Street Fighter: Tiger and Elephant

"Mmmph. . .OOORRUUUP. . .mmff." Cammy White sat in a darkened room, shoving food into her mouth. Outside, rain poured down on the neon drenched streets of Bangkok. Lighting would leap across the sky on occasion, providing the only illumination in the room. For brief moments Cammy's body was drenched in light. It bore only scant resemblance to what had historically been Cammy's figure and body type. Cammy had changed a lot since becoming decoupled from the schemes of her gene-sire, M.Bison. The British woman was immense, filled with fat and rolls. Her traditional green leotard was stretched to the limit, fat pouring out wherever it could. Fat, heavy, overly ripe breasts spilled from the top and sides of her green skinsuit. Her erect nipples, charged with energy from her stuffing session, were only loosely hidden by the green of her suit. Her breasts flopped and bounced turgidly as she brought more food to her plump lips. She ate with determined intent, a mixture of lust and determination. "Bllluuurrrpp." She belched , leaning forward to grab more food, her ass devouring the thong of her body suit more while her stomach fanned out to either side of the front. 845 pounds of blonde woman gorged herself, filling up to the very brim.

Cammy had a hard time sorting through her feelings as she ate. Was it self destruction? Or was this her finding out who the real Cammy was? She chose to believe it was the latter, but to the uninitiated viewer it looked like the former. Once released and free to do as she wished, Cammy had gravitated towards food. She filled her stomach as much and as often as possible. Fat wrapped itself around her muscular, yet slim body with almost alarming speed. It was like her very cells were responding to a desire to change. Cammy wanted to be different, so she would be as different as possible. She had been a small, guided missile of hand to hand combat and special ops before. Now she was a lumbering, waddling juggernaut of gluttony and hedonism. "Oh God, thisch isch. . .scho good!" She cried, rocking back and forth on her two chairs in sexual ecstasy. A pudgy, sausage fingered hand reached between her thighs to further stimulate the intense sexual pleasure she was feeling. Cammy needed to eat, needed to fatten. She felt the desire welling up and overflowing within her. She leaned back, belching again and then gasping for air. She panted, still stroking between her legs.

She was so wet, so turned on by her massiveness. She had to first fight her leotard and then her fat belly, and finally her thighs in order to even reach her pussy. It was a struggle on an intimate and personally exciting level. Nothing had been easy for Cammy, now even self-stimulation was a challenge. "Oh God. . .oh God. . .AAAAHHHH!" Cammy cried, starting to kick herself into high gear. Sausage fingers plunged between her thighs, trying to reach her sex. Her free hand gripped and pulled for her breast. It was easily so huge that it buried her hand. Cammy played with her nipple, rubbing the sensitive pink saucer. She kicked and stamped her feet, unable to control the passion running through her. Her womanhood was putty in her hand. Daily indulgences like this had taught her exactly what she liked as a woman.

"Do not tire yourself on the preamble." A deep voice from the back of the apartment rumbled.

"Juusschhh. . .UUURRRPP. . .getting energy." Cammy called back. "I need as much as I can get to keep up with you." Cammy smiled, greedily thinking of the night to come. There was another, inaudible rumble from the backroom. Cammy took as a sign of agreement. She went back to plowing through the food arrayed on the table. It was a strange mix. The most calorically dense, rich tasting foods from half a hundred cultures. She sampled them with rampant culinary lust fueling her. Her fat biceps, which had long since swallowed her elbows, swung as she moved as quickly as possible. Cammy was huge to the point where her stomach and greed outpaced her arms' ability to keep up. She was slow, having to work hard in order to make her body fulfill her gluttonous demands. The chairs behind her whined as she sat back fully. Pale asscheeks stretched over the width provided by the chairs. Several feet of Cammy's ass fell into open air on either side. She need a third and fourth chair, but her stock of furniture had been well and truly depleted by her monumental growth.

"Are you coming? My training is almost at an end." The voice from the back was so deep that it resonated within her fat. Cammy, girlishly, felt her heart flutter. She almost chided herself for feeling so emotional. But then she reminded herself that it was ok. She was learning how to feel, how to express herself. It was as good that she felt so foolishly in love as it was that she discovered her lust for food and fattening. It was all part of the new Cammy. The large woman kept eating, hoping that she would hear the voice again. Wishing to touch herself as it prodded and commanded her. "My strength waxes full. I would show my. . .White Elephant what I am capable of." Cammy panted as the voice sounded again. Her hand shot down between her thighs, plunging towards her sweet spot with reckless abandon. She leaned back in her chair, moaning and massaging herself. Would that she could coax more than two sentences out of him at any time. But, to Cammy's frustration and pleasure, her lover was a stoic and grim man.

