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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."

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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.”

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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?