

Bavarian Barmaid (German Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Mark is a thirty-eight year old sleaze who spends his life trying to relive his womanising youth, to little success. But when he pisses off a pair of German customers at a bar and strip club, the owner decides he's had enough of Mark turning away his clientele, and it's about time he drew some in for a change. Soon, Mark finds himself transformed into Ilse, a busty German barmaid who works as a stripper by night, who begins to have some shocking revelations about her new role in life . . .

Bavarian Barmaid

Mark finished his fifth drink, and licked his lips. A good whiskey should always be consumed in moderation, his father once told him. But that was a long time ago, when he'd still been alive. For Mark Sampson, a good whiskey was always best followed by another whiskey. And another. Particularly when enjoying a good night out on the town and appreciating all the pretty ladies.

In fact, there were a couple across the bar at that very moment that had caught his attention. Two gorgeous blondes, one a little thickset, the other skinny like a rake but with a prettier face. If you were able to combine the two, he thought, they'd make a damn sexy woman. Still, this time of night, he'd take what he could get. After all, *The Strut* was known for being not just a bar, but a strip club at night, with the kind of fun appeal and genuinely talented entertainment that even women liked to attend and enjoy. Though, as he well knew, the male clientele were always more populous.

Mark decided to slide a little closer to the women, who were conversing passionately about some topic or another - he could barely understand a word they were saying. Something foreign. It sounded a little sexy actually; he loved to hear women converse in their native language. It was a real turn on, especially when they reverted when they orgasmed.

"*Hallo,*" one of the women said, noticing his presence.

"Hey," Mark responded, drawing near. The two women drew back a little. "So, what are you two, Dutch or something?"

"*Nein,* we are German, *ja.* We are just enjoying some friend time together."

Mark smirked. "Ah, a feisty pair of *frauleins,* huh? I like that kind of action."

It wasn't entirely clear if either understood what he was saying, but they both hesitated.

"I'm just saying you make a real pretty pair, both of you. Can I get you some drinks?
I'm Mark."

They looked at each other, and then the larger of the two, her bosom quite impressive this close up, spoke. "Er, *nein, danke schön*. No thank you. We are just spending time on each other."

Mark chuckled at her unintentional English slip up. "Nonsense, I'm sure a couple of out-of-towners like yourself are looking for a wild party, right? Otherwise, why else are you dress the way you are?"

The two rapidly exchanged something in German. The skinnier one pulled further away.

"Oh come on, a couple of hot foreign chicks like you want an America man to play with right?"

"A *young* American man," the bigger of the two responded.

Mark felt a sudden chill. "I am young. I'm in my mid-thirties." It was only a slight lie. He was far closer to forty.

"And we are - how you say - only twenty two. Half your age, old man. Leave us alone."

The chill became inflamed. "Listen, girls, I was just trying to be a nice American welcoming a couple of hot foreigners looking for a good time. But if you two are going to be such *sauerkrauts* then maybe you should go elsewhere? I've been coming to this place for years and girls like you are all the same. You show off your tits and ass and expect no one to comment. Well, I'm commenting!"

The two women stood up and walked to the door.

"*DEPPP!*" one shouted. He got the sense he was being called an idiot.

"Whatever! Nice asses you got there! I can see where all the sausage has been going!"

The door slammed shut, and Mark rested back down on his stool. The bartender was looking at him in horror. Roy Harlowe, the owner of the bar, was next to him, glaring as well. He was a dark-skinned, well-muscled man in his late forties. He had owned *The Strut* since the beginning, and was most proud of it, including the respectable way the strip club was run that caused no major scandal.

"Rudy, go and take a ten minute break," he said, "I'll hold down the fort here."

The bartender moved away quickly, leaving

"Go on then!" Mark spat, looking into his drink. "Why wait? Just spit it out already."

"Mark, you're a regular. You've tipped thousands into this place, but I have let you carry on this behaviour far, far too long."

Mark chuckled. "What? They were just two German bimbos. If they threw on a couple of Bavarian maid costumes they'd be right at home in your strip joint. Besides, do you really want customers like that in your club? They didn't exactly look like they could party with the high fliers."

"What high flyers!?" Harlowe shouted. "In case you haven't noticed Mark, you're not a spring chicken anymore, you're a forty-year old man—"

"Thirty nine."

"—who still thinks he's a twenty one year old party animal who draws all the hot chicks. The ladies can't stand you Mark. You're fucking sad, you realise that?"

Mark stood. "Now calm down Roy, there's no need for that. We go back a long way—"

"And I should have stopped this behaviour sooner. This isn't just a bar and strip joint Mark, it's an entertainment facility. Women come here on Ladies' Night and for bachelorette parties. We've got lesbians and bis and whatever that come in. We've got swingers, we've got party girls, we've got female fucking customers, Mark, and you're turning them away by being a fucking creep!"

"Hey, fuck you!" Mark said. He felt anger at being called out, and the constant reminders of his age, as if he was somehow inappropriate, made the anger all the more powerful. "It's not my fault you're forced to cater to fucking little European chicks. Hell, you already banned from the actual strip club, and that sucks. I like seeing a good girl on display. But I've come to this bar for years, Roy, and I'm not going anywhere unless you make me!"

The drink had loosened his mouth, certainly, but the sentiment was genuine. He was sick of being harassed about supposedly being 'the real harasser.' He was sick of being insulted about being a 'lonely has-been.' He went to say more when he paused at the sight of Roy Harlowe's glare. The owner of the establishment was silent, and the silence was contagious. Harlowe walked across the room and flipped the sign of the bar, indicating it was now closed, just in case someone wandered in this late. He then reached into his pocket, and took out a little doll.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked.

Mark peered at it. He had no idea what the little clay and earth figure was.

"It's a voodoo doll," the man said. "Given to me by my grandmother. She grew up in New Orleans, and she handed down the practice of witch magic to me. I don't use it too often. Dangerous stuff, but in your case I'm willing."

Mark laughed incredulously. "Are you serious, buddy? Are you as drunk as me?"

But already Roy was chanting, holding the voodoo figure up above his head as he spoke strange and unfamiliar words that Mark had never heard before.

"Dude, this is a little weird," he said, but he was starting to feel uncomfortable.

Roy continued to chant, his voice growing louder, echoing throughout the room as he repeated something in an eldritch tongue over and over. His fingers played over the doll, beginning to soften it. Mould it.

And at the same time, Mark felt his body begin to be moulded.

“Hey, what the-?”

Another chant, another shaping of the doll’s form, and with each caress, each touch, Mark felt the equivalent feeling on his body. His flesh literally *moved* and shifted beneath his shirt, and it caused him to scream in shock, jettisoning off his barstool and standing on shaking legs.

