

Borjak thrust one last time into his partner, savouring the way his plump cheeks felt against his crotch. He held his breath and bit his lower lip, his penis swelling and pulsing for a sweet, delicious moment before releasing its payload. The warm, wet, and plentiful seed gushed like a hose inside the Dwarf's anus. He moaned. He had long since ejaculated, waiting patiently in post-coital bliss for his cream filling. Borjak took pride in his skill with filling things to the brim, whether it was a pastry served at his restaurant; or a horny customer, purchasing his after-dark services. He groaned melodiously until the hot rushing sensation left him and he could safely pull out of his partner. Borjak's penis came free with a slick pop, still coated in lube. He smirked, the Dwarf sure was filled up alright, legs still over Borjak's shoulders with a belly pumped to bursting.

"Och, I feel like I'm 'bout to blow like a big brass bomb lad... you weren't kidding when y'said you said you'd leave me feeling like an overstuffed cream-puff." The Dwarf was a regular at the restaurant. Salt and pepper beard, bald, with warm brown eyes and the powerful arms of a blacksmith. Borjak accidentally revealed his penchant for inflation visiting the Dwarf's smithy, getting a stiff boner watching the Dwarf work the bellows, imagining himself on the other end filled like a hot air balloon.

"Careful there old timer," Borjak teased. "If 'you' hit a sharp corner or take a big breath, you'll make more of a mess in my bedroom than a split cream-puff." Dwarves lived for centuries. The blacksmith still had over a hundred years of vitality left in him but Borjak still liked to tease. He especially liked it when he got angry and his rosy cheeks puffed up with indignation, like someone had stuffed a pair of grapefruits in his mouth.

"Bah!" The blacksmith exclaimed. He took a towel near the bedside, wiped down and stood up. His belly sloshed from side to side like a sack of pudding. "If -I- burst, I'm no going out like a wee squashed éclair. It'll be big and fiery as a dragon's red roar! Real men go out with a bang, Borjak."

Borjak grinned. Going out with a big, orgasmic bang. Dwarven men were known to be closeted inflatophiles. Most people in the world could handle strange, otherworldly circumstances and return to normal, either by alchemical interference or the magic of the land. The Dwarves - for some reason - had an innate elasticity. It used to be a public spectacle to punish lawbreakers in the Dwarven kingdoms by inflating them in front of an arena. The embarrassment of that ancient tradition had mutated into a form of eroticism over time... especially in gay, male Dwarves. Something about the hot, sweaty, pressurized build-up of an orgasm where you -became- an explosion of pleasure appealed to their testosterone fuelled urges.

"So if I don't make at least a thirty-foot crater, I'm not a real man?" Borjak wiped himself down. He laughed. "Gotta hand it to you, you're committed."

Borjak had been smitten by the idea of being his own sexual firework too. Orcs had their own customs which festered in the minds of their young adolescents and emerged as fetishes later

in life too. Being a vessel for the gods, being filled with divine fury from the elements. Most Orcs had a thing for size worship, Borjak wasn't particularly interested in that aspect. He just liked the idea of people swelling their guts and muscles to ludicrous sizes.

"And you're too good at what you do. Shame y'can't experience the filling yerself." The blacksmith placed a golden coin on the dresser table beside Borjak's bed. Casual as this was, it was still a side-business. Just one he didn't advertise with much gusto.

"Yeah, shame that..."

The smith gave himself another wipe, got dressed, and summarily left. People left in a bit of a hurry once the afterglow faded, and their horny addled brains returned to business as usual. Borjak took a quick shower to remove the sweat and stink of sex from his skin and went downstairs to the restaurant. He wasn't tired yet, and it was still not late enough to justify tucking in for the night. To occupy himself he polished the tables, the counter, cleaned the chairs and swept the floor. The ritual of cleaning the restaurant helped him focus his thoughts.

Borjak caught sight of his own reflection in a freshly shined tabletop. He was a tall Orc, deep emerald, green skin with blonde hair. His stomach was thick and protruding from a lifetime of good eating and taste testing his own recipes, while his limbs were corded with the incidental muscle of a life spent carrying out manual labour. He wasn't a barbarian hulk by any means, but his natural Orcish propensity for gaining muscle mass did lend to him gaining a rather impressive amount of strength that most humans and dwarves would be envious of.

He rubbed at his stomach, Borjak ruminated on the smith's words. His bedroom clients often asked for him to fill them to the brink with his seed, he had more than enough to spare. But Borjak had never been filled by anyone else. Either the city had an uncanny shortage of men with full balls, or he was unlucky in finding a partner to satisfy his cravings.

Something glinted out of the corner of Borjak's eye. He bent over to pick up what looked like a silver disc, engraved with a sharp angled symbol that thrummed with power. A rune. He recognized it as a Dwarven symbol, something to do with lightning, maybe? The smith must have dropped it. Borjak put on a pair of boots and a jacket, leaving his legs bare save for his boxers. He didn't like to wear too many clothes. He locked up the restaurant and headed for the blacksmith.

