**WEDDING CREME** by GlassofGothMilk420

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 take a bourbon shot together to celebrate the last guests going home, bringing the rehearsal dinner to a close.

"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.

“We're really lucky he let us use this place for our rehearsal dinner.”

“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!”

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

She turned her head as Buck’s uncle, Ted, stepped in from the door leading downstairs to the barrelhouse.

“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.”

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

Poe snuggled up to Buck a little more. “Is that the one you were telling me about, 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. “Sounds romantic!”

*“Cream ... sounds delicious,”* Pan muttered to herself. She slipped away from the table discreetly while Ted waxed reminiscent.

“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!

“Well, that’ll be a great finish to the big day tomorrow. We’ll look forward to it.” Buck smiled as he and Poe exchanged a flirty look. Ted turned off a few lights and began to make his way through the kitchen doors to lock up the back.

“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!”

Buck craned his neck searching the empty barroom around them, then turned to Poe.

“Did we lose Pan?”

“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, and smiled at each other to say *Well, where else would she be?*

Poe and Buck 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. Buck raised his brows. *Whoa, did those get bigger? It has to be a trick of the light.*

Pan 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, a bead of the stuff ran down the side of her face to meet at the top of her cleavage with her earlier bourbon. She was giddy and gave a catlike little stretch.

“Oh, hi friends!” she giggled, “ \*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 is sweet, like nothing – Ooo...”

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 playful.

“Pan, you thief!” Poe scolded, “You know that booze is reserved for tomorrow. For me and Buck! Tsk, I can't believe you would betray us like this. Buck, what are we going to do with her?” She smirked suggestively at the Groom, who took the hint.

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. “Well, well. What to do with a thirsty little slut?”

Pan grinned and giggled, unable to disguise her enthusiasm for the scene beginning to play out. “Hey – \*hic\* hey now, slow down, y’all! I admit, it looks suspicious, but let's be reasonable.”

Buck sauntered around until he was beside and slightly behind Pan. He let the rope uncoil onto the floor before her. He raised an eyebrow in question. Pan failed to hide a smile and nodded excitedly. Buck leaned down and deftly looped her hands behind her back and knotted them with the rope. “Is that too tight?”

“Mmm, it’s perfect.” She whispered.

He went on 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. “Whoa, oof!” she protested, “I'm not that bad a crook!” She giggled.

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 swaying her overgrown breasts suggestively.

“Enjoying the view, Buck?” she wiggled her brows comically. “I'm feeling a bit exposed, tied up with my huge tits falling out of my dress like this. Isn't it a little cruel and unusual?” Poe and Buck chuckled.

“Well, we'll try not to be too cruel…” Poe said, taking an authoritative stance. “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, pillowing out around the straps of her bra.

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 the right nipple. The anticipation of wetness and pleasure forced Pan’s 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 cream 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.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” Poe shook her head in mock disapproval. “Look at that evidence glistening all over your huge tits. You’re guilty as sin, darling. And now you’re caught.”

Pan flushed and felt her heart begin to race. 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.

“Oof, I burst right out of that.” She moaned, with relief.

The growth slowed as she bounced a little and came to rest, still enough to notice how hot and wet she was. That slippery wetness soaking her inner thighs was *not* her spilled drink. 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 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 hardened, glossed with moisture and goosebumps, exposed to the cool basement air. She moaned with quivering desire to be touched.

Poe was lost in thought, hypnotized as she gawked at Pan’s now excessive and erotic figure. She watched as her already thick waist and bust transformed into a rounder, plumper, more luscious fertility goddess frame. She was swelling up so quickly, Poe could hear her gurgling full.

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? She looked at Buck. “So, what’s in this stuff?”

He shrugged. “Not sure if anyone knows. Ted always said it was special but he never said how.”

He turned back to Pan. She was sloshing and working against her restraints and the inertia of 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.

Her body was slowly pumping full of liquid, wobbling with the slightest movement. And yet she was thirsty like she’d never been, her throat dry and her tongue smacking against her full lips. “Bartender … refill, please? Feeling a little parched.”

Buck finished his thought “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. She cupped one of Pan’s tits, now the size of pumpkins, in her hand and gave it a gentle pat. She felt the gallons of fluid sway to one side and then back, filling her hand again.

