intrusive tip-toeing hand from his tummy sluggishly, like a half-hearted effort to chase away an irksome speck of fly. He was awake, definitely, though rather muted in his actions, radiated contentment and all-encompassing love and acceptance for all worldly matters, and sported a slightly drunken smile. The two men relaxed in some plush cushioned chairs while awaiting their turn to receive their paperwork for formal admission into the centre after the so-called induction session, inside the camp's main administration office. Their briefing and tour ended around mid-morning, where all participants (detainees, in Wei Ying's vocabulary) were allowed to return to their rooms, sort out their bags and belongings, and familiarize with their new home (prison, again, in Wei Ying's words) until lunch time. Senior Guard Zhen informed that during the time they did the walkabout, their papers were processed by the administrators so that they could be issued on time. Each bonded pair and Imperial cultivator received a particular time and location for collection.

Further away, a large, bronze bell as tall as a man and just as wide, sitting at the top of the cordoned-off pagoda, tolled at every hour to remind everyone

about the time, and in some indescribable ways, instilled a sense of reverence for their new lifestyle and an urgency to keep up one's tight grip on discipline and purity of thought, in line with the way of the Tao; already, every participant had received a short lecture about the religion by spokesperson priest towards the end of the tour, and for unknown reasons, the sermon had a deep, profound effect on everyone - except the perennially obnoxious, god-unfearing Wei Ying, of course.

Lan Zhan! Stop acting as though you're walking on air and have had a spiritual awakening of some sort! You've not in nirvana and this is not your monastic paradise! You, like everyone else, have been drugged! My little paperboys have reached the pagoda's external scaffolding, and guess what? Each time the bell tolls, zillions of dust-like particles are sent surging into the air and they fall like polluted raindrops upon this village - they're spores, I tell you, they're brain-washing spores! You can't see them, and you might think they're just construction waste dusts from the renovation works... but you've breathed in the contaminated air, so you've been affected.

Lan Zhan turned around to face the spouse, and he was heavy-lidded and slurring in his speech, "W-- Whadd... What should I d.. do?"

Before Wei Ying could figure out a solution, a junior Tao priest appeared - a bald boy dressed in simple grey robes and no more than sixteen years of age, who looked very polite and mild-mannered -, and bowed. "Thank you, kind sirs, for waiting at your appointed time and in front of the Ninth Office," he said, then swung his horsetail whisk as though to clear the air; the hallway was heavy with the smells of sweaty men and undesirable pungency from the more bestial *yaoguai*, who were also sitting on rows of chairs, half-dozing and languishing lazily while awaiting their turn to be called. Senior Guard Liu emerged from the said Ninth Office and kept the

door open. Wei Ying narrowed his gleaming eyes when he sensed a sudden change in the atmosphere.

Lan Zhan! That whisk... the Taoist's weapon of choice, of course! The quality of the continuous flow of qi changed with its movements, like a gentle leaf guiding the flow of water - it's flimsy, rather unnoticeable, but it serves its purpose well... a perfect assassin's tool, if it was imbued with spiritual disturbances and poisons! Look at you, you're suddenly wide awake! Be careful, do not fall for their traps or yield to their pleas, because the air in which you breathe, and the flow of energy through your skin and meridians, control your thinking and state of mind as well! Also, I don't trust that greasy guard. If that man surnamed Liu tells you something good, it's definitely not!

Like clockwork, Lan Zhan stood up and appeared instantly invigorated, as though he just had a caffeine shot and was about to attend an important interview. He reciprocated the priest's bow with folded hands at the front, and Wei Ying reluctantly followed suit, while keeping a sharp eye on the guard. Regardless of the misgivings the couple had towards their captors - now masters, guardians and minders in a farce that they rather not play a part of -, they still had to behave for the sake of their survival.

The two walked behind the priest and Senior Guard Liu into the Ninth Office, and the door closed with a resounding 'click!'.

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The Ninth Office was actually a meeting room, with a table, stacks of documents on its surface, and a few chairs; the walls were white and clean, and there was a potted plant in a corner, just for decorative purposes. Here, an extensive discussion took place about the future of the couple's stay in the military centre.

Lan Zhan did most of the listening, and surprisingly, the talking. He openly informed Senior Guard Liu and the unnamed Tao priest that as husband, he was representing both of them in their enrollment in the military centre.

“Senior Guard Liu, you found us yesterday in the woods then brought us in, and today, you're already hard at work helping out with the centre's administration office. You're certainly multi-tasking and multi-talented,” Lan Zhan politely stated with a bow of head. The cunning guard grinned at being praised, and immediately became irritatingly friendly, “Oh, Wang Ji, you speak so well about me! Come, come, have another cup of tea. I go hunting for new recruits with a squad whenever there is a need to replenish the numbers in the centre. Not everyone stays and some go missing... for certain reasons. *Yaoguai* s making off on their own is a common occurrence... human cultivators like you and I can surely relate to that, no? The numbers are pretty much stabilized these days, so I only need to make a trip once a week, according to the Lieutenant's orders.”

Lan Zhan ‘Mn’ and took the offer to sip a cup of freshly-brewed *pu'er* tea. He knew that as long as he kept the duo's attention to him and not Wei Ying, he'd have plenty of opportunities to covertly gather more information. “Of course, of course. Wei Ying is my wife, and my bonded soulmate. We've registered our marriage only last winter, so I shall take your advice and take good care of my beloved man - to keep him with me, and hide him from the perils of the outside world. Which brings me to my next subject: we would like to seek civilian duties rather than...” Lan Zhan

brilliantly secured enough credibility and respect to maneuver the topic of discussion.

Wei Ying sat cross-legged on a chair and rummaged yet another bag of stuff handed to them inside the Ninth Office, and didn't really need to say much more than 'Enn's for confirmation. He was secretly elated to find that they'd been issued marriage and identification certificates from the Bureau of Civil Registries of the Middle Kingdom, headquartered in Chang'an and with branches in most provinces, counties and districts under their rule. The details somewhat mirror that which was printed on the same papers issued by the Cai district in Gusu. In Wei Ying's eyes, now both he and Lan Zhan were recognized citizens of the country in general, with certain restrictions and limitations due to their origins, and their relationship was sealed by the authority bestowed by the subjects of the Emperor of Chang'an.

During the meeting-cum-interview, the Tao priest took the role of the attending camp medical officer, and performed medical check-ups on both men. Wei Ying expected that they'd be stripped and molested, but fortunately, Senior Guard Liu insisted that out of such a good relationship built between them, they didn't need a full body search.

"After all, Wei Wuxian, let bygones be bygones, correct? That is the way of the Tao, which I'm sure you'll come to love and worship - there's no absolute enmity and hostility needed in this world. I may have acted rashly and out of place in bringing you in, and testing the strength of the bond between the two of you on the way to this centre - but you're both pretty comfortable and decisive in staying with us, yes? It's a win-win for all of us," the man in his forties smiled so widely that Wei Ying's jaw muscles hurt from the sight of it. He had to nod with a reciprocating fake grin - the grudges will remain, because that was simply the nature of a Dark Arts practitioner not to let go of one's sweet, sweet revenges. His fingers twitched when some final consent forms were placed on the table for Lan

Zhan to sign - how dare the man kidnap both he and Lan Zhan, and pretended that it was alright to force them to stay, and in all likelihood, taken advantage of, in this prison camp.

“They’re both in relatively good health and are certified fit to stay, Master Liu,” the Tao priest announced when he completed a series of pulse checks on certain acupuncture points, and waving strange gadgets - including a Compass of Evil - around them. Wei Ying had asked if that Compass could be trusted, because he sniffed something off about that wooden and jade stone gadget, but the priest brushed aside his concern, saying that it was bought from Magics R’ Us’ finest selection of high-quality demon-detection products. Wei Ying immediately seized on that to ask if the priest knew who invented such a device, in which the priest innocently answered that the question should be directed to the sales representative of that magic supply company; Wei Ying knew, at that point, that any Tao knowledge about spellcasting was a sham, because they didn’t even recognize, let alone spell the name of, the greatest grandmaster of the Dark Arts that the world had ever known.

“Lan *xiansheng* is, as he says, quite overweight and should be prescribed lifestyle changes, dietary restrictions and exercise. His golden core, which is surprisingly not as high-level as expected from an ex-sect leader, is covered with cholesterol, and is at risk of suffering blockage of *qi* flow if he were to engage in stressful physical activities - the damage inflicted from such *qi* -strokes can be severe and irreparable. Thus, I would concur with the suggestion to let him start with mild to moderate exercise, such as household work, civilian and non-combative duties, and participation in non-strenuous class activities such as low-level cultivation formations, meditation, *tai chi* and *qi gong* classes,” the young teenager-doctor diagnosed with remarkable confidence. Wei Ying gaped at the accuracy of the descriptions and he began to wonder just how complex the Tao priests and masters were; he sensed a strange anomaly in the teenager’s soul and suspected that he was being possessed by a superior individual.

Lan Zhan! These Taoists are adept at mind-controlling and soul possession! They're definitely yaoguai in nature, but have evolved to become incredibly well-suited to blend in with humankind. Fortunately, I've placed a Darkening sheath around your golden core so that the monster inside the teenager couldn't detect the mouth-watering scent. You're a walking grilled chicken drumstick amongst a pack of wolves, do you know that? Every priest and half of the elite soldiers and instructors we've met so far are alike - demons in disguise, in all shapes and sizes!

Even the tour this morning too... some of the restricted-access buildings and offices are actually huge house-sized colossal creatures camouflaged as harmless-looking inanimate structures - just like those old wives' tales of haunted buildings! I could see them with my Darkness-enhanced vision, it's frighteningly grotesque, covered with icky miasmic slime and multiple eyeballs, serrated teeth and numerous tentacles! When we were taken for the walkabout, they were actually parading us in front of those salivating predators with discerning tastes, so that when the time comes, those massive yaoguais will know when to snap their jaws shut once their oblivious targets knock on the door, walk in and straight into deep, mortifying monstrous guts filled with walls of strength-sapping curse inscriptions, digestive acids and soul-draining fangs and forked tongues! Senior Guard Liu wasn't lying when he said that people do go missing from this camp quite often!

Lan Zhan swallowed hard when he held the ink brush and his hand hovered above the form where he needed to sign off to start their living arrangements in the military centre - and serving their souls straight into the demonic Tao's hands.

The priest placed the Compass of Evil back into his sleeves and shrugged. He said, “It’s strange, Wei *xiansheng* , that you’re a *yaoguai* based on the presence of demonic energy vibrations detected by the Tao’s trained senses and the compass - and yet, you’re magicless, as well as slightly crippled. You cannot wield spells and you have difficulty in performing acrobatic or strenuous physical activities, thus you befit a mundane civilian’s existence.”

“Ah, Wang Ji did write in the submitted report that this man fell off a cliff last year and broke his bones, nerves and meridians. The administrators have examined that report and concurred to the facts as stated by a venerable renowned figure of the cultivation world, so there’s no question about it. It’s a miracle that the Gusu Lan sect was able to repair what they could and keep him alive. We should cherish that fact, isn’t that right, Wang Ji?” Senior Guard Liu interjected with a nervous laughter, and Lan Zhan was, for once, relieved that the guard was on his side, liar or not.

“Still, it’s remarkable that Wei *xiansheng* has formed such a close-knitted physical and spiritual bond with Lan *xiansheng* , as evidenced in the report about yesterday’s test, and from my diagnosis of your supremely high shared tri-prismic soul frequencies and the fluctuations of karmic balance-duality,” the priest agreed with a smattering of metaphysical concepts that neither the men understood, “So, we would insist that you remain in the military centre for further observations, and our senior priests shall arrange separate tests with more advanced equipment at the temple to further evaluate this phenomenon. Ultimately, we would like to discover ways to spread such happiness and joy to other bonded pairs in this place, regardless of their body shape, size, type and sexuality.”

Senior Guard Liu tapped his fingers a little impatiently on the tabletop, but not before wiggling his eyebrows at Lan Zhan, “Like husband and wife, eh?”.

Wei Ying grabbed an ink brush to sign on his form, not wanting to sit through further embarrassment from the guard and the priest. Lan Zhan sighed, and placed his signature too.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 176

“Excellent, and thank you for your friendly cooperation!” Senior Guard Liu exclaimed with a wide smile after shaking both men’s hands in a final wrap-up of their deal, and started to pack the signed documents away. The senior officer reiterated what was promised in exchange for a trouble-free arrangement from the Lan-Wei bonded pair to remain in the military centre - he would submit Lan Zhan’s written report to the higher-ups, and request for Imperial military support to investigate the sighting of Lan Zhan’s brother, who is suspected of harboring a *yaoguai* as well.

“As you know from the tour earlier today, we have morgues in the restricted areas of this place. The twenty corpses will be stored there for about a week, pending examinations from the Tao Masters and our Imperial forensic experts. They’ll report the findings, and hopefully, they’ll find something to back-up your claims about another powerful bonded pair on the prowl. We need more of those,” the guard remarked. Lan Zhan raised his eyebrows.

“We’re stretched pretty thin right now, with so many of our men sent out to chase after those nefarious *yaoguai* with a thirst for blood,” he added and leaned into his chair with arms behind his head, and was mindful to emphasize the differentiation, thus implying that Wei Ying was, overall, written off as a ‘good guy’. “With the Tao priests added to the frontlines”, he added, and nodded in acknowledgement to the junior Taoist standing calmly next to him, almost in a meditative state, “It should be easier to identify and isolate bonded pairs from the battlefields and bring them in. Powerful ones included, of course.”

“What about the list? The one where our names were circled. That will clear our names from any wrongdoing and special interests from the

Imperial army,” Lan Zhan asked, careful not to sound too hopeful or overzealous about it.

Senior Guard Liu shrugged and cleared his throat nervously. “I showed you a copy of a page just now, and that’s all I have. The full list is with Grandmaster Gao, who is currently on an extensive campaign to recruit former cultivators from the Grand Cultivation Council, and at the same time, bulldoze a trail of *yaoguai* -infested lands between cities so that trade and critical supply lanes can re-open soonest. You already said that the list looked authentic, Mister ex-Chief Cultivator,” he lowered his voice and winked at Lan Zhan, and that incensed Wei Ying a little, “Furthermore, you’ve experienced firsthand our reasonable hospitality to the point that you’ve willingly signed the consent forms to extend your stay here,” and he shook the pack of documents right in front of them to indicate that he’d won over them, by hook or by crook, “So all’s well, ends well, thanks to the list, no? Let’s leave it as is, and... oh, oh, look at the time!” The entire topic was closed as quickly as it started, and the guard was already gesturing hastily at the couple to exit the Ninth Office, because there were other bonded pairs waiting to have their applications processed.

There was never the intention to investigate into the owner and origin of the list, which had been paid for and now, duly used for maximum benefit of the cultivator-hunting Imperial armies. In that sense, Lan Zhan’s efforts to secure their freedom, whether through the long written report to explain their circumstances, or any recorded observations on site to evidence their good behaviour, was for naught; if anything, they’d just bared their past secrets, highly personal information, and opened Pandora’s Boxes for the Imperial army to help themselves to.

Wei Ying once again bristled at the cheekiness of that guard who’d outsmarted them - and a silent curse to Nie Huaisang in the hopes that the cunning fox would suffer from excruciatingly painful blisters and boils on

his body for weeks -, and was about to counter with something snarky, when the junior priest stepped in to put a ceasefire to all growing hostilities.

“Remember, sirs, your appointed time to enter the temple and to meet with our senior priests for further interviews and tests will be informed in due course. Please,” the bald boy bowed and stretched his hand towards the door, indicating that he was seeing the couple out.

Wei Ying huffed, and Lan Zhan simply folded his hands at the front to end the fruitless conversation.

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Elsewhere, a smorgasbord of heroic debris and urban waste have assembled at the top of the five-storey pagoda, buoyed upward by passing breeze that kept the morning mists spiralling around the mystical, creepy-looking tower of darkness and ruin. A bunch of freshly-plucked bamboo leaves wiggled and knotted themselves, forming functional five-fingered hands that could grasp and pull on things, and in pairs, spread out like wings of a graceful crane to flutter, spin and dive undetected into a hidden enclosure. Something seemed strange, said the shards of broken glass - because they could magnify and zoom in on the sights that catch their interests; there seemed to be an outdoor rack of orange melon-like gourds being sun-dried like what villagers do with surplus peppers, tomatoes and corn cobs.

At the other end of the rooftop, little organized squadrons of stone chips, wood splinters, crinkled waste paper, frayed strips of cloth, food scraps and kitchen waste, and even leftover fruit peels hung from the edges of roof

tiles, tethered by tangled hay and human hair, and slowly descended between the narrow spaces between the spore-covered bronze bell and the cracks in the walls, like an army of ants, deep into the heart of the Tao temple.

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“Was that the right thing to do?” Lan Zhan asked. Again. Every single time they were about to have a breakthrough moment with their adventures, and chose the path less treaded, Lan Zhan sought his spouse’s affirmation. It was becoming a bad habit, but Wei Ying didn’t complain - he loved a subservient Lan Zhan anytime.

There’s no right or wrong answer, and I’m not a Tao faithful for saying that, by the way. I don’t like the whole setup but I’m just going to try and enjoy the ride while it lasts. By choosing to be sidekicks and lesser characters of a major plot in the story, we’re essentially dooming the entire ensemble to an apocalyptic end and probably a re-start, somehow. That’s how awesome gods like you like to play, right? So let me play along too!

Wei Ying snickered and slapped Lan Zhan’s thicc bouncy buttocks on their way out of the administration office, and the god supposedly disguising as a mundane cultivator with mediocre skills and power, nnnh’d because he’s just such a masochism-loving freak.

“Such a strange, twisted relationship. Usually man bests the *yaoguai* to control the demonic powers running rampant between the two, but this time, it’s the *yaoguai* controlling his human husband,” Senior Guard Liu

remarked when he returned to Ninth Office, putting away the used teapot and cups for the janitors to clean up. He cleared the table for the next bonded pair to be interviewed and to be presented their final admission papers.

“Hm. The world is as vast as your imagination, senior guard, and therefore the possibilities. There will come a time when demons rule the realms, and it would be as natural as the sun rising from the east,” the junior priest muttered, and suddenly let out a loud hiccup. His soul-possession was interrupted, or rather, he finally woke up from a sleep-walking nightmare of having demonic creatures filled with eyeballs, salivating teeth and tentacles invade his bodily orifices, and the boy squeaked in terror before dashing out of the Ninth Office.

Senior Guard Liu scratched his head in wonder.

Not too far away, at around Fifth or Sixth Office, a bonded pair of a cultivator monk with his beloved fierce corpse ran out of their meeting room. They’d just signed their papers and realized that the Anti-Magic Tattoo on their necks had miraculously sizzled away like water on a hot pan. The fierce corpse shouted with joy and fled the scene in great leaps and bounds, punched gigantic holes through walls better than a jackhammer, and sprinted out in a blaze of billowing dust across the courtyard. The undead with a rare crooked look of joy on its face knocked down a few practising comrades in its bid to escape the prison facility with a false, summer camp-like facade - only to find that two minutes later, past the entrance gate, the creature’s flesh melted off its bones like gnawing succulent meat off a well-cooked spare ribs, resulting in a gooey pile of bristly hair, twitching liquefying muscles, steaming-hot remnants of hardened fingernails falling off tumbling fingers, and a mess of bloody, gummy skin smoking on the grass, until it caught fire.

Instructors yelled and warned curious onlookers not to approach or pay attention to the failed candidate, also because anything outside of the military centre was off-limits anyway. Everyone eventually returned to what they were doing without sparing a glance; the monk that wasn't able to run fast enough was easily apprehended by Imperial guards. After some heated exchange of words and curses, the monk was dragged kicking and screaming towards the pagoda temple for detention, with new Anti-Magic chains strapped to his body.

Lan Zhan had watched the spectacle from afar from a window, and tilted his head to the back. Wei Ying immediately understood and started peering and touching the spot where the migraine-inducing tattoo was (like a curious, grooming monkey), and found nothing. "It seems that after we've signed off our souls on the forms, there's no need for the tattoos," he said, using his vast knowledge about magics and anti-magics, "We're essentially trapped in this hell anyway! Welcome to Camp Paradise!" he remarked with ironic glee, before tip-toeing and gently nibbling that spot so that Lan Zhan would sport a lonely pink hickey for the rest of the day.

Senior Guard Liu stared at the brazen couple and shook his head from the Ninth Office, where a fresh new junior priest had been summoned to co-preside the interview with the next bonded pair. He made a mental note of just how wonderfully close the man named Lan Wang Ji and his bonded *yaoguai* Wei Wuxian were, and he hoped the replacement bonded pairs from subsequent hunts would be just as easy to handle and tricked into signing off the acceptance forms.

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Unshackled from the packed schedules of a typical student-cum-fighter at the (prison) camp, both Wei Ying and Lan Zhan were free to roam around the unrestricted areas of their fenced stockade, under the watchful eyes of the ever-present guards and concealed Eye spells that functioned as modern-day security CCTVs. Determined to remain the good books of their captors, and therefore ensure their limited freedom remain intact, the two decided to split and look for menial jobs to pass the time, and blend into the ranks of non-combat officers, administrators and civilians serving the military centre.

Wei Ying lingered around the main administration office to befriend the officers he met, and even found some potential drinking pals after casually dropping names of a few renowned branded liquors in his conversations. When he told his new acquaintances that he was living in the military centre as a magicless, harmless civilian - his identification papers clearly stated so, and he cleverly dodged any questions about his origins, *yaoguai* or not -, busybody people flocked around him out of curiosity and were drawn to his friendly, cheerful genteel nature. It wouldn't so bad, the low-ranking officers thought, to have such a Mr. Nice Guy of the supernatural kind to hang around in the neighbourhood; thus, when the team of artisans and labourers commissioned to repair the large hole left by the fierce corpse arrived, they politely asked the man if he'd like to help out and earn some wages; of course, not knowing that Wei Ying was actually marked as a *yaoguai* and acted unlike one.

Wei Ying got a glimpse of just how heartless the entire operation of the military centre was, full of impunity and disrespect towards persons of great supernatural abilities, given that they had no qualms eliminating someone who could've surpassed the legendary Ghost General and secured the victory for the Imperial forces, just because of a small disciplinary measure. He put those depressing thoughts aside, and worked hard to put his Handyman Of The House skills to good use, and patched up the man-sized hole in less than an hour. His endeavour was made easier by the fact that nobody recognized who the Yiling Patriarch was, nor any semblance of

knowledge, even memory, of that notorious figure; which made sense, because people who worked there were generally from the northernmost regions of the Middle Kingdom, furthest away from the tragedies that struck the southern plains and mountains sixteen years ago.

The aspiring young man began to earn the respect of fellow handymen, sculptors, carpenters, plumbers and men of crafting professions, when he incorporated modern (actually, 21st-century) designs to strengthen the wall against future damages; the supervisor immediately hired Wei Ying as a part-time workman and technician on-call, and the accomplished young man was given the keys to the warehouses and storerooms to access the tools and materials needed for future work.

Lan Zhan has a penchant for household chores and cooking, so it wasn't surprising that he found himself loitering near the kitchens, sending wordless puppy-eye looks to the chefs and kitchen assistants. As usual, his tactic worked - within the large multi-storey and sprawling complex that included food storage, kitchen preparation, cleaning and maintenance, and dining services, there were many who were like him - silent, hardworking workers who do not speak much but understood the needs of fellow quiet, introverted men when they arise. The man was first handed some odd jobs to chop up vegetables and marinate the meats, and within seconds, his awesome five-Michelin stars skills were demonstrated. During the lunch service, Lan Zhan, armed with a ladle in one hand and a washcloth in the other, helped fellow humble cooks to improve their recipes with sage advices in words fewer than can be counted with hands, significantly reorganized the kitchen's workflow so that they could make and send out dishes to their hungry patrons in record time, and in between, made sure the utensils and surfaces were spotless at all times. His professionalism in keeping the kitchen running was top-notch, and the manager was impressed enough to reward him with a small bonus along with the day's meagre pay.

By the time Wei Ying made his way to the deserted dining halls at two, there were only workers sweeping the floors and they pointed out a bench at a cleaned corner that was available for seating; apparently Lan Zhan had taught them a few modern techniques for easier cleaning, so they were indebted and befriended the Gusu Lan easily; so, as soon as Wei Ying asked about his darling man and described his tubby, charming looks, one of the men gladly dashed off to the kitchens to get him. When Wei Ying gingerly took his seat, he wondered if there was still hot food served from the kitchens, because he was so distracted by his newfound love for fixing and making things using wood, clay, mortar and stones, that he'd lost track of time. His stomach rumbled in distress, and he thought, sourly, that perhaps packed cold dumplings from the morning were the only things left to eat, because the kitchen was dark and looked like it was closed.

Then, lo and behold, a wooden tray appeared from behind. In it were Wei Ying's - no, their - favourites, including a large pot of lotus root pork rib soup filled with perfectly-stewed ingredients, a plate of fried tofu served with plum sauce dips, stir-fried seasonal greens and mushrooms, and a platter of cut fruits for dessert later. In the middle was a special circular dish with a central curved divider in the form of a *taijitu* dualism symbol that Wei Ying guessed was only available in places with Tao specialties; one half contained a boiled fish garnished with vegetables, the other half was spicy grilled fish topped with extra chilli paste - mmm, delish!

“Wei Ying, please eat (吃饭),” Lan Zhan gently told the spouse; there was no need for welcome-hugs, whistles and bells, and the depth of their relationship does not necessitate time-wasting banter or asking needless questions such as ‘How was your day?’; the only gesture that mattered was watching Lan Zhan place a steaming bowl of white rice on either side of the small circular table, then methodically arranging the chopsticks and spoons with care, before settling down on a seat opposite him.

Wei Ying picked up his chopsticks and the well-deserved bowl of fragrant soft, white rice, and his face brightened up with largest grin he could muster, his cheeks pinked considerably and his sparkly eyes crinkled in a smile that spoke volumes for his closeness, gratefulness and profound love for the man that specially waited that long after the kitchen had closed, and specially prepared their late lunch despite everything else that had happened.

“Enn! Let’s eat! (吃饭!)”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 177

Their new beginning as civilian prisoners wasn't a bed of roses as Wei Ying thought. Periodically, they received rather intrusive messages about the state of the military centre's operations, calls for jobseekers to areas in need of routine maintenance, the weather forecast, Tao Talks of the day, even general public announcements - straight into their minds.

"Ahhh...," Wei Ying mourned his interrupted romantic lunch, "Did you hear that? The loading bay at the edge of the camp's calling out your name. You're famous among ordinary citizens working in this place, because somebody retrieved our missing horse cart with your name and sect printed on it!" and gave an unfeeling, forced laughter. He stirred the remaining soup in the bowl listlessly and sighed. A synthetic but pretty, perfect-pitched female's voice announced that some classrooms, where religious reading classes had just taken place, were in need of some cleaning and the furniture rearranged, for a few silver pieces per volunteer. Another disembodied, chirpy voice informed that the on-site trading post was going to have a sale that weekend; during the tour, the couple had a chance to visit the military centre's base exchange that doubled as the only major supermarket within half a day's travel radius. It was filled with a cornucopia of not just fresh foods and beverages, groceries, snacks, reading materials, scholarly and musical manuscripts, and toiletries, but also toys for the big boys, such as useful gadgets, sculpting and construction tools, spellbooks and talismans, and potions and enchanted accessories that packed an extra punch for winning tournament bouts and duels - and Wei Ying already made a wishlist by the time they stepped out of the store.

Ahhh... how is this different from our early days as lovebirds in Yiling, aeons ago? I now have to work to earn a living, and I have to use my money to buy what I want. I'd never imagined that boring potions would catch my interest, but the kinds on display were mind-blowing! A potion that makes

one a god for an hour? An elixir that duplicates things including living matter? Imperial technology is crazy! Lan Zhan, where's your Jade Token, I want to use it!

“It’s... probably in the horse cart,” Lan Zhan murmured, and started to collect the used bowls and plates from the table. At that hour, there was no one left working in the kitchens, so he would have to do the washing. “But it cannot be used here, in the lands governed by the Imperial Palace. The many privileges, amenities and conveniences mutually shared by the sects of the former Grand Cultivation Council do not apply beyond the borders, unfortunately,” he added. Wei Ying didn’t bother to clean up, and instead, picked off a couple more spare ribs and one succulent, *al dente* piece of perfectly stewed lotus root, before rising up from the bench and dusting himself off from food scraps.

Hnn... I wonder what our classmates are doing? They don't seem to receive the same announcements as us, since beefy Ox Guy and fearsome Tiger Woman are headed in opposite directions to different classes, and slithery Snake Man's still training hard at the center courtyard. Oh, by the way, my paperboys found a stash of magical gourds being sun-baked out in the yard behind the temple. I wonder why? Lan Zhan, do you think the priests are making tasty treats out of those gourds? Or is there something else? Oh dear, what if there are captured yaoguai still swimming in their brethren's blood in there? Maybe I should--

“Wei Ying, don’t,” Lan Zhan grabbed his beloved’s wrist while balancing a stack of used tableware precariously with his other hand; he’d forbid Wei Ying to go near that cursed, corrupted temple, no matter how tempting that sounded to the man of the Dark Arts. Wei Ying broke into a sweet smile and leaned in, then gave a sweet peck on Lan Zhan’s cheek.

Mmm. I know.

Murmurs could be heard echoing from the other side of the dining halls, where several workers caught a glimpse of their smoochy tryst and started whispering furiously, before breaking into stifled giggles. Apparently, homosexual couples were rare among Imperial cultivators, but not non-existent; such pairs were ridiculed and mocked, but otherwise, left relatively unharmed besides resulting bruised pride and uncomfortable annoyances from the constant harassment in a patriarchal, alpha-male society. And, the Emperor of Chang'an was said to have ninety nine concubines, and ninety nine male lovers too.

Lan Zhan realized he'd read Wei Ying's thoughts, or rather, his mind has just been fed with a tidbit about the sociocultural norms of the Imperial Court, that neither had expressively known before. He raised an eyebrow, face turning red from the brazen display of love, although the yellow-hued eyes gleamed in askance. 'How did you know?' he asked wordlessly, hand still grasping Wei Ying's; a couple having their little negotiations and arguments in their personal bubble of space, connecting through deep, riveting gazes and meaningful, but delicate physical touches.

Of course, darling! I'm still a mind-reader despite not emitting any magical aura. Don't you know? I'm the god of gods, the dreamer of dreams, and everything around me, us, are figments of my imagination. I wear the pants in our relationship, and everything you have belongs to me, and is beneath me.

On that note, Lan Zhan nnngh'd indignantly

Well, flamboyance, lies and exaggerations aside, and on a more serious note, I've shut off my meridians and sealed off my golden core, so that I'm as mundane as a man made of Nü Wa's clay or mites from Pan Gu's body for a while, because I've foreseen this extended imprisonment in a place filled with anti-magics. Rather than using qi, I can tap into the power of Dreams, and its daytime counterparts, imaginations and daydreaming, to wield spells and supernatural abilities. That's how my eldest cloned sibling is able to keep our people alive despite being ensnared by those evil magical Tao gourds that turn enemies into pools of blood-wine. Or, using sound, such as mystical singing, shamanistic chanting, and whistling to summon creatures and bend their life forces to one's own will. Such rarely used mediums are practically undetectable by anti-magics, so why not use them to our benefit?

Lan Zhan stiffened and his breath hitched. Of course, he had not thought about using alternative sources of magical powers, because he'd been schooled to use *qi* to cast spells, which was as natural as using a sword to cut down a man - Wei Ying had already come up with a plethora of different ways to do the same thing even without unsheathing his much-cherished Suibian that had been left in the horse cart the day before.

Wei Ying left the gawking man standing in the dining hall, drowning in his own spiralling thoughts into a new, complicated enlightenment, and a fresh new twist in the ancient art of spellcasting. The younger man gleefully mouthed 'Call me' and gestured with Y-shape phone headset with a hand shaking next to his ear - an symbolic act of modern antiquity not recognized in the era of 2000 B.C., but it was well understood between men who had travelled far and wide and through time, and experienced everything their wonderful universe has to offer.

Wei Ying was assigned to sweep the floors, wipe the blackboards and rearrange the furniture on the second and third floors of a classroom building, while his seniors snatched cleaning duties on the ground floor, because nobody wanted to climb up the stairs with no added pay. It was a fairly standard-sized establishment reminiscent of those found in more prestigious sect homelands - large, multi-storey rectangular-shaped buildings made of wood and adorned with pretty and delicate animal and flower-themed sculptures, equipped with minimal but functional decor and fixtures and furnishings, and there were adequate number of chairs, desks, cupboards and other amenities typical of a Middle Kingdom-era educational facility. There were about five classrooms per floor, with added storerooms and other kinds of spaces at both ends and near the wooden stairwells, and surrounded by an ordinary but well-maintained garden around it.

Unsurprisingly, everyone left right after cleaning and receiving their wages - Wei Ying received his little handful of silver pieces too, and discovered that the Imperial trainee (more like, detainee) uniform sleeves had rather conveniently deep pockets. The supervisor noted that the young man was still hard at work, because he was tasked to clean double the amount of floorspace; thus, he left the keys to the building with the latter, and asked him to lock everything up and hand them to the guards once he was done. For Wei Ying, it was a great way to find solitude, and soon, he was steadily wiping the surfaces of classroom desks in a building that was fully deserted. Insect chirps were overwhelmingly loud in a bright, slightly orange-hued springtime afternoon, and it felt a little warm with sunlight filtering through opened windows with few curtains and hardly any breeze.

It took a little longer than expected for the mystery to be unravelled by a man that held steadfastly to centuries-old practices and tradition, however Wei Ying is, surprisingly, a very patient man when it comes to his beloved darling husband.

Wei Ying. Can you... burp.

Ying... brrrrp... Hear me?

Wei Ying. Can you hear... brrp.

Me? Can you... buuuurp. Wei.

Wei Ying threw the washcloth aside into a bucket of water, and barked out a laughter at the sudden transmission directly into his mind - not of a sultry female voice, finally! After attempting to decipher the vague, incomprehensible message fragments, he tapped his forehead to magnify the receivers inside his head to get a clearer signal. “Lan Zhan, your message is looping and keeps getting cut off part way as a jumble of words. Slow down, breathe, let it out in a single, long breath. As you do that, focus your concentration on releasing the strain, and with it, a puff of physical depressurizing, emotional catharsis, and a relaxed meditative state in the mind - seize that moment to convert that sensation into raw, unrefined energy to power your spell,” he gently guided his husband with perfectly enough details, because Wei Ying’s been there, don’t that.

Mn. Much better. Wei Ying, can you hear me?

“Loud and clear, honey. Your voice sounds a bit muffled, like you’re being choked or something,” the younger man mocked his partner’s struggles.

Wei Ying bent down to retrieve the soaked washcloth from the bucket, and wrung it dry. He was down to the last row of tables in the last classroom, so he decided to talk on the go while finishing off his duties. It was amazing how many ink-brush scribbles and food or bodily fluid stains were left on the desks after each day, and he briefly wondered what went on during religious classes attended by supposedly well-disciplined and pious men.

Is... is it a good time to talk?

“I’ve been expecting you, and there’s no one around,” Wei Ying muttered as he scrubbed dried, crusty pool of milky stuff off a tabletop and he noted sourly that it smelled like day-old fish or cheese, “Did you know? I’ve been pinging my radar antennae all day, and noticed that those Eyeballs and Senses aren’t found in areas where people are unlikely to be present, such as in the alleyways and by the dumpsters. Also, those spells are powered down when an area is devoid of people, such as these classrooms in the late afternoons. So yeah, I can chat.” Which was true; Wei Ying was free to run naked and sing operatic songs if he wanted to, along the hallways that connect the classrooms, and nobody would notice. The entire building wasn’t monitored after the cleaners and the supervisor left, because according to the schedule, it was closed for the day - except that Wei Ying volunteered to remain and clean the remaining floorspaces.

Mn. I tried different ways. To create magic without using magic. This one works. But it’s a bit difficult to sustain. Long conversations. I have to swallow some air, then burp it out. Slowly, like a drunken man does. Each burp is enough to power. A few seconds of talk.

The spouse nodded, his thin bony chest puffing up with pride at teaching an old dog new tricks, and the said old dog actually improvised and found

something that suited him. Burping, of course! Enough force to generate a microburst of energy, yet such an everyday act that would rouse no one's suspicion. "It'll do," Wei Ying said to no one in the classroom - from an outsider's perspective, he'd be talking to himself, just as how some modern people are mistaken for doing the same when wearing wireless earbuds connected to their mobiles. "Over time, you'll master how to control the flow of your breath and the strength in it. Be careful, since you're using air movement to power the spell, you need to finely tune the speed and pressure in order not to cause chaos in the resulting stream of pseudo- *qi* ionic particles. If you fart, for example, which is an extra push of air too, you might cause an imbalance and something may explode unintentionally," he added seriously. Really, it was akin to deciding to use combustible gases to light up a fire and generate electricity, so any inadvertently added flammable material could topple the whole well-intentioned idea and transform it into something worse a crashing, flaming Hindenburg airship, literally (and across time travel, for the sake of this story).

I heed your advice, Wei Ying. I shall not fart, sneeze. Cough or yawn. When talking with you. The people at the loading bay. Are staring strangely at me. Because I keep burping. Like a man with gastric problems. I told them that I had. A late lunch, so. My stomach is quite. Queasy. They understood, fortunately. One of them. Even gave me. A bottle of digestive liquid.

"Yes! Just as I can whistle to cast spells, or my cloned Dream-kin siblings simply daydream what they need and pluck 'em out from their imagination, so can a snap of fingers of one wearing the Infinity Gauntlet create infinite goodness, or endless devastation. This arcane knowledge of using magic without magic itself is sacred, a lost art, and certainly a taboo amongst cultivators. Be wary, and never reveal to others how this works!" he said to himself, while drying the milk-stained (or rather, semen-stained?) table with another cloth. Eventually, the ill-fated piece of furniture was sparkling and shiny once again, almost brand new - Wei Ying realized that most of the furniture and equipment in the classrooms were actually in pretty good

condition, which meant that the entire facility was set up quite recently, and infrastructure brought in or built up only in the last few weeks.

Mn. Thank you for sharing. This gift. We can talk even when. Separated. I'm grateful. Oh, the horse cart is in good. Shape, and all our belongings are. Intact, shall I bring them back to our. Room?

“Ha ha! Lan Zhan, you’re talking funny now! Calm down, breathe in deeply then hold it down, and burp. I had the same problems when I first used Chenqing to summon Dark creatures, because I was too nervous with a new musical instrument, but practice makes perfect,” he laughed, and went back to work on the next soiled table. The couple continued to communicate and share their daily ups and downs without the need for the rather clunky, restrictive and energy-draining ErNet’s VPN, and their minds melded, bonded, and exchanged information seamlessly as one.

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Lan Zhan scaled up three storeys in a single bound, hurtled through the hallways like a bloodhound missile, and leapt headlong into the classroom distinctively marked 3A-2 at its entrance, which signified the second classroom from the stairs on the third floor. Impatience and impulsiveness was never part of his nature, but he’d break it because he had no choice; his body was crying desperately for relief, craving for the drug he’d become addicted, and lusting the scorching-hot love that his soul despaired over. The moment his body propelled through the doors, his legs kicked the air and the resulting short burst of hurricane-like winds forced the doors to slam shut behind him.

He'd heard it inside his mind - Wei Ying's trademark triple combo Aahhn!-Ooooh!-Uuuuh!, with lots of little pink hearts spinning above that high-pitched moan-y sound. For a moment, he panicked because he thought someone had broken into the classrooms to kidnap his delicate and luscious (sadly, thin and bony - but Lan Zhan's blind to the negatives about his spouse) *lao po* and did terribly lewd and obscene things upon the hapless man, defiling his wife's purity.

Upon a creaking table, Wei Ying lounged in the nude, swaying hips buoyed by bunched-up washcloths, his legs splayed wide open, with one hand running on the soft alabaster chest marred with scars from the past. Scrawny but nimble fingers rest on one nipple, erotically tugging and kneading the puffy pink nub until it blossomed into a juicy mound, and those fingers moved to its cousin at the other side of thin torso, dancing across skin that pinked with heat, beads of sweat forming and dripping from the bottom tip of unshaven chin to the sternum, rolling down like pearls to pool into the quivering navel. His other hand deliciously crawled its way down, down, past the yielding treasure trail, parting across the bush of pubic curls where milky white skin had been hidden from sight, untouched by rain nor sunshine, and now, increasingly taut, throbbing, darkening with a rising tide of blood and lust as excitement mounted higher with each passing second.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan,” the man moaned wantonly and stroked himself at a relentless pace. He grabbed, twisted and polished his own swollen flesh, then grazed fingernails upon the turgid member and gripped with such ferocity before pistoning the wildly-jerking, pre-cum oozing organ so passionately, eliciting hungry gasps of profound desire to be touched. His hips pumped into the empty air, and the table creaked dangerously from the sudden force; thighs opened and closed, inviting the hypnotized spectator with a lethal-looking tent in the pants to satisfy their martial urges in many ways that both had explored, loved, enjoyed and now, craved for repeat performances.

Oh, honey darling, I got bored after completing my tasks and I haven't done it for more than a day, that my mind wandered everywhere seeking distraction from this yearning for release. I'm masturbating while thinking of you, does that make me a sinner? Or a lover? Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, please love this depraved, sinful man, for touching himself while at work! Oh....!

Lan Zhan quickly peeled off his pants and disrobed in record time inside the closed classroom. His loins surged into full attention; a spear that pointed upward and fore, threatening to erupt into primal volcanic explosions inside his beloved and most favourite fertile garden nestled inside the temple of Wei Ying's sexual desires and endless begging to make fat, healthy babies. Wei Ying mewled like a cat in heat, and arched his back again and again with unrestrained, lecherous movements, mimicking a man wracked by waves of intense, orgasmic pleasures that hadn't detonated yet, a glimpse of the mutual physical satisfaction and sexual delights that Lan Zhan was welcomed to partake and taste, deep inside his lovely, lovely sexy Wei Ying.

Lan Zhan wasted no time to rid himself of his remaining garments, and thanked the local gods and deities for offering such a sumptuous buffet upon a table at the perfect height to lock himself between the vulgar young man's legs, then bend over while pushing the latter's hips up, and finally, shove his very, very excited, fully engorged and twitching penis, straight into the puckered rosebud that seemingly coo'ed and called his name again and again. It would be a marathon of highly anticipated and engaging sexual intercourses, plenty of creampie's and going wild between the younger man's legs, generous amounts of pumps and hard, deep and fast fucks, of biting and scratching like beasts wrestling each other for sexual dominance, of viciously suckling sparse breasts, licking belly buttons, jiggling belly fat that rolled over the younger man's buttocks and groin each time Lan Zhan howled like a delirious madman and grunted thirty times

with shivering thunder thighs, vibrating fatty glutes, pulsing sweet-red orgasmic testicles, and convulsing torrents of baby Wang Jis swimming forth to make sweet, sweet, love with baby Wei Yings deep inside the warm, tight and moist cavern that the two called home sweet home - inside classroom 3A-2 on one sunny afternoon.

Wei Ying squealed with glee and locked his legs around Lan Zhan's I-can't-stop-shaking-my-hips backside, trapping his darling man against his split ass and caught in a vice man-vagina grip inside him. They would go for at least five rounds before and destroyed one table, before the younger man flipped himself and they'd breed doggie-style another five times until the floor was coated with their bodily fluids and excess spillage from the incredibly satisfied older man in his sexual highs and throes of ecstasy.

By the time the sun started to set, Lan Zhan was pleasantly drained to the last drop, and had nothing to offer besides seedless, crystal clear droplets that his prostate tried its hardest to pump, and the testicles had shrunk visibly into happy prunes. Wei Ying's sexually flushed smile curved upwards higher into a sly fox's, and he reached for the teacher's desk to pull out a bamboo cane. He lay with his back on the floor, and demurely crossed his legs in front of a kneeling, panting and exhausted man; he made sure that Lan Zhan could see, with heated, heavy-lidded gaze, of his own seed flowing out of the younger man's wrecked, stretched anus - proof of their naughty bedroom activities performed impromptu in a classroom meant for holy, religious study; certainly, a sacrilege of unspeakable proportions.¹

Whack!, and dust flew off the floor. The flexible bamboo cane quivered from the speed of the impact.

“Student Wang Ji, Teacher Wei is very, very disappointed at your performance. You need to be punished,” Wei Ying remarked with malicious intent in his drippy voice, and he whipped the yelping older man on the limp, tired loins. Lan Zhan nnngh’d and yelped at the stinging fiery pain, and ironically, the sizzling white-hot sensations on his genitals and from the rising welts on his inner thighs caused his penis to come alive with each cruel strike.

“Student Wang Ji, you’re hopeless! You fail in so many aspects of practical life, and here you are, mindlessly and stupidly trying to father babies inside your beloved Teacher Wei. You don’t deserve such privileges, because you’re not worthy of Teacher Wei’s godly love, no matter how hard you study and work to improve yourself - because you’re always so old-fashioned, unchanging, a slave to your own ideas of perfection! What on earth are you thinking about? You’re a useless man, you should be kicked to the dirt and rolled into mud, then baked in a kiln and served as food to the dogs!”

Words that served to undermine the older man’s sexual prowess and confidence had the opposite effect - they fanned the flames of sadomasochism between the indecent, copulating couple. Lan Zhan’s masochistic side shone, and he started to beg, “Teacher Wei, Teacher Wei, please punish this useless man more,” for no logical reason; because rational thought had flew off the window when he was forced by a pair of thin legs, drawn and pulled in like a spider reeling in its helpless but delectably prey; with the Teacher’s firm but gentle tapping on his buttocks, Lan Zhan crawled on his knees, and unthinkingly, guided his crotch back to where it truly belongs - his penis locked inside Wei Ying’s greedy man-pussy; watching his slick, seed-covered member being swallowed into Teacher Wei’s anal lips was gratifying, because he was such a useless man and didn’t deserve such love -, to engage in another five rounds of tasty breedworthy sex. Wei Ying cackled then, and kept whipping, rather clumsily, at Lan Zhan’s increasingly reddened criss-crossed buttocks, while he was drilled into the floor by a grunting, crying and sobbing man, begging

for mercy from the non-stop sex, because the penis was rubbed raw and the testicles and shrivelled even further into raisin, because the legs had turned to jelly and couldn't hold up the older man's weight, that Lan Zhan started to lose his strength and crushed Wei Ying's frail form, and simultaneously, that strength was sapped further when thirty exceedingly arousing squirts of clear fluids ejected like weak, diluted ejaculations, massaged and milked by a muscular rectal canal until the dying penis died and gone to heaven many times, that Lan Zhan aaahn'ed in his depraved, miserable yet very excited state, to be continuously whipped and bullied by the man he loved, to be coaxed to surrender everything until not even his soul was spared in a total of fifteen orgasms that afternoon.

In the end, Teacher Wei graded his student and gave him a passing C for his peak sexual performance. Not too bad, although it left red-cheeked, perpetually-emptied Lan Zhan lying motionless on the floor, snoring and leaking pee, cum and other bodily fluids from his genitals and other unspeakable orifices.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 178

Barely a day since they arrived at the military centre (still, a detention camp for Wei Ying), the couple has found a relatively comfortable rhythm in balancing their personal needs and work demanded by their new employers, which in turn, is rewarded by wages to further fuel the material desires and wants in the first place. It remains to be seen if this vicious cycle would spiral out of control, or if either man would finally realize the fallacy of this lifestyle and put an end to the insanity of a modern rat-race living.

Wei Ying berated himself while furiously scrubbing the last vestiges of their passionate lovemaking from their bodies and the not-quite ruined classroom, using a bucket of water and a washcloth taken from the school's compounds; they were goofing off during precious daytime when they could be gainfully employed and earning money to make their lives in the centre (no, really, a prison camp) more bearable. The steady stream of female announcers reading out one job vacancy after another was driving the two men crazy, that tuning out those money-spinning missions proved nearly impossible when one wasn't lost in the heat of the moment in the midst of orgasms.

Unhappy that they could only enjoy about an hour in each other's arms after almost a full busy day of toiling hard labour, eating quick, frugal meals, and rushing between assignments, they agreed to keep in touch using newfound non-magical means to escape detection, and chart their next moves stealthily, while trying their best to act as, and earn decent wages, as civilian workers in a military base. Wei Ying trotted off to the administration offices after catching wind of menial tasks required from lowly messenger boys, document carriers, and secretary-like scribes. Lan Zhan decided to explore the farms at the outskirts of the base perimeter, since there was an opening for persons to harvest vegetables, milk the goats, collect chicken eggs and slaughter some animals for meat, to be

brought to the kitchens, where more duties as assistants to chefs and waiters were available.

Ahhh, Lan Zhan, it's only been minutes since we parted, but my body already misses the musky scent between your soft man-boobs, and the taste of your penis, which I'm sure would delight in having another round of blowjob from Old Master Wei 'ere! If only there were more spots where we could make sweet love without being seen, if only I could have you thrusting wildly between my legs and let you savour the sweetness and tightness of my warmth, deep inside the crack between my buttocks...

Lan Zhan scrunched his face and tried to concentrate on his tasks, even if it meant tuning out his spouse's endless lewd chatter. He picked the freshest spring vegetables in patches of greens, amongst a number of general workers who were fortunately, or unfortunately, not as enthusiastic as he was in making a garden great. Without being told, he watered the rows of seedlings and even took upon himself, with a cloth tied around his nose, to scoop out human wastes gathered and fermented since morning from everyone's spittoons, waste-buckets and from the sewers behind the bath houses, to fertilize the plants; he'd done that before, more than sixteen years ago under similar circumstances by the orders of oppressive forces, and had no qualms in doing it again. The supervisor was impressed, and gave Lan Zhan the keys to the sheds and storehouses where farming equipment and other agricultural tools were kept - Lan Zhan promised to work on the farms early in the morning with equal energy and zeal. In return for his diligence and attentiveness, he was paid a few silver pieces - now recognized as special coins stamped with the Imperial mark, and used exclusively as the medium of exchange in the military centre -, and he also pocketed some seeds, bulbs, and sproutlings found during his work, straight into the deep sleeves of his smudged uniform.

Wei Ying, who has special ways to charm people of either gender with his flattering words, met up with Senior Guard Zhen who asked for help in delivering rolls of bamboo scrolls; it was something akin to a medieval evening paper, sent to the quarters of certain higher-ups and buildings that ran night shifts. Wei Ying cleverly fished out the site map that was distributed to the new recruits earlier that day from his sleeve pockets, and the guard knew that the smart, resourceful man would not fail. He was given a jade pass that permitted him to enter certain restricted areas of the military centre - at least up to the entrance gates without being shot down by volleys of arrows by watchtower guards. While he didn't manage to meet any of the elite officers or glimpse into the camp's dark secrets hidden behind tall, imposing walls, he made a few more friends, built his credibility and network, and curried additional favours from those who had access to people of higher ranks and greater influence; the man named Wei Wuxian became a bit more infamous, as greasy as bacon on a pan, and to his benefit, with no strings attached to his terrible past as a patriarch of a defunct, forbidden sect - simply because no one in the far North of the Middle Kingdom knew who he was.

Wei Ying chanced upon a high-ranking civilian who worked as a Head of janitorial services. Seeing such a vibrant and hardworking young man delivering the evening periodicals, yet sporting an unseen marker typical of captive cultivators and their bonded *yaoguai* inside the body, intrigued the wizened man dressed in gold-threaded obsidian black-pearl white robes, living in an opulent, richly decorated chamber in a multi-storey building close to the temple. After exchanging polite pleasantries, the old peered at Wei Ying and stroked his beard in interest, and asked about the latter. Wei Ying stuck to his tried and tested story of a much-modified, much-redacted and skewed account of what he and Lan Zhan went through, and even pointed to the direction of his dormitories, which were derelict in comparison to the old man's posh home. Wei Ying wondered aloud if working hard in the military centre, as a lifelong prisoner, could reap such grand fortunes and housing rewards, and if so, how long that would take.

“My dear boy,” the man said, and placed an arm on Wei Ying’s shoulder while picking up his evening periodical, “The world is such a huge continent of vast, endless opportunities - only if you know where to invest your efforts, which basket to put your bargaining chips in, and which battles to fight.” The old man explained that his life wasn’t an easy one - he wasn’t born with a silver spoon -, and yet he didn’t have to slave throughout his first fifty years in life to attain the life envied by countless others - he was still in active service and earning decent salaries for a non-combatant, yet he didn’t need to suffer from back-breaking work or from sacrificing his pride. His family and grandchildren were living well in state-sponsored mansions located around the suburbs of Chang’an, with many members also working with the government in various well-to-do positions and helping each other in the traditional spirit of *guanxi* .

“The Emperor cares for his people, not always in the ways you’d imagine. Every citizen is entitled to a decent home, enough food, a good job, adequate security, and for families, education for the children, medical care for the old, and many more benefits to those faithful to His Majesty and the government,” he added, and folded his hands towards his front to worship an imaginary statue depicting the Emperor himself. Such elegant displays of loyalty, akin to religious zealots, unnerved Wei Ying, and he cringed internally while thanking the elderly man for the sage advice - play by the rules, show undying devotion and servitude to the Emperor, be part of the well-oiled machineries that run the Imperial government; so far, Wei Ying knew he had demonstrated such values to some extent, given that he’d worked hard, and to his surprise - and now, understanding dawned upon him - easy access to resources that would otherwise be off-limits to brand new migrant residents to the military centre. There was a very fine line that separated trust and corruption in these lands; he could do personal favours for this very friendly old man and find himself living in upscale elite quarters and flush with cash, if he wanted to; but alas, Wei Ying wasn’t that kind of feral beast that could turn its back on his roots, sell itself short to those who were richer and more famous, and then, find itself tamed and caged with a golden leash tied around its neck, wagging its tail to the new masters that toyed with its body and soul to pander to their whims.

Wei Ying, remember our oath. To protect the weak, to help the unfortunate. We do not take sides and twist our promises and our life goals for selfish reasons; what may seem white right in front of us, is often grey from a distance. That Senior Guard Liu is an example; he may be a successful soldier with great prospects in life with the Imperial army, but looking back, his soul is as empty, his life is as meaningless, his entirety revolves around his Imperial masters; like a beautiful jar of wine left on the ground, bought for a pretty gold coin, consumed and dried up, it lies as a memento of something that was once noble, magnificent and precious, now waiting in dust to be broken and sent to the trash.

The younger man was impressed by how Lan Zhan's ability to un-magically communicate with him had leap-frogged over the span of a few hours, and he was more in awe of such a stirring speech that galvanized him to re-orientate his moral compass.

For the sake of their safety whilst imprisoned in the camp, he'd play nice, but he would bend as many rules as he could to make sure that he didn't turn into a man who ended up serving decades of his life to a great king that would never see or acknowledge his services, and those years of service would, in all likelihood, never enrich the lives of anyone outside his circle of increasingly selfish, corrupted family. The couple had seen this before - it happened to the Lanling Jin, and sixteen years earlier, the Qishan Wen; the sects' endings had been well written in the annals of human history, and Wei Ying was determined not to let the same string of events happen to both him and his spouse.

Lan Zhan, I've made up my mind - I don't want to remain in this place for too long. The more we are involved in life within this prison camp, the more transactions of favours and whatnots we're putting ourselves into - soon,

we'll be indebted to others, assimilated into their way of doing things; just as others will do questionable things for us to the detriment of the greater good. I refuse to be part of this vicious cycle and this depraved, self-serving society that thinks nothing but its own fragmented circles of power and influence. No wonder the Tao demon-monks easily broke in and cemented their influence within the higher ranks of the army, because men are easily swayed by a few sweet promises in exchange of the many souls and lives of others not connected to them, served to the priests on a silver platter. The Imperial army is selling out its people, and that's an utmost act of betrayal to Mankind!

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“Lan Zhan, Senior Guard Zhen talked to me about our living arrangements when I returned the jade pass. He said he may have some good news for us tomorrow, and that might include enlarging our accommodation. We’ve been told to meet him at the office at nine, tomorrow,” Wei Ying murmured nonchalantly in-between hearty chews of grilled chicken with mushrooms, and lifted up one sleeve to show what glimmered inside - it was a oval-shaped piece of green jade with patches of milky white, and it was ornately sculptured with dragonhead motifs.

Senior Guard Zhen handed me this copy of a Class-C Jade Pass to ‘ease my future assignments’, after I agreed to deliver another batch of bamboo scrolls to certain rooms in the dormitories before coming here for dinner. I daydreamed a bit on my way to the dorms and powered up my All-Seeing ability - they’re confidential, personalized invitations for certain human members of our classmates from the Tao temple! There is a schedule to it - one person is instructed to pass through the temple’s rear gates at preordained dates and times, once a day at meal times, totalling three persons a day! If my tingling senses are to be believed, what must’ve happened to the unfortunate monk this morning, will happen again to our

batch of classmates - they'll be sent to the slaughterhouse filled with waiting, hungry demon-possessed priests!

Lan Zhan stared a little too long, and Wei Ying coughed under a pretense of feeling discomfort from being ogled by his spouse. The older man ducked his head and quickly pushed a small bowl of steamed braised bear paw garnished with broccoli and root vegetables, and a bowl of bear meat soup that had simmered for over four hours; Wei Ying glanced in askance whether the bear - a rare predator to be served on the dinner table - was the one he'd killed a couple of days ago, and Lan Zhan nodded. The younger man marvelled at the offered dish, and savoured the sweet, meaty and dense flavours steaming into the air, with his wiggling nostrils. Such foods were clearly meant for the elites, and were sometimes dismissed as scraps when those said noblemen and generals decided that they were either too full, or if the dish wasn't up to mark to their tastes, thus, relegating to the likes of doggie bags and leftovers that the kitchen staff happily packed for their own consumption, or taken back to their families to be enjoyed. The kitchens, it seemed, served free meals not only for the military base, but also for all others who served the facility.

The older man continued to share his thoughts and memories using non-magical means, and kept burping between sips of soup. He had garnered a bit of reputation amongst the kitchen staff as a very helpful and wise worker (and one who has indigestion, burping problems), so he was allowed to take on bigger responsibilities - he manned one of the many kitchen stations and had a couple of servants to read out the orders coming in from the dining halls, prepare the ingredients, keep the place clean, and bring out the cooked food whilst Lan Zhan's amazing flaming wok kept pumping out filled dishes one after another. Dinner service was busy and packed to the brim, with many hungry mouths to feed, especially with a battalion of war-weary soldiers returning to base at sundown. He didn't have the time to prepare special dishes on the side for Wei Ying, so his new peers advised him to 'cook a little more' and keep the extra portions to be shared later. He'd balked at the idea at first, but a strict, no-nonsense nod from his

supervisor told him that it was acceptable, even expected, for kitchen staff members to cut corners and take the surplus for equal distribution at the end of their shifts.

“Wah...! Darling, all these small bowls filled with different types of food were on today’s menu? They’re really delicious!” Wei Ying gleefully remarked and used his chopsticks to pick a bit from every platter, put them straight into his mouth, before picking out from more bowls, with large chunks of rice in between. Lan Zhan ‘Mn’-ed calmly and leaned back, having finished one bowl of rice himself with meat and vegetables from various cuisines, and reached over to fill up another bowl. They were seated in a corner of the vacated dining halls; at eight o’ clock, all soldiers and officers had finished their meals and were either in the bath house, or pursuing other activities as dictated by their schedules, and it was the time for the kitchen’s staff members - and their families - to gather in their small, separate groups, and tuck in into tonight’s delightful dinner offerings.

Look at the family of four seated beside us! They look content and happy with the free and tasty, nutritious food the father had managed to collect from the dinner service. And over there, behind you, there’s a romantic couple sharing bowls of fried rice and noodle soups that the wife had made for serving from the kitchen. I feel conflicted at times like this; it seems this system... this culture... brings happiness to the people, yet all I can think of is that in the end, they’ll probably be at each other’s throats for their selfish gains.

Lan Zhan felt Wei Ying’s socked toes reach out to his ankles and started to draw circles around them, threatening to pull down his shoes and play footsie in front of disinterested spectators; everyone was too busy eating with their own loved ones and didn’t pay attention to others. He shrugged, and burped out a message that it was too early to make any judgements on the people they’ll be living with, so Wei Ying should dial down his hostility

and suspicions, and simply go with the flow. He kicked off his shoes, and allowed the younger man's soles to slide all over his feet - toes, arches, heels and all. Wei Ying hnn'd discreetly in approval, and played footsies below the table, molesting each of the older man's toes with his own, then rubbed nnnh-inducing circles at the bottom of the arch, using his big hairy toe or a sweep of the other four smaller ones - because he knew Lan Zhan stood rather unmovingly for a couple of hours at his cooking station and his feet were probably crying from holding up an overweight man's weight - and made sure to melt away the throbbing aches and pounding strains with titillating presses on acupressure points on the balls of the feet and upon the defenceless but terribly, terribly wanting heels too.

Lan Zhan put down his bowl of rice and decided to lean into the backrest while chewing and swallowing the rest of his mouthful. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, then had a sip of tea to cleanse his palate, and let Wei Ying massage his delighted feet to orgasmic peaks as he arched his back and curled his happy toes repeatedly with each masturbatory stroke.

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The thinly masked footjob-cum-dinner done, the couple packed up for the night, including a set of bamboo food containers freely given out to all kitchen staff filled with leftovers that could be easily heated up as supper or breakfast for the next day, such as whole barbecued meats, rice dumplings, sweet and savoury desserts, fruits and nuts as snacks, and the like. Lan Zhan did the dishes - he was getting used to treating the common kitchens as his own, and even his fellow chefs did the same; they didn't exchange many words, because everyone was guilty of stealing a bit for their own consumption, so they quietly cleaned up their assigned stations, signed off forms to confirm that they'd completed their duties, and collected their pay packets from a small office next to the kitchens, and left with their family members. Everyone received bear bile pills purported to boost one's energy

and clear toxins out of their bodies as bonuses for the superb dinner service performance; Lan Zhan popped in his share and Wei Ying followed-suit, before the latter decried the vile, bitter taste, and the older man quickly gagged his lover and dragged him away before they created a scene. Lan Zhan was grateful to be given such expensive health tonics, and at the same time, uncomfortable about such kind treatment from his employer.

They meandered through the dimly lit streets and increasingly yawning patches of dark spaces where Eye and Sense spells have been deactivated due to lack of traffic. It was a nice change of pace, to stroll through cobbled paths after a heavy meal and enjoy the relative tranquility at the campgrounds, besides the occasional barks of One-Two-Three-Fours from nearby practising groups of cultivators, without the annoying female voiceover announcements of available jobs, and to take in the fresh, crisp nighttime air while gazing at the star-dotted skies and a crescent moon peeking from behind silver-lined clouds. Wei Ying pointed at the trading post, which was still open even close to lights-out time, and whined that he wanted to buy something. He opened his palms and stared at the older man expectedly; Lan Zhan sighed, and emptied his sleeves - about twenty silver coins rolled into Wei Ying's hands, and the younger man's eyes gleamed with anticipation.

“Well, since there's hardly any shops around and no way out of this place, and we've been so used to going to night markets whenever we were in town, I figured we may as well do some shopping before heading back. There are some things I want to buy to make our lives more comfortable than what is provided by the basic amenities in our room,” Wei Ying declared, then hooked an arm around Lan Zhan's and together, they walked to the brightly lit building that thronged with late-night customers and cultivators looking to spruce up their gear or lifestyles in exchange for a pretty coin. The older man was concerned for a moment, and sent his thoughts through - their horse cart had been deposited right in front of their room, and there was no way all the bulky items could be stored inside their tiny studio apartment-like living space.

Our floor mat and other magical belongings have been returned, after they've been inspected and found not to emit any magical aura. We can't activate those items while being surrounded by those Eyeballs and Sense radars, and more so, within this Anti-magic field. So please, Wei Ying, please don't buy too much...

Wei Ying giggled and 'Enn'd innocently, and started counting their tallied wages for the day; he was already thinking of what splendid things to bring back to their little home, and polishing his A.S.S. haggling skills inside his mind.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 179

Back in the dorms, the creative craftsman and tinkerer Wei Wuxian worked to dismantle several pieces of wood from the horse cart parked in front of their abode. There wasn't much space in their room, so he left the less valuable, but bulky contents in there, outside their room and covered by a waterproof tarp - extra camping gear, harnesses for the donkey, cooking stove and some kitchenware, travelling supplies and personal hygiene products, and the ilk. It made the entire process of transforming the horse cart into a hand cart much more cumbersome, and soon, he wiped sweat off his brows and his forearms were trembling from the exertion.

“Lan Zhan! I need help here!” he called out without caring if he'd wake up their neighbours or not at half past nine; since they were categorized as civilians, hence the curfew hours did not apply to them, however they were warned to be polite and respectful to others' needs. The two dormitory units on either side of theirs were unoccupied - on one side, the monk who had been dragged to the temple earlier the morning and his annihilated fierce corpse *yaoguai* friend, on the other, he'd heard from a passing-by patrol guard that the man who bonded with the Tiger Woman *yaoguai* had been sent to a detention facility - more like, a jail with iron bars and plain straw as bed - after misbehaving and hurting an instructor during class. Wei Ying did enquire for more details, and learned that the man was angered by the many restrictions that apply to soldiers-in-training and kicked the Imperial sergeant in the jaw, and was punished to stay in an enclosed chamber located inside the Tao temple for a week; that man would be forced to undergo intense remedial spiritual meditation surrounded by mystical Tao statues and their Tao Masters, and repent through the way of the Tao. “So far,” the guard remarked and rubbed his chin, “The temple has reported one hundred percent success, and all treated cultivators graduate into junior monks upon completion of the one-week therapy, having discarded their old, bloodthirsty and hot-headed ways. They were sent to other military research centres and enlisted to serve newly set-up temples elsewhere in the region.”

At that time, Wei Ying felt suspicious and asked for a few examples, and what happened to their left-behind *yaoguai* partners. “Well,” the guard said, “Those transfers happened during the nights, so I’ve not met the cultivators who had turned over to new leaves, but I’d congratulate them from the bottom of my heart, for having found their corrected path through the Tao. As for their partners, they’ve been re-bonded and paired up with the up-and-coming Imperial champions you’ve seen that arrive at this centre upon receiving recommendations from their leaders. It helps to bolster the Imperial troops’ confidence, that they have a chance to participate in this programme and obtain their own *yaoguai* as tools and weapons of choice.” Wei Ying was dismayed at the one-sided explanation and when he was shown what transpired for the victimized Tiger Woman, he wasn’t shocked - under the glow of silver moonlight, a Tao priest accompanied her to her new master’s home, which was in another dormitory building not too far away and still within his line of sight; the priest waved a little bell shaped like the pagoda that dominated their campsite, and with each crystal tinkle, bursts of spores could be detected emitting out of it, hypnotizing the poor female *yaoguai* to smile sweetly and accept what was happening to her, then unthinkingly, started to undress her robes even before stepping through the doorway. Wei Ying thought the terrible ritual was akin to killing a man to rob him of his newlywed wife, then forcefully gift that said wife on her ruined wedding night to a greedy, horny neighbour who paid large sums for a virgin maiden. Such salacious tales were fit for smutty B-grade novels, and yet, that was what Wei Ying believed he witnessed that night.

“Mn. Let me carry it,” Lan Zhan murmured gently and that broke Wei Ying from his reverie - true enough, a single flabby arm dipped beneath the cart and with a single heave, the transport floated seamlessly upwards, to the latter’s amazement; his darling man was, although physically unfit and as fat as a pig, still had the strength of more than ten men in his biceps after all. Within minutes, the adjustments to the cart was done, and both returned to the room after locking the door; Wei Ying broke his own moral pledge and bribed the patrol guard with snacks stolen from the kitchens that

evening; in return for the very favourable deed, the guard gave Wei Ying the keys to their room, along with the former promising that the dishonorable Imperial soldier would get dibs on whatever Lan Zhan brought back - honestly or not - from a day's work, which usually constitutes of cooked foods or fresh farm produce.

Inside the warm cocoon of their new home, Wei Ying continued to improvise using the few meagre purchases he made at the trading post before it closed, plus two sleeves and a sack's worth of tools he'd pilfered from his workplaces; if any, despite his earlier claims of wanting to walk the right path, Wei Ying was the bigger thief between the two when it came to bringing back the loot from the military centre. He used one of the tables, flipped it over and re-purposed it with some woodwork to fashioned a small shower stall; by using a Water-spell powered outlet and showerhead fixed to the wall, retractable curtains from extra tarp they had in the horse cart, and a large wooden basin 'borrowed' from the tool shed to collect used water, which would then be poured out of the waste hatch beneath the sole window in their room. In essence, they owned an ever-present source of fresh water drawn from nearby streams, and didn't need to carry buckets of water from the communal wells anymore.

"Clothes off," Wei Ying ordered, as he gingerly stepped into the basin to give his invention a try, "I don't want anything to become soaking wet in case there is a mishap!". While Wei Ying disrobed and threw his garments carelessly to the floor, Lan Zhan picked them up and hung them in the wardrobe, simultaneously reading a brochure they'd picked up from a corner of the trading post that listed the do's and don'ts of spell-casting under Imperial Laws. There was a table drawn on the parchment that stated what kinds of basic magic was allowed in special administrative zones such as military research centres - which was mostly harmless and everyday elemental spells, plus a handful that aided ordinary activities such as short-range telekinesis.

“Lan Zhan, can you start the water?” the younger man called out from behind closed shower curtains, and Lan Zhan, already prancing around naked as instructed, easily twirled his fingers to release a tiny sliver of his godly magic to cast a Level 0.5 elemental spell. He had tensed up the moment a ghostly flow of sparkling water spiralled from the partially-opened window and straight into the showerhead above Wei Ying; he almost believed he’d be struck by that horrible, incapacitating Anti-Magic headache and be arrested by shouting guards for breaking the rules - but such events never materialized, even with tens of Eyeballs staring straight at him from all angles, deeply embedded into the surfaces of their room and furniture.

Wei Ying squealed that the water was too cold and there was a burst of pitter patter of dancing feet inside the wooden basin, so Lan Zhan concentrated again - he added a Level 0.25 Fire spell into the trickle that supplied Wei Ying’s home-made shower, and with a resounding ‘Ahhh, that’s much better!’ joined by a chorus of off-tune Yunmeng-style folksong sung in the shower stall, the older man knew he was on the right track. He was called to hand over bottles of soap and shampoo and washcloths through the folds of the curtain, like a butler in waiting - and received an eyeful of his sexy soulmate furiously masturbating while shaking his hips and ass energetically to the lousy singing, and a big mole-like wart on the pubes named Ernie received hot lovin’ too with plenty of caresses and finger-pokes. Without getting too distracted by the eye candy, Lan Zhan withdrew tactfully so that he could continue to busy himself with flushed cheeks and a bowed head with the tasks at hand; he used a mop that Wei Ying had somehow cleverly brought back by hiding it inside his robes from the classroom janitor’s office, and wiped away any stains or spilled puddles; he also made multiple trips into the large cupboard that was as high as the ceiling, on the pretense of putting away some larger items - but in fact, he’d placed his favourite floor mat inside, so that each time he went into the cupboard and closed the door - fortunately there were no Eyes or Sensing spells inside -, he was able to access the underground kingdom that he’d dearly missed.

Those lovely two-minute romps into the deep inferno were more than enough to quench the fires boiling from within the loins, which left the older man extremely satisfied to the point of pleasant deflation of certain body parts, with twenty four thousand rounds of tasty sex and a bit more - the children and descendents he'd fathered the season before were coming of age in the time-warped space beneath the floor mat, and that made Lan Zhan very grateful that he had fallen in love with Wei Ying, and his many other Wei Yings, in the first place.

After both men showered, Lan Zhan was again shown another of Wei Ying's brilliant side - by putting away the basin to dry against the window, the table was flipped back (with Lan Zhan's bicep-licious strength) to become a kitchenette of sorts. The younger man marvelled for a bit at a few metal strips and plates taken from the same source of construction material for repairing the big hole in the main administration office that morning, and a roll of asbestos cloth purchased from the trading post - they were definitely Imperial high-quality make -, and asked Lan Zhan to first lay a few slabs of rocks upon the tabletop covered with that said heat-resistant cloth. Using weak telekinesis, the older man did as he was told, and floated a few flat stones and arranged them on the furniture. Next, using Level 1 Metal spells according to Wei Ying's detailed instructions, Lan Zhan fashioned heating coils (because Fires were not allowed, for safety reasons) and supporting grids to hold woks, pots and pans, which were also shaped out of the metal plates. The older man contributed his stash as well, to maximize the use of those wide sleeves of the uniform - little containers of salt, sugar, sauces, dried spices and other versatile condiments that were stocked up in excess in the kitchens' pantry, along with small amounts of dried foods, even eggs and noodles, that his fellow chefs egged him to take some back to his living quarters. Adding a small stack of tableware, and their basic kitchenette looked surprisingly functional, and Wei Ying begged his darling man to make supper for two, because he missed Lan Zhan's preferential treatment and his trademark cooking style when it came to mealtimes.

Lan Zhan's endeavour to make a simple supper turned out to be a very, very lovely time for the couple. Being naked - Wei Ying had long ago declared that the sick pervert voyeurs peering at them through the Eye and Sense spells could go to gay hell -, the younger man took every opportunity to re-engage with his darling husband now that they had much less time spent together living in the prison camp. He peppered sweet kisses on every inch of Lan Zhan's skin, tweaked his nipples from behind, grind his hard-on lasciviously against the older man's hips and butt-crack, slid his feet against the other's - and when the chef in the house tried his best to hold back from burning *water* meant to heat up leftovers, Wei Ying coo'ed Lan Zhan's name again and again, crouched between the latter's legs with his back firm against the kitchenette table, and gave his darling husband the best blowjob ever, surpassing even twenty four thousand inferior copies of that younger man that inhabited beneath the enchanted floor mat.

The Gusu Lan champion moaned uncontrollably and trembled with fingers squashing dumplings into a fistfuls of sticky gooey mess, when Wei Ying worshipped each of the godly man's testicles lovingly, attacked those vulnerable, exposed husbandly genitals with such fervour, with plenty of tender licks alternating with vicious suckles, accompanied by a deadly hand-and-lips combo of nibbling then violently sucking and tugging the swollen penile flesh, then he hummed and hummed until Lan Zhan's scrotal sac vibrated, then throbbed powerfully with waves of orgasmic testicular orgasms; those jiggling fatty glutes shook and pumped in earnest, and Wei Ying gladly swallowed down the twitching, wildly spasming angry-red turgid rod poking out from its nest of sweaty, saliva-slicked curls; Lan Zhan groaned with great pleasure sizzling through his nerves, sparking great virile joys of cresting sensations building up, boiling, erupting, rhythmically squeezing every sweeping torrent of fluid, seed, roaring pleasure, fiery missiles, curling toes, seizing muscles from the lower back to the thighs, powerful jerks to the front and back, coaxed to ejaculate again and again and spill his scorching-hot, thick, milky climax straight into Wei Ying's waiting lips. Had it not been Wei Ying's bottomless appetite for Lan Zhan's

semen, some would've landed in the steaming pot and enriched the flavours of their supper.

Once is never enough, so as Lan Zhan struggled to prepare a meal for two, Wei Ying continued to sexually assault his darling husband; whether to keep giving wonderful blowjobs and handjobs wherever the man tried to move around their tiny room - Wei Ying followed closely from behind, even when Lan Zhan took the tableware and arranged the chopsticks and spoons, and nearly dropped some because Wei Ying refused to stop reaching from behind to cup his tired but very happy balls and playfully stroke his flaccid, cum-leaking penis to full attention - then, Lan Zhan turned around to reprimand the man to stop horsing around, but found that his penis slid perfectly right into Wei Ying's waiting rosebud when the latter also spun around and bent down to shove his ass straight into the older man's crotch - the two engaged in tasty sexual intercourses against tables and chairs and flat against cupboards where necessary, because Lan Zhan truly wanted to punish the sex-demon for his naughty games, in which Wei Ying simply cackled then squeezed his buttocks to sexually ensnare his favourite throbbing, thrusting penis deep inside his rectum, and the said sex-demon started whispering very dirty pornographic stories about a husband who raped ninety nine virginal maidens named Wei Ying, blasting his virile seed to sow wildly unto uteral gardens filled with gurgling, coo'ing baby Wei Yings, to plant hundreds of twins and triplets into healthy, waiting fertile wombs - the terribly cliched sordid tales riled up the older man well enough, and Lan Zhan proceeded to slam his hips hard and fast between Wei Ying's ass to give the man a taste of his own medicine - a breedworthy fuck that would leave him bow-legged for a while - and Wei Ying was even more overjoyed at tricking his darling husband to explosively orgasm many, many lovely times inside him, until Lan Zhan ran on empty and pleaded for surrender on the floor, dribbling increasingly dilute, seedless fluids uselessly from the point where their bodies entwined too many times, the younger maiden-boy erotically swayed his hips while riding the older man to more forced climaxes than ever humanly possible, until he, too, squirted seed and pee all over Lan Zhan's rounded, sexually flushed, contracting tummy, and then delirious, spasming Lan Zhan made

an off-the-cuff remark that he still had to cook supper for the two of them, while experiencing yet another skyrocketing orgasm of feeble thirty-spurts deep, deep inside his lovely Wei Ying.

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The studio apartment-styled room was cramped, but it was cozy and quite comfortable - a bunk bed, a shower stall that doubled as a kitchenette with a flip of table, a quiet corner for reading and studying, cabinets, wardrobes and cupboards filled with their paltry worldly possessions, and a transport cart waiting outside if the need arises to move around. Wei Ying said - while munching on moist, re-heated *baozi* and mouthfuls of quick-cook hand-torn flat noodle soup with dried anchovy broth and whole hard-boiled eggs, and dining under laundry lines fashioned out of ropes from their travels that were filled with hung, drying washcloths, robes, trousers, boxers and loincloths - that life in the prison camp wasn't too bad, as long as they know how to bend the rules to their advantage.

Terrifically satiated Lan Zhan carefully stepped over a few bags, sacks and neat bundles of stuff, almost as though he drifted through the piles of objects like a phantom - because he'd been drained too many times in the past hour and his loins felt float-y like zero gravity -, and laid down the cursed purple cushion on the ground - they had to eat on the floor because all tables were, sadly, filled with more stuff and needed to be wiped after the mind-blowing sex - and sat down to have his supper too. "I thought you weren't too keen in this... you know, settling down to living here," the older man finally responded, and slurped down the noodles; at this rate, he wasn't going to lose any weight from his obesity, but for the sake of Wei Ying and the want of pampering his beloved spouse, even at the expense of his health or his burgeoning waistline, he pressed on with eating multiple meals per day as long as Wei Ying found it agreeable to stay by the side of the softest, warmest human pillow ever. Lan Zhan hardly flinched when he

felt a hairy foot reach across and its sole rubbed vigorously against his half-hard though weakly twitching flesh. Soon, the glans was caught between Wei Ying's large and second toes, and he was given a very, very nice footjob, which unfortunately didn't elicit the kind of response the couple would've liked, because Lan Zhan had already exhausted his daily quota of sexual excitement that day.

Wei Ying shrugged at the lamentable situation, but he wasn't disappointed. He stared at a half-eaten dumpling in his hand with a hardened gaze in a sombre mood. He had some serious thinking to do in the nude with a sleeping shirt draped over his shoulders, decisions to make, and a direction to take, plus another day of living quite an interesting life as a civilian, earning good Imperial money, carrying out productive activities that he quite liked, here in a prison camp located in the heart of Jinshan.

Shortly before midnight, the couple snuggled closely to each other, sandwiched into the lower bunk of the bed, lulled by each other's heartbeats and the warmth of bed-warmed skin. Wei Ying wanted to play a game of 'nursing the baby to sleep' in his role as the *lao po* and mother in their relationship, so Lan Zhan indulged in his lover's wishes; he was cuddled and coddled, had his hair stroked splendidly and his back patted, pampered with maternal love; Wei Ying offered his sparse bosom, and Lan Zhan gladly suckled on each nipple hungrily, attacking each nub as though in revenge of the earlier soul-draining attacks on his penis that left him more than high and dry.

"Ah, you're such a greedy baby, you like to steal milk from your pregnant wife and become a spoiled brat of your own," the younger man chuckled and lovingly continued to run fingers through the older man's hair; sometimes he'd let those fingers roam to his chest and let Lan Zhan lick and suck on each long digit, from base to tip, up and down like making sweet love to a trembling sexual organ, and of course, the hairy thumbs

received the most passionate service. Lan Zhan wasn't too insulted by what Wei Ying said, because he loved to be bullied by Wei Ying's nonsensical name-calling, and he made sure his *lao po* sported pretty puffy male areolae by the time he was thoroughly done with Wei Ying's breasts.

Having satisfied his own twisted sexual hunger, Lan Zhan nnngh'd finally called it a day - both were exhausted, but satisfied, after a whole day of working, eating, making love and so on. The two easily eased into the narrow bed and snored away, with the younger one's face squished against the husband's musk-heavy armpit hair, his arms and legs around the latter like a bloated human sausage squeezed by limbs, resulting in the older lover being trapped against the wall, dreaming uncomfortable dreams of being held in a death grip by a giant, thin, body spider against a hard rock, that was incredibly intimate, warm and frankly, creepily desirable. Later, Wei Ying performed some sleep-induced acrobatics and ended up with his back spooning against Lan Zhan's abdomen, with the older man's penis hard, excited once again from some naughty Gusu Lan dreams, that slid easily into the stretched, cum-slicked rosebud, and Wei Ying continued to move his hips languidly in his sleep, then massage the intruding flesh inside him by exercising his pelvic floor muscles, until Lan Zhan nnnh'd repeatedly, almost too excitedly from instinct, and moaned Wei Ying's name in his own disturbed slumber, body quivering periodically in mini-orgasms, penile muscles pumping tasty Lan seeds weakly deep into Wei Ying's warm, welcoming love cavern, all night and into the wee hours of the morning, still cuddling in each other's arms.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 180

Lan Zhan had a wonderful dream. It was inane and disrespectful to Gusu Lan intelligence at all levels, absurdly hilarious, yet extremely disturbing at the same time.

He dreamt he had been kidnapped by many Wei Yings in all forms, shapes and sizes. He was meditating and playing his longtime friend, the guqin, inside the Jingshi of his childhood days, peacefully minding his own business of pursuing the purity of thought and mind - when suddenly, little Wei Yings no bigger than finger-sized papermen poured through the open windows, the cracks on the floor, and horrors of all horrors, out of his teacup too. Like creepy ants swarming his body, Lan Zhan tried to shoo and sweep them away, but to no avail, because every Wei Ying, with their cute little lovely faces and squeaky voices, were far more intelligent than a full grown man destined to be captured and devoured by the Wei Ying-ness that had consumed his life since they had found themselves in each other's arms.

The tiny Wei Yings chirped like noisy, annoying insects and went to work, despite the man's valiant struggles to roll all over the floor of the sacred Jingshi building, flail his limbs, and scream for help, to rid himself of those dastardly things worse than biting red fire-ants. Using Binding Spells, Lan Zhan was soon bundled up with tight and silky-soft threads like a caterpillar's cocoon, and he was carried out of his home like a fatty pig spit roast to its doom.

“Do you really want to work your ass off for the rest of your life, whether for yourself or for your loved one's sake? Or do you want to have naughty fun instead, and live with untamed, unrestrained joy with those that you cherish?”

Lan Zhan blinked, and found himself inside an empty, dark room, except with a white spotlight on two items in front of him. It was unnervingly quiet, disorientingly featureless, and absolutely nerve-wracking to be standing before a straw broom, and what looked like a toy chest adorned with lotus designs. Out of bad habit and without thinking, Lan Zhan grabbed the straw broom, then the entire scenery swirled into a kaleidoscope of increasingly bright, though muted pale colours, leaving him giddy for a few seconds - and he was back in the Jingshi, sweeping the floor in the front chamber facing the main doors as always - but without his pants on.

Alarmed, he suddenly felt the urge to quickly sweep the last bits of dust away before running to his bedroom to put on a pair of decent pants, but there were always more piles of dust, some litter, and some thrown crumpled balls of paper around. He furiously moved the straw broom like a non-stop swinging pendulum, the instincts to clean up the house overwhelming any rational thought to get himself dressed - even as people began to shuffle into the house, staring curiously at the man, shrivelling to a teenage boy, younger and younger until Lan Zhan was merely eleven or twelve of age; those men were his neighbours, his school teachers, *shushu*s from related families, vendors who sold groceries and provisions to him at the markets - all familiar faces, and they gawked at him, a young precocious adolescent who kept sweeping the floor without his pants on, and who was becoming more and more embarrassed by the minute at becoming a spectacle in the middle of murmurs, whispers, and gossips between uncles that he knew so well.

“Look at him, a poor dear child orphaned before his tenth birthday, and he’s already misbehaving by prancing around in near nudity! Whip his body with a cane, aim for his sensitive nipples, so that he’ll learn not to do it again!”

“Such a bad boy! How could he be given the Lan surname? He doesn’t deserve it, he must be punished! Spank his buttocks, so that he’ll repent!”

“Bad, bad, boy. Stop trying to pretend that you can sweep the floor! It’s getting dirtier the more you sweep! Lift up the broom, and let this uncle come closer to inspect what you’ve been hiding inside your pants all this time!”

Lan Zhan didn’t know why, but suddenly he felt very small, very young, and afraid to face the world; greasy uncles surround him and started to touch him very inappropriately; tongues snaked into his ears and nibbled his plump earlobes; more drool-y wet moist lips slathered his neck and collarbone, sending shivers up and down his spine when fingers moved in from behind to tickle his ribcage, grab his child-tits, and massage his nipples very sensuously, very generously; more tongues attacked his baby navel, poking and prodding deeply to swirl inside the tight shallow crevice, eliciting illegal moans and forbidden giggles; more uncles rub their faces on his groin area, moustaches and curly beards grazing across his pubic area to worship the hidden treasure within, seeking the tiny body to grow faster and blossom into an adult sooner than possible; unsurprisingly, two uncles panted hard and very, very excitedly, touched and licked his testicles, mauling his delicate boy-scrotum like tearing a plump fruit apart, each dirty rapist uncle passionately attacking each fragile boy-egg with powerful suction alternating with tongue-swiping circles, and they had all the time needed, from morning to night, to savour the juices, from milky virginal semen to clear seedless fluids, spurting and fountaining liquids that only pre-pubescent boys like him make from immature sexual organs.

The tiny body was not prepared for multiple testicular orgasms, and as anticipated, one bold, evil-looking wrinkled old uncle finally made a

decisive strike to attack the child's defenceless, exposed pinkie-length penis with such fervour; he bent over like a hunched monster and dipped his head between the child's shaking legs repeatedly with such lustful vigour; the child hiccuped and sobbed from the sexual assault as his back arched in orgasmic waves that his body hadn't learnt yet until that day, unfamiliar and uncomfortable rhythmic spasms scorched his loins and caused very, very nice itchy and hot feelings, yet alarming for someone too young to know that pleasure was forced upon his underdeveloped genitals. Still, Lan Zhan did not give up - he had chosen to work instead of play, and tried his best to sweep the floor of the Jingshi. Demonic uncles continued to move around him like leeches clinging onto his trembling body, grimy, unwashed hands reaching down to fiddle and play with the irritated, swollen, but very, very excited boy-genitals that hadn't known the meaning of multiple orgasms until that day, molesting and rudely awakening his erogenous zones - french kisses, neck hickeys, swollen nipples, tentacle-like tongues and finger appendages burrowing between his butt cheeks, wrinkly scabbed skin brushing roughly on his smooth inner thighs down to shins and toes, each of his limbs and digits were properly swabbed with coiled forked tongues, make-believe adult fucking thrusting of muscular tongues upon the hypersensitive grooves between fingers and toes, and still more uncles with unusually long snake-like tongues licked his nostrils and ears, trying to penetrate and plunder his bodily orifices, seeking to break in with such vileness and foul monstrosities, wanting no more than to defile the pre-teen's virginal innocence that was soon torn away from repeated sexual abuse from the uncles that lived in his neighbourhood.

“Look at the boy! Is he not the second child of the great Lan master and see how he has fallen from grace! He's no more than a boy-slut in the hands of experienced dirty pervert uncles. He must be a pervert himself, watch how his body writhe as he enjoys being sucked off by warty, unwashed and smelly lips!”

“Oh, oh, blessed Guanyin, see how his nipples flared up into juicy grapes? Come, neighbours of this esteemed Lan house, come and feast upon this

boy's sparse milk-jugs, perhaps someday he will prostitute himself to us, and everyone of us shall breed him like a bitch until he carries babes inside his womb! Those milk-jugs would come in handy, I'm sure!"

"We cannot fertilize his rosebud yet because he's too young, too delicate, and he might tear like a flower petal in a dog's razor-sharp maw, and we will be punished by Master Qi Ren! So let's play with that rosebud until it blooms, insert our tongues and fingers, and find that hidden prized treasure inside every male... yes, yes, can you feel it? A little bump in the rectal wall, and we shall play with it like tossing loquats and dribbling them on the ground, until that sweet, sweet juicy gland shall swell up nicely and squirt its nectar to slake our thirsts!"

In the dream turned nightmare, Lan Zhan braved the unwanted touches and rapes to his innocent child-body, and continued to chase after piles of dust that kept appearing left, right, centre, with his heavy broom. He would lunge with a sweep, then gripped the handle of the broom tightly like a walking cane, bracing with his dear life at another climax bursting from his very, very excited and disgusted boy-cock; his deflowered body quaked, his back arched and his face etched with the half-snarl, half-yawn and half-sneeze look, followed by erratic breathing and the tell tale spread of red sexual flushes sweeping across the chest to the neck, then rhythmic grunts that eleven-year olds should not make - signs that told the victorious demonic uncles that they had succeeded in forcing the boy to ejaculate spiritedly, again, into someone's waiting cummy jaws.

Then, he proceeded to start over to sweep away the shameful stain left on the floor, along with more dust that kept falling to the ground. Someone's knobbled bristly fingers reached down from behind his waist and made a tight O-ring of thumb and forefinger over his ensnared penis, and moved it back and forth so quickly until it was a blur. Lan Zhan grunted like an adult in the throes of breeding into a finger-made cocksleeve, very un-boyish-like

of him, and continue to unsteadily move the broom while his hips danced to the sweet, sweet tightness fisting his wee-wee; he'd stagger to the right, and the hands drifted in the same direction, relentless in their cruel strokes until sparks flew in his eyesight and he jerked into the thin air for want to orgasming desperately although his penis was rubbed raw; then he shuffled to the left in a bid to escape that uncle's terribly experienced hand, but ended up shoving his crotch straight into another dirty uncles mouth, and his balls were lovingly worshipped, boiling unejaculated virginal sperm inside each sac simmered and spurted excitedly, raring to be born from their cradle of boy-eggs; then, cornered like a mouse, Lan Zhan tried to run away but his hands were gripped, molested, and his hips were forcibly spread while standing bow-legged, and the fingers that were giving such a marvellous handjob pulled back his tight child-foreskin to expose the pinkish candied fruity glans that all those loathsome corrupted evil Gusu Lan uncles loved to have a bite at; his straw broom dropped with an empty thud, those dirty smelly men crowded around his vulnerable genitals and took turns to lovingly attack the boy's penis, one by one, ten, twenty, fifty strokes and suckles like milking a teat, waves after waves of very, very nice penile contractions moved from base to tip of his wee-wee and back and forth repeatedly, until those glistening penile glans turned red with bruise from such rough love-making, the pee-slit gasping, suffocating, oozing crystal clear boy-prostatic fluids with short, spasmodic jizzes of virginal urine because the very, very nice orgasms kept cresting over and over his tortured jerking penis, each time searing-hot lust forcing the boy to spill everything he had from within his pelvic area, squeezing until the last drops, vacuuming dry the shrunken testicles and deflating prostate, feeding the demonic rapists until nothing but cold, cold, pee-pungent air was left.

Lan Zhan couldn't hold back from thrusting vigorously into an uncle's puckered lips, while his twin testicles were pleased non-stop by vacuum-strength suctions and vibrations; the child was not prepared to have adults perform full-blown perfect 10-10 oral sex upon his genitals, and he gasped and moaned wantonly, very inappropriately for someone who had just started having wet dreams, and those wet dreams would never be enough now that he'd tasted the pleasures wrought upon dirty rapist uncles living

next door. Tongues massaged his prostate through the soft, pulsating fleshy perineum, and more slimy long jointed claw-like appendages violated his anus to attack the helpless walnut-sized organ from within, and soon, Lan Zhan aaah'd many, many times with such lewdness, such vulgar sounds, and with such erotic wiggle of deeply pleased hips, when another stream of boy-nectar started to ooze, then spurt uncontrollably, very, very excitedly and with the strength of vibrant, energetic youths reaching their sexual pinnacles, sucked out so terribly, terribly hard by at least three uncles at any time, vying for five gulps each, every neighbour, teacher, vegetable seller and even the one who delivers periodicals every morning wanting a taste of the sweet child's ecstasy, all sweaty, groaning, very excited as well in their quest to corrupt the tender-aged boy trapped within their clutches, taking their turns to drink and savour what was unwantedly, unintentionally gushed out from a wilting, pulsing angry-red wildly-twitching flower of innocence, jutting out from smooth, hairless pubes, fondled endlessly until it unwillingly grew in size and length again and again, seized like a stiff candied tanghulu stick, quivered like a dying silkworm, and sputtered like an incontinent miniature garden hose, thirty times for each malicious, black-hearted sex offenders who decided to finally lock the main doors with a resounding *click!* , and stay with the boy inside the Jingshi for many, many sweet unending, sex-fuelled days to come. Uncles from all walks of life - the old one who manned a vegetable store, the younger bearded one who helped to do gardening work in the neighbourhood - made the Jingshi their favourite pitstop for a tasty child-rape, where they would stop by from time to time, throughout the day, and knock the door using secret taps, then enter with a twisted smile on their hungry lips; hours later, those individuals sauntered out from tightly guarded doors, licking off sweet sticky fluids that stained their faces, and sometimes their fingers as well, and went about their daily lives.

At that point in the nightmare, Lan Zhan cried, in his cracking boy-voice, that he regretted his decision to choose work over play. He wanted to play, he shouted at the top of his pre-puberty shrill voice, oh he wanted to play.

Twenty and more merry uncles smiled at that confession - some with yellow-stained teeth, some smelling like alcohol, some with ulcers and rotten teeth all over, but all of them suddenly looked very, very wicked and full of immoral intention.

“Oh yes, let these uncles Play with you. Come, sweet child, lie on the bed. There’s no need to work hard and sweep the floors of your home. These uncles will play with your penis all day, it makes you feel very, very good, doesn’t it?”

“I will play with your buttocks, my tasty boy! Come, spread that ass and let this uncle kiss your rosebud and make sweet love to those clenching walls with his wriggling worm-like tongue! Open up, don’t be shy, you’re the one who goaded us and begged us to play, so stick to your promises like a good Gusu Lan boy, and let this uncle rape your virgin ass!”

“Do you see my forked tongue? These two tips love to play with your sweet honey eggs. Come, pull back your foreskin and don’t be shy. Let this uncle insert his tongue and wiggle them in like a snake burrowing into a rabbit’s hole, where all the baby bunnies will be snatched, eaten and swallowed! Mmmm... do you see how your penis is twitching so powerfully while uncle inserts his forked tongue into it? Oh, do you want to pee? Pee, boy, try and pee... and you can’t, because my tongue’s blocked it like a boulder to a tunnel! Ha ha! Squeeze s’more, boy! Squeeze it out if you can! Squirm all you want, because no one's going to save your sweet, sweet juicy eggs from being eaten alive!”

“Oooh, look at how his testicles are jerking like crazy, swinging like juicy grapes off their branches during a windy day! Do you like it, boy? That uncle’s forked tongue has finally reached your eggs, and he’s going to rape

your testicles from sunrise to sundown, here inside your bedroom filled with bunny bedsheets and bunny pillows. Do you see how multiple tendrils are violently swishing and flicking beneath your scrotum? Yes, that uncle's tongue has pierced into your balls and he's drinking the sweet lumpy oatmeal out of it. Imagine, all that immature, underdeveloped sperm cells, robbed off their cradles before they have the chance to see the light of day! Come, let me help to speed up the process, by massaging your swollen, bruised testicles... mmm... look at your face, are you feeling pleasure or pain? Each time I pressed on those little, shrivelling eggs, more of your unborn semen squirted out, like a fruit being mashed until only dry pulp is left! You don't like it? Then this uncle shall pleasure your sweet quivering boy balls with his oily tongue and stained lips... mmm... lift it up, and let me have a taste of a dying testicle...!"

(At that point, in the Imperial dormitory at two o' clock in the morning, Lan Zhan Hnng'h'd very audibly, and sent another jet of clear seedless fluids straight into Wei Ying's rectum on their shared bunk bed; the latter refused to let the older man go from his ass - because Wei Ying had trained his anal sphincter so well that it functioned like a vice-like grip around the phallic organ -, so Lan Zhan was forced to experience several loops and iterations of the same pornographic, sleazy and obscene nightmare again and again.)

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Wei Ying... didn't have a particularly enjoyable dream.

The longer they stayed in the so-called Camp Pseudo-Paradise Jinshan, the more they would come to enjoy the lifestyle, comforts and conveniences of typical low-to-middle class citizens of the Imperial lands - which wasn't too bad, as long as they uphold their core values and didn't cause harm to others, according to the man named Lan Wang Ji; however, his beloved spouse, Wei Wuxian, preferred to take an extremist's worldview and refuse

the entire fallacy he'd recognized to be governed by a false Emperor and its corrupted religion.

"Did you hear? Another three men were sent to the temple yesterday. More than half of our original classmates have gone missing, replaced by Imperial cultivators!" someone was heard seething in muted anger, and tipped his head to let a posh expensive imported Joseon-style hat block the mid-morning sunlight from his eyes, then promptly puckered up his lips to reach the end of a reed straw; his lips stretched and wiggled obnoxiously in broad daylight to inch forward and finally captured that beverage tool, and he took a large sip of magically-iced orange juice in a bamboo cup, just next to his face. The man lazed on a lounge chair repurposed from furniture salvaged from the former fierce-corpse neighbour, right outside of their newly expanded home - originally the side that was previously owned by Tiger Woman, whose voluptuous striped body and very likely, virginity had been sold to some sick masochistic freak dwelling just a few blocks down the road.

Despite the misgivings and constant complaints coming from Wei Wuxian, it was evident that the young, handsome man continued to enjoy their meteoric rise in fortunes living as extraordinarily hardworking, good-hearted and fortune-blessed Imperial civilians. The dormitory units on both sides of their assigned room had been gifted to them for their undying loyalty to the Imperial army, vacated then filled with gilded and expensive, ornate jade and teakwood furniture commissioned by the top generals of Chang'an, and in essence, tripling their living space instantly after mere days of settling down the so-called corrupted hellhole.

At the senior guards' behest, Lan Wang Ji was employed as a head chef because his internationally-renowned cooking was well-received, and even the recipe books he'd written became best-sellers throughout the Imperial-owned Middle Kingdom. He was also hired as part-time farm manager -

and presented a large piece of land too! - to make sure that there was enough food growing from the fields surrounding the campgrounds that fed into the kitchens and ultimately, to satisfy the numerous hungry mouths in the military centre with picture perfect success every single day. In reality, though, Lan Zhan didn't need to do much work since he had skillfully delegated his work to the many other civilians workers who weren't as diligent and smart as he was, and gave them enough training - thus, ensuring that he had an iron grip on the entire management from farm to fork, an army of faithful underlings to do his bidding, papers to review and sign in the mornings and fat paychecks slipped into his pockets after dinner service, with plenty of spare time in-between throughout the day as an Imperial laoban of sorts.

Wei Wuxian, on the other hand, maximized his A.S.S. skills and became an unofficial top advisor to the military centre's administration office although he wasn't in active military service; he doesn't need to lift a sword to cause hundreds of soldiers to cower in fear, because he held their salaries as ransom any time of the day - which truly showed how lax the entire camp was run. He learned the many loopholes and sweet spots that he cleverly took advantage of, and made many friends amongst Imperial soldiers, Tao priests and their higher-ups; his cheerful, unassuming and charming demeanour, coupled with his sweet, boyish, innocent and harmless outlook made it easier for everyone to relate to, entrust their secrets and favours, in that Wei Wuxian was able to pull a few strings then make Fairy Messenger calls in the morning to get things done through his network of contacts - be it honest work or sleazy ones - such as assigning workers to clean-up classrooms or gyms, sweep the central courtyards or fix broken roofs - or on the flipside, dictate which cultivators were sent to the temple's chopping board or selectively demote lieutenants to slaves on whim, just by planting devious suggestions to the top generals' minds while making his rounds to talk to the top dogs of the camp -, then receive sacks of coins by sundown for a commendable job done of keeping everyone on a tight leash in servitude to the Emperor of Chang'an. He would have tons of free time during the day to loiter, hunt jungle fowls with his escorts, indulge in pastimes of digging lotus ponds in every corner to introduce Yunmeng-

esque cultural oddities to the camp, shop until his pants dropped at the trading post because every powerful magical item was reserved to his name, and even drag his hubby into the bushes for quickies because he knew by heart all the blind spots for the guards at the watchtowers and the limited range of the Eye and Sense spells throughout the fenced area. Still, the man was not completely happy with the outcome, because he suspected he was living a lie, untruthful to his heart's real desires, that is, a man free to nurture and thrive in his own terms, charting his own path, forever seeking in wanderlust with his soulmate, savouring everything the universe has to offer, and not just by the Emperor's rule of thumb.

Everyone would come to fall in love with Wei Wuxian's exuberant greatness, and celebrate the days when he was in his jovial, good moods, which was every day, anyway. Fed well, and thriving as a civilian-cum-former grandmaster of the Dark Arts, Wei Wuxian became the most sought-after man in the Middle Kingdom, being tall, lean and muscular, smokily dark and very handsome, while his hubby turned short and pimple-faced like a toad, grew ugly moustaches and beards as much as his waistline exploded from the life of luxury, then went completely bald before the year passed. Life would still be perfect, and the mismatched couple decided to remain as permanent residents of unlimited privileges within Camp Jinshan, despite the younger man's continuous complaints and dissatisfactions of living in a paradise he didn't quite agree to in the first place--

“Wei Ying.” *You're daydreaming.*

Wei Ying blinked his eyes blearily. How dare the husband disturb his ritual at dawn - that sweet, foggy window of time between sleep and wakefulness, that five more minutes after rising from a night's slumber, that precious moment when one's lucid dreaming was as real as possible because one was actually awake and wanted to lie in sleep-warmed blankets and roll around

pillows, indulging in ridiculous, non-productive thoughts before morn finally knocked on the door.

“Wei Ying. ” Your non-magical Dream powers have built up to immense levels that I’m having difficulty to contain even with our shared energy connections.

That’s all Lan Zhan had to murmur audibly, whether once, or in multiples, to break the cycle of idiocy that Wei Ying loved to drown himself in, like playful bees swimming in honey. The younger man groaned and wiped away that comforting fog off his sleepiness. He stretched like a cat, slapped Lan Zhan’s double chin when his hand landed on the man’s body like a floppy fish tail, then nnnnnnnngh’d languidly - and proceeded to burrow deeper into the man’s tummy fat and squeeze him with all four limbs as though he was hugging the biggest, bestest human pillow ever. It didn’t matter if his nostrils were tickled by Lan Zhan’s sparse chest hair or if he left drool all over the man’s abundantly bulging bosom; the strong, steady heartbeat he sought was there, and that was what mattered - Lan Zhan, his husband, his soulmate, being present.

“... do you really wish for what you daydreamed?” came the hesitant question. Harmless, intentionally vague, but loaded, especially in the eyes of the various detection spells honed to their verbal conversations.

Silence.

Finally, Wei Ying spoke, and his sleepy voice cracked due to the lack of use during the whole night, “Nah. Too boring. Cliched ending. Been there, done

that. But having less troubles with the authorities, more living space, and maybe a piece of farmland, would be nice. Don't you think so, darling?" followed by lethargic, but awfully saccharine-sweet kisses peppered on Lan Zhan's sensitive, bouncy chest. Wei Ying started to rub very nice circles all over the man's rounded abdomen, which seemed like a typical lover's adoring gesture, though it was actually masquerading an unsaid permission

Lan Zhan placed a hand over his eyes and sighed contentedly; the said built-up of immense Wei Ying powered energy caused his belly to rumble, and he had to let out a squeak of a fart into the blankets - clean, odourless, Gusu Lan standard; the filled water pots on the stove started to bubble instantly when the heating coils on the kitchenette countertop became searing-hot. The ability of energy transference without the use of *qi* medium was unbelievable, even a taboo in the realm of magic, but Wei Ying had done it with Lan Zhan's help.

Lan Zhan's other hand reached around Wei Ying and pulled the latter into a tighter embrace, and a heartwarming cuddle of two men squeezed into a single bunk.

"Mn."

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By the time Wei Ying finally rolled out of the bunk bed at six, the first rooster crows were heard from the greying landscape outside the window. Lan Zhan had already earmarked a small plot of land behind their dormitory with bamboo sticks, cleared the weeds then planted the seeds, bulbs and

tubers he'd collected the day before, and watered the freshly ploughed soil. Laundry was done and hung up to dry, the grounds inside and outside their dwelling had been swept, and most of their unpacked belongings had been properly stowed away either into the horse cart, Bags of Holding or beneath the floor mat. He was careful with the Bags of Holding, because he knew the detection aura was keen on sensing spikes in magic use, so he climbed into the largest cupboard, closed the doors on him, and did whatever that was needed, away from any magical Imperial sensory organs.

The night before, Lan Zhan was informed that Wei Ying had checked out the mechanics behind the Eyes and Senses spells scattered throughout the military centre, when he befriended a few higher-ups at the main administration office. There was hardly anyone manning the spells, and security was actually quite lax; the spells had been programmed like automatons to check, respond and report about prohibited spellcasting, surges in *qi*, violent behaviour and suspicious conversations - because these were the hallmarks of lowly-educated and uncultured cultivators and fighters -, and did not have the intelligence to understand the finer details and nuances of actual human action, interaction and thinking. In addition, since the couple was designated as civilians, hence curfews and some restrictions do not apply to them, so Lan Zhan was able to climb through the window when no guards were watching, and complete his tasks.

Wei Ying bent over and nearly wailed in discomfort while sitting on the oversized spittoon - because he was suffering from an early bout of diarrhea after too much semen was deposited and stored overnight inside his rump, and its laxative effect finally reared its ugliest head -, when Lan Zhan prepared a plate of pre-breakfast snacks and filled bamboo containers with hot Yunnan tea at the kitchenette. There were defrosted 31st-century mini-dumplings, a selection of pastries from other worlds, leftover muesli made from Gusu grains they'd brought with them in the horse cart and steaming mugs of soy milk imported from Far, Far Away - foodstuff Lan Zhan managed to sneak out from their stash without raising any suspicions from

the detection magic, because they looked absolutely normal -, to start the day with a zest of energy.

“Wei Ying, are you feeling better? Drink the warm milk, it’ll soothe your tummy,” the older man tenderly advised and pointed to the mug left on the floor next to his bemoaning lover, while flipping the kitchenette table to transform it to a shower stall. There were plenty of wet, squelchy and unsavoury gurgling sounds coming out from the direction of the nnngh-ing younger man, but that passed soon, and by six-thirty in the morning, Lan Zhan was out and about fertilizing his freshly tilled vegetable patch with a clothes peg fastened to his nose, with a very relieved Wei Ying happily karaoke-ing with his trademark dismal performance whilst showering, his tummy filled with a better kind of stove-warmed milk than the night before.

Just then, Lan Zhan heard a couple of neighs, and was pleasantly surprised to see two donkeys, one large and the other smaller, slowly trot by. Calico the Cat stood atop Lil’ Apple, scouting the horizon, and the donkey’s hindquarters were fervently sniffed by Big Apple that marched not far behind. It was a nonsensical scene, but Lan Zhan felt a little relieved; Dream-kin animals were free to walk in and out of the enclosed space since they did not radiate *qi* or regular, run-of-the-mill magical energy. He nodded in acknowledgement of the animals’ presence, and all three reciprocated with respectful bows as much as their bestial statures permitted. They left as quickly as they appeared, and onward to their own respective adventures and travels that Men will not have the opportunity to read and experience, because those kind of narratives belonged to a different path, a different species. With nothing else to do, Lan Zhan hoped Wei Ying would finish his shower soon, so that they could walk together to the dining halls to have their breakfasts before seven.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

EDIT: Added more icky details!

Chapter 181

“ *Lao gong , lao gong ...*” he cooed out from behind the shower curtains, with melodious waves in his pitch to coyly ask for a favour.

“Mn.”

The drizzle of water powered-up by a notch, yet its temperature was just right. Warm, not too hot. Wei Ying moaned and gripped the showerhead a bit too hard - for a moment, he was afraid he'd break the precious *baobei* he'd bought just the night before, for a mere three Imperial coins. Nnnh, he cried out wantonly again and again, as he reached down a bit lower, tilted it a bit to an angle, and aimed at that sweet spot, then swayed it back and forth, back and forth. His testicles shudder with joy at the sensations of pitter-patter drumming on the thin, delicate scrotum, exacting ticklish pulses of sexual pleasures coursing round and round those plump, juicy man-eggs that were generously covered with dense, black curls. The balls convulsed delightfully, then with impressive, innate strength, drew themselves up, up to the base of the wonderfully hard, throbbing cock, where they tucked themselves tightly in the throes of shower-induced, masturbatory, testicular orgasms, pulsing fifteen squeezes hard against the penile flesh with each balls-awesome climax - until they became too hot, blood rushing in to pump more excitement into the loins until they risk being overheated into hard-boiled eggs, then automatically, with a mind of its own, drew down and loosened to a saggy, wrinkly pouch that extended more than the length of Wei Ying's palm. It wasn't as sad-looking as one would think, having dangly balls filled with honeyed man-nuts; those wonderfully climaxing testicles continued to swell sweetly in lively quivers, unable to decide whether to succumb to the rain of sizzling feather-light hydro-powered pressures licking, dripping, dancing upon its excited weight, and rise up again for firing another salvo of thick, rich morning sperms; or

to yield to its nature, that is, to protect its precious baby Wei Yings from the heat and remain loose, cooled and viable, at least for the next few minutes.

Alas, indecision was always the favourite way forward. Wei Ying turned around and gleefully realized that Lan Zhan had been standing at the other end of the tiny shower stall, cheeks red, eyes gleaming with an unspoken hunger, breaths coming out rather heavily, grunting, the tip of the tongue peeked out to lick the lips in anticipation. The younger man's heart swelled at becoming the sole audience for a larger, taller and fatter man increasingly desiring nothing more than to devour what was being showcased right in front of those shockingly handsome golden-hued eyes.

Wei Ying continued to masturbate himself with the showerhead, letting the pressures alternate between light sprays and pulsing jets - Lan Zhan knew how to manipulate his low-level Water spell to make his young, sexy lover as horny as possible - play with the special spot between the balls and at the sensitive perineum, before grinding the unfortunate lotus pod-shaped head against the wildly-twitching cockhead with its foreskin pulled back as much as possible.

“Ah, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, look at my hairy balls, they're hanging so low... is this because they're too heavy? Oh, what should I do? Can you help me to lighten 'em up? Can you suck-suck these loaded eggs, and touch-touch my penis to squirt some out, so that they return to normal?”

Wei Ying jiggled his sexually excited-heavy testicles temptingly in front of the ravenous man, lifting the fat ripe twin-eggs from its nest of curls, and with his other hand, placed the showerhead back to its holder, before reaching down again to stroke himself furiously in a brazen display of desirable male masturbation, deliberately pulling down his foreskin to

reveal the bulbous glistening pink prize beneath, then letting his longest fingers play with its bulging tip and the captivating pulsing pee-slit lips until sticky pre-cum fluids formed like crystal-clear webs all over his genitals.

Lan Zhan switched off the Water spell and undressed in record time, even kicking away his socks and his belt without hesitation. His eyes burned with greed as much as his own massive, over six-incher bobbing from his crotch throbbed with pent-up desires for a bout of pre-breakfast sex in the shower; he crouched between his *lao po* 's legs, used his hands to part the bushy curly pubes, and did not wait for another 'please' to start his first meal of the day, before opening his hungry mouth.

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“Lan Zhan, you must have had a terrible nightmare last night,” Wei Ying remarked casually, and stuffed his cheeks with sweet red-bean and rice dumplings - part of standard breakfast set for everyone (also, Wei Ying's Second Breakfast after the husband prepared morning snacks in their dorm; and Lan Zhan's too - he had two servings of baby Wei Yings and three tasty breedworthy orgasms into the younger man's rosebud earlier, which made, for all accounts and purposes, a delectable, satisfying sexual meal, really), “Because you kept wanting to toss and turn, but luckily for you, I held you tightly with my ass so that neither of us fell out of bed!” and laughed rudely until several sticky rice grains littered the tabletop.

I know dreams are often an exaggeration of real-life memories, but... holy shit, I didn't know that you Gusu Lans were such a twisted, perverted lot! You already had it tough when your brother sexually assaulted you at ten, but to be gangbanged by your neighbouring uncles at eleven? Didn't those

sick old men know what they were doing to their children, even the Er Gongzi of their clan, or were they simply manipulating the Lan family rules to their advantage to silence little boys, and dare I say, girls, to whet their sexual appetites?! How many times did you suffer in their hands, or should I say, how many times they visited the Jingshi whenever your older brother wasn't around? Three? Five times a day? How many in a week? A month? A year?

The older man nnngh'ed to warn the young man not to say too much inappropriately, verbally or not, or try to provoke him with unsavoury conversations and mental gymnastics - not when there were hundreds of other soldiers, guards, trainees (detainees) and officers present in the same building, busily munching away -, and put away his emptied bowl. He politely wiped his mouth with a napkin and took a sip of tea, before replying, "It was an unpleasant, but not necessarily a bad dream. I learnt a valuable lesson that a more work-life balanced lifestyle is in order."

Wei Ying was about to retort with something very crude and related to sex (of course, what else?), but they were interrupted by a string of soft female-voiced announcements inside their heads. Several groans echoed throughout the dining hall - apparently, Imperial civilians weren't as enthusiastic about working for honest wages, especially not when there were easier, shady ways to get things done and accelerate towards a comfortable, middle-class living. They quickly finished their rations - the worst meal of the day, really, with Lan Zhan having no hand in it -, and washed off their hands before leaving the hall. They didn't try to blend in with the crowd, because although people preferred to keep to their circles - their kind, their kin, their clan, their sworn brotherhoods, *et cetera ad naseum* , and the couple wasn't in any; civilians minded their own businesses, while their classmates seemed to have forgotten them or pretended not to know them, since they were magicless and deemed unfit for combat for the greater glory of the Imperial army; guards and soldiers were the least friendly of the lot, and the moment they approached someone, it meant that there was a transaction to

be completed, a favour to be sought, a question to be asked, or an order to be followed without question.

The morning was sunny, so both men opted to take up landscaping work to start their day with plenty of sunshine and vitamin D, and the chance to work up a sweat. The pay was good, because there were hardly any other takers who feared their skin might tan from excessive ultraviolet rays - the society serving the Imperial Court was one that prized fair skin colours, large brown almond eyes, pouty demure link lips, long luscious locks of shiny black hair and typical oriental looks, after all. Thus, Wei Ying crouched on the ground to shear away carpet grass tops, and did a mediocre job out of it with plenty of uneven cuts and even barren patches - which would still pass for normal pedestrian curbsides, but would leave golf course owners fuming; while Lan Zhan, being heavy set and at risk of suffering from arthritic knees, went about to hack away at waist-height bushes and shrubs to turn them into spring-green organic art, particularly in the shapes and likeness of the twelve legendary Middle Kingdom Zodiac animals, each bearing such finely sculptured details made from leaves and flowers, that they resembled truly living animals with human facial features. Along the way, Wei Ying plucked some long grass and palm leaves out of boredom to fashion traditional origami grasshoppers, cranes and other woven toys. Lan Zhan fared better, and pocketed goodies foraged from the greenery including herbs, edibles, nuts and seeds, and in some ways, harking back to the days when he was an expert in living off the wilderness with his spouse.

Being outdoors, the couple had plenty of opportunity to engage in people-watching, while exchanging noisy one-sided banter as the younger one kept critiquing what he observed.

Lan Zhan! Look at Niu Mo Wang performing his Flying Bullseye while sending scores of trainees soaring into the skies with a single head butt!

Huh, he thinks he's such a great yaoguai for this ability, wait till he gets a taste of my Dark Ass powers! I'll kick him to the ground, fart on him, and wipe him on the floor using my ass! Darling, do you think my kickass ass can ass-sasinate twenty enemies at one go? I can't keep a straight face when watching those men practise their cultivation moves - they're really lame! How can the Imperial army recruit such amateurs?

Look at that Tiger Woman and her new human owner! Did'ya hear what happened last night? She's such a bitch, in a feline sense, to change partners like changing clothes! What a slut! They're all lovey-dovey and pawing each other in that corner, refusing to participate in the training! Wait till they're called to join the next squad to hunt stronger demons - no matter how famous they are, or how much the yaoguai resembles mythical creatures described in the legends, the moment they let their guard down, they can be easily defeated by foes as easy as a dagger to the neck!

Ah, over there! Senior Guard Zhen is leading another victim into the temple's rear gates! It's a female cultivator and a very young one too! Do you think those demonic priests breed with human females? Maybe they're conducting some strange experiments to create hybrid yaoguai-humans! Oh no, I'm supposed to meet Zhen xiansheng later, I hope he doesn't send me there too! If he does, I'll make sure to call you and you better save me, okay? I don't want to be part of the Tao's madness!

Ehhh... that greasy Senior Guard Liu is heading to the main gates with some Imperial soldiers. I wonder what he's up to, since the next hunt isn't due until the Lieutenant returns next week and carries out their weekly witch hunt. Did you know? Liu xiansheng is part of the Outer Corps, mainly responsible for bringing in bonded pairs and civilian slaves from the surrounding lands and enlisting them into this prison camp's service. He has to be cunning enough to trick people into getting themselves chained to this place! Zhen xiansheng, on the other hand, is from the Inner Corps, and

takes care of more internal, operational matters, such as the welfare of detainees and making sure the Imperial cultivators stationed here are fit and ready for war. He's a bit more serious in his work and doesn't seem to cheat as much as the other guards, but I still don't like him!

Waah! You're sweating like crazy until I could feel your sweat drops fall onto my head. Move over there and do your bush-trimming away from me! Lan Zhan, if you work out like this every morning, you'll surely lose weight faster than going on a diet! Oh...! On your right, two steps more, that's a sugarberry bush! Pick as many and keep them in your sleeves. Those make great desserts!

Speaking of the devil, Senior Guard Zhen approached the couple after locking the rear gates to the temple. "Civilians! The two of you! I need some helping hands to carry buckets of fertilizers from the dorms to the farms, before they become too smelly!" he called out rather rudely, and waved at them. Wei Ying rolled his eyes - he'd have to get used to being addressed as a lowly servant, and openly given downright dirty jobs, especially in the presence of the almighty military; the entire courtyard of sweaty men and *yaoguai* who were training hard broke into sniggers and murmurs, which Wei Ying didn't take too kindly. The larger sized spiritual beasts and their human counterparts sent arrogant, threatening and provocative looks, including that "I'm watching you" V-sign points between eyeballs, others pinched their noses even though the couple had showered before leaving their room; for some baseless reasons, Wei Ying believed that someone actually read his mind, so he cowered and lowered his head, promising himself that he'd keep gossips to himself, and maybe, just maybe, out of spite, pretend to slip and splatter human feces fertilizers in front of someone's dorm. The two men quickly left the grassy grounds to pick up more high-paying jobs.

Lan Zhan opted to stay back to do farm work, including harvesting crops and feeding some farm animals with a bunch of tightly-supervised peasants, before the morning sun rose too high and the temperature too warm for his easily overheated bulky body. He sweated profusely, but he was working out as planned, by carrying cartloads of freshly dug soil, sacks of grains, and digging up trenches and irrigation lanes. Then, he listened and jumped in when janitorial jobs were offered around the classrooms, where he could cool off indoors, and indulge in his favourite pastime of perfecting the art of keeping things spotless and sparkling clean. Armed with brooms, mops, buckets and washcloths, he joined another group of lowly servants to scrub the floors and walls, and wipe down the furniture, after a particularly rowdy class about the theories and practice of Imperial-style martial arts. Lan Zhan spied on the notes left behind on the blackboards and stacks of textbooks and scripts that the instructor forgot to take with him; he noted, with pride, that the Gusu Lan-style of fighting was superior in the deepest, spiritual sense, however, the Imperial-style of hand and leg movements were much more brutal, faster and lethal especially during surprise and opening attacks.

The weather was fine for a typical Spring day, the military centre was already bustling with groups of men marching about, patrolling, preparing for various training, drills, and stocking up their inventories. Whether from a lookout mound in the farms, or on the third floor of the classrooms, Lan Zhan kept a close eye at what went on around the camp from his vantage points, despite the hardships of being yelled at and sometimes, suffered from occasional undeserving whippings from his tough supervisors, because he seemed to stare longingly at certain off-directions, or burped out too often which did not augur well for his manners; his peers easily broke into tears and ran off from the abuse, but he endured, because he'd lived through similar experiences sixteen years ago, and lived to tell the tale, after all. He noticed how soldiers assembled and were deployed on foot or on horseback in small groups, such as Senior Guard Liu's squad; and also observed, with interest, at incoming large caravans bearing horse carriages of supplies, elite guards, lines of soldiers, and more pompous-looking

Imperial cultivators walking through the talisman-decorated and magically enchanted gates.

Wei Ying. Look around us. It is as though they are preparing for a war. This camp in Jinshan could be a launchpad for strikes against the yaoguai. They're stocking up weapons, people, cultivators. If only I can see what lies beyond the gates. Perhaps the Jinshan village is transforming, too. There seems to be a lot of construction works and clouds of dust. Out there.

Wei Ying, on the other hand, loitered around the main administration office again to say hello to new acquaintances, and to try to gather intel on what has been going on in the military centre. There were some office boy duties, such as delivering documents between departments and meeting rooms, serving tea and taking out the trash. Eventually, he was called to Senior Guard Zhen's room.

“It's only been a day or two, but our monitors have already endorsed your exemplary behaviour and work ethics, even as ordinary non-combat civilians serving this facility,” the guard said. “It's very unusual for a *yaoguai*, let alone one that chooses the path of a civilian to live peacefully amongst men, particularly one that bonds well with you,” he added with a shrug and fished out something from his sleeves.

“The leaders of this military centre adhere to the reward system established by the Imperial army, and it goes without saying that you've hit the jackpot and earned a very good one, bigtime,” he smiled - a genuine, appreciative smile - and Wei Ying relaxed for once in the presence of the senior guard; inside his head, he was twerking his little figure with joy, and gloating at what he hoped would be the promised improved, expanded living space. He imagined how the quality of his life would improve if the two dorm units on

both sides of his room were given to him; he'd take one and turn it to a workshop where he could pursue his DIY projects, and maybe build a bathtub with jacuzzi features to it, while the other unit could be gifted to Lan Zhan so that the man can have a peace of mind to practise his guqin, meditate or read some books in perfect tranquility - their bedroom would be an entire dorm unit, which meant they could choose to have crazy sex all day, on the bed, on the furniture, against the wall, walking on the floor on all fours, maybe hanging off the ceilings too.

Suddenly, Wei Ying heard a *whoosh!* and he felt as though his head was hit by an enormous ten-tonne rock. The room spun, his heart raced, and he lost the balance on his feet. Dizzy and disorientated, he crashed to his knees and tried to grasp his head to massage the sharp, throbbing pain away - and found his limbs to be anchored to where they were, immobile and stuck to his body. A glimmering, thick dark chain materialized out of thin air and wrapped around him tightly like cellophane until his lungs couldn't expand, he couldn't breathe, and its massive weight bore down on him, his legs held immobile as though they were stuck in an inescapable pool of sludge.

"What..." he uttered, before his struggles died at his lips; mystical writings lit up on his skin and even a magical circle with cursed words emerged on the floor around him; every last ounce of strength was sapped from his bones, his entire body went limp as though someone knocked him out with some kind of sleeping gas. His vocal cords stopped working, the room fell silent except for an alien, perverse-sounding mantra, of someone reading what sounded like, but wasn't, an inverted holy sutra; soon, multiple low voices joined in a discordant chorus, deafening his other senses; his vision swirled into inky blackness from the ringing voices, despite moving blurry figures rushed past him - one, no, two, perhaps three priests, at least that's what he thought from those bald heads and bearded faces; he felt himself tilting, slipping away on a sloping surface, spinning in circles, diving down, going down, down into an abyss of restlessness, a void without sensations besides that horrible chanting of many voices worse than nails on chalkboards in slow motion; the terrible headache pounding harder and

harder until the blinding whiteness of torment overwhelmed his consciousness.

“It took us a while, but the Tao Masters figured it out for us, Wei Wuxian,” Senior Guard Zhen’s last words echoed into Wei Ying’s dissipating senses, and the young man had no strength left to battle the malicious spell, thus he succumbed to the welcoming embrace of darkness and beyond.

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Elsewhere, Lan Zhan found himself on the ground, hands balled into fists, gritting his teeth as he received another lashing from a stinging bamboo whip. His supervisor was furious and kept beating him until red streaks painted his torn uniform, demanding that he continue wiping the wooden floorboards with a tiny washcloth rather than loafing around while staring emptily into the corners of the classroom. However, Lan Zhan refused and instead, in his mind, he kept searching for a reply that his heart yearned to hear, but hadn’t responded since a while ago.

Wei Ying...?

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 182

The hour of the approaching midday is the weakest for *yaoguai* -kin, when the high point of the Sun saps their strength, dwindles their defenses, and renders them vulnerable to the effects of holy, religious artifacts, such as the Magical Gourds of Demonic Liquefaction. The unholy alliance of the Imperial army and the Tao Masters have produced a steady supply of filled gourds to not one, but multiple military centres where corrupted Tao temples in their infancy reside, to the delight of the burgeoning population of possessed priests.

Nieshan is one such military centre - just a few hills away from Jinshan. It is a small, insignificant and unassuming village, a few weeks younger than its twin, located on side of the Qinghe borders of such frontier-lands. Being new and less developed due to its even more remote location, it needed more raw manpower to construct a temple at its heart as well as an expanding prison camp around it in a similar layout as Jinshan. At the campgrounds, construction progressed in full swing, with the help of hired Imperial soldiers, cultivators, labourers and servants imported from larger towns in the vicinity - dorms were being built, officers were set up and so were basic infrastructure, such as kitchens, dining halls, armouries, waterways, and farms and stables. Huts and tents littered the village, serving as temporary buildings for the men to work, sleep and eat in.

The Tao temple in Nieshan started just like its sister in Jinshan - first, barricade walls were built to purportedly protect the people around it from, say, falling construction debris, but in fact, it hid the dark, evil truth of the polytheistic religion from the wider populace. The Tao practitioners based in Nieshan were selected and dispatched from little-known paganistic local cults, compared to the ones from Jinshan, who were from one of the more powerful deviant branches of the nation's religions. Thus, the priests - more like monks who had ungroomed, grimy, unwashed hair, did not abstain

from eating meats and from worldly pleasures -, were more varied, and of lower quality, in some sense. They kidnapped the villagers with permission from the Imperial overlords, because those peasants lacked education and building skills, and therefore, were of no use to the Imperial army.

Those monks that reside in the den of dirty, messy half-constructed altars and half-sculpted, headless statues, lived in depraved paradise served on a golden platter, literally. Adult, male villagers who could carry their own weight in wood and bricks, had their lifeforce sucked out by the demons that possessed the minds and bodies of the resident monks, then turned into mummified walking zombies - those bent, scrawny bony figures that shuffle around all day, pushing mounds of construction materials around -, who became the foundation of the countless undead that served the Tao and erected the temple at their own sluggish, but bearable pace. Females were turned into living nests in perverted sexual feasts to spawn the next, more advanced generations of *yaoguai* , who would inhabit more warm bodies sacrificed and offered to them like candied fruits made of unfortunate victims of Nieshan, and soon, fresh tasty cultivators with exceptionally rich golden cores captured from the outside world under the pretense of serving the Imperial corps as bonded-pairs, the latest so-called technological advancement in warfare. Children of the villagers bore the brunt of the monks' abuse and exploitation, in which such sordid, hardcore details were cleverly hidden from public view.

Coming back to the story of the gourds: the demon-possessed monks have come to rely, with a certain level of comfort and confidence, on the Imperial army to do a region-wide sweep in the proximity at least once a week with Lieutenants at the helm, sometimes with the grace, magnificence and splendour of a thousand-strong army under the command of Grandmaster Gao, to replenish their much-relished inventory of demonic blood. Within the half-constructed temple of Nieshan, however, trouble was brewing, in the form of escaped captive *yaoguai* from their gourds (because one individual, in particular, was just that awesome).

“The gourds were invented by monks, priests and clerics of various religious denominations from faraway tribes,” Wei *da ge* said with an air of arrogance, as he unravelled the secrets of the corrupted monks and their abominable activities under the shadow of the Emperor, “But all of you, lowly *yaoguai* s that love to cheat and swindle rather than prosper our kind, have hijacked this ancient technology from one weak branch of paganistic beliefs, then outgrew the others in terms of strength and power because of your cannibalistic tendencies, and what do you get in the end when the devastating, blood-sucking carnage is complete?” He merely speculated a future that would never materialize, though not expecting an answer; he picked up another orange-coloured *hulu* gourd the size of a man’s forearm, gave it a good swirl, then uncorked the vessel and tipped it over his mouth. A round of pained whispers and cries echoed in the central chamber of the dark mist-covered mess of scaffolding, walls without ceilings, dirty furniture and carved rocks.

“Forgive us, we’ve sinned, oh Great One!” one wizened old sage, bald and bearded just as much as he was crooked and slouched from his advanced age, grovelled to the floor and begged the man in his forties, whose wild, oily hair and rugged, handsome look gave him an imagery of being a notorious leader of mountain bandits. The elder council members of the temple fell to their knees and pleaded the man not to hurt them, and more importantly, not to devour their entire stock of liquefied demon; such rare, ambrosiac sustenance exist in the form of crimson elixirs bottled up inside the gourds, after they’ve been exposed to days’ worth of sunlight - the more exposure to sunlight, the sweeter the taste. The gourds have an in-built ability to vacuum up any *yaoguai* and evil, malevolent spirits and store them, where the miniaturized beings would be slowly digested, stewed and melted into pure demonic essence, and the process is sped up by solar energy just like photosynthesis in plant life. The essence prolongs any creature’s life, and empowers it with spectacular capabilities, if only for a short while, while giving the drinker a boost of excitement, confidence and even a surge of very good feelings and raw energy coursing through the

veins - the equivalent of a lethal mix of highs from drugs and intoxication from strong alcohols for the demon-kin.

“Mmm! Such exquisite liquor! I’m not as bright, but I know when I’ve tasted a really good sip of wine... and I’ve never tasted better, *da ge* ! We should take over their operations and seize ownership for these bottled gourds for our own consumption,” Wei *er ge* licked his lips, clearly a connoisseur with distinguished tastes for refined adult beverages. He had been the first to tumble out of the gourds when they were uncorked by the monks, who had spent days baking them under good sunlight, and from time to time, impatient, undisciplined individuals opened them to have a peek at the curious, digestive processes within the vessels, take a whiff to whet their appetites, and if there were no seniors looking around, steal a gulp or two. Due to a stroke of bad luck, the gourd containing the four Wei cloned siblings was examined because it smelled strange, had astringent qualities and rather unripe, and soon, four fearsome Wei-kin appeared in a puff of strawberry-red clouds.

“I’ll formulate world-building strategies using my awesome computational powers and complex algorithms to find sustainable ways to grow and harvest this realm’s *yaoguai* , and then, get our little *didi* to build the needed infrastructure for the supply chain, including mass gourd-production, *yaoguai* -spawning, sun-drying capacities across the galaxy and planet-wide interstellar warehousing!” Wei *san ge* remarked happily with a noisy slurp of an emptied gourd and yawned; as soon as he plopped to the ground full of nails in sand, wood chips and broken mortar, he woke up from a very nice sleep inside the cocoon of a gourd and immediately sprang to action, because he was an avid and athletic gamer and had the nanoseconds-type reactions to violent sceneries. One monk who was huffing and howling like a struggling, dying beast between a crying woman’s spread-eagled legs on a rickety bed - was immediately beheaded by an energy shuriken; another older monk used the traditional method of absorbing an unfortunate male villager’s life force by shoving a clawed hand into the abdomen, gouging out the spiritual core with glee while the victim screamed in torment, tied to the

floor with ropes - that monk had his arms blown off by 21st-century rapidfire gunshots; one guarding monk who was happily distracted from his job and crouched in front of a red-cheeked peasant boy's crotch to feed off his immature sexual fluids - had his tongue sliced by precision laser beams emitting from Wei *san ge* 's hands; and all demon-possessed monks in the immediate vicinity who were too busy engaging in lewd acts with their victims, nourishing themselves with the pleasures of the flesh - had their legs chopped off by spiked discs that materialized from pixels made out of thin air.

Wei *didi* wasn't one to lose out in the conversation taking place between his brothers, squeaked and stammered, "Umm... umm... I'll make sure we can make money with this! Umm... How much can we sell for each bottle gourd? Err... How much does each gourd cost to grow?" He took a tentative sip while sitting on a bench, and stuck out his tongue - it tasted bitter to his childish palate, though with an alluring, sweet aftertaste, just like a five-star alcoholic beverage. The elder monks around them begged the four to stop wiping out their stores, and Wei *didi* twirled a finger because it was too noisy - all monks were immediately bound by advanced Silence spells, and some began to suffocate from the powerful magic.

A-Xian passed by with an open empty gourd in one hand - he was helping his family to vacuum up the monks into the gourd, and it worked miraculously well; he only had to keep it steady and aimed at the intended target, then, by weaving spiritual energy into the vessel, the said target would be sucked in with plenty of distorted screams, the body bent and twisted then squeezed in ways that break the laws of physics, before popping inside with a resounding *fwip!* . He'd seen it being done to others during his capture, and being a smart child, he learnt the mechanics of the gourds with just a single demonstration. A-Ji trailed behind with a handful of gourds to assist his child-partner, and more hung from his sash; he looked like a festive gourd-bearing tree.

The bratty eight-year old swiped the half-drunk drink from Wei *didi* 's hands and took a swig - then reacted similarly with a cough and belch, and he promptly returned it to the slightly older boy before rushing off. "A-Xian, A-Xian, keep going. After we're done, we can go back home," kind-hearted little A-Ji encouraged his child-lover; A-Ji wasn't too sure what was happening, because the four Wei siblings had subjugated the monks when he appeared on the dusty ground, and immediately, he was put to work by his stepmother.

"What's the rush? D'ya want to go back home so badly because you want to fuck your eight-year old lover?" Uncle Wei purred into the boy's shocked reddened ears and at the same time, he reached from behind, slid into the trousers and grasped the little bulge beneath the loincloth. All four Wei siblings rolled their eyes because they hadn't had any Lan-kin for breakfast, lunch or dinner, and the act of molesting a Lan Wang Ji-clone was, at best, irritatingly enviable. A few light squeezes later, which left the alarmed boy with a tiny tent in his pants, Uncle Wei guffawed rudely, and went on to help out to pick up as many goodies from the not-so-touristy heart of Nieshan with a few gourds of his own.

Just a short distance away, the amazing Uncle Lan stood tall and proud on a table to oversee the operations. He made sure to pierce the limbs of any fleeing monks with ethereal spears, like pinning rats to the ground before the pest control company arrived to mop them up. At the same time, he kept a sharp eye through a window at some hills in the horizon. Unknown to the bewildered monks, the four Demons of the Negative Plane scurried from room to room, sliding between pillars and climbing on walls and ceilings like skulking insects, to spread their Inabilities and render all monks in the temple helpless, their zombie-slaves inactive and stupid, and the rest of the human population in the campgrounds blissfully unaware of what transpired inside the corrupted heart of their base.

Then, suddenly, there was a flash of light, followed by a gust of wind through the window. Uncle Lan's hair blew in the wind, enhancing his stoic, dashing and handsome looks as the perfect Lan specimen, and his facial expression hardened.

"It has started," he curtly stated.

Wei *da ge* was the first to react, after having his fun of gloating over the grovelling monks. "What? That's way too soon!" he exclaimed and trudged towards the sole window in the dark chamber, and kicked a few monks cruelly to send them rolling off into someone's activated gourd.

"Mn," came the hesitant reply.

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"Ohhh... who knew that beneath the illusion, there lies a quite handsome, young though rather hairy man! Hah, if that human Zhen *xiansheng* was still here, he'd be nauseated by what we're doing, so I'm glad we sent him away and then locked ourselves inside this private meeting room," one priest in the Jinshan Tao temple murmured, and let his forked tongue slide all the way from ankle to the back of the knees. The trail of saliva was unmistakable, slimy and vile.

"Yes, yes, once we realized that this person is actually human in nature, and his bonded pair is the *yaoguai* , then it made sense! What a silly mistake we've made, but look at the results! A simple spell that incapacitates

humans works well on him, and look at how youthful his skin is!” A pair of hands grabbed and spread the immobile, unconscious man’s legs, while another priest whose eyes gleamed with inhuman hunger, eagerly rolled up that man’s lower robes to reveal smooth knees and supple thighs with curls all over, particularly adjacent to the groin.

“Let’s deal with that *yaoguai* later, because I simply cannot wait to feast on this man! With his undetectable shields down and his meridians restored with an easy fix on the deliberate locks he’s placed inside his body, he smells very delicious! He’s extremely rich with *qi* and other tempting, tasty qualities!” Greasy kisses peppered from the inner thighs towards the red loincloth, where the demonic horny priests hoped to unravel to reveal the prized treasure tucked inside, and then sexually devour the man and his life force, until only lifeless skeletal remains were left on the ground.

Without warning, something wiggled inside the loincloth from the pubic area - a dark spot that grew like a soaking wet spot until the entire cloth became dark, blackened, as though the material had absorbed shadows. The surrounding priests hissed like angry cats and leapt back, surprised at the living movements that resembled, uncannily, like a cold black thing with tentacles of an octopus, crawling its way out of Wei Ying’s loosened loincloth.

Within a heartbeat, the entire main administration office complex was consumed in shadows, as though someone threw a coat of grey shade over a picture of the scenery. Unspeakable horrors took place within its many rooms, hallways and walls, and sadly, none would live to tell the tale. Silence took hold of the building and its surroundings, and the shadows spread across the ground like countless viral, parasitic tentacle-like roots. Anything that had a shadow under the light of sunny blue skies - any living creature or object - became victims of the horrendous entity’s wrath. People of interest, *yaoguai* that boasted specific abilities, treasures locked up in

someone's cabinets, even valuable statues, pretty sculptures and ordinary fruiting trees that stood in the way of those replicating, spreading shadowy tentacles - one by one, things were covered by the shades of darkness and were *pulled* into their shadows without any notice or sounds besides a soft *fwip!* masked by passing breezes.

The cold black thing reached the dormitories, and within seconds, the entire room that belonged to Wei Ying and Lan Zhan had been consumed and dragged into its own shadow, including the cart that lay untouched outside. A huge gaping hole between dorm units was left, with bits of dust and rubble falling to the ground where beds, furniture, walls, fixtures and furnishings and a comfortable roof once were.

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The bell of the Tao temple tolls at every hour, not only to tell the time, but to remind the faithful about the tenets of its philosophy - of Balance and Harmony, of relinquishing one's desires and sacrificing oneself for the greater good, and more alarmingly, to spread the demonic spores that controlled the minds of men and their bonded *yaoguai* alike.

Lan Zhan dearly missed his spouse's nonsensical banter between their shared mental connections, and he could hear the low baritone of Tao priest chanting in the background, growing louder with each passing gong of the bell - that did not bode well for his immediate safety. He knew right away - and didn't need to confirm because the bond between the couple was incredibly intimate and accurate -, that something had gone terribly, terribly wrong that morning. The couple has had many discussions about the laws that govern their way of life in this lifetime, one of which Wei Ying had clearly stipulated: just as in any television drama, when something

unexpected happens for better or worse, the attention of the audience gravitates towards that event, which puts the characters in play in the spotlight, thus elevating them to the roles of protagonists and antagonists of the story - which clearly violated the wife's wishes to stay out of the said spotlight, because he preferred to live a simpler, more peaceful life as a sidekick, a faceless mob character, or better yet, a shady figure blended into the background.

The couple had plans to hang around the Jinshan military centre a bit longer to gather crucial information about the demonic activities that took place within its corrupted heart, and later, raze the camp to the ground before fleeing - but the priests beat them to it. Without Wei Ying's protection - whether through the man's amazing non-magical prowess that seemed to render the spores ineffective around them, or through his absence, and therefore, resulting in Lan Zhan's panicked, unfocused concentration -, Lan Zhan knew that he was susceptible to the effects, particularly when he found himself picking up the straw broom to resume the cleaning duties, without so much as another word of protest; in fact, he started to entertain thoughts about giving himself up entirely to the Tao priests, and allow those dirty, corrupted monks to do perverse things on his body, and use his godly powers to smite all who dared to disturb the Tao's magnificent way of living - he even *smiled* when musing about such nefarious thoughts. The sudden twist in his being, therefore his story, was a foreboding he knew too well - the proverbial spotlight was coming towards him like an unwanted UFO from the skies, and it was time to put this sickened, meandering narrative to its demise, before he was forced to become a superhero or a supervillain of sorts - and his *lao po*'s wrath.

The supervisor let out a vexed but smug 'Hmph!' upon seeing the change in the man's uplifted mood and returning to his cleaning tasks, and marched out of the classroom with the bloodied whip; to the bearded man, Lan Zhan didn't seem to be prone to his own episodes of daydreaming and inexplicable pauses anymore. Lan Zhan gritted his teeth at the pain flaring from his scarred, wounded back, and leaned weakly against the broom for

support, as he swung it unsteadily from side to side. He frowned when his thoughts became more and more muddled with the next few gongs of the bell; images and worried feelings for his missing spouse were interrupted by powerful, compelling impulses to carry out his assigned duties like a docile slave, sweeping piles of dirt off the floor, and wiping down all dirty surfaces of furnitures and walls full of finger-marks and footprints until they were spotless to the touch - all within the backdrop of increasingly deafening chants in languages he could not comprehend. He took one last gasp, and burped the longest he could muster with his failing strength.

Wei Ying, I do not know if you can still hear me. It's been an hour since our last connection. My mind is being taken over by the Tao. I cannot hold back my sanity. The Imperial army and the Tao priests must never lay their hands on this body. It is too powerful, and it belongs only to you. If you're not here to hold onto me, then no one else will. Good bye, my beloved. May our souls find each other in another place, another time.

Alone in the room, Lan Zhan performed an elaborate ritual with advanced hand movements and a series of circular spins - the floor glowed with a vibrant white magical circle, and his body began to smoke. His hair flew wildly upwards, as though he stood within the heart of an inferno; several tables and chairs were flung by the searing winds circling around him like a tornado, and they splintered against the walls upon impact. His skin turned red, then started to blister when steam and tiny fires started to eject themselves from his form dangerously, like a burning gas canister about to go off. He scrunched his face - the discomfort was great, but that would not stop him from destroying what little evidence the enemies have about him, let alone gain unauthorized access to his godly body, then expose and take advantage of his deepest secrets. He crouched a bit, when his belly lit up with raging fires that threatened to jet out in plumes that would tear his body apart. The pain was real, self-inflicted and excruciating - his insides were melting, burning itself up like a matchstick, heated acid boiling through flesh, organs and blood.

Anti-magic sensors embedded in the walls of the classroom kicked in and started firing off inverted magical yin-yang waves to subdue the form that had turned into an amorphous, fiery human bonfire, however it was too late; the countdown had begun. Even the supervisor, who had left earlier, returned and shouted “What’s happening?! What the hell are you doing?!” before the unbearable heat pushed him back and he fell on the floor, shocked until he pissed in his pants, crying for help on all fours.

An unnamed spell was cast that sealed Lan Zhan’s golden core and caused it to disappear into the roaring flames surging from within the body; the loss was tremendous, and Lan Zhan’s legs felt weak from the numbness in his limbs, because blood-flow and nerve-ends that fed to the core had been severed in the wake of the destruction wrecked from within, and he had to crouch lower to steady himself. Simultaneously, he farted from in his half-squat stance while the control of gas-flows were spiralling out of control; the incredible outward exertion of godly *qi* through non-magical means, without the core to stabilize and control the outburst of magical energies, meant that the scorching heat and fires on his skin became uncontrollable, starting from the sudden high-pressure fiery blowout from his anus - like an oil rig on fire -, and expanded great distances to incinerate everything in its mushrooming path of hellish annihilation. The detonation was sudden, and went off like millions of nuclear bombs at once starting from his ass, obliterating all anti-magic components in its radius and vaporizing all matter and life; both men and *yaoguai* were extinguished in an instant, air was sucked in and further fuelled the blazing finale of the entire building and beyond; the fires that raged on travelled miles per second like volcanic pyroclastic flows until the fences around the camp were singed and turned to ash upon contact. At the last moment, a single white thread of hair from Lan Zhan's scalp miraculously survived the fiery end, and flew with the rippling explosions, buoyed by the extreme heat and winds generated from the hurricane of devastation.

In a brilliant moment of white-hot incandescence, Lan Zhan passed gas and abruptly went supernova.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 183

If souls could blink, then he's doing it.

Just a twitch of the eye. Then another. His vision opens, closes, opens. Bleary, spinning, eventually the world ceases to waver and finally steadies itself upon a horizontal plane. Focus.

Rising from a supine lying position after an eternity of confusing fogginess, the first thing he notices is his fully functional physique - including six-pack abs for a tummy, sculptured pectorals on the chest, and none of the cursed flabbiness that had clung to him in the last several months. He is in his humanoid soul-form though, not his real physical appearance; he looks like a drop-dead gorgeous, muscular, sci-fi videogame male character drawn to pixel-perfect proportions. His skin glows, is translucent and incorporeal; a fancy manifestation of a naked version of himself, that is, a sexually attractive mannequin made of blue-hued outlines, filled with glimmering patterns in the spaces in-between, and he is as permeable as the air itself. His limbs move - he wiggles his fingers and toes to prove that -, and pushes himself up to rest on his elbows. The tiny bit of force causes him to float off what looked like the floor of a cave; he puts one and one together, and concludes that he had turned into something akin to ghosts. With a bit of concentration - there seems to be some *qi* circulating inside his soul-form -, he stabilizes his weightless body and maintains a few inches off the carpet of soft cave moss.

If it's about the afterlife, then this is it.

He takes a deep breath - yes, he seems to be breathing normally, and his senses are functional -, and relishes the crisp, fresh air despite being held inside a dark cave with glittering stardust-like particles everywhere. He scours his surroundings with his keen eyesight, and finds himself inside a beautiful, tranquil chamber of ancient cavern rocks and formations, of magnificent stalactites and stalagmites gleaming with the tell-tale vibrating hum and shine of Twisty crystals, with dry moss and straw as comfortable bedding and a soft padding to walk upon. He clears his throat, and hears his own voice echoing off the various mounds and curved surfaces of his newfound home.

Lan Zhan knows that if he had died, he wouldn't go to Heaven, that is, his second, lavish and palatial home in the skies; because that would be his homecoming - which didn't make sense, since he had lost a battle for his life, and didn't gain any notable victories to warrant a Good Ending. So, it had to be the other way round, that is, he would've been sent to the underworld - well, not *that* Underworld ruled by the Lord of Hell, because that would also be akin to putting him in his third, sprawling and opulent home and estate miles beneath the surface of the Mortal Realm, and that would run reverse to the principles of judging one's fate in the Purgatory after death, and of determining one's final destination in Life. Thus, being sent into a dark, lonely cave to live out the rest of his existence in solitude, after such a big boo-boo in blasting himself to smithereens before completing any missions, seems to suffice as his punishment in the so-called afterlife.

Therefore, if he is a soul drifting about in loneliness in the afterlife, then that, he is.

With a groan - because his soul is aching and sore all over, as though his flawless blue-hued skin had been lacerated, then stripped off and the bare flesh left to bleed and inflame from such deep grievous injuries -, he slowly

rises to his feet. Some minor adjustments in his breathing, like deflating one's tummy in minute degrees to un-levitate himself, he then lands softly on the carpet of squishy material - and nnngh'ed in unbridled delight at the ticklish, prickly yet cushion-y sensations embracing his heels and the balls of his feet. He shifts his standing stance to spread his legs a bit more, and to his elation - as simple as it is -, finds little bumps that give remarkable massaging pressures and kneading to his tired feet. Briefly, he wonders how long it has been since he received a good feet massage, and more pressingly, how long he'd been lying unconscious in the cave since his last breath in the world of living.

He'd sorely miss his beloved wife, Wei Ying, that's for sure.

“Lannnn Zhannnnn! Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, you're awakeeeee! Lannnn Zhannnnn!”

Or maybe not.

He turns around and spots the luminescent mouth of the cave, bathed in dim orange, indigo and dark blues from the outside world. It isn't that bright, so he guessed the time to be either sometime around dawn or dusk. A small silhouette emerges from a dot and grows into a sprinting figure, with arms waving about crazily like the man he knows too well.

Lan Zhan sighs, and smiles.

It's not really an afterlife, but it's home for his weary, well-travelled soul.

Notes for the Chapter:

Due to lack of interest and time, for the time being, this fic will continue as drabbles or mini-chapters. Don't expect huge arcs with sweeping plots and changes. And don't take things too seriously, because the story's going all over the place.

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 184

“This,” Wei Ying crouches at the mouth of the cave, then points to the ceiling, the floors and the many moss-covered surfaces of the cavern’s floor, interspersed with pretty sparkly pillars filled with sprouting, energy-thrumming rainbow-coloured crystals, “is our very own Soul Restoration Cave.” It’s unfortunate that the younger man couldn’t just saunter in and have his own (sexually tasty) way with the older man, because there is an invisible barrier that prevents the fully-living from entering and mingling with the very weak, very fragile soul of the departed within the cave. ‘Like a placental membrane,’ he’d said, and that left the older man scratching his head in bewilderment. So, Lan Zhan could only watch, listen but not physically touch his dearly beloved spouse with a foot apart between their bodies.

Lan Zhan follows the direction where his spouse pointed. Technically, the description befits what is said, because the enclosed air - a special bubble of space-time - is indeed incredibly rich with circulating high-quality *qi* and other healing protons, hunger-quenching electrons, energizing neutrons, and zillions of other rarer, exotic subatomic particles that make up a wonderful, nutritious balanced meal for the recuperating soul with each deep intake of breath. Lan Zhan has heard of such places, which are highly sought-after by cultivators as hotspots to meditate and gain extensive levels in cultivation, or better yet, to attain immortality if enough time is spent in this so-called cultivator’s paradise of power and tranquility. He wonders what fates and good fortunes struck that the younger man would stumble upon such a rarity, a one in million chance of a grand cultivator’s ageless lifetime, and willingly present it for the husband’s use.

“Well, I tried to design it according to the specs and wonderful details narrated in the best-selling 21st century *xianxia* novel ‘Proud Immortal Demon Way’. Y’know, the one where the protagonist saved his comrade in

the Qiong Ding Peaks while trying to cultivate years of level-ups through meditation in mere paragraphs...” the over imaginative and bubbly man went on and on with his self-gratifying rant, and Lan Zhan sighs. He should’ve known that great things do not find Wei Ying; Wei Ying finds, or rather, makes them happen with his innate curiosity and enviable good luck. He sits down to listen to his spouse’s soothing, singsong and melodious voice, with plenty of animated hand movements to accompany each ludicrous idea. He is unfazed by the fact that he is completely in the nude while being semi-transparent in nature, while his wife is fully clothed in his usual trademark black-red robes - after having discarded the wretched black-white uniforms born of the unholy alliance of the Imperial Court and the perverted Tao religion.

“... and I added those Twisty crystals because, you know, heroes can meditate in shorter periods of time to gain explosive strengths. Why? Well, to beat up those heavenly deities that dared to lend their power and influence to the Tao, of course. I want you to be like that awesome Hua Cheng from the other novel, who challenged and defeated thirty three gods in a single fight! Yeah! A Blazing Scythe upper-cut, then a Thousand Supreme Lotus Punches, followed by The Great Golden Finger-Snap Ending that’ll annihilate everything in those mountains...”

Lan Zhan isn’t listening anymore, because he knows too well about Wei Ying’s wild ideas, and that they’ll all come to fruition anyway - after all, the wife is the Creator of this current lifetime, and the husband, a mere Supreme King of the Gods who was unlucky enough to blow up his physical body to avoid capture by awfully insignificant denizens of the Mortal Realm. He sits beside the constantly-talking spouse side by side, visually shoulder-to-shoulder, separated by a foot-thick force field akin to a glass barrier; his fingers knock on the transparent surface, slide up and down, trying to find an opening to reach across and grasp his beloved man’s hand. Alas, he could only stare longingly at Wei Ying’s beautiful side profile, starving and yearning for his lover’s touch - combed long black hair swept to the back and tied neatly with a topknot, luscious lips flapping

around, the fully-restored body of his lover that wasn't thin and bony anymore and instead, is temptingly ravishable and endearingly cuddleworthy, long slender legs that coyly cross upon each other as though indicating to the voyeur that something delectable resides between them - peek, darling, peek further and please touch-touch me, the clothed crotch persuaded him using imagined words -, and delicate but strong fingers that could play a flute as masterfully as to aim an arrow on the bow to strike a bullseye one hundred paces away - as well as sending titillating images of nimble digits caressing, dancing on heated skin, curling at the joints in a come-hither motion to invite the same voyeur to engage in tasty mutual masturbations.

“... Ai-ya, Lan Zhan, are you even listening? Stop scratching the barrier like as though it's a piece of scab! It took me aeons to collect, condense and fill enough superbly high-quality *qi* from the primordial solar system just for you to absorb during these crucial nine days! After you went supernova and destroyed everything in this part of the galaxy, our Kingdom's interstellar salvage team had to search, retrieve and put the remnants of your soul into suspended animation for that amount of time, and I will not tolerate having you destroy my hard work just because you woke up from stasis and had an itch in your fingers! Did you know how much my heart broke when I carried your weightless, white, fuzzy soul-shard against my chest, praying that you wouldn't fade out of existence in the cold, deep space while we rushed across light-years to take you to the best hospital in our Kingdom?”

Lan Zhan lowers his head in shame, and leaves his hand spread out on the barrier, palms down. The surface is silicone-cold, lifeless, not quite comfortable to the touch - but he knows, deep inside the chasm in the gut, he knows how much Wei Ying has sacrificed for him: nine years of finding needles in the haystack that were soul-shards that had been blown off the face of the shattered planet and drifted off into the nebulous space after that apocalyptic detonation; ninety years to piece together those shards by the most skilled doctors employed by the Kingdom's bottomless coffers and use of unlimited medical technology in their arsenal; nine hundred years to

build the perfect cavernous cradle and shelter for Lan Zhan's soul to recuperate, and to fill it with homely comforts and mementos of their love, in the hopes that the man would wake up with memories of their lives spent together; nine thousand years to, according to the doctors' prescription, collect and transfer the best, the most flawless, and the strongest *qi* energy particles into that said cave, atom by atom; and finally, ninety thousand years for that shard of soul to marinade, stew and simmer in that perfect cauldron of premium-blended *qi* until head, body and limbs sprouted out - and, to the joy of those who had waited so long, nine more days after awakening before the seal to the cave can be removed, for good. For all the Wei Ying had done for him, he has nothing else of equal value to return the honorable deed, other than pure, unbridled and absolute blessed love, deserving redemption, and the happiest of happy endings for the young man that had gone to such great lengths just for the man named Lan Wang Ji.

"I... I'm sorry. I lost my temper just now, because I've been impatient, *lao gong* ," Wei Ying murmurs, and rests a cheek against the invisible wall, while gingerly inching his own spread fingers to match Lan Zhan's at the opposite side of the barrier. He speaks again, voice choked with rare, heavy emotion until it cracks at the end.

"I miss you so much, Lan Zhan."

The glassy, unclouded shield between them is far from being a deterrent. With Wei Ying's hand aligned perfectly with his, it feels a tiny bit warmer, even for a soul-form's lifeless fingertips.

"Mn. I know. I'm here."

.

The hour-long lunch break had passed, and Wei Ying went back to his lively self. He had tonnes of work to do, he said - he had planets to rebuild, terraforming tasks to complete, populations of men, animals and plants in the Mortal Realm to check off his list, and furthermore, he still hasn't put the finishing touches to the Moon and Goddess Chang'e's throne, litter the space between the worlds of Mars and Jupiter with the prerequisite asteroid belt, and paint Saturn's lovely rings with stardust before the end of the week. Time in the cave flows at a different pace than reality. More than four and a half billion years may have passed in a blink of an eye, enough for the planetary system to grow from prototypical formation, evolve and mature to the point where the couple last separated, in Jinshan village, somewhere to the north-east of the Middle Kingdom, at 2000 B.C. He had the Kingdom to help out, with his four clone-siblings at the forefront of the restoration works.

Alone once again after his dear wife had left, Lan Zhan rises from his cushioned seat and walks away from their reunion spot, venturing deeper into the cave to explore the vast collection of treasures, relics from the past, and technically, bits of his previous lifetimes just to jog his memory a little. There are countless chambers in this sprawling network of tunnels, grottos, alcoves, secret rooms, above and underground and even dipping into different realms within realms - rightly so, since he is walking through their family's enormous, immeasurable cloud drive.

He taps on a fuzz-coated mound, and lo and behold, dirt-covered lids lifted then panels opened - like compartments in a 21st century car -, revealing stashes of goodies. In those numerous vaults and hidden niches, he can easily find and pick a steaming bowl of Wangxian Co. Ltd's Limited Edition Matriarchal Spicy Congee to sate his hunger, an old Cultivation Times magazine to read, a red button to press to lead him to, say, a quiet

room to meditate, cultivate with Bichen and play the guqin, or even have a look at his keepsakes, such as the semen-crust red loincloth from Yiling long, long ago, the fragrant herb pouch stolen from Mian Mian and made into his money bag, or even some sleeping bunnies and unused Paperman talismans from Gusu.

He finds himself staring at a wooden door out of millions of others. At the top, it reads cryptically about having Dinner at the family's house with the same surname as him, chapter one.

He thinks for a bit, and with the belief that he has nine more days to go while being imprisoned in this solitary, soul-healing paradise, which in actual fact could stretch into many centuries or millennia, he concludes that he has plenty of time on hand to revisit his past lives.

Lan Zhan reaches for the doorknob and gives it a twist. The wood creaks, and yields with a rusty groan. It seems to be night time on the other side; he can hear sounds of bubbling soup in a pot, of someone cutting vegetables on the chopping board, and he gets a whiff of the unmistakable smell of chicken being steamed.

He takes a step forward.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm glad to be able to put a little bit of MXTX's other works. I watched the SVSSS 3dcg donghua and I'm watching Heaven Official's Blessing donghua... I can't relate to those stories enough to join the fandom, since I've not read the novel or any other related works yet, but I just wanted to give recognition to the wonderful worlds created by the

hands of novel writers that gave me, and so many others, a lot to be happy for :-)

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 185

Lan Zhan spends his precious nine days of applied annual leave (technically speaking) like a kid stuck at home during a Covid-19 lockdown situation with nothing but old PC videogames to play. He binges on good soul-food in the air and hidden in compartments all over the Soul Restoration Cave, morphs into a couch potato who surfs from lifetime to lifetime tucked behind closed doors all day, taking breaks only during lunch and dinner to spend quality time with his one and only true family - Wei Ying - before slogging away for the rest of the day - which can last millions or billions of years in this warmed space-time bubble - enjoying the fruits of his past lives, and his kins’.

It helps that Wei Ying has designed a special floor mat inside the cave where their lives’ treasures are stored in a rather haphazard and chaotic manner - that man would not think twice before recklessly throwing precious heirloom furniture and artifacts salvaged from the Cloud Recesses into a pile of garbage sinking into the bottom of the lake beside a reimagined, rebuilt but sloppy version of the Lotus Pier. Thus, as good distractions, Lan Zhan would climb down the floor mat to do some decluttering and reorganizing, catching glimpses of the results of their shared hoarding tendencies over lifetimes. To the pleasure in his loins, the floor mat is somewhat connected to his favorite underground kingdom - and the world beneath the mat is populated by Wei Yings of all forms, shapes and sizes, but every bit lovable and passionate at the same time. He spends an inordinate amount of two-minute breaks in that world to make sweet love to Wei Yings, twenty-four thousand times each, to father many babies inside them and cause his descendents’ population to swell and boom.

Lifetimes are like videogames, really. There is a set logical flow of background and storylines, characters, items, enemies and bosses, locations, trigger points for predetermined events, some flexibility in the plot and sub-

plots depending on the player's choices, and one or several types of endings. Lan Zhan spends his days living through memories each of his past lives and the lives of his Kingdom's subjects, revisiting familiar places, opening new treasure chests or cupboards that he didn't try before, reacquainting with old relatives and friends, establishing new relationships and taking them to different directions - but always, always, he makes sure to find good, happy endings because he doesn't like to lose, and is the sorest loser amongst 'em all. It would seem pointless to go through such a long-winded, repetitive and laborious exercise, but thanks to his mild obsessive compulsive disorder, he really likes to go through the same steps again and again, with a bit of variety in the middle, before achieving one hundred percent victories of life-goals in those videogame replays. It's really therapeutic, he tells himself, as he watches and acts like the protagonist inside that said videogame, to grow up in a disciplined household, excel in his chosen fields of studies, met and fell madly in love with a Wei Ying-lookalike, have arguments and break up, before reconciling and getting married, then have tasty sex on wedding nights and many nights after that, become a successful contributing member of society, have lots of children and grandchildren, *et cetera ad naseum* .

Lan Zhan thinks that he should take such holidays more often, because such undisturbed downtime is needed to reset his hectic pace of life, reflect on his state of happiness and well-being, and for him to sit down and re-evaluate his life choices. It is assuring to know that the Regent - the eponymous awesome Uncle Lan of his dreams - is taking care of the Kingdom, the multiverses, and his company during his leave; the four great Wei clone-siblings are doing their best to (re-)create a better reality for him to return to; and lastly, his four Demons of the Negative Planes helped out in household chores that would otherwise be forgotten during his absence.

All's well, should end well, he says to himself.

.

He's had a fair share of reminiscing, and even as a true-blue Gusu Lan man, he has reached a kind of ceiling, a pinnacle, a plateau with nowhere else to go - an upper limit of rewinding, reliving, exploring and transcending his proudest and most embarrassing moments in his many lives, his kins' lives, and the infinite iterations in between. Enough of groundhog days, enough of going through the same motions, even with significantly different or simple minute variations, but always, very happy endings for him and his manly wife (and generations of descendents living under the same roof, to boot). It is time to move on.

Nine days had passed after an eternity.

“You know, if it wasn't for Ernie's incredible skill of Shadow Swallow, we wouldn't have the data needed to recreate the world to the precise moment of destruction. That boy's really amazing, I have to hand it to him - he basically captured, nanosecond by nanosecond, the universe's data and preserved everything he managed to consume with his Dark Shadow to pixel-perfection. I praised him a lot after that, and rewarded him by letting him stay in my pubic hair, where it's cold, black, smelly and probably as slimy as he likes,” Wei Ying says casually with inserted self-deprecating jokes, while munching on a baked sweet potato topped with peppers, onions and pork mince for lunch - his first meal of the day, since he'd always been waking up at eleven in the morning. Lan Zhan isn't hungry, because he's been having sumptuous buffets - the food and the sexy kind - all morning from travelling to lifetimes where he'd grown morbidly obese, extremely satiated and delighted, from getting overfed and loved to bits by an enormous harem of male and female versions of the spouse - not to mention, their children and many more offsprings made purely from parent-child incestuous love.

“Mn. What about Ni-er?” he ventures calmly while sitting on the floor by the mouth of the cave, examining his still-naked body for signs of solidification into physical reality. Sadly, he is still in his blue-hued outlined soul-form, which is fine and he’s beginning to get used to it. It’s a good thing that Wei Ying didn’t build mirrors, otherwise he’d be checking on himself too frequently, particularly for any imperfections, marks, scars, bald spots or pimples. He’d read somewhere in one of the Cultivation Magazines that having too much sex in a short span of time sends one’s cultivated *qi* to dangerous levels, and besides causing *qi* deviation and leading to a very happily productive prostate gland and overjoyed twin testicle eggs dancing between the legs, one’s testosterone levels would shoot up, causing hot, horny and lustful flashes, premature baldness on the scalp and oily skin all over.

“Our girl? Oh, she gets to stay in her daddy’s crowning glory as a glaringly annoying strand of white hair. Don’t worry, husband, no one’s going to notice your greying hair or your receding hairline, because you’re too godly for that. She’s done a tremendous job of uploading every single byte of data captured by Ernie to our family’s cloud drive, which I’m sure you’ve seen its greatness and grandeur in scale and capability. That tenacious, indefatigable fluffy white thing finally relented after working non-stop for infinite periods of time, so she’s been sleeping a lot to recover her strength. My clone-siblings have fitted her to your physical body; she’ll wake up at the same time as you transmigrate your soul to its new home, darling,” the spouse answers at length, and sweetly kisses the glass barrier to leave puckered lip-marks made of potato-mush. Lan Zhan instinctively reciprocates by kissing the invisible surface that keeps him a foot apart from his beloved man, this time, leaving semen-stained kiss marks; there is no reason for jealousy, because those dried, crusting seed belong to Wei Ying as well of another individual but of the same genetic make-up - it would be shameful to reveal how many male Wei Yings he had skillfully violated beneath that special floor mat, and forced them to spill their brimming hot sperm into his waiting open jaws, gulp after gulp, until

countless twitching, pleasantly-drained individuals writhed weakly to plead surrender to the greatest *lao gong* to rule their universe.

“Home?” Lan Zhan asks, anxious and with a foreboding feeling creeping into his heart. He is afraid of that term, because he’s become accustomed to his lair called the Soul Restoration Cave, with all niceties, comforts and conveniences, and pleasures of the flesh, within his arm’s reach. A new home would mean a different... set of circumstances that govern his life, and he’d be heartbroken to lose everything he’d learned to enjoy in the past nine days since awakening. His fingers traced circles on the carpet of reflexology-worthy moss hesitantly.

“Of course! Your soul needs a new physical body, and this time, I refused the Heavenly kitchen staff’s offer for baked biscuits from their dreary, off-fashion ovens. You won’t be eating a bland, tasteless gingerbread man to gain a new body - I’ve specially ordered an ultra-modern, 3d-printed organic, 100% natural, magic-enchanted, gluten-free, low-calorie, added antioxidants and vitamin-rich substitute for you. Here,” he points at a spot next to Lan Zhan’s rump. The latter withdraws his hand from the ground, and lo and behold, another lid springs open to reveal a packaged rectangular snack no bigger than one’s index finger in length.

(At that juncture, Lan Zhan mourned the loss of opportunities wasted in the last nine days; if Wei Ying could transport ready-made goods into the cave by way of secret chutes, hatches and compartments, could he have not made the journey himself into the cave and spend the days together, entwining bodies and hearts, as a loving couple for the past week or so? Alas, there is no reason to mull over spilled milk, just as there is no use to wail over dried, crusted and uselessly spilled semen. Therefore, Lan Zhan steeled himself and falsely put on a mask of hope and positiveness as to what the future holds for him, and his love life.)

The older man stares bemusedly at the packaging - it seems to be a plain brown rice-paper packaging, still warm to the touch and fresh from the 3d-printing oven. On the surface, there is a hand-drawn picture of a penis with hairy balls, that only juvenile nine-year olds could draw with such crude chicken scratches. At least, he tells himself, it smells good. The aroma of newly baked goods wafts into the cavern, and it is quite mouth-watering. Without waiting for permission, Lan Zhan gently tears open the packaging from the edge and lengthwise, to reveal a sad-looking, crooked, bent and limp biscuit that would pass off as a failed imitation of a penis, unsurprisingly. He sighs and looks at his wife, expectedly.

“Well...” Wei Ying grinned sheepishly and scratched the back of his head in embarrassment, “I drew the design on paper, and wanted to make it look like an adorable copy of my dick. Sorry, I’m bad at drawing and it’s the 3d-printer’s fault for making this unappetizing piece of phallic confectionary. Blame the machine, not me, please?” That grin turns into the sweetest apologetic smile until his eyes crinkled - Lan Zhan had to forgive the young man for his early attempts at making biscuits. He lifts the penis-biscuit to his lips, gives the uneven balls a good lick to savour the chestnut-brown sugary coating - dark chocolate mixed with finely powdered fragrant nuts and roasted grains. Mmm, delish. -, before taking a bite at the cockhead. It snaps into two, chewed heartily in several crunches, and is swallowed gratefully.

“Mn. It tastes okay. Thank you, Wei Ying.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I really like moments of playing god with the fic's storyline and adding sci-fi elements to it. It's kinda refreshing for a story based on ancient Chinese culture and mythology.

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 186

Lan Zhan had a strange, naughty dream.

He finds himself still inside the cave, but caged in an enclosure not unlike those used to keep large circus animals - a plain cube-shaped jail with solid metal platforms for its ceiling and floor, and grey vertical bars on all four sides. Normally, one would grasp those bars and shake them hard, screaming and begging to be let out of imprisonment, or if an inmate is around, there could be either friendly banter or worse, violent brawls. However, in this dream, Lan Zhan wants to remain locked-up, because it is packed with warm, writhing Wei Yings of all genders, ages, shapes and sizes. There is hardly any room to move, and he could feel his naked skin rubbing against one another every time he squirmed or tried to take a step in any direction. It didn't take long for the heat to leave him wanting, desiring to fuck every Wei Ying and bed the offered throbbing, tight flesh, just as he'd done for the past nine days beneath the special floor mat.

The fantasy is made even more tantalizing when all Wei Yings appear in their soul-forms; glowing, translucent, elegant, angelic, and partially see-through - he catches glimpses of internal organs beneath the skin, of a pinkish heart beating strongly for him, lungs expanding and contracting with each thrilling breath, muscles sliding over one another and even peristaltic movements of the gut; truly, a visual feast of the human anatomy. Lan Zhan's eyes widen and he couldn't stifle a moan when his disobedient penis springs into action to point to what it wants - and it wants 'em very badly. It twitches, alive and lively, bobbing up and down excitedly as though it is sniffing every presented crotch and butt-crack. He watches, mesmerized, at how his diamond-hard erection selects a lovely rosebud winking back with puckered muscles, and slips in easily into one 'Ahhnnn~~~'-ing Wei Ying's ass. It's surreal to observe an X-ray vision of how a thick, throbbing penis enters into the rectum and gets squeezed

lovingly by muscular walls, in and out, in and out, invading Wei Ying's inner sanctum before it is grasped by flesh as warm as his, like a animated socked hand right in front of his eyes.

Not even ten fucks later, his penis slides out, drooling and having been caressed by squishy folds of body-warmed flesh, having tasted one out of many Wei Yings easily within reach; it wetly slaps the next Wei Ying's rump and inches then crawls over mounds of buttocks like a jerky, fat snake, seeking another virginal hole to deflower - and it is delighted when it slithers, slippery with pre-cum, down, downwards to find a female's blossoming rose. Unsurprisingly, it turns out to be a female Wei Ying, who cries out with pleasure upon being pierced by the turgid, angry-red flesh, doggie-style and from the back, and Lan Zhan couldn't stop his hips from shaking with joy. The friction, the juicy squelching, the hot tight clenching, the boiling, rising liquid pressure - the more he pumps his hips, skewering and slamming hard into a fertile garden to father many offsprings - the more he loses his rational thought. It didn't help that the see-through nature of their lovemaking is extremely erotic visually; he stares at how his over six-incher plunders the tight, freshly-deflowered birth canal with amazing detail, the fleshy folds and bumps caressing his penile veins and pulls back his foreskin with each thrust; until he hits the the hilt and couldn't fuck deeper, at which his penis glans was aimed directly to the mouth of Wei Ying's uterus; the sight was too much, the sensations were too great, that Lan Zhan 'Ahhh's himself and for a second, becomes too excited at the prospect of watching how babies are conceived and made - and he one-two's; a dollop of seed oozes out visibly, and due to the jerking movement inside the incredible warm, tight vagina, spurts far enough to splatter the cervix, and leak into Wei Ying's wonderfully sexy, bouncy womb.

Lan Zhan howls with pleasure and quickly descends into a lust-filled orgy of sexually-depraved proportions, then starts to rut madly with that female Wei Ying, and later, all Wei Yings around him. As a result, every Wei Ying trapped in the cage is rewarded with at least ten fucks each, spoonfuls of

accidentally-ejaculated seed, and for a handful of very lucky individuals, full servings of thirty very excited shots straight into the womb or ass.

Lan Zhan's love and passion for his Wei Yings grows fonder, as he drills and spills repeatedly after tasting every few individuals; all Wei Yings are hot, tight and sweet, both male and female, although he has a preference for leaving spoonfuls of freshly ejaculated seed in the latter gender, for the sake of propagating his kind just a little bit more with each increasingly tiring but very, very nice orgasm sizzling his loins to cinder. His back arches erratically, his face freezes with a stupid, drunken grin-cum-snarl, he grunts uncontrollably, his fingers claw and grasp at anything he could touch - Wei Ying's slender waist, Wei Ying's ample milk jugs, Wei Ying's smackable buttocks, Wei Ying's spread-eagled thighs -, his hips shudder again and again, indecisive of whether to keep pumping hard or to stay still, because all Wei Yings worship their shared husband's penis with their hands, lips and genitals, making sweet love with kisses between dicks or while fully engaging in tasty sexual intercourses; in the end, he takes the easy way out, and lies on the rather cold metal floor of his sexual prison, and lets every Wei Ying have their delicious ways with him. His eyes flutter and his breath hitches as fast as his penis, which gets swallowed, milked, stroked, licked and squeezed by vaginas and anal muscles, and he shoots out fresh creamy seed - and watches, like a sick, twisted movie, of how his patriarchal and majestic sperm enters Wei Ying's orifices, travels through cavities and tubes, to be swallowed and digested helplessly in the gut, to swim to the ovaries and mate with eggs and make many healthy, fat babies born from their genes.

