Eyes On You, Eyes On Me

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1526.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Honkai: Star Rail (Video Game)
Relationship:	Aventurine/Stelle (Honkai: Star Rail)
Characters:	Aventurine | Kakavasha (Honkai: Star Rail), Stelle (Honkai: Star Rail)
Additional Tags:	Nsfw, Comfort, Romance, Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-08 Words: 2,950 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Aventurine is suffering mental trauma and finds solace in Stelle's company... in a rather unexpected way.

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Getting a roommate wasn't a top priority, but Stelle managed to get one anyway, out of convenience. Though it felt like he was never there... But it was probably because he was busy at work. Either way, life had just gotten better for her since his arrival. When he was around, she never attempted to start conversation. She didn't need to. He did more than enough talking for the both of them. Whenever the two would chat, it was clear he was more carefree than she would've expected.

Out of curiosity, one morning, she had asked where he was from... since she'd never seen someone like him before. He tensed up and laughed it off, completely avoiding the question by chugging his morning beverage and hurrying out the door. It was odd, but since then, she's never pressed conversations with him too deeply. Clearly, something happened to him that he didn't want to open up about.

One night, she was sleeping away in her bedroom, filled with pleasant dreams. It was the middle of the night when the sound of a hesitant knock on her door slowly roused her awake. Her head turns towards the door as it opens. In the doorframe was the figure of a man. His eyes glowed in the dark -a rather neon magenta and cyan that softly illuminated part of his face.

What the...? Who was that?!

He glanced around and blinked a few times before locating her. Realizing Stelle was awake, he awkwardly cleared his throat. The sound of his voice is somewhat familiar—Aventurine??

His eyes glow?!

What could he possibly want at this hour?

"Stelle?"

"Hm?"

"Do you mind if I sleep here? I can't.... be alone right now." His voice is tinged with pain...

She blinked in surprise at the unordinary request, still quite taken with his eyes. But the concerning words he used had warranted her compliance. "Uh... sure, I guess," she finally responded. She wanted to ask if everything was alright, but had a feeling he wouldn't be up for talking about it. So she refrained. "Come on in."

He nodded and shut the door behind himself, glancing around her room awkwardly. It was pretty late so he was in simple attire; a pair of lounge pants and an unbuttoned shirt. He looked a bit messy, his shirt half tucked in and messy bed hair. He awkwardly approached her bed and sat on the edge, staring at his lap. Neither of them spoke. The atmosphere felt heavy, him fidgeting with his hands and taking a deep shuddering breath. Something was going on.

Stelle watched him in silence, suffering an internal tug of war on whether she should say something or keep quiet. "Soooo um... your eyes look really cool! I never knew they could glow in the dark," she ends up running her mouth anyway. A poor, awkward attempt at lightening the mood, but it was worth a try, right?

Yet, the impending silence that followed told her otherwise. It seemed it had no effect. Her face falls as she fidgets with her hands in her lap, pretending to take an interest in the walls around the room.

Despite his current distress, the corner of his lips did twitch upward into a half-amused smile at her comment. He appreciated the attempt at least, it gave him a distraction for a moment. "Thanks," he finally mumbled.

More uncomfortable silence passed between the two of them. The glow from his eyes seemed to dim for a few seconds before they brightened back up again. He sighed and buried his face in his hands. "Sorry if I'm bothering you at this hour. I just *can't* be in my room right now..."

"No, no, not at all. It's fine," she shook her head. "Really." Then offers him a smile. Not that it could be seen in the dark... "Um..." she was hesitant to ask, but out of concern does it anyway. "...You okay?"

He let out a humorless chuckle, running a hand through his already messy hair. His glowing eyes flicked downward to the floor. "Just... a bad night," he admitted vaguely. He shifted uncomfortably on the edge of the bed before exhaling sharply, as if trying to physically push the weight off his chest. "You ever get those moments where the past just... *catches up* with you?" he asked quietly, finally glancing back at her. His usual carefree mask was nowhere to be seen—just raw, exposed exhaustion.

Stelle took a moment to process his words. The way they hit home in just the right way. She looks down into her lap, clutching her blanket as she answers. "Yeah... I do..."

He nodded, sensing the weight in her voice. The shared understanding between the two was palpable—the familiar ache of past demons. He exhaled slowly, a weary sigh that seemed to carry the weight of countless sleepless nights. "...It's always worse at night, isn't it?"

Another rhetorical question. He knew the answer all too well. Nighttime was when the quiet became too loud, the thoughts too noisy, and the memories too vivid.

Instead of a response, Stelle scoots closer and wraps her arms tightly around his waist from behind, resting the side of her head against his back, where she could feel the beat of his heart against her ear.

"It's okay..." she said softly. "It's okay to not be okay."

