

BLACK FILE — NIGHT CITY: EQUILIBRIUM TEST

The apartment smelled of ozone and cheap synth-rice drifting up from the street vendor below. Neon bled through the windows in shifting pinks and acid greens.

Ace sat on the edge of a low table, cleaning the emitter housing of her left katana. Mai leaned against the counter. Shammy stood by the window, fingers tracing condensation.

Shammy spoke first, voice low, threaded with static.

“Street runs on disposable distraction.”

A beat.

“We have eddies. Time. We test it. Separate rooms. No shared ledger.”

The cloth in Ace’s hand stilled.

Mai’s eyebrow lifted. “You’re renting variables in a city that sells organ failure.”

“We’ve stabilized worse,” Shammy said.

Ace set the katana down.

“They walk out carrying residue.”

A glance between them.

“You want that on three strangers?”

Mai crossed her arms. “Not the act. The residue.”

Shammy tilted her head. “Exactly.”

Silence.

Ace exhaled once.

“Adjacent rooms. Same floor. We cut if it drifts.”

Mai’s mouth curved. “Training wheels.”

“Control,” Ace said.

“Good enough,” Shammy replied.

Lizzie’s elevator was chrome and low red light.

“Three suites. No recording. No monitoring. Silence costs extra,” Mai said.

“Back out now,” Shammy offered.

Ace didn't look at her. "No."

The lounge overlooked the neon sprawl. A holographic menu bloomed.

Shammy leaned in first.

"This one. Storm-rated. Durable."

Ace nodded once. "Won't break."

"Try not to brown out the block," Mai said.

Shammy confirmed.

Ace pointed.

"Her. Quiet. No questions."

Mai glanced at the profile, then Ace. "Fewer variables."

Ace shrugged.

Mai selected last.

"High-intelligence. Ritual-compatible."

"Of course," Ace said.

Three chimes.

"Twenty minutes," Shammy said.

They split.

Ace opened on the knock.

The woman was compact, matte-black plating catching the light.

"Quiet type," she said.

"Good," Ace answered. "Skip it."

No rush. No performance. Measured proximity.

A fingertip traced the fracture in Ace's eye.

"You carry storms."

Ace didn't move away.

Shammy's room became weather.

Pressure rose and fell in controlled pulses. Static laced the air.

"Breathe," Shammy said. "I've got the pressure."

He held.

She never slipped.

Mai's suite ran quiet, dense.

Conversation threaded through touch.

"You're still calculating," the woman said.

"Habit," Mai replied.

"Drop one variable."

Mai did.

Not collapse. Release.

Hours passed.

Separate rooms. Separate rhythms.

Connection held.

Dawn crept in.

Ace moved first. Dressed. Armed. Eddies on the table. No note.

Shammy stepped into the corridor. Pressure steady.

Mai joined last, already reading the shift.

They paused.

"Delivered," Ace said.

"Durable," Shammy answered. "Clean gradients."

"Integrity held," Mai said.

Ace looked between them. "We still us?"

Mai tilted her head. "Bent. Not broken."

"Equilibrium holds," Shammy said.

They moved. Formation automatic.

The diner was loud, cheap, mostly empty.

Ace took the corner.

"Debrief," she said. "Compact. Sharp. No noise. Residue low. Clean."

Mai nodded. "Adaptive. Kept pace. No structural risk."

Shammy leaned back. Static flickered.

"Durable. Took the cycle. No collapse."

A beat.

Ace exhaled, almost a smile.

"Next time—closer."

Shammy's lips curved. "Where's the fun in that?"

"Better coffee," Mai said.

Ace lifted her mug.

"Deal."

Rain started again.

They stepped back into the city.

Loose formation. No hesitation.

Edges tested.

Center intact.

END FILE

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