It was the height of summer, and still light out despite the proximity to midnight. He took a few back-alley shortcuts and street detours to cut down his travel time, he knew the city like the back of his hand. It didn't take long for Borjak to enter the old town district and find the street on

which the blacksmith resided. He noticed a plume of smoke, indicating that the smithy was still awake; or at least his forge was.

Then Borjak swore he detected a note of sweetness.

Borjak turned one last corner. He stood, flabbergasted. The street was ruined and splattered with a thick milky white substance. It dripped from the lamp posts, from bowed in walls and pooled in depressions which weren't there the last time Borjak came down this way. He heard a deep, gurgling noise. Turning on his heel he came face to face with two glowing eyes and felt his stomach cave in with a powerful blow. He went flying, smashing into an overturned cart. The monster which attacked him roared, then made a gagging noise and spat out a guard's helmet. It considered Borjak with predatory stillness, before it sank into its own liquid white body and slithered away.

"Borjak!?" the smith called, running out from his forge with a strange metal rod and big round drum mounted on his back. "What're you doing here lad, the guards cordoned off the whole street!"

"What are you talking about?" Borjak was confused. "There was no one to turn me away, I just came to return something you left at the restaurant and..."

"Bah. Popped em, knew the lads didn't have the capacity."

Borjak was intrigued. "Popped them?"

The Dwarf grunted. "Bloody mage who runs the bakery next to my forge was experimenting again. He gave birth to that walking deluge, and it's running amok! It kidnapped the guards called to deal with it, filled them like balloons, and burst them like they were water balloons!"

Borjak smirked. "Didn't feel like joining in the fun?"

The smith turned red, in anger this time, not embarrassment. "This aint the time for that!"

Borjak produced the rune. "You left this."

The Dwarf grunted. "So that's where I left it." He took the disc and slapped it into a compartment mounted on the underside of the metal rod. It had a hole in the tip, which revealed its purpose as it began whirring and siphoning the cream from the ground. It was a vacuum rod. Used, mostly, by sanitation mages. The smith must have customized it, Borjak had never seen one so powerful. "Ugh, don't know if I'll stand a chance against the creature though... aint got the capacity; picked the wrong night to visit 'you.'" The Dwarf said.

Borjak tutted. "Then let me go in your place."

"You sure, lad?" The Dwarf apprehensively began removing the harness which held the containment unit to his back.

"course." Borjak said. "After all... no one can fill 'me' up, right?"

Borjak took the device and received a brief lesson on its implementation from the smith. He jogged further into the old town district, following the scraps of guard uniform from the detonated officers and wondered how long it would take the mages to reform them. He stopped as the cream deposits became more frequent and upholstered the vacuum rod.

Borjak squeezed the device's trigger, feeling it vibrate with arcane power in his hand. He tested its suction power on a deposit of cream left behind by the creature. The metal rod hummed, its runes burning brightly. Borjak had to reinforce his grip as it shook violently, siphoning the mixture with hurricane force. It travelled along the insulated hose, resulting in a loud sloshing sound to tell Borjak it had been safely contained in the metal cannister strapped to his back.

"Looks like it works," Borjak said. "Got to get me one of these things for the restaurant." He lowered the device and kept on his route. Borjak whistled, impressed by the level of destruction the creature had managed to achieve. The creature had impressive strength. It had managed to crater the road and ruin the brickwork of the entire street, leaving its gooey trail of carnage like a calling card.

Borjak approached with caution. He checked the corners, the entrances to the alleys, watching for any sign of movement. He couldn't rely on his keen sense of smell to track his target. Everything reeked of sweet. The saccharine tang threatened to overpower him when he inhaled, lingering in his nostrils with a cloying richness; his heightened Orcish senses could be a curse at times.

There was no one to be found in the streets. Borjak approached a small plaza, housing an outdoor seating area for a café and a well. The charming cobblestone aesthetic of the street-side breakfast establishment had been seriously marred by the upheaved tables, and the caked-in ooze surrounding the well. When Borjak passed the well's perimeter, a burbling sounded from its depths. He grabbed the vacuuming rod, poising himself for a fight.

The creature erupted from its hiding place within the well. It was bigger now than when Borjak had encountered it behind the smithy, its formless mass bubbling aggressively, forming a humanoid shape with disproportionately large hands and feet. The two bright green embers which served at its eyes were fixated on Borjak.

The creature formed a mouth for the express purpose of belting out a roar. Borjak wasn't intimidated, he had fought worse monsters over his career, but this one was a unique opponent. He was used to fighting wild beasts, he could get behind the primal instinct they employed in combat. A magical creature like the Creamfiend was a total unknown, he wouldn't be able to predict its movements, if it even had the capacity to think at all.

Borjak took the initiative by lunging with the vacuuming rod. He thrust the metal end into the creature's body around where its thigh should be. Borjak squeezed, activating the runes. The machine whirred, thick gloopy cream swelled the hose and diminished the creature's size with every passing second, its body disappearing into the tank on Borjak's back. He was stunned at how easy the encounter was, the Creamfiend gave him a hard time when he fought it before. This time it wasn't even fighting back, just sort of gurgling wildly.

