

# Yeet of Destiny

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## Kapitel 4: Where have you been for sixteen years? - WWX POV

"Wei Ying!"

That's the last thing he hears before the world goes dark and numb.

Not so bad, considering...

He feels cold, he thinks, which is weird because how is he still feeling things? He doesn't expect that of the afterlife. Huh, but what does he know anyway?

His right hand and wrist, the one that Lan Zhan had clutched, starts to feel slightly warmer than the rest of him. Weird indeed.

"A-Ying..." He hears a voice. A sad sigh. Oh damn it, can't the voices leave him alone even in death?

There's strange music, like an instrument he's never heard before. But that melody? He knows that melody. His heart aches. Lan Zhan's song! He strains to hear it better. Frowns, clenches his hands into fists. Or tries to at least.

The instrument sounds really beautiful.

Where is the sound coming from?

"A-Ying!" That voice says again, but this time somehow more urgently, panicky even. "A-Ying!"

His hand tingles and he tries to flex it to make the tingling stop.

"A-Ying. Come back to me. Please! Please..."

Then there's a beeping noise, steady but uncomfortable in his ears.

He registers the scent of sandalwood almost hidden beneath a stinging smell, a stench the likes of which he's never had the misfortune to come across.

He groans. This is his punishment coming to get him, he's sure.

He squeezes his eyes shut in the darkness that surrounds him. Light flashes behind his lids. When he opens them, blinking carefully against the glare of unnatural light, he makes out the shape of a familiar face. The song is still playing somewhere.

The face comes into focus and Wei Wuxian's whole body suddenly hurts. Especially his head. Why his head though?

He wants to say, "Lan Zhan, what's going on?" But all he manages are a couple of gurgling sounds and a light cough at the end.

"Oh, A-Ying, thank God, thank God!"

He feels something pressing against his lips, soft and warm, then something cold and wet. Water? He swallows on instinct. Yes, that's so much better. He tries again. "Lan Zhan?"

He blinks and Lan Zhan's face is back. Weird, what happened to his beautiful hair? It's short! And the forehead ribbon is gone???

"A-Ying, hey..." He smiles down at him and Wei Wuxian melts. "Good morning, sleepy head. You scared us."

"Wha'?" Wei Wuxian croaks out, confused.

"You fell out of a tree - and into a coma for three days." Lan Zhan lifts Wei Wuxian's hand to his face - He must have held it before? Was that the tingling? - and presses little kisses into his palm before nuzzling into it.

"Lan Zhan?"

Lan Zhan bolts upright with wide eyes and scrambles in unusual inelegance for something behind Wei Wuxian.

"Doctor's coming," he says quietly and takes his hand again. There's a shiny golden band on his fourth finger. What's up with that? Lan Zhan doesn't wear jewellery.

Before he can do much else, but a cursory glance around the weirdest room ever, the door bursts open and a few people come in. It's a whirlwind of poking, prodding, asking questions, most of which he doesn't know the answer to.

Afterwards, Lan Zhan sits with him again and explains what amnesia means. But he has a head full of memories. Those of his life. Or past life...?

Lan Zhan shows him a curious little picture of a group of people, all in these weird clothes and hairstyles. But he recognizes their faces! That's his family, all four Jiangs. And A-Yuan. And Lan Zhan's uncle and brother. And another little boy holds Meng

Yao's hand. And friends like the Wens and the Nie brothers.

"Our wedding photo," Lan Zhan says, tears in his eyes. "From last year."

Ah, that's... That feels wrong and right at the same time. Fuck. He doesn't know about any of this. "I'm so sorry... I don't...", " he trails off.

His heart breaks as tears run silently down Lan Zhan's cheeks. It makes Wei Wuxian cry, too.

He pulls him close, hugs him as hard as he can with his weak body and says, "It'll come back to me, I'm sure. And if it doesn't, you'll just have to tell me everything. And we'll make new memories together, I promise."

Wei Wuxian supposes, if it's his punishment to be stuck in this new, wonderous world and getting teased about always having had a memory like a sieve, he can deal with that.

He hums Lan Zhan's song to soothe him, and Lan Zhan joins in.

They fall asleep like that, curled into each other. And continue to do so for the next sixteen years.