

Interlude — The Silence We Chose

Morning arrived like something that finally believed them. No alarms. No intercoms pretending to be urgent. Just the steady hush of the vent and rain finding a path down the glass.

Mai was up first, which was only fair—she trusted mornings more than they deserved. She ground coffee with the small manual mill that Procurement had called “noncompliant equipment” and Bright had smuggled in anyway. Ace surfaced at the scent, hair a mess at the back, expression unarmed.

“Contraband,” Ace said, voice sleep-rough.

“Preventative maintenance,” Mai said, and poured.

They drank standing, then sitting on the edge of the bed, then not moving at all because stillness was an animal you didn’t want to spook. The room had learned their measure: it stayed out of the way. Somewhere down the hall, a printer woke and changed its mind.

“You realize,” Mai said, “we have nothing to fix for at least an hour.”

Ace looked at the door like it might not bother them if asked politely. “An hour is almost decadent.”

“We could waste it,” Mai offered.

Ace’s mouth did the small sideways thing that meant *yes, but let’s pretend I’m thinking about it*. “I vote for inefficient choices,” she said. “Starting with real clothes and outside air.”

They put on civilian shapes that made no promise to anyone: jeans that remembered standing in lines for dumplings, sweaters that forgave rain. Disruptor and blades stayed in the drawer; two training bands stayed on the table, patient as good ideas. Mai slid her wristwatch on and didn’t wind it. Time could find them later.

The Site had decided to be polite. Doors opened at human speed. The guard at reception pretended not to notice two people leaving without armaments. The elevator breathed once and didn’t speak.

Outside, the city wore a soft gray like something useful, not dramatic. Streets held the night’s rinse; gutters negotiated leaves and did their best. They walked without a destination, which turns out to be the most efficient way to arrive where you didn’t know you were going. Ace’s shoulder brushed Mai’s once, twice, then learned a pace that made it look like an accident.

On the corner by the pharmacy, a bus made an apology of brakes and eased to the curb. A woman with a toddler shifted her weight and tapped her shoe twice against the stroller’s wheel, then didn’t tap the third. The kid watched her foot and copied, proud of understanding nothing and everything. No one told them what they were doing. The bus driver waited one beat longer than his timetable allowed and then nodded to the road like a man who wouldn’t admit to counting.

At a crosswalk the signal chirped—short, short, patient—and paused in the place that used to be a trap. People stepped off at once without looking for a name to announce. A teenager with a cracked skateboard deck gave a soft, syncopated slap to the underside, caught the hold, then coasted. His friend started to clap along and thought better of it, embarrassed by being coordinated in public. He did it anyway. Good.

They cut through the covered market because that’s where mornings live. A fishmonger arranged

silver bodies into geometry and didn't claim it as art. Steam rose from a stall that liked dumplings for the right reasons. Mai pointed with her chin; Ace answered with a look that meant *of course*. They ate leaning against a post, paper box balanced on two palms, dipping sauce that refused to stay on the right side of gravity. A little boy at the next table made eye contact with Mai over the rim of his tea and solemnly offered a sticky, cinnamon-glossed piece of something he'd already bitten. She accepted it like a contract and ate around the bite mark with care. The boy's guardian watched this transaction with the wary pride of adults who hope their children will choose the right strangers.

"Are we becoming the kind of people who accept pastries from minor gods?" Ace asked.

"Only if they pass consent checks," Mai said, thumb wiping syrup from Ace's lower lip as if it were the most practical thing in the world.

They walked again. The rain tried a little harder and then gave up. On a bridge a busker who owned three chords and a good wrist played them out of order and stopped on the held one. Headphones came off. People pretended to retie shoes. Two cyclists put a foot down and didn't look at each other. The city breathed once, twice, and found the rest on its own.

"Do you remember Narita?" Mai asked, like a test of a thing that had become safe to say.

"Too well," Ace said, soft. "I remember being convinced that if I stopped moving I would crumble. And that if anyone touched me then I would have to explain the parts that didn't match."

Mai's knuckles brushed Ace's as if by accident. "You match now," she said. "Or rather—you don't need to."

"Luxury," Ace said. It came out not bitter at all.

They sat under the awning of a small bookstore that stocked more blank notebooks than novels and specialized in maps of places that didn't exist. The owner had a cat with the same policy. The animal parked itself on Ace's boot and stared into the middle distance like someone supervising competent labor. Mai peeled an orange with all the care of disarming a very polite bomb and handed Ace the sweetest slice.

"What do you want," she asked, "when the world is quiet long enough to make wanting legal?"

Ace turned the question in her mouth like fruit. "To keep the door we made," she said. "To walk through it and back as often as we like. To not teach our method into a badge." She paused. "To sleep. Boringly."

Mai's mouth tilted. "I can deliver on two of those today."

"Which two?"

