Subtle Tension

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by WriteOfMoon

Summary

Is there, or isn't there something in the air between two members of the Stellaron Hunters?

Subtle Tension

Stelle had just come back from a mission as a Stellaron Hunter.

However, she'd gotten a few severe wounds out of it and was now sitting in the bathroom of her hotel room trying to tend to them. She was half-naked as she disinfected a large gash on her abdomen, wincing from time to time when Blade, her teammate for the mission, entered without knocking.

"What's taking you so long?" he asked in annoyance, seemingly unfazed by the awkward situation he had just put her in.

"...Do you always barge in on the opposite sex without a second thought?" Stelle paused her wound cleaning to raise an unamused brow at him.

His gaze roamed over her bare stomach, taking in the sight of the injury and the way her fingers gently dabbed at the wound. There was no hint of embarrassment or bashfulness in his expression. He simply stood there, arms folded across his chest. "When it's taking you this long to clean a measly cut? Yes," he replied simply, the tone of his voice as blunt as ever.

Oh no, he wasn't at all concerned about her being half undressed. Not one bit.

'Measly cut' he says... Used to having wounds like this, he's the only one to have the nerve to sat such an insensitive statement.

Stelle rolls her eyes and continues her self-treatment. "Well, Mr. *No-Manners*, I wouldn't be slowed down if you hadn't shown up. Now leave me alone," she shoos.

He didn't move. Instead, he's taking a single step forward, his scarlet eyes narrowing slightly as he watched the antiseptic sting her skin. "Tch. You're being too delicate." In one swift motion, he snatched the disinfectant pad from her hand, knelt down beside her and pressed it firmly against the gash, earning a hiss from her.

"Ow! You piece of-" Stelle gripped his wrist, but he didn't budge. His touch was rough, but precise... and beneath that brash exterior? A flicker of something almost tender. Stelle groans and submits to his persistence, turning her head away with an irritated expression.

He worked silently and swiftly, his focus solely on tending to her wounds. He was surprisingly gentle despite his rough appearance. One that would bring fear into the average foe. Each touch of his hand against her skin is surprisingly careful. As he went about his task, he gradually found himself taking in the sight of her exposed body and the soft curves beneath his touch. For a moment, his gaze lingered on the smooth expanse of her skin before he tore himself away, his jaw setting in annoyance at his own wandering thoughts. "Stop squirming. Stay still," he commanded brusquely, an attempt to mask his prior gawking.

"I'm not squirming," she retorts, but did her best to remain stable. She kept her face turned lest he caught her blush. Having a man touch her, even if it was just to clean her wounds, was a new experience altogether.

He let out a short scoff in response to her claim. He could tell she was anything but still, feeling the tension in her muscles and the way her breath hitches every time his hands skimmed over a tender area. But he didn't comment on it, choosing to silently continue his work instead. "Lift your arm," he ordered, his gaze flickering up to her face for a brief moment, before darting back down to concentrate. Her flushed cheeks did not go unnoticed - he'd been momentarily captivated- and a subtle smirk played on his lips.

Stelle silently lifts her arm at his request. He worked quickly, cleaning the last of the wound with a precision that spoke too much of his experience patching up battle damage... his own or others'. The silence stretched, thick with something unspoken. When he finally stood, tossing the used pad into the trash with a flick, his eyes lingered on her just a second too long. "You'd be dead without me," he crossed his arms again, trying, and failing, to sound indifferent. "Next time, don't play hero. I'm not always around to clean up your mess."

But they both knew he'd be there. Always.

"Yeah, yeah, sure," Stelle rolled her eyes as she waved him off before grabbing her coat and leaving. But not before muttering a soft 'thanks' as she brushed past him on her way out. His gaze followed her as she left, watching the way her coat drapes over her body, clinging to her, before she disappeared through the door. A soft snort escaped his lips.

"What a pain."

But there was no real annoyance in his voice. Only a hidden fondness masked behind a wall.

~Fin

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