Then it smiled.

Borjak fell backwards. The tank had swelled to an enormous size, the metal and leather straps shaking, rivets popping out like champagne corks. Cream leaked from the growing faults in the containment unit, and Borjak was too tightly secured by the attached harness to rid himself of it. He was rendered immobile, like a turtle on its shell. Only in this case, his shell was a rapidly straining metal cylinder on the verge of detonation. He heard the final whines of the drum and closed his eyes, hoping it wouldn't hurt too much. Everything stopped for a second, and then, everything went white.

Borjak was lost in a sea of cream. He couldn't see, hear, or smell. When he opened his mouth to scream his mouth filled with the substance, it came to life and pushed itself down his throat. His stomach bulged uncomfortably, taut with the fullness which usually followed a hearty meal. Then the feeling transformed into something else entirely. His entire body went numb for a few seconds, and when the feeling came back, he shuddered.

He felt good. He tried to deny it. Borjak's vision returned when the amorphous mass enveloping him had reduced enough by pumping itself inside of him to free his head. He breathed deeply through his nose; fearful he was about to asphyxiate. But instead of a saccharine punch to the senses, he could detect new complexities in the Creamfiend's mass. There were bitter, softer notes to its aromatic profile. He breathed deeply, not helping the fullness which had now spread to his chest. His well-sculpted pectorals filling out into a full, almost matronly bosom with excess cream leaking from his aching nipples.

The Creamfiend's mass encircled and enveloped Borjak. A head forming, to look him in the eye while it filled him beyond capacity. He had inflated before, but with air. This was the first time he had been pumped full of something so thick, so delicious, so warm. He traded a long, sensual glance with the monster and could sense its longing. It desired a home, or maybe a host, its intent wasn't completely clear. But the more of it settled inside of Borjak, stretching his stomach to the size of a horse by now, the happier it felt. It wanted to fill, and Borjak - deep down - wanted to be filled.

The town guards it had popped. They were just too small, lacking in elasticity. It had tried to find its home in them and failed.

Borjak rested on his globular green stomach now. Suspended several feet off the ground. The Creamfiend's magical body altering his physiology, turning him hollow to create more room for itself while it pushed inside of him. Borjak mentally invited it to find other avenues of entry. Long tendrils gently parted his cheeks and massaged his hole. His face flushed bright red when the Creamfiend began filling him through his anus, tickling his prostrate on the way in. He swelled in double-time, his stomach knocking over chairs from the outdoor café and deforming around the brick well like a balloon inflating against an unyielding surface.

*Keep going.* Borjak thought. The Creamfiend read his thoughts.

It latched on to his nipples, filling him from there as well. A thin, slick tendril wrapped around his throbbing penis. It pushed into the slit, an act which would normally be very unpleasant, but it had made Borjak's entire body stretchier and recipient to its advances and so it felt... good. Borjak felt the extraordinary need to cum, but he couldn't. He was blocked up, his sexual drive bottled up and building like a faulty pressure cooker ready to blow its top.

So... so full... The Creamfiend's nature changed in response to Borjak's sex drive. His fetish for inflating, for filling up and desire for release poisoning the monster's psyche. He wondered if this was what happened to the guards. If they had secretly been aroused when the Creamfiend had inflated them, and one by one, burst because of how it affected the monster.

Borjak's emerald green skin began to thin, becoming transparent and showing his newly hollowed out body which sloshed and churned with untold gallons of monstrous sentient liquid. His belly filled the small plaza, he winced as it pressed into the edges of the buildings and into the hard corners of tables and upturned chairs. He was determined to hold together for as long as he could, but that was a fool's errand. His destruction was approaching, he could tell by hot, warm, dam of sexual tension ready to burst in his loins. When he came, he was going to blow apart. Like a big brass bomb, the Dwarf had said. Now Borjak was going to finally experience how it felt.

The Creamfiend had completely disappeared into Borjak's body. There wasn't a drop of cream left in the streets. It was an eerie silence punctuated by his creaking, tremulous body. He was simultaneously enormous and strong, but fragile and ready to break. Like the world's largest bubble. His muscular limbs were receded into small dimples as his belly had overtaken the rest of his anatomy, turning him into a big green ball with the semblance of an Orc. His cheeks were so massively bloated, that he couldn't see properly, they forced him to squint.

Yet, Borjak was content. He rocked back and forth, with what faculty of movement had been left to him. Practically humping his own dragon sized belly, like it was a waterbed full of cream. He groaned, delighted. The fiend inside of him awash with delight, this had been the first time it had ever managed to fully enter a person's body without rupturing them. Borjak almost felt bad.

But not bad enough to stop.

He pushed down, harder, and harder. The nascent twinge of orgasm made him growl, bottom lip bit in anticipation. He felt it rage through his entire body, the wobbling becoming an Orcish earthquake. In one delicious moment of pure bliss, he roared in ecstasy. He burst. His detonation sent a wave of cream through the old town, causing more destruction than the Fiend alone had ever managed to accomplish. All for the sake of one overinflated Orc's orgasm.