

Its true what they say. The day of your wedding is truly the best day of your life~

Sitting by the biggest table in the reception hall, I inch my chair closer to my hubby. I feel ecstatic. Even now, as this wonderful white flowing dress wraps my body whole, I still can't believe I'm married to the love of my life. To think that about a year ago I was just a lonely 30-year old woman without any hope for love is truly mindblowing. Now I can be the loving housewife I've always wanted to be~

I turn towards my new husband, lovingly inspecting his handsome face. His hair is short and spiky, the stubble on his chiseled chin making him look oh so manly~ My darling Karel had to be the hunkiest man in this entire wedding- No, this entire world! His tight muscles bulged through his suit clearly, barely able to contain all his thick body. Its hard to find a man that's is both buff and nice like him, but I've obviously hit the jackpot. There are other people around the table, but I can't hold back my lustful stares towards him. My hands waver towards his pants, gently nudging at his bulging member. God, I can't wait for the honeymoon tonight!

Noticing my caresses, Karel towards me. He shoots me a smile so precious I feel my heart pounding through my C-Cup breasts. I wipe the long blond hair of my face, happy to meet him eye to eye. I might not have been the sexiest girl in existence, but my body is slim and curvy enough to keep his attention, and that's all I could ever ask for.

"You feeling good Samantha?" He asks me in that sweet burly voice of his.

"Of course baby!" I reply excitedly. "Its our wedding day, how could I *not* feel good?!"

Karel smiles back at me, happy to hear my eager response. His eyes waver towards my plate, where the remains of a slice from our delicious wedding cake were gluttonously cleaned off. "Oh! Did you like the cake?" He asked me as well. "Its from this sweet new restaurant brand I keep hearing about."

"Mmmhh yes, it was absolutely delicious~" I respond dreamily, not bothering to mention the fact that I liked the cake so much I basically swallowed it like a pig. Its strange, even though I'm not usually into sweets, this cake was so delicious I simply couldn't control myself... "Thank you so much for getting it baby. I *really* enjoyed it~" I whispered into his ear as I continued to rub his bulge.

"Ohoho!" Karel laughed awkwardly. "You're being a bit frisky today, huh?"

He was right. I wasn't usually this forward, especially in front of so many people. But in all fairness, you gotta give a girl some leeway! Its my wedding day after all, and I've definitely had one too many champagne glasses~

I try to keep close to my sexy husband, when suddenly my attention is taken by some commotion in the back of the hall. Turning towards the source of this interruption, I try to figure out who it is that's trying to take my spotlight as the wife. There, a few tables away in the corner of the hall, I can see three large men sitting on a table on their own. The first one has short brown hair, with a surprisingly cute face. He was wearing a pair of comfortable jeans along with white dress shirt, which was not only stained red with presumably the pasta sauce we'd just had for lunch, but also barely fit his huge barrel of a body, his buttons clinging for dear life as they were pushed out. On his face was a look of wonder, as he glanced around the hall with joy, as if he'd been fully enraptured in the romantic aura of the celebration.

Beside him sat another man, which was much stranger than the previous. This one had longer ginger hair, and an obviously feminine face, which was a bit out of place in the body of a burly fat man. More strikingly though, he was wearing a green long floral shirt along with a long green skirt. Were it on a woman, it would be a fine piece to wear. But the fact that it adorned the body of this heavily round man made it feel a bit inappropriate for the setting. This man sat closely to the previous, their hands held together as they shared in the joy.

Finally, there was the last big man. This one was a bit smaller than the other two, though still heavily obese. He was wearing some black sweatpants combined with a t-shirt that had some sort of geek-culture thing the kids these days like so much. Unlike the last two, this man did not seem to be a bit happy to be here. Head ducked into some sort of videogame console, he looked like he was just waiting for the whole thing to be over so they could go home.

It was clear why they seemed to bring out people's attention. As the three largest people in this wedding, it'd be hard to miss their presence. And that was before including the weird aura that surrounded them, a strange buzz that somehow enraptured all eyes towards them. Obviously, none of these three people were guests of mine. I assume they're friends of my husband, probably. Maybe friends of my husband's friends? I had no idea, but they had to be. Were it up to me, these three gross fat men wouldn't have been able to take a single step in my glorious wedding.

