

## **flesh in the fruit, blood in the wine**

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# flesh in the fruit, blood in the wine

by [IceImagines](#)

## Summary

The prisoner, bound at the wrists and ankles, twisted in his grip like a pathetic fish out of water. His face, unattractive to begin with, was twisted in a grimace that made him nearly repulsive to look at. “Go to hell!”

That got a chuckle out of Hua Cheng. The prisoner’s bloodshot eyes darted over to him, silently obvious in their question: *What the hell are you doing here?*

In response, Hua Cheng readjusted himself in his chair, crooking his legs further apart, and reached down to brazenly palm his erection through his pants, holding eye contact all the while. “God, you look hot doing that, baby.”

Hua Cheng can’t control himself when he watches He Xuan do terrible things to his victims.

## Notes

Written for Sleepless\_Malice as part of the TGCF Rarepair Gotcha 4 Gaza! The prompt was Dead Dove, any pairing, any kink. I hope this is fucked up enough for you, it’s my first attempt at writing DD content.

PLEASE heed the warnings here. There is a lot of graphic violence, blood misuse, and I apologize for the mild spoiler but I don’t know how else to phrase it, they fuck on top of a tied up non consenting torture victim. There isn’t much sexual touching of him, but he is made part of Huaxuan’s fucked up murder kink.

This is loosely part of the same continuity as my work in progress Huaxuan triad au, which will hopefully :) see the light of day eventually.

Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

In spite of what the general population might have believed, the criminal underbelly of Guicheng was not an entirely lawless land. Human societies needed rules to function, even societies built on the disregard for what was written in the nation's law books. The rules of organized crime were unwritten, often unspoken, but those who valued their life followed them.

In Guicheng, there was one cardinal rule that even the most hardened criminal knew not to break.

*Do not displease Black Water.*

For the longest time, what "displeasing Black Water" meant had been clear and easy enough to avoid. As long as one did not interfere with the eponymous syndicate's activities, did not offend Shi the younger, his right hand man, and had no involvement in illegal organ trading, it was unlikely that one would incite the feared triad boss's wrath.

Unfortunately for everyone else in the organized crime world, those parameters had recently changed.

He Xuan was covered up to his elbows in blood, the rolled up sleeves of his black button up long soaked through. He'd discarded his customary leather gloves nearly an hour ago when they'd become too slippery with viscera, and so his tattoos were on full display, stormy seas starting on the backs of his hands and stretching up his forearms and underneath where the shirt covered them. His knuckles were bruised from throwing punches and the tendons on the backs of his hands were raised as he brutally shoved the head of his victim into the concrete floor.

Hua Cheng wanted to trace them with his tongue. He wanted to suck those long, elegant fingers into his mouth one by one and taste the coppery blood they were coated in, wanted to feel He Xuan shove them in deeper than was comfortable and make him gag on them.

God, just the thought was enough to make him even harder than he already was.

"I'm going to give you one more chance to answer me." He Xuan's deep voice was rough with unconcealed anger. It crackled in his words like oil on a hot surface. "Who sent you?"

The prisoner, bound at the wrists and ankles, twisted in his grip like a pathetic fish out of water. His face, unattractive to begin with, was twisted in a grimace that made him nearly repulsive to look at. "Go to hell!"

That got a chuckle out of Hua Cheng. The prisoner's bloodshot eyes darted over to him, silently obvious in their question: *What the hell are you doing here?*

In response, Hua Cheng readjusted himself in his chair, crooking his legs further apart, and reached down to brazenly palm his erection through his pants, holding eye contact all the while. "God, you look hot doing that, baby."

They'd caught this man that morning trying to bug Hua Cheng's office. It had been a stupid attempt, and Hua Cheng's weekly bug sweeps would've caught the less than sophisticated devices quickly anyway, but unfortunately for the man, there was something else that displeased Black Water that he'd had no way of knowing of.

Even a poorly executed attempt at making a move against Hua Cheng, his supposed rival, was enough these days to be the target not just of Black Water's displeasure, but his rage.

He Xuan let the tiniest smirk split his mouth. It was only because the room was empty except for him, Hua Cheng, and a man whose fate was already sealed that he allowed himself these visible reactions. In the past, an interrogation like this would have been observed by multiple guards and assistants, but Hua Cheng didn't allow them in the room anymore.

It was only like this that he got to see He Xuan fully in his element, and that was a sight he wasn't going to share with anyone.

