**Street Fighter: Sakura's Cherry Blossoms**

by **ScatQueenGaming**

**Summary**

Sakura Kasugano enjoys a very special birthday present, personally made for her by Karin Kanzuki…

**Notes**

* This story is set between Street Fighter IV and V.

Sakura Kasugano’s 17th birthday had been plenty of fun so far, but the thing she was most looking forward to was her cake.

She and her friends were nestled together on a blue plastic mat in the center of Tamagawa park, beneath the bough of a blooming prunus tree, shoes removed, legs curled up, intimate. Sakura’s Mom brought out her cake: a big, round, gateaux, topped with cream, chocolate flakes and the blossom falling from the tree above them, with a single cherry on top. All of the girls cheered and began to sing Sakura ‘Happy Birthday’.

Kei Chitose, Sakura’s bestie classmate was seated next to her, and held her hand as she sang. They had been friends as long as Sakura could remember, and it had been natural for them to touch like that just as long, but, adult that she was becoming, Sakura felt a little moistened by the feel of Kei’s fingers intertwining with hers. She wondered if Kei might one day understand the strange feelings...
that had blossomed inside Sakura these past few months, and perhaps one day join her on the dark, wonderful journey that seemed all she could think about these days, or if it would only ever be her and Karin’s special secret.

Karin Kanzuki herself was seated at the opposite end of the group, keeping up the pretense that she and Sakura were still just training rivals. Karin was pretending to act as stuffy as usual, but Sakura could feel in her gaze the burning jealousy that Kei’s handclasp was inducing. Sakura yearned to touch her blonde lover just as badly, but they would have to wait for the night for a darkness vast enough to swallow their secrets.

The girls finished singing and, Sakura and Karin aside, they gave a round of applause. Kei whispered a last “Happy Birthday!” in Sakura’s ear, kissing her on the cheek and putting her lithe arms around her friend in a full embrace. Sakura’s cheeks reddened, as did Karin’s. Sakura put a finger to her lips and gestured ‘quiet’ to her distant lover, trying to keep the lid on her envy and lust...at least until the shining sun set.

“Well, who wants some cake?,” said Sakura’s mom, cutting it into slices, oblivious to the teenage angst in front of her. “First, Sakura’s…”

“...mine, all MINE!,” yelled Karin in frustration, reaching out across the mat and grabbing the two biggest slices, including the one with the cherry on top. She proceeded to stuff them into her mouth in a less-than-lady-like manner, while the others gazed at her in shock. Perhaps only Sakura noticed that Karin dropped the cherry, unbitten, into a small pocket on the skirt of her red dress.

“Karin!,” exclaimed Sakura’s mom, Kei, and many of the others who weren’t merely shocked into silence.

“It’s okay,” said Sakura, jovially. “Maybe if Karin wants my cherry that badly, we should let her have another bite!”

Karin smiled dirtily at her, and reached across the mat for a third slice, followed this time by Sakura’s little brother, Tsukushi, and others, hoping to get a more than crumbs by the time Karin was finished. But in the end, Karin was able to swallow more than half the cake before the nearby Ibuki pounced on and restrained her.

“Oh Sakura,” exclaimed Kei. “That spoiled pig...why is she even here?”

“Well, Kei, I’ve got a feeling that Karin is going to make it up to me later. She’s a better cook than you might think...”

“Really?,” Kei asked, her pretty face utterly puzzled.

Sakura sighed and just smiled. No, Kei could probably never understand this, any of it.

Karin and her had spent hours in sparring practice. Day after day they were together, alone, holding each other; pinned down, forced into submission, sometimes sparring with insults, their warm, lithe bodies soaked in sweat. For too long, Sakura herself hadn’t realized how she had grown to love it, even after taking a loss: Karin’s body heat, her soft flesh, her scent. All it took was the first kiss - she didn’t know which of them initiated it, or if it was ever more than an accident from when they were sloppy, late in the day as the sun fell- and they were all over each other, tongues wrestling as hard as their bodies ever had.

They found the...other things very soon, natural experiments between athletic girls who already knew each other’s bodies as lovers would: the parts of themselves that brought them the most joy.
to touch, and the parts that held the musk they wanted to smell and taste. It started with their sweat-soaked armpits, and then the soles of their feet, descending ever further when Sakura found Karin had left in her panties that should have been wiped away, but wasn’t...

Staring again at Karin, still struggling with Ibuki on the grass, Sakura knew what she would find tonight - and it made her heart race, and her pussy leak. Oh yes, her birthday had been plenty of fun so far, but the thing she was *most* looking forward to was her cake.

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“Oh...fuck…” mouthed Sakura Kasugano in the moonlight - silently, firmly, lavisciously. “Oh FUCK…”

It was right in her face, filling her vision, almost close enough to touch and certainly close enough to dominate her senses with its sweet rancidity. Karin Kanzuki’s firm, round ass was right in front of her, doing precisely what it was born to do, as a hard, thick turd spooled out of her engorged, reddened rosebud, and dangled between the blonde heiress’s awesome buttocks.

