

The Triad's Bind

Detroit had finally gone quiet.

The raceway ghosts still clung to them—the scream of engines, the red-blue strobe of Five-O, the metallic taste of near-death looping on repeat—but up here, in the borrowed high-rise safehouse, the city was just a dim smear of neon through floor-to-ceiling glass. Rain needled the windows in thin diagonal lines, a rhythmic patter that mirrored the pounding of hearts. The room lights were off. Only the sodium haze outside and a single strip of warm LED behind the headboard painted the dark, casting long shadows that danced across sweat-dampened skin.

Ace lay on her back, shoulders sunk into the mattress like she'd finally stopped bracing for impact. One arm flung over her eyes, violet irises hidden behind a veil of exhaustion, the other wrapped possessively around Mai's waist, fingers digging into soft flesh just enough to leave faint red marks.

Mai was half on top of her, half straddling her hip, silver hair spilled across Ace's chest like molten silk, cool and smooth against heated skin. Her combat top hung open, zipper lowered just enough for Ace's fingers to trace bare skin beneath—slow, deliberate strokes that sent shivers racing up Mai's spine, the air thick with the faint, musky scent of arousal already stirring between them.

"You're still counting vectors," Mai murmured against Ace's throat, voice husky from adrenaline and desire, her warm breath ghosting over the pulse point, making it flutter erratically.

"Trying to convince my nervous system we're not on lap thirteen anymore," Ace replied, the words rumbling low in her chest, vibrating through Mai's body like a distant thunder.

Mai lifted her head. Their noses brushed, soft and teasing. Breath mingled—hot, uneven, laced with the salty tang of sweat and the subtle floral hint of Mai's skin. Then Ace's hand cupped Mai's jaw, thumb pressing into that familiar hollow, callused pad rough against smooth flesh, and closed the distance.

The kiss was fierce, unrestrained. Relief and leftover danger poured into it, tongues tangling in a slick, heated dance. Ace kissed like she fought: sharp, precise, all-in, her teeth grazing Mai's lower lip just enough to draw a gasp, the metallic hint of blood mixing with the sweet taste of shared saliva. Mai matched her, ritual control fracturing into raw need, her fingers digging into Ace's scalp, nails scraping lightly, sending sparks of pleasure-pain down Ace's neck.

Ace rolled, bringing Mai fully atop her with a low growl. Mai's hands framed Ace's face, fingers threading through dark, sweat-damp hair, tracing an old scar before sliding lower, thumbs brushing collarbones, nails dragging faint lines that bloomed pink. The world narrowed to heat and friction, the mattress creaking under their shifting weight, the air growing heavier with the scent of their building arousal—musky, feminine, intoxicating.

Mai pressed down, hips aligning with a grind that sent jolts of electricity through both, breath catching as Ace's hands gripped the small of her back and pulled her closer, fingers splaying wide, digging into muscle, the pressure bruising in the best way. Every grind sparked friction against sensitive cores, fabrics rubbing teasingly, wetness seeping through. Ace broke the kiss only to reclaim Mai's mouth a heartbeat later, lips trailing to jaw, throat, the spot below her ear that made Mai shudder, her tongue laving hot and wet, sucking until a mark bloomed, the skin pulsing with heat.

A soft moan escaped Mai—unplanned, honest, vibrating against Ace's lips. Ace drank it in, one hand sliding up Mai's spine under her shirt, mapping vertebrae with rough palms, nails scraping lightly, before settling between her shoulder blades and holding her pinned, as if pressure alone could merge

them, the heat of their bodies radiating like a furnace.

The air changed.

Pressure swelled, warm and charged, like the ozone before a storm. Hairs rose on their arms, a tingling static that danced across exposed skin. They both knew the source before looking—the faint hum of energy, the subtle scent of rain and electricity thickening the room.

Shammy sat against the far wall, long legs drawn up, storm-gradient hair catching city glow, strands humming faintly like charged wires. She'd retreated the moment they'd collapsed onto the bed, giving space with quiet grace. But now her presence filled the room—ozone-sweet static, eyes bright and unguarded, pupils dilated with want, her breath coming in shallow, audible pants that synced with theirs.

Not jealousy. Longing. Restrained, aching, her thighs pressed together subtly, the air around her shimmering with suppressed energy.

