

Rid Me Of The Bounds I Bear

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Rid Me Of The Bounds I Bear

by [hiraethheart](#)

Summary

All Alatus has known was war. Kill, eat, repeat. This did not change, even as the body of his master was locked in the underworld.

Realistically, he knew the one that defeated his master would spare him no mercy. He was a blood-hound, and he deserved to suffer the same fate.

But, when he looked up and met soft amber eyes, that held nothing more than pity, he realized the meaning of freedom.

Notes

This takes place during the archon war when Zhongli beats Osial's ass. So kind of spoilers for Xiao's past?

The blood in the tags is not graphic. Like at all. Added just in case. Neither is the slavery and manipulation, as it's just implied.

(Inspired by fanart)

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

Alatus watched as the one that enslaved him dropping in agony. The god standing over Osial wore a white robe with gold outlining - befitting for a god. A geo pattern painted his arms, his black hair escapes behind the hood of his robe, amber marks the ends of his hair and bangs.

Morax - Alatus's mind supplies. Osial despised the god. Loathed the way Morax cares for humans - how he would protect them no matter what. However, Alatus found it comforting. How not all gods were as cruel and empty-hearted as Osial. Yet, he did not find himself worthy of being treated the same. He has destroyed lives, tore out the dreams of others, savored the taste of it as it slid down his throat. He deserved to suffer the same fate as his master.

The hatred burned him inside at the cruel way his life played out. The whispers of his master's demand still at the back of his mind, he grasped his spear - which has been layered in blood - and dashed towards the god. He was a blood-hound. The only way he would be useful was to follow his master's orders, until the day he died. Morax had predicted he would do as much, dashing out of the way as Alatus attempted to pierce his heart.

He was a thing - a weapon. Osial's weapon. Osial wanted Morax dead, and he would fulfill that wish. The sins he committed and the demons that plagued him rested on his shoulder. Years of experience haunted him, allowing him complete control over his spear. Although, he noticed something strange about Morax: All he seemed to be doing was dodging. Surely by now, he would have landed a strike on Alatus? The thought left him on edge, and he used all his remaining strength to attack.

Morax was always a step ahead, dodging each of Alatus's blows. He hadn't gone to strike the younger once, seemingly content with dodging. What Alatus couldn't see was the sympathy that crossed Morax's face. The way Morax was doing his best from causing any damage to Alatus. He knew of his situation, and all he wished was to set Alatus free from his suffering.

Alatus managed to catch Morax off-guard, plunging his sphere into the other's chest. Blood dripped down from the end of the spear. Suddenly, Morax gently grabbed Alatus's free hand, while his other was placed onto Alatus's sphere. The sphere started to disintegrate into geo particles, and the wound Morax gained from the sphere had begun to heal itself. Soon, Alatus was grabbing onto nothing but air, geo particles floating above them.

Alatus was ready for death. He'd accepted it. With all of the people he has murdered and all of the dreams he has stolen, death was the only way he would ever truly free himself of his sins. He had convinced himself he wasn't afraid of death, but now, as he was preparing himself to depart from the world, he could not say the same. He was frightened - almost as much as the first time he ate a dream.

Alatus lifted his head to meet the eyes of the god that had killed his master - and would soon be the one to abolish him as well. But, as he looked into the eyes of Morax, he could not find any malice, nor contempt. A look of pity settled onto the god's face.

Did he not know who Alatus was? Had he not heard of the tails of the one that hunted gods and humans alike, tore their insides out, and fed on their dreams? Did he not know of the monster Alatus has become?

The questions were left unanswered, as Alatus was slowly brought into a gentle and caring embrace. Tears prickled their way out of his eyes, caressing his cheeks, and pooling onto Morax's robe. He didn't seem to mind. And Alatus no longer had the will to hold back, allowing his broken sobs and salty tears to escape - the war he had fought for years began to finally catch up to him.

While he started to quiet down, he allowed himself to relax to Morax's whispering and the gentle touch propelled him into a deep slumber.

"In the fables of another world, the name Xiao is that of a spirit who encountered great suffering and hardship. He endured much suffering, as you have. Use this name from now on."

Xiao thought back to the memory as the view of lanterns filtered the sky. The day his savior rid him of his bounds. Xiao will forever be in his debt.

He watched as down below, Aether and his fellow floating companion inspected the lanterns that flew in the sky, blending in among the crowd beneath. The only thing giving them away

was their uncommon clothes in the Liyue area. He allowed his gaze to drift back up to the lanterns, memorizing the sight. Perhaps, he was glad he survived. He could feel the karma rest, if only for just a moment, as he was allowed momentary peace.

However, his peace was not long-lasting as a squeaky voice he recognized all too well was caught in the wind and blown back to him. He forced his eyes back into the crowd to find the strange duo again.

"Hey, look! It's Xiao!" Paimon sparked from down below, causing the traveler's gaze to meet his.

Aether's face lit up, and he waved Xiao over. Xiao could only sigh and bite back a laugh as he allowed himself to spawn within the crowd, letting the traveler and Paimon take him to as many places as Xiao would let them to.

Unbeknownst to them, familiar amber eyes watched from afar, smiling at the three as they ran around venturing different entertainments. Zhongli laughed at the sight, watching as a small smile managed to creep up onto Xiao's face. It truly had been some time since he has seen such rejoicing on Xiao's features.

Quite some time, he thought, reminiscing the past.

Alatus had died that day. Withered away, along with Osial. And in his place, Xiao was born.

the chains are broken

but are you truly free?

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are appreciated. Thanks for reading!

The picture that inspired this work :

<https://www.zerochan.net/3230745>

(I apologize, I couldn't find the creator after a while of searching. If you can find them or ARE them, please tell me and link your Twitter so I can give credits.)

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