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## Chapter 22: The Trip

The rental cabin smelled like pine and something chemical. Cleaning product, maybe. Or sealant on the deck wood. Ace stood at the window anyway. 5:17 AM. Glass cold against her forehead. Outside: trees. Nothing anomalous. No containment protocols. No phone.

The silence pressed against her. She pressed back.

This was vacation. Somewhere normal. Two hundred miles from the nearest Foundation facility. Three days of nothing.

Her hand found her katana hilt. Muscle memory. She caught herself. The blades were locked in the car, by her own insistence. A test.

She didn't move.

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The cabin had three bedrooms. They'd chosen one.

Shammy sprawled across two-thirds of the bed, storm-gradient hair catching the first gray light. Her presence shifted the room's atmosphere, not consciously, just her nature. The air pressure adjusted to whatever the space needed.

Mai curled smaller, silver hair against Shammy's shoulder. One arm draped across Ace's empty pillow space.

Ace's empty pillow space.

Mai's eyes opened. Silver-blue. Immediate calculation. "Your side is cold."

"Couldn't sleep."

"Liar." Mai sat up. "You don't sleep. You meditate. Different."

"Same result."

"The result isn't the problem." Mai's voice was precise even half-awake. "The absence is."

Ace didn't answer. The window. The trees. The silence. Her shoulders held tension she didn't know how to release without a blade in her hands.

"Come back to bed."

"The sun's coming up."

"In forty-seven minutes." Mai's hand found Ace's wrist. Not pulling. Offering. "Shammy hasn't woken

yet. That's rare."

Shammy's breathing shifted. Not awake. Transitioning. The air in the room adjusted.

"She's dreaming," Ace said.

"She doesn't dream. She drifts." Mai's thumb traced Ace's pulse point. "Different."

Same thing, different words. Ace let herself be guided back to the bed. The warmth found her. Shammy's arm settled across both of them without waking, the storm's instinct for holding space.

Ace closed her eyes. Practiced stillness instead of seeking it.

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Shammy woke to coffee.

Not just woke. The scent pulled her from atmospheric drift like a hand reaching into still water. She surfaced. Blinked. Found Mai and Ace at the small kitchen table.

"How long was I under?"

"Three hours longer than planned." Mai didn't look up from her terminal. "You needed it."

"I'm supposed to be on vacation." Shammy stretched, shoulders brushing the ceiling. "No terminals."

"Old habits." Ace's voice was short. Eyes on the window.

Shammy read the room. Ace's stillness had a brittle edge. Mai's precision had a rhythm that meant she was controlling something.

"We don't know how to do this," Shammy said.

"Do what?"

"Nothing." She moved to the window. Her presence adjusted the atmosphere without her trying.

"We've never done nothing."

"We've done recovery days." Mai's terminal clicked shut. A deliberate choice. "Post-mission. Mandatory rest periods."

"That's recovery from something." Shammy's hand found Ace's shoulder. "This is just being."

Ace's shoulder dropped. Just slightly. Shammy noticed.

"Being is harder," Ace said.

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The problem was that they were built for work.

Ace's body wanted patrol routes. Her instincts mapped exits and entries. Four doors in the cabin. Six windows. Two escape routes per room. She'd counted them within thirty seconds of arrival.

Mai's mind ran projections. Weather patterns for the next three days. Optimal hiking trails by difficulty. The statistical likelihood of anomalous events in a two-hundred-mile radius. 0.003%. Uncomfortably high.

Shammy's atmospheric sense kept reading the space around them. The trees outside held no threat. The wind carried no warnings. The emptiness felt wrong.

"I'm going to take a shower," Mai announced. "I'm going to stand in hot water and not think about anything for twenty minutes."

"You can't not think." Ace's observation was flat.

"I can try." Mai's dry humor surfaced. "The projections say this shower has a 73% chance of being adequately heated. I'm going to test that hypothesis."

She left. The bathroom door clicked. Water started running.

Shammy settled into the space Mai had left.

"What's wrong?" Ace asked.

"Wrong?" Shammy's eyes were on the ceiling. "Nothing's wrong. That's the problem."

"Explain."

