

7X

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by Anonymous

Summary

Rumour has it Lord Morax has a secretary. Rumour has it the Tianquan has a pet.

*NG/ZL main. Brief Signora/Zhong and Gong/Zhong

Notes

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

“...Encampments spotted in Lingju Pass and Tianqiu Valley, and...”

Zhongli falters, generous hips swaying to the beat of her claws. Never one to deny her beloved, Ningguang curls a finger, dragging sharp metal over her beloved’s swollen clit.

“Beloved,” she prods, nudging his throbbing hot core. Lovely red bleeds through scant underwear, soaked into translucence. Ningguang tuts and pulls his underwear loose. The ruined fabric comes away trailing silvery strings of her beloved’s arousal.

Zhongli clears his throat and rubs his thighs together. It’s not even noon.

“Ah, excuse me,” he says softly. As his voice regains its usual timbre, he straightens up and continues addressing the room.

Sure, her beloved is a brilliant gem by his own right, but with some polish he *shines*. Gorgeous reds dust his cheeks as her beloved does an admirable job of briefing the inner Qixing. All proper, back straight and voice clear if somewhat breathy.

A fond ache takes her heart, such *good* behaviour. For the first time that day, Ningguang breaches her beloved’s cunt. Savouring every millimetre of her Zhongli swallows.

Zhongli momentarily closes his eyes, parting his soft lips around a quiet moan.

“You were saying, Mr. Zhongli?” the Yuheng prompts.

“In...nnn... Increased activity from treasure hoarders- ah!”

Halfway in Ningguang jams her fingers to the hilt, knuckles hitting Zhongli’s pussy with a light slap. And how her beloved makes a show of it. Shivering all over. Perked nipples rubbing the thin silk of his qipao, stiff enough for everyone to see. Knock-kneed merely from being filled. All while his pussy squeezes her fingers so hard it almost hurts.

Ningguang rubs his sweet spot with the smooth curve of her claws. He’s accustomed to more, much more, but they’ve still got a full day ahead. And she can’t have her pretty assistant distracting the office and their guests with his heat.

Well... that might not be so bad. Doesn’t hurt to have Zhongli hot for it.

As a preemptive apology Ningguang plucks the report out of his hands.

“Some unfamiliar camps have been spotted near Guili Plains,” she narrates coolly, yanking her fingers out and tugging her beloved onto her lap.

The rest of the meeting goes without incident. She digs her nails into her beloved’s legs whenever he gets too fidgety. Eventually they adjourn, and Ningguang lovingly straightens out her beloved’s qipao. The need slicking her claws gleams in the early afternoon sun.

It's not often she reads someone completely wrong, but Ningguang worries she may have.

"Beloved."

The stares of her esteemed guests linger on the tall form of her pet heeding her call.

Brown silk and black fur cut a striking contrast to her own whites and golds. Sunbeams streaming through the windows make the golds on his qipao shimmer with his every step.

"If you would," she prompts, carefully resting the visitors' present on shadowy hands cloaked in black velour then pets his cheek. "Thank you dear-ah! Where are my manners?"

"Zhongli," she introduces with a cordial smile. Grabbing her pet by the hips and whirling him around to face their guests.

"Welcome to the Jade Chambre," he says courteously. There's a warmth to his movements that brightens the room.

"Thank you."

"Thanks!"

The Eighth maintains a veneer of cold professionalism. The Eleventh's smile does not reach his eyes. That is, until her beloved changes the topic.

"How is her majesty?"

"Ahhh, occupied I suppose." The Eleventh sports a wide boyish grin. Sheepishly scratching the back of his head while his partner scowls, "fulfilled though."

Ningguang mulls over the steep divide in reaction for a second before she gets to work on a backup plan. Her mind works overtime as they sit in their respective places around a large low table. As they go through the formalities her beloved flits around, serving tea with an impeccable technique that goes unappreciated by their guests.

"Thank you beloved," Ningguang whispers, as Zhongli finishes pouring her tea. Fondly touching his hand before he walks away to return the teapot to its insulated case.

Someone clears their throat.

"Lady Tianquan, if we may get to the matter at hand?"

The Eighth is calm, remains polite, but several times an odd shift tags her leg. Like she's about to start bouncing her knee out of impatience before thinking better of it.

"Of course," Ningguang says graciously. "Beloved!"

As Zhongli walks back the Eighth wrinkles her nose, and Ningguang is certain the Eleventh pinches himself in a bid to stay awake.

Zhongli stops in front of her. Grabbing an intricately embroidered floor cushion, Ningguang rests it at her feet where Zhongli begins to lower himself.

