

The Strings That Bind Us

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The Strings That Bind Us

by [DisabledSimp](#)

Summary

Zhongli's is what you would call an Isolate. Always being shamed upon the fact that he would forever be alone, yet here he is in his late 30's acting like a Highschool girl falling for his crush over one stupidly handsome ginger. The only thing though is Childe has a soulmate. So is Zhongli that soulmate or is he truly forever meant to be alone and Is Childe really just a simple toy maker or is there more then what meets the eye.

[Updates every 2 months sadly]

Notes

This is like a back story or like info

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

Prologue

In a world where invisible red strings connected people to their destined soulmates.

Lily, a hardworking middle aged woman worked diligently at a cozy coffee store. Near a corner shop. It wasn't always busy so she didn't expect much. Lily was completely oblivious to what the day had in store for her. The morning was uneventful but oh was that going to change. she expertly brewed coffee behind the counter As a man with brownish hair entered the shop. Looking to forget about his trouble for a while.

Lily never bothered to search for her soulmate and neither did Alex. Yet here they were, destined to be together. whether they wanted to or not.

Their eyes met and Lily couldn't help the full body shudder that escaped her. Lily ignored it, shrugging this oddly unique behavior off as she welcomed the new customer.

"Hi, welcome to Brew Harmony. What can I get for you today...." Lily greeted, a friendly smile on her face but that smile soon fell as her eyes landed on her string that was connected to the strangers wrist.

Alex, captivated by the warmth in her eyes, replied, "Just a regular black coffee, please." He also noticed the staring and couldn't help but look at where she was staring. "Oh..."

As Lily prepared the coffee she couldn't help but think of the fact that this stranger was his soulmate. their fingers brushed briefly, and a little spark seemed to ignite between them. During that brief touch, the invisible threads pulled and both ultimately glanced down at the string.

Handing him the cup, Lily couldn't resist asking, "Do you see it too?" Lily finally inquired just to make sure she was not to only one seeing the sting connect to his wrist to which Alex nodded

Alex, looking into her eyes, smiled knowingly. "Yes... I wow i just don't know what to say um." Alex looked awkwardly to the side he had never actually expected to meet his soul mate but it was a good surprise.

"Maybe we could start by introducing each other? I mean my name is on the name tag but yours is still a mystery." Lily offered and Alex nodded before reaching out his hand to shake the other woman's "It's Alex... and by chance when do you get off your shift?"

Over the following weeks, their interactions with each other increase, often finding themselves in the presence of the other. Each time, the invisible threads responded to their shared moments, pulling them closer by the hearts. Was the feeling Lily described. A connection that continued to deepen.

Not all stories end up like this: others could be toxic whilst others could be more awkward. There was an exception to this 'destined to be with another rule'

There was a woman named Evelyn. Unlike others, Her red string was easy to see. The whole public could which was strange. making her stand out. It was visibly broken, hanging there all alone without connecting to anyone else's wrist or hand. This exposed a certain flaw in her connection that was like a public sign of her unique destiny or unlucky destiny if you will.

Society labeled her and others like her as Isolates forever meant to be alone.

This exposed flaw became a weight that accompanied Evelyn through life's interactions. Job opportunities slipped away, friendships faltered, all shadowed by the perception of a destiny bound in isolation. Yet, in moments of quiet reflection, Evelyn found strength in her uniqueness, seeking meaning beyond societal labels. Others however only found flaws.

As she stood beneath the starry sky, Evelyn questioned whether her destiny truly meant eternal solitude or if there existed a connection that transcended this rule. A shared humanity echoing silently, waiting to be discovered.

So, She often found herself day dreaming of someone that just was nonexistent. She tried everything in her power but no one wanted her. Why would they?

Evelyn's red string, usually known as a symbol of love, was now only a visible reminder of her solitary path. The fractured string symbolized a fate different from the intertwined connections celebrated by others. People saw her as someone destined to be alone, and this label shaped how society treated her.

Evelyn bore the weight of immense suffering. The transparency of her broken string became a symbol for exclusion. Even her own parents, swayed by societal norms, distanced themselves from their daughter.

In a world where invisible red threads delicately connected people to their soulmates, Evelyn's story began with a heart-wrenching chapter that cast a shadow over her entire existence. Unlike the usual joy that accompanied the birth of a child, Evelyn's arrival brought unexpected disappointment to her parents, Clara and Robert.

As Evelyn entered the world, a heavy silence enveloped the delivery room. The doctor, sensing the disappointment in the air, exchanged hesitant and uneasy glances with the nurses. Clara, exhausted and emotionally drained, was unaware of the so-called tragedy as the nurses claimed.

Held her newborn daughter in her arms. The invisible threads that were supposed to symbolize connection and love seemed to unravel in the presence of an unspoken sorrow.

Robert, standing by Clara's side, couldn't hide the disappointment etched on his face. "This wasn't what we expected," he muttered, his words a painful echo in the sterile room. Robert however still held his wife's hand.

Clara, tears welling in her eyes, looked down at the fragile bundle in her arms. "She's our daughter, Robert. We should be happy." Yet she herself wasn't happy with the outcome.

"But look at her string, Clara. It's already broken. What kind of future can she have?" Robert's voice carried a weight of expectation that Clara had to agree.

The disappointment at Evelyn's birth set the tone for the years to come. The fractured red string, visible even in the earliest moments of her life, became one of many challenges that she was destined to face. The societal judgment that accompanied this tragedy was reverberated through her childhood, shaping the exact narrative of her future if she ever made it that far.

As Evelyn grew, the weight of her parents' disappointment only increased. The unspoken words, the lingering glances of disapproval, and the pervasive sense of inadequacy became the backdrop of her formative years. Evelyn's parents were always one to beat around the bush so this was to be expected.

In moments of solitude, Evelyn would overhear hushed conversations between her parents. "She was supposed to be our joy, Robert. What went wrong?" Clara's voice, tinged with regret, echoed through the empty corridors of their home.

Robert, wrestling with his own disappointment, replied, "We can't change the past, Clara. But maybe distancing ourselves will spare us from further disappointment."

The conversations always left Evelyn empty and filled with self hatred. At one point she went as far as thinking it was her mother's fault that she was like this. Another could possibly be that this was her retribution for her past life and their crimes.

And so, the early disappointment at Evelyn's birth became an important chapter in her life. The fractured red string forever being there to mock Evelyn. The broken red string, initially a symbol of love, was only something that meant hopelessness. will later morph into a visible reminder of the unspoken sorrow that marked her journey through a world quick to judge and slow to understand.

The threads that were meant to bind families together had unraveled before Evelyn's very eyes, leaving her to navigate a life where love and acceptance remained elusive.

Evelyn's job search proved relentlessly challenging. Despite qualifications and determination, each interview ended in rejection, highlighting societal judgment. No one wanted a deject like Evelyn.

The job market, indifferent to her potential, left Evelyn questioning her worth. Seeking solace in the stars, she faced the struggle alone, distant from her disappointed parents. Afterall

hiring her would only lead to decrease in sales.

The elusive nature of employment opportunities defined Evelyn's journey, yet she clung to hope that someone would recognize her strength and untapped potential beyond the visible flaws and so Employment opportunities remained elusive, and difficult to come by when every time she managed to get an interview she was ultimately shut down.

Evelyn adjusted her slightly worn coat as she entered the interview room, her eyes carrying a mix of hope and trepidation. The panel of interviewers, a trio of stern faces, scrutinized her as if searching for flaws beyond what was visible. The room, once buzzing with a neutral ambiance, now seemed charged with an unspoken tension.

The lead interviewer, a middle-aged man with an air of superiority, glanced down at her resume. "Evelyn, we appreciate your interest in our company. However, we do have some concerns," he stated, his tone carrying an undertone of skepticism.

