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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## 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...”

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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...”

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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.