Twitter Thread by YilingJessa



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Ok! Here we go! @WWXsPeach won my 100 follower contest and requested a WangXian canon-era A/B/O threadfic. This is going to be fun!

I basically never write canon because I am a white American and I'm terrified of getting it wrong and accidentally offending people. PLEASE please let me know if that happens! If I can't fix the offending tweet, I will correct it going forward and change it when it goes on AO3.

Also I have not written this out beforehand! I am much more of a plotter than a pantser, also I am super ADHD and don't take my meds on the weekend. So I have a general outline for this, but it might go off the rails.

Ok! So...Omega WWX invents birth control and saves the Wens!

Wei Wuxian, alone in the Demon-Slaughtering cave, was at the angry part of his heat. His legs hurt, his back hurt, he was horny as hell, he was craving tanghulu and yet all Wen Qing offered were the ever-present radishes.

WWX fucking *hates* radishes. No one actually likes radishes, the whole thing was a yet another conspiracy by the cultivation world against him. He sat on the rock slab that he called his bed, crossed his arms, and huffed.

"Why do we even *have* heats," he asked himself grumpily. "I can't have kids right now, you stupid body. I live in a fucking graveyard, only eat one meal a day, and the entire world hates me."

He tapped the side of his nose thoughtfully. "I wonder...what if I didn't have to go into heats? Is there a talisman that could prevent that?"

"WEN QING!!!!" he screamed. A few minutes later, she appeared in the doorway of the cave, looking irritated. *As a beta, *she* didn't have to deal with heats*, WWX thought resentfully at her. "Hey, is there medicine that can stop heats?" he asked.

"Can stop heats? You mean the entire cycle?" she asked. "Yeah, this shit is stupid and I don't want to deal with it," he replied.

"I don't think so. We have herbs and other ways to prevent or end a pregnancy, but messing with your body's natural cycle could end badly," she said. "Worse than dying of malnutrition and resentful energy on top of a pile of corpses without a golden core?" WWX asked cheerfully.

"Well, when it put it that way..." WQ nodded her head. "What do you need from me?"

"I guess any info about the actual biological process of heat. How does it work? Is it affected by qi or resentful energy? Is there any current research on lengthening or shortening the cycles, or easing cramps or cravings?"

WQ called in her brother, who had been an Omega before he was a Fierce Corpse, and the conversation was so interesting that it distracted WWX from his heat woes. He eventually kicked them out and stayed awake for three days completing version 1.0 of his talisman.

Holding a piece of paper in his hand, covered in ink, his hair a rats nest of tangles and dark bags under his eyes, WWX rushed into WQ's office, triumphant. "I did it!" he exclaimed. "I think."

He explained his invention, how it took some of the talismans that already existed to boost fertility and increase the chances of pregnancy, and reversed them in order to fool the body into thinking they were *already* pregnant, so they didn't need to go into heat after all.

(Please don't look too closely at the science of this. I am not a biologist or a doctor. I don't even play one on tv. This is the most cracktastic thing I've ever written, and I wrote a story where WWX has a soul mark in the crack of his ass.)