



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*

“Are you sure about this, Alana?” Britney asked.

Alana stared at the bottle of pills in her hand, then at Britney. “Who are you, and what have you done with my boob-obsessed cousin?”

Britney held up both hands. “Hey, hey, don’t get me wrong. There’s nothing I’d love more than to see those babies swell up even bigger and start pumping out milk. But you were so miserable when they were growing before, I just don’t want to see you do something you regret.”

“I don’t know, Britney. This is gonna sound dumb, but... I think it’s fate.”

Britney arched a blonde eyebrow.

“I think it’s what I’m meant to do. Even before I knew about our family, I dreamed about having big boobs. I mean, maybe it was just some part of me knowing that those genes were hiding dormant all those years, but I wanted it so bad. Yeah, I freaked out when they grew so fast, but I’ve gotten used to them. I don’t think I’ll ever love them as much as you do, but they’re part of me. Even at my lowest point, I never *hated* them. And then being with you... well...” She met Britney’s eyes, then looked away. “I started to accept them, then eventually to really like them. I’m proud of my body, and even though I’m not crazy about being stared at when I go out in public, I love being so big, even for our family. And then all that stuff with Doctor Ann and the ducts and the treatment... It made me feel special. And valuable. Like, not only did these boobs I hoped for all those years finally show up with a vengeance, I can also use them to help so many women out there. Not just Tina and Casey, but normal women who want to stay sexy and beautiful as they get older.”

Britney laid a hand over hers. “I’m really proud of you, Alana. And I’m so glad that you love your incredible body. But that still doesn’t explain why you want to do... this.”

“I mean... What else are boobs for? Maybe someday I’ll meet someone and have a baby of my own, but it’s like I can nurse it myself. I can barely reach my own nipples.”

“God, that’s hot...”

Alana scowled at her cousin. "Anyway. Breasts are for making milk, and I bet mine will make a ton. I can sell it to the hospitals so that women who can't nurse their own babies can still feed them real milk."

"That's quite a noble sentiment, though I'd argue that there are plenty of things boobs are good for besides milk."

"I'd like to do more with mine than just provide entertainment for you, perv."

"Uh, I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one who enjoys that." Britney reached forward, palming a nipple in each hand through Alana's shirt.

Alana stiffened, her breasts growing tight as she arched her back, letting out a soft whimper.

"I rest my case," Britney said, drawing her hands back.

Alana stuck her tongue out at her cousin.

Britney said, "Alright, well, if you're sure, then I'll support you, no matter what happens. But are you sure you don't want to talk to Doctor Ann first?"

"I know what she'll say."

"And you don't think that's a sign that you're doing something reckless?"

"I've made up my mind," Alana said, clasping the bottle in both hands. "Besides, if Casey can do it while running fansites and living in an apartment in the city, surely I can do it living at this farm with a built-in support system."

"Well, I can't argue with that. So what's the plan?"

"I'm supposed to take one pill a day, and it may take up to a month to see results."

"How many pills are in there?"

"Fifty, it says."

"Well, hurry up and take one, then. If we sit here talking about you getting bigger for much longer, I'm gonna make a puddle on your sheets."

Britney was even more enthusiastic than usual that night. She murmured and cooed about how big Alana was going to get and suckled on her dry nipples until Alana lost count of how many times she came.

The next morning, Alana woke up as hungry as she'd been at the peak of her growth the previous summer. Barb raised her eyebrows several times as Britney loaded up plate after plate for the busty brunette but offered no comment. Within three days, Alana's bras were getting tight. At the end of a week, Marian informed her that she was past the end of the alphabet, her bust measurement over sixty-one inches. When Britney found out Alana's breasts were over five feet around, she locked them in her bedroom so long they had to change the sheets the next day.

By the tenth day, Alana's breasts had grown to sixty-five inches. At half an inch per day, they were growing almost as fast as they had when she'd first come to the farm, and it scared her enough to stop taking the pills. Regardless of what Britney said, she had serious doubts about maintaining her mobility if she grew that fast. Two days later, her milk finally came in. And just like her puberty, it came in hard.

