

# Yeet of Destiny

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## Kapitel 3: Divine Intervention - LWJ POV

Lan Wangji sees blood running down the length of Sandu's blade from the corner of his eye.

Below them Wei Ying whispers his brother's name, but Jiang Wanyin only raises his sword higher.

"Jiang Wanyin..." Lan Wangji rasps, desperate and not believing his eyes. "Stop it."

What is he doing with his sword?!

Why is he-?!

"Wei Wuxian! Go to-"

Someone pointedly clears their throat behind them and Jiang Wanyin literally growls, half turning to the intruder.

"Excuse me, boys," says a female voice. Polite but firm.

Lan Wangji stops paying attention to the others above him. He looks down at Wei Ying and tightens his grip, feels it getting numb and slippery. He won't be able to hold him much longer. He needs to pull him up!

A long pastel turquoise-coloured sleeve reaches down beside him. A pale, dainty hand grips Wei Ying by the collar of his robe and hoists him up.

Lan Wangji's mouth drops open as Wei Ying is lifted over his head - Lan Wangji barely manages to avoid getting smacked in the face by Wei Ying's feet - and deposited a couple of yards away from the cliff into a pitiful heap.

"Wei Ying..." Lan Wangji cannot summon the strength to get up, so he hastily crawls on shaky hands and knees until he reaches the other man. "Wei Ying..."

"Lan Zhan..."

With a half-suppressed sob Lan Wangji throws himself at him, arms curling tightly

around the trembling mess that is Wei Ying. He cannot believe his luck.

"Honestly," says the lady with a put-upon sigh. "You, young man, better put that sword away before I take it from you."

Jiang Wanyin must have obeyed her command for the next sound that reaches Lan Wangji's ears is the *tschink* of a blade being sheathed.

He really doesn't care when his face is pressed into the side of Wei Ying's neck and he can feel his rapidly beating pulse.

A hand lands on his shoulder. It's not Wei Ying's for he can feel those clutching at his back.

"It's alright, Little Bunny. Don't be frightened."

Lan Wangji feels the hysterical laughter bubbling up from Wei Ying's throat.

"Little Bu-" He snorts.

Lan Wangji pulls back without letting go of Wei Ying's waist and gives him a stern look.

"What? She said it!" Wei Ying grins at him in a way that tugs at his heart, a mixture of amusement and nerves and barely kept-together sanity. Tear tracks and eyelashes still wet.

The lady crouches beside them, squeezing Lan Wangji's shoulder. "You did well, Little Bunny. Lan Yi must be so proud of you." She smiles at him in a way that vaguely reminds Lan Wangji of his mother. Now he is as confused as Wei Ying's low "Huh?" sounds.

Her gaze shifts towards Wei Ying. The lady has the guts to actually pinch the cheek of the Yiling Laozu with a fond smile. "And you are even more of a handful than your mother was."

Wei Ying shudders in his arms. "M-my mother?"

The lady nods and gestures over her shoulder at the cliff. "What did you think you were doing back there, honey? Your mother didn't die young so you could do the same."

Wei Ying cringes at that. "I..." He has no words.

Lan Wangji squeezes him slightly in what he hopes is a comforting way.

The lady huffs and looks both of them up and down. "This whole messy affair of the Yin Tie... All over again. When will it stop?" She shakes her head. "Why didn't you come to me for help? We could have figured something out. It's not like my mountain

and I are hard to find?"

Lan Wangji freezes as realisation hits him just who this person is.

Wei Ying chokes.

Sandu clatters to the ground as Jiang Wanyin's legs give out under him. "Oh fuck..." He gasps, Zidian sizzling on his hand.

They can only stare at her as she rises to her feet and observes the ongoing conflict in the courtyard.

"First things first. We are getting your sister out of there and your Yinhufu taken care of. Then we go home and have a look at you, honey. All that resentful energy. So unhealthy."

All three of them are shaking now. With emotion, with exhaustion. On Lan Wangji's part, even with a tiny bit of hope. After all, there is a special little turnip waiting for them.