He Xuan flipped the prisoner easily onto his back and pressed a knee into his chest, right where it would make it very hard to breathe. "Remember that you chose this." Then he lifted his right hand, the one holding the knife, up to the prisoner's face, the point of the blade right underneath his eye, and Hua Cheng felt his pulse accelerate. He groaned, cock twitching in his pants.

The sound only seemed to spur He Xuan on. Ignoring the prisoner's panicked, futile attempts to get away, he tilted the knife and pushed.

A blood-curdling scream echoed through the room as the blade slid between the prisoner's eyeball and orbital bone, severing muscle along the way. Hua Cheng watched, enraptured, as He Xuan tilted the knife to follow the curve of the eye socket while the prisoner wailed, effectively carving out his eye with a precision that could almost be called loving.

Perhaps watching such a thing should not have been arousing to a man who only had one eye himself, but Hua Cheng nevertheless felt himself leak pre-come already. "Xuanxuan, that's so—" He sounded breathless and couldn't bring himself to care at all.

He Xuan raised his head to look at him. That gaze from those eyes of molten gold was electrifying. Hua Cheng was completely helpless to it. "Come here, A-Cheng."

Hua Cheng immediately rose and followed the command. Most men of his position would have probably found it humiliating to be at the beck and call of another person like this. In fact, they would most definitely make fun of Hua Cheng if they could see him now – the mighty Crimson Rain, leader of the fearsome Ghost triad, doing whatever He Xuan told him with all the will to resist of a string puppet.

But Hua Cheng would have only laughed at them in turn, because he knew with unshakable certainty that he was a thousand times as blessed as they ever would be.

He knelt down by He Xuan's side, ignoring the dirt and blood that was getting on his tailored dress pants. One hand immediately found its way high up onto He Xuan's thigh, and Hua Cheng leaned into him until their cheeks nearly pressed together.

“Watch,” He Xuan said. The knife was still buried in the whimpering man’s eye socket, blood welling up around it and running down his face. With an almost delicate grip, He Xuan shifted it around a bit and then pressed down on the handle. A gargling cry tore out of the prisoner’s throat and Hua Cheng watched, entranced, as the eye was all but scooped out of the socket, with everything that had been holding it there severed.

He Xuan held the knife up, balancing the bloody eyeball on the flat of the blade. “Hm.” He sounded pleased with himself. “It’s still almost whole.”

He was right. The eye looked as though he could’ve popped it right back into the socket and it would’ve gone back to functioning properly. Perhaps in another life, He Xuan would’ve made a good surgeon.

But in this life, his hands brought terror, not healing. And Hua Cheng loved him for it.

Leaning in, he peppered heated kisses over He Xuan’s neck, bared by his customary tight ponytail. “You’re incredible.” His hand crept up to his lover’s waist, fingers twisting into the fabric of his shirt. “So sexy like this. My pretty butcher. You look so good covered in blood, god.”

He Xuan didn’t always indulge him when he got like this during torture sessions, although he always let him watch, but today it seemed like he’d been similarly affected. Turning his head back, he caught Hua Cheng’s mouth, lips hot and slightly rough against his. Hua Cheng sank into it immediately, hand flying up to grasp He Xuan’s jaw, holding him in place. He was still so, so achingly hard and this wasn’t making it better at all. Not that he wanted it to. To him, this was heaven, and the sounds of pain coming from the man on the floor were just making it sweeter.

Knife and eyeball abandoned, He Xuan reached up as if to bury his hand in Hua Cheng’s hair, but he caught his wrist before he could.

“Worried about getting your hair dirty?” He Xuan mocked him, breaking the kiss with a hard nip to his bottom lip. Hua Cheng smirked at him.

“Of course not. Just don’t want anything to go to waste.”

He held He Xuan’s gaze as he pulled his hand towards his mouth. His tongue darted out and licked a broad strip up He Xuan’s palm, eagerly lapping up blood. His eye went half lidded as the taste of iron exploded in his mouth, and he devotedly cleaned every drop off the palm before moving onto the fingers. He Xuan was staring at him as he did so, eyes burning. To most others, he was nearly impossible to read, but Hua Cheng was familiar with every muscle twitch in his face. The slight furrow between his brows, the tiny widening of his eyes, the way he breathed ever so slightly heavier, might as well have been an open groan and a plea to be touched to Hua Cheng.

