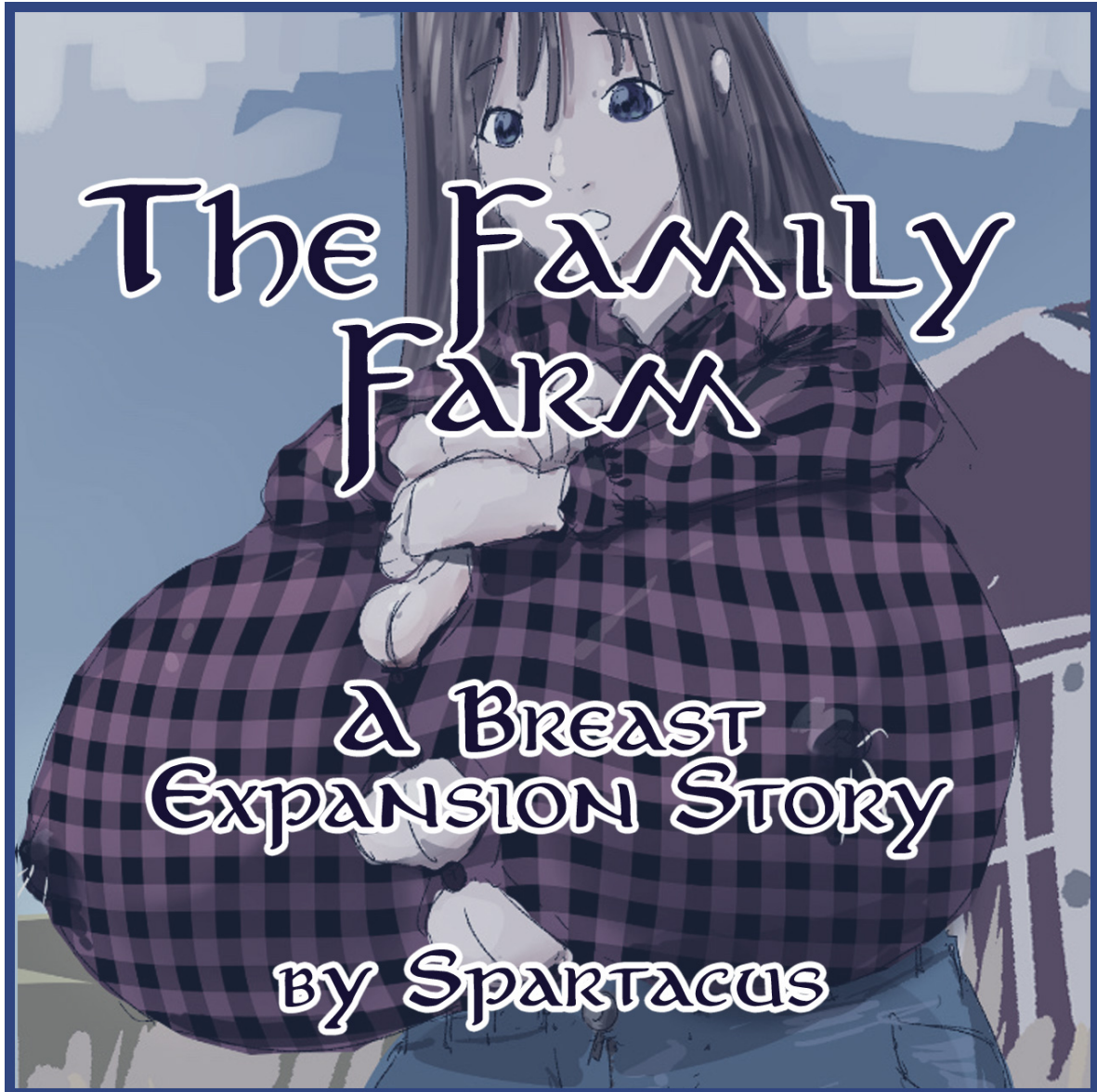


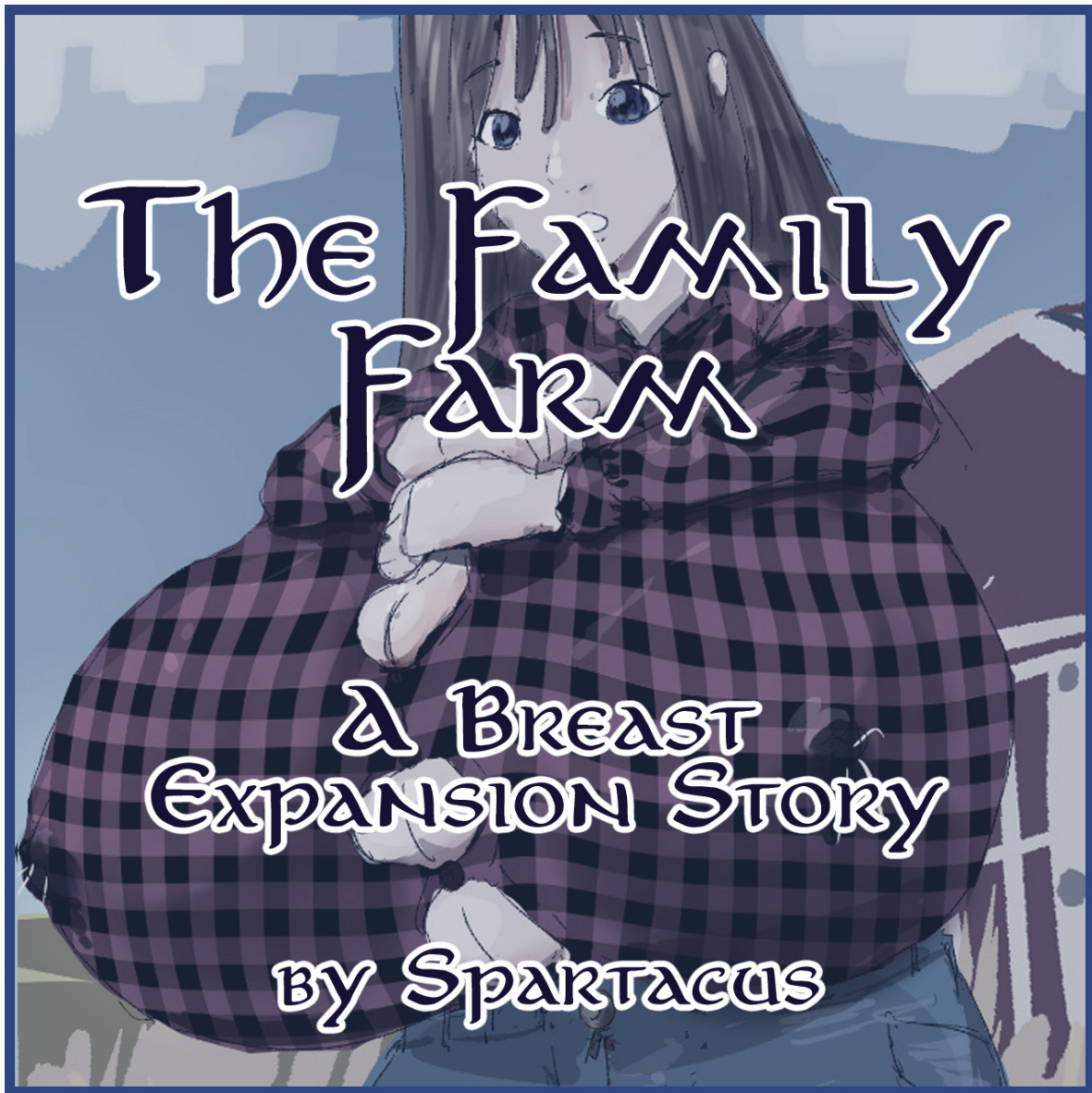


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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 1/10

Part I

Alana woke up in a strange bed. In a strange room. The windows were open, and the air smelled strange in her nose. There were hints of animal smell, but Alana supposed it was what people called 'fresh air.' She'd always thought she knew what fresh air was, but this dry, high desert air carried none of the familiar scents she was used to. It was also quiet. She could hear leaves rustling in the breeze, and the absence of traffic or noisy neighbors seemed very strange. Alana almost thought she could hear the soft tones of Grieg's *Morning Mood* like she was in an old *Loony Tunes* episode.

Maybe it won't be so bad here...

Alana blinked sleep out of her eyes and sat up slowly. As she did, the weight on her chest reminded the young woman exactly why she was here at this farm in Nowheresville, Wyoming. She slowly brought her hands up to her chest, meeting flesh much sooner than she expected. Alana's puberty didn't start until after she was 18, but when it did, it hit her hard. Very hard. She'd grown from basically flat to DD in less than two weeks. As Alana's fingers probed the lobes of fat jutting out from her ribcage, she could already tell they'd gotten even bigger overnight.

"Knock knock! Are you decent in there?"

It was Cindy, Alana's cousin... second cousin? It was hard to keep the connections straight. Every woman on this farm was related to her in some way, though some connections were so distant they might as well not be related.

"Yeah."

Cindy pushed the bedroom door open with her hip and walked in carrying a tray of food. Pancakes, eggs, sausage patties, and big glasses of milk and orange juice. She extended the legs on the tray and set it on the bed over Alana's lap, then proceeded to fluff up the pillows behind her.

"This is, um, a lot of food," Alana remarked.

"We eat good here on the farm!" Cindy laughed. "You be sure and eat up. Your body is burning a lot of energy right now, and you need plenty of nutrients."

Alana's blood ran cold at the idea of feeding her growing breasts even more fuel. She'd spent her teen years dreaming of having actual boobs, but she was already at least two or three sizes larger than what she thought of as the ideal size for her lanky frame.

"Won't that just make them grow faster!?" She protested.

Cindy placed a hand on the younger woman's shoulder in an attempt at comfort. Her own breasts hung directly into Alana's line of sight and made a small lump form in her throat.

"Trust me, Alana. We've been through this process many times up here. I've seen more than one of my cousins or nieces try to fight their body's natural development by starving themselves, and it never ends well. You'll just end up making yourself sick, and eventually, your chest will grow to its intended size anyway."

Alana sighed, picking up her fork.

"That's a good girl. When you're done, bring that tray down to the kitchen if you feel up to it. We'll try and find you some work to do while you're here."

About a half hour later, Alana climbed out of bed and padded downstairs to the kitchen. The biggest bra she'd brought along was already too small, so she was still wearing her sleep shirt. It had once been oversized and baggy, but now it stretched across the shape of her breasts tightly, exposing little hints of her bare waist as she walked.

"There she is!" An older woman said, standing at the sink washing dishes. Was she an aunt or a cousin? Probably another distant cousin. Alana was still learning everyone's names. She thought this one was Bobbie or maybe Beth.

"Did you get enough to eat, sweetheart?"

"Yes, thank you," Alana said. "I don't think I've ever had such a big breakfast."

"Well, I'm glad you liked it."

Cindy came into the kitchen then. "I told you we eat good, didn't I?"

She stopped short, looking Alana up and down. "Oh lord, look at you. You can't do chores like *that*."

"I brought clothes with me," Alana protested, face going red, "it's just my... bras are too small." The last came out as little more than a whisper.

"You don't hafta be shy around us 'Lana; we've all been through it, remember? Hey Barb, do you know where Marian is?"

"Probably down in the sewing room." The older woman said. "I think she's still workin' on that prom dress for Kaitlyn."

"College students don't have proms, Barb."

"Well, you know what I mean!" Barb laughed.

"Come on," Cindy said to Alana, "Mare will get you fixed up."

Cindy led Alana through several rooms in the massive farmhouse. She saw women in every room engaged in various activities. Some were at desks doing some kind of computer work, one was reading, and another was watching TV. They were all different ages and had varying hair and skin tones, though all shared some of the same facial features as Cindy and Barb. And, of course, they were all enormously busty. Alana hadn't seen a woman on the farm yet who was her size, let alone smaller. She shuddered at the thought of growing to be as big—or bigger—than these women. However, she couldn't help but notice that none of them seemed particularly unhappy with their bodies.

Alana followed Cindy into a room lined with shelves. Plastic totes filled with fabric were everywhere. The space was dominated by a large cutting table, and against one wall was a long table with several different kinds of sewing machines. A middle-aged woman leaned over the table, cutting a piece of fabric with a tissue paper pattern pinned to it.

"Hey, Mare! I brought your new patient."

"I'm not a doctor, Cindy." Her annoyed expression brightened into a friendly grin. "You must be Alana!"

The woman set down her scissors and walked up to the newcomer. She wore her lightly greying hair in a short ponytail, and Alana could see laugh lines beginning to show on her face. Most notable of all was her bust—Marian couldn't have been larger than a D-cup! Alana almost laughed at the thought of D-cup breasts being shockingly small. She shook Marian's hand, and the older woman stepped back to look her over.

"Hmm... May I?"

