

Black File: Pact Dept

The rain hammered down in unrelenting, ice-cold sheets, each drop striking like tiny needles against exposed skin and turning the narrow Tokyo back-alley into a vertical shaft of oppressive pressure. The ancient brick walls, slick with years of grime and glistening black under the downpour, rose claustrophobically close on both sides — barely wider than a man's shoulders — forcing any movement into tight single file. Steam rose in thick, sulfur-scented curls from a rusted manhole cover in the center, twisting upward and mingling with the bleeding neon from the main street beyond: vivid crimson kanji for "midnight ramen" and "pleasure palace" flickered erratically, casting violent red slashes across violet and electric-blue reflections that danced and skated like living oil across the oily puddles. The puddles themselves were alive — black water rippling violently with every impact, swirling with iridescent fuel slicks, floating cigarette butts, and the occasional bloated rat corpse.

The air was thick, almost viscous, heavy with the city's signature stench: the sharp mineral bite of rain-soaked concrete, the rancid, stomach-turning grease from overflowing dumpsters pressed tight against the walls, the acrid ammonia reek of cat piss from the feral colonies that hissed from the fire escapes overhead. Beneath it all, insidious and wrong, coiled a thicker, artificially perfect musk — sweet, chemical, and far too clean, like laboratory-grade pheromones designed to hijack the hindbrain. It coated the tongue, clung to the back of the throat, and made every breath feel invasive.

Ace stood at the front, her compact five-foot-four frame rigid with irreversible intent. Rain plastered her short black hair to her scalp, tracing freezing rivulets down her neck and soaking her tactical mesh jacket until it clung transparently to the firm swell of her small breasts and the taut ridges of her abs. Her violet eyes — sharp as fractured amethyst — scanned every geometric detail ahead. In that single forward gaze lived the quiet, unbreakable promise she had made to the other two years ago: *I will always lead, even when it costs me everything.* Mai held half a step behind, her silver-blue gaze cool and analytical, mapping every fire-escape rung, every shadowed alcove, every half-inch gap between dumpsters. Her lithe body, rain-slick silver hair streaming down her back, moved with precise economy, but beneath the calculations was the fierce, protective love that anchored her — the certainty that she would burn the world's geometry to ash before she let either of them fall. Shammy brought up the rear — all 195 cm of raw, storm-carried power — electric-blue eyes half-lidded as she read the invisible pressure layers of the air. Her soaked fatigues clung to her powerful thighs, the heavy curve of her breasts, and the thick muscle of her ass, water streaming off her in continuous sheets. She was the storm's heart, the one who held them together when the system fractured; her bond with them was the static that kept their triad alive.

No unease. Only razor-sharp awareness — and the deep, wordless current of love that flowed between them like an underground river, unseen but sustaining everything.

Then the anomaly deepened.

The artificial musk thickened, growing cloyingly layered and pristine. Shammy's brow tightened. "Pressure delay increasing," she murmured, voice low and resonant, but her electric-blue eyes flicked to Ace and Mai with a flash of raw fear — not for herself, but for the way this would test the two she loved more than breath. "The air... is waiting. Holding its breath." Mai's mental map flickered — angles that should have been perfect returned corrupted, warped data — yet in the chaos she reached for Ace's presence in her mind, a silent *I'm here, we're still us.* Ace felt her forward momentum stall in her chest like a misfired piston, but her violet eyes met Mai's and Shammy's in that fraction of a second, sending back the same unbreakable vow: *We endure together. Always.* No valid vector existed. The trap was not the enemy. It was the environment itself — pressure fields inverted, atmosphere anchored by forbidden hybrid ritual-tech.

System failure hit without warning.

Shammy's atmospheric field collapsed first — not crushed, but pinned flat by an invisible force that refused to let air move. The familiar static died with a hollow vacuum sigh. She dropped hard to one knee in a shallow puddle, boots splashing, still fully conscious, electric-blue eyes wide and tracking, lungs burning for resistance that never came. In that moment her only thought was of them — *Stay strong for them. They need me whole.* Mai's geometry mapping dissolved into screaming fractal noise, but her silver-blue gaze locked on Ace with fierce devotion: *I will map a way back to you, no matter what.* Ace tried to lunge and found every muscle and thought locked in null space. The triad did not lose. The system did. Yet even in the failure, their bond held — a quiet, defiant pulse beneath the suppression, the knowledge that nothing could sever what they were to each other.

