

Commission 13.1

Swinging Arts

Fandom: Street Fighter/ Fatal Fury

Tags: Swinging, Orgy, F/F

The quiet that settled over her dojo after the students departed was always welcome, but it was never sweeter than on the days Mai visited. Chun-Li sat at her heavy rosewood dining table, the porcelain cup cradled between her palms as the steam from the jasmine tea drifted towards her face.

Even in her early forties, she still felt the familiar, pleasant hum of adrenaline radiating through her muscles. As much as she cherished the eager pupils who filled her classes, none of them could truly test her. Sparring with her best friend—pushing past standard forms and trading blows with someone who operated on the exact same elite frequency—was a rare luxury. With Ryu forever chasing the wind on some distant mountain peak, she rarely had an excuse to unleash the full, devastating power stored in her frame.

She had shed her formal silk *qipao* hours ago, opting for a simple, sleeveless indigo tunic over fitted black leggings. The casual attire did little to soften her incredible physique. Her shoulders were broad and sculpted from a lifetime of martial discipline, flowing down into a full, heavy bust that shifted with every steady breath. Beneath the table, her legendary thighs stung pleasantly after their recent *workout*—dense with powerful, explosive muscle that could shatter concrete. With her dark hair still pinned into its precise, signature ox-horn buns, her classical Chinese features bore the serene, unyielding dignity of a woman who had conquered her past and was content to live in the present.

A light, fluid step echoed on the hardwood floor. Chun-Li looked up as Mai sauntered into the dining room.

The Shiranui kunoichi was a vibrant splash of modern energy against the dojo's traditional backdrop. She had swapped her elaborate red battle silks for a soft, low-cut white tank top that clung to the generous, dangerous curves of her upper body, paired with tiny pink booty shorts that left little of her flawlessly toned legs and behind to the imagination. Her long, dark hair was glistening, damp from the shower and draped loosely over one shoulder.

Mai let out a theatrical sigh, sliding into the chair opposite Chun-Li with a lazy, effortless grace before plopping her elbows onto the table.

'I thought people were supposed to *slow down* in their old age,' Mai said, a teasing smirk playing on her lips as she arched her back against the wooden chair, stretching-out aching muscles. She let out a groan of pleasure as her back popped like a xylophone before settling back down and taking a sip of the tea that had been set out for her.

Chun-Li's left eye twitched, a micro-expression that slipped out despite years of practice controlling her emotions.

I'm not that much older than you...

She took a slow, deliberate sip of her tea, her expression smoothing back into a mask of polite, lethal calm.

'I'll be sure to remember that next time we spar,' Chun-Li replied softly, returning the thirty-year-old's teasing grin with a serene smile that had her friend shuddering with fear.

Mai quickly held up both hands in a dramatic gesture of surrender, her bright grin firmly locked in place despite the implicit threat.

'I give! I give! Just don't kick me again! I swear I'll be feeling that for *weeks*.'

Chun-Li took another slow, deliberate sip of her tea, completely unmoved by the theatricality. 'For someone who doesn't like to be kicked, you lose focus too easily. You also let your guard down far too often today. It was sloppy, Mai. Uncharacteristically so.'

Mai winced, the playful smirk finally faltering. As much as they were peers, she knew better than to argue with the sharp, clinical critique of a seasoned *sifu*—even if said master happened to be her closest confidante.

'I know,' Mai relented, letting out a heavy, theatrical sigh that seemed to drain some of the performative energy right out of her. She slumped slightly against the back of the chair. 'I've... just had a lot on my mind lately. I promise I'll give you a much better fight next time.'

Chun-Li's brows rose slightly at the quick capitulation from her famously combative friend. Her sharp ears, trained through years of criminal profiling and martial arts mastery, instantly caught the heavy, complex layer of emotion laced into her friend's tone. It wasn't just physical fatigue, it was a deeper, mental weariness.

'Do you want to talk about it?' Chun-Li asked softly, setting her cup down on the rosewood surface and giving Mai her full attention.

Mai reached out and took a sip from her own cup, but she didn't answer immediately. Instead, she kept her eyes down, staring intensely into the amber liquid as if the swirling tea leaves held the exact answers she had been searching for.

Chun-Li didn't push. Through years of experience, she had grown significantly as a listener, learning the profound value of silence and patience when it came to matters of the heart and mind.

Mai wasn't a criminal however, or one of her troubled students. It made her uncomfortable using such manipulative techniques on her best friend, but...

If it works...

'It's Andy and me,' Mai finally said, her voice dropping its usual performative lilt. 'We're... we're just in a bit of an awkward place right now. Relationship-wise.' Realising she might have been a bit too vague, Mai amended with an awkward laugh. '*Love-life* wise.'

Chun-Li kept her silence, offering a reassuring, steady nod to allow Mai the time to air her problems on her own terms.

It wasn't the first time she had heard about the occasional friction between the passionate kunoichi and her hyper-focused husband, but usually, those "problems" revolved around running out of fresh ideas to use in the bedroom.

Very much a "my steak is too juicy, my lobster too buttery" kind of problem.

Though Chun-Li was hardly one to judge. It wasn't too long ago that she and Ryu had found themselves trapped in a similar, suffocating deadlock, and they had been forced to engineer their own, highly creative solution to break through it.

'Since the last time we talked about this, we've tried... well, just about everything,' Mai confessed, leaning forward and resting her chin in her palm. The frustration in her voice was palpable, replacing her usual sultry confidence with genuine fatigue. 'We did the whole BDSM thing. Leather, ropes, the works. We spent a week at a secluded nude beach. We even fucked a few times in public! Anything and everything to add a bit of spice, you know? But now? I feel like I'm completely running out of new things to try just to keep our love life interesting. We've done it *all*, Chun, and it was *amazing*... but what's left...?'

Chun-Li lifted her cup, taking a slow, measured sip to carefully consider her next words before committing them to the air.

'Are you still in love with your husband?' Chun-Li asked gently, setting the porcelain down. 'It sounds to me like you're chasing a never-ending high, Mai. Almost like you're distracting yourselves from more... foundational issues?'