Deciding not to think too much about these disgusting beasts, I turned my attention back to my wonderful hubby. Still, for some strange reason, I couldn't help but keep the three in the back of my mind. From the corner of my eye, I observed what they were doing closely.

"Emily, isn't this great?!"

I could even hear the larger man's voice, despite being quite far away from him. It was hard to explain, but they somehow just managed to catch my attention like that.

"What a beautiful ceremony!" The larger man continued. "All these precious decorations, all these people dressed in fancy clothes, gathering together to celebrate a loving relationship... I just can't help but feel ecstatic! Thank you so much for bringing me here!"

"Its no problem Tracer..." Emily replied with a light blush. "That's just one of the perks of the job~ I knew you'd love this, so I had to bring you. I'm glad its everything you've wished for."

"That and so much more, my love." Tracer responded lovingly. Leaning towards Emily, the larger fat man pressed their faces closely before pressing his fat lips against the other man in an amorous embrace. Emily's eyes shot wide open in surprise, but quickly they quickly closed as he accepted all of Tracer's lovemaking.

An array of gasps shot around the room, utterly baffled at the display. I myself scoffed out in disgust. Its not that I had anything against gay people, it was wonderful to see those types of couple expressing their love out in the open these days. It was just the sheer suddenness of the event made me react in a very feral and reflexive manner. These two men were the furthest thing away from attractiveness, so seeing them copulate sent shivers down my spine. Nevertheless, for some odd reason I could feel my nether regions pulsating lightly...

By the time the two men stopped kissing and separated, the whole room's attention was now centered around them. Not that they even seemed to care, as the two continued to stare longingly into each other's eyes. Their little show of affection was surprisingly sweet and cute, something which clashed horribly with their incredibly obese and rancid appearances.

"You know, I wasn't sure about doing this before..." Tracer spoke softly, breaking the silence the two had shared. "But after seeing this beautiful wedding and all the luster of marriage, I don't have a single doubt in my mind anymore~"

Clasping Emily's hands, Tracer stood up from his chair, Emily standing right alongside him. Tracer stared right into Emily's irises, an expression of pure joy on his face presented beside his big doofy smile. "Emily... The two of us have dated for a very long time. All those happy years we've spent together- I've enjoyed every single second of them. I absolutely love the way you care for me, how you're always there when I need you. And though I know I've spent a lot of time having sex with out brother and son-

A myriad of gasps of confusion and disgust erupted in the crowd. "I want you to know that you truly are the most precious person in my life." He continued. "Never did I think in a million year I could find someone as wonderful as you to spend my life with. And so- D.Va come over."

Tracer placed his hand on the shoulder of the third man, who'd somehow sneaked up beside them while everyone else was focused on the spectacle. Kneeling down, the warm smile on Tracer's face clearly gave away what was about to happen. Emily jumped back in surprise. His hands shot up towards his face, which erupted with an uncontrollable blush and an eager smile. As Tracer's hands wrapped around the third man's jeans, I watched upon his smug painted face. I could swear I even saw a bulge tenting through the crotch of his pants...

Not that I would be left wondering for too long, for Tracer quickly swiped down, bringing this D.Va's pants all the way to the floor. The entire audience around them erupted with disbelief as a thick erect cock flopped free of its restraints. Even I let out a gut-wrenching gasp, barely able to process the scene before me. What the fuck was happening?!? Why the hell was this man getting naked right in the middle of my wedding reception, and why wasn't anyone doing anything about it??? Everyone around them seemed mesmerized by the scene, as if their minds had been wracked by a strange sense of morbid curiosity...

Around the base of D.Va's cock were two large golden cock rings, which he sported with pride. Tracer turned back to Emily with a loving smile. "Emily, will you marry me?"

Emily began to hop up and down in glee. "Oh my god!!!" He exclaimed happily. "Of course Lena! I will absolutely marry you~~~" The man pushed forward and hugged the kneeling Tracer, pressing his crotch against Tracer's face, an obvious stiff bulge growing through his dress.

Content with his lover's answer, Tracer pressed his face against Emily's dick, planting loving kisses atop the hardening mast through the cloth of the dress. His hands wrapped around the edges of Emily's dress, and just as he did with the other man, Tracer pulled Emily's skirt to the floor, revealing his spouse-to-be's thick hard rod. Its musk and lustful aura were apparent from where I was standing. Even I couldn't help but lick my lips in the sight of such a mouth-watering member.