Even while he throbs hard into one Wei Ying, scores of others crowd around his crotch to pleasure their master - whether to caress his thighs, to reach for his nipples and tickle the erect nubs, or his favourite, knead and please his balls in mid-orgasm, so that he experiences strong testicular orgasms to go hand in hand with his actual climaxes; it is intriguing to watch how his happy man-eggs react while working hard to pump out newborn sperm, then those twin plump sacs are lovingly attacked by warm

wet tongues and powerful vibrating suction between moist, glistening lips, and he nnnhs again and again and the wonderful spasms rolling up and down his pelvis, because his testicles are delightfully coaxed to release their contents when there is none left - still, those tentacle-y tongues lick their naughty circles and draw pictures upon its spherical, lightly-fuzzed surface, jabbing and pressing every last droplet out - and then, Lan Zhan looks up from the floor, with one particularly young virginal Wei *meimei* riding him to sunsets and midnights, his - her - maidenhood had been forcibly taken by Lan Zhan's insatiable appetite for fresh Wei Yings, and he - she - whispers innocently and oh so adorably, “ *Er gege* , *er gege* , it still feels itch-itch down there, can you scratch it for me?”

The sexually flushed Lan Zhan couldn't say no, and he gently flips them over, missionary-style, so that he can mount this Wei Ying's blossoming rose to kingdom come and enjoy every last bit of raiding his - her - probably underdeveloped, immature, but oh so hot garden and sow it with his wildest seeds when he blasts his fertile soldiers deep, deep inside.

“Mn. Like this?”

“Ahhhnn... *gege* , you're moving in circles... it feels stretchy... can you move it up and down? The itch-itch is uncomfortable. Please scratch that itch properly.”

“Mn. How about this?”

“Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! It feels so good! *Gege* , please scratch my itch-itch harder, faster, deeper! Yes... oh, *gege* is feeling very good too, I can feel

you growing larger with each scratch, and my belly feels very, very warm... very, very full...”

Lan Zhan continues to taste, savour and taste his Wei Yings, deep in his slumber.

.

After an eternity of non-stop fucking, Lan Zhan finally yields before his body protests out of overexertion, and calls for a break for his tired hips and pleasantly-emptied loins. The entire scene pans out, and so does the cage which magically stretches itself thin until it disappears.

He finds himself standing in the cave, gazing longingly at a immeasurable line of Wei Yings arranged side-by-side to each other, each presenting to him with their naughty bits - males are on all fours on the ground with their perky asses facing him like sets of sexy twin pale moons and a hairy crack in-between, whilst females lie on the floor with hips spread and knees tucked and juicy lips of those blossoming petals pulled apart to tease, and to entice his errant penis to come in *er gege* , please come in and stay inside to make lots of babies tonight; thereby giving him the best sexually-appetizing view he can ever wish for, in this sexually-charged nightmarish twist of dreams.

“Play our song, dear husband, play our song with your penis! We’re your musical instrument, so please play with our naughty bits , *er gege* , and let us sing our song!” the Wei Yings chant in unison.

It took a while to figure out what needs to be done. Lan Zhan chooses a particularly attractive male teenager and stands so close until his excited reproductive organ touches the smooth mound. His hands spread the butt-cheeks generously to reveal the wrinkly entrance covered with dense curls; he aims, then thrusts vigorously in a straight swoop - and hears that Wei Ying “Ahhhh!” like a melodious lark that sings a single, sweet prolonged note filled with such grace, such passion, and such heartfelt emotion of a man losing his virginity. The pleasure is mind-blowing, because he can feel straining muscles contract around his arousal just as one squeezes the muscles of the belly to belt out a rich-sounding note, sending pre-cum gushing abundantly into that teenager.

Then, he pulls out, slick with boy-juices, and crouches against a young female Wei Ying this time. He steadies himself before leaning in, making sure to gently pry open those swollen, lubricated petals, before delving deep into the shy, hidden hole, missionary-style, and dips his penis into the very tight, very desirable and very lustful, elastic youthful pussy - one, two, three times, shallow thrusts - and that feminine, lewd Wei Ying sings with an operatic “Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh!” in tandem with each strike, with a higher, obviously female pitch, and with plenty of breathy moans in-between.

Lan Zhan stands back and rubs his chin, penis dribbling with excitement of tasting two Wei Yings, and in anticipation for more, please, can I have s’more to fuck, please. He’s musically gifted, and having played the guqin before, he had no problems deciphering that those Wei Yings are arranged like the keys of a kinky piano. The Wei Yings to the right sang higher pitches, while those to the left did lower notes. There is a random distribution of age and gender of the Wei Yings, though; if he is lucky, he may land on a tasty young virile Wei Ying at a longer note, and maybe he’ll be allowed to go all the way until he explodes in a series of magnificent orgasms for crescendos. Mentally, he maps out which Wei Ying sings which notes, and so, he works out the orchestra for the first passage of his - their -

song, aptly named after a mix of their courtesy names of Lan Wang Ji and Wei Wu Xian.

There are twelve notes, so he starts at the right end, fucking one Wei Ying to hear him sing the right note at the perfect pitch; after the third or so Wei Ying, he becomes increasingly lustful, and steals additional quick hip-thrusts, tasty pumps between butt-cheeks or delicious heterosexual intercourses - and is rewarded with fancy alternating “AHHahhAHHahhAHHahhAHHahh” like jewelled quavering, trilling ornaments to a musical masterpiece. He makes staccatos with quick powerful thrusts, and slurs and prolonged holds by generous deep plunges. By the sixth note towards the left, he reaches a ‘key’ on the Wei Ying-piano that needs to be ‘pressed’ a bit longer than the rest. He smiles faintly - it is a little boy that hasn’t reached puberty yet. Empathetic of the boy’s pain due to his full-grown girth and size, and also because it would be distressing for such a young male to experience sex before his time, Lan Zhan becomes very loving and tender to his one-note underaged lover; he sits cross-legged on the floor, and lets the boy ride him on a sitting position, while straddling his awesome and very pleased adult penis. It is a tight squeeze, and air escapes out of the boy’s lungs in musicless wheezes, but eventually, he hits the deepest sweet spot, and the boy opens his mouth and sings with his heart and soul - the sixth note, in perfect timbre and pitch, clear as glass and unbroken for one who hasn’t reached puberty yet; Lan Zhan promptly roars together in unison with majestic pleasure, and spills deep into the precocious child in excited spurts, filling the boy’s tummy with an adult’s warmth and pedophilic love.

The rest of the piece is played, like a tasty sexual melodious game that turns the man into a horny lustful beast singing along with each defiling of Wei Yings; he plays to the twelfth note to complete the first passage of Their Song, sweaty, panting and on the verge of yet another explosive climax, and refuses to end his musical score just yet - he wants to play the entire piece with his quivering Wei Yings, and by the grace and powers bestowed upon the couple, he is allowed to continue dreaming, playing with lovely, lovely

Wei Yings until every and every one is properly bedded, impregnated, made sweet love, and filled with the man's perverted seed, singing hard and sweetly, deep into his sleep.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 187

Four and a half billion years, multiply by the number of dreams that leaves one restless, horny or simply snoring - that's a tall order for Wei Ying's capability of dreaming whilst his husband is held hostage inside a Soul Restoration Cave, but he does it anyway, and dreams zillions of sexy dreams that Man can ever dream. (He doesn't like being separated from Lan Zhan, so he tells everyone that the Cave inside their family's cloud drive has kidnapped his Prince Charming, leaving him a miserable hermit that is forced to abstain from sex for more lifetimes than one can count with his or her own fingers.)

Wei Ying dreams of all kinds of things and situations he has, or could, encounter during his existence. Usually, he dreams of becoming a megalomaniac tyrant, a leader of mountain bandits, a mad scientist who creates the greatest robot that serves every single one of his worldly needs, or the greatest arch-wizard ever known to slaughter everything in sight, then proceeding to rape and sexually abuse all the imaginary Lan Zhans that lived, however briefly, inside his mind during the wee hours of the morning while slumbering. Sometimes, he dreams of nicer, milder albeit still spicy-hot things, such as this one particular scene.

Wei Ying is a happy, satisfied man. He's the male-wife of Lan Wang Ji, who is the greatest hero, the champion of all that is good, the king of nobility and whatnots - more importantly, the alpha-masculine husband lets and lives according to Wei Ying's wishes. The young man breaks into a sprint gleefully through dense forest undergrowth with his prized catch of the day - two colourful jungle fowls in hand with their necks cleanly cut and their bellies gutted, and a basket filled with fish and foraged edibles strapped to his back. He works hard to put food on the family's table for two, and plays even harder - he enjoys running barefoot through the forests chasing and hunting animals, making runs to a small remote town on the hillside to sell

his produce and handicraft goods, and return before sundown with jars of tasty wines and plenty of time to cuddle up with his husband, or work on his side-projects, before calling it a day. In retrospect, Wei Ying realizes that amongst his many lifetimes, the brief stint of eking out a simple, humble living in the Burial Mounds near Yiling during his younger days, before he was crowned King (or Queen) and employed in a Company, were probably one of the best times he's experienced thus far.

He calls out Lan Zhan's name excitedly, like a child running back from school with wonderful stories to tell to his family members - Wei Ying feels elated, because here, in an isolated, faraway clearing in the middle of pine and bamboo forests, far, far away from civilization, Lan Zhan only has eyes, time and love, for his one and only Wei Ying.

The older man, dressed in his trademark Gusu Lan white robes, appears at the doorway of a rustic countryside cottage, with a water-wheel built upon a small stream next to it, a vegetable patch inhabited by reared chickens, bunnies and a couple of goats on the other side, and backyard filled with greenery, a livestock barn and toolshed, and a sprawling blooming lotus pond at the middle. It is a little misty deep in the heart of a thriving forest, so Wei Ying thought that his husband looked rather dashing, ethereally handsome and very, very alluring, surrounded by a halo of mysterious whites. With a simple "Mn", he gestures the wife to place the day's catch in the kitchen at the back of their cottage - then, gingerly, with an armful of freshly washed tunics and trousers, he closes in with a few majestic steps and bends forward to place a sweet kiss on Wei Ying's forehead. Lan Zhan is careful, though, because he doesn't want the laundered clothes to be soiled by mud-smudged Wei Ying. "Welcome back," he says gently, before moving off, resuming his work to hang the washed garments on a clothesline erected close to the vegetable patch.

Wei Ying skips his merry way, rounding off the corner of the rectangular, plain but incredibly cozy-looking building made of wood and some concrete blocks, and promptly hands the two chickens and the basket to another Lan Zhan. He gets another kiss from the loving husband, this time on the cheeks, after the second Lan Zhan wipes his face with a washcloth. "I'll prepare our meal, so go and wash up in the pond," he orders, and Wei Ying is more than happy to obey. Five minutes later, he dives head first into the pool on a sunny, misty bright morning, against a backdrop of birdsongs, insect chirping, rustling of a passing-by crisp refreshing breeze, and the calming thud-thud sounds of a househusband chopping up herbs and vegetables, scaling the fishes, carving up the meat and putting them into pots and pans bubbling, sizzling with delicious flavours and mouth-watering scents.

The young man laughs at his good life and good fortune, and swims in circles around the pond, kicking away lotus flowers and entangling his legs with lotus plants' roots. Then, a newly plucked lotus pod appears in his line of sight. His husband, a third Lan Zhan, naked from head to toe, emerges by his side and seems to propose to him with that said lotus pod, which looks awfully like a green-hued flower from a distance. Such a sexy gesture, Wei Ying thought, to be proposed by a man in the nude - and he steals a glance beneath the shimmering, rippling surface... yes, the said man has an erection too, which pleases Wei Ying to no end..

"Wei Ying, this morning I've harvested a whole basket of cabbage and lettuce. Now, I'm collecting lotus roots so that we'll have some tasty soup later today," Lan Zhan duly provides an update to the wife about their perfect harem-ish household. He proceeds to pop out a few seeds and slide them into Wei Ying's lips, akin to nutty candies typically found in the markets. Wei Ying 'Mmmm!'s with joy at being hand fed, and he gets a nice scrub on the back too while heartily emptying out the offered lotus pod.

Elsewhere, another husband-Lan Zhan waves his hand as he returns from collecting firewood, and one more comes out from the increasingly populated cottage - with spindles and sewing kits in hand because he was halfway through with making a new pair of trousers for the wife -, to check out the commotion of a squealing wife having a blast splashing in the pond as recklessly as a child in a swimming pool. It didn't matter to Wei Ying that he'd lost track of which Lan Zhan was the original one, and if the other four are simply named Lan *da ge* , Lan *er ge* , Lan *san ge* and Lan *didi* - they all looked very handsome and alike in size and stature, with the ability to shapeshift and timeshift so that he didn't need to deal with bratty kids or smelly wrinkly old men, and all are very, very desirable.

Having peed in the pond like a naughty boy in a public swimming pool, then getting a nice wash from one of the many husbands, Wei Ying feels refreshed, climbs up from the pondside, and enters their cottage from the rear entrance. He's naked and doesn't bother to gown up or dry his hair properly - because one of the husbands trails behind like a servant with a thick towel to keep the lovely wife warm and patted down as dry as possible. "Lunch will be ready in an hour's time. We're having your favourite soup, steak and pies from the oven, rice and stir-fry vegetables from the stove, fruits, a few other dishes," two Lan Zhans manning the kitchen said. Wei Ying hmms in satisfaction and starts humming some classic Yunmeng folksong, while prancing quite a bit around the cottage to explore the rooms - there is a living room, a dining room beside the large kitchen, study and workrooms adjacent to nooks and crannies of storerooms and hidden compartments, a spiralling stairs, and of course, the entire floor above is their grand royal bedroom filled with king-sized beds and mattresses.

Being naked, it doesn't take long for roving eyes to turn to roaming fingers, and soon, all five husbands remained indoors to watch, then follow, and whenever Wei Ying is within reach, the thrilled younger man gets the attention he very much wants and deserves - he'd lie on the sofa and pretended to read a magazine off the shelf, then spread his legs sensuously

yet crudely, recklessly, to expose his naughty bits and rosebud to the world to see; he'd scratch his crotch and run his fingers through his dense, hairy pubic bush, and before long, one of the husbands lodge himself between the younger man's legs and starts to dry-hump, naked crotch to naked crotch. Or, Wei Ying would deftly maneuver around his Lan Zhans, and seduce them with light touches, kissy lips, swaying hips and his killer move - he would back up until his bouncy ass hits one of the husband's iron-stiff arousal, and naughtily grinds the angry, twitching turgid flesh in circular and up-and-down motions, until the husband moans and trembles from want, and just before he's shoved to the floor and mounted like a bitch, Wei Ying laughs and runs off, leaving the husband agitated, and sexually frustrated. Or, Wei Ying sandwiches himself between two husbands and cleverly takes the hand of the one at the front, and places it on his crotch; "Darling, my penis is hard and itchy, can you please stroke it nicely?" he'd asked, and then plaster his lips with the hapless husband to seal the deal; at the same time, he grinds his ass against the other husband at the back, and even allows the occasional slip that sends Wei Ying into a moaning, jerking frenzy whenever he feels a penis-head hit, stretch and peek through his anus; "Oh, my other darling, my hole at the back feels itchy too, can you scratch it for me? Something long and hard, do it deep and fast, please," he'd whisper in sexy breaths, and soon, he enjoys a titillating foreplay of a threesome in action - before suddenly ducking out to escape, thwarting a full-blown sex, thus, leaving two men very, very aroused and irritated.

The teasing goes on and on for minutes, until every Lan Zhan marches in hot pursuit from behind the cheeky young man, in tandem with their bobbing, rising heats between their legs. Soon, Wei Ying runs upstairs and checked the clock at the bedside - there is still forty five minutes to go before mealtime, so he leaps and bounds for the king-sized bed decorated with patterns of bunnies and lotus flowers, and lifts his hips gratefully while arching his body wantonly like an animal in heat, inviting his husbands to taste his wifely hairy penis, balls and rosebud.

Soon, one husband - he hopes that it's the original Lan Zhan - bears down on him, penetrates the waiting rosebud in a mighty single lunge, missionary-style, and fucks him silly *into* the bed like a furious pistoning machine. Another Lan Zhan stealthily wedges in from beneath, until he lies under Wei Ying and becomes the latter's pillow and bedspread, and slides his lustful hardness from behind, squeezing into the buttock that is already busily fornicated by the first husband; Wei Ying is double-penetrated and he sings his 'Aaahn's and 'Ooooh's as loudly as his lungs would allow. The copulation is not complete, not without having two more husband flanking Wei Ying's sides; one takes charge of performing the perfect blowjob, with plenty of licks at the intimate weaknesses such as jabbing the tip of tongue into the pee-slit and swirling circles around the special sweet spot beneath the glans, until Wei Ying's cock detonated in multiple orgasms and his brimming wife-sperm spills carelessly all over the bed in excited ejaculatory spurts, and onto the husbands' faces and hair; the other Lan man skillfully kneads, licks, sucks with vibratory hums and swallows generously one testicle alternately with the other, until twin wifely man-eggs instinctively felt so violated and they throbbed so hard, convulsed too excitedly from the maddening arousing sensations that ejects every last freshly-produced sperm cell out of their cradles, that Wei Ying cries again and again in sweeping pleasure as his body bends and bows erratically, wrecked by mind-blowing testicular orgasms that causes his entire pelvis to seize into one giant climaxing explosion. Finally, the last husband - doubtfully, Wei Ying thinks this one could've been the original Lan Zhan - crouches over Wei Ying's head and torso, and gives the young man deep french kisses, playing with each others' tongues until Wei Ying is left more than breathless and pleasantly drained from head to toe; the husband's manly calloused fingers fiddled, pinched and tweaked Wei Ying's nipples until they become a twin set of puffy areolae, fit to be suckled by babes or husbands, in this case. Each Lan Zhan takes his turn to dip his head between Wei Ying's sparse bosom, and gently attacks the man's genitals until they swell and blossom continuously from the arousing lovemaking, also switch with one another to engage in a riotous orgy with the fertile sexy young man, sometimes with double and triple-penetrations because they're getting impatient to taste Wei Ying's hot, welcoming tightness, sometimes when there's not enough room then two or more hungry, twitching cum-slicked cocks vye for Wei Ying's mouth instead - every Lan

Zhan silent pleads that the sweet, lustful young man would conceive their children from five mens' worth of glittering, *qi* -enhanced seed injected repeatedly, very, very excitedly into the one lucky bloating man-womb.

Then, the kettle whistles, the pot bubbles over. Lunch is served.

Wei Ying snorts and everything disappears when he opens his eyes in comforting darkness, face and hair matted with sweat. He finds himself alone on the bed with a huge patch of semen at the front of his pyjamas. His stomach grumbles - he thinks he should make himself a midnight snack of cup noodles, before returning to sleep. Then, thinking that it is too much effort, he turns around, sticks the unfortunate purple cushion between his legs because it feels very, very nice to hump against something firm although his groin is completely sticky and dripping with nightly emission beneath his pants - and snores.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 188

Without a cup noodle to fill his stomach during the night time slumber, the missed midnight snack returned to haunt him in his dreams. It didn't help that Ernie emerged from its mother's curly, entangled, frizzy pubic hair and wrapped the front with its slimy, writhing cold, black mass, and extended a phallic appendage towards the rump, inside Wei Ying's pyjamas, with every intention to turn itself into a self-inserting, self-pleasuring and automated dildo to please its master even whilst slumber.

Wei Ying dreams about taking a walk to town, after a filling lunch of good food and even better sex.

“Here, I've woven a few rolls of fabrics using the traditional loom in the work-room, and hand-embroidered it with intricate cloud and lotus patterns. They should fetch a decent price at the boutique store.”

“Wei Ying, please use the money from selling the fabrics, to buy some provisions. Here's the list. It includes potatoes to make fritters as snacks, minced pork to make patties for tomorrow's breakfast, and a brand new broom to replace the old that had broken and been worn out.”

“ *Lao po* , please come back before sunset. I'm preparing a sumptuous dinner and another pot of your favourite soup with extra large slices of lotus roots and juicy ribs.”

“Wei Ying, buy the cup noodles from the supermarket. According to this morning’s periodical, there is a sale going on. There’s a ‘buy five free one’ offer today.”

“Mn. Please be careful and stay away from the stray dogs.”

He waves his hands and bid his five handsome, sexy husbands goodbye, and flashes his brightest smile, although deep down, he wishes that one of them would at least openly allow him to procure and bring back sweet wines, rather than having him sneaking a couple of jars through the rear door.

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Unsurprisingly, halfway through his journey through forest trails and dense undergrowth, he was ambushed by a group of mountain bandits. Daggers and swords pointed at the terrified man, and Wei Ying nearly tumbled down from the edge of a cliff in his panicked state.

“Ah! Mercy, mercy, kind sirs! I’m just a poor wife trying to earn a living by selling these rolls of fabrics. Take them... take my money pouch too, but there are only a few silver pieces in there! Please, spare my life, sirs!” Wei Ying cries, and grovels to the ground on all four.

One bandit, who looks exactly like the hero named Lan Wang Ji, except that he had rubbed ash over his chin and drew a moustache above his lips, looms above the shivering man, and says in a rather flat, uninspiring though

supposedly accusing voice, “These fabrics are too cheap, and the pouch isn’t worth anything in value.”

“If this man is wedded, then at least his body is cherished. Let’s taste his fine body, and mayhaps we can savour what could’ve been this maidenboy’s lost virginity, taken by his husband and then stolen by us,” remarks another Lan Wang Ji calmly without any fiery eagerness, this time, the bandit sports exotic braided hair and accessories, with a black eyepatch just to make him look more frightening.

“Put away his goods and undress him. Let’s rape him to hearts’ desire, men,” the third Lan Wang Ji states, as though he’s reading a script with a deadpan voice. Fearsome dragon and tiger tattoos decorated his limbs and close to the face, enough to scare away any ordinary defenceless peasants just like Wei Ying in this twisted dream.

In the next scene of the sexy dream, Wei Ying finds himself with his back on the ground and legs spread-eagled, one Lan Wang Ji pinning his arms to above the head, while the other keeping his hips raised and the thighs properly open, and of course, the lucky Lan man, after a couple of rounds of rock-paper-scissors, wins and gets first dibs to savour Wei Ying’s lost innocence, right between those lovely sweaty, trembling and sweaty hairy legs.

From his not-so-vantage point on the ground, Wei Ying is glad that he can look away and try to ignore what is happening amongst the dense black bush on the pubes - which, gratefully, partially hides the tasty sexual assault of very, very lustful man performing a top-notch vigorous sexual intercourse with a fellow smaller male victim; the three Lan Wang Jis passionately made love to a rather unresponsive and whiny Wei Ying, who

complains that he his hips are sore and his back aches from being held up and open for too long, while having his rosebud drilled, flooded with another man's semen, fucked threeways, gushing again with more warm and gooey seed, lovingly raped repeatedly with extensive pistoning of hips into a tight, hot hole, and blasted with thirty ejaculations of thick, creamy spermy milk, amidst groans, howls and roars of orgasmic pleasures from the assailants. Wei Ying felt a bit of pain but that subsided soon after, because he's used to getting fucked by his husband, so he hummed some old folksongs, looked at his surroundings in boredom, picked his nose, then the ears, flicking clumps of wax and mucus away without care, stared at the neatly folded piles of his robes and pants in amazement, and just how perfectly vertical the ransacked, then re-arranged, rolls of fabrics were - he is bored while being raped repeatedly by the bandits that look like his husband, until his belly is full of those imposters' seed, leaking like mini-waterfalls each time a very excited and satisfied penis pulls out, before the next man takes his place between Wei Ying's spread legs, inserts a giant, jerking, over six-incher monster snake to replicate the copulating action again and again.

"Hurry up, kind sirs, I still need to run to town to buy some groceries," Wei Ying calls out with a heavy, disinterested sigh, and then squirms a bit, when he hears an audible squirt deep inside his rectum, and a loud, heartfelt, 'Nnnngh!' from someone shaking his hips wildly against his split buttocks.

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There is a weird sign at the entrance gates to the town, and it states that all Lan-kin are allowed to pass by without prejudice and fear of suspicion, whereas all Wei-kin must deposit their pants at the station lockers by the gates and go through a physical examination.

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Senior Guard Lan! How can you do this! Nnngh! Fucking a visitor who is patronizing your town... like this! Ahh! How shameless can you all be?!”

Wei Ying was lifted from the ground as soon as he lost his pants, and two strong, calloused hands grasped and cupped his springy buttocks, then held him tight against a Lan Wang Ji's chest. His legs were, expectedly, spread-eagled, and not shockingly, three Lan Wang Jis crowded his exposed, vulnerable loins and lovingly attacked his genitals with such vigour, that Wei Ying screamed upon receiving a legendary threeway oral sex, and forcibly ejaculated shortly thereafter. As he nnnh'd and aaahn'd like a sexy vixen in heat and in the throes of god-tiered ecstasy, he tried to back away by wiggling his hips in that direction - only to have that strong, pulsating penis fucking his behind way, way, deeper than ever possible, until his unclothed belly bulged with a bump reminiscent of a mushrooming cockhead. Alarmed, he wiggled his hips to the front to escape the rapist plundering his ass, and to his dismay, willingly gave wider access to the three Lans who happily - without showing an ounce of emotion on their rigid facial expressions - licked and lapped and suckled then tenderly yet eagerly attacked his penis and scrotum, in an all-out frontal sexual assault that left Wei Ying dying-living-dying in screams and unrestrained moans.

Unable to run, Wei Ying started to sob in his helplessness at the situation, and was forced to alternate between getting a juicy fuck that left his rosebud blossoming to full bloom, full of slick juices and leaking cum from too many excited one-two accidental spurts - and having his penis sucked into a vacuum that made him roll his eyes to the back, have his sensitive foreskin pulled back and the glans molested with three tongues at once, then have his testicles' modesty outraged by lips that refused to stop grazing and nibbling at the quivering sweet man-eggs, drawing blood and honeyed fluids in with each impassioned swallow, down, down into the oral cavities and throats of two servicing men; each lovingly pleased testicle tugged in their own separate ways to milk its contents until nothing but spermless fluids were left.

“Sir, his penis glans is very engorged, heavy and twitching abnormally, as though it is alive. It could be harbouring contraband or even illegal organisms inside. I shall take a sounding stick covered with pearly bumps to examine the insides of this man’s urethra, and the mini-camera at the end shall show if something is hiding inside the man’s prostate.”

“Sir, his right testicle is larger than the left. It does not conform to the standards of the Lan’s Perfection. The two of us shall bring out our vibrators and vibrate each testicle at different pressures, frequencies and angles. We will enlarge the left one to the right size, and push the right one higher to the base of the penis, to have the perfect twin set of testicles. Compliance of testicle sizes is a must for entrance into our town, after all.”

“Sir, his anus is fluffy, softened and well-used, and I can feel the seed of others sloshing inside his rectum from his past lovemakings, and they’re still warm. We need to investigate the nature of these seeds, as they may contain diseases or genetic material disallowed by our laws. As part of border control, I shall use my vaccinated cock to scrape out the semen, and we’ll examine the residues under a microscope to validate this.”

Senior Guard Lan listened to his subordinates’ report and watched, with intense, hungry eyes, at how Wei Ying was increasingly violated and raped against his will. He simply nodded with a ‘Mn’ and waved the junior Lan guards to proceed.

“Wei *xiansheng* , keep your hips up and spread your legs wider. You must complete the investigations before you enter the town’s gates, otherwise we’ll confiscate your belongings and kick you out into the mountains with

your name added to the blacklist,” he remarked without gentleness in his voice. Wei Ying stifled a wail and sniffled loudly, as he obeyed like a scolded child - because he didn’t want to run afoul with the law -, and kept his crotch wide open for repeated attacks by all manners of Lan Wang Jis, and willingly let himself be deflowered, molested, raped again and again by the guards that thronged around him to have a taste of his unmistakable, fertile sweetness.

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Bow-legged, deliciously violated from the inside out, sexually flushed from head to toe, and with an uncomfortable pulsating ache in the lower body around the pelvic region - Wei Ying hiccuped and rubbed his cheeks angrily and staggered to the markets. He was pantless because they were soiled from the previous encounter with the bandits (that left a very, very deep stain that couldn’t be washed by a normal rinse in the water, by the way) and deemed as a biohazard, and so, were seized upon entry. He didn’t file a formal complaint, though, because the Senior Guard understood the importance of the basket of fabrics that bore his clan’s insignia imprint, and bought the entire basket for five gold nuggets, that is, five times the normal price Wei Ying usually asked for.

Just as Wei Ying started daydreaming about the kinds of wines he could buy with the handful of precious gold pieces, he chanced upon a vegetable seller by the street.

“How much for these potatoes?” Wei Ying casually asked while jiggling his heavy money pouch, as he browsed the man’s wares of fresh produce and dried herbs. The seller, who looks exactly like his husband - therefore

pleasant to the eyes and elicited a smile from Wei Ying -, replied curtly, “Five fucks for an armful.”

Wei Ying stared idiotically, then did double take. He stammered and cursed, how could people trade using sex as currency, or did he hear incorrectly. There, the *laoban* said, and pointed at a huge red cloth banner that hung over the market stalls - it stated clearly that due to an inexplicable announcement by the higher-ups, the vendors would trade normally with Lan-kin using normal money, and use fucks for Wei-kin. Wei Ying balked at that and nearly wanted to walk out in frustration, shaking his fist in fury at the unfairness of this world - this dream.

“Wei Ying,” said the very, very familiar and heart-throbbing voice - hairs stood up on the younger man’s arms -, “One fuck is one round of sex, and it doesn’t matter who climaxes in the end. I will be gentle, so please, buy my potatoes for five fucks.”

The vegetable seller looked rather sexy, with half of his robes sliding down to reveal a sculptured, sweat-beaded torso, bronzed skin, and one adorable pink nipple poking out from the hem of the garment.

“Nnngh. I’ve had too much sex today, *laoban* . One fuck, otherwise my ass will split and I will be a cripple for life.”

“.... Four fucks. It would make me very happy if we can have a quick romp at the back of this stall, away from prying eyes, and I promise to make you feel very, very good. Plus a bag of chillies.”

“... Ahhh, you know I love chillies! How dare you! Nnnnh! Two! Two fucks is all I can do! Look at my legs, they’re quaking from overexertion, and can you see all the milky white stuff leaking from between them? I cannot bear to be slammed hard against the wall or the dirty ground any more than to part with my favourite chillies!”

“... Three fucks, then, Wei Ying. You are the light to my life, the fire in my heart. Please, Wei Ying, let me fuck you three times, and you can have the potatoes, chillies, and a brand new jar of Emperor Smiles that’s just arrived in stock last night.”

“How heartless can you be, Mister Lan Wang Ji! You must understand that I’m defending my dignity and health with my life right now, for good reasons, because of my pained, pitiful state! I’ve been gangbanged by my husbands and raped by bandits, then I’ve undergone a very invasive body check-up by the town guards. Have mercy, and let me have just the potatoes with two fucks! They’re all wrinkly, dried, and sprouting buds anyway, they’ll go bad soon if I don’t buy them up!”

“Two and a half. Potatoes, chillies, and two jars of Emperor Smiles. Take it or leave it.”

“Eh? What’s with the change of atmosphere-- half? How does one have half a fuck?”

“Do you want to try it out? I’m a very gentle lover, that’s why my vegetables grow so well under my green-fingers’ care.”

Wei Ying thought that he'd struck a hard bargain, and this one-night stand with a stranger who looked like his husbands - and a notch better, because Lan *laoban* started to flex his muscles and sent sizzling, romantic heavy-lidded, pouty looks that pressed all the right buttons upon Wei Ying's hyperactive sex reflexes -, this vegetable seller looked like a tempting, marvellously sexy keeper, after all. He'd hooked a big, tasty Lan fish, and he's reeling him in, fast.

“Deal.”

As promised, Wei Ying was swept off his feet and bridal-carried to the back of the vegetable stall, where a mattress was waiting. The sex was more than a miracle from the gods or a gift from the Heavens, because Wei Ying had never experienced such amazing sex, powerful hip thrusts, a very hard and enduring arousal that could never back down, sweet kisses, manly roaming grasps, skilled lips and tongue, from tender foreplay and until the end of the mother of all orgasmic climaxes - all at once - that made him sing and cry for his dear life, mourning the past because why, why didn't he find this perfect stallion lover earlier, who has such greatness in his sexual prowess and for pleasing lovers in bed, who knows how to touch and pleasure the partner until kingdom come, edge forever until Wei Ying exploded, twenty ejaculations each, into stars and galaxies soaring higher than the known Nirvanas. Between powerful creaking and tasty moans of a man being sexually ravaged and devoured, Wei Ying would learn how divinely sex is with a superior version of a Lan Wang Ji the vegetable seller who also doubled as a hard-working, body-building farmer.

Two fucks wasn't enough and he wished he'd asked for more.

At least the extra half-fuck was worth it, though.

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He still had to buy minced pork and a broom, also six cup noodles, amongst other things in the shopping list handed by his husbands. Wei Ying wonders what other offers Butcher Lan and Merchant Lan have that he could willingly exchange by selling his body. Armed with the knowledge and experience of how nice it feels to fuck a Lan Wang Ji, let alone multiples of them, he starts to hatch a naughty plan to catch ‘em all and cheat his husbands - technically speaking - in a shopping spree of sexual apocalyptic proportions.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 189

Interlude:

Since one trolly AO3 user said so, and I added a few more tags that automatically appeared in my search list :-)

Wei Ying dreamt about walking through the forests with nothing on except a pair of sandals. Fortunately, there were no mosquitoes biting his ass, but one giant hornet flew by and landed on his scrotum without his knowledge while he foraged around a bit. He found some blueberries amongst the bushes by the side of the hiking trail, at the same time the hornet stung his balls and left them bluer than those berries, and Wei Ying sang the blues in long miserable howls of pain and heartfelt screeches of torment throbbing from within his insect-bitten testicles.

Furious at being bested by a flying bug, Wei Ying rubbed hot fat tears off his eyes and cheeks, then grabbed pebbles from the ground and tried to throw at the fleeing hornet. It buzzed and buzzed, higher to the skies and disappeared into the dense foliage, so Wei Ying ended up littering his pretty hiking trail with sharp stones that would wreck the feet of any barefooted passers-by that dare to tread the path.

The awful pain from stung balls had to be addressed, somehow, so he headed downhill and ran towards a nearby river to wash down, and hopefully, cool the swollen bits between his legs with a few rinses of fresh, icy-cool springwater cascading down from mountain peaks. Sadly, when he reached the river, it was dry as desert with a sign written by a blue pencil that the waterway was under maintenance; however, the sign also directed

all visitors to a nearby platform by the mud-caked riverside, where an outdoor shower had been installed. It looked exactly the same as the showerhead he'd bought from Jinshan's supermarket, so he gingerly stepped on the concrete plate, pressed a red button to activate a Water spell, which drew water from nearby sources and piped it through the lotus pod-shaped outlet.

Wei Ying enjoyed a refreshing shower then, and made sure to wash his hairy balls properly and let the water trickle through between his pitifully swollen testicles. The drain at the corner of the shower slab clogged up with Wei Ying's hair - from his scalp and from his infinitely dense bushes on the pubes -, but Wei Ying couldn't care less, because his comfort mattered, and he was sure some unfortunate public janitorial worker would be tasked to pick up those matted pieces of hair out of the drain anyway.

With his less-hairy testicles chilled and cooled, Wei Ying returned to the hiking trail wearing only his sandals, and he skipped and hopped merrily along his way. He chanced upon a huge tray of freshly baked bread for no particular reason other than this was simply one absurd part of his ludicrous dreams, so he crouched down and began to tear off chunks for a nice snack. True to his feral nature, he left crumbs and half-chewed bits all over the grass, so future victimized barefoot hikers would have to contend with sharp stones and food on the ground, to no concern of Wei Ying.

Then, with his testicles returning to normal sizes, Wei Ying scratched his crotch out of bad habit and to examine the family jewels' condition - they were all right now. The self-touches had an unintended consequences, and Wei Ying became a little hard after rubbing his penis in front of the warm, fragrant, mouth-watering tray of bread.

So, in the end, Wei Ying decided to masturbate himself with the hapless bread, and fucked the whole pillow-like fluff until the tray became bent and twisted from too many manly thrusts, and the poor underappreciated serving of baked food was pulverized into smithereens.

Then, Wei Ying snorted in his wet-dream climax, turned over to the other side of the bed, and continued to snore and hump the semen-stained purple pillow.

Notes for the Chapter:

A short interlude because one trolly AO3 user challenged me to tag this fic with "pebble on the ground, bread crumbs, blue pencil, too many hairs in the shower drain". So here you go.

We'll return to the regular scheduled programming once this wave of trollsomeness annoyance passes.

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 190

The harrowing dream of haggling for one's shredded dignity and innocence, in a noisy mundane village market, like housewives arguing over the prices of chicken and vegetables in the stalls - was disturbing yet exciting at the same time, and Wei Ying takes that as a signal that his body had become overwhelmingly sexually frustrated over aeons of celibacy, despite the unlimited access to sex toys in his own bedroom; he'd stoop so low to get a taste of Lan Wang Ji-flavoured sex - and Wei Ying groaned and shrugged at the sheer idiocy of the idea.

He barked out a heart-broken laughter and sat on his bed, alone, at somewhere between two to three in the morning. His purple cushion is thoroughly soaked from his wet dreams, and he knew very well that the 'son' hiding beneath the pubes had done tasty things to his asshole in the last few hours of disturbed dreaming. He stared longingly at an open box of P-Cool Mega Collection sex toys - dildoes that shapeshift to his desires, vibrator eggs in all sizes, bottles of high-grade non-biodegradable lube, fancy glitzy and mechanized anal plugs, sounding devices that would kill a mortal man (and he is an immortal, after all), plus an assortment of other crazy stuff he'd amassed over the years. However, sadly, none of those cold plastic toys could ever replace Lan Zhan's hot lovin' in the flesh that he vividly remembered every night, tormenting him into such sexy nightmares in his slumber.

The end of the ninth day post-awakening by the husband was just around the corner, still, Wei Ying had to be patient whilst the much-awaited reunion eluded him. He flicked his fingers to bring up a holo-screen, then checked his emails, browsed a few porn clips, and searched for mentions of himself in the vast, vast universe of ErNet's social media. Eventually, after a few minutes of creepy glowing blue and green walls of texts and pictures dimly lighting up his face and the bedroom, faintly, Wei Ying decided to go for a walk and get some fresh air - maybe that'll clear his mind and lighten up the dark circles under his eyes for a bit.

He scooted off the bed and undressed, then kicked away his soiled pyjamas; some unfortunate servant would pick them up anyway. The temperature automatically adjusted for the comfort of His Highness The Great And Magnificent And Venerable Wei Wuxian The Awesome Dark Arts Grandmaster And Creator Also God Plus King Of Kings; so Wei Ying trotted around naked except a soft, flimsy pashmina shawl draped over his shoulders just because he felt the need to look a little elegant should his royal subjects find him wandering around listlessly. His bedroom looked just like any sterile interstellar bunker room in an UFO-shaped mothership the size of continents - a bed, table and chairs, cupboards and cabinets, with an attached bathroom and few other ultra-modern furnishings and fixtures for comfortable, convenient 51st-century living. Automatons stand ready at the door-hatch to serve their masters, and droids patrol the hallways periodically to ensure the security of all occupants on board in the dead of the night - biologically speaking, of course, since in outer space, there is no differentiation between night and day when one travels through the cosmos without regard for planetary specifics.

Wei Ying simply walked through the door, which opened upon visual and high-tech recognition of the resident owner of the mothership, and he sauntered through those long, windy hallways, in search of something fun to do; but first, he thought of heating up a cup noodle because his stomach was rumbling in complaints - he has more than five meals a day, and yet, his love for snacks has not diminish, just as his desire to return to Lan Zhan's arms soon, hopefully.

.

The young Sun shone promisingly in the heart of the infinitely dark and vast space between planetary bodies revolving around the solar system. Being an immortal - and a very special one too, since he is the Creator -, he didn't need to suit up in special gear to have his little space walk to point his ass at the ball of fire, and fart at it to give it a boost in burning power; the quintessential sign of a budding young star that had great destinies in store, where it needed to shine brighter than ever to start new lives, new existences, new worlds in a expanding void of a corner the Milky Way. Wei

Ying's fart was, in essence, God's breath to bring new stars to life from their nebulous cradles and fuel them to maturity.

With the Sun's health taken care of, he went around in his faster-than-light policing of each birthed planet to keep a vigil on their progress. He flew through space wearing only a shawl tied around his neck and shoulders like Superman's mantle, flashing his naughty bits to all aliens drifting by in their own spaceships, who passed by out of curiosity to observe a brand new solar system in the making, only to jump away into hyperspace in horror at the vile sight of wild, ungroomed curls from chest to navel, and from that navel to the whole black oily bush between the legs. Wei Ying laughed merrily and jerked his hips in defiance, proud and arrogant of the weapon of mass panic standing tall from his crotch.

The act of shaking his hips in vacuum felt a little kinky - since there was no air in outer space, his penis naturally bloated up, grew tremendously and hardened into a permanent state of arousal even without really feeling the need to jack off. He thought the experience was akin to attaching a penis pump to his member, then one thing led to another, that resulted in Wei Ying furiously masturbating while floating past planets in the process of formation from stardust and bits of rocks.

He stared forlornly at Saturn's ring - he'd painted a single solid yellow-brown ring around it out of laziness, and realized that there should've been multiple rings. Oh, he thought, the husband would certainly go into a fit if he found out that the universe, at least Saturn, wasn't depicted as it should be before the supernova. After some creative thinking, Wei Ying zipped around the huge gas giant to figure out how to splice the large monolayer ring into smaller circles - and a light bulb blinked above his head, figuratively speaking.

Wei Ying squealed in delight and started to orbit the gas giant at incredible speeds. Soon, he was literally skating on the crumbly but decently thick layer of dust and bits of rocks like a highway surrounding the planet. Once he'd gained enough momentum, he lowered his body while cruising at those insane speeds - until he was literally facing down to the said ring and his body hovered parallel to it. Unsurprisingly, Wei Ying's super-godly penis sliced through the ring at those blazing speeds; barely enough to dip

through, but it did a fine job of carving a nice, relatively dustless lane into the ring, just like how one puts a finger into a bucket of sudsy soap water, and run it across the surface to cut foamy mass. Any mortal's penis would be shredded instantly by the sharp rocks and vicious edges of space dust, but Wei Ying's penis isn't made of mortal flesh. He 'Ahhh's with delight at the bumpy, scraping and tickling sensations raining upon his excited, turgid organ, like skimming across a pool of warm gritty sand that feels like feather-like whipped cream to him, travelling in speeds faster than light.

Soon, Wei Ying orgasmed from the wonderful sensations caressing his penis, and he'd drawn a few rings out of the initial solid one around Saturn. His semen would draft aimlessly in deep space, clumping up bits of dust and rock to form larger asteroids; some of which would end up in the belt between Mars and Jupiter someday. With so much sexually pleasant work left to do, especially in fixing up the flaws in the laws of physics and obvious mistakes and misses during the creation of the solar system, Wei Ying took a very laid-back approach in solving the problems that he started in the first place.

Speaking of Jupiter, Wei Ying turned his attention to the largest planet of the solar system. It was filled with rolling clouds of thunder and lightning, and it lacked its distinguishing trait. Ah, he thought again, if he missed that feature, then sure the husband would scold him to no end.

Jupiter's giant red spot was missing - no biggie, he could remedy that with a fiery intercourse with faster-than-light pistoning hips to the core of that planet, to cause a volcanic meltdown and tremendous eruption to burn the cloudy atmosphere in the vicinity until everything turned crimson. Then, he thought of ejaculating straight to the Martian grounds next door, fertilizing the iron-rich soil and farting out more flammable gases to its thin atmosphere, so that an ancient colony of Martian organisms would evolve and walk the face of that small red planet, before getting wiped out just in time for the first dinosaurs to walk on Planet Earth - his true home.

Wei Ying received a message from his holo-phone tucked inside the thick bush of pubic hair, where the multi-talented, multi-tasking and multi-capable Ernie resides. It was almost dinnertime, and the final meet-up he

had with the husband was still stuck in the Soul Restoration Cave in another dimension, where the family cloud drive is locked and hidden.

He smiles and licks his lips in anticipation. It's time for showdown!

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At the very least, one can appreciate the diligence and care shown by Wei Ying in re-creating the solar system after it went supernova caused by the husband's inopportune and overpowered, panicked fart in the heart of Jinshan villages, Middle Kingdom circa 2000 B.C. He did spend more than four and a half billion years to atone for the glaring lack of oversight in balancing their incredible godly powers, which has since been revised and corrected with the husband's reincarnation and rebirth in a process of soul transmigration. During that time, he and his royal subjects, all of whom are related to him and the husband, took on the challenge to rebuild what had been blown to bits, as one happy and united extended family. Following the grand scheme of the universe's evolution and lifecycle, things got a bit tricky towards the last few hours of Lan Zhan's nine-day confinement, or hatching - translated into real time as tens of millions of years of Earth's life; an infinitesimal portion of the planet's life, really - because not only Wei Ying had to deal with a sudden spurt in Life's evolution and diversification upon the Mortal Realm from the first dinosaurs to the first mammals and then making sure to deliver a meteor hurtling to the surface at exactly 65 million years prior; but also, in the final hours, he realized that there are holes to patch, unassembled parts to fix and *et cetera ad naseum* ; it turned out that the entire solar system had been shoddily made with poor workmanship, so Wei Ying had to repair and mend those bits to ensure that he, and Lan Zhan, will have a near-Perfect new beginning after pressing on the 'Resume' button on their lives.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 191

Wei Ying ran for his dear life, because he was late for the appointment of a lifetime. Oh no, oh no, he gasped to himself, if he left the husband waiting at the front of the Soul Restoration Cave, like a man released from prison and has nowhere to go, what would that man do and how would he feel?

He'd been careless in his anxiety to meet up and finally be with the husband after more than four and half billion years of living in relative solitude. Wei Ying had been engrossed with designing then assembling a dating sim game built into a hyper-virtual reality suite that comes with a full body-suit plugged to ErNet and plenty of sexual appendages wiggling non-stop both inside out, because he'd somewhat fallen in love with Vegetable Seller-cum-Farmer Lan, Butcher Lan and Merchant Lan from the dreams he's been having, then transferred and brought to life using 51st-century computing technology and artificial intelligence. It worked like an online dating game, actually, that he would play through several routes, with daunting quizzes about relationships and romance, with the ability to choose action and conversation options to dictate the gameplay, and of course, to connect and interact with very handsome and sexy Lan Wang Jis-que avatars through animated cutscenes, video calls or messaging using holo-phones, and find ways to achieve his one hundred percents, and explore all sorts of endings the game has to offer. The game was clearly rated R18, and intended for mature audiences, because it was launched not long after, free-to-download and filled with yaoi and hentai elements that left Wei Ying and zillions of customers sexually satisfied in more ways than one. Visual and audio cues were transmitted through a holographic helmet, while tactile and other forms of sensory stimulations were delivered via the body suit. Wei Ying became obsessed, even addicted to the game controlled and nurtured using Ernie's awesome digital capabilities, that he lived through countless lifetimes meeting, falling in romantic love, and having endless sex with the virtual Lan Wang Jis that checked every single box on Wei Ying's list of must-haves in the characteristics of perfect boyfriends and husbands. Often, he played harem routes, and engaged in double, triple and multiple dating and marriages, then found himself in virtual orgies with three or more digital dicks sawing into this well-abused and flooded

rosebud, while his own genitals were constantly played and pleased by the body suit's sexy appendages, kept swollen and engorged, overly excited and leaking wifely cum for immeasurable periods of time, as long as the game remained live in the eternal ErNet.

Wei Ying nearly sobbed in panic when he realized the time, and disconnected from the game after what seemed to be ages since he'd last climbed out of the smelly, cum-soaked and sweaty body suit. He had to shower and perfume himself - after all, he could not embarrass himself further by not making decent, proper first impressions. During bathtime, he suddenly thought that perhaps, Lan Zhan would want to make sweet love to him during their reunion and the subsequent first night together - it's like the night of one's wedding all over again -, so he had to go all out to douche his asshole with the best 21st-century products to cleanse whatever filth that was sitting inside him after days, even weeks of suffering from constipation from living a sedentary life, drowning in the dark enclosed pleasures of that dating sim game as a living couch potato. As if that wasn't enough, he chose to overdose himself with bottles of enemas stuck to his anus, and that resulted in an explosive stomach-churning diarrhea that lasted forever - but at least, in the end, he was clean where it mattered most.

While riding on a very unsteady Bichen through outer space and through interdimensional portals and fluxes, with many near-misses and near-crashes because it'd been an eternity since he flew on the husband's sword transport - he wanted to impress the husband that he had taken good care of his bulky ivory and sacred family sword, and that he could still wield it, which is a symbol of their shared cultivation connection -, he screeched in alarm because he remembered belatedly that he should buy a gift as a 'get well' gesture to wish the husband a speedy recovery to normalcy; thus, he swooped down to the nearest space-supermarket and wasted even more time browsing, window-shopping, haggling before finally deciding on a fruit basket. He knew Lan Zhan loved succulent, exotic imported fruits fresh off the farms, so he paid premium prices for just-arrived stocks of tropical mangoes, pineapples, seasonal apples, oranges, kiwis, bananas and whatnots, arranged into a colourful and pretty spiralling mountain-like display that symbolizes prosperity and good health. Unsurprisingly, he

forgot his wallet, so he asked the cashier manning the counter if he, a Lan Wang Ji-derivative, would accept fucks as currency.

Fortunately for Wei Ying, the cashier-cum-store manager had played the dating sim that Wei Ying programmed and put up for free downloads in ErNet, so he knew exactly what the young, teary-eyed and red-cheeked man was on to. The purchase was wrapped and bagged properly, then set aside, and Manager Lan put up a 'Closed' sign on his counter - leaving countless of customers complaining -, then dragged the grateful Wei Ying to the broom closet where the janitors' stuff were kept, where both men undressed and then engaged in tasty rounds of sexual intercourses until Wei Ying was impregnated by a stallion, buffed-up and very, very desirable guy that was greater than Farmer Lan, Butcher Lan and Merchant Lan combined. Wei Ying became very agitated and conflicted - on one hand, he had a husband to fetch from the prison-cave, on the other, his heart throbbed so hard and his anus sucked in the delicious over seven-inch monstrous snake and refused to let go because this Lan Wang Ji's boner was just too tasty, too sexy, too virile and fluttering in and out too vigorously, until Wei Ying's pelvic insides relented, yielded and instinctively grew a womb and vagina in place of the rectum to welcome another man's seed to conceive a Perfecter Than Perfect Baby of Manager Lan. The cashier himself went wild between Wei Ying's buttocks and mounted the smaller man multiple times and lost himself in repeated rape-y ruts, until his hot, rich fertile sperm spilled carelessly, too excitedly, massaged by Wei Ying's rectum-turned-vagina like a cocksleeves tightening up around the helpless but super-thick penis, with plenty of fleshy folds and and kissy cervix at the mouth of a waiting womb, milking the phallic angry-red twitching organ for what it's worth - ten fucks and a half for a fruit basket; the delirious, lustful Manager Lan roared and howled with great pleasure along with a grimacing Wei Ying's screeches and screams of orgasmic eruptions, and the larger sexier man made sure that his seed is properly pumped in and sown deep into the smaller man's womb, that many babies had been made and fathered by the incredible lovemaking of ten and a half fucks to pay for the purchase; he continued to crush Wei Ying beneath him, mating-pressed the man-slut and pistoned deep into the lovely, semen-flooded canal because Wei Ying's hole felt very, very good for his steel-hard penis, and he was still hard, unsatisfied and had nine and a half fucks to go, and he demanded

sweet kisses from the younger man and let his cashier register-calloused fingers roam and rake hungrily to play with Wei Ying's body like keying the cash register, counting money, or more typically, plucking guqin strings, to heighten the younger man's pleasures to frenzied levels, causing the younger man to gasp and moan for more, more, please fuck this weak and flawed man more - that Wei Ying's body sang praises for the Manager that had done what no other real men could, and he spread his legs wider, raised his hips higher, used his fingers to pull his butt-cheeks and open up his well-abused anal sphincter and the puckered rosebud, until one could stare straight into the abyss of Wei Ying's asshole, dripping and convulsing with seed, man-juice and other bodily fluids, and welcomed Manager Lan to pillage and plunder the defenceless, bare-opened ruined maidenhood with his entire passion and soul.

The broom closet in the nondescript supermarket located somewhere between dimensions remained locked for hours, even days and longer. The fruit basket ended up costing more than hundreds of fucks, but Wei Ying didn't really keep count of the price because it was worth every orgasm.

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Wei Ying had plenty more tasty sexual encounters with superior Lan Wang Jis on the way to his destination; the closer he was to the family's cloud drive, where the Soul Restoration Cave resides, the higher quality of Lan Wang Jis were found, because they were all drawn to their First Fathers' memories, the Grand Patriarch and Matriarch of their society, like all filial clones and descendents of the great Lan species and family.

One, in particular, happened when Bichen sputtered and coughed out smoke, to declare that the four and a half billion-year old sword needed a break after having rudely woken up to plough through hyperspace by the man who was married to its master and had become sworn soulmates-cum-cultivation partners. Wei Ying sobbed then, because he didn't know how to fix a sword that didn't originate from his ancestral clan, and he was really,

really running out of time. With a stroke of genius luck, or rather, with hidden entities working behind the scenes with lewd, lascivious intentions orchestrating the entire fiasco of grand proportions, a rather intimidating shirtless and perfectly sculpted-body Mechanic Lan happened to chance upon the teary-eyed man sulking next to an asteroid, and offered to fix Bichen with an extra service of oiling up the blade, for a mere five fucks. Wei Ying had nothing else but his body to sell, so he agreed, and five marvellous rounds of sex that left the younger man with a blank mind, orgasmic hangovers, and spewing seed stupidly from his twitching, lively penis, because his nervous system had been electrocuted by too many tremendously satisfying and anus-blossoming rounds of sex that made his prostate sparkle with stars - after five fucks' worth of service, Bichen was kidnapped along with its drooling, drunkenly laughing wife-of-owner, and he revealed his true identity - he wore a half-mask, looked absolutely dashing in his black and white suit, bridal-carried his prize, and spirited off Wei Ying to smuggle that tasty wife of all Lan Wang Jis to their homeworld.

The Planet of the Clouds, a secretive, fabled world that had never been seen by the naked eye nor by deep-space exploration satellites and scouting vessels, is the motherlode of all Lan Wang Jis in the entire Kingdom and company, that not even the First Fathers knew much of, other than hearsays and speculations from gossipy patrons in teahouses and in the back alleys of homes of noisy housewives. The Lan-kin had existed for nearly an eternity, and yet, their numbers continue to grow modestly in line with normal general population birth rates. The brightest, smartest, strongest - basically the best of the best, the cream of the Lan crop - such Lan Wang Ji-clone individuals had never stepped forth and contribute spectacularly to the Kingdom and company, simply because they decided to pack up, migrate, and live in this secluded island of paradise the shape of a cloudy gassy giant planet, and pursue their scholarly, technological, intellectual, physical, sociocultural, aesthetic and artisanal interests peacefully, also, living out simply, humble lives that included waking up at five in the morning, sleeping at nine at night, with lots of meditation and sweeping the floor with straw brooms throughout the day. It is a world that mirrors and expanded view of the Cloud Recesses, where majestic snow-capped

mountains and incredible mist-covered cascading waterfalls reigned, with picturesque foundations of river gorges and lush evergreen valleys and fields of crops, vegetable farms, fruit orchards, virgin forests and natural waterways.

Wei Ying regained consciousness in this beautiful yet cruel world as a refugee with nothing on his body except the clothes on his back. He woke up in the heart of a large city inhabited by zillions of superior Lan Wang Jis, lying on the ground and surrounded by curious onlookers. It was an unnerving experience to be stared at, rudely, by people of the same faces though with very, very sexy bods and of a variety of abilities, magical capabilities, physiques and glaringly, lustfulness, as evidenced by the sight of some individuals furiously masturbating while gawking at his frail, vulnerable form. After asking a few logical questions and getting the logical answers that he needed, he knew he had to survive and escape this world before resuming his journey to fetch his much-missed husband from the Soul Restoration Cave.

Wei Ying started the same way as with how he usually starts when he finds himself in brand new places with no money or fame - at the bottom of society's ladder. He opted to undress and begged for alms in the form of fucks by the roadside, and fortunately, he was very much cherished by the Lan Wang Jis that crowded around him - and their numbers swelled as fast as news spread that the one and only, the prized Wei Wuxian of all Lan-kin's dreams, was taking up temporary residence in their world. Soon, Wei Ying worked his way up, by offering services to residence at five fucks per hour, working in fast food joints for fast fucks at ten per hour, then found himself some managerial positions and eventually, unsurprisingly, given how brilliant Wei Ying has always been, he earned top spot working as an office-cum-prostitute boy in a C-suite of a spiralling megatower, clinching the position as a top earner of six hundred fucks for each hour of hired professional consultation. In no time, he was noticed by the ruling Council of Lan of that planet, and he was elevated to a status of a goddess, where he would spend his days with his legs spread open upon a pedestal in the

greatest temple made of gold and diamonds, where the faithful queue up patiently in perfect lines to have their chance to worship Wei Ying's ass, engage in enough rounds of tasty fucks and non-stop penis-in-asshole sex, pay their tributes to their goddess in the currency of fucks, and father enough babies inside helpless Wei Ying to start new generations of fat healthy offsprings.

Even after years, centuries even millenia of non-stop sex with extremely desirable specimens of Lan Wang Jis, Wei Ying was left conflicted as his body evolved to readily, even greedily, accept all the wonderful penises and lovemaking gifted by those gentle Lan-kin. He fell in love with the trillions and more Lan Zhans he'd met in the Planet of the Clouds, orgasmed enough for countless lifetimes for a single male, and he was impregnated generously by his devout followers, which now included non-humans such as angels, dragons and all forms of admirable variations of the single husband individual he had in mind. He tried to struggle away to return to normalcy and the task at hand - his dear husband! -, but each time he did that, he was pulled back, enticed with the sweet calls of '*lao po, lao po* , I'm your real husband and I want to make you feel good. Please open up your pussy and let this husband make the two of us feel very, very good down there', and Wei Ying could never refuse free fucks, so he returned to his king-sized pedestal bed, and allowed himself to be mounted, raped, loved, sexually ravaged for nearly an eternity until his mind went blank again, his throat hoarse from howling with pleasure, his sweaty back seized from too much humping, his limbs ached from directionless flailing because he didn't know where to find salvation in his depraved state, and his sweet, sweet swollen and thoroughly abused rosebud spread far and wide to allow unrestrained penetration by happy penises competing to savour the taste of Wei Ying's honey and hot tightness; that tunnel of love eventually, joyfully evolved to a feminine version so that he had a man-vagina and a man-womb filled with swimming babies and wriggling clumps of sperms, yet penises continued to invade, pillage and plunder the insides, kissing the womb and greeting the babies tucked in their warm amniotic cradles within good mornings, good afternoons and good evenings with such eagerness and virility; that birth canal continued be filled, lubricated,

gushing with countless men's seeds, the repeated thrusting, pounding and hard-fucking injecting more semen into the conquered womb, and Wei Ying cried out again and again, surrendering his body and soul to the best of the best Lan Wang Jis ever known to exist in the multiverse, lining up to have their taste of Wei Ying's purity and non-existent virginity, spending hours writhing, pumping rich man-milk inside lovely Wei Ying to fuck his lovely man-pussy until the young man sang goddess-like praises to bless the world and the inhabitants of the Planet of the Clouds with his sexual divinity.

Wei Ying would finally find a way to escape, through devious means after aeons of orgies with his favourite Lan Wang Jis, only to emerge out of the cocoon of deviated space-time two minutes later in real time. Wei Ying thought that two minutes felt too good, and his loins twitched with 'Yes'es in earnest agreement, and his ass loosened up to emit a wet, gurgly fart of spilled seeds to concur, because evidently, Wei Ying will never have enough sex with his husband and his lookalikes.

Two minutes, he told himself. Two minutes of a lifetime of sex with each trip into the space-time bubble where the Planet of the Clouds reside.

What are the chances that he'll ever come across such a great bargain?

Without a second thought, he undressed again and stowed his clothes and long-waiting Bichen behind another asteroid, then turned around, and dived back into his newfound favourite world with a loud squeal - naked, ass first, with his thighs spread wide and his puffy anus convulsing in excitement to welcome cities full of exemplary, superior and very, very desirable Lan Wang Jis with their hard, anticipating penises pointing skyward, for another round of worshipping of their new goddess hurtling like a meteor crashing to the surface.

Wei Ying will have many, many more fucks to go, before his lust is finally sated.

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By the time Wei Ying finally reached the Soul Restoration Cave on a rectangular golden platform that resembled a Windows Folder icon that is their family's cloud drive, he sheathed Bichen to his belt and staggered and ran unsteadily to the mountain-like structure with his prized fruit basket in the arms, and sporting a pregnant belly not of the original Lan Zhan's, looking absolutely sweaty and wrecked down there, sexually flushed from head to toe like a drunken fool, and absolutely unpresentable to the Grand Patriarch that had been waiting for him for way too long. He didn't see Lan Zhan by the mouth of the cave, so he hurried inside and was greeted by a terrible, heartbreaking sight.

Lan Zhan hadn't been waiting Wei Ying like a good, obedient husband that he purported to be; he sat on a large sofa dragged from one of their shared memories, fully naked and sweaty, grunting rhythmically like a beast in heat that kept fucking anything warm, fleshy and with a hole within range - and there was plenty of 'em; Lucky Lan Zhan was having an orgy with a harem of those who had arrived first, and got first dibs on the husband's tasty bits. Wei *er ge* was busily engaged in loving deep french kisses with locked gazes with the husband, and that left Wei Ying red faced and very jealous; moaning Wei *er ge* happily bounced on Lan Zhan's crotch to ride them man to multiple sexual sunsets; Wei *san ge* and Wei *didi* each had found their prey faster than Wei Ying, and probably dragged the vulnerable husband back into the cave, pinned his body down, and each man and boy took their sweet time to lovingly attack his four-and-a-half-billion-year-old testicles with skilled fingers, lips and tongues. Worst of all, Uncle Wei, the rapist and dirty smelly criminal that devours children's innocence and sells the souls of people through deceit and trickery, happily roared with laughter and groans, lying beneath Lan Zhan with his huge hairy cock stuck into Lan Zhan's ass - Uncle Wei fucked Lan Zhan very, very hard and kept talking

dirty to say sleazy things filled with sordid details of how tight Lan Zhan's ass was, and how beautiful Lan Zhan would look like if he carried babies like A-Ji every day, first thing in the morning at five o' clocks. A-Xian, on the other hand, squealed and shrieked like a monkey, because of the strange reason that he was allowed to sit on Lan Zhan's undulating and spasming six-pack abs, and with his little fingers, he enthusiastically drummed an energetic tune by flicking, pinching and tweaking the man's abused and puffy nipples. Beside the copulating and fornicating harem, A-Ji lowered his head and worked hard to wipe the floor stained with semen, pee and other unmentionable bodily fluids with a washcloth, while Uncle Lan stood by silently to observe, with gleaming interest in the eyes, of how the original Grand Patriarch reacted upon being sexually ravaged and assaulted by too many wives at once.

Semen-pregnant Wei Ying slowly walked into the cave - that foot-wide invisible barrier had dissipated -, and the young man was thoroughly disappointed that he'd been the last bird to catch the worm, and there weren't any worms left besides a terribly, terribly sated Lan Zhan, whose face was frozen in half-ecstasy, half-grimace, half-yawn, his hips shook very excitedly because Wei *er ge* sensed something was coming and squeezed his lower half of the body as he pushed his rump deeper then slammed against the delirious husband's crotch very hard, again and again, and the teenager and Wei boy picked up their pace in playing with Lan Zhan's swollen, wildly twitching testicles, and penile muscles contracted in tandem with how his sweaty, shivering back arched, fingers and toes curled but Wei *da ge* passionately slid his long forked tongue deep into Lan Zhan's throat and made oral sex much better than what went on in the nether regions - and Lan Zhan Hnnngh'd so loud that his raspy croaky voice echoed off the walls of the Soul Restoration Cave - and Wei Ying let out a weak sob of defeat, and ultimately, a lamentable loss that he would probably never recover from.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 192

The mother of all conundrums - at which point did Lan Zhan lose his virginity?

During the time he inhabited his first body? What of the bodies from past lifetimes? Or the current body in this lifetime?

Was it during his first sexual encounter with pervert neighbours at a very tender young age? His first wet dream? His first handjob from Xi Chen *da ge* in the Cloud Recesses? His first experience of having a dirty uncle's finger playing inside his anus? Or many years later, when he had his first, rather unsatisfying anal sex with Wei Ying behind some bushes in a forest that resulted in a disappointing premature ejaculation? What about the many firsts - the first oral sex, the first handjob, the first homosexual or even heterosexual he had with Wei Ying, during the various lifetimes that they'd experienced and lived through together? What about today, in his brand new transmigrated virgin body that had been jolted awake with sweet, sweet sexual intercourse and mind-blowing sex with a harem of Wei Ying-clones?

It was as mind-boggling as it was unsolvable.

Wei Ying knew, to his dismay and envy, that he hadn't been there for many of Lan Zhan's firsts, in many instances and iterations from different lifetimes. However, he was grateful that he had at least clinched one first, this round.

Lan Zhan's harem of four Wei siblings, the family of little A-Ji and A-Xian, and the ever-unseen four servants of the Negative Plane politely disengage themselves from serving their Grand Patriarch, wet squelches and schlicky sounds included, and promptly gave way to a red-carpet arrival for the Matriarch. They bowed and picked up their clothes, whispered hushed words amongst themselves, then quickly left - but not before stealing dirty glances at the man that looked in complete disarray; his hair was messy and stained with crusty white stuff, his robes looked torn and one sleeve slid off to reveal milky-white shoulders and a hairy nipple with bite marks on it, a

bulging pregnant belly, and below, streaks of sticky white trickled down the legs, dirtied his scruffy shoes and the defiled the soil in the sacred Soul Restoration Cave. And a fruit basket that looked worse for wear, with few bruised contents after Wei Ying accidentally dropped it repeatedly when engaging in crazy monkey sex with other Lan Wang Jis he'd met along the way to the cave.

Lan Zhan looked no better, particularly since the sudden loss of his harem left him hanging in more ways than one, and his entire heaving and panting body was flushed to seven degrees of pinks and his sweat-covered skin glistened in the dim light of Twisty crystals embedded in the cave's pillars and walls. One very hard, very wanting, very lustful purple-red penis the length and girth of a man's bulging forearm stood tall and proud from its nest of curls, quivering desperately with unerupted molten pressure boiling from within; it does not hesitate to jerk back and forth, as though greeting its fated partner who stood just a couple of paces away.

"I woke up from a late afternoon nap a while ago, and found myself settling down well in this new body. Your clone-siblings came in around the time of the first humans on Planet Earth, three hundred thousand years ago. We spent some time together, since they didn't want me to feel alone, while waiting for your arrival. One thing led to another, and you saw the results," Lan Zhan started to explain, a dire need to explain the twisted and vulgar situation the couple found themselves in. He pretended to examine his fresh new, and already used body, such as checking his fingernails, brushing some semen stains off his skin, rubbing some fingerprints, hickeys and bite marks, twirling his hair and running fingers through them to rid himself of saliva threads and other icky stuff left inside - all done to avoid eye contact with the spouse, whom he believed to be terribly heartbroken and in all possibilities, even suicidal at the turn of events.

Several crucial moments passed, and finally a long, heavy sigh. Wei Ying walked to Lan Zhan and lowered himself so that he crouched next to the beloved husband. He seemingly joined Lan Zhan in a joint examination of the husband's new body; touching and counting fingers and toes, caressing the rosy skin with very healthy complexion on the chest and abdomen, sliding a palm and cupping the chin, tilting the taller man's gaze and then

gingerly, shyly, timidly, Wei Ying leaned in to give his hubby a ‘it’s good to see you again’ kiss. In a wifely fashion, Wei Ying maneuvered his clothed body to straddle the man on the sofa, and kept his gaze locked to the now-embarassed husband’s, and he left his arms around the older man’s shoulders in a loose embrace. Wei Ying was sad, and Lan Zhan, determined to cheer up the wife, somehow.

“Wei Ying, I’m sorry I didn’t protect my virginity enough to give it to you. But I saved the best for the last,” Lan Zhan murmured as he returned the embrace gently and guided the younger man’s hips to rest on his crotch, so this is desperately quivering penis had a chance to lean its engorged, sagging weight against the sweet, sweet curve of Wei Ying’s ass, and take a breather.

Wei Ying was already peppering sweet kisses on Lan Zhan’s forehead, temples and the tips of the reddened ears, whispering words of Sorry and Thank-Yous - forbidden words that were only used under special circumstances such as this time. “Mmm? What is it?” he asked huskily and sent the tip of his tongue swirling into Lan Zhan’s tenderly assaulted shell of ear.

The husband shivered, of course. Nothing could energize and set his desires afire than the man named Wei Wuxian, and he felt another waves of stirrings, rising heat and skyrocketing hunger roiling from within. He gasped and moaned and Wei Ying’s gentle skinship as their embrace became tighter until they were sharing breaths, warming each other through their skin contact, and lips and fingers carelessly touching and grazing every inch that could be touched. “I haven’t orgasmed a single time yet... since gaining this new body... from eating the 3d-printed biscuit that you made. There is... three hundred thousand years’ worth of sperm... that I cannot wait to release,” Lan Zhan said, and proposed to his wife in an impassioned plea, “Wei Ying, may I cum inside you?”

It was such a simple request, yet so clear and meaningful, that Wei Ying really couldn’t refuse. It also signified that whatever terrible things that Lan Zhan may see on Wei Ying’s body - the pregnant belly and the messy, untidy condition -, was duly put aside for the sake of their loving marital relationship.

“Do you really have to ask? My body is all yours, and your body is mine. *Lao gong , lao gong* , please fuck this flawed man’s male-pussy and shoot your fertile seed inside, and make this man yours once again,” Wei Ying was quick to take advantage of a get-out-of-jail free card, and put sweet icing and succulent cherries on top of his undeniable offer to make up for his mistakes. Deftly, he undressed himself and kicked away his pants and soiled underwear, and dearly prayed that Lan Zhan wouldn’t mind the still-warm slimy goo trickling from his ruined asshole to pool onto the husband’s crotch.

“I’m sorry, I’ve been a bad boy, and have been having sex with other men-” he started to rasp and moan while indulging in fervent kisses and deep tongue-play, while locking hands and legs to dry-hump and ride Lan Zhan to full arousal. There was so much to explain, to seek for forgiveness, to repent for his idiocy and weakness to the pleasures of the flesh of the Lan Wang Ji kind, the unplanned and technically forced pregnancy from trading fucks for goods, but Lan Zhan cut him off.

“Mn. You don’t have to say. I saw the news through my holo-phone and even played your dating sim game. It is a good game, and I enjoyed it. I can understand how you feel,” Lan Zhan said, with uncharacteristic gentleness, in between hungry kisses and tantalizing foreplay with grasping fingers and back-and-forth hip motions. Wei Ying let out a sob of multitudes of emotions - of gratitude, of joy, of hope - at the rare display of empathy by the man known to be stoic, logic-cold and unfeeling at times.

“You... You’re not angry? Even with this?” He had to ask, he had to confirm. Wei Ying even pushed his rounded, protruding abdomen until it hit Lan Zhan’s ribcage to indicate that he looked like a ravished, violated man carrying a pregnancy to full term.

Lan Zhan unexpectedly leaned back and shifted a bit on the sofa until he could bend down and kiss the top of the bloated ballooning naked abdomen - like a new father kissing his wife’s pregnant tummy to wish the growing baby within a sweet, sweet good morning; Wei Ying nearly teared again at that wonderfully tender gesture. “Your belly is full of my seed anyway, regardless of which specimen or individual’s. Why should I be angry?” he

added, and puckered his lips to kiss-kiss the stretched rounded surface, until it spasmed to reciprocate the act, as though saying 'hello' back to its father.

“In fact, I will be disappointed if I don't get to experience this body's first explosive orgasm inside you. And give our baby its first serving of daddy's milk, to keep it warm inside you, my lovely wife. Wei Ying, will you let me fuck you, make love to you, and cum deep inside you?” It was such an honest declaration, admission and request, that Wei Ying felt giddy for a moment and half-stood, took a step back, and easily sat upon the arm-sized penis that had waited for four and a half billion years to taste its sweet, sweet fated partner that is Wei Ying's man-pussy and man-womb that already carried their lovechild, drifting, floating, swimming within an enclosed uteral pool of many Wang Jis' semen; now, the shared fruit of their love has received the seal of approval from the Grand Patriarch, who has every intention to spend the rest of his days, months, and years - nearly three hundred thousand years' worth of catch-up passion waiting to erupt from swollen divinely gigantic testicles - inside his lovely Matriarch, making hard and sweet hot love to father many fat healthy babies, spilling their passionate seeds together again and again, until the time has come for them to return to the real narrative story circa 2000 B.C., that is, their present world.

“Oh, Lan Zhan...!” Wei Ying cried and started moving his hips excitedly upon Lan Zhan's mighty penis and godly babymaker.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 193

Another mystery posed by senior members of the Council of Lan, formerly known as the elite grandmasters of the Qishan Lan, office holders of the best-performing company in the multiverse Wangxian Co. Ltd., and top generals and officials of the Kingdom of Lan :-

How does one play, excite and finally fertilize Wei Ying's eggs?

Or should they even be called 'eggs', being of male origin and certainly located not within a female reproductive organ such as the ovaries. From an anatomical perspective, Wei Ying's eggs are described in great length in various literature research as a man's testicles, however from the holy texts and grade-school education textbooks that all of the Kingdom's royal subjects had known, memorized and understood from their stance about the way the universe works, the man named Wei Wuxian is simply said, and validated through rigorous scientific research and testing, that he does have a pair of testes that is more commonly known as man-eggs; for the sake of non-argument on gender parity and sexual discrimination and confusion, therefore the Kingdom is of the position to call Wei Ying's eggs, simply as 'eggs'.

Those lovely oval-shaped organs slightly smaller than a decent-sized commercial chicken egg, hang low in their scrotal pouch and have the flexibility to move around a bit inside their warm nest richly innervated and supplied with blood vessels. A dense fuzz of curls and frizz covers the pouch, partly made of Ernie the cold black thing, lending a very masculine appearance and softens any blows, thus providing those delicate and precious eggs - the only two in existence in the entire multiverse - for the enjoyment, entertainment, pleasure and sexual reproduction of the Grand Patriarch.

Thus, once the eggs are fully characterized, defined and described in detail, the question begs itself once again - how does one play, excite and fertilize them?

To play, one can start by carefully, gently cradle the scrotal pouch with both hands in a cupping position, then roll the soft pads of both thumbs upon the eggs contained snugly beneath the wrinkly, hairy skin - one thumb for each egg. First, one can roll in clockwise with the right thumb, and in anticlockwise directions with the left thumb, simultaneously, while swaying the palms to gently buoy, lift and further roll both plump eggs in an in-and-out motion. One can also squeeze them, milk them, turn them a bit to massage every square inch of the fragile surface, and make undulating motions from the base of the penis down to the lower ends of the scrotal pouch to milk lovely bodily fluids and improve the blood circulation that feed into the oval-shaped organs, therefore coaxing the eggs to grow and swell lovingly, warming up to the touch, and to notice the tell-tale spread of reddish sexual flush and brown tans across the dangling sac, particularly when it starts to contract and relax rhythmically, whether the entire egg itself or with lovely rolling spasms from top to bottom towards tasty testicular orgasms.

There are various ways to play with Wei Ying's eggs - by gently pulling both eggs each in different directions, milking both eggs with squeezing motions to stimulate seed production, stroking those lovely bouncy balls at downward angles to coax them to make and release more baby sperms, even tapping rhythms - particularly lively Yunmeng folksongs - from top to bottom and back up again, going round and round the eggs until both lovely yolks quiver, spasm with heavenly delight, and gush out fifteen testicular ejaculations of nectary, translucent sperm-rich liquids straight through the windy tubes and drain into Wei Ying's convulsing prostate gland. Another way is to mimic the mechanics of 21st-century washing machines, that is, to press, knead and spin the egg's yolk-y contents in alternating directions,

drumming sonic pulses deep into the throbbing core of each lovely ball until the sperms quiver in a trance-like dance, and the egg itself spasms excitedly in the process of having its liquids stirred and shaken vigorously, each lively microscopic tadpole is rinsed and dipped repeatedly and the swirled around in its own nutritive fluids, and then, the grand final spin cycle, where some magical aid is used to send fast-moving whirlpools to lovingly assault each egg in opposing directions, wringing out the very last sperm cell from their dizzying twirling cradles and flinging them straight out of the penis in hearty ejaculations, until Wei Ying cries and screams with the extreme pleasures of having his eggs washed thoroughly like a washing machine does.

With play, there comes excitement and tantalizing, erotic stimulations, often by using one's lips and tongue, plus other parts of the body such as grazing those tender adorable eggs with light, skimming fingernail touches in horizontal, then vertical and finally circular directions in both clockwise and anti-clockwise manners. Performing the perfect oral sex upon the eggs is very, very much preferred when Wei Ying is fully aroused, as the rougher, and more violent, invasive forces of lip suction, tongue licking and vocal humming usually sends Wei Ying's eggs into a mating frenzy, releasing copious amounts of spermatic fluids in a series of mind-shattering, epileptic fits that attack the eggs' membranes non-stop, even long after the last baby sperm cell has been drained out, so that Wei Ying's eggs serve their dual purpose of producing seed, and tasty sweet seedless fluids in healthy spurts, fifteen excited dollops in total per egg.

To ramp up the excitement, one can use non-organic means which could be a tad bit risky to the swelling and shrivelling eggs depending on its cycle of testicular orgasm. For example, casting sexual spells, using electrostimulation, and pressing vibrators against it - care must be taken not to crack and break the eggs, as they are more prone to bruising and damage than, say, hard-boiled chicken eggs without their shells. There are plenty of references and grimoires that detail on how magic can be used to heighten one's sexuality and performance in bed; in particular for these testicular

eggs, spells with mechanical action such as spinning, twisting, tickling and kneading are particularly useful, and so are spells that send sexual poisons straight into the cradles of sperm production within each lovely egg. The insertion of implants and objects are frowned upon by the medical fraternity, however, permission need not be sought to peruse worm-like parasites and other ball-piercing and injection devices for the sole purpose of torturing and pleasuring Wei Ying's cute eggs.

Electrical stimulation, on the other hand, is much simpler - simply purchase Wangxian-branded testicular electrical pads and hook them to the generator, and watch how pulses of raw electricity travel through narrow cables to deliver tasty shocks onto the adhesive patch that covers most of Wei Ying's testicles - and the eggs within shall vibrate, contract and spasm uncontrollably to the user's desires, accompanied by sweet, alluring screams and extremely tempting hip-shakes and fluttering of pelvic muscles.

Next, vibrators. The hallmarks of enhancing the pleasures experienced by Wei Ying is to encourage the use of sex toys, in which magic wands and vibrator eggs are highly sought-after goods for the purpose of playing and stimulating Wei Ying's lovely eggs, rivalling that of a human's touch. There is hardly any need for instructions for use, as one can simply strap these devices onto the scrotal pouches, massage the devices hard against each quivering egg in delicious directions, and at opportune times, press the tips or heads of those vibrating toys deep into certain sweet spots deep inside Wei Ying's pelvis to stun, numb and destroy his sanity and his grip on his excitement - until Wei Ying orgasms both testicularly and prostatically, to the point of urinating in sweet spurts and farting erratically whilst climaxing, because those strong mechanical waves and pulses are known to loosen sphincters and bladder control, amongst every other sexual reproductive organs located within Wei Ying's nether regions.

The topic of playing and exciting Wei Ying's testicles - the anatomically correct term - has been described and discussed at length in this essay. So comes the final part - how to fertilize Wei Ying's eggs? This problem has been researched with numerous literature and books published on the topic, but with little resolution in sight. The greatest scholars of the Kingdom had debated on this for aeons, and there could be no agreement - because Wei Ying is technically a male, and therefore, his testicles are not eggs (scientifically speaking), and cannot transform then birth into babies on their own. Colloquially known as 'baby Wei Yings', the man's sperm cells swimming inside Wei Ying's testicles (eggs) do not function as a typical human ovum that can be fertilized by another man's seed. Thus, the issue of how to fertilize Wei Ying's eggs remains a mystery to this date.

Scientists have long debated on the methodologies to experiment with fertilization of a man. The test subject named Lan Wang Ji, who also sponsors the research efforts, has been enlisted to attempt Wei Ying's fertilization efforts using manners learned from hypothesis and hearsays. Baby Wei Yings have been forcefully extracted in violent spurts, sometimes coaxed out in rich ejaculatory dollops from an exhausted hairy penis, and placed into petri dishes where *in vitro* fertilization techniques have been used. Unsurprisingly, injecting and flooding baby Wei Yings with a pool of baby Wang Jis did not yield any success of forming a fat, healthy baby as desired by the Royal Couple of the Kingdom.

Another method tried and tested, is forcefully inserting the husband's semen straight into the eggs, thus replicating a more realistic condition of sperms from the husband raping the wife's eggs in any typical heterosexual carnal acts. Through high-precision insertions and high-resolution scope cameras implanted inside the scrotal sac to monitor the delicate process of fertilizing a man's eggs, Lan Wang Ji was tasked to masturbate furiously into a funnel, that connected to a pump and a catheter tube that travelled all the way from urethra, through the prostate gland and straight into the testicles. A microscopic incision was made on each egg, so that the catheter emptied straight into the spongy, viscous lumpy oatmeal-like tissues within each egg

filled with active wriggling, and sleepy unborn baby Wei Yings. Upon receiving thirty very excited ejaculations from the husbands, because he'd been feed with tales of how his sperms would swim their way through to meet the eggs, then greet each baby Wei Ying inside, and kiss them good morning and gently wake them up from their nests, then make sweet, sweet love between sperm cells and egg-cum-sperm cells to create new life inside Wei Ying's lovely hairy testicles, until fat, healthy offsprings are birthed. Those violent ejaculations sped through the catheter and tubing like a retrograde ejaculation, aided by mechanical pumps placed along the way, and soon, Wang Ji's sperm cells happily arrived at their destination to swim through the incisions, and passionately invaded the home of panicking baby Wei Yings. Of note, Wei Ying's eggs were monitored from the outside throughout the assault, and scientists recorded the animated movements of each egg as though it was being eaten alive from the inside; since Wang Ji's sperm cells are known to be voracious rapists and extremely passionate in pursuing then humping violently and biting, sexually devouring, and mating every baby Wei Ying in the vicinity. Wei Ying's helpless, smaller sperms were defeated, and their home was lay waste by very excited, hungry and greedy sperms from the older man. The genes from Wei Ying's sperm were evacuated into the egg's yolk as baby Wei Yings were violently and passionately fucked by baby Wang Jis one by one until the point of disintegration. However, the mix of genetic material from both men did not result in any conception of new life, and thus, scientists concluded that this method of fertilizing Wei Ying's eggs did not work either.

And so, the quest and scientific discourses to find out how to better play and excite, and more importantly, fertilize Wei Ying's testicular eggs - continues.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 194

If sex is art, then Wei Ying is the canvas upon which Lan Zhan paints amazing portraits of their everlasting love.

If sex is ambrosia, then Wei Ying is the feast for his husband-god, and vice versa, Lan Zhan is deliciously tasted and consumed, one penis at a time, swallowing down thick, rich seed into the womb one mouthful at a time, again and again until both men were thoroughly spent.

Wei Ying was living out his dream paradise inside the Soul Restoration Cave. The cave had plenty of good *qi* left for absorption, and the couple didn't want to waste it - especially since Wei Ying spent many years collecting and packing the energizing particles into the soul-healing place -, so upon Wei Ying's request, and with the seal of approval from the husband, Wei Ying speed-dialed his secret lovers - including Farmer Lan, Butcher Lan, Merchant Lan, Manager Lan, Chef Lan, Scholar Lan, Artisan Lan, Swordmaster Lan, Butler Lan, Blacksmith Lan, Mechanic Lan, Doctor Lan, Teacher Lan, and all sorts of other superior Lan individuals Wei Ying had met or kept their numbers in his holo-phone's private directory - and invited them to stay with the couple for a *qi* -rich feast, and an intensely debauched orgy of many happy husbands and one very, very satisfied wife, lasting for many, many days, weeks, months and more. Whilst doing so, the Regent and his family stayed in the Realms of the Gods to oversee the Kingdom and company's operations; the four Wei clone-siblings journeyed on to more exciting adventures on the Mortal Realm, starting from where they left off in Nieshan village; and the four invisible demons of the Negative Planes made sure everything ran smoothly and no one would ever dare to question the couple's rather incompetent rule.

Wei Ying was in nirvana, and he was surrounded by nirvana itself; a nirvana of writhing, bare-chested and bare-buttocked Lan Zhans of perfect handsome looks, gentleness and kindness in their demeanour, servile and very accommodating to his needs, and most important of all - they all sported lovely pecs, six-pack abs - none of the flabby obese nonsense -, of perfect young to middle ages and ready, waiting penises more than six, seven, eight inches in length, twitching, turgid and jerking excitedly for the turn. They huddled around Wei Ying, and the lucky wife only had to open his mouth, wiggled his tongue, sing a song, then his hands would claw, rake, grasp and stroke anywhere, anything, it would always be Lan Zhans who received Wei Ying's touch; and Wei Ying's genitals exploded with more waves of pleasures, cresting over and over again the pinnacles of climaxes, because they were always more than five, six, seven, eight Lan Zhans tending to his dying-dead-alive arousal, excitedly spurting seed, seedless fluids, plenty of pee and farts, the cup of his passion brimmed then overflowed, and spilled abundantly like waves crashing from stormy weather, with rippling foamy excitement until everything emptied out, his eggs have boiled over and drained from within, then filled with so much hot lovin' that he swore those vacuumed-up testicles had become wombs to be filled with newborn babes.

Upon the soiled, soaked king-sized bed, where the crux is his sexual corruption, debauchery and the core of countless pleasurable copulations took place - he spread his legs far and wide as much as anatomically possible, feet kicking into the air, knocking on a hapless Lan Zhan, then crossing and closing, drawing in one Lan Zhan at a time like a spider reels in tasty preys - he tastes Lan Zhans' penises inside his man-pussy, often at a merciless pistoning pace until his rosebud bloomed into fresh bouquet of bright red roses, glistening in sweat and sunlight of Lan Zhans queueing up to serve him their penises and semen; each Lan Zhan tastes, smells, feels and looks different, whether it's the hardness, length, girth, curve, excitability, sensitivity, speed to climax and endurance towards prolonged edging - all thoroughly savoured inside Wei Ying's man-vagina residing in the rectum, past the loose and cum-drench de-puckered anus, in which beyond the growing ocean of freshly ejaculated seed, thirty fluttering

dollops from each individual and the many rounds that each Lan Zhan desires to bed with his wife and father many, many fat healthy babies within, Wei Ying squealed and his tummy convulsed from the sheer fullness inside his man-womb, and he could feel great torrents slosh around the insides of the belly, creating tightness and discomfort like a pregnant cow about to calve - and after rolling muscles that had lost control from overfucking and abuse, he farted out excess spent seed to the bed with glee, while another Lan man's penis drilled that same hole deliriously at a feverish pace, sometimes in pairs or threes during peak hours when the queue of horny sexy men backed up - at that point, Wei Ying would tell the boys to calm down and not spar with their dicks at his anus, because there's plenty of him to be loved after all.

“Farmer Lan, you're such a patient man, you've been fucking me for hours, cumming inside me every ten minutes or so. You must be so tenacious and diligent in sowing your wildest seeds upon this fertile garden, and then ploughing it like a bull - you just keep going on and on, no matter what!”

“Manager Lan, are you making a profit? For each fuck you make from me, it's sweet money for the baby Wang Jis waiting for their inaugural launch between your legs.”

“Scholar Lan, you're so good! I never knew scholars could be so sexy and masterful in sex! You know exactly how fast to thrust your hips, and precisely how deep to reach my sweetest womb. Oh my lovely scholar, please kiss my womb, you're hitting all my right buttons!”

“Butler Lan, you're so kind and polite! You even wipe my sweat and serve me food and drinks while we make sweet love. May I have another grape

please, and please, darling, shoot another round of manly milk into my hole, it thirsts for more of your tasty man-juice!”

“Doctor Lan, Doctor Lan, please examine my ass, it feels itchy everywhere. Can you scratch the itch inside and make me feel better? Pretty please? Should I open my legs wider for you, so that your penis-scope can have a better look, deep inside my ass? Like this? Mmm? Or like this?”

“Teacher Lan, this student has a failed grade, please may I get better grade by letting you fuck me and make lots of babies inside this fresh young student womb? I’ll do anything to get a passing mark, please, please teacher, fuck my man-pussy and give me better scores? Ah, don’t spank my buttocks, this student admitted his wrongdoing already!”

Wei Ying became a heap of contradictions and a sweaty mess; he’d grabbed the hair of one Lan Zhan to stop him from bobbing his head upon the defenceless, violated crotch to polish the hypersensitive, soul-wilted but still very excitable penis - because truly, Wei Ying had nothing left to offer from his loins except teaspoonfuls of seedless prostatic fluids and more likely, pungent pee -, and the clutching fingers immediately went limp and Wei Ying’s hands went to the sides, clawing and raking the bedspread at the delicious waves of incoming orgasmic contractions, as though he was trying to futilely fight off the invisible, insidious enemy of imminent tantric explosions that he knew, the battle was lost and the war was far, far already over when he was conquered by Lan Zhan and his common-cloned comrades’ penises; Wei Ying’s face and body became red as ripe tomatoes when sexual flushes decorated his sweat-glistening skin, prickling with goosebumps with each passing-by climax, and he twisted and turned, pleading for the sexual marathon to stop, and yet he thrust his shuddering hips wantonly to meet every heartfelt fucks given by the Lan Zhans, unknowingly coaxing the men to drill deeper, harder and faster into him, dip repeatedly into his innermost sanctuary to spill their virile hot seed and

bless his eggs with fecundity. He cried again and again, begging Lan Zhan to stop, no, don't stop, fuck me harder please, suck my dick too, oh god please let me breathe, slow down, nnngh no no please oh sweet baby Guanyin I'm cumming, oh Buddha oh Dalaoeye oh I can't stop shaking my hips, please for the love of Gusu Lans please give me your babies ah not so hard, I'm tearing and splitting oh yes yes yes deeper please mmm yes; in which, all Lan Zhans had learnt not to listen to the incoherent babble, and resume their husbandly duties of touching, fucking, bedding and making sweet, sweet orgy love to their one lucky semen-filled wife. Wei Ying was unravelled layer by layer with each orgasm, peeled like a sweet onion until only the core was left, and countless penises attacked that core until it congealed into a puddle of baby Wei Yings, in which that puddle was shaken, stirred, then slurped completely by the merry band of greedy, insatiable and lustful men named Lan Wang Jis.

There was no hurry and everything was perfectly organized. When the phone-ordered pizza arrived, and Deliveryboy Lan found the orgy to be of mutual interests amongst the Lan men at the sex fest, so he joined the fun too. The teenage boy was the most handsome, hunky, youthful and striking-looking pizza delivery boy ever in Wei Ying's eyes, and that budding Lan boy hadn't experience sex before, thus Wei Ying gave him a priority queue number. Deliveryboy Lan took that number and waited patiently for his turn to enjoy the mind-blowing experience of losing one's virginity to another man's ass, to taste a man's womb for the first time, and to roll his eyes in fluttering back and forths, at the heavenly sensations of man-vaginal walls clenching and clamping down on his exhilarated teenage penis - jacking off to posters of superstar Wei Wuxian would never be the same again, ever - and to inject his superbly virile seed freely into Wei Ying's bottomless cup of babymaking, adding to the bloating pregnant belly growing from Wei Ying's quivering, moaning, thrashing body, as one Lan Zhan after another went very, very wild, dancing their hips and thrusting like animals in the throes of bestial ecstasy, although with a mildly-noticeable constrained pace so as not to burn out too quickly, that each Lan Zhan could shoot thirty times into Wei Ying's ruined and blossomed rosebud, thirty rich ejaculations each, before withdrawing without so much as a hair out of

place, then replaced by another eager Lan Zhan and his earnestly happy penis, ready to make more babies inside the screaming man, back arching off the bed, thighs spread wider and lifted higher, welcoming all men's sexy sperms into his sweet, sweet body.

Wei Ying, being a voyeur, installed mirrors made of crystalline surfaces of larger Twisty crystals all over their love nest, and he revels in observing, through heavy-lidded eyes, how Lan Zhan's glutes squeeze mechanically and pumps rhythmically deep between his wantonly spread legs; from the top view, it looked almost as if he was being crushed and devoured alive by the sexual hunger of an alpha male thrusting non-stop atop the crotch, lips peppering sweet kisses from forehead to cheeks, to nose to the Adam's apple, to bite the collarbones, before inserting tongues and sweet dirty words into Wei Ying's reddened ears. From the sides, Wei Ying looks even more perverted, as he head lolls from right to left and right again, his facial expression is one of a slut begging to be fucked and inseminated, hips bucking and limbs thrashing uselessly jaws slacked with sweet mewls of Yes'es and No's, and the beautiful crimson sexual flush spreading from his belly to his chest, to the neck and to both of his cheeks like an artist's canvas painted wonderfully with lustful hues and raw emotion; while Lan Zhan patiently pumps in and out in a steady, maddening rhythm, even as Wei Ying orgasms in mid-fuck to squeeze and vibrate around his lover's pistoning turgid meatstick, but Lan Zhan continues to drill in and out, deep and shallow, until Wei Ying climaxes multiple times from that mechanically moving manhood; and Lan Zhan plods on with his everlasting rhythm with that terrifyingly calm yet lustful, unceasing timeless motions, until Wei Ying whispers, then shouts, then screams and finally sings at the top of his lungs, because he'd gone past hypersensitivity and started to urinate uncontrollably when his loins had absolutely no more seedless fluids to ejaculate; and still, Lan Zhan makes slow, sensuous sweet love to Wei Ying with his in and out, in and out, hitting the thoroughly swollen and abused prostate with a cockhead punches and prods, schlicking and squelching, thick engorged penile veins massaging Wei Ying's inside with each slide, slicked with cum and purposeful in depth, firm in its strength and hardness, spreading those lovely juicy fleshy folds, before pulling back to withdraw,

and driving through like a propelling missile, thick and tenacious, driving Wei Ying crazy when his man-vagina explodes in post-orgasmic convulsions at being stroked gently from the insides, for hours on end, that frighteningly calm of the tempest that rip and tears Wei Ying's sanity, in and out, in and out, in and out. The next Lan Wang Ji stands by the bedside, waiting for his turn to do his in and outs nestled inside the very well-loved wife of many Lan men.

In the end, it seemed Wei Ying amassed a vast collection of Lan Wang Jis of different professions and capabilities, and they all voted democratically to stay with their sole wife, and designed a new floor mat in which an underground kingdom is built within; thus, Wei Ying was gifted with the magical floor mat that would grant him all-day access to sex with all forms, shapes and sizes of Lan Zhans that exist throughout the multiverses. The young man also sneakily connected the floor mat to his favourite Planet of the Clouds, so that he would always be a god - goddess - worshipped in all vile and sweet manners by his followers - the inhabitants of that planet -, who were in every aspect so much more superior than the original husband; Wei Ying hit the jackpot that day, really.

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At some point, the couple decided to they had enough of twisted, perverse reunion sex, with Wei Ying gaining more than he'd bargained for after four and a half billion years' worth of solitary work. They showered and freshened up together, with Lan Zhan, ever the gentleman, combing and tying Wei Ying's hair into neat knots and braids. They put on their ancient black-white Imperial trainee robes - still in pristine condition despite the passage of time -, and double checked their gear, now simplified to simple garments and they'd go hands-free for their equipment; because their Kingdom is fast moving away from 51st century technology to the 61st, and everything could be conjured and summoned at one's whims without

necessitating the need for bags, pouches and storage compartments. Thus, no weapons or magical items and Bags of Holding would be required, even for Wei Ying to cling to his precious newly minted floor mat filled with Lan Zhans of his dreams, because everything is uploaded to the family's cloud drive and can be downloaded and materialize to reality at any time, with or without the use of magic.

Due to the laws that govern the flow of Creation, Time and Fate, Wei Ying explained to Lan Zhan that they cannot simply change the sequence and circumstances leading to key events when they return to where they left off; the alternate option would be to destroy everything and start over, which Wei Ying sourly declared that he wouldn't want to stomach reliving his awful, painful life when he was spiralling down to despair, madness and heartbreak, sixteen years ago. Lan Zhan agreed to the proposal, and was in fact, simply grateful for Wei Ying's divine generosity to grace him a new lease in life after the last supernova, now, a chance to reboot and resume in a parallel world that had been painstakingly built to mirror the one that was obliterated, particle by particle.

"Wei Ying, what would I look like?" he asked, before stepping on a waiting hovering Bichen to take them out of the cave, far, far above the mountain and clouds that make their family's yellow-coloured rectangular cloud drive, until they twinkled like stars in the vast empty space above to execute the perfect hyperjump to the Mortal Realm.

"Mmm..." Wei Ying paused a bit before taking his place in front of Lan Zhan, standing and spooning against his darling man like a sweet, charming young wife in her (his) hubby's arms, "I reckon you'll look not a day older than when I met you in Mo village after resurrection from my sixteen-year slumber in hell. Fit as a fiddle, clean and shaven, and an extra dash of sexiness. I made sure to add sexy sauces to the biscuit you ate the other day," and he winked to the back.

“Mn. I’m thirty four, and you’re twenty two, then,” Lan Zhan calculated aloud, and waved his wrists to send Bichen to a lift-off. The creaky sword pattered like a clunky old car, spitting plumes of smoke and shaking quite a bit, but once its in-built engines started with a hacking wheeze, it was off to a good start.

“Yes, a dirty old man and a pedophile preying on sweet young things like me,” Wei Ying chimed in with mocking laughter, and instinctively outstretched his hands to balance himself on the blade. “By the way, my clone-siblings have taken over Nieshan village and forced that camp’s administration office to register their identification papers. They’re now citizens of the Middle Kingdom, just like us, and their marriage certificates state that they’re your wives too after the officer reviewed their documents issued by Yiling’s civil registrar, long, long ago.”

There was a noticeable hesitance when Wei Ying spoke next. “The privileges extend to the rest of our Kingdom, though. I hope you don’t mind,” he said with a slight waver in his voice at the end, and his arms lower a bit, as though losing a bit of that confidence he had before taking flight on the billions-year old sword.

Lan Zhan leaned forward until his chest lay tightly against Wei Ying’s smaller back, and he embraced the younger man from behind - whether to provide comfort or a reassuring hug that everything would be alright in their maiden flight for a long time coming -, then sweetly kissed the nape of the spouse’s neck, eliciting a short giggle from the latter.

“Mn. I understand. I may have many wives, and for you, many husbands in our brave new world... but you’ll still be my one and only, Wei Ying.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 195

The story thus far, with few liberties taken by Wei Ying because only he, the Creator, can do so, while Lan Zhan, although holding the esteemed title of the Supreme Almighty King of Gods, merely goes with the flow and wants of his beloved spouse:

At Camp Jinshan, the moment resident Tao priests discovered the true identities of the couple, Wei Ying was kidnapped in a sleazy official's office and he was struck down by spells that typically incapacitate any humans; lustful, soul-possessed priests were about to outrage his modesty and strip the man of his dignity with a tasty, demonic sexual assault. On the other side of the sprawling prison and training facility, Lan Zhan, who was now tagged as *yaoguai*, was cornered in a classroom with a broom, followed by watchful eyes wherever he went, sedated by mind-controlling spores that fouled the very air that everyone breathed. The camp's defense and capture systems are geared to bring down any errant super-powered demons the moment they break into fits of fury and insanity, and the response was proportional to the level of threat.

Therefore, when Lan Zhan went supernova with a powerful fart, he blew up like a Fire Elemental on steroids that could turn even Hell to cinders, and immediately, the facility's automated containment mechanisms kicked in. The huge bell at the pagoda rang loudly at unexpected, alarming speeds, supercharging the spores in the air to do their terrible, but necessary work - and all unvaccinated detainees at the camp were knocked out immediately - including Lan Zhan himself; the supernova would've burnt everything to ashes and nothing, and not even the spores or the anti-magic defenses of the camp, could save any soul from the eternal fiery damning end that ravaged across the entire Middle Kingdom.

That was the past.

The difference this round, though, was that Wei Ying's own bodily defense countered, just in the nick of time - Ernie emerged from the pubes and transformed itself to an impenetrable, spiky and vicious, grim-looking male chastity device; a cage around his cock and around his pelvic area like a twisted, perverse diaper made of cold, black metal strips that shielded even his asshole to thwart any rape-y attempts from dirty old priests. The effect was immediately evident.

“Curse Ne Zha and the fiery Lord of Hell! What is that smell coming out from the man's crotch?! It's worse than rotten onions, cheese and fish mixed together and left to ferment in some one's unwashed socks for weeks! I feel nauseated just by breathing right now... exhale, brothers, exhale!”

“Aieeee! It moves! It moves! It's a living demonic chastity cage! Our suspicions are right, but what do we do? I have no appetite for smelly crotches and bums, much less trying to wrestle that cold, black slimy thing around the man's private parts. It might even bite me and poison my soul that I'll have to leave this yummy priest's body! This man's bonded pair, the true *yaoguai* of the two, is indeed clever enough to have set this booby trap so that his dignity is protected!”

“Ah, but this man... just by tasting the fouled air, I can sense that his meridians are blocked but not severed as initially thought. If we can restore the flow of *qi* in his body, his golden core will blossom like a juicy ripe loquat, ready for our consumption... but still... still... uuurgh... blearrgh... oof... it's so stinky, I can't-- I can't! I have to get out of this room!”

The three priests had to stumble out of the meeting room and lock the door behind them, and they vomited all over the floor, to the alarm of panicking servants and Imperial patrol guards in the vicinity. Even Senior Guard Zhen was called back see to the priests' condition, with so many eyes and ears around including nosy bonded pair detainees hard at training who peeked in at the rousing commotion - the deterred Tao priests decided wholeheartedly to blacklist Wei Ying from their menu, at least for that day.

Elsewhere, Lan Zhan closed his eyes and laid to rest his fears and concerns, knowing now that his entwined fate with the spouse remained safe. Still, his stomach twisted into a knot because how can a husband ever remain steadfastly calm when his wife was knocked out cold with a flimsy chastity cage fending off would-be rapists - so, he allowed himself a small, squeaky anxious fart. The deviation in *qi* -flow was minor and did not kickstart the camp's in-built anti-personnel mechanisms, but still immense in godly terms, and caused a disastrous, bone-shattering explosion from the third floor of the classroom complex that was being cleaned by enslaved servants such as he.

Lan Zhan's ears rang from the deafening boom and felt shockwaves ripple from his butt, then allowed himself to fall down, down, through the three storeys because the wooden floor gave way after the incredible detonation that vaporized everything within the immediate radius. Miraculously a strand of white hair slid out of Lan Zhan's head and grew exponentially into a furred silken infinitely long piece of white cloth that wrapped itself around the man's body; the man spun around like a fallen flower blown by unseen breeze, a delicate angel clothed in stunning whites, embroidered clouds and glimmering gemstone-like sequins, twirling from the heavens to touch the earth with the softness of cotton and feathers. Lan Zhan landed on the ground with a soft, muted *poink!* as his silk-cocooned body bounced off surfaces like an elongated balloon of white dandelion fuzz, accompanied by the sounds of children's bubbly laughter, bell chimes in the wind, and

tinkling crystalline glass - his covered figure, now resembling like a giant white furry caterpillar sprang up and down a few times to avoid broken burning furniture, crumbling walls and debris and rubble raining down from crashing tiled rooftops, then rolled itself like a giant serving of vanilla ice cream, moving out of harm's way and into the courtyard of shocked spectators and fleeing guards.

The entire devastated classroom complex collapsed in a mighty roar of fire, rattling nearby buildings and spreading wildfires across the camp. Lan Zhan's caterpillar-like figure sprouted beautiful and wide furry wings, then a tapered tail on one end and an impressive dragon-like head on the other - its fearsome and majestic appearance was completed after it barely skimmed by the kitchens and wrecked some pantries - a couple of tomatoes stolen from the kitchens for fiery-red eyes, splintered and bent broomsticks stuck to the forehead mimicking impressive antlers, undulating twisted ropes used to tie *làcháng* sausages as whiskers, and a long, bumpy reptilian snout fashioned from a handful of *baozi* freshly steaming out from the ovens - all gleaming misty white and silver in the glittering sunny springday light.

The entire camp was thrown into chaos from the explosions, and people in the courtyard screamed and tried to run away from the fast-spreading flames; guards carrying buckets of water began to arrive, while others scrambled to action to secure the perimeter and bring as many to safety as possible. All paused for a few seconds to marvel at the mesmerizing sight of a dragon hatching from a gigantic silkworm cocoon, then taking flight from the ground after the destruction of one of the camp's prominent buildings. It soared high and clouds parted for its ascent, gliding in a magnificent, aerial stride like one long streaming woven silken war banner, and its tail lashed quite a bit to propel forward and send sonic booms in its wake, leaving swirling winds racing past it

“Look! That white wyrm... no, it’s a Silver White Dragon! Such beauty, such grace, and it’s beating its majestic wings as though it’s taking its maiden flight! What *yaoguai* is that, which takes the form of a human but hides such impressive strength and majesty beneath the skin?”

“Dragons! It’s a legendary dragon *yaoguai* , and a very rare type too! A great dragon lives amongst us! Rejoice, fellow *yaoguai* brothers, we have a supreme lord here, treading upon these filthy grounds to bless us with its regalness! O’ ye faithful, bow and worship its strength and wisdom, for such Silver White dragons only appear less than once in a lifetime, even for *yaoguai* -kin like us!”

“Where is it going? Oh...! It’s headed for the dorms! Who cares for training and exercise drills! Brothers and *yaoguai* comrades, let’s get out of this place and follow this amazing fabled creature! Maybe it’ll set us free from this cursed place once and for all! Look around you, everywhere, the Imperial bastards have their hands full trying to put out the fire and salvage the situation, so pick up your swords and activate your magical powers, we’re going getting out!”

Hence, while the situation on the ground devolved into violent anarchy with detained bonded-pairs rising up against their captors - because the great explosion sent flaming waves in all directions and sterilized the air from the third-storey up and obliterated all spores from the atmosphere, and the awakening of the dragon seemed to have deactivated whatever curses that had been cast unto every detainee’s body that they were free to rebel -, so while fights and bloody manslaughter broke out amidst uncontrollable fiery destructions on the grounds of the military centre, little Ni-er roared with pride at her new form - a roar that filled the winds with echoes of windbell chimes and clinking glasses - and flew to her daddy’s home, that is, the place her parents spent the night before, had good meals and where everyone was kept toasty and warm.

She wasn't sure if she'd done the right thing, but she knew her daddy would approve of her action because she's, really, daddy's sweet lil' silver pumpkin pie, after all. She smiled at that thought - the awesome and mighty dragon smiles and bared its glowing, fearsome lips; fortunately, no one noticed that it had no fangs or teeth, and in fact, it fearlessly displayed a mouth full of pink toothless gums and smiled in the way that only babies can smile with adorable bubbly gurgles.

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Wei Ying has another trick up his sleeves, or rather, his shadows - people do not call him the Grandmaster of the Dark Arts for nothin', he told himself smugly while keeping his eyes closed in a pretended grimace etched on the face. By tapping on Ernie's vast capabilities and unlimited magical energy hiding in his pubic hair, even in his semi-conscious state after getting zapped by the Tao priests' magic circle, he wove a spell without using any *qi* - like playing a common flute to summon unimaginable supernatural evils. His shadow on the wooden floor in Senior Guard Zhen's office became a portal to another dimension, and he slipped through effortlessly into a tunnel of moving, revolving colours from all spectrum, his rainbow highway filled with fun, ditzy kaleidoscopic lights - to the wonderful cozenspace beneath his very own floor mat that interconnects with everything else in the multiverse; he wondered briefly if he could spare a two-minute break at his favourite playground, the Planet of the Clouds, to not only have tasty trysts with his unlimited number of lover-followers inside his temple of fertility, but also to greet his offsprings that had been raised in droves in test tubes, hospitals, daycare centres and loving Lan households - the first of many generations of *Homo sapiens wuji'ensis* born solely from one male-mother and many fathers.

“You swine, you’re a few hours late and it’s almost nightfall! What happened to your so-called two-minute break you told us on the holo-phone a while ago?” Wei *da ge* remarked with a rude guffaw as he pulled Wei Ying out of the opened floor mat with one muscular arm. A heave, and Wei Ying easily flipped over to the stone floor with a dull thud. He was naked as a babe because he didn’t bother to put on anything after the sexual carnage he’d done and swathes of farmlands created in his name, filled with rows upon rows of newborns planted like radish sprouts, then watered and nurtured by their fathers - just like the good ol’ days when he had A-Yuan, long, long ago.

“Ah... not so rough, I’m still sore everywhere. Sex during childbirth is no joke!” Wei Ying groaned and rubbed his bruised hips and buttocks - there were plenty of fingerprints, hickeys and semen stains present along with amniotic fluid and placental membranes, and the four Wei siblings who welcomed him didn’t need to strip the Grand Matriarch to find out why. He emerged into a typical Imperial soldier or detainee’s dormitory room, and had ordered his siblings in advance to place the floor mat there, for good reasons. Wei *er ge* rushed in with a basin of perfectly warmed water and washcloths, and immediately fussed over him like a concerned mother, “Oh! Sit down on the cushioned chair over there, your back needs adequate support while you rest! Lift up your legs to get any swelling down, and let me wash and massage your lower parts. Your insides must still be throbbing after giving birth to so many young ones before rushing here!” The eighteen-year old teen may not be the brightest, but he surely knew what to do, and what mattered most, when it comes to postnatal care.

Wei Ying did as he was told. His *da ge* made sure to furnish and provide the best room a five-star postnatal confinement service can offer, better than scores of professional midwives out there; the *er ge* happily comforted the new mother with niceties such as spoon feeding him bowls of nutritious herbal ginger chicken soup and giving free massages from head to stretch-marked strained abdomen to the wiggly toes and soles of both achy feet; Wei *san ge* acted like a prickly teenager who was half-intrigued, half-

disgusted by the idea of popping out babies between the legs after sex, so he stayed on the sidelines to watch and learn, and he was tasked with cleaning duties and heating up food for the tired but hungry mother of zillions; Wei *didi* was truly innocent and remained by Wei Ying's, because he was truly fascinated in the stories of how one gets pregnant and the journey to carry babies to full term until childbirth, so lil' *didi* accompanied the chatty man in his non-stop prattling and flaunting words, praising him for his hard work to populate worlds with his infallible womb, regaling in his tales of manhandling ugly wrinkly newborns, the horrors of breastfeeding through male-nipples, and the nightmares of changing stinky soiled nappies in the dead of the night.

“Can you believe it? I was screaming bloody Guanyins that he was responsible for putting it in, so he should take it out, and he really did! I had ten Lan Zhans waiting on me inside the maternity ward, and forced them to watch me go into painful labour until they sobbed, and when twins and triplets plopped out one after another like blood-covered wet sacks of rice out of a gaping pipe hole, half of them fainted. I swear, those good-for-nothing men...!”

“All those perfect Lan Wang Jis in the Planet are perfect bachelors, good husbands and loving partners, but they're awful at childcare - probably because they're all youngest in their families and had no experience in caring for younger siblings! They had to be taught how to bottle feed babies and burp them after nursing, bathe them in a tub and change their diapers... it was awfully funny, ya' know, observing them from afar at how chaotic things become with babies spitting up breast milk, how the fathers panicked because they didn't know how to hold such a delicate thing inside soapy water, and how the strongest of 'em were reduced to tears at the sight and smell of baby poo on the table!”

“You should’ve seen the time when I was in my bed in the temple, all naked and breastfeeding babies snuggling against my belly. That’s an important bonding time for me and my babes, but what does the husband think? He becomes a horny devil with a eight-incher hard-on between his legs, jerking up and down, begging for attention too; I don’t know if it’s jealousy or if the sight of me squeezing my boobs and of newborns suckling these teats that made those Lan men super-excited. I mean, I know it’s erotic, but trust me, trying to make sure your babies get enough milk while having two, sometimes three husbands fucking you wantonly down there - isn’t fun at all! They also tried to steal some milk from the baby by nuzzling their faces on my chest and trying to shove the baby’s away... the nerve of those hopeless horny men!”

Wei Ying’s stories were as colourful as they were filled with his wry sense of humour that demeaned the Lan-kin - which were well-received by the room of four other Wei-kin, of course. Everyone was amused by Wei Ying’s antics and animated recounts of his travels beneath the special floor mat, and had a good time reuniting the whole family once again, with good food and lots of group cuddles. The siblings shared their side of the story too, and told Wei Ying that they’d arrived much earlier - thus, breaking the covenant between the laws that govern the current reality and had therefore caused irreparable damage to the timeline. Wei Ying raised an eyebrow at that.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Wei *da ge* gruffly remarked with his chest puffed out, “I’ve everything under control since I’m so awesome,” followed by little cheers and applause from the other three Wei-kin, “There is absolutely no concern with time paradoxes or time travels, because I’ve met up with my self from the preceding timeline and we have discussed at length about this; he and his group of Wei-kin agreed to relinquish the ownership and rights to this reality to us, while they hopped onto a free homestead vacation in another galaxy to man our new factories producing blood wine made of liquefied demons, and enjoy living in rustic countryside farmlands with

three suns and three moons in the skies plus incredibly picturesque rings around their new homeworld that they can admire all day.”

Wei *er ge* placed warm towels on Wei Ying’s belly to keep everything toasty and loosen up muscles that have overworked and strained hard during childbearing. He added chirpily, “That’s right, Grand Matriarch,” such a polite young adult, really, to address Wei Ying with such respectful formality, “We successfully incorporated the wine-making technology to our company’s portfolio, so everyone in our Kingdom can enjoy this really refreshing beverage soon! Before you got here, we’ve already taken over Nieshan village, enslaved the Tao priests and senior guards with our own mind-controlling parasites, and we’re now running the village’s camp under the guise of the Imperial army’s rule. You should thank *san ge*, he’s been instrumental in orchestrating our military strategies to establish a footprint here, on the northern side of the Middle Kingdom.”

Wei *san ge* perked up at being praised, and he skipped over to give Wei Ying a nice shoulder massage, while proudly narrating his achievements like an overachieving youngster demanding for compliments, “Yeah! I used my awesome stealth artificial intelligence technology to control those parasites, and have infiltrated the Imperial Court from here! It’s much more exciting than playing an RTS sci-fi videogames! I’ve sent priests and soldiers to the Imperial Palace to seek out intriguing secrets and mysteries and gathered the intel for us. I’ve asked the Regent and his family in the heavens to coerce certain elite insiders within the Imperial Palace to do our bidding, by sending them nightmares about the Mandate From The Heavens and other false prophecies. I’m so smart, aren’t I?”

Wei *didi*, as usual, was the last to voice out, but he was heard, nevertheless. He squeaked while clinging on to Wei Ying’s wrists with shiny sparkly adorable puppy eyes, “Umm... umm... I installed the Swallowing Shadow ability to my planetwide warehouses, so that it sucks up anything we want

for storage and for delivery to wherever that needs to go. I stole the Infinity Gauntlets from the Emperor and Grandmaster Gao, made a copy of the Mortal Realm and uploaded the data to our family's cloud drive, and... oh! That's right, I have this too," and the little nine-year old boy quickly rummaged his broad sleeves, whipped out a little bamboo water bottle that kids bring to school, decorated with Wangxian's bunny logo, and showed it proudly to his Grand Matriarch.

Wei Ying stared at it quizzically. He'd known ahead of time if he were to be presented with something, because all Wei-kin shared their minds and mental connections; so it must've been a real secret - and a real treat.

The boy popped out the bottle's cover, which served as a small cup, and poured its content into the cup - a very fragrant, mouth-watering and crimson red elixir flowed. All Wei men leaned forward to inhale the wonderful scent of the best wine ever to exist on the realm, and they agreed that the mother of their clan should take the first sip for its health tonic and blood- *qi* circulation-improvement purposes.

Wei Ying grinned and he was indeed very, very happy. He couldn't ask for more than a loving family and a cup of very tasty wine.

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While Wei Ying enjoys a relaxing confinement period after secretly giving birth to many offsprings, Lan Zhan works hard to figure out what to do with a ruined village filled with flattened buildings, wounded men, spreading

fires, soldiers and *yaoguai* fleeing the chaotic scene and fighting one another in needless melee combat.

He sat like a lone, forlorn-looking figure on a rocky outcropping in front of what used to be his dorm. The entire unit had disappeared, leaving only crumbs and some rubble behind; little Ni-er had panicked during her descent because she was too young to know how to land on her tummy properly - so, she sucked in air to tighten her tummy and brace for the worst of massive crash landings, and inadvertently, inhaled the entire dorm unit. Everything that Lan Zhan and his spouse owned or bought, including the cart and their belongings such as the Bags of Holding, furniture and the bunk bed, showerhead and buckets, heating coils, kitchenware and prepared food, even the sproutlings in the vegetable patch at the backyard - everything was swallowed up in a seconds-long tornado, before the dragon poof'ed into a huge round ball of cotton candy fluff and bounced off harmlessly from the ground, once, twice, before rolling to its side; Lan Zhan floated somewhere in its core; it was akin to levitating in a world made of poofy silky soft white fur.

Ni-er deflated to her original size and form with a hiccupy wheeze, and Lan Zhan sat on his haunches, safe and solidly grounded to the sandy ground littered with debris. He was a little disconcerted, quite frazzled and his hair was quite messed up, by the dragon-flight experience. His knees were shaky too, so he found a place to park his rump while reflecting on what the hell just happened, and took the time to settle down and regain his composure. It helped that he had Ni-er in his arms and he stroked her bloated and incredibly soothing-soft belly just like how one runs his fingers along the fur of cats and rabbits, which was graciously therapeutic as well - plus, her fur stuck out in odd directions after the incredible transformation and her maiden flight in dragon-form. Ni-er giggled and burped, then hiccuped and made whiny 'nnngh-nnngh' sounds because she ate too much and her daddy was adamant to keep tickling her swollen belly.

There were sounds of men shouting and *yaoguai* roaring around them, of more buildings crumbling to the ground and of things breaking and exploding; yet, amidst the war torn scene, Lan Zhan remained calm with his furry lil' girl nuzzled against his chest. Then, she spasmed for a few moments with a look of discomfort on her faceless head; her toothless mouth grimaced a bit and she made a long squeal-y sound - out popped a few Imperial gold coins from her furry butt, which Lan Zhan wordlessly pocketed into his wide sleeves, and he tapped on her fuzzy cheeks.

“Ni-er, give daddy a comb. You need a good brush after what the wind has done to your fur, and I need to fix my appearances after that... harrowing flight,” he said as a matter-of-fact.

The furry worm nnngh'd and made a wiggly movement, then burped out a comb, as requested. Wei Ying bought it from the Jinshan trading post the night before (technically speaking) - a plain brown wooden comb, but it was strangely decorated with jade edges, embedded with diamonds, even emanated magic. Lan Zhan stared at the comb - realizing that his lil' sweet pumpkin pie had not only retrieved an item she had swallowed into her bottomless gut *ala* a living Bag of Holding, but she was able to change and transform those items inside her to grant them improved qualities and magical properties as well. The downside was, it was covered with her saliva, which was easily removed with a couple of flicks of the wrist, and soon, Lan Zhan was peacefully, and happily brushing his favourite lil' girl's fur, then went on to comb his hair and adjust his topknot.

Four and a half billion-year old Bichen would be regurgitated in due time, now armed with brand new engines built in its hilt, and a new lease of life for its shiny restored blade after an immense overhaul and magical blacksmithing done inside Ni-er's tummy; but for now, Lan Zhan simply wanted to focus on what's important to him and the task at hand.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 196

Wei Ying sighs. Oiled hands knead his shoulders, in tandem with another pair working in titillating circles on the heels and the arches of his feet. His face is nourished with a moisturizing mask and two slices of cucumbers, each on the eye. Someone brings forth a straw and with a gentle touch to the lips, Wei Ying barely puckers his lips to take a sip of a blended cocktail of exotic fruit juices and wines advocated by his royal subjects as a tonic for postpartum nutrition. At the side, someone is fanning palm leaves to keep the pampered new male-mum comfortable in the well-ventilated Nieshan dorm room-turned-spa.

The service is excellent, five-stars, deserving of a chef's kiss, and he thinks about how to reward his siblings-turned-slaves just for his confinement and recovery period. Perhaps, he could share some of the spoils from his conquest of the Planet of the Clouds; those used, pleasantly drained specimens of superior Lan men could be gift-wrapped and presented to his clone-siblings; they may have fathered many children and their veiny penis and wrinkly testicles may be limp, dangling too loosely from extensive use - however, after a quick rub between the legs, surely those old coots will rev up nicely like rusty machines given brand new lubricating engine oil, and still demonstrate their stellar performances in bed without doubt.

“Oh, no, no. There's no need to return the favour, especially with deflowered, used men with grandpa dicks and balls. We've already taken our fair share when we decided to serve you well during your recovery period. *San ge* had duplicated the Planet of the Clouds at its peak and prime, unspoiled stage of evolution, then downloaded the raw data to each of our own respective empires. I've personally stocked up with enough genetic diversity of superior, perfect Lan Wang Jis in my bedside drawer that I can put a few drops onto my very own floor mat out of tens of others,

and it opens up into a portal filled with fresh new planets thriving with diverse perfect husbands in all forms, shapes and sizes.”

“Yes, *da ge* is right, and if you want, we can share the biodata with you too. I feel guilty for cheating too many husbands and the fathers of my children, so I’ve only been using one floor mat at a time, while keeping the rest in *didi*’s vast storage space. It gets a bit boring after climbing in and out every two minutes or so, but we all have our own ways of enjoying the fruits of our kins’ efforts. It helps that subsequent generations of Lan Wang Jis are equipped with parenting skills and we’re close to bringing 61st-century medical technology to fore, which greatly aids the process from conception until childbirth and all the way through raising children to adulthood. See, my skin’s still supple and young, and I don’t have any fat thighs or strained ligaments in my pelvic area, even though I’ve taken a two-minute trip to my floor mat to mate with new husbands and my tenth-generation descendents, while making this fruit juice for you in the kitchenette, just now.”

“Hmph! *Er ge* is so old-fashioned! All of these wouldn’t be possible without the help of my great computer programming skills! I’ve programmed zillions of books, research and wikis on reproductive science, antenatal care, parenting and all those stuff into massive databases, and had countless robots design and implement the improvements to bring the future to us! Aren’t I awesome? I don’t even need a floor mat; I have the portal-generating device in my pocket, and I can just reach in, press the red button, and teleport in and out of any planets filled with sexy husbands of my choice, and return here in two seconds feeling fresh and young, even after having crazy monkey sex for millenias and birthing a world’s worth of kids! What d’ya think? It’s fast, it’s convenient, it fits into anyone’s pockets and it can be activated with just a touch of a button! I’m already making babies with twentieth-gens and their ancient first-gen grandpas for the sake of keeping some purebreds around.”

“Umm... umm... I-- I can’t have babies yet, because I haven’t reached puberty... but, but I can help! I’m running huge factories and warehouses in my empire where planets, even galaxies brimming with perfect specimens of our Grand Patriarch are pumped out every other minute. I’m supplying everyone with medical equipment, housing, food and other resources, whole civilizations and all that, so that every father can live comfortably to raise the children well while the mother is away to make more offsprings. And... oh! All the children will grow up and they’ll be sent to my facilities for processing, enriching our archive of genetic mix, and we’ll make more royal subjects for our ever-expanding Kingdom! I don’t really know why because these are all scientific stuff that I haven’t learned in school, but I’m following what I’m told, and I hope I’m doing a good job!”

“Oh, *didi* , you should tell him about the time when you mixed up the orders for Uncle Wei and A-Xian in the Realms of the Gods, both of whom are deserving Wei-kin for this novel technology. Did you hear? That horrible Uncle Wei received a batch of floor mats that led him to worlds filled with middle-aged and rather elderly Uncle Lan lookalikes, while A-Xian dove into his presents without checking and ended up having fruitless sex with A-Ji clones because the kids aren’t fertile yet - like you! Ha ha ha!”

“Hush, *didi* is red-faced now and he’s about to cry! Come here, boy, and let *er ge* give you a sweet kiss on your cheeks to make you feel better. Don’t listen to that bad *da ge* , he likes to bully you a lot, doesn’t he? You did a good thing, because surprisingly, the Regent’s household in the castle in the sky became more peaceful with Uncle Wei being trapped and held against his will by very powerful husbands inside his floor mats. Plus, you received feedback from the Regent, Uncle Lan, and A-Ji for similar floor mats but populated by the best of our Wei-kin. That’s good for the business, isn’t it? You have new customers!”

“Hey, that gives me an idea! Let me fire up ErNet and my hidden network of Wangxian-nets and awesome computing powers. Who says that kids can’t have more kids? Challenge the status quo, man, rules are meant to be broken! Let me change the genetic make-up and the evolutionary outcomes of the current linear coding, and morph it to a more organic and serendipitous one... mmm... I can make pre-pubescent Wei-kin fertile if I wanted to and have them bear babies just like any adults, so who says that can’t be done? Huh! Just you wait and see!”

Wei Ying clicked his tongue in annoyance upon hearing the revelations from his siblings, and the suffocatingly envious party-like mood in the air. He realized that once again, he was lagging behind not only in reproductive management practices, but also in the number of babies made. He sighed and silently retracted his now-uninteresting offer, then plucked the two cucumbers lying on his eyes, and munched them noisily out of spite. He would ask about *san ge*’s two-second sex-in-a-pocket later, when his mood improved.

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Lan Zhan has, undisputedly, long, lush black hair that shines and glows with an ethereal sheen in both sun and moonlight, and his crowning glory is truly, an exemplar of the pride and envy of every Gusu Lan man. It deserves good steady brushing, at least twice a day, and a thorough rinse, at least daily, to keep the flowing woven piece of art in top condition. However, he’s picked up a stowaway in the form of a greying strand of hair, hidden at the bottom; it does not grow a root at the man’s scalp, but it hides amongst those lovely obsidian locks, entwining itself with other strands of black hair to firmly grip and hold on to Lan Zhan’s head wherever he goes.

Little Ni-er has a tendency to explore her daddy's nape and shoulder, because staying inside his hair, cocooned by the comforting warmth, shielded from the elements of nature, and encased in the woody, sandalwood scent of her parent, can be both very relaxing, desirable and boring at the same time, especially with nothing else to do, but to play with daddy. So she wiggles and dances on her own, coo-ing and babbling like a baby with the sounds of windbell chimes and clinking crystals, inside Lan Zhan's hair and sometimes, sticking out like an errant grey hair to get a whiff of fresh outside air, before diving back in to crawl through her daddy's collar and snuggle up against the crook of the muscular neck. She sways and slithers around her parent's neck and upper torso, like a rather annoying but endearing thread of hair that tumbles carelessly into one's clothes.

"Ni-er," Lan Zhan murmurs calmly, and she stops what she's doing. Oh, she thought, her daddy is probably a little upset and irritated, because she'd been rolling around his ticklish bits from touching the fine bit of hair on the skin close to the jugular, to creeping downwards, tumbling past the collarbones and almost, nearly almost, reaching the broad expanse of his clothed chest, wanting, nearly wanting to entwine herself with some strands of nipple hair around her daddy's breast. Those hair are short, but soft, and they make a comfortable place to latch on while she circles the said pink nipple for a tasty suckle. She knows there's no milk to be had from her daddy's tits, but she's still too young to wean off her infant habits and at times of anxiety, she wants to be as close to that strong, beating heart as possible.

Lan Zhan scratches the itch left behind by his lil' girl, and adjusts his topknot. He raises his left arm a bit, and smiles he feels the stray strand of wiggly hair crawl across his pecs and take up residence in the bush of straight short armpit hair beneath his arm. There, nestled in the crook of daddy's mighty arm and snug against the upper sleeves, she can curl up, snuggle and doze off in peace, without worrying that an unexpected gust of wind may blow her away, and that she's much closer to her daddy's strong

beating heart that would lull her to sleep once again. The corner between the chest and upper arms is a little damp, a little musty, and smells a little ripe - but it's daddy's manly spicy, and wood-y smell all right -, so she's a happy camper after migrating to Lan Zhan's armpit, and ceased to tickle the man whenever he turns his head or takes a bow.

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Lan Zhan received an ErNet private message that Wei Ying wanted to take a break after the fiasco at the Jinshan Tao temple, presumably to recover from the electrical shocks from the magical circle that almost incapacitated him, but not before Ernie saved the day and transported the spouse to a safe haven in neighbouring village Nieshan. It didn't seem too out of the ordinary; once in a while, a spouse may feel tired of his marital life, and wants to temporarily return to his hometown and reunite with his siblings - Lan Zhan's wives-cum-in laws, technically. A bit of me-time would do wonders to their relationship, according to various expert marriage counsellors.

Without a megalomaniac wife behind his back to pull his puppet-strings, to dictate his actions, to tell him whether to stand up and be the protagonist of the story once more, or to slink into the shadows and remain as a sidekick that'd doom their future - Lan Zhan breathed easier and pondered his next move, and took his time to evaluate his options and the words that he'd speak that would pave his way forward. Ni-er settled down for a nap inside his clothes, tucked inside his armpit, in the meantime.

The twelve greatest *yaoguai* of the Jinshan military centre, *sans* their human counterparts, assembled in front of the demolished dormitory building, with a large gaping hole in the middle that was formerly Lan

Zhan's dorm unit - and the center of attraction for the growing crowd. These non-human warriors organized themselves coincidentally following the mystical astrological zodiac of the ancient times, and their followers - presumably rescued and allied *yaoguai* from other parts of the prison camp - trailed behind. All *yaoguai* had shed their black-white prison uniforms and magically returned to their original, more intimidating and exotic looks, part humanoid and part beast, armed with weapons and armour made of fur, wood, metal and other primitive or sometimes enchanted materials. Their eyes gleamed with uncanny intelligence not seen the day before while they were sedated by the effects of the spores and while milling around with their bonded-pair human cultivator partners. The fittest and most fearsome of them strode to the spot where the front door to the annihilated dorm unit once stood, and the tall, imposing bull-headed demon king bellowed in frustration while stomping the ground with its cloven feet. A tiny rodent barely clung on from its horns for its dear life, as the bovine barbarian shook his fists in fury.

“My lord, Niu *Mowang* , we've been scouring the entire perimeter and even used your wife's Flaming Leaf Fan to burn down those ugly structures made by those pathetic humans, but we weren't able to pick up the trail left by the legendary Silver White Dragon *yaoguai* . The sun is setting, we must make haste and join the rest who've broken through the damaged fences and set up camp outside for the night, safe from those migraine-inducing magic and chants from wandering Tao priests. Also, there's no telling when human reinforcements will arrive, much less the appearance of that formidable Lieutenant!”

“Mooo....! Mouse *didi* sitting upon my head, your wit is sharp, your intelligence is farsighted, and your cowardice probably drives us all farther than the fastest flying heavenly cranes; no wonder you won the first place in the Jade Emperor's race towards the Heavenly Gates for reasons I shall ne'er be impressed of. I'm neither cowed by humans nor the satanic magics of the Tao, but I'm driven to remain here to find our prophesied Dragon

who, according to our holy texts, shall lead us to victory against those who serve the royal bastards of Chang'an!"

"*Mowang* , *Mowang* , please do not be so hot-blooded over a mere single sighting. I'm also a Dragon descendent, and I have ties with my relatives who share the same blood as other dragon gods and the Dragon King of the Seas. I can ask for their help to locate the Silver White Dragon - but only if we escape this prison and out into the open space, so that I can perform my kin-calling rituals. I know the life cycle of dragons; the one we saw hatched from its silken egg in the courtyard, and must've been some kind of mystical reincarnation. It cannot fly far from here at such a tender young age. So please, *Mowang* , let us leave this place first."

"He issss right. I'm a Ssssnake descent, one of the thousandssss of offspringssss of Creation Goddessss Nuwa, blessingss with powerssss to create, but only when a fressssh body of water issss available. Find me a river or a lake, and I sssshall ussse my abilitiessss to build a sssshelter for all of ussss, protected from intrusionssss of both human and Tao!"

"I concur to Sister Snake! I have plenty of bitter memories here, after my cultivation partner was murdered last night and I was forced to bed with another. It's a disgrace to remain here, a nightmare of gender subjugation and enslavement, being a proud disciple of the Tiger-Claw clan! Mrrrowl! In my blind fury, I've killed as many human soldiers and cultivators that still breathed after that surprising explosion, and you commanded!"

"Don't forget us, Tiger *gu niang* , we also helped you to rid the pests from this sickened encampment. Both myself, a respectable great-grand offspring of Sun Wukong, and my fat brother here, a relative of the venerable Zhu Bajie - we *shixiong* and *shidi* helped to cull the numbers of resisting

humans and left the useless officials and administrators barricaded inside their crumbling buildings. Alas, some senior guards, like the one surnamed Liu and Zhen, escaped to the woods. If only I had my ancestors' master's steed, Bai Long Ma, we could've pursued and wiped out all surviving human bugs from this land!"

"Uhh... do you think we can befriend that Silver White Dragon and ask it to be a holy dragonhorse? How far can we travel, and can we reach a town by nightfall? I'm getting hungry, and I sure don't mind taking a break from slaughtering people to have good food in a toasty warm teahouse, with lots of wine and beautiful women too..!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! You're a real pig, Zhu gege ! Once night descends, it'll be dangerous even for the powerful *yaoguai* and demigods amongst us! Remember, the wilderness is filled with marauding low-level *yaoguai* who, like us, were created from animals and objects, then enchanted over generations with magic, to make us who we are today - intelligent demons bearing slivers and blood-drops of ancient gods and deities, created from bubbling cauldrons, magical spells, longevity and *qi* -rich pills, and plenty of time stewing and meditating inside the giant, steaming and smoky underground volcanic dungeons of the Imperial Palace."

"Woof! Woof! That's right, Rooster *shixiong* ! We were created as monsters who blindly follow our masters' calls to ravage the enemies' lands and destroy their people and civilizations. Fortunately, thanks to the mishap during the New Year's Hunt, some of us escaped after possessing and feeding on enough enemy cultivators' bodies and souls to turn the tide for the Hunt. However, our inherently dark nature demands that we follow the cycle of the *yaoguai* despite our divine nature - at day, we are subdued and civil, at night, we revert to our reckless, unintelligent forms unless we maintain our high energy levels."

“Please! *Mowang* ! I don’t want to turn into a horny humping rabbit when the last rays of the sunlight disappear from the horizon! I must find a suitable spot to meditate and cultivate enough *qi* in order not to descend to that madness that is in my God of Fertility genes! Let’s find a safe place to hide, and I promise to help you, along with my countless wild rabbit brethren in these lands, in your search for the Silver White Dragon at first light of dawn tomorrow!”

“Baa--- Baa--- Yes, especially for us lesser herbivore *yaoguai* who do not have nobility’s blood like yours, *Mowang* . If I turn to a normal but tasty-looking giant fluffy mountain sheep at midnight like a were-animal, surely all the predators in the forests will chase after me! Also, I don’t want us to fight those lesser *yaoguai* running in the wild... that’s like starting a civil war with our own kind! Think of your followers’ safety and well-being, while balancing your need for heroics and our mutual desires for a rebellion against the Emperor of Chang’an. We’ll surely have our revenge some day, and rise against our former creators and masters, but not unless we have sound bodies and minds in the first place!”

“Brrrhmm... Indeed, all of us are at our peak of power when we’re sane. Rooster *xiansheng* over there can call out the might of the Sun God for a few seconds, and Dog *xiansheng* has inherited the abilities of the Heavenly Sun-Eating Dog to eclipse the heavens to scare our adversaries, and I, being the great-great-grand-nephew of Horse-Face, can turn into a Nightmare Horse and call upon the Underworld to aid us in times of need. We can summon fierce corpses, vampires and evil spirits, but only when we’re intelligent enough. In fact, I’ll ask someone to sneak into the Lord of Hell’s home and take a peek at the Book of Judgement, perhaps we’ll find clues to pinpoint the location of that prophesied Dragon that you seek, rather than running around like headless chickens!”

“Cock-a-doodle-doo! Hey, don’t diss my kin! Just so you know, the special plate of scrambled eggs you ate this morning were from my wives in the other dormitory!”

“Oh my goodness, I’m going to feel sick and vomit all over my monkey fur from this disgusting talk about eggs! Fatty pig, do something to shut that bird-brain up!”

“What’ssss so bad about eggssss? You furry four-leggers will never undersssstand that joyssss of laying hard, leathery and clean eggssss, asssopossessed to a bloody messsss of ssssoft, sssslimy, weak and wrinkly flessssh ssssliding out from between your legssss!”

“Roooooaaarrrr! Why are we arguing about the ways we give birth to our children! I’ve given birth to a litter of cubs before and there’s nothing wrong with that!”

Niu *Mowang* bellowed out a deafening “Silence!” and everyone scurried back to their places, while the lesser followers-of-followers shrank into the shadows, meekly quivering with fear at their fearless leader’s anger. The ensuing minute was filled with trepidation, of harsh bull-ish breathing and bloodshot stares that wordlessly disciplined the entire assembled ragtag army of *yaoguai* warriors. He raised his magically enchanted flail - a cruel-looking handheld weapon with a spiked ball chained to one end - and brought it close to his heart. He lowered his head and there was a look of sadness and regret on his face.

“Fellow *yaoguai* comrades, this Demon King has heard your pleas and reasons. I rue the day when I ordered us to seek human cultivators to bond with, in the hopes that we can lead better, more peaceful lives in this world, as equals of the citizens of this country... only to have our trust betrayed by their wickedness, fall into our enemies’ clutches, then brought to this prison camp against our will as battle thralls, due to our former masters’ treachery and those terrible Tao priests’ mind-controlling magic.” Niu *Mowang* ’s form was hunched, and his hands balled into fists, portraying his disappointment and bitterness as much as his massive hulking body shook with raw emotion that resonated with his followers’.

There were soft, whispery murmurs emanating from the back of the ranks of the *yaoguai* assembly, and plenty of nods.

The gargantuan bull took a deep breath, and when he spoke next, he lifted his chin and clouds puffed out from his nostrils, “Never again will we attempt to cross that bridge between our kin and the human’s. That friendship bridge is burnt! There is no more but enmity between them and us! If you call yourselves true-blooded and enlightened *yaoguai* , follow me to the furthest deserts of despair, we shall climb from our ashes of defeat and rise once again - like the Sun at dawn, and the Moon at dusk! We will rally our kin, teach the young ‘uns to fight alongside brothers, to lay waste on our common enemy’s land! We will destroy Mankind!”

Niu *Mowang* ’s bellows echoed across the dormitory compounds where the intelligent *yaoguai* thronged, their hearts stirred and their determination steeled by their leader’s speech. Snarls and howls punctuated each declaration, claws and carapaced appendages swung eagerly in the cooling evening air to lend their heart-rending thumps to the clarion war cry. The bovine war general took a step forward, his Demon King form glowed red with barely-restrained energy seeping out from within, no longer suppressed by any spores or any oppressive forces from humankind, his mighty

heavyweight hoofed foot kicking up a cloud of dust, and he thrust his trustworthy flail toward the setting sun.

“We leave now, brothers sworn unto a common oath of revenge, and blood shared from the same cup we drink in our newfound freedom! Let us find shelter for the night, recover from our injuries and recoup our losses. Those who are strong, protect and heal the weak. Those who can find our guiding star, the Silver White Dragon, do so and you shall be rewarded. Those who are able to, seek help from your brethren, strengthen our ties with the outside world as well as build homes for our new families who tread the same path as us! The gods are on our side, so, have faith!”

The crowd roused to a monstrous applause of grunts, roars and a variety of animal sounds - even the Mouse that sat atop of the Demon King's crown of bristly hair and horn, clapped its paws fervently and dabbed its whiskers and cheeks from unbridled tears of hope.

Not too far away, Lan Zhan hid in the shadows as quiet as a mouse, not related to the one with the Demon King of course, and observed the latest twist in events as he learned the true nature of the *yaoguai* that had besieged his world since New Year's Day. The four Demons of the Negative Planes crouched beside him, shivering with fear after watching such bloodthirsty creatures boldly announcing their intent for countrywide massacre - they had done well to protect their master from being noticed while they went around rummaging through debris and rubble of the master's dorm unit for any leftover valuables after Ni-er's earlier accident of unappetizing proportions.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 197

Apparently, Lan Zhan's dramatic weight loss and makeover, from a tubby obese man with facial hair, to a tall, handsome and muscular, shaven noble dressed in white - fortunately, Ni-er swallowed and brought along his old Gusu Lan robes made during the time from before he fattened up over the preceding winter -, didn't attract any unsavoury attention or recognition from the *yaoguai* -kin when he tried to blend in, and joined in rank and file of the moving mass of non-human creatures.

With the Jinshan military centre reduced to smouldering ruins, looted warehouses, armoury and pantries, barricaded burning offices filled with terrified surviving human soldiers, and a relatively untouched Tao temple cordoned off by its tall, imposing fortress-like walls, where Tao priests refused to go out and defend the Imperial army's honour - because they probably turned tail when they realized their pagoda had stopped functioning from the damage caused by the explosion, and they had little spores left to control the rebels - with no other reason to stay behind, he followed the merry band of *yaoguai* , just like scores of others lesser creatures who sought protection within the safety net cast by the inspiring and formidable Zodiac Demons.

He was interrogated several times about his identity, because he bore peculiar features that resembled the *yaoguai* 's mortal enemies - humans. Lan Zhan obviously disliked putting on airs and lie about his background, or indulge in silly cosplays such as wearing a wig made of leaves and twigs, or slipping into a gutted, skinned roadkill to satisfy someone's fur fetish; so he simply lifted his arm and let his lil' girl slide out through the sleeves, and told his gawking audience that she's his cute lil' sweetpea.

“Aww... such a fuzzy cute silkworm! You must be insect-kin, the butterfly and moth kind. It’s advantageous that your species is good at camouflaging and metamorphosis, no wonder you’re the ugliest human I’ve ever seen, yet your lil’ girl is simply adorable for *yaoguai* standards. Can I pinch her cute furry cheeks?... Who’s the cutie... Who’s the cutie... it’s you of course, you little demonic fuzzball!”

“The father must be as handsome as he’s white as ghost-kin, and so is his daughter! There’s something mysterious about creatures donned in white, and the two of you emit a very strong, heartwarming magical aura. Well, like daddy, like daughter, as they say, right? Where’s the mom? In another village? Oh dear, the poor lil’ girl misses her mom, doesn’t she? What does she look like? Cold, black, cunning and oily...? Of course I’m right, your wife must be from the oily-worm clan! There’s an enchanting pull between opposing sides sometimes, that’s why silkworms and oily-worms tend to argue a lot over their differences, and yet reconcile with plenty of sweet mixed-heritage caterpillar babes like yours. Your son must be a cold, black thing too, I believe. Bratty boys don’t run very far from their mummy’s side, I’m sure.”

“Are you joining us on our journey to Chang’an? No? Where are you headed to? Oh... that’s... somewhere in Qinghe province, right? Over those hills, I guess. If you ask that *yaoguai* over there, he may be able to help. He’s a friend of the wildbirds in this area. He may summon a crow or a magpie to guide you safely to that village. What would you do when you’re there? I heard the prison camp hasn’t been properly set up yet, and their anti-magic fences aren’t completed, so you should be able to infiltrate with your powers. You can cast swarms of butterflies to distract those silly humans and get your wife out, okay? If you need more advice on military tactics, Brother Mouse atop Niu *Mowang* ’s head can help you.”

Lan Zhan felt a little nervous and unnerved at the friendly banter with *yaoguai* -kin, with some individuals bearing very ugly or ferocious looks and body parts of beasts he'd rather not stand too close to. However, he was drawn to the tonnes of mommy-guides offered by demons both of the male and female kind, and he could relate to the conversations that revolve around relationships and parenting. His daughter had a wonderful time getting to know these strange new uncles, aunts, *gege* s and *jiejie* s - she rolled and bounced between each individual's welcoming arms, sniffed and nuzzled them, nom-nom'ed their clothes, fur, scales, appendages and left her drool everywhere to the tune of coo-ing 'Aww that's so cute' and excited 'She likes me, she likes me!' especially when she smiled to bare her toothless gums, without eyes, nose or ears, atop her furry tapered head like the giant foot-long caterpillar that she was, giggling out light bell chimes and the tinkling of glass and crystals against soft soothing breeze.

Eventually, the convoy made a stop when they found a nice place to set up camp for the night by a running river - using a few tents stolen from Jinshan, bubbling pots of icky and grisly-looking meaty stew cooking over campfires, and some of the more tribal *yaoguai* began to perform strange singing and dancing rituals to herald their freedom and to pray for a safe night for all. To make their performance more engrossing and mysterious, each tribe donned special masks and costumes hastily carved and woven using materials they could find from their surroundings. Reptile-kin swayed exotically, mammal-kin skipped with fancy footwork eagerly to percussive beats made from beating drums or swinging chains, and they sang using throaty voices and animalistic grunts and whistles. It was akin to immersing oneself to a primitive party made from a gathering of many tribes and races, from the lens and enjoyment for non-humans.

The *yaoguai* are wild and independent, their primal needs are basic and simple, and they're just as happy to curl up against a tree trunk garbed only in their skins and furs. Lan Zhan observed and learned a bit more about *yaoguai* culture, which seemed barbaric and alien in nature, borrowing bits of exotic Far, Far West elements and mixed with local paganistic beliefs; he

thought he was doing well in blending into the crowd, particularly when one centipede *yaoguai* approached to serve him a bowl of brownish goop that smelled bitter and bloody, earthy and uncooked, and engaged in pleasantries and talked about raising one's brood in a world without conflict with humans. Lan Zhan duly poured the contents of the bowl into Ni-er's waiting mouth, and the centipede - being related to worms and all things creepy and crawly, including silkworms - cheered the little ball of fur for a job well done in finishing her daddy's portion, and wished her well to grow up strong and ferocious, that she can devour ten men in a single mouthful once she's pupates and emerges as an multi-legged, multi-segmented predatory adult. Lan Zhan nodded hesitantly and sheepishly thanked the centipede, who invited him to get more grub if needed (he politely declined), and the man gave Ni-er a soothing backscratch to quietly praise her for good behaviour amongst bloodthirsty monsters. The fuzzy worm squealed happily, twisted and turned then arched her goosebumped back frenziedly, at her favourite daddy-daughter bonding activity.

As the moon rose, against the glint of silvery light from the dark skies above and amber hues from dying campfire embers, Lan Zhan noticed that few *yaoguai* - especially the nocturnal ones - began to explore their sprawling campsite that sheltered nearly a hundred individuals. Just as many hunkered down for a shuteye, some woke up from their daydream-like state, and started to look for food - hunting for animals in the vicinity seemed to be an attractive option - or some physical company of either gender to spend the night with. Despite their diversity in physiques, abilities, needs and wants, the *yaoguai* in general seemed polite and helpful to one another, keeping their utmost respect, and in some way, distance, towards the Zodiac Demons; nobody refuses an order from those twelve leading Demons, and their orders have been few and far in between, quite inspiring at times, and is as demanding as asking fellow *yaoguai* to simply be nice to one another, not to cause trouble amongst themselves, and to live another day and fight for their cause. The *yaoguai* live freely and practise liberties in their melting pot of clan and tribal cultures, which vary from a smattering of elaborate rituals and beliefs to being practically non-existent

especially for lesser demons such as those that evolved from crawling insects and invertebrates.

A few *yaoguai* decided to part ways because they didn't really want to join a war, or their families and homes were nearby - the forests around Jinshan are lush and thriving, filled with wildlife that hadn't been disturbed by mankind for centuries, and some blessed individuals had meditated and cultivated for decades to attain intelligence and shapeshifting capabilities before they were captured by the Imperial army. As soon as there was a break - a change of shifts in patrolling guards -, Lan Zhan headed off as well, without rousing much suspicion from the haphazard sea of lounging, walking, crawling and trotting creatures in the middle of the forest. One wolf-type *yaoguai* warrior eyed him curiously to ask, with growls and spits in-between, "Going already? Won't you contribute to our cause for freedom?".

Lan Zhan opened his sleeve to show a resting, curled-up silkworm, her body gently rising and falling as she slumbered into dreams of getting hand-fed by daddy and having her back scratched, and gurgled happily while rolling to her other side. The wolf 'Aww'ed and his eyes dilated then turned shiny sparkly against the faint moonlight at the ultimate wholesome display of cuteness, and waved him off. "Single fathers sure have it tough at times like this. Go on, take your girl to safety and raise her well," the wolf said, and bid Lan Zhan farewell. The man thought that after what he's seen and heard, the *yaoguai* seemed to be a decent bunch, as long as one keeps within their circle and does not mess with their hierarchy and livelihoods.

Less than a hundred paces away, behind a clump of bushes and away from prying eyes and ears, Lan Zhan reached his rendezvous point. A magical horse carriage awaited him. The four Demons of the Negative Planes emerged from the shadows, like pulling off their jet-black cloaks that hid them from every living beings' senses.

A-Jia, like the other three, dressed in black tunics and trousers, with similarly coloured bandanas and masks as well, and looked like a deadly assassin in the night. He bowed respectfully with folded hands at the front, and gestured to Lan Zhan to board his royal transport; needless to say, A-Ding, being the youngest and most energetic, was the dark brown horse that pulled the said glimmering carriage made of sturdy hardwood, adorned with dark jewels, cloud and lotus-themed ornaments, with a solid roof of carved bamboo and four large metal wheels to give the construct adequate stability and speed. “You have uninvited guests inside, but their company would help you to pass the time. According to the schedule, your estimated time of arrival will be around sunrise, so there is time to enjoy first-class supper onboard and a premium selection of entertainment options during the trip,” the middle-aged servant bowed again and raised his hand to point at the carriage; the door opened on its own, and A-Bing appeared from the inside of the spacious vehicle of choice circa 2000 B.C. with a napkin hanging neatly from an arm - his personal butler.

“Uninvited guests?” Lan Zhan asked quizzically, but that question was left unanswered as he rushed headlong, partly from wondering who would dare intrude his royal ride to see his queen, and partly because his nose picked up mouth-watering smells of foods being cooked and heated inside the carriage by a private chef - A-Yi, supposedly. His stomach rumbled in anticipation.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 198

First-class service came with everything he, a god, needed for a trip on the road. Within this spacious, well-furnished and fully serviced space-time bubble that included the cabin, lavatories, a shower and jacuzzi, even a kitchenette, he had a driver, A-Ding, a personal guard, A-Jia, a butler, A-Bing, and a private chef, A-Yi; all four took turns to transform into the horse that pulled the carriage, starting with little A-Ding, and everyone followed proper procedures to the letter.

His three-seater ergonomic-friendly couch with in-built home theatre and gaming systems, acupressure support and advanced robotics, could be fully reclined to become a king-sized bed. There was plenty of legroom and with a ceiling as high as thrice a man's height; he could do somersaults or practise swordboarding if he wanted, but he opted not to, because a disembodied voice spoke through the various screens and panels dimly lit around the seats, casting comforting blue hues throughout the expansively decorated interior of the cabin.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is your attendant, A-Jia, speaking. On behalf of the Kingdom of Lan and the prestigious conglomerate company Wangxian, the entire crew wishes you welcome aboard our non-stop pleasure cruise and horse carriage service from Jinshan to Nieshan. Our journey time will be twelve hours and thirty minutes. We will be travelling at ground altitude, past windy hiking treks, rustic farmlands, virgin and primary lush forests and picturesque mountainside trails at the speed of a steady, calming and child-friendly three kilometers per hour.”

A-Jia and his fellow demons had their own single seats, and the eldest read through a prepared script into a microphone, while A-Yi and A-Bing went

around to check on final preparations, such as securing the door and serving one round of refreshments, before putting things away.

“Three keey-looou-meee-terrs purr hour? What’s that? Is it edible?” one shrill-voiced child blurted, while downing his cup of orange cordial.

“Shhh... A-Xian, just listen and follow their instructions. Uncle Lan paid for our tickets and he said there’s plenty to eat and play. So we shouldn’t complain,” the other, more serious partner pleaded with logic and rationale, while picking off a saucer of toasted mixed nuts from the tray table.

On the other side of the cabin was another three-seater with those two uninvited guests, with plenty more room to spare since there was a playpen corner filled with said toys ranging from straw objects to metal and plastic figurines, and loads of Wangxian Children’s Classics Favourites line of packaged snacks. A-Ji and A-Xian had politely greeted the Grand Patriarch with a grovelling bow (A-Ji had to push A-Xian’s head down, because the latter was stubborn and ignorant of the etiquettes of greeting one’s First Father and God), and the two runts explained that they fled their castle in the sky - again -, this time out of boredom more than anything else; apparently Uncle Wei and the Regent each had errands to run - one to destroy people’s innocence and ruin livelihoods, the other to maintain a semblance of a ruling stable government across the Realms - and hadn’t been paying enough attention to the boys. Ever since the invention of the floor mats arrived in the Realms of the Gods in the form of free FeiEx courier deliveries to all Lan and Wei-kin’s homes, all adults had been exceptionally busy, starting from their two-minute intervals of going down and climbing out of those strange mats, to more recently, doing two-second skinny dippings through those shady-looking pieces of rugs.

(At this point, Lan Zhan, who had been at the top of the news around his Kingdom using ErNet's awesome faster-than-light psychic connections, let his toes slide to the floor to touch his own floor mat beside the seat. His toes grasped one corner and lifted it for a peek - he was pleased to note that the mat had been automatically upgraded to the said two-second version - ah, the conveniences of being a VIP member with active subscription privileges; he quickly wiped off the smirk off his face, barely restrained his tongue from licking his lips, and returned a stoic gaze to the two boys, hoping that they didn't suspect anything from the most perverted man-cum-god in the entire multiverse.)

So, after a decent bit of pestering by adorable A-Xian who had fallen out of favour with the mighty Uncle Lan - who now owns his own harem of little A-Xian lookalike slaves in his personal underground dungeon that also doubled as a breeding den -, he simply slapped a couple of free all-around-the-world open and unlimited travel tickets sponsored by Heaven's bottomless coffers to the boy's hands, and told the brat to find something fun to do "out there". A-Ji was a little lost, because Uncle Wei stopped waking him up at five in the morning with sex and he wasn't around throughout the day to touch and fiddle with the boy's wee-wee, or to probe and attack his rosebud - in fact, A-Ji kind-of missed the dirty rapist uncle's presence after spending so many lifetimes being abused by that man, and the physical withdrawal symptoms were rather distressing; the moment A-Xian appeared at A-Ji's bedroom after a long while, they reunited with tons of fruitless child-sexual intercourse that only eight-year olds can enjoy, and it was after satisfying A-Ji's loneliness with sweet kisses on the cheeks and cute rubs on the pinkie-length penis, that he was willing to calm down and talk about their escalating situation. With the two tickets in hand, they set off for another adventure of another lifetime.

The children's animated retelling of their exodus and exciting encounters with the denizens of the Mortal Realm, which included fighting off huge monsters and getting raped by faceless mobs - all the usual for these sexually precocious Dream-kin children -, was interrupted when A-Jia's

calming voice continued the necessary pre-journey announcements. “At this time, make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position and that your seat belt is correctly fastened. Also, your portable electronic devices must be set to ‘airplane’ mode until an announcement is made upon arrival. Thank you,” the demon said in a very friendly and courteous manner, that even A-Xian started to look for his seatbelt and rummaged wildly for the controls to adjust his seat, while asking what is an ‘airplane’ and whether that was a kind of Demon from another Plane. A-Ji shushed him gently and reminded his partner to stop moving around unnecessarily. Like a child of noble upbringing, A-Ji engaged in pleasant banter with their attendants and to seek their advice whenever needed.

Lan Zhan requested his attendants to tend to the two boys, since he was well-versed with boarding and taking flights during his past lifetimes, and didn’t need to be fussed by three fully grown demons. The boys continued to narrate their side of the story and Lan Zhan listened, lulled to complacent silence in their chatter, especially A-Xian’s. Once in a while he’d lift the curtains adjacent to his window seat, and peered outside - featureless, an ocean of nighttime blacks and misty greys with faint outlines of nearby tree trunks and foliage; since there was nothing of interest, he left the curtains closed. There were few other sets of velvety heavy curtains around the cabin, and each hid a portal leading to a particular location - whether a fully equipped kitchen and pantry for A-Yi, lockable wardrobe, cupboards and closets to store one’s coats and baggage, a warehouse of amenities for A-Bing to bring out his fullest service as a butler, or to the toilets attached with bathrooms and a jacuzzi pool.

“Cabin crew, doors on automatic, cross-check and report. Prepare for departure. Thank you.”

Everyone took their seats, and there was an air of anticipation and excitement to finally depart for their long-haul overnight journey. A-Xian

kicked his legs excitedly when the three demons buckled up, and A-Ji had to place his foot atop his partner's to stop the rather irritating, creaky sounds and bouncing movements. In the end, A-Xian played footsie with A-Ji's toes, and slid his little smooth feet around A-Ji's shins, and that left the latter red-faced and unusually still.

Videos on safety procedures played on the screens on the walls and holographically. A-Xian became rather flustered with the amount of information and list of do's and don'ts. There was only a single, well-lit emergency exit, i.e. the entrance door, so he couldn't understand why he had to pay attention to it for a potential disaster that would probably never happen; there were panels on the ceiling that probably stored oxygen masks and more panels on the floor beneath floor mats that likely contain life vests, and his fingers itched to know what they looked like, or if he could press a button to release them for fun; and before either boys knew, A-Xian was already sitting on his haunches to mimic - very poorly - the bracing position, and that resulted in him getting a scolding from A-Ji; thus, in the end, the bratty boy grabbed a couple of in-flight magazines and safety information cards, tore into sizable chunks, and made paper cranes out of them, to A-Ji's chagrin.

Then, the horse - their captain and pilot, apparently - took its first few steps, and hauled the carriage along with nail-biting groans and squeaks, at a leisurely pace of three kilometers per hour.

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“Ladies and gentlemen, the Captain has turned off the Fasten Seat Belt sign, and you may now move around the cabin. However we always recommend to keep your seat belt fastened while you're seated. In a few moments, the

attendants will be passing around the cabin to offer you hot or cold drinks, as well as supper and snacks at any time of your choosing. In-cabin entertainment is fully operational and we hope you find delight in the latest movies, games and other virtual and holographic options onboard. Now, sit back, relax, and enjoy the rest of the journey. Thank you.”

The word ‘snacks’ perked up the two boys, and soon, the seatbelts were off, and they were in the playpen corner making up new adventures with action hero figures, zoo animal figures, robot and construction toys, 3d holo-video games, children’s story books and tons of other edutainment options. A-Yi made sure to see to the children’s needs by cooking up storms as demanded by the boys, which are mostly sweet and salty snacks, confectionaries, dairy and baked goods, and classic favourites including burgers, chicken nuggets and fries - with a vending machine that dished out all sorts of packaged food that were filled with synthetic colouring and flavourings.

Lan Zhan was about to settle for his supper - a delightful plate of golden breaded and fried pork cutlet served with sweet-sour plum sauce and thick gravy at the side, a serving of seasonal garlic stir-fry greens with mushrooms and fried tofu, and a large portion of steamed fragrant multigrain rice. There were appetizer salads and soups, as well as fruit and other healthy desserts, plus one sinful-looking cup of ice-cream to keep the VIP happy throughout his meal - he was about to take his first bite after tucking a napkin to the folds of his collared robes, when something began to struggle and move below his sleeves, and made tiny “nnngh-nnngh” sounds.

He sighed, and gently tugged out little Ni-er from the armpits of his sleeves. She was awake when she smelled the mouth-watering scents of good food wafting in the air of the enclosed space. He didn’t really fancy carrying a foot-long tub of baby fat on his belly strapped to infant seat belts during his journey, much less while having his long-awaited supper, so he handed the

elongated ball of fur to A-Bing, the butler, who was also trained in professional babysitting. Soon, Ni-er forgot about her daddy's smell and warmth, and she was with the two boys in the playpen; with two Demon-nannies watching over the trio of kids. Ni-er squealed with delight because she was fed with the best, tastiest and freshest food that the 51st century Wangxian company made from its production lines and delivered through portals into the cabin; she also received plenty of belly rubs and back scratches while engaging in wrestling games with excited, shrieking boys who were biologically older than her, but in reality, much, much younger, because she'd gone through more lifetimes than anyone else, really. A-Ji and A-Xian ended up straddling the white furry worm, who shapeshifted to grow up to a few feet tall and to match the boys' heights, and she didn't mind when the boys humped against her fleshy, fuzz-covered body because those brats had been trained by their guardians to enjoy soft touches upon their developing, immature crotches.

Finally, with that out of the way, Lan Zhan inhaled deeply, smiled faintly, and proceeded to enjoy the cabin chef's selection for onboard first-class fine dining. Mmm, delish.

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With the kids making a racket with full bellies even past bedtime - because there were so many things to play with, especially with a big furry worm she-monster as their companion -, Lan Zhan simply pulled the overhead soundproofing curtains to draw a border between his seat - his side of the aisle - from the children's. Silence reigned inside his personal cocoon, interrupted only when he pressed a button to call for an attendant for service. In there, a space-time bubble within another, a small office within the cabin, he made important calls to his royal subjects to check on the state of the Kingdom, held several holo-video conferences with his councils of gods, elites and advisors, and even had a one-to-one session with the

perturbed and flushed Regent to review his yearly performance and remind the latter not to be too preoccupied with his new toy. “I’ve been using this floor mat much longer than any of you, and know the ins and outs, so heed my advice. Sex beneath the rug is extremely addictive. It taps into the subconscious like a drug, especially with its inherent breedworthy and entertaining experiences like no other. Therefore, treat it as a strong medicine - use it judiciously for its beneficial effects on one’s physical, mental, emotional and spiritual state, be wary of its corruptive influence, do not let it divert you from your noble goals,” he said, and the Regent held a regretful, almost bitter look on his face before acknowledging the sage words with a heartfelt bow on bended knees.

With that, he waved off the Regent and sent him to work overtime to make up for the losses in productivity - there were stacks of documents to be signed, new species and races to be discovered and named - including the branch of Men that Wei Ying founded with his newfound fertility capabilities -, brand and brave new worlds to be created, nurtured and farmed, company meetings to preside, gala concerts to attend for launching lines of exciting, innovative Wangxian-made products, *et cetera ad nauseum* . Lan Zhan felt accomplished, so he watched primetime news on the holo-video screen, checked his holo-phone and browsed the infinite ErNet to catch up on the latest trends, gossip and burning hot topics.

“... and what of the *yaoguai* ? The ones you travelled with, earlier this evening. Should I terminate their puny lives, like the many creatures that crossed your path?” the Lord Of Hell’s withering, raspy voice rattled from a Weichat voice app; the great God of Death preferred not to use video-conferencing lest his diabolical and fiendish visage cursed the network and crashed everyone’s holo-phones, and so he preferred to remain audio-only.

In the news, there were reports of increased baby dumping and requests for baby hatches at hospitals; the sudden influx of new births has started to

cause chaos within the Kingdom's society and affected the company's employee welfare, benefits programme and focus on the business. He sighed and rubbed his forehead at the headache created by his spouse's penchant for mischief and the pleasures of the flesh - and he was partly to be blamed as well. He opened a tiny slit on the curtains that enclosed his private office in the cabin, and peered at the peaceful imagery of three kids sprawling inside the playpen, eyes closed and heads nodding off. The two attendants looked frazzled beyond means, after having to chase the brats around, feed them round the clock, and make sure they were cleaned, suited up in their bunny-themed jammies, had their teeth brushed (Ni-er was an exception, because she has none on her pinkish gums thus needed no brushing, and she wore an easy-to-wear oversized sock), bedtime stories read, before being tucked under warm fur blankets. One by one, each youngling was gently lifted from the disassembled playpen, and carefully placed into their reclined seats, where a snug fur-lined seatbelt was tied over their bulging bellies, and a sweet kiss placed on their cheeks, before the lights were dimmed.

Lan Zhan thought how happy life could be with little ones running around, watching them grow up and raising them to be capable, respectable young adults. Pure-hearted, intelligent, wise, strong and resilient in the face of life's challenges, including the corruption, falsehoods, evil and treachery that besieged his world in recent days. Listening to Niu *Mowang* 's naive but inspiring, heroic speeches, and learning about the struggling *yaoguai* 's approach to survival, society-building and child-rearing did stir some sense of hope in him, in that there is still some salvation at the grassroot levels, albeit of a different species and race than what he'd expected.

“Mn. The *yaoguai* are kind-hearted and brave. They deserve a winning chance in their fight for freedom.”

“... Sire, you do know that means a rewrite of an entire page of the Book of Judgement? Those Zodiac Demons have blood-relations to gods like us. To allow them triumphant victory is to send the realm back to the time when gods walked the Earth, when supernatural forces ruled the lands, and when Men barely emerged from their caves after evolving from apes.”

“Mn. Proceed. There is no hurry, so align my decision with the rest of the council, and report back to me when there is progress,” Lan Zhan curtly signed off his good friend from the Underworld shortly after that final instruction. He felt a twinge in his bladder after having one too many cups of steaming *pu'er* tea for supper, and his lower body felt really, really full and wanting - he had to quickly log out of his workplace. With the holo-phone switched to silent mode, he walked out and was escorted by A-Jia to the nearest bathroom, with his favourite upgraded floor mat nicely rolled under an arm. It was time for a break, a quick shower for sleep, and plenty of invigorating, tasty two-seconds' treats - to make the sweet, sweet slumber so much more relaxing.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 199

Each inexcusable trip to the floor mat, whether intentional, sensible or not, was akin to a drug-fuelled kaleidoscopic and whimsical adventure to more strange, twisted orgies woven from Lan Zhan's lustful, horny imaginations. In his upgraded floor mat, instead of falling through a rabbit hole like a heavy rock and landing softly upon a sea of waiting, writhing naked Wei Yings - using the stairs was optional, but usually he was too impatient to rush down in a pitter-patter of baby steps -, he found himself drifting against gravity at a leisurely, non-stomach dropping pace, his weight was buoyed by the air around him like a balloon of some sort. He could swim upwards, to the side or accelerate downwards, or twirl like an adept dolphin that leaps and dives in a huge, yawning cavernous pool that stretches infinitely in all directions. Around him were countless tiny sparkling pieces of gem-encrusted objects, each no larger than a thumb, glittering in pillars of light that shone through honeycombed openings from somewhere up above.

"Ah," he thought, as he reached for one of those shiny glassy pieces, and realized that it was a shard containing a cut of some kind of carpet or rug, frozen hard in its primordial, original state, glazed with a coat of sheen. They weren't simply tattered pieces torn from other floor mats of his Kingdom's subjects, rather, they were quick-access, pocket-sized objects, each piece being a crystalline mini-portal, paving the path to one unique mat out of the zillions that floated in this time-stopped space filled with galaxies of such precious jewels.

Lan Zhan understood that the upgrade to his floor mat not only granted him immensely expanded access to his, but also every other underground kingdoms filled with his people, their dreams, their fantasies, and of course, their harems as well - he is, and owns, the command centre and the core of all floor mats that ever existed, as the Emperor of the Kingdom of Lan

should be. Every shard was a miniaturized physical manifestation of a portal spawner - one touch was all that was needed to activate a world of pleasure.

He gingerly picked one glimmering, reddish piece decorated with intricate floral designs embroidered in gold, smaller than the pad of his index finger, and wordlessly instructed it to open, to allow the Master unlimited access. Lan Zhan immediately winked out of existence, only to *fwip* ! back in two milliseconds later, looking very sweaty, flushed with rosiness, his clothes in disarray and his hair swept back because he forgotten to brush it after bedding thousands of Wei Yings without the knowledge of that floor mat's owner, thus stealing those lovely Wei Yings' virginities and impregnating countless sweet young mewling and purring, spread-eagled men, to his pleasure, before returning to the present - in a single heartbeat.

Lan Zhan tilted his chin and nearly gloated at his newfound ability and privilege as King of his people. Time had not moved in the next layer of reality where he originated, and yet, he'd already fathered another generation of babes. With a rare, uncharacteristic "Wheeeee!", he allowed himself a slight grin, and he kicked the air and propelled himself past numerous pieces of bejewelled rugs, like an astronaut performing a ballet in zero-gravity conditions. Along the way, he stretched out his arms and his fingers glided through those masses of stardusts, each containing a world of harems and pleasures from the acts of fertility. He blinked in and out of existence almost non-stop, as his skin touched those glittering pieces when he swam through the ocean of shimmering galaxies, savouring the tastes of each, two-milliseconds each and not a single second has passed yet in his reality, loving his Wei Yings more and more with the passage of time.

As night passed, and day arrived, the attendant demons became increasingly worried about their VIP passenger that had gone into the bathroom but did not return to his seat. They knocked on the door to check on him from time

to time, but it was locked, and it sounded like the water was running - perhaps the esteemed guest was having a soak in the jacuzzi.

“Ladies and gentlemen, as we start our deceleration, please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position. Make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and all carry-on luggage is stowed underneath the seat in front of you or in the overhead bins. The attendants are currently passing around the cabin to make a final compliance check and pick up any remaining cups and glasses. Thank you.”

A-Jia kept staring at the tight space between the curtain that hung over the portal leading to the baths and those that closed around his master’s seat-cum-bed, hoping to catch a glimpse of a man rushing through to properly take his position and buckle up. A-Yi and A-Bing gently gathered the snoring children and oversized caterpillar, and somehow managed to prep them for arrival.

“Cabin crew, please take your seats following arrival protocols,” A-Jia announced to the microphone - it was inevitable that they’ll have to stop upon reaching their destination, with or without all their passengers accounted for.

There was a faintly felt deceleration, and the cabin slowed down to a grinding halt from three to zero kilometers per hour. There were some bumps along the way, as the carriage wheels ran over a few errant pebbles and uneven slopes; fortunately all baggage and loose items had been secured by the attendants beforehand.

A-Jia sighed, and continued with his script-reading, “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Nieshan. Local time is eight-thirty in the morning and the temperature is a chilly two degrees centigrade. For your safety and comfort, please remain seated with your seat belt fastened until the Captain turns off the Fasten Seat Belt sign. This will indicate that we have parked at the gate and that it is safe for you to move about. At this time, you may use your electronic devices if you wish. Please check around your seat for any personal belongings you may have brought on board with you and please use caution when opening the cupboards, as heavy articles may have shifted around during the journey.

If you require further assistance, please contact our ground crew. On behalf of the Kingdom of Lan and the prestigious conglomerate company Wangxian, the entire crew would like to thank you for joining us on this trip and we are looking forward to seeing you on board again in the near future. Have a nice stay!”

The bathroom door remained locked, with a man inside, beneath his personal floor mat, making sweet, sweet love to his lovely Wei Yings across universes and timelines, ignoring about his business trip and the reason that he was travelling in a horse carriage in the first place; he was lost, oh so lost but so overjoyed, enjoying all his Wei Yings’ warm, tight and young bodies until each and everyone was thoroughly fucked, bred and turned into mothers of his offspring, and he used the extra journey hours to sexually ravish even his descendents, because they were all plump, healthy, adorable and lovable - and fertile - as well. He could live forever dipping in and out of the floor mat repeatedly, just like how he mounts each mewling Wei Ying that begged for his mighty babymaking penis and spread their man-pussies wantonly to welcome their master’s tool of mass sexual carnage; Lan Zhan would do it and repeat his five-star performance in numerous beds without really caring what his future holds and where he’d go next.

... Well, that was at least what Lan Zhan fantasized, but alas, it was not meant to be, because otherwise he'd be stuck in a cycle of sex and baby-making, and the story would not progress further. He was already the master of ErNet's root directory that gave him access to all knowledge and resources, both material and intangible, magical and technological; he'd also carved his name to the family's cloud drive, namely at the apex of the folder called the Soul Restoration Cave, where he could access and enjoy all manners of the past - experiences, memories, even physical sensations and all kinds of miracles and whatnots; and then, a twenty-four-seven buffet beneath his upgraded floor mat, where he could pop in and out of various underground kingdoms filled with lovers and tasty two-millisecond trysts that amount to two-seconds in his reality, which helped to propagate his kind and cause uncontrollable population booms. That unholy trinity would mean an apocalyptic end to the known universe, and really, Wei Ying would be heartbroken if he had to stomach another four and a half billion years of loneliness - and Lan Zhan would never, ever, allow Wei Ying to shed another tear for his sake.

So, as Fate would have it, Lan Zhan placed the floor mat next to the shower cubicle and he started soaping himself before turning on the showerhead for a quick rinse - habitually, he preferred to be cleaned and performed before engaging in delicious ruts with his lovely spouse and spouse-clones. Suddenly, the horse carriage must've run over a rock, as the entire cabin tipped a bit and there was a violent lurch to one side. As a result, he dropped the soap after scrubbing his lightly fuzzed crotch energetically, so he bent over to pick it up - and knocked his head against the wall of the cubicle because cabin bathrooms were quite narrow compared to usual facilities found in bath houses. One thing led to another and Lan Zhan lost his footing and balance, and he ended up knocking himself right, left and center like a pinball in a pinball machine, accompanied by soft curses spoken in Gusu dialects, and finally, he stepped upon the cursed soap.

Lan Zhan's limbs flung over and he crashed through the shower cubicle's door, then tumbled straight into the gaping waiting floor mat that had been soaked through by sudsy runoff from the shower.

There was a loud “ *Bzzzzttt !*” sound of short-circuiting electrical wiring, an explosion of fireworks-like sparks, a whiff of smoke and of something burning -- and everything went dark.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 200

Lan Zhan was truly living his whimsical fantasies. He streaked naked across a golden field of corn, stomping on those tall stalks with nary a care, snatching ears of corn from those plants in his unbridled run towards freedom, then tearing the husks and nibbling here and there, before leaving a messy trail of half eaten raw corn cobs.

He ran and sprinted, and kept his chin up and high, because he was eyeing the skies and chasing a flock of flying penises. He knew straight away when he caught sight of them - they were Wei Ying's and boy, do they fly fast. It was ridiculous, even going against all laws of physics, for sausage-like erect cockmeat to soar through the air and their plump, aerodynamically oval testicles flapping eagerly with lip-smacking ' *thwap! thwap!* ' sounds to lift themselves higher. Then, after a couple minutes of cutting through a maze made of thick dense corn stalks, Lan Zhan arrived at a clearing.

