

# SEVENTH DAUGHTER

## A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion

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### **Seventh Daughter**

Gwen staggered into her bedroom, undid the button on her loose khakis, letting them down her legs onto the floor. She pulled off her graphic tee and tossed it on the desk chair. Slipping on some boy shorts and a larger tee, she crawled into bed. Dreading the headache she'd have in the morning, Gwen nevertheless smiled to herself as she curled up under her duvet. She was officially nineteen now, and she'd beaten the curse.

Gwen came from a big family. And Gwen's mother Gloria came from a big family. She did not have all aunts, nor did she have all sisters, but every woman in Gwen's family was busty. Gwen's mother floated between an F and a G-cup her entire childhood, settling into G permanently around the time Gwen finished high school. Her aunts Amelia, Chelsea, and Doris were all between E and G cup themselves, and aunt Frida was always bragging about her H-cups.

In her own family, Gwen's older sisters Beverly and Clarissa hit G-cups before they were out of college. Evelyn, who just started her master's, wore a lot of Frida's bras ordered online when the bands proved too small for their youngest aunt.

For her part, Gwen managed to get through high school and her entire freshman year of college with nice cute C-cups. Being the shortest woman in her family, Gwen said a silent prayer of thanks to the universe every time she went shopping and could still buy bras off the rack.

The alcohol was really kicking in now, and Gwen drifted off to sleep as the room slowly spun. Hugging her slim torso, the blonde smiled to herself in the dark. The 'family curse' wasn't going to get her, no ma'am.

*Seventh daughter of a seventh daughter my ass...*

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Samara was jolted awake by the sound of her roommate's scream. She stumbled out of bed to cross the common area to the second bedroom

"Gwen!? What's wrong?"

Samara stopped short when she saw the little blonde squeezing her own breasts. She and Gwen had come out to each other a little over a month ago, but they were taking their budding relationship slow.

"It got me Sam, the fucking curse got me!" Gwen wailed, kneading her breasts. The small lumps were definitely bigger than the handfuls Gwen caught Samara eyeing when she thought the blonde wasn't looking.

“What, really?”

Gwen glared at her “we don’t need to put a label on it” roommate through watery eyes.

“You don’t have to sound so excited! You know how I feel about these!”

In a flash Samara was seated on the bed beside her friend. She put an arm around Gwen’s narrow shoulders, squeezing her arm with her olive-skinned fingers. She pulled Gwen’s head under her chin and ran her free hand over her blonde bob.

“Shh, I’m sorry Gwen. It’ll be okay...”

The pair sat in silence for several long minutes while Gwen processed her frustration internally.

“–*Sigh*– It’s whatever. I’ve been dreading this day for so long that having it finally happen is kind of a relief.”

Gwen sat back from Samara’s chest and wiped the unspilled tears from her eyes.

“Do you want to go shopping after class? Or would you rather wait and see how... big they get?”

Gwen grinned up at her dark-haired roommate.

“Keep it in your pants you perv.”

Samara’s jaw dropped and she started to protest. “I–“

“Save it.” Gwen interrupted. “Don’t think I didn’t notice you eyeing my family photos and regretting having the smallest sister for a roommate.”

Samara’s hand drifted up to rest on Gwen’s trim waist, making the blond stiffen slightly.

“I regret nothing, curse or no curse.”

Gwen’s green eyes stared into Samara’s deep brown ones.

“Good thing too, because they’re all straight as arrows.”

“Can I... feel them?”

They’d done nothing more than light cuddling and a few closed mouth kisses up to this point, so this was a big step forward in physical intimacy. Samara had fooled around with a couple girls before college but Gwen only discovered her ‘preference’ last year.

“Right now? You don’t want to wait for the right mood or something?” Gwen’s eyes fell and her cheeks flushed pink.

“I’m not trying to get frisky or anything, I just want to see what they feel like. Plus I want a before and after for comparison...”

Gwen clicked her tongue, “*-tsk-* such a perv... go on then.”

Samara’s olive fingers squeezed and kneaded Gwen’s tender flesh for several minutes, pressing her breasts together, letting them drop, hefting one in each hand. They felt just a touch bigger than Samara’s last fling, who was a D-cup.

Gwen’s face was bright pink now. “W-well?”

“They’re really great Gwen, just perfect...”

“*-psh-* Perfect, sure. They’re already too big for my frame and they’re probably going to get a lot bigger...”

Samara’s hands slid around to Gwen’s back and she pulled the blonde into a hug so she could whisper in her ear. “Then they’ll be even perfect-er.”

Gwen snorted and the pair collapsed into a fit of giggles.

“Get off me you weirdo. I have class in twenty minutes.”

The blonde stood and started pulling clothes from her dresser, assembling her outfit for the day.

“You want to go shopping later, then?” Samara asked, standing to go.

“Nah, I have a bra that was a little too big I can use for now, and mom annoyingly sent some of my sisters’ old hand-me-downs ‘just in case.’ No point blowing money on bras I might grow out of.”

Gwen sighed again. “Maybe I’ll get lucky and they’ll stop at like E or F. It’d be nice to not have to custom order shit like Evvie or aunt Frida do...”