After giving the fat cock a myriad of kisses and licks, Tracer turned his attention to the D.Va's dick. Leaning towards him, Tracer wrapped his lips around the man's member. He began to swallow the dick whole, making D.Va shiver before him with glee. Deeper and deeper D.Va's dick traveled into Tracer's throat, until Tracer had finally reached D.Va's base, his lips touching the first cock ring on the other man's cock. Gripping this cock ring with his teeth, Tracer slowly began to pull out the gold ring until he'd taken it off entirely.

With the ring in his mouth, Tracer shot Emily a goofy smile. Pressing towards Emily's dick, Tracer put the cock ring on his lover's penis with his mouth, the place where this ring now belonged. Emily made a sigh of pure bliss, his body bustling with ecstasy as his future-husband slowly slid Emily's cock ring further up onto Emily's dick. Tracer's saliva covered Emily's member whole, his fat lips wrapping delightfully around Emily's rod. I could feel a pang of jealousy at the sight. Why couldn't Tracer wrap his beautiful mouth around my dick?!? -Wait, no- What the hell was I talking about!? I don't have a dick!

Once the cock ring was safely secured at the base of Emily's cock, Tracer quickly retreated off the stiff penis. Strands of sticky saliva hung between Tracer's mouth and Emily's dick, as the plump fat man smiled lovingly at Emily.

"Wow, this is amazing~" Emily cooed happily, staring deeply at the ring wrapping around his cock. "I totally love it! Let me get yours~"

As Tracer stood up from the ground, Emily bent onto his knees. And just like Tracer had done before, the man began to take D.Va's cock deep into his mouth. The smaller man shivered with delight, though it was clear he did not enjoy this as much as he did the previous one. Perhaps because of how fast Emily was doing, as if he just wanted to get it out of the way, or perhaps because of some deeper connection D.Va felt to Tracer. Regardless, Emily quickly snatched Tracer's ring into his mouth and pulled it out excitedly.

Once the large ring was safely secured within his oral cavity, Emily turned his attention towards his dear lover. His hands flew onto the sides of Tracer's pants, his eyes focusing on that delightfully throbbing member that was already poking through. Pulling down with force, Emily removed Tracer's pants with a single swipe, Tracer's fat dick smacking against his cheek. In response, Emily gave the neediest lustful expression I'd ever seen in my life. He gave a deep whiff, taking in all of Tracer's sweet musk into his nostrils. My hand traveled down to my mound, cussing it lightly as it throbbed with need. God, why did that look so enticing...?

Wanting to waste no time, Emily opened his mouth with the ring still inside and started to take in Tracer's massive member. The larger man fluttered with bliss, his face oozing pure excitement. Little moans and gasps escaped his quivering lip as his throbbing pole was fellated. The way Emily was putting the cock ring on was so much more sexual than when Tracer had done it. Eyes close, and tongue slowing rolling around the mast, Emily seemed to be taking pleasure in the placement of Tracer's cock ring. The scene was so lewd I was surprised that Tracer simply did not give in and start facefucking Emily.

When the ring was finally comfortably planted at the base of Tracer's dick, Emily looked up at Tracer with sensual eyes. Tracer's eyes lit up with fire, his pole twitching up and down. Tracer's dick was about to cum! I could feel it with my own vagina, as it throbbed with excitement. Except, somehow- As if by

some sort of miracle, he'd managed to keep it all in. Finished with his expression, Emily slowly backed away, leaving Tracer' dick all slippery and warm.

With that, their unorthodox proposal was done, but their show of affection was far from over. Emily quickly stood up from the ground, facing his darling Tracer with joy and excitement. The two stared deep into each other's eyes, as if they were getting lost in their lover's gaze. Their faces slowly began to drift closer and closer, eyes reflexively drooping close, until their lips met together for a sloppy loving kiss. The two fat men kissed with the delicateness of pigs, their mouths opening wide and awkwardly. It looked more like they were trying to eat each other's face, yet somehow I felt like this was the most beautiful expression of love there could be. Even though their mouths were probably tainted with the thick muck of cock, they continued to kiss each other as if nothing was out of the ordinary. As much as I hated to admit it, I could feel my heart beating rapidly, my lips quivering in a desire to partake in the same.

