



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

<https://linktr.ee/spartacuswrites>

This is a commissioned story. To commission your own story, check out my [links](#).

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 6/10

Part VI

Alana sat at the desk in her room doing some last-minute studying for final exams. The few items she kept on the desk were pushed to the edges and corners because her breasts took up all the space in the middle. The surface of her desk sat just a few inches above Alana's knees, making the angle of her arms and neck a little more comfortable while using her laptop. Even so, Alana could feel a tension in her shoulders unrelated to the extra reps Riley had pushed her to do yesterday.

"Maybe I should try a standing desk."

Alana felt a little guilty leaving all the business work to Annie for the past two weeks. She hadn't even helped with any of the farm chores! But Cindy and Annie had insisted that she focus on studying for exams now that the semester was almost over.

Rubbing her temple with her fingers, Alana read over the process of calculating a profit and loss statement for the fifth time. She heard her phone vibrate against the desktop, and its screen lit up.

Britney:

Have you seen Tina's latest video?

Alana reached around the swell of her right breast to pick up her phone.

Alana:

You're obsessed

No

Britney:



Anyway you should check it out

Here I'll send you a link

Alana opened the link on her laptop. Waiting for the file to download, she shifted in her chair; her butt was going numb from sitting for so long. She really needed to get through this material and go to bed, but she knew Britney would keep bugging her about this video until she watched it.

She clicked on the file, and the video popped up with a loud title animation. Quickly, she mashed the volume down button on her laptop. In the video, Tina and her friend Casey were doing a measuring session.

Alana:
I'm watching
What exactly am I looking at?

Britney:
See how big she is!?

Alana:
Ok...
You know I already knew she was bigger than me
Is that all you wanted? I need to study

Britney:
No! ugh

Alana waited as the dots flashed on her phone screen. Finally, Britney sent a photo. It was a screenshot from another measuring video. In the picture, Tina's breasts hung down to her knees. Alana glanced at the video on her laptop again. Tina was lifting her breasts with both arms so Casey could wrap the tape around them. Alana scrubbed the video back, and when Tina wasn't supporting them, her breasts fell only to her upper thighs. She compared the paused video with Britney's screenshot. Both showed Tina in profile, and despite not reaching as far down as before, her breasts stuck out further forward. It was hard to tell for sure, but Alana didn't think the blonde egirl had shrunk since whatever video Britney had screenshotted.

Before she could think of a reply, Britney sent another message.

Britney:
This is from January
See?

Alana:
I don't get it
What am I supposed to see?

The dots appeared, disappeared, then appeared again.

Britney:

I thought you were supposed to be smart? Look how low she was sagging in the old video. She weighed 394 then, and if you watch the whole video I sent, she weighs 428 now. Her boobs have grown, but they're starting to sag less. Sound familiar?

Alana had learned more about glands and ducts in the past few months than she ever wanted to know. Why was Britney so fixated on this stuff? Was it just because she didn't have boobs of her own? She regretted the thought as soon as it popped into her head. Britney was pretty much the only real friend she had anymore. The least she could do was humor her.

Alana:

Are you saying she's like me?

Britney:

I think she's in your clinical trial!

Alana felt the room start to spin.

Alana:

What? Come on...

Britney:

Why not? Do you know some other way boobs get less saggy as they grow?

Alana:

Idk maybe she got implants

Or that surgery

A boob lift.

Britney:



Alana shook her head, leaning back in her chair and rolling her shoulders.

Alana:

What?

You think they're already doing trials?

It's been like 3 months...

Britney:

Our family has the best boob doctors in the world!

Alana:

"Boob doctors" isn't a thing

Britney:

You know what I mean!!

Alana:

Why?

Britney:

To see if it's working!

A famous egirl could be using the drugs made from your magic boobs!

Alana:



Fine I'll ask her

Now I have to study

Britney:

Just think of it! Instead of getting saggy as she grows, they'll stay high and firm... Like two giant water balloons hooked to a hose



Alana set her phone face down on the desk and went back to studying.

Alana walks down the short hallway of an apartment she doesn't recognize. It isn't her parent's house, and it isn't the farm. The place is too new, and she doesn't recognize anyone in the photos on the walls.

"Hello?"

She hears a faint sound, muffled. It's somewhere between the sound of people kissing and someone eating a very juicy fruit, like a peach or a nectarine. Alana feels a shiver run down her spine as she remembers the last video Britney sent her right

before she went to bed.

Alana steps toward the sound, and the memory of the video comes to life before her eyes. Her throat goes dry, and she feels a drop of sweat run down her neck. She's standing in a living room, watching Tina and Casey go at it. Is this their apartment? How did she get here? The questions swirl in Alana's head, unanswered. She stands frozen, staring at the sight.

Casey sits on the couch, with Tina kneeling on the floor. Casey's breasts look almost as big as Alana's. Tina, of course, is gigantic. Alana had spent most of the evening trying to forget the egirl in the photos and videos Britney kept sending her. But now, here she is. Not pixels on a screen, but real. In the flesh. And there's so, so much flesh. Tina suckles on Casey's nipple, her breasts filling the Latina's lap and overflowing to rest on the couch cushions as her throat pulses with milk.

Alana stares, unconsciously licking her lips, and then Casey looks up. She grins a wide, mischievous smile, running her fingers through Tina's hair.

