

Wedding Hookup

By Kallie

Even though she knew it was rude, and even though she knew it would piss her sister off if she saw her, Sophie kept checking the time on her watch over and over and over again. How long did a wedding need to last, anyway? Sophie had found sitting through the ceremony a nightmare, and the reception was proving to be the rancid cherry on top of the stale cake. She'd spent forty-five minutes now checking her watch, counting the seconds as they passed, trying to figure out how short of an appearance, exactly, she could get away with putting in at her sister's wedding.

Unfortunately, she decided it was probably a long one. It was her sister, after all. Which meant there was little she could do but stand at the back of the room, glare at anyone who came near her without a glass of champagne to offer her, and wait to make her graceful exit.

Sophie wasn't usually such a dismal presence at weddings. In fact, most of the time, she enjoyed them. This one, though, was different. Sophie had kept quiet about why. She knew people would probably rush to judgment about her. But no matter what they might think, she wasn't close-minded. So what if she was a little uncomfortable? She just didn't get it, that was all.

She didn't get why her sister, Emily, would want to marry another woman.

Sophie had long since decided that she was merely old-fashioned, in some ways. That's all her feelings amounted to. She knew that was certainly what everyone else thought about her. She looked old-fashioned, after all, with her conservative, long-line dresses, her strong jaw and prominent, aristocratic cheekbones, and her strawberry blonde hair always tied back in a severe ponytail. A lesbian wedding like this just wasn't her scene. She glanced at her watch again. Only a few more minutes, she told herself. She could always tell Emily she hadn't been feeling well.

"Not having a great time?"

Sophie looked up sharply at the mature, feminine voice. So far, no-one at the reception had been brave enough to try and speak to her. Clearly, the middle-aged, Asian woman standing was made of different stuff. She had a coy little smile on her face, like she was already laughing at her own little joke. Sophie vaguely remembered seeing her before, at the rehearsal dinner. She was a relative of the bride.

"You're... Tina's mother, right?" Sophie asked, her curiosity briefly piqued.

"That's right. And you're Emily's sister. Now that they're married, that makes me your aunt-in-law, I suppose? No, actually, I don't think that's quite right." She laughed. Sophie didn't, but she did shake the older woman's hand when she offered it. "The name's Valerie Chen."

Sophie nodded. "It's a happy day," she said, without any enthusiasm. "You must be very proud."

"You don't seem very happy," Valerie replied, still wearing that coy smile. "Weddings not your thing? Or... is it something else?"

Sophie's eyes narrowed. "What makes you ask that?"

Valerie shrugged disarmingly. "I noticed a few strange looks on your face in the ceremony. That's all."

Sophie took a few moments before answering to size-up the woman before her a little more carefully. Valerie was middle-aged, clearly, but she wore it exceptionally. Her face bore no wrinkles, only a charm like finely-aged wine that came with years of experience. Her eyes were a rich, enthralling shade of brown, her black hair was arranged around her face in loose, perfectly-formed curls, and whenever she smiled, she showed pure white teeth behind her perfectly-shapely lips. She reminded Sophie of her sister's new wife, but she was like a version of Tina who had grown perfectly into her beauty. She could easily have been a model, or an actress.

It was her clothes that really completed the picture. She was wearing a beautiful, but strikingly simple, black cocktail dress, visible under the voluminous and fantastically expensive-looking fur coat that she wore open. Combined with her jewelry - all real diamonds, Sophie judged - it made for a glamorous look. Sophie noted disapprovingly that her dress didn't leave much to the imagination, particularly where her cleavage was concerned. She was almost unbelievably busty. Sophie wasn't inclined to stare at other women, but given the size of Valerie's chest, it was almost impossible not to. Compared to her, Sophie's modest B-cups looked entirely flat.

None of which provided much information about the kind of woman her new in-law was, as far as Sophie's feelings about the wedding were concerned. But screw it, Sophie decided. She wanted to vent, and the glasses of champagne she'd been enjoying had loosened her lips. What was the worst that could happen?

"I just... I just don't get it, you know?" Valerie was older, Sophie figured. She probably felt the same way.

"Don't get what?" Valerie asked, an eyebrow raised.

"You know!" Sophie said, exasperated, gesturing to each of the brides in turn. "*That.*"

"Two women, huh?"

