

OktoberBreast

PART I.

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The sounds of Oktoberfest rang through the giant sitting area they called a tent, though it might as well have been a cathedral to the gods of beer. Everywhere one looked there were swaying arms and half-filled mugs of amber frothy liquid. One could hear the songs and chants, and smell the beer floating through the air and up to the rafters. All the patrons of this year's "Wies'n", as the locals of Munich called the festival, were gleefully swaying at varying levels of drunk. Some were tipsy, some were red in the cheeks and slurring, and some, like a particular

American party nearby, were just plain "Shiza Faced." They were singing "whatever will be will be" with the crowd, dressed in lederhosen and their green Alpine hats, and quite comfortable with how drunk they could be and not even stand out. Well until one of them, Henry, decided to get up on the table to sing. "Que shhera, sera, whatever will be will beeee," he droned on, his friends David and Eric grabbing his legs to steady him.

"Sir!" A barmaid called up to him. "You needz to get down. Okay?" Henry wobbled this way and that. All she managed to do was draw his eyes down into the quite generous set of cleavage puffing out the top of her Dirndl. "Sir, You need to get offt zee table, please. Get down and be safe, ja?"

Henry waved her off as he wobbled onto the bench and then onto the drinking tent floor, stumbling out of his friends' grasp and into the cautious arms of the barmaid. He could only giggle as he watched the collision gently squash her breasts upwards. "Sorry my dear frauline, may I buy you a drink and make it up to you?"

She gently but firmly grabbed his hands that had cupped her waist and lowered them. "Ah, no drinking on duty I'm afraid." She spoke as loudly as she could to be heard over the crowd, attempting to back away even as he stepped forward to close the gap.

"How about after your shift, I help youzz unwind my sweet bavarian pretzel." He hiccuped to punctuate his offer, the heavy scent of hops on his breath.

"You misunderstand me sir!" She put a hand on his chest to back him up. "You zee, I have my apron tied on zee right."

"I don't know what that means but you can ask my pals, I'm a hell of a tipper!" Henry pulled some bills from his wallet and stuffed them between her tits.

The woman squinted at the drunk American, slowly pulling the cash out from her tits. "Let me give you a tip, ja? If mine apron is tied on zee left side, vich is isn't, it means single ready to mingle. If it's on zee right, it means not yours to fondle. Got it?!" She smacked the cash into his chest and turned to leave. Henry, in his drunken state of stupidity, couldn't take a hint; he reached out and gave her firm ass a smack. The barmaid turned, eyes burning in shock and rage. She couldn't get the words out she was so angry. She just turned and stomped away.

"Auf Wiedersehen!" He called goodbye, but his friends were quick to try and get him under control and out of the tent.

"What are you thinking, Henry?" David shouted into his ear. "She'll call security!"

"Nah they'll never call, it would end their tips," he giggled like a middle school boy. He felt on top of the world and all of said world was his to taste and to hold.

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Henry had never been much of a ladies man, unlike his friends David and Eric, who seemed to have girls to bang at their disposal whether they were gentlemen or ass hats. Henry was more the gawkish friend, with messy blond hair, a cleft chin, and lanky limbs that never settled after puberty. He blamed his luck with the ladies on his looks, internally at least; on the outside, he was always playing the stud to lust after. It never occurred to him that a “god’s gift to women” flavored arrogance may be what was actually keeping them away. The only times Henry did get lucky were when he and a girl were both over-the-top sloshed, so he could not figure for the life of him how they were almost done with the festival and he hadn’t gotten laid once. They had waited in lines the whole first half of the “Wies’n” or whatever they called it, cold and wet in the rain, and though things had improved towards the end, with their reservations there was no amount of being stuffed with beer, pretzels, and sausage that would make up for his sausage not being stuffed into someone else. He was drunk, angsty and horny as hell. “I wish they would hurry the hell up so I could get my groove on.” He grunted looking the direction his friends had gone, to what was affectionately known as pukers hill. That was not the eruption he was feeling, he snickered as he grasped his swollen member in his lederhosen shorts. Right on time, some girls walked by in their flouncy dirndls, knee-length skirts, and low cut tops perfect for the pushed-up tits. Henry eased himself up off the bench and started to follow like a tiger on the hunt when a short smiling blonde woman stepped in his path.

“I don’t zink you vant to follow zem that vay,” she giggled. It was the barmaid from before, and she looked decidedly more pleased to see him. “That’s the ‘Oide Wies’n” zat vay, family-friendly, not your style.”

“Oh, came lookin’ for me, did ya? No one can resist the Henry.” He strutted towards her with a dumb smile on his face.

“Zee Henry, eh? So... royal.” She snickered. “And maybe I feel bad about treating a customer so poorly. I didn’t see how special of a...’Henry’? yus, a Henry you are.”

“Oh I’ll show you how sshpecial I am.” He reached for her ass and leaned in for a kiss.

“Ah ah ah!” She stopped him and raised a frothy mug seemingly out of nowhere. “A special man must have a special drink!”

Henry grabbed it from her. “Special huh? So I drink this and then we bone?”

