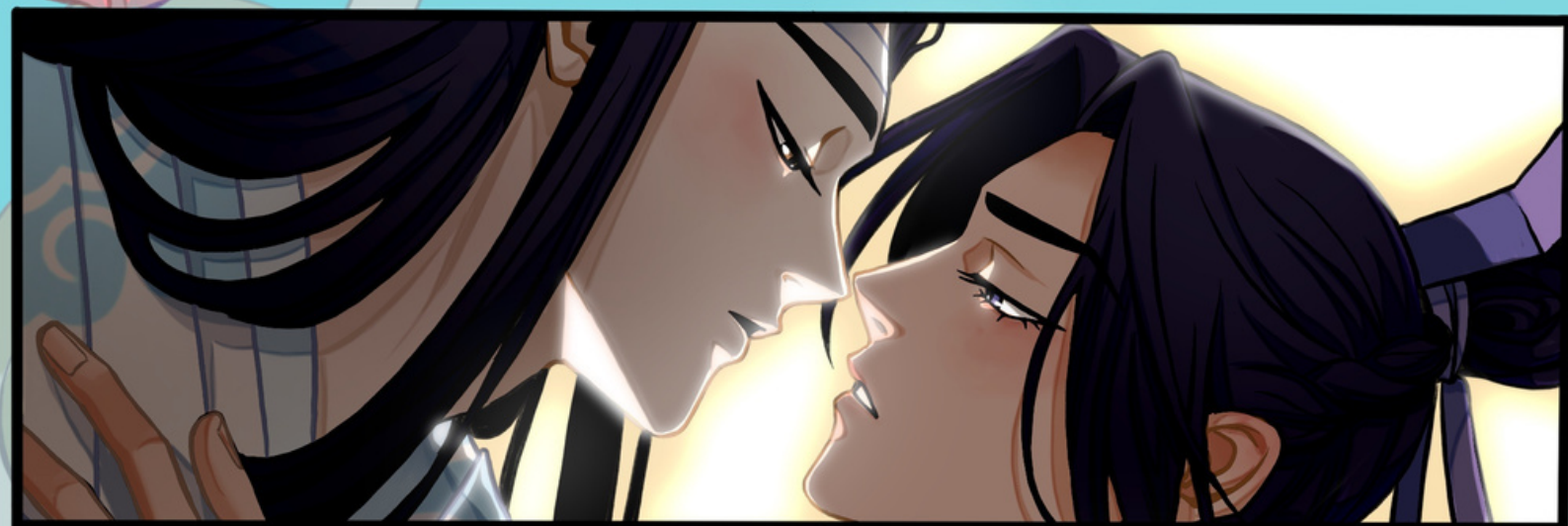


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ENGLISH VERSION



XiCheng
zine



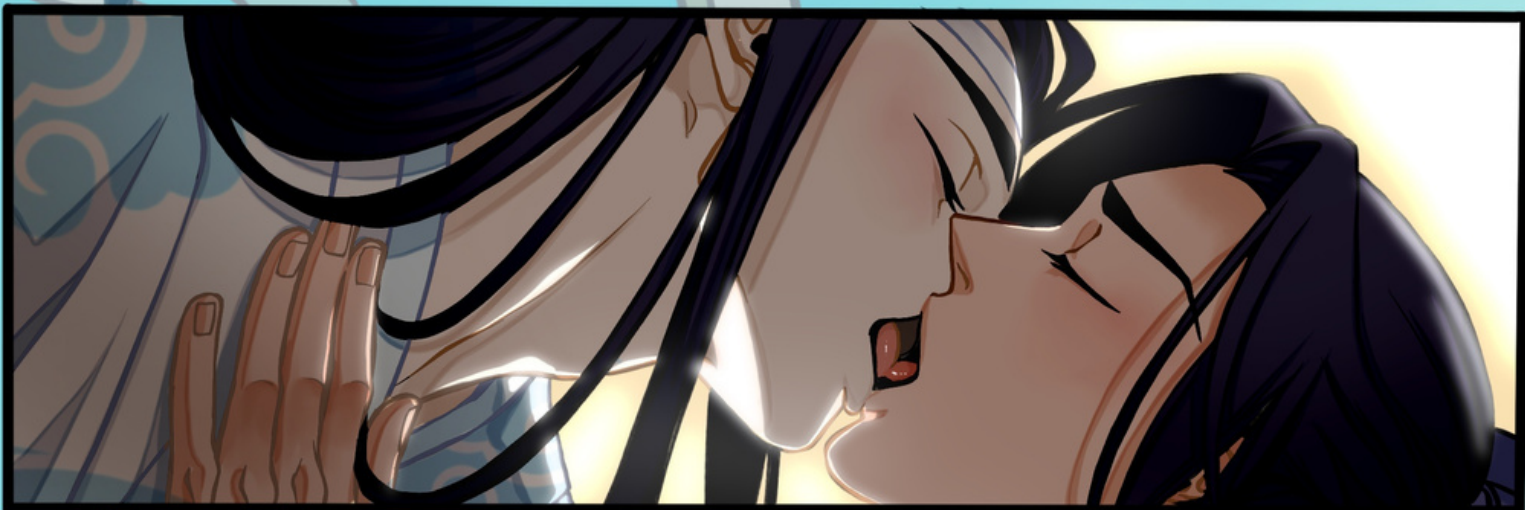
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Page Artists

Rowein



