

Butterflies painted red

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Butterflies painted red

by [melody_song](#)

Summary

Fires crackled and burned endlessly, as the home it had consumed was devoured along with those living in it. As the flames incinerated the house whole, a child's cries filled the cold night's air.

(Or which the author decides to write a story where Wen Kexing is a Wen.)

Notes

Why did I start this? Not sure. I'm sorry, my dear KPOP readers-

The title might be temporary since I haven't thought of a proper name for the story and thought of it on the spot~

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

prologue.

Fires crackled and burned endlessly, as the home it had consumed was devoured along with those living in it. As the flames incinerated the house whole, a child's cries filled the cold night's air.

Zhen Yan cried out as he was forcefully taken away from his burning home, desperately thrashing around in the hold of the Wen soldier had on him. It was of no use, of course, how could a weak seven-year-old child overpower a muscular, strong warrior.

"Yan'er, don't be scared," A-Niang had said gently to him when news of the Wens approaching their tiny civilization had spread through the town and Zhen Yan had burst into tears. "We'll be safe, don't worry." A-Die had chimed in. A-Niang smiled prettily at A-Die, before pressing her forehead against Zhen Yan's and soothed him softly.

That very same day, she had been killed by a spear to the back, and his father ending his own life to follow her.

"Diedie! Niang! Help me, please!" He shrieked hopelessly, tears streaming down his face.

A distance of walking and rough-handling later, accompanied by desperate cries for help that were left unanswered, Zhen Yan was brought to a tall, imposing male with a manic smile on his face.

He was abruptly brought in front of the male and fearfully looked up at him with remaining tears drying on his face.

“Child, what is your name?”

“Zhen Yan,” He answers quietly after a short pause.

The male lets out a bellowing laugh before saying, “Just the boy we were looking for.”

The child stared in shock, timidly shaking. He would have fallen to the ground, had the Wen soldier’s hands not held him up.

“Now, child. Choose wisely.” The man said, amusement still evident in his voice. “Will you join us, the Wen Sect, as my adopted child? Or will you choose to stay, in this burning town, and die?” A cruel smile was plastered to his face, and it was terrifying just how maniacal he seemed at that moment.

Moments went by, and all near watched as the child pondered on his choices.

Many Wen servants’ heads dropped silently when the thought that the child would die and the death toll would be increased by one was became more apparent before:

“I will join the Wen Sect as your child.” The child said stonily, the previous fear and distraught having seemingly left his face.

The male’s eyes slightly widened in shock, before he began laughing manically once more and stepped forward quickly.

“Good choice, my dear child.” He said once his laughter died down, before stroking the child’s cheek once he got closer to Zhen Yan. As he ignored Zhen Yan’s flinch of disgust, he whispered to the boy.

“My name is Wen Ruohan, and you may call me A-Die if you wish.” He looked at the boy up and down before saying, “I shall call you, Wen Yan, specifically Yan’er until we get you a courtesy name.”

He placed his hand on the boy’s head and patted it tenderly as if he were gently patting a weak pet’s fur. He paused before slipping his hand to the boy’s lower back and leading him to a nearby soldier’s sword.

As he reluctantly climbed onto the sword and the soldier’s arms were fastened around his waist so he wouldn’t fall, he shivered when thoughts of his incoming future started to sink in.

He turned slightly, not enough to alert the soldier behind him, and glance at a specific burning home.

Goodbye, Die and Niang. I’ll avenge you.

One day.

◦ ◦ ◦ ◦ ◦

~~Zhen~~ Wen Yan soon turns eight, and as time went by in the Wen Sect, he himself began changing along with the Sect.

He was taught politics and mathematics which he begrudgingly yet earnestly took in, he enjoyed the beauty of art and music, he reverently learned of the Wen Sect's history, its sect rules, and about the Cultivation World overall, and certainly excelled in multiple styles of fighting and cultivation.

He was especially interested in other sects, their different cultivation styles, and swordsmanship tactics, even though the Wen Sect didn't have much information on other sects that they were willing to teach him.

His tutors were hesitant at first to teach Wen Yan. But they soon fell victim to Wen Yan's puppy eyes and childlike curiosity. They learned to love him and even gave him gifts from time to time.

He soaked everything in like a sponge, impressing all those around him.