"Door. Sleep," she said. "Badges are Kade's problem."

They stayed until the bookstore's owner flipped the sign to OPEN and the cat decided it had somewhere else to be. They bought nothing, which is the only honest way to pay for some places. On the way back they passed a wall with posters layered like seasons. Someone had drawn a small circle on the lowest left corner where the rain couldn't quite reach. No slashes. Just the promise of a shape waiting for a decision.

The room was where they'd left it, discreetly not intervening. Ace shrugged out of her sweater. Mai

locked the door the way one does when the lock knows it's not a barricade. Neither of them looked at the clock. The world could do its own accounting later.

"Still decadent?" Mai asked.

"Obscene," Ace said, deadpan. "I intend to report us."

"Paperwork after," Mai said, crossing the space between them in two quiet steps.

They met in the middle without ceremony. Hands before mouths. Mouths before anything that would have needed explanation. The first touch was practical: temperature, location, a confirm. The second was an agreement. The third was permission.

They didn't hurry. They didn't measure. Ace's fingers drew the line of Mai's jaw as if tracing back to a decision; Mai's palm fit to the back of Ace's neck where muscle meets resolve and softened both. Fabric yielded one seam at a time. They laughed once when a cuff refused to negotiate and then negotiated it together. The laugh stayed in the room like an extra blanket.

"This is the part where I ask you to tell me," Mai said, not because she doubted, but because asking is a verb you maintain.

"I will," Ace said, and there was no steel in it, only certainty.

They unlearned their layers with the care of people who know how much everything weighs. A shoulder bare to air. A hip found and then acknowledged; press, retreat, return. Scar under thumb. Birthmark rediscovered like a landmark that had been there the whole time. Their breaths tuned themselves without being told what to do. The room remembered how to be furniture.

They reached the bed because gravity, not because stage directions. Sheets accepted the argument that creases are honest. Mai knelt one knee to the mattress and the other to Ace's thigh, and the whole world contracted to the distance between two pulses. Ace's hands went to the small of Mai's back and paused long enough to be read; Mai answered by leaning into that pause until it wasn't one anymore.

Nothing was narrated. Everything communicated. When Ace's breath hitched, Mai changed angle, pressure, the length of a moment; when Mai's hands stilled as if to check a map, Ace guided them without moving them. Noise happened, the good kind, and wore no costumes. The window fogged and then forgot to clear.

If there were words, they were small: here; yes; this. If there were pauses, they were chosen. At one point Mai smiled against the hollow of Ace's throat, surprised by joy like a late train that still arrives where it needs to. Ace's answering sound made the window remember rain; perhaps that was weather; perhaps not.

They didn't count. They didn't need to. They found the long breath together and stayed there until staying turned into something else, until the steady became a tremble and then steadied again, until heat did what heat does when it has the right to. When it was louder, it was because honesty has a voice; when it was quiet again, it wasn't absence, it was completion.

After, they lay like people who had finally made a room keep its promise. Ace's palm rested flat at the center of Mai's chest, not to possess, not to measure—just to witness. Mai tucked her face into the soft space below Ace's collarbone and let her mouth be nothing but warmth.

“First afternoon without anyone asking us to be useful,” Ace said into Mai’s hair.

“I refuse to be useful,” Mai said, which was hilariously untrue and exactly right.

They slept the kind of sleep that convinces bones to unclench. Woke a little, laughed at nothing, drank water, went back under. The light moved along the wall like a polite guest. Somewhere a hallway cart rattled past, and then didn’t. Violet said nothing, which is its own kind of blessing. If she watched, she watched with the kind of attention that does not claim.

Evening came with the same good manners as morning. The rain had stopped arguing with the gutters; the city had chosen lamps. They got up not because they had to, but because food exists, and so does the pleasure of putting your feet on a cool floor together.

Ace pulled on a shirt and left it half-buttoned. Mai braided her hair badly and didn’t fix it. In the kitchen nook the kettle considered boiling and then did. Ace sliced bread with a knife that had sworn off combat; Mai found two bowls that matched by accident and acted like a miracle had occurred. They ate leaning hip to hip against the counter, stealing bites from each other’s plates out of principle.

“Tomorrow,” Mai said, not as a threat, “we will probably have to decide again.”

“Probably,” Ace agreed. “But not about this.”

“This stays,” Mai said.

“This stays,” Ace echoed.

They didn’t plan more than that. They folded the day around them like a coat that finally fit. When the lights went out, it wasn’t to hide. The window held onto the last of the street’s glow and let it go at the right time. The room kept its corners. Breath learned the night’s version of the rhythm and didn’t ask to be named.

Somewhere in the building, someone tapped a heel twice and left the third in the air. Somewhere outside, a busker paused on the held note and let the street finish the song. The city would do what cities do. It could have them back in the morning. Tonight belonged to the two of them, and to the silence they had earned and chosen.—

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