

Quick write 2025

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Quick Write 00: Template

Pairing:

Word count:

Warnings:

Notes:

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Quick Write 03: Season of Plenty (Moshang)

Pairing: Shang Qinghua and Mobei Jun from Scum Villian Self Saving System

Word count: 00

Warnings: Breeding kink, multiple orgasms, forced orgasm, Established relationship, animal features,

Notes: for @luna.bluesky

Quick Write 03: In Living Color

Pairing: Shang Qinghua and Mobei Jun from Scum Villian Self Saving System

Word count: 00

Warnings:

Notes: smut for the catfish au found here

<https://x.com/domtomy/status/1374959368186171392>

Shang Qinghua was smaller than he remembered.

The other had been taller in their youth, scrawny like a bean pole reaching towards the sun as a child.

He seems so small now, the hand gripped in his flexing cutely.

He keeps looking at him, then looking away and blushing fiercely.

It is good to see some color in those cheeks. He doesn't like to think that Shang Qinghua was suffering alone, sick.

He especially doesn't like the thought that he might have been sick because of what he told Mobei Jun.

"How do you feel?" he asks, squeezing his hand. Shang Qinghua flaps the other free one, brushing off his health, as he tends to always do.

"It's nothing! Just a little cold. I always get it at least once a year. How... How are you? Tired, I bet! You drove here, right? And you waited for like... ever! Did you at least eat? The noodles there are good. Or well, at least I think they are good. I'm not sure if you would like them. Maybe they aren't top quality, now that I think about it. I mostly eat ramen from a package, so I thought

they were good! But you will have to tell me. Anyways, you waited all that time, you must be tired... if you want, you can... uh drop me off and -"

"Qinghua."

Shang Qinghua freezes mid sentences and looks up at him.

In the middle of his rant, he was starting to try and pull his hand away but Mobei Jun refused to let him. He doesn't know why the other man is panicking but he would like to stop it and help.

"I did not eat. I was... nervous," he confesses slowly. He has never been truthful about the things he feels but Shang Qinghua looks like he's about to fly off with his bubbling nerves so Mobei Jun wants to keep him close. It's a simple thing to tell him the truth.

"Oh!?" Shang Qinghua says, eyes wide, and looking so cute, he wants to reach out to kiss him again, devour that mouth and taste and feel, again and again. "You? *You* were nervous?"

"I had no confidence you would come. As the hours passed, I grew less and less hopeful."

Shang Qinghua glances down at their intertwined hands, "I am glad I persevered. I can be very stubborn when I want something."

Shang Qinghua blushes again, pressing his other hand to hide his mouth, which is trying to smile. "Wow. that was... that was good. I'm going to use that for my next chapter."

Mobei Jun smirks, accomplished.

Shang Qinghua's fingers press harder for a moment, and he looks over to him when there is a lull in the traffic, "I'm... I'm sorry." The man begins, "I really am. I'm glad you waited... And you... well, I was being really stupid. You are just .. you know, *amazing* and it was a lot to take."

Mobei Jun wishes he wasn't driving. His stomach warms and twists. He doesn't know how to tell him how much he wants the easy happiness that Shang Qinghua gives him.

But more than that, how much he just wants to be around the man, support him, look at him.

"It's fine." is what he manages, and then looks back at the road.

The drive to his house should be quick, but it feels agonizingly long.

Shang Qinghua leads him up and Mobei Jun begins to put together the pieces of what he knew about Shang Qinghua's life from their many messages. The stray dog he feeds every day, the neighbor lady that always sticks her head out when someone walks by to scowl at them, his chipped door.

And finally, when he enters, Shang Qinghua begins prattling nervously again.

"Okay, so I told you I was your fan! Also, I needed a bunch of pictures to write you out, so don't be weirded out by how many pictures I have of you. There was a reason. Also, you're a model, so it's a nice face, like art. People admire art. I like art and- well..."

He quiets when they both come in.

It is very much lived in. Messy, and small, and smells just a bit.

Shang Qinghua beside him presses his face to his hands, making an agonized noise.

Mobei Jun smiles.

There are a lot of pictures, that is true. Above the simple computer desk is an array of his pictures on a timeline, from the tiny cut out in a magazine to his latest spread.

Mobei Jun huffs.

