

Yeet of Destiny

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Kapitel 1: You jump, I jump - WWX POV

Blood is dripping down from the hand that's clutching his wrist like his life is depending on it. Which it quite literally is.

"Lan Zhan..." Wei Wuxian whispers desperately.

Lan Zhan is looking at him like he's the one dying inside, not him. Teeth gritted, arms trembling. But it'll all be over soon. There's no way back. He has ruined everything. Including, but not limited to, the lives of the people he loves the most.

"Let me go..." And it will be over.

Jiang Cheng appears at Lan Zhan's side, Sandu drawn.

He's yelling his name and then something Wei Wuxian doesn't quite hear anymore.

It's comforting in a strange way. To see them this last time like they have always been around him. Lan Zhan glaring, Jiang Cheng shouting.

Sandu comes down. It misses its mark by half an arm's length, but Wei Wuxian uses the moment to pull himself free of Lan Zhan's grasp.

Then he falls. A sensation both familiar and weird.

"Wei Ying!"

Ah, Lan Zhan...

He smiles and closes his eyes. It'll be over soon.

The air is rushing in his ears. Or is it his blood?

"Wei Ying!"

Why is Lan Zhan's voice still there? So close?

Frowning, he opens his eyes. He doesn't really mean to, but it happens anyway. And

his blood freezes at the sight.

Lan Zhan, stupid, noble Lan Zhan is still reaching for him. Hair whipping in the wind, robes fluttering, hand outstretched. Diving after him off the cliff.

Wei Wuxian can't get his mouth to work.

A light blue flash shoots from Lan Zhan's wrist. It's coming for him. Wraps itself around Wei Wuxian's wrist.

Before he can so much as think, "Oh, my talisman!", his fall comes to a sudden stop, pain erupting from his right shoulder and wrist. So intense it blinds him for a few moments.

He screams. So does Lan Zhan.

Then everything is quiet but for their laboured breathing and the howling wind. They hover mid-air. Lan Zhan's left hand is clutching Bichen. The sword shimmers brightly.

Wei Wuxian gulps. "Lan Zhan..."

"Shut up," Lan Zhan grits out and glares down at him.

"What were you thinking, Lan Zhan? What possessed you to...?"

He does shut up when his lips seal themselves tightly shut.

Really?! Wei Wuxian groans against the silencing spell. Lan Zhan ignores him in favour of gently manoeuvring them downwards.

It's only a few metres before Wei Wuxian's feet touch the rocky ground of the volcanic landscape. The air is hot.

He promptly collapses onto his bottom.

Lan Zhan, ever graceful, descends like an Immortal from the Heavens. At least, that's what it looks like to him.

Lan Zhan glares some more, sinking to his knees between Wei Wuxian's sprawled legs, and slaps him hard across the face.

"For not listening!"

Wei Wuxian stares in disbelief.

Lan Zhan grabs him by the lapels of his robes, gives him a wild shake.

"For being an idiot!"

Tears spill from Lan Zhan's eyes. Wei Wuxian's throat hurts, the way throats do when you're close to crying.

Lan Zhan surges forward and kisses him.

"For still being alive," he whispers against the sealed lips.

Wei Wuxian whimpers miserably.

They sit in silence for a while, just looking at each other. Hands fisted into red lapels and white sleeves. Breathing and pulses slowing down. The talisman's thread glows softly, connecting their wrists.

Eventually Lan Zhan speaks again, quietly, almost resigned, "Will you listen to me now?"

Wei Wuxian pouts. What more is there to say? What lecture could there possibly be that he hasn't heard time and time again. He's not sure he won't jump into one of the lava streams if the words "back" and "Gusu" are said anytime soon.

Lan Zhan sits back on his heels, letting go of his clothes. He pulls something out of his sleeve.

It's A-Yuan's straw butterfly.

Wei Wuxian chokes on the emotions. His heart is breaking.

How do you have that?! He wants to yell. As it is, only loud hums come forth.

Lan Zhan looks him in the eyes. Perhaps searching for words.

"I said before," he starts and takes a steadying breath.

Wei Wuxian only now notices that Lan Zhan is shaking.

"The situation changed."

Wei Wuxian makes an inquiring noise. He tries to lift his hands again, but a sharp pain reminds him of his probably dislocated shoulder.

A minute frown plays over Lan Zhan's features before he gets back on his knees.

He tugs at Wei Wuxian's belt and robes, making him flush and hum loudly in protest.

A glare makes him hold still. The dark fabric is shoved off his shoulder.

Lan Zhan says, "Going to hurt. Sorry."

Wei Wuxian's mind is halfway through a thought like, "Oh, is he gonna-," before he

screams behind his still sealed lips as Lan Zhan resets his shoulder.

Lan Zhan holds Wei Wuxian's arm steady while taking off his forehead ribbon.

Lan Zhan?! Wei Wuxian can barely breathe. He's getting dizzy.

Lan Zhan wraps the middle of the ribbon around Wei Wuxian's forearm a few times, then ties the ends behind his neck, forming a makeshift sling.

"Keep it still," he says and passes him spiritual energy to speed up the healing.

It tingles. And dissipates into nothingness. Lan Zhan doesn't seem to notice.

The straw butterfly is resting on his lap. Wei Wuxian picks it up, looking at it with tears in his eyes that have little to do with his shoulder.

"Wei Ying."

He looks up at Lan Zhan who is gazing at him quizzically.

"A-Yuan is safe. Waiting for you."

Wei Wuxian shakes his head desperately. This can't be. All the Wens are gone. Every last one of them.

Lan Zhan's hands gently close around his, cradling the butterfly.

"Got him. Hid him."

Lan Zhan's breath fans across his face.

Relief floods Wei Wuxian's whole body. All he wants to do is pitch forward into that chest and sob. So he does.

They sit bent over the straw butterfly, both crying.

"Lan Zhan..." His voice sounds so rough.

"Wei Ying..."

Wei Wuxian snuffles.

Lan Zhan kisses his forehead and whispers, "Let's get out of here."

Wei Wuxian huffs a wet laugh. "So casual, Lan Zhan. Just who has been such a bad influence on your vocabulary?"

"Mn." Lan Zhan raises an eyebrow a tiny bit at him.

Wei Wuxian laughs at that, before shyly asking, "Take me to him? Please?"

Lan Zhan nods and helps him stand.

Bichen carries them off, hidden by cliffs and the long shadows of early morning.

Wei Wuxian's head is spinning as Lan Zhan holds him tightly in his arms.

He wonders just where he is supposed to go next. He certainly can't go back to the Burial Mounds.

"Anywhere is fine," Lan Zhan says.

Wei Wuxian looks up and realises, he must have mumbled to himself aloud.

"If..." Lan Zhan starts. "If Wei Ying will have me, we can go anywhere he likes."

Wei Wuxian hides his face in Lan Zhan's neck, shivering from exhaustion as much as emotion.

"We can do that," he answers. "Just the three of us."

Lan Zhan's arm around his waist tightens in agreement.

Wei Wuxian's darkened heart starts mending that day.