

To Recollect, To Remember

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To Recollect, To Remember

by [of_rivers_and_moons](#)

Summary

Lán Xichen comes back from the Burial Mounds with two children, one is an infant that has his brothers golden eyes.

Notes

The implied sexual content is brief, going for two paragraphs. It starts at "What did you do with him at the time?"

This is most likely going to be short.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Congrats, Xichen!

Wei Wuxian let out a shaky breath as he held Chenqing tightly, not enough so it would break, but enough to show his anger. He wasn't afraid to die, but that didn't mean he wanted to die yet. He still had so much to do, he needed to protect and raise A-Yuan and A-Liang.

At the thought of his two children, he couldn't help but feel fear. How could he not? The two were young, one a toddler and the other an infant. He should've gone to Gusu with Lán Wangji, but it was too late now. He couldn't back away.

Accompanied by that thought, he felt anger.

He was losing innocent people to hypocrisy, to lies, just for having the same surname. He was like them, once, but now he knew better. The cultivators are only acting in their best interest, never in others because they were selfish. Apparently that included killing two children.

He hopes that wouldn't happen. He told A-Yuan explicitly to not leave the array of talismans he set up for him. He only hoped that he would listen and not try to find him and get killed by some asshole.

As for A-Liang... oh his baby... only a month old and yet having to go through this...

Wei Wuxian broke himself out of his reverie as someone raised their sword. He kicked them away and began to play Chenqing once again, the notes that came out of the instrument fierce, yet somewhat calming at the same time.

The fierce corpses kept on fighting and fighting, refusing to stop. He just needed more time for them to escape, to get out. He may not have Wen Qionglin anymore, but he wasn't helpless without his friend.

Then a familiar cry made him freeze.

"A-Xian!"

Oh no...

"A-Xian!"

Please no, not her!

"Shijie..." He whispered. Then he growled as he yelled out, "Don't touch her! Get away from her!"

Some corpses listened. Others did not. Gritting his teeth, Wei Wuxian played a tune for those corpses and had them go away from Jiang Yanli. She ran towards him and skid to a stop.

She didn't have her sword with her.

"Shijie, why..." He shook his head. He needed get her out, "Shijie, you need to run! Run, just go!"

"A-Xian, come back." She says instead of running away, "I can protect you, I—"

A cultivator raised their sword behind him. Wei Wuxian felt Jiang Yanli's hands on his shoulder, attempting to push him away, for her to take the hit herself. But the cultivator was knocked away, revealing Lán Wangji.

Wei Wuxian turned around, looking at him. He knew that he was the man he loved, yet did not visit after ten months after a single night of passion.

"Wei Ying, flute!"

The words registered in his mind before he nodded, putting Chenqing to his lips and playing. Jiang Yanli placed her hands on his, attempting to tug them off to talk to him. But he shook his head and kept on.

Finally, the corpses stopped. Some kept on fighting, but causing minimal damage. Wei Wuxian turned to Lán Wangji and opened his mouth, "Lán Zhan, you need to—" a shout came from Jiang Yanli, who placed her hands on his shoulders once again. Without thinking, he pushes both her and Lán Wangji away.

Perhaps that was a mistake, as a cultivator stabbed him in the back.

Freezing at the sword, Wei Wuxian freed himself and kept the cultivator in the stomach before snapping his neck.

He looked down at the wound in his chest.

He wouldn't survive. Blood was both leaking from his chest and back. The corpses weren't listening to his order, now, they began to fight again without the use of Chenqing to control them.

Wei Wuxian let them. It didn't matter anymore. He was now only concerned for his children — behind a bunch of talismans— oh god oh no—

He didn't register Lán Wangji picking him up and flying away on Bichen as Jiang Yanli looked at them in anguish, as Jiang Wanyin crackled Zidian on his finger.

"Wei Ying, I'm sorry..."

Lán Wangji hated the two last words. Whenever they were together and those words were uttered, it would always be in a horrible circumstance. The times where it wasn't in a horrible place could be counted on one hand. Just like that time, ten months ago in Yiling.

"Wei Ying, come back with me," he begged. Wei Wuxian had refused several times before, but Lán Wangji kept on trying and trying. He just wanted to save the man he loved.

Wei Wuxian was unresponsive, justified considering that he had been stabbed. Lán Wangji had did his best to clean the wound, to patch it up, but he was no doctor. He was on adrenaline at the moment. He held Wei Wuxian close and began to transfer spiritual energy into him, hoping to prolong his life.

As he pulled away for a moment, Wei Wuxian's eyes shot wide open. He looked around for a bit, then at Lán Wangji. In a panicked voice, he said, "Go, you need to go!"

(It should have been obvious what he meant.)

Lán Wangji froze at the words. Just as he was about to ask why, Wei Wuxian pushed him away, "Lán Zhan, you need to go!"

The tone was frantic, yet Lán Wangji misunderstood. Did that night really mean nothing to him? Or did he not remember?

"Wei Ying, I can't,"

"Lán Zhan, please...!"

"Wei Ying, I—"

"Please..." If they weren't sitting down, Lán Wangji knows that Wei Wuxian would have gotten on his knees, "Go... you need to go... the mounds..."

After they spelt together, after they confessed their love, did Wei Wuxian really forget all of that? If Wei Wuxian wanted him to go, then he would go. He needed to buy more time — more time for Wei Wuxian to live.

"Wei Ying, wait for me."

He grabbed Bichen and flew off, fully intending to be punished.

Although it was fruitless, as a few hours later, Wei Wuxian was declared dead.

As they prepared to raid the Burial Mounds, Yunmeng Jiang stood in their way. They refused to let anyone inside, under the guise of not wanting them to be infected with the craft tricks. Although some know that it is because Jiang Wanyin doesn't want his brother's name to be sullied. Blow after blow after blow from Zidian made them want to give up, but they didn't.

Despite their constant attempts for seven hours, they eventually broke through and began to pillage the mounds. They broke down huts and whatnot, what those 'Wen-Dogs' made.

Lán Xichen, in particular, went into a cave.

Due to his high cultivation level, he was able to see well enough in the dark. As he began to look around in the cave. There were several talismans and notes plastered around, as well as the resistant smell of blood.

One part of the cave had several talismans over it, and they were still active. Wei Wuxian was a powerful cultivator, after all, so ever after death they would be active.

As he stepped forward towards the talismans, he froze. It was a crib, finely made. It had several engravings in the wood, with a blanket wrapped around someone trembling, someone that could not be older then two or three years old.

'No...'

He looked at the position of the arms, and saw that the child was cradling something. Dread began to grow even more inside of Lán Xichen as he lit the room up with a fire talisman, putting away Shuoye. At the sounds the child selflessly wrapped his arms around what he had near his chest.

The child's eyes moved up to him and shined in relief as he threw himself towards Lán Xichen, the blanket coming off to reveal an infant that was no more then a month old.

"Rich-Gege?" The child said, "Rich-Gege, Xian-Gege told me to wait for you so I did! Rich-Gege—" then the eyes showed fear when the spotted Lán Xichen's features. He was always mistaken for his brother at times, so it shouldn't bother him. But it does now, especially when he sees the infant opens his eyes and reveal gold.

Gold.

No, no, no, no.

Lán Wangji didn't even know! It had been ten months since he was forbidden to go to the Burial Mounds.

Lán Xichen had to act quickly, he couldn't let anyone else find out about the two children. So he knelt down until he was at eye-level and said, "You know Wangji?"

"Mhm. Xian-Gege told me to wait for him, so I waited. Are you Rich-Gege's brother?"

"I am." Effectively making him their uncle.

Lán Xichen got up and picked up the child and putting him down, "I'll take you to Wangji, okay?"

"What about Xian-Gege?"

The tightness of his chest made Lán Xichen almost choke, "...We'll get him later."

He hid the two children under his robes and walked, atoning for making them without a father.

As he did, he walked past Jiang Wanyin almost being restrained, yelling at them at how stupid, how foolish they were. As the child clings onto his leg, careful of the infant, Lán Xichen agrees.

