

Anna poured some drinks and smiled at some of her regulars. The band of mercenaries that always found themselves in unexpected outcomes raised their glasses to the cowgirl in thanks. When she returned to the long wooden bar, she grabbed a cleaning rag and gave the surface a quick cleaning. The thick-bodied and busty woman with the ears, horns and hooves of a cow couldn't help but feel excited, even at the simple task.

The tavern, called the Assassin's Coin was about to host the Feats of Strength Challenge. The contest was actually her and the owner's idea and would hopefully help stir up some additional business during the waning winter weeks. That wasn't to say that business was down or anything, but Anna always liked boosting the profile of the Coin. It meant plenty of coin, new faces, and above all, excitement.

If all went as planned, the event would begin tomorrow. As luck would have it, word had gotten around. Anna couldn't recall a busier Thursday afternoon than this one. She imagined everyone in Goralis knew about the contest now, but the curvy and plucky blonde wouldn't have been surprised to hear that word had gotten around to Castle Moonraven and Westberry.

She smiled, noting a pack of Minotaurs laughing in low rumbling tones while a pair of half-orcs played knife games. Elsewhere, the mercenary group she'd just served were bantering and threatening one another after one had made the boast that they were the strongest member of the party and was sure to win the competition to come.

When the door to the Coin opened up, Anna turned to greet the new patron, excited to see if they were new or returning. Unfortunately, the person who had just come in wore the red uniform and steel helmet of a Goralis city guard. With a heavy sigh, the bovine beauty put the cleaning rag in the laundry basket behind the bar, let one of the other barkeeps know she'd be out for a while, and then she walked over to the guard.

"Well... let's not waste any more of my time then you're gonna," The guard, a freckle faced youth, simply nodded respectfully. Anna wasn't mad at the greenhorn, far from it. His boss however, well... that was a different story. She entered the Shield and Anchor, an old dock house. Smells of fish and spices, even though it hasn't been a storeroom in nearly a century.

Anna was led to a room and found herself looking at one of the more humor-less denizens of Goralis. Adviser Djeluun, a no-nonsense Tiefling who worked for the mayor of the city. In Anna's mind, Djeluun was the classic overthinking worry-wort. If Anna was having fun, it was a sure bet that somewhere, a magical alarm was going off in Djeluun's mind that immediately made her want to come out and put the kibosh to whatever entertainment the cowgirl was enjoying.

"Anna," Djeluun practically growled out, her bright purple eyes glancing at the cute, curvy blonde.

"Djeluun. To what do I owe this unexpected summons. Work got you down? If you need to relax, I'm *known* for giving great massages," Anna said with an enthusiastic grin. While she had never seen evidence of such, something about Djeluun's decorum made Anna believe that the Tiefling was hiding something and that the guilt and stress of her secret made her so grouchy and taciturn. Anna couldn't help but wish to unlock the secret so that the adviser might live freely.

“Hmmm. I don’t think so. Now, I asked that you be brought in here to discuss this... little event of yours. Naturally, the Assassin’s Coin is very important to Goralis and its protection. We wouldn’t have quite so many heroes coming through were it not for the bar,”

Anna appreciated the praise. Heroes and wannabe adventurers came from all over the land to the Coin. Anna and the owner made it a point to take some of the stories they’d heard and turn them into wanted posters. The cowgirl liked to think her work on the notice board hadn’t just helped Goralis, but other neighboring towns and village as well.

“But this... Feats of Strength, contest...” Djeluun growled out, her tone completely changed from when she’d been giving praise to the Coin.

“If there is any trouble, drunkards, arson, that sort of thing, I will have no choice but to come down swiftly and close the event. I don’t know what to expect, this isn’t like some kind of harvest festival, or holiday,”

Anna simply gave the strict-natured Tiefling a big smile. “Djeluun, relax. I promise that I will keep a close eye on everything. If I can handle a ranch during breeding season, I’m sure I can handle a busy night at the Coin,”

Djeluun looked at her for a few moments and then gave her a nod which Anna took as a signal that she had said her peace and the bovine beauty could leave. Of course, before she left, Anna couldn’t resist a little invitation.

“I’m sure you’ll be busy keeping us safe, but if you get the time, you should come around. Strong girl like you, I’m sure you could win a nice bundle...” Anna capped off her flirting with a delicious wink and then she opened up the door.

Djeluun scoffed and adjusted some papers on her desk. “You look to the protection of the tavern; I must look to the protection of the city,”

“Suit yourself,” Anna replied with her usual cavalier candor. After the blonde with two small horns left, Djeluun found herself feeling quite flustered. Very quickly, she ordered one of her attendants to get her a pitcher of water so she could continue her work.

