

Tyrant 207

Chapter 207: Under the Quiet Light [+18]

The faint hum of the crystal lamp filled the room, its golden glow reflecting softly against the walls. Neither Trafalgar nor Mayla moved after the kiss—they just stood there, close enough to feel each other's breath, unsure what to do next.

Trafalgar lifted a trembling hand and brushed a strand of hair from her cheek. Mayla's eyes met his, wide and uncertain, but she didn't pull away. Her heart was pounding; so was his. The silence between them was heavy, but not uncomfortable—it was the kind that carried everything they couldn't say aloud.

"You should rest," he murmured finally, voice low and rough.

Mayla shook her head gently. "Not yet... stay a little longer."

Trafalgar hesitated. His instincts told him to step back, to keep the distance he'd always used as armor. But this time, he didn't. He stayed.

They moved slowly through the small apartment, shedding the weight of the night. The dried blood on their clothes, the faint smell of smoke—it all reminded them of what they had survived.

Mayla looked at him again, a quiet resolve in her eyes. "We should clean up," she said softly. "There's still so much on you."

He nodded, voice barely a whisper. "Yeah."

For a moment, Trafalgar thought of the past—the version of him that never got to feel this close to anyone, that never learned what it meant to be wanted without fear.

Mayla stepped closer, her voice tender. "It's all right... you're safe now."

He met her gaze, and this time there was no hesitation. "I know."

They turned toward the bathroom together, the sound of running water soon filling the silence between their unspoken thoughts.

Steam filled the small bathroom, curling across the mirror and wrapping the air in warmth. The sound of water against tile echoed softly—a calm rhythm that felt almost unreal after the chaos of the night.

Mayla reached for the handle, adjusting the flow until the temperature was right. Drops of water clung to her skin as she glanced over her shoulder. Trafalgar stood by the doorway, still hesitant, his clothes damp with blood and dust.

"You can come in," she said gently, her voice steady despite the faint tremor behind it.

Trafalgar stepped forward slowly. He wasn't afraid of battle, or death, or pain—but this was different. Vulnerability always felt heavier than any wound. The steam blurred the distance between them, softening everything sharp and cold in his mind.

Mayla's eyes lingered on him for a moment, reading the silence on his face. "You don't have to force yourself," she murmured. "I know it's hard for you... after everything."

He shook his head. "It's not hard. Not with you."

She smiled softly, and that was enough. Together, they stepped under the water.

The heat hit his skin, washing away the scent of iron, the faint traces of battle. Mayla reached for a cloth and began gently wiping the marks from his shoulders. Trafalgar stayed still, eyes lowered, breath slow. Every movement she made felt patient, deliberate—like she was cleansing more than just the blood.

He lifted his hand and mirrored her actions, brushing the dirt from her arm, the soap gliding over her skin. Neither of them spoke. They didn't need to. The silence said enough.

When she finally looked up, their faces were only inches apart. Her lips parted, hesitant. "Trafalgar... are you sure about this?"

He met her gaze, eyes calm now. Then he leaned in and kissed her again, slower this time. "More than sure."

Both of them moved toward the bed, still kissing as they walked, unwilling to part even for a breath. The faint wet footprints they left behind marked the floor, traces from the shower leading through the quiet apartment.

The dim light illuminated them just enough for their eyes to meet, to admire each other fully for the first time. Mayla's hair was still damp, strands clinging to her neck. Trafalgar reached out without thinking, brushing one aside with trembling fingers. She looked up at him—no fear, no hesitation now—only the kind of nervousness that came with something completely new.

Trafalgar pulled away from her lips and began kissing her slowly, following the curve of her neck, savoring every soft sound that escaped her.

Mayla's breath hitched as he continued, her hands sliding across his shoulders. Trafalgar's movements were unsure, inexperienced, but gentle—each touch more about affection than knowledge.

Trafalgar finally reached her breasts. He began to play with one areola with his fingers, gently caressing it. Shortly after, he began to do the same with his mouth.

"Aah~~ Oh, Trafalgar~~ mmmph~" Mayla moaned in ecstasy.

He paused for a moment and whispered, "You like this, huh?"

Mayla let out a quiet moan, voice trembling. "I'm... a little sensitive there..."

Her words only encouraged him further. Trafalgar alternated between his hands and lips, finding a rhythm that made her body arch slightly toward him. Her voice grew softer, calling his name again and again. "Trafalgar... ahh..."

After a moment, he began to move lower, tracing kisses down her stomach until he reached between her thighs. He hesitated briefly, unsure, then decided to trust his instincts.

Trafalgar moved forward and kissed her lower lips, making her moan more.

"Hnngg~~ Aaah~ Trafalgar~~"

All her worries and thoughts disappeared as she felt intense pleasure from his mouth, Mayla couldn't stop moaning, as Trafalgar began to kiss her lower mouth with more intensity.

Then he raised his head again to look for her nipples, while he sucked one his hand continued playing with her lower lips, he was caressing it in circles.

Mayla's breathing quickened; her hands gripped the sheets tightly. "Trafalgar, stop~~ I'm... too sensitive right now~~"

But he didn't stop. Trafalgar wanted to keep seeing Mayla's face, and he was enjoying it. So he continued.

Because Trafalgar was caressing all her erogenous zones, Mayla was finally able to finish, her love juices staining the sheets. Mayla was able to reach her first climax of the night.

A sudden gasp escaped her lips, followed by silence. Mayla's body trembled, her cheeks burning as she covered her face with both hands. "I told you to stop..." she whispered, voice trembling with embarrassment.

Trafalgar leaned closer, his tone soft and warm. "It's all right, Mayla. You're beautiful like this."