He sucked He Xuan’s thumb into mouth, making sure to hollow his cheeks around it a bit like he would have with a cock in his mouth. He Xuan grit his teeth, and Hua Cheng knew he was holding himself back.

Really, he could be so sweet. Even when he wanted to rip Hua Cheng's clothes off, he waited until Hua Cheng had gotten every last drop of the blood he loved so much.

When he finally released the last of his fingers from his mouth, no red left on it, He Xuan moved quick as a snake. His hands went to Hua Cheng's collar, yanking him into a feverish kiss that tasted metallic. There was no gentleness in it. The hand Hua Cheng had previously had on his jaw slipped down to his neck, not applying pressure just yet, but he could feel the shudder that went through He Xuan's entire body at just the suggestion. Hua Cheng groaned into the kiss. He shifted, moving all the way behind He Xuan and forcing him to twist his upper body to keep their mouths locked, while Hua Cheng rolled his hips hard against his ass. It made him see stars, and he bit He Xuan's bottom lip hard. That earned him the first little noise out of his lover's mouth. Getting him to let any sounds out at all was always a battle, but Hua Cheng had never shied away from a fight.

The bleeding prisoner underneath them twitched, moaning something incomprehensible. Neither of them paid him any mind, nor did they make a move to get off of him. Instead, Hua Cheng's free hand went to the front of He Xuan's shirt and started undoing the buttons with practiced ease. Soon, he was yanking the garment free of his waistband and off He Xuan's shoulders, exposing the tattoos that covered nearly every inch of skin on his torso. Hua Cheng finally broke the kiss, just to instead attack the newly bared skin with his tongue and teeth, sucking marks into it that did not show through the ink as much as he would have liked. He Xuan was panting now, one hand reaching back to grip Hua Cheng's hip and guide it into a slow roll against his ass, a promise of what was to come.

Hua Cheng swore under his breath. "Fuck, Xuanxuan, you're driving me crazy." He pressed another hard kiss to He Xuan's lips, then grabbed the back of his neck and pushed him down onto his hands and knees. He Xuan went willingly. He was just as strong as Hua Cheng, although his physique was more slender and wiry, and Hua Cheng did not think he would have been able to actually physically force him into any position he didn't want to be in. That knowledge was thrilling in and of itself.

He Xuan was not a man that *submitted*. He fought with everything he had against every attempt anyone had ever made at subjugating him. The one single person that had ever truly had control over him, Shi Wudu, had paid for what he had done bitterly.

But for Hua Cheng, He Xuan gave up control. Even here, on the blood-soaked concrete floor, quite literally on top of his whimpering prisoner, he willingly let Hua Cheng do this to him.

There was no drug that had ever been able to give Hua Cheng the same kind of high as that awareness.

He pulled the shirt the rest of the way off his lover, baring the long curve of his back, well-muscled and, like the rest of him, tattooed. Hua Cheng leaned down just to trace with his tongue the intricately detailed, true-to-life vertebrae that followed the length of his spine, as if the bones themselves had been brought to the surface. He tasted salt, He Xuan was already beginning to sweat.

"So beautiful." He ground his hips against his ass again, felt He Xuan push back into it. "You want my cock, baby? Want me to fuck you?"

He wasn't expecting an answer. If he wanted his lover to beg, it took a lot more working up to it than this. Usually, it was more than worth the effort, but neither of them could stand to wait that long right now.

Besides, there was still a living, bleeding man on the floor here. They couldn't forget all about him.

Hua Cheng's hands went to He Xuan's front, where they deftly undid his belt and the button and zipper of his slacks. In one short, rough movement, he yanked them down just over He Xuan's ass, just enough to release the straining erection from its confines. Hua Cheng reached down to give it an experimental pump and found the head already weeping, a droplet of precome falling and landing on the prisoner's abdomen. He Xuan moaned, and that sound alone was almost enough to make Hua Cheng come untouched.

"You need it so bad, don't you?" he cooed.

"Look who's— ngh— talking," He Xuan ground out, but his voice was already shaky and Hua Cheng could see how he was instinctively trying to spread his legs further, though they were confined by his pants bunched around the tops of his thighs. His knees were bracketing the prisoner's sides, similar to how they would Hua Cheng's when he was about to ride him mercilessly into the mattress.

With both hands, Hua Cheng grabbed his cheeks and spread them apart to give him a good view of his clenching hole. He'd gone pretty tight again since Hua Cheng had fucked him the previous day, and they didn't have lube on hand, but thankfully, that didn't mean they were all out of options.