Mai's breath hitched, a sharp inhale that tasted of ozone. Ace felt the hesitation, the stutter in rhythm, Mai's fingers loosening in Ace's hair, nails leaving faint crescents.

"Ace," Mai whispered—a vector call, voice thick with need.

Ace followed her gaze.

Stormlight met void, electric blue locking with violet, a spark jumping between them.

Silence stretched, broken only by rain on glass, their ragged breaths, the distant hum of the city.

"I can step out," Shammy offered, voice too casual, a retreat disguised as humour, but cracking at the edges with desire.

"Don't," Ace said, low and immediate, her voice a gravelly command that sent a shiver through Shammy.

Shammy's eyes flickered, chest rising faster. "Ace—"

"Don't vanish."

Mai shifted, turning enough to see Shammy fully, hair brushing Ace's cheek like silk, the scent of her shampoo—faint vanilla—mingling with sweat. "Come here," Mai breathed, her voice a sultry invitation.

Shammy hesitated, thighs clenching visibly. "You sure?" Her aura pulsed, a wave of heat rolling toward them.

Mai's gaze was steady, silver-blue eyes dark with lust. "When have I ever been unsure about a vector call?"

Shammy's crooked grin broke through, but her cheeks flushed, breath quickening. She rose—195 cm of living storm, muscles rippling under taut skin—and crossed the room, aura adjusting to avoid overwhelming them, but still sending tingles across their flesh. She stopped at the bed's edge, suddenly uncertain, hands flexing, nails biting into palms.

"I don't want to crowd your orbit," she said quietly, voice husky, eyes tracing the lines of their entwined bodies.

"Ours," Ace corrected, propping up on elbows, violet eyes unflinching, dark hair tousled. She extended a hand, small but steady. "You are ours. And we're yours. This room included."

The words landed like thunder, Shammy's aura flaring, a gust of warm air brushing their skin.

Shammy swallowed, throat bobbing, aura flaring then calming, the scent of ozone sharpening. She sat carefully, bed dipping under her weight, springs groaning. Mai shifted to make space, knee brushing Shammy's thigh, the contact electric, heat radiating through fabric. Ace kept her hand outstretched.

Shammy took it—large fingers engulfing Ace's small ones, palms slick with nervous sweat. Heat surged between them, storm-warm meeting void-cool, a jolt that made Ace's breath hitch. Ace's grip tightened, firm and certain, thumb stroking Shammy's knuckles.

Mai watched the anchor-field weave them together, a tangible pull in her core. She slid one leg fully over Ace's hips, straddling her with a roll that pressed their cores together, wetness soaking through, while pressing her knee against Shammy's thigh, feeling the muscle tense. Her hand lifted to trace Shammy's throat, fingers light but insistent, feeling the rapid pulse, the swallow under her touch.

The storm trembled—soft, rolling, eager, Shammy's skin flushing hot, a low hum vibrating through her.

"Still think you're outside our orbit?" Mai whispered, breath hot against Shammy's ear.

"Trying not to melt your instruments," Shammy rasped, voice breaking, hips shifting subtly.

"Good thing we're not glass."

Mai leaned in and kissed her—slow, exploratory, lips soft and yielding at first, then deepening, tongue tracing the seam until Shammy parted with a gasp, tastes mingling: ozone-sharp, storm-fresh, mixed with the faint salt of sweat. Shammy inhaled sharply, hands hovering before settling on Mai's waist, fingers digging in, pulling her closer, the grip bruising, possessive.

Ace watched, pulse racing, hand still locked with Shammy's, feeling the tremors through her bones. When Mai pulled back, lips swollen and glistening, she bridged the gap to Ace again, kissing her deeply, Shammy's taste lingering—electric, addictive—tongues dueling, a shared moan vibrating between them.

They rearranged instinctively, bodies pressing closer, the air thick with mingled scents: sweat, musk, ozone.

Clothes came off in slow, deliberate layers—zippers rasped down, shirts peeled away with wet sounds, fabric discarded in heaps, exposing flushed skin, nipples hardening in the cool air. Skin met skin: Mai's lithe frame between Ace's compact strength and Shammy's towering warmth, breasts brushing, soft against firm, eliciting gasps.