When Lán Xichen returns from the Burial Mounds, Lán Wangji refuses to look at him. He refuses to look at his brother, who helped led a siege against the one he loved, against several innocents because of hypocrisy. But he looks when he sees two children, one holding an infant carefully while following behind his brother. The children are wearing Gusu Lán outfits.

He knows the child, Wen Yuan, who looks at him with familiarity. The baby is looking around, confused and scared. Lán Wangji can't help but stop his breath when he sees the colour of the baby's eyes.

Gold. Just like his.

"Wangji," Lán Xichen starts, a slight tremble in his voice, "We... raided the Burial Mounds."

He suppresses a flinch at the icy look that he receives from him.

"There was nothing there to take but these two," Lán Xichen allows Wen Yuan to run towards Lán Wangji, allows the child to sit on the bed, "Wangji... you visited Wei-Gongzi ten months ago."

A nod.

"What did you do with him at that time?"

He remembers Wei Wuxian putting his mouth onto his, remembers pinning him to the cushioned rock in the Demon-Slaughtering Cave, remembers Wei Wuxian arching his back under his touches; remembers how Wei Wuxian shamelessly dug his heel so that he would be deeper inside.

He remembers Wei Wuxian pulling him close, legs wrapped around him as he professes his love.

"Reconciled with Wei Ying," he decides on. He turns towards the baby in Wen Yuan's arms, who talks, "Rich-Gege, where is Xian-Gege? Xian-Gege told me to protect didi, and that he would be back later. But Xian-Gege isn't here."

Lán Xichen closes his eyes, turning around and leaving the Jingshi. Lán Wangji freezes after hearing the question that came out. Finally, he allowed himself a tear to run down.

"Wei Ying... he's gone. I'm sorry, he..." He almost hiccups. Almost. "I..."

"Rich-Gege," Wen Yuan removes an arm and puts it on his back, "Rich-Gege, don't cry." Lán Wangji knows that Wen Yuan is close to tears himself. Ah... Wei Wuxian's selflessness rubbed off of him.

Lán Wangji looks down at the two children. One, a Wen who Wei Wuxian joked that he gave birth too and the infant, which was the product of Dual Cultivation. Both of who that he cares for, that he loves.

He failed Wei Wuxian by letting him die. He won't fail raising their children.

Wen Yuan allows him to hold the infant swaddled in a blanket. The infant is silent, quieting just like Lán Wangji used to — he really is their child. In that instant, Lán Wangji feels himself fall in love.

When he asks for the child's name, Wen Yuan says, "Liang."

Liang, someone who is bright in nature.

Lán Wangji thinks back to the cave where he and Wei Wuxian hid in. He was on adrenaline at the moment, and Wei Wuxian looked so tired. But when he saw Lán Wangji, his eyes shot open in panic as he said, "Go, you need to go!" even as Lán Wangji transferred spiritual energy to him.

Lán Wangji remembers feeling hurt. He remembers wondering where he went wrong. But as he holds the child in his hands with Wen Yuan leaning against him, he knows.

A lie is created. Their mother was a rogue cultivator that died during the siege. It isn't exactly a lie, as Wei Wuxian was a cultivator of the demonic path that did die, but no one needs to know that.

When the elders hear that, they are surprised and confused as to why the marriage was kept a secret. But Lán Xichen knows, and Lán Qiren seems to know whenever he stares at the two children, but treats them nicely.

Wen Yuan and Liang have their surnames changed to Lan. When news gets out about Lán Wangji's 'wife', there are condolences everywhere, with him not wanting them. Because if he knew that they knew, then whispers would come forth.

("Hanguang-Jun, what a romantic!", "Hanguang-Jun will never stop mourning his wife, will he?", "Lans love once! Of course he won't move on!", "His wife must have been a skilled cultivator.", "Lans... Cold on the outside, passionate inside.")

Knowing that Wei Wuxian was gone made Lán Wangji feel tired almost everyday, the only thing keeping him tied down was their two children. When he saw them, a breath of life would always shoot up him, and he would feel alive.

He will not fail Wei Wuxian again.

Never gonna give you up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Even though he is in seclusion, even though he has several lashes on his back that will never go away no matter how much spiritual energy is transferred, Lán Wangji still gets up. He still places his guqin, Wangji, on the table.

He still plays Inquiry.

Even though Wei Wuxian had not answered his previous ones, ghosts always say that Wei Wuxian is there. That he is taking care of their sons.

He does so softly. Lán Liang and Lán Yuan are still sleeping, and Lán Wangji especially made himself get up at 4am rather than 5am just to play this song.

Spirits don't need sleep.

As he finished the song, he carefully plucks some notes.

[Wei Ying, is this you?]

Silence. For a long time. After a moment, he tries again.

[Wei Ying, are you here?]

The sudden vibrations of Wangji made his eyes widen.

[Lan Zhan, I'm here.]

"...Wei Ying," he whispers. Then he plucks some notes again, [Why didn't you come to Gusu?]

There is silence. Although Lán Wangji imagines Wei Wuxian's fingers hovering over the strings, trembling, trying to come up with an excuse as to why.

Then he answers.

[I was afraid of what they would do to me. I was afraid of what they would do to you. Mostly, I was afraid because I thought you hated me.]

[I would never hate you. Could never hate Wei Ying.]

The next notes came out slightly hesitant, with the strings being plucked again a few times, and it was clear that Wei Wuxian was flustered.

[L-Lan Zhan,]

Then it changes, [A-Yuan has a qiankun pouch. Open it. I put most of A-Liang's toys and some trinkets for them inside.]

[Where is it?]

[A-Yuan's pocket. He didn't want to get rid of it.]

Lán Wangji gets up and goes towards the robes from yesterday. He takes out the pouch and spills its contents onto his bed. Indeed, several toys and trinkets fell out, clattering softly on the sheets.

Among those are two coral bracelets.

Lán Wangji goes back to his guqin and plays, [Wei Ying, I love you.]

The next notes are excited, happy, [I love you too, Lán Zhan!]

Lán Yuan looks at the coral bracelet around his wrist. Lán Wangji had given him the bracelet just after he woke up. He looked at his new father and asked, "What is this for?"

"Wei Ying wanted you to have it."

"Baba wanted A-Yuan to have it?"

"Mn."

Lán Yuan began to jump a bit, but then he remembered to not be overly excited or happy, so he toned it down. He looked past Lan Wangji and smiled at seeing Wei Wuxian, "Baba, thank you!"

He goes past and tries to hug Wei Wuxian, but he phases through. Lán Yuan allows a face of confusion, "Baba? Why can't A-Yuan hug you?"

Both of his father's freeze.

"What..." Wei Wuxian whispers. Lán Yuan watches as he goes past him towards Wangji, where he plays the guqin, [Lan Zhan, what!?!]

Lán Wangji scrambles to get to the guqin, [I do not know.]

[He can see me!]

[Yes. How is that so?]

Wei Wuxian pauses.

[Wait, so you don't even know?]

[If I did know, I would tell you.]

[Wait,] a ray of hope shined through Wei Wuxian, [Does that mean A-Liang can also see me?]

He doesn't wait for an answer, as he sped towards the crib Lán Liang was in. He looked forward at the baby, who was making some noises and blinking. As he saw Wei Wuxian, a smile seemed to stretch on the toothless mouth. He began to garble, reaching towards Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian screamed in delight. He began to coo at Lán Liang, saying at how cute he was. Lán Yuan huffed and pouted a bit, "Baba, pay attention to A-Yuan!"

Wei Wuxian divided his attention towards the two of them. Meanwhile, Lan Wangji is telling their eldest son that Wei Wuxian loves them both and that jealousy isn't allowed in the Cloud Recesses.

Even though Lán Wangji can't see Wei Wuxian, the two know that their lives are intertwined.

Lán Xichen does not look at his nephews.

Lán Xichen talks to them, but the tightness in his chest makes him not want to.

How could he? He was apart of the siege that killed one of their fathers. He may have saved them, but that couldn't erase at what he did. He knew that Lán Wangji loved Wei Wuxian, yet he participated in the siege. The amount of time he would spend with his nephews wouldn't atone for what he had done.