'No! No, *absolutely* not,' Mai denied profusely, crossing her arms in front of her in a fervent denial. 'I *love* Andy now more than ever. He's my soulmate. I swear, it's *not* about that. A lack of love isn't the issue.' Her shoulders slumped, and she looked down at the table, her voice cracking with a sudden, rare vulnerability. 'I just... I'm starting to worry that maybe there's something genuinely wrong with us. Normal people don't have these kinds of issues. Normal couples don't get *bored*, do they?'

Chun-Li frowned, highly displeased by the dangerous direction her best friend's thoughts had travelled. Not for Mai's thoughts, but by how genuinely distressed she sounded.

She's a nymphomaniac, certainly, but that's not a disease that needs to be cured...

Studying the younger woman's downcast expression, she let out a long, weary sigh as she felt a sense of sympathy for her friend.

Perhaps I'm seeing myself in her...

'Have you considered swinging?' Chun-Li asked smoothly, steeling herself for the inevitable reaction to her seeming non-sequitor.

Mai, who had just taken a large, defensive gulp of her tea to soothe her throat, instantly choked. A violent, panicked spray of amber liquid erupted from her lips, flying straight across the table directly toward Chun-Li's face.

With the lightning-fast reflexes of a grandmaster, Chun-Li didn't even flinch. She simply snapped her right hand up, palm out. A miniature, glowing sphere of *hado* manifested instantly in mid-air, acting as a perfect kinetic shield that absorbed every single airborne drop of tea with a sizzle before it could stain her tunic.

'What the *hell?!*' Mai yelped, coughing and hacking as she wiped her chin with the back of her hand. 'You seriously wait until the exact second I take a sip before making a joke like *that?!*'

Chun-Li let the spiritual fire safely dissipate into nothingness, her eyebrows raised in unbothered amusement. 'I wasn't joking, Mai. It was a genuine question.'

Mai gaped at her best friend, her jaw practically hitting the rosewood table. Her large eyes were wide with sheer, unadulterated disbelief.

'Why would your mind even go to a place like that?!' Mai hissed, leaning across the table, her face flushing crimson. 'I just told you, I *love* Andy! And *only* Andy!'

Chun-Li calmly considered Mei with a neutral expression until her friend calmed down and retook her seat. Realising her error, she flushed crimson and looked away in embarrassment at her outburst.

'I never questioned your devotion, and swinging isn't mutually exclusive from love,' Chun-Li explained, her voice gentle and mature while desperately trying to avoid slipping into lecturing. 'As to *why* my mind would go there...? It's simple. Ryu and I had very similar marital troubles in the past. With him being gone so frequently for such incredibly long stretches of time, the isolation became unbearable.' Chun-Li hesitated before continuing, very briefly, knowing the kind of reaction her following words would elicit from her excitable friend. 'We eventually

decided to open our marriage to alleviate the physical yearning... which, over time, naturally opened the door to swinging.'

A heavy, dead silence instantly swallowed the dining room. The ambient sounds of the hustle and bustle outside in Metro City seemed to vanish entirely as Mai stared at the pristine, dignified ex-Interpol agent sitting across from her.

'That is to say, I recommended swinging because I *know*, from *experience*, that it works wonderfully in bringing couples together.'

'WHAAAAAAAAAAT?!?!?!'

Chun-Li winced. She had fully expected a dramatic reaction, but she would have preferred it if Mai hadn't actively tried to deafen her.

'*You?!*' Mai asked, her voice cracking in sheer disbelief. 'And *Ryu?* Fucking *other* people? *You two?*'

Okay, that is mildly insulting.

'Why is that so hard to believe?'

Mai didn't answer immediately. Instead, she just favored her with a flat, deadpan stare. In all fairness to the Shiranui *kunoichi*, the revelation *was* rather out of the blue.

'You're just so... *normal*,' Mai began, launching into a mildly insulting tirade. 'You barely ever talk about sex and the last time I saw you wear something even *remotely* sexy was... I can't even remember! I had no *idea* you two were such freaks. I mean, good on you! But... god, I'm sorry, this is starting to sound incredibly offensive—'

'A little bit.'

‘It’s just... I can’t believe it! Okay, maybe *you* can convince me that you’re a freak in the sheets who likes to whip out her old handcuffs and dominate poor Ryu—’

Chun-Li had to call upon every single year of her rigorous training just to keep her face a neutral, unbothered mask. It took immense willpower not to react to Mai’s entirely accidental, yet hilariously accurate words.

‘—but Ryu barely thinks about anything other than fighting,’ Mai continued, completely oblivious to Chun-Li’s embarrassment. ‘Honestly, it *still* shocks me that you managed to convince him to marry you in the first place. Now *this*? He... well, he just doesn’t seem the type. No offense.’

Why do people always say “no offense” right after saying something so very obviously offensive?

Though, it was just another reason Chun-Li would never, under any circumstances, disclose to her friend that she had actually been forced to defeat Ryu in absolute, no-holds-barred combat before he had finally agreed to marry her.

Just the *thought* of that somehow leaking had her shuddering in terror.

She’d *never* live it down.

Then, a fond, genuinely warm smile tugged at the corners of Chun-Li’s lips as she thought of her oft-absentee husband.

‘You don’t give Ryu enough credit, Mai,’ Chun-Li said softly. ‘He has actually come to treat lovemaking like any other martial art—one best mastered by sparring against as many different opponents as possible, and, like with any martial art... he’s a *very* quick learner...’

Mai gaped at the sheer, beautiful ridiculousness of the analogy for three full seconds before the dam broke. Neither woman could hold it back anymore. They dissolved into a fit of giggles, hiding their faces behind their porcelain cups like a pair of mischievous housewives sharing forbidden, juicy gossip over a cup of tea.

When the laughter finally tapered off, Mai looked deep in thought. The playful energy drained from her features, replaced by the heavy internal conflict of someone actively wrestling with the unconventional path Chun-Li had laid out before her.

'I've never even considered it,' Mai admitted quietly, her eyes dropping back down to stare into the amber depths of her tea. 'I mean... maybe when I was younger... but I left that lifestyle completely behind me when I got serious with Andy...'

Chun-Li gave a slow, understanding nod.