“Dude, what the fuck is happening? What are you doing?”

Roy just smiled. “What I should have done a while ago. I am giving you *perspective*, Mark. Don’t break my concentration, unless you want to accidentally lose a limb.”

As he said that, he began to stroke the doll’s arm, making it more slender and smooth. Mark gasped as his own left arm was thrust out to his side and remoulded with the motion, followed by his left. The tired skin became soft, manly muscle ebbing away to become slender, though with still an impressive amount of meat on the bone. He tried to move, but was stuck to the spot.

The chanting continued as Roy moved to the legs. Here, he did something different; he took a glob of that clay earthy substance and attached it to the thighs, causing Mark’s own to swell. From there, they were smoothed over, Harlow’s fingers running like giant’s paws down Mark’s legs and reconfiguring into what were clearly a lady’s set of limbs. Roy withdrew a scalpel, and with a simple cut, Mark’s trousers split open, unraveling off his body to reveal hairless limbs that ended in surprisingly dainty feet. His thighs were thick, just shy of chubby, like those of a hale and heart woman.

“My - my legs! What are you doing to me, man?”

“I am making you what you wanted,” Roy responded, chopping his shirt off with one slice of the miniature knife against the doll. An easy rubbing motion, and Mark’s muscles withdrew back into his body as a new softness settled over his flesh. “I am making you into a gorgeous Bavarian girl with access to the strip club.”

Mark couldn’t think of a response. This couldn’t be happening! He tried to say something, but then a large invisible finger caressed his neck, wiping out his Adam’s apple and causing him to whimper in a much more feminine tone. With each chant, other aspects of his body changes too. A fullness beneath his stomach was accompanied by the shifting of organs, and he knew in that moment that a womb was forming. Another glob of clay, and his hips shifted outwards, becoming incredibly wide, far more so than the majority of women.

“Nice, healthy hips,” Roy mused, before he resumed chanting.

“Please! I’m sorry! D-don’t do this Roy!”

“I have heard sorries before. Now, a lovely face. Very German.”

Fingers squeezed Mark’s head, and he grunted in new female tone as his skull reshaped, taking on that broad forehead and wide jaw characteristic to native Germans. His cheekbones rose, and his cheeks rounded out, and a brief sting in his eyes informed him that they had likely changed colour too. Her groaned as his lips became full and womanly, while his eyelashes extended. Roy took several wiry little roots from a cupboard on the shelf and pressed them onto the doll’s scalp, and suddenly Mark’s hair erupted out, growing in mere seconds until it was down to his mid-shoulders, and a stunning gold blonde in colour.

“D-don’t want to be a w-woman!” he pleaded.

“But you are not a woman yet,” Roy said with a smile, brandishing the knife in one hand, and two little balls of clay in the other. “Not yet.”

And with that, Mark knew what was coming. His bright blue eyes widened, but his next words were knocked out of him as he was transformed on two fronts:

A flick of the knife between the doll’s thighs eradicated his manhood. His prize body part, one of the few parts of him that he could still be proud of as he approached middle age. In its place, he felt a feminine flower bloom, a tunnel connecting his new uterus and vulva opening up.

And at the same time, his flesh expanded from his increasingly pale chest, pooling like candle wax larger and larger. His nipples became immense, twice as big as any woman’s he had seen, coloured a bright, rosy pink. Wide areola expanded around them, stretching even wider as more and more boob-flesh was added. They grew and grew, beyond the size of any tits he’d had the pleasure of seeing, until they were easily the size of his own transformed head, if not bigger! They were shockingly heavy, and it was only thanks to his widened hips and large behind - another development was now swelling outwards - that he kept his balance.

“*Mein Gott!*” he gasped. What the *Hölle*? Hell! Why was he thinking in German!?

More twisting, more shaping, more changing, and with each movement of Roy’s hands, the changes accelerated. His waist contracted a little, but immediately afterwards, a slight pudginess - a softness of flesh - pooled upwards from his hips and around his shoulders. His arms filled in a little, jiggling slightly. Mark realised what Harlowe was doing when he saw the gleam in the other man’s eye; he was making Mark into an exaggerated fusion of those two German girls; a busty, curvy girl around the same age, with a stocky yet undeniably feminine figure. The kind of sexy curves you would expect from a robust German milkmaid.

Or, in this case, *barmaid*.

“*Nein!*” she said, “*nein!*”

She grabbed her head. She had thought of herself as a *she*. And she was still doing it! What was wrong with her? No, with him! She was a guy!

But the remnants of her clothing, such as the thin strip of shirt barely containing her massive tits, and her male briefs, were also beginning to change. Mark tensed, his position becoming doll-like, as his remaining clothes extended and altered, fabric changing. In moments, he was adorned in a Bavarian maid's dress, green and white. The stays at the front laced tightly together, allowing her enormous new breasts to appear even larger. White ruffles at her shoulders ended before her elbow, leaving her arms bare, and a large green bow tied itself around her robust waist. A Tyrolean hat, brown in colour and with a small yellow feather in it, morphed into being over her head, eliciting a surprised squeal from the shocked new woman.

"Zis is not natural! What heff you dun to me!?"

"I'm just making you the source of entertainment," Roy said. "After all, that's what you thought those two customers were, right Mark? Or should I say *Ilse*."

The moment he said it, *Ilse* felt the name settle in her skull, dislodging Mark. She knew she was Mark, she was meant to be Mark, but *Ilse* seemed so much more natural. So much more right.

"*Nein*," she repeated to herself, as the last of her costume settled. The corset held firm, and the adorable skirt ended just above her knees, allowing her thick, gorgeous legs to be displayed. Not that *Ilse* could see them; her view was obstructed by the incredibly heavy mammaries that were pressed firmly together. They were the largest pair of tits she had ever seen, nearly the size of watermelons, and as the binding magics released her, she felt them wobble immensely on her form.

"Ahh! Zis is so strange!" she gasped. She grabbed them, but there was too much flesh to grab, and they were already straining against her new dirndl. "*Warum? WARUM?* Why did you do zis!?"

Roy Harlowe simply sighed. "For fuck's sake, *Ilse*, I already told you. Because you've gone from a reliable patron to a shitty one who creeps on my female customers and chases them away. Not to mention you've racked up a tab I'm suspecting you can't pay."

"But, turning me into a *fraulein*!?"

He chuckled, twirling the voodoo doll in his fingers. *Ilse* wanted more than anything to grab it, but for some reason her body wouldn't obey.