That night, the Coin buzzed with activity. Everyone drank heavily, with some knowing they couldn’t drink during the Contest, and others simply drinking to their good health and fortune in the battles to come. Anna smiled, watching friends and companions hoist up their goblets to cheer on their friend to ensure that they would enter the tournament in high spirits. It was exactly the sort of environment she’d hoped to foster when she came up with the idea. The cowgirl with luscious lips couldn’t just smile all night of course, there were always more drinks to run and coin to collect. Of course, evenings full of booze and good times are easy targets for the duplicitous and cunning.

Around half-past ten, Anna picked up on the fact that something... was amiss. The bar’s till was flush with gold pieces, and there was no doubt Anna, and the other workers would go home happy. But she learned that a table full of regulars couldn’t pay for their drinks. The busty woman with delicious little, brown horns rising from her head knew each of them and had no problem about setting up a tab to cover the bill, but that got her into the mindset that something was in the wind.

The next problem she picked up on was Dickard. It wasn't him really, heh was a gambler who came in about once a month to try to fleece unwary customers. This time however, it seemed the man full of card tricks and a knack for finding the sucker had misplaced his coin pouch. The two incidents quickly put Anna on edge. Her first point of business was to stuff a tankard into Dickard's hands to stop him from drunkenly shouting out accusations about cheating, and the second, was to hunt down the root of the problem.

Anna's nostrils flared in frustration. She was sure a pickpocket had come over to her ranch and was stealing her milk out from under her. It was a situation she could not abide. While she wasn't super perceptive, she was the type to work smarter and not harder when she could afford to. So, she found a spot to set up at the bar and then she got to work. Green eyes peered out across the crowd from under layers of light eyeshadow. When Anna caught sight of someone deftly cutting a coin purse off a belt with her dagger, her eyes widened.

The only problem turned out to be that the thief noticed that the busty bovine the exact moment she noticed her stealing. There was no pause, no gentle slowed moment when their eyes lingered when they met. Instead, the elf took off like a kid caught with their hand in the cookie jar.

"Oh no you don't!" Anna charged after the perpetrator. While the elf was pretty light on her feet, Anna's powerful calves and hooves clacked off the pavement, helping to quickly cut down the distance between them. The woman tried to leave the cowgirl in the dust by jumping in an alley, but before she made it inside, the elf tripped and slid on some horse dung.

Anna's sharp nose caught the scent a mile away and she easily hopped over the mess. Then, she was able to reach her hand out and grab hold of the pickpocket's leather jacket.

"Woah! Easy!" the elf called out, feigning pain before quickly slapping at Anna's powerful grip. The cowgirl caught her first glimpse at the woman. She had silvery black hair, a sharp little nose, and frustrated eyes the color of a morning sun. In Anna's mind, she was also quite the fool for thinking a simple slap would loosen her grip.

"Heh," Anna grunted before pushing the figure squarely against the wall of the alley.

*Thud*

Faeyra, the elf, let out a gasp of pain. Her eyes widened slightly. It wasn't that she was scared, but she was alarmed when she felt something she did not expect hit her body when the strong and curvy woman pushed her up against the wall.

She felt her cheeks go a little flush at her realization that the woman who had caught up with her was not only very cute, but she was packing a serious bulge as well!

When Anna realized what had caused the elf girl's reaction, she couldn't help but laugh. "See something you like, thief?" The bovine woman asked while reaching her free hand into the woman's pockets and pulling out handfuls of stolen coins and jewelry.

"My name is, Faeyra. And... well I have heard of... ahem. Meeting someone like you is a first for me," The elf offered, in a more polite and almost curious tone than Anna expected.

“Your eyes tell me that you wouldn’t mind trying my *prize* in your little pocket. Shame it would be too much for you,” Anna smirked, seeing the tiny breasts and small hips of the criminal she’d tracked down and caught.

Faeyra’s eyes narrowed, and she moved the hand she still could move to plant it on her hip as she scoffed towards Anna. “What, you think I couldn’t take it. I’m a city gal, just like you. I know my way around. What do I call you anyhow?”

Anna folded her arms across her bust. “Anna. Well, since you *know* your way around, you know I can’t just let you off with a warning. Even if you can’t keep your eyes of me, or my friend,”

The elf scoffed, obviously believing the big blonde was full of herself. “What are you getting at?”

