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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## 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.”

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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.

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"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..."*

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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!* 🙄

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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.