Marian's hands were extended toward Alana, and the young woman nodded reluctantly. To her relief, the woman only pressed Alana's shirt up to her torso, walking around her slowly as she examined her body.

"Looks like about a 34... F for now, maybe G."

"I don't know how she does that," Cindy said.

"Years of practice, my dear. I was measuring growing women for bras when you were just a twinkle in your daddy's eye."

Marian turned to a small dresser tucked into a corner and started opening drawers. She pulled a bra from one, then another. She handed them both to Alana.

"Here's an F and a G in 34. See which one is more comfortable and let me know. If they get too snug, come find me, and I'll give you a size up." Marian pointed a warning finger at the girl. "If you keep wearing them when they're too tight, they get stretched out, and it ruins my whole system."

Alana turned the bras over in her hands. They were well made if a bit plain, simple flesh tone with sturdy material for the cups.

"T-thanks..."

"Aren't you glad you came to stay with us?" Cindy grinned. "A pair of bras like that would really set you back out in the flatlands. If you could even *find* them that big, skinny thing like you."

"Don't scare the poor girl Cindy." Marian chided. "Do you need any clothes, dear? Work clothes, maybe?" The second question was directed at Cindy.

"We're not sure yet what she'll be doing, but I'll lend her one of my flannels if we have her do any choring."

"Fair enough. Do let me know if you need anything, though, Alana. We've got closets full of clothes you can borrow. We can't have you popping buttons or tearing seams on perfectly good shirts."

Alana went pale at the mental image of her breasts swelling up like water balloons until her shirt tore open. Marian must have seen her shocked reaction because she patted her arm comfortingly.

"Don't worry about it too much. I can mend anything that breaks. But let's try to avoid it if we can, alright?"

"A-alright..."

"Come on," Cindy said, "you go get dressed and meet me out back. We'll give you the tour again and see if anything strikes your fancy."

Alana found the 34F bra a little too tight, so she put on the 34G. It was a little big, but she tightened the shoulder straps a bit, and it felt comfortable enough. She slipped on a clean tee shirt, grimacing as the soft material stretched over her newly changed body. The skin on her chest was so tight it made them very sensitive, and it felt like the weight of flesh within tugged at her body whenever she moved. The bra helped a lot, though Alana couldn't help wondering just how big they would get before she was done.

Cindy walked her around the farm again. They seemed to do a little of everything. There was one dairy cow that needed milking twice a day. A few dozen chickens, six pigs, and four steers; all needed to be fed and watered, plus the eggs collected. Two big gardens ran along either side of the barn, and there was a round white tent-like structure Cindy called a 'hoop house' containing even more vegetable beds. They decided that Alana would help with chores while she still felt comfortable moving around. In the evenings, a cousin named Annie would teach her about the business side of the farm so that she could still help out if Cindy and Barb decided she needed more bed rest.

Alana struggled with the chores at first, but her years as a student-athlete had kept her body in very good shape. Once she adjusted to the extra weight on her chest and managed to stop bumping her breasts with the handles of pitchforks and shovels, Alana found she enjoyed the work. Since there was no gym or workout equipment available on the farm, the most effective way to exercise was by carrying feed bags, pushing wheelbarrows full of compost, and weeding the gardens.

The massive breakfast in bed her first morning turned out not to be a special treat, at least not the breakfast part. After that first day, Alana was expected to join the rest of the women for meals, but the portion sizes were every bit as generous. Alana sometimes missed the burritos and pizza she enjoyed back home, but the ingredients here were just as fresh, if not more so, and after a few days, she decided maybe she could get used to life on the farm.

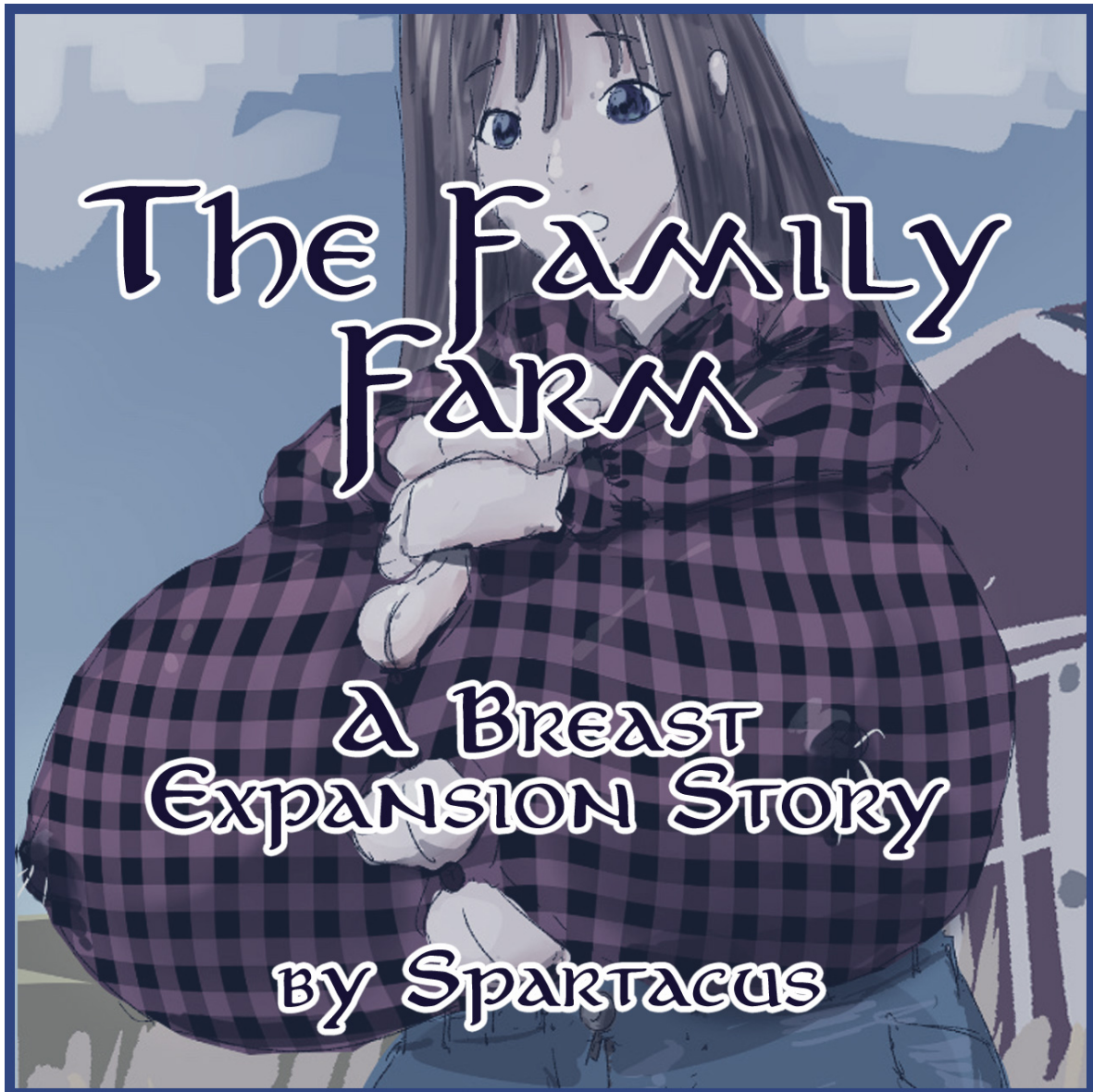
Out in 'the flatlands' as her relatives sometimes called it, people ran themselves ragged trying to figure out who they were. Rushing here and there and complaining about the traffic. But here on the farm, everyone had their role. When a big job needed doing, everyone pitched in. Barb was clearly in charge of the kitchen, but the other women helped out with prep, dishes, and packing away the rare leftovers. There was a wholesome simplicity to it all that Alana found comforting. It sometimes even made her forget the bizarre changes happening to her body, for a little while at least.

But change she did. The 34G bra Marian loaned her lasted Alana only two days. By the end of the week, she was wearing an I-cup and bumping herself with rake handles again. Another week later, she got gravy all over her favorite shirt, crashing her L-cup breasts into her plate while leaning forward to grab another piece of fried chicken. Alana held her breath every morning while she got dressed, dreading that each new day would be one where she had to go visit Marian for another 'size up.'

But human beings are adaptable creatures, and over time Alana grew to accept her life as it was. After all, it was only temporary. Cindy gave her a cream to rub on her skin every morning and night, and Alana found she didn't hate the sensation of her fingers stroking her soft globes, feeling the swelling flesh within press back against her touch. Cindy had accurately predicted that Alana's chest would remain incredibly tight and firm as it rapidly grew. Her breasts seemed to defy gravity as

they swelled out and out. Some evenings Alana lost herself for many long moments just staring at her reflection, lifting and squeezing and watching the impossibly sexy woman in the mirror and trying to convince herself that that woman was her.

Most of the women on the farm had breasts even bigger than hers. And they all seemed happy and content. Living their lives like anyone else. Why shouldn't she?



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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!”

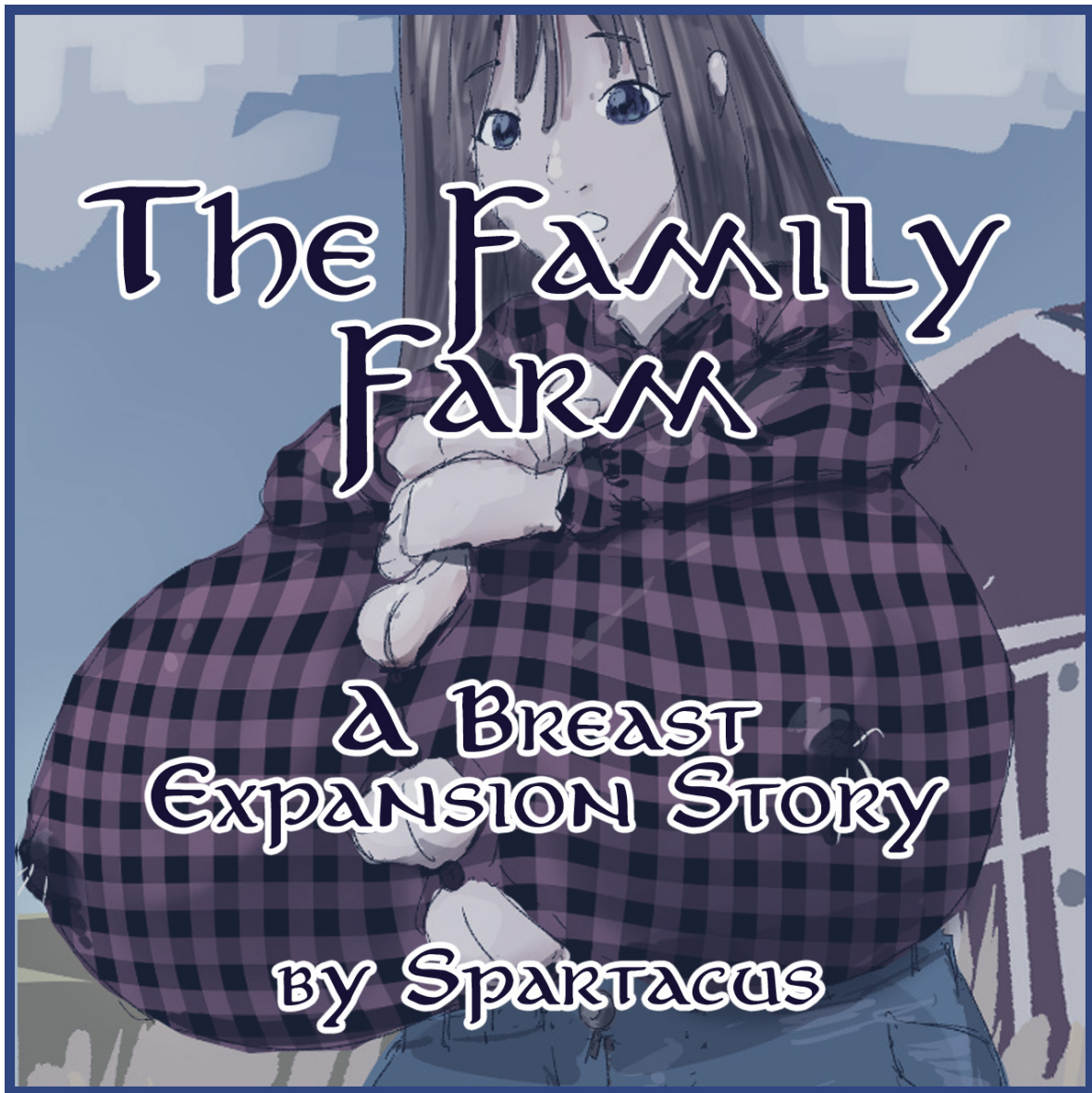
“Fine... weirdo.”

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.



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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 3/10

Part III

“That’s great, Alana. Now, slowly... keep your back straight. Hands right there, that’s right...”

