

normal gym day with your boyfriend, definitely nothing gay going on.

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normal gym day with your boyfriend, definitely nothing gay going on.

by [yuyarchives](#)

Summary

“We’re only working out,” Mydei warned, crossing his arms to his chest. “No funny business, I’m serious.”

Phainon blinked at him, then grinned, slowly, too slow.

Mydei felt a shiver run down his spine.

Fuck.

“Of course!” he said, far too innocently. “Of course, just a normal workout, of course.”

Notes

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

Mydei was finishing up his registration at the front desk, one hand resting on the counter while the other adjusted the strap of his bag.

“I’m just here to try it out today,” Mydei cleared his throat, handing the papers back to the employee behind the counter, a tall striking man with sleek red hair, tied neatly behind his head.

“Very well,” the receptionist nodded, clearly pleased. “Welcome. I hope you enjoy your time with us today.”

Mydei returned the smile politely before turning away, stepping past the desk and into the gym.

Though he didn't exactly expect to run into Phainon the exact second he walked into the gym.

He had barely stepped past the entrance when Phainon's head whipped up, looking up from adjusting his wrist wraps, his eyes widening.

Then, in mere seconds, his surprise melted instantly into that stupid, beautiful smile his boyfriend saved only for Mydei.

Before Mydei could even lift a hand in greeting, Phainon was already crossing the floor in big strides, wrapping an arm around his shoulders and tugging him in without a second thought.

Clearly, Mydei showing up here was the best thing that had happened to him all day.

Mydei exhaled a silent laugh. He supposed he should have seen this coming, after all...

A couple days ago, when Phainon had come over, they had ended up tangled in Mydei's sheets.

Mydei had been half-asleep against Phainon's chest when Phainon murmured, “can we work out together?”

Mydei had shot him a glare, assuming he meant another round.

He had even parted his lips, ready to call him out, if for nothing more than for the shamelessness alone, until Phainon snorted, cheeks pink, shaking his head. “No, no. I mean at the gym. Actually work out.”

Mydei had grumbled something like “mm, I'll think about it,” and Phainon had only smiled, soft and satisfied, pressing a kiss onto the top of Mydei's hair.

And now, seeing Phainon practically wagging his tail beside him... Mydei was more than certain he'd made the right decision coming here after all, even if for nothing but seeing how brightly his boyfriend was grinning.

“You came!” Phainon squeezed his shoulder once more before letting him go. “I didn't think you'd actually show up, you know?”

Mydei couldn't control the smile pulling at his lips, nor the way his heart was racing in his chest. Phainon's grip on his shoulder felt nearly searing against his skin.

Heat rushed to his ears, so he turned away, reaching into his bag for his hair tie.

The distraction didn't help as Phainon's fingers brushed gently against the shell of his ear as if to say *'I saw that.'*

“I told you I'd think about it,” Mydei countered, brushing his hair back.

“Yeah, but still...” Phainon's hand settled on the small of Mydei's back, warm and steady, as he watched him with stars in his damn eyes.

Once Mydei had tied his hair into a low ponytail, Phainon grabbed his wrist and gently tugged. “Come on, I just got here too.” Mydei knew that was a lie, Phainon had told him he was at the gym over thirty minutes ago. “I'll warm up with you.”

“Wait.”

Mydei's voice stopped him mid-step.

Phainon turned back, head tilting in slight confusion. “Yes?”

“We’re only working out,” Mydei warned, crossing his arms to his chest. “No funny business, I’m serious.”

Phainon blinked at him, then grinned, slowly, *too slow*.

Mydei felt a shiver run down his spine.

Fuck.

“Of course!” he said, far too innocently. “Of course, just a normal workout, of course.”

Mydei narrowed his eyes, not hiding his suspicion.

That tone was not reassuring.

Phainon laced their fingers together anyway and tugged him toward the free weights with unmistakable excitement, practically humming with it.

If he kept looking at Mydei like that, “*no funny business*” was already a lost cause, and they hadn’t even started stretching yet.

They found an empty area to stretch, dropping onto their mats.

Mydei sank into a forward fold, muscles loosening with that sharp, satisfying pull. Beside him, Phainon mirrored the movement, his back straight, expression focused.

For a few moments, they stretched in silence, their breathing settling into the same rhythm.

But of course, that peace didn't last long.

It *never* did with Phainon.

Phainon glanced over, eyes flicking down Mydei’s spine.

“You’re tighter than usual.”

“Yeah?” Mydei snorted, turning to face Phainon, a suggestive tone in his voice.

Phainon choked on a laugh, his eyes widening, flush creeping up his neck, then his face. “No! No, I meant your posture!”

“Mm, sure you did.” Mydei grinned, sinking down again, exhaling through his mouth.

Mydei had expected a smart comeback, yet all he got was an exasperated huff, closer to a whine more than anything.