Six penises perched on the plants and leaves, chatting amongst themselves. They were ordered sequentially from largest and veiny-est, most tanned and with saggy loose skin, pockmarked with warts and grime, to the smallest and smoothest, perky and firm, fair-skinned and absolutely adorable like a juicy baby strawberry hidden inside a pocket of tight foreskin. As they spoke, the hard-ons bobbed up and down, pinkish penis glans wobbled excitedly to the sides, and the scrotal pouch swung and flapped like noisy birds on someone's frontyard high-voltage electrical power lines.

"It's down! It's down! We have a black-out, the fuse has blown, there's no power to run the systems! Everyone, stay at home, light up your primitive candles and huddle up, it's going to be a long, long wait in the darkness of Man's most dire hours!" the darkest hairiest one bellowed victoriously, its cockslit seemed stretchy and pliant as it mouthed each syllable with a

smattering of bursts of pee and smelly bodily fluids. It wore a wig of curly pubic hair, and from the way it shone against the sunlight, Lan Zhan believed it hadn't been washed in a long while.

The penis next to it, a slightly smaller one and less scary-looking, but still impressive and girth and length - and well-groomed pubic hair to boot -, slammed itself against the largest specimen in what looked like a perverse show of overly sexual male giraffes necking one another. "You imbecile! Don't you dare to cause panic, because I know what you'll do - you'll bring your merry band of bandits to steal money from unguarded treasuries, cheat people by selling fake, useless aromatherapy candles, and if you chance upon helpless boys being home alone waiting for the technician who'll never come, you'll waltz right in, lock the door with a crisp *click* ! and rape that boy to your heart's content!"

The largest penis counterattacked and tried to stab the smaller cousin with a jab of its fleshy penile sword, and ended up entwining each other like a sick incestuous display of dick-fencing. "Go away! I'm the oldest Uncle here, I get dibs on dictating what will happen in the event of a breakdown in the Kingdom and the company's C-suite! Respect the elderly, you rascal! I can turn the world into ruins if I want to, because everything has stopped working except for my awesome powers! I shall rule with terror, I shall be worshipped as an evil god, I shall rape all virgin boys and girls until they bear my offspring!" it squawked obstinately, and started spitting ejaculated semen upon the other five penises.

The third penis - Lan Zhan gasped, because he knew by heart that it was his lovely, lovely spouse's, by the length, width, angle, colour, texture and even the heartwarming cherishable milky and nutty scent -, bravely dodged the incoming volleys of the equivalent of bird-poo attack, and used its succulent man eggs to shove the younger penises deeper into the wall of corn leaves and protect them from getting showered by another man's dirty

seed. He shouted with the familiar voice of the one and only Wei Wuxian, “What are you yapping about? *Da ge* is the greatest, and his powers surpass all of ours even in the event of a power outage! He’ll fix this mess and bring everything back to the way it was, you’ll see. This is just a temporary glitch, because the servers are overloaded with a population boom, and this sudden loss of power. Right? Right?” Wei Ying flapped his testicles anxiously, causing the lovely eggs to shudder and bounce against one another, and its cock-slit winked in the only way penises can wink, right at Lan Zhan.

The fourth penis, one that belonged to a man in his late-teens, peeked out with its faceless but drooling cockslit from behind the leaves after the bombardment of thirty healthy viscous spurts was over, and the Uncle-penis went limp from the outburst of release and exertion, “I may not be a smart as everyone else, but I know that hard work and patience will pay off in due time. This round, we’re more prepared for a sudden loss of energy flow, ErNet connection and Soul transference with the rest of our Kingdom, the company and our family’s cloud drive, compared to last winter when we were at the Cloud Recesses getting rid of those foul, corrupted Lan elders. All of us have contingency plans, and I have my very own battery-powered pockets of space-time bubbles safely stowed inside my pubes,” he wiggled a bit in a sexy dance and shook his curls of shiny pubic hair for everyone to see, “... so I’m hopeful that things will be better this time. Let’s all put our hands together and pray for the best outcome, all right?”

Its words were inspiring, and promising, and that brought the next, even younger teenage penis out of hiding. The smooth, healthy and turgid throbbing flesh walked on its balls with *squish-squish* footsteps, and strutted proudly into the light - its angle was the highest, perky and pointy, and it looked very, very tasty indeed to the man who’d tasted enough Wei Yings in his lifetimes to know which ones deserved chef’s kisses. “Yeah! Just because of a blackout doesn’t mean I’m helpless, even though I’m a techno-freak! I just need a bit of time to... err... re-orientate myself in this brave new world. I was about to hit 61st-century technological

advancements and the servers were in the process of deinstalling old software and putting in new ones when the power outage hit, so I think I've lost a substantial amount of data. Even during restoration, there's no guarantee that everything will still remain the same. But yeah... in the meantime, I've enough to sustain myself, and I even have offline games downloaded into my console to play when I'm bored!" it announced arrogantly.

The sixth, smallest, most adorable penis gingerly stepped out, and it started to hop unsteadily on one cute juicy boy-egg when the other testicles rose and touched the fifth penis' in what seemed to be a hand-holding, or rather, ball-holding gesture, for assurance that their wholesome penile family was fine even during such dark times. It squeaked, "Umm... umm... I still have my warehouses and stocks somewhere, and umm... they should be fine, because I've installed back-up systems and generators in case the power gets cut off like this. *San ge* can help me figure out a way to draw out goods using manual ways, since teleportation probably doesn't work for now. *Er ge* can get us organized and back on track as a closely-knit family. *Da ge* will be our breadwinner, so we won't go hungry or without a roof over our heads. And Grand Matriarch will keep us all together, won't you?"

Those sweet words buoyed everyone's hearts and they crowded around the smallest penis and gave it sweet kisses to the glans, resulting in that *xiao didi* squealing from the ticklish and slippery sensations. The Uncle-penis was evidently jealous and fumed in isolation at the other end of the corn stalk. It humph'ed and huffed, upset, before making a last ditch effort to salvage its twisted pride, "Well, since you're all so easy peasy, nicey dicey, and lovey dovey - if you won't take advantage of this chaos and sow unrest amongst men living in this realm, then won't you at least think about the zillions of babies that all of you - except for that bratty *didi* over that - have made in the last few days? What are they called... uuh... *Homo sapiens wuji'ensis*? Don't you want to steal this world's treasures and food to feed them, use trickery and treachery so that your children will quickly ascend

the ladder of society, and then, gift them harems of men and women so that your lineage shall always prosper?”

The other five penises recoiled in horror and shock, followed by murmurs of “Blasphemy!”, “How dare you!” and “Are you out of your mind?”

“Heavens, no! We shouldn’t make such momentous decisions on our own! That privilege belongs to our husband, doesn’t it?” the second largest and hairiest penis’s baritone voice was loud, clear and rather hostile from being verbally attacked by its largest, hulking penile brethren. It bounced on the branch of corn energetically, and the sight of full testicles about to fall out of their sacks from their sagging weight was really, surreal.

All six angry-red penises turned around to finally glance at Lan Zhan, and the man felt very, very uncomfortable from being stared at by those meaty, pre-cum drooling organs. Goosebumps prickled at his arms and all over his nude body, and he exhaled in a loud *whoosh* ! at the sudden turn of narrative.

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“Good morning, Grand Patriarch!” every talking penis shouted in unison with glee and exuberance, in an unexpected change of atmosphere in the cornfields. Each begged and demanded for their good-morning kisses with vigorous flapping of testicles, quivering movements along the length, and gaping, pulsing cockslit at the top , like baby birds pleading to be fed by its mother.

Lan Zhan reluctantly kissed the first, hairiest penis-glans and after that, he got into the mood, and calmly wished each penis their good-mornings, and a tender smooch upon their lovely man-eggs a hello to those cute, plump baby Wei Yings. The third penis received the longest kiss, whilst the sixth, smallest one, the adorable *didi* 's - Lan Zhan really loved how precious it looked, and carefully peeled the foreskin to the back, brushed its underside with drumming, gliding calloused fingers that could easily grab and snatch that lil' birdie away, and when it became too excited from the feather-light loving touches and started to spasm and throb from within, Lan Zhan swooped down and gently attacked the child's penis-glans with such vigour, performed such inappropriate adult oral sex with it with plenty of entwining tongue-strokes, wished it with plenty of good-mornings and lashing rough licks deep, deep into the shuddering, tingling boy-cockslit, until the pinkie-long length jerked wildly trapped inside Lan Zhan's hollowed but so, so warm mouth, and his hands cupped and massaged the child's spongy testicles like delicate cupcake dough, until it spilled tasty nine-year old's seedless fluids that Lan Zhan drank greedily, knowing the taste too well to not waste even a single drop.

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Reality flipped around when the penises dropped to the ground, one by one, like slabs of meat, after they've happily orgasmed from Lan Zhan's excellent oral-sex greetings, and they transformed into male buttocks upon contact with the grass. There was an exception, though, that is, the Uncle-penis switched into an Uncle-vagina - and a very hideous-looking one too. It was as though someone ripped out the hairy, grimy smelly dick and then carved a slit in the resulting barren crotch, and lumpy, loose skin folds emerge from the hole in between. Eww, he thought, as he barely caught glimpses of the vile hairy man-pussy, covered with unruly pubic hair and pockmarked with either ingrown hair or what looked like blackheads and pimples at the vaginal lips, drooling whitish mucus, and it smelled really, really bad, like moldy cheese and old fish mixed in someone's leftover socks for weeks. "Fuck me!" the talking vagina cried out with a shrill

screech. Banish the thought, he yelled to himself in disgust at the pulsating female genitalia, and true enough, the Uncle-vagina monster poofed into a cloud of exploding popcorn and disappeared from his sight.

That's when Lan Zhan realized, gratefully, that he was in a very realistic, strange and perverted lucid dream. He crouched to pick up a few of those white puffy popcorn pieces, and popped them into his mouth. Fresh, warm, needs a bit of salt and caramel, he concluded.

The remaining five buttocks picked up themselves and began to hop around the grassbed like rabbits. As they leapt and sprang forward, the glutes swayed and flung around erotically like milky moon-lit mounds, and Lan Zhan couldn't help himself to chase after those scattering human-rabbit buttocks for a molesting grasp. One by one, he caught 'em all and placed them atop the corn stalks, where, using the rounded bottom, each buttock balanced precariously on their former perches. They were surprisingly sturdy and held fast to the plants, so Lan Zhan asked himself, how wonderful it feels to have sex with Wei Ying's buttocks all day in his wet dream - and that wish was granted.

Each buttock spread itself as much as it could, to reveal the prized puckered lips of Wei Ying's lower mouth. They were already well-lubricated by their favourite herbal paste, and Lan Zhan furiously masturbated his arousal to reach his peak hardness, before digging into his sumptuous buffet. He tasted the hairiest butt-crack first and knew it was the *da ge* 's, because it was kinda loose and not so exciting. So, he slipped out after a heartfelt, empathetic one-two - just enough to cream the man's ass and inseminate him, and plucked an ear of corn at the side. He shucked the husk and gave the knobbly surface a good lick, before shoving it into the biggest anus - and it roared and howled with such pleasure, such manliness and such loudness, than Lan Zhan winced as he pushed the entire corn cob into the hungry, devouring anal lips. He left it there, then, because the butt worked

its muscles to move it in and out of its hairy hole, and Lan Zhan was sure that would leave plenty of good feelings to that man's ass and prostate gland, and those buttocks could have their own fun, in a world of their own.

Lan Zhan stared forlornly at *didi*'s butthole and wished he could violate it enthusiastically as with the remaining juicy three anuses. However, he didn't want to hurt the *didi*, so he tapped the bouncy mounds gently and asked if it'll turn back to a penis - and it did. Lan Zhan stole another kiss at the cute penis-tip, and rummaged the wall of corn stalks for their silky fibres and medium-sized leaves. He fashioned a mini-windmill out of the leaves and a stalk, so that when held up against a passing breeze, it would spin on its own. With those silky fibres that doubled as connecting threads, he fashioned a bundle of spun silk not unlike the head of an ink-brush, and attached it to the threads leading to the rotating leaf-blades. *Didi* squealed with pleasure next, howling inappropriately for a prepubescent child in a series of explosive undulating penile adults' orgasms that his child-genitals weren't prepared for, when a constant breeze blew, that sent the silky fibres spinning deep, deep side the child's penis - because Lan Zhan had carefully inserted them into the delicate, ultra-sensitive urethra, until the boy peed and spurted uncontrollably seedless fluids that only nine-year old's undeveloped prostate could make in its unripe state, forced to contract and convulse like a grown-up's before its time.

With the eldest buttocks and the youngest penis taken care of, Lan Zhan licked his lips in anticipation of fucking the three most breedworthy of Wei Ying's asses. Each pucked up, pulsated and stretched open to reveal their lovely tunnel-y insides, filled with love, warmth and slickness; a twenty-two year old's, an eighteen-year old's, and the cream of the crop, the virile, tight and juicy fifteen-year old's anuses, all for his taking, his breeding, his non-stop thrusting fucking machine between his legs, to his delight. Those buttholes chanted, with a visible tentacle-y tongue wiggling inside each for perfect pronunciation, "Love you! Love me!"

He carefully placed the disembodied buttocks on the corn stalks at perfect heights, that is, at a bit lower than waist level, so that he could joyfully, forcefully breed each ass effortlessly, and when he became too excited to hold back, he'd one-two in one, then pull out and stick his cock into the next, repeat and rinse, in alternate choices. His hands grabbed and massaged each buttock greedily, pinching and cupping the bouncy flesh that had long captivated him from whence he first lost his own virginity, and even spanked them a few times just for old times' sake - and received a thunderous applause of squeals and of Wei Yings' voices whining, begging to be bedded, fucked and have babies made inside their asses.

Lan Zhan takes a deep breath, and works on his jaws and exercises his cheeks - because he knew he'll be making stupid silly faces for hours to come in the throes of the pinnacle of all sexual ecstasies -, then steels his arched back and snaps those well-oiled hip-joints to full attention and in preparation for a full-scale assault on three defenceless presented lovely buttocks that would boost his alpha masculinity to new highs - and enjoys his time in this twisted, perverse dream caused by an innocent power outage.

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Elsewhere, those who weren't in their underground kingdoms were not affected by the blackout. A-Ji, A-Xian and Ni-er were sleeping peacefully together in the real world when the fuse blew, along with the four Demons of the Negative Planes in the carriage who searched far and wide for their master. The Regent in the Heavens had learnt his lesson and foregone his desires while on duty, like a monk taking an oath of celibacy, and had kept away his sexy rug. Ernie was fortunate too; he crawled away from his mother's pubic hair when that man couldn't resist going skinny-dipping inside a portable floor mat while still recovering from record spate of births - because the cold black thing was a little bruised from getting slammed and

whacked by so many sweaty Lan men's hips vying for a spot between lovely Wei Ying's legs.

With the light of the world switched off, darkness reigns and so does Ernie's shadowy powers.

While the 'Under Maintenance' sign was hung on the front entrance of one reality, or lifetime, as the man preferred to call it, another door opens for refugees to slip in, to take temporary shelter, and to spend time with their loved ones without the constant disturbance of someone's internet, a piece of technological wizardry, a problem caused by *qi* deviation, or jealousy and envy of someone's hurt feelings. A shadow dashes freely between open and available doors, to no one's knowledge.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 201

The days are getting longer, and the *er gongzi* seems restless. Has Spring called upon the young boy who's just turned to the age of adulthood at sixteen, merely weeks ago? Family doctors examined him just as they do with every elite Gusu Lan member, and he received a clean bill of health, plus a prescription for cooling herbal teas to welcome the rising heat during daytime and in all likelihood, surging hormones of a young man raring to prove himself to the cultivation world, in search of adventure and excitement, and to meet new people, new friends, even a love interest should the stars align in the Heavens.

At least, that was what Xi Chen thought, but he trained his eyes upon his *didi* without drawing suspicion, and noted that whatever the teenager was up to, he was certainly hiding it well. Each time he asked if there is anything, *anything* that a *gege* can do for his beloved little brother - and the man made it clear that he'd bend over backwards or break a rule or two just to make Wang Ji speak up about his heart's desires - that stubborn teenager would clamp up indiscernibly, and give a silly excuse, such as to finish up some homework, to read a book in the Library Pavilion, or to meditate, and hurry off somewhere out of his reach.

Certainly, that did give Xi Chen pause - because Wang Ji had been an exceptional child prodigy ever since he'd overcome the loss of their parents years ago, and had meditated to the highest levels of cultivation that can be achieved at such a young, tender age, and mastered his guqin, his musical instrument of choice; also, Wang Ji had already read every book in the library and even seamlessly rummaged through the basement level in his spare time to leaf through its vast collection of ancient, dog-eared scripts and scrolls - to the point that Xi Chen believed that to be the best way for a heartbroken child to grow up in a strict, disciplined life, without parental love or the joys of friendship - because Wang Ji is inherently a lone wolf

and dislikes socializing -, to drown himself in sterile, scholarly pursuits so that he may achieve excellence while sacrificing the childhood happiness that he could never have, that at least he would still be an achiever of sorts in the end; and lastly, the annual multi-sect study exchange was slated to start later in Spring, with the Gusu Lans hosting the year's prestigious event this time, so if there were any homework to be completed, that would only take place months later.

In short, Xi Chen smiled and realized that his cute but ice-cold, no-nonsense, overly serious little brother had lied to him - and that was one of the first, or many firsts to come, he hoped, in seeing a change in his sibling's attitude towards others.

“Wang Ji,” he called out from the front porch of his room, and the teenager duly walked towards him - running was not allowed in the hallways, after all. “Before you go to... whatever that is you need to do for the rest of the day, take this pouch of money, and buy a few packs of the cooling herbs that Doctor Li prescribed for you. You have my permission to go to town,” he said, and jiggled the said small pouch of clinking silver pieces no larger than a man's palm, in plain sight of falling cherry blossom petals and branches sprouting with fresh new greens around the garden surrounding .

The teen's eyes widened with blooming interest, and he nearly broke into a sprint - but held back at the last moment. Lan Zhan eagerly snatched the pouch from his older brother's hand, which was a very uncharacteristic act for someone who upholds the family's rules as if his clan's existence depended upon them. Xi Chen knew, and took advantage of, his little brother's well-hidden desire to see the outside world, of which he caught glimpses of the revealed wanderlust whenever the boy-turned-man received his meagre monthly stipend and was allowed to buy some necessities about once or twice every full moon.

Lan Wang Ji, the second of the Twin Jades of Gusu, and arguably, the more powerful and more handsome among the two, went off in a hurry atop a flying Bichen.

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“Wang Ji, have you taken your herbal tea?” a simple question, with neither judgement nor accusation. Lan Zhan returned just before the gates closed at sundown, and he hadn’t managed to put away his things, change his clothes nor give his body a wipe before rushing to have dinner with the older brother at seven in the evening. If anything, he looked slightly off and a little tired, with dust on the sleeves and smudges on the hems of the robes, and of course, he hadn’t taken his tea after running up thousands of steps back home in the mist-blanketed mountaintops; flying off the cliffs on a sword was allowed, however, when treading upon the steps, one must pay respect to those ancient carved stone blocks as much as giving prayers to one’s ancestors, and use them with both feet - not one foot, and certainly not hovering on a fancy blade. Lan Zhan berated himself for staying out too late, that it became too dangerous, dark and misty to skim between cliffs on broadsword, to the point that he had to take the stairs instead.

“Mn,” came the half-hearted reply, while Lan Zhan’s mind was preoccupied with the day’s events. He hadn’t told anyone what he’d been up to every time he went to town on a speeding Bichen. In this lifetime, the Yin Metal Amulet that hadn’t come to existence yet, was carved into multiple portions, each under the guardianship of a Great Clan located across the entire Middle Kingdom, regardless of good or evil. Power and influence had been more equally distributed among both sides of the balance, thus one could not easily predict if the outlook of their destinies was bleak or bright. He’d been spending his time indoors researching about the possible

locations and owners, and practising hard on his cultivation so that he would be prepared to face the tough challenges ahead; and during his precious, rare opportunities to go out such as today, he scoured the lands as far as the eye could see on a speedy Bichen, to determine the level of threat and risk of the mission, and to gather more intel on the ground - at the tender young age of sixteen.

“You still look a bit rosy in the cheeks. Are you having a fever? Let *gege* put a hand on your forehead--” the cold, rather clammy hand touched his cheek and that jolted the teenager out of his reverie. His body reacted the way it always had been with outsiders, due to his inherent, debilitating dislike of interaction with people; he slapped the brother’s hand away and there was a look of rude, wide-eyed shock on his face. His brother, on the other hand, simply pursed his lips, expecting an explanation for such an unbecoming behaviour of the second heir to their family’s position within the Lan clan.

“I’m... f-- fine,” Lan Zhan stammered, despite the sinking feeling in his heart that he’d acted rashly, uncouthly, even with hostility, against his brother. Somehow, he wasn’t good with words, and no apology would verbalize from his unresponsive lips; he quickly regained his composure and reached to the side with his chopsticks. “ *Gege* , have some boiled fish,” he looked down, face frozen without expression, and picked a juicy chunk of riverfish from a platter and sent it to Lan Huan’s bowl without asking twice.

The brothers dined in a separate room in the common dining halls located adjacent to the main kitchens. Despite the lavish furnishing - for minimalistic Gusu Lan standards - of a large round table and plenty of chairs, shelves and even earthenware decor, having just two men in the large room felt rather empty, and the distance between the two men seemed very, very far; Lan Zhan sat two seats away from his brother for no

particular reason. The served dinner of boiled fish garnished with chopped scallion and ginger, steamed tofu and mushrooms in diluted light chicken broth, a plain egg omelette, and under seasoned stir-fry seasonal vegetables made for a reasonable though bland meal for elite members of the clan such as them.

Lan Huan seemed to be a little ticked off by his younger brother's antics, and he already had a piece of fish lying in his bowl anyway. He placed his own chopsticks down and sat up straight, his hard, withering look made him the disciplinarian between the two. "If you want, we can calm down and relax with meditation when we have our hot bath together later this evening. And talk. At my place," he suggested, and there was no room for negotiation in his offer. It was a "no buts" instruction.

"Nnnh," Lan Zhan made a noncommittal grunt, and focused on finishing his bowl. He picked some greens with chopsticks and shoved them into his mouth directly, trying to look busy and meek, but really, he ended up appearing downtrodden, unfocused, and he'd already broken three rules in a row during dinnertime.

The older brother wasn't letting his little sibling off easily, because he'd been noticing certain things - a lot. He leaned back and kept his stare at the silent, rather unapologetic teenager and reminisced his own days of blossoming youth - flaring tempers, disobedience, uncourteous, secretive, anti-social, stubborn, arrogance, insecure, rebellious, *et cetera ad nauseum*, oh he knew very well how it felt like when one's blood boiled with hormones and when actions precede logical thinking. "You know, I've always been able to read your mind and your body gestures, but these days, you're quite difficult to decipher. Perhaps, as they say, it's the surge of random youthfulness with unexpected sparks of residual childishness, the want for greater things away from home because the grass is greener on the other side, the yearning for serendipitous events than day-to-day boredom,

the tense uneasiness when finding one's true self upon reaching that age when the world finally opens up," he made a kind of poem using vague and flowery words, to indirectly tell the younger teen that the latter was making the situation complex by keeping to his troublesome ways.

Lan Zhan had to swallow hard - he had too much greens and half-chewed tofu in his mouth and he needed to give a clear reply. "Mn. Meditate and bath. Your place," he said mechanically with his eyes on the bowl.

"And a session to release your tension. It's good for your blood pressure, you know," Lan Huan added with a more cheerful wink this time, knowing that he'd tore down one barrier that the *didi* had built up around himself over time. The *gege* made a fist with his right hand, and pumped it up and down a few times suggestively, just to be very, very clear of his intentions that night.

Lan Zhan looked up, then his face went red until the tips of the ears, and he looked away shyly. He picked a mushroom, which seemed to be an unsavoury choice of food given the context of the conversation. He bit into the stalk and licked the gravy-like broth off, but couldn't really fathom what his palate was tasting, because it was bland and unsalted. "Mn," another grunt, before a hard swallow that made his Adam's apple bob up and down hesitantly.

Xi Chen *da ge* smiled smugly and returned to his sunshine mood, because he always told them both that he studied medicine, and therefore, he always knew what's best for his little brother. "Good boy," he remarked, and picked a tasty chunk of egg omelette with a spoon - fried on the outside, juicy and moist on the inside - and placed it into his cute little brother's bowl, "Now eat up, you'll need it to grow up healthy and strong."

Lan Zhan nodded slightly, and he fidgeted on his seat, thighs tightening up against one another.

Notes for the Chapter:

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Chapter 202

Although historically, at least so far to his knowledge, Lan Zhan's abilities surpass even his brother's, he does not show off like any other heroic cultivator nor does he have pride in what he can do with his in-depth knowledge and masterfully-practised skills. He simply worked hard, diligently, through reading manuals in martial arts and cultivation and mastering all the moves depicted in those texts, building his golden core day by day, and keeping mostly to himself to remain out of the public's eye. He made it clear early on that he wasn't interested in taking the mantle left behind by their late father, and he was all for supporting Lan Xi Chen to be the next clan leader once the Council elders voice their approvals.

So, during those turbulent years after their parents' passing, Lan Zhan had been clingy to his older brother, and relied on the latter for many of his needs. The situation was worsened when Lan Zhan was diagnosed, at least by the family doctors, as an extreme introvert who shys away from social interactions; at that point, as the eldest of the two, Lan Xi Chen took it upon himself to care for his brother and to protect the precious innocent boy from the evils that besieged their harsh, cruel world; in return, Xi Chen *da ge* was put on a pedestal by the younger sibling, and the older one was showered with whatever little attention that Lan Zhan could give whilst growing up together in such an awkward family. Thus, when Lan Zhan grew up to be a healthy but disconnected, outcast teenager, the *da ge* could not put to rest his worries until he got to the bottom of his little brother's troubles.

"Does it feel good, like this?" the soft-spoken up-and-coming clan leader gently asked.

"Ahh... it feels... f-- feels good... very, very good, *gege* ... ooh... *gege*"

Lan Zhan breathed out uncharacteristic moans and sent more heated puffs

of condensed moisture into the humid bathroom; his voice cracked towards the end while calling out the *gege*. Lan Huan's private bathroom was a privilege for elite Lan members - most disciples had to use communal baths, but not for this rising rock star of the Gusu Lans. Within the spacious room, there were the usual bamboo water piping, buckets filled with heated water provided by servants, drains, mild soaps and unscented shampoos - and one large bathtub carved from marble that can accommodate at least two persons. The bathroom was a closed space except for a partially-opened window for ventilation, and the door leading out to the rest of the owner's home, thus, Lan Zhan's grunts and sexy moans were mostly contained within the building, and scant noises filter to the outdoors except when he cums.

Lan Xi Chen wasn't sure how to communicate with his seemingly speech-impaired younger brother besides using their bodies to connect, so whenever Lan Zhan threw a silent tantrum or became unreadable from a physical or emotional standpoint, this was how he usually solved their problems. He sat cross-legged opposite of the younger brother, whose legs spread out wantonly - but that didn't faze the older man. He kept his cool and continued to move his hands vigorously under water, between the teenager's legs, noting how thighs trembled in the rippling water, toes curled and unfurled with each energetic swipe on the tormented, bulbous pinkish penis-glans, how the boy's back swayed back and forth, then arched and seized when he was about to climax, the sudden jerking movement sending water splashing out of the bathtub, and more interestingly, how Lan Zhan's pale, flawless skin bloomed into deeper shades of reds from the chest upwards, signalling his impending pleasurable explosion.

Lan Zhan started to use some swear words - in Gusu dialects, no less -, his hips snapped up against the tight calloused fist, and even let out a few fart bubbles because he was losing control of his muscles in the lower half of his deliriously excited body; Xi Chen smiled, because he'd seen and hear everything about his younger brother and nothing really surprises him anymore these days - furthermore, within the four walls of the *da ge*'s

private bathroom, no rules can be broken since nothing gets out; Lan Zhan nearly screamed with a high-pitched voice when a meaty palm dove into the violently thrashing water and landed softly upon the penis-head - and started polishing vigorously in tandem with the fast-paced, relentless strokes from the other hand.

“Tell *gege* how you’re feeling now. What do you want that’ll make you happy, Wang Ji?”

Hearing his name spoken so intimately close, using the low baritone voice that bounced off the walls of the bathroom, seemed to trigger something inside the teenage boy. Lan Zhan started to hump Xi Chen’s fist as though he was making sweet love with it - he hadn’t lost his virginity yet, at the tender young age of sixteen, he was already engaging in a mock-form of sexual intercourse with his *gege*’s lovely, long and muscular fingers -, and his face was refreshingly animated - the stoic, expressionless visage had been shredded, replaced by a very passionate half-yawn, half-grimace, half-snarl, with slackened jaws and closed eyes, flaring nostrils and beads of sweat running down his temples; Lan Zhan was a tasty imagery of sexual flushes, of a boy learning the ropes of male sexual pleasures using incestuous touches - and he didn’t need to say another word of what will make him happier, because Lan Huan read his expressions in between the lines.

With a tilt of the chin, Lan Huan cast an amusing form of Water spell, and sent vortexes swirling between Lan Zhan’s shuddering legs; his ballsacks were surrounded by little whirlpools that spun and vibrated energetically until his testicles were lovingly rubbed, kneaded and shaken by jets of warmed water streams; those lovely boy-eggs swelled up and began to convulse from the mind-blowing sensations; another long spinning vortex found its way between timid-looking butt-cheeks, wormed its way until it licked the anus tenderly to seek entrance, and made for a wonderful rimjob filled with violent bubble formations and cresting flow of water; the

tsunami of good feelings didn't end there, when water pushed through the anal sphincter and spilled inside the rectum like tentacles made of silken liquids, which massaged, rinsed and spun maddeningly inside, particularly hard against a bump on the muscular wall that was in contact with the teen's prostate gland; needless to say, Lan Huan was a certified medical practitioner and an urologist, so he knew exactly where to send the whirlpools to. Lan Zhan yelped and devolved into a series of rhythmic groans when his prostate was lovingly stroked and vibrated by unimaginably marvellous hydraulic pressures and pulsing fountains of water from the hot springs with alternating directions, frequency and speeds.

"I-- I can't... I need to u-- u-- urine... uuh!" the teenage cried out in alarm using formal terminologies, when he realized that staying too long in the bathwater in a room full of watery sounds, had other unintended consequences. Lan Huan simply hummed cheerfully and ignored the warning.

The teenage boy howled and roared "*Gege* !" many times and nothing more, when he could not hold back and started to pee hot jets into the bathwater at the same time the first waves of pleasurable penile and pelvic contraction started from deep within his loins, swollen balls rose and tightened up against the penis base for an impressive detonation. Lan Huan could feel the spurt of warmth and maybe a slight tinge of yellow in the earth-shattering climax unfolding beneath the churning, foamy surface, but he remained undeterred. His hands continued their deadly stroking-polishing combo, and soon, he observed, with heavy-lidded eyes and with a strange, glazed gaze at how his adorable little *didi* orgasmed beautifully, turning tomato-red from head to toe with a pained look etched upon his handsome face, the boy's plumbing thoroughly devastated with uncontrolled ejaculations of pee and cum mixed in each spectacular projectile shooting out of the tortured dick, the resulting watery semen floating upwards, uselessly, until it blended with the soapy foam and

became nearly indistinguishable from the rest of the bodily and bath fluids left on the surface of the rippling waters.

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“Hmm. So we’ve one piece beneath the Cold Springs close to the backyard of the Jingshi. You told me about it months ago, but nothing’s been done so far against the impending evil gathering of shards of the Yin Metal. I thought you wanted to retrieve that piece before summer classes start, so what’s holding you back? *Gege* can help, if you like,” Xi Chen *da ge* murmured on the bed, his back against the bedframe and cushioned by pillows, whilst his adorable, sweaty, moaning *didi* lay against his chest in a semi-upright spooning position. Lan Zhan arched his back and raised his hips again and again, pumping into those two lovely muscular brotherly hands that continued to play with his penis and molest his lightly fuzzed testicles from behind, long after their shared bath. One hand stroked the turgid throbbing flesh without fail nor falter in its speed, the other merely drew circles upon the hapless, convulsing slick cockslit oozing with generous amounts of pre-cum and ejaculated seed, in-between swipes to the special spot beneath the bulbous head, then running fingers through the light pubic curls before grazing those quivering inner thighs, and returning to lovingly attack the cockhead with more drawn shapes.

Lan Zhan admitted, breathily, that he didn’t want to burden his older brother who had been busy with preparations for the study exchange, what more with the logistical complexity of welcoming, housing and teaching nearly a hundred students from different sects all over the country.

Lan Huan leaned forward and gave a sweet kiss to one red-tipped ear. “*Didi* ,” he whispered on the king-sized bed where the two will ultimately

share that night, “I may be busy, but I can access information sources where you cannot. For example, I can ask our Council elders or our uncle about how to safely access the cavern beneath the Cold Springs and connect with the spirits of our ancestors. As the future leader of our clan, I have the right to question these things and seek out answers, and I can do so without exposing your plan to save the cultivation world. Have faith in me, sweetie?” followed by another kiss on the shell of the other ear.

Lubricated fingers glide down from penis to the testicles - they squeezed happily at the tickling sensations and throbbed very, very hard to evacuate their contents for the next salvo -, then with a bit of stretch, Lan Huan lightly grazed circles upon the delicate perineum, sending delicious sensations straight into the younger brother’s prostate - pre-cum spurted out excitedly, more beads of crystal-clear fluids trickled out from his rubbed-raw cockslit -, and finally, finally, those fingertips massaged the teenager’s anus with such precision and perfect pressures, that it opened up effortlessly to welcome its would-be invaders - one, two, then three fingers lovingly loosening up the muscular barriers, and they did not hesitate to search for that walnut-sized gland, where once again, the prostate was lovingly attacked until it spasmed involuntarily, sending another surge of pleasure running through Lan Zhan’s budding sexual meridians and forming the basis of another pending orgasmic explosion.

Lan Zhan wanted to “Mn” in agreement, but ended up moaning the sound out like an animal in heat. He was a conflicted man, because he knew that engaging in an incestuous relationship with his older brother was wrong, however, at such an innocent age, he had no other outlet besides this form of depraved release. He cared and loved his older brother genuinely and would do anything to preserve their physical connections - his only other flesh-and-blood in this world, after all -, so when he lifted himself up from a puzzled Lan Huan, and went on all fours with his ass pointed upward in a slutty display of want, and bucked his hips erotically like a lewd dance of sorts for his brother - his flesh-and-blood -, he told himself that he was doing it to protect their treasured memories, because he, and the brother

knew, that their time spent together as carefree, innocent siblings, without real adult responsibilities and without a care if their young bodies experienced good or bad feelings, of wonderful pleasures or disgusting defilement - all that would come to an end soon.

Lan Huan licked his lips at the presented buffet of his younger brother's virginity - the one on the rump. He went to his knees and placed his hands over those lovely bouncy teenage male buttocks - muscular, lean, and springy, and he gave them a nice squeeze to the tune of a moaning younger male. Without thinking too much about what is right and what is wrong, what is black and what is white - because within the four walls of the building, no rules can be broken - the man named Lan Xi Chen leaned forward with great anticipation and panting breaths, against a backdrop of dimmed lights and few lit candles, with the curtains pulled over shut windows so that no prying eyes could spy on what goes on behind closed doors of the future clan leader's room; his own majestic over-six inch cock, elongated, far larger in girth than the *didi*'s developing one, already engorged and heavy with blood after such a prolonged, titillating foreplay in the bathroom, and now excited beyond belief because he hadn't jerked off to his little brother's sexy body in a while, and now, he was getting his chance to savour and taste his *didi*'s young, tight virginity for one, hopefully, several more nights before they have to part.

The bed creaks.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 203

Notes for the Chapter:

Not that it really matters - but a big fat warning that there's Het content ahead. All together now, just like how kids used to shout along with the Thundercats OP...

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"Het... Hete... Hetero... Heterosexual Sex... HOEEEEEEEEEE !!!" (insert orgasmic roar) :-D

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The Yunmeng Jiang trio has always been very close together since their childhood days. Jiang Cheng, barely ten-year old and already a pompous upstart Crown Prince of sorts, marched through the hallways with his chin up, his back straight, and his footsteps heavy; he'd just attended classes on the etiquettes of upper class society sponsored by his mother, paid by his father, and taught by some dodgy ex-headmaster from Chang'an - and he had plenty to show around. At such a young, impressionable age, he was all about displaying his ego and telling the world who he was, and why they should respect him, despite his small stature, less-than-admirable archery skills, and an annoying yet endearing crybaby nature whenever things do not go his way; but as always, his sworn Twin Hero of Yunmeng and his loving *jiejie* would make things much better, after having a bowl of his older sister's lotus root pork rib soup, and a brotherly hug by the teenager named Wei Wu Xian.

So, he walked with an air of superiority, and his pride swelled when servants from the Lotus Halls bowed before him, then praised how handsome and manly he looked, and that he would rule their Pier with greatness and prosper the clan and the town with his wisdom. Of course, Jiang Cheng didn't really understand all that poetry and stuff about the far

future when he'd take the throne, but he really liked it when people butter up to him and say good things about everything that he does, and is. No detractors, no criticisms, none whatsoever. It also goes without saying that he likes to look smart and praiseworthy in front of his subjects, and at times, he looks down on others just because he's allowed to, habitually - and that's a growing attitude problem, some older servants once remarked, so he'd been judicious in reining his childish arrogance, because someday, as those servants said, he'll be a grown-up man and he has to be fair and courteous to other grown-ups too. The only people that he looked up to were his siblings - one being a step-brother -, and of course, his kind but meek father and the rather fearsome, shrill-voiced tiger mom.

Thus, when Jiang Cheng reached the front Jiang Yan Li's room and knocked the door, then received no coherent response other than some rustling, creaking and shuffling sounds - and of someone falling flat to the ground -, he yelled out in his half-squeaky voice, “*Jie jie* ! I've finished my classes already! I want to go to the forest to catch butterflies, like you promised!” and banged the door again, this time three times.

“A... A-Cheng! Wait a bit! *Jie jie* is putting on... putting on her make-up! Wait five... no, ten minutes, okay?” came the muffled reply, followed by faint, incomprehensible hisses and what sounded like a teenage girl scolding another person inside the room.

“Oh,” Jiang Cheng sighed and crouched like an uncouth peasant beside the hallway. In spite of the hours-long training on how to walk like a fine gentleman of noble standing, the boy was still an innocent, naive ten-year old. He looked like an abandoned child in the streets, sporting a rather unhappy and bored look while he stared at the wall obediently and waited those five minutes. One servant passed by with a ludicrous look on the face and asked in alarm if Little Jiang *gongzi* was feeling alright, because he was hunched as though his stomach ached and wanted to poop on the floor; the

boy shook his head and simply said, “ *Jie jie* asked me to wait for ten minutes.” with such clarity and sincerity, one almost wished to hug the child and love him to bits for his adorable innocence-cum-ignorance. The servant simply shrugged in exasperation and left, because there were other masters to serve in the Lotus Halls.

Ten minutes passed, and sure enough, the door swung open. Jiang Yan Li looked every bit ravaged from head to toe, hair half-tied and unruly, her skin sweaty and rosy, and she was flushed to tomato-reds and dressed only in a thin flimsy top and her underskirt. Jiang Cheng, who hadn't known yet what 'sexy' and 'lewd' meant, reacted just like any other bratty ten-year olds - he sniggered and squealed, and made gleeful juvenile remarks of “ *Jie jie* is wearing only her underwear!” and then closed his eyes with his hands squeamishly. The teenage girl shushed her little brother and told him that she needed to run to the toilet for a bit, so he should go with the *gege* first. Then she stood up, stared laser beams at the next person to emerge from the room, and with those ferocious glaring eyes she hissed petulantly, “I told you not to do it inside, now look what you've done!”. Her hand held a bunch of crumpled up soiled tissues and napkins, and she nearly wanted to throw them at that *gege* - but held her tongue and kept her actions in check, then huffed rather angrily and dashed off to the hallways. Jiang Cheng added to the insult faced by his step-brother, when he peeked from his hands and then squirmed and giggled, and pealed out, “ *Ge ge* is wearing only his underwear too!”

Wu Xian *gege* gingerly took a step out of the room wearing just his boxers, equally dishevelled and out of breath, with one hand rubbing a reddened cheek hesitantly, while the other massaging his rump generously; he looked rather afraid after getting a mouthful from the owner of that bedroom. Wei Wu Xian grimaced at the painful double blow combo dealt to those throbbing parts, because he'd been slapped and smacked by a scornful but beautiful *shijie* who scolded him harshly when he couldn't hold back from feeling too good, so to speak. It was *shijie* 's fault, really, he told himself, because she was the initiator, the culprit - do not be deceived by her

kindness and sweet cheerful looks!; she invited him into her room with a very persuasive ‘let *jiejie* clean your ears’, which seduced and ensnared the boy until he found himself on her fragrant and feminine-smelling bed, and then she undressed to wordlessly tell him that she wanted ‘it’; no amount of warning could save the horny, hormone-lustful thirteen-year old boy from pulling out in time, not when his sweet sixteen-year old sister explained to him beforehand, with images from erotic comics clouding his judgement and control of his body, that she was in a pretty dangerous period of her cycle, and that any untoward incident could result in getting drowned in a pig-cage dunked into the Great Lakes. For Wei Wu Xian, getting into bed with his lovely *shijie* had become a ritual, a habitual and almost routine daily activity between step-siblings since a couple of years back, and lately, he’d been having wild fantasies of getting formally hitched into the Jiang family, plus he was naturally curious about how babies are made inside those attractive, appealing members of the opposite gender - blame sex education, as they say.

“Wei Wu Xian!” Jiang Cheng called out for the nth time with lean arms on his boyish hips, and his face told him that the boy was increasingly agitated for being ignored in the middle of the hallway. When the boy was finally noticed, he said, “I said... take me to the forest to catch butterflies! Are you even listening?”

What an arrogant little prick that Crown Prince was, the teenage boy told himself and he grinned half-heartedly to acknowledge the little *didi* ’s demands. He told the boy to wait a bit (again), while he gathered his clothes; took one last whiff from the pillows where he’d shared several rounds of intense passion with the woman - no longer a girl, technically - that he hoped to pursue with his heart to the very end; and grabbed one of lovely *shijie* ’s discarded garment to wipe away all traces of spilled stains on the bedsheets - of milky sticky whites mixed with honeyed nectar that females produce, which the *gege* found to be irresistible - evidence of the boiling heat that had fanned the flames in his loins, and now, he half-dreaded, half-intrigued, half-desired, one hundred percent fantasized, that

the spent seeds would take root inside his beloved *shijie* , that he may be allowed, as true family member and vindicated by an official flesh-and-blood relationship to the foster family, to take an oath upon his love for her, to cherish and protect her, Jiang Yan Li, the most beautiful woman he ever has met and the kindest he has ever known, during his thirteen years of early life thus far.

“Why were you two wearing your underwear? What were you doing inside? Were you studying hard like me, or playing some games? You’re all red and sweaty, it’s too hot to stay indoors, is that why you were wearing so little? I want to play with the both of you too... next time, wait until I finish my classes so that we can play some games together! Oh, oh! Today, my teacher gave me an ‘A’ when I showed him my homework from yesterday. I only get ‘A’s when you help me with my homework, so you better do it again tonight, okay? By the way, is *jie jie* angry? Did you do something to make her mad? These days, *jie jie* looks a bit restless when you’re not around with her. I noticed that too, my eyes are very sharp, aren’t they?”

Wei Wu Xian rolled his eyes at the smattering of questions coming from the *didi* - Jiang Cheng only acted like that, akin to a spoiled child demanding for attention and answers, defying all etiquettes about giving others privacy, really, when his siblings were in the same room as he. The *gege* quickly cleaned up as much as possible and made sure the *shijie* ’s room would look minimally presentable when she returned - then grabbed A-Cheng’s wrist and dragged the boy to where the latter wanted to go in the first place.

“Let’s go and catch the butterflies,” he smirked while adjusting his tunic; he wanted to at least redeem his pride as a responsible *gege* after what he’d done to the *shijie* - not that it really mattered -, and then, inexplicably, he let out a tired yawn. Sex felt really good, and it relaxed his body and soul, plus the urge down there had been sated for the time being. It didn’t feel morally wrong to engage in sexual intercourse with members of the opposite sex,

not when one lived in the era circa 2000 B.C. when arranged marriages were rampant and people lived short lives; when girls became mothers before they reached the age of fourteen or sometimes, younger; and men hardly lived beyond their thirties unless they were cultivators and all that fancy stuff.

“ *Gege* , there you go. You’re yawning again. Every time you say that you’re out to meet a girl, you return home like this. Is it so bad to see a girl? It’s tiring, isn’t it? Girls complain a lot, they smell bad, and they’re ugly with all that make-up... well, except my *jiejie* , of course! I don’t understand what’s so nice about going out with a girl, when you come back home looking as though you’ve run a marathon... like that A-Hua who lives two roads down our home, A-Lian the flowergirl, A-Li who works with the doctor, A--” the boy rattled on with names of the *gege* ’s secret girlfriends that only he knew, because he’d been spying on the *gege* and became jealous of girls that took away their precious sibling play-time. Immediately, Wu Xian *gege* shoved a palm over the boy’s yapping mouth, and signalled the latter not to say anymore - especially if Yan Li *jiejie* happened to be in the vicinity, and she’d be heartbroken to know that she wasn’t the only one who had shared her body with the eldest son of the clan’s ruling family.

“I’ll... I’ll catch the biggest, baddest butterfly you’ll ever see today! So hurry up!” and the *gege* broke into a light jog, pulling along a yelping boy. Poor Jiang Cheng, Wei Wu Xian thought, due to his lineage and position as the Crown Prince of sorts, the boy was discouraged from pursuing any romantic interest with the females of his clan, and was instead, taught from an early age that if anything, he should fall in love and marry a person of a different family and clan name; in-breeding was frowned upon, more so for a person of royal blood that shouldered the burden to bear healthy sons fit for ruling the future generations; the boy should focus on building the skills needed to become the next leader of the clan, and not to be distracted by menial things in life such as relationships and feelings; however, at such a tender young age, Jiang Cheng was blissfully unaware and did not even

understand the notion of love and the matters of the heart and of one's lust, so he simply took for granted, and never questioned nor harbour any ill-feelings about why he spent so much more time in classes specially designed for elite members of the Jiang clan, while his older step-brother gets off scot-free with a more enjoyable, carefree life, mingling with others Jiang members of both genders, sometimes beneath bed covers.

"You said that the last time, and we never caught butterflies larger than my hand," the little boy cried out in dismay, though his spirited run out of the hallways and through the gardens said otherwise about his improving mood. He was such an adorable gullible little thing, the *gege* thought, and he snickered.

"Okay, then this time, we'll catch the fiercest butterfly with bloody sharp teeth! I'm sure you've never seen one before, so let's go before they fly away!" he hollered and laughed, once they reached the dense undergrowth that marked the border between the gardens and the bamboo-pine forests.

"Really?!" Jiang Cheng squealed and picked up his pace. He actually believed the *gege*, that sweet innocent boy.

Two children - one teenage boy and his little brother - played in the forests surrounding the Lotus Pier on that beautiful morning, and later, they were joined by their sister, now freshened up, looking dainty and bright in pinks, magenta and whites. The Yunmeng trio remained, indeed, very close knit during those wonderful days of yesteryears.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 204

“Wei Wu Xian, you have to tell me!”

“Tell you what?” the *gege* replied lazily, rather than asking; he was getting a bit annoyed at the boy’s refusal to address him using honorifics that he’d learnt in those expensive elite etiquette classes, and his way of ordering a teenager about three years older than him around like a lowly servant, at his beck and call at all times.

“Tell me, why does A-Wang always disturb me in the boy’s toilet?”

Although Wei Wu Xian, the heroic, tall and handsome *gege* of Lotus Pier loved his little brother just like in any other bromantic love between blood-related siblings, he couldn’t possibly be acting like a helicopter guardian and be expected to know every little thing about Jiang Cheng, particularly since the boy was growing up fast, with huge expectations of leading an entire thriving clan building up upon his tiny shoulders, and had his life slowly diverging away from elder of the Twin Heroes. Jiang Cheng attended separate and different classes, had different circles of friends, experienced different day schedules and all that, so really - would Wei Wu Xian know exactly why one of their neighbour’s sons, an equal peer from a different branch of the Jiang family tree, would do something untoward towards the Jiang *gongzi* and cause him distress?

“Umm.... that big-boned boy with a large tummy and a wart close to his nose? That’s... what’s his name-- Jiang Wang or something, and he used to be bullied and had his name spelled backwards so that he was known as a ‘yellow ginger’, tubby and spicy hot, right?” the *gege* recalled while

scratching his chin. The Twin Heroes brothers trudged through tall, prickly shrubbery and caught a few butterflies using handheld nets - none with teeth, disappointingly -, while their elder sister offered to take them back because she promised her mother, Madam Yu, that she'd help out in the kitchen to prepare lunch; plus, she complained discreetly to Wei Wu Xian that she felt discomfort and of something leaking out 'down there', and rushed off in search of a covered bath somewhere; so, the *gege* waved her off and accompanied the playful *didi* to explore the forest to search for juicy bright wildfruits or tasty nuts as snacks for later that day.

“Huuh! You're so outdated! Now he's known as Lao Jiang the Old Ginger, because he's the biggest and meanest of the boys in my class! He doesn't dare to bully me when the teacher's around, and I try to avoid him with my smarts, but he catches me in the toilet and grabs my wee-wee when I'm peeing!”

Now that got Wu Xian's attention. He slowed down to a stop, and led the boy trailing behind him to a shady spot. He placed a hand on Jiang Cheng's arm and gestured to him to take a short break from their foraging activities. Both boys sat down on a bed of soft grass, fallen pine needles and bamboo leaves. “Oh? Do tell this *gege*, what did this spicy old ginger do to you and your wee-wee?” he murmured sultrily, and the air around them suddenly felt a little warm. Insects chirped in full force in the midday sun, marking the height of the passing seasons, and in the cooler shaded areas, such as beneath the shade of trees, a spider could be seen weaving its glistening net sparkling with jewel-like dew; the arachnid intended to trap delicious bite-sized prey and reel them in like tasty morsels, to sate that unending hunger for flesh.

The ten-year old boy adored being in the limelight of the *gege*'s attention, because in some way, this *gege* revolves around his world, like a planet orbiting the Sun named Jiang Wan Yin - Wei Wu Xian was amongst the

very few people that he could fully trust and share his deepest, sometimes shameful secrets, as intimate as a sworn code of honour in a brotherhood, where betrayal was non-existence, and his everything - flaws and all - was gladly accepted by that *gege* who promised to be his Twin Hero, long, long ago; to the boy who considered Wei Wu Xian as a blood-related brother, blood is thicker than water, after all.

Thus, he narrated his experience of being touched unkindly and inappropriately by another boy of the same age, and had their dicks compared - which shattered his fragile child-confidence, because late-bloomer Jiang Wan Yin was, to the family's dismay, a little smaller in size and shorter in stature than the average ten-year old kid, always drawing the ire of his overachiever mother and now, the uncomfortable target of sexual predation by the older kids. Wei Wu Xian coaxed the boy to show him what happened, so Jiang Cheng gladly, willingly, unbuttoned his pants and slipped off them, and let the garment drop into a messy pile.

Wei Wu Xian, unknown to the boy, had other hidden intentions behind the request to reenact what had happened. He was a sly person and cunning in the field of child psychology, because he'd learn enough since his earliest days living off the streets as an abandoned orphan, then rising through the ranks of Yunmeng Jiang's finest elite sons and daughters; he'd bully others just as he'd been bullied too, regardless of the presence of sexual activities amongst those precocious young children - back in the day of 2000 B.C., there was hardly the concept of proper sex education and abstinence, much less any concern about sexually transmitted diseases and the problems of child marriages and teenage pregnancies that would be easily swept under the carpet by tyrannical patriarchal societies. Sadly, in a dog eat dog world (and Wei Wu Xian hates dogs), one had to use all means to survive and advance, even if it meant hurting others or using sex as a kind of tool to subjugate, control and weaken others.

“Hmm... A-Cheng, you know, big bullies like A-Wang are just that - they think just because they’re big and have huge hands, that they can grab that and scare their classmates. Well, let me tell you,” Wu Xian *gege* said, and he rubbed his nose and beamed his confident, cheeky grin, “I’m older than A-Wang and I’ve eaten more ginger than him in this life! I can show you the techniques of grabbing other bigger boys’ dicks and making them cry like girls instantly!”

Little A-Cheng perked up and stopped touching his penis clumsily that demonstrated an awful, lacklustre handjob that the bully had done unto his defiled junior. No wonder the boy didn’t feel good and harboured grudges against that A-Wang; after that terrible lovemaking of an inexperienced ten-year old’s dick with a pumping greasy palm that smelled of nasty pee, the latter walked off bellowing out laughter when he stole the boy’s underpants, leaving squirming, red-faced A-Cheng alone in the boys’ toilets. It would be great if Jiang Cheng could counterattack before he was molested, that’s for sure; plus, he never knew nor had interest in learning how to jack himself off because he only started having wet dreams very recently, and didn’t know what felt good, didn’t feel good, or supposed to feel good.

So, he turned to the side, sat cross-legged on his discarded pants and opposite his step-sibling, the half-erect wee-wee throbbing and jerking lightly in the warm midday sunlight, glistening with a measly droplet of pre-cum - despite the less-than-exciting act, it still led to a reaction in the boy’s loins. Then he unknowingly spread his legs, thin slender thighs parting to reveal a baby-smooth crotch with a very light fuzz near the edges of the genitals, and very cute, plump hairless boy-balls as fair as the rest of his baby-fat child-body.

“ *Gege* , please show A-Cheng how to grab a dick in a way that can make even the biggest, meanest boys cry?” he asked with such wide-eyed innocence and in deference to his elder sibling’s sexperience - Wei Wu Xian

couldn't help being smug because he was finally addressed as an older brother, and he nearly wanted to embrace their newfound strengthened relationship with the *didi* - so of course, he couldn't resist saying 'Yes', then gently, gently with a coo-ing voice, asked the *didi* to watch and learn, and he started to fondle the rising, swelling ten-year old's penis lovingly with very, very experienced hands.

That noon, alone in the woods with his older step-brother, A-Cheng did cry out in the forests, a boy losing more and more of his innocence to the touch of another, even non-blood related relative - however, no one would hear the boy's cries except for the butterflies that continue to flutter about, waiting to be caught someday.

It is very easy to trick a ten-year old by the intelligence of a sneakier, smarter and sly thirteen-year old. All Wei Wu Xian had to do was to convince the tired, sexually flushed boy still soaring high in the aftermath of explosive orgasms that ten-year olds should, really shouldn't experience unless forced by an adult's sexual prowess - he only had to tell the boy that real men, that is, men who take social etiquette classes and destined for greatness such as becoming a clan leader - those real men are brave and do not shy from the next level of testing one's endurance, such as in the face of bullies named after ginger and spices. A-Cheng was delirious by then, not thinking straight and kept begging the *gege* to keep stroking his overexcited penis because it felt really, really good to be touched, even violated, because he'd never experience anything like this in his tender young life - and asked how, how can he, a mere ten-year old boy, test his endurance and all master all those heroic skills needed to beat the other boys.

Wei Wu Xian smiled and licked his lips, and casually talked about how men have sex with each other, that some day, Jiang Cheng may encounter such lecherous or aggravating people, so he must learn and recognize these acts, before he can defend himself properly, and be that superhero twin of the Jiang family that he so fantasized since his younger days. It took a persuasive and bullshitting ‘ *didi* , that’s right, pull your foreskin to the back, and lift up your cute balls, *gege* will perform something amazing to build some muscles in them and make you a hero’ and ‘ *didi* , raise your hips higher and bend your knees to the back, your adorable rosebud must be massaged and opened, because in there, lies your weakest spot that *gege* must exercise generously’.

Needless to say, little A-Cheng obeyed without protest because he dreamt of becoming the hero that would beat up all those bullies who dare to touch his penis; not realizing that in the end, Wei Wu Xian greedily sucked and licked the offered prized exposed hairless, veinless baby-smooth penis, moist and pink, succulent and juicy, peeled and tight, firm from a wonderful foreplay, and now, those hips bucked wildly and the immature penis jerked maddeningly at those erotic, indecent kneading of tongue-play and kissing lips, trying its best to fuck deep, deep into the loving *gege* ’s throat because it was experiencing its very first deflowering - of instinctual hot fucking into another man’s mouth - but alas, it was rather short and couldn’t reach the end, so it must exercise well and grow harder and longer - until the ten-year old boy cried louder and moaned wantonly from the uncontrollable pleasure coursing through his veins, the pelvis wrecked with involuntary shudders when one calloused hand endlessly cupped and massaged his excited, spasming testicles filled with sweet, sweet virginal boy-milk, and another hand busied itself by inserting one, then two, soon, uncomfortably, three fingers that curled again and again, drawing loving circles upon the barely functional and still-developing prostate gland until it convulsed excitedly from too many jabs and presses, and sent molten hot creamy boy-semen straight into the *gege* ’s waiting mouth, fifteen healthy ejaculations each time, and for several more rounds that day.

A-Cheng devolved a mess of incoherent moans, sweaty flailing limbs, seizing muscles and an arching back, flushed steamy red from head to belly; he forgot about his etiquettes and all forms of discipline and manners, because he spread his legs wider to welcome the foreign invasion upon his genitals and couldn't decide what to do; he thrust his hips forward to fuck, sweet, sweet fuck whatever that needed to be fucked until that tongue swiped around his sputtering penis and it became too much, too overwhelmingly pleasurable that he had to rein back his fanned flaming desires, then he pushed away to the back, and realized belatedly, that those three *gege* 's fingers started raking energetically inside his anus, and something extremely hot, exceedingly irritable, and horrendously itchy welled up from the insides of his crotch; so he snapped his hip joints to the front, then back, again and again, trapped between the *gege* 's greedy tongue and lips and those mind-blowing fingers.

Wei Wu Xian, on the other hand, enjoyed his meal of sexually devouring his *didi* , and he hoped the wonderful sensations would leave only joyful memories inside the boy's body, so that in the days and nights to come, A-Cheng would become addicted and think only about his *gege* 's handsome lips, tongue and fingers, and willingly search out for release in his older sibling's bedroom, shyly tip-toe to his bed, then undress lewdly and with the cutest, most lovable look on the boy's round face, asking with a coquettish voice, ' *gege* , *gege* , this *didi* cannot sleep. Can you play with my penis tonight?' He was a patient teenager, having knowledge about sex far beyond his years, and he continued to suck the cute pinkie-length penis with a steady, timeless rhythm and edged it as much as possible, and finger the boy's ass as deep as he could, until A-Cheng was left in tears and hiccups, body and limbs completely useless that he had to lie on the ground and yet, just yet, the *gege* continued that sweet, sweet assault upon his genitals, not even letting go from his grasp for a second, until the penis sputtered wildly like a garden hose gone wrong, because A-Cheng moaned that something was shooting out again, his hips couldn't stop shaking, and this time it felt like real pee; the warning went unnoticed and unheeded, and Wei Wu Xian continued to pleasure the boy before another salvo of flying spoonfuls of semen mixed with urine, during those very, very excited and

strained pulses of a boy - a man, really - cumming very hard until his plumbing broke, and afterwards, even during the refractory period, the penis was polished and loved, the boy-eggs somewhat shrivelled from a sudden loss of seed in the short span of time around noon, but still coaxed to keep producing healthy sperm to feed the *gege* 's sexual hunger, the boy-prostate exhausted from emptying itself too many times like never before, and it cramped up to protest the endless wonderful massages upon its walnut-sized mass.

By one in the afternoon, A-Cheng begged his *gege* to stop, that he was defeated, he can not be that real man and hero that beat up bullies, because he had peed all over the grass bed floor and couldn't possibly cum again, his legs were like jelly, and his hands rubbed raw from clutching uselessly at the bare dirt, and it was time to go home because *jiejie* would be waiting with a home cooked meal.

Wei Wu Xian ignored the boy's pleas. Spending time with *shijie* didn't sound as exciting when he was rudely tossed out and slapped due to the inopportune timing of her menstrual cycle, so this lovely, defenceless and very gullible *didi* would make a great substitute. He used his greater weight and bulk to pin the little boy to the soiled ground, and continued to suck eagerly for a long, long time.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 205

Notes for the Chapter:

Another Het warning, this time it's a big one, and hopefully the last one in a long while. Remember, according to the arc's title, it's all about brotherly love :-D

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When one ponders, why was Wei Wu Xian, the Yiling Patriarch, labelled with such terrible reputations and notorious names - for good reasons, perhaps, including being a rapist of both genders -, notwithstanding his devilish boyish charms, jaw-dropping good looks, and a beguiling gentle, carefree and friendly nature - one could look back further in time, when the first seeds took root and made him the villainous, infamous man that he'd become some day.

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“A-Xian, you’ve slipped out again,” Jiang Yan Li purred breathlessly, in-between sweet kisses upon a sweaty forehead and rosy cheeks, “Be a strong boy for *jiejie* , and put it back in. Higher, higher... ah, finally, it’s going in. There, there... see? It’s not so difficult after all. Now you’re warm and comfortable. It’s nice, wet and snug inside, isn’t it? Your face looks silly right now, yawning like you’re in pain and yet as red as the chilli peppers you ate for lunch. You’re so cute. A-Xian is really an obedient child (乖)...!” She slowly closed her slender long legs around thin, fluttering boy-hips - that were as fair as full moons in a starless night, as hairless as a babe’s because he’d just undergone puberty -, and locked the delirious, panting boy tight against her, caught like a spider’s prey wiggling desperately to escape the tangled web. There were plenty of squelchy and slapping sounds, as the boy worked hard to please his sister first then

himself, practising an adult's sexual intercourse to screw deeper, drive in and out vigorously, fucking a juicy, elastic and very inviting wet pussy that only loving sisters have for good little boys like him; it was becoming harder to insert his twitching penis inside his sister's vagina, because each push resulted in more dollops of their overflowing mixed spent passions being squirted out to the bedsheets, an exotic blend of freshly ejaculated boy-semen and a girl's natural syrupy lubricants, and it was a hot, sexy, slippery mess indeed.

Another series of waves of contractile pleasure crested, causing the boy to accidentally let out a soft fart - "So cute," she coo-ed at the loss of bodily control - because delicious pulses ran up and down his swollen, excited genitals that hadn't known the taste of a maiden's flower a month before; so he slammed his crotch hard against his *shijie* 's and kept it there, missionary style, mating pressed, a red-hot engorged key lodged deeply into its soft but vice grip-like lock. He moaned and tried to stifle howls of "It feels too good!" (很爽! 太爽!), letting those waves radiate from his pelvis like sparkling fireworks to the spasming arching back and the tips of his fingers and toes, one gigantic wave rippling from the anus down along the throbbing perineum, through convulsing plump, darkened and seed-filled testicles heavy inside their tight sacks, all the way to the turgid angry-red arousal that jerked wildly inside a cocoon of clenching vaginal flesh, shooting rampantly with such eagerness to sow virile sperm of the eleven-year old boy deep, deep into his fourteen-year old princess sister.

He would go partially soft after a while to recover from the earth-shattering aftershocks, slipping out weakly with a string of pearly-white, still-warm and thick semen hanging from the tip of his happy, exhausted penis-glans to the still stretched, gaping, cum-stained vaginal entrance where that made his heart race like a marathon of aerobics and sent his rational mind up into the heavens, so to speak; he was too tired to pump his hips properly and needed to rest a bit; however, too soon, he would be coaxed by succubic, feminine intimate whispers filled with love and pride for a boy who had recently lost his virginity - and now, ninety-nine sex positions stolen from

the book on kamasutra and hundreds of sexy romps later, he was truly a stallion lover still trapped in a growing boy's body - and he'll harden once more, put his penis inside to where it belongs, and go for another round of sex with Jiang Yan Li upon her fragrant though cum-stained, pink lotus-themed bed.

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It was the usual, really. The Yunmeng Jiang trio would spend their carefree days together, playing under the sun when they're not stuck with homework, household chores or practice of dignified scholarly arts or with cultivation. Jiang Fengmian allowed the children to pick some summer fruits at the fringes of the forest, to Madam Yu's consternation, because she held the blatant belief (and lie) that the golden apple of her eye, her son Jiang Cheng, would be better off not whittling time away with useless childish fun.

As fate would have it, Jiang Yan Li spotted a shiny ripe red apple near the top of an old tree, and her two brothers scrambled to please their beloved *jiejie* to bring the fruit to her lips. She brushed aside their heroic antics and begged them to return home to get a ladder, but Wei Wu Xian refused gallantly. He crouched beside the tree trunk and called Jiang Cheng to hop onto his shoulders and stand atop them, so that when the two worked together and stretched as high as they could, they'd reach and easily pluck that fruit without any worries.

Two minutes later, two boys tumbled to the ground when A-Cheng slipped in his footing, and A-Xian lost his balance. Little A-Cheng suffered from a sprained ankle, and his step-brother, a couple of bruises. The latter would earn Zidian-branded whip marks on his limbs when they returned, faced

with a hellish demoness and a father that tried his best to pacify the wife but received a slap as punishment.

The pandemonium eventually subsided, and A-Xian was grounded for five days, while A-Cheng was sent to the elite's hospital where he would receive five-star treatment and a mother's doting attention all day long. Jiang Fengmian continued to work but conducted part of his business at home because he had to look after the two left-behind children, so he told A-Li and A-Xian to behave and do their own things, and not to disturb him when he had guests over at the main hall of their spacious abode.

A-Xian was down in the dumps because he felt he was being treated unfairly, and his plight fell on deaf ears especially his adoptive father's - staying at home all day with no class and no interactions with friends from the outside world, felt suffocating for the boy who was a ball of energy, fuelled with hormones and youth, raring to experience new adventures each day. However, everything changed when *shijie*, who opted to stay in after feeling guilty for causing the botched fruit-picking operation, appeared at the doorway to her bedroom. She twiddled a well-used earpick and grinned sweetly, cheering up the Xian Xian she loved so much.

Jiang Fengmian caught a glimpse of the two and sighed with a weary, but contented smile. He'd lost count of how many times his eldest daughter invited the boy to her room to make him happy - whether to offer an ear-cleaning session, to play with straw dolls and other toys, to read comic books together; he wasn't privy to the specifics, because working daddies like him didn't really go into such details when it comes to their children's lives and happiness - and best of all, they played quietly on their own, behind locked doors, and did not disturb his work-from-home arrangements at all. He hummed an upbeat Yunmeng folk tune and trotted down the hallway with a bundle of documents in his arms, and looked forward to a

fruitful hours-long meeting with several council members to discuss some humdrum land reclamation projects around the Great Lakes.

A-Xian loves to have his ears cleaned, more so when he lays on his *shijie* 's lap and faces outward, then has his right ear lovingly tended to. The experience was made more sensual, when after entering her bedroom and locking the door, that she immediately undressed to her undergarments and the boy happily followed suit without asking why. Yan Li eyed her brother - now growing fast to a handsome young teenager, though his body and limbs still lack some muscles and in fact, A-Xian looked a little soft with a bit of residual baby fat around his face, tummy, buttocks and thighs; still, she was definitely sexually attracted to the brother, and the fact that he wasn't a Jiang made the entire journey of discovering their sexuality, bodies and heart together made her feel validated, as though she treaded the right path - much better than to fall in love and to live with a stranger of the faraway Jin family that she absolutely detested but had no say due to an arranged marriage inked when she was borned. She bitterly wished she could turn back the clock and change her love life, but she'd learned to accept what she's been given in this lifetime, and she plans to cherish what she can and to leave no regrets.

Yan Li reaches beneath her camisole and with a couple of tugs, unabashedly takes off her bra - it was the silky, lacy one, padded with sponge and perfumed by her natural body odours after hours of doing household chores such as mopping the floor and doing the laundry. A-Xian enjoys putting the used bra on his face and inhales eagerly at the scents of a fertile fourteen-year old maiden, while an earpick gently scratches and sweeps inside one pampered ear canal, a prelude of more exciting and feel-good things to come. A tap on the cheek, and A-Xian turns over and embraces the warmth of his sister's lean waist, curvy hips and a growing voluptuous body. He

praises how nice she smells and how pretty she is - in contrast, A-Cheng would spit out childish mockery such as girls stinking up the room and something he'd heard from other bratty kids about unwashed female genitalia. Yan Li is delighted at A-Xian's kindness and sweet words, that she immediately gives him another heavenly ear-cleaning session and secretly, fervently hopes that the boy would find her feminine smells - the ones emitting from her groin - would appeal more and more to him with each passing day.

When A-Xian opens his eyes and looks up to gaze and worship *shijie* 's beauty with captivating and heart-throbbing words, he is rewarded with the sight of twin picture-perfect milky fair-skinned mounds, the hallmark of feminine beauty - her developing breasts. Yan Li was at that age where she'd seen her peers getting married one by one, then getting pregnant and giving birth to fat, healthy children, and she was fascinated by how calming, how sweet, and how beautiful it looked - from an observer's standpoint - for a new mother to breastfeed her needy child; so, she tries to imitate the maternal act to satisfy A-Xian's need for the kind of love that he didn't receive since his youngest days, and pretends to breastfeed the spoiled eleven-year old.

“Come, come, three-year old A-Xian, touch *jiejie* 's breasts, are they soft enough? You can play with them if you want, and when you're hungry, *jiejie* has lots of milk for you,” she teases. A-Xian unreservedly, wordlessly agrees and plays with his *shijie* 's nipples with his tongue and lips while lying on his favourite sister's lap, hollowing his cheeks rhythmically with a dreamy, half-asleep look on his babyface, while the sister knowingly, without thinking twice, reaches down to let her finger dip into the boy's underwear repeatedly, and starts to fondle the hardening penis, caressing his lightly-fuzzed balls, stroking the liquid heat to pool and rise up, up, it's time to wake up and have lots of sexy fun with lovely *jiejie* , until clear sticky beads of clear pre-cum begin to ooze out liberally from the attractive winking boy-cockslit.

The teenage girl then swoops down and does very naughty things to her little brother's genitals using her lips and tongue, mirroring what was done to her breasts earlier, but twice the extent of pleasurable punishments. The boy cries out and whines, that he's on the verge, sexually frustrated and needy to want nothing more than to release the boiling tension inside his loins. However, the girl simply prolongs the pleasure and injects some play into their cute little romp; the two would roll around the bed and later the floor, of a younger brother pursuing his older sister in the nude with a twitching hard-on bouncing between the legs; then rub themselves against walls, furniture and tables' edges, and every bit exhilarated to satisfy their curiosity about each other's bodies and what feels pleasurable and fun, between a pre-teen boy and a sexy, lustful teenage girl.

Yan Li loves the way A-Xian giggles like the tinkling of sunshine inside her curtained bedroom, each time the boy catches her from behind in a tight hug, then inappropriately touches and tickles her erogenous zones, before releasing her and then chase her around the room again. She knows that the boy is getting sexually aroused, from the way he grabs her milky breasts and refuses to let go; then, she turns around and squeezes her tits and the horny *didi* indulges in a much-awaited fantasy of sticking his perky wee-wee between them, pistoning back and forth like a racing train; next, he lies on atop of her and settles down between her legs on their favorite shared love nest that is Yan Li's bed, and humps his leaking penis hard against bushy pubes the down, down between the juicy lips of her vagina, spreading the *shijie* 's slippery elixir all over his coated and very excited cock; he deliberately makes little endearing accidents, like sliding off track with an unapologetic and mischievous "Oops! Xian Xian made a boo-boo" and actually dipping into the very warm, welcoming soul-sucking maiden vagina; those dips into the sweet, tight very hot pocket of feminine flesh become more frequent, deeper until they're indistinguishable from a full-fledged eleven-year old boy's attempts to bone his sister and knock her up; the faster he humps and fucks, the harder he clutches at her breasts with unbridled moans escaping from his lips, his fingers and toes curl

delightfully at the excruciatingly pleasurable sensations running through his nerve-ends, until she knew that by the morrow, her bosom would bear the mark of two handprints from the lovable little brother.

However, she toys with him like a sister plays with her brother, and she rolls off again in mid-tit fuck and in mid-vaginal intercourse, gets chased, tries to jab at each other's nipples (hers receives generous grabs) and genitals (his receives wonderful strokes of a skilled handjob), steal kisses from each other because their lips fully knew where to nibble and leave feather-light smooches, until she is caught and has an excited, drooling penis rubbed against her - grasped in her hand, between her butt-cheeks, sliding between her smooth curvy thighs, and sometimes, a quick sweet, sweet vaginal penetration in interesting sex positions against all manners of curves, edges and corners in the bedroom - just enough to let the cockhead in to savour the rising heat of a female wanting to mate, before she giggles and jogs off, leaving behind a desperate, very, very wanting thick and hard child-penis pointing upwards from its nest of light curls, twitching in annoyance.

Eventually, they tire from the game of merry-go-rounds, so it was time to relax and engage in sixty-nines; A-Xian had been taught and trained to suck at her blossoming clitoris and stick his saliva-coated tongue deep inside the cavern that would soon house his babymaker, while the *jiejie* once against showed her sexual mastery and maturity by performing an adult's oral sex upon the hapless eleven-year old; A-Xian lost a few spoonfuls of rich, creamy seed to her sister's oral finesse in a long, grunting adult-like moan, and they spilled uselessly down her throat when he couldn't hold back a shout of warning, followed by wonderful fifteen warm pulses resulting from overstimulation of lustful penile nerves and boiling molten liquids that sweet fertile eleven-year old boys make for their sexy sisters.

Alas, the fun ritual of playful lovemaking between incestuous siblings (not really, technically speaking) needed to progress towards its climax and finale, as otherwise, their father would've finished his meetings and start knocking on the locked bedroom door. Thus, when they had enough of foreplay and were ready to do what real brothers and sisters do, horny and sexually hungry upon the sister's bed, Jiang Yan Li coo-ed for cute A-Xian to 'come over, and let this *jiejie* love you more' while lying on the bed with her legs spread-eagled, her wet, glistening and naturally tanned pussy swaying to an erotic beat in tandem with the boy's rising lust - he was hard and good for more rounds of sex just minutes after the last one, such wonderful youthful energy! - and welcomed A-Xian to taste her feminine flower and stay inside for as long as he wants, hours upon hours of in and outs, the baby-fat around his tummy rolling nicely over his *shijie*'s pubic bone and her navel, nine quick shallow thrusts followed by nine deep gouging ones, she reaches over behind him because Xian Xian is smaller than her and must be loved and cherished, so she lets her hands gently guide the young, nubile boy to the best tempo to make love, grazing those bouncy boy-glutes when they slowed down more than she liked, caressing those boy-ass mounds to gently encourage him to 'go faster, go faster, let your lil' *didi* feel *jiejie*'s softness and taste *jiejie*'s honey inside her womb', which drives the boy to insanely lustful highs fuelled by wild visual imaginations.

Their copulation is tender and romantic with plenty of physical pleasures and with little words exchanged unless the *shijie* needed to tell the boy to 'hurry up, hurry up, shoot more of your manly seed into *jiejie*'s fertile vagina, because that's where it belongs'; A-Xian obeys without a question, jabbing the plunging his angry-red and fully peeled and aroused penis clumsily and hurriedly, spearing his sister's lovely grasping vagina repeatedly, dribbling explosive copious amounts of an eleven-year old's semen rich in newborn active, lively and excited sperm eager to swim into the sister's pussy, lovingly plunder the entrance to the womb, effortlessly vanquishing the barrier and breached into the lovely *jiejie*'s uterus, and those lively wriggling tadpoles seek out like ravenous bloodhounds for the prized, precious sister's egg where fat, healthy babies are made, racing with dogged determination to proclaim that yet another boy in the Jiang clan

becomes a father at the tender age of just eleven-years old; mixing their energetic performance in bed with sweet kisses and touch-touches, of uncontrollable unrestrained and very, very youthful, excited thick spurts and involuntary juicy, fleshy clenches, of giving and receiving orgasms between copulating siblings while locking gazes with one another, staring deeply into each other's deepest wants and desires, to speak directly to the soul of how deep their twisted, incestuous love is - that is, of a boy moaning then howling, with cracked voice and hoarse cries, with complete satisfaction each time he climaxed and made more imaginary babies inside his *jiejie* with fresh ejaculations of fifteen volleys each, while the sister molested and pleased the seizing, jerking little sexually flushed growing-boy body, patting his head, kissing the tip of the nose, thanking him for orgasming so beautifully right in front of her, telling him that he's a good boy for trying so hard to be a heroic man for his deserving sister.

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“*Shijie* , *shijie* , it feels so good! A-Xian feels very hot, as though there's a fever down there, but A-Xian cannot stop moving his hips. Oh *shijie* , *jiejie* , I can't hold back... uggh... I want... can't wait anymore... one more time... I... hahhnn... unh unh unh...”

“Silly boy, you're babbling! Xian Xian feels hot because he's been a naughty boy, reading those stolen dirty comics. If you feel hot, come and find *jiejie* in her bedroom. We can play 'practise making babies' in here, on *jiejie* 's bed, just like those obscene drawings in the comics. Do you like it?”

“Enn! Xian Xian likes *shijie* very much! Xian Xian loves *shijie* and wants to marry *shijie* when he is a grown-up man, so that we can make babies all

day! Every! Single! Day!”

“Let’s... not talk about the far future. Here, let *jiejie* use her pussy to squeeze-squeeze your cute little penis. Can you feel it? When *jiejie* raises her hips like this, it feels like your *xiao didi* is kissing *jiejie* ’s inner rose. It’s playing touch-touch with *jiejie* ’s womb! Mmm... Xian Xian is so adorable, working so hard to make babies inside *jiejie* ’s flower. *Jiejie* also loves you very much.”

“Ahhn... hnnngh... Xian Xian’s wee-wee is very itchy, *shijie* , and it’s very hot. Can I scratch my itch inside *shijie* , please? Pretty please?”

“You’re such a hopelessly adorable boy, of course *jiejie* will let you do that. Closer, closer, scratch to the left... harder, harder, scratch to the right... faster, faster, in and out, and round and around, does your wee-wee feel better now?

Keep pumping those hips, and be strong, do not tire easily. This is why *jiejie* loves Xian Xian, because Xian Xian is a very strong and handsome boy, right? Here, a kiss for you, sweetie. Oooh! That’s it, push in as deep as you can until the hilt, and draw circles and eights with your hips... oooh! Yes, that’s it, such a good boy, whisking your baby batter that’s already pooling inside your *jiejie* ’s womb! *Jiejie* feels very good too!”

“ *Shijie* , Xian Xian loves you so much, please be mine! Ahhhnn!”

“Xian Xian is so cute, and will grow up to be a handsome young man. Xian Xian will be a great hero, a strong man, and a very, very desirable person... up here where *jiejie* can kiss your lips... and down there where our bodies are entwined... and also down, down there, right behind... A-Xian, your eggs are so hardworking today, we’ve already done it several times, and yet, they still feel full-- ooh! *Jiejie* feels a spasm. Are you coming again soon? Do you feel happy, breeding the *jiejie* of your dreams? *Jiejie* is a really special person to you, isn’t she?”

“Enn! Xian Xian will always be special to *shijie* , so please, stay beside Xian Xian forever?”

“Mmm... there’s still a long road ahead of us, my beloved *didi* . Let’s start by letting you stay inside here for the night? *Jiejie* knows A-Xian’s *didi* likes to sleep overnight inside *jiejie* ’s pussy, because *jiejie* can feel its happy twitches throughout the night, and your happy milk keeps spurting out every hour that makes *jiejie* ’s tummy warm too. You’re a naughty boy, dreaming of dirty things while sleeping with your *jiejie* !

Oh, Xian Xian, let’s sleep together every night like this, with you inside me, after our parents have gone to bed. What do you think?”

“ *Shijie* , A-Xian loves you very much! I... I-- I’m going to... I can’t hold back again... ooh, *shijie* , *shijie* ... hnngh, aahn, aaah, uunh, uuh, uuh...”

“Silly boy. *Jiejie* loves you too, A-Xian. Come, come and let it go inside another time...”

Elsewhere, Jiang Fengmian was busy hosting a meeting of top ministers and advisor sages of the Yunmeng Jiang clan to discuss how to create a manmade island in one of the Great Lakes as a profitable resupply point for fishing vessels and transport barges making their way through the network of waterways that make up the greater Long River. They plan to create one by transporting and filling up a shallow point with sand and rocks mined from mountains, then build some amenities on land for passing-by shipping merchants - teahouses, shops, warehouses, fishermen's piers, toilets and bath houses, even a small motel to cater for long-haul travellers. It was a serious discussion, and one that bodes well for the future of the clan that depended heavily on the bounties of the lakes.

In the background, for more than two, now nearly three hours, there's been low levels of a variety of interesting sounds - of grunts, sexy moans, creaking furniture, bumps against the walls and floor, shouts and orgasmic cries from both genders; however, for the group of ten or so aging men who are hard of hearing, it seemed like mere insect buzzing that could be easily dismissed and tuned out while they debated on where to build that moneymaking island - which potentially could house a casino and a gambling den too - and some of the wizened men rubbed their hands gleefully at the prospect of lining their pockets with more gold with interested customers streaming in from afar.

"What is that sound? I hear shouts and noises from upstairs, and that racket's been going on for hours. Are those your children, Sect Leader?"

"... ah, Minister, you can understand that I'm specially holding the meeting in my house today, because I have to look after those two kids..."

“Don’t be cruel and pick on our fearless leader, young man. He’s been cowed by that fierce tigress due to the incident that happened to the Jiang *gongzi* , remember? It’s good enough that he’s still doing a fantastic job, even if it means the rest of his family has to stay away while we discuss confidential matters in his humble abode.”

“Old sage, I wasn’t picking on him. And I give my appreciation to the venerable Sect Leader for hosting this meeting with plenty of good food and drinks to go around. Let’s not waste time on trivial matters then--- oh, there they go again, is my hearing really that sharp? My, my, Sect Leader Jiang, your kids sure are lively, aren't they?”

“Well, Minister, A-Xian just turned eleven recently and he’s really close to his fourteen-year old sister, so he spends a lot of time with her especially on days like this, when they’re holed up together - whilst us old men huddle to talk about important socioeconomic matters for the Jiang clan.”

“Ha ha ha! Well said, Sect Leader! Let children be children, and let little eleven-year old boys do what they like to do with their fourteen-year old sisters then! Carry on, my comrades, let’s move on to the next topic...”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 206

The power came back on with a *Wham!* , and sighs of relief echoed throughout the Kingdom of Lan, the Wangxian company and its infinite multiverses. Table fans spun, air-conditioning units whirred to life, heaters started to defrost chilly homes, television sets came back on, life-saving ErNet connections were restored, factories resumed churning out Wangxian's box lunches and holo-phones, inter-dimensional travel made possible again, *et cetera ad nauseum* .

The husband was still dripping with sudsy soapy water from his interrupted shower in the carriage that had long arrived at its destination, so Wei Ying ordered him to sit down on a chair inside a decent Nieshan-themed dormitory - one decorated with sabre motifs and figurines of fierce-looking masculine warriors -, to have his matted, soaked hair and drenched body wiped. Both men were naked because one, Lan Zhan was obviously fresh from the half-shower, and two, Wei Ying was still recovering from delivering too many births, though it didn't need to make sense why a man who had birthed children would want to walk around naked in a rather toasty, heated room with a lit, crackling fireplace in one corner.

“ *Lao gong* ,” Wei Ying called out, and used a fluffy bath towel to squeeze and absorb as much moisture from the man's long, lush hair, “How did you fare during the power outage?” A simple, but loaded question, softened by wifely love when the said wife took the chance to massage the man's scalp to nape in tender loving circular rubs and light scratches - ooh, frissons running up and down the neck and goosebumps all over! Lan Zhan had to close his eyes and feel his body float to relaxing highs.

“Mmm... nnn...” Lan Zhan started with a shuddering moan, and narrated his side of the story, in broken sentences filled with grammatical errors,

unexpected halts and awkward pauses. He lived - or rather, dreamt - that he tried to change the flow of events of their past lives in an alternative reality. He was able to seduce - or rather, garner support from - Zewu Jun and stayed by the brother's side while unravelling the mysteries of the Yin Metal, unveiling the role of the Qishan Wen, and rallying the allied clans to fight for their cause. The Yin Metal pieces were far more fragmented and spread across the country, so Lan Zhan gained an insight of new, prominent clans in this different version of the Mortal Realm, adding more pieces to the vast, convoluting jigsaw puzzle that lead the the same conclusion - that in the end, darkness, in unimaginable forms of demonic invasions, *yaoguai* revolutions, carnage of sins and corruptions and all that - prevailed and were victorious over Men.

Lan Zhan got rid of Meng Yao early on - secretly, as a love rival, but officially, because that man was destined to live the short, pathetic life of an outcast of the Jin dynasty -, and with Zewu Jun - his incestuous lover and trained dominatrix to sate the *er gongzi* 's addiction for sadomasochism -, the Twin Jades of Gusu Lan made good on their promise to lead the allied clans to battle.

“Interestingly, although with lesser Yin power, but with more clans enslaved and siding the Wen in their conquest for land, Wen Ruohan became a formidable Emperor of his own kingdom. Without Meng Yao's treachery, he lived for several more tumultuous decades. It was a tedious, protracted war between two, plus the Imperial Court, three competing forces. After his gruesome death by Zewu Jun's blade, head cleaved off the neck perfectly without any splatter of blood, those clans working behind the scenes emerged in their new freedom, revealing their true nature and powers--”

“Was he good in bed? Your brother, I mean. He's such a tall guy, surely his dick is as long as the finest blades in Gusu,” Wei Ying rudely cut in at the

most macabre moments. He acted nonchalantly while picking out suitable clothes from the wardrobe for the husband - something light, though not necessarily white because whites get dirtied too easily. There was a pregnant pause, and a keen ear listening for any affirmative sounds or signs from the husband who was deep in contemplation - and guilt.

“Your movies suck in all levels in the visual effects department. The camera view keeps fading out or panning away just when either of you were about to be screwed on the bed, so I wouldn’t know. Too many cliffhangers, and it’s sexually frustrating for a man masturbating while watching your show,” Wei Ying added with a snort.

Lan Zhan looked away, ashamed, hands clutching the moist bath towel after his body had been properly dried off. His cheeks pinked and his ears turned tomato-reds at steamy, lustful memories flashing inside his mind. The room fell silent, aside from the rustling of Wei Ying moving about in the single apartment-like dwelling with standard military camp-style furniture, bunk beds and a shower-cum-toilet stall. Shadows stretched far and long to the bedside and walls, due to the low angle of light from the setting amber sun; soon, the window curtains would be drawn, and lamps needed to be lit up for the impending dusk. The husband shifted uncomfortably in his seat, and placed both hands over his crotch; too many good things ran rampant inside his dirty, perverted but introverted head, obviously. The wife had taken good care of him since he awoke in the post-blackout world, so he was indebted to Wei Ying and owed him at least a plausible, acceptable answer; but he could not bring himself to say it out loud.

“Ah, nevermind then,” Wei Ying clicked his tongue and smirked in his usual easy-going way, although there seemed to be a hint of disappointment and hurt because the million-dollar glint was missing from his usually merry, crinkled corner of the eyes. “So, where was I? With so many great clans vying for the top, and knowing that my ancestral clan was the runt of

the litter, being the worst off financially and otherwise, what happened to the Jiangs?” he asked, and examined a potentially suitable choice of garment in his arms - a plain beige loose tunic, comfortable to the touch, minimalistic in design with some cloud-like and wavy patterns sewn to the hem, and a matching pair of dark brown trousers.

Lan Zhan swallowed hard, and was internally grateful that their derailed conversation had resumed its original direction. His gaze returned to the floor, and said, “Your ancestral clan, unfortunately... became a pawn of the wars waged over time. Like a commodity, condemned into enslavement and frequently tossed around between the three opposing forces. You weren’t there when we ran the study exchange in the Cloud Recesses, because your father sent you off to fight another hostile clan that held a piece of the Yin Metal and revealed itself earlier. You were an up and coming war general at the age of sixteen, Wei Ying.”

That last compliment greatly improved the wife’s mood, and he returned to his usual cheerful self. Wei Ying handed the clothes to the husband, and silently gestured to the latter to put them on, his improvised jammies for the unplanned stay for the night in a new place, that is. The wife crossed his arms, and observed the husband put on the clothes with a glint in the eyes. He still couldn’t believe how much he missed this drop-dead gorgeous, handsome hunk of a dashing, smokin’ muscular middle-aged man, after spending forever with a walking tub of cuteness and chubs. He let out a knowing “Hnn...” to signal the husband to continue the narrative.

“We met shortly after Wen Ruohan’s death. Numerous clans, armed with their Yin Metal armaments, came out of hiding to seize the empty throne left behind, including what used to be the Jiang family. I fell in love with the majestic, graceful, beautiful you in the battlefield, with your sword’s sharpened edge against my neck.”

The wife squealed softly while helping the husband to slip into his comfortable tunic, and couldn't resist giving a sweet peck to the said neck and leaving a hickey.

“Naturally, my brother became furious and surprisingly jealous. He went on a rampage against you, the surviving clans serving the Wen Kingdom, and the Emperor of Chang'an, and slaughtered countless innocent people, of course.”

Wei Ying had to laugh at that point, partly at the major plot twist, and partly because Lan Zhan was having trouble buttoning up his pants; it had a Nie fancy and edgy stylized sabre zips as opposed to the usual traditional button-knots more commonly found in Gusu - so Wei Ying happily crouched between the husband's legs and began to help the man trapped on the seat of chair with a half-worn pair of trousers.

“You don't have to tell me the rest, because I don't really want to know how it ended for me, for better or worse. I'll read from the spoilers off ErNet myself. Your movie-dreams have received rave reviews from our Kingdom's citizens lately, you know. You need a star at the walk of fame, someday,” he chirped and for some annoying reason, instead of buttoning up the husband's pants, Wei Ying amused himself by fluffing and playing with Lan Zhan's pubic hair, since it was already within his naughty grasp.

The husband was patient, and allowed the wife to tickle his genitals, which had already swollen and hardened since the time he spoke about the illicit trysts with his *da ge* . “So, sum it up in less than a minute, darling. I miss giving your sweet *didi* a blowjob after parting from you for so long,” came

the unexpected instruction, and that sent Lan Zhan's heart racing, his toes twitching in anticipation, his thighs spread a little bit more on the cushioned seat, giving access to the man who was intent to suck his dick to heaven-high.

“Mn. The three forces fought on. More deaths and suffering. Demonic spirits rose from the hatred and resentment energies. End of the world.”

Wei Ying raised his eyebrows and then gave a petulant, accusing stare. Not good enough, he wordlessly said, because as the wife, he can smell from a mile a way and knows when the husband cuts corners for the sake of the rushing to completion, or in this case, towards a much-awaited quickie. The clock was ticking, so the husband sighed and re-stated his answer, with the calibre of an experienced professor circa 21st-century.

“Some of the clans serving the Wen turned out to be descendents of the fabled ancient Xue Kingdom. One thing led to another, resulting in the realization of the true powers of the Yin Metal, which was more terrifying than that Patriarch of the Wen clan. The heart of the mystery lies with the Xue Kingdom that had gone extinct centuries ago; it is the key to unlocking the secrets of the Yin - one of which is the summoning of the demonic apocalypse that happens in every reboot and reincarnation that we see. This means that for reasons that remain elusive to our Kingdom, the Yin Metal continued to exist long after it was thought to have been obliterated at the time of your first death in the Nightless City. It exerts a continual influence on the finale temporal event of our lifetimes, and should be investigated further: to track the surviving pieces from the Nightless City, and analyze its destructive powers.

Second, my brother became consumed by the Yin Metal's influence when he gained hold of enough pieces, and learned its secrets after fighting the descendents of the Xue. Instead of using it to create more evil such as fierce corpses or *yaoguai*, he took it to the next level by creating corruptions in the flow of Time. Following that, it would be logical to assume that other skilled cultivators with enough Yin Metal could travel through time to contribute to the chaotic end of the Mortal Realm, or possibly, to escape undetected and cause undue effects elsewhere that we do not yet understand. We should pursue any Time fugitives, capture and bring them back, and undo their actions and potential consequences."

The impressive speech done - Wei Ying's eyes glazed during the middle of the explanation as the older man became immersed in the details laid out point by point - the wife blinked; somehow, Wei Ying had unconsciously nibbled Lan Zhan's fibrous but fine pubes while listening to the droning but comforting voice, and ended up with a mouthful of his public hair. The husband's erection, its spongy mushroom head hard and proudly pointed skywards like a pink candy stick, bobbed and twitched to the tempo of the man's pulse rate, begging for attention and drooled pre-cum desperately. There was much to ruminate on with these new insights and information, but Wei Ying knew he should pay his dues after such a reality-altering revelation - that they'd been looking at the wrong places and should investigate *other* clans, and that they need to travel through time and figure out what had, or could, go wrong.

"And?"

Lan Zhan groaned and internally, nearly burst into tears, because it was so hard to satisfy his wife. His hips jerked off the cushioned seat to show Wei Ying how horny he was and needed that blowjob to release the scorching molten volcano that was about to erupt from his loins. The wife, however, was undeterred and remained steadfast; he pinned the squirming crotch

back to the seat, and whispered dangerously to sweeten the deal with one final condition.

“If you behave and tell this *lao po* the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I’ll blow you as you talk. If you stop talkin’, I’ll stop suckin’, and if you do a good job, we can play *gege* and *meimei* on the bed.”

Lan Zhan visibly calmed down and his lips twitched upward just a miniscule bit. It was hard not to notice how he bit those luscious lips nervously to decide whether to push the envelope further, to make the hopeful reward more palpable than ever.

“... and play itch-itch and scratch-scratch...?” meek, timid, shy, but yes, the slightly higher pitch sounded quite hopeful.

Wei Ying actually snorted at the proposal and inadvertently inhaled a full lungful of Lan Zhan’s pubic aroma - musky from sweat, a whiff of dried day-old cum, buttery milky masculinity and salty pee-pungent. His shoulders shook from trying to stifle a barrage of laughter at the husband’s regression to infantilism when it came to experimenting, then enjoying their sexual role-playing escapades.

“Of course, of course, *er gege* . Your *meimei* is only... what, eleven-years old? Does *er gege* want to make babies inside his cute little prepubescent Wei *meimei* ? If the answer is ‘yes’, then *er gege* knows what to do, right?” mischievous Wei Ying looked up with a sleazy grin etched on his face, then made those annoying kissy pouty lips at him, and he even fluttered his eyelashes like a twenty-two year old drag queen without make-up, which

riled the husband because that was totally unsexy, yet already countless supersexy images ran marathons inside his pervert mind, and the contradiction of reality and fantasy couldn't be more apparent and provocative. Challenge accepted.

Lan Zhan took a deep breath and proceeded to narrate the third and final piece of his story, while getting his penis to make love with Wei Ying's pretty lips and swirling forked tongue. His testicles received a double whammy, from getting sucked like goat teats from the outside, while having that forked tongue drilling, invading and worming its way through the abused urethra and bulging prostate to raid twin nests of freshly woken-up sperm within those unprotected plump man-eggs. Those eggs were caressed from the inside by those vibrating tongue-tips, until they contracted and relaxed repeatedly from the alien, cooling sensations, then the tongues burrowed their way into each lovely excited egg, whisking the contents while still encased in its shell, until it turned into soupy blend of borned and unborn sperm and their living tissues, which are then gently sucked up, spitted back in each violently throbbing testicle, rolled around and spun until they froth within the spongy organ, then Wei Ying happily blows bubbles inside each lovely abused man-egg. Thus, in-between incoherent moaning, erratic spastic convulsing, accidental spills of unejaculated seed when his speared, tortured blossoming genitals were lavished with exciting sensations from the inside out - he did make his storytelling as compelling as a man trying to sing karaoke while climaxing recklessly - that is, some parts wouldn't make any sense, some parts sounded off, and in most cases, a mess of jumbled words and sentences filled with sexy times.

In that alternate dreamt-up reality, Lan Zhan saw that his elder brother had degenerated into a lost case - Zewu Jun drowned himself in his miseries of falling out of his *didi*'s love and favour, and repeatedly travelled back in time to his younger days when he had the innocent and helpless Hanguang Jun to himself, to take sweet, sweet sexual revenge unto the hapless boy that would dare to refuse him decades later (a time paradox event, really). Rape-y brotherly incest ensued, but the husband begged to differ in terms of

the benefits reaped from such tasteless acts, and maintained rigour in his practise of virtuous values according to the over-4000 noble Lan family rules. So, he left the *da ge* behind in his own own sex-trapped fantasy, and went further back in time, powered by that *da ge* 's Yin Metal to try and reach the point where it all started - possibly, during the ascension of the Xue Kingdom to its peak and prosperity, more than five centuries ago.

Fortunately or unfortunately, Lan Zhan is a perfectionist, and could not resist taking selfish actions to advance his philosophy of keeping things clean, helping the underprivileged, championing the rights of the discriminated, *et cetera ad nauseum* . With every time jump, usually a few decades each, he encountered various adventures and met ordinary, insignificant people needing saviors and rescues, which he had no excuse not to lend a helping hand. Adding to the burden was his ineptness in leaving mundane events and things alone in their flaws, imperfect state; for example, the poor farmer who needed assistance to push a fallen cart of grains out of a drain, then invited the kind handsome Good Samaritan to his home, which was naturally a little run-down and dusty, so that helpful man ended up cleaning the farmer's home, then without hesitation tended to the drought-ridden vegetable gardens and animal barns until they thrived once again, and eventually he was given the reins to run an agricultural smallholding because of his impressive management skills and diligence in turning over profits for the now-retired farmer, who then presented him a heirloom magical nine-toothed rake said to be passed down from descendents of the god Zhu Bajie that could plough the soil and kill *yaoguai* by stabbing nine vicious holes in their heads... which resulted in more chains of events that led to Lan Zhan's prolonged trip back in time. He'd discovered and hoarded many nice memories and material treasures of the ancient, fabled times, and left them in well-hidden caches marked by buried straw brooms as testaments of his enduring philosophy to keep things simple and clean; apparently, things that happened in the past of Lan Zhan's god-tiered dreams could be carried over into the present reality, thus adding the Third Mission of sorts for the couple after the first two related to solving the demonic mysteries - that is, to go for an exciting roundtrip of treasure hunting around the Middle Kingdom and discover secret, buried

treasures that the husband had planted and marked with straw brooms across the countrysides.

With so much storytelling going on, each narrating an adventure of sorts, it was a bit unfortunate that by the time Lan Zhan reached far, far back to the Xue Kingdom's timeline, he had unknowingly dozed off. Wei Ying performed the best God's-god-tiered level oral sex upon the husband's overjoyed penis, sucked the man's soul out of it - literally, and nine times in rapid succession, no less - that each time Lan Zhan orgasmed while trying to speak, while his penis fired off happy projectiles of rich, hot, sputtering, though contrastingly, increasingly diluted semen, Wei Ying use his hands to knead lovely circles unto the convulsing balls that had tightened so much and rose to the sides of the meaty penile barrel, until the overexcited and energized sperm cells spazzed like heated atoms and rushed out through the testicular tube, emptying out the tireless seed-producing factories as fast as they're born, charging forward in super-pleasurable torrents to the where they should belong and fill up the brimming-full prostate gland - until Wei Ying smiled devilishly and then lovingly attack those yummy testicles with a hard, hard swallow, sending the screaming sperms down into an unending descending tunnel like being engulfed by a python, in which Lan Zhan nnnh'ed in mid-pronunciation because he absolutely, delightfully spasmed with jolts of pleasure made of strange, spiralling sensations of having his balls sliding, vacuumed, tugged down, down into the abyss that was Wei Ying's wonderfully tight, massaging throat.

The wife didn't hesitate to use a couple of fingers to vigorously rub the underside of the throbbing pulsing length from base to tip, and encourage each lovely lump of kinetically-propelled sperm building up inside the urethra to shoot out in spectacular aerial acrobats; fingers invade and stretch the husband's anus and rectal wall, pleasing the pulsating prostate gland so exuberantly, that each muscular contraction resulted in more lovely teaspoonfuls of fresh and very excited semen loading up into the penis, ready to be launched straight into Wei Ying's waiting mouth in thirty joyful ejaculations each time; the husband's hips bucked wildly as he tried to

maintain a semblance of a husband-and-wife conversation between throaty uunhn-uunhn-uunhn grunts, drawled out nnnngh moans and uncontrolled wheezes, veins bulging out in the pelvic area as the man soared far and high into climaxes, post-climaxes, and climaxes after post-climaxes, his face frozen in snarls and half-sneezes as red as peppers and muscular, heaving chest blossomed into sexual flushes because he was making sweet, sweet love with Wei Ying's mouth that wouldn't end no matter how many times he came; that he ended up peeing into the cushioned seat because his entire lower body lost control after that, nine orgasms multiplied by thirty heart-felt ejaculations each - and the man collapsed then fell into a deserving exhausted but sexually-sated slumber on the soiled chair not long after, halfway through his storytelling.

Wei Ying grinned and giggled at the aftermath, spitting out spilled pee from his mouth and grimacing at the acrid, icky taste. Then he dragged the incontinent fool to the bed, leaking a trail of cum and pee on the floor, proceeded to strip the husband's clothes off (such a waste, those carefully selected jammies), straddled the lucky middle-aged man with every sexy intention to ride the latter to kingdom come while in his sleep, and became the promised *meimei* that continued to sexually prey on and devour the defenceless, sleeping *er gege* for that evening.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 207

Notes for the Chapter:

Another big naughty Het warning. I broke my pledge about writing Het sex scenes, but I realized I needed to add this one to complete the Brotherly set. It's about brotherly love, after all...

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In a surreal fantasy born of lucid dreams, a sexually aroused body, and an oversexed mind:

A little precocious girl aged just eleven, lies spread-eagled on the velvety bed, framed with greyish net-like veils that drape all four corners, lending an aura of mystery and of danger akin to the dens of spiders, scorpions and other creepy-crawlies known in the animal kingdom. Above the girl, a ravenous-looking panting man more than three times her age, crouches and bends over her. He breathes hard in anticipation, inhaling the scents of maiden in sweet surrender; he swallows hard because hunger is gnawing from within, and it is not due to food; thick tongue lapped the edge of his lips, the saliva wouldn't stop drooling no matter what.

He is the predatory Lan *er gege* , who has seduced this step-sibling Wei *meimei* barely a third of his age, and he has taught her well on how little girls should indulge in an adult men's lewd pornographic fantasies of incestuous love. He'd taken her virginity before she learnt about dirty words, lovingly speared her flowerbud and tore her hymen with masculine howls of pleasure, accompanied by thick spurts of virile seed that would take root someday inside her womb. He'd also tasted her nectar and groomed her to become the perfect cocksleeve, giving her instructions on how to exercise her pelvic and vaginal muscles wonderfully to massage a man's fully aroused, blood-engorged cock lodged inside her, until

completion and fertilization; that the rhythmic *thwup-thwup-thwup* sounds of a fully-grown man's penis fucking her pussy until balls-deep, until she grunts like an animal because *gege* 's boner is too big and long that something might tear inside her, and the sounds and sensations of heavy, seed-filled testicles slapping against her crotch - that is a good sound, he keeps telling her, and a sound that is perfectly normal, music to their ears, each time they 'play' together, whether on the couch, against a wall, bent over a table, or their favourite place, upon her girly pink bed with lots of soft toys and teddy bears watching over them with fake furry smiles as the sexually flushed and excited man enjoys peeling the girl's last physical defenses and taste the sweetest defiled innocence and nubile flesh; pummeling past the forcibly stretched vaginal lips, driving through those useless torn flaps of her broken hymen, charging across the slippery and lubricated but very tight and juicy channel that squeezes in discomfort at the foreign invasion of a phallic battering ram, then at the mouth of her cervix, battered and bruised from the constant pounding until it weakens, yields, kissed once too many times by pre-cum slicked penis-glans until it is wrenched open like a treasure chest being pried apart, and the *gege* 's amazing length and girth continues to plunder deeper until it pokes through directly into her womb, where with victorious roars and groans, he can easily inject torrents of thick sperm-laden milk and force his *meimei* 's immature ovaries to drink up or be soaked with the man's foul inbred seed.

The eleven-year old *meimei* happily opened her legs for her horny *gege* without question everytime he approaches, believing that they were playing an innocent game called making babies on *meimei*'s pink and fluffy bed; the *gege* spent many hours each day inside his *meimei* to fulfil the little girl's dream of becoming a mother at such a young, tender but biologically acceptable age - from dawn, when she wakes up with *gege*'s massively fat, lively penis pistoning between her legs, to night time, when she sleeps with *gege* spooning warmly against her back, whispering how he loves his cute little sister because she keeps him and his penis cozy, strong muscular arms embracing her from behind to clutch and milk her snow-white developing breasts to coax those lovely mounds to grow faster to feed the soon-to-be incestuous father besides a newborn baby soon; all those erotic fantasies

take place with his penis nestled deep inside her, as they sleep through the night in each other's arms, the *gege* gladly pumping spoonfuls of his vile semen whenever the urge rises, hot flames licking his loins to fan the desire to breed the lovely eleven-year old maiden living under the same roof as him, behind closed doors and curtains drawn over the windows, so that neighbours would never know what happens when a perverted adult *gege* moves into a house with his cute pre-teen *meimei*, under the pretense of taking care of her while their parents are hard at work in a faraway land.

Upon the bed, the *er gege* leans down to inhale the girl's pheromone-laden smells from the neck and shoulders - fragrant, feminine, intimate -, and the tumbling locks of shiny hair he'd help to washed for her in the sex-stinked bath earlier; he nibbles and peppers kisses up and down - soft and radiant skin of an eleven-year old who has blossomed into a woman before her time, all his, all his to rape, enjoy and savour. He steals kisses from the moist, parted lips and elicits shrill moans from her slender throat, because he told her a fairy tale during bath time that he's the brotherly Prince Charming in her imagination, and it's time for the princess to have a happy ending to become the queen. She believes him wholeheartedly, of course, which is why she willingly undressed on the bed and offered her body to the brother who shares bedtime stories with her every night until she sleeps in his arms. With the last flimsy garment out of the way, with no defences and obstacles left, the *er gege* began to greedily grope her flesh and molested her to his desires - it's all part of becoming a queen, he said, and she squealed from the fun of having her limbs worshipped like royalty, licked from fingertips to armpits, from toes to thighs to tongues puncturing her flowerbud entrance eagerly, lubricating it, exciting it with feathery touches and quick nibbles, her budding, immature clitoris bulging out from trained sensations; the *gege* happily kisses the dark-red nub like how he suckles her breasts day in and day out, until the girl nnnhs and squirms wantonly, restlessly opening and closing her thighs from increasingly hot feelings welling up from her belly, hips undulating in waves to shamelessly tell the *gege* that her body is ready, ready to be taken and bred today, tonight.

The pedophile tells her many perverted stories, in his conquest for her body, mind and soul, to brainwash her and to skew her view about relationship between siblings, that it becomes perfectly okay to have sex and at any time of the day, or month - a sneaky hint that someday, when he's ready to throw away family planning, he plans to rape her every day and pump enough semen into her sweet, sweet vagina daily, that he'll certainly be a father by the next full moon. He tells her that families are happy when babies are born, and he teaches her how babies are made once she's of the perfect, ripe age - that is when he knows, even smells through light stains on her panties dotted with little hearts, that she is fertile for the first time in her life. Brothers with brothers, sisters with sisters, brothers with sisters, no matter in which order and seniority - they're all family, and they're happier when babies are made between them, he coos sweetly and with such persuasive charm, while taking her virginity for the first time on her tenth birthday, that she smiled while shedding tears, because it was very painful to be deflowered by a then-thirty three year old man on her bed by his aroused, swollen penetrative tool, and her child-vagina experienced tremendous trauma and discomfort, stretched like never before, and possibly internally bruised from the surprise sexual attack that night - but it was worth it, she was convinced, because *er gege* gave her a present of a soft teddy bear that she really liked; although that teddy was left unattended and unloved on the bed throughout that same night because her *gege* gave her another, subsequently better birthday gift in the form of deflowering fucks to take her mind off hugging soft toys, that is, gorgeous insemination-worthy rippling male orgasms deep inside her for her first time - which shocked her to excited squeals because she's never felt something so lively, jerking thirty times with such strength, inside her clamping virginal vagina -, and marvellous sensations of a ten-year old's tight vagina spasming with discomfort, clenching over and over around meaty, pulsing foreign male penile flesh as she climaxes, for the very first time, with her *gege* 's penis skewering deep into her ruined maiden innocence. It didn't matter that when he withdrew he saw streaks of bloody red on his pedophilic cockslit - easily washed off with a rinse of water -, because that was triumphant proof that he'd robbed her many first times that night. That teddy bear - the present - was eventually discarded and strewn on the floor, in exchange for a forcibly stretched ten-year old's vagina gaping and closing up nicely due to her youthful elasticity, with drops of freshly ejaculated, frothy sperm

dribbling out from that lovely violated camel-toe slit between her legs to dirty her bedsheets.

Er gege remembers with fondness on that birthday night. Once wasn't enough when the man found new pleasures and sexual highs from sexually assaulting his little sister; that overzealous pursuit of good feelings in the loins meant that he'd made up his mind to treat her like a gullible wench whose sole purpose was to sate his volcanic lusts and be ruthlessly bred, raw and bareback; the *meimei*'s well-being was simply an annoyance, easily fixed with a few whispers of fake promises. That night, and probably well into the next day, the *gege* kept her pinned to the soaked and soiled bed. *Meimei* cried in sniffles and hiccups, because her tiny slim body had to experience tremendous friction, pressure and poundings to accommodate such a large adult man-size hairy penis slamming and screwing inside her, her body's soft supple skin ravaged by a sex predator's violent scratches and grasps, her breasts mauled by a rapist's greed, her lips bruised from when the brother brutally kissed her amongst many other bite-marks left upon her body. He wished her 'happy birthday' sweetly each time he fucked her, signalling to the *meimei* that perhaps this form of strange, painful greeting was how little girls celebrated their birthdays with their *gege*s, so she'd come to accept it as part of her new life as a ten-year old.

He taught her that as big girl now, it's a must for her to be brave, and not to bawl like a baby, to spread her pussy lips wide and relax her awfully tight, hot, possibly injured vagina, so that the *gege* can shove in his fat excited penis to deliver birthday kisses. *Meimei* didn't protest nor refuse, because she loves her *gege* very much and didn't want to disappoint him, so she obeyed and allowed the thirty-three year old man unbridled access to her deepest maidenhood; she reached down to her crotch and with delicate fingers, parted her hairless, soft pussy lips and held them open to show a cute, gaping, defenceless pulsating hole slick with nectar, cum and traces of blood from her broken hymen. The *gege* bellowed victoriously and with such pride, when his fearsome over six-inch monster phallus slid in without any resistance until he bumps the cervix, and thrust deeper some more to

the hilt, where he started to draw circles in clockwise and counterclockwise directions to spread his foul male liquids and painted the insides of *meimei*'s vaginal walls like a stretchy canvas. Balls tightened, penile flesh throbbed so hard, excited beyond belief to taste the girl's wettest, warmest, juiciest, innermost recesses where the heart of her fertility lies. “ *Gege* , *gege* , is *meimei* doing a good job? It hurts, it hurts...” she whined, and in response, the terrible *gege* simply embraced her, kissed her forehead tenderly, and assured the little girl, “ *Meimei* , it feels very nice to be inside you, and it's so easy to move inside if you stay still like this. You're such a good girl, letting *gege* 's penis kiss your vagina like this. Be strong, be calm, don't cry, *gege* will make you happy again.” That was a fake promise, of course, since *meimei* continued to feel pain inside her pussy and all over her tired body from her hours-long rape upon her smelly cum-stinked bed, well until the sun rose high in the sky, and over the weekend; but she was brave, because she worked hard to keep her youthful, bruised vagina wide open, vulnerable, without protection, and easily fuckable all day and night for that sex predator lurking in her bedroom.

After that inaugural night of losing her first times, the pervert *er gege* fell in love with her body and pussy more than her as a sister, so the man showered her with many niceties, such as pretty dresses and trendy jewelled accessories, in order to buy her heart and loyalty; so that when her guard is down, he beds her as often as he can whenever they're together at home, partaking the freely offered flesh of a tasty ten-year old that whets his sexual appetite, without feeling any guilt or remorse, because her virginity and innocence had been sold for mere few gold pieces.

In one instance, he returns from work and expects his *meimei* clad only in silky panties and nothing else, to have bathed, cleaned and perfumed her body and private parts, so that he could quench his thirst and sate the monstrous hunger first by raping her on the couch - a simple act of rushing up to her, pulling the flimsy material aside when he forcibly spreads her legs and put his steel-hard member in without asking for permission first; she laughs and believes that *gege* was acting spoiled and sweet with lots of

kisses and hugs, and a pumping sweltering hot and smelly, grimy angry-red hairy uncut penis drilling between her forcibly spread-opened fragrant vaginal lips, while they watch silly cartoons on the television together before starting on dinner. The *gege* does not hesitate to lick then stick his middle finger, and more fingers, sometimes even his hairy toes, straight into the *meimei* 's slutty pussy, and perform cum-slicked stretching exercises inside her, while having their romantic candle-lit dinner on a table for two. Sometimes, when having after-dinner tea, she sweetly asks exactly how she's been trained, “ *Gege* , please pour some milk into *meimei* 's tea?”, in which the horny *gege* masturbates in front of her and happily spurts a few spoonfuls into her beverage, and she downs it gleefully, despite the smelly cheese-like taste, because *gege* praises her for a job well done in drinking her tea. At other times, the lustful *gege* feels kinky, so he jacks off then ejaculates all over his fingers and coating them with the greasy white goo, and then tells the *meimei* to “open up your sweet pussy, *gege* wants to feed creamy desserts to your lower mouth”, and the little girl squeals innocently at the playfulness; she willingly lifts her hips and lets the *gege* insert, penetrate those sperm-coated digits into the wide-open flowerbud, sometimes with lovely fucking in-and-out motions mimicking what he does to her from sundown to sunrise with his penis; those calloused, rough fingers caress and smear the sticky still-warm man-milk all over her vaginal walls, making sure to deposit as many wiggling lively sperm inside her love canal to swim and hunt for her lovely eggs; *gege* 's filthy but expert fingers tickle the surface full of fleshy folds until they convulsed from those hot sexy massages, sending those lovely clumps of *gege* 's swabbed sperm deeper, inching towards the womb, effectively inseminating the girl that had barely reached her teens. The tea-drinking session, of course, ends with a nice incestuous copulation because the *gege* becomes too horny from playing his *meimei* 's pussy, and he couldn't resist injecting another tablespoonful of fresh semen into her waiting womb while mounting her excitedly, with shuddering throaty moans, convulsing testicles, powerful penile ejections and trembling hairy thighs, because he was doing god's unholy work to breed his sister and propagate their family, achieving his lifelong mission of fathering babes inside the defiled *meimei* 's womb, bodies entwined and writhing upon their home's carpeted floor, missionary-style.

Even after dinner and another bath, they would continue to make sweet love everywhere in the house; the evil *er gege* would growl and chase after a naked *meimei* - because, he'd told her that between brother and sister, she doesn't need to wear her bra and panties at home and is free to wander around in the nude -, he would playfully catch her and they'd tumble to somewhere soft, be it a cushion or on the rug, and he would happily spear his excited, twitching cock into her sweet, sweet sweaty pussy, whilst she struggles and squeals with peals of innocent laughter, then release, pursue and catch again; they would engage in brief bursts of energetic sexual intercourse in all mannerisms and sex positions, with her legs pulled over his shoulder, from the side, missionary, doggie, upside down, anything - until *gege* groans out a warning and starts to spill his filled cup of fertile semen boiling up from within his loins, and like clockwork, *meimei* remembered her lesson that *gege* taught, that is, she whispers ' *gege* , *gege* , you feel so good, please shoot your sperm inside *meimei* and knock her up, make this ten-year old girl pregnant with your baby'; followed by exercising her vaginal muscles around the overjoyed shuddering member deliriously sawing between her legs, that he explodes with a sensational roar and unending shaking thrusts of hairy muscular hips, thirty powerful jets of day's worth of virile rapist incestuous seed; finally, the *meimei* lovingly pulls the *gege* down to the floor and stays there, because she's been taught that when *gege* comes while mounting her, she must lie beneath him and raise her welcoming hips, like a receptacle vessel for the convulsing manhood spewing out warm, pulsing seed, containing the spillage, not letting a drop out, a cup for the evidence of their lovemaking, where brotherly milky liquids and sister's sex juices mix and stew, where precious pure eggs finally roll out from her ovaries and plop in and become fertilized, growing into new, corrupted inbred life.

Back to the present - fingers roamed around the girl's smooth, nearly hairless body, voraciously touching where men should not touch, brazenly violating her inner sanctums and her illegally sexy erogenous areas; but she giggles and laughs, crystalline tinkles echoing off the bedroom walls,

because to her, it's a fun, fun game of yearning, to have *gege* sniffing her armpits, stabbing her navel with a slimy tongue, playing with her titties until her nipples stood up, perky and firm from too much rough rubs, bruising fingerprints mar her marble-white skin because the thirty four-year old man became ravenous, greedy, and grasped and grabbed whatever he could from the innocent girl, enjoying the experience of inserting fingers into her flowerbud without resistance, even her anus where someday, he would pound her into the bed and fuck her into the mattress like real, aggressive rapists do to sodomize their victims - but for now, while their relationship is sunshine and rainbows, of gentle teasing and happy sexual intercourses between a loving giant brother and his seemingly miniature-sized little sister, *er gege* is happy to engage in tasty sex with her with fairy tales, and let his magical unicorn horn between his legs entertain her and her tasty clenching vagina that is being shaped and moulded from frequent sex, to the brother's phallic desires.

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“ *Er gege , er gege , this meimei feels very itchy today.*”

“Mn. Where does it itch-itch?”

“Here, here, down here, *gege* . I'm spreading it open to let you peer deep, deep inside this secret, private place. There's something inside *meimei* 's vagina that's causing some discomfort, can you see it? Please, put your finger inside, anything, it's hot, it's swelling, it's very itchy. Please *gege* , scratch-scratch this itch for *meimei* .”

“You’re a naughty *meimei* , you didn’t wash your flowerbud, that’s why it’s itchy. *Gege* has lots of foamy warm milk that can wash your flowerbud properly and ease the discomfort.”

“Yes, yes, please, *meimei* loves it when *gege* puts his penis inside and brushes it like brushing one’s teeth. Be gentle with *meimei* ’s pussy, please? I just had my period last week, so I’m at my dangerous time. Be careful *gege* , if you spurt your happy milk inside, you’ll make fat and healthy babies inside *meimei* ’s sweet, fertile womb. Then you’ll have to marry *meimei* and take care of our babies!”

“Mn. *Gege* is inside *meimei* now. It’s hot and tight. Stop clenching your flowerbud, *meimei* , otherwise *gege* will cum straight away. Now, tell *gege* where it itches most? Here? Or here?”

“Mmmm! *Gege* feels very, very thick, hard and warm, ooh-- I can feel it pulsing very lively inside. Is *gege* very excited, drilling in and out of *meimei* ’s sweet nectary vagina? Let *meimei* squeeze-squeeze her pussy, does it feel better? Or let *meimei* move her hips in circles, like this... ooh, *gege* , your face looks silly right now. You look like you’ve been burnt by fire and yet your hips keep thrusting wildly between my legs. *Gege* , this pussy is made just for you, you know, because *meimei* dreams of marrying *gege* soon, then we can have sex all day, and *meimei* will become impregnated with lots of *gege* ’s beautiful babies. Please *gege* , please be the father of *meimei* ’s babies?”

“Mn. *Gege* feels happy and blessed to have a lovely *meimei* like you. You’re so kind, letting this *gege* make sweet love to your pussy every day, all day. *Gege* also wants to kiss your breasts and suckle them, massage them

like steamed *baozi* from the basket, so that they may grow into plump fruits to feed the babies.”

“Ah ha ha! *Meimei* will let *gege* steal a taste of the fragrant milk, then. Nnnh, not so hard, please don’t squeeze *meimei* ’s underdeveloped breasts like that or grab *meimei* ’s thin waist so roughly, even though your body is sweaty, hot, seizing up like you’re about to have a heart attack. *Gege* , you look very red, and it feels very good to have nine shallow fucks followed by nine deep gouges alternately. *Meimei* ’s womb is opening up, and your penis is growing longer, harder, more passionate to kiss the entrance of this maiden’s untouched flowerbud. You’re the first man to kiss it!”

“Mn. *Gege* will kiss your womb with his strong, virile penis. Do you feel it? My penis is bumping into something spongy and firm. Kiss kiss, kiss kiss.”

“Oooh! Oooh! It feels so sexy! Soon, a baby will grow from its cradle inside, please wish it good morning and wake it for a morning feed?”

“... Good morning, baby. Good morning my sweet child, do you hear your father? Daddy is very excited to meet you, baby. Here, daddy has just pushed through the entrance to your home, do you see daddy’s penis? Say hello to daddy’s penis, baby. Ohh... daddy wants to give you milk, please drink daddy’s milk, thirty gulps, and they’re coming out soon.”

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! *Gege* , you’re so naughty, talking to our unborn child while fucking this hot tight eleven-year old’s vagina so wildly like a rutting stallion! You’re a pedophilic, incestuous brother! I want to squeeze and massage your happy penis now, you bad, bad *gege* . Please *gege* , please

flood this *meimei* 's flowerbud with your love! I love you, *gege* , I love you so much! Let your hot brotherly penis stay inside this naughty *meimei* 's vagina and make her your woman right now!"

"Mn...!"

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 208

“Let’s see... *gege* and *didi* , from both perspectives, checked. *Jiejie* and *didi* , checked. Our latest entrant, *Gege* and *meimei* , checked. Did I miss anything?” Wei Ying asked with a grin and lifted a spoonful of steam-blown congee to the husband’s lips.

Lan Zhan kept his head down and the tips of his ears pinked noticeably. He ate the offered rice gruel, and tasted ginger-like herbal flavours infused into nutritious pork parts, such as liver, heart, congealed blood, meatballs and fatty slices. Slurp, slurp. Mmm, delish.

“Which one did you like best? Oh, don’t tell yet, it’s a secret, right?” Dab, dab, goes a napkin to wipe away an errant trail of the liquidy food that accidentally found its way to the husband’s chin. The husband, though, focused on the heart-warming food and opened his mouth to wordlessly ask for another serving. He refused to reveal his favourite Dream-powered movie, lest the opinion of the Emperor of the Kingdom of Lan sways the will of his people, or worse, creates a sense of divisive resentment and of unfair discrimination that could lead to civil wars between Lan and Wei-kin.

“I watched the whole series on my holo-phone. I liked the first movie where it featured me and Xi Chen *gege* . There was drama, suspense. It was fascinating.”

“No! That’s stupid, with all those stupid cliffhangers and even stupider twisty plots! The last one’s better! It’s Uncle Lan and me in my girly *meimei* form! It’s what I do in real life whenever Uncle Lan’s not working in the castle in the sky!”

“Grand Matriarch, why is it always about a p-- penis and a h-- hole?”

“Ahhh... A-Ji, you’ve just said a dirty word! Matriarch, wash his mouth with soap, quick! Ha ha ha!”

“Did not.”

“Did too!” (and A-Xian, the eight-year old from the world of Dreams, stuck out his tongue like a brat.)

Wei Ying rolled his eyes and huffs in exasperation. “Will you two ever shut up? And for heaven’s sake, eat your bread rolls quietly and let Ni-er brush your hair, then go to sleep!” he bristled and that caused the two kids on the floor to shrink into the giant two meter-long furry caterpillar’s body like sinking into a quicksand pool of white fluffy fur. Even the husband was taken aback by the naggy wife’s outburst, and he closed his mouth, no longer demanding the next spoonful of congee like a pampered king. Ni-er, however, was unfazed by the humans’ noises - because she’s just that awesome even for an infant magical creature - and continued to lick with her tongue to groom the two children’s hair. Her tongue was barbed like a cat’s, chilled and slimy with what seemed to be hand sanitizing gel, which then evaporated and turned absorbent like a high-quality bath towel to properly dry those brats fresh out of a steaming hot bath; the constant, steady licking left the kids’ hair poofy and frizzy akin to afro hairstyling, due to the generated static electricity.

The husband woke up the second time too late for dinner but just in time for supper, and he was feeling rather hungry at that point. He lay on the lower bunk bed, and was immediately tended to by the lovely wife, who showed no obvious signs of sexual overexertion or walking bow-legged - thus, either the wife recovered pretty quickly, or there was a blip in the timeline. He wasn't sure if he was knocked unconscious from the sex earlier that evening, or if he had been living inside a strange, pleasant, loins-draining dreams. In any case, being the King of Gods, he wasn't too irritated by the lack of details, more so because his dreams are always broadcasted live to his entire Kingdom and he really, absolutely really, didn't want to dwell into those tasteless iterations of his own wet dreams.

When Lan Zhan opened his eyes, the two freshly-bathed kids and his furry daughter were already with them, and they brought supper. Both kids had a snack of warm bread rolls dipped into milk provided by Ni-er's awesome depthless stomach, which rivalled even the great sprawling planet-wide networks of food factories and supply warehouses owned by Wei *didi*. Wei Ying ordered, and received a bowl of spicy red-hot noodle soup with extra chillies, and it was bland grey-white herbal pork congee for the husband. The cheerful gurgling worm regurgitated those Wangxian-branded ready-to-eat food packs that self-heats with a press of a red button, and once her saliva evaporated off the plastic shrink-wraps, the family had a nice toasty get-together over a well-deserved supper.

Wei Ying placed the bowl of congee on the bedside table, before taking a noisy bite from the noodles, and, to Lan Zhan's relief, picked up the congee to feed the waiting husband two more spoons. The husband, of course, had to blow the steam off by himself, and lean forward and puckered up his lips to vacuum the liquidy sustenance from the spoon held by the wife - because cranky Wei Ying was busy scolding the two kids and left the poor husband unattended.

“Hurry up and finish your milk! It’s already past your bedtime! Ni-er dear, please give these two their toothbrushes and toothpastes, and make sure they brush their teeth properly. We can’t have tooth decay running in the family, you know.”

The giant white worm made a ‘Hmm?’ sound of confusion, then looked up to think for a moment with her tail lifted to her chin (she doesn’t have eyes, but her ‘Thinking Man’ pose was cute), then with a spasm on her belly and a guttural nauseating heave, Wei Ying’s request was granted - two slime-covered handy toiletries bag typically found in five-star hotels or airlines, rolled out of her toothless mouth. Ni-er also provided the children their jammies filled with pictures of bunnies, clouds and lotus flowers, helped them to change (even without arms - she’s just that awesome, and used plenty of Invisible Hands magic), give them sweet fluffy kisses on their milk-warmed cheeks and bellies, then levitated upwards to the upper bunk bed with the two gradually sleepy kids in tow (again, using magic). The two eight-year olds constantly clung to her like baby monkeys to their mommies, because Ni-er is the biggest elongated self-heating beanie bag covered with soft fuzz that all children likes; she was straddled and crudely humped by those two sexually precocious boys and didn’t mind when A-Xian blatantly squirted clear seedless drops onto her fur while sucking a flab of flesh on the caterpillar’s body, and A-Ji rubbed his grape-sized boy-eggs against her pulsating warm belly because it feels very, very nice to massage little boys’ testicles in circles against feathery, fuzzy surfaces; Ni-er is a kind of high-level magic-based demon-kin, and isn’t as preoccupied about sex and such needless pleasures of the flesh as those that evolved from primitive apes.

The husband and wife couple chatted discreetly and kept their voice low, while finishing their supper, and hoped that the kids wouldn’t wake up for a while. Unfortunately or not, the number of dormitories in Nieshan was limited due to its early stages of construction. Most rooms had been taken up by other residents and soldiers - mind-controlled ones or disguised Lan and Wei-kin individuals included -, and there was no daycare facility so the

children and their pet caterpillar were sent to stay with the royal couple instead. Lan Zhan mainly kept to one-worded answers, while Wei Ying went on and on about himself, his concerns, his likes and dislikes - because Wei Ying was fine eating and talking, though the husband less likely; they had eight other courses for their supper, congee and noodles being just one - thus, between waving a fried chicken drumstick, chewing sauce-dipped rice cakes, poking into bowls of fruits, nuts and salads, biting into a Big Mac or a sub sandwich - the husband quietly learned that the power outage lasted for a few days in real time, and he was hauled up from the damp, soggy, fungus-infested drippy floor mat inside the horse carriage when rescuers finally managed to pry open its portal using electrical tools. Lan Zhan, Wei Ying and a host of others were lifted out across countless underground kingdoms; each had been trapped in their own fantasy worlds like those getting locked up in escalators when the fuse blows.

When they were done with their lavish meal, and Lan Zhan burped expectedly from a filled belly, Wei Ying kissed him to thank him for eating well, and gave that happy belly a nice fondling rub. Then, after putting away the bowls and cutlery, he climbed up the bunk bed to check on the children - thank goodness they're fast asleep and Ni-er seemed to doze off too while curling around two little boys in the middle of the bed (it's hard to tell, because she has no face other than a toothless mouth filled with pink gums). Wei Ying mischievously arranged the boys so that A-Ji spooned against A-Xian upon Ni-er's wide rotund belly, then rolled down the boys' pants; he slipped a hand to the juncture where the boys' bodies closely touched each other - at the hips -, then used two fingers - a thumb and a forefinger made into a tight O-ring -, and masturbated the sleeping Lan child until his pinkie-length penis swelled and started twitching; A-Ji sighed, dreaming of bunnies mating with one another, and started to hump against Wei Ying's adult hand. Finally, Wei Ying peeled A-Ji's foreskin as far as he could to reveal the glistening, throbbing and adorable naked bulbous cockhead, and gently, precisely, inserted it into A-Xian's buttock, which he forcibly stretched with his other hand. Once the excited, twitching penis was safely nestled and lodged inside the Wei-child's rectal cavity, Wei Ying released with a *pop!* - a testament to the legendary elasticity of a

child's anus (and vagina, of course). Wei Ying smiled, having completed his naughty mission, then climbed back down the bed with a smug look; soft, rhythmic creaking noises on the children's upper bed ensued.

Lan Zhan stood by the bedside like a gawking bewildered bystander, and stared incredulously at his wife's antics before shrugging. He was guilty of being the most horny and lustful man in his Kingdom that raped countless children, men, women and harem of wives both legal and illicit, so Wei Ying's crimes of making and forcing two cute boys to engage in cute gay anal sex was tantamount to a cute child's play, really. He pushed the notion of corrupting children aside, and thought that he, too, should freshen up, wash his face, take a walk in the late evening to have a look at his new surroundings; a walk would do wonders to help to digest his late-night binge; plus, he couldn't possibly fall asleep again especially with little A-Ji making those steady creaking noises of fucking little A-Xian on the upper bunk, and briefly, he wondered, what do eight-year old boys experience when they tingle and orgasm inside tight little hot holes.

"Wei Ying, where are my pants?" he asked, realizing that he'd been naked all along together with Wei Ying in their fireplace-heated room - proof that being married and living as a couple for too long makes one forgetful, complacent and very comfortable in his own skin in the company of the significant other, literally. He paced around the small studio apartment-esque room, and went around rummaging drawers, cupboards and wardrobes. The wife allowed the husband to conduct his own investigations, while he cleared everything, wiped the bedside table, and put the stacks of tableware, cutlery and used napkins, and Lan Zhan's soiled and sadly crumpled boring beige-grey jammies outside the door; a servant would patrol the vicinity of the dormitories every hour or so, to conduct a sweep and collect anything that needed to be washed.

“You won’t find anything of use in there, and they’re as good as rags,” Wei Ying remarked and cocked his head, “You’re such a tall, handsome man around here, and the godly *qi* aura from your reborn body tends to wither ordinary clothes into ashes within hours unless your garments are imbued with magic or you’re placed in anti-magic territory,” he added, the last part referring to their recent escapades from Jinshan, “In addition, because of your height and bulk, nothing here fits you decently and those jammies have been sent for laundry. So, until a new batch of extra-large garments are made for you by the tailors in this village, hopefully by sunrise tomorrow, you’ll need to play the king of the fable called ‘The Emperor’s New Clothes’. Have you heard of it?” he asked, somehow having waltzed from door to bedside, hands locked around Lan Zhan’s neck in an intimate loose embrace that was rather seductive and revealing, particularly since they were both naked. Seeing no response from the older man with handful of clothes that were too small for his size, the wife snorted and slid against the husband, face to face, skin to skin, until he was sure Lan Zhan could hear his wifey heartbeat each time their nipples brushed against one another, of one hairy chest rubbing romantically against the one with less hair but with more muscular pecs, and smell the musky mild wifey-masculinity wafting off his showered body. Wei Ying then, unsurprisingly, in a bold display of sexiness, hooked one leg around Lan Zhan’s hips, and while balancing himself rather unsteadily on one foot, he pursed his lips in concentration and felt with his sensitive hairy genitals, to rub their crotches together in pure nudity, never mind that their pubes would entangle in dense curls, and smoothly yet swiftly, tease the unsuspecting husband by rubbing the latter’s hardening arousal from the back of the younger man’s scrotum all the way to the puckered rosebud with sweet penis-licking swipes.

Lan Zhan closed his eyes and groaned, clearly not in the mood after having woken up from immeasurable amounts of sex, and he was still running on empty, very empty, yet his arousal stood up anyway out of bad habit and as an acceptable, perfectly natural response from the physical stimuli.

Later, the couple gave goodnight kisses to the sleepily fornicating A-Ji and A-Xian, and gently asked Ni-er to look after them before she dozed off again, and they quietly left the room stark naked for some quality couple-time away from the kids; it's the parents' night out, after all. "Nieshan practises similar regimented living as Jinshan, so since it's past lights-out time, everyone's gone back to their dorms and quarters except for the mind-controlled guards that patrol twenty-four seven," Wei Ying explained to assure the husband that they wouldn't be caught with their pants down - or rather, without wearing anything. That made sense, Lan Zhan thought, and it would be a good opportunity to explore the countryside at such deserted, tranquil hour; insects chirped loudly around them, and beyond a couple of rows of buildings of the encampment, there were simply miles upon miles of darkness, moon-kissed farmlands and shadowed forests and undergrowth; a half-moon peeked from behind drifting clouds, casting a dim silver sheen to the entire scenery of a remote settlement in the middle of nowhere.

The husband pointed out that the wife could put on some clothes rather than walk around exposed like a hairy, pervert and dirty flasher. "Oh, no, no... the Emperor takes a tour around the town in his new, invisible clothes, so should his Empress too, correct? Besides, I've been applying lots of herbal oils on the stretch marks around my belly, and I need to air them a bit to prevent my clothes from stinking up with sweat mixed with those oils," Wei Ying casually shoved his abdomen to the fore and revealed, to the husband's wide-eyed amazement, ugly-looking gnarly patterns around the lower portion of his belly, as well as on his upper arms and thighs; he didn't notice them before in their dorm because of the amber and ambient lighting, but now that he had a proper look--

"C'mon, don't just gawk like an inexperienced father! Let's walk to the garden outside and have a seat at one of the benches in the fresh crisp nighttime air. I can sit on the table, then show straight in your face what it's like to have a swollen belly until it stretches and grows these crack-like marks, and how a man's loosened, saggy pussy looks like after countless

childbirth under your surname. You can touch all you want with your fingers or with that rising hard-on of yours, because that's something only I'll have - the privilege of male motherhood!" he barked out a laughter and trotted ahead, with the husband, forehead creased with worry and confusion, rushing not too far behind in the nude.

Lan Zhan's penis twitched with perplexing interest.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 209

A casual catch-up conversation between naked stiff, red-faced, crotch-covering husband and an openly sashaying, crotch-swinging, equally nude diva male-wife down the hallway out to the lobby of the dormitory building, which in reality looked a bit like a dodgy three-star hotel than anything else.

“Wei Ying, what happened between our separation in Jinshan, and waking up here in Nieshan?” the husband asked, after confirming several times that those passing-by butlers, servants and guards would not, and never ever, realize that two nudists streaked through the bamboo-lined passages and past occupied rooms, some with opened doors and guests staring at them in a mix of bewilderment and curiosity. The wife had informed that mere mortal guards and soldiers had their senses rewired so they saw only a couple of mundane-looking civilians in plain Nie clothing, while disguised otherworldly Lan and Wei-kin that had infiltrated the encampment had been briefed through flashing news all over ErNet that the royal couple was taking a Spring holiday at the rustic, remote village and did not want to be identified, recognized, nor chased by paparazzi, plus there was a gag order placed on everyone from the Kingdom within the perimeter of Nieshan for the couple’s privacy reasons.

“Eh? Didn’t you watch the latest Wei-themed series of live-action movies? I directed and starred in those, it’s a six-part double trilogy that’s been sitting in the number one position on the charts for weeks in a row! It’s a greatly exaggerated reenactment, and a compelling retelling of my experiences during those dark days. I worked hard on that autobiography, you know,” Wei Ying asked in response, a bit baffled by the husband’s ignorance of current news and trends. He grasped Lan Zhan’s and swung it rather energetically as they walked briskly through a windy path of gravelled trail and ill-fitted floor tiles; the construction of the Nieshan military centre,

more fondly known as a mere camp, wasn't as good in quality in its engineering and architecture compared to its cousin in Jinshan. Their accommodation is a humble two-storey building primarily made of wood and bamboo, with not more than thirty standard one-room units, each with bunk beds and sparse Nie-themed furnishings. Some parts were rickety, creaky when the wind blew, while others, like their family suite reserved for top officers, were reinforced with bricks and mortar. Lighting was rather dim with inconsistent patches lit by torches affixed to certain walls, and the ground looked like it was only swept once every few weeks, and was littered with leaves, dusty cobwebs and muddy footprints.

"Did not watch. Did not know either," came the smooth reply, as they rounded another bend, past through a musty-smelling storeroom with a partially opened broken door, and Lan Zhan's eyes started to twitch and his fingers itched to grab a straw broom to clean the exterior of his dwelling - if not now, then best by next sunrise.

"Gee... have you been living under rock?" the wife giggled, and repeatedly pried open the two hands crossed at the husband's crotch; Lan Zhan was such a shy guy when it came to walking in a deserted open space wearing his birthday suit. "Zillions have posted rave reviews, cinema screenings run every hour, it's won every other major film awards this year. My bank accounts are bursting to the seams with a flood of earnings from ticket sales, concerts, royalties, merchandising. I've even opened a Yunmeng-themed fast food franchise, and have sparked resurgence in interest in *hanfu* with my new Lotus Couture branded clothing line launched in major boutique stores. I'm a WeiTube influencer, a celebrity social icon with platinum accounts in WeiChat, and I'm leading in the WeiBoy magazine polls for the year's Most Desirable Married Man title - did you know that?" the bright-eyed bubbly young man asked and had his hands fiddling the husband's exposed crotch; Lan Zhan gave up on defending his dignity and let his limbs relax on the sides, thus allowing the wife to play with his soft, hairy penis and plump testicles as much as the wifey wants until the

member started to jerk and nod, that yes, yes, please play more and more with this excited penis, *lao po* .

A group of chattering soldiers walked past, even barked out to the couple that it was past curfew so they should return to their dorms; Lan Zhan froze like a deer in the headlights because those burly armoured men would have witnessed the unsightly, criminal scene of a naked man engaging in tasty handjobs in public space with a younger person; Wei Ying merely saluted to pacify those haughty armed guards, and was oblivious to them after that.

The brand-new erection wilted after that scary episode, Lan Zhan quickly regained his composure and thought back about what Wei Ying said about his latest venture in film-making and stardom, and the fruits of his labour of love. “Nnnh. Didn’t know. Haven’t been checking my emails. Or news from ErNet. Haven’t logged into my social media accounts since waking up here.”

“Huh... it figures,” Wei Ying hummed in disappointment, and withdrew his hand from the husband’s genitals. Being naked, the young man had easy access to the husband’s body, and could sexually seduce and attack him anytime he wanted, anyway. His interest in Lan Zhan’s penis lost for the time being, he added, “You’re such an old grandpa dinosaur when it comes to technology and livin’ in our fast-paced world. So uncool.”

“Mn. Uncool, it is. So... do tell, what happened while I was out?” Lan Zhan didn’t even bat an eyelid about being labelled an uncool grandpa, because that’s how Wei Ying treated him sometimes, ironically as an endearment. As if to prove his theory, right after that gentle scolding, Wei Ying proceeded to grasp his hand and they walked like a nudist romantic couple towards the dorm lobby; the husband smiled faintly with pinked cheeks and

red-tipped ears, because he's such a smitten fool addicted to the wife's tough kind of love and a very mean way of expressing one's feelings.

Wei Ying looked up to the dusty cracked ceilings and noticed a few spiders and roaches scurrying between some beams and roof tiles. He sighed heavily, "Well, lots. Maybe not as plot-heavy or brainy-intelligent as yours, though. I've already experienced getting impregnated by mob Lan characters, giving birth to fatherless babes, and raising generations even during our time in the Soul Restoration Cave - you should still remember that. My soul-form was perfect, like yours, so when I returned to the Mortal Realm, I got back into my body with these stretch marks... and boy, I had lots of twisted contemplations after that together with my four clone-siblings, who treated me with five-star postnatal care. A phenomenal philosophical breakthrough. A switch flipped, I guess." Wei Ying waved his arms about like a crazy naked man, which pretty much summed up his character.

"That is?"

"It's hard to describe." Wei Ying said when they arrived at an empty lobby with just one female receptionist; Lan Zhan steeled his heart and stood in front with his chin up, chest high and crotch bared - and she did not even flinch, thank goodness. The wife whispered some instructions to the uniformed lady manning the counter, something their room keys while they're out; Lan Zhan squirmed and fidgeted, desperately hoping with a poker-face that the wife would quickly finish his business with the receptionist and they could streak out to the courtyard where there would be even less prying eyes. "Motherhood is the pinnacle of a man's life, at least for people like me, ya know? I've reached that plateau, savoured its experiences, moved by laughter and tears, rose to great happiness and fallen to pain to bitterness, all that scholarly, philosophical, poetry stuff, ya know? I grew boobs and had a womb, raised babies from diapers to adulthood. Ya

know?” the wife turned around while waiting for something, one hand inexcusably reached for the receptionist’s clothed breasts and he gave her a very, very hard squeeze. She bit her lips in discomfort and took a step back, but did not think further about the hand that continued to grope her chest in broad daylight - rather, night time in an empty hotel lobby. Lan Zhan swallowed - of course, the lady might think that she’d strained some muscles on her torso and chest when she bent down towards the reception desk, and her senses could not even pick up information about a man brazenly molesting her while yapping about twisted male motherhood stories; that was how awesome the mind-controlling effect was.

“... don’t know. But I... I guess I can understand. Sex change and bringing up children, that’s tough,” the husband stated in vague rather than unequivocal terms, while relating to his own experiences.

“But fulfilling!” Wei Ying exclaimed and his face broke into a grin that screamed a knowing ‘Right?’, “The bottom line is that I wanted to retrace my steps a bit and experience variety... the kinds of stuff not found in that pinnacle of a man’s happiness and life... ya know? The power outage was a great opportunity, because I could explore my own underground kingdom of my innermost desires without having to limit myself to two-minute or two-second visits,” he continued, then muttered a thank-you when a butler arrived shortly with a couple of bath towels meant for guests wanting to use the swimming pools at the front of the dorm building.

“... and?” Lan Zhan was as curious as he was braver now that he was getting used to the mind-controlling effects. He even dared a quick thrust of muscular hips in front of the male butler, and lightly slapped the pimply-faced boy’s cheek, just to test the dorm staff’s reaction. True enough, the butler simply bowed in politeness, turned around and marched off, scratching his reddened cheek as though an insect had bitten there.

“I made moves towards the little brother in my dreams, and also my *shijie*,” Wei Ying declared with a rather smug smirk and put on the woolly bathrobe, and the husband followed suit, “I’ve always wanted to try that, and I got stuck there, because it felt, well, for the lack of better words... ‘nice’. You should watch my movies. They’re R-rated for that reason. I shouldn’t spoil the details, because unlike your free-to-air movie that runs for hours on end, I get paid by people who pay tickets to watch my show in the cinemas, or those who swipe their credit cards for pay-per-view privileges - in instalments up to all six episodes. Don’t be a stinge, Lan Zhan, now that you have the synopsis, go and watch those six movies, won’t you?” A million dollar wink.

That was a decent request. Lan Zhan hadn’t really grasped the idea of intellectual property, copyrighting stories and patenting ideas, thus his daily life and night time dreams are live-streamed unchecked and uncensored to all main channels in ErNet’s most popular forums; there was never the problem of pirating either. “Mn. Maybe after you give a one-minute summary? I narrated mine earlier, you should too. It’s only fair,” the husband counter-offered.

“... Aaah! You scrooge! I knew you’re not as keen to watch as my most loyal fans and followers! Alright...” Wei Ying huffed; his heart wasn’t as cruel as not to give the husband some tasty tidbits of his show anyway. So, the wifey elaborated about his dreams, while daintily adjusting the super-sized bathrobe on Lan Zhan, because if he didn’t tie the waist belt correctly, he’d look like a tall, handsome but rather frightening naked flasher walking in the park.

“I bashed the Jin family before my sixteenth birthday once I could wield a sword properly and join inter-clan tournaments. We annulled the joint

agreement between them and our Jiang families so that I can marry *shijie* - and I did. I fathered many babies with my older sister, got into the Twin Heroes role proper, we whacked the Wens to outer space with our magic and swords, Yin Metal became a golf ball and I scored a hole in one with it. It was sent to a black hole and was never seen again, though you can understand that that meant I was never a Dark Arts practitioner in this fantasy.

The Yunmeng Jiang became a formidable force against the rising Imperial forces but by then, I ditched everything and handed in my resignation, and left it to Jiang Cheng to take care of the clan's future. That's because before I was two decades old, I was saddled by escalating family expenses and had to look for a decent job, with many mouths to feed after kidnapping the girls in the neighbourhood to start a harem, then there's the kids' schooling - oh god, you should see their report cards and what the teachers had to say, it's crazy! -, and plenty more intra-family politics and complications since I became a Patriarch that is committed to marrying more underaged girls, have lots of incestuous relationships within the family and running orgy parties every other night. I lived to the 21st century, four millenia later, as an inventor, scientist, businessman extraordinaire, a king of my own country, and of course, an Immortal because I've cultivated that much using sexual *qi* with my female offsprings and their descendents, and lived a pretty good, normal, healthy, hyperactive heterosexual life as a world renowned, highly successful Great, Great, Great, Great, and Great, Grandmaster Patriarch after that."

The couple strolled from the lobby and out to the courtyard and gardens outside the dorm building, where a closed swimming pool was built adjacent to one of the corners. Lan Zhan stopped in his tracks after listening, with furrowed brows in great concentration, to Wei Ying's lengthy account at no extra charge. He saw his spouse in a different light, and his hands balled into a fistful of bathrobe woolly material at the sides.

“Wei Ying, are... are you really het-- bisexual?” Hesitant, anxiety gnawing in the guts.

The spouse had to backtrack a bit because he didn’t realize the husband had stopped walking by his side. “Wha-- After what we’ve been through all these years, you’re still asking... this?”

Yellow-tinged eyes stared unblinkingly, expectedly. No, Lan Zhan wasn’t going to let his wife off without getting an answer, and he looked like a sad, distressed puppy with each passing second in silence. It didn’t help that the entire dormitory building had fallen into its night time solitude, with no one walking around, and only the sounds of dripping water or leaves rustling in the breeze could be heard. Wei Ying swallowed and straightened his pose to stand upright against the taller husband.

“Lan Wang Ji, when I proposed to you at the Grand Cultivation Council hall lifetimes ago, I married you for who you are as a man, for your noble, kind and loving heart, and for your eternal promise for the two of us. I can fantasize about fucking every man or woman out there, but in this and every lifetime we’ll have together, I’ll still return to your arms because that’s inked in blood, magic and stone of our entwined destinies that prove we’re perfect soulmates. Does that make better sense to you?”

As expected, the dense husband took a full, heart-pounding minute to recall his early blissfully wedded days, sift through each and every adventure they had as a couple and all those lovely feelings poured unto one another, and to digest the wife’s words to the last letter and dot. Wei Ying’s trepidation was rewarded, finally, when Lan Zhan wordlessly rushed forward to embrace him with two very warm and well-muscled hands - fully naked except for the soft bathrobe.

“Mn. I understand. Thank y--, no, Wei Ying, I love you too. I accept who you are and that you’ll always be by my side, no matter what,” the husband whispered with rare emotion into Wei Ying’s ears, and that sent goosebumps all over the younger man’s skin, and made his heart flutter like the zesty yearning youth he once was. However, Wei Ying had matured over the years and lifetimes spent with this old coot who had for whatever reason held on to past beliefs, superstitions, outdated over-4000 rules, and now, insecurities about love and sex - and he knew, the husband needed a pick-me-up.

“Oh you romantic old fart, stop sayin’ such mushy ‘tings, oth’rwise I’ll take us back to our room, and we’ll make sweet babymakin’ lurve ‘til sunrise,” Wei Ying coo’ed with a little Gusu dialect drawl, and patted Lan Zhan’s back tenderly with an equally given giant hug.

“You’re insatiable, that’s what I admire about you, *lao po* .”

“Yeah, and you’re insufferable too. Don’t ever change, darlin’.”

The two men kissed beneath the front entrance of the dormitory building, where strangely a bunch of old green prickly leaves hung from some unfortunate spider’s web, like a bundle of store-bought mistletoe from last year’s.

Kissing and hugging done, Lan Zhan was reluctant to let go, now that they’d made up and he’d renewed their wedding vows of sorts. But Wei Ying was adamant, and said, “Let’s stop hugging, we look like infatuated

sex maniacs rubbing one out of each other like this, in public places, no less. C'mon, I still want to show you my belly's stretch marks under the starlight and let you take a good look at a saggy overused hairy pussy hiding behind my balls. Your penis will love it, I'm sure, and we can fuck on the picnic tables 'til midnight, if you're up to it, big boy." Eyebrows wiggle and more cheeky winks, from the man who loved to spout curses and dirty words in front of his husband.

"Mn."

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 210

The romantic couple, free of any interference from clones, siblings or children, strolled leisurely along a dark, relatively unlit windy path around the soldiers' dormitory and explored the sparse landscape of few other buildings, offices, gardens and farmlands. Wei Ying happily lay his head against Lan Zhan's bared shoulder, fingers entwined, as they walked under cloud-covered moonlight wearing nothing but oversized bathrobes that kept slipping down, down. The weather as mild,

They talked about their past, their dreams and fantasies, their experiences during the power outage (Lan Zhan didn't have to subscribe to WeiFlix to watch all six episodes of the movie series starring the wife and his pornographic adventures), and their shared future both worries and hopes. Lan Zhan also remarked that now that he's seen what pregnancies can do to a man's belly, and he's seen the ins and outs of an intersex or hermaphrodite matriarchal Wei Wuxian, he can rest easy, knowing that he too, has reached the pinnacle of lifetimes and had made sweet, sweet love with Wei Ying's cock, pussy and asshole all in one, three in one, one in three, plus titty sex, oral sex and handjobs in a single sitting - Lan Zhan, as a male who tasted such exquisite exoticism, has ascended beyond nirvana, for sure.

It took a while and lots of patient thinking, between light banter and serious discussions, for the husband to bring up the topic in the most straightforward, yet unoffending and roundabout way. It was uncomfortable, but it was the elephant in the room.

"Wei Ying, what do you think about... having children? The human kind, of course, not demonic ones like Ni-er or Ernie."

“Huh?” Wei Ying looked baffled for a moment while crouching in front of a patch of grass to pee. It was very easy to simply pull up the lower folds of the bathrobe, squat and pee like a girl - plus, the pelvic floor muscles are relaxed, the body is in its natural tension-releasing position and the legs didn’t need to strain as much -, and the wife had taken a liking to pee this way since he discovered the joys of having both genders’ genitals on the crotch. “I told you before didn’t I, *lao gong* , that I spent lifetimes birthing and raising generations of our kins. They’re all cute and bubbly, but they’re a hassle for a goddess-like figure worshipped by my ardent lovers and followers. I prefer to keep making babies like a queen ant, and leave the childcare to the single fathers. Sure you can appreciate, I’ve been a working mom, and have no time to settle down for my own selfish needs,” he answered, and gestured to Lan Zhan to take his place beside him, and pee as well. A family that pees together, stays together, the old adage goes.

The husband didn’t mind obeying the order, and simply placed his hands to part the folds of bathrobe covering his crotch, then hold his soft, limp and well-used happy dick, and take aim into the darkness that descended upon them in the relatively unlit spot of the garden; nobody likes to be watched while peeing, deliberate or not, because of the bodily reflex to retract whatever that had to flow out and go into reverse with goosebump-inducing uncomfortable sphincter and muscular squeezes around the urethra.

“I... I mean, if you have the time and means, to be selfish or otherwise, how do you feel if you were to have children?”

Wei Ying clicked his tongue and squirted a jet of urine to the unfortunate fertilized grass, in his annoyance. There the husband goes again. Insecurity breeds confusion and that line of thinking beats around the bushes, the saying goes. Wei Ying reached to the side and lightly grazed the husband’s calves with his fingernails, and muttered, “Speak and spill the beans, you old fart. Your wife is hard on hearing when you mumble in circles.”

The sadomachistic Lan Zhan enjoyed a brisk of loving abuse inflicted upon his right leg by the wife, like a cat that scratches its owner when it is upset. “Nnnh,” he moaned and relented, “Wei Ying, do you want to have our very own children? Since you can give birth and raise some on your own, if you have all the support and love that you need.”

Wei Ying bounced on his haunches to shake off the last dribbles, before rising to his feet. Obnoxiously, he used the inner side of a corner of the woolly robe which doubled as a great absorbent material, to wipe the pee-smearred female slit between the legs. “Now that you mentioned it - I’ve raised A-Yuan for a couple of years in my earlier lifetime, and that boy was a joy because he’s such a nice and gentle kid. In retrospect, that was one of the best times in my early life, and I learned a lot from growing up with him. Furthermore, I’ve sworn to protect that precious bean as long as I’m committed to my promises to rid the world of suffering, such as to care for orphans who started off as bad as I did,” he said thoughtfully, then nonchalantly reached for the husband’s dick too - one flick on Lan Zhan’s wrist, which elicited another *nnnh*, and the husband lets go, surrendering the control of his penis to the wife to take the aim. He had bowls of congee and drank several cups of *pu’er* tea, so he had been holding in quite a lot and for quite some time, until with his wife’s permission to relieve the throbbing, bursting bladder.

“In contrast, the past few days I’ve pretty much been saddled with those two brats while waiting for the rescuers to haul you up from your malfunctioned floor mat pinned inside the horse carriage’s shower stall,” he said, and the husband had to hang his head low in shame - he started the mess, after all. The first trickle of pee shot out before steadying down to a nice dribble. “My clone-siblings refused extra childcare duties, because they’ve got their own underground kingdoms to tend to, and they’ve each found more adventures to pursue after living out their own crazy fantasies during the power outage. Being trapped and quarantined for prolonged periods in one’s

own enclosed fantasy world does that to people, ya know... they get inspiration and motivation to veer off their path and find better things to do once their lives are back to normal,” Wei Ying remarked wryly and started to stroke the husband’s penis even though it was busy peeing. It goes without saying that Lan Zhan gained another rising erection from the wife’s expert touch, and the plumbing threatened to seal itself off as it gradually hardened, swelled and aimed its yellow pungent fountain towards the winking Mr. Moon in the night sky.

“A-Ji is a dear because he’s kinda slow and dense despite being hardworking, but that’s why I like him and can order him to do whatever I want; he’ll pick up household chores without asking, and if I told him to masturbate his wee-wee while getting naked belly rubs from me after dinner, he’ll do it without asking twice. That A-Xian, though, I can’t believe I was, or could be, like that monster during my childhood days. He’s obstinate, counters everything I say, refuses to follow orders, poops on the floor intentionally and bites me when I boss him around. He wouldn’t hold a straw broom or eat with a spoon, and never washes his hands after peeing, can you believe that? For him, everything revolves around A-Ji, and he’ll only listen to A-Ji, also the two are inseparable worse than a pair of Siamese twins. Even little Ni-er is cowed by A-Xian’s aggressiveness and she feeds his spoiled, demanding feral nature by regurgitating whatever that brat wants. Ugh. That’s so frustrating, because who the hell do you think is paying for their living expenses these past few days?”

(Actually, the kids’ stay, including meals and board, is automatically paid by the Kingdom’s coffers, with cheques signed off by the Regent high up in the skies.)

The wife rambled on and unloaded his annoyance, much to the discomfort and pleasure of the husband, because his penis was rubbed angrily and at a breakneck pace until there was only a blur of fluttering fingers; Lan Zhan’s

toes curled, fingers balled into fists, back arched, testicles rose and tightened to the base of the purple-red arousal, and that stupid look started to form on his face - those closed eyes, gaping mouth, rosy cheeks, that grimaced 'Ahhh...' written all over, framed by beads of sweat on the forehead. His hips shook uncontrollably, and made tiny shuddering thrusts into the turbo-charged Category Five hurricane currently sexually assaulting his delighted and detonating penis. Lan Zhan's pee flow slowed down, and started to splatter everywhere within the immediate radius of bombardment of fertilizer-rich sprinkles.

"So, I plan to send those two brats back to the Heavens where their Dream-kins live near that supermarket down the road from the Heavenly Palace, and tell your Regent to take good care of his own family - once Uncle Wei returns, of course, because I can't ship those kids off without their legal guardian. He's the only one left unaccounted after the rescue operation, heaven knows where that drunkard vagrant's gone."

Lan Zhan wanted to interrupt and tell Wei Ying that even the Heavenly Guards could not trace that criminal uncle, because that uncle is an evil demigod of sorts and has special protective privileges granted under their Kingdom's over-4000 family rules - and that is besides the point, because he was asking about having children, but he couldn't think straight and voice out his argument, when the first of many, very nice, healthy fertile contractions welled up from his prostate, pelvic muscles and all the way to the tip of his penis that was being pleased and polished by the wife's skillful fingers. He moaned wantonly in front of the soiled patch of garden and shook his waist and hips erotically, six-pack abs contracting and relaxing like it was doing sit-ups on its own and undulating like a serpent's, akin to an exotic male belly dancer to no audience around them.

"Back to your point," Wei Ying groaned and turned to the side to watch how his darling man's pained-pleasured expressions changed in quick

successions, “I want to live happily ever after with you, love you and be loved, have your and our babies conceived inside my womb, give birth to as many fat and healthy kids under the Lan surname, and raise them together with you, *lao gong* .” Lan Zhan hadn’t heard the rest of Wei Ying’s proclamation and promises yet, but that sounded like a renewed wedding vow coming from the wife’s side, and that sent his heart soaring with absolute marital happiness, that he started to pee and ejaculate in thirty powerful throbbing spurts because Wei Ying lovingly massaged convulsing firm, fleshy tube inside his tireless penis with kneading motions from base to tip, coaxing the trembling barrel to unleash its payload with utterly devastating firepower and climax-worthy squeezes, then rubbed and vibrated the penile frenulum vigorously before letting an index finger play touch-touch with his hopelessly exploding cockslit; beneath, another hand cupped and grazed those lovely plump and ever-full testicles until they spasmed and bulged out of their sacks, like living convulsing eggs dying to milk itself out of existence into shrivelling shuddering releases and finishing with a series of testicular orgasms marked by dancing testicles that wrinkle and smoothen themselves as they pumped very, very hard to feed their owner’s mighty explosion of thirty virile jets of thick male seed; the long, drawn-out baritone ‘mmmmm’ soothing to the ears ensued and his shivering legs threatened to give out because they’d turned into jello from that wonderful hand-induced sexual climax, and at the back of his mind, Lan Zhan was silently grateful for the mind-controlling effects when passing-by patrol guards ignored their noisy hand-lovemaking.

“... and the last condition is that, if we make babies with my permission, and the first one that pops out happens to look like you but act like me - you’ll raise him and I’ll be the breadwinner for the sake of my sanity. On the other hand, if the kid looks like me but acts like you, I get dibs on being the mummy and househubby. I get to spoil ‘im, overfeed him, teach him sex ed, and you go put food on our table. Deal?”

Lan Zhan’s mind blanked, his senses shut down, and he continued to hump steadily into the wife’s watery-cum covered, pee-wetted fist with a

dreamy look on his face while standing buck-naked on the grass; his bathrobe somehow loosened then slipped off the broad shoulders during the heaving and huffing excited bodily movements, and fluttered to the ground, useless. It was only when Wei Ying slapped the limp, very satisfied and sleepy penis like a squishy tube of softmeats, then two twists on both his defenceless pink perky nipples from the wife, that the husband ‘nnnnhhhh’ drunkenly from the stinging pain radiating through his boneless body, and he finally acknowledged the wife and agreed to everything that was said, even though he actually heard none of the conditions that had been laid down as a binding contract for lovely Wei Ying’s baby-making, with an universally loud and clear “Mn.”

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Having had sex with a hermaphrodite, then getting a peeing-cumming handjob whilst having their joint wedding vows renewed and signing off a contract about baby-making with a heartfelt orgasm, followed by a hand-washing ritual at the village’s well that would feed into the residents’ drinking water supply by the next sunrise - Lan Zhan was beginning to think that his stay in Nieshan was a wonderland of unbelievably ridiculous male fantasies that hit everything in his to-do list in life; thus he was secretly thrilled when Wei Ying invited him to the sundry shop - the camp’s only trading post - to shop in the nude draped only with their bath towels to keep the chill out during the cool Spring night.

Lan Zhan wondered if the sundry shop would still be open at that hour - if not, he was up for breaking into the store, then fuck Wei Ying amongst the shelves of groceries, on the aisle floor, even up against the cashier’s register counter; and he would be willing to throw his dignity away by having wild sexual intercourse with and ruining the *laoban*’s fruits, vegetables and maybe those confectionary and baked goods with creamy fillings and sticky sweet syrups - he’ll pay for the damages, of course. However, that would

have to remain in the imagination, as when they reached the closed shop and peered inside through a glass window at the dark interior to make sure there was no one, Wei Ying simply stomped on the dusty floor mat like knocking someone's door, and they were teleported away with *fwip!* and winked out of sight from the front entrance to the building.

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The wife explained, while pushing a shopping cart made of the modern aluminium cage construct equipped with four rubber wheels, that since the power outage was fixed and normalcy was restored, his clone-siblings, now armed with a renewed sense of purpose and a shiny new list of adventures they wanted to go for, quickly finished what they'd set out to do in Nieshan and departed for the stars and galaxies in their spaceships and through inter-dimensional portals. That left Ernie with instructions to burrow and build subterranean multiple underground kingdoms and tunnelworks beneath the Mortal Realm, right above the ceilings of the Lord of Hell's domain. "Besides expanding the number of underground kingdoms availed to our empire's loyal subjects, we'll interconnect all kingdoms so that in case another fuse blows from someone's bad habit of showering with the electrical ports running exposed, we can still find our way out. There'll be plenty of manually-operated emergency exits and extra storage spaces filled with supplies in case of people have to hunker down for prolonged periods, such days-long apocalyptic disasters of earthquakes, floods and storms that typically mark the end of times, and universal wildfires for restarting realms," Wei Ying explained while pointing at some canned food that were on sale on the shelves; the husband staggered a bit in his manly stride, reached out with his long arm, and handed a few of those modern processed food items to the wife, who inspected briefly - particularly for any dents, the expiry date and the price tag to make sure that they were not ripped off by shady supermarket quick-sale practices -, before dropping them into the cart.

Lan Zhan was once again amazed by the Wei-kin's ingenuity, but he was hard pressed to say it out loud, because Wei Ying had bent over the cart's handle bar like any lazy shopper, which caused his bathrobe to hike up and show his bare ass, and the helpless husband trailing behind in bewilderment of walking through an underground, brightly lit and air-conditioned 21st-century supermarket, could not resist becoming distracted by the winking and puckering anal bud between those lovely springy butt-cheeks, that he hastened his walking pace and slotted his arousal perfectly into that kissy anal bud. Thus, the couple strolled relaxedly, with Wei Ying doing most of the shopping, while Lan Zhan desperately grabbed and latched onto Wei Ying's fertile hips, fucking the younger man with each step through aisles, the fresh section, the frozen section, and other sections displaying everything a 21st century shopper typically finds, ranging from clothes, kids' toys, DIY tools, electronics, household goods, to baked foods, dairy and eggs, cooking ingredients, beverages, and dried, packaged and canned goods. The husband begged softly for the wife to slow down so that he can engage in tasty fucks properly without straining his back and catching up with the meandering wife, savour the tight hot and juicy hole and the deep, deep unending tunnel, in which the wife naughtily but effortlessly squeezes and milks with strong fertile muscular contractions, resulting in a quickening of heartbeats and a very, very excited penis pistoning in and out the perfect lubricated body-warmed cocksleeve, that Lan Zhan hnnngh'd and aaaahn'd loudly with accidental one-two's when his pelvis shakes while selecting grapes from the fruits section, his hips thrusts erratically when waiting for the butcher to carve and pack tenderloins and pork belly strips, and he spills out semen in excited, joyful splats deep into the wife's ass while waiting for the supermarket staff to weigh broccoli, carrots and cauliflower for them.

He was tremendously grateful for the gag order, which meant that the supermarket staff acted oblivious to the naked couple's constant breeding and disruptive behavior within the premises:

Mischievous Wei Ying inexplicably climbed atop freezer boxes containing ice-creams and frozen foods, then lay face-down with his legs spread like a slut's, bouncing his butt invitingly for a quick fuck on the glass countertop. Lan Zhan couldn't resist, and pistoned deliriously while cursing those freezer boxes for being made to the perfect height that he could enjoy breeding his wife in the chilly nude while standing straight, and when he deposited enough to inseminate a young man, Wei Ying inadvertently left his own mark upon the glass panel tops with his junk smearing man-juice all over. Then, before they left with bags of frozen meat patties, chicken nuggets, mixed vegetables and pizzas, Wei Ying giggled naughtily when he forced a couple of ice cream tubs open, rubbed hot spunk into one chocolate vanilla, the other neapolitan flavoured product, with red-faced wheezing laughter, then closed those contaminated tubs, before grabbing a couple of other unopened tubs for his own consumption and ran after Lan Zhan. He also left those freezer boxes open;

At the fresh seafood corner with rows of fish tanks, Wei Ying laughed non-stop when he dipped his ordinary-sized hairy penis into several choice tanks filled with live small fishies and shrimps - and avoided crabs and lobsters, for good reasons -, and loved how his genitals were tickled when they nibbled at his balls and foreskin, so much more when he aimed his phallic meatstick into those whirlpool streams of aeration bubbles. Lan Zhan sighed and dearly hoped the supermarket staff wouldn't complain about a floaty dancing penis dirtying the seafood or leave icky whitish residues that the fishies may mistaken as food;

The miscreant Wei man happily accepted free samples from oblivious sales promoters, and made good use of those free food. He carefully placed teaspoonful scoops of a new ice-cream flavour onto Lan Zhan's throbbing, jerking withering penis and then ramped up the temperature with a vanilla-flavoured blowjob that left the two with enough vanilla-flavoured cum blended ice cream to tongue play each other with. In another occasion, Wei Ying grabbed those little bites of cooked food and cut fish and meatballs stuck on toothpicks, enjoyed those samples like any normal customer and

gave good feedback to the sales promoter, then inserted the used toothpicks into Lan Zhan's drippy penis - and naughtily makes lovely lightning-quick in-and-out motions into the abused urethra; any resulting spillage from the older man, whether accidental pee, clear bodily sexual fluids or dribbling cum each time he misjudges his fucking rhythm and shoots outside of Wei Ying's hungry and welcoming anus, there is a cleaner waiting not too far behind to wipe away the stains just like any other spillages from fruit juices or defrosted packed raw meats.

After many attempts of sexually arousing the squeamish, ashamed husband with plenty of masturbation sessions using with the supermarket's products and services, or simply playing with the husband with food, Lan Zhan finally threw the towel and caution into the wind, even under the watch of CCTVs. He freely engaged in french kisses and molested Wei Ying's nipples peeking out from the bathrobe, generously groped his body and ass, and exchange arousing handjobs and oral sex in the plain open, from aisle to aisle, from section to section, without a care of their surroundings; at such late hours, fortunately the entire underground store was relatively empty except for a handful of other ignorant customers rushing to grab late-night snacks or emergency groceries;

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All in all, the total came up to a whopping couple of gold bars plus a few more gold pieces, for a full cart of provisions. Sexually flushed and very tired and sated Lan Zhan yawned and fished out the one and only The Emperor's Royal Golden Platinum Jade Token Seal, while complaining about economic depression during such tumultuous times and inflated prices for Wangxian-branded products in such an upscale supermarket; the jade token being the credit card equivalent of the modern times, which instantly checks out their purchases and billed the amount to the Heavens' treasuries. The sex-happy wallet-unhappy hubby, fresh from an interesting,

physically invigorating shopping experience tilled with visual and sensational feasts, and from many delicious and loins-fulfilling fucks, asked the wife if they had completed their shopping list, and the crux of the trip - what was the purpose of buying so much.

“Oh, *lao gong* , since Ni-er swallowed our horse cart and our belongings, I thought we should just let her have them and we’d get fresh new stuff for our inventory and our wardrobe. With these near-61st century technology built into each of us,” Wei Ying remarked and lifted his hands, “-- we can always store and retrieve any possessions from anywhere, at any time.” Lan Zhan marvelled at his own hands, a little calloused, muscled and veined, smooth and healthily tanned at the top side with a bit of golden-brown fuzz against one of the supermarket’s ceiling lights, a little pale on the underside, but otherwise, perfectly normal. Then, the wife showed how it worked - just a little bit of kinetic *qi* - such as a blink or a snap of fingers - and the entire shopping cart of purchased and plastic-bagged goods glowed bright blue until it became a microsecond of brilliant incandescent, and then deformed, shrunk and melted into Lan Zhan’s wide opened arms like a gooey blue-white blob of light and dissipated into the older man’s skin. The husband made an amazed “oooooh” expression, then curled his fingers - a line of light formed in his palm, and lo and behold, a recently purchased Wangxian-branded Double Action Anti-Bacterial Toothbrush (Hard) materialized in his grasp. A twitch of the wrist, that toothbrush re-entered into the man’s body.

“See? It’s nifty, isn’t it? I made sure the 3d-printed biscuit you ate back in the Soul Restoration Cave incorporated this technology into your new body, and added a few more upgrades you’ll find useful.”

Lan Zhan had to agree - he wouldn’t need to pull handcarts anymore, or ride horses to do the same. He could conjure a fully-furnished home or

access food pantries and storewide goods at the touch of his fingertips. It was living in the lap of luxury circa 2000 B.C., the next level.

Then, one hand grabbed the husband's wrist and tugged energetically.

“Come on, Lan Zhan, the night is still young and the kids are fast asleep with their babysitter. Let's go on a date in this space-time bubble! I still wanna shop for more stuff! Watch a movie with popcorn and soft drinks! Have a couples' night out drink at the bar! Scream my ass off in the kids' amusement park then pop by into a sexy adults-only love hotel next door! Go for foot massages, spa, a manicure and pedicure! You didn't think there's a laundromat here that cleans our clothes from the dorm room, and boutiques opened twenty-four seven where your Extra Large-sized garments have been ordered online, then made and sold from here, did you? There's absolutely nothing to do in Nieshan Village but everything that us, young lovers, want, here in the heart of Nieshan Underground City!” Wei Ying gleefully announced and waved his arms wildly, with their purchases safely stowed inside the husband body that now doubled as a walking warehouse - because Lan Zhan's the more organized one between the two, and is better in keeping things in alphabetical order and in numerical sequences; with his bathrobe hanging barely off the waist and his naughty bits protruding out in the open at the entrance of the supermarket, he was truly the iconic flasher of their Kingdom. Lan Zhan had to lower his head and stifle a chuckle.

Elbows hooked to each other's, the couple walked out of the modern five-storey supermarket located in a huge, sprawling 21st-century metropolis that spanned across recently-dug underground caverns, lava tunnels and miles upon miles of polished granite and natural gemstone-covered surfaces. The tarred roads are quite deserted though clean, the alleys dark and buried in shadows, and there are plenty of concrete buildings, apartments, office towers as well as metal skyscrapers still devoid of

occupants that were being constructed and just opened; from first impressions, with such high-quality build and trendy architecture, slated for twenty-four seven operation because in this underworld, the night never sleeps and doesn't exist; and obviously there's excellent 21st-century infrastructure with utilities and transportation, tenants would be coming in droves, but not before Wei Ying has had a chance to sample everything the city has to offer first. All around them, there were bustling signs of rushed development to cater the needs of families and a burgeoning workforce waiting to settle in - fully loaded trucks, tractors, cement mixers and advanced wheeled construction robots zipped past quietly with little exhaust, dust and smoke due to the use of environment-friendly technology. In the background, one could see the silhouettes of moving tall cranes and other robotic arms working hard to stack and lift new materials, erect new floors and assemble each high-rise at breakneck speeds that seemed inhuman at first glance, until one realizes that the huge mass of moving parts that looms over everything else of the underground city is, in fact, the shadow of a cold, black thing.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 211

Someone asked, so someone receives, nicely:

In an ad-hoc extension to the story, in yet another alternate universe, a sort of side sex-venture, at least just for a few pages in the big bad storybook of sexy Wangxian times, there is a mention of A-Huan and A-Zhan, two orphaned characters with slightly different baby nicknames to differentiate from those of the main storyline's. A-Huan is the teenage future Lan clan leader and rising superstar of the cultivation world, and his *didi* A-Zhan, a boy who had barely turned ten at that point and already had a few wet dreams of the former. It's still all rainbows and roses, though, because A-Zhan is very much loved by his all-understanding *gege* ; the privileges of being born as a quiet, lonely, withdrawn introvert cursed with social ineptness, that the *gege* knew he had to live for A-Zhan, so that A-Zhan could grow up in a happy family of two in a safe, wholesome environment filled with brotherly love. The little boy worships his *gege* like the Sun of his universe and freely spends an inordinate amount of time with the older sibling. In doing so, A-Zhan opens up well to the *gege* and the two siblings are sweet and tender to one another, in more ways than one.

