Suki's Struggling Snacks

by TheSoftie

'Calm down in there. You're not getting out, you know.'

The Kyoshi warrior most knew as Suki was sprawled on a large, regal bed, its sheets and drapes the deep red of the Fire Nation. Since showing up in Ba Sing Se with the remains of the digested princess Azula stewing in her belly, she'd eaten her way across the Earth Kingdom, seeking more benders to devour and add to her arsenal of abilities. Azula, Katara, and Toph were but the first of dozens of firebenders, waterbenders, and earthbenders who had ended up digesting in the warrior's gut.

With this newfound ability came some unusual side effects. Most obviously, she had taken on the abilities of those she'd eaten—Azula's blue flame, Katara's healing abilities, Toph's metalbending, and the like. But unbeknownst to most, Suki's meals had also affected her mind. Azula's venomous violence, Katara's ingenuity, Toph's grounded strength; all had warped her personality in their own ways. She was—despite her size, now several hundred pounds and showing no signs of slowing—the strongest warrior in the world, capable of wielding three of the four elements with incredible power.

Nevertheless, her feast continued. Her initial hesitance, driven by the friendly nature that had formed her personality until she digested her first victim, had faded as more brutal warriors and prey added to her waistline. The strongest forces of her psyche, though, were the first three—her own self, the cunning Azula, and the warm Katara. So while most simply called her Suki (if they recognised the famed Kyoshi warrior in her fattened state), she preferred *Asuka* in private, as she currently was.

Her annoyed complaint didn't seem to have much effect on her currently-digesting meal—a troupe of circus girls in clothes that reminded her of Ty Lee, who she'd trapped in a prison of rock and swallowed with little difficulty earlier that day. While none of them were benders, they *were* skilled acrobats, a talent Asuka expected to be helpful given her decreasing mobility.

And quite aside from that, they had tasted *delicious*.

With a start, she felt one of the girls struggling to crawl back up her throat. A predatory grin flashed across Asuka's face as she calmly swallowed, forcing her prey back into a poll of

stomach acids with a muffled splash. The smile vanished, though, as several other girls followed suit, forcing her to take several stronger gulps to keep her meal down.

'Now, now, no more of that,' she grumbled, pulling herself off the girls' bed and trudging outside. Her outsize belly, butt, and breasts shook as she crossed the circus grounds, every footfall shaking the earth and inspiring terror in the few people around to witness her. After twenty laboured steps, she arrived at a small brook just to the side of the main tent, where with a single stroke of her arm she raised several gallons of water into the air. She thrust her fist downward, and the water poured into her mouth in a thick stream, pooling in her belly with the circus girls. She repeated the trick several more times, eventually satisfied that her stomach was now fully bloated, leaving her prey little grip for their escape attempts.

'That's better,' Asuka sighed, crossing the camp back to her newly claimed tent. As she reached for the fold in the fabric that marked its entrance, she caught the glint of cold steel.

Her reaction, trained by a lifetime of fighting, was instant, her pudgy arms and legs moving faster than all reason would suggest for such a huge person. The blade belonged, evidently, to an attempted assassin, a short Earth Kingdom girl with soft olive eyes that stared pleadingly up at the predator.

The girl opened her mouth to protest or scream, Asuka wasn't sure which—but it didn't matter. She was quicker, and her jaw descended over the assassin viciously, a handful of swallows sending her to join the pool of water and the troupe of circus girls in Asuka's belly. Now well and truly stuffed, she stumbled back onto the bed, holding her gut up with both arms.

'Shouldn't have tried that,' she murmured to her newest meal. 'I doubt you're a bender, but maybe I'll get a bit of skill with that sword of yours…I doubt you'll leave me much heavier, anyway.'

Her sharp smirk returning, Asuka leaned back against the mountain of pillows scattered across the bed and rubbed her overfull belly lazily, a contented sigh drifting from her lips as she faded into the arms of a sated sleep.