He stood up right again, inhaling through his nose.

Their eyes met for a brief, electric moment before they both looked away, pretending to refocus on stretching their muscles.

Next, they shifted into a butterfly stretch.

Mydei was about to sink into position, when he noticed how Phainon nudged his own legs further with his elbows, jaw tightening.

“You good?” Mydei asked, tone light as he turned his face to look at him.

“Yeah, just been sore since Tuesday’s session.” Phainon exhaled slowly, rolling his shoulders back. “You can push down if you want.”

“You sure?” Mydei raised a brow. “If I help, I’m not going to be gentle.”

“That’s why I asked.” Phainon grinned boyishly, practically batting his lashes at him.

That damn smile.. it always made Mydei's heart flutter in his chest.

Mydei moved behind Phainon, knees bracketing Phainon's hips, palms settling on his shoulders, before sliding down to the tops of his thighs. He applied just enough pressure to make Phainon breathe out through his teeth.

“Too much?” Mydei whispered, breath warm against Phainon's ear.

No response.

It took everything in Phainon not to pop a boner right then and there.

Phainon took a deep breath, closing his eyes.

Think of something else, anything..

“Phainon?”

Professor Anaxa's exams..

Yeah those are a turn off for sure...

“Phainon.”

“No,” Phainon gasped, his voice low. “Sorry, it's perfect.”

Mydei's eyes narrowed, fixing the back of Phainon's head.

That was when he noticed the red hue blooming across his boyfriend's nape and ears.

Aha, gotcha.

Mydei held the position, the corner of his mouth tugged upward despite himself.

He leaned closer, his chest pressing flush against Phainon's back. His hands sliding further up Phainon's thighs, giving the firm muscle a gentle squeeze.

Phainon nearly choked on his saliva, head whipping to the side. "Mydei—"

"Focus."

Mydei would be lying if he said he wasn't enjoying every bit of teasing Phainon, he was always so fun.

Mydei's arms flexed, digging his fingers deeper into the flesh of Phainon's thighs, earning him a barely muffled groan.

Phainon pulled away, sitting on his heels.

"Mydei.." He whispered, his voice husky as he turned to face Mydei. "What do you think you're doing?"

Mydei's breath faltered, but the slight smirk on his lips hadn't faded.

This.. amongst other things, was also a favorite of his, when teasing Phainon.

Seeing him like this, it only fueled the evergrowing fire in his loins.

“Helping you, of course.” Mydei answered, sitting back down on the mat.

Phainon squinted, not buying his lie, and quite frankly, Mydei made no effort in convincing him either.

“Whatever, my turn.” Phainon stood up, his expression unreadable as he stepped behind Mydei.

Mydei swallowed thickly; it was hard to focus with Phainon's hands warm on his hips as he pushed down.

Mydei didn't flinch or resist, he just sank deeper into the stretch, letting Phainon push him as low as he saw fit.

This part wasn't exactly new, the physical closeness. Doing it here however, in this setting, it felt different.

Mydei's train of thought was cut short when Phainon's hands, which should've stayed steady on his hips, kept drifting.

First it was a 'correction' to his posture that involved sliding a warm palm along Mydei's waist.

Then a 'helpful adjustment' that apparently needed his hand to wrap just a little too low on the curve of his hip.

And then, what Mydei was sure was absolutely not an accident, a squeeze of his ass before Phainon moved his hand back acting like nothing had happened.

So Phainon was teasing him back.

Mydei's eyes opened slowly, inhaling sharply through his nose. "...Phainon."

"Mm?" Phainon's nose was gently rubbing at his nape.

"You're getting a bit handsy."

“What? No, I'm just helping you stretch,” Phainon chimed, gently pushing down again. “Isn't that what you were doing?”

You bastard. Mydei inhaled sharply again, a dry chuckle leaving his lips.

“That wasn't stretching. That was you copping a feel.” Mydei didn't move, but his tone sharpened into a clear warning.

Phainon didn't even deny it, resting his chin over Mydei's shoulder. “Your form needed... guidance.”

He had the audacity to pout, as if his hands weren't still resting just a mere centimeter away from his backside.

“My ass didn't need guidance.”

“That's debatable,” Phainon murmured, fingers settling a little too comfortably at his waist again.

Mydei shot him a look over his shoulder, in both equal parts exasperation and flustered heat.

“Phainon. We are in public. Behave.”

Phainon grinned, caught but absolutely unrepentant.

“I am behaving.”

“You're not.”

“I aamm!”

“Phainon.”

At that, his boyfriend let out a soft laugh, finally easing his grip.

“You're impossible.” Mydei grumbled under his breath.

Mydei could feel the warmth of his hands long after they lifted, the phantom of every bold little touch burning against his skin.

Phainon noticed the faint flush climbing Mydei's nape, pride and desire curling into his chest.

