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04-05-2022

07:34

The Room: Chapter 1

GJ finished his live stream and got back to the hotel. Inside the elevator his assistant pressed the button for his floor. GJ leaned against the wall, absorbed with his phone. Less than a minute later, the elevator doors opened.

His assistant walked out first, and GJ, with his head down still looking at his phone, followed after. As he stepped out of the elevator, a strange but not unfamiliar feeling of weightlessness assailed him. GJ paused in his step. Before losing consciousness, he thought: not again?

When he opened his eyes, he was lying on a double bed in a hotel suite. The lights were dim, only 2 bedside lamps were on. GJ stared at the ceiling for a few secs, then heard some shuffling sounds beside him. He turned & saw ZZH munching on the KFC he was carrying in the elevator.

ZZH had no makeup on, hair sticking up messily. The way he was eating the chicken wing, GJ thought he looked like a wild kitten that jumped in through the window, the kind that twirls its tail and leaves after it's finished.

When he saw that GJ was awake, he blinked his round cat eyes and, extending a piece of fried chicken to him, said, "Want some?"

GJ, still a little groggy, unconsciously shook his head.

ZZH hummed and put the chicken back on the table, his cheeks bulging as he chewed.

GJ blinked. He was awake, but felt like he was still sleeping. He suddenly said, "Zhang Laoshi, I'm so tired."

He hadn't slept more than two hours a day for the past week. The amount of time his makeup person was spending covering up the dark circles under his eyes was growing exponentially.

ZZH made a sound of acquiescence, "Sleep then, we still have time."

At his words, GJ seemed to suddenly relax. Hugging the blankets to him, he adjusted his

position and mumbled, "I'll just sleep for a bit-- remember to wake me."

"Sure," ZZH said, "Sleep, I'll wake you when it's time."

They had developed an odd acceptance to this strange situation, after all-- this wasn't the first time.

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The first time this happened was in Nanjing.

(Oops forgot cw at the beginning of the chapter. This is an EXPLICIT fic. Don't read if you don't like it.)

GJ was sitting at the back of the van. As they left the tunnel, a white light flashed in front of his eyes followed by a strange weightlessness.

He thought they'd gotten in an accident. His last thought was thankfully he'd bought accidental life insurance; in case he spends the rest of his life in a coma, he will at least still have a source of income.

Then he opened his eyes, and saw a beige ceiling, dim light strip, and some curtains. GJ jumped out of bed, frantically feeling himself all over.

"What?" ZZH said. "Is there a cockroach in the blankets?"

GJ didn't have time to rejoice over the fact that he still had all four limbs, before getting a nasty scare from the sudden familiar voice, "Zhang... Zhang Laoshi?!"

"Zhang Laoshi," GJ stared at him in shock. "Why are you here?"

ZZH was sitting on the chair with his legs crossed, "How should I know? I was going to ask you."

GJ said, "I was in the car just now, then I suddenly fainted, and when I opened my eyes I was here. What about you?"

ZZH thought for a moment, "About the same. I was walking up from the garage and tripped, next thing I knew I was here."

"What?" GJ's furrowed his brows, looking helplessly at him. "Where are we?"

ZZH shook his head, "I don't know." He looked around, "It's definitely very odd."

The room appeared to be a normal hotel suite, with a large king size bed, a bathroom, & a sitting area with a coffee table & 3 couches, much like the suites they'd stayed in before. But behind the curtains was a solid wall, they couldn't open the door, & their phones had no signal.

GJ put his shoulder to the door a few times, to no avail. ZZH, his brows furrowed and increasingly angry, turned around and stalked into the room. Ten seconds later he returned dragging a chair ominously, "Out of the way."

GJ scooted aside. The chair flew past him straight at the door. He instinctively raised his hands to cover his ears, but the loud crash he anticipated never happened. What came next made both of them stare in shock.

ZZH's eyes met GJ's wide ones, then lowered to the chair that had appeared beside him, as if he had never lifted & thrown it. He muttered, "What the fuck..."

GJ's brows were turned down again in that way that made him look so much like a puppy. "Zhang Laoshi, what do we do now?"