Out the corner of her eye she can see their guests' eyes *grow*.

"Then your... assistant, is-?"

"Entrusted with Lord Morax's gnosis." Ningguang answers her with a smile.

Zhongli is fluid and grace embodied, but he moves with purpose. 'Dainty' is not an appropriate descriptor for how he kneels on the cushion, carefully but confidently adjusting his qipao lest it crease. All the velour cloaking him joins in the valley between his shoulder blades, knotted together like a bouquet of black roses.

It is here, with her pet at her feet, that the true form of the Tianquan shows.

Ningguang drinks in the sudden interest sharpening the Harbingers' gaze before tugging at one petal.

Until someone ruins it.

The Eleventh clears his throat.

"Madam Tianquan," he says cheerfully. "We'd like to investigate the goods. Directly."

'*Childe*.' the Eighth hisses.

Infighting? Ningguang adds some fuel to the fire, in her own way.

"It'll cost you," she sings.

"Northland Bank," the Eleventh sings back, mirroring her smile and voice.

Her pet has already stood up. Ningguang sends him off with a little shove. Watching the vision adorning the swell of his ass sway pendulously with each step.

Ningguang loves to watch her pet work. Loves to watch him be subjected to different stimuli. Loves watching him. A twisted feeling simmers inside her seeing how the Eleventh leans back with an easy grin. Eyes sharp and calculating as he leers at her beloved, paws him callously like it's his right.

"That's it, right here darling." The Eleventh coos, guiding Zhongli to the sofa by the waist. Sitting and smiling easily at her beloved, too easily.

If memory serves, this is the one with a prolific stage career in his homeland. Ningguang adds another item on the invoice.

With Zhongli facing the Eleventh, the Eighth springs into motion. Tugging the petal Ningguang abandoned until the bouquet collapses in a heap, revealing the flawless expanse of Zhongli's back. Four sets of claws paw at her beloved, peeling away the velour to expose his shoulders and defenceless chest.

Ningguang witnesses the exact moment all the unresolved heat comes to collect. With interest.

“Hnn!”

“Mr. Zhongli?” the Eighth stills. She doesn't take her hand off his bare back.

“Her hands are quite cold aren't they?” The Eleventh simpers, cupping Zhongli's chin and tugging him close.

The Eighth scowls. “Excuse me.”

Zhongli's back glows accepting the Eighth's fist. Slapping his palms over his mouth in a futile bid to muffle a squeal. Heaven above her arm *flexes* rummaging about Zhongli's gnosis socket.

“Tsk. Can you believe they call her ‘The Fair Lady’ - oof!”

The Eighth straightens her elbow, pinning Zhongli against the Eleventh.

“You break it, you buy it.” Ningguang calls out.

“Unless they're faulty goods,” the Eleventh calls back. “Surely Lord Morax's gnosis can take a little push and shove.”

“I would hope that you do not ‘push and shove’ it when delivering it to her majesty.”

Zhongli pushes himself up to face the Eleventh, though the parting is short-lived. The Eleventh rests a hand over the cutout, stroking his thumb along his sternum. With a smile, he pushes, meeting the thrust of the Eighth's arm but not quite sinking in.

“Wouldn't dream of it,” he purrs. “Inspecting the goods, that's all.”

“Then...”

Zhongli's little exhale is loud in the Jade Chambre as he pushes his chest out, inadvertently forcing the Eighth deeper into his back. Meeting the Eleventh's gaze, Zhongli braces his hands on his chest in a vague heart-shape.

“Please inspect to your heart's content, Mister Tartaglia.”

Heat erupts across Zhongli's shoulders and his knees knock together as the Harbingers reach into his chest from both ends. Though his hands quake, Zhongli remains the professional attendant. His hands stay on his chest, framing the product for the client. The Fatui,

especially the Harbingers, are not known for mercy. Muscle ripples in toned arms with the force of their groping.

If she can hear Zhongli panting from here, Ningguang can only imagine how it sounds in the wolf's den.

Sometimes, she wonders if Zhongli does it on purpose.

Demurely swooning against the Eleventh as he plucks out his heart. Back arching in a sinful line along the Eighth as she plunges her hand through him to snatch it back. The occasional curse or threat filters to her, hardly discernible beyond their snarling.

Children. Ningguang shakes her head and continues to write this invoice. Sparing the occasional glance at her beloved should he drown. He's been caught in the undertow since he got off the cushion laying cold at her feet.

Her gaze flickers to his shivering form, combing his arms for any signal of distress. They remain dull.

Suit himself.