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Of course, Gwen’s breasts didn’t stop at E or F. By the end of the week she was wearing one of Clarissa’s old F-cups that had fit Evelyn for almost six months. She and Samara were getting a lot more physical, and when they set up for Friday night movies, the tall girl gestured for Gwen to sit in her lap.

“Really?” The 4’11 blonde said nonplussed, holding two bags of microwave popcorn.

“Come on, pleeease? I’ve wanted to try this practically since we met.”

Gwen rolled her eyes but turned and backed toward her seated girlfriend, stiffening slightly when she felt Samara’s long fingers on her hips guiding her downward. The olive-skinned girl rested her chin on the top of Gwen’s head.

“See, you fit perfectly!”

“Whatever, just let me know when your legs get numb and you’re ready for me to move.”

Samara popped a few kernels of corn into her mouth. “Kay!”

She never asked Gwen to move though. Instead, she rested her hands on Gwen's thighs when she wasn't grabbing more popcorn, and about halfway through the movie they drifted slowly toward her waist. The blonde squirmed a little, but said nothing, so Samara brought one hand and then the other up to cup one of Gwen's grapefruit-sized breasts.

"Hey!" Gwen squeaked.

"You want me to stop?" Samara whispered.

"It's fine I guess..." Gwen muttered.

Both girls found it difficult to focus on the movie as Samara's fingers caressed and fondled Gwen's breasts. Most of Gwen's otherwise diminutive frame was pressed against the tall girl, so she could feel her partner's body heat rising.

*"-Hmmm- Sam, I..."*

Samara leaned down to bite softly on Gwen's ear.

"You what?"

Gwen pressed her ass into Samara's lap wordlessly. She was breathing hard. Samara kissed her ear, then her cheekbone. The blonde turned her head and leaned to one side so their lips could meet. One of Samara's hands left Gwen's breast to slide down her flat tummy to her pelvis. Gwen moaned and her hips rose slightly to press into Samara's hand. Samara slid her fingers under the Gwen's waistband. Gwen's small hands grabbed Samara's and guided it downward.

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Gwen's mother sent a whole box of old bras in various sizes, the largest being a few of the less fashionable castoffs from Evelyn and Frida. By the end of her second month as a nineteen-year-old, Gwen was wearing an ugly purple bra that even Evelyn wouldn't wear.

“Did I mention,” Gwen said, twirling spaghetti onto her fork, “that this is the biggest bra mom sent?”

She and Samara were having ‘date night’ in their dorm, complete with candles and pasta with canned sauce. The blonde smirked at the way her girlfriend couldn’t stop stealing glances at her abundance of pale cleavage on display. She wore a black tank top, and both the straps and cups of the purple undergarment were peeking out.

Samara coughed. “O–oh, really?”

“Mmhmm. It’s the last one of Evelyn’s, though the band is a little loose..”

“How, um... I mean, what’s the um...”

“What size is it?” Gwen whispered loudly.

“Erm, yeah.”

“You’re too easy, you know that?” Gwen grinned.

Samara covered her blush with a sip of white wine.

“Well,” Gwen began, “this one’s a 30–I... Though like I said the band is a little loose.”

“–*ulp*– I see...”

“And as you can probably tell, the cups are already kinda snug.”

“*Mmm, mmhmm?*”

“It makes sense I guess,” Gwen said, feigning nonchalance, “most of my aunts and sisters didn’t stop growing until they were twenty or twenty–one...”

Samara was up out of her chair, and Gwen had just enough time to stand herself before her girlfriend’s tongue was in her mouth.

“Say it, please.” Samara pleaded in a whisper.

Gwen pressed herself into Samara, making her pale melons bulge against the tall girl’s chest, seeming to grow before her eyes.

“Say what? Say I’m bigger than all my aunts and sisters?”

Samara kissed her again.

“Or maybe say... I’m probably gonna keep growing?”

Samara bent her knees and grabbed Gwen’s tiny ass. The top-heavy blonde jumped into her arms, wrapping her legs around Samara’s waist.

“Say I’m gonna need to buy custom-made bras from now on?”

Samara carried Gwen to her bedroom, making out as they went.

“What about *-haa-* that it’ll be months before they stop?”

Samara flung the door open and the pair almost toppled over.

“They’ve only been growing a few months you know... this could go on for over a yeaaaaa...”

Samara dropped Gwen onto the bed, and started pulling off her clothes between kisses.

“The women in my family *-mwah, mwah-* are all cursed...”

Gwen finished undressing while Samara stripped in a rush.

“But seventh daughters are doubly cursed...”

Samara pushed Gwen onto her back and crawled onto the bed, burying her face in pale breast flesh.



“And the seventh *-ahh-* daughter, of a sev-*ahn-*nth daughter...”

Gwen lost the ability to form words as Samara’s tongue slid into her pussy. She pressed both hands against her girlfriend’s head as Samara’s long fingers teased and tugged at her pink nipples. She could barely see Sam’s dark hair above the bloated mounds of her fat breasts.

As her girlfriend brought her to climax a second time, Gwen cried out in pleasure. Maybe she’d been wrong. Maybe the family curse was more of a blessing after all...