

Don't Imagine...

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	原神 Genshin Impact (Video Game)
Relationship:	Tartaglia Childe/Zhongli (Genshin Impact)
Characters:	Tartaglia Childe (Genshin Impact) , Tartaglia Childe's Family (Genshin Impact) , Zhongli (Genshin Impact) , La Signora (Genshin Impact) , Scaramouche (Genshin Impact) , Teucer (Genshin Impact) , Osial (Genshin Impact)
Additional Tags:	Angst , Heavy Angst , Hurt/Comfort , no beta we die like childe and his death flags , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Major Character Injury , Injury , Fluff and Angst , Childhood Trauma , Minor Tartaglia Childe/Zhongli (Genshin Impact) , Tartaglia Childe-centric (Genshin Impact) , okay so like childe centric because of my biases but zhongli will have some focus
Language:	English
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Don't Imagine...

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

I'm not well versed in writing, but I love reading and consuming angsty content so here's a collection of zhongchi angst garbage.

Notes

I apologize for the shitty grammar and overall shittiness I am by no means a writer I'm just a sad bitch who thinks about sad stuff because sad makes me happy

Also this chapter is mostly childe centric

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

Don't imagine the late nights childe spends up at night stewing in regrets thinking about all the mistakes he's made. Wandering off only to fall into the abyss, the way he let it change him, the look of relief from his return in his families faces twisting over time when they saw how it changed him, the career path he was led down filled with bloodshed, the lies and deception towards his family, the little mistakes that have made his body a canvas of scars, the way that in the end he can't tell what he's feeling. Does he really care about all the chaos and violence caused by his actions or is it just regret and guilt attempting some weak attempt to make him feel something.

Don't imagine a young childe learning to patch himself up from any particularly rough scuffles. A 14 year old kid, a middle schooler, getting shoved into a strict military program with nothing but a newfound bloodlust and three tortuous months of training from a place he wouldn't speak a word of to anyone. The homesickness, missing his family, missing the smaller seemingly meaningless habits of his family that only they would know about, missing warmth and love. The anger and resentment from feeling abandoned by his family carted off for someone bigger and stronger to deal with. The way he climbed the ranks so quick and was picked by one of the 10 harbingers themselves. The pressure and stress from it all, the need to prove something to everyone. To not fail and crumple or else he wouldn't survive. The rules of the abyss taking hold on every living moment, the memories creeping up on him.

Don't imagine a crumpled up, bloody, mangled childe sitting in the aftermath of his own actions. It may have been an oversight to think he wouldn't get caught in the crossfire of Osial being unleashed. The searing pain from almost every part of his body, the odd ways his limbs have contorted from his injuries, the all too familiar sensation of his hands caked in blood but this time it's his own, the wooziness and swaying feeling setting in, the pit in his stomach from the fear of slowly dying, it's setting in the realization of everything he's leaving behind, the regrets and guilt hit hard. Will anyone even find his body? Will it be swept away by the sea? Will it be too broken and disfigured beyond repair that no one would be able to figure out who he is by the time they find him? Will his family even care about his death? Will the archon he gave his life to serve care about his death in the grand scheme of things? Will the 'friend' he made while in Liyue care? The longing to be with the ones he loves most in his last moments. The longing to be cared for the warmth as he goes instead of the frigid cold he's accustomed to. The acceptance of slowly closing his eyes and letting go.

End Notes

I didn't edit this shit y'all getting my shitty ass raw thoughts I'm writing this at like 2 in the morning while working through my own personal shit glad I didn't project on this mf too much

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