

[← Chapter 23](#) | [Index](#)

Chapter Twenty-Four: The Sacred

Ace's blade caught the morning light at 4:47 AM.

The same light. The same corner. The same apartment. But something had shifted. Not in the physical space. In the weight it held. Eighteen months ago, this corner had been a meditation space, a place to hold stillness before the world demanded movement. Now it felt like something more.

The vacation had changed things. Not the obvious things. She still woke at 4:47. Still maintained her blades. Still carried shadow-pressure in her core. But the meaning underneath had shifted. The morning ritual wasn't just preparation for containment anymore. It was something she was protecting.

She ran the whetstone across the blade's edge. Four hundred seventy-three strokes. The count came automatically now, her body knowing when the edge was complete. But this morning, each stroke carried different weight. Each stroke was a choice. *This matters. This is worth maintaining.*

The fragment in her chest was quiet. Stable. It had been stable for weeks now. Not dormant, never dormant, but settled. The vacation had given it something to hold onto. Something beyond containment. Something worth containing for.

She finished the strokes. Set the blade down.

Mai's eyes opened at 6:00 AM.

The same time. The same precision. But the calculations that ran behind her silver-blue eyes had shifted. Not the tactical ones. Those remained, cataloging threat vectors and optimal approaches and the thousand small variables that made up her analytical framework. The ones that had changed were deeper.

For years, she'd calculated for survival. For containment. For the efficient execution of protocols that kept reality from falling apart. Now she calculated for something else.

Coffee at 6:04. Optimal temperature for bean density. Shammy's atmospheric presence will stabilize the kitchen air pressure by 6:06. Ace's meditation ends at 6:08. Then they make breakfast together. Then they go to work.

Work. The Foundation. Containment. It hadn't changed. They were still officers who contained anomalous threats. But the meaning had shifted. She wasn't calculating to survive the work anymore. She was calculating to protect what came after.

The bedroom held residual warmth from the night. Three bodies in shared space. Eighteen months of choreography that had become instinct. She moved through the transition without disturbing either of them. Shammy deep in atmospheric drift. Ace already gone to her corner. Mai's side of the bed was precise, sheets folded at the same angle, but the precision felt different now. Not habit. Choice.

She walked to the kitchen. The creaks in the floor were mapped, predictable, incorporated into her movement patterns. But this morning, she noticed them differently. Not as obstacles. As markers. Signs that this was a space that had learned to hold them.

The coffee maker hummed to life. Two sugars measured to the gram. Temperature monitored through the app. The ritual was the same. The meaning was new.

Shammy drifted into the kitchen at 6:14.

Not late. Not early. Exactly when she needed to be. She ducked through the doorframe, folding herself into a space designed for smaller frames. Her hair held the static charge of someone who'd been existing between pressure layers, silver-white roots shifting to electric tips in the morning light.

The apartment responded to her presence. The air pressure shifted. The warmth concentrated.

"Morning." Her voice arrived before her body fully entered the kitchen. Warm. The temperature near the coffee maker rose half a degree.

"Morning." Mai's eyes tracked the brewing progress. "Coffee in two minutes."

"Perfect." Shammy's hand found Mai's shoulder. The touch was automatic. Muscle memory from eighteen months of shared space. "How are the projections?"

"Stable." Mai's voice carried precision. "The tear is holding at containment threshold. No new cascade events. Theta-24 handled the secondary manifestation yesterday without our support. We're on standard rotation for the next forty-eight hours."

"Standard rotation." Shammy's smile carried atmospheric weight. "That sounds almost normal."

"It is normal. That's the point." Mai's coffee completed its cycle. She took the first sip. "Normal is what we're protecting."

Shammy's presence settled around her. "That's a different calculation than you used to make."

"It's the same calculation. Different variable." Mai's silver-blue eyes tracked the kitchen. The meditation corner where Ace would emerge. The counter where bread would soon occupy space. The window where morning light pressed through. "I used to calculate for optimal containment outcomes. Now I calculate for optimal life outcomes. The containment is in service of the life. Not the other way around."

"That sounds like someone who went on vacation."

"That sounds like someone who made a choice." Mai set her mug down with geometric precision. "The vacation didn't change the calculation. It clarified the variable."

