

Chapter 18

The street they continued down was one of those quiet arteries the city sometimes forgot about—narrow sidewalks flanked by older brick buildings with weathered facades, ivy trailing lazily up the walls and catching the late-morning sunlight in soft green highlights. Sunlight fell in long golden bars across the pavement, turning every shallow puddle into a bright mirror and making the air feel gentle despite the faint damp chill that still lingered from earlier rain. A light breeze carried the warm scent of fresh bread from a bakery a few doors down, mixing with the low, distant hum of city life that felt pleasantly far away here. Their footsteps sounded clear and unhurried on the concrete, the rhythm comfortable and synchronized without either of them trying.

Daniel did not give the notebook back.

Mai noticed.

Of course she noticed.

They walked another two blocks in comfortable silence. The kind of silence that felt warm rather than empty—shoulders brushing every few steps, the occasional brush of fabric against fabric carrying a quiet, shared warmth.

Daniel finally spoke again, voice low and carrying that easy, fond tease.

“You know what the interesting part of this experiment is?”

Mai glanced sideways at him, silver hair catching the sunlight in soft, shifting runic glints that made the strands glow faintly. She walked with her usual balanced grace, but her posture had softened noticeably—silver-blue eyes warm and emotionally present as she looked at him, the sharp analyser edge tempered by genuine curiosity and quiet affection.

“Which part.”

Daniel tapped the notebook lightly against his palm, the small sound crisp in the quiet street.

“You gave me control.”

Mai answered immediately, but her voice carried a soft, teasing warmth now, silver-blue eyes meeting his with clear emotional intelligence.

“Temporarily.”

Daniel smiled, warm and genuine, stepping just a little closer so their arms pressed together as they walked.

“Still control.”

Mai didn't argue. Instead she let her shoulder rest against his for two full strides, the contact warm and deliberate, her silver hair brushing his coat as she leaned in slightly before straightening again with a faint, affectionate curve to her mouth.

They stopped at a crosswalk while traffic passed—cars rolling smoothly through the intersection, sunlight glinting off windshields. Daniel leaned slightly closer, his hand finding the small of her back—palm resting lightly, thumb stroking one slow, gentle circle through her jacket.

“You realize what that means.”

Mai waited, letting the warmth of his touch settle, silver-blue eyes soft and engaged as she looked up at him.

Daniel lowered his voice just enough to make the moment feel intimate and conspiratorial, his hand still resting warmly at her lower back.

“I get to test variables.”

Mai turned toward him fully, silver hair sliding over one shoulder as she met his eyes—emotionally open, teasing warmth clear in her gaze.

“Yes.”

Daniel raised an eyebrow, thumb still tracing slow circles at her back.

“Any variables.”

Mai watched him carefully now, but there was no cold calculation in her expression—only sharp curiosity layered with genuine fondness and that teasing emotional spark.

“Within reason.”

Daniel grinned, stepping even closer until their bodies aligned warmly, his free hand brushing a loose strand of silver hair from her cheek and tucking it gently behind her ear.

“Define reason.”

Mai considered the question, leaning fractionally into his touch, silver-blue eyes warm and playful as her fingers lightly traced the edge of his coat sleeve.

“You will recognize it when you approach the boundary.”

Daniel laughed quietly—warm, delighted, the sound settling comfortably between them as his hand slid from her hair to rest lightly at her waist.

“That is an extremely vague rule.”

Mai nodded once, silver hair shifting softly, her own hand coming up to rest on his chest for a moment, feeling the steady warmth beneath the fabric.

“Yes.”

The traffic light changed to green. They crossed the street together, bodies staying close, Daniel’s hand remaining at her waist with gentle pressure while Mai’s fingers brushed his arm in quiet response.

Daniel walked a few steps ahead before stopping again.

Mai nearly walked into him, her body brushing warmly against his back before she steadied herself.

He turned around slowly, eyes bright with mischief.

“That was intentional.”

Mai’s voice remained calm, but there was clear teasing affection in it now, silver-blue eyes sparkling as she looked up at him.

“Yes.”

Daniel studied her face, his hands gently settling at her hips—warm, steady hold without gripping, pulling her just a fraction closer.

“You’re curious again.”

Mai said nothing, but she didn’t step back. Instead she let her hands rest lightly on his forearms, thumbs stroking slow, absent patterns along his sleeves, silver hair framing her face as she met his gaze with open emotional warmth.

Daniel reached into his pocket and pulled out the notebook.

He flipped to the page he had been writing on.

Then looked up at her again, still holding her close.

“Observation number four.”

Mai waited, fingers still tracing gentle patterns on his arms, silver-blue eyes soft and engaged.

Daniel tapped the page lightly with his pen.

“You’re far more comfortable running the experiment than being part of it.”

Mai tilted her head, silver strands catching sunlight, her expression softening further with genuine affection and teasing intelligence.

“Incorrect.”

Daniel blinked, his hands still resting warmly at her hips.