She smiled devilishly and gave the swelling tit a firmer slap, watching a round wave ripple across Pan’s gargantuan bust.

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 cum and relieve the erotic pressure building up in her with every squeeze and shake 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. “Ready to accept your punishment?”

“Ooo … 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.

Her plump, love-seat-sized pile of ecstatic tits and ass defied gravity a moment until it sloshed down again, bouncing her breasts and cheeks and thighs and belly like fruits taut with juice. Pan gasped. “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 and she swayed and bounced lusciously with each pull. 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, then stepped around to Pan’s face, now suspended at about shoulder height. She stared down at Pan’s tits like a feast. A smirk smoldered across her indigo-lipstick lips.

“Cum?” she mocked, “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. Slow, she lifted and pressed her palms together, up against the heavy jugs pumped full of cream. She held them, huge and round, then let them slip down through the funnel of her cupped hands. They flopped heavily out of her palms and sloshed in circles, Pan’s whole body rocking in the harness. Pan whimpered at the sensation.

“Full to the brim, I'd say.” Poe sighed, admiringly. She smirked and gave one last greedy squeeze, then stepped to the shelf of odds and ends, picking up a clear length of hose.

“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. “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, hanging like a plump cherry on a stem. Then she re-adopted her serious air of punisher. “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:

*“Drink your fill.”*

Pan’s tongue was lolling out of her mouth as she smiled with anticipation. She mouthed *yes* as Poe slid the hose between her plump lips. She moaned into the hose end. It was too big to spit out. If her hands had been free, she wouldn’t have wanted to. She smiled and relaxed her jaw a little just in time to take the glut of cream as it surged from the hose nozzle, down her throat and into her already full belly.

Every pulse of thick, heavy, intoxicating cream completely filled her mouth as she chugged it. Cream came flowing into her, gulp after gulp. She could feel her belly and breasts gushing full but never filling, endlessly growing bigger and rounder.

Her belly began to swell out into a keg from the huge volume of cream. Her breasts and her ass had now pumped full 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.

“Fuck, she’s hot. I’m glad you chose her for maid of honor.” Buck said.

“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.”

“Really? That’s adorable.”

Poe turned a pair of glasses right-side-up on the counter. “Well, I guess there’s no use waiting until tomorrow.”

Buck filled the glasses and toasted his bride. Poe shot-gunned her glass of cream. Buck gulped down half, then choked a little and paused. He licked his lips.

“You're right, this is delicious.”

“Mhmm!” She reached over and tipped the glass back up to his lips assertively. “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 Buck’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 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.

“Buck, 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! Ohh my …” She groaned; the hiccup set her bouncing all over as she tried to go on. “Please, I need you to fill me up with your co –!”

“–Your cream?” Poe interrupted, “oh, of course, have this back.

Poe thrust the hose back into Pan's mouth like she was filling up a gas tank. 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, chugging and moaning.

Poe brought the filled glasses back to Buck and sat sidesaddle on his lap. 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 off his chin, down through 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.

“We'd better get these off.” Poe said. She slid down to undo his button and – rip! – it was out. His pants were ruined. The precum that had been soaking his 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 11 inches to the tip. Poe could see his balls swelling and filling up to match the rail above them. She was staring transfixed when she heard Pan let out a louder, more desperate moan – interrupting the steady sound of her gulping down gallons of 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.

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 huge 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 gurgled and swelled to such a girth that it finally met the ground from where she hung, tied up. 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 by now, the wave rippled up through her enormous, weighty bosom and sent her hypersensitive nipples spinning in tiny, teasing circles. A deep groan burbled up from deep in her belly, filling up and slowly flattening outward across the floor.

She was a dam that needed to burst! 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 refocused her gaze on Buck's extra-large cock, then 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 tip.

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 strong spasm from Buck. 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 cock with her fingers and brought it 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. “Yeah?”

Buck yanked open the collar of his tux, breathless, hot and bothered. “Oh – yes, yeah, please, thank you – mhmm …”

Poe laughed a little. 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 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. Poe’s 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 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.

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 I’m this turned on after just a glass,* *Pan must be losing her mind!*

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. “You know, there's no one else I would’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.”