Ace appeared in the kitchen doorway. Compact. Still. Her shadow-pressure settled into the space.

"Breakfast." Not a question. An observation. The sacred routine, continuing.

The kitchen held its choreography.

Mai at the stove, eggs measured and timed with ritual precision. Shammy at the counter, bread sliced with geometric accuracy despite the impossible grace of her movements. Ace at the window, watching the street below with the particular stillness of someone who knew what they were protecting.

"We're back on rotation today." Mai's voice carried no tension. Just information. "Standard containment support. Nothing above Class-III."

"Class-III." Ace's voice was flat. "After what we faced, Class-III feels like patrol duty."

"Patrol duty is what we wanted." Mai's spatula moved in measured intervals. "We requested reduced threat profile. For forty-eight hours. For the transition."

"Transition from what?" Shammy's presence shifted. Curious.

"Transition from crisis to ordinary." Mai divided the eggs onto three plates. Equal portions. Geometric precision. "We spent three weeks facing things that could end everything. Now we're choosing to face things that can't. That's not weakness. That's priority."

"Priority." Ace's voice carried no inflection. "We're prioritizing breakfast over existential threats."

"We're prioritizing the life over the work." Mai's silver-blue eyes met Ace's violet ones. "The work will always be there. The life won't. Not unless we protect it."

Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "Fair enough. What's the mission?"

The briefing came through at 7:23.

Standard containment. Anomalous object, Class-III, located in a residential basement. The manifestation had been reported three days ago, evaluated yesterday, assigned to their rotation this morning. No cascade potential. No existential threat. Just something that needed to be contained before it spread.

Mai read the file at her terminal. The others gathered around. Ace's compact frame at her shoulder. Shammy's tall presence filling the space behind them.

"Object classification: localized reality distortion." Mai's analytical framework processed the data. "Manifestation appears to be a domestic item that's developed anomalous properties. Previous owner was a collector. The distortion spreads outward approximately two meters, causing localized changes."

"Changes?" Ace's voice cut through.

"Objects within the radius shift. Not physically. Their nature shifts. A chair becomes a different chair. A photo becomes a different photo. The changes are subtle. The previous owner reported that 'nothing felt wrong, but nothing felt right either.'" Mai looked up. "Low-priority. Containment is recommended before the radius expands."

"Low-priority." Shammy's atmospheric presence adjusted. "That's not why they're assigning it to us."

"They're assigning it to us because we requested standard rotation." Mai's voice carried no frustration. Just precision. "And because we're the most effective team for subtle reality work. My ritual analysis can map the distortion patterns. Shammy can stabilize the atmosphere. Ace can contain the source."

"Subtle reality work." Ace's voice remained flat. "After fighting something that could end everything, we're containing furniture that makes photos feel wrong."

"We're containing a threat to the ordinary." Mai's silver-blue eyes tracked the file. "That's exactly what we should be doing. That's exactly what we chose."

Ace's shadow-pressure shifted. Not tension. Recognition.

"Fine." Ace's compact frame moved toward her blade maintenance kit. "We contain furniture. Then we come back."

"We come back." Mai's voice carried something it hadn't carried before. "That's the mission. Containment is the task. Coming back is the objective."

They deployed at 8:15.

The transport was standard Foundation issue. Efficient, uncomfortable, designed for function over comfort. Theta-24 wasn't with them this time. This was triad-only. Standard rotation.

Mai sat at her terminal, pulling data streams. Ace sat across from her, blades secured, shadow-pressure held in readiness. Shammy occupied the space beside them, her atmospheric presence making the cramped transport feel larger than it was.

"Tell me about the mission." Ace's voice cut through the engine noise.

"Residential basement. Previous owner died three months ago. The object, appears to be a lamp based on preliminary assessment, was acquired by a collector who noticed the anomalous effects within 48 hours of acquisition. The Foundation has secured the site. No civilians have been exposed. The task is identification, containment, and extraction."

"A lamp." Ace's voice carried no inflection. "We're containing a lamp."

"We're containing whatever the object actually is." Mai's analytical framework held. "The preliminary assessment suggests lamp, but reality distortions often mask true nature. We identify, we contain, we extract. Standard protocol."

"And then we come back."