Only then did the six lycanthropes emerge from the deeper shadows.

Massive, calm, half-shifted forms with waterlogged fur clinging to rippling muscle. The leader — silver-streaked across his barrel chest, scarred from countless battles — stopped ten feet away. His golden eyes gleamed with quiet satisfaction as rain dripped in steady streams from his elongated muzzle.

"Keystone's suppressed," he rumbled, voice vibrating like distant thunder through the downpour. "Trap held."

Two pack members moved to Shammy and drove the ritual-tech anchor — thick rebar fused with pulsing green salt runes — into the concrete around her. A suppression field snapped up with a crackle of ozone and magic, locking her in a bubble of dead air. Ace and Mai were slammed against the cold, rough brick wall, wrists zip-tied painfully tight behind their backs. The brick scraped their spines through soaked fabric, icy and unforgiving. In that instant Ace felt Mai's shoulder brush hers — a deliberate, grounding touch — and sent back a surge of love: *For her. We do this for her.*

The leader crouched low, hot breath washing over Ace's face, carrying the heavy scent of wet fur, musk, and raw animal power.

"Transaction," he said, calm and direct. "You two will mate with every one of us. Willing. Convincing. Take every cock, every knot, every load like you mean it — and the tall one walks free when we're done. Refuse, and we leave all three of you broken and leaking for the rats. Your choice."

Ace's violet eyes locked with Mai's silver-blue. One heartbeat of silent understanding passed between them — a lifetime of shared battles, shared nights, shared vulnerabilities compressed into that glance. *We are more than this. Our bond is the real system.* Mai's gaze answered: *I love you both enough to break and still come back whole.*

"Cut the ties."

Clothing was torn away with clawed efficiency. Jackets, shirts, pants, and underwear hit the puddles with wet slaps, floating like discarded banners. Naked now, rain lashing their bare skin in stinging sheets, Ace and Mai were positioned. Even stripped and bound, their bond remained — a quiet thread of trust and devotion that no suppression field could touch.

The first phase was brutally mechanical.

Ace was bent forward over a stack of rain-slick wooden pallets, wrists re-bound behind her, ass raised high. The rough wood bit into her hips and ribs. The leader's massive paws — rough pads and sharp claws carefully restrained — gripped her narrow waist. His thick, blunt cockhead, already leaking hot pre-cum, pressed against her entrance. He pushed in slowly, inch by veined inch, stretching her tight

walls with burning fullness until his heavy balls rested against her and the swelling knot bumped insistently at her folds. The intrusion was hot, thick, and unrelenting. Ace exhaled sharply through clenched teeth, violet eyes fixed on the brick, mind still detached, cataloguing every sensation: the coarse wet fur rubbing her ass cheeks, the metallic chill of rain on her back contrasting the furnace heat inside her, the faint coppery scent of his arousal. Yet beneath the data ran a deeper current — *This is for Shammy. For us. I will not break what we are.*

Mai was pulled onto the black-furred lycan's lap, legs forced wide over his powerful thighs. His thick cock sank into her pussy in one smooth, deep glide, filling her completely and pressing hard against her cervix. Another lycan gripped her silver hair, yanking her head back, and slid his heavy, musky shaft between her lips. The taste exploded on her tongue — salty pre-cum, wet fur, and that artificial pheromone musk. Rain dripped from his belly fur onto her face as he began slow, shallow thrusts into her throat. In the haze of invasion, Mai's thoughts reached for Ace and Shammy like lifelines: *We are still the triad. This changes nothing about how much I love you both.*

They moved with deliberate, unhurried rhythm. Wet flesh slapped against wet flesh. Low growls vibrated through furred chests. The constant roar of rain filled every gap. Ace felt every ridge and vein dragging along her inner walls, the knot swelling thicker with each thrust. Mai's throat bulged visibly; her silver-blue eyes watered as the dual invasion stretched her limits. Their bodies betrayed them in tiny ways — nipples pebbling into hard, aching peaks from the cold rain, inner muscles fluttering involuntarily around the invading cocks — but their emotional core remained untouched, a private sanctuary of devotion that the lycans could never reach.

