

Chapter 3 - Velocity Rounds

The lamps had been turned lower. One remained, casting a single cone of light that left most of the room in shadow. Rain drummed steady now, less random. The concrete floor felt cooler under bare feet. Clothes had already started coming off in pieces—jackets, holsters, boots—piled near the couch like forgotten armor.

Ace moved first.

“Catch,” she said. Short. Decided. She stood in the center of the cleared space, compact frame coiled. Violet eyes fractured brighter under the low light. “I call the move. You execute. First one who hesitates or flinches loses the round.”

Mai’s silver-blue gaze sharpened. She had stripped to a simple tank and underwear, silver hair loose down her back. Balanced stance, arms at her sides. “Define execute.”

Ace’s mouth twitched—dry, almost a smile. “Whatever I say. Fast.”

Shammy leaned against the far wall, 195 cm of barely contained weather. Tank top already discarded, silver-white hair shifting with faint charge. Electric blue eyes locked on Ace with open hunger. “I like this one already.”

“Begin,” Ace said.

She snapped her fingers once—sharp, irreversible.

“Shammy. Kneel. Mai, behind her. Hands on her shoulders.”

Shammy dropped without hesitation, tall frame folding with impossible grace. The concrete met her knees with a soft sound. Mai stepped in, silver hair brushing Shammy’s back as her hands settled on the broad shoulders. Fingers dug in just enough to anchor.

Ace circled once, small and dense. Then she closed the distance. One hand slid up Shammy’s throat—not choking, just pressure—and tilted her head back. The other found Mai’s hip, pulling her closer until the three of them formed a tight column of heat.

“Hold there,” Ace murmured. “Don’t move until I say.”

Shammy’s breath hitched. A visible arc of static jumped from her hair to Ace’s wrist. Temperature climbed. Mai’s fingers tightened, mapping the tremor running through Shammy’s frame.

Ace leaned in, lips brushing Shammy’s ear. “Good.”

The round stretched. Ten seconds. Twenty. Shammy’s chest rose faster. Mai’s breathing stayed measured but her silver-blue eyes had gone dark with focus.

Then Ace changed it.

“Switch. Mai on knees. Shammy, hold her wrists.”

The flip happened fast. Mai dropped. Shammy’s long fingers wrapped around Mai’s wrists from behind, pinning them at the small of her back. Ace stepped between Mai’s spread knees, compact body pressing close. One hand cupped Mai’s jaw, thumb tracing the line of her lower lip.

“Open,” Ace said.

Mai did. Eyes locked upward.

Ace didn't kiss her. Just held the moment, letting the anticipation coil. Shammy's pressure field rolled in from behind—warm, electric, making the air between them thick enough to taste.

Mai's tongue brushed Ace's thumb. A small, deliberate challenge.

Ace's violet eyes narrowed. “That's hesitation.”

She pulled back just enough to break the contact. Mai exhaled sharply. Shammy laughed low, static threading through it.

“Point to me,” Ace said. “Next round.”

Mai rose smoothly, brushing her silver hair back. The smile she gave was small and sharp. “My turn.”

“Map.”

She produced a strip of dark cloth from the discarded clothes—improvised blindfold. “Both of you. Eyes covered. Describe exactly where I am and what I'm doing. First one who loses coherence or guesses wrong loses.”

Ace accepted the blindfold without protest. Shammy grinned wider, electric blue eyes vanishing under black fabric.

Mai moved silently. The room went still except for rain and breathing.

She started with Ace—small hands sliding up the compact thighs, then higher, mapping the tension in muscle and bone. Ace's voice stayed low, steady. “Your palms are on my hips. Left thumb pressing the bone. Breathing on my stomach.”

Mai shifted. Fingers traced lower, slipping beneath remaining fabric. Ace's breath caught once, but her description held precise.

Then to Shammy. Mai pressed against the taller woman's back, arms wrapping around the storm-frame from behind. One hand flat over Shammy's heart, the other lower, slow and deliberate.

Shammy's voice came rougher, charged. “Your chest against my spine. Right hand... fuck... right hand between my legs. Left on my ribs. Pressure increasing.”

Mai's fingers moved with surgical clarity, reading every twitch, every shift in breath. The descriptions grew shorter, breathier. Ace's turned clipped. Shammy's fractured into static-laced groans.

Mai finally spoke, voice calm but thick. “Shammy. You lost count of fingers.”

Shammy groaned outright, head tipping back. “Point to you.”

Ace tugged the blindfold down, violet eyes dark. “Next.”

Shammy's turn came with a storm-front grin.

“Storm.”

She didn't blindfold them. Didn't need to. The air itself changed.

Temperature dropped, then surged. Micro-pressure waves rolled through the room like invisible hands—pressing, lifting, teasing. Static danced across skin. Shammy stood in the center, tall frame glowing faintly at the edges, silver-white hair fully lifted.

“Stay on your feet,” she said, voice low and electric. “Don't kneel until I say.”

Ace planted herself, compact and stubborn. The pressure wave hit her first—warm air wrapping her thighs, sliding higher, making muscle tremble. She locked her jaw and pushed back with sheer kinetic refusal, violet eyes locked on Shammy.

Mai tried to map it—silver-blue gaze narrowing as the atmosphere thickened around her breasts, between her legs, along her spine. Her breathing deepened. One hand rose instinctively, then dropped.

Shammy increased it. A visible arc jumped from her fingertips to Ace's collarbone, then to Mai's hip. The pressure turned rhythmic, pulsing, equal parts tease and demand.

Ace lasted longest. Small frame vibrating with effort. Then her knees buckled—just slightly.

Shammy's grin sharpened. “There.”

Mai followed seconds later, a soft curse slipping out as the wave crested and broke her stance.

Both smaller women ended up on their knees in the cone of lamplight, breathing hard. Sweat and charge mingled on skin. Shammy loomed over them, chest rising, electric blue eyes bright with satisfaction.

But her own hands trembled at her sides. The storm had cost her too.

Ace looked up first. Voice rough, dry. “Energy's bleeding. Not gone.”

Mai wiped sweat from her temple, silver hair sticking to her neck. “Two rounds each. One more rotation before we drop the rotation and just... compete.”

Shammy exhaled a long, charged breath. The air around her settled slightly, but the hunger remained.

“Finally.”

The rain kept falling. Inside the safehouse the velocity had increased, bodies marked by hands and pressure and storm, and the real topping wars were only now sharpening into focus.

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