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 breasts. 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 L-cup jugs spilling over the boddess and shoved up into a puffy heart shape under her chin.

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?* She thought, *How am \*I\* 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!*

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

It was too much for Buck to endure. 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, beyond her navel and deeper.

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, 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 soft 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 flesh, moving his tongue in circles.

The sensation of her massive tits being sucked cascaded through Poe, and she bit her lip, muffling a scream as she came a second time in moments.

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, 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. “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. “Let's top you off before you go another round, my love.”

Pan’s breasts rounded out in front of her like twin tanks, slowly filling with cream as she drank herself full. Poe wedged the glass in her maid-of-honor’s cleavage, all slippery with spilled drink.

Pan met her eyes as she gently slid the hose nozzle free and filled the glass. With her mouth free, Pan took a last gulp and licked her lips slowly. Her face was splashed with creme liqueur and so was her whole rotund bust. *Mmm, I never knew I could feel so full,* she thought.

Buck was a little unsteady on his feet. His eyes were on his own superhuman cock standing out from his pelvis at well over a foot long. He looked uncertainly at Poe, holding the pint glass. “I don’t know if I’m ready for another just yet, love. Look at the size of this!” He gestured at himself.

“Oh, this pint’s all mine. Here, have a go. Our maid needs to catch her breath.”

She took the hose from the filled glass and stopped it with her thumb. Buck watched her approach him, simmering. Her stride was hypnotic, and his cock throbbed. All he could do was stare stupidly at her wobbling chest and hips as she came near and nudged his jaw open with her sweet little finger. She stuck the hose in his mouth.

He couldn’t stop staring down her cleavage, her two huge tits propped up by her corset like they were being served to him – he took the hose from her, completely powerless.

As the first taste washed down his throat, he could already feel himself tingling – growing more tense and straight. His balls shifted like they felt a breeze and he felt them push against his thighs, fuller and more sensitive.

Poe saw her groom’s gaze trapped on her O-cup tits, stuffed together, and she leaned in, delighted at his lust. She took a slow sip of her drink, giving just the slightest shimmy to jostle them, teasing.

The head of Buck’s stiffening cock twitched up a little with every gulp he took of the sweet cream flowing through the hose.

Pan’s stomach gurgled loudly – she had stopped swallowing the stuff by the gallon, but she had enough splashing around in her belly to fill a waterbed. As her massive, swollen body digested the sweet elixir, it kept pumping her ass and tits full to even greater proportions.

Her original frame (before she was pumped full of cream) was marked by the craftily tied rope harness still heroically holding her swollen body high – and binding her ankles and wrists.

The ropes creaked under the strain. One line of the harness gave a little ‘pop’ and started to undo itself. The sudden jolt rippled through Pan’s frame, shaking her gigantic tits. She gasped.

Buck’s eyes widened – the erotic sight drove his swelling cock even harder. As it surged full, Pan saw it extend another six inches and broaden. She moaned with frustration. “Ohh, fuck! I have waited so long, give me that dick before it won’t fit anymore!”

She demanded it with all the authority she could muster against her helplessly swollen body and her bonds -- suddenly, the harness snapped free of its suspension altogether.

Buck was knocked back over his heels by her as she rolled forward on her giant, stuffed belly, no longer tethered to the ceiling by the ropes typing her hands and feet.

He lost hold of the hose and it splashed uncontrolled as the pair of enormous tits shoved into him. He was pinned to the ground as they smushed out in a massive diameter – six, eight feet across at their widest as they bounced – spreading around him and supporting most of her incredible weight.

Her breasts were each too large to wrap his arms around, but he squeezed the giant mound of cream-filled flesh on top of him, feeling it push back tautly against his grasp.

He had almost forgotten his own increased proportions when he felt his massive cock shift and slip free around one of Pan’s nipples – puffed out, pink, and big enough to fill his hand.

His cock was the size of his arm now, and it throbbed as it came to rest – squeezed tight in the gap between Pan’s divine, swollen tits.

Its smooth, slick head – bigger than a fist – protruded from her cleavage, so close to her face that she went cross-eyed gawking at it. After a moment of shock, she tucked her chin down to her collarbone and extended her tongue.

