

No place quite like home.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/74350136) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/74350136>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	崩坏：星穹铁道 Honkai: Star Rail (Video Game)
Relationship:	Mydei/Phainon (Honkai: Star Rail)
Characters:	Mydei (Honkai: Star Rail) , Phainon (Honkai: Star Rail)
Additional Tags:	Mydei Has a Vagina (Honkai: Star Rail) , Top Phainon/Bottom Mydei (Honkai: Star Rail) , Established Relationship , Domestic , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Some Plot , Married Couple , Lingerie , Vaginal Fingering , Squirting and Vaginal Ejaculation , Vaginal Sex , Cunnilingus , Creampie , Phainon is Down Bad (Honkai: Star Rail) , Mydei is Down Bad (Honkai: Star Rail) , Mydei is Soft for Phainon (Honkai: Star Rail) , Soft Phainon (Honkai: Star Rail) , PuppyNon , Wifedei , I CAN'T BELIEVE THOSE AREN'T TAGS , they love each other your honor , Stressed Phainon , that's all i think...
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-17 Words: 5,223 Chapters: 1/1

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by [yuyarchives](#)

Summary

Phainon has been awfully stressed from work so Mydei decided to take matters into his own hands.

Notes

domestic married phaidei sex.... Theres a teensy bit of plot.. Aglaea, cas and cipher are Only Mentioned and Phaidei Have a Baby girl in this!!!

I Hope You Enjoy :]

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

'Gods above..This is ridiculous.'

Mydei grumbled under his breath as he met his reflection's gaze in the full-length mirror in front of him.

His brows furrowed slightly as he took in the image in front of him standing there, half-bathed in the low amber light of the room.

The candles he had scattered along the dresser flickered, their flames dancing, bending toward him as though drawn in by curiosity.

Black lace hugged his skin, the bodysuit threaded with delicate patterns and adorned with dark flowers that bloomed across his chest, held up by thin straps that traced the lines of his broad shoulders and waist, subduing the faint glow of the red tattoos that curled over his skin.

With glove-clad hands, his fingers splayed over the lace, tracing down his torso to where the fabric met the curve of his hips in an attempt to smooth it out, although no real wrinkles were present anyway.

Stockings of similar material hugged his legs, stopping just above his knee.

Around his neck, thin golden chains caught the candlelight, and a single earring swayed against his cheek, shimmering with brief hints of blue and gold. His blond hair fell messily over his face, red tips brushing against his flushed skin.

He turned to the side, scrutinizing his outfit some more.

It wasn't that Mydei thought he looked bad; it wasn't a matter of self consciousness when it came to this. He wasn't sure if his plan would work at all, or if his husband would simply brush it off and laugh about it.

Which was honestly absurd to even think of and Mydei knew that, even amidst the fog of his nerves, Phainon would never do that, especially when it came to things like these.

Hell, he could recall how just a few days ago, Phainon was practically salivating at the sight of Mydei gardening, covered in sweat, dirt and grime.

So really, if anything, this would be a dream come true for him.

Yet somehow, even with that knowledge in mind, Mydei could barely calm his nerves, anxiety rearing its ugly head in the back of his mind as he spun around in front of the mirror once more.

‘Where’s your courage? Pull yourself together.’

He took a deep breath, straightening his posture, shoulders squaring when he remembered how Phainon had looked all week.

The reason he was doing this altogether.

Phainon had been stressed from work, despite his best efforts to hide it, Mydei was quick to pick up on it.

He would come home, exhaustion etched deep into his usually cheerful eyes, the blue color taking on a darker hue, almost resembling an ocean on a stormy day.

And at first, Mydei thought it might have been a passing occurrence.

Maybe it was just a bad day? However things only went downhill from then on.

A day or two prior, Phainon had come home in an unusually quiet state. His otherwise relaxed posture now stiff, and his oh-so-bright smile torn. The sight alone was enough to make Mydei’s heart ache.

That was when Mydei realised he needed to do something to help his husband at the very least relieve some of that stress, especially when Phainon had been too stubborn to talk about it.

So, he had asked his friends for a few favors.

First was Aglaea.

She was, after all, the most elegant, and fashionable one out of the few people he considered his friends.