"Exactly!" Sophie was too caught up in herself to notice the amused, cunning look in the older woman's eyes. "I mean - look, I'm not close-minded or anything like that, but, well... it just doesn't sit right with me. Dating, maybe, whatever. But marriage? A wedding? It's just not the same as a *traditional* marriage. Where's the classic romance? I've been to weddings before, but this was the first one I had to keep myself from yawning just to get through."

"Yes, events like this can be so tedious, can't they?" Valerie replied. Sophie nodded earnestly, glad for the validation. Valerie was leaning in closer to her conspiratorially, the inflection in her words carefully placed in all the right places. "After all, where's all the fun?"

"I knew you'd understand!" The alcohol in her blood swept Sophie up with the excitement of finding another like-minded person. She decided to go a little further. "I mean, what do they do in bed, for God's sake? There's no... you know..." She made a small, obscene gesture with her hands, making a ring with her

index finger and thumb, and inserting the other index finger through it.

Valerie laughed, but didn't seem inclined to comment.. "Fortunately, they're not so bad to sit through, these weddings. Once you know the right tricks, anyway." Valerie winked. "I've been to a *lot* of boring weddings."

"The right tricks?"

"Oh, you know." Valerie waved a hand disarmingly. "The right ways to let yourself zone out and go through the motions. Get in the right headspace, and it'll all pass in a flash."

"Wow," Sophie breathed, impressed. "I wish I could do that. It would have made getting through that ridiculous ceremony a breeze."

"Want me to teach you?"

"Sure." Sophie wasn't sure if it would work for her, but she was sure that Valerie was a hundred times more interesting than anything else that was likely to happen at the reception. "Sounds like fun."

"Well, the good news is, it's actually very simple." Valerie had inched closer to her, close enough that she could make her voice a mere whisper. "It works for *everyone*, and *anyone* can do it. I'm sure it'll be *perfect* for you."

Sophie leaned in. Maybe whatever trick Valerie was going to tell her about was already working. There really was a lovely, calming, almost sing-song quality to the older woman's voice.

"All you have to do is count things," Valerie revealed. "Pick things - anything you see - name them, and count them."

Sophie waited for more. When it didn't appear to be forthcoming, she said, in a decidedly less-than-impressed voice: "Is that it? That sounds incredibly dull."

"There's more to it than there appears," Valerie assured her. "Believe it or not, there's real science behind it. Let me explain."

As she spoke, Valerie started making all these little gestures with her hand. She drew her hand back and forth across her chest, intertwining her fingers with themselves in patterns Sophie couldn't quite seem to follow. Her eyes, already dilated and unfocused, couldn't stop following the older woman's fingertips.

"The human mind can only keep track of so many things at once," Valerie started saying, her voice softer than ever. "That's common sense, right? But did you ever think about just how many things? It turns out, there's research behind it. And the number is seven. Well, on average. It can be a little more, or a little less. But only a little. It's always between five and nine, and for most people, it's seven. Does that sound about right to you?"

"Uh..." Sophie was tired. It had been a long day, and she'd had a couple of drinks. "Yeah, I guess."

"Of course it does," Valerie assured her. "It's natural. We all know it, whether you realize it or not. Seven, plus or minus two. It's very simple. So, you start counting. You count all the way up to seven things. Or

five, or nine, or whatever it may be. And once you reach that number, your head's completely full. No more room to count, no more room to think about anything else - including whichever boring wedding you're trying to ignore. It's blissful. Almost like a hypnotic trance."

"Um, OK." Sophie wasn't sure she was following, but Valerie certainly made it sound convincing.

"Why don't you give it a try?" Valerie's smile was so warm and convincing. "Don't think about it too much, just pick things and count."

"OK," Sophie repeated. She started looking around the room. It was hard, with her gaze constantly drawn to Valerie's fingertips, but eventually, things started to jump out to her. "The table. That's one. The chair. That's two. The light. That's three."

Valerie nodded encouragingly. "Good. Keep going."

"The... carpet? That's four. The candles on the table, I guess. That's five." Embarrassingly, Sophie was already starting to lose track of the things she'd already counted. "The... uh... this champagne glass! That's... is that six?"

Valerie nodded again. Her smile made her look so pleased, almost proud. "Just breathe. Calm yourself. Nice and slow." Sophie obeyed.