"Pretty inspired, huh? And you turned out real well, I'd say. A hot, busty German girl with some meat on her bones. Don't worry, you're not fat. But my, you've got what they call a *full-figure* my delicious *Deutschlander*. You've got real milk maid vibes."

She tried again to grasp the doll, but only succeeded in taking a single step on her leather heels, the kind that would be right at home at Oktoberfest.

“Don’t both, Ilse. Part of the magic is that you can’t interfere with the magic. You’re stuck like this.”

She froze. “F-forever? *Mein Gott* Roy, this isn’t f-”

“No, not forever. You’re like this for two weeks, Ilse. It’s your punishment. During that two weeks, you’ll recoup the money you’ve lost and pay off your tab both, as well as draw more customers, by working as a sexy German barmaid by day, and serving as a sexy foreign stripper by night.”

“What? That’s not fair!” she said. She had to think about how to speak in English now. It was an utterly alien experience to suddenly have another language be the one you thought in. It was utterly *lächerlich!*

“Fair’s got nothing to do with it,” Harloe said. “Man, I should have done this years ago. Two weeks, Ilse, then I’ll change you back. Unless you fuck up somehow, then I extend it another two weeks, and again for each subsequent fuck up. Got it?”

The new German girl had no choice. Her world had been overturned in mere minutes, and now she was the very un-proud owner of a deeply voluptuous and curvaceous body, and a rather foreign mind to match. She looked to Roy, and tried to ignore how good looking he suddenly appeared to be. Seriously, it was making her new nipples hard in a way that was oddly appealing. She shook her head, aware of how much it made her gigantic tits jostle.

“I got it,” she said, formulating her words in her cute German accent.

“Say it in German,” he said with a grin.

She sighed. “*Jawohl.*”

“Good. The magic has given you the costume, it’s given you the mind, and it’s given you the knowledge and body to know what to do. So, let’s get to it Ilse.”

Ilse woke the next morning in her apartment bed, feeling strange. For a few, fleeting moments she assumed it had been a dream, but even before she registered the heavy curves and softness of her new body, the long blonde hair in her face, the absence between her thighs, it was the fact that she was thinking of herself as a *she* that tipped her off.

“*Scheisse!*” she exclaimed, launching out of bed. It felt like it took a solid minute for her pale melons to settle in her white nightie, or her ass to stop wobbling in turn. “It was real.”

Again she was reminded of that strong German accent, and her honey-sweet new voice. She spent part of the morning simply adjusting to her new body, unable to even walk straight without swaying her incredibly broad hips. Even her massive HH-cup bra couldn’t

contain her trembling movement. It was irritating, but at the same time, as she examined herself after showering, it also gave her an odd sense of pride. After all, what guy *hadn't* dreamed of experiencing what it was like to be a hot girl? Especially one with breasts fifty-percent bigger than her own head?

With that in mind, she lowered her fingers between her thighs, placing her other hand over her enormous areola. She gasped at the sensitivity of her pussy, how her dick had been reduced to a hyper-aroused clit. It throbbed, and her feminine juices flowed as she began to rub herself. Her breasts, impossibly, were just as wonderful to feel. She had never realised as a man just how much pleasure a woman could derive from her nipples; he'd always been focused on his own pleasure. Now, she moaned. She sunk her fingers into the soft flesh of her heavy bosom, kneading her nipples and gripping the sensitive underside of her 'overhang.' Her tits wobbled, and she began to go rougher at them, groping herself. Her pussy was on fire with pleasure. It was bliss beyond belief. She panted and moaned, her soft belly wobbling slightly. At the very moment of orgasm she saw the sweet, peachy German lass in the mirror with her hale, busty body, and let out a cry.

"Mmhmm, *gut, gut, jawohl! JAWOHL! SO GOOD!*"

And then she thrust her chest out, squeezing both breasts in her hands as the ecstasy came rushing through. She had never experienced multiple orgasms before, but in this hyper virile body she'd been forced into, they seemed to last forever. By the time she was done, she needed another shower, which gave her time to grapple with what she'd just done.

"*Mein gott*, am I going to be that turned for the next two whole weeks?"

She was, as it turned out, but she didn't find that out till later. First, she found herself expertly drying her hair, wiping herself down, and readying her clothing for the day.

Another Bavarian maid costume. This one was blue, brown, and white, with a pattern of roses along the dress skirt. The Mark part of the new woman was incredibly reluctant to put it on, but the compulsion of Roy's voodoo magic compelled her, and she found her body knowing exactly how to adjust the dress so that it was tight against her form, her large breasts heaving over the corseted waist, contained by a strapped undershirt. Even her makeup was expertly applied, framing her wide sky blue eyes with a dash of eyeliner, making her cheeks a little rosier with some powder, and bright red lipstick to perfect the look of a sweet Bavarian girl. She had just toast for breakfast, but she felt the need for *weisswurst frühstück*: boiled sausages with sweet mustard and a side of pretzels with some nice wheat beer.

"*Verdammt*, this is weird. But if I'm like this for two weeks I'll need to go shopping for the ingredients."

Her phone buzzed, and she squealed. *That* reaction was embarrassing: she was nearly going to be late for work! The new woman's schedule was programmed into her, and it was a busy one. Instead of going to work at his boring office job as Mark, *she* had to take her car straight to *The Strut* to help set up the bar. She arrived, feeling both ridiculous and somehow a little bit cute, the latter thanks to the friendly stares and smiles she'd received as she walked from her parking spot to the club. Roy Harlowe was waiting for her, smirking.

"Morning *Ilse*," he said.

"*Scheisse*," she moaned. "This is so strange. My bosoms, they are too big!"

He laughed. "They look just about the right size to me. Ready for your first day?"

She gulped. "I have to - to strip?"

"Not until Friday. You get the first four days as just the, well, barmaid. After that, I'm sure you'll be comfortable enough to put on even more of a show than you're putting on currently."

Ilse blushed a little, irritated at how easily her cheeks flushed now.

"And then you turn me back after two weeks, *ja*?"

"*If* you don't screw up too bad."

She placed her hands on her hips, and managed a weak smile. "Then I better get started, and work off my tab. Don't let me catch you looking at my *arsch!*"

"Wouldn't dream of it. I look forward to seeing how you do."

She pushed past him, surprisingly making him stagger a little; that was certainly one thing about this body, it wasn't lacking for solid strength. She began setting out the seats, ready for patrons to arrive when the bar opened. She was determined to be free of her new life as soon as possible.