Hua Cheng leaned forward, reaching out for the prisoner's face. He tried to jerk his head away with a strangled yelp, but his efforts were fruitless. Hua Cheng's fingers sank right into the bloody hole that remained of his eye, and a blood-curdling scream echoed between the concrete walls of the torture chamber. Hua Cheng paid it no mind, making sure to get his fingers nice and slick with viscera before withdrawing them.

"Thanks for the help," he told the prisoner with a nasty grin. While he pressed a bloody thumb against He Xuan's hole, testing the give, the man below them stared at him with his remaining eye, a mix of terror and repulsion on his face.

"You're disgusting freaks," he managed to rasp out. Blindly, He Xuan reached out for his abandoned knife, found it, and stabbed the man in the shoulder. More blood sprayed onto his face, and the prisoner's scream mixed with He Xuan's moan as Hua Cheng sank two fingers at once into him.

"Fuck," he panted, still clutching onto the knife hilt while rocking his hips backwards. Hua Cheng's cock throbbed in his pants, and a part of him wanted to just take it out and shove it into He Xuan — he knew he would've probably let him, but no matter how desperate he was, he still wanted to torture his lover at least a little bit. Over the course of their relationship, he had learned that was necessary to keep He Xuan hooked on him. If the sex wasn't a little torturous, didn't push He Xuan to the edge of his sanity, he'd get bored. And Hua Cheng didn't plan on ever allowing that to happen.

He pushed his fingers in and out a few times, slowly, making sure to drag them right over He Xuan's prostate. His walls clenched around him every time he started to withdraw, like his hole was trying to suck Hua Cheng in and keep him there. He Xuan could play coy and pretend to be unaffected as much as he wanted – his body betrayed him every time.

Hua Cheng leaned over him, pressing kisses to his spine and twisting his nipple with his free hand while he continued to open him up. Whimpers kept escaping He Xuan even through clenched teeth, his grip on the knife handle white-knuckled. "Come on," he hissed, "hurry the fuck up."

"Why so impatient, Xuanxuan?" Hua Cheng smirked against He Xuan's shoulder, knowing he could feel it even without seeing it. "We're not in a rush, are we?"

To his delight, He Xuan reached back to grab his wrist, grip hard enough to bruise. "I am." Blazing golden eyes stared at him over his shoulder, and Hua Cheng's breath hitched, a bolt of heat rushing through him.

"Well." His voice sounded hoarse and a little shaky. "If that's what my little slut demands, who am I to deny him?"

The word *slut* might've gotten him bit if he hadn't punctuated it with the push of three fingers deep inside He Xuan. A groan tore out of He Xuan's throat, his back arching involuntarily, and Hua Cheng felt his walls spasm as the head of his cock rubbed against the prisoner's front.

"S– stop it!" The man's voice was completely ruined. He jerked in his bindings, a pathetic and hopeless attempt at escape. Hua Cheng backhanded him across the face.

"Shut your throat before I slit it," he growled. "You should feel honored to be touched by Black Water. If he wants to use your body to get off, he will, and you better not try to fuck it up or I promise you'll regret it."

He could see the edges of a sharp little grin on He Xuan's face, and it made his heart throb in his chest. There was nothing more exhilarating in this world than seeing the composed mask He Xuan wore break, especially if it was by Hua Cheng's hand. It was a discipline he'd devoted himself to mastering, and he was getting better at it by the day.

"Think you're ready, baby?" He pumped his fingers in and out of He Xuan at a hard, punishing pace, giving him a tantalizing taste of the main event. Hua Cheng was so, so hard. He could feel himself leaking so much he wouldn't have been surprised to see a wet spot on the front of his pants.

With his free hand, he reached down and somewhat clumsily managed to free his cock, finally relieving some of that torturous pressure. He moaned as he pumped himself once, twice, his grip loose, nowhere near enough to get him close, but it still sent white-hot sparks of pleasure through him.

He Xuan didn't deign him with a response, but Hua Cheng didn't really need one. He knew He Xuan's body. Knew what he needed.



He pulled his fingers out, prompting a noise of protest, but immediately replaced them with the head of his cock. He only rubbed it over He Xuan's stretched hole, getting some of the blood he'd used to open him up on the length, but it was enough for a noise that was almost a whine to tear itself out of He Xuan's throat.