A-Zhan is A-Huan's alarm clock in the wee hours of the morning, much better than any roosters in their backyard. It's a daily ritual for them - the pitter-patter of small but excited footsteps at the crack of dawn before most servants are up, the bedroom door creaks open, closes, locks with a crisp *click* !, then more cautious footsteps as those tiny feet inch closer to the slumbering form, rustling of falling clothes that tell the subconscious mind of the sleeping teenager that innocent, naive and sexually precocious A-Zhan is definitely very energetic that morning.

The king-sized mattress dips, and A-Huan nnnghs when he feels a comfortable body-warm weight press upon his broad naked chest; the young man sleeps in the nude, especially on hot, humid summer days. Even with eyes still closed, the teenager could map out where those lovely twin smooth boy-buttocks sat on the pecs and faintly, the feather-light touch of wrinkled plump boy-balls upon his sternum.

“Gege, gege, A-Zhan is here. Wakey wake! It’s Sunday and we should go and pray at the temple!” the boy murmurs excitedly, but in a voice that is hushed enough so that servants never notice what goes on behind the closed bedroom door. Delicate fingers grasp A-Huan’s shoulders and shake eagerly, which elicits a grimace, a tired raspy groan, but not much else.

After a couple minutes of suffering from ultra-adorable attempts of a whining cute ten-year boy trying to wake his *gege* , A-Huan finally opens his eyes with just a crack in contrast to a wide smile on the lips; he is rewarded by his daily bread - the sight of A-Zhan with his hair already tied up neatly like a good, disciplined, faithful Lan child, his features child-like, handsome yet absolutely lovable bolster with some baby fat, body stark naked, smooth as a hairless babe; just a little farther below the pert boy-tits and slim waist, past the lickable navel, a pinkie-length morning wood sticks out proudly and jerks a couple of times, softly demanding for attention - the icing with a cherry on top on A-Huan’s daily bread. A-Zhan has been well-groomed by the brother since time immemorial, that they share so much inappropriate skinship inside the *gege* ’s room, so clothes are not needed within these four walls.

“ *Gege* , good morning! Please play with *didi* ’s penis, I cannot wear my nice Sunday clothes to go to the temple if this doesn’t go down,” the preteen whines. The oh-so-cute stick of firm, throbbing warm flesh caresses A-Huan’s cheeks and lips, with light taps of chubby hairless grape-sized testicles on the teenager’s slightly unshaven chin, adding to the chorus of

wake-up, good morning, wake-up alarm clock calls that A-Zhan is known for, only for the lucky *gege* . Something sticky smears across the teenager's lips, and A-Huan knows that the *didi* is getting a tad bit excited for a Sunday morning meant for holy prayers.

A-Huan finally relents, since a bouncing *didi* upon the neck and upper torso means sleep-ins are a no-no - so he yawns and streeetccches his limbs like a graceful cat. Not surprisingly, the brazen A-Zhan sticks his twitching wee-wee into the brother's gaping mouth because he's been trained to do so, and A-Huan gives the sweet strawberry-pink lolly a few loving brotherly licks and sucks the offered fruit. He pushes the foreskin to the back with his skilled, muscular tongue at the same time when he swallows the entire length easily like a snake does with its tasty prey; then, he works his jaws and lets the gliding, weaving tongue polish the moaning *didi* 's bulbous penis-glans happily and vigorously attack the wheezing pee-slit, before withdrawing languidly with an upstroke while tickling those tiny veins, resulting in a lovely series of visible shuddering ripples running through the boy's wildly jerking arousal, shooting straight deep, deep into the child's pelvis where happy things begin to swell, become sweetly engorged, filling up with throbbing molten heat that only ten-year olds make for their beloved *gege* s.

"Mmm. A-Zhan, last night *gege* had some late-night businesses to attend to," A-Huan murmurs huskily in-between gentle candy-like suckles, and lets his sleep-warmed breath tickle the light pubic fuzz growing above the stiff organ, when he swallowed right to the hilt and the tip of his nose bumps into the pubic bone..

"-- and that includes giving extra prayers to the gods to wish for a fruitful harvest this season," the lips move down to gently attack each child-testicle lovingly, alternately, swallowing one juicy grape at a time, rolling the defenceless egg with such vigour then vibrating it with a low, teenage

baritone hum once the egg is lodged inside the throat, before releasing it with a wet juicy plop from the youthful scrotal sac's elasticity. The inexperienced egg convulses from sensations that it was starting to get used to, since it is attacked day after day by the orally skilled *gege* ; until every last drop of newborn sperm is milked out in uncontrollable spasms, because each testicle is overwhelmed by feelings that it isn't prepared for.

“Would that extra prayer count for today? Gege has had a long week of cultivation training and studying in the library... let's stay indoors this time and rest,” *gege* persuades the boy, while a long index finger - the length of a grown-up's - slips through the boy-anus unnoticed, and draws and doodles wonderful shapes upon the helpless rectal wall, then locates the sweet lil' bump that all boys love - and starts to massage the nut-sized prostate gland with plenty of sweet circular rubs to jumpstart the production of sexual fluids that horny, lustful and sexy *gege* s love to drink from their ten-year old *didi* s.

A-Zhan becomes flushed from head to chest in blossoming reds, his breathing rapid and excited, eyes heavy-lidded and moist lips parted, legs collapsing like jelly from the wonderful adult's oral blowjob that only his *gege* can give; and still, the boy reflexively thrusts his hips deeper, faster, masturbating his penis using A-Huan's oral expertise, and a burning hot itch throbbing from deep inside his ass. One free hand, the size of an adult's, roams greedily all over the preteen's spine at the back and gropes the thin chests at the front, molesting every last inch because A-Zhan feels so small, so vulnerable, so deliciously smooth and warm to the touch, and smells of fragrant wildflowers and succulent fertile summertime fruits. The naughty *gege* 's hand swipes up and down the boy's back and ribs to the sides, gently grasps and squeezes tasty palm-sized butt-mounds, and he relishes how silky smooth they feel that he couldn't resist to give it a light bouncy pinch.

The sun has yet to rise, and there's at least a couple of hours before the day starts, thus A-Huan is unhurried in taking his time to savour the boy's first orgasms of the day. He drinks the gushes of freshly made virginal semen made exclusively by a ten-year old. Thirty healthy though tiny spurts each, three climaxes in rapid succession because the *gege* refuses to let go after each loving explosion of sadistic pleasure, accompanied by wild muscular penile contractions of a very, very tired yet absolutely delighted exposed pinkie-length cock trapped inside the diligent mouth, with long, shrill child-like incoherent moans, shaking hips, and trembling lean hairless boy-thighs. Mmm, it is mildly flavoured with the taste of sandalwood and sweetfruits from last night's supper... delish.

Later, the still-panting, sexually flushed boy lay boneless in his brother's arms, cocooned by the all-encompassing warmth and afterglow from the mind-blowing oral sex. A-Zhan is a little sweaty but his face is all smiles like a drunk adolescent, and his cheeks brightened up into a healthy rosy complexion. It's A-Zhan's turn to yawn because orgasms make him feel very, very nice, and a little sleepy, although his hips jerks erratically sometimes from the aftershocks, and his penis is still half-aroused from their daily sexy ritual. He asks innocently while gazing up at the *gege* from his cradle of muscular manly arms, that if they didn't pray on Sunday, does it mean that they could play all day?

A-Huan rubs his palms over A-Zhan's tiny nubs on the thin bony chest, and the teenager does not hesitate to lean in to give each boy-nipple sweet suckling kisses; eliciting unbridled but soft giggles from the prepubescent boy. The teenager promises his beloved *didi* that the boy can stay in the bedroom and play all day - while with one meaty hand twiddling the boy's tired penis, stroking it with that O-ring that the boy knows too well as a prelude of things to come - of more wonderful fun that they can enjoy with their naked, aroused bodies on a beautiful Sunday morning.

Sundays are special days in the Cloud Recesses for the faithful to count their blessings and to pray for good fortune at the local temple, and that reflects in the siblings' breakfast of sweet red bean *baozi* , rice dumplings with chicken and mushroom cooked with gravy, lucky red-dyed hard-boiled eggs, baked sweet potatoes, a plate of fruits and nuts, and a jug of warm soy milk accompanied with a side dish of *youtiao* . The servants who came in to quickly put the tray of food on the study table, tidy up the floor and collect any used or soiled clothes and bedspreads, were pleasantly surprised by the sight of the adorable but 'untouchable' *er gongzi* snuggling in his *gege* 's arms by the table where breakfast was being served.

“ *Er gongzi* looks like when he was just a toddler, just three years old, always clinging onto his brother's chest. How cute!”

“Only Zewu Jun can hold his brother like this. It's a special privilege, indeed. Zewu Jun, you're so talented both in matters of our sect and also in caring for your *didi* !”

“Ah, *er gongzi* is buck naked, please take him to bathe in the attached bathroom soon, Zewu Jun. We certainly would be heartbroken if *er gongzi* catches a cold because he insists to strut around without his clothes whenever he's in your bedroom.”

With the squealing maiden servants gone after completing their duties, the door is locked once again, and the brothers enjoy their breakfast in leisure - since there's no need to go to the temple on that Sunday. A-Huan takes his

time to enjoy the meal and his *didi* , exchanging hot, long wet kisses and ticklish touches, playing with fingertips and food simultaneously, feeding the boy mouthful by mouthful of bite-sized dumplings, at the same time, masturbating the little boy to multiple completions because the teenage clan leader has all the time in the world to sexually prey upon his *didi* .

A-Zhan floats in a semi-wakefulness state, because too many orgasms had tired out his tiny ten-year old body that is unprepared to handle such extremely pleasurable shudders and convulsions that wrecked his meridians, overburnt his flaming lusts, and put his loins to a happy sleep. He regresses in his behaviour to the delight of the older brother; A-Huan gently chastises the boy for being seen naked by those servants, “Shame, shame on you, A-Zhan, letting those *jiejie* s see your smooth buttocks and your wee-wee”, in which those embarrassing feelings welled up from within, causing the boy’s penis to jerk in a strange, twisted response of excitement and humiliation, also because the *gege* continues to fondle with the *didi* ’s hairless penis while enjoying breakfast, that A-Zhan curls up and shifts in his cradle of *gege* -scented arms until he straddles A-Huan’s hips, to suckle on *gege* ’s teenage breasts like a babe, then after a few languid jolts of hips that sends the turgid, swollen ten-year old’s penis straight into A-Huan’s navel - because it’s such a lovely fleshy narrow cocksleeve fit for preteen boys to fuck in - A-Zhan cums weakly in oozing, pulsing dribbles. A-Zhan moans incoherently that he’s ashamed, he’s sorry, and he’s a bad boy for showing his unclothed genitals to the *jiejie* s, and A-Huan, having forgiven the sweet *didi* trapped in his arms, reaches down to give the boy’s trembling testicles a few nice impassioned rubs. He whispers into A-Zhan’s hair and kisses the scalp, “You are, A-Zhan, you’re a naughty boy after all, especially when you’re with *gege* . Suck *gege* ’s breast harder and let *gege* play harder with your cute little penis, so that you’ll calm down.” A-Zhan mms in acknowledgement and obediently surrenders to the rising waves of exhausting sexual peaks, then ejaculates a couple more times from the lovely feelings inside his stirred yet shrivelled loins, and tries his best to be *gege* ’s baby by continuing to suck in his dream-like state.

With breakfast and bath done, it is time to get some prayers done indoors. Staying out of temples on Sunday mornings does not preclude one from the responsibilities to pray and give thanks to those who bless their lives. A-Zhan had been taught how to do this before, and there is no need for family altars or shrines - bodies are sacred temple, and worship can be done within, according to A-Huan's wise words that the *didi* gladly memorized and captured into his heart.

First, an incense stick must be lit. Like acting out from a perverse script, naked A-Zhan bows with folded hands at the front while A-Huan wipes his body dry with a washcloth, fresh out of a private wooden tub of warm springwater. “ *Gege* , A-Zhan wants to pray. Can you help to light *didi* 's incense stick? I'm not allowed to go near a fire source during prayer rituals, according to the family rules,” the boy pleads. A-Huan smiles and nods, of course he'll help, because *gege* 's hot lips is the fire source and *didi* 's dick is the incense stick that must be lit to send prayers up to the heavens.

Less than a minute later, the insatiable *gege* looms above the boy and between the spread slender legs upon his bed, now with a fresh set of bedsheets and pillows. He tells the boy to prepare the incense stick properly, just like he's been taught since earlier childhood - A-Zhan obeys without a question and starts to masturbate to sate the brother's desire for a visual feast. When A-Zhan's hairless child-penis stands up and twitches excitedly from the wonderful hand strokes, he uses his fingers to pull down his tight foreskin until the prized red strawberry within is fully exposed, ready to be sexually assaulted by the brother - to be lit up, literally -, and his testicles spasm in anticipation. A-Huan takes his time to devour the fruit again and again, because he has all the time in the world to plunder the boy's penile innocence on a beautiful Sunday morning, bobbing his head up and down in a steady rhythm until the boy cries and writhes, pumping those thin hips high and deep into the brother's loving mouth, patiently sucking the boy's screaming soul out along with drizzles of mildly sweet boy-essence, pre-cum spurting excitedly in showers in tandem with pulses running up and down the pretty angry-red incense stick, and testicles that

get cupped and massaged like adorable dough balls until they swelled and darkened with blood-engorgement, again and again.

The incense stick is lit, and now, it is time to place it into a holder. A-Huan exchanges their positions, this time he lies on the bed and the *didi* is lifted and manhandled until it's the boy's turn to settle down between the larger teenager's legs. He coos, “ *Didi* , come, come, put your hot smoking incense stick to where it belongs, just like how I've taught you long ago” while raising his hairy hips and aiming his spread butt-cheeks at A-Zhan. A-Zhan breathes hard and is sexually aroused from the aftershocks of yet another record-breaking blowjob, and now, the sight of another man's anus ready to receive his pinkie-length penis to deliver it to nirvana. The boy obeys without hesitation, because he's been trained to lose his penile virginity at a very early age, long before his first wet dream, and that this practise is a prayer ritual that has nothing to do with one's purity and virginity. A-Zhan happily deflowers himself when he pushes his turgid, jerking penis into the dark puckered crevice, then snaps his hips forward, and he goes into a wonderfully hot, squeezing and living, pulsing cocksleeve that far exceeds the pleasures of any form of sex he's had so far. The boy cries, hiccups at the overwhelming sensations and feelings of being connected, mumbling “ *gege* , *gege* , it feels so good inside you, my wee-wee is so hot”, his penis exhilarated beyond belief in a warmth, lovingly encased by a man's rectal muscles and grasped by anal sphincters, body connected with his older brother at their most sacred, intimate parts - there is a rush of transcendental feelings of love and bonding deeper than flesh-and-blood siblings ought to have; the glaring fact that he's engaging in the ultimate tasty sexual intercourse with his *da ge* and yet, he does not have the words to describe the torrent of unrestrained thoughts and heart-squeezing emotions of what it really means to make sweet love with his *gege* , because he's too young to understand what goes on in his inexperienced, immature ten-year old body - so he cries out hot fat tears.

A-Huan sighs and wipes those tears off the *didi* 's reddened cheeks. “A-Zhan, A-Zhan, do not cry, otherwise *gege* will be sad too. Be strong, A-

Zhan, and start moving. The third and final step is to pray. Bow as many times as you give each thanks to a person, or a circumstance, that you're grateful for."

For each bow, A-Zhan has to bend his body until his forehead nearly touches the teenager's pecs, resulting in the withdrawal of his quivering steel-hard pinkie penis from the *gege*'s marvellous ass. To complete the bow, he shoves in, slides the excited child-penis and spears the heavenly asshole until he is completely sheathed, slammed right to the hilt, and the boy's eyes rolls up, back arched, toes curled, fingers clutch wildly at the brother's waist, and balls tighten at the luxuriously tight and wet tunnel milking out his spirit and strength.

A-Zhan's first prayer goes to the Almighty God, for granting a blessed life despite his difficult orphaned circumstance, that he still wakes up every morning, that he has family, and he still has warm food to eat and a roof over his head when he sleeps.

The second prayer goes to his deceased parents, for giving him a chance in this world, and for giving him an older brother who loves him very, very much. He wishes their departed spirits well, and hopes that they live a good afterlife, and that someday, when he's done enough good in this world and earned enough merits, he will be able to see them in the heavens once again.

The third prayer goes to Xi Chen *gege* - at that point, A-Huan too, was in tears after listening to the boy's wishes - for being the best big brother a *didi* can ever wish for, for raising him when they no longer had parents, for working hard to build and strengthen their clan so that every Lan member

can and deserves to live in the Cloud Recesses filled with peace and harmony.

A-Huan just had to embrace his sweet little younger brother after those three wishes, and he thanks the boy for thinking about the three most important pillars in his life. After sharing some tears together, and later, some nuzzles and nose rubs, whispering I-Love-Yous, Thank-Yous and Sorrys, to take their minds off the depressing stories, A-Huan tells the ten-year old sweetie that he should continue his prayers quietly, starting from the fourth to - how much was it again?

“Two hundred,” A-Zhan answers like a boy who’d raised his hands enthusiastically to respond to a math teacher’s question. With that, A-Huan leans back into the freshly cleaned pillows, spreads his hips and buttocks further, and braces for a morning full of sweet, tender lovemaking of a ten-year old fucking his man-ass. A-Zhan would falter at prayer number thirty, sixty and ninety, because he came hard inside the brother’s clenching butt, with tasty moans and inappropriate uunh-uunh-uunh grunts, wild hip-shakes, cute twitching penile flesh and a blossoming canvas of different shades of reds radiating across the boy’s contracting abdomen to heaving chest, to trembling upper torso to those rosy, sweaty cheeks. A-Huan smiles and admonishes the *didi* to practise harder and start all over again from prayer number four until he can reach the two hundredth prayer in a single stretch without ejaculating recklessly, thus disrupting the count.

The *gege* ‘helped’ his hardworking *didi* to breed the teenager’s man-pussy, by molesting the thin, bony child-body using unrestrained kisses on the lips and nipples, to generous butt-grabs where the *gege* could guide the tempo of their manly lovemaking, then reaching behind to knead the delicate, sensitive boy-eggs to shorten the detonation time - to A-Zhan’s childish frustration because he’d have to start over the number of fucks-cum-prayer, but it was done in playful fun -, and once in a while, they’d switch so that

A-Zhan can rest with his back on the bed, with the naughty *gege* riding him with his fleshy ass, and he'd pull up each of the adolescent's slender legs, bend it at the knees until the soft-padded smooth sole is within his reach, and A-Huan gives A-Zhan a wonderful foot massage with his calloused fingertips while giving a different soul-draining massage using his anal muscles upon the boy's helpless, shuddering penis penetrating deep into the larger older sibling - in which, A-Zhan turns into a mass of boneless moans and falls asleep from the excellent relaxing reflexology therapy and the tiredness and sleepiness that comes with any tension-releasing male ejaculations, so that A-Huan can extract and steal a few orgasms from the defenceless boy - until red-faced A-Zhan wakes, bleary eyed and cutely yawning in utter exhaustion, shuddering body burning hot, hot from the constant lovemaking, and a very, very satisfied, slightly crooked grin etched on the boy's face because his body is riddled with very, very nice feelings, jolts and throbs - although he has to start from prayer number four - again.

All in all, it is a beautiful Sunday morning for the two boys, nestled in the older brother's bedroom, somewhere in the Cloud Recesses in another world's Gusu.

(A very drained, emptied and very, very sleepy and pleased A-Zhan never really reached his goal of fucking his *gege* until the two hundredth prayer - but he keeps trying anyway for the rest of Sunday, like a good little faithful Lan boy.)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 212

“Ah ha ha ha ha! So, Lan Wang Ji, is that how you take revenge upon your unfaithful wife? That since I deflowered the *shijie* in my fantasies, so you did the same unto the older brother of your dreams? You stoop so low in your morals these days, I can no longer look at you in the eye, unless I’m as sexually depraved and desperate as you are... and I am! I really am!”

The young man stared at the older husband, took to step forward, then the latter, two steps backward. It was becoming a sort of fleet-footed dance, with Wei Ying slowly approaching his naughty husband with a withering glare, and Lan Zhan backing off while his eyes looked away in any direction possible. They moved from bed to against the wall, from wall until someone’s back bumped onto a table’s edge, from table to floor when Lan Zhan slipped on a banana peel - the kids’ snack - and Wei Ying finally settled his weight comfortably between the husband’s strong, muscular thighs. Till this day, days after arriving in Nieshan, the couple continued to remain as the village’s only resident nudists whenever they’re in their room.

“Don’t forget, Grand Matriarch also raped his younger brother! And here’s a spoiler: *shijie* got pregnant the next day and they still had crazy monkey sex after that!” A-Xian called out from somewhere in the upper bunk, and an orange peel launched from the creaking mattress, arched gracefully, then landed atop Wei Ying’s unruly hair with a wet splat. The wife shook off the peel and groaned tiredly - precocious, undisciplined brats, really! - then scolded A-Ji to pick up the trash when they’re done eating fruits and having underaged sex. A-Ji merely grunted, also somewhere in the upper bunk, because he couldn’t formulate a proper ‘Mn’ when A-Xian rode the eight-year old Lan loverboy energetically to kingdom come using his fast-paced soul-shattering shakin’ bubble butt. Ni-er yawned cutely because watching two pairs of males, one adult, one immature, bone one another in an

assortment of sex positions and role-plays was, in demonic terms and quite frankly, boring.

“Ni-er, make sure A-Xian washes his hands after eating, I don’t want sticky residues all over this room that will attract biting ants! And you A-Ji, you better control your bladder this time, because I am NOT going to wash your underwear, or your bedsheets, and hang them out to dry like little white flags anymore!”

“Ahhh! Grand Matriarch is a bully! No wonder that smelly evil Uncle Wei is like you, because you’re both related! Go away, and stop disturbing my A-Ji! Meanie!” (and an apple core comes flying and bounces off Wei Ying’s head.)

“You rascal! I’m going to sell you to a brothel before your step-parents come to pick you up! You’re gonna get raped by dirty smelly and fat uncles with warts on their penises, like those merry band of bandit friends of Uncle Wei, and you’re going to get pregnant before you reach ten!”

Lan Zhan sighed and allowed the wife to throw barbs and exchange insults with his childhood feral self, because that ignited some kind of savage fiery heat within the latter and the wife started to dry-hump the husband to his own kingdom come. Lan Zhan closed his eyes, let his head droop on the floor in mock relaxation, and basked in the radiating, throbbing pleasures of having one’s crotch engage in titillating erotic play of pubic-rubs, dick-fencing, and all manners of mutual masturbations without the need for hands. To keep the incensed wife from rolling away in his determination to verbally abuse the eight-year old brat, Lan Zhan crossed his legs and captured his very own Wei Ying, and soon, he was well on his way to his

nth orgasm that day, hands-off, vigorously serviced by a fertile humping sexy man-wife.

“Grand Patriarch! Is it true? That Uncle Wei came from your dreams? Why would you dream up of such a smelly evil uncle? He used to rape A-Ji every morning and all day, how could you imagine such a terrible person at all?” the squeaky child made Lan Zhan cringe, because he really, really didn’t want to be dragged into their spats.

“Let me tell you a story, then,” he finally relented, because he thought he should at least reveal that much to his closest family members. Everyone listened, to the tune of creaks and rustles since both Wei boy and man continued to sexually pleasure their partners be it upon the upper bunk bed or on the cold hard floor.

The Grand Patriarch regaled the family and a giant furry caterpillar-babysitter about how he was sexually abused by neighbouring uncles when he hadn’t even reached the age of eight - thus smashing A-Ji’s and everyone’s record of who started to have sex at the youngest age -, and how those sexual trauma eventually culminated into sleazy, criminal characters such as Uncle Wei and his merry band of criminals, pirates, thieves and all manners of foul, vile people. His unsavoury stories drew the children’s attention, and they stopped misbehaving though still continued engage tasty child-sex, and that gave Wei Ying a well-deserved respite. Thus, the wife rewarded the clever husband with a sweet kiss on the cheeks and made sure Lan Zhan’s nth climax felt the most heavenly, most pleasurable, and most mind-blowing for that day.

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The days are long and idyllic in the rustic, remote village of Nieshan. With Imperial scouts on the move after the devastation of Jinshan caused by Lan Zhan's so-called *qi* deviation and the subsequent rebuilding that town in the backwaters of the Imperial empire, the couple didn't want to risk getting caught on the road by anti-magic wielding Tao priests or their military escorts - so, they decided to bide their time in the unremarkable and forgettable neighbouring village until the chaos unfurled and was laid to rest as 'just another social unrest' with *yaoguai* to be blamed for the damages.

Resupplies from the Imperial army still occurred at least on a weekly basis, including captured rogue cultivators and *yaoguai* who are sorted in a new facility in Nieshan, then bound by magic and shipped off to more advanced training and brainwashing facilities in Jinshan or elsewhere. The lower-level *yaoguai* are turned into bloodwine by junior Tao priests housed in Nieshan's small, rickety temple, in which Wei Ying and some privileged but well-camouflaged citizens of the Kingdom periodically raid the stores when the unwary priests are asleep; the unneeded human cultivators, sometimes the odd, mistakenly-captured peasant, are turned into demonic food as a source of sexual *qi* by the older priests, and they make for nice de-stressing primetime entertainment for most of the Kingdom's subjects hiding amongst Nieshan's populace - and they get to steal quite a bit of the emitted *qi* for their personal consumption too. Parasitism is the name of Wei Ying's game, and while the wife engages in those objectionable, unscrupulous activities, Lan Zhan prefers to do things discreetly - he taps his feet and winks out of existence for two seconds, before re-materializing back to the present, fully invigorated and satiated in his loins. His body is his own temple and warehouse, and he is free to choose whichever floor mat in his inventory - there are infinite varieties of mats, actually - to worship the fruitful, sexual fantasies of his desires and whims.

The uprising of *yaoguai* , suspected to be led by the powerful, increasingly notorious murderous Zodiac Demons, meant that the world that they knew was slowly approaching its fateful end. It was no longer safe to journey between towns as pockets of intelligent, evolving man-eating *yaoguai* overrun certain key areas and settlements. The sinister counterbalancing force of Tao strengthened considerably as well, and countless local priests and monks were recruited to join the ranks of Imperial troops and accompany their night hunts; junior priests are groomed and trained into very powerful spellcasting warriors who master the arts of wizardry, and when they've gained enough firepower and kills, their souls become corrupted and possessed by the same, yet different, ferocious depraved demons to restart their strange cycle in the evolution from the hunter to become the hunted. In this state of bloodthirsty, wartorn balance between men and *yaoguai* , the precepts of Tao are put in place and constantly upended, which serves to elevate the importance of this seemingly holy, yet corrupted religion to the attention, and later, interest of the Emperor of Chang'an.

However, the royal couple chose to be oblivious to the latest developments in the Mortal Realm because technically, both had applied for annual plus bonus childcare leaves and had every right not to take calls for work, or be involved in matters of the mundane world. The four Demons of the Negative Planes had been sent back to recuperate stress and overwork, however, fortunately, Ni-er and Ernie were around to help out in babysitting; Ni-er being the biggest soft toy-cum-soothing masturbatory aid for the two boys, and Ernie looms above everyone else, perpetually scanning the horizon for danger and opportunities with either his orbital platforms circling the planet, countless mind-controlling and intelligent sensory nanoparticles that infect every living thing in the Mortal Realm, or through his subterranean cold black tentacles that spread far and wide across the continents. The family spent their days doing mundane things together, including household chores, farming, foraging and hunting for game, their nights in the underground space-time bubble city that slowly progressed towards the 51st-century, and lots of two-second breaks in-between for personal enjoyment - for the kids, at least - and to propagate

their own sub-species - for those horny adults; and they would regroup by the end of each productive, fun-filled day in their beds, huddled up together as one happy family and even happier, sated bodies, minds and souls.

Despite such busy schedules, the couple managed to utilize their vacation to rest and rebuild their strengths. Lan Zhan was glad to practise his cultivation three times a day, have nutritious, balanced meals and plenty of sex, and work on his interests in reading the latest editions of Cultivation Times, writing calligraphy and poetry, composing new songs for the guqin, go swordboarding in circles up to the skies, and even improving his sweeping techniques with the straw broom amongst a spate of leveling ups on his domestic abilities. Wei Ying did much more, albeit in a rather haphazard fashion, but he managed to keep himself feeling accomplished and satisfied with a balanced mix of holing himself up to research, invent and craft new gadgets and magical talismans and potions, solving puzzles, surfing ErNet aimlessly and finishing computer games online, improved his archery skills before having wild sex parties, next to practising his flute in peace, before running off to start new worlds in another universe, battling aliens in spaceships and crushing rival empires, then returning to hunt jungle fowls in the bushes in the vicinity and go treasure hunting for ancient relics geocached by the husband several millenia years ago, probably.

The Wei clone-siblings popped by occasionally during mealtimes and some odd hours, giving the couple well-deserved breaks from babysitting (done mostly by Ni-er anyway, and she's gained the reputation of becoming a kind of monster-cousin to the boys). Each have plenty of marvellous time-travel and inter-dimensional multiversal stories to tell, which the couple listened and took to heart, knowing that once again, each Wei *gege* and *didi* have moved on with their journeys in life and into whole new adventures, discoveries and excitement, but they still call Wei Ying - the original Wei Wu Xian -, their 'queenie home of homes'.

Uncle Wei was eventually caught, after he attempted to assassinate some shady character known as Jesus Christ in a particular time period two thousand years from the couple's in a land Far, Far, West. In his defense, he called out the decree issued by the Heavenly Palace to apprehend rogue cultivators that had time-travelled to cause chaos throughout history, and he said that for an unknown human to cure illnesses with his bare hands, to raise the dead including his own life after getting nailed to a wooden cross for a sacrifice, to part a large body of water seemingly with miracles and magic, and stuff like that - surely this Jesus Christ *xiansheng* must be a powerful cultivator in hiding and should be removed from the annals of mankind's history; fortunately, the Kingdom's Time Police did their job and restored peace, justice and the flow of events, and sent the dirty, unwashed and criminal Uncle Wei back to the Regent in handcuffs, no less - because Uncle Wei had been running a network of crime, piracy, drugs, smuggling and whatnots under everyone's noses and profited tremendously over the entire history of mankind, and corrupted countless bodies, minds and souls to the benefit of his huge organization of merry drunken bandits; many were eventually rounded up, and Uncle Wei was kept under house arrest in the Heavenly Palace. In the typical but respectable fashion of Lan-kin, the Regent made a brief appearance in front of the media and bowed in apology. "I am sorry for the troubles, and I promise to take better care of this spouse and win his heart, so that he will not run away again, and this sort of chaos shall not recur," the Regent pledged in front of ErNet's largest news networks.

Happily, Wei Ying and Lan Zhan shipped A-Xian and A-Ji back to their step-parents' loving and abusive arms just as it was about time to leave Nieshan, their newfound favourite countryside resort hidden amongst miles upon miles of uninhabited forests. They chose new garments for their next expedition to the outside world, after having been clothed in colourful 21st-century cotton t-shirts, sweatshirts, hoodies, comfy denim jeans and tracksuits, Calvin Klein underwear and other modern fashionable accessories like 24-carat gold and gemstone-studded matching earrings, holo-watches and Nike shoes, at least in recent memory - so the change back to plain *hanfu* robes of the beige, brown and grey colour scheme was a

refreshing though mundane welcome, and they match with Nie country's culturally preferred colour palettes, where they are based in. They had everything with them, with in-built near-61st century warehouses filled with their daily, emergency and extraordinary necessities - Lan Zhan's being far more organized than Wei Ying's -, and even floor mats digitally woven into the soles of their feet should a quick escape for quickies, or more practically, trips to interconnected underground kingdoms and fantasies of the entire Kingdom of Lan and the Wangxian company, be required. Still, Lan Zhan insisted that they should carry something to look mundane and not too out of place in 2000 B.C., so they opted for classic embroidered Bag of Holding satchels that could be bought in any Magic R' Us shop in most major cities. With headpieces and topknots in place - Lan Zhan brushed and tied Wei Ying's hair, of course - and brand new shiny cloth shoes wiggling on their feet, the couple was ready to set out.

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“Lan Zhan, that's enough! I don't need that much, otherwise I'll end up suffering from diarrhea!” Wei Ying exclaimed with amusement, as he watched the husband pick ripe red chillies off the plants in a thriving vegetable garden patch, and annoyingly, out of bad, outdated habits, slipped them into the sleeves one chilli at a time; the act was unnecessary, really, because every chilli could be teleported into an extra-dimensional warehouse by virtue of a feather-light touch, a drawn magic symbol, or a miniscule elevation of *qi* . Lan Zhan continued to pick them calmly, as though in a dreamy daze - there must be some miraculous therapeutic effect of selecting those bright red finger-length glazed peppers in a sea of contrasting fresh, dew-dropped greens, thus contributing to the husband's obsessive-repetitive compulsive disorder, as well as his hoarding nature that demands that he pick every last chilli in the vegetable patch. Thus, he picks, inserts them into the sleeves, where they're transported to god knows where, and God is the one picking the chillies, by the way.

The older man had started a farm not long after arriving in Nieshan, because the land is fertile and unused, and there's plenty of sunlight and rainfall as the weather became warmer. After a season of planting, fertilizing (with you-know-what, enchanted with fertile godly powers, by the way) and taking out the pests, within just weeks, he was rewarded with multiple harvests of chillies. "You've already vacuumed up a tonne of those from the courtyard earlier today, you know, the ones that were drying in the sun. And yet, you're intent on taking every single ripe pepper with you - what are you thinking? Poisoning me with spicy curries and red-hot congees every day?" Wei Ying laughed again, a hand scratching his protruding belly and downwards, obnoxiously, to the crotch to groom his pubic curls and pick a few itchy scabs and blackheads. The younger man was as shameless as he was crude - he wore only a thin outer robe meant for sleeping and nothing else underneath, so he looked pretty much like a male porn star ready for a shoot, minus the trademark sexy body because Wei Ying didn't really have those legendary six-pack abs unlike his husband. However, he did have a bit of a belly because he hadn't been exercising, framed by pliant, soft rounded hips, ugly stretch marks to match with gnarly curly body hair all over the abdomen, and further up, a fair-skinned thin bony chest with somewhat saggy grandpa's tits. To add to the insult of being a walking contradiction, he does have a handsome, charming boyish face of a twenty-two year old man with slightly unruly hair and sometimes sports a five o' clock shadow when he's too lazy to shave, and down, down there, he has an overused female pussy hiding behind a set of penis and wrinkly male balls. The husband, on the other hand, is perfect in everything - height, proportion, bronzed tan, musculature, esteemed and distinguished, drop-dead gorgeous, superbly handsome and absolutely attractive, and is every bit qualified to win this year's Most Desirable Married Man award from the renowned LanBoy magazine.

"No, Wei Ying. I just wanted to collect and store enough. In case of rainy days, as the saying goes. I want to be able to always cook your favourite dishes. No matter where and when," the husband answered patiently, and picked another handful of chillies. The plants grew well even though it was an off-season harvest.

The wife made a squeal-y “Lannnn Zhannnn!” with tiny hearts dancing above his head; how could he not fall in love with such a simplistic, yet so stubborn and old-fashioned fart, Wei Ying remarked to himself with a silly lovestruck grin. He looked at their surroundings - so far, they’ve been able to successfully avoid those nosy junior priests and the pack of soldiers, cultivators and *yaoguai* who generally kept to the couple of rows of buildings in the heart of the village - their civilization. Both men disguised themselves as Nieshan villagers, and they pretended to live on the fringes and work on the fields close to the military encampment. They’ve had a few close brushes - once, when a bald, wrinkly drooling senior priest sniffed out something tasty from Lan Zhan and tailed him to the outdoor toilets where the latter was inappropriately touched, and Wei Ying saved him throwing a bucket of human waste meant for fertilizing the farms at the molester priest; the priest ran off with a furious scowl and a string of curses and the next day, he disappeared from from the temple without a trace, presumably sent on a holy mission, but actually, he was eaten by Ernie that same night; in another instance, Wei Ying was called to carry some sacks of grains like a slave - because all villagers are considered as lowly peasants suitable for menial tasks given against their will - and the man nearly suffered from a strained back when a few fellow *yaoguai* labourers detected something unusual and piled up upon him with blades and claws drawn. Lan Zhan farted in panic at the spouse’s dire predicament and caused a disastrous *qi* overflow, which would’ve resulted in a massive detonation of unsurpassed proportions and ended the world - fortunately, the husband’s new body, originating from Wei Ying’s home-made recipe for 3d-printed biscuits, contained an Anti-Lock Braking System (ABS)-esque countermeasure, which immediately activated Lan Zhan’s six-pack abs (ABS) to spasm painfully and cut off all intestinal peristaltic movements, and squeezed his anus shut in a last-ditch effort to prevent the apocalyptic passing of gas from the man’s buttocks, and everyone lived. The suspected *yaoguai* were hastily taken down with tranquilizers from trigger-ready snipers hiding in all corners of the village, and were promptly eaten by Ernie from the deep, abyssal underground.

Wei Ying sighed. He owed a lot to the husband, so he thought a bit and tried to hatch an interesting plan to divert the man's attention from those chillies - because, really, as one ages, one cannot eat too spicy foods anymore. He spread his legs wider like a male slut, then scratched his exposed, naked crotch harder, while lying on a picnic bench by the vegetable patch, far away from the main military encampment.

“ *Lao gong , lao gong* , my crotch is itchy because there are too many curly hairs growing there. Can you take a look and trim it a little? It's making my wee-wee itch, and my balls are irritated by the ticklish sensations. If you pay attention to my crotch, I'll let you touch-touch my pussy with your penis, do you want that? There's no one around, you can kiss-kiss my womb and make some babies here and now, if you're up to it...”

Lan Zhan immediately dropped his red-hot chillies and unbuckled his belt, then grabbed a pair of garden shears, and rushed to the wife with his pants off.

(cue scary music from a horror movie)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 213

A-Huan was having an unusual predicament of his lifetime at the peak of his youth, when his fledgling pre-teen little brother discovered the despairing truth of engaging in male homosexual and incestuous relationships.

A-Zhan had been religiously praying almost every Sunday by worshipping inside his brother's anus, and he prayed zealously for a happy family blessed with happy babies; he never got to reach that two-hundredth prayer, but seeing how hard he tried, tenaciously fucking his brother's ass every holy Sunday until he collapsed in a panting, sweaty and very, very satiated heap by the afternoon with boy-balls flat-tyred thereafter, pushing himself over the edge until his overexerted hips couldn't shake anymore, until his child-penis couldn't endure another series of multiple orgasms despite how good it felt to rub inside the *gege*'s hot sexy rectum - A-Huan finally conceded, broke his vow of silence about the dirty sex happening between them, and asked the boy a simple 'why?'

A-Zhan cried fat tears and hiccuped pitifully, when he learnt that boys cannot make babies by fucking each other's asses - it just simply doesn't work that way, in a biological sense, at least, A-Huan explained. However, he says, as he cuddles his adorable red-faced little *didi* in a warm embrace on the bed, and peppers sweet kisses on the boy's rosy cheeks, then a smooch on the button nose, one could experiment and test Mother Nature's limits and try to make happy babies just by following what is normally done. At that point, A-Zhan sniffled and stopped crying, and there were sparkles of bewilderment in his eyes, because he thought the *gege* had a fantastic enlightenment, a stroke of ingenuity, to solve the problem of baby-making between two brothers. So, when A-Huan instructed the boy to get naked for a lesson about sex, A-Zhan obeyed without a question and ditched his clothes, then instinctively lay down on his brother's *gege* -

scented musky pillows - because he's been trained to so by default - and spread his legs for the smiling, anticipating A-Huan.

“See, normally, a man has to make sweet love with his chosen woman partner to make babies together. His penis goes into her vagina, and it feels very, very nice to do that, so he squirts his seed as a reward for being loved by his woman. The seed is like a vessel carrying their shared love deep into her, past the womb where the baby will grow up later, and goes to find her ovaries where her eggs are stored. When the seed and egg are joined in holy matrimony, a tiny baby is formed and it is nurtured and cared for inside the woman's womb for nine months, before being birthed.

It's a bit like walking through a lovely garden to your friend's house, then opening the door when you're there. After that, you need to walk inside to find your friend, who may be in the bedroom and elsewhere, then the two of you spend time in the main living room to play together and be happy. Does that make sense, A-Zhan?”

The meaning is lost to the ten-year old, because A-Huan is a dedicated and very patient teacher to all Lan disciples; as he talked about penis going into a vagina, he stroked the boy's arousal vigorously with a full nearly adult-sized fist to illustrate that yes, it feels very, very nice to let a penis move in and out, in and out, of a wonderful tight cocksleeve that could either be a vagina that the boy hasn't known before, or his brother's, which the boy is completely familiar with.

When the *gege* talked about the womb, he also inserted one finger into A-Zhan's anus and found the cute nut-sized prostate gland and poked it gently, tapping it to indicate that for men, this is where babies can grow to size if that is even possible. A-Zhan nodded one to acknowledge the lesson, but A-

Huan deliberately massaged tasty circles and patted the bump on the rectal wall like a cat does with soft bouncy surfaces, sending those nectarly fluids swirling and gushing within A-Zhan's helpless pelvis.

At the mention of the all important egg, A-Huan briefly released his hand and cupped the boy's plump succulent testicles. That was all A-Zhan needed to know, but the *gege* insisted, wordlessly, to knead those adorable balls inside their trapped sacs, causing juices to be milked out in yummy pulses just like how it's like to squeeze an orange fruit.

A-Huan is skilled not only with his mouth and ass, but also his fingers - so he played with his *didi*'s penis very well and lovingly fondled the special spot beneath the strawberry tip until it quivered, pulsed, and A-Zhan grimaced and sighed and his hips began to shiver uncontrollably from the sudden shockingly pleasurable lightning strikes to his loins, because he was not prepared and there was no foreplay - and squirted a pearly droplet of white, that is, A-Zhan's famous one-two release when the child's genitals became too excited from unfamiliar sensations or from being rubbed raw too quickly, that a single prolonged undulating wave of incredible tension-releasing orgasmic convulsion surged from deep inside the ten-year old's pelvis to the tip of the cockslit to spill, before its intended time, with mini-climaxes dotting stars in the child's fluttering vision, one single dollop of precious seed that the poor boy couldn't hold back.

A-Huan stared at the surprised, sexually flushed *didi* and did not hesitate to dip between the boy's spread thighs repeatedly to inhale that sweet opaque and syrupy offering, then licked it off before raining endearing kisses along the trembling erection from peeled tip to base, nibbling the underside length to coax the urethral tube to loosen up and relax for more lovely ejaculations to come, sliding a grown-up's lips from base to balls, loving violent licks around the jiggled testicles before returning up, upstroke, feeling penile veins throb almost too painfully, tugging at the child's foreskin playfully,

before leaving with a sweet kiss upon the bulbous spongy pink strawberry upon A-Zhan's wee-wee.

The sex ed done, A-Zhan was gasping, breathless and spread-eagled upon the brother's bed like a wanton slut. He reached for his turgid penis and pointed at the angry-red tip, “*Gege*, can you shoot your seed inside *didi*'s vagina--” then drew a line along his perky twitching penis to somewhere close to his pubic bone, “-- so that it goes past *didi*'s womb here, and--” the index finger led the way down, down to his hairless balls still trapped inside their wrinkly pouch, “-- and finally the seed can reach here, A-Zhan's eggs, to get married and make happy babies?”

A-Huan couldn't tear his eyes off those lovely testicles no larger than grapes in his large calloused palm. He bounced the sac gently as though to test their weight and maturity, and ran a thumb across both defenceless, fertile boy-eggs. One of them, the slightly-raised, larger right one, spasmed from the glaring attention, and tried to scurry away by tucking itself closer to the boy's penis base.

Lan *da ge* smiled calmly and leaned in to kiss the fleeing testicle that had nowhere to hide. Sandalwood fragrance, smells of sweetfruits from earlier that day, with a hint of mildly salty pee to taste, wrinkly skin very delicate and silky in texture, the sounds of blood racing, coursing through insides of the child's excited loins to lovingly pump fluids and make everything swollen, engorged, excited, ready for fun incestuous sexual play between and adult and a child.

“Of course, *gege* will make happy babies inside you, so that we all can live in a happy family,” A-Huan said as he sexually attacked and swallowed one testicle at a time; it was Saturday morning, and he didn't have classes or

work in the fields, so the Lan's future clan leader has all the time that day to lovingly breed and rape his little brother's eggs for the sake of the *didi* 's happiness.

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If a preteen's pinkish penis and hormone-darkened rounded balls look like an upright vase, then the panting, rosy-complexioned ten-year old paints a beautiful spreading branch of cherry blossoms with wood coloured by his milky white seed, with small strawberries and raspberries dipped in those lovely streaks of cooling semen as flowers, against a backdrop of heaving baby-smooth alabaster skin tinged with sexually flushed reds, and twin perky boy-nipples standing out with excitement, each time the *gege* sprinkles more tiny red fruits upon the sensual canvas, then dips his head to the boy's exposed, revealing abdomen, to lick those dropped fruits coated with pooling boy-cum, and savoured his - their - masterpiece.

A-Huan declared that for a boy to receive seed in his eggs, he must first vacate as much of his own semen to make room for the incoming seed. That made sense, so A-Zhan lay on the bed and let his older brother pursue artisanal and scholarly delights using his ten-year old body - painting, for example. The teenage *gege* is a prodigy at such arts, and he knows how to pin the twitching penis against the boy's pubic bone, then, using two fingers, make rapid swiping movements from base to tip repeatedly, squeezing the tube at the underside of the delicate, hypersensitive penis like milking a tube of toothpaste, at such ferocious speeds and with such deadly precision, that when A-Zhan couldn't help but to explode into millions of stars into nirvana and his genitals convulsed violently in powerful, muscular waves to spew its lovely fertile contents, A-Huan directed the penis like a garden hose to draw the 'branches' of his imagined cherry blossoms. Each throbbing ejaculation streaking across the boy's abdomen, even up to the chest, marks a branch. Then, the creative artisan picks some red fruits from

a bowl brought by servants earlier as a morning snack, and one by one places each succulent fruit along the semen stream, signifying the blossoms themselves. A-Huan reached for his bedside table and fished out an ink-brush, and he used it to perfect his art by painting twigs off the cummy, milky-white branches - and later, dipped his brush into A-Zhan's wheezing, jerking penis to tickle the insides of the boy's urethra out of spite and innocent fun, for troubling the *gege* with such a strange request on a Saturday morning.

When A-Huan made a beautiful centerpiece of more than five branches - ejaculations - sprouting from the boy's fertile, turgid, angry-red vase, he knew A-Zhan had been pleasantly emptied and his testicles did look rather tired, shrunken and lighter in weight. The ten-year old boy yawned drowsily with rosiness glowing in his cheeks, because cumming too many times in the span of an hour on a beautiful Saturday morning, when most boys watched puppet plays (the ancient equivalent of modern cartoons on TV) rather than have their wee-wees pleased and shooting excitedly like horny perverts - the very act of orgasming from his brother's trusting, warm hand was very, very nice, and a sense of completion and tranquility descended upon the bedroom, so A-Zhan's pliant, almost boneless body settled in for a short nap from the wonderful workout, buoyed by lucid dreams of making babies inside his snoozing, drained testicles.

The boy was absolutely numbed and thankfully, sleep-paralyzed when A-Huan completed the procedures to prepare a boy for testicle-insemination. The cute pinkie-sized penis was obedient, limp and droopy, no longer responsive to sexy stimulations but still very malleable and bendable to his liking. The *gege* lovingly cast some spells to open up the urethra as though a stent had been placed inside and expanded its width. He took their favourite ear-pick and began to lovingly scrape and scratch the tunnel of love, mimicking the fantasized in and out, in and out of a thin reedy penis lovingly making love with a vagina that is the boy's urethra, and relished in how A-Zhan sighed and moaned while snoring. Hips quivered, and sweet seedless fluids began to rise, and still, the penis slept on like its owner.

Then, the next tool appeared - a q-tip made with a bamboo leaf's stem and fresh dry cotton moistened with the *gege* 's saliva, and A-Huan lovingly swabbed the boy's urethra, in and out, in and out, like cleaning A-Zhan's itchy ears, until the cotton tickled the bottommost part of the shivering penis. A-Zhan thrashed his limbs by then, because he experienced discomfort and his childish scrunched features on the face told the *gege* that he was doing the right thing to gently fuck the adolescent's penis with a swabbing action. The irritation caused more sweet pre-cummy fluids to eject out in spasms, and droplets began to dribble out from the agitated, forced-open and viciously invaded pee-slit - A-Huan licked the strawberry nub and gave it sweet kisses even as he moved the q-tip faster and faster, striking deep into the boy's pelvis, shaking the prostate gland with loving vibrations.

Minutes later, the Lan future clan leader, who was as tall as a fully grown man, groaned and grunted with satisfaction as he fucked his *didi* in the ass and caused the king-sized bed to creak. A-Zhan doesn't know that his *gege* had been training his cute rosebud since years before, when he was constantly sexually abused and raped by dirty uncles in the neighbourhood during the daytime when he was alone in the Jingshi, and at nights, when he slept in his brother's protective arms, deep in sleep and an incestuous penis pistoning deep inside the child's growing body. A-Zhan's rosebud had been groomed to accept an adult's penis for most of the first ten years of life, that the child had no problems nor protest to swallow and suck A-Huan's hard-on and the subsequent energetic fucking strokes deep into his buttocks. Patient, virtuous and infinitely calm A-Huan gladly achieved climax inside his little brother with little fanfare or howls even as the latter slumbered in peace, and he pulled out gently with a used bulging, heavily-filled condom hanging off his twitching, still-hard and slick member.

Then, A-Huan crouched between his *didi* 's slender legs to inspect his prey - no, patient, because it was about time for an injection of incestuous seed into a boy's genitals, after one final medical procedure. The anal intercourse had aggressively bumped and massaged the boy's prostate - the womb -

generously, and caused his wee-wee to stand up in full attention - a mere physiological reflex. A-Huan stuck a tiny hollow reed into the helpless, gaping peeslit and sucked as much fluids as he could - seed and seedless fluids included, tasting of wildflowers and sandalwood, mmm delish - to clear the urethra, and A-Zhan nnngh'ed with squirming hips and legs at the loss of what could've been an orgasmic wet dream - his very own semen, no matter how watery and diluted at this point, was robbed by a vacuuming straw, so he felt very, very empty and rather restless, unfulfilled, unable to achieve a climax, during this part of his sleep. To make the tedious process of sipping prepared lumps of warm boy-semen that waited futilely for ejaculation, A-Huan drank the first bubble-like pool of newborn immature sperm, then pushed the straw deeper to penetrate the next bubble, and blew lots of ticklish froth into it before sucking it up, and then, he made a little propeller at the tip of straw and stirred the third bubble of boy-cum, like swirling a drop of yoghurt milk inside the wildly twitching and spasming stretched urethra, and so on. Once all bubbles of A-Zhan's cum had been devoured, nearly thirty in total, then like a doctor who knows what to do with a medical treatment, A-Huan slipped a funnel used for making tiny magical potions, into the boy's wee-wee, and he inverted the used condom and poured its still-warm, fertile, virile *da ge* -class rich sperm directly into the funnel.

Like the dreams that horny men had long before, of dirty rapists having all the time in the world to carry out their dirty deeds inside little boys' testicles, of massaging using physical and magical means to gently guide the foreign, invader incestuous semen through a boy's plundered and penetrated genitals, a stream of warm, thick yolk-y and cloudy, sometimes foamy brotherly seed travelled through the network of penile tubes, filled up the previously-emptied prostate, then all the way down and around, accompanied with squishy and squelchy sounds, until those lovely boy-eggs unwillingly received their new masters, that is, luscious creamy drizzles of the older brother's mayonnaise-like semen upon the panicking, spasming and crying ten-year old's testicles, who would conquer and colonize the little brother's family jewels, and turn A-Zhan into A-Huan's personalized seed factory. A-Huan repeated his monstrous act a few more times, uch to

the moan-y, grunt-y discomfort shown on A-Zhan's cute little scrunched face as the latter's genitals are gently invaded, plundered and pillaged, until the conquest was completed; the boy's tender eggs shivered non-stop because A-Huan's monstrous sperm launched an all-out assault and takeover of the boy's semen-producing operations, and every last one of A-Zhan's tiny underdeveloped sperm was captured, unable to flee anywhere within the confines of those grape-sized spheres, then vigorously made love in a way that sperms fuck each other, entwined tail-to-tail, until A-Zhan's delicate, weakened baby-sperms are penetrated, punctured, impregnated, and defeated by his *gege*'s mighty masculine seed. Even the smallest, immature sperm babies were dug out from their cradles embedded in the testicles' spongy walls, then lovingly gangraped in the open by millions of *gege*-sperms unto each unprepared, shocked and orgasming *didi*-sperm, causing untold sexual carnage upon the boy's vulnerable, defeated testes with each funnel-full of warm, foamy ejaculate massaged into the boy's wildly screaming penis.

The older brother knew little precocious boys could hold quite a lot of seed in their genitals especially during their growing-up years where they become very horny - so, he continued to fuck the sleeping boy because he loves to rub his adult penis deep, hard and fast inside tight hot rosebuds, and they gave him the impetus to shoot as much semen as possible, which would then be poured into the funnel again and again, massaged straight into A-Zhan's swollen balls, brimming with lively, swimming and wiggling slimy sperm that belonged to another man.

A-Zhan finally woke up some time later and felt very, very hot, not only in his raw ass, but also his entire crotch and especially his balls. He wept and sniffled at the uncomfortable, throbbing fever ravaging his swollen, bloated and stretched loins, but by then, the damage had been done. His testicular virginity had been forcibly taken without his knowledge, and before he could ask, the handsome *gege* kissed the sobbing boy's cheeks and whispered into reddened ears, “*Didi*, *didi*, don't cry. It is uncomfortable because your body's not used to it yet, but *gege* has impregnated your eggs

while you were asleep. Your wee-wee's vagina made *gege* feel very, very nice, so *gege* couldn't hold back and spilled a day's worth of sperm into you. You did well, *didi*, because you didn't resist, and *gege* was able to easily implant sperm inside - and now your eggs are pregnant. My beloved *didi*, our new babies will be swimming happily inside there soon."

A-Zhan sniffled and tried to smile, because it was good news and a cause for jubilation - he should hug his charming, loving *gege* and thank him for making babies with his child-eggs, after all. A-Huan touched the boy's engorged reddened but hairless testicles and that made A-Zhan jolt from a sore ache throbbing very badly inside those twin bruised fruits. He apologized and made up by giving A-Zhan a sexy french kiss to take the pain off the adolescent's mind, and then said, "Now that we've made babies, we should make lots of love with our bodies to feed them. Some babies will make their way to your sweet prostate-womb, and they'll find their way out just like any ejaculations that you shoot, dearest *didi* ... so let's do that, shall we?"

The innocent, tricked ten-year old was confused about childbirth, let alone child-making, but it sounded fine and dandy when the story was told through the brother's convincing and persuasive voice. A-Zhan adjusted his hips and made himself comfortable inside the nest of sweaty pillows and twisted blankets, of boy-juices and semen stains on the bedsheets, and spread open his legs again - yes, *gege*, he murmured, because he wanted happy babies after all.

A-Huan enjoys his incestuous feasts of the young, innocent and tasty flesh every Saturday morning, especially with a pinned *didi* upon his bed who begs to be fucked, to be played, to be impregnated and soon, to have their babies crawling out from his boy-eggs.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 214

“Aaaahhh! Wei Ying... No, no... uunh, uunh, uunh!”

“You cheat! You fall asleep after cumming five times inside my man-pussy that I worked so hard to seduce you with, and yet, you’re dreaming about getting impregnated by your older brother while doing your sixth inside! Have you forgotten that you’re married only to me? You ungrateful wench! Bastard!”

“No, not so hard, your nails...! Hnnngh! Unnh, uunh, uunh!”

“That’s cum number seven! I didn’t make you cum seven times just to hear you mumble ‘ *gege* ’ when you shoot your useless sperm! Are you really sexually attracted to your brother? I should castrate you here and now! Asshole!”

Wei Ying was absolutely aghast and furious upon the ruined picnic bench that had lost all its wooden legs and crashed to the grass. The husband, screwed deep, deep into his juicy freshly-shaven vagina hiding behind the still-hairy balls, had unknowingly dozed off after having several rounds of wonderful lovemaking, because it felt very, very nice and relaxing to ejaculate straight into lovely Wei Ying’s womb after all; in his lucid state, he dreamt about being A-Zhan in a bedroom with A-Huan, inseminating the ten-year old’s boy-eggs, and cried out ‘ *gege* ’ in the throes of his wet-dream mixed with real-life orgasmic ecstasy. Adding salt to the younger man’s wound was that he tapped into the husband’s mind to find out whether Lan Zhan dreamt of fucking the Wei Ying of his dreams, and horrors of horrors, he got a blow-by-blow account of how an older Lan

brother raped his *didi* in a nightmarish, twisted perverse story that should never see the light of day.

Pinned to the bench while getting boned missionary style, mating-pressed, Wei Ying got upset at the revelation, and viciously raked fingernails across Lan Zhan's back, waist, hips, buttocks and thighs - wherever the spiteful wife could reach -, drawing multiple sets of three to four parallel lines of angry-reds on the trembling skin glistening with a sheen of sweat, and made the husband look like he'd suffered from an awful cat attack. Lan Zhan cried out in pain and in sadomasochistic pleasure, because those radiating points of fiery misery and goodness sent very lewd and conflicting feelings straight into his excited pumping loins, culminating into another peak of sexual highs.

To appease the fury of the wife, Lan Zhan accepted his punishment to go pantless for the rest of the day as he toiled hard to stuff his sleeves with chillies; he was slapped until his buttocks bore the marks of a man's handprints, and had his low-hanging testicles liberally grabbed and molested, even rubbed with crushed chilli paste at the wife's sinister, cackling pleasure, his pubic hair plucked in retaliation, and his tormented penis manhandled almost constantly by itchy grasp-y hands. Cultivators and *yaoguai* who caught a glimpse of the two shook their heads, lamenting how barbaric men from the far North, such as uneducated, uncivilized Nie peasants, could be more dangerous to society than the demons themselves.

Then, just a day before the couple was scheduled to leave their holiday resort, while they frolicked in the sunlight amongst chilli gardens without care, without their pants or with only with a flimsy cloth to cover their dignity much less their hairy nudity - war broke out in the northern regions of the Middle Kingdom, and the province of Qinghe was not spared from the ensuing chaos.

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Wei Ying screamed and screamed some more at the top of his lungs when rubble, metal shrapnel, burning debris and wooden splinters flew everywhere as though he was caught in the eye of a devastating firestorm; his ears rung from the deafening explosions detonating left, right and centre, and overhead, fiery arrows and cannon balls bombarded from the skies and shattered the earth where he tried to hide - against a pile of barrels next to the tool shed, but that vaporized into fire embers, so he scuttled behind a boulder in a flattened, smouldering farm, but that too, cracked like eggshells in bone-rattling booms, so he crawled on all fours for his dear pitiful life until he reached a nearby well, and dove into a fifty-feet deep well with his eyes squeezed shut and an echo-ey “AAAAAaaaaaaAAAAaaaaa!” trailing behind. Fortunately Ernie activated himself from Wei Ying’s pubic hair, and with the sound of garments being torn off - that is, Wei Ying’s thin flimsy robe being ripped into shreds -, Wei Ying parachuted gently down the long, long vertical tunnel with what looked like an inverted cold, black umbrella with bat-like wings growing from his pubes, until his feet touched the cold, cold spring water, and sunk beneath the dark, dank, rippling surface with a big fat splash.

However, his struggles did not end there, as he was sucked by undercurrents - the well wasn’t one of stagnant water, but rather, there was an underground river flowing beneath the manmade structure. The water flow was fast, filled with churning undertows, and Wei Ying was dragged along and under despite how much he tried to swim, paddle and pull himself up with his tired limbs. His trusty pubic-hair monster squealed when crashing waves struck without warning, it lost its grip from the man’s pubes, and was sent sinking into the inky black waters below. Soon, Wei Ying’s vision was enveloped in darkness when the river pushed him farther and farther from the opening that led the well to the surface, and water crept up his chin, then nostrils; he gurgled and spat, coughed and choked, but there was hardly any

pockets of air between the large river gushing through and the walls of its tunnel carved out from tremendous erosive powers of cold, cold mountain water that feed into the Great Eastern Seas. The freezing waters made Wei Ying feel lethargic and his body weighed like lead; the last thing he remembered before he swallowed another lungful of water when he desperately tried catch his breath, as his vision darkened further into blurry shapes, was watching his grasping, flailing fingers scrape the walls of that deadly underground river tunnel, silently pleading, “Lan Zhan, please save me... 蓝湛,救救我...”

.

It was a surreal sight for a pantless man to tip-toe his way through a lush wheat field (where he experienced transcendental tickling and caressing sensations caused by thousands of waist-high wheat heads and beards molesting his exposed naughty bits) and sprinted past a cabbage patch (because cabbage heads were so short and couldn't hide his leaky, excited hard-on) to reach the other side of the farm, where clotheslines were heavy with drying laundry, and more importantly - other people's clothes and pants for the taking. Lan Zhan is a tall, well-muscled man, so he took his time to pick, measure, and try on several larger pants to match his level of comfort - never mind that he was going commando, and some pants suffered from having pre-cum stains and pubic hair left inside, stuck between the pant-legs - some of which had a bit of frizziness or had split ends after the angry wife plucked handfuls off the unfortunate man's crotch.

Just as he was about to try one promising-looking pair of long trousers, a cannon ball whizzed by and all hell broke loose in Nieshan. With one leg hopping while the other stuck inside a leg of a pair of pants, Lan Zhan fell clumsily to the side, and blasts rocked his senses everywhere - shocking explosions, bombs detonating, fireballs raining from all sides - and soon, he was buried under piles of beige, brown and grey laundry that had collapsed

from the clotheslines. Heavy soaked woollen blankets, suits of metal armour, even walls of buildings and all sorts of remains from the surrounding wreckage fell on the hapless man until his encumbered limbs were trapped beneath the rubble. The air became choked with dust and smoke, and the acrid smell of gunpowder was overpowering. There were chaotic shouts to run away, to fight back, to regroup and attack, to charge forward and sacrifice one's life for the Emperor and the Way of the Tao - everything became muffled, even drowned in subsequent explosions and the frighteningly close roar of great fires.

Lan Zhan panicked and struggled, but to no avail other than to stay put until the sudden wave of enemy attack blew over. His eyes widened with amazement when he recognized the remnant shells of cannon balls that struck the village - they bore the crest symbol of peonies embellished with white and gold paint, evidence that they originated from the army of the Lanling Jin. From small slits of light in his prison of rubble, he observed many Imperial cultivators and soldiers, with their *yaoguai* side-by-side, engaging in ruthless hand-to-hand combat, and some fighting with swords and bows. A group of men were easily mowed down by a mortifying rain of blazing fire arrows from the skies; the *yaoguai* who are impervious to such attacks stood their ground, only to be sliced by a rush of self-propelling flying sabers - Lan Zhan gasped, because those sabers glowed black and reds, indicating that they were magically enchanted, and imbued with dark, resentful energies; some sabers showed their beastly features, such as ferocious images of bears, bulls, lions and dragons shortly before they struck down the *yaoguai*'s magical defenses and cut up demons into chunks of bloodied, smouldering meats. The man realized the sheer importance of the momentous event - the beastly legendary Qinghe Nie Soul-Sabers have risen from the dead!

However, there was no time to contemplate or digest on what he saw, nor to figure out how to escape from his increasingly perilous situation - a tiled roof somehow crashed atop his grave-to-be, and his body was squashed against the ground from the massive weight. He tried to call Wei Ying

through their shared soul-connection, and realized that there was no response other than a dead, droning and cold, unforgiving dial tone.

“Wei Ying! Wei Ying... can you hear me?”

.

Guards and medics - shamans, healers and physicians - rushed to the battle scene bearing war banners symbolizing the iron-grey beast-head Nie and golden-white peony Jin clans once victory was secured, and to Lan Zhan's expert opinion, it was a breezy triumph, indeed. Two hundred well-armed soldiers of glory and a further handful of supporting battalions lying in wait, versus a measly crew of thirty low-ranking Imperial soldiers headed by an inexperienced sergeant, twenty rookie bonded pairs of captured cultivators and *yaoguai* who tried to flee but were easily slaughtered by Jin-made cannonballs and Nie soul-sabers, and a bunch of ragtag peasants who would be better suited wielding rakes and shovels in farms than fighting in the military.

The two main rows of Nieshan's wooden buildings were razed to the ground, and the broken tiled roof finally imploded and crushed everything underneath - but not before Lan Zhan activated his six-pack abs in desperation, with improved muscle control in the twin-mound aft, and farted his way out like a rocket launcher; fire was raging everywhere, so having a man skimming across the flaming wheat fields with super-hot gases ejecting from his asshole to propel him forward - was fortunately, unnoticeable in the pandemonium of screaming *yaoguai* and soldiers being burnt to death, anyway. However, sword-boarding and fart-flying were two different skill sets, and the man's inexperience in maneuvering using his ass instead of his steel-hard blade proved to be his undoing - he whizzed, spun,

turned sharp corners and performed dangerous aerial stunts to avoid burning structures, but ended up losing control of his maiden flight, and crashing into Nieshan's temple altar near the heart of the village with an impressive bang.

Later, guards found the unconscious man while scavenging the devastated battlefield for useful supplies or dropped weapons, and searching for survivors.

“ *Shixiong* ! Look at this dirty, dusty peasant found under the rubble of the altar! He must be one of the sex prisoners of those twisted, evil Tao priests! He wears the Nie commoner's brown tunic but is pantless, his back is covered with scratches and what appears to be multiple whip-marks, his buttocks are bruised with handprints, and his private areas are coated with ... er... I think it smells of chilli paste. But look at this... his... err-- his rump! It looks like someone had shoved through a molten-hot iron brand, judging from the burn marks leading to the en-- ent-- entrance, and the smell of burnt flesh!”

“Medic! Medic! We have a victim of abuse here, who's still alive but whose body suffered from terrible trauma in the Tao's hands! Bring the salves for burns and wounds! 'Tis a tragedy indeed, to find yet another innocent man here devoured by those horrible possessed priests for their vile pleasures!”

“Take him to the base camp. Have the physicians and healers look at his condition, and request the shamans to calm him down with their meditative chanting. The rest of you, continue to search for enslaved villagers and bring back any documents and records that you can find. The Northern Liberation Army are stalwart guardians of freedom and peace and we've

been entrusted to save as many imprisoned Nie clansmen from the Imperial forces. We must not disappoint his greatness, High General Nie Mingjue!”

.

A long time passed before Wei Ying opened his eyes. He was certain that much time had passed, from the way his joints creaked when he tried to move his hands, the soreness in his muscles from remaining stiff for too long, the dry, cracked lips when he tried to lick his chops - and boy, was his throat parched as well -, the grittiness in the eyelids when he tried to blink, an overripe smell emitting from his skin, and the urge to yawn, need to stifle that yawn, but the mouth simply opened by reflex, regardless of that twinge of pain from lips cracking a bit on the sides--

“Wei Wu Xian, you’re finally up.”

Female voice, his mind told him. Fragrance of a woman, a bit floral but more spicy, with a hint of bitter medicines. Familiar, it was familiar, but it wasn’t *shijie* , or his stepmother, or Mian Mian, or many other ladies he’d met so far, so, so long ago, in a past life--

“W-- Wen Qing?”

Then, a bit further away, a young, energetic shout, this time male and a more familiar voice, filled with springtime joy and innocence, “ *Gongzi* ...!”

Wei Ying blinked his eyes to clear away the blurriness in his vision, and shook off whatever spider webs that clung to his face, wiping away tendrils of dissipating nightmares or lucid dreaming, and he sniffled and snorted all sorts of itchy dust particles lodged in his nostrils, and he tried to rise from a bed made of uncomfortable hard rock lined with just a piece of rag--

“W-- Wen Ning!” he croaked with a raspy, long-unused voice.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 215

The stuff of fantasy novels told from the protagonist's point of view would go something like this:

Lan Wang Ji, the tortured, imprisoned and enslaved younger of the Twin Jades of Gusu, was discovered in a decrepit dungeon of the Tao by fellow Lan disciples once the war was won. The nation's best physicians were sent to his aid and found that he was The Chosen One due to the remarkable resurgence of incredible *qi* from his golden core never seen before. Word was sent around that the man was indeed the prophesied one that would rid the world of eternal suffering; all allied sect leaders that once served the former Grand Cultivation Council and held true to their promises of their brotherhoods, paid homage to and visited the former Chief Cultivator who served merely months as their leader, but already, left many indebted to his virtuous deeds. Treasures, mythical weapons and armaments, and ten-thousand strong armies arrived to pay tribute and to swear an oath of fealty to their new saviour, who would bring glory and victory for men to triumph over the demonic *yaoguai* ; a new mega-sect was born from the coalition of many, and a string of fortresses was erected in his holy name. The meteoric rise of news about the discovery, and return, of the world renowned Hanguang Jun sent tongues wagging and galvanized all good cultivators to unsheathe their swords to fight their common enemy as a united front against evil.

Or,

In a more romanticized version, Lan Wang Ji was found from the wreckage of war, and suffered tremendously from his imprisonment. His older brother arrived just in time before the man fell into a coma from excessive blood loss, and he held the dying sibling in his arms, calling his name again and

again. Lan Wang Ji dreamt in his semi-conscious state, but the clarity of his brother's voice was unmistakable, and pivoted his broken, disintegrating spirits from gradually drifting away to coalescence into his true, tenacious and enduring self, to reach out and return home, home where his beloved brother's voice originated from, in darkness that eventually swallowed all senses and his entire being. Back in the real world where a group of bloodied and battered Lan soldiers surrounded their leader and his fallen younger brother in a mourning ritual - in a moment of stricken grief and inconsolable loss, Lan Xi Chen hugged his younger brother's pale, cooling body and cried tears of sadness, swearing to the heavens that he would do anything, anything at all, to bring the much-loved *didi* back - and to the shock and amazement of the crowd, Lan Xi Chen lowered his head to kiss Lan Wang Ji on the lips gently, lovingly, with such tenderness and raw emotion, then men shed tears at the heartbreaking display of brotherly love and loss. Suddenly, the silence that pervaded the atmosphere was broken, when lightning struck, and thunder roared, and everyone was spooked at what they witnessed next - Lan Wang Ji's hand twitched, and the supposedly dead man moved his blue lips, and croaked his *gege*'s name! Lan Xi Chen never missed a single second of his *didi*'s resurrection and while chanting the name of the one who holds dearly to his heart, he embraced the smaller, younger figure, the love of his life, again and again, crying and laughing, breaking down the eternally calm facade of the Gusu Lan to show that he, Zewu Jun of the Gusu Lan sect, has finally found his Happy Ending.

Well, that would make a great tearjerker and a fabulous read with a plate of chocolate chip cookies and a warm cup of milk on the side, but alas, Lan Zhan had opted not to be the protagonist, nor to put himself in the shoes of a snow-white maiden in distress, living or not. He was fated, rather doomed, to live the life of mediocrity and obscurity in this lifetime, post-main story, and would have to suffer through, physically or psychologically, according to what was written in the Book of Judgement about him.

Lan Zhan gained his consciousness whilst being carried on a stretcher by kind soldiers to another camp in the wilderness. He was housed in a makeshift military hospital ward with twenty or so other wounded men, out of hundreds more in the same location - and that number grew day by day. His wounds were tended to by unnamed nurses and he quickly recovered because the injuries were actually quite superficial in nature - he did not reveal that the marks on his body were caused by a playful, spurned lover, and the burns in his buttocks were self-inflicted. Thus, with three square meals a day of rice, leafy vegetables and meat and a savoury pastry or a sweet potato for dessert, plenty of fruit and water, a nice wipe-down or bath every day by expert carers, and being bedridden on the first lonely night amongst many other, groaning, more grievously-wounded patients, then he was able to get up and walk around during the next two - by day three, Lan Zhan had completely recovered but he was asked by the attending healer to remain under observation because the scholarly physician was skeptical that a victim of war would be back on the feet so quickly whereas so many others remained sickened, had their limbs amputated, and suffered from lifelong trauma both physically and mentally.

He didn't know anybody and nobody recognized him either - the curse of falling from grace and fame in a short span of time after he stopped appearing on the front news page of periodicals since the last summer - and he preferred to remain in his low-key profile too. He wasn't good at conversations either and had a rather dull, unassuming and uninteresting presence despite his good looks and healthy muscular body, amongst saved peasants and soldiers from Qinghe province where he was rescued from or their neighbours from Lanling.

Lan Zhan was a level-headed man, so he wasn't too anxious for not hearing from the wife after the initial confusion at the warzone in Nieshan village; in any fantasy novel, he would be rushing on a flying sword to look for his spouse who might be lost and captured then sold in a brothel - but in this reality, he *is* God, so it wouldn't make sense to do that because he was supposed to be imbued with awesome powers and helped by incredible but

unseen allies. Shortly after he woke up, one of his grey hairs moved on its own and touched his neck, reminding him with a faint squeal and bubbly gurgles that sound like crystalline chimes and giggles, that it was alive and well - which meant that its brother, the cold black thing that was tasked to cling on lovely Wei Ying's pubes, would be in a similar state as well. However, that ticklish hair does not speak the human language in the normal sense, so Lan Zhan took comfort that no matter what had happened that separated him from the beloved wife, everyone was, hopefully, safe and sound, and he should concentrate on the task at hand - his own well-being and recovery.

(Plus, he really, really didn't want to waste his time by hopelessly pining for his missing lover and spiral down into depression for the next, say, sixteen years or so. He's a more matured, independent and strong-willed person, and a productive, contributing member of his own Kingdom's society, compared to those regressive days before.)

Facilities were basic, and as a civilian peasant, most areas of the camp were off-limits. He was still recovering and didn't want to cause any worry and later, suffer the wrath of those naggy, sharp-tongued nurses, so he behaved and did what he does best, that is, to stay out of the limelight and all manners of trouble. Still, that left him with too much time on his hands and with little to do, so he tried his best to meditate, cultivate inside his mind, and perform calisthenics inside his mind to keep himself active, upon his bed or while exploring the hospital wards.

In the olden days, people take days to recover from infections and minor cuts, weeks from more serious sprains, gashes and lacerations, and months from broken bones or severe internal injuries. However, given Lan Zhan's intrinsic awesomeness, but painfully modest and secretive approach in getting things done, he shuffled about between the beds, the nurse's office and explored a bit of the camp like a bored unnamed guest by day two, and

rediscovered his powers. He touched carts containing medicines, potions and healing herbs, and inadvertently absorbed them into his skin due to his infinite storage capability; after taking a bitter pot of tonic, he peed outdoors at some bushes, and whole trees sprang up bearing ripe fruits - he grabbed a few juicy ones and quickly left, before curious guards passed by; he went to the kitchens like an awkward overgrown child who wanted seconds after a rather unfulfilling lunch that lacked the extravagant size of portions that he was used to, and stood in the corner with a sad look in his eyes and an empty bowl in his hand, silent pleading for attention - one *gu niang* asked the lost big boy what's the matter, so Lan Zhan help up his bowl and asked in his most sincere, though embarrassed voice, ' *Gu niang* , I'm still hungry after the lunch service. May I have s'more, please?', in which several ladies crowded around him, coo-ing and touching him inappropriately from face to shoulders, from collarbone to man-breasts, from his six-pack abs to down below, as they scooped rice gruel into his bowl, because he was wearing a short gown as a top and just a pair of loose boxers to indicate that he was victim of sexual abuse and of course the skin around his private areas was sensitive - the *jiejie* s insisted that he take a seat at a small table in the kitchen, and they topped his bowl as fast as he slurped down to his stomach's content, while getting shamefully flustered by uninvited, virginal shy kisses on the tips of his reddened cheeks and ears, delicate fingers dancing around his waist, and hands gliding between his naked thighs, shocking him into silence when they worm their way into the boxer's fly and tenderly fondle his penis - such shameless and rude display of female domination! - then, feminine whispers asked directly into his ears, naughtily, if he would like to work as an assistant and earn a few pieces of silver a day, and the hearts of many maidens who toil hard inside the kitchens but hardly seen any tall, handsome young men around, and would be very, very happy if this oversized *didi* would stay to enjoy their company whilst working, cooking and of course, in beds after work - Lan Zhan pinked and that elicited playful giggles, so he mumbled that he will think about it, and quickly left once his hunger was sated, and his pants tented considerably - unbeknownst to everyone, he used his Inabilities during the drawn-out conversation and molestation episode to make himself a chicken roast, pork pies, rice dumplings, a pot of soup, a large platter of boiled fish and a pan of stir-fried vegetables, before leaving the kitchen that had considerably less utensils and cooking equipment, a rather emptied-out

pantry, and headed off to the camp's armoury to pilfer more goods right below the guards' noses with his godly touch.

Through hearsays and bits of eavesdropping, Lan Zhan learned that the camp was headed by Jin and Nie clans, with the former providing bulk of high-quality metal armaments and the latter sponsoring the brawns, that is, valiant and fearsome soldiers armed to the teeth with their ancestral magical beast-spirit weapons. He didn't recognize their leaders, although he noticed that the camp was a base for soldiers to group, rest and head out in campaigns to raid nearby Imperial and Tao-controlled settlements and bring back survivors along with any spoils of the war. The guards were tight-lipped about their missions and whereabouts, so Lan Zhan did not pursue too far in trying to make sense of his new living arrangements, alone and without the wife.

Being separated from the wife didn't mean that he'd have a holiday from uninvited sex attacks; the dirty touches he suffered in the kitchens were a prelude of things to come, and a rude awakening of what was actually happening in the camp. While during daytime, he could excuse himself (lamely) and make a quick getaway from marauding horny females, at night time, it was a different story altogether. After dinnertime, everyone gets a physical examination and their last serving of medicines before calling it a night, and Lan Zhan dreaded the moment the army of female nurses wearing golden-brown and iron-grey uniforms entered the ward where his bed was. They marched in with a serious demeanour and told everyone to be quiet, then drew the curtains so that each bed was isolated by thick, sound-resistant fabrics; he knew that he was in a special ward where sexually abused prisoners were housed - just like him, reportedly -, and he could imagine what every person had to go through before they were allowed to sleep.

In his case, the nurse held a list of examinations that he had to endure, including a check on his sensitive, delicate genitals for any signs of swelling after the attack of the chilli paste, and his worst fear, a rectal examination for the so-called investigation on his recuperation after having a molten-hot iron brand shoved into his ass - again, as the reports say; Lan Zhan never refuted those claims, and he simply stated that he couldn't remember what happened at the Nieshan Tao altar, which to the doctor's dismay and the nurses' secret delight, further lent proof that the man in his mid-thirties was indeed traumatized by the lewd acts performed by the priests and forced him into silence and submission.

The man was ordered to raise his hips and buttocks and pull up his knees to show his puckered, puffy but relatively cleaned anus to those snickering *jiejie* s in uniforms - he made sure to take a proper bath and cleaned himself down there, because he really didn't want to make a scene back in the wards. Then, hands pushed his thighs apart, in a wordless instruction to shamelessly spread his legs and bare himself to the *jiejie* s whilst being pantless. Lan Zhan closed his eyes and faced to the side, away from those molesting *jiejie* s, who happily inserted their fingers into his butthole and, for some strange tribal or ritualistic reasons - because in the year 2000 B.C., medicinal treatment included weird primitive practises -, he was told to brace himself for a wonderful therapy in the form of maidens' kisses laced with miraculous cures; the nurses placed a drop of herbal ointment, healing tonics and other mysterious liquids upon the tips of their tongues, and one by one, they swooped down between the man's open legs to apply their cure, one blowjob, one lick, one suckle and one kiss at a time, to Lan Zhan's defenceless perineum, shuddering testicles, hypersensitive scrotal sac and of course, the main course, his rising, bobbing, hardening penis.

Lan Zhan would have to endure the sexual torment, because he suspected that whatever those *jiejie* s applied to their tongues included aphrodisiacs, and soon, it felt very, very hot and unwelcomingly, very, very exciting, to have his penis sucked by five or more virginal maidens, his balls rising and falling, convulsing and dancing in their tight sacs from the pleasurable

service of many horny females, and to seal the deal, his prostate was played and massaged by those *jiejie* s and the rimjob from extra tongues and kisses on his helpless butthole turned him into a moaning, incoherent lustful mass on the increasingly sweat-soaked bed. He was admonished not to struggle, otherwise a doctor would be called and a tranquilizer needle would be administered on his naughty buttocks, so Lan Zhan scrunched his face and bit his lips, as tremors ran up and down his trembling thighs, that he couldn't stop the shaking, and those fingernails grazing maddeningly up and down his inner thighs, sending jolts of lightning surging up and down his spine, in which he arched his back, his hands balled into fistfuls of bedspreads, he grimaced when he crested the edge between pain and pleasure, because those *jiejie* s were exceptionally talented with their hands and mouths, putting relentless suction unto his blossoming penis, caressing those bulging veins that sang with lustful bloodflow, multiple licks upon his weakest spot beneath the penis-glans until he nearly broke his silence and cried with orgasmic pleasure - but he held on, because it felt so, so wrong to explode into those lovely, lovely *jiejie* s' luscious lips, and yet, they continue to move vigorously between his shivering legs, kicking, flailing helplessly as his man-genitals were attacked by what he clearly identified as succubus-level finesse - then the sensation of something long, firm, undulating and textured, circled around his captured penis head in one of the nurses' mouth, before crawling, creeping closer, gently tapping on the penis-tip with cold, yet strangely tingling slimy touches, and finally sliding through his gaping, forced-open pee-slit, and Lan Zhan cried out this time from the uncomfortable invasion.

His vision blurred, because those penetrating tongues were, in fact, laced with poison that sedates a man while in the throes of ecstasy, so he could only make out luminous, undefined shapes of faces with horns on bodies now bearing bat-like wings - truly, succubi, indeed. Five and more *jiejie* s smiled sweetly at him, and he watched through his veiled vision, how each *jiejie* 's long, alien tongue lashed around like a living tentacle, then dipped into his penis repeatedly for a taste of a man's very, very excited but unejaculated seed, then swirled violently in circles and pistoning motions; he knew his penis was done for, when he felt those tongues fork out into

finger-like appendages, and he experienced very, very hot throbbing inside his prostate gland that suddenly burst into unfamiliar fullness, of vigorous shaking inside his pelvis, and soon, even his testicles swelled up with foreign liveliness, as though it was inoculated with massive numbers of tongue-like worms that plundered his jewels and devoured his entire being. Lan Zhan's eyes rolled to the back and his jaws slacked, before letting out a long, very, very desperate and satisfied moan, as he experienced orgasms inside his body, thirty healthy spurts swallowed by those succubi's tongues like sucking juice out of a man's juicy fruit, so he never really managed to ejaculate anything, but his body continued to buck and bend restlessly, shoving his hips higher and closer to those *jiejie* s as though offering his male virility to them on a silver platter, his body wrecked by wonderful star-filled explosions that belied a man's dying effort to propagate and sow very, very wild seeds uselessly into those demonic *jiejie* 's gaping maws.

Later, Lan Zhan was left in a semi-conscious state, with his senses knocked out but he was still partially aware of what was happening. Each *jiejie* undressed with hunger glinting in her eyes, then climbed onto the bed like spiders preparing to partake in a wholesome meal; they would inhale his scents and some life energy to savour his taste, giggled in amusement at his tired grunts of pain-pleasure, and started licking at his bare chest with a spiked, knifed tongue to start carving up his chest for the glowing golden prize hiding beneath the ribcage, and their fingers continued to rake lightly all over his sweaty, pulsing skin, spreading an anesthetic poison everywhere - like melted butter on spread on bread - to dull his senses and make him pliant, submissive and docile. By then, Lan Zhan was barely functioning and obeyed the *jiejie* s' orders - whether to lift his hips vigorously, to spread-eagle his limbs further and let *jiejie* straddle his crotch comfortably and snugly encase his happy penis with warm, pulsing feminine flesh, to start fucking at tasty juicy shaven, hairless pussies served to his very, very hot and agitated cock, to reach up and grasp and grab greedily at soft, white milkjug breasts to sate his own masculine tactile lusts, or spank jiggling buttocks that cloud his vision, and so on. The *jiejie* s took their sweet time to rape the man on the bed - and every other beds' -, and let him excitedly spear his wildly-jerking angry-red penis deep into tight, hot,

clenching succulent vaginas and virginal flowerbuds until it spilled rich man-milk inside those fertile and sexy vixens; they roide him to completion, many, many marvellous, sexually gratifying and satisfying times, over and over again until Lan Zhan knew that he was left drained, emptied to the last drop, and as dry as a dessicated husk with a crooked smile on his face and a large hole in his chest, in the end.

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In the particular hospital ward of twenty patients - all male, coincidentally -, every night, at least ten would reportedly succumb from their wounds and be taken away in body bags that looked suspiciously lighter and crumpled than usual; another eight would live for another day or two before dying as well after the nurses' evening checks (and meal), and the survivors, like Lan Zhan, would ironically, enjoy having wonderful sex with succubus demonnenses and live on, due to purely good luck and having enough cultivated *qi* to survive the nightly sex attacks. It didn't matter, of course, since the Nie and Jin soldiers continued to bring in promising-looking survivors from the war with the Imperial forces every day to fill up the beds, until sundown.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 216

The experience of having one's life energy sucked dry through a succubus' hairy vagina is as macabre as it is pleasurable. All ordinary mortals would die to have a taste of such disastrously awesome sex at least once in their lifetime - pun intended -, but virtuous Lan Zhan would have none of it. Instead, he sealed his spiritual outlets using very advanced cultivation techniques so that he would cum with thirty hearty convulsive ejaculations each time he orgasmed into a jiejie's hand, mouth or otherwise, and his body would still undergo intense hips-shaking pleasures of physical release, but with little nutritional value for the succubi. The nurses left with their pussies dripping with seed and their gait bow-legged, strangely, disappointingly unsated in their eternal hunger for the human soul and its life-giving energies, and worse, they begrudgingly had to sew back the man's ribcage because they couldn't find the precious golden core no matter how many times they searched the chest cavity - including flipping the beating bloodied heart and peering behind the gasping lungs -, thus they had no reason to violate their demonic etiquette of killing the innocent man who wasn't food, and yet, smelled very tasty to every yaoguai-possessed persons in the vicinity. Not long after peace finally reigned - and with much less living, breathing occupants left in the ward, Lan Zhan simply wiggled his nose, and his 3d-printed biscuit body cleansed and fixed itself with in-built nano-surgery technology like a holographic reboot back to his pristine condition, then he turned to the side, clutched his pillow tightly with a dreamy 'mmmh', and snored the remaining night away, with loins pleasantly loosened and relaxed after having so much sex not of his own doing.

The days wore on, and Lan Zhan began to understand his new surroundings. It did not dawn upon him to try and discern the nature of the soldiers, guards, nurses, cooks and all those employed to serve the camp, because he was too focused in fending off those horny females from molesting him all day and squeezing his dick dry all night; sometimes he woke up with unintentional orgasms because some night shift nurse decided to ride him in reverse cowgirl style for a midnight snack, leaving him a writhing mess of "uuuuh"s and "aaaah"s especially when the jiejie used her

hands to reach down and play with his tirelessly milked testicles. Thus, he tried to occupy himself by exploring the camp and finding good hiding spots, whether behind barrels or behind closed doors leading to empty tents, especially when naughty jiebies on kitchen or washing duties prowled the campsite for tasty lonely young men; he'd seen how men stumbling on crutches taking a stroll at nearby fields for some fresh air - because the hospital smells of bitter medicines, the army tents are tainted with a perpetual stink of manly sweat, and the kitchens are although tempting with free food served upon request - there were rumours about men walking in and emerging from the hut-like building with flushed faces as red as chillies and bodies as pale as blood-sucked victims of vampires, and little boys who went in to ask for candies never returned. After a few walkabouts, Lan Zhan understood that the camp was roughly circular in its layout, with two-thirds barricaded with walls to prevent the entry of non-army personnel, and the remaining being open public spaces that housed all the facilities that survivors needed during their stay.

He watched, one fateful day whilst everyone was fast asleep, on the pretense of going out for a nightly pee in the woods, after curiously following janitors that carried the body bags of his fellow human survivors into the bushes, then observing the grim sight of white tarp being unwrapped to ditch mummified bodies with tell-tale burst chest cavities and exploded, dried, bloodied crotches, into freshly dug trenches - he also saw the nurses on night duties busying themselves in the nearby river to clean themselves of icky, blood-stained evidence of their passion with scores of male victims, and how they used magic to pull out the collected life-energies from their vaginas like harvesting honey from a beehive; after sticking fingers into their orifice, they drew out thick, viscous glowing webs of shimmering coalesced bright bluish white qi still in its throbbing, warm liquid-y form. Other succubi held out bottles made from bamboo and glass to gather, contain and store the honeyed life energy, and some licked their fingers to clean up the sticky mess - mmm, delish. Lan Zhan watched intently, crouched between dense undergrowth, at how one nurse jiebie passed a filled bottle to a passing-by Nie soldier, who then greedily uncorked the vessel and shared the silvery creamy wine with another person next to him, this time a Jin soldier on patrol duty. It was as disgusting as watching men drinking semen off their cups, and it was fascinating at the

same time - the revelation that the entire camp was filled with yaoguai who possessed or disguised themselves as Nie and Jin soldiers was mind-boggling, let alone being caught in the middle of a war between Jin-Nie yaoguai and Imperial-Tao yaoguai. quite alarming. For Lan Zhan, it was a clear sign of the coming apocalyptic end of lifetimes, where Man is always vanquished by demonic forces in the Mortal Realm, and degenerates into prey and food for more superior beings.

Without Wei Ying's guidance on how to defend oneself from and defeat the demons other than to let out a finale end-of-times fart-strike, Lan Zhan was at a loss of what to do next. He continued to scour the wavelengths and radio frequencies for signs of his wife, lodged an emergency report to the Regent in the Realms of the Gods, and posted a sign for help in ErNet; however, due to the difference in time flow between realms, Lan Zhan knew he wouldn't hear back from his Kingdom in the immediate future. So he had to brave through a real male's suffering from sexual abuse in the hands of females, sustain prolonged molestation and withstand having unwilling orgasms forcibly extracted from him day and night from greedy jiebies who sniffed his appetizing smell in almost ever corner of the camp. He cleverly avoided the soldiers, after witnessing how one recovering peasant with a bandaged arm was spit roasted and gangbanged by burly men in full armour, and had his body ripped apart when masculine passions overwhelmed everyone's rational thought, and the poor victim was consumed on the spot behind a tarp-covered tent.

Then, one fine early morning, after having spent enough time in this prison of pleasures and death, when Lan Zhan was about to give up on staying put and nearly fled the camp, there was commotion in the hospital ward where he was still held against his will - because the demonic doctor refused to give him a clean bill of health, and sometimes participated in tasty sex while examining his naughty bits -, and guards were seen rushing back and forth carrying out orders to prepare a red-carpet welcome for their great leaders. Lan Zhan was pinned on the his bed and was forced to bed with the strong-willed jiebies who continued to dismiss him as an errant morsel of meat; he pleaded the jiebies to let go of his exhausted penis and testicles, despite the delicious ripples of muscular waves running up and down his pelvis from the wonderful service from five or more women upon his

defenceless genitals at any time; he told them that he would like to join the procession to and to tidy up his appearance in case the leaders visit the hospitals; alas, his pleas fell on deaf ears, and one jiejie lovingly attacked one testicle more intensely than the other, until Lan Zhan moaned wantonly from the scorching heat boiling the insides of that abused ball because it squeezed and contracted delightfully from testicular orgasms, and at the same time, multiple fingers were scissoring inside his ass, kneading his throbbing, itchy and very lustful swollen prostate until it convulsed rapidly in its own throes of climax, sending rich unejaculated one-twins oozing out of his wildly dancing penis and straight into a vacuum-like suction of another jiejie's grinning lips, followed by very, very hard swallows that grasped and caressed the extremely excited organ captured in the woman's mouth, that sent the man to greater sexual ecstasy highs.

There were some rustling sounds and heavy footsteps, and Lan Zhan was becoming more alarmed at the approaching presence. The curtains were drawn to give him some semblance of privacy while he was sexually assaulted by the jiejies, but they provide no actual protection for his dignity; not when he found himself drunkenly fucking one lovely maiden jiejie who decided to ride him to heaven, and his penis was insatiable, having been poisoned by aphrodisiacs and a female's fragrant pheromones, that it kept jerking yes, yes, more, harder, deeper, faster, yes, and gleefully penetrated and speared deep into those juicy feminine flowerbuds, with little demonic mouths and tongues inside that kissed his succubus-ensnared penis each time he fucked to the hilt, not just one jiejie, but two, then three, alternately, one sexy vagina grinding impossibly hard against his crotch and swallowed his whole penis again and again, one pussy after the other, too many manly moans and bestial grunts, breathy squeals and sexy giggles, spearing five, ten, fifteen times very, very vigorously and excitedly in each juicy, inviting, grasping and pulsing body-warmed flowerbud presented to him like a buffet spread over his creaking bed, that even as he locked his hips against one particularly tight and narrow, squeezing birth canal, few naughty jiejie's crowded around his raised hips between the spread manly legs to kiss and coax with loving licks at his spasming balls, and throbbing perineum, because they seductively persuaded the man to shoot it out, shoot everything out, and his balls undergo epileptic seizures from milking itself to death in sweet pulses, his penis was hotter than the Sun burning up the

world, waves after waves of delicious contractions danced up and down his pelvic area and to base to the tip of his raging hard-on, and he was hurtling faster, faster than the speed of thundering steeds, towards his climax, locked and loaded deep inside one sweet, succubus' honey-dripping vagina--

Suddenly, the curtains flew open.

“... didi? Wang Ji! You're actually here! It's really you!”

Lan Zhan cursed himself inwardly for looking absolutely unpresentable, ugly, naked, his face frozen in half-yawns, half-sneezes and half-snarls, his rosy skin sweaty and sticky with love juices, and the appearance absolutely unbecoming of his own Hanguang Jun title, for orgasming like a horny pervert, accompanied with majestic roars and strings of dirty words grunted in seven Gusu dialects no less, even with his hands curled into claws at plump females' breasts because it was just too, too, pleasurable at that moment, that he couldn't hold his rhythmic Aaah-Aaah-Aaah moans, his back arched and hips thrust high, slamming triumphantly into female flowerbuds, whilst cumming spectacularly into six lovely nurse jiebies nearly simultaneously because they kept up relentless their pace of five lovely vaginal fucks each, each extracting one spurt from the helpless man, their fertilized blossoms drinking up thirty healthy ejaculations in total, with excesses dribbling out shamelessly from those jiebies' clenching tight hairless pussies like spilt milk in plain sight of everyone - when Xi Chen da ge arrived to greet him at the hospital ward.

With arch-enemy General Jin Guangyao by Zewu Jun's side.

And long-dead General Nie Mingjue looming from behind.

Also, at the back, cowardly Nie Huaisang closed his eyes in shock and embarrassment with an 'eep!', and turned tomato-red during the minutes-long sexual climax of the man named Lan Wang Ji.

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Lan Zhan really, really wanted to bury his head in the sand. Never mind that it took General Nie a wave of an armoured, muscled arm and a sizzling

glare to send the scared nurse jiebies-cum-prostitutes scampering out of the room in the nude, with warm, bubbly cum still dripping down between their legs; never mind that General Jin had to hold Zewu Jun's arm to keep the tall, flustered man steady on his feet; never mind that Huaisang made a ruckus by shoo-ing away patients still in bandages, crutches and braces and directing all hospital staff to vacate that part of the premise with immediate effect; Lan Zhan curled into a testicular ball of stained blankets and refused to acknowledge the presence of the Venerated Triad, even as he peeked out to shoot heated glares of hatred at Jin Guangyao's direction each time the short man garbed in shiny golds and peony insignias touched Zewu Jun's shoulder to pacify the older man that 'it's okay, it was a mistake, at least your lil' brother is safe, this will not happen again', he promised. Lan Zhan couldn't understand how the evil backstabber was back in the flesh, and acting friendly and peacefully with his older brother.

"A-Yao, I consented for you to carry out your scheme in harvesting life-giving energies when I decided to turn my back against Humanity and join the Dark side - but this... this is my one and only younger brother! The last person on this earth who is related to me in flesh and blood! He's precious, he's untouchable, he cannot--! Uggh... I will not--!"

"Lan da ge, Lan da ge, please calm down. A-Yao was careless and did not check the records retrieved from Jinshan's military centre meticulously enough. A-Yao didn't realize at first that the case of a man who was mistakenly identified as a human and turned out to be a yaoguai - would be of such great interest, because as you know, with us yaoguai increasingly conquering the lands, surely there are men who will figure out ways to join our ranks - just like you, da ge. It's not unexpected, but I admit, it was negligence on my side. A-Yao apologizes respectfully."

"Why should we fuss over this matter? Lan er didi is fine and well albeit rather shaken, and any further transgression from our own men and women against him will cease from this moment onwards. He's with you, with us, as a kin of yaoguai, a lost lamb returned to its fold and rightful family. It's a cause for celebration, not for regrets and all that. Zewu Jun, man up your confidence and see things in a different light! As Darkness, we do not sit and stew over such trivial emotions!"

“... Ge, h-- here’s a c-- change of clothes for Wang Ji xiong. I a-- asked the nurse to find one with the right size and height from the c-- camp’s inventory.”

Nie da ge bent forward and peered at the shivering lump of blanketed embarrassment and snorted, with an air of arrogance and slight annoyance, and with his hands behind his back. His voice bellowed deep, “Mm. Lan Wang Ji, do not disappoint me. Come out, come out wherever you are. You may be in shock to see long-lost friends from the grave, or nemesis that bring back bitter memories, standing right in front of you, and you deserve an explanation. All shall be revealed, provided you come out first and put on some decent garments, so that we can talk, man to man, yaoguai to yaoguai.”

Nie Mingjue placed a warm, meaty, calloused hand over Lan Zhan’s blanketed back as though he was petting a baby chick still refusing to crawl out of its hatched egg. The woollen ball nnnghs and wiggles, before Lan Zhan reluctantly pulled away the edge of the cover cautiously, his face a mix of confusion, upset, maybe even a flinch of fear and petulant disdain when Jin Guangyao too, bent forward and gave him the oiliest, widest cringeworthy smile the sly man can ever give.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 217

Fortunately for Lan Wang Ji, he wasn't subjected to further embarrassments, nor was he provoked to draw out Bichen hidden beneath his armpits (or intercrurally between the thighs, or wherever else he chooses to sheathe his trusty blade) and pull out his magical summoned guqin from the crack of his ass (or his mouth, or any other square inches available on the skin, really), for defense purposes. Lan Xi Chen insisted to have some time alone with his little brother, at least to dress him up in proper garments and have a heart-to-heart talk that brothers truly needed, after having not seen each other for many months since New Year.

Chifeng Zun, that is, General Nie Mingjue, nodded sagely and remarked that indeed, such reunions are sacred between siblings and should not be intervened, before hooking his arm around the thin, delicate waist of Lianfang Zun, this is General Jin Guangyao, and dragging the smaller man out of the cordoned-off ward. Nie Huaisang sent a worried, pleading gesture with his animated face, whispering many Sorry's and I'll-explain-later-too's wordlessly to the shell-shocked man, before loudly saying that he'll prepare a meeting room in the main army tent inside the camp's restricted areas, and that they'll gather there in a couple of hours' time. As the group left, the pleased General Nie could be heard laughing about how their day just got better with the recruitment of Lan *er didi* into their fold, and a small banquet with good wines and was in order to celebrate the occasion, along with the successful conquest of Jinshan village. In response, General Jin hushed the larger man, telling him not to jinx their fortunes and to behave in a more serious manner because they were now larger-than-life persona, and no longer mere *yaoguai*.

"A-Zhan?... you won't mind if gege calls you A-Zhan, just like we used to, during our childhood days?"

Lan Wang Ji looked up at his brother and swallowed hard. He merely nodded once while muttering, “Huan *ge* ,” in humble acknowledgement of the older sibling, and Xi Chen, birth name Lan Huan, took that as an approval. A-Huan, the *gege* , smiled calmly - truly an image of a fresh bright pink lotus blooming above a pond of dull dark green leaves and muddy browns patches. He soaked a washcloth in a wooden basin by the bed, wrung it half-dry, and nudged A-Zhan’s legs so that the younger brother shifted a bit and allowed the *gege* to sit down and join him on the creaking single mattress.

“A-Zhan, so much has happened since our last meeting on New Year’s day at the Carp Tower. Our world has turned upside down, I found a new life with a renewed sense of purpose with my loved ones. And from what I gathered from Nie *da ge* ’s dogged determination to liberate Qinghe from the clutches of the Imperial Court, and A-Yao’s excellent investigation skills, it seems that my beloved *didi* also experienced shocking upheavals in his life too,” A-Huan gently took A-Zhan’s hand and gave it an uncharacteristic, but tender princely, yet brotherly kiss on it, before starting to wipe the latter’s body using the washcloth. With each scrub, rivulets of water washed off sticky, sweaty griminess; A-Zhan felt fresher, cleaner, purified, from those terrible succubi’s dirty, desecrating touches, just with A-Huan’s heartwarming brotherly love.

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The extent of the changes in A-Zhan’s world was revealed through his brother’s storytelling, and Xi Chen was careful to provide enough intriguing details without delving too much into each individual characters’ concerns and motives, deep-seated fears and insecurities, nor speculating what people may intend to do or think, because during such chaotic times, it was risky to judge books by the covers.

As testament to the *yaoguai* 's amazing growth, evolution and intelligence, since their release from the dungeons of the Imperial Palace as mindless battle slaves, they had become rightful sentient beings who could discern between good and evil, form factions and societies, bond with others with true feelings and emotions, and weave themselves into tight-knit lifelong relationships. One remarkable branch of *yaoguai* sought people of notable positions, influence and power, and approached them in very civilized manners, with offers that could not be refused, especially during times of despair and suffering such as after the start of the fateful year.

Lan Xi Chen, last known as a promising candidate for the position of Chief Cultivator the now-defunct Grand Cultivation Council, and Sect Leader of the Gusu Lan, carried a deep, irreparable wound of killing his beloved A-Yao inside his heart, and was haunted by disturbing memories of losing the special man in his life - the appealing boyish smiles, the kindness that is given only to Zewu Jun who is placed upon the highest pedestal, the adoring attention paid to every word that Xi Chen speaks, and the heartstrings-tugging image of little boy who wanted to grow bigger and taller even if it meant wearing a higher, heavier hat and putting a pair of uncomfortable padded shoes, but ended up tottering unsteadily like an overconfident but clumsy child, then falling, falling into Xi Chen's strong, comforting arms, because Xi Chen always has his back and was ready to catch the deviously innocent yet guilty A-Yao every time he made a boo-boo - until that day when Xi Chen became the one who drove a blade straight into A-Yao's beating heart, for whatever reason that would remain unclear, and everything cracked, shattered like a mirror collapsed onto the floor and fading into darkness, and the Lan *da ge* never really recovered after that.

His torment was suppressed, so much so, that his soul was weakened, his morals in tatters, his determination to live on virtuously became a mere shadow of its former self, a brittle barrier around his then-brightly shining

golden core; he was easily seduced by demonic whispers while he slept, filling his thoughts with depraved, strange and twisted things, telling him abandon his clan's old ways and their old-fashioned over-4000 rules, to open his heart to accept a new way of thinking, a new way of seeing the world, a new way to escape the pain and guilt and find redemption in the form of self-gratifying pleasures and carefree happiness; much like escaping through drugs and sex - and soon, those tangible gains became material, and his new reality was born. He allowed a powerful *yaoguai* spirit to possess his soul and corrupt - no, change, improve - the person he once was; he had no qualms in sexually abusing his little brother on New Year's day to feed the demonic hunger that incubated inside his darkening golden core; when he faced Jin Ling, alone in the woods while night-hunting undead and spirits to score for the Lan sect that he no longer really cared for, the demonic voices reared their ugly heads and ordered the man to force himself upon the hapless boy, because Xi Chen remembered how smooth Jin Ling's ivory-white buttocks were when he slapped them with his *xiao* flute months before in a cultivation tournament, and perversely, he had a deeply-buried desire that by making amorous moves towards the boy, he could at least taste what could've been, but never shall be, the love he'd lost for another Jin clansman, that is, lovely, dearly-missed A-Yao.

The corruption and possession complete, the *yaoguai* inside Xi Chen instructed the man to construct the golden apple of his eye, that is, a body for the *yaoguai* to properly inhabit and manifest in the Mortal Realm, made from bone, gristle, flesh and skin carved out from physically fit soldiers murdered in cold blood, fed by those deceased victims' golden cores. The demonic body was nurtured and shaped from a mount of wiggly tentacle-y squishy flesh, moulded using Xi Chen's recollections of the man who left the previous world as the nefarious Jin Guangyao but was always cherished as lovely, humble and meek Meng Yao. The *yaoguai* adapted the mannerisms and personality of the man it would take over, and grew its physique to match whatever details that Xi Chen could and want to remember. Soon, it transformed into a charming young man that looked convincingly genteel and gentle yet with hints of astuteness and brilliance, cunning and crafty in its persuasiveness when it spoke, appearing noble that

it was always garbed in gold, and that it resembled Xi Chen's clearest and loveliest memory of A-Yao in the peak of youth; the demon-turned-human's complexion was kept rosy and shiny with sustained liveliness with regular feasts of cultivators' life-energies, including his own.

"... feasting? Your own life energy?"

"Mmm. Yes, A-Zhan. I'm proud to say that I have a hand in making the sweet A-Yao of my dreams, and have consummated our inseparable, bonded relationship many times since we wedded in a simple ceremony of exchanging wine cups and kisses, once A-Yao could stand on his own two legs and return my embrace with his new arms," Huan *gege* sighed dreamily with a slightly drunk lovestruck smile, as he wiped away dried stains from the younger brother's thighs with the moist towel, before thoughtfully grabbing another dry washcloth to make sure Wang Ji was cleaned and comfortable. "It was a shaky start for us, and we went through many arguments about taking others' lives versus building our own shared happy ending made of two opposing worlds. But in the end, look at me, A-Zhan, I'm smiling like a crazy dork, aren't I? Every day, I wake up in bed with A-Yao in my arms, breathe in a deep breath of A-Yao's fragrant, sleep-warmed hair to start another wonderful day with my loved one - I'm the happiest man on earth. Won't you also share this wonderful feeling too, *didi*?" he added, and his smile couldn't be more blinding and peppered with little flying angels and floating hearts.

Wang Ji squinted from the spotlight until his face was etched with a half-crooked grin and grimace on his usually stoic expression; he simply nodded, "Mn. Then, I'm happy for you, Huan *ge*."

A-Huan hugged A-Zhan on the bed when he received the latter's approval; it was akin to announcing one's relationship, or even marriage, to the family and then receiving a round of applause and cheers in response. A-Huan dabbed a tear off his eyes, and realizing that he'd finished wiping his *didi*, it was time to dress him up in their military uniforms of beige, browns and greys; there was always a bit of white, be it stripes, a sash, or parts of the clothing coloured that way, for Lan Xi Chen, gold for Jin Guangyao, and more metallic silvers and greys for Nie Mingjue, to denote their origins. Just for this time, Huaisang had selected standard beige robes and similar light coloured trousers to go with them. Wang Ji noted that his brother no longer wore their sect's forehead ribbon.

The *gege* seemed to read his *didi*'s mind and the nuances of non-verbal language, such as a twitch in the eyes as they stared above his brows; A-Huan touched his own forehead consciously, pretending to scratch something over there out of habit. "Times have changed, A-Zhan," he spoke while unveiling a buff-coloured undershirt in his arms, "A-Yao taught *gege* to live in the moment, while not forgetting memories that are meaningful and worth keeping, but without clinging on obstinately to traditions and legacies that keeps us anchored to the sinking ships of the past. Does that make sense? I no longer consider myself as a Gusu Lan, rather I'm a member of this wonderful *yaoguai* family here, up in the north of the country. I still cherish our bond as siblings, though, because you're my precious *didi*, after all. Won't you join us to liberate the Nie's homeland and next, the Jin's?"

A-Zhan gave a questioning look, and A-Huan just had to laugh - his *didi* was a bit hard to convince, sometimes, and the skeptical younger 'un needed to be given enough persuasive arguments to decide the case on his own.

Setting down the garments on the bedside, thus leaving the younger man in his mid-thirties naked for a bit longer than intended, Xi Chen *da ge* went on to talk about the Nie family. While he wasn't privy to the details because it was really, mostly internal family affairs and their own clan's confidential matters; he knew that it started after Huaisang returned to the family's fortress stronghold shortly after New Year's day, empty handed, and ready to declare defeat and the clan's surrender to the Imperial cultivators, after such an embarrassing performance from the night hunts. *Yaoguai* s had unknowingly camped outside the Nie's family home and their numbers had grown since the days Huaisang opened some ancestral tombs to let patrolling Imperial soldiers inspect his collection of mystical, spirit-imbued sabers shortly before Spring arrived. One night, the restless and worried Huaisang dreamt of having his older brother by his side, that together, they fought and successfully defended their homeland from the siege of Imperial armies - *yaoguai* sniffed out the man's most deepest desires from the bottom of his heart, and one particularly feisty, heroic and brash spirit took the bull by the horns, literally - and appeared in front of the frightened man the next day with a proposal that he couldn't refuse.

One thing led to another, and soon after, the legendary figure of Nie Mingjue in the appearance of his peak in life strutted across in the family's throne room, and marched straight to the balconies to confidently declare with a victorious roar, with one fist raised towards the skies and in front of a crowd of astonished Nie soldiers and servants, that he had 'returned' to bring forth a new era for the sect. He was, as described by Nie family confidants, forged from the ancestral powers derived from beast-influenced sabers in the tombs, inherited the strong generational legacy of steel-hard determination, incredible strength, wits and knowledge of the battlefield, tempered with pragmatism and wisdom of many past leaders of the sect, plus the former *da ge* 's hot-tempered temperament too - whoever this person was, whether real or imposter, he was the perfect reincarnation of the glorious Nie leader if there was ever one, and he was quickly accepted as the sect's new chief just as his popularity among the elite councils of Nie skyrocketed.

Whilst Spring was in full swing and life busily thrived on green fields and hills, so were the competing factions in their quest to redraw the map of the Middle Kingdom. The Nie clan's hometown became a magnet for powerful *yaoguai* on a pilgrimage to find new hosts and sources of energy - and their ancestral tombs proved to be the Nie brothers' windfall. Nie Mingjue, with the agreement of his cowed younger brother, took the helm and carried out a massive raid to search and break open all heirloom crypts of the expansive Nie family. Unsealed and unleashed, the tremendous mass of deadly, resentful and dark aura of the graves darkened the skies for days and drew the strongest and fiercest *yaoguai* like moth to flames; the skeletal remains of Nie ancestors were possessed by demonic presence, and regained flesh and appearance to resemble the greatest Nie heroes of the past; the cursed sabers imbued with wild, controllable beast-spirits that were buried with the deceased, became alive, flew in the air and roared with such ferocity, now serve with murderous glee under new, even darker masters of the *yaoguai* kind. Nie Huaisang retreated from the public eye soon after his brother took the mantle, and watched with mixed feelings, at how his sect sent dark, raging armies of the possessed, mind-controlled living and the superior, infallible undead, to the borders to pulverize whatever Imperial presence that dared to overstay in the Nie homeland.

"A-Yao and I met with the reinvigorated Nie sect sometime during one of their military campaigns to rid the Tao pests from their backyards. Our goals are aligned on the same path, and A-Yao was more than happy to join a family of *yaoguai* and bring me along; after all, we had been living like a nomadic couple for weeks on the road. So, with silvery moonlight as our witness on the night of our reunion, we shared a cup of wine mixed with a drop of blood drew from each of our fingers, and like Spring itself, we renewed our brotherhood bond and became a triad once again, leading armies of justice against the evil Imperial Court," A-Huan explained with some animated hand movements to demonstrate how that fine wine was savoured - and accidentally or not, knocked A-Zhan's pants off the bedside where they flutter uselessly to the floor, discarded and unnoticed. The

younger brother wasn't wary or worried, because he thought that A-Huan was so keen in sharing his life story that he'd forgotten to dress up his naked little brother. In addition, A-Zhan wasn't complaining, because it was certainly a riveting tale that put an interesting spin to what he thought he knew about the *yaoguai* .

“Then, *ge* , how did you find me?” he asked innocently, wanting to divert the conversation to him, the lovable *didi* of *gege* 's eyes, and reached out in want of touching the older sibling's arm. Unexpectedly, A-Huan leaned forward to receive him, and give the shorter man - by almost a head in height - another heartfelt embrace in the nude, and that surprised the latter.

“Deep inside, *ge* always knew where to find you, just by listening to *ge* 's heart. But *ge* has been so busy with lighting up a new flame for his snuffed out romance, then rekindling the fires of a lost brotherhood, so *ge* has been distracted lately. But in the end, *ge* managed to find you after all and just in time, my precious *didi* ,” came the very touching reply, followed by a sweet kiss on the younger man's cheek, and A-Zhan actually giggled; the act reminisced what they used to do during their childhood days, when two partially clothed boys would roll around in the older one's bed, wrestle and play, and later, explore each other's bodies, behind closed doors.

A-Zhan was pushed back down to the mattress, his hands pinned above his head by one strong brotherly arm, while the other - he watched with heavy-lidded eyes and with acute interest - weaved a telekinesis spell to draw curtains around them - it wasn't needed, really, since there wasn't anyone left in the ward, but it was done and signalled something more private, more intimate - and those strong, calloused free fingers began to undo the wearer's buttons one by one. A-Huan disrobed as he lay atop A-Zhan and settled down nicely between the younger man's legs - it took only a gentle nudge to part the thighs, and the warmth of another man's crotch resting against A-Zhan, with the definite outline of another person's throbbing

manhood, to send wordless delights coursing through the veins and heartbeats racing. Lips grazed the skin, beads of sweat began to form around the jugular where the older *gege* began to nibble and suckle, leaving hickey marks one after the another, drawing a trail of pink blooms from neck to collarbone, while the narrative continued in whispers and sighs.

Xi Chen knew that his little brother had sworn an oath of non-aggression and non-interference, and would avoid brutal warfare whenever possible. So he already knew that Wang Ji would be captured and willingly bound with ropes by patrolling Imperial troops - because so many of them criss-cross the country daily like ants from anthills; without fighting back, he'd be taken to one of those slave camps to serve as a civilian, and less likely to be recruited as a fighting thrall. Xi Chen accompanied his sworn brothers in their battles led by thousand-strong Nie soul-possessed soldiers, or in search of metal weapon caches buried by Jin forces in the past which A-Yao evolved a penchant to sniff out like a bloodhound - while scouring village after village for signs of his beloved *didi*. In many cases, the trail of records and verbal evidence often led to dead ends, especially with Imperial officials setting their offices on fire or slitting their own throats before they fell into the enemy's hands; however, one remarkable incident stuck out in recent memory, such as that when Nie *da ge* bumped into an old relative, Niu Mo Wang of the Zodiac Demon Horde - and both were of bull-headed cattle descent, in *yaoguai* taxonomic terms -, they learned about Jinshan and headed straight to the devastated site, shortly after an unusual explosion was reported there. Xi Chen helped to fend off senior guards talented in swordfighting and exceptionally skilled lieutenants, and A-Yao picked up clues about a mistaken identity case of a civilian man that turned out to be so powerful that he should've been classified as a *yaoguai*. The battle for Jinshan lasted for days, followed by more pursuits and conquests across adjacent districts, and it was only until much later when A-Yao remembered that piece of clue, and nearly received an annoyed knock on the head from Xi Chen *da ge* for overlooking such an important bit of information. A-Yao's investigation skills followed the trail to Nieshan--

-- and the rest is, as you probably deduced by now, is history. *Ge* is sorry it took so long to reach you, because we had to liberate a handful of other towns before coming here for a rest stop," Huan *gege* , now completely naked upon his *didi* , whispered to the younger man's perky, pink nipple after giving it an attentive kiss and lavished it with sweet licks, then Huan *ge* lay the side of his face upon the latter's chest to listen to the *didi* 's strong, racing heartbeat - music to the man's ears. There was unspoken gratitude between them, for being found, being reunited, and being saved. One hand snaked towards A-Zhan's belly and it gave the *didi* a nice circular rub, before tip-toeing down, down to where it should be, at least from the *gege* 's perspective.

"Are you still in pain, A-Zhan? Does it hurt anywhere? *Ge* caught snippets of conversations from other nurses that... bad things... had been done, here," fingers fiddled A-Zhan's pubic hair before skimming along the hardening, growing length of a man's penis, now cleaned and freshened up after being cleansed and wiped with mild soap and warm springwater.

A-Zhan's breathing hitched, and he deliberately spread his legs wider to allow unrestrained access to his *gege* . Huan *gege* did not hesitate to shift himself a little higher until he loomed above the *didi* , and positioned his own huge, pulsing and rather hairy arousal against the latter's - A-Huan humped gingerly, once, twice, and received a tiny moan in response from the throat that was covered with the *gege* 's hickeys. "Nnn. It's alright now," A-Zhan replied gratefully and started to move his hips in a slow, enticingly and temptingly slow circle, further pleasing the larger *gege* to greater heights. "But this *didi* would love it if *gege* takes another look. The doctor said the chilli paste causes itchiness, and the iron brand may leave some scars," he murmured huskily with his eyes looking as demure as a maiden seducing another for an incestuous romp, and began to raise his circling hips to gesture to the older man to yes, yes, have a look, *gege* , please examine *didi* 's most secret garden, right here. The air smelled of sensual bodily muskiness and the sterile floral fragrance of hospital soap, and the *gege* smiled again at the change in the atmosphere to one that is

warmer, more exciting, electrifying and probably, more appetizing for brothers who longed for a more physical reunion than anything else.

“Enn. If it itches, *gege* will gently scratch it until you say it is enough. If there is scarring, *gege* will kiss and make it go away,” A-Huan said and lifted himself up to have a better look at his beloved *didi*’s nudity, oozing with subservient masculine desire, basking in the dim curtain-filtered light with spread-eagled limbs and long, muscled body stretched sexily on the bedsheets; the dark shadows that veiled those bewitching genitals covered with light fuzz, that A-Huan swore he would soon peel back, unravel and expose to his pleasure, and lovingly attack the long-awaited prized treasure between the younger man’s legs with his skilled fingers, lips and tongue, until A-Zhan moaned wantonly and yielded, yearning for *gege*’s loving touch and to brazenly open up without putting up any resistance, baring his flesh and soul for the *gege* to taste and savour with remorseless lust, that A-Zhan would cry out again, again, spilling carelessly in the deserted hospital ward where nobody would hear, then having his rosebud make sweet, sweet love with his *gege*’s mighty over-seven inch penis until A-Zhan was inseminated, and A-Huan, grunting with such heated joy dancing triumphantly in the loins for bedding his beloved precious *didi* many, many times upon the creaking bed.

A-Zhan’s clothes remained on the floor for an hour and a little more, clearly forgotten against the backdrop of two bodies joining again and again, entwined at the lips and hips, and sometimes they switched so that the *didi* could enjoy, as a full-fledged man and now inducted into *yaoguai* society, the pleasures of engaging in tasty incestuous sexual intercourses with his own blood-brother and leaving his own mark deep, deep inside A-Huan’s surprisingly tight, clenching ass. The smaller figure continued to moan and grunt recklessly, fingers groping and roaming freely along the long, slender and gorgeous broad back of the taller man, because his manhood was sucked too tightly and marvellously in massaging squeezes, that he was milked even as he tried to piston into A-Huan’s rosebud, and he had to surrender just after a mere handful of fucks, because A-Huan was

remarkably talented in lovemaking and he had sheer masterful control of his inner muscles; sexually flushed and panting A-Zhan fell into a boneless heap atop A-Huan, still spooned against his older brother, doggie-style, begging the *gege* to stop, stop, please stop milking his dick because he was overheated, too sensitive after cumming, but oh god, he felt those grasping muscles kneading his dying penis like a sausage dough dipped in a pool of his own freshly-ejaculated semen, refusing to release the ensnared, wildly twitching penis. He couldn't breathe, his finger tried to scratch and rake his brother's shoulders and even circled beneath to seek the latter's attention on the muscled pecs, but he was ignored, his begging was ignored even as he was hurtling through another orgasmic wave, his hips shook uncontrollably because really nice feelings rippled through his shuddering pelvis, his abdomen convulsed from the pleasures radiating out from his loins like exploding stars, please stop, please stop *gege*, stop massaging *didi*'s penis inside your anus, *didi* cannot hold on, it feels too good, it's aching, it's painful, *didi*'s dick is crying, it's so hot, it feels all itchy and swollen, *didi* wants to pee, *didi* cannot control himself anymore, please stop--

A-Huan simply 'Mmm', placed his hands to cushion his chin and relaxed. The taller man swayed his hips in circular and undulating motions, murmuring to the *didi* shuddering uncontrollably on his back punctuated by rhythmic cries of pleasure, that he really, sorely missed his beloved little brother. He whispered huskily, "A-Zhan, A-Zhan, it feels good, doesn't it? Come, come harder into *gege*'s playground, just like how we used to play when we were kids, where *gege* kept you nice and warm all afternoon, snuggling against *gege*'s body with your cute little penis dancing joyfully deep, deep inside *gege* ..."

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 218

True as a Gusu Lan, despite the claims that he is not, Lan Xi Chen escorted his *didi* Lan Wang Ji so that the Twin Jades of no particular sect nowadays, arrived fifteen minutes earlier than instructed at the largest tent in the restricted section of the *yaoguai* camp. Both had freshened up with a quick bath and wore nice matching beige-white robes that gleamed in the sunlight as they marched across open spaces with many other tents and huts on the sides bustling with activity - activity which Lan Zhan recognized as purely *yaoguai* 's, since every soldier on duty or resting in the open grass fields was either a possessed man, or a high-level demon disguised as human, based on the aura that surrounded each individual. The entire army is made of non-humans, whether loud, boisterous iron-grey Nie or more restrained and elegant metallic golden Jin, working alongside each other with great camaraderie not seen before in Lan Zhan's previous experiences with various multi-sect military campaigns of the past.

“Many of the Nie soldiers hark back to the days before New Year's, when their *yaoguai* masters waited and eventually absorbed the powers of the sacred sabers in the family's ancestral tombs, to start a mass soul-possession operation in the Nie's stronghold. They're more senior and experienced on the battlefield, though a little more beaten up from hand-to-hand combat, so they prefer to use magic and spiritual weapons such as soul-sabers to fight oppressive *yaoguai* ,” Xi Chen *da ge* pointed out as they passed through crowds who bowed and cheered at the two men as they approached.

“Over there, you'll see younger, fresher Jin soldiers who were recently recruited after we've raided more borderland villages along the mountains that separate Qinghe and Lanling. They were already possessed and tainted with *yaoguai* since the fall of their Carp Tower many moons ago, and haven't had good meals or comfortable beds while marauding aimlessly in

their destroyed homeland, so they were more than happy to join us after some convincing by Nie *da ge* 's heroic speeches, and A-Yao's persuasiveness - plus, it helped to have their own clansman to step up on their behalf and to take care of their well-being, just as what I'm doing with you now," the taller man continued as he made sweeping motions with his hands to show how well stocked and organized the encampment was, with groups of men marching around to patrol between watch towers and gates.

Lan Zhan raised his brows at the last statement, and gave a silent, but questioning look.

Xi Chen *da ge* simply laughed politely, "As long as I'm around, I get a say at the table of our brotherhood about the matters that relate to those of my kind. Our former sect is finished by now, probably razed to the ground since the spread of the *yaoguai* epidemic, but as one-third of this undefeatable new group's leadership, I can still command this horde on who to attack, and who not to antagonize. Chifeng Zun and Lianfang Zun do not know you as well as I do, and they have only vague memories from our younger days that had clouded over the passage of time - so you should treat them with respect and with polite distancing, and they will not harm you in any way that you may believe otherwise."

Lan Zhan didn't look too happy at the offered protection and privileges by his elder brother, and he kept quiet with brief 'Mn's along the way to show that he was listening, but also, deep in thought on how to handle the return of one legendary hero, and one infamous villain, whom he was about to meet under the same roof (and after they'd seen him in his naked glory whilst getting raped by breedworthy, succubic naughty nurse *jiejie* s).

Once they've arrived, Lan Zhan took a few moments to marvel at the lavish interior decorations that reminisced of Nie's - many polished, vicious-looking sabers and other hand-held weapons hung on the walls like decor, and potted plants and paintings bore warrior-themed designs -, and Jin's - upon tables, shelves and even on the pillars holding up the huge yurt-like hut, there were flowers and peonies carved into the furniture, and the furnishings were either painted in gold or silver and lined with cloth embroidered beautifully with more shimmering golden-white blossoms. A large rectangular table resided in the middle of the meeting hall, with cushioned seats on both sides.

Xi Chen mentioned that his little brother wouldn't be used to demonic refreshments such as human heart salads served with belly fat cheese, skin jerky with bloody golden core-flavoured dips, and deep-fried fritters made from intestines, lung and liver, or beverages including spiced blood wines, cocktails made from liquefied bodily juices or congealed life energy protein shakes. "Don't worry," he said when they were alone in the unoccupied hut, " *Gege* will ask the servants to bring in something more palatable, because your stomach is still human, after all. Even today, I have trouble swallowing some of these foods, so I always let A-Yao eat my portion and hope that he may grow taller someday, and I'm sticking to rice and noodles, drizzled with garnishing made from finely chopped human parts to taste, and sprinkled with faded crushed golden cores; you should try the latter, those cores when washed properly and left to age over a few days in the sun, the residual sugar-like crystals are actually sweet and not metallic iron in taste, contrary to popular belief." He eagerly trotted off to find some servants who may be milling about outside, leaving Lan Zhan to wait alone and feeling increasingly anxious and unnerved at the whole situation - the pleasant emptied throbbing feeling between his legs didn't seem soothing enough in the face of the prospect of having to dine with cannibals.

Just then, a shadow scurried by and hid behind a suit of armour that decorated the doorways of the meeting hut. “Who’s there?” Lan Zhan growled and he went into a battle stance with his fists balled on the sides, ready to magically draw out Bichen from his body at a heartbeat’s notice.

“D-- Don’t hurt me! It’s m-- me, *er gongzi* , it’s me! I j-- just wanna t--talk!”

It took just one question from Nie Huaisang, with plenty of stammers in-between, to inform Lan Zhan about the gravity of the situation. “Which of you is real? You or your brother?” he asked. When Lan Zhan pointed at himself without verbalizing his answer, Huaisang became bolder and peeked from behind a hollow metal arm, and fanned himself intensively with a traditional grey Nie-style paper fan. “Is that so? Tell me three instances to prove it!” he barked cowardly before taking two steps behind the suit of spiky armour, and kept his scrutinizing eyes trained on the Lan *er gongzi* from the narrow slit of space at the armour’s armpit.

“One, he calls us using childhood nicknames that aren’t real. I was always addressed by my courtesy name, or at least, ‘A-Ji’.”

A rather rude series of whispers was heard behind that suit of armour, one that indicated a man talking to himself, and slapping a fist to a palm in relieved feelings of vindication, “Right? Right? I also remembered hearing those old braggarts in the Cloud Recesses calling you that way whenever they asked you to bring something, like a loyal obedient disciple. And that

imposter brother of mine, he never calls me politely, because I'm too much of a coward in his eyes! Unworthy, he said. But he's supposed to treat me like a respectable sibling, not a convenient bellboy!"

"Lan Zhan cleared his throat, "Secondly, Xi Chen *da ge* recalls memories of our younger days that do not exist in mine. From figments of imagination, probably. But certainly nothing that took place in reality as far as my senses remembered."

More hisses and angry whispers without the stammer and stutters, "I shouldn't have handed over the keys to my family's graves to that evil spirit! Damn it, I was tricked! That *da ge* said he'd honour the shared moments and memories from my recollections, and be the big brother I'd been dreaming of. But all he did was to bring his merry band of ghostly friends to steal the corpses and buried skeletons of my ancestors, and before I knew it, every last saber from the tombs vanished! Lies, it's all lies!"

"Thirdly, he never brought up the matter about Wei Ying. The Zewu Jun that you and I knew from the Cloud Recesses understood my feelings for Wei Ying, and that we are inseparable, spiritually married and dual-cultivating."

Huaisang finally ventured out cautiously from behind the suit of armour, fingers curled around the hapless metallic arm until faint dents could be seen; his eyes brightened up considerably compared to the downcast, scaredy-cat demeanour during the awkward first encounter in the hospital ward. "I knew it!" he had to stifle a knowing, impatient shout and cover his mouth, "They simply cherry-picked and selected memories that suit their needs. It's not fair! *Da ge* never talked about getting his *qi* flow deviated by Jin Guanyao's cursed healing music, and that horrible shortie murderer

doesn't say anything about the terrible deeds and sufferings he'd caused for more than sixteen years. At first, I was suspicious and thought there was a glitch in their manifestation into their human forms, but now... uuugh!" The man slapped himself in the face and then suddenly, he went wild-eyed and completely pale.

"Wei *gongzi* ! Where's Wei *gongzi* ?! Wang Ji *xiong* , please tell me Wei *gongzi* is still alive? I cannot be the last human left on earth! You're already a *yaoguai* , at least a kind-hearted one unlike those liars that roam around and steal my family's homeland. I'm hoping to escape this place with Wei Wu Xian's wits and help, and live with him forever even if he's a man! I'll die of loneliness if there aren't any others of my kind left... wuuu... wuuu..."

The smaller man, Nie *er gongzi* , collapsed and sat on his haunches like a dangerously emotionally-unstable person, and whined like a crying child. He kept punching himself in the arm, then rambled about his miserable state and blamed the *yaoguai* in rather incoherent sentences that seemed to jump all over the place.

Lan Zhan crouched and leaned forward, and wanted to place his arm over Huaisang's to comfort the distressed man. "Nie *gongzi* , calm down, please. Wei Ying... he--"

A furious slap on the arm shocked Lan Zhan, and he immediately withdrew his hand-imprinted, throbbing hand.

“Go away! A *yaoguai* is always a *yaoguai* ! Look at your hair, it’s staring daggers at me! I’ll burn your cursed hair and make you bald!” an accusing finger pointed and nearly poked into Lan Zhan’s eyes, and the latter flinched in bewilderment, both at the man’s rising insanity, and the fact that those large brown eyes could keenly detect something as delicate as Ni-er hiding behind his nape - truly the hallmark of a sect leader - former or not -, although sadly, one that had been broken, both physically and spiritually; Ni-er gently coo’ed into her daddy’s ear and told him, in bubbly gurgles and yummy nom-noms on the shell of the man’s ear, that she hid well like a little girl should, but yes, she was staring at Nie Huaisang - partly because she hadn’t sniffed a pure human in the flesh for so long, that she salivated from the appeasing, tasty scent, but also because she smelled blood - clotted, rotten, poisoned blood from the man that spiked her demonic appetite, because it was Ni-er’s Holy nature to purify the sick and damaged; she also mewled that she really didn’t want her daddy to become bald, because then, her daddy wouldn’t be handsome anymore.

Then, Ni-er tapped gently on her daddy’s shoulder, and asked him to look closer; it was a bit hard to guess where a strand of grey hair was pointing, especially under the shadow of the suit of armour, but Lan Zhan caught a glimpse of it - as Huaisang started to furiously scratch and rub his scalp in exasperation for inexplicable reasons, while mumbling strangely, “Stupid hair! Stupid *yaoguai* !”, his fingers parted the hair that grew on the side of his head, and Lan Zhan saw, with horror, a sizable reddish gash-like scar that must have been festering there for weeks, if not months. The Lan man reached out again, this time to touch the wound, and he was promptly slapped on the arm by the prickly Nie *gongzi* .

“Don’t molest me, you bad *yaoguai* ! I’ve nothing left for you to touch! You’re already a dead man, fodder for the demons! Wei Wu Xian is dead too, gone somewhere without his cultivation partner, how will he ever survive anyway? Then I shall be a dead man soon! I traded my entire ancestral legacy for a chance to win, and I’ve been scammed. I’ve been robbed, I’m worth nothing, there’s no one left to save me! *Da ge* is right, I

am unworthy, a coward unable to lift his own sword and stand proud in the throne room for his own clan, and destined to serve as a useless bellboy!” the agitated Nie man yelled the last sentence in self-inflicted anger, and immediately crawled on all fours until he was under the large meeting table.

Lan Zhan was about to follow Huaisang into the covered space under the meeting table to drag the man out and seek an explanation, when a voice boomed through the doorway, “Who’s unworthy? Who’s the coward?”

Two men entered, garbed in their regal robes, one with lead-heavy footsteps that sent dust swirling into the hut, and the other, elegant and graceful in his moves matching that of a stalking serpent’s that made almost no sound at all. The arrival of General Nie Mingjue and General Jin Guangyao caused a stir since from the outside of the meeting hut, and Nie Huaisang immediately crawled out with a fearful ‘eep!’. He quickly ran on fleet-footed steps and stood beside and a little behind of the *da ge* of *da ge* s, then lowered his head meekly and kept quiet; the change in behaviour from talking to oneself, to berating himself, to becoming a docile servant - was startling indeed. Both generals looked at the cowering figure behind Nie *da ge* , then to Lan Zhan, who rose from the floor next to the meeting table.

“Don’t cause trouble to others, boy,” General Nie chastised with his low baritone voice, and patted his younger brother’s head - it looked painful as those large hands seemed to grasp a little too hard, and in all likelihood pressed on the hidden scarred wound, because Huaisang squeaked in pain. From a distance, it appeared every bit like the *da ge* wanted to crush Huaisang’s skull like a fragile egg. He turned towards Lan Zhan, causing the latter to flinch from the somewhat bloodshot gaze that bore deep into him, “Did this brat say anything strange to you?” Huaisang shivered in fear when one of his elder brother’s meaty hands slid down to the shoulders and started to squeeze - hard.

“Mn. Nothing important. I didn’t really understand anyway,” the Lan man replied curtly and with conviction, but not specific enough - that the new arrivals thought the youngest’s rather impaired speech was incomprehensible. It was a dicey situation, indeed, and he needed to be careful of his words.

“Lan *er gongzi* , don’t take to heart whatever he says. He’s been stuttering like a fool and his thinking hasn’t been straight ever since he was knocked by a soul-saber in an accident. You know how it is during a chaotic battle, where in the heat of the moment, sometimes a friendly arrow might whizz by and pierce your head if you’re not too careful,” Jin Guangyao looked over the *da ge* ’s massive height to peer at Huaisang’s shrivelling presence, and gave him a glare of hatred, before his darkened facial features brightened up with rainbows and smiles, “Thank goodness our great General Nie always has our backs, right?”

At that note, General Nie rolled his eyes and snorted in disdain, presumably being jaded of his co-conspirator’s antics, “Hmph. You love to play with your bladed strings from a distance, while I have to charge into the frontlines and do the dirty job.” The haughty giant released his grip from Huaisang’s throbbing shoulder, and turned around to face-off with the sly General Jin - and just in time, Xi Chen *gege* waltzed in from another entrance from the back with a filled tray on each hand. He was smiling too until his eyes crinkled with gentle happiness at the timely arrival of his two sworn brothers; a family gathering was in order.

“Mmm. A-Yao is right. Nie *da ge* can be quite passionate in his saber swordplay when he’s up against a mountain of Imperial soldiers! *Da ge* , you should learn to tone down your aggression whenever you do that spinning flower formation with your sabers. Not only did you knock your

little brother, you also tore a hole on my pants, remember?” he laughed politely, as he placed the trays on the meeting table. Lan Zhan instinctively stepped back at the horrible bloody sight of chopped human entrails and cooked body parts served in a variety of fancy ways on bowls and plates; that steaming pot didn’t look like it contained premium branded *pu’er* tea, based on the metallic and almost meaty, rancid smell that emitted from its spout. Xi Chen did not appear to be affected by the horrid-looking buffet, and he went on to invite everyone to take a seat.

“The servants are busy cooking lunch, so I took the liberty to raid their countertops. Here, snacks for everyone while we enjoy a late morning break and a family talk. Wang Ji,” he gestured to the nervous *didi*, “-- there’s a plate of toasted mixed nuts for you. We’ll adjourn soon for lunch anyway, and I’ve specifically instructed the servants to whip up something delicious and filling just for you,” and there was a wink to seal the frightening promise.

Nie Mingjue was already using his hands to snatch slivers human parts fritters and shoving them into his mouth like deep-fried anchovies, and he wouldn’t let go of the thinly-veiled sarcasm and barbs hurled at him his brethren, “Huuh! Hitting my own men and ripping your pants ain’t nothing to shout about! Who’s the one cheering on the sides each time I cut off twenty mens’ legs with a single blast of my trademark Hundred Deadly Circling Flower Petals move? Who’s the one always telling me with his *xiao* flute music to launch that tiresome Thousand Beast Fangs From The Skies attack from ten mountains away? And who’s the one that always say nauseous things like ‘ *Ge*, please stab your big, heavy, hot red saber into my male flower until the stamens are shredded’ each time it’s his turn to bed with me--” His lascivious descriptions were as crude as the way he open-mouthedly chewed his food and left bits peppering all over the tabletop; it was hard to determine if he cracked human bones between his gnashing teeth, or if he snapped a few tough tendons while enjoying those crunchy snacks.

Jin Guangyao's face was one of disbelief and dismay, "What? Male flower? How come I've never heard of that everytime we sleep on the same bed and have our nightly threesome fun--"

Xi Chen turned into an uncomfortable shade of beet red, and quickly shoved a whole human stewed finger into his A-Yao's babbling mouth to shut him up, "Ah, ah, ah, we're getting off-topic now, aren't we, gentlemen?" Nervous laughter ensued, followed by harsh whispers of 'come on, sit down and let's eat and talk'.

Meanwhile, Lan Wang Ji quietly took an unoccupied seat near the edge of the table, and struggled to keep his cool - and silence - around the bantering trio who kept teasing one another, while staring longingly at his plate of toasted mixed nuts still in the tray at the center of the large meeting table.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 219

The meeting with the Venerated Triad turned out to be more civilized than thought possible compared to what was served on the meeting table. While snacking on bloodied eyeball jellies and crushed golden core-coated sugar lollies, with Lan Zhan keeping to his safe haven of harmless toasted mixed nuts whilst his older brother tried some of the less gory, but still grotesque bits, and Huaisang having none at all because he's just a mere mentally-handicapped butler-cum-bellboy, they spoke at length about their circumstances, desires and hopes, long term goals, and how Lan Zhan could join them in their macabre death-themed festivities that only *yaoguai* can enjoy.

Lan Zhan learned that the triad strived to create an utopia for good, deserving *yaoguai* and allied kins, such as themselves. Courageous, strong and visionary, said Nie Mingjue; Clever, beautiful, and charismatic, said Jin Guangyao; Kind-hearted, fair, and virtuous, added Lan Xi Chen, for the qualities they look in individuals whom they recruit to join their cause in these survival-of-the-fittest wargames. The *yaoguai* would not need to rely on gods and their religions for power and sustenance, because they are already supernatural beings with demi-godly abilities themselves - Niu Mo Wang could easily subjugate thousands with his awesome fiery Iron Fan and burn away all dissidents, leaving only the faithful to worship and boost his sphere of influence, terror and iron-fisted rule; the God of Prosperity was persuaded because they have a common love for sinful greed and money, and he had discreetly starting to fund their military campaigns so that the *yaoguai* war generals need not to pray for good luck and fortune each day; numerous Tu Di Gongs and Kitchen Gods, the so-called lesser but widespread list of demi-gods performing mundane divinely duties in their assigned localities, have been swayed and have teamed up with the *yaoguai* to overturn the rule of law, and small feudal kingdoms have started to pop up where demi-gods, their *yaoguai* champions, and even corrupted men-turned-proponents of anarchy ruled over men.

Having liberated and conquered nearly two-thirds of Qinghe, and having made inroads into Lanling territory, within mere months of establishment, the triad decided to return to the Nie stronghold for a larger celebration, restore their group's morale and recover their strength, before pushing themselves to the next level in their efforts to fight off the Imperial armies and their Tao zealots.

Zewu Jun informed his two other brethren that he'd briefed the new cub to the club, Hanguang Jun, about their origins and events of the recent past, and both generals were pleased to induct the newcomer into their family of elite *yaoguai* - in good time, because certainly, they needed more hands on deck to attack, defend and secure a wider range of the Qinghe province than in the past.

"A toast to lil' A-Zhan, who, like his blood brother, is a human seeded with *yaoguai qi*, and a great asset to our brave new world order!" General Nie declared after swallowing a whole chunk of grilled human thigh seasoned with sauteed, congealed life-energies freshly harvested from another victim, and made everyone raise their cups and to drink to their bright, promising future; Lan Zhan was considered a newbie who had just come of age in *yaoguai* society, so he was given a cup of orange juice spiked with demonic blood wine. Unfortunately, the mixed nuts were salty, so he hurriedly and without thinking, took one huge gulp, which amounted to more than half his cup. The rosy-cheeked man became tipsy within seconds, but he managed to hold down his tongue for the time being, and stayed conscious and a little sane; however, he did have a bit of uncharacteristic fun by exaggerating his *yaoguai* origins, fed by Ni-er's protective psychic connections, to tell a believable lie that he was just like many other humans, wandering the plains of the northeastern country and getting possessed, haunted and eventually corrupted by *yaoguai* influence that had spread throughout the Middle Kingdom.

“No wonder my cute A-Zhan had been so willing in the flesh, and in spirit, while we joined bodies in the hospital ward,” the taller man, now turned into tender brotherly A-Huan, murmured and kissed Lan Zhan’s cheeks just as the latter made an endearingly adorable, crude, intoxicated hiccup. “... and for almost two hours too,” A-Huan added with a dreamy sigh and slid his hands beneath Lan Zhan’s tunic to hide a full-grope embrace beneath pooling clothes and draping robes; the clothes they wear were thick in material, richly embroidered and elegant and flared out in design. The meeting table was littered with half-eaten cooked human parts, blood puddles and bone pieces, but the rather unromantic setting did not deter the amorous older Lan brother.

General Jin rushed forward, then cut between the two lovebirds from making out in plain view of other men with a hand-chop, and rudely shoved Lan Zhan away.

“Lan *gege* , have you no control over your loins anymore, that you couldn’t hold back from bedding your own little brother with minutes of seeing each other? You’re worse than an animal for committing incest, let alone a true-blooded *yaoguai* !” he chastised Zewu Jun with a pout, and totally ignored the drowsy-looking *er gege* , who began to tilt and rock gently on his seat.

General Nie laughed out loud and the entire room seemed to shake and rumble from his guffaws, then Huaisang scooted to Lan Zhan’s side to prevent him from falling off his chair. “My Lan flower!” Nie *da ge* addressed the older Lan sibling whom by now, tipsy Lan Zhan suspected and vehemently confirmed, had illicit relations with, “While we have your *didi* join our ranks, don’t forget A-Yao whom you declared as your soulmate many moons ago. Us *yaoguai* do not simply make and break such deep lifelong promises and relationships like you humans; but you’re still

an amateur when it comes to the ways of the *yaoguai* anyway.” The *da ge*’s large saber-decorated cup was slammed on the table, and everything - everyone - rattled quite a bit, from the gentle warning.

A-Yao had found his way into Xi Chen’s lap and he snuggled up unashamedly because he was the prima donna of the latter’s orchestra ensemble, and the Lan *gege* sighed, before starting to play with A-Yao like what he’d do with his *xiao* flute - he ran fingers through A-Yao’s hair, slid fingertips like gossamer against the smaller man’s face, plucked the Jin general’s clothes and unbuttoned his button-knots one by one, and drummed those lovely slightly calloused by long fingers from torso to abdomen, to the sash and to unbuckle A-Yao’s trousers too.

“A-Yao,” Xi Chen leaned in and let his lips graze the smaller man’s nose, then the smooth, shaven chin, “Of course I won’t forget about you, and you’ll always be my number one. Who will play ‘making bagel sandwich creampies’ with me and *da ge* if we didn’t have you?”

Jin Guangyao, or rather, the demon masquerading that villain, snickered and giggled. Then he shot a jealous glare at the increasingly sleepy Lan Zhan, whose shoulders were violently shaken by Huaisang with panicked hisses of “G-- Get up! Get up--p! T-- They’re going to m--make s-- s-- sandwiches! Please w-- wake up and r-- run for your l--life!”

“If we’re making sandwiches with four, then I won’t want to bottom for all of you. I’m no longer the youngest, so with my newfound seniority, I get dibs to choose who gets to be the bottommost soggy bun,” Guangyao held his chin up and spoke petulantly like an arrogant prick.

Nie Mingjue chortled and kept thumping the table with his right leg from the silliness of their conversation, “Good one, A-Yao! Let’s do a man-train right here, right now, and let this biggest *da ge* pound all of you into the flattest bagel sandwich ever! Ha ha ha!” It didn’t seem out of the ordinary that the large man began to pull off his armour and outer robes, and kicked away his shoes; A-Yao made excited squeal-y sounds because he missed having their threesome fun after not getting screwed by either of the sworn brothers since dawn; Lan Xi Chen sighed at the horny two, then reached out with one hand for another jar of poisoned wine on the table and uncorked it, while his other free hand began to pull off his own ribbons and robes.

“Drinking on the job?” A-Yao asked casually when he was down to his underwear.

Xi Chen shook his head to gesture a ‘No’, and replied, “To get my *didi* more drunk than he already is. His performance in bed with me was top-notch, but I don’t know how he’d feel getting hammered to the floor by two powerful, handsome *yaoguai* like you.” By then, the effects from the first and only gulp of demonic wine-laced orange juice had gone up into Lan Zhan’s head and paralyzed his meridians, and the man lay boneless on the chair while mumbling the lyrics of some old Gusu children’s songs

“I barely recall, at least from your memories infused into this body, that your *didi* was prohibited from taking alcohol. Are you really his older blood-brother for doing this?” came another sarcastic admonishment from the slightly concerned A-Yao. Lan *gege* cupped his hand around his younger brother’s jaws to keep the latter’s mouth open, and an entire new jar of demonic blood wine was emptied down the throat within seconds.

“Are we not living in the moment, and savouring the happiness of our times?” Xi Chen retorted with the wise, thought-provoking words that brought the triad together in the first place, which was akin to their group slogan - in which A-Yao simply rolled his eyes that said “You’re insufferable, you know that”. Xi Chen smiled with a wink, and worked to make sure both Lan brothers were properly undressed for their sandwich-making ritual, while whispering under his breath giddily, “A-Zhan, A-Zhan, *gege* can play with you for another hour before lunch time! *Gege* feels very itchy because the demonic presence inside *gege*’s body wants to scratch-scratch your flowerbud again!”

Across the meeting table, the great General Nie had grabbed Huaisang by the arm roughly, and ordered the shaking, whining man who muttered non-stop of ‘Don’t kill me, don’t make sandwiches, don’t kill me’ like a madman in his panic attack. He sent the man scurrying off to check on lunch and to keep the meeting hut’s entrance closed until they were done welcoming their newest *didi* into the family. “If we’re disturbed, this *da ge* will make sure you’ll sport another scar on the other side of your head, and you’ll be as good as a brainless fierce corpse after that!” he growled a warning. With Huaisang kicked out of the meeting hut, Nie *da ge* proceeded to drop his clothes messily on the floor, but he graciously used his furred, thick woollen robes and mantle as bedding for their latest love-nest of foursomes.

“Oh, how I wish A-Sang is as appetizing as your lil’ brother, Xi Chen. Too bad he’s an invalid and our *yaoguai* code dictates that handicapped people aren’t fit for consumption and should be turned into slaves,” he huffed in annoyance while masturbating his huge over-eight inch hard-on furiously without any qualms nor reservations; because they’ve been engaging in tasty threesomes for the past months, and had become comfortable in their own skins, and because *yaoguai* do not really care much about a man’s dignity and nakedness in their world where physical and instinctive, raw pleasures rule above all else.

“Don’t fret, *da ge* . With Lan *er didi* in our hands now, you can sate your hunger anytime whilst his meat is still fresh and youthful!” A-Yao clapped his hands after hanging his underwear on a chair’s backrest; being clean, elegant and proper, he preferred to keep his clothes unwrinkled for the rest of the day.

Xi Chen couldn’t resist licking his lips, even while preparing his *didi* by filing his stomach with toxic wines and sliding the well-muscled but smaller man out of his clothes. Nie Mingjue in the buff, armed with bulging, thickly-veined muscles on nearly every inch of tanned skin and supple flesh, with matching impressive pecs and six-packs - was truly an idol to be worshipped by spreading one’s ass for the godly warrior to take his pleasures from. The lewd stare did not escape Nie Mingjue’s attention, and the huge man raised his arms proudly and turned around for a couple of spins, just to let his admirers fawn and drool over. He brushed his moustache with his finger and gave it a twirl in tandem with one sexy raised eyebrow, exercised his protruding pectoral muscles with alternating pulsing motions to show how sexy his smooth, oiled, defined chest was, then did a few graceful body-building poses to raise the room’s temperature, and when his back was turned to the audience, he even squeezed his glutes to mimic how they look like each time he thrust through two men in their threesome sandwiches, virile and energetic, solid perfect in form, and ready to drill more male flowerbuds than ever before; Xi Chen sighed with a dreamy grin and nearly wetted himself, and A-Yao nnngh’ed with his eyes closed and naked thighs squeezed tightly together in anticipation for an exciting hour-long appetizer sandwich romp before lunch.

Lan Zhan was fortunate to have been blissfully knocked out by the alcohol before the three *da ge* s’ sandwich-making ritual began, with him being the helpless bottom soggy bun, of course. He’d only had his lunch *four* hours later, and by then, he was already a relatively unresponsive, dreamy-eyed walking ghost because he’d been drained to the last drop, he felt thinner

from getting pounded for too long between the legs, and his belly felt pregnant because he'd been filled up much more than any human male could ever experience in a lifetime.

Huaisang got most of the flak from the shrill-voiced kitchen *jiejie* s because they had to keep the food warm for their great leaders, until when they finally arrived at the dining hut at three o' clock in the afternoon on that sunny, beautiful early Summer day.

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The lengthening summer days seemed to stretch forever, when Lan Zhan was taken to the Nie stronghold fortress and made to stay there for a while. His brother was elated, of course, because he gets to wake up every sunrise with his precious A-Yao snuggling against his chest, and lovely A-Zhan lodged snugly between the legs in bed, and make creampie bagel sandwiches and had sausage fests all day with super-alpha masculine Nie *da ge* mounting all of them and Huaisang cleaning up their mess afterwards. Lan Zhan had an overdose of *jiejie* s in the days before, so he welcomed sucking multiple dicks jostling for his touch, stroking very, very excited meaty, twitching arousals until ejaculation, swallowing gallons of hot semen, having thick uncut hairy penises rub every inch of his skin and fucking every crevice and orifice of his body, sawing through between his butt-cheeks until his anus blossomed into the perfect male flower for Nie, Jin and Lan men to sexually devour, and in return, he also enjoyed fucking and spearing, penetrating hairy and smooth buttocks of all shapes and sizes regardless of who and where, to make his own male flower blooms and inseminate other males in sperm-stinked soiled and soaked king-sized beds that cater to foursomes and sometimes more, in rooms that echoed with the breathy, low husky moans of men singing in their throes of ecstasy and excited spurting fertile orgasms arching beautifully over ceilings,

crescendoing into uunh-uunh-uunh rhythmic grunts, to finally reach climaxes of roars and howls of men making love with other men.

Life at the Nie stronghold fortress was akin to living like a princess locked up in her (his) own castle, though fortunately Lan Zhan was familiar with the place - he was at least there during the Sunshot Campaign more than sixteen years ago, and visited the Nies regularly after that -, so he didn't feel too out of place, and knew his was around the vast semi-desert-like estate filled with watch towers, dusty courtyards, stone and metal castles and their widespread network of annexes and underground labyrinths, with a total size of more than twice of the Cloud Recesses. Daddy Nie refused to let A-Zhan out because he took a liking to banging his sweet tight ass all day, so he kept their lifestyles rather opulent and lavish by making sure the man in his mid-thirties was well fed and clothed, given a richly furnished room, with lots of toys and playmates to accompany him including wonky, bipolar A-Sang; Sort-of-Mommy Jin became a bit jealous after having to share Second Daddy Lan's attention with A-Zhan, so he always traded barbs and insults when bad mood raged, and sometimes spiked A-Zhan's drinks and food until the latter became a mind-muddled, docile member of the twisted *yaoguai* family and their favourite gangbang beanie bag, cocksleeve and sperm bag; it goes without saying that Second Daddy Lan was elated to have A-Zhan around all day and night, whether embracing him whenever they bump into each other during work, or staying inside the *didi* when the nights are cool and the bed needed to be warmed. Having not much to do as the *gongzhu* princess, he was treated like royalty amongst the Jin and Nie soldiers, and he spent his time indoors cultivating, practising the scholarly arts and music, and meditated in his private room whenever he wasn't coerced, tricked or seduced to spread his legs to one or all three members of the Venerated Triad.

Over time, activities that trigger feelings of dislike and disgust became normalized, familiar, and even expected, because there is comfort in consistency, even if it means having sex with three men every day with a bellboy waiting on the sides to mop the floor later. It took a while to crack

the mystery code that was Huaisang, and he understood that Huaisang believed that he was the last human left on earth - which was plausible, given that he'd not seen any other pure or untainted *Homo sapiens* around, and Ni-er's assessment seemed to agree with this conclusion. Nie *er gongzi* was damaged in the head, sadly, whose situation reminisced a late 20th century movie about a planet taken over by apes, where one of the last intelligent human survivors suffered a rather similar fate. Nevertheless, the Nie second prince has his good days, sometimes, and Lan Zhan would engage in meaningful conversations to try and pacify the man's disturbed mental state and soul, lending a shoulder for him to cry on, but fully knowing that whatever that man believed or intended to carry out, was of no consequence because Nie *da ge*'s authority and decision overrides everyone else's, and nobody would trust a mad bellboy servant anyway - plus, Nie Huaisang was truly too cowardly in nature. If anything, Lan Zhan allowed Huaisang to play with his hair, braid it and tie pigtails and ponytails - especially when the Nie man was his incoherent, mumbling state -, in the latter's quest to find the *yaoguai* hair who played hide and seek to pass the time with the madman. At least Lan Zhan was rewarded with a nice grooming to his hair, and he had a few grey hairs plucked out too - a bonus treat.

At nights, before the orgy starts of three rightful Sect Leaders, former or otherwise, ramming their cocks into his anus that had been moulded into a man-cunt after too much drug-fuelled sex abuse, Lan Zhan would take a moment to meditate and calm down his restlessness and anxiety. He would ask, whether he was doing the right thing, whether he should stay, whether this foursome love who adoringly called him *didi* while fucking his ass and raping his penis lovingly until he inched towards becoming a desiccated corpse - was the pinnacle of all manners of brotherly love and brotherhoods. In retrospect, after spending days and weeks together locked up inside the fortress, he'd come to enjoy the comforts of living a rather decent, good life and he is well-loved by the Venerated Triad and the *yaoguai* servants and soldiers that serve them. However, each time he saw the moon outside the glass window, his mind would wander beyond, and stray thoughts would filter through intrusively, asking his mind and the core of his soul - is Wei Ying still out there, watching the same moon, waiting for him too?

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 220

When opportunity arose, the triad and the yummy *didi* went on campaigns to liberate more outlying villages, in which *didi* Lan Zhan didn't mind lending his standard weaponry as background support for the *yaoguai*'s cause, just because. He didn't like those snobbish Imperial guards and their sleazy, lecherous Tao priests, and held a grudge against them for causing him untold miseries, such as that four-and-a-half-billion years of wasted waiting time; also, because his *gege* ordered him to do so, and he really had no say in his actions - not when his breakfast is laced with drugs that inhibit his ability to say 'no' and to refuse instructions from the triad.

Powerful *yaoguai*, such as General Chifeng Zun of Nie pride, and General Lianfang Zun of Jin glory, were able to break the Tao's anti-magic like shattering thin glass, simply because they possessed very high levels of cultivations rarely seen among demons; and Lan Zhan was astonished by his brother's level-boosted capabilities after imbuing himself with the *yaoguai*'s ferocious powers - the Darkness-powered Liebing could send thunderstorms to flatten stone castles, dry up entire lakes and turn swathes of farmland into cracked, cursed desertland, and wreck an entire town with a single, twisted and ear-splitting song. The more they fought, the more *yaoguai* and possessed men joined their ranks, and soon, they were one of the largest groups in the northern regions of the country, the last bastions of freedom in a nation gripped by violence, slavery and bloodthirsty conquests.

Thus, when Qinghe was finally liberated and declared under the control of the now-famous General Nie, General Jin and General Lan - and his *didi* in the background, because Lan Zhan held steadfast to his oath of non-aggression and non-interference - he'd play his guqin to break the enemies' shields from afar or send Bichen to deliver wartime supplies, but he would not engage in bloody fights directly - the victorious *yaoguai* celebrated by

having a week-long summer festival with fireworks, gatherings and parties, good food, all-night music and dancing.

As part of the festival, a Conference of the Demonic Cultivation was organized to invite *yaoguai* and all supernatural, non-human and human allies across the country to partake in the festivities, and to unite everyone under a single cause. Lan Zhan caught a glimpse of the invitation list while General Nie was working on it at his sturdy teakwood study desk - the large, burly man worked late into the night as one of the main organizers of the inaugural, celebrated and much-hyped event. He saw the names of the Zodiac Demons, whom he met briefly before in Spring but never since then, and he knew they had been battling in the heart of human evil of Chang'an, though not surprisingly, with little success.

“What do you think? It’ll be an honour if they would take a break from trying to hit their heads against the massive walls of the Imperial Palace, and enjoy what we can offer here, in Nie heartland,” Nie Mingjue remarked with pride, as he used his ink-brush to write the names on long parchment laid across the desk. Lan Zhan couldn’t agree or disagree, as he moaned terribly, terribly wantonly when Nie *da ge* shoved his hips hard against the man’s buttocks, there was that familiar ache, a tearing pain, of a huge over-eight inch manhood drilling continuously through his blossomed, puffy, overused flowerbud - and continued writing over Lan Zhan, who had to bend over the table’s edge because the talented, multi-tasking *da ge* insisted on getting work done even while having an orgy.

“Hah!” Jin Guangyao withdraw his lips briefly from Lan Zhan’s shuddering penis beneath the rutting two, and shifted in his sitting position just beneath the table’s edge where he could capture the Lan *er didi*’s genitals easily like reeling in prey, and pleasure and edge the man for hours, sometimes mere minutes before detonation, because A-Yao gives the best blowjobs ever, “Your main aim is to meet your Niu brother, and to butt-heads with

brotherly love, because you've not seen him for months. For an old stubborn and brash bull like you, you sure know how *not* to hide your true intentions. You'll also try to persuade Niu Mo Wang to let you join the siege on Chang'an, but we all know that the Zodiac Demons are too arrogant and prideful to ask for help from lesser ones of their kins, like us." Jin *gege* guessed everything correctly, to Chifeng Zun's consternation, and the Lianfang Zun proceeded to kiss away a long web-like drip of pre-cum from Lan Zhan's vulnerable, imprisoned penis in the *gege*'s hands, before the helpless organ was swallowed and stroked vigorously with such finesse, that Lan Zhan momentarily lost control of his legs and trembled greatly against the table. His shrivelled testicles continued to dance and throb, and pulsed erratically like a dying heart, with one testicular orgasm tearing through another non-stop from the Jin man's incredible skills with luscious lips, elongated and forked tongue and aphrodisiac-laced fangs; Lan Zhan had run out of penile orgasms long ago, having ejaculated more than the twenty-four thousand times he used to have during his earlier godly days, and these *yaoguai* proved to be exceptionally effective in extracting his honeyed seed and leave his pelvis absolutely, pleasantly drained from one sunrise to the next.

Lan *da ge* entered the study room with a tray of snacks - cooked and candied human parts, as usual, with golden cores as dips to rejuvenate their sexual demonic *qi*. He ogled at the artistic masterpiece of how his little *didi* was mounted by General Nie on a table and sucked dry by General Jin below - and he had just left for a few minutes to get those snacks after incestuously breeding his younger brother for hours earlier. "My, my, you're both impatient and insatiable, aren't you?" he remarked as he placed the tray on the desk, "Well, judging from the invitation list, I'm not too keen on *yaoguai* with animal appearances... but it would be interesting to see which human-dominated factions will choose to accept the invitation and join us in our celebrations." Xi Chen's graceful slender fingers leafed through the parchment pages with mild disinterest, before taking a few steps back to admire how the little *didi* was coping with having two demons rape him rather unwillingly. The sweat-drenched, sexually flushed Lan Zhan bit back another moan, because he was a bit shy for showing his shameful behaviour

in front of the *gege* after all. His hair was unruly and untied after Nie *da ge* tore off his topknot when his passions got the better of his manners, and raked the smaller man's hair and back while roaring forty times for the mighty forty bullish ejaculations seeded like powerful water jets shot deep, deep into the sexually abused Lan *didi* 's rectum.

“Oh? Humans? Do tell, Xi Chen *gege* ,” A-Yao took another breather from deepthroating the dying, tormented purple-red shivering penis - it could no longer shoot out any semen, but A-Yao insisted on polishing and massaging the meaty phallus anyway with unrivalled sexual skills, and with such eagerness, until it became a screaming tube of wildly-twitching hypersensitized flesh that kept unloading and spilling recklessly, mixing pee with cum because the bladder and the sphincters were out of order, but of very little viable sperm as a reward because those still-contracting testicles had run out of juice anyway, and the prostate gland had been thoroughly abused by Nie *da ge* 's awesome bone-shaking thrusts that it had to shut down from emptying out too fast, too early. A-Yao resumed his blowjob, and Lan Zhan started to hum and groan out a long, protracted unintelligible ‘uuuuunnnnnuuuuunnnnnhhhhnnnnngggghhhh’ because his body was forced to convulse unwillingly - again.

“Well, based on reports... there are some sects in the border provinces... that are friendly to *yaoguai* but have more human influence... than the other. We've sent some advanced invitations... using Fairy Messenger spells... so we'll wait to see if there are any interests from... say, far south in Yunnan... far west in Qishan--” Xi Chen said with a halting voice, because he was getting distracted at trying to enlighten his dear A-Yao, while secretly delighting in watching adorable A-Zhan turning tomato-red again from chest up to the cheeks because his back arched and seized, and lovely pulses ran through his terribly, terribly, cramped and overexerted penis, in which A-Yao gladly drank whatever seedless fluids that was offered, and Nie *gege* groaned with pleasure from having the sweet, tight man-ass massage his demonic hairy, veiny cock, thirty milking squeezes, no less.

“Oh for *gui* ’s sake, stop yapping and let me concentrate on enjoying A-Zhan’s body *and* completing my invitation list at the same time!” the moustached macho warrior grunted in irritation and grasped Lan Zhan’s buttocks so harshly that he left handprints on those two bouncy mounds. He spanked Lan Zhan hard, once, twice, eliciting ‘aahn, aahn’ from the latter, out of spite for the sexy flooded, cum-slicked man-cunt that continued to tempt and entice him from his General duties.

Then, Lan Xi Chen grabbed a few morsel bites of human parts from the tray and fed them to his Nie and Jin brethren, before popping a slice of fried human liver coated with bluish gelatinous life-energy - mmm, delish - and he went to take his place next to Nie *da ge* . Lan Xi Chen was gloriously naked as well, though shinier, smoother and more slender and pliant than the brawn muscled hulk *gege* . Xi Chen slapped one hand that still clutched his *didi* ’s buttocks and he instructed, “Nnnh, move aside a bit, you greedy Nie man. A-Zhan’s mine too.” Next, Xi Chen carefully, forcefully, pushed his own steel-hard cock into the younger brother’s overstretched anus; he was adamant to have a double-penetration sex and get a taste of his own blood sibling, even if it meant crowding out the towering doofus next to him while alternating their two-stroke pistoning action deep, deep into A-Zhan’s well-lubricated engine. The youngest of them cried out with pleasure and pain from the extensive combined girths that felt like fists were being punched into his rectum to crush his intestines. Below, A-Yao sensed a change in the electrifying atmosphere, and began to milk the man’s spasming penis that’s still in its refractory period, with his clenching, massaging throat muscles, and a lovely forked tongue that started to make sweet, sweet penetrative love into A-Zhan’s pee-slit with every intention to reach, fluttering in and out of the urethra and the shuddering, invaded prostate gland invade, to rape his insides, to plunder the last nectary liquid gold from the incontinent bladder until nothing was left, and when the tongue had elongated enough to reach its prized targets, A-Yao lovingly hummed and attacked with sonic vibrations unto A-Zhan’s bruised, swollen testicles from within till only dried-out pruny husks remained - again, for the next few hours into the night.

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How time flies, when he isn't with his true loved one, that is, his soulmate, Lan Zhan thought dreamily with a sigh. The days with Wei Ying could be measured by the minute, by the hour, filled with activities that two men in love could share and appreciate in the heat of the moment, and cherished as memories forever.

Compared to having sex marathons and orgies all day and night, and then filling the gaps in between with mundane, increasingly boring and meaningless pursuits such as cultivation, reading, writing calligraphy and playing the guqin - or rushing to battlegrounds to make mincemeat out of the Imperial dogs and their Tao sex-kittens. The days passed quickly without much fanfare or personal milestones archived, and Summer was in full swing when the Conference of the Demonic Cultivation was held right at the palatial grounds of the Nie family fortress. Lan Zhan eventually forgot a little bit about the annoying but endearing antics of his former spouse, after having spent so much time with his new tribe, the Venerated Triad and the *yaoguai* -kin that called Qinghe, and increasingly, part of Lanling, their home and headquarters. He'd help them expand their influence and extent of land grabs, built homes for orphans and those who suffered from the ongoing war, started a vegetable patch behind the fortress to plant cabbages, chillies, even dug a pond to nurture a few lotus shrubs;

he kept himself contented by maintaining a rigid regimented lifestyle of five to nines, of sweeping with straw brooms and living up to a virtuous lifestyle where possible; although it was challenging to maintain his sanity because he was always fondled in the hallways by an amorous Chifeng Zun who had no qualms molesting Lan Zhan in front of squealing servants and a fleeing Huaisang then pounding him up against the wall while having stand-up sex

- which meant that Lan Zhan always had someone's penis inside him from nine to five, had someone's greedy, lustful calloused hands creeping from behind then stroking his defenceless naked cock even while he tried to sweep the floor, but ended up soiling the glazed surface with splattered teaspoons of useless, spent seed, and his only virtue, at least in the eyes of the ever-hungry and insatiable Chifeng Zun, was when he spread his legs willingly and as widely as possible, relaxed his anal sphincter to allow the hulking huffing, sexually aroused giant full access into his ruined, drenched male flower;

he was constantly harassed by Lianfang Zun's sarcasm, then ambushed and sexually attacked each time he found himself alone with the thin, reedy and sleazy man, because A-Yao either secretly lit up an incense burner filled with scented sedatives and aphrodisiacs, or sent acupuncture needles laced with sexual poisons to his nape when he back was turned, that he ended up not knowing if he'd been whoring himself out because he sometimes woke up hours later in a daze, and his genitals thoroughly sucked dry, overused and feeling very, very drained, throbbing unpleasantly with forced emptiness - the torment does not stop there, as Lianfang Zun has a lewd obsession for Lan Zhan's genitals, and each time they shared a meal on the dining table, Lan Zhan would have trouble chewing and swallowing his rice and noodles, because someone had crawled underneath to fondle his tired, annoyed balls and vigorously played footsie with his penis until he ended up cumming while trying to eat braised pork bellies, roaring with forced pleasure while trying to drink his chicken soup, and choking on fruit desserts, his face as red as the apple he tried to bite, because he had to experience multiple very uncomfortable, very shameful full-blown thirty-throbs orgasms in broad daylight, grunting 'aaahn, uuuhn, ooohn' until he grimaced and inadvertently bit into the bitter apple's core, before he was allowed to finish his meal;

he could never say 'no' to his brother, not when he lovingly calls him 'A-Zhan' like the childhood days of an alternate twisted fantasy, and each time that gege tells A-Zhan that gege wants to play-play with the *didi*'s penis,

that A-Zhan obeyed without a question and stripped off his pants, to let the *gege* touch-touch his birdie until it turned red and swollen from the brotherly attention, was sent flying away in graceful thirty arches of brotherly ejaculations, and then, the *gege* would pretend to be kind and say that since *didi* has suffered enough from Chifeng Zun's daily attacked of the fearsome mighty over-eight inch saber, *gege* would let *didi* rest and enjoy a more relaxed pace of lovemaking, by letting *didi* gently fuck *gege* 's welcoming, spread-open male flower until the *didi* shuddered and erupted repeatedly and melted into moans, inappropriate grunts and incoherent ' *didi* loves *gege* , *didi* wants to marry *gege* , *didi* wants to stay inside *gege* forever because it's so tight, loving and warm', to the rhythm of creaking beds and pistoning hips, of rising balls and pulsing penile muscles, until A-Zhan was painting squiggly, oozing creamy white lines, very, very excitedly, inside *gege* 's inner canvas that lined the larger man's tunnel of incestuous love, and it feels very, very nice and heartwarming to cum inside his lovely *gege* .

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The Conference of Demonic Cultivation took place as planned, though Lan Zhan did not participate since he was still an outsider - not an outcast - in *yaoguai* terms. He did not have beastly features or grotesque parts, and he wasn't a mass murderer that feasted on human flesh and willingly devoured golden cores. Lan Xi Chen barely made the passing mark because his golden core had turned black and corrupted, and he'd already scored enough kills, displayed his inhuman culinary skills by roasting a man alive and eating him straight off a spitroast, and showed that he had an appetite for human parts well enough, to be allowed entrance to the various meetings that took place all day. There were exhibition booths, breakout meeting rooms, and areas where *yaoguai* champions and leaders, both rising stars and established folklore legends, mingling about.

Still, Lan Zhan was allowed to remain out of bounds of those closed-door meetings, because he was a resident of the Nie fortress, and he still displayed a bit of demonic presence - whenever he was quizzed by guest *yaoguai* who either had heads of terrifying lizards, claws of eagles, body made of centipede carapaces, tails from serpents or hooven legs of devils, mostly fully garbed in vicious looking spiky armour - he would show his special Hair that could move independently of his crowning glory; the cute strand of grey hair would surge forward as fast as she could whilst rooted to the scalp, and wiggle wildly as though she was performing kung-fu and lash out with squeals and bubbly gurgles. It wasn't really impressive, based on the feedback Lan Zhan received especially when faced with legends of the demonic world such as those from the Zodiac Demon band or demi-gods from other localities - but the guests let that slide because all Lan Zhan did, at least in their eyes, was to dutifully move around with a tray in hand to serve eyeball cocktails, bloody wine drinks, and cordial liquefied *qi* blended with golden cores of freshly deceased victims, like a good but lowly waiter boy. On the first night of the Conference, the incredible, fabled Silver-White Dragon made another appearance in the skies, by flying through one cloud to another, and everyone cheered and cried with reverence at the sight that signalled the coming of prophecies, and some even grovelled to the ground to worship the divinely serpent's presence; later, Ni-er discreetly drifted back to her daddy's hair as a grey thread-like strand, then rooted herself around behind her daddy's right ear, and daddy Lan Zhan quietly praised his pumpkin pie for a job well done to delight their guests with an aerial show for this inaugural event.

Then, someone announced from afar, "Stand aside! Welcoming the Jiang sect from Yunmeng, their Sect Leader His Greatness Jiang Wanyin, the first lady, Queen Wen of Qishan, and their royal entourage!"

Lan Zhan stilled in his steps even as guests began to scold him to continue serving refreshments in the bustling fortress grounds and gardens where demonic crowds thronged. He barely remembered his elder brother mentioning about human-dominated factions being invited to the party, and

he realized belatedly that Jiang Cheng's was one of those. He turned around almost too impatiently, and spilled some wines, to the annoyance of some guests whose clothes and leathery skin were splattered by crimson drops - and saw, to his bewilderment, hope and deep-seated fear - of one group marching across from the entrance fates, surrounded by war banners and soldiers bearing full Yunmeng Jiang battle regalia including swords, bows and lotus-themed armour. There he was, the Jiang Sect Leader that he'd known for a while, and next to him - his eyes widened and instantly, millions of thoughts rush through his mind because of the implications and possibilities - Wen Qing *gu niang* dressed in flowing red robes and a matching magnificent tiara and headpiece; he thought she had been killed sixteen years ago in the massacre of the Wen clan - then behind, he saw pale-faced Wen Ning with a rather proud look on the face with chin tilted up, in blood red and black Qishan Wen-style armour that he knew, remembered, hated too well, then just barely, barely a lightning flash and glimpse of what he thought was Jiang Yan Li, because he couldn't mistake those demure double-lidded almond eyes, bright cheeks and luscious lips, not especially when she's dressed in robes of shades of purples that represent her clan's colours, and next up--

The man - Lan Zhan nearly wanted to throw the tray away and run towards his beloved, dearly missed-- he took a step forth, despite *yaoguai* guests clamouring around him for a drink that he conveniently ignored-- his eyes locked gazes with that man, his spouse, his soulmate-- his opened his mouth to word but it would come out, so he trembled, filling up with anxiety and long lost love, of buried feelings welling up suddenly from the bottom of his heart and stabbing a punch into the gut that oh how he'd missed, wanted to, touch and kiss, embrace and love-- the tremor spread throughout his body, and soon, that tray did fall away to the soft green grass below, to no one's lament and loss other than angry curses for more spillage-- he took another step and soon, broke into a brisk pace-- but his heavy feet wouldn't move faster, curse those Nie metal shoes, why must they be weighed like lead, his heart raced and he was crying, crying from the inside yet his throat tightened, a single tear threatened to flow out and trickle down his cheeks, but he cannot-- he's the rightful husband, he has an established, eternal

relationship with *this man* no matter what Gods try to separate them and to hell with those who try--

“... Wei Ying?”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 221

“Leave this place. Come back to Yunmeng with me.” Harsh, hungry, possessive whispers growling between hot kisses. Back pressed against the wall, the wife-y shows his dominatrix side and pins the husband’s hands to the side of his head. Another kiss, this time, a wet muscled tongue wrenched its way in between gritted teeth, and he yielded, because oh gods, how long has it been since he tasted his married man? Sweet, spicy, lecherous yet playful, that’s his man, the man that is named Wei Wu Xian; the kiss sent a jolt sizzling down his spine and straight into his loins; Lan Zhan moans into their locked, feverish lips.

