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Jen turned and gestured towards the other two, who still staring at Sheryl with wide eyes. Jen smiled at them. “Lucky for you, Sheryl, you still have two more courses left...”
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With a single hand, Jen dragged the woman to Sheryl, who was sprawled across the floor with her legs wide open. “My servant, what have you brought for me?”

“Oh, are we role-playing? Sheryl, my… goddess. I’ve got an offering for you. A… heavy one.”

“You have no idea.”

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Jen looked back, and saw why Brenda felt so heavy. Brenda had grabbed onto Debbie, and Jen was now pulling
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"You're stronger than you look," said Sheryl in an aristocratic tone. "For a servant, I mean."
"I'm nothing compared to you, goddess. Now let's can this roleplaying and stuff this bitch in your pussy!"


Jen slipped off Brenda's heels, then slipped Brenda's feet into Sheryl's gaping pussy. Brenda fought and screamed, but Sheryl's pussy was more powerful than her. It pulled Brenda in, little by little.
"Let me go, please!" Brenda begged.
"Hmm,," Sheryl replied, "You know what? I think I'd rather eat you."
"You're not too full?" Jen teased, readying her camera.
"No," Sheryl replied, "Those other two were appetizers. This one won't fill me up either. She's just a skinny little bitch, and those tits of hers are fake..."
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Jen took a few more pictures, as Sheryl pulled Brenda's knees into her pussy. "You fucking freak!" Brenda raged. "You're getting your fucking pussy juice all over my skirt!"

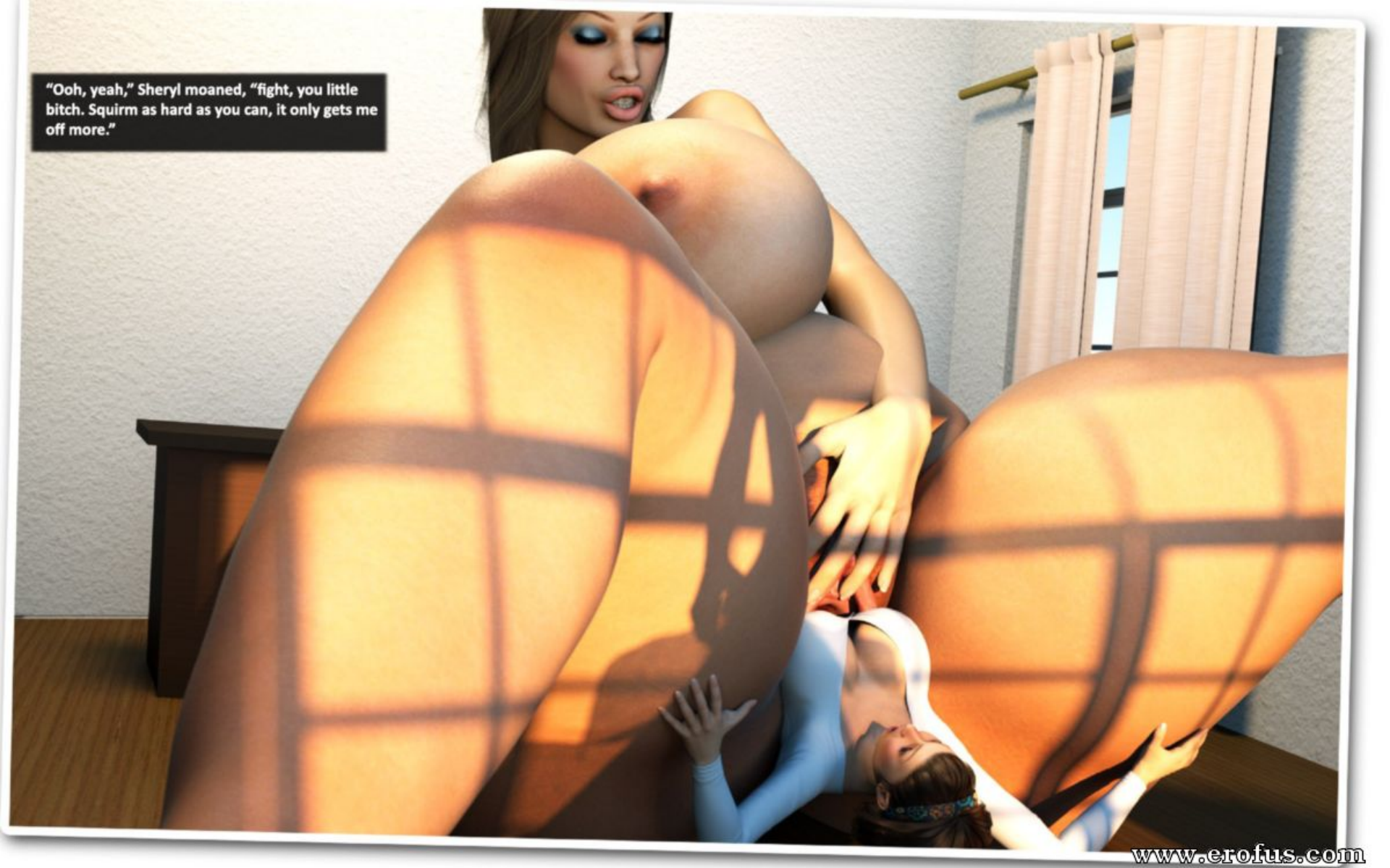
Jen snapped another photo. "Ooh, this one is going to go on the fridge!"