@Rowein_



Cover Artist

Clanaa



@Clanaa1



Pandda



@panddapple00



Shweenus



@Shweenus



Writers

Oryctolagus

"(´•ω•`)"


@_oryctolagus





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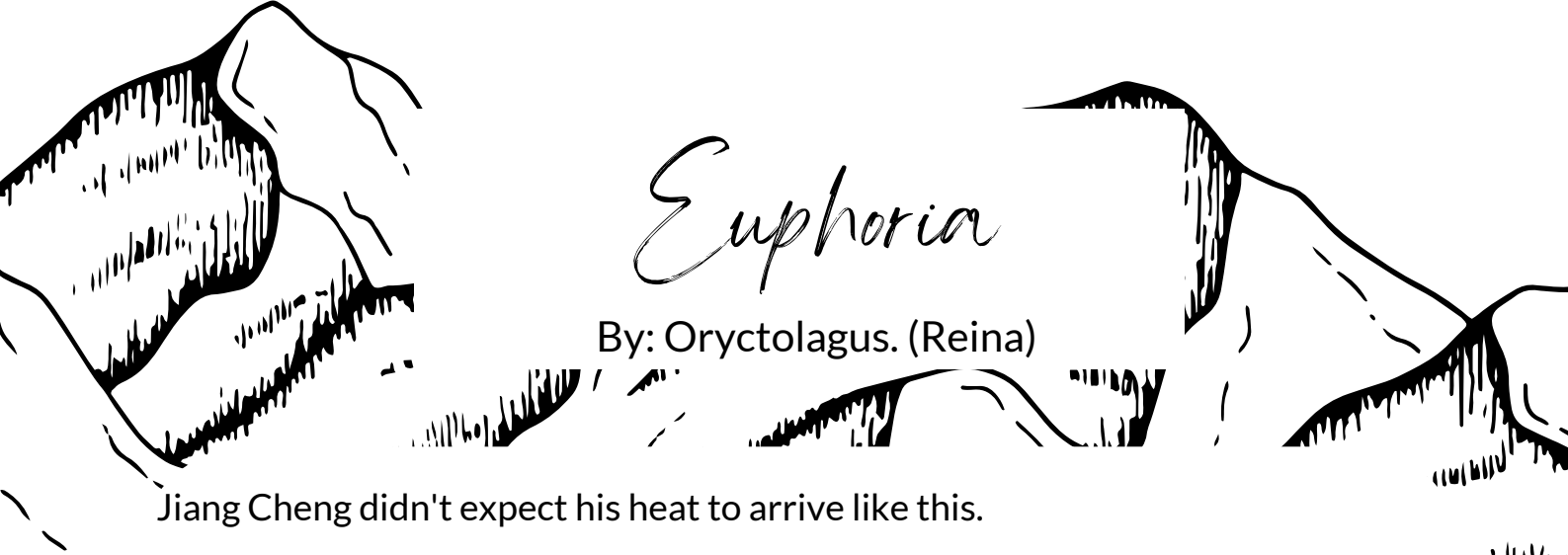


ALL!

