

The Wedding Gift

Story Commission by Anonymous Patreon Supporter (Oct '24 Free Commission Giveaway)

My wife giggles as we make our way down the empty hotel hallway. She's five steps ahead of me, reaching back and pulling me along by the hand. In turn, behind me, the luggage cart piled with our bags careens along as I pull it like the caboose on runaway train. When Fara turns back to look at me, her bright smile stands out against her tanned skin and the dark curls of her hair. Her brown eyes shine in the indoor lighting.

It's still bizarre to think of her as my wife. We've been officially married for less than twenty-four hours, after all. Despite the year and change we've lived together, making it finally legal just feels... surreal.

"I think this is us!" I laugh to Fara as she nearly pulls the train right past the station.

Our door is number 308, the last door on the left. Beyond it is only what seems to be the housekeeping storage for the floor. The stairwell access lies across the way from us. Given the hotel layout, I would wager that we'll be relatively secluded here. That's excellent, as we might cause some mild disturbances or noise complaints if we end up with lots of close neighbors. The fact that we're checking in on a Wednesday probably also helps explain the relative isolation since we arrived. We haven't seen a soul other than the front desk lady and the concierge.

"Sorry, Stephen," she giggles back. "I almost ran us out the end of the hallway. I guess I'm just excited to get to the room."

As she speaks, she's turning back and wrapping her arms tightly around me, squeezing and making it quite difficult to fish the keycard out of my pocket. I'm trying to get the sensor in the door lock to pick it up as she begins nuzzling and nibbling at the nape of my neck.

"Easy there," I say, jokingly pushing her away, "we need to actually get *into* the room."

"Or we could just do it here in the hall," she counters, locking eyes with mine. "No one's around."

"You are so going to get us deported," I say to her, finally getting the little red light above the handle to turn green as the deadbolt can be heard retracting.

"See? A little patience and we're in," I say to her as the we both stumble in with the cart trundling in behind. I give it another firm yank to ensure it clears the automatically closing door.

"Oh, you're in, alright," she growls, already grabbing at the hem of my shirt and lifting it up over my head. "In... me."

"Well," I put on my best attempt at a suave voice, "that was the general idea."

I lean down and tilt my head slightly to lock lips deeply with my new bride. She parts hers and slips her tongue out, running it playfully across the length of my upper lip. Then she softly suckles on my lower lip before lightly biting it.

My hands slide up her stomach, fingers effortlessly snaking their way under her t-shirt to feel the silky skin there. I continue upward until I make contact with the underwire of her bra cups. I consider just forcing my way under the garment to tease her nipples and feel her small, supple breasts, but I stop short. Instead, I head around the sides, tracing the wings and the band around to the back. Despite the added difficulty of doing it as Fara attempts to eat my face, I take hold of either side of her bra clasp and begin to twist.

And a knock at the door causes us to instantly throw ourselves apart and stare in disbelief.

“Who the hell is that?” she asks.

“How should I know?” I whisper back. “Maybe it’s someone with the wrong room?”

I take a step toward the door, but Fara smacks me softly on the shoulder. I turn and see her mouth the words “Don’t answer it.”

My response is a silent shrug and a look that I hope conveys “We should at least see who it is.”

She rolls her eyes and drops down onto the bed, her arms crossed at her chest in mock protest. I give her an apologetic smile and make my way over.

Through the peephole, I see the concierge who had insisted on helping us with our luggage before I convinced him we much preferred to just bring it ourselves. He’s holding a small cardboard box covered in shipping labels. I speak to him through the door, attempting to hide my irritation at the interruption. The poor guy is just doing his job, even if his job is currently making him a massive cock block.

“Can I help you?”

“Yes, Mr. Johnson? Mr. Stephen Johnson and Mrs. Fara Johnson?” he calls back in a heavy accent.

I pull on my shirt and press down on the door handle, swinging the door open. He is standing back a few feet, holding the box directly out at arm’s length.

“Yes?”

“Package for you, sir. It arrived earlier today, and I was meant to give it to you at check in. I apologize for the mistake.”

“It’s okay,” I say, taking the package and puzzling over who could have sent us something. Or even who knew we would be coming to this hotel.

As I turn to head back into the room, the man says, “Would you like me to take your luggage cart back?”

“No,” I say absentmindedly, still focused on the mysterious package. “And we’re on our honeymoon, so we’d prefer we not be disturbed anymore.”

