

pregnancy craving.

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by [yuyarchives](#)

Summary

Phainon could never deny Mydei anything, least of all now.

Notes

phaidei pregnant bj drabble yaaayyyy

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

Pregnancy came with many, *many* challenges. Of course, Mydei knew as much.

He had a rough idea of what to expect, what changes would occur to his body, his mood, but what had caught him off guard most was the hormonal fluctuations.

Granted, it wasn't changed much, it was however, a lot more.. impromptu.

So, here he was, lying in his bedroom, huffing as he shifted restlessly on the bed. He had stripped the bedding and remade the bed again and again, nearly four times and yet he was still.. uncomfortable.

"Gods..this won't do." He groaned, pushing himself up and making his way towards the study.

The door was ajar so Mydei could clearly hear Phainon's voice as he went on with his video meeting.

He slipped in quietly, a small frown on his lips as he met eyes with his husband.

"Just a moment, please." Phainon spoke into the microphone of his earphones, muting himself before shifting his attention towards Mydei who had stepped closer.

"What's wrong, baby?" Phainon murmured, voice soft with concern as he looked at his sulking husband.

"Just.. carry on with your meeting." Mydei replied with a quiet sigh and a dismissive wave of his hand.

"What? But My— Mydei what are you.." Phainon's words blurted out of his lips as he nearly stumbled backwards in his chair when Mydei, *heavily pregnant* Mydei, crawled into the space under his desk.

"I need this, please.. Just focus on your meeting," Mydei muttered as he burrowed deeper into Phainon's crotch, taking in his warmth and scent.

"How can I focus when you're like this?" Phainon rasped, his fingers threading into Mydei's hair, gently pulling the blonde strands back to reveal his forehead.

Mydei only hummed in response as he closed his eyes, leaning into the touch.

Phainon's hand moved lower, cupping Mydei's cheek, thumb brushing over his bottom lip.

Mydei nuzzled into Phainon's hand, lips pursing to press a kiss to the pad of his husband's thumb before parting them slightly tongue darting out to swirl around the digit.

Phainon exhaled shakily, pressing his thumb against the velvet-like expanse of Mydei's tongue, pushing the digit further into Mydei's mouth.

Mydei hums in approval, sealing his lips around him. He hollowed his cheeks just enough as he locked his gaze onto Phainon's, whose blue irises were nearly swallowed by how blown out his pupils had gotten.

"Mydei if you keep this up.." Phainon rasped, pulling his thumb out of Mydei's mouth, who only chased after it, pressing one more wet kiss to his spit-slickened skin.

"I told you," Mydei murmured, his hands moved to hook over the waistband of Phainon's pants and boxers, pulling them down just enough for his fingers to slip in, freeing his husband's semi-hard cock from its confines. "I need this..or are you so cruel as to deprive your pregnant husband of what he craves?"

"Mydei.." Phainon hissed softly at the contact of the cool air against his flushed skin."You know I would never.."

Mydei's hand wrapped around him, giving him slow tight pumps.

"Fine," Phainon's lips curved into a small grin, a sigh of defeat leaving his lips as his hands moved to his laptop, angling the camera a bit higher towards the ceiling. "How could I say no to you, anyway?"

He leaned back into his chair, a quiet shuddering exhale leaving him as he resisted the urge to buck into Mydei's hands.

Mydei leaned in, nuzzling against Phainon's now nearly fully hard cock, rubbing his cheek on its length, pressing kisses to the heated flesh. His hand worked at the base, tongue flat against the underside as he licked him from root to tip.

"Fuck, Mydei.." Phainon huffed, his hand tightening on Mydei's hair as he inched closer, the sensation sending sparks of pleasure coursing through him.

Mydei moaned at the taste, parting his lips to take the head in, cheek bulging slightly. His hand was still moving at base, coaxing more beads of precum out, which he ardently suckled on.

Mydei's lips stretched as he took more of Phainon in, hollowing his cheeks and bobbing his head, craving Phainon's taste and scent, *needing* him deeper in.

Phainon spread his legs further apart, hips rolling forward as he guided Mydei further down his cock. The tight, wet heat alone was enough to make him feel on the edge already, but knowing Mydei had craved him to an unbearable degree, enough to 'bother' him when he's busy.. *that* ignited a whole different kind of warmth through him.

"Easy, baby.." Phainon hissed, nearly flinching from the sensation when Mydei moaned around him, taking him in so deep, so fast the head of Phainon's cock practically slammed into the back of Mydei's throat.

