

Yeet of Destiny

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Kapitel 5: A sword strike in time saves... - JYL POV

She stumbles across the battlefield. The deafening noise drowns the desperate cries for her brothers.

"A-Xian! A-Cheng! A-Xian!!!"

She dodges a falling cultivator here, ducks under a sword there. Calling out on top of her lungs.

"A-Xian! A-Xian!"

It is chaotic. It is dark.

Everybody is moving. Everybody is making noise. Grunts, cries, the clashing of metal.

She has to find them. Especially her shidi.

"A-Xian!"

She looks around, trying to glimpse a flash of purple or better yet, red.

"Shijie!"

Is that him?

"A-Xian?!" Has she really heard him call out?

She scans the crowd.

She has to find him! She has to tell him!

"A-Xian...? A-Xian!"

There is his voice again! He is yelling something?

She turns around. She spots him. There he -

Pain explodes on her right shoulder, making her gasp. The force of the blow sends her tumbling forward and onto the ground before she knows what has happened.

She lands on her forearms, blood dripping from her lips.

She feels dizzy all of the sudden. So weak. Her arms give out. The noise becomes somewhat muffled, her vision blurred.

"Jie!"

Someone moves her.

"A-Cheng...", she thinks dimly, "A-Cheng is here."
He cradles her in his arms, so gently.

Pain and exhaustion make it so difficult for her to keep her wits about her.

Her hands find his hand and forearm to hold on to as the world spins around her.

Something dark moves in the corner of her eyes. Dark and red.

A-Xian!

He reaches for her, but A-Cheng pushes him off. A-Xian slumps backwards.

"You said you can control them!" A-Cheng spits. "You said there was no problem!"

Her A-Xian looks so pale... Why is he so pale?

"It's not me!" He looks terrified. "I don't know!" Her A-Xian is trembling like a leaf. "I didn't make them kill!"

Something must be really, really wrong. She has never seen her shidi like this.

She has to get a grip on herself. Her gaze fixes on him.

"Why can't I control them? I lost control of ..."

She feels A-Cheng's hold on her tighten. Her didi must be out of his mind with worry.

"Doesn't matter...", he murmurs. "It's fine. Only a small wound."

He is right. She can do it. She can, no, she has to pull through. Not only for her brothers, but for her baby boy as well.

She fights to open her eyes, to find something to anchor her thoughts and strength to.

"I don't know why they aren't under my control. Why can't I control them!"

A-Xian is crying.

"A-Xian..." She forces her voice to work.

Finally he looks up at her, scrambling closer. Yes, that's good. That's the way to go.

A-Cheng's strong hand keeps her cold fingers warm.

"Shijie..."

A-Xian takes her other hand. Yes, finally, she has found both of them.

A-Cheng lets her hand go when she tugs slightly, helps her sit up a little so she can look at her beloved shidi.

There he is, close enough to touch, close enough to spot that mark beneath his lips.

"Xian-Xian," she whispers happily.

She has found him. She can tell him!

With effort she reaches out to pat the side of his head, the way she knows he likes it.

"My Xian-Xian..."

Her breath stutters in her throat. Tears are rolling down her shidi's face.

She has to tell him. Now.

"You ran so fast," she whispers, stroking her thumb over his cheek. "That your shijie didn't have enough time to look at you and talk to you."

She hates to see her brothers cry. Especially when they didn't do anything wrong. Haven't they all been through enough?

"I want to tell you," she begins, but movement behind A-Xian catches her eye.

Without hesitation she shoves A-Xian aside with all her might.

Only to find his assailant dropping into her lap, his sword barely missing both A-Xian and herself. A bright white blade sticks in the man's back.

She gasps in surprise. A-Xian sits up, momentarily confused, before his head whips around. A-Cheng grumbles a disoriented "What the-?!"

"Lan Zhan..." A-Xian mumbles in disbelief. And he is right. She spots a figure in white several metres away, arm outstretched like he has thrown his sword across the battlefield. And just in time.

"Get off her, you!" A-Cheng hisses and forcibly rolls the body off her lap, pulls her close again.

She blinks through another wave of dizziness.

"You!!!" A-Cheng bellows enraged. "Are you trying to get us all killed, you idiot?!"

"Don't fight," she rasps.

"Save your strength, Shijie!" A-Xian pleads, ignoring A-Cheng.

"I love you both," she says, hiccupping. "I'll make soup for you and everything will be alright. Don't fight, please?"

"A-Jie!" A-Cheng protests but doesn't continue, being distracted by something.

She turns in his arms to see what is going on.

A-Xian still sits beside her, where he has landed, hands hovering mid-air, as if he is too frightened to touch her. What nonsense.

The figure in white has rushed closer, too. He kneels in front for her, while taking his sword back.

"Jiang-guniang," Lan Wangji says urgently. "Are you-?" His voice breaks off as if he, too, is too distressed to speak.

"I'm fine," she insists.

He nods and looks at A-Xian.

"Wei Ying?"

"Not wounded," A-Xian replies, still breathless from shock.

Lan Wangji swings his sword again. Another cultivator falls down next to them.

"Need to leave," he says.

Warmth spreads through her shoulder as Lan Wangji carefully touches her to transfer a boost of spiritual energy.

"Thank you..." A-Cheng finds his manners again. She pats him on the chest.

"Let's go home?" she asks quietly.

"Yes, A-Jie, yes." He sniffs between the words. "Let's get out of here and go home."

Lan Wangji helps him gather her up into his arms and get to his feet.

Between them she reaches out.

"A-Xian!"

He, unbelievably, still sits on the ground!

"Come on, Xian-Xian, time to go home."

His mouth drops and he shakes his head. "Shijie..."

Beside her, Lan Wangji makes a noise of frustration and bends down to pull A-Xian up.

"Get a grip," he says, eyes boring into A-Xian's.

"I..."

"I'm leaving," A-Cheng growls and turns before she can grab A-Xian's sleeve. Over her brother's shoulder she watches Lan Wangji fend off several cultivators as he tugs A-Xian along.

Together they make their way through the battlefield.

A-Xian is still muttering to himself. Her poor A-Xian. Something must have really thrown him off balance. She catches the occasional word, like "can't" and "why" and "control".

As they cross under the archway that leads to and from the battleground, Lan Wangji stops. "Hear that?" He asks.

A-Cheng turns, glaring. "Hear what?"

"Music," Lan Wangji says, tilting his head as if to listen closer. "Flute."

She frowns. A-Xian hasn't been playing.

A-Cheng looks at his brother. "You!"

Lan Wangji grabs A-Xian's wrist, holding it up for A-Cheng to see. The flute is held loosely in A-Xian's numb fingers.

"Not Wei Ying," Lan Wangji emphasises. "Someone else."

A-Xian looks terrible. All pale and tear tracks and trembling. He looks like she feels.

"Home," she repeats quietly, stroking A-Cheng's hair almost absentmindedly.

They get on their swords, cast a last glance back. Two persons to a sword, they make

for Lotus Pier.

As their Lotus Lake appears on the horizon, the morning sun is reflecting off its surface. The new day looks beautiful.

Jiang Yanli can breathe easier. Jiang Yanli can put things right. Jiang Yanli lives.