Alana held small weights in each hand, balanced directly beside each shoulder as she rose from her squatting position. The free weights were more for form and balance—she had more than enough weight on her upper body to challenge her poor legs and back.

“That’s it, steady movement, there you go...”

Riley was another cousin, second or third removed. She had dark hair, olive skin, and relatively small breasts in her purple E-cup sports bra. With athletic shorts over her dark leggings, she was more muscular than Alana had ever been, even at the peak of her high school sports career. Alana gritted her teeth, tiny beads of sweat popping out on her forehead as she slowly rose to stand at her full height, half a head shorter than Riley. The two women wore matching gym outfits, though Alana needed an additional sports bra to support her S-cup breasts. In truth, she didn’t think she needed it—her overgrown endowments still seemed improbably firm for their size. But she’d quickly learned not to argue with the family’s trainer.

“Alright, now breathe. In, two, three; out, two, three. Now back down... that’s it, slow and steady...”

Alana had been shocked at how much muscle definition she’d lost in the past six months. But farm chores were no match for the practice and training she’d done in school, and she’d been bedridden for almost three months. As she lowered herself back into a squat, the busty brunette’s glutes and quads trembled. Alana tried to keep her muscles steady, but the strain sent tiny tremors rippling through her lycra-clad bosom.

“That’s it, just a little more... Now pause, and breathe... two three...”

Riley was twenty-five, but her outgoing personality often made Alana forget their age gap. They hung out like friends the way she had with Britney. Well, not *quite* like she had with Britney...

But Riley didn't live on the farm. She worked as a personal trainer in the "real world" and made the trip back whenever a woman in the family needed her services. Unsurprisingly, there weren't a lot of PTs out there with as much experience with improbably-busty clients as Riley.

"Up, up... almost there... back straight... There you go. Now breathe... arms out... T pose... hold, two three... and slowly down... that's right... And, relax." Riley reached out to take the free weights from Alana's hands.

Alana relaxed her shoulders, breathing hard. "This is *-huff-* so much harder than it used to be..."

"Sorry, 'Lana." Riley smiled, setting the weights on the floor. "This is your 'new normal' now. Unless you're still considering a reduction?"

Alana flinched, wrapping both arms around the round masses jutting from her torso. Flesh bulged above and below her skinny arms, making a bit more cleavage appear from the top of her double sports bras.

Riley chuckled. "Relax, it's not like I'm going to steal them from you." The tall woman eyed her client's squished curves. "Though you have enough there, you could share a little bit..."

Alana's eyes widened, and she hugged her endowments a little tighter.

"I'm kidding! Geez..." Riley sat on a bench in the spare bedroom they used as a 'workout room.' "Come on, sit."

Alana relaxed. Her aching leg muscles protested as she lowered herself to the bench.

"I know it's easy to lose perspective up here..." Riley continued. "But I'm still plenty big out in the real world." She clutched an overflowing handful of boob in each hand. "I have enough trouble keeping male clients as it is." She met Alana's eyes with a smirk. "I can't sleep with my clients, after all..."

Alana felt heat rise from her neck to her ears. Riley burst out laughing again. "Oh my god, you should see your face! Anyone would think you've lived out here in BFE your whole life!"

Alana pouted, staring at the floor, mainly seeing round, sweaty cleavage. Riley put a hand on her shoulder. "Sorry, I shouldn't tease. I know this process can be a lot. I didn't get nearly as big as you are, but I went through it too, you know?"

"Yeah."

"And you might as well learn it now if you haven't already; women in our family can have pretty much have their pick of partners."

"That makes sense."

"I mean, sure, there are a few guys out there only into flatties... or fatties. And plenty are intimidated by tall girls like me... Lucky I have these to distract them." Riley squeezed her breasts again to emphasize her point. "But you're pretty enough to catch anyone's eye, even if you were flat. And now? As Barb would say, you're gonna break some hearts, girl. There are *loads* of boob men out there... and more than a few girls..."

Alana thought back on all her 'practice' with Britney and felt heat rising in her face again. Fortunately, Riley didn't seem to notice.

"Anyway, I'm a little surprised you're so against surgery. Cindy made it sound like you were pretty miserable when you got here..."

Alana pondered that for several seconds. "I... I guess I had a change of heart."

"How so?"

"Well... I always kinda *wanted* big boobs. I was pretty much flat all through high school."

"I heard about that. You didn't start developing 'till you were eighteen?"

"Basically, yeah. And then they grew so fast... I barely had like a week to enjoy big boobs before I had *too* big boobs, and then ridiculously big boobs." Alana paused, letting her eyes roam over the basketball-size flesh hanging off her chest. "It seems silly now to call them 'ridiculous.' I was barely your size when I came here."

"Mmm... I bet that was a lot."

"Heh, yeah." Alana reflected on how her life turned upside-down in a single afternoon. "It was a whole thing..."

"It probably felt like 'too much of a good thing,' huh?"

Alana patted the sides of her chest, making her lobes bulge. They didn't wobble for very long. "And then some..." she grinned.

"What made you consider a reduction? Just overwhelmed?"

"Maybe a little, especially in that first week being stuck in bed..."

"Did something make you change your mind, or did you just need time?"

"Hmm..." Alana stared at the ceiling, drumming her fingers on the bench. "I don't think it was any one thing. All the women here helped, especially Britney."

"Heh, she's a weird one, but a good egg. I guess it helps to get an outside perspective sometimes."

"Yeah... And seeing the rest of the family manage their size so well... I don't know. I guess it brought out some of my competitiveness from doing sports."

"A little extra motivation, eh?"

"Yeah, I mean, if they can all do it, there's no reason I can't."

"Well, that's great, Alana." Riley thumped Alana on the back encouragingly. "I'd never recommend surgery to anyone... unless they *really, really* wanted it. And you already have good habits built up from school, so I know you'll do fine. You'll have to work a little harder at it than all us flat-chested girls, but I bet you won't mind the trade-off."

Alana snorted at the idea of a woman who looked like a Greek goddess, with tits the size of grapefruits, calling herself flat. Riley joined in her laughter, reaching out for a one-armed hug.

"Alright, time for some cooldown stretches."

Alana let out a faint groan.

"Come on, girl. Gotta keep that back nice and strong to hold those babies up. Can't have you tripping over them!"

Alana grimaced as they stepped onto their respective mats.

"This is the last part," Riley said, "Then we can shower and see what Barb's cooking up for dinner. Maybe she's already pulling out old classics before Thanksgiving..."

As the holidays approached, Alana's growth continued to slow. By August, her bras from Marian lasted over three weeks, and the one she got at the start of September still fit at Halloween. Marian estimated her size as a W-cup, but Alana knew any bra she could get "out in the real world" would have to be custom-made, so cup sizes were irrelevant.

Riley continued to make weekly visits for training sessions. But Alana was so stubbornly determined to keep herself strong she exercised daily using all the poses and routines Riley taught her. She tried to pick some of her old workouts back up as well. Running was out of the question, but she borrowed a bike and rode the hilly country roads at least once a week.

Now that she could move around, Alana could help with chores and the garden. The endless weeding was replaced with picking and pulling as the weather got cooler. She also got to help Barb and the other women in the kitchen, canning all the extra vegetables. The process fascinated her. First, jars had to be cleaned and sterilized, along with their lids and rings. Some things were simply cut up and washed, while tomatoes were processed in different ways, making sauces and salsas. It was initially overwhelming, but after the first batch or two of something, Alana got the steps down, and the task became almost zen. The women talked and laughed as they went through the automatic tasks; cutting, cleaning, and processing vegetables for winter.

One day, Marian asked Alana to come down to the sewing room.

"I'd like to measure you."

"Really? I thought you could tell just by looking."

The middle-aged woman grinned. "Yes, well... You've got a little past the sizes I usually see, and I want to make sure the fit is right."

Marian locked the door so Alana could strip. As she measured her wearing her current bra, she gave a gentle lecture.

"It's very important to wear a bra the right size. Cups too small or too large won't give proper support. And if the band or the straps are too tight or too loose, it's bad for your back and shoulders."

She fingered the band of Alana's bra. "I'm going to unhook this now, okay?"

Alana nodded. Marian undid the bra, sliding it up Alana's chest so she could continue measuring. "That's all true for women of any size, but it's especially important for our family. I've measured a lot of women, Alana, and you're above average, even for us."

Marian paused, eyeing the topless girl. She reached out to pull the undone bra off Alana's shoulders, setting it on the cutting table. Alana's thumb size nipples perked up in the cool air. Her breasts stood high and firm on her chest, every bit as tight and gravity-defying as they'd been back in June, at the peak of Alana's growth.

"Hmm..."

Alana grew self-conscious under the older woman's gaze.

"What?"

Marian leaned in closer, pressing her hands to Alana's firm round breasts, making her inhale sharply.

"They're still very firm, considering you haven't sized up in over two months."

"I-isn't that good?" Alana's face went slightly pale.

"Oh yes, sorry. Sagging happens slowly... over the years. I wouldn't expect you to have 'granny tits' already..." Marian brushed her fingers around the lower slopes of Alana's perfectly round mounds. "But at this size, you should be dropping at least a little..."

There were several doctors in the family. And Andi, who lived on the farm, had nurse training in addition to being a veterinarian. Andi took blood and tissue samples from Alana and sent them to one of the family's doctors. She worked in a research hospital with access to state-of-the-art testing equipment. She video-called the farm to give Alana the news.

"Hi Alana, I'm Doctor Ann. Sorry, I couldn't make the trip out to the farm in person. We get swamped during flu season."

"I understand."

"I have your test results here. The good news is there's nothing wrong with you. No markers for any cancer or anything like that."

Alana hadn't even considered cancer. It felt weird to be relieved at something she hadn't even been scared of. She relaxed her shoulders with a faint sigh.

"Now that's out of the way. I'd like you to come into the city so we can do a full scan. In the meantime, here's what I can tell you from these tests."

"Okay..."

"Your hormone levels indicate duct and gland density far above average. Almost record-setting." Seeing Alana's confused expression, she clarified. "Milk production."

"M-milk production!?"

"It's no cause for alarm, just something to be aware of in the future. If you were to start lactating, we'd want to keep a close eye on your level of engorgement –er– swelling."

"I... I see."

"You also appear to have an extremely high level of ligament regeneration. I don't know how long that will persist as you get older, but for now, it means that your breasts will likely stay tight and firm far longer than a young woman of your size should."

Alana's head was starting to spin.

"That... sounds good...?"

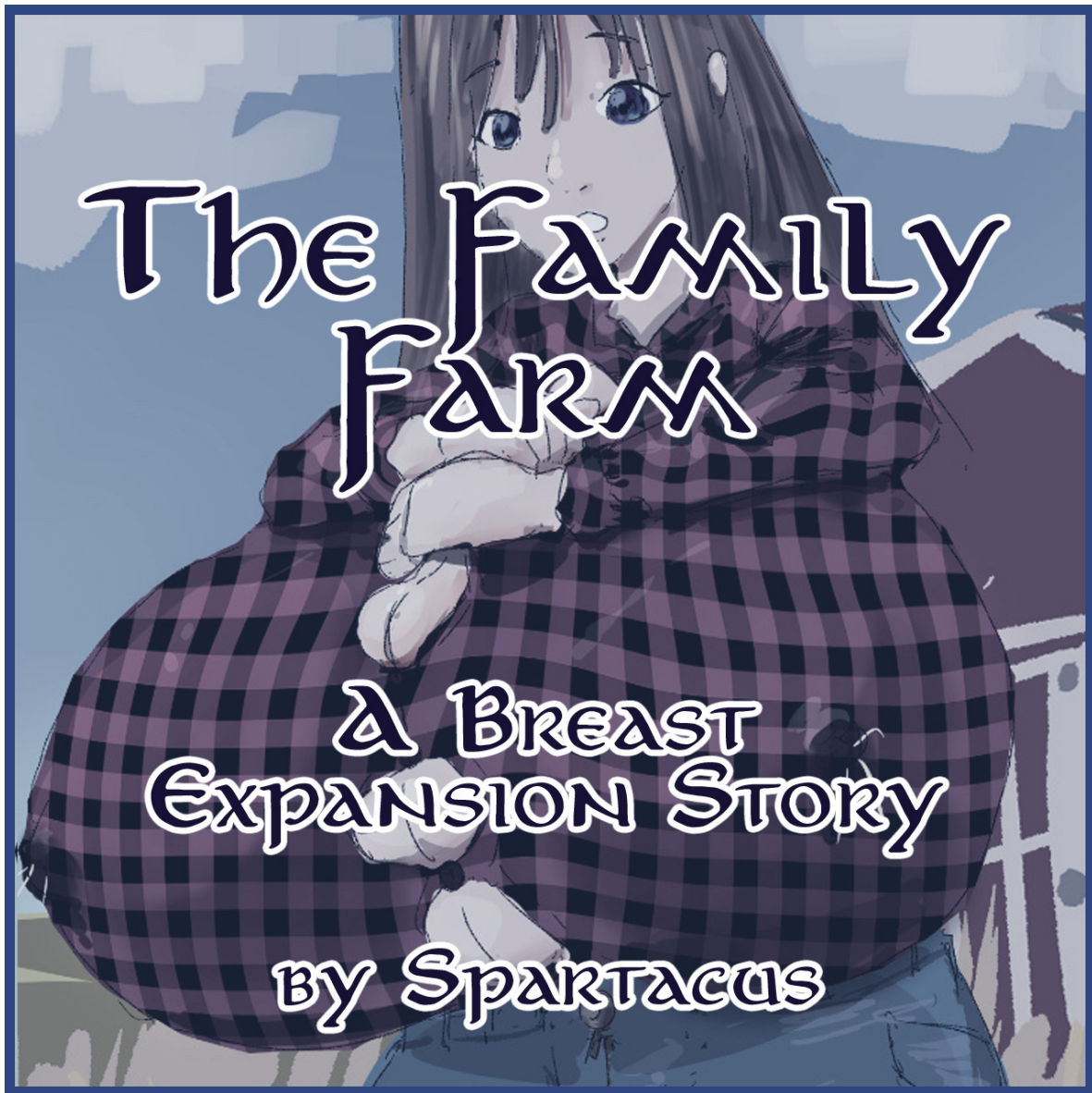
"Oh yes, it's very good. You're a lucky girl, Alana. Do you have any questions for me?"