One year older and an industry veteran, ZZH felt his responsibility. He kicked the chair, feeling their lives on his shoulders. Or perhaps his role in the last wuxia drama still lingered in him, the lone martial artist and sect leader.

He turned resolutely, GJ following behind him like an obedient puppy, as he strode into the bathroom.

In the bathroom GJ saw ZZH standing in the middle, the heat lamp over his head turned on high. The warmth made a sheen of sweat on the tip of his nose.

He must've just finished some job, still in makeup and with his shoulder length hair done up. The determined way he was looking at GJ reminded him of a dashing and beautiful swordswoman in a wuxia world.

ZZH said to him, seriously, "Come and hold me."

He said it with such a serious and straight face, almost imperiously, that GJ's heart jumped, and he stammered, "Ah, this, um... should we..."

ZZH frowned and made an impatient sound, "What? It's only you and me here, stop wasting time."

"O...okay" GJ said. His ears felt a little hot, and he wondered if he was overthinking this. Maybe Zhang Laoshi was just stressed by the peril of the situation and needed some comfort.

He stumbled over and put his arms around ZZH, trying not to be too stiff. He patted his back and said, "It's okay Zhang Laoshi, we will definitely get out."

He hadn't released him when ZZH turned in his arms and said, "What are you doing?"

GJ's tongue felt tied in knots, "Didn't you say to h... hold you?"

ZZH looked at him like he had grown an extra head and pointed overhead, "Da-ge, I asked you to hold me up so I can reach this."

GJ looked up and saw his finger pointing at a 40cm wide vent in the ceiling. His face turned bright red.

"I thought..." GJ took a step back and stammered, "I thought..."

ZZH seemed unconcerned about his embarrassment and patted his shoulder, "Hurry up and pick me up."

GJ looked down and raised his hands to his waist, hesitating.

He took a breath and wrapped his arms around him, picking ZZH up off the ground so suddenly that he stumbled back a step.

ZZH looked down, "Stand still."

GJ, his face buried in his abdomen, nodded obediently.

It might have been a minute, or 5 minutes, or 15 minutes. GJ knew that he should be thinking about how to get out, how long might they be trapped here for, how to get help, what if they starve.

But all his brain could focus on was: what cologne does Zhang laoshi wear? It smells so good. Zhang laoshi's waist is so small. His butt is so perky. Does he have abs too? Can I poke with my nose?

"Junjun," ZZH suddenly called his name. GJ looked up, "Hm?"

ZZH looked down at his bright eyes and pink cheeks, and suddenly felt like he'd called his

puppy's name.

"The vent is too narrow, we can't get in," he patted GJ arm to loosen his grip, and jumped down.

GJ asked, "Then what do we do?"

ZZH sighed, "I don't know, let's keep thinking."

They got 2 bottles of water out of the mini fridge and sat on the bed drinking, mentally exhausted, considering what to do next.

"Do you think this is somebody's idea of a prank or..." GJ suggested carefully, "Or some sort of reality show?"

ZZH said, "I don't see any cameras. What bizarre show traps people in a locked room?"

GJ gripped his water bottle and mumbled, "It's so weird that I almost think I'm dreaming."

ZZH laughed, "Gong laoshi, do you have such bizarre dreams? Hm?"

He poked him with the bottle, "Do you have some weird kinks I don't know about?"

GJ twisted to escape his poking, "Of course not!"

But ZZH wouldn't let him get away, moving closer, "You don't? Are you sure?"

GJ was forced to move back, loudly declaring, "I don't, I don't!" He put his hand back for support, and the TV suddenly turned on.

GJ immediately raised both hands, "It wasn't me! I didn't turn it on!"

ZZH glanced at the TV screen, and froze.

GJ followed his gaze to the screen, then looked again because he thought he was seeing things, then looked a 3rd time.

After the 5th time, GJ swallowed. He was afraid to look at ZZH, and when he spoke his voice shook, "Zhang laoshi, what... what does this mean?"

The screen displayed some lines of text.

Complete one of the following options to leave the room:

A. ZZH must inflict on GJ a wound no less than 15cm in length, 0.8cm in depth

B. GJ must cause ZZH to orgasm

Time remaining 8:43:21

GJ looked at ZZH, then back at the screen.