If Mydei wanted to tease him, if he wanted to play their little game, who was Phainon to deny him?

Once their warm up was done, they moved to the weights. Each of them grabbed a pair of barbells and started their sets.

It didn't take much for Mydei to notice that Phainon wasn't really focused on his workout at all.

His reps were sloppy; hell, his eyes weren't even on the mirror or the ground.

Phainon's glances kept lingering a fraction too long, his hands brushing against Mydei, landing on his shoulder, his back, under the guise of "sorry, I'm trying to catch my breath," or "sorry, I almost slipped."

Mydei's eyes narrowed.

So that's how it is.

They were still playing.

Phainon was spending more energy riling him up than actually working out.

Mydei wasn't about to let that go unchecked.

He couldn't.

Both of them were too competitive for their own good.

Mydei finished his set with perfect form, chest heaving just enough to show the effort, then leaned in close as Phainon adjusted his stance. His hand brushed Phainon's shoulder, then wrapped around his neck, palm flat over Phainon's racing pulse.

Phainon's hand moved upwards, finding Mydei's hand immediately, brow lifting. "Hmm...?"

Mydei only smirked, stepping closer. "Careful. You're getting sloppy."

Phainon opened his mouth to argue, but Mydei seized the moment. He stepped closer, crowding Phainon's space, hip against hip, chest brushing chest, and then just as quickly, pulled back.

Phainon stumbled slightly, heart nearly stopping in his chest, lips quivering before he spoke up. "What the—?"

"Needed this, sorry." Mydei held up his water bottle, bringing it to his lips.

Mydei uncapped it, making sure to keep his eyes locked onto Phainon's as he swallowed slowly, not bothering to wipe away the droplets of water that ran down from the corner of his lip, to his throat.

Phainon groaned, shaking his head, though the grin didn't leave his face.

"This is enough for our first session, yeah? Let's shower." Phainon blurted out, his hand wrapping around Mydei's wrist, gripping it just short of too tight.

"What? Now? We barely even did anything?" Mydei's brows lifted, confusion clear in his eyes. He could tell from Phainon's tone that it wasn't a suggestion.

Still...*now? Here* of all places?

"Phainon wait—" Mydei stammered, looking around.

The gym wasn't exactly packed, but there were still people around, and he didn't want to cause a scene.

"Hm?" Phainon stepped closer, his arm wrapping around Mydei's waist.

Mydei's breath hitched as he placed his water bottle back inside his bag, trying so desperately to distract himself from the heat pooling into his core. "Not here."

Phainon only smiled, his fingers pressing closer letting Mydei feel him through the thin fabric of his shirt. “Of course not here, silly. In the shower.”

“That's not what I—” Mydei sighed, looking up finally to meet Phainon’s eyes in the mirror.

Fuck.

He shouldn't have.

Phainon’s eyes were hooded, desire nearly dripping from them as he held Mydei’s gaze, a dark and almost unreadable look filling them that only made Mydei’s knees tremble.

Phainon smiled at him, sickly sweet yet it didn't quite reach his eyes. He took a deep breath, sighing audibly before leaning closer, standing behind Mydei.

“Mydei, unless you want me to bend you over that bench right now,” Phainon whispered, his breath warm against Mydei's ear. “Let's go while I'm still asking nicely, hm?”

Mydei’s throat bobbed, his mouth felt dry all of a sudden, breath hitching, and yet...he couldn't tear his eyes off of Phainon.

No longer than a second later Phainon was off of him again, looking at him with his usual bright puppy eyes, an innocent grin on his lips.

“So? Let's go.” He pulled on Mydei’s arm, waiting for him to cooperate, though Mydei could tell his patience would snap soon.

Mydei's heart hammered in his chest, anticipation and desire burning inside him in equal measure.

"Fine." Mydei huffed under his breath, grabbing his bag, yanking his wrist away from Phainon's grip.

He walked past Phainon, purposefully knocking his shoulder onto Phainon's, not sparing him a second look.

Phainon's eyes were glued to Mydei's figure as he walked off to the showers, nearly drooling at the sight of his boyfriend's ass.

"Uhm.. are you done with the weights?" A soft voice pulled Phainon out of his trance.

"Oh, yeah for sure, can't talk now, see you later." Phainon nodded, dropping the weights to the floor and grabbing his bag.

He couldn't handle Mydei not being in his field of vision for any longer, especially not now.

Phainon all but bolted into the showers, *accidentally* locking the door behind him as he stepped into the locker room.

He set his bag down on the bench, heaving a sigh.

"Mydei?" He called out, looking around.

"Took you long enough." Mydei's arms wrapped around him from behind, his voice low as he purred right into Phainon's ear.