"I... I don't think so."

"Alright, well, as I said, I'd like you to come in for more tests as soon as you're comfortable leaving the farm. In the meantime, feel free to reach out if you have questions. We're family, after all."

"Thank you, Doctor."

Alana sat for a while contemplating the doctor's news. She called her parents and told them she wouldn't be home for Christmas. She was going to stay on the farm a little longer.



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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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...”

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...

"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..."

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.

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—”

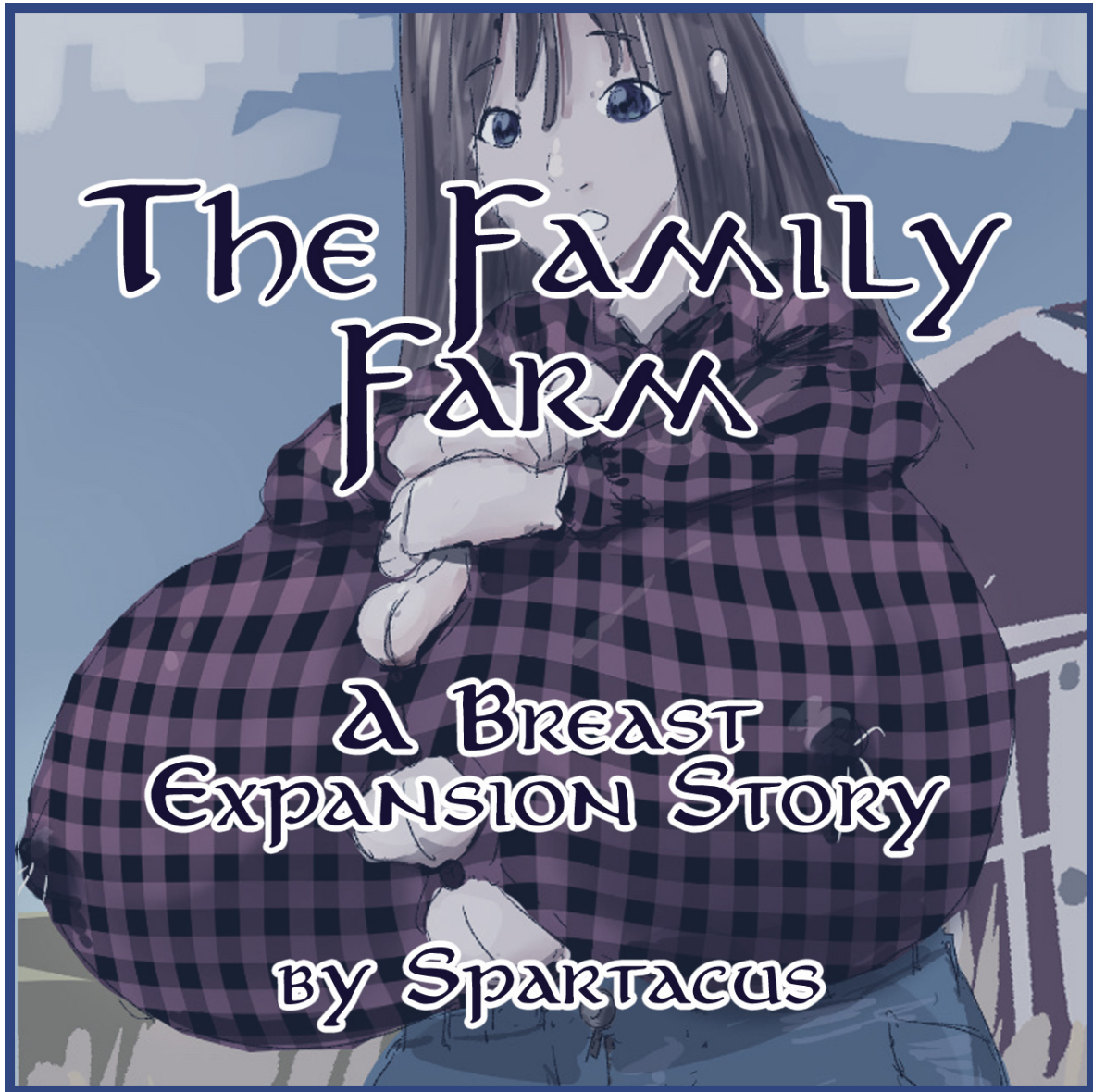
“Shut up. I’m making a point.”

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.”



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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 5/10

Part V

When the snow cleared, and the roads got safer, Annie drove Alana into the city to meet with Doctor Ann. Alana didn't have her own car, and it would have been impractical—if not downright dangerous—for her to drive herself. After talking it over with Cindy and Barb, she'd made an effort to moderate her diet since the holidays: more fruit and less bacon, more salads and fewer sandwiches. Alana's pants and skirts were starting to get loose again, but she'd needed Marian to make her new bras toward the end of February. Compared to her first few months on the farm, this growth was almost imperceptibly slow, but Alana's relatives had insisted she stop putting it off and see the doctor.

"Hello, Alana! So great to finally meet you in person."

Ann was in her mid-thirties, slightly shorter than Alana, with a light brown pixie cut. Although nowhere near Alana's size, the curve of her head-sized breasts made it clear she was part of 'The Family.' Alana wondered if the Doctor had to have her scrubs custom-made.

"Thank you, Doctor," Alana accepted Ann's outstretched hand to shake.

"We're family, Alana. You can call me Ann. Have a seat there."

Alana sat on the examining room table.

"I'm going to take more blood and tissue samples to send over to the lab, and then we'll go down the hall to run some scans, okay?"

"Alright."

They made small talk about Alana's life on the farm and a little of what came before. Ann had stories and jokes about some of their shared relatives and regretted not being able to make it for Christmas. Ann drew blood from Alana's arm and collected tissue from the underside of each of her large breasts.

"That wasn't too bad, right?" Ann smiled.

Alana shook her head.

"Let me just send these over, and I'll be right back."

The Doctor led Alana down a hallway past a series of open doors. Each had the equipment for mammogram scans, and Alana noted with curiosity that the machines got larger the further they went. Finally, Ann led her into a room with an enormous machine. It looked large enough to handle breasts twice her size.

Ann noticed Alana's expression, "You'll be more comfortable in this machine. It's one-of-a-kind. Only one larger has ever been made, and we have that one too."

"Wow..."

Alana undid her robe and stepped up to the machine.

"Now, I don't want you to worry. As I said before, we saw no markers for cancer in your blood. You're young and healthy, and I don't think we'll find anything troubling here. But the scans will give us a clearer picture of your unique physiology."

"I understand."

Ann operated the machine, and after Alana was covered up again, they looked over the images.

"Oh wow..." Ann breathed.

"What?"

"Here," Ann pulled up another image on the monitor. "This is a typical mammogram. See how dark it is? We check for abnormalities in the breasts by the contrast."

She flipped to another image. "This one has a small growth here, see?"

Alana nodded.

"Now, let's go back to your scans."

In addition to being visibly larger than the two previous women, Alana's breasts in the image were much lighter.

"Is... is that..." Alana began in a panic.

"No, no!" Ann interrupted, "It's not that. The only 'growth' we're seeing here is natural breast tissue. But far more dense than normal. I'd say we're looking at three to four times as much density as a typical woman of your age."

"You mentioned that before."

"I did. But the tests we ran last year can only tell us so much. Seeing them in the scans here confirms it. Your breasts will stay high and firm for quite a long time." Ann broke her professional decorum to offer Alana a comforting pat on the back. "This is good news, Alana."

Alana nodded hesitantly.

"Let's go back to the exam room. You can wait there with Annie while we get your test results back."

Annie had brought their laptops so they could get some work done. Alana was thankful for the distraction. She worked on spreadsheets and website updates for nearly an hour before Doctor Ann returned.

"Alright, Alana, I have more good news." She handed Alana a folder of printouts. "The tests all came back clean. You are in perfect health."

"That is good news, Ann, thanks," Annie said.

"I also have a... proposal for you."

"Proposal?" Alana asked.

"I'd like permission to use your DNA to develop a new gene therapy."

"Gene therapy?"

"We'll take a few more tissue samples and send them over to our R&D lab—research and development—to see if we can adapt them into a treatment we can use on other patients. If we can get a viable procedure, it will mean revenue for the hospital. It's a long shot, but if it works, we'll pay a percentage of that revenue back to you."

The business-minded Annie asked, "What kind of numbers are we talking about?"

"Well," Ann said, "Again, it's all hypothetical at this point. We'll have to study Alana's genetic patterns. Assuming we *can* develop a treatment, it will take time to run clinical trials and get approval."

"Naturally," Annie said.

"I'm not sure..." Alana said.

"Just think of it, Alana. Thousands of women out there could get what's colloquially called a 'boob lift' but without surgery? If it works, you could have the equivalent of a part-time job's worth of passive income."

"But there's no guarantee," Annie noted.

"As I said."

"Are there... any risks?" Alana asked.

"Oh, none whatsoever. All we'll need are tissue samples and your consent."

Alana considered it. The idea of helping other women and maybe helping herself a little in the process? She couldn't think of a good reason to refuse.

"I'll do it."

Alana got dressed to help with morning chores before breakfast. She picked up her bra from its spot draped over a chair in her room. The tan undergarment looked like a pair of small hammocks. Hooking the small band around her torso, Alana slipped one arm then the other through the straps. Then she bent at the waist, so her enormous endowments would hang toward the floor, making it easier to slide the cups over them. Alana had to stretch her arms forward to reach the cups, but after a few shimmies and shakes, she was wearing her bra. Next came a tee shirt with XXL on the tag and a flannel she had to button first, then pull down over her front. Alana slipped on fresh panties and a pair of socks she put on by touch, unable to see her feet. Then she stepped into her overalls and slipped into those shoulder straps as

well. Her rubber barn boots were by the back door, so Alana went downstairs in her socks. Stopping in the kitchen for a glass of water, Alana greeted her family, stepped into her boots, and headed out.

Alana was on chicken duty and crossed the farmyard to the coop. She refilled waterers and scooped feed into the tops of feeders, then went down the line of nesting boxes to fetch eggs. She only had to shoo away three of the hens to collect their morning bounty.

Arriving back at the house, Alana put the basket of eggs on the side counter. Someone else would wash and sort them into cartons. Barb was almost done with breakfast, so Alana sat at the table, relaxing her shoulders as she let the weight of her breasts rest on the table.

Alana's phone buzzed in her pocket, so she pulled it out to see a message from Britney. It was a selection of photos from Tina's most recent post.

"One more rep, Alana, come on!"

Sweat rolled down Alana's forehead as she raised her arms to the sides, a small kettlebell in each hand.

"That's it! Hold, two, three. And slowly down, two, three. Now, one more!" Riley was pushing her hard this week.

"-Huff- you said that was one more!"

"Come on, girl; you can do it! Up..."

Alana forced out an exhale, then breathed in as she lifted her arms again. She held as Riley counted, then let the weights drag her arms back down.

"That was great! Alright, let's cool down."

Alana climbed onto the stationary bike and started pedaling. Her breasts blocked her view of the digital display, and even in two massive sports bras, they bobbed from side to side as she pedaled. Riley made small talk to gauge her breathing as she worked.

"How are classes going?"

"They're fine." Alana puffed.

"What's your favorite class?"

"I wouldn't say *-huff-* I have a favorite. *-Haa-* But I like the professor for *-huh-* micro-econ."

"That's good. A good professor makes a lot of difference, especially with something boring like econ."