'It's definitely not for everyone,' she admitted freely, recalling the handful of times early on when an unexpected flash of jealousy or possessiveness had ruined an otherwise perfect evening with another couple. It was rare, but it *did* happen, which was why, in her opinion, healthy swinging required absolute trust in one's relationship. 'I wouldn't have suggested it to you if I didn't think you and Andy could handle it. You two are absolutely head over heels for each other, and you've always seemed pretty open to... new experiences.'

Mai looked up, eyeing her best friend over the rim of her cup. Her dark eyes narrowed with sudden, playful suspicion.

'Is this just some elaborate, long-game ploy so you can finally fuck my man?' Mai accused, a wicked, teasing grin returning to her face. 'Not that I blame you, of course. Andy is so much hotter than Ryu!'

Chun-Li accepted the words for the playful ribbing that they were, but her own eyes flashed with an immediate, dangerous challenge.

'Andy certainly *is* very handsome,' Chun-Li conceded smoothly, leaning forward just a fraction. 'I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about it before. Especially with how often I catch him staring whenever we all get together.'

Mai reeled back slightly as if struck by a physical blow, entirely caught off guard by the uncharacteristic naughtiness coming from her normally straight-laced, older friend.

Chun-Li let out a soft, contemplative hum, doing her absolute best to hide the triumphant, teasing grin tugging at her mouth. 'Come to think of it... I'm fairly certain he might be an ass man, given just how hard he stares every time I walk past...'

Mai's cheeks puffed up in instant, mock outrage. She launched herself to her feet, her chair scraping against the hardwood as she pointed an accusing, trembling finger across the table.

'Oh yeah?! Well, Ryu is definitely a boob man! I see him staring at the girls all the time!'

She accentuated her words by pointing two thumbs at her chest. A chest that still jiggled with her aggressive movements.

Chun-Li tried her hardest not to stare, a task she usually found difficult, but otherwise manageable...

That, however, was *before* the prospect of getting her hands on Mai's heavy breasts became a very real possibility...

'Mai, with how often you shove them directly into his face while bouncing around the sparring room?' Chun-Li asked, her voice dripping with dry amusement as she did her best to mask her desire. 'It would be statistically harder for him *not* to stare.'

Mai gasped in theatrical, mock outrage, though she knew full well exactly how provocatively she liked to dress, both in and out of the ring. 'Why, I *never!* What kind of woman do you take me for?'

Chun-Li didn't even bother trying to hide her mischievous smile now.

'One who's *desperate* to feel the touch of a new man,' Chun-Li challenged directly, her voice dropping into a sultry, confident register. '*Especiall*y one as *fine* as my husband. The real question is... can you actually handle the thought of me wrapping these thighs around your beloved husband's head?'

Amusingly, the vivid mental image hit Mai like a freight train. Her cheeks instantly lit up a brilliant, roaring crimson, her confidence evaporating into pure, stuttering heat.

'Y-you're acting as if this is already a foregone conclusion!' Mai stammered, trying desperately to regain her footing. 'M-maybe the boys won't even be up for it. Did you ever think of *that*?'

Mai tried to look defiant, but she barely lasted a single second under Chun-Li's perfectly calm, amused stare before breaking down into another helpless fit of giggles.

'As if they'll even have a choice, *hehe*,' Mai tittered, sinking back into her chair.

Chun-Li watched in supportive silence as Mai bit her lower lip, her gaze drifting away as she began seriously calculating the proposition for the very first time.

The seed had been planted.

And Chun-Li figured she knew her friend well enough to be sure it would flower into the most beautiful of experiences for the group of long-time friends.

'You don't have to decide right now,' Chun-Li assuaged gently, figuring Mai would be feeling rather overwhelmed. She reached across the rosewood table, wrapping her hand over Mai's trembling fingers and giving them a reassuring squeeze. 'Ryu and I are going away this weekend to a private *ryokan* up in the mountains. If you decide this is a frontier you and Andy want to explore, you are more than welcome to join us. If you don't, that's completely fine too. We'll just find another couple to play with.'

Mai's chest rose and fell in a heavy, shallow breath, the flush on her cheeks deepening to its absolute reddest yet.

'That's... *god*, that's so *hot*,' Mai whispered, a shuddering exhale escaping her lips. 'Hearing you talk about it so casually.'

Chun-Li's lips twitched in quiet amusement as she let go of her friend's hand and leaned back, lifting her tea for one final, victorious sip.

Despite the uncertainty in her friends eyes and demeanor, Chun-Li had a sneaking suspicion she and Ryu would be joined by the younger couple, come what may.

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The scent of sulfur and fresh cedar hung heavy in the mountain air, filtering through the sliding *shoji* screens of their private room. Mai smoothed her palms down the front of her crisp, navy blue *yukata*, the traditional light robe cinched tightly around her waist. She adjusted the collar, pulling the fabric open enough so the “girls” were nearly spilling out before shifting her weight, her bare soles tapping a restless rhythm against the woven *tatami* mats.

They were supposed to be heading down to the secluded, mixed-gender outdoor hot spring—the *rotenburo*—where Chun-Li and Ryu were already waiting.

Andy caught the movement, his brow furrowing with quiet, intense concern. He stood near the doorway, his own forest-green robe sitting perfectly across his broad, muscular shoulders.

‘Are you entirely sure you want to go through with this, Mai?’ he asked softly, his low voice carrying a notable hint of protectiveness. ‘It is not too late to turn back. We can pack our things and go home. No one will hold it against us.’

Mai stopped hopping from foot to foot, turning fully to face her husband. A warm, loving smile softened her features. She knew that given the same opportunity, the vast majority of men wouldn't think twice if their wives handed them a green light to sleep with a woman as jaw-droppingly gorgeous as Chun-Li. Yet here Andy was, completely uncaring about such things, his singular focus and worry entirely centered on her mindset and emotional well-being.

She stepped closer, cupping the side of his face. Her thumb stroked along his sharp, clean-shaven jawline, feeling the subtle tension in his hulking frame. Rising up onto her tip-toes, she pressed a soft, lingering kiss against his lips, and basked in that familiar warmth.

When she pulled back just an inch, she locked her dark eyes onto his. ‘Are you an ass man?’

Andy blinked, caught completely flat-footed by the absurd, utterly unprovoked question. A sudden flush of crimson rushed up his pale cheeks. He instinctively tried to avert his gaze, looking anywhere but at her, but Mai's firm, iron-clad grip on his jawline refused to let him escape.