The Eighth punches into Zhongli's back with a bright flash. Gold heels clatter on the floor as Zhongli struggles not to be shoved off the sofa. Stable arms wrap around her beloved, saving him from displacement.

Unfortunately they don't save him from the Eighth's vicious thrusts.

"Ah..! Ah..!"

At the mercy of the Eighth, her beloved writhes in the Eleventh's arms. Gold spills down his back with every cruel thrust or twist of her hand. Its haunting glow dulls the disheveled qipao wrapping him.

The Eleventh clicks his tongue. "Signora, you're making a mess."

The Eighth bares her teeth at him, scrubbing her cheek with the back of her hand. Completely forgetting the gold coating it.

Completely at their mercy. Zhongli is spun around as if he weighs no more than a doll. His hands fumble, lost. Drifting but a millimetre too close to the Eighth arouses a glare so fearsome he recoils, stranded hands shaking in the ether.

"Really, we're a decent lot *mostly*."

Ningguang barely restrains a snort. The Eighth doesn't.

Deceptively kind hands trace Zhongli's arms, taking the space between his fingers to cradle his hands. Everything about the Eleventh is so... Not meticulously calculated per se.

Thumbs stroke the back of Zhongli's hands as the Eighth resumes her inspection of the gnosis cavity. Zhongli arches, chest forward and hips back. The Eleventh sweetly brushes his lips across the bone crowning Zhongli's spine.

Everything about the Eleventh is so gallant.

'Shh sweetheart you're doing so well,' he whispers. 'So gorgeous,' he whispers reverently. Molten gold gilds his lips as he counts each vertebrae with his mouth.

Everything about the Eleventh is so princely.

And when they have their fill, the Eleventh tenderly wraps her beloved back up like he's something precious.

It doesn't match the look in his eyes.

There's a note of finality as the wooden doors swing shut. Zhongli stands straight. Tall heels clack with every precise step closer. Echoing in the spacious chambre long after he stops before her.

Ningguang snaps her fingers. "Show me."

Stubbornly looking away, Zhongli gingerly lifts the front flap of his qipao like he's about to curtsy rather than

"My word," Ningguang whistles. "Barely holding it together I see."

After being tortured all day by the scraping and chafing of black tights, no underwear to shield him, his clit is massive. Bulging between flushed pussy lips and tenting the sheer fabric. Though large as it looms, it can't cover the gooey mess behind it.

"Have I done something to besmirch the Tianquan's good name?" Zhongli says calmly, maintaining professionalism in spite of the obscene display.

"Besmirch?" Ningguang repeats in mock horror. "No, nothing so heinous."

Ningguang prowls around him.

"Merely curious, what has my beloved so worked up? Was it when the Eighth did this?" she asks, barely plunging her hand into his back. "Your hips shook so much."

Zhongli chokes on a gasp as she tears her hand out and continues circling around him, watching him like a hawk.

"Or perhaps it was the Eleventh that made you this wet?" she teases, squishing his cunt with her knee.

Zhongli valiantly keeps his hold. Whining when she spreads her fingers wide and roughly paws at his waist.

“With those *big strong hands*, ” she croons. Snaking her hands into his qipao, she squeezes his breasts, grinding her palms against stiff nipples. “Such a prince too. Why I thought he was handling a flower with how he touched you.”

“But.”

Ningguang grabs his hips so hard her claws dig into him through the silk.

“Our beloved had a close call didn’t he?

Zhongli yelps as she twirls him around then dips him low in a manner befitting a fairy-tale prince.

“A thank you is in order. I don’t know what I would have done if you fell, and...”

She breathes over the shell of his ear. Dips him lower and lower until they collapse in an awkward heap on the low table.

“You certainly enjoyed it didn’t you?”

“I didn’t...”

Ningguang raises an eyebrow.

“Miss Ningguang,” he whispers. Desperate. Pleading even.

Zhongli flushes a deep scarlet and looks away, but Ningguang knows her beloved. Forever starving for shame. For soft touches. Kind words. Attention.

Wound taut.

Not for the first time, and definitely not for the last, she wonders how he came to be this way.

“Poor thing,” she coos, tracing a finger down the seam of his tights.

Zhongli cries out from cold metal claws raking apart sheer fabric, baring his pussy to the air gasping and wet. Ripped tights frame lust-ripened lips and his throbbing red clit bobbing wildly under her gaze. Each errant twitch makes his hole seize and drool opalescent cum down black thighs.

So lovely. So messy.

Ningguang rises to her knees, moving the front flap of her qipao out of the way and appending her phallus in one fluid motion. In full view of her beloved.

“You can’t...!”

“Oh?” Ningguang bristles at the implication that she ‘cannot’ anything, and leans heavily on him.