He was a member, the leader of the Gusu Lán Sect which upholds righteousness. It was not righteous of him to kill several people because of the same surname, to make two children half of orphans.

As he writes down the rules once again, he thinks that he deserves a fiercer punishment.

Lán Yuan and Lán Liang can see Wei Wuxian. Although there is no explanation for it, they had decided to just roll with it. Wei Wuxian theorizes that it is the fact that they want to see him may have something to do with it.

Wei Wuxian had then taught them alongside Lán Wangji. Mostly Lán Yuan since Lán Liang was still an infant. Lán Wangji says that while they should follow the rules, they should also be open-minded, yet disciplined. Wei Wuxian says to use their cuteness at times to troll people. He also teaches Lán Yuan how to draw.

Whenever a wet nurse comes inside the Jingshi in order to feed Lán Liang, they all quickly act like the spirit of a feared demonic cultivator that is currently helping to raise his two sons isn't there. Then again, who would believe them?

The Jingshi is usually filled with flowers now, the majority being peonies. Then again, Wei Wuxian always goes out to pick them — he can interact with solid objects, holy hell yes —

and brings them back.

Lán Wangji feels more content, knowing that Wei Wuxian is by them.

Chapter End Notes

Tumblr is Cloudymooncake, where you can request for chapters regarding this!

Ten months ago

Chapter Notes

There is implied sexual content in this chapter, so stop reading when it says that "Lan Wangji loses most of his thoughts"

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Lán Wangji walked down the steps into the Burial Mounds. He stood proud and dignified as he came down. His black hair swayed against the wind alongside his forehead ribbon. The hairpiece he wore wasn't cumbersome, but enough to keep his hair up.

He was greeted by Wen Yuan, who latched onto his leg and called for him, called him 'Rich-Gege'. Wen Qing came forward, taking Wen Yuan from him. She began to talk to him, filling him in on several things.

Lán Wangji helped around the Burial Mounds whenever he could. It wasn't so that he could make a good impression, but rather he wanted to see them prosper. He helped them plant turnips, radishes, potatoes and helped fix their huts and houses.

He sent some spiritual energy into the ground to slightly purify the mounds.

Suddenly, Wen Qing looked upset. She turned and called out, "A-Ning!" Resulting in her little brother coming towards her.

"Did Wei Wuxian get enough sleep yet?"

"Jiejie, I've tried putting him to sleep but he wouldn't listen. I didn't have any needles so..."

Wen Qing's eye twitched a bit before she sighed. She got up, brandishing her needles as she walked inside the Demon-Slaughtering Cave (what was Wei Wuxian's naming sense). A sudden yell came from inside, and then Wen Qing stepped out, cleaning one of her needles, annoyed.

"Really, he needs to change his sleeping patterns! He rarely eats or sleeps now!"

"Jiejie, Wei-Gongzi probably won't do that no matter how hard you try..."

Lán Wangji found himself agreeing. Wei Wuxian was stubborn at times, and no matter what, he couldn't accommodate to the Gusu Lán sleeping schedule of sleeping at nine and rising at five.

Lán Wangji turned to the cave and went inside. He looked around before seeing Wei Wuxian laying prone on the cushioned rock, his lips pursed as he blinked. He managed to move his

eyes toward Lán Wangji and shout, "Ah, Lán Zhan!"

"Mn."

"Lán Zhan, could you help me? I need to finish something."

"No."

Wei Wuxian's voice got high-pitched, nearing a whine, "Why nooottt?"

"Wei Ying needs sleep."

"Lán Zhan!"

"Will not fight Wen-Guinang."

Another whine. Lán Wangji let some air escape his lips. Wei Wuxian was really too cute.

"Lán Zhan, I've missed you."

"Mm?"

"But you shouldn't keep on coming here, you do realize what it means for your reputation..."

"Reputation does not matter to me."

"Ah, Lán Zhan," Wei Wuxian smiled brightly, "You really are too good."

Hearing that from Wei Wuxian made his heart flutter. Lán Wangji sat down on the cushioned rock in the cave. He looked at Wei Wuxian who looked at him back.

"How long?"

"Hm?"

"Paralyzed."

"Ah... I don't know," Wei Wuxian tried to shift, but failed, "It varies usually. But I think I won't move for four hours at most." Then he looked hopeful, "Lán Zhan... stay for a bit?"

"Mn?"

"You need to go back, but... I... want you to stay with m— us for a while."

"Mn."

"Is that okay?"

"Yes. I will stay for a bit."

"Huh," then Wei Wuxian fell asleep. Lán Wangji spread a blanket over him.

It led to Lán Wangji helping around the Burial Mounds, to him sometimes taking out Wen Yuan for walks, buying some assortments for them. He wanted a life like this with Wei Wuxian, happy, domestic, but he couldn't betray his sect, right?

(Are the rules really correct?)

He shook the thought away. He could always come back and visit, probably defect at some point.

As he helped them cook, refusing the fruit wine that Uncle Four made gently, Wei Wuxian woke up. He began to talk to Lán Wangji, asking about his day, about Gusu Lán, about anything else the cultivation world had to offer.

Lán Wangji told him all.

After he had a dinner with them, Wei Wuxian led him to his cave and sat down on the cushioned rock. The two didn't say anything for a bit.

"Must go."

At those words, Wei Wuxian began to look upset. He got up and leaned against Lán Wangji, his face on the others shoulder. Lán Wangji said nothing, but he looked at Wei Wuxian in concern.

"Lán Zhan," he mumbles, "Lán Zhan... stay..."

"Wei Ying?"

"Stay the night, Lán Zhan..."

"Wei Ying, I have to go back soon."

Wei Wuxian looked upwards and said, "Just for a bit longer, Lán Zhan. You told them that you went night-hunting, right?"

Yes, he did say that. But what was Wei Wuxian talking about? Just as Lán Wangji was about to ask, Wei Wuxian murmured a few words into his ear that made him freeze.

Oh.

Oh.

That's why Wei Wuxian wanted him to stay for a bit.

"Wei Ying..."

"Lán Zhan," he says again, "Stay..."

Lán Wangji loses most of his thoughts when Wei Wuxian puts his mouth on his. The kiss is gentle, not invading his mouth at all. It's just soft lips. But Lán Wangji wants more.

So when Wei Wuxian backs away, he grasps the back of his head and mashes their lips together again. The noise that he got out of made him excited. Before he knows it, he is pinning Wei Wuxian down on the cushioned rock, removing his robes.

What happened next was pleasure.

Lán Wangji wakes up beside Wei Wuxian, who turns over and hugs him. It must be around five, as he does not wake up at any other time. He brushes a strand of hair back and watches as Wei Wuxian nuzzled his hand.

Lán Wangji wants to stay. He doesn't think of the Jingshi, of Gusu, of Cloud Recesses as his home now. Because his home is wherever Wei Wuxian is.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: I wrote this to try and get over my fears of mpreg. It's kind of working.

Skiddle, Skidoodle, your face is now a potato!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Four months had passed, and Lán Liang is growing. Lán Yuan looks at the guqin in Lán Wangji's room. He stares at it for a long time. His tutors come in and teach him cultivation since he is of age, and one of them even teaches him the basic of the guqin.

"So you can talk to your mother any time you want." they say with a smile.

Of course, they don't know Wei Wuxian is there, being dramatic about being called mother.

Wei Wuxian teaches him to play melodies by ear, and it is quite effective. Lán Wangji is somewhat allowed to go out, as long as he doesn't leave within 7 mi of the Jingshi. So whenever he does, Lán Yuan carefully plucks some notes on Wangji. To try and figure out inquiry.

When he does after a few weeks, he is rewarded with a hug from Wei Wuxian. So on this day, he finally decides to play Wangji. He plays Inquiry carefully, not wanting to mess it up. He had seen Wei Wuxian go out with Lán Wangji, although the latter couldn't see him.

When he finishes, he smiles a bit. He had done it. Just as he is finished, the strings are plucked. Lán Yuan scrambled back a bit, clearly surprised. He hadn't expected spirits to come. Some more notes are plucked, and Lán Yuan did his best to memorize them.

Soon, they finished. After that, nothing.