Alone

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Euphoria

By: Oryctolagus. (Reina)

Jiang Cheng didn't expect his heat to arrive like this.

Scratch that, he hadn't expected his heat to arrive at all. His secondary gender had never been a secret, but between the expectations he had for himself and the obligations as a sect leader, he could hardly afford to take a leave of absence every few months for a week-long heat. After all, there is a reason why omegas rarely became sect leaders.

With that reasoning in mind, Jiang Cheng had been secretly taking doses of the yaowang flower ever since he presented at fifteen. The yaowang flower is an exceedingly yin medicine and was rarely used for suppression due to its impracticality. At low doses, it was indeed very effective at delaying heats, but with prolonged usage, it would almost certainly render an omega infertile.

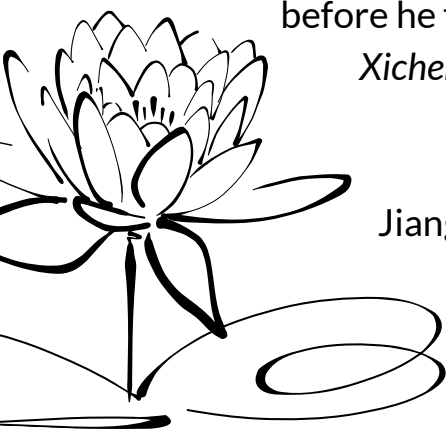
And Jiang Cheng knew he was a broken omega.

He had willingly broken himself, with his last memory of a heat being at least a decade ago. He wasn't even supposed to get heats anymore, so there was definitely no reason for him to slip into the beginnings of one when he was merely visiting the esteemed Zewu-jun, Lan Xichen.

"Sect Leader Jiang?"

Lan Xichen places a hand on his shoulder, possibly to console and reassure, but the contact only serves to stoke his flames of arousal. Jiang Cheng smells before he feels; the heady scent of an alpha, of something uniquely *Lan Xichen*—a hint of petrichor with muted agarwood notes—wafting around and enveloping him.

Jiang Cheng shivers involuntarily, fingernails biting into his palm.



"Wanyin, are you okay?" Lan Xichen encircles his arm around Jiang Cheng's shoulders, drawing the slighter man closer.

The intimate way Lan Xichen breathes out his name in deep baritones against the shell of his ear sends a spark of arousal through Jiang Cheng. He hastily moves away, face unnaturally flushed and chest heaving. "Don't touch me."

The air around them turns sweet with the fragrance of lotus flowers.

Lan Xichen's eyes widen in realization. "Wanyin, are you—"

"Shut up!" Jiang Cheng snaps. He presses his thighs together in an attempt to keep the remaining shreds of his dignity together but he can still clearly feel the slick trickling down his thighs and seeping into his garments. "Shut up. Don't you dare say any—!"

"Wanyin..." Lan Xichen crushes him into a tight embrace, his body trembling with an emotion Jiang Cheng isn't sure he wants to know.

He melts into Lan Xichen's side, face pressed against the crook of the man's neck. Every breath Jiang Cheng takes contains the scent of agarwood, sending his head spinning and curling the heat tighter inside him.

"Xichen," he rasps, clawing fingers into white fabric to ground himself, torn between the decision of pulling the other closer or pushing him away.

He can feel the subtle changes in his body as he progresses into pre-heat: his chest aches with want—wants Lan Xichen; wants him to be closer and more forceful, wants to hear him say that he loves him.

