



extra extra

cover art by eltsia

extra extra:
a zine about
the scum villain's
self-saving
system extras

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BING-MEI AND
BING-GE'S
ULTIMATE
SHOWDOWN

by simkjrs



RECALLING AN
EXPERIENCE OF
FIGHTING SUCCUBI
WITH GREAT
MASTER LIU

by acernor

is there anything more appealing than the one-two combo hit of an icy potentially asexual fighting-obsessed man being told to his face that he's in love with the main character and denying it (despite sex pollen), only for the canonical love interest to later proclaim his desire to have sex on that guy's practice field just to demonstrate that he won the seducing competition and totally isn't jealous or obsessed with that guy in any way????? IN CANON?????

succubus extra (and its sequel scene with madame meiyin) set bingliushen up to succeed by 1) giving the liushens all the fodder they needed for their unrequited pining and 2) giving the YET TO EMERGE BINGLIUS the ammo for jealous rivalry sex to prove who had the right to top sqq. and who would be assigned bottom by fandom (acernor).

having been around sv fandom since pretty early on, i was able to watch bingliushen's english language popularity spread in real time. in my opinion, there were two main factors at play:

- 1) scum villain canon
- 2) feynite's I Wish I Was Your Husband

feynite's exquisite fic (aka the "second canon" to early readers (no one called it that, just me in my heart)) gave us a perfect parallel to sv bingliushen potential: pining, noble lqg who would never make a move, and horrendously jealous lbh who was shizun-obsessed (as is fitting and just). in contrast to sv canon, however, IWIWYH showed us a lbh that by the end of the story had made room in his heart for sqq to have other people important to him, and who (however begrudgingly) allowed lqg access to his beloved husband.

how could one resist? there was no longer any choice.

if lqg in sv canon (and feynite canon) would never make a move on a married sqq (unless...? haha no... unless...?), then there had to be an instigating event to get him involved. what better (and more pidw flavored) than the fabled fuck or die? surely even a sqq with his head so far up his own ass that he still referred to himself as a

straight man in his internal monologue wouldn't let his husband- or his shidi- die rather than have hot 3way sex. thus: dual cultivation or die

i firmly maintain that regardless of whether or not dual cultivation or die had been written, bingliushen would have become widely beloved by fandom once the secret sauce (stop making liushen strict top/bottom and start from the bingliu side of the triangle) had been unlocked. preferably through sex pollen. in conclusion: we all owe our happiness to the succubus extra and to feynite's seminal work.

GREAT JOB BINGLIUSHENS!!!

YUE QINGYUAN AND
SHEN QINGQIU

by nim @ tepidblue

79 are my favourite guy (bitter pining thesis)

The only way of knowing a person is to love that person without hope.

– Walter Benjamin

When I thought about how to approach writing qijiu, I started by smashing out whatever came to mind and followed the thread from there. qijiu are a tragedy that can only be perceived in abstract. They fascinate me. They're a mild toxicity ship flavoured with acrid miscommunication and cycles of abuse. Honestly, Yue Qingyuan reminds me of Iida Tenya in terms of moral fibre but the former's moral event horizon is far more interesting than the shlock delivered in deeply disappointing panels. Yue Qingyuan is interesting only insofar as he relates to Shen Jiu. Shen Jiu is a million times more interesting as a character because he's so sharply defined and scored through. Yue Qingyuan is more opaque, inscrutable and appearing hollow but a hefty thump where I expect an empty sound.

It was their dynamic that I found interesting. I like tragic relationships not purely of circumstance but their own personal milieu carving each other to shreds. Incidental is best, intentional can be made interesting. But tragedy isn't the appealing element. I have a set of criteria. And a name, I suppose.

Bitter pining requires four elements:

(1) Deep, soul-altering devotion to another that ultimately worsens the devotee on several cataclysmic scales and

(2) *It must not be healthy.*

2a. Fine, it can be healthy but it must be eventual. It must be hard won and it foundationally cannot be wholly shored up. Refer to dot point three as to why.

(3) They must be on opposite sides of the board—less so ene-

mies-to-lovers because it's moreso about opposite-to-object? But the grist lies in the fact that it cannot come together in a way that does not corrode the other upon contact. You will be worsened for the collision but the alternative is unbearable. There was no path once this was illuminated. Any other road is bleak despair, a star winking out of existence in the total abyssal dark of space.

(4) There was the opportunity for them to have had a happy ending. This is not that iteration. This is the bad ending or the real ending or this is real to life and life is misery and this isn't transgressive but it is descriptive. And deeply evocative to the point of coring out my chest like my heart's an apple and it has transformed into Cupid.

It's not required for them to, you know, actually get together. That's irrelevant. Is it great if they have sex? Sex is nice but bitter pining, once found, is cherished twice as much. That's why I like Jiang Cheng so much. He has such an easy base to work with. He can be formed into bitter pining. He resists kindness and wields, well, that's too kind of a verb to use here. He resists kindness and holds the blade of fear without a grip because the edge is familiar where comfort is strange. Alien. Alien Stage. Alien Stage is a goldmine of bitter pining.

Shen Jiu is much the same but he's not imbued with an inimicable quality of being defined as a loser. Jiang Cheng would accept being called a loser by a passerby if it meant Jin Ling were to be more likely to come down from the roof while Shen Jiu would get into, what could politely be considered tiffs, and more honestly, beat-downs.

Anger is secondary to Shen Jiu. It serves as a foil for the fear baked into the mannerisms that he wields to disguise his upbringing. That no one suspects is as much an accolade for his affect as it is a testament to how deeply fear is engrained into his bones. Anger is for those who can afford honesty. Liu Qingge is not offering it out of courtesy but because it, Shen Jiu, irritates him like a stray bit of

skin caught on an unfortunate blip in a day. But like oil coagulating in water, flies to honey, debris in a web, it is compounded by a thousand errant cuts. It intensifies without a central conflict. It is because they are incompatible, tinder to a lit match in the impact.

Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if Yue Qingyuan felt jealous of Liu Qingge because he knows that's more of the A-Jiu he knew. But he can't get that raw reaction from Shen Jiu because of, well, everything :) But Yue Qingyuan persists and is there every chance he can be. The alternative is unbearable. Even the look away means that Shen Jiu knows he's there. Isn't that so delicious!!!!!!

I like Shen Jiu's construction as a character. He's so motivated by fear that I imagine he'd be a doomsday prepper in the modern fears of the 21st century.

I'm still teasing out the aspects of bitter pining here. This is not the finished thesis by any means. I've only encountered dynamics that qualify as bitter pining in passing that I've turned into lingering. I haunt those narratives as much I dawdle by the door. It becomes an exercise to linger in calls and chew the callow fat of unrealised potential again and again.

Bingqiu are, at a glance, fulfilling some of the criteria. Deep, soul-altering devotion? Shen Yuan is devoted to the phantom of potential passingly realised in Luo Binghe as conceived by Airplane. It is, barely, blisteringly reciprocated subtext if only by virtue of Shen Yuan's willingness to read the world as the system does. [2] can be seen in the middle of the text, exacerbated by extenuating circumstances. Three: the divider is artificial and scored through with their affection. They are made better for knowing each other. Four? The story told is the good ending. One of many. They'd find each other again and again.

I liked these qualities in Bingqiu but they served to illuminate what I was truly obsessed with. Bitter pining.

Please don't take the previous sentence as proof that Bingqiu was a passing phase. It dominated my brain intermittently for a solid leap year. I read sv on bus rides to and from high school and felt like I'd hit jackpot even with MTL'd shlock a la bcnovels. It fundamentally altered my brain chemistry and makes my heart hurt when I read it, LOL. That painful ache. I keep chasing that feeling.

Now this may be out of left field but qijiu doesn't actually qualify as bitter pining as it is depicted in the 79 extras. I'm consulting the Seven Seas edition which calls it Chapter 24: Yue Qingyuan and Shen Qingiu. I feel profoundly bad for unwitting fans who came in the wave of official translations because there is a bit of a learning curve. However if you like any element of the text, you can find a thousand other iterations of it elsewhere! You will just have to hunt on the interwebs. And you missed out on the poor fan who didn't realise this was, you know, gay in chapter 49 on the unofficial translation done by BCnovels.

The 79 extras are from Shen Jiu's perspective and, like, I don't know if this has to be said but Shen Jiu DIYs his character devolution. He worsens himself, or so he thinks to himself because attributing his character to Yue Qingyuan is something he cannot admit. To him, the admission of want is tantamount to weakness. This is located in a vision of the world hemmed in by fear. It is part of why he's such a qualified strategist. His mindset is one that has never left the battlefield.

This amounts to, um, not that much because og!Luo Binghe still identifies Yue Qingyuan as a fundamental part of Shen Jiu's self, his heart beating in another chest, and wants to kill Yue Qingyuan to shatter Shen Jiu but it isn't that which shatters him. It's that Yue Qingyuan came back. He comes back even if it is decades late and pays it twice over in a way that ends the cycle of debt between them. There is nothing connecting them. He wrought this ending. It was not Yue Qingyuan who acted but a small boy who only seemed taller than him because he was smaller then. Qi-ge came.

But even then, their blood cannot cross paths.

Threads of blood unfurled, extending outward. Right before they should have converged into one, they passed each other by.

Do you feel crazy? I feel chills. qijiu are so, ah, they're so pitiful.