Servants adored him for his kindness and wit, while soldiers and officials admired him for his tact and natural talent in cultivation. His demonstrations of battle fans attracted many from far civilizations due to their elegant nature but razor-sharp viciousness. The Wen Sect instantly fell in love with this mysterious child that had suddenly dropped into their lives.

His siblings, however, were a different story.

It was torture to have to deal with Wen Chao's sharp taunts and Wen Xu's beatings, with the added pressure and violent punishments from his adoptive father. And he still woke up every night, screaming and crying out for his parents, weeping endlessly until the sun rose again and the day began again.

With the Wen Sect, he learned to distance himself from the humane side of him. To become a machine and cold-hearted, to convince himself that he wasn't a human being thus twisting his morals.

However, he got through it and was soon given a courtesy name, Wen Kexing, meaning *a lone swan* . How fitting.

At age fourteen, he was sent to Ghost Valley to learn how to “lead” as A-Die claimed, but he knew in reality that A-Die didn't wish to deal with him any further. He took it with stride, nevertheless, and used this as a chance to learn even more. He took in orphans as disciples. And even adopted two as children, A-Xiang and Xue Yang, both of which he doted on very much.

Now, years later, at seventeen, he loitered around Caiyi Town with A-Xiang, enjoying his first time out of Ghost Valley and in the outside world in years.

Whispers still followed him, haunting his thoughts and staining his visit.

“Is that the Chief of Ghost Valley??”

“Yes, that's him.”

“Oh! I've heard he's bat shit crazy. Well, that's a given after spending as much time in the cursed place that is Ghost Valley?”

“Ghost Valley? The eerie valley that connects to the Burial Mounds?”

“Indeed.”

“Poor thing, don’t you know that Wen Ruohan slaughtered hundreds of towns and burned them for the kid, only to take the kid in as a disciple and torture him.”

“Mhm, if I were him, I would have ended it all the second Wen Ruohan got his grimy hands on me.”

“Let’s hope he doesn’t go insane and kill everyone, then himself. Who knows what the lunatic is capable of, besides cursing and killing all those who love him.”

“It’s ridiculous that Wen Ruohan is letting him go to Cloud Recess. Better kill him off before he ends up killing everyone mid-study.”

“He’s such a pretty one too. It’s a pity his beauty’s been wasted like this. But the worlds better off without him, aren’t I right?”

Choruses of agreement followed the final statements.

A-Xiang flinched and started towards the gossipers, hell-bent on beating their asses.

“Master! Let go of me! I should teach them a lesson, how dare they say that about you?”

All Wen Kexing did was smile at her ruefully. He patted her head softly before dropping his hand and grabbing

“How could you punish them if they were speaking the truth?” He said sadly.

“But-! But-! But-!” A-Xiang protested furiously.

“Calm down, A-Xiang. We must head to Cloud Recess soon enough, and we mustn’t keep Wen Chao waiting. The idiot is going to mess up everything even before the lectures begin.”

He continued his way through the town, speeding up his pace so that A-Xiang would get the point and follow him, thankfully she did.

(At that moment, he was glad that his father decided to keep the fact he had adopted Wen Kexing a secret. Who knew what talk and gossip would spread. He wasn’t sure if he could handle all the slander and remarks.)

He glanced at the town’s decorations and merriness wistfully, at the innocent beauty of people wandering around the market and wide-eyed at the sights. A thought slipped through his mental barrier.

When would his life begin?

I.

Chapter Summary

Wen Kexing was in Cloud Recess for one reason, and one reason only.

To help Wen Qing with her quest to acquire the Lan Sect's shard of Yin Iron.

But apparently, that also meant dealing with Wen Chao, that pompous brat.

At the moment, that very same brat was choking a poor Lan disciple who was guarding the entrance of Cloud Recess over a goddamn invitation.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this 1-2 weeks ago and I didn't want to post it so soon at the time but since I know the next chapter will take a while . . .

Here you go :D

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

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As the disciple began to catch on fire, Wen Kexing could hear Wen Qing startling forward and could see Wen Ning looking away.

Wen Chao snickered and threatened, “That is the visiting invitation of our sect.” And watched happily as the fire began burning the poor disciple’s face and another disciple hopelessly attempted to put out the fire.