"I. . .I. . .aahh. . .soon!" Cammy said, breathless. She lifted her stomach, a curtain of fat, to better reach her sex. Her body made her fight tooth and nail for every bit of pleasure she wished to wring out of it. Hard to waddle, hard to bathe, and now even hard to touch herself in the dark of night as her lover spoke to her. She panted yet more. Yet, because of her size, such new things were open to her.

"Bbbllluurraaapp. . ." Cammy gave another strong. Terrific belch. She the flopped her face into a plate of noodles laden with a thick sauces. She scared them down without using her hands, sucking and slurping at the food. Her braids shifted and rolled across her fat-broadened back before getting stuck under her arm fat. They were always seemingly getting caught in her back fat these days. In the spirit of change, she had almost cut them, but decided not to. . . They had their uses, particularly in bed. 800 pounds of former fighter continued to try and scarf down food whilst trying to further finger fuck herself. Yet, bent so low over the table, her wall of stomach fat was impenetrable. Meanwhile, her breast fat bunched up under her chins, making her face seem rounder and her cleavage twice as big.

As she was fully losing herself to a new wave of gluttony, the door to the back room changed open. It was as auspicious a sign as Cammy could hope for. She gushed both figuratively and literally as she heard the door settle. It was time.

Cammy straightened as best she was able, one huge and hammy arm pushing herself up from her feast. She wiped her face. For as much of a glutton as she had become, she refused to show herself in the bedroom looking anything other than her best. Then it was a matter of forcing her hugeness up and out of her chairs. 800 pounds does not move easily. Cammy had to rock and roll herself forward. Her breasts plunged further out of her top while her stomach stretched her suit further and further by the time she was done, Cammy's ass had completely devoured the thong of her leotard. Cammy's knees had been swallowed by fat ling before, just as her calves had swallowed her ankles. It was a wonder she could wear a leotard at all. "I'll finish in bed!" She called, scooping up two large plates. She waddled slowly through the apartment. Rooms in Thailand were hardly meant for a woman as big and fat as Cammy. For a country that had made the elephant its national symbol, it was strange. With her pale hips touching the sides of the walls, Cammy made her way slowly to the bedroom.

The bedroom was dimly lit. The smell of dark spices flooded her nose. Smoke curled around her. There was an air of ceremony and ritual to everything. Like primal forces were to be unleashed. Off to her left was the door that led to the balcony which overlooked the city. The blonde woman sat the food at the head of the king sized bed. It was such a small bed these days, hardly even able to hold one of the apartment's occupants. . .let alone Cammy's 845 pounds. It was to her everlasting pride that she had demolished the previous bed. . .with vigorous help.

"Ah, finished I see." Cammy yelped as the voice rumbled behind her. Two strong, tanned arms spread across her body. Oddly, she noticed that the door to the balcony was opened. How had he been so silent? She asked herself. As if reading her mind, the voice answered. "A tiger is a hunter. Stalking the jingle for anything, especially a wayward elephant." She felt a tall, strong, pillar of a man press into her from behind. A large head appeared over her shoulder, deep shadow covering a missing eye. "Seems as though I've caught mine." Sagat said, caressing one of Cammy's breasts. His hands, free from his fighter's wraps, were strong and capable. Yet, for as big as they were, Cammy's titanic breasts overflowed them with ease. The blonde sucked in air, tensed for what would come next. They were both pent up. Sagat with his endless training and her with her bottomless gluttony. They needed passionate release.

With the balcony door open, the sound of rain and thunder sounded even stronger. The smell of lush, jungle air mixed with the incense spice. Steam from the hot night poured in, further invigorating the two lovers. Cammy's hands hovered, unsure of where to go. They longed to go to her pussy or his cock, anything to pull the trigger on what she hoped would be an endless night. Yet, she couldn't. It wouldn't be right. She had to set the stage. She pushed her ass back ever so slightly, filling his lap with her immense fat. Sagat was broad, yet Cammy's elephantine ass could have swallowed him easily. She felt his cock move, betraying his stoic nature. She smiled, running her hands down her back. She tugged out her leotard, pulling it from the depths of her booty. She finally let the leotard snap back, pausing ever so slightly before speaking. "And what does a tiger do when he's found a willing elephant?"

Sagat gave the answer to the question in action rather than words. His hands slipped under the front of her bodysuit, dangerously close to her pussy. His index fingers followed the line of her suit down at first, seemingly teasing her. Her heart beat faster and faster as his fingers approach her damp sex. Her warm fat enveloped his strong fingers, folding over where possible. She leaned back, piling more and more of her large body onto his muscular frame. Then his hands retreated. Still buried under Cammy's suit and folds, they traveled back up her body. When he reached the place where her stomach was thickest, he grabbed her suit and lightly pulled. It shredded under his great strength. Cammy's fat spilled out fully. 800 pounds of woman rushed out to the dark heat of the bedroom. Her stomach flopped out fully, reaching to the lowest part of her thighs. Her breasts fled to either side of her stomach, perky despite their hugeness. Her nipples were diamond tipped, excited beyond measure for what was to come. Freed from the suit, her ass was able to bounce and jiggle to the fullest extent. Cammy was unbound, an avatar of gluttony and womanly desire; begging to be fucked.

