

Living Kegs for Saloon, HugsAlright

//Bar Text

There's a group of naked cowgirls lined up near the bar, with each of them sporting a spectacular bust with beads of various coloured liquids forming on their stiff teats.

[Cowgirls]

//Repeatable Bar Text

Those tit-modded cowgirls are lined up where they usually are by the bar, ready to give you, and everyone else in the saloon, a taste of whatever their bountiful breasts have to offer, all of them giggling and bouncing around happily.

[Living Kegs]

//Opening text

[Cowgirls]

Walking a bit closer to the line of cowgirls, you can hear them talking to each other, turning back and forth and giggling. Finally closing in on the row of wonderful racks, you notice something written on their stomachs, right below their beautiful breasts. You squint and manage to get a good look at one of the markings, it's all black, like some kind of brand; maybe some sort of mod? You don't think anyone would be so cruel as to actually brand a cowgirl with a hot iron. Below the jiggling jugs of the each of the cowgirls is written: **Property of ~Bailey's Brewery~** along with some kind of alcohol and proof number.

{metBrandy:

Then it strikes you: these girls work for the same brewery that Brandy does, and must have jobs similar to the one she used to have. All their tits are modded up with various alcohols, practically leaking their mind-numbing bounties with each shake of their expansive busts.

//Else:

So they're all a bunch of... living kegs? That must be what they are, all their tits modded up with various alcohols, practically leaking their mind-numbing bounties with each shake of their expansive busts.

}

"Hey there, stranger!" One of the cowgirls calls out, causing the gaze to the rest of the lineup to fall on you, "Looking for a drink?"

That particular busty bovine giggles and gives her big breasts an enticing shake for you, the rest of the cowgirls following suit, hefting and squeezing their own tits to give you a better idea of what you're dealing with.

Well, if you are looking for a drink, maybe it wouldn't be so bad to get one from one of these lovely ladies. Then again, you could always just go back to the bar and get a more "normal" drink.

[Whiskey] Get a drink from the girl branded with some kind of high-proof whiskey. It'll probably cost you some credits. //Requires 30 credits.

[Beer] Get a drink from the girl branded with some kind of lager. It'll probably cost you some credits. //Requires 25 credits.

[Rum] Get a drink from the girl branded with some kind of high-proof rum. It'll probably cost you some credits. //Requires 35 credits.

[Leave]

//Repeatable text

[Living Kegs]

You approach the line-up of luscious-breasted cowgirls, a drink, straight from the tap, on your mind all the way over. The row of buxom bovine broads takes notice of your casual stroll over and stop their giggling and gossiping to face you.

"Back for another drink, {stud/cutie}?" One of them calls out, hefting her tits to give you a better view.

Well, why else would you have come over here if not for another mouth-full of their alcoholic nectars?

[Whiskey] Get a drink from the girl branded with some kind of high-proof whiskey. It'll probably cost you some credits. //Requires 30 credits.

[Beer] Get a drink from the girl branded with some kind of lager. It'll probably cost you some credits. //Requires 25 credits.

[Rum] Get a drink from the girl branded with some kind of high-proof rum. It'll probably cost you some credits. //Requires 35 credits.

[Leave]

//Whiskey

[Whiskey]

You stroll your way up to the girl whose brand advertises she's modded up to her literal tits with whiskey-producing transformative, changing what you can only assume to be human milk into the wonderful golden-brown liquid dripping from her big pink nipples. The cowgirl herself has long, curly, fiery red hair, with a smattering of freckles across her face, shoulder, and the top of her breasts to match. Her body is reminiscent of most cowgirls, busty and curvy, though she seems to have a tad bit more muscle than the other New Texan women in line.

"Ooooh," the buxom bovine coos at your approach, extending her arms in preparation for what looks to be an enticingly boob-filled hug, "you made a good choice, {hon/honey}."

The second you come within range of the cowgirl's arms she wraps them around your shoulders and pulls you straight into her massive cleavage, causing you to release a surprised, and quickly muffled, grunt into her pillowy boobflesh. She loosens her "hug" a bit, allowing you to look up at her for a moment to see an eager smile on the redhead's face, "Well c'mon, {hon/honey}, I'm all yours."