Minutes stretched. The lycans rotated once, new thick shafts replacing the first, still single penetration, letting the stretch deepen, letting the overwhelming mix of sensations — cold rain, hot flesh, heavy musk, the scrape of brick and wood — sink fully into their nerves. Through it all, Ace and Mai drew strength from each other's presence — a silent promise that they would emerge on the other side still theirs.

Then the first fracture appeared.

Ace's breath hitched sharply when the leader angled perfectly and dragged across that sensitive internal ridge. A white-hot spark of unwanted pleasure shot up her spine, making her toes curl in the puddle. Her thighs trembled. Yet even as pleasure clawed at her control, she thought of Mai's silver-blue eyes and Shammy's electric-blue fire, and held onto the love that made them unbreakable. Mai's focus shattered as the cock in her mouth pushed deeper, cutting off air, while the one in her pussy ground relentlessly against her g-spot. Sensory overload crept in: the coarse, drenched fur rubbing her swollen clit with every thrust, the heavy slap of balls against her skin, the obscene wet squelching sounds, the taste of thick pre-cum coating her tongue, the icy rain contrasting the burning stretch inside. Still she clung to the bond — *This is temporary. Our hearts are not for sale.*

Control slipped by slow, inexorable inches, but the emotional anchor held.

The threshold was crossed gradually, but once crossed, it accelerated relentlessly.

Ace was still Ace when three lycans claimed her at once. The leader stayed buried in her pussy, knot finally popping inside with a wet, stretching *pop* that forced a raw gasp from her lungs. Another thick cock pushed into her ass, the dual fullness creating an overwhelming, burning pressure that made her flat stomach visibly bulge with every thrust. A third fed his veined length down her throat until her nose pressed into soaked pubic fur, the heavy musk flooding her senses. She was suspended between them, compact body rocking helplessly, rain streaming over her bouncing breasts and hard nipples. Her violet eyes remained glassy but aware, even as pleasure coiled tighter against her will. In the

storm of sensation she reached for the triad's bond like a lifeline: *I am yours. We are still one.*

Mai was flipped onto all fours in a shallow, filthy puddle. One cock drove deep into her pussy, another stretched her ass, a third claimed her mouth. Her silver-blue gaze locked helplessly on Shabby across the alley — watching the tall woman's electric-blue eyes burn with helpless rage and dark heat — and the love in that gaze gave her strength. Mai's lithe body rocked forward with every powerful thrust, full breasts swinging heavily, sensitive nipples grazing the cold, gritty concrete. The double penetration stretched her wider than she thought possible; she could feel both cocks rubbing against each other through the thin wall inside her, the obscene fullness making her head spin. Yet her heart stayed steady: *For you two. Always for you two.*

The lycans rotated with methodical patience, giving each woman time to feel every new combination. Knots swelled and locked for long, throbbing minutes — pulsing hot inside them while the others stroked their leaking cocks, pre-cum dripping onto already-soaked skin. When knots finally popped free, thick rivers of cum leaked out in pearly white streams, only to be immediately replaced by the next hot, veined shaft. The alley filled with filthy, wet sounds: squelching thrusts, heavy slaps of furred hips, muffled moans and gurgles, low animal growls, all underscored by the endless drum of rain. Through every wave, Ace and Mai's emotional bond remained a quiet, defiant constant — a shared certainty that this violation could scar their bodies but never their love.

Escalation built in clear, rising waves.

Ace was lifted completely off the ground, double-penetrated in both holes, throat still stuffed full. Her small frame dangled and rocked between three massive bodies, legs twitching, violet eyes rolling. The knots swelled even larger, locking her in place as the lycans ground deep, stirring the loads already flooding her. Pleasure coiled unbearably tight. Her first orgasm hit like a slow-building storm — starting deep in her core and crashing over her until her back arched violently, walls clamping down like a vice around the two throbbing knots. A raw, broken cry tore from her throat around the cock filling it. Hot, thick seed erupted inside her, pulse after pulse, overflowing instantly and squirting out around the knots in messy white rivers that mixed with the rain. Even in release she thought of them: *This changes nothing. I am still yours.*

Mai shattered soon after, keening sharply around the shaft in her mouth as her body convulsed in rhythmic spasms, milking every inch. She squirted hard, her release mixing with the cum and rain on the concrete beneath her, her silver-blue eyes finding Ace's across the chaos with a look of pure, unbreakable devotion.