Britney knelt in front of Alana, sweeping her hands over the slopes of her breasts and nibbling at her nipple. "So big... they're getting so big..."

"Will you *-ahh-* stop saying that!" Alana tried to swat at Britney's head but couldn't reach her.

Britney pressed her lips to Alana's areola, flicking the thumb-size nipple with her tongue, then started sucking like it was the straw of a particularly thick milkshake.

Alana whimpered and bit her lip to keep from moaning. "Not *-hmm-* so hard..."

A tingle pulsed up Alana's body, radiating from the left nipple inside Britney's mouth and all the way to her spine. Then another, and another. Her body throbbed in time with the rhythm of Britney's sucking, then she felt something *rumble*.

It was like the way her stomach growled before every meal since she started taking the pills, but it wasn't her stomach growling, but her breasts.

"Britney... Something's happening...!" Alana put a hand on each breast and could feel the vibrations deep within. They pulsed and roiled, and the pressure against her palms increased steadily.

Her breasts felt tight—like they did when Britney was pleasuring her, but several times stronger. It was as if a thousand tiny hands were lovingly touching the sensitive skin of her breasts—but from the inside. Her back arched, and her hips bucked. She had to clench her body to keep from orgasming.

The pressure against her hands increased, and Alana could see them swelling. Staring across the peaks of her breasts, she watched Britney's blonde head inch lower and lower and lower. The tingling of pleasure throughout her globes gradually became pinches of pain, the pressure building up inside and screaming for release.

"Britney! Do something!"

Britney brushed her teeth across the length of the nipple, now swollen in her mouth, and fireworks crashed into Alana's vision. More powerful than any orgasm Britney had given her, ecstasy rocked through her body, and she felt the release start.

"Mmpf!" Britney's muffled cry was soon followed by rhythmic gulping. A torrent of milk flowed out of Alana's left breast and down Britney's throat. The blonde made delighted hums and moans as she drank, pushing Alana's gratifying pleasure to even higher levels.

As the waves of pleasure and relief slowly subsided, Alana felt the tickling of liquid slide down her neglected right breast. "Britney," she gasped, "The other one... it's leaking..."

Britney's mouth slid off of her left nipple and clamped onto the right. A fresh wave of release washed through her, and the pressure started to relax. Only now, the left was leaking. Britney swapped back and forth for over twenty minutes, and Alana let her head slump back onto the pillow propped on the headboard, her entire body going limp as she gave herself over to the euphoric experience.

Alana felt her breasts finally run nearly dry, and Britney slowly crawled up the bed beside her. The blonde rolled onto her back, her flat stomach domed upward like a woman six months pregnant. Britney cradled her bloated stomach with a groan, panting shallow breaths. "That's it *-huff-* I don't think *-huff-* I can hold any more..."

Britney's eyes met hers, and she asked, "How did it feel?"

Alana scoured her mind, still delirious with pleasure, for the words to describe the incredible experience; that flash of ecstasy, followed by the soft bliss of her letdown. All that came out of her mouth was, "Perfect."

Britney cocked a wry grin. "As much as I'd love to gorge myself on your nectar several times a day, we might need a better solution."

After giving her a long lecture on her recklessness, Cindy told Alana that they had breast pumps in the attic and recruited Britney to help her find and wash them. The farm had, of course, housed women who lactated, though there had always been a pregnancy involved. With the two women's help getting the straps fastened, Alana's milk flowed down the tubes and into the tank, and she was soon filling five quart jars with milk three times a day.

Cindy also insisted that they video call with Doctor Ann. The doctor's reprimand was no less stern than Cindy's had been but with the added weight of medical knowledge. Ann insisted that Alana stop taking the pills at once, and she let Cindy flush them.

But it seemed the pills had already done their work. Some hormonal switch had been triggered in Alana's body, and the milk never stopped coming. In addition, her appetite did not return to normal either. Once her milk started coming in, Alana was hungrier than ever. She worried that her older cousins would try and put her on a diet, but she reminded Cindy of her words the previous summer, and they let her eat her fill.

And so Alana grew, made milk, ate, slept, and grew some more. She excused herself from physical chores, focussing on her business work with Annie and preparing for the impending fall semester. She continued her training and workouts, but her breasts were growing so rapidly that she couldn't strengthen her muscles fast enough.

