

The Cream Filling Stream

By: IndigoRho

Jet stretched, taking a look at the time on his phone. He was, thankfully, right on schedule. The black, white-spotted cheetah was a streamer, and had managed to build a decent enough following to live off gaming for the most part. Of course the job required a consistent schedule, along with the occasional gimmick to attract fresh viewers and donations. That night's stream would be one of his favorites.

Jet was shirtless, wearing only a pair of loose-fitting gold athletic shorts. It was how he usually dressed while casually lazing around the apartment, and had the added benefit of showing off his slim figure. He strolled into the living room, where his camera had temporarily been set up for streaming. On the couch was his boyfriend Vel, an athletic snow leopard who was completely nude.

"Have you taken the stuff to turn you into a geyser for the evening?" Jet asked.

Vel snorted, then gestured towards his already-erect penis. "Hope you're ready to become a cum balloon, because I'm feeling pretty fucking pent up right now."

"Good! That's what'll get viewers to donate, after all."

Jet grabbed a controller and turned on the TV. He walked up to Vel and turned around, slowly lowering himself while pulling down his pants. A smile twisted on the cheetah's face as he penetrated himself upon his boyfriend's cock. He came to rest in a seated position, using Vel as a chair.

"Comfiest seat in the house."

"You just like it because it pumps you full of gamer fuel, nerd~" Vel snickered.

With the couple finally comfy, Jet put on his headset and officially started the stream.

"Yo everyone, this is Starsphere, ready to live up to my tag for tonight's monthly lewd stream!"

Jet could see a flurry of activity on the chat window side of his screen, though he didn't bother keeping up with it. All he worried about was keeping the webcam centered on the action while he played.

"Now for those of you new to my stream, my gamer chair Vel here has taken some wonderful stimulants to send his libido through the roof," Jet continued. "Not only will he be going off every few minutes, but his loads will be ridiculous to boot. Let's just say it'll be like having a hose up my butt. This means I'll be having to deal with both non-stop pleasure and a swollen belly while I try to game tonight. And of course, every time we hit a donation incentive I'll set off Old Faithful here myself, so if you want to see me get really huge then just send some spare change my way."

To Jet's delight there were already a few donations coming in. He'd learned early on that most of his viewers enjoyed seeing him get huge.

"But why don't we start things off with a freebie just so you can all see how much a punch Vel packs!"

Vel had been edging the entire time, and Jet knew it would take zero effort to prompt a release. The cheetah rubbed his boyfriend's thigh while gently wiggling, teasing Vel as he prolonged the inevitable. He was rewarded with staggered moans and warm breath on the back of his neck. Vel countered by holding back as well, if only to force Jet to work for it on-stream. Their combined denials could only succeed for so long, though.

Through gritted teeth Vel gave in, thrusting at Jet as he blew his load. On instinct he reached his arms around Jet and held on to his boyfriend's middle. Jet leaned back, gasping, feeling the torrent of cum rush into his stomach. The stream refused to slow, and Jet closed his eyes as his flat middle began to steadily balloon outward.

Vel's paws were forced away from one another as his boyfriend's middle swelled, a round pot belly forming. The snow leopard was in a state of pure bliss, trapped in a seemingly endless orgasm. Not that he particularly *wanted* it to end at that point. Filling Jet was all he could think about.

Jet could see the chat window racing as he was fucked on camera, saw the donation counter

rising. He couldn't help but blush, embarrassed by how public the intimate moment was yet delighting in every second of it. In his mind there was an undeniable pleasure being treated like a living condom in front of a captive audience.

When the well finally ran dry Vel nearly went limp, breathing heavily as he let his thoughts drift and recovered. He was still erect, though, and in minutes he'd undoubtedly be dripping pre again, a fresh load waiting to be pumped into Jet. The stimulants were an amazing piece of work.

"Looks like Vel's extra virulent tonight," Jet chuckled, giving his temporary belly a happy wobble just to feel the cum slosh within. "At this rate I'm gonna be too wide to squeeze through my bedroom door once this is over."

The pre-show complete, Jet moved on to actually playing. Concentrating was tricky thanks to Vel's member idly throbbing inside him. Fortunately he'd chosen a game that didn't require any real effort. Most of the viewers would be focused on Jet and his swelling gut anyway.

It took only a few minutes for the first donation incentive to be hit. A fireworks effect went off on the stream to alert both Jet and his viewers. Jet grinned.

"Damn, that might be a new record!" Jet laughed. "I think they're trying to wear you out, hon~"

"Or pop you," Vel said, running a claw along his boyfriend's belly.

