

Life of a Wife

By JFSindel

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1 - Life of Travel

The early light of morning broke the Tokyo skyline, slowly eating away the previous darkness of night. After a short slumber, the city had begun to stir awake with warming up subway stations and bus stops.

However, one couple had been awake before the city when the night sky was still shimmering with twilight darkness. Aloft in a hotel penthouse at the top of a luxury hotel in Toranomom, there was currently a hefty battle of the wills amidst the silent stupor of previous lustful excursions.

It was Lord Bison's personal hotel suite and he was sharing it with arguably the second most important person in his powerful criminal empire: his wife, Chun Li. Others in the organization would thank her silently as she appeared by his side, considering her to be the most important asset to the enterprise. After all, she was the one who spent the most with him (and beneath him) to assuage his moods and tempers. It was a running joke in the organization that if she died, the soldiers would canonize her as the first Saint of Shadaloo.

The two had only been married for less than six months but the aura within Shadaloo had definitely improved. Now instead of shooting people directly in the face, Bison was coming around to the idea of giving them a five second head start.

The young wife was waging war early in his busy day, fighting against his whims and demands like a trapped feral cat.

"It's *one* day." She had pestered him since he left her bedside, "Why can't I go out for a single day? I've been stuck in here for a day already and I'm about ready to hang myself with your belt."

What the former detective of Interpol didn't count on was his renewed sense of vigor from a early-morning, marriage certified wake up call and a refreshing cold shower. Bison had zipped up his pants, taking in his annoyed wife's banter like a brick wall.

"Because you can't be trusted." Bison responded with the same gravity as a child demanding a toy from a supermarket, "Keep it up with the complaining though. I'm certain I'm going to change my mind after the hundredth time you insist."

Chun Li crossed her arms, trying to stare down her husband from her bed. Her scowl was quite tight lipped and her eyes were hard as steel.

Bison didn't even notice as he was buttoning his shirt.

"Why even bring me if I can't leave the room?" Chun Li whined, "It makes no sense. I'm a strong fighter. Whatever happens, I can take care of myself..."

"First off, I brought you here because the last time I was away, you tried to escape by hijacking my jet and then subsequently wrecked it." Bison reminded her coolly, completely not in the mood to listen to

her whining.

"That's not true. It didn't even make it off the runway." Chun Li pointed out.

"Right. Because you jammed the landing gear and smashed it up in the hangar." Bison stated, making Chun Li scowl again,

"Secondly, after that little incident, what makes you think I would just let you waltz around Tokyo? You would run away at the first police station you came across."

Chun Li untangled her legs from the bed, "That's not fair. I'm not stupid. You put that little chip inside me that would make me docile if I tried that."

It was true; after the little escape incident, Bison had her undergo surgery (completely against her will) that implanted a small chip in the back of her head. The chip would become active with Bison's Psycho Power had Chun Li been disobedient, rendering her mindless and hypnotic as a little lovesick puppy.

She absolutely did not believe him the first time he told her that. So when she tried to escape again by getting a truck, Bison just had to wave his hand and Chun Li felt helpless under his power.

For two *days*, he left her like that.

"Yes but you would still try. Old habits die hard." Bison picked up his comb, "Third, you belong here. The streets are not safe and without escorts, you would be subject to rival gangs and kidnappings. They wouldn't be so nice with your attitude as I am."

Chun Li pouted, "I was a detective for over ten years..."

"You also thought popcorn was from baby kernels." Bison said, entering the bathroom. Chun Li froze with her mouth slightly open.

God, he was never going to let her live that down. The worst part was that she absolutely argued with Bison for thirty minutes about it, steadfast in her resolve that popcorn was the product of baby kernels and when the kernels got too big, they wouldn't pop.

He actually fetched a book to prove her wrong and boy, did he. The fact he read the exact mechanisms of popping popcorn was embarrassing enough but then he got a unshucked adult corn husk from the kitchen, made her toss oil in a pot, and made her watch as it popped.

Chun Li would never eat popcorn again after that incident. Bison kept referring to it as the "Dumbest argument he's ever won".

"It was a common mistake!" She called out after him, "Really!"

"My point is, Detective," Bison said, his voice carried further than hers, "You are not leaving unless the building is on fire and I'm dead. Neither of those things will happen. Stop your incessant complaining."

Chun Li scoffed at the idea, getting up from the bed. Wincing from the pain of her interlude with Bison last night and this morning, she leaned over and scooped up her discarded clothes.

"Can you at least leave your credit card?" Chun Li asked, making Bison stop for a second. He came out of the bathroom wearing his usual, full outfit. Sweeping his arm towards the nightstand, he picked up his hat and placed it on his head.

"What for?" He asked rather plainly, "There isn't a boutique in here."

Chun Li plastered a fake smile, "Room service?" Her hands quickly shoved her clothes back on even though they felt dirty to her.

A groan, "That is ridiculous. If you get hungry, you ring the assistants and they will bring you food."

She dropped her smile, "Online shopping?"

"The answer is no, dear little detective." Bison responded, picking his cape off the lonely closet rack, "You have little trinkets to occupy yourself while I'm away. I know you'll miss me quite terribly but I assure you, I will be back."

Chun Li scowled again, "I hope you get hit by a car."

Her husband chuckled a little, pinning his cape to his shoulder. Chun Li watched his hands smooth out the creases before he finally acknowledged her attitude.

"If you're really bored, Detective, maybe you can write me a paper about being a more grateful wife." Bison suggested, leaning over to her, "I'll let you recommend ways on how to be more grateful. Ten pages ought to do it. I'll even grade it myself."

She turned her face away, huffing, "No thanks."

Bison pulled her back to staring at him, giving her a kiss on the lips. Chun Li unwillingly let him finish as she clenched her fist tightly. Soon, he was done playing up such a charade and he patted her cheek.

"If you behave, I'll let you pick the next hotel room I can lock you in." He playfully winked, making her glower at him.

"Why don't you take the fast way down by jumping out the window?" She hatefully baled, turning around as she crossed her arms.

Bison ignored her blatant attempt to thwart him, wrapping his arms around her slender waist.

"Only if you're handcuffed to me." He responded, "We would die together. That's a bit romantic, isn't it? Kind of like those ridiculous stories you keep parroting to me."

"Just go." Chun Li groaned, slipping out of his embrace, "Maybe I can find rat poison to sprinkle on my waffles. *Which*, by the way, you promised you'd let me downstairs for breakfast and you haven't yet."

"That promise hinged very heavily on you not giving me backtalk this morning." Bison reminded her sharply, "You lasted a full ten seconds. Record breaking, I know, but not good enough. Also, you know, I'm not really a waffle person."

The former detective puffed her chest a little before deflating, "Can I order room service to get waffles?"

"No. I don't want to come back and every surface is sticky." Bison denied before pausing, "And not sticky in a good way. The good way, I'm fine with."

Chun Li threw her hands up in the air, exiting the bedroom. Her criminal boss of a man followed after her as she crabily flung herself on the couch. Her stomach laid flat on the cushions, her breasts propped up by the pillow underneath. Bison spotted her legs kicking idly in the air behind her as he picked up her assigned cell phone from the counter.

In his mind, Bison felt a little giddy about the scene. It wasn't too hard to think that he was drinking from that fountain daily; he was, after all, a powerful and wealthy man. Women flocked to him like lambs to a shepherd. But to have the Chun Li was like winning the life he knew he was so entitled to.

The whole kidnapping her and forcing her to marry him was sort of the lemon making lemonades situation. If she wasn't so damn churlish all the time, it would be kind of nice to come home to her. But Bison loved fighting more than he loved peaceful interludes so constantly beating her on her own whims was fun sometimes.

Besides, the sex was phenomenal. Regardless of her endless prattling and cold rebuffs, Bison made that unforthcoming woman mewl like a kitten in bed (or countertop, shower, floor...). Chun Li took him like a champ too, practically squeezing and draining him dry of his fluids.

It was worth whatever crap she flung at him in the morning for her body to be covered in his semen as she stared up at him like a sweet little kitten. Waking up engorged and buried to the hilt inside of her was worth the effort of putting up with her behavior.

Bison handed her the cellphone, "Don't call me unless the building is on fire and the only way out is sucking my dick."

Chun Li angrily snatched the phone as she sat up on the couch, "I'd rather just die in that case. Why even give me this phone if I can't call you? Not that I ever want to, by the way."

"It's not for you to call me. It's for me to call you." Bison answered, "Oh, and don't get any cute ideas about calling...unwanted numbers. It can only call my phone. Emergency services turned off, detective, so you really will have to call me if the building is on fire."

"Does it have games?" Chun Li nosed around in it, "Oh. Great. No. Because the great Shadaloo leader who earns millions a year can only afford a burner phone with one function for his wife."

"Millions? I'm insulted. Billions." Bison clicked his tongue, tutting at her, "I have to go. Have fun writing

that paper for me."

He turned to leave and Chun Li held the pillow against her chest, following him towards the door. Two tall soldiers clad in Shadaloos uniform saluted him, making Chun Li a little queasy at the signal.

"Hey, don't forget your soldiers." She said to his back.

"Oh, no. They're here to stay. They've been here for about a day now. All four of them, assigned to the door, and seven more on the floor." Bison didn't even turn around, going through the door. Chun Li blinked for a moment before her eyes widened.

"W-wait, did they hear us?!" She demanded, starting after him before the door clicked shut. Chun Li swore on the spirits of her ancestors that Bison was laughing at her from the other side of the wall. She clenched her pillow tightly against her chest, her head swiftly turning to each soldier.

"Did you hear us this morning!?" Chun Li demanded, her face turning a dark red. The soldiers saluted her.

"No, Mistress Bison, we did not hear Lord Bison consummating his marriage duties with you this morning." They both said in unison.

Growling, Chun Li tore the pillow in half and tossed the fabric on the floor as she stomped away.

"That means you did hear!" She snarled, thoroughly embarrassed. Chun Li beelined for the bedroom to sleep off the humiliation.

After another two hours of restless sleep, Chun Li was awoken by her own urges to use the toilet. Taking care of herself promptly, she decided it was a waste to spend all day in bed as it was the last place she wanted Bison to find her in.

Perhaps she might find something interesting on the news. Tokyo was a lively city and she liked the fluff pieces, personally. She remembered that she wanted to be a journalist when she was sixteen and saw the movie *The China Syndrome* on cable. For a whole summer, she practiced interviewing people like her father, her neighbors, and even her pet dog.

Her father's disappearance dissipated that flight dream real quick.

However, Chun Li spotted the same two guards from earlier at her door. Feeling the shame build up inside of her, she retreated back a little before she decided she wasn't going to be afraid in her own prison cell.

"Can't even walk around naked in my own room..." She muttered before approaching them, "Can't you two beat it?"

"Mistress Bison, Lord Bison gave us direct orders to stay here and watch over you." One of the soldiers said, saluting her again for the second time that day. Chun Li put her hand on her hip.

"Do not call me 'Mistress Bison'." Chun Li ordered, "My name is Chun Li Xiang, not Mistress Bison. He

can keep his name because I don't want it."

"His orders were that you would be addressed properly, Mistress Bison." The soldier stated, "And that your order is to be dismissed if you wanted to be called anything different."

What an asshole. Chun Li turned her back to them, fuming a little. Just because one gets forcibly held against their will, married off, chipped, and bound to a drug lord doesn't mean she should be robbed of her identity as well!

Chun Li reckoned she should get dressed; her boyshorts and night tank top was already a little dirty. It wasn't her fault though! Bison was a perverted jackass and he wasn't keen on being tidy when he was in the mood. Especially since the bastard wakes up at an ungodly hour and starts getting frisky with her when she's still in dreamland. It did not help that Bison woke her up by fondling her breasts and biting at her taut little nipples.

It also did not help that instead of kicking him out of the bed, Chun Li let him kiss lower on her belly and reacted very positively to his mouth. In her defense, she was barely coherent and still half-asleep.

Honestly, she kept trying to change her shorts into pants but the pajama bottoms kept "mysteriously" disappearing. When Chun Li brought it up to Bison (more like accused him of stealing them), he would just chide her for being careless with her things.

The penthouse suite was large. In fact, it was too large for two people who couldn't be in the same room without fighting or fucking. The rooms were oversized and comfortable, featuring a fully functional kitchen, living rooms, dining room, and spa bathroom. It has its own pool, balcony, and skylight which, in Chun Li's opinion, was begging for an assassin but Bison didn't seem to worry.

Then again, *he* worked. *She* was stuck here by herself. An assassin would be a welcome relief from her boredom.

Her 'trinkets', as Bison so callously referred to them, were scattered about the penthouse. Chun Li had her books, romance and crime novels, stacked on her nightstand and dining room table. The pages were very well leafed through and worn from her fingertips.

Secretly, she had an erotic novel hidden in the nightstand but she wasn't in the mood.

On the dresser, Chun Li had her small calligraphy set that she sometimes toyed around with when she was bored enough. Writing "Fuck You, Bison" in Hanzi was pretty enjoyable especially since she knew Bison could read it fluently. The joke doesn't last though because he literally burns it to a crisp but it was worth the effort, at least. Otherwise, she often wrote her name or, also as a joke for Bison to find, her suicide note.

The latter often ended her up in tied to a bed for a week so maybe it wasn't so much as a joke as "perspective on life". Kind of strange how Bison lets her keep that calligraphy set, actually.

In her purse, Chun Li did have a little handheld console that she fiddled around with at times. Mainly, it was an easy way to be distracted from Bison in the car. She was working on a cute little game about

dogs which she regarded those pixels with far more love and affection than her husband.

She could practice her Tai Chi. It was the only thing Bison let her practice frequently, probably because he mocked the entire concept of it and didn't consider it a threat.

Otherwise, the only thing missing was a piano. Chun Li had learned to play at a young age and used to practice a little to blow off steam. But when Bison asked her play for him once, she told him the only way he was getting her music was in the divorce decree.

She hadn't played since before she was single.

Maybe something would magically show up (like a convenient assassin) after her shower. Chun Li shut the bedroom door, stripped, and headed into the hot water.

After about thirty minutes, she shut off the water. Wrapping a towel around herself, Chun Li wiped the steam off the mirror and peered close. Hm. Her face had the perfect resting bitch face.

Chun Li picked up a blowdryer and styled her hair into her two buns. After some careful thought, she figured her hair would be fine in this weather and opted not to hairspray it.

Her hand briefly touched a thin sheet of paper. Chun Li looked and saw a brightly colored red note tucked into the bathroom cabinet.

Curiously, she opened the letter:

Good morning,

Glad you found my note. It means you're not sleeping until 3 P.M like a lazy little brat.

I am going to be out late tonight so you're going to bed on time.

There better not be calligraphy ink in the bed again or so help me, I will be furious.

Lord M. Bison

Fuck him. It happened *one* time that Chun Li did calligraphy in bed and *one* time, there was ink. It didn't help that she pretended she had no idea how that happened or how it got there but it did ruin the mattress.

Crumpling up his little note, Chun Li was more pissed than before. Bison thought those little notes were fucking hilarious. Chiding her when he wasn't there, bossing her around...

Fuming, she tore off her towel and threw open her closet. Fuck. All dresses. Why all dresses all the time? Why not a pair of pants or some leggings? Hell, Chun Li would kill for some cute shorts.

Of course, Bison would say in that stupid tone of his, "As my wife, you have to look a certain way and I'm so far up my own ass that I can't let you be a single unit out of my control..."

He wouldn't say that last part. He never admitted his medical problem like that. Chun Li grabbed a dark navy blue short chiffon dress and shoved it on, grumpily heading back to the bathroom sink. Oh, the humanity if Chun Li didn't pretty herself up for an invisible all seeing eye of Bison!

Dabbing on her makeup, Chun Li fantasized all the ways she could stab him with her mascara brush. Not many, it was a short fantasy, but still. The pain would be bothersome.

Slipping her feet into heels, Chun Li threw herself on the bed. Now what? It was only 9 A.M. She hadn't eaten breakfast yet. She rolled over on her back, staring up at the ceiling. Chun Li could cook something small, provided the hotel had stocked the fridge...

There was a knock. She lifted her head, confused. Was that the door? It sounded strange, like they were knocking on glass.

Another hard thud. Chun Li felt a little scared; maybe it was an assassin. She got out of bed, creeping towards the window. Hm. She tilted her head, not seeing anyone on the balcony. Besides, who could reach the 80th floor of this hotel without some airplane assistance?

Suddenly, she saw the two soldiers that were guarding her room racing towards the balcony. Their guns were drawn and ready in position, making her a bit frightened. Oh God, was she about to be part of terrorist attack? Kidnapping attempt? Very aggressive door salesmen?

Chun Li followed them out on the balcony, seeing them point their guns downward to the lower levels.

"Hey!" One soldier shouted, "Beat it! Or I'll shoot!"

This time, Chun Li leaned over the railing behind them and saw the foe she so desperately dreaded her whole life: window washers.

The two Japanese men were terrified, holding their hands up in complete fear as they babbled in Japanese.

Rolling her eyes, Chun Li approached the soldiers, "What's going on? Why are you pointing an assault rifle at those men?"

The other soldier turned to her and bowed, "I'm sorry, Mistress Bison. We'll get rid of these men right away. The threat will be neutralized."

Chun Li groaned, "It's window washers. Not exactly a top tier criminal gang here. It's fine." She waved at the two men, "It's fine! Ignore these trigger happy assholes!"

The two workers were frozen to their spots. The soldier speaking to her saluted quickly.

"Mistress Bison, Lord Bison ordered all threats to be removed from you. We will call the hotel and lower them at once. Please go back inside." He bowed again, "We will let Lord Bison know the circumstances. Please, enjoy your peace and quiet."

She wished she could throw *him* off. Chun Li was about to turn around before she realized something.

The lowering mechanism was on the raft. And the building next to the hotel was only at the 85th floor, just a few floors down from where she was. Clearly, jumping from her balcony would result in her death (as well as a grievous distance miscalculation) but the railing itself was only a few feet up.

No. She had to mentally stop herself. That was crazy. Even if she somehow jumped to the railing and managed to get on it, she would still have to climb down a story using the cords and swing across to the rooftop.

No, no, no. Chun Li hated being here but she didn't hate herself that much. She didn't even have safety harnesses for God's sake!

Slowly, Chun Li walked back into the hotel room. Settling herself on the couch, Chun Li realized that she couldn't get that plan out of her head. She tried to shake it off, convincing herself it was far too dangerous.

There was a knock at the real door now. She was about to let the soldiers get it before remembering they were so preoccupied with the ultra dangerous window washers. Rolling her eyes, Chun Li got up and opened the door.

It was the hotel manager. Skeevey little ball of stress, Chun Li thought. He kissed Bison's ass so much the first day they got here that Chun Li figured Bison could have used his lips as toilet paper.

"Hi." She greeted without much pleasantries, "Yeah, this about the window washers? It's fin-"

"Mistress Bison!" The hotel bowed, trembling, "Yes, I am sorry! We did schedule them to work today but it's not an excuse. They will be removed immediately! Would you like something brought up to you in apology? Food, drink, masseuse...?"

Bison would tear the arms off of any man who massaged her back. Women, he'd be down with. The soldiers outside her door was at prompt attention.

"Look, it's..." Suddenly, Chun Li was struck with an idea. Putting on her best pissed off face, Chun Li crossed her arms.

"I am not going to tolerate this." She sniffed angrily, pouting, "They interrupted my beauty regime. Now I have a ruptured skin pore and I have to face Bison with such a terrible, ugly mark! I'm scheduling an emergency facial with my specialist! Who will pay for that?!"

The manager looked like he was about to urinate himself, "P-please, Mistress Bison, I'm sorry..."

"I demand my husband's credit card." Chun Li ordered, "I need it to go to my appointment to salvage this mess! If Bison doesn't have a pretty wife, he will just...I don't even know what he would do. Probably drown the man in charge."

"I...his credit card? Mistress Bison, the policy is that we keep..." The manager worriedly stated. Chun Li

hide her smile. Good. So he did have a credit card here.

"Do you believe my husband isn't good for the money?" She glared at him, almost towering him, "I'm sure he would love that explanation. Why don't you tell him when he gets back?"

The manager swallowed hard, his face almost purple from lack of oxygen. The soldiers looked uncomfortable as Chun Li tapped her foot. She was almost thinking that the plan wouldn't work at all.

"Y-yes, Mistress Bison. I will fetch it for you." He bowed, running off. In lightning speed, the manager returned with a fancy red card holder and he timidly gave it to the warlord's wife. Chun Li snatched with huffy pretense.

"Thank you," She snidely said, "I will tell Lord Bison how kind you were to me."

Before the manager could blubber out another apology, she shut the door in her face. Giggling, Chun Li opened the card holder and saw the item she wanted emblazoned in the center. It was a sleek, black card with silver lettering that said "LORD M. BISON" on the front. There were strange numbers on the bottom and side but no logo.

Chun Li wasn't really sure how a criminal boss can get ahold of a card and what bank would bankroll that liability but she dismissed it. Perhaps there was a lucrative underworld banking system that she wasn't aware of.

Tucking the black card in her purse and arranging it to sit across her body, Chun Li went back to the balcony. The soldiers were loitering around, their guns fixated on the errant window railing. She tapped them on the shoulder.

"Excuse me." Chun Li sweetly said, "Coming through."

Before they could react, Chun Li climbed on the railing and jumped. Her hands wrapped around the first cord, enabling her to swing to the window washer railing. She tumbled a little, making the Japanese men beyond petrified as they were frozen to their spots.

Chun Li gave them a little smile.

"If you have a prayer, say them for me. I kinda need the extra strength." She stated, hearing the soldiers go ballistic. One of the men slowly nodded as Chun Li grabbed the furthest cord. Taking a deep breath, she kicked off the railing and swung as hard as she could towards the rooftop next to her.

When she was as far as she could go, Chun Li let go of the cord and fell hard on the rooftop. The cement scratched her leg up, making her bleed, but she was otherwise perfectly fine. Muffling a cry, Chun Li turned to the hotel building.

"Yes!" She cheered, scrambling to her feet, "And in heels! Suck my dick, Bison." Sticking her tongue out, Chun Li hurried to the rooftop door. Locked.

Oh no. And there was no other door. She became worried before leaning over the side of the rooftop, seeing a set of building railings. Smiling broadly, Chun Li climbed down and hit the metal floor with her

feet.

The building was 85 floors down though and the railings only went a few floors before stopping so Chun Li figured it was probably for air duct maintenance. Chun Li bit her lip before she felt someone staring at her. Turning around quickly, she realized that it was a young, confused salaryman holding a cup of coffee from the other side of the window.

Her hand instinctively reached behind her; her dress had hiked up and she was exposing her frilly underwear to a stranger at 9:30 AM in the morning. Chun Li awkwardly waved before motioning him to open the window.

The salaryman slowly opened the window, allowing Chun Li to crawl in. She flattened out her dress before giving him a hug.

"Thank you!" She said, "Arigato!"

Running off, the salaryman waved slightly and appeared even more confused. Chun Li realized she was in an office building and saw the elevator. She pushed the button to call and realized that a whole bunch of people were staring at her.

Finally, the elevator dinged and she went inside. Pressing one, she watched the doors close and fixed her purse. The card was still safely tucked in there.

The elevator stopped on the 60th floor and another salaryman got on. Chun Li shifted to the side, letting him have his personal space. The salaryman took one look at her but shook his head. He probably thought she was a client or something.

The doors shut again and the two waited around. Chun Li was humming a song, brushing errant dirt off her dress and the salaryman was trying very hard not to look at her.

"What happened to your...?" He started before blushing, "Leg?"

Chun Li looked down. It was a long bloodtrail down to her ankle, scratched up to hell. She bolstered along the conversation, trying to wipe away the blood with her dress.

"I fell down the stairs. It's why I'm taking the elevator." Chun Li joked, seeing the dress idea was not working. Well, she'll clean up when she gets to a bathroom. The man laughed a little at her joke.

"I'm Haru." He tilted his head.

"Chun Li." She introduced herself, "Tall building, huh?"

"Would you...like to get coffee?" He asked softly out of the blue, making Chun Li melt a little from his kindness. First day out and she's already getting hit on by anything that isn't Bison!

"Oh, no," Chun Li said, smiling, "I'd love to but my husband would break your bones, shove an oxygen tank tubes in your nose, and let you rot in an unmarked grave. Thank you for offering though."

The man's face turned pale but the elevator opened on the first floor, making Chun Li leave him in the dust.

She walked to the lobby bathroom, opening the door to the crisp, white walls. Taking a paper towel, Chun Li doused it with water and started to wipe away the blood. After some time, she had cleaned it the best she could and tossed the bloodied towels.

Now. To start her day and to start without any more trouble.

Chun Li exited the bathroom, seeing citizens huddle around the corner. She poked her head through, watching the people excitedly talk about it.

"And they have guns! They must be special police!"

"No way, no police looks like that..."

Oh no. She caught a glimpse of a soldier wearing the Shadaloo insignia on his arm.

Bison's soldiers were in the building. Chun Li darted behind a wall, looking out from around the corner. Shit. They really couldn't just let have this? She jumped from a 90th story hotel building to another rooftop and survived.

Her eye caught the entrance. It was the only way out and his people were swarming the lobby. They were making demands, orders, barking at people to stay in their spots. It was like a terrorist takeover.

What a terrible way to handle the situation. Bison needed less trigger happy people to work for him. Slowly, Chun Li crawled towards the entrance.

"There she is!" The soldier said, "Get her!"

Chun Li bolted through the entrance, running down the street as she evaded two cars about to hit her. The soldiers chased after her with detailed precision, not letting up once as she zigzagged down the narrow streets.

She leapt over a retaining wall, ducking into a city crevice as the soldiers ran past her. After waiting a few moments, Chun Li cautiously came out from hiding and pushed a strand of hair from her face. Then she turned around and saw ten soldiers pointing guns at her. Raising her hands up, Chun Li swallowed hard. Bison was going to be pissed.

"Mistress Bison, come without a fight or we will shoot." One soldier called out, aiming his gun at her chest, "It's over."

His sleek rifle drew a lot of attention from bystanders, making them scream and run in fear. Chun Li merely stared him down before dropping her hands in realization.

"Wait...you're not going to shoot the wife of Lord Bison." Chun Li stated, remembering who she was, and then abruptly just ran in the other direction. Just as she thought, they did not rain bullets down on her

like a May shower.

Another long chase but this time, Chun Li had a plan. Seeing a bus, she grabbed onto the outside railing and wrapped her forearm around it, seeing them in the distance. She wiggled her fingers in a mocking wave as they soon became dots in the distance.

Freedom!

Meanwhile, Bison was sitting across three well-dressed men in suits as his bodyguard stood beside him. While the associates were speaking in Japanese, Bison was intently listening to their concerns.

It was a Yakuza drug deal that Bison was brokering himself which could draw massive amounts of profit on Tokyo alone. The billions that the Shadaloo leader stood to gain was astronomical and of course, smoking out his competitors made it easier to jack up his prices for services offered.

"I understand that, Kurita." Bison spoke in reply, choosing English to cement his dominance over the conversation, "You're looking at a massive..."

An assistant hurriedly rushed to his side, whispering something in his ear. Bison paused for a moment before turning to the assistant.

"Well? Go fetch her then." Bison stated simply, turning his attention back to his colleagues. The other men looked somewhat concerned but the feeling soon dissipated when Bison began to go over the economical (and rational) reasons why paying 10x the price was worth the money.

Chun Li was having a grand time and on Bison's dollar too. Hitching a subway ride to Ginza, Chun Li found herself enamored with the high class shopping stores and dining. She had never been able to afford such gifts on her own nor been able to walk down Ginza with her head held high.

First stop was getting new clothes. Bison's men were definitely after her and definitely took stock of every item of clothing she ever owned. They probably had a catalogue of her wardrobe, complete with pictures and combinations she wore.

One shop's window display caught her eye. It was a cute little black jacket with shiny silver buttons and distressed fitted look. She smiled, hopping into the store like a kid with free license for candy

The shop assistant, a young lady that looked no older than 20, took notice of her appearance, slowly looking over Chun Li's wide and scratched leg.

"Can I help you?" She managed out in English. Chun Li pointed to the window.

"Can I see that jacket?" She asked before she flashed Bison's card, "You know. No hurry."

The shop assistant slowly took the card, bowing deeply. She returned with the jacket from the window, giving it to her.

"Would you like us to take your sizes?" The girl said, "In the backroom?"

Chun Li smiled, "Perfect!"

After the assistant took her sizes, Chun Li was presented with racks and racks of clothing. They were all very modern and sleek, reminding the detective of youthful days of past. Unlike her current wardrobe which had nothing short of elegance, class, and taste, these clothes were trendy and ticking with to the hour where they would no longer be in style.

Well, she needed to be comfortable. She had a lot of running to do today and sights to see. Chun Li aptly chose a blue tank top with gold Kanji lettering ("Get Lost") and smooth, soft dark colored jeans. She found a brilliant pair of gold and blue sneakers that reminded her of her early fighting days though these shoes were much more of a "vintage" style from the 70s.

She liked the look. Jeans, sleeveless tank top, and a suede jacket. Her butt looked good too.

Trashing her old dress in the trash can that sat in the dressing room, Chun Li went up to the front desk where the assistant was waiting on her. She turned around, letting the assistant pull the tags right off her.

"Love it. I'll take everything." Chun Li started out, bubbling over. Finally, she chose her own clothes and they were pants!

The young lady bowed again and rang her up. The total came out to 2,000 yen and Chun Li watched her slide the card. The register appeared to think for a moment before accepting the card without hesitation. It soon struck Chun Li that Bison's accountants were no doubt alerting every guard in the city where she was.

"Can you do a cash back?" Chun Li suddenly piped up.

"Uh...yes, but I've never done one with this card before..." She admitted, "It's kind of a rarity. But I'll ask my manager."

"Awesome," Chun Li leaned over, "Can you hurry? I'm trying to...surprise my husband."

The girl nodded and disappeared. Keeping an eye on the door, Chun Li moved away from the sight line before an older gentleman came through the back door. She hesitated at first but then she saw his nametag, relaxing a bit.

He bowed at her, "Is there a problem, Mrs. Bison?"

Chun Li physically had to tell herself to let it go. He didn't know any better, he was just reading the card. She plastered a fake smile, really enunciating the Chinese dialect she sometimes showed through her pearly white teeth.

"Can you do a cash back on the card?" She asked, "I just need some play money."

"Of course we can!" He bowed so low that Chun Li thought he'd fall over, "It just requires manager

approval. I'll do it right away, Mrs. Bison!"

She was peppered with questions during the transaction about their service, customer support, clothes...Chun Li felt a little flustered.

"Everything was great." She kept saying, "Thank you. It was. No, it was great!"

The most he could give her was 30,000 yen which gave her about 275.00 dollars to spend freely today. Besides, she still had his card so if she was in trouble, she could swipe it and be done with it.

After the transaction was done, Chun Li looked around the store. They were very nice to her and she needed some ample distraction for the hotel so they might lay off looking for her. Turning around to the manager, she smiled again.

"Do you deliver, by chance?"

During a small break, Bison gazed over the credit card receipts that were sent to him by his accountants. Chun Li had apparently decided his money was well worth her time when she spent years lamenting his business practices.

1 million yen at a clothing store.

30,000 yen as a cash back.

250 yen for ice cream at a parlor.

It was pocket money to be sure, little use to him. Honestly, he didn't know it could go that low. But it was still aggravating that Chun Li had eluded capture this long and was taunting him by using *his* money. He considered shutting off the card but it would then leave him no way to track her otherwise.

"Lord Bison," One of the soldiers, "The shopkeepers confirmed she was there. They had told her about a place in Shibuya but she declined to go there as it was too far."

Bison picked up receipt for the store, "And where is she now then?"

"Ah...well..." The soldier stammered, "We..."

"Don't have a fucking clue." Bison finished for him with aggravation, flicking the other receipts with his forefinger, "I do not have time to go chasing after my belligerent little wife. The deal is too important to be distracted from. This is your fucking job. Find her or I'll string up my new Christmas lights with your fucking head."

The soldier bowed, hurrying off. Bison pondered over the thought of what she was doing now. Probably burning stacks of money like it was a bonfire...

His eye caught something at the end of the receipt: DELIVERY CHARGE.

Sighing, Bison decided he'll figure that out later. One problem at a time.

Chun Li was waltzing down the streets of Ginza, taking in all the pretty sights. The air felt fresh and clean and people were busy moving from one area to another. However, her stomach growled in irate hunger.

"Right, I haven't eaten today." Chun Li murmured, "Waffles? No. I bet Bison staked out every waffle place from here to China."

He had the manpower to do that, she knew. Chun Li spotted a little sandwich cafe down the block and she crossed the street at the crosswalk. As she stepped onto the opposite sidewalk, she suddenly heard a few thudded footsteps behind her.

"Stop!" A voice called out. Chun Li whisked around, seeing one man in a Shadaloo uniform approaching her. She gave him a baleful look and started walking in the opposite direction before she ran into another soldier.

Shit. They found her. Chun Li raced off down the alleyway again. The two soldiers ran after her, their boots hitting the pavement in tempo with hers. Finally, she reached a larger park area where she ran into even more soldiers.

Well, that ended as well as it could.

"Mistress Bison!" The soldiers surrounded her, "Lord Bison demands you come home immediately!"

Chun Li placed her hands on her hips, "I told you to stop calling me that. That isn't my name!"

Mentally, she counted seven. Not too shabby for Bison scrambling to find her. The soldiers pointed stun guns at her, just a few feet from her face.

"Mistress Bison, please come quietly. Lord Bison authorized us to use excessive force to bring you back..."

Chun Li did not want to be on the receiving end of a stun gun. Did that in police academy and she still gets shivers thinking about the time. She doubted these guns would be restricted to "normal" wattage.

"You can do whatever you want but you can tell Bison that he can get me himself." Chun Li got into fighting stance, "Or go tell him to go fuck himself. Either way, I'm happy."

The soldiers went into stance and one ignited the stun gun, charging it at her chest. Chun Li flipped over, kicking him squarely in the jaw with sole of her shoe. The others immediately rushed her, the stun guns sizzling with activity.

She kicked one in the head, knocking him out cold. Another one jumped at her back, trying to shove the electric tool into her neck before she tossed him over her shoulder, allowing him to get stunned with another gun. The body felt to the floor, unconscious.

Another one lunged at her and she kneed him in the groin, letting him fall to the side. Twisting the arm of the intruder next to her, Chun Li dislocated his shoulder and snatched his stun gun, electrocuting the next one behind her.

And then there was one. He kept his distance from her, letting the stun gun determine her feet away from him. Chun Li looked bit annoyed before she flung her purse at him, distracting him momentarily to leap kick in the air and knock his ass out.

