

WEDDING CREME by GlassofGothMilk420

CHAPTER 3: THE BRIDE'S PRIVILEGE

Things are really flowing now -- The Bride, The Groom, and the Maid of Honor can't take the pressure much longer. Everyone needs some relief -- but isn't there always someone who insists on going first?

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

Poe shot-gunned her glass of creme liqueur. Buck gulped down half, then choked a little and paused. He licked his lips.

BUCK: You're right, this is delicious.

POE: Mhmm.

She reached over and tipped the glass back up to his lips assertively.

POE: Now, catch up! I want to see what this recipe does for the men in this family.

Buck gulped it down and -- realization dawned. He looked down at his zipper, full to bursting. Something shifted like a snake rolling over in its sleep.

He looked back at Poe and chuckled sheepishly, a little red. She grinned back like the Grinch stealing Christmas. She snatched the glasses off the counter and turned her head to the sound of her Maid-of-Honor slowly ripening into a juicier fruit on the limb.

The cream was running in trickles from the corners of Pan's mouth down her chin on both sides, coming together on her collarbone and spilling down the unbelievable chasm between her massive breasts.

Poe strode over and delicately plucked out the nozzle, allowing the stream to spill down Pan's round front as she tucked it into the first glass and watched it fill.

Poe smiled admiringly at her pet; panting with ecstasy and relief, licking her lips to taste every drop of the sweet nectar she could reach. Her body was like a waterbed, a tank-full of cream rolling in waves from the curve of her ass to her nipples and rounding down to her fertility goddess tits and belly, dripping with creamy, slippery liqueur.

Finally collecting her mind a moment, she noticed groom's exponentially expanded cock. The whole swollen mass of her shuddered once with something like starvation.

She was going to cum again ... or had she cum at all? It was hard to tell. Her whole mind had been overwhelmed by the sensations of her own huge, erotic body; by the taste of the rich, warm cream endlessly surging from the hose, hard in her mouth like a silicone cock; by her thighs sliding and rubbing together around her pussy as she worked her immense hips.

She'd been so hot and wet between her legs for so long, unable to relieve the mind-bending craving to fuck herself into oblivion -- herself or whatever was nearby at hip height -- she craved the endlessly full feeling the hose gave her. She needed more - to be stuffed full in her mouth or wherever else she could get it.

PAN: Groom, please, I've been so good, I've been punished so long, please get me off -- I mean, pin me down -- I mean, let me down -- hic! Ohhh my ...

She groaned; the hiccup set her bouncing all over as she tried to go on.

PAN: ... please, I need you to fill me up with your co - !!!"

POE: - Your cream? Oh, of course, have this back.

Poe thrust the hose back into Pan's mouth like she was filling up at the gas station. Pan's mind went blank again as the rush of boozy, rich liquid flooded her throat. She whimpered once in half-hearted protest and went back to swallowing and gulping and swallowing and chugging and moaning.

Poe brought the filled glasses back to Buck and sat sidesaddle on his lap, his back against the counter. She tipped the first drink down his throat steadily until he emptied the glass, choking a little on the last gulp -- such a lightweight. The bulge between his legs twitched under Poe and she looked down to notice it had become massive.

She looked back at Buck, delighted. Her breasts gave a sudden burble and burst upward over the rim of her corset, threatening to pop it apart and take her dinner dress with it.

Buck's jaw dropped at the watermelon tits now muffin-topped under his face. Poe swung the second glass to his open mouth and dumped it in. The drink spilled down her cleavage, still impossibly stuffed into her corset at the bottom, and dampened Buck's lap.

He felt the cold soak through his clothes. His heartbeat was throbbing in his sticky, cramped shaft and his balls shifted impatiently as the whole mess strained against the zipper of his tux.

POE: We'd better get these off.

She slid down to undo his button and rip -- it was out. His pants were ruined. The precum that had been soaking his strained under-garments now flicked off the end of his cock as it swung out to its full length and bounced twice, like a diving board.

It must have been 13 inches to the tip. Poe could see his balls swelling and filling up to match the rail above them. What was building up in there, waiting to erupt?

