

**Grandmaster of Demonic Cultivation / Mo Dao Zu Shi / 魔道祖师**

**第115章 外一篇：家宴 2 蜜月流水账**

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**MDZS Chapter 115 Side Story: Family Banquet 2 - Honeymoon Chronicles (English Translation)**

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Although it was said, the two did not actually have the chance to immediately “try it out” that night. That was because Lan Wangji had to first pay a visit to Lan Xichen, who had been locked in isolation for a long time, to have a lengthy conversation.

And Wei Wuxian recently adopted a strange habit, developing a liking to pressing himself against Lan Wangji’s body when he slept, regardless of whether it was spooning with Lan Wangji or facing him and lying on his chest, if this living being wasn’t around to lean against, he wouldn’t be able to fall asleep. Hence, he decided to rummage through the drawers in the Library Pavilion and was able to uncover quite a number of things.

Since young, Lan Wangji had always been orderly and disciplined, storing every word he practiced, drawing he painted and essay he wrote neatly, according to year. Wei Wuxian began from Lan Wangji’s youngest work, smiling as he flipped through each page. He found it very interesting and whenever he saw Lan Qiren’s red brushstrokes criticising Lan Wangji’s work, his teeth inevitably clenched together. However, after flipping through several thousand pages, he actually found that Lan Wangji had written one word wrongly, and subsequently copied the word diligently a hundred times on the back of the page. Wei Wuxian thought, “Poor thing, you’d think he was afraid of forgetting the word!”

He was about to continue flipping through the works, its edges slightly yellow with age, when he noticed a faint light coming from the darkness outside the Library Pavilion.

He did not hear any footsteps, but with experienced movements, he tumbled back onto Lan Wangji’s bed, pulling the blanket all the way up to his head. When Lan Wangji entered the room, all he saw was a facade of the person in the room sleeping peacefully.

Lan Wangji’s movements were already silent, but upon seeing that the person had already “fallen asleep”, he became even quieter, slowly closing the doors as he stood there silently for a moment before heading towards the bed.

Before he reached the bed, the top half of his body was suddenly covered by a blanket.

“ ..... ”

Wei Wuxian touched and pinched random areas of his body roughly, but Lan Wangji continued to stand still, as though he were a dead person, allowing him to do as he pleased. After awhile, Wei Wuxian grew bored and said, "HanGuang-Jun, why aren't you resisting even a little? If you don't move at all, what fun is there in me raping you?"

Lan Wangji's voice travelled dully from under the blanket, "What do you want me to do?"

"I'll trap you, you push me, refusing to let me trap you, using your legs to struggle and cry for help at the same time....." Wei Wuxian instructed.

"No unnecessary or loud noise in the Cloud Recesses."

"Then you can cry for help softly. And also, I'll tear off your clothes, you'll try to resist as much as you can, covering your chest and preventing me from pulling your robes off."

The blanket fell silent for a moment.

As though deep in thought, Lan Wangji said, "It sounds difficult."

"Is it?!" Wei Wuxian asked incredulously.

"Mn."

"I guess it can't be helped then, let's switch roles instead, you rape me....."

Before he could finish his sentence, he felt himself being flipped around as the blanket flew into the air. When he looked again, Lan Wangji had already pressed him against the ground.

Because he had been covered by the blanket, Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon was slightly crooked and several strands of hair fell by the side of his face. His jade white face was also slightly flushed and under the candle light, he looked like a shy, blushing beauty. It was a pity that this beauty had ridiculously huge arm strength and his arms were like refined steel and Wei Wuxian couldn't help but plead, "HanGuang-Jun, HanGuang-Jun, please be merciful."

Lan Wangji's gaze remained fixed on him, the reflection of the candle flame dancing in his eyes as he said mildly, "Ok."

"Ok what? Upside down? Rape? Eh! My clothes!"

"You suggested it."

Having said that, he pressed his body between Wei Wuxian's thighs. Wei Wuxian waited several moments but Lan Wangji did not move.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

Lan Wangji got up slightly and said, "Why are you not resisting."

Wei Wuxian wrapped his legs around his waist and grinded gently against him, refusing to let him go as he said cheerfully, "Eh, I can't do anything about that. Once you press against me, my legs can't help but open on their own, they can't even close together, much less resist. It's difficult not just for you, but for me too.....Wait, wait, come come come, let me show you something first." He pulled out a sheet of paper from his robes and said, "Lan Zhan, let me ask you, how could you have gotten such a simple word wrong, are you not studying seriously? What are you thinking of all day?"

Lan Wangji took a quick glance at the paper and remained silent; however, it was obvious from his expression that he felt indignant: Wei Wuxian couldn't even copy in straight lines, adding and leaving words as he pleased and making errors everywhere, yet he was scolding him for getting a single word wrong.