"I'm always holding something. Balancing something. Regulating atmospheric pressure in a room because someone needs to feel calm, or because there's tension that needs to dissipate." Shammy's voice was warm, but thoughtful. "This room doesn't need anything from me."

Ace understood. Her own hands had nothing to hold. Blade maintenance kit in the car. The meditation she'd done since 4 AM felt incomplete without the routine of blade work after.

"We're not good at this," Ace said.

"No." Shammy laughed. Soft. Atmospheric. "We're really not."

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The shower helped. Mai emerged with her silver hair damp and her mind marginally less structured.

"Seventeen minutes," she said. "The water stayed consistently heated. Hypothesis confirmed."

"Success," Ace said. No sarcasm. Just acknowledgment.

Shammy had made tea. Not because anyone asked, because her hands needed to do something. The cabin's small kitchen had a surprising variety of local blends. She'd chosen one that smelled like forest and morning.

"Breakfast," Mai said. "We should make breakfast. A real one. Not protein bars between missions."

"We don't have food." Ace's voice was flat. "We arrived late. We didn't shop."

Mai's eyes narrowed. "That's a solvable problem."

The grocery store was seven minutes away.

Three containment officers walked through automatic doors into fluorescent normalcy. The music overhead was aggressively cheerful. A child ran past them chasing something invisible. An elderly woman examined cantaloupes with the intensity of someone who'd seen things.

Ace moved first. Perimeter sweep. Her body traced the store's layout without conscious thought. Aisles organized by category. Exits marked. The suspicious deli counter that was probably just a deli counter.

Mai's hand found Ace's wrist. Grounding.

"We're not working."

"I know."

"You're mapping the store."

"I know."

Mai's grip tightened. "What do you need?"

Ace stopped. Her shoulders held tension that wouldn't release.

"I need to not need."

Shammy appeared behind them, announced by a subtle shift in the air pressure. "That's going to take more than three days."

"Probably." Ace's voice was short. "But we're here now. We might as well buy eggs."

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They bought eggs. And bread. And fruit that Shammy said "felt right" without being able to explain the metric. And coffee, because Mai's morning routine wasn't negotiable even on vacation.

The checkout line moved slowly. Normal people living normal lives. No one looked at the three of them and saw anything unusual. A short woman with sharp-edged hair. A tall woman who had to duck under the price-check sign. A compact woman whose silver-blue eyes tracked everything.

The cashier asked if they wanted their receipt.

Mai said yes because Mai always said yes. Structure. Records. The comfort of data.

Shammy said nothing. She was reading the cashier's emotional state, probably unconsciously, the way she read every room.

Ace said nothing because she was watching the exit.

Breakfast was an adventure.

None of them could cook without their usual kitchen. The cabin's stove had quirks. The pans were the wrong size. The eggs wanted to stick.

"I don't cook," Ace reminded them. Her hand twitched toward a knife that wasn't there.

"You're on toast duty," Mai decided. "Precise timing. Structured output."

"Toast requires,"

"Attention. You have that." Mai was already recalibrating the pan temperature. Her precision translated to cooking the way it translated to everything else. Ritualistic. Measured. Deliberate.

Shammy was supposed to be on fruit. But the air in the kitchen kept shifting. The temperature near the stove rose two degrees, then dropped one. Not consciously. She couldn't help modulating.

"Shammy." Mai's voice was calm. "You're doing it again."

"Doing what?"

"Adjusting."

Shammy looked at her hands. "I'm not trying to."

"I know." Mai turned from the eggs. "That's why you're on fruit cutting. Something that needs your hands to do something other than regulate."

It worked. Mostly. The fruit salad had one section where the cantaloupe pieces were suspiciously uniform. The section Shammy had prepared while grounding herself.

The toast was perfect. Ace's attention to timing meant she'd removed each slice within seconds of optimal browning.

The eggs were eggs. Mai's precision meant they were cooked exactly to temperature. Not gourmet. Not artistic. Functional.

They sat at the small table. Trees outside. Silence inside.

"This is weird," Shammy said.

"Agreed." Mai's silver-blue eyes swept the table. "We've never done this."

"Done what?"

"Nothing." Mai's voice was precise. "Just sitting. With food we made ourselves. In a place that isn't work."