Mai's breath stuttered as Ace's mouth closed over one nipple, tongue circling the pebbled peak, hot and wet, teeth grazing just enough to sting, sucking hard until Mai arched, a keening moan escaping, her core clenching with need. Ace's fingers slid lower, parting Mai's thighs, nails dragging along inner thighs, leaving red trails, finding her already soaked, slick heat coating her fingers. She stroked through slick folds, the wet sound obscene, teasing her clit with precise pressure—circling, pinching

lightly—then slipped two fingers inside, curling just right to hit that spot, thrusting slow and deep, Mai’s walls fluttering around her.

Mai moaned, hips rolling desperately, the friction against Ace’s thigh slick and hot. She reached for Shammy, pulling her closer, hand sliding between the storm’s legs to find her equally wet, swollen, clit throbbing under her touch. Mai’s fingers circled Shammy’s clit, slick with arousal, dipping inside her tight heat, matching Ace’s rhythm until Shammy’s head fell back with a low, guttural groan, hips bucking, the bed shaking.

Shammy’s large hands joined—one cupping Ace’s breast, thumb teasing her nipple to aching hardness, rolling it between fingers until Ace whimpered into Mai’s skin; the other sliding down Mai’s stomach, tracing the quiver of muscles, to join Ace’s fingers. Together they worked Mai open, fingers intertwining in her wetness, thrusting in unison—three, then four—stretching her deliciously, the squelching sounds filling the room, Mai’s cries growing louder, breathy.

The room filled with wet sounds, gasps, the creak of the bed under thrusting hips. Sweat slicked their skin, dripping down backs, pooling in hollows. Ozone thickened the air, mingled with the heady musk of sex.

Mai came first—body clenching around their joined fingers like a vice, a sharp cry muffled against Ace’s neck as pleasure crashed through her in waves, liquid heat gushing over their hands, thighs trembling uncontrollably.

Ace followed moments later, Mai’s skilled fingers rubbing her clit relentlessly—fast, slick circles—while Shammy pinched and rolled her nipple hard. Ace’s void pulled tight, release exploding in shuddering waves, back arching, a hoarse scream tearing from her throat, wetness flooding Mai’s hand.

Shammy held longest, hips bucking into Mai’s hand, walls pulsing. When Mai added a third finger and curled deep, thrusting hard, thumb pressing her clit, Shammy broke—thighs trembling, a deep, thunderous moan echoing as she came hard, clenching rhythmically, juices coating Mai’s fingers, the storm aura flaring with sparks that tingled across their skin.

They didn’t stop.

Positions shifted fluidly. Mai turned to straddle Ace’s face, lowering herself slowly, the scent of her arousal enveloping Ace—musky, sweet. Ace’s tongue met her eagerly—lapping through slick heat, flat and broad, then pointed, flicking her clit, sucking it between lips with pulsing pressure, hands gripping Mai’s thighs hard enough to bruise, nails digging in. Mai leaned forward, mouth finding Shammy again, lips wrapping around her clit, tongue swirling, sucking greedily, tasting her essence—tangy, electric—while fingers thrust deep, curling.

Shammy’s other hand reached Ace, fingers sliding inside her once more, thrusting in time with Ace’s tongue on Mai, the rhythm syncing, wet sounds harmonizing with moans. The triad formed a perfect circuit—pleasure flowing, building, shared, bodies slick and trembling.

Mai came again on Ace’s mouth, grinding down hard, flooding her with hot, sticky release, the taste overwhelming, Mai’s thighs clamping around Ace’s head. Ace bucked into Shammy’s hand, climax ripping through her, muffled cries vibrating into Mai. Shammy followed, spilling over Mai’s tongue with a broken groan, hips jerking, aura pulsing waves of heat.

Exhaustion finally claimed them, bodies collapsing in a heap of tangled limbs, slick with sweat and

come, breaths ragged, hearts pounding in unison.

They collapsed sideways—Ace nestled against Shammy's chest, the storm's heartbeat thundering under her ear; Mai curled in front, nose tucked under Ace's chin, silver hair tickling; Shammy wrapped around both, large arms enveloping, holding them close, skin sticky where they touched.

Sweat cooled on skin, leaving goosebumps. The air settled, heavy and satisfied, ozone fading into quiet warmth, the scent of sex lingering like a promise.