“Hua *Cheng!*”

“Hm?” Hua Cheng stroked himself again, slick with the copious amounts of pre-come he was leaking. It made an squelching noise that He Xuan couldn't have missed, just to torture him more.

“If you don't get on with it and fuck me *right now*, I'll kick you out and use his dick to get me off instead!”

“The hell you will—” The prisoner's yell of protest went ignored. Hua Cheng's eye flashed. As practiced as he was at pushing He Xuan's buttons, He Xuan was just as practiced at pushing his.

Hua Cheng had killed men before for making passes at He Xuan. Sharing was not in his nature, and he took what was his very seriously.

Given that He Xuan was his most prized possession, he could not let such a threat go unanswered.

With one harsh snap of his hips, he buried himself inside, pushing in all the way until his balls rested against He Xuan's taint. The sudden tight heat was almost too much, making his head spin and tearing a deep groan from him. He Xuan let out a strangled, desperate noise that resembled a bitten-off shout, his spine rigid and hips twitching backwards seemingly of their own accord, as if trying to get Hua Cheng impossibly deeper.

“God, you feel so fucking good,” Hua Cheng panted. His fingers dug hard into He Xuan's hips, with every intention of leaving bruises. He loved marking him up, ruining him a little. He wanted him to still ache by tomorrow, be reminded of Hua Cheng with every step he took.

Just this once, he didn't try to make He Xuan beg further. He barely gave him a few moments to adjust before drawing back and fucking back in with a force that made a harsh clap when his hips met He Xuan's ass.

“Yes,” He Xuan moaned, and he pulled the knife he was still clutching in his hand out and stabbed it back in. The prisoner's howl mingled with their sounds of pleasure, the obscene noise of Hua Cheng's cock pushing in and out of He Xuan's tight little hole. His shaft was covered in blood when he pulled out, and the sight made the knot in his abdomen pull so much tighter.

“God, Xuanxuan, you should see what this looks like. We're both all bloody.” A breathless laugh. “Fuck, going to hell is so worth it for this.”

“Hell isn't— *ugh*— hot enough for—” The prisoner's choked curses were cut off by another stab. He Xuan must've hit an artery, blood sprayed out like water out of a nicked garden

hose. Hua Cheng, speeding up his thrusts, grabbed He Xuan by the base of his ponytail and pulled, just hard enough to hurt, forcing him to lift his head. His face was covered in blood almost completely, as was the front of his shirt.

Hua Cheng's heart clenched in his chest, and he pulled again, eliciting a bitten-off moan. He Xuan would never admit it, but the way his walls spasmed around Hua Cheng's cock betrayed how much he loved having his hair pulled. It was one of those little weaknesses Hua Cheng had only discovered with time, patience and perseverance, and it had paid off. When Hua Cheng leaned over his back and crushed their mouths together, He Xuan's was pliant and open and wet, and he whimpered when Hua Cheng wrapped one hand around his slender neck.

"You like that?" Hua Cheng growled into the kiss. "Want me to choke you, baby? Want me to hold your life in my hands the way you're holding that scumbag's?"

He Xuan sank his teeth into his bottom lip. Hua Cheng broke away from him with a breathless laugh. He was such a bitch, and Hua Cheng loved him so much it made every cell in his body ache.

Wrapping his arms around him, hand still on his throat, Hua Cheng fucked into him harder. His weight pushed He Xuan down until his cheek was pressed to the prisoner's chest, back arched, completely trapped underneath Hua Cheng. When Hua Cheng slid a hand down to his neglected cock, he found it drooling so much precome that a puddle of it had formed on the prisoner's bloodied shirt underneath him.

"So wet for me," Hua Cheng panted into He Xuan's ear. "Are you close already, baby?"

"Ngh—" He could see He Xuan bite his own lip, trying to keep quiet. His eyes were half-lidded and glassy, mouth open, strands of hair that had escaped his ponytail sticking to his blood-smearred cheeks and forehead. Hua Cheng leaned in and licked a broad stripe up the side of his face, tasting the iron on his tongue.

"Harder," He Xuan moaned. He was clutching onto the knife handle for dear life, blood still welling up around the blade where it was buried in the man's chest. The prisoner's breathing had become shallow and rattling, face waxy and eyes vacant. He wasn't dead yet, but he was on his way there. The thought sent an unspeakable thrill down Hua Cheng's spine. Obliging his lover's plea, he put even more force behind his thrusts, until he was sure He Xuan's ass had to be turning red with how hard his hips were hitting against him.

