### The Spider's Thread

**by acatone**

**Summary**

He was too selfish,
He was too sinful
and he had asked for too much.
The silver thread snapped at the weight of his sins,
throwing him back down the abyss.

Luo Binghe let out a laugh, but his eyes were stained with tears.

(yet another story about LBH's blackening, featuring aca twisting a parable for interpretation's sake)

**Notes**

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

- Inspired by 蜘蛛の糸 (The Spider's Thread) by 芥川龍之介

Luo Binghe laid quietly on the uneven ground, arms outstretched as he gazed dazedly at the skies above him. From above, he looked like a fallen swallow whose nest has crumbled. The filth on his clothes seems to melt into the darkness of the abyss, covering the light robes of Qing Jing peak. It was accompanied by a jarring red from the blood blooming on his chest. Luo Binghe looked up, motionless. His gaze never faltering but his heart trembled like a leaf in the wind.

Perhaps it was a trick of light, perhaps it was something else, but a ray of sunshine seemed to reach where he was. A single, thin strand of sunlight, glimmering like a spider thread. His hand reached...
out to it, but it disappears under the shadow of his fingers. It was nothing but a mirage.

This reminded him of an old tale he had heard in passing.

An evil creature gets one chance at salvation

A divine being let loose a silvery strand, bright against the darkness.

A spider’s thread that hung from the heavens reaching down,
to the darkest, deepest parts of hell
right onto his bloodstained hands.

This was his chance, he thought. His, and only his.

But he was too selfish,

He was too sinful
and he had asked for too much.

The silver thread snapped at the weight of his sins,
throwing him back down the abyss.

Luo Binghe let out a laugh, but his eyes were stained with tears. He really wasn’t any different from that being, was he? Shizun had given him a chance at salvation, a chance for a new life. He had been fierce at first, and he used to have grievances towards Shizun, but ultimately, it was this Shizun who freed him from his terrible past. But he had been too selfish, and wanted far more than he could have. Not only that, he turned out to be a demon, a creature of sin and corruption, a creature had long been at odds with humans, who had done many, many atrocious things.

And now, just like that story, he was thrown into the abyss, with a wound on his chest from Shizun’s sword. It was painful, but what was it compared to the abysmal sorrow in his heart?

Luo Binghe moved one of his arms, his fingers idly feeling the torn flesh on his chest as his mind wandered.

Had he asked for too much?

Had he hoped for too much?

He sighed, thinking that he never had a chance for redemption anyway. Not with this demonic blood running through his veins. He hated it. He hated that he was born this way.

His fingers dug into the severed flesh, tearing more and more with his already bloodstained nails, watching the blood pour out the wound. It was extremely painful, but he did not wince, even when his nails broke apart his cells into slush, racing against his incredibly fast healing. His eyes only gazed emptily at the mirage of a silver thread above him, and at the blood on his hands. This blood,
this cursed blood was the reason he was thrown back into the abyss. The sins of his blood, the sins of the demonkind, this was the weight snapped his spider’s thread. He wished he could get rid of all this blood. He wished he could drain himself dry, cleanse himself from this bloodline, but he could not.

Even if he could, it was already far too late.

And then he remembered Shizun’s words.

How foolish had he been then, to think that he would be able to be in peace with his Shizun even with this disgusting, corrupted blood. How stupid, how naive. Luo Binghe sat up, looking at his bloodstained hands as drops of water watered down the coppery liquid. And yet, Shizun really had said those comforting words. That humans and demons can live side-by-side. He really was too stupid, believing such words that were thrown to him in a spur of a moment.

And then he laughed. He laughed as the tears dripped from his face.

Easier said than done, wasn't it Shizun?

*What a hypocrite*, he thought, softly.

A hypocrite.

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

Hypocrite

He whispered the word over and over. Until his tongue felt numb, until the sound comes out clumsily, until the word lost its meaning. Until white turned into black, until love turned into hate.

*Shizun, you’re nothing but a hypocrite!*

He thought, his teeth grit against each other as he clenched his jaw.

To think that he used to see him as a saint, a savior, a god. To think he used to clamor for his affections. To think that he fell in love with such a man. To think that he used to wish that one day Shizun will return his affections, Luo Binghe felt like a fool, an utterly, useless fool. But now he knew better. He knew that Shizun didn't love him that much. He knew Shizun couldn't see past his bloodline. He knew Shizun saw him as a demon, a sinner, an abomination. He knew, he knew now. And yet, his selfish, beating heart still wanted that man.

"Shizun," he called out softly
"Shizun...."

"Shizun....."

he repeated, each time a little louder, a little angrier, a little sadder. He repeated that word over and over, and each time he said it, it was a little more painful than the last.

Shizun,

If you think of me as a demon,

if you think of me as a sinner,

then that is exactly what I will be.

I don’t need a spider’s thread to climb up to heaven.

I don’t need redemption,

I don’t need salvation.

I don’t need a divine being to help me.

I don’t need your affections to have you!

Luo Binghe grit his teeth, his face twists with anger and hatred while his hand clenched the torn flesh on his chest, but the tears from his eyes never stopped flowing, The pain in his heart never eases. He vowed to use everything, to use his everything, to drag this divine being, this saint, this god, this Shizun, down with him into this abyss.

Luo Binghe had gambled his entire being, but it was a gamble he was always meant to lose.

End Notes

Inspired by Ryūnosuke Akutagawa tale, "The Spider’s Thread"
In fact it may be an exploration of the story from Kandata's POV (ft. Binghe)
I obviously took liberties with it here.

Also smol white lotus LBH seeing SQQ as a saint, a savior, a divine being, even a god is 10000000% my aesthetic. It’s only briefly implied here but yEAH

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