"Let me go!" Brenda pushed against Sheryl's legs, her hands sinking into the softness of Sheryl's thick thighs. Her struggle made no difference, and Sheryl's monstrous pussy pulled her in deeper, until Sheryl's labia had wrapped around her hips. "Let me go, you bitch, let me go!"

"The only place you're going," Jen teased, "is to my wife's juicy ass. Or maybe her fat fucking tits. She'll digest you pretty fast. That's about all a bimbo like you is good for, adding a little more meat to go on her bones." Jen snapped another picture of Brenda, who was writhing and screaming as she was sucked deeper into Sheryl.

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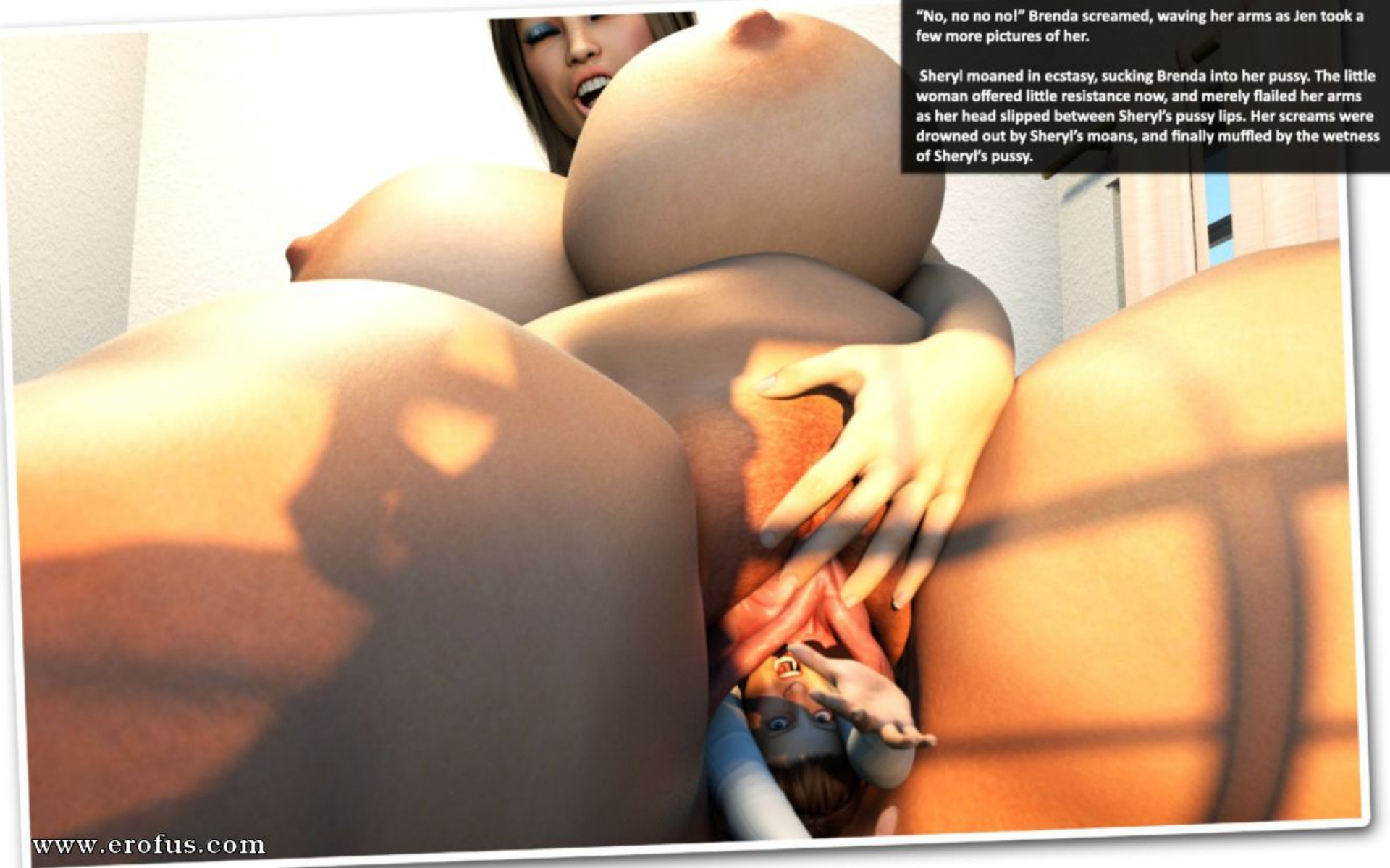
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"No! Please, let me go!" Brenda pushed against Sheryl's thighs with all her might, pulling herself jus
so that she was once again hip-deep. The bottom of her shirt was soaked in Sheryl's juices. But not more than a moment later, Sheryl flexed, and pulled her deeper in.
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Sheryl squeezed tight, pulling Brenda deeper inside of her. Brenda's torso slipped right between Sheryl's thick labia. Brenda grabbed onto Sheryl's thighs, but her grip quickly gave way. She slid deeper into Sheryl, [illegible] lubrications from Sheryl's juices.

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"No, no no no!" Brenda screamed, waving her arms as Jen took a few more pictures of her.

Sheryl moaned in ecstasy, sucking Brenda into her pussy. The little woman offered little resistance now, and merely flailed her arms as her head slipped between Sheryl's pussy lips. Her screams were drowned out by Sheryl's moans, and finally muffled by the wetness of Sheryl's pussy.

