

The apartment still carried last night's ozone and the low hum of three bodies that had already decided the evening would be ridiculous. Mai lounged sideways on the couch, phone balanced on her knee, thumb tracing lazy arcs. Ace perched on the windowsill, knife edge glinting, thighs pressed together like she was holding a secret too sharp to name yet. Shammy sprawled across the rest, long legs draped, silver-white hair shifting like static waiting for permission.

Mai's voice came low and amused. "Humans read vectors differently. Height first. Then the way Ace sits like she could cut you open and stitch you back together before you blink. Then me calculating, then you... breathing like the air owes you favors."

Ace flicked an invisible speck. "I always get the careful approach. Like they're afraid I'll break."

Shammy's laugh rolled warm, electric. "I get the ones who want to drown in the storm. Bet my thighs are slick before the second drink."

Ace's eyes met theirs, violet glinting. "Bar. Tonight. Same rules. No starting. First stranger who walks up and makes the intent clear wins round one. First who says yes to anything—touch, taste, more—loses round two. If it feels real, we don't stop it. Natural. Losers buy dinner tomorrow, winner picks the place and the aftermath."

Shammy stretched, nipples already pressing against fabric. "Pride and wet heat on the line. Count me dripping in."

They stepped into the corner bar at 9:17 looking like three civilians who had accidentally weaponized sex appeal. Ace's hoodie swallowed her 120 cm frame; Mai's sweater hugged every line like data; Shammy's jacket hung open, tall frame drawing eyes the way pressure draws breath.

Ace took the shadowed end stool, elbows in, small and coiled. Mai chose center, ordered whiskey neat, legs crossed with deliberate precision. Shammy claimed the high-top by the window, one long leg swinging, radiating that calm charge that made lights feel warmer.

Rules whispered once between sips: "Observe only. First clear approach wins round one. First yes to skin or deeper loses round two. If the chemistry catches fire, let it burn."

Then the night began to simmer.

First ten minutes were glances. A bearded flannel guy kept stealing looks at Ace, finally drifted over. "You're tiny and... intense. Like you've got stories that would ruin me." Ace just met his eyes, said nothing, but the slow tilt of her head was invitation enough. He stayed, voice dropping, hand brushing her knee under the bar—light, testing. She didn't pull away.

Mai drew two men almost immediately. "You look like you could map every inch of someone before they even ask." She smiled, clinical, let the first one lean in until his breath warmed her neck. Fingers grazed her wrist. The second joined; conversation turned to low murmurs about "what that focus would feel like wrapped around me." Mai catalogued every heartbeat, thighs shifting as the talk grew bolder.

Shammy simply sat tall and the room orbited. Bartender slid a drink over, eyes glassy. "You feel like lightning in a bottle—mind if I stand a little closer?" She laughed softly, let him rest a hand on the small of her back. Two women from the next table drifted in, compliments turning tactile—one palm on her thigh, testing the heat radiating there.

Across the room the triad traded micro-glances. Ace's mouth twitched—*still prefer rooftops, but this*

is... interesting. Mai lifted a brow—*data points accumulating nicely.* Shammy's grin widened—*pressure building exactly right.*

By 9:40 the simmer tipped to boil.

Ace's green-jacket woman returned, bolder now. "You look like you need someone to remind you how good it feels to let go." She slid onto the stool beside, hand moving from knee to inner thigh, slow circles. Ace's breath caught once—then she parted her legs a fraction. Fingers slipped under fabric, found her already damp, stroking lazy and sure. Ace's hips rolled once, quiet, building.

Mai's scarf guy whispered, "Tell me exactly how you want my fingers." She did—precise, low, clinical—until he had two inside her right there at the bar, curling, thumb on her clit while she kept counting rhythm under her breath. Her own hand wrapped around his cock through his jeans, stroking in measured pulls, wetness starting to slick her thighs.

Shammy's group closed in. The bartender dropped behind the counter on his knees; his tongue traced slow lines up her calf to the edge of her skirt. She guided him higher with a heel, breath hitching as he tasted her properly. The women joined—mouths on her neck, hands cupping heavy breasts, pinching nipples until Shammy's charge made the air crackle and one woman gasped, coming just from the static on her tongue.

The glances between the triad sharpened, filthy now. Ace's eyes half-lidded—*this is getting loud inside my head.* Mai's fingers flexed—*optimal escalation curve, 87 % saturation.* Shammy's moan was soft thunder—*I'm the weather, and it's pouring.*

At 9:51 the build broke wide open.

Ace's woman pulled her off the stool. "Upstairs. Now." Ace went, small frame pressed against taller heat. Door barely shut before clothes were shoved aside—fingers became four, then a strap sliding deep, pounding in steady rhythm that had Ace's sharp cries echoing down the stairwell as she came hard, thighs shaking, violet eyes blown wide.

Mai bent forward over her stool, skirt flipped. "Angle here—yes—deeper." Cock replaced fingers, raw and thick, thrusting while she kept murmuring metrics until the numbers dissolved into moans and she clenched around him, squirting in a clear arc that left the floor shining.

Shammy ended up lifted onto the high-top, legs spread impossibly wide. Tongue became fingers became a bottle neck sliding in while mouths sucked marks across her breasts and one woman rode her thigh to a shuddering finish. Shammy came in rolling waves, electric charge flickering the lights, laughter turning into raw, wet gasps that left everyone around her trembling and soaked.

They extracted themselves before midnight—clothes askew, skin marked, thighs glistening, experiment gloriously ruined in layers of building heat. Round one: Ace (first deliberate touch). Round two: all three lost, spectacularly, step by deliberate step. Wager stood—losers paid—but the real victory was the sticky, laughing walk home.

Next morning the kitchen smelled of coffee, sweat, and unfiltered memory.

Ace leaned on the counter, fresh bite marks blooming violet on her neck, voice low and fond. "Started with a hand on my knee. Ended with her railing me so deep I saw static. She called me her perfect little blade while I came twice around her fingers first, then the strap."

Shammy poured coffee, cum still streaking her inner thighs in silver-white trails. "Bartender started

with my calf. Ten minutes later I was fisted and licked while two women sucked my tits and one came just grinding on my leg. The charge made the whole room taste like sex and ozone—I loved it.”

Mai slid into her chair, silver hair wrecked, thighs still trembling faintly. “Began with instructions. Ended bent over with two loads inside and my own hand directing the last stranger’s tongue on my clit while I calculated the exact volume. Ace—your squeak when she bottomed out the second time was adorable. Shammy, you shorted the jukebox mid-orgasm.”

Ace’s eyes narrowed, warm and filthy. “You moaned actual differential equations while getting fucked, Mai. Shammy, I watched you make the bartender come untouched just by whispering against his cock after the fourth round.”

Shammy leaned down, kissed Ace’s temple, then Mai’s mouth, tasting everything. “Sushi tonight—my pick. Extra spicy. Then both of you over the table so I can eat dessert off you and remind you exactly how the pressure builds when we’re together.”

Mai clinked her mug, fingers still slick. “To gradual science and very wet conclusions.”

Ace tapped hers once, small real grin cutting through. “Next round. My rules. And the hoodie stays on—until it doesn’t.”

The laughter rose slow, then full—raw, sticky, perfectly balanced. Three vectors who had once held the world together now cheerfully dismantled by their own slow-burning, brilliantly stupid idea. They would pay the bill, replay every stage for weeks, and line up the second anyone whispered “round two.”

The triad was exactly where it belonged: marked, smug, and unshakably, messily, gloriously together.

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