Wei Wuxian pretended not to understand his expression and continued, "Look at the date you recorded here, let me count.....This is probably when you were already fifteen or sixteen, am I right? Already fifteen or sixteen and making his kind of mistake, you....."

However, when he thought about the date recorded on the sheet more closely, he realised that it was precisely during the three months that he was practicing at the Cloud Recesses.

Wei Wuxian gloated, "Could it be that young Second Brother Lan was not paying attention to copying, but instead was thinking about me?"

Back when Wei Wuxian was copying at the Library Pavilion as punishment, he had raised chaos in front of Lan Wangji, pretending to be a walking corpse, pretending to be dead, trying all sorts of tricks and not giving Lan Wangji a single moment of peace. It was hard to not even "think" of him, but it was not the "thinking of him" that he had meant. Under such circumstances, Lan Wangji still managed to resist himself and supervised as he copied the family rules, at the same time doing his own work. It was already a superhuman feat that he only got a single word wrong.

"Eh, how is it my fault again, are you blaming me again?"

"....." Lan Wangji replied broodingly, "Your fault!"

His breathing became erratic as he reached out to snatch back the piece of paper that blemished his life. Seeing that Lan Wangji had been forced to this state, Wei Wuxian immediately pressed the paper tightly to his chest and stuffed it within his robes as he taunted, "If you're capable then come get it."

Lan Wangji reached into his robes without hesitation and snatched the paper out in a flash.

"You're too capable!"

The two fooled around for almost half the night and it wasn't until the later half of the night before they finally talked about proper matters.

Wei Wuxian was still pressed on top of Lan Wangji's body, his face buried in the crook of his neck as he breathed in the steady fragrance of sandalwood. His entire body felt lazy as he closed his eyes and murmured, "Is your brother alright?"

Lan Wangji had wrapped an arm around Wei Wuxian's bare back as he stroked it gently. He was silent for a moment before replying, "Not too good."

Both of them were glistening with sweat and Wei Wuxian felt itchy all over at being touched, from his skin to his heart, as he squirmed around uncomfortably, sinking lower against Lan Wangji's body.

Lan Wangji said sadly, "Back during the few years that I was confined, it was always Brother who came to talk to me."

Yet today, the roles had reversed.

Wei Wuxian already no longer had the need to ask what Lan Wangji had done during his years in confinement.

The next morning, Lan Wangji still woke up punctually at *maoshi*.

During the few months that he and Wei Wuxian had lived together, he had committed himself to correcting Wei Wuxian's body clock, but his efforts had been in vain so far. After the disciples had sent the bath water, Lan Wangji would dress Wei Wuxian properly and carry him into the bath. Wei Wuxian would continue to sleep as he soaked in the water. When Lan Wangji pushed him gently, he would grab his hand, kissing his palm and his knuckles a few times and place it at his face and continue sleeping. When he was pushed until he became annoyed he would tut several times and pull Lan Wangji down with his eyes still shut and cup his face, kissing him and murmuring, "Be good, be good, don't play around. I'm begging you, just a while more and I'll wake up. Mn."

And with a final yawn, he would go right back to sleep leaning against the bathtub.

Although he knew that even if the house started burning up in flames, Wei Wuxian would simply switch location and continue sleeping, Lan Wangji persisted in waking him up every morning from *maoshi*, and then get kissed and touched sixty over times without his expression changing.

When he brought breakfast back to the Library Pavilion, he would place it on his desk before carrying a still sleeping Wei Wuxian out of the water and clean him up, dress him, tie his belt properly before selecting a book from the library, flipping it to where a bookmark had been placed, sit down and begin reading.

Sure enough, just at the end of *sishi*, Wei Wuxian would sit up straight, getting off the bed and feeling around as though sleepwalking. He would first reach Lan Wangji, and after embracing him, he would rub his thighs habitually. After a quick washing up he would finally be awake and head back to the study. Wei Wuxian finished an apple in several bites and seeing that the food basket was piled high to the brim, the corners of his mouth curved upwards as he said, "Isn't there a family banquet today, is it alright to eat so much first?"

Lan Wangji serenely adjusted his hair and forehead ribbon as he replied, "Fruits first."

Wei Wuxian was well aware of the type of food served at the Cloud Recesses; bland soup like water and only various types of green vegetables, tree bark, grass and other medicinal herbs. Everything carried a forceful bitterness and within the bitterness held a trace of a strange sweetness. If not for this, Wei Wuxian would not have suggested roasting those two rabbits to eat back then. He was never full nor satisfied at their family banquets.