Mai traced idle patterns on Ace's arm, fingers light over raised scars, feeling the pulse slow. Ace's hand rested over Mai's heart, feeling the anchor's rhythm sync, steady and strong. Shammy's arm draped over both, holding them close, breath warm against necks.

"Vector report," Mai murmured, voice drowsy, lips brushing Ace's throat.

"Depth stable," Ace whispered, nuzzling closer. "Horizontal grounded. Vertical... annoyingly comfortable."

Shammy huffed a soft laugh, the vibration rumbling through them. "Annoyingly?"

"Can't threaten to push you out of a moving car anymore. You're padding."

"Rude," Shammy murmured, tightening her hold, fingers tracing lazy circles on skin.

"Triad integrity?" Mai asked, eyes fluttering shut.

Ace didn't hesitate.

"Bound."

Outside, Detroit breathed neon. Inside, storm, void, and anchor lay entwined—completely, irrevocably in the same orbit, bodies sated, senses alive with the afterglow.

Afterglow — The First Quiet Hour

Rain had only recently stopped.

The window fogged with lingering night breath, city light bleeding amber through the glass, casting a soft glow on tangled sheets stained with their passion. The room smelled of sweat, ozone, and sex—warm, intimate, theirs, a heady reminder that clung to skin and air.

Ace woke first, sliding into awareness surrounded by heat, the press of bodies a comforting weight. Mai pressed to her front, curves soft and yielding, leg draped over hers, the faint stickiness between thighs a sensual echo. Shammy curved along her back—too much warmth, perfect weight, large breasts against her shoulders, breath hot on her neck.

She didn't move. Just breathed them in—the mingled scents, the slow rise and fall of chests.

Shammy was awake too—micro-tension in her frame, gentle awareness, fingers twitching lightly on Ace's hip.

"You're pretending to sleep," Ace murmured, voice rough from cries.

"Didn't want to wake anyone," Shammy whispered against her shoulder, lips brushing skin, sending a

residual shiver.

“You didn’t.”

Mai stirred, nuzzling closer, leg sliding between Ace’s with a soft sigh, the friction teasing oversensitive flesh. “Morning,” she mumbled, voice sleep-warm, lips grazing Ace’s collarbone.

Ace’s lips curved, hand sliding down Mai’s back, palm flat against sweat-damp skin. “Morning.”

Shammy stretched carefully, the mattress dipping, then curled tighter around them, large body enveloping. Her hand shifted, brushing Mai’s waist, then Ace’s hip—soft, reverent, fingers tracing the curve where bruises bloomed from last night’s grip.

Mai turned her head, cheek against Ace’s chest, feeling the steady heartbeat, eyes finding Shammy’s, silver-blue meeting storm-blue. “You stayed.”

“Told me to,” Shammy said, but her voice held a smile, breath warm.

“I asked,” Mai corrected gently, hand reaching back to trace Shammy’s thigh, nails light. “You chose.”

Shammy’s breath caught, aura humming faintly, a tingle across their skin. “Felt wrong to leave. Like it would break something.”

“You held it together,” Ace said quietly, turning slightly to press a kiss to Shammy’s arm, lips soft on warm flesh.

Silence fell—full, warm, earned, broken only by slow breaths, the distant rain starting again.

Mai’s fingers laced with Ace’s, then reached back to Shammy’s, three hands joined, palms sticky, pulses syncing.

“So what happens now?” Shammy asked, voice small, thumb stroking their knuckles.

Mai smiled, sleepy and certain, shifting to press her back against Ace more fully, feeling the heat. “Now we get up. Eat. Check perimeter. Plan.”

“Operational briefing?” Shammy teased, leaning in to nip Mai’s shoulder lightly, teeth grazing.

“And after,” Mai continued, a soft gasp at the bite, “we keep choosing each other. One morning at a time.”

Ace squeezed their joined hands, nails pressing faintly. “Vector integrity.”

Shammy’s voice softened, breath hot. “Bound?”

“Bound,” Ace echoed, turning to capture Shammy’s lips in a lazy kiss, tasting remnants of night.

Mai pressed a kiss to their intertwined fingers, tongue flicking out briefly.

“Bound.”

Dawn crept in, gray turning silver, light playing over bare skin.

Inside, three vectors rose together—whole, sated, and finally, completely home, bodies humming with remembered sensations. —

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