Ilse couldn't believe how her life had changed. From a late thirties American man with tanned, aging skin, to a twenty two year old German girl who was thick in all the right places, possessed a strong accent, and couldn't help but wear sexy Bavarian maid's clothing on the job. The customers loved her; especially the male ones. Her prodigious bosom was constantly being emphasised, and her dirndl did well to show off her large ass. The Mark part of her wanted to find that voodoo doll and use it to somehow change back, but as Ilse she was compelled to simply ignore it, and instead go about her day as a barmaid. She delivered drinks to customers in her full outfit. She smiled brightly at their compliments. She hummed tunes from the Fatherland she somehow knew. She wiped the benches, mixed the drinks, kept the place clean and well presented.

"*Gutentag!*" she would declare to entering customers, "Welcome to ze *Strut*. I am Ilse, can I get you a drink?"

More than one patron lowered their eyes directly to her overly full bodice, and licked their lips. "Yes, please!"

"*Wunderbar!* What would you like?"

She was unable to snap at them, or tell them to stop eyeing her ass or tits. When a drunk man ordering another bourbon laughed and proclaimed she had "wonderfully huge . . . tracts of land!" to the laughing reception of his drinking buddies, all she could do was put her hands on her hips and laugh with them. The phrase felt familiar to her, but now that her brain had been rewired to think in German first, with its gendered nouns and altered syntax, she couldn't quite make out how she was being hit on.

"*Ich verstehe nicht!* But it sounds like a very nice thing to say! So *bitte, bitte!*"

The men laughed again.

"A toast to our lovely tavern wench!" one joked.

"To Ilse!"

They raised their glasses, and despite herself, her pale cheeks blushed a scarlet red. She knew she shouldn't be enjoying her strange fate, but her damned Ilse brain loved receiving those compliments. She knew she looked good, better than good, in fact, she was a regular *heiβes Madchen*. A hot girl. When she felt the stares of men - even women - upon her robust German body, she felt a burning need to show it off. And Ilse knew how to show it off.

She had moved the more popular drinks below the bar so that customers would appreciate her colossal cleavage as she bent over to retrieve drinks. She bounced a little bit on her heels when excited, allowing her breasts and ass to jostle, and her dirndl to swirl a little, teasing customers with a view of her thick, womanly thighs. She flirted back with customers, laughing in a sweet musical voice at their jokes and compliments, despite knowing it was all wrong.

It was Harlowe's fault, she determined. The changes he'd made to her mind made the flirting too fun to resist. Something about being so young and energetic again, of being the centre of attention as Mark had been in his youth, was utterly intoxicating. It made her move easily between tables, depositing drinks left and right, and within just the first week she already had a series of regulars who seemed to visit just to see her.

One was named Karl. It was a good name, she thought. It reminded her of the Fatherland, despite the fact she'd never been there. He was older, around thirty, and wore smart casual shirts that matched his tall, dark and handsome appearance. And he was handsome. Roy's magic had ensured that Ilse now batted for both teams: it was impossible to deny her attraction to men now that her nipples hardened and her core flushed in the

presence of hot men. At night, back at her still-male apartment, with its reminders of who she was, she dreamed of being fucked by a domineering man while she wore her dirndl. Sometimes, she was even a pig-tailed milkmaid in her home country. Those imaginings of being penetrated were all the stronger in the presence of Karl.

It was incredibly alarming for the former man, and made her breathing heavier in his presence, which only had the effect of making her large bosom rise and fall yet further, stressing the stays of her costume. There was just something about his confidence, his gaze upon her, the way he stared intently but without being creepy at her form, and conversed easily with her.

“Will I be lucky enough to see you on stage tonight, Ilse?” he said, his smile all charm, his teeth perfect. She was serving him on just her fifth day of work. A Friday. It only reminded her that she was set to dance tonight. She didn’t know the first thing about dancing as Mark, but she suspected Ilse would know.

“*Ja*, she replied, “you will. I am going up as *Bavarian Bertha*.”

“Then I’ll be there, with tips. There’s few girls out there like you, Ilse.”

She beamed again, unable to help herself. And it wasn’t just her Ilse brain, but Mark’s too. It had been so damn long since he’d been complimented that it felt genuinely wonderful to be now showered with it. Even the comments on her body made her feel attractive.

“Karl, you are such a - how you say - flirt!”

To her shock, she felt a sudden need to lean over and kiss him on the cheek. She did so, and immediately ran from the table to serve the next customer, feeling giddy and embarrassed and quite wonderful.

A small part of her even wished he’d slapped her on the *arscht* as she went.

Ilse was nervous. Her heart beat heavily in her prodigious chest, and she kept rising on the toes of her Oktoberfest-like shoes. She was giddy, hiding behind the curtain like a nervous girl.

“You’ll be alright,” Denise said. She was a gorgeous Eurasian woman with silky hair dyed purple. “You’ve got this, Ilse. Go out there and show them what you’ve got, girl.”

“*Danke*, Denise. *Danke*.”

As Mark, she had made enough creepy comments about Denise’s ‘sexy oriental looks’ that he’d been kicked out of the strip club. Back then, he’d only thought of her as an exotic piece of meat to be paraded. Now, it was only thanks to this woman that Ilse felt

enough confidence to do what had to be done. She knew Roy Harlowe was out there, waiting. And, she secretly hoped, so would be Karl.

“Now go out there and strut your stuff!”

The other woman slapped her on the behind, causing a little wobble. It made Ilse giggle nervously.

‘And now, announcing our newest dancer! From the mountains and hills of Germany, comes a gorgeous milk maid to put on a show for you. Everyone, give it up for Bavarian Bertha!’

Ilse took a great breath, parted the curtains, and just as Denise had told her, strutted on through. The audience launched into applause, several of them gasping.

“Holy shit, look at them titties!”

“Geez, what a set of milkers!”

“And those hips! I think I’m in love!”

“Finally, a girl with some meat on her bones.”

“Is she really German, do you think?”

“She is, I can confirm it. She’s a wonderful barmaid here.”

The last voice gave her a boost of confidence; it was indeed Karl, sitting up close to the catwalk, near the stripper pole, conversing with a friend. The figure of Roy Harlowe was standing in the back, grinning, and it gave her a pause, but with the lights upon her, it was easy to tune him out. She decided to focus on Karl, and several of the other near patrons who formed her regulars, and sashayed out.

Ilse stepped along the catwalk, swaying her broad hips from side to side, and letting her heavy bosom bounce. In her nervousness she beamed a bright smile. Her body seemed to know what to do, and she let it compel her forward, planting one foot in front of the other in a borderline parody of femininity.

“*Guten Abend!*” she declared, “Good evening everyone! I am so happy to be here in America to make you - how you say - entertained?”