“Shopping?” Aglaea looked up at him over the rim of her wine glass, one brow lifted just barely. ‘My, this must be a special occasion then, Hm?’”

“You could say that,” Mydei gave her a nod, drumming his fingers against the marble table once, then twice, before speaking up again, which only earned him a knowing smile, and a low hum. ‘It’s for Phainon.’”

“Ah.” Aglaea nodded, setting her glass down and giving him her full attention.

Next was Castorice and Cipher, whom he asked to babysit their daughter Philomena for one night.

Originally, Mydei had only planned to ask Castorice but when he had called her, Cipher was the one to answer the phone.

The two girls were practically a buy one get one for free package deal, so he didn’t have much of a choice.

Besides, it wasn’t that he was opposed to it; far from that, Phi loved spending time with those two, and they loved her too.

However, it was just that Phi was enough of a troublemaker as it was now, and with Cipher teaching her more of her tricks, Mydei felt his blood pressure spike at the thought alone...

He spared his reflection one last glance before stepping away.

The clock ticked once, twice.

Phainon would be home soon.

In the kitchen, the pot simmered softly on the stove. Mydei adjusted the strap at his shoulder, drawing in a slow breath as he stirred the fig stew.

The scent of simmering fruit and spice filled the kitchen curling in, sweet and heavy in the air.

Mydei leaned over the pot, steam licking at his face, flushing his skin. He watched the mixture darken to a deep amber, bubbling softly.

Every so often, he would glance toward the clock again and again, and before he realised, it was five past eight.

Phainon was late, though that wasn't unusual.

Work had been wearing him thin lately.

After a few minutes, the faint sound of footsteps in the hall pulled Mydei upright. Then the door clicked open, followed by the low thud of shoes being kicked off.

"Mydei, Phi, I'm home!"

His voice was evidently rough from fatigue, though it still held the same warmth to it as it drifted down the corridor.

Mydei froze, wooden spoon still in hand and for a heartbeat, the thought of bolting to their bedroom to change crossed his mind.

He caught sight of himself reflected faintly in the dark window and forced himself to stay still, steadying himself.

"In here," he called back, voice steady, despite the slight increase in his heart rate.

There was a pause followed by the faint rustle of fabric, a sigh, then the sound of footsteps approaching the kitchen.

Mydei's pulse climbed with each one.

The scent of the fig stew was the first to welcome Phainon home.

Instead of Phi running up to him and clinging onto his legs, there was the soft sweetness of figs mingled with spice and warmth, wrapping around him like a well needed embrace, especially after the week he had had. It was exactly what he needed.

The tension in his shoulders began to ease, and for the first time in days, he felt something gentle bloom in his chest.

Home.

He smiled faintly, already picturing Mydei at the stove, hair tied back, with Phi hoisted up with one arm, babbling as she watched her dad cook.

Phainon was more than ready to step in, wrap his arms around them, share a laugh with both of them and steal a taste of the stew.

But nothing could have prepared him for the sight that waited beyond the doorway.

The dim light caught first on the edge of lace, then on the faint glow tracing across Mydei's skin.

For a heartbeat, Phainon completely forgot how to breathe, dropping his bag on the floor.

The candles flickered, their light running down Mydei's shoulders, glinting against the golden chains at his throat and the shimmer of translucent gloves.

The warmth washing over him only seemed to increase.

"Mydei..." His name came out as a breath, soft and unsure, as if saying it too loudly might break whatever spell had settled over the room.

Mydei turned then, spoon still in hand, the faintest shimmer of nervousness crossing his face before he masked it with a small smirk.

"You're home," he turned to face him, his voice soft. "Dinner's almost done."

Phainon stood in the doorway for a few moments longer than he meant to, his gaze tracing the lines of lace across Mydei's body, his heartbeat stumbling somewhere between disbelief and awe.

"Mydei... what is all this?" Phainon asked, his eyes darting all over his husband's body, unsure of where to look, committing the moment to his memory.

He swallowed thickly, stepping closer.

"Just... something I wanted to do for you." Mydei stirred the stew once, pretending not to notice how his hands trembled. "You've been working so hard, I thought you deserved a night to breathe."

