

STATIC INTIMACY — EXPERIMENT LOG 01

The apartment sat three levels below street grade, behind six inches of reinforced concrete and a veil-shroud that made the Foundation's sensors politely forget it existed. Rain hammered the narrow slit windows at ground level outside, but down here the sound came through as a low, steady percussion, like distant artillery that had decided not to kill anyone tonight. The only light came from a single floor lamp with a cracked amber shade and the faint blue glow of Mai's holoscreen, which she kept angled so the glare wouldn't hit Ace's eyes while she worked.

Ace sat cross-legged on the low couch, one of her emerald-frequency katanas across her knees. She ran a soft cloth along the blade with the same absent precision she used for breathing. Violet sheen caught the lamplight every time the cloth passed. Her hair—uneven, blade-cut—had fallen forward; she didn't bother brushing it back. Compact. Still. The kind of stillness that remembered every fight it had ever won.

Mai leaned against the kitchen island, silver hair loose, disruptor pistol stripped and laid out for cleaning even though it hadn't been fired. Her eyes flicked between the data scroll and the two women across the room. "Theta-24 left another dent in the south wall," she said, voice dry but not unkind. "Badger's idea of a polite exit note."

Ace made a small sound that might have been agreement or might have been the cloth catching on a microscopic imperfection. She didn't look up.

Shammy stood by the window slit, 195 cm of impossible grace folded into a loose black tank and drawstring pants. Silver-white hair shifted faintly even though the air was still. A thin static crackle moved across her forearms whenever she flexed her fingers, like the room itself was breathing through her. She had been quiet since they'd sealed the door. Not withdrawn. Just reading the pressure the way other people read the weather.

The mission had been ugly in the way only Foundation-adjacent work got ugly: long, bureaucratic, and full of things that wanted to unmake memory. They had survived it the way they always survived it now—Ace moving first, Mai making the geometry legible, Shammy keeping the air from igniting. Triad equilibrium. It worked. But the afterburn still sat in their bodies like static charge that hadn't found ground.

Shammy turned from the window. Her electric-blue eyes moved across Ace, then Mai, slow and unhurried. "I've been thinking about something," she said. Voice low, calm, the same tone she used when she was equalizing pressure before a breach. No fanfare. "My vector. The micro-fluctuations. I can tighten them. Make them... smaller. More precise. Like a fingertip instead of a storm."

Mai's gaze lifted from the holoscreen. One silver brow arched, sharp and interested. "Define smaller."

Shammy's mouth curved—just enough. "Small enough to feel good instead of destructive. Controlled. On skin. On nerves. The kind of charge that rides the line between spark and caress." She lifted one hand, palm up. A faint blue-white thread danced between her fingertips and vanished. "I've calibrated it in sterile fields. Never on either of you. Not like this. But I keep wondering what it would do if I did."

Ace's cloth paused mid-stroke. She didn't lift her head, but the violet fracture lines under her skin flickered once, like distant lightning behind clouds. She set the katana aside with deliberate care, then looked up. "You're asking," she said. Flat. Not accusatory. Just confirmation.

"I'm asking," Shammy answered. She didn't step closer yet. Gave the room its own gravity. "Not as experiment for the Foundation. Not for data. For us. For this." Her gaze moved between them

again—Ace’s compact frame, Mai’s precise balance. “I regulate pressure. That’s what I am. I want to know if I can regulate it here too. Make it... better. If you want it.”

Mai set the pistol slide down with a soft click. She crossed her arms, but the posture was loose, not defensive. “You realize what you’re proposing is essentially weaponizing foreplay.”

“Enhancing,” Shammy corrected, mild. “Weaponizing would be if I aimed for overload. I’m talking about the opposite. Fine control. The same way I keep the air from cracking when Ace goes overdrive. Only slower. Intentional. On the inside of your wrist. The base of your spine. Wherever it feels right.”

Ace exhaled through her nose. A dry half-sound that wasn’t quite a laugh. “You’re tall as hell and you want to play with electricity in bed. Bold strategy.”

Shammy’s eyes warmed. “I’m tall as hell and I love both of you. The strategy is secondary.”

Mai’s teasing edge softened into something sharper, more thoughtful. She pushed off the island and walked over, bare feet quiet on the concrete floor. Stopped just inside Shammy’s personal space—close enough for the faint ionized scent of her to register, ozone and rain. “Ground rules,” Mai said. “Immediate safeword is ‘horizon.’ No negotiation, no hesitation. You feel anything off—burn, disorientation, even a flicker of the old fracture patterns—you say it. Ace?”

Ace nodded once. “Horizon.” She stood, 120 cm of compressed intent, and crossed to them. Looked up at Shammy without tilting her head back too far; she never did. “I trust your control. But if it spikes, I’m pulling the plug. Literally.”