The time remaining was now 8:43:20

"This isn't real, right?" GJ said tentatively.

ZZH gave him a look. It was hard to say whether his look said "Don't be dumb of course this is fake" or "What nonsense are you speaking again"

GJ picked up the remote, "I'll turn it off." He pressed it a few times then turned to ZZH helplessly, "Zhang Laoshi...it...won't turn off"

ZZH suddenly stood up. GJ thought he was going to smash the TV & stood up too. But ZZH only paced a few steps, then asked him,

"What if we don't do as it says?"

Even though GJ felt like saying, you're asking me? But he still tried his best to come up with an answer, "Er, not let us out?"

GJ wracked his brain to remember his college biology class,

"With water, if we don't eat, we can survive...uh maybe 4 to 5 days?"

ZZH paced agitatedly some more, then asked him, "And what if we do comply?"

GJ looked at the screen, then looked at him, & squeezed the remote in his hand. "It should..be ok"

GJ said, "I'm not scared of blood"

The time remaining was now 2:18:39. They had already been here for over 10 hours. Just now they'd split the one Snickers bar they found in ZZH's jacket pocket, but were still very hungry.

GJ lay on the bed, staring unfocused at the numbers counting down on the screen.

He suddenly heard ZZH say, "Let's discuss this."

GJ turned his head. ZZH sat cross-legged beside him, looking like he had made some decision.

"Discuss what?" GJ asked.

ZZH said, "How to do it."

GJ thought for a bit, "There's a razor in the bathroom."

ZZH reach out and pinched his arm. GJ almost jumped off the bed. "Don't be silly," ZZH said. "I'm being serious."

GJ rubbed his arm, looking at him with wide eyes.

ZZH's expression was calm, a small frown on his face, as composed as if they were discussing the script in his RV, saying should we add a line here, should you hold my hand there

"This orgasm, do you have to participate the whole time, or can you just appear at the end?"ZZH said

"The instructions are very imprecise. If I think about you while jerking off, does that count as you causing me to orgasm?"

GJ's entire brain had blue screened. When he opened his mouth, the only sound that came out was "Ah?"

In the end ZZH was the one who decided on the process, after all the completion of this option hinged on him. Even though the instructions were imprecise, ZZH decided not to take any shortcuts, instead choosing a precise method to cover the imprecision.

"We don't have time to keep trying," ZZH said. "My blood sugar is so low that if it doesn't count and I have to do it again, I'll faint."

GJ nodded, agreeing that everything Zhang laoshi said was right.

ZZH leaned against the headboard, a pillow behind his back. He dimmed the lights to a suggestive brightness & pulled open the nightstand drawer. Inside was a tube of waterbased

lubricant

"Hah," said ZZH "Schemers." He took out the lube & threw it on the bed beside GJ "Come here"

GJ obediently grabbed the lube & moved close to him, so that they were face to face with each other

The situation was a bit awkward, a lot strange & a little, just a little tempting.

"This isn't gonna work" ZZH seemed to realize that they couldn't proceed like this "Let's kiss"

GJ tightened his grip on the lube and said, "Okay." He slowly moved closer, and pressed his lips to ZZH's.

ZZH opened his mouth slightly, and sucked gently on his upper lip.

GJ tasted the slight sweetness of chocolate. He thought perhaps he was just too hungry.

He licked ZZH's lips then desperately sought his tongue, as eager as though he wanted to consume him. ZZH kissed leisurely, the tip of his tongue every once in a while tugging at him suggestively. It was GJ who rushed in, but it also felt like GJ who was pleasuring him.

He removed the lube from GJ & grabbed his hand to place on his chest. GJ clutched at it, then fumbled with his jacket trying to take it off. ZZH twisted, throwing the jacket aside. GJ's hand went to his breast again, one hand covering half his chest. His hand was so big.

GJ kneaded his chest, feeling the fullness. T-shirt wrinkled, the firm flesh under his strong fingers almost overflowing. The cloth rubbing over his nipples made them hard. GJ's increasing roughness made ZZH grunt softly, but he didn't tell him that he likes it with a bit of pain

GJ seemed like he couldn't get enough. His hand crept under the T-shirt to touch his skin. His palm was so hot that ZZH trembled in surprise.