The message hits home. Leave? Come back? Lan Zhan tears away from their conjugal reunion of salivating mouths, how horny can people be when embracing each other after not meeting, or even having sex, for a long while? The flesh wants, the will weakens, and Lan Zhan is as hard as a stallion, a wet spot on the tip of the vulgar tent on his pants.

“N... No, Wei Ying. I can’t. I shouldn’t. They... treat me well. I live well. I have a place and a purpose here. My brother’s with me. No, I now have three brothers. I... belong here, I should stay.” Timid. Refute. Say ‘no’ because he’s been told to, by his blood brother, drilled into his head and his sex organs every, single, day.

The wife is furious, and he rightly should be. A fist slams the wall right beside the ear, and what an ear-deafening, bone-rattling boom that sounded, even the paint job cracked. The husband flinches in terror.

“What buffoonery are you pulling out of your ass this time, Lan Zhan?! You’re suffering from Stockholm’s Syn-- no, nevermind. You’ve been brainwashed, radicalized, corrupted!” There it is, the snarl, the angry, jealous, possessive streak that he’d loved long ago, but hadn’t savoured enough before it was gone. Go on, the inner voice said, scold me, abuse me, break me, tell me I’m wrong and I’m the worst.

“No. I will stay.” That was the automated reply, like the ones recorded on machines. Defiant, but beneath the rippling, churning surface of raw emotions fogging up the air in the unoccupied room of mixed breaths and heavy, lustful male panting. Luckily Lan Zhan somehow managed to grab the wife’s hand and pull the latter away from the entourage, damn those onlookers, and rush into an empty, sparsely furnished room in an annex building to the fortress, whose door can be locked - and it was crisply locked, for good measure.

“Lan Zhan! If you don’t come back with me right now, I’m going to rape you until you say ‘Yes’!” Ouch, such anger, such petulance, such rebellious finesse, because those words run against the orders of the Venerated Triad, Lan Zhan’s current, maybe now, former masters. The lovely four-lettered word was music to the man’s ears, because that was how he had been trained and broken to serve new masters, and now, he desperately wanted - needed - to be undone to recalibrate his loyalties and feelings for his one true soulmate.

Thus, when Lan Zhan licked his lips and wavered in his grip on his sworn loyalty to the Venerated Triad, he knew, and the wife knew, that it was over. The darkness is lifted. It’s time for reconciliation lovemaking. At long last.

After a couple seconds of hesitation, because Lan Zhan, courtesy name Lan Wang Ji, shamefully forgot how, as a husband, to seduce the wife named Wei Wu Xian - but he got back on track quickly because he's supposed to be the older man in his mid-thirties and no longer a virgin boy - and made up his mind on how to carry out the shameless duty. He peeled off his belt to drop his pants messily on the floor - the impatience and lack of proper etiquette of folding one's garments, was telling, but it was also sexy as it's steamy; what wife would love to see his darling husband do a striptease, right?

Lan Zhan quickly scanned the empty room and found his sex prop - he sat on a cushioned chair naked as a babe with hairy curls on the crotch gloriously displayed to the wife, then spread his legs and draped his thighs on the armrests as though he, the husband, was ironically going for a woman's gynaecology check-up. His hands reached behind and below to spread his puckered male flowerbud, and the thrill of being naked in a room with another man, of feeling cool air caressing his buttocks, of presenting himself wantonly like a buffet spread to entice and tempt penises to spear, plunder and sexually assault his long-gone innocence - Lan Zhan bit his lips and looked away, but not before he let out a nnnngh because his heart was racing, and he truly, truly missed the taste of lovely, lovely Wei Ying after having been pounded, moulded and thoroughly used and abused by his three *gege* for far too long. Wei Ying's penis and pubes, he knew by heart, was by far the hairiest and he sorely wanted to feel those tactile ticklish sensations, the greasiness, the manliness of his wife-y - nothing beats that, not even incestuous double penetrations or being sucked by mind-blowing deepthroats.

Hooded, alluring eyes return to the spouse, in sizzling tandem with the moment he reaches for his proud, leaking and ferocious-red penis, in its over-six inch glory and jerking with 'Yes, Yes, Yes'. He starts to jack off while sending smoking stares and lustful gazes, along with licking his teeth with a silent *rawr*, and purrs with his low baritone to 'It's been a long time coming, and he wants to welcome the man named Wei Wu Xian back to his

life, back into his body, the temple of manly fertility and of all things husbandly to his wife, through rape or not. His strokes hastens, his exercises his anus to bloom his male flower seductively, making lewd kissy-kissy gestures, to become the wife's visual feast and to stoke the flames that fire up, and rekindle their smouldering relationship.

Wei Ying stared back with unimaginable hunger and boiling lust at the offered sacrifice of flesh upon a doomed cushioned chair. He murmured his warning again though he wasn't really focused anywhere else other than the lovely, lovely opened male flower dripping with invitation for a warm, tight, hot loving, "... I'm going to rape you until you say 'Yes'...", while undoing his own pants and masturbating furiously with his gloved hands because he hadn't taken off his socks although his Yunmeng-styled shoes were already kicked to the corner.

"Mn."

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"It's the same story, really. Qishan Wens raised from the dead, taken over by marauding and very intelligent *yaoguai* who played with the bodies and their deceased identities like string puppets. Mom and Dad's back at the Lotus Pier, not truly themselves and certainly not in their right mind, for the same reason.

Oh, you saw my *shijie* too right? I married her first shortly after waking up from falling down into a well, and that's how I got inducted to the family, just like how you got roped into your sick sausage fest foursome with the

other Great Clans. Then, I had to marry Wen Qing, because she became a fierce lustful woman who couldn't find satisfaction in A-Ning, and she insisted - I just followed orders from that diva, don't blame me. Thank goodness the wedding had to be postponed until a few days after Jiang Cheng's, of course, since he was the one who called the *yaoguai* for help to set up his personal playground empire spanning from Qishan to Yunmeng, and he gets dibs to choose her as his queen and rightful first wife of Jiang Sect Leader, while I, the older sibling, get seconds. I'm still the outcast, can you believe that? Madam Yu insisted on protocol, which is so old-fashioned by the way. So yeah, me and my bro share Wen Qing as a wife, and Dad's pretty cool about it because he's afraid of Dark Zidian's powers. That thing stings like hell, I tell ya. The cuts don't heal until a week later!

Anyway, the thing with women... well, it still worked out in the end, because Wen Qing sneaks into my room every night, while I'm busy making my own family with *shijie*, up to our twelfth this week and probably my hundredth with a growing harem of other Jiang and Wen women who signed up for sex with me. Hah! Me, the outcast, and also the most desirable, prideful Jiang firstborn, for both of the human and *yaoguai* kind - the irony! Don't tell A-Cheng, but all ten daughters and sons born from Wen Qing aren't his, and don't ever tell him that those kids' beautiful dark brown eyes look like mine. I prefer to keep up my clean image of practising monogamy with my *shijie* and our lovely twelve children, and have my concubines hidden away from the public. Madam Yu would freak out and disown me if she learned that her legit grandchildren were born from cuckolded sex, hah!

Did I mention children? Yeah, my first girl's about twelve or thirteen this week, since this particular branch of Far West *yaoguai* can speed up their conception, birth and growth cycles to one week for an equivalent of one human year. Lovely A-Ying's a sexy mink and her body and girly breasts are developing faster than I thought, so I insisted not to bring her here, where there are tons of *yaoguai* suitors who would try to put their grubby hands on her... Nuh-uuh, no way, because A-Ying's already mine; she's

daddy's girl and she's got twins growing in her belly this week after I popped her cherry last Sunday. Hey, don't give me that weird stare, because I believe it's absolutely fine to feel good, and enjoy breeding little girls, okay? A-Ying's got the sweetest tightest and hottest juiciest wettest fresh pussy you can ever imagine, and she kept crying out for daddy to make babies inside her while cumming and peeing all over my belly, how could I resist as a responsible, caring dad? What's more, she's my flesh and blood, so I own rights to her body and her virginity, and I decide who gets to deflower her, right? A dad's gotta do what he's gotta do, that when she's fertile and ripe for the taking, daddy takes it first before the other boys.

Do you want to hear about A-Mian, my second girl and the rest of the family's story, or should we continue our awesome gay sex? Your dick's still throbbing and growing bigger inside my ass even after cumming five times. Did'ja miss me so much? Anyway, where was I... A-Mian's a precocious brat but one very fine underaged slut. She outgrew her sisters and graduated straight from braless to size F cups without even having to try those training bras. It was fun groping her tits and molesting her baby smooth skin all day while screwing her sweet fucking tight vagina while I was teaching her how to masturbate like a real lady. Getting my dick squeezed like crazy by those fleshy bits inside her pussy while she rubs her clit to multiple climaxes, it's the best, I tell ya. I've already profited from getting six grandkids out of her, that's two sets of triplets, and another set of fat healthy cherubs are on their way! Her boobs are so plump and soft, I could've sucked them all day and I tried - it's awesome to drink out of your girl's lactating titties while fucking her bareback *into* the bed three times in a row to get her properly inseminated, because that's where she belongs -, but then my wives would hit me on the buttocks and accuse me of incestuous infidelity. Oh, the world is so unfair, dominated by feminist ideals and robbing virtuous dads like me of my most basic rights to enjoy my loins, and the fruit of my loins, and to start families with sisters and daughters! You... err... *lao gong* ? Hello? Earth to *lao gong* ?”

The room was a bit dark, bereft of sunlight. It wasn't clear if Lan Zhan was suffering from a migraine, facepalming at the ridiculous stories, or KO-ed and foaming in the mouth. Wei Ying continued to babble about himself and his wonderful adventures in the past few months, while tastefully riding the dearly-missed hubby's crotch with hip-drawn circles, squares and stars until the tomato-red, convulsing husband had nothing left to yield from his dying-dead penis and raisin-like testicles.

It was truly annoying to watch Wei Ying cackling like a fool and rolling to all four corners of the small, stuffy room while laughing crudely like donkeys braying birthday songs. The younger man gripped his stomach because he cramped up from laughing too much, and he farted and peed on the floor because it was just too funny, and his muscles had gotten too loose. The husband snorted indignantly at the unsightly sight of a man covering himself with his own bodily fluids with each roll - and his own, because Lan Zhan shot his semen everywhere too, like a misfiring machinegun, after many rounds of passionate lovemaking with a very, very excited welcome-home-i-missed-you, trigger-happy giddily spinning penis that stubbornly ejaculated prematurely multiple times in all directions.

The couple shared their stories and compared notes, first by Wei Ying because he was too impatient to keep his mouth shut and tell the world what wonderful manly things he'd achieved; which wasn't much, really, because Wei Ying was living out a man's fantastical dreams of becoming his own harem and orgy master by breeding his wives and children all day and night, and he mostly kept out of the public eye because he didn't want to cross against the Jiang's now-restored ruling family. He thanked Ernie for saving him from a watery death at the well - which remained a mystery to this date, because it was never found again - and teleporting then depositing him into the hands of the Wen siblings who happened to be at the right

place at the right time to intercept his travel. Unnaturally alive and pretty Wen Qing was smitten at first sight and Wei Ying was glad to see at least his old friend, Wen Ning, who had been seduced by the latest wave of *yaoguai* pandemic and swept off by his kin (theoretically) to the central-west plains. Fortunately, A-Ning remained a virgin boy because as a derivative of *yaoguai* damaged with developmental challenges in mental health and cognition, he was a dull, plain simpleton in *yaoguai* terms and was unattractive for the flesh-eating demons, to say the least.

(At this point, Lan Zhan mentioned Huaisang, and the older man made a fair conjecture that *yaoguai* do not like damaged goods, in a non-offending sense when one considers the living flesh and their energies as food commodities for the demons.)

With Ernie snugly nestled in his pubes once again, Wei Ying swiftly got a diagnostic and a good handle of the situation - recalling distantly that a bunch of possessed and demon-infected Jiang disciples returned from the Carp Tower to Lotus Pier shortly after New Year's Night Hunt, the brilliant Dark Arts practitioner calculated, with 95th percentile confidence, that the entire Yunmeng Jiang clan had been diseased and possessed by the end of Spring. It didn't take long to return to his ancestral home, catch up with his stepbrother and see with his own eyes just how irreversible the situation was, with imposters having infiltrated, then ruled the sect from all levels of their clan's hierarchy. Wei Ying had resigned to the fact that his ancestral clan was defeated before it knew what happened, especially since the *yaoguai* found Jiang Cheng first and signed in blood a satanic deal that he could never refuse - the return of the Qishan Wens, under the sweet promise that he'd doubled his clan's size and might overnight and with Wen Qing as his bride.

(Wei Ying complained that Jiang Cheng held on to memories, grudges and bitter stuff long after they've expired, such as his long-drawn wish to see

Wen Qing again because he still couldn't bury his feelings for her, and that he still kept that cracked, cobwebbed comb inside his treasure box after all these years. Lan Zhan drew parallels to his elder brother, who could never forget his A-Yao and continued to yearn for the latter even after his treachery was exposed and subsequently, leading to his death. In both cases, the men failed spectacularly once their weaknesses were exploited by the *yaoguai* .)

Wei Ying already knew the ins and outs of the Dark Arts and how *yaoguai* culture and society function, so he was savvy enough to trick the imposter Jiang Fengmian and Madam Yu to let him wed a fake Jiang Yan Li and let him stay as one of them, without having to show his squiggly Ernie-powered pubes to anyone and risk disclosing his true identity and capabilities. So, even as he started on a warpath to deflower all females within his arm's reach and to propagate with pleasure to keep boredom at bay, he lived a relatively good life as a prince of sorts, with cute Wen Ning as his man-buddy when he went hunting for jungle fowls, fishing in the river, crafting new inventions in his own gifted lavishly-furnished cottage with farms and orchards, or simply play truant and declaring absenteeism when his horny wives were on a lookout for a quick fuck when he's not in the mood; Wei Ying called the shots, dictated who he'd bed and make babies with and when, and engineered the clever arrangement for Wen Qing's two-for-one marriage that his fake adoptive parents couldn't say no to; because as long as Jiang Cheng is contented and satisfied, following the demonic contract formed by his - and by extension, his people's blood -, the *yaoguai* get to stay in the Mortal Realm in the comforts of Yunmeng and Qishan as manifested humans, and play around with impunity in a fantasy of a glorious resurrection of a forgotten race, a celebrated fairytale marriage, and of creating a new family that united two legendary clans (...not, Wei Ying scoffed mockingly).

(Wei Ying was a parasite to the *yaoguai* -infested Jiang and Wen clans, claimed the husband. A sneaky male in his tribe that receives the benefits of the ruling family, and yet, spreads his genes recklessly amongst the females

to the detriment of the proper heir. The wife retorted by accusing husband of being too useless, weak-hearted and feeble to fight back, until he became parasitized and had his cock sucked dry all day to feed the demons, and his anus abused and used to service his new owners like cheap counterfeit cocksleeves sold for a silver apiece. With that, the husband stiffened and turned red from shame, and looked away in stunned silence.)

Lots of things happened in the last three months or so since they separated, Wei Ying remarked, but he had a good run and was feeling rather restless at his pinnacle of manly, playboy harem-master existence. “So, when a Fairy Messenger call came to Jiang Cheng’s work desk while he was out trying to pick flowers to gift them to his wife after a frivolous argument between a dense husband and his unfaithful spouse, I popped the fluff of amber light and was really happy to hear Zewu Jun’s voice and about this Conference! I said ‘Yes’ straight away and planned everything up until we safely got here!” Wei Ying excitedly ended his heroic and sex-stallion story with fist pumps and million-dollar grins.

(Lan Zhan turned sour and muttered under his breath that if the wife had the time to take other people’s calls, then why didn’t he respond to the husband’s repeated, desperate search at the start of their separation. At that, Wei Ying blinked his eyes, tapped his forehead to check the signal connection between their melded minds, then whipped out his holo-phone while in mid-fuck with the husband, and scrolled through some old messages and checked some settings. “I did!” he cried, just as the husband hnngh’d and spurted his nth ejaculation into the wife-y’s rectum, “I wanted to cut down on mental clutter, so I sent a long e-mail detailing why I was away and what I was doing. And I posted my daily diary reports to you, so you can keep tabs of how many wives I have, and how many children I was fathering. But you never responded and I couldn’t put my babymaking miracles on hold because babies had to be made constantly!”. Then, after some checks and quick calls to ErNet’s IT services, the couple, fresh from another round of sexual intercourse, realized that the husband conveniently forgot to update his holo-phone’s software to the latest version - so the e-

mailing services didn't function correctly as they should in Lan Zhan's holo-phone. In which, Wei Ying slapped the husband's buttocks and scratched the pectorals with cat claw-like fingernails out of spine - and Lan Zhan mnnh'd at the sadistic pleasure of getting tortured by his wife - because the husband's refusal to learn about device maintenance and read up manuals was the cause of the huge misunderstanding. After another round of reconciliation sex - and Lan Zhan was dead tired and drained - they agreed that the husband, who holds the office and position of the Almighty God, should put an Out Of Office message if he knowingly couldn't reply to his e-mails, and if not, then a crisis must be assumed, and Wei Ying should rush on a flying Suibian and a terrifying Ernie-pubic hair monster to the fore to rescue the husband in distress.)

The long part one done, it was Lan Zhan's turn to speak. He was meticulous to detail every event, his feelings, his thoughts, and categorized them on a grandiose scale of perfection, until he recounted each sexual encounter he endured or enjoyed, and classified them according to mild, neutral, spicy to mind-boggling, *et cetera ad nauseum* . He was particularly proud of his achievements in contributing to the liberation of Qinghe, because at least he had the chance to exercise his military expertise, even if it was relegated to the likes of non-combative support in the background (Wei Ying had none, and didn't get into any fights that he could learn a lesson or two, the little gremlin inside Lan Zhan's jealous heart snickered; 1 for hubby, 0 for wife-y, even though the hubby lost in almost every other aspect in comparison.)

The more sexual abuse and torture, of being tricked and drugged into engaging in demonic soul-sucking sex, the more humorous and ridiculous Wei Ying found the husband's story to be. He couldn't believe how plain stupid and oblivious his beloved darling man could be, a loser with a capital L atop his family's surname, in the face of such mundane threats from a perverted incestuous elder brother and his two accomplices who weren't even of the same species. However, Wei Ying had been married long enough with Lan Zhan, and they've been through enough ups and downs through lifetimes, that he reined in his most extreme teasing and lovely

bullying, and settled to simply laugh, laugh, and laugh again at the husband's expense of misfortunes and suffering - but in actual fact, the couple knew that laughter is the best medicine, and that when the wife laughs, he is happy and so is the husband - hence, the act of rolling around in the small enclosed space reeking of sweat and sex after they've enjoyed joining their bodies too many times in the span of hours - actually, just minutes in reality, because Wei Ying cast a space-time bubble spell before they entered the room with their sexual romps, and he knew the husband couldn't think straight anyway, not when they'd not met, hugged, kissed, talked, and stick their penises into each other's familiar comforting inner warmth for the last three months.

"Wei Ying," Lan Zhan murmured, when he finally caught the pee and semen-soiled human rolling pin that had been going round and round their little love nest in space-time, emitting hiccupy and hearty boisterous laughter, "Wei Ying, now that we have the complete picture of what transpired since Spring to Summer, what do we do next? I cannot stay here forever, because I still need to serve drinks before the conference starts in proper tonight."

Wei Ying took a few deep breaths and regained his cheerful demeanour without devolving into laughter, and sat on the floor with his back against a wall - the one and only chair in the room had been turned into splintered wood after just one round of hard fucking. His face became one that is more serious, and he placed a reassuring hand on the husband's.

"We'll figure something out, and this time, with your holo-phone and our shared mental connections patched up to that of near-61st century's technology, we'll stay connected for good since everything is embedded seamlessly into our body, mind and soul," Wei Ying replied, and placed a warm but sticky hand on Lan Zhan's cheek; the husband leaned into the touch, because he really relished in Wei Ying's affections, smelly or cum-

encrusted or not. “I need to talk to Jiang Cheng as the Patriarch of the clan to get you out with a valid reason that not even your brother and those two imposter *yaoguai* leaders can refuse,” he added with a persuasive wink.

Lan Zhan couldn't help but to tip forward on his knees and place a sweet, loving kiss on Wei Ying's lips, filled with unspoken promises - because no words are needed between the two - and Sorry's for the three-month coitus interruptus between their blossoming love, and Thank You's for being by his side no matter what circumstances - because they'd agreed lifetimes ago, that apologies and gratitude need not be verbally expressed between husband and wife who had joined in holy matrimony many lifetimes ago.

“I love you so much, Wei Ying.” That was the next best thing the husband could think of, to demonstrate his feelings for the wife.

“No, silly fool, you love my sexy gay ass.”

“Mn. I love your sexy gay ass, and will follow you back to Yunmeng.”

There, the promise is returned.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 222

The Conference of Demonic Cultivation runs for three nights, during which Lan Zhan's genitals get a rare break from his usual night-long sexual abuse by the Venerated Triad. Wei Ying eventually hatched a sneaky plan to rescue the husband out of the sex dungeon, and asked Ernie to carry out the mother's orders. The cold black slimy thing gleefully leapt out of the man's pubic hair, and magically transformed into a fine young handsome Yunmeng Jiang guard, fully equipped with robes, weapons and lotus insignias emblazoned on the chestplate. With a grand salute, the guard with blackened eyes marched off briskly to do the needful.

"I could've just plucked any other body hair, blow 'em, and make zillions of soldiers and magical demi-god warriors, but that's too much hassle, and I'd hate it if they regrow to more than what I already have," Wei Ying remarked, referring to the point that he is a distant reincarnate of the legendary Monkey King, Sun Wukong. He lowered his shirt after showing the husband that yes, he has a very hairy chest, belly, back and everywhere else, and his hypertrichosis is worse than a caveman brute's; deep down, though, Lan Zhan finds Wei Ying's hairiness quite endearing, and he secretly delights in having Wei Ying's hairy limbs and chest rubbing against his smoother, lightly-fuzzed ones - there's an unspoken sexiness of another man rubbing his manly scent off you and giving you amazing ticklish tactile stimulations.

"Mn," Lan Zhan agreed, and thankfully, the flames in his loins have been sated for the time being, and their reunion conjugal love making turned him back to the normally stoic, expressionless and very calm logical man that he always was, "No matter how much body hair you have, Wei Ying, you'll always be my one and only," and reached out to pull the surprised younger man to his chest, to kiss his forehead, and let lovely Wei Ying listen to his strong, assuring heartbeat.

Wei Ying squealed in coy embarrassment at the affection; they were sitting cross-legged on the floor of Lan Zhan's room inside the Nie fortress, sorting through his belongings to decide what to pack, or not, for his upcoming trip to the Jiang's. Earlier, the husband did question the wife why the latter wasn't involved in the Conference, given that he was the greatest grand master of Demonic Cultivation, that is, the Dark Arts, and surely he wouldn't be able to sit still while *yaoguai* gathered to essentially sing praises and worship his legacy and great achievements in spreading Darkness across the world. Wei Ying toot-tooted the husband's premature conclusion, and explained that although he was the most eligible Demonic Cultivator should he decide to reveal himself - but he did not, how clever of him -, "Let's say that I play the game by using my Sun Wukong trump card and insist that I'm a distant relative of a demi-god, to request for entrance to the Conference. Then, shouldn't you also say that Nie Mingjue's parasitic *yaoguai* is a cousin of Niu Mo Wang, the leader and champion of the infamous Zodiac Demons, that you're a sworn brother and a lover of his, to enter as well? Mind you, there's also another Monkey-descendent *yaoguai* mingling amongst the guests in the Conference as one of those Zodiac Demons, and yet I'm sitting here, playing house with you."

Lan Zhan gave the thought a few moments of consideration. Then, he shrugged and shook his head, "No. I'm barred from joining the main Conference sessions by the strict orders of the Triad. I mistakenly believed the cause to be my non-protagonist status in this reality, but now I know better. The Conference isn't to gather the greatest minds of the Demonic Cultivation world to progress the common needs of the cultivation civilization, but one to satisfy the Triad's personal agenda to network, form more brotherhoods and strengthen their forces with alliances for their own selfish gains. Chifeng Zun did mention, and Lianfang Zun confirmed, that one of the purposes of holding this party is for the bull-heads *yaoguai* to reunite after so many battles fought." Lan Zhan scratched his chin thoughtfully.

“See?” the wife chuckled, “ *Lao gong* , perhaps in other realities and lifetimes to come, I will truly be the greatest grandmaster of the Demonic Cultivation world, and I’ll personally organize the biggest, bestest and grandest Conference for our kins, including the *yaoguai* . We can have a bad-ass wedding ceremony to renew our vows, and have zillions of *yaoguai* and demons witness and cheer for our eternal love!” in which Wei Ying giggled like a boy with his head up in the clouds with fantastical dreams, and Lan Zhan couldn’t resist to embrace his adulating wife and give the latter more sweet kisses on the cheeks for selfishly putting their marital relationship above everything else.

After making out for a short while - such a lovey-dovey couple they are -, the couple resumed packing the husband’s suitcase, which was really, just beneath his skin. The wife went to great lengths to inspect every piece that the husband had gathered for the trip back to the wife’s home - be it a garment, a brand new five-ply king-sized bed commissioned from the best furniture stores in the North, trinkets gifted by his incestuous brotherhood lovers, a table full of food because servants always fed him a little too well whilst he was caged in his sex dungeon, magical soul-sabers and other legendary Nie armaments stolen from Chifeng Zun’s bedroom, a whole cupboard filled with the finest selections of poisons and potions from Lianfang Zun’s personal collection, heirloom Gusu Lan relics that Zewu Jun brought with him to Qinghe but that man never really bothered about those after falling blindly in love by the bewitching A-Yao - so Lan Zhan could easily bag them into a satchel and nobody batted an eyelid; and a limited edition custom-made set of dildoes made from P-Cool’s greatest craftsmen.

Wei Ying was delighted to find the husband’s secret stash of sex toys kept under the bed - bamboo phalluses shaped to perfectly match the Venerated Triad members’ penises, in terms of length, girth, angle of curvature, matching veins and foreskin folds, even the odd wart and birthmark. They were used by the husband when they went outdoors to join military campaigns, and sometimes when battles lasted for days, the man would feel

awfully lonely during the nights on an empty bunk bed that he'd been used to have gangbangs and foursome orgies - that he'd stick those dildoes into his ass and pleasure himself with them alternating one with another, or stuffing all three into his goatse-d anus.

First, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick, gave it a good rub to make it stiff, and measured his own penis with the quite bendable and bouncy bamboo-made phallus labelled: A-Yao *di* . “Hmm, not bad for the one who historically masterminded my death long ago. Surprisingly it's about the same length as mine,” the wife remarked and shook his cock and slapped it against the nearly six-inch dildo christened as Jin Guangyao's. Finding nothing more of interest, because A-Yao *di* was quite smooth and didn't have many redeeming qualities, bumps and ugly-looking veins, Wei Ying tossed the dildo into the satchel where it came from.

Next, was a seven-incher monster, and Wei Ying couldn't resist swinging it like an overripe plantain banana fruit, and then giggling at the sight of a long, sagging phallus *doink-doink* 'ing from side to side like a metronome. A-Huan *ge* - it's given such an intimate familial name - is disturbingly impressive in diameter and length, and has a prominent mushroom-like head that makes it look more like a vegetable, or a scary-looking penis-gourd, than the actual functional organ itself. There are a lot more fleshy folds, veins and what looks like a stretchy foreskin carved to the phallus, plus the extra curve makes it appealing as a perfect aerodynamically designed anal plug; sleek and lethal, bulging where it should, dips where it would, the graceful gentleman's Liebing that promises to make men cry out with pleasure because its perfect angle of attack to the prostate is second to none.

Lan Zhan wanted to warn the wife that he'd used A-Huan *ge* the most during cold lonely nights in bunk beds, so it was rather dirty and sullied, in a hygienic sense, since it stayed inside Lan Zhan's grasping rectum the

longest and sometimes remained unwashed for days when the man decided that it felt too good *not* to take it out from sunrise to the next sunrise - “Wei Ying, don’t--” was all he managed to gasp, but it was too late, because Wei Ying had already peeled off his pants and shoved A-Huan *ge* into his anus without preparation. The pleasing tapered, sleek and curved shape of A-Huan *ge* meant that ample stretching was not really needed beforehand. Thus, the husband was forced to watch how the wife spread his legs on the floor and raised his hips, while riding lovely A-Huan *ge* like a real male prostitute, and Wei Ying aaahn’d unrestrained in the soundproofed room, because that fake penis felt really, really good in his ass. Cuck’ed by a sex toy, Lan Zhan felt an strange, titillating sexual thrill - that his wife was being bred, fucked and sexually assaulted by his own blood-brother right in front of him, in a literal sense, and that wife screamed A-Huan’s name as he started to spill seed carelessly after mere minutes of vigorous, intense pistoning movements between his buttocks - A-Huan *ge* is really, really, that awesome in making men cum from getting banged in the ass, Wei Ying declared with conviction.

Still catching his breath, Wei Ying gave the smelly, grimy, slick, well-used A-Huan *ge* a parting kiss when they - the new couple of Wei Wu Xian and A-Huan *ge* the bamboo dildo - were done making sweet love on the floor. He handed it to Lan Zhan to clean up and stow away in the satchel of P-Cool sex toys, and instructed the husband to make more copies for the wife’s personal use later. Lan Zhan sighed and “Mn”-ed, not realizing that he had unconsciously been masturbating his own arousal with a hand fiddling inside his own trousers while fantasizing being cheated in unreal images of his brother and the dildo namesake breeding his lustful swinger wife.

Lastly, Wei Ying’s eyes went wide with glee and he sported an intoxicated crooked, giddy grin, when he carefully picked up the king of all kings, the dildo modelled after Nie Mingjue’s awesome manhood, nestled in a bed of rippling silk and cotton, housed its own richly embroidered box with patterns of sabers and warriors carved on the surface, reminiscent of ancient

Nie dynasty decadence. “I haven’t used this before... yet,” Lan Zhan murmured with heavy-lidded eyes, as he watched with heavy breathing, and his hands fluttered faster between his legs, at the sight of his wife lavishing kisses on the phallus’ sweet spot just beneath the humongous spongy-looking glans, then wiggled a tongue into the tasty cockslit just like he’d always done to the husband with his forked tool. “*Lao gong* , since it’s pristine and virginal in its condition, you’ve the right to do the honours and perform an opening ceremony on it,” Wei Ying sent a sly, debauched look to the other, while energetically moving both hands up and down the giant curved, and muscular-looking bamboo rod, making *squeak-squeak* sounds with it “... but count me in when you do, okay? Your wife wants a share of this splendid male phallus specimen with his beloved darling stud husband too,” and gave a last long circular oval five-star sexy slithering lllllllick with his long tongue.

Lan Zhan found the sight of his wife pleasuring another man’s penis - at least a replica - to be extremely lewd, vulgar and shameless, and he arched his back then tilted his head and closed his eyes. His fingers moved faster and faster in his pants, dancing across and over the outlines of his burgeoning, excited erection until it twitched, jerked powerfully, and convulsed with yummy penile contractions - and one-two creams inside his pants; the husband nnnnhs.

-- and “Mn.”

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A reunion photo is a must, for lovers who have not seen each other in three months. So, after yet another round of crazy monkey sex using A-Yao *di* and A-Huan *ge* , with plenty of semen spilled out from the extra stimulation

of dildoes drilling in and out kinetically of men's anuses - the prized giant amongst phalluses remained untouched, for now - they took a commemorative picture with their holo-phones and uploaded everything into the family's cloud drive, including Ernie's quick scan-and-capture bio-data of the entire liberated Qinghe province and everything inside the Nie stronghold, including its leaders and occupants. For the photo that was to be uploaded into a folder named after brotherly love and brotherhoods, they symbolically and playfully posed with the dildoes, such as having dildoes aimed at their buttocks while giving coy looks, sexy stances and pouty lips; posing having sex with dildoes such as spreading their legs or doing it cowgirl style; and the classic formation, that is, they measured and lined up the dildoes and penises according to size and length, starting from A-Yao *di* from the left, Wei Ying's erect and happy penis, side-by-side with Lan Zhan's passable over-six incher with a bit of encouragement, jerking off and careful maneuver of limbs for the best angle for the shot, and next up was A-Huan *ge* which was held up by Wei Ying because it became the wife's favourite sex toy, and lastly to the right, the great penis of Nie Mingjue still in its decorated bamboo box packaging with see-through silk - all poses were directed by Wei Ying, of course, and the husband simply turned beet-red with shame for each increasingly shameful snapshot.

Then, right on cue, Ernie returned to Lan Zhan's room, and informed the couple that arrangements have been made. The handsome fine young Jiang guard with blackened eyes bowed respectfully with folded hands at the front, though he raised an eyebrow at how the couple posed happily with strange dildoes with their naked penises for a photoshoot - but said nothing else; because demonic cold black things have no use for dildoes, and do not have any appreciation for bamboo replica of men's penises.

When asked about the latest reports from the Kingdom, Ernie gave a laundry list of updates, and with a smile that comes with a glint, he also mentioned that the reunion photos had made their way to the Top Pictures Of The Year in ErNet, and that since the Grand Patriarch's ErNet connection was restored after the software patch, his entire three-month

ordeal was finally streamed through all social media platforms at no charge and no paid subscriptions needed. The Council of Elders of the Kingdom has unanimously declared a one-day holiday because every citizen wanted to binge-watch His Highness' sexual escapades with the Venerated Triad and would call in sick for work anyway. Already, Ernie snickered with delight and rubbed his hands greasily, the Grand Patriarch's homosexual sausage fest videos have knocked off the Grand Matriarch's three-month heterosexual orgyfest from the top spot - in which Ernie started a business to sell licensed merchandise and sex toys since he was a legit Son of the royal couple and could legally fill his bank account with enough profits from his parents' swinger-cum-cheater bedroom romps to last many lifetimes - Wei Ying hnn'ed with disdain at how easily Lan Zhan became a superstar while getting pounded and doing nothing else, while he had to work hard to make babies because that was the inherent downside of a heterosexual harem-esque lifestyle.

Later, Lan Zhan put on his clothes and began to touch each item marked by Wei Ying as those to be brought along their never-ending journey that would soon take place in Yunmeng; with near-61st century technology embedded inside is new 3d-biscuit-made body, everything he touched and willed to take, glowed brightly but very briefly into a ball of bluish light, before getting absorbed into the man's fingertip to be stored in vast infinite network of warehouses that naturally exists within Lan Zhan's incredible body.

"I'll go ahead first, *lao gong* . Meet me at my room, which is the third guest room just down the hallway and to the right. We'll talk with *shijie* and Wen Qing, so that when my brother returns from the Conference tea-break, we can all sit down and talk," Wei Ying hopped while putting on his last shoe, and waved back at the husband like he was about to go to work. The husband's face darkened a bit with jealousy at the names of Wei Ying's wives - who bore his children, no less! -, but he regained his composure almost immediately especially when he placated himself with thoughts that this entire merry-go-round game of getting hitched and cheated was a

fallacy, and reasoned that Wei Ying still places the husband as his Number One above all other men and women. He nodded and Wei Ying walked out of the door.

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The Conference was in full swing, so the hallways were relatively deserted other than a few *yaoguai* patrol guards on duty. The Nie fortress is a vast tower-like building with many floors above, just as with many levels beneath. However, Wei Ying was also a non-Conference attendee, so he was restricted to the ground floor where the reception was held to welcome participating sects, and the first floor, where the majority of standard guest rooms were located, as well as Lan Zhan's personal room - because the husband was sadly, not a prominent figure in this *yaoguai* -dominated reality and landscape, and remained as the triad's fucktoy who fights with a broadsword and a guqin.

Wei Ying skipped and jogged his way back to the block of guest rooms designated for the Jiang sect, and he took the chance to peer into closets and storerooms, and touched the stone walls to appreciate the ancient symbols and pictures carved into those century-old structures. The organizers had booked him and his *shijie* a room, though it wasn't the best or the largest suite because that was reserved for the Sect Leader, which was Jiang Cheng and Wen Qing, of course. Wen Ning got a room to himself, and being the brother of the sect's queen, he was considered second-in-line in terms of privileges in a patriarchal society; Wei Ying was considered an opportunistic external addition to the family, and Jiang Yan Li, being female, in this day and age where gender inequality and females being dubbed the inferior sex was the norm, together they were at the third level down the Jiang family tree. Not wanting to complicate the situation further, Wei Ying walked past the second guest room, and hurriedly entered his,

where two lovely ladies have been summoned to wait inside, then he closed the door with a crisp *click* !

Hardly two minutes after Wei Ying entered his room, he was already undressed again - it was becoming a chore to keep his clothes on -, and gladly settled down on the bed, atop a naked and waiting *shijie* , who coo'ed "A-Xian, A-Xian you're back. *Jiejie* missed you during dinnertime, is everything okay? A-Qing *da jie* brought some food here when she said you had a meeting and would return later to eat." She spread her legs wider to accommodate her husband, and the happy man grunted something incoherent in response because he had already inserted his erect penis into her pregnant flower, and speared excitedly in and out the grasping warm wet flesh, just as what husbands are supposed to do when they return from outside and they're greeted by their sexy fertile wives with free offers of raw bareback sex. His hands molested and caressed the bulge that was her belly - another batch of incestuous daughters are on their way - and relished in feeling multiple heartbeats throbbing from the veiny, stretched skin, and did not ask for permission to dreamily, violently suck both her milkjugs filled with a pregnant lactating mother's milky sweet goodness; stealing milk from the babies had become one of Wei Ying's favourite pastime.

Wen Qing emerged from an attached bathroom, fresh and steaming after a refreshing dip - a luxury in the accommodations provided by the rich Nie family, of course - and she hastily sprinted to the bed, because she was always getting seconds from her favourite man despite her higher rank in the hierarchy of the Jiangs. The lucky double-husband wasn't too keen with A-Qing *jiejie* because she is a bit thin and flat for his tastes, lacking the voluptuousness of Yan Li, and she always wears a fierce or jealous expression, but he indulged in her wordless request anyway to avoid any queenie wraths later on; so with both women lined up side by side on the king-sized bed, the hubby worked hard to fuck and breed alternately between two heavily pregnant wives, ten fucks each, eliciting satisfied squeals and trembling hips and thighs as they try to pleasure the fortuitous man and keep him inside their vaginas for as long as possible.

“Xian *didi* ,” it was Wen Qing’s turn to coo as she tried to copy A-Li *xiao jie* , but her personality and background being as bland and boring as a cutout from a cardboard - because she was created from Jiang Cheng’s limited knowledge about her actual identity and from few selected rose-tinted interactions he could barely remember from sixteen years before -, so Wei Ying doesn’t pay much attention to her anyway, “The food is on the table, please eat your fill before it gets cold. Our baby also needs to eat, so please, *didi* , shoot your fatherly milk into Qing *jiejie* ’s womb. Pretty please?” and she fluttered her eyes with a rather unsexy crooked grin, which made Wei Ying cringe inwardly, but he obliged, and switched to shoving his very, very excited penis - damn that organ for being weak to physical pleasures rather than pure love - deep, screwing and pounding hard against that woman’s uterus; he didn’t want to make her cross since she was the queen, so he had nothing to lose by orgasming inside A-Qing *jiejie* and ejaculating a couple of half-hearted loads inside her to shut her insatiable trap and quieten that unwanted demonic brat baking inside her oven, and saving his best, more virile, and creamiest semen for lovely pregnant Jiang Yan Li.

Fortunately, all rooms were soundproofed, so Wen Ning remained in the dark and out of the scene, where he happily read a few magazines and taught himself a few new words, and watched magically recorded puppet play projected from special reverse-Eye talismans; both entertainment options and a few more were offered to guests of the Nie stronghold, perfect for bachelors like A-Ning to while the night away. He never really caught on the fact that his older sister was cheating on the Jiang Sect Leader and spreading her legs for his best friend to fuck with wild abandon and implant babies inside her - again, and in fact, for all his nephews and nieces that’d been born in the past weeks, bearing suspiciously alike facial features as his buddy’s; but A-Ning wasn’t too bright to begin with, and never really noticed the string of coincidences.

Later, Wei Ying ate his take-out dinner on the table - with a customary thanks to A-Qing *jiejie* who did a servant's job of bringing in-room dining services to her favourite man, without hesitation - while getting his dick serviced from beneath the table by his two pregnant wives. Wen Qing brought back too much food, so there was plenty of leftovers that would be destined for the garbage dump later, but housekeeping would have to wait because right after eating his fill, Wei Ying went back to fucking his wives and spilling more seeds into them with many, many manly roars, grunts and howls of pure blinding pleasure that defines the pinnacle of Mankind's existence, that is, to go forth, breed and propagate, and sow his wildest seeds inside every single fertile female he can get his greedy hands on.

So, it wasn't a shock when Lan Zhan politely knocked on the door that was left unlocked, and he entered before graciously locking it - such an irresponsible person, that Wei Ying, he told himself wryly -, and was greeted by the vulgar but very erotic heterosexual imagery wrecking carnage on the unfortunate soiled king-sized bed made by Qinghe's finest craftsmen. He'd finished packing his own metaphorical suitcase, and had caught up with the latest news, WeiChat messages, WeiTube videos and work e-mails from ErNet, and even made a few trips into his pocket-sized floor mat to distant universes to numb his loins - so, seeing Wei Ying huffing and puffing like a beast in mating heat while raping two pregnant women whom he barely recognized - was nothing of significance nor consequences.

“Hnn... mmh... aaahn... *lao gong* , there's some leftovers on the table. Uuunhn... you probably didn't eat much... nnnhgh... while working as a waiter at the gardens earlier to serve cocktails.... Unh-unh-unh, oh yeah I'm cumming, fuck yeah... nnnh... so eat up, and we'll talk right after I'm done with these two... ooh baby, I'm shootin' all over my unborn babies inside! Oooh! Oooh! Drink my sperm!... these two... uuh, hah... two wenches... hnnngh!”

It was a bit hard to understand what the sexually promiscuous man was trying to say when he's in the throes of baby-making ecstasy, but Lan Zhan got the message, thanks to their shiny brand new upgraded mental connection. The two *yaoguai* disguised as past heroines, tarnishing the very identities they stole with such lascivious and immoral acts, seemed too out of it to realize that their shared husband just called another man ' *lao gong* ' - which showed just how oblivious and ill-mannered this branch of *yaoguai* is, and how weak they are to the pleasures of the flesh. In any case, Lan Zhan obeyed like a good husband to his wife's orders, sat down politely, and quietly ate his cooled sloppy seconds of rice and noodles with some chilled meat, vegetables and soups, even a wrinkly piece of fruit that seemed to be left out for too long - while watching with hungry eyes at how his wife's pumping hips between gaping succulent and soul-sucking vaginas made infidelity and cuckold-ery look so bad-ass awesome in the eyes of those who worship men destined for greatness, upon the creaking king-sized bed.

(And later, through coaxing *yaoguai* -imposter Yan Li to cast Dark magic to corrupt the space in the bedroom to open an illegal portal, and let some of Wei Ying's ill-gotten offsprings through - Lan Zhan got an eyeful of how a wife-daddy Wei make sweet love and sweeter babies inside twelve-year olds' preteen pussies, and then steal his grandchildren's breast milk from their moms because as daddy, he commands his daughters to do his bidding and feed him their developing breasts and better yet, serving their baby-making fertility on a silver platter to the amazing daddy-dick, where they belong. But that entire pedophilic and incestuous, sordid episode is best left for another lifetime's reality.)

Jiang Yan Li, Lan Zhan realized, was not the Jiang *gu niang* he remembered, because she was made out of Jiang Cheng's most vivid and best-loved memories of a loving, gentle, kind and polite young woman who always had to mediate her brothers' quarrels. She was soft-spoken, well-mannered, demure, friendly and approachable, and pleasing to the eyes and her outlook - in other words, possessing no interesting and fiery, intriguing and exciting qualities that would usually keep a wandering man like Wei

Ying in attention for long. She was a pretty barbie doll that men can use and enjoy for body warmth, physical comfort, sisterly hugs and kisses and great sex; many would have no qualms treating a person like her as a disposable wench made to be bedded bareback, to be paraded as a trophy wife with no brains but jaw-dropping beauty, then relegated to the likes of willing baby-making factories to birth as many children and to raise them like a good mother should. No wonder Wei Ying had an incredible time living out his dreams of marrying and having crazy monkey sex with his brother's fantasized version of the *shijie*, because the Jiang Yan Li that Wei Ying remembered had more character, more fire in her soul, more bite to her punch, and he also spent more years growing up with her during their childhood and had more realistic recollections of her personality, intelligence, and their unforgettable, insightful and cherished conversations.

Fake Wen Qing was even more disappointing, that Lan Zhan had nothing good to say about the memories that wove into her very existence, because she became a bimbo who was indulgent in lavish lifestyles (with an in-built obsession for combs, in particular), spoiled by her rich in-laws, although she seemed to be a nice doctor-cum-nurse in that she was attentive to a man's bodily needs, and she was generally nice with moments of jealousy and of refusing a man's advances - so it bode well for Wei Ying, whom she worked hard to seduce and gain favours from, while she easily rejected her wedded first husband - Lan Zhan also learned that Jiang Cheng had not succeeded in consummating his marriage with Queen Wen Qing three months after their grand wedding ceremony at the Lotus Pier, because she spiked his wine every night and the next day, after spending hours overnight with her new writhing, jerking, moaning older brother-in-law convulsing excitedly and pumping fresh sperm inside her, before sneaking back into her proper bedroom at dawn, she declared that the baby conceived her belly belonged to the Sect Leader's, with much fanfare and celebration, good food and good wines, of course - such a good little cheating liar, Lan Zhan thought.

In conclusion, as Lan Zhan summed up, Jiang Wanyin was truly an ignorant fool and a very dense, gullible man indeed, to have created such a disastrous batch of *yaoguai* females and family members to secure the ruined prestige of the Yunmeng Jiang sect.

When the wife was done with a final round of noisy sex filled with sexy fertile sounds, he joined the husband at the table for a plate of candied snacks, and the pleasantly surprised and fully naked *jiejie* s followed as well, like bitches bewitched by their alpha male. Soon, Lan Zhan found himself uncomfortably squeezed between two naked pregnant and formidable-looking women, because they wanted to get to know him better - these fake *jiejie* s had zero knowledge of the legendary figure named Lan Wang Ji, such blasphemy indeed! - and already showed sexual interest in his quite attractive sculptured body too - plus, Lan Zhan constantly emitted a certain level of yummy *qi* compared to the wife who had cleverly hidden his since day one in this twisted, perverse reality.

“Lan Zhan, if you want, you can taste Jiang *gu niang* ’s juicy vagina and have a poke at A-Qing *jiejie* ’s unborn child too,” Wei Ying wiped sweat off his body with a dirtied washcloth while sucking on a candied apple wedge, and started to put on his clothes after such a invigorating post-dinner aerobics exercise. He made sure to pick out the drying strands of spent cum and sticky female juices from his pubes, because he knew Ernie would be dismayed to find his dwelling tainted by the scents of females that aren’t his mother’s.

Lan Zhan, ever the gentleman, politely declined with a shake of head, and that elicited whines and disappointment from the two high-ranking Jiang family women. The older man stuck to his principle of loving only his one and only soulmate, after all.

“What a spoil sport!” Wei Ying exclaimed, then suddenly, he grabbed all three at the table and hauled them up to the bed - again, and the naked man threw away his used washcloth to declare that they were going to have FMM threesomes and FFMM foursomes. Before Lan Zhan could fathom what those acronym meant, Jiang Yan Li and Wen Qing squealed and hissed with delight that only *yaoguai* females could - scary goosebumps, really - and proceeded to strip Lan Zhan to reveal, to everyone’s delight, that he’d maintained an impressive erection throughout his meal while watching his wife breeding other women.

Minutes later, Lan Zhan, who was now energized after his dinner, realized why he fell in love with Wei Ying and the brilliance of the man’s Wei Ying-ness all over again, when he finally saw the light at the end of the tunnel, metaphorically speaking; he actually enjoyed towering above and fucking Wei Ying’s ass, raw and bareback, because nothing else in the world is more lovely than the man’s puckered, slightly overused and loose anus and those lovely folds inside the rectum, whilst the latter went on to savour another round with one, or both lovely wives of the Jiang clan, missionary style. To the husband, the feeling of penetrating his dearest spouse who in turn penetrated deep, breedworthy pussies - it felt like one long tunnel for the train to ram in and out excitedly, energetically with everyone’s belly filled - and he still gets to own Wei Ying’s ass after all. Wei Ying became exceedingly drunken with the joys of fucking and being fucked - essentially turning into a human bagel sandwich - and spilled several more times uncontrollably because it felt too good especially with Lan Zhan weighing in with his awesome over-six incher adding to the orgy, so he made a few more extra babies inside those demonness’ multiple mutated uteruses and ovaries as their shared mutual after-dinner dessert.

At ten o’ clock at night, Lan Zhan felt a little sleepy not only because it was after his usual bedtime, but also because his loins felt very drained, well-exercised, and his body relaxed after going at it for several rounds, including a couple of forced copulations with Wei Ying’s wives because the wife-y insisted so since they were already naked on the bed. He had to slap

himself on the cheeks and pinch his forearm to stay awake, after washing up, rubbing his face with a moistened warm washcloth and putting on his beige Nie-Jin robes - and for good reason; Errand-boy Ernie returned as scheduled, together with Sect Leader Jiang Cheng and totally oblivious Wen Ning into the room for an important Jiang family meeting.

(As a side note, Wei Ying coaxed Wen Qing this time to spare some demonic *qi* and open a corruption in space - a portal to warp in his pre-teen daughters. They rushed in one by one, naked and starving for another older man's affections, until the guest room became a classroom of underaged girls vying for sex with their newfound joy, that is, a true Uncle Lan in his mid-thirties busy pounding their Wei-daddy. Just in time, Wei Ying remarked, as he took a break from breeding his wives, and ordered his husband, the Uncle Lan, to take over and pleasure himself with his little girls. At that point, Lan Zhan was on the verge of cumming after being edged by a man's anus for a while, and he wondered how it'd feel to fuck his man-wife's daughter - would that be the classic seedy scene of a stepfather raping his own girls? Or an uncle forcing himself with great joy onto his step-nieces?

In any case, Lan Zhan couldn't refuse, not when he was getting desperate to ejaculate his babymakers - so while Wei Ying rested with two other useless, irredeemable wives who decided to rub each other during Wei *gongzi*'s downtime, Lan Zhan went on to breed those little girls one by one, one giant penis slamming and orgasming happily inside their tight little deflowered tweens' vaginas, in the tune of rhythmic squelches and shrilly female moans, enjoyed on behalf of Wei Ying of course, whilst being called 'Uncle' and 'Daddy' for various reasons by those squealing prepubescent precocious children; Lan Zhan dreams of having joint custody of their step-granddaughters in the near future, because he's beginning to like little girls after tasting such good ones with his dick, after all. Then, as he turned to the side while pumping sweet man-milk into ten-year old's pussies, he watched, mesmerized at how Jiang Yan Li and Wen Qing engaged with pregnant lesbian sex play by licking each other's pink, moist, glistening

pussies, mutually vibrating tongue and fingers for each other, before humping their kissy hairy crotches like a B-grade porn show fit for *yaoguai* consumption - and he grew very, very hard and excited, and crawled on all fours to ask whether he, an innocent masochistic Lan *didi*, could play with them too and be sandwiched between two lovely lesbian flowerbuds. Fortunately or not, that sort of trashy story is best relegated to the garbage bin, and never to see the light of reality, unless Lan Zhan says so.)

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There were the usual man-hugs and handshakes, how are you doings and where have you beens, I've been well and yes, the summer weather is nice these days isn't it, and every other pleasantries known in Lan Zhan's limited vocabulary of social interaction niceties; it wasn't his first time greeting Jiang Cheng and Wen Ning after long separations, after all.

Wen Ning was easier to handle - he only had to steer the conversation to something about Wen Qing and her prestigious status, her stunning beauty, and exaggerate her kindness and finesse in a random skill, say, in the art of healing or the art of embroidery, and minus the fact that he had just bedded her and joined Wei Ying in fathering a child together through double-penile penetration inside her like a surrogate womb-vessel for two gay men - and Wei Ning was all praises and cheers for his awesome older sister. The initial awkwardness of having not seen each other since New Year's quickly dissipated, particularly after Lan Zhan cooked up a white lie about how whereabouts and his mundane but relatable lifestyle of living as a commoner before finding himself wandering into Nie country with his sibling, just as how Wen Ning was spirited to his sister's side - it seemed all roses and rainbows, and the former Ghost General was back to his good moods and spent most of the time sitting beside Wen Qing - who discreetly kept sending winks and pouty kisses at an increasingly flustered Lan Zhan, especially after seeing a little bump - a kick - from her bulging pregnant

belly and he was momentarily alarmed if that baby was really his, Wei Ying's, or both men's, logged officially as another of Jiang Cheng's descendents. (It was all too confusing, really.)

Wei Ying, who had his hand around his *shijie* 's waist for most of the time as they talked over more snacks and desserts at their private conference table, took charge of diverting Jiang Cheng's attention and to goad him into agreeing into whatever they planned from the beginning. At first, the sneaky older stepbrother buttered up to his Sect Leader *didi* by asking, almost begging shamelessly about what the latter had encountered during the first couple of hours of the Conference. Jiang Cheng's nose grew inches longer, and he started to talk, sometimes boasted about who he met, whom he exchanged business cards with, how individual *yaoguai* sect leaders praised about the Yunmeng Jiang's great strength with two famous clans combined, yada yada and yadas. The first bit of the Conference consisted mostly of boring welcoming speeches, keynote addresses from *yaoguai* leaders and champions including some prominent members of the notorious Zodiac Demon band, and networking over good food and wine; Jiang Cheng complained that the conference served strange foods that looked like human parts but tasted like pork and chicken, and really tasty wines that run as red as blood (oh, the fool.), and for fun and games, the demons had tied up spread-eagled boys, girls, men and women on stone tables to presumably perform magical experiments to showcase their skills; Jiang Cheng arrogantly claimed that he was above mere rookie magicians trying to impress the higher-ups with hocus-pocus mumbo-jumbos, so he left those thronging crowds huddling around each table like stalls in a bustling market, and spent the time hanging out with fellow sect leaders, not followers. (oh, if only he'd stoop lower and open his eyes to the reality around him, he'd see rope-tied human victims being terrorized and gangraped, then mauled and eaten alive by those so-called *yaoguai* followers, at dinner time.)

It helped that Jiang Yan Li applauded her *didi* 's showmanship in carrying himself like an admirable leader of an up-and-coming political power from

the western reaches of the country, and she complimented how he must've impressed the other *yaoguai* chiefs and lords based on the number of business cards he'd brought back - Jiang Cheng's pride swelled immensely at that point. With the *jiejie* s doing a good job to keep everything in check as planned, Lan Zhan bravely ventured a bit to ask, "How is Jin Ling?", because he remembered that around New Year's day, Jiang Cheng was furious and held a bitter grudge after learning that Zewu Jun sexually assaulted the sixteen-year old boy, and also, how the boy would react with a false image of his deceased mother now walking in the land of living. Jin Ling was last heard staying with his uncle, to Lan Zhan's knowledge.

"Jin... who?"

Wei Ying stepped in almost too hastily, "Ahh... Jin... Jin Guangyao! Did you manage to exchange business cards with one of Lan *er gongzi* 's sworn brothers? That very rich man... he'll inherit those vast treasures of the lost Jin kingdom once the Venerated Triad reclaims the land from the Imperial army. He could fund our future clan's expansion..." and mumbled something believable about forging alliances between faraway sects. The words 'rich' and 'treasures' caught the attention of both women, and soon, they shifted from their seats to clamber and cling to their new favourite intra-familial brother and husband, to Wei Ying's dismay.

The Wei wife-y grabbed the Lan husband's arm almost too painfully and nearly wrench it out of its socket, then pulled the latter to the side, leaving Jiang Sect Leader to ponder over a new business proposal with the top two women in his life, and an excited Wen Ning joined in too. He hissed below his breath, "Have you lost your mind?! My brother already had his mind brainwashed by the *yaoguai* , just as yours has his golden core turned to black as coal. His eyes are misted with magic, he sees only the good in *yaoguai* society, and his senses are warped. He has no recollection of Jin Ling or any of his friends, not since he was seduced by Dark spirits

pretending to be Jiang Yan Li and Wen Qing shortly after they appeared during the week of New Year. Don't break his illusion, not when he actually witnessed the loss of his nephew. If he did, and remembered any of it, he'd break apart instantly and his fragile soul would be damaged beyond repair, even to the extent that's worse than Nie Huaisang's!"

Lan Zhan's breath hitched. "What happened?" he had to ask, while stealing a glance at the direction of the Jiang Sect Leader who was momentarily confused at Wei Ying's rash behaviour, but quickly dropped that when Wen Qing started touching his face and spoke kind and praising words for the man who not only ruled the Jiang sect, but also was destined for great riches and treasures.

Wei Ying rolled his eyes and gave an exasperated sigh aimed at Lan Zhan. "Look up WeiTube and watch my videos, won't you? I sent Ernie back in time when I realized the trio wasn't around and he brought back videos filmed from the past. Jin Ling was devoured by the *yaoguai* when the first wave hit; he bravely defended the Lotus Pier from fierce corpses and the unstoppable and untouchable Dark phantoms, but ultimately that sacrifice wasn't enough. Si Zhui, being as inexperienced and a virgin like Jin Ling, fell into the hands of succubus *yaoguai* that same day, just hours apart. Jing Yi was gone by then, with a smile on his face and a bang between the legs, just like any other victim." He shrugged at the shell-shocked Lan Zhan.

"I was angry too, but that was months ago. So much has happened between Nieshan and here in Nie's fortress, so I urge you to subscribe to my paid WeiTube channel and watch my videos to understand what I've been through. I'm now married to *yaoguai* and started having families with them, and I live under the same roof as the same murderers of my loved ones. The passage of time and new, novel experiences and joys tend to numb oneself to the pains of the past, and skews one's perspective of what is right, what is wrong, and where revenge lies - or not. You'd feel the same too, wouldn't

you? Would you kill Jin Guangyao tonight to avenge what he'd done sixteen years ago to the countless victims of the cultivation world, after seeing how much your older brother had fallen in love with him, and worse, how much of a celebrity he's become in the northern regions of the liberated Middle Kingdom?"

That gave Lan Zhan a pause for thought. He had to admit, the ill feelings he had towards others had somewhat extinguished over time, as new interests and challenges piled up on his daily life. In fact, fond memories about getting sucked by Jin Guangyao surfaced without restraint, and his pants started to tent a little, and he'd quite taken a liking to living the life of a carefree person whose sole purpose is dedicated to the joys of sex, and of course, to lovely Wei Ying. Perhaps he too, bore a streak of that evil gene he shared with his corrupted older brother, that is, after a lifetime of living as a virtuous noble warrior who saw only blacks and whites and of no shades of grey in between - now that he'd tasted crazy heights, spiralled into abysses, and became God, the Devil, the Lover and the Everything - should he not just simply live in the happiness of the moment, and never feel bitter nor look back with regrets?

Lan Zhan cocked his head towards Wen Ning, who looked as though he was getting into the excited chatter of grand plans for the Jiang family to make further political inroads, power and influence during the inaugural night of the sham Conference of the Demonic Cultivation. He did not need to ask, because Wei Ying could train the line of gaze and give a very clear, indisputable answer. The younger man placed his elbow on Lan Zhan's shoulder, like best buddies that they'd always been and much more, because it was a shared, heartwarming, "and they lived happily ever after" moment.

"Isn't he the happiest kid ever? He laughs and smiles, he's with his *jiejie* again and he's loved. He doesn't carry the pain and nightmares of being a fierce corpse given notorious names that scare people away. So what if he

lost a few friends, but gained back the life he should have sixteen years ago, as a respected, loved *gongzi* in a happy family of two great clans?”

The man surnamed Lan couldn't think of an argument for his own case, whose personal happiness also hinged upon the closeness of family ties, renewed harmonious relationships between him and the community around him, and forgotten conflict and forgiven grudges and ill-will among different clans.

“Mn. He is, Wei Ying. He's happy, indeed.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 223

By midnight of the first day of the Conference, Lan Zhan had managed to introduce Jiang Cheng to his sworn triad of brothers. It felt surreal, but it was meant to be that way, according to Wei Ying, who knew how the reality works more than anyone else; since the two resurrected Triad figures had little or no knowledge of the Jiang sect leader, whilst the third vaguely recalled anything since his golden core had turned black, and Jiang Cheng himself had his memories wiped out then reprogrammed along with his senses that drowned in demonic illusions and fantasies. They were accompanied by Jiang Yan Li, Wen Qing and Wen Ning to bolster the presence of the Jiang sect, and to make a good first impression to the Venerated Triad as delegates from the West; plus, Lan Zhan gave a few tips to Jiang Cheng on how to approach the triad and how to best behave to garner the best results - loud, boisterous and haughty in front of Nie Mingjue, full praises and falsified even exaggerated social etiquettes for Jin Guangyao, and to show restraint and spend more time talking about morals and virtues with Lan Xi Chen, also not to pay attention to Nie Huaisang who was seen constantly milling about working as a servant to the triad.

Of course, Wei Ying had no intention to be seen nor mentioned - because in the larger scheme of things, he was a nobody in the Jiang family other than a donor of male seed to the family's eldest daughter -, and Lan Zhan had to keep out of sight as well because there were strict orders that he shouldn't be seen near the conference grounds in the underground levels; thus, through some convoluted planning that was necessary but an inconvenience, the proper Jiang main family members joined the Conference around ten at night, while the remaining two used dumbwaiters that connected the guest rooms to the basement kitchens which gave Wei Ying and Lan Zhan access to infiltrate the *yaoguai* -filled halls beneath the Nie fortress. The two equipped themselves with fancy animal-themed half-masks and the paper fans gifted by Nie Huaisang on New Year's day, to complete their disguise and pose as Nie attendees, to avoid arousing

suspicious from guards and servants tending to the conference participants' needs.

After leaving the Jiang family members including the two Wen individuals with the Venerated Triad - because Lan Zhan coerced Huaisang to bring the latter trio into a private meeting chamber where everyone else waited for the momentous meeting -, the two left quietly to mingle with the crowd and learned a bit more about what *yaoguai* from the lands beyond the North - Qinghe and Lanling -, and West - Yunmeng and Qishan - looked like, their varied cultures and impressive abilities, their prospects and desires for the future of a free world ruled by *yaoguai* , and so on.

The Conference turned out to be a farce, and Wei Ying had nothing good to say except the endless buffets served by the servants in all corners of the hall. “Look, *lao gong* ,” Wei Ying remarked, one arm hooked around the other’s because they could let down their guard and stroll relaxedly as insignificant, anonymous visitors in a hall packed with demons and monsters, “The *yaoguai* do not really have their own origins carved in stone and in history books, because they descended from illiterate, cruel and mindless beasts with no morals and virtues. So, they have a penchant for stealing other famous people’s identities - over there, the one wearing a beautiful golden mask, jewelled robes and twirling like a ballerina, it’s a false Crown Prince of the otherworldly ancient Xian Le Kingdom, and over there, just beside the obsidian pillar, are a bunch of prominent figures from the fictional Cang Qiong Mountains derived from a novel storybook.” The younger man pointed recognizable faces he’d read up from ErNet’s multiverse forums, from watching too many animated donghua on WeiTube, and from reading R-rated fantasy manhua from pirated sites. Lan Zhan simply, and curtly, told the spouse not to point fingers everywhere, lest they attract unwanted attraction, and he held onto Wei Ying’s hands tightly to make sure the latter’s fingers do not roam carelessly where they should not.

Within the cavernous hall and adjacent meeting rooms, there were focus group discussions on demonic philosophical stuff, and magical and acrobatic performances for clans to showcase their prowess and capabilities to others, lots of merrymaking, networking, good food and wine for hours on end. Safe with their Inability-enchanted masks, the two held hands and went around making acquaintances, picking out bite-sized snacks from the banquet tables, joining the thronging crowds of spectators and observers when something interesting was on display. They steered clear of the stone tables reserved for sexual revelry and orgy fests, though, because both had enough of cheating each other and living a morally-loose swinger's lifestyle earlier that evening - so they engaged in titillating voyeurism to watch how moaning maidens and virgin boys, that is, human slaves and survivors of the wars, were deflowered whilst being pinned on tables, and raped wildly and passionately by groups of humanoids and monstrous beasts from all directions, before getting devoured *ala* succubus and incubus style into a bloody, gory mess.

Hours later, Lan Zhan yawned and couldn't hold back from complaining that it felt as though he'd been meeting and greeting *yaoguai* -kin for *ever* inside the underground conference hall, although there was always something intellectual to listen to, or something novel he'd not seen nor heard before from clans of the distant lands. "Of course," Wei Ying gleefully chimed in, "High-level *yaoguai* have the ability to warp space and time, just like your two sworn brother *yaoguai* s, and even my two wives. This entire Conference is meant to be held in a space-time bubble of corrupted flow of those universal elements, so that a three-day conference can actually span as long as three years, if need be."

The husband sent a blasphemous look beneath the wooden mask of a white rabbit, one that wordlessly said, "I thought you and I, and our kins, were the only ones who can do that." Wei Ying didn't mind how the husband aired his grouse, having lived under a shell all these years, so he patiently elucidated the basics of space and time-warping magic:

Take the Bag of Holding, for instance, or its more mundane cousins, the *qiankun* pouch and sleeves for holding physical matter more than the actual space it takes up, and spirit-holding bags for storing spiritual matters - those definitions were taken straight out of websites, by the way, Wei Ying made that disclaimer very clear; cultivators have long manipulated space, and to some extent, time, when using magic. Rules had been created, such as the ones set up by the Grand Cultivation Council long ago and now rendered defunct, to make sure that people do not abuse such abilities that could easily twist space and time to their whims, resulting in unimaginable consequences, chaos and destruction.

Yaoguai , however, do not follow the rules of Men. The weaker, low-level ones, such as Wen Ning who is simply an oversized, over-muscled fierce corpse with little magical capability, and probably ninety-nine percent of lesser-evolved *yaoguai* that plague the lands recently, will not be able to take advantage of such corruption in magic-use. The top one percent of the population, such as the two Generals of the triad, the first two wives of Wei Wu Xian, and a handful of a privileged few who eventually ascended into demi-gods and sometimes, turn into deities themselves, can use such magic in with impunity. “Fortunately, anyone that tried to rebel and turn the entire world upside down are promptly put down with tranquilizers, chained to massive lightning rods, and beaten with feather dusters until the skin on their back scars and their buttocks blossom, so that they’d repent in tears while burning in fire and thunder strikes, and swear on their lives and souls not to break such cardinal rules - our Kingdom’s rules, that is. It’s just that these capture-and-release incidence are so trivial and quite rare, so these are not reported to the Heavenly Palace to your attention,” Wei Ying pooh-poohs the husband’s concern, and Lan Zhan had no other choice but to cede, take the answer at face value, and a resigned shrug with slightly annoyed pursed lips - his way of saying ‘Whatever’.

Still, Lan Zhan was compassionate and kind enough to insist that he should at least bid the Jiang family members a good night before leaving the conference-cum-orgyfest party. Wei Ying gave a ‘don’t say I didn’t warn you’ look, before following the husband back to the private meeting room where the conversation between Jiang Cheng and the Venerated Triad should’ve been concluded long ago. Just a peek, Wei Ying advised, and if what he sees doesn’t suit his tastes, he should just go. Lan Zhan wondered why he was given such a strange warning, but he proceeded anyway, pushed the door ajar a little, just to catch a glimpse.

True to the spirit of illogicalness and of inexplicable *yaoguai* mentality, Lan Zhan witnessed how a thrilled, very masculine and sexually flushed naked General Nie Mingjue went wild with hip-thrusting passion on the tabletop with pregnant Jiang Yan Li roaring shrilly with pleasure, spread-eagled beneath the hulking naked man; against the wall, General Jin Guangyao pulled out on all stops and greedily grasped pregnant Wen Qing’s breasts and hollowed his cheeks with each powerful suckle on her milkjug nipples, then raised her hips and brought one sexy leg up to hook around his back, so that they could engage in a tasty stand-up sex with lips locked lustfully, full of heavy breathing and tongue-play, and hands touching and molesting each other’s bodies inappropriately between two supposedly unrelated persons; Wen Ning seemed dazed and smiled drunkenly, though it was hard to smile when he was spitroasted between giving General Lan Xi Chen a blowjob while on all fours, and Nie Huaisang was sadly, body-controlled to become a human sex puppet fucking a cold, dead fierce corpse’s asshole - the man cried and sobbed uncomfortably as he complained loudly that he couldn’t understand why his limbs would not listen to him, and he kept apologizing to Wen Ning for doing such an uncouth act towards hi,, and the next thing he knew, he was made to bend down forward to reach for Wen Nings chilled, clammy erect dick and stroke it to completion, so the man bawled in disgust because he’d never touched a dead man’s ejaculated semen in his life, and it was probably diseased, foul-smelling, rotting and filled with vileness. Jiang Cheng was left talking to a wall, and rather animatedly; at one point he shoved his lotus-patterned business card to the cold, unforgiving stony surface, and the card obviously fell to the floor, but

the man continued to bow and gestured to the wall - he was truly trapped in his own illusion of impressing no one but a make-believe interested crowd that appeared only inside his mind.

Having seen enough, Lan Zhan gently closed the door with a crisp *click* !, and tiredly informed the wife that he wanted to go to bed and wake up to forget everything he'd experienced during the first hours of the much-maligned Conference.

“What? And crawl up in that narrow dumbwaiter to miss the rest of the party when the night's still so young?” Wei Ying exclaimed in mock disappointment.

The husband looked at the wife expectantly with a thought bubble that spelled out ‘Then?’ proverbially floating above the head.

“You’re irredeemably hopeless, you dinosaur of spellcasting awesomeness who still, at this unbelievable day and age, - still - relies on his wife to keep him amused,” Wei Ying sighed dramatically and placed a hand over his black rabbit mask’s forehead. Then, he pulled Lan Zhan aside into a covert cul-de-sac that housed a large flower pot at the end, hidden away from the rest of the conference attendees. Wei Ying raised a hand and with his index finger, drew a vertical line from his line of sight, down, down all the way to the floor. The line split alluring from the middle, bulging out like an opening eye - or rather, if one stretched a heterosexual male’s imagination, like an opening enticing vagina.

Wei Ying bowed and gestured to the husband to take a step into the ad-hoc portal. “It leads to my underground kingdom, *lao gong*, that’s been spruced up and filled with new toys since we’re nearing the 61st century these day,” he said with a sly wink, “My concubines are in there, so are their children and everyone else’s whenever I’m on the road with no one to take care of them back at home. A-Ying and A-Mian gave birth earlier today, I think, and following the *yaoguai*’s biological and fertility cycle, they’re ready to conceive. They’re waiting for their stepfather, Uncle Lan.”

Lan Zhan shivered with a jolt of excitement and became fully awake - the sleepiness wore off instantly -, and found himself gravitating naturally to the dimly glowing portal. He pushed one pussy lip-like flap of the gateway to have a better look, and got an eyeful of pretty young girls of all ages, forms, shapes and sizes, including tasty-looking preteens going skinny dipping in a large bubbling pool framed with a scenery taken straight out of travel brochures to tropical paradises - sunny blue skies, sandy beach, palm fronds, laughing and squealing naked females prancing and strolling around, chilled tropical fruit juices served along with spread-eagled precocious bikini-less virgin girls showing their cunnies to their new visitor, coaxing him to take another step, and another step inside into the sexual wonderland of infinite vaginal sex, of proving one’s manhood and his god-tiered fertility, and of illegal babymaking with women whom he had not met nor will ever wed because they’re all so fresh, smooth, supple, juicy, wet and so, so, oh so very young and pretty sexy things.

“Uncle Lan, Uncle Lan, please come in and play with us!” some girls shouted coyly in unison from a distance, and began masturbating fully in sight in broad tropical daylight by rubbing between their legs and spreading their flowerbuds wide open, slick with fragrant pheromone-laden female juices that Lan Zhan hated to admit, that he really, really found addictive after Wei Ying’s. His pants were already gone, stolen by one brave girl who dared to dash to the front and unzip the garment, before making a quick getaway - such Wei Ying-ness, indeed. Having no pants left, he had no choice but to enter Wei Ying’s wonderland where going nude was the rule.

It was time to go wild with passion between those naughty little girls' legs, go forth and multiply, adding into the increasingly turbid and dirty genetic pool with his own and everyone's else's, and enjoy making babies with fertile offsprings of his wife - that is, his stepdaughters of sorts. Uncle Lan would rule the roost as the breeding alpha male of his expanded harem, gifted by his man-wife.

“If you prefer something old but gold, and comforting from familiarity, all my descendents made from me and your vast number of perfect Lan Wang Ji clones, and my baby Wei Ying clones are waiting in there too. They're mostly girls and they look like me, though, since I prefer to weed out competition... but there are some really good cunt-boys in my collection, if you're up to it,” the young man called out from behind with a despicable sneaky giggle, after the husband had stepped through gingerly like a wolf being welcomed in an Eden filled with tasty virgin lambs and underaged babes, and the portal was closing on its own like the zipper of a pair of pants being tugged up.

“See you in two!” - though, it was unclear if Wei Ying meant two minutes or two seconds, but Lan Zhan didn't mind. He'd have twenty-four thousand times the pedophilic and orgyfest fun playing with Wei Ying's sexy feminine playground, sleep enough while having sex, and return fully refreshed, invigorated, and very, very satisfied in the loins, indeed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 224

Among the many notices hung on a stone wall to inform Conference attendees about updates from the proceedings, one particular parchment stood out. After several formal deliberations, a joint coalition of all free *yaoguai* was established and officiated during the three-day conference, in which a mega-federation of the Original Five Great Clans showed solidarity and formalized their alliance in the fight against terror, injustice and slavery. Liberated Qinghe would push for independence of their neighbouring province of Lanling to unshackle the vast resources and riches that now belonged to all free *yaoguai*, followed by the liberation of Gusu to the south, and to the Far West, where Yunmeng and Qishan have already started their own war for freedom from the iron-fisted rule of the Imperial Court and their enslaved territories.

Lan Zhan pondered at the dog-eared announcement, before taking it down - the conference had ended, the attendees had come and gone, and the entire gathering of the greatest *yaoguai* had achieved more than what it had initially set out to do, even surpassing his skeptical expectations. General Nie Mingjue and the two other members of the Venerated Triad managed to pull together disparate, fragmented and self-serving indigenous *yaoguai* clans from all corners of the Middle Kingdom, and not only succeeded in their personal agenda, but also everyone else's, it seemed. Along with the declaration of the formation of a mega-sect - essentially, a new race of Demonic Cultivators cutting across multiple sects and their differences -, they also agreed on a set of universally basic laws in which their existence shall be cemented in their brave new world, once the last threats from the reigning capital city of Chang'an and their Tao-influenced incumbents are eradicated.

Highly-evolved *yaoguai* had long dreamed of living as humans in the Mortal Realm, and the time has come to bring to life the wishes of their

forefathers. They shall be indistinguishable from humans in all aspects, and essentially replace Men as the dominant species on land. The difference, though, lies in their advanced, unorthodox and liberal culture that places great importance on personal freedom, rights of expression of one's needs, desires and wants, use of creativity and abilities to overcome hurdles, free acceptance of consequences of one's decisions and consequences whether self-inflicted or otherwise, and interestingly, an emphasis of celebrating moments that signify living the moment for want of a fulfilled life, whether of excessive indulgences, of living up the glory of the great seven sins, of enjoying hedonistic pleasures of the senses, the flesh, and of the material world - the *yaoguai* are determined to avail themselves the delights of the Mortal Realm and savour everything that the world has to offer after having been denied such god-given ambrosia for aeons.

Of note, in terms of relationships, age is but a number, gender is but a physical label, sex is an enjoyable social activity, pleasure is a currency that is given and taken, and love is freely shared. What had been restricted and restrained, made condemnable and punishable, and considered unholy, sinful and sacrilegious - was undone, normalized, even commoditized. Such is the freely-living culture of the *yaoguai* , set to conquer the world by storm as they approached total victory over Mankind.

“Are you sure?” General Nie Mingjue asked, his voice rather hoarse after rallying the hundred or so sects with his war cry and fists pumped into the air during the closing ceremony. The sun was rising on the fourth day, and everywhere from the littered palatial gardens to the numerous wrecked guest rooms to the sex-stinked underground halls, servants started to clean beds and tables, wipe away spilled gory, bloody foods and alcoholic drinks from feasts, and evidences of sex orgies that had gone on for days, and swept the floor with straw brooms and cummy water-soaked mops. A little exhausted from back-to-back meetings and non-stop banquets of the flesh, the large, stout, burly man was ready to call it a day's work. He handed a final stack of documents to a harried Nie Huaisang, who bowed repeatedly and rushed off like an office-boy.

Wei Ying bowed with folded hands at the front with such respectable grace, that it was hard not to nod and acknowledge his pleasing behaviour.

“My liege, I was the first to answer the noble call to bring together the Five Great Clans, in conjunction with your victory in liberating the Nie heartland, so this is my reward, which I shall finally take as I deserve,” he answered, confident, possessive and undaunted - true qualities of the *yaoguai* , also the greatest Dark Arts grandmaster that none knew. He received a ‘mmm’ approval from Chifeng Zun.

“Ohh... I shall miss Wang Ji *didi* , he was such a lovable boytoy while we raised him under our wings, and I’ll miss playing with him when we’re not hard at work as the infallible triad,” General Jin remarked with a pout as though he was heartbroken, though the drippy voice seemed to indicate something else more sinister.

“And so, the baby chick has fledged and it’s time to set out on its journey. Zewu Jun knows well the relationship between the two of us, and can testify that I, and the rest of my family, will surely take good care of him, just as he’ll take care of us, in exchange for the glory of the new alliance. It’s a win-win, no?” a sly wink, another bow, this time to the tall and slender former Lan Sect Leader.

Zewu Jun sighed - he always did that when he was restless, anxious. “I will not dispute what you said, Wei *gongzi* , because I have my sights set on liberating what used to be Gusu, and am actually grateful to have additional hands on deck, and a reassuring guarantee that our loved ones remain safe during these chaotic times. Having Jiang Sect Leader and Jiang First Lady

join us at the frontlines, along with Sect Leader's most talented and beautiful wife, is an honour too."

Wei Ying smiled brightly because he'd sealed the deal with the triad, and he took Wen Qing's hand before shoving her lightly into Jiang Cheng's arms; both Jiang Sect Leader and Wen Ning stood around sheepishly at the side of General Nie, somewhat dazed and dazzled by the presence of the legendary triad, and the opportunity to serve under the same warbanner - also, because Wen Qing probably already carried Chifeng Zun's child inside her, in that *yaoguai* womb of hers that can hold many babies in a uteral space-time bubble. "Don't forget," he said to the persons opposite him, "Our accomplished sorceress, Jiang First Lady, can open teleportation portals using Dark magic and connect with my wife's portal, so if anything untowards happens, we're all just a door away, literally." Wei Ying tightened his grip around Yan Li's waist, and he gave an appreciate peck on her forehead, eliciting a mushy squeal out of the *shijie* - Lan Zhan merely kept his head down, and continued to help out in taking down notices and paintings that weren't needed anymore; being the silent, stoic but hardworking wooden stump that he always portrayed himself to be in such social situations. The promise of perpetually staying in touch was attractive indeed, like next-door neighbours, and implied that people and goods can be moved between two distant points - if the will is there, of course.

"Umm...! I-- I promise, I will take up arms and protect my *jiejie* and her husband! I'll also protect the honour of the Jiang family while working here for you!" Wen Ning's awkward declaration, with a cringeworthy three-fingered salute to boot, right in the center of the congregation of the triad, was expected from a noble warrior, though endearingly silly given how inexperienced he really was in terms of the *yaoguai* 's perspective. Wei Ying sent a sniggering remark through the shared connection between him and his husband, "He would probably fit in better as a servant to accompany Huaisang, perhaps as a fierce corpse counterpart to protect the other from further mental damage since Wen Ning is already part *yaoguai* and held up better from the endless agony of mental and sexual abuse."

“Alright, alright, and yes, A-Ning can protect Big Brother Nie too!” General Nie barked out with his powerful, thrumming baritone voice to call an end to the unceasing feel-good family drama and good-byes, and everyone broke out into polite laughter because A-Ning was just too precious and adorable. After all, they had agreed beforehand that most of the Yunmeng Jiang delegation which included soldiers and selected, high-ranking individuals from the Qishan Wen sect would stay on after the Conference to lend a much-needed hand in the on-going war with the Imperial forces. More troops have been summoned after a Fairy Messenger message was sent to Jiang Fengmian back at the Lotus Pier, with Jin Guangyao personally seeing to ten horse carts’ filled with gold, magical treasures and expensive gifts delivered to the family by express flying swordsmen from the prospering Nie and Jin sects.

Lan Zhan had completed his small task while the rest of the families discussed about their next course of action. He proceeded to bow at the Venerated Triad, then to Jiang Cheng, his first lady and a curt nod to Wen Ning, in wishing them well and good bye; the A-Huan of A-Zhan’s life couldn’t resist from taking two steps forward to give his baby brother a brotherly bear hug, with whispers of “I’m so glad we’ve spent time together and had fought as brothers in a brotherhood against a common evil” and “Gege will surely miss you!” - in which the female members wept a little and dabbed tears off their cheeks at the touching moment - and A-Zhan gave a faint, knowing smile before promising his A-Huan *gege* that “when the need arises, call me with a Fairy Messenger spell, or you can ask the First Lady to open up a portal for a quick meet-up, with Wei Wu Xian’s permission, of course.”

Jin Guangyao rolled his eyes and crossed his arms at that, and smirked, “Oh please, spare the long farewell between brothers, because it almost sounds as if you’re eloping with Wei *gongzi* ” simply because he’s a jealous prick for losing a boytoy to the authority of a man he, the *yaoguai* born of Zewu

Jun's dreams, hardly knew; over the course of the preceding three days, it was clear that these *yaoguai* -made personas had very little knowledge and appreciation about what happened the year before, let alone sixteen years ago; a passing mention about Jin Guangyao's miserable childhood that led to the murder of Nie Mingjue through cursed music, inadvertently wronging Wei Ying leading to his death in the past along the way, and later, that Zewu Jun shoved a sword into the villain's heart as a cruel act of the karmic cycle of reciprocity of deeds - garnered absolutely no reaction other than "Oh, really?" or "Oh, is that so?", because *yaoguai* possess a completely different perception and understanding of time and events that affect the fates of Men; in that, sixteen years is nothing when compared to how old the *yaoguai* that inhabit the Generals' bodies spanning across centuries, and that they had absolutely no interest in matters pertaining to humans, their short, wretched lives, mundane and boring adventures and eventually their uninspiring deaths.

In any case, by sunrise of the fourth day, Lan Zhan was glad to walk out of the imposing fortress that had been his sex dungeon for months, and breathe the fresh, cool, crisp summer air at dawn, outside of the tall stonewall barricades. Wei Ying placed a hand around the husband's waist, while his other went around his *shijie*'s, who remained smiling throughout the conversation because, in essence, she would ascend to the first lady's status once she returned to the Lotus Pier. She carried a basket given by the Venerated Triad containing the most valuable gifts that would be best hand-carried than delivered by flying swordsmen - a collection of trinkets and beauty accessories made from precious metals and gemstones, and some magic-imbued household items forged using *yaoguai qi* and Dark energy.

Smug-looking Wei Ying felt accomplished that morning, having traded his brother and best buddy along with the clingy, acupuncture needle-wielding sister, for Lan Zhan's freedom and a respite from future interferences from external forces for his happiness for his darling man, and his beloved, rather illusory *shijie* . He laughed, triumphant and empowered by his newfound reality that he helped to shape with his hands. Lan Zhan looked to the side

and stared at the spouse's other roaming hand that had started caressing the bulge on Yan Li's belly - he wanted to feel jealous, but then remembered that the baby had been fed *in utero* - tainted, really - by his seed for the past three days of very, very vigorous and exciting double-vaginal penetration sex, and so, following *yaoguai* fetal development biology, the child belonged to both him and Wei Ying's shared with Jiang Yan Li, possessing features of all three parents and acquiring benefits and strengths from each.

“Xian Xian, look, look, the baby's kicking. It's very lively this morning, after a good breakfast from its parents' essence,” Jiang Yan Li, gorgeous and nearly glowing with the sheen on her skin reflecting the hues of the first rays of the morning sun, remarked softly while patting her pregnant belly; she carefully balanced the basket against her stretched waist and placed one her hand over Wei Ying's to keep his there so that the half-father could - feel - the throb of a tiny limb playing sword fights or cultivation while nestling in its mother's womb, “And the Qinghe countryside is so beautiful, with the sun slowly rising above rolling green hills filled with summer flowers and flowing rivers” she said and looked around the landscape outside the fortress - she hadn't had a good look because they arrived at night on the first day and were kept inside the dungeon-like interior throughout the conference -, “Oh, A-Zhan, is this wonderful? Our baby will be born soon, in this beautiful world, in a beautiful, loving family!” she gave the other half-father a gentle and comforting look, and Lan Zhan moved from Wei Ying's side to Yan Li's other side so that she received both their husbandly attention and affections; Wei Ying raised a brow out of curiosity and at how Yan Li effortlessly addressed Lan Zhan with his fictional childhood nickname - because they've had so much group sex in the past three days and grunted obscenities and howled with animalistic sounds at each other, so calling one another endearing names was not a problem at all - and said nothing, and released his grip on his husband.

Lan Zhan took the basket without hesitation, and placed a hand above Yan Li's hand, atop Wei Ying's, and together, they felt the baby kick a few more times. Unidentified emotions ran unrestrained, untamed and amok inside

Lan Zhan's head, because he was the other half-father responsible for the child's constitution; it was confusing yet gratifying, that the child was his and Wei Ying's, they were going to be fathers for a baby growing in a kind of surrogate mother; suddenly he had visions of delivery a child, a baby's first breastfeeding, the first burp, the first diaper change, the first word, the first steps, playing with their child with two other parents, living together in peaceful, harmonious family, threefold the happiness. He also realized the poetic beauty behind the entire unfolding scene - that Wei Ying, a Jiang, was indebted to Lan Zhan for redeeming justice and a second chance in life, and now, Lan Zhan owed his happiness to Wei Ying, who had brought him so much joy ever since they had promised their forever to each other as soulmates - and now, a baby made of two fathers is on the way in its mother loving care. In a lifetime of giving and receiving, there should be no need for Sorrys and Thank Yous, but Lan Zhan had so much more to say, and want to do for lovely Wei Ying, that he thought perhaps, he could express to their unborn child.

“Mn. It's beautiful, indeed.”

Yan Li became misty-eyed at the touching scene, and she somehow grabbed both men closer to her and her bouncing belly. “Baby's hungry again, because it's growing so fast. Will its two loving fathers please feed it more milk?” she asked innocently, as they headed to a horse carriage prepared by the Venerated Triad - a fairytale model of a large, spacious wheeled structure used by elites, pulled by a couple of horses and a driver ready at the seat. The carriage was well-furnished, and had a three-seater chair that could double as a king-sized bed.

Wei Ying's smile brightened, as they stepped into their royal transport, and already he was unbuckling his belt. Lan Zhan showed more restraint, but could not avoid licking his lips and sweating a bit on his forehead from the rising pulse in his blood, and a tent forming on his pants. Jiang Yan Li gave

coy looks and winks to both men, and sweetly began to pull up her blouse just as the door to the carriage closed with a soft *click* !

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 225

The journey on horse carriage pulled by demonic nightmare horses was scheduled to take a few days, as compared to a lesser number of nights zipping on flying swords, or instant teleportation through corruption of space - and for good reasons - to avoid *qi* deviating events that can disrupt any spellcasting such as lifting swords or opening portals, including childbirth.

Some time after they left the Nie fortress, Jiang Yan Li went into labour whilst having two men feeding the baby with fresh, heated semen ejaculated excitedly through thrusting hips and spurts painting the contracting vaginal walls which had happily devoured two pistoning turgid angry-red penises. Sex felt very, very good for all three, so the mother did not feel the warning convulsions throbbing through her belly and pelvic area; blame the orgasms, as some say. Her water broke when one of the fathers jabbed a bit too hard, too excitedly at her spasming cervix, and it became a mess of *yaoguai* -stinked amniotic fluids on the floor and dribbling leftover spilled passions from the two men still soaring high in their sexual ecstasies. The driver was called to halt the journey and park the carriage next to a body of water, and immediately, the two flushed men pulled out in near panic whilst leaking cum from their dicks, and frantically searched the carriage's interior for supplies needed to deliver the baby.

Jiang Yan Li was glad to have both fathers at her side to welcome yet another healthy addition to the Jiang family. Lan Zhan was already experienced in watching how infants are delivered, although he didn't really have much hands-on experience in the dirty, messy, bloody and fluid-filled procedure - not enough give a helping hand, but thank goodness Wei Ying was there; the younger man had experienced multiple childbirths firsthand not too long ago, and knew what to do with lots of washcloths and buckets of warm water, all of which were fortunately supplied inside the horse

carriage; bless the Venerated Triad for understanding the needs of antenatal care, especially for *yaoguai* -kin.

Thus, next a idly flowing river on one sunny afternoon, graciously hidden from view by a horse carriage and a driver who also posed as a lookout for the trio to guard their safety, a chubby baby girl was welcomed to the world with little fanfare, anxious parents who fussed over each and every aspect such as counting her tiny fingers and touching her delicate baby-soft skin with trepidation and bewilderment, and lots of noisy but hearty, healthy cries echoing into the woods. Then, out popped another girl, then another, and yet another, so the two fathers and the mother carried a quadruplet at the end, each with Wei Ying's beautiful smile and a head full of hair, with Lan Zhan's strong facial features and tinges of yellow-hues in their lovely bright tear-filled eyes, and Yan Li's soft feminine touches on the cheeks and curve of open lips started to plead for their mother's milk.

“Wei Ying, no more stealing baby's milk. There's hardly enough to go around, with four hungry mouths begging simultaneously,” Lan Zhan murmured while patiently carrying two red-skinned wrinkly but freshly cleaned bawling babes with his hands, as the eldest two gurgled happily with their first feed of their lives lying upon topless Yan Li's chest. She coo'ed, gently touched her babies' lips and adjusted her nipples so that they fit snugly into their suckling mouths, encouraging them to drink more and grow up healthy.

Wei Ying sighed heavily and started to peel off his tunic. “On the contrary, my dear,” he said, and Lan Zhan's eyes went wide, mesmerized by the sight of two lovely grapefruit-sized mounds that inflated themselves upon the man's chest, “I will steal my husband's joy by joining this breastfeeding frenzy because I'm also equally responsible here to make sure that all our children are fed well.”

Lan Zhan shook his head and smiled - a rare upward curve in lips -, because of course, how could he have forgotten that lovely Wei Ying is everything that could ever be and had existed in reality, and that Wei Ying can transform and shape his body using the godly Dark Arts to meet his needs under any circumstances, such as growing artificial wombs and pumping up his breasts so that he too, could experience the joys of becoming a female and birth children. He kept quiet and observed, mesmerized, at how the remaining younger two babes were gently grabbed by Wei Ying's large manly hands, one for each, from Lan Zhan's sparse but muscular and milkless bosom, and gently placed in the same manner as Yan Li's - one babe for each breast. Wei Ying's twin soft, but rather hairy, fatty teats are a little smaller and less plump than Yan Li's for obvious reasons, but they function just as well; the moment each crying hungry baby latched her lips onto one of the man's swollen nipples, the suckling motions started immediately, and they quietened down to a calm, satisfied and rhythmically feeding state.

With both half-father and Yan Li lying on the bed inside the carriage, breastfeeding a total of four newborns in their arms, Lan Zhan felt a little left out and for a moment, he was at a loss of what to do. Fortunately the *Jiang gu niang* didn't question Wei Ying's sudden partial change in gender, or his choice of words when addressing Lan Zhan - proof that again, *yaoguai* were immune to the complexities of human gender dichotomies and societal interactions; it was already well-known that some *yaoguai* are blessed with similar capabilities and can be husbands, wives, fathers and mothers at the same time, so Yan Li probably thought the same about Wei Ying.

The washcloths had been rinsed in the river water, and all equipment had been wiped dry and stowed away in their proper compartments. The talented driver was on standby, and was ordered to heat a pot of nutritious herbal chicken soup on the campfire, and start on cooking side dishes using

a stove, nearby the carriage; they decided to stop at that rather picturesque riverside spot for the day and rest, to allow time for the mother to recover, and for everyone to recuperate from the stresses of delivering new lives into the world. There were some passers-by - marauding bands of *yaoguai* bandits in search of fresh human meat -, however when the driver - a *yaoguai* as well - spoke with them using demonic tongues and explained that they were from the newly established alliance of the free *yaoguai* and they just and a fortuitous birth of quadruplets, the bandits cheered for the new parents. Such an unbelievable change of heart was not uncommon among *yaoguai* , because they too live in the desire that someday, they and their children would live in a peaceful world of plenty, what more that those quadruplets probably represented a new ray of hope from a brave new world; thus, in deference for the renowned Venerated Triad, the bandits scoured the forests and brought back summer fruits and other wholesome edibles, and promised to patrol the surrounding area to keep any child predators or wild animals away from the carriage, before leaving.

“No rest for the wicked father,” Wei Ying toot-tooted and gestured the free, idling husband to come closer because it was tiring to shout when one was spending *qi* to exert internal muscles to squeeze out manly milk out of hairy nipples - the said milk being the real opaque white liquid suitable for babes this time - through magically bloated breasts. Lan Zhan obeyed like any new inexperienced fathers would, and he was beside Wei Ying in a heartbeat, eager to please and serve the new half-mother of their babes.

“Demons extract life-giving energy from sexual *qi* best, and during this delicate period of recovery from exhausted mothers, you, the sole provided for the time being, must do your duty to give *shijie* the nutrition she needs. She’ll heal faster and be able to feed our children better,” Wei Ying pointed out.

Lan Zhan swallowed hard, suddenly thrilled at the prospect of having sex with a lactating and breastfeeding mother.

“After you’re done recharging *shijie* , I’ll open up my man-pussy beneath my balls, and you’ll have to discharge just as many volleys of your daddy’s milk into me too. I can’t be wholly responsible for taking care of these younger two ‘uns,” Wei Ying added petulantly, and shifted his shoulders to let baby number three and four drink in a more comfortable lying position. Lan Zhan felt giddy at a very tangible perverted fantasy coming to fruition soon, and he smiled crookedly at his dreamy, self-inflicted drunkenness.

Soon, Lan Zhan was back at his sexual peak, drilling into Jiang Yan Li’s youthful, elastic, hot, tight and very wet pussy while watching his newborn daughters suckling the woman’s breasts. He timed his enthusiastic *thwup-thwup-thwup* squelchy thrusts with his girls’ feeding rhythm straight in until the hilt, and very, very excitedly, savoured the tastes and tactile sensations of a freshly birthed but incredibly sexy, fertile, lubricated, grasping vagina while filling up the now-vacated womb thirty healthy ejaculations, because he knew, and desperately wanted, for Jiang Yan Li to conceive together with lovely Wei Ying, and have another batch of baby-soft buns baking in the oven by nightfall.

(It goes without saying that Lucky Lan Zhan got to steal his babies’ milk, when he was on the verge of nutting the nth time, then roughly shoved his head between plump, milk-filled smooth or hairy mounds of either Yan Li’s or Wei Ying’s, nnngh’ed roughly and pushed his baby girls aside so that daddy can also enjoy a loving suckle at a swollen, juicy teat while spilling thirty blasts of virile energetic sperm deep, deep into eager fecund wombs.)

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Lan Zhan did wonder aloud about Wen Qing's situation.

“Oh, don't bother. She's a big girl and as good as any respectable, fiercely independent, single mother out there, because Jiang Cheng and Wen Ning are absolute disasters at childcare. I suppose she'd have given birth too, since both were conceived last week when we had threesomes the whole afternoon with A-Ning made to harvest lotus roots that time, while Jiang Cheng was given the runaround and sent to the neighbouring port town, Lily Pier, to pick up some groceries that's commonly available everywhere. Hah, my brother never knows that the father of all his babies sits right next to him at the throne hall!”

The husband paused thoughtfully. “Babies...” he murmured and stared off-direction.

A gentle slap on the husband's arm to force him out of his reverie, because Lan Zhan had grown fond over little cherubs and become a little addicted, even fantasizes quite often, of making more of those now that he had tasted, savoured and enjoyed the wholesome experience from conception to birth, from a dad's perspective. With the jolt back to reality, Lan Zhan started fanning the wife - the male one - to keep the latter cool during warm summer days.

Arms behind the head, the wife relaxed at the servile human tabletop mechanical fan, “Wen Qing is smart for a *yaoguai* , and she'll know to teleport away her babies already tainted with the seeds of the Venerated Triad, to avoid detection and suspicion from her husband. If I'm right, they should be deposited in my underground kingdom by now, and my

concubines housed in there, who also work as nannies and wet nurses to all my children, will take care of them and raise them well. She might fake her pregnancy for the sake of keeping the sect leader happy, but knowing her and how she, a fertile female *yaoguai* in constant heat, behaves around excellent male specimens of her kind... well, she won't need to fake that pregnancy for long."

"Won't the offsprings of those two generals and my brother... run conflict with the rest?" Lan Zhan asked naively, and realized that Yan Li tapped at his thigh too. She softly coo'ed to A-Zhan that she wanted a shoulder massage and backrubs after holding onto two babes while breastfeeding, and there was another two to go. The unofficial husband and biological half-father turned to the side and indulged in the woman's request upon the creaky king-sized bed, to Wei Ying's envy - because new mothers have it all, especially in terms of attention from the father(s).

"Nah," Wei Ying said, and got up to get a drink; there was a bucket-shaped herbal tea dispenser built into the carriage's interior furnishing, "In case you weren't aware, my *shijie* and Wen Qing went around collecting semen from all those awesome *yaoguai* males who congregated at the Conference of the Demonic Cultivation through quickies, like queen ants, and stored the seed inside their bellies so that they continue to give birth to children of superior lineage. Your precious triad included, of course." He winked at Lan Zhan while handing a cup to rosy-cheeked Yan Li, and she accepted the refreshment gratefully. Wei Ying man-grabbed those two suckling piglets (he calls them so, because they're so greedy for milk, after all), and effortlessly cradled them against his bare and swollen chest - the changeover was quick and seamless, so that his daughters continued to snack from their half-father. "There's no conflict at all, *lao gong*, because all our children are kind and nice in nature, unlike some human street brats that I've encountered during my younger days," he snorted, and then leaned back and spread his legs wide open. Yan Li shifted in her seat to give him a wide berth. "The older children, like A-Ying and A-Mian - you remember them, don't you, you horn-dogged Uncle? They've given us eight batches

of grandchildren already - the more mature *jiejie* s there will educate the younger ones so that everyone lives by, and respects our family rules, regardless of creed and clan,” he added.

Upon noticing the Dawn of Dark Light - that is, in Lan Zhan’s words, a flowery description of the parting of Wei Ying’s plump and juicy hairy man-cunt lips between the legs hiding behind those lovely curly lining the testicles -, Lan Zhan hurriedly returned the fan to the tabletop, then drew in the curtains so that nobody could peek into what ungodly things happened inside a horse carriage moving at a leisurely pace on one of the lesser-travelled trails. The husband had been naked all day, and for logical reasons - he alternated in recharging his wives’ - one certified, the other still not legal - pussies with his awesome sexual *qi* , and it was lovely Wei Ying’s turn.

“Come on, lover boy. Time for this man-cunt to eat up your dick,” Wei Ying chuckled with twin babes busily feeding upon his breasts, then with a jerk of hips and a twitch of his semi-erect penis, his balls rose a little, and allowed the husband to have a peek of what a hairy pink, stretched and loosened but well-used and tasty vagina looked like, and that the husband desired most.

(At one point, Lan Zhan belatedly realized the implications of breeding like queen ants, as Wei Ying succinctly put it. Wouldn’t that mean that his babies have streaks of Nie Mingjue, Jin Guangyao or even his older brother, he asked. Wei Ying casually answered, while having his man-pussy lovingly fucked and drinking the rich sexual *qi* wafting off the very happy penis pistoning in and out non-stop, that Lan Zhan is allowed to believe whatever he wants and fantasize using his imagination - such as baby girls with muscled bodies and manly moustaches, thin and pretty foxy girls who love to poison and cheat men, or better yet, an incestuous rendezvous with his *gege* ’s daughter. Lan Zhan exploded into an unprepared orgasm at the

last one, because the thought of making love with a real niece, as a horrible, immoral Lan *er shushu* , pinning down that baby girl on the bed while sexually ravaging her sweet virginity, breaking her hymen with excruciating pain-pleasure then tasting her pussy before any other boys, and deflowering her many times to plant grand-nieces inside her with his unrivalled libido- because he'd fuck and breed her every night for a whole month to make sure that every single window of opportunity to be impregnated was fully used and abused by the naughty *er shushus* -, before her father, Lan Xi Chen found out about the incestuous travesty - the thought was just too damn sexy.

Wei Ying cackled, of course, at Lan Zhan's loss of another accidental spillage of yummy semen, accompanied with a lovestruck manly 'Ahhnnn~~~'.)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 226

Tucked inside an underground kingdom, linked by wormholes created by corruption of space and time, lies a tropical paradise by the beachside like no other, with luxury seven-star guest hospitality and services second to none in the Kingdom, specially made for the royal couple and their descendents.

Grand Patriarch Lan Wang Ji enjoys basking in the shade under a large beach umbrella upon a lounging chair, where a constant breeze blows in sea-chilled fresh air to keep the summer warmth at bay. Seagull cries and rustling from swaying leafy coconut trees orchestrated and timed perfectly well with the rhythmic, soothing crashing of gentle waves into the sandy beach. Everywhere, there are men, women, boys and girls busy with playing at the waterside, indulging in energetic beach games and generally having a good time with summertime activities under the beautiful sunny blue skies. The Grand Patriarch sits up a little and lowers his sunglasses to spy at naked figures fornicating on the sand and upon soiled towels; his Kingdom's subjects truly know how to enjoy themselves on their days off such as this, and spend their time intertwining bodies, making sweet love all day and night then pop babies out in a few months' time, and have wild sex parties in harems and orgies as regular as any unholy summer rituals between close-knitted families and friends.

Lan Zhan places the book he'd been reading on the ground and turns to his side. He waves at a waiter and gestures for a glass of orange juice - the drinks around here are known to be spiked, and being a pure-bred Lan, he should avoid those at all costs. Moments later, thanks to the seven-star service, a little boy no more than ten-years old trots up with the ordered beverage on a tray balanced on his small hands, and with no clothes on, of course. The Grand Patriarch enjoys watching how a boy squats on the table to dip his penis into the fruit juice, then serves his syrup-coated genitals to

the man's lips. He lovingly attacks the boy's citrus-scented peeled penis and molests his spasming, rising grape-sized balls with his tongue, until the boy cries out, flushed beet-red on the face and chest, thrusting and jerking his hips hard into the man's welcoming mouth; the orange juice is served with droplets of seedless mildly flavoured and sweet boyjuice - the refreshing taste of summer, indeed.

Later, a group of three boys join in - extra service on the house, they chorus cheerfully -, and they snuggle up against the broad shouldered and strong-muscled man's body upon the creaking, sagging lounging chair. The Grand Patriarch hums, pleased that his hands are free to conquer, reign and roam all over those lovely boys' baby-smooth supple skin, kiss their rosy lips and play romantically with moist tongues, suckle their immature teats before tickling their navels, then slide fingers across twin bubble-buttocks mounds before letting one, then two fingers glide around the puckered entrances until they spasm and convulse excitedly, and he happily penetrates into the rosebuds with glee - he takes the boys' first times in anal penetration, and teaches them what it's like to have anal sex with a fully-grown man, and to appreciate how it feels to have one's prostate gland lovingly massaged by scissoring calloused fingers and later bumped with the head of a very, very excited adult's angry-red, engorged penis.

Those who've had their wet dreams, serve the man their first conscious ejaculation ever in their tender young lives, with shrill, cracked-voice sexy moans and primitive caveman-like grunts that are too inappropriate for their age, to the man's utmost delight - and those who haven't, well, they get a preview of feeling very, very good from having their genitals fondled, then swelled gloriously, from very, very expert fingers, lips and tongues, and of course, the almighty adult's penis, and willingly squirt uncontrollably nectary droplets of clear, seedless fluids mixed with virginal pee, interspersed with surprised peals of laughter and squeals because they hadn't experienced such sexual release and joy before, for the man to partake, savour and enjoy, gulp by gulp.

At one point, the Grand Patriarch decided to get some exercise done, because what would summer at the beach be, if one didn't sweat a little? He made the four boys stand in a line, arms akimbo and legs spread out nicely. They were instructed to do a little warm-up exercise, by working on their pelvic tendons and ligaments. Up and down, up then hold--- and down, he barked out with rhythmic claps with his hands, and the boys obeyed with discomfort and a tiny bit exhaustion on their faces, because their penis had to jerk up and down according to the beat, and their balls received a generous workout for lifting up and loosening down. Their stiffies energized with boosted blood circulation, they were then made to form a circle; two boys on all fours, alternating with two boys lying on their backs, so that their faces were comfortably and snugly in contact with each other's crotches. All together now, the Grand Patriarch started to circle the boys and clapped his hands following a rather upbeat Gusu nursery rhyme; with each syllable, the boys sucked each other's erect penises and used their fingers to drum on one another's scrotum until little plump boy-balls bounced and swayed, alive and animatedly to the singalong tune. Some would falter mid-way when intense tingles erupted with very inappropriate sexy moans, others started grunting and shaking uncontrollably when wrecked by orgasms meant for adults that their tiny bodies couldn't contain, but they kept on going, until the nursery rhyme was completed, and to the Patriarch's utmost satisfaction. Later, he lay on his lounging chair soiled with boys' pee and juice, and showed his monstrous giant veiny and foreskin-heavy penis to the boys in broad daylight; he told them to practise again unto his excited, and expectant sexual organ, and then stretched his limbs and put his hands behind his head, sunglasses down and sunlight warm on his face, and he enjoyed a light nap - with four boys working hard to the beat of their favourite nursery rhyme, flirting, stroking, licking, kissing and sucking his hairy penis from head to frenulum then along the impressive over-six inch length to the base and back again, and his very happy filling-up wrinkly testicles that spasmed from every loving circular touch of children's tongues and kissy lips.

The Grand Patriarch spends an inordinate amount of time in the company of little prepubescent boys, his face always dipping eagerly in the children's crotches, eliciting squelchy wet sounds and involuntary nnnh-inducing tremor in shaking hips and thighs, his hands greedily grasping every inch of baby-soft skin, plundering innocence to sate his overpowering desire to rape and abuse every penis-bearing child within his arm's reach; he graduates each patiently, one by one, into adulthood with his finesse in pedophilic lovemaking, filling their cute adorable rectum boy-fruits and sometimes into their thoroughly yet tenderly abused and stuffed cocks, pumped hard and full with his virile masculine seed that they can bring back to their little sisters and make more babies in the Patriarch's name.

“ *Lao gong , lao gong ,*” the wife calls out sweetly not too far away. Lovely Wei Ying has a fascination for little girls for the time being - call it a passing fad, which will soon be exchanged with the obsession to abuse children of the other gender -, and he waves enthusiastically to attract the husband's attention while his face is stuffed with a ten-year old girl's spread-open pussy. Wei Ying is such an affectionate and generous Grand Matriarch, for opening up his tropical wonderland for the husband to enjoy his loins and propagate his genes, so to speak. Wei Ying has spent a few minutes preparing a virgin daughter for the husband to sexually attack, by performing an adult's cunnilingus upon the girl's blossoming genitals, until her flowerbud blossoms into swollen pussy lips, a protruding clit as the cherry on the icing to be popped soon, accompanied by a wet, very welcoming and squeezezy, convulsing vagina that has been thoroughly exercised and licked by Wei Ying's demonic forked tongue, awaiting to be deflowered by the girl's naughty, horny and lustful stepfather.

Wei Ying had caressed the girl's hymen to excite and loosen that stretchy and barrier-like membrane, then using the tip of his elongated tongue, punched a small hole through - thus, it was Wei Ying who theoretically stole his daughter's virginity after all - and the slime-coated tentacle-like appendage gleefully pummeled through. He lashed his tongue energetically, vibrating the phallus-like invader so much until the girl cried out with

unbridled pleasure from being ravaged between the legs, and she had no idea nor defenses to resist, other than to spread her legs wider, trained her pelvic muscles to relax - because she's been taught relax, relax, and let Uncle rape her pussy - and let the evil man do what he loves to do to little underaged girls' flowerbuds. Wei Ying had all the time in the world to explore the girl's ruined innocence, deceptively covered by the rather intact hymen - however, he's not inside her to taste her feminine fragrance and female juices, yet.

He knew this particular daughter would start menstruating soon, but he couldn't wait to serve her to the husband, not when they're having their family holiday that day and can spend all day making babies inside all tasty, naked daughters freely available in the tropical paradise. So, he shoves his tongue through, slamming the cervix like wolf-rapists pounding the door and rattling the doorknob to break open into a house full of delicious succulent virgin lambs that are meant to be sexually devoured. The girl sobbed at the throbbing pain caused by the man, but she bit her lip and forced herself to relax, relax, let the stranger in, let her inside be invaded by foreign things, let her most sacred and innermost innocence be taken, with or without her willing permission. Wei Ying smiled when he broke through and entered the uterus chamber - juicy, filled with blood-engorged and swollen flesh, ripe for the taking and to transform into moist, warm nests for growing fetuses - however, Wei Ying has a single-track desire to attack and pillage where it matters most. His tongue continued to wiggle and crawl further in, slithered like a snake that had infiltrated a bird's nest filled with yummy eggs and baby chicks to be swallowed alive. All the while, the girl squirmed, sometimes moaned with discomfort, sometimes jerked her hips when unwelcomed nice feelings welled up from being molested from the inside, and Wei Ying did not hesitate to reach overhead to grope her breasts - because his daughter's body belonged to him, so he had every right to enjoy its softness and firmness - and grabbed them roughly in milking motions, before letting his greedy fatherly fingers roam her ten-year old's underdeveloped body hungrily, savouring the stimulation of body-warmed preteen feminine skin against his.

Wei Ying's tongue forked, as expected, and each branch propelled deeper like springs and into the girl's Fallopian tubes, worming their way through like a vile parasite, violently filling up her sexual organs until they bulged unnaturally from the invasion. At the ovaries, the tips of the forked tongue started to lovingly lick up and down, circles and gentle prods, massaging the helpless egg-producing factories; just like the result of tickling babies' bellies, the pinkish masses that made up the ovaries bounced a bit in their cavities, akin to giggling babes and bubbly tots, yielded to the coaxing, spasmed from the alien sensations of being shaken and stirred to release their forcibly ripened fruits before their time. One, two, then multiple pearls of eggs tumbled out, squeezed out of their cradles before they were prepared for insemination, and they rolled gently, gently, along the undulating forked tongue, and collected into a crevice-like dip in the center of the uterus.

No, no, Wei Ying murmured, and the vibrations sent mini-orgasms sizzling and electrifying into the girl's insides; she started to hump against Wei Ying's face while her smooth, hairless cunny was getting eaten out, so much so that the little basket of eggs rolled down, down further until they settled at the entrance right next to the cervix.

Mmm, just right; Wei Ying withdrew his tongue then, with a wicked, amused grin, since the girl had been properly prepared for impregnation by her stepfather, that is, fondly called 'Uncle Lan'.

"Uncle Lan, Uncle Lan," the girl calls out softly on her lounging chair, sweating and wheezing from the wonderful oral sex done by her man-mother, "Mama said that my eggs have descended and I'm ready to get pregnant, but I'm a little afraid because this is my first time having full p--pene-- pene... tration sex. Can you be gentle and squirt your sperm nicely

into my vagina?” she asks brazenly, while holding her pussy lips wide open for the stepfather - now standing between her legs with a terribly excited, twitching hard-on - to marvel and grow exceedingly aroused by the sight of a virgin prepubescent girl offering herself to him.

“Mn. Do not be afraid, little girl. Uncle Lan will be very, very gentle inside you, so that you’ll feel very, very nice - and loved.”

“That’s right, girl. Open your thighs wider and keep your muscles relaxed. Squeeze ‘em just like the way I’ve taught you many moons ago, when Uncle is fully inside and moving vigorously in and out - it’ll feel wonderful for the two of you, and take your mind off the pain. Your eggs are at the cervix, and Uncle’s awesome giant penis is long enough to punch through into your womb. You know what happens when he does that and cums directly into your uterus, right? Your naked eggs will be coated by Uncle’s sperm, and you’ll be a mama... just like me!” the other half-father grinned sleazily, his words painted with white lies, of course.

Wei Ying’s narrative has probably no educational value whatsoever, because Lan Zhan had already mounted his stepdaughter like a lustful animal in heat by then, tearing her hymen with such lust and greed in a single audible rip, then rutting deep into her until he was fully sheathed with each powerful fucking thrust, breaching into her womb at the first deflowering fuck; the ten-year old shed a tear for her lost innocence and she gritted her teeth at the flaring pain of accommodating the girth of an unwelcomed man’s penis that her body was unprepared for. However, it didn’t matter, because Lan Zhan was already soaring into his own nirvana in practising the ageless, timeless ritual of making babies inside adolescent girls - his stepdaughter, his lovely little girl will soon be carrying his grand-babies! He moaned and groaned with the twisted imagery playing inside his mind, and just in jolly time, the excruciating pleasures of hot, tight, wet muscles massaging his hardworking penis with such lethal precision and

pressure began - the girl had been taught well, despite her torment and sexual abuse; she reached down with her hands and started rubbing her clit, just like the good girl her mama's trained her, because she was told that those wonderful sexy feelings heating up her spasming vagina gets transferred to her Uncle's penis, so Uncle Lan would feel very, very nice too. Lan Zhan's stepdaughter masturbated furiously as the step-daddy pistoned violently like stallion thunderstorms raging through a fertile garden of an underaged maiden, and she played many squeeze-squeeze with that twitching rod of manly flesh, that continued to pound lustfully, angrily, at her tattered innocence, causing her pain - but pain, her mama said, that she must endure, because the ten-year old's no longer a girl, but a woman, after experiencing that sort of pain, and as daddy's new woman, she has to bare her pussy and let her daddy sexually attack her devirgined flowerbud and spill his creamy milk inside her, then father lots of babes inside her womb, where those fat smelly tadpole sperms belong to, where incestuous children are made, all inside the little girl's fertile cunny.

Uncle Lan felt the first waves of molten liquid pressure boiling up from his loins; in his lust-hazed state where his hips moved and fluttered in and out on their own, his arms reached down to clutch, grasp desperately anything, anything that he can teether to, knowing that his palm could easily cover the girl's face and mouth so that she'd stop making pained noises from being attacked so violently between her shivering legs, and those palms reached for her drool-worthy white-porcelain breasts that had just started developing, tiny nubs sitting atop gentle, rolling mounds, and those rough palms crashed unto them and fingers curled and raked back and forth cruelly, squeezing those milky buns until bruising fingerprints were left, as spikes of scorching-red good feelings drove the man to animalistic heights that a father would rape her daughter in broad daylight so boldy and with such glee; so he picked up his pace, rocked himself harder and slammed deep into the welcoming, screaming battered and deflowered vagina, to breed the girl that would become the mother of his children before her time.

Wei Ying sighs at the two mating individuals, rises from his spot at the beach and saunters off with a glass of alcoholic cocktail - his preferred beverage - in his hand. He heads off to find more underaged daughters for Lan Zhan to have kiddie sex with, in this awesome sunny tropical paradise full of naked males and females.

(Eventually, with time being sped up or slowed down deliberately with the use of Dark magic, and selected, desirable, breedworthy specimens cloned and replicated recklessly for the husband's sexual pleasure, the population inside Wei Ying's fertile, thriving underground kingdom boomed. There's a healthy genetic mix of sons, daughters and further offspring bearing lineage from the Great Clans, with an assortment of contributions coming from Wei Ying's concubines from numerous different families and clans that he rather not keep track of and document. Wei Ying is a cold, calculated mastermind to create his greatest empire of diversities and unparalleled capabilities. Lan Zhan, on the other hand, simply went with the flow and enjoyed fucking males and females to sow his wildest, most virile seeds into them and their descendents, in batches of two seconds, two minutes, twenty-four thousand climaxes each, at the wife's behest, of course.)

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Their journey took them across northern, central and western regions of the Middle Kingdom. They avoided major routes and cities for fear of getting caught in the middle of intense civil and inter-species war, and also treaded carefully when nearing outlying or remote settlements that could easily camouflage a hidden military base of the Imperial or Tao nature. They had a few close brushes, though their luck held out because there were marauding bands of higher-evolved *yaoguai* who helped by directing them away from road patrols and booby-trapped villages.

After a couple of days on the road, they reached a safe haven for *yaoguai* called the village of Gui Shan (literally, ghost hill). The inhabitants are staunch followers of the new world order, and the moment Lan Zhan set foot onto its cobbled paths, he knew that he wasn't on human's land anymore. Yan Li knew a little background about the village, gathered from her ancestral memories of *yaoguai* -kin, and shared what she knew. There should be a small market near the center of the settlement, she said, that sells demonic groceries that she craved; such as blood potatoes that taste sweeter when boiled in bone soup, ghost cabbages that remain crunchy and juicy even when stir-fried, and vampiric chickens that must be slaughtered using unholy rituals before their the curse inside the zombified flesh would turn succulent and nutritious for any new *yaoguai* mothers.

Wei Ying has a fair knowledge of *yaoguai* cuisine and like any housewives, great A.S.S. skills - in reverse, A.B.S., that is, **A** wesome **B** argaining **S** kills. However, unfortunately, he had two babes to take care of while his *shijie* was fully occupied with another two in her arms - therefore, it was up to the novice husband to go to the market and buy some much-needed grocery without breaking their bank account and with judicious judgement to select only the best and highest quality foods on display on the shelves.

Tsk, tsk, the younger half-father of the quadruplets said, there's no money involved because *yaoguai* barter and trade involves exchange of goods and services, such as sex. "How much for a basket of blood potatoes? How do they look?" the studious husband asked, and he furiously took down notes in preparation for his maiden trip to the market. Jiang Yan Li smiled sweetly and described the vegetables, because she's had a few of them in recent meals after all. Covered in crusty blood and red in colour all the way through the skin and into the starchy tuber, because they're spawned from fresh corpses inoculated with special wholesome curses and potato seeds, then watered regularly with human blood from ritual sacrifices for seven days and seven night during the full moon phase, she explained, and they're a bit rounded and stout, spongy to the touch like a human heart - but don't

press on them too much, lest the seller accuses you of bruising his vegetables and forces you to buy ‘em up.

“I see,” the husband nodded gravely, because he was feeling a bit anxious knowing that he was buying something that he’d not seen before, let alone tasted one, which sounded pretty unappetizing and grotesque, “Then, how much does a basket cost? Two silver pieces or three?”

Tsk, tsk, Wei Ying clicked his tongue in slight annoyance at the husband’s slow-wittedness. Maybe two fucks, if the merchant finds you attractive from a demonic sense, or three, if you’re unappealing and don’t smell convincingly good for their taste buds, he added. It’s all about coming to an agreeable value of exchange, Wei Ying chortled and waved his arms excitedly like an overzealous teacher teaching a student about the basics of conducting business - and his babes slid off his swollen breasts because those warm manly arms had left, and the two hungry, still feeding, younger ‘uns started to cry. Excess milk trickled down from Wei Ying’s nipples, like sweet opaque syrup glistening in the sunlight, scented with a man’s musky stink and pheromones to boot.

Lan Zhan took a deep breath to calm down, partly because he nearly, instinctively, lunged forward to claim what should be his and steal a mouthful of his wife’s milk. Anyway, about using sex as currency - for Lan Zhan, he’d seen it before, done it as well. Well, at least Wei Ying did, judging from what the man went through whilst he whittled his time away at the Soul Restoration Cave not too long ago. His new 3d-enhanced biscuit body was built to withstand infinite and endless rounds of sex, so surely, he could do his grocery shopping and survive with his loins intact - he hoped.

“Mn,” he finally remarked, after getting enough tips from both wives - one man, the other woman - for his shopping trip. By then, all four infants had drunk enough for the moment until the sported milk coma-like drowsy looks, and gurgled happily in their sleep by the bed. Wei Ying called the husband and told him to take his time, and shop wisely; meanwhile, Wei Ying wanted to take the opportunity of the downtime from breastfeeding to engage in sexual intercourse with his *shijie* because those babes tended to interrupt his incestuous sex with the sister throughout the day. Soon, Wei Ying already atop his *shijie* upon the well-used creaky bed inside the carriage, moaning out her name repeatedly in a dream-like state, and thrusting his hips eagerly between her welcoming open legs, then sharing kisses and whispers of how many babies does Xian Xian want to plant inside *jiejie* , and does *jiejie* like Xian Xian’s cute penis dancing happily inside her vagina, and would Xian Xian please shoot his happy milk so that their babies sleeping inside *jiejie* ’s fat and healthy womb can drink more and grow up strong and healthy, *et cetera ad nauseum* , and of course, the child-like Xian Xian started groping his *shijie* ’s breasts and declared those lovely huge milkjugs to be his and his alone, because Xian Xian likes to suck-suck *jiejie* ’s boobs while *jiejie* plays with his penis with squeeze-squeezes, while spearing her gaping flowerbud very, very energetically because it feels very, very nice, with those lovely fleshy folds kissing his penis and muscular contractions caressing his dick-dick, signifying her fertility and desire for orgasms by the lucky man, for Xian Xian to be loved and to be invited to stay inside *jiejie* ’s body for as long as he wants, and ejaculate his boy-semen hotly as many times as he likes.

Fair enough, the husband thought and inwardly snorted at the two lovebirds; he prepared by putting on his shoes, and a large empty basket hanging at the elbow; his other hand began to stroke his arousal furiously - he wore only a loincloth and nothing else, because *yaoguai* society had no technical use for daily clothes, really - masturbation was necessary to get himself ready and hardcore enough for conducting transactions, as well as to make him look more enticing, sexually flushed and lust-hazed to *yaoguai* who are seduced by the smelly sour-milk scents and the tasty heat throbbing from the racing heart of a sexually excited and horny man. He climbs down from the carriage, and closes the door behind him, but not before hearing

pleased and satisfied grunts, roars and screams from lovely Wei Ying and the other wife-of-sorts, mother of their shared children.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 227

“Wei *mama* , Wei *mama* , you’re back! Did you make more cousins for me with Wen *yi*yi ?”

“Enn. We had a nice romp in *yi*yi ’s bedroom when Jiang *shushu* wasn’t looking. Well, we asked him to run to the store to buy some wood to make a new chair, and by the time he returned, *mama* made two more cousins for you inside Wen *yi*yi ’s belly. Oh, stop smiling like a silly girl, Jia Jia, you’re just nine-years old and about to reach ten, and you’re already thinking of having a big birthday party with all your cousins and relatives, aren’t you?”

“Ahh.. *mama* , of course! Here, let me help you to put the shopping bags away. Jiang *mama* said that I can invite as many people as I want for the party, as long as they’re born before that day. So, please, *mama* , make more sexy babies with Wen *yi*yi , the other *yi*yi s, and even daddy too!”

“You naughty precocious girl, who taught you to talk dirty like that! Give me that spring onion, they need to be washed before they go on the chopping board.”

“ *Papa* did, of course. This morning, after you went to meet Wen *yi*yi before everyone was up, *papa* climbed up my bed and pulled my jammies down. Then he licked my cunny like he always does every day and said it’s the best honey for breakfast! He said my cunny will soon be ripe for making sexy babies, and it sounded so cute!”

“Pass that bag of meat. *Mama* has to keep that in the chilled pantry below the ground. Oh, your *papa* is such a pervert, isn’t he? Did you feel good when *papa* ate your cunny? You’re supposed to start feeling good a whole lot more than when he first touched you when you were six.”

“Enn! Yes, *papa* made my cunny feel very, very nice with his tongue. It’s a bit slimy, I guess, but it’s warm and ticklish. He kept sucking my clitty until I woke up wheezing as though I just ran a marathon, and he kept playing with his mouth until I couldn’t hold back because my body felt really, really, hot, and I peed. *Papa* is so bad!”

“Oh for goodness sake, tell me *papa* put the bedsheets in the washing machine. Hand me that basket of eggs, won’t you? Be careful, don’t drop any of it.”

“Yeah! He even said ‘Sorry’ to my cunny and gave it a long nice kiss with his tongue circling inside, before he pulled out the sheets and put them in the machine. They’re out drying in the sun, actually. But *papa* kept touching me the whole morning anyway.”

“Hah, that fool. He’s learnt his lesson about doing extra household chores then. *Mama* ’s gonna start on a vegetable soup. Keep talkin’, tell *mama* what bad things did that Lan horndog do to you.”

“Well, as usual, I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and wipe my body because *papa* left some of his dried gummy milk on my titties. I know it’s his, because I always smell and taste it whenever he unzips his pants and orders me to suck his wee-wee. Sometime last night, I remembered *papa*

sneaking onto the bed, where he unbuttoned my blouse and groped my titties. He always says that he wants my titties to grow up fat and plump so that he can drink baby milk soon. Then he rubs his dancing wee-wee all over my titties, sometimes press them together like this... See? He says that it feels good to move his wee-wee between my titles tightly squeezed like this, though I don't know why he looks like he's in pain every time he does that... he yawns, he snarls and almost sneezes or something, and his body shakes like a madman's. Then he pees all over my titties with his hot white milk, and lets it dry until the next morning. He doesn't button up my blouse after that, so forgetful of him!"

"Uh-huh. Can you take that chopping board for me? *Mama* 's washing the rest of the vegetables now. So, what happened this morning? Did he flirt with you with kisses, stick his dirty finger up your cunny, or rub his penis all over your body while being alone with you?"

"Yeah. *Papa* did all of that. Even while brushing my teeth, he came up from behind and played games, like grabbing my cleaned titties from behind, nibbling my ear and lips, and pushing his wee-wee between my thighs after he told me to keep 'em tight together. During breakfast, we played the game of sixty-nine and tried our best to eat dumplings pastries, *youtiao* dipped in soymilk and fruits while making love with each other's crotches. I don't know what kind of love is made with licking *papa* 's smelly wee-wee, and it's even too big for me to swallow the whole thing."

"But you felt good, I'm sure of it, and that's what matters. Your daddy loves you by making your cunny feel good. That's why we call you a wench and a whore for your daddy, remember?"

“Oh, oh! You’re right, *mama* . I remember now, even from Jiang *mama* ’s teaching. She said that good little girls like me belong in happy families like ours, and that’s why I’m loved a whole lot more than everyone else!”

“Yes, dear. Wash these potatoes please? *Mama* ’s gonna add them to the soup. Did you practise the guqin and complete your homework of reading the book that I gave you?”

“Yes, I did, Wei *mama* . *Papa* made me sit on his face while I practised the song ‘Two Mountains and Valley In Between’, and he nibbled on my clitty pearl all the time. I did good, because I managed to play the whole thing without getting interrupted - although halfway, it was too itchy and hot, because his tongue went all the way in and started doing very naughty things inside, that I accidentally peed while strumming the strings. *Papa* said that my honey was sweet, because it comes from a pure little girl’s cunny! After that, *papa* praised my musical skills many times, and asked me to sing and dance without my clothes on. I did that too, and he danced with me and touched my buttocks and held my hips, then rubbed his wee-wee wherever he could, since he was also naked too. He taught me a few moves, like swaying my hips in circles and loops while performing squats - he said that when I become a woman rider, I should do that while straddling his hips. I don’t know why he said that, because I don’t think I’ve ridden a horsie before! Oh.. When I sang, *papa* was so naughty! He kept fingering my cunny and made me feel very good, because he makes this rub-rub and vibrating motion that I started to feel very hot when I sang the high notes! He spoiled my performance!”

“Ha ha ha! That’s your father! What about the books? Did you memorize the pictures like I told you? You need to make sure you can pose those sex positions perfectly when your dad takes your first night. It wasn’t easy for me to steal the Kama Sutra text from the library, you know.”

“Unn! I actually read it together with *papa* , and he practised with me too! We did it for a full hour, and it was fun bending my body and hands and legs in all sorts of directions. I almost fell a couple of times, but *papa* ’s wee-wee is very strong, and it held my balance up.”

“Oh hell no... did that man really put his penis in you before you’re ready? That’s a violation for having sex with a minor, consensual or not! I’ve scolded him before that he shouldn’t ruin your special day when you become his woman! Tell *mama* what that man did to your cunny!”

“Ah, *mama* , please calm down and stop waving the ladle angrily. The water’s boiling behind you! Umm... *papa* didn’t put his p-- pe-- penis inside me. He just kept rubbing at the cunny lips and stuck the mushroom head inside a bit whenever we tried some really nice positions. He said he could feel a mem... err... mem.. brane... a kind of skin fold, and he wanted to cherish it for our first night. So he just moved in and out a bit, made his wee-wee kiss my mem... mem... brain... many, many times, and *papa* again made those weird jerky movements with his body like he’s gone mad, he started biting my lips and shoulders with that really ugly scrunched grimace and face, his hands started to grab my titties very hard, and it was really uncomfortable because he kept pressing his body on my against the floor, and his wee-wee was very energetic... umm.. I don’t remember much, because I felt kinda good and I was in a daze, I guess, because I started talking dirty, like saying that I really want to be daddy’s wife, and daddy’s little pregnant girl, and umm.. daddy’s little whore, um what else... oh! I said that I want to make lots and lots of babies with daddy, and he shook like an earthquake, before squirting his thick milk into my cunny entrance, and some even landed on the floor and on my chin, because *papa* became too excited and energetic. It became messy, *mama* , but it felt very, very warm and nice.”

“Phew, I’m glad your virginity is safe, for now. Did Jiang *mama* help to clean you up?”

“Enn! She stopped by in mid-morning, and she was kinda amused by the whole thing. She grumbled that I’m a very naughty prostitute, selling my cunny to my daddy to keep the family well fed and safe, and that daddy’s penis should just stay inside my cunny where it belongs forever. I didn’t quite understand that, but she checked on me between my legs and confirmed that I’m still a pure little girl. She helped to clean up, and *papa* too, because Jiang *mama* is so heavily pregnant that she can’t bend down a lot. She went back to her room after that. Papa’s in Jiang *mama*’s bedroom now, should I get her and apologize for the trouble we caused?”

“No, no, they’re making more brothers and sisters for you right now, we shouldn’t disturb them. I can hear and smell them from afar the moment I opened the door to this house. I have an idea. Let’s make a small cake for Jiang *mama* for keeping *papa* happy, and as a pre-celebration for your upcoming birthday and of becoming a real woman soon. I bought eggs, milk, flour, butter and a whole bunch of baking ingredients from the market at the Lotus Pier, before coming home through the portal. What do you say, Jia Jia?”

“Yay! Thank you Wei *mama* !”

“Good. *Mama* will prepare the ingredients now, and we should have a cake in the oven by lunchtime. While doing that, why don’t you recite about how to become a real woman in our family?”

“Okay! First, Jia Jia is almost ten-years old, so Jia Jia is ready to become daddy’s woman. Jia Jia’s body is made partly from daddy, so Jia Jia belongs to daddy, and he gets to do whatever he wants with Jia Jia. I promise I will be daddy’s good girl, and after losing my vir... vir--gin.. ni.. ty, I will sleep with daddy in my bunny bed, because I’ll be his wife and he can sleep with me on my cute pink bed with many soft toys to play with. Everyday, daddy can make sweet love to Jia Jia’s hairless cunny, put his fingers inside and drink Jia Jia’s honey, because Jia Jia will open her legs like *mama* taught, and let daddy f--fuu... fuck...k... Jia Jia’s va.... va... gi--na, all day and night. Daddy can play with Jia Jia’s breasts, and massage them to become as big as he wants, as full of milk as he needs for our babies, and just for his fun and pleasure. We’ll play sexy games all day, we’ll kiss and hug and touch each other like boyfriend and girlfriend, and everytime he says that he loves me, it means he loves my cunny and my body, and he wants to play with ‘em very, very much - and that means he loves me too.

Second, Jia Jia will practise se... seduce... seducing daddy especially as her coming-of-age nears. Jia Jia will try to be naked as much as possible whenever she’s at home alone with daddy. She will also talk dirty and use words like ‘pussy’, va.. va.. ‘Vagina’, p.. ‘penis’, balls, when playing touch-touch with daddy. Oh, I forgot, Jia Jia will do whatever she can to make daddy feel nice from good touches and bad touches. Jia Jia will suck daddy’s wee-wee when he’s in the kitchen, play with his balls when he’s reading the newspaper, and we will kiss-kiss and touch-touch and pretend to play as prince and princess in a fairytale story whenever he wants. Jia Jia will also touch her clitty in front of daddy, and pretend to scratch her crotch to pull away her panties and let daddy take a peek into Jia Jia’s cute hairless sweet cunny, and let daddy put his tongue inside to drink Jia Jia’s maiden juice. Jia Jia also will act naughty, by dancing, swaying, sliding her hands and legs all over daddy’s body, but will also be kind and loving, like giving daddy a nice ear-cleaning, scratching his back and massaging his body whenever he wants, before climbing on top of him to rub my body against his, or if Jia Jia ends on up the floor beneath daddy, then Jia Jia will spread her legs and let daddy hump energetically into Jia Jia’s cunny lips.

Third, on the night of Jia Jia's passage to womanhood, Jia Jia will spread her legs like a good girl, and let daddy ram his wee-wee inside. The harder, the more ag... aggressive, the better, *mama* taught me that. It's important that daddy feels very, very nice inside Jia Jia, so that's why, Jia Jia has been touching... err... mastur... masturbate... masturba--ting her cunny every day to practise her muscles and squeeze-squeeze. It may be a bit painful to be fu-- fucked by an angry-looking daddy, but enduring pain is part of becoming daddy's sweet little girl and wife. So, Jia Jia will stay quiet and try not to struggle while daddy makes his first baby inside Jia Jia, and Jia Jia will forcibly relax her cunny to let daddy in as deep as he wants, then Jia Jia will also mastur... masturbate as daddy's wee-wee goes in and out, so that daddy's wee-wee gets squeeze-squeeze with lots of hot wet sounds, and daddy feels very, very nice. When daddy shoots his hot milk inside Jia Jia's womb, Jia Jia will count up to thirty and time the squeezes with each. Jia Jia will also masturba... masturbate faster and reach the peak, because it always feels best for daddy when his little girl is very hot, itchy and happy down there. Jia Jia will hold her hips high with pride and angle her hips carefully so that every last spurt of daddy's thirty spoonfuls of hot milk will reach Jia Jia's sweet womb, and inside, our cute baby will be made!"

"Oh, sweetie, you make *mama* so proud of you. Here, taste this vanilla custard filling that will go into the cake. It's as thick and sweet as the milk that the Lan pedophilic rapist man will pour inside you on the day you become a real woman."

"Enn! It tastes very good!"

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In the mundane Mortal Realm of the past, where trade was conducted using pieces of gold and silver hammered then forged from the royal mints of the Imperial Court, Lan Zhan had very deep pockets sponsored by his sect - in the form of the fabled Jade Token which functioned like an unlimited platinum credit card with worldly privileges. In this brave new world where men had been substituted by *yaoguai*, Lan Zhan had Wei Ying to thank for, for not only to have speedy access to knowledge about how their new civilization and sociocultural aspects work, but also for his brand-new, advanced and upgraded body made from consuming Wei Ying's divinely special 3d-printed biscuit made from secret recipes; his body is insatiable in its lust as it is invincible and indomitable in strength and endurance, also as bottomless in terms of storage space and rechargeable energy, and incredible in its mind-boggling spectrum of blessed, awesome abilities including the art of lovemaking. In essence, Lan Zhan is *the* walking Bank of the *yaoguai* world, and a living, breathing, churning, sex-making machine that all *yaoguai* would love to have a taste of.

As soon as he approached the gates to Gui Shan village, two large golem guards standing over eight feet tall blocked his way. They were made of hillside rocks and forest wood, and pointed their primitive-looking, but still deadly overweight clubs and cudgels hastily fashioned from pine tree trunks, at him. Lan Zhan stood and raised his hands to show that he was unarmed and harmless, and that he wore absolutely nothing save for the piece of flimsy cotton to protect what little dignity he had left, therefore he did not hide any weapons. Several warriors, also in the nude except for tortoise shells, furred leather and scant prehistoric protective gear, with bows and arrows, and crude sharpened sticks ready in hand, carefully made their way across the dirt-covered village grounds towards him. Beyond the unfriendly welcoming party, Lan Zhan noted there were several huts and a couple of larger buildings, made from tree branches, straw, wood and stone, rather shoddy in their construction though they held up well amid the backdrop of valleys of rich, thriving natural surroundings and small farms, and of pleasant mild weather such as here in picturesque Gui Shan. Somewhere in the background, there was a constant melodious string of drum beats, of voices shouting, echoing off from one farmland on one

hillside to another, and smells of smoke from fires and a hint of wild game meat cooking in a spit or two.

“F-- Friend... or foe!” one of the men shouted quite nervously, and his stick thrust closer to Lan Zhan’s jugular; he did not budge, but he did notice that the man, like everyone else, was tanned or with darker, brown skin colour, and sported colourful markings made from ruddy mud, natural grey mineral pastes and dried fruit juices all over their bodies. Behind, some younger ones jostled with their weapons and bodies, even tip-toed with wide-eyed curiosity mixed with fear, to marvel and gaze at such a fair-skinned visitor from the outside world. Lan Zhan vaguely recalled watching modern 21st-century documentaries on his holo-phone about tribes from the Far, Far West, some of which originated from a faraway strange foreign continent known as Feizhou.

The leader of the group - presumably, because he wore a silly hat made of straws and feathers sticking out in all directions atop his head, and had a nifty bone ring on his nose - Lan Zhan put on his bravest, most expressionless mask, and stated, “Friend.”

The group of men exchanged glances and hushed hisses that Lan Zhan recognized as the serpentine tongue of the Dark kind, though he couldn’t quite catch their words.

“P-- Purpose... or leave!” the next halted sentence was shouted. Understanding dawned upon the Lan man that these tribal individuals probably did not speak the language of the Middle Kingdom’s common tongue except for those who had some experience and exposure to the human world outside of the village - or what remained of it, these days. Lan Zhan knew that few powerful *yaoguai* had been around for aeons, and have

evolved into higher beings such as demigods who wouldn't be seen living in such primitive dwellings as huts; so this community must have evolved very recently, and from little contact with humans - they were probably one of the handful of indigenous *yaoguai* that recently migrated from their respective home-realms, judging from the cleanliness of the small village that lacked litter, half-eaten corpses or skeletal remains typical of *yaoguai* culture and behaviour, the sight of recently-cut grass and chopped firewood, and from the quality of the air that remained slightly sour from lingering miasma of murder, resentment and hatred but nothing more.

Lan Zhan lifted an arm to scratch his chin, and that action triggered a sense of alarm, and suddenly, there were multiple sharpened edges pointed at him, including two huge blunt ones looming above his head, held by those golems. It didn't seem these *yaoguai* were terrific in their summoning and spellcasting powers, as otherwise, someone would have given more intelligence to those golems to not aim their weapons recklessly and risk casualties from friendly fire - or in this case, a smash to the ground into smithereens. He carefully worded his next, taking note to speak slowly and to make every pronunciation as clear as possible, so as to convey its right meaning and the nuances of non-verbal communication.

“Shhhhaawwwp-pingggg,” he drawled with raised eyebrows and with pearly teeth showing, as though he was about to devour something with his wide-opened mouth and O-shaped lips. It was comical, but it worked. More hushed exchanges between the group of men of shorter stature, then the leader lowered his weapon, and everyone else followed. The leader raised his hand with an open, grimy, sweaty palm, as though demanding for a payment. Perhaps a toll fee, Lan Zhan thought. Instinctively he reached for his sleeves, and realized belatedly that he wasn't wearing anything, and therefore, had no money stored there.

Well, not really.

Calmly, Lan Zhan bent forward and reached for his loincloth. With deft fingers, he lifted the cloth to the side, and his thick, hidden mighty penis sprang out and upward - over-six inch phallic meat gloriously engorged with blood and desire for friction, with a pearl of pre-cum oozing from the tip, fully aroused and iron-hard, angry-red in colour to match some of the markings on the *yaoguai* 's bodies, twitching energetically and raring to go.

Ten naked *yaoguai* male warriors bared their teeth in a warm, gleeful welcome at the presented feast, and some even hooted in excitement at a fresh throbbing sexual scent they hadn't smelled for a long while. All licked their lips in anticipation.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 228

Spending ten fucking fucks for ten fugly, sexually unattractive, smelly, primitive tribal men covered in dust, mud and grime, was like paying a hundred bucks entrance fee to walk into the only lousy supermarket in the neighbourhood to buy ten bucks' worth of groceries - it clearly wasn't a nice way to start his shopping. Lan Zhan blamed corruption, which he already knew was widespread among *yaoguai* culture, where every man was out there to grab an extra slice for himself; however, he really didn't have a choice - his caravan of a single carriage couldn't traverse dangerous war-inflicted lands, and they had to avoid major cities and even more established villages - and the wife was complaining for the need of more suitable nutrition as a new mother of four *yaoguai* babies. Thus, he had to steel his heart, fluff up and inflate his genitals, and walk straight up ahead like a real man, husband and father. Still, Lan Zhan ended up staggering with his still-empty basket, feeling rather poor and emptied in his loins - and he hadn't even started working down his shopping list yet.

Gui Shan is fundamentally a tiny village earmarked for future development in the center of a larger clearing of *yaoguai* -infested forested lands, and a fast growing one too. There is only a row of rickety shops at the so-called market area, surrounded by residential huts and other lesser wooden buildings for farming use. Many more huts are under construction further away, though still in their early stages. A council office, a village square and some gardens are even being worked on, from the sight of a handful of men wearing nothing but some safety gear, toiling the grounds, sawing wood and hammering mud-brick walls together.

Having lost his flimsy loincloth to those sex predators at the entrance gates, Lan Zhan strutted ahead as best as his battered pride would allow, with his dick bent because it was overused, voraciously sucked until it was stretched, then his balls were raped by triple-forked tongues again and again

by smelly short dwarf men until every last drop of male nectar inside his testicles was vaporized from the swelling heat and inhaled out by those warty, puckered lips that covered dirty, rotten teeth, like dirty drug addicts smoking cigarettes off his balls. The residents of Gui Shan stopped what they were doing and stared rudely at him - a human foreigner dared to intrude their homeland, that is, a tasty delicacy of on two legs, walking past a street of hungry, probably malnourished demons living in the wild and seen as a threat, an invader, an unwelcome guest, and a source of nutrition, was an understatement. The unwanted attention felt twisted, perverse, even sickeningly erotic, because pairs of eyes kept staring at his fine young muscled body and particularly zoomed in on his genitals - and his fat, blood-engorged dick bobbed up and down with its foreskin peeled back, like a large glistening pink strawberry beckoning everyone around for an inviting taste.

Still, Lan Zhan was undeterred, and was adamant to make this shopping trip as enjoyable, if not as normal as any other errands he'd run in his daily life. He tried to portray a smile on his face and raised a hand to wave at his spectators, but they shunned away and pretended to busy themselves with household chores or picking ticks and fleas from their hair. He meandered a little and explored the back alleys and the front of people's houses - in the nude - as though he admired the greenery and urban landscaping.

True like a tourist's nightmare of being pickpocketed in a distant travel destination, he bumped into a small group of children - or rather, they pushed him to the ground. With plenty of shrill squeals and shouts, Lan Zhan was disorientated for a moment, as he rolled a bit from the fall, and found himself lying flat on his back on the dirt. One very naughty *yaoguai* girl, who looked absolutely like any ten or eleven-year old, naked, unruly and unwashed female brat, screamed with hisses and started to straddle his crotch eagerly. She must've been a very experienced thief, probably the gang leader of the lot, because she sat down aggressively and in a single slip, Lan Zhan's half-hard penis went into her wonderfully tight preteen vagina filled with little suckers and tentacle-like fingers, groping and

massaging his throbbing tool into full bloom within seconds. There were plenty of squishes and squelches, and Lan Zhan Aaaaahn'ed with pleasure, when burning, rising heat skyrocketed from his reinvigorated loins, and the fact that he was having unwanted sex with an underaged child; the other children began to outrage his modesty by molesting his naked, defenceless skin, forcibly kissing his lips and nibbling his man-breasts, and fingers touched his waist, hips and hairy crotch inappropriately; the girl squeezed her thighs and locked Lan Zhan's wildly passionate penis in a death-like grip of undulating pussy walls, and she pistoned herself like a lethal fucking feminine machine with crude grunts and groans, while the helpless man pinned down by the weight of children claws the dirt and made many fingerprints on the sand because it felt really, really good to be reverse-raped by the demonic little girl.

Then, the inevitable happened - a tongue-like tentacle descended from her immature uterus, like a snake born of a fertile fruit, and it wiggled and caressed the overexerted, veiny penis that drilled deeper, deeper, closer, closer to the snake's elongated head; soon, Lan Zhan became giddy with lust due to the aphrodisiac scents emitted from the children, and his intoxicated body reacted by slamming harder until he was fully sheathed, in which lovely finger-like protrusions caressed and touched the shivering meaty organ tenderly, coaxing it to release its sweet seminal goodness, and that cursed tongue from the womb wormed its way through the gasping pee-slit, because the man had drunkenly thrust and entwined their crotches, both man and adolescent, as close as possible, and his penis was raped lovingly by the snake; the snake slithered and forced its way through the urethra, the prostate gland, and it continued to grow longer and longer, then forked into four branches, armed with spinning suction pumps, so that when each testicle was finally breached and infiltrated by two powerfully lashing tongue-tips, the poor man was emptied out within a couple of seconds until his balls deflated into wrinkly raisins; and then the girl above the moaning, howling man giggled and hnngh'ed, and she vaginally farted bubbles through her womb and through the long, long wiggling snake-like tube - and blew many, many lovely warm bubbles inside Lan Zhan's abused, bruised, and very ecstatically dying pair of viciously attacked man-

eggs. A shiver ran through the man's spine as his penis was brutally savaged, and his balls shook violently from being eaten from the inside out, then, a tell-tale stillness in the trembling hips, the pelvis shuddered once, twice, faster and faster, a sudden wave erupted like a volcano that he was unprepared for, and his face locked into a half-yawn, half-grimace, his back arched upwards and he thrust high, high, oh to fuck that sweet underaged pussy and rape her babies inside with whatever little sperm he has left!

Lan Zhan ejaculated, thirty times powerful spasms inside the little girl and he howled at his loss - he was robbed, pickpocketed, had his one-fuck stolen from his penis by a gang of street brats. The girl rose after the last couple of satisfied, baby-fucking-licious throbs that left her pussy dripping with male goodness, and the demonic children crowded around to lick, to savour, to have a spoonful of the spent, virile loot to perhaps stave off their hunger a bit, being abandoned, neglected and unloved street children as they are. Semen devoured and consumed to the last finger lickin' goodness, the children squealed and ran off, leaving Lan Zhan in the deserted place.

He was left panting on the dirt floor of a back alley where nobody knew their touristy and flashy visitor had just been robbed of one fuck. It took a while to recover from the surprise rape-ambush by a bunch of kids, to regain his composure, to brush off the dust and mud on his back, and to gather his wits on how he would be able to complete his shopping in a village filled with sex predators both young and old, all wanting to steal his fucks from his all-day-buffet feast that is his tired, traumatized and shocked penis and balls. He stumbled on his way out, penis bent twice as much, and his dangling loose flattened balls rendered basically useless, drained, desiccated.

However, all is not lost for victimized Lan Zhan. Being a god in disguise, he simply found a hidden corner behind someone's backyard, then away from prying eyes he crouched in a ready martial-arts stance, legs spread apart and arms locked in a punching form. Next, with a soft rectal fart, he experienced a slight discomfort of an explosive *qi* deviation roiling from within, like a tsunami of gassy thunderstorms rolling out from belly to anus and desperately pushing the sealed sphincter walls to squeeze through and release all that smelly tension - at the last possible moment, he applied his ABS brakes, and converted that massive amount of energy generated from intestines and the colon, capable of lighting up solar systems, into standard recovery *qi*, and routed the glowing, storm-like wisps to his genitals. There was still a tiny bit of excess though, which escaped with a squeaky, high-pitched *fwip!*; the wild plants and someone's cabbage patch in the line of fire behind his rump immediately incinerated into smouldering ash particles and created a mini crater the size of a fart bubble, and Lan Zhan waved his hands behind his bum to clear off the residual smoke. He hurried off before anyone discovered the remains and suspected arson.

Lan Zhan realized that he shouldn't dawdle around like a tourist, because he was there to buy, and get out before he suffered too much damage sexually and emotionally. Thus, he barrelled across the main street and walked briskly towards the visible row of shops, never mind that he ran a gauntlet of stationary or pursuing *yaoguai*, nearly collided into pedestrians, and barely avoided other street brats trying to kidnap and rape him from the front of people's huts; yes, he felt hands groping his buttocks and groin whenever he passed small groups of interested *yaoguai*, and really, if he would return someday for philanthropic purposes, he'd be more than happy to have an orgy with everyone to feed their hunger - but for now, he needed to buy potatoes, cabbage and a chicken to make a herbal chicken soup for his wives, and if he managed to get any extra groceries, that would be fine too. As the first shop came into view, Lan Zhan was relieved to see that it had a large tabletop display of a variety of root and leafy vegetables, and a shelf of fresh meats, right in front of its entrance - he could just shop in that one building and leave quickly.

The man was an experienced home-maker, and he knew the good spuds from the bad ones. As he looked around first for good ol' potatoes, the local variety if possible since that should be cheaper than, say, imported ones, he started stroking himself - never mind that he was masturbating in public view, because he needed to get it hard so that it becomes as valuable as gold, in weight, at least. He touched a vegetable, then resumed jacking off, then touched another - he was one of those touchy-feely customers who preferred to pinch and press their vegetables before making their choice of purchase. However, his first monumental challenge appeared as a haphazard mountain of potato-like tubers on one of the tables, consisting of different colours, shapes and sizes, all piled up as one cluttered heap. He picked one strange round, ginger-coloured tuber with a bit of fuzz on its surface, and thought it was a spoiled one, and gave it a little pinch just to be sure - and it meowed. Immediately, he yelped and threw it aside, and the old lady shopkeeper who had very saggy breasts, a bent, almost skeletal body with a bloated belly, and a body full of warts and wrinkles, gave him an evil eye.

“Good potato! Don’t throw!” she snarled, and went to pick it up while shaking her head in disappointment. She wore a scarf around her frizzy greying hair and looked every bit like a witch with a crooked nose and bad teeth. “This pussy potato! You man don’t know! Girl eat, good for pregnant!” she squawked and pointed a crooked, knobbled finger at him, then at her own saggy bloated belly, below which was a very hairy trail of hair until her crotch that was covered entirely with uncombed, unkempt curls denser than a prickly desert bush. Lan Zhan immediately lost his erection at the horrendous and unappealing sight - he gasped inwardly and retched at the thought that he’d be paying fucks to this mummified walking corpse for his vegetables. His eyes went wildly up and down the pile, but he couldn’t find any bloody-looking potatoes because it was so colourful like a candy store and there was an assortment of colours, surfaces, shapes, even sounds emitting from the heap. None of the potatoes looked like it had been bleeding recently, so he thought he should try the layer underneath; after all,

in shopping for vegetables, good stuff tended to be easily picked off the surface by earlier customers, so one should try his luck deeper inside.

The man murmured an apology, and stuck his hand into the pile to pull out another one. This time, it was a thin, undernourished elongated one, twisted and rubbery texture. “Skinny potato,” the shopkeeper growled, “Make skin young. Smooth. Beautiful. Girl like, boy like too.” Another try and he grasped blindly until he accidentally crushed one that felt like an overripe squishy fruit; disgusted, he retracted his hand and found that it was covered with black slimy pus wriggling with unidentifiable worms and maggots. Lan Zhan wanted to cry at that point and sealed his nostrils with magic, and fortunately the shopkeeper threw a ragcloth at him to wipe off the mess. “Undead potato. Make dead undead. Make old become young. Very good! You buy? One fuck only,” she tried to grin with her cracked lips and hissed hoarsely, but her mouth stinked so badly and that only caused the man to cringe and shake his head timidly. His penis shrank to the size of a pinkie by then, and he prayed for miracles for the potatoes to rearrange themselves the way they should be, sorted by type, colour, shape and sizes so that he could buy the handful he needed and be on his way; he was already thinking of shoplifting and simply running away without paying for his purchases, because he really, really didn’t want to have sex with a wrinkly smelly gritty great-grandmother.

Defeated and with shaky hands, Lan Zhan the house-husband lifted up his shopping list and showed it to the old lady. Alas, his renowned housewife-ly skills were undone in the realm of the *yaoguai*, and he truly needed outside help, whether or not if that meant sacrificing his loins to a horrible witch would hinge upon a miraculous divine intervention of sorts. The lady *laoban* was an astute trader, so surely she can help him find the right products professionally, and hopefully, without overcharging and cheating the poor man out of his loins.

“Mmmm. This for new mother’s chicken soup. Your wife birthed?” she asked with broken Middle Kingdom language after peering at the crumpled piece of paper. Lan Zhan found it difficult to understand, but after a few minutes of conversing, he was getting the hang of it. He felt a bit relieved that she didn’t chase him, a wretched human who preyed on *yaoguai* in other parts of the country, out with a straw broom, and in fact, she tried to help him - probably having been a mother herself -, emphasized his situation, and even spoke his language to bridge the communication gap.

“Enn. Four girls,” he sniffled and blushed, bowed and had to rub his nose out of embarrassment. It felt like a conversation between the next door aunt and the young, inexperienced husband of a young married couple.

“Good... good... I take blood potato for you. Ghost cabbage and vampiric chicken too?” she returned the slip to the man, and went about rummaging through her tables filled with messily arranged vegetables.

“Please, thank you,” he stood as still as a mouse, and let the *laoban* do his shopping. He watched as she brought out a small basket tray and started to pick spuds out from *another* pile of potatoes where blood-red ones were found, glistening in the sunlight with their wet juices atop the rest. Oh, Lan Zhan thought, and knocked himself in the head for his carelessness, he shouldn’t have been so impatient in shopping, and should have checked out the store’s goods first.

“You young man! Must learn more about making babies. And mother healthy,” she barked back with a laugh, as she picked one by one - she actually checked each potato to select what he hoped were the best ones - though Lan Zhan really didn’t know how one could differentiate one blood

potato from another, because they all look like bloody hardened palm-sized disfigured organs carved out from a cadaver.

“Yes, I should. Thank you,” he nodded, and was also grateful for the lady’s kindness and attentiveness in customer service in picking potatoes.

“This potatoes, four fuck,” she looked back and then jiggled the tray lightly for the man to see. There were about four potatoes in there, rolling around wetly, leaving behind icky dried blood stains. Oh no, Lan Zhan thought, surely he couldn’t be raped and be losing an orgasm for one measly potato each? Was a man’s orgasm considered that inexpensive?

“One?” he ventured meekly, and even raised an index finger.

“Too cheap!” the old lady spat rudely on the floor, and to Lan Zhan’s shock, her saliva caused the ground to sizzle with acid before it smoked itself off, leaving a little burnt indentation, “Four fuck, I add crying carrots too, no extra charge. Your wife eat, then next babies born, cry loud, strong lungs!” She showed him a stringy-looking carrot that wriggled like a living worm, and yes, it made some crying baby noises since it was woken up from slumber from the tabletop. The *laoban* even beat her chest to emphasize her point, and Lan Zhan had to look away from swaying, shaking elongated sagging loose breasts that reached to her navel.

“Err... no need. Just the potatoes, please... for two f-- f--...?” he shook his head and showed her two fingers, and prayed, prayed that she would sell him that vegetables and he would pay with his eyes closed and have needles stuck to his sleeping meridian - so that he could sleep away the nightmarish

experience of being raped by a witch - and walk away with a kink in his memory and crooked smile like a nice customer.

“You no want carrots? Too bad, they good. How about *heichai* ? It opposite bok choy, after eat, golden core become black. Twice better for new mother, than ghost cabbage you wanted. I give discount, very fresh! Just five fuck,” the old lady cackled with interest in trying to strike a bargain and sell more. She held a bundle of the said blackened vegetable that looked fit for composting in one hand, and a head of pale, almost translucent cabbage in the other, and she thrust the *heichai* into Lan Zhan’s direction. He backed off, because he thought he caught a whiff of rotten greens.

“Err... just the ghost cabb--” but he was cut off, when the old lady tossed the head of ghost cabbage back into the pile of other gross produce on the table; but that was one of the items in his shopping list, right - and wait, how much did the ghost cabbage cost, if indeed the *heichai* was worth twice the nutritional value? Auuugh, this was too frustrating, and Lan Zhan wanted to pull his hair and to just buy what he needed!

“You stingy customer. You also no want this blood tomato in front of you? I charge four fuck also. Easier to cook, very easy to eat, same-same nutritious. Potatoes boil longer. That why tomato more expensive, but I charge four fuck only. You want?” It was becoming a headache to haggle with the dense, or very cunning old *laoban* .

“Wait... I just want the pota--” Lan Zhan reached out to point at the blood potatoes at the top of the pile in front of her, desperately hoping that she’d get the message and just put four of them into her tray and bag them up for payment.

But fate did not smile upon him, and the shopkeeper moved seamlessly to another table, away from his precious blood potatoes. She dug her clawed gnarly fingers into a bamboo container of pearly white rice, raised her hand and let the grains drop like sand from the beach. “Oh, oh, you buy rice? Special rice to make porridge. Good for your four girls. I give toys, I sew cute dolls for children too! Buy together, I sell six fuck, very good healthy family!” she gave her brightest oiliest and rotten-toothed smile, and she waved an arm around her tables, not really indicating what was included in that six-fuck deal, before ending up with pointing inside her store, where Lan Zhan had his attention diverted for a moment to stare at more merchandise hung on display - straw dolls, lanterns, little handheld windmills, shiny sculptured rocks, wrapped sticks of candied tanghulus, and other knick knacks that his girls might find interesting to play with-- but wait, he should be buying vegetables and not be tricked into looking at other good he didn’t need--

“No, uhh... the pota--” he started again, but the old shopkeeper waved her hand in dismay, to the point Lan Zhan was afraid that he’d offended her.

“You so stubborn, only talk potatoes. Okay, this potatoes, three fuck,” she stated and pointed at the spuds, but she stood in front of the *wrong* pile of potatoes - the one that didn’t have those blood potatoes that he so really, really wanted, “That include one fuck for my boy, I give free, since you so handsome. So pay up, three fuck,” the *laoban* seemed to have concluded the deal and she raised her hand with palms open, and looked at him expectantly, as though she was waiting for him to deposit pieces of silver on her palm.

“Excuse me?” Lan Zhan was absolutely lost, one vein threatening to pop out of his temples and his hands balled into fists, not knowing whether he

was buying the right potatoes, whether he was paying in cold hard cash or in fucks, and since when was the old lady's son part of the deal?

“My boy. He eat skinny potato, undead potato, many good vegetables that I sell, he eat. You want? One fuck for one boy. If three boy, I charge two fuck only. Very good, very young, very nice!” she walked off and entered her shop, where she started shouting foreign words in the Dark tongue, looking as exasperated as a mother working hard to man her business without any help.

“Wait, *laoban* , come back, I just... just wanted the pota--” Lan Zhan started to follow her into the shop, because now he's lost his potatoes and the shopkeeper that he was supposed to pay his fucks

“You young, have wife birthed. Auntie knows, see pussy potato, you scared. Ha ha! You not seen penis potato? Of course, only boy have penis potato! Here, here, come in, Auntie show you penis potato!” her shrill raspy voice was unmistakable, and the same goes for what greeted Lan Zhan when he stepped into a wonderland of tall aisles lined with a mind-boggling variety of vegetables, provisions, sundry goods of different colours, shapes, sizes and forms, wiggling and not wiggling-- then her three sons trotted out like good little boys, aged eight, nine and ten, she would announce later, fully naked and their bodies baby-smooth and fair as moonlight, very appealing to the eyes unlike the grandmother witch, and they'd skipped and hopped around Lan Zhan, catching him in a circle of three dancing naked underaged boys, their adorable pinkie-length penises jiggling eagerly in their energetic movements, then they thrust their hips in unison to show him their delectable plump grape-sized balls, then they twirled around and shook their bum-bums - oh so bouncy and molestable! - and seduced him deeper, deeper into the first shop in the row of stores in the middle of the mythical Gui Shan.

Lan Zhan learned a lot about the vegetables, and he received special lessons about penis potatoes - he'd be sucking one vigorously and have one each in his hand to stroke his new boytoys to completion, and they'd shower him with excited boy-squeals, trembling hips, arching squirts of pee and seedless fluids - the ten-year old did shoot out virginal cum, because it was his first time, when Lan Zhan devolved into a orgy feast of three willing little boys, spreading their legs for their Uncle Customer, begging him to play with their penises and suck their balls so that the lower testicle becomes longer, the higher testicle equalized in height and size from tingling swellings, then Lan Zhan joyfully stuck his over-six inch monster - that suddenly had a taste for gay sex and pedophilic boy-boy parties after having too much heterosexual relationships in recent times - into their cute pink puckered anuses. Only one fuck for one boy, three fucks for two, love the boys again and again and they will love you back too, they sang like an advertising jingle and swayed their boy-hips sexily like a porn advertising for male prostitutes, and Lan Zhan told himself that he is god, he is the richest man in the world, so surely, he can afford to pay three fucks for three boys, six fucks for twice the happy penis fun and soul-draining orgasms, inside the dark dingy-looking shop where no other customers passed by.

Notes for the Chapter:

Wishing everyone a Happy New Year!

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 229

It turned out that Lan Zhan overspent and paid more than ten fucks to the old shopkeeper manning the first shop in Gui Shan, that is, for a bunch of odd vegetables and for her boys' virginities. Then, she gave him coupons from the store next door, that is, he gets half a fuck off for every two fucks spent; being a housewife-trained house-husband, Lan Zhan couldn't *not* check out the offer, because how often does one get a twenty-fifty percent discount for all items on sale, right? The deal was sweetened when the old lady shopkeeper recommended that he browse around the next few stores, because surely, there are other lovely naked boys and girls, men and women, waiting to be sampled too - and if they're to his liking, and there are other things he wanted to buy, he could pay using fucks and support the local economy, which would be the right thing to do as a responsible citizen - and earn more coupons, because was Coupon Day, apparently.

He ended up buy a whole lot more, collecting more savings in fucks from the coupons to spend on more unnecessary purchases, that is, a bang for his buck and a bang for his fuck - such as ten straw brooms that he didn't need because there's nothing to sweep inside the horse carriage, but the price of each broom came with a precocious child's virginity and a coupon for a free bag of beans with his next purchase of above two fucks, but oh, that child could be a young teenage boy or a fertile maiden that he couldn't resist, so he made sure the store sold out of straw brooms that day, and hurried off to the next store with a handful of coupons to spend his increasingly exhausted and drained fucks.

The sun was setting and Lan Zhan still hadn't finished visiting every store in the row of shops, and he'd forgotten why he was there in the first place; because five carts of knick knacks, household items, fresh foods and groceries, provisions and other non-perishables sat idling in the dimming light and under the roof of the communal stables, which contained four

blood potatoes, a head of ghost cabbage, a slaughtered vampiric chicken - that fortunately never goes bad since it was dead in the first place - amongst so many other things, and he was still paying fucks for things he didn't need to buy.

So, while busily humping against a giant furry white rabbit and his penis one-two'd so happily inside its tight, fleshy, very warm and spongy wet rabbit-vagina, he alternated with making love with a plant *yaoguai* whose gender-neutral sexual organs resemble a giant carnivorous pitcher plant's pitfall trap - because fucking that nectar-coated juicy vessel was ten times better than any little girl's vagina or a little boy's rectum, and it came with slick furred hairy bristles that sent his penis to heaven with each thrust of hips - before pulling out and having slime balls play with his exceedingly excited hard-on that it kept pumping out diluted watery one-two pee squirts, before ghostly figures, wisps and disembodied phantoms rushed forward to claim their turn, and rushed into his pelvis through his irritated, inflamed pee-slit like a garden hose fountain working in reverse, thus possessing and swelling his insides beautifully with swirling spirits and violent, vile viscuous, plasma-like black miasma, that his urethra and prostate gland spasmed and convulsed out of control, and his dying testicles bulged and bounced, brutally eaten and devoured from the inside out, and became filled with millions of ghostly tadpoles-like pulses of dark light from evil spirits that decided to take residence inside those bloated, bruised, hemorrhaging ruined man-eggs and make those eggshell-husks their playground of sperm-raping orgyfeasts.

Elsewhere, Wei Ying finally received a Fairy Messenger call after sundown from the lost-in-shopping husband. Lan Zhan's voice was raspy and croaky, filled with sexy panting and moans and uunh-uunh-uunhs in between words - but that was fine, because the couple already know what sexual horrors he'd face when shopping with fucks -, and he told the wife that he couldn't make it on time, and that they should start dinner without him.

“It’s okay, love. A-Qing *jiejie* brought deer and mountain goat meat from Lanling, and we’re having a barbeque later. In the meantime, you keep shopping and make sure to put away your bags and purchases into your body like how I’ve instructed earlier... oh, you didn’t? Do it now, before the vegetables go bad... okay, uh-huh, I’ll hang on the line...”

Jiang Yan Li reached out to her beloved *didi*, who had stopped moving his hips in and out while taking the call - because he’d finished ejaculating by then and had gone a little soft from the distracting call; his throbbing, satiated penis was yanked out of Wen Qing’s soaking pussy with a wet plop, and A-Xian *didi* was dragged to the side to face a spread-eagled nine-year old Jia Jia’s, where Wei Ying instinctively lowered his body and allowed the bed to dip from his weight, and he slipped his invigorated dick into the glistening, lubed hairless slit between Jia Jia’s legs without second thought - because what else can a man do, when he settles down comfortably between an adolescent’s smooth thighs, right? - and started thrusting passionately in and out of that fresh new de-flowered bud. Lucky for Wei Ying, the call was hands-free, so both of his itchy horny hands were free to grope the child’s breasts and body, and out of bad habit, he let his palms cup her developing soft cotton-white mounds, and started to squeeze them rhythmically, before naughtily bob his head between them to steal a suckle from those milkless teats.

Yan Li remarked, with her soft, assuring voice, that next in line was an eight-year old whose name nobody could recall because there are too many members in his awesome incestuous family - so Wei Ying shouldn’t dawdle even while during a Fairy Messenger call, and keep exercising his pelvis like he’s supposed to. It was hard work, for a half-father to breed his wives, his daughters, and his daughters’ descendents, without the help of his significant other half, on the king-sized bed. Fortunately, Yan Li was intelligent enough to count the number of times each female was mated, before nudging those sweet bouncing buttocks and tap on the tired bucking hips, to remind the man that he shouldn’t spend too much time with a few old favourites - because familiarity breeds contempt -, and try the newest

additions to the family, that is, his great-grand children who'd mature sexually that evening and begged their Matriarch to spill his semen into their sweet, virginal flowerbuds. Wei Ying had long given up on who exactly he was impregnating, or trying to figure out why the age of sexual consent and sexual maturity was decreasing with each passing generation - as long as his happy penis speared wildly into his girls' flowerbuds and their welcoming body warmth, and he takes all the pleasures he wants from his females and sometimes, males too.

“Oh, you're back, *lao gong* . Five carts absorbed... really? What on earth did you buy-- no, nevermind. Oh, tone down will you, you're braying like an ugly donkey with each moan, and your shouts are harsh on the ears-- I know it's not your fault, because you're paying your fucks and it feels too good not to shout. Hey, your voice is hoarse, go get a pack of cooling herbs to make herbal drinks to soothe your throat, okay? ... Oh fuck, that feels so good, squeeze 'em, squeeze 'em around daddy, breeding your pussy like this-- oh, sorry, I was distracted. Go on. I don't know what kind of herbs, just ask the shopkeeper what they have... coupons? Sure, use 'em all, get all the discounts you can, and make sure you don't bring any of them back, 'coz we're not coming back here after today... Oh sweet baby Guan Yin, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, open up lil' girl, let daddy shoot his load into where it truly belongs!.... Sorry, I'm still having sex... err, what? To finish up the coupons, you'll have to stay out late? That's a scam! Whatever, *lao gong* , just come back when you're done. Me and the girls are busy making babies, twelve generations at a time, and having grilled meats soon. Uh huh. Okay. Mmm. Love you too. Bye!”

By the time the Fairy Messenger spell was cut off, Wen Qing huffed in dismay and closed her thighs, because she thought she'd have seconds - but her A-Xian *didi* had moved on to the eight-year old after A-Ying had been properly inseminated in record time over a casual Fairy Messenger conversation. She tapped on her wrist and the time was projected on the surface of her hand. “A-Xian,” she said rather sweetly, but Wei Ying really didn't like the way she misuses his nickname reserved for his *shijie* 's use,

“A-Qing *jiejie* has to go now, because she has to go and fill up with Nie, Jin and Lan seed, and there’s a gangbang scheduled at nine o’ clock tonight starring me, the most beautiful Wen *gu niang* ever,” she said casually with a petulant smirk, and rubbed her pregnant belly; despite the slight animosity between the half-father and the clingy and overly-slobbering bitch in heat, Wei Ying had to respect her wishes and treat her as a rightful married wife of his, and pander to her whims and desires - including cheating on Jiang Cheng, letting her run loose with other men from distant lands, then bring back semen from various males from other clans to be shared and disseminated, and inseminated, into his burgeoning family tree.

The only man in the packed carriage filled with naked, hot fertile females reached over and gave Wen Ying a sweet peck on her forehead, and sent her off. Wen Qing grabbed a loose dress and climbed out of the creaky carriage in the middle of the forest, where she easily cast a Dark spell to open a cursed portal - an ugly tear in space-time - to step through and return to the North. Wei Ying paid no attention, and roared with glee, snapped his hips forward, and pressed so hard until he could feel muscles straining and pulsing very, very strongly as the first waves of ejaculations tore through his overjoyed pelvis and his toes curled with utter delight as well as a crooked, drunken, silly sexually flushed grin etched on his face - because he was happy to be shooting his virile semen deep into yet another helpless underaged girl pinned underneath him in a bed of cushions and soiled, twisted sheets. That unnamed pregnant eight-year old girl had streaks of other clans’ lineage in her, so adding his own collection into the bubbling pool inside her succulent pussy that stored other mens’ dirty tainted seed - because sometimes, she would make trips to distant places in the Far, Far West to breed with men of fair skin and strange blonde hair, or rough but very passionate wild barbarians from the Far, Far North -, would ensure that she will bear a litter of healthy mixed babes in a few days’ time.

“Wei Ying.”

“Hm?”

“Do you think we’ve strayed too far?”

“Huh... from what?”

“Our dreams? Our goals? Our relationship?”

“I’m still here, darling. By your side, to wherever fate takes us. We still make babies together. And we have lots of gay sex when the wives are too busy taking care of the kids and their other lovers.”

“Mn.”

Lan Zhan looked out of the carriage’s window with his chin resting upon a palm, and he fingered a token medal in his other hand. It was a shiny round coin-shaped medal with wavy, curly Dark-tongue scripts inscribed into the slightly scratched golden metal surface. It weighed little, and he knew it wasn’t made of any kind of precious metal - it could be a piece of wood that’s painted to look like the real thing, and if any, it looked more like a toy medal that kids get from winning games in fun fairs, amusement parks or something.

They could build those in Gui Shan, he thought, and the kids will cherish them. He penned that thought down inside his vast body-encased storage space, and instructed builders, architects and engineers to get to work. There were at least twenty generations of *yaoguai* children living in Gui Shan, sowed wildly from Lan Zhan's happy loins and their grateful, loving and caring multi-species mothers, so he was sure they'd appreciate some wholesome family fun in their daily lives besides the usual smattering of classroom studies, scholarly arts, poetry recital, memorizing family rules, and demonic cultivation that's offered as standard curriculum for children aged four to twelve.

That medal signified that he was elected as the mayor of Gui Shan, because he had spent enough fucks to buy the whole village. It basically stated that the holder of the medal is the one who holds the key to the fast-developing village, or something fancy to that effect - he wouldn't know to be sure, because he couldn't really read Dark-tongue. Thus, being illiterate in matters of *yaoguai* society and civilization, he accepted it without question after stumbling out of the last store in the row of shops, a little after midnight. There was a small crowd waiting in front of the store, and they cheered and applauded to welcome the tomato-red, heaving and panting, bow-legged man who nearly tripped every other step, because his loins had been donated to the village in its entirety. Lan Zhan believed he won a kind of marathon, and gratefully lowered his head to accept the medal around his neck, presented by the male warrior leader that allowed him through the gates to Gui Shan earlier that day.

Everyone in Gui Shan, whether male, female, animal or plant-kin, was his relative, lover, husband, wife, and child, he was told. Lan Zhan wasn't really thinking straight by then, since it was past his bedtime, and he was extremely relaxed and sleepy after working so hard to fuck an entire village, literally. So, with a hand over his heart as he was instructed by that male warrior leader, he read an oath on a parchment shoved to his face, and he

swore to take ownership of the entire village and care for its inhabitants like his own, and race to develop and evolve the settlement just as any great man, *yaoguai* or god should in the eternal game of SimCity (or SinCity) - and promptly snored. Later, early next morning, worrywart Wei Ying found him lying on a huge blank slate of barren, featureless flat land that had been swept and cleared out, as though the village had been erased out of existence by a swipe of godly thunder strikes; Wei Ying grew anxious over what happened to their rustic pitstop destination, and he quickly rummaged Lan Zhan's inventory by sticking a hand into his navel - true enough, he found the blood potatoes, ghost cabbage and vampiric chicken that Yan Li wanted to cook, and surprisingly, he found the whole Gui Shan village intact, right inside Lan Zhan's tummy as well.

