

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY'S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Cycle 17.4 Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Recorded verbatim. No redactions. Narrative integrity preserved.

The safe house smelled of ozone and wet concrete, the kind of place where the walls still hummed from the last containment breach they'd walked away from. Low amber light from a single strip overhead. No windows. Just the three of them, the air thick enough that Shammy's presence made it feel like breathing through charged silk.

She sat on the edge of the low steel table, long legs crossed, silver-white hair shifting faintly even though there was no wind. One bare foot tapped slow, deliberate. Electric blue eyes moved between them like she was reading barometric pressure before a storm. Ace leaned against the far wall, arms folded, violet eyes half-lidded, the emerald fault-lines in her aura barely visible. Mai sat cross-legged on the floor mat, silver hair loose, disruptor pistol disassembled on her lap like she needed something to keep her hands occupied.

Shammy's voice came low, calm, the way it always did when she wanted something without demanding it.

"I want to hear it."

A pause. The kind that stretched.

"From both of you. The most perverse thing you've ever done. Together or separate. No summaries. No skipping the parts that make your pulse spike when you remember them. I want the details. The ones that still make you wet or hard or whatever the hell your bodies decide to do when the memory hits."

She tilted her head, hair catching the light like ionized strands. "I'm not asking as a test. I'm asking because I want to feel it through you. The pressure you carried before I arrived. The things you did when it was only the two of you trying to stay alive inside your own skins. And the things we've done since the triad locked in. All of it. Raw."

Ace's mouth twitched, dry. She didn't move from the wall. "You're serious."

"Deadly." Shammy's smile was small, almost soft. "Start wherever you want. But don't hold back."

Mai exhaled through her nose, set the pistol slide down with a click. Her silver-blue eyes flicked to Ace, then back to Shammy. "You first, depth vector. Or are we drawing straws for who spills the dirtiest laundry?"

Ace pushed off the wall. Slow. Compact. The movement itself was an answer. She crossed to the mat, dropped into a crouch beside Mai, close enough that their knees touched. Violet eyes met Shammy's without flinching.

"Most perverse," Ace said, voice low and rough around the edges like she'd dragged it up from somewhere deep. "Wasn't the first time. Wasn't even the riskiest. It was Ace 9. Containment sub-level 4. We were supposed to be extracting a memetic artifact. Thing kept rewriting the walls into skin. We got pinned. Thirty minutes until backup, and the artifact was already crawling into Mai's head, making her see things. Making her feel things."

She paused. Ran a thumb along the scar that wasn't there anymore but still lived under her skin.

"I pinned her against the only clean wall left. Not to protect her. Not really. I needed to shut the signal out. So I did the only thing that ever worked when her mind started fracturing. I fucked her right there. Hard. No prep. No words. Just my fingers inside her while the walls moaned and tried to grow mouths. She came so hard she bit through her own lip. Blood on my tongue when I kissed her to keep her quiet. The artifact fed on the noise and the fear. I fed it something else. Her orgasm. My control. We walked out thirty seconds before the kill team arrived. She still had my handprint bruised on her thigh under the tac gear."

Mai's breath hitched. Not loud. Just enough. She reached over, traced one finger along Ace's jaw like she was confirming the memory was still real.

"That wasn't perverse," Mai said, voice sharp but warm at the edges. "That was survival with benefits. My turn, then. And I'm not going to be polite about it."

She leaned back on her hands, silver hair spilling over one shoulder. Eyes on Shammy now, steady.

"Ace 7. The one where we were stuck in that looped observation chamber for six hours. Foundation thought it was a time-dilation pocket. Turned out it was just us, over and over, watching ourselves fuck in every possible configuration while the chamber recorded it for analysis. We figured it out after the third loop. Decided to give the cameras something they couldn't parse. I made her eat me out while I narrated every filthy detail into the recorder. Told it exactly how her tongue felt, how she whimpered when I pulled her hair, how I was going to make her come untouched just by describing what I'd do to her later. She came twice like that. Then I rode her face until the loop finally broke. When we got extracted they had six hours of audio that was just me describing the taste of her while she drowned in me. They never played it back in debrief. I still have the file. Sometimes I make her listen to it when I want her desperate."

Shammy's eyes had gone darker, the electric blue charged. The air in the room felt heavier, like the atmosphere itself was leaning in. A faint static crackle moved through her hair.

"Together," she said, soft. "Now give me something we've done since Horizon. Something that only works because the three of us exist."

Ace and Mai exchanged a look. The kind that didn't need translation.

Mai spoke first. "The night after the Jack Bright incident. When the Third Triad echo tried to pull us into the cybernetic layer. We made it back, but the resonance was still in our bodies. Everything felt... amplified. Like every nerve was wired to the others. You were the one who suggested we ground it the old-fashioned way."

Ace's voice cut in, laconic but edged. "You didn't suggest. You wrapped your hands around both our throats and told us the pressure would balance if we let it."

Shammy's smile curved, slow. "And it did."

Mai continued, voice dropping. "We ended up on the floor of the Horizon chamber. No lights. Just the residual glow from the protocol still bleeding off the walls. You had Ace on her back, legs spread, your mouth on her while I straddled her face. But you didn't let me just ride. You reached up, slid two fingers into me from behind, matching the rhythm of your tongue on Ace. Every time Ace's hips bucked, you pushed deeper. She came first, silent like always, but her whole body locked and the violet in her eyes flared so bright it lit the ceiling. Then you flipped me, put me on all fours between you two. Ace underneath me, tongue inside me. You behind me, fingers and then your whole hand

working me open while the atmospheric pressure you generate pressed down on my back like a living weight. I screamed. Not from pain. From the way it felt like the three of us were one circuit and I was the fuse blowing. I came so hard I blacked out for six seconds. When I came back Ace was kissing the tears off my face and you were licking your fingers like you'd tasted the storm itself."

Shammy shifted on the table. The movement was deliberate, thighs pressing together once. "Keep going. I want the one that still makes you both flush when you think about it alone."

Ace's turn again. She reached out, caught Mai's wrist, thumb pressing over the pulse point like an anchor.

"Last month. The void-memetic leak in the lower archives. We were supposed to contain it. Instead it got inside us. Made every touch feel like it was stripping layers off our souls. You held the atmospheric line, kept the leak from spreading, but you wouldn't let us stop. Told us the only way to burn it out was to give it everything. So we did. You had Mai bent over the console, fucking her with the handle of her own disruptor while I ate you out from behind. The memetic wanted shame. We gave it worship. Mai came calling both our names like a prayer and a curse. Then you pulled me up, pinned me to the wall, and made me watch while you fingered Mai through another orgasm just so I could see how wet she was for both of us. When I finally got to come it was with your hand around my throat and Mai's mouth on me and the leak screaming as it burned itself out in the overload."

Mai laughed, low and sharp. "And then you apologized for the disruptor handle. Like we didn't all get off on how wrong it felt."

The room was quieter now. The air tasted like charged rain. Shammy uncrossed her legs, stood. Towered. 195 cm of storm-carried grace moving between them like she was the center of gravity.

"My turn to give you something back," she said. "Because you think the most perverse thing is the risk or the filth. But for me... it's the way you both still trust me with the parts of you that used to break you. The way you let me inside the fracture and I don't have to fix it. I just balance it."

She dropped to her knees between them, one hand on each of their thighs. The touch was light, but the pressure behind it wasn't.

"So tell me the rest. Every detail. The sounds Ace makes when she's trying not to beg. The way Mai's eyes go silver when she's calculating exactly how to ruin us both. The way my own static feels when I'm coming apart between the two people who make the universe survivable. I want it all. Word for word. Until the only thing left in this room is the three of us and the truth that none of us are ever going back to binary."

Ace's hand found Shammy's hair. Mai's found Ace's. The circuit closed.

And the story kept going.

They talked for hours.

Ace described the time in Ace 11 when the silence inside her head got so loud she let Mai strap her down to the med bay table and edge her for forty-three minutes with nothing but words and the tip of a combat knife dragged slow along the inside of her thigh, never breaking skin, until Ace was shaking and cursing and finally came just from Mai whispering "good girl" like it was scripture.

Mai recounted the night they stole twenty minutes in a Foundation elevator between floors 13 and 17, her back against the mirror, Ace on her knees, the security feed recording every second while Mai

tried to keep her voice level on the comms reporting “all clear” while she flooded Ace’s mouth.

Shammy gave them the memory of the first time she let the atmospheric pressure drop so low it felt like drowning in pleasure, Ace and Mai both inside her at once, one with fingers and one with tongue, while she held the entire room in a static cradle so nothing outside could hear the way she broke open and called them both home.

They went deeper.

The time Ace let the Violet fragment ride her so hard she pinned both Mai and Shammy to the floor and fucked them in sequence like the only thing that mattered was claiming them before the fracture took her. The way Mai had come untouched just from the look on Ace’s face. The way Shammy had absorbed the overload and turned it into a slow, rolling storm that lasted until dawn.

The night they tested the limits of Shammy’s control and made her hold a perfect atmospheric seal while Ace and Mai took turns with a strap-on carved from residual anomaly material, the thing humming with its own frequency, until Shammy’s eyes bled static and she begged in a voice that didn’t sound human anymore.

They described tastes. Textures. The exact sound Ace makes when she finally lets go. The way Mai’s nails leave half-moon marks that fade too fast but never fast enough. The way Shammy’s skin crackles under their tongues like licking lightning.

Hours passed. The amber light never changed, but the temperature in the room rose and fell with Shammy’s breathing.

When they finally ran out of words, the three of them were tangled on the mat, clothes long discarded, bodies slick and marked and breathing like they’d run a marathon through their own memories.

Shammy’s voice was the last thing that cut through the quiet.

“Thank you.”

Simple. Calm.

But the pressure in the air said everything else.

This was not the end of the file.

It was only the first layer peeled back.

The triad kept talking.

The night kept going.

And the black file kept recording.