"And then we come back." Mai's silver-blue eyes met Ace's. "That's the priority."

Shammy's atmospheric presence settled around them. "This feels different."

"Different how?" Mai asked.

"Different like... it matters more. Not the mission. The mission is Class-III. But the context." Shammy's storm-colored eyes tracked the skyline through the transport window. "We're not fighting for survival anymore. We're fighting for this. The ordinary. The things we come back to."

"That's what we've always been fighting for." Ace's shadow-pressure shifted. "We just didn't know it."

"We knew it." Mai's voice carried certainty. "We just didn't prioritize it. Now we do."

The site was a residential basement in a neighborhood that had seen better decades.

The building was old. Pre-war construction, the kind that had accumulated layers of history without ever quite deciding what it wanted to be. The Foundation had cordoned the perimeter, established a staging area, and evacuated the surrounding buildings under cover of "gas leak investigation."

The triad descended the stairs at 8:47.

The basement was dark. Not the darkness of containment failure. The darkness of a space that hadn't been occupied in months. Old pipes. Exposed wiring. The smell of damp concrete.

And, in the center, the object.

It was a lamp. Or it appeared to be. A standard floor lamp, the kind that had been manufactured in the thousands, the kind that no one would look at twice. But something about it felt wrong. Not visually wrong. Conceptually wrong. Like it was a lamp in the same way that a photograph of a lamp was a lamp. Present but not quite present.

Mai's disruptor hummed as she activated her ritual analysis. "The distortion field extends approximately two-point-three meters from the object. Anything within that radius becomes different. Not physically changed. Conceptually changed."

"Conceptually changed how?" Ace's hand rested on her blade.

"A chair within the radius becomes a chair. But not the same chair. It's still four legs and a seat, but the idea of the chair shifts. The history it carries. The memories attached to it. Everything that made it that specific chair becomes something else." Mai's silver-blue eyes tracked the perimeter. "It's not dangerous in the traditional sense. But if left unchecked, it expands. The radius grows. Eventually, it would consume an entire building. A neighborhood. A city."

"A city where everything is subtly wrong." Shammy's atmospheric presence expanded, reading the space. "Where nothing feels wrong but nothing feels right. Where people's memories of their own lives shift without them knowing."

"People would forget themselves." Ace's voice cut through. "Forget what matters."

"Yes." Mai's voice carried the weight of understanding. "That's why we contain it. Not because it threatens physical reality. Because it threatens meaning. It threatens the things that make life life."

Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "We've fought worse. We've contained worse."

"We have." Mai's analytical framework shifted. "But this matters differently. We're not fighting to stop the world from ending. We're fighting to keep it meaning what it means."

“How do we contain it?”

“Standard extraction. I identify the conceptual core. Shammy stabilizes the surrounding atmosphere. You sever the connection between the object and the distortion field.” Mai's voice carried precision. “It's not complicated. But it requires care. If we sever the wrong thread, we could accelerate the spread instead of stopping it.”

“Then we sever the right thread.” Ace's shadow-pressure focused. “Show me where.”

The containment took thirty-seven minutes.

Mai mapped the distortion field. Twenty-three individual threads of conceptual connection, each one linking the object to the reality it was changing. Shammy stabilized the atmosphere, her presence keeping the basement's air pressure steady while Mai worked. Ace stood at the perimeter, blade ready, shadow-pressure coiled.

The work was precise. Surgical. Mai identified the core thread. The one that connected the object to the concept of “home.” The lamp wasn't a lamp. It was an accumulation of memory, of meaning, of the feeling that a space was yours. The previous owner had died without anyone to carry those memories forward. The lamp had absorbed them, and then started spreading them into things that weren't ready to receive them.

“It's not an object,” Mai said, her disruptor tracing the conceptual threads. “It's a feeling. A feeling that doesn't know where it belongs.”

“A feeling of home.” Ace's voice came from the perimeter. “That's what's spreading?”

“A feeling of home that doesn't have a container.” Mai's silver-blue eyes tracked the threads. “The previous owner died. The feeling had nowhere to go. So it started putting itself into everything around it. Trying to find a place to belong.”

“That's...” Shammy's voice carried something it hadn't carried before. “That's lonely. Not dangerous. Lonely.”