His breath hitched as he felt her arms encircling his waist, the unexpected touch stirring something in him he didn't quite expect. Her head against his back felt like a small, comforting weight, seemingly grounding him. He half-closed his eyes, the glow of his eyes flickering before becoming softer.

The simple gesture—the gentle words—were like a small ray of light breaking through the dark clouds of his thoughts. He let out a shaky exhale, muscles relaxing ever so slightly under her embrace. "...Thanks," he murmured quietly.

"Mm," she nods, then pulls back and releases him from her embrace, before scooting back into her original position. The quiet of the room continues to feed into their thoughts.

The sudden loss of warmth left him almost aching, but he didn't let it show. His fingers twitched slightly at his sides, as if contemplating reaching back—but he kept them still.

Though the quiet continued to stretch between the two, it wasn't as heavy as before. Just a mutual understanding, a silent pact that neither of them needed to talk about.

After a moment, he flopped back onto the bed beside her, staring up at the ceiling. His neon eyes dimmed to a soft, ambient glow.

"Can I just... stay like this for a while?" His voice was quieter, almost vulnerable—a rare crack in his usual easygoing facade.

"...Yeah. Of course," she nods. Her eyes were quickly drawn to his again, quietly in awe.

He exhaled through his nose, the tension in his shoulders loosening just a fraction. The glow of his eyes pulsed faintly—like a heartbeat made of light—before settling into a steady, muted glow. He kept staring at the ceiling, but the tightness in his jaw eased slightly.

After a long moment, he finally turned his head just enough to glance at you, a faint, weary smirk tugging at his lips.

"...You’re staring. Are my eyes *that* fascinating?" The tease was weak—half-hearted at best, but it was an attempt at easing the mood.

She didn't even hesitate, looking into them deeply in a daze. "Yeah. I like them..." she said softly, moving to lay comfortably next to him.

His breath caught—just for a second—at the sheer honesty in her voice. No teasing, no ulterior motive—just simple, unfiltered admiration. The glow in his eyes intensified for a brief moment, flaring brighter before settling back to their usual soft luminosity. His lips parted slightly, as if he wanted to say something—but no words came out. Instead, he just... looked at her. Really *looked*.

"...You're weird, Stelle," he muttered, but there was no bite to it. If anything, his tone sounded fond. He turned his gaze back to the ceiling, but the faintest trace of a genuine smile lingered on his lips.

"Hey..." she lifted her hand to cup the side of his face and turns his head to meet her gaze. "I mean it," she spoke gently. Staring into his eyes with a dreamy-like expression.

His heart lurched in his chest the instant her hand touched his face, sending a jolt through his entire being. He couldn't help but stare back, expression a mix of surprise and... something

that mirrored her dreamy-eyed look. His breathing grew a bit ragged as he held her gaze, the glow in his eyes flickering softly.

He couldn't bring himself to look away. He didn't *want* to look away. Her steady gaze was magnetic, and he was caught in her orbit.

She felt him gently cover her hand on his cheek with his own, the warmth emanating from it bringing her further tranquility. She felt like she could look into those eyes of his forever. Truly, they were magnificent to her. Alluring. Majestic. *He* was majestic.

His fingers gently caressed the back of her hand, the touch almost reverent. In any other situation, he would've made a flirtatious comment, would've smirked, and teased her mercilessly. But not this time. Not when he was completely spellbound by her, and the softness of her touch.

His heart was pounding so hard he wondered if she could hear it, and for once, words failed him. His brain and body were at war, torn between his usual confident persona and the territory of vulnerability...

Slowly, their faces began to inch closer to each other's. Too caught up in one another by some strange pull. His breath hitched as the distance between you shrank—inch by inch—until all he could see was...

His eyes had flitted down to her lips. And then he was closing the remaining gap between them, pressing his lips to hers in a kiss that was gentle. Hesitant, as if he half-expected her to pull away at any moment.

But she didn't. And neither did he.

His fingers tightened ever so slightly against her hand, his pulse racing under her warm touch. She let herself sink into the tender dance of his lips on her own. A soft sigh quietly sounded through her mouth as her eyes shut. Somehow it felt right. Like a dream, even.

His hand slid down from her hand to her waist, gently pulling her closer as the kiss deepened slowly, experimentally. The other hand moved to cradle her cheek, thumb tracing feathery lines against her skin as if committing this moment to memory.

She heard the soft inhale of his breath, felt the quick beat of his heart. His lips moved against hers with a tenderness that was almost reverent, like every part of him was completely devoted to her. Then his grip on her waist tightened a fraction as the kiss deepened further, and with a growing fervor. His thumb on her cheek moved in slow, circular motions, the touch delicate and yet somehow possessive, as if silently marking her as his own.

