



Note: I can't believe I hit 200 watchers on DeviantArt. I decided to whip up this quick story as a thank you to all my new readers.

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Catherine's Oktoberfest

On one of the last warm days of fall, three young women strolled through a crowded street festival. The trees were vibrant shades of orange and red, and all around people were imbibing fine lagers and ales from large glass mugs.

It was Oktoberfest.

“Thanks for making these dirndl for us, sis.”

“They turned out pretty well if I do say so myself, even this one.”

The short brunette gestured at the blonde in the center of the group meaningfully.

Each of the girls was wearing a dress with a scoop neck bodice, laced under the bust, with a white blouse underneath. They had skirts reaching just to the knees and tall white stockings with low heeled black shoes. The dirndl were made in warm pink for Catherine, blue for Ruby, and dark green for Julie.

Catherine’s dress was made a little different, having extra material to cup her abundant bosom, which currently exceeded M-cup, slightly larger than her head. The laced-up bodice did not go as low as the other two, which meant the skirt started a little higher, leaving some room in case the taller blonde’s belly filled up with beer. Or pretzels. Or schnitzel. Or bratwurst...

Of course it did all those things, and Ruby complimented herself on having also made the laces on Catherine’s dirndl elastic, and stitching in a few extra folds in so that the bodice could easily be let out without any extra sewing.

After half a day of various German and Bavarian treats, it was no surprise that Catherine’s bodice was getting tight, the stretchy lacing reaching its limit as the busty blonde gobbled up treat after treat. Halfway through a pretzel the size of a car tire, Ruby could literally hear stitches creaking.

“Hang on Catherine, let me fix something real quick.”

“–*Mmf*– O... kay”

Ruby pulled a tiny seam ripper from an unseen pocket in her dress, and very carefully approached the sausage casing-like middle of her blonde friend. Catherine continued tearing off massive bites of pretzel, dipping them in the

best mustard she'd ever tasted, when from behind her she heard a sudden ***SHRIP***.

"Oh no! *-ulp-*" Catherine said through a mouthful of pretzel. "What was that?"

"No worries Cath, I planned ahead." The tiny brunette brandished her sewing tool for the other two girls, making it disappear again into the folds of her dress.

Catherine twisted and looked down at her dress, mostly just seeing two prodigious mounds of breast flesh staring back.

"Well, whatever you did, this thing just got a lot less tight. *-CHOMP-* I've got room to grow now!"

This scene repeated itself about an hour later, and Ruby was starting to worry that she'd underestimated Catherine's appetite, even with all her careful planning.

"Oh look!" Julie exclaimed, "a beer drinking contest! You should enter, Cath!"

Catherine's eyes brightened and she smiled through a mouthful of spätzle.

"Hey Rubes, can you do your little magic trick again?"

"It's not a magic... ugh, yeah, hold on."

The drinking contests were divided between men and women, which was fortunate because most of the women drinkers in the area were more wine or sugary cocktail fans. Catherine's stomach capacity, greatly expanded by hours and hours of testing Julie's cooking, gave her a clear advantage. Assuming you didn't count the 10 pounds of festival food she'd already crammed in there.

The contest had volunteers with pitchers to fill pint glasses for the contestants as they chugged them down, and other volunteers kept score. Ruby was watching all the contestants and cheering Catherine on. Julie had eyes only for Catherine, and every time her blonde friend's glass got filled she tipped it back, throat pulsing as she gulped down the liquid carbs.

Drops of golden beer started to drip and run down Catherine's chin, splattered onto the crests of her enormous bosom, gradually forming rivulets that collected in the vast valley of her cleavage. Catherine's breasts were so large, and her bodice so tight, that the leftover beer started to pool in her cleavage instead of running down her body.

One by one the other women tapped out, until it was down to one large middle-aged woman that Ruby was pretty sure had been her bus driver in high school, and of course Catherine.

"Chug, chug, chug!" The onlookers chanted. A few women were cheering for the older woman, but Catherine had gathered a fan club of horny boys watching her bobble and jiggle as she gulped down pint after pint. Julie thought she could almost see her overgrown friend's breasts grow a little bigger with each refilled glass, the white cotton of her top drawing tight and the flesh bulging out of it slightly.

At last the other woman had to tap out, collapsing into a nearby chair. Catherine finished her current pint and slammed the glass down in triumph, turning in a circle to acknowledge the crowd that had cheered her on.

"Uh, Catherine, you've got some... spillage on you." Ruby pointed out.

Catherine craned her neck to gaze down at her bosom, where there was a veritable *puddle* of spilled beer.

"Whoops, I know what to do with this!"

Both sisters and the few onlookers that had not wandered away watched, stunned, as Catherine grabbed up the empty pint glass, pressed it to her chest near the top of her blouse, then bent forward. Incredibly, the excess beer ran down cleavage valley and into the waiting glass, filling it just over halfway.

Catherine of course chugged that as well, to the cheers of the crowd. Somewhere a stitch popped and Julie was certain that those breasts were bigger than they had been when they got here.

A middle aged man with a beard came over and presented Catherine with her prize, 300 “Deutsche Marks,” the festival currency she could spend at any stall. The Marks were worth \$1 each if you bought them at the vendors, so all three girls were pretty excited at this outcome.

“I can’t believe I –hic– won!” Catherine squealed giddily, clutching yet another pretzel in both hands. Julie had bought for her right away to celebrate. The buxom blonde was swaying as she walked, now well beyond tipsy.

“Maybe go easy on the snacks from here on out,” Ruby warned. “I don’t have any more ‘magic tricks’ and there’s not room for much more ‘festival’ in this bodice.”

Ruby poked the bodice in question, and while the action caused the taller girl to step away, sending her bosom quivering, her full stomach was so tight in the dress that it barely moved.

“It’ll be fine Ruby, don’t worry so much!” Julie had a huge grin on her face, soaking in the fun of the day, and glancing sideways every so often to observe her friend’s growing form.

“She needs some food to soak up all that beer, anyway.”

The trio came upon a stall making waffle cookies.

“Ooo, stroopwafels!” Julie exclaimed.

“Stroo... what?” Catherine asked, licking the last salt from the pretzel off her fingers.

Julie saw the thin waffles, made into cookies with rich dark chocolate filling, were 2DM each or 2 for 3. Without hesitation she bought two, handing one to Catherine and breaking the other in half for herself and her sister. They were only slightly smaller than a Belgian waffle, and about half the thickness, with the layers and the filling.

“Oh wow,” Ruby said, “these are really good.”

Catherine had gulped down her extra large cookie before the sisters had finished their halves.

“Girls, I think I found what to spend my –hic– prize money on.”

The bloated blonde slipped a hand into her glorious cleavage, pulling out the six 50DM bills she’d stashed there.

“Catherine are you serious,” Ruby asked, “you’re going to spend it all here? 300 Marks is like–”

“I’ll take 200 stroopwafels, please!”

Ruby gulped nervously. Julie grinned like a cat. A lace tore from its hole in Catherine’s dirndl, and somewhere in the vast expanse of fabric containing her breasts, a few more seams audibly popped.