# A Gift For a King

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/821.

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| Rating: | Not Rated |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Hetero (F/M) |
| Fandom: | Honkai: Star Rail (Video Game) |
| Relationship: | Mydei/Stelle (Honkai: Star Rail) |
| Characters: | Mydei \| Mydeimos (Honkai: Star Rail), Stelle (Honkai: Star Rail) |
| Additional Tags: | Wholesome |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2026-10-31 Words: 874 Chapters: 1/1 |

# A Gift For a King

by WriteOfMoon

Summary

Mydei has been worried about where his dearest comrade has been. Unbeknownst to him, he was in for quite a surprise.

**A Gift For a King**

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Stelle had been by his side since childhood. The first person he met in the River of Souls. The girl who followed and believed in him, staying by his side no matter the danger. The one who supported him the most. Mydeimos couldn't have asked for a better comrade in her.

On a less eventful morning in Okhema...

"For once in a lifetime, they're actually not together... where do you think Stelle could've gone to?" a passerby whispered to a friend of theirs, and with a curious smile that Mydei found less charming.

*Too chatty.*

"People have their own lives too, you know. You can't just stay glued to your partner 24/7. But back to your question- how have you *not* seen her? She was just-"

"Just where?"

All of a sudden, the Prince appeared from behind the two citizens, towering over them with crossed arms. Though he tried not to look down on them... the difference in height made it quite difficult.

The male resident laughs nervously. "Lord Mydeimos! What a pleasure to see you! Um.. Stelle! Yes... she's right... uhhh..." the man appears to be looking behind Mydeimos.

A tap on said Prince's back made him turn his head. It was Stelle herself in the flesh.

"...I was almost beginning to think you were taken away after you didn't read my messages on the teleslate. Almost," he said, leaving the already forgotten gossipers, who ran away 'as quietly as possible'.

"Missed me that much?" Stelle teased with a grin as she rested a hand on her hip.

Mydeimos scoffed softly, though his eyes had a glint of amusement in them. "Hardly," he replied, trying to sound nonchalant. "I merely thought you were planning something... again," he paused, recalling previous events before crossing his arms. Like the time she rode a herd of Dromases across the whole forsaken continent and shook the ground crazy.... and then tried to blame it on Anaxa. "You have a talent for finding trouble," he adds.

"Oh, come on! It's not *all* the time," she chuckled. "But, if you must know, I indeed have been planning a little something. A surprise for you, actually," she informs, unable to hide the eagerness in her voice as her face beams.

Mydei raised a brow, his expression gradually forming into one of curiosity. This was... new. "A surprise?" he repeats, his tone now tinged with skepticism. He knew her too well to believe that a surprise didn't involve some level of chaos.

"Uh uh, I know that look. It's nothing troublesome, I promise! Chartonus can even vouch for me," she attempts to defend her dignity.

Mydei wasn't buying it, of course.

"Look, you can judge me after you see it, okay? Just come with me to the royal garden," she urged.

He sighs softly, resigning to her plea despite the corner of his lip having upturned. What sort of mess did she have for him this time? "Very well. I'm holding you to your words," he says. "Lead the way then."

Later on, after arriving at the garden, Stelle eagerly turns to face him. "Hold out your hand and close your eyes," she requests.

He does as told, extending a hand whilst shutting his eyes. His expression was blanketed with both curiosity and suspicion. "I hope this isn't another one of your pranks," he added with a hint of warning in his voice.

Ignoring his comment, she places the tiny gift in his palm. He'd find it feeling very warm to the touch.

"You can open them now," she says.

In his hand, he'd lay eyes on an all too familiar-looking ring. One that resembled his mother's in every aspect.

"Happy birthday, Mydeimos- May the Son of Gorgo be crowned in blood!" She congratulates him with her warmest smile.

Mydei was surprised beyond measure.

"I know how much you miss her. And that you lost your only memento of her some years ago. So, I commissioned Chartonus to recreate it for you," she explains sincerely. "I thought it would make a great gift for you, with the time for your ascension to the throne approaching and all. Do you like it?"

He carefully held the ring in his palm, a sense of nostalgia and bittersweet memories washed over him in waves. He quietly studies the familiar details of the ring; a perfect replica of his mother's legacy. His expression softened drastically, a mix of gratitude and vulnerability. His voice carried a hint of emotion as he spoke. "...It even feels the same." He looks up at Stelle, meeting her eyes, filled with genuine appreciation. "...It's perfect. Thank you."

"May your days be filled with everlasting bliss and your desires be fulfilled in your favor, Mydeimos," Stelle warmly graced him with her heartfelt wishes.

Mydei's stoic facade seemed to crumble even more, touched by her thoughtfulness. He slowly puts the ring on, his fingers tracing the familiar lines of his mother's memory. "You never cease to amaze me, Stelle."

There was a moment of silence between them, filled with unspoken understanding and trust. Of a bond truly unbreakable. Mydei then found himself doing something he rarely did; with pride, he forms a small, gentle smile.

~ *Fin*

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