“I see vat kinda man you are, how you act vith the girls, vat you sink is owed you, ja? Vell zat

drink is everything you ever dreamed of and wanted out of your Oktoberfest.”

“So you’re sayin’... in this mug is all the pussy and tits I can get?” He leaned in closely, his beer drenched breath huffing in her face. Her smile almost faded into a grimace.

“If you drink zat beer, you vill have more of those than you ever thought possible. And there vill be few who could resist you. But be varned if-” She didn’t even finish before the dummy was draining his mug. “Wow, really vent for it didn’t you?” He threw the mug on the ground where it shattered on the pavement. “Eep! Vat zee hell was that?”

He took a deep breath and tried to grab her again. “What’s your name, sweetheart? Henry is about to add you to his trophy wall.”

“Mine name iz Frejya, and I’m not the one who’s a trophy. Zat is your fantasy, not mine.” She giggled, backing away.

“What are you talking about? You think being a tease is funny, you little slut? I’ll have you know-” Henry’s stomach burred and tossed. The cold beer he had just added to his gut full of Bavarian treats was tossing and turning inside of him. “What did you put in my beer?” he whimpered, rubbing his abs. “Did you spike my drink?” He clenched his fist. This was the last thing Henry needed, you be drugged in some foreign country with his friends off puking.

“No, no spiking, just a very old brew recipe... mine little bitch.” She giggled and twirled her hair braid.

Henry’s whole body felt nauseous and dizzy, sweat building on his brow. “Listen, I’m sorry I grabbed your ass.” He tugged on his green lederhosen that felt so tight and uncomfortable. “And I’m sorry I put something in your tits, okay? Is there an antidote for whatever you are doing to meeEE-” He squeaked as his outfit got way too small, squeezing his thighs and ass and waist - everything was so damn tight!

“Oh dear, vat you are experiencing isn’t a chemical reaction, vell... not solely.” As if on cue, the fabric around his legs exploded outward, making him screech. But it wasn’t shreds or tatters, it was a big floofy skirt. Well, a short one, with rufflely stuff packed underneath it, and somehow a tight bodice had formed around his middle and ribs. He couldn’t breathe, the outfit was so tight. “W-what.. am I.. hallucination--ing?” he wheezed. The Dirndl-wearing man clawed his front and behind him, trying to get it off, only to realize his shirt was falling off his shoulders. It wasn’t a button-up anymore. It was soft and billowy. His whole outfit was changing, small and tight and... oh no, his boxers. Henry furiously tried to reach around his skirt, panicking as his underwear bunched and tightened, crushing his balls and riding up his ass crack. “W-what!? What is this!? Woah!” He staggered; it took him a minute in his fear and drunkenness to stick his foot out past his skirt and see it was a heel. He was wearing heels! And his socks were stretched out passed his knees like stockings. He swayed with both hands out for balance, brain in full panic mode.

“Are you trying to make a fool of me?!”

“No no, little von. You did zat yourself!” She booped his nose with her index finger. He couldn’t shake that it felt weird and tingly. “But vat you are about to turn into because of your attitude and unquenchable “thirst,” vell... it will be a “Wies’n” to remember.”

“What are you talking about, you crazy bitch? I... oh... oh... what’s this feeling?” He blushed as his stomach, full of beer and park fare went from bloated and sloshy to warm. Extremely warm and... pleasurable. The bubbles below his German festival dress led to a high-pitched moan. “I... I feel weird,” Henry whimpered.

“Vell, I would too, in a Dirndl that off in size, maybe you should fit it better, ja?”

Before he could ask what on earth she could mean, an insane amount of pleasure pushed from his stomach down into his pelvis and tailbone, his joints popping and creaking, releasing tension like a rough back massage one feels might break them. And then they felt looser and more relaxed than ever. The feeling trickled down like warm melted wax into his thighs and knees, dripping and spreading til it pooled in his feet and toes. “I feel so warm and tingly. This is the weirdest drink I’ve ever-” CRUNCH! Henry wobbled and shrieked in surprise. It felt like someone had somehow numbingly crunched his foot bones like celery, shocking and weird yet . They felt half the size, and yet his heeled shoes still fit. *rrrrrrCrick! Crick!* went his leg bones, dragging him down. The drunken man had to throw his hands on his thighs to balance. Even through his skirt he felt a strange movement - enough to cast his embarrassment aside and hike it up. His legs were smooth, hair falling off and floating away, and his leg muscles felt puffy like sponges, getting softer as they pushed against his fingers like rising dough. “My thighs, what’s wrong with my thighs?” He whimpered as they wobbled and puffed up against the knee-high socks he was now wearing. POP! went his lower spine and tailbone, now adding a swift curve that made his ass stick out further, followed by two smaller pops as his hips spread wider. Henry couldn’t see past his skirt of course, but if he could, he would have noticed pound after pound of warm soft flesh collecting on his hips and bulging in his back side. With the skirt flipped up, no one would be able to tell that such a thick bubble booty belonged to a man named Henry. All he knew was the panties he had been gifted were getting extremely tight on his family jewels as his ass gobbled the material up from behind. “Ow! OW!” He clawed at the underwear while he stomped his tiny feminine feet, his upper body clicking and popping and he struggled. Henry’s dick and testicles filled with pressure - and a mix of pain and pleasure - as they were crushed and then, *SHHHLRP!* “Eek!” What had just happened? There was a burst of pleasure and then all the pressure in his underwear was gone, his panties laying awkwardly flat. His hands were erratic now, trying to get a better view of this madness. If only his chest wasn’t getting in the way. Wait, chest? His tiny girlish fingers cupped and squeezed the burgeoning breasts throbbing and swelling on his chest. Hard nipples pushed through his soft blouse against his palms, shooting pleasure deep into his core, then down his spine, and settling right behind his panties. “Tits! Why am I growing tits!?” He squeezed again, a little less roughly, the pleasure no less surprising. They were hot and tingly and itchy as his skin stretched to accommodate the tissue