Oh my God, Chun-Li was absolutely right! He totally is! How on earth did I not realize this until right now?!

Instead of repeating the question, Mai simply raised a challenging, highly amused eyebrow, waiting him out.

Andy cleared his throat, trying desperately to summon as much dignity as possible under the circumstances. 'I... I suppose so?' he muttered, his chest rising as he took a steadying breath. 'Yours is... *incredible*, Mai. And I very much... enjoy it?'

Mai let out a soft, purring hum of approval, a wicked smirk curling the corners of her lips.

'Hmm. Good save, honey,' she teased, her eyes scanning his rigid frame with a sudden, hungry intensity as she watched him begin to fidget under her scrutiny. 'And I suppose you've never *once* thought about Chun-Li wrapping those incredible, legendary thighs around your head and sitting right on your face? *Hmm?*'

As she asked the question, her dancing fingers slipped into his robe and cupped his manhood directly, giggling as she felt him harden in her grasp.

The sheer, instantaneous way the blush completely overtook his features was nothing short of *magnificent*. The crimson spread from his jaw all the way to the tips of his ears, destroying any semblance of his usual stoic composure as he was caught red-handed.

Mai wanted to squeal.

He's so adorable!

'It... the thought might have crossed my mind, once or twice,' Andy relented, his shoulders dropping slightly as he caved entirely under his wife's molten, suffocating gaze. He looked back down at her, his expression turning serious again, laced with a vulnerability that made her chest tight. 'But what about *you*? Are you truly okay with this? Are... are *you* excited? To be with Ryu?'

Mai would never lie to her husband, though she did desperately try to dial back the sheer, unadulterated eagerness in her expression to spare his ego—not that his performance ever left anything to be desired. Men could be strange, possessive creatures, and she knew that even though Ryu and Andy weren't your typical loud, alpha-male meatheads, they both possessed a terrifyingly quiet competitive streak when given just cause.

'I'm excited to try something completely new,' she finally admitted, her voice dropping into a soft, coy register as she offered him a reassuring smile. 'Together. *With* you.'

Andy didn't answer with words. He leaned down, his mouth catching hers in a kiss that started off slow and deliberate, but rapidly spiraled into something hot, passionate, and demanding the longer it dragged on. His hands came up, slipping into her *yukata* and palming a heavy breast as he pulled her body flush against his.

We haven't even stepped out of the room yet and we're already acting like horny, desperate teenagers...

The thought came unbidden as her heart thundered against her ribs.

Breathing heavily, she reluctantly broke the kiss, her eyes dark with promise. Taking her husband's hand, her fingers interlocking tightly with his, she led him out into the wooden corridor toward the steaming outdoor springs, her stomach fluttering with a swarm of nervous, ecstatic butterflies.

Mai's breath skipped a beat, a sudden wave of intense heat spreading across her skin the moment they stepped into the wash area and realized they weren't alone.

She wasn't the only one affected, either. She felt Andy's hand tighten instantly, his fingers locking hard against hers at the sight that greeted them through the rising steam.

Ryu and Chun-Li, though a full decade their senior, certainly didn't look it. Both of their yukata had already been discarded, leaving them unashamedly naked in the warm, humid air. Chun-Li was seated on a short wooden stool, her posture relaxed, while her husband stood over her, lovingly washing her skin.

Despite everything she had expected to feel, Mai found her gaze roving helplessly over her best friend first before it shifted over to the carved slab of raw muscle that was Chun-Li's husband.

The fact that Chun-Li was gorgeous had never been a secret, but seeing her completely naked and utterly at ease, she was nothing short of a masterpiece. A serene, confident smile played on her classical features. Her large, heavy breasts capped with dark-pink nipples hung beautifully as she stooped forward slightly, and those legendary, powerful thighs were spread wide for balance, casually revealing the delicate flower nestled in between them.

Mai felt a sudden, intense urge to crawl over and sample the delicacy her friend casually displayed like it was nothing, an urge she hadn't felt in many years.

Chun-Li was the absolute definition of power and beauty entwined in one jaw-dropping, perfect package.

In stark contrast, Ryu loomed over her like a guardian deity. His hands, rough and calloused from a lifetime of combat, gently scrubbed her back and shoulders with a lathered washcloth. He was deeply tanned—a striking counterpoint to Andy's pale, aristocratic complexion—and his hard, dense muscles rippled effortlessly with every movement. His body was a living canvas, littered with the faint, silver signs of countless historic battles, and his dark eyes devoured the room with a quiet, unshakeable intensity that made breathing suddenly very difficult.

She couldn't help it. Her eyes trailed down his chiselled physique and settled on the heavy manhood dangling between his trunk-like legs—curiosity and the excitement for the *new* driving her. It was dark like the rest of him, and thick. Even soft, he looked formidable, perhaps even girthier than Andy, if not as long.

She licked her lips, despite herself.

Chun-Li held out a hand toward Mai, her lips quirked into a thoroughly teasing, knowing grin.

'So glad you could join us,' she purred. Her voice was lower than usual, dripping with a sultry, effortless confidence that sounded utterly unlike her everyday demeanor.

Is this how she always is when they swing?

She definitely didn't hate it.

Nor did she hate the way Ryu's dark gaze quietly intensified, tracking her every movement as Mai finally let her own robe slip down her shoulders. She stepped out of the fabric and folded it into the wooden basket before walking over to join Chun-Li, settling down on the vacant wooden stool beside her.

Mai's breath hitched in her throat when Ryu seamlessly shifted his position. Without a single word, the legendary martial artist stepped behind her, picked up a wooden pail, and gently dumped a stream of perfectly heated water over her bare shoulders. The contrast of his rough, massive hands scrubbing her skin with such surprising, deliberate tenderness sent a sharp shiver straight down her spine.

Chun-Li watched them, her eyes flashing with wicked delight.

Mai gasped as her friend, completely without warning, reached over to palm one of Mai's heavy breasts, squeezing gently as if sampling the ripeness of a melon at the market before buying.

'Exquisite,' Chun-Li purred as heat pooled in Mai's nethers. It had been a while since she'd been with a woman... would she be breaking her duck that evening? With her best friend?

