

# Mini-Story: Lusty, Busty Tavern Wench (TG Bimbo)

By FoxFaceStories

## Lusty, Busty Tavern Wench

Lyria moved from table to table, soaking in the gazes of the many rugged, handsome, or just plain manly tavern customers who were drinking in the sight of her. Many of them had gotten off work and needed a stiff drink before they got home, but just as many – if not more – came to *The Coral Den* to see *her*. She was gorgeous, more woman than many of them could dream to handle, though the challenge was always open. Lyria was in her early twenties, with chestnut brown hair that flowed to just above her buttocks, shining and perfect, with just a trace of some curls. Her face was pretty, with rose cheekbones and bright amber eyes. She has kissable lips and an interested gaze.

But really, as beautiful as her face was, it was her figure that drew the crowd to frenzy. It was almost unnaturally feminine. Lyria was blessed with breasts the size of pumpkins, each one easily the size of her head and then half that again. They hung full and perfect on her chest, barely contained by a barmaid dress that tied around the back of her neck, leaving her chest nearly entirely on display. Her cavernous cleavage could easily contain a man's face entirely with room to spare, and often did when the party got going. Around her waist, slightly thick but still wonderfully slim in proportion to the rest of her, she wore a corseted belt that helped pull in the fabric, further emphasising her chest. Her hips were a little wider than her shoulders, and her barmaid's dress fell to the near the top of her thighs, tight around her prodigious rear.

All in all, she looked to have a figure blessed by the gods themselves, made for baby making, or at least a whole lot of loving. And she knew it, too. She flaunted her body, enjoying putting her hands behind her head and posing with her enormous melons out. Sometimes the tearing of fabric could be heard, and the entire bar would go silent, hoping to see it rip open. It had happened once before, and the lucky man to jump up to her first had been the one she'd lustfully taken to bed.

That was the other thing about Lyria: she was as libidinous and sinfully sexual as her looks made her out to be. She fucked for half the night, and would curl up with a single chosen man for the rest of the night, who would be the lucky one to nestle against her huge tits, and fall asleep with them as his bountiful pillows. And then, when the morning rooster crowed, get a perfect morning fuck all over again.

Yes, Lyria was popular, to say the least. And it was funny to think she was one of the most unpopular people in town. A poor middle-aged brute named Lander who refused to work and instead snapped at others for coin. He took to scavenging along the docks, and few could put up with either his stench, or his foul attitude. One day he wished he was the most popular person in town, not realising that the strange looking stone he had picked up while scavenging was a Wishing Stone.

Suddenly, he found himself turning into Lyria, and as he ran through town all saw him change and rejoiced. To Leander's horror, he was 'blessed' with a voracious sexual appetite, a constant lust for men (and women), and a need to serve them at the local bar – the hot spot of popularity. Despite her attempts to resist, she simply *had* to fuck her patrons, and let them squeeze her big tits, and cum inside her. It was a nightmare, but one that also brought unimaginable joy.

For a time, Lyria fought her new compulsions and body, but now, a year on, she has simply embraced it. The fact that she is incapable of being mean, and her intelligence was lowered to be incredibly submissive by the stone, has helped that transition immensely. These days, Lyria simply revels in being a sexy woman, allowing men she once wished to supplant now fuck her fertile body into numerous orgasms. It is her life now, and there's no way of going back anyway. She'll be the most popular girl in town for a long time, and the men are already taking bets on who'll be the lucky lad to be the father of her first child. Goodness knows, the day will come sooner than later with the way she is constantly at it, and her breasts can only stand to get even bigger.

Of course, the men look forward to *that* part too. And while occasionally Leander is humiliated by his new form, or nostalgic for his own one, those feelings are quickly silenced when *she* has a man's face smothered in her bosom.

**The End**