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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## The Family Farm - 4/10

### Part IV

“Alanaaaaa!”

A tiny blur rushed at Alana, wrapping thin but strong arms around her sides as a blonde head buried itself between her enormous breasts. Small hands groped at both orbs, squeezing and lifting as the flat-chested girl’s face popped out of Alana’s cleavage.

“Hmm... you’re not as big as I expected. Looks like you’re finally done growing, huh?”

“Britney!” Alana hissed, swatting the blonde’s hands away.

The old farmhouse was packed with extended family visiting for the holidays. Although no one ever said anything about Alana and Britney’s ‘closeness,’ such a public display of affection made her uncomfortable.

“Don’t assault your cousin, Britney.”

The new voice came from an older woman—late forties, perhaps early fifties. She was a bit shorter than Britney, and her blonde bob held traces of grey.

“Oh! This is my mom,” Britney said. “Mom, this is Alana.”

“Nice to meet you, Alana. I’m Gail,” She shook Alana’s hand. Gail was not as much of a hugger as her husband’s family, it seemed. “You’re very pretty—if you don’t mind my saying. It looks like you got some of the genes my daughter was hoping to get.”

“Mooom!” Britney grabbed Alana by the elbow. “Don’t mind her. I think she has a little too much fun when she comes to the farm.”

“Like someone else I know?” Alana said, nudging the skinny girl with her hip.

Britney scoffed in mock outrage. “Come on, I bet Barb already has a whole mess of cookies baked up.” She led Alana toward the kitchen, whispering, “I bet we can get you up one more cup size before New Year’s...”

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As Britney predicted, there was an abundance of cookies, bars, Chex mix, and gallons of hot cocoa. Alana worried she wouldn’t have room for dinner, but when the smells of honey-glazed ham and buttery mashed potatoes hit her nose, her appetite returned in full force.

“*Urooogh* I did *not* need that third piece of pie...”

Alana lay supine in her bed while Britney straddled her thighs. The blonde pressed and prodded Alana's drum-tight tummy, occasionally letting her fingers drift up to the brunette's massive breasts as they sat high and round on her chest. If Britney hunched down just a little, she disappeared completely from Alana's sight. One of the times Britney did this, Alana felt her nimble fingers slip under the elastic waistband of her 'fat pants' to gently tease her pubic mound through her panties.

*"Ahn! -urp- Oooooogh..."*

Britney's blonde curls danced as her head popped back into view.

"Did that help?" She grinned wickedly.

"I'm so full, Britney..."

"Okay, okay... sorry." Britney climbed off the busty girl and snuggled up to her side. She rested her head on one of Alana's chest pillows and rubbed her tummy with one hand.

"How are you doing since I left? You decided not to go home for Christmas, obviously."

"Mmhmm."

"Mmm, I'm glad." Britney squeezed Alana in a hug, making the busty girl wince.

"I just wanted to stay here a little longer... till I figure things out."

"Like... what kind of things?"

"Like what I want to do, I guess."

"Hmm..."

"Obviously, I can't go back to being an athlete. Not that that was ever really my plan. But what can I do? Become a stripper?"

Britney's massaging hand slid up to cup a whole armful of Alana's firm breast flesh. "You'd make a fortune..."

"Yeah," Alana scoffed, "and probably catch some weird diseases from touching so many gross dudes."

"Hmm..." Britney went back to rubbing Alana's tummy. "What about OnlyFans?"

"What's that?"

"Oh, sweet summer child..." Britney rolled off Alana to grab her phone from the nightstand. Alana immediately missed the touch of the older girl's hands making her full stomach feel better. Britney tapped and scrolled through some pages, finally finding what she was looking for. "Here."

Alana took the phone to free Britney's hand, moving it back to her aching tummy for more rubs. On the small screen was a blonde with truly gigantic breasts. They rested on her desk and filled more than a third of the screen.

*"I'm sooo excited for you guys to see my next stream! We got a **ton** of cookies and brownies, and I'm gonna try to eat them all. If we get enough donations, my girlfriend might even let me have some of her milk..."*

The blonde winked, and the promotional video changed to a graphic with details of her upcoming stream.

"What the heck..." Alana breathed.

Britney sounded shy for the first time since Alana met her. "I mean... this one's a little weird, obviously. She gains almost all her weight in her tits, so she does a bunch of these eating streams..."