Unfortunately, said friend released her and shifted her gaze over to Mai's husband, who still stood at the entrance with an awestruck look on his handsome features.

'Come, Andy,' Chun-Li beckoned with an outstretched hand. 'Ryu didn't quite finish washing me.'

Mai heard a quiet, sultry hum escape her best friend's lips the exact moment her pale, sexy husband finally disrobed, causing her to turn. She shivered at the look in Chun-Li's eyes, and the way she bit her lip as she eyed up Andy like a piece of meat.

This is really happening.

Andy took his position behind her best friend and, getting a clean wash-cloth, started to scrub just as Ryu was scrubbing the Shiranui *kunoichi*.

They sat in a loaded, heavy silence as their husbands washed them, the ambient sound of trickling water doing little to mask the sudden, metaphorical spike in the room's temperature. Mai's skin was tingling, the sheer novelty of Ryu's calloused palms smoothing over her back sending electrifying jolts straight to her core. She was bracing herself for some intensely profound, sexually charged comment from the legendary warrior—until he actually spoke, nearly spoiling the thick, sultry mood entirely.

'Your *latissimus dorsi* muscles are exceptionally well-developed, Mai,' Ryu noted, his voice flat, earnest, and entirely devoid of guile as his thumbs traced the flare of her back like a clinician. 'The density suggests a remarkable amount of torque behind your fan throws. Your posture is immaculate. It is the sign of a disciplined warrior.'

Mai bit her lip, a breathless giggle slipping past her teeth.

Trust Ryu to look at a naked woman and see a training dummy...

The sheer, ridiculous authenticity of him instantly lessened the suffocating weight of the sexual tension in the room.

With the mood significantly lightened, the room shifted from stiff anticipation to pure, unadulterated play.

Chun-Li let out a low hum and lounged backward against Andy. She reached up, wrapping an arm possessively around the dense, powerful muscle of his thigh, before turning and ripping a gasp out of the blonde when she nuzzled his rapidly hardening manhood like a kitten.

'Are you two absolutely *sure* about this?' Chun-Li asked, her voice a purr as she spoke directly to Andy's cock. 'It's not too late to back out,' she added with a deep breath, tearing her gaze away from the treat that spanned the length of her face to turn to Mai with a raised brow.

'I'm sure,' Andy growled urgently and immediately. His voice was uncharacteristically strained, his body rigid as Chun-Li went back to nuzzling his manhood.

Mai couldn't help the wicked giggle that escaped her lips at her husband's transparent eagerness. 'You're cheating.'

'Tell me to stop,' Chun-Li challenged, her eyes flashing with a predatory, mischievous light as she let out a warm breath against the head of Andy's hardness, her lips so close to touching. The sexy whimper the normally quiet and reserved blonde let out almost made Mai lose it right there. 'Last chance, Mai... I'm really not sure I can stop once we actually get started. Your husband is... very handsome.'

Mai's breathing became increasingly labored, her chest rising and falling sharply as she watched her best friend all but salivating over Andy's cock. The sheer, taboo thrill of it was a visual aphrodisiac, making her pulse thunder violently in approval.

Seeking some kind of anchor, Mai turned her head, staring up at the towering form of Ryu. She wondered what the stoic vagabond truly thought of this entire arrangement, but the moment their eyes met, any lingering doubts vanished. His attention was firmly, fiercely locked onto her. As his dark eyes devoured her features, Mai felt a sudden, visceral thrill—the exact sensation of a prey animal freezing before a majestic, dominant predator.

There was no judgment or hesitation in his gaze, only a raw, primal hunger.

'Say yes,' Ryu growled, the sound low, deep, and resonating right through her chest. It wasn't an arrogant command, more an earnest, breathless plea.

He wanted her. The ultimate martial artist—a man who made a habit of mostly ignoring the pleasures of the world—was looking at her as if she were the only prize that mattered. Then he reached down to palm both of her heavy breasts, his large, calloused hands feeling novel and different as he squeezed, an almost bestial growl slipping from between his lips

The heat in Mai's core flared to a devastating new level. As she shakily nodded her head, a brilliant, wild feeling of exhilaration rushed through her veins—a thrilling spark of the unknown that she hadn't felt in a very, very long time.

Despite her expectations, Chun-Li and Ryu didn't devour the inexperienced couple right there. They finished washing and strolled into the gorgeous mountain-top spring with a stunning view of Metro City below.

They slipped into the scalding water with matching groans of exaltation and just basked in the rejuvenating springs until Chun-Li finally broke the silence.

'So,' she asked, her head resting on Andy's chest as she snuggled up next to him. 'How do you see this playing out? You're the newbies here, after all.'

Andy clearly had no opinion, and judging by the subtle ripples in the water, Mai didn't doubt the ability for higher thought had been robbed from him by her unexpectedly salacious best friend.

That's gonna take some getting used to... she's always so mature and dignified...

Wanting to one-up her and not just keep coming off like an inexperienced virgin, Mai slipped into Ryu's lap, purring as she felt his hardness spring up between her thighs.

Her face flushed with passion, Mai reached down to palm the immense manhood and giggled.

'We may be new to this *swinger* thing, but I think I can figure it out from here...'

In a flash, Chun Li crossed the distance to gently chop her on the head.

'Calm down,' she teasingly reprimanded. 'We can't have sex here, that's unsanitary.'

Mai gaped like a fish out of water, feeling Ryu's chest rumbling against her back as he chuckled softly.

'Then what—'

She didn't even get to finish her thought before Chun closed the distance and captured her lips in a searing, passionate kiss, completely out of the blue, catching her totally off-guard.

But if her gorgeous best friend thought she'd back down, she had another thing coming.

Mai threw her arms over Chun's shoulders and deepened the kiss, grinding into Ryu's lap at the same time as she felt his manhood pulse in between her thighs.

A pair of calloused hands palmed her heavy breasts, fondling and groping while Chun deepened the kiss, her tongue reaching out to battle with hers as the best friends made out.

Mai tried to process the enormity of what was happening, but she could barely focus, sandwiched between the two legendary fighters as she was. And then Chun pulled back from her lips and started to trail kisses down her neck.

She felt Ryu lift her breasts up, as if offering them to Chun-Li, then gasped as her friend suckled an engorged nipple into her mouth without hesitation.