Wen Kexing glanced at the horror on Wen Ning’s face and the way Wen Qing was about to help the disciple before holding an arm out and pushing Wen Chao out of the way.

He would much rather face Wen Chao’s wrath rather than have Wen Ning and Wen Qing deal with him.

He quickly put out the fire and healed the injured disciple before turning to a ruffled Wen Chao.

“You idiot. We’re supposed to be studying, not killing Lan disciples the moment we approach the entrance of the Cloud Recess.” He sneered. “Wen Qing and I have a mission to conduct here. Secretly. Let’s not make a scene here and raise the alarms, alright?”

Wen Chao flailed a bit and angrily motioned to hit Wen Kexing before being stopped mid-strike by A-Xiang. The look she gave him was ruthless, and he ripped his arm out of her hands in defeat.

“Wen Qing, Wen Qing.” He began while kicking the two disciples on the ground while he was speaking. “All of you distant sect members are just fearful and over-cautious. Let me tell you. For Qishan’s Wen Sect, this isn’t considered making a scene.” He flounced off through the entrance. Wen Kexing followed with a roll of his eyes and scoff.

He nodded at Wen Qing and Wen Ning to check on the poor disciple. He would have held back as well, but he had to make sure Wen Chao didn't cause trouble.

Again.

Wen Kexing sighed and rolled his eyes for what felt like the millionth time when Wen Chao burst into the Orchid room dramatically and interrupted the Jiang sect's introduction. "In all my life, only today did I learn just how easy it is to enter the gates of the Gusu's Lan Sect." He announced with an arrogant smirk.

"I was not aware that Wen-Gongzi was coming from afar. My sect failed to welcome your arrival." Lan Xichen, the elder of the two Jades of Gusu and leader of the Lan Sect noted. "In the last hundred years, the Wen Sect has not participated in our lectures. What news from the Chief Cultivator did Wen-Gongzi bring to us on this visit?" He prodded smoothly.

Wen Kexing glanced around the room and observed all the faces from the other sects, as Wen Chao began another ridiculous pre-rehearsed speech. He didn't need to pay attention to Wen Chao embarrassing himself unless something important occurred.

His eyes stopped at one specific face, and he stared. He stared intently at the handsome man, with startling bright eyes, thick eyelashes that covered most of his eyes, an elegant slope of the nose, and a contemplating curl of his lips.

The man was treacherously handsome, and Wen Kexing wished to admire him all day.

Although, it was when the man met his gaze and openly stared at him, the male's pretty eyes slightly widening in shock, that he blushed.

Sadly, he pulled his attention away from the beautiful face and quickly snapped back to attention when Wei Wuxian of the Jiang Sect suddenly interrupted Wen Chao's speech.

“In that case, why did you deliberately come here, Wen-Gongzi?”

Wen Kexing snapped his fan open and hid his smile behind it while gently fanning himself. He already liked that Jiang kid, with his courage to stand up to Wen Chao.

As Wen Chao started another fight between the other sect's young masters and disciples and the Wen Sect, Wen Kexing watched uninterestedly as Wen soldiers flooded forward and drew their swords noisily. He glanced at the other sect's young masters, who instantly drew their swords as well and held them out in front to defend themselves.

Wen Kexing quickly glazed at the teacher and sect leader, waiting for one of the two to step in. He shook his head at the sight of Lan Xichen's sigh and a wave of pity washed over him.

Lan Xichen quickly disarmed everyone with his flute using spiritual energy. He stepped back quickly when it became apparent that the swords would fall and noted that the swords created an impressive barrier between the young masters and the Wen Sect.

As Lan Xichen stepped forward and warned Wen Chao to conduct himself properly, Wen Kexing closed his fan distinctly and stepped forward. He grabbed Wen Chao, who was angrily charging at Lan Xichen and whispered:

“Wen Chao, stop embarrassing yourself and the entire Qishan Wen Sect in front of all these young masters, disciples, and the Lan Sect. Behave yourself, or his excellency *will* hear about this.” He pushed his younger brother back slightly and Wen Chao begrudgingly took a few steps back to calm himself.

He turned to Lan Qiren and Lan Xichen, before bowing to each of them.