Wei Wuxian knew that the Gusu Lan Sect treated attendance extremely seriously, and allowing him to attend the banquet meant acknowledging him with the status of cultivation partner. Lan Wangji must have talked to Lan Qiren for a long time before securing his attendance. He smiled reassuringly.

"Relax. I'll behave myself. I won't embarrass you."

Talking about family banquets, the ones at the Cloud Recesses were worlds apart from the ones that Wei Wuxian was familiar with.

The Yunmeng Jiang Sect always held their family banquets at the training grounds, laying out dozens of large rectangular tables as everyone sat around at random regardless of gender or age. The kitchen would also be moved outdoors and rows of woks were lit ablaze as the fragrance of dishes spread through the air. One could take whatever one wanted, and if there wasn't enough, the chefs would prepare it immediately. It was a lively, noisy, and chaotic

scene. Although he had never been to the Lanling Jin Sect's family banquets, he knew that the sect had never been one to sting on such festivities, including famous sword dances, jade trees and wine fountains, including a red carpet. He was sure it would have been extremely grand.

In sharp contrast, the family banquets at the Cloud Recesses were not lively, nor were they lavish.

The Gusu Lan Sect had always been strict with their rules, no talking while eating, no speaking while resting, even before the banquet began, nobody would speak a single word. When one entered the banquet hall one would greet each other in hushed voices and bow respectfully, but other than that nobody spoke nor laughed. Everyone wore the same white robes, the same cloud-patterned forehead ribbon, the same strict and serious expression, as though they were all crafted from the same mould.

Looking around the banquet hall, Wei Wuxian ignored the curious and unfriendly gaze of the others as he remarked, "How is this a family banquet, why is it more depressing than a funeral."

At that moment, Lan Xichen and Lan Qiren entered the banquet hall. Lan Wangji, who had been sitting quietly beside Wei Wuxian, finally moved slightly.

Lan Qiren probably felt that he would have a heart attack if he saw Wei Wuxian, and so chose not to see him at all, gazing straight ahead. Lan Xichen remained as usual, the corners of his mouth hinting at a smile, his presence refreshing. However, whether the cause was due to his confinement or not, Wei Wuxian felt that ZeWu-Jun had become comparably paler and gaunt from before.

After the clan leaders sat down, Lan Xichen said several words of formality and the banquet began.

The first dish was a soup.

Drinking soup before meals was a habit of the Gusu Lan Sect. The soup was contained in a simple black bowl with a lid no larger than one's palm, its surface smooth to the touch. When the delicate lid was lifted, sure enough, it was a pile of green and yellow herbs.

Just by looking, Wei Wuxian's eyebrows were already knitted together. After sending the bowl to his mouth and taking a sip, even if he had prepared himself mentally, he couldn't help but close his eyes and touch his forehead.

After a while, he finally recovered from the shock of the bitterness, his elbows barely supporting his body upright as he leaned on the table, thinking, “.....If the Lan Sect ancestors were monks, they must have been ascetics.....”

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but remember and miss the family banquets at Lotus Pier and the huge pot of lotus root pork ribs soup and the fragrance of the meat and lotus roots drifting in a ten mile radius, attracting even the nearby children to peek through the gates of Lotus Pier, salivating as they cried all the way home that they wanted to be Yunmeng Jiang Sect disciples. Compared to that, right now, he wasn't sure whether to pity himself for having to endure such bitterness or Lan Wangji who had been eating this type of food since birth.

Nonetheless, the other Lan Sect members remained expressionless as they finished the medicinal soup, their actions graceful, natural and self-contained. Wei Wuxian felt bad for leaving so much untouched. Moreover, among the four thousand, no, he wasn't sure how many rules there were anymore, family rules, he remembered that there were also rules for dining etiquette, such as not being picky and not leaving leftovers, and not eating more than three bowls of rice. Even though he felt the rules were ridiculous, he didn't want to be scolded by Lan Qiren again.

Who knew, just as he had steeled himself to drink another mouthful of the strange medicinal soup, he realised that the bowl was already empty.

“???”

He couldn't help but pick up the dainty black bowl and think, “Didn't I just drink one mouth only? Is it leaking from below?”

Yet, his table was clean and glistening, no liquid in sight.

Wei Wuxian glanced over only to see Lan Wangji finish the last mouthful of medicinal soup and close the lid, his eyelids lowered as he patted the corner of his mouth with a white handkerchief.

However, he clearly remembered that Lan Wangji had definitely finished his soup much earlier.

He also noticed that Lan Wangji's table seemed to be much closer than before the beginning of the banquet, as though it had been moved discreetly.

“.....”

Wei Wuxian wriggled his eyebrows and mouthed, “HanGuang-Jun, aren't you pretty quick?”

Lan Wangji put down his handkerchief and glanced at him before calmly shifting away his gaze.

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