Evelyn, maintaining her composure, nodded. "I'm ready to address any concerns you may have," she replied, her voice steady despite the uneasy atmosphere. She had prepared for this interview. Any questions they had she could answer.

The woman to his left, with a disapproving frown, pointed directly at Evelyn's broken red string. "This," she said, her tone dripping with disdain, "is not what we typically see. It sends a message of instability, and our company values stability."

There was no question in that sentence.. Evelyn didn't have an answer to that concern.

Evelyn took a deep breath, preparing herself for the familiar discrimination she had faced countless times before. "I understand it's unconventional, but my qualifications and skills are what make me a valuable candidate. This red string doesn't define my abilities or dedication to my work."

The third interviewer, a younger man, chimed in with a condescending smile. "We've always believed in a harmonious workplace. Individuals with... unique situations might disrupt that harmony."

Evelyn felt a pang of frustration but she tried to remain composed. "I believe diversity contributes to a richer work environment. My unique experiences and perspectives can bring value to your team."

The lead interviewer leaned back, steepling his fingers. "Evelyn, let's be honest. Individuals like you are often labeled as someone destined for loneliness. How can we be sure you won't bring personal issues into the workplace?"

Evelyn met his gaze with unwavering determination. "My personal life doesn't impact my professionalism. I've faced challenges and i'm a diligent and hard worker. I'm here to contribute to the success of your company."

The diligence and determination didn't get her very far though.

The panel exchanged skeptical glances, and a heavy silence hung in the room. The lead interviewer finally spoke, his tone dismissive. "We appreciate your time, Evelyn. We'll be in touch."

They never called her back.

compelling her to scavenge coins on the unforgiving streets for survival. Compassionate souls, usually quick to lend a helping hand, turned away when confronted with the stark reality of Evelyn's severed connection.

"Oh dear Celestia.. Why am I so unlikeable? What did I do to deserve this?" Evelyn would often say to herself as she looked at the pretty white stars wishing she would shine just as brightly. "Is...my star really so dull?" Evelyn asked herself one day. No answer was given to her.

Evelyn was never well liked.. All throughout school. She had a chance to be someone great, someone that would make great accomplishments for the world. Except. The world didn't wish to give Evelyn a chance.

Her life unfolded as a series of painful chapters, each marked by the unkindness of others. The absence of familial support and societal rejection left her with no solace. The streets became her reluctant refuge, where every step echoed the solitude she endured.

In the quiet and solitary moments that marked the end of her life's journey, she found herself enveloped in a profound loneliness that had been a constant companion throughout her existence. As the inevitable moment of her farewell approached, there was a poignant surrender to the isolation that defined her being.

When the time finally arrived for her departure, the somber occasion of her funeral became a desolate scene, devoid of any comforting presence. Not a single soul came forth to pay their respects or share in the solemnity of her final moments, leaving an echoing emptiness that mirrored the solitude she had known throughout her life.

The absence of mourners spoke volumes, underscoring the poignant reality of her departure an exit from this world met with a profound silence, a stark contrast to the bustling connections that often define such occasions.

Yet, in a tragic irony, as more individuals with broken strings emerged, the cruelty expanded. Society, instead of fostering understanding, allowed prejudice to deepen. The once discreet judgment evolved into a collective disdain for those labeled as forever meant to be alone. The growing number of broken strings did not inspire empathy but rather fueled a worsening cycle of discrimination, perpetuating the pain experienced by those already marginalized.

In the complex web of connected lives, where people's bonds were supposed to create stories of love and togetherness, the visible breaks in the once-hidden red strings played a surprising role. Instead of bringing out compassion, these breaks led to more unkindness, tearing apart the social fabric that was supposed to keep everyone close.

As the fabric of our connections unraveled, it didn't bring us closer but made the ties we shared weaker. This weakening bond left people, like Evelyn, feeling even more lost and alone, drifting in a sea of disconnection. The hope for togetherness gave way to a sense of isolation, as if the threads that held us together were slipping through our fingers, leaving us grappling with the challenges of loneliness.

As the breaks in the red strings showed weaknesses, they unintentionally became signs of exclusion, making those already dealing with judgment feel even more isolated. In this unfolding story,

Zhongli hummed a small sound as he shut the book. He would read it at a later time. At the moment he had an interview to head to hopefully it would not go as said in the book. Zhongli took a deep sigh as he stood up and headed to his bedroom.

He opened the closet door taking out a pretty old but formal suit that looked quite new, Zhongli changed into the suit as he decided weather to pick a bow or a tie. Ultimately deciding on a Tie.

Before heading out Zhongli made sure sure to tie the red string completely around his wrist whilst covering it with his long sleeved shirt... Zhongli looked down at the string that was wrapped around his ankle.. It looked pretty. The bracelet suited his ankle.

The broken string was hidden from view but.... His resume would probably already have his 'condition' on it.

Meeting

Chapter Summary

Zhongli decides to find a way to get a job as well as money. he gets lost in the way and meets a few new people.

Chapter Notes

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

Zhongli let out a sigh as he exited the office room. It was to be expected of this outcome but it didn't make it any less devastating. Really, How come a stupid piece of string defines his value? Zhongli however didn't dwell on it as he pulled out his phone to search for other jobs. He had the qualifications, the only thing he didn't have was experience because no god damn employer would hire him.

Zhongli decided to go for a small hike while still remaining in his formal clothing to clear his mind and forget his problems for a bit. He walked until he saw the familiar small ruined building in the middle of nowhere. It was well abandoned. "Excuse me Sir, But do you know who perhaps resides in this abode?" Zhongli said, gesturing towards the ruined building.

"Eh- Ah right and old woman lived here before" The Man said, surprised by the way Zhongli would speak.. "She's probably gone by no-" The man continued to only be hit by a cane. The old lady raised her cane threateningly again. "I am not gone from this world yet you wretched fool."

The old woman grumbled under her breath glaring daggers at the man before turning to Zhongli, "And who might you be dear?" The woman asked politely, A complete change in demeanor then a few minutes before. The man rubbed his head and had left a while ago. "Hello, Ms..."

The lady looked unimpressed before speaking again. "Call me Madam Ping." The woman said as Zhongli nodded. "Madam Ping, please forgive my rude behavior earlier. I was just inquiring if this abode was vacant or not." Madam Ping raised an eyebrow seemingly confused as she registered the sentence "It was vacant a while ago but I no longer need it."

Zhongli only smiled softly in response. "I see well, I wish to be able to buy this building." With what money Zhongli doesn't know he'll probably find a way like he has in the past. Madam Ping raised an eyebrow letting out a good old laugh before she realized Zhongli was serious. "ah... Well no one would want to buy this building and it's already shattered so I have no use but you can have it for free if you want."

That was an outcome Zhongli had not expected. Sure the building was..a mess but he expected a small minimum of mora at least. "Oh. Well thank you Madam Ping, is there

anything else I can do to pay this kindness back?" Madam Ping only laughed once more. Her laughter is like the snickering of a snake. The woman was fond of laughter.

Her smile was contagious and before he could help it Zhongli too held a small smile on his face.

"Ever since my love left this world, it's been quite lonely so if you want you could spend time with me. After all, young men like yourself have partners to find, don't they?" Madam Ping smiled through it but the pain in her eyes told a different story.

Zhongli felt remorse but he had never felt actual love towards someone other than an old acquaintance who was now married. "I...I am actually 35 so I think I have passed that age but I am open to spending my time with you. I appreciate this alot."

Madam Ping's jaw drops as she pulls out a pair of reading glasses to double check. "My, You look very young." Zhongli can't help the smile that overcomes his face at the compliment. The one thing he has got going for himself is his looks.

That will probably derail in time.