And then he sees others too, and he frowns. Binghe is there as well as models from Cang Qiong, Liu Qingge and the Shen twins. Luo Binghe's picture is the biggest.

"You said you were my fan." he says, walking over the board, "I see a lot of others here."

"Well, you are my favorite face, but I can't have everyone look like you. This face-" he taps on the poster of Binghe, "Is the face I use for my protagonist! Fiery, handsome, and smart!"

Mobei Jun looks over to him, grabbing his outstretched hand and pulling him close.

"I will give you a better picture of myself. You don't need to look at him every day."

Shang Qinghua is red, and his mouth is opening with no words before he scratches at his nose,

"Are you jealous?" he says, a slow devious smile slipping free, "Is the king jealous?"

Mobei Jun slides his hand down to settle on Shang Qinghua's back. The touch is easy.

Touch for him has never been easy.

Much of his job involved touch, other models, on him, holding him, touching him. Stylists in his face, taking off his clothes, moving and arranging him.

He's always disliked it.

But this feels as easy as breathing.

Shang Qinghua is small and warm and at his hips, he's soft and Mobei Jun wants him naked and gasping and in his arms.

But Shang Qinghua covers his face again and shakes it.

"Wait! I need to-- I really need to shower! And clean up, and oh god..."

Mobei Jun leans down to press his lips to the shell of his ear, hot and red in his embarrassment.

That easy happiness is filling him to the brim, and he is surprised by how is not put off by the slightly stale scent of his skin, or the greasy feel of his hair.

"Do you not think that we have waited for enough?"

Shang Qinghua shakes his head, "I mean.. I definitely want to look ... uh under your clothes today... and like... yeah, but yeah, please. Let me shower."

Mobei Jun pulls away, hands sliding up and down. He feels lovely. Warm and soft and though he thought he would be content on merely being with the man, he wants and he yearns to have him naked and against him.

"Go." he says, pulling his hands away fully. "But don't leave me waiting too long."

Shang Qinghua swallows hard and then in a flurry of motion, reaches up to kiss at his cheek, and then with a smile that is much too sweet, he flees through a small door on the side.

Mobei Jun stands there dumbstruck for much too long before he settles on the chair at the deck.

He looks over the little details on it, the post-it notes, and evidence of his lightning-fast thoughts, of characters being birthed on random scraps of paper.

The little he's read of Shang Qinghua works has been strangely compelling. His world is grand and overreaching and yet feels real. His characters lack a lot, but the ones he does like, the ones that he can tell are his favorite, their stories feel like they are written for the ages.

Shang Qinghua returns not 20 minutes later, rushing out of his small bathroom, steam billowing behind him.

Much to Mobei Jun's surprise, he's wearing a towel all the way under his armpits, red down to the tip of his shoulders, freckled in the evening light.

Oh.

"I forgot my clothes!" he wails, tripping around the room and obviously looking for something to put on.

Mobei Jun frowns as he stands, moves over to grab at him, stilling the man.

“Qinghua,” he says and watches as he lifts his head, eyes bright and wide. “Relax.”

“I’m fine.” he squeaks out but he seems stiff and taunt. Mobei Jun gentles his hands down the length of his arms, until he captures his hands, raising them up to kiss them softly.

“We can wait... to do anything more.” In reality, he wants anything that Shang Qinghua will give him, content in even just being able to hold him in this way.

But Shang Qinghua shakes his head hard. “No, We are! I want! So bad! But .. ah well... I suck at it? I think and- ah fuck-”

He shakes his head, and seems out of words, he flings his hands over Mobei Jun shoulder and kisses him, nibbling at his lower lip until Mobei Jun opens and he presses the tip of his tongue into his mouth, almost kittenish.

Mobei Jun rumbles, his hands wanting to touch and fondly desperate. The towel is thick, not allowing him to feel the shape of him anymore unfortunately, and his mouth a cool mint and chilly as they kiss.

When Shang Qinghua pulls away his eyes are half-lidded, his mouth red, freckles sweet as the blush underneath make them glow.

“Good.”

He taps against the knot that is

“The lights... “ Shang Qinghua mutters, “Have to turn off the lights...”

Mobei Jun reaches over to the lamp beside the bed, without pulling his mouth away from where he’s kissing a mark on his neck, but then stops.

“Why.” he asks, pulling back to frown down at him.