He shifted closer, pressing his body even closer as his hand slid down to her thigh, gently urged her to bring her leg over his hip, and his breathing goes rapid and unsteady. Her own breaths had gotten raspy, and her body was quickly being overwhelmed with a surge of heat in response to his advances. Her hand sled down from his face to rest against his chest, all while he tugged her leg over his hip and rolled on top of her.

The moment she was under him, his free hand moved to her hip, the grip firm and possessive. The heat between them was electric and undeniable. His breathing was ragged, his heart pounding like a thundering drum as he stared down at her with a look of pure, raw desire in his eyes. And then his lips descended upon hers again, kissing her deeply, desperately, as his grip on her thigh tightened.

A soft gasp escaped her mouth—a quiet moan—as his mouth and hands told tales of his desire for her. His breath hitched sharply at the sound from her lips, and his hands quickly moved to assist her in undressing. His shirt was already halfway undone, but her touch made him impatient. He shrugged it off in one smooth motion, tossing it aside carelessly as he pressed himself back against her, the warmth of his bare skin sending shivers through them both.

His fingers fumbled slightly with her clothes until he managed to slip them off, mouth trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses down her neck as he did so. Each touch was slow but purposeful, wanting to memorize every inch of her. Her hands start to glide softly across his bare skin. Over his chest, along his arms, up his back, until they park on his shoulders with a light grip as she exhales shaky breaths. Her body responds to his greed with pure arousal, squirming beneath him.

His eyes darkened at the feel of her soft touch against his bare skin, his throat rumbling with a low, primal groan as he claimed her mouth in a searing kiss. His hands roamed her feverishly, burning with a desperate need to be closer to her. Every muscle was taut and coiled with tension. He rolled his hips against hers just to feel that delicious friction, the friction that made him want her even more than he already did. He needed her. Badly.

She audibly whines though their kissing at his taunt, the friction of his bare hardness against her now moist nethers fueled her craving to truly feel him in there. And it was like a spark to the flame, making him moan into her mouth and tease her again. He broke the kiss, breathing heavily as he looked down into her eyes, his own shining with need. "I want you," he murmured urgently, the words falling from his lips like a plea—almost a command.

"Please..." she softly begged, her body acting on its own accord to maneuver her hips, enough to brush his member against her opening. He let out a shuddering groan at the contact, his hips instinctively jerking forward at the sensation of her slick heat against his aching length. His hands gripped her hips tightly as he struggled to keep himself in check.

"Damn it..." he hissed through clenched teeth, body trembling. With a single deep breath to steady himself, he slowly, agonizingly so, pushed inside her, fingers digging into her skin as he bottomed out, his forehead dropping to her shoulder with a ragged exhale. Oh, she felt incredible.

He was wrecked already by the sheer sensation of her around him. She moaned blissfully at finally being graced with his devotion, arching back as she threw her head backward, clutching his shoulders. It was music to his ears. Her inner walls throbbed and squeezed at his erection.

It sent a jolt of pleasure through his entire body, and his hips jerk forward in response. He groaned, long and deep, with his head staying rooted to the crook of her neck as he

maneuvered himself greedily. He just couldn’t get enough of her. He savored every twitch of her body beneath him.

His pace quickened, thrusts becoming deeper and rougher. Every snap of his hips was deliberate, chasing the pleasure that only she could give him. One hand tangled into her hair, tilting her head back so he could reclaim her lips in a heated, messy kiss, and swallowed every sweet sound she made.

Her whimpers gradually increase in frequency and volume, as he worked himself into her with such feral intensity. She pulsed more and more as he drilled himself in over and over. The friction was too good it had long wiped her mind.

Every squeeze she made threatened to unravel him completely, his control slipping with each deliberate thrust. He could feel the coil in his abdomen tightening, the pleasure cresting higher and higher with every cry that spilled from her mouth. He buried his face in the curve of her neck once more, breath hot and against her skin.

His hips began stuttering as he chased his own release, fingers gripping her thigh almost bruisingly tight. And then, with one final thrust, he lost himself completely, letting himself erupt all of his seed inside. A shattered groan came tumbling out of him as pleasure tore through him like lightning.

The sensation of his release had triggered her own, causing her to cling to him even tighter than ever as her voice rings loudly.

Their bodies quaked together, riding out the waves of pleasure. Aventurine clung to her like a lifeline, body trembling with the force of his orgasm.

After what felt like an eternity, their breaths slowly returned to normal, and he finally lifted his head to look into her eyes. His gaze was softer now, but no less intimate, and he cupped her cheek tenderly.

Somehow, it all felt like magic. With just one look, everything changed. He could practically see the hearts in her eyes as they met with the adoration of his. She was utterly taken with him, and nothing was ever going to change that. She was simply his. Her heart belonged to him. And to him, she was everything.

As they gazed at one another lovingly, nothing needed to be said. They simply knew. Whatever darkness haunts them, they'd always be each other's light.

~Fin

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