Several men cheered, particularly when the music shifted. The retro rock of Hot Roxie’s punk-like dancing display dissipated, and was replaced with an upbeat yodelling tune. Ilse briefly grimaced - this was a parody of Bavarian music, not a genuine piece! - but it was enough to get her moving.

She began to dance. It was the *schuhplattler*, what everyone knew as the ‘knee slap dance.’ Somehow, Roy’s magic made her know how to do it, and she began to stomp upon the floor, dancing forwards and twirling. She raised one knee, slapped the generous flesh of her revealed thigh, then repeated the action with the other. With each bounced, her bosom wobbled, threatening to break out. She turned, letting the audience see her magnificent *arscht*, the skirt twirling enough to reveal her tight panties. Several cheers rose, and her

initial nervousness lessened as she began to get into the music. She danced again, with further abandon, buoyed by the celebrations of the men and women watching her.

“Take it off!” one gentleman yelled. “We want to see milk maid’s udders!”

“*Na ja*,” she said, flashing him a grin as she hopped on the spot, placing her hands on her hips to emphasise her shape. “If you insist!”

And with that, she began to loosen the stays of her bodice as she continued to dance. It came apart, and her massive breasts flopped even more heavily, no longer pressed upwards but now revealing the fullness of their shape in her top. Basketballs. She might as well have been carrying basketballs. She cast the bodice into the crowd with a roar of approval, aiming directly for Karl. He caught it expertly, and blew her a kiss.

She blew one back.

The dance continued, and more articles of clothing were shedded. She flung her Tyrolean hat across the bar, and a group of women giggled, trying it on. She removed her skirt, allowing them to see just how fulsome her *arscht* was. She wiggled it in the faces of the nearby patrons. Several reached out to grope it, and surprisingly, lifted by the enthusiasm of the crowd, she let it happen. She moaned enthusiastically; those cheeks were surprisingly sensitive!

“The udders too!” Karl called out, and his eyes widened as she leaned over to him, clutching the stripper pole for support, pressing her bosom in his face.

“Like zis?” she asked sweetly.

He hadn’t expected that, but he took his opportunity to squeeze them, before placing a hundred dollar bill right in her deep cleavage.

“*Danke! Danke!*” she called as more bills were pressed them, and several in her panties.

She was perhaps the most popular act of the night, and with each stomp and slap and grope and twist, she only grew more at ease with it.

And to think, she had been nervous. She knew it was wrong, but it was so fun. She had no idea how fun stripping could be!

The fifth night of stripping, and Ilse was now drawing crowds. Word had spread fast, and she was becoming the most popular act of the night. Some of the other strippers were a little catty, but most - like Denise and Roxy - were wonderfully encouraging. Each night had been easier and more exciting than the last. Her incredible ‘milkers’ made all the men excited, and she had a natural showmanship that drew the rest in. Several times, she even managed to get the crowd to sing along with her as she began to unbutton or unlace her blouse.

Karl came several nights, as did other handsome regulars, such as Steven, Robert, and the rather cute redhead named Caitlin. Ilse was deriving a special enjoyment from their presence, and after she finished her act, to the whooping and cheering of the drunken and highly aroused crowd, she decided to merge and mingle with her regulars. It didn't take long for Karl and the others to buy her a drink: she favoured hearty, frothy ale like a good Bavarian girl, and soon she was rosy-cheeked and grinning from ear to ear in their presence, pressing up against Karl in their shared booth.

"You are having a good time then, *ja*?" she asked them.

"Oh yes," Robert replied, eyes wandering to her bosom, which was threatening to ping off several buttons any second.

"Fuck yeah," Caitlin declared, downing another shot. "It's just a shame you only do two shows a night."

"I work as a barmaid during the day, I would get too tired if I did any more exercise!"

It was an awkwardly worded sentence. English was difficult when it was suddenly your second language.

"Still, you don't seem too tired," Karl said, placing a large arm around her shoulder. She leaned into it, allowing her bosom to squish against his side. She couldn't help but notice that was forced to adjust his trousers - the man appeared to have quite the snake between his legs.

"I am *müde*," she said, "tired."

As the next act began, and the crowd turned to see Lizzie Longlegs strut onto stage, Ilse felt a masculine hand run daringly up her thigh. It was Karl. Her skin shivered, and she felt once more that need she'd been feeling every night. The same ache that required her personal ministrations every time she woke up or went home. But it was even stronger now.

"Are you *sure* you're tired?" he asked, his meaning clear.

The Mark part of Ilse should have been terrified. Disgusted. Repulsed. But there was that compulsion, that urge to play the role of the sexy, busty foreign girl with a love of getting fucked by handsome strangers. She had resisted it for four straight nights. His hand wandered up further, and his body pressed against her chest, causing her nipples to throb.

"Mmmm, maybe not *too* tired," she said, smiling.

She couldn't resist it anymore.

That night, Ilse and Karl fucked like two people possessed. Karl pressed his face against her massive tit, his face small against it, and she allowed her nipple to enter his mouth so he could suck away. It was an exquisite sensation, made all the better by the way

he groped her *arscht*. They repositioned on his bed, her on all fours while he stood behind her. She wiggled her large behind, and he chuckled.

“God, you are the hottest little thing.”

“Not so little in the right places, though, *ja?*”

“No indeed.”

He finished putting his condom on and gripped her wide hips. He entered her, his large member parting her tunnel. Her pussy gripped his cock, milking it for all it was worth. He leaned forward, reaching with his large arms to grope her chest, sending her to further heights of bliss.

“*Danke! Danke!*” she moaned, thanking him for every thrust.

He squeezed both sensitive tits at the same time, and she cummed, gasping, unbelieving that she had just fucked a man. That a man had just fucked her! The orgasms were even more intense than they had been by herself, and her body quaked, setting off further jiggling in her robust body. Karl came moments later, and his rod stiffened, giving her further waves of pleasure.

It was the first time Ilse had been actually fucked. It wouldn't be the last time that night either. Half an hour later, Karl was sat upon a chair as she sat on his lap, legs spread to either side, tits right in his face. His penis was once again hard, and she lowered herself onto it, and the two bucked together. She relished the feeling of his face right in her tips, his tongue running over her sensitive areola.

That time she came even harder, much to her male pride's embarrassment. By the fourth position - reverse 'cowmaid' as Karl joked it to be - she no longer cared. If this was temporary, it would all be over by the end of the following week, so why not enjoy it?

And Ilse really, *really* enjoyed it.

