Susie Sue had never imagined that running a farm could be so difficult.

Their mom and dad had made it look so easy when she was growing up—between the two of them and the farmhands, neither she or her sister Betty Joe had ever gone without, and growing up things had never been hard for the family.

She supposed, in harsh hindsight, that those days were in the past.

Now that her parents had gone, it was up to Betty Joe and her sister to keep the place afloat. The money was drying up quicker than the soil, so that had meant that the staff had been forced to do the same…

What good was a diary farm where everything was drying up around them?

“It’s all your fault!” Betty Joe had screamed one night at her sister after (yet another) squabble over the bills, “If you hadn’t gone to college and *learned* a thing or two about how to run this place, we might not be so far in the red!”

Of course, that had negated her own part in their predicament, but she’d been right.

Susie Sue didn’t know a lot about farming.

But she *did* know a thing or two about efficiency.

And even though she hadn’t learned how to till soil while she was away at her university, she had made a few connections that might be able to help her out in their family farm’s most dire hour…

“It’s very important that you don’t give her too much of this.” Her old genetics study buddy Nilani held an instructional finger into view of the webcam, “At least, not at first. You’ve got to gradually introduce it into her diet.”

“Anything to help cut down the costs around here.” Susie Sue gripped the small bottle that had come in the mail for her, “And you’re sure that this will work?”

“I have two sisters who will happily agree with you.” Nilani smiled confidently, “After we get through milking them, anyway.”

Dairy cows are expensive to feed and take care of, and what they produce isn’t exactly making anybody rich. Especially not old cows like the ones that their parents had left them with. They were best served being sold off to help pay off some of the debt while Susie Sue found a more *efficient* means of production…

“My coffee tastes funny.”

“Well… you know… what do you expect? We’ve been raised on farm-fresh milk in our coffee since we were old enough to drink it!”

“I reckon that’s about right…”

Every day, slowly, Susie Sue added small dosages of Nilani’s mixture into her sister’s meals. Once in the morning, in her coffee, and once at night in her sweet tea.

It wasn’t long before the changes started to happen.

Betty Joe had always been a thickset, country gal. “Corn fed” was the word that folks from around where they grew up liked to use. She wasn’t fat, but she was sturdy. Broad shouldered, but thick in the middle with a wide rump and a full chest.

The more that she ingested of Nilani’s mixture, however, the more that that changed.

At first, it wasn’t too noticeable. A little light-headedness here and some lethargy with an increased appetite. It didn’t take long before Betty Joe started getting fat—but once that side effect started to crop up, everything snowballed.

“My tits are so sore…” she kept griping, readjusting her pitiful bra as inches of boob spilled over the cups, “Are they getting *bigger*?”

Susie Sue’s sister had no idea what was happening. She was hungry all the time. Her chest was getting so heavy as each breast began to slope over her gut as it continued to grow and grow—folding into a neat little double belly around two hundred and fifty pounds, and only continuing to swell from there.

She couldn’t walk for long, her chest was so big. It hurt her back.

It was time for Susie Sue to get her into the chair that she’d been working on.

“You know Betty, we’ve got an empty stall… we could always see if milking those udders of yours wouldn’t help!”

At first, it had seemed like a joke. It felt like a joke. Betty Joe had laughed like it was a joke. But as the weeks went on and the pain grew more and more unbearable—so bad that she had to quit her job in town—she was willing to try anything.

“Ohhhhh Goddddddddd~~”

Nearly three hundred and fifty pounds of fattened farmgirl went cross-eyed in ecstasy as her swinging tits got sucked on by the nozzle. Her fat pink tongue hung out as she panted hotly, arching her back into the machine as her eyelids fluttered in blissful agony.

Her tit milk was bottled and examined—“All that came outta l’il ol me?!”—and initially discarded. Until Susie Sue took the bottles and sold them online.

There were some pervs who would pay good money for this kind of thing. And cell phone video uploaded to some darkweb sites, accepting crypto as payment?

Well, she’d learned more than just genetics while she was at college.

Initially, it was supposed to be a one-time thing. Something to help get them out of the red. But after she had seen how much it paid, Susie Sue had been reluctant to pull the plug. And it didn’t take long for Betty Joe’s melon-sized mams to inflate back up to unbearable levels again…

And really, with how much she ate now that the hormones were in full swing, it didn’t take all that much convincing to switch her to the feed.

“Good mornin’ Betty Joe!” Susie Sue slapped her sister’s thick, rolling back and sent its heaviness into a slow, milky waddle, “How’re you feelin’ today?”

“Mmmrmm…”

Betty Joe managed a dim response, her chins creasing ever so slightly from (what was affectionately referred to as) her pen.

“You ready for your session, or are you still hungry?”

“Mrmm…!”

“What’s that?” Susie Sue asked as she ran a palm along her sister’s fleshy bean bag stomach, “You want some more?”

“Mooooooooore…”