"And... and..." Sophie looked around desperately. "Oh! The wedding presents. That's seven, right?"

"It is! Well done." Valerie's smile just kept getting wider, leaving Sophie basking in its glow. "Now, just answer me this: what was the third thing you counted?"

"The... third?" A dismayed, confused look made its way onto Sophie's face. Her head was feeling desperately fuzzy. "I... um... I can't..."

"You can't remember, can you?" Valerie offered sympathetically. "Well, of course you can't, sweetheart. It's seven, plus or minus two, remember? And I'm sure you're on the lower end of that. You have been drinking, after all. You can probably only handle five things. Maybe even four."

"O-oh."

"But you made yourself go all the way to seven, didn't you?" Valerie's voice was almost soothing enough to distract from Sophie's confusion. Almost. "Seven. That's way more than four. No wonder you can't keep track of things anymore. No wonder your head is getting all foggy and full. This is as much as you can handle, Sophie."

"Uh-huh," Sophie agreed dumbly. She couldn't keep her eyes from following Valerie's fingertips, and she couldn't stop thinking about the question she'd been asked. The third thing? What was it, what had it been...

"And do you remember what happens then?" Valerie asked, before swiftly answering the question for her. "I'm sure you can't, can you? You can't really remember anything in this state. You start to zone out, sweetheart. You start fading away. You start going into a trance."

This time, Sophie couldn't seem to say anything at all. The room was spinning around her. How much had she had to drink? She couldn't remember that either. All that was running through her head was a disorganized, increasingly meaningless list of everything she could see around her.

"Fortunately," Valerie pressed, her eyes glinting wickedly. "Our minds can be so very clever. Our subconscious minds, if not our conscious ones. When we get overwhelmed, we start to do things automatically. That's what they call 'being in the zone'. You're in the zone now, Sophie. You're on autopilot. But let me help you. Because, just think about it this way: haven't you just been thinking about one thing all along? Just one little thing?"

Sophie nodded eagerly. That suggestion felt like a lifeline. One thing. She could keep track of one thing.

"It's my voice," Valerie told her, and Sophie accepted the suggestion at once. "You've been focusing on my voice. You've been listening to every word I've said, and doing everything I've told you to do. Now, isn't that better? Isn't that easier? Even you can handle that, can't you?"

"Yes," Sophie replied at once, her voice oddly hollow.

"Good." Valerie slipped her arm around the unresisting Sophie's waist. "Now, let me help you do things a little more automatically. That's easier, after all. Just listen to me, Sophie. Just follow my lead, and let's go somewhere a little more private."

Sophie just nodded and let herself be led away as she found herself drowning in the darkening pool of her own crowded mind, where Valerie's kind, almost motherly guidance felt like the only thing that was real.

"Now, here. Swallow this."

Valerie's sweet voice felt like it was drifting towards Sophie, and as she blinked her eyes open, awareness returning to her, she felt slender fingertips push something cold and hard past her lips. A pill.

Sophie's head was far too light and faint for her to do anything but meekly swallow it, just as Valerie instructed.

"W-wha..." Sophie whispered, after the pill cleared her throat. "What am... where..."

At first, the light was blinding, but as Sophie gradually forced her eyes open, she realized they hadn't gone far. She and Valerie were alone now, in one of the small side rooms at the wedding reception venue.

Why was she opening her eyes? When had she closed them?

"Shh," Valerie breathed, slowly and encouragingly. "Take your time waking up. There's no rush."

"W-waking?" Memories started to return to Sophie, but they were all muddled. "I... I fell...?" With a few more deep breaths, they started to clear up. "That... you... that wasn't just a way to get through boring weddings, was it?"

She looked at Valerie carefully. The older woman's face showed far too much delight, and set Sophie's nerves on edge.

"Not exactly," Valerie admitted, laughing playfully. "It was hypnosis."

"T-then... what did you just make me take?" Sophie grew increasingly concerned as she felt a sudden tightness and heat spread across her chest.

"Something to help teach you a lesson," Valerie said simply. Sophie didn't find that reassuring at all.

"Oh, don't look at me like that," Valerie continued. "I promise, I'm not that mean-spirited. I'm not going to punish you. When I said 'teach', I meant it. Because I have to say, you're truly missing out."

"O-on what?" Sophie asked, more confused than ever.

