

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Alana from The Family Farm has a pleasant dream about lactation.

Contains: Breast Expansion

The Family Dairy Farm

Alana crawled into her bed, careful not to let the wobbling of her P-cup breasts jostle her full tummy too much.

Barb's meatloaf is great, but I probably should have stopped at three helpings... She thought to herself, rolling onto her back and pressing her fingers into her packed middle.

Alana's stomach grumbled with the work of digesting her healthy homestyle dinner as she drifted off to sleep.

"Alana! Wake up!"

A hand shook Alana awake. She opened her eyes to see the sky outside her window was still dark and full of stars. A blonde head was very close to hers, whispering loudly.

"Come on, wake up!"

"Britney? What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be back at college?"

"What are you talking about? Come on, we have to milk the cows before five!"

Britney pulled on Alana's arm, dragging her out from under the covers. As she stood, 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 was seated on a stool, squeezing the teats of a particularly large cow, streams of milk shot into the metal bucket below.

“Hey... have you ever tried the milk fresh?” The small blonde asked teasingly.

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

“It’s super good. You should try it.”

“Uh... I’m good, thanks.”

“Come on...”

Alana looked at the cow. Apart from being a large animal, she looked fat and healthy, with udders that seemed larger than they should be.

“Why is she so... big?” Alana asked.

“Huh?” Britney seemed confused at the question. “This is Betsy, our prize milker.”

Alana looked at the round pink udders that reached almost to the barn floor. She wondered how Betsy 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. If you do I’ll do that thing you like.”

Alana blushed, but couldn’t pass up *that* offer. She got down on her hands and knees, cautiously approaching the massive udders.

“That’s it. Try some ‘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, and before she knew it she was guzzling it down eagerly.

Britney crouched down on top of Alana, groping her massive breasts with both hands. "That's it, drink up thirsty girl..."

Alana felt a strange warmth in her chest. Her breasts felt full like her stomach after one of Barb's big dinners. 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 up so Betsy's teat could slide 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 growing larger.

Britney climbed on top of Alana, sitting on her and stroking her breasts as the straps of her overalls got tighter.

"That's it big girl... drink up..."