

# Yeet of Destiny

Von Hoshisaki

## Kapitel 2: No coward's way out - JC POV

"Wei Wuxian! Go to hell!" Jiang Cheng yells and is about to swing Sandu.

Wei Wuxian closes his eyes like he is accepting his fate. Only... Jiang Cheng doesn't want this to be his fate.

He lowers the sword and glares down at his brother.

"Fuck you!" He spits. "Fuck you, Wei Wuxian. You and this entire fucked up mess you made!"

He wants to stomp his foot like a frustrated child, but reigns in the urge.

"Jiang Cheng," Wei Wuxian chokes out. And has the audacity to smile softly.

"How dare you, how dare-" Jiang Cheng hiccups, struggling to breathe with all the anger and grief raging inside of him. Tears prickle at the corners of his eyes. "Who gave you permission to slink away like that? Can't you for once in your life clean up your shit?"

He sheathes Sandu and kneels beside Lan Wangji, leaning down to try and grab something of Wei Wuxian's. Anything really. A sleeve, a collar, a hand. He will pull him up by his hair, if he has to.

The angry tears spill over.

"You fucking idiot!"

Lan Wangji groans in pain next to him and hastily grabs at Wei Wuxian's wrist with his left hand, too; Bichen discarded on the ground beside him. It makes him slide a couple of inches closer to the precipice.

"Give me your hand, or I swear..." Jiang Cheng growls and stretches further down.

Wei Wuxian makes a pained face at him, glances at Lan Wangji and lets out a shaky breath.

Lan Wangji groans again as Wei Wuxian's weight shifts with the movement. But they succeed. Jiang Cheng's right hand clutches at Wei Wuxian's left.

All three of them are breathing heavily by now.

"Can't you just, I don't know, kick off on the rock and jump up here?" Jiang Cheng asks, a deep frown creasing his forehead.

"I can't," his brother answers quietly. Almost as if he is ashamed of something. That would be a first.

"Don't be daft. There's always some sort of last reserve of spiritual energy left somewhere in the body. You're still conscious, so..."

"I really can't, Jiang Cheng."

This is utter nonsense. Wasn't it Wei Wuxian himself who had loudly and repeatedly proclaimed just where exactly he had spiritual energy stored? He couldn't have spent it all, could he?

"What the fuck is wrong with you?! If you survive this, I will kill you for being so stupid," Jiang Cheng threatens.

"Bicker later," Lan Wangji grits out.

Jiang Cheng huffs but relents.

"Alright, well then." He takes a deep breath. "Let's just... pull him up on the count of three."

"Won't work," Lan Wangji says. "Have no leverage."

Jiang Cheng really looks for the first time. Lan Wangji is up to his armpits off solid ground. Balancing their weights precariously. One wrong move and he goes over the cliff, too. Those two really deserve each other. Jiang Cheng can't stand it.

"Leverage...", he mumbles to himself, thinking. Urgh, he is so not used to doing the thinking when Wei Wuxian is around. That's his brother's thing after all, the mischievous genius. Jiang Cheng just gets into trouble along with him and is shouted at more afterwards. Or used to, before.

He looks around as if the options will just spring up from the ground somehow.

He can't let go of his brother to drag the Second Jade of Lan by his boots back from precipice.

He can't yell for help. Nobody will hear him over the sounds of the battlefield behind them.

He can't use Zidian as a rope, can he? He doesn't want to do more harm.

If only there was a way to give Wei Wuxian a leg up. But just Jiang Cheng's left hand is free to move. Wait. He remembers something from long ago, before the War, before Cloud Recesses.

A wry smile tugs at his lips. "Oi, Wei Wuxian," he says, reaching around with his left hand to pull Sandu from its sheath. "Do you remember when you were twelve and broke your right arm?"

Wei Wuxian blinks at him in confusion. "I'm not sure..."

Of course he wouldn't remember. And if he did, it'd only be Jiejie's spoon-feeding and Father's comforting pats on the head.

Jiang Cheng ignores Lan Wangji's glaring and goes on, "And you got bored inside the house, so you came along to sword training with the disciples. You did the forms mirror-inverted. With your healthy left arm."

Wei Wuxian chuckles. "Wait, I think, I remember getting scolded for that."

Lan Wangji's gaze shifts from Jiang Cheng to Wei Wuxian. "Not the time for reminiscing."

"Ah, Lan Zhan, whenever else?"

"Will you stop flirting while dangling off a cliff?" Jiang Cheng grouches. "My point is..."

He focuses his spiritual energy, guides it to his left hand and commands Sandu to move.

Sandu slips shakily from his grasp and hovers. With a flick of his fingers, Sandu quivers and glides downwards until it reaches Wei Wuxian's feet.

"Oh, I get it now."

"Keep still!"

"Don't tell me you've practised since then, Jiang Cheng?"

"Shut up!"

"Wei Ying."

"..."

Of course, he shuts up for Lan Wangji.

Jiang Cheng concentrates and manoeuvres Sandu gently beneath his brother's feet. The flat of the blade carries him carefully upwards. They feel the redistribution of weight immediately.

He thinks, he hears Lan Wangji let out a tiny sigh. Or it might have been the wind.

He forces himself to focus. Pulls at Wei Wuxian's hand as Sandu keeps rising.

Lan Wangji manages to move a little, gets an elbow back on the ground.

From there it's easy to pull Wei Wuxian up completely.

They topple over with the momentum.

Jiang Cheng can't help but snort. Somehow his brother landed mostly on Lan Wangji and the picture they make reminds him of their school days.

"Sorry, sorry, Lan Zhan, I'll get off." Wei Wuxian does not. Instead he is tugged down by Lan Wangji.

Jiang Cheng averts his eyes so quickly, he might have pulled a muscle in his neck. He is not watching that. Nope.

He busies himself with picking up Sandu and straightening his robes after standing up.

Looking at that cliff makes him feel cold, so he turns and glares at the battlefield. That's not any better. The remaining cultivators still fight. Which... is weird, since that cursed flute did fall off the cliff. He's quite sure about that. But what does he know about demonic cultivation and controlling resentful energy anyways?

He doesn't check what's going on next to him, just kicks where he supposes Wei Wuxian's foot is.

"Oi! You! Get up and take care of this mess."

The two of them struggle to stand up.

"I don't care how. Just do it. And then you're coming home with me to help me with the rest of it."

Wei Wuxian looks at him oddly. A corner of his lips twitches. "No 'I'll break your legs' or 'I'll make you scrub the docks for the rest of your life', huh?"

Jiang Cheng shoves him lightly. "Don't tempt me." He jerks his chin at the battlefield. "Well? Get cracking."

He watches Wei Wuxian's face growing dark and serious. He's pale and thin. Jiang Cheng hasn't noticed before. He figures, after today, they will have to sit down and talk. His stomach turns at the thought. He was never good at talking. Or dealing with

feelings. That's what they have-... had Jiejie for.

But he will be damned if he lets go of this very last piece, person, of his childhood. He will fight for his brother.

And maybe he will even have some help with that, judging by Lan Wangji's vice-like grip.