"It's not *that* boring."

Riley chuckled, "If you say so. Alright, that's ten minutes. You can go shower off. Same time next week?"

Alana nodded and headed for the bathroom. She stripped out of her workout clothes and stepped into the tub-shower combo. The house might have been old, but they kept the water heater well-maintained. The steaming water crashed onto Alana's back, soothing her aching muscles. Soaping herself up, Alana marveled at the size of her breasts. She pushed the curtain outward when she turned around to let the water rinse her front. Even if she put her back against the cold tile, she couldn't fit in the shower sideways. The hot water tickled her nipples and sent tingles all over her body.

"I need a boyfriend. I wonder if Britney's coming over for the summer again..."

Alana sat with Annie in the alcove they used as an office. Annie had a normal desk while Alana sat on the couch, her laptop resting on the shelf of her breasts. Annie wasn't flat, but her J-cups didn't hinder her working too much.

"I sent you some more updates for the website," Annie said.

"Alright, lemme look."

Alana tapped open the email.

"Price updates for the farmer's market?"

"Mmhmm"

"Wow, we're selling eggs for \$5 a dozen?"

"Soon to be six. They're free range, and the feed is organic."

"That makes sense."

"It doesn't hurt that we get Holly and Dakota to run the booth when they can."

The cousins Annie named were both college students, G and F-cup, respectively. They lived on campus but were close enough to work the farmer's market most Saturdays. Alana suspected they got a kick out of doing a little 'farm girl' cosplay and flirting with the customers.

"That's awful!" Alana laughed.

"Hey, use what you got! Haven't you learned about marketing in your classes yet?"

"I think that's next semester."

"Well, we've got good products, so there's nothing wrong with drawing a little attention to them, right?"

"For sure."

Alana got another text from Britney.

Britney:

Check this out!

It was more photos of Tina.

Alana:

Perv

Britney:



Alana:

Hey are you coming to the farm this summer?

Britney:

Of course!

Alana 'hearted' Britney's message.

Britney:

How's everything going? Are you nervous about finals?

Alana:

A little bit

But I'm working with Annie rn, FaceTime later?

Britney:

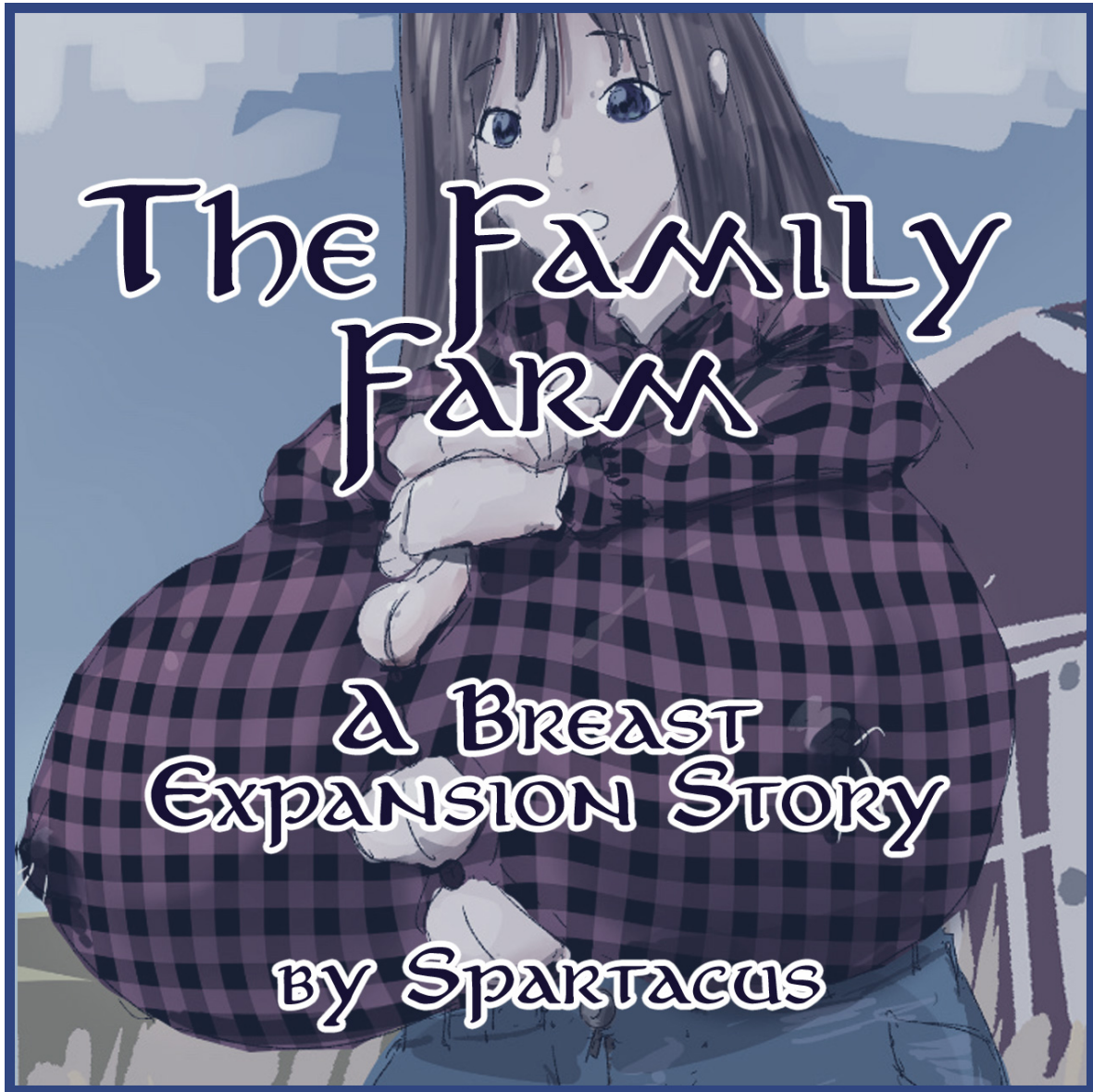
It's a date! 😊

Alana undressed for bed, slipping off her pants and replacing her tee shirt with an even larger one. Reaching behind her back, she undid the hooks of her enormous bra and slid each arm out. They bobbed energetically as if happy to be freed, and she put an arm across her chest to steady them. She could almost have gone braless if they didn't move around so much. Filling both hands with lotion, Alana began the laborious process of spreading the white cream all over each massive lobe. She covered the tops and sides as much as she could reach, then lifted each lap-filling breast to get at the undersides.

Laying down under the sheets, Alana scrolled through her messages from Britney, looking at the photos she'd sent. In one, Tina was suckling at her friend Casey's breast, and droplets of white liquid spilled from her lips.

Alana locked her phone and rolled over, letting her breasts stack left over right. Why was Britney so obsessed with those egirls? And why did the idea of drinking breast milk make her feel so... weird? The first time she heard Tina talk about it, it seemed gross. But now... Now it made her, what? Curious? Intrigued?

Alana put thoughts of milk out of her mind as she drifted off to sleep. Her days were filled with chores, office work, and classes. She'd have time to think about weird kinks she may or may not be into when summer came, along with her favorite cousin.



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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..."

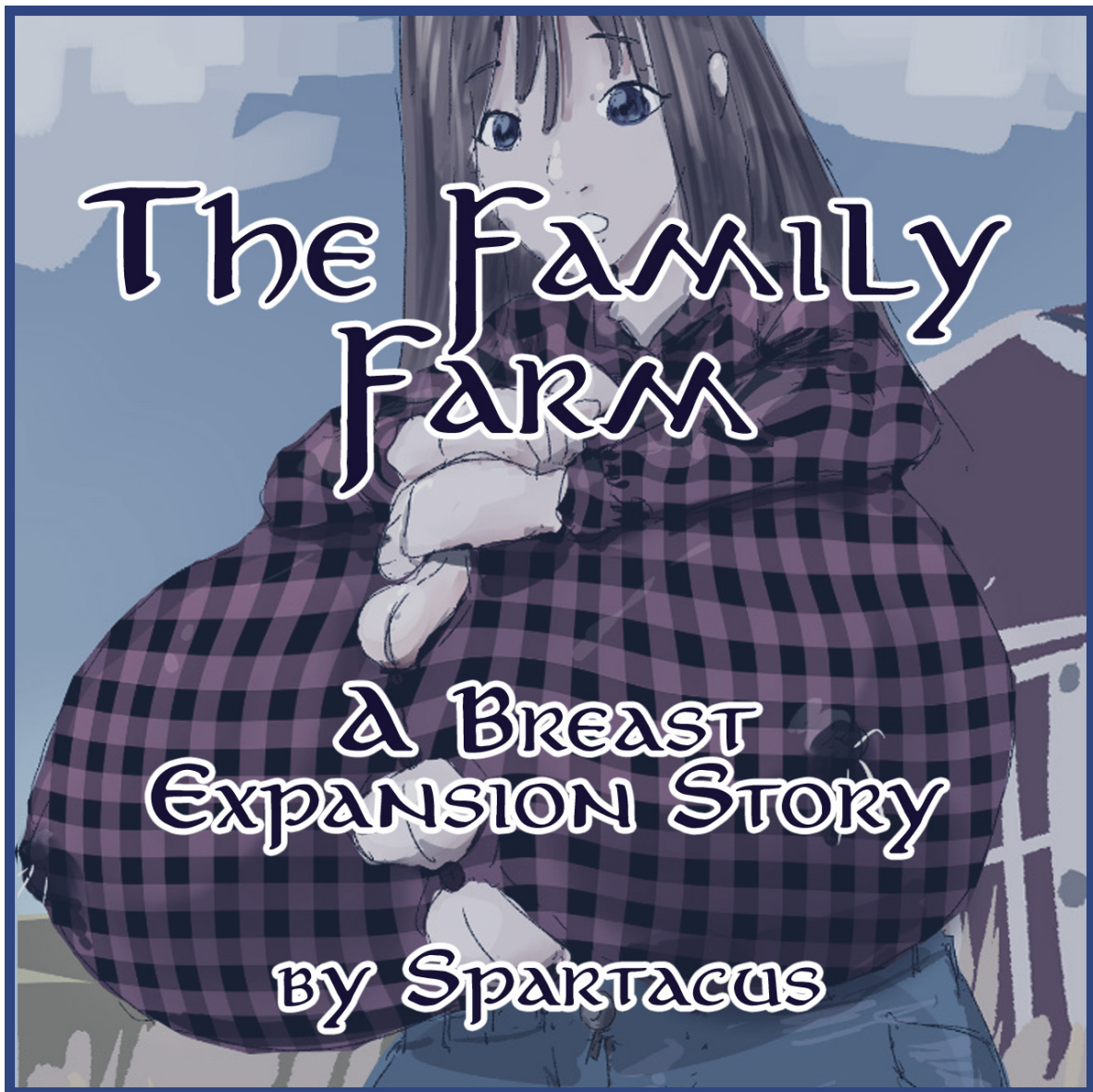
Alana sat straight up in bed.

"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.



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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 7/10

Part VII

Britney's return for the summer reminded Alana that she'd lived on the farm for over a year. She still had two weeks of studying and finals when Britney arrived, so Cindy put the older girl to work doing chores so as not to distract Alana from her schoolwork. This, of course, didn't stop the two young women from spending every spare moment together. Sitting beside her slim cousin watching a movie, Alana felt Britney's fingers rest on the bare skin of her leg, exposed by her cutoffs. She pretended not to notice. The hand drifted higher, over her shorts and under her shirt, along her hip and tummy, until Britney's knuckles brushed the underside of her breast.

Alana cleared her throat.

"What?" Britney asked, not moving her hand.

Alana glanced at the open doorway, where some older cousins were playing cards. She pitched her voice low. "What do you think you're doing with that hand... out here?"

"I just missed you, that's all."

"Missed me, or missed these?" Alana looked down at her chest. Her tee shirt could have been a dress on Britney.

Britney smirked. "Both?"

Her hand slid farther up Alana's torso until it slipped between her underboob and chest. She twisted the hand around so her fingers and palm were full of soft, firm flesh.

"Are you serious right now?"

"Nobody will know."

"Didn't you touch them enough last night?"

Britney's cheeks went red, but her grin was wicked. "No such thing as enough touches."

The two women turned their eyes and faces back to the movie, but Alana couldn't focus on the plot or characters with Britney's hand against her bare skin. She didn't move her hand any deeper, but her fingertips gently fondled her sensitive skin until Alana's body felt so warm she was surprised she wasn't sweating. When, at last, the credits rolled, Alana grabbed Britney's arm, pulling the invasive hand away.

"It's time for bed."

They washed their popcorn bowls and said goodnight to Cindy and the others.

"Goodnight, girls!"

Alana went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her face; when she stepped into her bedroom, she found Britney already in bed. Wearing a full set of old-fashioned pajamas. The blonde didn't look up from the book she was reading.

