

WEDDING CREME

CHAPTER 2: THE SENTENCING

In this chapter, the scene begins to unfold in earnest. It's smaller than chapter one, but way more stuffed with cream filling. Enjoy this soon-to-be Bride and Groom as they enjoy their swollen Maid of Honor together after the rehearsal dinner! - Glass

tags: big breasts, breast expansion, body expansion, ass expansion, gulping/chugging, threesome, aphrodesiac, alcohol, bondage, femdom, gentle dom

Starring:

Pan as the **Maid of Honor**

Poe as the **Bride**

Buck as the **Groom**

Poe, the bride-to-be, couldn't be certain what her Maid of Honor was being pumped full of, or how, but the cause seemed obvious.

She cupped one of Pan's pumpkin-sized tits in her hand and gave it a gentle pat, feeling the gallons of dense fluid sway to one side and then back, filling her hand again.

She smiled devilishly and gave the huge tit a firmer slap, watching a round wave ripple across Pan's gargantuan bust. As the wave throbbed through her hypersensitive breasts and bounced her nipples like buoys on a lake, Pan gasped and began panting quickly, softly. She was already hot and impatient to relieve the uncontrollable arousal and erotic sensations that came with every bounce or jiggle of her overfilled tits.

The Groom drew back on the rope binding her, but Pan's luscious new body was too hefty for him to maneuver alone. Poe stepped behind Pan's other shoulder and put her hands on the rope to help Buck tug. They both looked down and met Pan's eyes lovingly as she blinked through her lusty delirium.

Buck smiled.

BUCK: Ready to accept your punishment?

PAN: Ooooo ... Yes, I am.

Pan sighed and grinned back at them both and nodded slowly, drunk with love and lust, nearly frantic with anticipation. As the soon-to-be-weds gave the first strong heave on the rope, they lifted the Maid off the floor in her harness of knots with a single strong pull. The momentum caused her entire body -- her plump, love-seat-sized pile of ecstatic tits and ass -- to defy gravity until it brought her sloshing down again, bouncing her breasts and cheeks and thighs and belly like fruits taut with juice. Pan gasped.

PAN: Ooh, god yes, please punish me, Buck. Please punish me, Poe, I'm ready - god, I want to cum!

They hoisted Pan up in the rope harness, heave after heave. She swayed and bounced lasciviously with each drag on the rope. Her ankles were bound together, crossed beneath her hips. Her knees spread as she was raised into the air, exposing the swollen mound of her hips and buttocks invitingly.

Poe scoffed and laid her hand on the cheek closest to her, now a full quarter of Pan's entire body. She gave it a gentle squeeze, more in awe than lust. Then she stepped around to Pan's face, now suspended at about the bride's shoulders. She stared down at Pan's tits like a feast - what a double armful. A smirk began to smolder across her indigo-lipstick lips.

POE: Cum? You think you'll get to cum? Well, I mean, this is a serious crime you're charged with. This is very special... very rare cream that you're full of...

She placed her hands on Pan's ribs, each thumb under the base of one impressive, fat breast. Painstakingly slow, she lifted and pressed her palms towards each other and up against the hefty jugs pumped full of liquid, letting them slip down through the funnel of her cupped hands as they flopped heavily out of her palms and sloshed in circles, Pan's whole body rocking in the harness. Pan whimpered at the sensation.

POE: Full to the brim, I'd say.

She smirked and gave one last admiring squeeze, then stepped to the shelf of odds and ends, picking up a clear length of hose.

POE: You think thirsty little sluts can just go around and gulp down things that don't belong to them, then still get to cum?

Pan giggled, breaking character a little.

PAN: hehe! Yeah, I think I should get away with it. Please let me cum, Poe, I'm so full, you have no idea how horny I am. This stuff is strong!

Poe fixed one end of the hose to the tap on the barrel nearest the Maid of Honor. She smiled

affectionately at her voluptuous, slutty friend, bouncing like a plump cherry on a stem. Then she re-adopted her serious air of Punisher.

POE: Well, you'll come when we say so, and not before. But first, you tapped this barrel, so you finish it.

She turned the brass valve on the tap. As the cream slowly started to flow through the loops of the hose, Poe carried the nozzle over and bent down cheek to cheek with Pan.

She delicately ran her tongue along the ridge of Pan's ear, feeling her shudder and twist a little, suspended. Then, she whispered:

POE: *"Drink your fill."*

Pan's tongue was lolling out of her mouth with anticipation as Poe slid the hose between her plump, wine-dark lips.

Pan moaned into the hose end. It was too big to spit out and, if her hands were free, would she want to? No, she decided. She smiled euphorically and relaxed her jaw wider just in time to accommodate the glut of cream surging from the hose nozzle, down her throat and into her already full belly.

Every pulse of thick, heavy, intoxicating cream completely filled her cheeks and nearly came out her nose as she gulped it down. More and more came flowing into her, gulp after gulp after gulp. She could feel her belly and breasts gushing full but never filling, endlessly growing bigger and juicier.

Her belly began to resemble a keg of her own from the huge volume of cream. Its mysterious effects were plumping up her breasts and buttocks to four times their size, soft and huge and round. Her ass and thighs had grown so broad and thick she couldn't have stood up.

The soon-to-be-weds admired their darling pet slowly pumping full of cream and moaning with pleasure.

BUCK: Fuck, she's hot. I'm glad you chose her for maid of honor.

POE: So hot! I knew she'd end up joining us to consummate the marriage. She let it slip weeks ago that she was having dreams about it.

BUCK: Really? That's adorable.

Poe turned a pair of glasses right-side-up on the counter.

POE: Well, I guess there's no use waiting until tomorrow.

Buck filled the glasses and toasted his bride.

BUCK: I love you.

POE: I love you too.

They drank as the Maid-of-Honor continued gulping and swelling with cream.

Thanks for reading! If you enjoyed this story, hit rewind and read **Chapter 1: The Thief** on overflowingbra.com. And next week, of course, I will release **Chapter 3: The Bride's Privilege**

-- *Glassofgothmilk420*