Mydei's hands found purchase on his husband's muscular thighs, using the leverage to his advantage. He swallowed around him, drawing him in deeper until his nose pressed flush against the coarse hairs on Phainon's skin.

Mydei let out a sound more akin to a keen, high pitched and needy as Phainon's scent and taste overwhelmed his senses.

Phainon bucked into Mydei's mouth, seeking more friction, Mydei's throat constricting around him was overwhelming, he nearly lost it right then and there.

"Fuck— Mydei if you keep..If you keep doing that I won't last long.." Phainon exhaled, his head lolling back against the cushion of his chair, eyes fluttering shut. His hips rolled in tandem with Mydei's mouth, familiar heat gradually building in his core.

Mydei pulled back until only a strand of saliva connected his bottom lip with the feverish head of Phainon's cock, his hand still working fast on the base.

"Then don't, I just..I just need to taste you." Mydei's voice was but a hoarse rasp, leaning in to take Phainon in his mouth again, this time doubling his efforts.

Phainon's muscles tensed, his toes curling as his hands flew to Mydei's hair, tugging at the blond strands. "F-fuck.." He felt as if his blood were boiling, each bob of Mydei's head, each fluttering spasm of his throat..it drove him *wild*.

Phainon fucked up into Mydei's throat, holding Mydei's head in place as he set his own pace of slow, deep thrusts.

Mydei's nails dug into Phainon's skin, leaving red crescent shaped indents in their wake. He tried his best to hold himself together, but it felt too good. His eyes nearly rolled back at the sensation, jaw slack as Phainon thrustled into his mouth. Spit, tears and precum glistened on his chin and lips, some of the mess dripped down the wooden floor, but that was the last thing on Mydei's mind right now.

Not when Phainon was using him like *this*.

Phainon pulled out of Mydei's heat with a wet pop, his hand guiding Mydei's own to work on him tighter, faster, his breathing quickening as he felt his release approaching.

Mydei swallowed thickly, looking up at Phainon through damp lashes, tongue lolling out of his mouth, *waiting*.

Phainon let out a noise that was half groan half whimper, the sight alone was enough to undo him.

His hand tangled into Mydei's hair, gripping it by the bangs as he held his pulsating cock in front of his face.

A soft moan left Mydei's lips, the pain only heightening his senses.

Phainon's cock twitched as his orgasm washed over him, throbbing and spilling thick ropes over Mydei's tongue, his lips, his cheeks. Some had even gotten on his forehead.

Mydei swallowed it all, tongue darting out to lap at whatever it could reach.

He leaned in, taking the head in between his lips, suckling on it, milking Phainon dry.

Mydei only pulled away when Phainon was a whiny mess above him, pushing Mydei off of him by the hair.

"Gods...Mydei, that was.." Phainon gasped, chest heaving as he just about melted into his office chair.

"Good?" Mydei chimed, head tilted to the side as a smug smile curved the corners of his lips upwards. His fingers came up to his face, wiping away the residual evidence of Phainon's release, bringing it to his lips.

"More than good.." Phainon exhaled, his spent cock twitching with renewed desire at the sight of Mydei licking his cum off of his fingers.

"Phainon?"

Phainon's attention was quickly back on his laptop the second he heard Aglaea, the manager of his team, call his name.

"Yes? I'm here." He replied, breathless, trying his best to sound normal.

"Next time make sure your mic is properly muted, please."

"Oh.." Phainon's entire body burned a bright red, a sheepish smile on his lips as he checked his mic only to find out it was in fact unmuted. "Sorry.."

"I think we could all use a break, especially *you* Phainon." With that, their meeting was cut short.

"God.." Phainon closed his laptop and slumped back into the chair.

"Don't laugh."

Mydei's shoulders were shaking, cheeks flushed from the effort of holding in his laughter, solely for the sake of saving his husband some face in front of his colleagues.

"I'm not laughing." Mydei huffed, failing to keep up his composure, laughing softly as he climbed out from under the desk.

"You *are*.." Phainon's lips pursed into a small pout as he tucked himself back into his pants.

Mydei waved his hand dismissively, his laughter dying down into quiet chuckles as he stood by Phainon.

"I'm not," He reassured, running his fingers through Phainon's hair, cradling his husband's head close to his chest.

"Mydei.."

"Hm?"

"My turn now,"

"What do you—" Mydei barely had time to finish his words before his voice cut off into a startled gasp. Phainon had lifted him, carrying him bridal style towards their bedroom.

End Notes

I Hope You Enjoyed.

As always, Kindly Ignore Any typos And Such..

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