"You're gonna kill him," he groaned, "you, *ah*, you know that, Xuanxuan?"

He Xuan's eyes crossed, and Hua Cheng felt his cock jump in his hand. "Yeah," he breathed.

The wave of heat that overcame Hua Cheng was intense that for a moment, all he could do was sink his teeth into He Xuan's shoulder, thrusts stuttering. "Oh my god," he groaned, "you're gonna be the fucking death of me."

A vicious grin split He Xuan's face. "Him first."

Things became a bit of a blur after that. Hua Cheng felt more animal than human when he threw one leg up to bracket He Xuan's hip, giving him more leverage to fuck him at a pace that was nothing short of brutal. He Xuan, pinned underneath him, had given up trying to control his noises and was moaning and whining with every thrust straight to his prostate, hips jerking backwards desperately. Hua Cheng's hand was pressed to the flat of his stomach, as if he could feel himself through the layers of skin and muscle, the physical evidence of how deep a space he'd carved out inside He Xuan for himself.

He Xuan was dragging the knife across the prisoner wherever he could reach, no longer stabbing but carving long lines into him as if into a cut of meat. His chest, shoulder and arm were already sliced up so badly that more bloody flesh was visible than skin. He'd stopped moving completely, and maybe he was already dead, but Hua Cheng didn't care anymore. All that mattered was the unbearably tight squeeze of He Xuan's ass around him, his sounds of pleasure in his ears, and the heady knowledge that he had to be teetering right on the edge.

"A-Cheng," he moaned, free hand reaching backwards, desperately searching for Hua Cheng's. Their fingers interlinked, slick with red viscera.

"You gonna come for me, sweetheart?" Hua Cheng's other hand, still on He Xuan's throat, tightened his hold, not enough to completely cut off his airflow, but enough to restrict it. A noise that was almost a sob crawled up He Xuan's throat. Hua Cheng didn't need another response.

The need to see, feel him come was all-consuming, not one other thought left in Hua Cheng's head. Hips rabbiting against He Xuan's ass, he squeezed his hand so tight it had to hurt. "Come for me, baby, come on, I wanna feel it, come for me—"

He Xuan's eyes rolled back in his head. His walls clenched around Hua Cheng tight like a vice, and Hua Cheng's hand flew down from his neck to his cock just in time to catch the first few spurts of cum that shot from it. He Xuan's legs shook and jerked, wounded moans filling the air while he held onto Hua Cheng's hand — and the knife — for dear life. He dragged Hua Cheng right over the edge with him, into an orgasm that wiped his mind entirely blank. Stuttering, aborted thrusts carried him through it as he filled He Xuan up, broken groans muffled in his beloved's shoulder.

It could've been minutes or hours until either of them stirred. Their heavy breathing was the only thing that permeated the silence in the torture chamber — only theirs.

He Xuan was the first to speak. "He's dead." He sounded ruined. Something deep in Hua Cheng's chest purred in satisfaction.

"You carved him up real good, baby." Hua Cheng, reluctant as he was to release his grip on his lover, stole a glance at the man underneath them. He Xuan must have gotten in a few stabs at his face — he was barely recognizable. Hua Cheng let out a small laugh. "My perfect little killer." He peppered kisses over He Xuan's shoulder, where the skin was purpling around the vicious bite mark Hua Cheng had left, until He Xuan pushed himself up onto his hands with a groan, dislodging him.

"Get off me."

Hua Cheng was reluctant to obey, but was too tired and sated to pick a fight. With a small groan, he slid his softening cock out of He Xuan. Almost immediately, viscous white fluid followed him, trickling out of his abused, stretched hole and down to his balls. “God, you look gorgeous full of my cum.”

He Xuan sat up, sadly depriving Hua Cheng of the view, but turned around to face him, and Hua Cheng was quickly mollified by the sight of his perfect, bloody face. He brought one hand up to cup his cheek, running his thumb through the drying red. “Almost as gorgeous as you look covered in blood.”

He Xuan kissed him. Hua Cheng wrapped his arms around him, pulling him flush against his body.

They were still sitting on top of a mangled corpse, white streaks of cum glistening on its nearly eviscerated torso. Blood was trickling in slow, congealing streams towards the drain in the center of the room.

Someone would have to clean up the mess, but they didn't spare it a thought. He Xuan's hot breath mingling with Hua Cheng's and the tang of iron on his tongue was all that mattered.

## End Notes

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