She fixed her hair, retying her left bun. Picking up her purse, she stepped over their bodies and took off the street.

"Bye, bye, boys!" Chun Li called out, running down the street, "Tell Bison he's an asshole for me! Love you, guys, thanks for all the work you do!"

The Shadaloo leader was having a business lunch over Kobe beef and strong liquor, discussing their prospects with the gangs. The associates were getting drunk as Bison coolly suppressed his liquor intake. His Psycho Power didn't allow him to get drunk so he had the edge in all drinking contests (as his wife found out when she drank herself into a stupor).

The assistant interrupted the lunch quietly, whispering in his ear. Bison hemmed quietly, his throaty low growl was loud enough to render the assistant terrified with fear. The feared leader absolutely knew he was going to make it festive with these soldiers' heads for winter break.

What was worse was when the assistant confessed that the soldiers, once again, had no idea where Chun Li was. Bison stood up without another word, leaving the table.

"Bring my phone." He spat at the assistant as he exited to the hallway.

The Shadaloo wife was enjoying her cheap bowl of ramen outside of Ginza, huddling in the corner of the restaurant as well as she could be from view. Slurping away at the noodles, she craved the cheapness that life had to offer.

Chun Li's phone was ringing. She knew it who it was right away. Fiddling with her chopsticks, Chun Li answered.

"Hello?" She said in the most innocent way possible. Chun Li even turned on her Chinese dialect for extra points.

"You will come back to the hotel." Bison's voice quietly said, "Or you will be brought back by force."

Chun Li feigned shock, "But I am at the hotel, Bison! You must be getting old. Why, I'm working on that essay idea you had for me. Ten pages, right?"

"I am too busy for games, Detective, so cut the bullshit." Bison shut her down, "And I am too busy to go chasing after you on the streets of Japan. You had your little outing and now it's time to come back home."

"It's only noon." She stated, dropping her falsehoods, "It's hardly an 'outing'. Maybe I'll be back by dinner. Maybe next week. Your pockets are pretty deep, I could probably easily make it a year on the streets..."

"I'm not going to sit here and argue with some girl who thinks jumping off hotel buildings is safe." Bison said, his voice increasingly quieter, "You will come home, detective, or you will face serious consequences for your disobedience. You have nowhere to go that I cannot find you, nowhere to hide that I cannot uncover, and no avenues out."

"Can find me, huh?" Chun Li repeated, taking another bite of her meal, "So...where am I then, Bison? Am I in the hotel? In the car? Across the Pacific?"

"You're in a cheap little restaurant eating ramen." Bison answered succinctly. Chun Li went pale for a moment before realizing that he probably could just hear her eating. Frowning, she placed the receiver back to her ear.

"That was cheating. You just heard me." Chun Li complained.

"Well, detective, you're not the only one with inferential skills." He said with increasing annoyance, "For *ten years* on the force, you should have deduced that, hm?"

Chun Li was going to say something retaliatory to him but then she stopped. She had a better idea.

"Hey, Bison," She started asking, placing her chopsticks down, "How many people hang up on you?"

"What are you-?"

Click. Chun Li set the phone down. Shoving the phone back into her purse, she got up and left the restaurant.

At the business meeting, Bison tossed the phone across the room to his assistant's face, turning to his subordinates. The last thing he wanted to see was that fucking phone with her contact name displayed on it.

"Get the Dolls." He ordered, going back into the luncheon.

Chun Li had hitched another ride of the subway, constantly changing lines to thwart anyone who might be following her. She had remembered the shopkeeper mentioning a little theme park out in Tokyo Dome City.

After paying for her ticket, Chun Li headed into the tiny little park.

The little theme park was an absolute blast. Chun Li was excited to ride the attractions, finding herself giddy at the prospect of screaming her head off on a roller coaster. After a few rides and a few tours, Chun Li found herself in an arcade.

In reality, Chun Li was terrible at arcade games. She had no skill or patience for the crane games, was a

terrible shot at skee-ball, and the roulette games were rigged. But she attempted one hand at slots.

After a few times, she hit bogey and only got a single ticket for each time, racking her grand total for five whole tickets. Getting bored with the childish games and wanting to explore the park further, she headed up to the ticket counter.

The ticket man watched her scan the items as he fiddled a little behind the counter.

She only had five tickets but she spotted a pair of hot pink sunglasses that were shaped like cat eyes style behind the glass counter.

It was exactly five tickets and she liked the cute appearance.

The ticket man gave her the sunglasses in exchange and Chun Li placed them on her face. Now she was definitely glam-rocking the outfit.

After thanking him, Chun Li exited outside before being greeted by two girls wearing the same uniform style. All three of the girls were blank faced, staring through her body as if she was a zeroed in target, and unmoving.

The Shadaloo Dolls. Or at least, two of them: Satsuki and Enero. Bison must not have warranted the rest of them to come after her.

"Mistress Bison," Satsuki got into stance, "Lord Bison has sent us to bring you home. Come quietly or we will use excessive force."

Her swords were pointed at her chest and Chun Li knew for a fact she would use them skillfully to take her down.

Chun Li plucked off her sunglasses, "Stop calling me Mistress Bison. I have my own name."

Enero stepped forward, "Mistress Bison, if you do not come with us, Lord Bison warns of dire consequences for your actions. He says that for your own safety, you must come back home."

They sported weapons but Chun Li spotted a shock collar around Enero's belt loop. Oh, so it was going to be like that. Collared like a bad dog who escaped from a backyard.

"I won these sunglasses so don't break them." Chun Li said, getting into fighting stance, "But I guess Bison wants to see my kung-fu. I'll show him."

Enero went first, charging at her with quick kicks towards Chun Li's face and chest. Chun Li blocked them, open palming her to send her reeling backwards. Satsuki gripped her swords, slashing downwards at the wife of Bison, jamming swiftly as Chun Li weaved from side to side. The sword sliced her tank top on the sides, leaving shallow cuts.

Chun Li dashed at Satsuki, flipping her to the ground. However, Enero cartwheeled and twisted Chun Li's body backwards, making Chun Li fall to her knees as Satsuki took her opening, shoving the blade tip into Chun Li's shoulder. She

screamed out in pain, feeling Satsuki steadily keep her there.

"Give up, Mistress Bison." Enero unlatched the shock collar, "The car is waiting for you."

"Yeah. No." Chun Li swept her leg, surprising Enero. Satsuki attempted to twist the sword to cause her more pain but Chun Li held the blade in her right hand, gripping it tightly as she jerked hard to make the Doll lose her grip.

Satsuki fell slightly, allowing Chun Li to kick her in the face and knocking her out. Enero had recovered from her stunned fall, charging at her with an open shock collar. Chun Li knew she only had one shot, dodging the Doll and keeping her in a neck hold.

Enero tried to flip her over her head but Chun Li shoved the shock collar around the young fighter's neck, locking it in place. The shock collar immediately activated, forcing Enero to her knees in pain before the Doll passed out.

Chun Li immediately flipped her glasses back on, whistling as she took out her pen. Writing on Enero's limp hand in broad and bold English, she wrote "Remind Bison that he can go fuck himself".

On Satsuki's hand, Chun Li wrote "Tell Bison he can wear the damn collar himself". She wanted to add "If he wants to be kinky" but she ran out of room. Tossing the pen aside, Chun Li walked down the road.

After about an hour, Bison had his Dolls before him as they bowed their heads in shame. He was caught at good time, a lull in the meeting, but he was not any happier for being disturbed.

"So you let her go." Bison stated after listening to Enero's report, "And at the same time, not only do you both need medical attention but my wife is probably walking around with a hole in her shoulder."

"Lord Bison," Enero fell to her knees in forgiveness, "She..."

Bison appeared annoyed, "Get up, Agent Enero. I've no use for whining little children."

Enero shakily got up to her feet and Bison stepped around her. He plucked his phone off the table, dialing a number.

Chun Li had managed to get into a nearby coffee shop, propping her leg up on the seat. People were staring at her bruises and cuts, whispering quietly. She opted to ignore them, checking her body for wounds.

Her shoulder wasn't too bad; Satsuki must have known better than to shove the blade in too deep. It was a flesh wound and a bitter pill to swallow for sure but Chun Li figured she'd be fine. Her ankle was swollen from Enero's flipside kick, looking almost purplish in color.

Inside her purse, Chun Li heard her phone ring again. Taking the opportunity to squawk her victory over his Elite Dolls, Chun Li picked it up.

"Hi, this the city morgue." Chun Li greeted, "We found this phone on a dead body. Is it yours?"

There was ticking on the other line, almost like it was someone running their tongue over their teeth, "That's really funny, Detective. We might have our second honeymoon there."

"Hm." Chun Li shrugged, "Better than...wait, we never had a honeymoon."

"Tying you to my bed was my honeymoon. Don't know about you." Bison briskly said, "Now, why don't you explain why you decided it was best to fight my Dolls in some street fight?"

"Uh, because Enero had a shock collar?" Chun Li answered with some disbelief, "Really? Like I'm just going to wear that. You know, approachability is part of a great personality...."

"You should have gone quietly." Bison stated, making Chun Li scoff, "There was no reason for you to fight this. You are coming home."

"Oh, kiss my ass." Chun Li grumpily said, "You're ruining my day out. Ow. I mean, oh. I didn't say ow."

"Your ankle might be sprained." Bison patiently stated, as if he was speaking down to a child, "And you need to recover from your injuries. Being a little brat about this won't help you get better."

Chun Li quickly wrapped her hair ribbon around it, "It's fine. Besides, if I come back, you're just going to tie me up for a week."

"Ah, but you'll be under doctor's orders." He replied, "Now. Comply with me or it's going to get much worse for you."

"Fuck you." Chun Li snapped before pausing, "And not in a good way. Least not *me* fucking you..."

"That's a shame. Fucking is going to be the only reprieve you get from your punishment." Bison said, "Pretty much every part of you is going to hurt for this. If you thought our honeymoon was fun, this is going to be a spectacular event for you."

Her voice crawled a little down her throat. Chun Li quickly blinked away her tears before shifting her weight to a walking position.

"You know what, that's fine." She muttered, "Because I'm not coming back anyway. You're just going to hypnotize me and take me back to the base. So whatever. Fuck you."

"Ah. So your tone suddenly changes," Bison commented, his voice now predatory, "Finally realize how fucked you are?"

In a way, Chun Li had to agree that she did realize how fucked she was. But that didn't mean he won the battle by any stretch of the imagination. She just had to wrangle herself from the psychological grip he now placed her in.

"I know you like to do weird sex things when I'm hypnotized." Chun Li accused him, limping outside as she tried to gravitate the conversation away from his threat, "And I know you do weird role-play too."

"You're a silly little paranoid child." Bison replied calmly, "Role-play? Where did you get that little gem, from your trashy erotic novels?"

A bright red shade went across her cheeks.

"Who...said that?" She awkwardly laughed.

"Did you smack your little head on the pavement?" His voice was stern, "We have the same bedroom, you idiot little girl. It's not hard finding your books tucked in your nightstand."

Chun Li felt ashamed for a second before remembering that it was Bison who should be embarrassed.

"Don't spin this on me!" She volleyed back, "I know you have weird sex stuff. I definitely remember something about tying me up and not paying back a loan..."

An aggravated groan, "If you want to indulge me in your waking fantasies about my sexual prowess, feel free. But come back to the hotel so I don't have to come looking for you."

"No." She denied, "How many times do people hang up on you twice in a row?"

This time, she just hung up and tossed the phone in a trashcan. Now the day was no longer any fun. It was hiding from a very pissed off criminal warlord now.

Bison stared at his phone as if it as the phone's fault for hanging up on him. However, instead of getting angry again, he placed the phone in the hands of his assistant who was practically cowering. The Dolls were trembling, afraid of his angry power.

The Shadaloo warlord flicked his cape and turned to walk through the door."

"Let me show you how to handle Mistress Bison after I am done."

It was nightfall already. Chun Li briskly walked down a street, seeing the shops beginning to close. Her feet felt tired and her body was beginning to grow exhausted from the day's events. However, she definitely didn't want to show up at his doorstep after soundly destroying his men...or hanging up on him twice...

The entire situation would be awkward to say the least. Not even her best bullshit Chinese facade was going to take that down.

Maybe she could find a 24 hour place and sleep it off. Though Chun Li knew better to avoid Kabukicho, it might be a safe place to hide from Bison in the meantime.

The red light district was as lively as ever, hostesses and hosts clawing at the chance to get clients in the door. Drunks were roaming the street, grabbing at anything that resembled breasts and dragging them into love hotels.

The neon lights glowed upon her jacket, bathing her in light. Her feet were killing her and her ankle hurt so bad. Maybe she could rest a bit before figuring something out. Sighing in pain, she slumped against

an alley wall as she touched her tender ankle.

"Ouch." Chun Li muttered, "That's going to take days to heal back up..."

"Well, well. Look what I found." A voice said from the dark lights. Chun Li immediately stood upright, looking around in fear. Before she knew it, Bison was standing before her in his full glory, crossing his arms. Her chin stuck out defiantly but her eyes were clearly surmising the situation as bad.

Bison was going to hypnotize her for months.

"My dear detective," Bison greeted coolly, "Well. You got exactly what you wanted. Now then, it's time to come back home and I will not take no for an answer."

Chun Li blinked a little, surprised that Bison *actually* came for her.

"I thought you were too busy to chase me on the streets of Japan." She reminded him, "Or was that a ploy to get me to feel sorry for you?"

The Shadaloo leader sighed, flicking his cape back behind his shoulders, "I am too busy. You're lucky I was able to wrap up quicker than I thought. Otherwise, I would have let you sleep on the streets."

"Better than your bed." She scoffed, stepping away from him, "You put that hand away, Bison. I'm not getting closer."

"And why is that?" Bison beckoned her with a playful wink, "Afraid of me?"

"I don't want to be hypnotized into a lovesick little schoolgirl." Chun Li refused, "Stay away from me. I mean it."

"We're way past all that now, detective." Bison reminded her, "You will come with me and you will not run from me. Come here. Now."

She hesitated before slowly getting into fighting stance. Chun Li had to stay away from that hand. It didn't help that Bison had mastery over a whole dimension of time and space she couldn't fathom.

Could she jump over him? She had done it before.

He seemed a little bit amused, "Fine, Detective. I've been stuck in a meeting all day. I guess seeing your 'kung-fu' should brighten my day a bit."

Ugh. She wished she could smack the hell out of him but that would be something he wanted. Instead, Chun Li attempted to balance herself on her good foot and switch her foot style up a bit. She attempted to perform her lightning kicks on him but he easily deflected her sorry attempts, almost lazily throwing her to the ground.

She did not need to win; she just needed to escape.

Chun Li knew there was a great opening for her to connect her kick with his face but she somersaulted backwards, staying away from him. Bison was trying to lure her with easy hits to get her close to him.

Her good foot blocked his punches, trying to guess his speed and rhythm for throwing. His fist went errant, hitting her small ribs and tossing her backwards. She scrambled to her feet, obviously tired from the day.

"This is the best you can do? What I had to drag myself out here for?" Bison taunted her, "Where is all that bluster, hm?"

"Oh, I hate you." She barked, "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you. Stay away from me. I mean it."

He gave a small amused verbal tic before teleporting to her left. Chun Li quickly saw her out and jumped over his head.

Oh no. Chun Li realized way too late that he fooled her. Once her sneakers hit the ground, she became paralyzed with fear.

Bison grabbed her from behind, making Chun Li struggle and kick as hard as she could. Before she could break free, he ran his hand over her neck and she suddenly stopped, becoming calm and quiet.

Her eyes turned a tinted purple, remaining unblinking as they stared ahead. Bison let her go, taking her by the hand.

"Let's go, my dear." Bison instructed, pulling her to his awaiting car. Chun Li obediently followed, climbing into the car without so much as a fight. Shutting the door, Bison motioned the driver to go.

"Now then..." He said, closing the partition, "What do you have to say for yourself? Running around like a foolish little girl, spending *my* money..."

"I'm sorry." Chun Li said with a touch of sadness, "I won't do it again. I'm sorry I made you concerned for me..."

Bison sighed. When all said and done, he was very pleased she was able to thwart his men and his Dolls for so long. It was admirable and smart of her to do such a task. However, he was still pissed about her attitude and her disobedience but the hypnosis can fix that in the meantime.

"Come here," He patted his lap, "Show me how sorry you really are."

Chun Li crawled into his lap, straddling his hips and putting her arms around the back of his neck. Bison ran his hands up against her ribs, feeling the thin fabric under his fingertips. He had to admit, she looked damn good in these jeans.

Maybe he'll let her wear them when they roleplay in the bedroom. She could be his little undercover cop he captured but oh-so-willing to bargain for her life...

Definitely needed to replay the Loan shark/teenager in over her head scenario again. These jeans could still work for that.

She brushed her lips against his, pressing her body up next to him. Bison felt his erection get tight against his pants, almost begging to be in that tight little body of hers.

Unbuckling his belt, Bison pulled out his hard cock which spurred Chun Li get on her knees. She had this little smile on her face as she started to suck his head. Bison stroked her hair, taking down her buns and letting them fall loose.

"Now then, little detective," Bison spoke, "We're going to go over a few things, namely how you are my wife and you will be addressed as 'Mistress Bison'. Understand?"

Chun Li nodded, her mouth full of his manhood.

"Do you understand why you're addressed as that...?" He questioned, taking his cock out of her mouth for a moment, "Why it's important for you to be addressed as that?"

"Because I belong to you." Chun Li answered plainly, "Because everything of my past life is gone and you own my future as well as my present. Your control of me is unquestioned and final."

"Very good," Bison purred, "See? You can be a good little wife with a nudge. Now how about you put that throat to good use?"

Chun Li eagerly deepthroated him, craving more and more of his cock as she greedily swallowed his pre-cum. His hand entwined in her hair, gripping the back of her head roughly as she sucked on him.

Her tongue ran over his thick shaft, letting her mouth glide over his member effortlessly as he facefucked her.

"Take off your shirt and jacket." He ordered, making Chun Li strip away her clothes. Her free breasts hung loose, perky as usual.

She crowded his cock with her large breasts, looking up at him with innocent little eyes. The soft skin enveloped his member, making Bison heave a deep breath in relief. Her breasts could make the worst sinner repent for his crimes.

He plucked her sunglasses off her head, tossing the cheap toy aside. Grabbing her body, he made her grind her soft pillows against his cock as her mouth sucked the head of his throbbing member. Chun Li happily attended to her duties, squeezing her breasts to make a comfortable area for his body.

"Now, detective," Bison circled his finger in front of her face, "Who do you belong to?"

"I belong to you, Master Bison," Chun Li said without pausing, "I belong to you and only you. You are my master, my husband, my lover...I am your wife, your slave, your prize..."

"And why should I punish you?" He continued.

"Because I was disobedient. Because I wouldn't listen. Because I deserve to be punished." She said,

sucking the head of his cock between sentences, "Because you are entitled to me, my body, and my love to serve you."

"Good girl," Bison purred, "Take off your pants and underwear. Over my knee."

Chun Li stripped herself of her jeans, laying her trembling and eager body over his strong knee. Bison groped her cheek roughly a little before laying a hard smack on her backside. Chun Li cried out in pain, whimpering as the red hot skin burned.

He struck her backside hard a few more times, making her scream out in pain each time. She was already starting to bruise and if Rose was here, she could read Bison's future just from the handprints on his wife's ass.

"You. Will. Never. Disobey. Me. Again." Bison swatted her with each word, "You are my wife. You will do as I say. You will never run away from me again."

"Y-yes, Master Bison!" Chun Li sniffled, tears running down her face, "I'm sorry, Master Bison!"

Bison then dug two fingers into her slick little pussy, jamming them in there. Chun Li whimpered in pain, feeling him twist inside of her.

"You are a bad girl." Bison stated as if he was reciting a fact, "But we're going to fix that, hm? Aren't we, Chun Li?"

She nodded, making him twist his fingers again. This time, fluids intensely flooded out of her body, making Chun Li blush with embarrassment. Bison fingered her harder, pressing his fingers against her walls.

"What a whore." He taunted her squirming body, "Getting off on getting punished. I hope the orgasm hurts like hell for what you did to me. Come on, girl. This won't end until you cum on my fingers. You don't deserve my cock inside of you. Not now."

His digits rapidly thrust in and out, making her cry out. Her bottom still hurt like a beast, making her painful pants of heat even worse. Chun Li could feel blood from his fingernails scraping inside of her tired walls.

"A-ah, Master..." She squeezed her eyes shut, her hands clenching the carseat, "O-ow, please...hard-harder..."

"No." He denied her, "You don't get what you want. You better hurry up and cum or I'll make you cum in front of the men you beat up today. Do it. Now."

Chun Li shuddered as her painful orgasm ripped through her body. It wasn't pleasant in the least, like a painful overwhelming pleasure running through her senses. Her walls tightened around his fingers, making her scream out his name before she laid before him in exhaustion. Her fluids were everywhere and she felt embarrassed that she had been so rowdy in front of her master.

"You're not done." Bison broke through her mental haze, "I'm going to drill this fucking lesson in your head. Sit on my lap."

Chun Li straddled his hips before Bison maneuvered his hand under her, sliding the head of his cock to the entrance of her bruised bottom. She tried to appease his sense of forgiveness, whining softly as his cock entered her anally.

"Ride me." He ordered, "And I want it to hurt."

She bounced on his lap, feeling his thick member rip her ass apart as the force flared her spanked bottom hard. He had fully sheathed inside of her little hole, stretching her out for good measure too.

Chun Li felt it hurt like never before. His muscular thighs hitting her hurt skin made the entire situation so much worse. Her wet pussy, the one place where she wanted his dick, was begging for him and drooling over the envy of her other hole.

Screaming and crying, Chun Li felt his hard stare pierce through her tears. She wanted to please her master, make him like her again but he wasn't having it. God, his cock was so thick inside of her! She had a tight little hole and he was going to make her gape for hours.

Suddenly, her body gave out as it was unable to take any more pain. Chun Li fell forward, making Bison wrap his arms around her.

However, it was a cruel trick as he started thrusting back into her.

"You're not finished." He whispered in her ear.

All she could do was take his violent thrusts. Chun Li cried and screamed in his ear, turning him on even more with her pain. Her hole stretched out to accommodate him now, feeling his cock slide easily in and out of her ass.

Finally, he grunted a little, spurting his semen deep inside of her. Chun Li felt the hot liquid ooze inside of her, her pussy working overload on the senses. The tormenting pain of lust burned her womb like a white hot fire.

Instead, Bison took his cock out of her and tidied himself up.

"Get dressed." He instructed, seeing their hotel in the distance. Chun Li put her clothes back on sliding her shirt over her cum-drenched tits and stomach. Her jeans were buttoned up again just in time for the car to pull up.

They both exited the car and Bison grabbed her wrists, dragging the obedient wife behind him. Chun Li followed with no resistance, letting him take her back to her room. The soldiers were there as well as the Dolls, watching Bison parade around his trophy.

He opened the door and just paused for a second.

The room was filled with shopping bags. Every room had a bag littered on the floor and every bag was varying in shapes and sizes.

In a flash, Bison remembered the delivery charge he had noticed on the receipt before turning to his soldiers.

"Get this out of my room." He growled. The soldier bowed in response. Chun Li stood there, mindless and lovely as she was under the circumstances.

Bison shut the door and looked around at the room that was filled with shopping bags. Chun Li, still hypnotized, followed behind him quietly. Out of curiosity, he opened one bag and found a silky, red nightgown that fueled his deviant fantasies.

Well then. Maybe it was money well spent.

"Chun Li," He turned around, still holding the nightgown, "I'll let you keep all these clothes..."

Chun Li stared at him, cocking her head.

"If you can make it through me fucking you in every outfit you bought today." Bison smirked, "Don't worry. I didn't have any plans tomorrow. I think you'll have enough time."

[font="Trebuchet]"If you can make it through me fucking you in every outfit you bought today." Bison smirked, "Don't worry. I didn't have any plans tomorrow. I think you'll have enough time."[/font]

2 - Life in Bed

Chun Li lazily stretched out on her martial bed, enjoying the peace and quiet that only Bison's absence could bring. She was eating strawberries that her so-called "babysitters" brought up and reading a romance novel as the sun stretched over the warm sky.

It was hot and Chun Li hated Thailand's weather. Bison didn't seem to give two flying fucks about it, opting to constantly wear his uniform, but Chun Li had to strip down to boyshorts and a plain bralette. It still wasn't enough but Chun Li didn't think being naked and in bed when Bison came home would lead to good events.

The heat was unbearable, making Chun Li opt to stay in bed as their bedroom was the only cool enough place she could withstand.

Everywhere else was muggy and warm in the entire base and Chun Li didn't want to wipe sweat off her brow every ten seconds.

The door opened, making Chun Li sit up a little. Bison strolled through before he paused, raising an eyebrow to his wife laying in bed.

"Didn't I leave you in the exact same position this morning?" He queried, shaking his head. Chun Li frowned, setting her book down.

"No. I was pretending to be asleep when you left." Chun Li replied back, making Bison roll his eyes. She could have sworn he muttered "Lazy girl" under his breath as he carefully hung his cape up.

She settled back into her book, getting to the good parts where the heroic lover was sweeping the heroine off her feet. The story had gotten up to the climax point where the hero was proclaiming his love for the sweet, shy heroine and the heroine had to decide to be with her lover or choose a life of obeying her father.

"Do *not* get food in my bed." Bison interrupted her vivid intensity, "Or I'll make you sleep on the floor from now on."

Chun Li groaned. Mood ruined. She shut her book and placed it on the nightstand, licking the strawberry juices off her fingers.

"Bad day?" She questioned, "I mean, not that I care but...if you want to talk about, I can pretend to listen and say 'uh huh' a few times."

Bison laid his hat on the rack, "Don't steal my schtick, detective, when you drone on about something. Besides, I'm not concerned about my day. I'm concerned about yours. Are you really so lazy that you can't find something else to do?"

"I'm sorry," She made a grand, sweeping gesture, "Am I supposed to get a job? Wait for you by the door? Learn to crochet? You are the one who keeps me locked up in a base."

"You *could* work for me." Bison reminded her, making her tense up, "There are papers to push and things to sign, detective.

Certainly would keep you busy and active. Plus, I can watch you more often instead of relying on your caretakers."

Chun Li scoffed, "No. I have a little thing called ethics. Signing paychecks for assassins isn't really part of that "live well" attitude I was raised with."

"Your 'ethics'," Bison lamely air quoted her words, "Get fucked by me every night. So really, it's a question of willpower now. And assassins don't get paychecks; it would leave a paper trail. If you worked for me, you'd know that. Besides, I wouldn't be stupid enough to let you touch my lucrative businesses. The last thing I need is to smoke you out as a mole when you put me to the various justice leaders of the world. I'd give you something nice and easy to handle."

"How many things can one person own?" Chun Li groaned, watching him undo his shirt cuffs, "Your ridiculous 'environmental protection group' Ceasar? Buying up Amazon rainforest to put your new bases in?"

"No, dear detective." Bison said, "I have a receptionist job you can do. You can take messages for me and get coffee for me. Maybe check my mail when it comes in. Easy enough, yes?"

Chun Li looked absolutely bitter, "So I'd have to be your wife 24 hours a day when I'm only having to do it when you're here. No thanks. Hard pass."

After unclasping his belt, he laid it on the dresser. Bison had pondered the idea of whether or not he would redress for dinner but he figured that he could spend the night in with his cranky little wife.

"We're taking dinner here tonight." He turned back to her, "I'm guessing you're going to answer 'make sure they don't forget the poison' or 'eat a dick' when I ask you what you want."

She looked mournful, "Well, now you just took the fun out of it."

"Good. Whatever I want it is." Bison pressed his screen as one of his dutiful assistants appeared on screen, sitting at his chair,

"Bring our dinner to my chambers. And liquor."

"Yes, Lord Bison." The assistant bowed.

"Wait, wait, I got it: Two quarts of bleach with those little umbrellas in it." Chun Li suddenly interrupted, "Make it really fancy too."

Bison sighed before turning to the assistant, "Ignore that." He turned off the screen and looked hard at her, "Truly necessary? Also, a little late and derivative."

Chun Li crossed her arms, "I'm not sorry. Also, I don't want to have dinner here with you. Plus, you just yelled at me for eating in bed. And I'm not hungry. And also, a general 'fuck you', I guess?"

"You shouldn't have spoiled your appetite." Bison sat up from his chair, "And we're not going to eat in bed. We're eating like proper people. Not single girls who get so depressed that they sleep with wine bottles while they watch an entire television series in one night."

"That better not have been directed at me, Bison." She said defensively, "I binged watched streaming services like a *lady* back in the day. Couch, pizza, some cheap beer, and blanket fort with documentaries."

"You're just the fairest woman in the land." Bison sarcastically quipped, "Men far and wide flocked to your stale pizza breath, unshowered weekend body, and empty beer cans on Saturday evenings, I can tell."

The heat rose in her cheeks but Chun Li felt herself get way overheated from the temperatures. She had a funny response but instead, she had to fan herself from the sweat that was now beading on her head.

"This heat is unbearable," She muttered, "Fine. You can have that one. But if it was cooler, I would have kept going."

"Blame it on the heat. Of course." He chortled lightly, "It's hotter in the bed, detective. Why not come here and give your husband a kiss?"

"It's too hot." Chun Li complained, "Don't touch me. I'll have a heatstroke."

Bison wished he was deaf. Every day since May 1st, she had been bitching endlessly about the weather. At first, he was slightly sympathetic as the jungle heat could be abrasive to newcomers. But now, he dreaded the very idea of discussing the weather with her.

"Drink water." He said flatly. Chun Li tried to air out her tank top with no relief.

"Thanks for being helpful." She muttered. Bison stiffened a little, holding his hands out as if he was asking for forgiveness.

"Sorry, dear detective. Drink more water and stop complaining." Bison faked a sweet tone, "Was that better? Do you need me to offer a shoulder to cry on to?"

Chun Li groaned, turning over to face away from him, "I don't know how you can stand this heat. I can't even wear a t-shirt without sweating through it."

Bison unbuttoned his shirt, "I'm just used to it, Detective. I grew up here. It's just something one deals with."

She buried her face into her pillow before pulling it back out, finding it too warm for her liking. Bison pulled off his shoes, getting into bed with her. He kissed her shoulder before Chun Li waved him off frantically.

"I already told you, it's too hot for you touch me!" She whined again, "Ugh, God, you're like 200 degrees too."

Bison made a small face, sitting up to tower over her, "Petulant little girl. Why don't you stop dwelling on something you cannot change and actually perform some activity today? I will not have a lazy little housewife."

"I read in bed. That's relaxation, not laziness." Chun Li corrected him, making Bison scoop up her discarded novel. He scanned over her page a little, making him chuckle.

"A romance novel?" He teased, "These trashy little things? You really are a little teenager trapped in a woman's body. You could just get the real thing from a real man, you know. You don't have to wither away in some ridiculous novel."

She tried to snatch the book out of his hand but he was quicker, keeping it out of reach.

"Just like a man to assume one would only read the lovemaking scenes." Chun Li chided him, "It's a good story and trashy or not, this author can write beautiful scenes."

"Ahem, 'She was swept away by his white hot lust like a sailboat in midst of a world ending hurricane!'" Bison read off a sentence, "Oh yes, this deserves a Pulitzer."

Chun Li finally grabbed the book away from him, blushing madly. "You just picked the exact wrong sentence in the book. The rest of it is very well written." She defended herself, setting it on her nightstand, "Besides, that's better than what you come up with. 'Petulant little girl' and 'Lazy housewife' are so charming, I thought my panties would fly off."

Bison rebuffed her criticisms, "Well, that is the truth. If you wanted romance, I can cough something up that'll soothe your mood. It's not hard, detective, to piece pretty words together. Quite sorry I can't just conjure up a thinly held together plot device in some smut writing."

She rolled her eyes again, laying back down on her side.

"Yes, cough something up like a hairball. That's real romantic." Chun Li caustically stated, "Ugh. It's too hot to argue. I'm taking a cold shower. Don't follow me because I will probably spend the rest of my life in there."

"In that case..." Bison wrapped his arms around her, pulling back into bed, "How about I show you a good way to distract yourself from the heat? The only thing worse than a wife never leaving a bed is a wife never leaving the shower."

She fruitlessly tried to kick him off, "It's too hot! How many times do I have to say it?!"

He silenced her cries with a passionate kiss, caressing her bare thigh as she quietly moaned in surprised pleasure. Pulling her towards him, Bison gripped her posterior lower cheek and squeezed it in his palm as he started working on her neck.

"It's too hot," Chun Li complained again, responding to his kisses with some enthusiasm, "Come on, I want to take a shower..."

"The sweat should keep you cool, hm?" Bison suggested, his tongue lapping up her sweet skin. She tasted like fresh, ripe strawberries that had been warmed in the summer sun. Chun Li let his hands slip into the band of her boyshorts as she groaned in the intense heat of his passion.

"So hot..." She murmured, ripping off her tank top in an attempt to stave off her body temperature rising, "It's too *hot*, Bison..."

Bison nipped at her breasts, tasting her warm body. Honestly, he could lay here, play with her tits until dinnertime and be totally satisfied. If her breasts were a religion, he'd be one very devout follower. He'd run the whole damn congregation.

His cock was hard as hell, demanding his attention. It just wanted to dive into her warm folds and stay there all night as she panted his name. The insistence of his member was loud enough that Bison almost tore off her fabric and sheathed himself inside of her right then and there.

However, Bison had great discipline and great finesse over his body. Her warm cavern would just have to wait a little bit longer. His mouth sucked on the skin under the breast, making her whimper with pleasure. Her hand went through the hair on the back of his head, stroking his neck.

That pushed his eagerness for her, leaving bright red hickeys on her beautiful breasts. His canines dug into her skin, just barely teetering on pleasure and pain. Bison heard her gasp a little, her hand gripping the back of his neck as a signal of contentment.

Now he could indulge himself a little. Bison undid his pants and kicked them off the side of the bed, kissing her hard on the mouth.

He liked to tug on her feelings like fishing with a hook; gentle, hard, gentle, hard, then reel in.

Her hair was already sweaty and matted, making Bison think she looked a little bit like an exquisite concubine that laid in the bed of sultans and kings. Her breath was lamentingly short as her face flushed with fever.

"It's so hot..." Chun Li fussed quietly, her hands trying to run the curve of his muscles, "It's too hot, Bison."

"Then get out of the rest of your clothes." He suggested, helping her pull down her underwear. Flippantly tossing them aside onto the floor, Bison rearranged himself and pushed himself inside of her trembling, overheated body. It was so easy, he couldn't help but think.