"Women," Valerie answered simply.

Sophie shivered. Valerie was a lesbian too? Oh no...

She blushed, hard, cringing at herself for the thoughts she'd let slip earlier. "Look," Sophie began nervously. "That stuff, earlier... I didn't mean... I was just..."

"Don't worry about it." Valerie cut through Sophie's words with effortless confidence. "It's already taken care of. I may have made a few... tweaks to your sexuality, while you were under."

The hairs on the back of Sophie's neck started to stick up. What? Was that even possible? "W-what does that..."

"Take a look, sweetheart," Valerie interrupted again, "and tell me what you think."

In a single movement, she shrugged off her fur coat, letting it fall to the ground. And Sophie was left staring at her in awe.

In her confused, post-trance state, Sophie hadn't taken much notice of the older woman's body. Why would she have? She'd already given Valerie a look over before. But the act of disrobing drew attention to it once more, and Sophie found herself immediately captivated.

Valerie was gorgeously, overwhelmingly hot. Without her coat, her cocktail dress showed off her every little curve, and each one of them was divine. Sophie couldn't believe the elegant pinch of her waist, the motherly swell of her hips - and especially, her full, bounteous chest. Valerie's tits were unbelievable. They were huge, and despite her age, they were quite simply perfect. It was clear the older woman had no compunctions about showing them off, and for that, Sophie could only say a silent prayer of thanks. She was vaguely aware of her mouth hanging open, and a little drool escaping her lips. She didn't care. All she wanted to do was stare and stare and stare.

Sophie had never felt attraction to a woman. Never. Until now. Clearly, something was wrong. But knowing that didn't mean Sophie could fight the base, animal force of attraction that was possessing her.

"I... you... I mean... wow..." Sophie's mouth was dry. She was standing before a goddess. She was torn between trying to demand an explanation, and trying to think up a pick-up line. How did women flirt with each other? No, how could she even be thinking about that?

"Not bad, if I do say so myself," Valerie said, grinning. "But, as I recall, you had a more specific complaint. Something about us girls not having the right 'equipment'? Well, allow me to show you exactly what your sister sees in my daughter."

Valerie reached down and started slowly, teasingly lifting the hem of her dress. Sophie watched, silent and motionless, enthralled. As Valerie lifted her dress past her hips, she gradually revealed her panties - and beneath them, a hard, unmistakable bulge.

Sophie started drooling even harder. The sexy older woman who had hypnotized her to turn her gay had a dick.

"My daughter is the same way," Valerie supplied helpfully. "Hopefully that gives you a few ideas about how things might work in bed."

Sophie nodded dumbly.

"So," Valerie concluded, giggling. "You want to see how it feels to play for the other team?"

Sophie was instantly torn. She couldn't give in to this. She couldn't. It went against everything she knew about herself, and everything she knew about the world. She was straight! She was a straight woman! She liked men... didn't she? She'd always thought so, but she couldn't remember any man ever inspiring the same level of dizzying lust she now felt towards Valerie. What had Valerie done to her? And... did it matter? Sophie was so confused, and so turned on. She couldn't think straight. She couldn't think. It was all she could do not to fall forward into the older woman's arms.

"I... I... I c-can't..." Sophie cursed herself. Why couldn't she force out a coherent sentence? Her head was still spinning, and now her hormones were driving her wild. It wasn't fair.

"Oh, let me sweeten the pot for you," Valerie added carelessly, as if she'd only just remembered something, although Sophie was certain she hadn't. "Here."

Before Sophie could stop her, Valerie stepped forwards and placed both of her hands on Sophie's chest. Sophie was just about to protest, when Valerie started massaging Sophie's tits through her dress, and the younger girl's protest immediately morphed into a peaking moan of pleasure.

Instantly, she came.

It was so sharp and sudden, Sophie almost didn't recognize the sensation for what it was. But as the aftershocks of her orgasm sent her twitching and gasping, she figured it out. Her tits had turned into hyper-sensitive little mounds of pleasure, and Valerie's touch, too sudden for her to brace for, had sent her over the edge at once. Sophie couldn't believe it. Her tits had never been that sensitive before.

But that was nothing compared to what followed.

Right on the heels of her orgasm, Sophie's tits started to swell with heat, and the strange tightness she

felt earlier intensified. Sophie looked down at herself, and her jaw dropped.