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Sheryl let out a long moan, as her pussy juice squirted out onto the floor. "Mmm, I needed that. Did you get some good photos, dear?"

"Don't worry, love," Jen replied, "I got everything."

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Jen made her way over to Sheryl's side. Placing an arm around her little bride, Sheryl stroked Jen's shoulder lovingly. "Perfect. This really has been a beautiful wedding, hasn't it?"
"It's not over yet," Jen replied. "Unless you're full?"
"Not even close," Sheryl said. She rubbed her belly, where Brenda was still squirming inside of her.
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"Here," Sheryl said, "give me the camera. I'll take some pictures myself." She took the camera out of Jen's hand.
"Are you sure the controls aren't too tiny for you?"
"Everything is too tiny for me. I manage."
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"Just don't break it," Jen added, "I borrowed it from the photographer!"

"Then I can just pay him for a new one. And if he gives me a hard time, that just gives me an excuse to have another meal."

Sheryl gazed longingly at Jen. "I want to see your tight little body. Take off that wedding dress."

"Sure," Jen said. "This dress is getting tight anyway..." She slipped off her panties, and started to take down the inner layer of her skirt. "But not the bustle, I'm leaving that on. It's more fun if I leave something to your imagination..."

Jen put on a show for Sheryl, swaying her hips playfully as she pulled down her top. Sheryl ogled her, admiring Jen's ass through the transparent fabric.



