



The safehouse sat low and unassuming on the edge of the old industrial sprawl, one of those half-forgotten bolt-holes the Foundation still kept off the active grids. Concrete walls thick enough to swallow most signals, reinforced doors that hissed when they sealed, and a single main room that doubled as everything—kitchen, armory, bedroom when the night got lazy enough. Tonight it had gone full domestic. Low amber strips along the baseboards were the only light left, the kind that didn't reach the corners. Outside, rain tapped against the blast shutters like it was trying to get in and couldn't be bothered to try harder.

Ace was sprawled on the wide couch, back against Mai's thigh, legs hooked over the armrest. One of her katanas lay across her lap, not because she expected trouble but because the weight felt familiar. She was small enough that the couch swallowed her anyway—compact frame, black hair still damp

from the shower, violet eyes half-lidded. Mai sat upright, one hand idly tracing the line of Ace's shoulder, silver hair loose and catching what little light there was. Shammy took up the rest of the space, all one hundred ninety-five centimeters of her folded into the opposite corner like a storm that had decided to behave. Her electric-blue eyes were soft tonight, hair shifting with faint static that no one commented on anymore. The triad had learned to let the small phenomena happen.

They had eaten something simple—rice and whatever protein packets were left—and the conversation had drifted into comfortable silence. No missions. No anomalies breathing down their necks. Just the low hum of the environmental systems and the occasional creak of the building settling.

Shammy shifted, the movement sending a subtle pressure change across the room, like the air itself adjusted to her mood. She tilted her head, looking at nothing in particular. "I've been thinking about the dark," she said, voice low and even, the way it got when she was turning an idea over without forcing it. "Complete dark. Not the half-light we usually leave on. No glow from the panels, no city bleed through the shutters. Just... nothing visual. Does it change anything?"

Ace didn't move, but her eyes flicked up. "Change what."

Mai's fingers paused on Ace's skin. A small smile tugged at her mouth, sharp and curious. "You're not serious."

Shammy shrugged one shoulder, the motion slow. "I'm wondering out loud. Touch already does most of the work. Sight just... narrates it. What if we cut the narrator out? See if the rest gets louder."

Ace exhaled through her nose, dry. "We're not exactly struggling for volume." She gestured vaguely with her free hand, the one not resting on the hilt of the blade. "Last time we tried the roof in the rain you nearly shorted the building's grid."

Mai laughed once, soft. "She has a point. Darkness is nice for sleeping. For this? Feels like we'd be giving up one of the better views." Her gaze slid over both of them, teasing without bite. "I like watching you two react. The little fractures in Ace's control. The way Shammy's hair lights up when she forgets to hold it back."

Shammy's expression didn't change, but the air around her warmed a fraction, a pressure gradient only they could feel. "That's exactly why I'm asking. We rely on the visual cues. The violet in her eyes when she tips over. The silver flash when you calculate the next move. What if we took that away and let the rest carry it? Might make the equilibrium... sharper. Less filtered."

Ace sat up a little, compact body shifting with that compressed intent she carried everywhere. She studied Shammy for a long second. "You're serious. You want to black the place out and see if fucking in the void is an upgrade."

"Enhancement," Shammy corrected, calm. "Not upgrade. We're already stable. This is just testing the edges."

Mai leaned forward, elbow on her knee, silver-blue eyes narrowing in that way that meant she was mapping the idea like terrain. "You're the atmospheric one. Of course you'd float the concept of removing light. Makes sense for you—pressure, sound, charge. But Ace and I aren't built like walking storms. We like the data. The visuals keep us anchored."

Ace's mouth twitched, almost a smile. "What she said. I don't do well with unknowns when I'm

already busy not dying.”

Shammy let the silence stretch, the way she did when she wanted them to feel the shape of the thought without her pushing. The rain outside kept its lazy rhythm. “I’m not asking for unknowns. I’m asking for focus. You two trust me with the pressure when things get loud. Let me hold the dark for a while. If it doesn’t work, we turn the lights back on and laugh about it. No fracture. No stakes.”

Ace glanced at Mai. Mai glanced back. The silent conversation lasted maybe three heartbeats.

Mai exhaled. “You’re going to be insufferable if we say no, aren’t you.”

“Probably,” Shammy said, deadpan.

Ace set the katana aside with a soft clack against the table. “Fine. But if I trip over my own sword because I can’t see shit, I’m blaming you.”