Shammy’s expression didn’t change, but the static in her hair eased, like a held breath released. “Understood. Both of you.” She reached out—slow, telegraphed—and brushed the back of two fingers along Ace’s jaw. No charge yet. Just skin. “We stop the second anyone wants to. This isn’t a test. It’s us.”

Ace’s eyes half-closed at the touch. Not surrender. Recognition. “Then stop talking about it,” she murmured, “and do it.”

Mai’s laugh was soft, almost under her breath. “God, I love when she gets decisive.” She slid an arm around Shammy’s waist from behind, chin resting on the taller woman’s shoulder. “Show us, stormcloud. Start gentle. I want to watch her face when the first one lands.”

They moved to the wide platform bed that dominated the far wall—mattress low to the floor, black sheets already rumpled from the last time they’d collapsed here after a different kind of fight. Clothing came off in pieces, unhurried. Ace’s tank hit the floor first, then Mai’s. Shammy kept her drawstring pants on for the moment; the visual height difference stayed, deliberate, grounding.

Shammy knelt in the center of the bed, long legs folded. Ace settled in front of her, knees brushing Shammy’s. Mai stretched out beside them, propped on one elbow, silver hair spilling across the sheet like liquid metal. The rain outside had settled into a steady hush.

Shammy lifted her hand again. This time the charge was visible—tiny, hair-fine threads of blue-white that danced no more than a millimeter above her skin. “Tell me when it crosses from interesting to too much,” she said to Ace. Then, softer, “Breathe.”

The first contact was the inside of Ace’s left wrist. Just the pad of Shammy’s index finger. The shock was barely there—a warm static kiss that traveled up the forearm like a single note of music played

directly on bone. Ace's breath caught. Not pain. Not quite pleasure. Something that lived between them, bright and sudden.

"Again," Ace said, voice already a fraction lower.

Shammy obliged. This time she let the charge linger half a second longer, tracing the thin violet line that ran from Ace's wrist toward the elbow. Ace's compact shoulders tightened, then deliberately relaxed. The fracture undertone in her eyes brightened, but stayed controlled.

Mai watched, eyes sharp. "Pulse is up," she noted, clinical and fond at once. She reached over and laid two fingers against the side of Ace's neck, feeling it. "Not bad. Shammy, try the collarbone next. Same intensity."

Shammy's free hand moved, slow. Fingertips brushed the hollow of Ace's throat, then slid down to the ridge of collarbone. The shock here was a little stronger—enough to make Ace's spine straighten like a live wire had been run along it. A low sound escaped her, not quite a moan, not quite a growl. Pure velocity held in check.

"Fuck," Ace muttered. Dry. Honest. "That's... new."

Mai leaned in and kissed the corner of Ace's mouth, tasting the word. "Good new or 'horizon' new?"

"Good." Ace's hand came up, fingers threading into Shammy's silver-white hair. She tugged once—gentle, directive. "Do it while you're kissing me."

Shammy met her halfway. The kiss was calm on the surface, pressure on the inside. When their mouths met, Shammy sent a micro-burst through her tongue—tiny, precise, like a spark jumping a gap. Ace made that sound again, deeper. Her free hand found Mai's hip and gripped, anchoring.

Mai's voice came warm against Ace's ear. "Let me feel it too. Through you."

Shammy adjusted. She kept the kiss with Ace but let her other hand drift to Mai's shoulder, then down the line of her spine. The shock traveled skin to skin, Ace as the conduit for a moment—warm static passing from Shammy's mouth into Ace's, then out through Ace's palm where it pressed against Mai's back. Mai shivered visibly. Her silver-blue eyes widened, then narrowed in that way she did when she was recalculating the entire tactical situation and liking the new numbers.

"Interesting," Mai breathed. "It's like... layered pressure. Not just surface. It sinks." She nipped Ace's lower lip, teasing. "Again. Higher. I want to see what it does to her nipples."

Ace's laugh was short, breathless. "You're enjoying directing traffic way too much."

"Someone has to keep the experiment rigorous," Mai answered, unrepentant. She shifted, mouth moving to Ace's throat while Shammy's hand slid lower. The next shock landed just beneath Ace's left breast—controlled, focused, a pulsing thread that made the muscle jump and then relax into liquid heat. Ace's head tipped back. Mai caught it, supporting, kissing the exposed line of her neck.

Shammy's eyes were half-lidded now, electric blue bright but steady. She was breathing in sync with them, reading every micro-twitch of skin, every change in temperature. The air in the room had grown thicker, charged, but not oppressive—exactly the right pressure to hold them all without crushing.

They rearranged without words. Ace on her back, Mai straddling one thigh, Shammy kneeling

between Ace's spread legs. Clothing gone now. Skin on skin. Shammy's height made the angle natural; she could lean down and still look both of them in the eye.