Phainon's hands rested over Mydei's, gently prying them off of himself so he could turn around. "Oh you're complaining now? I thought you were against this." His hand gently cradled Mydei's cheek, thumb caressing his skin, almost reverently.

Mydei drew in a sharp breath, hissing when Phainon's hand tangled into his now loose hair, wrapping it tightly around his fist.

“I should have known better though,” Phainon's grip tightened, tilting Mydei's head to the side.

He leaned in, breathing in Mydei's scent.

Mydei's lips parted, breathing heavier now, his heart hammering in his ribcage.

Phainon's other hand rested on Mydei's hip before moving lower, squeezing his ass through his shorts.

“..you get off on this.” Phainon whispered, sinking his teeth into Mydei's neck.

Mydei's brows knitted, eyes snapping shut at the sudden surge of pain. His hands found Phainon's wrists, digging his nails into his boyfriend's skin.

“Like you don't?” Mydei grinned, his hand closing around Phainon's jaw to draw him close, tipping his face up until their gazes locked.

Phainon didn't flinch.

Instead, his fingers tightened in Mydei's hair, harder this time. His fist closed at the base of Mydei's strands, yanking his head further back, enough to steal the breath from his lungs once more.

Mydei hissed sharply, a sound torn out of him before he could stop it, something between a whimper and a gasp. His spine arched on instinct.

Before he could recover, Phainon's other hand shot up, catching Mydei's wrist mid motion and wrenching it away from his jaw.

His grip closed around it, fingers digging into Mydei's skin, painfully so.

It was enough to leave a bruise, the thought alone made Mydei shiver.

Mydei's pulse spiked violently under his skin.

Suddenly the locker room seemed to tilt, the world narrowing down to the burn in his wrist, the sharp pull at his scalp, the way Phainon held him down, like he was making sure Mydei was not going anywhere.

His breath stuttered.

Phainon was good at this, almost too good. Mydei almost hated how easily Phainon could play him.

He *almost* hated that his body reacted despite himself, heat curling low in his stomach, thighs pressing tightly together, nerves lighting up everywhere Phainon touched him.

Mydei could feel himself practically dripping in his underwear, the fabric clinging to his skin uncomfortably.

Things only worsened when Phainon stepped closer and Mydei felt it instantly.

The press of his body against his own, the way the space between them vanished.

The lockers rattled as Phainon slammed him back against them, metal clanging loud in the narrow room.

And Mydei would have been complaining about the sound, had it not been for the impact that knocked the air from his chest, sharp breath tearing out of him despite himself.

Mydei's spine protested, muscles tensing on instinct, pride flaring hotter than the ache blooming between his shoulders.

Mydei swallowed, throat tight. He couldn't trust his voice with the state he was in, he knew the second he opened his mouth, only two words would tumble out;

Fuck.

Me.

His mouth felt dry.

His usual smirk wavered, just barely, and Phainon caught that, of course he did.

Phainon's grip tightened.

Mydei inhaled sharply, chest heaving as Phainon's thumb pressed into the inside of his wrist, holding him there.

His fingers curled uselessly, nails biting into Phainon's skin without any real purpose.

Truth be told, had he *wanted* to break free, he could have easily done so, well. not so easily, but he would have, nonetheless.

"Phainon—" Mydei started, but it came out rougher than intended.

Phainon smiled at the sound triumphantly.

His hand slid from Mydei's wrist to his waist, pinning him in place. His grip in Mydei's hair eased just enough to let his head fall forward but not enough to release him.

Not yet.

"Seriously Mydei, you don't get to rile me up," Phainon whispered, the hint of a whimper in his voice, " then act surprised when I take it seriously."

Mydei's breath came shallow now, chest rising and falling fast. Every nerve felt too close to the surface, too sensitive.

He could feel how tightly Phainon was holding him, could feel how easily he could make it worse, or better.

Phainon dipped his head, lips brushing Mydei's ear.

"You started this."

Phainon's leg moved to slot itself in between Mydei's thighs, pressing up against Mydei.

Mydei's eyes slid shut. His grip on Phainon's shirt tightened, not pushing him away, but pulling him closer.

He could barely think, even less so now that his boyfriend's leg was pressing against his pussy. The friction added by their clothes only made him shiver.

"..Yeah," Mydei admitted, barely audible.

The rattle of the door came suddenly, metal clanking against metal, followed by a sharp tug.

Then another.

And, another..

Mydei froze.

"Ah— son of a forkin'—" came a sharp, drawling voice from the other side. "You kiddin' me? This dang door's busted again?"

Phainon reacted faster than Mydei could, one hand coming up to clamp over Mydei's mouth, pinning him back against the lockers before he could so much as inhale too loudly.

Mydei's brows furrowed as he shot Phainon a glare.

Phainon only gave him a smile, not looking the least bit apologetic as he placed a finger in front of his own lips, reminding Mydei to stay quiet.