and fat expanding beneath the surface. These weren't moobs either. He had proper C cups, and were still growing. The man's eyes darted from his deepening cleavage in his top to the waitress and back again. "Stop this, stop my changes, please!" he whimpered, as another gurgling surge caused his mammaries to overflow his hands. His view of her was suddenly cut off; the itching of his scalp was quickly followed by blonde hair falling into his line of sight. He let go of his full and firm tits; they gave a heavy solid *smack!* as they landed on his ribs. Henry grabbed and tugged at the hair violently. It hurt of course, this was his hair. "Okay, you had your fun, how long till this hallucination is over?"

"Hallucination? Vat ever do you mean?" Frejya linked arms with his tiny muscleless appendage and led him over to a full length mirror. Each step made his widened hips now swish and sway, the warm fat of his thighs and ass clapping lightly in the cool night air. His breasts, while firm, jiggled and bounced like jello with each clop of his heels, and the only thing more odd than all the new sensations, was how easily his body seemed to adapt to it. In the mirror, from the neck down Henry was a vision of straight male lust. His shoulders and arms were tiny while his breasts had settled into a size he couldn't even guess the bra size for. If he had owned a bra for them - which would be nice, given all their movement and the material dragging against his nipples - his entire head would fit in one cup. All that was left of him was his face, framed by two curtains of blonde hair. He looked so... mismatched. Except for his nose. His nose looked smaller than normal, and his lips looked a little fuller. Actually, a lot fuller. They were still changing. His entire face was. Small gushes and pops and swells, and within a minute there was no *him* left in the mirror at all. "Who is that?! Who am I?" His high pitched voice wailed as he pointed and shook his hands in an anxious fit.

"You are who you have always been, Heidi!" she smirked from behind him, now almost a half a head taller than he was.

"What? What do you mean by-"

"Who everyone sees you as... an over the top man-designed female figure of beauty. Anything but some rude, macho handsy drunk wanting to stick his dick in anything zat moves."

"You can't-" But Frejja put a well manicured finger on his plump ruby lip.

"And unless zat is vat you want to be from now on, you will be a good beermaiden and work your shifts for zee next three days." He started to open his mouth, but she spoke even louder and firmer. "Which if you do, surviving the festival in a body from your own mind, you can find me at zee closing ceremonies and you can go back to being whatever his name is from wherever you're from."

"But, but - you made me into a real woman!" He gestured to his form in the mirror, unable to cover much with his hands as his tits were just so large and extended out so far from his body.

“HA! A real woman? You may have working lady bits but trust me, no woman I know is as sensitive.” She used her index fingers to push in on the sides of his tits, causing his jaw to drop open and let out a breathy moan. “Or as constantly horny,” she sneered, watching his blue eyes roll backwards under his heavily lashed eyelids. “As the form came right out of your head, and I have to say... even for a beer festival...” - she looked him up and down with a sigh - “you are exceptionally thirsty. Now, I must finish my shift and you must start yours, ja? Good luck!” She giggled and turned to leave him.

“I’m not going to do it... just turn me back, you bitch!”

She stopped, turned on her heel and charged at him, backing him to a wall until she was inches from his face, both of their chests mashed together in a way that made him blush and squeal. “Did you not hear me... if you ever want to be your old self again, walk in zee shoes of those you have made miserable. Your first order is ready, I suggest... you don’t miss it.” Frejya hissed through her teeth, glaring into his eyes as the pleasure from his squashed chest melons grew to leg quivering levels, and all he could do was shake his head yes. “Good... and for calling me a bitch, you get an extra surprise right out of zat kinky trough of a brain of yours.” She turned again, and before he could calm his flushed and sweaty body down, she was gone.

Henry wobbled over to the mugs of beer waiting for him, not because the three inch heels were tricky - his new body was more than programmed to move properly - but because his sensitive flesh was still throbbing in response to its contact with Frejya, still making him warm and flustered and still feeling slightly... unfinished. Every step towards the mugs had his body swaying and his curves a full beat behind that with their bounce. Shiza, his was going to be a long three days if he couldn’t find a way out of it. A very awkward, intense, and confusing three days.