Almost immediately, he paced into his rough and hard rhythm as the bed shifted under his power. What Chun Li wouldn't admit out loud was that Bison was no chump; he had the power and endurance to back up his skills. He was the biggest she ever had too so her tight pussy was conquered territory to him.

Her morals were bullshit he could fiddle with all day long when his cock was inside of her. Instead of the

snappy, grumpy little wife, she would act like his favorite whore when she was warmed up like this.

"Oh God, how is your cock so good...?" Chun Li moaned, tightening around his thrusting dick as Bison kissed her neck.

"Is the heat making my little wife frisky?" He teased, "A little playful?"

She reached up and kissed his ear, letting her lips softly breathe into his earlobe. Bison felt her legs wrap around his waist, encouraging him take every part of her. He positioned himself so he could take her deep with every thrust he made.

"B-Bison..." She called out his name softly, "Please, it feels so good. *How* do you fuck me so good?"

Bison felt the urge to respond that how good was her ethics now that he was fucking her senseless but he didn't want to ruin the moment. Besides, that comment could wait until after he was done screwing her brains out.

"It's a gift." He offered instead, "I suppose I'm burdened with great power."

Bison felt her leg harshly rub up against him, giving him a subconscious implication that she was about to go off like a patriotic display of fireworks. He actually thought it was cute that Chun Li would try to hide her orgasms from him but she had tells, something Bison eagerly watched out for when he fucked her brains out.

It was a good thing too because Bison was close as well. He buried his head into her neck, nonverbally cueing her that he was about to give her a fresh coat of his seed. It was sort of unspoken that Chun Li had to dig her fingernails into his toned back when he was ready to go and he had to pull her hair when she was ready to go but there were things that the two picked up about each other.

The harder, the better. Bison had faint scars that perfectly matched up with her nails and Chun Li almost had a bald spot in her underhair she had to grow back for weeks.

Chun Li happily rode out her orgasm as she felt his sticky cum all over her inner thighs. Bison kissed her on the head, letting her pant like a dog in heat.

"Well, well. Look at you, my little detective." He said, winking at her, "Maybe this heat wave is a good thing for us, hm? Certainly took an hour or so of our time."

She was going to say something snarky in response but instead, Chun Li sighed and cuddled up to Bison's bare chest.

"It's too hot to argue." She muttered, burying her face in his chest.

3 - Life in Fighting

Chun Li technically wasn't allowed to train anymore. Bison had forbid her from training as he considered it a working threat against him and his power.

However, in the same breath, Shadaloo was about power and survival. Chun Li had to be the icon of strength and beauty as well as being subservient to Lord Bison. A model of what all female Shadaloo warriors should be.

Well, that was her bullshit defense she put forth every time he wanted to fight her about it. Bison had to swallow his words.

He stopped fighting her about it if she practiced in the training room. At least there he could monitor her.

Chun Li's sparring partner was Sergeant Ashida as he was the only one who Bison allowed near his wife. She had an inkling it was because Ashida had been married to a man before joining Shadaloo.

Her foot connected with his chest, forcing him backwards before she went in for the finishing kill. Her legs rapidly struck him multiple times, firing off kicks in the blink of an eye. Jaw, chest, pelvis in perfect synchronization.

Lord Bison had entered the command center, peering over at his wife's sparring match. A bit amused as Ashida's attempts to block her, the Shadaloo leader observed Chun Li's masterful skill over her opponent.

He had some sympathy for his sergeant; he had been on the sticky end of those kicks and they could knock the wind out of someone. However, Bison hadn't come to ogle his wife but collect her for an important appointment.

Chun Li had stopped when she realized Ashida was stumbling back and forth as if he was dizzy. He fell to the floor, sitting upright.

She leaned over to him, her hands on her knees.

"Are you okay?" She asked sincerely, somewhat worried, "Was I too rough?"

"It's okay, Mistress Bison." Ashida said, holding his head, "I'm fine."

Chun Li gave a tight smile, helping Ashida to his feet. She let him go and then Ashida had his eyes roll in the back of his head, falling unconscious and hitting the floor.

Bison had approached his perplexed wife before staring at his sergeant's out cold body.

"What did I tell you about playing too rough with my things?" Bison said rather irritated. Chun Li bitterly frowned.

"He said he was fine..." She insisted.

Bison motioned to the medical team to clean up the mess before stepping over Ashida's body. His wife crossed her arms haughtily as he came for her.

"What do you want?" Chun Li demanded. Bison paused for a moment before condescendingly gesturing towards her.

"You're late." He flatly said, " You forgot already."

Her eyebrow raised, "For...?"

"Do I have to tattoo your schedule on your arm?" Bison grumbled, "You're are late for your doctor's appointment and do not give me bullshit about you don't want to go."

Her mouth slowly mouthed out "Oh, right" before Chun Li doubled down on her insolence. She quickly turned away, walking towards the wall.

"Well, I'm busy." Chun Li denied, "Besides, it's just another way for you to check if my birth control failed."

"We're not arguing about this. Come here so I can take you." Bison grabbed her arm roughly, "If I have to escort you like a child, I will. I shouldn't have to because I'm busy with my own priorities but you insist on making everything difficult."

"Why do you even care? It's not like my health is on your brain often!" Chun Li struggled against his grip, "And I already had all the stupid shots and exams when you kidnapped me, including the embarrassing ones!"

"Because you...I don't explain myself to rebellious little girls." Bison answered, pulling her hard, "Besides, the way I fuck you, you should be having internal exams every week."

The soldiers perked up a little in hearing their leader's statement and Chun Li flushed with embarrassment. She quickly darted her eyes over the pretending-not-eavesdrop soldiers before she felt Bison drag her across the training room.

"Let me go!" She tugged at her arm, "You're pulling too hard!"

"Good, let's give a doctor a reason to check your health." Bison ignored her, not even turning towards her. She dug her heels into the ground, forcing herself to plant squarely against him. It made the Shadalo leader stumble a bit in frustration but after one hard tug, she was jerked out of her stance.

"Why are you being such an *asshole*?" Chun Li demanded, feeling her wrist hurt.

"Why are you being such an insufferable little bitch?" Bison shot back, his voice louder than hers. The soldiers pretended very hard to ignore their fighting but the aura made it difficult. The married couple

were, after all, natural at senseless fighting and doing it in public just made the experience far more stressful.

It was also interesting to watch; seeing Bison arguing over petty bullshit when he normally carried himself as a emperor was like watching a lion squabble over insect meat. Chun Li had the uncanny ability to touch nerves in the dictator that soldiers didn't even think were possible.

There were still whispers of the legendary fight of toothpaste being stored in the medicine cabinet or in the drawer. Sometimes, when Bison couldn't hear, soldiers would quote his now infamous line "In what *fucking world* is toothpaste considered medicine?!" to each other as a joke.

Rumors were that now there was toothpaste in their towel closet because that was the only place the two could amicably agree on and it took *two* lawyers to work it out. The lawyers were called in after Bison allegedly threw out all the toothpaste into the fireplace (which he denies) as a "better place to store them" and Chun Li had allegedly thrown all their toothbrushes into the jungle from their balcony (which she claims she was tripped and they flew out of her hand) as "now there's no need to fight about it, they'll be toothless by June".

However, an Item Acquisition officer by the name of Hao swears that Bison begrudgingly wrote down an order for new dental products with the claim "marital disputes" under it. There's was a secret 500.00 cash pot to whoever finds the missing toothbrushes in the jungle.

This fight was shaping up to be a good one.

Chun Li tried to pull backwards, falling to the floor and almost bringing Bison down with her from deadweight. He straightened up after catching her, fixing his sleeve collars.

"That's it. I'm done." He stated with finality, grabbing her waist to lift her up over his shoulder, "You want to be treated like a brat, I can do that in front of *everyone*."

However, his hand slid across her bum, making Chun Li jump a little. Out on instinct, she slapped Bison across the face hard. Every soldier in the vicinity just bolted out of the room, stampeding over themselves as Bison quietly used his tongue to massage the inside of his hurt cheek.

Chun Li internally had an "Oh *shit*" moment of clarity.

"You," Bison was eerily calm, "Will regret that, Detective Chun Li Xiang."

Oh boy, the full name monte. Chun Li sucked in her breath roughly. He was definitely going to fuck her up like a punching bag in an anger management class.

"You shouldn't have grabbed me." She said rather timidly. She wanted to be stronger but his relaxed stare was melting her defenses like Geneva Convention banned chemical warfare.

"You're going to wish that was all I did to you." Bison said, feeling the slap burn ebb a bit. Chun Li was somewhat impressed and afraid by the zen-like aura he had reached in his anger. He probably found enlightenment, the answer to life, and cure for the common cold in his heightened stage of tranquility.

In a blink of an eye, he grabbed her arm and twisted it behind her, making her howl in pain. Her body was leaning forward, almost perpendicular to her arm. She knew if he pulled a little harder, she would have a dislocated shoulder.

He grabbed her neck from behind with his elbow, making her whimper in pain. His arm had knocked off one of her ox-horns, letting her hair loosen freely on one side. Bison pushed himself against her, applying pressure to her neck.

"Take off your shorts." Bison snapped, almost blindingly enraged, "Now."

Seeing no choice, Chun Li used her free hand to slide off her shorts and underwear. She could only get it down past her thighs before he released her neck to unzip his pants and jerk her sports bra up over her breasts. Forced to bend over in a somewhat familiar downward dog position, she kept herself balanced by keeping her free arm on the floor.

Her arm was painfully imprisoned behind her and she felt the head of her husband's cock forcefully enter her. The rest of her clothes fell to her feet, brought down by the intense thrusts he gave her.

Bison kept her steady, pulling up her arm when necessary to keep her from falling over. His grunts were not one of pleasure but rather, to teach someone the meaning of pain and punishment.

He became visibly upset at the fact he couldn't go in very deep due to the position he forced her in, making it impossible to encompass her full body with his angry cock. Frustrated, he ran his fingernails hard against her buttocks, leaving gashes. Chun Li cried out in pain, feeling blood trickle down her thigh.

"You're a fucking whore anyway," Bison hissed, too pissed off to care that her pussy was getting wetter from his actions, "I don't get slapped by uppity little bitches on any day of the week, Detective, and you're no exception."

Chun Li moaned in response, from agony and growing pleasure from her loins. Tears flowed down her face freely, humiliated at the very sight of herself. At least the soldiers ran out of the room so they couldn't witness Bison's wife getting fucked up like this.

"Move against me." He ordered before landing a wad of his saliva on her face, "Now, slut."

Painfully weak, Chun Li cautiously moved her lower body against him as she felt him slide deeper inside of her. That alleviated some of his terrible mood but it still wasn't enough for him.

"Ow, ow, ow!" Chun Li cried out pitifully, her arm flinching behind her back as she moved back on his thick member, "It *hurts*..."

"Good." Bison spat on her back, seeing his saliva roll off her lower rib, "Don't you ever raise your fucking hand at me again."

Chun Li squeezed her eyes shut, her face red from pain and humiliation. Her arm felt like it was about to dislocate from the socket and her thighs felt slick from all of the fluids.

Her body finally adjusted to the situation, growing rapidly aroused by the movements and deep insertion. Bison must have felt her walls contracting around his cock because he used his other hand to grab her loose hair.

In minutes, Chun Li fell into a myriad of orgasms and collapsed forward, feeling her arm dislocate. She screamed in agony mixed with intense pleasure, rocking her smaller body. Bison ejaculated at the mere sight of her beaten body, covering her thighs with his cum.

"Now I bet you want to see the doctor." He snidely remarked to her trembling, crying body, "Get up and get fixed up."

She painfully pulled her pants and underwear back up over her hips as well as pulling her sports bra down. Holding her shoulder, she reluctantly followed Bison out of the training room where soldiers were waiting on the other side. They avoided eye contact with her and Bison out of respect for what they knew had happened.

Chun Li could still feel Bison's spit trail on her cheek, sniffing back her tears. She looked like a small child who had gotten spanked for disobedience in a public store.

Finally, they arrived at the medical center. He lifted his arm and pointed inside, glaring hard at her.

"Go." Bison said and Chun Li went inside.

The female doctor was waiting inside for her, smiling as if Chun Li wasn't beaten up. The fighter sat down on the medical bed and held her arm close to her, finally letting herself cry out from pain. After an exchange of a few words between Bison and the doctor, he left for his other responsibilities.

She was a new doctor named Dr. Lin Chou and much like Chun Li, she was of Chinese ethnicity. Chun Li found it strikingly odd that Bison would have hired another doctor, much less a female doctor, after his proclamations of how useless feminism was.

However, Dr. Chou gently took care of her. She swiftly diagnosed her dislocated shoulder and after a few precautions, she put it back into place. The pain plummeted, making Chun Li able to move that arm again.

"There we go," Dr. Chou said, "The bone is back in its proper place. Feel better?"

Chun Li sniffled a little, feeling her arm move again, "Yeah, sure."

Dr. Chou smiled, taking her clipboard, "Okay, Mistress Bison. Lord Bison...uh, informed me that we can't do a pap smear today but we'll just wait on that until the next appointment."

The Shadaloowife rolled her eyes as she looked away, letting the doctor awkwardly type something into the computer. Dr. Chou then printed out a page and slid it in her clipboard.

"Well, Mistress Bison," She said, beaming with a smile, "Shall we get started?"

The young medical professional checked her throat and ears as well as her heart and lungs. She was able to convince Chun Li to at least pull up her bra to check her breasts for irregular lumps. After many more exams, Dr. Chou put on her latex gloves and prepped a needle.

"What are you doing? Aren't I done?" Chun Li sighed, ready to be done with this day and curl up in bed.

"Just drawing some blood for some tests." Dr. Chou explained, "There's lots of things that we test for and we can test them early too. Detection and prevention is just as important as the cure, you know."

"Like pregnancy tests." Chun Li darkly answered.

"Well, that's just a precaution, Mistress Bison," Dr. Chou said, almost as if it was procedure, "Standard protocol. I get pregnancy tested here too every few months. You have an active sex life and while you're on birth control, birth control does fail sometimes. But if you ever want to start having a family with Lord Bison, we can easily take out the IUD and..."

"Nope. You can tell *Lord Bison* that he shouldn't make a puppet out of his doctors to convince me of anything." Chun Li interrupted rather callously, "That's was really cute how you tried to tell me, though, I'm impressed."

Dr. Chou seemed taken aback by her response but she withdrew the last needle. Wiping away the insertion spot, the doctor pressed the gauze on it gently.

"I think you're a little stressed from your argument with Lord Bison." She said to Chun Li, "As a doctor, I can't make you take out the birth control and Lord Bison has respected this decision. It's not a conspiracy against you, Mistress Bison."

"Yes, yes. And I bet you have a nice little prepared speech about how IUDs fail and could make me infertile." She narrowed her eyes at the young doctor, "Is that right? Was that your next helpful advice?"

Dr. Chou looked shocked, "Who told you that?"

"The *last* doctor. He was really insistent too." Chun Li replied, zeroing in on her face.

"Well, that really isn't true. IUDs are the best protection available." Dr. Chou took a bandage and placed it on her arm, "And I suppose a long time ago, they did cause infertility but not any more."

Chun Li raised an eyebrow, suspicious of her agreement.

"But...?" She trailed off.

"There's no 'but', Mistress Bison. It's all very factual." Dr. Chou took off her gloves, "If you don't want a family, that IUD is the best thing you have. When you are ready for children, I can take it out and you could get pregnant right away. When you're done having babies, you can get reinserted with another one. Everything is a precaution with me; nothing is 100% sure. Lord Bison tells me you have an active, rough sex life. I don't want you to fear that the IUD could be dislodged or come out. If you have

concerns, we can always try another method."

Chun Li paused a bit. Shit. She honestly never thought of that. A terrible fear overtook her. What if Bison was too angry and rough like today and he accidentally ripped her up? She couldn't even deny that she didn't get off on it so telling Bison not to be his abhorrent personality would make him laugh all night.

If he kept doing what he did today, she might have to get it removed in fear of tearing her body open.

Her brain kicked in: her IUD was in her uterus, not her vagina. Bison could shove his whole arm up there, he wasn't getting that little copper assistant out of her womb. She relaxed, taking a sigh of relief.

"Sure thing, Doctor." Chun Li finally said but she let it drop. She had to trudge through some more exams and she didn't want the doctor hating her until the very end where she could freely accuse the whole damn medical association of conspiracy against her uterus.

After Chun Li was done, she left for her bedroom to shower and hide under the covers until the sun went down. She left Dr. Chou in the middle of the doctor's bid goodbye, hurrying back to clean up the mess.

Dr. Chou relaxed her shoulders before she went into her office and turned on the screen. Bison had answered, his face appearing on the video call. He had clearly been expecting her with his finger poised over the answer call button.

"I am sorry, Lord Bison." The doctor bowed, "She isn't pregnant. Her IUD works just fine."

Bison hemmed a little. Damn it. That little device was working overtime to keep up with his libido.

"I suppose she declined hearing you out about removal?" He guessed and the doctor straightened her back up.

"Yes, Lord Bison. She is very adamant about not removing it. Even offering to try a different method, she declined." Dr. Chou replied.

Bison could believe it. Chun Li was right on the money about being suspicious in regards to her birth control, even as Bison instructed all of his medical personnel to make her doubt the safety, effectiveness, and pleasure of it. The instant Chun Li wanted to switch, the doctors were well-prepared with placebos to placate her need to stave off Bison's seed.

The Shadaloo dictator had hoped that a female touch would convince Chun Li of the sincerity to go without her IUD but she must have saw through the facade. Hell, he went as far as scouring a doctor who shared the same ethnicity and background as his wife.

Well, they had only been married a little over six months. Bison had time to sow his seeds.

This was one fight he wasn't going to lose.

4 - Life in Overreaction

Chun Li struggled to break free of her bonds before giving up again. Her muscles hurt and her body was so sore.

"It was a joke!" She yelled out again to the empty space, "I would have a way better reason to kill myself than your stupid face!"

Chun Li hated herself for not learning. As a practical joke, she planted a fake note about deciding to end it all by throwing herself on Vega's claw and she left it for Bison to find. She detailed reasons that she assumed Bison would figure out it was a joke: his face, the fact he didn't let her drink his expensive liquor, Sagat's eyepatch, the way her favorite TV series ended...

Probably what went too far was hiding from Bison. In her defense, she was just in the training room.

Oh boy, when he found her...

Bison went a little overboard, tossing her over his shoulder and carrying her back to their room. Also tying her to the bed sucked as well as the cocktail of drugs he gave her.

Now she had been restrained for three days now with five guards staring at her. Food and water was given to her by hand (Bison's hand but she was humiliated enough to accept it after day two). She had escorted bathroom breaks but Bison took over the whole "showering" part.

He also had this habit of "checking" her body for suicide cuts even though she knew that he knew damn well there was nothing there. It was an excuse to fondle her when she was defenseless.

Why couldn't Bison be into female dominance or feet? Why did it have to be bondage? Even worse, why did he have to be pretty good at it? His knots could make a Boy Scout proud. Bison must have been the son of a sailor for his rope skills.

Chun Li gave up, laying there with an annoyed huff that blew her bangs upwards a bit. What a bastard for doing this to her and all over a joke.

The door opened and she tried to stretch her neck out, seeing a glimpse of aforementioned Devil's cape.

"Well, it looks like she's on the ropes." Bison said rather amused. Chun Li audibly groaned, trying to squirm away from his bad joke.

"How long did it take you for that one?" She muttered, "Three days?"

"Actually, I meant to say it this morning but I forgot. Something about a wife spitting in my face distracted me from my elegant and exacting wordplay." Bison replied, motioning the guards to leave, "But you are pretty, all tied up like this. I think you wear it well. Much better than that feminism crap you go off on."

"Let me go." Chun Li gritted her teeth, trying not to react to his comment, "It's been three days."

"You spat in my face and told me to shove my head up my ass. If you wanted to be released, I suggest trying a friendly method next time." Bison reminded her, grabbing her chin and making her cheeks squish in his hand, "Besides, you haven't been evaluated yet by my psychiatrist. Once he gives you a clean bill of health, I'll let you go."

Her eyebrow raised in disbelief, forcing her words out through his grip, "You have a psychiatrist?"

"Someone has to do it. Besides, I brainwash so many people. You do not realize how many mental minds get broken that way."

Bison let her go, chuckling a bit, "But he's a little busy now. New fresh recruits. You understand."

His wife grumbled in misery, trying to stretch out her calf. Bison was starting to take off his cape, undoing his chain from his neck.

She found her efforts less than satisfactory, trying to sink into the bed like a quicksand victim.

"You know it was a joke. You're just doing this because you like seeing women tied up." Chun Li accused him, "You're honestly a psychopath taking his sweet pleasure in seeing me all helpless."

"I take precautions. You are the one who took it too far." Bison motioned to her, "Besides, aren't jokes based in some truth?"

Chun Li wiggled a little, feeling it tighten around her wrist, "Shut up. Ugh. When can I be released?"

"When you're not a danger to yourself or others. Namely me." Bison replied, taking off his hat, "Besides, I think this has worked out perfectly. You're much more behaved."

"I'll fucking show you behaved..."

"In that case, how many milligrams of Zopiclone should you take today?" Bison went over to his drug stash, "I'm thinking 5. We could mix that with some Rohypnol and really have a party."

Chun Li clamped her mouth shut.

"No? That's fine too. Keep it up and I won't need to play doctor." He threatened, closing the case, "I have to work tonight so bite your tongue and I might let you out tomorrow."

She frowned, "But I haven't been fed?"

"I thought you could eat your own words tonight." Bison stated, making her puff up in anger, "A deserving punishment, I think. I'm sure your spiteful little attitude should suffice your appetite."

Her bottom lip stuck out angrily, rather pissed at her predicament. It didn't help that she spat at Bison early in the morning too so her stomach was hungry and begging for food. However, Chun Li wouldn't

beg her sadistic husband for a meal. She had dignity left, even if he thought he had already scraped it off his boot heel.

Bison had placed a call to his assistants, ordering them to bring him a light dinner. He had hoped Chun Li would get the hint and turn in for an early night but instead, she fiddled around in bed. Her body wriggled like a worm caught in a bird's beak, making the sheets bunch up under her thigh.

The dictator assumed that eventually, she'd learn to stop wasting her energy and lay still but Chun Li was one of those stubborn women who thought she could somehow break free of anything with her womanly wiles. Picking up a stack of papers, Bison dramatically dropped them on his table which startled her enough to stop.

"Sorry. Was I interrupting something?" Bison nonchalantly asked. Chun Li looked peeved, quietly and fruitlessly trying to readjust herself to a more comfortable position. Her arms didn't allow movement enough to twist on her side so she had to resign herself to a half-assed tilting position that hurt her lower back.

The man had to admit, seeing the Chinese woman all roped and tied did make him aroused. Especially in Bison's rope knots. He almost wished that Chun Li was more into the whole thing and he could really craft some elegant bondage work on her stunning body. Bison could definitely make tying up those breasts his art masterpiece, like the Birth of Venus painting.

But he had things to do and she, unfortunately, wasn't one of them.

"Detective, you're not getting out of there. Is there some reason you persist in giving yourself rope burns? Fetish, perhaps?" Bison scolded, "Attention seeker?"

He could see her fighting a response. She swallowed, trying hard not to laugh. This piqued his curiosity, making him suddenly question why her demeanor changed on a dime. Bison cautiously approached her, wondering if she had somehow figured out how to get out.

"What, Detective?" Bison pressed her for an answer, "What is so funny?"

Chun Li started to giggle, trying to squash her incessant laughter. Bison had a bad feeling about what she would say next.

"A *frayed knot* but the ropes will still hold!" Chun Li joked before Bison groaned, tearing open the drug case. "Oh, come on! You asked me! What, I can't make stupid puns? I thought this was an equal forced marriage!"

"No." Was all he would say, prepping a needle. He couldn't get that damn needle in her fast enough after that stupid comment.

He then turned and roughly jammed the shot into her stomach, dosing her hard.

"I hate you...u.." Chun Li stumbled, getting drowsy, "It waszd fungdd..."

At that point, she didn't have words but Chun Li fell asleep. Bison disposed the needle, locking the case back up. He knew that she would be fine in the morning when she slept off the drug effects. Bison head back to his papers for a night of midnight oil burning.

After about an hour, Chun Li woke up as Bison was sitting across the room. He was working diligently as stacks of paperwork laid before him, completely in a rhythm and mode that was laser focused. His half eaten dinner laid next to him along with a tenderly cared for glass of sangsom.

She attempted to move again but she was restrained. Instead of being angry though, Chun Li giggled.

Bison looked up for a brief moment. Great. His wife was still drugged and woke up before it wore off. Like a drunken stupor, she was not going to remember this night at all and wake up with a killer headache tomorrow.

Chun Li said something out loud, slurring her gibberish pretty hard. After being married to her for awhile now as well as no rookie to this, Bison figured she was trying to talk to him.

"Go back to sleep, detective." He ordered, diverting his attention back to his work. It was best not to decipher her words or bother to entertain her. It never made any sense and she wasn't going to remember it in order to hold it against him.

Chun Li flailed her body, looking pouty. She tried again, blabbering to get his attention. Her accent changed a little to a more natural if not completely wasted tone.

He might have given her too much Rohypnol. The only thing worse than a slurring Chun Li was a slurring Chun Li trying to speak Mandarin.

Bison didn't even try to get her to normal, his eyes downcast on his work, "Stop fussing like a child and sleep."

It seemed like she took his advice since he heard nothing further. Mentally, Bison was consumed with adding up his numbers, keeping track of his math in the margins, so he damn near fell out of his chair when he heard a loud crash.

"The hell is...?" Bison jerked his head up, seeing Chun Li out of bed and stumbling towards the restroom. For a moment, he thought he had fallen asleep and he was dreaming of something Chun Li could actually do by herself. Upon blinking rapidly and seeing his lamp shattered on the floor, Bison realized that she was in fact out of her bonds. Chun Li was trying to walk like some drunk baby penguin, falling onto the walls and laughing with every mistake.

Bison rose from his seat, his long strides able to keep up and swiftly catching her before she fell. Of course, she squirmed hard and he dropped her onto the floor.

Well, Bison wasn't really that nice of a man to care. He let his his arms go to his sides in exasperation.

"Get up." He ordered, towering over her useless body. Chun Li whimpered, mumbling out some excuse why she couldn't accomplish human decency. Sighing, he roughly dragged her to her feet. Chun Li

stumbled backwards, making him catch her again.

"Bed. Now." Bison said sternly.

She giggled again, sloppily attempting to kiss him before he pushed her head away. Chun Li was worse than a handsy drunk at a strip club.

Her mouth made some word but Bison could maybe make out the word "potato" if she really was trying to speak Mandarin. He roughly tossed her on the bed, working on tying her feet first so she couldn't walk. However, Chun Li had become overparticular and begun to fight his grasp. It was hard to keep her still long enough for the rope to secure her correctly.

"Stop moving and be still." Bison ordered firmly, wrapping the rope around her ankles for the third time. She motioned rather quickly before rolling over the bed hard and hitting the floor.

Bison mouthed how she had to be fucking kidding him silently to himself, wondering what sort of punishment this was for him.

He reached for her arm and pulled her up to him, making her lie down on the bed again. Chun Li was totally out of her mind, the pupils in her eyes were completely fucked up. However, he leaned over to push his heavier weight on her so he could tie her hands first and she nabbed a kiss from his lips.

"Knock it off, you drugged out little brat." Bison threatened, feeling her slip out of his ropes again, "I will smash your head against this fucking headboard."

That did not deter her in the slightest because now she had a new goal in mind: getting his pants off. Her fingers had snuck their way to his belt loop, trying to tug it off. Bison had to use one of his hands to slap hers away from him.

"No. Stop it." He ordered her, fighting her clumsy hands away from his belt, "Detective, I will swear to whatever deity you pray to that I will punish you if you don't stop."

Chun Li was somehow falling back into old instincts and fumbling as she took off her top. Bison appreciated her learned behaviors but he had work and fucking a drugged up wife wasn't scheduled today.

"Detective, I am not doing anything to you. I'm not going to fuck you or entertain your stupid antics. Behave." His voice turned into fiercely rough, almost growling like a wild alpha wolf showing his power over his pack companion, "Now."

She seemed to like his violent nature, lightheartedly running her fingers over his clothed chest and letting her nails run in his deep muscular lines. Chun Li then pressed her lower pelvic region onto his groin, looking almost desperately pitiful for his touch.

"You lost your mind." Bison sighed, standing up to try again with her feet, "Your brain is addled with drugs. I'm not fucking you, no matter how you turn on the innocent little charm. You'd only get pissed at me the next morning because you'll claim I took advantage of you or something."

It's not that Bison had issues with sleeping with her. He spent many nights drugging up women and using them for his own personal pleasure. He's slept with Chun Li when she was drunk on his dining room table and he consistently uses her when she's under his hypnosis.

This was just terribly inconvenient, not abhorrent. He also just didn't want to deal with a pissed off wife tomorrow after a long night of work.

However, Chun Li had spread her legs and Bison could practically smell her desire as his eyes picked up a damp spot on her underwear.

Bison took one look at his playful, completely out-of-it wife and decided he was already going to Hell so it didn't matter at this point if he pissed her off by taking advantage of her. Besides, he was certain this was a moral gray area.

"Alright, let's go." He caved, tearing off his belt and undoing his pants. He practically jumped on her waiting body, ripping apart her flimsy little clothes that kept him from her.

Passionately kissing her, Bison kicked off his pants as his free hand pulled down the band of his underwear so his aching member could be freed. The Shadaloo leader wasted no time making Chun Li his woman, pushing his thick cock into her moist eagerness. He let out a primal groan, feeling her tightness around his masculinity.

His hips started to go at it hard, letting his bare skin feel her rope burns from her previous bonds. The impressions of his ropework were left on her skin like intricate tattoos, surrounding her body like a web.

Bison could spot bruises from where she struggled too hard, making him lick his lips. She was like prey that was trapped in his lair, dragged back to his den to be devoured whole. Chun Li's eyes gazed up at him, looking innocent and helpless in his arms as her mouth parted to moan softly in tempo with his rhythm.

Her hand went over his opposite shoulder, making her nuzzle him in his neck as Bison thrusted into her. Chun Li was a hell of a lot more wet than he had anticipated, making him think she might be into the whole bondage thing.

He could give her a quickie, get his jollies, send her to sleep, tie her up, and get back to work. Seemed like a foolproof plan in his brain. After all, Bison worked better when he was relaxed and happy so making his wife his cock sleeve was a perfect way to get there.

Chun Li was happily taking his dick like a champ, responding very well to his rugged thrusts. Her pussy quivered around him as he hit her cervix which made her squeal in joy. Now instead of drugged ramblings, she was moaning nonsensical and pleasurable blather.

Goddamn, her pussy fit him like a glove. Bison thought this over and over again, giving his dick pretty fucking good to his wife. Her skin felt so soft and silky in his hands, a small reprieve to the roughness of his palms.

Chun Li had heaved her chest against him, practically squirming to offer her body to him. Bison reached up and ran his hands down her bare curves, drinking in the mere sight of her arching wiles toward him.

He pinched her nipples, groping her huge breasts in his hand. Bison was definitely going to tie up her amazing tits and play with them. When he had time and patience to spare with her bullshit, he was going to take his skills and apply them to her chest. Then he was going to paint her breasts with a fresh coat of his cum.

Bison's little wife was helping him fuck her pussy deeper, moving her hips up to give him a better angle. Her fingernails dug sharply into his back, making Bison almost caveman with thought of his prey fighting back. He felt scratches run across his muscles, making him bare his teeth into her ear.

"You bad little girl," He hissed, his hands grabbing her hips, "I'm going to tear you apart and consume you. I'm going to play with you for days before I eat you up. You're going to be begging me to be your master."

His pace picked up, shifting the bed and headboard under their fucking. That wall had been fixed multiple times from the banging and Bison aimed to have it fixed a few more.

She then started kissing him on the neck, mewling a little with every hard thrust. He felt her canines on his skin before she roughly sank her mouth on his upper jaw.

That did him in fast, erupting inside of her with intense fervor. Chun Li seemed to revel in his loss of discipline, reaching her own climax as his cock slid out of her.

Bison looked at her flustered and happy glow, observing her fingers idly playing with her seed flooded pussy. She seemed girlish at the thought of the volume of semen she took, her skin flushed pink with the idea that he could breed her.

Maybe he should drug her more often.

Bison decided his drive was well spent in this distraction and he had plenty of work to do. Bison tied her back up and Chun Li fell asleep.

He picked up his discarded shirt and underwear, redressing himself. Bison thought briefly that his young wife should be cleaned up but decided since she wasn't going anywhere, Chun Li could sleep like that.

Leaving his shirt unbuttoned and exposing his chest, the dictator dove into work. He found himself very productive, blowing through red tape like a hooker on military discount night. He actually thought he might finish early and head for bed to get enough hours of sleep.

His ears picked up a shuffling sound but Bison flitted his eyes up, seeing his wife just shifting in her sleep. For a moment, he thought she was kind of cute with her being all sexed up like that. However, the moment passed and he refocused his efforts.

Satisfied the math had added up correctly with one of his reports, Bison reached for his glass but found his parched throat unsatisfied. Damn. The bottle was on the other side of the room. His lips were dry

now and his throat was yearning for a drink.

Unfettered, he got up from his chair and headed towards the cabinet. Unlocking it with a key he hid in the highest shelf (because being a dick to Chun Li was pretty fun at times), Bison reached in for the bottle.

He twisted off the cork easily, taking a sip. It was damn good sangsom. Reminded him of days past when Bison had no cares for anything but getting stronger.

Bison glanced at the clock over the empty bed. It was only 10:30 p.m. He could get through the budgets and reports, wash up, and head to sleep. If he wanted to shave off a minute, he could probably chuck his pants and clothes in the hamper from where he was sitting to work...

Wait. *Empty bed?*

Startled and suddenly back to present, Bison almost comically stared back and forth to his desk and the empty bed. Not wanting to believe it, he ducked his head under the bed in belief that maybe she had fallen off.

Where was Chun Li?

She must have escaped again, somehow by some miracle that graced his bedroom once more. Bison dropped the bottle of liquor, forgetting it as it poured its contents all over his expensive carpet.

He must have been working so hard that he didn't notice her leave. Bison saw her clothes still laying on the floor so not only was his wife drugged but also indecent. The dictator snatched his hat off his nightstand, fumbling to put it on his head as he raced out the door.

Was his room possessed by Houdini? Bison knew she couldn't get far in her state.

Shit. His pants. Bison chided himself for remembering a hat but not his pants. He quickly doubled back, grabbed his pants, and threw them on while sprinting down a hallway. Bison had hoped nobody saw that display of forgetfulness.