Despite Mydei's scowl, the furious flush on his face betrayed him entirely.

A slow, treacherous curl of something warm, searing even, settled low in his stomach.

He hated how much he liked it.

Phainon felt it.

Of course he did.

This bastard..

His breath brushed Mydei's temple in a quiet knowing exhale.

The footsteps outside lingered a moment longer before fading away, the door left alone at last. "I ain't gettin' forkin' paid enough for this...Rosey!"

Phainon didn't move his hand right away and when he finally did, Mydei took a second to breathe, then he pushed Phainon off of him.

"Shower," He started, hands already moving to undress, sliding his shirt off of himself. "Now."

They had barely made it to one of the shower stalls, when Mydei pushed Phainon against the cold tiles and Phainon was more than happy to play along.

Mydei's arms wrapped around his shoulders, pulling him flush against himself while Phainon's hands rested low on Mydei's back.

Mydei could feel, and see where Phainon's hardness was pressing against stomach. "This hard for me already?" He teased, face tilted slightly to the side as he wrapped a hand around his boyfriend's cock, giving him a few slow, tight pumps.

Phainon hissed, closing his eyes and throwing his head back, unintentionally bucking up into Mydei's fist, chasing after the sensation.

"Oh? Really? Should I say the same about you?" Phainon countered, eyes half lidded as his gaze raked over Mydei's body.

For a few seconds, his eyes remained fixated on the slick dripping down Mydei's inner thighs, then, slowly, he held Mydei's gaze again.

He lifted a brow, challenging him.

Mydei cursed under his breath, then dove in, capturing Phainon's lips into a hungry kiss, lips and teeth clashing against one another.

Phainon moaned into the kiss, his lips moving against Mydei's, while his hands traced the familiar expanse of his back as if he were trying to memorise every inch again for the first time.

Mydei pressed closer, fingers tangling into Phainon's hair, heart hammering hard enough he could hear it ringing in his ears.

Phainon's tongue delved into Mydei's mouth, tracing over his teeth before finding Mydei's own.

Mydei let out a soft groan, suckling on Phainon's tongue.

"Mmf- Phai-" Mydei's words melted into a moan when Phainon slotted his leg in between Mydei's own.

It was almost embarrassing how Mydei wasted no time, rutting forward, chasing more friction as he moaned into Phainon's mouth.

"Fuck," Phainon growled, his thoughts coming to a halt at just how wet his boyfriend was.

His hand gripped Mydei's hips, guiding him down harder as he flexed his thigh, lifting it just slightly to press harder against Mydei's wetness.

Then a faint twist of the tap echoed beneath the kiss. Mydei froze for the briefest second, looking towards the sound.

Phainon's hand had found the shower handle.

Warm water hissed to life, splashing over Mydei's shoulders, trailing down the arch of his back.

Mydei shivered, tilting his head back instinctively, breath hitching as droplets slid against his skin.

Phainon however didn't pause, didn't ease the pressure.

If anything, he pressed closer, now with lips grazing along Mydei's jaw and neck, licking over the spot he had bit earlier in the locker room, new bruises blooming all around it.

Phainon lifted his leg just slightly and Mydei's grip on Phainon's shoulders tightened, leaning into him.

A faint laugh, husky and low, brushed against his ear. "You're so cute like this," Phainon murmured, his hand coming up to brush Mydei's hair out of his face, tucking it behind his ear.

Mydei's breath hitched again, he was too far gone, his mind hazy with desire, but... This wasn't enough.

He needed *more*.

Mydei rested his head on Phainon's shoulder for a second, breathing in.

"Phainon," Mydei whispered, forehead still pressed against Phainon's skin.

"Yes?"

"Fuck me."

Phainon's breath stuttered, his cock leaking from where it was pressed in between the both of them, smearing precum against their skin.

Phainon cupped Mydei's face, pulling him in for another quick kiss before stepping back.

And sue Phainon, but he was a weak, weak man when it came to Mydei.

After all... How could he refuse when his boyfriend was asking him like *this*?

"Turn around."

Mydei pulled away from the kiss with visible effort, breath uneven. His gaze was fixed on Phainon's lips, but he pulled himself out of that trance after a beat or two.

Mydei nodded once, short and reluctant, before turning his back to Phainon.

His hands found the towel rack automatically, fingers curling tight around the cool metal as he leaned forward just enough to brace himself.

Steam clung to his skin, his back flushed, shoulders rising and falling with each shallow breath.

Phainon stilled behind him for a moment, forcing himself to slow down.

Fuck.

Breathe.

Phainon shivered, the sight alone almost undoing him.

“Mydei..” Phainon whispered, reverently running his hands up and down Mydei's sides. He rested his forehead between Mydei's shoulder blades, breathing his scent in. He always smelled so *good*.

It drove Phainon mad.