Her tits were growing.

There was no mistaking the deep, throbbing aches that shot across Sophie's chest as she felt her bra filling and overflowing, the straps straining uncomfortably to accommodate her new bust. A mere glance was all it took to confirm it. Her chest was definitely bigger. Sophie had been a B-cup her entire life, but she looked to have grown to a C-cup in just a few moments. Sophie could only stare at herself in shock. Her new, larger boobs looked somehow out of place on her slender, balanced frame. Sophie looked up at Valerie, a mystified, pleading look on her face.

"It's the pill I gave you," Valerie said simply, without lifting her hands from Sophie's swelling chest. "It's really something special, you know. Every time you cum, your tits will get bigger. Oh and, before you ask, yes, I took care to make your chest very, very sensitive."

It took a few moments for Sophie to put those two thoughts together, but once she did, she realized just how much trouble she was in.

Valerie leaned in closer to her, still feeling at her tits even as their growth slowed to a halt, and licked her lips. "I wonder just how big we can get you," she whispered.

Sophie moaned.

She hadn't meant to. She'd meant to complain, to protest. This was so wrong, and so horribly unfair. But with Valerie standing so close to her, hands on her tits, she couldn't seem to do anything but moan. She'd never been touched by another woman before, but now, the mere thought of Valerie was lighting her on fire. She couldn't handle it. Her body was betraying her every instinct about dignity and proper behavior.

"All you have to say is 'stop'," Valerie told her in a gleeful, breathy voice. "Just tell me to 'stop', and I will. Or tell me you're straight. Tell me you're not into girls. Come on, sweetheart. Let me hear it."

Sophie was going to say it. She really was. But then Valerie grabbed her tits again, and all her thoughts melted into white-hot pleasure. She started moaning again, and she couldn't stop, not even when she felt her tits growing once more as another orgasm overtook her. She couldn't fight not. Not even a little bit. She'd never felt so weak or so sensitive. All she needed was more of this. The desire was primal, instinctive. Her body craved pleasure, and Valerie was giving it to her.

"I thought not," Valerie giggled, smirking. She redoubled her assault on Sophie, skillful, well-practiced fingers working to squeeze her increasingly round, full tits, finding her nipples through her bra and teasing them to hardness.

Sophie squirmed pitifully as the swelling ache in chest grew and grew. Eventually, casting the last shreds of her decency aside, Sophie had no choice but to rip the straps of her dress apart and clumsily shrug her bra from her shoulders. Her tits were rapidly becoming too big for its confines, after all. But with her chest exposed, Valerie's touch was all the more intense. As she started to roll Sophie's nipples between her fingers, roughly pulling on them and pinching them, it was all Sophie could do to put a hand over her mouth, desperate to at least keep her moans from reaching the other wedding guests. At the same time, though, she arched her back, greedily pressing herself forwards into the older woman's embrace.

As she felt her body give in to Valerie, her tits constantly growing larger and larger, Sophie knew she'd utterly lost. And she had barely been able to put up a struggle.

"Oh my," Valerie purred, her honeyed, mature voice ringing with satisfaction. "You are going to end up with quite the chest, Sophie."

Sophie twitched. She was already losing the ability to tell one orgasm from the next. Her chest had grown to a D-cup, at least. There was no going back. She was going to have big tits, forever. And she knew Valerie wasn't done yet. Sophie's moans came out as needy whimpers.

"Something you want, sweetheart?" Valerie teased.

"F... f..." It was only a few moments before Sophie utterly broke, and a few more before she managed to force coherent words to her lips. "F-fuck me!"

"I thought you'd never ask, straight girl."

Sophie couldn't put up even a pretense of resistance as Valerie shoved her backwards onto a nearby table and immediately bent over her, keeping one hand on her chest even as she used the other to hike up the younger woman's dress and pull her panties aside. Sophie had never been so wet. She was about to get fucked. She was about to get fucked by a woman. That idea would have seemed absurd, almost contradictory, mere minutes ago. Now, though, Valerie's hypnosis had rewritten her brain and her desires, and now, the pleasure she was inflicting on her was searing a lust for women into her soul, making it as much a part of her as her attraction to men had ever been.

But no man had ever managed to get her this turned on.

And no man had ever fucked her this hard.