A quick download of changelogs from Lan Zhan's body, and Wei Ying understood what had transpired. "You've absorbed the entire village of *yaoguai*, their homes and possessions, condensed the huts, buildings and farmlands, and surrounding mountains, forests, rivers and valleys to fit into your unlimited storage space within your body, and now you're their mayor running the place! You're incredible, *lao gong*, because even I didn't think that you'll want to collect towns and cities inside your body!" he exclaimed, to which Lan Zhan didn't quite comprehend the implications, but he blushed nevertheless from the praise by his *lao po*. In short, Lan Zhan's awesome body not only contained stuff, but also civilizations - and promptly, Wei Ying's cloned siblings far, far away started transferring their motherships, continents, planets and galaxies into the Grand Patriarch, who has now become a convenient dumpster of surplus resources from the Kingdom. Lan Zhan felt an alarming rumble in his belly when Wei *didi* happily migrated the entire copy of the family's cloud drive, and the infinite amount of excess food, equipment, raw materials, minerals, farm animals, orchard trees, cruise ships, skyscrapers, spaceships and whatnots, straight into the space that wasn't protected with passwords yet.

"But *lao po*," Lan Zhan asked with a crease on the brows, and he felt a little nauseated from the sudden rush of matter settling down upon his gut,

“Would that make me... fat? Would that mean that I must act with grace and purpose, to think ahead about consequences beyond, because my body will be the home of millions, so I shouldn’t behave unnecessarily and risk those precious lives?” It was such a broad question that answers would be impossible in such a short span of time; the impact to the couple’s daily life needs to be studied for a duration of time, before a more concrete conclusion can be offered.

Wei Ying laughed off Lan Zhan’s inconsequential concern, “Ha ha! If you think that by snapping your fingers, slipping on a banana peel, or performing vigorous workouts would affect the lives and objects inside your body, then you’ve nothing to worried about! My 3d-printing technology solved that aeons ago by putting in extra structural reinforcements and fatty padding in your abdomen. And if you’re worried about gaining weight...” in which Wei Ying naughtily slid across the couch and then placed his hands on Lan Zhan’s visible paunch, and started rubbing and jiggling the flesh energetically.

The belly massage turned out to be a little too much, plus the nauseating feeling of gas building up inside his tummy - and with no control over the passing of wind, Lan Zhan inadvertently farted - a long string of bubbly rumbles into the cushioned couch, fortunately fire- and destruction-proofed inside the carriage, and his belly flattened back to its original state. Wei Ying cackled, to the husband’s embarrassment, but not for long, because Yan Li called out for them to have a meal outside the carriage that she cooked over a campfire - and little kiddy squeal-y Wei Ying made a dash for it, followed by a comforted, reassured Lan Zhan.

Returning to the present - Lan Zhan fiddled with the medal for a bit longer, before letting it glow blue, then melted into an amorphous shape before getting absorbed under the skin. It was, in the grand scheme of things, another Achievement Unlocked, per se.

“Lan Zhan! Stop staring into space! I used my Superior Eye spell and pinpointed our next stop! It’s a city not too far from here, probably a couple of hours by horse!” Wei Ying waved his hands from a rocky outcropping at the cliffside, where they took a short break and to allow the horses to graze hillside meadows. Lan Zhan nodded and got off the carriage, because he would like to have a good look at the human or *yaoguai* settlement from a distance, before Wei Ying sends him off to absorb it into his body; the couple had been on a fun spree of mopping up farming villages, bustling towns and even wartorn cities filled with fighting soldiers off the map, to Lan Zhan’s detriment and to Wei Ying’s megalomania glee; fighting soldiers and cultivators slinging fireballs and lightning strikes at each other tended to give him stomach cramps and bad gas, but that was trivial compared to the monumental task of redrawing the map of the Middle Kingdom, now that mountain ranges, cavern networks, coastlines, lakes, rivers, glaciers, deserts, even islands and entire weather systems are voraciously devoured into Lan Zhan’s godly belly - whatever obstacles that hindered their journey and needed to be removed instantly, or whatever that tickles Wei Ying’s fancy -, leaving behind featureless landscapes of flat, sandy-brown dirt terrains that are as bland as a drying coat of new monotonous paint on the wall - or, in the lingo of videogame map-making, a blank tile.

Pregnant-again Yan Li was caught up in the excitement too, after depositing her newborns inside the trio’s shared underground kingdoms co-located into Lan Zhan’s belly - because there’s just so much more space in there. She approached Wei Ying and Lan Zhan with a basket of fruits and herbs she’d foraged from the forests, to be shared by all three and their driver, for a nice summer picnic under the blue skies, at the cliffside that would soon be turned into another slab of wasteland.

Notes for the Chapter:

Happy New Year!

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank

you!

Chapter 230

Pssst.

Lao gong, lao gong, can you move a bit? Forward and back. Again. Forward and back. I'm trying to kiss A-Mian's womb, but you've gone soft inside her hairless cunny and I'm so far away.

Oh, yeah, I see her pretty pink cervix there. It's like a tiny penis-head inside her vagina! It's so cute, I want to kiss the pinhole slit! Move it, hubby, bring me closer!

Oh, A-Mian smells so appetizing! Tangy and citrus-y, she whets my appetite! And her walls are fleshy, full of ridges, rubbing sexily against me, mmmm it's so firm yet spongy. I'm so glad I named her after Mian Mian, because she's just like a ball of cotton, fluffy and soft! Lick, lick, daddy is flirting with A-Mian's cunny walls! Lick, lick! So tasty!

More, more lao gong, you need to grow longer, otherwise I can't reach her cervix that looks so kissable... Mmmh! Mmmh! I'm doing my part, I'm twitching, swinging, dancing inside her tight hot tunnel. Do you feel good, lao gong? Keep going, I can feel the blood pumping inside me, I'm growing larger by the second, and I feel very, very excited!

There! Kiss-kiss! Oh, A-Mian, daddy is kissing your cervix! Kiss-kiss! You're so cute, A-Mian, daddy wants to always wish your womb good

mornings every day with these kisses! Oooh, A-Mian, you're sucking daddy in, daddy can't get out! Kiss-kiss!

Ohh... ha ha! Lao gong , you're getting very randy, aren't you? I'm bumping my face against our little girl's womb very energetically once every second. Luckily I'm fully aroused and inflated, full of bounciness and zest! Kiss-kiss! A little to the left... kiss-kiss! A direct hit, yay! More to the left, please lao gong , because your dick is kinda curved, and it gets squashed inside this very narrow hot tunnel... Aieeee! Too fast! I'm hurtling in too fast, and I've just grown more than I should! I'm gonna smash my face into A-Mian's womb!

Holy...! Woah...! I'm in! I'm in! I'm in heaven! I'm inside A-Mian's womb! It's ... so ... pretty ... ! I'm the first man to actually be consciously present and to see her insides! One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind, that's who I am! Oh, lao gong , A-Mian's womb looks so juicy, it's a paradise of pinks and reds, of fluffy cradles and gently rolling hills of cushiony beds for our future grandchildren! Can we stay inside here forever? Please?

Ack! My body's being massaged very violently, and her womb looks like it's cramping up! It's an earthquake! Is A-Mian orgasming around you--- oh no, I feel.. I feel.. urrrgh... my insides are churning, I think I'm gonna... urrrgh... I'm gonna puke... urrrrgh....

Lan Zhan woke up with a lovely good ol' nutting from the loins. Thirty pulsating ejaculations that felt very, very nice, radiating tension-releasing, relaxing vibes throughout his sweaty pelvis as his loins vacated themselves pleasantly into one-or-the-other daughters or stepdaughters of his. It didn't matter, those horny girls love to crawl over him day in and day out, and ride

him till kingdom come and continue to ride him past sunsets and bedtimes. He let out a quiet, restrained moan because it felt too good to cum inside a little girl's vagina after all, and he didn't want to wake up the rest of his wives, lovers and progeny, and she played squeeze-squeeze with his helpless penis lodged deeply inside whilst dreaming of something very naughty kiddie sex scene.

He gently turned to the side, and with a wet plop, his twitching, sated and blood-engorged penis slipped out with a trail of cum trickling out from her stretched, elastic hole. Something felt amiss; he groped the bedspread and pillows, then realized that Wei Ying was gone. Probably outside taking a leak, he thought. Then he opened his eyes a wee bit, and in the glinting moonlight filtering through the curtained window of their carriage, he spied the sweet springy mounds of a boy's ass. It was probably one of his sons, or grandsons. Smooth, pale as moons, naked and a single puckered rosebud invitingly spread itself open then close, open then close, in tandem with the boy's gentle breathing as he slept. His penis twitched with interest, and jumped a little against his thigh, that yes, yes, the adolescent boy looks tasty for a nice midnight snack.

No. I don't wanna. I saw 'im take a dump in the river earlier, and he didn't wipe his asshole with leaves! He just waded in the water and opened up his butt, so it can't be clean especially without soap and a good scrub!

Lan Zhan yelped at the squeaky voices coming from his crotch, and jolted from the bed. All at once, there were several female murmurs, some sleepy, some with cracked voices, some annoyed half-snorts. "It's okay, just going out to take a leak. Sleep tight, loves," he assured his harem and quickly climbed out of the packed horse carriage, carefully picking his way through a tangled mess of naked, cum-stained bodies, breasts, buttocks, limbs, and sensitive but well-used genitals. It was still summer, but the night was chilly especially up in the mountains, and he didn't wear a single garment at all -

he didn't have to, since his harem would tear his clothes off before he got to lie on the bed anyway and play gangbang with him until he snored from those good feelings throbbing from within.

Lan Zhan sprinted into a bush and stared at his crotch; the waxing full moon and clear night skies gave him a clear view of what went on beneath the light bush of pubic hair.

What? Haven't you seen a talking penis before?

Lan Zhan facepalmed and pressed his temples from an ongoing headache. "Wei Ying," he muttered in resignation to his loins. He didn't need to instruct the man-cum-penis to explain.

Through animated movements that only a penis can make, with its fleshy turgid length and the two swinging balls, Wei Ying narrated a hiccup in their shared Dark magic originating from the former. Each was having his own sexual fun while slumbering on the bed packed tighter than sardines in a can of warm nubile young bodies, and inevitably, Wei Ying turned to one side, Lan Zhan to the other, and their lips simultaneously bumped into each other. Nothing happened then, but Wei Ying shoved Lan Zhan away to the latter's side of the way, which resulted in someone's daughter or wife getting pinned against the wall of the carriage, and someone else's arm flung out and landed harshly to slap Lan Zhan's cheek. Yet nothing happened, still, until Lan Zhan reacted nearly instantly from the stinging pain, and he raised his hand and unknowingly slapped Wei Ying's cheek whilst sleeping - it was like a chain reaction of sorts.

The penis spun clockwise like a moving wheel, “And you know what? That slap of yours was painful enough to wake any departed souls,” then it spun counter-clockwise, “... and the next thing I knew, I opened my eyes just in time to see myself glowing blue!”

The phallus of cockmeat then made wiggly movements like a bendable gummy worm, and the two testicles swayed enthusiastically from their pendulous weights to illustrate just how much he'd glowed, and how thrilled he felt back then at the novel experience.

“I melted! I literally melted into a ball of light and I thought I was dying! There was a float-y sensation, I felt myself rise and I started to see things around myself, like a bird's eye view of everyone inside the carriage! I started to cry because I wasn't prepared to leave this place, and I tried to scream your name but my voice would come out...”

The penis drooped and shook with sadness, until its foreskin covered over its head like a hoodie, and it leaked out a few drops of pre-cum. Then, it stiffened and stilled dramatically, pointing straight up at Lan Zhan's face. Veins pumped liquid pressure into its bulk, causing it to swell instantly.

“And you know what happened next? I felt this rush... you know, like someone threw me up into the skies, then grabbed me by the balls and pulled me to the ground, slammed me through the earth and deep, deep beyond sex feet underneath!”

The hairy penis became very lively and shook wildly in all directions, from pointing skyward to the man's toes, and twisted itself and unravelled like a

spring gone mad, that the pubic hair was left matted quite a bit from the drizzling pre-cum that sprayed everywhere during the excited conversation.

“Then, I was inside you! Hah! Can you believe it! You absorbed me and I became you! I’m your penis!”

The uncut penis gazed up, and its bulbous mushrooming pink head looked almost awestruck, foreskin fully peeled back to reveal its smooth, featureless face, with its slit stretched unnaturally horizontally into a million-dollar grin without the pearly set of white teeth. The hairy scrotal sac puffed up and both plump man-eggs waved at its owner in a cute, but also un-cute “Hello!” greeting.

“Lan Zhan! Your beloved *lao po* , Wei Wu Xian, has become your penis!”

The man named Lan Wang Ji started upwards into the starry night sky, and sighed so heavily, he wished rainclouds would appear and open up, then pour an ocean of waterfalls unto him and drown him from the ridiculousness that has befall upon his genitals.

Just then, Lan Zhan felt a twinge in his bladder sphincter.

“Go on, darling. I can feel it too, it’s electrifying at the back end and those spasms are setting off all sorts of uncomfortable warning bells. Blame the pot of *pu’er* tea you had before bedtime because really, teas can be laxatives if consumed in excess. Plus, the weather’s pretty cold up here in the mountains too... Brrr... you should quickly do it and get back into the

carriage. Put on a pair of woolly boxers too, won't you? I'll shrink even further if the temperature dips!"

Lan Zhan couldn't fathom conversing with his lil' *didi*, and banished the absurdity of the entire situation, because first and foremost his bladder was screaming for release. So he hastily located an unfortunate shrub to receive his fertilization - bless the fact that he was in the nude, so there was no need to struggle with clothes in the middle of the night. Wei Ying squealed in his juvenile-ness, and he pretended to be a flexible meaty tube of machine-gun, where he could sense when the man's urethra was being loaded in a single stream, or several small streams, and he aimed at targeted blades of grass.

"Pew! Pew! Pssshhhh.... Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Pew! Pew!" he laughed and made extremely embarrassing sounds as well as wild movements; by pointing himself, that is the penis, to the left to bombard the grass with drizzles of hot pee, then violently whiplashing to the right with a flared-up slit such that the man peed like a flamethrower, then the penis curved upwards where it deliberately squeezed himself in rhythmic pulses so that the man urinated golden pearlets into the air and splashing quite a bit onto his six-pack abs, before pointing downwards and spinning at insane speeds like the rotor blades of a helicopter to strafe an entire shrub with pee.

"Wei Ying. Please, stop," the owner gritted and grimaced at his penis' performance and looked away, cheeks red with shame.

The physiologically required act done, Lan Zhan finally relaxed his muscles, and curiously, the penis yawned in the way that only the phallus can yawn - its slit opened wide and made an 'aaaahhhh...' sound, the meaty stick rose up then unhurriedly descended, lower, lower, and began to soften and shorten back to its limp, unerect state, covered by its loose foreskin -

until it could tuck itself nicely beneath the bush of pubic hair, resting gently upon the bobbing balls that seemed to twitch very slightly to the man's slowing heartbeat. Lan Zhan figured out that his penis was behaving in tandem with what the rest of his body felt - which made sense, really.

After a wipe with a washcloth, Lan Zhan climbed back into the carriage and this time, he slept facing a wall so that no one would sexually assault him and risk waking up the monster that now lived inside his lil' *didi* . To placate and fulfil his promise to Wei Ying, he slipped on a pair of woolly boxers as requested, and it did feel quite snug and nice to have his penis kept warm and fuzzy throughout the night. He told himself that he'd figure what to do - tomorrow. Minutes later, he was fast asleep.

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One would envision a hilarious sex-adventure of a man and his talking penis, going through a disgusting amount of penis jokes and comedy situations that involved penises saving the day, or breaking the day - however, since Lan Zhan and Wei Ying have been married for so long and knew each other's bodies so well, it turned out to be pretty mundane after all, to Lan Zhan's relief.

Having Wei Ying babbling from his pants - sometimes without -, during washing the dishes or wiping the furniture, or when bathing in the river or simply sitting down while reading a Cultivation Times magazine - felt normal, actually. It was as though Wei Ying was always by his side, minus the physical presence, and there was room for another inside the carriage. His harem of wives and offspring were disappointed, however, because half of their sexual fun was missing from their lives, and yet, they can hear his speaking voice - so they pleaded with their Grand Patriarch to resolve the

problem for the sake of their yearning hearts and flowerbuds both male and female.

Wei Ying didn't complain as much as he initially feared. Besides the constant chatter, Wei Ying spent time inside his infinite storage space tending to the new arrivals of an assortment of landscapes, cities, towns, villages and inhabitants kidnapped and forced into serving their new master - the Grand Patriarch of the Kingdom of Lan and President-Founder of Wangxian Co. Ltd. -, for example, overseeing the construction of new supermarkets and installation of 21st-century technology, engineering and architecture into Gui Shan that had taken root inside of the husband, including fun fairs and amusement parks that give out gold medals, of course. He also developed systems to secure the space-time bubbles that had mushroomed inside the husband's body by implementing password protection, and set up a large, capable management team and designated armies of their Kingdom's officials to run the multiverses being created and populated within; of course Wei Ying's cloned-siblings, the Regent's family and other elite Council circles of the Kingdom and company were granted special access and given responsibilities to manage Lan Zhan's incredible bodily ability, so that the old-fashioned fart didn't need to bat an eyelid and worry about wrongly absorbing something and then having to pump it out using an enema or two.

Putting that aside, Wei Ying spent the next few days simply enjoying the company of his beloved darling man in the most intimate sense. In particular, he enjoyed observing and actively participating in peeing sessions (oh, the shame of peeing off target from the urinals, because the penis refused to listen to his orders!) or when the man took a dump (Wei Ying's humorous and snappy sports commentator-like broadcasts left the man absolutely aghast and nearly suffered from constipation when he initially refused to let go of his turd; the only option was to jack himself so that Wei Ying faced the front and upward, but it was distracting, even unsettling to be pooping while feeling aroused with a full erection); and Wei Ying really, really liked it when Lan Zhan made love to many men and

women, boy and girls, because he would be the first to pop the cherries, feel the squeeze-squeezes, and savour the wonderful warm, tight insides of their shared lovers, mates and wives - until the man orgasms and ejaculates thirty times, which in turn, meant that Wei Ying vomited the equal number of times too, to the younger man's distress. Soon, even Wei Ying complained that he should return to his body soon, because Lan Zhan's insatiable sex appetite was giving him perpetual stomach disorders, so to speak.

After a handful of lands, cities, towns, villages, clans and provinces absorbed, their humble caravan of a sole carriage arrived at a shaman's hut. It was run by a *yaoguai*, whom A-Qing *jiejie* said that there were rumours that the shaman was an expert on body possessions. Lan Zhan was much more prepared this time, knowing that *yaoguai* would not hesitate to demand for fucks in exchange for goods and services. Desperate, especially after seeing who crawled out of the rickety hut on top of a large gnarly century-old tree - a wrinkled grandmother holding a walking stick carved with a beast's head, wearing only a grass skirt that didn't hide her sagging breasts and loose private parts, which by the way reminded him of the old lady shopkeeper in Gui Shan -, Lan Zhan immediately placed a hand on the tree's gigantic trunk, closed his eyes in concentration, and the entire structure, including foliage, hut and the said *yaoguai* shaman, was turned into a shiny ball of light and absorbed into his skin. He whispered an apology for devouring what could've been a noble and kind-hearted healer, and immediately set to work by digesting the shaman still grappling with the strange, shocking situation of being swallowed whole inside the stomach of a stranger. Soon, Lan Zhan gained the knowledge from the shaman, as she liquefied into what seemed like thick, demonic blood wine and her essence flowed into his veins.

Ah, Lan Zhan told himself and to his grateful penis, the concept of body possession is one that is logical and can be reversed if opposites are applied. Since Wei Ying was absorbed when he accidentally slapped the younger man with such strength and pain, the opposite must happen to undo the effect. After consulting using ErNet with his Council, Lan Zhan was

advised to do the necessary, and without delay - because Wei Ying was starting to whine and complain a whole lot more, that everything that resided inside Lan Zhan's body began to feel annoyed at the constant droning of a young man's voice like mindless chanting over loudspeakers twenty-four seven.

So, in the end, Lan Zhan found a quiet spot fit for meditation, inside a shallow cave and away from prying eyes. He performed a bit of gymnastics then, by bending himself into a ball and masturbated furiously until the penis grew hard and long enough. Wei Ying was excited and quivered back and forth. Patience, the husband ordered the wife-in-penis, and he leaned forward to try and self-fellate; he had to make sure his penis grew long enough to reach his face. Lan Zhan kept trying, jacking himself, edging for hours if he had to, to pump so much blood from his veins into his boner until he felt a little dizzy from the crazy racing heartbeat and from the loss of blood from his vital organs. He grew from six, to seven, even barely touching eight inches - but it had to be sustained for long enough for the act to work. He lay on the cooled cavern floor and raise his hips until they were nearly above his head; the heavy, leaded, fully swollen penis and balls hung like dumb bells on top of him; gravity helped his cause and soon, his penis grew a bit longer, and Wei Ying kept huffing and puffing zealously to keep himself, the penis, completely and maximally bloated into a gargantuan set of male genitalia that would set hearts aflutter from the size and girth. To increase the sensations and sexual excitement, Lan Zhan fellated himself, sucking Wei Ying's face to bring forth surges of white-hot pleasure spiking into the ballooning loins - until finally, the couple agreed that the penis was long, sturdy and healthy enough for a painful, shameful act.

“No, no, *lao gong* , don't think bad about the act, otherwise you'll wither and our efforts will be for naught! Think of good and happy things, like having me by your side once again, touching and caressing each other, feeling our skins rub and warm on one another! We can make sweet love all day and night, with me screaming your name while lying in your arms! You

can plant many fat and beautiful babies inside my bum and my male-pussy at the same time!”

That did it. Lan Zhan Hnnnngh’d so loud and tightened his abs, that he farted a little squeak from the tremendous effort - then, with a mighty heave, he swung his hips to one side and slammed to the other side, and his massive, pendulous hard-on whacked his cheek so hard that it stung and he nearly cried from the bruising pain and maybe injured himself from biting the inside of the cheek - and the next thing he knew, Wei Ying’s soul was shoved out of his penis and he re-materialized into the real world, thus he was whole again, lying next to him, full bodied and in the nude.

“Wei Ying...” Lan Zhan cried from the pain and from missing his *lao po* . But Wei Ying placed his hands on both of the man’s cheeks, one throbbing badly, of course.

“I love you too, Lan Zhan,” Wei Ying murmured happily with a silly grin, and leaned forward to exchange a kiss, because between loving old married couples, Sorrys and Thank Yous never needed to be said.

After that, Lan Zhan learned not to hit Wei Ying unnecessarily, by accident or even out of spite for trying to discipline his errant and obnoxious wife, lest he would have to suffer living with that said wife taking up residence in his genitals, of which the cure would be to shame himself with his own penis slapping himself on the face.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 231

“Hello sweetie, daddy’s coming in. Good girl, you didn’t lock your bedroom door, but daddy will lock it for you with the two of us inside. Don’t worry, sweetheart, no one’s gonna hear us. Your mom’s at Jiang *shushu* ’s place because she has to attend an official banquet, and your Lan *diedie* has gone out to buy groceries. So Wei *papa* will accompany you tonight, isn’t that great?

Such a pretty girl you’re growing up to be. Come on, strip and do what you’ve been taught to do, like daddy’s good little girl. You were born to make daddy happy, and you belong only to daddy, you hear that? That’s it, come, unzip daddy’s fly and suck it. Good girl, such a good girl you are. Oooh, sweetpea, daddy loves your adorable little trap, lick it, lick it the way daddy taught you, right underneath that sweet spot... that’s what little wenches like you are good for, you know? Your sole purpose is to pleasure daddy, and you use your entire body to make daddy so proud! Mmmmh, I’m so gonna fuck you into the bed tonight, honeybun-buns!

Oh sweet baby Guan Yin, your mouth is so hot, daddy’s gonna make sure he creams deep inside you all night. You don’t like the taste? Nu-uuuh, you have no right to say that. If daddy says it tastes good, then it’s good, got it? Now don’t start crying on your knees like that, you’re a big girl now, you’re nine-years old and you’re already daddy’s woman. Wimmen’ don’t cry, not when they’ve been whored out to their daddies and sold their maidenhood for a cupcake, because those tears are way, way too late when you’ve lost the only precious thing you have between your legs to your daddy, ain’t that right?

You remember, don’t you? The last time you bawled big time. That was when daddy brought back home a candle on a cupcake for your eighth

birthday. Oh you were such a sweet buttercup then, such a tiny tot pinned down by daddy's big arms when you received daddy's biggest surprise present ever. You liked it, didn't you? You liked it so much and so rough, you cried tears and bled down there, when daddy ripped your bunny panties, then pushed his sexy candy stick in and out of your hairless cunny before you were fully prepared, and fondled your titties until they swelled up with daddy's fingerprints, and you didn't know how to react because you've never been molested and had your breasts groped by men before. Your hymen was so sweet, darling, daddy made sure to insert his fingers and pull the useless blood-stained flap out of your cunny and then eat it in front of you, even as we practised making babies for the first time that night.

That day, daddy took your virginity and stole many rounds of pleasures from your cunny, from sundown to sunrise. Those tears ain't gonna work, sweetheart, coz you can cry all you want but nobody's gonna save you from being raped by your daddy, you know that well. You were such a princess at a tender age of eight, crying and whining from the pain throbbing between your slutty legs, while shaking, kickin' and punchin' wildly as daddy unloaded many times inside your sweet clenching pussy. Hah! You struggled and fought like a feral cat, but in the end you should've known better than to try and push your daddy away from mounting your sweet cunny. You can't beat daddy, so drill that into your head, dumbass. Daddy owns your body and your cunny forever, and you're bred to make babies for our family, that's the miserable fate you have to live with and you can't change that, ever. I should've knocked you up back then when you were eight, and you'd be your own mama by now, and we'd be making more babies inside your young juicy womb while it's still fresh.

You don't like being raped? Well, tough luck, lil' girl. You're living with a man you call daddy, and this daddy loves raping you because your cunny is so irresistably sweet and tight, that daddy's taken a liking to it. That's why daddy works hard to put food on our tables so that he can spend hours inside your cunny every day since your eighth birthday. Don't worry, we do

it every day, and we'll be doing it a whole lot more when you grow up. You'll eventually get the hang of it, and you'll even start feeling good with daddy's candy stick fucking your used flowerbud and having your titties sucked hard until they actually squirt milk like a cow's teats. Look forward to it, whore, ha ha ha!

Don't forget daddy's hairy balls. Little girls like you should learn better to play with men's testicles, you hear that? Do it like how yo' mamma taught you from watching those porn videos. Those balls have lots of man-juice that'll go straight into your pussy, so you better heat them up nicely. That's it, oh yeahhhhh, lick 'em , lick 'em in circles... ooooh, my head's spinnin', you're really good at sucking men's balls, you know that... now, swallow 'em... no, I don't care if those hairs tickle and choke your throat or if they smell bad... swallow 'em, bitch. Uuuuuh, fuck, that feels... oh fuck...

Okay, that's enough, bitch, let go of your mouth. Daddy's hard enough to stick it into any hole and punch through it. You're a damn fine slut, you know that? Making men like daddy aroused everytime you walk by and sashay your fine ass and fertile hips in the house, then letting daddy grab you by the waist and pull you down for a frisky quickie. When are you doing to start having your periods, you hoe? I see you riding Lan *diedie* and your brothers and cousins everywhere in this house every time I was out, you didn't think I'd know, did you? I've got Eyes Spells everywhere, bitch, and I'm eyeing on your cunny so that your first baby will be mine. You'd like that, don't you? Your daddy's gonna be your baby's first father, and that'll be the start of a new wonderful beginning for us as a incestuous couple, yeah?

Don't complain, little girl. Yo' mamma has taught you to spread your legs for your daddy since the day you started walking, and your womb belongs to this daddy of yours. Lie back on the bed, wench, and do what you're supposed to do, because daddy's going to pump you full of his sperm in

there, where it belongs. That's it, reach down there and pull open your cunny lips. Keep 'em there coz daddy loves watching your hole opening and closing, like making kissy lips each time you breathe hard. Oooh, sexy mama, you really made daddy horny now. Say it, love, say that you want to be fucked by your daddy and have incestuous babies planted inside your fertile garden of love.... Louder, I can't hear ya...

Sweet, you've given consent. Do you know what that means? It means no matter what happens, it's perfectly fine for daddy to rape you tonight, because you've given permission, you got that? You can't refuse me, it's against our family's rules, and you've already memorized that into that dimwitted head of yours. So, we're gonna have consensual sex, and it means I can do whatever I want with your body and you've gotta say 'yes'.

Oh sweet baby Buddha, your cunny's so awfully tight today! Squeeze it, squeeze it baby, while daddy's going in right till the hilt. Ohhhh, fuck, Guan Yin, that's awesome, do it again, daddy's gonna start fucking real hard and fast, because you asked for it! It's your fault for being so sexy, you prostitute! You're to blame for seducing daddy to make sweet love when you're a tender nine-year old girl who hasn't started laying her eggs yet! Take it, uuunh! Take it, uuunh! Fuck, you're so tight, you're sucking me in, you lustful wench!

Rub it! Rub your clitty while daddy's fucking you. Oh sweet fuck, you're squeezing the lights out of daddy's candy stick! Are you cumming soon? You dirty hoe, how can you even orgasm at nine-years old? Do you play with your cunny whenever daddy's not around, fantasizing about daddy's candy stick spurting sperm into your womb? Ooooh... uuuh... aaaaah... that feels so good, daddy's can't stop moving his hips! You devil witch, you make daddy feel too good between his legs, and my balls are gonna milk everything out for you, sweetheart! I can't think straight anymore!

Uuhn, uuhn, uuhn, oh yeah, oh yeah... mmmmm.... MMMmm...
Uuuuhh... gonna cum, gonna cum... drink it, drink it with your lower
mouth, you whore, drink everything that daddy's gonna spill into your tight
pussy, you deserve it, drink every last fucking drop!

Ahhh... that reminds me, watching you spread your cunny like how you do
splits in gymnastics classes at school with a man's hairy penis drilling in
and out so tastefully... daddy's been checking on your panties when you
return from school... Ooooh, yeah, that hit the spot, squeeze daddy's penis
s'more, sweetcakes, daddy's feeling really good... Right after you changed
and walked into the bathroom, daddy took your bunny panties from the
laundry basket and noticed there had been wet stains on the cotton... Oh
fuck, daddy's speeding up and it's your fault, you hear? Your hairless slutty
cunt feels too good! Feel daddy's dick penetrating your deflowered vagina,
you dirty harlot!... Have you been a naughty girl, flirting with the boys in
your class and letting them finger your cunny? You horribly precocious
child, I even smelled the stink of men on those stains, did you let your
teacher lick your privates too? Or did you let him rub his penis against your
clitty while you cry his name then grind hard against his hairy crotch, and
let him squirt his sperm straight into your hole because he accidentally
slipped inside your juicy pussy? No? Don't you dare lie to your daddy,
because he doesn't believe in hoes like you!... Unnh, uuunh, uuunh, that's
so hot, why the hell are you so fucking tight and hot! Blessed Buddha be
damned!

Oh sweet Guan Yin, mother of Buddha, I'm cumming, can you feel it,
sweetcakes? Lovely pulses swimming through daddy's thick fat candy stick
and spilling into your nine-year old vagina, tearing into your underaged
womb! I'm raping my lil' baby girl's eggs, oh my god, I'm raping my baby
girl and making her mine, it feels so good to fuck mah lil' girl's eggs,
ooooh... ooooh... Hnnngh! Uuungh! Nnnngh! I'm making babies inside
my sweet cupcake daughter! ... Oh yeah! Feel it fly! It's so hot, it's

melting! ... Uuunh! Uuunh! Hahhhnh! Bear my children you wench! Be their mother! Put more buns into the hot fertile oven for your daddy! ... Oh god, you feel so good, daddy loves your cunny so much! ... ooooh, ooooooh, uuuuuuh ... get pregnant, lil' sweet girl o' mine, make sure you have fat and healthy babes popping out in a week's time...!

Hahhh... Hahhh... sweetheart, look at you, why are you crying again? Was it too overwhelming? ... Painful? Silly girl, of course it hurts to have a man pounding wildly between your legs, that's why you have to be a grown-up adult woman and hold back those tears. When a man feels too good, that's when it hurts, because it's your fault for being gifted with such a fine young fertile pussy that gets daddy a little crazy each time his candy stick fucks the narrow elastic cunny tunnel of yours, and you start squeezing your vaginal walls so well exactly the way you've been taught. You're a good girl, you did well, you made daddy very, very happy the first time tonight, and you made daddy feel very, very nice making sweet love with your cunny.

Here, let daddy cuddle up and kiss your forehead to make it feel better. Daddy's penis is kissing your flooded cunny too, can you hear it? All that squishy and wet bubbly sounds, daddy's left his spent passions inside you, so that you'll have a child growing inside your flat belly starting tonight. Squeeze your cunny and thighs a bit more, we can't have daddy's hard-earned semen spilling out, yeah? That's it, good girl, keep 'em in... ooh, sweetpea, that feels so good, massaging daddy's softened candy stick. It'll grow hard again in a few minutes, then we'll have more sex okay? Don't worry, don't cry, daddy loves you, daddy loves your cunny even more, you'll feel so good that you'll forget tonight has ever happened. Now, show daddy your tittes, raise up your chest a bit, daddy wants to suck your tits and molest 'em sweet juicy fruits to relax before our next lovemaking...

Oh, no, no, daddy's not going to pull out, not when your cunny is soaked and foaming inside, filled with daddy's vigorous and lively sperm. Daddy's got to keep your cunny locked and safe with his penis, so that every one of his handsome sperm gets to swim to its finish line and rape your eggs. Daddy wants his sperm to penetrate every egg you'll have for the rest of your life, ain't that great? That's the reason you were born into this world, sweetcakes, to conceive daddy's babies and live happily ever after in this house. Oh yeah, keep those milking motions coming from your cunny, and keep moving your hips back and forth. Sweet mama, that's fantastic! Keep pushing your vaginal walls like a good girl you are, so that your kissy cervix drinks up the sperm that daddy's put inside you... Unnnh! Feels damn good, wench! Daddy's handsome seed will take root in your womb and it'll get you knocked up properly, okay? Don't cry, honey, it's going to be okay, now let's make daddy feel fuckin' good again, yeah... aaahhh..."

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The promised trip from Qinghe to Yunmeng wasn't as straightforward as initially thought, but then again, none of the couple's adventures has ever been that way. There were plenty of diversions and side adventures, but eventually they did reach the Lotus Pier, thus securing Lan Zhan's freedom from cursed brotherhoods, and more recently, the curse of daddy-wife-daughter relationships.

"Oooh... oooh... after all these times, Xian Xian still likes *shijie* 's pussy best!" Wei Ying grunted and his body shook uncontrollably, as he pounded into the spitroasted, heavily pregnant Yan Li on the rather soiled, soaked king-sized bed. Once, twice, thrice, his hips slammed to her bouncy bubble buttocks until he was fully sheathed, balls slapping her naturally hairy crotch; at the other end, Lan Zhan groaned and scrunched his brows, because he also propelled his pelvis forward and back, fucking the woman's mouth and deep into her throat until he found himself hopelessly sucked in,

trapped forever into that sinister cavity that drain men like *yaoguai* -stinked abysses more than as just plain oral sex for pleasure. Admittedly, he's come to appreciate, even have a fondness for having sex with women, now that he had performed various acts of fertility countless times with the opposite sex as dictated by the wife-y, enjoyed, and now, became rather addicted to those warm, soft, cuddly and impulsive breedworthy feelings that females tend to give off - but still, nothing beats mutual lovemaking with one's soulmate; Lan Zhan leaned forward simultaneously as Wei Yings, because both men instinctively knew and wanted to share a moment for themselves, a private I-Love-Yous and I-Love-You-Toos; so, above Jiang Yan Li's back while she was on all fours, both lover-men engaged in sexy kisses and tongue play to share so much more deep, intense and meaningful feelings compared to the strikingly pleasurable though short-lived physical gratification happening in their happy crotches; Wei Ying orgasmed beautifully inside his favourite *shijie* 's pussy, and Lan Zhan was drained to the last drop until his testicles deflated with joy.

It was good enough that Wei Ying's *shijie* was led to believe that she still held the pole position in Wei Ying's racing heart - which is theoretically true, at least in the books, because in the eyes of his clan, a coalition of Jiang and Wen, now allied with Nie, Jin and part of Lan, the man named Wei Wu Xian had wedded Jiang *gu niang* and holds royal privileges due to his induction into the Jiang ruling family; any previous marriages, such as those marriage certificates issued by other human townships and later, recognized by the Imperial Court's Middle Kingdom, were rendered invalid though not annulled, since *yaoguai* do not respect the law of Men and vice versa. Thus, Lan Zhan spent a good number of days and nights pondering his future with Wei Ying - they were certainly still madly in love as a grand old couple, however, they wouldn't be able to romantically declare or express their feelings explicitly in broad daylight as they were used to, more so that Lan Zhan was merely an ordinary individual - sometimes considered as a former sex slave of the Venerated Triad depending on which rumour-monger to believe -, that had no direct working, familial or romantic relationship with the *yaoguai* -infested Jiang and Wen clans.

Fortunately, though, Wei Ying is smart and figured this problem ahead of time; he ordered, persuaded and convinced his growing family that Lan Zhan is a Grand Patriarch of sorts and should be addressed as such, particularly in the context of their internal family affairs. So, among his closest mates, wives, offspring, relatives and the encompassing circle of close confidants in this brave new world, they have essentially signed up to join the clandestine Kingdom of Lan, were employed by the company of Wangxian, and swore their loyalty to the royal couple as such.

After satisfying their loins with yet another row of heterosexual intercourse mixed with discreet homosexual connotations, the couple decided to take a break and let a sated Jiang *gu niang* off to carry her heavily pregnant weight through a portal - she was getting good at casting such Dark magic spells - to a hospital built into an underground kingdom located adjacent to Gui Shan somewhere in another dimension, where she would undergo a regular pre-natal check-up to examine the health of her latest quintuplets growing inside her belly - made from two loving fathers, mixed with a blend of high-quality semen from another three or more foreign Sect Leaders, of course -, and depending on the doctor's diagnosis, she may be given a lavage medical procedure to extract the Grand Patriarch and Matriarch's seeds left inside her to be distributed among the countless female *yaoguai* that now inhabit across the interdimensional realms for insemination purposes.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, look, you can see the main hall of Lotus Pier in the distance, but there is so much wild undergrowth and trees blocking our path! It must've been months, maybe even years since I left, because I don't remember the trail out of Lotus Pier to be so neglected and untrimmed when I left to find you," Wei Ying exclaimed and pointed at the scenery of unkempt greens and browns. Lotus Pier looked rather small compared to what Lan Zhan remembered, and its fringes seemed to be abandoned, judging from the sight of emptied buildings and huts overgrown with thriving wild plants and dusty bushes. At least the flowing river was still

there, the water clean and sparkling, reflecting clouds in the skies like mirrors built up to the banks; although, there seemed to be no boats traversing its waters, and there was not a single soul in sight. It was chillingly quiet, lending an air of mystery and discontent to the riverside town that used to be bustling with merchants hawking their wares at the pier, fishermen hauling in their catch, boisterous vendors in the streets and markets, and families and their children strolling around to enjoy the waterside view and fresh air.

The couple decided to wade their way through prickly shrubs and green forests. Lan Zhan absorbed the horse carriages, their faithful driver and the two horses into his body, and then one by one, under Wei Ying's guidance, he touched a number of plants with each step taken forward to erase them out of existence and clear a new trail to the riverside town. The husband asked, warily, whether the overgrown vegetable patches, algae-filled lotus ponds, weed-covered orchard fruit trees and ancient-looking chilli plants he was absorbing belonged to someone else, because stealing them would certainly be tantamount to petty theft. Wei Ying laughed at the innocent question and slapped the husband's buttocks - who elicited a nnnnh because it's been a while since he was slapped by the wife -, and declared that since he the only present Prince of sorts, with Crown Prince Jiang Cheng located on the other side of the country fighting for the *yaoguai* 's freedom, therefore Prince Wei gets dibs on staking his claim to the clan's vast sprawling estates of mountains, valleys, riverways and everything else under the Jiang ruling family's influence.

Lan Zhan pondered at the fact while absorbing yet another peach tree, and postulated that if Wei Ying is a prince, who already has Jiang Yan Li as the first wife, Wen Qing as the second - would that mean that he could also marry into the Jiang's royalty as the third spouse?

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 232

“Whoa, whoa, whoa... back up here. What’s that?” Wei Ying exclaimed with a hint of annoyance on his face, as he pulled up his pants after pissing at an unfortunate green shrub. He’d turned around so that his buttocks faced the husband, and saw something he didn’t quite like.

Lan Zhan was by Wei Ying’s side in an instant, still tying the drawstrings to his trousers, never mind he had to squeeze his dick muscles shut and stain his underwear with his own pee, because a family that stays together, pees together, and stands together as well. He was ready to summon Bichen out of his awesome body and blast the perimeter with his guqin, also to be yanked out of his chest if not his ass - and saw no adversary nor any signs of threat.

Peach trees swayed a little to the breeze, and the air was quite warm - it has been that way since many moons ago. Summer never really moved, nor left. Wei Ying blamed the husband for absorbing recklessly like an uncontrollable black hole roaming the Middle Kingdom, that its weather systems and the cycle of seasons had been catapulted into chaos, just as bad as the wars taking place in the North between the remaining free *yaoguai* and the zealot Tao humans. Behind the couple was an overgrown orchard that hadn’t been maintained for a prolonged period of time, that weeds and bushes had grown rampant and waist-level high, choking the peach trees that bore many fruits, mostly of low-quality and sour ones, that no one picked at all because there weren’t any farmers or gardeners around.

The husband turned to the wife, confused.

“What’s wrong?” Wei Ying remarked, replying to a statement from the husband that didn’t need to be verbalized, “What’s wrong, can’t you see what’s wrong?” he shook his index finger that pointed at the bunch of peach trees that lined the horizon. Then, that finger pointed to where they stood on the weed-infested ground, and drew a straight line to the direction where they came from.

Oh, the husband thought. He looked down and fiddled with the hem of his trousers, not really giving any answer. His feet shuffled a bit, trying to push the dirt aside and to nowhere except to the roots of the next unfortunate shrub.

“Stealing is wrong, and so is destroying private property. That’s one of the family’s rules,” the husband simply stated, and looked to the other side. Conflict wouldn’t bode well for their relationship, not when they were so close to Wei Ying’s ancestral home, and Lan Zhan’s future in-laws’ house. Avoidance seemed to be the easiest way out, but feisty Wei Ying wouldn’t take it without a sound argument.

The wife grabbed the husband’s forearm possessively, and dragged him onward to the Lotus Pier, disregarding the fact that the latter only half-peed and needed to pee out the rest to call it a satisfying release of tension from the bladder. They marched at a furious pace, with Lan Zhan actually having to half-jog to catch up with his wife’s broad strides.

“Talk. How is it stealing and sucking up those trees wrong if no one owns them? And how is paving a proper road to the majestic town of Lotus Pier against the family’s rules? Don’t clam up, I wanna hear it from you and your Lan-headed logic,” Wei Ying shouted from the front, clearly with his feathers ruffled.

It took a couple of seconds for Lan Zhan to compose his justification to his defence, in short and curt phrases, because he was thinking very hard.

“I tasted the air, smelled the spirits, and heard their voices. The Bushland Faeries live here, at the fringes of Lotus Pier. But we cannot see them nor touch them. They are one with nature - the grass, the leaves, the bushes, those peach trees. And you peed on one of their homes just now.

I talked to them, asked them to let us through. They were disgruntled, but they were reasonable, because we are half-human and ill-educated in the *yaoguai* ways, after all. The condition they gave was that we put back everything the way it was, and undo the trail as soon as we passed through. Those peach trees belonged to them, and they depend on the fruits for sustenance,” Lan Zhan explained calmly, though his fidgety squeezed thighs and erratic walking pace said otherwise.

Wei Ying braked hard and paused in his steps. He gave the harried and uncomfortable husband a vacant look, “Either my Dark senses are getting old, or you’re lying to me, because I’ve not heard of Bushland Faeries nor felt their presence while we walked through those trees. But I’m assuming you’re such an awesome husband with an even more incredible body that sees things that I can’t, so you must be right. How the heck did you re-plant those peach trees behind us without making a sound?” Wei Ying’s arms rested on his hips, waiting expectantly.

A distressed Lan Zhan placed a finger on Wei Ying’s lips to quiet the increasingly irritated man down. Then he gestured to him the ‘watch, and you’ll know’ signal, and walked briskly to a small pond. Wei Ying noticed

that the husband actually walked around the shrubs and didn't bulldoze through like he did. Then, the husband bent down and talked to the pond water. After a few words, the water rippled, as though a fish or some frog swam by, and he stood up, then untied his trousers.

Lan Zhan breathed a sigh of relief, and let go of the rest of his urinal load into the unfortunate pond. And he farted too, though very, very softly with a cute squeaky *brrp* ! because really, how can one pee without farting to grant the body the ultimate release?

Then, magic happened. A whirlpool spun with generous wet, splashing sounds where Lan Zhan's pee landed, flushing the bodily fluid away. Little fairies made of glowing drops of water no bigger than a fingertip - oh, so those little flecks are the fairies! - rose from the waters and danced on the surface to make chittering noises, though whether they were happy or angry, it was impossible to tell. Wei Ying's eyes went wide with amazement when he witnessed the visible stream of fart - glowy swirling bits of light, imbued with the powers of a god, after all - course through the air behind the man, and particles descended, gently buoyed by the breeze; the moment a particle landed on the soil, it silently materialized and grew astonishingly fast into a full-grown peach tree - and soon, behind Lan Zhan was a clump of those fruiting trees similar to the ones they're pass by earlier and absorbed under the man's skin. Even the ground around those trees seemed to thrive with new, denser, higher undergrowth. Suddenly there was more chittering and excited rustles between the blades of tall grass and quivering weeds - hundreds, if not thousands of firefly-like specks floated and whizzed amongst the dense undergrowth, and made a beeline for the new trees.

Lan Zhan was fully relaxed, and he pulled back up his trousers.

“Those are duplicates of what I absorbed earlier. I learned that my body is a huge scanning, storage, processing, printing, and photocopying machine. The Bushland Faeries’ homes have been rebuilt from scratch. I assimilated higher-quality materials inside my belly, and farted out added extra floors and reinforced structures too for their dwellings. Extra fruiting trees have been donated to their cause, at their ripest stage, to compensate the cost of using their pond as a toilet. You should do that, Wei Ying. It’s only polite to pay a fee to trespass someone’s land, and to dump your bodily waste there.”

Wei Ying facepalmed and rubbed his cheeks rapidly before smacking them until they turned red, and his perspective refreshed with a new, more challenging understanding that dawned upon him. He took a deep breath, not really wanting to argue or respond with something clever, because he felt like a fool, really.

“Okay, *lao gong* . You lead the way, and let’s not disturb those faeries. When did they move in? Can you ask them that? And remind me not to come close to your ass when you’re about to fart. I know you pass destructive gases even while you sleep, but now that I know you also create homes and sustain life with it... I’ll need to think this through. It’s an unexpected side effect of my 3d-biscuit technology! And tell those faeries I’m sorry for peeing on their house!” he exclaimed, though his thoughts were in a bit of disarray because he was already engrossed with the new enlightenment of what the husband’s body was truly capable of. The wife then waved his hand to signal the husband to move on from the pondside so that he could follow from behind, because he was afraid that he’d ruin another unfortunate fairy’s property with the next step.

Lan Zhan took the lead, carefully picking his way through on a narrow path of barren dirt, and he continued to converse with the invisible faeries that Wei Ying couldn’t detect with his senses. The husband regaled the wife with interesting tales of how Lotus Pier descended into ruin since Wei Ying

left aeons ago, as told by the myriad of faeries that now populate the surrounding area of the Great Lakes and its waterways.

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The downfall of Lotus Pier was heartbreaking, but not surprising. After Jiang Cheng left with an entourage of Yunmeng Jiang's finest to attend the Conference of the Demonic Cultivation, there was no reason left to upkeep the place anymore. The entire town and generally the population of the province are made up of possessed people and *yaoguai* who had evolved into human forms, so Yunmeng had essentially fallen into demonic hands - and demons do not really need to work to earn a living, fish in the river for food, or farm the lands to cultivate rice, vegetables and rear farm animals. All they do is to control as much of the land as possible using aggressive or treacherous means, take their pleasures from its people and enjoy good food and wines stolen from the stores of the former human owners, pretend to live fulfilled lives minus the scholarly pursuits, before returning to their original realms when natural gates between worlds open during cursed times, such as during full moons. They have no intention to prosper the Mortal Realm, and seek to turn the conquered territories into transit homes, reaping all the benefits and robbing the lands of its precious resources, and leave behind a barren, desolate husk behind; some may decide to stay a bit longer, such as those living in Gui Shan, or those who found new, but short-lived purposes, such as the freedom fighters that join the war against the last bastion of Mankind, that is, the Imperial army who have also been corrupted by opposing factions of demon-led Tao priests. The Mortal Realm became the demon's playground, to be used for the *yaoguai*'s amusement, and then thrown away once they were done.

To add insult to the injury, the faeries confirmed that a delegation of Nie and Jin warriors arrived many moons ago to recruit forces in their war against the Imperial Court. Needless to say, many signed up because there

was nothing much to do in Lotus Pier other than to make babies, propagate, enjoy the pleasures of the flesh and of the material world, and roleplay their period-drama fantasies to pretend to be kings, queens, officials and actors and actresses of a false sect in its glorious, make-believe grandeur. As long as Jiang Cheng, the last Yunmeng Jiang elite still with a human heart and flesh, was alive, well and living in his illusory fantasies, his wish for *yaoguai* to remain in the Mortal Realm remains a valid contract signed in royal blood, sweat and tears, and an unshakable bond that invites evil to devour all that is good and living left in Yunmeng. Therefore, the *yaoguai* that had been summoned, or rather, invited by Jiang Cheng, would do anything to keep that fool happy and to keep his part of the bargain alive for as long as possible until everything is left in ruin - such as Lotus Pier today.

With human extinction on the cards, the local non-human wildlife and species have been quick to take advantage and colonize what had been abandoned - such as Bushland Faeries encroaching the fringes of the once-majestic riverside town, Water Spirits - cousins of the Waterborne Abyss that once terrorized the waterways - once again infesting the waters of the Great Lakes of their branching rivers, and Firefly Wisps appearing more often at nights drifting in the air due to the lack of human presence and interference. In some way, Mother Nature was taking back what had been snatched by men, and on all accounts, that was a fair way of dealing with the aftermath of human evolution, now extinction. Wei Ying didn't quite like the way those biased faeries spoke about the fate of humans, and the animosity towards mankind rubbed him in very wrong ways - but he kept quiet and didn't interrupt Lan Zhan's narration, since the husband was merely a messenger, and he doesn't shoot innocent messengers carrying out their duties. If anything, Wei Ying surmised that he should tread carefully even in formerly civilized lands, knowing that men are no longer at the top of the food chain, and they had new masters and new rules to follow.

While walking by a river and gazing at Water Spirits thrashing in the water without fear, Wei Ying asked Lan Zhan about the his belly - because he wasn't sure how the husband was feeling with regular intakes of inputs -

absorbing all sorts of stuff until he suffered from bloatedness and gas, and ended up burping too, sometimes -, and now, as he just learned, regular outputs - creating duplicates or edited versions of what he'd absorbed or swallowed earlier. He wasn't too pleased with the fact that Lan Zhan didn't leave behind blank tiles in the wake of their journey from Qinghe to Yunmeng - being a selfish and immature Dark Arts grandmaster that he is -, but the husband assured him that what needed to be absorbed, had been absorbed, so there was nothing wrong in giving back to Mother Nature as repayment for safe passage.

“It's a bit like stealing from the rich - an act that you like so much - and then doubling the loot in smart investments - a respectable nod to your A.S.S. skills, built into your *lao gong* 's body - and your husband returns what was stolen to the poor - in which, the virtues of our family's rules are respected, on my behalf -, but keeps the portion that was stolen in the first place, because that belongs to the *lao po* ,” Lan Zhan tried to convince the spouse that his Lan-logic was fully aligned to Wei Ying's intentions, as convoluted as it may be, but fundamentally sound, reasonable and equitable, to make the wife-y happy. Wei Ying sighed and shrugged, because it was too complex to comprehend how profit could be calculated that way, and he simply left it at that, to Lan Zhan's inconspicuous relief.

One particularly gusty Water Spirit roared at the passing-by intruders ferociously, unfettered by the fact that cultivators could easily defeat it, because it no longer bore any fear towards humans; it screeched and slapped its fin-like tail and a huge splash was aimed at those unwelcome visitors. Lan Zhan immediately exuded an umbrella from his arms - like the opposite process of absorption, in which an amorphous shape of blue-white light emerges from his skin, then forms the object that is desired, and that said object materializes out of the matter-energy substance -, and shielded both of them from the splatter of muddy, churned-up river water. The husband's hand went around Wei Ying's shoulder, and the younger man was held tightly, even crushed, against the husband's strong, muscular chest, that Wei Ying could hear the strong, assuring heartbeat and smell the

slightly ripe but oh-so-masculine scent of a man who'd been walking in the summer sun for hours with him, dedicated to protect their well-being and uphold their family values.

Wei Ying smiled, and realized again how lucky he is to be married to this man, regardless of the complications that arise from their tangled relationships and their ever-evolving bodily functions and powers. He leaned in and blushed, smiling from cheek to cheek in a sheepish, kind of shy, puppy-love way, and quietly thanked the husband for being there, loving him, always and forever.

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The streets of Lotus Pier were empty, but not quite - a few *yaoguai* -infested individuals - identifiable from their unkempt appearance, messy hair, lifeless eyes and slackened, drooly jaws, and unsteady gait -, meandered about aimlessly, seeking shelter from the sunlight by hiding in rundown homes and dirty, dusty abandoned buildings. Businesses were shuttered, the floors were unswept, and weeds and wild plants flourished more than anything else - with glimpses of blood potatoes, ghost cabbages and a handful of other demonic vegetables growing in backyards and at curbsides. There were vampiric chickens too, though they stayed inside their coops or under baskets to avoid the sun and the hot, humid summer temperatures that swept through the land. The desolate, deserted scenery wasn't alien to Lan Zhan, because he'd seen thousands of such settlements, emptied out of human life, though it was rather disconcerting since this was Wei Ying's hometown.

(Lan Zhan was curious as to how a living vampiric chicken looked like. The ones he'd seen in Gui Shan were slaughtered, that is, headless, featherless

and eviscerated then cleaned. Wei Ying tsk-tsk'ed at the inexperienced and less widely-travelled man, and strutted into somebody's chicken coop. He reached into the small entrance, grimaced, then pulled out one. It looked just like any other regular chicken, except that its claws were longer for a better grip on warm-blooded mammalian prey, it hissed and spat like an angry cat, and it had a full set of serrated teeth with a pair of inch-long fangs for obvious vampiric reasons. The chicken bit at Wei Ying's hand, but the man held on, because he wanted to show the husband what an authentic native vampiric chicken looked like - Lan Zhan shivered at the sight of a smiling chicken with a full set of pearly whites around its beak, and dismissed it with a shake of his head. No thank you, he wordlessly said, and they quickly left thereafter.)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 233

“There, that’s Lao Jiang’s uncle. You know, that bully who used to be called ‘old ginger’, the one who molested Jiang Cheng when we were kids? His uncle used to run a stall collecting harvested lotus seed pods and selling them to merchants on boats sailing to further provinces upstream. The arid plains and plateaus of the northwest don’t have as many lakes as we do, and lotus turned out to be a profitable and highly sought-after venture for their family. Lao Jiang was never punished for what he did to Jiang Cheng, or any of his classmates, because his family was rich and helped to top up the coffers of our clan during times of need,” Wei Ying explained and nudged his hand to point at a bent old figure curled up in the shade against a basket of dried, desiccated and inedible lotus seed pod inside a storefront - the vendor uncle’s last shipment, probably.

Lan Zhan squinted from a safe distance to make out a mummified figure clad in rags, its body had gone stale, rotten and dehydrated in the warm summer temperatures, parched to the point where the corpse’s body was left with only skin, wiry muscles and bones. The husband appreciated that Wei Ying spent some time showing him around the town, which looked different from the last time they visited, lifetimes ago; back then, lots of buildings and landmarks had been destroyed in a wartorn version of the riverside port; this time, many features were left relatively intact and untouched, though some were rather worn out and unmaintained nor cleaned for a long while - there were plenty of dirt-covered surfaces and corners filled with cobwebs, a testament that the Pier was taken over in a rather amicable way, such as people being unknowingly possessed by sinister *yaoguai* and then gradually corrupted, then turned into demonic manifestations of human identities without causing widespread fear and panic.

There was a creaking sound, and the mummified body of Lao Jiang’s uncle turned to face the couple. He raised a sinewy arm that looked like a bone

wrapped with beef jerky, and waved at them with a skeletal smile on his face, thin cracked lips and receded gums showing fully a row of rotten teeth, the eye sockets hollow and empty, the cheeks lacking any flesh and in fact, the whole head of the man was merely his skull with a layer of dried wrinkly skin and a few strands of hair at the top. Lan Zhan shivered with disgust, and bowed quickly, before heading off. “He’s still kickin’ and alive, that old coot. I can smell with my Dark senses, he’s been having a good time with the succubus living around here, no wonder he looks so dead on such a beautiful day and more so, between the legs!” Wei Ying laughed and waved back at the mummified remains, noting that the figure wore a shirt and a pair of pants to cover the extensive damage wrought to his loins, and his body and soul, obviously.

They walked through an empty market, more rows of abandoned houses and shops, and soon, they reached the town square where the memorable fountain stood. It wasn’t running anymore, and the water that pooled beneath the lotus flower-like structure was opaque, stagnant, covered with algae and flying insects. There was a putrid stench, and Wei Ying remarked that probably somebody died and drowned beneath the fountain, and was left there to decompose and fertilize the landmark. Lan Zhan gagged a bit, covered his nose, and moved away.

Just then, Wei Ying waved his hands energetically - a ghostly apparition appeared briefly before disappearing a short distance away. It was a female spirit, Lan Zhan could tell, based on her flowy garments and the way she tied her hair with ribbons and some flowers, and she lacked legs too because none of her feet could be seen walking on the ground. The ghost blinked in and out of visibility, but did not respond to Wei Ying’s greetings. “That’s A-Hua *jiejie* ! One of the girls I used to date back when I was schooling ‘round here,” he exclaimed, and that drew the ire and a look of jealousy from the husband, “She doesn’t seem to recognize me although we exchanged flowers and notebooks once, and one summer, she actually asked me to touch her breasts and stick my fingers into her pussy when we played hide and seek, behind the tall corn fields in her father’s vegetable

patch,” Wei Ying giggled at some fond memories, and Lan Zhan’s ears reddened from listening to such salacious stories.

“Are all Jiang descendents such lustful people?” Lan Zhan wondered aloud, to his irritation, and Wei Ying signalled the husband to follow him, because the young man wanted to see what the ghost was up to. “Nah,” Wei Ying whispered, while keeping an eye out to make sure that they weren’t caught tailing an undead *gu niang* , “We’re pretty normal especially during our vibrant, lively youths. It’s just you Lans who are stuck with such cold, boring and rigid lifestyles while growing up, that’s all.” The husband snorted with scorn, and continued to observe the ghost.

The female apparition ducked into a dark, unoccupied building, and the couple watched from the doorway with morbid interest; she floated into the center of what used to be a teahouse, with its tables and chairs messily pushed to the sides, cutlery and decor broken and littered on the floor, to leave a large empty space in the middle. Then, without warning, bodiless tentacles as thick as a fully-grown man’s legs, rose like spectres from the wooden floor, glowing eerily with a greenish-blue light of the afterlife. Those tentacles resembled an octopus’, and had numerous slimy suckers on one side; the slime dripped generously to the ground, although strangely, they did not leave any puddles of sorts, which indicated that the tentacle-creature was also a kind of disembodied phantom too, and did not possess any physical, tangible body. It was akin to watching a sick horror porn flick on screen, literally.

“A-Hua *jiejie* , it’s A-Xian, do you remember me?” Wei Ying called out carelessly from the door, and Lan Zhan turned pale as a white sheet. The female ghost looked back at the spying voyeuristic couple, but did not react; instead, she undressed her robes, and naked as a maiden who lacked feet from the ankles downwards, she gingerly picked her way through the wiggling tentacles, even caressed them with her fingers, before finding a

nice spot in the center of the bunch of appendages. There, she sat down and spread her legs like a whore, and Wei Ying scoffed out loudly, “Can’t blame that wench, she’s been devoured by the monster and now she’s nothing but its sex slave, feeding what little *qi* she has left to that horrible creature every day like a snack on a plate. C’mon, *lao gong* , let’s go, there’s nothing else to see.”

Wei Ying tugged at the husband’s arm, but the latter couldn’t tear his eyes off the ghoulish and gruesome scene of many tentacles raping a maiden in the middle of the rundown teahouse. Slime-coated flesh molested her face then went into her mouth in suggestive in-and-out motions, and some left sucker marks on her nipples after energetically doing what suckers do to female breasts; the ghost moaned wantonly and audibly, and seemed to be deliriously relishing the twisted, perverse love given by the monster. Tentacles wrapped around her chest, waist and hips, as well as her limbs, maneuvering her like a sex-doll puppet by lifting her above the ground and nimbly pulling apart any defenses; it goes without saying that those kissy-suckers excitedly crawled in and out of her orifices, whether her pussy or her asshole as those tentacles scissored, pistoned and wiggled vigorously into her; her belly bloated and squirmed visibly with grotesque-looking worm-like things poking and prodding from the inside, suggesting what the monsters’ tentacles were doing to her insides while she was violated with very sexy groans and grunts. When she finally cried out with a half-smile and half-grimace, just as her body seized and bucked wildly, one could see streams of bluish lights stream from the tentacles’ suckers both in and outside her body to the roots of those appendages, indicating that she was being milked for whatever life force that’s left; still, the ghost continued to tremble and shudder uncontrollably in the throes of its undead ecstasy, until the last drops of undead *qi* was drunk by the horrendous creature from the dark, and it slid back beneath the wooden floor panels, leaving the heaving, panting female ghost in a precarious, perilous state - her body seemed to fade away from view, and her torn bra and panties seemed to blow away from a breeze unable to find any traction or cling onto the immaterial body any longer.

Lan Zhan left only after getting an eyeful of how human ghosts were consumed by the *yaoguai* , and he trotted off to catch up with his wife, who knew all about the bestiary of this fascinating race and the mechanics of how they torture, devour and find nourishment in men and women.

“Was it fun? I could tell, your pants have tented quite a bit... oh, don’t be shy and hide that away, your *lao po* knows you better than you do, so keep it there,” Wei Ying laughed when they found a bench to sit on, under the shade of an overgrown tree at the town square. So, while they talked, Wei Ying slipped a hand into the husband’s pants without asking, and gave him a nice handjob to finish the latter off, after watching such a perverse scene. Fortunately for the husband, there was no one around during mid day.

“That’s one of the Dark creatures, the tentacled kind that you always read in erotic horror stories. It usually lurks close to the seaside and frequently snatches fishermen’s wives and daughters during violent storms, dragging them down to the dark churning waters to rape them and sate its lusts, before eating them whole to quench its murderous thirst for blood and fill its belly with fresh, warm meat from the land. If you check with your relative, the Dragon King of the Seas, he could tell you if he’s lost any of these creatures from his menagerie, and send some back-up to capture and take it back to the Eastern Coastal Seas.

However, this individual must’ve crept its way here through the Great Lakes and its riverways, since corruption is widespread from east to west resulting in the weakening of natural barriers for demons and vengeful creatures to find their way here, in the heart of a human settlement. It must’ve befriended the Water Spirits to have reached this place, who also hate humans by the way and would gladly assist it to climb on land, and found the Pier to be full of tasty morsels for its taking.

Creatures of the land can run and escape from its tentacle-y grasp, and this individual can only emerge, ambush and snatch victims when they're immobile, or better yet, willingly presented for consumption. If I'm not wrong, this creature could have sought the help of the *yaoguai* that infiltrated the town early on, and brought many fine maidens to the teahouse, where it has made its den. The maidens would have their feet sliced off by blade-like teeth hidden inside the suckers, then injected with mind-altering poisons not unlike that one afflicting my brother right now, and they would spend days being raped and eaten by those tentacles until their life energies have been depleted and their bodies ravaged until only ghostly apparitions are left. Even so, the Teahouse Monster does not let its victims go, and continues to summon them whenever there is hunger and vengeful feelings welling up from within, that must be sated by the flesh of maidens.

That's why, the ghosts, like poor A-Hua *jiejie* are a shadow of their former selves; the tentacles have completely sucked her brains, consciousness and intelligence, so she doesn't remember me, let alone being a human anymore; she lives on, barely, as a spectre that passively absorbs *qi* during the day only to be called back to the teahouse periodically to have her life-energies milked out to feed the demon, so she exists solely to serve food to her master, the Teahouse Monster."

Lan Zhan groaned in having his penis stroked wonderfully by expert hands, but managed to ask, "That's a sad, meaningless existence. Should we do something about it?"

Wei Ying stilled in mid-stroke and gripped the angry-red penis so hard, that Lan Zhan saw stars in his vision because it felt too awesome to be pained, and pleased from having his surging ejaculation and those marvellous

cresting sensations stopped and squeezed of their living daylights. “What?” he remarked with ridicule, “And deprive you of a source of porn? Of course not! Let the *yaoguai* and the local demons do what they want to do, this is their world now, not ours. We’re here to be entertained and to enjoy their fruits of pleasure, if anything,” then, without warning, Wei Ying shoved the husband’s trousers to the dusty ground together with his underwear, and he eyed at the bouncing turgid, very, very hard organ that pointed to the sky, “Now sit back and relax. Your wife’s gonna have his fair share of nom-noms after catching the husband watching a dirty porn flick,” he added.

Lan Zhan sighed and decided to let things slide, since this was Wei Ying’s hometown, and the wife knows best. So he leaned back, tilted his head upward to count how many brown leaves on the tree’s foliage, and drying fruits still clinging onto the branches, while getting a fantastic blowjob that promised to unload his swollen loins of a few more spoonfuls of man-milk, interspersed with howls of utmost pleasure, and shouts of curses in seven Gusu dialects.

Not too far away, a few more *gu niang* without feet and shoes drifted past and made a beeline for the teahouse, while in a back-alley, one could barely catch glimpses of succubus dressed in normal everyday clothes riding on helpless, squirming mummified naked male bodies on the dirty littered ground, and elsewhere, there were cries of men and women that were soon drowned out by the sounds of summer cicadas and the drone of flying insects from the festering fountain pool.

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“*Lao gong , lao gong* , look, Ernie’s taken some pictures using his virulent particles at the hospital’s maternity ward. *Shijie* has given birth to four

healthy baby girls and a boy! They look just like you and me, with a bit of her... and I think A-Yao *gege* too?" Wei Ying said as he proudly showed his holo-phone to the husband. Lan Zhan fed the younger man a piece of grilled chicken with a pair of chopsticks, and at the same time, the wife popped in a piece of fried tofu on a fork, dipped in plum sauce, to the husband's waiting open mouth.

The couple dined like romantic lovers whenever none of the women were around to cook for them over a campfire stove, such as that day; the sun was setting and they still haven't explore most of the western district of the Pier, because Wei Ying was keen to show the husband the various famous buildings, landmarks and people that were still alive in one way or another, and eventually, they strolled into an empty inn to stay for the night. The inn has a no-cooking policy in their rooms, and Wei Ying didn't want to start a fire and accidentally burn down the rather historical, centuries-old building inherited from the Jiang forefathers - so, after Lan Zhan whispered to the air around the reception, there was a brief shrill sigh and a series of reluctant moans, and ghosts appeared to float out of the lobby. Wei Ying remarked that he felt some strange presence, such as eyes peering at them from afar, and thought the place was haunted - but it was his first time witnessing the husband politely asking the resident local spirits to vacate the place for the night, after negotiations that involved donating a few jars of blood wine and demonic vegetables from Gui Shan village to the homeless, marauding spirits; the couple watched, quite mesmerized, at the sight of wine jars, and a handful of fruits dripping with blood, lettuce and turnips that squeal and shriek cursed words, and a whole deep-fried vampiric chicken drifting out of the inn's doorway, one by one, until everything and everyone left, leaving the two in peace.

Dinner was a couple of Wangxian's self-heating ready-to-eat meals, with rice and chicken for Wei Ying, and noodles with vegetarian dishes with egg for Lan Zhan; the first thing they always do on romantic candlelit dinners like this was to exchange their mealboxes, and feed each other lovingly as

they chat about the day's events, scroll through their holo-phones to catch-up on personal mail and feeds, or watch a sappy movie together.

“I thought Ru Lan is celebrating his eighth birthday this weekend, and he has younger brothers whose birthdays are spaced in-between almost one per week. Is she still trying to make more of him?”

Wei Ying shrugged and swallowed the grilled chicken piece; it was a bit chewy due to being heated up for too long in the steaming meal box, but the seasoning was good and the taste was chock full of umami goodness. “Beats me. She keeps complaining that she's disturbed by dreams of Jin Ling in her sleep, because those memories derived from Jiang Cheng are pretty vivid and strong. No matter how many births she's had using Lianfang Zun's seed, she can't seem to make the Jin Ling from her dreams, apparently,” he said, and habitually, checked their surroundings for any flying insects; mosquitoes and biting bugs are common in the outdoors during summertime, though he had already cast his special bug spray spell mixed with an enclosed bubble of the husband's sandalwood incense to keep the suite room clear of such annoyances.

“That's logical,” the husband murmured, and opened his mouth to wordlessly ask for a chunk of hard-boiled egg, in which the wife casually picked one sandwiched with bean sprouts stir-fried in soy sauce, “Jin Guangyao is made of memories from my older brother, who didn't have much in-depth interaction with Jin Ling even while he was alive. His seed wouldn't yield a real true-blooded Jin descendent inside Yan Li, much less one of the late Jin Zixuan's. A-Yao *gege* 's relation with Zixuan isn't that close as well, so the chances of anything born with the latter's features is extremely slim.” Wei Ying barked out a rude laughter - a couple slivers of half-chewed chicken flew out -, and snickered something about a peacock and its progeny going extinct from being hunted by carnivores.

Lan Zhan dabbed a napkin on the younger man's mouth, but he ignored that and instead, placed a fisted hand on his heart, "You know, it pains my heart to hear that my *shijie* is cheating on me... but then again, I'm cheating on her every night too, right, *lao gong*?" Wei Ying leaned forward and gave a lightning-quick peck on Lan Zhan's lips. Mmm, grilled greasy and over-salted teriyaki flavour. Delish, the older man licked his lips in automatic response.

The husband was combing through his mind for clever comebacks to the wife's flirtatious remarks, when Wei Ying's floating holo-phone sounded a familiar *ding* ! Wei Ying excitedly swiped a finger through the holographic panel to scroll past a number of posts, files and media attachments, having forgotten to feed the husband his next bite. Lan Zhan sighed, and put down his chopsticks because he knew that their mealtimes are often interrupted especially when Wei Ying has his holo-phone switched on - someday, he thought, he should write a new family rule to ban the use of holo-phones at the dining table.

The inn's suite room was dark except for a couple of candles and a lamp at a corner - there were no other occupants, there was no running water nor any source of heat and light either; fortunately Lan Zhan came fully equipped with his own home, so they have a Water spell-powered showerhead imported from Jinshan, a bunch of Fire spell-powered torches ready on hand, and more snacks and cup noodles direct from Jinshan supermarket that he'd built inside his body - at least a duplicate of it. He was ready to summon any furniture to the wife's liking, however, Wei Ying remarked, after checking the room's condition before moving in, that the king-sized bed and a table and some chairs, with lotus-themed decor, plus an attached bathroom still with its soap and shampoo and towel set, was sufficient for a night's stay.

“Oh! Look, Ernie’s just sent another video feed,” Wei Ying bounced on the floor and nearly knocked over Lan Zhan’s vegetarian mealbox, his face lit up with greenish and bluish hues from the holo-phone’s screenlight, “Wow, Wen Qing’s scored three girls and three A-Yuans this time. See? The nurses have put pastel blue wristbands on the boys, and they all spell ‘Lan Si Zhui’... that’s crazy! I don’t quite like her in bed and her impulsive, clingy attitude in general, but she’s really having a blast blowing up the *yaoguai*’s population here.” Lan Zhan had to admit, the infants all look the same to him - wrinkly, red, squashed, chubby, and quite a handful.

“A-Yuan’s eleven this week, and I heard rumours that he also has younger siblings. There’s still more?” the husband responded, and pushed their half-eaten mealboxes aside, because they were getting cold and surely the wife wouldn’t find cooled foods appetizing; so he reached into his sleeves out of habit, and pulled out a tray of warmed *baozi* and rice dumplings containing a variety of colourful and sweet and savoury fillings, that is, fast food of the Middle Kingdom circa 2000 B.C.

Wei Ying snatched a yummy dumpling as large as a spoon and ate it in a single bite, and he scoffed, “Huh! Ask your older brother, dear husband o’ mine. My second wife must’ve picked up vibes that I still missed A-Yuan, but for her to seduce then whore herself out to Zewu Jun and to keep trying making perfect A-Yuans to match my memories...”, he shook his head in bewilderment, “That’s just plain creepy, right? I mean, sure, I keep sending signals that I don’t love her as much, but now she’s using these adorable A-Yuan wannabes to steal my heart by forcing your older brother to bed her!”

Lan Zhan nodded in vehement agreement. He didn’t like the idea of holding the Lan brothers hostage by forcing the older of the Twin Jades to father children inside a woman that they do not love, then threatening the woman’s target of pursuit to accept those children for the sake of the man’s memories of a sweet child, and the said man’s relationship with the Lan,

particularly the younger brother. It's a vicious cycle multiplied by many evil sins, and in the end, no one was comfortable with the entire arrangement, with innocent A-Yuans in the equation or not.

Nevertheless, Lan Zhan was curious of how the latest progeny of his elder brother looked like, so he peered at the phone's screen closely, while taking a bite of a meat dumpling. "They don't look like Si Zhui," he concluded in dismay, "They may be as calm as my older brother and not bawling like the girls, but their faces do not match with the original person's appearance. I raised Si Zhui on my own for sixteen years, so I know how he looks from a little child till a grown-up." With that, the husband abandoned the screen and focused on a baozi with sweet bean filling. There was no real love between human parent and a child of *yaoguai* blood, not when such children, famous or not, have been mass-produced to the point of absurdity, where names are alike and so are the faces, that those babes might as well be sold as commodity and no one would even bat an eyelid.

"She's desperate, I guess," Wei Ying kissed Lan Zhan another time on the cheek, for no particular reason other than, in Lan Zhan's belief, a gesture of gratitude for holding on during those tough sixteen years as a young single father, "She thinks that as long as there is Wen blood in the child, mix it with any Lan *da ge* 's, then there's a possibility he'll grow up to be A-Yuan. She forgot that there should be a bit of Wei *niang niang* in there, besides a Lan *er diedie* ." A crease in the eye, and a wink. If it wasn't for the scent of sandalwood which brings up boring sentiments and memories, Wei Ying would've dragged the man to the bed and have a frolicky good time in-between dinner bites.

Lan Zhan looked away and tried to hold back a silly lovestruck grin. His ears turned red as beets, and he gave an indignant snort to protect whatever manly and husbandly pride he still has left. He held out a steamed minced pork dumpling with pickled vegetables in it.

Wei Ying made a *rawr* noise with his pearly whites bared, and bit into the morsel heartily.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 234

“Wei Ying... is this... is this necessary?” Lan Zhan asked the next morning, as he shivered in the nude; his pants had been stolen again, inside the bathroom. Wei Ying gladly peeled off the rest of the husband’s pyjamas, and cast it aside to where the semen-smudged garments were, in a messy pile - the couple had a wonderful gay lovers’ tryst overnight, which resulted in Lan Zhan becoming absolutely relaxed, complacent and unaware that there was an intruder in their midst until it was too late.

A couple of steps away, Wen Ning grinned and carried the pile of soiled clothes in his arms. “Lan *er gongzi* , you don’t have to worry about anything! My *jiejie* has made arrangements at the Jiang family mansion, so as long as we arrive as scheduled at sundown, the ceremony will proceed smoothly!”

Lan Zhan would willingly entrust his pants, even his life, to this kind fierce corpse, were it not for the double-irises that appear on the eyes, and now he was fearful that he’d never see his pants, nor the light of another day. The man truly believed that Wen Ning arrived unannounced at the inn as part of a heist to kidnap him, with or without his pants, to a cursed, Dark ritual that he wasn’t too keen on.

Wei Ying, on the other hand was too busy to answer every anxious question thrown from the husband - because his response would be obvious anyway -, and his bright smile said it all. “Just follow what Wen Ning tells you to do! He’s been through a similar experience with his sister’s wedding, and knows the Jiang family’s marriage customs well enough! It’s an honour to welcome you to the family this way, so just go with the flow!” he called out from the bedroom as though the entire situation was another game to play, then drew a vertical line in front of him, as tall as a man in height, leaving a

golden slit floating in thin air. With a gentle push, one side of the two-door portal opened, like parting a piece of thick curtain, and Wen Ning strode through with that armful of dirtied clothes and pants.

“Wen Ning, put those away for tonight’s ceremony. There are shelves in there, so just pick one that’s empty. While you’re in there, can you look into the other shelves, and pick out some jeweled accessories, nice hairpieces, and other matching bracelets, necklaces, rings, earrings and all that, of the colours red, purple, gold and silvers? Just like how it was, during your sister’s wedding,” he dictated a list of things he would like to see for the ritual, and Wen Ning responded with a gleeful ‘Enn!’ from the inside of the portal - actually, an extra-spatial closet and storeroom. This was followed by sounds of clanging pots, rustling of fabrics, tinkling of glass pieces and other fragile items, even the grinding noises of metal and rock scraping against each other - because Wei Ying’s underground closet was as cluttered and messy as any other young bachelor’s in those day and age.

Back in the bathroom, Lan Zhan was both embarrassed and horrified when another intruder warped in without making a sound - the presence was heavy with ill-intent, mixed with the acrid sourness of psychosis. Huaisang, who appeared from behind, lifted up the showerhead, and with a quick activation of a Water spell, a mini-rainstorm fell from above. He laughed like a hyena and made sure Lan Zhan choked and coughed at the sudden onslaught of powerful jets and bucketfuls of lukewarm water dunked onto him; and before he could ask the crazy lunatic to stop, suddenly he was attacked by fingers and sponge scrubs; it was ticklish and Lan Zhan had to instead stifled his screams and laughter. “Lan *er gongzi* , please let A-Sang clean you! A-Sang loves to clean men! If A-Sang doesn’t clean, *gege* will clean A-Sang’s brains again! Ha ha ha ha ha!” the shorter man yelled with such anger and yet he continued to guffaw with such torment in his hiccupy, crying voice, and for the second time that morning, Lan Zhan was fearful for his life.

Then, a complete ricochet of mood swings happened, and Nie Huaisang, who was completely soaked by the wildly spinning showerhead hovering near the ceiling, calmed down. He sashayed to the front of the panic-stricken man, then fluttered his eyes and smiled the most crooked smile he'd ever seen. He moaned in a very unmanly way, “ *Er gongzi* , it's your big evening tonight, and you must look as prim and proper as best as you can, as a man and later atop the creaking bed.” Lan Zhan held his breath, partly to avoid inhaling water cascading from the top, and from staring at blackened eyes that had no irises. He scanned the rest of Huaisang's body, garbed in standard iron greys and matted browns, and realized both sides of his cranium bore the scars of ugly gashes. He probably paled at that point, because Nie Huaisang was essentially brain-dead.

Then, Huaisang whipped out an unmistakably glinting, pocket-sized shaving blade from his soaking wet sleeves, and whispered, “... That includes getting a good shave *down there* ...”

(there was a brief blood-curdling “Aiieeeee!” , but by then, the bathroom door had closed by itself with a crispy *click!* , and the shower was turned up to the max, and all other sounds were drowned out by echoes of splashing waterfalls.)

Outside the bathroom of a man and a crazed killer, Wei Ying busied himself by packing a knapsack of his personal possessions. He'd receive an urgent Fairy Messenger call at daybreak, that Jiang Yan Li and Wen Qing had returned from the maternity hospital to the Jiang family mansion the night before, and somehow, the entire family decided to throw a larger, more revelous welcome party of sorts instead of just a plain reunion dinner upon the scheduled arrival of Wei Ying and Lan Zhan. The two ladies made it clear to the Jiang grand-patriarch and grand-matriarch that the two men were deeply in love, because they'd seen with their own eyes how faithful and loving they were to each other, despite of the many family members

and other lovers surrounding them - so, surely, a festive event to commemorate and to celebrate their relationship was in order. After that, there was a flurry of Fairy Messenger calls and messages sent back and forth between different parties located in different parts of the country, and Wei Ying had been engrossed in coordinating the needed activities, leaving the husband a little lost right after a simple breakfast of bread, eggs and soy milk on the bed.

“Wei *gongzi* , look, look, what do you think?” Wen Ning rummaged the closet within the portal, and came out with arms filled with embroidered treasure boxes and jewelled accessories - including the set that Lan Zhan had bought lifetimes ago from a Silk Road caravan that costed them two gold bars in their early blissfully wedded days at the Burial Mounds - the *gongzi* ’s face melted into a giddy smile, and Wen Ning remarked that ‘this very beautiful and precious set must’ve been gifted by Lan *er gongzi* , because I know you’ll not spend on such fancy and frivolous things on yourself, and only the *er gongzi* will, only for you - so you better wear this tonight as a symbol to cherish your love, and look your best at your wedding night!’. Wei Ying couldn’t agree more, and ordered Wen Ning to put them into the knapsack, where he’ll bring over to his family mansion and prepare for his big evening with the help of his two existing wives.

“Also, the Bushland Faeries, our new neighbours, have commissioned their talented grassplains spiders to weave the most beautiful wedding dress, the Water Spirits shall dig up precious gemstones from the riverbed to adorn the ceremonial grounds, and the succubus are making the most elegant headdress with the help of a many-tentacled friend from the teahouse. It’ll be perfect!” Wen Ning quipped and clapped his hands in pure unbridled joy.

Just then, there was another set of *fwip!* ’s, and the Venerated Triad warped in with such grace, that the air remained relatively still in the room even with the introduction of those three very powerful individuals. They were in

their full military armour, uniforms and regalia, and for a brief second, Wei Ying, still in his jammies, felt very underdressed - but there was nothing to worry about, because soon, they would be, formally, one great big happy family. Somewhere in the far distance, the arrival of the triad triggered its own weather system, greeted by a deafening crack of lightning and thunder outside of the Pier.

Wei Ying made an exuberant ‘whoopie!’ with fists pumped up into the air, because everything was falling into place as planned. “The bridegroom’s family is here... good, very good!” he exclaimed and from the floor, he picked up the ornate basket that the Venerated Triad had presented to him and Jiang Yan Li aeons ago as a symbol of alliance between the two *yaoguai* factions of the East and West; it was empty since the contents had been hand-delivered by his *shijie* when their return trip too took long, and Yan Li had the ability to travel through vast distances in space instantaneously anyway. “Chifeng Zun, Lianfang Zun, Zewu Jun,” he bowed energetically with the basket in hand, “Wei Wu Xian greets you a marvellous day on this auspicious event for our families’ union!”. Wen Ning peeked from behind and grovelled to the floor, Huaisang did the same too when the bathroom door flew open, and the crazed man dropped the spongy scrub, while Lan Zhan was clueless as to what to do, dripping and soaking wet in embarrassment in the nude inside a wooden tub with his pubic hair half-shaved, and an activated showerhead hovering and spinning above his head.

“At ease,” Chifeng Zun muttered and barked out a laughter, “Let us *gege* take care of the matters here from the bridegroom’s side. Wei Wu Xian, you’d best make haste to your family’s home and wait for us at sundown, dressed in your finest and as red as the blood that shall unite our families!”

“Ah, you have the basket, just as what your Fairy Messenger spell said,” Lianfang Zun smiled broadly and took the said woven container from Wei

Ying's hand, "We'll fill it with dowry gifts fit for princes that are wedded to distant lands, and shall meet you with pomp and fanfare with an entourage of merrymakers steeped in the cultures of our clans." The short, though slender and elegant-looking man raised his other hand to show a large, heavy and richly-embroidered bag with sabers and peony patterns stitched on the cloth.

"A-Zhan, oh, look at you, you poor thing," Zewu Jun was already at the bathroom's doorway, having not met each other for a while, "Huaisang, that's enough for now. Prepare the towels and the attire for the ceremony. A-Yao has brought the royal bridegroom clothes for him and he must be properly prepared and dressed for the occasion. The three of us shall make sure A-Zhan will be cleaned and purified from the inside out, as dictated by the traditions of the inter-sect unions." The showerhead was deactivated, and fell to the tiled floor with an empty thud.

The Venerated Triad crowded around the poor naked husband and they started to undress too, eager to take a bath with him and quietly, complete the shaving of the poor victimized man's - the groom-to-be - frizzled pubes.

Wei Ying wasted no time, because he knew that he also needed to go through some Jiang family rituals back at home in the Lotus Hall, and put on garments, ribbons and robes donned with glittering reds, purples and golds. So, he quickly excused himself and made a dash to the room's entrance door with his filled knapsack, but not before sending an embarrassing flying kiss at the direction of his dripping wet, half-shaven husband. Then, at the doorway, he called out to his best buddy and wingman, "Wen Ning! Make sure you also pick out some presents for A-Yuan and A-Ling and put them in the basket too, we'll also be celebrating their birthweeks, so I want to make sure there is reason for double celebrations!"

“Ho, ho ho! Make that triple!” a shirtless and tremendously muscular, masculine, hairy-chested General Nie announced as he brushed his moustache and stroked his beard, to everyone’s surprise; even Wei Ying stopped in his tracks and turned around to tune in to the greatest of the three, “Just yesterday, we’ve liberated Gusu, so that makes three provinces that have fallen to our hands thus far - Qinghe, Lanling and Zewu Jun’s hometown. We’ll be bringing cartloads of blooded rice wine from my city, tons of gold and diamonds from A-Yao *didi*’s hometown as part of the dowry, and huge jars of Emperor Smiles freshly loaded from Gusu, so tell the Jiang family to bring out the cups, for we shall celebrate until the moon is drunken with the stars!”

“Woo-hoo!” Wei Ying cheered in exuberant joy and agreement, as he left the room. Happy Huaisang wiped himself dry with a towel and joined grinning Wen Ning at the dining table in their victory jigs in anticipation of the best night of the never-ending summer. Shortly after the excitement died down - because there was much to be done! -, the two worked hard to sort out the bag of goodies brought by Lianfang Zun - there were many sparkling and glittering pieces to be sorted out, and they had to prepare Lan Zhan’s bridegroom suit and robes so that indeed, the man would look his best that memorable night.

With the two servant-like men handling the bulk of the chores, the Venerated Triad enjoyed taking advantage of their *didi*, whom they’ve missed since he left the Nie stronghold fortress many moons ago. Lan Zhan couldn’t really speak although he wouldn’t mind applauding for the cause for triple festivities, because soon, he was forced to go through what he had experienced earlier that season, that is, having his loins violently raped and overheated by a terribly talented blowjob with a forked tongue by Lianfang Zun at the front, his buttocks parted and his innards speared lovingly by his real blood- *gege* from behind. When his legs turned into jelly within moments from the very familiar, instinctual tasty sexual assault that he had

to endure in the bathroom, and he couldn't stand properly in the splashing wooden tub, Chifeng Zun lent a hand to carry him up and spread his legs wider, then letting the two younger members of the triad sensually attack his genitals until Lan Zhan grunted Unnhs and Aaahns, whilst the oldest, wisest and strongest, captured the man's lips and soon, his puffed-up nipples were groped and molested like a real man's.

Lan Zhan drowned, drowned in the pleasures of mens' love, three at a time, triple the climaxes, and thrice the incredible, explosive orgasms from his shuddering body, to the rhythm of 'A-Zhan, A-Zhan, open up, open, let *gege* clean you from the inside out, drinking your sweet nectar until not even a drop is left'. The man gradually regressed to the A-Zhan that the triad loved and missed so dearly, and soon, he was crying out with mindless pleasure, because when his *gege* started fucking his ass so fast and deep, it was too much, too hot, that he started spilling pre-cum recklessly like pee, so he thrust his hips to the fore to lessen the abuse in his ass, and then Lianfang Zun gleefully welcomed the wildly-jerking organ deeper into his massaging throat, and lovingly shoved the quadruple-forked tongue through the defenceless pee slit served straight into the demon's palate. A-Zhan's eyes rolled to the back when his prostates were vacuumed out in seconds by the four-piston engine that powered the tongues, and soon, his balls were purified too, with two tongues each, until they shrivelled into raisins, then gently filled up foamy bubbles, sucked to the last drop again, then filled up once more, and doused with swirling poisoned saliva like a spinning washing machine with extra detergent, before every last drop was sucked and swallowed one more time, and those dying testes became mere leathery husks, no longer fertile nor functional. Chifeng Zun commented that A-Zhan really missed his *gege* s so much, because he's been quiet and docile ever since they arrived, and obeyed their commands very well.

"There's a bed over there, brothers," General Nie groaned because he had slipped his own arousal into the man's over-stretched ass and jostled well with Zewu Jun's dick for some breathing space inside the hapless man's rectum, and it felt heavenly to be squeezed by A-Zhan's warm, pulsating

rump, “Let’s dry him up and make sure we clean his insides and give him a wipe-down”. A-Zhan, now incoherent, semi-conscious and incontinent as a fool - because even as they carried him to the bed, Lianfang Zun happily continued to drink and blow bubbles with his lips still vigorously bobbing between the man’s legs, and A-Zhan couldn’t help but let go of his bladder because he was already numb to the gangbang sexual assault, and he’d lost control of all muscles in the lower part of his body, from shuddering hips, peeing penis that pulsed with explosive orgasms one after the other, balls that kept rising and throbbing from excruciating soul-draining orgasmic pleasure then drooping lifelessly after that, paralyzed and in testicular coma, thighs that shook involuntary with each powerful deep thrust of *gege* s’ penises, toes that curled and uncurled as fast as he tried to catch his breath.

Once the three brothers and their lovely *didi* were on the bed with plenty of tasty moans, growls, and creaking mattresses, the silky curtains that hung from the canopy above were drawn in to block out the light, so as to let the triad have their delicious way with their prey, undisturbed inside the deserted inn’s most opulent and luxurious suite. Delirious, A-Zhan wondered distantly if there was a wedding ceremony he really should prepare for, but that thought was thrown out out of the window, literally, when Chifeng Zun cast a space-time bubble around them, foretelling a wonderful orgy that would last for twenty-four thousand orgasms for each two, whether seconds or minutes; it didn’t matter, the three Generals had all the time they want to play with A-Zhan’s genitals and make sweet love to the beloved *didi* until sundown. Certainly, A-Zhan would be thoroughly cleaned and sterilized from the inside out, thus meeting the requirements for a purified man to be wedded during the most important day of his life.

There would be plenty of whispers of “Oh, *didi* , you feel so nice around this *gege* ’s dick, your cute puckered anus squeezes *gege* so well, so let *gege* take your manhood as many times as *gege* wants now, before he hands you to your new family,” “ *Didi* , shoot it out, shoot out all that you can, because after tonight, *gege* cannot freely taste your seed anymore unless

you sneak out of your bedroom on rare occasions and the three of us shall wait patiently for your lovely voice to bed you once again,” and “Sweetcakes, shake those hips some more, shake your body and scream like a real man with the Venerated Triad’s triple penises lodged deep inside you, spurting our passions endlessly inside your male garden, because *gege* knows you feel very good and your face looks so silly, you’re really enjoying this, aren’t you? After this, you may be living with your new family, and you won’t be able to go wild like this... so *didi* sweetcakes, let *gege* hear you moan like *gege*’s lover...”

A-Zhan would be lovingly prepared for his wedding by his three brothers, who represent the bridegroom’s side of the family, along with two male servants. It is, they say, a way to celebrate the couple’s return to Yunmeng in a grand way, in conjunction with other auspicious events - a formal ceremony to solidify the ties between Wei Ying and Lan Zhan in the eyes of the *yaoguai* society, the joyful birthweeks of two particularly precious *yaoguai* sons, and now, a victory celebration on the latest string of triumphs for the movement of the free *yaoguai* .

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 235

It was a good thing that Lan Zhan was fed with some Emperor Smiles, as suggested by the sly Lianfang Zun, before he was hoisted and piggybacked all the way to the Jiang family mansion on his brother, Zewu Jun's back. In his inebriated state, drooling on his *gege*'s shoulders like a drunken baby, grinning with hooded eyes like a vampiric chicken with its full set of pearly whites, he was very docile and tame, and very willing to listen and carry out instructions as given by everyone during the ceremony. The entire scene played out like a nightmare, with parts blacked and blurred out, whilst others, simply made no sense, but he played along anyway because he was intoxicated to the bone. It also helped that his useless loins felt lighter than a feather, so he felt float-y all the way, with nary a worry creasing the brows or a blip of nervousness on his face on his big wedding night.

The traditions of the marriage ceremony resemble that of the ancient Middle Kingdom, however, certain rituals are twisted or perverted by the *yaoguai* to suit their culture and practical needs; one must remember that the *yaoguai* will never respect the laws of Men, thus, they gladly corrupt age-old customs with impunity.

Wen Ying spent a good amount of time sprucing up his looks in his old bedroom, helped out by his wives and daughters, such as to comb his hair, to put on the elegant headdress made hand-made by the Teahouse Monster and the succubus *gu niang*s, to don the beautiful, princely wedding robes with rich layers of reds and purple, adorned by the set of jewelled accessories gifted by Lan Zhan many lifetimes ago, to put on gem-encrusted shoes gifted by the Water Spirits who also scattered gemstones and precious metals all over the Jiang family mansion grounds - it was an opulent ceremony, Yan Li commented, though Wen Qing's was far more elaborate and grander in scope - the latter hmph'ed with arrogance and

started to regale the others in the room about her own wedding stories, to no one's attention.

Jiang Fengmian and Madam Yu knocked on the door and checked up on their stepson's preparations. In this altered reality where *yaoguai* resurrected deceased persons of the past and take control of their identities, the two behaved like any cookie-cutter grandparents - they're nice, pleasant and sometimes forgetful, thus they rely on the servants to do their bidding, and they have absolutely no knowledge about the events from sixteen years past, because the Jiang Sect Leader previously wished for 'I just want a happy family' with no other details given when wishing upon a *yaoguai* star, so to speak. If anything, the old couple merely stood around to watch the procession, to give their blessings and to make sure everyone in the family mansion remained happy, as superficial as that may sound.

That made Wei Ying happy, of course, because Madam Yu wasn't the fierce old lady who threw plates and sticks at him, and Jiang Fengmian didn't need to make any tough decisions for the family - that was Jiang Cheng's role -, so he merely kept an eye out for any flaring tempers and would gladly order any rebels or protestors to keep their mouths shut. Madam Yu fussed over Wei Ying's hair, and asked the two wives to go and see to their own children so that she could put some finishing touches on Wei Ying's make-up - red needed to be painted on his lips, and shades of reds and exotic purples on the eyes as well. Jiang Fengmian laughed with his deep baritone voice at his wife's antics, and remarked that the entire protocol was reversed, in that Wei Ying and Lan Zhan had been happily married since the beginning of time - metaphorically speaking - had children of their own and lived their own lives, and now, they were to be formally wedded with Wei Ying's stepmother still fussing over the son's - the bride's - looks. Madam Yu shushed her husband and said that sarcasm and snarky comments were prohibited on auspicious days like this, but Jiang Fengmian simply laughed that off and continued to entertain the people in the room with his light, frivolous banter. More servants filed into the bedroom, with beautiful cloth

pieces, more accessories and other things necessary for the upcoming rituals.

(In the meantime, Yan Li and Wen Qing went to the next bedroom to check on A-Yuan and A-Ling. They were rather annoyed that the kids were still practising making babies with their older sisters instead of bathing and dressing up. However, seeing how their *jiejie* s, who sleep in the same bedroom as them although born of different half-fathers - and have been playing with and sensually touching the boys' erogenous zones and genitals since birth -, patiently teach the two adolescents how to insert their weewees excitedly into the girls' waiting, wet, tight eager flowerbuds, then guiding them to perform the right techniques of moving their hips at the most pleasurable tempo - a group of *jiejie* s and *meimei* s waiting for their turn to be bedded by the two lucky boys clapped their hands to the rhythm of a nursery rhyme, to help the boys do their in-outs in perfect synchrony, like an aerobics class -, and at the perfect angle of attacking fucks - soft, delicate feminine hands held the boys' waists and gently pushed their hips down, then grind a few circles clockwise before going counter-clockwise, then pulling back up with a wet, satisfying plop, while murmuring 'remember to keep doing it like this, don't be naughty and start drawing strange circles and stars with your wee-wee inside *jiejie* , okay?' -, after that, enjoying a few rounds of adults-only heavy petting and mutual masturbations with those lovely no-longer-innocent boys.

It wasn't uncommon to find the boys lying on the bed, enjoying erotic kisses on the lips, lewd nippleplay with tongues, and have at least three young girls servicing each exposed, defenceless penis, one sucking the length, and the other two pleasuring the testicles at one each until those child-eggs spasmed because there is nowhere else to hide from those savagely sexy *jiejie* s, and they're forced to unwillingly milk themselves empty in tasty testicular orgasms that young boys shouldn't experience at such a tender young age. The pedophilic harem engaged in erotic games and sexual intercourse that the boys have the privilege to delight in before their bodies were ready, that their penises jerked wildly inside those tight

fleshy living female cocksleeves, while moaning and grunting very inappropriately, as they mounted their *jiejie* s missionary style just like they were taught by their sisters, with their tiny hands grasping desperately at growing mounds that would soon lactate and squirt sweet milk.

The two boys huffed and puffed tirelessly, and let marvellous tingles run up and down their spines and trained their convulsing pelvises to savour what it's like to 'orgasm' inside fertile *jiejie* s for the first times in their tender young lives; until one of them accidentally slipped out with a cry - because that boy is a crybaby and wants his penis to always feel good -, still shooting seedless clear fluids that only eight-year old boys make for their older sisters. So, one *jiejie* grabbed the helpless organ from behind and simply peeled back the foreskin of that shuddering penis to reveal the prized strawberry, gave it a sweet drippy kiss of 'you've done well', then another girl kissed the boy's cheek to make him feel better with a whisper of 'you're a good boy, but it slipped out because it felt too good, didn't it? So you must be brave and put it back in, and keep pumping your hips, just like a good boy that you are, okay?', in which the hiccuping, tearing red-faced boy 'Enn's cutely with a nod, while in the throes of his interrupted climax, and one of the girls slipped that very hard, twitching pinkie-length penis back into the boy's lovergirl's cunny, to complete his orgasm, all twenty powerful twitches and pulsing shots, inside the juiciest, freshest and tightest hot preteen vagina, where it belongs, close to kissing a descending, pulsing hungry womb.

On the other side of the bed, the sexually-flushed eleven-year old was more experienced and had started fathering babies since a couple of years ago, so he had no problems of slipping out, and kept orgasming sweetly with child-like roars and howls as he ejaculated his twenty rich spurts to claim yet another cunny as his own, and another bun baking in the oven. He grunted energetically, full of vitality and youth, and shortly after he withdrew - still hard, wanting and leaking virginal semen -, he effortlessly shuffled to the side to find another *jiejie* lying down on her back, waiting with her thighs spread, her hands rubbing her pea-sized clitty while fingering her cunny to

make it juicier, welcoming and warm for the horny, lustful and sex-hazed boy, beaming with drunken smile. She moaned, ‘come, come little *didi* , you look like you haven’t had enough yet. Come inside this *jiejie* and let *jiejie* squeeze-squeeze to keep you feeling good. You like to feel good down there and squirt your white pee inside *jiejie* ’s flowerbud, don’t you?’, in which the eleven-year old boy ‘Enn’s cutely as well, and settles down between her legs, to the soft cheers and kisses peppering his cheeks and body from the other sisters on the bed, as they celebrate the boy’s yet another deflowering, fingers snaking down to play with his tired grape-sized balls until they convulsed in mini-testicular orgasms, and even slid fingertips into his well-rubbed anus to massage that lil’ walnut gland until the boy groaned so lovingly, his face molested by rising and kneaded soft mounds of sweet milky breasts, that he opened his mouth carelessly and stuck out his tongue like a wild horndog, and was fed by one of the *jiejie* ’s titties and he suckled, oh he drank so hard from the pink puffy nipples while electricity danced along his penis, endearingly grasped, milked and played by *jiejie* ’s thick, tight hot vaginal walls, sucking him in deeper, ensnaring him hard against the entrance to her underaged but fertile womb, coaxing the boy to shoot, shoot again his newborn sperm boiling up from his excited, pleased, contracting testicles.

The two mothers sighed heavily in resignation, and summoned more of their daughters to aid the incorrigible sons who had become addicted to the taste, smell and sight of females and their flowerbuds before fully reaching puberty. They needed to get the lust out of the boys’ systems so that they could properly prepare themselves for their birthweek celebrations, after all, one being a charming mature eleven-year old and the other, a lively precocious eight. A bit later, the mothers got horny from watching their boys engage in orgies, and decided to take matters into their own hands - because mothers know best of what their sons want. They ordered the girls out and bedded their own sons for another few hours, making sure to milk their tiny dicks using hairy large and well-muscled vaginas, while using salacious stories of ‘you like making babies inside momma, don’t you, sonny boy? Squirt it out, son, squirt everything out so that you’ll feel better in having sex with a real woman like yo’ momma. Work that dick, work it

for momma, oh yes, push it deeper, harder and faster, I can feel it twitching like crazy, you're really creaming momma's cunt! You've always said that you wanted more sisters, so you gotta work your dick in and make momma pregnant with your sisters, alright? Sweetheart, that's it, don't stop thrusting your baby hips, do it again and again, momma won't be satisfied yet until we make triplets for you, okay?")

There were lots of merrymaking and babymaking, even before the ceremony started, because Wei Ying appeared especially handsome and desirable in his regal robes of sexy reds and royal purples, that he had the pleasure of sitting on a throne with his legs splayed out like a *laoban*, and one by one, his wives, daughters and other people's daughters took their turns to congratulate him on his auspicious day, and then played lap dances to seduce him, before riding him to very nice orgasms and prematurely ejaculate his fertile passions into waiting wombs without ruining his clothes and make-up - though he did leave quite a few hickeys on the girls' alabaster skin and handprints on plump teenage breasts, because a virile young man can never resist leaving his marks on his women while climaxing wonderfully inside his wives, daughters and other lovers; as a *yaoguai* custom, the bride and the groom need not wear underwear or pants, after all.

Putting those accidental and intentional acts of fertility and fun aside, preparations for the ceremony were well underway throughout the day. At sundown, the bridegroom's family arrived with lively flutes, blaring trumpets and drum beats, with the Venerated Triad leading the way - General Nie proudly held the banners of the three Great Clans, General Jin with a large basket overflowing with goodies, and General Lan with his *didi* - the groom - piggybacking on the back because he was too drunk to walk, followed by A-Sang and A-Ning, who played musical instruments and danced and skipped happily to the joyful tunes, and behind them, a long line of servants marching with more boxes of presents, rolls of expensive fabrics and pulled cartloads of good food and wine for the felicitous occasion.

The entire Jiang family mansion was brightly lit with torches after sunset, being the only building in the vicinity that was well-maintained, decorated and filled with the buzz of activities in the entire Lotus Pier. The grounds were covered with carpets of blood-red flower petals and riverbed stones and gems of similar colours, blinking lights strung from tree to tree, creating a dazzling kaleidoscopic festive display fit for such a grand celebration. Upon entrance, the gifts, consisting of presents for betrothal and dowry all rolled into one easy gift-giving instance, were presented from the Venerated Triad to Jiang Fengmian and his wife, surrounded by an applauding crowd with plenty of whistles and lit firecrackers. There was also a ritual for Lan Zhan to step over - or rather, carried over by Xi Chen *da ge ala* bridal style - a burning brazier containing the clothes from that morning - unwashed and semen-stained pants included - to burn out past sins and filth, to start anew from that night onwards.

Inside the main hall, decked with lights, and scattered auspicious items such as demonic sweets and fruits, jars of various types of blood wines sourced from all over the Middle Kingdom, and precious stones symbolizing the couple's happiness - and more importantly, the united clans' longstanding peace and harmony -, the two wedded men - one dressed with reds and purples, the other with reds and a multi-coloured suite of blues, golds, greys richly embroidered with clouds, peonies and sabres with matching but beautiful headpieces and headdresses, and adorned shiny jewels from head to toe - were brought to the throne room, Jiang Fengmian gracefully holding Wei Ying's hand, and Lan Xi Chen steadying a tipsy Lan Zhan's forearms. Around them, was a crowd that mostly consisted of family members, close friends and servants, and there were plenty of whispers and praises of "match made in heaven", "don't they look so lovely today, dressed in their best and for what lies ahead?", and "the bride's unparalleled elegant beauty compared to the groom's slacking behaviour, even though both are pantless and in the nude underneath, but that makes them more endearing, doesn't it?".

Lan Zhan continued to sway dangerously in his steps, pantless and all, as Xi Chen placed a hand on the man's head and pushed him down to a kowtow on the floor, three times, at a smiling Jiang Fengmian and a pleased-looking Madam Yu, who was thrilled to have pantless men bow at her. For the couple - or at least Wei Ying who was more conscious than his significant other -, it was a momentous event, as this was the first lifetime they sought Wei Ying's adoptive parents for their blessing for their marital relationship - nevermind that those adoptive parents were *yaoguai* s in disguise, because looks can always be deceiving -, so he ordered Ernie to take a video of the entire ceremony and upload into their family cloud drive, for the benefit of the entire Kingdom and its subjects and company employees, who had declared the auspicious day a national holiday multiverse-wide.

After the first bow, then the couple faced an altar built in the hall to pray to the heavens and earth for an eternal blissful wedded life (essentially, they were worshipping themselves, but this was merely a ceremonial token gesture, really) - and again, three bows to the gods and goddesses that govern their daily lives (again, a customary sign of respect to their employed army of deities that serve the Kingdom). Then, with a bit of clever maneuvering, the two men bowed to one another to wish that one would take care and love the other for the rest of his life, as soulmates and an inseparable bonded pair for this lifetime and beyond. Wei Ying shedded a few tears, along with the rest of the Jiang family mansion residents, and Lan Zhan rudely burped and hiccuped in his drunken state, and Wei Ying took that as a sign of 'Yes, I Do', then flung himself to the husband's arms and bawled like a baby in front of the hundreds of wedding guests in the throne room. The Venerated Triad too, wiped their tears, because their *didi* had graduated to become a real man, and Lan Xi Chen had a hard time leaving his hands off his younger brother to relinquish the drowsy, unsteady man to his newly wedded wife - but he did, eventually, after listening to A-Yao's persuasion that it was time to let go, and let A-Zhan live his happy ever after with his mate; the moment Xi Chen *gege* released the forearm, Lan Zhan tumbled to the floor with Wei Ying crushing him with his fortunately light weight, and the two rolled around in a pair of drunken,

glazed-eyes, laughing and crying fools, rubbing their crotches merrily in their pantless state.

After that, it was time to feast until the next sunrise, and the fine wines and cartloads of food from the Venerated Triad were put to good use. Many halls were opened throughout the Jiang family mansion, with tables and chairs spread across courtyards, gardens, picturesque pondsides and pavilions. There was a great deal of mingling between members of different clans and of different genders, with lots of chit-chat, serious discussions, plans to take over the world, family planning, talk about babies and raising children, and so on. At some point, the birthweeks of the next princes-in-line was announced, and shy A-Yuan and flushed-looking A-Ling took to the podium to receive presents from their beloved relatives amidst boisterous cheers, cake-cutting ceremonies, and lots of sweet kisses from their *jiejie* s and half-fathers. The triad also made a formal announcement about their victories in conquering the country to free up more land for *yaoguai* , which was met with great enthusiasm and plenty of encouraging words. Toasts were in order, and soon, most of the guests had gotten quite drunk on the endless flow of demonic blood wines and expensive human meat dishes that servants served non-stop at the tables, their joyous celebrations watched by the moon and its many stars throughout the night.

Thus, when a not-so-sober Lan Xi Chen grabbed A-Yuan by the waist, and told the boy that since the adolescent fathered many children and had grown up quite a bit since they last met, weeks ago, and that as the official half-father who hadn't quite had the chance to talk to the son, man to man and heart to heart, due to warring engagements in the north and east in fighting off the Imperial army - Xi Chen asked if they could adjourn to A-Yuan's bedroom to get to know each other better, and he even opened his mouth to show his brand new forked tongue, with six branches no less - because he evolved very quickly amongst men-turned-demons - and asked the boy if he'd like to see how it works, and how it feels like. A-Yuan nodded and smiled brightly, because he'd spent most of his time with his mother and sisters, so it was quite a refreshing and much-anticipated change, plus he

hadn't grown such a strange and fascinating tongue, so he 'Enn'ed excitedly since he was curious to know what it feels like, without knowing where the tongue usually goes, inside little boys, that is. As Xi Chen *da ge* walked past Wei Ying, he gave a questioning look. Wei Ying simply waved the man off, and muttered that it was fine for the half-father to bed his boy on his special birthweek even though Wei Ying has fond memories of the original A-Yuan. "Suck his dick until he cries daddy, seed his ass because he's your boy, and turn him into a real man tonight, yeah? And congratulations on the forked tongue, brother-in-law, you've earned it!" Wei Ying said while toasting to the brand new incestuous couple with his jar of Emperor Smiles, and winked back. Shirtless Wen Ning did not even recognize the boy, because in his complete *yaoguai* -possessed state, with double irises that drew the sexual attraction and seductive attention from many young *yaoguai* ladies on site, his memory had been altered and he'd forgotten the A-Yuan that he'd loved and raised long ago.

Later, a cunning salivating Jin Guangyao sneaked his snoring eight-year old boy into his arms, having fed him a spoonful of fruit juice spiked with blood wine. It's a bit late in the hour, he said to the servants, this boy's gotten quite tired after all the partying, and he was directed to A-Ling's bedroom. Wei Ying glimpsed the face of the *yaoguai* half-father, who licked his lips and couldn't resist kissing the unprotesting boy's rosy cheeks as they darted off, and he knew what dastardly and lewd things that half-father would do to his son, beneath crumpled blankets and pillows strewn everywhere, where he would lovingly use his four-forked tongue to his heart's content, and make sure the little boy would be emptied out in the loins and inseminated in his unprepared rosebud by the next sunrise.

Nie Mingjue was introduced to a boy who was said to resemble Lan Jingyi, and he thought the boy did look a bit timid, a bit too thin, a bit tasty, just like how he'd remember his *didi* in the early days of the rise of Qinghe Nie last Spring. He wasn't a courteous man, not when it came to matters pertaining to lust and love, and he'd taken a liking to the preteen, so he simply hauled the boy over his shoulder and walked off with the boy

kicking and screaming and buttocks bared for the guests to see; the burly man was eager to blossom the boy's rosebud until he bloomed into a wonderful young man fit to join the ranks of his army. A-Sang waved and cheered him on with two thumbs up, happily chewing into a whole roast chicken using his clumsy bare hands like a zombie of sorts - he wasn't interested in the females in his mentally handicapped state, and kept his focus on the sumptuous buffet instead.

Wei Ying sat alone in a corner as the festivities went on for hours. He turned to the side, where almost naked Jiang Yan Li and Wen Qing vied to molest, seduce and ride the pantless, semi-unconscious husband to multiple orgasms upon an unfortunate sofa chair that doubled as a king-sized bed - it was a ritual for the first and second wives to teach the newcomer third wife, or husband in this case, about the rules of the house, the two ladies said. Wei Ying agreed wholeheartedly, because this was a matter for the wives of his harem, that is, his spouses including Lan Zhan, so he left the trio to fornicate in public view and didn't bat an eyelid when his daughters and other people's daughters rushed in to start an orgyfest with the wedded bridegroom; in fact, orgies were popping out everywhere in the mansion grounds close to midnight, when the raucous sounds became almost unbearable, with inhuman roars and grunts starting to drown out intelligible conversations, where sliding, humping and pumping sweaty naked bodies and scattered clothings and littered food outnumber any decently-dressed guests who still ate their foods with spoons or chopsticks, and of monstrous-looking phallic organs twitching and squirting gooey, miasmic substances, and penetrating into slimy orifices armed with fleshy folds and serrated teeth when clothes were unbuttoned and tumbled down in drunken joy, and when the first signs of *yaoguai* manifestations appear due to their inability to control their bodily functions in extremely inebriated states, such as seeing fangs, claws, wings, carapaces, tails and whatnots appear out of the blue - Wei Ying grabbed one last jar of Emperor Smiles, and walked out of the mansion and into the the darkness of the deserted, lifeless, dusty streets of Lotus Pier.

(Wei Ying did ask, where was Jiang Cheng. Apparently, that last human being left - technically - was the only person who wasn't 'yaoguai enough' to cross the Dark energy-powered portals. So, he had to be left behind somewhere between Qinghe, Lanling and Gusu, in a camp and all alone, facing a wall. There, A-Yao had been kind enough to cast a mind-bending spell, and populate his mind with illusions and fantasies. He would talk and interact with that wall, trapped in an imagination that he chaired the ceremonies and presided over the rituals for Wei Ying's wedding to Lan Zhan, the boys' birthweek parties - whose names had been erased so that he would never suspect his dearly-missed and late Jin Ling to be walking around in the flesh -, and a celebration of the Triad's recent victories. He would toast with an empty cup many times that night to the wall, until he knocked the porcelain over and smashed it into the surface, and he would still raise his fisted hand to the moon and stars to proclaim that indeed, it was a memorable night for him and everyone else.)

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The next day, Wei Ying sneaked back in before five, and dragged a girl-juice and semen-coated Lan Zhan from a pile of sleeping, snoring *yaoguai* s who hadn't yet transformed back to their human forms - banish the thought of Lan Zhan getting skewered by centipedes or octopus tentacles, or being forced to stick his dick into giant black widow spiders or white female rabbits' pussies -, and hauled the man's ass to his old bedroom - their bridal chamber, which was fortunately, left relatively cleaned and intact from the preparatory day before. There, Wei Ying wiped down the peacefully slumbering man with a moist warm cloth, and made sure he was properly undressed, and he even applied some ointment on insect bites on his thighs, legs and even the groin area because he was pantless the entire night and there were always mosquitoes and other biting insects buzzing around during warm, humid summer nights. Then, Wei Ying also freshened up himself and kicked away his shoes and the rest of his garments, and took a handkerchief from the bedside table drawer. He bit his finger until it bled a little, and smeared the blood at the centre of the flimsy piece of silky cloth.

Right on time at six, suddenly the bedroom doors flung open and Wei Ying's adoptive parents and the Venerated Triad busted in to wish the new couple an energetic and heart attack-inducing good morning. Wei Ying pretended to wake up with a shrill cry, and waved the handkerchief like a white flag of surrender; with that, Xi Chen *da ge* proudly announced that their relationship had been consummated, to a roaring applause from General Nie and General Jin. Even Madam Yu was touched, because she placed a hand on Wei Ying shoulder, and told him to 'be strong, because your man has taken your virginity, so he's fully responsible for you from now on, and you too, must be responsible for him and for your shared love.' Wei Ying sniffled at the touching words, and he was lovingly hugged by his adoptive parents, while Lan Zhan was rudely pulled out of bed in his birthday suit, then lifted and bounced up and about by his brotherhood of three *gege* s, until he screamed in horror, fully awake and with a pounding headache from the hangover, as though he was being carried off to a cannibalistic sacrifice ritual in the nude, because all he kept hearing was chants of 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!' that never really left his nightmares.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 236

Five fingernails on each side of his broad, muscled back. Then, it begins. Down, down, scraping the skin lightly, scratching that itch away. Until the waistline. Then back up, up. Nnnnh, again, please.

“ *Lao gong* , *lao gong* , has it really been a week? Or two? Or more? I can't seem to keep up with the time anymore. Everyday feels the same, it's like the summer holidays that keep going on forever and ever. What do you think?”

Lan Zhan leaned into the wonderful sensations blossoming on the skin on his back. He simply moaned a ‘Mn’, because he wasn't able to think rationally, not when his loins had been emptied either by two-minute sexual attacks by the Venerated Triad that decided to stay at the Jiang family mansion for a vacation, or two-second trips into the tropical paradise of his new family's harem - in which, Wei Ying's concubines and expanded family became his in-laws, relatives, sisterhoods of wives and daughters who freely share their love and make incestuous babies with him, and there are more than enough cute men and boys to sate his gay desire, whenever he feels the urge to switch his tastes for a temporary bit.

“ *Die* and *niang* have been very nice to us, haven't they? I still remember the day after, when you woke up in shock and acted rather unruly because of some headaches and nightmares that wouldn't leave you, but still, you were invited to join them for a breakfast banquet with the closest family members. *Niang* made herbal tea to calm down your throbbing headache, and *die* gave some sage advice about dealing with nightmares, especially about being married into a family of *yaoguai* and *yaojing* . Do you remember the videos I showed to you after that, thanks to Ernie's awesome nano-particle spycams, depicting how much you enjoyed being the third

spouse of the prince of this house? You naughty rascal, you really abused your position on our wedding night, and usurped *shijie* and Wen Qing's lead by being the most prolific male ever in their society! Hundreds of thousands of fertile eggs were laid, almost every second, for the subsequent days and weeks!"

Lan Zhan gave an indignant snort and his ears reddened in shame. Fortunately, the *lao po* pacified the man's sour mood by drawing wide circles to scratch every bit of last itch, and those circles moved up and down, to pander to the un-verbose man's whims. That snort, became a nnngh, soon thereafter. Lan Zhan had settled down much better since the morn after the wedding, once he'd come to terms of what carnage and horrors transpired the night he, in his intoxicated state, bedded with non-human creatures amongst humanoid ones, of all clans, tribes, forms, shapes and sizes, never mind the gender because that is purely superficial in *yaoguai* physiology and anatomy. A plaque sat on a display shelf in Wei Ying's bedroom - their shared bed chamber -, which stated that Lan Zhan was formally recognized by the Realms of the Demons, co-signed by the Lord Of Hell (with a smiley face etched at the end - oh god, the shame), to be the universal record holder for fathering the most offspring from a single fantastic record-shattering night of orgy with creatures of the non-human kind. The plaque also came with marriage certificates issued by the lords and administrators of demonic realms which officiated their relationship; Wei Ying made sure they kept those certificates carefully, because they were only issued to those two men after Wei Ying made a discreet application on paper, and he didn't submit any for his first and second wives, for obvious reasons.

"Putting that aside, I'd thought we could have a more interesting summer holiday here, at the family mansion. Too bad, everything's closed and after the ceremony, pretty much every *yaoguai* went back to their old ways, that is, to scour the lands for human prey, to hide away from the sunlight, and to come out at night to party with all seven sins in play. *Shijie* , A-Qing *jiejie* , and the rest of my harem haven't been making as many daring approaches

towards you as in the past, probably because they spend a lot more time with the Venerated Triad holidaying here...”

“... or with my clones,” the older man cut in, a bit tersely, because Wei Ying’s nails grazed a particularly sensitive spot - an insect bite, curse those flying bugs that infest the Lotus Pier and its waterside ports every summer, and Lan Zhan’s tendency to want to sleep in the nude because every female in the Jiang family wants a piece of him all day and night. The younger man took out their favourite jar of medicinal from the bedside ointment, and with an apology, he rubbed some onto the inflamed bump on the skin.

“How much longer?” Wei Ying asked, when he was done with the ointment, and patted the husband’s legs. Time for foot massage, the silent coded message said. Lan Zhan rumbled like a happy caveman and maneuvered himself on their king-sized bed, so that he lay across with a pillow below his head, hands stretched above to relax, and his legs on Wei Ying’s cross-legged laps, toes wiggling with expectant joy.

“Nnnh. A few more days. This 3d-printed biscuit made body is fast and efficient for everything, except to create a copy of itself, which takes time. I’ll make a few more for each of your wives, my sisters-in-law, that is, and a handful for Nie *da ge* , Jin *da ge* , and my elder brother, before the end of summer.”

The firm pads of thumbs started to roll in head-spinning circles on the balls of the man’s feet, and Lan Zhan moaned sexily, the tension in his body released almost instantaneously.

Just then, there was a knock on the door, and three boys peeked in with respectful greetings of ‘good morning Grand Patriarch and Grand Matriarch’. “Why, if it isn’t A-Yuan, A-Ling, and Jing Yi! Or... are you their siblings? Or siblings’ siblings?” Wei Ying remarked cheerfully because the boys were so polite even though they spend their time inside the mansion - with nothing else to do but to procreate as mindless *yaoguai* - stealing *jiejie* s and *gege* s from the adults; many times, Wei Ying complained that there were less daughters in his harems recently and after a bit of searching around the mansion, he found his lil’ girls inside the boys’ bunk beds, with pregnant bellies that weren’t his own. Lan Zhan advised the man to start giving names and recording, even registering their identities properly, so that he could keep track of who went where, but Wei Ying was such a lazy father that he’d made too many and simply let those brats run around without pants or panties on.

“Um, um... Grand Patriarch, I’m twenty-ninth of A-Yuan, that is forty-sixth of A-Ling, and he’s eighty-ninth of Jing Yi. We wanted to check if our order is ready? We’ve been waiting for days, and many of our *jiejie* s don’t want to play with us anymore because they’re either reserved by the adults, or they’ve received their orders... so...” the boy nicknamed A-Yuan shuffled in and looked down sheepishly, like the poor orphan who had a bowl of soup and raised his hand sadly to ask for s’mores. The two smaller boys stood behind him and nodded.

Wei Ying sighed, and kneaded his darling man’s foot arches with such finesse, and with pinpoint precision using the science of foot reflexology and master-skilled acupressure, that immediately sent Lan Zhan snoring and unwary of what went on inside the bedroom. The young man gestured to the boys to come in, and he placed a finger to his lips.

“Shhh. Grand Patriarch is resting,” he whispered, then using an index finger, he drew a vertical line in the thin air to open up his inter-dimensional

closet. “I have extras, and you can take one first. Now hurry along, and don’t disturb us, okay?” he winked at the boys, simultaneously, one perfect Lan Zhan crawled out of the rather small portal from the subterranean kingdom in the nude. The boys became energetic balls of excited whispers and they crowded around the mirror image of Wei Ying’s darling man. Wei Ying waved and dismissed them like a queenie, in a ‘you may go now, peasants’ fashion, and watched as that cloned Lan Zhan was led by three very happy boys who received their present, and they cutely kept bowing and saying Thank Yous as they made their way out of the doorway, before the door closed with a crispy *click* !

Through the window and outside the bedroom, Wei Ying spotted a surreal scene of the Venerated Triad and a few women - his daughters, probably - chasing after a group of similar-looking Lan Zhans in the gardens beside the living quarters. It was a classic game of tag, usually played on hot summer days like that day, with men and women chasing after their prized targets. Sometimes, a Lan Zhan is caught, and a bunch of ravenous and lustful individuals would descend upon him like a horde of bloodthirsty. It didn’t matter if he had sex with males or females, whether there was a dick or many dicks fucking his ass, or whether his cock gets to taste and breed many lovely young girls, probably of the same lineage, or whether they shared many kisses and touched each other until they climax in unison - there’s plenty of laughter and shrieks, of family members having a wonderful time out in the sun.

“Another hour, another happy family, another happy Lan Wang Ji,” Wei Ying smiled and continued to work on his darling man’s feet - he made sure to bathe, soap and rinse his man each time he returned from his two-minute and two-second trips, so that his feet was always moist and soft to the touch, and very malleable for massages. Inside, he wished the newly-donated Lan Zhan a wonderful life ahead, bedding little boys that he loved so much, and magically creating *jiejie* s for them to play with all day and night, fathering children together inside juicy tight wombs, and starting

their new wonderful pedophilic families in a corner of the increasingly over-populated Jiang family mansion.

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Wei Ying was a little sad to let go of his ancestral home. He enjoyed having grand meals at the dining table, circled by family members, his *shijie*, his confidants A-Ning and A-Sang, begrudgingly Wen Qing too, his adoptive parents who treated them so well and cooked their favourite foods every day. They spent their time doing mundane everyday things at daytime when they're not too busy raising children, and have parties and good food and wine at nights if they're not too busy making more babies; they also went on family summer picnics at the abandoned town square, at the riverside, made friends with the new locals in town, and visited other landmark locations around the Pier; it was such a joy to be with the juniors - A-Yuan, A-Ling and Jing Yi - from conception till birth, to watching them grow up into fine young fathers and soon, leading troops in the war against the Imperial armies. The Venerated Triad who stayed on, also accompanied them and became very close friends to the Jiang and Wen families; they always shared good news about new territories subjugated by the free *yaoguai* - the race that Wei Ying had come to call his own - which became regular reasons for festivities and orgyfeasts throughout the endless summer; those three legends even taught a few new tricks to fledgling *yaoguai* and entertained everyone who sat down to listen to their heroic tales from during peace and wartimes of the past, particularly about the history of men and especially *yaoguai* and their fabled conflicts.

So, one fine morning when Lan Zhan had fulfilled his promise to gift one of his clones to every deserving group, tribe or family of *yaoguai*, they decided to make a move whilst everyone was busy having sex and orgies inside the now-ruined mansion - because *yaoguai* sex is admittedly violent and destructive, deprives the locale of essential *qi* to maintain its existence,

besides contaminating the air, water and soil quality in the vicinity -, whose residential population had spilled and spread to nearby areas of the Pier like a pandemic disease. Lotus Pier was turning darker by the hour, as seen from a visible corruption, even desiccation of space, like a smouldering grey veil descending upon the land that little or no sunlight can penetrate - because once there are too many *yaoguai* , there is imbalance, and the very fiber of reality begins to break down and disintegrate, where all forms of matter, whether living beings or objects, would eventually cease to exist. That darkness was spreading like a plague from Yunmeng to the east towards Gusu, and north towards Lanling, Qinghe and Chang'an.

“At least they’re safe when they’re stored in the family’s cloud drive,” Lan Zhan calmly reassured his wife, and placed a warm hand around the smaller man’s shivering shoulder. He’d touched a blade of grass to send a master code into the fiber of reality, and commanded the core programming of this world to download its data before rebooting. Everything in sight should glow, he’d said, but due to the extent of the corruption from the exceedingly high concentration of *yaoguai* presence, that glow of absorption could hardly be seen; one by one, objects wavered in the fabric of space and time, the dissolved into liquefied amorphous shapes, before fading out of existence, first the main halls of the Jiang family mansion, then the annexes and smaller buildings, the manicured gardens and lotus ponds, and soon, the series of disappearances extended to beyond the entrance gates to the main town of Lotus Pier, and beyond.

“They’ll not feel any different. Life will continue for them as it is, in a different reality. There, the growing corruption will be stabilized by ErNet’s supercomputing powers and artificial intelligence, and will be allowed to thrive without jeopardizing our Kingdom and company’s interests,” Lan Zhan said, then patted the shoulder of his spouse with ‘there, there’s, “-- So, you can visit them anytime, make changes to their reality and that world’s core programming. You can always live, enjoy and be with your lovers, families and friends over there, according to your wishes. It’s good, isn’t it?” Lan Zhan lowered his head and gave the crying man a sweet kiss on the

forehead, hoping to pacify his misery, whatever that may be. He called out the man's name, twice, and wanted to hear the wife's answer.

Wei Ying sniffled and rubbed his nose, "It's... it's not just about that, *lao gong* . For sure, I'll want to have dinners with them, go on holidays in Lotus Pier, and grow my harem and the number of my descendents," he had to chuckle despite the tears streaming down the sun-kissed cheeks, "It's just that even after four and a half billion years of planning and waiting, the end of the world still happened anyway. All my hard work, wasted, gone down the drain for nothing. I almost attained what I've always wanted, that is, to be with my family from the past and present, to have everyone alive and around me, living peacefully and harmoniously with our happy endings, to be the winner of all things that any man would want to win, in this lifetime... you get the idea." Lan Zhan placed another endearing, intimate kiss, this time on the shell of an ear, until Wei Ying squirmed adorably a little.

"Life is never fair, Wei Ying," the husband murmured, with a little bitterness in his voice, because he too experienced the dark sides of life sometimes, with one example spanning sixteen years of his earlier life, "Perhaps it's written in the books of our pasts and the stars of our futures, that one can not have everything in his grasp, and should simply enjoy with what he has at present, and live in the moment." Lan Zhan should know, because he's lived through lifetimes, through births to the ends of universes, through cycles of life and death, and of eternal love and eternal slumber - but he wouldn't say. Wei Ying too, did not pursue for a more tangible answer, because nothing is ever written in stone, and that life is a gamble of one's fortunes - anything is possible, and possibilities are everything.

Wei Ying shook his head to clear the air inside his mind, then grabbed Lan Zhan's arm sweetly as though they were dating, and he rubbed his face into

the larger man's biceps, for no particular reason. "You sound like your brother," he muttered, and Lan Zhan smiled faintly.

"A-Huan *gege* will be fine. He has a few of my clones living in his bedroom in a rebuilt Cloud Recesses of that world. That reminds me - what of your brother, Wei Ying? We haven't decided what to do with him, and he's still talking to the wall somewhere on the other side of the land."

Wei Ying raised a brow. Oh, he thought. Then, after a few moments of consideration, Wei Ying grinned and said, "Do what you want. Put him in cold storage, if you have to, he was never really part of my equation of a happily ever after in this lifetime." Lan Zhan looked relieved at the spouse's improved mood, and he obeyed without a question; a twirl and snap of fingers, and the task was completed, whatever that was.

"So, what next, and where to?" the husband asked. Both men were dressed in their usual attire - cloud whites for Lan Zhan, and jazzy blacks and reds for Wei Ying, which both dug out from their closets prior to leaving the place and activating the reboot. The mass erasure was spreading like a wildfire, and they stood on so-called blank tiles - featureless, dirt-packed squares of land, like pixels on a landscape, that had little grass, few gravel stones but nothing else. Thanks to their infinite storage ability, this time, Lan Zhan didn't need to pull any carts, and if they need anything, they can always pull out something from their sleeves.

Wei Ying walked ahead and pulled the husband's wrist so that he'd tag along at his pace. "First, I'm working on a new, improved 4d-printed biscuit for you. Once my recipe's done, we'll have it baked and you'll have to eat what I serve on the plate. Next, since we're already here in Yunmeng, I feel a wave of nostalgia washing over me, and have an urge to check out our old

home in the Burial Mounds near Yiling. D'ya think it's still there? That little cave-home we had long, long ago?"

It was Lan Zhan's turn to chuckle.

"Mn. We can always go there and find out."

.

Two men strolled up a hill that had been stripped bare of trees, rocks, cliffs, bubbling springwater brooks and everything else except for a thin layer of grass and plenty of barren dirt. The skies are clear and blue, with hardly a cloud in sight, because the atmosphere was being absorbed too. There was, however, a slight dip in temperature, and it wasn't as warm as it used to be, say, compared to a few weeks ago. The sunlight at an angle and the dimming chirps of insects and birdsongs heralded the end of summer, and for the couple of men travelling on foot below, a new beginning to a never-ending story.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 237

4:30 am

A single dim golden vertical line appears in the dead of the night inside the shared bedroom. Like those cheap, flexible and foldable non-woven fabric wardrobes, the line unzips itself from the top to bottom, revealing an open flap - a doorway to another world, or another closet. Lan Zhan gingerly climbs through, and he's careful to keep the flap as close as possible so as not to let too much distracting light out from the other side and wake up the wife. Wei Ying wouldn't be happy to know, but tolerates, the fact that his husband sneaks out every night after bedtime for tasty trysts, midnight rendezvous and orgy parties on the other side - with men, women, little boys and girls, both family and strangers, for two seconds or two-minute intervals, and as frequent as his loins demand - so he makes sure to only step through the portal after seeking proper permission, that is, a vaguely coded request of 'May I take a leak outside?', and the wife would have to say 'Yes' in no dubious terms, before the husband is allowed to father more babies inside fertile females, bed more boys, and enjoy the fruits of his loins outside of the wife's knowledge.

He makes sure to return before sunrise. Their bedroom is sparsely furnished - a creaky king-sized bed tucked into one side of the room equipped with ill-fitting bedspreads and a smattering of colourful, though well-used pillows and cushions, a worn-out bedside table and a couple of old chairs against the other wall, and a few cupboards of different heights and designs in the corners, as though the furniture ensemble was curated and purchased from various flea markets, except that they were carefully picked from the various locations the couple had visited in the past, whether Jinshan from the recent times or the Cloud Recesses of the previous lifetimes, even a hint of the original pieces from the Burial Mounds aeons ago. Wei Ying's taste in interior furnishing is as strange, thrilling and exciting as opening a box of

chocolates, because one never knows what he's decided, in his wildly imaginative, rebellious and creative mind, on what people are going to get.

Lan Zhan tip-toes back to the bed, and it sag painfully, obviously, when he places a knee upon it. Wei Ying nnnghs and the sound alarms the husband a bit - has he been found out? - but then the wife simply rolls over to face the new arrival on the cold side of the bed, and to Lan Zhan's penis-warming delight, Wei Ying's wide-open crotch, because he's in the nude in bed, and so is Lan Zhan. Lan Zhan takes it as a sign of a welcome-back, so he lurches forward rather gently and cuddles up his soulmate with a warm embrace, placing a sweet kiss on the younger man's forehead while pushing away errant strands of unruly hair, whispering, "I had a good pee," - their vaguely coded phrase for indicating that the husband had emptied out everything in the most pleasant ways - bladder, testicles, prostate gland, urethra and everything else that constitutes a man's loins in general.

Wei Ying yawns a bit, eyes still closed. "Did'ja have a g'time?" he slurs in his speech, regressing to dialects in his drowsiness.

"Mn. Enough to last a long while. This 4d-printed biscuit-made body too... the new clones are much more capable and are self-replicating. There's more than enough of me going around for our families and friends. Across worlds and civilizations. For brothers and sisters, including in-laws. Sons and daughters. Wives and concubines. And grandchildren. And--"

Wei Ying returns the embrace and slides snugly against the husband, skin to skin, hairy crotch to hairy crotch; the latter's had grown back shortly after the bad shave on their wedding day, bless Lan Zhan's infinite male hormones. "Shhh," he hushes the man up, because there's no way anyone is capable of processing such detailed information at four-thirty in the quiet

morning, “I asked a simple question, and you only need to say ‘Yes’, darling,” a sweet peck from the sleepy wife to the nervous husband’s cheek, because the wife knows that the husband tends to reveal too much whenever he feels that way, like a boy having his papers graded by the teacher. Hands roam around the husband’s broad back - there are few residual scratch marks and hickeys leftover from the husband’s babymaking, fertile frolicking, but Wei Ying isn’t deterred, plus it’s too dark to see anything in the unlit bedroom -, and the wife gives the husband a nice back-scratch for returning to his arms after a night’s worth of honest work done for their Kingdom and company.

Blessed with yet an improved, upgraded body from Wei Ying’s biscuit-making home bakery - for the husband -, and awesome infinite powers from mastering already the grandmasterhood of the Dark Arts - for the wife -, the couple wanted to move on from being saddled with too many roles and responsibilities of a thriving empire and a profitable business, of overseeing and nurturing multi-racial families that continued to propagate like virulent particles of pandemic proportions, of becoming gods and creators of new worlds, galaxies and multiverses that create, destroy and alter the fates of many according to their whims and desires - a staycation break back in their old cave-home in the Burial Mounds, Qishan province, was in order. The Mortal Realm, at least the continent that housed the Middle Kingdom, was in constant upheaval and hard drive reformatting due to the grand reset, and thus, was rendered inhabitable for the time being, except for a floating island of land in the middle of sandstorms that is composed of the cave-home, and its surroundings of a mini-waterfall that supplies warm springwater streams in the backyard to an adjacent piece of farmland filled with vegetables, orchard fruit trees, a barn of chickens, rabbits and other farm animals, even a lotus pond, which then falls off a steep cliff into the unknown.

One naked thigh slides up the husband’s shins, then hips, and finally hooks behind the small of his back. Lan Zhan knows it takes quite a bit of agility for Wei Ying to do that, curving his body like an acrobat - and it secretly

thrills him to know that Wei Ying's still such a lovely, youthful man after so many years, even centuries and millennia, and to have his crotch rubbing against his, and soon, his hardening flesh feels the curve of someone's hairy balls, then, just a peek of that someone's smooth, bouncy bottom gliding against the underside of his rising erection - and he twitches with renewed interest; no matter how much wonderful fertile feats he'd done that night, he promises to keep at least a spoonful or two for his lively wife.

Fingernails graze lightly on the husband's muscular glutes, coaxing the man to move it, push it in, shove it up into a waiting puckered rosebud. The wife's shemale days are behind them, since he's birthed enough to last many lifetimes - but still, the husband is still keen to explore the sensual pleasures of a gay couple's anal intercourse, no matter how many times they'd done it - Lan Zhan does not tire of Wei Ying's sweet tight ass after all these years, and like a grand old couple who are comfortable in their own and each other's skin, having loved and fallen in love with each other in his entirety, including endearing flaws, cute warts, adorable wrinkles and all - Wei Ying grunts something incomprehensible, but sounds a bit like a colloquial 'fuck me, slave', with a tongue licking on the lips even whilst in a semi-awake state, and it must be because Wei Ying's dreaming of good food and wine with sex on the side; the husband simply "Mn", then hugged the wife tighter for no other reason than to lock their lips in a drowning kiss, slide their limbs around each other like entwining lover snakes, and to allow that biggest, throbbing and most delightful serpentine organ between the legs to fully sheath itself into the wife's welcoming tunnel of heartwarming love.

"Do you still want to have a good time, love?"

"... it's almost five. But a quick one should be fine. The floor needs sweeping, the laundry from last night needs to be hung to dry. You were drunk last night from downing more than five jars of Emperor Smiles at one

go, and left a mess on the dining table and your clothes. I should be able to mop the floor one more time while preparing breakfast. We have fresh bread, dumplings, *youtiao* , organic nuts, seeds and fruits, and stove-warmed soymilk, it won't take long. There's farm work to be done, but that can wait a bit until sunrise. We should send out those email holiday greetings to your clone-siblings before that, otherwise it'll be past bedtime on the other side of the world. I have to conduct a performance appraisal for the Regent later this week, and it's time to promote him to--"

"Lan Zhan."

"Mn?"

"Do you?"

"Mn. Yes, Wei Ying."

.

4.45 am

Making love with Wei Ying used to be violent and abusive, done in the heat of the moment, ferocious in strength and intent, sometimes punishing in its resulting throbbing pain and pleasure, such as the initial romps in the prickly bushes, behinds the trees, when the husband pushes down the wife

in uncharacteristic triggered anger, and they rolled to the ground after he was teased a bit too much.

Making love with Wei Ying, now, is like enjoying a holiday at the tropical beach. There are lots to savour, such as juicy kisses for the lips, and milky sparse man-breasts to suckle; their gentle grinding and fucking motions hip-to-hip mimic that of the waves lapping at the waterside, in and out, in and out, wet, foamy, smooth and lubricated. Wei Ying does not try to tease the husband, save for a few silly comments about how mellowed the husband is in their baby-making, because the wife isn't running away and playing hide and seek like he used to, so there is no reason for the husband to keep chasing for the divine climax like a stallion rushing through crashing waves. Instead, they couple simply glide their way higher, and higher, soaring slowly but gradually up the cresting waves, spiralling, enticing, exciting each other with sensual touches, wordless I-Love-Yous to reddened ears, ticklish nibbles from head to toe then back again, and fingers curling erotically into fur-pawed kitten rakes to tell the other that there's still a couple of spoonfuls of semen that the husband really wants to unload and spill with wild abandon inside the wife's sucking, squelchy womb, before they wake up from the dream-like sex.

At one point, the husband practised his much-loved 'nine shallow dips followed by nine deep gouges' move, pistoning his very, very turgid and delirious, angry-red mushrooming penis according to the beat of an old Gusu nursery rhyme. The shallow dips leave the man breathless and sexually flushed, tight fleshy folds sucking his cock endlessly like a pair of fine luscious lips, just as the radiating heat pleasures the jerking organ when it receives heavenly wet friction along its pulsating length; the searing hot gouges forces the man to cry out in pleasure, because he slams through as unhurriedly as he can, before withdrawing until the last point, in which the anal sphincter barely clings onto the gasping pee-slit, and the cycle repeats; after the third set or so, Lan Zhan accidentally pulls out way too far in his haste to achieve more good feelings running through his pelvis, and slips onto the bed, heavy and engorged with blood, and straining for want of Wei

Ying's rectal sensations, heartbeat racing to incredible speeds. The husband wordlessly begs for help, through kisses and nibbles on Wei Ying's neck; the wife responds by raising hooking his leg higher behind the husband's back, widening his well-fucked entranceway, persuading the husband to try again, be a brave boy and put it in again - Lan Zhan presses the penis-glans and slips again, overshooting its target and sliding against the curve of the wife's bouncy ass. A little more to the right, dear, you're almost there, said the wiggling buttocks, and the husband tries, encouraged by the wife's playful unspoken banter. He angles his penis a little more to the right, and shoves it - but it slides again and gently slaps against the wife's hairy testicles. Uunh, dear, be careful, they're sensitive fragile eggs, so please, to the left a bit, said the wiggling buttocks. The husband sighs inwardly with an 'Enn!', and takes aim one more time, this time letting his penis crawl up until the doorstep into the butt-heaven, before pressing in - and success! He's back in action! Good boy, you've done it, you've inside your wife's womb! the wiggling buttocks cheers the man, and then, Where were we? The fifth of the nine deep gouges, right? Push it in, baby honey, push it real deep into your wife where it belongs, dear, your wife will squeeze-squeeze you to nirvana and beyond.

"Ahhnnn...!" Lan Zhan moans and suddenly seizes when he is embedded into the deepest parts of the wife, and the cracked, girly voice catches Wei Ying by surprise. Perhaps Wei Ying has been training on his Kegel's too well after the spate of childbirths, that he unthinkingly worked his inner muscles to massage the very, very happy penis sawing in and out, in and out of his blossomed anus. The first penile pulses fire rapidly, Wei Ying squeals in delight, relishing in the sensations of a wonderful husbandly payload being delivered right through the doorstep.

The wife embraces his darling man, reeling him like a tasty prey and makes sure he gets all thirty, heated, very excited ejaculations inside his waiting tunnel of eternal love. He pats the larger, broad-shouldered man's back, whispers sweetly to the red-tipped ear and the flushed skin surrounding it; telling him what a good boy he is, saving his bests for the last and giving

them willingly to the wife, like how the servile, useless husband hands over his monthly salary to the controlling spouse on payday - and that kind of nonsense that sends the husband to sadomasochistic highs. Lan Zhan merely grunted rhythmically, making tasty incoherent but interesting sounds of “Ennnh... Uhhnnn... Aahnnnn... Oouhhnn...” as his thrusts become erratic, uncoordinated, clumsy, akin to a fucking machine that has short-circuited from its own dying orgasm.

Lovely Wei Ying continues to milk the man for what he’s worth, long after the climax subsides. The husband shivers in pleasure, and shudders in involuntary discomfort, because the continued torment spikes his body with such uncontrollable joy, that he starts to unintentionally - the fault is not his -, briefly, squirt out shots of pee when there is no more sperm left to offer from the thoroughly drained loins. Wei Ying giggles, and tells the husband to make sure to add the bedsheets to the laundry list that morning.

Lan Zhan nnnnhs as he experiences his third, maybe fourth or fifth orgasm from Wei Ying’s exceedingly skilled sexual ministrations, and cannot hold back. He becomes the incontinent fool, his plumbing abused and broken lovingly by his wife - and he smiles, aaahns and ggaahhns, interspersed with Wei Ying’s name in the most shamefully mispronounced ways, moaning continuously like a drunk, swaying his hips and arching his back again and again, in the darkness of their unlit bedroom.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 238

The cave-home sits on a floating island, surrounded by a narrow strip of arable land in a vast ocean of sandstorms. It's not the authentic structure or the original location, because the couple wasn't able to reach there in time before the sand and dust-filled timestorms hit and rebooted the entire land. Being the heroic husband, Lan Zhan cast a space-time bubble for them to take shelter from the devastation that is worse than, say, the Great Fires that used to burn and renew the world; although, Wei Ying complained that he couldn't possibly survive camping out on a blank tile with zero entertainment and one hundred percent boredom, so the husband took to the wife's initial wishes, and made the space-time bubble into the said floating island in a sea of nothingness.

Similar to the couple's old home but with a wee bit modification, there is the bedroom, a study room that doubles as a neat and tidy workshop - thanks to infinite *ad hoc* storage spaces enabled by near-61st century technology which nicely stows away Wei Ying's creative trash -, the kitchen equipped with cookwares, utensils, stoves, hidden pantries and solid countertops - because they make great horizontal, waist-level surfaces for having wild sex as well as to put pots of cooked food -, which adjoins to a dining room enough to hold up to ten guests when its space-time mini-bubble is activated, and a living room furnished with a three-piece sofa set derived from various designs and lifetimes with many unseen compartments, a kaleidoscopic and colourful collection of furniture and decor from different locations and dimensions, and yes, the floor mat is there too, right at the doorway - though its former occupants have since moved out, one to the husband's lush crowning glory on the scalp as a strand of gloriously greying thread, and the other taking up residence amongst the wife's greasy, curly pubic hair.

It's a small cozy home, with plenty of technology and magic built into it for modern, comfortable and convenient living. For Lan Zhan, it is the home where his heart is because his wife lives there with him. For Wei Ying, it's everything he'd ever wanted under the same roof, and more importantly, the man he calls his soulmate being part of the packaged deal that he'd signed up long, long ago.

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5:00 am

The sun still rises from the east and sets in the west. It's only the land that is being reorganized, reformatted and rebuilt from scratch. At this hour, however, the sun has yet to break the horizon, which is a large swathe of a vertical tower of dusty sands, that is, the sands of time. Therefore, it is still dark and the waxing moon is still up above, lighting up silvers and greys upon passing clouds; Wei Ying knows, Moon Goddess Chang'e watches over them from her golden perch with her pet rabbit; he had sworn that he'll make barbecued rabbit skewers if she dared to broach his paradise of a defenceless world without local deities and demi-gods whilst it was being rebooted, and so far, she seemed to have taken the threat seriously - he hadn't seen any bug-eyed moon aliens invading his turf to date.

Lan Zhan rises first, rustling and pushing the blankets away, and he starts picking up the pillows and cushions scattered all over the bed and the floor - including the glaringly ugly purple one that has, admittedly, given the couple much joyous ergonomically-friendly back support for intensive sex and baby-making, and deserved a medal of honour as such.

But Wei Ying wants his five more minutes. He nnnnghs like a spoiled babe, and flings open his arms, even while his blankie is being folded away by his butler cum housekeeper cum man-nanny. “ *Bao bao* ,” he whines, his eyes still closed and his lips pouty, “ *Bao bei* wants *bao bao* !” The air is chilly, and there is no light other than the faint silvery moonlight filtering through curtained windows, so Wei Ying certainly wants his *bao bao* as soon as possible to stave off the cold.

Lan Zhan sighs at the irredeemable forever-twenty two-year old man, and drops whatever he was carrying to the stone floor. He snaps a finger to activate whatever robots, golems, Invisible Hands, Dark Wang Jis and giant cute furry caterpillars that are needed to start the household chores; he’s the *laoban* of the house now, so he calls the shots, and he doesn’t mind modernizing his lifestyle a bit which is a privilege of living like a king; even if it means tolerating the presence of a spinning washing machine with dryer functions included, Dustless Broom units zipping back and forth across the floor, Wangxian’s automated multi-cooker with robotic arms attached starting up a sumptuous breakfast for two, digital messages being fired off into ErNet to place online orders for whatever needs to be stocked up in the pantries, and a Happy Holidays greeting e-card sent halfway around the world, in which instantaneously, Lan Zhan’s holo-phone *ding* !’ed back with a ‘You’ve Got Mail!’ ringtone.

The man smiles, a calm, serene upward curl of lips that he only gives to his beloved, at five o’ clock in the morning. He reciprocates the lover’s widespread arms, and falls, falls gracefully onto the fluffy bed, and into Wei Ying’s waiting arms.

“Mn. *Bao bao* .”

.

(Wei Ying naughtily used his big toe to draw a vertical slit in the air, and with the help of the second toe, he peels off the flap like pulling off a light velcro sheet. The husband doesn't notice the crackly sounds, so the wife manages to jab a red circle hidden beneath the flap with his pinky toe. With a soft giggle, as he hugs his dear hubby, a two-second space-time bubble emerges from the thin air and envelopes the couple. They *fwip* ! out of existence, like a blip in time in a blink of an eye, for two mere seconds, and for many more two-seconds as needed to distant sexy wonderlands and even tropical paradises with little children playing at artificial sandy beaches, for Wei Ying's five more minutes.)

5:05 am

Invigorated, refreshed, and drained enough in the loins to start a brand new beautiful day. Naked Wei Ying holds a large woolly towel and stands shivering at the poolside in the backyard, which connects to the bedroom for the lovers' convenience. Just a few strides away, a small waterfall, lit by a few torches here and there, cascades from a rocky outcropping, sending out steamy mists into the dim surroundings and to the tune of nighttime crickets, like a fabled scenery from fantasy novels. Like before, the warm pool serves as a bathtub, a shower, a toilet and even a washbasin, all rolled into one.

Wei Ying tugs out his tired, sleeping penis from the bushy curls, and nnnghs his muscles - he pees into the pool to relieve the tension building up in the bladder since five minutes ago.

“ *Lao gong* , can I have a sperm bath?” he calls out lazily, and yawns. He knows the husband is in the kitchen because there is light coming from its window, so he should be able to hear.

“No, Wei Ying. You had that last evening. Give them a chance to rest.”

“But it’s just asking your clones to stick their penises into our company’s showerhead inlets, then turn ‘em on in reverse with an added jacuzzi vortex function. It’ll be fast, like a vacuum cleaner. A tablespoonful each, multiplied by millions of individuals, will be enough for a quick shower.” The grin beams its A.S.S. million-dollar smile, though it is hard to tell if the husband actually notices that in the dark. It’s pretty please with icing on the cake, and convincing enough with the use of evidence-based science, because Wei Ying knows firsthand that spinning, sucking vacuum cleaners can make men ejaculate in a short span of time.

“Wei Ying, it’s wrong to steal other men’s sperm. Those are for their own wives, daughters and family members.”

The young, horny man doesn’t give up that easily. He wants a gooey, body-warmed nutritious sperm bath after all, and nobody can deny him that right, “Can’t we call it a charity drive, say, for the Grand Matriarch’s cause? That’s legit and it’s perfectly legal for royal family members to solicit donations from the public.”

“...”

The wife has finished peeing, and the pungent yellow shade on the water surface quickly dilutes and flows downstream towards the farms and the lotus pond. “Hmph. You’re such a stinge. I’ll ask my harem of Lan Wang Jis in my underground kingdom, then. They’re superior specimens compared to you and your clones, and they worship me as a goddess. They’ll never say no to offer a tablespoonful of their semen each, as prayer offerings,” he states his proposal, pompous, standing tall and legs slightly parted, with his towel draped around his neck and hands on the hips, like a Superman turned pervert, because his limp hairy penis still drips residual dribbles of pee on the floor.

“No.”

“Lan Zhan!” What a spoilsport, the voice added. A chilly wind blows, and the younger man’s teeth begin to chatter from the cold, goosebumps rising all over the skin. He quickly takes the towel and wraps it around his body like a grandma does with a knitted sweater.

There is an audible sigh coming from the kitchen. The husband walks out of a side door to the backyard, shirtless with only a pair of loose pyjama pants, sweaty, slightly bronzed skin looking absolutely man-licious and sexy for roving eyes - except that he holds a bloodied chopping knife in hand and there is a large bloody smear on his broad chest; Wei Ying would’ve jumped with a girlie scream and make a dash for the bamboo clumps, if he didn’t know that the husband was prepping the pork ribs for a pot of lotus root spare rib soup for later that day; the robots in the kitchen can do everything but they lack the intricateness in the five-star chef’s department and cannot carve meat and bones as well as the husband does. Lan Zhan has his other free hand shaking vigorously beneath the drawstrings of his loose pants, and he is masturbating furiously for the wife to see, because the bulging outline of a mushroom with a wet stain at the tip, is clearly in sight - oh, what an eyeful it is!

“Let me finish cutting up the meat, and I’ll give you a personal golden and silver shower,” the husband relents and hands out a peace offering to keep the wife by his side, and not seek other men’s pee (the gold) and semen as (the silver) as his plaything to dive in, swim and go snorkelling.

The memory of Wei Ying doing backstrokes in a bathtub of pungent gooey slimy grey-white opaqueness drew the ire of the husband because it was an uncalled-for scam; the wife had pretended to have fallen ill of a strange emotionally-disturbing disease in which seminal fluids was the only cure, according to the wife - the husband fell for it in a fit of panic attack, because Wei Ying went wild with his tempers; later, the wife was seen to be cured, swimming happily in a hastily hand-constructed bathtub carved out of a huge century-old tree (thank you, hubby, now go fetch my bikinis, the wife said), and obnoxiously, kept opening and closing his legs then used his hands to reach down and spread open his asshole - and worse, his gaping matted man-pussy when it magically appeared at the his behest; watching frothy thick bubbles welling up to the surface of the semen-bath as virile liquids drained from millions of healthy clone-Lan Zhans flowed eagerly into Wei Ying’s fertile womb was, to say the least, extremely enviable until the husband turned green on the spot.

A personal shower promised and shall be delivered, the wife raises his arms in victory with a childish “Yay!”.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 239

5:30 am

It was most embarrassing to be filmed on Wei Ying's holo-phone then streamed to the entire Kingdom, of how a man uses his overheated and exhausted thick, over-six inch penis as a garden hose to spray cum and pee all over his spouse in the pool water, and that spouse acted like a porn star in a soft drink commercial on a hot day, swaying his nude body while gratefully, orgasmically, moaning how nice it is to have one's thirst quenched, including having his eyes closed while making lewd moans, dew-dropped hands caressing his own chest and abdomen to rub the liquid fully into the skin, and a wide gaping mouth to collect and drink whatever that landed - even a few stray strands of slightly curled pubic hairs too, poor Lan Zhan must've jacked off real hard to achieve such a spectacular explosion from his loins and bladder. However, with Wei Ying's desire granted, the husband finally settles in the pool with the very happy wife for a morning skinny dipping.

(Never mind that the sudden increase in fertilizer and food particles in the water attracted voracious fishies, shrimps and other pondwater life from the lotus pond to the pool. Wei Ying giggled hard when eels and small fishies swam up to violate his asshole - because there's just too much milky goodness leaking out from spent passions left from the night before -, and little shrimps swarmed around his bobbing testicles like a large fruit left out in the open to attract buzzing fruit flies. The husband used a stick to beat the water and chased the creatures away from making Wei Ying their seafood extravaganza of sorts.)

As they scrub each other's body and back with soaps and shampoos that automatically refill in their slots by the poolside, floating in perfectly

warmed waters that can reach to their neck when one lounges on the poolbed, washing away the night and early morning's sweat, grime, smell and reeking passions - Lan Zhan informs the wife that since it's just the two of them, he's prepared a simple menu for the day. Breakfast with Wangxian branded premium-range of ready-to-eat foods taken from its Ancient Middle Kingdom selection of cuisines - mostly store-bought dumplings - plus fresh homemade breads, lunch with the aforementioned lotus root spare rib soup, and dinner with pork roast cut from the same meat he'd bought from the supermarket the day before, stored well in the chilled pantry in the kitchen.

"I reeeeeeally don't get what's so nice about cooking your own food, when yooooou can pick 'em up from the supermarkeeeet and stuff it into the microwave ooooooven," the younger man drawls languidly, apparently feeling drowsy shortly after waking up with good sex. Sex relaxes every part of a man's body, it's an irrefutable fact, he'd claimed. Plus, the swirling, hot springwaters drawn from volcanic soils are a godsend in this floating island - the source is untraceable, but the waters loosen every fiber of one's tense muscles like a self-generating natural outdoor jacuzzi, especially with spiralling jets aimed at one's sensitive genitals and between the butt-crack, besides the usual rolling muscled surfaces of one's back, torso and abdomen. The husband does not reply, because there's no need to, and he bridal-carries his slouching, boneless, post-orgasmic wife to the poolside after they're done rinsing off the suds.

"And I reeeeeeally don't understand why you'd waaaant to grow our own vegetables, harveeeest our own fruitssss, rear our own chiiiickens and catch our own fiiiish, when we can buy eeeeverything, cooked in all sorts of cuiiiisines, at the supermarkeeeet," the babied man let the husband pat him down with the towel and dry his unruly hair. The husband, again, does not respond to the drunken accusations, because Wei Ying is getting very sleepy, and wouldn't be able to comprehend a complete post-mortem of their new lifestyle living marooned on a floating island. Perhaps it's a derelict legacy from lifetimes past, but Lan Zhan always had a penchant for

hoarding stuff, even when his pantries are well-stocked. Having an infinite storage space inside his new 4d-printed biscuit baked body helped to fuel the obsession to keep collecting and keeping surpluses even when he already had universes filled with kitchen goods, provisions, household items, foodstuff, and other housewife-ly and househusband-ly inventories.

“I still go to the supermarket when there’s a sale, Wei Ying,” the husband gives a logical reply, one that doesn’t require brain cells to process, “But it’s better not to overspend, and besides, growing and cooking our own food is much healthier.” Wei Ying is vaguely aware that he’s bridal-carried again back to the bedroom, and deposited gently onto a newly made bed; the servants are truly efficient in making sure every crease is smoothed, every piece is cleaned, and everything smells fresh and nice.

The young man stretches like a lazy cat and yawns - in a sea of well-arranged pillows that smells of the husband, and with his jammies on - because there’s no need to be in the nude when there’ll be no crazy monkey sex -, and slowly, a blanket is drawn over his body already comfortably warmed up by hot springwaters, until that blankie covers his neck, snug and nice. It’s time for his second nap, one that takes place after waking up at five in the morning, which is by the way, too early for any sane man to start the day, according to his unchangeable body clock.

“Healthy? Hnn... you’re getting faaaat, that’s how I seeee it, *laoooo goooong* ,” another slurred sentence, and he streeeeetches the other side of his back. It feels too good and he’s slowly sinking lower, deeper, into the most important part of his sleep cycle - the one that’ll last from dawn until around eleven o’ clock in the morning, that is, about six hours later.

Lan Zhan leans forward and gives a sweet kiss on Wei Ying's rosy, cheerful cheek.

“Mn. And you too, my beloved fat and chubby *lao po* .”

Wei Ying snores loudly with a trickle of drool hanging from the edge of his lips, threatening to spill onto the husband-smelly pillows. Lan Zhan smiles, faintly, conducts a final check in the bedroom, before walking out and closing the door behind him with a faint, crispy *click*!

6:00 am

The day starts proper for Lan Zhan. He puts on a light blue tunic and a pair of brown working pants, because they may be biting creepy crawlies in the outdoors, as otherwise, he'd be happy to stay naked all day on their island. Wei Ying sleeps undisturbed, while the husband goes off to practise his cultivation moves in the front courtyard and work out quite a bit of sweat before having his breakfast - which Wei Ying will probably miss anyway -, followed by sharpening his scholarly arts of calligraphy, painting, playing chess with himself and a guqin practice session to calm his spirits, in the study room. He rounds off his early morning routine with meditation, by sitting in a lotus position and quietly chanting mystical scripts inside his head.

Meditation on the couch in the living room boosts his lifespan and vitality, raises *qi* level and allows him to attune to the needs and wants of his mind, body and soul. He's already an Immortal with the strength, stamina and endurance of countless gods, and his *qi* is infinite when considering he has

the most up-to-date 4d-printed biscuit made body ever in existence. Therefore, he spends time to control his breathing and to circulate energy flows between areas of fiery fury, exuberant feelings and raucous youthfulness - the loins, and the dirty thoughts in his mind, for example -, and the areas that are cold and calculating, calm and gentle, and rigid and immobile - the stubborn tent in the pants, and his out-dated mindset and beliefs, for instance.

Full revitalized, it is time to go outdoors to welcome the glorious sunrise. By the time he trots off to the narrow strip of farmland outside across the front courtyard, he is pleased to see his laundry hanging out to dry in the first rays of sunlight - mostly bedsheets, towels and a few undergarments that are soiled frequently by his or Wei Ying's semen.

7:00 am

The weeds have been plucked, the fertilizer applied, the plants watered, the chickens, rabbits and other farm animals fed, and a fresh batch of chilli seeds have been planted in newly tilled soil. All fresh harvests are bagged and humanoid golems rise from piles of rocks to take them away, to the storage shed attached to the couple's primitive residential dwelling, or inside the home, where the goods are sorted out systematically, by alphabetical order and date, to be kept in proper shelves in the pantries or other hidden compartments located throughout the cavernous abode.

Lan Zhan stands at the edge of his property, just beside a trench where water from the lotus pond flows out and over a sharp cliff into nothingness except a wall of ruddy brown sandstorm that filters out the rising sunlight from the horizon; strangely light still illuminates from above, as though the island is blessed with a pillar of light despite being surrounded by the

vortex. For their safety, he'd fenced the island using bamboo sticks so that nobody accidentally topples over and falls into the unknown.

He takes his shovel and digs up some loose earth at the edge, then nudges the soil forward into the whirling storm. The soil from the island does not mix with the storm's, and where it tumbles ahead, a new patch of land miraculously grows measuring a few square meters in coverage, thus expanding the surface area of the island a bit more; the space that was previously whipped by the ferocious winds clears up, as those winds receded from that patch of newly-conquered area. This way, he creates more land for farming or other uses, as he wishes - however, he is careful; he breaks off a small old branch from an apple tree with some leaves on it, and waves the branch about in the new area. Nothing happens, thankfully, until the tip of the branch touches the bordering stormwinds. The brown leaves immediately transform into an explosion of fresh green foliage, before growing smaller until they transform into buds, and melt off into its primordial non-existence. He sticks the branch deeper into the churning dusty air, and pulls out just in time for a handful of ripe apples to have reverse-grown from knobbly twigs where those same fruits had been harvested just days before. The apples are plucked and put into a bag, and the branch kept aside in case there is a need to fill up his pantries with apples from the last season, as long as the sands of time continue to do their work in rebooting the landscape outside of his floating island paradise.

In any case, he plants a handful of new seeds in the new patch of land that sticks out like a sore thumb close to the new borders with the sandstorm, which the couple sometimes fondly labels as a timestorm. He adjusts the fencing and prays that the sands from the timestorm do not invade his home grounds - he'd be superbly heartbroken if his laundry is covered with brown specks -, and carries the bag of apples back to the cave-home, and arranges them in a bowl upon the dining table, to make sure that Wei Ying gets to have juicy, perfectly ripened fruits when he wakes up later that day.

7:30 am

The house is cleaned, the front courtyard is swept, everything is put back to where they belong, and nothing is out of place, thanks to the discreet, unnoticeable servants, both technologically and magically powered. The husband wipes off sweat and takes a seat at the sofa with his legs placed up on a cushioned footrest. He opens up the day's periodical and the latest edition of Cultivation Times, a pot of *pu'er* tea by his side on a table, a couple of vintage Ancient Middle Kingdom-era porcelain cups, and a plate of slightly salted and sweetened toasted mixed nuts served by Invisible Hands.

After a few minutes of reading and sipping his tea, he grows restless. His feet begin to tap against the footrest, his fingers flicking between pages although his mind is elsewhere, so nothing is read, really. The teapot is empty and he fidgets. The husband sighs as he looks at the clock - a projection of his holo-phone, really, that appears on the wall in the direction of his gaze -, and starts to dictate his first order of the day in an online menu, also embedded in a convenient app inside the said holo-phone. He speaks through his mind, and the app automatically translates into text, that he'd like a breakfast set of one female Wei Ying in her teens as a tangy, energizing appetizer (because he's addicted to the Wei Ying he's met since the days of studying together in his ancestral hometown), one Jiang Yan Li as a healthy starter salad option, also aged around sixteen and above (because he doesn't like clingy Wen Qing, and there aren't many kind-hearted, sweet-smiling female options around), two fresh male Wei Yings aged ten and perfectly taken out of the oven just before they've gone through puberty - his main course, really; and for dessert, a variable choice of five to seven little prepubescent girls who can be his daughters or granddaughters - like a bowl of sweets in an assortment of colourful wrappings and exotic flavours. He also ordered another pot of hot tea to go with the order, so that he could cleanse his palate before returning from dining out. For delivery options, he opts to save some money and trouble with the wife snoring in the bedroom, and selects take-out.

Then, Lan Zhan folds the periodical and places the magazine back on a shelf, and walks to the floor mat at the entrance. He tells the smart-home artificial intelligence program to keep their residence safe, while he goes to pick up his meal - a snack, really.

With a tap on the foot against the rough, woven surface of the mat, Lan Zhan zips out with a *fwip* ! and disappears from sight in a blur. He collects his order from his favourite whorehouse - actually, a fast food restaurant that specializes in serving sex and whatever the flesh desires, for the Kingdom's faithful subjects, but of the particular quality and quantity dedicated solely to the Emperor's desires, that is Lan Zhan's personal baby-making factory. Then, with his brief, temporary harem, he takes them to a park in another of his playgrounds where they have a picnic together - with a bladder already full from his first pot of tea, thankfully, because he'll need it -, and enjoys orgyfeasts and great acts of fertility and procreation, though he makes sure to return two seconds later, with his pre-ordered new pot of tea to wash the stink of virginal cum, female juices, pee and pubic hair from his mouth.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 240

7:45 am

Just like how some people habitually need a cuppa coffee before work, of which Lan Zhan clocks in at eight, he makes a last stop at the bedroom to check on the wife. Wei Ying has performed acrobatics on the bed, with blankets and pillows thrown carelessly everywhere in the room in a very haphazard manner. He sleeps lying face down on the belly, with his hips raised and pointing toward the ceiling, and his pillow is soaked with drool - with the purple cushion somehow finding its way to support his crotch, and becomes a humping post for the man that dreams of having naughty sex with his *shijie*, his children, or occasionally an air-brushed, gleaming, misty and sexy version of the husband.

The husband sighs and makes an effort to put everything back in order, including rolling the wife back to where he should belong - facing upward as though he sleeps soundly in a coffin, upon the poor bed destined to be made multiple times a day. Then, the husband whips out a plastic straw from his sleeve - a new invention from the 31st century -, and with a press of a red dot near the tip, it activates to unmask a forked tongue with multiple tentacles at the other end.

Lan Zhan inserts the straw into Wei Ying's swollen and congested penis, which was hardened after a good hump against the unfortunate purple cushion. The young man squirms at the sensation of lovely tongue-like tentacles crawling in and out of his dick, tickling and scratching the itches along the inner tube of the phallus, stirring lumps of unejaculated semen and robbing innocent sperm of their chance to see the light of day. He scrunches his eyebrows and mumbles something about peeing backwards and reverse orgasms, his pelvis starts to rock clumsily sideways, back and

forths, and grinding circles, because he's desperate to eject the foreign objects out of his dick, but he can't seem to pee 'em out no matter how hard and how fast he squeezes his inner muscles. The artificial forked tongue continues its descent into Wei Ying's innermost sanctums and colonizes his prostate after conquering the base of the penis. At that point, Wei Ying shudders and moans uncontrollably, gripped by a nightmare of wanting to evacuate his gonads to escape the invasion, but those lovely tongues continue to lick and caress the walls of his sex organs, squeezing tiny lil' vesicles, bulbs and glands to milk every last drop out, leaving them trembling and oversecreting viscous male nectar in their unwilling excitement.

Soon, the tongues reach his testicles, gently plundering those plump eggs with placid rocking in-and-out motions, dipping repeatedly into the broken, violated eggs to stir the yolky contents inside, spinning the lumpy oatmeal of unborn sperm and their nourishing fluids like a washing machine cycle, clockwise ten times, counter-clockwise ten times, then sonic vibrations radiating from the inside out, and from outside in; until only husks are left, because the shaken sperm-y milky cream congeals and is inhaled out of the pillaged man-eggs, each time the husband hollows his cheeks and vacuums up the musky, Wei Ying-flavoured liquid snack with strong, heartfelt sucks.

Wei Ying sweats, groans about wanting, yearning to cum hard in a nightmare of being attacked by succubus *shijie* s, and he thrusts his hips erratically as the forked tongue worms their way deeper, his face flushed into tomato-reds, and pinkish shades blossoms from his chest upwards in the throes of sexual ecstasy of a man orgasming very, very excitedly, with plenty of nice convulsions running through the pelvic area - and yet, yet, he's not there yet -, his fingers gripped and clawed the rippling bedsheets to demand completion, alas to no avail - he can't seem to climax, not when his balls shrink violently into wrinkly raisins sitting at the bottom of a dangling, loose scrotum, and seed is forcefully stolen without leaving any good feelings to the man who had to lose his baby sperms to the thieving husband; thus, Wei Ying lost his tablespoonfuls of unejaculated semen,

those lovely thick volleys of creamy milk pulsate through the forked tongue instead of his dick, and he never really achieved his orgasmic peak in the waking world no matter how much he shakes, arches, and shudders his helpless body pinned down by lucid dreams.

The need for the cuppa satiated, Lan Zhan licks his lips and swallows the last drops of stolen honeyed nectar. Mmm, delish.