Ace's toast was already gone. Her hands rested on the table. "We don't have a protocol for this."

"We don't need protocols." Shammy's presence filled the silence. "We just need to be here."

Mai's fork paused. "Being here is harder than I projected."

---

Meanwhile, two hundred miles away, Foundation Site-17 was having a crisis.

Not an anomalous one. A personnel one.

"Where's the triad?" DaRussianBadger's voice carried through the briefing room. "I need them for a threat assessment."

"On vacation." Jello's terminal lit up with the schedule. "Approved. Three days. Unreachable."

"Unreachable." Badger's voice carried a weight that meant he was calculating. "What does that mean, exactly?"

"It means their comms are off. No emergency override. No backup channels." Jello's fingers moved across her interface. "They submitted the request six weeks ago. All signatures present. Director approval."

"They've never taken vacation."

"Which is why it was approved." HeavenlyFather's voice cut through. Calm. Measured. "They needed time. Anyone with their deployment frequency would."

"I'm not saying they didn't need it." Badger's hands spread in a gesture of controlled uncertainty. "I'm saying, what happens if something goes wrong?"

"Then we handle it." Grouse's voice was short. "Like we always do. They're not the only team."

"They're the only team that does what they do." Badger's words came rapid-fire. "The triad isn't just effective. They're structurally unique. You don't have a backup for structurally unique."

"We have Theta-24." Skullker's voice was action-oriented, minimal. "We handle things. They're not special."

"You've worked with them." Badger's attention shifted. "You know they are."

Skullker's jaw tightened. A beat of silence. "They're efficient. I'll give them that."

"Efficient." Badger's laugh was sharp. "They're the only team I've seen that operates better together than apart. Most teams degrade under pressure. They synchronize. It's like watching a weapon system calibrate itself in real-time."

"Which is why they needed time off." HeavenlyFather's voice held patience. "Systems that don't rest break."

"So you're telling me," Badger's words slowed, "we have to trust that the world won't end for three days?"

"Welcome to their reality." Jello's voice was dry. "They've been trusting the world not to end between missions for years."

Grouse's observation came quiet. "They're going to explode."

"What?"

"Not literally." Grouse's eyes stayed on his terminal. "They don't know how to stop. I've watched them. Ace's stillness is active. Mai's projections never fully shut down. Shammy's atmospheric sense is always reading. If you put them somewhere with nothing to read,"

"They'll find something." Badger finished the thought. "They'll create a problem just to solve it."

"Possibly." Grouse's voice held experience. "Or they'll learn."

"Learn what?"

"What normal feels like." HeavenlyFather's calm held the room. "They've never had that. Not really. Even their domestic time is structured around deployment readiness. This is different. This is intentional separation."

The briefing room held silence for a moment.

"What if something goes wrong?" Badger again.

"Then we call you." HeavenlyFather's answer was steady. "We're Theta-24. We handle consequences. That's our function. The triad handles meaning. They've earned the right to find some for themselves."

Jello's terminal pinged. A routine check. Nothing anomalous.

"See?" Badger's voice held forced lightness. "The world didn't end."

"Give it three days." Grouse's observation was dry. "That's what vacation is. Waiting to see."

---

The hiking trail was Shammy's idea.

"Movement," she said. "Through trees. Not toward anything. Just through."

Ace's body wanted perimeter sweeps. She made it walk a trail with no tactical purpose.

Mai's mind wanted projection and analysis. She made it observe the way light filtered through canopy.

Shammy's presence wanted to read the atmosphere. She let it happen without needing to respond.

The forest held no threats. Birds. Squirrels. The distant sound of water. Normal things that didn't need containment.

Ace walked ahead. Not out of urgency. Her body just measured distance in steps.

Mai followed at her calculated pace. Her eyes tracked the trail markers. The slope grade.

Shammy walked behind. Her height meant she saw over the brush, her atmospheric sense reading the forest's rhythm. The trees here breathed differently than the city. Slower. Patient.

"This is nice," Mai said. "Statistically speaking, most hiking trails don't offer this level of solitude."

"Solitude's not the point." Ace's voice came short. "Connection is."