Zhongli joins Madam Ping for some tea in her house as she tells him stories of her younger days. "Now a days these youngsters are always causing trouble and so disrespectful to their elders!" She exclaimed and Zhongli happily listened to her complaints.

Madam Ping transfers the land to Zhongli legally and well now it's his job to clean it up. Luckily he has some mora so he needs to head to the harbor to buy some building materials. He needed nails, screws for securing the boards as well as framing. Then he'd need wood.. Cross that. Bricks and cement would be better.

He writes down mortar, Concrete Lintels, Sealants and bricks are the main necessities at the moment and now he can finally go to the harbor.

As Zhongli set out to the harbor with his limited pouch of mora, the town's atmosphere hung heavy with a peculiar mix of skepticism and disapproval. The narrow streets seemed to narrow further as he walked, and the once-friendly market chatter dwindled to hushed whispers as he passed.

Arriving at the harbor, Zhongli found himself glared at by the shopkeepers, their expressions betraying a subtle reluctance. The prices for the building materials seemed to carry an invisible surcharge, as if an unwarranted tax had been levied on him alone. Nevertheless, Zhongli approached the counter with an air of resilience, his list in hand.

"Ah, Zhongli, what brings you here today?" the shopkeeper inquired with a forced smile, masking an undertone of indifference. Zhongli handed over his list, each item meticulously written as a testament to his determination.

"We'll need mortar for a strong foundation, concrete for durability, lintels for structural support, sealants for weatherproofing, and, of course, a substantial supply of bricks," Zhongli explained, his words met with a faint nod from the shopkeeper and a not so subtle roll of his eyes.

It made Zhongli self-consciousness of how he would often rant. Perhaps If he were normal would they have treated him any better?

The transaction that followed felt like a subtle battle. Zhongli counted his mora with precision, aware of the weight of his financial limitations. The shopkeeper, seemingly unyielding, calculated the cost of each item, the disapproval in his eyes barely concealed.

The disapproving whispers continued, but Zhongli pressed on. Until some pretty earring caught his attention and Zhongli couldn't help but dwell near the shop with the particular earrings. They were absolutely beautiful not to mention the quality of the cor lapis was one of the finest he's seen!

Zhongli has seen many cor lapis of different grades and types of rocks that he knows which one's have faults and are often a fake, a replica of the real thing.

The cor lapis earrings showcased a captivating yellowish hue that radiated warmth and vibrancy. At the core of each earring lay a cor lapis gem, its golden-yellow facets capturing the essence of sunlight in a mesmerizing display.

The cor lapis stones were a tapestry of sun-kissed yellows, reminiscent of the golden glow that bathes a field of ripe wheat in the late afternoon. The stones bore a subtle translucence, allowing the light to penetrate and infuse them with a radiant brilliance, creating an ethereal glow.

Set within the earrings, the cor lapis gems were cradled by a delicate framework of fine gold, intricately designed to enhance the natural beauty of the stones. The golden filigree, adorned with patterns that echoed the delicate dance of sunlight on rippling water, added a touch of sophistication to the earrings.

As the earrings dangled gracefully on the display, they seemed to capture the essence of a sunlit day, casting a warm and inviting glow with every movement. The yellowish cor lapis stones held an elegance Zhongli could not explain.

Zhongli had gotten lost in the pretty display he had places to be but he did look at the earrings once more, one minute turned into three minutes and that into five minutes. Zhongli could tell he was not welcome there, especially the not so subtle glare the shopkeeper was sending his way. With one last glance at the pretty display he left.

Zhongli hadn't meant to get lost nor lose his wallet. He was sure he knew his way around considering he lived in Liyue for his entire life. "Hm." Zhongli hummed to himself as he looked around. Too busy in his own world as he didn't notice until he heard a twig snap behind him.

Zhongli stood up straighter and turned around to meet the mysterious man that seemed to appear out of nowhere. The first thing Zhongli noticed was the blue's eyes that stared into his amber ones. Not to mention he looks like someone that isn't from Liyue.

Another thing was the ginger hair that was impeccably rare for liyuens to have. Infact Zhongli doubts he's ever seen anyone with ginger hair liyuens aside. The hair was pretty and

Zhongli felt his heart leap out his chest.

Is it as soft as it looked? Zhongli wondered to himself but shook that thought off quickly. It was indecent to think of this for someone he just met. They must require some assistance. Zhongli turned so he was facing the ginger man. The man seemed to be slightly taller than him.

“Hello.” Zhongli coughs a bit realizing his voice has become gruff from disuse and it sounded bad. It was slightly embarrassing. “Pardon, Hello. May I help you?” The man looks at Zhongli and smiles softly as he rubs his neck. “I think I’ve gotten lost.”

“Oh, I will not be able to help you then.” Zhongli said after a moment of gawking at the other he continued. “I’m lost as well.” He concluded with a small sigh.

The stranger chuckled softly, his laughter carrying a warmth that eased the tension in the air. “Seems like we're both in a bit of a predicament then,” he remarked, his eyes crinkling at the corners with amusement.

Zhongli couldn't help but feel his heart skip a beat... or it could probably be his imagination. Probably the latter. Shrugging off the strange feeling Zhongli continued.

“Perhaps we could help each other find our way,” Zhongli suggested, a faint smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “Two heads are better than one, as they say.” It was a quote from a book he had once read.

The stranger nodded in agreement, his gaze lingering on Zhongli with a curious intensity. “I suppose introductions are in order then,” he said, extending a hand in greeting. “My name is Childe, or Tartaglia. Call me which you prefer.”

Zhongli returned the handshake with a firm grip, feeling a sense of reassurance in the simple gesture. “Zhongli,” he replied, “It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Childe.” Zhongli noticed that Childe’s hands were gruff and tough. It felt nice. Not to mention They were thicker than Zhongli’s slim ones.

With introductions out of the way, Zhongli and Childe set out together, They walked together Lost in conversation, Soon Zhongli and Childe managed to find themselves on the outskirts of the harbor. It was here, amidst the tranquil beauty of Liyue's countryside, that Zhongli felt a sense of peace wash over him.

Liyue was always a true beauty to Zhongli, one that Zhongli was proud to show off. “It seems we’ve managed to arrive at the harbor. It is where most antiques and shops are found.” Zhongli didn’t need to add the last bit but it had been a while where someone had actually talked to him with a genuine smile.

Lets see how long that lasts A part of his brain said.

As Zhongli and Childe strolled through the harbor, Zhongli couldn't help but notice how effortlessly the conversation flowed between them. Childe had a way of making even the

simplest of topics seem fascinating, and Zhongli found himself opening up more than he had in a long time.

Zhongli still felt the disapproving stares sent his way but at the moment it didn't seem to affect him as much as usual.

"So, Zhongli," Childe began, his eyes alight with curiosity, "Whats so interesting about the harbor? Aside from being lost, of course."

Zhongli chuckled softly, feeling a warmth spread through him at Childe's genuine interest. "I come here often to admire the artifacts and treasures that pass through," he explained. "Liyue Harbor is a hub of activity, always bustling with traders and travelers from far and wide."

Childe nodded, his expression thoughtful. "It sounds like quite the place," he remarked. "I must admit, I haven't had the pleasure of exploring Liyue much myself. Perhaps you could show me around sometime?"

The suggestion caught Zhongli off guard, but he found himself nodding in agreement nonetheless. "I would be delighted to," he replied, a smile playing at his lips. "It would be my pleasure to show you the wonders of Liyue."

As they continued their leisurely walk through the harbor, Zhongli couldn't shake the feeling of contentment that settled over him. For the first time in a long while, he felt truly alive, his heart lighter than it had been in years.

Perhaps getting lost wasn't such a bad thing after all, Zhongli mused silently to himself. Especially if it meant finding someone as intriguing as Childe to accompany him on the journey.