Alana scrolled wordlessly through Tina's OnlyFans page.

Britney added, "Before this, she used to do cosplay stuff."

"What?"

"She and her friend dressed up like characters from video games and anime. In every new set, she got bigger... and bigger..." Britney's hand was drifting toward Alana's pelvis again. Alana moved it firmly back to her tummy.

"You're so weird..."

"I'm just saying," Britney said as she resumed her massage, "you could make money *without* getting touched by gross dudes."

"Yeah... I don't know..."

"Just a thought." Britney shrugged. "I'm here for you, whatever you decide to do."

"Thanks, Brit—Hey!"

Britney sat up. "What?"

Alana zoomed in on Tina's face, "I *know* this girl!"

"You do!? Could you introduce me?"

"Calm down, perv. I don't *know her* know her. She went to one of the schools that competed with mine in sports."

"It's hard to imagine her playing sports..."

"Oh, she was a cheerleader. And she wasn't nearly this big..."

Alana chuckled.

"What's funny?" Britney asked.

"Well... I remember envying her back then. She was probably a C-cup or maybe a D. It's weird; I used to think that was big..." Alana laid a hand on one of her own W-cup breasts.

Britney laughed. “Well, *I* sure wouldn’t mind having C’s or D’s, but I can see how they’d seem small to you, you... titty monster.”

Britney climbed back on top of Alana, squeezing and hefting the huge orbs as her hands drifted toward Alana’s stiffening nipples. “Are you feeling better? Up for some... ‘practice?’”

“That girl’s video got you all worked up, huh?”

“Egirl boobs got nothing on your real-life ones, girl.” Britney let her body drop onto Alana’s, mashing the brunette’s bosom between them.

“Ha! Dork.” Alana pulled Britney’s face down to hers for a kiss.

“I think I still prefer guys, but... *I have* missed our... ‘practicing.’”

Britney made another wicked grin, jumping off Alana and out of bed.

“Wuh–what?”

“Just wait...” Britney said, crossing the room to her suitcase. Digging deep in the bag, the blonde popped back up, holding a large rubbery cylinder. It was bright pink.

“W...what’s that for?”

“You’re gonna love it,” Britney smirked.

Alana *did* love it. After going several rounds, the pair spooned in Alana’s bed. With Britney hugged to her torso, blonde head nestled between the twin pillows of her breasts, Alana drifted off to sleep, thinking about the blonde in the video and her girlfriend’s milk...

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“Alana! Wake up!”

A hand shook Alana awake. She opened her eyes to see the sky outside her window, still dark and full of stars.

“Come on, wake up!”

“Britney... it’s still dark. Why did you wake me up?”

“What are you talking about? We have to milk the cows before five! Come on!”

Britney pulled on Alana’s arm, dragging her out from under the covers. Standing, Alana found she was already wearing a snug flannel and denim overalls.

“Let’s go! Cindy will have our hides if we’re not out there in five minutes!”

In a sleepy daze, Alana followed the wispy blonde. Between one bleary blink and the other, she was in an unfamiliar barn filled with black and white cows. She didn’t even know the farm *had* cows. Britney sat on a low stool, squeezing the teats of a particularly large cow, streams of milk shooting into the metal bucket below.

“Hey... have you ever tried *fresh* milk?” Britney asked teasingly.

“Um... no?” Alana was so confused. She watched in shock as Britney angled the large teat toward herself, squeezing a thin stream of milk into her mouth.

“It’s super good,” Britney said, licking her lips, “You should try it.”

“Uh... I’m good, thanks.”

“Come on... pleeeeeease?”

Alana looked at the cow. The animal was fat and healthy, with udders that seemed far larger than they should be.

“Why is she so... big?” Alana asked.

“Huh?” Britney seemed confused. “This is Bessie, our prize milker.”

Alana looked at the round pink udders, reaching almost to the barn floor. She wondered how Bessie managed to walk.

“Did you think it was just the humans here at the farm who are... ‘gifted?’” Britney smirked. “Come on, try some of her milk. It’s better than anything you’ve ever tasted, I promise.”

Alana got down on her hands and knees, cautiously approaching the massive udders.

“That’s it... ‘Straight from the tap.’”

Alana put her mouth over the large teat. It felt like sucking on a hot dog, but the milk was warm and sweet. Soon, she was guzzling it down eagerly.