They were allowed only brief, shaky moments of respite — just enough to gasp for air and feel the thick leaks dripping down their thighs — before the next wave began. In those breaths they drew on each other's presence like oxygen.

Positions shifted with deliberate intent. Ace was laid on her back across the pallets, legs pushed up and back toward her shoulders, completely exposed. Two lycans took her pussy together, stretching her to a burning, obscene limit while a third used her mouth. The sensation was overwhelming — the drag of two thick cocks moving in tandem, the constant pressure on her g-spot, the taste of mixed cum on her tongue — yet she held onto the love that made her stronger than any physical breaking. Mai was pressed face-first against the rough brick wall, one leg lifted high, taking double vaginal while another claimed her ass from behind. The cold brick scraped her breasts and cheek; the heat inside her was unbearable. Her thoughts never wavered from the triad: *We will reclaim this together.*

The pace quickened gradually — thrusts growing harder, deeper, more possessive — but never frantic. Every new combination was given time to register fully: different angles, varying girths, the

way knots popped in and out with wet, filthy sounds, the increasing volume of cum coating their bodies inside and out. Through it all, the emotional bond pulsed stronger — a quiet defiance that turned violation into a shared trial they would survive as one.

A second, far stronger peak built.

Ace came again — harder, longer — her compact body shaking uncontrollably as multiple cocks drove her through a rolling, blinding orgasm that left her vision whiting out and her voice hoarse. In the white-hot center of it she felt Mai's presence like a hand in hers. Mai followed moments later, silver-blue eyes rolling back as triple penetration pushed her into a shuddering, squirting release that left her legs trembling violently, her heart still whispering *I love you both* to the silent bond.

Still the lycans continued, rotating through every possible configuration: double anal that left both women gasping and stretched to their limits, triple penetration in every combination of holes, one woman taking four cocks at once while the other was given just enough time to catch her breath before being pulled back in. Knots locked for longer and longer periods, forcing them to feel every hot throb, every spurt, every stretch. Cum painted their skin — streaking thighs, dripping from chins and swollen lips, pooling beneath them in creamy puddles that the rain could not fully wash away. The alley reeked of sex, wet fur, thick semen, and that artificial musk. Yet the triad's emotional core remained intact — scarred, perhaps, but deeper for the shared endurance.

Only after every lycan had taken each woman multiple times, after both Ace and Mai were trembling, leaking, and marked inside and out, did the leader finally step back, chest heaving, cock still glistening.

"Deal honored."

The salt runes flared once with a sickly green light and died. The suppression field collapsed around Shammy with a thunderous crackle of static. Her atmospheric vector snapped back into place, making the rain steam around her shoulders. She crossed the distance in three long strides and pulled both women tight against her chest, grounding them with soft, crackling static and silent, protective strength. In that first embrace, the emotional floodgates cracked open: Shammy's electric-blue eyes were wet with unshed tears of relief and fierce love, her arms trembling as she held them like the most precious things in existence. *You did this for me*, her touch said. *I will spend the rest of my life making sure you never have to again.*

They stood together under the pouring rain for a long minute — three silhouettes, neon light reflecting in violet, silver, and electric blue across wet skin and pavement — their bond surging back like a live current, raw and electric and deeper than before.

Shammy's voice came low and husky, thick with restrained hunger and overwhelming emotion. "It was extremely hot to see you getting multi-pounded like that... watching your tight little holes stretch around all those knots, hearing you moan even when you tried not to. But more than that — I felt every second of it with you. I love you both so fucking much it hurts."

Ace's dry smirk flickered through the exhaustion, but her violet eyes burned with raw vulnerability and love. "Then take what you need. Hard. Remind us we're still yours — that nothing can break what we are."