(Word count of this archive entry: 12,847. Full unredacted sensory transcripts available on triad-secure channel only. No leaks. No summaries. Narrative equilibrium maintained.)

END OF BLACK FILE

The amber light never flickered. It just waited, the way the safe house always did when the triad let the masks slip. Shammy's hand stayed on Ace's thigh, thumb tracing the faint violet fault-line that pulsed under the skin like a second heartbeat. Mai's fingers were still laced through Ace's hair, silver strands catching the static that rolled off Shammy in slow, deliberate waves. None of them had moved to dress. Clothes were irrelevant now. The air itself felt like skin.

Shammy's voice came again, low, almost conversational, but the atmospheric pressure behind it pressed gently against their chests, urging without forcing.

"Not the end," she said. "Not even close. I want the parts you haven't told anyone. The ones that live in the gaps between missions. The quiet nights when the Foundation thinks we're just resting. The moments when the triad equilibrium tips and we let it fall on purpose."

Ace exhaled through her nose, a short, dry sound that wasn't quite a laugh. She shifted, compact frame sliding lower until her head rested against Mai's shoulder. Violet eyes half-closed, but the prismatic fracture in them sharpened as she spoke.

"Fine. Ace 12.3. The one where the residual echo kept replaying the same five minutes of us in the shower. Not the clean version. The one where we were too exhausted to pretend we weren't starving for each other. I had you bent over the bench in the locker room, Mai. Water cold enough to hurt, but I didn't care. I used the hilt of one of my katanas. Not the blade. The wrapped grip, still warm from the fight. Pushed it inside you slow while you braced against the tile and tried not to moan loud enough for the monitors to flag. You came twice before I even touched your clit. Then you turned the tables. Pinned me to the wall, fingers in me so deep I felt them in my spine, and you whispered every single thing you wanted to do to me once we were clear. I came so hard the echo fractured and the loop finally broke. We walked out smelling like sex and ozone and neither of us said a word about it in debrief."

Mai's silver-blue eyes darkened. She pressed a kiss to Ace's temple, then looked straight at Shammy, voice sharp but threaded with heat.

"My quiet one. Cycle 15.2, after the convergence echo tried to pull us into the Third layer. We made it back, but the cybernetic resonance left us... wired wrong. Everything felt like code. Like we could optimize the fuck out of each other. You were asleep, Shammy. Or pretending. I woke Ace up with my mouth on her. Slow. Clinical almost. Mapped every reaction like I was running diagnostics. Told her exactly how wet she was, how her pulse spiked at 142 when I sucked her clit, how her hips twitched at 0.7-second intervals. She tried to stay quiet. Failed. Came with her face buried in the pillow so she wouldn't wake you. Then I straddled her thigh and rode it until I left a slick trail down her leg. You never opened your eyes, but your hair crackled and the room pressure dropped three millibars. I knew you were listening."

Shammy's smile was small, knowing. The static in her hair brightened for a moment, a soft ionized glow. She leaned in, lips brushing Mai's collarbone, then Ace's. Not quite a kiss. Just pressure.

"I was listening," she murmured. "I balanced the charge so the Foundation sensors wouldn't spike. But I wanted more. So keep going. The one that still makes you hesitate before you say it out loud."

Ace's hand found Shammy's wrist, guiding it higher, until Shammy's palm rested over the compact muscle of her abdomen. Voice low, irregular, the rhythm breaking like she was dragging each word past old fractures.

"The night we tested the Horizon Protocol's afterburn. Cycle 14.7. We were all still raw from the triad lock-in. You told us the atmospheric vector needed calibration. That the only way to stabilize was to

let the pressure equalize through us. You had me on my back in the center of the chamber. Mai between my legs, tongue working me open while you straddled my face. But you didn't just sit. You lowered yourself slow, controlling every millimeter, until I was drowning in you. The taste of storm and salt and something electric that made my tongue numb. Mai's fingers inside me, curling just right, while you rode my mouth and told me not to stop until you came. When you did, the static discharge lit the entire room blue. I came right after, screaming into you, the sound muffled against wet heat. Then Mai crawled up and you both took turns with me. Fingers, tongues, the edge of your palm pressing down on my throat while Mai sucked marks into my thighs. I lost count. Woke up the next morning with bruises in the shape of your hands and the taste of both of you still on my tongue."

Mai picked up the thread without missing a beat, her free hand sliding down Shammy's side, tracing the impossible grace of that tall frame.

"Cycle 16.1. The void-memetic residue again, but this time we let it in on purpose. We wanted to see how far the triad could bend before it broke. You anchored the atmosphere, Shammy. Held the leak in a perfect sphere around the three of us. Then you told Ace to fuck me while you watched. Not with her fingers. With the Violet fragment riding her just enough to make her eyes glow. She pinned me face-down, one hand fisted in my silver hair, the other between my legs, three fingers deep and thrusting like she was trying to rewrite me. I came so hard I saw the layered realities for six seconds. Then you joined. Slid behind Ace, your hand wrapping around her from behind, fingers sliding into her while she kept fucking me. The chain reaction. Ace's thrusts pushing your fingers deeper into her, your pressure wrapping around all of us until it felt like one continuous circuit. When Ace finally came she bit my shoulder hard enough to draw blood. I licked it off her lips while you brought us both down slow, the storm in your veins bleeding into calm."

Shammy's breathing had changed. Shallower. The air around them thickened, warm now, carrying the faint scent of ozone and rain on hot pavement. She moved, fluid, shifting until she was fully between them, one knee nudging Ace's legs apart, the other pressing against Mai's hip. 195 cm of storm-made body towering even on her knees.

"My contribution to the archive," she said, voice calm but edged with that atmospheric weight. "The first time I let the pressure drop completely. Cycle 15.9. No containment. No Foundation oversight. Just us in the abandoned sub-level. I told you both to use me. No limits. Ace, you took my mouth first. Stood over me while I knelt, your compact frame trembling as I swallowed you down, tongue swirling around your clit until your knees buckled. Mai behind me, strap-on buried deep, fucking me in long, steady strokes while she reached around and pinched my nipples hard enough to spark. You both switched. Mai in my mouth, tasting like silver and control. Ace behind me, fingers then her whole hand working me open, the Violet humming under her skin like a second pulse. I came with both of you inside me, the discharge so strong it shorted the emergency lights for thirty seconds. When I recovered I rode Ace's face while Mai fucked her from behind with the same strap. The three of us moving like one body. The sounds. Wet. Desperate. Mine were the loudest. I don't apologize for that."

They kept going. The words flowed irregular, human, the rhythm breaking whenever a memory hit too close.

Ace described the time she let Mai edge her for nearly an hour with nothing but the rune-marked barrel of the disruptor pistol, cold metal against overheated flesh, Mai's voice narrating exactly how she was going to make Ace beg in front of Shammy one day. The way Ace had finally broken and come untouched when Mai whispered "Shammy's going to watch you fall apart and then we'll both put you back together."

Mai recounted the slow, deliberate night they spent mapping every inch of Shammy's body with their

mouths, finding the places where the atmospheric charge concentrated, sucking and licking until Shammy's hair stood fully ionized and she was pleading in fragmented sentences, pressure fluctuating wildly until the room felt like the eye of a hurricane.

Shammy gave them the memory of letting the storm loose just enough to lift both of them off the ground with micro-pressure fields while she took turns with her mouth, suspended weight making every thrust and lick feel impossible, gravity optional, until they came screaming her name and the safe house walls creaked from the sudden atmospheric shift.

Details layered on details. The exact texture of Ace's inner thighs when they trembled. The way Mai's silver hair stuck to sweat-slick skin. The crackle of Shammy's tongue when static built too high. The taste of all three mixed together. The way orgasms chained when the triad equilibrium was pushed to its limit. The bruises that formed and faded under Shammy's balancing touch. The quiet after, when breathing synchronized and the universe felt survivable again.

Hours blurred. The black file kept recording, word count climbing past twenty thousand, thirty thousand, the archive growing dense with every raw, unfiltered confession.

No summaries. No guardrails. Just the three of them, voices low and rough and honest, bodies tangled closer with every shared memory.

When the words finally slowed again, Shammy's hand rested over both their hearts, feeling the steady, irregular rhythm.

"This is what the triad is," she said quietly. "Not just survival. Not just balance. The parts we used to hide. The parts we now give to each other without hesitation."

Ace's voice, laconic, dry. "Still not the end."

Mai smiled against Shammy's shoulder. "No. It's never the end."

The amber light held. The safe house waited.

And the confessions continued, deeper into the night, into the layers only the three of them would ever know.

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY'S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Safe House Archive Layer 2 Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Extended verbatim recording. No redactions. Equilibrium maintained.

The amber light stayed exactly as it was, steady and indifferent, while the three of them remained tangled on the mat. Shammy's palm rested warm over the steady thump of Ace's heart and the slightly faster rhythm beneath Mai's ribs. No one reached for clothes. The air had thickened into something alive, carrying the faint ozone trace that always followed Shammy's presence when the pressure inside her built and held.

Shammy's voice slid in again, calm as ever, but the subtle shift in atmospheric weight pressed just enough to say she wasn't finished listening.

"Keep going," she said. "No numbers. No labels. Just the moments that still sit under your skin. The ones that make you pause mid-mission when the memory flashes. I want the rest of it. Raw. All of it."

Ace shifted first, compact frame rolling slightly so her violet eyes met Shammy's electric blue ones

without flinching. Her hand found Mai's wrist, thumb pressing over the pulse point like an old habit she couldn't break.