Mai's pace adjusted. "We're connected."

"We're here." Ace's hand found a tree branch, not for support, just for touch. "But we're not present. We're still working. Just without work to do."

Shammy's presence shifted. The air pressure changed. "What would present look like?"

Ace stopped. Her compact form held still against the forest backdrop.

"I don't know."

The admission cost her something. Shammy felt it in the way the air pressure tightened.

"That's okay." Shammy's voice was warm. "We have three days to find out."

---

They found a clearing by a stream.

Normal water flowing over normal rocks with normal fish swimming in normal patterns. Nothing anomalous.

Ace sat on a boulder. Her body didn't know how to sit without purpose. She tried.

Mai crouched by the water. Her fingers traced patterns. Runes, probably. Muscle memory expressing itself.

Shammy stood. Her presence filled the space between them.

"I've been thinking about patterns." Mai's voice was quiet. "The way we move. The way we think. Our protocols."

"Patterns help." Ace's short response.

"They do. But," Mai's fingers stilled. "I projected seventeen potential vacation outcomes before we left. Seventeen. For a trip to a cabin."

"Reasonable."

"Is it?" Mai's silver-blue eyes found Ace. "Reasonable would be three or four. Seventeen is compulsion."

Shammy settled between them. The air pressure adjusted, offering, not demanding.

"My atmospheric sense hasn't turned off once." Her voice was honest. "I'm reading the forest's emotional state. The trees are calm, by the way. Very Zen. Doesn't help me."

Ace's stillness held. "I've mapped every exit in this clearing. Four directions. Three if you count the stream as a barrier. I don't know how to not do that."

The stream kept flowing. The fish kept swimming.

“So what do we do?” Mai asked.

“We try again.” Shammy's presence was steady. “Different approach. What does each of us actually want?”

Silence.

“I want,” Ace stopped. “I don't know what I want. I know what I need. Those aren't the same.”

“What do you need?” Mai asked.

“Movement. Purpose. A blade in my hand and something to protect.” Ace's voice was flat. “But I have all of those at home. I came here to find something else.”

“What?”

“I don't know.” Ace's eyes found the stream. “That's the problem. I've never looked.”

---

Mai's turn came in the afternoon.

They'd returned to the cabin. Lunch was sandwiches. Construction, not cooking. Normal ingredients assembled in normal ways.

Mai sat at the window, terminal dark on the table. She'd promised herself no terminals. The promise held physical weight.

“What do you want?” Shammy asked. The question had become a ritual. Asking each other until answers emerged.

Mai's precision found the question. “I want to not calculate.”

“You calculate everything. That's who you are.”

“Exactly.” Mai's voice held something rare. Frustration with her own nature. “I calculate because the world requires calculation. There are threats. Variables. My function is to make those manageable. But here,” her eyes found the trees, “there's nothing to manage. And I'm still calculating. Light angles. Temperature gradients. The statistical probability of rain based on cloud formation.”

“You can't stop.” Ace's observation was flat.

“I don't know how.” Mai's hands were still. Controlled. “Every moment I've ever had has been in service of something. Even my rest is recovery from deployment. What do I do with rest that's not recovering from anything?”

Shammy's presence shifted. Warm. Grounding. “You let it be.”

“Be what?”

“Just be.” Shammy's hand found Mai's shoulder. “The trees don't need your calculations. The clouds don't need your projections. The world continues without you managing it.”

"That's," Mai's voice caught. "That's terrifying."

"Why?"

"Because if I'm not managing, what am I?" Mai's precision held a tremor. "I'm the one who calculates. The anchor. The structure. If there's nothing to structure,"

Shammy's presence held her. "Then you're still Mai. You're still ours. That doesn't require calculation."

Mai's eyes held Shammy's. The precision in her face softened.

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For reminding me what I'm anchoring."

---

Shammy's turn came at sunset.

They'd made dinner. Pasta, simple, from ingredients the local grocery offered. The cabin's small kitchen held them in unexpected ways. Three bodies moving in a space designed for two. Coordination without thought. Handing spices before they were asked for. Stepping aside before collision.

Domestic choreography. They'd learned it at home. It translated.