Shang Qinghua is panting hard, hands clinging to Mobei Jun’s shoulders, “AH- well... youll... you see me, otherwise?”

Mobei Jun’s frown tightens, “Yes. I wish too.”

“You-! You do?”



Haikaveh

Quick Write 01: Weight of the World (Haikaveh)

Pairing: HaiKaveh

Word count: 600

Warnings: face sitting, implied trans Kaveh

Tags: Established relationship,

Notes: for @nicawlette.bsky.social

Once when he was 17, he helped Kaveh up a wall.

It was certainly a Kaveh adventure. He had wanted to reach a higher point of the Akedemiya, to see something only he could see with eyes that were only his.

He had tried to scramble up but then gave Al Haitham a beseeching face and the younger teen had sighed and helped him up.

It was a revelation.

Kaveh had climbed up his body, thighs bracketing behind his neck, heavy and full on his shoulder.

He remembers how Kaveh's muscles had flexed against his jaw, how he had grabbed a shin, subconsciously caressed it down to circle a hand around his ankle, small even in his youthful grip. When he had squeezed, Kaveh had kicked out, laughing as he scolded him.

Al Haitham, in the moment, wanted to turn his head around and press his nose and mouth to the junction of Kaveh's legs and... and...

But then Kaveh had grabbed a ledge and pulled himself up and the weight was gone but not the shadow of the feeling.

He had never thought about it before that moment, but after that day, it was a thought he enjoyed turning over when the moon was high and the night dark.

But soon after, Kaveh left him, and then thoughts of his best friend were too painful to allow pleasure.

But now.... *Now...*

"This can't be right." Kaveh murmurs, adjusting on his knees for the fourth time.

Al Haitham punishes his apprehension by pinching at his ass.

Kaveh flinches, pouting and grabbing his hand. "That hurt, you fiend!"

"You are determined to annoy me, it seems, so expect reasonable reactions. *Sit down, Senior.*"

Kaveh huffs, scooting up just a bit again, hovering and he lets his hips down just a little before he makes a noise, a groan and then lifts up again.

“This can't be a thing, it's absolutely mortifying!”

If he didn't know Kaveh as well as he does, he would think the other man was trying to seductively tease him.

But Kaveh is as dense in matters of sex and he is brilliant in all other forms of study. An endearing contradiction.

Al Haitham sighs, before gripping the shelf of his hips and then pulling him *down*.

The silk of Kaveh's underwear is first, soft and sweet against his nose and mouth, and Kaveh yelps when Al haitham leans further in, and then there is scent and the just there feeling of moistness.

A fog begins to roll over Al Haitham's mind, as he forces Kaveh's full weight on him, and then he carefully opens his mouth, greedy and wanting.

Kaveh squirms at the first brush of his tongue, and Al Haitham feels the muscles in his legs squeeze at his jaw and he decides he wants to drown here. He wants Kaveh to grip his hair and ride his tongue until he shakes into oblivion, the heady scent of his overwhelming him.

He glances up at Kaveh, whose hands are braced wide on the headboard, His head is hanging down as he pants, eyes misty. Golden hair and red cheeks, he looks like he's been painted by an artist of old.

Kaveh bites his lip as he lets himself sink down further. His pink lips drop open with a breathy sigh when Al Haitham mouths wide, pointing his tongue to lick firm into the sacred heat and Kaveh's body responds with a shudder.

“Do you want...” Kaveh mutters, shy but eyes dark, “I mean, I would like to take off my underclothes.”

Al Haitham grins, his hands tightening on Kaveh's hips.

“That sounds agreeable” Al Haitham replies and then very neatly grips the silk and tears it away, despite Kaveh's shocked loud protests and scrabbling hands.

He's been wanting this before he knew what wanting this meant.
He will not wait another moment more.

Quick Write 02: Middle of the Night (Haikaveh)

Pairing: Kaveh and Alhaitham from Genshin Impact

Word count: 00

Warnings: Kaveh is a shy goat demon, nasty sex

Notes:

He's been summoned again.

Kaveh, blonde and beautiful and bare in the middle of the night, wearing only moonlight, shadows like seeking hands between his thighs and neck

His head is downturned, meek and perhaps ashamed but Al Haitham steps close, lifts his chin to see his eyes, red like the horns that curve from his head.