In youth, their shadows merged like fish swimming for pleasure even in the furnace of summer. There was nothing good about those days when they were happening. It is always like this. A-Jiu had a bad temperament but Qi-ge was kind and followed to keep him in line. A twitch of the head would reveal his gentle expression, too sweet for the dust suffusing their lungs. There was hardly a need to call when their steps fell and rose in unison. A sense of safety in shoulders too thin for the weight.

Who knew they end up like the foolish fish stranded on land spitting saliva on each other to survive. It would have been better if they knew to part ways and swim towards separate lakes, replenish dust with the clean sweet of air.

However, qijiu definitely qualifies as bitter pining from Yue Qingyuan's eyes. Shen Qingqiu is his bottom line that cannot be compromised because he compromised it once, and it was ruinous.

He spends a lifetime repaying this debt and their fates are—they're not even parallel lines. They meet fleetingly and keep missing each other constantly even in front of each other at the peak of the world. They've done it, ascended the summit and reached the top of the world, beyond even their wildest dreams. But even in the setting of a happy ending they are terrible and are mired in the thick of an aged misery. Yue Qingyuan cannot speak and Shen Jiu cannot listen. Yue Qingyuan yaps on and on but Shen Jiu replies one for every five words spoken. Insane. If Shen Jiu ended up having a cultivation partner I'd love to be a fly on the wall of Yue Qingyuan's mind because that would be a special flavour of misery.

The Lingxi caves scene is incredible. I personally want Yue Qingyuan to realise that the place where he failed to leave was where Liu Qingge forswore his previous grievances and became loyal. Where he desecrated the reciprocated loyalty was where another bond, without limit, formed. And it's with the bodysnatcher! Shen Yuan, your existence is Yue Qingyuan's bleakest timeline should he realise that A-Jiu is lost to him forever. Even the original timeline isn't as terrible because Yue Qingyuan got to repent with his life.

Upon realising that Shen Jiu is begging, again, for him to come he does, knowing he'd be walking into certain death. The letter could only have been written under duress. This is a death sentence. But Yue Qingyuan is so deeply, cataclysmically affected by Shen Jiu that it doesn't matter. There was nothing else once this bleak path was illuminated because it was the one that would collapse their shadows into one, if only for a brief moment.

Luo Binghe didn't need to poison the arrows. Yue Qingyuan offered his life in the Water Prison. He offered it a lifetime ago. He offered it and it was not enough. The altar turned to ashes and he stood there in a courtyard again, much like any other, and knew he would spend his life atoning. To take that burden from him would be to unmake him.

He offered it and it was refused. A lifetime together could have been sweet but a life too late a disgrace.

In the end he did get to give it up at the altar of Shen Jiu's suffering, if always too late.

YUE QINGYUAN
AND SHEN QINGQIU,
PART TWO

by anonymous

HOW MOST OF THE DREAMS GO

Drinking wine at the brothel called Nuanhong Pavilion
where the silks would flood in from the beams and spill
over so you had to duck around them in a dance,
I suddenly remembered you were coming
in the evening, your promised return. I rushed to the bamboo house
where the shutters kept peeling loose so the wind
whispered through the room on cold nights,
and lit all the glowing candles that you had once said made you feel
as though
the night had been pushed back for a few more hours.
Then I sat there for a long time and waited. At dawn,
I woke with skin sweaty from soot and I remembered
you were dead all over again.

WHEN I SAY THAT DEATH IS KIND OF LIKE HEARING 'I LOVE YOU' FOR THE FIRST TIME

what I mean is that there will be an awkward silence afterwards
when nobody knows whether to laugh or cry. and you are going
to have to get over it, because time won't stop anymore. memories
will run through your head of me as a boy, and I will colonize them
with my sharp and grown up face. whatever I look like now will be
the only me you remember for the rest of your life. you won't ask
me why I allow my face to be covered in so much blood but if you
did I would say *it's not mine, but it's not yours either.* or I would say
I know it's a mess, but you can help me clean it up. and then probably
just *I didn't think you'd recognise me without it.*

Inspired by Hanif Abdurraqib

BAMBOO BRANCH
POEM

by Elliott Queerapika

Elegy

For Zhuzhi-lang

We aren't prepared to give up grotesque.
It's not time to move,
Slide,
Scamper,
Flee.
You are of a cave, they said,
Though that isn't what they meant,
Gesturing towards an imaginary
Menagerie,
Assemblage of depth;
A strangeness too pointed and specific
For them to grasp,
You are grotesque, they said,
And we agreed,
The gasp of our yes chased round
With laughter that echoed inside,
Settled along paths
They could not follow,
Our roots.

AIRPLANE'S
FORTUITOUS
ENCOUNTER

by picnic

"Airplane's Fortuitous Encounter"... ✍️ □ ? 😬



YOUR MOUTH SAYS NO, BUT YOUR BODY SAYS YES!



CURSE THAT PEERLESS CUCUMBER! MAY HE NEVER GET A CHANCE TO USE THAT CUCUMBER OF HIS FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!



everything reminds me
of him



AIRPLANE SHOOTING
TOWARDS THE SKY, IT'S
EXACTLY BECAUSE YOU
HAVE THESE KINDS OF
IDEAS THAT YOU'RE ONLY
A THIRD-RATE NOVEL
WRITER!



I ABSOLUTELY WOULD HAVE
LET LBH DEFILE SQQ! CUMBER
HUNDREDS OF TIMES - YEAH,
HUNDREDS OF TIMES, OVER
& OVER LIKE SKEWERING
A KEBAB.



I'LL TELL THE TRUTH,
THEN! I'VE ENDURED YOU
FOR TOO LONG, YOU RAMPERED,
SPOILED YOUNG MASTER! YOU
VILE-TEMPERED DEMONIC
SECOND-GEN!

WHEN YOU WERE BEATING
ME ALL THE TIME, IT WAS AT
LEAST TEN TIMES AS PAINFUL
AS THAT! HOW DOES IT FEEL
GETTING TVACKED ON?
SPOILED!



For the first time, he had the deep-
seated feeling that the most reliable thing
in this world was the friendship of
Peerless Cucumber, his comrade from
the same hometown.

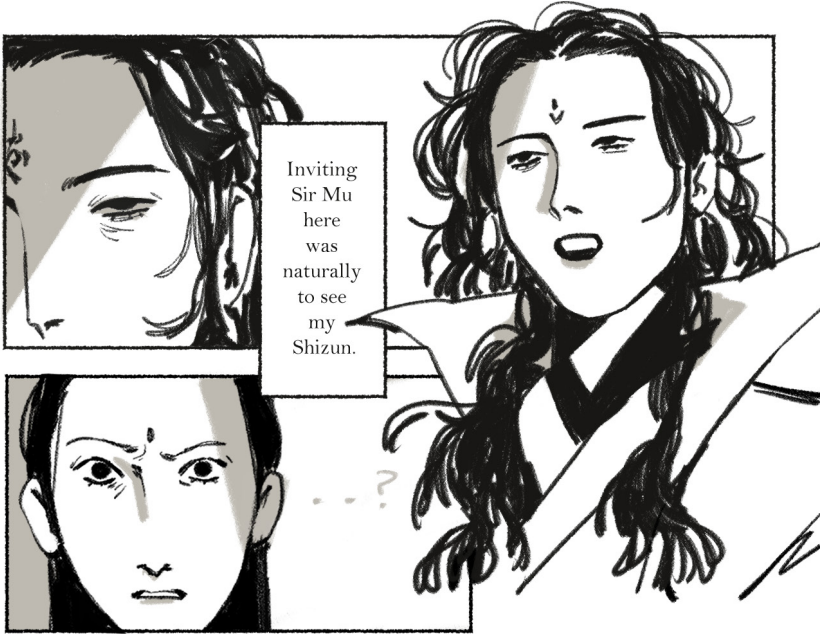


DEEP DREAM

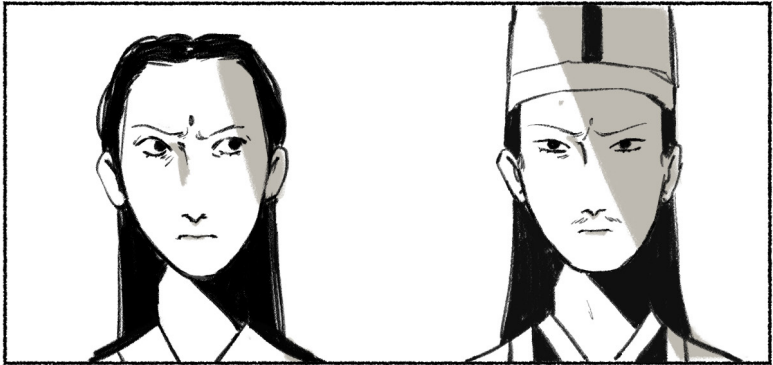
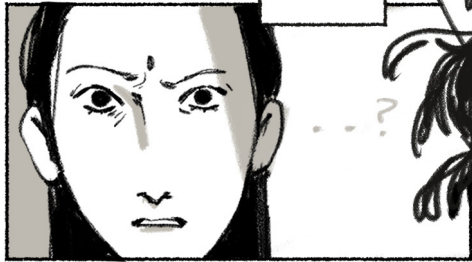
by Bokibeeki

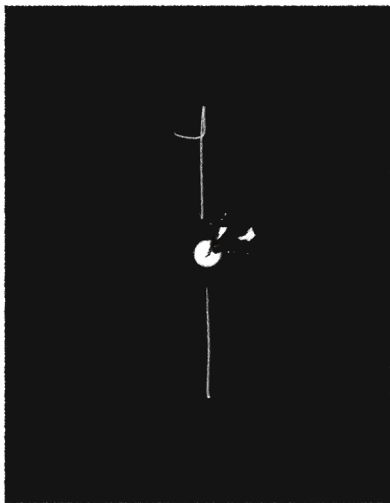
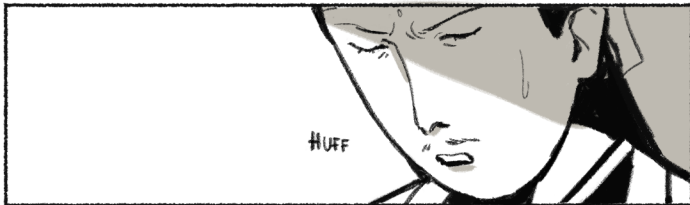
R→L

If you do
acknowledge it,
you should call me
disciple-uncle,
and --
why did you hurt
the disciples of
Cang Qiong
Mountain and
abduct me here?



