

Appointment

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Appointment

by [PiperDerg](#)

Summary

Venti shows up late for his tattoo appointment, Xiao is grumpy about it.

Notes

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

Xiao's appointment was late. He drummed his fingers on the counter, staring out into the rain lashing against the windows of the shop, debating on just closing up for the evening. This guy was his only appointment after all and he was late.

He turned away from the door and headed into the back to start his cleanup routine. He'd call the customer tomorrow... and tell him he wasn't welcome in his store anymore.

The door opened and he turned back around to see his customer coming in from the pouring rain, soaked to the bone.

"Sorry I'm late!" Venti chirped. "The rain made it pretty hard to drive in, and I think we might be getting some hail later."

Venti was friends with the previous owner of the shop, the two were childhood friends. Though how Zhongli had met this man, he never said.

"Next time I'm cancelling your appointment." Xiao crossed his arms.

"Ooh, Xiao don't be like that! I've been coming here for ages, you wouldn't."

"I would." Xiao responded firmly. "We're not friends, Venti, you can't just waltz in here whenever you please."

"Ehe, Zhongli let me come over all the time, though."

"Yes, and you never got a single tattoo from him."

"I was waiting for you." The singer fluttered his eyes.

Xiao squinted at him and then rolled his shoulders in a shrug. "Fine, come on and let's get this over with. Where do you want this ring that you're getting?"

"Upper thigh!" Venti said, rolling up the shorts he was wearing. "Right here."

"And you have the pattern for me?"

"Right here!" He said again, brandishing a sheet of paper in a ziplock.

Xiao grunted and took it over to the scanner, printing out the paper that would let him lay the pattern on Venti's skin. When he returned from the office, the little man was nowhere to be found and Xiao ground his teeth in frustration. He headed into his room to find Venti sitting there, already stripped to his underwear. They had to be briefs. There was no way. No... His eyes lingered maybe a little too long before he snapped them up to Venti's face.

"I'm ready! I've been wanting to get this one for a while now." Venti was... blushing? No, surely not.

Xiao cleaned the skin, noting that Venti's leg was already shaved. "You shave your legs?"

"Sometimes," Venti admitted. "One of my friends told me how remarkable it felt when we were younger and sometimes I just like to rub my legs together, like a cricket!"

Xiao blinked steadily at him until the smile fell from Venti's face.

"What?"

"You're an idiot."

Xiao stopped talking to Venti then, intent on his work. The buzz of the tattoo gun in his hand and in his ears drowning out most of the sounds around.

Until he heard a moan.

He looked up from his work briefly to see Venti biting his lip, his face red. He swallowed, mouth dry. This was not happening. He looked to the side, daring... to see Venti's erection straining the underwear he was wearing. Xiao choked on his tongue, and put his focus back on the teal tattoo he was adding to Venti's thigh.

He maneuvered the leg around, propping it up on his shoulder to ink the underside.

Bad move.

This afforded him the opportunity to catch the scent of Venti's arousal and he was painfully hard now in his own jeans. He wanted this to be over, he needed this to end. He was trying to be professional.

When did he start finding this man attractive? How long has it been?

No matter, face to face with what he was seeing right now... he had to do something.

The tattoo was complete, he cleaned it up and wrapped the leg in Saniderm. "Keep that on for now," he said, a little breathy in his own right as he gave Venti the instructions on what to do to let this tattoo heal appropriately. He heard Venti whimper again and his self control snapped.

He was on his feet before he realized it, looming over Venti in the chair. "Do you," he said breath ragged, "Have any idea what you've done to me?"

Venti stared up at him, pupils blown wide. "That... might have been the point, actually," he admitted.

Xiao groaned, all of his self control gone now. "Was the tattoo even the point? Or was it the pain?"

"Little of both," Venti breathed, looking up at him. "The pain is good, and the tattoo well... it is one I've always wanted."

Xiao groaned again. "Why couldn't you have just asked me out like a normal person?"

"Zhongli said you'd say no."

"Damn that man." Xiao took several deep breaths.

"What are you going to do now?"

Xiao didn't hesitate. He leaned farther over, pressing his lips to Venti's plump pink ones, hearing a groan out of the other man. He steadied himself on the tattoo chair as he plundered Venti's mouth with his tongue. "I am going to fuck you in this chair," he growled. "You wore panties to your appointment." he leaned over to whisper in Venti's ear. "*Whore.*"

Venti groaned and rolled his hips. "God, Xiao please."

Xiao stepped back and pulled the panties off of Venti, leaving his erection bobbing and twitching as it dribbled all over his belly.

"You're so beautiful." Xiao murmured, kneeling between those perfect thighs and kissing the tip of Venti's cock, before dragging his tongue along the head and underside.

Venti watched him with an adoring expression on his face and he blushed, closing his eyes to concentrate on his task. Xiao pressed his tongue up against the bottom of Venti's cock as he slowly descended, making an attempt to tease back. But as Venti drooled pre into his mouth he wanted more.

Xiao stepped up the pace, bobbing his head, cheeks hollowed as he sucked and licked at the flesh in his mouth.

"Xiao, I'm... I'm gonna-" Venti choked on his words and then he was spilling inside of Xiao's mouth, his length twitching and pulsing his release into Xiao's waiting throat.

Xiao stood up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, eyes intense on Venti. "Did you... bring anything with you?"

Venti shook his head.

"Idiot." Surprise affection. "Came here to get fucked and didn't bring any lube." He moved and shuffled in his drawer, bringing out a container. Coconut oil. He scooped some out with his fingers, hurriedly pulling himself out with his other hand.

"Beautiful." he heard Venti whisper. "Your art is stunning."

Xiao looked at the swirling colors and patterns on his shaft as he prepared himself, "Thank you." Then he moved back to his spot between Venti's legs. "Are you ready?"

"Stretched before coming here, you won't hurt me."

Xiao groaned at that and guided himself, pressing into Venti's ass, watching his face twist into expressions of pleasure, seeing his mouth drop open and his eyes flutter closed. Venti was *gorgeous* no doubt about it. The way his cheeks blushed, the way he bit his lip. He had even reached down to hold his own thighs to give Xiao better access.

After he bottomed out he sat there for a moment, his own thighs trembling. “Venti, I-”

“Shh, don’t say anything. Let’s just enjoy this.”

Xiao nodded and lazily rolled his hips hearing Venti stutter and moan. He wanted to hear that again. And again. His pace was sloppy, punctuated by groans and trembling legs as he thrust into Venti’s hole over and over again.

The studio was filled with the wet sounds of flesh on flesh and moans from the both of them. No more words passed between the two, eyes locked on each other with a single minded determination. Xiao wasn’t sure how much time had passed, but his hips stuttered and he asked, “Where can I?”

Venti let go of his legs to wrap them around Xiao’s waist. “Inside, please.”

He couldn’t say no to that. He shivered and his body tightened, the orgasm rolling through him like the thunder rolling through the skies above them. Venti held him close, not letting him go even after he’d pumped the other man full and was beginning to soften.

Sweat dripped onto Venti’s chest from his hair and he mumbled an apology.

“There’s no need for you to be sorry,” Venti cupped his face in his hands. “Hey, you wanna go out with me?”

Xiao barely had the energy to laugh at that, but he did smile and nod. “Yeah.”

End Notes

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