Wei Wuxian and Lán Wangji come back. Lán Yuan looks up and says, "A spirit played some notes on Wangji."

Both of his father's choke.

"A-Yuan," Wei Wuxian says, "What did they say?"

Lán Yuan goes to Wangji and carefully plays the notes. Both of his father's faces go to interested, to realization, then anger, then fury.

"Baba? Father?" Lán Yuan looks up when he sees them steaming, "What's wrong?"

Lán Wangji inhales, "Nothing bad. The spirit said something... unsavoury."

Unsavoury? Lán Yuan frowned, why would they say something unsavoury? Towards him? Did he do something wrong?

"Did A-Yuan do something wrong?"

"No," Wei Wuxian assures him, "You did nothing wrong. It was the spirit that did wrong. Why don't you go out with Zewu-Jun for a bit? Take your didi with you."

So Lán Yuan does that, carrying Lán Liang to their uncle. Wei Wuxian goes to the guqin and plays, [Lan Zhan, do you want to lure him here?]

Lán Wangji [Yes.]

[Can I beat him up?]

[Yes.]

Lán Wangji played Inquiry, a bit more quickly this time. Wei Wuxian looked as some of the souks came forward, although they moved away when they see that they aren't the ones needed. Wen Ruohan soon comes in.

Wei Wuxian wastes no time beating him up, the spirits helping him.

When he is finished, he looks surprised. He didn't think that Wen Ruohan was actually that weak. Or maybe it was just his paternal instincts kicking in to protect his son.

As Wei Wuxian was about to throw another flurry of hits, Wen Ruohan was gone. He could only think, 'huh' as he turned back to the guqin. As he did, he saw that the other spirits were translating what he had done.

He blushes when he heard the praises they sang, [Hanguang-Jun, he took down Wen Ruohan with just his fists!]

Lán Wangji smiled and Wei Wuxian felt his heart flutter at it. [Isn't he great?]

Lán Wangji, [Yes. Wei Ying is great.]

Wei Wuxian flushed red at the compliments that Lán Wangji gave out. The spirits noticed and began to translate, [You made him blush!]

Lán Wangji, [Good. He looks beautiful like that.]

Wei Wuxian choked, wondering when Lán Wangji got so smooth.

In order to avoid his blushing, he went to the guqin and the other spirits moved out of the way, [Lan Zhan, turn around. I want to fix your bandages.]

Lán Wangji turned around and let his robes pool around his waist. Wei Wuxian quickly began to interact with the bandages and ointments, remembering what Wen Qing told him what to do. The other spirits left to give them privacy, but some cooed at how cute they were.

Lán Xichen walks with his nephews, cradling Lán Liang in one arm. Lán Yuan talks a bit, but not too loudly. Despite the want to see, he doesn't look at them. He still talks to them, but never looks.

(How could he when he was one of the reasons their other father was dead?)

He then opened his mouth and asked, "A-Yuan, do you remember much about your other family?"

Lán Yuan hummed and brushed his nose (like Wei Wuxian) as he said, "A-Yuan remembers his first parents. But they got attacked and told A-Yuan to run. Mother says that they were amazing and kind, though."

That wasn't what happened.

Lán Xichen can't help the widening of his eyes. Lán Yuan didn't remember being a Wen at all. Did something happen? Did anyone tamper with his memories?

It was the Lán Xichen finally looks at his nephews.

Chapter End Notes

I'll let you interpret who erased some of Lán Yuan's memories (hint: it wasn't wwx)

What WRH was doing was that he was trying to convince Lsz to rise up and reinstate the wen sect. Lwj and Wwx were angry cause he was taking advantage of their kid 'I mean, who wouldn't?'

I think next chapter is going to be about jwy and Jyl.

I think you can easily figure out the reason why wwx is called mom in public but baba in private.

Yunmeng Siblings Angst: Electric Bungalow

Chapter Notes

Descriptions of violence. Stop at "He looks up to Jiang Wanyin for help, but that is crushed in an instant when he raises his whip" then read again at "A-Cheng!"

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Jiang Wanyin sees Jiang Yanli looking up in anguish at seeing Lán Wangji flying away with Wei Wuxian in his arms, Zidian crackled. He then turns to his older sister and asks, "A-Jie, what—"

She points at a cultivator who has his neck snapped with his sword dripping with blood, "H-He s-stabbed A-Xian! I was trying to m-move him but A-Xian took the blade and—"

The words go unsaid. But it is obvious what she meant.

Now he is dying.

Jiang Wanyin freezes. Despite the two staging a fight, Wei Wuxian is still his older brother by everything but blood. He slowly turned his head towards the cultivator, who is paralyzed. He looks up to Jiang Wanyin for help, but that is crushed in an instant when he raises his whip. Zidian crackled as he raised it up in the air and attacked the cultivator with it. Jiang Wanyin refused to stop until the cultivator's body was nothing more than mashed flesh. Around them, the battle raged on and on.

"A-Cheng!" Jiang Yanli shouts, "He's dead! But A-Xian—!"

"I know," he mutters. His eyes are crazed. He failed Wei Wuxian several times — by not saving him when he was captured, by letting others sully his name, by agreeing to break ties with him. He would do his best not to fail again.

Not now, not ever.

"Great news, the Yiling Patriarch is dead!"

The words stabbed the two in the back constantly. Wei Wuxian was dead, *their brother was dead*.

And now they were ready to pillage the mounds. So Jiang Wanyin gathered his most loyal and talented disciples of Yunmeng Jiang. These disciples also knew Wei Wuxian and didn't hate him at all. So he stood with them at the entrance of the Burial Mounds. The only ones that weren't there were Lanling Jin, since Jiang Yanli probably convinced them not to despise Jin Guangshun.

"Sect Leader Jiang!" Someone shouts, "Why are you preventing us from going into the mounds?"

"That place is full of crafty tricks, of death, of resentful energy!" He shoots back, "Just leave it be! You'll just be affected by it once you step in!" It's a lie. He just doesn't want Wei Wuxian's name to be sullied even more.

One cultivator stepped forward and was whipped with Zidian.

"Sect Leader Jiang, have you gone mad!?"

"I haven't gone mad! I've already told you my reasons for not letting you in!" Anger surged through him. They already helped kill Wei Wuxian, now they want to take his inventions? Jiang Wanyin hated himself, because he knew that if Jiang Yanli had died he would stand with them. "Just go away and let it be!"

Silence.

Then even more cultivator's began to throw themselves at Jiang Wanyin and his disciples. The disciples fight against them quickly, with each blow of Zidian pushing them further and further back.

The sun slowly descended into the night as the fight continued. Most of them had whip scars, had their clothes burnt by Zidian. He didn't know how long it lasted, only that the sun was going down.

But then they found a weak spot in the formation, then they broke through. It didn't take long for Jiang Wanyin to be restrained.

"You're all stupid, you're all fools! You'll be affected by the resentful energy!"

The amount of anger that he feels is impossible to measure. How dare they. *How dare they!* He began to struggle at the hands that restrained him, looking up to see Lán Xichen looking sorrowful as he walked slowly. He seemed to nod at Jiang Wanyin's words.

As the ones that restrain him say that it is okay and that they won't be affected, Jiang Wanyin wants to scream in anguish.

Months had passed since then. The pair of siblings had to cope without a brother and the loss of her husband. The only thing that kept them tied to the material world was Jin Ling, courtesy Rulan. He wouldn't grow up without knowing what lies the cultivation world would tell him about his eldest uncle. The two of them would make sure of that.

Then talk came to Yunmeng. Lán Wangji had a wife. A rogue cultivator that bore him two sons. One named Lán Yuan and the other Lán Liang. That she died during the siege, helping out her husband. People believe easily, but Jiang Wanyin knows that no rogue cultivator's were at the siege, only those of other sects, major and minor.

They both barely hear the protests of some others as they take off on Sandu.

Chapter End Notes

oh my they found out about the babies huhuhu

Shit happens

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jiang Wanyin impatiently tapped his foot in front of the entrance to Cloud Recesses. A Lán disciple had seen them and had went to get Lán Xichen once their intentions were known. Jiang Yanli stood behind her brother, her hand at her chest. It was foolish of her, to leave Jin Ling for a few hours, even if he was with Madam Jin. But she knows that Jin Ling would probably cry up in the air. He was still young, after all.