His hands caressed their way higher, fingers splaying out over Mydei's pectorals, giving the flesh a firm squeeze.

Mydei immediately felt the tension easing from Phainon's grip, the way his breathing slowed once he had something familiar beneath his hands.

He snickered quietly as his hand moved back, fingers threading through Phainon's hair. Phainon was too adorable for his own good, at times.

He exhaled, shoulders melting as he pressed forward into Phainon's hands.

If this was what calmed Phainon, if this was what he needed, then Mydei would give it without a second thought.

Phainon could only respond with a soft, shuddering sound, his hands fondling Mydei's chest briefly before gliding back down over his wet skin, settling gently on his sides.

After a few seconds of calming himself down, Phainon's hips rolled forward, grinding against Mydei's backside.

Phainon's cock slipped in between Mydei's cheeks, the warmth of each slide tearing a sharp breath from his chest as he pressed closer, chasing the friction.

He was already hard and leaking, each slide even smoother, thanks to the water and the precum coating his shaft.

Mydei's breath stuttered in response, his forehead resting against the cool tile wall, the chill of it barely doing much to cool him down.

“Spread your legs a bit, baby...” Phainon rasped into his ear, lips brushing his nape, pressing open mouthed kisses to his flushed skin.

Mydei obeyed with a shaky exhale, his back arching as his stance widened, shoulders lowering slightly. His grip tightened around the towel rack, knuckles whitening.

Phainon leaned back, guiding himself to where Mydei was wet and aching. He rutted forward, grinding his cock in between Mydei's slick folds, earning him a muffled groan from Mydei's lips.

They didn't have time for this. Phainon knew it that much.

Anyone could walk in at any moment, but the thought only made it harder to stop.

Mydei's knees buckled with a startled gasp.

Phainon reacted instantly, one hand gripping Mydei's thigh, fingers digging into the muscle to keep him steady.

The motion pushed Phainon's cock against Mydei's wetness, the head catching at his entrance making Mydei gasp.

"God— Phainon," Mydei hissed, turning his head just enough to glare back at him. "Stop stalling."

"Alright.." Phainon murmured, breath uneven. "Alright."

Phainon nodded, his hand wrapping around his length, guiding it to Mydei's leaking cunt.

He held his breath, as he breached into Mydei's tight heat, feeling it wrap around him.

Mydei swallowed down a moan, his forehead resting on the cool tiles.

The steam curling around them was making him lightheaded, and Phainon's cock spreading him open wasn't really helping.

Phainon braced himself with one hand on Mydei's shoulder, the other gripping his hip as he moved deeper, his breath breaking into a low sound against Mydei's ear.

Just then, the locker room door rattled.

"I'm tellin' you, Rosey, these doors've been actin' up all week..." a voice muttered, followed by the sharp clack of the handle being tested again, metal scraping as the lock finally gave way.

A pause.

Then a softer sound, a second pair of footsteps.

A sigh answered him, "Then we shall report it again," the second voice said calmly. "This should be a place of comfort, not inconvenience.."

There was a brief stretch of silence as they stepped fully inside.

Mydei's eyes flew open. "Phai—"

Phainon's hand clamped over his mouth and nose, firmly holding him still as the sound of the door swinging open echoed nearby.

"Just— stay quiet for me, yeah?" Phainon whispered, voice low in Mydei's ear.

Water pounded against the tiles, masking the sounds of their bodies as he moved again, albeit slower now.

"...Huh," the first voice drawled. "Well I'll be— guess someone was locked in here."

Footsteps shifted closer, slower now. Curious.

Mydei's breath hitched beneath Phainon's palm, his hands tight on the towel rack.

His breath was already shallow, but it turned even more labored as Phainon's hand pressed down firmly.

The haze in his head deepened.

Pleasure, adrenaline, and the struggle for air blurring together into something dizzying and overwhelming, something he couldn't help but crave more of.

He felt himself growing wetter, a fresh gush of slick spilled from him, right where Phainon was still thrusting up into him.

“Anyone in there?” The calmer voice called, knocking against the glass door of the showers.

Phainon cleared his throat. “Y–yeah!”

But he didn’t stop.

“Door’s been jammed for a few, but it’s fixed now—uh... you ain’t drownin’ in there, are ya..?”

Mydei’s legs trembled violently, his breath shallow and desperate as the sensation built up overwhelmingly fast.

Fuck, fuck.

As much as Mydei would hate to admit it, something about his boyfriend keeping the conversation going while thrusting into him only pushed him dangerously close to the edge, shivers running down his spine.

It unraveled something he didn’t even know about himself, startled at just how much he liked it.

“Oh– I’m f–fine,” Phainon replied, words stuttering despite his best effort to sound casual.

Mydei whimpered softly against Phainon’s hand, the sound loudly echoing despite the hissing of the water around them.