“Oh?”

Mai met his gaze calmly, but her voice carried real warmth now, her body leaning into his hold.

“I am comfortable with both.”

Daniel watched her for a long moment, thumbs stroking gentle circles at her waist.

Then he slowly smiled—warm, fond, delighted.

“Good.”

He closed the notebook.

Mai noticed the change immediately, her fingers tightening lightly on his arms.

“What are you doing.”

Daniel slipped the pen into the spiral binding, still holding her close.

“Escalating.”

Mai folded her arms loosely around his, but kept the contact warm and present.

“How.”

Daniel stepped closer, forehead nearly brushing hers, voice quiet and intimate.

“You told me earlier that I could recognize the boundary.”

“Yes.”

Daniel tilted his head slightly, their breaths mingling in the small space between them.

“And what happens if I don’t stop when I reach it?”

Mai answered without hesitation, silver-blue eyes warm and steady on his, her hands sliding up to rest lightly on his chest.

“Then you learn something.”

Daniel chuckled softly, one hand rising to cup the side of her neck gently, thumb stroking along her jaw.

“Dangerous philosophy.”

Mai smiled faintly—real, warm, emotionally open.

“Yes.”

The city moved around them—people passing, cars rolling through the intersection, the rhythm of everyday life continuing without noticing the small, intimate shift between them.

Daniel studied her expression, his thumb still stroking her jaw.

“You’re not backing down.”

Mai’s voice remained calm but carried clear affection.

“No.”

Daniel nodded once, leaning in until their foreheads touched—warm, gentle contact.

“Good.”

He took one half step closer.

Close enough now that the space between them felt deliberately intimate.

Mai’s eyes narrowed slightly with playful challenge, but she stayed exactly where she was, her hands resting warmly on his chest.

“Observation number five,” Daniel said quietly, voice fond and close.

Mai waited, silver hair brushing his cheek.

Daniel smiled faintly.

“You’re enjoying this.”

Mai considered the statement, her fingers curling lightly into his coat, body leaning into him.

Then she gave the smallest nod, silver-blue eyes sparkling with warmth.

“Yes.”

Daniel’s grin widened, his arms sliding around her in a loose, warm embrace—holding without trapping.

“Excellent.”

He reached out and lifted a loose strand of Mai’s hair again, tucking it gently behind her ear, thumb lingering on her cheek for a moment.

For a long beat neither of them spoke. The city noise felt distant. The sunlight warmed their faces.

Then Daniel stepped back just enough to breathe, but kept one arm loosely around her waist.

Mai blinked once, silver-blue eyes soft and teasing.

Daniel wrote something quickly in the notebook while still holding her close.

Mai watched him, fingers tracing slow patterns on his arm.

“What did you record.”

Daniel closed the notebook again, slipping it back into his jacket while keeping his arm around her.

“Data.”

Mai exhaled softly, but the sound was warm and amused, her body still leaning comfortably into his hold.

“You are insufferable.”

Daniel laughed—low and delighted.

“You started this.”

Mai tilted her head, silver hair falling softly, her hand resting on his chest.

“And you escalated.”

Daniel slipped the notebook back into his jacket, pulling her gently closer again.

“You told me to.”

Mai watched him for a long moment, silver-blue eyes warm and affectionate.

Then, unexpectedly, she smiled again—real, bright, the kind that lit her entire face.

Daniel pointed at her immediately, grin widening.

“Oh that is absolutely going in the notebook.”

Mai shook her head, but her smile stayed, her hand sliding down to lace fingers with his.

“You are misinterpreting the results.”

Daniel shrugged, squeezing her hand gently.

“That’s what peer review is for.”

Mai turned and started walking again.

Daniel followed immediately, their hands still laced, bodies walking close together—shoulders brushing, warmth shared.

Both of them smiling now.

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High above the street, where rooftops blurred into low clouds and the wind carried the faint metallic taste of the river, Mephisto was nearly vibrating with amusement.

“Oh this is delightful.”

Konrad remained quiet.

Below them Mai and Daniel continued down the street, the notebook now firmly in Daniel’s possession, their bodies walking close together, hands still loosely joined, silver hair catching the sunlight as Mai leaned slightly into Daniel’s side.

Mephisto gestured toward them.

“She gave him the experiment...”

He gestured toward the street below.

“...and he immediately began testing the boundaries.”

Konrad nodded once.

“Yes.”

Mephisto folded his arms.

“And she did not stop him.”

“No.”

Mephisto smiled wider.

“Now we are getting somewhere.”

Below them the pair disappeared into the flow of the city once again.

Mephisto tilted his head thoughtfully.

“You realize, of course...”

Konrad glanced sideways.

“...that this is no longer the experiment she thought it was.”

Konrad’s expression remained calm.

“Yes.”

Mephisto’s grin sharpened.

“Well then.”

He looked down at the city again.

“Let’s see who actually wins control of this experiment.” —

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