“Lonely things can be dangerous.” Mai's voice carried analytical precision. “But this one isn't trying to hurt anything. It's trying to belong. We don't destroy it. We contain it. We give it a proper container.”

Mai worked through the threads. Identifying. Isolating. Redirecting. Each thread that she cut, Shammy stabilized. Each thread that remained, Ace guarded. The triad moved together. Not in the desperate coordination of existential crisis. In the measured rhythm of professionals doing work they'd chosen.

The final thread connected the object to the concept of “memory.” Mai traced it with her disruptor, finding the point where the connection could be safely severed.

“This will feel strange,” she said. “When I cut it, the distortion field will collapse. Everything within the radius will remember itself. The things that were changed will go back to being what they were.”

“And the feeling?” Ace's shadow-pressure held steady.

“The feeling goes into the containment vessel. We'll bring it back to the Foundation. It'll be cataloged,

studied, understood. Eventually, it'll be placed somewhere it can exist without spreading." Mai's voice carried something it hadn't carried before. Respect. "It deserves that. A chance to be what it is without hurting anyone."

"Then do it." Ace's blade held steady. "We contain. Then we go home."

Mai severed the final thread. Shammy's atmospheric presence held the basement steady as the distortion field collapsed. The object, a lamp that wasn't a lamp, a feeling that didn't know where it belonged, went quiet. Conceptually contained.

The things in the basement remembered themselves. A box of photographs shifted, the memories within them settling back into their proper shapes. A collection of books settled into the right order. The space itself became what it had been. A basement. Nothing more, nothing less.

The triad stood in the aftermath.

"That was different." Ace's voice came from the perimeter. Her shadow-pressure settled.

"Different how?" Mai's analytical framework was already cataloging the results.

"We've contained existential threats. Reality-eaters. Things that could end everything." Ace's violet eyes tracked the space. "This was small. Quiet. Something that just wanted to belong."

"Small things matter." Shammy's atmospheric presence settled around them. "The feeling that didn't know where it belonged. The memories that needed a container. That's not small. That's us."

"Us." Mai's voice carried understanding. "We're containers for feelings that don't know where to go. We hold them. We give them structure. We give them a place to belong."

"That's what the triad is." Ace's voice came from somewhere deeper than usual. "Not just a fighting unit. A container. For everything we couldn't hold alone."

"We should go back." Mai's voice shifted to operational precision. "The Foundation will want debriefing. Paperwork. The standard rotation continues."

"The standard rotation continues." Ace's compact frame moved toward the stairs. "Then we come home."

"Then we come home." Shammy's atmospheric presence wrapped around them. "That's the mission. That's the point."

They returned to the apartment at 11:47.

The morning light had shifted. The windows that had caught Ace's blade at 4:47 now held the brightness of late morning.

Mai moved to the kitchen. Coffee. The ritual. The same precision, but different weight.

Shammy settled onto the couch. Atmospheric drift.

Ace stood at the window. The same corner, but different understanding.

“We contained a feeling.” Ace's voice came from the window. “A feeling that didn't know where it belonged. We gave it a container.”

“We did.” Mai's coffee completed its cycle. “That's what containment is. Not destruction. Preservation. Giving dangerous things a place to be without being dangerous.”

“Dangerous things.” Ace's shadow-pressure shifted. “We're dangerous things. We have abilities that could hurt people. We've fought threats that could end everything. But we're not contained. We're here. We're home.”

“You're here because you have a container.” Mai's voice carried certainty. “A place to belong. People who hold you.”

“The triad.” Shammy's voice came from the couch. “Not a fighting unit. A container for the feelings we couldn't hold alone. The pressure that doesn't know where to go. The storm that needs grounding.”

“And the anchor that needs pressure to stabilize.” Mai's silver-blue eyes met Ace's violet ones. “And the shadow that needs something to fight for.”

The afternoon passed in the rhythm of the ordinary.

They didn't talk about the containment. Not because it was classified. Because it was done. The paperwork was filed. The mission was complete. The feeling that had wanted to belong was now in Foundation custody, where it would be studied, understood, and eventually placed somewhere it could exist without spreading.

What remained was the ordinary. The sacred ordinary.