The voices outside hesitated, whispering amongst themselves before speaking up again. “... ya sure partner?”

Phainon's thrusts came to a halt, pulling out until only the head of his cock remained inside Mydei.

Mydei's heart nearly stopped, dread and anticipation warring in his mind at the thought, no, at the knowledge of what was to come.

Mydei knew that pause.

He *knew* his boyfriend too well.

Fuck, fuck, fu—

Mydei barely had time to brace himself before Phainon surged forward again, slamming inside of him.

“Yep!” Phainon answered, voice bright and steady.

Mydei's vision went white, pleasure crashing over him as he gripped the towel rack with everything he had, knuckles burning.

His eyes rolled back, body trembling as Phainon repeated the motion once more, pulling nearly all the way out only to slam into him once more.

Pleasure rippled through Mydei's body, his orgasm washing over him in intense waves, muscles tensing with each thrust.

Phainon noticed *this* too.

His eyes widening in surprise at the way Mydei's cunt gripped him tightly, nearly pushing him over the edge too.

"Alright..." the voice said at last. "We'll... leave ya to it."

There was a short pause, followed by some hushed murmurs then the footsteps slowly retreated, the door closing at last.

Phainon's hand didn't move, Mydei was growing lightheaded by now.

Phainon exhaled sharply, the last bit of his restraint snapping as he moved again, faster now, chasing his own release.

Phainon's hand pulled Mydei back until his head was resting over Phainon's shoulder and at that, Mydei's walls fluttered around him, sending him over the edge.

Phainon threw his head back, a shudder wracking through his spine as he came, his cock pulsing inside of Mydei's cunt.

"Mydei," Phainon breathed, voice fraying under the desperation taking over him. "Mydei—My..." his moans melted into whinier, needier sounds as his hips rutted forward in shallow thrusts, spilling inside of Mydei.

Phainon kept moving, clinging onto the sensation of Mydei's tight walls around him, refusing to let it go. Only once he was too sensitive did he slowly pull out, wincing slightly at the rawness of the feeling.

Phainon's eyes softened, watching with intense focus and awe as his release dripped out of Mydei.

Mydei yanked Phainon's hand away from his mouth, turning to shoot him a glare.

"Sorry, I got too carried away.." Phainon murmured, his hand scratching at the back of his neck.

"Yeah, right." Mydei didn't believe him at all, and he made a point of showing Phainon as much, raising a brow at him as he leaned back, chest heaving as he caught his breath.

Phainon only gave him a sheepish grin. He looked around for a brief second, before slowly sinking to his knees in front of Mydei.

"Phainon... What are you doing?" Mydei's lips curled into a small smile, his hand automatically moving to rest over Phainon's head, carding his fingers through the pale blue strands, pushing them back to expose his forehead.

Phainon always looked handsome, that went without saying, but seeing him with his hair back always made Mydei's heart flutter.

"Since we're already in the shower.." Phainon murmured, grabbing one of Mydei's legs , guiding him to hook it over his shoulders.

He nuzzled into the soft flesh of Mydei's inner thigh, pressing a kiss to it.

God, Mydei always smelled so, *so* good. It was intoxicating, addicting. Phainon could never get enough.

"Let me clean you up?" Phainon looked up at him through his lashes, moving closer to lick a stripe through Mydei's slit, gathering the slick of their combined release, only coming to a

stop at Mydei's clit, pressing a kiss there. "Please?"

Mydei shuddered, hips stuttering, oversensitive.

"You're insatiable, seriously.." Mydei sighed quietly, his fingers tightening into Phainon's hair.

"You taste so good, I can't help it." Phainon whined, burying his face deeper into Mydei's wet folds.

Mydei gasped, rolling his hips to grind against Phainon's tongue, chasing after the friction.

Phainon took it as a cue to double his efforts, hands coming up to grip Mydei's thighs.

His tongue traced Mydei's slit, before curling around his aching, sensitive bud, not minding the fact he could taste himself on his boyfriend's flesh. If anything, it only made Phainon's cock leak in between his legs.

Mydei threw his head back, lips parting, soft gasps and pants spilling from him as he gripped Phainon's hair tighter.

Phainon hummed appreciatively, looking up at Mydei.

One of Phainon's hands caressed his thigh before sliding lower to where his mouth was moving in abandon, two fingers sliding easily inside of Mydei's heat, gathering whatever was left of his release, cleaning his boyfriend up properly.

Mydei's thighs trembled, clamping around Phainon's head, pressing him closer against him.

Phainon's eyes nearly rolled back, Mydei's taste and scent flooding his senses was more than enough to have him hard and leaking again.

He moaned around his boyfriend's clit, moving his fingers faster. He flattened his tongue under Mydei, giving him the proper surface to rut against.