Friends for so long... and I had no idea...

Moaning, she looked over Chun-Li's head to see Andy watching the action, his blue eyes smouldering with lust as he watched his wife be ravished by the older, more experienced couple.

I love you.

She mouthed the words, and Andy returned the gesture before slipping out of the water so he could jerk that magnificent cock of his while watching the erotic spectacle.

Hearing the sound behind her, Mai whimpered in disappointment as Chun stopped lavishing attention on her tits to turn and see the source.

‘Good idea,’ she purred, turning back to Mai with mischief in her eyes. ‘Sit up on the ledge.’

In that moment, Mai would have done anything Chun asked, but it quickly became apparent the older woman wasn’t talking to *her*.

She squealed as Ryu easily stood, lifting the both of them out of the water before taking a seat on the edge of the spring, their modesties no longer protected by the steaming, opaque water.

Ryu spread her thighs, his manhood hanging heavy between them as he offered her up to his wife like a delicacy.

‘Mmm,’ Chun-Li hummed in approval, eyeing Mai’s gushing womanhood with such hunger it looked foreign on her classically beautiful features. ‘We should have done this a *long* time ago...’

Mai sucked in a shocked breath as her friend crawled in between her legs and placed a tender, featherlight kiss on her engorged clit. She could hear Andy’s fapping increase in intensity, but Mai couldn’t tear her gaze away from her friend’s smouldering gaze to pay her husband any attention. It was like she was put under a spell.

‘Ooooh, yes, *nnggh*, right there!’

With Ryu fondling her heavy tits and Chun-Li now sliding her tongue along the length of her hyper-sensitive lips, it was all Mai could do to keep her euphoric moans under control.

It had been... a *long* time since she’d done anything *this* wild, and having her husband right there to see her acting like such a horny little slut...

Finally, Mai tore her gaze away from her friend's gleaming eyes to see her husband's flushed features. A part of her was worried he might be feeling left out or envious... but judging by the look in his eyes, and the eagerness with which he stroked the cock she loved so much... she didn't think she had much to worry about.

Mai bit her lip, stifling another moan as she melted in her friends' embraces, red-hot pulses of pleasure surging out from her womanhood in waves as Chun-Li expertly worked her over.

'How do I, *nnh*, I-look, baby?' she asked, her voice coming out in a breathless gasp.

'Amazing,' Andy gushed without hesitation, his fist like a blur and focusing on the head of his dick. She felt a thrill of excitement at the thought of seeing that very dick thrusting into her friend and realised, with startling clarity, that *this* was the excitement that had been missing from their lovemaking lately. 'You're the most beautiful woman in the world...'

'Second most,' Ryu grumbled good naturedly, his large hands still massaging and groping Mai's tits.

Andy didn't bother arguing and Chun-Li smiled up at her husband with her eyes—her mouth otherwise... *occupied*.

When her friend added her fingers into the mix, it was all Mai could do to not scream out her pleasure and alert the proprietors—or the other guests—to the explicit, "unsanitary" activities going on in the spring.

Chun-Li, sensing her struggle, giggled directly into her womanhood while Ryu started to kiss her along her sensitive neck.

When was the last time I felt this turned on? This horny?

She looked over to her husband and felt love surge through her core at not only his allowing of this to happen, but with how cool and mature he was being about everything.

The part of her that could still think clearly wanted to reward him, but she quickly realised that wouldn't be necessary.

Chun-Li would handle that for her.

'I'm close,' she gasped, her body undulating like a wave as she gyrated against her friend's mouth. 'So close...'

Chun-Li hummed in approval, her tongue circling her clit while her fingers pressed down with a steady pressure. Mai's pleasure spiked, her back arching so powerfully she nearly broke Ryu's hold on her, but the legendary fighter held firm.

Just as her orgasm was about to crash into her like a tide, the pulses of intense warmth from her core reaching an erotic crescendo, everything just... *stopped*.

'No!' she gasped, gaping at Chun-Li in shock and betrayal as her friend launched herself across the spring with a kick of her powerful legs, floating atop the steaming water as she watched her despairing friend with a cheeky grin. '*Why?!*'

'The only person who's going to make you cum tonight is *Ryu*,' Chun-Li teased, standing in the shallow spring as water sloughed down her incredible body. Mai caught herself staring despite her frustration, then blinked as her friend launched herself out of the water with a powerful leap, landing behind the confused Andy in crouch. 'Come on, handsome,' she purred, directly into the blonde's ear while draping herself over his broad shoulders. 'Let's continue this back in your room.'

Andy, who'd shuddered in delight at Chun-Li's close proximity and sensual words, turned back to Mai with wide-eyes. 'What about—?'

'Don't worry about them,' Chun-Li whispered directly into his other ear, eliciting another delighted shudder. 'Worry more about how much fun *we're* gonna have.'

Despite her words, Andy just about managed to turn back to Mai with a questioning look in his beautiful eyes. Mai felt her body quake with excitement once more, the feeling of Ryu's powerful

physique behind her somehow growing more pronounced as the realisation that they'd be splitting up settled.

She nodded at her husband, shakily. 'Go honey,' she urged, barely able to keep her voice steady with how excited she was. 'Have fun. Show the old-hag a good time!'

'Rude,' Chun-Li replied with a roll of her eyes before helping Andy out of the spring and leading him back into the building. Both Mai and Ryu watched in erotically charged silence as their partners' naked, toned behinds disappeared into the mist as they strolled away to do who-knows-what.

Neither spoke for what felt like ages as Mai stared dumbly, the steam rushing in to fill the void created by Chun-Li and Andy's passing.

'How are you feeling?' Ryu asked gently in a soft, confident voice. He was no longer playing with her tits and had his arms wrapped around her waist, but Mai nearly giggled at how obviously he was forcing himself to do so. 'I remember the first time Chun and I did this. It was... difficult.'

'Oh?' Mai whispered, stretching like a cat in Ryu's lap and reaching back to wrap her arms around his neck.

This, of course, accentuated her heavy breasts and Mai smirked when she felt Ryu's hands tremble with the effort of not reaching up to indulge.

'Mmm,' Ryu hummed, his voice deeper and more sensual in her ear. 'I nearly challenged the man who touched her to a fight. I wasn't as calm as Andy was, that's for sure...'