But he shouldn't *want*.

They aren't like Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji. They are sect leaders, with duties to their clans. No matter how much they desire to be together, their family and clan politics always had to come first.

"Wanyin," Lan Xichen withdraws with a huge exhale and barely-concealed emotions flickering in his eyes. "I could bring you to the Jingshi. Wangji and Wuxian are out night-hunting, and I'm sure they have a few scent-blocking talismans lying around, or..."

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"Or?"

"Or, you could stay here, in the Hanshi."

The quality of Lan Xichen's scent shifts from stifling agarwood back to a manageable mix of wood and petrichor which penetrates the haze of lust clouding Jiang Cheng's head, soothing and clearing it enough to listen, to think.

Jiang Cheng sucks in a deep breath. He understands what Lan Xichen is doing: trying to break him out of his heat-trance enough to not let it influence his decisions, but Jiang Cheng wants. He has wanted since forever, since they planned Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji's wedding together, since Lan Xichen visited him at Lotus Pier, since they ascertained their feelings for each other.

He knows he shouldn't, but that has never stopped Jiang Cheng from wanting, desiring, *yearning*.

He yearns for them to be simply Lan Xichen and Jiang Wanyin, two men hopelessly in love with each other, even if it were just for one night.

"I'll stay."

Lan Xichen snaps his head up to meet his gaze, red crawling up the corners of his eyes. "Do you understand what that entails?"

Jiang Cheng flushes up to his ears. "Of course I do! Lan Xichen, do you take me for a fool?!"

"No, I just didn't think that you would want to... with someone like me..."

"Why would I not? Why would you even think I wouldn't want to? You're everything I wanted and—"

Lan Xichen interrupts him with a kiss. Jiang Cheng deepens it.

The kisses are wild and frenzied, both of them trying to pour the extent of their feelings into them, losing themselves more and more each time their lips come together and separate and come back together again.

Jiang Cheng's fingers tangle in the inky strands at his partner's nape,

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pulling him even closer, while Lan Xichen's hands travel up his body, coaxing a breathless, drawn-out moan from the younger man.

"Wanyin, you're so sensitive." Lan Xichen smiles into the kiss and Jiang Cheng immediately turns away, cheeks coloring from anger and embarrassment.

"Lan Xichen!"

A pair of strong arms wraps around Jiang Cheng from behind, silently accepting the curses slewn at him until the latter finally calms. The scent of lotus flowers lightens, mingling with the mix of petrichor and agarwood, and turns into an enchanting mix which completely enraptures the two in the moment.

Lan Xichen latches onto the side of Jiang Cheng's neck, pressing open-mouthed kisses down to his collarbone, leaving a splatter of pink marks on pale skin. Jiang Cheng inhales sharply, mewls building at the back of his throat as calloused fingers dip under purple lapels.

The fingers slide against his nipples, pinching and tugging at them relentlessly.

"Xichen... n-not here..." Jiang Cheng pants, his mind hazy as Lan Xichen shifts to slot his manhood perfectly between his cheeks. Warmth fills Jiang Cheng from the inside, building generously around the small sliver of coldness within and overflows copiously from his rear as he enters the throes of the first wave of his heat, leaving the omega in him yearning for even more contact with an alpha.

"Hm?" Lan Xichen questions, a playful lilt to his voice as he starts rocking his hips rhythmically to the ministrations of his fingers. Each movement presses the tip of Lan Xichen's clothed erection against his rim with just the right amount of pressure, sending the latter writhing in pleasure, his mouth falling slack and loose purple robes sliding down the erotic curve of a shoulder.

Lan Xichen bites down on his bare shoulder.

"No!" Jiang Cheng chokes, tears building from pain and pleasure. The scent gland at the back of his neck throbs with anticipation, and Lan Xichen brushes his lips against it, kissing and licking. Jiang Cheng claws at the hands on his chest to ground himself, his mind running in overdrive from the simultaneous simulation on all his erogenous zones. "A-At least do it on the bed!"