Mai’s teasing edge softened into something warmer. “And if it’s terrible, we go back to the usual. Deal?”

“Deal,” Shammy said. She rose first, unfolding to her full height, and moved to the control panel by the door. One press, and the amber strips dimmed. Another, and they cut out entirely. The room didn’t just go dark—it went absolute. No emergency LEDs, no faint console glow. The Foundation had built these places to be able to disappear completely. The kind of black that pressed in like a hand over the eyes.

For a moment the only sounds were breathing—Ace’s steady and low, Mai’s a touch quicker with anticipation, Shammy’s even as ever. Then Shammy’s voice came from somewhere near the center of the room, closer than expected. “Come here.”

They moved by memory and sound. Ace first, small and sure-footed even without sight, her hand finding Shammy’s arm by the faint static charge that always lived there. Mai followed, longer stride, fingers brushing Ace’s back before settling on Shammy’s hip. The triad closed the distance without bumping, the way they always did when the world narrowed.

Shammy’s hands found them both at once—large, warm, one sliding along Ace’s jaw, the other resting at the small of Mai’s back. “No rush,” she murmured. “Just... listen.”

The darkness did something immediate. Without the distraction of color and shape, every other sense stepped forward. Ace’s breath hitched when Shammy’s thumb traced her lower lip. Mai leaned in, forehead resting against Shammy’s collarbone, inhaling the faint ionized scent that always clung to her.

Ace spoke first, voice low and rough. “Okay. This is... different.”

Mai’s laugh was quiet, breathy. “Understatement. I can feel your heartbeat through your skin already.”

Shammy didn’t answer with words. She guided them down to the wide sleeping mat they’d dragged out earlier, the fabric cool under bare skin. Clothes had come off in the last of the light—slow, unhurried, no performance to it. Now there was only touch. Shammy lowered herself first, back against the cushions, pulling Ace down onto her chest like she weighed nothing. Mai settled beside them, one leg draped over Shammy’s thigh, hand finding Ace’s waist.

The first kiss happened in the black. Ace initiated, mouth finding Shammy's by the tilt of her head and the soft exhale that preceded it. It was slower than usual, deeper, because there was nothing to watch—no violet eyes fluttering, no silver hair spilling. Just the wet slide of tongues and the faint vibration of Shammy's low hum against Ace's lips. Mai's hand moved between them, tracing the line where Ace's compact body met Shammy's taller frame, fingertips learning the contrast in heat and muscle and softness all over again.

Ace broke the kiss with a small sound, forehead pressed to Shammy's. "You're right. It's louder."

Mai's fingers drifted lower, mapping Ace's spine, then curving around to brush the underside of one small breast. Ace shivered—visible or not, the reaction was unmistakable in the way her breath caught. Shammy's hand covered Mai's, not guiding so much as adding pressure, the three of them connected in a slow circuit.

They took their time. No one was in a hurry; the night had no edges. Shammy's mouth found Mai's next, the kiss deeper, more charged, while Ace explored with her hands—small, callused palms sliding over Shammy's ribs, feeling the subtle flex of muscle under skin, then lower to the flat plane of her stomach. Every touch registered twice: the sensation itself and the way it pulled sounds from the others. Mai's soft gasp when Ace's thumb circled her nipple. Shammy's low rumble when Mai's nails dragged lightly down her side.

The darkness turned the room into a closed system, just their triad and the air they moved through. Ace shifted, straddling one of Shammy's thighs, the contact hot and immediate. She rocked once, experimental, and the friction pulled a quiet curse from her. Mai pressed in from the side, mouth on Ace's shoulder, teeth grazing just enough to leave a mark no one would see until morning.

Shammy's voice threaded through it all, calm and low. "Breathe with me." The pressure in the room changed again, not oppressive but enveloping, like the atmosphere itself was holding them. Ace's movements slowed to match the rhythm Shammy set—long, rolling waves that built without urgency. Mai's hand slipped between Ace's legs, fingers slick already, circling with the kind of precision she brought to everything. Ace's head fell back, a small sound escaping that was half laugh, half moan.

"Still skeptical?" Shammy asked, the words warm against Ace's ear.

Ace's answer was breathy. "Shut up."

Mai chuckled, the sound rich in the dark. "She's convinced. I can feel it."