While their lips mashed together, their bodies began to press together as well. The tips of their dick met for a cute little kiss, before their masts frothed each other with glee. I could see the flab of the bellies gently push together, meshing into all sorts of distorted shapes. It was so good~ - I meant, gross- It was so gross. The way they lovingly caressed their bodies freely, uncaring for their form or shape. The more I observed them, the angrier I felt. Emily's hands drifted to Tracer's shirt, as they slowly began to unbutton it off, while Tracer slowly lifted the top off Emily's body. These two were so in sync it was legitimately maddening. How could these two beasts share such an intimate connection?! How could they look so happy at a moment like this? How could Emily place his hands all over Tracer?!?!

I couldn't bear to take this sight anymore, my rage had reached its apex. I turned towards husband, who was as transfixed with the scene as everyone else, hoping that he would be able to do something about it.

"KAREL!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. "THOSE FREAKS ARE RUINING MY WEDDING. STOP THEM!!!"

"Oh-! Um... Ok!" He replied meekly, a bit uncharacteristic of his masculine personality.

Still fueled by anger, I gripped Karel's suit and basically threw him towards the two naked bulky men. Karel stumbled forward a bit before being able to catch his balance. The man began to walk slowly towards Emily and Tracer. He marched with his hands held together and his head held down, as if all the confidence had been drained from his character. Once he was in front of the two, he gave them a few meek words, so quiet I couldn't even hear them. So of course, neither did the two large fat men. As my pathetic husband continued to attempt to interrupt their lovemaking, Tracer and Emily continued to eagerly fondle each other without inhibition, which only served to further develop my rage. God, was this really the man I married?!?

"FINE, I'LL DO IT MYSELF!!!" I shouted with furor.

Shoving my chair backwards, I began to make my way towards where the two fat men that were kidnapping my ceremony. My heels crashed down onto the marble floor with a thunderous clack, causing the ground around me to shake as if I possessed the strength of ten men. For a single moment, I had taken away the attention these freaks had stolen from me and claimed it as my own, as the eyes of all my guests fell upon my stomping. But even this was not enough, I had to show these two my

superiority, I had to show them the magnitude of my strength. This was *MY* wedding, and if anyone was going to be the center of attention, it was going to be me.

Arriving before the two fat men, I crossed my arms with utter disdain. My husband took a few steps back, intimidated by my menacing aura. Even D.Va shirked back a bit, his eyes finally taken from Tracer and onto myself. Yet somehow, Tracer and Emily continued to caress each other as if I didn't exist. This fact infuriated me to no end.

"YOU TWO!!!" I screamed as loud as my lungs would let me. "WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!?!?"

And finally, after so much work and effort, my importance had been acknowledged. The two men broke their embrace, unable to ignore me any longer. Emily turned to me with an annoyed expression, as if I was interrupting something important. Not that it mattered to me in the slightest, as I kept my same angered demeanor without inhibition. But then Tracer turned his face towards mine, bearing the same joyful grin he always wore. It was as if he wasn't bothered by what I'd done in the slightest. Instead he welcomed my intrusion, as if he recognized the value of my concerns.

I opened my mouth to scream and berate him, but only empty gasps came out. The words I had in my mind simply couldn't come out, garbling into incomprehensible messes as they reached my tongue. I just couldn't think right while in the presence of this gargantuan man. My eyes got lost in the gentle expanse that was his soft face. My heart started to thump right through my chest. Unable to sit still, my body started to shiver lightly. It was as if I was staring right at the sun, yet I couldn't stop staring.

"Ah, you're the bride, aren't you?" Tracer spoke with a pillowy baritone voice that felt like honey covering my ears.

I nodded meekly, my vocal cords shutting tightly from nervousness.

"Oh! Well, congratulations!" He exclaimed happily. "The reception is simply marvelous! Your husband must be the luckiest guy on earth to have a gal like you."

My vagina throbbed lightly, my body quivering with delight. I felt completely ecstatic to hear such wonderful words of praise from the thick Tracer. I didn't care that they were related to the wedding, in fact, I didn't care about the wedding at all now. I just wanted to hear more soft words of compliment from the beautiful Tracer.

"So, is there anything wrong?" Tracer asked me. "I think you said something about what we were doing?"