“I understand, sir,” he says with a smile.

I don’t wait for him to leave before closing the door. Back in the room, Fara is lying on the bed on her back, her knees bent to let her legs dangle off the end. Her arms are spread out wide as she stares blankly at the ceiling. When she senses my approach, she sits up to face me.

“What’d he want this time?” she says before eyeing the box in my hands. “What’s that?”

“Package. It’s addressed to us both. Mr. Stephen Johnson and Mrs. Fara Johnson.”

“Whoa, it feels weird to hear my name with *your* last name. I think that’s the first thing we’ve had with it written like that.”

“Yeah, we haven’t even had time to legally change it. It has to be from someone in our family, right?”

“Has to be. What’s the return address say?”

“Cathara Mastrada is the name on it. It’s from Wales in the UK.”

“None of my family is from there,” Fara says, getting up and coming over to look at the mysterious package with me.

“I don’t think mine are, either,” I say before adding, “but Dad’s got a lot of brothers and sisters I haven’t met before. Most of them couldn’t make the wedding.”

“Who knows?” Fara says dismissively, throwing her arms around me once more. “More importantly, who cares? Add it to the pile of luggage and lets pick up where we left off.”

She begins to kiss my neck again, but I can’t pull my attention away from the box and its myriad shipping labels. It looks like it’s travelled around the world twice over.

Hating myself, I say to Fara, “Don’t you want to know what it is, though?”

She pulls away and gives me a very irritated look and a dejected sigh.

“Yeah... As much as I hate to admit it, I really do want to know...”

“*Then* we consummate!” I almost shout.

“Agreed,” she says with a smile.

We both begin to tear into the layers of tape and butcher paper wrapping the box. It takes several minutes and the judicious application of my keys to hack our way into the package. Once the final wrapping is sundered and the box is opened, we find a bundle of bubble wrap. Pulling at it, we eventually reveal the core of the mystery: a small, aged leather box banded with tarnished copper strips.

An included beat up note reads: *My dearest nephew, I wish I could have made it to the wedding, but my travels have made it impossible. I hope this gift finds you well on your honeymoon and portends a happy marriage. It’s perhaps the most curious find I’ve found in my travels. The best to you and your new wife. Love, Aunt Cathara.*

“I guess you were right,” Fara says, reading the note over my shoulder. “Sounds like your aunt sent us something.”

“But I don’t remember my dad ever mentioning a Cathara.”

I think on it for a moment before it dawns on me.

“I bet it’s my Aunt Cathy! Dad never really talks about her. I had no idea it was short for Cathara. Weird name.”

“Very,” Fara says, more focused on the tiny box. She reaches out and pries open the lid to find quite the odd gift inside. It’s a small statue made of gold, or something that looks like gold. The thing is just small enough to fit in my palm. I have to look at it for a second before I realize it depicts a pair of semi-abstract humans—a man and a woman. They appear to be having sex in a pose that would be at home in the Kama Sutra. More bizarrely, the proportions on the little gold people are absurd. The woman has a pair of spherical breasts as large as her torso, and the man’s testicles are likewise oversized while his penis is large enough that it can be seen as a notable bulge in the woman’s abdomen.

“What the fuck?” Fara laughs, picking up the statue and examining it closely.

“No idea,” I reply. “I guess this is why Dad doesn’t talk about Aunt Cathy much. Maybe it’s some sort of fertility idol? Like an artifact from a dig? I feel like he’s mentioned someone in the family doing archaeological work before. Maybe that’s what she means by ‘her travels’?”

“Maybe she sent it as a joke?” Fara offers, sitting it down on the dresser. “Whatever the reason, maybe we should try this position out.”

She takes the box from me and sets it aside before ripping my shirt off in one singular motion. The next thing I know, she’s pushed me onto the bed and jumped on top of me, ripping her own top off and flinging it across the room. She bends down and kisses me as deeply as before, running her hands across my neck, shoulders and chest. Her nails drag lightly across my flesh, giving me goosebumps.

The makeout session doesn’t last long, though. She immediately moves to kiss my cheek, then my earlobe, neck, chest, stomach, and finally she’s kissing at the waist of my jeans as she viciously tears at my belt buckle and zipper. I was already aroused the second we resumed the hot and heavy activities, but as she struggles to get at my genitals like a dog digging for a bone, I feel myself getting harder. My erection is straining at the stiff fabric of my pants so much that I’m growing desperate for her to finally get at it.