“Like what you see, sweetie?,” hissed Karin, hearing Sakura’s unconcealed excitement over the filthy spectacle. She was kneeling on the large dining room table of the Kanzuki estate, still in her elegant red dress and sultry velvet heels, but her black tights and white panties had been lewdly and roughly pulled down, enabling her to lay out her thick shit into a cake pan placed beneath her ass. “I think this one has had just about long enough in the oven…” She slapped both hands on her buttcheecks, leaving a pinkened aura on the skin around her fingers, and pulled them even wider apart, accentuating the eroticism of her slithering bowel movement.

“Hell yeah, I like it,” said Sakura, softly, almost hypnotically as she watched Karin’s offering descend from between her rival’s creamy thighs and land on the non-stick surface, curling around as elegantly as Karin’s blonde tresses. Sakura was almost drooling as she corrected herself: “I *love* it. This is the kind of cake I’ve been waiting *all day* for.”

After Karin’s turd cutter finished squeezing out the upper tip of her nasty chocolate sundae, she slid smoothly off the table onto her feet, and procured a can of whipped cream from the tabletop. Kneeling over the table with her bare, slap-imprinted buttocks still exposed shamelessly from beneath her scarlet pleated miniskirt, she sang “Happy Birthday, Dear Sakura” in a low, sultry voice as she sprayed her steaming brown dump with a layer of frothy cream that hissed and bubbled, running off-white where it touched the corrosive surface. Finally, Karin reached into her pocket and produced the cherry, still intact, from the ‘cake’s previous incarnation, placing it right on top of her masterwork.

“Ta-da,” she said, offering Sakura her nasty treat with a wide grin.

Sakura had been slyly touching herself as she watched the preparations - just a few strokes up the sides of her cunny to wipe some overflowing juices up to her clit - but she had to stop now to embrace her friend. “Oh Karin, it’s beautiful! Thank-you *so* much!” She took out her smartphone to preserve the image before it was ruined - nobody on Instagram would be able to imagine what kind of ‘chocolate’ this was - and the girls posed for a couple of ‘V- sign laden, hugging and inexplicably blushing selfies. Only then did Sakura sit down in front of the pan, for this most intimate and lovingly-made of desserts.

“Please, go ahead!,” Karin gesticulated.

“Itadakimaaaasu~!,” Sakura responded, excitedly.
She ate with hands, of course; it was more sensual that way. Sakura picked up the turd in bare fingertips emerging from her favourite karate gloves, cradled its warmth like the gift it was, and gingerly licked some of the creamy frosting away until it melted into the bitterness beneath. Then she nibbled at the nutty surface of Karin’s melty teenshit. It was rancid, of course, but also surprisingly sweet this time. A lot of sugar must have passed through Karin’s bowels from the original cake...or maybe it was just the taste of love. “It’s delicious…” sighed Sakura.

And just as Sakura had weaned herself into the taste of her lover’s filth - just as she lowered a large chunk of the main turd into her mouth to caress with her tongue before biting it open - she felt a hot, wet thing alive on the tip of her clitoris, and almost choked anyway.

“You’re not the only one who gets dessert!,” exclaimed Karin from beneath the table, before stripping Sakura’s pussy-wet knickers from beneath her skirt, and leaving them dangling between her bare, shivering legs with a single sharp, practiced motion. Sakura’s shocked squeal turned to a shower of giggles and then, very soon, into hot, needy moaning, as Karin’s dexterous tongue, now unimpeded, went back to work on her shaven teen cunny.

Both girls ate of the other’s body delightedly. Karin was trapped in the hellishly hot embrace of Sakura’s strong thighs, tongue lapping its way through a steamily torrid cunt, soaked by perverse desire. Sakura was in heaven above, rolling chunks of Karin’s teen-baked turds around her mouth, scummy syrup drizzling out between reddened lips as she made an “Oh” of pure pleasure.

As Sakura began her wild climb towards orgasm, she frantically unbuttoned her shirt to grant herself access to her steely nipples. In her trembling frenzy, she cared nothing for the brown fingerprints she was leaving across her uniform - or even revelled in the despoiling, a synecdoche of her corrupt lust. She revealed her bra, then rapidly popped her firm young tits out above it, smearing excreta on that frilly white lace, too, and - at last - her areolae: the color of ripe cherries, nipples hard like pips. She grabbed another chunk of Karin’s steaming crap, broke it open in her hand, then mashed the raw, stinking mess against the tip of each breast - left, then right, then left again - savouring the gristly texture of the undigested roughage as she ground it against her sensitive skin. In her mind’s eye she saw falling cherry blossom descending into a gutter, as the oral assault on her trembling pussy pushed her to new heights of pleasure.

“Playing with your food, are we?,” crooned Karin from beneath the table, between tongue-lashes against Sakura’s swollen, sweltering vulva. “Naughty girl!”

