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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 2/10

Part II

Alana took to her life on the family farm quickly, at least for the first few weeks. As she neared the end of her first month up country, Alana's back and shoulders started to bother her more and more. As she'd feared—and Cindy predicted—Alana was ordered to bed rest until her body adjusted to her growing bosom.

Struggling to keep her borrowed laptop balanced on her lap while still being able to both see the screen and type around her bloated breasts, Alana sighed. Just as she was starting to get used to her new life, her traitorous tits decided they were going to keep getting bigger and bigger.

She had to sleep on her side. She struggled to breathe, lying on her back, and there was always a chance they would flop upward and smother her. Sleeping on her stomach was no good either; her back started to ache after a few minutes, and the tingling sensation of the skin stretching to hold all that mammary mass kept her from falling asleep anyway. So, she slept on her side. Eventually, her hip would start to ache, and she'd have to roll over, an ordeal that meant using both arms to lift the bulk of her swollen breasts off the bed, letting their weight carry the rest of her body onto her other side.

Cindy went back to bringing her breakfast in bed, along with lunch and dinner. The only time she got to leave the damn bed was to use the restroom or take a bath. Alana decided the best way to keep from going mad with boredom was to try and make sense of the farm's business. Most days, Annie would set up her workspace in the bedroom for a few hours so she could help Alana with any questions she might have. But for the moment, she was alone. Alana stretched both arms above her head, rolling her shoulders to try and release some of the tension. Sitting up was a little more comfortable than laying on her side all day, but the weight of her breasts left a slow, dull ache in Alana's shoulders and upper back. As she moved, Alana felt another familiar, if unwelcome, sensation. Her breasts itched.

It wasn't exactly an itch. Her skin was so tight that it tingled whenever she moved—or touched them. Or a stiff breeze came through the open window. She was wearing another hand-me-down, a large tank top that mostly covered her, but there was just enough bare skin exposed that Alana could see the gooseflesh pop up all across her pale cleavage. She laid both hands on her P-cup breasts, softly stroking their surfaces. The skin was firm to the touch, much

harder than breasts should be. Cindy promised her that this was normal and temporary. The huge glands on her chest were growing so fast that her skin couldn't keep up. It was part of why Alana was confined to her bed. She ventured a light squeeze, pressing her fingers into them. Her back arched involuntarily, and the tingling in her overgrown breasts spread deep inside Alana's body, centering between her legs.

Maybe having gigantic boobs wasn't *all* bad...

Alana had run out of office work to do for the day, so she was lying back on her pillows, using two more to prop up her breasts and give her shoulders a break. The farmhouse was well-stocked with books, but Alana had never been much of a reader. Her mind kept wandering, and she'd read the same passage at least three times when a knock came at her door.

Alana marked her place with an old bookmark and set the book on the nightstand. "Come in!"

A blonde head peeked around the door, followed by a woman who looked about Alana's age. She was a little shorter, with blonde ringlet curls brushing her shoulders. She was utterly flat-chested. Alana gawked, then looked a little closer. The girl had A-cups, maybe, but no more.

"Hi, are you Alana?" She asked.

"Yep, that's me." Alana pushed both hands against the mattress, beginning the arduous process of getting out of bed.

"No, no, don't get up!" The skinny girl pranced over to stand beside the bed, putting out a hand for Alana to shake.

"I'm Britney. Cindy told me you were stuck in bed, and I should let you rest, but I thought you might like some company."

"Hey Britney, nice to meet you. I'm guessing we're cousins?"

Britney must have seen Alana glance at her chest because she laughed, patting at her tee shirt where the tiny lumps of flesh didn't even fill her palms.

"I don't look it, do I? Yeah, my dad is Cindy's cousin, which I think makes us... second cousins? Third?"

"I can never keep it straight," Alana said, leaning back into the pillows.

"Ha ha! Me neither. Well, anyway, I took after my mom's side, obviously. But I love coming up here. If I don't get to have boobs of my own, I can at least hang out at the farm and get to see the big ones you all have."

Alana crossed her arms over her bosom—an exercise in futility. Britney caught her uncomfortable expression and laughed again.

“Sorry, I know I’m kinda weird. I probably should have led with that.”

After that bit of awkwardness, the two young women hit it off. Britney would hang out in Alana’s room whenever she wasn’t working or sleeping, and they’d chat about movies, boys, life on the farm, and whatever else came to mind. Britney was almost twenty but had the summer off from college, so she planned on spending it all at the farm. Alana asked loads of questions about college and was surprised Britney would choose to spend her summer on the farm instead of doing something more fun. The more she got to know the flat-chested blonde, the more she understood it. Britney was obsessed with boobs the way she’d been before she finally started developing, only more so.

It didn’t take long before Alana felt comfortable enough with Britney to let the older girl help her change. She was initially reluctant, but the process was such an ordeal with her over-sensitive skin that she gave in after Britney insisted, “We’re both girls, after all.”

Britney helped pull the oversized tee shirt over Alana’s head, tossing it on a nearby chair. She had a look of awe as her eyes roamed over Alana’s swollen glands. The cool air made the brunette’s dark pink nipples perk up, elongating until they were almost the size of wine corks.

