

Tyrant 209

Chapter 209: Good Morning

Soft morning light crept through the thin curtains, spilling across the room in faint golden lines. Trafalgar stirred slowly, his body still heavy from exhaustion. The faint rhythm of another breath met his ear—a calm, gentle sound pressed against his chest.

He blinked once, his mind hazy, then froze. There was warmth against his side, a soft weight resting on his arm. He looked down. Mayla's head was lying over his shoulder, her hair scattered across the pillow like strands of silk, her lips parted slightly as she slept. The sheet covered them both, tangled halfway down their waists.

For a moment, Trafalgar just stared, hardly believing it. Then a single thought hit him.

'I did it... I actually lost my virginity...' His eyes widened slightly. 'YES! FUCK YEAH!'

He couldn't help the grin tugging at the corner of his lips. 'And not just with anyone—but with someone that matters to me. It wasn't meaningless... I didn't want a one-night stand, not even back on Earth when I had chances. I always said it'd be with someone special.'

The memories of last night flickered through his mind—slow, chaotic, real. 'And after the first time... when we both finished together... she asked if we could do it again. And, oh boy, she really woke me up.'

He exhaled softly, trying not to laugh. The early light brushed against Mayla's bare shoulder, her skin glowing faintly in the pale warmth.

It was early—too early, maybe. But at least he didn't have classes today. 'Lucky me,' he thought. 'Tomorrow I'll have to make up for everything I missed. Bartholomew can probably help with theory and history, but I'll need to practice too.'

His gaze drifted back to her sleeping face. 'What are we now? Lovers? It sounds naïve... but after what happened, it feels right. I'll ask her when she wakes up.'

He smiled faintly, brushing a strand of hair from her cheek. 'She's the person I trust most in this world... maybe that's enough for now.'

The light had grown brighter by the time Mayla began to stir. Her eyelashes fluttered, her breathing shifted, and a quiet sound escaped her lips. Trafalgar stayed still, watching as her eyes slowly opened.

The first thing she saw was a pair of deep navy eyes staring right back at her—calm, alert, and a little too close. For a moment she blinked, dazed, before the realization hit. Her cheeks turned crimson in an instant.

"Good morning," Trafalgar said quietly, his voice low but steady.

Mayla's lips curved into a small, shy smile. "Good morning, Trafalgar..." she murmured, her voice still soft from sleep.

The silence that followed was strangely comfortable—until she remembered everything that had happened the night before. The images flashed behind her eyes, and her blush deepened. Trafalgar noticed but didn't tease her; instead, he smiled faintly, as if sharing the same memory.

"How did you sleep?" he asked.

Mayla didn't answer right away. Instead, she moved a little closer, closing her eyes as her hand brushed lightly against his chest. Her heart was pounding fast, but she didn't hesitate this time. Slowly, she leaned in and kissed him.

It was a slow, tender kiss—unhurried, like the morning itself. Mayla's lips pressed softly against his, her eyes closed as she let the warmth between them speak. Trafalgar froze for a heartbeat, then melted into it, returning the kiss gently.

When she finally pulled back, her breath was light and shaky. "Does that answer your question?" she whispered, still close enough for her words to brush his lips.

Trafalgar let out a quiet laugh. "I guess it does."

He tilted his head slightly, studying her face. "Are you feeling all right? It's supposed to hurt a little, right?"

Mayla blushed again but nodded. "A bit sore... but I'm fine. Actually, I—liked it. More than I thought I would."

Trafalgar chuckled softly. "Didn't know you were that bold."

Mayla pouted lightly, turning her face away to hide the smile tugging at her lips. "Well... maybe you bring that out of me."

For a while neither spoke. Then Mayla's gaze drifted toward him, her tone quieter than before.

"Trafalgar... are you really okay?"

He blinked. "Huh?"

"You know what I mean," she said gently. "After what you went through — before. I just want to be sure you didn't... remember anything bad."

Her words lingered in the air like a shadow. Trafalgar lowered his eyes for a moment, then exhaled through his nose.

"I'm fine," he said. "With you, there wasn't anything to be afraid of. It felt right. The past didn't even cross my mind."

Mayla's shoulders relaxed as if a weight had been lifted. "Good," she whispered. "I asked last night too, but I needed to be sure. It's... a delicate thing."

Trafalgar nodded, tracing a finger along the edge of the blanket. After a few seconds, he spoke again, his voice steady.

"Can I ask you something now?"

"Of course."

"Why did you choose to have your first time with me? You're not my maid anymore, so... it's not like you had to."

Her eyes widened. For a second she just stared, then frowned and pulled the blanket tighter around herself. "Don't say that!" she burst out, a tremor in her voice. "I didn't do it out of obligation."

Trafalgar blinked, startled.

She looked away, took a deep breath, and continued more softly. "I did it because you matter to me. Because I like you. Maybe I've liked you since the day you promised to protect me when I was in that coma. I heard everything you said that day... and I never forgot."

For a long moment, Trafalgar said nothing. Her confession echoed in his head, each word settling somewhere deep in his chest. The room felt still — too still — as if even the air was waiting for his reply.

Finally, he spoke, his voice lower than before. "Sorry..."

Mayla blinked in surprise. "Why are you apologizing?"

He looked down at his hands, then back up at her. "Because I doubted you — even for a second. You've always been there for me, Mayla. Through everything. And I didn't realize how much that meant until now."

The tension in her shoulders eased as Trafalgar reached out, gently taking her hand. "You're right," he said, meeting her eyes. "You matter to me too. More than I can explain."

He hesitated, the faintest smile tugging at his lips. "So... Mayla, would you be my girlfriend?"

Her eyes widened for a heartbeat before softening completely. A bright, genuine smile spread across her face. "I accept your apology," she said quietly. "And yes... I'd love to."

The heaviness between them broke, replaced by a quiet warmth. Mayla leaned forward, resting her forehead against his, her smile never fading.

After a short pause, she let out a small laugh. "Now... how about breakfast? I'm starving after all that exercise last night."

Trafalgar chuckled, shaking his head. "You really can't go a full minute without teasing me, can you?"

"Not when it works," she said with a grin.

He exhaled through a smile. "Then I'd love to eat something cooked by you again. It's been a while."

Mayla slipped out of bed, the morning light tracing her silhouette as she wrapped the blanket around herself and headed toward the kitchen. Trafalgar watched her go, a quiet peace settling over him.

For the first time in a long while, his mind was clear.

And as sunlight filled the room, Trafalgar thought simply — 'Yeah... this feels right.'