Soon they had to say their goodbyes and leave for the day. A certain pull on his heart made him want to stay with Childe longer

As they parted ways, Zhongli couldn't help but feel a sense of longing linger within him. The thought of spending more time with Childe lingered in his mind like an unfinished melody, compelling him to seek out the company of the enigmatic harbinger once again.

In the days that followed, Zhongli found himself preoccupied with thoughts of their time together, his steps instinctively leading him to places where he hoped to chance upon Childe once more. And when they did meet again, it was as if the world around them faded into insignificance, leaving only the two of them amidst the bustling streets of Liyue.

Their conversations flowed effortlessly, each moment spent together only deepening the connection between them.

"I must admit, Liyue's beauty is unparalleled," Childe remarked, his eyes bright with genuine interest as they strolled through the city's vibrant markets.

Zhongli nodded in agreement, a small smile gracing his lips. "Indeed, its wonders never cease to amaze me."

Their banter was accompanied by the sounds of merchants hawking their wares and the gentle hum of life echoing through the streets.

"I can't wait to show you some of the hidden gems of this city," Zhongli said, his tone tinged with excitement. It was the first time someone actually bothered to listen to him go on and on about the history of Liyue.

Childe's grin widened. "I'm looking forward to it." Childe looked at Zhongli with curiosity and didn't seem annoyed with Zhongli's ramblings. The conversation flowed seamlessly as if the two were meant for each other.

"How long will you be staying in Liyue?" Zhongli asks whilst taking a bite of the rice ball he had made from home. It melted in his mouth, the filling was sweet and tangy. Childe smiles. "How long do you want me to stay?"

Zhongli seems unfazed at the flirt not recognizing it at all. "I enjoy your company. So for as long as you wish."

Childe seems a little taken aback at the response expecting some other reaction. His eyes widened just for a fraction of a second as his smile faltered but Childe regained his composure quickly. He let out a small laugh. "That's not an answer, Xiansheng."

The way Childe would say Xiansheng made Zhongli's heart do a little flip. "Xiansheng? Where did that come from?" Zhongli asked with a raised eyebrow as well as a tiny smile on his face, Childe only smiled "I haven't been in Liyue for long but Xiansheng. I can call you that right?"

Childe's smile was lopsided but the hint of nervousness was noticeable. "Its fine." Zhongli smiled back, The rest of the day went by quickly and all was good.

"Hey, Xiansheng. Should we meet up at the Wanmin restaurant you said is amazing." Childe then asked if they should meet up at Wanmin restaurant. Zhongli did say it was exceptional. Considering other people said so. So Zhongli reluctantly agreed. "Hm. Sure then I will see you tomorrow?"

Childe nodded "why of course." Zhongli questioned why Childe had spent most of his days with someone like himself. Maybe he didn't know? But one thing Zhongli knew was that he enjoyed the attention or more specifically Childe's attention.

Zhongli was slightly surprised at the fact he spent more than half his day with Childe. Soon the two exchanged their goodbyes and left.

Chapter End Notes

So... I broke my wrist. And that's why I'm kinda posting late so yeah it's pretty short and kinda rushed don't worry it'll get better... probably

Date?

Chapter Summary

Zhongli stood up and Childe followed “After you” Childe smirked letting Zhongli go ahead of him as he followed from behind. “So, about hanging out. You never gave me an answer.” Childe reminded speeding up to walk beside Zhongli instead of behind him.

“That sounds lovely.” Zhongli agreed. A man accidentally bumping into Zhongli making him push into Childe’s side. Their hands touched and both of them shivered. Childe cursed under his breath or so Zhongli thinks because Childe spoke in a different language.

Chapter Notes

I have no excuses :')

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

Childe’s pressing his lips to his own, forcing him back until his legs hit his chair. They collapse into the seat together, Childe straddling his hips as he continues to kiss Zhongli passionately, all while grinding their groins together.

Zhongli pants breathlessly closing his eyes for just a minute and Childe is already pulling at his shirt and nuzzling his head into Zhongli’s neck leaving kisses behind. Zhongli remained quiet for a moment, his breathing hitching as Childe pulled him close and kissed him passionately.

Childe’s lips were hot against his own, and his body responded instinctively to the grinding motion between their groins. The clothes soon were on the floor as the two were kissing passionately on the couch, Childe's breath was hot against Zhongli when he whispered in a breathless voice. "So wet and eager..." And Zhongli didn't realize his breath was coming out in hushed huffs, his hips rolling in sync with the slight movements of Childe's finger, That were probing at his ass. Teasing him.

“C-Childe.” Zhongli moaned softly. Zhongli's knees were weak and he trembled, hands reaching for Childe's shoulders to stabilize himself. The couch was a soft comfort that was soon forgotten as Childe brutally kissed Zhongli breathless. “Do you want it?” Childe murmured seductively.

Zhongli's breath hitched and he trembled, his hands clutching at Childe's shoulders as he tried to steady himself. Childe's fingers probed at his ass teasingly, frustration seeped into his moans. his hips rolling in response to chase the pleasure that never seemed to be enough

"Ah ah." Childe stopped Zhongli by pushing down his hips so he couldn't grind down anymore "won't you beg for it?" Zhongli's face flushed with humiliation.

Zhongli's face flushed with humiliation as Childe stopped him from grinding down, his hips twitching in frustration. He swallowed hard, his eyes filled with a mix of desire and shame. "Please, Childe..." he whispered hoarsely.

"Should I?" Childe teased Zhongli only panted in response as he threw a hand over his face. "Childe" Zhongli said his name in a breathless whisper. Childe hummed claiming Zhongli's mouth once more. The fingers caught onto his entrance but were pulled back immediately and continued there teasing. "Please- I." Zhongli tried to explain but it seemed his brain was coming up empty.

"I feel empty. Please-" Zhongli mumbled feeling embarrassed and shrinks back to hide his face behind his hands. Only to cry out when Childe pins his wrist beside his head. Childe leans down to suck on Zhongli's nipple. Sometimes he would bite and lick then he would pull on the nub. "God, your nipple color is so lewd" Childe snickered as he pressed both of Zhongli's hands above his head pinning them there

With his free hand, he brought it down to gently start to push it in. so close! Childe thrust three of his fingers in, all the way to his knuckle and Zhongli's vision went blank....

".....wait. What?" Zhongli gasped awake and looked down at the mess "what..in.." The whole thing felt so real. Then the humiliation started to set in. Disgusting, thinking of someone he just met like that and having such a dream. He was an adult but he suddenly felt like a horny teenager.

Pulling up the covers he saw that he had a wet dent in his pajamas.. Zhongli's face burned in embarrassment, How was he supposed to look at Childe in the eyes now?

Zhongli got up and decided to clean the bedsheets first before heading to the bathroom to take a shower. The warm water made Zhongli let out a pleased sigh. He grabbed the shampoo from a nearby shelf.

Childe had his hands beside Zhongli's head pinning him there as he thrust slowly inside the other. "C'mon, can't take it?" Childe whispered in Zhongli's ear before pulling back and nibbling on his neck. "You smell divine." Childe said his lips pressed against Zhongli's neck. Biting and kissing all over his collarbone.

"C-Childe." Zhongli moaned, tilting his head back in pure ecstasy as Childe did a particularly hard thrust to his prostate. Childe chuckled from behind as he started to nibble on Zhongli's earlobe.

“You’re very pretty Xiansheng.”

Zhongli shook his head as he got rid of the short day dream escapade. How was he supposed to look at Childe in the eyes after seeing that. Zhongli ran his hand through his hair in frustration. He looked down and noticed his dick had grown hard.

