



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

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

This is a commissioned story. To commission your own story check out my [Patreon](#) tiers or my [Gumroad](#) store.

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

---

## The Family Farm

### Part IX

Tina stayed and chatted with Britney and Alana for nearly an hour, then heaved herself up from the bed.

“I should probably get back to my room. I’ve got an early flight, and I need to repack all my stuff.”

“Is Casey here with you?” Alana asked.

Tina shook her head. “She and Joseph wanted a weekend with just them.”

“Aww,” Britney whined, “I was really hoping to meet her.”

Alana shot her cousin a look. “You just wanted to ask if you could drink her milk.”

“Hey!”

Tina laughed. “You wouldn’t be the first to ask. Though, as far as I know, she’s never let anyone but me. Well, and Joseph, of course.”

“What’s it like?” Britney asked.

“The milk?”

“The whole thing.”

“Well...” Tina touched her fingers together over the slope of her massive breasts, fidgeting. “When we’re on camera, it’s sort of like acting. Just putting on a show for the fans.”

“That makes sense,” Alana said.

Tina went on, “But off-camera, it’s just another part of... being together.”

“What’s it taste like?” Britney asked.

Tina thought for a moment. “It’s mostly like regular milk... but a little more watery. More like sweetened almond milk, but it varies a little depending on what she ate recently.”

"Really?" Alana asked.

Tina nodded, "It's not much, kind of like those seltzers where the flavor is so faint you can barely taste it."

"Like an orange with low battery," Britney said.

The three young women chuckled.

"It helps with my gaining, too," Tina said, "Because it's fresh, there are more nutrients and stuff. Though I think some of the supplements she's taking get passed through because these started growing a little faster when I started drinking it."

Tina stroked the sides of her gargantuan breasts, and Britney stared hungrily.

"Supplements?" Alana asked.

"Yeah," Tina said, "She takes some pills and herbal supplements to induce lactation. I was a little worried her milk might make mine start too, but it hasn't yet, and it's been six months. They were getting so low and heavy I was worried about getting around, even without milk coming in. Of course, that was before I found your treatment." She met Alana's eyes, "Thank you again."

Alana glanced down, seeing nothing but cleavage. She tugged her robe in a futile attempt to cover herself. "I really didn't do anything..."

Tina maneuvered herself around to lay a hand on the taller woman's shoulder without their breasts colliding. "Well... thanks for just being you, then. And for letting your doctor share your gift with others like me."

The three women exchanged numbers before Tina left, and Alana heaved herself back onto the bed to sit against the headboard. Britney resumed her place, sitting between Alana's legs and using her breasts for a backrest, and unpaused the movie.

After a while, Britney squirmed her shoulders against Alana's chest. "These make pretty good pillows, but imagine if they were as big as hers..."

Alana said nothing.

Britney reached a hand across her torso and under her arm, probing gently until she found Alana's nipple. She gave it a soft poke.

“Hey!”

“There you are,” Britney said, “Did you even hear me?”

“I heard you.”

“No grumpy comeback about how your boobs are big enough, and I shouldn’t even joke about them growing more?”

Alana said, “Sorry, it’s just... a lot.”

“What is?”

“Meeting Tina, finding out she really is using Doctor Ann’s treatment... It’s weird to meet someone with boobs even bigger than mine.”

“There are a couple of women in our family bigger than you.”

“True, but I’ve never met them.” Alana was silent for several moments, then said, “It’s funny. When I first came to the farm, almost every woman there was bigger than me. But I’ve been the bustiest girl in the room for like a year, and it’s just... weird.”

Britney turned around so she was on her knees, leaning on Alana’s breasts and looking up at her. “Are you saying you *do* want them bigger?”

“No, definitely not saying that. Getting used to moving around with these things,” Alana gave her massive glands a few pats, “Was hard enough. I’d rather not lose even more mobility.”

Britney fixed her cousin with a flat stare. “Lana, I’ve watched you sweating your cute butt off with Riley. You’re super hard-working and dedicated. I’m sure you could be Tina’s size and still be strong enough to stay as mobile as me.”

Alana quirked one side of her mouth in a half-smile. “Maybe.”

“So... what are you thinking?” Britney reached a hand to touch Alana’s.

Alana squeezed Britney’s fingers. “I’m not sure. Let’s just watch for now, I need some time to let all this marinate.”

Britney rose up, draping herself across Alana’s cleavage to wrap her arms behind her neck. “Promise you’ll come to me if you need anything or want to talk it out.”

“I will. Even though I know you only did that so you’d have an excuse to lay on my boobs again.”

The blonde slid down until her face was buried in Alana’s skin, hugging a mass of perfect, erotic flesh in each arm. “Guilty,” she said, grinning up at Alana.

“Perv.”

\*\*\*

Alana and Britney went back to the farm and enjoyed their summer. Even though they were out of school, both girls were expected to earn their keep. Alana worked with Annie on the farm business; they ordered seeds, scheduled equipment maintenance, and made sales and contracts for produce, meat, and eggs to local restaurants and the co-op market. Britney was put to work outside; summertime always meant a lot of weeding in the gardens and hoop houses, plus the usual animal chores.

