

“Brownies”

Mistborn Fan-Fic by Lucie B.

Marasi was exhausted from a very draining day at her job. They'd finally launched their operation to catch a murderer that she'd been investigating. It had worked, but there had been a firefight. Luckily, she'd had one of the alomancer grenades Allik had given her, which had probably saved her life. Then she'd had to interrogate the criminal and listen to all the hate he spewed. She was looking forward to collapsing on her bed and sleeping as much as possible.

Because of how late the operation had gone, Marasi quietly opened the door, not wanting to wake Allik. They'd only recently started living together in Steris' and Wax's mansion, so she was still getting used to living with another person again. At first she hadn't wanted to take the offer from her half-sister, but the mansion was a lot bigger than her house and much closer to the constabulary along with their friends.

She was surprised to see the lights on and could hear humming coming from the kitchen. Marasi smiled softly and took a detour to see what Allik was making. She loved all of his creations, but especially any with chocolate. She snuck up behind him and wrapped her arms around his waist, burying her head in his neck.

“What're you making?”

Allik barely paused, used to her arriving at strange hours. “Making something new. I call them brownies.”

“Hmm. Is there any chocolate in them?” she asked, mouth watering at the delicious smell coming from the oven.

“A ton of it. I was making them for you, when you came back.”

Of course he was. She was so lucky to have him in her life. “Allik,” she said sleepily, “I think I'm in love with you.”

“Maybe I should make brownies more often.”

Marasi nodded. “M'hm.”

As he pulled the brownies out of the oven, the smell intensified.

“How did it go?” Allik asked.

“We got him.”

“That's not what I asked.”

She sighed. “No one's dead, but there were a couple of moments... there are a couple of constables in the hospital. I feel horrible. They got hurt on *my* operation.”

“You can't take the blame for that. They knew what they were getting into,” Allik reminded her gently.

“I guess that's true.” Marasi was still not convinced, but didn't want to argue the point.

“Hey, look at me,” Allik told her. She looked up at him. He lifted up his mask so she could see his face. “You are *wonderful* and it is *not* your fault. You did everything you could. By intervening you saved lives. I’m so proud of you and everything you do.” He cupped her face.

“What would I do without you?” Marasi asked him, covering his hand with her own.

“Not eat nearly as much chocolate,” he responded, smiling goofily and gesturing at the pan of brownies. Marasi let go of him to grab a knife so she could cut pieces while Allik grabbed the plates and forks. She smiled to herself at the domesticity of it. Here they were, an allomancer constable who worked for a secret organization and an ambassador from another continent, eating chocolate dessert at midnight.

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As they ate their brownies, sitting on chairs in the living room, Marasi realized something.

“Hey, Allik?”

“Yeah,” he asked in between bites.

“Why were you up? You’re usually asleep at this point when I come here.”

He looked a little embarrassed. “I was worried about you,” he admitted.

Marasi leaned over and hugged him. “I’m okay.”

“I know. You always are, sometimes I just...”

“I get it. I’m sorry for worrying you.”

“Don’t be sorry for following your dream. You’re amazing and I know in the end you’ll be okay. I just worry because I love you.”

“I love you too and I’ll always come home to you. I promise.” In that moment, Marasi realized how truly important to her that promise was. She would do anything to make it back to Allik.

He pulled her close. “I believe you. Now you look like you’re going to collapse, we should go up to bed.”

“But the brownies,” Marasi complained.

“They’ll be there in the morning.”

She sighed, but let him take her hand and pull her up. The two climbed the stairs and she promptly collapsed in their bed. Allik smiled and laughed fondly. He picked up a blanket and draped it over her.

“I’m the luckiest guy in the world,” he whispered to her sleeping form. “I love you Marasi Colms.”