The warmth in Phainon's chest spread further, blooming like a lily, quick and fierce. He took a slow step forward, the floorboards creaking under his weight. "You didn't have to..."

"I wanted to," Mydei cut in quietly, setting the spoon down, before meeting Phainon's eyes fully for the first time.

For a long moment, neither of them spoke; the only sound was the slow simmer of the pot behind them and the flicker of candlelight against glass.

Phainon didn't answer right away.

He couldn't.

His throat was dry, and words felt too small for whatever it was that was unraveling inside him.

Mydei stood there in that delicate halo of light, and Phainon couldn't tear his eyes off of him.

He parted his lips to speak again, but no sound came out.

He cleared his throat, "Mydei," he repeated again, softer now, the syllables drawn out like a confession. He stepped closer, the floorboards sighing under his feet.

The glow from the stove licked across his face, catching the faint shadows under his eyes, the mark of sleepless nights, too many hours spent under the weight of his own thoughts.

Mydei's breath caught as he looked up at him. "Stop staring." He grumbled, feeling a flush of heat creep up his neck and ears.

"You can't just dress like that and expect me not to!" Phainon whined, the corners of his mouth twitching into something that was between a pout and a grin, he himself couldn't decide.

That earned a quiet laugh from Mydei, short, and nervous, the tension between them shifting, softening just a little, falling back into their usual rhythm.

Mydei turned back toward the counter, pretending to busy himself with the pot, though his shoulders were still tense.

"You always say that," he said, voice lighter than he felt, "but you stare anyway, no matter what I'm wearing."

"Because it's true!" Phainon grinned. He was closer now, close enough that Mydei could feel the warmth radiating off him. "You... you did all this for me?"

"I told you," Mydei answered quietly, crossing his arms over his chest as he leaned back against the marble counter, the cold surface easing his nerves, "You never stop to rest. So I thought maybe tonight, you could."

Phainon's hand twitched at his side, the desire to reach out for his husband barely restrained. "You didn't have to go this far."

"I wanted to," Mydei replied, his tone firm despite the faint tremor in it. He finally turned to face him again, gold eyes catching the flicker of candlelight.

Phainon looked at him for a long time, as if trying to memorize every small detail, with the way the lace framed the glow of his tattoos, the subtle rise and fall of his breathing, the way

his hair brushed his cheek when he tilted his head.

He reached out then, fingers brushing against the air between them, before resting lightly against Mydei's cheek, cupping his face.

Though the touch was almost nothing, just a whisper of contact, it made Mydei's breath hitch all the same.

"Thank you, Mydei.." Phainon said. The words came out rough with emotion. "I.. I didn't realize how much I needed this."

Mydei's expression softened, his hand coming up to rest over Phainon's as he leaned into his touch. "I did."

Phainon's hand moved lower, his thumb brushed against the edge of lace, almost reverently. Mydei didn't pull away; he leaned forward just enough for the distance between them to dissolve.

Phainon's fingers brushed at the edge of the lace, tracing a slow circle against Mydei's skin. For a moment, he just stood there, drinking him in, his tongue darting out to swipe over his bottom lip.

"Where's Phi?" Phainon asked after a moment, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Castorice is watching her tonight," Mydei replied, his eyes following the movement of Phainon's hand.

"Then.." Phainon nodded once, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "We've got the place to ourselves."

Mydei tilted his head, a brow raising, catching the teasing lilt in his tone.

He knew that was the first thing Phainon's mind would go to, but Mydei had more than that planned for the night. "You're hungry, aren't you? Sit down, I'll—"

"I think dinner can wait," Phainon interrupted softly. His eyes glimmered with a mix of affection and desire that made Mydei's breath falter. "Since it's my night... I'd like to start with dessert first."

Before Mydei could answer, Phainon closed the distance between them, one hand finding his waist, the other rising to his jaw. He captured his lips into a soft, slow kiss, pouring his emotions into it.

Mydei melted into him, arms slipping around Phainon's neck. The warmth of his skin radiated through the thin lace, and for the first time in days, Phainon felt the ache in his chest ease. The world outside, beyond the comfort of this moment they were sharing, the late

hours, the stress, the endless noise, it all faded into the soft sound of their breathing, ceasing to exist.