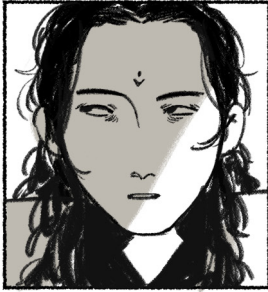
Inviting
Sir Mu
here
was
naturally
to see
my
Shizun.



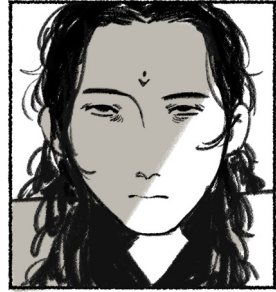


Elder disciple-brother
Shen already self-detonated
and died under
everyone's eyes in
Huayue City.
His spiritual power
dispersed and
I'm afraid that now
even the body
has long since
festered and decayed.
I have no method to
bring people back
to life.

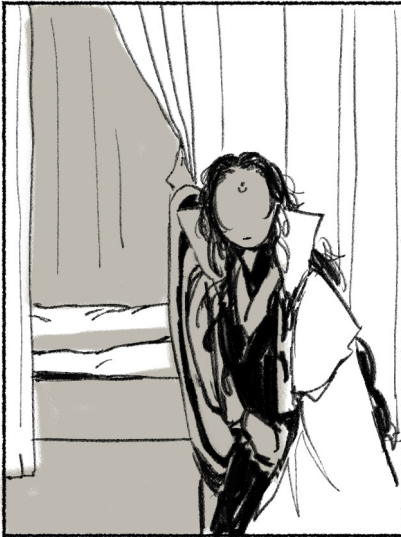




Please take
a look,
Sir Mu,
that's all.



→ The captive Mu Qingfang could only be escorted by a crowd of yellow-shirted disciples
to the Huan Hua Pavillion.



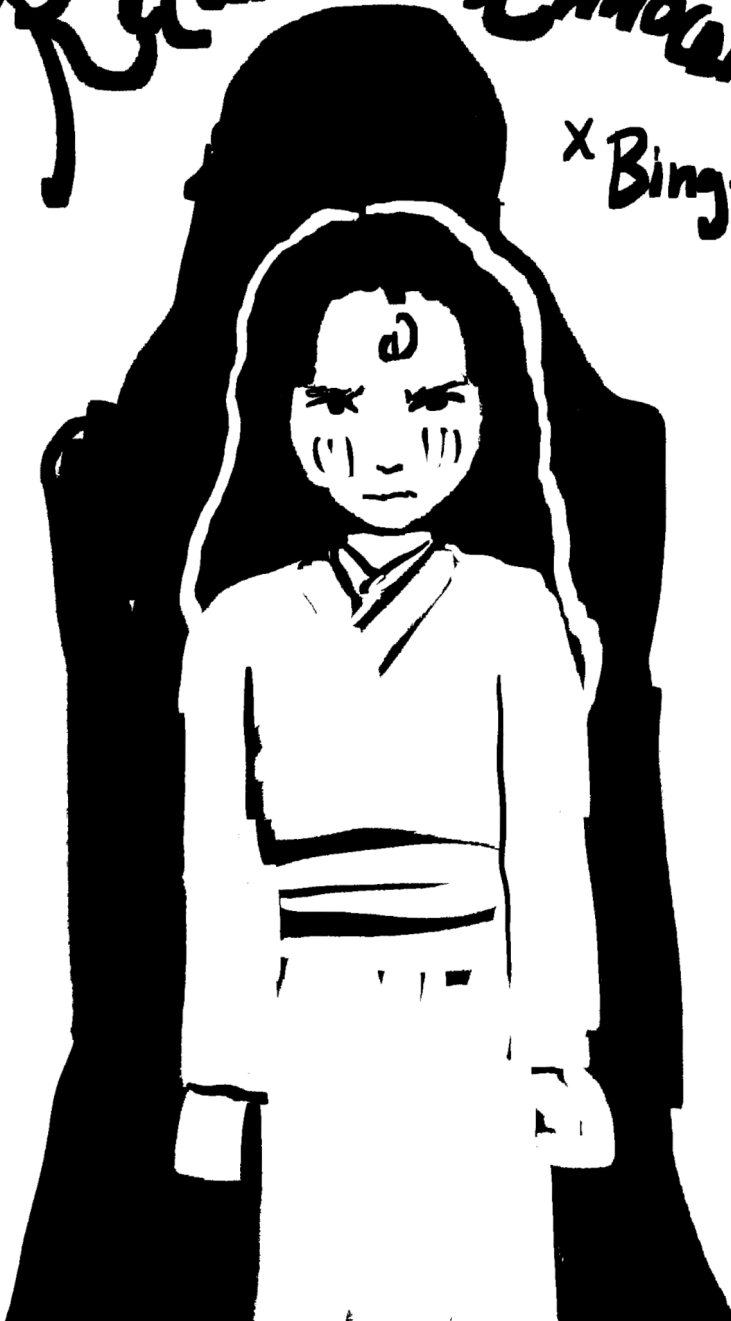
RETURN TO
CHILDHOOD

by tshirt

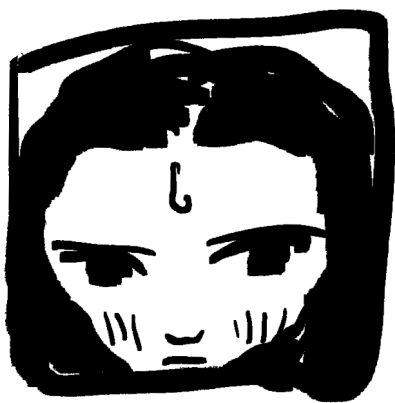


Return to Innocence

x Bingze

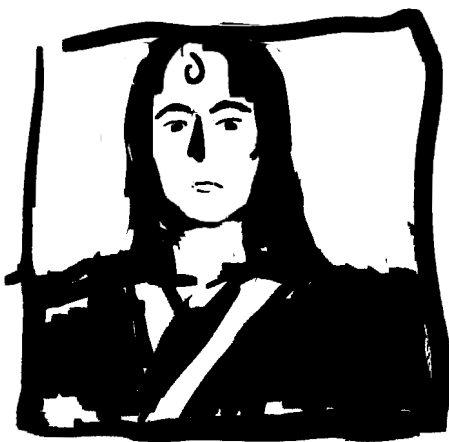


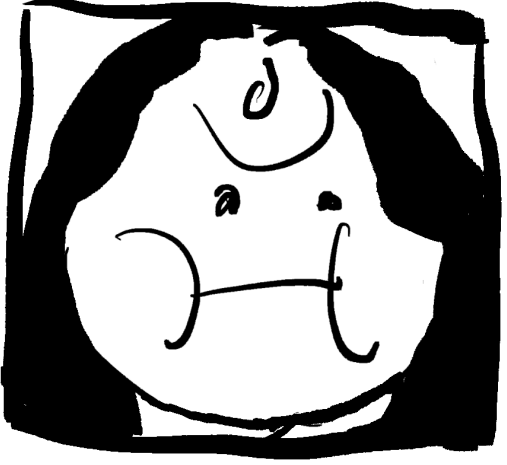
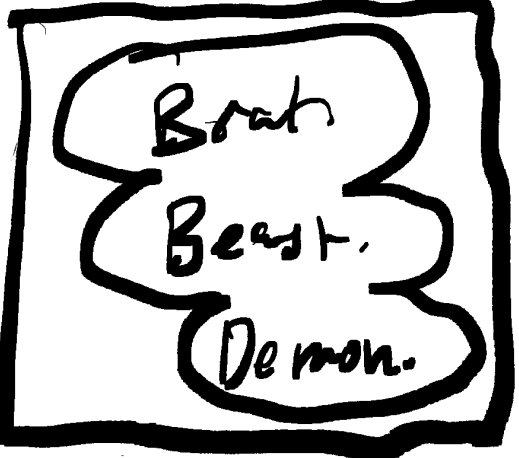