Now they sat on the cabin's small deck. Trees. Mountains in the distance. The sun dropping toward the horizon.

"What do you want?" Mai asked.

Shammy's storm-gradient hair caught the dying light, electric tones against the orange and purple.

"I want to stop holding."

"You hold everything." Ace's voice was short. Observation.

"I know." Shammy's laugh was atmospheric. "That's what I do. I read rooms. I adjust pressure. I make space survivable for the people in it. But here," her hand swept the vista, "there's nothing to hold. The forest is fine. The mountains are fine. You two are," she stopped.

"We're what?" Mai asked.

"You're trying. You're both trying to be present. That's all the holding you need from me right now." Shammy's presence shifted. Vulnerable. "I don't know what I am when there's nothing to balance."

Ace's compact form moved. Not far. Just closer. Her stillness found Shammy's side.

"You're Shammy."

“Shammy who isn't holding anything. What does that Shammy do?”

“Whatever she wants.” Mai's voice came from the other side. “The projections don't extend to that answer. You'd have to discover it.”

Shammy's presence held both of them. The air pressure adjusted, unconsciously, always, making space for whatever they needed.

“I don't know how to discover that.”

“Same way we've discovered everything else.” Ace's voice was short but warm. “Together.”

The sun set. The trees held darkness. The mountains became silhouettes.

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Night brought a different kind of stillness.

No phone. No emergency contacts. No containment alerts. The triad had been unreachable for fourteen hours.

The Foundation was handling things. Theta-24 had deployed twice. Routine containment. Nothing structurally unique required. The world continued.

In the cabin, Ace meditated. Not at 4 AM, at 9 PM. Voluntary stillness. Not preparation for anything.

Mai sat with her terminal dark. Not projecting. Not calculating. Just sitting. The discipline of absence.

Shammy lay on the deck, looking at stars. The night sky here was clearer than the city. More stars. More space between them.

“Have you ever looked at stars and not mapped them?” Ace's voice came from the meditation corner.

Mai's silver-blue eyes found the window. “No.”

“Try.”

“I don't know how.”

“Neither do I.” Ace rose. Moved to the window. “But I'm trying. Looking. Not mapping exits. Not calculating threats. Just seeing.”

Shammy's presence shifted. “The stars don't need anything from us.”

“Exactly.” Ace's violet eyes found the sky. “They're just there. Like us. Just there.”

Mai's precision rebelled against the simplicity. But she tried. She looked at stars and didn't count them. Didn't calculate distances. Didn't project trajectories.

It was harder than anything she'd done in months.

“This is absurd,” she said finally. “I've contained existential threats. I've calculated probabilities that saved hundreds of lives. I'm defeated by looking at stars.”

"Stars don't need to be defeated." Shammy's presence held her. "They just need to be seen."

"By who?"

"By whoever's looking." Shammy laughed. "That's the point. We're not here to do anything. We're here to be. Whatever that means."

Ace's stillness found Shammy's side again. Mai's precision followed. They sat together, three forms against a cabin wall, looking at stars they weren't trained to see.

"Is this what normal people do?" Mai's voice held wonder.

"Probably." Ace's response was short. "We've never been normal."

"We're not normal now." Shammy's presence adjusted. "We're triad on vacation. Still triad. Still us. Just without work."

"Is that enough?" Mai asked.

"It's what we have." Ace's voice held certainty. "We learn what we have. Then we decide if it's enough."

---

Day two began differently.

Ace woke at 4 AM. Her body hadn't reset. But she didn't reach for her blade maintenance kit. She reached for Shammy's presence instead.

Mai's coffee timing was still precise. But she didn't review the day's projections. There was no day to project.

Shammy woke late. Not because she was drifting. Because she'd chosen to.

"Breakfast," Mai announced. "And then we try something different."

"Different how?" Ace's voice held readiness.

"Different." Mai's silver-blue eyes held a spark. "We've been treating this like a mission. Objective: learn to relax. Approach: structured attempts at unstructured activity."

"That's," Shammy's laugh was warm, "that's exactly what we've been doing."

"Correct." Mai's precision found its target. "We need a new approach. No objectives. No schedules. No projections."

"What does that look like?"