Jiang Yanli asks, "Do you think that Hanguang-Jun actually has two children?"

"Well, yes. Lans don't lie, do they?" Jiang Wanyin replies, his foot still tapping against the ground. "Plus, there were no rogue cultivator's in the siege."

It was then that Lán Xichen came. He greeted them with courtesy that was required and let them inside. "You wish to meet Wangji's children?"

"Well, A-Ling will need some friends in the future," Jiang Wanyin says. "What's wrong with scouting some potential friends for him?"

Jiang Yanli can't help but feel concerned when she sees how rigid Lán Xichen is. She opens her mouth and asks, "Sect Leader Lán, what is wrong?"

"Nothing, Young Madam Jin." Lán Xichen assures her with that normal smile of his.

(Another rule broken, he thinks.)

He leads them to the Jingshi, where a child is. The child is on the lap of Lán Wangji, who reads him a book. Poetry, most likely, Wei Wuxian always said that Lán Wangji liked to read those. Although when looked closer, there is a infant in the child's arms.

At times, the child would repeat what Lán Wangji would say, who would praise him for doing so. At words he doesn't understand, Lán Wangji explains without fail.

So it was true.

They walked towards him, and Lán Wangji stops them and greets them. The child also greets them, although it is a bit done so shyly. In return, the two siblings saluted him. Jiang Yanli is the first to act, "Hanguang-Jun, is it alright if we see your children? A-Ling will need some friends in the future to help nurture him."

Emotions flash through Lán Wangji's eyes after he hears that. At first, it is thought, then fear, then resigned. He then nods and bookmarks the poetry. He picks up Lán Yuan and gently puts him on the ground. There is a slight wince in his movements, causing Lán Yuan to turn around and ask, "Father, are you okay?"

Lán Wangji nods, "Go. I will meet with you in a few minutes."

Jiang Yanli kneels down and starts to talk as Lán Wangji goes back into the Jingshi.

Lán Wangji faces the guqin in front of him as he feels his bandages being changed by Wei Wuxian. He does his best not to wince. The scars may have healed, but it will be a long time until he can run or train with Bichen and go on Night-Hunts.

Once Wei Wuxian was done, the guqin had its strings plucked.

[Lan Zhan, Jiang Cheng and Shijie are their Shushu and Guma.]

[Yes.]

[Should we - no - should you tell them?]

[That depends. Do you want them to know about our sons?]

No answer. Then the strings vibrate.

Lán Yuan, as the siblings learned, was a prodigy for his age. He picked up on things quickly as well as words. He was gentle and firm, yet with a hidden mischievous side as they soon learned. Lán Liang was still a baby, although in his eyes there was emotions running through just like with Lán Wangji. Lán Yuan has such silver eyes (Wei Wuxian, Wei Wuxian—) and Lán Liang had gold eyes like Lán Wangji. When Lán Yuan laughed, it seemed so familiar, akin to Lán Liang's smile that seemed to outshine the morning sun.

Lán Xichen had supervised them since Lán Wangji has some kind of injury. A night hunt, he says.

(He needs to punish himself again for lying. Wouldn't it be fine to do so with the whip? Give himself the same lashes to mirror Lán Wangji's?)

Then Jiang Wanyin asks, "Pardon if I'm being intrusive, but what was their mother like and how did Lán Wangji meet her?"

Lán Xichen freezes. It doesn't go unnoticed by the siblings, even Jiang Yanli who is entertaining Lán Liang with a rattle drum notes it. Soon enough, Lán Wangji comes out in new robes, kneeling down to pick up Lán Yuan who runs at him.

"Wangji," Lán Xichen says, "They want to know about your wife."

At that, the normal static eyes soften. Even though Lán Wangji doesn't smile as much — making it a miracle that he is the father of two smiley kids — a small shadow of one grows. "He* was a powerful cultivator. His parents taught him entirely by themselves. I met him early, and got to know him. We married at a cave by accident, but he didn't mind."

Jiang Yanli tilts her head, "What was her personality?"

"He hid his loyalty and kindness behind a mischievous layer," Lán Wangji replies. Then he looks at both of the siblings and says, "He also wore red and black, and played the dizi."

Jiang Wanyin's eyes grow wide in realization, as do Jiang Yanli's hands freeze. He gets up and looks at Lán Xichen, grabbing him by the arm and leading him somewhere. When the two are alone, he hisses, "Give them to me."

Lán Xichen blinks, "Pardon?"

"You heard me. Give. Them. To. Me."

"Sect Leader Jiang, why should I give my nephews to you?" Lán Xichen replies, his voice steady, yet eyes showing anger.

"It's because your sect was one of the reasons Wei Wuxian is dead! Why should you raise them?" Jiang Wanyin explains, his voice growing a bit higher, but not loud enough to alert anyone.

Lán Xichen's voice wavers. "You know..."

Jiang Wanyin crosses his arms, "Yes, I do. It wasn't that hard to figure out."

"Wangji is their father."

"They are me and A-Jie's nephews! We are their Shushu, Gumu, Shufu, Guma - whatever!"

The two do not say anything, they just stare at each other intensely.

"Hanguang-Jun," Jiang Yanli murmurs. She's still holding Lán Liang. "Why are you telling us this?"

"Wei Ying told me to."

Her head shoots up at that, "A-Xian...?"

Lán Wangji, "Mn."

"He's here...?"

Lán Yuan looks up at her, "Why are you sad? Baba visits you but you can't see him unlike me."

"Y-You can see A-Xian?"

Lán Yuan points up to her right. "Baba just kissed A-Liang's head and is holding your hand. He also told me that you are our Gumu."

Jiang Yanli almost breaks down in tears.

In the end, Jiang Wanyin didn't grab them up after his older sister told him that Wei Wuxian wanted this, but that didn't mean that he wanted to leave them in their care. Even though he wants to take them away to Lotus Pier, to have another thing to remember Wei Wuxian by other than Chenqing, to get to know them more.

It was a selfish reason, but people do things selfishly underneath, don't they?

Chapter End Notes

Shushu - Fathers younger brother

Gumu - Fathers older sister

Originally I was going to have jwy and jyl think that lwj uuuuuhhhhhhhhhh did wwz a bit... y'know. but I scrapped that idea cause I didn't know how to make it work.

Wanyin, let it go (also Jin Ling appears)

Chapter Notes

why TF did I post this around 2 am

eh, no matter

this also became kind of a character study.

"A-Li!" Madam Jin cries out, still holding Jin Ling. "How was your trip to Gusu?"

"Fine, Yuemu. A-Cheng and I just wanted to see future friends for A-Ling," Jiang Yanli greets her and salutes her. "With a father like Hanguang-Jun, I'm sure they will be good friends with A-Ling."

Madam Jin nods, "That's good. A-Ling needs strong people by his side in the future when he becomes sect leader." As she says that, Jin Ling babbles and reaches his hands out towards his mother, who smiles and gently picks him out from Madam Jin's outstretched arms.

Jiang Yanli, "...Is it okay if I stay at Lotus Pier for a few days?"

Madam Jin looks surprised at that, but nodded, "As long as you want. But... A-Li, what is wrong?"

She smiles, "Nothing, nothing! I just miss Lotus Pier."

Her mother-in-law harbours a understanding look, "I see. Then stay as long as you wish. You may take Jin Ling with you, after all."

("And away from this corrupt sect," goes unsaid.)

A day later, Jiang Yanli is gone with her son because of boating. Madam Jin can't help but think of the almost angered look in her daughter-in-laws eyes when she saw the peony symbol.

"A-Jie, are you okay?"

Jiang Yanli looked down at Jin Ling, "...I don't want to be near any sect that helped kill our brother."

Ah, that. Every single sect was involved in the siege and raiding the Burial mounds, breaking down the name of Wei Wuxian who didn't fight back because his heart was in the right—

~~(Jiang Wanyin bitterly wishes sometimes that they would just go die.)~~

It comes as a surprise, though. Jiang Yanli is usually so forgiving. She forgave Jin Zixuan's insults at her, forgave Wei Wuxian indirectly killing her husband, forgave the girl that stole the credit for making her soup. But her brother understands her. Being near any sect that helped kill him made him want to vomit.