“Here,” I finally give in, out of libido induced desperation. I reach down and push her hands aside and rip away the fasteners standing between her and my dick. The second my pants are undone, she grabs the waist band and yanks down both the jeans and boxers straight to my ankles. The action is so smoothly accomplished that my brain has difficulty processing what just happened.

With my lower body now stripped mostly bare, my member stands erect, arcing a little upward toward my stomach. It’s so hard and engorged that it actually looks bigger to me.

“Stephen, I don’t think I’ve ever seen your dick this big,” Fara says, eyeing it with her mouth agape. She’s practically drooling at the sight. I just turns me on more. I feel myself twitch at the anticipation of being handled and eventually buried to the hilt in my new wife’s innards.

“I don’t think I have either,” I laugh in agreement with her assessment.

Fara doesn’t react to my words. Instead, she goes in for the kill immediately. Her mouth attaches to my cockhead and her unseen tongue begins to swirl and lick and give me all kinds of sensations that I want to last forever. She bobs her head down, taking most of my length into her mouth before sliding back up slowly, her plump lips passing electrifying me. Looking down at her, I see her tilt her head slightly and look back up at me with those glistening brown eyes while her lips pull into an almost triangular shape from the suction.

I feel my dick throb again, and a pressure inside me builds, like a force searching for an escape route. A second later, Fara pulls back as her lips *pop* and my cock slides free of the suction. She doesn't look at me. Instead, she stares at my rod. However, her expression isn't purely lust this time. There's a perceptible confusion there.

"I think you just got bigger," she finally says, looking up at me.

"Yeah," I say back, nonchalant, "I guess you just have that effect on me."

"No, Stephen, I think your dick actually just grew!"

There are notes of concern in her voice now, so I prop myself up onto my elbows and take in the sight of my throbbing dick. I have to admit that I think she's right. It looks a little bit... girthier. And the length has undoubtedly increased by at least an inch or two. Fara has always maintained that my dick is impressive, and I'm inclined to agree, but the thing between my legs is at least a full eight or nine inches long. She's right. I've grown.

"It's your balls, too!" she shouts, pointing. As if to confirm what her eyes are telling her, she reaches out her left hand and softly fondles my sack. It feels nice. Less erotic and more tender.

Then another throbbing pulse passes through my groin. That building pressure surges.

"Holy shit! You just grew again! I felt them get bigger!" she says as she pulls her hand back from my testicles.

I don't really respond to that, though. My eyes are fixed on the other strange development happening in the room.

"Fara," I say, trying to keep my voice calm, "so did your tits."

"What?" she asks the air, reaching her hands up to her bra and cupping her swollen breasts.

When the last pulse hit me, I watched as the soft fabric of her bra bubbled outward, stretching noticeably for one instant as the flesh contained within swelled. Looking at her now, I have to assume the same growth spurts affecting me have been hitting her the entire time. We just haven't noticed yet.

Fara is typically a small B cup. Her boobs are small but perky, with little dark pink areolas and nipples. Now, I'm staring at a pair of tits that are clearly far too large for the bra containing them. Her sideboob and underboob are overflowing the small garment, and a clear line of cleavage has formed where she's never had much.

She is now focused fully on squeezing and prodding at her growing assets instead of mine. Something deep inside me is vehemently upset about that. I want her hands groping me. And I want my hands to be the ones grabbing those tits.

I give in to the urge inside and push her hands away from her chest and do some fondling myself. It begins over the bra, but I quickly slide up under it and rip it off over her head. The newly freed flesh inside jiggles down as gravity pulls it. Her tits are clearly twice the size they were just minutes ago.

As my fingers sink into them, she throws her head back in pleasure. Then she grabs ahold of her senses and grabs ahold of me once more. She works my shaft as I tweak her nipples. She caresses my balls as I jiggle her jugs. Then another surge of growth hits.

I can feel the tissue in my grasp swell and billow outward as her breasts grow larger still. And I feel her grip on my cock shift as I grow longer and thicker. Still, that pressure inside yearns for release.

“I don’t know what the hell is going on,” Fara says, rolling over onto her back and pulling at her own pants, “but I absolutely need that thing inside me when it grows again.”

As she works her skintight jeans up her thighs, I can see a large wet spot darkening the crotch. She’s so turned on that her juices have soaked through her panties and her jeans both. Noticing that detail has *me* so turned on that I begin to rub my own dick lightly in her absence. My fingertips touch something slick and wet, so I look away from the awkward strip show to see that I’m apparently so revved up that a steady trickle of precum is running down my oversized cock from the tip.