She started at Ace's inner thigh. Small shocks, one after another, walking upward like deliberate footsteps. Each one drew a sharper inhale from Ace. When Shammy reached the apex, she paused, let the charge build—just enough to make the nerves sing without pain—and then released it in a slow, rolling wave. Ace's hips jerked once, hard. Her hand fisted in the sheet.

Mai watched, transfixed, then leaned down and took Ace's nipple into her mouth at the exact moment Shammy sent another pulse through the opposite side. The combination—wet heat and electric spark—ripped a sound out of Ace that wasn't laconic at all. Raw. Real. Hers.

"Still good?" Shammy asked, voice low, almost reverent.

Ace's answer was a single word, bitten out. "More."

Mai lifted her head long enough to grin, sharp and wicked. "Told you she'd get decisive." She shifted higher, settling her weight so Ace could feel her, slick and warm. "My turn to conduct. Shammy—trace her spine while I ride her thigh. I want her to feel it through me."

Shammy moved behind Ace, long body curling around her like a storm front. One hand slid down Ace's back, fingertips dragging slow lines of micro-lightning along the vertebrae. The other hand stayed at Ace's front, palm flat just above her pubic bone, releasing rhythmic pulses that synced with Mai's rolling hips.

The triad moved together now. Not frantic. Not performative. Just equilibrium finding a new shape. Ace's compact frame took the shocks and converted them into velocity—every spark feeding the next thrust of her hips. Mai rode the motion, silver hair swaying, one hand braced on Shammy's shoulder for balance. Shammy's hair lifted faintly, ionized gradients shifting as her own charge built and bled off into them—never too much, never too little. Atmospheric regulation made flesh.

At one point Ace reached back, caught a handful of Shammy's hair, and pulled her down into a messy, open-mouthed kiss over her shoulder. Shammy let the charge travel through the kiss again, deeper this time, and Ace moaned into her mouth. Mai leaned forward and licked the sound right off Ace's tongue, turning three mouths into one circuit.

The peak built like weather. No single explosion. A slow, rising pressure that Shammy measured and fed and finally released in a long, rolling wave—starting at Ace's core, traveling outward through Mai's body, then looping back through Shammy's hands where they pressed against both of them. Static crackled audibly now. The lamp flickered once. Ace's violet eyes went wide and bright and then squeezed shut as the wave crested. Mai followed half a breath later, forehead pressed to Ace's, whispering something low and filthy and affectionate that only the three of them would ever hear. Shammy came last, not from direct stimulation but from the sheer equalization—the perfect pressure drop when everything aligned. Her breath hitched, tall frame shuddering, hair flaring white-blue for one bright second before settling.

Then silence. Except for the rain.

They stayed tangled, sweat and static cooling on skin. Ace's head rested on Shammy's chest; Mai curled against Ace's back, one arm draped over both of them. Shammy's fingers traced idle, chargeless patterns on Ace's hip. The air felt clean. Settled. Exactly the right pressure for three bodies to exist inside it without any of them having to hold themselves together alone.

Ace spoke first, voice rough but steady. “Next time you get an idea like that, stormcloud, you don’t have to ask twice.”

Mai huffed a quiet laugh against Ace’s shoulder blade. “She’ll still ask. Because she’s Shammy. But yeah. Next time I’m bringing the notebook. For science.”

Shammy’s mouth curved against the top of Ace’s head. “Noted.” Her voice carried the faintest dry edge—the closest she ever got to irony. “Though I think the data set is going to require multiple trials. For rigor.”

Ace made that small sound again—the one that meant approval and exhaustion and home all at once. “Rigor,” she echoed. “Sure.”

Outside, the rain kept falling, steady and indifferent. Inside, the triad lay in the afterglow of something that wasn’t just pleasure and wasn’t just experiment. It was another vector slotting into place. Another way the three of them made the universe survivable.

Shammy’s eyes drifted shut, electric blue dimming to something softer. The static in her hair had gone quiet. For the first time in hours the room felt exactly the right temperature, exactly the right pressure, exactly the right charge.

Equilibrium.

They slept like that—Ace between them, Mai’s hand resting over Shammy’s heart, Shammy’s arm curled protectively around the smaller woman’s waist. The lamp stayed on. The rain kept time. And somewhere in the layered reality above them, the Foundation’s sensors continued to politely forget that this sub-level even existed.

Black File entry complete.

Experiment Log 01 — successful.

Triad stability: optimal.

Recommendation: repeat as needed.

—

© 2025-2026. “World of Ace, Mai and Shammy” and all original characters, settings, story elements, and concepts are the intellectual property of the author. All rights reserved.

Non-commercial fan works are allowed with attribution.

Commercial use, redistribution, or adaptation requires explicit permission from the author.

Contact: editor at publication-x.com

From:

<https://datavault.ws/> - **DataVault**

Permanent link:

https://datavault.ws/doku.php/blackfile:static_intimacy_experiment_log_01

Last update: **25/03/2026 15:55**

