

Ace's Lottery Price

The cardboard box sat on the low table like an unexploded ordinance. Ace had carried it up the three flights of stairs without comment, set it down, and now stood over it in the half-light of the apartment. Late afternoon bled through the blinds in dusty bars. The place still carried the faint ozone tang from Shammy's last pressure adjustment, mixed with the gun-oil residue that never quite left their gear.

Ace wore the same black tank top and cargo pants she'd thrown on for the corner-store run. Compact frame, blade-cut black hair with its violet sheen catching what little light there was. She didn't smile. She rarely did when something practical was in front of her.

"Local raffle," she said, voice low and flat, the way she delivered most facts. "One ticket. Guy behind the counter kept glancing at the hilts under my jacket. Grand prize."

Mai leaned in the kitchen doorway, silver hair loose, one hand resting on the frame. Her silver-blue eyes narrowed with that familiar mix of curiosity and dry amusement. "Define grand prize." Ace reached into the box and started laying items out in a precise row. Matte black. Matte grey. Translucent with internal beads. Curved. Straight. Ridged. One with a pronounced head and soft external stimulator. Another thicker, heavier, realistic in weight and vein texture. A third longer, slightly flexible, designed for depth. A fourth with gentle swells and a suction base. Two small bullet vibrators, one remote-controlled. A bottle of neutral lube, still sealed. And a harness, simple black straps, adjustable.

She lined them up like ordnance on a deployment mat. Seven main pieces, plus accessories. No flourish in the motion. Just placement.

Mai pushed off the doorframe and crossed the room. She picked up the curved one, turned it once in her fingers the way she checked a new disruptor slide. "You want all of these tested." "Not want," Ace said. "Sequence. Tonight. You two first on me. Then rotate. No skipping. No half-measures."

Shammy had been standing by the tall window, 195 cm of impossible grace, silver-white hair shifting with faint ionized gradients even in still air. She hadn't spoken yet. Now she moved, each step altering the room's pressure by a fraction. Warmer. Denser. Calming the edges before anything began. Electric-blue eyes took in the array, then Ace, then Mai.

"You're assigning roles already," Shammy observed, calm, not challenging.

Ace met her gaze without hesitation. "Mai sets the initial pace. You keep the air breathable when it gets intense. I decide when we cycle to the next. After that, we read each other." Mai set the curved piece down. Her voice carried the sharp edge of someone who already saw three moves ahead. "You're treating this like a live-fire drill."

"It is," Ace replied. She peeled the tank top off in one economical motion. Compact torso, the faint emerald fault-lines under her skin tracing like stress fractures ready to ignite. No performance. Just removal of obstruction. "We test equipment. We learn what it does under load. We integrate it into the system."

Shammy's tall frame folded as she knelt beside the table, long fingers selecting the thick realistic piece. She tested its weight, its give. The air around her crackled faintly, static lifting a few strands of her hair. "Then we begin with the one that looks least likely to overwhelm you first."

Ace's shrug was small. "Start wherever. Just don't stop halfway."

Mai stepped behind Ace, hands sliding over bare shoulders, then down the arms in a slow, grounding sweep. Silver-blue eyes met Shammy's over Ace's head. A silent calibration passed between them. Mai's touch was precise, mapping tension the way she mapped threat geometry. Shammy's presence thickened the atmosphere just enough to blunt any sudden spike.

They moved to the wide sectional couch that had seen worse than this. Ace let herself be guided down onto her back, head on a folded blanket, legs parted without ceremony. The compact body settled into the cushions with the same economy she used clearing a room. Mai knelt between her thighs, lubing the curved piece with clinical care, warming it between her palms first.

"Slow entry," Mai said, not asking. "I want to watch every micro-shift in your eyes."
Ace exhaled once through her nose. "Copy."

The tip pressed. Ace's violet eyes, prismatic undertone already catching the low light, stayed open. The first inch slid in smooth. Her hips gave a single involuntary twitch. Mai read it instantly, adjusted angle, pushed deeper. The curve found the spot that made Ace's breath hitch, short and sharp.

Shammy knelt beside Ace's upper body, one large hand resting on the smaller woman's sternum, feeling the heartbeat accelerate. Her other hand stroked along Ace's thigh, thumb pressing into the muscle in slow, equalizing circles. The air grew warmer, heavier, the faint static in Shammy's hair audible now like distant rain on a tin roof. It kept the pressure from spiking too fast.

Ace's voice came out low. "Deeper."

Mai obliged, working the toy in steady increments, watching the way Ace's compact frame arched just enough to take it. The violet eyes half-lidded but never closed completely. Observation even here. When the external ridge brushed Ace's clit on the withdraw, a low sound escaped her throat, not theatrical, just raw acknowledgment.

They stayed with that piece for long minutes. Mai varied rhythm, shallow then deep, reading the fault-lines under Ace's skin as they began to glow faintly emerald. Shammy leaned down, mouth brushing Ace's collarbone, then higher, lips against the pulse point in her neck. The atmospheric stabilizer kept the room from feeling frantic. Instead it felt inevitable.

Ace's first release built slow, compressed, then broke in a series of tight shudders. Her hand found Mai's wrist, not pushing away, just anchoring. Shammy's breath ghosted over her ear. "There you are."

They didn't pause long. Rotation came naturally.

Mai took the thick realistic piece next, straddling Ace's lap facing her. Ace held the base, guiding it as Mai lowered herself in controlled increments. Silver hair fell forward, framing the sharp focus in Mai's eyes. Shammy stayed behind Mai, tall frame curving over both of them, hands on Mai's waist, regulating the descent so the stretch never crossed into strain.