Zhongli let out a sigh as he jerked himself off. It would be indecent to be hard when meeting Childe. He underestimated how much he liked Childe. “C-childe.” Zhongli moaned as he cummed in his hands..

To say the shower took longer than expected would be an understatement. When Zhongli finally finished up he grabbed his clothes draping them on his body as he looked at the time. He would be able to arrive if he left right now.

In his rush Zhongli had forgotten to grab his wallet. Zhongli sighed as he met up at the meeting spot mentally preparing himself for the confrontation with Childe. All that mentally hyping up was useless as soon as the ginger was in view.

Childe waved at Zhongli from a bit away before making his way towards Zhongli with a pretty smile on his face. “Hello.” Zhongli said, trying not to look at those lifeless blue eyes that looked like they saw right through him.

“Hey Xiansheng.”

Zhongli flushed as he recalled what dream Childe had said to him. Coughing into his hand Zhongli tried to gain some semblance of control. “It is nice to see you again.” Zhongli finally said, a smile gracing his face.

The two made their way to Wanmin restaurant. The cheery young lady took their order quickly before leaving just as quickly as she came. Zhongli could already feel the eyes of the other customers drilling into the back of his head.

“So, How was your day, Childe?” Zhongli asked, trying to distract himself from the glares coming his way. Childe put his elbow on the table leaning on to his fist. “It was great, Honestly I had a pretty good...” Zhongli zoned off as he didn’t recall what else came out of that mouth.

Childe’s voice was soothing so much that he found himself getting distracted. So unlike him. “Pardon? Could you repeat that?” Zhongli said, shaking himself out of whatever daydream he was in. Childe raised an eyebrow and a smirk on his face as he went to continue whatever it was he was talking about unfortunately Fortunately Xiangling came back with their dishes.

Zhongli gently pulled apart his chopsticks and put a piece of meat in his mouth. He stole a glance at Childe who had snapped the chopsticks. Zhongli couldn’t help but snicker slightly as they luckily had another pair of chopsticks. Zhongli puts his chopsticks onto the bowl as

he pulls apart the other pair gently before grabbing Childe's hand and placing the chopsticks in his hand.

Zhongli is oblivious to how inappropriate this behavior is Childe however doesn't correct him. Childe's hold on the chopsticks is all wrong. Zhongli fights back the urge to reach over and correct his hold. Zhongli watches in shock, horror? As Childe shoves the chopsticks in the rice straight up.

Childe is not from Liyue so Zhongli holds his tongue and watches as Childe struggles with chopsticks. "Do they have any utensils here?" Zhongli shakes his head, Eventually Zhongli couldn't control himself anymore and reached over to grasp Childe's hand.

Zhongli fixed Childe's hold on the chopsticks, moving his fingers in the proper position. Letting go of Childe's hand, Zhongli doesn't notice the red flush that covers Childe's head from toe.

"Why, Thank you Xiansheng." Childe says as he covers his face by leaning on his fist with his free hand. "It was no trouble, Childe." Zhongli smiles politely, giving a small nod as he eats his food. The two fell in a comfortable conversation or more like Zhongli was talking and Childe would listen asking questions here or there to show he was listening.

Soon, The two finished eating and Xiangling came back to give them the bill. "I'll be right back! Here's the bill." There was something so adorably innocent about Xiangling that made Zhongli smile. "This was quite enjoyable." Zhongli said as he reached into his pocket to grab his wallet..... It wasn't in his right one.

So Zhongli tried his left pocket. The wallet is nowhere to be seen. Zhongli's face started to turn red in embarrassment. Childe noticed the red hue on the other's face. "What's wrong Xiansheng?" Zhongli coughed into his fist a few times.

"It seems I've forgotten my wallet." The two men stared at each other. The quiet was deafening and Zhongli knew that this would likely be the last time Childe would come with him. A few more seconds passed before Childe broke out in laughter.

Childe could barely speak as he tried to catch his breath. "Give-Give me a minute pft-" Childe laughed, hugging his stomach as he made a bit of a ruckus at the restaurant. When Childe finally calmed down enough he took out a black card and put it on the table, still giggling. "Sorry, Xiansheng." Childe snickers, wiping the tears that had gathered in his eyes for laughing so hard.

Zhongli only flushes more "It's my fault. I'll pay you back." Childe looked at Zhongli, a smile gracing his features. Zhongli wished he could count how many freckles Childe had on his beautiful face.

"Repay me with a kiss"

Zhongli shakes his head. "What was it that you said?" Zhongli asked as Childe raised an eyebrow in confusion. "I haven't said anything yet." Childe responded. So it seems what he

heard was just in his head. “Butttttt if you really want to repay me.” Childe interrupted, “Let’s go out again.” Childe smiled as he continued “My treat.”

Zhongli bite the inside of his cheek opening his mouth to answer only for Xiangling to interrupt the two as she quickly picked the black card using it to pay for there food as she gave them the card back. “Hope you come again!” She said before scurrying off as a few new customers arrived.

Zhongli stood up and Childe followed “After you” Childe smirked letting Zhongli go ahead of him as he followed from behind. “So, about hanging out. You never gave me an answer.” Childe reminded speeding up to walk beside Zhongli instead of behind him.

“That sounds lovely.” Zhongli agreed. A man accidently bumping into Zhongli making him push into Childe’s side. Their hands touched and both of them shivered. Childe cursed under his breath or so Zhongli thinks because Childe spoke in a different language.

The man didn’t even apologize. In fact Zhongli knows the man did it on purpose because he was still drilling a hole in the back of Zhongli’s head. Childe turned around ready to confront the other but Zhongli only grabbed his sleeve, pulling on it. “Let it go, Accidents happen.” Childe grumbled some more but did continue walking.

The two chatted away before they eventually ended up at Zhongli’s apartment. Childe had insisted he drop Zhongli off. Before the two could say their goodbyes it started pouring. Heavily.

Zhongli didn’t want to send Childe back in this weather so he invited him in. “inside. Quickly.” Zhongli spoke, unlocking his apartment and opening the door so the two could step inside.

Those few minutes in the rain had them completely drenched head to toe. Childe only laughed at his luck. Zhongli couldn’t help but be left staring at the other’s chest. The wet shirt left nothing to the imagination and by god was Childe very fit for a ‘toy seller’

Zhongli reached for his chest but stopped himself before he lifted his hand. Zhongli shook his head to perhaps get the image out of his head. “I will get you a shirt to borrow.” Zhongli said and Childe’s smile soften “Why thank you Xiansheng~”

“You’re very pretty Xiansheng.”

Zhongli pinched himself hard; he really should not think of Childe in such a way. Childe was just a friend. Just a friend. It sounded like Zhongli was trying to convince himself that. Zhongli took off his shoes and wet socks. Putting them aside he unbuttoned his jacket hanging it on one of the chairs as he quickly headed to his own room.

Opening his wardrobe Zhongli took out a shirt that looked like it would fit Childe. And some pajamas. “Here. Change into this in uh... my room.” Zhongli’s apartment was small. One

room, one bathroom, a tiny kitchen and a room that could barely be called a living room but it worked.

Not like anyone would want to see Zhongli or visit his home.

“Sure thing.” Childe smiled before heading to Zhongli’s room to change. A small part of Zhongli’s mind cursed Childe for wearing a shirt. It should be a crime. Zhongli bit his lip and pulled his hair.

“You probably shouldn’t do that unless you want hair loss.” Zhongli heard a familiar sly voice say teasingly. Zhongli turned to glance at Childe. The shirt indeed was a tight fit it showed off everything and Zhongli felt himself slipping.

“I-yeah. Probably shouldn’t do that. Do you want to take a shower first?” Zhongli said trying to cough his way out of the blush on his face. “Hm. nah you can do it first. It’s your house anyways.”