Lunch was simple. Mai's precision applied to sandwiches rather than containment protocols. Shammy's atmospheric presence made the small apartment feel spacious. Ace's shadow-pressure held the corners, creating safety in the spaces that needed it.

They talked about dinner.

“What do we want?” Mai's voice came from the kitchen. “We have reservations at seven, but we could cook. Or we could order.”

“Skip dinner?” Ace's voice came from the window. “We just contained something that wanted to belong. We should belong.”

“Belong.” Shammy's atmospheric presence shifted. “That sounds like someone who wants to cook together.”

“It sounds like someone who wants to choose.” Ace turned from the window. “We spent weeks fighting for the right to choose. We should choose.”

They cooked together.

The kitchen held three people who had learned each other's movements over eighteen months. Mai at the stove, applying ritual precision to ingredients. Shammy at the counter, her atmospheric presence keeping the air pressure steady as she sliced. Ace at the window, watching the street below, her shadow-pressure holding the space safe.

But different now. Not cooking to fuel themselves for the next fight. Cooking because cooking was something worth doing. Something they'd chosen.

"Pass the salt." Mai's hand extended without looking.

Ace passed the salt. Without looking. Her body knew where Mai's hand would be.

"Stir." Shammy's voice came from the counter. "The atmosphere needs to circulate."

Mai stirred. Without question. Her body knew what Shammy's presence required.

They moved together. Not in the desperate coordination of crisis. In the measured rhythm of people who had chosen to be here.

Dinner was on the table by 6:30.

Nothing fancy. Just food. Cooked together. Shared in the apartment that held their weight.

"This is what we fought for." Ace's voice came from her place at the table. "Not just to save the world. To have this."

"This." Shammy's atmospheric presence expanded. "The sacred ordinary. The thing we kept trying to protect but never let ourselves actually have."

"We have it now." Mai's silver-blue eyes tracked the table. The food. The plates. The three people who had fought for the right to exist in this configuration. "We chose it. We came back. We're here."

"And tomorrow we go back to work." Ace's voice carried no complaint. Just recognition. "Class-III containment. Standard rotation. The same thing we've always done."

"But different now." Shammy's storm-colored eyes held the light. "We know what we're protecting."

"We know what we're protecting." Mai's voice carried certainty. "That's the difference. The mission is the same. The meaning is new."

The evening settled.

They ate. They talked. Not about work, not about containment, but about small things. The bread Shammy had researched. The coffee Mai had calibrated. The window where Ace stood when she couldn't sleep. The things that made up a life.

At 7:23, Mai's terminal buzzed. A message from the Foundation. Standard rotation confirmed. No new assignments. Forty-eight hours of reduced threat profile, as requested.

"They're giving us time." Mai's voice carried precision. "Two days. Then we go back to full rotation."

"Two days." Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "What do we do with two days?"

"Whatever we want." Shammy's atmospheric presence wrapped around them. "That's the point. We choose."

"Choose." Ace's voice came from somewhere deeper than usual. "We choose to be here. We choose to cook dinner. We choose to exist in this configuration. Not because we have to. Because we want to."

"That's the sacred ordinary." Mai's voice carried something it hadn't carried before. Peace. "Not the things we fight against. The things we fight for."

The night settled around them.

Ace stood at the window. The same window. The same corner. But the meaning underneath was visible now. She wasn't just holding stillness. She was choosing to hold stillness. For the people behind her. For the life she'd fought for.

Mai sat at her terminal. Data streams. Projections. The same analytical framework she'd always had. But the calculations were different now. Not optimizing for survival. Optimizing for meaning. For the life that came after the work.

Shammy settled onto the couch. Atmospheric drift. The same presence she'd always had. But the atmosphere was different now. Not just holding space. Choosing to hold space. For the people around her.

"We should plan tomorrow." Mai's voice carried analytical precision. "We have two days. We could,"

"We could." Ace's voice cut through. "Or we could not plan. We could just be."

"Be." Shammy's atmospheric presence shifted. "That's what we fought for. The right to be."

Mai's analytical framework paused. The calculations stopped. For a moment, the precision that defined her held something different. Not calculation. Not optimization. Just presence.

"Just to be." Mai's voice carried something it hadn't carried before. "That's what the triad is. Not a fighting unit. A container for being. For the things we can't hold alone."