In that moment, I was plummeted back to reality. That was right, I'd originally come here to take back my wedding. Just a few seconds ago I was totally fuming, but now I felt a serene calmness as if I'd experienced a visage of the lord himself. Thinking about it, I felt so silly. Why had I become so enraged? What was it that got me so fired up? The answer was right before my eyes. My sight set upon Tracer's form. The soft curve of his fat belly, the tangy sweat dripping down his obese figure, and the musky erect cock hanging from his crotch. I was in love with Tracer. I was in love with Tracer, and I wanted to have him acknowledge me. Though after seeing him with Emily, I knew we could not be together. It was the happiest and saddest revelation in my entire life.

“What are you doing...” I mumble weakly, trying to come up with some sort of excuse for how I’d acted. “What are you doing... Without my veil?”

My hands flew up towards my wedding headdress, the white veil all brides should wear on their special day. Without second thought I snatched it off my head and presented it to Tracer, eager to give him a part of myself. “I-I know this is my wedding b-but-” I stuttered. “I just saw your beautiful proposal and thought you should have this! You’ll make the most beautiful bride, I know it!”

Tracer’s eyes glowed with glee. “Are you sure?” Before I could even answer, he took it off my hands, our fingers touching for a slight second that felt more like a wonderful eternity to me. With a beaming smile, Tracer quickly placed the veil atop his head. The floral white garment looked magnificent on this plump beautiful man. “Look Emily!” He exclaimed with excitement. “Isn’t it wonderful!”

Emily made a troubled smile. “Yes, it looks great dear.” He looked happy to see Tracer enjoy her gift like that, but it was clear he did not like the way we had interacted before. I felt a bit awkward from it. I wanted to show my love to Tracer, but I did not want to cause any division in their life. Looking around desperately, I tried to find a way to solve this problem. My eyes fell upon the blue rose that my husband carried on his suit. I remembered it vividly, picking it up for the wedding with a beautiful blue motif. Without asking for his permission, I reached towards him and snatched it, before presenting it to Emily as a gift.

“Y-You too, Mr. Emily!” I gulped. “Please have this! You’ll also be the greatest husband of all!”

Taking a few steps forward, Emily took the rose off my hand and placed it in his hair, where it contrasted nicely with his red hair. “I know.” He responded with a cocky smile, as if he was proud to see my submission.

With my little insurrection stunt fully quelled, Emily eagerly took his attention back to his lovely wife. He ducked towards Tracer and, summoning an ungodly source of strength, somehow picked the larger man up by his feet. It looked like an impossible feat, given how massive Tracer’s body was. Yet Emily pulled it off without a sweat, carrying Tracer towards a nearby table as if he was nothing more than a big baby. The scene was a bit majestic actually, this handsome knight picking a sweet damsel off her feet and taking her to bed. Even if this damsel weighed more than a fully-grown bull... I could feel my own heart flutter at the thought of lifted off my feet by a gallant man. It was probably the only time I felt jealous of Tracer and not Emily.

Handling Tracer with care, Emily gently laid his plump wife atop a nearby table, Tracer’s twitching asshole pointing right at him. He pushed away some flower petals and dishes that decorated the table, so that he and Tracer could have all the space they needed for the event to come. Seeing Tracer on shuffling cutely on the table like that was like seeing a demure wife atop some bedsheets on her wedding night. I had to bite down on my lip to contain my arousal, as my blood flowed like fire through my veins. Emily saw it too, which was apparent from the hungry bestial look he gave Tracer. He slithered onto the table, causing the whole thing to wobble lightly from the tremendous weight of two enormous men. Nevertheless, somehow it did not topple, letting Emily to freely climb atop Tracer and claim the lardy man as his one and only true wife.