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After teasing Sheryl for a moment, Jen tore off her her top and threw it to the far side of the room.
"Whoopsie," Jen said, "I didn't tear it, did I? I hope that dress wasn't expensive."
"Don't worry," Sheryl replied, "it cost more than most people make in a year... and less than I make in an hour. Money's no object. We have more pressing matters at hand, like getting me my next meal. Speaking of which..."
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The pair turned their attention to Debbie, who was trying to pry the window open. "Hi Debbie," Jen said, slowly making her way towards her in-law. "Are you enjoying the wedding reception so far?"

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Debbie fumbled at the window, trying desperately to get the knobs to open. Jen slipped behind her, grabbing her by the arms. Jen was surprised to find that she stood nearly a head taller than the woman. “Debbie,” Jen whispered to her. “You always liked to remind us that our lifestyle was a choice. Well now I’m about to give you a choice. So, which do you prefer: head-first or feet-first?”
“I-It’s not too late…” Debbie stammered. “You can still end your sinful ways. Just let me go, and take my Amber out, and we can forget--”
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"There's nothing to take out," Sheryl laughed to herself. "I've already digested her. She's a slurry now, fuel to make me get even bigger. Heck, I think part of her might have already gone to my ass... Just like you're about to."

Taking that as the cue, Jen shoved Debbie down towards Sheryl.


"You're demons!" Debbie yelled. "Harlots!
Whore
"No!" Sheryl snapped, "but Hell is eagerly awaiting your arrival. Very eagerly."
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"Did you just call your own pussy Hell?" Jen mused, "As far as pussy nicknames go, it's not exactly Rosebud...."
"Let me go, you devils!"
"Enough talk..." Sheryl grabbed ahold of Debbie's leg and slipped her in, moaning pleasurably as the woman's shoes slipped between her labia. "Mmm... Food shouldn't talk."
"Don't worry," Jen said, [illegible] as she slipped out of her bustle. "I know just the thing to shut her up."
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As Sheryl's pussy slowly pulled Debbie's calves into Sheryl, Jen crouched on top of her. Jen easily overpowered Debbie, pinning her arms to the ground.

Jen gazed into Debbie's fearful eyes. "I'm going to give you one last chance at life," Jen said menacingly. "I'm going to sit on your face, and you're going to eat my pussy. If you can make me cum, we'll let you go. Deal?"

"No! I would never engage in such an act. Of course you can't sit on my face!"


"I'm sorry," Jen said, "but that first part is non-negotiable."
"What? No, no--mmph!" Jen mounted Debbie, pinning Debbie's arms with her legs and straddling Debbie's face."Now just suck on my pussy," Jen said.
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Debbie screamed in response, but she was muffled by Jen's pussy. "Mmphh! Mmm-ummph!"
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"That's a start," Jen said, "now say the alphabet..."
"Mmmm, yes," Sheryl moaned. Her voracious pussy pulled Debbie's legs deeper in, while Jen road along on top of her. Sheryl snapped a picture of Jen's backside, as her wife straddled on top of Debbie's face. "I like to see your dominating side. Make that bitch eat your pussy, or I'll eat her with mine!"


"Oh, she'll eat my pussy alright," Jen moaned, grinding her pussy hard against Debbie's face. "Whether she wants to or--ooh!"
Jen let out a loud moan, as Debbie finally started to suck on her pussy. "Oh yes, just like that," Jen moaned. Lick my clit... Yes!" Jen let out a long moan of ecstasy, to Sheryl's delight. Her gargantuan wife snapped another set of photos, as Debbie nearly brought the two of them to orgasm.
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Jen pivoted around on top of Debbie, turing so she faced Sheryl. “Now eat my pussy. Get your tongue in there as deep as it can go. I want you to tell me how my my cervix tastes… I want you to make me cum so hard I scream...”

“Ooh, she’s getting me off too,” Sheryl moaned. “It’s been a long time since I’ve had someone so thick. Her fat thighs feel incredible inside of me…” Sheryl clenched in ecstasy, and quickly slurped Debbie’s hips up. Her thick labia were now rubbing against the top of Debbie’s hips. The denim scratched against her insides, but the slight pain only made Sheryl more aroused.