Britney crouched down on top of Alana, groping her massive breasts from behind. “That’s it, drink it up, thirsty girl...”

Alana felt a strange warmth in her chest. Her breasts felt full, like her stomach after last night’s dinner. Britney’s hands grabbed her waist, pulling her to one side.

“Flip over; you’ll get a better flow that way.”

Alana complied, rolling onto her back and sliding under the cow so Bessie’s teat hung right into her open mouth. She gulped and suckled, and on either side of the large pink teat, she could see the twin mounds of her own udders swelling larger with each swallow.

Britney sat on Alana’s hips, squeezing and stroking her breasts as the straps of her overalls got tighter.

“That’s it, big girl... drink up...”

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Alana sat up in bed with a gasp. Britney slipped out from between her breasts and rolled off the bed.

“Oww... what the heck?”

Britney stood, rubbing her head. Alana's eyes were wide, and she flinched back from the blonde, arms wrapped around her voluminous breasts.

"Hey... what's wrong? Did you have a bad dream?"

Alana nodded.

Britney crawled slowly back into the bed. Alana sat frozen as she got closer. Britney sat beside her on the bed, pulling Alana's head to her chest. She made soothing sounds as she stroked Alana's hair. Eventually, they laid back down. Alana spent the rest of the night in dreamless slumber.

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The holidays proceeded as normal. Things were a lot more raucous than Alana was used to, with so many people, but she enjoyed it. They watched movies, played games, did multiple puzzles, helped in the kitchen, and ate. Breakfast was 'monkey bread' one morning, French toast the next, egg casserole the day after that... Lunch was more like supper on the farm, with meatloaf, pasta, and a taco bar. One of the aunts made a massive charcuterie spread on Christmas Day. Dinner felt to Alana like a week of Thanksgivings, but with other meats to keep it interesting. And, of course, the snacks between meals were unending. Morning coffee filled with sugar, punch and sangria in the afternoon, cocoa at night. It seemed the only time Alana didn't have a cookie in her hand was during the actual meals.

On New Year's Day, Alana stood in front of a full-length mirror, trying to do up the button on a pair of khakis.

"These pants fit last month..."

Britney lay in bed propped on an elbow, watching.

"I got used to eating so much while *these* were growing..." She hefted her massive breasts. "But now that they're slowing down, I need to start cutting back."

Britney hopped out of bed, stepping up behind the taller girl. She grabbed a handful of plump rump in each hand.

"I don't know... I think you're pretty cute with a little... thiccness."

"Your vote doesn't count, perv."

Britney's hands slid up Alana's flanks to cup her enormous globes. They looked even bigger with the blonde's small hands trying to lift them. "Come on... I'm a pretty good judge of 'the female form.'"

Alana met Britney's eyes in the mirror, grinning. "So I've noticed..."

"Speaking of which, I've been meaning to ask..."

"Hmm?"

“What size are you now?”

“They don’t fit letters anymore, but Marian made me this new one yesterday.”

Britney let out a low whistle. “How long did you wear the size before this?”

“Almost three months.”

Britney poked and hefted Alana’s breasts, a thoughtful expression on her face.

“What?” The taller girl asked.

“They’re just... still really firm, that’s all.”

“Oh... yeah.”

“What?”

“Apparently, I have this weird condition...”

“Oh no?”

“It’s nothing dangerous, but the doctors say I have high duct density... something like that.”

Britney took Alana’s shoulders and spun her so they were facing. “What does that mean?”

Alana told Britney everything she could remember from talking to the family doctor.

“So... your boobs are gonna stay high and firm like they were in the summer?”

“Probably not forever...” Alana said. “But longer than normal, yeah.”

“Well, it sucks you might have trouble nursing, but that sounds like some damn good news to me.”

“I guess so...”

Britney turned Alana back to face the mirror.

“Alana. Look at you. You’re fucking gorgeous.”

“Stahp!”

“I’m serious. You’d be a ten if you had a scrawny body like mine.”

“Hey, that’s not—“

“Shut up. I’m making a point.”

Alana pouted.

“You can do anything. **Be** anything you want. If you ever start thinking you can’t—just call me. I’ll talk some sense into your pretty ass.”

Britney emphasized her point by giving said ass a good slap. Alana jumped with a squeak, glaring at the little blonde.

“Now, come on, let’s have one last breakfast together.” Britney reached around to pat Alana’s softer hips. “You can start dieting after I leave.”