And then Fara is on top of me, straddling my thighs. Before I realize it, she’s shifting her pelvis forward and effortlessly maneuvering my fleshy rod toward her dripping pussy. She lets herself down and the abundant natural lubricants in play allow my added size to slide inch by inch into her until she has taken the full ten-and-counting inches of me into her pussy. I keep expecting to hit bottom, but she takes me in fully, her eyes nearly going crossed as her tongue lolls out of her mouth in ecstasy.

I reach up and put my hands around her back and pull her down so that my face is planted firmly between her growing tits where I begin to kiss and nuzzle and motorboat like never before. Atop me, she bucks and grinds and I match her rhythm so that we get a nice fuck going.

As expected, another pulse hits us, and I feel her pussy grip me tighter as I grow inside her. Fara lets out a bestial moan as she is filled yet more by the growth.

My balls swell in tandem, and I can actually feel them now against my inner thighs. They must be the size of plums by now. Around my face, the warm, soft skin of her tits stretches and fills with more mass. I can feel their weight increase as they grow and lightly threaten to smother me.

The next pulse feels like it follows right after, but I can’t possibly say whether I’m just so caught up in the pleasure to keep track any longer. I grow. She grows. We continue to slam our growing bodies together, moaning and kissing and having the best sex of our lives.

After another few pulses, I finally reach a length that surpasses her ability to slam herself down without impaling her vital organs. Fara is using her legs to hold herself up and take just the upper three quarters of my length. My girth is now enough that her wet pussy is gripping me tighter than even the firmest of handjobs. As for Fara’s expanding tits, they’re pushing cantaloupe size. Her cleavage has grown deep enough to nearly suffocate me when I dive in and even her nipples and areolas have become clearly larger and puffier. They’re also becoming darker, almost like those of a pregnant woman.

My hands alternate from gripping her ass and following its up and down motion to grappling with the swelling melons that are slamming against my face every time she dips down to take me inside her again. I periodically return to her nipples, working them around in a circular motion with my index fingers. It’s hard to say whether her moans are more from the nipple stimulation or the cock pushing her pussy to its absolute limits.

Between my legs, I can feel the heavy weight and ever increasing pressure of my swollen nutsack. It's kept pace with my growing cock, and I feel more than anything like I need to come and release everything pent up inside it.

When the next pulse of growth hits, the tightness on my cock reaches a new extreme. I'm so firmly planted inside the depths of Fara's opening that she's actually being pushed up and off of me by the growth of my tree-like dick. The tits in my hands likewise become heavier yet again, and at Fara's nipples, I suddenly feel a tiny hint of wetness. I think she's... lactating.

"I think you're starting to leak milk!" I say from the depths of her cleavage, but I'm sure that it was muffled beyond recognition.

I'm immediately proven wrong, though, as Fara pulls off my cock with serious effort and lands on the bed next to me. She reaches up and pinches each of her nipples. A small stream of milky white liquid dribbles from each of them, dripping down the rounded surfaces and landing on her thighs.

"You're right," she replies to my discovery. "And look how fucking *huge* I am!"

I'm looking. Her breasts are so big that she struggles to hold them while investigating her milky nipples. They're big enough that she could easily bring those productive points up to her mouth and suck the milk directly from the source. I'm beginning to picture her doing just that. Then I picture myself doing it. My cock throbs with desire.

"Not to be pushy, but I feel like I'm about to explode if I don't finish," I say to her, hoping she'll come back to the fourteen-plus-inch behemoth between my legs.

"Well, we wouldn't want you to explode," Fara says, mischief in her eyes. "Or would we?"

I smile at her as she leans forward and approaches my twitching stick.

"But," she says, taking it by the base of the shaft with her right hand, "I'm sad to say that you've officially gotten too big for me to take."

A wave of disappointment washes over me, but it's immediately remedied as she pulls me into the ravine of cleavage between her dangling udders. She puts a hand on each boob and squishes them together, working them up and down to titfuck my giant member. I watch as the head emerges from the top of that sexy cleavage of hers before disappearing back inside and then immediately reemerging. The mixture of milk, pussy juices, and precum make the experience virtually frictionless. Those soft, plush mounds glide and slip all over my head and shaft.