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Sheryl gazed down at the two through the camera viewfinder. As Jen grinded on Debbie's face, Sheryl's hungry pussy pulled both of them towards her. There was no way Sheryl could stop now, not that she had seriously considered sparing Debbie anyway.

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"Oh fuck yeah," Jen moaned, "you've done this before, haven't you? There's no way this is your first time eating pussy. Suck my clit, you fucking dyke! Oh, Christ, yes!"

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Jen moaned loudly, as Debbie's tongue finally brought her to orgasm. She let out a sigh of pleasure, but Jen wasn't satisfied just yet.


Neither was Sheryl. The display had only aroused her more, and with each pang of pleasure, she sucked Debbie in that much further.
"You're going to go all the way inside of me," Sheryl said. "I need you inside of me. My cunt is still so hungry..."
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"Ooh fuck yes!" Jen bounced bawdily on Debbie's face. The middle-aged redhead had a skilled tongue, the first positive attribute Jen had seen in the woman. As Sheryl pulled her in deeper, the woman was increasingly distracted, which meant Jen had to do more of the work. She rode on top of Debbie's face, grinding her pussy against the woman's mouth.

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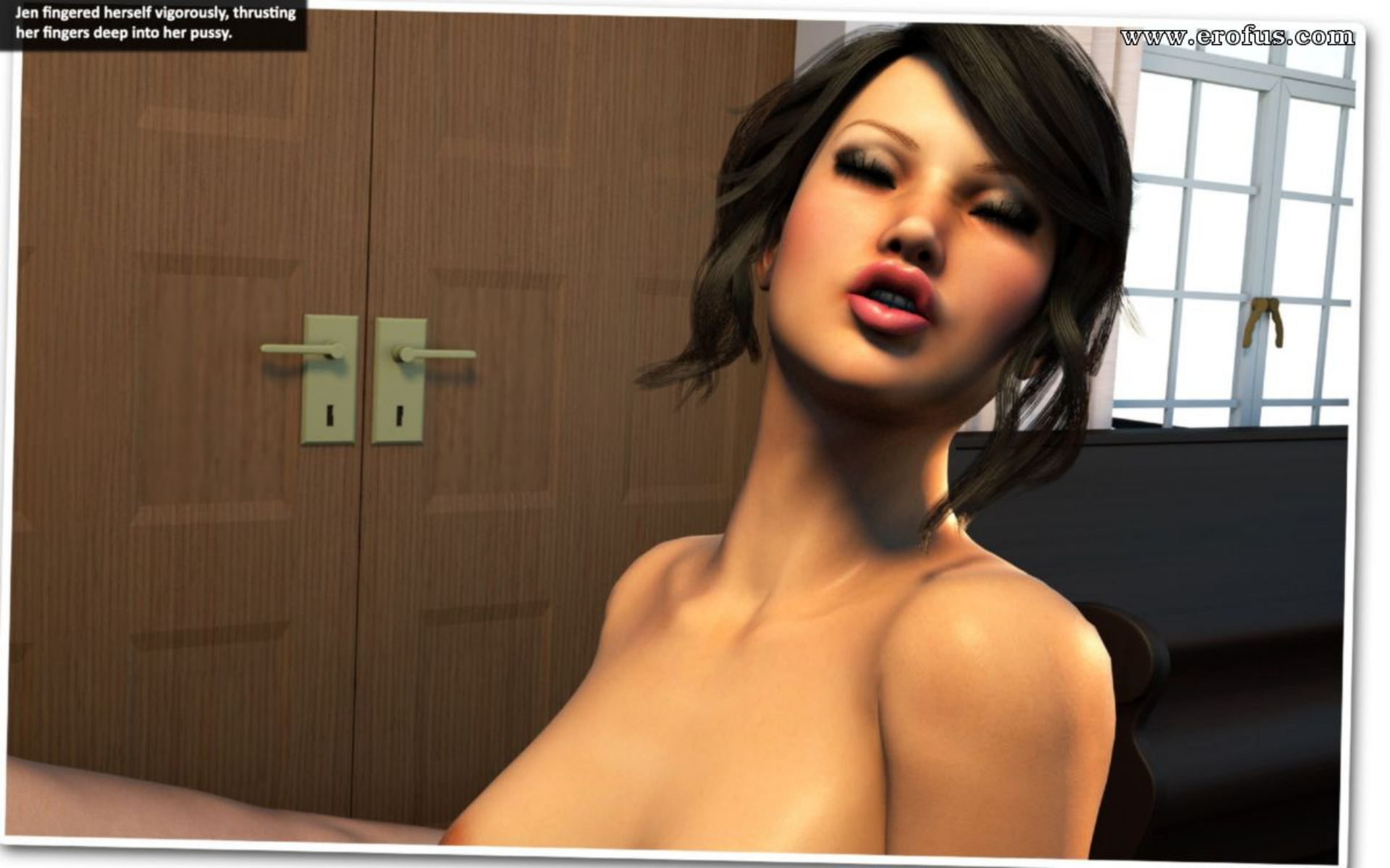