It was the day before she was due to turn back, and Ilse was getting nervous. After that magnificent one night stand, she had given into her young, lustful inhibitions. Every night she took a different man home, or to his home, or - sometimes - she simply fucked the brains out of a handsome man right there in the club, in the private staff toilet or backstage behind the equipment. Sometimes, she was tipsy and cheerful enough to enjoy a good 'frolick' at the *Strut* before partaking in another elsewhere. There were more than enough men lining up to 'ride the German bicycle,' as some grossly put it. She didn't sleep with those men, preferring the hunky *ubermensches* who were confident, gentlemanly, and enjoyed her body without making her ashamed over it. Of course, her tastes were not limited to the men either; she liked to think it was her remaining male energy that impelled her to enjoy some steamy

lesbian sex. Women liked her big, basketball-sized boobs as much as men, and they knew even better than they how to stimulate her sensitive clit or suckle at her tit. Caitlin especially had a fiery quality that drove the German bimbo wild.

Over her remaining time as Ilse, she learned to give terrific blowjobs, the first of which made her greatly nervous, before she took to the taste of it. It gave her a strange feeling of power, in fact, to have a man squirm and groan and writhe in response to her ministrations of her mouth, and finally to taste and swallow his issue. But far more popular than the blowjob was what these Americans called the 'titty job'. It was something Mark had never experienced, but always fantasised about. Well, now *she* was on the other end, and found herself loving it all the more. Her giant heifer tits practically *swallowed* even the largest of men's cocks, and when some necessary lube was applied, both parties benefited from the sensitivity of feeling. Even better if she stroked the shaft by squeezing it with her tits, while sucking the head with her full lips.

Others liked her to dance for them, or to even dance *with* her, something which left her giggling. Various patrons cheered her in the bar, even before the time when the strip section of the club opened, when she broke into an impromptu little wiggle. She did it even when delivering beer, which she managed to never spill. The men were thankful, and a slap on the *arscht* as she returned to the bar only made her giggle. The same went for a squeeze of her tit; provided it was quick and not too obvious to the crowd.

And what a crowd it was. Ilse had more than paid back Mark's debt by now, and atoned for the loss of customers from his cheap comments. She knew well now how it felt to be on the other end of these, even if Ilse was predisposed to like it a lot more there were still the creeps and clowns who made her feel less welcome. All the strippers had such an experience, but for her it was a fish out of water experience to feel like prey, at times. She complained one to Harlowe, who gave a sympathetic smirk.

"I'll have them tossed out. But remember, you were one of them. I bet you're happy you're going to be back to normal soon, aren't you?"

"*Jawohl*," she said, nodding. But the truth was more complicated than that. She was Mark inside, she knew that. He hadn't gone away. He hadn't been papered over. Nor was Ilse a new personality. It would be more accurate to say she was a set of compulsions and skillsets grafted onto Mark, with her various strong hormones and bodily sensitivities completing the picture. With all that in mind, it made sense to go back to being Mark. Except . . .

Except that she was having more fun than she'd ever had in her life. She was getting laid more than she ever had in her life. She had the youth Mark envied, was fit to bursting with life (though her bodice was bursting with something else), and people actually adored her, even if a lot of it came from her ridiculous body.

She had just finished up her shift that night, and was cleaning up, when she made a decision. She wanted - needed, perhaps - just a little extension. Just a little more time as Ilse. A week or two at most.

The fire wasn't difficult to light. It was only a small sabotage, and she was exceedingly careful. After all, *The Strut* served a favourite drink in which the alcoholic surface was lit on fire. *The Flaming Joe*, it was called. Well, Ilse had increasingly been showing off her fancy tricks behind the bar counter, tossing and turning drinks, dancing as she brought out the tray, etcetera, etcetera. So, it wasn't too *schwierig* to contrive a way to make a small disaster while Harlowe was in his nearby office. She made a Flaming Joe as practice, settled it on a tray, and began to dance around the empty bar room, pretending to practice for tomorrow. As she approached a table, she 'tripped' on a stool. She could easily pretend she hadn't seen it since her huge volleyball boobs blocked the view below her - this was a genuine problem she was getting used to. At the moment of tripping, she 'accidentally' flung the still-flaming drink against a curtain.

It immediately caught fire.

'Schiesse! Schiesse!' she yelled, and the panic was real. *Was zum Teufel?* What the hell was she doing!? This was ridiculous. She let loose a genuine squeal and raced over to the fire extinguisher. Roy Harlowe came bounding out of the office, and she paused a moment, admiring his older appearance, and muscled dark skin. *Nein!* This was no time to crush on the man who made her like this. She grabbed the fire extinguisher, wrestled it from the wall and causing her breasts to heave, and sprayed the curtain from top to bottom while it was only half-aflame.

"What the hell happened?" Roy asked.

She took a moment to compose herself. Tears were brimming in her eyes, and she couldn't help it. Still, it could see the effect.

"It was, it was an accident!" she whined. She turned and looked to him with her bright blue eyes.

"The curtain's ruined! That was part of a matched set they don't make anymore! I'll have to replace them all."

She smiled nervously. "It was just a mistake, *Herr* Harlowe." Oh, she *hated* that she had to call him the German word for 'mister.'

Roy took a moment to compose himself as well, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Damn, all this extra money, and now I have to pay the piper. Damn." but slowly, the look of annoyance shifted to a sly grin. "But, at least it gives me one bit of joy, *fraulein*. You remember I told you if you wrecked things that I'd have to extend your time as Ilse?"

"Nein Herr Harlowe, you can't! I'm s-so close!"

It was a convincing act, years of lying to women now turned to being a woman lying to a man.

“Oh yes,” he said. He trotted over to his office, fiddled with the safe, and returned with the doll. “And I think I’m going to make a few other changes, too. Just to make your punishment a little more fun. Sorry *Mark*, but you’ll be paying this off as well. With two more weeks.”

Ilse bit her lip. She’d won. She’d conned herself more time as herself. But what more changes could there be?

Roy began to chant.

Ilse Müller woke the next day, feeling more comfortable than usual. She had learned to sleep on her side in the last two weeks; after all, it was positively painful to squish her big boobs beneath her, and they were like sandbags on her chest when she lay down flat on her back for too long. But there was a different level of comfort too, and that was a result of the additions *Herr* Harlowe had made to her situation.

For one, now she had a last name. She was Ilse Müller. And with that last name came a history, a family, even a set of memories, though they weren’t true memories so much as the equivalent of factoids locked up in her skill. Harlowe had been quite clear on that:

“Don’t worry, *Ilse*, I’m just immersing yourself a little more in your life. Just a little embarrassing to get you back for all the trouble you’ve caused. I’m still changing you back at the end of it all, provided you don’t cause another screw up.”