Well, that's all the invitation you need at this point; you move your head as much as you can in this cowgirl's grasp towards one of her wide, pink nipples, beads of her brain-liquifying liquids dripping down onto the floor. The bovine woman assists, guiding you towards her stiff teats until one is well within the reach of your tongue. You eagerly lap up the excess nectar dripping from her leaky nub before closing your [pc.lips] around her nipple; it's whiskey alright, just as potent and tongue-tingling as you'd expect. With a want for more quickly flooding your mind, you get to suckling, drawing out more of the red-brown bounty from the busty bovine broad's breasts to flow down your throat, burning all the way down and setting the redhead moaning.

It isn't long before you can feel your mind being lost to the girl's alcoholic lactation, dulling your senses and replacing any woes you may have been holding onto with a sense of euphoria as you suck and suck some more on this woman's big, soft breasts. You suckle long and hard on this cowgirl's tits for what seems like an eternity, happily accepting all the alcohol she has to offer down your gullet, numbing your mind to the point where you barely notice switching breasts for the woman's sake. When you do switch breast, you do so with a bit of reluctance, but speedily get to sucking on the bovine girl's jugs again, flicking your tongue across her nipples to lick up any stray liquor, making sure none of it goes to waste.

Your pleasant little drink is brought to an end all too soon when you're pulled off one of the cowgirl's stiff teats with a wet pop, leaving a trail of saliva and alcohol between your [pc.lips] and her big ol' tits.

You feel a pang of emptiness at the loss of the the bovine broad's bounty flowing betwixt your lips, but that emptiness is quickly replaced by the realization of your newfound drunkenness, along with a renewed lust burning into your loins.

"Looks like you've had enough, {hon/honey}," the redhead calls out, her massive breast still heaving and her nipples red from recent use. She brings a hand to your head and ruffles your [pc.hair], "Now don't you forget to pay the nice android at the bar."

That's something you most definitely won't soon forget, happily following the cowgirl's orders and stumbling drunkenly towards the bar.

[Next] //Removes credits, adds two levels of drunkenness, and gives the player 33 lust, also returns them to the bar.

//Beer

[Beer]

You stroll your way up to the girl whose brand advertises she's modded up to her literal tits with beer-producing transformative, changing what you can only assume to be human milk into the wonderful golden liquid dripping from her big pink nipples. The cowgirl herself has shoulder-length, brunette hair, almost reaching far enough to cover her pale skin. Her body is reminiscent of most cowgirls, beautiful and curvy, though she seems to have a tad bit more bust than the other New Texan women in line.

"Oh, hi there!" She calls out as you approach, bouncing up and down excitedly in place, setting her big boobies wobbling and flinging a few stray drops of golden-hued liquid from her nipples onto the floor, "Here for a drink then?"

You inform the cowgirl you are most certainly there for whatever she has on tap, causing her to release an overjoyed and overly girly giggle as you walk right up to her, just a hair's breadth away from her beer leaking jugs. She smiles and holds them together for you, letting rivulettes of her alcoholic nectars trickle down across her pale, squishy boobflesh. Grinning back at her, you bring your hands up to cup her breasts, eliciting a little gasp from the cowgirl, filled with pleasure and mock-surprise.

"Oh, your hands are nice," she coos, settling into your grasp, "Feel free to get started whenever you want."

Well, that's all the invitation you need at this point; you move your mouth, while still kneading the girl's tits in your hands, towards one of her wide, pink nipples, beads of her brain-liquifying liquids dripping onto the floor. The bovine woman assists you, guiding her stiff teats towards

your mouth until one is well within the reach of your tongue. You eagerly lap up the excess nectar dripping from her leaky nub before closing your [pc.lips] around her nipple; it's some kind of lager, bitter but delicious. With a want for more quickly flooding your mind, you get to suckling, drawing out more of the flaxen bounty from the busty bovine broad's breasts to flow down your throat, setting the brunette moaning.

It isn't long before you can feel your mind being lost to the girl's alcoholic lactation, dulling your senses and replacing any woes you may have been holding onto with a sense of euphoria as you suck and suck some more on this woman's big, soft breasts. You suckle long and hard on this cowgirl's tits for what seems like an eternity, happily accepting all the alcohol she has to offer down your gullet, numbing your mind to the point where you barely notice switching breasts for the woman's sake. When you do switch breast, you do so with a bit of reluctance, but speedily get to sucking on the bovine girl's jugs again, flicking your tongue across her nipples to lick up any stray liquor, making sure none of it goes to waste.