Jen rode Debbie as long as she could, until Sheryl pulled the woman in too far. She slid off and knelt down, watching as Sheryl's monstrous pussy sucked her in.

"Let me go!" Debbie screamed, "I got you off, and you promised!"



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Jen fingered herself vigorously, thrusting her fingers deep into her pussy.


The newlyweds moaned in unison. Sheryl came hard, screaming in ecstasy as she devoured Debbie. Jen slid her off hand into Sheryl's pussy, so that she could feel Sheryl's pussy lips close around the woman. Her head slid between Sheryl's thick, wet labia, her screams muffled by Sheryl's dripping pussy.
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Jen watched with satisfaction as she watched Debbie's hand reach out one last time, before finally slipping between Sheryl's labia for good. Overtaken with desire, she grinded the palm of her hand against her vulva. Jen furiously pleasured herself as the last of Debbie disappeared into Sheryl's insatiable cunt.

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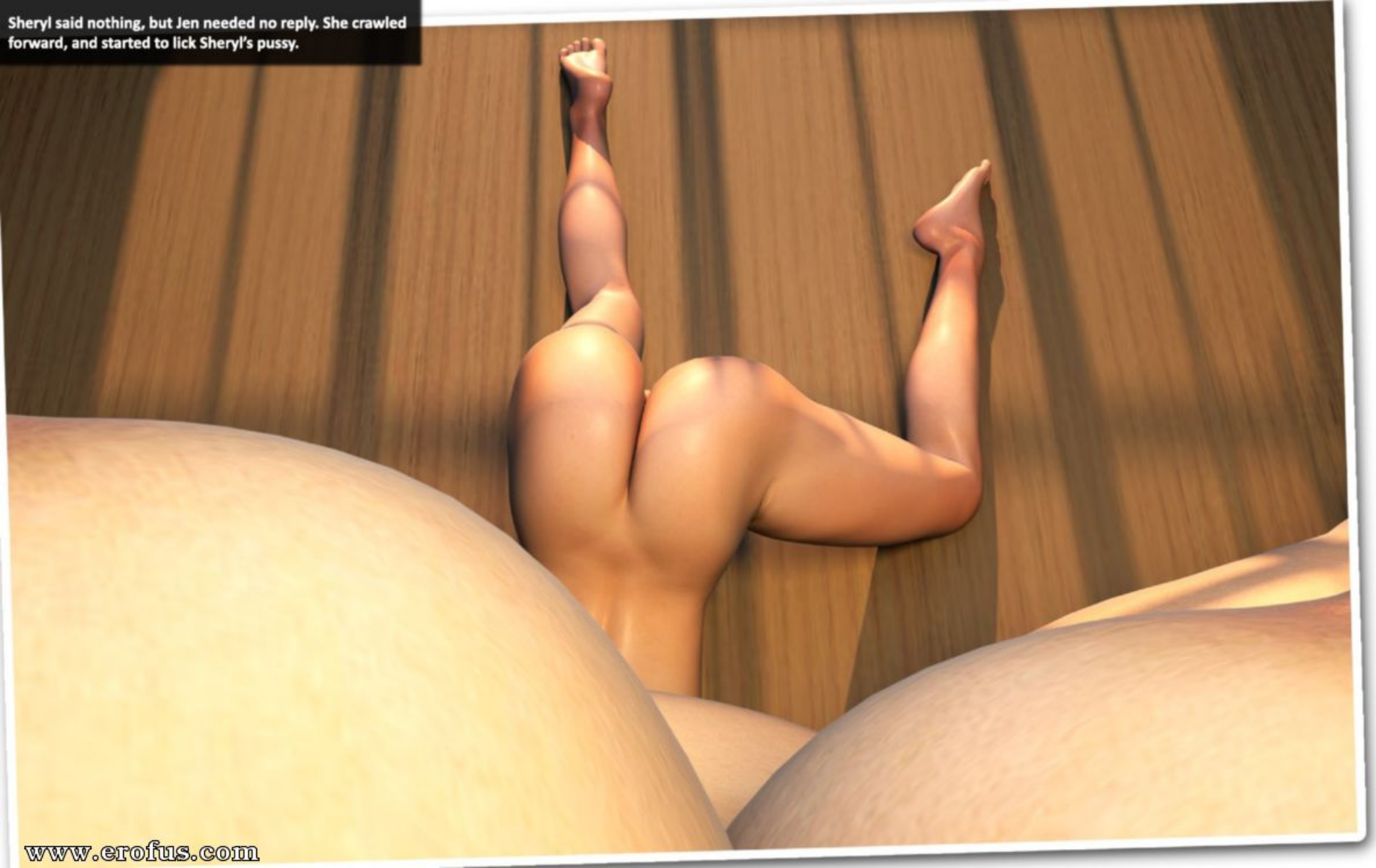
Jen and Sheryl finally orgasmed. The new brides came at the same time, letting out their final cries of rapture. Sheryl, at last, was satisfied, or somewhere close to it. For Jen though, that third orgasm only made her want another. With Debbie still struggling inside of Sheryl's belly, Jen began to pleasure herself again.