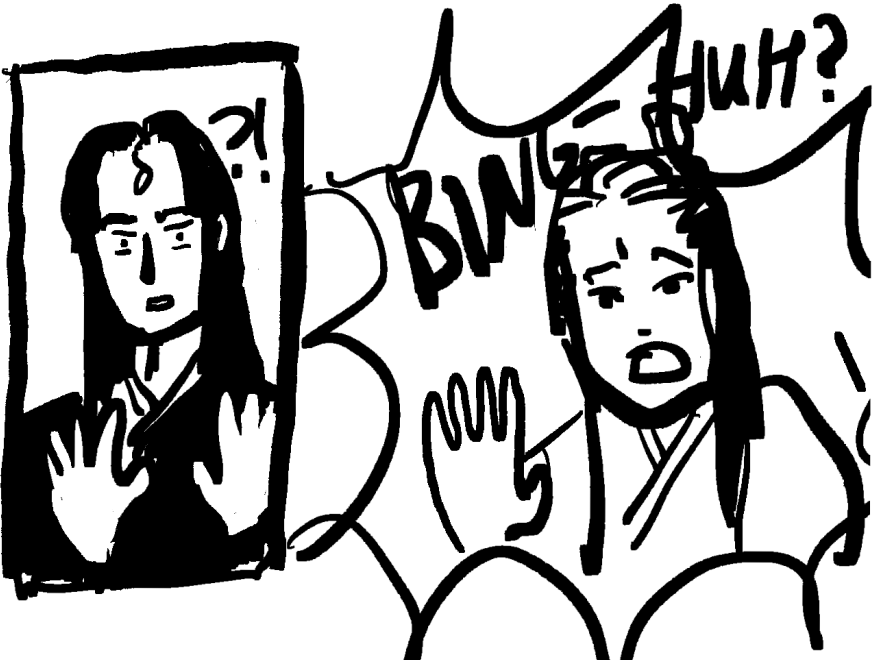


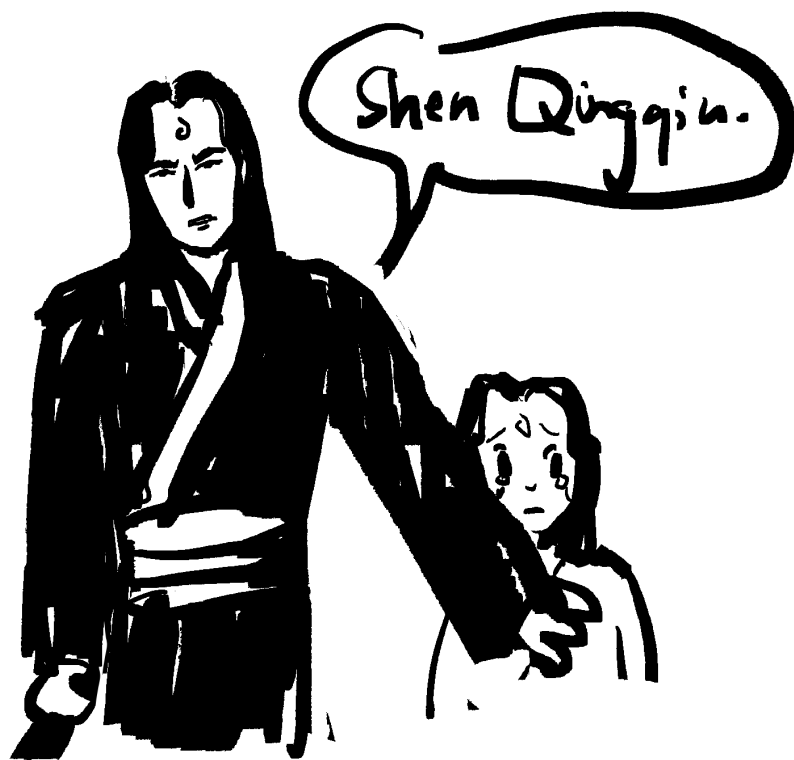
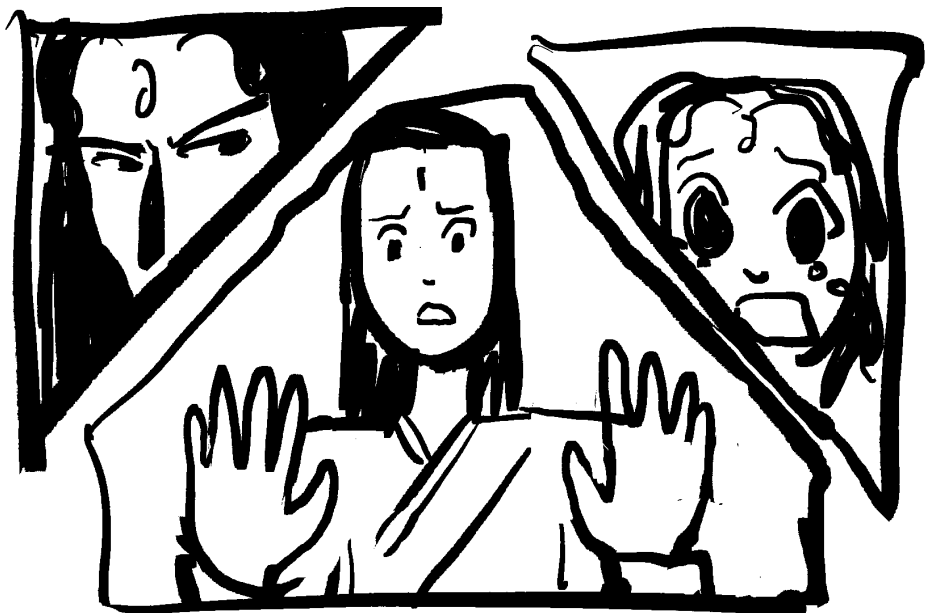
damn. I
was a
creepy
kid.

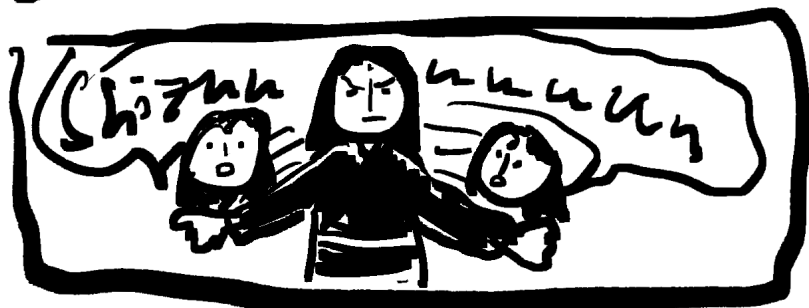
no wonder
everyone
was
like that.