“Please?” Phainon murmured against Mydei’s lips, breath hot as he gave his husband a small pout, batting his lashes before diving back in for another kiss.

When they finally parted, Mydei reached up and pinched Phainon’s nose lightly. “You’re ridiculous..the stew’s going to burn,” he teased, his voice low, laced with laughter.

Phainon let out a small, dramatic whine, reluctantly stepping back to twist the stove’s knob and silence the simmering pot. “There,” he said, turning back to him with mock seriousness, his hands rising. “Crisis averted.”

Before Mydei could say another word, Phainon’s arms slipped back around his waist, firm, familiar, and impossibly warm. With a sudden, joyful strength, he lifted Mydei clean off the floor, spinning him once in a loose circle.

Mydei’s startled gasp broke into a breathless laugh as Phainon looked up at him, eyes bright and soft all at once.

“Now... Can we? Please?” Phainon murmured, pressing a gentle kiss over his chest, just above the lace.

Color rose to Mydei’s cheeks, his eyes widening.

He often forgot just how effortlessly strong Phainon was, and his heart raced in his chest at the reminder.

His hands found their way to his husband’s shoulders, steadying himself, one drifting upward to thread through pale blue hair. He ran his fingers through it slowly, affectionately, until Phainon all but melted under the touch.

Mydei sighed, a soft sound of surrender, though his amusement was unmistakable. “Fine,” he said, rolling his eyes but unable to hide his smile. “Since tonight’s yours, after all.”

Phainon’s answering grin was wide and boyish, brighter than the dim candlelight.

Still holding him close, Phainon carried Mydei down the hall, until they reached their bedroom.

Phainon felt his breath hitch at the sight of the flower petals splayed out against their dark blue sheets.

“Mydei you-” He started, words fading into a whine as he gently tossed Mydei onto the bed, climbing on top of him, burying his face into his neck. “Thank you.”

His hand slid lower, holding onto Mydei’s hips, fingers splaying over them, thumbs catching at the edge of the lace panties.

“There’s no need to thank me.” Mydei cupped Phainon’s face into his hands, bringing him in for another kiss.

“But you’re being so cute, it’s really not fair,” he murmured, lips trailing from Mydei’s lips, to his jaw, nipping at it gently. “It makes me want to eat you up.”

“Yeah?” Mydei drew in a sharp breath, legs wrapping around Phainon’s waist. “Why don’t you, then?” He whispered, hand gripping Phainon’s jaw, turning his face to lock eyes with him.

Hearing those words alone was enough for Phainon’s blood to rush south.

Suddenly his pants were way too tight.

“Aah..” Phainon sighed, “You really shouldn’t tease me like that.” He leaned back, his hands moving to unbutton his dress shirt, throwing it somewhere on the floor.

Mydei’s eyes raked over Phainon’s torso, shamelessly admiring his husband.

“Why not? He spoke up once he locked eyes with Phainon again.

“Cause I might just do it.”

Phainon dove back into Mydei’s neck, pressing kisses along the column of his throat, sinking his teeth into him, hard enough to leave marks; marks he was quick to soothe right after with his tongue.

Mydei’s hands tangled into Phainon’s hair, tugging at the strands, though it wasn’t to pull him away.

Gods..never that.

It was to keep him close, as close as possible.

Mydei’s breath quickened, tilting his head without thinking. It was muscle memory by this point.

“Phainon...” His breath broke in his throat, eyes fluttering shut. Warmth pooled through him, his back arching off the sheets as he pressed up into Phainon’s body, feeling his husband’s warm skin on his own.

Phainon only hummed in response, moving to kiss on Mydei's collarbone instead, tongue lapping at the red tattoos on his skin.

It wasn't long until Phainon's hands began wandering, caressing and squeezing in their wake, gripping onto the firm flesh beneath them until they reached Mydei's waist, then his chest.

"This is pretty..but it's in the way, don't you think?" He whispered, nearly delirious, his voice husky as his hands gripped onto the lace of the bodysuit.

Mydei's head was swimming, mind melting much like the wax of the candles surrounding them.

He only managed a nod, before he could attempt to sit up and take the piece off, a loud sound echoed in the room, snapping him out of his reverie.

