

Tyrant 208

Chapter 208: Giving In [+18]

The room was bathed in dim amber light, the crystal lamp flickering softly as if afraid to intrude.

Trafalgar and Mayla lay close together, the faint sound of their breathing the only thing breaking the silence. Their bodies were still, their hearts anything but.

Trafalgar brushed a thumb over her cheek, his voice quiet, almost uncertain. "I wanted my first time to be with someone special... and it's you."

Mayla's lips parted slightly, her eyes soft with warmth. "Trafalgar..." she whispered. Mayla knew that it wasn't really her first time, since Trafalgar's first time was forced, but this one wasn't, it was the one he chose.

This time it was Mayla who took the initiative, knocking Trafalgar down. The moment Trafalgar's back touched the mattress, Mayla was positioning herself between his legs.

"Are you sure about this?" Trafalgar asked Mayla as he looked at Trafalgar's size.

"Don't worry..." Mayla told him, her fingers trembled as she settled them into place. "Now it's my turn to make you feel good~"

Mayla tried to do it with one hand, Trafalgar seemed to like it, but not completely. Mayla looked into his eyes and had an idea: put his cock in her mouth.

Mayla had her hand at the base of Trafalgar's member, and her tongue was caressing the tip of Trafalgar.

"Aaaaahh~" Trafalgar gasped when her tongue made contact with Trafalgar's tip. Seeing Trafalgar's reaction, Mayla felt satisfied and decided to move forward. Her lips pressed against the slick head.

Mayla took the cock into her mouth.

Her lips widened around his cock, Trafalgar could notice the clumsiness because sometimes Mayla's teeth grazed him but the pleasure was superior. "Mhm~"

Trafalgar was about to give up so he tried to break her but Mayla didn't back down, instead she clung to him. Trafalgar's breath hitched, a low sound escaping him as his body tensed. His hands found her hair, not in control, but seeking grounding—something real to hold onto. "Mayla..." he managed to whisper, his voice hoarse and uneven.

"I'm about to cum..." Trafalgar whispered to Mayla, but she didn't back down after this, instead she did it more exhaustively. Trafalgar couldn't hold it in any longer. "Fuck—!" Trafalgar hissed, his hips moving instinctively as well. "Shit—!"

Trafalgar's cock began to twitch in her mouth. Trafalgar came into Mayla's mouth, and even though he wanted to pull away, she forced it.

"Aaah~"

Mayla pulled back, coughing, strings of saliva dripping from her lips, her eyes watering.

Trafalgar looked down and saw Mayla making a gulping sound. It was the first time they had done this, it was each of their first times. Trafalgar had just cum, but seeing Mayla swallowing his cum. His dick became harder than before.

Mayla seemed surprised to see Trafalgar's penis still so hard.

Although she had no experience, she had heard other maids at Morgain Castle say that her husband lasted once and couldn't continue for another round. But Trafalgar seemed more alive than before.

"Did you like it?" Mayla asked nervously, looking at Trafalgar.

"I liked it... It was incredible..."

"That was my revenge for not stopping when I asked you to," Mayla replied, smiling as she leaned her face toward Trafalgar in search of another kiss.

Their closeness deepened, movements slower now, guided by emotion rather than instinct. The air grew heavier, every breath louder, the rhythm of their hearts almost in sync.

Trafalgar's hand brushed along her side, his eyes meeting hers—both uncertain, both wanting more.

He swallowed softly, his voice barely a whisper. "Lie down, Mayla..."

She hesitated for only a second, then nodded, her gaze never leaving his. Slowly, she leaned back against the sheets, her hair spreading like silk across the pillow. The faint glow of the lamp painted her skin in gold, and Trafalgar felt his breath catch at the sight.

He moved closer, his heartbeat loud enough for her to hear. One of his hands rested beside her head, the other tracing the line of her arm with quiet care.

"I'll go slowly..." Trafalgar whispered to Mayla as he caressed her lower lips with his dick, searching for the entrance.

"A bit lower Trafalgar~" For Mayla, just the fact that their genitals were rubbing against each other was already generating tremendous pleasure. Mayla helped Trafalgar with one hand. The tip finally entered.

"Aah—!" Trafalgar gasped for air. 'It's too tight!'

"I'll put it in a little deeper," Trafalgar whispered in Mayla's ear. She was holding him from behind with both hands, leaving a few scratches along the way. After Trafalgar went in a little deeper, Mayla said to him while her face twisted with pain and pleasure, "Can you stay still for a second?"

Trafalgar froze at her words, immediately obeying, the sound of his breathing mixing with hers. He waited, eyes searching her face for any sign of pain or doubt. For a few heartbeats, the room was completely silent except for the soft rhythm of their breaths.

Mayla exhaled slowly, her expression easing. She opened her eyes again and whispered, barely audible, "It's okay now... you can move."

He nodded, his touch gentle as always, careful to follow her lead. The distance between them vanished again, replaced by warmth and the quiet understanding that they were no longer afraid of one another.

Trafalgar began to touch her body to advert her attention to the pain. He licked her nipples again.

"Aah~." Mayla gasped, her nails leaving marks down his back. Her legs tightened his waist, pulling him even closer, Mayla's voice came out with pauses. "Don't stop~"

She whispers to him as she looks into his eyes.

Trafalgar leaned down, their breaths mingling in the small space between them. His lips found hers again, slow and tender this time, as if he wanted to memorize the moment itself. The world around them faded to nothing — just the sound of their hearts and the quiet rhythm of their breathing. The kiss deepened, soft but full of feeling, a promise of care that neither of them had spoken aloud.

Trafalgar began thrusting harder, and Mayla seemed to be delighted, given the moans that continued to flow from her. "Argh. Trafalgar, don't stop, I'm almost~" Trafalgar didn't slow down either. He whispered to her, too. "I'm cumming too."

Mayla locked him in a leg lock so he couldn't pull out and whispered to Trafalgar, "In, do it inside."

This stopped Trafalgar from thinking about anything else. Trafalgar groaned, slamming his hips harder than ever. Again, and again without stopping. Until he finally came inside her.

The room fell silent after the storm of movement. For a long while, neither of them spoke—only the soft rhythm of their breathing filled the air. The warmth between their bodies lingered, mixing with the faint hum of mana from the crystal lamp.

Mayla rested her head against Trafalgar's chest, her heartbeat steady now. He wrapped an arm around her, still catching his breath, the world outside forgotten completely.

It had been their first time—awkward, intense, unforgettable. Trafalgar's thoughts were a blur, but one thing remained clear: he felt whole for the first time in a long while.

After a moment, he whispered quietly, "Are you okay?"

Mayla tilted her head up, a teasing smile curving her lips. "You're asking after acting like a wild beast at the end?"

Trafalgar froze for a second, unsure whether to feel guilty or amused. "Was I that bad?" he murmured.

She laughed softly, brushing a lock of hair from his face before pressing a gentle kiss to his lips. "No," she whispered against him. "It was perfect."

Trafalgar's chest eased at her words. The tension faded into something softer, calmer. He kissed her back—slowly this time, no rush, just gratitude and quiet affection.

Their lips parted, and for the first time that night, Trafalgar allowed himself to smile. "Then I'm glad."

Mayla snuggled closer, her voice barely above a whisper. "Don't move yet... just stay like this for a while."

He nodded, pulling her gently into his arms as the light from the lamp dimmed completely, leaving only the peace of their shared breath.