

## **WEDDING CREME** by GlassofGothMilk420

**An old vintage** from the groom\'s family distillery holds a surprise for his bride (and their maid of honor) after the rehearsal dinner ... down in the tasting room.

**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**

Ted as the **Uncle**

### **CHAPTER 1: THE THIEF**

Picture ample but believable cleavage with a trickle leading up the inner curve of the breast to the collarbone

Picture a full mouth softly gasping, tongue licking the corner of rich lips where something spilled on the way in. In the foreground, something round and smooth.

Picture that it's the base of her palm, wiping her cheek clean of her shooter: it's time to celebrate.

The Bride, the Groom, and the Maid of Honor are taking a bourbon shot together to celebrate the last guests going home, bringing the rehearsal dinner to a close.

ALL: \"Bottoms Up!\")

Pan, the Maid slammed back her shooter like nothing and was wiping her cheek before the Bride and Groom got the bourbon glasses to their lips.

She leaned her arms on the bar table before her, the shot softening away the stress of her best friends\' rehearsal dinner. It was finally just the three of them! She sighed, folding her arms to make a basket around her bust, pushing it up and making a pillow for her chin. Poe, the Bride, sat slumped down a little in the booth against Buck, her Groom: giddy, relieved, a little buzzed.

POE: We\'re really lucky he let us use this place for our rehearsal dinner.

*BUCK: I\'ll thank him again tomorrow before the ceremony. It\'s such a beautiful old place. Imagine all the drinks folks have shared in happy times under this roof!*

POE: And top shelf! Tell him he makes a damn fine bottle of bourbon, too.

Buck's uncle, Ted, stepped in from the door leading downstairs to the barrelhouse.

*TED: Ha! You can tell me yourself. And I'll thank you kindly for the compliment. It's one of those barrels even older than me, from way down in the back. Some of those casks are almost your grandfather's age, Buck.*

BUCK: Like the ones locked up in the tasting room down there?

Ted tossed the ring of keys over his shoulder and caught it again in his rough hands.

*TED: That's right, the ones that \*stay\* locked up. Until someone in the family gets married, of course. Ha!*

Ted chuckled.

Poe snuggled up to Buck a little more.

POE: Is that the one you were telling me about, Buck?

*BUCK: Mhmm, family wedding tradition going back... who knows how long. A special creme liqueur for the bride and groom to share on their first night as a married couple.*

Poe cooed affectionately.

POE: Sounds romantic!

PAN: Cream ... sounds delicious. heh.

She muttered to herself. Pan slipped away from the table discreetly while the others chatted.

*TED: Yes, that's a rare cask, certainly. And one of the finest! I remember it fondly from when your Aunt and I hitched it. Aging in those barrels can only have done it good since then!*

BUCK: Well, that'll be a great finish to the big day tomorrow. We'll look forward to it.

Buck and Poe exchanged a flirty look.

*TED: Ha, well I'll look forward to the reception dinner, myself. Now I'd better go off to bed before I make myself hungry. Goodnight, you lovebirds!*

He turned off a few lights and made his way through the kitchen doors to lock up the back.

The couple noticed Pan was missing.

BUCK: Did we lose maid?

*POE: She must have wandered off in search of further libations... I love that woman to death but she is always running off and getting into trouble.*

They looked around to the basement door, still ajar.

POE: Well, where else would she be?

They cautiously descended the unfinished wooden stairs to the barrelhouse, which was clean, though the lights were dimmed to a moody tone. As they stepped down into the rows and rows of large, sturdy barrels, they could feel the damp below-ground air settling in around them. It was comfortable and felt intimately quiet down beneath the earth with all the wood and rust and dust. Set out from the far end of the daunting space was a stone-walled room with its doorframe set around an elegant iron-studded door. Buck had never seen it unlocked before.

The soon-to-be-weds pushed the tasting room door open to reveal the scene.

There were two immense casks set into the wall, situated over a small bar counter and stools. Each barrel was as wide as Bucks arms. They were a bright golden color like pine and each had a rosy tap above the bar. The casks were stencil-painted with big white letters that read "WEDDING" and "CRÈME."

A trail of runoff cream led from one of the taps down the counter to a small puddle on the floor. Seated on the floor next to the puddle was Pan.

She was settled against the wall with her arms resting at her sides, framing her bust. Was it larger? Had to be a trick of the light.

She was toying with a mostly-empty glass of the creme and looking very satisfied, a little mischievous. Unable to take a drink without spilling it, it seemed, a bead of the stuff ran down the side of her face to meet at the top of her cleavage with her earlier bourbon.

■

*PAN: Oh, hi friends! \*hic\* my best friends are here and they're getting married, that's so cute! You two should try a glass of this stuff. It's so sweet! Oooooo...*

Pan's belly rumbled. Her breasts, barely tucked into the top of her dress to begin with, gently began to swell, pushing against her arms, tightening her "strapless" straps, deepening her cleavage just enough that it still might have only been wishful thinking.

Poe and Buck were taken aback but quickly turned to playful scolding.

*POE: Pan, you thief! You know that booze is reserved for tomorrow. For me and Buck! Tsk, I can't believe you would betray us like this.*

She smirked suggestively at the Groom, who took the hint.

POE: Buck, what are we going to do with her?

With a theatrical sigh, he nonchalantly made his way over to a cluttered shelf with various distilling and barreling odds and ends. He ran his hand over a coil of rope and clutched it.