They shifted again, fluid and wordless. Mai moved to her back, pulling Ace down with her. Shammy knelt beside them, one hand on each, anchoring. In the blackness every shift of weight became an event. Ace's mouth found Mai's breast, tongue slow and deliberate, while Shammy's fingers traced the inside of Ace's thigh, higher, until she was pressing in with two fingers, curling just right. Mai arched, a sharp inhale that cut through the rain on the shutters. Ace kept going, switching to the other side, her free hand finding Shammy's wrist and holding it there, guiding the pace.

Time stretched. The darkness made it impossible to track—minutes or hours, it didn't matter. They moved through phases like the triad itself: Ace driving forward with that irreversible intent, Mai mapping every reaction and feeding it back, Shammy equalizing the pressure so nothing tipped too far or too fast. Hands everywhere. Mouths following. The sounds grew richer—wet slide of fingers, the soft slap of skin, ragged breathing that synced and broke and synced again.

At one point Ace was between them both, Shammy behind her, tall frame curled around the smaller

one like a shield. Mai in front, legs tangled, kissing Ace slow and deep while Shammy's hand worked between her thighs from behind. Ace's body trembled, small and dense and vibrating with it. She came first that time, quiet and intense, forehead pressed to Mai's collarbone, a single sharp exhale the only announcement. The darkness caught the aftershocks, made them last.

They didn't stop. Shammy eased Ace down gently, then turned her attention to Mai. The taller woman's hands were everywhere at once—cupping Mai's breasts, thumbs brushing nipples until they were tight and sensitive, then sliding down to part her legs. Ace recovered enough to join, mouth following the path Shammy's fingers took, tongue replacing touch until Mai was gripping the sheets and whispering their names like they were the only words left in the world.

Shammy's voice stayed steady even as her own breathing roughened. "Let go. I've got you."

Mai did, back bowing, silver hair spilling across the mat though no one could see it. The sound she made was raw, beautiful, and Ace swallowed it with another kiss while Shammy kept the rhythm through the peak and down the other side.

Then it was Shammy's turn to be in the center. They arranged her on her back, Ace and Mai on either side like anchors. Ace's hands were smaller but no less sure, tracing the long lines of Shammy's body, finding every place that made the air crackle faintly. Mai used her mouth—kissing down the center of Shammy's chest, across the plane of her stomach, lower until she was between Shammy's thighs, tongue slow and thorough. Ace kissed Shammy through it, swallowing the low groans, one hand tangled in silver-white hair that felt charged under her fingers.

The pressure built differently for Shammy. The atmosphere in the room responded—subtle temperature shifts, a faint static that raised the fine hairs on Ace and Mai's arms. When she came it was like a storm front passing through, body tensing in long waves, hands gripping whatever skin she could reach. Ace and Mai held her through it, mouths and fingers gentling her down.

They kept going. Rounds blurred. At one point they were all three intertwined so closely it was hard to tell where one ended and another began—Ace riding Mai's thigh while Shammy's fingers worked inside her from behind, Mai's mouth on Shammy's breast, Shammy's free hand between Mai's legs. The darkness amplified everything: the slick heat, the way breaths synced into something almost choral, the small laughs when someone's elbow found a rib and the apology was immediate and wordless.

Ace came again, harder this time, a full-body shudder that left her limp against Shammy's chest. Mai followed soon after, riding Shammy's fingers with that precise control finally slipping into something wilder. Shammy held out longer, drawing it out until Ace and Mai doubled their efforts—Mai's tongue and Ace's fingers working in tandem until Shammy's control fractured beautifully, the air around them humming with release.

After the third shared peak they slowed, bodies slick with sweat, hearts hammering in the black. They stayed tangled, no one reaching for light yet. Ace's voice was hoarse but dry as ever. "Not bad."

Mai laughed, the sound lazy and sated. "High praise."

Shammy's hand stroked along Ace's back, slow circles. "Told you. The dark just... lets the rest speak."

They lay there a long time, rain still tapping, breathing slowing into the same rhythm. The safehouse felt smaller, safer, the triad equilibrium humming steady in the absolute black. Eventually someone—Mai, probably—would find the panel and bring the amber strips back up. But not yet. For now the darkness was enough, holding them the way they held each other.

The night stretched on, lazy and complete, the three of them wrapped in it like it had been waiting for them all along.

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

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