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Jen, finally exhausted, fell onto all fours.
"We should probably be getting to the reception..."
Sheryl was all but ready to get dressed, when Jen stared into her eyes and spoke. "Fuck the reception. I want to eat your pussy." She said, with a lusty tone.
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Sheryl said nothing, but Jen needed no reply. She crawled forward, and started to lick Sheryl's pussy.
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Sheryl nearly dropped the camera. Her entire body shook, as a jolt of pleasure bolted through her. “Ooh, Jen… I didn’t realize how much I needed that. My poor clit has been ignored all evening.”

“That’s what I’m here for,” Jen replied, before digging her face back between Sheryl’s labia.

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"Ooh, Jen, I think I'm starting to work up an appetite again, and I haven't even finished digesting them yet... Maybe we should go to that reception after all."
Jen pulled her head back out, her face still dripping with Sheryl's juices. "Oh Sheryl, you can't just eat everyone tonight."
Sheryl nodded in agreement. "Not tonight, no... We've got our whole lives for that."
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Snacks so far























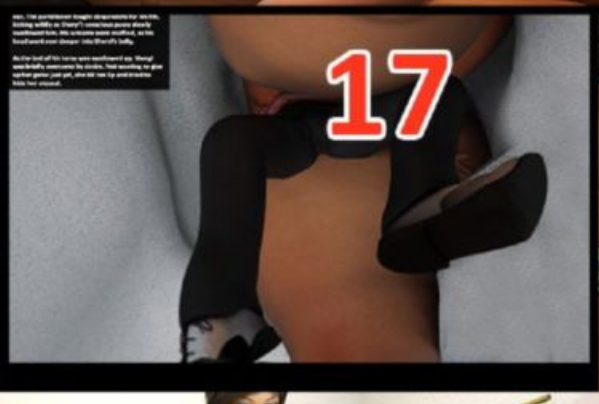


















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