Three months after her milk came in, Alana's bust measurement passed ten feet. Each one weighed as much as the rest of her body, and she couldn't lift them to walk. The family moved her into a larger room and knocked out the wall to the bathroom. She was able to drag them around on the floor and keep some decency but otherwise was completely dependent on Britney and the rest of her family.

As the pumps whirred away, pulsing with pressure as Alana's milk filled the attached tanks, Britney stood nearby. Alana was seated in an oversized plush chair with her breasts resting on the floor, still high and firm despite their size. Her blonde cousin continued to drink her milk, both with her meals and "from the tap," at least

once a day, and the results were starting to show. Britney's rail-thin physique filled out into a healthy hourglass. She didn't gain in her breasts the way Tina did, but as her thigh gap disappeared, her hips broadened, and a soft tummy replaced her tiny waist, Britney's chest had filled out into healthy DDs.

Britney rested a hand on Alana's naked breast. "Hey... are you okay?"

Alana lifted her head from the back of the chair. "Hmm? Why wouldn't I be?"

A pained expression crossed Britney's face. "I mean, they're—you're so big. I promised you'd be strong enough to keep moving around, and now... now you're stuck in this room."

Alana reached for her friend's hand. "I promise you, I'm good. I told you, this is what I am. Who I was meant to be."

"An eating machine to fuel a gigantic set of tits?"

Alana smiled softly and ran her hands over as much of her breasts as she could reach. "Mmmhmm... The biggest, most amazing tits ever."

"No argument here," Britney said. She walked slowly toward Alana's front, sliding her hand gently across the vast slope of her right breast. "You're bigger than Casey, bigger than Tina, bigger than my entire body!"

"Your body's not as small as it used to be," Alana noted.

Britney cupped her breasts, each one just barely overflowing her hands. "I know, right? That milk of yours is healthy A-F."

Alana chuckled softly. "You're welcome."

Britney stepped over one pump and stood in front of Alana's endless cleavage, leaning a hand against each breast. "I still prefer yours, though."

A twinkle of mischief glimmered in Britney's eyes, and she gazed down into the canyon of flesh in front of her. She slipped the silk nightgown off her head, then pushed against each breast, slowly sliding her naked body between them.

"What are you doing?" Alana asked.

"I want to try something."

“You’re gonna knock the pumps loose!”

“No, I’m not, just relax.”

Britney worked her way forward until she stood between the highest points of Alana’s mounds. She dropped to her knees, her head dipping lower until it was all Alana could see. The feeling of so much skin against her skin while the breast pumps made pleasure pulse up her body was making it hard for Alana to focus. She squirmed in her chair. She was trapped here, completely at Britney’s mercy, and the thought made heat bloom between her legs.

“Okay, here goes!” Britney curled her body lower, down into the fetal position inside Alana’s cleavage.

Alana gaped as she watched her friend disappear completely. A few seconds later, Britney’s head popped up, a few inches away from her face. “Well?”

Alana couldn’t speak. Her breasts were so big that Britney could hide between them. Her most ridiculous fantasy had come true. Her whole body shuddered as she came.

Britney worked her way forward until she was straddling Alana’s lap. Still wedged inside her cleavage, Britney wrapped her arms around Alana and pressed their lips together. “Could you see me at all?”

Alana shook her head.

Britney stroked her hair. “You’re amazing...”

She felt Alana’s stomach rumbling against her own and grinned. “It sounds like my growing girl is hungry.”

“You know,” Alana said, “I read that pussy juice is very high in protein...”

Britney gasped. “Such a dirty mouth... Let’s give it something better to do.”

Making Alana wince, Britney climbed up out of her cleavage to splay herself across Alana’s chest. She slid backward until Alana could wrap a strong hand around each pudgy thigh and press her face between Britney’s legs.

If anyone had walked by the locked door of Alana’s room, they might have heard three things: the steady whir and thrum of a set of breast pumps, the suckles and gulps of one girl eating another out, or the whimpers and coos of a girl climaxing while she

used a pair of breasts as a waterbed.

The End