“I am Wen Kexing, a disciple of the Qishan Wen sect, here to study on behalf of the Cheif Cultivator’s orders.” He said respectfully. “I, along with Wen Qing and Wen Ning, am visiting Cloud Recesses for the first time.” He motioned to the brother and sister duo behind him. He ignored the gossiping whispers that sounded when he introduced himself.

“There are many rules that we do not know. We hope Sect Leader Lan and Teacher Lan can be forgiving.” He said, before bowing another time.

He paused, before motioning to Wen Ning to bring the gift father had prepared forward.

He smiled at Wen Ning as he shakily handed the gift over, secretly patting Wen Ning’s hand comfortingly, and turned around to Lan Xichen. He held out the gift politely, and angled his head downwards, as he waited for the Sect Leader and Teacher to accept the gift.

Wen Kexing watches as Teacher Lan walks to the front of the perch he has at the far end of the room, and almost verbally sighs in relief when Teacher Lan says to accept the gift.

Wen Kexing and Lan Xichen bowed to each other as the Lan takes the gift, and Wen Kexing almost smiles in amusement when Wen Chao is told to go rest in his room.

Good. The idiot deserved the underlying warning.

He wondered if it was the first time that the brat was ever treated with anything except reverence from anyone but his family and almost smiled brightly at that thought alone. He quickly flicked open his fan once again to cover his face as he walked out of the room.

However, he quickly headed to his shared personal quarters with Wen Qing and Wen Ning when he addressed his disciples and servants.

“Thank you, everyone, for coming along with us from Ghost Valley.” He said with an appreciative smile. “I know it wasn’t easy to leave all the Shidis and Shimeis. But we’ll see them soon, I promise.”

He beams at the sight of their reassured nods. He couldn’t be *prouder* that he had created a wonderful family capable of loving and protecting each other. It was the entire family’s second chance and his father be damned, Wen Kexing would never let him come near them.

“For now, we’ll need to split up. I’ll have a selective amount of you all stay with Wen Qing, Wen Ning, and me to help us with our task. The rest of you will have to head back to Ghost Valley, and I’ll need two disciples to keep an eye on Wen Chao.” He declared quietly.

He had a disciple put up silencing talismans earlier, but he still didn’t wish for his announcement to be heard, in case anyone accidentally— perhaps even purposefully—overheard.

And as he sat daintily before a large mirror with servants unpacking all of the three’s luggage, he thought back on one specific young man that had been sitting with the Nie Sect disciples and young master and blushed once again at the thought of that handsome face.

Maybe the day was going better than he expected.

o o o o o o

Nie Zishu was amused watching Nie-Gongzi struggle to hide the canary he had in his robes.

Of course, Zishu was well aware that Nie-Gongzi was a genius, and deserved credit for his brilliant wit and tact. But there were times when it seemed that the young master was a fool.

This was one of those times.

The Jiang sect was currently introducing themselves and Nie Zishu was content with ignoring the introduction and watching his young master fidget when the door to the Orchid room was suddenly thrown open.

In walked Wen Chao, who was followed by an entourage of Warriors and Servants.

Zishu sat back and watched Wen Chao recite what seemed like a pre-written speech. Wen Chao had nothing to do with Nie-Gongzi at the moment, so Zishu watches the impudent Wen flounce around pointlessly.

He smirked slightly when he heard Nie-Gongzi mutter, “How arrogant” under his breath.

That is until he feels a gaze on him and meets the gaze of a Wen, and *oh boy*.

The male had dark, intense eyes and distinct features, although with a quite wan complexion. Despite his pale complexion, it was incredible that the male didn't seem human. He had the appearance of a siren or a fae, certainly not of a human being.

The Wen must have been one of the disciples of the Wen Sect, but his beauty rivaled any young master of the major five sects.

He was in bright red, black, and gray robes, the usual, common Wen attire. But he made them look perfectly *exquisite*. The robes perfectly matched his snow-white hair—Oh my, was that *red eyeliner*?—and the simple white and red fan he had in his hand. By the way, the male was expertly holding the fan, he must know many dangerous ways to utilize the fan.

As the co-head disciple of the Nie Sect, Zhou Zishu had met many people before in his short lifespan.

But this male was officially the most attractive and enchanting of them all.

Zhou Zishu watched as this male, who he now knew as Wen Kexing, intervened in the “fight” that had occurred and gracefully greeted the Lan Sect with a gift and an apology.