Sakura responded by hawking and spitting a lump of foamy, dissolving shit onto the blonde mass of curls bobbing up and down in her crotch.

“Ew,” exclaimed Karin as the lump of their shitty love juices dribbled off the side of her angelic face. “You’re wasting it!” Turning her head upward to face Sakura and opening her mouth wide she begged, “In here please!”

Sakura couldn’t resist what was revealed when her lover’s beautiful red lips opened for her: pearly, aristocratic teeth drawn wide and tongue quivering in anticipation of becoming a toilet for her own sloppy-seconds shit. The brunette high schooler spat again, a small lump of crap drooling out of her mouth in a bubble of browned drool that found its mark in the soft scarlet of Karin’s eager tongue.

Even as Karin’s eyes rolled back with the nasty pleasure of being served her own recycled ordure, Sakura decided to give the upper-class slut something to wash it down with by releasing control of her own bladder. An acrid spray of piss hissed and sprayed out of her exposed vulva like a popped champagne bottle, filling Karin’s mouth until it was a golden, babbling brook.

Sakura could see Karin’s hand reaching between her trembling legs, in the place where her panties
and leggings had been so roughly pulled down, surely stroking her own exposed, clean-shaven pussy in excitement. Meanwhile, Sakura was pumping her remaining pee in wild arcs across Karin’s darling face, truly making the classy prep-schooler into a ‘golden girl’, even as she whined thirstily for Sakura to “pleeeease* use my throat as your urinal, sweetie!”

Doming the spoiled girl this way was so much fun for Sakura that she quite forgot about her own pleasure - at least until her stream died down to a trickle that compelled Karin to chase it back to its source, that dainty tongue now curling around her peehole and slurping it to the last, filthy drop, before returning to Sakura’s bare, piss-glistening pussy. They both knew this would be the final round.

Sakura wriggled her feet out of her sweaty hi-tops, and wrapped her strong thighs around Karin’s head, pulling her ever deeper into an erotic vortex, as the little lady’s tongue invaded the birthday girl’s torrid, inflamed honeypot once again. Using one hand to stroke Karin’s glossy hair and embrace her head against a shit-smeared vulva that the blonde was only too happy to messily lap clean, Sakura picked the final chunk of turd-cake up in the other and raised it high above her head: shit sundae with a cherry on top.

Sakura stared at Karin’s final birthday gift for a moment, mouth wide open, not just to pant from the feeling of her girlfriend’s hot tongue running broken shit morsels over her clit, but slack and drooling with a sick hunger. The immaculately cut turd was dangling and stretching under gravity, just as it had minutes before when it was still adjoined to Karin’s jiggling ass - but now it was Sakura’s. She let go, let it fall, as all things must.

The slab of girlturd slid into her mouth and part of the way down her throat, immediately gagging Sakura with its heavy, nasty flavor: like milk chocolate, but made with rancid, clotted milk. Even if the flavor was almost too much for her, she loved it dearly. Then, just seconds later, Karin went for the kill, nipping and gnashing hard on the sides of her clit.

Sakura was jolted over the edge in shock, nearly painfully pleasurable in the initial wave of orgasm, as everything inside her seemed to explode, before cresting into something mellower that still left her arms gripping the arms of the chair with white knuckles, and legs shaking uncontrollably around Karin’s neck.

Sakura then realised that she had bitten and crushed the log in her mouth in that first, brutal coming, breaking it open and spraying half the contents out of her mouth with a scream, like some kind of toxic piñata. Now the remaining part was open in her mouth, swamping her senses with Karin’s intoxicating bowel gases, while the rest was raining down on the both of them like browned, decaying petals.

“Nice view,” commented Karin, continuing to aggressively eat Sakura out even as she consumed the remaining shitpaste. “I guess now we don’t even need to go outside to watch the cherry blossom fall!”

Feeling falling shitflakes lewdly splatter on her face as she rubbed the last of her ‘birthday cake’ against her tongue and swallowed, and Karin sucked and kissed her clittie raw, Sakura fell back in the chair and came again, slower, longer, easier to ride as it rolled over her small body in waves. Her tongue swam through the shitty chocolate milkshake that filled her drooling mouth until it found the cherry floating there, ripe and still unspoiled. She smiled as she bit it open, tasting sweetness again - sweetness all over her body as she came to her petite mort, both wholly ruined and utterly satiated.

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“Oh…,” Sakura groaned, coming to her senses again. “I guess we’d better clean up…”

“Don’t worry about that, Birthday Girl,” said Karin, wiping the last dregs of her crap out of the cake pan with a fingertip, and licking it clean. “Mmm, ….damn, I taste good, if I do say so myself. We’ll have the help take care of it. I’ll just tell them I had a little…’accident’.”

“Again…?” Sakura was a little incredulous.

“Sure. And I hope to have many more accidents with you, Sakura Kasugano.” Karin embraced her lover again, and tenderly shit-kissed her on the lips.

Sakura giggled. “Me too, Karin. Me too!”