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<https://twitter.com/weiwuxiansnose/status/1312810894875795456>

 modern au wei ying going to his boyfriend's apartment for the first time and discovering that he has like. a whole little massage table setup?

like wei ying knew lan zhan is a massage therapist but he thought, y'know, that he had a separate space or something. a studio.

and they're on the couch kissing a little and wei ying teases "why don't you show me what those hands can do?"

(this thread will be )

and lan zhan is like "okay. i'll be right back."

he goes to his room and returns wearing the outfit he usually wears for work (a tanktop, loose pants. it's very sexy.)

he's got a towel. tells wei ying to strip until he's comfortable, he won't look.

wei ying is a little  but also like oh my god??

so lan zhan turns around, and wei ying takes off his shirt, and his pants, and... okay, he's feeling kinda brave, so he takes off his boxers too.

he lies down on the massage table, drapes the towel over himself, and tells lan zhan he's ready.

lan zhan turns around, looking Entirely Professional.

and wei ying thinks that is **very** hot of him.

lan zhan puts on some nice soothing music and lines up his massage oils. checks if wei ying has any allergies—he doesn't—and opens up the first one.

wei ying closes his eyes, and lan zhan gets to work.

and it's like.

okay, yes, this is incredibly sensual and this is his **boyfriend**

but it's legitimately very nice and soothing also?

and wei ying might fall asleep a little. Sleeping face

...until lan zhan taps him gently to wake up and turn over.

he leans down close to wei ying's ear and says with a low voice, "are you comfortable with my hands going under the towel, wei ying?" the way he might ask a client. except like, this is *way* sexier.

wei ying hopes.

he's never actually *had* a professional massage before???

so he just nods and tries not to freak out.

cuz this is very exciting and he's *definitely* gonna get hard.

(and might be a little bit already, but nothing too crazy.)

but if he's lying on his back. lan zhan is gonna SEE it. and they haven't!! gotten to that point!! in their relationship yet!!

but it's okay. wei ying gets a little thrill thinking about lan zhan seeing him like this.

lan zhan works his way over wei ying's shoulders, down his arms.

he flexes his wrists gently, then works his thumbs and fingers into wei ying's hands, up and down his fingers.

wei ying is already feeling like a limp noodle but like, in a sexy way

then lan zhan's hand dips under the towel to work at wei ying's hips, loosen up the muscles in there.

and wei ying's... uh, defs getting hard. but it's his BOYFRIEND who is VERY SEXY and TOUCHING him so he decides he doesn't even feel embarrassed about it.

it's normal!

and in fact wei ying has it on good authority that lan zhan also finds it very sexy, so.

lan zhan starts dipping down into his groin, but not too far. and wei ying thinks, why don't we spice this up a little?

his eyes are still closed but he bites his lip. "mmm," he hums—a little noise that's just on the edge of a moan.

he asks, "do you offer happy endings at this establishment?"

and without even skipping a BEAT, lan zhan replies, "i would lose my license."

as his fingers dip further into wei ying's groin.

"I won't tell anybody," wei ying says. "and i'll tip double the cost."

the towel is... somewhat unceremoniously removed from his person.

and he shivers.

he can hear lan zhan *breathing* near him and like. the little hitches, the way he's obviously working to keep it steady? fuck.

wei ying is so incredibly turned on, and he knows he's showing it, too.

"do you ask all of your RMTs to do this?" lan zhan asks in a tone bordering on... petulant?

which is obviously for the sake of this little impromptu roleplay, but it gets wei ying fired UP

wei ying says, "only the really attractive ones."

there's a pause, and lan zhan's fingers are... *so* close to touching him that all wei ying would have to do is shift his hips a little to the side.

but he doesn't. he lets the silence stretch a little more before he lets out a breathy chuckle.

"in other words, only you."

"then perhaps I can offer the services I only offer to the most attractive of my clients," lan zhan replies, teasing his fingers juuuuust along the edge of wei ying's cock.

it's barely a brush of his knuckles.

"yeah?" wei ying says.

lan zhan leans down and wei ying can feel hot breath on his cock. he does his best to stay *still*.

"in other words," lan zhan echoes, "you."

"yes, anything," wei ying moans. that's not even for the role, that's just *him* cuz *lan zhan's gonna*—

the head of wei ying's cock is suddenly enveloped by lan zhan's hot, wet mouth.

and if it weren't for lan zhan essentially pinning him down by the hips, he'd have thrust up *really* forcefully.

lan zhan takes his time, just like he did with the massage, getting wei ying's cock all wet. he plays with his balls, teases along his perineum.

circles *near* his entrance but doesn't actually touch it. (that's maybe for the best cuz they haven't talked about it yet.)

he makes a ring with his thumb and forefinger around wei ying's cock, wrapping it tightly around the base of his shaft. he slides it up and down a couple of times.

and then he *really* starts to suck. 💧

and wei ying finally opens his eyes because that's his *boyfriend* between his legs, sucking his cock with hollowed cheeks and looking so pretty while he does it.

wei ying: 🥵🥵🥵

but maybe the sight is a little *too* much because he can feel the tension already coiling tight in his belly.

and he gasps, "lan zhan, you're too good, please—" and lan zhan *speeds up.*

"lan zhan, seriously," he moans. "i'm gonna cum if you keep that up."

lan zhan looks up at him through those freakishly beautiful eyelashes. and he BATS THEM A COUPLE OF TIMES and KEEPS GOING.

and wei ying's gone. he's a goner.

he's coming in lan zhan's mouth and he thinks he can hear himself babbling through it, but he doesn't pay attention to what he's saying, losing himself to the overwhelming sensation of his release.

and!!! lan zhan *keeps sucking him.*

like. like a straw, or something, which wei ying thinks shouldn't be all that sexy but holy fuck it *is* and now it hurts and feels good at the same time because he's oversensitive.

lan zhan finally pulls away.

the room-temp air feels cool on wei ying's dick, but it's such a nice sensation, a feeling to bundle up with the rest as The Best Things He's Ever Felt.

lan zhan rests his cheek on wei ying's thigh and smiles up at him.

"come up here and snuggle me," wei ying demands in his best cute-whine voice.

"I won't fit," lan zhan says with a little hint of a laugh. "the massage table isn't big enough."

so, just to be difficult, wei ying says, "take me to bed, then."

and? whaddya know! his super sexy RMT boyfriend is also weirdly strong, and he scoops wei ying up (and don't forget wei ying is STILL NAKED) while he's still fully clothed.

lan zhan bridal-carries him to the bedroom and sets him down softly on the bed before climbing on top of him and snuggling in, as requested.

😏 the end~ 😊