Zhongli let his eyes draw to Childe’s lower region. My god... it was big. The pajamas were tight and barely hid Childe’s dick’s height. Zhongli didn’t see the smirk on Childe’s lips. “So?” Childe said and Zhongli snapped his eyes up to Childe’s blue ones that seemed to shine with life for once. “I-I’ll go take a shower uh- excuse me.” Zhongli quickly passed by Childe to go take a shower whilst Childe chuckled.

Zhongli let a sigh escape his lips as the warm water fell on his back. He took a shower quickly wrapping a towel around his waist. Zhongli opened his wardrobe and put on the first thing he saw which on second thought wasn’t the best idea.

“You can go take a shower now. I’ll make some dinner for us.” Zhongli offered with a smile looking everywhere except at Childe. “Sure, thanks again Zhongli.” Zhongli felt his face light up again. Childe saying his name shouldn’t have such an effect.

Zhongli let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding when Childe left to go take a shower. Zhongli looked in the fridge. There was enough to make a dish. Halfway through cooking. Zhongli heard strange noises coming from his bedroom. Perhaps Childe had fell? Or it was his mind making up noises.

Zhongli thought of the ladder and continued cooking Slow-Cooked Bamboo Shoot Soup A personal favorite of his. A few minutes later Childe emerged in Zhongli’s clothes that were still a tight fit. His hair was damp and Zhongli couldn’t help but stare.

It seemed like Zhongli had been having a lot of staring problems. He coughed into his fist again. “Are you sick? You’ve coughed a lot today.” Childe interrupted as an all knowing smile crept onto his pretty face.

“I’m not sick, Just a sore throat. The rain may have given me the flu.” Zhongli tried to save face but Childe only snickered before nodding like he bought the very bad excuse. Zhongli gave Childe the dish and chopsticks as well as a soup spoon for the broth.

Childe struggled a lot with the chopsticks eventually giving in and using the spoon to eat the meat. Zhongli tried to keep his hands to himself but he couldn't help but grab a small piece of meat from Childe's bowl and bring it up to his mouth.

Childe smiled before opening his mouth and making a very unneeded 'ahhh' Childe hummed pleasantly at the taste. "This is quite good, Xiansheng~" Zhongli tried not to flush at the praise but it was quite embarrassing too.

"It's really not that special. Here let me help you." Zhongli switched the topic and put his own chopsticks down to help Childe have the proper form on his own chopsticks. Childe's hand was rough and scarred. Far too much for a toy seller but the rough skin was quite... nice to feel.

Zhongli pulled back, finally content with Childe's form. "Why thank you Xiansheng~" As he ate his own food in peace. It only lasted for a bit before Childe's form was all wrong once again. Zhongli sighed and reached over the table to fix his form yet again. Childe laughed the whole time.

Childe messed up a total 3 times during the whole meal and Zhongli took the liberty to fix his hold on the chopsticks each time. "Xiansheng the food was sooo good. Thanks a bunch." Zhongli smiled "It is no issue.. You can sleep in my room, I can sleep on the couch."

Childe's smile fell. "No, Why would I do that?" Childe continued with a curious undertone. "It wouldn't be right to kick you out of your room like that." Zhongli argued back or more like responded "You are my guest. It doesn't sit right with me to let you sleep on the couch."

Zhongli glanced out the window and it was still pouring like crazy. "Why don't we just both sleep on the bed?" Childe offered, putting a hand over his mouth as he thought. Zhongli argued some more until eventually he gave in. "Alright. Sure."

So here he was in bed. With Childe right next to him. Zhongli begged any of the gods that were listening to not have a wet dream about Childe when he was right next to him. "Childe...I apologize in advance. I may snore loudly." Zhongli didn't know if he snored or not but just in case.

"It's fine Xiansheng, I snore quite a lot too." Childe said, running his hand through his ginger locks as he pulled the cover over his shoulders. Zhongli laid right next to him. His bed wasn't very big so they were pressed to each other so they wouldn't fall off the bed.

Zhongli tried not to fall asleep first but he felt his eyes become heavy and sleep overtook him. He vaguely feels something touch his stomach and rear but perhaps it was his imagination. He faintly heard a ring of a phone.

Zhongli doesn't have one so he just hugs the thing next to him and sleeps. Dreaming sweetly as something or Someone runs his hand through his hair. Luckily Zhongli did not have a wet dream that night. He did feel something hard poke his stomach but that was it. The quiet night, which was pure bliss as Zhongli hugged his body pillow squeezing the life out of it.

In reality the supposedly 'body pillow' was no other than Childe. Who had a small tiny problem.

Chapter End Notes

The next pov will be Childe's

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“Why, Thank you Xiansheng.” Childe says as he covers his face by leaning on his fist with his free hand. Zhongli was dumb, naive and gullible in Childe’s thoughts so he doubts Zhongli even noticed. “It was no trouble, Childe.” Zhongli smiles politely, giving a small nod as he eats his food.

“...I’m quite unfamiliar with Liyue.” Childe starts. “Do you have any knowledge about it at all?” Zhongli beamed “Liyue, is known mostly for its cuisine. And humid weather. The rock structures are also something that you should see. Perhaps I can show you around.”

Chapter Notes

I completely forgot about this fic

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

Doing paperwork was one of the most annoying things Childe could name. Sure a lot of things annoyed him but still. He was a harbinger for god’s sake and here he was with a stack of useless paperwork. Childe leaned back against his chair, throwing a hand over his face.

He wasn’t tired per say. He was just bored. Childe glanced at the time and sighed as he got back to work. In 3 hours half of the stack of paperwork was completed. Childe was ready to go for a run but glancing at the time he realized he would be seeing Zhongli soon.

An odd strange feeling made its way to Childe’s chest. Childe shrugged it off and instead stood up fixing his clothes before heading to one of the many folders. Pulling it out Zhongli’s name was printed on it along with his picture. Childe brought it back to his desk. Flipping through it as he leaned on his fist.

“Wow, Aren’t you a special case Xiansheng.” Childe smirked to himself as he caressed one sentence on the report.

A Soulless mutation. One does not have a designated partner.

That sentence made what Childe would do, much easier to Zhongli. Childe got up closing the folder and putting it in one of his drawers before exiting the office.

It was slightly crowded in the area they were going to meet but blue eyes met ombre ones from afar. Childe waved at Zhongli to get his attention and was met with a small smile and a tiny wave back.

Childe made his way towards Zhongli with a fake smile plastered onto his face. "Hello," Zhongli said first, a very pretty smile on his face one Childe wanted to turn upside down. "Hey Xiansheng."

Childe didn't miss the way Zhongli shuddered. The weather was quite humid so it was strange he was feeling cold. Leaving it to the side.

Zhongli coughed into his hand to hide a pink tint on his cheeks. This would be easier then Childe thought. Pretending he didn't see the flush that covered Zhongli's face. "It is nice to see you again." Zhongli finally said.

Childe had to control the urge to roll his eyes. "A mutual feeling." Childe lied through his teeth. As they headed to Wanmin restaurant. A young woman came. Very bright who quickly took their order.

Childe could see how nervous Zhongli was and now he couldn't have that. He had to get Zhongli to trust him completely. The glares of the other customers were very noticeable but Childe did not point it out.

"So, How was your day, Childe?" Zhongli asked at last. He was still very nervous. annoyingly so. Childe put his elbow on the table leaning on to his fist. "It was great, Honestly I had a pretty good day. The morning was well and not to mention the great breakfast I had." Childe noticed Zhongli zoning off and couldn't help a small scoff past his lips. The other couldn't even bother to pay attention to what he was saying. Childe fought the urge to punch this man. "Pardon? Could you repeat that?" Zhongli said as his eyes cleared up and came into focus. Childe fell back into his facade easily.