Mai's hands spread. The gesture was unlike her. Open. Uncertain. "I don't know. That's the point."

---

They walked.

Not on trails. Not toward anything. Through trees and over streams and around obstacles that appeared and disappeared without purpose.

Ace's body found paths that weren't paths. Game trails. Clearings. Spaces between spaces. Her movement was still tactical, but the tactics had no objective.

Mai's mind observed without projecting. The discipline of presence. Harder than it sounded.

Shammy's atmospheric sense read the forest. Not for threats. For patterns. The way wind moved through branches. The way animals navigated without navigation.

They stopped when they were tired. Not because the schedule said stop. Because their bodies asked for it.

They ate when they were hungry. Not because the meal plan required it. Because the forest offered berries and they'd brought bread and cheese.

They talked when words came. Not because conversation was scheduled. Because silence had space and words filled it.

"Tell me about your sister," Ace said. Not a question. An invitation.

Mai's precision held the question. Her silver-blue eyes found the forest canopy. "She doesn't know who I am anymore."

"She knows Mai."

"She knows a Mai. The one I was before." Mai's voice was precise even in memory. "The one who visited for holidays and smiled at family dinners and didn't carry a weapon she couldn't explain."

"She's still your sister." Shammy's presence held space for whatever Mai needed.

"She is. But I'm not the sister she knows." Mai's fingers traced a pattern on her knee. Unconscious rune. "I chose this. The Foundation. The containment. The work. And I chose you two. She doesn't know about any of it."

"Will you tell her?"

"Someday." Mai's voice held weight. "When I figure out how. When I'm sure the telling won't break something."

"Would she accept you?" Ace's question was direct. "Who you are now?"

"I don't know." Mai's precision found uncertainty. "That's the part I haven't projected. The variable I can't calculate. Family is the one structure I can't make legible."

Shammy's presence adjusted. Warm. Grounding. "You don't have to make it legible. Some things are just felt."

"I'm not good at feeling without structure."

"Neither am I." Ace's voice was short. Honest. "But we're learning."

Mai's silver-blue eyes found Ace's violet ones. Precision met stillness.

"Thank you." Mai's voice was precise. "For asking. For being here. For learning with me."

"That's what we do." Ace settled. "We learn together."

---

The afternoon found them at the stream again.

This time, Ace sat in the water. Not on a boulder. In the stream. Cold. Present. Grounding.

"That's practical." Mai's voice held dry humor. "Using water as grounding medium."

"It works." Ace's response came short. "The current gives my body something to process. Movement without threat."

Shammy stood at the bank. Her presence read the space.

"Can I ask something?" Shammy's voice was warm.

"You can ask anything."

"What do you actually want? Not need. Not function. Want." The question came differently this time. Not the same ritual question. Something deeper.

Ace's stillness held. The stream moved around her. Her violet eyes found Shammy's storm-blue ones.

"I want to choose."

"Choose what?"

"Everything." Ace's voice was short but full. "I want to choose to stay. Choose to be here. Choose to not fight. Not because there's nothing to fight. Because I chose not to. I've never had that. Every fight has been necessary. Every stillness has been recovery. I want stillness that I chose. Purpose that I picked. A life that I want, not one that needed me."

Shammy's presence filled with warmth. Not adjustment. Just warmth. "That's beautiful."

"It's terrifying." Ace's stillness held the admission. "If I want something, I can lose it. If I need something, it's necessary. Wants are risks."

"Everything worth having is a risk." Mai's voice came from the bank. "We chose each other. That's a risk. We're still here."

"The best risk I've ever taken." Ace's voice held certainty.

---

Day three arrived like a breath held too long.

The last day. Tomorrow they'd return. Phones would turn on. The Foundation would have access again. The world would need them.

But today was still theirs.

They spent it differently. Not trying to relax. Not structured attempts at unstructured presence. Just being.

Ace meditated by the stream. Not for preparation. Not for recovery. Just because the water was there and her body wanted stillness.

Mai sat with her terminal dark, watching birds. Not projecting their trajectories. Just watching them fly.

Shammy walked the forest's edge. Her atmospheric sense read the space between trees. Not for threats. For the way presence felt.

