**tell her that I miss our little talks**

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/933.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | Slash (M/M) |
| Fandoms: | Marvel Cinematic Universe, Loki (TV 2021) |
| Relationship: | Loki Laufeyson/Mobius M. Mobius |
| Character: | Mobius M. Mobius |
| Additional Tags: | Ambiguous/Open Ending, Mobius M. Mobius needs a hug, Mild Angst, This Author Hates AI |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2026-11-01 Words: 740 Chapters: 1/1 |

# tell her that I miss our little talks

by Nyx


Summary

Mobius likes talking to the stars. Looking up into the vast night, marveling in their twinkling beauty, it is the closest he feels to Loki. He never expected them to talk back.


Notes

See the end of the work for notes

*I might just wait here for a little bit, let time pass.*

The first time it happened, it was meant to be a one-off. Mobius knew he had to move on; had to keep going forward. It's what Loki would've wanted. But as he gazed up at the night sky, daring himself to step into his new life on the timeline, Mobius couldn't help but wish that the God was beside him.

Mobius wasn't clueless, he knew there had to be something there. Sure, he was hardly a romance aficionado, having spent the majority of his remembered existence either behind a desk or among colleagues engulfed in a false existence, but between lingering glances and tender words he could feel a spark between himself and the trickster. Hell, he *specialized* in his kind, Mobius should've expected it to happen sooner or later.

None of that mattered now, though. Loki was gone, lost to his own glorious purpose. Mobius reflected, with a little more than a twinge of sadness, that that was how it always seemed to go for a Loki. Each one sought their glorious purpose, only to be met with glorious sacrifice, every variant outperforming the last in their final grandiose feat.

Mobius' thoughts were interrupted by a speeding glimmer of light, dashing across the darkness. Somewhat selfishly, Mobius took it as a sign that Loki was watching over him. As frivolous as this was, every night since, Mobius has taken some time aside at night, watching the sky, waiting for another shooting star, pretending as though somewhere out there, Loki was listening.

And every night, like clockwork, he was met with exactly one of these dazzling meteors.

—

Days turned into weeks turned into a month, and little changed for Mobius. Maybe some version of him belonged in this timeline, but Mobius was not that variant. One particular night, he finally decided enough was enough.

"I think I need to go back," Mobius mumbled. He was sitting on a rather worn wooden chair, one that had seemed completely new just last month. After constant use, however, paint was chipping and Mobius found himself watching for splinters every time he eased himself into the seat. The chair groaned under his weight as he shifted, trying to find the correct words to express himself.

"I wish you were here," he finally settled upon.

The stars, in their eternal mystery, offered little solace. Each one glimmered in a state of controlled chaos, seeming to mock Mobius for his lack of direction. Then, a quick burst of light zoomed across the sky, followed by another, and another, and another, until it looked as though there were thousands of stars falling to Earth.

*I am here*, they seemed to whisper to him, *I always have been*.

It was probably just a coincidence. However, to him, the shower was the final nail in the coffin. For a while, Mobius just sat there, looking on, helpless. Not helpless in a negative way, per se, more so in that this – all of this – was infinitely larger than him. Mobius was just one star in the night sky of the multiverse. With or without him, it would keep going. The thought was shockingly comforting. There was no need for him to continue to live a lie on the timeline, when he could instead help people by doing what he knew he was good at: sitting on the outskirts of time, preserving the beauty of the universe Loki had sacrificed himself to protect.

With that, he pushed himself out of the groaning chair, sighing and pulling out the TemPad he swore he'd never use again. He reluctantly opened a door, took a deep breath, and stepped forward cautiously.

Immediately upon entering, it was obvious something was wrong. Employees were scrambling around, matching expressions of fear and confusion adorning their faces. Lights flickered, and amidst loud, mechanical whirring, the familiar southern drawl of Miss Minutes began.

*Attention TVA personnel! Critical reality failure in progress. We've got an unauthorized timeline convergence. Two branches are occupying the same space.*

Glancing outside, Mobius could see similar chaos and destruction. Loki's Yggdrasil appeared to be drooping, electric green energy flowing off of it, sinking downwards.

That's when Mobius realized: though the meteor shower was for him, at least to some extent, it truly wasn't a message of tranquility and support from Loki, rather a desperate plea for help.

*What have I gotten myself into?*

End Notes

This work is cross-posted from Ao3 while it's down :(

Hope you guys like it!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!