A heavily determined and aroused expression on his face, Emily eagerly cocked his hips back. He aimed the tip of his cock against the rim of Tracer’s asshole, gently nudging it further in preparation. I could see

Tracer's body shiver with bliss, excited at finally being anally penetrated by his husband's thick dick. My mouth watered at the sight of this ecstatic Tracer. He looked so thrilled at the thought of being filled, I just wish I could fill his ass up as well. Too bad I only had this rancid vagina. If only I could be a huge fat man like Tracer, then I'd- No-! That was- Wrong! I liked being an attractive young woman, but... The more I observed this enrapturing scene, the more I could feel my thoughts and desires slowly being corrupted into something deformed. I knew something wrong was happening to me as I grew more and more aroused of seeing these two fat men making love. Yet, I couldn't bear to avert my eyes from such a glistening sight~

I held my breath as I waited for Emily to puncture Tracer's lovely backside. Beads of sweat poured down my body, a cascade of vaginal juices flowing from my mound. I just couldn't wait to see how Tracer moved when he was being fucked~ Every second felt like an eternity, every moment rising tensions further and further. There was now not a single other sound in the room, as all waited for Emily to make the first move. I could see a cocky smirk from Emily's profile. It was as if he was not only teasing his wife, but the whole audience as well.

Finally, with a thorough thrust of his hips, Emily pushed forward, conquering Tracer's hole as his own. Tracer let out a bellowing mellow scream of bliss, a sound so beautiful I swear I could have orgasmed to it alone. Emily then pushed further on top of Tracer, locking the other man's arms against the table with his hands as he pushed Tracer onto a Mating Press position. The way Emily pumped his hips was immaculate, his body crashing against Tracer's with the utmost force. This was the greatest piece of art I had ever experienced in my life.

Around the room, a commotion roared up once more. But this one had an entirely different mood than all the previous ones. I could hear a vivid song of shredding clothes, of clashing bodies, of meshing lips. I was not the only one to be affected by these two men, it seemed. Instead, the entire crowd around us had devolved into a mess of sexual desire, as if we'd all been caught in a tornado of lust and in the eye of the storm were Tracer and Emily. For the slightest second, I turned around and gazed at the spectacle the two had created. There were all sorts of couples around. Men and women, men and men, two women- Looking towards my own table, I saw my mother smooching with my sister, my father embracing Karel's father, his mother fondling my brother... The only thing that stopped two people from engaging romantically with each other was proximity.

Unable to look away from the lovely scene before me for too long, my eyes turned back to Tracer and Emily. My wedding had been ruined, the center of attention had been snatched from me, and the minds of my loved ones had been warped into incomprehensible messes. I should have felt utterly furious at the moment. But watching Emily and Tracer make love atop that table, the only thing I could feel was arousal. My hand dove towards my pussy, which pulsed with such heat I couldn't ignore it any longer. I tried to finger myself through my dress, but the cloth was simply too thick for anything to get through. I groaned in frustration. This was a beautiful wedding dress, an absolutely fantastic piece of handiwork. The huge flowing gown had amazingly intricate flowery designs, and it looked absolutely perfect on me. It had cost so much, and I had taken so much time to pick out every detail, but...

Grabbing two edges of my wedding dress, I savagely pulled them apart and ripped open a hole in my dress without any semblance of remorse. My hand greedily snuck through this new hole and straight towards my pussy, where they pushed right past my panties and into my sopping hole. I let out a huge gasp of satisfaction, my eyes rolling back as all the pent-up desire was finally addressed. This was it- This



was exactly what I needed. I'd felt such a burning itch in my loins, it was like I was going crazy. But the moment my digits met the insides of my womanhood, I understood that this was the right thing to do.

As my lean digits delved into the deepest recesses of my vaginal folds, I could feel myself being enveloped by a smoldering heat. Every inch of my body throbbed, my insides gurgling with loud roars. It felt as if my very skin was bubbling with force. Yet the only thing occupying my mind was the arousing tidal wave of pleasure washing over me. I was lost in a sea of unending bliss. My fingers continued to push in and out of my quivering hole like pistons blasting into machinery. With each one of my thrusts, I could feel my hole growing tighter and more sensitive, as if the very walls of my vagina were closing in on my fingers. Regular sex couldn't compare to this, it was the most ethereal sensation I'd felt in my life.