Not to mention Lán Yuan and Lán Liang in the Gusu Lán sect who are their family in all but blood — whose sect has the complete audacity to raise them—

But should they hate the father, Lán Wangji? Should they hate him when he had took Wei Wuxian away from the battle? Jiang Yanli doesn't. Jiang Wanyin, however, feels bitter once again. At how he basically stole his brother away—

(A tight embrace, a forehead ribbon wrapped around their wrists. How close they seem to be.)

No, no, don't get jealous. (He is the one that agreed to go with Wei Wuxian's idea for defection when he should have helped the Wens out.)

History repeats. Hate all the Wens, now hate all the Lans.

He wonders when he had become so damn shallow that one could not get their feet wet when they stuck it inside. Maybe it's when he succumbed to their words. He had always been second best, his mother always chided him, had yelled at him for being so. He just wishes that he hadn't become so resentful of Wei Wuxian.

No matter the words his disciples or Jiang Yanli says, he will blame himself for not getting to them sooner.

Lotus Pier is quiet to them. The disciples are confused at that.

"You train us everyday, Sect Leader! It's always full of slashing! How is it quiet?" One says, and some nod in agreement.

To have boisterous laughter ring about is what they want. To have splashes of water, to have someone playing possum is what they want. To have it again isn't much, yet it is so far away.

On a brighter note, the disciples love Jin Ling. They coo at him, they sing at him and entertain him on breaks. They hope that he will have the best traits of his parents — forgiving, a good cook, selfless underneath, a deep love for family.

Jiang Wanyin agrees.

(Jiang Fengmian would have agreed, so would Yu Ziyuan in her own acid tongue ways. ~~He would want Jin Ling to be like their sister.~~)

Past was in the past. So why couldn't Jiang Wanyin let go? He clung onto promises, like a koala, clung onto heirlooms to remember, onto a black bamboo ghost flute (that would never

return to its owner); onto the memories of what Lotus Pier used to look like before they destroyed it, set it aflame.

He wonders if he should give the dizi to the Lans. Lán Xichen has a xiao after all. (Even if he does hate him.)

He wonders if one of them is going to learn medicine and archery, if they will grow up to be strong, assertive, yet kind (Like Wen Qing, like Wen Ning).

(Why is he clinging on again?)

Will they learn the guqin? The dizi? Or will they not study musical cultivation?

"A-Cheng," Jiang Yanli would say, "Let it go."

He should listen to her. He should. But no matter how hard he tries, Jiang Wanyin always finds himself stuck in the past no matter how hard he tries to let go.

Rabbits make everything better

When Lán Wangji is well enough, he takes them both to a meadow where a tree lays with a few bags of vegetables. Wei Wuxian cannot help but tilt his hand in confusion. 'Is he going to teach them how to farm?'

Then several balls of fluff are seen. Lán Yuan squeals as he sees them. Lán Wangji places the bag down onto the grass as he balances Lán Liang in one arm and Lán Yuan in the other thanks to the many handstands. One of his hands are freed and he uses that hand to get a vegetable from the bag. A lettuce.

Wei Wuxian, meanwhile, was shocked that Lán Wangji actually kept the rabbits. He can't help but smile at that, "He really does love rabbits, huh?"

Lán Wangji placed the lettuce in the open palm of Lán Yuan's hand and gently lowered him down onto the rabbits. Lán Yuan flailed a bit before calming down as he was placed in a bundle of rabbits. Lan Wangji watched intently as Lan Yuan was overtaken by several rabbits. Lán Liang was also watching intently.

One of them nudged at the hand filled with lettuce, causing Lán Yuan to feed it to the rabbit.

Wei Wuxian, "Oh... Hahahaha!!!! Your parenting style isn't so different from mine, Lán Zhan! Burying them in rabbits and turnips!!! Hahahah!!!"

Lán Wangji smiled at the joy Lán Yuan was showing, "Do you like them?" Wei Wuxian's breath stopped at the smile, a smile that was so similar to sunlight on snow.

"Yes!!" Lán Yuan laughed as a rabbit pounced on him and nudged at his chin while nibbling on his robes. Lán Liang seemed to also take a liking, as he was trying to reach out and touch one.

Lán Yuan — being a good older brother (knowing that Wen Qing would've done anything for Wen Ning (just like how he would do anything for Jiang Wanyin)) — picked one up and let Lán Liang pet one.

Seeing the three of them have fun amongst the rabbits, Wei Wuxian felt warmth in chest despite being dead.

(He would never get used to his chest feeling empty.)

Use those legs, Lán Liang!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Helping Lán Liang walk isn't much of a issue. He is almost a year old now and is clinging onto posts and table legs around the Jingshi while Lán Yuan helps him out. He learns quickly and a bit perfectly the first few tries.

He falls down sometimes, but he doesn't cry, just lets out a few whimpers of pain before trying again no matter how much his dad's and big brother fuss over him.

This time, he was able to walk a bit longer. A minute.

A time minute.

A very timed minute.

It happened when Lán Wangji had decided to help Lán Yuan to remember some of the rules. He does so slowly as to not override his mind.

"Rules do not mean everything," Lán Wangji says before he begins, "You should be yourself, yet disciplined, A-Yuan." He then places some papers on the table and starts to gently coach Lán Yuan through it all. The other Wens has taught Lán Yuan some basic spellings of words whenever they weren't farming.

While they were sitting at his table in the Jingshi with Lán Wangji helping him read and Wei Wuxian watching them with a soft smile, Lán Liang had slowly crawled towards a bed post and crawling upwards so that he was standing upwards.

Wei Wuxian turned and began to watch the baby.

Lán Liang then stepped out until his hands could no longer be one with the bed post and walked forward, stumbling at times. Wei Wuxian squealed — causing Lán Yuan to look up — and shot towards the guqin and played, [Lan Zhan, Lán Zhan, look, look!]

At the notes, Lán Wangji looks up and his jaw almost drops when he sees Lán Liang managing to walk without assistance.

Wei Wuxian kneels down. They may not be able to touch him, but he can touch them just fine. He shuffles a bit closer as he raises his arms up to welcome him into a hug.

"A-Liang, A-Liang, come to your Baba!"

Lán Liang gave a smile as he began to stumble his way towards Wei Wuxian. When he is near, Lan Liang is grabbed and hugged tightly by him with a chirp.

Lán Wangji's jaw was still open.

Lán Yuan closed his jaw.

Chapter End Notes

Uhhhhh maybe there will be a double update lmao idk

JUSTICE FOR SHUFU

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's when he figures out who the other parent to his grand nephews that he realizes that he wasn't that good of an uncle. He had always followed the rules of the Sect because he was taught that they were right, that they were supposed to rule their life. So when he notices the similarities between the two, he shatters because he thinks he failed as a uncle for allowing Lán Wangji to associate with evil.

And he did. Not for Lán Wangji associating with evil, but for killing innocents who he thought were evil because of some misplaced names.

(Do not bully the weak, Do not take advantage of your position to suppress others, Morality is the priority, Do not make assumptions about others, Do not act impulsive.

Broken rules means copying them.)

It's strange that one thing in your life can completely change it. His brother meeting a women? He forcefully married her to save her life and gave him the best nephews he could ask for. The youngest would fall in love with someone and protect him, while the eldest formed a brotherhood with two others.

Wei Wuxian wasn't evil, he realizes too late. If he was evil, then why would he protect the elderly and the young? If he was evil, then why would he keep the grand nephews from them out of fear? If he was evil, then why did he destroy the seal?

"Xiongzhang, I want to bring a man back to Cloud Recesses. Bring him back... hide him away. But he is not willing."

It was clear who Lán Wangji wanted to bring back. But once again, Lán Qiren blamed it on Wei Wuxian because of his mother. Just like how he didn't want them to end up like their father.

It was... stupid of him, he knows that now. Blood does not matter, deeds do. He had always been afraid of his nephews coming up as their father, so he had tried to sway them from that. But then Lán Wangji couldn't develop social skills and always relied on rules.