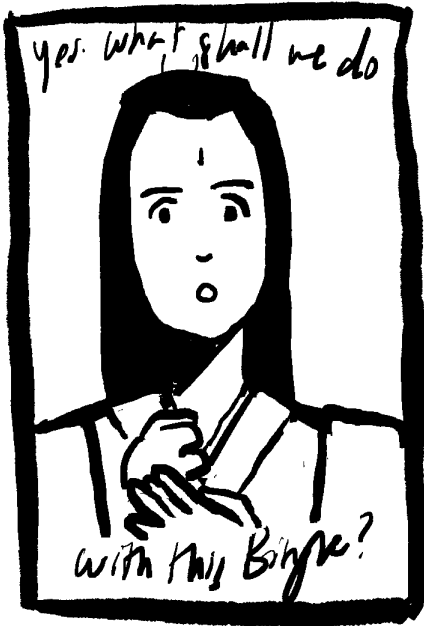






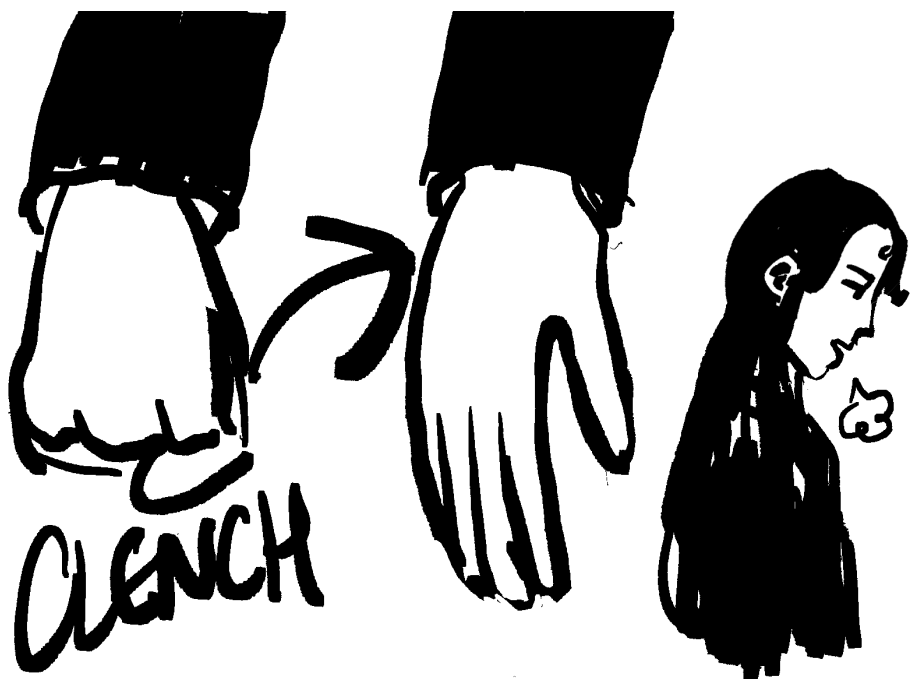






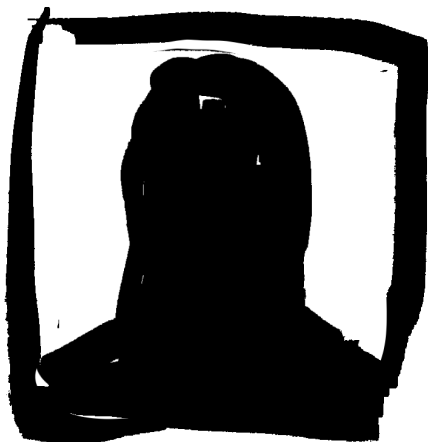
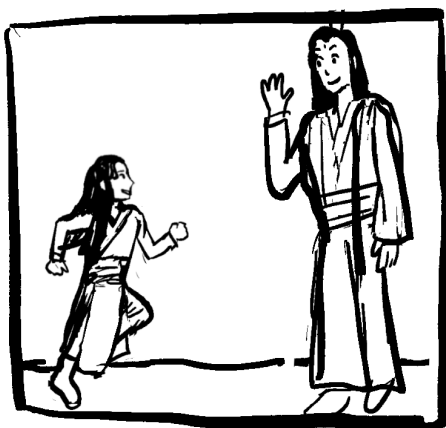






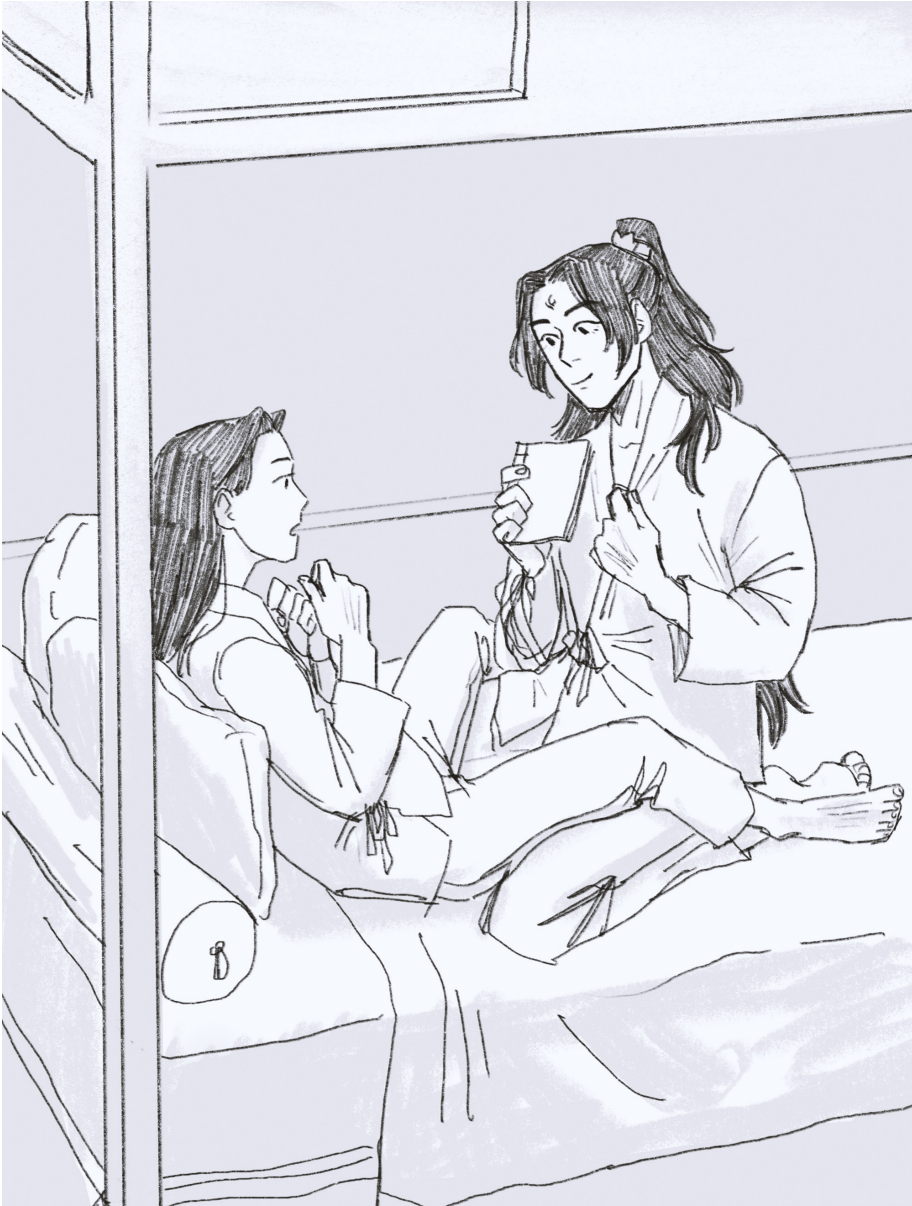
Don't trust him.





*REGRET OF
CHUNSHAN AND
SONG OF BINGQIU*

by shrimpchipsss







BE NORMAL!!!
(NO LIKING RESENTMENT
OF CHUNSHAN)



HONEYMOON

by lu

all things considered, very little actually happens in the honeymoon extra. there are no doubles from other universes, no ass wine, no... whatever it is that airplane has got going on...

the extra opens with our favorite charming couple being more or less summarily kicked off of cang qiong mountain. they set off on a mini-reunion tour of places they've been in the past, implicating a whole cast of minor characters, among them madam meiyin. luo binghe, as clingy as ever, doesn't react well to what madam meiyin tells him about her and shen qingqiu's first meeting. (see the original work or acernor's piece in this same volume for further detail.) from the reader's perspective, this is made significantly more melodramatic by the mysterious workings of shen qingqiu's beautiful mind—"i didn't even jerk [liu qingge] off!" as a fine example.

after escaping madam meiyin, our duo's grand tour takes them back to the beginning of their relationship—not that luo binghe knows as much—at chen manor. there, they behave in an absolutely sickening manner: flirting, teasing, exchanging adoring glances. they're so caught up in each other that they barely notice the lingering miasma of the skinner demon, who names their relationship the fulfillment of some retribution, for shen qingqiu. and this exchange with the skinner demon brings up one of the things i find most interesting about the honeymoon extra: how clearly it elucidates the differing priorities of our beloved main pairing.

in places where luo binghe is overcome with jealousy, shen qingqiu is exasperated, and has perfected his strategies for dealing with it. but on the other hand, in places where shen qingqiu is wracked with guilt, luo binghe often doesn't even know that shen qingqiu has done something that's tormenting him. in fact, even though they are married, shen qingqiu still feels as if he's deprived luo binghe of something, in being the object of his affections from a young age. despite all of his griping, if you let yourself believe shen qingqiu, he's implicated them both in something deeply tragic, by forcing binghe into this relationship with him.

of course, what this also elucidates that the priorities of our beloved main pairing aren't so different after all. they're both absolute crazy people when it comes to one another.

i think i feel a disproportionate fondness for the honeymoon extra because i have a partner whom i love very much, and i have been with her for a decently long time now.

once you get to a certain point in a relationship, this is kind of a lot of what you end up doing: looking through old pictures to rehash things you've done together, teasing each other, getting exasperated with each other. you know exactly how to deal with the other when they're upset, and they know how to deal with you, too. reading this very silly fantasy story reminded me, immediately, of silly disagreements i've had with my partner, of ribbing her until she gets mad at me, of making googly eyes at each other and grossing everyone else out.

after the vicissitudes of the remainder of the book (aforementioned world-jumping doppelgängers notwithstanding), this kind of boring, typical married life is exactly what shen qingqiu and luo binghe get together. i think that's pretty great.

100 RANDOM
QUESTIONS ON LUO-
SHEN'S AFFINITY

by soph

Habitat, Behaviour

Luo Binghe wants to know first-hand how much he's hurting Shen Qingqiu whenever they fuck. Shen Qingqiu wants to never hurt Luo Binghe again. They figure things out.

“This master can't see any reason to discuss those ridiculous questions any further,” Shen Qingqiu said, his fan in front of his face. It was nearing bedtime, anyway. What was wrong with just doing what they usually did? Why interrupt what worked?

Luo Binghe slumped a little in despair. Candle-light glinted in the unshed tears in his eyes as he lifted his gaze up to Shen Qingqiu's face.

Shen Qingqiu clutched his fan more tightly. “Never mind, Binghe, just tell me what it is you want to know.”

In an instant Luo Binghe straightened up. “I need to know what it's like for you,” he said seriously. “How can I improve if I don't? I need to know how much I'm...how much I'm hurting Shizun.”

“Absolutely not!” Shen Qingqiu snapped.

“Shizun need only be present,” Luo Binghe said, his expression turning pleading. “If we do it in the dream realm, I can take care of it all myself. Shizun won't have to do anything.”

Shen Qingqiu wavered.

Stubbornly, Luo Binghe continued, “If Shizun doesn't agree, this disciple will have to be disobedient and try it alone.”