My insides let out a thundering growl, the same one that would come out of a hungry stomach. Yet, I felt no semblance of hunger. Instead, I felt as if my insides were bulging within me, slowly bloating, expanding and trying to push past my skin. It was a strange sensation, but not an uncomfortable one. Even as my innards were affected by this strange affliction, I did not cease to masturbate my mound. The feeling of my fingers plunging deep into my womanhood was too good to pass up. It was odd though, the more pleasure I felt course through my vagina, the more frequent these sounds and bulging sensations became. My digits continued to penetrate my entrance, caressing my vaginal walls and pushing against my folds, when-

*BLUUURRG*

All of a sudden, my stomach exploded outwards in size. I let out a half-gasp half-moan, feeling my belly grow out in every direction. It became plumper and rounder until it was about the size of a watermelon, a big flabby watermelon of fat. My eyes shot open with shock, the situation feeling so unreal my mind could barely process what had happened. This new stomach barely fit inside of my wedding dress, pressing awkwardly against the midsection and looking ready to burst at any second. It was the most disgusting thing I'd ever seen in my life! I'd worked so hard to be a beautiful lady, and now I had the grossest fat belly! I felt ready to drop dead right this moment. My free hand slowly wavered towards it, hoping that by some miracle this had been some sort of hallucination or bad dream.

However, as my palm touched the smushy texture of my plump belly, I instantly felt a change in my demeanor. I began to gently squeeze the fat on my body, mashing and pressing it playfully. This horribly fat stomach... It felt- It felt good... This wonderfully plump and filled up belly felt so nice to touch, to squeeze. Its superbly rounded shape reminded me of... Tracer~! It was nowhere near as big or beautiful, but it was obvious that my stomach now looked a lot like Tracer's wonderful heavy belly. A moan escaped my lean lips, my whole body shivering pleasantly. The thought of becoming like Tracer, it aroused me like nothing had aroused me before. Without any doubt, my second hand instantly blasted towards my vagina and I began to masturbate with even further furor, thoroughly hoping to complete my transition into a delectable fat man like Tracer.

It did not take long for the rest of my body to start developing once my masturbation doubled in effort. My arms grew thicker and plumper, gaining a thin layer of unkempt hairs along their front. My soft pedicured hands bulged outwards in size, each one of my fingers transforming into thick clunky sausages that felt divine filling my vaginal cavity. The beautiful breasts which I'd been so proud of before grew in size, but they also became saggier and lost their definition, turning into formless pudgy manboobs. Below my body, I could feel my two legs transforming into bulky barrels, thick drums that were able to

easily sustain my new body weight. My ass exploded outwards, making my backside so big it looked like I'd snuck a pillow in there. The fat continued to travel down my thighs, reaching up to my feet, which grew into unwieldy monstrosities that no longer even fit my precious high heels. With that, I was done. I started to breathe heavily, my face morphed into an deviant expression of bliss. I surely looked like one of those creepy virgin fat guys masturbating in their basements by now. The only way you could tell I had once been a woman was the slippery vagina that still annoyingly clung to my crotch.

Not that this would remain like that for much longer. As my fat gross man-fingers plunged into my vagina, I could feel a stirring coming from my clit. The little nub pulsated with heat. With each thrust of my bulky hand, it sprung with just a little inch of length, a little expanse of girth. A drop of drool dripped onto my belly, as I dumbly waited for my stupid clit to morph into its correct form: from a little peanut, to the size of a pencil, until it reached the size of a cucumber. I felt as a light layer of skin cradled the length whole, my tip shifting into pert conical shape perfect for penetration. I could feel a little parting through the length of the shaft, opening right at the tip in the shape of a urethra. My dick was finally complete.

The instant I felt my penis take form, my hands flew from my stinky vagina and onto my delectable fat man-shaft. I let out a disgusting moan of ecstasy, my hands reflexively pumping my new eager cock. Though the fluids of my awful vagina slathered from my hands and onto my beautiful dick, the lubrication made it feel like I was in heaven. I pressed my dick against the fat of my stomach, squeezing it gently between my fingers and my fat. This truly was the greatest experience of pleasure. I was so glad to not be a woman anymore. Still, there was something missing, and I could feel it pulsating within my crotch. Yes, underneath my amazing dick still remained my rancid vagina.

Despite how much I wished to possess a hefty ballsack with virile sperm, my vagina remained intact. Thankfully, I knew exactly how I would get rid of such an awful part of my body. Gripping my fat shaft with the firmness of a man, I masturbated my cock with all the fervor my body could afford to provide. My hands flew back and forth with intensity, skin rolling through my cock at my will. I was being so passionate with my thrusts it looked like I was actively trying to tear my entire member off. It was like I had become a bestial animal, motivated by lust alone and willing to do anything to achieve my goal.