“You can work off the debt. You could have cost the Coin plenty of business, so I’m going to put you to work,”

“I think I’ll pass. Any minute now, you’re going to be distracted, and I’ll be gone into the night like a raven escaping to the sky,”

Seeing that the elf was being stubborn, Anna decided that instead of locking her up in the jail, she would simply punish Faeyra here. So, she nudged the troublesome elf over a barrel. Then, Anna’s hands probed Faeyra’s clothing some more. She was sure that that the elf was hiding something more. As she stripped off the crooks’ outer layers and touched her body, the cowgirl’s libido couldn’t help but stir like a farmer rising up early in the morning.

When Faeyra felt the massive erection slide along the curve of one of her buttcheeks, she glanced back towards Anna. The city elf was going to have some fun with her.

‘This gal thinks I’ll give in because her cock is... really... really big... Hah. I’ll wear her out and then grab every single gold piece before I leave her,’

Not one to leave things half-done, she ended up pulling down Faeyra’s pants. The elf girl’s cheeks now turned completely rose red, but she continued playing along. Behind her, the cowgirl could see how curious and horny her pussy was beginning to get. Anna stroked a finger inside of the elf’s thighs and then chuckled when she found some gold coins strung on the inside of the woman’s underwear.

Anna pulled out the coins and then noticed Faeyra wiggling her the little button of her ass in her direction. More lust blossomed in her thick balls as the elf did everything she could to entice Anna. The larger woman stroked her thick, heavy balls before watching the large, flat head of her cock reached out and teased the wet pink flesh of Faeyra’s vaginal opening.

Faeyra had to stop herself from moaning out when she felt the cock against her opening. She turned around and cheekily glanced back towards the bovine beauty. “I must be pretty special for this kind of cavity search,”

The haggard, throaty moan that spilled out of the elf when Anna pushed the tip inside Faeyra’s folds was dazzling and very satisfying to the cowgirl. The elf’s opening felt warm and heavenly tight around her cock. She pulled back and then fed a few more inches into the thief’s cunny, causing her to quickly loose the wind in her lungs as she started to cum.

“By Erevan Ilesere! Mmmwaah... oh fuck!” Faeyra quickly grew concerned about her loud moans bringing unwanted attention. She stuffed a finger into her mouth and eagerly began sucking it while the cowgirl continued creating a fire in her loins with each powerful thrust. The poor elf girl didn’t even realize that Anna hadn’t even stuck half of her length within her glistening pussy.

On her side of things, Anna was having a wild ride. She probably should have gone back to the Coin to watch out for trouble, but the lithe elf’s little purse felt too amazing to resist.

“Nuraah... You like that... don’t you... my little elf thief,” Anna grunted while pinching her nice shapely tits. Each time she fed more of her cock inside Faeyra’s slit, her tits bounced with greater motion. The fat head of her cock sank deeper and deeper inside the elf, and Anna let out a groan as she realized her cock was nearly fully engorged...

With one hand stuffing fingers into her mouth and another bracing on the barrel she was bent over, Faeyra was beside herself with pleasure. She loved pinching a good handful of coin or gems, but this night, it was her pussy doing the pinching as her walls and creases labored on the massive cock storming into her squishy depths.

“Mmrwah... oh fuck... More... give me moreuahah!” Even when she was being punished, the only thought in her head was that the cowgirl would indulge her naughty pleasure. She didn’t say anything, but Anna had already been hitting the perfect spot for a while that Faeyra was already close to cumming once more.

As the heat in her own body swelled to a climax, Anna pulled the woman back and then hefted Faeyra up so that her legs were spread wide and her back fell against the comforting feeling of Anna’s bouncing udders. The sensation of her nipples bracing across the elf’s smooth, creamy flesh only intensified Anna’s onslaught. She continued bouncing the elf up and down on her massive cock, thumping her good and hard until she finally let out a loud, lewd bellow of triumph.

“Mooouhwaahh!” Faeyra heard the boisterous moo before the first spurt of Anna’s ‘milk’ splashed out within her pulsing womanhood. By the end, it felt like a gallon of warm, thick cum had jetted out and she almost felt like her belly had gotten just a little fatter.

Later once the two had recovered, as one last punishment, Anna decided to have Faeyra clean up her cock so she could go back to work. The pale woman with dark raven hair continued revealing herself as one, thirsty elven slut. It got so bad that after polishing up Anna’s knob, the knife-eared woman almost started deep-throating the cowgirl’s sturdy member.

Left in the alley, Faeyra smiled and revealed a pair of coins she’d managed to pluck from Anna as the cowgirl rushed back towards the Coin. “Looks like this night... ooouhh... wasn’t a complete waste. Hehe,”

The plucky elf said as the overwhelming volume of Anna’s cum continued spilling free from her well-fucked hole.