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Lan Xichen pauses, giving Jiang Cheng a moment of reprieve before he hefts the other man up and crosses the room in huge strides. He positions Jiang Cheng on his lap, enjoying the view of the younger man above him, hair tousled and lovebites adorning his neck, his usual pristine robes now messy and loose, slipping open to reveal a pair of pretty pink nipples begging for attention, and the large wet spot between his legs.

"You're beautiful, Wanyin."

"Shut up, don't! Xichen, s-stop, not my nipples!"

Lan Xichen rolls the pad of his thumb over one pert bud, flicking the tip of his tongue over the other, while he hooks a free hand under the purple waistband and pulls it down. Jiang Cheng bucks from the cool air fanning across his rear, and unintentionally thrusts his chest out against Lan Xichen's mouth.

"D-Don't you dare suck on it!"

"Do you prefer this then?" Lan Xichen asks, circling the moist circumference of Jiang Cheng's rim and slowly breaches the ring of muscle with a finger. He moves the digit in and out in short strokes, going deeper with each thrust until he finds the small bundle of nerves. Jiang Cheng bites down on his lower lip, body arching and shoulders shaking.

"There's no way I would!" Jiang Cheng snaps, even as he pushes his hips eagerly backward, his hole twitching hungrily around Lan Xichen's finger.

"You are right, Wanyin." Lan Xichen smiles, withdrawing his finger. Jiang Cheng opens his mouth to protest, but can only let out a strangled moan when another finger is added. "You'll need more than that."

The pain from the stretch is minimal with the lubrication from his slick, but it's Jiang Cheng's first full-fledged heat after all, and the sensitivity is much more than what he can handle in his current state. The warm hands, the soft lips, the hard teeth, the relentless probing against that one sweet spot inside of him — Jiang Cheng tilts Lan Xichen's face up and kisses him fervently, gasping and moaning as he begs for more pressure and friction.

"Stop teasing me!" Jiang Cheng pleads. The slick dribbles down his spread thighs in copious amounts, pooling onto the sheets. "Stop fondling me and just put it in already!"

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Chuckling, Lan Xichen removes his fingers and spreads Jiang Cheng's cheeks apart instead, lining his length up against Jiang Cheng's puffy rim. Jiang Cheng blushes down to his chest as he heeds the downward pressure atop his thighs and slowly lowers himself onto the manhood.

He clearly feels the way his hole gradually succumbs to the building pressure and gives way, expanding lewdly to accept the engorged head and more, allowing Lan Xichen to bottom out in him. The shaft of Lan Xichen's length rubs against all the pleasurable spots Jiang Cheng had never even known existed before, and each additional inch inside brings a new wave of warmth into the pit of Jiang Cheng's stomach, feeding the heat, leaving him greedy for more.

"Wanyin, you're too hot inside... too tight," Lan Xichen rasps, and Jiang Cheng looks up to meet the gaze of lust-filled eyes. His throat dries, clamping up at the sight of Lan Xichen barely holding onto his prided sense of self-control. The knowledge that it's him causing Lan Xichen to lose himself turns him on more than he expected, and Jiang Cheng starts moving, bouncing himself on Lan Xichen's lap.

The scent of lotus flowers rapidly fills the room, emanating cloyingly from Jiang Cheng as he falls deeper into the moment and chants a series of broken syllables which form Lan Xichen's name. Lan Xichen snaps his hips up just as eagerly, meeting him mid-way and drives his length harder against Jiang Cheng's prostate.

