

Ace - Debrief

facemaishammytriadbright

The safehouse was louder tonight.

Not with alarms or incoming alerts — just music drifting quietly from an old speaker in the kitchen and the faint buzz of neon outside the rain-streaked windows.

Mai sat on the couch with a blanket wrapped loosely around her shoulders, a mug of tea warming her hands.

Shammy occupied the armchair nearby, laptop open but ignored, fingers steeped under his chin as he listened to the rain.

The door burst open.

Ace walked in like a storm.

Leather jacket half-zipped, hair a little wild from the wind, eyes bright with that unmistakable spark of trouble.

Mai looked up immediately.

“That grin means something happened.”

Ace kicked the door shut behind her.

“Oh, something definitely happened.”

Shammy closed the laptop slowly.

“That sounds ominous.”

Ace tossed her jacket over the nearest chair and stretched like a cat, completely unbothered by the attention.

“Relax,” she said. “No explosions. No extradimensional parasites.”

Mai lifted an eyebrow.

“So what did explode?”

Ace flashed a wicked smile.

“Well.”

She dropped onto the couch beside Mai, throwing an arm across the backrest like she owned the place.

“His name was Marcus.”

Shammy leaned back slightly.

“You remember his name. That’s already statistically unusual.”

Ace pointed at him.

“Rude.”

Mai tilted her head.

“So...?”

Ace sighed dramatically.

“Tall. Confident. Hands like he actually knew what they were doing.”

Mai smirked into her mug.

“That sounds promising.”

Ace nodded thoughtfully.

“Very promising.”

Shammy observed her quietly.

“You appear unusually relaxed.”

Ace stretched her legs out across the coffee table.

“That’s because I had a very good evening.”

Mai laughed softly.

“Scale of one to ten?”

Ace pretended to think about it.

“Eight and a half.”

Shammy raised an eyebrow.

“What prevented a higher score?”

Ace shrugged.

“Overconfidence.”

Mai nearly choked on her tea laughing.

Shammy’s mouth twitched with restrained amusement.

Ace leaned forward slightly, resting her elbows on her knees.

“But credit where it’s due,” she added. “Guy had stamina.”

Mai wiped tears from the corner of her eye.

“I cannot believe we’re grading people now.”

Ace glanced sideways at her.

"You absolutely can."

Shammy folded his arms thoughtfully.

"Was the encounter... enjoyable?"

Ace looked at him like the question was ridiculous.

"Shammy, I had him begging me not to leave."

Mai let out a delighted laugh.

"That tracks."

Ace leaned back again, completely comfortable.

"But you know the best part?"

Mai tilted her head.

"What?"

Ace's grin softened slightly.

"Coming home."

The room went quiet for a moment.

Not awkward.

Just warm.

Shammy studied her expression carefully.

"You prefer this," he said quietly.

Ace shrugged.

"Yeah."

Mai nudged her shoulder gently.

"You soft idiot."

Ace snorted.

"Don't start."

Mai set her mug down on the table.

"So," she said lightly, "did you bring any of that good mood back with you?"

Ace's eyes flicked between them.

Slow smile returning.

“Maybe.”

Shammy leaned back in the chair.

“That is an extremely ambiguous answer.”

Ace stood and walked toward them, bare feet silent on the floor.

“Only one way to find out.”

Mai reached for her hand first.

Ace let herself be pulled down onto the couch between them.

Shammy shifted closer from the other side.

For a moment none of them spoke.

The rain tapped softly against the windows.

Ace leaned back into the cushions, looking from one to the other.

“See?” she said quietly.

“This is the best part.”

Mai rested her head against Ace’s shoulder.

Shammy’s hand settled lightly over Ace’s wrist.

The safehouse felt warmer somehow.

Outside, the city kept moving.

Inside, the Triad sat close together — laughter fading into quiet comfort, the world held safely outside their walls for one more night.

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