Delightful Mistake

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/861.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Honkai: Star Rail (Video Game)
Relationship:	Jing Yuan/Stelle (Honkai: Star Rail)
Characters:	Jing Yuan (Honkai: Star Rail), Stelle (Honkai: Star Rail)
Additional Tags:	Romance
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-10-31 Words: 836 Chapters: 1/1

Delightful Mistake

by WriteOfMoon

Summary

Stelle can't recall what occurred the night before. But her surroundings give her a good idea...

Delightful Mistake

The first thing she felt when she woke up was a crushing, brain-splitting headache. Her thoughts were fuzzy and undefined, muddled by an all-consuming force.

Stelle panicked. What happened to her? Why was she in so much pain?

Then she remembered the party.

The lights, the drinks, the laughs... She had gone out after work, accompanied by a multitude of friends, to celebrate another one of the Xianzhou Luofu's intergalactic victories.

Perhaps she'd indulged a little *too much* since she could feel the effects of everything she'd drunk in her very bones.

She slowly opened her eyes, shielding them from the early morning light, that flowed in through thin white curtains.

Hm...?

Those curtains.... They weren't hers.

She sat up immediately, causing her head to reel as if she'd just performed a somersault, and looked around.

The room was ornate and well-decorated, covered in mementos and awards. There were clothes strewn about the floor around the bed, and the sheets were tangled.

And beside her... was Jing Yuan. The General of the Xianzhou.

She had to suppress a gasp. The clothes on the floor were both his and her own, and he was currently laid beside her, dozing away.

What the hell happened last night!?

Jing Yuan began to stir. Stelle could only blink and stare at him while her mind was still spinning from the shock.

It seemed to take an excessive amount of effort for him to open his eyes, his head lolling against the pillow for a brief moment as he did so. He then sat up, running a hand through his messy hair before glancing over at Stelle, wearing an amused little smirk. A glint in his eyes shone. "Good morning," his voice was raspy from sleep as he spoke, a small yawn escaping his mouth. His golden eyes traced over Stelle's disheveled form before he chuckled. "Looks like you had a fun night."

"Me!? Do you mean to say that *I* caused all this??" her eyes widened further.

Jing Yuan chuckled again at her reaction, the amused glint growing into a warm look of humor. He leaned back against the headboard, folding his arms behind his head as he observed her bewilderment. "Well, you certainly didn't just happen to appear here on your own," he replied shamelessly, still smirking. "And if I do recall correctly, you were very eager last night."

Stelle's face heated at the implication, and she had to turn away to hide her face. "Oh no... What have I done?" she said under her breath.

The fact he blatantly admitted he let it happen willingly wasn't helping either. His smirk merely deepened, his gaze never leaving her as she turned away. The General seemed to be greatly enjoying her reaction, and thoroughly amused by the situation they had found themselves. He chuckles once more, shaking his head slightly as he spoke. "Don't worry, you didn't do anything *too* outlandish." His eyes traced over her profile, noting the subtle embarrassment on her face. His voice dropped, taking on a more teasing tone. "Besides... you were quite enjoyable."

Stelle whined in response, mentally reprimanding herself for things getting out of hand. A satisfied grin tugged at the corners of his lips at that. It was such a cute sound, and it seemed to fuel his amusement -and desire- even more. He observed the clear embarrassment on her face before he shifted closer, the mattress sinking under his weight. His warm hand found its way beneath her chin, a thumb tracing over her jawline, causing goosebumps to form on her skin. He turns her head, forcing her gaze to meet his.

An ethereal sight to behold.

His intense, golden eyes locked with her own... a mischievous look in them. And then, without warning, his mouth claimed hers gently. Her breath hitched, body stiffening momentarily, before she gradually succumbed to it.

Jing Yuan's free hand wrapped around her hip, pulling her closer until her body was flush against his. His tongue darted out, tracing playfully over her bottom lip, and occasionally nibbles on it as he deepened the kiss. He seemed to be relishing the moment, enjoying the feel of her body pressed against his... as apparent by his hardened arousal. Then his hand on her hip began to wander, gliding teasingly over her skin and finding all the spots that made her shiver. Eventually, he pulled away just enough to speak, his voice low and sultry. "...Still regret last night?"

No fair!!

She couldn't even muster a response. How could she say no after what he just did? He knew exactly what he was doing.

This sly, shameless lion.

Stelle simply gazes into his eyes shyly. *Aeons above*, he was magnetizing. She wanted to melt.

Jing Yuan chuckled softly at her lack of response. The sound low and velvety. He had her right where he wanted, looking quite satisfied at having succeeded in rendering her speechless. Then, with a lustful glare, he murmurs seductively: "That's what I thought."

~Fin

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