“Did Cindy give you that lotion?” Britney asked.

“Y-yeah... I put it on this morning.”

“You’re supposed to use it twice a day, though, right?” Britney clicked her tongue. “Where is it?”

Alana pointed to the nightstand, which had a single drawer. Britney bent to open it, finding the large jar and unscrewing the top.

“What...?”

Britney scooped a large dollop of the white cream, spreading it between both palms. “Shhh, I’ve done this loads of times. You’ll enjoy it more than I will, I promise.”

Britney stepped in front of Alana and gently laid her hands on the sides of her tight, swollen breasts. Alana inhaled through her teeth as the cool cream touched her skin. Britney moved her hands in slow circles and long stripes, spreading the cream over every inch of Alana’s growing orbs. As the lotion seeped into her skin, the chill Alana felt turned into a glowing warmth as Britney’s hands roamed all over her.

“You’re very lucky, you know that?” The blonde whispered.

“So everyone keeps telling me.”

“I mean it. Not every woman in our family who grows huge boobs is as pretty as you.”

Alana felt her face grow warmer than her chest. “T-thanks...”

“And these are particularly lovely,” Britney added, hefting Alana’s breasts upward as she spread cream on their undersides. “I’ve seen more than a few grow in uneven or with cockeyed nips...” Her hands drifted back up along the sides, feeling the firmness of Alana’s still-growing breasts. “But yours are perfect. Symmetrical, smooth... clear-skinned...”

“Um... Britney...”

Britney’s hands reached Alana’s erect nipples, and she gently brushed her palms over them. “I’ve seen lots of women with huge breasts. And yours are shaping up to be pretty impressive, even for our family.”

Alana whimpered. “Don’t... don’t say that...”

“You should enjoy this time while you can.”

“Huh?”

Britney’s hands roamed back around over the mass of Alana’s glands, and she continued talking directly at them as if not hearing Alana’s replies. “They won’t be full and firm like this forever. I’m sure the aches and pains suck, and they’re super sensitive, I can tell.”

“Mmm... mmhmm...” The heat in her chest and face spread deeper into Alana’s body. Her eyes fluttered closed, and she found herself getting lost in the sensation of being touched.

Britney’s hands slid back to Alana’s front, and her thumbs gently pressed into her nipples. Alana barely heard the surprisingly cute moan that came from her mouth. She saw stars in her closed eyes. Suddenly something warm and moist touched her lips.

Alana’s eyes shot open—Britney’s face filled her vision.

“*Mmpf!*”

Britney pulled back from their kiss but stayed very close. Her thin, clothed body pressed against Alana’s bare chest. She mashed the brunette’s tight, swollen orbs between them, making cleavage well up under their chins.

Alana was breathing hard. She felt like she was on fire. “What... what are you doing?”

“I’m sorry...” Britney whispered, not letting go of Alana’s arms. “You’re just so pretty, and I... couldn’t help myself.”

“I... I like boys, Britney...”

Britney flashed a brilliant smile at the brunette. “Oh, I like boys too! I’m sort of... bisexual.”

“But we’re cousins!”

She laughed, dropping her head down to peck a few kisses on Alana's neck, moving upward toward her jaw.

"I'm not *-mwah-* in love with you, sweetie *-mwah-* but we could still *-mwah-* have a little fun... while we're both here. *-mwah-* You know..." She pulled back to meet Alana's eyes, and her gaze said even more than her words. "...practice a little? For when you meet the right guy?"

Maybe it was the boredom. Maybe it was the fresh farm air. Whatever the reason, Alana knew she'd regret saying no more than saying yes.

"I... guess that'd be alright..."

Britney's smile widened, and she kissed Alana again before gently pushing her back and laying her on the bed.

From that point on, Britney helped Alana change every day. Her twice-daily lotion routine went from a necessary chore to a highlight that often led right into rolling around in the sheets. Britney was endlessly fascinated with Alana's breasts and never missed a chance to update Alana on her "progress."

Because she kept growing. Their rapid pace from the start of the summer did eventually taper off, but each new bra upgrade never lasted Alana more than two weeks. Britney grinned like a kid at Christmas every time Alana had to make another visit to Marian's collection, and Alana couldn't help but find the blonde's enthusiasm infectious.

Alana was checking the water temp in the shower when she heard a soft knock on the bathroom door.

"Yeah?"

"Open up, it's me!" Britney whispered.

Alana pulled the towel around herself. The family farm was, of course, stocked with giant beach blankets instead of normal towels. The blonde bounced into the bathroom and immediately started to disrobe.

"What are you doing?" Alana hissed.

"I'm gonna help you wash."

"What!?"

"Come on... it'll be fun! Plus, I'll have a better angle to get your girls nice and clean!"

"Fine... weirdo."

Britney grinned up at Alana as she slid her jeans off her narrow hips.

"Who's your favorite cousin?"

Alana sighed but returned Britney's smile. "You are."

For the rest of the summer, Britney slept in Alana's bed. None of the older family members commented on it.