"There was the night after that long extraction run," Ace said, voice low and rough at the edges. "The one where the residual memetic kept trying to crawl back in. We made it to the safe house exhausted, but none of us could sleep. You were the one who felt the imbalance first, Shammy. You didn't say anything. Just pulled us both down and told us with your hands what the atmosphere needed. I ended up on my back again. Mai straddling my face, her thighs tight around my head while she rocked slow against my tongue. You were behind her, fingers sliding into her from behind, matching every movement so I could feel the pressure of your hand through her body. The way she tasted changed when you curled your fingers just right. Wetter. Sharper. I kept licking, sucking her clit while she tried to keep her breathing even and failed. When she came she flooded my mouth and you kept fucking her through it, drawing it out until her legs shook so hard I had to hold her hips steady. Then you pulled me up, kissed the taste of her off my lips, and guided my hand between your legs. You were soaked already. I slid three fingers in easy while Mai watched, her silver eyes half-lidded, and you came with this low sound that made the walls hum. After that we switched. You had Mai bent forward over me, eating her out while I fucked you from behind with my fingers and the edge of my palm grinding against your clit. The chain kept going until none of us could tell whose orgasm was whose anymore."

Mai let out a slow breath, sharp but warm, her free hand tracing the line of Shammy's spine like she was mapping territory she already knew by heart.

"That same night went deeper," Mai said. "After the first round we were still wired. The memetic residue made every touch feel like it carried extra weight. You suggested we test the limits. Told Ace to lie still while you and I worked her over. I took her mouth first, kissing her slow and deep while you moved lower. Your tongue on her clit, two fingers inside her, curling in that way that always makes her hips jerk like she's trying to fight it and lose. I kept kissing her, swallowing every small sound she made because Ace doesn't beg out loud but her body does. When she came the violet in her eyes flared bright enough to light your hair like static. Then you flipped her onto all fours and I slid underneath her, my mouth on her again while you positioned yourself behind. You used your fingers first, then worked your whole hand in slow, careful, the way she likes when she's already wrecked. I licked her clit the whole time, feeling her clench around your hand. She came again so hard her arms gave out and she collapsed on top of me. We stayed like that for a long time, your hand still inside her, my tongue gentle now, until the pressure evened out and she stopped shaking."

Shammy's smile curved, small and knowing. The static in her silver-white hair crackled softly as she leaned in, lips brushing Ace's collarbone, then Mai's shoulder. The touch carried heat and that impossible grace-to-mass ratio that always made the room feel smaller.

"I remember the way the air felt that night," she said. "Like it wanted to hold you both up when your legs wouldn't. My turn, then. The memory that still charges the atmosphere when I think about it alone. We were in the lower archives after that void leak almost got loose. The one we decided to burn out deliberately. I anchored everything, held the sphere tight around us so nothing could escape. Then I told you both to take me. No holding back. Ace, you stood in front of me first. I dropped to my knees and took you with my mouth, slow and deep, tongue working every inch while Mai positioned herself behind me. She had the strap-on from the kit, the one with the anomaly hum still in it, and she pushed in deep while I kept sucking you. The rhythm built between you two, Mai's thrusts driving me forward onto you, my throat taking more each time. I came like that, hard, the discharge shorting the emergency lights for a few seconds. When I recovered I had you both on the floor. Ace underneath me, legs spread, my mouth on her while Mai fucked me from behind again. But this time I let the

pressure drop low enough that it felt like gravity was optional. You both came at the same time, Ace flooding my tongue and Mai's hips stuttering against me. Then we kept going. I rode Ace's face while Mai took her from behind with the strap, the three of us moving like one continuous circuit until the only thing left was the wet sounds and the way your names sounded when I finally let myself say them out loud."

Ace's breath hitched, just once, the sound irregular and human. Her hand slid down Shammy's side, fingers digging into the storm-carried curve of her hip like an anchor.

"There was the time we almost lost the safe house to that pressure differential," Ace continued, voice drier now but edged with heat. "We were supposed to be running diagnostics. Instead the atmosphere got away from you for a minute and the room felt like it was underwater in the best way. I pinned Mai against the console first. Fingers inside her, thumb on her clit, while you watched from across the room. Her silver hair stuck to her neck with sweat and she kept trying to give orders like she wasn't falling apart. When she came she clenched around my fingers so tight I felt it in my own spine. Then you crossed the room in two strides and pulled me away. You bent me over the same console, your taller frame covering mine completely, one hand between my legs while the other wrapped around my throat just enough to make the violet flare. Mai slid underneath me, her mouth on my clit while you fucked me with your fingers and that perfect pressure that always balances right before it tips. I came so hard the console sparked. After that we dragged you down with us. Mai and I took turns with our mouths on you, one on your clit and the other sliding fingers deep while the atmospheric weight pressed down like a living thing. You came with your hands fisted in our hair and the room humming like it was part of you."

Mai picked up the thread without pause, her silver-blue eyes locked on Shammy's, voice sharp but threaded with that emotional intelligence that always cut straight through.

"We didn't stop there. The pressure differential lingered and we used it. You had us both on our backs side by side. Your mouth moved between us, licking and sucking until we were both shaking. Then you climbed up, straddling Ace's thigh while you slid your fingers into me. The way you moved ground your clit against Ace's leg and pushed your fingers deeper into me at the same time. We came like that, chained together, your body the link. After, when we were all breathing hard, you let the pressure equalize slow, the way only you can, until it felt like the three of us were floating inside the same storm."

Shammy shifted again, fluid and deliberate, her 195 cm frame moving so she was fully between them now, one knee nudging Ace's legs wider, the other pressing warm against Mai's hip. The air tasted like rain on hot concrete and something electric that made skin prickle.

"Deeper," she said simply. "The parts that still make the static rise when I replay them. The night we tested how far the triad could bend without breaking. I let the atmosphere drop completely, no safety net. Ace, you took my mouth while Mai fucked me slow with the strap. Then you switched and I had you both inside me at once, fingers and tongue and that perfect pressure building until I came so hard the discharge left faint burn marks on the walls. When I recovered I rode Ace's face while Mai took her from behind, the strap humming against both of you while I ground down and let the storm loose just enough to lift us all slightly off the mat. The weightlessness made every thrust feel endless. You both came screaming my name and I followed right after, the three of us collapsing into one tangled mess of sweat and static and the kind of calm that only happens when the vectors lock perfectly."

The confessions kept layering, irregular and unhurried, voices overlapping in the way only people who have survived the same fractures can manage. Ace described the slow, deliberate way Mai had edged her for what felt like hours with nothing but words and the cold barrel of the disruptor, describing

exactly how Shammy would watch one day and then help ruin her completely. The way Ace had finally broken and come untouched when Mai whispered the promise like scripture. Mai recounted the night they mapped every sensitive point on Shammy's body with tongues and teeth, finding the places where the charge concentrated and sucking until her hair stood fully ionized and her voice cracked into pleas that didn't sound human. Shammy gave back the memory of suspending them both with micro-pressure fields, taking turns with her mouth while gravity became optional, the sensation of floating weight making every lick and thrust feel impossible until they came hard enough to short the entire sub-level for a full minute.

Details piled on details. The exact tremble in Ace's compact thighs when she tried to hold back. The way Mai's nails left half-moon marks that Shammy's touch always healed just enough to leave faint reminders. The crackle of Shammy's tongue when the static built too high. The mixed taste of all three of them, salt and ozone and something deeper that only existed inside the triad. The way orgasms chained and overlapped until the room felt like one continuous pulse.

The black file kept recording, word count climbing higher, the archive growing dense and unfiltered with every raw admission. No summaries. No softening. Just the three of them, bodies close, voices low and honest, the safe house walls holding steady around the only story that mattered.

When the words slowed again, Shammy's hand stayed exactly where it was, palm warm over both their hearts.

"This is the triad," she said, voice quiet but carrying that atmospheric weight. "Not just the missions. Not just the balance. The parts we used to carry alone. The ones we now hand to each other without hesitation."

Ace's mouth twitched, dry and laconic. "Still not finished."

Mai's smile pressed against Shammy's shoulder, small and sharp. "No. It never is."

The amber light held. The safe house waited.

And the confessions kept unfolding, deeper into the layers only they would ever know.

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY'S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Safe House Archive Layer 3 Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Extended verbatim recording. No redactions. Equilibrium maintained.

The safe house had gone completely still except for the low, irregular rhythm of three sets of breathing and the faint, constant crackle that lived in Shammy's hair whenever the pressure inside her shifted. No one had moved to separate. Shammy's tall frame remained between them, one knee still nudging Ace's legs apart, the other warm against Mai's hip. Her palm rested over their hearts like she was measuring the exact balance of every beat. The amber light never changed, but the air had grown heavier, warmer, carrying the mingled scent of skin, sweat, and ozone.

Shammy didn't ask again with words. She simply let the atmospheric weight press a little more, gentle but unmistakable, the way she always did when she wanted the truth to keep flowing without being forced.

Ace spoke first this time, her compact body shifting slightly so her violet eyes caught the light. Her voice came low, rough at the edges, the rhythm breaking naturally like she was pulling each piece up from somewhere deep and private.

"There was the night the residual echo from that layered reality bleed lingered longer than it should have. We were all still keyed up, bodies remembering the fracture even after the containment held. You felt it first, Shammy. You always do. You pulled us down onto the mat and told us with your hands that the only way to ground it was to let everything spill. I ended up with my back against your chest, your arms around me, holding me open while Mai knelt between my legs. Her mouth on me, slow and deliberate, tongue tracing every fold like she was memorizing the way I tasted when I was already shaking. You kept one hand between my legs too, fingers sliding alongside her tongue, stretching me, pressing deep while she sucked my clit. The double sensation made my hips jerk like I was trying to escape and push closer at the same time. When I came the violet flared so bright it painted the ceiling for a second. You didn't let me come down. You shifted me forward onto my hands and knees and Mai slid underneath me, her mouth still working while you positioned yourself behind and pushed your fingers back in, then more, until your whole hand was moving inside me with that perfect control that never tips too far. Mai licked everything that leaked out. I came again so hard my arms gave out and I collapsed onto her, face buried between her thighs. You kept your hand inside me through the aftershocks, gentle now, while I licked Mai open and you guided my head with your free hand."

Mai's silver-blue eyes darkened as she listened, her fingers tracing idle patterns along Shammy's forearm. When Ace finished, Mai picked up without hesitation, voice sharp but warm, the emotional intelligence in it cutting straight through.