That decided it. Shen Qingqiu had no other choice.

The dream was as beautifully detailed as all dreams that Luo Binghe had control over were. Shen Qingqiu sat in dignified silence on the edge of the bed, considering the fine calligraphy decorating the wall of the room, while beside him Luo Binghe was on his hands and knees being fucked by a dream puppet in the shape of Luo Binghe.

Luo Binghe was groaning, constant little “ahhh” noises, with tears running down his face. The sound of Luo Binghe’s slick hole being repeatedly thrust into was shockingly loud.

“Ahh, Shizun, it hurts, I can’t bear it,” Luo Binghe wailed. Shen Qingqiu had already discovered that Luo Binghe couldn’t be persuaded to stop regardless of what he said. Shen Qingqiu couldn’t bear it either. Poor Binghe, having to suffer like this! It wasn’t right!

“You’re being so brave, you’re doing so well,” Shen Qingqiu told him through the sound of the groans, and squeezed Luo Binghe’s hand tighter amidst the sheets. Luo Binghe’s eyes fluttered closed as he gripped Shen Qingqiu’s hand in return. His pillar jutted out, enormous and leaking and with nowhere to put it into, giving Shen Qingqiu an exact vision of the size of what was driving into Luo Binghe to torment him from behind.

“Let me help,” Shen Qingqiu told his unruly disciple firmly. How could he watch this kind of desperation from Binghe and do nothing? Luo Binghe, voice low and broken, could only repeat: “please, please, Shizun, please.”

Shen Qingqiu carefully removed his outer layers of clothing so the long skirts couldn’t get in the way. How foolish of him to not do so earlier! For some reason he kept fumbling with the ties and it took longer than it should have before he was sitting on the bed again, much closer this time, his hands reaching beneath Luo Binghe to grasp that formidable weapon.

As soon as Shen Qingqiu’s hands encircled it, Luo Binghe cried

out, “Shizuuuun!” and came. The puppet Luo Binghe disappeared, and the real Luo Binghe collapsed onto the bed, right into the spreading wet spot.

Obscurely disappointed, Shen Qingqiu redirected his hands to pat Luo Binghe’s flushed shoulders, feeling like he should still be doing *something*. Luo Binghe mumbled a few indistinct words into the bedding and put a hand onto Shen Qingqiu’s thigh.

Those strong, dexterous fingers were close to a sensitive area, Shen Qingqiu noticed with alarm. Wasn’t this supposed to be about Luo Binghe?! What are you doing, protagonist!

Shen Qingqiu picked up that hand in his own, lit a stick of incense in his heart for all the face he was losing, and delicately kissed each finger in turn. Luo Binghe’s breath hitched, and he began to audibly cry once more.

The breakfast Luo Binghe served Shen Qingqiu the next morning was as excellent as Binghe’s cooking always was. The thick cold noodles were perfectly tender, with the flavours of the spicy-sour sauce exquisitely balanced. Luo Binghe beamed with pride when Shen Qingqiu told him so. That child! He could never hear enough of Shen Qingqiu’s praise for his obviously superior cooking. He hardly needed the compliment, and yet it was as if he didn’t believe it unless he heard it from this old master’s mouth directly!

Luo Binghe was obedient and respectful all through breakfast, so Shen Qingqiu forgot to be concerned about whether the topic of the dream would remain decently in the world of dreams the way it should. When Shen Qingqiu had finished the last bite in his bowl, and Luo Binghe was completing the washing up, Shen Qingqiu began to consider how they might like to spend the morning.

There was a new treatise on the demonic beasts of wetland habitats

Shen Qingqiu had just picked up the other day, but hadn't yet had time for more than a cursory glance through. Perhaps he could begin to review it. He knew that Luo Binghe wanted to catch up on the mending pile and it would be a companionable way to spend time each at their own labours together. Luo Binghe always enjoyed it when Shen Qingqiu shared his thoughts on his reading.

But when Luo Binghe returned with tea and snacks and a particular look in his eye, Shen Qingqiu resigned himself to a different sort of morning.

"Shizun," Luo Binghe began, his warm dark eyes already suspiciously damp. Nope! No! Unfair! Shen Qingqiu quit!

Luo Binghe continued in the silence. "It *always* hurts for you, Shizun, doesn't it?" He sounded awfully certain, despite the hint of a wobble in his voice. Shen Qingqiu automatically flicked open his fan to hold it in front of his face. Luo Binghe's lips stiffened grimly, and he nodded.

Then that unstoppable Binghe of his went even further. "Why do we do it like that?" he said. "I went back and asked Shang-shishu about top and bottom, you know." He sounded reproachful. "It just happened like that? I thought that way was what you wanted!"

Shen Qingqiu didn't know what to say. How else would they do it?

The silence lengthened.

The tears in Luo Binghe's eyes looked closer and closer to spilling over.

With a decisive snap, Shen Qingqiu closed his fan and rapped Luo Binghe lightly on the head with it. "Foolish child!" he said. "If I'm with you, I have all I want. That's all."

Being with Luo Binghe turned out to have a wide variety of possibilities to choose between. Shang Qinghua's response to Luo Binghe's question must have been extremely thorough.

"I wanted to be sure I wasn't misunderstanding the dialect from your hometown!" was what Luo Binghe said in his own defense. Shen Qingqiu had to give up on feeling betrayed. It was sweet, how earnestly Binghe wanted so badly to know everything about him – even if Shang Qinghua needed to learn circumspection.

But with so many options presented eagerly like delicacies on a snack tray, Shen Qingqiu didn't know how to respond. If Luo Binghe refused to do it *that* way anymore, surely it was all the same, in the end, what they did instead?

When Shen Qingqiu expressed this, Luo Binghe's face lost its light and sparkle. "This pathetic husband doesn't deserve your regard," Luo Binghe said mournfully. "When I first cooked for you, I made new recipes often, to better judge the range and extent of your tastes. My efforts to understand other matters have been too limited, and I've failed you."

Shen Qingqiu was alarmed. He remembered the last time they'd tried a new recipe, so to speak.

But what Luo Binghe ended up suggesting didn't sound like too big an imposition in the end.

Luo Binghe grinding himself against Shen Qingqiu's thigh was not bad. Luo Binghe seemed to be enjoying himself, if his gasps and moans were any indication. The swollen, leaking pillar was even more obvious, smearing its mess all over Shen Qingqiu's skin. Luo Binghe's flexing and rippling torso was on display as he worked, and Shen Qingqiu couldn't help but run his hands up and down that solid mass of muscle. It was just so much! Glistening! Right there! Shen Qingqiu could hardly breathe.

But Luo Binghe kept going...and going, and going. Shen Qingqiu lay there and let him, but he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, no matter how long he kept thrusting. Shen Qingqiu's leg was starting to feel a little chafed, actually! How was Luo Binghe's more delicate part faring?

"Is this really what Binghe wants to be doing?" Shen Qingqiu said eventually.

Luo Binghe's expression crumpled. "Since it's with Shizun, of course it's good!" he said, but he didn't sound entirely convincing. Shen Qingqiu sighed. "Off, off, stop this," he said firmly.

Luo Binghe paused with widened eyes and obeyed with alacrity, pushing himself away and ending up kneeling on the floor beside their bed. His head was bowed.

Oh dear.

"It's fine, Binghe," Shen Qingqiu said in a hurry. "I just meant it may be good to try something else."

Luo Binghe looked up at that, a desperate, pleading, half-hopeful look that Shen Qingqiu couldn't bear to see. His poor disciple – so anxious to please, so sensitive to even an implied criticism!

When Shen Qingqiu gestured firmly, Luo Binghe returned hesitantly to get on the bed next to Shen Qingqiu... and didn't even try to start anything up again. Shen Qingqiu had broken the protagonist! What happened to that undeniable force that had let him push down hundreds of meimeis in another world? Shen Qingqiu had to take matters into his own hands to make sure Luo Binghe was satisfied.

Luo Binghe seemed startled at first by Shen Qingqiu's hands creeping across his hip to a certain place. But then Luo Binghe let out a sigh that seemed to melt him more comfortably into the bed,

and Shen Qingqiu found his goal.

It was sweet to watch Luo Binghe's powerful body flex in needy desperation as Shen Qingqiu worked his hands up and down Luo Binghe's pillar. It didn't take long for tears to come to Luo Binghe's eyes. *I'm trying, I'm giving you my best efforts!* Shen Qingqiu protested internally. "Pay attention," he told Luo Binghe sternly. "Is this good?"

"Yes, yes, Shizun, please – I need – this is –"

Shen Qingqiu frowned. "Speak clearly, Binghe."

"As... as Shizun orders!" Luo Binghe's voice sounded full of grateful, agonized focus. "This disciple... is unworthy of Shizun's attention. This disciple humbly requests – ahh!" There were a few moments where Luo Binghe panted desperately, then he tried again, so obedient, so willing to try hard! "This disciple humbly requests that Shizun...use a tighter grip?"

Oh! Shen Qingqiu hadn't considered that. Of course Binghe was used to something much tighter. He firmed his grip. "Tell me if this is sufficient."

Luo Binghe seemed hard-pressed to answer. His whole body was trembling, and he kept on thrusting into Shen Qingqiu's hands as if he was chasing something. When he opened his mouth to speak, all that came out after a few unintelligible syllables was a high keening wail.