"There, much better." Phainon smiled, pleased with himself as he dove right into Mydei's now exposed chest, the lace torn in half.

"Phai- Ah-.." Mydei's brows furrowed, hissing softly as Phainon's hand cupped his right pec, while his mouth found the left one, tongue circling his stiffened peak before taking it into his mouth, suckling and biting on it.

Mydei's hand only tightened in his hair, his hips bucking up to grind against Phainon's erection, seeking friction. This only made Phainon all the more eager, moaning around him.

He took Mydei's second nipple in between his fingers, giving it a rough twist, earning him a choked out whine from Mydei's lips.

"Gods.." Phainon whispered when he pulled back, taking in the sight of Mydei beneath him, those plush lips parted as he panted, his skin flushed and...

"Fuck." Phainon nearly came in his pants when his gaze flicked lower, between Mydei's legs.

The black lace of Mydei's panties was soaked, the flimsy fabric now nearly see-through where it was sticking to his skin.

Phainon closed his eyes for a fraction of a second, inhaling sharply.

He bit down on his bottom lip, his hands moving lower.

“You’re so wet..” Phainon whispered, in awe as he pushed Mydei’s panties to the side, getting an unobstructed view of his husband’s drooling pussy.

His finger swept through Mydei’s slick folds, earning him a shudder, and a nudge from Mydei’s knee.

“S-stop messing around,” Mydei groaned, his hips rolling involuntarily, seeking more.

“I’m not, though!” Phainon replied, already shifting his position so that his face was mere centimeters away from where Mydei needed him most. “I’m admiring.”

Phainon felt his mouth watering at the sight alone.

His tongue swiped over his bottom lip, jaw loosening as he inhaled through his mouth, heat coursing through his veins.

Mydei was used to this, but right now, he felt as though he would lose his mind if Phainon kept stalling.

“Admiring?” Mydei quipped, propping himself up on his elbows. “You know you shouldn’t play around with your food.” He lifted a lace-clad muscular leg, hooking it over Phainon’s shoulder. “Hm? Or do I have to teach you some manners?” Mydei purred, tilting his face to the side as he locked his gaze onto Phainon’s.

Phainon’s eyes widened, pupils dilating. He froze for a fraction of a second before blinking away the haze, a smile curling on his lips.

‘There it is.’ Mydei thought, a shiver running down his spine.

“No,” Phainon nosed at Mydei’s inner thigh, giving it a gentle kiss, “You don’t.”

“Hm, that’s more li– Ah!” Mydei’s eyes snapped shut, a groan breaking in his throat as his back arched, his hand flying to tangle into Phainon’s hair, tugging at it.

Phainon had sunk his teeth into Mydei's flesh, breaking through his skin, and was licking up the small crimson droplets rising to the surface.

Mydei's chest heaved, his eyelids slowly blinking open and before he could ask Phainon what that was about, his husband's lips were already on him again.

Phainon pressed a trail of kisses from Mydei's inner thigh to his slick folds, humming as his tongue licked up along his slit.

A low moan left Mydei's lips; his back hitting the sheets as his head fell back onto the pillows again.

Phainon's hand found Mydei's other thigh, lifting it so that his husband had both of his legs hooked over Phainon's shoulders.

Mydei's hips rutted, rolling his hips to grind against Phainon's tongue, more moans and groans spilling from the blonde's lips.

With Phainon's work schedule this week and with Mydei's bakery hours, they haven't really had much time to themselves. So it truly has been a while, so much so that Mydei felt like he could come just from this.

Phainon's tongue circled his clit, suckling and kissing on it until Mydei was rutting against his mouth, chasing more friction, lost in pleasure.

Phainon always loved seeing him like this; it sent zaps of electricity coursing through him that had his blood boiling in his veins, Mydei's whines and moans going straight to his cock.

At the sight of his husband like this, Phainon doubled his efforts, one hand moving just below where his mouth was busy, two fingers sliding into Mydei's leaking entrance at once, despite the slight initial resistance.

Phainon curled his fingers, grazing Mydei's inner walls, finding that sweet spot that always made his husband choke on his moans. And all it took for Mydei's orgasm to crash over him was two, three thrusts of Phainon's fingers.

