

Tyrant 150

Chapter 150: Truth

The door shut quietly behind him, sealing the room in its dim, evening silence. Trafalgar stood for a moment with his back to the wood, his eyes stinging, the tears finally breaking free. They slipped down his cheeks before he could stop them.

Mayla turned from the window. Her brown eyes widened at the sight. In all her years with him—through tantrums, silence, and endless nights of sorrow—she had never seen him cry like this. She had always been the one to comfort him, to bear his burdens silently at his side.

"Young master..." she began, but her voice faltered.

Trafalgar moved before she could finish. His steps carried him across the room in a blur, his arms wrapping around her tightly. He buried his face into her shoulder, the words he might have spoken drowned out by the rush of emotion clawing up his chest.

Mayla froze for only a heartbeat before her hands rose, resting gently against his back. She leaned her cheek against his dark hair, her voice a whisper. "You've grown so much while I was gone. I'm glad... truly glad that you're safe."

Trafalgar didn't answer. His throat closed, his heart heavy, as if two lives pressed against him at once—the boy Mayla had once tended, and the man he had become.

'It's not just his feelings. It's mine too. I... I care for her.'

The tears kept coming, silent but unstoppable. For a moment, the burdens of vengeance, duty, and power fell away. There was only this—the warmth of her presence, and the fragile peace of finally holding her again.

After a long moment, Trafalgar finally loosened his grip. He stepped back, wiping the moisture from his eyes with the edge of his sleeve. Mayla's smile was soft but steady, as though she had expected this from him all along.

"Sit," she said gently, motioning toward the bed. "We should talk."

He obeyed, lowering himself onto the edge of the mattress. Mayla sat beside him, her posture graceful, though the months in bed had left her thinner, more fragile.

"How have you been, young master?" she asked quietly.

Trafalgar shook his head. "No. Not me. You first. How do you feel? Are you in pain? Anything still hurting?"

Mayla tilted her head, a flicker of surprise in her eyes. "No... I'm fine now. Truly. Thank you for worrying, young master—"

"Stop." His voice cut sharp, though it trembled with something deeper. He turned to her, blue eyes steady. "Don't call me that anymore. No more 'young master.' Just Trafalgar. Please."

"But..." she began, hesitating.

"No buts," he pressed, his tone firm. "I failed you. I don't deserve the title."

For a heartbeat, silence hung between them. Then Mayla's lips curved into a smile—not of amusement, but of quiet affection.

"You know," she said softly, "while I was in the coma, I could still hear things. Faint voices. The footsteps, the whispers. Even you. You blamed yourself."

Trafalgar's chest tightened.

Mayla reached out, her hand brushing lightly against his arm. "It wasn't your fault. Not then. Not ever. I've always known what it means to be at your side. And I'll always choose it. Young ma—" She stopped herself, her smile widening faintly. "No. Trafalgar."

Trafalgar lowered his gaze, his fists tightening on his knees. The words weighed heavily, but he forced them out.

"Then you must have heard the rest," he said. "That I swore to find whoever did this to you... and make them pay."

Mayla's expression faltered for the first time. Her lips parted, but no sound came. She simply nodded, her silence carrying more weight than any protest.

"Good," Trafalgar continued, voice hardening. "It might take time, but I will keep that promise. Maeron, Seraphine, Rivena... anyone who had a hand in it, anyone who ever thought they could use me, break me—I'll kill them all if I have to."

The intensity in his words hung heavy in the room. Mayla lowered her eyes, but she didn't argue. She only breathed slowly, as though absorbing the truth of his resolve.

After a moment, Trafalgar's tone softened, his chest tightening with something else. "But there's something I need to say. Because of what happened, I feel like I've failed you... like I've used you. And I can't carry that without giving you a choice."

Her head lifted, puzzled.

"You're free, Mayla," he said. "If you want to leave this house, I won't stop you. I'll give you the money to start over, wherever you want, however you want. You'll never have to look back."

For a long moment, she only stared at him, her brown eyes wide. Then, slowly, she smiled—a smile full of warmth, almost teasing.

"And who would do your laundry then? Who would remind you of your duties? Who would scold you when you try to skip meals?" Her voice steadied. "I may have been gone for months, Trafalgar, but I know you. You need someone at your side."

Her gaze softened further. "If you don't want me as your maid, then I'll be your friend. That's... an upgrade, isn't it?"

The silence lingered between them, broken only by the faint whistle of wind against the window. Trafalgar finally drew a slow breath.

"Ahead of me... there are only problems," he said quietly. "I've already had to kill. And the number of corpses behind me will only grow. This... this is the path I've chosen."

"I know," Mayla answered without hesitation. Her tone was calm, steady, as if she had already accepted this truth long before he spoke it.

"And I'll change," Trafalgar continued. His voice dropped lower. "Not for the better. I already feel it—each time it gets easier. Each time, I feel less."

Mayla's hand closed gently over his. "Then I'll be here. To remind you of who you are."

Her words cut through him like sunlight breaking past clouds. For a moment, he couldn't speak. He could only stare at her, struck by how naturally she deflected his darkness with warmth.

'Always... she always has an answer. No matter what I throw at her.'