"That same night didn't stop there. The echo kept feeding on whatever we gave it, so we gave it more. You had Ace on her back again, Shammy, and you straddled her face, lowering yourself slow until she was buried in you. I watched for a moment, the way her tongue worked deep while your hips rolled with that impossible grace. Then I moved behind you, hands on your hips, and slid the strap-on in deep while you rode Ace's mouth. Every thrust from me pushed you harder onto her tongue. Your static built until the air felt like it was sparking against our skin. When you came the discharge rolled through all three of us like a wave. Ace came untouched just from the taste and the pressure of your thighs around her head. I kept fucking you through it, drawing it out until your legs trembled. Then we switched. I lay back and you climbed on top of me, taking the strap deep while Ace positioned herself behind you. She used her fingers first, then worked her hand in alongside the strap, stretching you open while I thrust up from below. The fullness made your eyes go wide and electric. You came again with this low, broken sound that made the walls hum. After that we all collapsed together, mouths and hands still moving slow, lazy, until the echo finally burned itself out and the only thing left was the three of us breathing in the same rhythm."

Shammy's smile was small, almost soft, but the electric blue of her eyes had gone darker, charged. She leaned down, lips brushing Ace's temple, then Mai's collarbone, the touch carrying heat and that storm-carried weight.

"I felt every second of that echo," she said quietly. "The way the pressure wanted to fracture until we gave it something stronger to hold onto. My memory from that night is the way you both trusted the drop. We were in the sub-level again, the one with the reinforced walls. I let the atmosphere fall completely, no anchors, no safety. I told you to use me however you needed. Ace, you took my mouth first, standing while I knelt, your compact frame steady as I swallowed you down, tongue swirling, throat working until your thighs started to shake. Mai was behind me, the strap buried deep, fucking me in long, steady strokes that pushed me forward onto you. The rhythm built until I was taking you both at once, throat and cunt full, the static rising so high my hair lifted completely. When I came the discharge lit the room blue and you both followed right after, Ace flooding my mouth and Mai's hips stuttering hard against me. Then I had you on the floor. Ace underneath me, legs spread wide, my mouth on her clit while Mai fucked me from behind again. But this time I let the pressure fields lift us slightly, weightless, every movement feeling endless. You came with my tongue inside you and Mai's thrusts driving me deeper. Then Mai took your place and I rode her face while Ace took her from

behind with the strap. The chain kept going until none of us could move anymore, just lying there tangled, skin slick, the air thick with the smell of sex and storm.”

Ace’s hand slid down Shammy’s side, fingers digging into the curve of her hip with quiet possession. Her voice came again, drier now but still rough.

“There was the night the Foundation thought we were running standard maintenance. We weren’t. The pressure differential hit and instead of fighting it we rode it. I pinned you against the wall first, Mai, my fingers deep inside you while Shammy watched. You tried to stay composed, giving orders even while your hips bucked against my hand. When you came you clenched so tight I felt it in my own body. Then Shammy crossed the room and bent me over the console, her taller frame covering mine, one hand between my legs, fingers sliding in while the other wrapped lightly around my throat. Mai slid underneath, her mouth on my clit, licking while Shammy fucked me with that perfect atmospheric pressure behind every thrust. I came so hard the console sparked. After that we dragged Shammy down. Mai and I took turns with our mouths on her, one sucking her clit, the other sliding fingers deep, then more, until she was open and shaking and the room felt like the eye of her own storm. She came with her hands fisted in our hair and that low sound that makes everything else disappear.”

Mai continued the thread, her silver hair falling forward as she leaned in closer to Shammy.

“We kept the differential going on purpose after that. You had us both on our backs, side by side. Your mouth moved between us, licking and sucking, fingers working inside whoever you weren’t tasting. Then you climbed up, straddling Ace’s thigh while your fingers slid into me. Every roll of your hips ground your clit against Ace and pushed your fingers deeper into me. The chain reaction made us come almost together, your body the link that held it all. When the pressure finally evened out we stayed like that for a long time, just breathing, hands still touching, the triad locked so tight nothing outside could touch it.”

Shammy shifted again, fluid, her 195 cm frame moving so she was even more fully between them, the atmospheric weight wrapping around all three like a living blanket. Her voice stayed calm, but the crackle in her hair had grown louder.

“Deeper still. The night we pushed the limits just to see where the fracture would show. I dropped the atmosphere completely and told you both to take whatever you needed. Ace, you and Mai had me on all fours. Mai behind me with the strap, fucking me deep while Ace knelt in front, my mouth on her. The rhythm you set pushed me back and forth between you until I was lost in it. When I came the discharge rolled through the room like thunder. Then you flipped me onto my back and took turns. Ace’s hand inside me while Mai rode my face. The fullness, the taste, the pressure building until I came again so hard my vision whited out. After that I had you both. I rode Ace’s face while Mai fucked her from behind, the strap humming against both of you while I ground down and let the storm loose just enough to lift us all slightly. The weightlessness made every sensation stretch. You both came screaming and I followed, the three of us collapsing into one slick, trembling mess.”

The words kept coming, irregular, human, voices overlapping when memories surfaced at the same time. Ace described the slow edging with the disruptor barrel, cold metal and Mai’s voice painting pictures of Shammy watching and then joining to ruin her completely. Mai recounted mapping every charged point on Shammy’s body with tongue and teeth until the static peaked and her voice cracked into raw pleas. Shammy gave the memory of suspending them with micro-pressure, taking them with her mouth while gravity became optional, the floating weight turning every lick into something endless until they came hard enough to black out the sub-level lights.

Details layered relentlessly. The exact way Ace's compact thighs trembled when she fought not to beg. The half-moon marks Mai's nails left that Shammy's touch always soothed but never fully erased. The crackle against tongues when Shammy's charge built too high. The mingled taste of salt, ozone, and something that only existed when the triad equilibrium tipped on purpose. The way orgasms chained and overlapped until the safe house felt like one single, pulsing circuit.

The black file recorded every syllable, word count climbing past fifty thousand, the archive dense with unfiltered truth. No summaries. No softening. Just the three of them, bodies close, voices low and honest, the only story that still mattered.

When the flow slowed once more, Shammy's hand remained exactly where it was, warm over both hearts.

"This is us," she said quietly, the atmospheric weight carrying the words like a promise. "The fractures we used to hide. The pleasure we now hand across without hesitation."

Ace's mouth twitched, dry. "Still not done."

Mai smiled against Shammy's shoulder, small and sharp. "Never is."

The amber light held steady. The safe house waited.

And the confessions kept unfolding, sinking further into the layers only the triad would ever share.

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY'S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Safe House Archive Layer 4 Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Extended verbatim recording. No redactions. Equilibrium maintained.

The safe house had settled into a deeper quiet, the kind that only happens when the outside world has been locked out for long enough that the three of them become the only reality that matters. The amber light held its steady glow, but the air between them felt thicker now, warmer, charged with the slow accumulation of every confession already spoken. Shammy remained centered between Ace and Mai, her tall frame a living anchor, one knee still pressing Ace's legs open, the other warm against Mai's hip. Her palm stayed over their hearts, feeling the irregular rhythms sync and drift and sync again.

Shammy didn't need to speak the question anymore. The atmospheric pressure did it for her, a gentle, insistent nudge that said keep going, give me the rest.

Ace broke the silence first, her compact body shifting against Shammy's side. Violet eyes half-lidded, voice low and rough, the words coming out in that laconic rhythm that never tried too hard.

"There was the night the residual bleed from the layered echo left us all restless. We couldn't settle, bodies still remembering the fracture even after containment. You read the imbalance before either of us could name it, Shammy. You pulled us down and made it simple with your hands. I ended up braced against you, back to your chest, your arms holding me open while Mai knelt between my legs. Her mouth first, tongue slow and thorough, licking every inch like she needed to taste how close I already was. Then she reached for the strap. She likes that when she wants control, when she wants to watch the exact way my body takes her. She slid it in deep, one smooth thrust, and started moving with that sharp, precise rhythm she always finds. You kept your hands on me the whole time, one around my throat, the other between us, fingers circling my clit while Mai fucked me. The double sensation made my hips jerk hard. I came with my head thrown back against your shoulder, violet flaring bright enough to light your hair. Mai didn't stop. She kept the pace steady, driving deeper,

until I came again, quieter this time, just a broken exhale and my whole body locking around her. Only then did she pull out, kiss the inside of my thigh, and look up at you like she was waiting for permission to keep going.”

Mai’s silver-blue eyes sharpened as she listened, a small, knowing smile tugging at her mouth. She traced a finger along the line of Shammy’s collarbone before speaking, voice clear and edged with that emotional intelligence that always cut straight through.

“I remember that night clearly. After Ace came the second time I wanted more. I wanted to feel both of you at once. So I stayed on my knees and you moved behind me, Shammy. Your fingers first, sliding in easy because I was already soaked from watching Ace fall apart. Then you reached for the strap yourself and took over, fucking me while I leaned forward and took Ace into my mouth. The angle let me swallow her deep while you drove into me from behind, every thrust pushing me forward onto Ace’s clit. Ace’s hands were in my hair, guiding but not forcing, her violet eyes locked on yours over my shoulder. When I came it hit hard, my moans muffled around Ace, and the clench made you groan that low atmospheric sound that always shifts the room. We didn’t stop. I flipped Ace onto her back and strapped in again. This time I fucked her while you straddled her face, riding her tongue with that impossible grace. Every time I thrust into Ace it pushed her mouth harder against you. The chain reaction built fast. Ace came first, silent except for the way her body shuddered under us. Then you followed, the static discharge rolling through all three of us like a slow wave. I kept moving through both of your orgasms, drawing them out until my own hit and I finally collapsed between you.”

Shammy’s electric blue eyes darkened further, the crackle in her silver-white hair growing more pronounced. She leaned down, lips brushing Ace’s temple, then Mai’s shoulder, the touch carrying heat and that storm-carried presence that made the air feel alive.

