

Chapter 4 - Topping Wars

The single lamp flickered once, as if the room itself was catching its breath. Clothes lay scattered farther now—tank tops, underwear, everything except the last stubborn layers. Skin glistened under the low light. Ace's compact frame showed faint red marks where pressure had pressed hardest. Mai's silver hair clung damp to her neck and shoulders. Shammy's tall storm-body radiated residual heat, faint arcs still dancing between strands of silver-white hair.

Ace stood first. Voice rough, irreversible.

"New rule. Loser of the round takes one command. No hesitation. No holding back."

Mai's silver-blue eyes met hers, sharp with calculation. "Accepted."

Shammy's grin flashed electric. "Finally."

Ace didn't wait. She pointed at the low couch.

"Shammy. Sit. Mai, straddle her facing me."

Shammy dropped onto the couch, long legs spread. Mai moved with precision, settling across Shammy's lap, back to the taller woman's chest. Ace stepped between Mai's knees, small hands gripping Mai's thighs and spreading them wider. The height difference made it easy—Ace barely had to tilt her head to lock eyes with Mai while her fingers slid upward, finding slick heat without ceremony.

"Keep your hands on Shammy's thighs," Ace said. "Don't move them."

Mai exhaled sharply as Ace's fingers pushed inside—two at once, compact and relentless. The angle let Ace drive deep with short, precise thrusts. Shammy's arms wrapped around Mai from behind, large hands cupping her breasts, thumbs brushing nipples already tight from earlier static.

Mai's hips tried to roll. Ace's free hand pressed flat against Mai's stomach, pinning the motion.

"No," Ace murmured. "My pace."

Shammy's breath ghosted Mai's ear, low and charged. "She's got you."

Mai's silver-blue eyes darkened, but she held position—until Ace curled her fingers just right and Mai's head fell back against Shammy's shoulder with a bitten-off groan.

Ace kept the rhythm steady, violet eyes fractured and focused. Sweat beaded on her own skin. When Mai clenched hard around her fingers, Ace didn't let up. She pushed through the spasm, drawing it out until Mai's breathing fractured into short, sharp sounds.

"Command taken," Ace said, pulling back slowly. Her voice carried dry satisfaction. "Your turn, Mai."

Mai rose on unsteady legs, silver hair wild. She turned, pushed Shammy flat onto the couch with surprising strength, then looked at Ace.

"Both of you. On your backs. Side by side."

Ace complied—small frame dropping onto the cushions. Shammy stretched out beside her, 195 cm of storm-frame barely fitting. Mai climbed between them, balanced and deliberate. She started with

Ace—mouth closing over one small breast while her fingers slid between Ace’s legs, finding her already wet from the sheer velocity of the last round.

Then to Shammy—longer strokes, palm pressing firm against the taller woman’s clit while two fingers pushed deep, curling against the spot that made static crackle louder.

Mai worked them in tandem. Head dipping between them, alternating mouth and hand, mapping every reaction. Ace’s compact hips bucked once; Mai pinned them down with her forearm. Shammy’s pressure field surged, making the air thicken until breathing felt like swimming.

Ace’s hand shot out, gripping Mai’s silver hair. “Harder.”

Mai obliged—fingers thrusting faster into Shammy while her tongue worked Ace with precise, relentless focus. Both smaller and taller woman arched under her. Shammy’s hand found Mai’s thigh, squeezing hard enough to leave marks.

Mai pulled back just enough to speak, voice thick but controlled. “Neither of you is coming until I say.”

Shammy groaned, electric blue eyes flashing. “That’s cruel.”

Ace’s laugh came short and dry. “She’s winning this round.”

Mai kept them there—teetering, bodies trembling—until Shammy’s atmosphere finally broke first. A visible wave rolled out of her, warm and heavy, flattening both Ace and Mai against the cushions in a rush of pressure and charge.

Mai gasped as the wave hit her full force, her own control stuttering.

Shammy sat up in one fluid motion, tall frame looming. She caught Mai around the waist and pulled her up, then reached for Ace with the other arm. In seconds both smaller women were on their backs again, Shammy above them.

“My command,” Shammy said, voice low and storm-rough. “Legs open. Both of you.”

She didn’t ask twice. One large hand slid between Ace’s thighs, two long fingers pushing in deep and immediate. The other hand mirrored on Mai—thick, relentless pressure that made Mai’s silver-blue eyes roll back. Shammy’s thumb worked circles on Ace’s clit while her mouth found Mai’s breast, sucking hard enough to draw a sharp cry.

The storm built fast. Shammy’s free hand pressed down on Ace’s sternum—atmospheric weight pinning her compact frame while fingers fucked her open. Mai tried to map it, to calculate the rhythm, but Shammy changed angle and speed until both women were writhing, hips chasing every thrust.

Ace’s violet eyes locked on Shammy’s face. Teeth bared in a snarl of pleasure and refusal. “Not... yet.”

She surged upward—small, dense, unstoppable. One arm hooked around Shammy’s neck, pulling her down into a messy kiss while her other hand shoved between Shammy’s legs, finding slick heat and driving two fingers in without mercy. Mai joined the reversal—sliding beneath Shammy, mouth closing over one breast while her fingers found Shammy’s clit and rubbed tight, precise circles.

Shammy’s storm faltered. A raw groan tore out of her, pressure field spiking wildly. The three of them

tangled—Ace’s compact velocity refusing to yield, Mai’s structural control turning the tide, Shammy’s atmospheric dominance cracking under dual assault.

Bodies slid against each other, sweat and charge mixing. Fingers thrust deeper, mouths claimed skin, hips ground in desperate rhythm. Commands dissolved into gasps and bitten curses.

Ace came first—sudden, irreversible—body locking tight around Shammy’s fingers while her own drove Shammy harder. Mai followed seconds later, silver-blue eyes squeezing shut as her precise control shattered into raw sound. Shammy held out longest, storm raging, until the combined pressure of both smaller women finally broke her. She came with a crackling cry that made the lamp flicker and the rain outside seem distant.

The three of them collapsed in a heated pile on the couch—limbs tangled, chests heaving, skin marked by hands and mouths and static burns.

Ace’s voice came first, rough and dry, face pressed against Shammy’s shoulder.

“Energy’s bleeding. Finally.”

Mai exhaled slowly, silver hair plastered across her cheek. One hand still rested on Ace’s hip, mapping the slowing heartbeat beneath. “Not gone. But quieter.”

Shammy’s arm curled around both of them, tall frame curling protectively even as residual arcs danced weakly across her skin. Her laugh came low, spent. “Kid in a candy store got her fill. For now.”

The room smelled of sweat, ozone, and rain. The raid’s jitter had faded into background static. But the night still held heat, and none of them had called horizon yet.

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