Out of sight, I suddenly feels a warm, wet sensation on my shin. It works its way up and down my leg, and I realize it's Fara's pussy. She's grinding herself on me as she pleasures me in turn. Her eyes roll up into her skull and she tosses her head back, lost in the pleasure assaulting us from all sides.

Yet another pulse hits, and I watch my cock thicken a lot and lengthen by another two inches at least. At the same time, Fara's jugs swell and the trickles of milk turn into spraying fountains. The added pressure of her increased size is exactly what I need to reach the peak, and Fara's rubbing against my leg hits a rapid pace as her panting increases. She, too, is on the verge.

As one, we both orgasm.

She cries out, and begins slamming her clit and labia into my shin with enough force that I'm sure I'll be in pain once the endorphins wear off. From my cock buried in her cleavage, a massive,

thick rope of sticky cum blasts forth, splattering her face and the top of her huge tits. I feel my tennis ball sized testicles contract and my dick spasm as another, bigger round erupts out.

We remain locked in utter bliss for longer than I can say. My balls empty themselves all over both of us as she rubs and rubs her bits on me. Our joint shouts are absolutely loud enough to be heard throughout our floor of the hotel. I hope we're not bothering many people, or I would if I could consider anything outside of this one perfect moment with Fara.

Once the sticky, slippery mess abates, we take each other in a warm embrace and lie there on the bed in the aftermath, not even bothered enough to clean up. My massive—now semi flaccid—cock rests against my leg and my still oversized scrotum. Fara's twin milk jugs are squished between us against my chest and chin. I believe the milk has ceased for the time being, but it's impossible to say without being able to see her nipples, given how much milk and cum and fluids we're now covered in.

"I love you, wife," I say to her softly, wrapping my arm around her.

"I love you, husband," she replies with a warm smile.

The growth pulses have finally ceased. I don't know what caused them, nor do I particularly care at this precise moment. Part of me is certain that it's related to the bizarre idol from Aunt Cathy, but that's future me's problem. Exhausted and spent, I lie there with Fara, and we drift off into a peaceful post-coital slumber.

I nap for what must be at least two to three hours. When I awake, it is to the sound of Fara shouting.

"Oh my god!"

I start awake and sit bolt upright. At least, I attempt to. I'm stopped by a heavy weight on my chest. Looking up at the form atop me, I'm greeted by a gargantuan swollen tit. It's about the size of a beachball, and only slightly less spherical. A bottlecap sized nipple adorns the far end of it, centered in a dinnerplate areola. Milk sprays heavily from it. I can't maneuver to see the floor over the edge of the bed, but I can hear the splashes well enough to know that this lactation has gone on for some time. Beyond that breast, I can feel the soft squishiness of its counterpart pressing into me.

"Are you okay?" I say, fighting to inhale in my current position.

"I feel fine," Fara says.

I turn to look her in the eye, and I see her head, looking bizarrely small in comparison to her inhumanly large breasts. Her expression is not fear, but surprise. Maybe a little delight.

"It's got to be that idol, right?" she asks me. "This all started right after we opened it."

"I think... you're right..." I say. "But... can you shift... your boobs a little... so that I can... breathe..."

"Sorry!" she apologizes, pulling hard at the wobbling pile of flesh burying both of us.

As the mounds slowly move aside, I find what I feared after seeing her increased size. My cock is erect once more, and well over two feet long. Its added girth and length give it the appearance of a

small baseball bat. Fitting, as my scrotum sits at the base, now containing testicles the size of baseballs. The familiar pressure is present and accounted for. I need to release again.

“I thought it was over!” Fara says, looking on in awe at my monster cock as she massages her leaking nipples.

“I did, too,” I concur. “I guess we were wrong.”

“You think?!” she snaps before hastily adding, “Sorry. I’m just on edge right now. I just feel like more than anything I need to come again.”

“Hey, me, too!”

We look at each other. I spy a glint in her eye. Another pulsating round of growth blasts through our bodies.

With a heaving lift, she hoists her giant breasts up onto my lap, barely covering half of my flagpole of a dick. She runs her tongue up along the exposed segment of the shaft and slams those tits together with her arms.

My new wife Fara begins to give me a huge titfuck. I reach up and grab hold of her leaking nipples. The sprays increase, and she cries out in pleasure as I give them a firm tug.

Our honeymoon is off to an interesting start thanks to that one late wedding gift.

I’m glad we took the time to open the package.