Not enough information, Binghe! But Shen Qingqiu couldn't say that, when Luo Binghe really was trying to be good. Well, nothing for it but some experimentation!

Shen Qingqiu tightened his grip even further, fingers pressing in hard as he stroked Luo Binghe's dripping pillar. The effects on Luo Binghe escalated too: tears streamed from his eyes, dampening the

loosened curls of hair around his head, and his wail turned into ragged sobs.

Luo Binghe looked beautiful like this, of course. It was undeniable. He was made for sex! But...wasn't this reaction a little concerning? A little much? Shen Qingqiu loosened up a little – and words exploded from Luo Binghe's mouth again. "Please, more, please, Shizun, I need...I need..."

Some strange instinct within Shen Qingqiu had him leaning forward, wanting to try licking the fluid off Luo Binghe – the tears or the pre-come, he wasn't sure which he was aiming for. Good thing he noticed what he was about to do before his tongue ended up anywhere untoward! That certainly wasn't what Luo Binghe was asking for!

Shen Qingqiu's tongue stayed properly inside his mouth, mostly, as he obligingly squeezed tighter again, ignoring the twinge in his wrists as he did so. "Binghe deserves to feel good," he said. "This master will give you what you need."

Luo Binghe's sobs grew louder and more ragged.

It didn't take long after that for Luo Binghe to orgasm, his come spurting everywhere. Shen Qingqiu didn't let go until it was all out, and Luo Binghe was reduced to the cutest little mewling cries. Shen Qingqiu patted Luo Binghe's belly, which was yielding and slightly sticky with sweat in the trembling aftermath of release.

Some of the come had gotten on Shen Qingqiu's hand. He licked it.

Did all men's come taste that good, or was the protagonist's special? Shen Qingqiu was musing that it might be a heavenly demon trait, when Luo Binghe removed Shen Qingqiu's fingers from his own mouth and pulled him downward to smash their mouths together in a crushing kiss.

Between nips at Shen Qingqiu's lips, Luo Binghe murmured, "Shizun is so good to me." The bites were gentler these days at least! Shen Qingqiu was content to let his little sheep continue to mangle his lips. Cuddled up together like this, it really felt as if Shen Qingqiu had gotten away with something, stealing Luo Binghe from the rest of the world. You'll have to marry your second-choice men, he thought gloatingly towards all the wives his Binghe would never marry. None of them had been good enough for Luo Binghe anyway.

Later in the day, Shen Qingqiu had his treatise open and was industriously writing annotations into the text and onto additional sheets of paper when his notes didn't fit. This author clearly had no idea what an Ambush Lapwing was like! The description of its behaviour was laughable! Shen Qingqiu had had the pleasure of seeing a migrating flock of them that spring, and yet the text didn't say a thing about their migration patterns!

Where did they migrate to, Shen Qingqiu wondered. How far was their journey, when they left for the season? What were their nests like, and their eggs? What other demonic beasts would they encounter along the way?

Maybe someday he and Binghe would find out. There were so many things to see in this world that he never could have known about just from reading PIDW. Things Shang Qinghua didn't know either. And things the author of this treatise certainly didn't know! Infuriating. Perhaps the publisher needed to get a strongly worded letter from Shen Qingqiu, actually.

"Binghe," he called. In an instant, his sticky disciple was by his side, bringing him more paper. Anticipating his need before he even said anything! He ruffled Luo Binghe's hair fondly and continued writing, muttering under his breath.

Shen Qingqiu pushed his work away with a sigh some time later. The draft of his letter to the publisher was getting longer and longer and had sprouted enough digressions that he would have to rewrite a clean copy before sending it out. But for the time being he had finished reading the first two sections of the book and he was feeling lazy and sleepy, not at all the right mood to continue to read that garbage.

By some coincidence, Luo Binghe came back to Shen Qingqiu's work table with a small selection of snacks at just that time. "How perfect!" Shen Qingqiu said with delight. "Come, Binghe, sit down, join me."

With casual elegance, Luo Binghe sat down at the table by Shen Qingqiu's side. He picked up a peeled lychee from a little dish and, with a sly sideways glance, placed it against Shen Qingqiu's mouth. Shen Qingqiu's lips parted automatically.

Luo Binghe's fingers were in his mouth before he could even think about it. The sweetly delicate taste of the fruit, the firmness of Luo Binghe's fingers invading him, the – Shen Qingqiu swallowed the lychee, a little lightheaded. Luo Binghe's fingers stayed where they were. Shen Qingqiu swallowed again.

"Is it good, Shizun?" Luo Binghe asked. His voice was low, caressing. Shen Qingqiu tried to make a noise of agreement but instead a moan emerged from somewhere within him. He could feel his ears growing hot. Luo Binghe's two fingers pressed deeper into his mouth and somehow it was all he could feel, all he could think of. He was trying to arrange his thoughts to figure out what he ought to do next when all of a sudden the fingers were gone. He swayed to the side, somehow thrown off balance by their loss. His lips tingled.

Luo Binghe was right there to steady him. "Does Shizun want more?" Luo Binghe said, one arm around Shen Qingqiu's shoulders. More lychee, he must mean. Yes. Shen Qingqiu nodded, and

Luo Binghe swiftly pulled Shen Qingqiu in so he was cradled against Luo Binghe's firm chest. One of Luo Binghe's arms was around his waist, holding him close.

Shen Qingqiu considered protesting, but it was so comfortable that he hadn't the heart. What was done was done! He could scold Luo Binghe for the liberties taken later!

And then two fingers were pressing firmly between his lips again. No, three fingers. They filled his mouth, bare and fruitless. Shen Qingqiu sucked at them reflexively to control the build-up of saliva in his mouth. The fingers spasmed, then drove deeper in a sudden motion.

Binghe!!

Shen Qingqiu sucked harder, and tried not to bite. "Shizun is taking me so well," Binghe said intently, so close by that Shen Qingqiu could feel Luo Binghe's breath ghosting across his ear. Luo Binghe's fingers thrust slowly in and out. "This is all yours. My hands are yours, my whole body is yours, this is all for you. Sustaining you, not hurting you." He sounded almost worshipful. Shen Qingqiu could hardly bear to listen. He was surrounded by Luo Binghe, inside and out, his body thrumming strangely, his head spinning.

"Eat me up, Shizun. *Make* me yours. I want to, I want to –" Luo Binghe broke off, gasping. He was hard and getting harder, Shen Qingqiu could feel it in Luo Binghe's lap behind him. For some reason, Shen Qingqiu was getting a little hard too.

We did it just this morning, Shen Qingqiu thought in vague alarm. But that morning Luo Binghe hadn't put it in anywhere. It was only a hand. Maybe –

Saliva trickled out of Shen Qingqiu's mouth, more and more. He was drooling. How embarrassing.

But maybe...he could use that drool somewhere else? If Binghe needed to stick it in, why not in his mouth?

“Mnuh,” Shen Qingqiu said incoherently around the fingers. He tried to reach behind him but he was held too close by Luo Binghe’s embrace to find any space between them for his hand. He couldn’t do anything but sit there and let Luo Binghe do what he wanted. Binghe had better realise soon that there were options other than fingers that could go in mouths, if he wanted to be satisfied! Shen Qingqiu abdicated responsibility!

Shen Qingqiu regretted that thought a moment later when he felt dampness trickle down his neck and realised that Luo Binghe was silently crying behind him.

Nope! Not allowed! Shen Qingqiu bit down firmly on Luo Binghe’s fingers – which stayed in place, undaunted. “Shizun, yes, it’s yours, all yours,” he heard from behind him. Luo Binghe’s voice was nasal and soggy and exuberant. This incurable M! That wasn’t what Shen Qingqiu had been trying to communicate at all! He sucked on Binghe’s fingers a little longer, to try to soothe the bite.

It wasn’t too bad, anyway, to keep going like this if that’s what Luo Binghe wanted. The sentimental child could get such depths of meaning from even silly little things like this! It was no real hardship for Shen Qingqiu. It didn’t even hurt.

Some time later, Shen Qingqiu was feeling a kind of pleasant lassitude through his whole body. His head was leaning back against Luo Binghe’s shoulder while Luo Binghe mouthed and nibbled at his neck. His mouth was still stuffed with fingers, four of them now, filling him up and pinning him in place. All he had to do for Luo Binghe was stay right here, which was the easiest thing in the world. How could he wish to be anywhere else?

Luo Binghe’s arm around Shen Qingqiu’s waist began to move lower down, letting his hand creep between the layers of Shen Qin-

gqiu's clothing, seeking.

It was like when Shen Qingqiu was a child and had gotten his first pair of glasses, in a different life: suddenly his whole world sharpened and became more clear.

Shen Qingqiu was desperately hard, strained and leaking, as if his body was begging for Luo Binghe's touch. When had that happened? His face burned as Luo Binghe reached his goal and slid one large and calloused hand around Shen Qingqiu's pillar. "Binghe!" Shen Qingqiu said. He was afraid it came out as an undignified squeak. He wished he had one of his fans. He wished he were confident he had enough control over his hands that if he were given a fan right now, he would be able to hold it properly.