Your pleasant little drink is brought to an end all too soon when you're pulled off one of the cowgirl's stiff teats with a wet pop, leaving a trail of saliva and alcohol between your [pc.lips] and her big ol' tits.

You feel a pang of emptiness at the loss of the the bovine broad's bounty flowing betwixt your lips, but that emptiness is quickly replaced by the realization of your newfound drunkenness, along with a renewed lust burning into your loins.

"Hope it was good!" the busty brunette exclaims, cupping her breasts again and jiggling them around for you, "Oh, and don't forget to pay the android at the bar!"

That's something you most definitely won't soon forget, happily following the cowgirl's orders and stumbling drunkenly towards the bar.

[Next] //Removes credits, adds one level of drunkenness, and gives the player 33 lust, also returns them to the bar.

//Rum

[Rum]

You stroll your way up to the girl whose brand advertises she's modded up to her literal tits with rum-producing transformative, changing what you can only assume to be human milk into the wonderful golden-brown liquid dripping from her big pink nipples. The cowgirl herself has long, blonde hair, draping down and covering more than a fair bit of her dusky skin and big breasts. Her body is reminiscent of most cowgirls, busty and curvy, though she seems to be a tad bit taller than the other New Texan women in line.

"Hey there, sweetie," she says, taking up a very confident, and rather sexy, stance, placing her hands on her hips and shifting her weight around until her tits start to quake, "You came to the right place if you're looking for a drink."

A surprising sense of calm flushes your body as you near the dark-skinned cowgirl; she just smells so... nice. Some sort of pheromones? You can't find yourself able to care enough to think about it, opting instead to simply fall forward, burying your face in the cowgirl's cleavage with a contented sigh. Not too long after you feel a pair of hands start to run through your [pc.hair]. Barely managing to pull yourself from the tall woman's warm boobflesh, you look up to see the big-boobed bovine smiling down at you, gazing right into your now lust-hazed eyes.

"Don't worry," she coos in a very motherly tone, caressing your back, shoulders and [pc.hair] with oh-so gentle fingers, "I seem to have that effect on a lot of people. Now how about that drink?"

With that said the cowgirl is already guiding you towards one of her wide, pink nipples, beads of her brain-liquifying liquids dripping onto the floor. You do the best you can to assist, wiggling around in the woman's grasp until one of her stiff teats is well within the reach of your tongue. You eagerly lap up the excess nectar dripping from her leaky nub before closing your [pc.lips] around her nipple; it's rum alright, sugary, potent, and tongue-warming. With a want for more quickly flooding your mind, you get to suckling, drawing out more of the orange-brown bounty from the busty bovine broad's breasts to flow down your throat, burning all the way down and setting the dusky New Texan moaning.

It isn't long before you can feel your mind being lost to the girl's alcoholic lactation, dulling your senses and replacing any woes you may have been holding onto with a sense of euphoria as you suck and suck some more on this woman's big, soft breasts. You suckle long and hard on this cowgirl's tits for what seems like an eternity, happily accepting all the alcohol she has to offer down your gullet, numbing your mind to the point where you barely notice switching breasts for the woman's sake. When you do switch breast, you do so with a bit of reluctance, but speedily get to sucking on the bovine girl's jugs again, flicking your tongue across her nipples to lick up any stray liquor, making sure none of it goes to waste.

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You feel a pang of emptiness at the loss of the the bovine broad's bounty flowing betwixt your lips, but that emptiness is quickly replaced by the realization of your newfound drunkenness, along with a renewed lust burning into your loins.

She rubs a thumb across your cheek, grinning down at you as you look up at her with an aphrodisiac and alcohol laden gaze, "I think you've had enough there, sweetie. Just make sure you don't forget to pay the bartender, alright?"

That's something you most definitely won't soon forget, happily following the cowgirl's orders and stumbling drunkenly towards the bar.

[Next] //Removes credits, adds 3 level of drunkenness and some sort of aphrodisiac effect similar to Ellie's, and gives the player 33 lust, also returns them to the bar.