"Hit the light, would you?" Britney said.

"What the hell?"

"What?"

"Are you not gonna finish what you started?"

Britney flipped a page. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

She held a passive expression, but Alana caught a twinge in her lips as if she were holding back a smirk. She climbed onto the bed at Britney's feet.

"So... after spending the last half hour getting me all worked up, you're just gonna read and go to sleep?"

"Mmhmm..."

Alana crawled further up the bed. Her massive breasts hung from her chest, brushing Britney's legs through the blankets.

"You're sure you wouldn't rather put your grabby hands all over my gigantic tits?"

Britney lifted the book closer to her face. She gripped it so hard her knuckles were white. Her tone remained nonchalant, but Alana could hear the strain. "You were so whiny about it earlier; I figured you didn't want to."

Alana bent her elbows, dropping her heavy orbs onto Britney's flat torso so fast that a huff of air escaped the blonde's lips.

"Whiny?"

The book was blocking Alana's view of Britney's face. Her voice cracked when she said, "I'm j-just respecting your wishes."

Alana arched her back until the masses of her shirt-clad breasts pushed the book almost to Britney's nose. "Really?"

"Mmhmm..." Britney whimpered.

Alana rolled off the bed, making the frame squeak as springs released their tension. She stood for a moment, looming over her reclined cousin, as her lady lumps bobbed and swayed long after she'd stopped moving. "Well, I appreciate that. I guess I'll head back to the bathroom, but I might be a while..."

She turned and took a single step toward the door. The sound of blankets and bedsprings gave her half a second's warning before a pair of thin hands wrapped around her torso and pulled her back down onto the bed. Britney wrapped herself around Alana from behind and brought her lips to Alana's ear.

“Do that again...”

“Do what?”

“Lay on top of me... please?”

“Hmm...” Alana drew out her response, “I’ll consider it. But I’m pretty sure it’s my turn.”

Britney grabbed Alana by the shoulder, rolling her onto her back. Then she was off the bed and pulling off Alana’s sleep shorts. She ran her hands lovingly along Alana’s thighs as she knelt on the floor, burying her face between the brunette’s legs.

When they’d finally worn each other out, Britney and Alana spooned in the large bed. Alana could feel the blonde’s arm under her pillow, and the soft stroking of her fingertips through her sleep shirt sent tingles down her nape. The tingling made her eyelids heavy, and her breathing began to slow, but couldn’t stop her mind from whirling. Her life had changed so much in the past year, but lying in Britney’s arms had become her favorite place. All her relatives were kind and supportive, but Britney had a way of making her feel safe. She was weird, and her obsession with Alana’s breasts sometimes got a little exhausting, but the way she looked at her made her feel special. Beautiful. Valued. Whenever she looked in the mirror and saw a freak or struggled to move around because of her shape, she remembered her best friend and how much she adored her, and it never failed to brighten her day.

As Alana started to drift off, she mumbled, “Thank you.”

Britney’s hand stopped. “For what?”

Alana shifted her back against Britney’s front. “For being you.”

“Any time, babe.”

After a few moments, Britney resumed her gentle strokes and said, “Hey, I have an idea.”

Alana was already asleep.

When the sun's glow made Alana open her eyes, Britney was sitting up on the bed.

"Um, hi?"

"Hi!" Britney beamed.

"Were you... watching me sleep?"

Britney blushed faintly. "No! Well... yes, sort of... Only because you fell asleep before I could tell you my idea!"

She rose up on her knees, bouncing with excitement. The mattress shook, making Alana keenly aware of the masses on her chest as they rolled with the motion. She sat slowly, rolling her shoulders as their weight pulled on them. "Fine, fine. If I hear your idea, will you sit still?"

"Okay. So. Some kids from my program are going to this big conference in Denver. It's like a networking thing. I was going to blow it off, but then last night, I thought, what if we go together?"

"You want me to go to a conference for vet students?"

Britney looked down at her hands as she fidgeted. "Well, I get a free badge as a student, but they're kind of expensive. I was thinking I'd just make an appearance at the con. Then we can hang out the rest of the time."

"What would I do in the meantime? I don't really want to wander around a strange city by myself." Alana pulled her knees up, mashing her breasts into her chest. "I haven't really gone anywhere, except the doctor's, since..."

"It'll just be a couple hours," Britney said, "You can bring your laptop and just hang out in the hotel."

She jumped up from the bed and started to pace as she continued. "Then we can go out together. If you're nervous, I'll be with you to fight off any pervs." She threw a few punches at the air to demonstrate.

"I don't know..." Alana said, staring at her shirt-covered mounds.

"Or not... we can just chill in the hotel, watching movies and ordering room service."

Alana considered that. On one hand, it seemed silly to travel somewhere to do the same thing did at home. But after admitting aloud that she almost never left the farm, she was starting to feel how small her world had become.

"I think we'll even be pretty close to some great ski places..." Britney added.

Alana gave her a flat stare. "Skiing, seriously?"

"I thought you were a gymnast or whatever."

"I **was**, before **these**..." Alana slapped the upper curves of her boobs. "If I got on skis now, I'd probably faceplant in the snow."

Britney smirked, "That's so hot."

Alana glared.

"Okay, okay, no skiing. We can do whatever you want. Or do nothing. It's completely your call."

Alana sighed as she started to consider Britney's scheme. "Wouldn't we have to fly there?"

"Well, it's like an eight-hour drive, so probably."

"I don't know..."

Britney crossed to Alana's side of the bed, taking her hand. "I'll be right beside you the whole time. It'll be fine."

Alana had only flown a few times, back when she was skinny. The thought of cramming her gigantic boobs into an airplane seat sounded miserable. But Britney's expression was so earnest, and the warmth radiating from her touch was already making her anxiety melt away.

"I... I guess that would be alright."

Britney's eyes sparkled. "Really?"

Alana shrugged. "Sure."

"You're gonna have fun, I promise."

"Well, I don't really wanna fly, but flying is always kinda lame... after the first time."

"I'll see if I can swing some of those upgraded seats. You know, the ones with a little more legroom? Or, in your case, a little more 'boob-room!'" Britney hopped onto the bed, burying her face in Alana's chest.

"Get off me, you freak!" Alana laughed.

Britney's voice was muffled as she spoke into Alana's sleep shirt. "Plus, I bet we can board early if we tell them you need 'special assistance.'"

Alana slapped her arm. "Hey! I'm not disabled!"

Britney's head popped up from Alana's cleavage. "Oh, I know, babe. You were plenty 'able' last night."

Alana felt heat rise in her cheeks. "Shut up!"

Britney grinned and wrapped her arms around Alana's neck. "I'm so glad we're doing this!"

Alana tried to ignore the series of dropped jaws and widened eyes as Britney led her down the plane's aisle. A flight attendant followed behind, dragging Alana's carry-on bag.

"This was a mistake."

"You'll be fine," Britney said, "We'll be in the air less than an hour and a half. Would you rather sit in a car for eight hours each way?"

As Alana bumped someone's shoulder for the third time, muttering an apology, she added, "It doesn't sound that bad right now..."

They reached their assigned seats. There were only two on their side, and Alana had the window seat. As she shuffled into the cramped space, her breasts dragged along the tops of the seats in the previous row.

"This is so cramped!" Alana quietly whined.

"It's not like we could afford first class," Britney said, "But these have three more inches of room than regular economy."

"What about those seats by the doors? They had loads of room."

The flight attendant grimaced.

Britney whispered, "They said we couldn't sit in the exit row. They didn't say this, but I bet they thought you couldn't manage the door if something happened."

Alana huffed, then as she sat, her breasts squeezed against the seat back in front of her, added, "They're probably right."

As the flight attendant stowed their bags, Britney took her seat. Pressed against the side of the plane, Alana's breasts spilled halfway into Britney's space.

"I knew it was a good idea not to put you in the aisle seat." She grinned.

"This is the worst. Everyone's staring!"

"They're staring 'cause you're gorgeous, babe." Britney touched Alana's hand tenderly.

Alana rolled her eyes. "Whatever."

"Did I mention our hotel room has a jacuzzi? Just think how good it will feel to get that weight off your chest."

Alana allowed herself a small smile. Then the seat in front of her slid back, forcing her back into her own seat and making her breasts swell up to her chin.

"Sir?" The flight attendant said, "Please keep your seat back upright during takeoff."

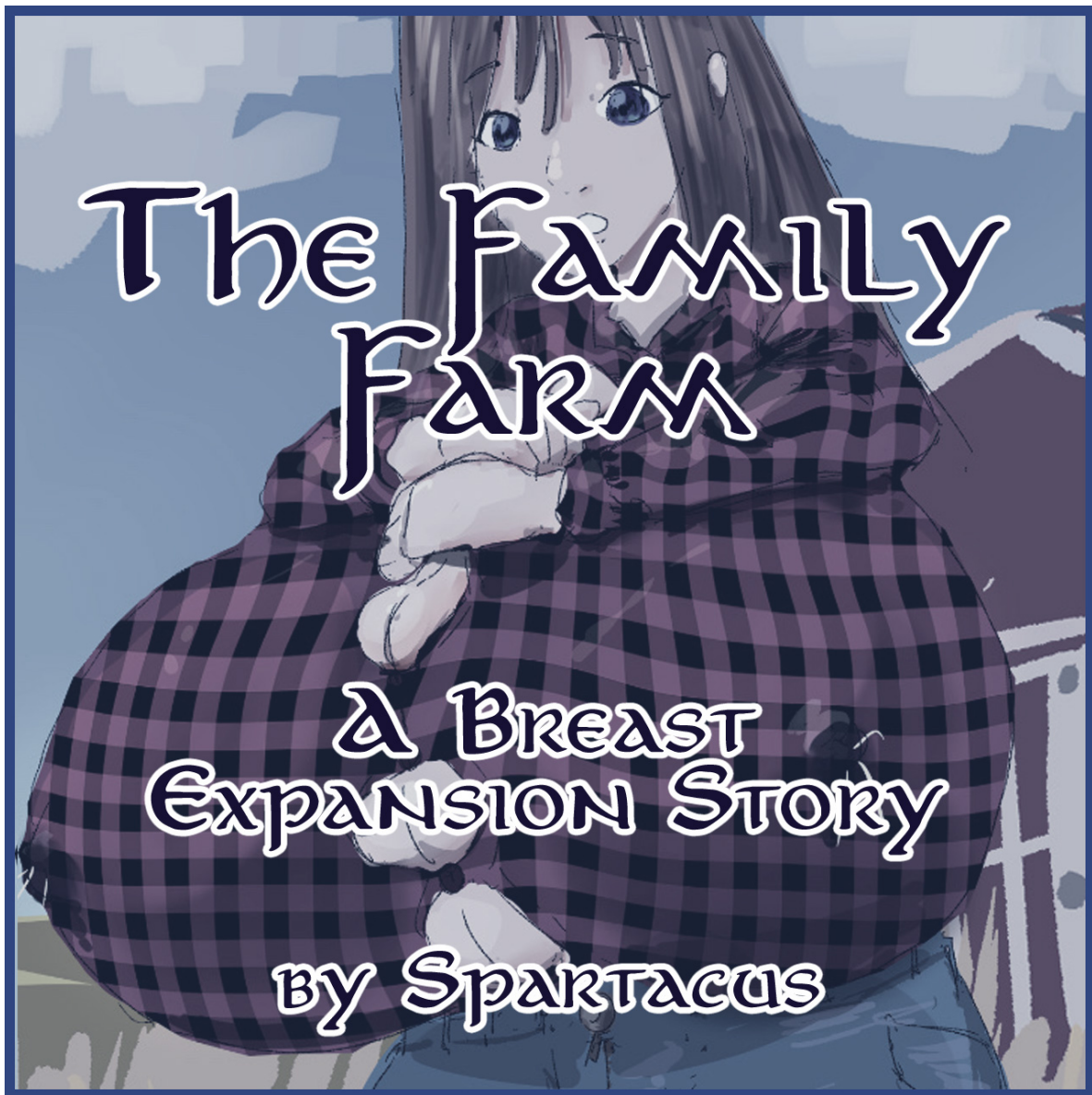
The seat slid forward again, and Alana took a relieved breath. "It's a good thing I'm not claustrophobic."

Britney ran her index finger from knuckle to wrist on Alana's hand. The rhythmic touch soothed her, and she closed her eyes, laying her head against the back of her seat.

As the jets powered up for takeoff, Alana was pressed back into her seat like everyone else. Unlike everyone else, she felt the added pressure of a few dozen pounds of breast flesh flattened against her body by the G-forces. As the plane accelerated and shuddered, Alana's breasts rippled and quaked against her chest and arms, and she let out a soft whimper of distress.

Britney interlaced her fingers in Alana's, gripping her hand tightly. "I'll make it up to you, I promise," she whispered.

"You better."