In spite of his words, her beloved squirms against her cock and she nudges back in response. Dipping the very tip inside him.

“Why not?”

“We shouldn’t,” he pants, “not on the table.”

“Will it break?”

“No, the craftsmanship is such that-”

“Then.” Ningguang cuts him off with another thrust. “Will it stain?”

“No.”

“Then?” Ningguang prompts, grazing his hole with the blunt head of her cock.

“And...” Zhongli murmurs, “the day has not adjourned.”

Ningguang pauses.

“Securing a deal with the Tsaritsa, that concludes your duties for the day.”

Zhongli gasps and looks away, his eyes glassy and forlorn. For exactly a second too long his gaze lingers on the sofa occupied by the Harbingers not an hour before.

Her lips pull into a wolfish grin.

Ningguang looms over him, silvery hair mingles with caramelised lacquer. Tickling his ear along with her breath.

“At ease,” she whispers, and promptly scatters his thoughts with a firm thrust.

The tremor of Zhongli’s voice is subtle but far reaching. Ningguang feels it in her bones and on her skin as she rams her hips flush against her beloved. Violently spilling the nectar gathered in his sex down their thighs with the sheer force of it. Her beloved’s soothing timbre rises into something breathier. Whinier. Frantic keening shears his throat as his hands scrabble on the table for purchase, settling on-

“No.”

Her command is iron as she wrenches sharp teeth out of soft velour and softer skin, clacking her claws against them on the way. Lips unimpeded her beloved *wails*, and his legs buckle as the stone phallus flattens his sweet spot.

Once she found out where he was vulnerable, she never stopped attacking it.

Ningguang lazily cants her hips up and up and up, lazily tattooing a brand where her beloved is most tender. Milking the glossiest sounds from him as he breaks for the umpteenth time. A sturdy leg near sweeps her off the table but Ningguang takes it in stride, cradling it to her shoulder. The new angle spreads him wider, lets her sink deeper.

“Miss Ningguang,” Zhongli pants between cracked mewls. Mindlessly bucking his hips for more but so gone he can’t coordinate.

She slams him back against the table with her hips and dick.

“Beloved,” she coos. Delighting in how Zhongli jerks and almost wrenches her cock clean off its holder.

The cavernous Jade Chambre is suddenly muggy beyond belief. Sweat beads her brow as she fights to breach and fights to pull out of her beloved. Truly a fight with how large she crafted it but a treat for her beloved was in order.

“Please,” he whines. Under the late afternoon sun, inky dark hair glows a radiant caramel, near gold at the ends. Gold in his eyes, so bright they swallow the blazing hot sun of his pupils. A gold that’s only golder in the presence of crimson accenting his eyes and smeared across his lips.

Sometimes she wonders if she should have put him in red.

Ningguang leisurely fucks into him. Relishing in how her beloved’s soft mouth hangs open around a mournful whine and spidery eyelashes flutter shut. Back arching, further mussing his hair and sending his qipao into disarray.

Luxurious silk is even more exquisite draping his overfucked cunt and ripped tights.

She loves watching him.

“Yes pet?” she says just to say it. Tamping down a giggle as her beloved *purrs*, leaning in when she scratches his chin. “Pet,” she trills.

“Miss Ningguang...”

“Yes pet.”

She nips at his lips and Zhongli spreads his legs further. Behind them, an expensive heel clatters to the floor.

Gracefully she leans over, lining herself along the slopes and valleys of Zhongli’s front.

“That’s it, Beloved.”

Zhongli mewls and writhes under her. Whining higher and tighter with her every thrust stretching him out and knocking his insides. However ever the sweet pet his legs stay open, even trembling from the strain he remains pliant beneath her. Even when peaking he-

Ningguang quickly detaches the cock and sits back. Watching Zhongli's stretched pussy spasm around the thick base. White cum bubbling out around the seams is poetically pretty oozing down stockinged legs and onto the tea table exclusively for guests.

She may have been lying, just a little, when she said that her beloved was finished for today.

But as Ningguang reviews the minutes of the meeting, she thinks she can be forgiven.

“Kecqing just brought these in, oh-”

Ganyu stops abruptly, walking much quieter when Ningguang beckons her over.

“Is he...?”

Ningguang shakes her head.

“Can you check this for me?”

The three of them review the minutes of the meeting. Zhongli on her lap, plugged and sated. Ganyu, evaluating the minutes as she braids his hair. A serene expression graces his face as she tops the braid off with a fresh qingxin.

Zhongli came to them not as unmolded clay, not as a blank canvas, but still... Ningguang likes to think they added something.

End Notes

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