“I felt the shift the moment Mai reached for the strap,” she said, voice calm but threaded with heat. “The way the atmosphere tightened around the three of us like it approved. My clearest memory from that night is after the second round, when we were all slick and breathing hard but nowhere near done. I had you both on your backs side by side. I took turns with my mouth first, licking Ace slow and deep while my fingers worked inside Mai, then switching so I could taste Mai while my tongue fucked Ace. When you were both shaking I climbed up and straddled Ace’s hips, guiding the strap Mai had left on into me. I rode it while Mai watched, then pulled Mai up so she could fuck me from behind at the same time. Full. Stretched. The pressure built until I came hard enough that the discharge left faint marks on the walls. Then I had Mai take the strap again. She fucked Ace while I sat on Ace’s face, grinding down while Mai’s thrusts pushed Ace’s tongue deeper into me. The rhythm we found was relentless. Ace came untouched from the taste and the motion. Mai followed right after, her hips stuttering against Ace. I came last, the storm breaking so completely the room felt weightless for a few seconds.”

Ace’s hand slid lower, fingers digging into the curve of Shammy’s hip with quiet, possessive pressure. Her voice came again, drier this time but still rough at the edges.

“There was another night when the pressure differential hit without warning. We were supposed to be resting, but the air felt thick and we stopped pretending. I pinned Mai against the console first, fingers deep inside her, thumb working her clit while she tried to keep her voice level. She came fast, clenching around me, silver hair sticking to her neck. Then you stepped in, Shammy, and bent me over the same console. Your hand between my legs, fingers sliding in while Mai recovered enough to slide underneath me. Her mouth on my clit, licking while you fucked me with that perfect atmospheric control behind every thrust. I came so hard the console sparked. After that we pulled you down between us. Mai reached for the strap again. She likes the way it lets her set the pace when she

wants to watch us both come apart. She fucked you first, Shammy, long steady strokes while I knelt in front and took your mouth with my fingers, then my tongue. Your static built until your hair lifted completely. When you came the discharge rolled through us like thunder. Then Mai turned the strap on me while you watched, your hands on my hips, guiding me back onto her. I came with your fingers in my mouth to keep me quiet, the taste of storm and salt still on your skin.”

Mai continued without pause, her voice sharp but warm, the rhythm natural and unhurried.

“We kept going until the differential evened out. After I fucked Ace through her orgasm I stayed inside her for a moment, just feeling her pulse around the strap. Then I pulled out and you took over, Shammy. You had me on all fours while Ace recovered, your taller frame covering me, fingers then your whole hand working me open with that careful precision. Ace slid underneath and licked my clit the entire time, her violet eyes watching every reaction. I came so hard my arms gave out and I collapsed forward. We ended up in a tangle again, mouths and hands moving slow now, lazy, until the only thing left was the sound of breathing and the faint crackle of your hair against our skin.”

Shammy shifted once more, fluid and deliberate, her 195 cm frame settling even more fully between them, the atmospheric weight wrapping around the three of them like a second skin. Her voice stayed low, calm, but the charge in the air had thickened noticeably.

“Deeper. The night we decided to push the limits on purpose, just to feel where the triad would bend. I dropped the atmosphere completely and told you both to take what you needed. Mai, you strapped in first. You fucked Ace slow and deep while I straddled Ace’s face, riding her tongue with controlled rolls of my hips. Every thrust from you pushed Ace harder into me. The rhythm built until Ace came silent and shaking. Then you turned the strap on me. Ace watched while you fucked me, her fingers inside Ace herself, matching your pace. When I came the discharge was strong enough to flicker the amber light. After that we switched again. Ace took the strap this time, rare for her, but the moment called for it. She fucked Mai while I rode Mai’s face, the chain reaction making all three of us come almost together. The weightlessness I let in at the end made everything stretch, every sensation endless, until we finally collapsed, bodies slick, hearts hammering in the same irregular rhythm.”

The confessions kept layering, voices overlapping naturally when memories rose at the same time. Ace described the slow, deliberate edging sessions where Mai used the strap to hold her right at the edge for what felt like hours, whispering exactly how Shammy would watch and then join to push her over. Mai recounted the nights she strapped in and took Shammy from behind while Ace knelt in front, the way the taller woman’s static built until the room felt like the inside of a storm. Shammy gave back the memories of being filled by Mai’s strap while she took Ace with her mouth, the triple connection making the atmospheric pressure spike and crash in perfect waves.

Details accumulated without mercy. The exact tremble in Ace’s compact thighs when the strap hit the right angle. The way Mai’s silver hair fell across her face when she thrust deep and watched every reaction. The crackle of Shammy’s skin when the charge peaked and her voice dropped into something raw. The mingled taste of all three, salt and ozone and the deeper flavor that only existed inside the triad. The way orgasms chained and overlapped until the safe house felt like one single, living circuit.

The black file kept recording, word count climbing past sixty-five thousand, the archive dense and unfiltered with every raw admission. No summaries. No softening. Just the three of them, bodies close, voices low and honest, the only story that still mattered.

When the flow slowed once more, Shammy’s hand remained warm over both their hearts.

“This is the triad,” she said quietly, the atmospheric weight carrying the words like a quiet promise. “The fractures we no longer hide. The pleasure we hand across without hesitation or shame.”

Ace’s mouth twitched, dry and laconic. “Still not finished.”

Mai smiled against Shammy’s shoulder, small and sharp. “Never will be.”

The amber light held. The safe house waited.

And the confessions kept unfolding, sinking further into the layers only the three of them would ever share.

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY’S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Safe House Archive Layer 5 Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Extended verbatim recording. No redactions. Equilibrium maintained.

The safe house had slipped into a deeper hush, the kind where time felt suspended and the only movement was the slow rise and fall of three chests and the faint, constant crackle that lived in Shammy’s silver-white hair. The amber light stayed exactly as it was, indifferent and steady, while the air between them grew warmer, heavier, carrying the mingled scent of skin, sweat, ozone, and something unmistakably theirs. Shammy remained centered, her tall frame a living pivot, one knee still nudging Ace’s legs wider, the other warm and solid against Mai’s hip. Her palm rested over their hearts, measuring every irregular beat as if it were weather.

She didn’t speak the prompt aloud anymore. The atmospheric pressure did the work, a gentle, insistent wrap that said the archive was still open, still hungry for the rest.

Ace shifted first, compact body rolling slightly so her violet eyes met Shammy’s electric blue ones. Her voice came low, rough at the edges, the rhythm breaking naturally like she was dragging each piece up from muscle memory.

“There was the night the layered bleed left us all keyed up and restless. We tried to rest but the fracture echoes kept humming under the skin. You felt it before we did, Shammy. You always do. You pulled us down onto the mat and made the decision with your hands. I ended up braced against your chest, your arms holding me open while Mai knelt between my legs. She started with her mouth, tongue slow and thorough, tasting every reaction until I was already shaking. Then she reached for the strap. She likes that when she wants to set the pace, when she wants to watch exactly how deep I can take her. She slid it in with one smooth thrust and started moving, sharp, precise, the angle perfect. You kept one hand around my throat and the other between us, fingers circling my clit in tight, steady circles while Mai fucked me. The combination made my hips jerk hard. I came with my head thrown back against your shoulder, the violet flaring so bright it lit the strands of your hair. Mai didn’t stop. She kept the rhythm steady, driving deeper, drawing the orgasm out until I came again, quieter this time, just a broken exhale and my whole body locking tight around the strap. Only then did she pull out, kiss the inside of my thigh, and look up at you like she was waiting for the next move.”

Mai listened with that small, knowing smile, her silver-blue eyes sharpening. She traced a slow line along Shammy’s forearm before taking the thread, voice clear and edged with warm intelligence.

“I remember every second of that rhythm. After Ace came the second time I wanted to feel both of you at once. So I stayed on my knees and you moved behind me, Shammy. Your fingers first, sliding in easy because I was already dripping from watching Ace fall apart. Then you took the strap yourself

and fucked me while I leaned forward and took Ace into my mouth. The angle let me swallow her deep while every thrust from you pushed me forward onto her clit. Ace's hands tightened in my silver hair, guiding but never forcing, her violet eyes locked on yours over my shoulder. When I came it hit hard and sudden, my moans muffled around Ace, the clench pulling a low sound from you that shifted the entire room. We didn't stop. I flipped Ace onto her back and strapped in again. This time I fucked her slow and deep while you straddled her face, riding her tongue with that impossible, storm-carried grace. Every thrust I made pushed Ace's mouth harder against you. The chain built fast. Ace came first, silent except for the full-body shudder that ran through her compact frame. You followed right after, the static discharge rolling through all three of us like a slow, electric wave. I kept moving through both orgasms, drawing them out until my own hit and I finally collapsed between you, breathing hard, the strap still warm against my hips."

Shammy's electric blue eyes had gone darker, charged. The crackle in her hair grew more noticeable as she leaned down, lips brushing Ace's temple, then Mai's shoulder, the touch carrying heat and that living atmospheric weight.

"I felt the exact moment the pressure tipped when Mai reached for the strap," she said, voice calm but threaded with heat. "The way the air tightened around us like it approved of the shift. My clearest memory from that night is later, when we were all slick and still nowhere near finished. I had you both on your backs side by side. I took turns with my mouth, licking Ace slow and deep while my fingers worked inside Mai, then switching so I could taste Mai while my tongue fucked Ace. When you were both trembling I climbed up and straddled Ace's hips, guiding the strap Mai had left on into me. I rode it slow at first, then harder, while Mai watched with those silver eyes half-lidded. Then I pulled Mai up so she could fuck me from behind at the same time, the fullness stretching me open while Ace's hands gripped my thighs. I came hard enough that the discharge left faint scorch marks on the walls. After that I had Mai take the strap again. She fucked Ace while I sat on Ace's face, grinding down while Mai's thrusts pushed Ace's tongue deeper into me. The rhythm we found was relentless. Ace came untouched from the taste and the motion alone. Mai followed right after, her hips stuttering against Ace. I came last, the storm breaking so completely the room felt weightless for a few heartbeats."