In his life, Bison would never be able to figure out how a druggie Chun Li escaped his sight but also made it down his base. It was like a talent, even. Bison waved his hand in front of him, letting his Psycho Power guide her.

The kitchen. That made sense, she didn't eat today. He threw open the doors, sighing with aggravation that his wife was not huddled on the floor like an infant and shoveling candy in her mouth.

Chun Li did that when she was drunk, why not under sedatives?

However, his ears picked up noises. Gibberish. She was in here alright. Bison cautiously examined his corners, hearing the sounds come closer.

In a corner of the kitchen, he saw Chun Li flapping her arms around as if she was telling some adventure story. Groaning, Bison marched over there with hell to pay and receipts to prove it.

However, he saw someone coming out of a walk-in pantry with an armful of food. Bison damn near went into an emotional rage thinking that someone had the audacity to steal his personal food and keep his wife company.

"Ey, I found mor' sweets for ya." The undeniable brute English accent came out, like a pig trapped in a terrible English punk concert, "Hidin' in the bak, you know."

Birdie, the hulking and obese pathetic worm that Bison was damn sure he didn't hire but he was still around anyway. He had to crack down harder on these recruiting methods and have any unqualified candidates shot.

Chun Li clapped her hands, giggling. Bison was somewhat relieved she was wearing a chef's coat that someone must have left that at least covered her naked body. Birdie wobbled over there, letting the snacks spread out on the preparation table. She dove for one snack, eating it like a hungry squirrel.

Annoyed at the very sight and angry at the very thought he had to now bear witness to Birdie's foul presence, Bison gave a rather stale cough to alert them of his watchful eye. Birdie had stumbled backwards a bit while Chun Li shoved the entire snack in her mouth, making her cheeks full.

"Well, 'ey, Boss!" Birdie stammered a bit, "I...uh, 'ought you might wanta..."

"I'm going to burn that pantry with you in it if you don't be quiet." Bison interrupted him coldly, knowing full well that he was still going to burn that pantry anyway to get rid of his pig smell. The larger man gave an uneasy chuckle before Bison set his sights on his wife.

"You better have a good explanation." He said. Chun Li muffled out something squeaky, her mouth full of food. Bison sighed; he didn't know what kind of response he was really expecting from her in this state.

"Swallow." Bison irritably commanded before realizing his subordinate's face had changed and the tyrant hastily added on, "Your food."

Chun Li swallowed it, her words coming out of her mouth like a tidal wave of horrible nonsense. Growling, he snatched her arm and held her firmly. Chun Li made a face as he dug his nail impressions into her skin through the thick chef's coat.

She attempted to defend herself somehow but Bison wasn't keen on putting up with her lack of language mastery.

"She says that she was 'ungry." Birdie translated, "And all that sex mad' her 'ired."

Figured the only thing Birdie was good for was deciphering gibberish of a madwoman. Bison shook Chun Li roughly, trying fruitlessly to kick some sense into her drug-addled brain.

"You didn't give her alcohol, right?" Bison asked with some testy tone. Birdie shrugged.

"She wanted water when I ask'd." He said, "Anyway, ain't she supposed to b' out of these places? Never seen her come out here at nigh' befoure..."

Chun Li flailed again, hopping a little. Bison kept his grip tight.

"I'm sorry, before?" Bison repeated Birdie's word, having to really hold himself back from murdering him in his spot. Birdie waved his hands, gesturing wildly.

"N-ah, I mean lik' servants and stuff!" Birdie tried to defend himself. Bison vowed to sew his mouth shut and feed him through a tube for this but Chun Li had distracted him for now.

"She's a bit out of pocket. As long as you didn't give her anything but water, she's going to be fine. Otherwise, organ failure." Bison remarked before turning his gaze to her, "Sit still, girl."

"Aw, too bad, 'ey? She's fun." Birdie said, "Way more fun tha' you. Ain't that right, Mizstress Bison?"

She giggled, sparking off a whole wave of gibberish.

"Yeah? Tha' right? That was pretty funny." Birdie appeared to agree before Bison rolled his eyes.

"As much as I enjoy breaking up the two best friends in the world," The crime lord interrupted, "My wife needs rest and quite frankly, the cultural aesthetics of jolly ol' England aren't helping."

Bison made sure to mimic Birdie's Cockney accent which infuriated the larger man. However, Bison knew he would be foolish to test his strength against the Mighty Bison even if his hand was currently keeping a childish wife still.

"Didn' hafta go thare." Birdie grumbled.

"Get the fuck out of my kitchen." Bison deadpanned as Birdie backed away before trying to snatch some food to fill his pockets.

Taking a deep breath, Bison decided it was best to let it go for now.

He started to drag Chun Li behind him but she kept stumbling and falling over. Making rambunctious racket by knocking over pots and pans, Chun Li couldn't stop laughing in glee at the sound.

Bison wondered if he could find a knife and stab his temples to spare him the noise of her gibberish and the London debauchery that was encouraging her.

"Oh yeah?" Birdie was having a deep conversation with her, "If tha's yore thing, yanno. No judgements."

"What are you two hens clucking about?" Bison demanded, whirling around. Was she bragging about their sex life?

"Oh...uh...nuthing." Birdie defensively said, "Aye, you know, it's notin' bad."

Bison glared at Chun Li hard, giving her a warning look. She did not see his threatening gaze as she was busy checking out his bare muscular chest that only his unopened shirt could provide. Tugging her again, he continued his mission.

The two behind him resumed again in whatever blubber they chose but a little quieter. Bison knew he was being slowed down by their conversation but he was just ready to get back to the room.

"That big, huh?" He heard Birdie whisper. This time, Bison whipped on his bare heel and saw Birdie holding up his two hands as if he was measuring something. Birdie immediately dropped his hands, looking away as if nothing happened.

"I give up." Bison snapped, reaching over to swing her feet up so he could carry her, "You're going back to the room. And you, get lost. Whatever she told you, forget it."

Chun Li giggled again and Bison felt a bit of a strain on his back. Fuck, why would she let her full deadweight on his arms? Before he knew it, she had taken off his hat and put it on her head. It was lopsided as her head was smaller than his.

She pointed and laughed out some noise.

"She says it's hers." Birdie translated, making Bison groan again. It wasn't a battle worth fighting right now and he already lost an hour of work. Chun Li was fiddling with his collar as he carried her down the hall. Eventually, she curled up against his chest with her cheek buried in his uniform.

Finally, he managed to get her back and unscrupulously tossed her back on the bed. Tying her hands and her feet, Bison was satisfied that she couldn't escape this one. Chun Li had already passed out, his hat uncomfortably wedged behind her head.

Annoyed, he plucked his hat from her and placed it on the nightstand.

"You're lucky you're so damn cute." Bison muttered to her resting form, "I've shot men for less."

She gets another day in the stocks, he figures. Outstretching his arm and picking up his earlier liquor bottle, Bison griped in exasperation as he poured the remaining alcoholic dribbles from the container.

It was going to be a long night for him especially since he had to plan out her punishment as well.

5 - Life in Roleplay

Bison had a flair for the dramatic. He wouldn't deny his behaviors and tendencies. The dictator liked things a little upbeat and theatrical to keep the interest going on in his brain. If he wasn't interested, Bison got rid of his toys and actively searched for new ones.

Chun Li, however, preferred getting to the point. She hated melodrama. And she definitely hated sitting through her husband's long winded antics just to get one goal done.

So on the occasion, Bison did hypnotize her into a willing little slave to feed his insatiable desires in a much more healthy way: fucking her brains out.

If he really treated himself, he left her like that for a whole weekend. She was helpless and completely at his mercy. The best part was that after he lifted the hypnosis, Chun Li couldn't remember a thing. She would convince herself that she just slept too hard or drank too much the night before.

So after a good day where everything went as Bison wanted it (necessary assassinations being successful, acquiring territory, making his wife unable to think of a comeback), he decided he would reward his work with a mindless little detective to do his dirty needs right.

After shutting her mind down and weaving his psychic power into her brain waves, Chun Li stood before him like a little puppet, ready to perform his commands. Her irises were tinted purple, showing the hypnosis was successful.

Sometimes, Chun Li could fight back a little but Bison would only manipulate it deeper into her psyche. Those were rougher nights because he had to be absolutely careful he wasn't setting her up for a mental breakdown.

This night, she accepted his power willingly and openly. Her usually crass verbose language was silent and she stared at him as her posture was unflinching. Bison touched her cheek, checking her reaction, but she followed his gesture tenderly.

"Good girl," He praised her, "You're going to be my slave tonight. You will do and accept everything you are told. Everything I say is reality and the truth to you."

"Yes, Master Bison," Chun Li answered softly, looking straight ahead.

Now was the fun part: the fantasy. Bison had several of them he liked to play out with his wife, often with him in control and power over her that she wouldn't give up in normal life. While she would turn her nose up at any sort of kinky sex, Chun Li was a crazed little girl under hypnosis. The things he got her to do were *wild* in after thought.

She also was receptive to his toys and bondage gear. Spreading her legs apart with his rope and testing out his toys was a favorite hobby of his, making her cum over and over again until Chun Li passed out

from the torture.

Undercover cop/criminal boss? Loan shark and teenager was always a fun one and Chun Li has a natural affinity to be a frightened virgin...

Go out of his comfort zone a bit: student/headmaster. Party girl/police officer. Secretary/boss...

He particularly liked the student one as Bison liked spanking her. Throw Chun Li in braids and a little skirt and he could get down to business rather fast. He even had a paddle just for spanking her over his bed.

But this was a good night. Bison wanted something new, something fresh to flex his muscles a bit. His mind turned with the thoughts of what he wanted; he knew he wanted a willing slave to his needs. But what else?

Eager, begging him...first time virgin, maybe...

"Chun Li," He said her name in a clear, commanding voice, "What's your new little book about?"

Her ridiculous erotic novels sometimes yielded good results. While he found the premise and writing absurd, Bison could appreciate the concepts very well. Of course, Chun Li would die before telling him what she read about in secret.

The Shadaloo leader still wouldn't tell her that they played out the last book where he was her kidnapper and she was his willing victim. That one was eye-opening; he had suspicions that she liked serial killers but damn, that was way too intense for someone as prudish as her.

"It's about a girl lusting after her stepfather when she finds him cheating on her mother." Chun Li replied, unfazed. Bison raised an eyebrow at her sentence. The things she revealed about herself definitely surprised him at times.

"Stepfather, hm?" He mused. That was fucking evil, even as Bison knew, given their history and her incessant whining about her father's death. It did make it all the more alluring though; Chun Li is his little fuckable step daughter, making her call him Daddy...

She might like it. Chun Li had daddy issues like he'd never seen before. And at least it wasn't incestual with blood relations. On the plus side, Bison got to replace this man on a pedestal she had spoken about for so long.

But what about the setup? The drawback was that Bison did have to implant the scenario in her head, making her drawn into the idea so she would play it out. He couldn't just wing it and if Chun Li's mind didn't accept it, he had to move on.

"Got it." Bison snapped his fingers after some thought, "You, young lady, are in very big trouble for staying out with your boyfriend too late. You have a curfew and you know I am a very strict man..."

The idea seemed to take in her brain, making her change her face to a more youthful, innocent,

wide-eyed one. Chun Li looked up at him much like a child in deep trouble with her parents. Bison patted her cheek.

"Go get changed," He instructed, pointing to the closet. Chun Li sauntered off obediently, instinctively knowing which part of the closet to go to. Bison had stashed an assortment of "special" clothes for her to wear during his fantasies.

It was a growing collection, certainly. When he found something he liked her to wear, he would bring it back for her. Of course, Chun Li had to improvise with certain situations but she was absolutely genius at getting the very sexy point across.

In a few minutes, she returned with a pair of short, bottom hugging jean shorts and a little airy pink tank top. Bison surmised her appearance, quite impressed with the minimalist effort. Chun Li pulled off the "horny, barely legal" teen look well.

He was going to have so much fun with her.

Bison cleared his throat roughly, stepping towards her. She flinched a little, looking down like a guilty dog.

"You're late, *Chun Li*." Bison quickly got into his role, tapping his fingers on his forearm, "I've been waiting for you all night. What do you have to say for yourself."

"Mm...sorry, Daddy..." Chun Li responded, her hypnotic hold taking ahold of her fully, "I...I lost track of the time..."

"Come here, young lady." He beckoned her his finger, "Don't make me collect you. Your stepfather is not happy with you."

Chun Li walked towards him, head bowed in guilt. He made her look at him, lifting her face up harshly to meet his eyes. She whined a little in fear, feeling his grip hold onto her arms tightly. Bison narrowed his eyes, letting her cringe in terror.

"Where were you?" He demanded, staring her down.

"I...I was out and...I..." She stammered, "I...I was in his car and I just..."

"*You* were letting him feel you up, weren't you?" Bison accused her, shaking her, "Hm? You turn 18 and suddenly, all you want to do is jump on some boy's dick? You were supposed to be home hours ago, not getting fingered by someone not old enough to drink yet."

"I didn't have sex with him!" Chun Li pleaded, "Daddy, I'm sorry! I let him touch me but I didn't let him fuck me like that! I got carried away...I can't help it..."

She looked ravishing, her lips parted in a begging plea and her eyes teary with fear. Bison picked her up and carried her to the bed, feeling her body tremble with excitement. He didn't let his guard down, keeping up with his pace.

Unceremoniously, he dropped her on the bed. Chun Li sat up quickly, expectedly slumping her shoulders. Bison grabbed her clothes, slipping his fingers in the band of her

"You know you're not supposed to be sleeping with boys yet, Chun Li," Bison chided sternly, pulling down her little shorts, "What would they think of you? A little whore. And you'd ruin our family's reputation, namely mine. I won't have any stepdaughter of mine become the town bicycle."

Chun Li whimpered, "Yes, Daddy."

Oh *God*, that made him hard. She looked so scared of him. Bison dug his fingers into her hips, sliding off her lacy little panties. Her pussy was glistening wet, making his mouth water at the thought.

However, he glared at her for good measure.

"Your mother is the exact same way: tramp, whore..." He chastised her, "But at least she's married. Apple doesn't fall far from the tree in this family, hm? But I've seen the way you prance around my home in these tight little clothes and flaunting your body in my face. The good graces have run out, Chun Li; you earn your place in my home."

He tossed away her clothes, undoing his pants. Her curiosity had been peaked, watching him pull out his erect cock before she yelped in shock.

"Daddy!" She covered her face, "It's so big! I never..."

"Consider this your rent payment, Chun Li," He stroked himself as he undid his shirt to breathe a bit, "You want to trapeze around here like a whore? Fine. But you're sucking me off every night so you can stay here. You're old enough now to know what women are good for so do it."

She crawled over to his cock, sucking on it hard. Bison kept her head steady, letting her deepthroat him.

"Good girl," He winked, "You love your Daddy, hm? Want to make him happy?"

"Ah...yes, Daddy..." Chun Li said, using her hands to rub his shaft, "Daddy, it's big. Too big for my mouth!"

"Damn shame I don't care." Bison tugged her tank top strings, "Take off your shirt. I want to see you naked and helpless against me."

She obediently took off her shirt, completely nude, before she licked the head of his cock again. He let her suck him for a bit, watching her love on his dick as she serviced him. She then deepthroated him again, taking his every inch.

Bison let his head roll a little back in pleasure, feeling her mouth tighten around him. She must have been a pornstar in a previous life or something. After she came up for air, he pulled the rest of his pants down and kicked them to the side. Tearing off his shirt, Bison felt a cool air on his skin.

"I'm not done yet, girl," He threatened her, "Maybe boys already came from that pretty mouth of yours but I'm hardly the inexperienced teenager. Work for it, slut."

"Y-yes, Daddy..." Chun Li pushed her breasts against his erect member, "I'm sorry your stepdaughter is such a little whore. I can't help myself."

Bison started facefucking her, keeping his hand on the back of her head. He could feel her throat struggle to keep up with his rapid grinding but she masterfully allowed him to continue, obediently looking up at him. Her left hand rubbed her free breasts while her other hand slipped into her shorts to rub herself.

"Now *where* did you learn this?" Bison taunted her, observing her lustful actions, "Sucking off boys when you should be studying? I'm not sending you off to learn how to be a whore, girl. I can do that for free here."

"Yes, Daddy." She replied, "Thank you for letting your ungrateful stepdaughter suck your cock, Daddy."

Bison forced her mouth back on his dick before grabbing her hair, ejaculating into her throat. Chun Li mewled a little, happily swallowing every drop he gave her. However, she didn't expect the volume that he could shoot, making her choke a little.

After he was emptied, Bison pulled his dick from her mouth and she licked her lips, her mouth still tasting his salty bitterness. However, her face turned to shock when she saw his cock get hard very quickly in a few seconds.

"Ah, Daddy...?" Chun Li appeared perplexed, "You're still hard...?"

"Used to boys giving up?" Bison mocked her, "You're fucking a real man now, girl. Present yourself to me. Now."

Chun Li scrambled up, turning around away from his lustful gaze. She stuck out her hips to him, spreading her wet pussy apart. He slid his hand over her bare bottom, spanking her hard. She yelped, quivering at the thought of him.

"I should teach you obedience like your father should have," Bison remarked, hitting her backside again, "Maybe you wouldn't be so fucking wet for a man with authority. Maybe you could have some decency like a proper young lady instead of a tramp."

"Yes, Daddy." She squeezed tears back from her eyes, "Ah, Daddy, my pussy hurts so bad..."

"It's called not getting what you want in life." He scolded her, "I should tie you up and let you thrash in need for days to teach you a lesson. You don't get to break the rules and then get a reward, dear."

"I'll just be yours then, Daddy!" Chun Li pleaded, her voice pathetic with begging, "I won't go out with boys anymore! I'll stay home and suck your cock! You can use me however you want and I'll never break the rules again, I promise! I won't go to university, I'll stay home and be your whore!"

This was almost too easy. Bison had her little mind in the palm of his hand and she was pitiful with lust for him. He had never seen her so wanton and lustful, needing him like a bad hit of drugs. Maybe he'll let her indulge this fantasy more often.

"Fine," Bison accepted after pretending to think, "I'd hate to think you would drop out after a semester away because you got knocked up like a dumb slut. You're my dumb slut, aren't you?"

Bison pushed the head of his cock against her thigh, making her shiver with delight. He let it drag up towards her eager pussy, forcing her to cry out in agony.

"Daddy!" She squealed, unable to stand without trembling, "Are you going to fuck my pussy now? I really need your big, hard cock in it..."

"That really depends, Chun Li," Bison let the full length of his cock rest against her anticipating womanhood, "Exactly why should I fuck you? I get good pussy and ass from your whore mother. You're just a little teen slut who fancies these boys around her too much. You've never been with a man before."

"I've never fucked any of them in my pussy though!" She begged, "Please? I need cock so badly...maybe if you fuck me nice and hard, I'll stop trying to be a slut?" Her pussy was dripping wet for him, getting all over his carpet and edge of the bed.

"Interesting proposition. However, I think the only thing you're good for is being a slut because you are no good at being a lady." Bison prodded the head of his cock against her entrance, making her quake, "Then again, it might be nice to have two little bitches begging for me every day. Your mother might even just give me your body to play with when I'm done fucking her brains out too."

Chun Li arched her back towards him, squirming to get his cock head forced into her body. He chuckled a little, completely mesmerized by her actions. God, she was really playing this up. It was hard to distinguish if it was hypnosis or willingness at this point.

"Fine," Bison kept his stern voice, "You better be good, little girl. Daddy doesn't like girls who don't do a good job."

He slid his cock all the way to the hilt, making Chun Li cry out in delight. Her pussy was so tight and warm, making her bend over the bed. Bison started to ram her hard, making her bury her face into the mattress.

"Daddy, fuck me harder, Daddy!" She yelped, "Your cock is so good, Daddy! Please fuck me!"

"You are a hell of a slut, girl," Bison grunted, keeping up with his rhythm, "Maybe Daddy should teach you how to take a dick properly at home, hm? Now, you're not going to let any of those boys fuck Daddy's pussy, hm? This is Daddy's pussy to play with?"

"N-no, none of them, sir..." Chun Li nodded her head.

He grabbed her thighs, thrusting like a beast inside of her tightness. Her body gave up trying to help him

and let him fuck her as he pleased, letting her pussy get battered by his forceful advances.

Bison saw her trying to crane her neck to look behind her before he smacked her bottom again.

"Trying to look pitiful for me?" He grinned, baring his teeth, "Make me feel sorry for you?"

"I...I just wanted to watch..." Chun Li admitted, blushing, "It's so hot the way you fuck me..."

So Chun Li *did* like pornography. All that business about the vulgarity and demeaning nature was just for show then. He mentally filed it away in his brain, ready to use it next time. Maybe one of these days, Bison could film this and give it to her as a present.

She might protest and get angry but he'd have to know if she would masturbate to it...

"Oh?" Bison playfully inquired, grabbing her hair, "Well, well. Do you use my computer to watch porn? That's Daddy's personal things."

"Y-yes!" She whimpered, "I do! I'm sorry, Daddy! I just wanted what you have..."

"And do you watch me fuck other women?" He pulled harder on her hair, his fist wrapped in her painful need, "Watching me and touching yourself? Thinking of how you could be my woman?"

"Yes!" Chun Li cried out, "And I get so worked up and I cum all over your carpet and I'm sorry, Daddy! You fuck your wife and mistresses so good...I want to get fucked so good too!"

"Good. Get on the bed." Bison slid out, pinching her on the bottom. Chun Li crawled more on the bed as he shifted himself into a sitting position with his back against the headboard. Chun Li looked completely gone mentally, her eyes devoid of any resistance or former resisting personality.

"Lap. Now." He instructed, pointing to his erect cock. She eagerly straddled his hips, sliding herself onto his hard member. Bison wrapped his arms around her waist, letting her bounce hard on him.

"Daddy..." She breathlessly said, "This is wonderful. Thank you."

"You're very welcome, young lady," Bison smirked, "How many times I thought about fucking you and fantasized about taking your virginity. Well. It worked out, hm? You can be my whore now, Chun Li. I can take you wherever I want, in front of whoever I want, and fuck you how I want."

Chun Li kissed him, making his hands stroke her legs. He then moved his mouth to her breasts, biting down her nipple hard as she rode his dick. Bison wrapped his arms around her hips, bringing her closer to him as she put her hands behind his head.

Suddenly, her face turned red and her nails were digging into the nape of his neck.

"D-daddy, I'm going to cum." She whimpered.

"Good. Me too." Bison purred at her, "And you're going to take all of Daddy's cum, aren't you? And then

you're going to clean me off like a good little stepdaughter."

He felt her tighten up with her climax, allowing himself to thrust upwards to hit her cervix before shooting his load into her. Chun Li moaned out his name, practically allowing her body to milk his cock dry as her grinding increased.

"Daddy, I..." Her words could barely finish before a gush of fluids spilled out of her, making a mess of the both of them. Bison was so enamored by the scene before him that he felt himself fire off another hard cumshot inside her pussy. His seed dripped out of her as it overflowed, her pelvis glistening with proof of their encounter.

Wait. Did she...? Bison felt the fluids become sticky all over their stomachs and thighs. A moment of clarity went through his climax addled-brain: *She squirted.*

Bison didn't even know Chun Li could do that. How *bad* was her daddy issues? He might be playing with fire here. Putting dick in crazy was great sometimes but not all the time.

Chun Li laid exhausted and tired against his his bare chest, her eyes fluttering at him. Bison felt his worries melt a little; fuck it. If she was crazy, so be it. The sex was too good to pass up for humdrum sanity.

His arm wrapped around her body, groping her bare buttocks. Bison had to stop himself from pinning her and taking her ass. After all, this was a roleplay he could enjoy over and over again. There was no need to use everything up at once.

"Daddy," She piped up, "Is Mom gonna know about us?"

Right. He had to turn it off or it was going to veer into creepy territory. Bison waved his hand in front of her eyes, lulling her to sleep.

"Shh, darling. Just go to sleep. We'll talk about it in the morning." Bison coaxed her, watching her fall dead away. Her body became limp and he turned off the light, cozying up to his wife. He slid his member out of her, looking forward to doing this again. It was perfect the way it played out and his relaxation levels were zen-like in his muscles.

The next day, Chun Li woke up and felt very gross in her soul. Moreso than usual. The culprit was always the same: *Bison.*

Chun Li heard Bison getting ready for the day, probably just drying himself off from his morning shower. The bed was a little worse for wear, making her think that they might have had sex last night but her brain just couldn't bring up the memories.

Actually, she knew for a fact they had sex last night. Chun Li just couldn't prove whatever awful thing he had done to her.

"Bison," She called out, narrowing her eyes, "Why does my soul feel like I violated the basic principles of everything I believe in?"

She saw Bison poke his head out of the bathroom, "Detective, I really don't want to play riddles at this early in the morning. I often wait for daylight before tackling such games. Can you just let me in on the punchline?"

"Yeah. You did something." Chun Li accused him, pointing her finger at him, "It was bad. Borderline the worst thing you've ever done to me."

"Detective," Bison's voice was clearly annoyed, "I really don't know what you're talking about. I'm sorry I made fun of your horrible erotic novels. You really need to get better taste."

"No." Chun Li sat up, kneeling on the bed, "You *really* went too far. I don't know what it is but crossed a line that now exists because of you."

"That's stupid." Bison went back into the bathroom, "You don't even know what you're accusing me of? And here I fake apologized for nothing."

Folding her arms, Chun Li was fuming. Something nagged her about him going much too perverted, much too far. Of course, nothing came up. Typical. He did something to her and it would be hell frozen over before Bison admitted it.

Bison grinned to himself, seeing Chun Li give up and go back to sleep. Her accusations were a tempest in a teapot, after all; he knew how to make her happy. That's probably what pissed her off the most.

He couldn't *wait* for her to call him Daddy again.

6 - Life in Pecking Order

Commander Sigu was not wanting to bring the bad news to Lord Bison himself, especially since Lord Bison had expressed extreme displeasure at the partnership from the very beginning. He especially did not want to die in the Emerald Isle, especially in a city called Limerick. What sort of joke poem would Sigu be part of if he died in a place called Limerick, Ireland?

The Sirdoonka Runners, a smuggling operation run by the shadiest, greediest Malaysian pirate in the Indian Ocean, had suddenly come down with a bad case of the Mondays with claims that the Singapore police was laying in wait for them. The Malaysian pirate known as Afan was demanding a hundred million more dollars to run Shadaloo's arms supply across to Thailand or they would keep the supply.

Lord Bison had been curtly dealing with them beforehand but now, he was going to skullfuck some poor bastard for daring to hold his weapons armory hostage. While Sigu knew that Lord Bison would have no problem wiping the shitstain off the Earth, enough for epic poems to be written about it in decades' time, the weapon arms were too great to fall into the wrong hands. It could outfit an entire African dictator's army and then provide enough for his grandmother to hunker down in a underground safe house.

If the international police got ahold it, Shadaloo could lose damn near five hundred million dollars. To add to the stress, Sigu had only gotten the information by telephone from an operative agent seeing the progress in Singapore and the clock was ticking. The Strait of Malacca would soon be overrun with daily trading ships and Shadaloo wouldn't be able to smuggle it on mainland.

Sigu decided it was best to convey the information to someone else, hopefully to dilute the aggravation enough where Sigu gets to keep his head attached to his neck.

Hanging up the phone, Sigu exited the armed car and began quickly walking to a main event center where a very large party was going on. Truthfully, it was not a party but a prize mixed martial arts fight that may toe the line (or way beyond) being illegal or not. Gambling bookies had been creaming themselves over this fight for weeks, piling enough cash to open a bank.

Lord Bison was only there to oversee his backed fighter, an Irish national who may or may not be a wanted criminal associated with the IRA. The other reason was that Lord Bison had intended to meet several associates who were high ranking politicians in the United Kingdom, ones that Lord Bison graciously invited to party on his dime.

Sigu made his way through the crowd as the opening announcements had begun, heading up the elevator to the holding boxes.

Several drunk politicians were lousing about in the rooms and corridors, being plied with beautiful women and alcoholic drinks. All the women were high class with varying ethnicities, like a buffet of hedonism.

The Shadaloo commander opened the utility door, seeing one overweight drunk man with his pants

down as he was being specially orally serviced by a busty blonde woman. Sigu blinked a bit, seeing the drunk staggeredly apologize as he tried to pull up his pants.

"Sorry, eh?" The drunk chuckled as if it was hilarious. The woman wiped her mouth and Sigu let them walk out. The commander had a feeling that, if he wasn't mistaken, that man was the Minister of Finance in Ireland and he was definitely sporting a wedding ring on that finger.

Sigu headed to the far end of the utility hallway, seeing a locked door. He opened it quietly, seeing a room full of monitors and security footage. A tall man wearing a thick Chinese robe was staring at the screens intensely, almost unbreaking.

"Master F.A.N.G," Sigu greeted, bowing, "I have some bad news to report-"

F.A.N.G whirled around almost dizzyingly fast, looking infuriated. Sigu stepped backwards as the man stormed over to him.

"Do you not know how to knock?" F.A.N.G snapped with irritation, "Must I teach you manners? Knock before you enter a room!"

"Uh...yes, sir." Sigu swallowed, perplexed at his superior's outburst, "I am needing to inform you of bad news. Lord Bison must know right away. It has to do with the Sirdoonka Runners and the shipment that was supposed to go out tonight."

F.A.N.G looked displeased, "*Supposed* to? The shipment should already be halfway across the strait! What are those little gnats doing now? We never should have trusted that filthy bastard of a man."

The commander straightened up, "Yes, sir. I received word that the runners refuse to move the shipment, claiming it is being staked out by international police and local navy from Singapore. Afan is demanding ten million dollars more for the risk of losing his ships being seized or he's not moving the shipments and will keep the arms for himself."

F.A.N.G appeared disgusted, as if Sigu had personally threw up blood and bile in front of him. The right hand of Shadalo crossed his long robe sleeves, pondering what the course of action was. Lord Bison would not be happy one bit, especially since he was right about not wanting to work with them.

Sigu was smart in not approaching Lord Bison first. F.A.N.G had a way with words for the Shadalo leader, prompting the extended lifespans of those around them.

"Call the operatives. Tell them to stand by for orders. I will let Master Bison know." F.A.N.G ordered, making Sigu salute, "Watch these cameras and report suspicious activity."

With that, F.A.N.G left and Sigu took a breather.

F.A.N.G knew Lord Bison had expected this to be handled properly and the fact his supplier was suddenly sticking in like a bad thorn would mean something had to be done with heavy discrimination. At least it was better than staring at cameras all night.

Swiftly making his way down the outer hallway, F.A.N.G approached the guards. They bowed, allowing him access into the private viewing box.

Lord Bison was sitting comfortably on the couch, facing away from the prize fight. His wife, Mistress Bison (otherwise Chun Li nee Xiang) was next to him and roughly trading words with the warlord.

F.A.N.G had always been impressed with the atmosphere that Lord Bison could command in any situation. While the great Shadaloo Master appeared as though he was just entering middle-aged, though his true soul was definitely older than late thirties, he held the absolute respect and repose of any audience. He could saturate the room with total fear and awe like squeezing a sopping wet sponge.

It also helped that while most tyrants and criminal syndicates were old white men, Lord Bison looked like a damn ladykiller. Fit, handsome, muscular, and a jawline reserved for movie stars and models, he could sweep any lover off their feet. If Lord Bison only had normal pupils, he could retire his life of crime for a sweet modeling gig or a career in movies.

His slightly demonic undertones in his face must haunt the dreams of every woman (or certain types of men) into fearful and/or sexual frenzy. After all, his toothy grin could sell any toothpaste on the market even if it was made of sugar and orange juice with the predatory quality it truly brought out in his personality.

While Lord Bison was wearing his typical wardrobe, Chun Li was dressed to the nines for a high stakes fight. A low cut cleavage sparkly gold floor dress that hugged her frame, adorned with diamond earrings that probably cost more than the fights' prize earnings. She was sporting a diamond and gold choker around her neck, badly hiding up the fresh hickeys on her skin. Undoubtedly, those love bites came from Lord Bison's teeth and only his teeth.

Her hair was still in her traditional oxhorn style wrapped in gold ribbons.

F.A.N.G had heard from others that Chun Li had her own personal stylist and designer that Bison specifically hired for her. The designer was allegedly from Milan and Chun Li was their only client. It didn't surprise the second-in-command that Lord Bison would drop a fortune on his wife's appearance (she was, after all, expected to be a certain image to a certain powerful man) but it was surprising that the Shadaloo leader dragged out the breath of fresh air in his wife in every place imaginable, whether immaculate viewing boxes or filthy crime areas.

It was also shocking that Chun Li disregarded her husband's money and power to squabble over petty events when she should be silent and preserving her lady-like appearance. Lord Bison didn't even correct her; it seemed he *indulged* her. He only corrected her actions and etiquette, not her personality.

"Who is trudging up ancient history now? The chandelier was already loose, I just..." Chun Li snipped at Bison before he silenced her with a gesture.

"Problem, F.A.N.G?" Bison addressed his second in command, "I do hope you brought good news."

F.A.N.G plunged in, bowing, "There is a problem with the smuggling group we hired. They are claiming the risks are now too great to cross the strait and demand ten million dollars extra to cover this

spontaneous risk or they will hold your shipment."

A short, husky laugh came from the Shadaloo leader, making Chun Li jolt a bit beside him. He wrapped his arm around her waist, taking a drink as he fiddled with her thigh. She barely appeared to tolerate his flagrant touching.

"Bold little fuck, isn't he?" Lord Bison commented, somewhat amused, "I knew he would try something so foolish. But extorting me was courageous of him, I'll give him that. I'd pay the man but quite frankly, I was looking for an excuse to smash his operation into pieces. Well, then. How many ships was he running for this job?"

"One, Master Bison." F.A.N.G said, making the Shadaloo raise an eyebrow. Chun Li opened her purse, pretending to find the few items in there more interesting than his hand groping her body. Bison had taught her very well to ignore his dealings early on, finding no reason for her opinion or input when it wasn't called for or warranted.

She was, after all, his wife. Not a commander like F.A.N.G.

"Afan was going to run 26,000 tons of cargo on one ship? What was he going to use, a damn frigate? No wonder he believes the police are going to notice." Lord Bison questioned harshly, his tone a little less serious, "Now, Afan wasn't going to steal from me, was he? Because that's a whole game changer. Why did nobody question this before?"

F.A.N.G bowed again, "Lord Bison, I will personally find out who knew about this and told nobody. But you are correct; I believe Afan was going to lift a few tons off your shipment. However, right now, the strait will soon be busy and there will be no way to get your shipment to Thailand without arousing more suspicion and the port authorities."

"Hm," Bison set his glass down, "I will handle this. It's very clear they think they can call the shots in my own partnership. It will have to be shown differently."