Mai, this time, couldn't restrain her playful giggle as she nestled herself deeper into Ryu's arms, feeling his cock harden and jolt in between her legs. 'I never took you for the jealous type.'

'Chun-Li brings it out of me,' Ryu growled, bending down to plant more kisses along Mai's neck.

‘And... and how did you g-get over it?’ Mei just about managed to stutter out, feeling that intense warmth that had been cruelly robbed from her starting to build once more. ‘H-how did you stop being, *nnggh*, jealous?’

Ryu swapped to the other side of her neck and trailed several more kisses before putting his lips to her ear.

‘I didn’t,’ he breathed, the warmth washing over her and making her shiver. ‘I’m *a/ways* jealous. I just learned to... channel that energy... elsewhere...’

Not wanting to be the passive little newbie again, Mai barked out a laugh and spun in the legendary fighter’s grip, staring deep into his dark, smouldering eyes.

‘Oh yeah?’ she challenged, smirking as Ryu’s eyes shot down to stare at her heavy, swaying breasts. Running her fingers down his rock-hard, bulging pecs and chiselled abs, her smirk widened when she saw him shiver at her touch. Then, when she took hold of his thick, heavy cock, she delighted in how he gasped. ‘Do you use this big, bad *cock* to fuck the jealousy out of you?’

Ryu’s eyes fluttered closed and as Mai leaned in closer, their lips millimetres apart, she ran her hands along his rock-hard length, one over the other.

‘That... doesn’t even make sense.’

‘Shut up,’ Mai whispered, closing the distance and capturing the older man’s lips in a heated kiss.

Andy always kissed her like he was executing a flawless kata—perfect technique, deeply affectionate, and completely predictable.

Ryu, on the other hand, had zero polish. His lips were slightly chapped and fiercely demanding, crashing against hers with a raw, uncalculated hunger that threw her for a loop.

Holy shit, this is really happening!

The thought came unbidden and a wicked, dizzying spike of pure adrenaline hit her bloodstream as their tongues tangled. The sheer, overwhelming novelty of it all—a different man's taste, the unfamiliar, broader cut of his jaw under her fingertips, the tickle of his beard, the heavy, thrumming heat of his cock pulsing in her hands—felt incredibly, wonderfully *wrong* in the *best* way.

For the first time in... she didn't even know *how* long, she was entirely in the dark about what the man holding her was going to do next, and that absolute, taboo lack of predictability was the most intoxicating thing she'd ever felt.

Her hands continued to stroke Ryu's hardness as they kissed there in the spring, a steadily growing growl rumbling in his immense chest causing her to let out a muffled giggle.

Someone's impatient... Tough luck!

As she slowly sank to her knees and pulled away from his foreign lips, the growling eased as he watched her draw eye-level to his cock.

Mai couldn't help the smirk as she beheld Ryu's manhood in all its girthy majesty.

He won't be pleased for long...

While both hands stroked his shaft in tandem, she looked up coquettishly into Ryu's eyes in the way she *knew* men couldn't resist.

His chest swelled as his breathing grew laboured, and he almost let out a whine as she let him go, his heavy cock sagging under its own weight despite its hardness.

'Don't pout,' she teased, taking one heavy tit in each hand and wrapping her lover's shaft in their pillowy embrace. 'It's unattractive.'

Ryu's eyes widened and he bit his fist in an attempt to muffle the exultant groan, his eyes rolling into the back of his head and his knees almost buckling at the sensation.

'If you like this...' Mei teased, the rest of her statement unfortunately impossible to finish as she swallowed the head of the legendary fighter's plum-sized head with lusty enthusiasm.

She suckled the head, she stroked with her tits, she refused to break eye-contact at all. Mai took it as a compliment when Ryu needed to reach out to a nearby boulder for balance.

That's it. You love it, don't you? You love my big tits wrapped around your cock...

She wished she could say the words, but her mouth had a more important assignment.

With the cruel way Chun-Li and Ryu had so recently edged her firmly in mind, Mai sucked for all she was worth, her spit and his excitement mixing and causing her boobs to glide along the veiny shaft with almost no friction.

When Ryu reached behind her head to grip her pony-tail, it was all Mai could do to not groan with lust.

Andy would *never* pull her hair, no matter how much she pleaded. He loved her too much, his gentle heart unable to even give her a *little* pain—even if she begged him to.

Ryu clearly had no such hangups, gripping the knot and forcing her head to bounce harder on the head of his cock.

When she felt his body stiffen, his manhood swelling in preparation for his release, Mai's eyes glittered with triumph.

'I'm cumm—'

Before he could even finish the thought, Mai released Ryu's manhood and swept his legs out from under him in one graceful move.

In any other situation, the legendary fighter wouldn't have been caught so hopelessly off-guard.

Right on the verge of climax though? Not even *Ryu* had his guard up at that point.

With an undignified yelp and a hilarious flailing of the arms in a doomed attempt to regain his balance, Ryu's mountainous bulk fell into the spring with an almighty crash, amidst the chorus of Mai's vindictive cackling.

When a soggy and glaring Ryu resurfaced like an ominous sea-monster, Mai only laughed harder, her lover's unimpressed look having the opposite effect.

Oh my God! He looks like a cat that's been dunked in the bath!

Waiting for Mai to get it out of her system, Ryu grumbled in annoyance as she threatened to break out into another fit of cackles.

'I... suppose I deserved that.'

'Damn right you did!'

Mai leapt back instinctively when Ryu stood back up and started cracking his knuckles. While she predominantly sparred against Chun-Li to keep in shape, she'd sparred against Ryu plenty of times in the past.

In a fair fight, she didn't much rate her chances.

But since when did *kunoichi* fight *fair*?!

Seeing Mai fall into a defensive stance, Ryu raised an amused eyebrow.

‘Feisty...’ he purred in approval. ‘I like it!’

Before he could launch himself at Mai, the *kunoichi* leapt out of the spring and grinned saucily, her smile widening when she caught Ryu’s gaze immediately zeroing in on her swaying tits.

‘We *could* have it out here, big guy,’ she teased, making sure to move in a way that kept her girls jiggling and distracting. *If I’d known it was this easy to distract him, I’d have gotten my tits out ages ago!* ‘Or... we could go back to the room and see what the others are up to...’