A tilt of his head as he raised his eyebrow a smirk on his face. "I was talking about my day, It was pretty good." Before Childe could continue Xiangling had come back, placing the dishes onto the table. Childe and Zhongli thanked her as she went her way to the other characters.

Childe watched as Zhongli pulled apart the chopsticks with ease. Childe tried to copy the movement but he accidentally snapped the chopsticks in half. One bit was smaller while the other had a bigger holding area.

Childe watched as Zhongli snickered softly. Childe gave a fake smile in response as he looked down at his broken chopsticks. Fortunately they had another pair of chopsticks. Childe watched as Zhongli put his own chopsticks on the bowl together before reaching for the extra ones.

He pulls apart the other pair gently before grabbing Childe's hand and placing the chopsticks in his hand. Childe can't help a small red tint paint his face. Had he become sick? Not to mention how unprofessional this was. Childe decided to stay quiet.

Childe holds the chopsticks in his hand trying his best to make them move. Glancing up, Childe saw the shock and horror on Zhongli's face as he shoves the chopsticks upright in the bowl of rice. Zhongli glanced around for an odd reason. There was no other place to put it so Childe just shoved them in the rice. What was so wrong with that?

He smiled as he saw Zhongli opening and closing his mouth like a fish. "Do they have any utensils here?" The ginger decided to break the silence. The silence had become deafening and he needed to gain Zhongli's trust, not company. Zhongli shook his head, No.

Childe felt himself grow annoyed. He gripped the chopsticks in one hand about ready to shatter and snap them before milky hand's reached over to grasp Childe's own scarred ones. The gloves covered most of the scars anyways.

Plus, The man always loved showing off his scars. It was a symbol in which Childe held great pride in.

Childe remained quiet as he observed Zhongli who fixed his finger in the right position to fix Childe's hold on the chopsticks. That strange feeling reappears in his chest at the touch. He could feel a weird warmth in his chest. Shrugging it off for the warm weather in Liyue. Childe decided to tease.

"Why, Thank you Xiansheng." Childe says as he covers his face by leaning on his fist with his free hand. Zhongli was dumb, naive and gullible in Childe's thoughts so he doubts Zhongli even noticed. "It was no trouble, Childe." Zhongli smiles politely, giving a small nod as he eats his food.

"...I'm quite unfamiliar with Liyue." Childe starts."Do you have any knowledge about it at all?" Zhongli beamed "Liyue, is known mostly for its cuisine. And humid weather. The rock structures are also something that you should see. Perhaps I can show you around."

Childe didn't miss the shine in Zhongli's eyes as he spoke about Liyue. "Why not?" Zhongli continued talked about the adepti thingies and what not. Soon Xiangling came back to give them the bill. "I'll be right back! Here's the bill." She said before scurrying off.

"This was quite enjoyable." Zhongli said as he reached into his pocket to grab his wallet. Childe could agree less but he didn't say anything. He watched as Zhongli's expression became nervous as he checked his right pocket before checking his left one.

Then came the cherry redded face. Childe noticed the red hue on the other's face much like a cherry. Falling into the facade of a caring man Childe asked "What's wrong Xiansheng?" Childe watched as Zhongli coughed into his fist a few times. Likely to cover the red flush on his cheeks that was quite... pretty. No.

Childe stopped that thought immediately, He had a mission to complete. These thoughts were unnecessary for a soldier like himself. Childe reminded himself. Zhongli finally opens his mouth to speak.

“It seems I’ve forgotten my wallet.” Childe stares at Zhongli who stares back. Childe tried he really did but his facade cracked a bit. First he snickered before laughing full on. He could feel the disapproving looks sent his way but he could care less.

This turned out to be quite fun. And not at all boring like Childe’s first impression. He finally calmed down enough he took out a black card and put it on the table, still giggling. “Sorry, Xiansheng.” Childe snickers, wiping the tears that had gathered in his eyes for laughing so hard.

He hadn’t laughed like that in a while. The red on Zhongli’s face only increased and Childe couldn’t help but want to laugh all over again. “It’s my fault. I’ll pay you back.” Zhongli said. honestly, Childe knew of Zhongli’s financial issues.

He knew everything about the man sitting across from him. Everything.

Before Childe could open his mouth Zhongli replied. “What was it that you said?” Zhongli asked. That made Childe raise an eyebrow. Maybe he should put hallucinations down on Zhongli’s profile as well.

“I haven’t said anything yet.” Childe responded. As he tapped his finger on the table in thought. This one time meeting wasn’t enough for Childe to get what he wanted so perhaps a second invite would do him well.

“Butttttt if you really want to repay me.” Childe started, “Let’s go out again.” Childe smiled as he continued “My treat.” There was no way Zhongli could notice the impatient tapping of his foot.

Childe watched as Zhongli opened his mouth to respond but a small annoyance came walking near the table. She quickly picked the black card using it to pay for there food as she gave them the card back. “Hope you come again!” Xiangling said before scurrying off as a few new customers arrived.

Finally, Childe let out a small sigh of relief. Zhongli stood up and Childe followed “After you” Childe smirked letting Zhongli go ahead of him as he followed from behind. Perhaps there were external reasons Childe let Zhongli go first.

Childe was merely a man, Maybe not but still. He had to admit when he saw a good ass. By god Childe wanted to squeeze it. Childe tared shamelessly at that heavenly ass that may have gotten him half hard in the span of a few minutes.

“So, about hanging out. You never gave me an answer.” Childe reminded, speeding up to walk beside Zhongli instead of behind him. He could have stayed back there and ogled Zhongli’s ass but he still had a job to do.

“That sounds lovely.” Zhongli agreed. A man accidentally bumps into Zhongli making him push into Childe’s side. Their hands touched and both of them shivered. The feeling was so foreign to Childe. His half hard dick had hardened yet again as that magnificent ass had pushed into it.

Childe cursed around his breath in his native language. The annoying part was the man didn't even bother apologizing when it so clearly was his fault. The worst part, Childe thought was the man had fucking done it on purpose.

For some odd reason the man bumping into Zhongli made something inside of him want to snap the other in half. Rip the part that had even touched the burnett. His bloodlust was acting up and he could do little to control it as he turned to confront the man.

When suddenly he felt a small pull on his sleeve. Childe had enough control to not twist that arm as he snapped his head back and was about ready to glare at the person who dared to touch him. Only to come face to face with Zhongli.

"Let it go, Accidents happen." Childe grumbled under his breath some more but did continue walking alongside Zhongli. To make himself seem considerate Childe insisted he drop Zhongli home.

When they arrived they couldn't even finish saying goodbye as the rain started pouring. The rain fell hard and quickly. "inside. Quickly." Zhongli said, unlocking his apartment and opening the door so the two could step inside.

They were already so drenched Childe felt eyes on him and he turned to look at Zhongli. Then he saw the other shake his head "I will get you a shirt to borrow." Zhongli said and Childe's smile soften "Why thank you Xiansheng~"

Childe stared as Zhongli unbuttoned his jacket and took off his shoes before he headed to his room, He guessed. As soon as Zhongli was out of sight Childe let himself walk around a bit picking up some books here and there. Just, checking out the place,

Childe went back to the same position he was in when he heard the floorboards creaking as Zhongli came back with a shirt. "Here. Change into this in uh... my room." Childe smiled and thanked Zhongli "Sure thing." He found his way to the bedroom easily. Without much effort. He dropped off his drenched shirt and wore the dry one.

There were a few photos here and there and a tiny ass bed. There were no decorations. It was a saddening sight for someone like Zhongli. A shame. Childe smiled but this just made his mission much easier anyway. Poor poor Zhongli.