Mydei's second climax was a lot more intense, surging through him as he rutted mindlessly against Phainon's tongue.

Mydei could barely breathe, his boyfriend continuing to suckle and lick at his peak, his fingers curling and relaxing faster.

The pads of his fingers grazed that spot that always made Mydei's toes curl, over and over.

Mydei's spine arched, his release spilling from him and coating Phainon's face, who lapped it up with no hesitation.

Mydei's grip on his hair loosened, his fingers brushing through his hair gently instead, petting him.

"Phainon.. enough." He whispered, voice hoarse.

Phainon didn't flinch, still nosing at Mydei's flesh, pressing kisses dangerously close to where oversensitivity had started to settle in.

"Phainon."

Phainon let out a petulant whimper but nodded, hesitantly pulling himself away then standing up properly.

He cupped Mydei's face, pulling him in for a kiss. One which Mydei more than eagerly returned, his hands coming up to rest over Phainon's.

"We really should hurry up and leave though.." Phainon murmured, looking around following the sound of the locker room door creaking open, echoing through the showers, followed by the sound of something rustling and a locker swinging open.

Mydei pulled him in for one last kiss before whispering against his lips. "We should... but let me help you with that first."

"Huh?" Phainon's eyes widened at his words. "Help me with what?"

Mydei shot him a deadpan look, his warm palm wrapping around his boyfriend's cock, giving him a slow, tight tug.

"A-ah— Okay- Okay..." Phainon bit down on his bottom lip, muffling his moan.

Phainon didn't last long.

How could he, with Mydei's hand firm and warm around him, moving with precision, holding him in all the right ways?

Mydei's lips roamed over Phainon's skin, biting and kissing, leaving marks on his flushed flesh.

Every low, whispered praise.

Every "*So good for me...*"

Every “*Good boy...*”

It all ignited Phainon all the brighter, sending him closer and closer to the edge, his core tightening with need as he bucked into Mydei’s grip.

The hiss of the nearby shower didn't really help either; Phainon’s nails digging into the tiles.

Even as he looked up to meet Mydei's eyes, his own glossy with need, Mydei’s hand didn’t falter.

He did however grant him some mercy.

Mydei stepped closer, offering his neck for Phainon to bite into, to stifle his noises.

Phainon accepted eagerly, a little too eagerly at that, sinking his teeth where neck met shoulder, spilling into Mydei’s hand not too long after.

Tremors ran through him, heat pooling low, body shuddering as Mydei’s murmurs soothed him, fingers brushing over slick skin.

The intensity subsided slowly, dissolving into the steam around them.

Mydei’s touch softened, gliding down to rest on Phainon’s sides, holding him gently as he peppered soft kisses along his skin, tracing a path from his clavicles up to his lips.

Another stall hissed to life, briefly bursting their bubble, but they quickly slipped back into their familiar rhythm, washing up together, running fingers through each other’s hair, sharing little kisses, light, playful, and endless.

When they finally stepped out, they moved as if nothing had happened, quickly drying off and dressing up.

Once they made it out of the gym, Phainon was beaming at Mydei, looking visibly refreshed, practically glowing.

His arm was looped around Mydei's own, hugging it close to his chest. "So? It was fun right?"

Mydei's steps faltered, and he turned to face Phainon, his expression flat and unamused. "You could have came over and we would have ended up doing the same thing anyway."

"But that's not the same! Working out with you around is so much more fun."

"Pfft," Mydei leaned close, voice dropping into a teasing whisper. "I didn't know you were that much of an exhibitionist."

"I could say the same about you." Phainon smiled, his mind already replaying the moments from just a few minutes ago.

His steps came to a halt, his lips hovering near Mydei's ear. "...Actually, I didn't know you liked it *that* much, if I did, I would have tried that a lot sooner."

"Just how many more secrets are you keeping from me, Mydeimos?" Phainon purred, pressing a kiss to Mydei's earlobe.

Mydei swallowed thickly, his brain short-circuiting.

Leaning in as if to kiss him, Mydei let his lips hover over Phainon's for just a moment. "Why don't you find out for yourself?" he whispered.

The instant Phainon melted into the touch, Mydei elbowed him sharply in the ribs, slipping free and walking a few steps ahead.

“You– Ow! Hey! Wait for me!” Phainon whined, stumbling slightly before catching up.

His fingers found Mydei’s again, lacing with his tightly. Phainon let out a dramatic groan, pouting exaggeratedly as he pressed closer. “Mydei… you’re so mean to me.”

Mydei grinned, drawing Phainon forward with a playful tug. “You love it.”

“Yeah… yeah, I do,” Phainon admitted, and there it was again, that stupidly beautiful radiant smile of his lighting up his face as he squeezed Mydei’s hand.

End Notes

Thank You For Reading, I Hope U Enjoyed..<33

(Please ignore any typos and Such..)

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