"Zhang Laoshi..." GJ panted beside his ear. "Your chest is so big..."

ZZH wanted to roll his eyes at him,

but got lost in the delicious pleasure of GJ's thumb rubbing at his nipples.

He grabbed GJ's other hand and put it on himself. GJ was so compliant and eager to please, touching anywhere that ZZH directed him to. One hand could cover half his waist, making him squirm on the bed.

GJ lowered his head to kiss the side of his waist, and saw a bulge in ZZH's sweatpants. He felt a definite sense of accomplishment. He hooked his thumb under the elastic of the pants and looked up at him, "Can I?"

ZZH nodded.

GJ slipped his hand under his pants and pulled aside his underwear, touching him from tip to base. ZZH furrowed his brows and his thigh trembled. GJ remembered something and quickly pulled his hand out, squirted a generous amount of lube into his palm and put it back in again.

The sudden coldness made ZZH gasp. He wanted to kick GJ off the bed. After finally getting fucking hard, he almost made him soft again.

ZZH dragged GJ up in exasperation to kiss him again, his other hand roughly playing with his own nipples.

A little too hard, as he flinched and bit back a cry of pain.

GJ looked down and saw the red marks that ZZH caused on his own full chest. He frowned disapprovingly, "You're too rough with yourself."

He kissed in a circle around ZZH's breast, then closed in to kiss the nipple, using his tongue to lick it softly. ZZH felt a sharp shaft of pleasure travel straight down his body, making him unconsciously squeeze his legs together tightly.

Afraid of causing him discomfort, GJ used a lot of lube, making loud liquid sounds as he rubbed him. ZZH urged him, "Faster." GJ obediently increased his speed, the liquid sounds even louder.

It's just a hand job, ZZH thought. You'd think we were really fucking.

But very soon he couldn't think anything anymore, all he could do was grab onto GJ's shoulders panting.

"Almost... I'm..." he turned his head toward GJ. His hair had come a bit undone, dark eyes wet and shining, lips red from GJ's kisses, like maraschino cherries on a cake,

a kind of over-exquisite sweetness. He was still taking the lead, he hadn't forgotten their purpose, assuring GJ, "Once more... I'm close... Ah!"

He hid his face in GJ's neck, his hair a little ticklish, his breath shaky, lying limp against GJ's shoulder.

After a few seconds, he said, "I feel... a little faint."

GJ held him, lowering him carefully to the bed, "Rest a bit."

ZZH hummed, and closed his eyes.

GJ let him go and looked at him for a few moments.

He felt a strange sense of responsibility for the unkempt way that ZZH looked right now, and wondered if he should help tidy him up a bit? But after raising and lowering his hand a few times, he was still at a loss, so instead he pulled the blanket over and covered ZZH with it.

GJ glanced toward the door, then jumped off the bed in surprise, "Zhang laoshi! The door opened!"

ZZH opened his eyes to look and smiled, "Well at least they keep their word."

GJ looked at the door, then at ZZH on the bed, "You stay here, I'll go see if there's anyone outside."

ZZH nodded, "Okay."

GJ walked a few steps toward the door, then suddenly heard ZZH say behind him, "Why didn't you go?"

GJ turned around and paused, then said, "You mean, that, well you know I had last minute work come up so--"

The entryway had a corner that blocked the rest of the room from view. GJ couldn't see ZZH, but could hear him humming a song. He took a few steps back, "Zhang laoshi?"

Then a sudden weightlessness assailed him, and the world went black.

*

GJ had a short and confusing dream. When he suddenly opened his eyes, he almost thought

that he was still in his modeling days, traveling to Wuxi on a bus to shoot a detergent commercial.

He blinked and turned. ZZH was lying on his stomach beside him, reading a book. The cover had stars, moon, and clouds on it, some sort of short story book.

ZZH turned the page and saw that his eyes were open, "You're awake?"

GJ said yes, his voice, half-awake, even deeper than usual.

"Okay," ZZH closed the book and got up, stretching. He turned to look at the TV screen and said, "It's not too late, we still have time."

(END CHAPTER 1)

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