Chun Li opened her makeup mirror, opting to block out the business conversation between the two by focusing her attention on her makeup. Her red lipstick slicked across her lips, defining her structure very well. She could spot smudges where Bison had kissed her as well as the same color all over his collar.

"Yes, Lord Bison. But if we got the gears running again, they still won't cross the Malacca Strait. They claim international police are staking out the waters and will destroy their ships on sight." F.A.N.G said, "The money they're being paid isn't worth their loss of transportation."

"They certainly had no problem crossing the Malacca Strait before for competitors." Lord Bison answered, picking up his phone, "In what capacity do they think they can squeeze another dime out of me? Even if international police decided to make residence there, they would contend with the piracy and wreckage first. It would be like finding a flea in a sea of roaches."

Chun Li appeared satisfied with her appearance, clicking her mirror shut and placing it back in her wristlet. Twisting her head, she saw the prize fight still ongoing with the favored fighter laying down

pummeling blows to his opponent. Lord Bison's fighter was definitely winning but the other opponent was putting up a good show anyway.

She felt a part of her hair become loose, possibly from the strenuous events earlier. Chun Li rose her hand up to her hair, feeling a loose ribbon come undone. Plucking out the nearby, lazy bobby pin, she ran her fingers through her hair and put the pin in her mouth to hold it steady.

However, Lord Bison swiftly took her bobby pin from her teeth without even turning from his conversation, discarding it on the table by tossing the pin lightly. Chun Li silently mouthed out a complaint before crossing her arms, letting her ribbon fall around her shoulders. It wasn't that rude to do in public, she thought.

"I'm sure I can bring them around," The dictator said, "F.A.N.G, you will be doing something else tonight."

F.A.N.G was pleasantly happy that his boring job of watching over the security entrances had changed. Will it be calling these brute thugs up and threatening them? Negotiation? Brewing up a poison as a parting gift for the associates? Even razing a warehouse to the ground?

"Watch my wife." Bison got up from his seat, "Make sure she doesn't wander off."

The two others stared at Lord Bison as Chun Li bounced to another sitting position. Her mouth was agape with a furious set of brown eyes to match.

"Why am I stuck with him!?" She demanded, her eyes flashing brightly, "It's bad enough he wrongfully appropriates my culture but now he has to watch me?!"

"*Appropriate* your culture...!?" F.A.N.G bit back like a snake.

"You are not Chinese! Mickey Rooney was more Chinese than you could be!" Chun Li accused him, pointing a finger at his face.

"I wasn't aware this was open for discussion, Detective." Lord Bison calmly interjected, "Contrary to your belief that you have some input on my decisions, it's not. F.A.N.G, you can drug her if she gets too rowdy. Just make sure she's coherent enough to get home."

Chun Li sputtered, "I am perfectly fine without a babysitter!"

"No, you're not." He said as he exited. Before she could protest further, the door slammed shut behind him.

Chun Li crossed her arms in a huff, leaning back on the couch. F.A.N.G stepped forward in front of her, almost as if he was blocking her from any movements she might make. He dared not sit next to her as it was a throne to her husband.

"You're blocking my view." Chun Li darkly said, motioning to the fight.

F.A.N.G sucked in air through his teeth, making her wince at the sound. He couldn't imagine being stuck with this incorrigible woman for an hour, much less months of marriage. Was her pussy *really* that good that men put up with her, especially Lord Bison?

Couldn't Lord Bison just turn her into a Doll and bring her to his bed once in awhile?

"I will tell Lord Bison of your rude behavior if you continue to harass me, Mistress Bison," F.A.N.G threatened, his foot tapping, "It would be best if you remained quiet for the time being. I, unlike others, do not tolerate insults."

"Oh? You'll tattle on me?" She taunted with a deadpan tone, "Go ahead. Do it. Tell Bison you don't like his wife."

He retreated his words a bit, cocking his head slightly. Chun Li rolled her eyes, picking up the bobby pin from the table.

"Didn't think so." She muttered, "I'm not the only one around here who rides his dick."

F.A.N.G watched her pin her errant ribbon back up, feeling distressed that he lacked such authority over her tongue. While Lord Bison could silence her with a look, she tore F.A.N.G's role apart like a dog with a toy.

"A wife should be less vulgar, Mistress Bison," He firmly scolded in an attempt to regain control of the situation, "What if his associates heard you? You're supposed to be a vision for Shadaloo, not a tarnish."

Chun Li gave a sour laugh, "You certainly know so much for how wives are supposed to act. Rich, coming from a man who pretends to be Chinese."

F.A.N.G burst at the seam with fury, "You little...!"

"Really? I'm wrong? Say something in Cantonese. Or Mandarin. I dare you." Chun Li challenged him, puffing her chest out, "I really want to be proven wrong."

F.A.N.G noticed that a dark purple blemish on her left breast was suddenly encroaching beyond her edge of her dress. It matched the intensity and area of her other love bites on her neck. His eyes trailed downward to her stomach which was tight with anger.

Suddenly, he heard her exclaim, "Hey! Stop staring at me! Pervert!"

He snapped back into reality, scowling at her, "I was not looking at you, Mistress Bison. I was wondering why Lord Bison would dress up such a foul little girl in pretty clothes when her personality fumes overtakes. For a wife, it certainly looks bad on you."

"You want to be his wife? I'll even trade clothes with you right now if I make this dress so foul." She motioned to the door with a dismissive wave, "Otherwise, I can do without the lecture."

F.A.N.G tightened his mouth in forced holdback, choosing to exert his energy by adjusting his glasses. Chun Li was quite the little bitch when it struck her but he wouldn't dare tell the wife of Lord Bison what

he truly thought.

Her nails tapped the side of her watered down drink, clinking as she brought it to her lips. F.A.N.G was aware that Lord Bison had instructed the waitstaff to not give her any potent alcohol, making her protest that he was treating her like a child. The Shadaloo Leader absolutely did not deny it, telling her that she was a child who needed supervision.

"You should be grateful for Master Bison's continued patronage for you. Not many women get the chance to be his wife." He snobbishly said, "It seems inappropriate instead of ladylike."

"Yeah, you suck his dick and see if you still want to be ladylike afterwards." Chun Li casually remarked before she took a drink, "Then again, maybe that's all you think about?"

A low growl came from F.A.N.G's throat, seeing her enjoy his angry demeanor. Being so cavalier in accusing a man about his sexuality was a high risk that was only reserved for the wife of Lord Bison, a risk she exploited when she could.

Had she been a mere little street fighter like before, the second in command would have poisoned her without second thought for that little remark. F.A.N.G could have saved his boss so many headaches if he had gotten to her before he stuck a ring on her finger.

How Lord Bison allowed this tawdry behavior was beyond F.A.N.G. Chun Li was gorgeous when she spat fire and brimstone but nobody is that pretty. Even with a body like hers, Lord Bison could still choke her into submission.

"It should be all *you* think about." F.A.N.G said, leering his eyes behind his sunglasses, "You are his wife, not his employee. There shouldn't be anything else clogging up that empty brain of yours except how to please him since that job is your only assignment."

She pursed her lips, running her tongue over her teeth in exasperation, "At least I didn't fuck up my job tonight. Unlike you. But you wouldn't know that, would you?"

Unbeknownst to her, he actually *did*. F.A.N.G accidentally viewed in on the two consummating their marriage right before the prize fight tonight and it was probably the closest he ever got to Lord Bison's bedroom life.

They were alone in the viewing box as they very well expected to be and while F.A.N.G was observing the cameras, Lord Bison apparently made some smooth moves on his wife. The moves either worked well or they worked well enough for her to agree.

F.A.N.G originally wanted to focus on other things besides their intimate relationship but he was utterly mesmerized by the two.

Lord Bison had let his wife straddle him and let her intimately kiss him, strumming her feelings like a orchestra harp. He sank his teeth into her skin like a beast, leaving fresh marks all over with dotted precision. His hands were able to gently loosen her dress enough to reveal her breasts to him as his lips sucked tenderly on her nipples.

Chun Li's face was flushed red as his member forcefully entered her, making her grind up against him. A large purplish mark was on her left nipple, her skin almost broken by her husband's canines. F.A.N.G had seen more dignity from seaport prostitutes than what the wife of Lord Bison was acting like while she was riding dick. But she made it look damn good and professional.

Then again, it didn't seem like the Shadaloo leader even wanted her to have some dignity. He started to bounce her in his lap, his hand sliding over her bottom where her lace thong could be seen.

F.A.N.G didn't know what else to do but he slid his own hand under his robes and started to massage himself. He wasn't sure if it was Lord Bison or Mistress Bison that was driving him crazy but either way, he had to get rid of it.

Lord Bison ran his hands over her clothed curves before Chun Li leaned back from his pelvis, laying her back on his full lap facing upwards with her hands on feet for support. F.A.N.G could now see all of her South of China that she was exposing: Lord Bison's thick cock buried deep within his wife and her trashy little thong pulled aside with her scarce pubic hair slick with fluids. He was sure Lord Bison appreciated his wife's acrobatic methods to fuck him, undoubtedly.

The devoted subordinate was driven to rub himself harder, watching the two puzzle pieces of human flesh fuck in perfect harmony and rhythm. F.A.N.G didn't know what his brain was wanting to focus on but whatever it was seeing, he was reacting very well to it.

The blatant and secret pornography was quaking in pure sexual drive on live feed.

Her strong legs slung over his hip and shoulder, making him kiss her soft ankles and calves before fucking her deeply. His hand ran over her belly and her exposed breasts, kicking up her dress even more.

Chun Li was crying out for him, begging for his seed. Lord Bison had to practically saw his hips back and forth before he came to completion in her slick folds, letting her enjoy her orgasm with his. F.A.N.G could see his master's white seed spill out of Chun Li, pooling around her thighs and dripping on the floor.

F.A.N.G felt his own cum spit out into the front of his robe at the sight of her pussy overflowing with precious fluid, his sweat blinding him. Lord Bison then crooked his finger to his perpendicular wife, grinning.

"Come give your husband a kiss," Lord Bison was recorded saying and winked, making Chun Li roll her eyes and shift upwards. They latched lips for a bit as she fixed her dress before realizing his seed was now all over the carpet.

Apparently, the wife saw an issue with that and brought it up. Lord Bison was enjoying his post-coital drink and suggested she use her mouth to clean it if she cared that deeply. It spurred an argument between the two and F.A.N.G then was rudely interrupted to work.

"Yes..." F.A.N.G trailed off, trying not to think of the recent memories, "Lucky me."

Chun Li appeared satisfied, crossing her legs as she nursed her drink. However, their conversation was

finally ended when Lord Bison reappeared at the door, looking perfectly fine. He tossed the phone on the table, walking past his guards.

"There. That's how things should be handled. It will be there bright and early" He remarked, saying nothing more of the matter.

F.A.N.G eased a bit, stepping backwards so he could walk past him. The right hand of Shadaloo could figure Lord Bison smelled a little richer and devious after his impromptu conversation

Lord Bison crossed over to the couch, taking his entitled spot next to his wife. He lightly kissed her on the lips, making her scowl fade a little. The crowd outside the box appeared to have erupted in cheers and the prized fighter of the Shadaloo leader had won.

"Good," The Shadaloo master commented, "Such a fight. Purely a shame I had to miss it. Perhaps next time. Detective, we're leaving. Guards, make sure our esteemed invitees get home safely. I want them fresh for discussion tomorrow."

Chun Li picked up her wristlet and stood up before she felt something leak between her legs. Embarrassed, she realized it was a glob of cum that was falling out of her and her underwear was definitely not going to keep it together.

"I'm going to freshen up." She squeaked out, hurrying out the door. The guards followed her, leaving the two men to themselves. Lord Bison tutted a bit, seemingly tickled at his wife's change in pace.

F.A.N.G, however, turned to his master and bowed his head.

"Forgive me, my Lord," He started, looking at Lord Bison's side eye glance, "But why do you allow her to speak to you in that way? Mistress Bison clearly flouts you like a rebellious little chiclet."

"Questioning my taste in women now, F.A.N.G?" The supreme leader inquired sardonically, "If she hurt your feelings, I said you could drug her."

"Master Bison, she is not refined or proper for you." F.A.N.G pressed on cautiously, "Having her accuse us of latent sexual ideas or resenting us for our job is not beneficial..."

"Well, *do you* have latent sexual feelings to me?" Lord Bison interrupted, turning to him, "Or should I be concerned for my wife's welfare? After all, there are cameras here."

The second in command was speechless, "M-master Bison, I..."

"To answer your question: don't concern yourself with Mistress Bison's attitude with me. I will handle that when I choose or choose not to. My private life is none of your business nor is my marriage." His master said, "She is privileged with certain immunities and it may be those reasons I chose her above wishy little girls. But I don't explain myself to you or to her."

F.A.N.G swallowed his humiliation in the back of his throat, "Yes, sir. I understand. I just offered a unwarranted opinion and I will not do it again."

"Good. Next time you have one of those, do recall that she is my wife," Bison reminded him shortly, "Not my commander. You may be my right hand man but she is, by marriage, an extension of me. I can replace you. I can't replace a part of me. Remember that next time you feel a little out of sorts."

F.A.N.G was a little surprised by his cross statement before Lord Bison left him to his stunned expression. However, before he opened the door, the leader hemmed a bit.

"Oh, and one more thing..." Lord Bison said without turning, "I don't mind an audience. I particularly like voyeurs. But Mistress Bison gets a little upset when she finds out so if you watch, take it to your grave or I'll have to pacify her outburst."

F.A.N.G looked absolutely astonished as he saw Lord Bison beckon his wife before they left together, her arm around his. The second in command Shadaloo subordinate had no idea if his master had just given him broad permission to peep on him or to stop altogether.

The married couple were walking towards the main doors, lightly bickering back and forth, picking up where their earlier fight left off like professionals.

"I'm glad your principles cost me 500,000 dollars, Chun Li," Bison said as the two were exiting out the door, "That's exactly why you were swatted, just to test them. Not because I told you so or anything."

Chun Li huffed, her cheeks inflamed with embarrassment, "That chandelier was a fake and it was loose. You shouldn't blame me for faulty installation. A strong gust of wind could have knocked it down!"

"Or throwing liquor bottles through it as some point game." He said sternly, "Because some little girl nicked herself some alcohol."

"You...you have no right to scold me! You put a hole through a painting!"

"Because I was busy reminding you what a husband does to his wife. Damage I do not mind paying for." Bison corrected her, "You were hardly complaining. In fact, I think your exact words were *Oh God, please fuck me harder, Master Bison...*"

Chun Li turned purple with embarrassment, throwing her nose up in the air.

"Asshole," She said haughtily, "Hypocritical too. Had we been fucking and the chandelier fell, you'd be bragging about it."

Bison curled a smile, watching her try not to think about that night he put a hole in the painting. Maybe he could give her an encore of it tonight when they got back home. Or just maybe, Bison would fuck her in the car while they were driving back.

He wondered if the driver also watched. It'd be interesting to question him.

7 - Life of Crime

The summer heat of Dallas, Texas beamed down on the man's black suit, making him sweat bullets. His hand clenched around the handle of a silver briefcase as if he was drowning in the sea and it was his only life preserver.

The man was young, perhaps only early thirties though his anxiety had made him appear much older. His dark, ethnic complexion and wispy moustache had put him out of place in such a area. Stress whipped across his brow, making him wipe away with the pit stained sleeves of his suit jacket.

He knew for a fact he was fucked but he certainly didn't want to die. He just wanted the money and get back to his roots. Live a few decades without a care in the world.

A dark black car pulled up in front of him, opening the passenger side window, The man anxiously looked inside, seeing two white men sitting in the front seat. One shot out a badge with the label "DEA" on it.

"Kapur?" The passenger asked, "Agent Christoph. We spoke on the phone."

Kapur swallowed, "Come out. How do I know you aren't from Shadaloo?"

"Is that the briefcase?" The agent asked, "The one we spoke about?"

"I'm not telling you anything until you come out and prove you're not from Shadaloo." Kapur insisted, hugging the case over his chest. The two men looked at each other before exiting the car, flashing their badges again.

"Hand over the briefcase and we'll go. You can catch the first plane out of here to Pakistan or wherever you're from if you want."

The man who was driving the car said, "You just have to promise to get the fuck out of our country."

Kapur took a step back, "I want money first. You said I could get paid for doing this."

One of the agents fished out a wad of cash, outstretching it to him. Kapur hesitated before reaching out, grabbing the money with his left hand. The agents suddenly turned on him, twisting his arm behind him as the other caught the briefcase.

"Shadaloo! Shadaloo dogs!" Kapur helplessly flailed, seeing the agent load his gun, "You motherfuckers! Fuck you and fuck your whore mothers! Fuck your boss!"

"Lord Bison thanks you for your service." The driver said, pulling the trigger as he pressed the barrel against Kapur's skull. Brain matter and chunks of bone flew everywhere as the body lurched forward, blood pouring out of the gaping hole. The body continued to spasm and twitch, clearly still working out what just happened before it shut down entirely.

The two agents checked the contents of the briefcase before returning back to their car. The passenger agent clicked on his radio as the driver headed a short ways down the road.

Another car, a black car, was under a deserted overpass. The engine was running and the headlights were on. The navy car flashed their headlights at it, pulling up beside the idling automobile.

The passenger agent knocked on the back passenger window, eliciting it to open. The agent bowed deeply, extending the briefcase out to the open window. The other car passenger took it gingerly.

"Is he taken care of?" A deep rumble asked. The agent remained in bowing position.

"Yes, Lord Bison. The contents are all there." He replied, "Your flight is waiting at the designated airport."

Bison opened the briefcase while sitting in his car, inspecting it for damage. The agent straightened up as the driver agent stared straight ahead. After a moment, Bison closed the lid and latched it tightly.

"Good. Make sure this doesn't get back to the federal agents. I don't need them poking around in this cowboy town," Bison ordered, "And make damn sure the cartels do not figure out what just happened either."

"Yes, Lord Bison." The agent bowed again, "You need to move quickly. The Segador cartel members have been tracking us on foot for days."

Bison appeared to be largely unconcerned but acknowledged his words anyway, setting the briefcase by his feet on the car floor. Even in the best of plans, those roaches associated with the gangbangers of Mexican cartels were ridiculously good at squeezing into places.

However, another voice piped up, "Oh, ew, the briefcase has blood on it."

The agent sweated a little, blinking a little rapidly. He gulped as he saw his master turn his head slowly to the other unseen voice.

"Behave." Bison sternly said.

"I don't want to touch it. Get it away from me." The voice was distinctly feminine and the agent spotted a swish of pink fabric on the carseat next to Bison. He knew exactly who that was; it was foolish of anyone *not* to know.

"Good afternoon, Mistress Bison," The agent greeted.

There was fumbling from in the car and Bison suddenly sharply grunted as a young, pretty head stuck out the window. It was Chun Li in a light pink cocktail dress and pearl necklace, adorned with pink quartz stone earrings. Her hair was up in her traditional ox horns with pearls wrapped around them.

"Hiya," She answered, "Got a question for you."

"Uh..." The agent appeared flustered, "I can only answer so much, Mistress Bison...?"

"How long is *too long* for leaving a wife in a car alone on a hot day?" Chun Li asked bluntly, making the agent nervous, "Like thirty minutes? An hour?"

"I...uh..." The agent stammered, "I guess maybe forty minutes...?"

"A-ha!" Chun Li smirked, turning towards Bison who was wincing in pain. The agent figured out that she must be kneeling in his lap, her hard kneecap pushing against his groin. Bison had waved off the agent, throwing her back to her spot in the car.

"Forget she asked anything." He told the agent, "Get your job done."

The window rolled up with the car leaving the Shadaloo agent scratching his head. The dust settled and he sighed, heading back to his own car. The driver turned to him, pushing the gears back into driving position.

"How long would you leave your wife in a car?" The first agent asked the driver, making his partner look perplexed.

In Bison's car, the married couple was arguing again but Chun Li was rubbing her sore bottom after her husband laid a hard smack on it.

"You don't have to spank me like a kid," She snapped, "It was a legitimate question and *he* agreed with me."

"Don't interrupt my business talks with inane questions." Bison derided, his jaw tight, "Besides, I don't care what some lowly agent thinks. I did not leave you for that long in a car. You are not a dog or newborn; the air conditioning was on."

"You left me for two hours! In a car! Outside some shady place while you were buying a death ray or something!" She persisted, feeling her aching bottom subside, "I didn't even have a book to read!"

"I told you to bring something to do. You decided not to." He said, "It was your choice."

"You threw my audio player out the window!" Chun Li crossed her arms.

"Because you wouldn't answer me when I spoke to you which I said from the very beginning that if you did that, I was taking it away." Bison reminded her, taking out his laptop, "Now, stop crying about it. We're going home. You can wail about your problems there."

The car finally reached the outskirts of Dallas, heading into the rural country. She peered out the window, seeing the skyscrapers fade into the distance. Chun Li had no idea why that bloodstained briefcase was so damn important that Bison had to drag her out of bed at 2 A.M to get on a jet, sit in a boring breakfast with his American associates, then be forced to sit in a car for two hours, then dragged back home.

"What were we doing here anyway?" Chun Li inquired, peeking at his frame, "Were you really buying a deathray? You didn't deny it."

"I was working. You were my wife. That's what we were doing," Bison answered, plugging in a USB port, "Don't ask questions about my work. Your job ends and begins in my private life, not professional."

"Then why am I here?" Chun Li asked, leaning her head against the seat, "Frankly, I don't want to know what you do or why you're doing it. Makes me sleep better at nights."

"Detective, you hardly need such an aid to sleep at night since I wear you out." Bison answered, typing into his computer, "Now be quiet and sleep the rest of the way to the jet so I don't have to hear you."

Chun Li muffled her snide comeback with a hasty intake of her breath, closing her eyes as the warm sunlight bathed her face. It was somewhat relaxing, sitting in a smooth ride and encased in summer heat.

She must have drifted off because a loud screech of a siren jerked her head to full alertness. Blinking the drowsy road hypnosis from her eyes, Chun Li saw Bison look rather annoyed as he had reached for a gun.

"Whoa," Chun Li said rather alarmed, "What's going on?"

"Nothing. Go back to sleep." Bison told her, checking the magazine. Chun Li ignored his order, as she always did, twisting her body around to see a familiar blue and red flashing light. It was local police, probably expecting a routine traffic stop instead of a wanted international drug lord. The car was unmarked, however, making Chun Li think that he intended to use it for minor entrapment.

They were apparently on a stretch of rural prairie highway with very little around them. The skies were clear and blue but the rolling grass blew an ominous wind.

"Please tell me," She started, still staring at the lights, "You're going to bribe him."

"Not necessary." Bison said, "Now shut up, sit back down, and do as you're told."

Chun Li felt her bottom hit the seat, keeping her hands in between her thighs. The driver of the car must have been prepared because there was no commotion from the front of the vehicle, almost as if this was trained.

The cop had walked up to the driver's window, knocking on the glass. Chun Li held her breath, scared half to death that she was about to witness a murder. Her fists clenched the hemming of her dress, shaking in fear.

"Just...please bribe him." She softly begged, "Don't kill him. Please."

Bison ignored her, sliding up the the open partition and aiming his pistol at the window. The driver slowly pulled down the window, just enough for Bison to aim right at the cop. Chun Li's heart was racing, memories of her father flashing back to her.

She quietly slid her foot out, wondering if she could make Bison miss his shot. Chun Li could grab him from behind and pull him back...

Another car drove by and slowed down, probably rubbernecking. Chun Li looked out the window from the corner of her eye before she realized the other car was lowering their windows. Her hands began to shake and her throat quivered in fear.

A glint caught her eye: *the other car was pointing a gun at them.*

"Get down!" Chun Li cried out in instinctive panic, diving for cover and grabbing her husband by the shoulders. Bison fell backwards on top of her before the windows became a symphony of gunshots and shattering glass. The shards rained down on the both of them, making Chun Li tremble in fear.

Her eardrums were ringing so it was hard for her to hear what Bison was shouting. She felt the car door on his side open, leaving her there on the floor.

Bison fired his pistol at the offending car, getting the driver squarely in the head. He fired another shot in the car door but missed, hitting the road instead. Three Hispanic men came out with assault rifles, taking aim at the car.

The leader knew they couldn't pierce the bulletproof siding on the car so Chun Li would be perfectly safe. Bison fired another shot, hitting one in the chest while the other two took cover. He made them scatter back with another shot, ripping open the trunk to pull out his loaded rifle.

Chun Li had finally regained her mental state, her stomach flat against the carpet of Bison's car. She rolled over on her back, checking herself for wounds but found absolutely none. Rubbing her face, Chun Li couldn't decide what to do.

Bison fired a high powered bullet into their car, ripping it was like tissue paper on a gift. He could sense absolute fear from the shooters, his soul eating it like it was fresh candy. Reloading another bullet, he aimed at the car again.

Inside the car, she attempted to scramble to her feet but the bullet sounds made her duck again and curl up in a fetal position. Glass became stuck to her bottom, making her cover her ears in agony as the shootout happened.

Bison was aiming again, completely steady in his grip. He zeroed straight down the sight line, aiming for the hood.

"Come on, you little shit," He muttered to himself, "Stick your head out. I don't have all day."

Finally, one of the two did and Bison fired a high round right through his eye. Blood splattered upwards into the air, making the body fall down over the hood of the car. He reloaded again, seeing the other coward piss himself in fear.

Inhaling the gunpowder scent, Bison waited for him to hesitate before he unleashed round after round

into the car. The Shadaloo leader could have done better than Oswald in a book depository with how fast he was pumping rounds into the car.

One bullet struck the last gang member in the neck, forcing his body to fall to the ground under the car. Blood started to pool out, making Bison supremely confident in strolling over to the enemy's side.

The gang member was clinging for life, holding his bloodied throat as Bison kicked his body over, seeing a cartel tattoo on him. The garbled Spanish was brutalized enough from the torn vocal cords, making Bison put another bullet in his head just from having his eardrums assailed by it.

It might as well have been shooting a watermelon; the head exploded into a literal pile of goo. Bison cautiously checked the beaten car, seeing nobody else in there. He certainly drew the wrong attention here. Attention he was assuredly not supposed to get.

He walked back to the car, opening the door to Chun Li's side. His wife snapped into reality, fighting back against him by kicking and flailing. Bison laid his rifle next to the car door, pinning her frightened body.

"It's me." Bison said, his eyes narrowed, "You're fine. They're dead."

Chun Li exhaled sharply, her hands twisted in his collar. She leaned her head against his neck, her hot breath playing on his bare skin. Bison picked her up out of the car, putting her back on her feet but facing away from the carnage. He then grabbed the briefcase and hesitated in grabbing the rifle before deciding to leave it so he could make sure he had a good grip on his wife.

"Who was that?" She asked, trying to turn around but he swiftly covered her vision with his cloak, obstructing her sight of view. The briefcase hung at his side.

"It doesn't matter. We need to go." Bison remarked, pushing her away, "The driver is dead."

Chun Li however spotted a brown boot near their feet, stunned at the sight. The cop who originally pulled them over was laying facedown in a puddle of his own blood, his head twisted in pain and shock.

Her hand clutched at his sleeve as Chun Li tried her best not to cry. Bison's insistent shoving towards the unmarked cop car kept her focus sporadic which helped her greatly in not breaking down.

He pushed her into the passenger seat which she crawled over the car console, smacking her bum on the seatbelt latch. Bison set the briefcase down between the two before taking a seat in the driver's side.

Finally, Chun Li was able to see the aftermath of what just occurred before her.

"Oh my God," She quietly said, "Did you do all that?"

"Not all." Bison shortly reminded her, attempting to locate the keys. Damn cop must have taken them with him. Aggravated, he pulled the seat back to accommodate his height, readjusted the steering wheel up high, and ducked his head under the car .

Her gaze somewhat shifted to the curve of Bison's bent spine before she went back to the crime scene, watching the blood bake in the hot Texas sun on the asphalt. Botflies and mosquitoes had already started to feast on the body with vultures starting to pick up the hint.

"This is horrible and disgusting." Chun Li muttered, feeling her throat hurt a bit.

"Don't look." Was Bison's tepid response as if she was idly pointing out a mundane landmark. She furrowed her brow at him in irritation. There was no point in running, even if Bison was preoccupied with the car. He could wrangle her back and punish her for even trying to take advantage of an opportunity.

"Hard not to." Chun Li answered, thinking of no other response. Bison appeared to be annoyed at the car more than her.

"Look, don't look. It doesn't matter to me, Detective." He said, feeling the wire strip cut his finger a bit. Giving a coping snap of his tongue to hide the pain, Bison finally was able to get the wires going long enough to power up the battery.

He finally pulled out his head and broke the ignition key hole, hearing the steering wheel unlock. It wasn't too bad of a job in Bison's opinion, considering he hadn't lifted a car since he tried to drive that truck into Ryu.

"Are we actually stealing a car?" Chun Li questioned before she heard Bison shift the gear, "We are actually stealing a car."

"If it makes you feel better, you can say commandeering without consent." Bison said, hitting the gas, "But it's just a way to shake off the police and whoever comes poking around."

She shook her head, "I hope they catch you just so I can frame your mugshot."

"I have an old one you can have." He offered as he drove around the carnage to speed down the highway, "Besides, it's a little fun being on the other side of the law, isn't it?"

"No." Chun Li crossed her arms, "Where did you learn how to boost cars anyway?"

"Why *didn't* you learn how to steal a car?" Bison replied, watching his speed dial climb up, "Too busy braiding hair or something?"

"This is why we can't have decent conversations. Because you're a misogynist." She rebuked him, "You could have said anything else but no, it had to be my gender."

"Are we having this fight again?" The Shadaloo leader questioned a little sardonically, turning to her, "I just need to know in case I have to throw you out of the car."

Chun Li groaned, latching her seatbelt, "Yeah, yeah. Just don't buckle up or anything. Go through the windshield at 90 miles an hour."

"What are you, my mother? Next you'll be asking me to keep it down while your boyfriends are over." He rebuffed, making her widen her eyes a little.

"Uh...I'm really sure mothers don't do that..." Chun Li trailed off, "Is...is there like something you want to share?"

Bison ignored her, checking his mirrors. She leaned back in the seat, exhaling a deep breath. After a few minutes, Chun Li looked over at the criminal mastermind and his intent focus.

"Who were those people?" She asked with trepidation. Bison didn't even bother looking at her as he turned the steering wheel around a road bend.

"I have a long list of people it could be." He responded calmly, "But we don't have all day. So be quiet and thankful. We have to get to a safehouse and it'll be so much easier if you don't input whatever opinion you have on the situation."

Chun Li sighed, staring out the window. The prairie grass were rolling in the soft breezes, making her think of the dancing rice fields she saw when she was a kid. Back then, the only thing she had to dodge was toads and not stray bullets.

Bison had been churning thoughts in his mind too. Namely about how someone either fucked up or fucked up in selling out his location. The cherry on top was fucking up with *Chun Li* in the car with him. It's one thing to go after Bison but another thing to try to catch him off-guard with his wife.

However, the married couple was broken out of their thoughts when the radio crackled on. It was low and almost garbled before Chun Li picked it up and held the receiver against her ear. The garbling stopped and she clicked it off.

"They found the bodies." She told Bison, "And they're calling in this car as stolen. So I hope you have a good plan because this license plate is about to be broadcasted all over Texas."

"Interesting ear you have." Bison commented, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel, "Kind of makes me wonder why you don't seem to listen to me half the time if you made out those words."

"It's something you just don't lose." Chun Li tightened the corners of her mouth, "Police codes, radio...this one came out clearer than the ones I had to listen to as a rookie."

"Mm." Bison hummed, "Be helpful then, detective, and let me know when we're about to come up on some police officers."

She shook her head, "No way. You can be arrested. You murdered those people."

"Oh please. You're acting like murder is some abhorrent act. I killed a man when I was five years old and I'm not a complete basketcase." Bison scoffed.

"*What* is your life, Bison." Chun Li gawked a little, "Jesus. What sort of childhood did you have? Do we need to sit down and have a session or something?"

"In any case, Detective, if I get arrested then I will take you down with me. How long do you think we'll last in a Bonnie and Clyde shootout hurrah?" Bison sarcastically asked her, "These people shoot first and hide up police brutality later."

Chun Li was irritated at his casual demeanor towards her accusation but more frustrated that he was right. Rolling her head back, she heard more garbling before picking the receiver up near her ear.

"Speaking of," She said while it was going on, "There's a barricade up ahead."

"Shit," Bison hissed out, leaning forward in the seat, "Look for a gun."

"I'm not shooting anyone!" Chun Li protested, "Besides, the gun would be in the trunk!"

The Shadaloo leader motioned to the glove compartment, "Will you just check and not give me lip?"

Chun Li fumbled open the latch and the glove compartment popped open before a pair of handcuffs fell into her lap. Picking them up, Chun Li let the sunlight glint off them before Bison eyed them suspiciously.

"Sorry. A pair of handcuffs without a key." She announced, "Some papers, ticket books...oh, I think there's something else here."

Chun Li picked up what she thought was a tiny assassin pistol but the leather case gave way. It was black interlocking bars with tiny spikes sticking straight up. It wasn't long enough for a road but Chun Li could figure it would pop two tires.

"Spike strip." Chun Li shook it, "That's it."

"Then we'll just have to improvise," Bison said, seeing the police cars up ahead, "Run them over and break through the barricade."

"Wait, wait," She grabbed his arm, "Can't we just let them live? Please? I think I have an idea. Just don't run them over. Break through the barricade. Please?"

"Why are you being so sentimental? They're going to kill us if we don't kill them." He reprimanded her coldly, "It's like flies with newspaper at this point. The more you let go, they breed out of control."

"Please?" Chun Li begged, "If it doesn't work, you can kill them."

Bison rolled his eyes, shifting gears, "Fine. You get 10 seconds, Detective. Don't waste my generosity."

She smiled triumphantly before she saw the car advancing to the barricade. Three police cars with lights were waiting there, blocking the road. Bison revved up the gas and sped towards blocked cars as the police officers yelled at them to stop.

Chun Li threw her plan into action and threw the spike strip behind them as the car struck the blockade, forcing one car to roll over the spikes and deflate the tire. It gave Bison enough room to veer off to the

side, pushing the other car out of the way.

However, what she didn't count on was another police car hiding in a ditch behind them and hitting their gas at top speed. The car struck the sitting car hard, concaving the side of the car by crushing it against the third car that was waiting in front. Smoke and transmission fluid began to seep out of the crushed car.

Chun Li watched as the only good car had bolted instinctively to get away but their own tires hit the spike strip, pummeling down the three broken cars. The gasoline and ignition fired up, resulting in a fiery blast that exploded behind the couple.

The two looked at each other in surprise. The flames from the explosion was still going strong from the offending police cars.