‘Oh?’ Ryu asked, pausing in his advance. ‘Is that what you want? Normally, with first-timers, Chun separates us. Less chance for... *complications*.’

Pupils dilated and her breath now coming in ragged pants, the moisture clinging to the inside of her thigh not *just* spring water, Mai hurriedly nodded.

‘I do,’ she breathed, her cheeks flush with arousal. ‘I *really* do...’

‘Good,’ Ryu hummed, joining her out of the water with a powerful leap. ‘It’s more fun that way...’

Biting her lip, Mai turned and, not even bothering to collect her *yukata* or to check if Ryu was following, she hurried back to the room in a sexual frenzy.

She passed other guests on the way, she *knew* she did, but she paid the shocked gasps and perverted giggles no mind.

She had one goal in mind—one desire that superseded all other thoughts and concerns.

She wanted to know—*desperately*—what Andy and Chun-Li were up to.

And the answer was revealed to her the second she slid open the door to their room.

They hadn’t wasted any time.

Mai was greeted with the sight of her friend's muscular back, her powerful and toned ass swivelling and undulating as she bounced on her husband's cock.

Mai was mesmerized by the sight, both at Andy's manhood spearing in and out of her best friend's cunt, and at how sensually said best friend was moving.

Since when could she do that?!

At hearing the door slide open, Chun-Li turned and offered them a sexy grin, her face flushed with arousal, not even bothering to stop her gyrations.

'Mmm, I'm glad you decided to join us,' she purred, eyes smouldering with desire. 'Andy and I were just getting started...'

Mai stumbled closer, her core *exploding* with arousal at the sight of her normally calm and reserved hubby looking so frazzled and frenzied beneath Chun-Li.

'Having fun, honey?'

He could only nod, words failing him.

'Enough talking,' Ryu grunted, sliding the door shut behind him and crowding up behind Mai, wrapping her up in his powerful arms. 'I would very much like to analyze your technique...'

Mai let out a breathless giggle as Ryu's hands immediately went for her heavy, dangling tits, then she squealed as, with a thrust of his pelvis, Mai fell forward until she clung to the still-gyrating Chun-Li's shoulders for balance.

Her friend held the arms that instinctively wrapped around her shoulders tight without stopping in her movements and Mai let out a strangled gasp as she felt something thick and heavy press against her core.

Kissing Ryu had been a unique experience.

Fucking him was too.

There was none of the gentleness or the care that her husband lavished her with. Ryu was a blunt instrument, his thrusts and movements as “gentle” and “graceful” as she imagined his training to be.

His girth made his roughness *hurt*.

In a way that made Mai’s toes curl.

‘Oh *fuuuuuuuck!*’

The exclamation—long, deep and guttural—escaped her lips before she could think better of it. She caught the look in Andy’s eyes before he could mask it, eyes wide and nostrils flaring.

She didn’t know what passed between the two men in that moment—all she could see was her husband’s face as she clung desperately to Chun-Li’s shoulders, his eyes narrowed and lips pressed in a thin line—but whatever it was caused both Ryu’s hammering to become even more punishing, and Andy to start thrusting up to meet Chun-Li’s movements.

‘Oh! *Mmmnh!*’

‘Yes, *fuck me! Harder!*’

Through the haze of pleasure, and the feeling of Ryu’s, concrete-like hips smashing against her ass with bruising force, it all clicked for Mai.

These two idiots are competing. Through us!

Her thoughts froze as she let out a long, undulating wail, her orgasm rapidly drawing near.

Why the heck am I complaining?!

'Are you cumming?'

'Yes,' Mai gasped, barely able to articulate the answer to Chun-Li's question.

'Me, *nnggh*, me too!'

The words spurred the men on even further. Ryu once-more gripped her pony-tail in a fist, his hand sliding around to simultaneously strum her clit.

Not willing to lose, Andy surged up and crashed his lips against Chun-Li's, his hand sliding around her waist to slip a finger into her delicate rosebud.

He really IS an ass man!

That was the last coherent thought she managed before her orgasm hit her like a *shoryuken* to her privates, endless, overpowering waves of pleasure surging out from her core to each of her body's extremities.

She didn't remember when or how, but when the white starbursts finished exploding behind her eyes and her legs stopped shaking, Mai found herself laying down on the soft *tatami* mat beside her equally panting and glassy-eyed friend.

'How was... *that*?' Chun-Li panted with a sultry grin, rolling over on her side to regard Mai's naked and trembling form with hunger.

It took Mai a moment to find her words, a moment in which she noticed Ryu and Andy looming above them, their big, hard cocks in hand and ready to go again.

They didn't cum...?

A quick glance at her nethers disabused her of that notion, her cheeks flushing as a warm, thick trickle of jizz oozed out of her gaping hole. A glance at Chun-Li's womanhood showed something similar.

They're both hard already...? Or was I out of it that long...?

Realising Chun-Li was still waiting for an answer with an amused grin on her beautiful lips—lips she felt a sudden, desperate urge to kiss again—Mai shook her head and offered her a shaky smile.

'That... was *amazing*,' she breathed. 'When's next time?'

'Next time?' Chun-Li asked as her grin grew wider. Mai's breath hitched in excitement as her friend crawled between her legs, her face inches away from her still-leaking and gaping core. 'You can worry about *next time* when, *ooooh*—' she moaned, her words interrupted as Andy sat down on her powerful hamstrings and sank his eager cock into the ass he was *apparently* enamoured with, 'you can worry about, *nnggh*, next time when we finish, *oooh*, *this time*.'

Mai bit her lip to stifle a shocked squeal when Chun-Li bent her head down and started to clean up the mess her husband had left in her...

As it turned out, she needn't worry about muffling her sounds of pleasure. Ryu took care of *that* by kneeling beside her head and stuffing his cock into her eager mouth. Reaching up, Mai fondled his heavy, swollen balls as the legendary fighter thrust himself into her mouth without a care of if he would choke her.

So different to Andy...

She didn't know what would come next for their friendship group, whether this night of passion would irrevocably change their relationships for good...

But whatever happened, Mai was certain of one thing.

It *definitely* wouldn't be *dull*.