"Shizun, Shizun, tell me it's good," Luo Binghe mumbled into Shen Qingqiu's neck, as his hand on Shen Qingqiu's pillar moved with a firm sliding grip. His thumb reached for the tip; Shen Qingqiu gasped and arched into the sensation. "It's good!" he said, breathless... or tried to say, around the fingers of Luo Binghe's other hand, still in his mouth.

A little rumble of a laugh from Luo Binghe. It sounded fond and happy, so he must have understood. Shen Qingqiu felt acutely sensitised, with every movement and noise from Luo Binghe amplified until it was all he could focus on. There was so much going on and every part of his body was tuned to the key of Luo Binghe. A tightness was winding up inside Shen Qingqiu with every stroke of Luo Binghe's hand, with every fresh application of pressure from behind as Luo Binghe's enormous pillar ground into him. It almost made him feel like he might want to –

Shen Qingqiu came.

At dinner that evening, Shen Qingqiu felt flushed and flustered.

His fan was in front of his face more often than it wasn't, which really got in the way of enjoying Luo Binghe's cooking. As Shen Qingqiu put a piece of eggplant into Luo Binghe's bowl, he had to look away; if he looked too closely at the protagonist's face he might be blinded by the glow of pleasure that shone from it!

Well, no wonder. They had done it twice in one day, and of course Luo Binghe was at his best on a day like that.

There was a smile on Luo Binghe's lips as he brought the dark, glistening eggplant to his mouth, and a crinkle beside his eyes. Luo Binghe had always been an energetic type of person who never stopped planning ahead, but Shen Qingqiu thought he looked remarkably at peace.

How could Shen Qingqiu resist? He reached out to give Luo Binghe's fluffy head a pat. Luo Binghe's smile grew wider around his mouthful of eggplant.

They finished the meal together in pleasant quietness, unbroken except for Shen Qingqiu's praise of the food, of course.

After Luo Binghe cleared the dishes away, he asked Shen Qingqiu to honour him with a guqin performance. Most of Shen Qingqiu's recent practice had been of some particularly embarrassing songs he'd learned from a travelling musician, but he told himself that there was no reason to believe Luo Binghe would recognize the songs and know the words, so they would be safe enough to play for him. Shen Qingqiu wouldn't be singing along, after all.

As Shen Qingqiu played, a sprightly air with a story that would rival anything his sister had made him read a lifetime ago, Luo Binghe sat watching him with such an expression of softness on his face that Shen Qingqiu really couldn't be blamed for anything that might happen next.

When the song drew to a close, Shen Qingqiu's hands hovered

over the strings for a few moments as the final notes reverberated softly in the darkening dusk. Eventually the guqin was quiet. Only the sound of crickets could be heard, occasionally joined by the churring of a nightjar.

Shen Qingqiu cleared his throat. "Would Binghe like to hear another song?" he asked. Luo Binghe's eyes looked luminous, and his eyelashes were ridiculously long, adding definition and shape. Their feathered shadow crossed his cheek each time he blinked. Shen Qingqiu had no idea why he was noticing this.

"If Shizun would indulge me," Luo Binghe said, lowering his eyes.

Shen Qingqiu put his fingers on his guqin strings again, preparing to begin another song.

As the opening notes rippled out into the room, Luo Binghe shuffled himself over until he was seated directly next to Shen Qingqiu. Their sides pressed together, the solid living strength of Luo Binghe's body somehow a comfort to Shen Qingqiu as it always was. It was more inconvenient to play guqin this way, but Shen Qingqiu was willing to make sacrifices.

The sudden feel of Luo Binghe's arm reaching around Shen Qingqiu's waist from behind him made him startle a little, and fumble his notes, but he got himself back on track easily enough. If that was what Luo Binghe needed, who was Shen Qingqiu to say no?! Having Luo Binghe pull him in closer to hold him tight was no hardship.

Shen Qingqiu continued to play the song, with determined focus. Luo Binghe had asked him to play! But as Luo Binghe's other arm came around from the front, and his head came down on Shen Qingqiu's shoulder, it became harder and harder to maintain proper posture. Shen Qingqiu did his best.

His breaking point came when Luo Binghe kissed the tip of his

ear. Anyone would have struggled! Of course Shen Qingqiu had to leave off playing and lean into Luo Binghe's embrace.

Shen Qingqiu ended up with his arms around Luo Binghe's shoulders, nearly sitting on Luo Binghe's lap. The two of them remained like that, almost unmoving, breathing together, for an endlessly stretching moment. Shen Qingqiu could feel Luo Binghe's chest rise and fall against his own with each breath. Luo Binghe's arms around him held him comfortingly tight, as if anchoring him in place.

"I'm just so happy," Luo Binghe said damply into Shen Qingqiu's robe.

It took Shen Qingqiu several breaths before he could respond without embarrassing himself. "This master knows," he said, and his voice hardly shook at all. "This master is happy, too."

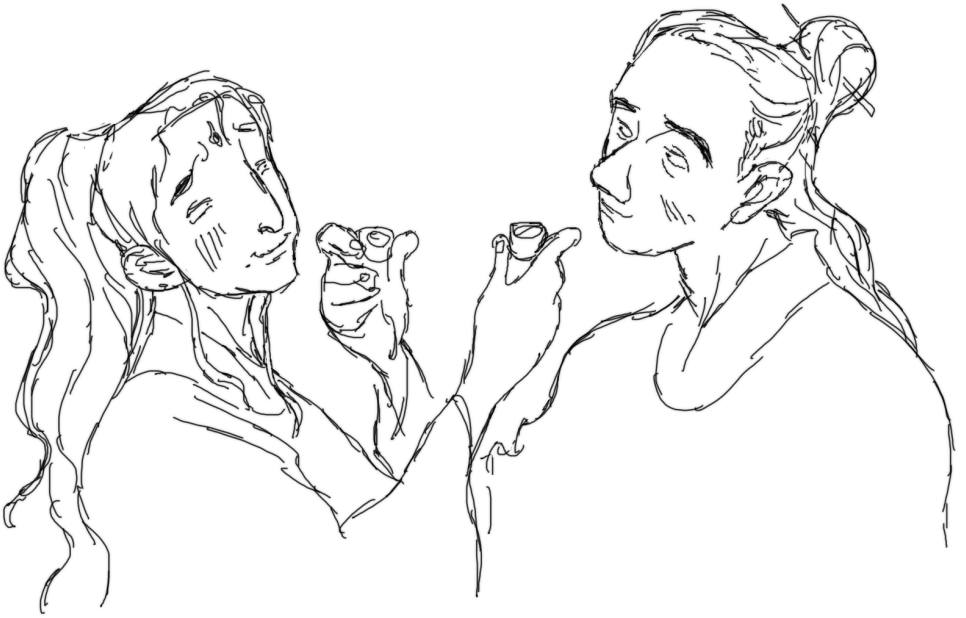
end notes:

love to my cheerleader and beta, verity, the wind beneath my wings!

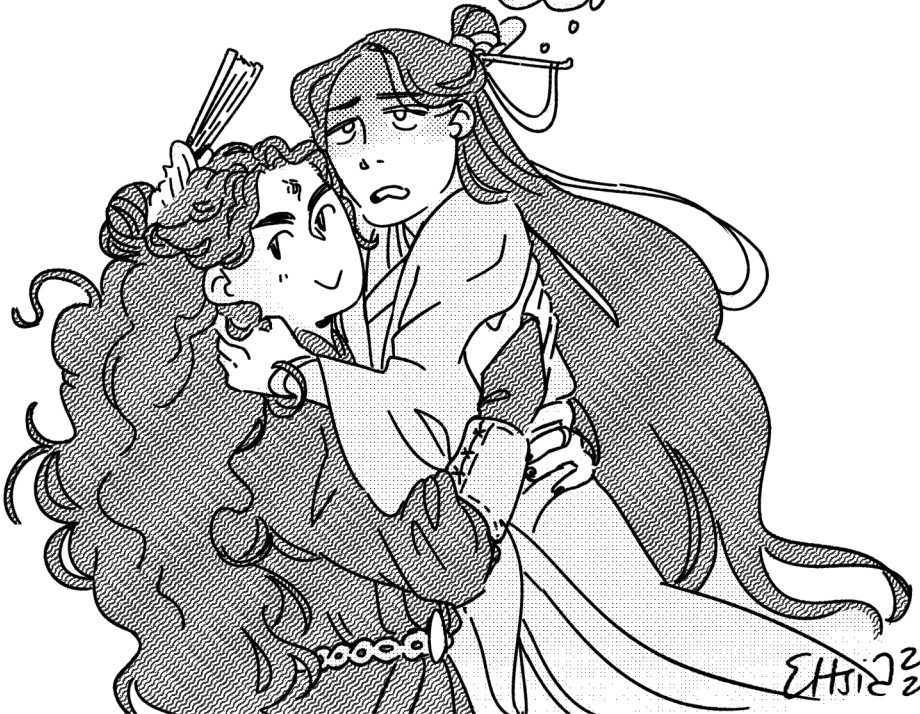
if you're wondering about the guqin music sqq is playing in the last scene: sqq is too embarrassed by the existence of song of bingqiu to play it for binghe, but it's definitely other songs of the same general variety, which he completely doesn't realise are ALSO thinly-veiled rpf about people he knows, lol. (binghe absolutely recognizes the songs and knows what they're about. sqq is lucky he didn't play the liushen one.)

WEDDING

by iplidl



isn't this
too
sappy?



2024
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