They found each other at noon. Not planned. Not scheduled. Just the natural gravity of three people who'd chosen each other.

"Last day," Mai said.

"Tomorrow we go back." Ace's voice was short.

"We do." Shammy's presence held them. "But we'll have this. This memory. This proof that we can."

"Can what?"

"Stop." Shammy's laugh was atmospheric. "Be. Want. All the things we didn't know we needed."

Mai's silver-blue eyes swept the clearing. "I projected seventeen outcomes for this trip. Not one of them was this."

"This what?"

"This peace." Mai's voice held wonder. "This ability to just exist. I didn't know we could."

"We can." Ace's stillness held certainty. "Now we know."

---

The drive back was different.

The cabin receded in the rearview. Trees gave way to roads. Roads gave way to highways. Highways gave way to the approaching city.

But the triad was changed. Not dramatically. Nothing so obvious. But subtly. The tension in Ace's shoulders held less weight. Mai's precision had learned to rest. Shammy's atmospheric sense had found new spaces to read.

Phones turned on. Notifications flooded in.

"Theta-24 deployed twice." Mai's voice was precise. "Both containments successful. No structural unique requirements."

"The world continued." Ace's observation was flat.

"It did." Shammy's presence held warmth. "Without us."

"We're still needed." Mai's precision found the balance. "But the world doesn't end when we're not there."

"That's good data." Ace's voice held something new. Acceptance. "We're not required for the world to continue. We choose to be part of it."

"That's what vacation is." Shammy's laugh filled the car. "Learning that you're not the only thing keeping the sky from falling."

"Not the only thing." Mai's silver-blue eyes found the road ahead. "But part of something worth protecting."

The car held silence. Comfortable this time. Not absence. Presence.

---

The apartment welcomed them back.

Familiar space. Meditation corner. Kitchen. The window where Ace stood when she couldn't sleep.

But they stood in it differently. Not as people recovering between missions. As people who'd chosen to be here.

"Work tomorrow." Mai's voice was precise. "Deployment rotation continues."

"It does." Ace moved to her meditation corner. Not because she needed recovery. Because she wanted stillness. Chosen stillness.

"I'm going to make tea." Shammy's presence filled the kitchen. Not because she needed to ground. Because she wanted to. "The apartment's atmosphere was stagnant without us."

"It missed us." Mai's dry humor surfaced. "I projected a 78% probability the apartment would develop emotional attachment in our absence."

Shammy's laugh was atmospheric. "Your projections are getting more creative."

"I'm learning." Mai's precision held warmth. "Apparently I can learn new things."

---

The next morning, their phones worked again.

Messages from Theta-24. Mission reports. Status updates. The machinery of containment, grinding forward.

Mai read them while Ace meditated and Shammy drifted toward waking.

"Badger sends his regards." Mai's voice held dry humor. "He says, and I quote, 'I can't believe the world didn't end. What was that like?'"

"Terrifying." Ace's voice came from the meditation corner. "Peaceful. Necessary."

"He also asks if we're 'normal' now."

"Define normal." Shammy's presence filled the kitchen.

"His definition appears to be 'capable of functioning without existential dread.'"

"We'll never be that." Ace's stillness held certainty. "But we can be something else."

"What?" Mai asked.

"People who choose to be here. People who want to be. Not just people who need to be."

"I'm going to make breakfast." Mai's voice held decision. "And I'm going to calculate exactly how long it takes the eggs to cook because that's who I am. But I'm also going to enjoy it."

"That's growth." Shammy's laugh filled the space.

"It's acceptance." Ace rose. "We are who we are. We do what we do. The difference is knowing it's a choice."

"Every time?" Mai's silver-blue eyes found Ace.

"Every time we remember." Ace's violet eyes held the window. "And when we forget, we remind each other."

"That's what triad is." Shammy's presence held them both. "Not just work. Not just function. Reminding each other what we chose. Why we chose it."

"Who we chose." Mai's voice held precision and warmth.

The morning continued. Work would come. The world would need them. But they'd faced the absence of need and found something worth protecting.

Each other. This life. The sacred ordinary between missions.

And now, the sacred ordinary as the mission itself.

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## Chapter End

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