恭喜发财，红包拿来

by PotterheadAvengerDemigod

Summary

When Wei Wuxian gets the invitation to Lotus Pier for the new year, he will admit that there were tears in his eyes. Sure, Jiang Cheng and him had been slowly resolving their differences, putting aside their past and repairing the bridges that Wei Wuxian had really thought were burned forever.

But Wei Wuxian had never thought that he would ever have a new year’s celebration at Lotus Pier ever again.

So yes, when Wei Wuxian first gets the invitation to celebrate the new year with Jiang Cheng, he accepts without any intention to tease whatsoever.

(Of course, this does not stay that way for long.)

Notes

Just a short crack oneshot for Lunar New Year! Happy Lunar New Year everyone!!

(Fun fact: the word count for this is 888 and 8 is a lucky number in Chinese tradition hahaha)

See the end of the work for more notes
aside their past and repairing the bridges that Wei Wuxian had really thought were burned forever.

But Wei Wuxian had never thought that he would ever have a new year’s celebration at Lotus Pier ever again.

(He remembers, bittersweet memories, of the old celebrations they’d used to have, reunion dinners on new year’s eve, with Shijie’s soup always present, the one night of the year where they would never have to worry about any arguing.)

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"Jiang Cheng!!" Wei Wuxian yells even as he leaps down from Bichen, leaving Lan Zhan sighing in exasperation, still in the air. “You da shixiong is here, aren’t you happy?"

The doors to Lotus Pier are thrown open, and Jiang Cheng himself stalks out, already scowling. “What kind of guest doesn’t even greet their host a happy new year when arriving to celebrate new year, huh? You’re so fucking rude, Wei Wuxian, don’t make me regret inviting you in the first place!”

Wei Wuxian pouts. “But- Chengcheng, who else would liven up your lonely bachelor’s life if not for your amazing da shixiong?”

Zidian crackles around Jiang Cheng’s finger, but the man himself does not do anything but take a deep breath and release it in a sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Get the fuck inside before I decide that you aren’t welcome here after all. Jin Ling’s already waiting, and I’d hate to have to tell him that the reason I’m late to dinner is because I had to chase your dumb ass all the way back to Gusu."

“Fine! I’ll be nice because of Jin Ling,” Wei Wuxian huffs, and stalks past Jiang Cheng into Lotus Pier, leaving Lan Wangji and Jiang Cheng to stare each other down.

There is a long moment of silence then, only broken when Lan Wangji huffs a breath through his nose, and bows curtly. “Jiang Wanyin. Please accept my new year’s greetings.”

“Lan Wangji. Please accept mine.”

“Mn.” Then Lan Wangji is marching past Jiang Cheng as well, straight into Lotus Pier as if he knows exactly where to go.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan,” Wei Wuxian whispers, gaze darting between his husband and Jin Ling, who is on the other side of the room, polishing Suihua’s blade. “We should give Jin Ling a red envelope, shouldn’t we? It’s only proper, and traditional, we’re here to celebrate the new year anyw-”

Silently, Lan Wangji slips an already packaged red envelope from his sleeve into Wei Wuxian’s hand.

“Ehh? Aih, Lan Zhan, you’re always so prepared- did you read my mind? Is there anyone else we need to give red envelopes to, huh? Um- Jin Ling is the only kid here, so I guess-"
Lan Wangji blinks, and slips another red envelope into Wei Wuxian’s hands. “Jiang Wanyin.”

Wei Wuxian blinks. “Jiang Cheng? But he— oh. Oh, right, he’s not married, he’s still single, that means— Lan Zhan, you’re a genius, you’re so mean, for heaven’s sake, how has no one found out how mean the great Han Guang-Jun is, huh?”

Lan Wangji’s expression does not change. “Mn.”

“Anyway—” Wei Wuxian grins, turning to face Jin Ling, walking up to him and thrusting the red envelope in his face.

“A-Ling! Happy new year! Stay strong, stay healthy and grow up fast!”

Jin Ling blinks, startled. “Who are you asking to grow up fast! I’m half your age and almost taller than you—”

“Does this mean you don’t want the red envelope—”

Jin Ling’s words cut off abruptly, and he reaches out to take the envelope from Wei Wuxian’s hands. “...Happy new year.”

Wei Wuxian grins, heading out of the room to where he knows Jiang Cheng is. “That’s more like it! And now, one more red envelope to give… Lan Zhan, I’ll be right back, okay?”

“Mn.”

When Wei Wuxian tracks down Jiang Cheng, the other man is just headed in from where he’d last seen him, at the front door of Lotus Pier, and Wei Wuxian cannot help but leap forward, hiding the red envelope behind his back. “Jiang Cheng! I have a surprise for you~”

His grin widens even further, and Wei Wuxian knows that his eyes have to be shining with mischief, but he cannot stop them. “Chengcheng! Happy new year, may all your wishes come true, and get married soo—”

There is a flash of purple, and then a sharp crack and sizzle as Zidian snaps down against the wooden floor. “Wei Wuxian! Do you want to fucking die—”

“Ahh, Jiang Cheng, Jiang Cheng, why are you angry, we should be giving you a red envelope anyway! You’re not married, after all, and I am, and it’s only traditi—”

“I’m going to break your fucking legs—”

“Lan Zhan— Lan Zhan, save me, Jiang Cheng’s trying to kill me- Jiang Cheng, nooo, I didn’t do anything wrong, don’t you want free money anyway—”

“Who needs your fucking money—”

“Lan Zhannnn! Save mee!”

End Notes
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