And of course, after such a fervent display of desire, it was obvious that my body would respond accordingly. Deep inside my vaginal canal, I could feel my uterus clamping. A tightness formed at the end of my vagina, a little bulging shape that began to push from inside. My mouth turned into a wicked smile, as I instantly realized what this was. Without second thought, I redoubled my efforts. My hands contracted around my fat shaft tightly, my fat fingers caressing every last inch of my dick. With each pump, my dick slowly grew fatter and longer, with each growing bolt of pleasure, I could feel this little pouch push further and further out of my vagina. I closed my eyes, teeth clenching tightly, drool slipping down my lip. With all this pressure from my vagina, all this bliss from my dick, all this pleasure in my mind- I felt like I was about to explode. But I just needed to push it out! I just needed to-!

*POP!*

I screamed out in joy. Finally, with a satisfying wet pop, a fat beautiful ballsack exploded from my vagina, sealing my womanhood forever.

*RIIIIIPP!!!*

And in response, my entire body gained at least 80 pounds of extra body weight. My arms instantly burst through my dress, while my enormous fat belly ripped a huge hole in the middle of my white dress, letting all of my fantabulous blubber out for all to see. On my crotch, my panties were eviscerated into millions of little bits as my thighs grew too wide, and my shoes instantly broke into a bunch of parts from the larger foot size and extra weight. I let out a huge sigh of satisfaction. Finally, I was like Tracer. Finally, I was a huge fat man.

With my transformation complete, I turned over to look at my idol. He was still having sex with Emily, though their show was much more passionate than before. Emily was thrusting his cock into Tracer's bum with incredible force, making the other man's fat jiggle without control. Below him, Tracer made the sweetest moans you could ever hear, while his cock happily bounced atop his huge belly, resting comfortably between his two man-breasts. I swear, this had to be the most arousing thing I had ever seen. It was as if the Gods themselves had prepared a porno for us lowly mortals. And I was not about to deny this present. Happily gripping my dick, I began to masturbate to this beautiful sight of Tracer being pounded.

I wasn't the only one either. All around me, I could feel the sexual energies of our wedding guests lusting for Tracer. Like myself, they had all been morphed in some manner. Some were fat, some were thin. Some were muscular, some were wimpy. My husband, for example, had lost all of his muscle and now possessed the body of a cute little twink along with a tiny cute dick. But the one thing we all shared was that we all possessed mighty manly cocks. Yes, not a single woman remained in this entire hall. The whole room was filled with the delicious musk of dick. And we were all excited to see Emily go down on Tracer. Even D.Va himself had gotten a front row seat to the show, as he masturbated his enormous cock a few feet away from the lovely Tracer.

Hands flew up and down, dicks throbbed with pleasure. Every set of eyes was placed upon the sight of Emily fucking Tracer's huge ass. This wasn't just a strange separated set of events anymore, this was a cultural zeitgeist. We could all feel it, as we eagerly pumped our members in waiting for Tracer and Emily to reach their peak of pleasure. The moment Emily's cock pushed into the deepest recesses of Tracer's ass, we could all feel our butts twitch with joy. When Tracer's dick bounced off his fat belly excitedly, we could all feel our cocks pulsate in response. It was as if we were all connected by this invisible familial bond, like we were all just brothers happy to see each other experience bliss.

With all eyes upon them, Tracer turned his face towards Emily.

"Baby- " He muttered weakly. "I-I'm close- I'm gonna-!!!"

Dick pulsating madly, Tracer clenched his eyes close as his penis began to explode in orgasm. Clumps of white semen splattered right onto his face, making Tracer open his mouth in order to hungrily catch them. All around them, I could feel spouts of jizz shooting out from the crowd's penis. D.Va himself eagerly let his load off, which splashed towards the table where the two men were having sex and onto Tracer's blissful face. Even Emily could not hold back his orgasm, his face morphing into an uncomfortable expression as his dick began to pump his earthy seed deep into Tracer's anus.

For my own part, I tried to hold on a little longer, but the powerful fog of lust that had enveloped us all had reached me as well. Thrusting my hips forward, I let all my backed-up sperm happily spout onto the tiled floor. All around me was warmth. I even felt a few splashes of cum splatter onto my back. In this

moment, there was no sort of worry or concern on my mind. Only the mellow satisfaction of post-orgasm bliss. Its true what they say. The day of your wedding is the best day of your life~