"Show me your strength." Cammy whispered in the dark. She waddled over to the bed, her folds making audible noises as she waddled. With stimulating difficulty, Cammy lifted a heavy leg and put it on the end of the bed. The mattress sagged even under that comparatively small amount of her weight. "I want it all." She looked back, seeing the massive man shrouded in semi-darkness. She slapped her massive ass before awkwardly waddling the rest of the way into bed. She placed her face down on the pillow, shoving her hips and ass as far up as they would go. She heaved her heavy hips hp and down, bouncing them. Her ballooned cheeks, fat enough to cover the entirety of the backseat of an SUV, clapped thunderously. She did not have long to wait. He pounced on her quickly. Cammy gasped as she felt his cock enter her. Overwhelming pleasure, with a small amount of pain took her. For a strange, brief moment her thoughts drifted to the only other woman she knew with a big ass. Cammy wondered if Chun-li enjoyed getting fucked in her ass too.

Cammy bit her lip as it began, yet moans and squeals came out anyway with each powerful thrust. Sagat was strong, but the strength was measured and controlled. Cammy’s fat filled the bed, forcing the Muay Thai master to stand. If anything it worked to both of their benefits. His strong hands clamped down to either side of her ass, his arms spread wide in order to properly hold her massive ass. Sagat was a large man, 7’4 to be exact, so it was a testament to Cammy’s own booty-spread that his arms had to fan out as wide as they did. She had long been wider than she was tall, her dream to be wider than *he* was tall. He pressed her cheeks tightly, wrapping them around his cock. Cammy couldn’t help but clench her ass as well, wanting to feel as much as possible. His thrusts were slow and strong at first, bringing her fat body into a wonderful rhythm. “Ah. . .ahh. . .aaahhhh. . .” Her moans matched the thrusts. Her breasts and stomach rubbed on the silken sheets of the bed, a tide of fat going in and out under Sagat’s direction. 845 pound of british blubber was slow to get moving, it needed to be brought up to speed. The Thai giant began to grunt, bending his will more and more into his work.

“Am I too. . .AAAAAHHH. . .fat for you. . .yet?” Cammy yelled, pleasurable friction building between her asscheeks. She felt herself growing wet, tears of pleasure forming in her eyes. “I’m. . .oh, oh, oh. . .so huge now. . .I can’t. . .can’t even. . .AAAAHHH. . .myself.” Cammy tried to speak but was forced to bend to her own lust. She was such a hog. Eating, fattening, and regular fuckings were her life. His thrust were coming quicker now, flooding her brain with stimulation. She felt loopy, happy beyond measure. She pressed her face into the pillow biting into it as if it was a marshmallow. She wriggled under his demanding touch, eager to work with his movements. She lurched forward and back in time, mostly, with him. Her stomach and fat breasts dragged across the bed, making her feel even more like breeding cattle. Cammy’s stomach was more than fat enough to flood between her legs, pressing against her wet pussy pleasurably. She was a gigantic blob of fat, too turned on by her own size to think properly. “Fuck. . .fuck me harder!” She cried before moaning. Sagat was more than happy to oblige.

Cammy was initially disappointed when she felt one of Sagat’s hands drop away from her ass. Her large, dimpled buttcheek immediately fell off to the side; glorious friction and pressure dropping. Was she too much? Had the Tiger killer finally met his match? Then, Cammy felt him bending over her. She arched as she felt him press deeper into her, his arm traveling up her jiggling folds until it reached one of her long braids. Cammy almost came from that alone. A tanned hand twisted a couple fingers around her braid and pulled it, for his strength, lightly. That was more than enough to arch her back more, pulling her yet deeper between her ass. She panted openly now, her tongue lolling out of her head. The jungle steam pouring into the room built further from their two bodies. Cammy sweated, her mass of fat and rolls covered in a fine sheet of slick sweat. Behinder her, Sagat arched his thrust upwards; pulling her up onto her knees. Her stomach would slosh freely, running off of the bed to either side. At the apex of his thrust, Cammy felt like she was floating on a cloud of her own fat. Then she would drop down, fat pooling and pressing into her crotch again. “Yes. . .YES. . .YEEEESSS!” She couldn’t stop exclaiming. The bed beneath her squealed and cried as well, threatening to break under her weight and his force. His other hand grabbed her free braid.