"I'm here" he says. Kaveh bites at his lips, conflict crossing his face but then he

Misc

Quick Write 05: In this World and the Next (jikook)

Pairing: JiKook

Word count:

Warnings:

Notes:

In this world and next...

Jikook

Rated T

Urban magic Fantasy, pre-relationship, obsessive behavior, enemies to lovers? (Not really), media res

Jimin wakes.

There was darkness, and now there is light. He blinks, his eyelids heavy and sore.

Alive, he thinks. Still alive.

He doesn't know why he thinks that. Was he dying? It's not unusual that someone would want him dead.

He blinks at that thought.

Oh.

He is surprised he's alive because he should be dead.

His head is hanging slightly forward and Jimin shifts his shoulders suddenly, feeling out the state of his body. He's suspended in the air it seems, arms outstretched by strong wispy lines of magic and his legs hang uselessly.

Jimin almost smiles. This isn't usual either.

He doesn't remember much of what happened, only that he had accepted death. He had been caught. By who or what matters little now. He had accepted his end.

So, why was he here? Alive and, after flexing his fingers and toes, whole and hale.

He's sore, but magic still thums under his skin like the buzzing of an electric live wire.

He pulls at his arms, shaking the metal rig he's connected to.

The sound carries loud in whatever room he's in, echoing like the chiming of bells. Jimin freezes when he spots something moving on the floor, curled up in a ragged cloth.

It moves oddly, slow and listing.

Jimin stiffens in his bonds, pushing magic into his captured wrists, but it dissipates as soon as it tries to reach out.

The thing stands, and it's human shaped and tall and broad. A human, perhaps, a man more likely.

Jimin's struggling shakes the rig again, the sound ringing out and the man seems to come alive, turning so quickly that his ragged cloth flies about.

The man's face turns to him and then he steps forward once, twice and suddenly he is sprinting towards Jimin, the hood of his cloak falling away to reveal his face.

Jimin stares at him.

Jungkook.

It's Jungkook.

The air leaves him. This makes sense. Of course it would be Jungkook that captures him, his oldest friend and the knife he held close to his heart even when it cut him to the bone.

Despite it all, he's glad to see his face again, even if this will be the last time.

The man stands and looks up, his eyes wide and his breathing heavy.

Jimin sneers at him.

"I assumed torture was beneath you, but I suppose even I can still learn new things about you."

Jimin watches his face, looking for his words to hit, for his boyish beauty to distort into disgust, for Jungkook to hate him just a little more.

But Jungkook doesn't react, he is staring and staring.

"Well?" Jimin tries again, "why am I here? Why am I alive!? Shouldn't I be dead?"

At that, Jungkook flinches. His whole body reacts as if he's seeing it happen and not just words spoken to air. Shoulders bunching, hands clenching jaw and teeth tight. Stress lines form around his eyes, his mouth a downturned distressed line and Jimin, even after all these years has an irrational desire to soothe him. But they are enemies now. There can be no kindness between them.

"How-" Jungkook croaks, voice cracked and hoarse. Unused. How long have they been there?

"How do you... feel?"

"I'm hanging helpless in front of you, my greatest enemy. How do you think I feel?"

Jungkook's face twists slightly, and then holds his hand out, waving it wandless.

Jimin wants to lash out again. Wandless. Not even an elder witch and he can spell wandless.

"I will not live in a world you are not in."

He says, calmly, like his words are not a confession and a curse all rolled into one.

Jimin tries to pull away, but Jungkook is stronger, has been stronger since he was 15 and magic came pouring from him like a dam burst.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

Jungkook will not stop looking at him, his mouth red bitten, his boyish face sucken with exhaustion.

"I brought you back. I decided, I don't care what happens or why you... do everything you do, as long as ... somehow I can reach you."

"You brought me back from... from what?"

Jungkook's eyes close for the first time, his whole body trembling. He feels like a tree shaking in a storm.

"I broke the rules." Jungkook says slowly, pulling Jimin closer, his hands gripped

"I made it from my own flesh and blood. It's mine, whether you accept that or not."

"You-" Jimin struggles in his hold, tears flooding his eyes. "Why would you-" he can't understand any of this. Jungkook, pure and powerful, with the world's eyes upon him

"I can't stay with you. I have to