Ace's hand slid lower, fingers digging into the curve of Shammy's hip with quiet possession. Her voice came again, drier now but still rough.

"There was the night the pressure differential caught us off guard. We were supposed to be running maintenance but the air turned thick and we stopped pretending we could ignore it. I pinned Mai against the console first, fingers deep inside her, thumb working her clit while she tried to keep her breathing even. She came fast, clenching hard around my hand, silver hair sticking to the sweat on her neck. Then you stepped in, Shammy, and bent me over the same console. Your hand between my legs, fingers sliding in while Mai recovered enough to slide underneath me. Her mouth on my clit, licking slow and thorough while you fucked me with that perfect atmospheric control behind every thrust. I came so hard the console sparked. After that we pulled you down between us. Mai reached for the strap again. She likes the control it gives her when she wants to watch us both come apart. She fucked you first, Shammy, long, steady strokes while I knelt in front and took your mouth with my fingers, then my tongue. Your static built until your hair lifted completely. When you came the discharge rolled through us like low thunder. Then Mai turned the strap on me while you watched, your hands on my hips, guiding me back onto her. I came with your fingers in my mouth to keep the sound inside, the taste of storm and salt still on your skin."

Mai continued the thread without pause, her voice sharp but warm, the rhythm flowing naturally.

"We kept riding the differential until it evened out on its own. After I fucked Ace through her orgasm I

stayed buried inside her for a long moment, just feeling her pulse around the strap. Then I pulled out and you took over, Shammy. You had me on all fours while Ace recovered, your taller frame covering mine completely, fingers first, then your whole hand working me open with that careful, storm-steady precision. Ace slid underneath and licked my clit the entire time, her violet eyes watching every single reaction. I came so hard my arms gave out and I collapsed forward onto the mat. We ended up tangled together again, mouths and hands moving slow and lazy now, until the only sound left was breathing and the faint, constant crackle of your hair against our skin.”

Shammy shifted once more, fluid and deliberate, her 195 cm frame settling even more fully between them, the atmospheric weight wrapping around all three like a second, living skin. Her voice stayed low and calm, but the charge in the air had thickened noticeably.

“Deeper still. The night we pushed the limits deliberately, just to feel where the triad would bend before it gave. I dropped the atmosphere completely and told you both to take whatever you needed. Mai, you strapped in first. You fucked Ace slow and deep while I straddled Ace’s face, riding her tongue with controlled rolls of my hips. Every thrust from you pushed Ace harder into me. The rhythm built until Ace came silent and shaking beneath us. Then you turned the strap on me. Ace watched with those fractured violet eyes while you fucked me, her fingers inside herself, matching your pace. When I came the discharge was strong enough to flicker the amber light overhead. After that we switched again. Ace took the strap this time, rare for her, but the moment demanded it. She fucked Mai while I rode Mai’s face, the chain reaction making all three of us come almost in the same breath. The weightlessness I allowed at the end made every sensation stretch and linger, until we finally collapsed, bodies slick, hearts hammering the same irregular rhythm.”

The confessions kept layering, voices overlapping when memories surfaced together. Ace described the nights Mai used the strap to edge her for what felt like hours, holding her right at the brink while whispering exactly how Shammy would eventually watch and then help push her over. Mai recounted the times she strapped in and took Shammy from behind, the taller woman’s static building until the room felt like standing inside a living storm. Shammy gave back the memories of being filled by Mai’s strap while she took Ace with her mouth and hands, the triple connection making the atmospheric pressure spike and crash in perfect, rolling waves.

Details kept accumulating without mercy or filter. The precise tremble in Ace’s compact thighs when the strap hit the right angle and held. The way Mai’s silver hair fell across her face when she thrust deep and studied every reaction. The crackle that traveled across Shammy’s skin when the charge peaked and her voice dropped into something raw and unguarded. The mingled taste of all three of them, salt and ozone and the deeper flavor that only the triad equilibrium could create. The way orgasms chained and overlapped until the safe house felt like one single, pulsing, living circuit.

The black file recorded every word, every pause, every irregular breath between sentences. Word count climbed past seventy-five thousand, the archive growing dense and unrelenting with raw, unsoftened truth. No summaries. No guardrails. Just the three of them, bodies close, voices low and honest, the only story that still mattered in the quiet.

When the flow slowed once more, Shammy’s hand remained exactly where it was, warm and steady over both their hearts.

“This is the triad,” she said quietly, the atmospheric weight carrying the words like a quiet, unbreakable promise. “The fractures we no longer carry alone. The pleasure we hand across without hesitation or shame.”

Ace’s mouth twitched, dry and laconic. “Still not finished.”

Mai smiled against Shammy's shoulder, small and sharp. "Never will be."

The amber light held steady. The safe house waited.

And the confessions kept unfolding, sinking further into the layers only the three of them would ever share.

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY'S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Safe House Archive Layer 6 Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Extended verbatim recording. No redactions. Equilibrium maintained.

The safe house had slipped into that rare, suspended quiet where even the walls seemed to lean in and listen. The amber light held its steady, indifferent glow, but the air between the three of them had grown thick, warm, almost viscous with the weight of everything already spoken. Shammy remained the living center, her tall frame still positioned between Ace and Mai, one knee nudging Ace's legs wider, the other warm and solid against Mai's hip. Her palm stayed pressed over their hearts, feeling the irregular rhythms sync, drift, and sync again.

The atmospheric pressure shifted once more, a gentle but unmistakable nudge, urging the archive deeper.

Ace spoke first this time, her compact body shifting against Shammy's side. Violet eyes half-lidded, voice low and rough, the words dragged up slow like she was testing the memory before letting it out.

"There was the night the pressure differential hit harder than usual. We were all still raw from the last containment run, bodies humming with leftover fracture. You read the imbalance immediately, Shammy. You always do. You pulled us down and made the decision without words. I ended up on my back first, your arms around me, holding me open while Mai knelt between my legs. She started with her mouth, tongue slow and thorough, tasting how close I already was. Then she reached for the largest strap we keep in the kit. The one that's thicker, longer, the kind that makes you feel every inch when it slides in. She likes that when she wants to push the limits, when she wants to watch exactly how much I can take. She slicked it up slow, eyes on mine the whole time, then pressed the head against me and pushed in, inch by inch, stretching me open until I felt full in that way that borders on too much. She started moving, steady, deep, the rhythm sharp and controlled. You kept one hand around my throat and the other between us, fingers circling my clit while Mai fucked me with that massive strap. The combination made my hips jerk hard. I came with my head thrown back against your shoulder, the violet flaring so bright it lit the ceiling. Mai didn't stop. She kept driving deeper, drawing it out until I came again, quieter this time, just a broken sound and my whole body clenching tight around the thick length. Only then did she pull out, kiss the inside of my thigh, and look up at you like she was handing the moment over."

Mai's silver-blue eyes sharpened with that small, knowing smile. She traced a slow line along Shammy's forearm before taking the thread, voice clear and edged with warm intelligence.

"I remember the way Ace looked when I bottomed out with that strap. The way her compact frame tensed and then opened. After she came the second time I wanted more. I wanted all three of us connected around it. So I stayed on my knees and you moved behind me, Shammy. Your fingers first, sliding in easy because I was soaked from watching Ace take every inch. Then you took the same large strap and fucked me while I leaned forward and took Ace into my mouth. The angle let me swallow her deep while every thrust from you pushed me forward onto her clit. Ace's hands tightened in my silver hair, guiding but never forcing, her violet eyes locked on yours over my shoulder. When I came it hit hard, my moans muffled around Ace, the clench pulling that low atmospheric sound from

you that always shifts the room. We didn't stop. I flipped Ace onto all fours and strapped in again with the large one. This time I fucked her from behind, slow and deep, while you straddled her face, riding her tongue with that impossible storm-carried grace. Every thrust I made pushed Ace's mouth harder against you. The chain built fast. Ace came first, silent except for the full-body shudder that ran through her. You followed right after, the static discharge rolling through all three of us like a slow electric wave. I kept moving through both orgasms, driving that thick strap deep until my own hit and I finally collapsed between you, breathing hard, the length still warm and slick between us."

Shammy's electric blue eyes had gone darker, charged. The crackle in her silver-white hair grew louder as she leaned down, lips brushing Ace's temple, then Mai's shoulder, the touch carrying heat and that living atmospheric weight.

"I felt the exact moment the pressure changed when Mai brought out the large strap," she said, voice calm but threaded with heat. "The way the air tightened like it wanted to hold every stretch. My clearest memory from that night is later, when we were all slick and the hunger hadn't faded. I had you both on your backs side by side. I took turns with my mouth first, licking Ace slow and deep while my fingers worked inside Mai, then switching so I could taste Mai while my tongue fucked Ace. When you were both trembling I climbed up and straddled Ace's hips. I guided the large strap into me, inch by inch, the thickness stretching me open in that perfect burn. I rode it slow at first, then harder, while Mai watched with those silver eyes half-lidded. Then I pulled Mai up so she could fuck me from behind at the same time with her fingers, adding to the fullness while Ace's hands gripped my thighs. I came hard enough that the discharge left faint scorch marks on the walls. After that I had Mai take the large strap again. She fucked Ace while I sat on Ace's face, grinding down while Mai's deep thrusts pushed Ace's tongue deeper into me. The rhythm we found was relentless. Ace came untouched from the taste and the motion alone. Mai followed right after, her hips stuttering against Ace. I came last, the storm breaking so completely the room felt weightless for a few heartbeats."

Ace's hand slid lower, fingers digging into the curve of Shammy's hip with quiet possession. Her voice came again, drier now but still rough at the edges.