His hand tightened into Phainon's hair, back arching as sweet, intense waves of pleasure washed over him at once. "Fuck—" Slick gushed out of him, translucent liquid splashing onto Phainon's face as Mydei's cunt spasmed around his fingers, sucking them in eagerly.

Phainon hummed around his clit, moaning at the taste of his husband's release flooding his mouth and dripping down his chin, crystalline droplets running down along his throat.

He swallowed down eagerly, drinking up whatever spilled into his mouth as Mydei kept rutting against him, until his husband's body fell limp on the bed, wracked by aftershocks.

"God.. you came so much.." Phainon pulled back, wiping his lips and chin with the back of his hand as he looked down at the sheets beneath them, soaked with Mydei's release. He gently lifted Mydei's legs, letting them rest on either side of him for now.

Mydei only whined in return, his mind hazy, chest still heaving.

"My turn now, then?" Phainon chimed, a grin on his lips as he flipped Mydei onto his stomach, lifting his hips to angle them better. His hands moved quickly, undoing his pants and pulling his length out of his pants, freeing it out of its confines.

Phainon hissed softly at the contact of the cool air against his cock, throbbing in his palm as he stroked himself slowly, shaft wet with precum and still spilling as more of it was beading on the head.

One hand gripped Mydei's hip, the other aligned his cock with his husband's entrance.

Mydei felt the breath knocked out of his lungs, a whine breaking in his throat, closer to a shriek than anything as Phainon slammed into him. The searing pain of being split open sent a jolt of pleasure up Mydei's spine.

Phainon threw his head back, whimpering as he bottomed out. The tight heat enveloping him was way too overwhelming. He had to calm himself down, otherwise he would end up cumming right then and there.

Phainon leaned down, pressing kisses along Mydei's spine, nipping at his skin. He sank his teeth into the flesh, leaving another bite mark just above his tenth thoracic vertebra.

Mydei's eyes watered, his hands tight on the sheets as he pressed back into Phainon's cock, trying to take it even deeper, impatience building up fast in him.

After placing one last kiss onto Mydei's nape, Phainon straightened back up, hands gripping Mydei's sides with a bruising force before pulling back until the head of his cock barely caught at Mydei's entrance.

Mydei whined at the loss, trying to fuck himself back onto Phainon's cock.

A breathless chuckle left Phainon's lips, leaning down to press a kiss to Mydei's shoulder, "I know, I know, I got you, baby."

He slammed back inside of him, burying himself to the hilt in Mydei's heat.

Mydei's body jolted, tears spilling, rolling down his face and onto the pillow beneath his head.

Phainon's hand threaded into Mydei's hair, tightening around the blonde strands, pulling his head back to get a better view of his husband's face. He kissed Mydei's tears away, rocking his hips into him again, pushing a broken moan out of his lips.

"So pretty.." Phainon whispered in between thrusts, voice gruff with effort as he pounded into Mydei's warmth. "So beautiful, all for me."

The sharp sting of Phainon's hand tugging at his hair was enough to send Mydei off the edge, another orgasm rippling through him.

Mydei's moans melted into frantic whines, chanting his husband's name into the pillow as he sobbed, one of his hands moving lower to feel the bulge of his lower abdomen every time

Phainon thrust into him, so deep he could feel him in his cervix.

Feeling Mydei's walls clamp down on him, Phainon hissed, his grip tightening on Mydei's hair. "Mydei, you.." Phainon's voice was wrecked, strained as he rocked his hips into Mydei, fucking him through his second orgasm. He wasn't that far off himself. "Fuck."

Phainon's hand released Mydei's hair, coming down to grip his hips instead, spreading him open, thumb catching onto the soaked lace of his panties, pulling them to the side to watch his cock slide in and out of him, glistening with Mydei's arousal.

"You're killing me here.." Phainon whimpered, his forehead resting on Mydei's shoulder blade. His heart was hammering in his chest, threatening to break free from his ribcage.

Mydei felt a surge of pride in his chest at the sound of his husband's whimper.

As aftershocks wracked through him, Mydei's muscles tightened, then relaxed, hands splayed out on the sheets, pushing himself up so that he was on his hands and knees.