(Why was it always that?)

He learnt his lesson. From the blood of the parents of one does not matter. Their deeds do. He shouldn't blame Lán Liang and Lán Yuan's faults on Wei Wuxian or Lán Wangji. He shouldn't blame the sway on his older brother, on his sister-in-law.

He wasn't the perfect person. Lán Qiren not be able to go back in the past and fix his mistakes, but he will atone for what he had done in the past.

If he hadn't learnt his lesson, he would've said that it wasn't his fault. Never his fault at all. But deep down, he knows that Cangse Sanren was right to shave off his goatee (even if a bunch of marriage proposals happened after that). He could've given the Wens shelter, yet he didn't because he thought of the sect first.

Rewriting the Sunshot Campaign is hard enough. Some elders who had figured out the other parent allow him to, but some breath down his neck and refuse to.

"They need the truth" they say.

Yet history is written by those that win. It is seen from their perspective. He should not be biased and tell the truth of what happened.

(Honour good people.)

He rewrites the scriptures and makes sure that he is the one that will tell history so that no other teacher can twist the words once again.

[Wei Ying,]

The strums of a guqin near the Jingshi makes Lán Qiren stop for a moment. Deciding to consciously to break a rule, Lán Qiren strained his cultivation and listened in. He looked through the window, doing his best not to be seen.

[Yes?]

That almost makes him trip.

[Courtesy names for A-Yuan and A-Liang.]

[You already want to come up with ones?]

[Yes.]

How did Wei Wuxian get passed the barrier?!?!?!]

...maybe the love for his sons were strong enough?

[Hmmm....how about Jizhu for A-Liang?]

[Then... Sizhui for A-Yuan.]

Lán Qiren nodded. Yes, yes, those were quite good courtesy names. It certainly was a break from when he found out that the cave that Wei Wuxian lived in was called the Demon-Slaughtering Cave. What atrocious naming sense! Then he remembered that Wei Wuxian's sword is named Suibian.

Oh.

[Oh! So you can remember your Mother and Father?]

[For Wei Ying.]

He raised a whipped boy!! A VERY WHIPPED BOY. OH NO.

WAS LAN WANGJI GOING TO WEAR BLACK NOW!?!?!?

"Laoshi?"

Lán Qiren stops talking. He turns around and sees a disciple standing up. The disciple is doing his best to stand up straight, to have good posture. Lán Qiren cannot help but preen a bit at that.

"Yes?"

"Some of the elders tell us that the Yiling Patriarch was evil. That the Wens were evil. But you aren't saying that as well as some other elders."

Lán Qiren looks to the side a bit and sees Lán Yuan freeze at that. His posture slumps for a moment before it straightens again. Lán Yuan was the only child in a camp of elderly and young, so they helped raised him.

"That is their perspective. This is the truth. But you must not mention this to them at all. The Wens were a group of elderly and medics, not an army unlike what they are telling you."

(Do not lie.)

Lán Qiren looks at the corner of his eye and sees Lán Yuan smiling. He is not doing so foolishly. At least besides Yunmeng Jiang, Gusu Lán will also honour their memory.

(Unlike what they did before.)

In an uncharacteristic act, Lán Qiren hit Lán Xichen on the head. His eldest nephew had been sulking once again ever since he had found the sons, and Lán Qiren wasn't going to stand for that. He would copy something later, right now he had a nephew to get back on track.

Lán Xichen looked up, "Shufu—?"

"You fool!" Lán Qiren raises his voice to make sure Lán Xichen knows at how serious he is, "You saved their lives! What are you sulking about?!"

"I..." Lán Xichen looks down, "I helped kill one of their fathers. I caved into Wangji's request for punishment..."

"So did I!" Lán Qiren looks like he is going to hit him again, but he refrains, "Xichen, tell me, why didn't you go to the Burial Mounds and bring them back here?"

"...You taught us to put the sect above anything else."

"Exactly! Meaning that it is also my fault!! Stop acting like you are sharing this alone! I was foolish as well! I judged without the full picture, as did everyone else!! I could've gone ahead and brought them back here, but I didn't because I was a fool," Lán Airen sighed, placing a hand on Lán Xichen's shoulder, "You are not alone."

The next day, Lán Xichen was smiling again and was with his nephews more.

Out of all of them, Lán Wangji is the only one to truly hold up their motto of righteousness.

He couldn't have felt prouder.

Chapter End Notes

Lán Qiren only thinks that he is a bad uncle. He raised good Boi's, but he still thinks that he failed them. It's a matter from perspective. Some elders are still naive while the others that know Wei Wuxian is the other parent know that the Wens weren't evil. If they were evil, then why would wwx protect them and try to raise his sons with them, hmmmmmm???? Not to mention that in the world of mdzs, it depends on your parentage whether or not you succeed in life.

Also here is how you spell Lán Liang | Lán Jizhu (蓝亮 | 蓝记住)

Although the birth names were broken down in the first chapter, 'Liang/Liáng' means bright, 'Jizhu/Jizhù'

The Cousins!! The Cousins!! They Finally Meet!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lán Yuan quickly makes a name of himself in Cloud Recesses. He is only nine years old, yet he got everything quickly. His calligraphy was amazing, but his archery needed some work, since he was a bit malnourished from his time in the Burial Mounds. But he's talented, so much that he should've been placed classes ahead. But instead, he chose to stay.

Lan Liang isn't in classes yet, but he is around the same as his older brother. He is well-read, and while he can forget things in a few weeks, he got better later on. He liked to tinker with talismans, adding strokes to find out what would happen to it.

They both spoke politely, yet mischievous and jokey. Lán Yuan just hid it better than Lán Liang. They both were also incredible at art.

Because of this reason, they were said to be the next Twin Jades. Well, soon. Lán Liang would join them in classes in three years.

(Wei Wuxian will never boast about how his first word was 'Baba' rather than 'Father' to some ghosts and their grandparents. Lán Wangji was happy, but drinking some vinegar.)

"I'm thinking of setting a play date with A-Liang, A-Yuan with A-Ling," Jiang Yanli says with a smile, "What do you think?" She had somewhat become a permanent resident of Lotus Pier. She did go back to Koi Tower at times, but it was usually for a month. She almost always brought Jin Ling with her.

Jiang Wanyin puts down his papers, looking at his sister, "What?"

As for that, Lán Wangji and Jiang Yanli had got along surprisingly well. In contrast to Jiang Wanyin and Lán Wangji, with one staying silent with the other talking, they had exchanged letters from time to time, updating at how their sect, disciples, or kids were going.

"Well, they are cousins, right?" She tilts her head, "They need to get to know each other. They are also sect heirs."

Jiang Wanyin thought. Sure, he didn't like Lán Wangji, but this was his older sister and their nephews they were talking about. No harm done, right?

(But his sect also helped kill Wei Wuxian. Would they even want to be here? But the Lan's also helped. why could he never make up his mind? Why?)

He nodded, "I'll get a boat ready for you and A-Ling."

"I'll see if Hanguang-Jun has anything coming up. Thank you, A-Cheng."

"Shufu, Xiongzhang," Lan Wangji says. He holds up a letter from Jiang Yanli and opens it, "Jiang-Guniang wishes to arrange a play-date between A-Yuan, A-Liang and Jin Rulan."

Lán Qiren nods, "Yes, yes. Cousins should get to know each other."

Lán Wangji blinks, "Shufu, are you sure?"

Lán Qiren, "This new generation did not do anything to the Wen remnants. Just write so that Jin Rulan doesn't wear any gold. Having A-Yuan relive those days would be terrifying."

Lán Xichen smiles, "Wangji, it's good for them. We want them to make friends outside of sects."

He nods at that. He thanks them and goes back to the Jingshi and writes a letter to Jiang Yanli. Lán Wangji looked at his guqin and then Wei Wuxian played the strings, [Lan Zhan, Lán Zhan, they get to meet their tangdi!]

Lán Wangji lets a smile come upon his lips. He reaches out, [Yes.]

[I hope he won't be like his peacock of a Father!]