Zishu would never admit it, but he may have drooled slightly when Wen Kexing smiled prettily and hid his face behind his fan.

He glanced at Nie-Gongzi shortly and rolled his eyes at the sight of Huaisang's knowing look.

o o o o o o

"It's so rare that Qishan's Wen Sect would send people here to study, and to have Wen Chao-Gongzi personally escort them here."

"This Wen Chao is usually so proud and arrogant. Seeing him today tops it off."

Wei Wuxian, Nie Huaisang, and Jiang Cheng heard two disciples say as they walked down the hall the trio had entered.

"Wei-Xiong, you sure are impressive!" Nie Huaisang said. "You dare to speak up to Wen Chao. Other than you, there's no one else." He pointed out.

"Why fear him?" Wei Wuxian replied. "Fighting an evil person like Wen Chao gives me great joy." He added as they turned a corner.

"Wei-Xiong, if I had your guts, wouldn't that be great for me?" Nie Huaisang said quietly.

"Nie-Xiong, don't listen to my idiot brother." Jiang Cheng said quickly. "Besides, if you had Wei Wuxian's guts, Sect Leader Nie would have long broken your legs. And Wei Wuxian,

don't you have to copy the Lan House rules 260 times?"

Nie Huaisang flinched at the thought and happily agreed and both of the heirs ignored Wei Wuxian's groan at the thought of his punishment.

'Moving on, who's this Wen Kexing guy?" Wei Wuxian suddenly wondered out loud.

"What do you mean?" Jiang Cheng annoyedly questioned the Jiang Sect's head disciple. "I'm sure he's just a disciple under the Wen Sect?"

"Now that I think about it, you're right Wei-Xiong." Huaisang suddenly said loudly. Lowering his voice when Jiang Cheng fiercely shushed him, he said, "It doesn't make sense! Like Wei-Xiong questioned, he doesn't seem like a simple Wen disciple. He gives off the air of a young master if you understand what I mean.

Wen Kexing easily calmed Wen Chao down. And although we don't know exactly what he whispered to Wen Chao, it must be something important that caused Wen Chao to back down so easily. And we all know that a lowly disciple wouldn't dare threaten or make a negative remark to a young master.

Plus, the fan he has is excellently made, besides the fact it's simpler than what I would like. I've never seen any model quite like it." Huaisang trailed off eventually.

Wei Wuxian and Jiang Cheng stared at the Nie Sect heir before saying in unison:

"Nie-Xiong, you're smarter than you seem."

Wei Wuxian grinned at Nie Huaisang's embarrassed flush and patted the Nie heir on the back softly.

He thought of a way to steal Jiang Cheng's attention away from Huaisang since it seemed that Nie Huaisang was blushing from the admiring gaze his crush was giving him.

He turned to Jiang Cheng and quickly teased his adoptive brother and ran off, giggling at the sound of Jiang Cheng's indignant yell and footsteps.

“Wait up!” Huaisang yelps and jogs after them with a charming smile on his face.

Everything was well.

At least, for now of course.

Chapter End Notes

WKX and ZZS: Lowkey staring at each other with heart eyes.

Meanwhile, WC: About to start a fight.

Do you guys have anything you want in the next 2 chapters? It'll take a while to write, so why not take some requests?

Have an amazing day or night!~

~Bba Bba~

A/N: Good News?

Chapter Notes

Before we begin this shitty, short A/N, I would like to say something real quick.

Thank you all so fucking much for the support and love you've given this fic! I've only written about two chapters, one being a prologue, and this managed to garner 1000+ hits and 100+ comments! I love you all so much and I sincerely appreciate everything you've done for this fic. :D <3

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

SOoooOOoo-

I might be coming back with this? Sometime soon? School kicked my ass and I haven't written anything in months.

I normally wouldn't post A/Ns but I thought that I might update sometime during Winter break? December to January? Yeahhh

I also might edit/rewrite the first two chapters,, so stay tuned for that~

this is a shitty note since i'm in class rn but-
anything you want to see in this book? anything you might want to see in the future? :O

Chapter End Notes

Bye, everyone! Remember to stay hydrated~

End Notes

To quote, Kudos make my day, and comments validate my existence :D

<3

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