Suddenly, she had a proper driver’s license, and didn’t have to panic when she drove to work each morning that she might be pulled over. She had a ID, with the cutest image of the blonde German girl she’d become smiling brightly, her cleavage just visible near the level of her collarbone where the image cut off. Her birth date was confirmed to be the 26th of August. She was officially a dual German-American citizen by way of her American father, whom she knew lived back with her mother in the Fatherland. She had bank accounts in her name, a work history, a school history, and so on. It made Ilse feel so real.

And it wasn’t only her documentation; her apartment had changed, as had her possessions. Instead of the threadbare walls and ceiling cracks, the collections of 80s DVDs and calendar of hot women, there was now a much warmer tone. The walls were painted a pale shade of forest green, numerous shelves suddenly existed, rows of plushie dolls and cute photographic mementoes lining the walls. The calendar now displayed some incredibly attractive men. And the bed, *mein Gott* the bed! It was *komfortabel* beyond belief! As was

the couch; how did she ever make fun of women for their excessive pillows and blankets? It made things so much more comfortable for her big boobies when sleeping. And it was much easier to style her hair with the various feminine products in her bathroom.

Roy Harlowe was waiting for her when she got to work. She had driven not her usual car, but a Volkswagen to work instead. It was no Mercedes, but she couldn't help but feel the little green hatchback was quite cute, and fit her perfectly. Evidently, green was her colour. She was adorned today in a woman's lederhosen instead, the strap buckles borderline breaking to contain her pillowy chest, which bounced with each movement. Understandable, given they were the size of a plush woman's buttock apiece. She was hatless, this time, and had styled her hair in two long braided pigtails, giving her an incredibly cute look.

"Damn, Ilse, I see you're enjoying your new racks of clothing," he said.

"*Ja*, I am," she said sweetly.

He raised an eyebrow, and her cheeks flushed. She placed her hands on her hips and screwed up her face at him. She couldn't afford for him to suspect she *liked* being Ilse.

"It's all your fault, you *Dummkopf*. I couldn't help myself."

"Is that so?"

"*Ja*, it is! Now if you excuse me, I have work to do."

She stomped past him, trying to hide her grin behind a mask of mortified anger.

"Well, I'm sure our customers will be glad to hear it, *Frau Müller*. You're the best thing to ever happen to *The Strut*. I may just make your change permanent."

A small bubble of something floated up into her chest, and she swivelled to face him. She didn't know what it was. Surely it hadn't been hope? *Nein*, she just wanted to live like this a little longer, that was all.

"You - you wouldn't!"

He chuckled, looking a little handsome. Okay, a *lot* handsome. *Attraktiv*, she thought.

"Don't lose your lederhosen, I'm just joking. I'm still turning you back, I just thought after last night's screw up that making you live like Ilse at home might add some fun embarrassment to the mix."

"Ha ha. Most amusing, *Herr Harlowe*."

"Well, I'll let you to it. Enjoy your dancing tonight, you are certainly getting really into it. And so are the men, I've noticed. Even after the performance."

This time the blush was real.

The two weeks that passed were even faster than the first set. Ilse continued to serve as a bar maid to patrons during the day, and make an impressive amount of money for herself

and the establishment when she danced by night. She had managed to ensure that only genuine German songs played for her dances, and soon entire sections of the audience were singing to choruses they didn't even understand, though occasionally English translations were played. Her shows were increasingly playful, and she was more and more comfortable with allowing men and women alike to grope her lightly as she danced. Her routines now featured the occasional lapdance on an unsuspecting - or hopeful - audience member, during which she deliberately stuck her massive shelf of a chest out, smothering the lucky man or woman in her boobflesh.

Her nightly fucks continued just as constantly. Mark had always been a horny man, but Ilse would have tired him out. In fact, she did tire men out, sometimes cleaning up to go visit another in the same night, or allowing men to take turns on her. She loved being the gorgeous milk maid in some of their roleplays, and on her weekly day off she often kept the costume, though she did try a variety of other dresses as well. She rather enjoyed the combo of a tight white singlet, black bra, and short green skirt.

But it was over before it begun, her change back one more just around the corner. Her life as Ilse had been splendid the first two weeks, but the last two had been more than that; they had been *real*. Without knowing it, Harlowe had given her an entire life, one of youth and energy and joyfully high libido. She was popular for once in her life, and that popularity led to a great deal of moaning. Even if few people ever managed to look in her eyes - and this was still often a source of occasional annoyance or embarrassment - it still made it all worth it. It was *wunderbar*.

So naturally, she had to cause another disaster. This time, the choice was easy. It had to be something that would absolutely tick Roy off, perhaps even enough to extend her stay a month or so. The shelf of expensive spirits atop the bar was her best bet. While reaching to stack it at the start of the day, she pretended to trip, reaching out as she fell and causing the spillage and destruction of nearly three thousand dollars of vintage wine and expensive drink.

"*Hoppla!*" she exclaimed to a furious Roy. "Whoops!"

The other man cringed at the sight of destruction before him. "Ilse, that was a *lot* of expensive alcohol." A sigh. "You know this means I'll have to extend your time once again, right?"

She nodded, making her eyes as big as she could, even making her lip quiver. Again, Mark's talent as a bit of a manipulator came to the fore, as did Ilse's recent talent for showmanship. "*Ich verstehe*. I understand."

Roy retrieved the voodoo doll, his face creased with frustration, as well as a little confusion. He waved it in front of Ilse, smirking a little. She placed her hands behind her nervously, accidentally thrusting her heavy chest out. It drew Roy's eye, and he smirked.

“Hmm, I have the perfect change in mind for the next two weeks, my pretty. You drop perfectly good beer, then perhaps you can help replenish it.”

He began to chant, and Ilse felt her breasts tingle.

And grow.

‘She’s busty, she’s tough, she’s a maid we all lust after, and she’s got plenty on tap, as you’ll see. Welcome to the stage, everyone’s favourite stripper and entertainer of the night, Bavarian Bertha and her bountiful beer-making breasts!’

Ilse paraded before the crowd, dancing on the stage before twirling around the pole. Her breasts were even larger than they had been a week ago, and were often quite warm to the touch. That’s because they had a new function, one she certainly couldn’t have seen coming. The crowd cheered as she began to strip, shaking her magnificently curvy ass and maternal bosom. But it was when she unlaced her bodice and revealed her bare, HHH-cup breasts that they cheered. They were now most *definitely* the size of watermelons. Her pink nipples were incredibly distended, her areola expanded, and it was obvious from the throbbing of said nipples that she was utterly engorged.

But it was not with milk.