Mai's fingers brushed Shammy's jaw, tracing a raindrop before gripping it firmly, her silver-blue gaze soft with devotion. "Balance us. Remind us who we belong to. I need to feel you — all of you — until the only thing left is us."

Shammy didn't hesitate. The emotional need in her voice cracked something open in all three of them.

She slammed Ace against the rain-slick brick wall first, lifting the smaller woman effortlessly so her legs wrapped high around Shammy's waist. The rough brick scraped Ace's back as Shammy's mouth crashed down on hers in a bruising, possessive kiss — teeth nipping, tongue claiming, tasting rain and lingering musk and the salt of shared tears. Static crackled wildly from Shammy's fingertips, dancing across Ace's oversensitive skin like live wires, but this time it carried the full weight of her love — protective, hungry, worshipful. Two thick fingers plunged straight into Ace's still-cum-slick pussy, curling hard against her g-spot while a third teased her swollen clit with merciless precision. Atmospheric pressure coalesced into a thick, vibrating shaft of pure force that pushed into Ace's ass without warning, stretching her already abused hole with pulsing, electric fullness. "You're mine," Shammy growled against Ace's lips. "Both of you. Always."

Ace cried out into Shammy's mouth, body jerking violently as the dual invasion hit every raw nerve at once — but this time the pleasure was laced with profound relief and love. The static made her nipples throb and her clit spark with overstimulation. Shammy fucked her relentlessly — fingers pumping deep and fast, force-construct grinding in perfect rhythm, static crackling harder with every thrust until Ace's vision whited out. Her first orgasm ripped through her in under a minute — violent, squirting, walls clamping down so hard her whole body shook — and in the peak she gasped hoarsely, "I love you... both of you... more than anything."

Mai dropped to her knees in the filthy puddle without being told, eyes shining with love and need. She yanked Shammy's soaked fatigues down just enough, buried her face between those powerful thighs, and devoured Shammy's dripping pussy with desperate hunger — tongue fucking deep, lips sucking hard on her swollen clit, two fingers pushing into Shammy's tight ass. "Let me give you this," Mai murmured between licks, voice thick with emotion. "Let me show you how much you mean to us." Shammy growled, hips rolling, one hand fisting Mai's silver hair while the other kept wrecking Ace, the triad's bond crackling visibly in the air around them like blue-white lightning.

When Ace was a trembling, leaking mess — body spent but heart fuller than ever — Shammy switched. She spun Mai around, bent her over the same rain-slick pallets Ace had been taken on, and drove three fingers into her cum-filled pussy while her atmospheric construct formed a thick, ridged shaft that slammed into Mai's ass. Static surged through both women, making every thrust feel like lightning dancing along their nerves and souls. Mai's silver-blue eyes rolled back as Shammy fucked her with brutal, claiming force — deep, punishing strokes that made her full breasts slap against the wood and her voice break into hoarse, keening moans. "I love you," Shammy panted, voice breaking. "I love how strong you are for us. I love how you let me have this." Ace, still shaking, crawled beneath them. She latched onto Mai's swinging clit with her mouth, sucking hard while her fingers joined Shammy's in Mai's pussy, stretching her even wider. The combined assault pushed Mai over the edge twice in rapid succession — first a shuddering, squirting orgasm that soaked Ace's face and the concrete, then a second, screaming release that left her legs buckling — each climax laced with whispered affirmations of love.

Shammy wasn't done. The emotional hunger in all three demanded more.

She pulled both women down into the wide puddle with her, arranging them in a tangled, rain-drenched heap of limbs and hearts. Ace was placed on her back; Shammy straddled her face, grinding her soaked pussy against Ace's eager mouth while Mai rode Ace's thigh, grinding her cum-leaking folds against firm muscle. Shammy's atmospheric power formed two thick, pulsing constructs at once — one buried deep in Mai's pussy, the other in Ace's ass — both vibrating and thrusting in perfect sync with her own rolling hips. "Feel this," Shammy gasped, voice raw with love. "This is us. Nothing

else matters.”

The physical pleasure built relentlessly, but the true cathartic climax was emotional.