Lan Wangji shakes his head. He was so whipped for Wei Wuxian.

Jiang-Guniang,

Shufu and Xiongzhang have agreed. Where do you want to hold this? If it is at Cloud Recesses, I have a warren of rabbits in a meadow for them to play with. Shufu also says that Jin Rulan shouldn't wear gold.

Lán Wangji

Lán Wangji,

A-Cheng doesn't want to hold the play-date at Lotus Pier. I believe that he is not ready to face them yet despite his want to take them there. It will be held at Cloud Recesses. The rabbits sound lovely! A-Xian told me that he got you some.

Jiang Yanli

The boat ride is calming. Jin Ling sits in his mother's lap and watches the waves as they travel to Gusu. Jiang Yanli pets his hair as she talks, "Now, make sure to treat them with respect, alright? Those two are your Dajiu's sons. Lán Yuan and Lán Liang are your tangxiong."

Jin Ling nods, "I will, Mother!"

Jin Ling had been told stories of his Father, Jin Zixuan. He had honour and justice underneath his arrogance, and he loved his mother deeply. As for his Dajiu, he may have hurt his Father, which Jin Ling cannot wonder why, but he did want to meet Jin Ling on his celebration.

Jin Ling wasn't that spoiled at that. He did have some of his father's arrogance, but he has his mother's capacity to forgive and somewhat of 'tough love'.

He has then asked his mother, "Why does Jiujiu not like Hanguang-jun?"

She pulls a face at that. "A-Cheng just thinks that Dajiu deserves someone better than Hanguang-Jun."

"But Dajiu chose him, then doesn't that mean that Hanguang-Jun loves him?"

Jiang Yanli sighs, but smiles, "Your Dajiu always took on things himself. He never asked for help. Hanguang-Jun — no — A-Ji did his best to stay by his side. You can ask A-Ji when we get to Gusu."

Soon, they are at Gusu. Jiang Yanli carries her son and walks up the path that she remembers her little brothers talking about. She smiles when she sees Lán Wangji waiting with his own in tow.

They then takes them to the rabbit fields and watch them.

Lán Yuan speaks first as he pets a rabbit, "Jin-Gongzi—"

"Tangdi! Call me tangdi!" Jin Ling breaks in. Without stop, Lán Liang says on reflex, "Interrupting is not allowed in the Cloud Recesses." Then he looks confused, like he had just said that.

Lán Wangji looks at his youngest son, who turns towards him and says sheepishly, "Sorry, Father."

"It's alright. But Jin-Gongzi isn't studying here."

Lán Liang puts on watery eyes, making Lán Wangji relent. God, they were just so adorable and lovable to hate.

"Alright, then, tangdi," Lán Yuan says, "What kind of cultivator do you want to be when you grow up?"

"Like my Father!"

Lán Liang looks confused at that. "Aha? Baba said that your Father was a peacock."

Jiang Yanli covers her mouth with her sleeve as Lán Wangji shook his head in fondness. In one of their questionings, Wei Wuxian had once went into a rant about Jin Zixuan when he came up. Calling him a peacock and arrogant, but loving Shijie so much so Wei Wuxian had to tolerate him.

"Just make sure Jin Ling doesn't end up like him! He would lose lots of things that way!" Wei Wuxian had said at the end of his rant.

"Mother said that he was talented, though..." Jin Ling mutters. "That Father was a good archer and swordsman!" His eyes get bright at that. He was almost like a little mistress, just a bit less spoiled and less 'peacock-ish' and more idealistic like most children.

"Okay, Xiao-Jie," Lán Liang says with a smile on his face. Lán Wangji might've found that endearing if he wasn't frozen at the time. Jiang Yanli just smiles wider.

The Baba called the Father a peacock, now the youngest one calls the son Xiao-Jie!! Will one of them shave off Lán Qiren's beard!?

Jin Ling flushed as he put down the rabbit, "Y-You! Tangxiong, take that back!"

"Lying is not allowed in Cloud Recesses," Lán Liang replies. He is still petting and feeding a rabbit.

Lán Yuan smiles and says with a amused voice, "A-Liang."

"Fine, Xiongzhong," Lán Liang bows, "I'm sorry for calling you Xiao-Jie, Xiao-Jie."

Jin Ling looked like he wanted to scream, but is stopped by his mother. Lán Kiang then says sorry for real.

When the two leave Gusu, Jin Ling is whining about how he wants to stay and get to know his cousins more despite his tantrum when Lán Liang called him Xiao-Jie. He also takes a liking to Lán Wangji despite Jiang Wanyin's disdain for him.

As her son sleeps on her chest, Jiang Yanli wonders what kind of cultivator her son will be.

Chapter End Notes

Lán Yuan: 9

Lán Liang: 6

Jin Ling: 6

Tangdi - Aunt's son on father's side, younger

Tangxiong - Aunts son on father's side, older

Xiao-Jie - Little Sister

What would jl call lwj? Shuzi? Since lwj is younger then jyl? And technically the in law?

Also: Lán Qiren is trying to figure out Lán Yuan's bio parents cause they technically are family. He is not having much success.

Also, yay! LL gets some personality then just being a Bebe.

The most Lán to ever Un-Lán

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Lán Yuan is finished studying and homework, he wanders around Cloud Recesses. It's slightly foggy, and he can sometimes see black on the ground. Everything smelt of flowers, and the air is never heavy.

That's when he hears someone running.

Lán Yuan looked to the side as he saw someone trip, fall, and scrap their knee. He quickly ran towards them.

Lán Yuan, "Ah, how much does it hurt?"

The other Lan, "Not that much!" His statement is instantly contradicted because of his hissing. Lán Yuan knelt down, examining the scrape. He remembers Wen Qing tending to his knee one time, when he was running around and falling down because he was a playful child.

She had gotten a bucket of water, some cloths, and something to force some debris out of the scrap. It is one of the many memories Lán Yuan cherishes from his old family.

He then helped the other onto a rock and said, "Stay here. I'll be back!"

He had then carried a small basin of water and some rags, as well as something to help the debris out. He also had some medicinal slave. He knelt down and washed his hands first — Granny Wen always told him to do that whenever he got his hands dirty — and began. He began to talk to him as he began to do his best, learning that his name is Lán Zhen. He grabbed one of the cloths, soaked it in the warm water, and gently pressed it against Lan Zhen's knee.

"Ow!" Lán Zhen jerked a bit at the heat, but he gritted his teeth and endured instead. Lán Yuan kept on gently dabbing the scrap with the cloth until it couldn't bleed anymore. When that happened, he managed to get a clear look.

Taking the thing, he held the knee down and began to take out the debris. The other didn't make any sound besides some hisses of pain, but he let Lán Yuan help him. Once he had managed to get all of it out, he then spread the salve over the scrap. Gently, he applied some bandages to it.

Lán Yuan, "There you go. If there is anything yellow or green, go to the healers." Wen Qing taught him the basics of it whenever she could, and he still remembered her. His aunt.

Lán Zhen, "Wow! Are you studying medical?"

Lán Yuan smiled a bit, "Ah. My Yimu taught me this. I actually liked to run around most of the time, and I would always get injured. She always took care of my wounds."

Lán Zhwn, "Wow! Your Yimu is a doctor?"

Lán Yuan frowned, "Was a doctor. She died while saving people."

The other Lán's eyes widen at that. Then he mumble a sorry, which Lán Yuan says it's okay, since everyone is curious from time to time. They then begin to talk to each other about their lives, family, dreams...

The other Wens, though saddened by the fact that Lán Yuan couldn't see them, were happy that he made a friend. Granny Wen tried to pat his head, although all he could feel is cold air. Uncle Four laughed at times, but only breeze follows.

Lán Yuan may not be able to see them anymore, but at least he knows that they are there.

Chapter End Notes

Lan Zhen is Jingyi.

Yimu - Mother's sister, older.

End Notes

Idk why there is always an accent on Lán. I try to change it several times but it just doesn't work.

Anyway, my tumblr is cloudymooncake, where you can request for chapter ideas. Special thanks to princeofvelvet and apparently-I-am-an-adult for helping me out with fleshing this.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!