"*That* worked like a charm." Bison finally commented, finally turning his gaze back, "Who knew a spike strip would cause so much fiery death?"

Chun Li looked pale, "I didn't...think..."

"The important thing is that we are scot free." He said, taking his foot off the brake, "And we'll still make it back for our flight. Even better. Well, I was wrong for doubting you, Detective. You used those ten seconds well."

She sunk down in the seat, feeling sick to her stomach.

"I hope they didn't suffer." Chun Li wailed quietly, sniffing back tears.

"What? Oh no. They definitely suffered." Bison said, merging lanes, "They were burned to death or the smoke suffocated them into an unconscious state. Probably no chance to escape with crushed legs either."

Chun Li glared at him, "You're supposed to agree and comfort me."

"You want me to be truthful or you want me to be comforting? I can't do both." He asked roughly, "Women. Why can't you just be happy you killed a lot of people successfully?"

"Because I don't want to kill anyone!" Chun Li answered as if she was a guilty child being admonished, "It was an accident. I didn't mean to..."

"The road to Hell is paved with good intentions," Bison said, "This should be sort of freeing for you though. I mean, you're definitely going down under now. Now you can commit all sorts of atrocious crimes and you'll still go down either way."

She bit her lip, staring out the window, "Maybe I can repent."

"Yes, I really don't think a God who determines the fate of one's afterlife has heard 'It was an accident!' before. It might work." He snickered, hefting a small laugh from the back of his throat, "At least we're

definitely sitting in the same handbasket to Hell together now. You won't be lonely with all that brimstone."

Chun Li became nauseous at the thought. She really had no idea it would turn out so gruesome! Bison appeared to have picked up on her state of distress before rolling his eyes. He had pulled onto a secluded area up in the wooded hills, taking what looked like an unused road down the way.

"Detective, I was kidding. You won't be going anywhere." He said, making her lift her head up a little.

"You think so?" Chun Li fluttered her eyes at him.

"No. Not really. That was me comforting you. See, I knew it wasn't going to work." Bison shut her down, making her depressed again, "Now stop moping about some dead cops. We're finally here."

Bison had pulled into a safe house, checking his GPS tracker. It would be several hours before his flight could take off and they had to lay low for a bit. What turned into a day trip would be much longer.

Chun Li looked around the safe home, curiously analyzing it. It was absolutely removed from society. Interpol could not have found this even if they had a tour guide, a map, and neon sign that said "SHADALOO SECRET SAFEHOUSE HERE".

It was just a step above "crack house" in her opinion. Old, shuttered, and faded one story adobe walled home with dusty windows and cracked cement steps. The roof was worn from years of rough terrain and fallen tree limbs. What looked like hail damage had been cracking the foundation, making it a bit unsteady.

Bison slammed the car door shut, walking into the safehouse as his wife followed behind him. He carried the briefcase under his arm and entered through the creaking door. She narrowly avoided the splintered wooden door slamming in her face, twirling into the home as it shut.

The home must have been a trapper's lodge from decades ago, re-purposed for hiding criminals of a devious nature. Chun Li kept her hands close to herself, dutifully keeping close to Bison as he entered another door.

It was a bedroom with a single twin mattress on a brass metal frame. Two small armchairs were in there along with a nightstand and a table that was just long enough for one person to work. Chun Li shook her head, deciding the last place she needed to be alone with her husband was the only room with a bed in it.

"What am I supposed to do?" Chun Li inquired, not wanting to breach the doorway to the bedroom. That was how he got her every time, after all, just like a bear trap.

"If you don't mind." Bison gestured mockingly, "I have work to do."

She frowned, sitting on the couch. The place was scarce in things to do for a wife of luxury.

Bison found he had plenty: contacting an envoy to get to his flight, figure out who fucked this up, and

start tying nooses. Opening the briefcase, he checked the contents.

Everything seemed fine. Satisfied, he clicked it shut. Bison needed to get this briefcase back to headquarters as soon as possible. A lot had been riding on the contents and he would prefer to get one stressful thing out of the way.

As she was sitting on the couch, Chun Li wondered if there was something to eat. Her stomach growled, devoid of contents, and she decided she couldn't wait for the chef's recipes back home. She checked the cabinets and found rations. Feeling ill at the thought, she shut them. Who knows how long that was there?

However, she spotted fresh, edible plants outside. Chun Li had taken Girl Scouts when she was a young girl living in America for a few years while her father worked in Brooklyn. She also recalled her police training when they went over survival skills as well as Charlie Nash pointing out plants to her.

Chun Li had no idea if Bison would fly into a freakout rage if she opened the door so she quietly crept outside through the window. Her heels dug into the mud as she gathered the plants, taking a small armful that was just enough for substance, seasoning, and flavor.

The former fighter didn't hear the roarings of a controlling asshole of a husband but she decided it was better to ask for forgiveness than permission so she opened the door and strolled in with her plants. Chun Li waited a moment and figured she was in the clear.

She rinsed off the plants and washed them in the kitchen, making sure they were clean and free of parasites. Chun Li wondered how Nash would have thought of her using his teaching methods, attempting not to fall into her old memories.

The water was clean at least. Boiling water, she put the chickweed and kudzu in and began tearing up the other plants with her hands.

After the soup was done, she found a bowl and scooped some in. Tasting it, she was satisfied. It wasn't gourmet but it was pretty good. Chun Li quickly consumed it, drinking it down with astounding quickness. Her belly became full, just enough to ward off the gnawing hunger.

She wondered if Bison would eat it or turn up his nose. Chun Li really didn't want to give him any but she also considered he might bitch for eternity if she was eating something he didn't have himself, like a child who hates other children getting gifts.

Chun Li found another bowl and scooped some in there, putting a plate underneath so her hands could carry it without getting burned. Hesitant, she walked to the bedroom where he was sitting in a chair. Bison appeared to be looking over a geographical map and marking it with a fine point ink pen, swishing his X's with elegant script.

He must have heard her because he glanced up, curious about her staring at him. Chun Li cleared her throat, plunging ahead with her symbol of truce.

"Hi," Chun Li said, holding a plate, "I just thought maybe you want to eat. Unless you don't care. Kind of hope you don't."

Bison raised an eyebrow, "Strange way to poison me."

She wrinkled her nose, annoyed with his statement, "Think I would try that in the middle of nowhere? That's stupid."

"You thought popcorn was made from baby kernels." He reminded her tartly, making her fume. Chun Li forcibly set down the bowl and plate next to him with her teeth grinding against each other.

"That was *one* thing and *you* could just say no like a decent human being." She hissed, her jaw bouncing up and down from her gnashing, "Bastard. I hope you starve to death. This is why I never do anything nice for you."

"I hope it does have poison so I can stop listening to your incessant complaining," Bison abruptly said, "Wouldn't that be a treat for me?"

Chun Li thought steam would comically erupt from her ears but instead, she reached deep down inside of her where all wives instinctively know how to control their husbands and composed herself.

"Eat it or you can suck your own dick from now on." She threatened sweetly "Before you say anything: try me. The only oral you'll get is me tongue lashing you about whatever I think of at the moment and you know I get plenty of those whimsical complaints."

Bison winced, making Chun Li think her words cut through him. He picked up the spoon and cautiously took a small sip of it before he set it back down.

He appeared to be completely fine with it. Chun Li was satisfied and left him to his devices.

Truthfully, Bison liked it a lot. It was a perfect carryover until they got home. But he didn't want to admit it without fair warning she would gloat.

Chun Li quietly investigated the safehouse, now on free reign. It was small and cramped, perhaps less than 700 sq feet total. There was a layer of grime on the trim and baseboard, something she could scratch off with her long fingernail if she wanted. The bathroom was attached to the bedroom, only able to squeeze one person. There was no shower though and quite frankly, Chun Li would not trust that toilet.

She must look terribly out of place with her pink dress and high heels. The dust under her heel was staining the fabric and Chun Li idly kicked it off in futile attempt. However, she must have alerted some inhabitant as a wolf spider poked her head out of a crawlspace.

Chun Li clasped her hand over her mouth, muffling her scream. The wolf spider beelined to the other side of the living room and snugly disappeared from view. She hoped Bison didn't hear her fearful cry as he'd never let her live that down either.

The Shadaloo wife couldn't figure out where the spider went (or if it was part of a man-eating family) so she quickly went back to the bedroom where Bison was consumed with his computer. The food was

gone and the bowl sat next to him on the table edge. His rough fingers typed in keystrokes almost lazily. She sat back down in her chair, fantasizing that the wolf spiders might eat him first if they were lurking about and ready to attack.

He used his forefinger to press his laptop off, taking out his GPS tracker. The extraction team was still lengths away and there was little hope Bison could get his wife back before tomorrow. Sighing, he decided it was best to placate her little moods.

"When are they coming?" Chun Li asked, eyeing the floor for more creatures in hopes they do not crawl up under her dress. Then again, it was better than her husband crawling up under her dress.

"We'll be here for some time." Bison stated, propping his feet up, "Another two hours at least."

She sighed, undoing her hair, "Are we safe here?"

"Yes," He answered, "As long as you don't call out for delivery. We're going to be fine. Don't fret. Your senseless murder spree is safe from the law."

"I didn't...!" Chun Li insisted before deflating, "It was an accident."

"Of course." Bison smirked, "Perfectly aligned accident. The courts wouldn't see it that way. A woman like you would get 25 to life for each."

"I'll say it was you." She darkly responded, "I'm a victim here."

"Don't pin your murders on me. I have enough of them to go around and then some." He chided jokingly, "We could serve our execution sentences together though. In this state, they get the needle. That's romantic for a crime spree couple, isn't it?"

"Oh *God*." Chun Li got up from her seat, "It was an accident! Why am I the only one taking this seriously?"

Bison idly shrugged, "Killing cops is a Tuesday for me, Detective. In my mind, had that little Boy Scout minded his business then it all could have been avoided."

"You killed my father *who was a police officer*." Chun Li reminded him with frustration.

"You cannot win every argument with how I may or may not have murdered your father." Bison told her rather annoyed, "Argue like an adult or accept my win."

She instead stuck her tongue out childishly at him, removing her shoes. He rolled his eyes as he watched her massage her sore feet, making him set his GPS tracker on the table and flick his map shut.

"What's in the briefcase anyway?" Chun Li asked, feeling slight discomfort from her heels.

"Oh, I thought you didn't want to know my business. Going to move up in the world of arms dealing from killing policemen?" Bison replied sardonically, "You have to kill a lot more cops before that happens. Industry average is 20 minimum."

She groaned, knowing she was never going to live this down. Chun Li smoothed out her dress, wanting to lay down and sleep but the mattress looked like it had been through some consensual (and non-consensual) couples.

"Why is there only one bed here? Don't multiple people hang out here?" She questioned, feeling ugly at the sight of the bed, "Eugh. Stinks."

"Because this isn't a hotel." He responded, "If you want to sleep, just don't think about it too hard. But this is the world of criminals out in the field, Detective: not every cop-killer gets a spoiled little life. You should learn how to rough it anyway, being a thug and all."

"I am not...!" Chun Li growled, clenching her fist, "It wasn't funny the first time, it isn't funny now!"

Bison smirked, "If you don't want to sleep, I got something else for you, baby."

He clicked his tongue suggestively after the last word. Chun Li physically dead stared him into the ground. It didn't help he put a little spin on it with a much-too long wink either.

"You're a nightmare." She deadpanned.

"We have about two hours." Bison patted his lap, "Why not pass the time?"

She scoffed, picking up the dishes, "Disgusting pervert."

He creaked out a grin, crooking his finger at her to beckon her. Chun Li flouted his demand, returning to the kitchen to place their dishes in the sink. Rinsing the food off, she placed them on the counter to dry before she felt someone press up against her.

It didn't take any of her investigation skills to discern who that was. Her hand attempted to swat her intruder away like an annoying fly before he grabbed her hand, kissing it all the way down her arm.

"You know," Bison said as he pressed his lips on her shoulder, "Never took you for a housewife. Why I think, in another life, I could have been a salaryman while you would cook and clean for me. Live in the suburbs, commute to work, have a dog, all that white picket house on the lawn stuff."

"I can't tell if you're mocking me or complimenting me." Chun Li sighed, feeling him work up to her neck, "Stop it."

"Clearly, I'm fucking with you. You are a cop-killer, you can't have that straight laced life." He chuckled in her ear, "Or I'm going to be fucking with you. Let's go to bed unless you want to do it right here. I'm game either way, Detective."

She ripped herself from his embrace, turning towards him. As evidenced by her glare, the former detective didn't think his jokes were funny.

"I am not a killer." Chun Li said, "And I'm not going to fuck you here. It's dirty and God knows what your

thugs do here when they're hiding out. I can smell the deep rooted systemic masculinity from here and in that filthy bed."

"Deep rooted systemic masculinity? Where did that excerpt come from, a tiny little women's study class at a liberal arts college?" Bison laughed, taking her in his arms again, "Let's go have some fun. An early dessert for us, if you will."

She cringed, "That was way worse than what I said. Knock it off. Why don't you work or something and leave me alone?"

"Because I don't want to work. I want my wife." He answered, "My wife who loves killing innocent boys in blue. It's a powerful aphrodisiac."

"Asshole!" Chun Li tore herself free and stomped away, "You know it was an accident and-hey!"

Bison had picked her up bridal style, humming as he carried her to the bedroom. Chun Li attempted to wrestle out of his grip but he tossed her on the mattress and kissed her hard like a thirsty lover.

Chun Li felt him reach into his pants and she thought he was pulling out his cock. However, she realized he was sliding out the pair of handcuffs they found in the stolen car but before she could alert him to her struggle, Bison clicked one loop around her hands.

Now it was frantic, trying to kick him off her but he was too heavy of a frame and she was at a sorry disadvantage. Bison looped the handcuff around the metal bars of the headboard, clicking the other one on her other wrist. The wife was in shock, nearly in disbelief before she tried to break free. He then took off his hat and set it down on the table, rubbing his hand over his dark hair in a smooth swipe.

"Hey!" Chun Li wriggled with her handcuffs, "You jerk! Do you even have the key for these!?"

"I'll show you a trick to get out of them later. Now that you're part of the gang, you should probably know it." Bison teased, "Maybe I'll even show you how to boost cars as you so eloquently put it. But I want my delicious little dessert since my wife decided to cook for me."

Chun Li felt his hands twist off her panties, ripping them down her legs. His head went under her dress and she blushed madly when his lips touched her surprised wetness. She squirmed a little, flushing pink as Bison started his delicious torment.

"S-stop, you know I don't like..." She fumbled but he aptly ignored her, using his tongue to tease her warm entrance. Frustrated,
Chun Li wiggled her handcuffs but she found no escape to them as they locked her in place.

Bison started to lap up her juices, using his fingers to toy with her feminine wiles as she flushed with heat. He liked it when she tried to resist his oral fixation but Chun Li always fell to his charms and demented tongue.

The trapped female fighter attempted to squirm out of his torture but Bison held her in place by grabbing her thighs and nipping at her clitoris with his teeth if she was getting too rowdy. That settled her a bit, making her face red as she felt herself leak more on her husband's face.

Her dress strap finally broke free, revealing her bare shoulder and some of her breast. Chun Li was a mess and she knew it but

Bison only wanted more of her heated neediness. Slowly, he pushed back on her folds with his fingers, encasing her clitoris with his mouth. A low protest was heard from her, making it impossible for her to keep cool under the circumstances. It was so easy at this point, Bison nearly stopped to torment her.

After beginning to suck on her, Bison felt a lasting tremble in his wife's body. Her legs scrunched up, bending her knees in pure embrace of her oncoming orgasm. Sweat from his brow started to bead off, the heat from being under her dress and coming off her skin made him hot. However, Bison pressed on and decided it was enough.

He took his mouth off her engorged clit and went back to her entrance, using his fingers to push back her hood and expose herself entirely. Slowly, he let his tongue enter her as he used his free digit to encircle her.

Chun Li had been quietly allowing him to do this to her so far but when he started working hard at it, she mewled and yelped as her eyes stared straight into the ceiling. Completely helpless, she felt her body move in waves before the Shadaloo wife got caught up in a tidal wave of orgasm.

Her legs tightened around his head, trying to grind his face as fluids gushed out of her. A soft moan of happiness escaped from her lips, letting her slump into a comfortable post-orgasmic bliss as Bison licked up every drop from her.

After he was done, Bison took his head out from under her dress and kissed her roughly on the mouth. Chun Li offered no resistance, letting his tongue conquer hers and tasting the mixture of his saliva and her fluids on his lips.

"You really are trapped, aren't you?" He derided her, stroking her cheek, "My, my. What can I do with a pretty little thing like you then?"

Chun Li's wrists lamely pulled at her handcuffs again, feeling the same amount of trapped behavior. Bison gently pulled at her other dress strap, releasing her breast openly. His head bobbed down to her chest, licking and sucking her nipples. Her legs squirmed under his weight, clearly driving her crazy.

"Come on, darling," He purred, "If you want something, just say it. No need to be coy."

Her body arched a little, letting Bison have better access to her breasts. His tongue ran over her skin, claiming every inch of her chest with his mouth. His hands ran against her clothed waist, letting his hands go back under her dress.

Chun Li gave a little cry, struggling again with her handcuffs and fighting back tears from her sensitivity.

"I think you need something but for the life of me, I can't figure out what it is." Bison taunted her, letting his thumb and middle finger stretch out her opening and making her flinch, "Hm? Care to let me know,

Detective, or keep suffering? I can do both."

"I...I need your cock..." She pleaded, unable to take it anymore, "A-ah, it hurts when you stretch it!"

"That's really not specific. I can pull it out but not do anything." He chided her, stretching her wider, "You have to say what you want. Not exactly a mind reader, Detective."

"I need your cock in my pussy! Please!" Chun Li felt humiliated, tears threatening to come from her eyes, "A-ah, it's sensitive! Sto-stop!"

"Very good, Detective. A little begging never hurt a soul." Bison chuckled, undoing his pants and letting his erect cock rub against her orgasm soaked entrance, "You're very ready for me, hm? What a little slut you are. I don't think the straight and narrow life suits you, Detective. I think you're a bad little girl deep down inside."

Her lips tried to form a defense statement but all she could give was a paltry little whimper as he prodded her body. Chun Li felt his cock eagerly cause her misery to her arousal, making her even more frustrated that she couldn't free herself.

He ducked over for another kiss on the lips, stealing her breath out of her mouth. Bison let the very tip of his head enter her a little, allowing her sensitive lips to feel his pre-cum pooling around his head. Chun Li shuddered in pleasure, whisking away her wiles.

"I'll let you have my dick if you say you're a bad little girl." Bison grabbed her face, letting his fingers dig into her mouth, "You're a bad little girl and you fuck bad men like me. Say it."

"I-I'm a bad little girl an-and I fuck bad men like you..." Chun Li repeated, her throat itchy and hot, "Please...!"

"You let bad men cum inside of you?" He tormented her, letting his cock rub against her, "Your pussy isn't even putting up a fight. I could fall right in with how wet it is. But I don't think I will. I think you're going to tell me what I want to hear first."

Her face appeared frustrated with angry tears, flushed with redness across her cheeks. He stroked her cheek with his left hand.

"Don't pout at me, Detective. It won't work." Bison berated her gently, "You're going to tell me why a very bad man like myself should fuck you. For every good reason, I'll give you half an inch of my cock. You can do the math, can't you? Better be a long list if you want all of it inside you which it feels like you do."

Chun Li felt her mouth go dry in desperation, her body tense.

"I...I...do whatever you tell me to do." She said, her voice slightly off-center with her begging, "I give you my pussy whenever you want it..."

"I'll take those two but they better get much more enticing if you want the rest." Bison accepted, pushing

his cock in one inch,
"Don't even bother trying to squeeze me in."

"I get so turned on when you hurt me..." Chun Li panted, demanding more of him, "And I love it when you like hurting me. Please, please put more of your cock inside me! Please! I can't take it anymore!"

"Very good answers. Two inches in, little slut." He said, "A few more and I'll start thrusting inside of you a little. Slowly, of course. Can't let you have all of my dick just yet. Deal?"

Her brain was overloading on his ministrations. She couldn't think properly, feeling like she was a untrained bitch in heat. Her uterus was almost demanding that she would be bred like a slave but Chun Li had to hold onto her last trump card.

"Because I want to be your whore. Because I am an ungrateful little girl who needs to be taught a lesson by your hand." Her dizzying confessions spiraled her into a stage of horny vulnerabilities, making her squirm underneath him.

His cock slid another inch but this time, Bison grabbed her throat and put his hands tightly around her neck, making her sputter with her breath. Chun Li desperately wanted to claw at him to free herself but her hands were still confined.

"Didn't your father ever teach you not to fuck with dangerous men?" He winked, tightening his grip, "I could snap your neck like a twig now. I could choke the life of you in two minutes. But here you are, looking up at me like a horny little schoolgirl and clenching around my dick. What a bad girl your father reared."

The worst part was that it was true and Chun Li knew it. He could balance her life in his hand and she would definitely orgasm. Her spit ran down the corner of her mouth, parting her pleading lips as he chuckled at the sight.

Her flushed and exposed nipples were hard, making her dress fabric bunch uncomfortably under her breasts.

"Because I need a Daddy, not a father, to teach me." She heard herself say quietly, "And I like bad men like you as my Daddy."

"Ah," Bison seemed to like that, grinning as his pearly white canines revealed, "What a revelation. Certainly explains your predilection to my dick. I think I can cut you a break and let you have my entire cock in you. If you agree your Daddy gets to teach you."

She jumped at the chance, her legs slipping under his ribs as he rode up on her pussy harder. Truthfully, Bison almost had been driven mad with her proclamation and her "Daddy" term so he couldn't have lasted another 15 reasons. He'll play that game another time.

Bison easily pushed his full length inside of her, kissing her hard on the mouth. His grinding picked up rather quickly, slicking his pubic hair with her fluids. Chun Li felt his breath on her cheek, making her unintentionally giggle at the sight of him going hard in her.

There was a latent desire to feel her hot skin on his bare chest so Bison rapidly and ravenously pulled at his buttons to tear open his shirt. He swung the loose underside fabric across his frame, revealing more of his chest before he aimed to suck her face again.

Her lipstick smudged on his mouth, giving his lips a harsh pink color. Chun Li's hips moved up against his violent thrusts, helping him fuck her deeply and painfully. Apparently, Bison surmised she didn't want to walk for a week after this.

"Come on, girl," He scolded roughly, "Make me reach orgasm. You want your Daddy's cum inside of you, don't you? Daddy wants his cockwarmer working for it."

Chun Li squeezed her leg muscles before baying out a cry, feeling his thrusts too hard for her muscles to keep a good grip. She reared her head backwards into the pillow, arching her back towards him before saying,

"I killed those men for you, Daddy."

His hands ran up against her curves, under her voluptuous chest, "Did you, Detective?"

"Yes." A painful choke from her throat, "Does that excite you, Daddy? That I can kill for you too?"

His fingers ran over her hardened nipple, making him tut with appreciation, "Of course it does, Detective."

A thick load of sperm ejaculated inside of Chun Li, making her squeal as her long awaited orgasm hit her. It felt like her clit was vibrating under the hood, making her squirm under multiple climaxes as he coated her pussy walls with fresh spurts of cum. The throbbing intensity had made Chun Li white out with her final cascade over her climax, leaving her limp.

It didn't stop the Shadaloo leader one bit. Bison pulled out his drenched cock, rocking his body forward to cave in his dick with her breasts. The soft, warm envelopes of skin engulfed his aching member, making him grind between her tits.

Her breathing was low and deep for her unconscious state, rising against his cock but Bison found his rhythm easily. His hands groped each side of her chest, fondling it around his grazing dick.

In minutes, Bison released another load on her face and neck as well as a load on her bare tits. A cool clear layer of sweat droplets dripped off his face as he leaned back, using his hand to pump his shaft as he covered her belly with his cum.

Swiftly extending his fingertips, Bison painted his seed on her stomach like an art project and making it slide all over her. He couldn't help but think that her womb laid beneath-*just* below-and she might have his baby.

The sensation must have stirred her back to waking reality, making him wipe his finger off on the sheet. Chun Li opened her eyes, finding herself with drying cum everywhere.

"You jerk," She whined, "It's all over me!"

"I think you like this," Bison chuckled, kissing her on the head, "Like a gang initiation, almost. Little criminals like you have to earn their keep."

Chun Li struggled vainly, puffing her cheeks at him, "I wasn't thinking properly! You drove me mad, you can't use it against me...!"

"In that case, Daddy is going to teach you a lesson in lying." Bison mocked her, getting up from bed, "You can lay there with his seed all over you like an indecent little bitch and remain handcuffed. I need to check on the extraction team."

Her mouth dropped open, "You can't be serious! My wrists hurt!"

Bison redid his pants, unzipping them back up. He appeared to ponder it for a moment before snapping his fingers.

"Fine, Detective. I'll tell you how to do it but I won't show you." He said, looking at her, "You can either break the chain by snapping it against each other or you can dislocate your thumb and slip out. Have fun."

She blinked, "Wait, what?"

Bison picked up his laptop, ignoring her feeble protests and demands to show her what he meant but he tuned her yelping out. The team was only thirty minutes away so he could withstand it.

When the extraction team did finally come, the soldiers found mostly naked Chun Li scowling as she was trying to get the handcuffs undone with Bison watching her in amusement from his chair. His hat was sitting beside him on the table and his shirt was only halfway buttoned up.

"Oh, you almost had it, Detective." He taunted her, "Are you not strong enough to do it?"

"Bastard." Chun Li hissed, wriggling her wrists, "H-hey! Tell your men not to look at me!"

The soldiers started studying the ceiling and floor like it was a final exam, making Bison unlatch the handcuffs himself. Helping his wife tidy up a bit, Bison gave orders to his men as Chun Li vainly searched for her underwear. She got on her hands and knees to look under the bed, grumbling about how her life was a daily humiliation.

"Take the briefcase to the car." Bison gave his last instruction, "Follow me and do not let that baggage leave your sight."

The soldiers bowed and Bison pulled Chun Li up from the floor by the waist, dragging her as she went commando into a waiting car.

Her bare bottom hit the seat and she crossed her arms.

"You're an ass." She finally managed out.

"And you're not getting this handcuff thing." Bison replied before she heard a familiar 'click', "But you'll figure it out. Can't have my little criminal wife not know the basics."

A loud, frustrated yell could be heard for miles as the car drove away.

8 - Life In Alone

Bison had left early that morning and Chun Li had expected him home around dinner. She had done this routine a million times: wait for him, have dinner, get her ass spanked, and hit the bed for a roll before getting sleep.

It didn't matter which hotel he dragged her to. The same thing always happened: rinse, repeat, get fucked.

However, a soldier appeared at the door and informed her that Bison had been caught up in a unforeseen issue and he would be home late tonight.

A red note was given to her. Chun Li didn't need a good detective skill to figure it out who wrote it:

Good evening, Detective:

I will be home late tonight. Do not get any ideas of misbehaving or running away. You do not want the bad end of running into me on the streets.

Eat your dinner and go to bed on time. The assistants have been instructed to bring up food to you.

Don't fret, Detective. I will be home soon. Maybe if you're very good, I will bring you a present.

Lord M. Bison

Par the course, Chun Li crumpled up the note and tossed it in the trash. She would nail it to their bedroom door but he was leaving her alone for the night which was the best gift he could give. Taking off her shoes, she laid on the couch and stared up at the ceiling.

The setting sun was basking the penthouse in an orange glow, making her restless for excitement. Fat chance of escaping; Bison had hired people specifically to capture her quick feet.

So the proper wife of Shadaloo did what anyone would do: walk around in her underwear, binge on sweets that Chun Li had squirreled away in her bag, and watch terribly awful Asian horror films on demand.

"Turn around, you idiot! Ugh!" Chun Li groaned at the screen with severe annoyance, "Always turn around! She's so stupid!"

In the film, cheesy as it could possibly get, the female victim was being terrorized in an insane asylum (that definitely was not up to code) by some supernatural entity. She wasn't really certain on the plot as the entire premise had been shaky but this was her third horror film in a row and this was about the 20th busty Asian girl getting hacked into fake bloody bits so Chun Li was being lenient.

Naturally, the fictional horror character met a gruesome end and Chun Li threw her hands up in the air.

"They *always* pop up in the mirror. You never just stare in the mirror, God!" She muttered, hugging her pillow close to her chest, "Some people..."

A knock at the door had surprised her, making her get up and pause the film. Chun Li threw on her robe and opened the door, seeing one of Bison's lackey assistant with a full dinner course on a cart. She rolled her eyes, shutting the door as the assistant readied her table.

She went into the bathroom to wash up, dabbing cold water on her face. Her steady diet of sweets and hot tea had started to make her a bit sick with the sugary contents. Chun Li brushed her bangs out of her face before carefully inspecting herself in the mirror.

Chun Li felt tired but she didn't look tired on the surface so she ran some coconut oil under her eyes and rubbed it into her skin rather quickly. Her fingernail trapped some of the oil underneath the nail bed, making her wash her hands again in frustration.

However, she noticed another red letter sticking out of edge of the vanity mirror. Chun Li peered over at it, using her left hand to hold the mirror and her right hand to pull it out. The small space between the two was enough to secure it in place but came out with enough force.

Checking the envelope, she figured this letter must have been an earlier one that Bison wrote. Annoyed, she tore it open and sat down on the edge of the sink to read it:

My dearest little detective,

You don't remember this date from many years ago. This was the first time we met when you were a young girl who challenged me in a fight. You so boldly demanded the whereabouts of your father and refused to let go, even it was so obvious you were outmatched.

I was thinking of that day when I saw you sleeping in bed this morning. It was almost surreal in the idea that you would eventually become my wife from that day forward.

Truthfully, I wanted to kill you that day and every day up until many years later. However, you proved much more stubborn than whatever father you accused me of killing and I commend you for that. You are also much smarter than your father could have ever been: you choose to survive as my wife, not die as another nameless figure in the pursuit of honor.

You should be proud of yourself. You played it just right, whatever you did, and earned the safest and most secure spot in the world. You gave up your past life for me, albeit with serious convincing. Understand that your future is certain when you are with me, not against me.

I hope this letter finds you and you absorb what I am saying. I can tell some days, you regret the choices you made but I assure you, you made the best choice of them all.

Maybe as a special date, you can wear that old jumpsuit for me again and we can fight it out.

Lord M. Bison

Her hands trembled, unable to throw away his letter. Chun Li closed her eyes and squeezed back the hurtful tears, feeling the pain flow through her veins. What a horrible, nasty letter he left for her read. Taunting her, dangling her past in such a condescending way.

She stormed into the kitchen with tears in her eyes, seeing that the assistant had left with a beautiful dinner spread. Chun Li grabbed the tablecloth, ready to rip it off and trash the whole set but her hands frozen.

Bison would come home, see the mess, and punish her in a humiliating way. Probably spank her until her skin came off or hogtie her to the bed again. Her nails dug into the white cloth before letting it go, feeling her arms drop at her waist.

Out of mindless routine, she sat in her spot at the table and slowly stared across to the empty chair. In her mind's eye, Chun Li saw Bison sitting in his chair with a grin on his face as the candlelight flickered. She picked up her fork and knife, cutting off a slice of her meal. It was caramelized potatoes, soaked baked oranges in wine, and duck foie gras.

Chun Li only managed to take a few bites of it before she spat it out in her napkin. She hated foie gras; it tasted like melted buttery sausage. Of course, foie gras was what rich people like Bison ate and so she had to as well.

Had he been here, Bison would have admonished her for wasting food and to grow up from being a picky eater. However, Chun Li wasn't going to subject herself to the taste if she didn't have to so she threw her napkin on top of the meal and got up from her chair. Too bad for the duck though in giving their life to her salty tastebuds.

The wife of Shadaloowalked to the foyer, looking up at the ceiling. The dim lighting was soft on her face, making her hug herself a little. It started to get dark outside and the lights of the night began to turn on.

She made her way back to her couch where her movie had already turned off automatically. Laying on her side on the cushions, she hugged her pillow again. The letter kept creeping in her mind like a bad dream as if she couldn't shake it.

Was it really the first day they ever met? Chun Li only remembered the wedding date, not the date of meeting him. She thought hard about that day: finding him in a field, bravely challenging him to a fight, and seeing him run away to his jet. Bison never indicated to her what he said in the letter; in fact, she thought up until he shoved a ring on her finger and claimed her, Chun Li was a minor nuisance not worthy of his attention.

Now she was like his little purse puppy; traveling with him everywhere, waiting for him when he got home...

You are nothing now. You are just a wife.

Her mind shifted from that day to this morning; Bison pulling her to him in bed and tossing the sheets aside from their naked bodies. There was no fighting, just primal sex and bodies rubbing against each other in pleasure. Hedonism was the name of the game, not revenge or power.

Did you enjoy it?

Did you enjoy it?

"Did you enjoy it?" A voice startled her and Chun Li lifted her head from the couch.

"Bison?" She groggily said before blinking, seeing a frightened assistant before her. Grumpy, Chun Li pulled herself up to a sitting position.

"N-no, Mistress Bison. Lord Bison is still working." He stammered, "I was asking about your dinner. Did you enjoy your dinner? If not, I can ask the chefs to..."

"No. I'm not hungry. Just go." Chun Li pointed out the door, rubbing her head with her other hand. The assistant bowed, leaving quickly to clean up the dinner. She arose from her seat when Chun Li saw him pick up the unused bottle of wine.

"You can leave that." Her request came out sharper than she intended but she yanked it out of his hand along with her wine glass, "I'm taking a bath. Please turn off the lights."

"Yes, Mistress Bison." The assistant bowed again and Chun Li headed to the bathroom. Setting the wine bottle down on the edge of the tub, she turned on the water. The silky smooth stream of bathwater ran down her legs, allowed her to get a massage before she tore off her robe and slid off her panties.

After the tub was done filling, Chun Li poured her perfume into the bath and let it shimmer on the surface. It was a mixture of orange and freesia with a hint of vanilla. After she had poured out the contents, she only realized that it was Bison's favorite perfume on her that drove him crazy for her.

Slipping into the waters, she poured herself a glass of wine and sipped it. The water dipped between her toes and her fingers, drowning her muscles in a state of relaxation. She could even feel her pelvis, which had been aching since this morning, draw itself into contentment.

Chun Li placed her wine glass on the edge of the bathtub, sinking below the waters. Closing her eyes, she let the heat sink into her body and soul like a sponge.

The hotel felt eerily quiet, even aloft in a penthouse. The night had turned black outside, shimmering with neon lights and street lamps. There was no light in the penthouse, save only the entry hallway light, as Chun Li turned them all off to stave off her need for companionship.

She wished she could sink all the way through the tub and just fall. Fall into oblivion, fall into the earth...