“*Hallo* everyone!” she yelled over the music, bouncing on the spot in order to emphasise her enormous endowments. “Germany makes the best drinks in the world. I invite you to try some!”

She raised a hand and, winking to the captivated crowd, squeezed her nipple, tugging as if it were a cow’s teat before a milkmaid’s hand. A large creamy stream shot forth from it, followed by a spray from her other breasts.

“Give us a drink!” someone called. She giggled, and tugged again, releasing a large stream into the patron’s mouth, who positioned himself perfectly for a drink.

“That’s the best fucking beer I’ve ever tasted, honey!”

“*Danke schon!*” she replied, before allowing others a taste. Karl was in the crowd, and she ducked low after several more sprays. “And you *Herr* Karl, would you like some - how do you say - directly from the tap?”

The tall, dark, and handsome man grinned, and took her giant left breast in both hands, squaring his mouth around her nipple. She cooed at the wonderful sensation of being suckled, and her body shivered in release as what felt like half a litre of ale was emptied from her breast into the customer’s mouth. She wanted to give him more, but didn’t want to be biased. Already others were calling for a taste, and she was all too happy to allow them. It

caused miniature orgasms to bloom through her body, and the feeling of giving them a hearty drink of ale magically produced by her massive udders was incredibly arousing.

When she first realised what Roy had done, she was furious. It had ruined her notion of being Ilse. After all, she could do with massive boobs, but constantly feeling them fill up with fine German beer? It was ludicrous! Especially since she began to leak if she didn't either express herself into a few steins or directly into a customer's mouth. But as the days passed, she quickly began to enjoy the sensation of 'filling up', of having a body that literally produced a drink that made others practically worship her. Her 'beer cans', as she began to think of them, produced the greatest damn ale and lager anyone had tasted, including her. What's more, one always became happily drunk from her produce, but never suffered a terrible hangover the following day. It allowed her to enjoy getting others drunk during sex, allowing them to become ever more passionate as they suckled her beer straight from the source. Certainly Caitlin appreciated it, and there was nothing hotter to some men than to be able to drink a nice relaxing beer at the same time as fucking a curvy girl.

It made her performance all the more impressive too. By now, entire crowds turned up just for the Bavarian Beermaid, and Roy Harlowe couldn't be happier with the money she was helping him rake in. Those willing to pay the big tips were her 'full-time drinkers', some of whom had sworn off any alcohol except hers. Somehow, that was a compliment as sweet as any other.

"Thank you, kind man!" she said, as one pressed a wad of bills in her cleavage before taking a big drink. "Be sure to fill up! I am so full right now I might just burst!"

The other strippers couldn't believe it. She was able to excuse it as some weird quirk of her body; Roy's change had given her that much of a backstory, at least. Some thought she was a freak, but none could deny it was a wonderful kind of freaky. Especially since her beer making melons had only gotten fully and more sensitive. She often came just from having them played with, and the list of men wanting to have their way in the hay with a sexy German beermaid had only increased in number.

The only problem, Ilse felt, was that it couldn't last forever. She had accepted being this voluptuous entertainer, and had never loved life more. She wanted to stay Ilse, but feared she was running out of time.

Another final night, and Ilse was trying to break one of the expensive bar stools out front. It was surprisingly solid, though, and despite having retained much of her stolid strength as a woman, it wasn't happening.

"I'd give up if I were you, *fraulein*, you're only going to hurt your pretty wrists."

She turned, squeaking a little as Roy emerged from out of hiding behind one of the replaced curtains. He'd been watching her.

"*Entschuldigung!* My apologies! I was, um, very angry after my shift. I was groped too many times, *Herr Harlowe!*"

Roy smiled, and it was different from previous times. A little playful, but not mocking.

"Ilse, you can stop lying to me. I know what you're trying to do. You're trying to delay being turned back to Mark, aren't you?"

The former male deflated, her shoulders sagging as she placed the stool back down. She sighed, and in her vision her breasts swelled significantly.

"*Ja*, it's true," she admitted. She began fiddling with her hands in front of her, trying not to blush too scarlet. She was utterly embarrassed. "I didn't want you to know."

"And the other times, you also did that to stay as Ilse, didn't you?"

She nodded, feeling foolish.

"Thank God! You have no idea how happy this makes me!"

Ilse looked up in astonishment. "*Was? What?*"

The man skipped forward and placed his hands on her shoulders, looking down at her. "You have been the biggest boon this business has ever had. I'm not joking Ilse, I was paying bills and struggling to keep this place afloat. It was part of the reason I was desperate to keep you around as a regular, but at some point the scales tipped, and Mark became more of a detriment. I'd hoped just to recoup some costs, maybe make a quick buck, but Ilse the Bavarian Bar Maid is a sensation! You've seen the crowd, they love you, and they love spending money here! The tip jar for drinking beer from your tits is massive just on its own. I was *dreading* the fact that I'd have to change you back soon."

Could it be? Did she dare to hope?

"But you came to enjoy this, didn't you?"

Another flush of her cheeks, and she looked to the wall. "*Ja*, I did. I do. I love being Ilse. I feel so young and powerful and sexy, and I love my new culture, strange as that is, I know. I want to be like this, and continue to work here."

Roy shook his head, grinning from ear to ear in disbelief. "Then I won't change you back at all, how about that?"

Tears brimmed in her eyes. "R-really? This is not - how you say - an American joke?"

"Oh no Ilse, I want you around. Are you sure you want to say goodbye to Mark, though?"

"*Jawohl!* Absolutely, sir! Keep me like this!"

Her large breasts swelled in relief, and she launched herself at him, causing her mammoth breasts to squish against his chest as she hugged him. Roy was more than a little shocked, but soon hugged her back. His gaze, inevitably, fell to her cleavage.

“Excellent! Well, I better at least take away your beer breasts, that was a little cruel. I’ll just get your doll so I can-”

“*Nein!* Leave them! They make money, *ja?* And . . . and they are also wonderful.”

He raised his eyebrows in astonishment. “That they certainly are. Very well, the beer breasts stay. I hear they taste delicious.”

Ilse was giddy with relief. She hugged tight against Roy, and it was only then that she noticed two things:

One, her breasts were starting to feel very full.

Two, there was a very hard, very long presence against her stomach.

She smiled sweetly, and stared up at her boss’ face. She’d noticed a third thing too: she was starting to feel really, really horny with relief.

“If you haven’t tasted from your Bavarian bar maid, then now is your chance, *Herr* Harlowe,” she said.

She unlaced her bodice, and freed her massive mammaries.

“Come on then, take a drink. *Prost!*”

The End