Jet blushed, then scoffed. "I'd fill the whole living room before that ever happened! Now less talking, more pumping."

While Jet had been somewhat passive during the first round, he was feeling rowdier now. He kept one paw on the controller and the other on any sensitive spot on Vel he could reach. Barraged by squirms and teasing, Vel couldn't hope to hold back. Soon he was gripping Jet's gut again, shooting off a load just as large as the last.

Jet attempted in vain to continue gaming as he was filled, the pressure in his middle starting to get noticeable. The modest pot belly was turning into a full-fledged beach ball, taut and heavy. It wobbled atop his lap, weighing down his own erect cock and hiding it from the camera. His mind drifted to thoughts of how awkward it would be to try going about his business with such a swollen gut, forced to waddle from place to place. If he'd had the time to take a trip to the store in that state he likely would have.

With the cheetah firmly lost in his fantasies for a moment, Vel was able to recover first.

"You finally as wide as a *real* gamer now!" Vel said, slapping his boyfriend's middle hard enough to shake it. "I can feel all that heft building up on ya—it'll be burying me into the couch eventually I just know it!"

"Sh-shut it!" Jet said, his face red. "It's a temporary look, I'm still as lithe as ever!"

"Whatever you say balloon~"

Jet whined, but quickly forced himself to focus on the game instead. He had to rest his controller on his bloated belly, even after adjusting his stance as much as possible considering his circumstances. Donations were pouring in, Vel was still aroused, and Jet was already a bit stuffed. The night was going to be interesting.

The breaks in between loads remained consistent, but to Jet they were passing by in the blink of an eye. Rounder and rounder his belly grew, blimping up with gallons of cum. Vel squeezed and kneaded it from behind constantly so that Jet could never forget how full he was getting. The bigger he swelled the harder it was to play, his balloon belly threatening to block his view of the TV.

Despite Vel doing all of the work, Jet was the one getting exhausted, huffing as he was stuffed like a cream puff. He doubted he'd be able to stand on his own let alone walk. Past lewd streams had left him with a ball gut at worst, and Jet was beginning to think he'd given Vel a bit too potent a stimulant. Still, everyone involved seemed to be having an incredible time.

With all the distractions, Jet didn't notice Vel going off more and more frequently. Jet's belly spilled over his lap in all directions, immobilizing him and making it difficult to reach the controller. He was getting ridiculously huge, the cum inside his stomach sloshing heavily with every thrust,

sometimes even splashing about loud enough for him to hear. Soon he couldn't play the game at all.

“V-Vel, you mind holding back a—*mmrrrmph*—little?” Jet asked in between moans.

Vel didn't say anything in response, overwhelmed by lust. He tightened his grip on his boyfriend.

“Uh, Vel? I'm getting kind of big—whoa!”

The weight of Jet's cum-filled belly caused him to roll forwards off the couch and onto the floor, Vel still attached and pumping away. The topple sent a surge of pressure and pleasure through Jet's body, and only seemed to rile up Vel more. There weren't any breaks in between loads, a constant stream of cum gushing into the bloating cheetah.

“Oh f-f-fuck,” Jet managed, rising atop his massive gut. He knew his boyfriend wasn't in any condition to stop, that the stimulant would force him to keep going until he was utterly spent. Jet wasn't sure he'd be able to handle it all.

“W-well I guess the stream's about to end a bit early, but at least it'll end in a bang!” Jet chuckled, then moaned. His wobbling, water balloon of a body filled the entire camera window on his stream.

Jet's hide creaked, the pressure building. His middle was almost spherical, and he felt like he was resting on an oversized, heavy beach ball. It was so much. *Too* much.

As the ruptures appeared across the cheetah's hide, Jet let out a delighted gasp, which was quickly silenced by a room-rattling boom. Where Jet had been a tidal wave of cum appeared, splashing all over. White splattered the floors, ceilings, walls, and furniture, nothing escaping its touch. Speckled hide scraps were mixed in with the mess, along with Jet's soaked shorts.

Vel had fallen to the floor after popping his boyfriend, the snow leopard completely drenched and on his back, panting. His cock was still erect and spurting cum, though the flow gradually ceased, freeing him from the endless pleasure.

“Al...almost held it all in, nerd,” Vel laughed, on the verge of passing out. “Guess we'll need to work on your capacity~”

Seconds later Vel was snoozing away his exhaustion, his dreams filled with round, sloshing cheetahs...