"That's what we're protecting." Ace's shadow-pressure shifted. "Not the world. The being. The ordinary that we choose."

"Then let's choose it." Shammy's presence wrapped around them. "Let's choose to be. Together. For as long as we have."

The morning came at 4:47.

Ace's blade caught the light. The same light. The same corner. The ritual was no longer just preparation for containment. It was something she was choosing to maintain.

The fragment in her chest was quiet. Stable. Settled. Not dormant, never dormant, but present. Part of her. Held by the container she'd chosen.

She finished the strokes. Set the blade down.

Mai's eyes opened at 6:00. The same precision. The same calculations. But the variables had shifted. She wasn't optimizing for containment anymore. She was optimizing for the life that came after.

Shammy drifted into the kitchen at 6:14. The same atmospheric presence. The same warmth. But the meaning was visible now. Not just holding space. Choosing to hold space.

The morning ritual continued. Coffee. Breakfast. The sacred choreography of three people who had learned to move through a space designed for two.

But different now. Not just routine. Choice.

Mai stood at the window at 7:00.

The city stretched beyond the glass. The same city. The same buildings. But not just the place where they worked. The place where they lived.

Ace stood beside her. Compact. Still. Her shadow-pressure held the corners of the space. Not just readiness. Presence. Choosing to be here.

Shammy's presence settled behind them. Her storm-colored eyes tracked the skyline. Not just stability. Love. The container that held them all.

"What do we do now?" Ace's voice came from somewhere deep. Not a question about missions. A question about life.

"We keep going." Mai's voice carried certainty. "We contain. We protect. We come back."

"We come back." Shammy's atmospheric presence wrapped around them. "That's the mission. That's the point. Not just fighting. Returning. To this. To each other. To the life we've chosen."

"Chosen." Ace's shadow-pressure settled. "We chose this. We fought for it. We're here."

"And tomorrow, we do it again." Mai's silver-blue eyes tracked the city. "We go to work. We contain. We come back. We cook dinner. We exist in this configuration. Not because we have to. Because we want to."

"That's the sacred ordinary." Shammy's voice carried warmth. "The thing we were protecting all along. The thing we chose to keep."

The coffee was finished at 7:23.

Mai rinsed her mug. Geometric precision. The same precision she'd always had. But the calculation underneath was different. Not just efficiency. Love. The precision that came from choosing to care about small things.

Ace's blade was secured. The same maintenance. The same ritual. But the intention was visible now. Not just readiness for the next fight. Readiness for the life she'd chosen.

Shammy's atmospheric presence settled into the apartment. The same warmth. The same stability. But the meaning was clear now. Not just presence. Choice. The choice to be here. To hold this space. To love these people.

They left for work at 8:15.

The same transport. The same route. The same rotation. But the meaning was different now. Not just the work. The return. Not just containment. The life that came after.

"What's the mission today?" Ace's voice carried no complaint. Just information.

"Class-III containment." Mai's analytical framework processed the data. "Routine. Standard protocol. We identify, we contain, we come back."

"We come back." Shammy's presence settled around them. "That's the priority."

"That's always been the priority." Mai's voice carried certainty. "We just didn't know it. We fought to save the world. We didn't realize the world was already saved. By the things we came back to. By the mornings we protected. By the dinners we chose to cook."

"The sacred ordinary." Ace's shadow-pressure shifted. Recognition. "The thing that was always there. The thing we chose."

"We chose it." Shammy's voice carried warmth. "That's what matters. Not the fighting. Not the containment. The choosing. The coming back. The being together."

The transport continued through the city. The same city. The same work. But different meaning. Different priority.

They were going to work. They were going to contain. They were going to protect the ordinary from the anomalous.

And then they were going to come home.

That was the mission.

That was the point.

The triad held its architecture. Three people. Three vectors. One system. Choosing to be here. Choosing to fight for the right to be here. Choosing to come back.

To the apartment. To each other. To the life they'd built.

The sacred ordinary. Worth protecting. Worth choosing. Worth coming back to.

[Chapter Twenty-Four End]

[Containment Domestic Bliss - End]

[← Chapter 23](#) | [Index](#)—

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