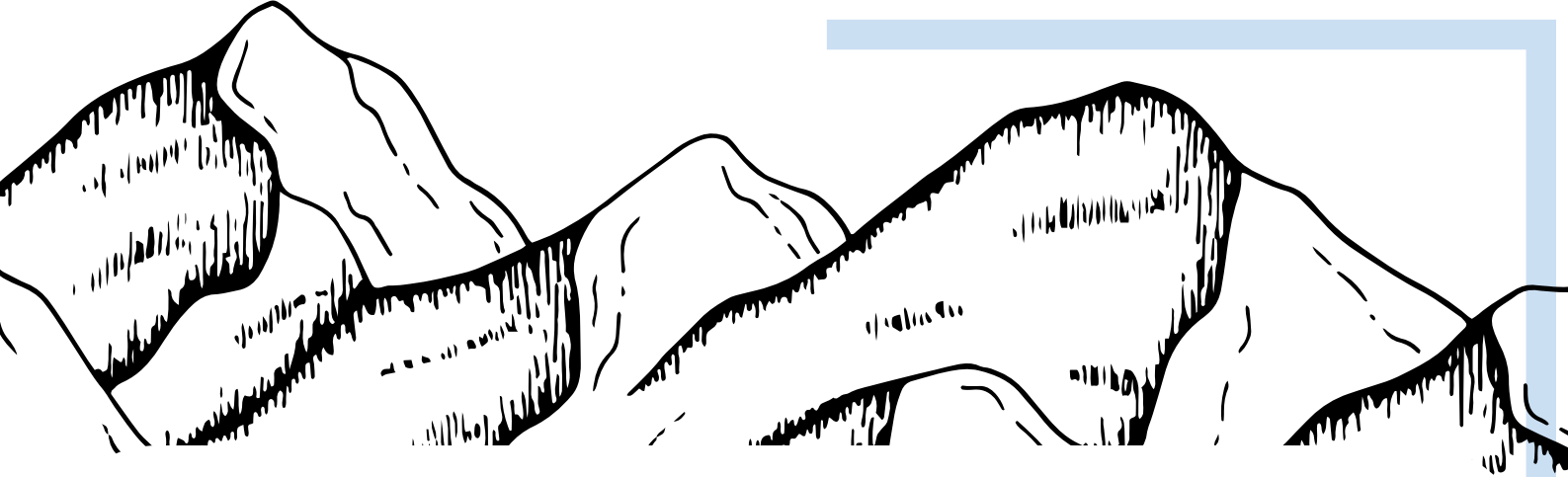
"Give me more, harder, f-faster, Xichen... aaah, Xichen!"

The younger man grasps Lan Xichen's shoulders tightly, using the contact to ground himself as Lan Xichen begins pressing kisses to his jaw, the corner of his mouth, then finally, his lips. They share an arousing kiss, tongue sliding against each other relentlessly until Jiang Cheng finally pulls away with kiss-swollen lips and drool down his chin.

Calloused hands find their place on Jiang Cheng's waist, digging into skin and leaving bruises in their wake while a clever tongue continues its previous ministrations on Jiang Cheng's chest, licking and sucking the throbbing pink nubs until they stand at attention. The soreness eggs Jiang Cheng on and he pants against Lan Xichen, inhaling the whiffs of agarwood that pushes him closer and closer to the edge.

Jiang Cheng comes with a muffled moan, throwing his head back and squeezing down on Lan Xichen. Lan Xichen fucks him through his orgasm and chases his own with a couple of shallow thrusts

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before coming deep inside Jiang Cheng. The warmth from Lan Xichen fills him, settling in the pit of his stomach and soothes the prickle of cold inside of him.

Jiang Cheng falls forward into Lan Xichen's embrace, and they lay back onto the bed, Lan Xichen cradling Jiang Cheng gently in his arms.

"We should do this again, Wanyin."

Jiang Cheng lets out a non-committal sound of agreement. "Perhaps when I'm not in heat. I can't stand the way I act in it."

Lan Xichen raises a brow. "Is that so? I quite like the way you call my name, especially when I touch you *here*."

"Lan Xichen!" Jiang Cheng snaps angrily, covering his chest from his lover's wandering hands.

"I wonder if they'd fill up if you have a baby."

"You—!"

Lan Xichen easily catches the weak punch Jiang Cheng throws his way, and presses a kiss to the wrist.

"Wanyin, shall we get married?"



Wanyin,
Shall we
get married?



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Thank you!