Alana found parts of the farm business tickled that part of her brain that drove her to do so well at school sports. Finding a really good deal on a big order or talking a buyer into paying a little extra all fed Alana’s competitive spirit. She still wasn’t sure if she would stay on the farm forever, but as long as she did stay, she had to be the best at whatever she did. Not the new cousin who was still learning the ropes but an essential part of the family. She never thought about it in these exact words, but Alana wanted to win.

As she stood under the hot water, hunched over to let her huge breasts hang toward the tub, Alana thought about Casey and Tina. She’d just finished working out, pushing herself almost as hard as Riley did, and she remembered Britney’s words back in Colorado. Her breasts were bigger than Casey’s, and Alana was certain she was in better shape than the lactating Latina. A frown tugged at her lips as the steaming water crashed onto her shoulders, running in rivulets out and back along the curves of her breasts to drip off their fronts; a few drops making it all the way down to tickle her nipples. Alana had stuck to her diet after their trip, and her bras still fit as well as they had in May. Even so, the shower curtain bowed outward as the plastic clung to her left breast. She could squeeze in, but then her right would squish against the cold tile. The farmhouse had an open ‘accessibility’ shower, but it was on the first floor, and as long as she remembered to tuck the curtain inside the tub and not get water all over the place, Alana preferred this one close to her room.

Alana wondered how Tina showered. She assumed the enormous cosplaying egirl lived with Casey and their boyfriend, or whatever terms they used for their thuple. Did they have a shower combo like the one Alana used? Did they have one of those square shower stalls? She tried to imagine Tina wedged into one of those, the kind with the glass doors, boob flesh pressed against all four walls, and water pooling up on top of her cleavage. Alana rolled her eyes as she shifted to move the spot the water hit further up her back and onto the nape of her neck. The idea was ridiculous. Tina definitely had a big enough shower. As best Alana could tell, the two egirls were making *very* good money with their subscription sites.

Unbidden images flashed into Alana's mind. She imagined herself filling a whole shower stall with her breasts. She pictured being as big and heavy as Tina, struggling to stand and walk around. Britney's words rang in her ears, "You could be Tina's size and be strong enough to stay mobile." In her mind, Alana's breasts grew larger and larger. It was like being that flat-chested high-schooler again, jealous of all the cheerleaders or chubby girls who grew boobs before her. Except now she was the one making other women jealous. They filled her lap and spilled over, swelling to Tina's size and beyond. They covered half her bed, and her skinny little cousin could curl up in a ball between them and disappear. A faceless man crawled onto the bed, parting her cleavage like Moses and the Red Sea to get himself closer and closer until he drove himself into her.

Alana's hand drifted between her legs, stroking and pinching and teasing until she came, biting her lips between her teeth to keep from making any noise. As the sounds of the room—the crashing water, the tapping pipes, the noisy old vent fan—came back into focus, Alana twisted her lips wryly and shook her head. Spending so much time with Britney was rubbing off on her. She was already bigger than she'd ever wanted to be. In her most desperate flat-chested dreams, Alana had never wanted breasts bigger than a few handfuls. Enough to fill out a nice sweater or tank top, maybe go as Jessica Rabbit for Halloween. Now she was so far beyond that there was no comparison. If she wrapped her arms around her chest, she had to squeeze the lobes together to even make her fingers meet in front. Why on earth would she want to get bigger?

Alana turned off the water and reached for an extra-large towel. It irked her to know someone out there was beating her, and there was nothing she could do about it. Over the winter holidays, she'd let Britney goad and enable her into way overdoing it, and the extra inch on her bustline brought friends to her hips and ass. If Alana had

mixed feelings about her breasts getting bigger, her feelings about getting plump were definitely *not* mixed. She grabbed her clean bra and fastened the band around her ribs, slipped her arms through the straps, and adjusted herself into the enormous cups.

Wiping steam from the mirror, Alana took in her reflection. The beige bra was big enough that Britney could have used it as a hammock, even if her legs would hang out. Tied the right way, two girls Britney's size could use it as a swing—if it could support their weight. Alana wondered for a moment whether her cousin weighed more than her boobs, then decided she'd rather not know.

\*\*\*

Sitting together on her bed, Alana and Britney watched shows on her laptop. Britney, as always, was lying back using Alana's breasts as a pillow while Alana sat against a pile of actual pillows. The episode was not holding Alana's attention. Her mind kept drifting back to meeting Tina and the strange dreams she'd been having since the first time Britney showed her those videos.

The cow one had been first, then the one where she met the egirls, but they hadn't stopped there. Alana had dreamed of being one of those cows, leaning over a rail while a machine, Britney, or some random person milked her. She'd dreamed of her skinny cousin suckling at her nipple while the blonde's belly swelled up with her milk. In the strangest version, she was some kind of cow-woman hybrid, like some costumes she'd seen at the convention, but real. Horns on her head, floppy ears, a tail swinging from her rear, and huge, gigantic breasts spraying milk like a faucet.

Not truly comprehending why she did it, Alana pulled her phone out of her bra and found Tina's contact info.

[Would you send me Casey's info? Or let me know what stuff she takes?]