Her ass, now free to jiggle, flopped and bounced and clapped against his torso. The giant of a man could have been swallowed completely by her flabby body. It was terrific, the feeling of being so huge and having him inside her. She moaned and cried and squealed like a stuck pig; shooting her pleasure into the dark night. Sagat was now bent over her completely, resting more on her ass than he was standing. He rode her like a horse, driving her forward with power unbroken or diminished. Cammy, meanwhile, was fishing for one of the plates of food next to her. She had to eat, had to merge her two strongest desires. She grabbed the plate of food and plunged her face into it. It was cake. Creamy, icing topped cake. She ate, taking random bites as she was able, even as she was furiously fucked from behind. It was give and take, sometimes Sagat would pull her braids so tight that she was forced to arch her back upwards and others he would relent just enough that she could stuff herself properly. When she was arched back fully, her breasts would flop into the large plate of cake, smashing against them. It did not take long for her to be a sugary mess. Crumbs piling in her chins and rolls, cream spread across her breasts. Her stomach, already full from her earlier stuffing, bulged out even further.

She was in such a gluttonous delirium that she hardly notice when Sagat began to roll her over. She was enjoying cake one moment and then moaning as his cock pushed under her lowest belly fold the next. Entering her pussy fully, the Muay Thai master pressed himself against Cammy fully. His muscles and tan contrasted against her pale flab. He was buried in her bulk, enveloped in scintillating cushioning. Cammy reached up, stroking his strong jaw. A rare smile crossed his lips and he bore down on her even harder. He was so tall that his chest pressed into her face. She kissed and sucked at it, pressing her sugary lips into his pecs. Her flabby arms, wrapped around his back; bicep and forearm fat bouncing and slapping against his iron-hard body. Cammy continued to lose herself. She felt her gut being shoved around by both his cock and abdomen. She wasn’t sure if she should hoist it up, pull back the curtain of fat in order to give him more room to work and pound her. She ultimately decided not to. She wanted him to prove himself, she could hardly negotiate past her fat now. . .it was up to him. If he had problems, he did not show it.

The pressure built and built. Both tried to do their part. Cammy, her muscles exhausted, was finally forced to lay her arms down. She tried to raise her hips in order to match his tempo, but her ass was far too heavy. She settled for squirming underneath him, keeping up as best she could. The plate of half eaten cake was thrown onto the ground, bouncing away. It was time for raw sex, to be fucked until neither had anything left to give. Even Sagat felt himself tiring. Pushing, shoving, hoisting, and otherwise manipulating the endless fields of blubber that made up Cammy’s body began to take its toll. He would have fuck each roll invidivually if he could. Instead, he focused on completing what he set out to do. Cammy’s body was a wonder. Huge and soft, yet tight and pliable where needed. She might have been the most perfect woman to ever exist. When they had first met, a chance sparring session, she had been little more than a skinny woman with a set of muscles. After their sparr, they had begun to talk; each finding that they had more in common with the other than might be assumed. The two knew what it was like to lose themselves. Cammy had been lost body and soul to M. Bison, while Sagat lost to his own insane vengeance over Ryu. Neither had been themselves for a long time, if ever. Yet, now, They were free to explore. Sagat had found the ability to, in his own way, love a woman and Cammy. . .she had found the ability to change herself.

Those changes bore themselves out rapidly. Night after night he had felt her grow underneath him. A stomach formed, then her breasts had grown bigger, her ass filling out even further. She had, slowly at first and then increasingly faster, fattened up to insane proportions. Not Sagat minded, it was only a body like hers that could match his strength. He was the unstoppable force and she was, at least soon anyway, the immovable object. Without fail, nightly, she would waddle into the bedroom and beg for him to fuck her raw. Now, as another night grew to a close, he tried to make the ending something that she would remember. He plunged his cock into her we pussy, hearing her moan loudly as a result. She begged for more, harder and harder. Pushed to his limits by a woman who grew increasingly hard to satisfy, Sagat pumped harder and harder. Both of their bodies were covered in sweat, slick to the touch. He worked for leverage, anything to pump out more power. She gripped the bedsheets, threatening to rip them off if she tugged any harder. He could feel her body underneath his, an ocean on which he had to balance. Finally, after a few minutes, he heard her scream in climax. He two came, finishing inside her.

The two lovers, drained of all energy, slumped onto the bed. Sagat rolled off of Cammy, chest beating madly. She, still coming down from her pleasure, grasped and fondled her chest in the dark. The two said little, each basking in their shared pleasure. It was finally Cammy who broke the silence. She nuzzled into him, her huge breasts flopping onto his chest along with a hammy arm. She would have thrown her leg up, but she ached too much. It was a glorious soreness, spreading about her lower body. She looked forward to having an especially awkward waddle tomorrow. She traced a little circle across his chest. “Think you can handle me and a new challenger? I bet she likes it in her ass too.” She said before kissing him. Sagat rumbled in pleasure, already knowing who Cammy was thinking of.