It was a tight fit and a bit uncomfortable. He'd rather prefer to just be shirtless but even he knew that was unacceptable then again who could stop him? Childe decided not to follow the latter as he exited the bedroom to find Zhongli pulling his hair.

"You probably shouldn't do that unless you want hair loss." Childe teased as Zhongli turned to look at him "I-yeah. Probably shouldn't do that. Do you want to take a shower first?" Zhongli coughed into his fist for the nth time. This time Childe decided to comment on it. "Hm. nah you can do it first. It's your house anyways." For some reason Childe didn't.

His mind was made up so why didn't he say anything that he meant?

Different words came out of his mouth. Childe watched as Zhongli's eyes looked down down. Childe had to bite back a comment asking if Zhongli really wanted to see. Childe could tell Zhongli's eyes lingered there. "So?" Childe said, trying not to laugh at the guilty face Zhongli made as his eyes snapped up to Childe's blue ones.

"I'll go take a shower uh- excuse me." Zhongli quickly passed by Childe to go take a shower. This time Childe did laugh at the pink hue on the other's face and how embarrassed he looked. This was much better than the formal person he had met near the lake.

Childe wondered how many years it had been now. Probably a lot. Guess Zhongli didn't have as great a memory as he used to brag about as a kid. Zhongli finished changing and let Childe take a shower. "You can go take a shower now. I'll make some dinner for us." Childe noticed how his pupils shot around everywhere except meeting his own. "Sure, thanks again Zhongli."

Childe saw the pink hue and smirked; this was way too easy. Childe entered the small bathroom that felt so dirty and disgusting. So under him. Childe scoffed, taking off his clothes and tossing them on the toilet seat as he stepped into the water that was far too warm for his liking. Childe glanced at the mirror and saw all the scars that covered his torso and body. it made him smile with pride upon looking at them.

The small bathroom was disgusting, a disgrace. Childe went to take his shower when he noticed something... He was hard.. Why was he hard? "Are you fucking kidding me?" Childe cursed as he wrapped his hand around his cock.

He pumped in a few times not thinking of anything purposefully but an image kept coming back to him. Zhongli, Zhongli all he could think about was that stupid burnett. Childe stroked himself faster little gasps of pleasure escaping his lips.

The warm water pulled onto his back as he was bent over. "Zhongli." Childe moaned breathlessly. The pumping and strokes weren't enough. Childe slapped his hand across the wall loudly and cursed. Guess he'd just go out with a hard on.

It's not like the other wasn't looking at it earlier anyways.

Childe finished up his shower. And grabbed the clothes that did not fit on him at all instead. They were too tight. Painfully so. He much rather stay pantless since the pants were too tight and hurt his hard on.

Stepping out, Childe noticed immediately that Zhongli's eyes met his for a bit before going lower, lower until they landed on his crotch. Childe watched as the other coughed into his hand for what? The 12th time? Likely more.

"Are you sick? You've coughed a lot today." Childe spoke out as he smirked. "I'm not sick, Just a sore throat. The rain may have given me the flu." Zhongli responded with an obviously terrible lie that Childe saw through easily.

Childe decided against teasing the other instead he sat down at the table. The chair was uncomfortable. So irritating The dish was placed in front of Childe. It looked decent enough,

nothing like what he would usually eat.

There was a problem. Zhongli gave Childe chopsticks... no fork or other utensil. The soup spoon was helpful. After struggling for a solid 5 minutes. Childe got a grab but it failed before he could put it in his mouth.

Another 2 minutes of struggling, Zhongli grabbed a piece of meat with his own chopsticks and brought it up to Childe's mouth. 'romatic much?' Childe thought as he opened his mouth. "Ahhhh." Childe ate the meat it was.. Decent. He let out a hum

Not as good as the food he ate on a daily basis but it was good enough. "This is quite good, Xiansheng~" Childe added with a smile. "It's really not that special. Here let me help you." Zhongli responded.

Childe watched as Zhongli put down his own chopsticks and reached over to fix Childe's own hold on the chopsticks. Childe noticed how.. Fragile Zhongli's hands were.

What would happen if Childe held the hand too tightly? Would the bones shatter? What would Zhongli do? Would he run? Childe really hoped he ran so that he could hunt the other done. Childe bet's Zhongli's screams would be nice.

Zhongli pulled back and Childe quickly shook the violent thoughts in his head. "Why thank you~" Childe said smiling. Childe ate the food or tried to.

He wanted to feel Zhongli's hands in his again.

Childe purposefully messed up his hold for Zhongli to fix his form again, and again. Childe laughed softly but the thoughts behind his laugh were for only him to know.

"Xiansheng the food was sooo good. Thanks a bunch." Childe sweetened his words

Zhongli smiled in response "It is no issue.. You can sleep in my room, I can sleep on the couch." Childe resisted the urge to just strangle this stupid man and keep him away from everyone else.

"No, Why would I do that?" Childe continued with a curious undertone hiding the murderous intent quite easily. "It wouldn't be right to kick you out of your room like that." Zhongli argued back before continuing "You are my guest. It doesn't sit right with me to let you sleep on the couch."

It was still pouring outside, Childe smiled at how the heavens had graced him. This really was too easy, "Why don't we just both sleep on the bed?" Childe offered, putting a hand over his mouth as he hid that smirk. Zhongli argued some more until eventually he gave in. "Alright. Sure."

Childe laid in bed next to Zhongli. The bed was disgustingly small and this building was shit. "Childe...I apologize in advance. I may snore loudly." Zhongli spoke up. "It's fine Xiansheng, I snore quite a lot too." Childe said, running his hand through his ginger locks as he pulled the cover over his shoulders.

Zhongli was pressed into Childe's side. Childe wanted him to be closer. Childe finally relented after he heard Zhongli's breathing even out. He caressed Zhongli's stomach. "You're so... ugly yet, I feel drawn to you." Childe clicked his tongue.

Childe's phone rings and he picks it up. It was just from his secretary, Childe put the phone on his ear "...Did you find out? Good. Kill them, make it look like a suicide." Childe spoke to the person on the line before putting it away just as Zhongli slapped a hand on his face.

Childe groans, letting his facade slip as he grips Zhongli's wrist tightly. "Pathetic." Childe went to break the man's wrist; it was never a problem. Childe was petty and would love some screams, his sadistic tendencies screamed for blood for pain yet.. Childe couldn't do it.

Childe sighed and just pulled his hand away to caress Zhongli's hair, the man throwing a leg over him. Childe inwardly groans as he realizes he's gotten hard. "Fuck. you're not even my type."

Childe thinks that this man sure he has silky hair and a cute smile... a very snatch able waist and a laugh that-

The point is. Childe doesn't find this man attractive. Nope not one bit.

Childe sighed and moved a little bit so he was on his back and Zhongli half draped over Childe.

"I really hate you Zhongli."

Childe murmured as he unzipped his pants, wrapping his hand around his cock. Pumping it slowly as he switched up the momentum every now then.

"I..hah.. hate you Zhongli~"

Childe moaned as he cummed with a name on his tongue.

"Fuck.. Zhongli."

Childe waited until the nut clarity ended.. After Childe caught his breath he paused..

He really did call out Zhongli's name?

Childe laid his head down on the pillow... and winced.

This pillow was hard as fuck, Maybe not as hard as his dick but still. How the hell did Zhongli sleep on this?

"Whatever. It's not my problem anyways."

Childe scoffed and shoved Zhongli away. He sat up and grabbed a few tissues to clean off the cum that wasn't all dried yet.

Childe then walked around the room looking for anything of importance. There were rocks here and there. Some pictures. “So fucking pathetic.”

Chapter End Notes

How do I make the words *ITALIC*???

I have them italic but they- they aren't-

End Notes

I am pretty busy with school and stuff since school is a meanie >:(

But I will post for fun occasionally at least once a month

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