"Look, hon, we have a visitor."

Tina lets Casey's breast drop out of her lips, leaning back to look up at Alana. "Oh hey, it's you!"

She slides her massive chest off Casey's lap and stands slowly, leaning back to balance the weight. Unlike the topless Casey, Tina is wearing a gigantic blue tank top. Alana glances down at herself, exhaling in relief when she sees the plaid flannel covering her. When she looks up again, Tina is standing almost close enough for their chests to touch.

"I'm always happy to meet a fan."

Alana squirms as the blonde looks her up and down.

"You're really pretty... and so tall! Case, I think she's even taller than you!"

"I'm not that tall, babe," Casey says, rising from the couch. "And neither is Alana. You're just a shortstack."

Tina turns to pout at her partner. Casey steps up to them, then walks a slow circle around Alana, who feels a fresh wave of discomfort. Getting sized up by Marian is one thing—that's sort of her job. And whenever Britney checks her out, she

knows what that's about. Then, of course, there were the few times she'd left the farm, catching guys and the occasional woman gaping at her bizarre body. But something in Casey's eyes seems almost... predatory. Alana gulps as the Latina finishes her circuit around her body, stepping back beside Tina.

"She's right, of course," Casey says, "We do love meeting fans. But you're more than just a fan, aren't you?"

"W-what?" The word croaks out of Alana's throat. She feels thirsty—like she'd spent all afternoon working in the garden without drinking any water.

"Why, you're part of the club, 'Lana. A 'big girl' like us!"

Casey slaps the sides of her bare breasts. Alana wonders how the woman can be so comfortable being topless in front of a stranger. In her time at the farm—and with Britney—she'd learned to be happy with her body and comfortable in her own skin, but she still feels self-conscious when she has to strip down for Marian to measure her.

"And more than that," Casey continues, "You're special, aren't you?"

A lump forms in Alana's throat. "Special?"

"Of course! I have you to thank for helping my girl here..." Casey steps behind Tina, gripping two handfuls of flesh. "She's gotten so much perkier since she started those treatments made from your magic boobs."

The expression "magic boobs" seems familiar to Alana, but she can't remember why.

"Thank you so much, Alana," Tina says, laying her hands on top of Casey's. "They were starting to get real inconvenient."

"I..."

"She's right," Casey says, "We were starting to shop around for walkers or a wheelbarrow or something."

"I might have ended up rolling them around like a load of feed bags for the chickens," Tina added.

“But now,” Casey says, stroking the flanks of Tina’s gargantuan bosom, “My baby’s eating more than ever, but her boobs get less saggy as they grow!”

A thought tickles at the back of Alana’s mind.

“How can we ever repay you?” Casey asks.

“I have an idea, babe,” Tina says, her lips turning up into a mischievous smirk.

Casey kisses Tina’s neck. “What’s that?”

“I think Alana looks *real* thirsty, don’t you?”

“Oh, that’s a great idea, babe!”

Casey steps out from behind Tina, and Alana’s jaw falls open again. Casey’s breasts are definitely bigger than hers now.

“Do you want some milk, Alana?” She hefts her breasts with both arms, “I’ve got plenty to share...”

Alana feels a chill run down her spine, but heat flares in her middle. Her mouth is suddenly dryer than it’s ever been. “What! No! I can’t do that...”

“Sure you can.”

“But... breast milk is just for babies.”

Tina slowly runs a finger across her lower lip, then licks it clean. “I promise you, it’s not...”

Alana takes a step back, but the two women follow.

“Don’t be shy, Alana,” Casey says, “I’ll keep making more, and there’s nobody else here to drink it.”

As she strokes her bare breasts, Alana can almost *hear* the warm milk sloshing inside them. Casey’s chest inches closer to Alana as her glands swell.

Panicked, Alana looks at Tina.

“Oh, no, sweetheart,” Tina says, “After you. You’re our guest, after all...”

Alana backs away as the two women get closer. With each step, Casey's breasts plump up with more and more milk. By the time her back touches the apartment wall, Casey is as big as Tina.

"Go on, Alana," she says, "They're getting *really* full. Won't you suck all this tasty milk out of them?"

Casey's breasts look firm and taut, her skin shiny; Alana can tell they're full to the brim. She winces, sure that they're about to explode at any moment.

"It's very nutritious," Tina adds, "Have a drink. I bet you'll go up another cup size, at least."

"That's right," Casey says, pressing Alana against the wall with her tits, "A growing girl like you needs nutrients. And I've got *all* the nutrients you need..."

Alana squirms against the wall, desperate to free herself from her fleshy prison. Suddenly, Tina's hands are on her head. She fights against her grip, but the little blonde holds her with surprising strength as Casey lifts one breast to fill her view.

"That's it, thirsty girl, open wide..."

Alana sat straight up in bed.

"Oww!"

She winced as the weight of her chest tugged at her back and shoulders. Her whole body was slick with sweat, and the sheets covering her were damp.

"What the fuck?" She whispered to the empty room.

Throwing the sheet aside, Alana dug a clean set of pajamas, panties, and an enormous sports bra from her dresser. Carefully avoiding the creaky floorboards in the ancient farmhouse, she crept into the bathroom. She needed a shower. A cold shower.