The rounded ‘V’ of her cleavage pressed her cheeks together as she slowly dragged her tongue up his shaft, pushing a huge bead of precum up his pipe until it spilled out the tip into her mouth. She paused with her tongue against his oversized glottis and rubbed it side-to-side just a bit before flicking away.

Buck’s eyes rolled back as he gasped and whispered something ecstatic that wasn’t quite words. Pan stretched upward against the harness still binding her and carefully fit her full lips around Buck’s taut, slick cock – all she could fit in her mouth of his swollen head.

Poe stood with her hands on her thick hips, drinking in the scene with pleasure. Her gaze traveled from her groom’s euphoric expression to his cock, throbbing along with his racing heartbeats as Pan worshipped it with her tongue.

They were both so enthralled, they didn’t notice Poe sneak around to retie her maid of honor’s harness with a fresh length of rope. They didn’t notice her as she tossed the length up over the hook in the ceiling again.

They didn’t notice at all until Buck’s cock – deep red and already edging on orgasm – slipped out of her mouth and disappeared down into Pan’s cleavage (it must have been three feet from her collarbone to the floor now). Poe gathered up the slack in the rope and delicately hoisted Pan upward.

The huge amount of liquid rounding out Pan’s breasts and belly and buttocks was almost too heavy for Poe to drag against. She raised her maid of honor about a foot off the ground as the make-shift pulley sawed against its fulcrum under the strain.

What was she up to? Pan turned her head from side to side, but her body was now too enormous for her to turn an inch. Her question was answered before it formed in her mind, awash with pleasure and delirium – Poe giggled once, mischievously and let the rope fall through her grip.

Gravity brought Poe bulging and sloshing back down like a water balloon that rolled off a table. As she came down, Buck’s baseball-bat cock shot upward forcefully between the massive tits squeezed tightly around him.

Poe’s tongue had dragged cups of precum out of him and it finally washed down his cock, smearing between Pan’s unbelievable tits, making a soft, wet envelope between her breasts.

Pan moaned with her whole throat open as she bounced and swayed on the waves of liquid in her tits – bigger than she could have ever dreamed – and she stuck out her tongue to catch Buck’s shaft as it pounded her cleavage again and again.

She was just beginning to settle and still when Poe yanked the rope again. This time, she kept heaving and releasing like she was ringing the chapel bells. Her groom and her maid of honor let out animal sounds of pleasure, both completely at the mercy of her lust.

Even if he weren’t pinned down by Pan’s bean-bag-chair tits bouncing and bouncing on top of him, he couldn’t have stood up with the log of a cock between his legs, still hardening and growing longer, thicker. His balls were squeezed by Pan’s sloshing tits, tighter and tighter as his testicles swelled up like footballs.

They were soaked with the wet mess washing up and down his shaft as he fucked Pan’s incredible tits again and again. Poe hoisted her maid of honor again and again, ensuring her fertility goddess body never came to rest, constantly grinding and sliding erotically between Buck’s outstretched legs.

Buck was out of his mind with pleasure by now, gasping and writhing in the greatest titfuck he’d ever had. He was so tense with ecstasy he could barely stand it, on a knife’s edge of sensation – the orgasm building felt like it could shake his whole body to pieces, leave him dead of sexual exhaustion –

The first salvo shot out of him with such force, it sounded like a bottle of champagne popping. The supernatural load of cum shot out like a cannon blast and splashed against the ceiling before splattering back down. Pan gasped – she looked like she’d just dropped a bucket of paint.

Buck’s entire body was wracked as another bucketload slopped up onto her face and hair, and then a third load – it was hot and thick. Gobs stuck to her hair and face as it washed down her shoulders and glazed the wobbling, sloshing mass of her tits as they squeezed Buck’s cock tighter with every bounce and squash.

Even once he’d delivered a fourth cum shot – a fifth, a sixth, a seventh – a stream of cum dribbled from the head of his cock down its length, spilling and dripping down the curve of Pan’s eight-foot bust.

It was, altogether, a load that could have filled a sink and it ran across the floor, mixing with the large puddle of cream still pouring from the hose on the floor of the tasting room.

END