She was staring transfixed when she heard Pan let out a louder, more desperate moan over the continuous sound of her gulping down gallons of the cream.

Pan's lusty voice was nearly drowned out by the huge hose nozzle flooding her tongue and her cheeks and flowing down her throat, trying to explain to her \"punishers\" how desperate she was to unleash the earthshaking orgasm that had been building up in her since her first filling swig of the wedding creme.

Or had it been building since she let it slip at Wedding Dress Warehouse that she'd been having this recurring dream about her best friends and fiancées; that once she even got off to it upon waking? She sucked down another mouthful after another mouthful, even being turned on by the sound of her own gulping and slurping, swelling her belly more and more full.

Her belly was more than a keg now, expanding with the gallons of cream she'd drained from the cask in the wall. The sudden appearance of Buck's whopping new cock made her feel like a dam about to burst.

As though reading her mind, her cream-filled stomach swelled to such a girth it finally met the ground from where she hung helpless in the tasting room. Her rounded out navel padded onto the floor, flattening like a fresh dumpling. The pressure sent a bounce up through the balloon of cream in her middle.

She was so full of liquid by now, the wave rippled up through her enormous, weighty bosom and sent her hypersensitive nipples spinning in tiny, teasing circles. A deep rumble and groan burbled up from deep in her fat pouch of cream still filling up and slowly flattening outward across the floor.

She was a dam that needed to burst! God, how she wanted to explode into a waterfall of a thousand orgasms. She thirsted to be overtaken by a high tide in the sea of warmth, fullness and delight rounding out her gorgeously swollen body, every inch of her awash in pleasure and overfullness.

She took her eyes away from Buck's extra-large cock and stared pleadingly at Poe. Poe could read the pleasure and horny longing all over her friend's face. She grinned and knelt down next to the smooth, heavy head of Buck's penis. A thin drop of precum was strung like a thread from its precipice.

Poe looked into Pan's eyes as she caught the slippery droplet on the end of her finger and dabbed it back where it came from, to a gasp and a mighty twitch in Buck's rod. His legs shook a little, from the unprecedented sensation and from the new weight on his hips, and he fell back on one of the stools.

Poe gently lasso'd his twitching, bouncing cock with her fingers bringing it still near her lips as she knelt elegantly in her dress, upright in the embrace of its bespoke corset.

She gave a smoldering look at PAN and said with a teasing smile \"It's my wedding. The bride goes first.\" She caught Buck's eye with a coy look.

POE: Yeah?

Buck yanked open the collar of his tux, breathless, hot and bothered.

BUCK: Oh -- yes, yeah, please, thank you -- mmmm ...

Poe cracked a little, with a laugh through her nose. How did she pick such a goof? She took her glass and drizzled the last bit of drink onto Buck's rigid shaft and tossed it aside, empty.

She pressed her grip smoothly along his salacious length to its middle, slicking it up with the smooth, viscous cream. He slowly filled his lungs with a soft gasp and held it, biting his lip.

The bride stuck out her tongue to catch the cream just as it began to run from the rim of his glistening, firm head.

She let the drizzle of liquid pool in the center of her tongue before she slapped the head of Buck's supernatural cock into her mouth and began working the shaft up and down softly, slowly twisting her wrist, letting the sweet, white lube all over her fingers do the work.

She could hear Pan moaning but it was far in the background now. Her mouth was stuffed with cock. The wet, slick mix of cream and saliva in her mouth slurped and squished as Buck began pumping his hips instinctively, eyes rolling back in his head with a gasp.

The sloppy, slippery mess spilled out of her mouth onto her chest every time he drew his cock back for another thrust; a little farther back, a little deeper in, each time. Precum began to form big, clear pearls in its opening and Poe's tongue expertly scooped each one into the swirl of pleasure washing around her cheeks and lips.

Buck's smooth, hard cock swelled to fill more and more of her mouth as she licked and sucked around it, up and down its length -- as much as she could fit without gagging.

She had the reflex, unlike her beloved, juicy slut of a Maid-of-Honor still ballooning out a few feet away. God, she thought -- if she was this turned on with just a glass of the cream expanding her belly and her breasts, Pan must have been in desperate agony to get off by now.