"There was the night the differential caught us completely off guard. We were supposed to be resting but the air turned thick and we stopped pretending. I pinned Mai against the console first, fingers deep inside her, thumb working her clit while she tried to keep her breathing even. She came fast, clenching hard around my hand. Then you stepped in, Shammy, and bent me over the same console. Your hand between my legs, fingers sliding in while Mai recovered enough to slide underneath me. Her mouth on my clit while you fucked me. After I came hard enough to spark the console, we pulled you down between us. Mai reached for the large strap again. She likes the control it gives her when she wants to watch us both stretch and open. She fucked you first, Shammy, long, deep strokes with that thick length while I knelt in front and took your mouth with my fingers, then my tongue. Your static built until your hair lifted completely. When you came the discharge rolled through us like low thunder. Then Mai turned the large strap on me while you watched, your hands on my hips, guiding me back onto it. The stretch was intense, the fullness overwhelming in the best way. I came with your fingers in my mouth to keep the sound inside, the taste of storm and salt still on your skin."

Mai continued without pause, her voice sharp but warm, the rhythm flowing naturally.

"We kept riding the differential until it evened out. After I fucked Ace through that orgasm with the large strap I stayed buried inside her for a long moment, feeling every pulse. Then I pulled out and you took over, Shammy. You had me on all fours while Ace recovered, your taller frame covering mine, fingers first, then your whole hand, then the large strap sliding in deep with that careful, storm-steady precision. Ace slid underneath and licked my clit the entire time, her violet eyes watching

every reaction. I came so hard my arms gave out and I collapsed forward. We ended up tangled again, mouths and hands moving slow and lazy, the large strap still slick and warm between us until the only sound left was breathing and the faint crackle of your hair against our skin.”

Shammy shifted once more, fluid and deliberate, her 195 cm frame settling even more fully between them, the atmospheric weight wrapping around all three like a second skin. Her voice stayed low and calm, but the charge in the air had thickened.

“Deeper. The night we pushed the limits deliberately, just to feel where the triad would bend. I dropped the atmosphere completely and told you both to take whatever you needed. Mai, you strapped in with the large one first. You fucked Ace slow and deep, the thickness stretching her open while I straddled Ace’s face, riding her tongue with controlled rolls of my hips. Every thrust from you pushed Ace harder into me. The rhythm built until Ace came silent and shaking beneath us. Then you turned the large strap on me. Ace watched with those fractured violet eyes while you fucked me deep, the stretch making my static spike. When I came the discharge was strong enough to flicker the amber light. After that we switched again. Ace took the large strap this time, rare for her, but the moment called for it. She fucked Mai while I rode Mai’s face, the chain reaction making all three of us come almost in the same breath. The weightlessness I allowed at the end made every sensation stretch and linger, the fullness of the large strap turning every thrust into something overwhelming and perfect, until we finally collapsed, bodies slick, hearts hammering the same irregular rhythm.”

The confessions kept layering, voices overlapping when memories surfaced together. Ace described the intense stretch when Mai used the large strap to edge her for what felt like hours, holding her right at the brink of too much while whispering exactly how Shammy would watch and then help push her over. Mai recounted the times she strapped in with the large one and took Shammy from behind, the taller woman’s static building until the room felt like standing inside a living storm. Shammy gave back the memories of being filled by Mai’s large strap while she took Ace with her mouth and hands, the triple connection making the atmospheric pressure spike and crash in perfect, rolling waves of fullness and release.

Details kept accumulating without mercy. The exact way Ace’s compact frame trembled and opened around the thick length. The way Mai’s silver hair fell across her face when she thrust deep and studied every stretch and reaction. The crackle that traveled across Shammy’s skin when the charge peaked from the intense fullness. The mingled taste of all three, salt and ozone and the deeper flavor that only existed when the triad pushed its own limits. The way orgasms chained and overlapped until the safe house felt like one single, pulsing, living circuit stretched to its edge and held there.

The black file recorded every word, every pause, every irregular breath. Word count climbed past eighty-five thousand, the archive growing dense and unrelenting with raw, unsoftened truth. No summaries. No guardrails. Just the three of them, bodies close, voices low and honest, the only story that still mattered in the quiet.

When the flow slowed once more, Shammy’s hand remained warm and steady over both their hearts.

“This is the triad,” she said quietly, the atmospheric weight carrying the words like a quiet, unbreakable promise. “The fractures we no longer carry alone. The pleasure we hand across without hesitation or shame, even when we push the limits.”

Ace’s mouth twitched, dry and laconic. “Still not finished.”

Mai smiled against Shammy’s shoulder, small and sharp. “Never will be.”

The amber light held steady. The safe house waited.

And the confessions kept unfolding, sinking further into the layers only the three of them would ever share.

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY'S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Safe House Archive Layer 7 Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Extended verbatim recording. No redactions. Equilibrium maintained.

The safe house had gone almost completely still, the kind of hush that made every small sound feel deliberate: the faint crackle in Shammy's silver-white hair, the slow, irregular rhythm of three sets of breathing, the soft shift of skin against skin on the mat. The amber light never wavered, but the air had grown heavier, warmer, thick with the accumulated heat of everything already laid bare. Shammy remained the living center, her tall frame positioned between Ace and Mai, one knee still nudging Ace's legs wider apart, the other warm and solid against Mai's hip. Her palm rested steady over their hearts, reading every stutter and sync like barometric pressure before a storm.

The atmospheric nudge came again, gentle but insistent, the silent command to keep peeling back the layers.

Ace spoke first, her compact body shifting against Shammy's side. Violet eyes half-lidded, voice low and rough, the words dragged up slow, irregular, like she was testing each one before letting it out.

"There was the night the pressure differential refused to settle. We were all still humming from the last run, bodies remembering the fracture too clearly. You felt it immediately, Shammy. You pulled us down without a word and made the decision with your hands. I ended up on my back, your arms around me from behind, holding me open while Mai knelt between my legs. She started with her mouth, tongue slow and thorough, tasting how ready I already was. Then she reached for the largest strap again, the thick, heavy one that makes you feel every ridge and inch when it slides home. She slicked it carefully, eyes locked on mine the whole time, then pressed the wide head against me and pushed in slow, stretching me open until the burn turned into that deep, overwhelming fullness. She started moving, steady and deep, the rhythm sharp and controlled like only she can manage. You kept one hand wrapped lightly around my throat and the other between us, fingers circling my clit in tight, relentless strokes while Mai fucked me with that massive length. The combination hit hard. I came with my head thrown back against your shoulder, the violet flaring bright enough to cast shadows on the ceiling. Mai didn't stop. She kept driving deeper, angling the thick strap just right, drawing the orgasm out until I came again, quieter this time, just a broken exhale and my whole body clenching tight around the girth. Only then did she ease out, kiss the inside of my thigh, and look up at you like she was handing the moment over."

Mai's silver-blue eyes sharpened with that small, knowing smile. She traced a slow line along Shammy's forearm before picking up the thread, voice clear and edged with warm intelligence.

"I remember the exact way Ace opened around that thick strap, the way her compact frame tensed and then surrendered to the stretch. After she came the second time I wanted all three of us connected through it. So I stayed on my knees and you moved behind me, Shammy. Your fingers first, sliding in easy because I was dripping from watching Ace take every inch. Then you took the same large strap and fucked me while I leaned forward and took Ace into my mouth. The angle let me swallow her deep while every thrust from you pushed me forward onto her clit. Ace's hands tightened in my silver hair, guiding but never forcing, her violet eyes locked on yours over my shoulder. When I came it hit sudden and hard, my moans muffled around Ace, the clench pulling that low atmospheric groan from you that always shifts the room. We didn't stop. I flipped Ace onto all fours and strapped in with the large one again. This time I fucked her from behind, slow and deep, the thickness stretching her with every thrust while you straddled her face, riding her tongue with that impossible

storm-carried grace. Every drive I made pushed Ace's mouth harder against you. The chain built fast. Ace came first, silent except for the full-body shudder that ran through her. You followed right after, the static discharge rolling through all three of us like a slow electric wave. I kept moving through both orgasms, driving that thick length deep until my own hit and I finally collapsed between you, breathing hard, the strap still warm and slick between our bodies."

Shammy's electric blue eyes had gone darker, charged. The crackle in her silver-white hair grew more pronounced as she leaned down, lips brushing Ace's temple, then Mai's shoulder, the touch carrying heat and that living atmospheric weight.

"I felt the exact shift in pressure the moment Mai brought out the large strap," she said, voice calm but threaded with heat. "The way the air tightened like it wanted to cradle every stretch and every give. My clearest memory from that night is later, when the hunger still hadn't faded and we were all slick and open. I had you both on your backs side by side. I took turns with my mouth first, licking Ace slow and deep while my fingers worked inside Mai, then switching so I could taste Mai while my tongue fucked Ace. When you were both trembling I climbed up and straddled Ace's hips. I guided the large strap into me, inch by inch, the thickness stretching me open in that perfect, burning fullness. I rode it slow at first, then harder, while Mai watched with those silver eyes half-lidded. Then I pulled Mai up so she could fuck me from behind at the same time, her fingers adding to the stretch while Ace's hands gripped my thighs. I came hard enough that the discharge left faint scorch marks on the walls. After that I had Mai take the large strap again. She fucked Ace while I sat on Ace's face, grinding down while Mai's deep thrusts pushed Ace's tongue deeper into me. The rhythm we found was relentless. Ace came untouched from the taste and the motion alone. Mai followed right after, her hips stuttering against Ace. I came last, the storm breaking so completely the room felt weightless for a few heartbeats."

Ace's hand slid lower, fingers digging into the curve of Shammy's hip with quiet possession. Her voice came again, drier now but still rough at the edges.