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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 8/10

Part VIII

Alana sat in the room's "hot tub," reveling in the sensation of near-scalding water seeping heat into her body. In truth, it was little more than an oversized bathtub with jets, but the water rose high enough for Alana to mostly submerge herself or simply lay reclined while her breasts bobbed in the water. She'd tried going back to sleep after Britney left for her convention, but a year of living on a farm had her body's clock firmly set to rise with the sun. With nothing else to do in the empty hotel room, Alana filled the tub and turned on the jets, reluctantly admitting that Britney had been right; it was heavenly.

But she'd climbed out of the water to twist the dial and restart the 30-minute timer on the jets twice now. She'd also had to add hot water several times as it slowly cooled. So, when the timer clicked off a third time, and the water went still, Alana sighed. She couldn't stay in the tub all day; the 'heavenly' experience was making her skin wrinkly and gross. Besides, it was boring as hell.

She climbed out of the tub and pulled the lever to drain the water, went back into the room, and started to dress. She pulled on clean panties and fixed the band of her bra around her chest, then put each arm through the straps. Bending forward, she maneuvered her massive lobes into equally massive cups, taking some time to carefully adjust herself. She started to pull on her jeans, then remembered she wasn't going out anywhere without Britney. Spotting a pair of white bathrobes hanging in

the open closet, she slipped one on, then relaxed onto the bed. She turned on the TV and—after clicking through every available channel—turned it off again. She got out her laptop and started watching videos but soon felt a faint twinge in her middle. It was nearly 10 am, and she hadn't eaten breakfast.

Britney had talked about ordering room service, but Alana had no idea how to do that herself or how much it would cost. She remembered seeing vending machines at the end of the hall, so she decided to go check them out. Standing in the fluorescent glow of the machines next to the noisy icemaker, Alana perused the options, tapping her debit card against her lips. She saw movement from the corner of her eye as someone else walked into the doorway.

"Sorry, I'm having trouble deci..."

Alana turned to see a young woman with breasts even larger than her own. She wore a bright yellow skirt and an enormous matching bikini top. A large flat tail bounced above her bottom in the shape of a cartoon lightning bolt. She had tall, conical ears sprouting from her blonde head on a headband. Black stockings covered her legs to the knees, and even in her black heels, she stood half a head shorter than Alana.

"It's... it's you!" Alana cried.

Tina smiled somewhat shyly. "Hi. Are you... a fan?"

Alana fumbled, "No... well, yes, sort of..."

The blonde furrowed her brow in confusion.

"Sorry, that was weird. I've seen some of your videos. Do you live here?"

Alana realized how stupid the question was as the words left her mouth. She was in a hotel hallway.

"No... I'm here for ClowderFest." Tina said slowly.

"Cloud... what's that?"

"ClowderFest. It's a cosplay and furry convention."

The other girl glanced down at Alana's chest, and she realized her robe was sliding open. She gave a nervous laugh and pulled the garment closed. "Ah, I see."

"Don't worry about it," Tina said, "You're way more covered than I am."

"I guess you're right. Are you... a cat?"

Tina seemed to be trying to raise and furrow her eyebrows at the same time. "I'm uh..." Her cheeks flushed. "Sexy Pikachu..."

Alana blinked.

"From Pokémon?"

"Oh, right! Sorry, I've never played it."

"That's alright."

Silence hung for several awkward seconds, then Alana said, "Sorry! You go ahead."

She moved out of the vending room to make space for Tina to reach the drink machine and buy a soda. Alana found herself staring at the other girl. Somehow, she looked even larger in person. From the side, Alana could see the way Tina's breasts rode high and firm. If they weren't so massive, she would have looked quite chubby, with a substantial round rump and a soft belly pooching out above her skirt. But the massive globes filling her skimpy yellow top looked like they made up almost half of the girl's body weight.

Tina opened her soda and took a drink, then saw Alana watching her.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

"It's fine," Tina shrugged, "I get that a lot, especially dressed like this. But you must know what that's like?"

Alana felt her cheeks grow warm. "Well, I don't get out much. My cousin made me come here. Oh my god, you have to meet her! She's a huge fan."

Tina glanced around the empty hallway. "I was heading back to the hall, but I guess I have a few minutes."

Alana's face fell. "She's not here now; she came for some vet conference."

"I think I saw signs for that."

A pair of men, just shy of middle age, passed through the hall. Their eyes were wide, and the muscles in their necks strained from the effort of keeping their faces forward.

"We're in room 204 if you want to come by this evening. We're here till Sunday. O-only if you want to, though!"

Tina smiled. "That's right next to my room, actually. The hall closes at five, but I'll probably be too tired to stay down there until then."

"I'm not sure when she'll be back, but you can come over any time. I'm super bored here by myself, and we won't have to talk in the hallway." She held out her hand. "I'm Alana, by the way."

"Tina," the blonde said, shaking her hand.

"Have fun at your con; see you later!"

Alana was back inside her room before her stomach reminded her that she hadn't bought anything from the vending machine.

Once they'd figured out how to connect the laptop to the TV and get on the hotel's wifi, Alana and Britney were watching a movie together in the hotel room. Alana sat back against the headboard while Britney reclined between her spread knees. The thin girl wriggled her shoulders against the soft masses under her head.

Alana scolded her cousin, "Will you quit moving around?"

"Sorry, not sorry. You make such a great pillow..."

"Weirdo..."

-tap tap tap-

"Is that our DoorDash already?" Britney asked. "It's been like ten minutes."

Being the more spry of the pair, Britney lept off the bed.

“Wait! Let me get it.”

Alana heaved herself off the bed, and Britney stared as her bra-clad mams wobbled. She pulled the robe closed over herself and tied the belt.

“Aww, you should have left it open. Maybe the driver is a cute boy.”

Alana scowled, pointing a finger at her friend. “Wait here.”

“Why are you being so weird?”

“Just. Wait. Here.”

Britney sat on the bed with raised eyebrows.

Alana opened the door for Tina. Whispering, she said, “Go on in; I want to see the look on her face.”

Even with Alana backed against the wall, there wasn’t quite room for the blonde to pass by without their breasts brushing against each other.

“S-sorry...” Tina whispered.

Alana only blushed and waved the shorter girl ahead.

As Tina walked into the hotel room, Alana followed as closely behind her as she could. She watched Britney’s eyes go wide as saucers as her mouth fell open.

“Um... hi,” Tina said.

“No. Freakin’. Way!”

Britney jumped up from the bed but stopped a few feet away from Tina. The cosplayer had changed and now wore shorts and an enormous tank top, which weren’t much more concealing than her costume.

“Tina?” She breathed.

“That’s me!”

“Oh my god, it’s really you. You’re really here! You’re even prettier in person! I love your videos! I’m on your Patreon *and* OnlyFans. I’ve seen all your videos! I never imagined I’d see you for real! Is Casey here, too? You must be here for the furry con; which costume did you wear? Was it the Sorceress one? That’s one of my favorites...”

Tina shrank back under Britney’s barrage of words. Alana stepped forward and waved her hands in her cousin’s face. “Jesus, Britney, take a breath!”

Britney had been leaning forward, hands outstretched in a grabbing motion. At Alana’s words, she dropped her arms and stood up straight. She took two long, controlled breaths.

“Sorry, I’m just a huge fan.”

Alana let out a snort of laughter, and Britney glared at her. “What?”

“Sorry, it’s just funny.”

“What’s funny?”

“Well...” Alana gestured at herself and their guest, then back at Britney. “You’re the only girl in this room who *isn’t* huge.”

Britney slapped Alana’s boob. “Shut up!”

Tina laughed, interrupting the cousins. “It’s nice to meet you, Britney. I ran into Alana in the hallway, and she said I should come over.”

“Can I...?” Britney asked, gazing at Tina’s breasts.

Alana gasped. “Britney!”

“It’s fine,” Tina laughed. “I talk about them a lot on stream, and I always meet tons of fans at cons. Just... be gentle?”

Britney stepped forward reverently. Tina’s breasts projected over three feet in front of her, and Britney put both hands on one fat enormous orb.

“Woah... they’re almost as firm as Alana’s...”

Her hands explored the surface of one breast, then the other, always keeping her hands on the shirt, never making contact with Tina's skin.

As she watched, Alana met Tina's eyes, mouthing, 'I'm sorry.' Tina shook her head with a smile. Britney squatted down and put both arms under one of Tina's breasts, flexing her entire body as she lifted it upward, making Tina gasp.

"So heavy... How are you even standing?"

When Britney released Tina's breast, the giant lobe dropped back into place. Tina took a staggering half-step forward to control her balance and almost fell over.

"Oh gosh, I'm sorry!" Britney said. "Here, come sit on the bed."

Tina sat, and Alana joined her. The room only had one bed, so Britney took the desk chair and slid it across from them. She glanced back and forth at the two young women. Alana was bent forward to rest her breasts in her lap, where they reached a few inches past her knees. Tina's breasts were in her lap, too, but the shorter girl was sitting up straight, and the flesh spilled over both sides; she rested both arms on them, pressing down so she could see Britney easily.

"You're so much bigger than your last video; what happened?"

Tina's cheeks flushed red.

Alana said, "You don't have to tell us if you don't want to."

Tina shook her head. "It's fine. You know my girlfriend, Casey?"

Britney nodded. "Well, she likes to... play with them."

Alana pointed at Britney, "Sounds like this one."

"I kinda noticed," Tina said with a faint smile. "Anyway, our boyfriend does too, and we figure it overstimulated the tissue and triggered a side-effect of the treatment."

Britney said, "Treatment? Oh, wait! That's whatever you've been doing that made them get so firm over the past few months!"

"Yeah... there's this hospital that specializes in girls like us—Casey found it online. They let me try this experimental gene therapy that increases duct density or something. Casey could explain it better than I can."

She looked over at Alana. "I can give you their information if you want. Though," She glanced down where the hotel robe had come open, revealing the top curves of Alana's chest. "It doesn't seem like you really need it."

"I knew it!" Britney cried.

Tina looked at her. "What?"

"Our family runs that hospital. They specialize in huge boobs because the women in our family all have them!"

Tina darted a glance at Britney's loose top, slightly distorted by a pair of tiny lumps.

Britney crossed her arms over her chest. "Yeah, yeah. I took after my dad. Shut up."

Alana and Tina shared matching smirks.

"**Anyway**," Britney went on, "Most don't get as big as Alana, but she's a special case. Doctor Ann is using *her* genes to make that treatment!"

Tina turned to Alana, "Really?"

Alana nodded. "I guess. It's too much of a coincidence to be anything else."

"Wow, thank you so much!"

Tina wrapped her arms around Alana, and Britney enjoyed the sight of so much flesh mashing together on the two girls' laps.

"They're really pretty, Alana. How big are they?"

"Um... Y-cup." Alana said.

"You're almost out of letters." Tina chuckled.

"You didn't tell me you upgraded again!" Britney said. "How big are yours, Tina?"

"Well, I passed Z over a year ago, so we just track my weight now. Custom bras are super expensive."

"Oh! I remember that video!" Britney said, "Are you really over 400 pounds?"