He bit down on his bottom lip as he pressed back against each one of Phainon's thrusts, meeting him halfway.

"Are you— Fuck.." Mydei groaned, a particularly hard thrust nearly sending him toppling back down on the sheets. "Are you close? Gonna cum in me?" He purred, tilting his face to look at Phainon.

"Mydei.." Phainon bit down on his bottom lip, barely holding himself together, the words coming out as a pitiful moan.

"Do it," Mydei's back arched, his walls fluttering around Phainon's cock, each drag nearly mouth-watering. "Come on, sweetheart, fill me up."

Phainon's ears rang as he felt his body tensing, Mydei's voice throwing him over the edge.

His climax hit him like a freight train, head thrown back as he spilled into Mydei's welcoming heat, his hips stuttering.

Mydei groaned, slumping back against the pillows, one hand splayed over his lower abdomen, feeling where his husband was filling him up.

Phainon's thrusts slowed as he rode out his high before oversensitivity settled in. He leaned over Mydei's frame, draping over his back as he nuzzled into his husband's neck.

"Love you, love you, love you.." Phainon murmured, peppering kisses all over Mydei's neck, his jaw, then his cheek. His tongue darting out to lap at the thin layer of sweat coating his husband's flushed skin.

"I love you too," Mydei laughed, breathless as he tilted his face to the side, giving Phainon more room to kiss.

Phainon grinned, placing one last kiss on Mydei's lips before pulling back, hands caressing up and down Mydei's sides. "I'm pulling out now," he whispered, hissing at the drag of Mydei's tight insides around him.

Mydei nodded, unable to suppress his groan of discomfort at the sudden emptiness.

Phainon watched as his release spilled out of Mydei's used hole, dripping down his inner thighs. He swallowed thickly, feeling another shiver running up his spine as his spent cock stirred between his legs. He drew in a shaky inhale, almost as if in a trance; he reached his fingers, pushing back his release inside of Mydei.

Mydei's body jolted, burying his face into his pillow, muffling a whimper.

"What are you doing?!" Mydei croaked, voice breaking as he turned to glare at Phainon, who simply gave him a sheepish smile, "Making sure none of it goes to waste," he answered, leaning in to steal a quick kiss from Mydei's lips.

He moved to lay next to him instead, taking him into his arms. Mydei's back pressed against Phainon's chest, their breathing slowly returning to normal as they laid there, bathing in the afterglow.

“Seriously, Mydei, thank you.” Phainon murmured against Mydei's neck, his voice softer, sincere.

Mydei sighed softly, biting back whatever comeback he had in mind before turning to face Phainon, pinching his nose playfully.

“There is no need to thank me,” He wrapped an arm around Phainon’s neck, pulling him in for a kiss; a proper one this time, slow and sweet, one Phainon was more than happy to reciprocate. “You're always welcome, my love.”

Phainon’s heart raced in his chest, his cheeks flushing. He loved whenever Mydei called him that.

“So.. round two?” Phainon grinned, batting his lashes at Mydei, who could practically see his husband's tail wagging for the second time that night.

“You're impossible..” Mydei sighed, feigning exasperation as he shifted to lay on his back, his eyelids fluttering shut, drawing in a breath.

“Oh? What is this I'm hearing? Are you saying I wore you out that quick?” Phainon teased, his brows drawing up.

Despite the concern on his face, Mydei knew that tone better than anyone.

He was challenging him.

Mydei wasn't letting him win this one.

Not that easily, at least.

In a swift motion, Mydei straddled his lap, his hands resting on either side of Phainon’s head, who was beaming up at him.

“As if.” Mydei’s lips curved into a smirk, leaning down to capture Phainon’s lips into a rough, hungry kiss, the flames of heat rekindling once more.

“Yeah? Let's see how long you last then.” Phainon's hands found Mydei's hips, the lace still framing his skin.

“Deal.”

End Notes

Phaidei Consumed My Brain Enough to Raise me back from the Dead To Write...

This Fic Was Beta-read by my Lovely Friend Seal 🐧 (Thank You Again)

And Thank you Phaideilings for reading, I Hope You Enjoyed It ! ❤️

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