Mai's breath caught when it bottomed out. "Fuck. That one has weight."

Ace's reply was laconic, rough. "Told you."

Shammy's fingers found the right spots on Mai's hips, then slid forward, adding pressure exactly where it amplified without overwhelming. The rhythm built between the three of them, Ace thrusting up in short, irreversible drives, Mai meeting each one, Shammy holding the entire structure steady.

The air crackled louder now, charged, but never chaotic.

Mai came with her forehead pressed to Ace's, a sharp exhale and a full-body tremor that Ace absorbed like she absorbed recoil.

Next cycle. Shammy chose the longer flexible one for herself. She lay back, long legs parted, the storm-carried frame taking up most of the couch. Ace and Mai worked together, Ace controlling depth while Mai handled the angle and the small bullet vibrator pressed to Shammy's clit. Shammy's electric-blue eyes stayed half-open, watching them both. Her hair lifted fully now, ionized gradients shifting like aurora under skin. The pressure in the room ebbed and flowed with her breathing, keeping everything survivable even as her own release rolled through her like a slow thunderhead.

They kept going.

The beaded translucent piece on Ace while she was on all fours. Mai behind her with the harness now strapped on, driving with precise, measured strokes. Shammy underneath Ace, tall enough that she could kiss her deeply while one hand reached back to tease Mai's thigh. Ace's fault-lines glowed brighter. Her sounds grew shorter, rougher. When she came again it was with her face buried against Shammy's neck, body locked tight.

They rotated to the one with the pronounced head. Mai on her back, legs over Ace's shoulders. Ace used her compact strength to control every thrust, violet eyes locked on Mai's face, reading every flicker. Shammy knelt beside them, mouth on Mai's breasts, then lower, adding tongue and suction until Mai's sharp intelligence dissolved into raw, open need.

Hours passed in cycles. They cleaned each toy between uses with the same methodical care they cleaned weapons. Lube was reapplied without discussion. Water was fetched in quiet moments. No one spoke much. Words were sparse, functional.

Ace: "Next."

Mai: "Angle's better this way."

Shammy: "Breathe through it. I've got the pressure."

They tested every single one. The suction-base one fixed to the floor, Ace riding it while Mai stood over her and Shammy steadied her from behind. The remote bullet inside Mai while Ace and Shammy took turns with the remaining pieces, Mai directing the intensity via the controller with teasing precision until she was shaking.

At one point they moved to the bedroom for more space. The wide bed took the weight of all three without complaint. Shammy on her back, Ace straddling her face while Mai used the thickest piece on Ace from behind. The atmospheric stabilizer kept the room from overheating, kept the intensity from tipping into pain. Ace's compact body moved with irreversible intent, chasing sensation the way she chased threats. Mai's silver-blue eyes never left the point where the toy disappeared into Ace. Shammy's tongue and the subtle charge in her breath did the rest.

They lost count of individual releases. The triad equilibrium held. When one vector pushed too hard, the other two compensated. Ace's compression met Mai's legibility met Shammy's regulation. No one broke. They bent.

Sometime after midnight the pace slowed. They lay tangled, skin slick, breathing synced. Ace in the middle as always, smaller frame bracketed by Mai on one side and Shammy's taller one on the other. The box sat on the nightstand now, every piece used at least twice, some three or four times

depending on who had demanded repeats.

Ace's voice came out hoarse but still laconic. "All tested. Data logged."

Mai laughed once, low, the sound vibrating against Ace's shoulder. "You're calling this data collection."

"Practical testing," Ace corrected. Her fingers traced the faint runic refraction on Mai's arm. "We know what each one does under sustained load. Which angles work. Which combinations don't. Useful information."

Shammy's hand rested heavy and warm on Ace's hip, thumb brushing slow circles that equalized the last residual tremors. Her voice was calm, carrying that faint charge. "And which one you liked best?"

Ace was quiet for a moment. Then: "The curved one when you two were both on me. Felt like the triad in physical form. Everything balanced."

Mai's smile was small, sharp. "Sentimental in your own way."

"Not sentimental," Ace said. "Observation."

They stayed like that a long while. The apartment was quiet except for the occasional soft crackle of static in Shammy's hair when she shifted. Outside, the city hummed its usual hostile but now distant rhythm. Inside, the system held.

Later, when the first hint of dawn grayed the blinds, Ace stirred. She reached for the box again, picking up the thick realistic piece they had all used multiple times.

"Round two starts in ten minutes," she said. "Hydrate first."

Mai groaned, but it was theatrical. "You really did buy two metaphorical tickets."

Shammy simply rose, tall frame moving with impossible grace, already heading for water bottles in the kitchen. "I'll adjust the air. Keep it survivable."

Ace watched them both, violet eyes steady. Compact, laconic, already calculating the next sequence. The irreversible action vector had decided the night wasn't over.

The triad moved back into motion. Equipment re-tested. Equilibrium re-confirmed. No spectacle. Just three vectors doing what they did best: surviving the intensity together, turning even absurd winnings into something that strengthened the whole.

By the time the sun was fully up, every piece had seen another full cycle. They lay spent again, breathing together, the faint scent of sweat, silicone, and ozone thick in the room. Ace's voice, rougher now, broke the silence once more.

"Next raffle I see, I'm buying the whole roll."

Mai's laugh was tired but genuine. Shammy's hand found both of theirs, pressure steady.

The system remained stable.

[ace](#), [mai](#), [shammy](#), [nsfw](#), [lgbtq](#)

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