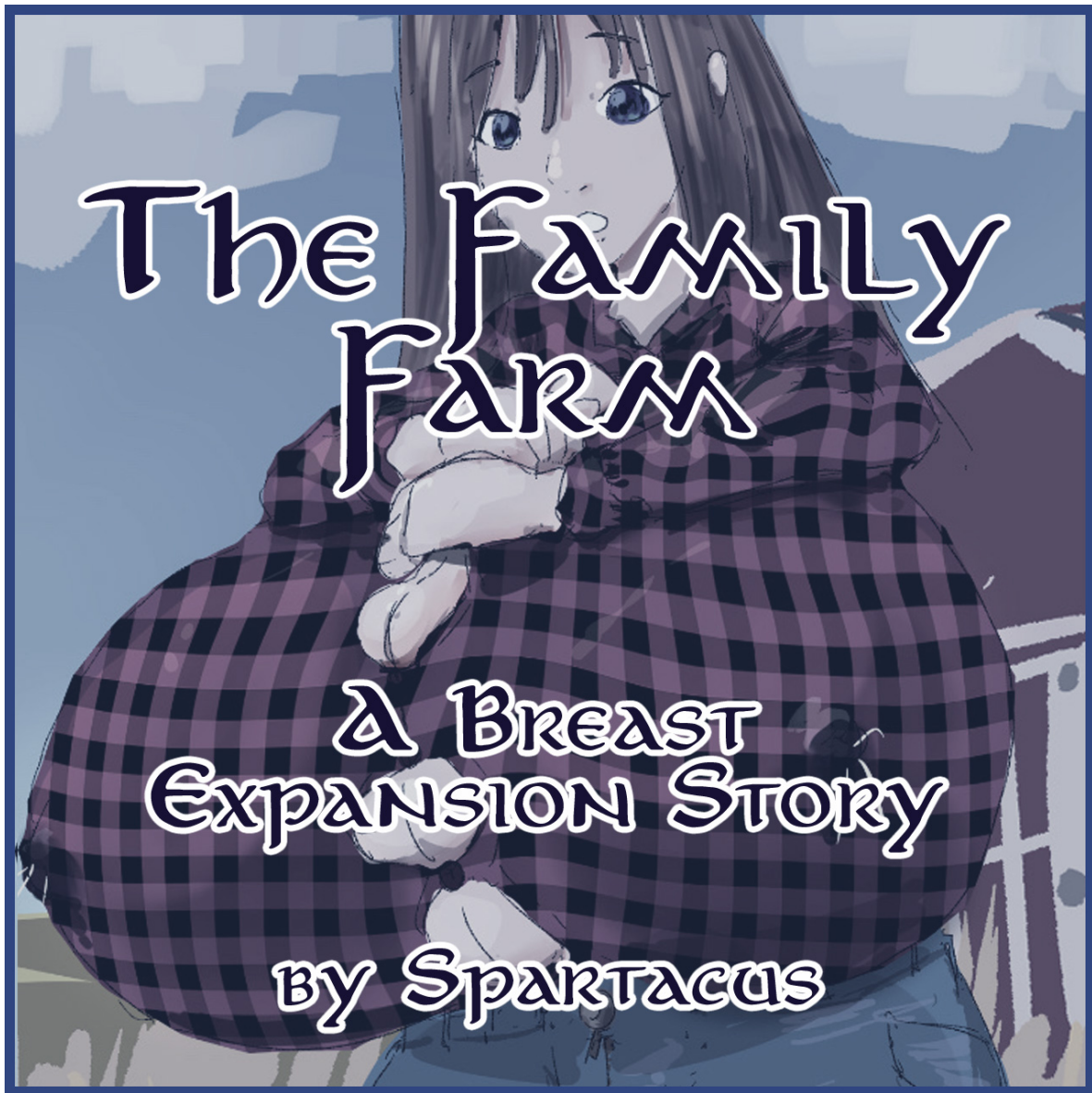
Tina stared into her cleavage. "I just hit 450 last week."

Britney and Alana gaped.

"How do you even walk?" Britney asked.

Tina chuckled. "It's a challenge, for sure. This'll probably be my last con. I'll still do cosplay, but just on video."

"Do you take requests?"



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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 9/10

Part IX

Tina stayed and chatted with Britney and Alana for nearly an hour, then slowly 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 while Britney stared hungrily.

"Supplements?" Alana asked.

"Yeah," Tina said, "She takes some pills and herbal supplements to make her lactate. I was a little worried her milk might make mine start doing it, too, but they haven'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 out about 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 worked her way back onto the bed to sit against the headboard. Britney resumed her place, sitting between Alana's legs and using her breasts as a backrest, unpauing 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, that was just... a lot."

"What was?"

"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 and rose onto 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 at this size," 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, 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. But don't think I don't 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 that parts of the farm business tickled the part of her brain that had driven her to work so hard at sports when she was in school. Getting a good deal on a big order or talking a buyer into paying a little extra all fed Alana's competitive drive. She still wasn't sure if she wanted to stay on the farm forever, but as long as she did stay, she had to be the best at whatever she did. Not the newly-arrived cousin 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, bent 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, and 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 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 because it was 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 thruple. 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 she did. Except now *she* was the one making other women jealous. Her breasts 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 at 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 make her fingers meet in front. Why on earth would she want them to grow bigger?

Alana turned off the water and reached for an extra-large towel. Despite her common-sense self-talk, 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 inches on her bustline brought their 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.

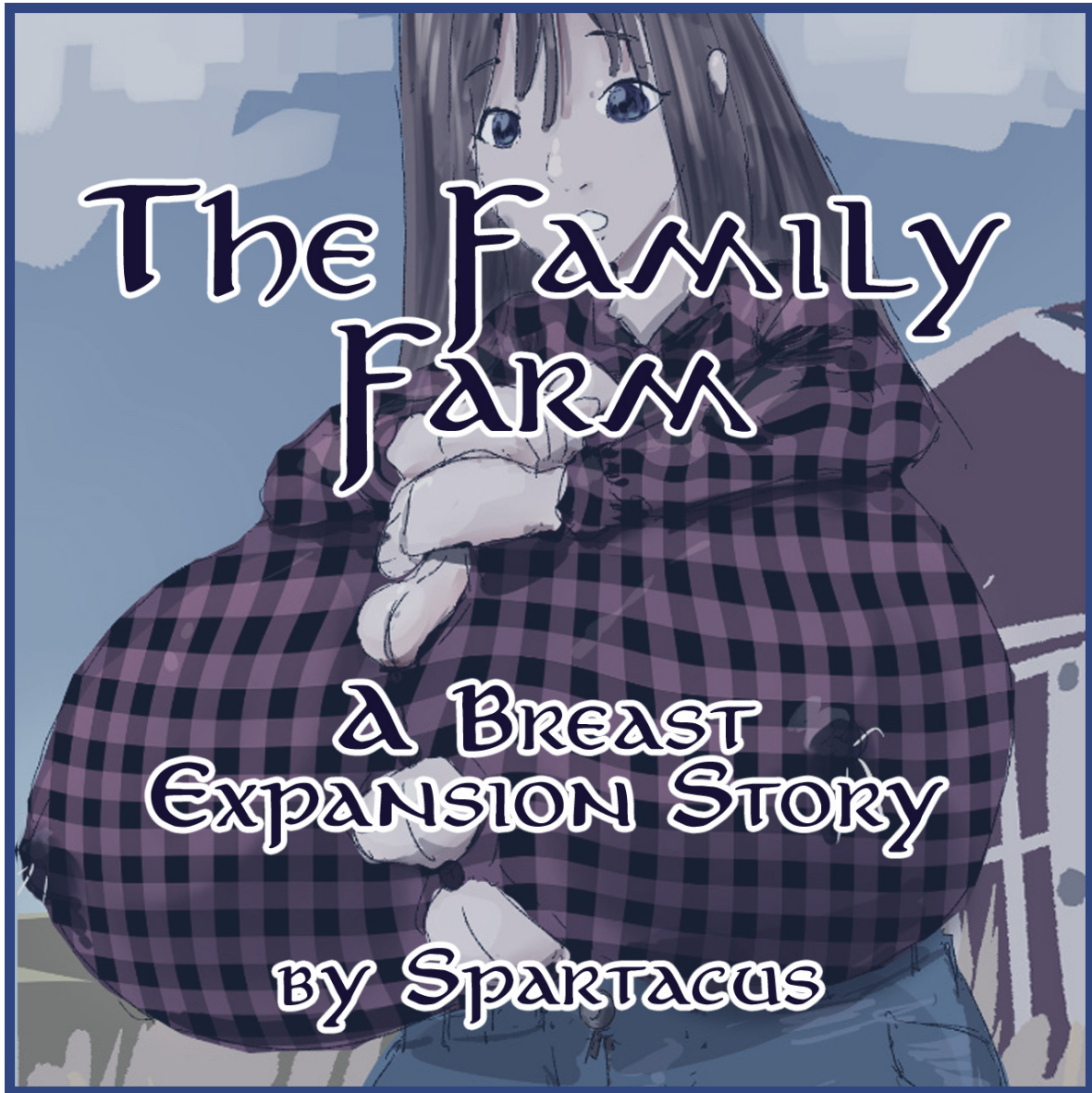
She grabbed her clean bra, fastened the band around her ribs, slipped her arms through the straps, and adjusted herself into the enormous cups. Wiping steam from the mirror, Alana took in her reflection. The beige bra was big enough that Britney could have used it as a hammock, even if her legs would 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 one of 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 reclined against Alana's breasts like pillows while Alana sat against a pile of actual pillows. The episode was not holding Alana's attention. Her mind drifted 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 the 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 Britney'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. She had horns on her head, floppy ears, a tail swinging from her rear, and huge, gigantic breasts spraying milk like the really strong faucet out by the barn.

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?]



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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

The Family Farm - 10/10

Part X

"Are you sure about this, Alana?" Britney asked.

Alana stared at the bottle of pills in her hand, then back 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.

Alana said, "I think it's what I'm meant to do. Even before I knew about our family, I dreamed of having big boobs. I mean, maybe some part of me knew 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. 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—but I can 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 on her cousin's shoulder. "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."

Alana ran a hand gently down the slope of one breast. "I mean... What else are they for? Maybe someday I'll meet someone and have a baby of my own, but it's not like I'll be able to nurse it myself. I can barely reach my own nipples."

"God, that's hot..."

Alana shot her a glare. "Anyway, breasts are for making milk, and I bet mine will make a ton. Just like the treatments Tina is using, I can do something *good* with my body. I can sell the milk 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 enjoyment for you, perv."

"Uh, I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one who enjoys them." 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 shouldn't you 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?"

"My mind's made up," Alana said, clasping the bottle in both hands. "Besides, if Casey can do it while running fan sites and living in an apartment in the city, surely I can do it living at this farm with an amazing 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 they both passed out in blissful exhaustion.

The next morning, Alana woke up as hungry as she'd been at the peak of her growth the previous summer. Barb watched with eyebrows raised 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 measured over sixty-one inches. When Britney heard that Alana's breasts were over five feet around, she kept them in bed for so long that 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. Despite Britney's confidence, Alana had serious doubts about staying mobile while growing that fast. Two days later, her milk 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... you're getting so big..."

"Will you *-ahn-* 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. Though nothing came out, Britney's cheeks pulsed like she had the straw of a particularly thick milkshake between her lips.

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

A tingle pulsed up Alana's body, radiating from her 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 when she was taking the pills, but it wasn't her stomach growling; it was her breasts.

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

Her breasts felt tight—like other times Britney pleased her—but several times stronger, as if a thousand tiny hands were lovingly stroking the sensitive skin—but from inside. Her back arched, and her hips bucked. She clenched every muscle to keep from orgasming.

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

"Britney! Do something!"

Britney brushed her teeth across the length of the nipple in her mouth, now swollen near to shot glass sized, and white stars splashed across Alana's vision. More powerful than any orgasm Britney had given her, ecstasy rocked through her body as she felt the release start.

"Mmpf!" Britney's muffled cry was soon followed by rhythmic gulping. A gushing 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, driving Alana's pleasure into the stratosphere.

As the waves of pleasure and relief subsided, Alana felt a trickle of liquid sliding down and tickling her neglected right breast. "Britney," she gasped, "The other one..."

Britney's mouth slid off of her left nipple and clamped onto the right. A fresh wave of release crashed into her as the pressure started to relax. But now the left was leaking. Britney swapped back and forth for over twenty minutes, and Alana's head slumped back onto the pillows, her entire body limp and shuddering as she gave herself over to the euphoria.

When Alana's flow finally slowed to a trickle, 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 belly with a groan, panting shallow breaths. "That's it *-huff-* I don't think *-huff-* I can hold any more..."

Britney met her eyes and 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. The only word that came out was, "Perfect."

Britney cocked a wry grin. "As much as I'd love to gorge myself on your nectar several times a day, I think I'd literally explode. We should probably find another 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 clean them. The farm had, of course, housed women who lactated, though there had always been a pregnancy involved. With the two women's help fastening the straps, Alana's milk flowed down the tubes and into the plastic tank. Soon, she was 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 as stern as Cindy's but with the added weight of medical knowledge. Ann insisted that Alana stop taking the pills at once, and Cindy flushed them down the toilet.

The pills had already done their work, however. As if a hormone switch had flipped in Alana's body, the milk kept coming. Her appetite never went back to normal, either. Once her milk came in, Alana was hungrier than ever. She worried that her older cousins would try and put her on a diet, but she quoted Cindy's words from last summer to her, and they continued to let her eat her fill.

And so Alana grew, made milk, ate, slept, and grew some more. Excused from physical chores, she focussed on her business work with Annie and prepared for the impending fall semester. She continued her training and workouts, but her breasts were growing so rapidly that she couldn't build muscle strength fast enough to keep up.

Three months after her milk came in, Alana's bust measurement passed ten feet. Each enormous orb 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.

Britney stood watching as the pumps whirled away, pulsing rhythmically as Alana's milk ran down the clear tubes. Alana sat in an oversized plush chair with her breasts resting on the floor, still high and firm despite their size. Britney kept drinking some of Alana's milk, both with her meals and "from the tap," at least once a day, and the results were starting to show. Britney's once 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, hips broadened, and a soft tummy replaced her tiny waist, Britney's chest filled out into plump DDs.

She 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 as she moved. "You're bigger than Casey, bigger than Tina, bigger than my entire body!"

"Plus, 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 rubber tube and stood at the entrance 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 before 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, made it hard for Alana to focus. She squirmed in her chair. She was trapped, 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. After a few minutes, Britney’s head popped up in front of 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 quietly 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.”

Alana winced as Britney climbed up out of her cleavage to splay herself across her 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 walked by the locked door of Alana’s room, they might have heard three things: the steady whirl and thrum of industrial-strength 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