Time to get to work.

~~~@#@~~~@#@~~~

Wei Ying dreamt of having sex with his family members, including sweet *shijie* . But then, one night, when he crawled into her bed sneakily expecting another round of incestuous baby-making, his *shijie* multiplied into a group of ravenous succubus beneath the blankets, and they attacked his dick and balls.

He cried out in pain and pleasure as his dick swelled into enormous lengths and girth, while his testicles ballooned then deflated repeatedly, as his genitals were swallowed and injected with aphrodisiac poisons by those accursed female monsters - and he prayed desperately for a miracle, such as, to live in a dream where he wouldn't be harassed by females, human, succubus or otherwise.

Then, he blinked and found himself crouching on a dirty street. He checked himself and realized he was about five years old then, the age when his

parents never returned home one fateful day. He remembered receiving a letter in the postbox of their rented room, but he couldn't read yet at such a young age; although he recognized the names of his *tie* and *niang* at the top, so he guessed that something must have happened to them. He handed the letter to the landlord, hoping to glean more information and the whereabouts of his parents, but the evil man never returned the letter to him, let alone shared what was written inside. Instead, three days later, the landlord sent servant bullies to kick him out of his family's rented room, citing that the rent was due but of course, the boy had no money to pay.

The bullies took everything of value - which wasn't much for the poor Wei family -, and bagged them up for sale, then kicked and destroyed everything else that they couldn't take, because, according to the head of the bullies, a new family will be moving into that room later that evening. They even beat him up when he tried to protect a box of his parent's memorabilia, which the thugs stole while laughing maniacally - because apparently, there were some jade pieces from his *tie* and *niang*'s wedding, long ago. So, at sunset, Xian Xian was left crying alone in the street, with nothing but the rags on his back and bruises to his face. He hadn't eaten in three days since he last saw his parents walking out to buy some groceries at the market, their last words being to be a good boy and stay indoors because there are a lot of bad people out there waiting to catch delinquent children and sell them elsewhere. The landlord and the neighbours, also poor servants and peasants themselves, refused to take concern for a child not of theirs, or even spare a *baozi* or two, despite the child's repeated pleas for food - so he was very hungry by then.

At nightfall, having nowhere else to go and shivering in the chilly darkness with a rumbling stomach, he had no choice but to walk to the market, where he last heard his parents were. As if to add to his misery, the dark, cloudy skies opened up, and he was drenched to the bone. His face was throbbing from the bruised swelling, his legs were weak, he was coming down with a fever, and he was thirsty and starving in the cold. The market was closed at night, and the entrance was fenced up, so he couldn't climb in even if he



wanted to. The untimely rainstorm forced him to look for shelter, however, all shops were boarded up, and all houses had their door locked. He struggled to pull a piece of woven bamboo that was part of a wooden cart from the dumpster, and thought it would make a roof above his head while he sat out in the rain. As the large square piece of thatch finally relented, and the boy was exhausted after exerting himself on an empty stomach, his eyes sparkled when he found soggy, soaking wet food waste inside the dumpster that was hiding beneath the thatch. The breads were stale and moldy, the meats smelled funky, the discarded rice and grains had stuff growing out of them, bits of rotten vegetables were strewn all over in a disgusting soupy mix, and the expired candies had stewed in the smelly leachate liquid at the dumpster's bottom, so he knew those were inedible. However, he found some fruit peels at the top of the pile, which didn't look or smell weird, so he collected them gratefully; then he trained his eyes to look around the corner of the market where vendors sold fruits, and found more watermelon rinds, apple cores, half-eaten bananas and other food waste that he could scavenge in the dead of the night - never mind that some of them had footprints on them, or were left soaking in muddy puddles in potholes in the streets, because he was so famished that he didn't mind sitting under a tree, with the thatch balanced precariously atop his small head, while he had his first meagre meal of discarded fruit peels in three days.

After eating what he found - carefully, because it hurt to even open his mouth due to the bruises and cuts on his cheeks -, he felt very tired and wanted to close his eyes, because his fever had caught up and he was disoriented, shivering, and coughing. He didn't know what to do in a dark world where he had no money to see a doctor, no friends to help him, and no one to turn to in his hour of need. Xian Xian sobbed and cried for his miserable fate and wished that he could just forget the bitter, biting cold and sleep without a bed, pillows and blankets, and prayed that he'd wake up bright and early to see his parents, wherever they may be.

Just as he was nodding off, a street brat with a straw rain-cape walked by. He was no taller than Xian Xian, and he peeked beneath the thatch curiously. “Oi, are you alive?” he asked, and used a dirty stick to poke at Xian Xian’s wounded cheek because they looked so pale that he might as well be a ghost lying in wait under the pouring rain. Xian Xian only grunted from the stinging pain, and made an incoherent sound, because he was delirious and too weak to respond. He averted his gaze from the street brat, because it was only his third day in this cruel, miserable new world as an orphan, and he didn’t know if he should trust, or even respond to strangers outside of his former home.

“Ya look new, and you look beat’n up. If ya want, f’llow me ta th’ back alley down th’ road,” the boy gruffly said in a smattering of dialect words, and pointed in a direction that Xian Xian couldn’t even lift his head up to see, “Th’re’s an uncle payin’ a silver piece ta’ each boy to feel good, in exch’nge for strippin’ down th’ pants. Ya ain’t have much in ya birdie, but yer young, and tha’ silver piece will get ya a bowl of hot congee to last ya for th’ night. Ya’ll die early if ya gonna stay too long in this freezin’ rain, ya know?”

The brat tapped his foot impatiently for a few seconds while waiting for the rather unresponsive other boy curled up under the tree, and then decided that even he couldn’t stand in the downpour for too long. “I cain’t be watchin’ over ya, yer own yer own! I don’t wanna be seein’ yer bodybag tomorrow! Remember, th’ back alley! If the kids there like ya, mabbe ya can join our gang too! See ya... or not!” the street brat called out and ran off towards the back alley not too far away. The disappearing pitter patter of feet in woven slippers was unmistakable - at least that boy had shoes on his feet, whereas Xian Xian had none and had to go bare feet; there are swollen and infected cuts and blisters on his soles, because he’d walked quite a bit around the market’s dirty, polluted grounds.

Xian Xian was too afraid of rascal boys, and with the brat finally gone, he blinked his eyes blearily and squinted in the direction that the latter dashed off to. He couldn't remember the conversation that had transpired due to his feverish state, but that bowl of hot congee sounded tempting. He shifted and fidgeted, wanting desperately to quell the still-gnawing hunger in his unsatisfied stomach, and hoping that perhaps, just perhaps that uncle may find him likable and take him to a home with a bed and warm blankets. He only had to strip his pants down and 'feel good', correct?

Just as he rose to his feet unsteadily, and dropped the piece of heavy roof-like thatch in preparation of another long, painful walk without shoes in the rain, towards the back alley, he heard rustling sounds from the opposite direction. A few steps thudded wetly in rain puddles.

“Wei Ying.”

Xian Xian turned towards the voice, because that was the nickname that *tie* and *niang* used to call him. There were four individuals, standing in a line from the shortest and youngest at the left, to the tallest and oldest at the right end, all dressed in majestic heavenly white robes with layers of baby blues, each holding an umbrella.

“You're hungry. We have plenty of home-cooked food to share with you. *Baozi* , fresh fruits and vegetables, meat roasts, even hot congee and soups - whatever you desire - without having to give up anything precious from your body.”

“You’re in pain. We have ointments for your cuts, medicines for your fever, and a soft warm bed for you to sleep in, covered with loving hugs and blankets to keep out the sadness in your heart.”

“Wei Ying, you’ve suffered much hardship at such a young age. It’s time to leave this place, and be where you truly belong.”

“Wei Ying, come back to Gusu with me.”

At the tender age of five, he knew nothing about the cruel, harsh world, much less one that’s filled with bad people waiting to catch delinquent children on rainy nights and sell them elsewhere. However, the appearance of four angels from heaven left him bewildered, and when one umbrella was offered above his head to shelter him from the heavy rain, one hand grasped his tiny fingers to reassure him with the warm and strength of another, and one man embraced him fully by the body to offer him sanctuary and protection, and the kind of love that instinctively told him that Everything’s All Right - Xian Xian broke into tears and nodded eagerly with cute, squeaky ‘Enn!’s, even as his vision is clouded in swirling white cloth decorated by cloud patterns, his senses spinning from the scent of woody sandalwood, and soon, he was buoyed upwards and carried in someone’s arms like a bride, that he was no longer soaking from the rain and there was warmth everywhere, even his ears reddened from fever and from listening to a strong, calming heartbeat--

The youngest of the four looked at him, and Xian Xian realized that the boy wasn’t that much older than him, probably, and that he looked really handsome and attractive.

The boy, who wears a white forehead ribbon like the other three, introduced himself as--

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 241

**8:00 am**

Lan Zhan works as the Emperor of his Kingdom, formally and formerly known as the Kingdom of the Qishan Lan - and technically, since the floating island where he's living in is based in Qishan, or close by, hence the title seems viable for the time being -, the President and Founder of Wangxian Co. Ltd. mega-conglomerate corporation, the Supreme Leader and Grand Patriarch of the Council of Lan - that is, referring to his branch of the diverse Lan family tree, specifically growing its roots since the Qishan Lan was founded -, and holds many other roles and titles that he, in reality, does not try to remember anymore.

He lets his alter-ego, a superior cloned version of himself, do his job nowadays. The Regent, currently residing in the Heavenly Palace in the Heavens, which is a part of the Realms of the Gods, has performed to Lan Zhan's satisfaction and was promoted not too long ago to take over completely in leading and managing the day-to-day operations of Lan Zhan's portfolio. Lan Zhan no longer spends time performing his duties as the King Of Gods, creating new worlds and races, directing gods, demi-gods and deities to earn merits, prayer and worship from followers, preside over press conferences or launch new products for the company, or dictate and advice the Council on matters related to the family - amongst an assortment of other more mundane, ordinary commitments and obligations. Therefore, the man is free to spend his entire life focusing on what matters most - the patriarch of his core family, particularly as husband and lover for his lovely, blissfully wedded man-wife, Wei Ying - and pursue his hobbies and interests because he still has his grassroots as a (former) mortal who has such indulgences and desires.

However, the husband has a habit of following routines, because routines keep him organized, purposeful, satisfied and sane. He still clocks in at eight, and starts off by checking his holo-phone for the latest - the latest news, the latest emails, the latest WeiTube videos, the latest WeiChat messages, the latest ErNet developments, and so on. Letting go of control had been hard; he remembered his first few days of fully going hands-off after submitting a formal letter of retirement and to appoint the Regent as his successor - he couldn't completely cut himself out and still dabbled and interfered in matters taken care by his successor and the officials and managers of his legacy, until the wife got angry because he'd been dying for crazy monkey sex after the floating island took form with boredom setting in, and Wei Ying barged into the study room to confiscate his holo-phone then pulled him by the ears while he was having a video-conference with the masses, then gave him a good sloppy wet kiss peppered with affectionate nibbles before devolving into a scalding round of good scolding, and then dragging him to bed to have the said crazy monkey sex that left Lan Zhan sexually dysfunctional for a long while - and he finally appreciated that his world, his Kingdom and company, his multiverses continued to run on their own even as he spent days and nights inside lovely Wei Ying's ass (and man-pussy, as a bonus) - so he went cold turkey on work, allowed the wife to lovingly manage his withdrawal symptoms more overdoses of crazy monkey sex in their lil' cozy cave-home, until he proudly declared himself with a clean bill of health, while having crazy monkey sex during former working hours - he could already state, in unequivocal terms, that their crazy monkey sex starring the finest of Lan Wang Ji, would put to shame the performances from the kama sutra, hardcore porn stars, renowned erotica writers and the ilk.

Still, routines are routines. Having checked his feeds, he reviews his portfolio just like how retired investors continue to keep an eye on their golden nest-eggs; once he's satisfied and after shooting off a few generally unnecessary emails to keep his subjects and employee on track, he twirls his fingers and the holo-phone *fwip!* 's off.

At eight-thirty in the morning, he hears soft sniffles and sobs coming from the bedroom.

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**8:30 am**

“Wei Ying, here have some warm chicken congee and some calming tea. You probably didn’t dream well because you were hungry and thirsty... it is quite late in the morning too.”

Wei Ying sniffles like a spoiled babe, eyes still closed and wet from tears, and opens his mouth wide to be fed by a spoonful of the tasty congee - which the husband immediately summoned from a 51st-century hypermarket with instant teleportation delivery services -, that has been blown at least thrice by his darling man. After taking in a gulpful, he continues to sniffle and hiccup.

“Wuuu... Wuuu... I was so happy and sad, I couldn’t control myself in my sleep... Wuuu... Wuuu...”

Lan Zhan peppers sweet kisses on Wei Ying’s cheeks, and hugs him hard against his broad chest; it is perfectly fine for his shirt to be stained with drool and tears from his beloved man.



“Lan *diedie* made sure I grew up healthy, smart and strong, by cooking my favourite dishes every day served with herbal soups, and he taught me how to read and write in the mornings, then lets me play all day in the afternoons, and sometimes we go hunting for jungle fowls together.

Lan *niangniang* promised that I’ll never feel pain and sadness again, so he kissed away my tears when I was asleep, woke me up with body massages and footrubs, and he sewed nice and warm clothes for me to wear all day, and gifted toys and jewels for me to play and wear during festivals.

Lan *er gege* became my older lover, brother and senior, he taught me how to fall in love, how to make love, and how to give and accept the Lan family’s love. He was such a romantic at heart that I cried shameful tears of joy when I first came with him deep inside of me, long before I experienced my first wet dream.

Lan *didi* was the boy I was betrothed to, and promised to wed when I was five. He was my best friend in school, my confidant and soulmate at home, my matchless peer in play fighting, and we were formally engaged at seven when Jiang Fengmian knocked on the door to meet us. He said that since he was my late father’s employer, he felt obliged to give consent on my behalf to accept Lan *didi* ’s hand in marriage. Oh, I felt so joyful for my happy ending, yet bittersweet for the inevitable pains I had to go through to reach that point, that on the night of my wedding, my husband and his three elder brothers make such wonderful love to me, that I lost my mind from the pleasure and woke up in your strong arms, and with a rumbling tummy, *lao gong* .”

Lan Zhan couldn’t help but to give a quick peck on the man’s lips before serving him the last spoonful of congee. Lovely Wei Ying is so precious,

the inner voice tells him.

With a stomach filled with warm food, the tears dried after having been kissed away, the snot blown into tissue papers and crumpled then thrown away into the trash bin, and the man's shaken composure finally regained, Wei Ying settles down to resume his nap in the husband's comforting embrace - in which he slides his feet to the corner of the bed to press a hidden red circle, which then *fwip!* 's the couple and spirits them away to a faraway, sensual sexual paradise, before returning two seconds later fully drained, fully relaxed, and fully sated from head to emptied loins to toes - and Wei Ying finally nnnghs and curls up into a ball in the hubby's arms, then snores rudely while letting out a long, satisfying fart.

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Dreamy-eyed and sex-coma'd Lan Zhan sends some messages to his royal subjects to create new lifetimes based on such touching, awe-inspiring, dramatic and sexy premises as narrated by Wei Ying, though his message is hard to decipher due to the inordinate amount of typo errors and bad grammar, due to his brain isn't functioning correctly after too much orgasms during that two-second period. In any case, he doesn't have to direct the movies, since he merely sponsors his people by providing ideas and unlimited funds to make new worlds and playgrounds for the couple to play in, in the far future - and he gets dibs on premieres and enjoys the fruits of his loins and hard labour.

Later, a snippet of conversation between the two lovebirds:

“Wei Ying, today you dreamt of an alternate past of your childhood. Yesterday, it was a different spin on how we met and befriended each other while studying at the Cloud Recesses. Is there something that you wish to explore further in a different lifetime?”

“Emm... too much work. I don't wanna die again and wait sixteen years to confess my feelings to you.”

“... what if we skip that dying part, and confess our feelings much earlier - say, during our teenage years or when we were smaller? Then chart a different course in the journey of our lives.”

“Eww, that's sick. You'd be a pedophile and I'd be your child-bride! We'll be wedded at a time when we're too young and probably below the legal age of consent! You hideous monster, scheming pervert, child rapist, you've been thinking about this for a while, haven't you?!”

“... Wei Ying... I...”

“C'mon, you horny lustful demon. I'm spreading my legs now, you wanna fuck me? Fuck me now, I'm your eight-year old little girl with fertile wombs waiting to be injected by your creamy fertile seed. Knock me up daddy, put your fat dick inside, I want you to father many chubby and healthy babies inside, do you want to impregnate me while feeling my squeeze-squeeze cunny play touch-touch with your sexy stallion penis?”

“... Wei Ying... Hnnngh!...”

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9:00 am

Wei Ying is pacified, silence reigns and pervades the cave-home once again, a pot of soup is simmering lightly in the kitchen, a flying robotic drone with mechanical arms has washed the dishes, dried them and put them in their respective racks, a golem is baking chocolate cakes, sweet biscuits and salty snacks using the oven, the floor is clean and waxed by Dustless Brooms, and his daily one-hour of paid work is done. Lan Zhan clocks out and receives his daily paycheck - a meagre stipend of enough gold and silver to last a lifetime; and as a purveyor of frugal lifestyles, living minimalists and simple living, he deposits and invests ninety-nine percent of his salary into his bank accounts, various blue-chip stocks and long-term investments, leaving the one percent for his daily shopping needs. All is well, and it is time to take a break outdoors and wind down from the pressures from the work-from-home arrangement - which is hardly any.

(Sometimes there are after-work calls or videos to take, which is fine, as long as the wife doesn't complain - which is why he prefers to get his work done in the morning, because he knows that when Wei Ying is awake, chances are his loins won't be getting any peace and quiet, let alone the focus and concentration needed to negotiate trade deals with distant alien civilizations, to genetically design an improved version of the perfected *Homo sapiens wangxianesis* , or to remotely attend a ribbon-cutting ceremony to officiate a new planet-wide branch office in some galaxy or nebula cluster.)

He is back in the courtyard, getting his daily dose of good quality vitamin D as the sun rises higher until it peeks over the timestorms - and a good time to dry the chillies and other produce that needs to be baked under the sunlight. Due to the unabating timestorm, their cave-home gets actual unhindered and unfiltered light from the sun around the hours between nine and three; beyond that, the sun sinks behind the wall of lashing sands, and it gets dark pretty quickly after that. With a more energized body, he carries out more intensive farm work, such as digging irrigation drains for the farm - the new patch of soil where chilli plants are sprouting will need some; scrubbing the backyard pool clean from scum buildup and marine predators lurking in the corners to ambush and violate Wei Ying's anus each time the young man takes a dip with an ass full of their spent passions; milling grains for the chickens and later, playing with the bunnies when he needs a break; building and fixing stonewalls to properly segregate small parcels of land according to use, whether for farming, for extending their cave-home, for building a new shed, for the farm animals to graze, and so on.

However, the island is simply a relatively flat, uneven circular platform of earth with the cavernous dwelling in the middle; with a courtyard at the front good for hanging laundry, drying goods in the sun, perform exercises and cultivation where a clear, empty space is needed, and to have picnics and outdoor romantic candlelit dinners under the moonlight; a strip of farmland further ahead that is nearly fully utilized, forming a semi-circle around the front-facing part of the island; the backyard waterfall and pool behind the cave-home flanked by several outdoor buildings such as sheds, storehouses and underground bunkers containing food and weapon caches; further to the back are relatively undisturbed undergrowth, bamboo clumps and a wee bit of wilderness that forms the other half of the circular island. Thus, due to the small size of their property, everything that needed to be done outdoors could be completed within minutes or at most an hour or two.

Soon, golems emerge to take away the dried laundry and Lan Zhan eagerly joins them to fold the bedsheets and garments on a picnic table and bench

located at one side of the courtyard, beneath the shade of a large fruiting tree. There is something absolutely therapeutic about folding large rectangles into smaller ones, and dividing large pieces into equal and smaller portions, and then building a perfectly aligned stack, like a mini-tower of sorts, and putting them in cupboards, drawers and cabinets where they belong.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 242

9:30 am

Most of the servants have returned to their bases or teleported back to the charging stations, which means that the day's household chores are more or less completed. Lan Zhan takes an empty bamboo basket from the kitchen countertop, exits through a side door through the backyard, and heads straight for the bamboo clump. He counts carefully, because between the ninth and the tenth bamboo stalk from the left, there is a hidden dimensional portal; there is no need to expend any energy to unzip doors from the thin air, since these portals are pre-built into the island's construction and are considered as naturally occurring phenomena. He parts the ninth and tenth bamboo trunks - a breeze blows by, it is quite cooling due to the shade offered by the dense foliage of the grove -, and he takes a step through. Lan Zhan *fwips* ! out of sight.

Armed with his daily spending money, the husband goes on a shopping spree in a large supermarket that connects the upgraded malls of Jinshan, Nieshan and even Gui Shan housed in a different dimension. He does not reveal what he buys - other than the fact that he buys much more than he needs due to his hoarding tendencies and an innate fear of going hungry with a family that depend on him as their sole breadwinner - and his shopping list is never known because that kind of information falls under the Official Secrets Act of the Kingdom's laws. He does not push a shopping cart, because his 4d-printed biscuit made body is a walking infinite storage space; thus, whatever he picks from the shelves and approves the purchase, is automatically deducted from his checking account containing that one percent of his paycheck, then he absorbs the purchased object into his skin, and the transaction is completed.

He returns two seconds later, and counts the bamboo clump again. Between the sixteenth and seventeenth stalks, lies another portal. He does not hesitate to walk through the narrow space in between, and ends up in a large forest in another world, or some faraway terraformed planet that supports a huge biodiversity of life that resembles Planet Earth's, probably. There, he goes foraging for edibles, herbs, exotic creatures and minerals that he might need - but that's unlikely because he has more than enough stored inside his body; so he convinces himself that Wei Ying might need for, say, making extra special talismans, powerful potions or even tasty broths - because he finds himself catching frogs and snails, or dragging out centipedes as large as a truck from their burrows, wiping an entire mountain clean of flowering weeds in the hopes that some plants may have medicinal value, and carting off crystal caves because there are many shiny bits inside that one can easily mistaken them as Twisty Crystals - though in actual fact, Lan Zhan does not know why he needs to forage across worlds and planets, if not to satisfy that innate hoarding desire to collect, keep and secure using his newfound ability, that is his utilizing the amazing all-in-one body made of 4d-printed biscuits.

He returns when he thinks he's cleared out a patch of forest - actually, a large swathe of a galaxy, causing mass extinctions across planetary systems, but he does not realize that -, before gnawing on his finger, thinking far, far ahead of 'what if I forgot something' and 'what if there's something I need elsewhere' - so he travels back to the bamboo clump and visits another portal tucked in between bamboo stalks, several more times. Soon, his basket is full of perfectly normal stuff - a collection of wild plants, shiny rocks, a handful of berries, and maybe some kind of insect or amphibian lying dead somewhere inside -, though his inside does not feel like he's squeezing his lungs out from any lack of space. He reasons with himself that the act of harvesting nature's goodness and resources is a survival behaviour, because on the floating island, there are hardly any non-domesticated animals, that is, there are no wild predators or fire ant anthills to pursue and track down, no pesky squirrels that eat his stored fruits or nesting crows that steal people's underwear from the clothes line, and that the island runs on a very lean, optimized ecosystem, so to speak.

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Wei Ying dreams again. This time, he's just moved into the Burial Mounds with the Wen survivors after rescuing them from the slave mines. He's a bitter and angry man, having been betrayed by those who claimed allegiance initially, and then, behind his back, acted just as bad as Wen Ruohan did by taking advantage of the weak and defeated, treating the innocent as slaves and fodder for the powerful. The lines between black and white blurred, because the good had turned their back on what was virtuous and noble, and the black is found innocent, never guilty, after all this time.

However, in the desolate, perpetually black-misted 'Mounds, at least he can still break into a smile, as he watched how the survivors form a closely-knit community to rebuild their lives in a place abandoned by Mankind; their resilience taught Wei Ying what it truly means to find light in the darkness, although he himself was enveloped in pure darkness that spews hatred and vengeance whenever he, in loose terms, loses his marbles and control over the Yin Metal embedded within his blackened heart.

Some of the Wen villagers returned with pockets filled with wild fruits after a day of foraging, and Wen Qing oversees a group of younger men to plough a plot of land and plant potatoes and some vegetables. A-Yuan seems to be the only child, and he plays alone outside Wei Ying's cave - his headquarters filled with ancient mystical writings and bloodied curses etched on the walls, and in one of the many cavernous chambers dimly lit by candles, a body lies on a raised stone platform, swaddled with dirty cloth, talismans and bloody writings invoking evil Dark magic-inspired curses for resurrecting the dead. The Wei *gongzi* is still in the early phases of his Dark experiments to bring forth one of the greatest creations under the influence of Darkness - in those days -, when several villagers cry out in

alarm because an intruder appears in their midst in the form of a flying Bichen almost crash landing in front of Wei Ying's cave.

“What are you doing here? You're not invited! Get out! You do not help me, therefore you are not on my side!” Wei Ying shouts at the unwanted visitor. Wen Qing arrives in time to get the villagers out of danger, and everyone runs for the dark, gnarly and curse-stinked trees for cover. Even a crying A-Yuan is picked up by Grandmother Wen and they disappear into the tall grasses.

“Wei Ying, listen to me, please.”

“Why should I? The night we parted, you did not say what you should have, so I have the right not to listen to your words! You allowed me safe passage during that instance, so I will give you a chance to take flight and never return! Who knows, you might even be a spy and reveal this location to the outside world, and put my Wen friends in grave danger! Leave, before I go into a slaughter frenzy and leave blood on my hands!” he replies with such raw anger in his voice, that it becomes hoarse, cracked, because his throat felt constricted, his eyes prickled with tears of disappointment, and his fingers balled into furious fists that wanted to pound the pillars of his cave into dust.

Bichen remains unsheathed after it was drawn back from its flying mode. The visitor takes two steps forward, Wei Ying backs away two paces, bristling with a frightening mix of fury and fear - because he really didn't want to pull out his flute and bring upon more suffering, not especially to this man, whom he held special memories from the day they first met in Gusu, even hints of interests, and plenty of misunderstandings since then.

“I... yield. I’m on your side. I’m with you, Wei Ying.”

Wei Ying couldn’t believe what he heard, so he holds up his flute and points at the intruder in anger and aghast. Sweet whispers begin to ring inside his head, those terrible seductive voices telling him that lies, lies, everyone in the world was against him, therefore, it is all lies, lies.

“You’re lying! You’re going to kill me the moment you’re within an arm’s reach! Don’t you dare! Go away! Liar! Traitor!” It’s getting difficult to breathe, much less to keep his thoughts coherent, when those voices rise in volume and pitch, and drown out the real sounds from his surroundings. He shakes his head violently, sweating profusely from another of those Yin Metal psychic attacks, and tries to steady himself against the doorway to his cave lest he loses his footing and stumbles.

“Wei Ying, you’re in pain. It’s the Yin Metal, it’s hurting.”

“It’s not! You’re lying! You’re just like the rest of the cultivators, trying to steal this power for your own use, you selfish bastards!” He was clearly becoming psychotic, and he trips over his own feet; fortunately, his hands are flat against a wall, and he remains standing, defending his position, his integrity, and his philosophy, no matter how Dark it is.

“Wei Ying, you will not be returning to the path of light. So I have decided to walk with you in the path of darkness. Please, let me into your world. I will share this pain with you, this Yin Metal, and we will hurt together. For your sake, and mine.”

It is too much, the voices telling him that Lan *er gongzi* is lying, and yet he offers an olive branch that he truly wanted to grasp as his lifeline, and be taken away to safety. He lets out a painful howl while gripping his head, because it hurts, it hurts so much, oh if only someone would take it away, away--

Wei Ying falls forward when he suddenly loses his balance, and he squeezes his eyes, cursing under his breath and bracing himself for impact and probably a slight concussion if he's unlucky enough. But that strike to his head never happens.

He opens his eyes after what seemed forever, carried and buoyed by someone's strong arms. He finds himself staring upwards, somehow, and that Lan Zhan caught him just in time. The skies above are dark and gloomy, casting shadows on the *er gongzi*'s handsome features, and he has such a pained, sad look on his face.

It hurts, Lan Zhan, Wei Ying whispers inside, and he wasn't sure if the other man heard it at all. The misery of living as an outcast, of not having to eat at nightfall and yet there are mouths to feed, of trying to be brave and put up a confident facade when everything is in shambles, of not knowing what will happen in the future but with a group of weak, tired survivors from enslavement, and a nearly-dead body that he works so hard to rescue from the brink of death, the pain of being the only one treading upon the path into the unknown because his instincts tell him it's right, but the whole world turned its back on him and pushes him to the precipice of destruction-

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“I know. I hurt too. But I’ve made my decision from this point onwards.

I’m here (我在). Always.”

Wei Ying sobs. Hard.

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10:00 am

Lan Zhan returns from his outing and is busy unpacking the stuff he’d bought and brought back in the kitchen. He’d bought more than he should, as usual, because he’d fallen into the trap of promotions, coupons and vouchers - those buy one free ones or buy one free twos, free gifts for purchases above a certain amount, purchase this for a discount with another purchase, and the ilk - but that’s fine, because Lan Zhan’s body can fit countless supermarkets and their warehouses if need be. Just as the last package for the kitchen’s pantry is exuded out of his body and delivered like a heavy sack of grains into a golem’s waiting arms, he hears some disconcerting sounds from the bedroom. He sends a psychic instruction to the golem, and hurries off.

Later, Lan Zhan has Wei Ying cuddled in his arms again, and his eyes never leave his wife’s teary gaze. It must’ve been exasperating to take care of a crybaby, but Lan Zhan knows better. In the hours between the dead of the night and the mid of the day, Wei Ying creates wonderful lifetimes and realities, as sad, pitiful and painful some may be, and there is an equal number of silly, ridiculous and even bewildering scenarios as well. He blames it on the congee he fed the man earlier that day; he did add some

extra pepper for seasoning - which is bitter by nature -, and it must not have gone well with Wei Ying's tummy. So, as they snuggle up under a layer of blanket, the husband places his warm hand on the wife's belly, and starts to give the latter gentle belly rubs, while Wei Ying babbles about his latest adventures - that started with a bitter note, that is.

“ *Lao gong* , did you know how fearful and paranoid I became, when you joined the Dark side? I spent many days agonizing over your decision, because I wasn't sure if you'd drop dead the next minute from holding the Yin Metal with your bare hands, or if you'd be swallowed up by the cursed voices and drive a blade through my heart from behind! I was so worried about you and for my safety!”

“Mn. That's because you've always shown concern for me, even in the most subtle ways.” One peck on the cheek.

“ *Lao gong* , I dreamt that you became a very brilliant, merciless and powerful General, and a very dangerous man filled with vengeance and unbridled emotions. It was hard to guess if you wanted to greet me or murder the entire hall of Wen survivors that you'd turned into fierce corpses! You were ruthless! You didn't even spare the lives of your former allies, and made us into a formidable force from the West - even the Lanling Jin and the Qinghe Nie withdrew their troops, and you battled your elder brother without hesitation!”

“Mn. It was because of you, Wei Ying. I would've done those things for you.” Another peck, on the other cheek.

“In the end, it was bittersweet. You and I ruled over the cultivation world with blood soaking the grounds from our enemies’ defeat. The Wens were transformed into the greatest Ghost war generals and warriors to rule all living Men. Wen Qing became their symbolic queen, and Wen Ning, the king, while A-Yuan rose to prominence as a crown prince because I gave him preferential treatment. We became rich as hell, and whatever A-Yuan wanted to buy from the toy store at the markets, or whatever he wanted to eat in the restaurants, we could afford everything for him!”

“Mn. You’ve always had a soft spot for families and for justice. That’s what drives you to make the right decisions.” A smooch, this time, a feather-light touch on the lips. Wei Ying continues to narrate his wonderful adventures in an alternate reality where evil triumphs over good, while laying his head against the husband’s comforting chest - and it wasn’t too bad, considering that both he and Wei Ying tied the knot anyway with massacres and bloodthirsty fighting going on. Lan Zhan sends a quick message to his royal subjects via ErNet to put yet another series of amazing stories into production.

Fifteen minutes passed, and Wei Ying snores again, because it is just too comfy to be cocooned inside the husband’s cuddle.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 243

11:00 am

Wei Ying's holo-phone alarm clock rings, but he wants his five more minutes. And Lan Zhan delightfully gives him that five minutes.

Wei Ying dreams a lot more between the hours of midnight and the hours of midday, though usually one or two will stand out compared to the rest. Lan Zhan knows this, because he can tap into Wei Ying's psyche through their soulmate bond, though knowing Wei Ying and the amount of Wei Ying-ness that occur rampantly inside that juvenile trapped in a man's body, he usually steers clear unless he needs to intervene. He's watched, with a tub of popcorn in hand and a extra large cup of soda by the side, movies about how they reincarnated sometime four thousand years from now, in a 21st-century worlds where they were supposedly superstar celebrity actors acting out their life stories for the masses to pay and watch, and they found each other's arms behind the stage; there was also one where they lived in modern times, where he worked as a cool-headed teacher and Wei Ying as a feisty loudmouth bartender, and they met one day when he was down in the dumps and sought refuge in alcohol, then met Wei Ying and they fell in love, then had crazy monkey gay sex behind the bar counter, following that, a whole trashy novel of gay drama and relationship issues ensued, *et cetera ad naseum* ; even better, there was one in the far, far future where they were generals of their own spaceships from competing clans in an arms race to conquer a galaxy, and after years of thrilling space opera-esque drama and angst oozing sex appeal and smouldering stares at the screens, they found themselves trapped in a planet after their ships crashed from some lame excuse, and they learned how to live with one another in a desolate world, and finally, have crazy monkey gay sex inside caves while feasting on grilled alien chickens, *et cetera ad nauseum* .

In this case, Lan Zhan was curious to learn what made Evil Wang Ji tick every checkbox in Wei Ying's list of must-haves for an intensive and very desirable lovemaking session - because unknown to the younger man, he was moaning Lan Zhan's name in a very hungry, desperate manner until he wetted his jammies with pre-cum and his meatstick twitched wildly inside the tented pants that it slipped out of the drawstrings, even while crying and cuddling the hubby. So, after holding his breath and sinking himself into the wonderful perverted and twisted world of Wei Ying-ness, he managed to stave off an oncoming train wreck of headaches and facepalms, and watched yet another strange vulgar movie starring himself in the most unflattering ways.

In that alternate scenario, Evil Wang Ji, whose powers quadrupled with the absorption of Yin Metal's Dark influence, became psychotic, aggressive, abusive and very cruel, except to his beloved newly wedded wife, the man named Wei Wu Xian who was even surprised at the corrupting metamorphosis of his confidant, his soulmate. Lan Zhan smiled a very evil smile, and pinned his bride upon their new blood-red king-sized bed, and easily pushed apart those milky white thighs and without much preparation nor warning, pushed his awesome eight-inch monstrous, Yin-infused dick straight into Wei Ying's defeated, penetrated rosebud. That Dark version of Lan Zhan did everything by the book that Wei Ying loved - bruising kisses, rape-y rough manhandling, scratch marks and hickeys left everywhere out of pure lust, nipples nibbled so greedily until those nubs nutted with trembling, swollen joy (thus, the introduction of the term 'nipple orgasm'), roaming hands leaving no inch of skin unmolested, tasty navel licks, loving testicle fucks and sucks with plenty of testicular orgasms, brutal oral and handjobs, butt-gropes that leaves handprints to display the assailant's possessiveness, grazing the sensitive thighs and licking erogenous spots on the flailing, helpless limbs until they claw and rip bedsheets, and giving tender footrubs while having sex that Wei Ying suffered lapses in concentration and fall asleep whilst getting fucked in the ass in more ways than the Kama Sutra text has illustrated, all over their castle in that they had crazy monkey gay sex up against walls, bent over furniture, grinding on the floor and hanging upside down from the ceilings too - whatever Wei Ying

wanted, that Lan Zhan gave - which wasn't really a tall order, because Lan Zhan could do that to the younger man if he asked - until he noticed an extra detail: that massively homo-sexy man not only packed the punch of a hypermuscular bodybuilder who sports bronzed, tanned and shining sweat-sheened skin at all times, but also he was able to fuck Wei Ying for an amazing seven days and seven nights without taking a break.

The lethal and rhythmic, unceasing in-and-outs that continue at a precise, controlled pace, despite how much Wei Ying cried and moaned and begged to be pounded into the king-sized bed and slammed into the wall with that awesome dick, no matter how many times Wei Ying came, ejaculated like an incontinent fool and fluttered his man-pussy and rectal walls around because he went crazy with too many orgasms and that damn turgid dick continued to sweetly grind and massaged its in-and-outs against his prostate gland, until that gland shut down permanently and yet it was pleased and shaken then stirred into jolting wakefulness, that Wei Ying screamed until he had no voice left, his cum dribbled wildly like a fountain of pee until there was nothing else to shoot, so he shot out penile farts - that is, urethral and pelvic muscles convulsing insanely and erratically, because it felt very, very good to be fucked, in-and-out, constantly by that god-awesome dick, until vacuum space is left and that airless space is squeezed out anyway from his insides, rumbling out as bubbles of farting sounds out of his penile pee-slit; and still, the maddening in-and-out movement of a dick through his blossomed and blooming anus remained in operation although Wei Ying's mind had shut down by then, and he needed a break from spasming too much, for too long and too hard, that he climbed off the bed, tried to crawl away on all fours, pulling on doorknobs and banging on windows desperately, shouting soundlessly for help because the large lover-man continued to loom from behind, grip his waist and hips and drilled in-and-outs again and again, until Wei Ying was broken, he peed uncontrollably from the marvellous delicious pleasurable waves that rocked his body and attacked his loins and genitals, that he farted through the hole he was fucked, farted through his penis, and farted through his nipples too, and he became one metaphorical human phallic organ whose sole purpose was to lie down on the bed, to be fucked by Lan Zhan's evil dick in-and-out again

and again, attacked relentlessly, spewing tears, cum, pee, fluids and farts simultaneously, for seven days and seven nights non-stop.

Therefore, at present, Lan Zhan stretched one leg whilst cuddling his lovely Wei Ying, and reached with his toes towards an invisible red circle. That toe pressed the red button device, and the two warped in-and-out, in-and-out, of the current reality, in which, for each instance, the couple is teleported to a distant tropical paradise, where Lan Zhan fulfils Wei Ying's depraved fantasies and behaved like that Evil Wang Ji, and sexually ravaged Wei Ying's nubile body until he is inseminated, drained, orgasming everywhere all over the body even while the latter is asleep - because he wants his five more minutes, and so, Lan Zhan fucks his in-and-outs into Wei Ying's lovely tight asshole for seven days and seven nights, multiplied by the in-and-outs they made together as they travelled through space and time; in the end, Wei Ying's ass became loose, overly abused and stretched, gushing with semen like a overfilled cup, and became as sensitive, well-moulded and shaped to fit Lan Zhan's in-and-out penis, akin to a vagina - and when the five minutes are up, Wei Ying is totally savaged, and lets out a long string of farts from his ass and elsewhere, until he is thoroughly satisfied, deflated, used, boneless and pumped empty of any fluids, gas and at last, his sated lust.

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11:05 am

Wei Ying nnnngs and stretches, then yawns. He keeps his hands lifted up, because he feels a moist washcloth wiping him down, and it feels invigorating to be pampered first thing in the morning - his morning, that is. He gets a full-bodied massage, is kneaded like a dough from head to toe,

and around the arch and balls of his feet until he naps again in-between, then receives a wonderful back scratching session to restart his engines, in which he rolls over after that and is presented with loving kisses, good mornings to him and his baby Wei Yings, and soon, fingers dance along his torso, perky nipples, shivering abdomen and down, down to his naked crotch, where he gets a nice blowjob, or maybe that's a handjob - his mind is floating in a sea of cotton candy -, and his testicles, already dried wrinkly husks with no baby sperm cells left, are licked and sucked and made sweet love to, until he throbs, pulses, and weakly crests over his testicular orgasms, though nothing comes out besides a drop of pee, because he's been nicely emptied out just moments before and his balls are deserted as deserts. That precious droplet is stolen by the husband, pungent with a hint of musky Wei Ying-ness, and the soft, penis-glans gets a wake-up call in the form of tongue-polishing and deepthroating, in which Wei Ying nnnnnhs loudly, thrusts his naked hip into the welcoming heat like any wanton male receiving wonderful stimulation in his loins first thing in his mornings, and nngaahh, uuuhnn, and aaahnn incoherently, veins not really pumping enough anything to keep that organ hard - because they've been overheated and the nerves were singed in the scorching pleasure -, as he rides out a very, very weak climax and there is no more pee left to squirt, so he lets out a soft penile fart instead through fluttering convulsions in the urethra, to declare that his loins have really, truly, closed down for business.

With that, Wei Ying finally opens his eyes, sexually flushed and gasping hard, and he gets breakfast in bed on a tray, which is lunch for Lan Zhan. Wei Ying greets his husband with a sweet peck on the lips, and digs in to the much-needed nourishment after such a draining night until midday.

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The couple indulges in mushy gestures expressing their love for one another, whether gazing into each other's eyes while munching on a shared

strand of wheat noodle, feeding each other pieces of juicy fatty pork and sliced lotus root, or stealing a half-chewed cake from the other's mouth, then engaging in deep-french kisses to roll that morsel of shared food between tongues, and leave a sweet, delectable aftertastes in their lips and palate, one tasty bite at a time. The husband makes sure there are appetizers, main courses and desserts, and a pot of tea to wash the sumptuous meal down, a total of eight courses at least, and two very satisfied men after lunch.

Having overslept enough, Wei Ying is wide awake and raring to make the best of a bright new day when the sun is already high in the sky. He goes to the backyard pool-cum-bathrom for a quick dip and takes care of his personal needs and hygiene, then changes to his usual clothes - usually a dark-coloured tunic and a pair of comfortable pants suitable for the outdoors. The robots, golems and Invisible Hands whirr back to life, cleaning up Wei Ying's aftermath, whether in the bedroom (the amount of bodily fluids on every surface - including the ceiling - is staggering), the study room (he rummages for stuff in hidden pockets lying in wait inside his private workshop, and leaves nuts and bolts, sharp pieces and fragile ones, fluttering talisman papers and lint everywhere all over the floor), the kitchen (he grabs some snacks as an after-dessert - a new term he coins for himself - and does not wash his hand, so he leaves handprints and containers that aren't closed properly), and the living room (footprints, handprints, dirty marks, nose boogers, mucus and snot projectiles - the list goes on, but nothing that the servants cannot handle). He disappears beneath the floor mat for a tiny wee bit - it's a speedway to their shared underground kingdoms, and he likes to check on things, especially on false manifestations of his *shijie* , many wives and daughters and countless offsprings - makes sure to bed a few more, make a few more babies, enjoying the fruits of his very happy loins, and if he bumps into his premium collection of superior Lan Wang Jis, he'd also conceive and birth some to add the count to the leaderboard. Fortunately, their cave-home is cozy and small, fit for simple living purposes, so everything is back to where they should be thanks to the efficient housekeeping services, when Wei Ying leaves their home a little before noon.

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11:55 pm

Wei Ying creeps towards the bamboo clump near the backyard pool, with a bunch of reusable woven bags and sacks that Lan Zhan likes to keep for shopping purposes. Like a scene from spy movies, he looks to the left, then to the right, and when the coast is clear and nobody is around - because Lan Zhan is at the front courtyard either sweeping fallen leaves away, checking on the various harvested produce being sun-dried on the ground, or feeding the fish and crustaceans, both of fresh and saltwater origins, thriving in their magically enchanted pond, with leftovers from lunch so that their source of seafood, and the fertilized farms that draw water from that pond, can triple in growth by the next day -; when the husband isn't peering at his direction, Wei Ying sprints across the mown grass and aims for a particular sliver of space between bamboo number twelve and thirteen. He leaps, spins in the air like a graceful acrobat, hands held tight to the sides like an aerodynamic torpedo, lunges straight at the target, and *fwips* ! out of sight the moment he crosses between bamboo number twelve and thirteen.

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12:00 pm

“Look what I’ve brought for lunch! A wild fox caught in a wire snare, a knocked-out python, a small wild boar, a couple of wild pigeons and their

nest of eggs, a bunch of wildberries from the meadows, and an armful of succulent summer fruits stolen from someone's orchard!" he crows.

"Wei Ying, you already had your lunch when you woke up. We'll put these in the grill for dinner," the husband appears in the kitchen to greet his wife and tries - but fails - to look astonished at the bountiful catch. Everything's been bagged up, so the husband simply arranges the sacks on the countertop for collection by the golems later - some of which are still moving and making clucking, hissing, growling and squealing noises, because Wei Ying doesn't bother to, nor wants to, slaughter the animals and leaves the dirty, messy, bloody job to his darling hunky man.

Wei Ying, in response, tries to appear insulted and livid, but miserably ends up laughing, "Your lunch was my breakfast. And I'm right when I say these are for lunch! My lunch!"

Lan Zhan gives a look that says 'we've been married forever, and we don't have to argue over this', and Wei Ying stiffens his gaze that replies with a challenging 'oh yeah, try me'.

"Mn. Lunch, it is. They're wild animal meats though," the husband turns his back and hides a snort - also, an endearing smile, because a couple that picks on each other, loves each other -, and insinuates to the younger man that he'll probably not dine on those gamey meats for an unshakeable dislike for unsavoury tastes, and also unsavoury effects on his *qi* levels.

"Ha ha!" Wei Ying grinned sleazily, "They're not wild, they're from our backyard. You know, err... those bushes behind the backyard pool where

you never wanted to set foot on, because you said there could be creepy crawlies hiding in the tall grass, and that you'll only agree to fly over that spot on Bichen. By the way, there's a huge pile of unsorted trash there. Maybe the timestorm's been blowing stuff and garbage to that corner of the island." He checked his fingernails and casually dropped a hint, or a (click)bait; but the husband hasn't revealed to the wife that he's steeled his nerves since they moved to the island and has been catching creepy crawlies daily for the sake of his wife's hobby of making potions and soups out of them, thus breaking the stereotype of a fine, elegant Gusu Lan man that holds disdain and irrational fear over anything that's creepy and crawls, and generally icky and filthy in nature. The last bit though--

When Wei Ying's gone out of the kitchen, Lan Zhan couldn't resist picking up the trail divulged from Wei Ying's little lie, because there's that treasure at the end of the rainbow, that is, a pile of trash that he must, absolutely must, for the sake of his perfect life and the inherent need to clean up garbage and put things into where they belong - and he trudges out through the side entrance and past the backyard pool, with a straw broom in hand, his gaze hardened in determination to rid the last unsanitary and unclean spot off his island. Elsewhere, Wei Ying hides behind a curtain and waits for girlie screams and tap-dancing in meadows of tall uncut grass - which never really happened.

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There's no mound of filth further behind the bamboo clump, although the place is rather messy like the bushes one finds in construction yard - filled with tall grass, some leftover wood and rocks, maybe a few discarded packaging and plastic materials that could be recycled and upcycled - which does not necessitate a full-blown clean-up operation with a straw broom. A huntsman spider larger than a man's palm did land on his hairpiece and crawled on his scalp - but after lifetimes of studying Wikipedia articles and

watching WeiTube videos, he knows the arachnids are not bad and help to keep out pests and insects. So, he simply gently peels off the spider from his hair - eliciting a dismayed whine from Ni-er hiding there because she wanted to nom-nom that omni-legged critter as a snack - and places it on a rocky outcropping, before wishing it a good day with a slight bow.

When he returned to the cave-home, Wei Ying was gone again. The husband has superior senses to detect his wife's whereabouts, and sniffs out the man's escape route, which is between bamboo number twenty-two and twenty-three. Ah, he thought, that leads to a black market that deals in contraband and prohibited goods, so he guessed that the wife had grabbed the sacks from the kitchen to fill up his illicit hand-crafted wares stowed in the study room, before making off to that market which Lan Zhan had explicitly told the wife that No, he may not go there, because there are assassins, murderers, rapists, smugglers, pirates, drug dealers, pimps, gigolos and prostitutes making their living in an underworld crammed between bamboo number twenty-two and twenty-three.

It would be straightforward to just follow Wei Ying's elusive trail, teleport out, and haul him back by the ass or by pulling on the man's ear - but Wei Ying is clever and not easily outsmarted. The sacks were stolen, of course, and that meant that whatever that was inside those sacks were set loose and left to run rampant around the house. Lan Zhan could deal with fleeing cackling foxes, the odd python, charging wild boar and fluttering panicked pigeons - however that was a whole new level of farce, and instead, he was left, horrified and paled, at the sight of pesky squirrels that raided his fruit baskets, crows that flew around to pick up and drop stuff everywhere, poison-spitting vipers, vampiric evil rabbits and other pests that he really, absolutely, truly hated. They are nimble and fast, and they evade him just as much as they ruin the home and terrorize his belongings.

Lan Zhan roars in uncharacteristic anger, when he finds out that a bunch of harvested peaches since that morning that was left on the dining table had rodents' bite marks on the now-bruised fruits. The grip on the straw broom tightens immensely, steam billows out from his back, and he raises it in a fierce warcry to battle against his arch-nemeses.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 244

Just as Lan Zhan spent half an hour in shopping sprees driven by massive sales promotions - which translates to a long duration spanning to days, weeks, even months in otherworldly timeflow -, Wei Ying enjoys the same in his favourite hideout where he is free to buy and sell anything that is illegal and prohibited, cursed and evil, banished and exiled, frowned upon and deemed impossible, without a pair of jealous and upset husbandly eyes following him wherever he goes. The husband will be busy chasing after squirrels nibbling at harvested orchard fruits, for example, and Wei Ying sets his timer to go off in about half an hour's time so that he can return and face the music, but with a satisfied and happy heart. He convinces himself that he deserves as much, because in a loving couple relationship, both should have their fair shares of indulgences and happiness.

In a dark, dingy street that connects to the portal located between bamboo stalks twenty-two and twenty-three, Wei Ying saunters past diseased beggars asking for alms, alcohols and substances to inject up their nostrils or veins, assassins announcing that they're open for hire, dodgy merchants selling fake and contraband goods, dealers hawking illegal stuff such as guns, drugs, exotics and prohibited magical talismans and gadgets, and scantily-clad men and women offering pleasures of the flesh and slaves in cages, in exchange for cold hard cash. Money, in this world, isn't mere gold and silver pieces minted by some sovereignty, and instead, takes a multitude of more intangible and harder to earn forms because as a trading hub of all things cardinally sinful located smack in the middle of interdimensional trafficking crossroads and where seedy labyrinthine back alleys eventually wind up in, to survive it must be able to accept, and welcome interested buyers and sellers from different races across the realms.

Wei Ying has a black cloak draped over his body made of cold black things, and it helps it to carry his luggage, or rather, his merchandise. Still, his arms

are filled with sacks of big and small sizes - treasures he'd gleamed and pilfered from spaces between bamboo stalk number twelve and thirteen, including very rare specimens of near-extinct animals and plants, radioactive and toxic gems and minerals, and captured sentient life-forms such as kidnapped faeries bound in cloth and ropes like burritos, famous demonic celebrities stored in magical gourds or the bones of legendary corpses that can be resurrected to serve new masters with a touch of evil, foreboding blood-letting rituals.

He blends quietly into the crowd of colourful, mostly dark or dirty customers, each with the intent to trade in sins despite their variety in forms, shapes and sizes; he walks among trolls and zombies, goblins and brutish orcs, some garbed in barbarians' furs, others in metal armours with toxin-laced spikes, and still more in robes bearing sinister designs, ghostly veils that mask faces, and like him, cloaks to hide the wicked and ill-intent from the attention of many. The black market spans across several blocks and criss crossing streets, thronging with people with two or six legs, of hands or bat-like wings, grinning with their latest successful bargains as much as showing fangs, claws and lashing out scaly tails in annoyance, anger or disappointment when one-and-only items are sold out to other eager buyers who are willing to pay more in blood, sin and the weight of souls in return for something that controls, corrupts, spawns evil and causes pain and destruction.

In what looks like a shady-looking tinted-glass pawnshop tucked between neon-lit massage parlours masking as brothels with their call girls' numbers posted on the storefront, and a shop with brazen advertisements of hiring sexy sales assistants to sell spiked wines perfect for use by hitmen and booze addicts - business is always brisk, though the customers and *laoban* do not talk about their profits -; Wei Ying squeezes in-between a haphazard queue of impatient customers waiting to get in while balancing his gait with his heavy baggage - fortunately the bouncers recognize him as a regular and let him through without needing any interrogation -, then into inside a dimly lit chamber. There, several high counters equipped with metal grills and

patrolling bodyguards greet him, and he gingerly approaches one that doesn't have waiting customers.

A man with no hair except for the underside of his face, quite rotund in shape and size, wears thick glasses and dressed in a plain working shirt hunches behind the counter. He squints his eyes and adjusts his spectacles, before mumbling, "It's you again."

"*Laoban* , d'ya want to see my identification papers or can I delight you with my day's catch?"

The unfriendly, bearded man does not react to the sarcasm and raises a hand to call a passing-by guard. Apparently, Wei Ying is so well known to have brought sacks of goodies frequently, that there's no need to check his background, and the staff in the shop knows what to do.

"I don't run this establishment but I fail to see why you keep visiting this trading post - not that I mind - when one of your relatives owns it. You could've just pestered your kins or steal the required amount, and there's no need to hold up the queue like you always do, which is an inconvenience for the staff manning the counters in this shop. Also, there's nothing delightful in dealing with unrepentant criminals like you, because it's just a business transaction," the man replies with a no-nonsense voice, and the burly-looking guard starts taking the sacks off Wei Ying's hands. Next to the counter is a weighing scale - a rather large, ornate-looking one with dreadful and devilish designs carved onto the weighing pan. Wei Ying knows how the devices work - simply place an object to be exchanged, and the magical scales weigh the amount of sin accumulated through the history of the object and its present owner until the moment it is offered for sale. Unfortunately for the young man, he always arrive in this world with zero

balance in sins, because he lives in an isolated floating island where he is always loved, cherished and forgiven no matter how many lies he's told, how many times he cheated his darling man or how much pain and suffering he's caused.

“ *Laoban* ,” Wei Ying calls out, ignoring the bearded man's grouses, “It's more exciting to earn my own sins and commit my own crimes, than to rely on others, even siblings, to get the dirty job done.” He adds an A.S.S. million dollar smile to emphasize his charm, though the clerk does not appreciate the oily gesture.

The clerk sighs, because they've had this conversation, and there is nothing that'll change Wei Ying's beliefs and perception when it comes to living in the fast lane of mischief, crime and wronging others. The guard places a squirming sack of something that's still alive onto the pan, and a panel in front of the weighing scale begins to calculate the weight of suffering, wrongdoing and malevolence. The number climbs from single to double digits. A bag containing the last winged unicorn foal of its kind in its homeworld, poached from the wild and destined to be made into some disgustingly rich man's steak on a dinner plate, and a nice shiny pen holder made from its ivory horn, is worth that much; but it is still paltry in comparison to the prices of really sinful things up for sale in the black market. The neigh'ing sack is crudely thrown to a pit behind the counter, and the guard works on the rest of the pile of bagged goodies on the ground.

“You should start looking into diversifying out from dealing with commodities like these,” the clerk murmured, as both men watched the guard weigh another sack, this time containing demons that, once released and bonded to a new master, could be ordered to rampage across continents and turn the living into the undead, and from land to ashes - perfect for those in quest to pillage cities and take revenge. The number remained at a miserable single digit, and Wei Ying let out a “Ehh?” of dismay. “These are

too common. We run an exchange according to the laws of supply and demand. Right now, there's plenty of people looking for ways to hurt one another, in as many creative ways as mortally possible, and yours is just a drop in the ocean of sins, *xiansheng*," the clerk scoffs and jots down the numbers on a piece of receipt paper with an ink-brush.

Quantifying sin - in the broadest term to encompass all that is evil and malevolent - is a subjective topic, and although Wei Ying knows that the numbers add up to the equivalent of present-day cold hard cash, he doesn't quite comprehend how they are valued in the first place because he isn't well-educated in the economics of such exchanges involving morals and behaviours. Thus, he's been trying to sell whatever mischief his creative mind comes up with, what nice things he can put his grubby hands on and pilfer with pride, and what evil plans he can hatch and carry out to inconvenience or even hurt others, to find the most satisfying, easiest and most valuable ways to earn currency in this world, and pay for what he would like to purchase.

The sacks weighed and binned into the pit - including majestic specimens robbed from their native habitats, powerful relics and enchanted precious stones, and imprisoned sentient non-human individuals; the clerk taps his abacus to finally reveal the total rung up at the till that he jots down on the receipt. Not even a hundred, Wei Ying whined as he grasps at the slip of paper, appalled at the meagre earnings; even a rooted WeiStation X or Weitendo gaming consoles, stolen from their high-security product development labs and hacked to ensure the player wins in every game, costs at least two hundred each, the man whimpers and then curses the inflated prices found in the black market.

Wei Ying leans forward and his cold black cloak drips with poisonous glee, and asks, "If I add a couple of my daughters to the scale, how much would that yield? They're sweet young things aged sixteen and below, and I can

even get those as young as ten, eight and six! They're ideal for warming beds for men and their dicks too, oh... and they're still virgins!" He adds his A.S.S. million dollar grin with a sly wink and a wiggle of eyebrows, hoping the clerk would find the idea of trading in flesh and virginities to be a profitable one.

Instead, the clerk gave Wei Ying a bored look. He tilts the abacus to the left, and rumbles, "We operate next to a whorehouse, *xiansheng* , and some of your girls work there. I *ate* some of your daughters for lunch earlier today," before going back to his paperwork of finalizing some proper documentation of what had been binned into the pit. Wei Ying gasps and he went as still as his eyes went as wide, because how shameless can his girls be, opening their legs and losing their precious flowerbuds to old, bearded and boring men like the clerk instead of their super sexy incestuous father! Why, that could even mean that the babies inside their bellies belonged to smelly, wrinkled old grandpas, and as he tip-toed to have a better look at the clerk, mmm-hmm, overweight and fat balding men too. He'll need to have a word or two with his offspring later and get their priorities right, he told himself.

"*Xiansheng* , you should know that common things will net you single-digit amounts of sin. Rare and exotics that are hard to acquire and infrequently come by, rake in for twice as much. One-and-onlys, firsts, once-in-a-lifetime, and that sort of stuff may be worth up to a hundred," the clerk explains, rather exhausted from dealing with such an annoying customer who isn't worth his time in sin, as he pens down the ten items that Wei Ying has sold.

"Such as?" Wei Ying's question doesn't skip a beat.

“Hmm...” the clerk murmurs, and scratches his beard with the handle of the ink-brush, “Like your first forbidden love, your first time getting deflowered or getting sinned, your first evil deed done unto a loved one, or something life-altering that will not happen again. We trade in memories and experiences too, by taking events from the past and channeling them to prospective clients in the future, then exchange them for currency. You’ll lose something in the process, of course, and you’ll end up being a different person because you wouldn’t have gone through that event and experience, but that’s how transactions work, *xiansheng* .” The clerk taps on the paper a little impatiently, gesturing to Wei Ying to either conclude the deal soon or get out, because there’s another customer queueing up behind him.

“This establishment works like a pawn shop too. All goods, including intangibles, can be loaned out to other clients and returned to the owners at a later time at a higher resale value. So, essentially you pawn off your stuff and collect the funds first, and later, you must return to purchase back your belongings at a higher price, and those belongings are generally already used by others, thus of lower quality for you. We advise customers to do this if they think they’ll have a change of heart about selling off their precious possessions - at an expense, of course. But that’s just business, *xiansheng* .”

Wei Ying thought that he wouldn’t want to sell of his precious A-Yings, A-Mians, Jia Jias and the rest of the unnamed population of virginal daughters and grand-daughters to dirty old men, not when they’re still living with him, sleeping with him every night and keeping his penis warm, snug and pleased to baby-making heights. He also doesn’t want to lose his precious memories and experiences, not when those momentous events defined his identity and path in life, especially his endearing, unforgettable, beloved feelings and recollections about the insufferable husband that he was sure nobody would want as secondhand anyway. There is only one original Wei Wu Xian in his omniverse, and one Lan Wang Ji that is bonded to his mind, body and soul, forever and beyond - and he wouldn’t trade anything, much

less let others use what's exclusively his, for anything in the entire lifetimes of multiverses.

However, that still begs the question - how can Wei Ying sell enough to earn at least triple digits of sin to buy what he wants from the black market today?

A light bulb pops above his head, and instantly burns out from its dazzling brightness.

“Ah... Mister Clerk, do you take Dreams? I have alternate personas and universes, memories, events, treasures and material wealth from my nightmares at nights, and my daydreams during waking hours. They're of very high quality, and some are original, never seen nor thought before, and they can materialize into the world according to my wishes, like in the flesh and as real objects,” the third A.S.S. smile is a little forced, and Wei Ying's cheek muscles are starting to cramp up.

The clerk lights up with intense scrutiny and curiosity never seen before on his jaded, unsmiling face. His face perks up, and his fingers start to drum restlessly on the document listing the ten items sold so far.

“We don't get many Dreams around here, in a dark world filled with sins, misery, and hopelessness. Show me your wares,” the clerk leans in until his forehead almost touches the metal grill that separates him from noisy, persistent customers. The burly guard too, shows interest and wipes the pan of the weighing scale eagerly with a washcloth for its next victim.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 245

Wei Ying was glad that he brought his tools of trade from the study room. One would be led to believe that he'd sell his greatest inventions and ideas for the forces of evil and the corrupt, however fortunately or not, his incredible, godly and universe-bending creations are half-constructed, and the ideas are half-baked, because Wei Ying can be the laziest sloth of them all if he doesn't put his heart into his efforts. He had the nuts and bolts, the papers for writing spells and talismans, the hammers, nails, screwdrivers, spanners and wrenches, and all the needed equipment in his sleeves - for when he lies down at a lounging chair that has in-built massaging functions that charges one sin per sitting, and he dreams out some quick and witty, even humorous creations that aren't perfect but served their evil functions well enough - whether a talking, flying penis that rapes and inseminates people in the night, a mirror that opens up into other people's vaginas and rectums for one to take a visual tour through, including tactile and gustatory experiences if one pokes a finger and prods with a tongue through the shiny surface, or even a multi-purpose drawing board the size of a rice paper notebook where one can use an ink-brush to draw, then tear the page off but burn it into a flame, then from the ashes, whatever that's drawn will transform into a living servile creature to carry out its master's evil wishes. These small achievements do not cost much, however, Wei Ying's amazing, versatile dreams are infinite and splendid, and they keep tumbling out into his arms non-stop and straight into the weighing scale.

He eventually pockets enough to buy what he needs.

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12:30 pm

“*Lao gong , lao gong* , please hit me with the feather duster? Xian Xian is wrong, and shouldn’t have made a naughty boo-boo... please forgive Xian Xian...” Wei Ying coquettishly whines and wiggles his ass, bent over the dining table where delicious smells waft from a bubbling pot of meat broth.

Contrary to the man’s expectations, rather than having to bite his lower lips and endure stinging whacks of bamboo against his bouncy milky buttocks as punishment for the juvenile tricks played upon the hapless husband, the feathered part of the terrorizing tool was rubbed vigorously over and over his underside; the feather tickle and scratch the underside of his bobbing penis, made his testicles tighten from the feathery, windy sensations, and licked like what a bunch of pre-cum slicked feathers do to lovingly lick his perineum, so much so that his lower groin becomes itchy, restless, very, very horny and wanting, and his man-pussy magically appears like hairy cunny lips of a fertile maiden just behind the balls; it gasps and wheezes, puffing up, engorged with blood, convulsing with excitement from kisses as light as feathers, demanding for more friction and tactile stimulation.

“Wei Ying,” a flushed, very aroused Lan Zhan growls into the wife’s ear, when he leans forward and holds the latter’s back tight to the chest, so that the wife could feel just how lustful the husband is, penis to butt-crack, and slipping lower, sliding between those tasty man-cunt lips, “I managed to catch the animals that escaped. A fox, a viper, a wild boar. Wild pigeons and crows, even wild rabbits and three doomed squirrels that ate the fruits in the fruit bowl. Now, they’re in the pot on the stove. I’ve had a taste to make sure the seasoning’s perfect. It’s very delicious.”

There’s a thrilling grunt, a tongue licking Wei Ying’s shell of the ear, nibbled on his nape and down the neck, and calloused hands grope his front after sliding beneath his chest and sandwiched against the dining table - his

breasts are greedily molested and groped. Wei Ying knew he should've taken the front entrance rather than the kitchen's side doorway, but no matter and there is no point in crying over spilt milk - or in his case, over milk that will be spilled again and again and it's not even past midday yet. He was yanked off the floor and slammed quite painfully against the unfortunate table, rattling bones and bruising skin - but all protests died in his throat when his pants were ripped into shreds and he realized that the husband was in a similar state of undress; wild game meat broth sure does wonderful and crazy things to the husband, after all.

The husband's penis slips into the anus with little effort to penetrate that puckered sphincter; it is *that* hard, now exceeding seven-inches in length and monstrous in its veiny girth, throbbing hungrily with racing heartbeats for a wild taste of Wei Ying's flesh. A couple of strokes of in-and-outs, and Wei Ying couldn't resist letting out a squeal and flutter his squeeze-worthy rectal walls, before the penis withdraws fully, then, to Wei Ying's aghast and delirious joy, slips into the man's self-lubricating hairy pussy unhindered, where babies are always made with wild, filthy, lustful love between the two.

Something clicks inside Wei Ying's sex-hazed mind, as he too, begins to twerk his ass and pleasure the older man with seductive jerking moves.

“ *Lao gong* , there was a legendary nine-tailed vixen in the bag, and you actually slain it then... cooked it? What does the fox say?”

“... Mrrreow!”

.

Later, the husband found out that the wife had illegally bought a very special device called a Penis Multiplier with a set of extension cords included in the package. Such deviation from the normal course of evolution and biology is disallowed by the laws of nature, sinful in the eyes of the gods - not that the husband has anything to do with the wife's choice -, and cost two hundred of that sinful currency which Wei Ying managed to pay off by selling his Dreams. Whilst having crazy monkey sex on the dining table, Wei Ying wiggled his eyebrows and beamed with pride when he whipped out the newly purchased instrument of terror from his sleeves, deemed to be the worst, most vulgar and lewd for that year's *annus horribilis* , even more despicable than pedophilic incestuous rape (which is normal amongst mammals) and sickening pandemics (which is also the standard way of keeping populations in check).

The husband stares, mesmerized, as the elephant trunk-like spongy, swinging thing is worn around his junk, akin to a loose, used condom. Lo and behold, with a blink of an eye, another authentic and real-feel husbandly penis appears slightly below the original one, fully erect and matching in texture, colour, shape, curvature, and size as the man's first penis. Double penetrations take on a new meaning, when Lan Zhan happily fucks his cuntboy wife in the ass and in the hairy pussy. Another blink of an eye, and he sports many more penises sprouting from his pelvis - what a frightening sight indeed -, and with another blink, those surplus penises grow out of extension cords like tentacles with penis-glans at their tips, and Lan Zhan becomes the nefarious star of B-grade porn fantasy movies featuring the much-maligned Penis Tentacle Monster.

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## Midday

Time has no meaning on the floating island that the couple calls as their home sweet home, while the world is being rebooted - and it's taking an awfully long time, the wife complains. The husband explains that the diurnal cycle is more like an ellipse, rather than a circle. That means that daytime is stretched, because the husband wants as much sunlight and low humidity as possible to hang the laundry (another set of bedsheets, pillowcases and clothes are drying in the breeze for the nth time that day), to make naturally dehydrated ingredients which are healthier and tastier than packaged processed foods (more dried chillies, corn, grains, salted meat, fish and shrimp, and even candied fruits, green and yellow gourds and sun-dried tomatoes are arranged like a jigsaw puzzle of colourful canvases at the front courtyard), and to boost the growth of vegetables and trees in their farmland.

The couple reaps the benefits of an extended daytime, that is, the hours of midday lasts for many more, and calculated using mind-boggling manipulation of mathematics, astrophysics, and the bizarre science behind the orbit of the Sun around flat worlds still in gestation.

With so much time to spare, second lunches served and feasted (Wei Ying's real lunch, this time), baths taken together, and mutual ear-cleaning and masturbation done simultaneously (with the dexterity and finesse of divine origin), and plenty of crazy monkey sex achievements under the belt (using Penis Multipliers and other sexy tools at the couple's disposal), the wife has nothing else to do but to laze and roll around the waxed, cleaned stone floors of their cave-home because it was getting quite hot and sunny outside, he doesn't want to tan anymore, and it's nicer to stretch and pretend to be a starfish on the chilled smooth surface in the interior of their home than to face the dust, sand and ultraviolet rays outside.



The husband loves the wife very much, but certain limits are imposed, physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually - also humanly; thus, when the wife starts to sing nursery rhymes using the husband's names, nicknames and all sorts of manners that the world addresses him, whether Lan Zhan, Lan Wang Ji, Lan *er gege* , Lan *er gongzi* , Hanguang Jun, Wang Ji *xiong* , and its countless iterations in seven different dialects from each clan, even one of Gusu's that the husband finds goosebump-inducingly cringeworthy of Lan *er dada* , that he murmurs

无聊 and goes off to find the straw broom to try and sweep the defiant young man back into proper etiquette and manners (with lots of angry chasing and mocking laughter, tapping the man's buttocks to make him stop chanting the rhymes using his names inappropriately, and trying to drag the man from under the sofa and bed when he rolled underneath the furniture). At his wits' end, Lan Zhan finally yields, and claps his hands to call for the wife's attention. Let's go for a daytrip, a couple's outing, somewhere far and away from the dreary house that's testing the limits of both men at midday - and Wei Ying "Yay!"s.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 246

In an alternate scenario still in the works, because Lan Zhan's subjects need more time to finetune the scripts, dress up the mob characters, put on the finishing touches to the set, record and sync the filming with a smattering of sound effects, background music and dubious dubbing, and so on, the couple met once again at the entrance of the Cloud Recesses one beautiful cloudless night with the full moon as their witness of a reunion match made in heaven.

Their first encounter at the gates to the Cloud Recesses remains awkward, with Wei Ying gawking at a passing-by Lan *er gongzi* with sighing, nearly fainting, and rosy cheeked girls in his wake - and that awfully ugly dead body covered by a white cloth following not too far behind. Lan Zhan couldn't possibly stop, lest he arouse the suspicions of his so-called fangirls, his future brother-in-law, and future elder sister-in-law. So, as usual, Wei Ying went off downhill to find the Yunmeng Jiang troops' missing invitation card in that inn where they were previously kicked out by the arrogant, pompous and super-wealthy Lanling Jin pricks, and had his first staredown with his arch-nemesis, his *shijie*'s fiancée. When he returned with a couple of jars of Emperor Smiles in hand, he was taken aback by the sight of the *er gongzi* standing just behind the gates' force field despite the time being later than nine o' clock at night.

Lan Zhan didn't really want to draw swords with his then-future wife, nor perform dangerous acrobats leaping across roofs and slippery roof tiles across starless skies, in which the lack of lighting reduces visibility and increases the risk of landing on perilous places atop buildings, spraining ankles due to slamming into hard concrete surfaces, or tumbling into the bushes two storeys down - a common workplace hazard for cultivator swordsmen that have caused more mortality and morbidity than reported in

the press. So, he merely holds up his Jade Token like dangling a kitty treat, and Wei Ying is asked to sit down and say the password.

“Whatever that’s yours is mine, whatever that’s mine is also mine.”

Sixteen-year old Lan Zhan actually smiles, barely, to acknowledge that this young sixteen-year old boy is indeed his then-future wife. So he grasps the Jade Token and gives it a spin, and since it also belongs to Wei Ying due to their otherworldly holy matrimonial bond, it responds and the force field is temporarily deactivated. Wei Ying gleefully rises to his feet and skips through the gates, but not before stealing a quick kiss on the then-future husband’s lips with a wordless ‘Thank You’ - because in a blissful wedded relationship, such words need not be said, after all. Then, alone in a rather deserted Cloud Recesses because it’s past curfew time, the two hold hands romantically and take a leisure stroll towards the dorms designated for disciples from visiting clans for the upcoming classes. Wei Ying remarks that Lan Zhan is very handsome indeed, even as a teenager, and he regrets the time when he didn’t realize this earlier, in a past lifetime. In response, Lan Zhan curtly comments that Wei Ying is always the one and only soulmate across time, worlds and lifetimes, and that his *lao po* has always been this beautiful. Wei Ying blushes, and nibbles the then-future husband’s ear, leaving them red as chilli peppers that the then-wife loves so much.

The first order of that evening isn’t so much as to stick to the script and rest for the night, or to spend those precious hours together alone, exploring gay sex for the first (not) time of their tender sixteen years of life. Wei Ying has seen the body of a man with black veins and white eyes being carried on a stretcher through the gates earlier with his clan - so he does what he should’ve done like any law-abiding citizen and steer clear of heroics and vigilantism.

Once Wei Ying is in an unoccupied room as shown by Lan Zhan, he casts a Fairy Messenger spell - a common phone call in modern times -, and waits while staring at the pulsating ball of amber light that costs him one talisman.

There is a crispy *click!* , and the line briefly lights up in blue-white to signal that a connection is made. A manly gruff voice speaks from the other side, “Hello?”

“Hello? Imperial police? I’d like to report a case of murder and a possible abuse of Dark magic, please,” Wei Ying says to the puffball of amber light, and he gestures to the then-future husband whether those Infinity Gauntlets have been returned to the Emperor of Chang’an and Grandmaster Gao; Lan Zhan nods - this was important for the plot, because there’d be no way those Imperial buffoons would be able to fight against the tide of fierce corpses and Wen Ruohan’s mastery of the Yin Metal without those incredibly powerful, limited edition power tools that can only be ordered at a jaw-dropping price from Magics ‘R’ Us megastores nationwide. Plus, use of Dark magic is generally prohibited and frowned upon across all major cultivation circles including the Imperial Cultivators, so investigators, prosecutors and lawyers will be more than happy to look into the case, particularly because the Qishan Wen’s meteoric rise in fame, influence and riches have been attracting lots of undesirable attention from friends, foes and the tax authorities housed within the Imperial Court.

The historical anonymous call made, Wei Ying bids good-night to his then-future husband because he should meet with his beloved *shijie* and adoptive brother, who are probably worried sick about his disappearance, and not cause any ruckus within the Jiang family. He carries both jars of wine back to the dorms, and thinks about whether he should share one of the jars with Jiang Cheng to get him dead drunk, and maybe get his *shijie* tipsy as well, before settling down on a shared bed, then taking his place on top of an

undressed and drowsy Jiang Yan Li and between her smooth, slender legs, pillowed by her milky breasts and voluptuous, soft body, while leaving the drooling, unwary and knocked-out A-Cheng lying on the stone-cold floor.

Lan Zhan sighs and returns to the Jingshi. It's already way, way, past his bedtime too, and he worries that Huan *gege* may be looking for him. Fortunately, in a deliberate twist of fates, Lan Zhan had stayed out too late, and Huan *gege* had conducted the initial investigation and discussion with Master Lan Qi Ren on the dead body that appeared on their doorsteps - with growing rumours that more dead bodies may be found, bearing similar marks of blackened veins, cracked skin and white eyes, in the towns beneath the mountains of the Cloud Recesses. With him out of involvement from the investigation about the dead body, Lan Zhan was able to sleep well that night.

“Well, this is interesting,” Wei Ying mumbled sarcastically in dismay, and yawns, because it's just slightly before seven in the morning, and it's way too early for him to wake up to find breakfast unlike the rest of the teenagers and young men and women around him. According to official sources, that is, a large parchment pasted on the stone wall close to where the Lan family's sculptured rules are located, all classroom lessons, both ongoing and planned, are cancelled and postponed for three days, pending a serious investigation involving the clans present in the Cloud Recesses. All disciples are required to stay in their dorms unless they are instructed otherwise by seniors and their teachers. Wei Ying and his two siblings mull around the noticeboard along with the other disciples, each speculating what's going on, sharing gossip and informative tidbits with one another.

“Did you know? Last night, Sect Leaders and people of the elite circles within the Grand Cultivation Council received urgent messages that something had happened here, in the Cloud Recesses! My father told me in a Fairy Messenger call this morning! He said he couldn’t share the details, but he ordered me to obey the seniors, teachers and officials, and not to trouble anyone! Three days will pass very quickly with reading, indoor cultivation practice and meditation, he said.”

“Officials, you say? My uncle works in a military unit in Chang’an as an official, and he sent me a message too, saying that he’s headed here by later this evening on FeiEx flying swords. Something’s brewing and it’s top secret. But he assured me that it doesn’t concern us disciples, so it sounds like they’re coming here, have some kind of meeting, and then leave in three days’ time. He advised me to focus on my studies despite the lockdown situation, and not to fail the next exam.”

“Wow! First class FeiEx swords, they’re not kidding! It must be big! Has there been a scandal? A theft of priceless relics? Of important persons gone missing? Or is there something happening between the Council and the Imperial Court? My aunt works at the ticketing office of FeiEx flight services, and she told me that she’s seen a sudden rise in orders for flights to the Cloud Recesses scheduled for arrival this evening too, and then departing for the Carp Tower in Lanling, where the Council is headquartered, in the morning of the third day from today.”

Barely a few minutes after everyone gathered and had a good look at the latest announcements, a few seniors arrived and ushered the disciples to the dining halls to have their breakfast. Jiang Cheng is as excited as any fidgety kid in a novel situation, because the parchment stated that in case disciples are summoned to assist in investigations, clan representatives will be called to the main office - and Jiang Cheng is designated to represent the Yunmeng Jiang clan. In addition, Jiang Fengmian contacted Jiang Cheng at dawn with

a short message that he will be at the Cloud Recesses later that day, with little information provided. A-Cheng becomes the next peacock in Wei Ying's books, because the teenage boy, nearly fourteen years-old and cocky as hell, started to parade around the dorm and barking orders, making sure that the Wei *gongzi* and Jiang *gu niang* toe the line and follow the rules set by their hosts. Wei Ying would love to give A-Cheng an earful, were it not for Yan Li's timely interference and distracting, "A-Xian, A-Xian, leave him be. Let's just be good children during these three days, and it'll pass soon," not realizing that Wei Ying has plans to bring in enough Emperor Smiles to share with his sibling using the tried-and-tested strategy, and bed his *shijie* at every opportunity being cooped up in the same, sex-stinked room - so, with a fake exasperated huff, he lets A-Cheng go and respectfully dismisses that prick's arrogant strides.

Breakfast is bland, though Wei Ying doesn't complain as much because he is used to the cooking lifetimes ago - however, he wishes that Lan Zhan was by his side, so that he can pick out the icky floppy boiled greens and flavourless tofu from his bowl and put them in the husband's, because Lan Zhan doesn't mind finishing up what the wife dislikes at meal times. Seniors Lan disciples monitor each dining table to make sure that rules are followed, including no talking while eating, not eating more than three bowls of rice in one sitting, and the ilk. The canteen-like setup is nostalgic, at least for Wei Ying, because he'd have to queue up politely with a tray to collect the dishes that are arranged in perfect rows and columns on a large countertop, supervised by Lan *gu niang* s to make sure that there are no overt displays of greed and gluttony - a cardinal sin in the Lan family's eyes. Fortunately there is a variety of dishes including a choice of congee, breads, sweet and savoury dumplings, rice and noodles with vegetables and slivers of meat, though mostly under seasoned and quite lacking the punch of spiciness that Wei Ying craves. If he needed more, he'd have to line up again quietly for seconds.

Shortly after seven-thirty, all disciples adjourn to their dorm rooms, and patrolling seniors make sure the doors remain closed. However, it isn't

totally like living in a prison, since disciples can request to go out for a while, such as to do their laundry, to take a bath and use the public toilets, even to go to the Pavillion Library to borrow some books or musical instruments to pass the time, and take a number to wait for their turn to use the courtyards and gyms for cultivation and martial arts practise to maintain one's health and well-being - however they must be accompanied by seniors at all times, and they are placed under watchful eyes from guards at the watchtowers.

While the morning sun's shining brightly, the Yunmeng trio decides to exercise after their rather unsatisfactory meal - at least from Wei Ying's perspective, because he knows how to cook better food than what the Gusu Lans are offering in that canteen. Everyone dons their Gusu Lan white uniforms, which feels nice and cool to the skin, a mix of cotton and other durable, soft fibers that eases movements and lets the skin breathe easier when sweating. Jiang Yan Li watches from the sides under the shade of trees, and makes a few new friends with some *gu niang*s from other clans, and forms a sisterhood of some sort, because females bond with each other so much easier than men, after all. It felt good to practise a few martial arts kicks and punches to work out one's digestion and burn up some excess calories, and Wei Ying was once again cheerful and spirited in his mood while play-duelling with Jiang Cheng - until, of course, the arrival of the Lanling Jin group who also wanted to stretch their toes and, in all likelihood, show off their clan's signature moves like a bunch of peacocks on display. Were it not for Mian Mian's presence, and Yan Li's alarmed calls of 'No, A-Xian, don't!', Wei Ying would've started an inter-clan war and leave Jin Zixuan with a black eye. There were some posturing and trading of light barbs in between; Zixuan not really giving a shit about Wei Ying's incessant animosity because he only wanted to exercise with his clanspeople like everyone else, while Wei Ying kept shouting across the courtyard to dare that late-teenage man garbed in special gold layers under the golden sunlight to man up, then challenge him to a duel that fortunately never materialized, and Jiang Cheng looked absolutely helpless, irritated, unsure of what to do or whether he should interfere, and not wanting to do anything that would seem disgraceful in the eyes of others in the



surrounding area. In the end, Yan Li dragged both of her brothers back, each hand holding one of her brothers' wrists, and she felt embarrassed at causing a scene witnessed by curious onlookers, bad boys wolf-whistling and cheering on for a fight, and gossipy girls that giggle as she rushed past them.

By mid-morning, the trio settles down after a good but loving scolding full of understanding and compromises, of 'Xian Xian won't do it again, unless that Jin peacock shows up his face once more!' and 'A-Xian, please, just ignore them'. Jiang Cheng decides to do something useful in the dorm, and tries to memorize some of the Lan family rules - which is part of the study curriculum and contributes to one's overall grades, and he wants to get ahead of his peers by studying during such lockdown 'holidays' - though he ends up singing nursery rhymes out of those thick textbooks, with very little being absorbed into memory and the rest, as the saying goes, goes out of the ass like passing gas. Wei Ying, who has regained his composure after getting 'be a good boy' smooches on the cheek, becomes the lovable A-Xian and entertains his *shijie* with an animated Paperman giving flying kisses to Yan Li before climbing all over her to leave more kisses, hugs and sweet rubs of crinkly paper against her cheeks - which leaves Jiang Cheng constantly distracted and rolling his eyes with disdain expressions of 'that's so booo---ring and a waste of time'. Yan Li indulges in Wei Ying's playful antics and lets the *didi* slip the yellow Paperman - unnoticed by A-Cheng - into her dress, sometimes sliding into her bra to touch the curves of her milky plump bosom and steal kisses from her nipples, in which the *shijie* thinks it's just her *didi* being a naive, naughty boy, and lets him get away with it - because the Papermen kept squealing, very, very faintly, ' *didi ai ni* ' with each sweet kiss to her ample titties.

A senior disciple from the Lan clan knocks on the door, and Jiang Cheng rushes up to greet him. When the senior informs that A-Cheng has been summoned to the main office to assist in investigations, he is more than thrilled and excited - as evidenced by the bounce in his steps, the swell of pride in his chest, and that his nose grew a few inches longer when he

waved at the remaining two siblings with a grin, and stepped out of the room. Wei Ying sighs in boredom, because he knows he is, again, not the protagonist in this story, so he doesn't get into action-packed scenes with gratifying mystery, suspense and thriller shots. Thus, a couple of minutes after A-Cheng left, Wei Ying discreetly twirls his index finger, and his *shijie* slumps on the floor, unconscious. It doesn't take long for him to haul her to her feminine flower-scented bed after one night's sleep, because he is quite a lean, well-muscled, tall and handsome boy for his age. Another twirl, this time symbolically with the middle finger, and Yan Li's silky pink dress comes off and her panties float to the air to land on Wei Ying's sleazily grinning face. He inhales the pheromone-soaked material deeply and unbuckles his belt, while making a speed-dial reserved for loving soulmates.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 247

*Lan Zhan, can you hear me? Sweet. Where are ya now? Huh... Jingshi? Booo---ring. Play some guqin music for me while we talk, I kinda like that relaxing background music while I'm fucking my sleepin' sister with her legs spread, and making the both of us cum.*

*Oh, no worries. Jiang Cheng's on his way to Master Lan Qi Ren's office. Do you know how long the interrogation will take? I'm hoping to sow my brotherly seed and plant some babies before he returns. Yeah, seems he's the one of the protagonists, so all eyes will be on him, and I don't want to be in the limelight when he's back, with my dick shooting sperm all over my sister's womb, and me lookin' like an incontinent fool in front of the cameras! Ha ha ha!*

*One hour? Okay, that sounds doable. Thanks, hubby, I owe ya one for the insider info... Aaahhnn... Sorry, keep talking. I just busted shijie's cherry again and it feels so damn good fucking her hot tight cunt when I've the libido of a sixteen year-old.*

*Eh? Did I say that many times? Really? You want one too? Okay... didi ai ni ! Er gege, didi ai ni ! How's that? Ha ha ha, I can imagine you're red as a tomato right now, darling!*

*Oh, mm-hmm, mm-hmm, yeah, I read that too. Our notes match. From what I heard, the Imperial forces are arriving this evening, and I'm guessing the star players of this storyline will make their way to the Carp Tower in the next couple of days to follow the clues... Oh fuck that feels good... 'em girls know how to squeeze a boy's dick even while sleepin'!... Shit, I'll bust a nut*

*soon, gonna ejaculate prematurely as a hopelessly pining sixteen-year old, can you believe that... So, Lan Zhan, what should we do next? I'm stuck in the dorms till then.*

*Really? I'll also be invited to dinner with my adoptive dad and rest of the elite cultivators? Awesome!... oh fuck, uunh-uunh-uunh... mmmmh, nnnnh, hahhnn... Yeah, sorry, I'm picking up my pace and don't stop if I get quiet, you hear that? I'm always listening. Let's have a rendezvous behind the bamboo grove during dinner if they start talking politics. You know, the one next to the classroom. Yeah, the usual, I'll say that I need to go to the loo, then you'll follow up next, 'kay?*

*Oh sweet baby Guan Yin... gonna blow...*

*... ngggghh... nggaaah... fuck fuck fuck that feels so good...*

*... uuuuh... oooh... aahhnn... oh yeah, oh yeah, yeaaaah, squeeze mah dick, wring out tha' last drop, you cunt... unnnh... phewwww... hahhh...*

*Yeah, I'm... back to the land of the living. Feels so good cummin' endlessly. I'm still hard and unloading my sweet teenage balls into her. My head's in the clouds. Can't wait to let you fuck my ass, it's kinda lonely there, waiting to taste my first sixteen-year old man. Being a heterosexual man again just doesn't cut it anymore. Mm-hmm. I know, your dick is still the best. Yeah, love you too. Talk later. I'm drained, but I hafta keep goin' while it's just me and my sis in the room. Gonna milk her pussy for what she's worth, then claim the baby in her belly for myself, and kick that fiance's barren ass out*

*of the picture. That's what he gets for kicking us out of the inn's room in the first place, yesterday in Caiyi!*

.

Wei Ying makes sure he whisks the baby batter deep inside the flesh, warm oven for the bun to bake faster; his nearly six-inch penis does the work justifiably well, considering that size doesn't really matter when the female experiences intense pleasures, shuddering orgasms, moans in her sleep, her curvaceous fertile hips shake as excitedly as his dick dances within until he had to grip her waist to hold her down, and her womb naturally descends to dip into the pool of spilled semen repeatedly until everything's sucked in, to where it belongs - many, many times during that hour. Five minutes before the time's up, he puts back her clothes rather clumsily - it's a bit hard to hook the bra from the front, but he enjoys giving those sweet mature mounds one last suckle, a heartfelt grope with both eager but satisfied juice-slicked hands, and lay his head between the breasts one more time to enjoy those soft natural pillows that smell so fragrant - before covering them up.

Jiang Cheng returns eventually, baffled at the scene of the older of the Twin Heroes lying down with his head on his sister's lap and on her bed - it is unbecoming of the Yunmeng Jiang trio who represent the pride of the clan by studying in the Cloud Recesses as part of an exchange programme; there shouldn't be such pampering and childishness, at least not when strict discipline and noble virtues are the values expected while staying in the grounds of the renowned Gusu Lans.

“ *Jie* , don't tell me you've been giving him another ear-cleaning session. Look at that shameless man, snoring soundly on his *shijie* 's lap like a toddler, and he's drooling on your skirt too!” Jiang Cheng accuses with a

pointing finger. It can't be helped, Wei Ying thought, while pretending and really, falling asleep, because sex feels very relaxing and makes his whole body soak into a tub of happy weightless pink cotton candy, especially his blissfully emptied loins when he knows that his lively babymaker sperms are on their way, swimming vigorously and with enthusiasm towards his sister's eggs where they truly belong.

"A-Cheng... hush, don't wake him up. He's a good boy and hasn't caused any trouble while you were away. I don't really know what happened, because I seem to have taken a nap too after that heavy breakfast. When my eyes opened, we were already like this on my bed. I--"

Jiang Yan Li made an uncomfortable face and squeezed her thighs, because she thought she felt something wet and sticky dribbling out between her legs - again since waking up that morning. Fearing that her period had arrived - but her menses just ended about a week ago - or perhaps some natural clear or milky vaginal discharge had left her panties stained - her mother did tell her about such phenomena in some especially active and healthy young girls -, she quickly excused herself to the ladies' toilet. Wei Ying was rudely pushed to one side of the bed as she hurried off, leaving A-Cheng even more confused in their dorm room.

Their dorm room isn't too small, but it isn't too spacious either. There are four single beds arranged with two against each wall, which is a standard design, and there is furniture typically found in most sects' dorms, including tables, chairs, cupboards and cabinets. Each bed has a set of curtains that can be drawn, in case privacy or added noise reduction is needed. The rooms are predominantly used for sleeping, studying and hanging out indoors, so other personal luxuries such as toilets, showers and kitchens aren't available and need to be shared communally; although there is a small bathroom for light showers, personal hygiene use, and a waste bucket for collecting body wastes which occupants need to dump into the

farms and rinse with water on their own. However, there are empty buckets and small clay stoves stored in each room, so disciples can fetch water from the wells themselves or light some charcoal to heat up pots of tea and food, or cook simple meals. There are rules prohibiting reckless use of water and fire elements indoors, naturally or by magical means, for safety reasons, and all rooms are equipped with some kind of basic elemental disaster-sensing magic akin to modern smoke alarms.

Lunch is a breeze, as disciples are allowed to go out in staggered numbers, escorted by designated seniors, to the dining hall. The crowd control proved effective, true to the Gusu Lan's superior skills in managing chaos using orderliness and discipline, so everyone was able to pick up his or her meal, eat in relative silence and with some chatter allowed, then wash up and return without a fuss, without wasting time. Some disciples took the opportunity to get some fresh air, because the Cloud Recesses is situated in the mountains, and the misty, chilled air and the wide blue cloud-dotted skies rising above a landscape of steep cliffs, mountain forests and cascading waterfalls, are a welcome change for those who've lived like Young Masters and cannot tolerate the claustrophobia of being packed within four walls all day.

Wei Ying continued to scan around to tune into more hearsays and interesting stories from the grapevine. Some of the more prestigious and elite disciples have had more contact with their families and clans, and had more news to share. For Jiang Cheng and his sister, it was quite exciting to see the investigations develop, as clansmen exchanged information about their interrogations, and the little bits and pieces gleaned from conversations with tight-lipped Gusu Lan seniors, guards and councillors. Wei Ying didn't really need to listen in too much, since he was the one who anonymously tipped off the police and kickstarted the flurry of investigation activities in the first place.

In any case, the Yunmeng Jiang clan, headed by Jiang Cheng, does not have any useful clues to present to the investigation team currently headed by Master Lan Qi Ren and a group of other elders. They saw the face of the dead body, but that was it - the admittedly dull-witted Jiang Cheng didn't have any ideas of what might have caused such a grotesque, despicable death or any knowledge about the rumours surrounding more cases reported in Caiyi since he is a fairly newcomer to Gusu.

“There's been a murder case, and the mysterious dead body we saw yesterday is the cause of what's happening in the Cloud Recesses right now!” the Jiang *gongzi* exclaimed, barely restraining his voice while slurping on his noodles for lunch. Yan Li tried her best to calm down her brother by telling him to finish his food and that they should talk in their room later. “I must tell Father about this when he arrives this evening, he'll need this important information to be able converse with the other Sect Leaders, and avoid any disgrace and dishonour for our clan!” he added and even lightly slammed his hand to the table with a newfound sense of mission and urgency, and Wei Ying scoffed into his chicken rice. The upset princely *gongzi* was about to say something witty and similar to ‘What are you mocking at? You don't even know half of this exciting story and the important role that I play!’ but luckily, Yan Li was there to mediate between the two. Wei Ying rolled his eyes and swallowed down the rather dry, overcooked meat with little flavour and too much chilli paste he'd dunked onto the food out of desperation for his crying palate.

“Ah! My brother, Sect Leader Nie Mingjue, will also be attending tonight's dinner,” a squeaky voice cuts in shakily from the opposite table. Without waiting for permission, the short boy garbed in grey robes and next to him, a similar wide-eyed, meek and servile follower, hurry across the floor and bring their food trays with them. “*Gongzi*,” the senior of the two made a respectful bow with folded hands at the front, “Is it true? There's been a murder here in the Cloud Recesses? I'm so scared right now, I came here only yesterday because my brother forcefully signed me up to listen to the lectures of the Gusu Lan, and I don't want to end up in a coffin! Did you



manage to get a good look at the victim's face? My neighbouring roommate said that it looked gruesome, with the skin drained of blood, poisoned veins sticking out all over the neck and chest, a snarl etched on the face as though the victim died of hatred and resentment, and fingernails as sharp as a tiger's, and it actually sat up and hopped around! it's the sign of the return of the *jiangshi* (僵尸)!" The boy and his follower sit face-to-face with Jiang Cheng at their rectangular table.

"Wow! Where did you hear that from? We saw a body being carried up by Lan disciples through the gates last evening, so it wouldn't have originated from here, but from one of the towns at the foot of the mountains. They... hopped? Please, tell us more, in the name of the Yunmeng Jiang Sect that I proudly represent!" Jiang Cheng becomes excited and pivots from his bowl of noodles to the new comrade-in-arms, because he instantly feels an affinity for Successors Of Sect Leaders - a bigot class of their own, Wei Ying realized with a frown. Wei Ying quietens down and makes sure to gradually withdraw his presence, because he doesn't want to be the third wheel and add into the animated, almost rowdy discussion that could attract stern-faced seniors anytime. He sandwiches himself between the overly zealous Jiang *gongzi* - who is energized to find peers of comparable prestige and stature - and his *shijie* , who, like most non-schooling females participating with clansmen that signed up to listen to the lectures, are merely there to help take care of the disciples of their clan, and sadly, made to look attractive, pretty young things to keep those unruly teenagers in check (because remember, this is the era of 2000 B.C. where many females do not get proper education, and are expected to shoulder household chores and caring duties for their male family members from a young age; although she may be allowed to join some elective classes held by exclusive female circles, however limited to domestic duties, such as cooking, sewing and embroidery, and housekeeping.)

The two new acquaintances, formally introduced as Nie Huaisang and his follower, Meng Yao, exchanged greetings over lunch with the Yunmeng Jiang trio, although conversations were mostly dominated by Jiang Cheng,

who prioritizes saving face at all times though doesn't like to be embroiled in unnecessary drama and theatrics - but he does it anyway -, and Huaisang, who is rather reluctant and unambitious but is dragged into the mess anyway. Wei Ying caught Meng Yao giving curious stares at him and Yan Li, but the timid man simply looked away when Wei Ying tried to approach him with some light banter, in which Huaisang downplayed as 'No need to trouble this man who's like a second elder brother to me, but he's extremely obedient and does the chores as needed, and hasn't anything of value to share about this mystery anyway' - truly spoken in style like a elite, and Jiang Cheng toasted his cup of tea with his seal of approval towards the Nie boy to, in some way, celebrate the coming together of two prominent sects, on their second day at the Cloud Recesses.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 248

Afternoon rolls by, and Wei Ying is itching to hump the bedpost and ready to have crazy monkey sex with anything, be it a man, woman or a hole in the ground - even the teapot without its lid looks tempting - because he is bored out of his wits, and he can't just pull down his pants to masturbate in broad daylight, not when distinguished guests from the Nie clan lounge around in his - their - dorm unit like teenagers hanging out with their buddies on a lazy afternoon. There's no way to sneak out to go hunting for jungle fowls in the thick mist-blanketed forests, fish in the rivers flowing in those picturesque gorges in Gusu's finest mountain ranges, or catch fighting crickets that roam around the damp undergrowth and below rotting vegetation and logs in early Summer daytime temperatures. He watches, drowsy and unhappy, as *shijie* sews a tear on one of Jiang Cheng's pants; she also puts a covered tray of pastries she'd graciously asked from the kitchens on a table - snacks for the everyone -, and a pot of tea upon the clay stove, since she's the eldest of the host clan.

Nie Huaisang brought his caged birds - at least three of them - to entertain his new friends. Pets aren't generally allowed in the Cloud Recesses, however, for aristocratic sons and persons of special status, such as the younger brother of Sect Leader Nie, he was allowed to keep them in the dorms, though he was warned not to let those pets stray to, say, the classrooms and other restricted areas where the Lan family rules and discipline are upheld. Meng Yao was sent off to wait at the main office lobby in case there were further instructions for the Nie clan, and Huaisang remarked that the man in his late teens was especially delighted when Lan Xi Chen, the superstar and older of the highly acclaimed, eminent Twin Jades, invited him into one of the annex rooms have cooling herbal tea instead of standing outside in the hot sun.

The Nie boy proudly shows how he trains his birds to sing Nie folksongs and perform simple tricks, like picking out a card from a deck, and flying to one's open hand when called with whistles and irritating kissy sounds. Even Yan Li is amused, and she plays with the birds with a perplexed Wei Ying - because all he knew was to command evil crows to fly around and cause bloodshed and misery - including stealing people's underwear from the clothes line -, and not to pick toasted mixed nuts from one's palm or interact with human handlers using cute chirps and tweets. Jiang Cheng keeps harping on matters important for that night's dinner, such as getting their facts right about the mysterious murder case, and preparing their thoughts for when their respective Sect Leaders arrive at nightfall, though Huaisang isn't as keen as long as he can get through the night safely and without further unease since the great War General Nie Mingjue will make his appearance at the meeting halls soon.

“Nie *gongzi* , the birds look tired after being played by the three of you. Should you give them a rest and we do some study revision together? The teachers expect us to have read up at least the first couple of chapters in History and Philosophy by the time we attend our first classes in a couple of days' time.”

“Eh... ehh? Really? I didn't know (我不知道), I really didn't know! Oh no, I haven't been studying today as I've been busy with the investigations, and trying to make new friends -- like you, Jiang *gongzi* ! You're my first friend, here, in Gusu! You'll help me, won't you?”

(at that point, Wei Ying rolls his eyes skeptically, because fifteen-year old Nie Huaisang is, in high school lingo, a loser whose head is always in the clouds, aces in failing his exams, daydreaming of playing with birdies all day, and enjoying anything not related to school and violence. But he does have sweet and polite words to appease anyone who finds him vexing and clueless with his trademark I-don't-knows.)

Jiang Cheng's chest puffs up with pride again, like the second peacock that Wei Ying really didn't want to see with his own eyes. "Of course, Nie *gongzi* , we're buddies and I've started on Philosophy this morning by memorizing the first few pages of the Gusu Lan's disciplinary rules. In fact, I'm thinking of going to the Library to borrow a few more books, especially those that help beginners to map shortcuts in memorizing that awful lot of text." He takes a swig of heated tea from his cup and a hearty munch from a bean paste pastry that Yan Li had prepared.

"Oh! That's so smart of you, Jiang *gongzi* ! Reading up books on how to memorize more books, that's so clever of you!" Ah, that greasy smile and crinkle at the edges of the eyes, Huaisang sure knows how to butter up others especially when he starts fanning himself energetically with his traditional Nie paper fan, to indicate that he shares the same sentiments too.

"What about you, Wei Wu Xian?" the younger of the Twin Heroes ask, and Wei Ying resents the fact that Jiang Cheng continually refuses to use a more familial name to address him, "I haven't seen you flip any pages of the textbooks in the bags that the seniors placed on our beds last night. Are you so confident that you'll survive the first day in class, or shall I also borrow these 'how to study smarter' books for you too? You've seemed to be a bit out of things and indifferent to the upcoming lectures since the lockdown started. Don't forget, *tie* pays for our living expenses during our stay here, he'll be angry if he finds out you haven't been doing what you set out to do with us."

There, again. The words 'our', 'you', and 'us', it almost seems as though he's being treated as an outsider of the family - sometimes. Wei Ying sighs and rubs one of the birdie's neck and strokes its colourful green and blue-feathered body to the sound of contented chirps, perched to his wrist.

“Ahh... I feel lazy after bumpin’ into that Jin bastard this mornin’, ya know? Seein’ his face kinda spoiled my mood to study for th’ rest of the day, and mah’ legs are like lead, and I just wanna roll on this chilly wooden floor to ward off the heat outside, an’ all that,” he drawls out lots of excuses in his clan’s dialect, with a whiny tone in his voice, then languidly starfishes himself on the floor, causing the bird to hop away to Yan Li’s arms. That is the cue for her to save the conversation.

“Ah, A-Cheng, why don’t you and Nie *gongzi* take these birds back to the Nie clan’s dorms, and go to the Library together? *A-Jie* thinks one hour of playing with these feathered friends is more than enough, so thank you Nie *gongzi*,” she says and Nie Huaisang bows almost with a blush on his cheeks at her politeness and kindness, “Like you suggested, A-Cheng, please borrow a couple more books for A-Xian since there’s still time to do your study revision.”

Jiang Cheng snorts, and Huaisang quickly collects and puts his birds into their cages, and they leave the dorm room. Huaisang asks, “What’s with you guys and the Jin clan? I saw some commotion this morning at the courtyard when I was about to take a walk in the sun too--” in which Jiang Cheng puts a finger to his lips and hisses out a “Shhh!” because he would only talk about that once they’re out of earshot from the remaining two people in the dorm room; Jiang would be fine to share his family’s less favourable tales with his new friend, also future successor of a famous and celebrated sect, and an unrivalled peer to join him as brothers-in-arms, at least in the Jiang *gongzi*’s mind that is sensitive to matters related to rank and political relations.

(As for Wei Ying, well, he already memorized the entire curriculum lifetimes ago, so there’s no need to re-read the books and do any group studies - but he’ll play along, if he feels like he’s up for some nostalgic challenge.)

Wei Ying acts like a spoiled brat and a bit of a mouldy couch potato under lockdown conditions, which Yan Li finds endearing, which Jiang Cheng finds irritating but it does help his smugness since he thinks he's 'smarter' than his older brother, and in which Huaisang finds rather comforting because perhaps there'll be someone else scoring zeroes in examinations that he can buddy-up to. However, such trivial stereotyping didn't really matter for Wei Ying, because once the two are out of the way, at about a little after two o' clock in the afternoon, he twirls his fingers and casts Silence spells on the doors and windows; Wei Ying's advanced, modified version of the classic spell affects non-living objects too, and renders all soundwaves silent the moment they try to radiate out of the dorm room.

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With passing guards not hearing any strange noises when they patrol the dormitory compounds, and with everyone else hunkering down indoors from the sunny afternoon sunlight and find something interesting to pass the idle time, Wei Ying once again enjoys his *shijie* 's softness and spears excitedly into her flowerbud many times while making a secret phone call via soulmate bonds to his hubby. He decides to start off with doggie-style lovemaking, because it feels so nice with a different angle of attack, and he gets a broad view of her prone position, that smooth flawless back and lovely curvy hips, plus, he loves to lightly smack on her buttocks just to feel the bounciness. When he leans down tight against her until he practically grinds deeply skin-to-skin, he can inhale the fragrance of her hair, reach down and around her enticingly soft body to grasp and grope the eighteen-year old's womanly milkjugs and play with those lovely nipples by pinching, pulling, rubbing and fiddling the nubs, while listening to inappropriate grunts and moans that sleeping maidens should not make.

His imagination runs rampant, that his penis kisses the entrance to her juicy womb with each, defiling, deflowering and hymen-breaking *thwup* , with each hip-shaking thrust that sweetly sheathes his penis until the base and could shove no further, until his balls slap wetly against her pussy, the veined flesh pulsing lovingly with warning shots, and then, taking its sweet time to convulse fifteen times each by shooting jets of thick, viscous, volatile sperm boiling up from his tightened testicles, painting her womb with passionate spurts and with wild abandon because no one is watching and no one can stop him - therefore, he keeps fucking that lovely fertile pussy, and when he tires a bit, he grinds in circles or simply rests upon her flushed body, feeling her squeezable ass pillowing his wheezing belly as he moans, Oh it feels so good, it feels good, get pregnant, you, oh fuck I'm can't stop cumming, oh yeah, unh, unh, unh, yeahhhh - and letting those feels-so-good penile contractions run their entire course from electrocuted brain to arching spine to spasming loins to curling toes, then staying inside her as much as he wants, an inserted key that doesn't want to come out of its lock. He believes that her womb still contains semen from that morning's rape, so, if he pumps his penis and lets his manhood enjoy the sweet, tight and hot taste of a freshly bedded maiden, then spills more of his seed into her again and again, then certainly, if she hadn't conceived during yesterday's drunken tryst, then by today, surely, he'll have fathered at least a child inside her during her most fertile window of her cycle - if not fat, healthy twins or triplets already baking in the oven.

Later, after a couple of invigorating rounds and a few spoonfuls of sperm lighter in the loins, Wei Ying flips his *shijie* carefully, and pushes her legs up to uncover the arousing view of a maiden with her hairy bush fully spread wide - he'd even run his fingers through her pubes and played with the exposed pea-sized clit from under the hood. He spends the rest of his available time with her with his favourite sex position - missionary - because he just likes to pound into her sweet vagina rhythmically, top-down, *thwup*, *thwup*, following that ageless, timeless lovemaking beat, and take her innocence again and again without her consent, then murmuring *didi ai ni* in as many times as he ejaculates in the throes of ecstasy, with lots of squishy and squelchy sounds each time their hips entwine and slam into

each other to the hilt. He floods her womb abundantly with torrents of brotherly love, soiling the bedsheets with roars of pleasure as he bends and bows his back while bucking his hips excitedly during climaxes, never mind that he probably looks silly like a crazed man should be, rutting a fair maiden and robbing her firsts whilst she's unconscious.

Excess thick milky semen and female juices squirt out with each energetic thrust because Wei Ying had cummed too many times and plugged the tunnel of love. Jiang Yan Li's vagina hasn't quite learned to accept and drink every single last drop given by the future father of her children, so her vaginal walls continue to flutter and squeeze in discomfort and forced pleasure, and she experiences lucid dreaming and orgasms in her sleep because Wei Ying also knows how to pleasure the woman by rubbing her clit with his calloused fingers. The teenage boy enjoys, with satisfied howls and roars of how a woman should please a man's penis with electrifying jolts of rolling massages along a pistoning, angry-red turgid and throbbing length. He'd mount her a few more times that way, relishing in the way his *shijie*'s face scrunched in discomfort at having her pussy plowed and ploughed like a fertile garden, and seeds sowed carelessly that Wei Ying's wide girth caused her to cry out in pain-pleasure from the stretch and fullness she experienced in her sleep, that she accidentally peed a bit when her thighs tremble uncontrollably, her clit rubbed raw, and she squeezes her rapist's incestuous penis wonderfully with her undulating body, to the delight of the teenage boy. His hands never left her hips or her breasts as they squeeze harder whenever he quickens his hip-pumps with excitement, his lips violating hers to taste the floral fragrance of a woman's saliva through deep french kisses, before leaving trails of nibbles and bitemarks all over her jawline, the smooth neck, down, down the vulnerable naked shoulders, attacking particularly joyfully at her breasts again because he wants the swell them up like lactating titties to be able to feed their babe, and steal some of the baby's milk, once she's pregnant - and she probably is.

Wei Ying slips a small cushion beneath her hips and leaves her lying on the back upon the sweat and juice-stained bed. That would ensure that the overflowing pool of his babymakers bottled up inside her vagina will continue to drain into the deepest recesses, past the breached cervix and straight into her cum-stained womb, so that those millions of wiggly, lively sperm cells only need to swim a short distance to locate, surround, then lovingly attack her juicy, *al dente* eggs until every viable one is thoroughly penetrated and inseminated. To give baby Wei Yings a better chance, he plays with her pussy one last time, using his middle finger to finger-fuck the soggy, cum-soaked cunt until she orgasms while dreaming of something very lewd, that her vagina convulses and sucks in more ejaculated semen towards the cervix that has dilated quite a bit out of the vigorous lovemaking and excited feelings welling up from inside her, and her womb drinks up just as how has been trained, until the last drop of Wei Wu Xian's seed slurps into her inner cradle for that man's babies.

(Five minutes more, he tells himself as he yawns, because sex feels very relaxing and he is boneless, limbs moving like jello weighed down by lead. Watching her cunny convulse and throb in climax gave him goosebumps and that insatiable itch that needed to be scratched deep inside his emptied loins and tired, aching pelvis. So, he lies atop her and settles between her legs again, and allows himself to nap while tucked nicely inside her, because it feels very, very good to have his sleeping dick kneaded and loved by the beloved *shijie* as she too, spasms and ooh yes, clenches, from her aftershocks and continuations of very lewd dreams. Five more minutes, inside of her, fully relaxed and in heaven while still being pleased by fragrant female flesh. Five more minutes of being loved by his adopted sister, indeed.)

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 249

Interlude:

"Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! What is this? I found this in your room some time ago, but I'd forgotten all about it until I took my clothes to the laundry."

"..."

"Eh? Is it a song? Did you write a song? Wow, the lyrics are quite meaningful... eh? It mentions your home, and my flute... and... hey, some of these words are familiar, like snippets of our past conversations-- HEY! Not so rough! You'll tear the paper to pieces with that hand-grab!"

"... Do not read."

"Huh? Why are--"

"Do not."

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

闻笛声独惆怅  
云深夜未央  
是与非都过往  
醒来了怎能当梦一场  
红尘中毁誉得失如何去量  
萧萧血热刀锋凉

山高水远  
又闻琴响  
陈情未绝  
卧荻花月如霜

煮一壶生死悲欢祭少年郎  
明月依旧何来怅惘  
不如潇潇洒洒 历遍风和浪  
天涯一曲共悠扬

穿万水过千山  
路尽人茫茫  
是与非都过往  
醒来了就当它梦一场  
红尘中毁誉得失如何去量  
萧萧血热刀锋凉

山高水远  
又闻琴响  
陈情未绝  
笑世事多无常

煮一壶生死悲欢祭少年郎  
明月依旧何来怅惘  
不如坦坦荡荡 历遍风和浪  
天涯一曲共悠扬

天涯一曲共悠扬

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 250

Wei Ying politely asks a senior to let him through, and shows the older boy a couple of textbooks he's brought with him, safely stowed in the robes. "I'd like to visit the Nie clan's dorms, Sir, to study in a group for our first day in class," he said with pretty fluttering innocent eyes, books full view, and the senior allowed him to pass. Wei Ying knows that Huaisang and Jiang Cheng probably never made it to the Library - because if they did, they'd have returned in an hour or two, but they didn't and that left Wei Ying alone with Jiang Yan Li to make enough babies for the day. So, he makes a beeline to their planned first stop, which also became their last destination for a while, and finds the two crouching in Huaisang's room bereft of any other disruptive presence such as a servant or a follower by the name of Meng Yao. Jiang Cheng was pale as a ghost and livid as a man caught with his pants down, literally, and Huaisang turned tomato red while trying to put on his underwear, when Wei Ying forced open the door without giving a knock first.

"A-ha, found you!" Wei Ying chortled as he strutted through and closed the door behind him. The two were, unsurprisingly, reading dirty pornographic comics on the floor beside the Nie boy's bed, and engaging in circle-jerking after all! Wei Ying acted like a mature young adult for his age, and grabbed the illustrated tome, then flipped a few pages before snorting in glee at the boys' shame and embarrassment, and dropping it back to Huaisang's grasp. Lifetimes ago, he would've also crouched together like juvenile adolescents that found secret treasures in each other's rooms, then poured over those vulgar drawings with eyes as wide as saucers, and beat his sausage meat and breathing hard and fast like horny fourteen to sixteen-year olds - but this time, he's already eaten his fill with a real woman in the flesh in multiple sex positions, forced himself inside the *shijie* without her consent, and orgasmed inside that lovely penis-warming cocksleeve pussy many times that his lustful flames had been happily sated. Therefore, drawings are nothing compared to real life's sexperience - he could confidently say that, though he keeps that achievement and knowledge to himself, for obvious

reasons and especially with Jiang Cheng giving him a really evil eye with one hand on his tiny stiff dick, and the other trying to pull up his pants to cover his ivory-white ass.

“Wei Wu Xian! How dare you!”

“W-- W-- Wei *gongzi* ! How did you... ah, oh no! I can't-- I'm gonna... I'll...! Aaaaaah!”

“Nie *gongzi* , wait wait wait wait wait, let go of the book, you're gonna dirty it...! Ahh! Why did you shoot at my face! My hair! No, No, NOOOO! Hnggk-- my nose-- can't breathe---!”

Wei Ying rolls around like a *chunjuan* (spring rolls) all over the Nie *gongzi* 's dorm room, at the sight of Nie Huaisang cumming accidentally from the fright of being discovered, soiling his erotica collection - there's more than a book lying nearby, apparently, along with littered peanut shells everywhere on the floor - resulting in poor Jiang Cheng covered with icky streaks of explosively, gracefully, flying cum flavoured with peanuts, assuming they jacked off with the same hands that cracked those peanut shells too. Busting a nut has never been funnier, in Wei Ying's mirthful eyes.

(Wei Ying evaluated Nie Huaisang's performance, and thought, “Not Bad,” for a short guy said to have no courage and therefore no balls, but he did have an impressive six-inch dick after all - probably a saving grace from having Nie genes in his blood, if his older brother is anything to go by with respect to penis measurements. If Huaisang were to experience another

growth spurt with good food, adequate body-building exercises and by adopting a healthy lifestyle, it wouldn't be far-fetched to say that the little brother may be a rival to his older sibling someday.)

A few minutes later, Wei Ying is hard at work in weaving Water Spells to draw water from a well behind the Nie dormitories, through an open window and straight into a couple of empty buckets taken from Huaisang's cupboards. His room's design and furnishing are similar to the Jiang's, and probably everyone else's, although he gets the privilege of sleeping with Meng Yao in a room for four, thus he gets three beds for himself, actually.

As the two boys, one aged fourteen and the other fifteen, desperately scrubbed their faces and bodies with washcloths and tried their best to salvage Nie *gongzi*'s dirty comic books by dabbing off drying, crusting semen with the woolen material, Huaisang remarked that Wei *gongzi* is talented in cultivation magic. The fact that they have now seen each other's dicks and jerked off together - never mind that two boys aren't too interested to see the oldest's, because how different can one penis be from another, in a heterosexual male's eyes anyway? -, they're as close as any bromantic buddies can be, following an old adage cited from unverified sources that Real Men who cum together, stay together. So, after calming down and putting away the dirty books, the two boys worked on cleaning themselves up with Wei Ying's help.

“Wei *gongzi*, your Water Spell appears to be a Level Three, is that correct? I've seen my older brother wield the same in the training grounds, although at a much bigger scale. You can draw water, maneuver it across space and mould its shape to mimic a running tap's, and you even mask it with Invisibility elements so that the seniors outside won't be able to spot the water spout. That's impressive for a young, accomplished *gongzi* at your age!”



“Hmph! Told you, my bro’ is cool in using swords and magic for fights. That’s why he’s with me, and together, we’re the unstoppable Twin Heroes of Yunmeng!” (cue “waaaah!” from sparkly-eyed impressionable Nie Huaisang, and his paper fan shifts gear to flutter even more energetically with excitement.)

“What about your sister, Jiang Wan Yin? You told me about your family’s background, and the issues surrounding her and the Lanling Jin sect. I don’t really know Jin Zixuan or his kind other than a few not-so-favourable descriptions our elders say about them, but they’re filthy rich and no one dares to challenge them in the open. Moreover, Qinghe borders with Lanling, so to my clan, they’re pretty much the kind of neighbours who build higher castles and bigger gardens, then look down upon you, and you really don’t want to antagonize them lest they call the cops on you and have deep pockets to hire lawyers to sue your ass to jail!” (more nervous and deprecating laughter, more disparaging insults thrown around, because it seems every clan has a bone to pick with those Jins.)

“Yeah, it’s like, isn’t it? I wish my sister had a say in these things, but she was betrothed even before I was born, and we can’t change our parents’ wishes. It’s for the good of the clans, if everything goes smoothly... except that it doesn’t. It almost seems like the Jins are reaping the benefits of stealing other clans’ women just because everyone’s cowed by their demands and show of power! Speaking of which... hey, you, how’s A-Jie? Did you leave her alone in our room? You better not cause her anymore trouble after this morning’s embarrassing show!”

Wei Ying had been cracking leftover peanuts on the floor and munching on them, while crouching like the other two beside Nie *gongzi*’s bed like rowdy, rude gangsters, absorbed in their fascinating and agreeable

conversation. “Eh? I... err...” he stammered and quickly flipped through his book of lame excuses, “Oh! I gave her an ear-cleaning when there was nothing else to do, and you didn’t return with the books. She said there’s some itch goin’ on in there, so I scratch ‘em real good. I did a good job there, she’s totally relaxed now, and she’s fast asleep on the bed.” (cue another “waaaah!” from the Nie *gongzi* , and Wei Ying grins smugly for reasons not the same as what the two other boys believed.)

“Ohhh... ear-cleaning! If someone gave me one, I’d also fall asleep too. My mother used to do that, until I started schooling. D’ya think my older brother would... oh, no no no, he’d skewer my brains through the ears with his saber first, that’s for sure-- Ahh! The books! We should run to the Library and grab those ‘how to study smarter’ books before it closes at four thirty! Jiang *gongzi* , I didn’t mean to waste your time by showing you around my room and... err... my collections. He he heh, how fast time flies...!” (that adorable sheepish grin, those roving eyes, the slight downward bow in his head, how could one want to smack that boy for sharing dirty stuff with an esteemed son of another clan’s leader?)

Five minutes too late, actually, Wei Ying interrupts the Nie *gongzi* . He’d taken a look at his holo-phone before leaving his room with the blissfully asleep and sexually sated Jiang Yan Li on the bed, and his body felt too good in the loins to jog to the Nie’s dorms, so he opted for a brisk walk instead. Calculating point A to point B meant he was five minutes too late, and the accumulation of one disaster after another, including catching the boys off-guard in their state of ejaculations, then cleaning them up with buckets of water, ya da da da-- the Library was closed by then.

Thus, by late afternoon, Jiang Cheng’s ahead of the group study as far as he’s concerned, Nie Huaisang hasn’t opened his books yet and is doomed to score zeroes for the next examinations and quizzes, and Wei Ying doesn’t give a damn. The trio go out anyway because they dislike staying in a sex-

stinked room, and Jiang Cheng excused himself to a corner to rub one out, in all fairness because he was hard too after reading those dirty comics, Wei Ying scratched his head and shrugged “Well, that’s that”; Wei Ying asks the seniors in the vicinity if there’s anything they can do outdoors because the weather is lovely, the sinking sun wasn’t too hot anymore, and ‘You know, we’ll all be attending tonight’s dinner with the elites and elders, it’ll be boring as hell, so can we do something to keep our spirits and energy up before that?’ with an A.S.S. million dollar grin that convinces the seniors to help them out.

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The boys got to work out for another hour, whether playing a game of handball in the courtyard, practising their martial arts moves, hanging out with boys from the other clans, sweating it out by carrying buckets of water from the wells to the farms, or just strolling around those farms to enjoy some much-needed fresh air - all done under the watchful eyes of the guards and seniors. The initial apprehension heavy in the air had more or less dissipated by the time the sun started to set, because the youngsters had gotten used to the whole strange, foreboding situation, and even felt a little thrilled that something was going on besides the expected boring lectures at the classrooms - that something could be an experience of a lifetime for some of the disciples from faraway lands, and many made new friends with diverse backgrounds, bound by a common theme that they had to endure such prison-like life at such a young, innocent age.

Then, another string of controversies and clan violence struck. Without warning, Jin Zixuan tumbled to the courtyard, battered, bruised and his majestic gold-layered robes smudged with sand and mud. On the other end, the crowd gasped and started throwing shouts and wolf-whistles at the appearance of his assailant, who was none other than Meng Yao, and who

looked absolutely terrified standing in a corner beneath a staircase with many surprised onlookers staring at the latest confrontation.

“H-- He fell off the stairs! I didn’t...!” Meng Yao cried in fear, and gripped the panels of the stairs. His face was stained with grime and something slimy as well, mixed with sweat and probably tears of terror.

Zixuan rose to his feet, cheeks flushed with fury against his fair-skinned complexion, and he staggered towards the man who was nearly the same age as he, and he drew the legendary and magnificent gilded Suihua from its scabbard, with a look of rage in his eyes, and a trickle of blood from an open cut on the lips. There seemed to be unbridled anger, and determination to battle it out in a duelling skirmish with the servant of Nie.

“No! Jin *gongzi* , please don’t! It’s a misunderstanding!” Jiang Yan Li appeared from behind Meng Yao and reached out, as though she wanted to stand in-between the two and use her bare hands to stop the face-off. Alas, she was pulled back by some Nie female disciples due to the concern for her safety - she had made some friends with the Nie’s earlier that day - and male disciples rushed in to take Meng Yao’s side for unclear and whatever reasons - because everyone has a bone to pick with the Jins, after all. In response, suddenly, Jin Zixuan’s presence was bolstered by a formation of equally tough-looking Jin disciples, each wearing proudly his or her gold-layered robes, including Mian Mian with her fists raised and her legs spread in a battle-ready stance. Cheers erupted amongst the spectators of different clans and backgrounds, insults and curse words are thrown from all directions and particularly towards the Jins; the bets are on, and guards and senior Lan disciples are called in to break up the sudden commotion, but there are just too many young, excited, curious and thrilled disciples blocking their way, thus delaying their arrival to the spot where a showdown was inevitable.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 251

It was a free-for-all brawl sowed by chaos and confusion with both sides beating each other up wildly and getting beaten up by friendly fires and back stabbings. To make matters worse, several groups - more like, gangs - drew weapons - a prohibited act under the rules of the Gusu Lan at their sacred grounds -, and so injuries were unavoidable. Some clans took the opportunity to behave like gangsters, and clobbered members of other sects freely either for fun after a day of being cooped up, or for revenge; old wounds from past conflicts were reopened, grudges were laid bare, tit-for-tats were aplenty. Things escalated quickly and the fights that broke out all over the courtyard became a whole pile-up of ugly, nasty mess.

Nie Huaisang ran to seek refuge with Team Nie and his clansmen, who have much more superior saber-fighting skills than their paper fan-holding figurehead leader, and people took that to mean that the Qinghe Nie were serious in protecting their precious Meng Yao - because how dare the Jin stoop beneath human decency and take it out on lowly servants of other clans - and took up arms against the bullying Lanling Jin. War cries were issued left, right and centre; not wanting to lose out and lose face while other clan representatives led their teenage warriors to thrash each other, Jiang Cheng was peer-pressured to rally his own sect to join the fray - so he raised a fist and shouted his corny line of “This... is... YUNMENG JIANGGGG!... To battle and to victory!” (pun intended to mimic This Is Sparta) without indicating who was the enemy, and Wei Ying watched, with morbid bloodthirsty glee and a sinking horrified feeling in the gut, at how Jiang boys and girls simply ran screaming like headless chickens with pummeling fists, slashing swords and even a fireball and lightning bolt or two thrown recklessly somewhere in-between at some nondescript direction.

Wei Ying laughed at the insanity of youthfulness, and dived into the heap of tangled limbs and blades for his share of crazy summer fun - an hour before six in the evening, when everyone's sect leaders and big bad daddies finally arrived at sunset to sort out their kids' disorderly manners.

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There are different accounts of truth, none of which could be substantiated with enough justifications, and some, are mired with conflicting evidence.

Meng Yao's struggles against the mighty princely Jin Zixuan becomes the stuff of legends. It is said that a small accident, say, of him bumping into the Jin peacock whilst carrying an ordinary basket of clothes - because Meng Yao is a poor lowly servant hurrying to do his master's laundry -, that led sent the peacock tumbling down the staircase, and that peacock was furious, unforgiving and spat on poor Meng Yao's face in disgust (nobody saw any spitting, but frivolous details make the story more exciting, anyway) - and the altercation started because the Qinghe Nie's are a proud and noble clan who do not tolerate having any of their men, even servants, spat on by arrogant, haughty pompous fools.

Another account tells of Meng Yao stopping by at the Yunmeng Jiang's dorms while looking for his master, because the latter had been spending excessive time hanging out with the Jiangs rather than studying, and brought a change of clothes to prepare his master for the dinner with the elders that evening. However, upon opening the door, there was only Jiang Yan Li and no one else; she was sleeping fitfully and shockingly, sprawled naked on her bed. Meng Yao is a true-blooded man just like anyone, and how can anyone resist the sight of a naked beautiful maiden ripe for the taking, particularly when Jiang Yan Li's beauty is renowned even among

her unsuccessful suitors, and often described as seductive, sensuous and alluring. She must have woken up with a scream, because she woke up to a nightmare of a man's face slurping greedily between her spread legs until his face was coated in a sheen of slimy, sticky substance as observed by witnesses later - and in one particularly downright filthy version of the story, that Meng Yao took advantage of her nudity and helplessness and raped her right between her spread alabaster thighs; no matter what happened, the outcome was that her pained, and terrified screams attracted valiant Jin Zixuan to the scene, who also happened to be passing by, intent on inviting her like a gentleman to the dinner that would take place later. The two men fought over Jiang Yan Li's lost dignity and innocence, it seemed, and that led to the brawl later seen in the courtyard.

Yet another spin puts Meng Yao in a better light, in that, he did walk into a shameful scene of finding a naked *gu niang* waiting for a man - implying that the *gu niang* too, was shameless for prancing around in the nude when she was alone in her room -, and wanted to take his master's dinner party robes to cover her body, and protect her dignity. However, Jin Zixuan entered the room at an inopportune moment, and thought that the short man was about to rape his fiancée, so without thinking, he started trading punches, bitemarks, raking fingersnails and upper cuts with the other. Meng Yao, being the weaker one with little knowledge about self-defense, slipped and fell on the bed with a shrieking *gu niang* cowering at the sight of two men looming and fighting above her; there were already some sticky, milky fluids that soiled the bedsheet and Meng Yao's face unfortunately fell flat on one such puddle and he gagged at the smell and texture - implying that Jiang Yan Li had her modesty outraged by someone else prior to this, or better yet, engaged in sluttish behaviour that she invited other men to her bed when her brothers weren't around -, that Meng Yao was an unlucky visitor, and Jin Zixuan, a rude, hot-headed ruffian unfit to be a prince of his clan.

There are many more variations with subtle and overt differences in-between, with name-shaming and name-calling peppering all over, as

reported by those involved directly in the squabble, and those who watched from the sides and passed on tasty gossips seasoned with more salacious and frivolous details, to the next person within an earshot. True to the spirit of conscientiousness of the Gusu Lans, each and every story was painstakingly documented, and people on the scene were duly apprehended then interviewed, and the rigours of separating fact from fiction and feelings were conducted - so that by six, when the sect leaders arrive, all disciples invitees were sent back to their padlocked rooms or, for those with injuries, to the medical halls, under strict martial law-like rules, with dinners provided as in-room service trays. Thus, those arriving sect leaders had another problem piled upon their ruined dinner conference plates with stacks of documentation meticulously prepared by the Lan seniors served as side dishes, much to everyone's chagrin and disrupted appetites - because really, what face-saving, righteous and esteemed exemplary noblemen would like to meet over dinner to contemplate about their shameless, unthinking, hot-blooded youths found guilty of letting their hormones run wild in someone else's home, which becomes the bane of every leader, father, brother and elder of their clan.

Wei Ying fought damn well, slugged it out and avoided every punch and kick thrown at his direction, because he's a grandmaster at hand-to-hand combat by then - still, he suffered a bruised lip after someone threw a fist from the side while he was bulldozed by three brutish Jin boys, and far away, Lan Zhan deliberately slipped on a banana peel and sprained his ankle in the hallway - so that the two could meet, hands holding each other, in a private ward reserved for two, upon the uncharacteristically demanding request by the Lan *er gongzi* . The harried Lan nurses didn't want to deal with anymore fussy princes - Lan or otherwise - because the medical hall's sickbeds were overflowing with moaning and groaning patients - so they just let him be; despite the fact that the *er gongzi* was known to have been a good sixteen-year old boy, staying in the Jingshi nearly the whole day to study the scholarly arts like a reclusive, ascetic monk.

Nearly half of the disciples from other visiting clans purported to be on site to listen to the Gusu Lan lectures had been hospitalized in the medical halls or received treatment in one way or another, with some individuals suffering more grievous wounds than their peers; however, fortunately, there was no casualty and the Lan seniors were lauded for their timely intervention of throwing hunting nets and using wide-ranged musical instrument attacks at the rowdy crowd to stun as many and bring everyone to the ground; those who were still trying to break free and acted truly unbecoming of virtuous cultivators, were brought to book and given stern warnings that could warrant expulsions from the Cloud Recesses.

“Jiang Cheng’s suffered a concussion, I heard, so he should be snoring in a bed somewhere in the medical halls with his egghead wrapped up like a silkworm cocoon,” Wei Ying remarks casually and opens his mouth wide; it’s nice to be back in the husband’s arms and being spoon fed with fatty pork braised with black sauce and grilled fish with sweet-sour dips, “*Shijie*’s undergoing additional examinations by the female nurses. She must be traumatized to wake up with another man in her bed, and she must be crying right now when those nurses tell her that her hymen’s broken and that there are fresh signs of stretching, bruising and streaks of a man’s seed inside her private areas. I’m interested to know if Meng Yao just ate her pussy or if he really took his pleasure from her and rutted deeply inside. Do you think there’d be any medical advancements or magical spells to identify the culprit that left his DNA inside her?”

A piece of chicken nugget coated with plum sauce pops in, “On the other hand, I overheard one Nie clansman saying that Meng Yao’s had his ribs broken and a lung punctured by Suihua, while that bastard Jin Zixuan got what he deserved - a kick in the balls and two punches in the eye that left him with a panda bear’s face, thanks to one of the angered Nie ladies who befriended *shijie* earlier. I can’t say if Huaisang got off any better than the rest - apparently he tripped over a rock, and fell to the ground, then duly stampeded by rampaging disciples, so his entire body was bruised and

covered with aches and abrasions. He should be somewhere in another ward, looking absolutely like a gauze-covered mummy.”

Then, Wei Ying smiles and wants to ask about Lan Zhan’s banana peel slip, and he grimaces - the small cut on the edge of his lip was trivial, but it stung hard where the skin cracked.

“Wei Ying, less talk, eat more,” the husband anxiously placates the boy with a dab of cooling moist cloth on the injured, swollen part on the wife’s face, before picking a sliver of *kailan* and a piece of ginger, known to reduce pain and inflammation, for the latter to gobble up in the most endearing, cutest and careful way to avoid the split lip from throbbing any further. When Wei Ying acquiesce and takes a bite, he gets a sweet kiss on the cheek that says either ‘Well done on finishing your dinner’ or ‘No matter what you’ve done, or what people speak of you, I’m always by your side’. The sixteen-year old male-wife is indeed blessed to have such a generous, patient and loving husband by his bedside, indeed.

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In the Arcus Cloud Room, one of the many chambers annexed from the main meeting halls, an extraordinary but grim meeting with Four Great Clans’ leaders took place for an hour or so, thus delaying the rest of the conference agenda about the mysteries of the dead body accordingly - but no one’s complaining, not when sect leaders arrived and were welcomed with reports about the idiocies and rule-breaking committed by their own disciples in the Gusu Lans’ sacred grounds, barely an hour before they disembarked from their chartered First Class FeiEx flights at the entrance to the town. Wei Ying’s Paperman spied the proceedings inside the Arcus Room, hidden behind some fancy trinkets and decor, and even Lan Zhan

tuned in like watching the primetime news, thanks to their shared soulmate connection.

It didn't take long for Jin Guangshan, garbed in his finest, and most imposing golden robes and Lanling Jin regalia, to brazenly conclude, after merely leafing through a few pages of the reports, that Jin Zixuan wasn't at fault for walking into a scene of man that had already outraged the modesty of his so-called future daughter-in-law.

The youngest of the sect leaders, War General Nie Mingjue in his mid-twenties, slammed his fist on the round teakwood table and rattled even the chairs that everyone sat on, but fortunately, he did not grab anyone's collars or draw out his saber due to his notoriously fraying temper. He countered that Meng Yao was innocent, and merely wanted to bring his master, that is, Mingjue's younger brother, back to the room and dress him up to prepare for the dinner party that never materialized, because of Zixuan's delicate male ego and rash behaviour in striking others first without proper investigation.

Master Lan Qi Ren, who chaired the meeting, allowed Lan Xi Chen, future successor of the Gusu Lan sect's leadership, to speak up his mind - and Xi Chen was adamant that Meng Yao wasn't in the wrong. He did, after all, advise the man to leave the main office close to five to do exactly just that - to bring a change of clothes and get Huaisang to prepare for the official appointment at dinnertime. Xi Chen even hinted that he knew Meng Yao well because they are close friends despite the difference in their status, and he vouched for that man's good behaviour, and that he'd never put his hands on any women because he's really that timid and kind. If any, Xi Chen stated with undeniable confidence, Meng Yao intended to put Huaisang's robes onto Jiang Yan Li's body to protect her dignity while she slept in the nude.

Then, what of my girl, Jiang Fengmian asked, red-faced, ashamed, crestfallen and heartbroken - Does anyone know what happened to her, and what will happen next? he shed a tear of loss for his beloved eldest darling. His humble but presentable and practical purple robes weren't as showy and flashy as Jin Guangshan's, nor as both heroic and frightening as the beast-themed greys of Nie Mingjue's, and didn't match the elegant simplicity of the cloud-patterned Gusu Lan's flowy white and blue layers - his unassuming and sincere appearance drew few looks of pity from the other three clans' leaders.

The question must've been directed at Jin Guangshan, because he replied almost immediately with no emotion in his voice, and unfeeling as the most ruthless of the Great Clans' sect leaders is renowned for, "The Crown Prince of Lanling Jin does not take used goods. I refuse to allow the elites of my family to be further involved in this scandal." Period, clear as day, the wedding between 'used goods' Yan Li and her fiance seemed to have been called off with a single statement from the almighty Jin Sect Leader.

Master Lan Qi Ren was quick to put the crux of the issue back on the table, because it needed the sect leaders' cooperation to come to an amicable solution; it is certainly not a one-sided problem. "She is with child," the low, slightly raspy wizened voice said, and the room fell silent. The evidence is obvious and damning, and the Gusu Lan's medical skills are unrivalled that it can diagnose conception even within hours after the deed is done.

"That does not say who the father is," the Sect Leader, and the most senior one amongst those at the roundtable, seemed interested to cover his own sons' mistakes - illicit or not -, and did not seem keen to pursue the matter further.

“And Meng Yao is not mine,” came the thinly-veiled rebuttal from the War General, even that shook the Jin sect leader slightly in his seat. Their cups clinked gently when Jin Guangshan inadvertently knocked on one of the table’s legs, caught unprepared by the statement.

There was a staredown of sorts, accompanied by bulging veins and fingers curled into fists, between the tall, imposing and regal Jin Guangshan and the even taller, more broad shouldered, ‘I-eat-men-for-breakfast’ type, Nie Mingjue, whose moustache twitched in hidden fury and dismay. Lan Xi Chen was alarmed because he thought the room would explode from the tension in the air, watched helplessly by the Jiang man who lost the most in this bitter, vulgar exchange of words and the defilement of his precious baby girl’s purity - so, Xi Chen thought a bit and said his wisest words yet, “Jiang Yan Li is innocent in this entire situation. Even I have met and talked to her, and know her in person as a matchless beauty among my peers. She’s a young woman admired and respected by everyone even beyond the Great Clans, and that she is a fine maiden who we agree should not be sullied further, although she is unfortunately embroiled in this scandal caused somehow by our conflicts - that can only get worse if we do not agree on a way forward that helps her and repairs our disrepute.”

Everyone at the table nodded sagely and murmured in their own dialects about how right the Gusu Lan man was, how they should not be blinded by their own selfishness, and that they are leaders, fathers, brothers who should set a good example despite their own reservations and grievances about each other, for the sake of the unity of the glorious Grand Cultivation Council.

With a heavy sigh, and a heavy, reluctant heart, the Sect Leader and self-claimed chief of all attending sects finally stood up and did what he

admitted he should've done long ago, were it not for his rather unsavoury loose morals and loins that had become the talk of the town in some dreary days. He announced that Meng Yao to be returned in service of his original blood-clan, the Lanling Jin, and to be reinstated as a lowly illegitimate son of Jin Guangshan granted the privilege of living under the same roof as his blood-father; the reason for such an extraordinary fate granted to an unknown offspring of the Jin Sect Leader was simple - for the sake of the continued good relations between the Great Clans as directed by their forefathers who served the Grand Cultivation Council over centuries and generations; that Jiang Yan Li shall be betrothed to Meng Yao, soon surnamed Jin, thus, silencing any naysayers about her pregnancy and to secure the legitimacy of her future children, that is, the descendents of the Jin and Jiang families, as originally intended and agreed between sects.

Jiang Fengmian beamed with a smile - a forced smile so unnaturally bright and clearly lacking gratitude, to "thank" the father of the suspected culprit for sparing a lifetime of shame for his daughter, thus saving her dignity. He thanked and apologized profusely to his future in-law for the troubles the entire situation has caused, but Jin Guangshan was an educated and cultured man - he simply folded his hands at the front to pay his respect to Jiang Fengmian, an equal in-law in the eyes of the traditional patriarchal family conventions, and said that he was already aware about Jin Zixuan's uneasiness about the getting hitched at such an early age, that 'it was probably an impatient mistake on our part to wed our children when they weren't prepared', and that he shall make sure that Crown Prince Jin Zixuan will find happiness elsewhere.

"In addition, I should be a happier patriarch to have recognized yet another lost son and bring him back under my wings, so that I can raise another fine Jin man to carry on our virtuous legacy, prosper our shared visions of peace and prosperity, and for the glory of our united, civilized society," Jin Guangshan diplomatically raised his cup of tea for a toast. He didn't say much else about Jiang Yan Li, which is a testament to what he thinks - poorly and lowly - of women, after all.

“I shall make arrangements with my younger brother to release Meng Yao from his bonded service soon enough, and ensure that the transition to his new and rightful family is seamless. Congratulations, Sect Leader Jin, on the delightful expansion of your family, and to have more tiny tots soon filling your hallways, each with a beautiful vermilion mark on the forehead and dressed in the finest clothes woven with silk and gold threads, plus, keeping your wives busy as always!” Nie Mingjue reciprocated the toast with his own cup - they were all having Qinghe’s best rice wine this time, brought from special cellars beneath the Nie stronghold fortress on FeiEx flying swords, as opposed to the usual local-made liquors.

“Ha ha, well said, comrade,” Jin Guangshan bellowed out a deep laugh out of politeness - and also for the refined tastes because he did like strong rice wines better than other kinds of brews, “I sometimes lose count of how many members I have in the family, especially these days, when I see more and more of my concubines and consorts carrying fat and healthy boys in their arms than I can remember from the nights before!” the crude, but joyful belly-deep guffaw was a little disconcerting, but everyone took it in his stride, because Jin Guangshan was *that* kind of person.

Master Lan Qi Ren didn’t seem pleased but he raised his cup anyway, and sent a harsh glance to Lan Xi Chen to do the same, lest they upset their guests. Jiang Fengmian was all smiles, although at the back of his head, he was terribly worried about how he’d break the sudden life-changing news to his family members.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 252

“Was that the right thing to do?” Lan Zhan wondered aloud, while spooning his beloved sixteen-year old Wei Ying rather eagerly with plenty of hip-grinds from crotch to ass. They were naked under the blankets, and the nurses were too busy to notice two horny teenagers fucking like married old gay couple rabbits upon a hapless creaking bed - even their emptied dinner trays left on the bedside were not collected, which indicated how busy the medical halls were in tending to the injured and the sick.

Wei Ying moaned wantonly and still managed to maintain a decent remote-controlled connection with his Paperman, who then fluttered and followed the distinguished leaders to the main halls to finally start their conference about the mystery of the dead body. There, a group of newly arrived Imperial cultivators awaited at the large marble meeting table, flanked by stacks of documents diligently prepared by the Gusu Lan, being the gracious and hard-working hosts as they are, and that said covered dead body lying at one corner, to be examined together by all present in the room.

As the husband’s penis drilled vigorously in those lethal in-and-out, that left the wife begging and breathless, the latter’s leg was lifted by a strong hand, and Wei Ying squealed shamelessly when his G-spot was speared and kneaded by that turgid twitching flesh that remained hard even after two consecutive orgasms, and a total of sixty rich, fulfilling and belly-bloating spurts spilled into his rump. Ah, to be sixteen again, and have sex like sixteen-year old teens!

“... right... thing?” he replied in a daze, his words interspersed with tasty uunh-uunh-uunhs and ‘oh god, harder, yes yes there there rub it there my prostate’s singing for you right over there’. “Of course it’s right to do it

spooning while the nurses are still serving dinners in the other wards. Those *jiejie* s would die of heart attacks if they saw us going down on all fours on the bed without the blankets on! Lan Zhan, my darling lustful beast, be patient and wait until dinner service is over after seven, then I shall service your loins to your heart's content!" Wei Ying added with a smirk, before his eyes rolled back and his smile became crooked and he moaned incoherently again 'oh yeeeeeah, there there there' while his jerking penis started dribbling lots of pre-cum - because damn, Lan Zhan really knew where to grind his cock and play with Wei Ying's hot buttons.

Lan Zhan was very, sexually excited, having found new heights of sensitivity and vigour in his sixteen-year old form, at the peak of youthful perfection, at the same time, he also exuded utmost control of his body since discipline and self-restraint had been freshly instilled into him by his uncle and the family's strict upbringing and teaching - which was why he could survive being locked in his room with his books and a guqin all day, before releasing that leaking, very eager monstrous over six-inch erect penis out from the pants the moment they embraced in the hospital ward-like setting like lovesick fools and started rubbing each others' arousals and crotches like horny animals in the open. Hardly a few minutes after the last nurse *jiejie* left them with their dinner trays, Lan Zhan had his penis penetrating deeply into an overjoyed Wei Ying's super-tight anus, and his hands were all over the other boy, fondling every inch of skin including Wei Ying's teenage sparse man-tits and less-hairy-than-he-remembered groin. Due to Wei Ying's injury, kisses were, sadly, postponed, and Lan Zhan wouldn't receive blowjobs for a while - which was okay, since his dick is serviced by something better, peeking from between the sixteen-year old's springy ass.

"No, Wei Ying. I meant - what you'd done so far, here in the Cloud Recesses... was that the right thing to do?"

There was a moment of short-circuited ‘Oh father mother holy sweet Guan Yins and bouncing Buddhas, I’m cumming hard and I’m seein’ stars’, in which both boys orgasmed at the same time, with Wei Ying’s belly taking on yet another creamy load, and his less-than-six-inch dick unloading a watery puddle that could be mistaken as pee - but wasn’t, because it was simply the fact that he’d cummed too many times earlier that day.

“Oh?... Right. The thing is, by reporting the case to the Imperial forces, and as a result which we see right now, the sect leaders and the elders will have to answer what they know about the case, and reveal their dark pasts and in particular, the links between sects to Dark-infused powers, such as the Yin Metal - one of which, is located beneath the Cold Springs close to the Jingshi. So, I suggest you pack up and move to our dorms tomorrow before the Imperial goons start a massive deforestation exercise in your backyards and evict you with only the clothes on your back. How’s your ankle, darling?”

Lan Zhan was getting a bit exasperated because that wasn’t really his question, but he politely and truthfully replied that he appreciated the heads-up, and yes, the sprained ankle still hurt a little but it’d been bandaged, so he’ll heal within a few days with rest and with jars of anti-inflammatory ointments. Wei Ying gently grasped the poor unloved leg by reaching behind and below for the husband, then hooked that victimized limb over his hips so that the said bandaged ankle was in sight - and he gave the husband nice foot rubs to soothe any protests from that said foot, and Lan Zhan inexplicably grew hard again inside Wei Ying’s ass despite cumming just less than a few minutes ago. Wei Ying remarked that the husband is aroused by anything touched by the wife, and the latter simply “Mn” and leaned in until he began sniffing Wei Ying’s hair and nape from behind, and the engines that powered his hip-thrusts started again. Round number five... or was it seven, Wei Ying counted, to the rhythm of squishes and squelches from the overflowing rectum still being pistoned by that one angry-red steel-hard phallus symbolizing the indomitable male sexuality.

“Umm. Wei Ying, I actually wanted to ask - was it right to do what you did to your *shijie* ? Her fate has changed, though I’m not sure for better or for worse.”

Again, a moment of audible and heartfelt prayers with ‘Holy Lan Zhan, why are you getting bigger and harder, fuck me nicely and impregnate your sixteen-year old wife properly you stallion stud, I’m gonna carry your twins and triplets to term and they’re gonna have your handsome eyes and my sweet smile’ which instantly caused the husband to ramp up the speed of his tireless fucking machine. The bed was exhausted, as evidenced by the increasingly tormented creaking and shaking.

“For the better, of course! You should always see the glass half-full and not half-empty, you pessimistic persimmon!” Wei Ying answered with glee and started to grit his teeth when yet another flame roused to life within his pelvis and started licking at his pleasure spots from prostate to penis, from emptied balls to convulsing abs; the husband lovingly kissed his sensitive earlobes and the sweat away, and elicited a wanting moan, “She’s gonna marry a better man than that bastard peacock, who hasn’t shown an ounce of proper romantic attraction or care for her until much later when it’s, figuratively speaking, too late. Meng Yao will still be inducted into the Lanling’s hall of illegitimate half-princes and he’ll gain his proper standing amongst his half-brothers as a Jin member. The difference this time, is that he’ll be kind and nice, even subservient to *shijie* because he’s the kind of guy that fears his father the most, and the father will order him to care for *shijie* well and raise their children properly, born with silver spoons and golden riches of the Jin royal family - if anything, to avoid the loss of face in front of the other Great Clans. A-Yao won’t have the reason nor the means to oppress his father and find ulterior motives to harm his own family, or any others, because I believe *shijie* will be determined to stay by his side and correct his path, and their love will grow over time, that

happiness shall overrule any bitterness they faced today. Uuhhh... a bit to the left please, *lao gong* , it's itchy over there."

"Mn. Does it feel better now? Your *lao gong* is scratching your itch inside your bum ... then... what about the baby? Is it really yours... and you're just going to... let go and give it away...?" the husband tried to reason the logic, to question about morals, and to fuck a little to the left to scratch that itch, using the 'nine shallow dips and nine deep gouges technique', and realized that multi-tasking is quite difficult when one is in the throes of his impending nth orgasm. At sixteen, Lan Zhan's penis is trigger-happy, and suffers from hypersensitivity and prolonged erection, not to forget, premature ejaculations too, because barely a few minutes into their in-and-outs, he was ready to blast off yet again.

Wei Ying simply laughed and mocked at the young inexperienced husband's distress, "Oooh, to the right, to the right, the itch has gone that way! ... Ah, Lan Zhan, you're such a fussy and picky person! *Shijie* is anyway going to be raped by that dirty old man Jin Guangshan on her wedding night, or even earlier as soon as she sets foot into the Carp Tower, so there'll be no issues on who will be the father of the child in her belly. It'll be crapload of Jins, and don't you dare start prattling about fathers and strangers raping babies in their wombs, because really, aren't you one of them too?" Wei Ying turned around a bit and wiggled his eyebrows, and imagined the husband's frozen face on Wanted List mugshots when one looks behind their past lifetimes, and realizes that indeed, Lan Zhan had been raping maidens and fathering children, then raping those children and fathering grandchildren out of them, and he indulges in selling his offspring to earn fucks to buy demonic vegetables in Gui Shan sometimes, or he buys others' children to have wonderful babymaking sex by using fucks as currency - so he has no merit nor the qualification to argue on that topic.

“Mn,” the husband sighed and his hips shuddered powerfully, pounding against Wei Ying’s bouncing bubble butt, “You’re right, *lao po* . The baby in *shijie* ’s belly isn’t our concern.” Fingers grappled the rumpled, sweat-soaked bedsheets and the wife’s pliant limbs, nostrils flared and the back arched. The sounds of rhythmic *thwup thwup thwup* became prominent and echoed throughout the empty ward, with heavy breathing crescendoing as the two boys raced to taste yet another sweet, musky flavoured orgasm filled with gay male pheromones.

The other boy laughed, “Of course I’m always right. Now fuck me properly, and let’s do missionary. The nurses have gone out after dinner service, so let’s have you enjoy making babies inside my sixteen-year old ass!”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 253

At dawn, while Wei Ying extolled the pleasures of emptying one's loins in the daytime and getting his butt filled at night to the crows of the roosters in the vicinity, and said good-bye to his love life with *shijie* as the sun rose, and gave a heartfelt declaration that the day before had been historic because he'd never have another like it ever - Lan Xi Chen found the two in front the the Jingshi when the older man thought of inviting his little brother to breakfast, and was pleasantly surprised to see Wei Ying, whom he wasn't acquainted to, helping precious A-Zhan to pack some stuff into a cart.

“Good morning, A-Zhan's *gege* !” Wei Ying chirped happily like an innocent, jolly sixteen-year old who hasn't seen the breadth and depth of the cruel, harsh world, and was about to embark on an adventure of a lifetime, “A-Xian is here to help A-Zhan load some personal belongings into a cart, so that he'll move to the dorms with A-Xian and his friends. Look at him, he slipped on a fruit peel last evening during that terrible brawl in the courtyard, and he's not able to walk properly without crutches at least for a few days. You can count on A-Xian! I'll take care of him according to the Gusu Lan principles that I'll be studying in the coming days, just like everyone else!” His A.S.S. million dollar smile was just as blinding and rivalled that of Huan *gege* 's.

Introductions were in order, with layers of white lies crammed like icing in buttercakes - yes, A-Xian is just one of the disciples from the humble, unassuming Yunmeng Jiang sect, and he was rather shy and preferred not to share his full name, “So, just call me A-Xian... at your service!” and add a cute little bow - which was fine, according to the social etiquettes of the era of circa 2000 B.C. According to A-Xian, he met A-Zhan in the medical halls when A-Zhan was alone, because the elder Huan *gege* was in an important meeting all night long and no details were divulged; so poor A-Zhan was left waiting, wondering, and soon, tightening his thighs in

discomfort after dinner that was served with a pot of tea (Lies, lies, Lan Zhan hissed, because they met before dinner and started touching and groping each others' bodies like ravenous lovesick lovers before the entrée was served). A-Zhan called repeatedly for a nurse when he needed to use the toilet, however, sadly none responded because the entire medical hall was in crisis mode; so, he only had crutches to use, and didn't really know how to pee with both hands balancing on those wooden tools.

Fortunately, at the same time, A-Xian, who suffered from a minor sore injury on the mouth, happened to pass by, by the grace of good luck. He couldn't stand lying down in a room full of moaning patients in his cattle-class ward, so he had gone exploring around the labyrinthine medical halls when he found A-Zhan looking rather desperate, standing beside his king-sized bed and clutching his crutches. Being kind-hearted and generous, A-Xian approached the rather uncommunicative and distressed boy in a gentle, nice way, and A-Zhan finally relented before the dams burst. A-Xian understood the challenges of a male who had no free hands to pull down his pants, hold his penis, and to aim properly into the urinal, following the Gusu Lan sect rule number XXX. So, A-Xian unreservedly and happily did that for A-Zhan, and as they shared their backstories, they found that they were of the same age and of the rather same family background, in that they were orphans at a very young age, and so, they bonded over a mutual peeing session in the gents. A-Zhan instantly took a liking to A-Xian, in a bromantic and friendly way, and invited A-Xian to stay in the same exclusive ward restricted to elites of the Lan family, so together, they accompanied each other for the whole night.

A-Zhan's face was red and he looked away with his lips pursed; such a precious gesture, because he seemed embarrassed and even annoyed, and yet he still grasped A-Xian's arm for balance when they pushed a cart together, one palm atop the other. Huan *gege* clapped his hands and his eyes crinkled with glee, and he smiled brightly the way that A-Zhan could never do, and remarked that he was so happy that his *didi* had found a friend (what more, through a friendly touch on the privates!), which was one of his

intentions of having the introverted A-Zhan join this year's summer intersect lectures and mingle with other boys of his age.

(Lan Zhan sent a psychic message to Wei Ying, "Must you always paint me in such humiliating light on my behalf? I can already pee on my own since last night without the crutches, but you kept touching my penis and we kept having sex all the way from the hall's recovery wards to the toilets, then you refused to let me go when I really had to, in front of the unoccupied urinals - did that inspire you to say such vulgar things about me?" Wei Ying merely chortled like a hiccuping monkey and he cut off the psychic connection, to the husband's discontentment. Because really, do they also want to dwell on the fact that Lan Zhan suffered from constipation, impacted farts bubbles in the colon, and excessive flatulence after sitting down the whole afternoon with the guqin, as evidenced by Wei Ying's unbridled delight when they made sweet love on the medical hall bed that evening and he kept hearing *brrp brrp brrp* s with each energetic thrust into his ass, or when they used the gents, they also took their dumps and Wei Ying had a brief episode of explosive diarrhea due to the laxative effects of Lan Zhan's overflowing semen, and Lan Zhan nnngh'ed for the whole half an hour because of that said constipation, and the toilet, fortunately empty of any occupants, was stinked up? Banish the thought, the husband grumbled, and disconnected the psychic call again.)

Huan *gege* thanked A-Xian for being there for his little brother, because he had been busy the day before mostly due to a dear friend that visited him in office (Huhhh... Wei Ying hums and raises his brows), and of course, the investigations that everyone's been briefed about (Not really, Wei Ying told himself, because the student disciples were told that something had happened that involved a rumoured murder, everyone's in prison lockdown mode, classes have been postponed even before any started, and the sect leaders that met up with Imperial officers last evening were all tight-lipped because, you know, gag orders, top secret, confidential information, and all that; Wei Ying didn't get a chance to talk to his adopted father because he

was having crazy monkey sex with Lan Zhan on the hospital bed all night, and they didn't have any visitors, fortunately).

“Ah,” Huan *gege* was anxious for a moment, because he was also overseeing some student affairs - and he didn't know Wei Ying's true identity yet, “Students are advised to refer to the latest announcements at the noticeboard at breakfast time. Classes will be postponed until next week due to the untoward incident last evening. Some children had to be sent back because their parents are understandably worried, some need time to recover and recuperate in the medical halls - but worry not, A-Xian, because the Gusu Lan are famous for their medical skills, and besides, that gives you more time to study ahead of the lessons, and spend time with your new friends, like my dear little brother, does it not?” He smiled again, and Wei Ying nodded in agreement, keeping up his bright smile all the time.

Huan *gege* was glad that the two were discharged together - because the medical halls needed more beds with more critical patients streaming in from, say, infected wounds - and remained by each other's side. “I have a lot on my plate today, including rescheduling instructors' timetables, completing stacks of paperwork, and the fact that my dear friend has to leave for his homeland soon and I have to see to his departure arrangements... and... probably, take a week off to attend his sudden wedding-- oh, I'm rambling, aren't I? My bad,” Huan *gege* seemed a bit off as he spoke of the uncertain future. He scratched his head nonchalantly and grinned sheepishly.

Wei Ying decided to give the poor elder brother a break from such a stressful time because any capable leader could still easily crumble under the pressures of multiple crises detonating at the same time.

“Huan *gege* , let me secure A-Zhan’s belongings in the cart and prepare to push it to my clan’s dorms. We can have breakfast together, if you don’t mind. My roommates are still warded in the medical halls for more serious injuries, so I would appreciate the company of my new friend’s brother too, if you don’t mind,” a wink, and Huan *gege* pinked considerably at such a kind and welcoming invitation, “In the meantime, why don’t you two brothers chat a bit, and take A-Zhan to the bushes over there. I believe he hasn’t relieved himself since this morning when I knocked on the door to this rather quaint, serene building, and the journey by foot to my clan’s dorms, including crutches, will take some time. You wouldn’t want your *didi* to be caught in any alarming situations on the way, would you?” A-Xian mischievously pointed at the crutches that A-Zhan held, and gestured towards the crotch of his pants for inexplicable reasons. A-Zhan sent daggers at A-Xian’s improper suggestion, but his brows twitched and suddenly, he had that urge, and his legs fidgeted restlessly.

Wei Ying happily whistled an old Yunmeng folktune while doing what was needed, packing books, a guqin, some boxes and rather dusty old stuff into a handcart, and tying them with rope and canvas. The air at daybreak was chilly indeed, humid and left the landscape sparkling in dewdrops and blanketed with mists, because Summer had just arrived just like the tempest of clouds and drizzles heralding the rains that would nourish the ever flowing waterfalls, flourishing bamboo groves and pine forests, and paint the skyscape with vivid blues, clear puffy whites underlined with greys, and framed below by majestic peaks of snow capped mountains, towering stone cliffs and impressive river gorges beneath. The Jingshi was dark, quiet, now vacated, and Wei Ying almost wished he could take a photo of the picturesque, rustic scenery of the building and its bamboo-thriving backyard, with a pretty brook bubbling past and stone gardens and flowering bushes in the surrounding - before returning to the hustle and bustle of the cramped dorms. No matter, he thought, because he could always visit this place anytime he wanted at any point in his lifetime.

Not too far away, Lan Xi Chen attended to his brother's personal needs, hidden behind some dense bushes.

“ *Gege* has to apologize for leaving you alone yesterday, and this undesirable situation will likely remain until the end of the week when the investigations are completed, and outstanding matters are resolved. *Gege* unfortunately cannot share the details to those outside of the investigation, so please bear with me. Now, don't move, while *gege* untie your drawstrings.”

“Ah, *gege* is rubbing the sensitive, delicate spot atop your bulging bladder, it is really full. Did you have to hold back the whole night? *Gege* hopes that with A-Xian's help, at least you will be taken care of in *gege* 's stead, during these tumultuous times. Let it go, let it go, do you hear your friend whistling? Maybe that will help to relieve the tightness, and *gege* will press it down for you too. Ah, don't struggle and don't hold it in, that's bad for your health, *didi* .”

“My, my, *didi* 's pubic hair is growing more dense by the day! Running my fingers through them, they're a bit frizzy, aren't they? Such a virile young man you're turning out to be. Did you miss *gege* 's daily morning delights? You used to be such a cute *didi* , rushing to my room the first thing in the morning and stick your pee-pee at *gege* 's face. I miss those carefree days, when I'm not saddled with the work of a sect leader, and you had all the time in the world to stay in my room, cuddled up in *gege* 's arms, and we played with touch-touches all day. Ah, may I? Let's revisit our little morning delights today, as a token of apology for yesterday's boo-boo.”

“Oh, your morning stiffy's so adorable, it's red as a summer strawberry comb, straight as an arrow, and it's getting thick, maybe at three fingers'

girth now. Such a healthy growth spurt this is! Let *gege* peel back your loose foreskin and have a closer look. Are you letting go yet? No? Come, and let *gege* stroke your pee-pee to persuade your pee to fly out energetically like a rooster crows in the morn!”

“That’s it, that’s it, such a good boy, you’re peeing with *gege* holding your pee-pee. Let it trickle out, don’t rush the flow, even though it feels good to squeeze your pee-pee with *gege* ’s vigorous stroke. See? *Gege* ’s fist is getting splashed, so control it, dear *didi* , and let it last longer. It’ll feel much better that way. Oh, what’s this? Your cute boy-eggs are rising and hiding under your pee-pee, that’s so cute! Don’t run away, lil’ hairy eggs, you musn’t hide away from *gege* , because you know *gege* will always love both of you just like the old days, when *gege* spent hours licking and sucking you until you swelled lovingly with *gege* ’s brotherly touch.”

“Here, let *gege* touch-touch your sensitive balls, you used to demand *gege* to do this every morning too. My, my, they’re heavy, and getting darker, filled with masculinity aren’t they? You need to release the pressure inside once in a while, Wang Ji. I’m studying medicine, and this is mentioned in the medical texts, so you can trust me on this.”

“Now that your yellow pee is almost out, let *gege* rub-rub your pee-pee’s slit and massage your eggs to release the bad toxins inside your balls. Keep your hips still, because your pee-pee is twitching wildly and we want to get every single last drop of pee out. Good boy, relax your bladder sphincter and squeeze those muscles, good boy... It’s not good to leave pee inside your bladder, you know that. That’s it... good boy, squirt every last drop of yellow pee into the bushes... ooh! That’s a healthy, powerful fountain! Your pee-pee must be feeling very, very good, right? *Gege* will stroke your pee-pee faster, we must drain the watery yellow pee out. The thicker milky white pee should go next. ”

“Oooh, stop squirming and hold onto your crutches tightly. Ah, *gege* forgot to bring a hankie to wipe you dry. Let *gege* clean you up the way you always liked. Stay, stay, good boy, and Nommmm... mmmf... Mmmf... Phwahh! Did you like that? *Gege* is playing with your pee-pee with his mouth, your number one favourite morning delight every time you jump onto *gege* 's bed first thing at daybreak! Let me do it again a few more times... Nommmm... Mmmf... Mmmmm... Mmmm...”

“Ah, your hips are shaking and your thighs are trembling. Be a good boy, hold your crutches and stand up straight. A real man pees yellows and whites while standing steady on the ground. Let *gege* suck your pee-pee a bit more and play with your eggs... ooh, it's jerking and it's so lively, let *gege* lick the skin and draw circles and lines along the veins, before swallowing you whole down to the throat and make swallowing motiong - you like that, don't you?”

“Mmm... good boy, good boy, cry out when you want. As a real man, it always feels good to pee in the bushes, when nobody's around and no one can hear you...”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 254

During breakfast, there is a considerably smaller crowd since many remain in the medical halls to receive treatments and are warded as in-patients. Wei Ying enjoys a light banter with Huan *gege* without revealing his identity, and for that Lan *da ge* , to talk as though there were no rank and barriers in between - it is a nice meal shared by two friends and an elder brother. Huan *gege* was kind and asked if Wei Ying - A-Xian - would like a healing spell to hasten the recovery, but the younger boy said that Nnn-nnn, it's alright, it's just a split lip that's just a little sore, but it doesn't hinder him to finish breakfast. A-Zhan remains relatively quiet and rosy-cheeked, because Huan *gege* is adamant to feed the *didi* with siu mai on chopsticks, a specialty from the province of southern Guangdong province, mouthful by mouthful, for the irrational fear that the *didi* may tire his arms if he ate on his own and should save his strength for using the crutches instead; at the same time, Wei Ying sits opposite Lan Zhan and they play footsies under the table, of one socked feet entwining with the other's.

Changes in rooming arrangements are common, more so after the brawl the evening before, and hence the paperwork to allow Lan Zhan to stay at the Yunmeng Jiang's dormitories is quickly done with a wave by Huan *gege* 's hand, and a nod by the dormitory administration office's clerk. Wei Ying praised Xi Chen's noble stature and appearance, speculating that he must be quite an admirable senior in the Cloud Recesses to be able to wield such influence with his magical wave of hands, and that made Xi Chen smile a little too smugly. However, their time spent together ended too soon, because Huan *gege* has to go to work even while the rising sun peeks through the horizon filled with bamboo and pine at the mountaintops; thus, with stomachs filled, the couple proper returns to Wei Ying's room and unpacks Lan Zhan's luggage.

The room has four beds, one for Wei Ying, one for Jiang Cheng and one for *shijie* . With the latter two in the medical halls, therefore Lan Zhan logically takes the last free bed. Upon reaching the bed, Lan Zhan puts away the crutches by the bedside and asks if he still has to pretend to suffer from a sprained ankle and hobble everywhere like a disabled man. “Well, going around in crutches does have its benefits, does it not? You got a free sexy hand and oral blowjob from your *gege* without asking,” the then-future wife winks and laughs, in which the then-husband snorts indignantly, his ears reddened again. Wei Ying orders the husband to blend in with the crowd and act as though he’s as injured as everyone else, and not to attract any unwanted attention. He also peels off the small square piece of adhesive medical dressing covering the wound on his cheek and lip, and shows Lan Zhan that the crack in the skin has healed, and the bruised swelling is gone - but he keeps it on anyway, for the same reason. “We may be Immortals blessed with superior insta-healing 4d-printed biscuit made bodies, but that doesn’t mean we should live like gods on earth,” Wei Ying remarks, and hubby Lan agrees wholeheartedly - living in simplicity is the way to go.

Wei Ying knows that the then-future husband prefers to do his unpacking in a systematic, methodical and uninterrupted manner so that he can perfectly map out which item goes where, which stack fits nicely in squares and rectangles, in his new, smaller single bed and its surrounding standard furniture of a study desk, a wardrobe cupboard and a cabinet. So, the then-future wife tells the spouse that he’s going to the medical halls to visit his siblings and maybe catch up with his foster father if he’s there. He hadn’t had the chance to talk to Jiang Fengmian yet thus far.

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It was an uncomfortable, tense atmosphere, and a conversation told by a stoic father who wasn’t used to tears, yet Jiang Fengmian braved and bared

his heart, and shared that he felt as hurt as his children - particularly the eldest - when they had been harmed, hundreds of miles away from home.

“A- *Tie* has wronged you, A- *Tie* shouldn’t have sent you to listen to the lectures here, in the remote mountains. Yan Li, forgive A- *Tie* ... A- *Tie* couldn’t save you...”

Wei Ying watched his foster father hug *shijie* , sobbing twice as hard as though he was making up for her lack of tears. Jiang Yan Li looked absolutely drained emotionally, chalk-white pale as a ghost because she didn’t sleep well, let alone eat anything since last night, and she was unresponsive save for her expressionless, bloodshot eyes, ringed by dark circles, framed by an aura of despair and wordlessness. She remained quiet, after having cried enough the night before when the nurses broke the news to her that she carried a child whose father could not be found, at a tender young maiden age just a few months shy of her nineteenth birthday. Perhaps she wasn’t heartbroken for being forced into motherhood before she was ready, because she has many peers who were already mothers in their teenage years; more likely, Wei Ying thought, Yan Li was shattered deep inside due to the shame that she would carry for the rest of her life and how society would view her from henceforth; that she had been raped and defiled while she slept alone that afternoon, her purity stolen and shredded, her reputation ruined forever. She had been seen in her naked, lewd and exposed state by at least two men, and rumours are abound and rife, according to the nurses who were kind enough to tell the truth albeit with some sugar-coating to pacify the wailing maiden in a private ward room. She knew, and Wei Ying could vouch for the situation in reality, that her story sent tongues wagging amongst different clans until a strict disciplinary gag order was put out, signed and sealed by sect leaders, which meant that her father’s friends - those uncles and higher-up elders - also knew about her shame.

Jiang Cheng sat beside his sister on the bed and grasped her hand, his upper half of the head bandaged like a bald egg, literally; while Wei Ying held *shijie* 's other hand, still with his supposedly bruised cheek dressed in gauze. Naturally, Jiang Cheng took it upon himself as a burden on his young shoulder for the family's ruin - no matter the outcome, Jiang Cheng as the heir apparent of his sect would have to field unsettling and daunting questions, challenge accusing statements and lascivious hearsays thrown from others, and confront those that dare to further sully the family's pride - and his own bruised ego. "I shouldn't have wasted my time doing frivolous things, such as hanging out with another boy and read unproductive literature," he lamented without revealing what he actually read that caused him to become careless with the passage of time.

"And I," Wei Ying added sombrely, "-- should have been a better sibling, by not leaving *shijie* alone, not when we're supposed to be a close-knitted family." He pursed his lips and hoped he said the right words, because *shijie* looked as though she was about to cry again - and she did.

(Of course she would, Wei Ying berated himself inside; from the hours of one to two, they were playing with Huaisang's birdies; from the hours of two to four, Jiang Cheng hung out with Huaisang and they circle-jerked to porn comics - while Wei Ying raped his *shijie* non-stop and emptied his loins again and again inside her; from the hours of four to four-thirty became Wei Ying's five more minutes that was extended several times, because he really enjoyed making babies inside his *shijie* and refused to leave her sweet tight semen-soaked pulsing pussy until much later - and that would be a secret he might have to carry to his grave, at least in this reality; after which, Wei Ying sought out the two errant boys masturbating to dirty pictures of naked women; and sometime between four-thirty and five, Meng Yao stopped by the dorm to look for his master, and chanced upon the violated woman fully naked on the bed, slumbering peacefully with nary a piece of garment covering her - and the rest, as they say, are rumours, speculations and obscene gossip. As far as Yan Li knew, and her story was acknowledged by the Jiang family, she fell asleep sometime after two, that

she had nice dreams and felt refreshed and energetic throughout her dreamless sleep until she woke up into a nightmare of two men fighting over her naked body; and as far as Wei Ying swore with his three-finger salute, he remained like a good boy in the room, doing mundane things like giving his snoozing sister an ear-cleaning, then sweeping the floor, wiping the furniture, folding their laundry, and lazing about while cursing Jin Zixuan under his breath for that full two and a half hours, thus implying that he is fully innocent - and the Jiang family believed him.)

Upon hearing her hiccups and sniffles, Jiang Fengmian became flustered, and hurried to the attached bathroom to soak another washcloth with cooling water to wipe his precious baby girl's face. Jiang Cheng, who was obviously perturbed by the entire situation and unprepared to handle it from a more mature, emotional standpoint - because truthfully, he's only an adolescent, thirteen-year old boy -, rose from his seat, released his grip from the sister's hand, and went off to help his father fill a bucket; at least that'll make him feel a bit more useful and take his mind off the edge a bit.

With the two out of earshot, Wei Ying leaned in and caressed her hand lovingly, just like a brother's for his sister. Jiang Yan Li shivered at the ticklish sensations and she turned to face him, with an indiscernible look in her eyes.

“ *Shijie* , this is my promise to you. If you do not find happiness with Meng Yao, you must return home at once and I will gladly take his place. You know me better than anyone, that I'll swear upon my beating heart and pledge to take care of you for the rest of my life. I will protect you from the cruel harsh world that we live in, make sure that you'll never shed another tear of sadness, and that you'll always smile for me, if not for everyone.”

She stared at him, astonished at how the Xian Xian in her eyes suddenly grew from being the adorable three-year old brother to a tall, handsome and chivalrous, courteous young man by her side. She felt his other hand reach down and touch her belly, and he rubbed a couple of circles on where the baby bump would eventually protrude, months later - Xian Xian's fingers are a bit calloused against the thin fabric of the medical gown that she wore, but they are warm, and pulse with strong, reassuring heat.

“This baby... I'd also consider it as mine, ours, should you return to our home, and into my arms. The child will have a happy, loving family, blessed with happier and fulfilled parents. That, I promise to you too, Jiang Yan Li.”

She shuddered at the way Xian Xian pronounced her full name - husky, wanting, gentle and very tender, from lips straight into her ear, before she felt a light nip on her earlobe but she could only see the side of his face because he'd lean in too far against her cheek, her vision is blocked by his long, luscious hair, and her senses drowned in the smell Xian Xian's familiar, comforting scent, perhaps with a hint of his heartbeat where their heated skin touched, and if only, if only she could taste with her own lips to confirm the swelling feeling inside her heart--

The bathroom door tapped lightly as two men re-entered the private ward room with a bucket of water and a washcloth. They smiled too, when they noticed that she had calmed down and wasn't crying anymore, and she looked away, probably a little downcast and demure, although her cheeks pinked considerably than before, and she still held Wei Ying's hand for strength, if nothing else.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 255

(Elsewhere, Lan Zhan sneezed. He rubs his nose and snuffles. The bed he sat on hasn't been used for quite a while, because there is a slight musty smell, and it is probably a little dusty. He pulls out the bedspread and goes to air it outside, hoping to rid it of allergens and god forbid, even creepy-crawly dust mites as well.

"That sounds corny," the husband telepathically messaged the wife.

"Don't eavesdrop and ruin my moment, you old fart. I wanted to speak those words straight out of a teenage romance novel, while I'm still sixteen-years old," said the wife and he dismissed the husband's virtuous efforts to correct his immorality.

"You said before that once your *shijie* is sent off to Lanling, she wouldn't have a chance to escape anyway. Why keep her hopes up? You're just toying with her feelings," Another naggy line.

"So what? At least she'll have nice memories of me. I can't imagine that she'll want to return home after being treated like spoiled goods by her future father-in-law, then passed around like an expensive sex doll amongst his more promising sons to whore out her dignity and destroyed innocence. Meng Yao wouldn't be able to protect her at the Carp Tower other than on paper and by name, and she'll be snatched away and bedded nightly by other more powerful Jin men, that's for sure, judging from the genes that run inside every pure-blooded son of Jin Guangshan. But at least she can sleep peacefully even while having groups of horny, hungry men gangbang her, thinking back fondly of her home and my smiling face,

right?” The retort was twisted and perverted as hell, but the husband didn’t qualify to argue on that point; and his relative, the Lord of the Hell in the Underworld, wouldn’t like his native homeland’s name to be described in such a sensationalized, cheap manner. The couple had gone down the perverse path long ago, and they were beyond redemption anyway.

“You’re sick in the mind and heart, but that’s why we love each other,” the husband sighed in resignation.

“I love you too, dear. Talk to you in two,” and Wei Ying, formerly the vile, notoriously cruel Yiling Patriarch, signed off.)

Later, Wei Ying stopped by Nie Huaisang’s ward, which is also a semi-exclusive part of the medical halls reserved for elites and relatives of sect leaders. He sent his and Jiang Cheng’s regards to the boy, and also bumped into War General Nie Mingjue; in which Wei Ying put on his greasy A.S.S. million-dollar niceties and kept generally good, though distant relations with that fearsome and imposing warrior. Huaisang introduced Wei *gongzi* to the Nie *gege*, and there was a look of discomfort, maybe a little guilt on his face when he learned that Wei Ying was an adopted son of Jiang Fengmian - but he said nothing else, because as Wei Ying’s Paperman already found out the evening before, the matter about Jiang Yan Li, Meng Yao and Jin Zixuan had been settled ‘out of court’ and the relevant sect leaders, like Jiang Fengmian, would do what is needed with their respect sects to conclude the agreed actions.

Nie Mingjue left shortly after, because he had other matters to attend to, such as to answer some sect-related questions from the Imperial cultivators that led the investigations of the mysterious dead body, at the main office.

“Ahh, it’s so frustrating! I’m the younger brother of one of those sect leaders under investigation, but my efforts to find out more has been stymied by that stupid restriction of any information and developments arising from the examination of the dead body, or its surrounding circumstances,” the Nie *gongzi* bemoaned the fact that he’d been thwarted no matter how sweet he appeared to his *gege*. Wei Ying patted the boy’s head and placated the latter with reasons that they - the group of youngsters who should be studying hard and staying in their rooms like good boys - aren’t privy to the proceedings because of the highly sensitive secrets of the discoveries, and probably, shouldn’t be sticking their noses into life-threatening matters where they should be.

“Ehh... you sound like my *gege* , Wei *gongzi* . It must be because you’re a year older than me that you’re so wise!” Nie *gongzi* giggled and Wei Ying scrunched his brows to look as fierce and serious, then twirled an invisible moustache above his lips, and puffed out his chest haughtily, to play an impression of Nie Mingjue - and the two boys fell into a series of laughter. Their mirth attracted some attention from nurse *jiejie* s on active duty, and they received a series of hisses to shush them up, because other patients are resting. Snooping Jiang Cheng, who preferred to leave his *shijie* alone with his father to talk through things, eventually found the two, following their sounds that echoed down the hallways, and soon, Huaisang’s ward room became a jolly haunt for the trio of boys.

They talked and entertained each other, without making too much noise and disturbance in the hours after breakfast service. Huaisang was covered with dressings and bandages all over his body except for his head, and Jiang Cheng was nearly the opposite - which made for a humorous comparison of fates after the brawl last evening. They were instructed to remain in the wards for further healing and observation, unlike Wei Ying who had checked out earlier that morning. At the ages fourteen to sixteen, the three

jovial boys had little to hide from each other, and soon, they were embroiled in more serious discussions about what had transpired thus far.

Despite Team Jiang and Team Nie had reunited with their sect leaders, the boys learnt nothing significantly new about the mystery surrounding the dead body, other than to confirm that a man from an unidentified sect had been murdered under vile, vicious circumstances in Caiyi Town, and the Imperial police officials, assisted by their cultivators were on the case. Sect Leaders had been summoned for questioning, with vague remarks such as ‘the circumstances surrounding the deaths may be linked to the sects’ current and past histories’ - which is theoretically true, if the deaths aren’t purely physical and mundane in nature, and bears hints of cultivation magic, curses, revenge-taking, and the ilk. The investigations should wrap up within days, Huaisang said, at the same time the classes would formally start and that he would miss having Meng Yao around to wake him up on time, wash his clothes and keep his dorm unit clean.

Jiang Cheng’s jaws tightened, and he shared that he’ll also miss his sister’s presence, because a gilded and diamond-encrusted horse carriage will arrive by end of the week to take Yan Li and her new fiance back to the Carp Tower for a hastily prepared engagement ceremony.

“Ahh, I wish Meng Yao will wake up from the anesthesia soon, so that I can gently break the news to him. I have to conduct a severance ritual to formally release his bonded service involving thumbprints inked in blood, and return him to his family. I’m... I’m actually relieved that his original family will take him back, but I’ll miss him so much, he’s done a lot for the Nie family, after all.”

“You don’t say, Nie *gongzi* ... as the representative of my clan and on behalf of my busy father, I have to introduce my sister formally to Meng Yao in a shortened but still complex ritual according to the traditions. Fortunately, we have senior female disciples in our clan who can help me to carry out this ritual. It’s just so... complicated, and sudden. I can’t believe we came here to study, but will end up separating with A- *Jie* getting hitched to a new man.”

“Ah... Jiang *gongzi* , I should congratulate you and the Jiang family for the auspicious event! Should I bring a pot of tea and--”

“No need, Nie *gongzi* . I’m still having a headache from the concussion in my skull, so let’s do that when Meng Yao is awake and back to the dorms, and when my sister is introduced to him at your place. My father and your brother will still be around to preside over the simplified ceremony taking place in another sect’s grounds... it’s really strange, and awkward, to say the least.”

Then, Huaisang turned to Wei Ying, and asked for his opinion - because after all, surely he had a lot to think about, and a lot to say, in letting go of his favourite sister, as Jiang Cheng aptly put it. Wei Ying looked a little distracted - because he’d been daydreaming about how wonderful it felt to have sex with a peacefully-sleeping Jiang Yan Li, joyfully taking pleasure from her deflowered wet, tight pussy that he’d claimed to be his, while molesting her spread-eagled, vulnerable exposed body and grabbing her titties like there’s no tomorrow, and how he’ll make two-second trips to her bedroom in the Carp Tower once she’s kidnapped and forcefully wedded to a man she did not love, in a den full of hungry, horny Jin brutes, to counter-kidnap his *shijie* and drag her down to his underground kingdom of infinite lust, depravity and sexual slavery -, well, he blinked his eyes twice to clear his head.

“Well, there’s not much we can do right now, but to stay together and hunker down through the next few days in our rooms. Since our sect leaders are here, we should lead by example and do what is right, such as keeping calm and studying hard, and not be distracted by the matters beyond our control, such as the investigations and the loss of our loved ones. I’d like to have a word with Meng Yao too once he wakes up, because he’ll be a future in-law of our family and I want to make sure that he’s the right man for *shijie*,” (not, Wei Ying added on his own.) the sixteen-year old replied in a textbook-perfect response during stressful and tense times as this; and Huaisang nodded vehemently and praised Wei *gongzi*’s appropriate outlook in the matter.

“In fact,” Wei Ying said from where he sat on an unoccupied bed, opposite of the other where two bandaged boys were, “The two of you look like, and could be, brothers-in-law! So let’s keep it that way and strengthen our friendship... and brotherhood!”

Huaisang and Jiang Cheng couldn’t agree more.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 256

Wei Ying would rate Day Two as ‘quite okay’, at most. With extra patrols and higher risks of being interrogated by seniors for breaching freshly-imposed curfews, going outdoors became less appealing than, say, staying indoors to have crazy monkey sex with Lan Zhan in his dorm unit, now their love nest and soon, a sex dungeon. Furthermore, the atmosphere out there was rather glum, in that wounded, bandaged disciples mulled about, beaten up with bruises and rather listless from getting overdosed on painkillers, painting a dreary picture for any sixteen-year old to even want to venture out of his den of masturbatory and anal intercoursal joys.

They copulated on every furniture imaginable because they’re sixteens, or more aptly called, ‘sexteens’, rubbing themselves silly on bent and bumpy surfaces, bent over tables, hammered into beds, skewered and sawed against walls, even hanging off ceilings and upside down in various creative poses and sex positions. The aftermath was as fornicatingly filthy and obscenely awesome as conceivable within the limits of human sexual depravity, with cum dripping from ceilings to pillows, urine-stained wardrobes and poop-filled drawers littering the dorm room, legs of tables and chairs used as dildoes in lieu of Bichen, armrests turned into masturbatory toys, and bedposts transformed into titillating bases for sadomasochistic play with ropes, vibrators and chains. No matter how many times they came and spilled their passions on the floors, in any holes on the ground or in each others’ buttocks, on horizontal and vertical faces, with the husband’s penis pistoning his wondrous in-and-outs with plenty of squelches and squishes of overflowing semen dribbling like a garden hose gone wild while climbing up walls and atop furniture, they were still rock hard, ready to go for Round Twos, Threes and Fours, and very, very much aroused, as evidenced by their boners made of titanium (figuratively speaking), sexually flushed chests and abs, and limbs that kept moving and flailing about like doing dirty disco and pole dancing using each others’ bodies for traction, suction and all sorts of beastly mating moves on a dancefloor streaked with tasty, pungent bodily fluids.

By eleven in the morning - oh god how could it just be eleven o' clock, the wife cried in absolute boredom and nearly rammed the tabletop clock into his loosened but elastic youthful cum-flooded butthole - having exhausted every known sex position from the Kama Sutra text and their wild sixteen imaginations, the two simply cuddled up on a body-warmed soggy bed that the then-husband promised to clean up and air-dry later the day. They exchanged sweet kisses and even sweeter touches, though for the moment, their lusts were sated for the time being after frolicking enough than humanly possible in the last couple of hours.

“Ah, Jiang Cheng and Huaisang must be studying diligently now, after asking servants to fetch their school bags, then reciting the first two chapters of Philosophy lessons and memorizing three of Cultivation Science, though they won't be able to practise their calligraphy and exercise their cultivation moves for the time being due to their injuries,” Wei Ying moaned in boredom while sitting on Lan Zhan's lap and riding him, reverse-cowgirl style, “I told them I'll return to the dorms because there's no way I could study in those sterile wards, pestered by nurse *jiejie* s, and surrounded by moaning and groaning boys and men. But alas, how I've whittled my time away with pure unbridled mindless sex with a sixteen-year old husband!” The other boy simply “Mn” in acknowledgement and continued to pump his hips up and down on the bed to either push his penis in to plug any leaks from the cum-juiced ass, or simply, enjoy Wei Ying's warm presence in his arms, snuggle up like pillows just like lovers do when they have all the time in the world to snuggle, sneak one hand to the front to play touch-touches with the stiff, twitching penis, and let Wei Ying's ass-muscles knead and grasp lovingly, massaging his meatstick pleasurably, and convey their love through the sacred connection of a penis entwined in an ass like lock and key.

Wei Ying promised to return to the medical halls by lunch time to have lunch with his family in their private ward. Until then, he was free to make

love to his beloved darling man (now, boy), make two-second trips to his underground kingdom, or do whatever he needed to do while surfing ErNet. Periodically, Lan Zhan had to get up to take a leak because keeping adequately, even over-hydrated while having crazy monkey sex was paramount - in which Wei Ying metaphorically grew two horns and became the mischievous imp, and herded the poor boy to his brother's office just a few minutes down the main path from the dorms. Of course, Huan *gege* was more than delighted to receive A-Zhan in crutches and to do the necessary behind closed doors - while Wei Ying whistled Yunmeng folk tunes outside and checked out the manicured gardens to smell the roses -, to relieve the boy of his pee, both golden and milky white one. After a good and hearty peeing session, Wei Ying lovingly steady the flushed, sated and sleepy boy - sex is relaxing, after all - and helped him back to the dorm on crutches. It's good exercise for the both of us by taking brisk five-minute walks every hour or so, and enjoy some fresh air, Wei Ying admonished the then-future husband whenever the latter complained of being constantly sexually abused by his penis-playing and penis-sucking *gege* in the brother's office, which is equipped with a portable finely crafted and decorated ceramic urinal pot - a luxury during the era circa 2000 B.C.

Thus, at noon, Lan Zhan was delivered into his *gege* 's arms on more time so that he could pee in the highly-envious urinal pot inside the brother's office while getting his penis rubbed vigorously and pleased until the last drops of *didi* -licious semen dribbled weakly into the *gege* 's swallowing throat, and the two would have a brotherly lunch, that is, a rather unexciting buffet spread of Gusu Lan-inspired cuisine inside the office that Wei Ying gladly skipped with plenty of lame excuses despite getting invited, and he headed off in a hurry to have his own family lunch elsewhere. Lan Zhan would be lovingly hand-fed by his *gege* , and his overheated dick pleased in better ways during Huan *gege* 's lunch break, including forcing the boy to make love to his older brother's rosebud - because A-Zhan was ordered to give thanks to those who made their meals and made their days better; one hundred individuals in total, and A-Zhan could only say his thanks until the thirtieth person's name or so, with one heartfelt, balls-deep fuck into Huan *gege* 's rosebud spread open upon the plush cushioned office chair,

for each utterance of gratitude; since A-Zhan orgasmed uncontrollably when he hit his limit of thirty, ejaculating thirty watery squirts out of the tired, nearly limp dick, with *gege* coo-ing “A-Zhan, you’re such a good boy, be brave and keep trying, push it back in and move your penis into *gege* ’s loving hole for each worship, that’s it, in and out, in and out, such a good boy, you chanting and moaning loudly because it feels so good pray, doesn’t it?”, he had to start over and say his thanks again to the one hundred people that blessed A-Zhan and Huan *gege* ’s daily life.

When A-Zhan sniffled and hiccuped because he couldn’t reach one hundred anymore no matter how many times he’d tried, Huan *gege* relented with a very wide grin, and sought permission to say the prayers on their behalf, so A-Zhan agreed with a woeful look in his eyes. A-Zhan bent over the large office marble desk obediently, pulled his buttocks apart like a good boy, and allowed his *gege* to drill his *didi* -licious sixteen-year old tight youthful rosebud with unrestrained, eager joy, one thrust for each prayer, and Huan *gege* has no problems to achieve fuck number ninety-nine, before pulling out with a ‘Oops, *gege* made a boo-boo and miscalculated, so let *gege* start over again’, and went on to make sweet love to the boy’s blossomed anus many, many times, attacking the boys nipples and wildly-swinging penis with greedy, roaming hands, smacking that bouncy bubble butt where their bodies joined repeatedly then stealing kisses from behind the ear and cheeks because *gege* became lustful from sweet heated molten desire welling up from within the *gege* ’s excited loins; the boy’s swollen prostate was brutally massaged by the seven-inch monster dick, resulting in heated spurts of *didi* ’s seed uselessly to the tabletop and to the floor, before Huan *gege* groaned with such pleasure and satisfaction that the furniture rattled with rhythmic creaks, then one, two, three more hard slams until his massive penis was sheathed by the *didi* ’s warm and fluttering tunnel, and the taller man roared in the throes of his climax, spilling brotherly semen carelessly deep into A-Zhan, with one last prayer muttered in the hopes that sperm would take root and impregnate the *didi* ’s eggs somewhere inside.

Huan *gege* may be a calm person, but he hides the energy and vibrancy of a lively nineteen-year old beneath his gentle facade - and he continued to make love with his younger brother for several more rounds throughout lunch, behind closed soundproofed office doors, where servants and other workers could not see nor hear what lewd, dirty things happen within the heart of the main office building.

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It would be routine for the next few days, Wei Ying thought, as the family once again shared a meal in the ward where Yan Li was housed, and they talked while eating their fill of hospital food - which wasn't too dreadful, since Jiang Fengmian specially ordered the nurses to prepare something nicer for their family, with added spice, of course. The boys were ravenous and scoffed down the food because it suited their palates better than bland Gusu Lan cuisine, while the father and daughter politely picked on bite-sized morsels.

Time does heal, at least for Yan Li, just as everything else in life moves on, refusing to stay stagnant at one point for too long. She started to smile a little bit more, even had a good nap during the hours between meals, and became more aware about her surroundings - she touched Wei Ying's cheek and Jiang Cheng's head and asked if they still hurt; of which, she received bright smiles as reply - because the glimmer of hope was bursting out into a full-fledged candlelit flame. Jiang Fengmian was busy with interrogations, but he managed to pop by every couple of hours or so to say hello, and give his precious baby girl a fatherly hug that she so deserved. Wei Ying gave his father a praiseworthy nod, because that man started to convince Yan Li to look up and beyond, to see things in a positive light, that getting married to Meng Yao isn't that much different to her former fiancé since both are from the same groom family, and that both hadn't known her well anyway so she might as well start anew with a more mature approach at a more

suitable age of getting to knowing her fiancé, his likes and dislikes, his flaws and how to coax him to listen to her when he makes a mistake in their future family household-- that joke made her giggle, and her cheeks pinked at the prospect of getting married to such a silly and fearful man, one that is afraid of his wife and would bow down to please her, which is a befitting description for precious Meng Yao, as far as Jiang Fengmian learned from Nie Mingjue, the sole source of his information about that future son-in-law of his. At some point, she even hinted that she would like to properly have a word with him, alone, to find out more about such a rare, prized specimen of Men, as her father aptly put it, to her delight and more laughter.

Jiang Cheng broached the topic of the pre-engagement rituals and the preparations that are underway, which helped everyone to focus on the happier things of a family member getting married soon, rather than the dark events that happened the day before. Wei Ying chipped in about the situation in the Cloud Recesses, shared about the funny things he'd seen or heard around the dorms, and their blossoming friendship with Huaisang. He also borrowed books from the Library Pavillion not only for Jiang Cheng to read up on his lessons, but also books about Lanling, so that *shijie* can learn more about her future home and its people, that came with nice drawings and paintings of various famous sites, mountains and valleys, rustic villages and modern, sprawling cities and ivory and gold towers that the province is known for. Yan Li's mood improved as her family supported her in as many ways possible to move forward and prepare for her engagement.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 257

The rest of the day was spent in relative peace, with Wei Ying making pitstops between the dorms to have crazy monkey sex with Lan Zhan and cuddle up in the nude with his darling man (boy), visiting the medical halls to keep abreast with the developments of those recovering in the wards, and getting some fresh air exploring the grounds of the Cloud Recesses where there were less restrictions. During snack and mealtimes and other opportunistic intermittent occasions, Lan Zhan was promptly delivered to his brother's loving arms, where A-Zhan was able to spend quality time in the student affairs' office manned by Huan *gege* where the prized urinal pot was located, before the couple reunited for more leisure strolls through open gardens and beautiful pondside farms, returning to the dorms when it got too hot or windy outside.

Everyone was recovering fast, thanks to the healing magic of the Gusu Lan. By the end of Day Two, Jiang Cheng's head bandage was taken off after a series of healing spells cast by triads of Gusu Lan cultivators aimed like blue ethereal laser lights at his scalp - the modern-day equivalent to microsurgery, stem-cell therapy, and accelerated *qi* transplantation as a convenient all-in-one package. Huaisang too, enjoyed a speedy recuperation due to his elite status, and had six beautiful Lan *jiejie* s attending to him with their blue laser lights, and he didn't look like a mummy anymore after that. Wei Ying quickly threw away his medical dressing on the cheek, and applied some mud mixed with grounded grass to imitate a nasty bruise on the mend; likewise, Lan Zhan ditched the bandage around his ankle but kept a patch of gauze there for show - the then-future wife ordered the darling man (boy) not to discard the crutches just yet, because having his Huan *gege* look after and fuss over him with brotherly love was convenient, and that takes a load off Wei Ying's shoulders too.

Wei Ying noted groups of Imperial cultivators - easily recognizable by their dragon-themed uniforms and armour - were seen stationed around certain buildings to guard conferences and interrogations being held behind closed doors, or storehouses containing relics and old, ancient documents that were being investigated. Their presence did not cause any scene, people generally ducked and quickly moved out of sight, and all disciples were on their best behaviour after what happened the evening before. In addition, the Gusu Lan administration office did a laudable job in keeping everyone informed using noticeboards, such as posting the numbers of disciples wardened in the medical halls versus those that have checked-out after given the clean bill of relative health, list of chapters that students should read up during their free time, mealtime menus at the dining halls, opening hours of various offices helpful for the student disciples, and even a list of clans who had delayed their arrivals due to some kind of escalating situation in Caiyi Town and the surrounding areas of the Cloud Recesses - including the Qishan Wen.

By Day Three, Meng Yao was awake and he was formally introduced to Jiang *gu niang* and briefed by Team Nie and Team Jiang about what had happened, and how his fate would change in the coming days. Meng Yao was astonished but kept a polite silence to digest the incredible fortunes that befall him - he, a lowly servant born out of wedlock, with nothing to his name except a lifetime of servitude to masters, was recognized by the greatest, richest sect known in the country, and bequeathed a beautiful wife. However, before he was able to fully process the turnaround of his destiny, Jiang Yan Li had a little mishap and tripped over a wooden basin on the floor of the ward, and Meng Yao - despite his injurious wounds and the pain seen flashing across his face in gritted teeth and grimace - dove to the floor to catch her in his arms.

It was a momentous event, from what Wen Ying saw - the two stared at each other for a full minute, stunned to silence, and some kind of electricity must have passed between their locked gazes, rising blushes and the contact of heated skin. By the time Meng Yao kept apologizing for the *gu niang* 's

alarm and distress - of which he was totally not guilty of, but he kept saying Sorrys anyway -, and patted her dress clean of dust, then checked her ankles and wrists to make sure that she didn't sprain anything other than his own waist - probably, because he was so small and short compared to her former fiance -, and she actually laughed it off to tell the man almost the same age as her, that everything's alright, and Thank You for his kind save.

There were many nods, nudges and appraising and pleased looks sent back and forth, and soon, both Teams quietly left the two to have a heart-to-heart talk, with Wei Ying beaming his widest non-A.S.S.-influenced smile ever.

Day Four rolled by, with nothing much happening as usual for the most part of the day. Wei Ying stopped putting on his make-up bruises, and continued to dawdle with family, friends and lots o' sex because sweet Guan Yin, he loved his raging teen hormones and the incredible surge of lust that needed to be sated almost every hour or so - and had the entire dorm unit meant for four for himself and his favourite darling penis; he almost stopped referring Lan Zhan as a man (boy) because all that mattered was to have that meatstick screwed deeply into his ass to make him see rainbows and stars.

At dinnertime, the heads of Nie, Jiang and Jin had a meal to commemorate their shared friendship and prosperity, which also became Meng Yao's coming-of-age ceremony to have his service to the Nie clan terminated, so that he becomes a new, free man to live as a rightful son of the Lanling Jin. The dinner function was private and included only key invitees to keep out as many curious eyes and ears as possible, and to keep it low-key as well, for obvious reasons. Wei Ying wasn't invited, but that didn't stop him from giving *shijie* a brotherly kiss to her cheer her up and boost her spirits before she walked through those heavy teakwood doors to formally meet her future father-in-law, in a back-to-back series of traditional, elaborate though simplified rituals and ceremonies where Jiang Cheng also played a role to give her away to Meng Yao, where Jiang Fengmian toasted to his future in-

law Jin Guangshan, and thanked Nie Mingjue and Nie Huaisang for the Nie's gracious acceptance and kindness throughout the tumultuous changes in aligning the sects' respective family trees and branching lines. Everyone was dressed for the occasion, the sect leaders and their successors being garbed in their finest and most distinguished sect regalia and accessories, while Meng Yao draped an extra golden robe to indicate his new allegiance, and Jiang Yan Li in her purple robes that she'd also wore on the way to the Cloud Recesses a few nights ago.

Wei Ying had slipped another Paperman into *shijie* 's bra so that he could watch the procession and proceedings live. He didn't really understand the rituals or their significance other than to tickle the fancy for those who appreciate those elaborate gestures; such as, having Huaisang to draw a papercut on his right thumb to ink his bloody thumbprint onto a parchment that bore unintelligible ancient Nie manuscripts and saber patterns, followed by Meng Yao, and the latter was asked to kneel before the Nie brothers and bow before them three times in gratitude and serve them the best of Qinghe's rice wines, before all three men threw their cups to the floor with such gusto, and the breakage of the porcelain probably signified the severance of Meng Yao's final links to the Nie family; then, following yet another ancient ritual that Jiang Cheng had practised many times earlier that day, he had to hold his A-*Jie* 's hand gracefully, and almost in a trance-like state, moved smoothly like a dance eight steps in particular directions, bowing three times to each sect leader and whispered some intense words that Wei Ying guessed held no meaning other than to satisfy traditions, followed by lighting incense sticks, exchanging platters of fruits, cups of tea and wine, and more bows to figurines, bowls of water, bundles of lotus flower and seeds, even a brazier lit up with a small fire, and other prayer items that the Jiang *jiejie* s had prepared earlier as a recognition of the Yunmeng Jiang's paganistic roots.

Finally, Meng Yao and Jiang Yan Li knelt before their fathers and future father-in-laws, with Jiang Cheng and the Nie brothers at the side watching on solemnly to the end of the ceremony. Wei Ying observed as well, as

though he was watching a fascinating documentary on ancient tribal traditions and religious rites circa 2000 B.C., and he noticed, in particular - because he was hiding inside *shijie* 's bra - how Jin Guangshan stared and marvelled at her abundant bosoms when she bowed low enough until her milky alabaster chest was in full view; the curvy crevice between twin plump teenage mounds seemed to seduced the dirty old man who could already be a grandfather at that age, and Wei Ying shivered in slight disgust at how the Sect Leader licked his lips and nodded in approval at what he'd seen with his own glimmering, hungry and roving eyes, that seemed to roam up and down Yan Li's body like a wolf licking its captured living prey, invisibly raking, clawing, peeling off her dress with his obscene imaginations, layer by layer. Meng Yao remained rather reticent and polite, keeping a genteel smile carved onto his face and proper mannerisms as dictated by the rituals, and behaved courteously towards Yan Li at all times, as he frequently sneaked glances at her direction to make sure that she was comfortable and not too tensed - but he failed to detect and discern what his blood-father was seeing, and thought that both sect leaders were generally delighted by the arrangement, which he falsely believed to be a stroke of his own good luck.

Unsurprisingly, at the end of the ceremony, Jin Guangshan made an unexpected announcement that he had to leave after dinner to attend to important matters of his sect, such as brewing troubles in his province, signing of important trade deals, and chairing his sect's own cultivation council - reasons related to internal affairs which the other two sect leaders would not question nor verify the validity. Moreover, the exhaustive rounds of interviews by the Imperial police and their cultivators have concluded, at least for the sect leaders, so he should leave soon as he is pressed for time.

"My dear Yan Li," he addressed her like a gentleman - which is very uncharacteristic indeed - and held her hand so that she may rise from the floor, "Why don't you follow you future *Tie* ... err.. May I...?" he quickly turned to Jiang Fengmian with a bright and cultured smile, as though he held a precious treasure in his hand - implying that he would treasure the

woman like his daughter, just as how her own parents would; surely, Jiang Fengmian could not refuse such a respectful and parental gesture, so the Jiang sect leader nodded to allow the conversation to proceed as the Jin sect leader wished, so the latter returned to face his future daughter-in-law, “Yan Li, let *Tie* take you on his fairytale horse carriage tonight back to the Carp Tower, so that you don’t have to stay here any longer than needed in this rather sparse, dusty patch of ground in the middle of mountains. You’re such a good girl, civil and cultured in your manners, refined and kind in your attitude, *tie* cannot wait to take you to meet your future family where you will be loved and cherished.”

The smile is greasy, *shijie* , he’s gonna eat you alive, that Papa Wolf! Wei Ying clicked his tongue in annoyance, as a mere Paperman crinkling uselessly inside the soft bra material.

Jiang Yan Li was taken aback by the sudden change in plans and the bold advances made by her future father-in-law, so she wasn’t sure how to respond, and looked back and forth between the two sect leaders with uncertainty in her eyes.

“Yan Li,” the voice was low and persuasive, “The rituals dictate that you need complete the engagement ceremony in the heartland of the Jin within days after the pre-engagement with my true son Meng Yao tonight,” and he gave a nod to the small man who blushed and smiled sheepishly at the uncalled-for immense recognition - as though he’d been elevated to one of high importance - so Meng Yao kept his head low, obsessed in following his blood-father’s awe-inspiring commands, “The ceremony is much more complicated than what you see this evening, and it’s best for you to have a head start rather than idling your time here. *Tie* wants a blessed and successful engagement ceremony as much as your blood-father do, and I’m sure it’s the same for Meng Yao too. *Tie* ’s horse carriage is sturdy and fast, and we should reach the Carp Tower in less than two days, god willing. It’s

a wonderful opportunity to meet the rest of the Jin family and spend time getting to know them. I'm sure my wives, that is, your future mother-in-laws, would be most delighted to taste your cooking and to share with you our family traditions too. Isn't that right, o' parent of my sweet daughter-in-law?"

Jin Guangshan's toothy grin gave Wei Ying the creeps, but Jiang Fengmian wasn't too good at handling such over-courteousness, plus everyone became a little awkward and too quiet mainly from the Jin sect leader's choice of very flowery and polite words. Jiang Fengmian finally relented after looking around and seeing that none of the men in the room could help him, so he nodded hastily with resigned 'Yes, yes, yes'-es. With the seal of approval in Jin Guangshan's grasp, he shot Jiang Fengmian with an expectant, impatient look. The man had no choice but to add icing to Jin Guangshan's cake and put a shiny cherry on top (for the latter to pop, later).

"My daughter," Jiang Fengmian addressed an uncomfortable-looking Jiang Yan Li, "What your father-in-law said is correct. There's no need for you to remain or to study here since your new family is keen to welcome you in their arms. The journey on a horse carriage will be comfortable, and I'm sure your father-in-law will keep you safe. It's a great chance to get to know your new family better, and A- *Tie* wants that for you," he parroted the words mouthed by the other man because what else could he say to alleviate his baby girl's anxiety?, "You'll stay at the Carp Tower for about a couple of weeks as agreed, and you can always come back to the Lotus Pier after that, if you miss your mum's cooking or your family and friends' smiles. The wedding ceremony will only take place later the year, therefore there's no rush other than to settle down with your new family, warm up to each other's hearts, so that the transition after your marriage will be smoother, and A- *Tie* will finally be relieved that you'll be in a place where you belong, cherished and loved, always."

With such hopeful promises given, and approval consented by both sides, Jiang Yan Li couldn't refuse - and she also smiled, because it seemed to be the right thing to do. Meng Yao reached out to hold her hand with a kind smile, which further reassured her racing heart that she was treading towards a new future, a new tomorrow, a new beginning, starting tonight.

Jiang Cheng sniffled and shed a tear, Huaisang did the same for no other reason than to be shaken by such an emotional scene unravelling in front of boys too young to understand how cruel and vile the world is.

Not long after, servants filed into the private banquet room in an exclusive dining building set aside by the Gusu Lan, as gracious hosts of such a historic meeting. Dinner was opulent, unlike the usual cuisine served by the Lan, because the rich and well-equipped Jin *jiejie* s manned the kitchens to make sure the sect leaders ate their fill, drank enough wines and had a fair share of merry-making to celebrate, in some ways, the end of their time in the picturesque but dreary, boring, and work-only Cloud Recesses.

Wei Ying also had dinner at the same time, in Huan *gege* 's room together with the Lan brothers, where the host was gracious enough to order some spicy food for that endearing A-Xian, as he started to get to know his lil' brother's best friend better. Wei Ying ate well that evening and had fun talking about all sorts of subjects including the wedding traditions of the Jiang and Lan clans.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 258

“Wei Ying, you’re not asleep.”

“How can I? It’s past ten at night, the carriage has left along with *shijie* . My dad and Jiang Cheng had been busy packing *shijie* ’s stuff from the medical halls right after their banquet, and I ran there to pass them the rest of her belongings from this dorm. It was like giving her away, as an older brother, though sadly, my importance in this whole story and her fate seems rather inconsequential and insignificant. My heart’s still beating fast from all that running, you know, and I couldn’t even say good-bye.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Why should I, and what could I say, hiding and peeking from behind the bushes at the courtyard, with only key sect members allowed to attend her departure? Seein’ Meng Yao on horseback with a bunch of Jin goons setting off first, before the carriage finally made its move - which is so goddamn fishy I’m surprised why nobody sounded the alarm... ‘opening the path for the father and his beloved wife’, Jin Guangshan said to spur Meng Yao to ride his steed ahead, my ass!

Did’ya notice how gentlemanly Jin Guangshan seemed when inviting *shijie* into his fortified carriage with that lewd smile on that moustached face? It sickens me to the pit of my stomach, because that reminds me of bride-snatching scenes. Oh, and before that, the dirty old uncle kept putting his hand on her waist and thighs during dinner because he was seated next to her, which made her quite uncomfortable, but my dad simply dismissed it and pretended not to see anything, and even said that she should respect the

Jin's culture and societal norms, whatever that means. That same waist-grabbing habit continued the moment she set foot into the carriage, because Jin Guangshan made her sit away from the door and put himself between her and the exit, with one hand tight around her waist and those fingers slid down to her hips and massaged her buttocks when the door closed with a *click* !”

“... It doesn't make sense. Why would Meng Yao be sent off ahead of the caravan?”

“He's gonna get beaten up by his escorts, you fool, that's what! I saw the way they grinned and sniggered at him, the way he was still bandaged, hobbling towards the horse, and needed assistance to be hoisted up and steadied on the saddle... they're gonna run him into a bush and kick his injured ass! Then they're gonna stage a show and say that bandits attacked 'em *en route* to the Carp Tower, and this will disgrace A-Yao's tattered reputation for good, as a newborn half-prince of the vast Jin empire. This kind of fate is worse than being Huaisang's servant!”

“And your *shijie* ?”

“I'm watchin' a degrading and awful porn video right now even as we speak. Barely two minutes after the carriage left the entrance gates to the Cloud Recesses, Grandpa Jin is gloating at his latest prize, and has his hands all over her struggling naked body. Her clothes have been forcibly ripped into shreds, he's kissing and licking her private parts like an old perv... yuck! He likes to stick his tongue into her flowerbud and suckle her clitty like a nipple until she accidentally squirted out pee... that's so shameful! But damn, he's an experienced old fox! He sure knows how to kiss young, inexperienced maidens with his greasy lips, grab and massage

their milky titties, whisper lustful and perverse, sick lies into their ears, before going down between the legs to eat ‘em out like a pro.

Five minutes in, *shijie* is already drowning in unwanted pleasures of illicit love from her *tie tie* , but he knows how to manipulate her feelings and words using threats and religion, such as that it’s a god-given right for a patriarch to taste his new daughter-in-law before the son, or that she must submit to the teachings of the patriarch, which includes accepting lessons on how to make love and pleasure a man by her father-in-law; if she struggles or protests, she’d be doing the Jiang family a disservice and disgrace her future family, and the angered gods will send droughts and disease to the lands.

Ten minutes past, that dirty old man’s already spread her thighs and violated her flowerbud, sticking his dick happily in and out of that cunt with that wicked dreamy look on his face and victorious laughter echoing out from within the carriage. He’s already forced himself on *shijie* and started impregnating her against her will, because that old man’s making grandchildren inside his daughter-in-law! Sweet Buddhas on bulldozers, this grandpa’s has more stamina than most warriors I’ve known and his daddy bod is well-muscled even for his age, no wonder he’s said to be able to pin down thirty feisty resisting women at once, and bed them at the same time, to earn himself thirty sons each night, whenever he’s with his harem. He’s a born mass rapist, a criminal of all women, that’s for sure!”

“Calm down, Wei Ying. It’s just a porn video, as you say. You can’t do anything from here, in our shared bed, with guards patrolling outside the dorms during curfew. Relax.”

“Yeah... you’re right, *lao gong* , I should just detach myself and disassociate from any longing feelings I still have for her right now, otherwise I won’t be able to get any shut-eye. My Paperman did that, and after her bra was torn, I quickly hid under the lounging chairs that transformed into a king-sized bed equipped with straps and ropes, with a push of a lever... that scheming granddad that speaks with a forked tongue, he tricked her as soon as she sat in the carriage, because *shijie* believed she’d get a safe, speedy passage to the Carp Tower!

He’s such a wolfish fox, that Grandpa. He easily pushed her legs up and speared her between the legs in one swoop, despite her protests, screams and kicks. He could’ve just taken his pleasure just like that... but no, he likes to degrade women. When she kept trying to instinctively close her thighs while being plundered, which is a futile act anyway, Grandpa Jin duped her and claimed, with an oily grin, that the more she tried to close her legs, the faster he’d cum - of course she was horrified because no maiden wants to have dirty old men shaking with drooling, dreamy looks on their faces while locked between their legs. So she was tricked to spread her ass, legs and pussy as wide as possible, and Grandpa Jin couldn’t be more pleased at the unhindered access to her innermost sanctuary. He attacked her flowerbud so strongly, that she cried out in pain... that dog!

When *shijie* realized her folly, because that Grandpa really showed his drooling and dreamy face while pistoning very excitedly into her ruined pussy, she really fought back and started kicking and clawing. Then, he warned that the more she moved and squirmed around, the better it felt for his loins, and that he was going to unload inside her - because it was her fault for seducing him with such energetic movements. Of course she was terrified again and remained still, if only to catch her breath, with her legs widely splayed apart. Then Grandpa Jin bellowed his evil laughter at deceiving his daughter-in-law once more, and growled that it was she who spread her legs for him, and stilled so that he could rob her gone-virginity again and again, and he went ahead on full steam to rip into her womb with his boner! Horrible, I tell you, it’s horrible, the way *shijie* wept pitifully

when she realized it was too late, because Grandpa Jin pressed her into the bed right to the hilt, hands grasping her hips so hard that they left bruising fingerprints, and he started pumping and jerking very strongly, moaning incoherently into her ashamed ears and cheeks about how good it feels to cum inside his in-law's little girl, with a tongue wiggling inside her ear canal like a smelly old man in the throes of his orgasm, and she felt nearly forty splats of warm, gooey wetness fountaining and filling up her moist insides.

And you know what? The horses slowed as soon as they started the descent from the mountaintop, and at this rate, they'll only reach their destination not in two, but maybe three or five days' time! He'll plant another one or two more babes in her belly by then!"

"... you mean, fraternal twins and triplets... but how? Isn't she with your child by now?"

"You uninformed old fart! Didn't you get sex education from your erudite teachers... oh wait, nevermind. From my Paperman's vantage point, I'm gettin' a good look at a wrinkled, veiny but impressively thick hairy penis drilling her soaked fluttering pussy, the same way his tongue moves inside her mouth, then how his fingers grope and knead her breasts and other erogenous zones on her squirming body. I tip my hat to that old man, he's a maestro at sex, and *shijie* 's weepin', gaspin', moanin' and cryin' at the same time in forced pleasure, like a whore. That's a big difference from when she was kicking and screaming at having her modesty outraged against her will, when that grandpa started undressing her early on; he'd muffled her shouts for help when they were still close to town, but once they were a good distance away, he simply chuckled and asked the carriage driver to take his time and allowed *shijie* to plead for her life and innocence until her voice was hoarse; but of course, the entire caravan crew works for Jin Guangshan as accomplice, so nobody would hear her screams anyway

as that pervert savoured *shijie* like ambrosia of the gods. He knows where to touch and how to move his hips, so *shijie* ceased struggling or protesting as much once she started feelin' it, and she became more more docile, pliant, obedient to allow this dirty old man to rape her to his heart's desire.

Oh fuck, seein' that dirty old grandpa use that abominable Eight Sexy Stirring Vibrations technique with his hips... shit, he's good. That means he's got an iron-hard eight-inch monster erection lodged deep inside her and he's making these crazy grinding shakes that rattle everything, even the flow of *qi* in the air, that my Paperman is starting to lose its grip from the bed. In no time, her body would become so excited and lustful from all that excess sexual energies radiating from where that illicit couple is entwined, forcing her ovaries to squeeze out like an inverting a teat and release a few more eggs while she's still in her fertile period, and that monster dick speared into her womb will soon shoot its happy milk and make another baby in there, conceived from the perverted horny Jin Guangshan and my *shijie* ! Sheesh... I hate it when others beat me in the game of sex and baby-making...!"

“There you go again. Breathe in, and out. Let's talk about the future, since right now, too much is happening with your *shijie* . What happens next?”

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 259

“Hmm... with Meng Yao getting his ass beaten up and maybe left to die somewhere in the mountains, I’m sure Grandpa Jin will take his sweet time to taste the freshly impregnated pussy before her husband does - if ever -, and induct *shijie* into his harem. I’ve heard in a previous lifetime that Grandpa Jin likes ‘em sweet and tender, like delicate ripening loquats of thirteen and fourteen-year old virgins, so *shijie* is a bit like a jar of matured fine wine that he’ll like to sample and sip from time to time, rather than wolf down the entire cup in a single gulp. He’ll honour his diabolical words to teach her the immoral joys of father-daughter sex, and the shameful art of playing with and pleasuring older men, in his sordid bedroom once they arrive at the Carp Tower. He’ll threaten and silence her with lame excuses that she won’t be able to handle on her own, like spreading news that she was raped or that she’s a whore that seduced Meng Yao, and all that. So, she’ll likely remain in the Carp Tower and away from the limelight for a while, spending time riding Grandpa Jin on the man’s sex-stinked bed to keep him pleased and happy inside her juicy flooded pregnant cunt, and avoid triggering his deadly wrath. She’ll still send Fairy Messenger calls to my dad to say that she’s happy living there, because did you see how hopeful my dad was with the whole arrangement? She won’t want to break his heart.

Before you know it, Grandpa Jin would’ve found other pretty lil’ toys to play with, knowing how his brains and loins work. Without Meng Yao in the picture, she’ll be passed around the princes in the Carp Tower like that sex doll I mentioned earlier. If the future that we know is anything to go by, no Jin women would want to befriend or help her, and they’d rather see her becoming the next favourite sex slave in the harem. Even Jin Guangshan’s first wife would want to keep the girls in line to avoid any problems from arising, and *shijie* has such a low standing among the females since she lacks a decent husband, that she’s better off being kept for breeding purposes and for keeping the Jin men happy in the loins, for the rest of her sad life.”

“... Wei Ying, you truly have such a vivid foresight. I’m impressed and shocked to have no words in response.”

“I do, don’t I?”

“Mn. Yes, you do. Ah, you’re smiling. Good. Now let’s go to sleep.”

Wei Ying snuggles up with his favourite sexy darling man (boy), feeling lightened after baring his soul and his deep-seated concerns to his spouse. The room is empty save for the two, and tonight, it feels somewhat even emptier than usual, and a little cold to the touch. Lan Zhan embraces his then-future wife, and places a wooly blanket over them.

(Meanwhile, Wei Ying’s *shijie* continues to suffer in the hands of her new father-in-law. In a rare moment of conscious clarity, she woke up with her tied up in ropes to four corners of the carriage’s ceiling; her hands were placed above her head, and her legs spread-eagled and hips held up like a tasty morsel for Jin Guangshan to enjoy all night with his lips, tongue, fingers and that tool of mass terror between his legs. He’d pump a few spoonfuls into her, then withdraw, tired and sleepy, relaxed from orgasming many times in a row and letting his happy manhood remain inside her with gentle in-and-outs, and engage in lewd play by telling her bed time stories of how his seed makes its way into her fertile garden to grow roots, nurtured by her love and warmth, and soon, babies would sprout like fresh young shoots out of the ground, while massaging her breasts because he has a fetish for soft curves and mounds.

She endures the humiliation when mirrors are revealed on the ceiling and facing her exposed crotch, and she watches in horror while weeping in shame, how Grandpapa Jin uses his fingers to wipe up excess semen that had spurted off-tangent to streak across her sweaty belly, then inserts that sperm-slicked finger into her pussy and coat her clitty with that slimy, cooling and crusting milky substance. He'd massage her inner walls, scissor them to stretch her drenched birth canal when two or more digits plundered her inner sanctuary; he's tell her more dirty stories that he wants her to accept every single drop of his fatherly love, and that if she refuses, he'd break all promises and reveal to the world what had happened to her, and throw her out into the streets. That sort of threat shut her up effectively, and she cringed and grimaced in discomfort while her vulnerable, defenceless womanhood was inseminated again and again. Sometimes he forcefully kisses her cheeks and licks away the tears from her eyes, and tells her, "Look, look at the mirror at that side, watch how *tie tie* plays with your cunny and pulls out dollops of thick ejaculated sperm from your gaping pussy. It's like whisked egg whites... see, it stretches like webs, and now, *tie tie* will put it back inside you... tickle, tickle, *tie tie* wants to tickle tickle your cunny with his fingers again..."

As if that isn't enough, Grandpapa Jin whips out a Q-tip cotton swab and dips it into her spread-open flowerbud, then tunnels it into her pee-hole. He's very experienced in the female genitalia and had no problems sticking that semen-soaked lolly into her urethra, where he twists it like a vortex and moves it in a circular motion, until she cried out from a hot, aching, irritable sensation welling out from her bladder. Grandpapa mocked her, and accused her of being immature and underaged despite her good looks, and fucked her pee hole with the swab like an erect penis would. He teased her nerve bundles and g-spots with the finger that continued to search, locate and attack her weakest pleasurable areas inside her vagina, until she moaned very inappropriately and squirted pee straight into Grandpapa's hands.

With all the time in his grubby hands and nothing else to do inside the gently swaying carriage other than to sexually abuse and torment the squirming, hapless maiden in his arms, the dirty Grandpa played with his daughter-in-law's pee hole to his heart's desire, inserting more semen into the perky shuddering pinprick of a slit, shovelling rich viscous seed and packing the narrow tunnel then scrubbing its length with that accursed soggy cotton swab, until she sobbed and hiccuped with such shame that she had to pull a blanket over her head to cover her face, because the urge to pee became too strong from the convulsions wracking her swollen genitals, and then that terrible grandfather performed his finale of vibrating his tongue over that massively distended pee hole until it couldn't hold back, couldn't rein in the undulating waves of muscular contractions, and started to spasm uncontrollably despite her best efforts to suppress the boiling desires and very good feelings from her tortured lower body, and sprayed explosively into a laughing old man's mouth.

Grandpapa Jin became highly aroused and twisted in his perversion, as evidenced from his gleeful, soiled and flushed face, and, he licked his lips to show that he wasn't disgusted but he was, in fact, very, very much eager to play with her body until the last thread of her sanity broke. Leaving the swab deeply lodged in her shivering pee-hole, he proceeded to mount her again and again with his steel-hard penis. He roared with joy that he is blessed to be presented with such a pretty sexy maiden born of her naive parents, and he praised her cunny for keeping old men like him virile and energized; he demonstrated her how men in their forties orgasmed while looming above her, his bronzed, tanned muscular body slithered and slid wildy, hips slamming with powerful shudders, the old man's flesh blossoming to reds in sexual excitement, and very, very excitedly, he crammed his crotch against her and howled with great satisfaction, shouting obscenities and demeaning words such as ' *Tie Tie* loves your cunt so much! Your cunny makes *tie tie* so happy tonight!', 'You should be grateful to be *tie tie* 's whore! That's your purpose in life from now on!' and 'You like it, don't you? You like it when *tie tie* inserts his naughty penis into your naughty hairy pussy! Show *tie tie* how much you like being fucked into the bed by *tie tie* !'. He made it known, visually and audibly, that he'd achieved

what every Man seeks in his lifetime - to sow his seed deep into willing and unwilling females so that his vile, fearsome lineage will prosper, flooding her insides with wet, gooey and opaque-milky warmth that Jiang Yan Li found to be overwhelmingly disgusting and extremely disconcerting that she started to cry pitifully, until that cotton swab lodged inside her struck something electrifying and she moaned, grunted, forced to enjoy those terribly pleasurable sensations radiating from inside her pelvis in rhythmic squeezing pulses, with her captor bellowing out hearty triumphant laughter in his conquest of siring more sons and daughters throughout the night.)

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The next morning, there was a flurry of activities. Sect Leaders and their entourages on flying swords were seen off by a very busy Master Lan Qi Ren and the elites of the Lan family, as the meetings, interviews and interrogations have concluded, with cheers to everyone to take a much-deserved break of, say, two weeks as dictated by Sect Leader and self-proclaimed chief of the attending sects, Jin Guangshan, on a formal announcement printed on the Grand Cultivation Council letterhead, issued just the night before; the reason for this pause being that the man had 'some family issues' to attend to. The Sect Leaders were requested to convene at the Carp Tower after that two-week period.

Thus, during that morning, all eyes were on the other sects, with disciples waving good-byes to their patriarchs and fellow comrades, holding bags of souvenirs and home-cooked food sent from afar to last them for the duration of their stay in the Cloud Recesses to listen to the lectures of the Gusu Lan. Little attention was paid to what happened to their gracious host, who has provided commendable hospitality, meals and board for the past three or so days to these famous and powerful men and their followers.

Lan Xi Chen was caught up in a pre-dawn raid of the Cold Springs close to the Jingshi, where an entire patch of forest was mowed down overnight and a secret entrance to a cave that nobody knew, was discovered within the freezing, cascading spring waters by Imperial cultivators in the darkness of the night. He failed to stop them from entering the sacred grounds, but he had no real reason to because he didn't even know that there was such a cave, let alone what family secrets it kept, until he was rudely awakened by rumbling sounds of excavations carried out too close to his room. Being too late to the scene, unfortunately, Xi Chen had to remain outside the blockade in the chilly night, in a state of confusion and shock, but he kept his air of calm and persistently tried to win over the poker-faced Imperial guards with the prevailing sensibilities that visitors, such as the Imperial forces, should not carelessly pry into their host's private matters, in this case, the Gusu Lans' backyards; however, armed servicemen that serve the Imperial Court hold little regard for other sects, so they did not respond to Xi Chen's toothless threats of re-education in the do's and don'ts of host and guest relations.

A little before four in the morning, when most of the residents in the Cloud Recesses were fast asleep and therefore there was no one to assist the increasingly tired and taxed Xi Chen, the Imperial cultivators emerged from the underground cave with triumph etched in their faces and something glowing in a pouch, and they left without saying a word. Exhausted Xi Chen was downtrodden and was at a loss for words and thoughts for what happened - a blasphemous mark for the Gusu Lan sect, and a big ugly hole dug behind his *didi*'s backyard -, and by the time he returned to his room before five at dawn when roosters would soon start crowing, he staggered to bed, not noticing a letter left on his desk that urgently informed him of Meng Yao's sudden departure, signed by the same dear friend whom he held dearly in his heart.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 260

Day Five is declared as an unofficial holiday, at least for the disciples studying at the Cloud Recesses. The student affair's office is closed for the day, Gusu Lan instructors and elders take the day off from a terribly busy morning, and following that, a long weekend shall pass, before classes resume the following week. As far as the students are concerned, the schedule is fine as they've had an interesting Week One of lockdowns, rumours about a murder that seemed to have died off on their own, a student brawl that left many hospitalized and spending most of the week in bed, a three-day visit by their patriarchs from Days Two to Four akin to Parents-Teachers Days, and for the rest, a good chance to explore the town, get to know the locals, and prepare for their studies in advance.

Wei Ying and Jiang Cheng had bid Jiang Fengmian and his followers farewell before the grand old Jiang Patriarch left on a return flight on First Class FeiEx back to the Lotus Pier. The family of remaining three group-hugged and exchanged heartwarming words, with Jiang Cheng bawling not-so-uncharacteristically as a boy because he'd also completed the tasks for his A-*Jie*'s pre-engagement - a great accomplishment for the thirteen-year old successor of the Jiang clan to see off his sister, a watershed moment that signified his coming-of-age because *jiejie* will no longer be around to watch him grow up to be a fine man, and another stripe on his fledgling badge.

(A quick check on the semen and juice-stained piece of Paperman; Wei Ying learned that after a fitful night's sleep and just about ten hours after seeing *shijie* climbing onboard her fairytale carriage to Jin wonderland, she already carried her second child in her belly after the successful insemination from the much-maligned Eight Sexy Stirring Vibrations techniques performed unto her helpless womb, and dirty old gloating Grandpa Jin continued to wreck her cum-flooded pussy, missionary style, upon the surprisingly durable, high-quality king-sized bed within the

creaking carriage, aiming for a third offspring. They had parked the carriage a little off-trail in the dense mountain bushes and away from any prying eyes from passer-by travellers, and Grandpapa Jin kept moaning how much he liked dipping into cups of matured fine wines like hers, sweet, aromatic, delicate and fragrant, again and again until he roars and ejaculates his *forty* spurts very, very excitedly inside her, and yet, that old and very experienced pornstar is still going hard and strong because he enjoys bedding women with young, soft flesh with firm pussy grasps - he's slowly teaching his daughter-in-law the right way of pleasing a man, and what better way than for them to flip over upon the bed, his arms behind his head, and he watches with roving, hungry eyes, how a daughter-in-law should sway and dance her hips seductively while riding a man's very happy penis to the heavens above, grinding back and forth, as deeply as possible to warm the shuddering, delightful tool where it belongs, reaching back with her fingers to play with his hairy, wrinkled but bouncing overjoyed balls, coaxing the old man to breed her pussy because she belongs to him simply because it's Jin Guangshan's god-given right from henceforth.

The dirty moustached and wrinkled perv gets an eyeful of how freshly-broken maidens orgasm shamelessly, driven mad by sex-crazed insanity of cresting climaxes, squealing like sows and shaking like a vibrating cocksleeve around his almighty tool of mass reproduction, blossoming with red flushes sweeping from her belly to her heaving chest, and to her face that spells drunken, mind-blown pleasures, of closed eyes and slackened jaws, shameless, totally a shameless slut enjoying having wicked, immoral sexual intercourse with her father-in-law even before she consummated her relationship with her future husband; and with just a curl of finger, she obeys her new favourite Grandpapa, and leans forward so that Grandpapa can play with her titties, grabbing them in tandem with each heartfelt fuck penetrating through her destroyed hymen, her breached cervix, kissing the freshly fertilized eggs now growing into new lives and coating them with more hearty jets of Grandpapa's milky seed, and Jin Guangshan enjoys making demeaning kissy lips to demand to be breastfed, and he gets two lovely mounds of Jiang Yan Li slapping against his face, because those milkjugs looked so sexy to the old man who dreams of stealing his babies'

milk from their young mothers, so he kneads and paws at her bosom, violently sucking on the nipples until bitemarks and fingerprints decorated the areolae, just as lust fanned out to flame the Grandpapa's loins again and another volley of delicious molten forty-spurts begin their countdown, ready to launch and propel themselves straight into the maiden's lost innocence like a direct payload delivered to where it belongs.)

Wei Ying was a little distracted throughout the farewell, and Jiang Fengmian remarked, mistakenly, that the sixteen-year old boy felt that way because of the lack of sleep - who could sleep well when his *shijie* was, in some way, stolen and snatched away by a new family without adequate preparations by the mind and heart? - and that he wasn't invited to participate in the pre-engagement ceremony nor to see her off straight after dinner, for political reasons that Wei Ying begrudgingly accepted - because Wei Ying was considered an outcast of the family, in the eyes of patriarchal traditions, and wouldn't be considered as pivotal in such hastily conducted ceremonies. The fatherly figure gave Wei Ying a hug, and promised to smoothen all creases and release and relinquish unfulfilled feelings, once Yan Li had settled down in the Carp Tower for her engagement ceremony over there, about two weeks from now. He would invite Yan Li to return to the Lotus Pier so that at least the siblings can say their good-byes properly once they've finished their studies, help her to pack her belongings from home, and spend their last days together as the famous Yunmeng Trio before she is finally wedded off to her husband and her Happy Ever After, then permanently relocated to the Carp Tower.

(No need, dad, Wei Ying mumbled inside. By week two, she'll have been brainwashed and turned into Jin Guangshan's sex slave with baby number four or five bouncing in her oversized pregnant belly - the presence of Meng Yao, whether as a survivor or a husband who managed to claw his way back to the Carp Tower, is inconsequential. She'll not want to return to the Lotus Pier, having grown the roots for her babies from the bedroom of that dirty Grandpapa and that she'd been signed up into his harem. Two weeks, Wei Ying growled wordlessly, do you know how much damage can

happen to a woman in two weeks, in the hands of that super stallion pornstar grand-daddy rapist Jin Guangshan? The Sect Leader's even announced that two week holiday for himself, and d'ya think it's for some kind of mundane family matters? No, dad, he's gonna spend two weeks having fun playing with his grandpa dick inside your baby girl, and 'used goods' won't even cut it once you see her remnant leftover physical and mental state, two weeks from now.)

Jiang Fengmian left after saying that he'll pass on any messages he receives from his precious baby girl, hopefully in a couple of days' time (Gone, defiled, devoured, thoroughly violated and owned by the grandpa. You willingly delivered that precious baby girl into those dirty old man's hands, in the hopes of a shotgun wedding would save her dignity, but in the end, she's a lost cause, Wei Ying thought). With that, peace seemed to reign the dorms occupied by the Jiang sect, at least for Day Five through to the weekend.

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Day Five is a day of recovery and reconciliation. Thanks to the frequent healing sessions provided by blue laser-shooting healers from the Gusu Lan sect, by the afternoon, Jiang Cheng and Huaisang have been discharged from the medical halls, and given their prescription for take-home medication, some painkillers and proud smiles on their faces. There were no more bandages, but some ugly scabs, receding bruises and healing scars remained, which should soon disappear over time. No more migraines for Jiang *gongzi* , and no more body aches for the smaller but older Nie *gongzi* .

Jiang Cheng acted as though he'd seen the light and leapfrogged over Wei Ying in terms of age and maturity, because, in his words, he's a big boy

now at thirteen years old, and he's living for the sake of himself, his sister who's no longer around, his parents whom he loved and owed their trust, and for the honour of his clan - not bad, Wei Ying thought, because he hoped this would teach Jiang Cheng about taking responsibilities and thinking twice before striking or scolding someone, also, not reading dirty comics when he should be studying.

Nie Huaisang had an equally emotional farewell with his *gege*, and without a servant to pick up after him, to wake him up on time and to wash his clothes, he too had a fresh change in perspectives. He vowed to be a better, more independent person and live like a good, virtuous cultivator disciple - a promise he'd made to Nie Mingjue the night before upon realizing that a world without Meng Yao could be frighteningly unmanageable by the spoiled-rotten Nie *didi*, and he finally appreciated Meng Yao's contributions to the family when he inked the severance papers with the blood of his right thumb. Wei Ying hummed his approval and then, told the two boys about their next plan.

They would room together as a closely-knit unit, because in a dog-eat-dog world of cultivation, one can hope to be strong and successful, only if he finds his comrades who will back him up during his darkest days - such as drunken student brawl -, to see through thick and thin together, as a brotherhood of growing men whose fates are forged from the harsh challenges that Life throws at them with impunity. Those words galvanized Jiang Cheng, in a manner of 'if Life gives me lemons, I'll make lemonades and eat the sour, bitter rinds with my sworn *xiongdi*!', and Huaisang who wasn't as poetic in heroic prose, applauded and cheered. Wei Ying then revealed that during their stay in the medical halls, he'd met with a Lan boy and befriended him, and wanted the four of them to stay and grow as one. Everyone was feeling rather high and full of newfound hope at that point, so Yes, Yes, and Yes'es, they returned back to the dorms with their belongings in hand, anticipating a fresh new start to their days at the Cloud Recesses.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 261

There were plenty of “It was you?”, “Really? Oh my god, I didn’t know” and “I’m sorry, I should’ve known”, when the three boys returned to greet their fourth member, only to find that said fourth member in the dorm room sitting face to face with one of the Heads of the Student Affairs office, Lan Xi Chen, also the older of the legendary Twin Jades of Gusu. Lan Xi Chen was apologetic and polite, as well as pragmatic when he finally learned that Wei Ying, or the golden A-Xian apple in A-Zhan’s eyes, is the adopted and eldest son of Jiang Fengmian; and equally, Jiang Cheng and Huaisang were impressed and ga-ga over Lan Wang Ji gracing one of the beds in their humble dorm room, thus securing positions of the First and Second Best-Looking Men in the cultivation world award under the same roof (never mind that bastard Jin Zixuan is third, Wei Ying is fourth, and Jiang Cheng is fifth, because having the top two is better than having the bottom eight, right? So says the eighty-twenty rule).

Jokes and praises aside, the five sat down to share some conversations and to catch up on matters that have taken place in the past few days that need further discourse, discussion and clarification. With Xi Chen around - his day off, and having well-rested after a good sleep from the hours of five to late morning -, the three non-Lan boys had their questions about their studies and upcoming lectures in the coming week answered, which they were grateful for. They also learned about what was happening in town - the Imperial police and their cultivators had collected all the needed evidence and concluded their investigation, and ‘dug a hole in the springs behind Wang Ji’s room gifted by his late parents’, and also left in the morning along with the body of a dead man - the one rumoured, and now, confirmed to have existed. He warned that the Imperial police were going after ‘a network of rogue cultivators and criminals, together with their deadly equipment and relics said to be connected to the string of murders we’ve seen around the country - not just in Gusu’, so they should pay attention to the periodicals on news about more notorious figures being caught,

handcuffed and sent to the court to be charged in Chang'an, and of strange, magical and cursed items unearthed and examined further.

Such a huge, eye-opening, intriguing reveal excited the boys, at least for Jiang Cheng and Huaisang, and Wei Ying shared their enthusiasm too - well, he pretended to, at least -, while Lan Zhan became concerned about his Jingshi and said that he'll return there later to check on it, perhaps salvage more of his belongings and move them to the dorms for safety. Huan gege cautioned to boys that these are preliminary findings and news, so they must not recklessly share the information until and unless confirmed in the periodicals, or announcements on the noticeboards. "Until then," he smiled and even gave a friendly wink, "You're all our students, and you must study hard to earn your grades, so that you can become full-fledged cultivators and help society in dealing with such criminals, murders and thugs." Everyone agreed wholeheartedly.

With their bodies and health nearly back to the peak, and the curfew lifted, the four boys, now without bandages or crutches, were free to spend their free time bonding together. They studied in their dorm diligently, and made sure to memorize the first two or three chapters of the lessons they'll be having the week after - and yes, Jiang Cheng found books about 'how to study smarter' which he devoured within a single night together with Huaisang, perceived to be godsent although with very little actual results. Huaisang felt especially welcomed, because his three birdies in their cages were hung outside the window, and the four boys sometimes took turns to feed the birds and refill the water. Meng Yao sometimes remarked that carrying bird cages to foreign sect bases to study was inappropriate - a sentiment shared by Huaisang's older brother -, but the boy pressed on because he liked to train his pet birdies to sing.

Boisterous meals in the dining halls were still restrained under the watchful eyes of seniors, but rowdy by Gusu Lan standards - however, given that the

crowd still hadn't reach maximum capacity, and that Student Affairs head Lan Xi Chen joined them too, so the four boys and one man were left undisturbed to enjoy their breakfasts, lunches, dinners and snacks; always, with Lan Zhan following his elder brother to the closed student office to take a leak periodically; the two youngest boys wondered what was so special about peeing in Huan *gege* 's office, and Wei Ying simply said that it's a terrible Lan secret that nobody would want to know. Mm-hmm, everyone nodded in unspoken consensus.

Outdoors activity picked up as well. When they were bored of studying, or when they felt their waistlines bulging, they went out to the courtyard to practise martial arts and sword fighting with one another, trying outsmart and outperform each other with signature clan moves, including Sabertooth Tiger Strikes being pitted against Spinning Lotus Petal Kicks. The fun intensified when cultivation magic was included into the fray, with Jiang Cheng sweating it out by casting a measly Level One Fire spell to burn a pile of garden waste he'd swept up with a straw broom, then Huaisang countered by heaving and puffing over a Level One Water spell to put out the flames with tiny uncoordinated water spouts. The two were then found out by seniors and made to squat under the sunlight while carrying buckets of fertilizer for the vegetable farms, as punishment for toying with open-burning, which is a no-no for environmentally-friendly Gusu Lan.

Wei Ying stayed mostly out of the spotlight during the next few days. He joined his newfound 'Gang of Four' in their activities, doodled penises and pussies into the corners of the pages of the books he read and drawing mustaches and speech bubbles containing toilet jokes on printed pictures (to Lan Zhan's consternation, because he'd have to erase them before the books were returned to the Library), and made more naughty Papermen out of the blank notebooks they were given for practising calligraphy; he was almost found out when Huaisang remarked that he never knew Papermen could be made from plain rice paper instead of those yellow talisman papers that cost a silver piece or two each - in which, Wei Ying blew at the boy's face, imbuing his breath with malicious, sinister Dark curses that cannot be

detected by normal cultivation magic, so that Huaisang simply turned around and walked away and promptly forgot what he'd seen or heard. Those Papermen were sent to other female dorm units to spy on girls undressing, taking baths or doing what girls do in squat toilets; in addition, they act like bloodhounds for their master, sniffing out those lonely, weak-willed, and troubled girls who're known to be troublemakers, losers or have difficult backgrounds such as broken families and history of abuse - so that those plain Papermen would stick to their bodies or clothes, in that when the time comes, Wei Ying could control the victims' mind and bodies whenever he wants, summon them on moonless nights, and take them to the bushes to have demonic sexual intercourses and father plenty of cursed offspring inside their juicy, tight, virginal wombs at his pleasure and whims, before sending them off into cold black portals to be spirited off to faraway underground kingdoms, where they will be turned into sex slaves and breeding machines for the glory of the Dark Arts grandmaster.

Putting teenage fantasies aside, Wei Ying avoided confronting other disciples when exercising his fighting and spellcasting skills - that one Level Three Water spell was the only incidence he'd allow, because it was used to clean off Huaisang and Jiang Cheng's nuttled dicks. So he'd practise on his own with low level martial arts stances, cultivation moves and magic; however, being alone tend to attract unwanted attention - if a big-sized bully approached with pounding fists raring to punch a face or two - usually a Jin -, he'd trip over a rock and call for a senior for help, or pretended to suffer from stomach cramps, then flee.

To make sure that he would always have a bodyguard in the dangerous outdoors, he often drags Lan Zhan to the courtyard as a sparring partner and they would play-pretend by tapping their wooden training swords with each other's like playing a clapping game of Pat-a-cake or Pease Porridge Hot. In case anyone dared to challenge Wei Ying in his presence, Lan Zhan would stand in between like a real darling man (boy), with broad chest puffed up and a defiant look on his usually stoic face, that more often than not drives the opponent away with tails tucked between the legs (because an awesome

Level Ten Fear spell was cast, really) - and visible squeal-y hearts can be seen floating above an adoring Wei Ying, sometimes.

In other instances, Wei Ying would sneak in an ambush and round up behind the darling man (boy) to give his rump a light *thwup* , in which the then-future husband nnnghs because of the masochistic love he receives, then stick the sword between the man (boy)'s thighs as though he was forced to perform intercrural sex, and that sword would be vibrated deep againsty his plump balls and rubbed vigorously against the underside length of his clothed, rapidly hardening penis, and Lan Zhan would hnnngh again with orgasmic delight - and Wei Ying would drag his darling man (boy) to the bushes for a quickie because his bum itches for a sixteen's hard and leaking, wanting six-inch dick.

Sometime during the weekend, the Gang of Four bumped into the older Jin Zixuan, who had since recovered and walked with a slight limp due to the torturous injury between his legs and on his face - the panda eyes were gone, but there were a couple of cuts on the cheeks, still. Wei Ying had always wanted to spit on the ground each time they faced off, but without *shijie* 's presence and problems lingering on everyone's minds, and with no reason to contest who would throw the first punch - Wei Ying simply shrugged, bowed his head and his hands shoved in his waist pockets, and muttered with a heavy, conceding sigh - like a grown-up version of himself -, "Sorry."

Zixuan was surprised, so was Jiang Cheng, and Huaisang was on the edge, biting his fingernails, while Lan Zhan remained expressionless at the back. Zixuan knew he deserved that apology because he lost a fiancée - which is a shame in the eyes of their patriarchal society -, and at the same time he was also relieved of a burden in his heart he'd shoulder alone since childhood, which was more than a mere annoyance since the betrothal that took place without his knowledge and he was scared at the prospect of marrying



someone he wasn't interested in. He responded curtly with his own apology with a respectful bow, and said that he would still like to be friends with Yan Li and with the Jiang family once the entire engagement and wedding ceremonies had taken place and concluded, so that they may continue living in harmony as independent sects, and that bygones be bygones.

Wei Ying smiled, actually, and extended a hand of friendship. That hand was reciprocated with a firm grasp and a strong handshake with a polite grin. Everyone let out their breaths and cheered for the two men - because disciples from both sects had been embroiled in these two's tit-a-tats that had precipitated to numerous unnecessary skirmishes, that it was wearing down everyone's nerves, so it was a cause for celebration to end this once and for all -, until a senior came to check what was causing such a commotion, and the crowd hastily broke up, with each returning to what they were doing before, a little more jovial than before.

It was a brief gesture, but one that spelled enormous benefits and relief for both sides to have ended a bitter feud, finally.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 262

During a weekend afternoon, Huaisang's spoiled and clingy side started to show. He'd roll around the floor, pantless, with a dirty comic book published by Qinghe's best porn artists and writers, with Jiang Cheng, also pantless, following suit because he couldn't really take his eyes off those lewd but titillating erotic images and plots featuring naked women, feisty tigresses, seductive beautiful prostitutes and cute teenage schoolgirls acting like brainless bimbos towards the protagonist of the stories - but even reading porn and masturbating in the open with a fellow masturbator and porn consumer, has its limits. He gave the book to Jiang Cheng, whose eyes remained wide and his cheeks flushed, nostrils flared and looking absolutely engrossed as though he'd eat erotica for lunch, while beating his meat energetically page after page. Huaisang went to Wei Ying's bed and simply fell on the older boy and rubbed his face on Wei Ying's belly.

"What'cha doinnnnn'....?" baby faced Huaisang drawled, bored.

Wei Ying, who had his arms behind his head while lying face up on a pillow and his legs crossed like a *laoban* lounging at the seaside, opened one eye and peeked at a pouty Huaisang. "Nothin', just trying to take a nap until you crashed into my bed," Wei Ying mumbled with a grin, then with one hand, ruffled the younger boy's hair, which delighted the latter because Wei Ying was rewarded with a sheepish 'he he he' giggle.

(Wei Ying had been tuning into his Papermen that had spread across the country, each following a maiden in the Cloud Recesses; an Imperial police that had unknowingly returned to Chang'an or travelled to other provinces for their on-going investigations into the Yin Metal, with Papermen slipped into their clothes and luggage; or somewhere inside the sex-stinked carriage that was about to reach the Carp Tower - he quite enjoyed watching a

sleazily grinning Jin Guangshan clambering down the steps to take a leak by the roadside without a care, because it was a bit chilly with drizzling rain the whole day and everything's soggy and cold even for early Summer - which was fine, because there's a sexy warm body waiting for him inside his transport with legs spread open; and because he was the awesome patriarch of his almighty sect, after all. Then after shaking himself off, he returned to the carriage without his pants on, was greeted by the sight of *shijie* weeping in shame while masturbating in front of her father-in-law and parting her cunny lips to let the sexually aroused man peer into her vagina, because the carriage was filled with aphrodisiac incense smoke that Grandpa Jin hid under a compartment packed to the brim with illegal sex toys and 'women-killing' arsenal, and just when *shijie* orgasmed again from fingering her clit too much, and oh how she squealed in her drunken, unthinking state, reading off scripts that she had been taught and trained by that dirty old man over the course of days, to 'please rape me, please rape my teenage pussy, daddy!', Grandpapa gladly delivered on her shameful wishes and went in with his half-hard dick with such virile joy, and enjoyed getting a welcoming fluttering, undulating reception that is rightly his, coming deep from the sweetly deflowered tunnel, ravaged and conquered by a man twice her age then coated with his tainted seed, where three babes had been conceived and their hearts beating strong from inside her juicy, fecund womb.

Grandpa Jin also liked to talk dirty and bully his new sextoy daughter, laughing at her misery and grinning sleazily while wiggling his eyebrows each time he shoved in so deep, that she grimaced, moaned and cried, 'No, I don't like this, please stop, take it out, I don't want it,' because at times of wakefulness, she realized she was truly being violated, and yet couldn't stop her body from responding against her will.

"As your father-in-law, I have the right to inspect you before you enter my castle in Lanling. I should test if you're still a virgin or not, but since the doctors said that you aren't, then shame on you. This grandfather will rewrite the history to say that you were a virgin, and a person of respectable

background in this family took it before your husband did. That's a more acceptable answer, don't you think so? Here, Ah, Ah, Unnh, Oh that feels good, Let Grand Papa Take Your Vir Gin Ni Ty! How does that feel? Your cunny is shuddering with excitement, it cannot wait to be part of this grandpapa's family! Whore!"

"Your upper mouth keeps saying you don't like it and you don't want it, but what is it that I'm feeling right now from your lower mouth? Oooh, precious daughter, it's sucking me in so deep and doesn't let me go. You're a slut, you know that. Where's your integrity as the daughter of Jiang Fengmian? Where's that proud honesty of the Jiang family? Whore, liar, cheater, that's what you are! You deserve to get knocked-up by your *tie tie* and carry his grandchildren in your belly! Oooh, darling, you're squeezing me again, that feels so good!"

"Shame on you, your titties are so plump and soft, it's a crime not to let *tie tie* play with them and suck them dry before your babies do. Look at you, you're an embarrassment to womankind, spreading your legs for an old man twice your age, bred like bitch on the streets. I ought to throw you out and send these pictures taken by my modified Eye spells to your blood-father, and tell him I've been short-changed with a wench. Do you want that? No? Then spread those legs wider and let *tie tie* fuck you properly, you cocksleeve!"

"Ha ha ha, look at your silly face, did you just cum? *Tie tie* is an expert in making women like you cum so hard, that you'll only think of pleasuring men after this. *Tie tie* likes to lick the tears from your reddened cheeks, kiss your luscious lips to drink your cries, grab your titties like pillows embroidered with my name, and of course, shove in between your spread thighs and slap your bouncing buttocks because they feel so good on *tie tie*'s hands, and write my name to claim you as mine. Can you read it? *Tie tie* is grinding hard, balls deep, and writing his name using your vagina as his

canvas. There's so much milky ink pooling inside for *tie tie* dip his penis-brush and write, so you won't forget it. Memorize it, wench, you belong to *tie tie* and no one else! I'll discard you to my sons and they'll rape you every hour, and you'll only want to cry out the name that's been written inside your pussy!"

Later, toasty and warm after much intense and unwilling lovemaking inside their little cabin on wheels despite the pouring rain outside, she was mind-controlled to practise the art of feeding Grandpapa grapes, dumplings and pastries while sitting naked on his lap and his hands roamed passionately all over her breasts and waist, even making lewd grabs because those grapefruit curves fit into his meaty palm so well - in fact, every voluptuous curve that exuded her femininity and her fertility was savoured, molested and touched unkindly by the dirty old man. Then, calloused, knobbly grandpa fingers dipped between her squirming thighs to play inside her soaked, hairy teenage cunny. Next, like a trained wench, she moved on to give relaxing massages upon the gleeful old man's shoulders and limbs, rubbing her body sexily against his abs and pecs, then servicing his grey-haired penis and wrinkly smelly old men's balls with an erotic, oily sexual massage. Jin Guangshan growled with satisfaction and with a threat-veiled demand that she'd be cast out of the carriage without her clothes on if she didn't pleasure him more - she acquiesced to his commands and climbed up to straddle him, while the horse carriage slowly made its way down a windy path. She demonstrated, while squatting shamefully on his muscled thighs, how she likes to insert Grandpa Jin's flexing, hardened and excited penis into her exposed, well-used pussy, which also dripped with female juices from her own shameful arousal; once Grandpapa penetrated her to the deepest until he was pleasantly fully sheathed, she grind her crotch in circles and swayed in back-and-forth motions until Grandpapa gave his seal of approval in the form of powerful jerks inside her vagina - three-fours were probably released from his happy dick, from the dreamy, orgasmic, laughing look on the virile old man's face -, after which she performed what she had been duly taught - doing a sexy pole dance while riding her father-in-law inside the bumpy carriage for minutes, hours, through multiple

orgasms, until she was told to stop. She had been properly impregnated with two sons sired by that sleazy rapist beside the first one.

Jin Guangshan praised the weeping, sexually flushed and agitated Jiang Yan Li for being such a good girl to make her *tie tie* happy even before reaching her new home, that she must be very impatient to be part of the family. With a hearty laugh, with one hand squeezing her breast, and the other with a thumb playing with her clitty while the other fingers raking lightly up and down across her pubic hair lower belly, even while she rode him very hard, more eagerly than she wanted to but she couldn't help it because her body was poisoned by the aphrodisiacs that sapped her will - Jin Guangshan proposed that she should just become one of his concubines instead of marrying that useless half-Jin she promised to engage to, now that she carried more of his children inside her belly than anyone else's. He also promised - with one thumb pressed and kneading the pea-sized clit in delicious circles - to use his special vibrating and pleasurable technique to force her to drop one more egg into the pool of semen that swirled inside her womb after days of insane non-stop sex, before they reached the Carp Tower, 'because *tie tie* likes you very much and especially your sweet pussy, that *tie tie* wants to give you a special present to formally welcome you into a very special family, that is, *tie tie*'s harem'.

Realization dawned upon the woman's sex-hazed mind on what had transpired and what had become of her body - and her belly. She shivered and cried, jolting with spasms from the electricity radiating from her pleasure spot, thus unable to control her body, so she spread her legs wider and gave the dirty old man's penis a very vigorous squeeze, to plead to the Grandpapa that yes, to her utter horror that her lips spoke of words that she never wanted to hear, that yes, Grandpapa, she wants that special present to be part of that very special family, please.)

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 263

“What’s with you and Lan *er gongzi* ? What’cha two up toooooo.....?” Huaisang asked innocently, and woke Wei Ying out of his perverse reverie. There, that innocent blink of eyes, but how can Wei Ying fault the boy for being curious, when they were holed up in the same dorm room with four beds properly populated by four teenage, hormone-raging males from different sects and of different personalities. Huaisang and Jiang Cheng got along well, as evidenced by their ease in engaging in mutual masturbation and their common liking for sniggering and salivating over dirty heterosexual obscene material. Huaisang was also on good terms with Wei Ying, but in more of a neutral *shixiong* - *shidi* relationship than anything else; many lifetimes ago, Wei Ying would’ve also read dirty comics with him, but this time, he’s just looking out for his younger brother’s best buddy, and making sure that the four of them live together in relative peace.

With Lan Zhan, it was hard to explain, Wei Ying ruminated in his thoughts; since he was woken up from his so-called nap, he reached to the side for a lotus seed pod he smuggled into their room from his frequent trips to the outside world; Caiyi Town sells a bundle for a piece of silver, which was kinda expensive given that they can be freely - but illegally - harvested from anyone’s lotus farm, but beggars can’t be choosers in a city devoid of such farms, plus, he was given a small amount of pocket money by Jiang Fengmian before the latter left for home. Snacking on lotus seeds in the room is allowed and a healthier option than, say, peanuts, however both would draw unspoken ire from his darling man (boy) because Lan Zhan usually cleans up the littered shells and emptied pods afterwards.

Huaisang is a keen observer, and he knew that the boy had seen some interesting signs. The younger of the Twin Jades is well-known for his strict, no-nonsense and disciplined upbringing, and was rumoured to be able to silence detractors from far away - however, Wei Ying had merrily



announced that it's fine to eat, drink, get drunk (from illegally procured jars from outside the Cloud Recesses - don't ask how, Wei Ying whispered), talk brashly, read porn and masturbate openly inside the dorm room, because while they must behave decently outside and curb their desires, they are at home in the dorm, and home is where the heart, the gut, and the loins are. Moreover, Lan Zhan had been pretty docile, and kept to reading his own books, meditating or playing his guqin quietly in a corner so that he wouldn't have to face thuggish and obscene behaviours shown by the other three roommates, that he doesn't say much except the minimum amount of words to state the facts and his "Mn"s -, and he always busies himself with cleaning routines that teenage boys usually don't understand. Thus, both Huaisang and Jiang Cheng really couldn't decipher what Lan Zhan was thinking or feeling -, and additionally, Lan Zhan goes out when Wei Ying does or when Wei Ying instructs him, such as to fetch water or more snacks, or when it's time for A-Zhan to pay a visit to Huan *gege* 's office. "It's as though he follows you around like a puppy, and listens to your every word," Huaisang had remarked, and Jiang Cheng hissed at him because Wei Ying hates dogs, so Huaisang apologized and added, "... err, follows you like a kitty, I mean, although the two of you only met earlier the week."

Wei Ying started at Huaisang because he racked his brains for a plausible answer without sounding too complicated, and at the same time, that fifteen-year old looked to the side and goosebumped in fear because Lan Zhan shot him those rare dirty, upset looks each time the boy touched Wei Ying inappropriately, such as rubbing his face on Wei Ying's belly, for instance. Huaisang grinned his 'he he he', and mumbled 'I'm sorry, I didn't know' and scratched the back of his head and sat up straight, then properly deposited his naked, pantless rump on an upright chair adjacent to Wei Ying's bedside - nevermind that in the room of four, two boys didn't put on the underwear, because it felt great to go naked and commando in that stuffy room in Summer.

"Well," Wei Ying hummed, and keenly aware that Lan Zhan was listening intently from the far side of the room; each bed hugged a corner each, "It's

like this. You know how you *feel* when you've met your bestest friend, right? Sometimes you just click together because of mutual interests or goals, of having the same hobby, or favourite foods, or harking from the same village or speaking the same dialect in a foreign land... that sort of thing, yeah?"

Huaisang looked up and thought back, then he nodded with a smile, "Enn! Wei *gongzi* is right! Jiang *gongzi* and I are best buddies because we like to ogle at pretty girls in real life or on paper, my brother said he met some of his most loyal comrades when going on war campaigns because that's when he could see which of his men has a strong sense of purpose and righteousness, like him, and those men would end up in his personal circles of friends."

Good answer, Wei Ying gestured wordlessly with a thumbs up, and popped a peeled lotus seed into his mouth nonchalantly. "For me, it's probably that I'm such an airhead, a hopeless person when it comes to following rules like a law-abiding person, I'm a wild child in heart - ask Jiang Cheng how I behaved when I was younger, you'll find out -, and I always have something in the crosshairs because I'm quite a selfish, purposeful, self-driven and demanding fool," he said with a self-deprecating grin, "Probably because of my extremes, I'm drawn to persons on the other end of the spectrum, such as that wooden stump you see facing the wall over there, reading a magazine quietly as though he's in a library," he nudged his face towards the direction of his beloved darling man (boy), and Huaisang couldn't resist snickering. But he got the gist of Wei Ying's relationship to Lan Zhan, "Wei *gongzi*, you're attracted to opposites, and someone of that personality really appeals to you!"

"Yeah, like how blacks and whites can be inseparable like shadows to a source of light, but the two of us have many shades of grey, and who knows maybe a whole lot more rainbows going on between us! That's why I like

‘im and claimed that boy as my best buddy at first sight!” Wei Ying laughed. Huaisang joined in. Pantless Jiang Cheng listened half-heartedly, because he hnnngh’ed and ejaculated uselessly with just ten teenage spurts into a piece of tissue paper - he’s a learned man, so he has a box of tissues on hand this time - at a climactic scene in the dirty comic book that he was reading.

Elsewhere, Lan Zhan lowered his head by a mere fraction, and the tips of his ears turned red.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 264

The weekend was slow to pass, and with the four and everyone else not really in the mood to open their books after, say, nearly five days of memorizing, reciting and reviewing self-inflicted homework - everyone takes a bit of a break. Barring Wei Ying who has awesome teleportation powers that nobody in the town, or the world for that matter, knew, disciples were not allowed to venture out of the Cloud Recesses but they were given the green light to visit other parts of the town besides the academia section of the settlement. Jiang Cheng and Huaisang, best buddies and mutual masturbation extraordinaires, went to the market and visited some quaint shops, cultural establishments and even a local museum. The Gusu Lan are known for their spotless perfection, elegant cultural history, and minimalist but clean and organized society and architecture, so the duo had a relatively informative and comfortable tour learning about a different sect that seemed vastly different from their own, in some aspects, although Huaisang lamented that it seemed to feel rather sterile and sometimes, a little boring and monotonous; one can hardly appreciate displays of similar-looking white-coloured musical instruments, woven silk in various shades of whites and layers of light blues that they looked like pastel-whites and cloud-whites, an exhibition of white and light blue minerals mined from the mountains that range from blinding sparkling whites and deep intriguing greyish whites, and walls of historical texts depicting the Gusu Lan's over-4000 family rules in multiple versions on white backgrounds that looked centuries old and hold great significant value for the Lan sect, but in a building of whites with little variants of other colours, where silence pervades and there are few other visitors who mostly kept to their own, it was as exciting as watching white paint drying on a white wall.

Luckily for the two, they returned in time to catch a game of handball. At least they got a chance to work out a bit of sweat after that stiff whitewashed tour of sorts. Disciples from both sides were beginning to notice how close the two clan representatives were, and they took it as a signal that relations are good, so they should emulate their fearless leaders

and spend more time together. The game was fun, with both sides doing friendly competitions, and everyone got to make more friends from the other sect, and have a good time together as a whole.

Wei Ying, on the other hand, popped into a portal undetected, had twenty-four thousand times of sex with the denizens of his underground kingdom and returned with clinking jars of Emperor Smiles. Lan Zhan too, disappeared for periods of two seconds each to run his personal errands whilst the two youngest boys went out, and returned, very refreshed and stifling a crooked smile. Then, the two zipped out together to have crazy monkey sex elsewhere, because Lan Zhan was adamant that he no longer wanted to clean the dorm room after the paint on the flooring was stained by their bodily fluids that, short of replacing the wooden panels, were tough to scrub off.

When the youngest two returned from their lacklustre day trip with a lukewarm reaction on their faces, Wei Ying only needed to raise his jars, and plates of lotus seed and toasted mixed nuts that Lan Zhan stir-fried in the woks in the kitchens earlier. He told them, they were having ‘herbal tea’ later that evening - with ten full crates hidden beneath someone’s bed, to the whooping joy of the two, and Lan Zhan “Mn”, because herbal tea was allowed, and he simply turned his attention elsewhere, say, to a Cultivation Times magazine or to a meditation session in a far, quiet corner, when the drinking games began, shortly after dinner.

When three of the four were tipsy, it was one of those heated, unsanitized and unfiltered moments where very personal questions were bounced back and forth and answers given freely with no real consequence the next day because everything would’ve been forgotten by then, flavoured with throbbing hangovers. There were plenty of dirty jokes and curiosity about gender identity and confusion and of course sex, as in how many positions and how many kinds exist out there, dreams, hope and fears of each

individual, emotions, obsessions and feelings that are awkward, hilarious and creepy at the same time, sick fetishes and unbelievable fantasies for their age, and stuff that men (boys) usually don't talk about unless they were too in the deep in their liquor. Even Lan Zhan's ears blushed into pinks while he burrowed his head into the magazine, unable to tolerate the shameless absurdity and idiocy of youth at its peak. Wei Ying went pantless to experiment with novelty and drank wine through his asshole with the help of a handmade flute and farted bubbles through his nose, Jiang Cheng went full commando from head to toe, masturbated furiously in the nude and sang at the top of his lungs to an old traditional Middle Kingdom opera in falsetto while dancing the macarena *and* doing the limbo rock simultaneously, and Huaisang, still in his white robes, sobbed for his *gege* all night while fucking a homemade fleshlight strapped to a pillow made of bamboo stuffed with straw, warm custard pie, strips of fatty pork and whatever the boys could steal from the closed kitchen, and a wooden eight-inch length dildo fashioned out a wood block with the use of Sandu, coated with lard and stuck into the fifteen year old's ass.

Sometime during their deep intoxication, Huaisang asked how Wei Ying feel about letting go of his *shijie* , because he thought that someday he might have to experience the same if either he or his *gege* got hitched and he had to separate from the brother who had watch over him since birth.

“Well, it was sad and painful at first because no matter how much you prepare your heart, it'll never be enough to over the shock of losing someone - and I really mean losing, as in, that person won't come back, or things will never be the same after that. Then there's anger, because why should I suffer from the separation from my favourite sibling, right? Who's that asshole that dared to take away my favourite *shijie* ... yeah, that selfish kid in me was raving and ranting. After that, when it hits you, hours, maybe days because you realized that you haven't heard that person's voice or seen her image or shadow for a while, there's this really big gaping emptiness in you and in your surroundings. But you know, time heals the pain and emptiness left by the separation. I have to man up, keep my chins up and

back straight, thinking only good things, like how *shijie* 's happier at the other side, with her new family, and believing that she's smiling, happy for what she's achieved and who she's become. After a while, you start to believe your own words, and they make sense especially when you start thinking about it maturely and from the other's lenses. It's *shijie* 's life, it's her happiness, and she is responsible for deciding her path forward, not me. I'm always there to support and cheer her on, but in the end, I can only say 'I'm happy for you, *shijie* ', because that's all I can do, you know?"

Inebriated Huaisang stared dazedly at the boy just a year older than him, but had already seen lifetimes of such heartstrings-tugging family drama and experienced the rollercoasters of emotions with such depth not thought possible during the tender youthful years - so he applauded clumsily, hiccuped and burped rudely, and because the beginning part about sadness, pain and separation struck such a clear, vivid chord in him for inexplicable reasons, flush-cheeked Huaisang hugged his alcohol and tear-stained pillow, and bawled like a drunken fool - again. Then, he fell into a nap and farted a string of wet bubbly sounds. The brown stain on the buttocks part of the white pair of pants was telling, and so was the rising stink.

Jiang Cheng heard part of the conversation, because he was jacking off the nth time that his limbs became jelly and his throat hoarse from singing falsettos, and pointed a shaky accusing finger at his older adoptive brother, saying, "Liar liar pants on fire. You said you felt pain but you hardly showed any real emotions even when dad explained what happened to her after she left with her future father-in-law. You're indifferent, you're cruel, you've given up, that's what you are, you even wished her happiness with that fake smile and said you'd want to talk to her when she returns after that engagement ceremony two weeks from now. How can you be that calm and happy, when before you'd draw swords with Jin Zixuan the moment he turned away from her and rejected her advances?"

Wei Ying sighed and sat cross-legged on the floor without his pants, irrespective of whether his asshole leaked Emperor Smiles or not. He countered petulantly, “Well, that’s because I’m three years older than you and I’m more mature. I skipped the whole part about pain and went straight into acceptance, you dimwitted *didi* . When you’re as old as me, you’ll do the same too, otherwise you’ll worry too much and start growing grey hair and beard, wrinkles will show up on your face especially that broad forehead of yours, and even your pubic hair will turn white,” and stuck a tongue out at the little Jiang *gongzi* .

Jiang Cheng hiccuped in an unsoberly and crude manner, then staggered to their dorm’s small built-in bathroom in search of the mirror to check his hair, face and pubes, before peeing on the tiled floor recklessly because he drank too much - then, he crumpled to the floor because it felt cool and nice against his heated flushed skin, and snored in his own puddle of body-warmed pee.

Wei Ying scooted on the floor to the side and leaned against Lan Zhan’s bed, smelling like an opened jar of wine himself especially coming out from his stinging, snotty nostrils. He used Lan Zhan’s thigh as an upright pillow of sorts and the latter responded by finally putting away the rumpled magazine, once again, sighing at the clean-up and decontamination he’d need to do in the aftermath of the youngest two in their dorm.

“You know, Jiang Cheng’s right. I’m lacking the drive and enthusiasm that I used to have. I could’ve leapt and grabbed *shijie* out of the carriage and kissed her on the lips to scandalize her, then kick Jin Guangshan’s balls on my way out, after that, do my flying kick across to whack Meng Yao’s ass at the same time, to show my disrespect and anger towards their cultured and ceremonial shenanigans. I’d make enemies out of the Jiang, Jin and Nie clans in a single night, maybe the Lan too since I’ve been such an ungrateful guest. Then graduate smoothly into the next Gusu Wei Dark



Patriarch. Cue massive uprising, mass slaughter and murder, and getting pummeled by multiple sects at once, even drag down the Imperial forces if I have to, then I'll die a pitiful death and be resurrected sixteen years later. How does that sound, *lao gong* ?”

Lan Zhan caressed Wei Ying's hair then bent over and gave the man (boy) a light peck on the sweaty forehead, that wasn't smelling like a jar of alcohol.

“I'll still stand by your side, and wait for you for sixteen years if that happens.”

Wei Ying giggled, obviously getting drunk since his ass absorbed far more alcohol and more efficiently than his gut.

“Lan Zhan, have I ever told you that I love you like a fool?”

The darling man (boy) rose from the bed, depriving Wei Ying of a thigh-pillow for a moment, then went to bridal-carry Wei Ying to his - Lan Zhan's - bed so that the then-future wife gets to lie on husband-scented soft pillows.

“Mn. Always.”

Wei Ying laughed then, and broke into the same kinds of silly hiccups and burps, of a head swaying to an off-tune Yunmeng folktune hummed from crooked lips, of spinning eyes and uncoordinated limb movements that signalled his impending drunkenness. He gets a nice, warm wipe from Lan

Zhan, who then went ahead to clean up the mess in the room, starting by picking up Huaisang by the collar - because he pooped in his pants - and flinging him into the bathroom where a modern showerhead was conjured out of thin air and the snoring youngest two gets a wash down at two in the morning. Much later, Lan Zhan snuggled up with the already-snoring, and he closed the man (boy)'s mouth because the liquor does stink quite a lot.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 265

In the late afternoon of Day Seven, a day before classes officially start, Huan *gege* looked a bit restless and paced about from building to building. The Gang of Four thought that being one of the heads of the student affairs' department, he would be anxious to make sure that classes began correctly and on time after a botched start. There were also rumours that the Imperial police and their cultivators had screened, checked and interrogated a much larger population in Caiyi Town and the surrounding areas and just left hours ago, so the students that had been held up at the foot of the mountains would finally ascend to the Cloud Recesses later that evening - including the Qishan Wen. Information about the fate of the dead body and the mystery surrounding it remained vague and unverified - but as Huan *gege* puts it, that should not concern the boys because their priority is to study and do well in the exams. There were no new announcements on the noticeboard, other than a dog-eared parchment that proclaimed that classes would start as usual the next day, and that all students, both currently residing in the Cloud Recesses, and those that would arrive soon, must report to their classes by eight in the morning.

The Gang of Four didn't want to disturb Huan *gege* or any seniors who looked swamped with work - preparing new dormitory rooms and the associated paperwork, busying themselves in an expanded kitchen and setting up more tables at the dining halls, sweeping the courtyards and adding a few more such wide open spaces for disciples to use, clearing up more halls to be converted as classrooms, and so on. Wei Ying estimated there were about fifty disciples from visiting sects, with the bulk of the numbers coming from the Lanling Jin sect, followed by Qinghe Nie then a paltry few from Yunmeng Jiang, and a quarter from other lesser sects and remote tribes. It seemed that the population in the Cloud Recesses is set to double with the second wave of students making their way to the town soon.

On the request of Wei Ying - because they really didn't want to run into harried seniors and be inadvertently roped into helping with student-welcoming rituals and routines on their day off - the Gang of Four went to visit the Jingshi. Wei Ying's intuition was right that the Cold Springs close to the Jingshi had been breached and invaded by the Imperial police, then part of its main artery of waterways excavated using cultivation magic, and something major happened underground - which Wei Ying presumed that the cave where the spirit of Lan Yi resided had been raided and plundered. The Gusu Lan were certainly unhappy with the incursion, but they did not know what was lost; so, they did what they could to repair the damage and now there is a huge ugly barren muddy patch where the springwater river and cascading waterfalls used to flow through, leaving the downstream muddy, opaque and unusable for bathing and drinking. A couple of servants were seen shoveling mud and trying to fill the gaping hole that was dug up by the Imperial police, and a few were seen crouching around the edges to plant fresh new grass sprouts in the hopes to beautify the place again as much as possible.

Taking the cue that they'd been reminded many times not to stick their noses unnecessarily into the investigations led by the Imperial police and their cultivators, the Gang of Four took a brief look and then went into the Jingshi.

To Lan Zhan's dismay, the building had been emptied out. A note had been pasted on a wall to explain that due to the damage at the Cold Springs, engineers were cautious that the resulting erosion from heavy rains and residual glacial melt during the transition of seasons may pose a risk to the structure, which is built upon a sloping surface, and a possible landslide could not be ruled out. The contents of the Jingshi have been transferred and stored in a separate location for safekeeping, and until further notice, unauthorized personnel are not allowed near the Jingshi and its immediate grounds for safety reasons.

“Eh... it’s signed by...” Huaisang squinted at the bottom of the notice, because Gusu Lan signatures are known to be elegantly fancy at times.

“That’s one of my uncles,” Lan Zhan explained curtly, after examining the notice, before moving into the interior sections of the building to find out if there is anything left other than the clean, spotless floor, the slightly peeling walls, and the cobwebs near the roof. At least someone swept the wooden floor before leaving, he thought, and Wei Ying heard that - so Wei Ying also went exploring and touched the walls and pillars as though he was doing a quality-check on the state of the Jingshi.

“Do your uncles have the permission to do this?” Jiang Cheng asked, feeling rather incredulous at the situation - because as a pampered *gongzi*, he never had any of his uncles touch his personal belongings, let alone a house that would’ve been bequeathed by his parents as a gift.

“Mn. All children of the Gusu Lan are raised and taught by the elite circle, which are our uncles. They have the rights over the children, that is, us. Their wisdom secures our future. Bringing up children is the shared responsibility of this elite circle, and of course, the parents as well, which unfortunately I have none.” The reply was calm, emotionless, as though reading from a textbook. Wei Ying sent a concerned gaze at Lan Zhan’s direction, who turned his head to look through an open window. Wei Ying thought the image of a forlorn-looking boy, staring off-space at the soft shaft of sunlight shining into the room, his shadows muted in the relatively lit room although there are unseen circles beneath his eyes that belies what goes through his mind each time he enters his former home; at the age of sixteen, Lan Zhan looked way beyond his years, although his handsome features tend to cover the sad and unsmiling lines, for better or worse, for the one who does not freely express his emotions.

“Ah, I’m sorry to hear that...” Huaisang immediately empathized and looked sorrowful, even downcast, which was a sudden change from his earlier joyful demeanour; he’d done it on behalf of the boy who lost everything at a very young age, if not for himself.

But Lan Zhan was steady and strong-willed. He shrugged, “That is the past, it’s alright now. This is the house I inherited from my mother, so I should cherish it as a good memory.” Ah, there are fingerprints on the walls where a table used to be, he figured and gently touched the cold, white surface made of wood and bricks.

The two youngest boys decided not to pry further - they’ve heard some stories about Lan Zhan’s background from the other disciples, but to see his single solitary home - at least the shell - made it feel more real, tangible, and in some sense, tragic. The stoic, sometimes icy and distant boy renowned to be the stuff of legends - the second best-looking person in the cultivation world, as some girls would squeal -, the boy was a real human after all, with blood flowing in his veins, feelings in his heart, and he also suffers from the realities of living in this cruel, harsh world, except that he does not openly tell all and bare everything from his soul, unlike the other more spirited kids of his age.

Wei Ying was the first to break the miserable spell by clapping his hands to call for everyone’s attention. Since there was nothing else to look at, they should thank the host for showing them around anyway, and move on to find the Hanshi, where Huan *gege* lives just across a small hill garden, he said. The boys bowed at Lan Zhan, a gesture which astonished the latter, and together, they walked out of the Jingshi while murmuring whether someday, they’d have the chance to visit a fully furnished building and admire those priceless centuries-old decor and Gusu antiques that Wei Ying alluded to in the first place that garnered the youngest boys’ interests -

they'd seen some in the local museum, but Lan Zhan's collection was said to be ten times better and more interesting.

Just as they stepped out and started trotting towards the hill, they saw a white figure briskly jogging in their direction, from another building in the far distance - which the two youngest boys guessed is the Hanshi, because there's hardly any other housing buildings around, and therefore that said white figure in flowy white robes would be--

“Huan *gege* !” three voices shouted in unison and they waved at him.

.

The change in atmosphere was startling, and alarming, from a leisure tour of their friends' homes, to one of a person gone missing.

“I'm so glad you're here, as I was about to leave the town, but I didn't know if I had the time to leave a proper message at the dorms,” Huan *gege* looked restless and anxious with an uncharacteristic frown, and he stared behind them to look up at the slightly fiery orange skies in the horizon; the sun was setting over the tallest bamboo groves soon.

Lan Xi Chen wasn't aware that Meng Yao had departed until he found the handwritten letter addressed to him later in Day Five. He thought Meng Yao would only leave later that week, and he wasn't privy to the details about the pre-engagement ceremony and Jin Guangshan's sudden change of plans, which included sending away the future newlyweds to their new home so

soon. Jiang Cheng filled in the details about the dinner and departure, with Huaisang adding about the severance ritual of Meng Yao's service from the Nie clan.

“Ah, no wonder I couldn't find Meng Yao that day, the one day when I took leave from working at the student affairs office, partly because I wanted to talk to my dear friend and check on his preparations. I thought he might need some help, but I see that he's already on his way - how brave and forward-looking he is, he's a grown-up man, isn't he?” Huan *gege* grinned sheepishly because he thought he'd still be a big brother-like figure to precious Meng Yao until the last day, which did not happen that way.

Huan *gege* couldn't help but to share some details about his history and relationship with Meng Yao, and how that tied to War General Nie Mingjue, after drawing some curious looks from Team Jiang, and a stoic - but clearly interested - Lan Zhan too. It was a brief past, about a friendship that blossomed over the years and through harrowing challenges with plenty of unnecessary melodrama and pity from Huan *gege* 's side, because he couldn't ignore such a precious, servant whose misfortune somewhat mirror that of any other orphaned children in this cruel, harsh world - Wei Ying could relate to that, and Lan Zhan too, partially.

“However, we made a promise earlier the week, shortly after the union of your sister and him was formalized by the two sect leaders, that he'd send a Fairy Messenger message to me at least once a day, for the first week or so after reaching his new home. I admit, I insisted on this because I was, and still, worried that he may not be able to adjust to his new surroundings, and could use some advice from my side,” Huan *gege* 's face returned to one of worry. “In the letter, he wrote that he left three nights ago, so I waited and waited. I figured that it'd take him two or three days to reach Lanling on a steed, but surely, he could just cast a Fairy Messenger spell from the stack of talismans I've gifted to him previously - if not a call *en route* to the



destination, then at least a short message to say that he's doing well. Isn't that right?" he posed the question more to himself than the Gang of Four, which indicated that he was indeed agonizingly uneasy to the point of becoming upset at not hearing a word from precious Meng Yao. His mind was filled with concern for the man of short stature - is he safe, has he reached Lanling, did he encounter any troubles along the way?

Wei Ying was about to suggest the highly-illegal Reverse Fairy Messenger spell technique, but Lan Zhan beat him to it. “ *Ge* , if Meng Yao's safety and well-being troubles you, would you not go and look for him? Shuoyue is the fastest flying blade amongst our clansmen, and Liebing can speak to the forest spirits and echo off the residual movement trails of the living; surely you can cover the area up to the borders of the mountain ranges in less than a day,” he stated matter-of-factly; A-Zhan felt the discomfort of his *ge* , and wanted to suggest something that he could do without trouble others too much.

“That reminds me,” Jiang Cheng suddenly interrupted, now equally disturbed and he started tapping his foot, “A- *Tie* 's instructions to A- *Jie* was to call back once she's reached the Carp Tower. She should have arrived last night or latest by tonight, but I haven't heard of any news from my father yet. I should return to the dorms and contact my father.”

Huaisang scratched his head, and bowed his head slightly at Huan *gege* . He said, “Huan *gege* , appreciate your concern for Meng Yao, who's done a lot for my clan. Hearing this, I'm also a bit concerned for his welfare and situation, because he's served me for many years and he's become quite a friend to me. If you can update me about his location and status once you've contacted him, I would appreciate that too.”

Huan *gege* thanked the boys for their help and kindness towards an old friend of many, despite the difference in positions. He rushed off to summon a few Lan disciples to his aid, as Wei Ying suggested, because it was getting dark and it could be dangerous flying in the skies during moonless nights. “Don’t worry about us, we’ll make sure to sleep early and wake up on time for the classes tomorrow!” Wei Ying shouted with a strained smile and waved his hands at the disappearing figure running downhill from the housing residential area of the Cloud Recesses.

Noting that the sun was fast dipping into the horizon, the Gang of Four retraced their steps and headed to the dining halls for dinner, before a last look at their textbooks in anticipation of the start of the school week - a priority for the two youngest ones who were emboldened and highly motivated to do their best in the classes. Lan Zhan went off to speak to some of his uncles to ask about his belongings, including those priceless decor, inherited relics and other antiques that used to sit on the shelves and cupboards of Jingshi in the past, and Wei Ying followed behind because he really didn’t want to read anymore books at that point in his life.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 266

Jin Guangshan is a ruthless, shrewd harem master and mass propagator patriarch, who knew the tricks of his trade and the secrets to success. He was said to be born out of wedlock from a rape, inherited that violent and aggressive streak just like his own blood-father's, and has been raping maidens from a tender young but vibrant, youthful age, with his first illegitimate son born when he was merely twelve. By the time he wedded his first official wife, he had a vast harem under his belt living beneath the throne room, which was around the time when he was crowned the Sect Leader of his clan, after assassinating a number of competing half-brothers for the succession of the clan's leadership. He continued to find devious ways to steal fortunes, land and women from other clans and from faraway lands, whether by force or by illicit trade, and his empire thrived in as many farmlands and cities gilded in gold in honour of his name, as the countless number of half-offsprings he continued to churn out from the bedrooms of his den, the Carp Tower. (With a lifetime of hardcore crime, this man who was born of rape, who had been raping women his entire life, should die of rape as well.)

His tastes in women lie in extremes - on one hand, he had at one point in his life fallen in love with a woman who was, and still is, blindly faithful and subservient to him like a pretty string puppet, and she became his first wife. She would do anything for him, even trick other women to join the family as concubines and consorts, for the sake of keeping the megalomaniac happy. She became his pillar of civility and of level-headedness, reminding him not to devolve into his barbaric ways, particularly when the Lanling Jin sect took over the mantle of the Grand Cultivation Council a couple of decades ago, and had to behave in a more civilized, cultured way towards others on certain, say, traditional and ritualistic aspects of life. On the other, he also likes feisty little girls, particularly the younger 'uns who still think they can fight their way out of his sex dens by refusing, struggling and biting and clawing constantly until they're finally worn out, broken, exhausted and lost their will to continue, in which he'd finally savour his

hard-earned victory by plundering their bodies until he was fully satisfied in his loins, and kick them out of the bedroom, like ruined dolls that had lost their novelty value, spoiled goods that have gone past their shelf lives, dirtied, pregnant, penniless and disowned by their former families, and with nowhere to go except to remain in his harem for the rest of their pitiful lives. Jin Guangshan lives in the thrill of conquest, of defeating others and of breaking them into submission, that is his guiding principle in life and what drives him to do more than anyone else amongst the lumbering and unreactive Grand Cultivation Council.

He leans against pillows on the king-sized bed inside his carriage, appreciating his handiwork of turning his daughter-in-law into another member of his harem. She's just another statistic in his personal scoreboard which rises regularly with each passing season, a number in the forgettable cesspool of so many other sex-starved, drugged maidens he'd taken, collected, eaten his fill, then left to gather dust beneath his throne room over the years - he doesn't like used goods, but there's nowhere else to store them besides throwing them out to the dirty streets, and he hates it when females cry and cling incessantly onto him for food, comfort, money, sex and warmth - so, to his personal whorehouse they go. He had stolen at least ten maidens, sometimes brides, from other tribal and clan leaders in the last season, in exchange for bribes, trade deals, military power, contraband and the ilk; none of whom he'd remember their names and he is beginning to forget this particular wench's as well, because after the initial, rather invigorating scuffle and struggles from forcing himself on from her and enjoy her juicy succulent fruits like the proverbial cup of mature wine being sipped against her will for many times - he is beginning to tire of her, that wench.

She doesn't fight back as much with angry tears or shouts for help after he'd popped her stolen cherry and then put her on drugs - the ones that waft from the incense burner placed beneath the king-sized bed, and he put a note to himself to order more of those very useful sachets of whitish powder from his favourite drug dealer down the block from the Carp Tower. The

drugs made it easier to break her and turn her into a docile sex doll ready to receive his commands, and soon he trained her to become a wonderful cocksleeve and a passable body-warming pillow whose sole purpose is to pleasure men, starting from Grandpa Jin, of course. Like the said proverbial cup, he'd drunk as much as he wanted and emptied her out, so there's nothing else new to discover, and his interest wanes quickly. He'd touched and tasted her, savoured her flavours and textures, sniffed her feminine fragrance and devoured her purity, innocence and her entire being from the inside out; every inch of her soft, supple fair skin and flesh was thoroughly kissed, licked, suckled, groped and felt, explored and memorized, plundered with his lips, tongue, fingers and penis, and her vagina had been shaped to mould nicely to fit his massive manhood, her mind brainwashed to accept and love - even lust for - him as her soulmate, that the moment he looms above her, she'd become wet and squirt out her juices in anticipation of a breedworthy fuck, then smiled drunkenly and spread her pregnant pussy lips, then beg him to take her again and again until she inadvertently turns into an agitated, shrill witch, as though she'd been possessed by demons, spewing obscenities because she couldn't take it, couldn't control the monstrous lust welling up from within her gut, that demands that she gets fucked and screwed until she walks bow-legged, if only to quench that unending fire burning up her soul to ashes - that turning point was really becoming a chore, cringey and something he's like to avoid, sooner than later.

In fact, he received a short Fairy Messenger note from one of his sons - the legitimate ones - that a cage of fresh young girls had been brought in from a slave trader off the coast of the Great Eastern Seas, just the day before. Some are as young as nine to twelve, and Jin Guangshan sets his sights on his new prey with a tasty lick on his lips. The aged wench should be discarded and forgotten soon, because his lap and bedroom is better suited for fresh meat, brand new goods, and especially high-quality females of a lower age range that he prefers, compared to this rather nameless wench.

The woman, barely a few days from her engagement to her future husband, is a writhing confused mess of gasps and moans, tears and hiccups, of “Yes, Yes, please spear this flowerbud more and fill it with your manly milk, where it belongs, Grandpapa”s and “No, stop, it hurts, not so hard, I don’t want this, I don’t like it, pull it out, stop please stop”s. She rides Grandpa Jin most of the time, since he’s no longer interested to mount and rut deep into her missionary style, from the back or from the side. He prefers to lounge on the bed, gloating at his virile masculine victory and enjoy having the woman do the work - after all, at his age, twice of hers and having spent more than two decades bedding young girls, he deserved to live like a pornstar king, a *laoban* of his harem; she’d climb up and straddle him on her own, then do her sexy dances and hip sways, touching the old man’s body sensuously to elicit some arousal, shamelessly moan into his ears or pull him for a passionate kiss, even shoving her breasts to his lips or grabbing his hand to put them on her bosom - anything, anything to get Sect Leader Jin Guangshan to love her more -, even show him how an eighteen year-old’s desperately fluttering and aphrodisiac-excited pussy swallows a man’s penis and fuck lewdly in-and-out like a whore’s - but he’s hardly impressed, because he’s had the same done to him by attractive younger maidens over the last decades, with more finesse, showmanship and appealing styles than this innocent, sex-illiterate *gu niang* who probably hasn’t learn how to have proper wild sex until she met her father-in-law. Granted, she wasn’t wholly into this incestuous relationship, because she continues to resist the effects of the drug and her three-day intensive training done inside a creaky horse carriage, albeit half-heartedly; her determination to fight evaporates each time Grandpa Jin touches her skin, implying that she’s a weak-willed maiden who isn’t all that obsequious either, so she doesn’t fit into any category of the dirty old man’s buckets of favourite qualities and traits, which means that she’ll be binned into the harem trash beneath the throne room very soon.

The carriage arrives at the Carp Tower shortly before six o’ clock, just as the sun was setting, and is scheduled to reach the bottom of the towering marble stairs in a few minutes’ time. Jin Guangshan sighs, rather boredly, because reality comes biting back the moment he steps out and faces his

vast kingdom and its intricate web of problematic politics, succession among half-sons that try to assassinate one another, war-mongering amongst his generals until neighbouring states complain of bloodshed and daylight robbery, staking his claims on faraway clans and lands, dealing with troubling illegal trade and line his pockets with more gold, having too much illegal money to launder, money-grubbing and unloyal subjects, backstabbing and catfighting wives, concubines and consorts - the list goes on.

Just as any man would like five more minutes rolling in the bed before waking up from a nice, relaxing dream, the dirty old grandpa smiled devilishly; he yawns as well, because sex is indeed relaxing and he'd lost count of how many times he'd fallen asleep while having his penis and balls massaged and pleased by the wench - perhaps he's getting old -, and wake up with nice convulsions running up and down his body until his toes curl and his throat rasps with delight. He tells the driver to drive around the sprawling compounds around the tower, and indulges in yet another lovemaking session with the woman in his arms, listening to her pitiful weeping and rhythmic grunts like ageless, timeless music to his ears. He quite likes to push his dick deep and grind in circles until he can make out the shape of his tool on her lower belly, gouging the flesh round and round the wench's birth canal, and he likes to cup his hands around any plump curves he can find on the sweating, moaning, squirming, sometimes jerking flesh, whether slapping and violently grasping fertile hips and buttocks, or milking those lovely milkjugs and shaking and vibrating them in his palms before squeezing them so hard that bruises are left in his wake; and of course, he likes to pound deep into her despite her cries and weak protests, stirring that pool of semen he'd left as a souvenir inside her wrecked, ruined, loosened vagina, and keep fulfilling his god-granted purpose on this Earth, that is to sow his vile seed in every wench like this one, and to make sure that more of his offspring are born to satisfy his pleasures - he'd rape his daughters and daughters-in-laws anytime, bed his grandchildren, and just a couple of years back, he got hold of a kindergartener great-grandchild who hadn't ripened and reached puberty yet, but he enjoyed her flesh anyway because she, like all wenches, belong to him as his property, his

god-given right, and he can take his pleasure from them whenever, wherever, he wants.

The horse carriage circles around the Tower's compounds for quite some time, long after the sun has set and the moon has risen, simply because it's the prerogative of His Greatness, Jin Guangshan - period.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!



## Chapter 267

“Lan Zhan, that’s awful. How can you write so eloquently and with such graphic descriptions, and yet speak so little in real life?”

“You asked me to write a scene. I just penned down my thoughts, that’s all. I’ve had plenty of experience with such kinds of scenes. It comes naturally.”

“I asked you to imagine and describe what’s going on with *shijie* over on the other side in Lanling, but this... this is akin to an erotica novel that we can publish and sell for money!”

“Mn. Publish, and sell for money.”

“Ahhh... you’re sometimes like a broken record, muttering just a few repetitive words at times, but explaining technicalities in great length on other occasions. There’s a glitch in your verbalization capabilities, though your perviness remains quite impressive.”

“Shall I put the script into this world’s core programming? Do you want your *shijie* to go through this experience?”

“Suit yourself. I’m here to watch hardcore porn through my Paperman’s eyes anyway, and *shijie* ’s my daily staple of heterosexual smut. There’s a lack of strong and notable female characters in the story, so it’s not as though I have a buffet to choose from.”

“Mn. After this, will you take a shower at the bath house? Or head for the dining hall for dinner?”

“Erm... sex in the shower, then food. I’m kinda horny after reading your script. C’mon Grandpapa Lan, shove your old cheesy dick inside Wei *meimei*’s fragrant, juicy and underaged ass-pussy! Ha ha ha!”

“... Mn!!!”