The water felt heavy on her body, like it was pressing down. The perfume scent irritated her nose but she ignored it, holding her breath steady underwater.

Memories of her father flashed before her mind, seeing him smile at her. Reach out for her. Hold her...

But then, as soon as he came, he was gone. The vision faded into white and there she was, standing before a mirror with her visage dressed in white. Her old quiapo folded next to her with her spiked bracelets laying on top as if they had been discarded like a toy.

Chun Li was beautiful the way she was now. But peering into her reflection, she saw who she once was: a detective with singular purpose. Now a stranger, Chun Li feared even reaching out to touch her.

Did she really give up everything on her own terms? Bison had taken her life from her and her future. Did Chun Li really have a chance or was it all for naught?

She could make his life hell. Fight him on everything, resist every sentence, kick, scream, hit...but deep down, Chun Li knew it was the worst option. Bison could hold her down, break her legs, tie her up, and destroy her mind. He could give her a personal audience to his cruelty and deliberately violent nature.

Even if it was just to hold her father's memory in noble condition, Bison could take that away from her too.

Shadaloo was about survival and Chun Li was living it day-to-day.

You could stop enjoying it when you fuck him though.

The air trapped in her lungs suddenly forced her to lurch forward, breaking the surface of the bathwater as she gasped for air. Water spilled over the edge, making a shallow pool under the steps. Chun Li coughed a little, fighting back her tears of shame.

She was his little whore; no matter how many excuses she could come up with, Chun Li was enthusiastic about sleeping with her husband. Yes, she fought it and yes, she resisted. But the woman kowtowed to Bison every single time.

What was she to do? Lay there like a limp fish? Pretend to be dead? Chun Li wasn't that ruined inside and Bison probably wouldn't like putting his dick in a lifeless corpse.

She didn't want to think about this anymore. Pulling the plug on her tub and finishing off her glass of wine, Chun Li slipped out and grabbed her towel to dry off. The room was still dark and Bison must still be working late. Chun Li maneuvered around the dark bedroom, finding her sleep clothes.

Putting on her tank top and lacy underwear, she leaned against the bedroom window as she gazed out to the horizon. Chun Li wondered what sort of crimes Bison was committing right now and how many lives he was ruining. Perhaps there was another woman out there, just like she had been, plotting his demise and her revenge for murdering a family member.

The only difference was that Bison will come home to her and take her as a husband does after a long day. The other women out there, with fathers buried into the ground and hopeless lives ruined, will only face their eventual demise at his hands.

And Bison will make her orgasm with neither of the two having any second thoughts. They will fall asleep together, in the same bed, and Chun Li will wake up with his seed leaking out of her.

It was incredible how fast a person can normalize these things in their brain.

Chun Li felt exhausted and decided it was time for bed. Drying her hair off and performing her nightly skin routine, she settled into the comfortable sheets. Chun Li could still smell Bison's scent on his side, making her think the housekeeping wasn't as good as they claimed.

Still, it brought her some false sense of comfort. She could pretend it was a scent of man who loved her and was loved by her.

But don't you love fucking him? Is that not the same thing in this criminal world?

Chun Li had fallen into a deep slumber with that last thought on her mind, captured by the soft sheets and warm pillows.

However, her dreamless sleep was interrupted by a insistent feeling between her legs. Drowsy and scattered, Chun Li felt a presence holding her tightly.

"You're awake," A quiet, seamless whisper said in her ear, "Shh. I don't need long, Detective. Stay still."

Chun Li uttered a quick gasp as her intruder reached under her top to grope her. The rough fingers pulled down her panties to her knees, the warm air hitting her open womanhood like a soft pucker of warm breeze.

His hand went over her belly, keeping her steady as he rocked her with his hips. Chun Li felt his cock rip into her like a hot knife, making her cry out a little.

"You feel so good..." She heard him say, his rasping breath playing on her neck, "Come on, Detective, just a little more. I needed this tight little hole..."

Chun Li felt a hot load shoot into her, making his thrusts more rapid and rough. His hand pressed hard on her lower stomach, making her feel everything that was going on. She then tightened around his member, reaching her own climax as he messed her up.

"Bison..." Chun Li breathed out his name, "There's so much in me...it's leaking out..."

His head buried itself in the back of her neck, wrapping his arms tightly around her. Still engorged deep within her, Bison settled into his spot. She felt him kissing her shoulders before he fell into a deep slumber.

The pants he had kicked off were laying on his side of the bed, making her wonder if it would be more comfortable if she just took her underwear off. Chun Li soon found that she couldn't move without alerting his attention, deciding that she was just going to have deal with his dick scraping against her clothing.

In the morning, Chun Li awoke to the sounds of a shower and semen dripping all over her thighs like a popped balloon. Her underwear was now filthy with his globs of seed remaining in the lacy cloth, requiring necessary showers of her own.

There was also more fluids than she remembered, making her think Bison was dumping more of his load in her when she was asleep.

She sat up, feeling a whole gush of his fluids come out of her. Sighing, Chun Li decided it was best to get cleaned up. Peeking around the doorway, she slipped into the bathroom quietly to grab a towel to wipe between her legs.

However, Chun Li felt a hard grab from behind and was pulled rather harshly into the shower. Capturing her cries with a kiss, Bison had ripped off her now wet tank top and underwear and tossed them over the door.

"Sorry, Detective," He grinned, "I'll make up the time you were alone without me. Come here to your husband."

All she could do was exactly that. Bison picked her up and held her, letting her legs wrap around his waist, and started to pummel her pussy. Chun Li felt the wall press against her back, kissing him with eagerness. The hot water ran around their two bodies, collecting around their feet.

"You do know," Bison said quietly in her ear, "You belong to me and only me?"

Chun Li nodded silently, letting him kiss her again. He grabbed her bare breasts, groping them hard within his hands. Her hands tightly wound up in his wet hair, letting herself stare up at him as if he was in control.

"Good," He finally replied to her acknowledgement, "Don't ever forget that if I leave you alone again."

His cock filled her again with his seed, letting her cry a little bit in fever. Chun Li felt herself be dropped to the floor before her head was forced on his still-erect cock. Gagging, she started to pleasure him.

"You should always be aware of your place, Detective," Bison stated, grabbing her hair to hold above her head, "So don't ever try to remove my seed from your body again."

How did he know? Chun Li couldn't ponder it too much as he thrust into her throat, making her cry out for air. After a few minutes, he ejaculated in her mouth and face before twisting her body around to enter her again.

Her hands hit the shower wall, feeling him fuck her pussy roughly as before. The imprints of her palms left impressions on the steamed glass door, hardly covering up what they were doing in there.

Semen was still in her mouth, making her sick with the salty fluid. Bison continued to pump his dick inside of her, keeping his steady pace. The water fell off his shoulders and onto her back, creating a small waterfall.

"What am I to you?" He questioned rigidly, unmoving in his tone. Chun Li could barely keep up with his neediness, her knees weak with submission.

"My master, my husband, my lover..." She trailed off, "Everything my father could not be."

Bison traced the outline of her spine, "Good answer."

Chun Li felt ashamed that he was pleased at her response but it was overpowered by his harsh fingertips digging into her buttocks, finding her husband particularly happy about his submissive pet.

The hot water beaded into her eyes, making her sweat as steam blurred her vision a bit. She felt two hard spansks on her bottom, making her flinch some more.

Her nails scratched the shower door, leaving deep engravings. Bison grabbed her arms and twisted them in a locked position while he fucked her from behind, making her feel even more trapped.

Finally, he came again inside of her as she quietly mewled. Giving two hard hip rams against her positioned posterior, Bison let her go and took out his manhood from Chun Li's quivering hole.

Bison kissed her hard as he jerked a towel off the rack, wrapping it around his waist. Chun Li was relieved when he opened the shower door and exited promptly to get ready for the day which enabled her to slump to the floor in exhaustion. His seed was dribbling of her again, washing away down the drain.

Slowly, she reached her hand between her thighs and scooped out his soaking seed, cleaning herself off. The hot water was annoying her and razing her complexion so she turned it off and grabbed her own towel.

However, Chun Li noticed that Bison wasn't around. Usually, he'd be drying off his hair and getting ready but the vanity sink was devoid of any other humans. Twisting her hair up above her head and using her free hand to keep it there, she cautiously approached the bedroom.

She could smell coffee brewing and curiously wondered if Bison really did some actual work himself. However, Chun Li spotted his shoes laying at the side of the bed where they were last night.

Out of nowhere, she felt a hard tug and her towel ripped right off her body. Strong arms pushed her flat on her back onto the bed and she recognized her husband's forceful touch as he pinned her underneath him. Her wet hair tossed above her head, soaking the sheets.

"Just so you know," Bison's voice was somewhat raspy, "I'm going to fuck you all day long and then head to another meeting at 5."

"We've been at it for awhile now!" Chun Li resisted, feeling him pull her up so her legs were wrapped around his waist, "Let me have a break!"

"No." Bison denied, roughly kissing her, "But you can beg me for it anyway. I like it when you beg. Maybe we'll take a lunch break in a few hours."

She gave an agitated moan, her fingernails scraping his ribs. Bison put his head into her neck, his somewhat damp hair sliding across her ear.

"Damn it," Chun Li felt his hand between her legs, "Don't I get a present?"

"Mm. Glad you reminded me." Bison said, leaving her a butterfly kiss on her curve of her neck, "One moment, dear."

He reached out to the tableside, pulling out a small black box. It was silky smooth cover on top with red lettering.

Curiously, Chun Li opened the box and it appeared to be a blue diamond necklace that was set in a gold metal band. The curve looked very high, like a choker. It also looked very expensive in a "Burn money faster than they can print".

"It's pretty," She remarked, running her fingers over it, "But I've never seen a necklace like this."

"That would be because it's not one." Bison said, "Turn your neck this way. That's a good girl."

"Fine. Choker. Whatever." Chun Li felt him clasp it shut, "Wait, ow, it's poking me..."

"Still not a choker." He hummed giving her a kiss, "You do wear it well though. I thought you'd put up more of a fight but this was easy."

She blinked rapidly, touching the cool diamond under her fingers. It did feel rather constricted, like a dog coll-

Her eyes widened in shock realization.

"Is this a collar?!" Chun Li demanded, furious, "Did you just put a collar on me?!"

"Ah. She gets it now. I definitely did not marry you for your worldly attention to detail." Bison smirked, lifting the bottom of the box,

"Don't worry. This is just for me. Maybe. Depends on how I feel. I definitely won't use the leash in public."

Leash? Chun Li saw him pull out a matching gold leash with a small red diamond on the end where the handle was. He latched it onto her collar before pulling her in for a kiss.

"Bastard," She muttered.

"If you think I'm a bastard now, wait an hour." Bison smirked, "This is all you're going to wear. Now, where were we?"

He climbed on her and started to work downward from her chin, heading straight for her vulnerable bosom.

Chun Li stared up at the ceiling as he played with her breasts, letting her mind wander. Here she was, the personal audience to the most dangerous man in the world and she was his wife. Unlike every other female cop who would be crushed under his heel and killed, Chun Li had to endure his mastery and command over her life and soul.

What did Chun Li do to deserve this fate? Because she was never going to be alone again.

9 - Life of Sickness

"I'm going to die," Chun Li moaned in pain, staring up at the ceiling of her bedroom.

"Don't be so dramatic," Her adoring and doting husband chastised her from the bathroom as he was drying his hair off, "It's just the flu. You're going to be fine soon."

She darted her eyes at him, stifling her upper lip. Chun Li was too weak to argue with him, something that Bison seemed to enjoy greatly as one of her symptoms. While she was laid up in bed, he was just having a grand time at her expense.

Chun Li had been fighting the flu for nearly 48 hours, coming down with it late one night. Her body shut down pretty quick, giving her little warning before she came down with a fever. After Bison fetched Dr. Chou, and Dr. Chou shut down his hopes that she got pregnant, Chun Li was prescribed bedrest and fluids.

Chun Li thought Bison would at least let her be bitchy but she was wrong. Something like the flu wasn't qualified for warranted temper tantrums.

"This is your fault." She accused him, rolling over to her side, "You brought back something and you got me sick."

"It couldn't possibly be picking up an infection from the many servants and guards you have." Bison said with some tartness, "Stop bellyaching. Act like an adult instead of a attention seeking child."

"But you are the only one who goes off base, sleeps with me, and touches all my things. Your fault." Chun Li gritted her teeth, "My head hurts."

"I can't get sick." Bison reminded her, "My gifts prevent that. Now, shut up and go to sleep or something quiet. I'll have someone bring up your food since you're essentially a child."

"I'm not a child!" She defended herself before retreating with a spiraling headache, "Forget it. You're too exhausting."

Bison had rather choice words grumbling under his breath, mainly how he shouldn't have to put up with her behavior and if it was too late to admit her in the hospital wing. However, he did leave after snapping out a "Goodbye. Okay? Get decent or something."

It made her think he was attempting to convey her a sentimental departing message but he was just plain awful at it.

Chun Li had cuddled in her own sick, sweaty filth of bedsheets that had bunched around her. Her face and nose were bright red as her eyes were a bleary, crusty image. She grabbed another tissue, blowing her nose and shoving it in the trashcan next to her.

The wife of Shadaloo must look like a vision now. Chun Li was mildly surprised that Bison didn't serve her a divorce decree upon defenestrating her out the balcony when he looked at her. This was perhaps the first time he saw her without perfumes, beauty, and creams lathered all over her. It must have been a brutal shock when he realized she wasn't peaches and fantasy every moment of the day.

Bison still slept with her in bed. He was constantly annoyed because she kept waking him up (and she stole all the bed covers) but Chun Li woke up to see his arm still slung around her massive mountain of fabric in a feeble attempt to embrace her.

"Mistress Bison," a soft voice interrupted her dozing off, "Your lunch."

Chun Li rolled her eyes, coughing weakly. Hot chicken soup *again*. She would complain that she had it five times already but it did help.

"Thanks," She garbled out from her blanket fort. The assistant put her lunch on the table and Chun Li begrudgingly left her sanctuary to go eat.

Bison may have an ability not to get sick but he apparently was disgusted by a close proximity to germs. Chun Li's tissues were cleaned up every hour, surfaces were wiped down with strong antiseptics, and her sheets were changed every time she got out of bed. Even their blankets were washed and changed.

At least he wasn't interested in knocking boots with her. She wondered if she could keep this up forever so he would never share her body.

The assistant changed the sheets while Chun Li slurped down the soup. Her body ached something fierce as the burning liquid went down her throat.

She just wanted to lay in her snuggly warm bathrobe in her seat of blankets and sleep for days. Chun Li made Bison give her the fuzzy cotton bathrobe too instead of the sexy silk ones she endured to wear.

Chun Li finished her lunch as the assistant was done cleaning up and she crawled back into bed. Her brain felt cooked to the core.

The ailing woman rolled herself into a warm burrito of blankets, burying her head into the mountains of fabric. Her body was covered in sweat from her fever but she had it break a couple of times over the last two days.

Chun Li had dozed off a bit before she heard the door open. Thinking it was another assistant to clean up the tissues she used since lunch, she thought little of it.

"There's my poor little patient." A fuzzy voice had broken her nodding off, making her wearily open her eyes.

"Dr. Chou?" She muttered, "Ugh. I thought you said bedrest."

A firm hand had grabbed her chin before her vision lined up correctly.

It was Bison but instead of the looming, grumpy dictator that had been lurking around, it was a cheerful, shirtless man in a white medical coat. A stethoscope was around his neck, laying against his skin, as his hair was slicked back and devoid of his hat.

Chun Li's eyes widened, "No. No. Get out."

"I can't," Bison purred, winking as he leaned over her, "You are one sick little girl. What sort of doctor would I be if I didn't treat you?"

"A good one. Better than good. You're not a real doctor." Chun Li frantically said, trying to scoot her blanket cocoon away from him,
"No way. This isn't happening."

"You seem very upset." He commented, grinning, "It must be a terrible side effect of your illness. Well, I have just the medicine to set a girl like you right and proper."

She then noticed a large, weathered medical bag in his other hand and Chun Li just knew she would be absolutely *fucked* if he opened that bag with her around.

"You're not a doctor." She kept insisting, "This is a bad dream. My brain is cooking with fever. You couldn't be a doctor! No institute would give you a medical degree! You send people to a hospital room, not wait for them there!"

"Ah," Bison thoughtfully pondered, "Don't worry, darling. I went to medical school. Did the whole nine yards: treat the patient, treat the illness spiel."

Chun Li stared at him from the security of her blanket cocoon. She would have her jaw on the floor but she wasn't opening her mouth that wide around him.

"I'm waking up now." She muttered, trying not to stare at his bare chest under the white coat, "This is fucked up."

Bison set down his medical case which Chun Li definitely wasn't sticking around for him to open. He smirked, gently embracing her in his strong arms. She feebly fought back in a lame attempt to salvage her dignity between her thighs.

"Now, now. You're sick. Let the doctor take care of you." He chided, "How about you take off your clothes and lay down for a physical exam?"

"I'm good." Chun Li coughed, "Really good. In fact, I'm better. Go away."

"In my vast medical opinion," Bison made a sweeping stroke across her mouth, "I say you're uncooperative because a little girl doesn't want to see the doctor. But it's my job to make sure you're quite good and healthy so unruly sick little girls like you will get a spanking if you don't let me. If you're very good and follow doctor's orders, you'll get a lollipop to suck on."

Chun Li then realized he wasn't wearing any pants. Survival instinct kicked in her brain and she tried to roll out of bed but he easily caught her.

He gently unraveled her tight burrito blanket mess and Chun Li felt a rush of cool air on her skin. Shivering now, she could see his glossy smile plaster on his face.

"You look positively needy for medical attention." Bison purred, "Don't worry. I will take good care of you. Now how about you take off your clothes and let me check you out?"

His words seemed so enticing, like it was the right thing to do and the only option that she had left in this entire damn world. Chun Li, exhausted and feverish at this point, shed her sweaty clothes like a second skin.

"Shouldn't I get a gown?" She muttered groggily.

"Not needed. I need full access." Bison replied, touching her hot flesh, "My, my. You're burning up. I came just in time."

He pressed himself on top of her, rubbing his hands all over her warm body. Their lips dragged on a bit too much in kissing but his tongue glided over her ear and neck.

Chun Li couldn't help herself. She ran her hands over his defined abs and hip lines, blushing madly as her husband groped her breasts. It wasn't her damn fault he was hot! The man was built like a god and had the package to boot too. Chun Li was sick, she wasn't thinking properly, and it was a perfect excuse to swoon over his muscles without thinking too deeply about who it belonged to.

She wondered if Bison would mind posing for her and flex his muscles with his fake doctor coat on. Then again, of course he wouldn't mind because then she would fawn over him and that was exactly what he liked.

"Two days without sex, hm?" Bison remarked, sucking her breasts and digging his canines in them, "Poor girl. Must drive you crazy. Shouldn't abstain from your husband that long; probably drives him up the wall that you're laying next to him and he can't have you..."

She pleaded with her body to sneeze or cough in his face, just to gross him out enough to stop this farce, but her arousal was suppressing any deviant behaviors that wouldn't get her fucked. The one time her body refused to be gross in the past two days was when he was fucking her brains out.

Bison had reached her pelvis, dragging his teeth against the lightest sensations of her skin. Chun Li shivered again, feeling the tremble wake her sleeping womb up.

However, he managed to put himself between her legs before he crooned out a disappointing sigh.

"Why, you're not wet enough at all." Bison commented, "That won't do. I need a complete state of neediness for your exam."

"Oh thank God." Chun Li managed out, her head shifting from the side.

"Don't fret, darling," Bison grinned, "I have just the thing."

He got up from being on top of her, opening his medical bag. Chun Li was still fuzzy on the issue but she heard a click and a loud vibrating noise.

"He-hey, no!" She protested, seeing Bison come at her with a slender, red dildo, "Get that away from me!"

"Everyone is afraid of their shots at first. Stay still, darling." Bison teased, running the toy across her clit. Chun Li moaned in despair, feeling her body happily accept his inhumane treatments.

"No...please...ah..." She begged, "Oh, that feels so good...s-stop it..."

He started to rub the tip of the vibrator in circles on her clitoris. Chun Li gripped the sheets under her, panting heavily as her neediness began to leak from her feverish pussy.

"Fuck, I real-really want you to stop..." Her voice was barely a breath at this point, "O-or put it in! Ah!"

"Put it in?" Bison arched an eyebrow, "Darling, it's going in somewhere. Open your mouth."

Chun Li let her bottom lip fall open because what the hell else could she do? Bison slid the vibrator in her mouth, giving two gentle thrusts across her tongue with his wrist before he removed it.

"Are you going to put in?" She whimpered, shivering again. Bison chuckled.

"Yes, darling. Not in your pussy though. Think of it like a thermometer." Bison replied, "You're going to love it just as much though."

Her brain put the pieces together before she widened her eyes.

"Wait, no, not there...!"

Too late. Bison slid the entire vibrator into her ass, putting it on the highest setting. Chun Li moaned loudly, squirming as it stretched her hole apart. She could feel the whole damn thing, even the base of it, just past her entrance! Her pussy instantly became jealous, flooding her lips with drool at the very thought it would be next.

Bison gave her a deep kiss, putting himself back on top of her. Chun Li hadn't realized he had been sporting a hell of an erection.

He must have the discipline of a monk to keep himself together like this. Chun Li felt his head dip back towards her bosom as the vibrator relentlessly beat away her ass.

"I...I don't want to be seduced..." She struggled feebly, feeling his hot kisses get lower, "Please, I just..."

"You're being treated, darling. Not seduced." Bison corrected her, "Good girl. Get nice and wet for me."

That vibrator definitely got you going, didn't it? Such a good girl, keeping it in your ass like that."

Her "doctor" then ran his cock against her eager and waiting pussy, letting his precum slide over her folds. Chun Li thought she could orgasm right there.

Bison lifted her hips to settle on his thighs, having her body elevated off the bed slightly. His cock then entered her, making her gasp.

The man didn't waste a moment. He grinded his body against hers, grunting as his thickness ripped her apart. Chun Li was lost in pleasure with her holes filled up.

"Good girl," Bison praised her, his rugged thrusts becoming primal and fast, "Come on, darling, cum for me. You want your candy, don't you? I can feel your pussy tightening around me and the vibrator in your ass. Love your body and how sensitive it is! I can feel everything..."

Chun Li felt her fever return but she wasn't sure if that was good or bad. Her face turned red as scarlet ran across her cheeks. The ten toes on each foot curled up, making her dizzy.

She felt him slide his fingers between her legs before Chun Li felt his fingertips at the base of the fully engorged vibrator. Bison pushed it further inside of her, using his thumb and forefinger to play with her anal entrance.

A howl left her scratchy throat as Chun Li exploded with a death defying heights of an anal climax. Her tongue stuck out like a dog, her mouth open in overheating.

His seed leaked out of her as her vibrator still pounded away, making her cry out in pain. Her poor pussy still had yet orgasm, displeased by the whole situation. Bison slid out of his lover's body, still erect, as the thin little thread between "modest woman" and "insatiable slut" snapped within the ill patient.

"Very good," Bison told her, "I think I know exactly how to treat you. Common malady in sick girls."

"C-can we...just...please..." Chun Li begged, her throat wrenched in pleading tones, "Ah, God, at least take the vibrator out!"

He appeared to ignore her cries, opening his medical case back up. After slight rummaging, Bison pulled out a gold pair of nipple clamps that was connected by a flat piece of metal at one end of the chain.

"Arms above your head." He instructed. Chun Li knew she didn't have a choice in the matter so she unwillingly raised her arms above her head. Bison snapped down each clamp on her erect nipple, making her writhe in sudden discomfort, as he stuck the flat metal piece in her mouth.

"Bite down, darling. Keep it in your mouth." Bison said, smirking.

Her teeth sank into the metal piece, making the chain now taunt between her mouth and the clamps. The pulling of the chain hurt a little, almost as if she was being milked like a cow. Chun Li attempted to sway his mind into feeling bad for her by mewling but he just patted her on the cheek.

Then Bison pulled out another chain. It looked like a bobby pin to Chun Li but it had a small ring attached to part of it. Chun Li wondered where that one would go-it was too small for her mouth and too narrow for her holes...

The fake doctor then slid the clamp on her pussy, making her realize too late that it was for her poor little clitoris. Before she could protest, Bison slid her throbbing clitoris into the toy as he locked the ring on her hood in place.

Now she was fighting like a trapped animal in a cage. Her clitoris was in agony from wanting to orgasm but now unable to do so.

Honestly, the poor girl was about ready to cry. Bison then laid on top of her, kissing her head.

"This will get you a clean bill of health," Bison said, stroking her body with his fingertips, "Now, does it hurt?"

Chun Li felt her nipple clamps hurt every time she bit down on the chain, making her cry out a little. Her little clitoris clamp made each movement very sensitive, almost painful. She nodded her head, attempting to look teary eyed. Bison clicked his tongue suggestively.

"Good! Means your nervous system is working." He stated rather amused, "Now that you're all dressed up and ready, you're going to ride me until that vibrator in your ass dies. I put fresh batteries in it too before I came here so it will take awhile."

She felt herself get on top her conniving fake medical doctor, situated on his erect cock. Chun Li glared at him, frustrated enough to bite down harder on the metal piece attached to her breasts.

"That's alright, dear," Bison teased, "Don't worry about me. I'm a professional. I took an oath and everything. Though I only used it once in my entire medical career. Now, why don't you saddle up and start doing your treatments?"

Typically, Chun Li would have shut down his attempts but her pussy was a stark-raving madwoman at this point and her body was inflamed with passion. She slid the cock inside her drooling hole, moaning as he filled her walls up again. Her skin had goosebumps with every movement she made with her hips and Chun Li felt like she was completely owned by someone in that moment.

Bison placed his hands on her hips, rubbing them a little.

"Go on, darling. Be my little slut for me. Maybe once you get better, I can make more house calls to soothe your inflamed sex drive. Clearly, you need medical attention for that sort of ailment." He encouraged her.

Chun Li started to ride his cock, feeling her walls get raw with pain. Her teeth still bit down that held her nipples up as the roughness of her bouncing increased. The vibrator forced her to move her hips more forward which let him deeper inside of her, making her hands start touching herself all over.

Her fingers stroked the underside of her breasts and stomach as she embarrassingly let him watch her get worked up. Bison watched as if he was watching a porno made just for him.

However, he spanked her bottom hard which made her jolt a little as the vibrator moved up inside of her. Chun Li felt tears sting her eyes as he reached up and carefully touched her shoulder. His gentle touch spooked her a little but she still nuzzled into it, letting his hand graze up to her left cheek on her face.

"What a good girl you are when you want to be." Bison stated, stroking her face, "Like a little kitten."

Chun Li felt her head spin with foggy sickness, mewling in response to his touch. However, she quickly faded back into her reality, thinking about how fucked up she was for letting Bison do this entire schtick with her.

His thick cock ravaged her, making her clitoris exhausted from not reaching climax all day. The heat went to deep down in her gray brain matter, making her lightheaded and faint. She couldn't take it anymore.

If Chun Li didn't think she would die before, she was definitely going to die now. What would Dr. Chou write on her death certificate: lack of orgasm?

Her teeth slid across the metal piece, letting it fall out of her mouth. Her nipples pinched a bit, making her pant sickly. Bison picked up her chain, sliding the metal surface back into the corners of her mouth. All she could think of was how Bison was getting off on this when he saw her hurting so badly...

"Ah, I think you need to accept your treatment, darling..." Bison grinned, looping his finger around the ring that held her clitoris clamp, "You're just refusing to do so like a stubborn child. But you'll feel better when you do and we'll keep going, Chun Li. Don't worry about that. After all, after treatment of the illness, I have to treat the patient. And I think you would love me treating you like a whore."

Chun Li trembled. She didn't want him to pull the ring. She'll orgasm if he does and she'll get too hot and...

Yank! The ring snapped off and Chun Li felt all the repressed sensations at once with his thick cock inside of her. She instinctively rode him hard, her eyes glassy with pleasure until she hit her strongest climax at the snap of his fingers.

She awoke suddenly in bed, still trapped in her cocoon. Chun Li felt a cold sweat all over herself, realizing her fever had broken again. Scrambling out of her blankets, Chun Li wiped herself off.

Shit. There were fluids everywhere. Damn it. Did she orgasm in her sleep?

"Look who woke up." Bison's voice said out of nowhere, surprising her. Jerking her head, she saw him sitting at their table as he was working away. Chun Li sighed in relief at his red uniform, not his sexy doctor getup. Him wearing pants was often a step-up.

"Bad dream." She mumbled, "I need a shower."

Out of nowhere, his eyes perked up as if he caught a scent of vulnerable prey. *Fuck*. Could he tell what she did? Of course he could.

Bison was the pinnacle of an apex predator; he could probably smell her heated pussy ten miles away.

"You-" He accused sternly, "Are hiding something."

"No." Chun Li gave a short answer, getting out of bed, "I'm taking a cold shower. I think I feel better. I need out of this room. It's messing with my head."

Bison watched her enter the bathroom, shutting the door. He carefully observed his surroundings a bit better, thinking of the past few hours. The Shadaloo leader had been so busy with work (and frankly, not wanting to deal with her "woe is me" bullshit) that he just glimpsed her sleeping form here and there to make sure she was breathing.

He didn't recall his wife saying anything or doing anything. Of course, she had buried herself in every blanket she could find and wrapped herself up in them so her sounds were muffled. Bison recalled hearing her moan a few times but he thought it was from the flu.

Getting up from his seat, Bison walked over to her cascade of covers and sheets. His nose picked up a trace of a familiar, hungry scent that he was used to sniffing out: sex and orgasm. Almost delving into a predacious attitude, Bison wolfishly beelined for the bathroom.

Chun Li had already slipped into a cold shower, washing herself off in the icy waters. Angry that she was daring to clean herself of sexual orgasm that rightfully belonged to him and only him, Bison ripped off his clothes in vengeful silence and threw them off to the side. What was worse was that she tried to hide it like a teenage girl.

Bison could fix this. He'll just make her cum twice as hard and twice as often.

He stepped into the shower and before Chun Li could turn around, Bison grabbed her and pushed her against the cold tile wall. She tried to fight back a little, like all trapped animals, before he slid his body between her legs to pin her. Smacking his palm over her gasping lips, he leaned in dangerous close to let her know how fucked she was. Chun Li looked terrified, swallowing hard as his jaw bounced in eager hunger.

"You get one chance to tell me," Bison warned, his hand over her mouth as the cold shower sprayed them, "But who was the little dream man that made you, *my* wife, excited all over *my* sheets in *my* bed?"

Chun Li whimpered, letting him remove his hand a little, "You."

"You're feeling better then," He purred as a jovial mood had suddenly returned to him, pushing himself against her, "How about you tell me what you were dreaming about and I'll see if I can re-enact it for you."

10 - Life of Midnight Visits

"We are not going through this again."

Lord M. Bison was *done* with this argument. He was more than done; he was burnt out on it completely. He had reached a plateau of stubborn principle where nothing could make him change his mind.

Chun Li, otherwise as his wife and now recurring pain in the rear, was refusing to give up. He could tell by the lines in her face that she was also worn down but she was just digging her heels instead of surrendering.

The two had been fighting for almost a full day, since late last night around 10:00 p.m. Chun Li had somehow received a message from the outside world. One of the Shadaloo agents assigned to China had informed her of the police department, who had handled her father's missing person's case, wanted to release her father's things into her custody since the case was shut down permanently. The items were from his home he had lived in before his abrupt disappearance (and subsequent murder) by her future husband's hand.

Bison made sure that agent soiled his pants thoroughly in lieu of strangling him to death for what he had told Chun Li. He also made damn sure that no subordinate under his command would ever bring up any outside world news to his lover's ear, especially not any news of a father that she kept harping on.

Now Chun Li was asking to pick up her father's released things and Bison refused. Naturally, he did not really think she would bring any of that old trash back to their marital home (or prison, as she not-so-affectionately called it). Bison was her husband and her father was worm food at this point; why even *let* the mere existence of male competition grace his home? All Chun Li would do was consume herself with his memory and instinctively compare the two in her mind, giving what Bison thought was extreme bias to a man who raised her. That would not be helpful to the Shadaloo fighter one bit, especially with Bison attempting to sway her into carrying his baby again.

After all, she should just give up and submit fully to Bison's influence. Having a picture of her dead dad would only make her cling to a helpless hope that she would one day not be married to him which Bison would never let happen.

The great Master of Psycho Power assumed very wrongly that Chun Li would lay off after a bit, especially when he used a stern voice and choice phrases that explained his position logically.

She wouldn't even back down when he was yelling at her with a deep bellowing warcry and using the "Because I *fucking* said so!" tactic.

The two, after countless hours of fighting, yelling, and shouting, had to take a break.