Sophie was practically screaming as Valerie slipped her cock inside her and started pounding her hard enough to make the table shake. She didn't care who heard her anymore. She didn't care who might walk in and see her getting railed by another woman. It felt too good. Too good for her to worry, too good for her to think. Valerie's cock was hitting so deep with each thrust, the older woman rolling her hips expertly, striking the perfect rhythm to drive Sophie wild.

"Fuck!" Sophie panted. It was the only word going through her head. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Though she was past caring, Sophie knew she must look obscene. She was drooling, and her legs were splayed as far as Valerie could push them. At some point, her ponytail had come loose, and her hair was the kind of mess that made her look even needier and sluttier than she already did. Her head was thrown back, and Valerie was bent over her, hands resting, as ever, on her tits, and they felt even hotter and more pleasurable than her cunt.

They had been growing non-stop ever since Valerie had started fucking her. Sophie couldn't even guess how big they were now. At first, she'd tried holding back her orgasms in a desperate attempt to limit how big they grew. That was now long-past. They were far too sensitive. Valerie's hypnosis had made sure of that, and now, thanks to her pill, they had grown to an incredible size. As the older woman groped her, her fingertips sank deep into the huge pillows that now sat on Sophie's chest. Even amidst the incredible sex they were having, Sophie couldn't help but notice how how and perky they sat on her chest, forming perfect, round

globes that made them look more like implants than natural big tits. Given Sophie's slender frame, they made her look like a stereotypical stripper. Sophie had a feeling that was part of Valerie's plan too.

"You like that, sweetheart?" Valerie taunted, her honeyed, low, sultry voice rolling with little moans that caught in her throat with each breath. "You like cumming your brains out all over my dick?"

Sophie's only answer was an even louder moan. Orgasm after endless orgasm had robbed her of all sense and coherence.

"I guess so," Valerie laughed. There was a little tightness in her voice, hinting that even she was getting close to the edge. "Remember this the next time you're wondering how lesbians do it, ok? Not that you're ever gonna forget."

Sophie nodded eagerly, like a dumb, eager puppy. She didn't want her dignity back. She just wanted more of this.

"Fuck," Valerie breathed. "I wonder how big you are now? Guess you'll find out soon, when you go buy some new bras. It's not like any of your old clothes are going to fit."

Sophie's back arched, her pussy tightening around Valerie's cock as she tried to imagine herself in any of the dresses she owned, their fabric ripping as they tried desperately to stretch around her new tits. It was so humiliating. It was so good.

"Yeah, baby!" Valerie moaned, the older woman's sharp, beautiful face contorted in an expression of pleasure. "That's it! Make me cum too."

Sophie was glad to obey.

She moaned too as she felt Valerie's cock unload inside her, filling her cunt with cum even as Valerie squeezed down on her tits harder than ever, bringing Sophie to another, screaming orgasm. It didn't seem to end; even once Valerie slipped her dick out of her, Sophie was left with the ache of new growth in her tits, the pleasure of feeling them swell, becoming bigger, rounder, and more sensitive, almost enough to drive her to cum yet again. It was a mercy she didn't. She might have blacked out from the intensity. As it was, she was left barely conscious, lying there on the table, twitching and moaning insensate as she watched Valerie spend a few moments enjoying the afterglow before beginning to fix her hair and clothes.

"Wow," Valerie remarked appreciatively. "You were great! But I really need to get back in there. People to see, you know?"

Sophie just groaned. She looked down at herself. God, her tits were massive.

"Oh, don't worry about those getting any bigger," Valerie mentioned. Somehow, after just a few moments of staring at herself in her compact and arranging her hair, the older woman looked immaculate again. "Well... not *too* much bigger, anyway. They'll stop growing after about twenty-four hours, so I'd recommend holding off on touching yourself, if I were you. If you can, anyway."

Sophie started picking herself up, but slowly, conscious of the new weight on her chest. What was she going to do? How was she going to get home? How was she going to get new clothes? She looked impossibly sexualized. What if someone saw her? She had so many questions.

And perhaps the biggest was: how was she ever going to get fucked like that again?

“Let me know if you ever feel like another roll in the hay,” Valerie said, winking, as if she could sense Sophie’s desires. “I have a feeling you will. I’m a really good hypnotist, after all. And if you ever want to know where to find me... well, I never pass up a chance to go to a wedding.”

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