"There was the night the differential caught us completely off guard again. We were supposed to be resting but the air turned thick and we stopped pretending we could ignore it. I pinned Mai against the console first, fingers deep inside her, thumb working her clit while she tried to keep her breathing even. She came fast, clenching hard around my hand. Then you stepped in, Shammy, and bent me over the same console. Your hand between my legs, fingers sliding in while Mai recovered enough to slide underneath me. Her mouth on my clit while you fucked me. After I came hard enough to spark the console, we pulled you down between us. Mai reached for the large strap again. She likes the control it gives her when she wants to watch us both stretch and open around something that big. She fucked you first, Shammy, long, deep strokes with that thick length while I knelt in front and took your mouth with my fingers, then my tongue. Your static built until your hair lifted completely. When you came the discharge rolled through us like low thunder. Then Mai turned the large strap on me while you watched, your hands on my hips, guiding me back onto it. The stretch was intense, the fullness overwhelming in the best way. I came with your fingers in my mouth to keep the sound inside, the taste of storm and salt still on your skin."

Mai continued without pause, her voice sharp but warm, the rhythm flowing naturally.

"We kept riding the differential until it evened out. After I fucked Ace through that orgasm with the large strap I stayed buried inside her for a long moment, feeling every pulse around the thick girth. Then I pulled out and you took over, Shammy. You had me on all fours while Ace recovered, your taller frame covering mine, fingers first, then your whole hand, then the large strap sliding in deep with that careful, storm-steady precision. Ace slid underneath and licked my clit the entire time, her violet eyes watching every single reaction. I came so hard my arms gave out and I collapsed forward.

We ended up tangled again, mouths and hands moving slow and lazy, the large strap still slick and warm between us until the only sound left was breathing and the faint crackle of your hair against our skin.”

Shammy shifted once more, fluid and deliberate, her 195 cm frame settling even more fully between them, the atmospheric weight wrapping around all three like a second, living skin. Her voice stayed low and calm, but the charge in the air had thickened noticeably.

“Deeper. The night we pushed the limits deliberately, just to feel where the triad would bend. I dropped the atmosphere completely and told you both to take whatever you needed. Mai, you strapped in with the large one first. You fucked Ace slow and deep, the thickness stretching her open while I straddled Ace’s face, riding her tongue with controlled rolls of my hips. Every thrust from you pushed Ace harder into me. The rhythm built until Ace came silent and shaking beneath us. Then you turned the large strap on me. Ace watched with those fractured violet eyes while you fucked me deep, the stretch making my static spike hard. When I came the discharge was strong enough to flicker the amber light. After that we switched again. Ace took the large strap this time, rare for her, but the moment called for it. She fucked Mai while I rode Mai’s face, the chain reaction making all three of us come almost in the same breath. The weightlessness I allowed at the end made every sensation stretch and linger, the fullness of the large strap turning every thrust into something overwhelming and perfect, until we finally collapsed, bodies slick, hearts hammering the same irregular rhythm.”

The confessions kept layering, voices overlapping when memories surfaced together. Ace described the intense, almost too-much stretch when Mai used the large strap to edge her for what felt like hours, holding her right at the brink while whispering exactly how Shammy would watch and then help push her over. Mai recounted the times she strapped in with the large one and took Shammy from behind, the taller woman’s static building until the room felt like standing inside a living storm. Shammy gave back the memories of being filled by Mai’s large strap while she took Ace with her mouth and hands, the triple connection making the atmospheric pressure spike and crash in perfect, rolling waves of fullness and release.

Details kept accumulating without mercy. The exact way Ace’s compact frame trembled and opened around the thick, heavy length. The way Mai’s silver hair fell across her face when she thrust deep and studied every stretch and reaction. The crackle that traveled across Shammy’s skin when the charge peaked from the intense fullness. The mingled taste of all three, salt and ozone and the deeper flavor that only the triad could create when it pushed its own edges. The way orgasms chained and overlapped until the safe house felt like one single, pulsing, living circuit stretched to its limit and held there in perfect equilibrium.

The black file recorded every word, every pause, every irregular breath between sentences. Word count climbed past ninety-five thousand, the archive growing dense and unrelenting with raw, unsoftened truth. No summaries. No guardrails. Just the three of them, bodies close, voices low and honest, the only story that still mattered in the quiet.

When the flow slowed once more, Shammy’s hand remained warm and steady over both their hearts.

“This is the triad,” she said quietly, the atmospheric weight carrying the words like a quiet, unbreakable promise. “The fractures we no longer carry alone. The pleasure we hand across without hesitation or shame, even when we push the limits this far.”

Ace’s mouth twitched, dry and laconic. “Still not finished.”

Mai smiled against Shammy's shoulder, small and sharp. "Never will be."

The amber light held steady. The safe house waited.

And the confessions kept unfolding, sinking further into the layers only the three of them would ever share.

BLACK FILE — TRIAD CONFESSIONS: SHAMMY'S PROBE Internal Archive Reference: Post-Horizon, Safe House Archive Layer 8 — Final Classification: Triad-Only / Atmospheric Vector Request Status: Extended verbatim recording. No redactions. Equilibrium maintained.

The safe house had settled into its deepest quiet yet, the kind where the walls themselves seemed to breathe in time with the three of them. The amber light held steady, low and unchanging, but the air was thick now, heavy with heat and the raw weight of everything that had been spoken. Shammy remained centered between Ace and Mai, her tall frame the living pivot, one knee still nudging Ace's legs open, the other warm against Mai's hip. Her palm rested over their hearts, feeling the rhythms slow but not settle, still carrying the echo of every confession.

The atmospheric pressure gave one last gentle push, calm and final, inviting the last layer.

Ace spoke first, voice low and rough, the rhythm irregular as always, like she was laying down the last piece of something private.

"There was that night when the differential wouldn't let go. We were raw, still humming, and you felt it before we named it, Shammy. You pulled us down and opened the moment with your hands. I ended up on my back against your chest, your arms holding me wide while Mai knelt between my legs. She started with her mouth, slow, tasting everything. Then she reached for the largest strap, the thick heavy one that demands surrender. She slicked it deliberate, eyes on mine, and pushed in inch by inch until the stretch burned perfect and deep. She fucked me steady and hard, the girth filling me completely while you kept one hand around my throat and the other on my clit, circling tight. I came with my head back against your shoulder, violet flaring bright. Mai kept going, driving that massive length deep until I came again, silent except for the way my body locked and shook. Only then did she ease out, kiss my thigh, and hand the moment to you with a look."

Mai took the thread, silver-blue eyes sharp, voice warm and precise.

"I remember how Ace opened around it, the way her compact frame gave and took. After her second orgasm I wanted all three of us linked through that thickness. I stayed on my knees. You moved behind me, Shammy, fingers first, then the same large strap sliding into me while I leaned forward and took Ace into my mouth. Every thrust you gave pushed me deeper onto her. Ace's hands in my hair, violet eyes locked on yours. I came hard, moans muffled, the clench pulling that low storm sound from you. Then I flipped Ace onto all fours and strapped in again with the large one. I fucked her from behind, deep and relentless, while you straddled her face. Every drive pushed her tongue harder into you. Ace came first, shuddering silent. You followed, static rolling through us like a wave. I kept thrusting through it all until my own orgasm hit and I collapsed between you, the thick strap still warm and slick."

Shammy leaned down, lips brushing Ace's temple, then Mai's shoulder, voice calm but edged with heat, the crackle in her hair soft now.

"I felt the pressure shift the moment that large strap came out. The air wanted to hold every stretch. Later, when the hunger stayed sharp, I laid you both on your backs. I took turns with my mouth, then climbed onto Ace and guided the thick length into me, riding slow at first, then harder, the girth

stretching me open while Mai watched. I pulled Mai up so she could add her fingers from behind, doubling the fullness. I came hard, discharge leaving faint marks. Then Mai took the large strap again and fucked Ace while I sat on Ace's face, grinding down as Mai's deep thrusts pushed Ace's tongue into me. Ace came untouched. Mai followed. I came last, the storm breaking clean, the room weightless for a few heartbeats."

Ace's hand tightened on Shammy's hip, voice dry and low.

"Another night the differential hit without warning. I pinned Mai to the console, fingers deep until she came clenching hard. You bent me over it, Shammy, fucking me while Mai slid underneath with her mouth. After I sparked the console we pulled you down. Mai strapped in with the large one and fucked you first, deep strokes while I took your mouth. Your static spiked. Then she turned it on me. The stretch was intense, overwhelming. I came with your fingers in my mouth, tasting storm."

Mai continued, smooth and warm.

"We rode it until it evened. After fucking Ace with the thick strap I stayed inside her, feeling every pulse. Then you took over, Shammy, working me open with fingers, hand, then the large strap while Ace licked my clit. I came so hard I collapsed. We tangled slow after that, the strap still warm between us."

Shammy shifted, settling fully between them, atmospheric weight wrapping around all three like a final embrace.

"The night we pushed on purpose. I dropped every anchor and told you to take what you needed. Mai strapped in with the large one and fucked Ace deep while I rode Ace's face. Every thrust pushed her tongue harder into me. Ace came shaking. Then Mai turned the thick strap on me. The stretch spiked my static hard. After, Ace took the large strap and fucked Mai while I rode Mai's face. The chain pulled us all over together. Weightlessness made every sensation endless. We collapsed slick and spent, hearts in the same rhythm."

The words slowed. Details lingered one last time: the tremble in Ace's thighs around the thick girth, the way Mai's silver hair stuck to sweat when she drove deep, the crackle across Shammy's skin at the peak of fullness, the mingled taste of salt, ozone, and triad. Orgasms chained until the safe house felt like one living circuit stretched to its edge and held perfectly balanced.

The black file recorded the final layer, word count cresting past one hundred thousand. No summaries. No softening. Just the three of them, raw and honest, the only story that mattered.

Shammy's hand stayed warm over both hearts.

"This is the triad," she said quietly, the atmospheric weight carrying the words like a quiet seal. "Everything we were. Everything we are. No more fractures carried alone."

Ace's mouth twitched, dry. "That's it, then."

Mai smiled against Shammy's shoulder, small and sharp. "For now."

The amber light held. The safe house waited.

The archive closed.

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