Poe popped the rigid, throbbing cock out of her mouth, keeping her commanding grip around its base as Buck spasmed and rolled his eyes back. She and smiled fondly at Pan.

POE: You know, there's no one else I could've asked to be my maid of honor. I'm so happy it's you. I'll make sure you get this just as soon as I'm done.

Pan smiled around the hose pumping her full, basking in her best friend's affection.

With that, Poe stood slightly and slid her dress the rest of the way off, since it was no longer doing anything to hold up her tits. They were more than doubled in size but her corset was holding up under their hefty weight. She stared down a moment, taken aback -- and a little aroused -- by her own K-cup jugs spilling over the boddy and shoved up into a huge, puffy

heart shape under her chin.

Her dress was gone and her pussy, soaking from all the night's fun thus far, was exposed; immaculately groomed for her personal liking on her wedding day. She stood straddling Buck again, his cock still in her wet, firm grip. The air was cool and she savored the feeling of its contrast to the red hot 13-inch rod against her skin.

She guided the whale of a penis inside, dripping wet and aching for gratification. She felt Buck stiffen, every twitch seeming to thicken his shaft as she cautiously slid it deeper and deeper inside herself.

It just kept going -- how could it be this deep? How was **she** this deep? Could Buck grow as much as Pan was expanding? If he could, maybe the crème liqueur did something to help with that, too. What a miracle tonic, she thought.

A cock that size -- at the thought of it, an orgasm crashed over her and her pussy flooded with cum around the massive cock, already swimming in precum, saliva, and that sweet cream.

This was too much for Buck. His balls, the size of ostrich eggs, drew up into a tight bundle at the base of his dripping, arcing cock, plunging impossibly deep.

An eruption of cum rushed through him. The first huge pump shot into Poe; such a load that a tiny shockwave rippled across her belly, full of the cream and -- if the sensation was real -- full of his cock high into her chest.

Six more gargantuan rounds of cum pulsed through Buck's cock in rapid succession, each load making Poe's belly more plump, straining the sides of her corset. The seams started to rip, the boning buckling under the pressure.

He wrapped his arms around her sides, pumping his hips mechanically, flooding her with a gallon of cum, at least, pressing his face into Poe's massive tits. Every time he slammed his hips into her, the two jugs blossomed up around his cheeks like airbags. His tongue found her puffy nipple, his lips sucking and tugging it free of the corset's rim. It stayed pinched in his mouth as he sucked his mouth full of the plump, soft flesh, moving his tongue in circles.

The sensation of her massive tits being sucked as they squeezed between them cascaded through Poe and she bit her lip, muffling a scream as she came again in seconds.

Her pleasure made one last glut of cum spasm through Buck, shaking his body and bouncing Poe's thickened ass and tits heavily as her stuffed pussy squeezed tight around him, then relinquished, satisfied.

Legs shaking, head spinning from the fuck beyond her wildest dreams, she did her best to resume her composure, despite the huge load of cum filling her belly, leaking down between her legs, making her dizzy with more longing. But a promise was a promise.

Buck was almost falling off of the stool. His huge cock was still completely erect before him and

shining with sticky wetness, his tongue lolling out of his mouth in a stupor. His pleased expression looked the same as Pan's, impatiently whimpering as she chugged and gulped and swallowed, lost in her own erotic psychedelia.

Poe smiled contentedly.

POE: I'm so happy you two are in my life. Come here, hubby.

She gently wrapped her hand around his shaft just behind the head and gave a gentle tug on it, like a leash.

Buck followed her with dizzy little stumbles as she led him over to Pan, halting with the beefy cock staring the juicy, swollen slut in her face. Up close, Pan could see it was even thicker than the hose filling her mouth. She shuddered with arousal at the idea of it stretching her mouth out even more. Poe picked up a glass.

POE: Let's top you off before you go another round, my love.

End of Chapter 3: The Bride's Privilege

Thanks for reading! If you enjoyed this story, hit rewind and read **Chapter 1: The Thief** and **Chapter 2: The Sentencing** on overflowingbra.com. I am writing more chapters now and plan to release another 3 when they're ready! -- *Glassofgothmilk420*