BUCK: Well, well. What to do with a thirsty little slut?

Pan grinned and giggled, giddy with anticipation at the scene beginning to unfold

PAN: hey -- \*hic\* hey now, slow down, y'all! Let's be reasonable.

Buck sauntered around until he was beside and slightly behind Pan. He leaned down and deftly looped her hands behind her back and knotted them with the rope, doing the same to her ankles, securing her in a light harness of knotted rope. He tossed the slack over a beam in the ceiling and began to draw it taut.

As her shoulders shifted back, Pan's chest was thrust out even more prominently. Her restrained arms were unable to cover up or contain her seductively swollen breasts. The weight of her tits, heavy with liquid, rolled her forward on her knees.

PAN: whoa, whoa! Oof, not too tight, I'm not that bad a crook. hehe!

Buck tied off the rope on a bolt in the wall and stepped around to admire his work. Pan knit her brows in mock indignation up at him. She shimmied her shoulders, wobbling in the harness and bouncing her overgrown breasts suggestively.

*PAN: Enjoying the view, Buck? I'm feeling a little exposed, tied up with my huge tits falling out of my dress. Isn't it a little cruel and unusual?*

Poe and Buck laughed.

*POE: Well, we'll try not to be too cruel... but there's no promise of fair treatment when top-heavy little sluts take what doesn't belong to them.*

On cue at the words \"top-heavy little slut,\" Pan's stomach began to gurgle loudly again. With a bounce, her breasts plumped up in another huge swell. This time, her dress completely folded under her tits as they gushed and glugged to an even greater size.

Her knees dug into the floor under the burgeoning weight of her chest blowing up in front of her. The weight rolled her forward just a little more. Some leftover cream spilled from her collarbone into a little lake at the top of her stuffed cleavage. Her M-Cup boobs pressed together as they rose and puffed up like bread dough, higher and higher as her chest fattened, perilously threatening the capacity of her bra.

The bride extended a seductive finger and dipped it in the puddle of cream settled at the top of her maid's now overflowing bust. She scooped up the liquid, massaging it around the generous curve of her cleavage. She pressed her hand deep into the rotund, soft flesh and brought it still, stopping just shy of Pan's right nipple. The anticipation of wetness and pleasure forced her now engorged nipples to stiffen out and twitch.

Poe finally swirled the slippery mess onto Pan's areolas and gathered up both gigantic breasts in her hands, massaging them in deep, wide circles, pinching at Pan's swollen nipples and feeling them squish, full of juice from the huge, chubby tits behind them. Pan's eyes rolled back in pleasure and she let loose an overdriven moan from deep in her enormous bosom, her huge breasts sloshing together as her best friend squeezed and shook them.

*POE: Tsk, tsk, tsk, look at that evidence glistening all over your huge tits. You're guilty as sin, darling. And now you're caught.*

Pan was pushed over the edge and blacked out with pleasure for an instant. In that instant, her rounding belly gave a deep groan. A huge bubble rose up into both of her breasts. As her bloated tits swelled outward, every clasp and hook on her persistent bra burst apart with a pop.

The sound was quickly followed by her seams bursting all the way down both sides of her dress. Its rags flopped down onto the floor and her lap was swallowed up by her breasts as they gushed full, spreading out and down the sides of her thighs. Her toned hams were fattening up along with her handfuls of hips and ass.

PAN: Oooooooooooooof, I burst right out of that ...

The growth slowed as she bounced a little and came to rest, becoming still enough to notice how hot and wet she was. She hadn't spilled cream all the way down to her legs. That slippery wetness soaking her inner thighs was her own. She was grateful she hadn't worn panties tonight. If they had been stretched around her hips, doubled in size and begging to be squeezed and pounded, it would have been miserable.

She tested her wrists against Buck's knots. No use. The resistance only made her ache more longingly to slide her cold fingers down her belly, across her soft pubes and slowly caress her clit with the pad of one finger, slipping one or two more just past her lips, adding the wetness there to the gentle caress washing around and around her clit.

The mere thought sent waves of heat washing from her curled toes up through her navel, curving through her flushed bosom and up the nape of her neck, tingling. Her nipples crinkled harder, glossed with moisture and goosebumps, exposed to the cool basement air. She let out a quivering moan of desire to be touched.

Poe was lost in thought, hypnotized as she gawked at Pan's now excessive and erotic figure as it transformed into a rounder, plumper, more luscious fertility goddess frame with an immense bust and buttocks.

She picked up the glass and licked a dribble of cream off the rim. It was heavenly sweet. She could just taste the alcohol in it over a full, rich flavor she couldn't quite place. Maybe butterscotch?

POE: Say, what's in this stuff?

The groom shrugged.

*BUCK: Not sure if anyone knows. Ted always said it was special but he never said how ...*

He turned back to Pan. She was still sloshing and working against her restraints and her own lovely mass, struggling to grind her flooded thighs together, to satisfy the wild cravings overrunning every inch of her mind, rounding out every curve of her body. God, her body was so full, so sensitive to the slightest bounce or jiggle. And yet she was thirsty like she'd never been, her throat dry and her tongue smacking against her full lips.

BUCK: ... Though, I think now I've got some inkling of what he meant.

Poe could see his "inkling" bulging against his inseam and she was obliged to agree.

**END of Chapter 1: The Thief**

Thanks for reading! If there is sufficient interest in this story, I will release **Chapter 2: The**

**Sentencing** next week! -- *Glassofgothmilk420*