This was brand new concept to the pair as their experience was seeing all fights through until the end. However, the toll had been too great of a burden to continue or one of them was going to have a nervous breakdown.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]So the couple took a nap together, ate dinner together, and got dressed for bed. Bison acquired a bum cigarette in his nightly routine (which he took as a sympathy gift from Barlog as the boxer heard the commotion) while Chun Li washed her hair in the bathroom sink. It was particularly tense as they knew they would get back into the warzone very soon and the eye of the storm would be short lived.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Admittedly, Bison could have earned some more time had he not said condescendingly, "Am I to live with all of your father's old things or can I keep my own bed?" when Chun Li had mentioned the mattress being a bit less firm.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]What he really said was "I'm not switching my bed for your father's so you should have put it in his casket when you had the chance," with a snotty follow up, "You're just going to have to call me Daddy the old fashioned way."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]That blew up in their bedroom like a live grenade. It was like a blur for the Shadaloo Leader and his wife, evolving and escalating into newfound heights that Sir Hillary couldn't have climbed.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Not go through it?! You won't even hear it out!" Chun Li snarled, "You're acting like I'm propping up his dead body as a mannequin!"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"You would if you could find his dead body!" Bison retorted, feeling the sudden edge of the comment strike against his wife. He could be a gravedigger by now with how deep he was going.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Her eyes were violently flashing at this point as her smaller body was shaking in rage. Chun Li grabbed her robe and stormed out of their bedroom.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Where do you think you're going?" He demanded, following after her. She wouldn't even turn around to face him.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Anywhere but here," She answered hotly, "Go fuck yourself."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Bison definitely didn't appreciate her comment and did not appreciate the fact he was about to have a cold bed so his fast response, "You won't be finding your daddy outside this bedroom."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li made an obscene gesture and Bison watched her stomp off before turning and seeing two servants staring at him.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]One of them, a younger female servant, mouthed "[i]Just stop[/i]," before he levied a quiet glare and slammed his door shut. He had considered locking it to make Chun Li beg to be let back in but Bison shook his head, pouring himself a strong drink.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li had made her way to the outer sanctum of the residency areas, wanting fresh air. If she could get Bison's head on a platter, that would also suffice her terrible mood. However, as she approached the hallway where the entrance hangar would have laid beyond, two soldiers blocked the door.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Move," She ordered roughly and the guards saluted her.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I'm sorry, Mistress Bison," One of the soldiers said, clearly ready for punishment, "But Lord Bison's orders are that you are not allowed in the hangar alone after the landing gear incident."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"That was almost five months ago," Chun Li hissed, gritting her teeth, "You can escort me. I just want some fresh air to get away from said asshole "Lord Bison".[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]The two men side-eyed each other, obviously knowing the married couple had hit a boatload of rocks in their relationships. It was wildfire how the rumors spread about the two's fights, shaping wild theories about what was going on. However, the smaller soldier cleared his throat.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Uhm, Mistress Bison, it's the rules. If you want, we can escort you back to the bedroo-" The soldier was suddenly socked in the gut by his partner, making him flinch forwards.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"We can escort you to the indoor gardens." The other soldier gave a hard look at the keeled over man, "Or...uh, to the training room. There's an open window there..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li huffed, turning around sharply, "Nevermind."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She walked off, dragging her tired feet across the hard floor. Of course Bison wouldn't let her go outside. Chun Li was his property, like a dog. She felt like a trapped little rat that couldn't get out of a maze and there was no cheese to satiate her moods.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Her open robe was starting to blow a bit with her angry strides, revealing her lacy blue nightgown. Soldiers were taking as much risk as they were allotted to by checking out her body but Chun Li didn't even an ounce of a damn.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]The young woman finally reached the indoor gardens, pushing open the door. The mist showers had just been turned off, giving her a cool breeze on her skin. Chun Li took a seat on the bench near the back, surrounded by a thicket of roses and camellias. The garden lights had dimmed to adjust to the darkness, giving a soft yellowish glow.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Above her head was a skylight, tempered with bulletproof glass. Chun Li wasn't exactly sure where this garden was in relation to the rest of the base but it seemed like nobody could drop in on her any time soon. The moon was completely full, glowing intensely as the rays beamed down on her head. Shimmering, robust clouds peppered the sky which made her think that the night would soon cover the jungle moon completely in a few hours.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Strangely, this night felt a little different as she gazed up at the stars. Chun Li had been

through a night like this before...[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Taking a deep breath, the former detective leaned back and inhaled the flowering scents. She couldn't remember why Bison had this indoor garden; it was around before she got here but Chun Li did recall informing him of loving to see apple tree blossoms. The next time she was here, the young wife had spotted two transplanted apple trees with fully flowered blossoms.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She also knew that when he wanted to placate her, Bison would ask the caretakers to cut the flowers for her keep in the room. But he definitely wasn't going to try that now.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I have to go back," Chun Li said out loud, her eyes closed, "You know you have to go back."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She couldn't stay away forever; undoubtedly, Bison was secretly having agents tail or checking cameras on her. If she was gone for more than an hour, he'd have a dozen soldiers bring her back to him at his doorstep. If Chun Li eluded him for an hour and ten minutes, Bison would personally hunt her down and drag her back to his bed.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Her bare legs rubbed against each other before a gnawing feeling struck her. For some odd reason, Chun Li had flashed back to when she was a young girl of ten years old and staring out the window to a full moon like this one. She distinctly remembered seeing the clouds shimmer too and she remembered her body was starting to develop breasts around that time because her younger self was worried about them.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Twisting her head out of her thoughts, she realized she was tired from the day's events. Getting up, Chun Li brushed herself off and headed begrudgingly back. The walk seemed shorter this time.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Her hand stuck out and opened the door, half expecting it to be locked and she would have to grovel to be let in. Instead, the door opened easily and Chun Li cautiously walked into the bedroom. Bison was not asleep, unfortunately, so she couldn't sneak in. Taking off her robe, Chun Li hung it up quickly as she was trying to think of her next move.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She wasn't going to apologize or fuck him so she didn't know what he was anticipating.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Come to bed," Chun Li heard his voice behind her. Startled, she turned on her heel and saw Bison sitting in his lounge chair, where he often worked when he brought work home, nursing what seemed like half a bottle of liquor missing. His glass was empty and rimmed with melting ice.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]It was tough for her to tell his body language but she knew he couldn't be drunk. His tone was very strict, much like a headmaster at a school. [/font]

[font="Trebuchet]However, his feet was propped up and his robe was hanging off his shoulders, letting his bare chest glint in the dim light. While his usually trim and slicked back hair was orderly, Bison had allowed scraggly strands to fall in front of his face as well as the back of his head.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]He [i]looked[/i] like a drunk but there was no way his immense power would let him be

drunk. Maybe Bison just appreciated roleplaying one every so often? Chun Li noticed that his thumb was fiddling with his plain gold wedding band, moving it slightly up and down as if he was fidgeting. It didn't occur to her until seeing him do that how bizarre it was that Bison publicly wore his wedding ring.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Okay," Chun Li accepted, feeling too tired to fight. She wanted to ask if he was waiting for her or if he was waiting to punish her but that question could wait until morning. Bison got up from his chair and the married couple crawled into bed. She felt her husband embrace her against his body, curling his head into the back of her neck. Her ring hand laid on top of his ring hand, letting her fingers curl around his thicker digits.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Bison passed out pretty quickly, possibly from the alcohol or just his own will. Chun Li closed her eyes and drifted off herself, much too weak to stay awake and think.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"However, it only felt like seconds before Chun Li detect soft butterfly kisses on her bosom and neck. Keeping her eyes shut, she groaned out in annoyance.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I'm not in the mood, Bison," She denied outright, "Come on. It's been a long day..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Don't worry," An female accent had cooed at her from nowhere, "I'll be gentle, love."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Her eyes shot open, urging her muscle to jolt out of bed. Chun Li, however, found that her body was paralyzed from the neck down, completely frozen as if she was a statue. The terror began to grip her, realizing that [i]someone else[/i] was in the bed.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Her breathing became labored before a soft kiss was planted on her lips, airy and lightly searing with passion. Chun Li was then face to face with a green haired woman, wearing a tight body suit and bat-themed smooth tights glamorized with a mischievous, seductive smirk.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Inside her brain, she knew she had met this woman before but she couldn't remember where or how. The female intruder undid her nightgown strap, licking her wet tongue across Chun Li's bare shoulder and down to her chest. Strangely, though Chun Li's breathing was bordering on hyperventilating, her breasts remained in a state of calm rising and falling.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Don't be afraid, love," The strange woman assured her, nipping her breast at the top of the curve, "You know me from long ago. Don't you?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I...I don't know," Chun Li stammered, trying to see if her husband was dead or what, "Who are you?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I am your guardian angel and you have to pay your heavenly rent to keep my services," The woman simpered.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"You're lying," Chun Li accused, feeling the woman straddle her, "What are you doing? What's going...?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Fine, fine, love," The accent was now eerily familiar as Chun Li realized it was Scottish, "I am Morrigan Aensland. Your body remembers me very well but it's a shame your mind never does. Perhaps for the best?"/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Another flashback: this time, multiple ones. Chun Li recalled at ten years old, the same accent under the same full moon in her bedroom. At 13, the body with the voice. 15, 16, 18.../font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Oh God," Chun Li whispered, "[i]You[/i]."/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"A succubus. One that had attached herself to the Chinese woman since she was of age to start growing into a woman. Morrigan appeared on full moon nights with shimmering clouds and when the moon disappeared, the supernatural witch would leave without a trace./font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Her heart was beating fast before Morrigan bent her small head under Chun Li's jaw, sinking her teeth in./font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Shh," Morrigan consoled her softly, "Quiet now, love. That's my good little Chun Li. Relax. It won't hurt."/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Like a charm, Chun Li felt her heart slow down to a normal pace. Her terrified eyes still bore through the invading succubus but Morrigan seemed to not care for that now. Her long fingers took down Chun Li's lacy nightgown and revealed her breasts./font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I see you took my advice," Morrigan teased, running her mouth over her nipple, "Underwire in your bras are not good for you. Still quite so perky! And you young teenagers love those high bras...tsk, tsk."/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I'm...married..." Chun Li stammered, "He's..."/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Right here?" Morrigan purred, lifting her wing to reveal a sleeping Bison. He was completely gone into dreamland, dead asleep. He didn't even notice that Chun Li wasn't in his arms any longer./font]

[font="Trebuchet]"A hitch in Chun Li's breath as Morrigan blew an amused kiss at her husband. Running her hand over Chun Li's lips, the succubus bent for another peck on the lips. Chun Li felt frozen in fear as she had always done when this dream figure came to her./font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Poor little thing," Morrigan cooed, "Don't be afraid, my dear. I've never hurt you before. In fact, I always made you feel so good. You taste better when you're happy..."/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Why couldn't she move her body? Chun Li felt distraught as Morrigan lifted her skirt and ran her long nail over Chun Li's clothed womanhood. /font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Shivering, her victim could only whimper as Morrigan grinned with hedonistic pleasure./font]

[font="Trebuchet]"You should tell the husband that I appreciate him leaving some for me," Morrigan drew her finger across her mouth, "You had a night tonight. I can feel it in your mind. Was he a brute?"

Did he pin you down and rape you? Was it completely barbaric and inhumane how he treated you?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"No," Chun Li answered rather timidly, "He passed out after drinking some."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Damn," Morrigan pouted, "No fun. Cute boy though. Oh well. Let me know when he does all of that. I bet your body is delectable!"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Unnerved, Chun Li tried to squirm as uncomfortable feelings rose through her pelvis but Morrigan maneuvered herself to scissor between her legs. [/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Chun Li could feel the tight bodysuit against her now wet panties, making her blush and moan quietly.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"It's alright, love," Morrigan said, drawing her hair back from her face, "Think of what you need to. I don't mind. This is your dream, darling, I'm just here for a ride."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]*Dream*[/i]. So that's why Bison wasn't waking up. Chun Li tried to squeeze her eyes shut and block the feelings growing between her legs but found that technique akin to stopping a typhoon. The waves were coming from a distance and she was going to be drowned in it.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"The heat began to slick her folds, making the bodysuit move easily against her. Chun Li could feel Morrigan's mouth on her ankle, licking her heel and tendon like it was a Popsicle stick. The redness of her face was now streaking across her cheeks with every agile move the succubus used against her to entice her.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I...I can't..." Chun Li begged pitifully, "Don't..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"There's no going back now, my dear," Morrigan stated to her, now drenched in Chun Li's emotions, "Take your time. Indulge in the darkness. He's never going to know. Nothing wrong with a little dream escapade, hm?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Now she was sure the succubus was grinding her. Chun Li would have started to rub herself if she could but her hands were still unmoving. The younger woman's mouth fell open slightly, letting hot salvia run down her bottom lip.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Suddenly, Chun Li felt rough hands grab her body. The whip was so strong that Chun Li feared her neck nearly snapped before she was staring at Bison's angry look.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]*You*[/i]," He rasped, "Are *mine*[/i]."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Her clothes were ripped from her body and Chun Li let out a cry before he smacked his hand on her mouth to quiet her, shoving himself deep inside her eager pussy. Her womanhood stood zero chance against his rapid thrusts, falling deep into forced pleasure. Her screams were muffled as well as her moans of neediness.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I'm your Daddy now, aren't I?" He violently fucked her, "You're going to give me this pussy whenever I fucking want, like a good little wifey. Look how deep inside you're letting me in! You're

going to take my cum and you're going to thank me for raping such a slut like you. Then I'm going to watch you masturbate to the memory of me raping you over and over again until you pass out..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li felt a tight feeling in her womb, making her scream in muffled helplessness. Why was she so turned on? Her mind was hazy with arousal and confused but she felt Bison bite her neck hard.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Come on, love," His voice was now oddly Scottish, "You're right there...oh, I can [i]feel[/i> it!"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Firing off like a gunshot, Chun Li hit her rough orgasm in waves. Instead of feeling her husband's seed, Chun Li realized that she was naked and so was Morrigan as the succubus was laying on top of her, grinding her rough and fast to completion.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"There we go, my love," Morrigan praised, out of breath, "That was my favorite time with you! You were so in the moment...and the way you called that man [i]Daddy![/i> Is that what humans call their lovers now? I quite like the term!"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Her brain just stopped completely, like a reset.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I didn't..." Chun Li couldn't even think straight as her neurons were groggy from her intense orgasm, "I...Daddy?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"You kept saying it over and over again!" Morrigan giggled, kissing her playfully, "Dreams are funny that way. Hm? You were so passionate, I'm not surprised you don't remember what you were saying. Well, thank you, my dear. I was certainly not disappointed..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]As if it was magic, Chun Li's clothes were back on her body and Morrigan had also redressed. The succubus wormed her way in the middle of the bed, clearly between the married couple as Chun Li stared at the ceiling.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Her limbs were so tired now but she couldn't move them. She didn't even know if she was asleep or dreaming or...[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Your husband is dreaming of you," Morrigan broke her out of her thoughts, "I can smell it. He dreams of your scent, you know."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Bison was sleeping soundly next to her in bed, completely unaware of what was going on. Morrigan had laid herself between the married couple, facing her victim while her wings laid over his back so even if he woke up, he'd be in for a surprise.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Why can't you seduce him and take him away?" Chun Li demanded, seeing the supernatural entity stretch her legs over hers.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I have more important things to do than the marriage squabbles of two people," Morrigan said calmly as her tights rubbed against her bare leg, "He's all yours."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li felt her chest rise and fall with her breaths as the night air began to take a chill turn. Morrigan leaned her face over to hers, her cold breath playing on her lips again as if Morrigan was challenging her to fight her enslavement.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Besides," Morrigan continued, "Since you've been married to him, you have become so much more delicious. It must be that musky male scent that seasoned your mind, driving your lust crazy. I'm a little jealous, dear. Perhaps you can introduce me to him for some fun?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"He doesn't like to share." Chun Li said, helpless as the succubus trailed her fingers down her bare collarbone.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"What a shame. I wouldn't share you either, dear. Not your soul, anyway." Morrigan replied, "He can have your body, though. His marking on you is like a rich wine. I could drink it all day long."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li scoffed weakly, "I wish he'd leave me alone and die or something."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Poor thing," The older woman stroked her victim's cheek, "Is he being mean to my little Chun Li? Surely by now, you know how to rein a beast like him in. If you can ride it, you can tame it. That's what I always say."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"He's something else," Chun Li muttered, "He just...owns me. He doesn't..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Doesn't what, love?" Morrigan pressed on, now quite sisterly. Her mood seemed to change from horny minx to big sister in a flip of a coin and it sort of weirded Chun Li out a bit. However, Morrigan was the first thing she talked to in months, even if Morrigan was just some dream.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"...He treats me like property. Like all I'm meant to do is serve him. I don't even know why he forced me to marry him," Chun Li cast her eyes downward, "I have a chance for my father's things and he won't even let me take them. He's so jealous and evil and..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"You have [i]no[/i] idea why he forced you to marry him?" Morrigan seemed skeptical before grabbing the two large breasts on Chun Li's body. The woman yelped as the supernatural figure groped them.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Hey!" The detective protested.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I think you know [i>exactly[/i] why he snatched you up like a trophy prey," Morrigan continued, pinching her chest, "And exactly why he's jealous. And exactly why he wants you to only serve him."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"So what if I'm pretty and have big boob-Ow!" Chun Li whined, "Stop!"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Beauty is just one thing. Men like him can get beauty. You are something else entirely," The night entity replied, "You were not like the other girls. He noticed. Obsession grew. And he took you as a caveman takes a bride. Because all he knows is getting what he wants. Now, why you continue to play into his masculine nature and downplay your own power is beyond me."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li managed to glare, "I'm not strong enough to beat him."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Physically, yes. That is true. Perhaps even mentally. But you don't need to fight him, dear. I didn't say that," Morrigan let go of her breasts to wrap around her waist, "You play his game and play yours more often."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]These riddles were too much for a wet dream. Chun Li groaned, feeling her sweat soak through her nightgown.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I'm not sure how to play any games, let alone mine." She said, her lips still tasting Morrigan's kisses.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"What have I told you since you were a young girl?" Morrigan's lips softly caressed her neck, "When you started bleeding your time of the month? When your childish breasts began to grow? When you started exploring yourself in mirrors and bedsheets?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li felt red in her cheeks at the very thought, "I don't remember."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"You have more power than your legs or muscles could give you. You have power over your husband, you just don't want to use it." Morrigan reminded her, "He can be wrapped around your finger if you wanted. All men can be."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"He's different." Chun Li insisted, "He's not like that."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"They're [i]all[/i] like that." Morrigan seemed to take pleasure in her naive thoughts, "When you need to control him, take it from your dear friend Morrigan: lead him on like a dog. Let him think you're submitting to him. Stroke his ego. Sleep with him if needed-though, I believe you should make love as much as possible. Then take his jugular and make him do what you want. Put your thoughts in his brain. Whisper what you want him to say in his ear. Pull his little puppet strings a bit. He'd be your slave by the end of the week. And like any dog, you reward his good behavior."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]The younger woman tried to shake her head, "He's just..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Watch, dear." Morrigan tapped her nose, rolling over to Bison's sleeping form. Chun Li watched this shameless entity straddle her husband, leaning close to him. Morrigan then traced her finger down his chest.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She wasn't sure if Morrigan was going to fuck him at this point. She wasn't sure how she felt about the succubus [i]fucking[/i] him at this point.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Darling," Morrigan softly played her breath on his face, "Don't you want your beautiful wife to be happy? Don't you love her?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"He doesn't [i]love[/i]." The other woman sharply said, feeling her chest rise a bit in anxiety. The entity appeared amused at the statement.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]All men love beautiful women. Yours is no exception. Yes...quite the jealous man too." The woman licked her lips, drawing her cheek over Bison's sleeping face, "Mm...such power he has...such masculine strength in his core...quite sure you don't want to share, dear?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]Chun Li never really witnessed someone liking Bison's personality but she swallowed, seeing Morrigan practically molest the man with her sensual body. The lady of the night then dipped her hips on to his groin, letting her slick tights rub against his now apparent erection that was edging out through his sleep pants.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]"He certainly loves to think about you," Morrigan teased his muscles, "This will be even easier than I thought. Warlords. Always the same. Always needing a taste of power coupled with exquisite sex but such barbarians at the root. Demanding the buxom women but they'll fuck any hole that comes near them. These brutes are my weakness, I'll admit. I just have a soft spot for men who dominate their women."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]Her hands teased her breasts, making Chun Li sweat with helplessness. The beads of excited arousal dotted her poor brow as Morrigan continued her seduction demonstration. Her hand masterfully glided over his cock outline, making him grunt in his sleep.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]"Your wife would be so easy and subdued if you made her happy..." Morrigan began to say again, her lips dripping with casual encounters, "Let her have her father's things. You are the man in her life now. No memory can take your rightful throne in your wife's life. Her father raised her to be your wife and you conquer her body and mind every night. Wouldn't that be a lovely reminder for her to see every day?"[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]Bison seemed to be dead asleep now but his breathing had changed again, hard and labored as if he was holding himself back. Chun Li had only seen him like that when he was desperately trying not to take her body for pleasure. Hot flames etched her cheeks, making her embarrassed.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]Morrigan then brushed her hand across his muscular chest before tracing the pelvic bone below his abs. He let out a strained growl, like a wolf that was being denied his meal, before Morrigan ran her entire body across his frame. Her breasts buried his face as well as his aching erection outline in a fell swoop.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]She seemed satisfied before climbing off him, cuddling back up with her actual intended victim. Wrapping her arms around Chun Li, Morrigan licked the sweat that beaded off her brow.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]"Don't fuck him until tomorrow night, love," Morrigan chuckled, her nails digging into Chun Li's fear, "But gently remind him about your request. You'll find he's going to be a bit more welcoming to the idea."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]The Chinese wife could only stare up at her captor before Morrigan dipped her fingertips in Chun Li's mouth, letting them become wet with saliva. [/font]

[font="Trebuchet"]Then she brought them up to her own lips, using her tongue to lick it off.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Sweet," The dark lady remarked, "Ah, you're so delicious and I could gorge myself all night. But alas. It's time to go. Remember what I said, love. And let the man be your alpha wolf for a bit. He tastes so good when he thinks he's in control and the rough sexual male prowess is pumping through his heart. Maybe I can switch diets if he's more filling..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Before Chun Li could respond, Morrigan sealed her statement with a kiss. The tongues intertwined gently, even remarkably soft, before the thick perfume venom appeared to permeate Chun Li's veins.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Chun Li jerked awake from under the sheets, sweating hard. Bison had stirred beside her, annoyed that he was woken up from a seemingly pleasant dream.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"What is going on?" He asked with a tired groan. Bison was at the critical point of his lovely dreamscape where his mental Chun Li-wife was not being a bitch and praising his every move.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I...I just..." Her mind felt like her dream had been sucked out of her. It was like deja vu except she only remembered feelings, not memories.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Go back to sleep," Bison said, burying his head back in his pillow, "It was just a bad dream."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"No...no... someone was here." Chun Li got up from her side, slipping out of the covers and setting her feet on the floor, "She...was here. She's gone..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"It was just a vivid dream," Bison grumbled, "Come back to bed."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"But..." She trailed off, staring at the balcony, "She always comes around. I can't remember why. She's so beautiful..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Bison sat up in bed, rubbing his face, "Detective. Nobody was here. I would have known. If this is a ghost story, I don't want to hear it. If it's a lesbian dream, I will wait until tomorrow to listen. If it's a lesbian ghost story, I'm intrigued but not enough to rob me of much needed rest. Come back to bed and go to sleep."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Chun Li began to walk towards the open balcony, almost single mindedly as if she would disappear from sight. Bison pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to fight off his dizzy drowsiness. For some reason, he couldn't click back into focus as if some veil was covering his eyes.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"He also felt like all the blood had rushed straight to his tight erection, only which he had now become painfully aware of. Another thing he was going to lay blame on his hot wife.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"The stone floor touched her bare feet, making Chun Li's hair blow a little in the jungle wind. It was quiet with sounds of tropical night bugs and predators baying in the distance. There was no sign of entry or exit. But the feelings still remained deep within her as if she was once more a confused child.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Where did you go?" Chun Li asked timidly, looking up at the now moonless sky. She felt like a young girl again, staring up at her window after a long dream.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I'm not saying it again, you little brat," Bison raised his voice from his bedside that carried over to her, "You had a dream. It has passed. Get back here."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"His mind was still weakened from his exhaustion and coupled with their earlier fight, Bison was just flat out finished. He might as well have fought ten rounds with Ryu and drank a whole bottle of whiskey.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"His wife began to slowly walk towards the ledge as Bison began to feel a growing caution that his wife might do something foolish. His brain chemicals that dictated his protectiveness over his property started to run its wheels.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Stay away from that ledge." Bison warned rather harshly. He didn't want to jump into the jungle after her; there were bugs and muddy pits out there so forbid he would need another shower.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"It seemed to break through to her, making her stop for a brief pause. Chun Li cradled her nightgown close to her body, suddenly shivering from the cold. The clouds had covered the moon very well, almost like a tight-knit cloth.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Morrigan..." She murmured, "I think I know that name..."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Now that his brain functions were a bit more caught up, Bison could sense something was off. Chun Li was almost in a dreamlike trance, something he wasn't familiar with. Whatever blabber she was going on about, he reckoned that something had occurred without his knowledge [i]or[/i] perception. It was an impossible task to somehow slip by both.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Her mind was still cognizant but Chun Li was dangerously flirting with hypnotized mindset, very much like a drowning victim bobbing up and down in water. Bison could not let his own hypnotic hold over her dissipate and he certainly couldn't let her jump off to her death.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"Chun Li," Bison commanded calmly as he let his hands glow a tinge of purple to activate her hypnosis, "Come to bed."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"He laced his words with pressing sternness, triggering her to walk back to him and crawl under the sheets. Bison embraced her, holding her tightly as if he wouldn't let go. He felt her body tremble a bit, as if she was thinking of intense memories.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"What was it about? The dream?" He asked suspiciously, craning his neck over her as he observed her. Chun Li blinked a little as she brought out of her stupor. Instead of the childlike wonder, it was pure confusion.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]"I don't remember...I've had this dream since I was a little girl..." She murmured, "I think I have. But I never remember. I just...feel what happened. Like I'm tired but awake inside. I know she's beautiful. Her voice is lovely. But it's sexual. She wants more than that...I can't remember."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]The Shadaloo leader sighed. None of that bullshit made sense. However, Bison kissed her on the head and began to coax her, "Go to sleep. We'll talk about it in the morning."[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li had protested a bit, much like a kid who couldn't be convinced otherwise, but her husband managed to persuade the woman to sleep by lowering his head under the sheets and having his own midnight snack between her legs. When Chun Li fell into climax, she passed right out to sleep like a babe after a bottle. Disappointed that he wasn't going to have fun himself, Bison somehow forced himself back to sleep.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]However, the alarm went off many hours later that alerted the man of the bedroom to his daily grind. Bison had expected his regularly scheduled "pipe cleaning" maintenance by his wife, whom he felt owed him for last night, but Chun Li simply left his bursting-at-the-seams manhood in bed alone.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She eluded his capture, even escaping his desperate chase during a late lunch, like a deer gracefully trouncing through a hunter's well-laid trap.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]When Bison was purple in the neck from severe sexual backflow, Chun Li brought up the discussion of attaining her father's things once more. Unlike the day before, it took all of five minutes for Bison to order a Shadaloo agent to fly to China and acquire the box of mementos.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Under [i]stressful [/i]timed orders, the agent was commanded to bring the box back for the wife of Shadaloo to inspect that very night. There was not a task associated with the mission that Bison did not personally curry a favor: lending his fastest jet to get to China, calling in the top brass at the storage unit who held the items, paying out elusive event tickets to a crusty night secretary so she'd skip the paperwork, and donating a very large sum of money to a "liberal environmental passe group" (as he called it) so a college intern would trust the Shadaloo agent long enough to bypass customs.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]The agent returned around 10:00 p.m with the box, carefully setting it before the wife of the Shadaloo CEO in the married couple's bedroom. Chun Li had been patiently sitting in Bison's lap (as he at least managed to sweet talk her into doing that for him) and Bison had been impatiently waiting for the resolution. His heel was bouncing on the floor as she looked over the items, taking little stock in her sad smile.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She thanked the agent and the operative bolted once he saw Bison get up from his chair. It didn't take very long before Chun Li was bent over the bed, paying out the receipts Bison had brought her. Her legs were wrapped around his relentless hips, letting him fuck her like he was a wild animal.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]Chun Li even catered to his controlling and selfish wants, acting like his submissive mate to his devouring nature.[/font]

[font="Trebuchet]She wondered how she knew this would work out so well.[/font]

11 - Life in Professionalism

"That was good, Detective," Bison said as he hotly kissed her, his hands clasped around her face, "We can take a break now."

It was almost midnight and Bison had shown his wife a damn good time since they adjourned in their bedroom after dinner. His wife, Chun Li, was a mess of sweat and pleasure underneath him as he reached for his liquor bottle.

He took a drink of his liquor straight from the container before Chun Li wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him back down. Some liquid got on her breasts, mixing with her sweat and heat before Bison licked the drops off with his tongue. Her collar hung around her neck, dangling her blue diamond jewel loosely. Bison's leash was laying on the nightstand, ready to work again with his reach.

"Or maybe not." Bison managed out before she flipped him over, getting on top of him. His hand ran across her bare thigh, pinching her flesh a little. Chun Li situated herself back on his cock, feeling his thick member fill her back up again. Her long brown hair fell over her face, matted with sweat against her head and cheeks.

He settled in the mattress for a ride, holding her hips with his hands. However, Chun Li grabbed them and held them within her own grip, outstretched from her body to keep balance. Bison was fine with it; if she wanted to play handsy, that was acceptable.

Almost right away, she started bouncing on his dick like it was going out of style. Bison helped her a little by rocking his pelvic floor against her, letting her get filled deeper. Licking his dry lips, he felt a deep sense of appreciation for Chun Li's enthusiasm and eagerness.

Her breasts looked so lonely as they moved with her riding, making Bison think that her nipples were begging for his mouth again. He hadn't paid attention to them for a hot second so he sat up from his waist, pulling her closer to him as he placed his dehydrated mouth on her breasts. He sucked on them like they were the first drink of water in a long trek through a desert.

Chun Li ran her fingers through his hair, clenching her muscles around his cock as she kept gyrating him.

"Damn, your tits are the best," Bison finally said, acting rather philistine for his usage of boorish words, "Such a hot wife...I should tie you to my desk and use your tits as my stress reliever..."

"Don't do that," She mumbled, feeling his cock twitch inside her a bit, "Or...just wait until you get home."

"I was kidding, baby. Come here," He chuckled, pulling her in for a kiss, "Roll over on your stomach. I want to fuck that ass of yours again."

Chun Li shook her head, protesting between passionate kisses, "No. Not without lube. It still hurts..."

"With how wet you are, I think that's all I need. Come on, Detective, baby..." Bison drew out the "y" as he groped her cheeks, making her yelp as his cock hit her cervix, "Let Daddy get that candy ass again. Once I cum inside, I'll play with that clit until you lose your mind. Deal?"

It seemed the idea that he would focus entirely on her clitoris did the trick as Chun Li laid on her stomach, spreading her cheeks apart. Bison could see her hole still gaping from hours ago, still freshly fucked. Her muscles were twitching, almost winking at him as her hole was eager for another round regardless of how Chun Li mentally felt about the act.

He lowered his mouth on her right cheek, biting down like her ass was a ripe peach. Chun Li yelped a little, her head crooked back to watch him as best she could. Bison could still see his handprints on her cheeks, now kissed with an inflamed bite bruise like a tattoo.

Slowly, Bison ran the head of his dick against her entrance to tease her and prepare her. She shivered but her ankle closest to him became stiff when he used his wide tip to prod her. He could feel and see her entrance contract and release around him, possibly to entice him further.

All good kings are entitled to their women and all great emperors are entitled to a enslaved goddess bound in bondage and chains for their bidding. Bison pushed himself in her other hole, making Chun Li cry out in pain as he stretched her. White hot tears came to her eyes before he finally inserted himself fully inside of her.

Finally, her ankle stopped remaining rigid, relaxing as he drove himself hard inside of her. Bison grunted out in a primal fury as his meaty member ripped her apart, feeling her body vibrate under his fingertips.

"Take my cock, you hungry little bitch," He rumbled out, his drool dripping from the corner of his bottom lip, "Fuck, I'm tying you to the desk and fucking this asshole when I work. I don't care. *Fuck*, you're so good to me!"

"Ah, wait, no!" Chun Li finally yelped out, "Promise me you won't!"

"That *wasn't* a joke," Bison grinned, his mouth tearing across his face, "Call me Daddy. Come on, call me Daddy while I fuck this dirty little hole."

"Sl-slow down, I will when you..." She tried to resist but he pulled her hair back, controlling her. Her collar hung around her neck, making her pant heavily.

"Now." He ordered, feeling her muscles strain under his inflicting pain. The sadist in him was ecstatic, seeing the beautiful slave withstand the hurtful grasp.

"Daddy!" Chun Li obeyed, her fist crumpling the sheets under her arms, "Daddy, Daddy, you're hurting me!"

His soul was eating up her pain and submission, devouring it like a buffet. Bison could feel his hand glow as it wrapped around her hair strands, twisting her neck just rough enough to teeter her on edge.

A sharp exhalation of breath came quickly, making Bison ram his cock harder down her insides. Her makeup smudges were readily apparent on the pillow, indicating a rough night.

"Tell me who owns your little whore body." Bison demanded, his other hand around her neck above her collar. Chun Li whimpered, feeling her pussy tightening with his dominance tactics.

"Daddy. Daddy owns my little whore body." Chun Li sniffled, feeling his bruises start to ache. It will be hell walking tomorrow.

"And who is your Daddy?" Bison squeezed the tips of his fingers into her skin.

"You are my Daddy," Chun Li answered obediently, her cries weak and vulnerable, "You're my only Daddy."

"Good girl," He let her neck go before placing his hand on her thigh, "Keep calling me Daddy. Little slut has a very fine ass for her Daddy. Don't you dare bite that pillow, little girl. I want to hear you screaming for me."

Chun Li felt his thrusts increase rapidly, turned on more and more by her helpless statements and proclamations. She, in a rational mind, would question why she even agreed to this but her horny, fucked up mind was begging for more.

"Daddy, please, cum inside my ass!" Chun Li pleaded, "Daddy, can I please touch my clit? Please?"

"No, dear," Bison refused her request, "That clit is mine to play with. If you're good and sweet to Daddy, he'll let you finger your pussy while he plays with it."

"Yes, Daddy..." She said, "I'll be good and sweet for you."

His cock reached crescendo with her acceptance, making him release a warcry as his slave was pumped with his cum. Bison made sure his balls would be drained dry in her ass as he shot load after load.

Chun Li took every load, some laced with a "Daddy!" gasp when it was particularly overloaded. However, he soon finished and pulled her back towards him, laying her body on top of his.

"Your turn, Detective," Bison said as he tongued her mouth, sliding his fingers between her legs.

His rough digits smoothly encircled her sex, making her flinch as he rubbed her. Chun Li seemed completely mindless now in waves of neediness, moaning in his ear as he played with her body.

The first orgasm of his fine tuning came quickly, making her seize up. That was when Bison laid down the charm, laying the girl flat on her back.

"That was just a warm-up," He stated, his sharp teeth sliding over his lips, "Now you put your fingers inside that slutty little pussy and finger yourself while I take my time. And Detective, I will be taking my time. You have to get through not only my fingers but my mouth *and* toys on your clit."

His wife hardly had time to protest as he started up again with his fiddling on her womanhood but Bison didn't think she would fight back at this point.

About an hour later, Chun Li was passed out on the bed, soaked in her juices and his semen. Bison was drinking the rest of his drink, sitting up against the headrest.

He had about four hours to get a restful sleep. Taking the last swig of his glass, Bison glanced at his unconscious wife. Disappointing that she couldn't make it past a quarter of the toys he wanted to use on her body before she blackout.

Sucking an ice cube out of his glass, Bison cruelly dipped his head back between her legs and used his tongue to place the ice on her clit. Her body jerked in shock at the sudden coldness on her sensitive part and he took her top folds to snugly tuck the ice at the very top of her clitoral hood. He watched as the freezing water dripped down her burning pussy, seeing her body writhe.

Chun Li would wake him up begging for a hard fuck with an engorged clitoris, thus not making him late for work if he accidentally overslept.

Bison took his wife in his arms, falling asleep as her collar rubbed up against him. He was looking forward to the morning now.

She was a professional at taking dick, it seemed.