~~~@@@~~~@@@~~~

On the night before the proper start of the so-called Gusu Lan exchange programme’s academic year, at least for the Summer season of Year 2000 B.C., a handful of student disciples had some family matters to attend to first, before delving into their studies. The youngest two boys were well-versed and more versatile with next-gen talisman usage, including sending multiple notes using a Fairy Messenger spell whose spellcasting period was prolonged. Both Jiang Cheng and Huaisang shot short, typo-infested notes to their families back home, asking how’s everyone back there, have they had dinner yet, how are the family pets doing, what were the latest news in their home provinces, is uncle so-and-so doing well or has he kicked the bucket, even attach grainy images of themselves doing selfies with their school books in the age of medieval 2000 B.C.

Unfortunately, for the older generation, such rapidfire texting wasn’t a trending thing, and instead, more of an annoyance because why would any educated young man deliberately shorten four words to two, which made no

sense and the resulting two-word phrase contains the wrong meaning and context, but used only to ‘sound’ and ‘pronounce’ the words that they were meant to replace? So, in the end, the frustrated party at the other end spent their silverpiece to make a proper voice call to their studying son / younger brother, which made the two boys huff and roll their eyes like emo teenagers, as they received those puffy amber balls of lights and squeezed them to connect.

“Really? A- *Jie* called back? Oh... you mean a text. Yeah, that glowy golden picture that’s like a parchment with words written on it, displayed for a short while until you disconnect the call... So, what did she say? Mm-hmm... Mm-hmm... Really? That’s it?... Can you text her back to ask when she’s gonna do a group call, ‘cause I want to talk to her and have Meng Yao join at the same time... of course you can do that, you just-- oh never mind... Well, of course you can’t reach her by voice call because she’s not picking it up. She wrote that she’s almost at the Carp Tower but the weather’s quite bad up North, so she will contact you later, right? Just leave her a text message that-- ah, shucks. Pass the Fairy Messenger spell to one of the younger disciples, will you?... Seriously, how techno-outdated *tie* and *niang* are without your children around?”

“ *Ge* ! Big news! Meng Yao didn’t call back Huan *gege* as promised, and it’s been three nights since! Huan *gege* ’s gone out with some aides to look for him up to the mountain ranges bordering the north of Gusu! I’m worried, *ge* , what if Meng Yao met with some kind of accident and he cannot call anyone for help?... I know he’s no longer a Nie servant, but still... *Ge* ...! Are you able to contact the Jin sect leader to find out what’s happened to Meng Yao?... Don’t get mad at me!... I know this is a private family matter and not one that concerns the Council, but how else can we find out what’s happened to Meng Yao? *Ge* ...! A-Sang *didi* will be heartbroken if anything bad happens to Meng Yao...”

There was plenty of drama going on, in which Lan Zhan sat still on his bed and meditated throughout the entire noisy episode. Huan *gege* had probably airlifted himself off with some seniors towards the north, using Shuoyue and Liebing, and other magical detecting equipment at the Gusu Lan's greatest cultivators' arsenal at their disposal (Wei Ying told Huan *gege* to bring along some raincoats, because it's raining cats and dogs in the North, past the mountain ranges, according to the weather forecast printed on this week's periodicals). War General Nie Mingjue, who had barely returned to the Nie stronghold fortress after a turbulent and much-delayed First Class FeiEx flight that had several layovers due to a spate of thunderstorms and bad weather raging from the Far North, was pestered to get in touch with their neighbours, the Lanling Jin and their leader to find out Meng Yao's whereabouts. Jiang Cheng kept close tabs on his stack of Fairy Messenger talismans so that in the event an amber ball of light reaches him, he'd be able to respond immediately with a call of his own, if needed; his A- *Jie* 's short message to her parents didn't really assuage him of his worries, because he really need to hear her voice to be sure that she'll be in the safe hands of her new family residing within the Carp Tower.

Wei Ying became a little miffed because he only managed to talk a bit with his father, before Madam Yu got on the line and he backed off - because he knew that his foster mother was terribly shocked and agitated at the sudden loss of her eldest girl, and for some reason, Wei Ying was always to be blamed for the bad things that happen to the family. 'But... getting engaged to a good man, isn't that a fortuitous thing?' Jiang Fengmian had asked in the background, and he vouched for Meng Yao's good character because he'd seen with his own eyes how gentle and caring the meek boy was; and then, there was a loud string of complaints, in which Jiang Cheng and Wei Ying had to shove their fingers into their ear canals lest the ear-splitting shrieks deafen anyone, because Madam Yu was utterly upset that her eldest girl traded a crown prince for a pauper in the hierarchy of the Lanling Jins, and she would lose face and never want to meet her nosy neighbours or have tea with her circle friends that consist of rich wives of sect leaders. Jiang Cheng and Wei Ying facepalmed at their mother's reasoning, and sweated as she continued her tirade of angry explosive accusations about

getting cheated (of what, one wonders) and feeling cheapened (what is being measured and what is cheap here, one wonders again) by the transaction (really, are you selling your eldest girl for something profitable, that one asks) - because none of the males divulged the fact that Jiang Yan Li was already raped and that she bears a child before the engagement with her fiance.

The rather unsettling talk with families concluded - finally -, Jiang Cheng and Huaisang went to one side of the room, sat on the floor and began to study for tomorrow's lessons as promised to their family members back home. However, knowing the cycle of hormones in teenagers, and that it was night time when everyone's had their bellies filled and taken a hot bath, and on an equivalent of a Sunday night when one would want to maximize his weekend pleasures before Monday comes raging like an uninvited tempest - the two boys soon ditched their textbooks in exchange for yet more of Huaisang's exclusive R-18 material; simply because Huaisang is a powerful prince of his clan and could demand bookstore owners operating under Nie-sponsored merchant guilds to relinquish their erotica collection for *his* personal investigation and other research purposes, despite the fact that he's not yet eighteen years of age.

Jiang Cheng called out to his brother, "Wei Wu Xian, I've had enough of studying for tonight! I can't read words anymore and my vision is getting blurry from studying too hard, so I'm going to look at some pictures before I sleep!", in which Wei Ying rolled his eyes and gave a flat answer, "Sure, go ahead," because for some childish reason, Jiang Cheng still seeks approval from someone more senior than him to read illegal porn, in a room of four males where he would prefer to go pantless, armed with a box of tissues, and jack off eagerly on his own while flipping page after page of pretty topless *gu niang* drawn by avant garde artists of that era. Wei Ying thought it was a rather endearing habit that Jiang Cheng is still a *didi* at heart, always trying to emulate his *da ge* in some ways, or seek the *da ge*'s permission, but not openly admitting to doing so because it's a shameful

thing for an up and rising young prince, particularly in the matter of male masturbation and reading porn.

Huaisang scooted over with a vulgar magazine featuring full-blown pictures of naked *gu niang* posing in various sex positions, and Jiang Cheng's eyes went ballistic. The two started exchanging excited chatter, comparing sizes and imagining how soft, firm or bouncy they must feel - "they" being generalized in this context -, and soon, both were beating each other's meat because Huaisang read somewhere, probably a source with homosexual association, that it feels better to receive pleasure from another person.

Then, Wei Ying loomed behind them and extended his long arms over their shoulders, to the surprise and embarrassment of the two boys, then maneuvered them as close as possible until they were almost sandwiched facing each other and had to cross their legs over each other's hips while sitting on the floor, each protesting and wondering what is Wei *gongzi* up to. Wei Ying smirked and said something about experience being a better teacher, and since he's sixteen therefore he's older than the two, and reached down with one rather large hand to grasp two twitching, erect smaller but meaty dicks in a single swoop. He gave the two a terrifyingly good handjob with a tightened fist, and the two boys started to hump each other instinctively, because it did feel very, very nice to rub the undersides of their penises and engage in dick fencing with lots of pre-cum creating a frothy, squishy and slippery warm mess between their matted crotches. The enhanced hand-made cocksleeve turned out to be awesome, that he cackled like a witch when the two boys prematurely ejaculated almost at the same time - there was little warning, other than balls tightening, pulses running up and down those finger-long sticks of sausages, the boys' bellies and backs cramping up, and that tell-tale silly, dreamy, drunken faces, slackened jaws, half-yawns and eyes rolling back-esque sequence - and later, Wei Ying would wipe off the dripping smelly, mildly sweet semen off his face and hair, and asked the boys to try again and compare who shoots higher and further - which is much more productive than trying to gauge, visually, the size of breasts or the depth of vaginas on paper.

Jiang Cheng and Huaisang spent hours in competitive masturbating and mutual penile rubs, in pursuit of this new hobby and goal of measuring their growth spurts, to the delight of the older Wei.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

Chapter 268

The boys hit the hay at exactly nine o' clock - because, as Wei Ying testified and tried it on himself many times in his lifetimes, orgasms are absolutely and delightfully relaxing and induces drowsiness in men within minutes after detonation, and doubles sleep quality instantly, sometimes quadruples if done in pairs, such as the case of the two youngest boys in the room, curled up like blushing (but dishevelled and drained) babes in each other's arms on Jiang Cheng's bed; like the stoic dad who doesn't say much nor complain about their 'sons' sexual misbehaviours, Lan Zhan walked over and picked the two up with a single arm, and arranged them like a pantless couple on the bed, because that's how he envisions men should be sleeping together anyway. Wei Ying yawned and remarked that it was fun teaching them how to pleasure themselves; he also gave them a preview of superior handjobs - the kinds that adult rapists and female prostitutes give to little boys -, testicle-play - such adorable pairs of little grapes, they are -, and a how-to guide to men's erogenous zones - because when touching dick, don't forget the nips -, including just a few seconds of having his fingers stuck into both boys' anuses to find their p-spots. The two squirmed and felt something itchy, even spicy-hot and ticklishly fart-frightening, but the sensation was too much for their underaged minds to comprehend and accept - anuses are for pooping, and poops stink, Huaisang whined - so, sex ed *laoshi* Wei Wu Xian decided to postpone those advanced lessons to another day, another night.

They should also turn in on time, and start to follow a healthy, Gusu Lan-approved routine, the then-future husband said. Stop calling ourselves then-futures, the wife snaps, because they're still married even in this alternate reality and at this age. The husband pinked considerably, and then started to undress, asking if they can play husband and wife, or daddy and mommy, frolicking and playing their adult games in bed when the two 'sons' are asleep.

Of course, the lewd and loose wife laughed and gave the husband a peck on the cheeks. After he washes his fingers, though, because Huaisang- *erzi* 's anus did smell like poop. So, after that said washing with soap and properly dried with a clean washcloth, the husband extruded a floor mat like squeezing a tub of peanut butter from his toes, and together, the loving couple dived in for a truly adult good time in a sex-paradise that would last for two seconds.

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The first day of school is as important as one's birthday - it happens only once per academic year -, yet as mundane as waking up at five to brush one's teeth, wash his face and freshen up, putting on an ironed and creaseless uniform, taking that extra bit of time to comb his hair and sprucing up his appearances - make-up is not allowed within the school grounds -, don't forget the elegant shiny *guan* to beautify the topknot, then making sure his bags are packed, the correct books are inside, a first-day gift for the highly-respected *laoshi* is properly wrapped and bagged, before putting on his white socks and a pair of spiffy new white shoes. Oh, his underwear is washed and hung out the windowsill to dry, and he gives a quick prayer to the local deities that it does not rain in the morning. That is Lan Zhan's routine, and it does not change much over the course of the year. By five-thirty, he is ready with his school bag which looks more like a satchel, or more fashionably, a man-bag slung on his shoulder; a garbage bag lying by the door - he takes out the trash on his way out -, and a laundry bag - clothes and clothing items that need to be sent for washing at the common laundry facilities, including Wei Ying's soiled jammies, because he stripped the wife whilst the latter is still asleep, wrapped up in his blankie like a burrito so that precious Wei Ying doesn't freeze.

Students get their breakfast at the dining halls, which open at six as well - but some regulars like Lan Zhan can opt to be there earlier and cook their

own meals, because the kitchens are also an educational facility for home economics -, and then they're allowed to change to more comfortable clothes if they would like to do some exercise or work out some sweat around their boarding school compounds such as the courtyard or the farms, shower at the communal baths filled with cold springwater at sunrise, and must be in the classrooms by eight.

Wei Ying though, wants his five more minutes, and the darling man (boy) gives him that, in the form of multiple trips to their underground kingdoms so that by five minutes past five in the morning, Wei Ying is more than freshened up and raring to start a brand new fulfilling day with his loins running on empty. Still, he'd roll around in his bed and watches his darling man (boy) do all the needed chores, such as sweeping their dorm with a straw broom, putting away everyone's stuff to where they belong, checking and rechecking that all cupboards are sorted out and closed, the stove's switched off - at least there's no fire or smoke -, the bathroom showerhead's deactivated and the buckets of water for drinking and washing are filled to the brim, and every wipeable surface is sparkling clean.

So, by five-thirty, the two head out, hand in hand into the chilly dawn, garbed in their white uniforms and an extra coat to stave off the morning chill; with Lan Zhan asking Wei Ying what he wants to eat, because the darling man (boy) would like to cook his lovely wife (also a boy) his favourite spicy dishes in the kitchens before six o' clock in the morning.

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Jiang Cheng mumbled unhappily when the first roosters crowed a little before six. Having lived in a rural setting for part of his life when the Lotus Pier was still a small lakeside port town, he was used to waking up early to

the sounds of nature. Since he and Huaisang are best buddies, he slammed pillows at the more princely and spoiled Nie *gongzi* to rouse the smaller but older boy. Both staggered and stumbled around with eyes half-closed and plenty of yawns, and to save time, they did their bathroom routines together although Jiang Cheng complained that Huaisang stunk up the place when he took a dump into the waste bucket and didn't close the lid - because that was dirty and Meng Yao always did that, not him, said the Nie *gongzi*.

Huaisang wasn't too good with his morning routines especially when he wasn't fully awake, so Jiang Cheng, being a boy almost two years younger than the Nie *gongzi*, had to help him wipe his body, tie his hair, and put on the uniform - because he never had to do 'em by his own, and Meng Yao was always the one who prepared him for the day, ranted the spoiled, yawning fifteen-year old prince. Fortunately A-Zhan had ironed and hung their clothes in their wardrobe the night before - while they slumbered from too much masturbation -, packed their school bags with the correct textbooks, forms and paperwork and other essentials like a set of ink-brushes and necessary writing equipment, and even written a note on things to check and do before leaving the room, pasted on the main door. Thus, Jiang Cheng easily referred to Steps One to Ten, checked the checklists, and he even added an apology in handwriting for - one, the messed up bathroom splattered with puddles of water and left without scrubbing down the stains or picking out strands of hair and pubic hair from the drain; two, the potty needs to be emptied in the fields and rinsed; three, the clay stove cracked and was rendered unusable after Huaisang tried to boil a bowl of water on it (don't ask how); and four, Jiang Cheng apologized for the footprints left on the floor, which need to be wiped by a soaked washcloth but they were out of time and had to rush off with their school bags, their first-day gifts for the *laoshi*, and a bundle of dirty laundry in their arms, at an alarming seven-thirty in the morning, when most disciples were done with their breakfasts. The two boys dearly hoped A-Zhan would continue his extremely valuable role of housekeeping for their dorm, because they clearly cannot manage it themselves.

Jiang Cheng and Huaisang managed to grab some dumplings and pastries and dunk them into savoury vegetarian broths and sweet soy milk to make swallowing whole mouthfuls a whole lot easier - there was loud chewing and even louder gulps and the *thump-thump* of fists on the chest and back when either choked, with drops of those broths and soy milk littering on the tabletop, to the consternation of the *jiejie* s tasked to keep the dining halls clean. Both boys still had something in their mouth - whether a piece of pastry (*bing*) or an apple - when they sprinted for the classrooms after dropping their laundry at the washing facilities, to be picked up after noon when the clothes had been hung to dry and collected then folded by school workers.

In any case, each disciple has his or her own challenges in starting the day, particularly after the nice week-long lockdown holiday. They put the past behind them, and shortly before eight, scores of disciples dressed in clean white robes filed in quietly to their assigned classrooms, armed with bags and other necessities, anxious yet filled with excitement to experience the Gusu Lan's renowned gold standard of education.

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“Lan Zhan! Did you know that our voices are dubbed? Both in the audio drama, the donghua and even the live-action series?”

“Mn. That's what the end credits say at the end of each episode.”

“Lan Zhan, let me hear your original voice!”

“I... it’s... not a nice voice. A little low, and not as expressive. It sounds like a young man in his early twenties, just past college. There’s even a hint of dialect, which I’m trying to--”

“C’mon! C’mon! I wanna hear!”

“Ahem... *Wei Ying* .”

“AH HA HA HA HA HA. It sounds overblown! Too forced! Are you constipated?!”

“...”

“Aii-yoooo. Lan Zhan, don’t feel embarrassed. I like your voice, after all. Here, let me clear my throat and try it out.”

“Mn.”

“Uh-- Uh-- Ahem... *Lan Zhan* !”

“...”

“Say something! How was it?”

“It’s slightly lower than what I’m used to hearing. But it sounds just like you. Animated, lively. The pronunciation is spot on.”

“I have a dialect too, from the southwest around Yunmeng.”

“...”

“Bwah ha ha! Look at your face! You want to hear it in my home dialect?”

“... Mn!!!”

“Okay, here it goes...!”

(Later, Lan Zhan complained that Wei Ying’s intonation and pronunciation sounded all wrong, but it was spoken in such a sing-song way, which was quite comforting and melodious to some extent, that he made Wei Ying read a passage of one of his favourite classic Gusu literature.)

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 269

Since this is an interlude, and some time ago, someone asked for it:

‘Twas the night before the first day of school, in the hour of the walking dead especially a boy aged thirteen and the other fifteen, made to sleepwalk through their lucid dreams that they’ll not remember upon waking.

With the use of mischief and magic, Jiang Wanyin and Nie Huaisang were made to stand together near their beds, snoring as they stood upright, tormented by pleasurable nightmares that included Wei Ying’s almighty Hands, and soon, he enlisted the help of Lan Zhan’s almighty Fingers too.

Wei Ying’s mastery with handjobs are a given, because he’s sixteen-years old and a whole lot more, and he knows how to pleasure a man, especially himself - so it’s not difficult to extrapolate those techniques and experiences to others, especially those whose penises aren’t so long and thick, maybe about two fingers worth in size, that he can manage with each of his hand fisting and feasting every boy’s dick. Jiang Cheng and Huaisang dreamt of being trapped in a giant spider’s web, and for some reason, pitcher plants descended from the ceilings to rape their penises forcefully and against their will, and those pitchers felt as real as lubricated, tightened fingers, for obvious reasons. Then, tongue-like tentacles emerged from within those large pitchers and both boys started to cry in their sleep.

“Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, put more effort into it, please. I’m not getting any more pre-cum than before,” the wife nagged, before going back to suck each young teenage boy’s penis while stroking vigorously. The wife loves to insert the tip of his forked tongue into the shuddering meatsticks, raping

the urethral tube until it convulsed erratically and Jiang Cheng mumbled about peeing into a pitcher, then conquered the walnut-sized prostates until hip-swinging Huaisang moans like a woman, muttering that he's trying to shake 'em, shake 'em off by doing a belly-hip dance, and after that, the tongue, as usual, travelled and meandered its way to reach the boys' shivering, tucked and oh so cute slightly-fuzzed testicles and the wife enjoyed a tasty double serving of midnight snacks. The wife fondled the boys' balls and massaged those eggs; the more he squeezed and vibrate them using advanced sex techniques known only to adult male (rapist) professionals, the faster spoonfuls of fresh virginal boy-sperm were forcibly awoken by the sexual attacks, and they were unwillingly drained out straight into the hollowed tongue tips.

The husband crouched and focused on raking and kneading fingertips to the helpless prostate gland through the slick muscular walls, coaxing the defenceless organ to milk itself out with prostatic spasms to feed the greedy wife. He'd cleaned the shit out of Huaisang's buttocks and made sure Jiang Cheng's bladder had been emptied and the asshole had been douched too using swirling magical water spouts - to the boy's discomfort - so he knew that those cavities were hygienic, clean, not smelly, and he wouldn't suffer from food poisoning if he touched his food with those fingers that pleased the boys' prostate through the rectum.

After that, when the last available drop of semen was swallowed and only less-flavourful and less-appetizing seedless fluids were left, Wei Ying released the boys' penises from his *double* forked tongue - an impressive demonic mutation -, with a smacking-licious pop, and asked, "Do you want to do a foursome man-train? We could do rock-paper-scissors to determine who goes in first."

The husband really wanted to stick it into his good wife's anus and keep it there, because that's where he belonged, and that felt right - for the most



part. But the wife said, no, nein, nada, because how often does the couple come across a willing foursome? More than you'd think, the husband wanted to retort, but he remained silent as usual, not wanting to stir the hornet's nest that was the bossy and bullying wife. So they played a game of man-train, starting with Lan Zhan being at the bottom, fucked by Huaisang, who was in turn, fucked by Jiang Cheng, and Wei Ying ruled the roost while laughing maniacally. Next, Wei Ying lost the game and he bawled like a babe because having one middle-aged man on top of a fifteen-year old who sandwiched the thirteen-year old and together, they flattened the poor soggy bottom bread that was Wei Ying's ass - it was too heavy to bear, and everyone's wild watery ejaculations dribbled all over his buttocks and messed up his bad-ass looks.

The couple enjoyed other iterations of the man-train game, although Lan Zhan thought that his wife's ass felt better, firmer, juicier and sexier to the touch. Wei Ying refuted his claims, saying that he was a hypocrite to butter up to the wife in the wife's presence, but in actual fact, and Wei Ying took video recordings as evidence, Lan Zhan went wild with passion like a beast in heat when he was lodged between Huaisang's buttocks, and he howled like a virile man who hadn't climaxed for years when he tasted Jiang Cheng's sweet thirteen-year old ass-pussy. Both boys were deflowered that night, thanks to Lan Zhan's mighty over-six inch monster dick, while Wei Ying dipped his own penis inside Jiang Cheng's hole and mm-hmm, nice and tight, just like all sweet young things, but he didn't quite savour the experience because as foster siblings, they'd spent time naked, arguing, pulling on each others' topknots and ponytails and engaged in play-wrestling, that it didn't feel like an authentic session of making incestuous love; and with Huaisang, Wei Ying wondered the boy had been raped by Nie Mingjue early in life, because the anus seemed a little loose for a fifteen-year old - not that he hadn't tasted any fifteen year-olds in his own underground kingdom harem - so Lan Zhan offered a plausible explanation, that probably he ate something spicy or oily at dinnertime, so his rump was loose and he suffered from mild diarrhea - thus that poop-in-the-pants episode -, and true enough, the next thing Wei Ying knew, he yelped in panic, frantically trying to pull out his penis from Huaisang's rumbling ass,

because Huaisang dreamt that he was squeezing out the largest turd ever and his anal sphincters locked with a vice grip around the fleeing penis... Finally, as a result, Wei Ying bawled like a babe, because his crotch is covered with an explosive splatter of liquidy poop and that horrid unpuckering anus kept blowing bubbles of diluted stinky poop everywhere on the floor, and god knows if any went straight into Wei Ying's penis because it was quite a fart-astic detonation back there.

No matter, the husband assured his wife, and with a snap of his fingers embedded with an Infinity Gauntlet, reality was flipped, and everyone was clean again - fortunately.

Wei Ying breathed a sigh of relief, and his mood returned to sunshine and rainbows. I want to play double tag teams, he said with a grin. The husband thought that sounded suspiciously a technique used in wrestling in the Far, Far West, so he went along, curious as to what can be doubled for four males engaging in a homosexual orgy.

It turned out that Wei Ying wanted to play double penetrations, and since the two youngest boys were still sleeping with incredible discomfort etched on their faces and their squirming bodies - not to mention dangling shrivelled balls and half-limp penises -, Wei Ying cast Invisible Hands to aid him in maneuvering the boys' bodies to suit his desire, like puppets on strings.

There were lots of movements, so from time to time, the boys woke up, disturbed and drowsy, before falling back to an amnesiac sleep under Wei Ying's amazing Sleep-All spell (such a lame name, the husband remarked). At one point, Jiang Cheng dreamt - actually, in a state of wakefulness while his REM sleep period peaked - that he was gangraped by his bestest friends

and family members. “I hate you, Wei Wu Xian! What have I done to deserve a person like you! You steal my spotlight and make me look dumb in front of *tie* and *niang* , and now, you’re worst than a monster between my legs... OOOOH Sweet Guan Yin, what was that? Do it, do it again! I command you to touch there again, and I don’t care how! What? Your dick, what else! Touch that spot again! OOOOH Sweet Guan Yin!” the boy wept, cried, moaned and groaned, and was truly a ball of contradicting emotions, harsh words and striking contrasts. In his dream, he was more readily open with his feelings, so he said what he needed to, to lift the heavy burden in his heart and be able to sleep better - a kind of cathartic release, really, thanks to the Sleep magic.

Wei Ying listened and learned what made his *didi* tick, so he embraced his lil’ brother and whispered to the husband below to ramp up his own giant penis, and together they watched A-Cheng drown in double homosexual pleasure with two dicks sawing in and out alternatingly from his blossomed asshole. A-Cheng’s nipples were suckled by his Wei *gege* , and his waist and buttocks were groped by A-Zhan *gege* , and it was sinful as hell that the thirteen-year old boy sang so sweetly each time two huge cocks skewered the rosebud with one meaty palm rubbing the belly that bulged with each heartfelt fuck. Wei Ying murmured to A-Cheng that he loves him no matter what, that he’s sorry for the hurt he’s caused, and hoped that-- “ *Gege , didi ai ni!* ” Jiang Cheng cried out so loud with a manly scream and a cracked voice of a thirteen-year old, and Wei Ying shed a tear at that point - he couldn’t hold back his feelings as well, so he leaned in to give an incestuous kiss to precious A-Cheng, and shot his load, fifteen rich spurts, signed with love from the Wei *gege* .

With two loads safely spilled inside Jiang Cheng’s boyish rump, leaving him twitching and drooling on the wooden floor from an exquisite high never felt before, that he even peed uselessly from the wonderful electric running through his nerve-ends - Huaisang was next to be sexually assaulted. The short but older boy was easily carried like a huge christmas present and placed on santa claus-Lan Zhan-papa’s lap. Wei Ying didn’t

want to bottom per se, because his thin long legs couldn't hold much weight, let alone withstand the impact of two men's weight bearing down on his penis - it'd leave him crooked, bent and in all likelihood, infertile and screaming in pain for a while -, so he went in at waist level like inserting a key into its lock, easy peasy. As the two started to tag team against poor moaning and sore Huaisang, Wei Ying worked his evil magic like a witch that can peer into a man's deepest, darkest secrets. He asked, what ails you, my boy, and Huaisang started to blabber a whole lot more than he usually does, with his eyes closed.

"I don't know, I don't know, it wasn't me, it wasn't my fault," Huaisang mumbled, "*Da ge* was naked in the shower when I accidentally ran into the private baths, because my bladder was full. I was only nine at that time, I didn't know how to hold back my pee for longer than usual because Meng Yao never taught me how. So I screamed at the sight of my naked brother, because goodness gracious, he had huge muscles, and he flexed his biceps, pecs and abs while drenched by the torrent of water pouring from the top, and I had this unimaginably hot feeling welling up from my groin, and then peed on the spot!"

Lan Zhan could smell from a mile away at how this was going to turn out, so he became a little excited - perhaps the result of an introvert finding commonalities with others -, and fucked Huaisang's blossomed ass harder than necessary.

"I cried and apologized, then *da ge* scooped me into his arms to pacify me. I was so tiny and he was so big, looming over me, and somehow, that mismatch in size made me feel comforted, even happy, and a warm tingling feeling shamelessly went through my pee-pee. I couldn't control it, it was a physiological reaction to my brother's presence, and I cried again in horror and shame."

Wei Ying liked where this was going, so he too, increased his pace and started to draw circles, squares and stars once he went in deep and grind round and round the boy's bubble butt. Huaisang's ass was a bit larger and spacious than A-Cheng's, admittedly, so there was more room for the husband and wife couple to maneuver and to draw circles inside the Nie boy.

True enough, Huaisang revealed, in his tormented sleep, that Nie *da ge* ended up comforting the boy by playing with the nine-year old's penis until Huaisang squealed with unfamiliar but shocking tingles that resembled rhythmic squeezes of muscles across his pelvis. Rough, thick fingers peeled the boy's foreskin and rubbed the strawberry with such vigour, until it turned into a deep shade of excited red, engorged with blood and hardened up in a way that it shouldn't have - yet -, and Nie *didi* made many inappropriate grunts and groans for a boy of his adolescent age.

“Did Nie Mingjue make you cum for the first time?” Wei Ying asked out of curiosity, because he really wanted to know the Nies' deepest lewd secrets. Huaisang sobbed and nodded, yes, when was just ten-years old, he confessed. “Good boy, you did well, and it was the right thing to do to give your first orgasm to your older brother,” Wei Ying murmured and gave the fifteen-year old boy a sweet kiss on the cheeks. Huaisang visibly calmed down at that, as though he dreamt of something very nice all of a sudden. Lan Zhan guessed that Nie *da ge* must've appeared in the boy's dreams and patted the boy's head with a warm smile, and said the same thing. Not long after that, Huaisang was fucked silly and had his shrunken balls vibrated with Energy spells until he orgasmed, yelling his *gege* 's name many times, pleading the Chifeng Zun to keep playing with his dick because it feels very good to be touched by an older brother. The moment he slid off bonelessly to the floor, with two wet dicks popping out like lollpops from someone's mouth, the fifteen-year old let out a long string of farts - and pooped again.

Wei Ying pinched his nose and waved in front of his face, and demanded that Lan Zhan solved their unsexy woes once and for all. With a snap of fingers, the husband erased the unsavoury sight and odour, and cured whatever that was ailing Huaisang's bad tummy. The two were put to bed after a clean-up, absolutely drunk from getting drilled by two mighty cocks, each.

With their sexual fantasies for foursomes sated for the time being, and many more planned in the works for the next few nights, the couple went to bed with sexually flushed and secretly-delighted Lan Zhan screwed tightly and deeply inside his lovely Wei Ying, continually orgasming with weak penile contractions pumping seed into his contented wife, because in the end, no matter who they cross paths with or who they are paired to, that is where he belongs, which is, Wei Ying's sexy asshole.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 270

Classes are held during the hours of eight to quarter past nine, half past nine to quarter before eleven, eleven to quarter past twelve, half past one to quarter past two, and half past two to quarter before four. The lessons are a mix of indoor studies and outdoor activities, each led by a *laoshi* and assistant instructors, with breaks in-between, and lunch is served at the dining halls around noon.

With nearly a hundred students living and studying in the Cloud Recesses, there are logistical and curricular challenges that the Gusu Lan strive to manage with tip top excellence. There are seventy males and a little less than thirty females, and lessons are segregated by gender and rank. During the age of circa 2000 B.C., usually males receive proper education whilst females do not, however, there are exceptions because during these exceptional summer camp-like programmes, with a prolonged duration of stay away from home, lowly servants and sometimes, close family members of similar age groups as the students form part of the attendees too, and are welcomed by the Gusu Lan to study, improve and advance their lifelong education.

There are three classes, each accommodating about twenty to fifty students. The First Class is reserved for the elites, usually one or two representatives of the sect leader and another handful of seniors, individuals of potential or their most loyal followers. It goes without saying that the lessons are intended for aristocrats, dignitaries and future cultivation fighters and leaders, high in quality of content, and students receive top-notch instructions, training and learning material from the cream of the Gusu Lan's crop. Jiang Wanyin, Nie Huaisang, Jin Zixuan, even the despised and much-maligned bigwig Wen Chao served by Wen Ning that finally made their appearance, attended the First Class that almost exclusively consisted of male disciples; there are few and notable females, such as Wen Qing who

hails from a respectable healer family of her sect, and Mian Mian who sat modestly at the back of the class because she wasn't really a tough cookie based on her name and appearance, but she can tough it out if the bad boys dared to challenge her.

Due to certain eminent sects have the money and the means to sponsor additional disciples to participate in this upscale, swanky and highly cultured part of the Cloud Recesses academy, nearly half of the student population have been registered to attend the First Class, with their fees fully paid (or free, for those hailing from the host sect), in which there are about twelve from Lanling Jin, ten from Qishan Wen, eight from the hosting sect, another seven from Qinghe Nie, just a paltry six from Yunmeng Jiang, and the rest, numbering more than ten, from lesser sects.

The Second Class is intended for the less refined ones, mostly lower class disciples who prefer to learn using their brawns rather than their brains. Instead of the scholarly arts, the class takes on more practical life skills, including DIY repairs, woodwork, metal crafting, agricultural sciences, hunting and foraging, forestry and mining, even trade and commerce. Here, artisans, farmers, blue-collared workers and astute merchants are made out of young teenage pimple-faced kids, destined for the lower working classes of ancient Middle Kingdom society. Naturally, the student population has a more balanced mix of male and female genders, and consists of none of the Great Clans, and entirely of the lesser sects, numbering about thirty in total. Lan Zhan signed up for the Second Class, because he thought he would benefit more in learning how to repair furniture in case the Handyman Of The House wasn't around, and crafting fine wooden or metal accessories to adorn lovely Wei Ying, than, say, reciting his family's over-4000 rules and learn Level Three magic spells for the nth time in his lifetimes.

The Third Class is for the runt of the litter, the leftovers, the lower-than-lower servants, the illiterate and the uneducated - but still, aspiring to learn



something beneficial, particularly to serve masters better and to satisfy their masters' families. The student population is almost exclusively made entirely of females - Wei Ying being the only handsome thorn among the pretty pink roses, after his *shijie* and Meng Yao had deregistered from the class. If the First Class is considered unaffordably expensive by a wide margin compared to the reasonable charges levied for the Second Class, then the Third Class costs almost nothing in comparison to the former two categories - rightly so, because they spend most of their time learning how to do household chores and contribute to the everyday lives of the students at the Cloud Recesses academy; for example, lessons include the right techniques for doing the laundry, in which the students actually wash the clothes of the disciples from the other two classes; they are also taught how about janitorial skills, maintenance of cleanliness - sweeping, wiping -, organizing a disorderly room - housekeeping -, hospitality management - etiquettes in servitude -, and Wei Ying's favourite, studying about the culinary arts in whipping up cuisines from around the Middle Kingdom, baking his favourite breads and pastries, serving his mastered lotus root pork rib soup from the pot, and getting to try his and others' cooking. He signed up for the Third Class because he wanted to experience what the husband encountered day after day in dealing with his slothful behaviour, and maybe be motivated to change himself for the better.

(Actually, Wei Ying went straight to the Third Class because there were nineteen pretty *jiejie* s and *meimei* s and he was the one and only, most eligible bachelor among the lot. He plans to impress them with his skills, and receive plenty of pampering in return for his adorable behaviour, cheerful demeanour and boyish charms. He rubs his greasy palms as he fantasises about sticking Papermen into his classmates' bras and panties, and when the teacher isn't looking - mind-controlled, more likely -, Wei Ying will spend hours having wild sex in an orgy of nineteen *jiejie* s and *meimei* s on the kitchen countertops or on the beds in the training dormitories, and enjoy every minute molesting their naked soft and fair-skinned beautiful bodies. He wants to spend his mornings and afternoons 'studying' inside them, pumping deep and fast between their legs and shaking buttocks, and plant many fat and healthy babies in their freshly

deflowered and claimed wombs as homework. It wouldn't count as cheating his husband, because in this alternate reality, sixteen years ago, he's still a healthy teenage boy with heterosexual desires anyway.)

Unbeknownst to the youngest two of their dorm mates, both Lan *er gongzi* and Wei *gongzi* spoke to Huan *gege* briefly the night before he left about changing classes. Huan *gege* was puzzled, but he was in a hurry, so he directed his younger brother to a particular drawer in his desk in the then-closed student affairs office, which contained the said forms for changing assigned classes. Lan Zhan filled his and signed using his family's seal inked in red, while Wei Ying did his and borrowed Jiang Cheng's seal - theoretically, representing their father's approval - while the youngest two were dead asleep after excessive masturbation. That morning, they queued up at the student affairs office, manned by another senior Lan disciple and submitted their forms, which were duly processed although the *er gongzi* drew quizzical looks - obviously; however since the necessary fields in the forms had been filled, and the seals from the respective families inked correctly at the bottom right, according to the Gusu Lan's standard operating procedure for administrative paperwork, no further questions were asked, and their applications were speedily approved and effected. They were directed to a storehouse to return their existing school bags to pick up new ones containing study materials suitable for their new classes, and then to the finance department to collect a refund for the downgrade and the respective receipts as proof of the transactions. The husband handed his money to add to Wei Ying's larger pile (because whatever the husband owns belongs to the wife), and the latter grinned - he now has lots of money to spend on good food and good wine outside of the Cloud Recesses, for certain.

Jiang Cheng and Huaisang didn't see their two other roommates in the First Class, but before they questioned the *laoshi* or his assistants, the first lesson had started right on the dot and on the wrong foot; these two were late by five seconds just when everyone took their seats, and had crumbs in their mouths - earning them one demerit point each in tardiness, another for eating in class, and one more for white soy milk stains on Jiang Cheng's white sleeves and for putting on shoes on the wrong feet for clumsy Huaisang. The two boys were upset, but they did not argue, because they learned how tough the Gusu Lan rules are. The first two, or was it three, hours were introductory sessions, that is, housekeeping rules for the entire duration of their studies, and immediately Master Lan Qi Ren took the centrestage to recite the over-4000 rules and passages that left everyone pretty much brain-dead by the time the first half-hour rolled by. The boys conveniently forgot about their roommates, their brains turned into cottons of spiralling texts filled with Gusu Lan rules, and slept with their eyes open; people left, right and centre of the class kept yawning and nodding, some threw paper balls and doodled on their books - whatever, to survive the onslaught of lethal boredom, and promptly earned demerit points when sharp-eyed assistants caught them doing so. Unsurprisingly, the entire Qishan Wen clan left with swear words and sniggers on their way out after the first half-hour, and the Master simply informed one assistant, "Minus fifty points for them for skipping classes."

In the meantime, Lan Zhan's first couple of lessons involved the science and art of crafting. There was an hour of theory, where students learned to make drawings and measurements on large pieces of rice paper, and they studied about the tools and techniques used. Carpentry and pottery were the order of the day, so every disciple made some kind of clay objects to be fired up in the kiln later, and carved something useful out of a sturdy piece of wood. Lan Zhan fashioned a simple but functional wooden belt buckle, and he managed to add a simple, minimalistic but elegant wavy cloud pattern without breaking it. The Lan *laoshi* hummed in approval, and it was a major breakthrough for a young man who had avoided craftworks like a plague since his early days. It wasn't terribly fancy, and if anything, it looked more like a ring of wood with little other embellishments or

advanced carvings that would earn him more marks for his grade - but he passed, according to the teacher, so that was good enough. He admired his finished work in the sunlight filtering from across the window of the dusty, sawdust littered workshop, and faintly smiled. He thought how much more lovelier Wei Ying would look, wearing the white uniform with this shiny new accessory at the front-center of the waist - his cheeks pinked and the tips of his ears reddened. The *laoshi* asked if Lan Zhan was feeling well or if he was coming down with a fever from angsting over the small and delicate object in his hands, but he shook his head politely, and said that he would like to gift his hard work to someone he liked. Ahhh, everyone murmured, before they continued to use the tools on the workshop tables to sculpture more wooden goods.

Wei Ying, in another part of the academy, baked some sweet bean pastries, butter cakes and custard buns with the help of his new friend, and received lots of sweet kisses on the cheeks, touches on his hands, and flirting gazes in response, like a celebrity in a room full of fangirls filled with undying devotion to the very attractive and appealing young man. He didn't have to do much, really, because he lounged around, checking up on the girls and flirting with them, stealing their kneaded dough and bowls of ingredients for himself, then left fingerprints on their buttocks when he groped them as he walked by - white flour-prints aren't noticeable against white skirts -, and stole kisses from surprised, blushing maidens' cheeks when he leaned forward to ask for something. It was all done in good faith and fun, because the girls adored their A-Xian and let him get away with his naughty antics; he was fed with work-in-progress ingredients or pilot batches of baked goods, with 'try this, A-Xian, *jiejie* just made this. Does it taste yummy?', in which he 'Enn's cutely and gets a bite and sometimes, bosoms spills out when that *jiejie* puffs up her chest to try and seduce him - and he happily indulges in that *jiejie* 's sincere gestures by putting both of his hands on the woman's bared breasts and starts to massage them, before whispering, 'It tastes good, but A-Xian thinks it needs more milk,' and his hands slips into her bra with a sly, bewildered 'Oops!' look on his face, but that *jiejie* smiles sweetly, even wantonly, and lets the sixteen-year old boy play with her titties in a classroom full of lustful females.

He baked more than just buns and breads in the oven during the culinary lessons - he left a few more buns inside the girls -, and came out of the kitchens looking very refreshed, invigorated, beaming with rosy cheeks, a sheen of sweat on his skin, and a huge, satisfied grin. He was thrilled to discover that sweet bean paste and custard filling made great edible stuff to play with, when groups of three or more girls jostled around him and his happy genitals, licking, tasting and sucking him off until he came repeatedly in hiccupy laughs, because it felt really, really nice to be made sweet love by so many enthusiastic females using sweets, after all. After the lessons, he adjusted his trousers and thought that he might need a new belt and a buckle, after he became too impatient at one point and pulled down his pants too fast, tore something - but it didn't matter, not when a row of eager young twelve and thirteen-year old nameless girls waited for him with legs wide open inside the pantries, sending coy looks and shuddering moans, while rubbing their clitties and gaping pussies to coax him in. He'd made many creampiees like a *laoban* of a bakery - he stuck his cock inside each puffy juicy pussy-bun, shook his hips in eight directions and grind deep, deep in corkscrew motions, squirted his fifteen ejaculations of happy milky white custard with generous amounts of sweet moans and howls of pleasure, puledl out, moved to the next available bun, and repeated like a delirious non-stop sex machine. Those bread-making pantries became his new hideout and sex den with those lovely nineteen *jiejie* s and *meimei* s for when they study the culinary arts together.

(The masterchef *laoshi* , at that time, was cursed with a demonic spell, and ended up talking to a wall, interacting with it, shoving ladles, rolling pins and recipe books at the cold, unforgiving surface as though class ran as usual, not realizing that around him, there was an orgy of one lucky man and nineteen fertile young girls going on. Everyone received a passing grade in the end.)

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!

## Chapter 271

By lunchtime, Huaisang was crying tears of frustration and hitting himself with a textbook until a lump appeared on his forehead, and Jiang Cheng wracked his head because he was numb from a whole morning of family rules and has an opening quiz in Philosophical Sciences in the afternoon, which he studied, but couldn't quite remember the facts. They ate little due to a lack of appetite caused by anxiety - they had a week to study, so there was no reason to fail, and yet, the moment the students were tested by listening to a passage and to interpret and write their clever, scholarly opinions, such as:

“The world is flat as a straight line drawn on rice paper, the sun is round in shape that rises in the east and sets in the west, why is this so?”

The four blessed directions that the winds blow throughout the four seasons, and the three universal aspects are creation, time and destiny, governs the five divinely elements of wood, fire, earth, metal and water. What does this signify, and discuss the consequences to the natural cycles on life, and the unnatural cycles of death?

Everything that exists has a yin and yang in perfect harmony, and a source of light with its dark shadow. Explain what does this imply to gods and men, and why?”

Huaisang put his head down and lay his forehead on the table. He'd given up straight away and decided to play with his birdies, packed carefully in a small cage inside his school bag. Jiang Cheng wrote a couple of sentences after an hour of rumination, and he too, was very disappointed that he

couldn't respond intelligently to such a complex question and concept brought forward by the *laoshi* . The entire experience of studying and listening to lectures from the Gusu Lan masters took a turn from bad to worse, and school has never been more torturous and miserable for the Jiang *gongzi* .

Fortunately, he wasn't alone - he could hear lots of mutters and groans throughout the hour and when the time was up, there were soft curses, muted wailing and dismayed clicks of tongues, and he caught glimpses of answer sheets that were empty or only had a few lines written on them. Some did better, though, Jin Zixuan being one of them and some of the Lan classmates - he snorted and handed in his half-baked answer anyway. He contemplated breaking the bad news to his father later that day and come up with some believable, but lame excuse, such as that those questions weren't appropriate for thirteen-year old boys, or something to the equivalent.

They still had a few more lessons to go before the day wrapped up, this time more lectures in astrology and what to make of the signs in the skies and the divine premonitions that appear - they'd spend an hour practising cloud-watching in the afternoon sun and interpreting the shapes of clouds, for a start. Jiang Cheng marshalled up his remaining confidence and psyched his inner self that he's a big boy now, and he must be able to weather through these most distressing times of his life. Huaisang continued to sniffle and wiped tears of dismay from his eyes, and appeared listless, lifeless, and lacking any signs of enthusiasm, because the *laoshi* cheekily warned that guessing the animals from the shapes of clouds would earn them caning on the buttocks, and instead, they must elaborate at length what clouds mean to the fortunes and landscape of their nation's future prosperity. (At this point, many less-inclined students balked with a 'What the hell?')



Of course, to make life more hellish, the *laoshi* said that the drowsy-looking lot of unenthusiastic First Class students were a disgrace and needed to perk up a little bit more to show interest in their education. They were made to half-squat in the sun, while propping a heavy wooden beam over their shoulders with two filled buckets of water hanging precariously on each end of the beam; it was standard muscle-building exercise to strengthen one's core, toughen one's joints, build a steady footing and finetune one's equilibrium in balance. If anything, it felt like a punishment more than a martial arts training, for many of these spoiled *gongzi* who never really had to sweat it out in the outdoors.

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Lunch for the royal couple duo was a take-out picnic outside the dining halls - where plenty of grumbling, unhappy First Class students would easily spoil anyone's appetite anyway -, and in a shady spot beneath an old tree. There, they shared moments of lovers exchanging their meals and hand-feeding each other with scoops of rice, noodles, stir-fried vegetables, slices of chicken and pork boiled in bland broths, an egg omelette each, and bowls of soup. Wei Ying wasn't too satisfied with the flavourless food, as usual, so he brought out a paper bag of his homework - surprise, surprise, he said to the husband, and picked out freshly baked sweet bean pastries, butter cakes and custard buns the *jiejie* s made for him. The two had a more enjoyable meal with their dessert included.

The couple shared about what they'd studied, both indoors and outdoors, and for a first day filled with new experiences, new friends and new lessons - it wasn't so bad, after all. Lan Zhan carefully took out a bundled package from his sleeves, and unwrapped the silk handkerchief to reveal the shiny new belt buckle. He pressed it into Wei Ying's hands with a knowing "Mn", and Wei Ying squealed with excitement. The wife gave the hubby a great big hug, and told him that he needed it for his trousers, which was falling

off constantly since his old belt had broken during heavy use during the culinary class (what sort of ‘heavy’, he would not explain); it was inconvenient that his pants drooped constantly to expose his hips and part of his moon-pale buttocks (because he didn’t wear his underwear, and preferred going commando, for obvious reasons), and the *jiejie* s would flock around him and start putting their delicate fingers on them the way he groped their breasts earlier, and he felt, ironically, violated and his modesty outraged. He didn’t enjoy having girls’ fingers worming their way into his butt-cheeks, let alone try to pry their way to his prostate inside his anus - because that place was sacred, and reserved exclusively for his husband’s use. Wei Ying praised Lan Zhan for reading his mind and granting his wish for a new belt buckle, that saved Wei Ying’s purity - for that day, at least. Lan Zhan pinked again and lowered his head, a little sheepish and embarrassed.

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While Jiang Cheng and Huaisang battled an afternoon of intensively boring philosophical tenets of star-gazing and cloud-watching and mulled over their astrological interpretations and implications, the blue skies dotted with pockets of cloud cover meant a rather good and comfortable start for Lan Zhan’s studies in agricultural sciences. He never really learned how to plant seeds and nurture plants until harvest time, and never quite explored the ways the growth and quality of crops can be manipulated by adjusting the soil, fertilizer, water, sunlight, pest control, even singing to the leaves, and all that. He’d always done things his elders had, toiled endlessly without much thinking, to put food on the table for himself and for lovely Wei Ying, and prayed for a good harvest season at the end of the day. The outdoor lesson taught him some new techniques on ploughing the fields to loosen the soil and to add extra nutrients and minerals mined from the Gusu mountains, for that extra boost for the seeds. Like every student, he was given a small square parcel of land with his name written on a signpost, and he would be graded based on how well his garden grows.

He planted some seeds in an experiment, not forgetting chilli seeds of course, and scattered a deliberately blended mix of fertilizer and other natural substances and synthetic chemicals that the *laoshi* mentioned, before watering them; following the *laoshi* 's superstitious teachings, he prayed and muttered some blessed words to encourage the plot of barren brown moist earth to grow healthy and thrive with as many chilli plants he'll need to make spicy congee, many mushrooms and root vegetables he'll need to add to his spicy hotpot, and tomatoes, onions and off-season tropical pineapples so that he can cook up a storm of spicy sweet-sour pork for his lovely Wei Ying someday. Other students planted a variety of crops too, including potatoes, white radish, leafy vegetables, and short fruiting trees, which would be enchanted with special life-giving spells by the seniors so that they can monitor the growth until harvest in a few weeks' time.

(Having learnt from experience not related to farming practices per se, while the students moved on to other parts of the fields, Lan Zhan excused himself for a bit, turned around and unzipped his pants. He masturbated fast and furiously until he was as ripe as a red tomato, huffing and puffing like a pervy sixteen-year old and orgasmed all over his precious square parcel of land. Then, he willed his pelvic and bladder muscles to stay awake and force out a violent spray of pee to maximize the surface area coverage, so that his seeds received godly nutrition in an instant. No doubt Lan Zhan's vegetables would score with blessed A+'s and some may suspect an element of cheating, but without eyewitnesses, anyone would be hard pressed to say when and how it happened, because in ancient times circa 2000 B.C., seeing a boy peeing in the open while standing by a curb or in farmland, was a common sight indeed.)

Indoors, Wei Ying faced an arch-nemesis of bedmaking. When asked by the *laoshi* how could a sixteen-year old boy not know how to differentiate between the head and foot part of a mattress and the associated part of the

bed sheets - because he tried and thought he'd ace it, and got it in reverse -, Wei Ying teared in sheer embarrassment in the midst of giggle *jiejie* s and *meimei* s who clearly have vastly superior housekeeping skills than he was. He confessed, after getting a cane whip on his buttocks - because Third Class servants who didn't know how to make beds should not even exist, by the grace of the Gods of Maids, Butlers and Servants -, that he always had an older *shijie* to make his beds in the morning, and more lately, and older *gege* to do the job, so he never really had to think much other than which side of the bed he should sleep on that night. That kind of lame-ass excuse was intolerable for the fierce lady *laoshi* , so she harrumphed in annoyance, gave everyone the page numbers of the Manual of Housekeeping And Bedmaking to read in class, and strutted off to cool down.

The whole class, save Wei Ying, already mastered the Manual because it was part of standard education for servants across the country, so they ditched their books and went to console poor sniffing boy.

“A-Xian, A-Xian, don't cry, come and lie on *jiejie* 's bosom, you will feel better after putting your head between *jiejie* 's breast, it's like the first grade pillow that you'll learn from the books about housekeeping.”

“Here, A-Xian, lie on this bed and let *jiejie* and *meimei* show you how to differentiate the head and the foot of a bed. Such a good boy, you're eager to learn, aren't you, already taking off your clothes even without anyone having to ask. Do you feel the difference on the bed's firmness and shape near the head and at the foot?”

“No? *Meimei* is climbing up and straddling you, maybe her weight will help you to tell the difference. Oh, the two of you are bouncing so energetically, *meimei* is riding so healthily on your happy 'bedpost'!”

“You’re still not feeling it? Silly boy, look at your dreamy face and your drunken smile, lying on a bed with your classmates touching your lips, chest, arms, legs and even giving you nice footrubs while a long line of *meimei* s wait their turn to ride you. Ooh! You came already? Bad boy, she was eleven and you’ve popped her cherry and made a baby. You’re not really learning bedmaking, aren’t you? You like to learn about *baby* making!”

“Be strong, A-Xian, that *jiejie* is touching your balls expertly and guiding your hardening penis into the next *meimei* ’s sweet flowerbud. See? It’s going in, such a good and energetic boy you are! Good boy, you deflowered another one of our classmates, you did it!”

Wei Ying still couldn’t differential between the head and the foot of the bed, and he didn’t manage to read up the chapters of the Manual - but that was fine. He enjoyed getting laid and ridden like the stallion he was, for the next couple of lessons that afternoon. He’d ask Lan Zhan for tips about bedmaking later - there were rules about folding the bed sheets, tucking in the corners, arranging the pillows, smoothing the blankets - but for now, those studious intentions flew out the window once his beautiful sexy classmates clambered up the sagging piece of furniture, all vying for a sweet fuck with their handsome hunk (of sorts), purring and mewling like cats in heat, wanting to pleasure their harem master and ride him to kingdom come. Those who didn’t have the chance to have sex - because everyone wants to have a piece of ‘im -, were relegated to the likes of servants that they truly are, and they cleaned the rest of the dorm rooms as instructed without Wei Ying needed to lend a hand or break a sweat at all besides spurring the girls on with cheers of ‘Harder! Deeper! Faster!’, with connotations to harder scrubs on the bathroom tiles, deeper wipes to erase the stains on furniture pieces, and of course, faster sweeping for immediate results. Wei Ying enjoyed orgasming prematurely inside his new girlfriends, along with talking to them, getting to know them better and asking about

their hobbies while fucking those lovely fresh young pussies like a stallion heterosexual lover - which he is, originally.

Notes for the Chapter:

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Chapter 272

By four o' clock, the couple reached their dorm room first. Being Second and Third Class'ers, they didn't have any real homework besides some general reading - because their lessons were more oriented towards practical assignments and hands-on activities, so they had a rather easygoing time that lasted for a couple of hours before dinner. There was time for a shower, for that so-called homework, of exchanging notes and stories and 'How was your day's, then Wei Ying finally learned from Lan Zhan and demonstrated his newfound bedmaking skills, but he ended up making boo-boos, wrapped in a blanket like a spring roll and the pillows scattered on the floor - so Lan Zhan sighed and shook his head. It is an undeniable fact that it's impossible to teach blundering Wei Ying how to make his beds in the morning, so he put that aside, gently unrolled the boy from his blankie burrito, and cuddled up - the next best thing to bedmaking.

They made sweet love after that. Wei Ying, having deflated his loins throughout the day into his new girlfriends, delighted in the lesser acts that are usually drowned off from the deluge of machine-like hip-pumps and animalistic savagery that is unbecoming of two men hopelessly in gay love. Their make-outs were prolonged, peppered with appreciative smoochies on the forehead, on the ears, the cheeks and the jawlines, accompanied by heartwarming, mushy phrases such as 'You're so handsome', 'I like you' and 'You're so precious'. Fingers explored every nook and cranny of masculine muscular outlines and sexy pulsing veins, tracing mischievous circles around man-nipples until the hairs around the rising swelling areolae tangled, dancing across six-pack abs that rocked and rolled to the amusement of the other, then, deliberately avoiding the crotch because they were saving the best for the last, the slid their thighs over and under one another, relishing in hairiness rubbing over smoother baby-soft supple skin, not to forget, rubbing their legs as well because both had rather long limbs so there was much tactile stimulation to be savoured between the two, and finally - footrubs! Wei Ying nnnngh'd when the husband's ball of heel fitted perfectly to the arch of his wiggling feet - like a ball and socket joint - and

that lovely ball went round and round the soles, pressing on those sweet aching spots that made the wife squeal with unbridled joy; then, large hairy toes returned the favour to the husband, scraping with the fleshy pads of those hairy toes against the five balls of a smoother foot, in which the husband colloquially labels them as the ‘roots’ of his toes, and he likes it very much when the tendons and ligaments between each ‘roots’ are kneaded, stretched and simply touched with love and warmth - and soon, the two fell asleep on Lan Zhan’s bed, legs entwined with each other’s.

Jiang Cheng and Huaisang returned much later, shortly before the dinner bell, because they had to stay back overtime to help a *laoshi* carry stacks of paper - good virtues, good attitudes and good etiquettes set good examples to reverse demerits -, ask some pertinent questions about what they’d studied and received extra tutorials about the clouds and the constellations - until both boys had their heads in the clouds, literally, from lethargy and brain fuzz -, and chase after some seniors for tips for the next day’s quizzes. They had dark circles under their eyes and a frown on their tired faces when they entered their dorms, and couldn’t care less about the sight of two sixteen-year old boys snuggling up in the nude.

Wei Ying woke up with a yawn and with his naughty bits plainly in sight in broad daylight, and greeted their roommates. He explained, with plenty of white lies and lame excuses, about their change of classes - Second Class needed more Lan representation, so Lan Zhan volunteered; Third Class was lacking in students after the departure of Jiang Yan Li and Meng Yao, so Wei Ying chipped in -, and their terribly, terribly busy day (not) - that Lan Zhan suffered from aches and sores while slaving away under the hot sun in the farms, while Wei Ying worked his ass off doing a servant’s menial job - so that the youngest two were convinced that the older couple also suffered quite a bit in their first day in school. It sounded fair, but the two First Class students were too tired to process the illogicalities and discern fact from fiction, so they simply flung themselves to the bed, still in their rumpled uniforms that smelled a little ripe, asked ‘someone please wake us up to do our homeworks tonight’. and snored off almost instantly.

(Huaisang did ask, with droopy heavy-lidded eyes and a swaying gait on the legs, what is that - while pointing at the cold black slimy matted thing that looked like curly pubes greased with hair cream or something else equally icky - because this was the first time he pointed his gaze at the sixteen-year old's crotch and noticed it - which was really, Ernie who had been with the couple all this time and his sister tucked somewhere in Lan Zhan's crowning glory as a strand of hard-to-notice white strand. Fearing that he'd been outed, Wei Ying dismissed and pooh-poohed Huaisang's sight, because the fifteen-year old watched the pubes wriggle like worms and thought he was drunk-tired that his vision swung wildly to make a young man's pubic hair slither and slide like that - and said, that's my son, you fatigued fuck - implying that Huaisang probably mistaken his penis for something else; Huaisang shrugged and blinked his eyes blearily, and thought, yeah, maybe that's it, he was too exhausted to mistake pubic hair for cold black wiggly things.)

Dinner was, as usual, bland, mostly consisting of no-frills greens and whites with the odd portions of meat coloured dreary boiled browns. However, there were extra cold rice dumplings, *baozi* and sweet breads left from earlier the day in the canteen, so the couple took two portions as a take-out and brought them to the dorm room. Eating in the rooms was allowed as long as it wasn't a nuisance to the neighbours, and there was a clay stove to heat up leftovers if needed. Lan Zhan helped to arrange and pack the food carefully on a table, covered the bowls and plates, and left a small, neat handwritten note to the younger two to 'eat up and don't forget your homework'. After that, the couple cast an extremely vile corruption of space-time, which was undetectable by any means, and walked through. They emerged in Caiyi Town, behind a tower of barrels, and just in time for Lan Zhan's reservation in a restaurant that served everything from braised pork knuckles to succulent beef tenderloin roasts, lotus root pork rib soup, ten kinds of colourful congees, greasy meat fried rice and stir-fried noodles with fatty pork in black bean sauce, freshest salads and fruits in town, a kaleidoscope of sweet and savoury desserts, and free-flow of wine - for a

fee, of course, paid by Lan Zhan's Jade Token express payments. Wei Ying had never been happier after a day of hard work, of living a regimented life, of having pointless abundant heterosexual intercoursing while straying to the other gender and fathering yet another generation of descendents, and finally, a loyal husband who had no qualms splurging on a sumptuous buffet for the wife, and a jar of Emperor Smiles in Wei Ying's hand with his beloved gay husband, in a loud boisterous establishment full of merrymaking, families eating, and drunkards gossiping and shouting.

Shortly before eight, the couple teleported back to the entrance gates to the Cloud Recesses, thus skipping through thousands of steps up the mountains, increasingly chilly weather, ominous-looking fog, and risks of getting robbed by bandits and kidnapped and raped by sex traffickers looking for tasty teenage boys to prey on; the wilderness around Caiyi Town and the mountain ranges surrounding the Cloud Recesses aren't as safe as one might believe, especially with the on-going rumours of more dead, blood-drained people turning up with blackend veins, whitened eyes and foul cracked skin all over, which disappear from the freshly dug graves several nights later - at least that's what the rumourmill said.

Once they walked through the gates, which also functioned as watchtowers with automated defenses to deter intruders - thanks to Lan Zhan's all-access Jade Token, of course - the couple held hands in the dark and took a late-evening stroll through the residential areas which were less patrolled, because most people had gone home by that time. Wei Ying held onto his bag of buttered bacon double cheese fries coated with fried eggs and chilli flakes topped with fat cream, and several sticks of skewered grilled meats, triple meatballs, deep-fried corn dogs and greasy sausages. The husband remarked that the wife was eating as though he was with child, and Wei Ying snorted, saying that he needed the protein after a day of spilling semen to sow his wild oats, thus emptying his man-eggs, both yolk and whites, to near-zero levels. Lan Zhan shot a confused look, before he shook his head with a wordless 'never mind', because between the romantic old married

couple, the lines between sperm and eggs have long blurred into a common terminology.

Wei Ying likes to watch families sitting down together for dinner, and lounging around in their homes after dinner though lit windows and opened doors - it reminded him of what he did and didn't have; he had a fairly good upbringing in a comfortable environment, albeit one that didn't always gather around jovially at the dining table because his foster mother had plenty of unkind things to say about comparing their older versus younger boys, and the relationship soured over the years. He also noticed that each home was built in a rather standard manner, and designed similarly as the Jingshi, that is, there was always a hall to welcome visitors, a space for daily living and dining, and more rooms to the back including a study and the bedrooms. Certainly there were some minor variations, such as the placement of furniture and wall decor, an extra painting or a trophy display case somewhere, but that was as trivial as the differences between individuals - the colours of one's skin may differ, but the blood that runs beneath is the same. "It seems all our previous homes in the past lifetimes took a similar shape and design too, was it, by any chance, your doing?" the wife asked sweetly, and Lan Zhan lowered his head in silent admission. Ah, Wei Ying thought, no wonder he'd had a very good life living under comfortable roofs, with plenty of space and fully furnished and equipped living arrangements, always well fed and with a warm bed to sleep in. The grip between their held hands tightened.

They passed by the Jingshi, which was darkened since it was unoccupied and vacated. Wei Ying asked if Lan Zhan managed to locate his missing furniture, family heirlooms, precious relics and whatnots. The husband simply lifted an arm to point at his skin, indicating that yes, he retrieved everything and they were absorbed. No questions asked?, Wei Ying raised his brows. The husband shook his head wordlessly. Ah, of course, the wife conjectured, it was a Gusu Lan norm that once forms are properly filled and all prerequisites were satisfied, they would not hesitate to complete the process and relinquish everything to the true owner without another word,

just like the occasion earlier that day when they submitted the forms to change their classes.

Wei Ying finished the after-dessert snacks and downed another few jars of tasty fruit wine without being noticed by patrolling guards, hopping and skipping in his inebriated merry state until his clothes were splashed with the heady, sweet liquor, then stole Bichen to cut down someone's fruit tree so that he could grab a bunch of ripened loquats to snack some more, and broke into the communal chicken coops to release some rabbits and steal two roosters to ask the husband with a beguiling grin, Are these chickens fat enough? Should we roast or grill them?, before laughing like a drunkard and nearly scaring a nearby family hiding in their home when he scrawled on someone's postbox "WWX & LWJ Wuz 'Ere" with a big Heart encircling their names (and Lan Zhan blushed at that, because he *remembered*). When all that needed to be done and eaten, had been done and eaten, Lan Zhan sighed and performed his Snap-It-Clean move; with a snap of fingers, something in their reality changed - very minutely and nearly unobservable to the naked eye of the ones being changed -, and Wei Ying no longer smelled like an alcoholic and his clothes looked prim and proper once again; and the embarrassing damage done in his wake was reversed. They returned to the dorms with half an hour to spare before the night curfew began.

Upon opening the room's door, they were greeted by the extraordinary sight of Jiang Cheng and Huaisang, both with bloodshot eyes and veins popping out on the temples, as they hunkered down on their beds with candles lit, and studied as though there was a huge life-changing exam the next day. They had many pages of scripts to copy and write - Wei Ying knew too well about that sort of experience, so both of them quietly said 'Hello' and 'Have you eaten?' in a rather apprehensive way because those two looked so intent and focused that they might burn holes through the books; the tray was cleared out, thank goodness, so taking that as a green light, the couple went to the bathroom together to take a quick shower, brushed their teeth and put on their jammies.

Noting the amount of paper and opened books scattered all over the floor, Wei Ying suggested that they can use his bed as an extra table; Jiang Cheng grunted something in appreciation and started picking up then dumping stuff in a more organized manner on his bed. Lan Zhan looked over questioningly, but he relaxed when Wei Ying grabbed his pillow and shuffled over to the husband's bed. He put a finger to his lips to signal that it's lights-out for them and to let the two younger boys get on with their homework in peace. The curtains around the bed were drawn for added privacy, and the two relished in the relative silence of heavy breathing, the crinkle of pages turning, and the dim amber torch light that bathed their bed, filtered through those curtains that help to block out sound too. At nine, the couple was asleep in each other's arms while the younger *gongzi* s stayed up until much later, eyes bloodshot, a bandana tied about their foreheads with printed words screaming 'Study Hard! Add Oil (加油)!'.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please put in a Kudos if you appreciate the existence of this fic. Thank you!