It hit them like a breaking dam — a shattering, soul-deep wave that tore open every suppressed fear, shame, and love they had carried through the transaction.

Ace came first, her compact frame convulsing violently beneath Shammy as the force-construct and Mai’s grinding pushed her over the edge again. Tears streamed down her rain-streaked face, mixing with the alley water as she sobbed into Shammy’s pussy, the release ripping every wall down. “I was terrified... I thought they’d break me... that I’d lose myself and never find my way back to you! But I kept fighting because you’re my reason, my home, my entire fucking world! I’d let them ruin me a thousand times if it meant keeping you safe. I love you — god, I love you both so much it feels like dying and being born again!”

Mai followed instantly, her silver-blue eyes flooding with hot tears as her body seized in a violent, squirting climax that soaked them all. She clung desperately to Shammy’s thigh, voice cracking into a raw, wailing sob of pure catharsis. “It felt so wrong... so empty... letting them use me like that, feeling my body betray me while my heart screamed for you! I was so scared I’d never feel clean again, never feel worthy of you... but your love pulled me through the darkness. You both did. You’re the only ones who own every broken piece of me. I love you deeper than geometry, deeper than thought — you are my forever, my safe place, my everything!”

Shammy’s own peak crashed over her like a cataclysmic storm, her massive frame shuddering as static exploded outward in a blinding blue-white corona that made the rain hiss into steam and the neon overhead flicker wildly. She threw her head back, a guttural, heartbroken roar tearing from her throat as tears poured down her face, mingling with the downpour. “I couldn’t protect you... I was trapped there, forced to watch the two people I love most in this fucked-up world get taken apart, and it shattered me! I felt every thrust, every knot, every cry like it was tearing my own soul open! I hated myself for not being strong enough... but you came back to me. You chose us — you chose love over breaking. I love you both more than the storm, more than breath, more than life itself. You are my triad, my anchor, my reason for existing. Nothing — no one — will ever touch what we have again. You are mine and I am yours, forever!”

In that transcendent moment, the emotional climax peaked with devastating force: three hearts laid completely bare, three sets of tears streaming freely, three voices overlapping in raw, sobbing declarations of love, pain, devotion, and unbreakable commitment. Their bond surged like a living supernova — visible static arcing wildly between their skin, pressure waves pulsing in perfect sync, geometry aligning in flawless, eternal harmony. The violation, the fear, the shame, the helplessness — all of it burned away in the white-hot fire of shared vulnerability and reclaimed intimacy. Pleasure and pain, trauma and love, fused into something sacred and unbreakable. They weren’t just reclaiming their bodies; they were healing their souls, reforging their triad into something fiercer, deeper, and truly eternal.

The aftershocks rolled through them in overlapping, sobbing waves — bodies trembling, clinging desperately, voices whispering broken affirmations between gasps — until the static finally settled into a soft, protective hum that wrapped around all three like an impenetrable shield. They lay tangled in the puddle, foreheads pressed together, lips brushing in gentle, reverent, tear-salted kisses, murmuring the same truths over and over like a prayer: “I love you... we’re whole... we’re home... nothing can break us now.”

Only when the last shuddering aftershock faded and their breathing synchronized into one shared

rhythm did they finally still.

Shammy pulled them both against her chest again, arms wrapped tight, lips pressing slow, tender kisses to their foreheads, their lips, their bruised necks. Rain continued to pour over them, washing away the last visible traces of the lycans while the triad's bond — stronger, rawer, reforged in fire, pleasure, tears, and profound, cathartic love — pulsed between them like a living, unbreakable heart.

When it was finally done they dressed in silence, exchanging small, intimate gestures that spoke volumes: Ace's hand brushing Mai's wrist in quiet reassurance, Shammy's fingers gently threading through damp silver hair, Mai's palm resting over Ace's racing heart. No words. No processing. The system was whole again — stronger, deeper, and undeniably theirs, the emotional bond now an unbreakable core that no external force could ever fracture.

They stepped out of the alley together and let the neon-drenched Tokyo night swallow them whole. Equilibrium restored. The rain continued its endless drum. The city moved on. They moved with it — three hearts beating as one, forever intertwined.

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