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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## The Family Farm

### Part VII

Britney's return reminded Alana that she'd lived on the farm for over a year. She still had two weeks of studying and finals when Britney arrived at the farm, so Cindy put the older girl to work doing chores so she wouldn't distract Alana when she was supposed to be studying. This, of course, didn't stop the two young women from spending every spare moment together. Sitting beside her slim cousin watching a movie, Alana felt Britney's hand touch her leg. She pretended not to notice. The hand drifted higher, along her hip and tummy, until Britney's knuckles brushed the underside of her breast.

Alana cleared her throat.

"What?" Britney asked, not removing her hand.

Alana glanced at the open doorway, where the older cousins were playing cards. She pitched her voice low. "What do you think you're doing with that hand... out here?"

"I just missed you, that's all."

"Missed me, or these?" Alana looked down at her chest. Her tee shirt could have been a dress on Britney.

Britney smirked. "Both?"

Her hand slid farther up Alana's torso until it slipped between her underboob and chest. She twisted it around so her fingers and palm were full of soft, firm flesh.

"Are you serious right now?"

"Nobody will know."

"Didn't you touch them enough last night?"

Britney's cheeks went red, and her grin became wicked. "No such thing as enough touches."

The two women turned their attention back to the movie, but Alana couldn't focus on the plot or characters with Britney's hand against her bare skin. She didn't try anything more, but her fingertips gently fondled her sensitive skin until Alana felt so warm she was surprised she wasn't sweating. When, at last, the credits rolled, Alana pulled Britney's hand away.

"It's time for bed."

They washed their popcorn bowls and said goodnight to Cindy and the others.

"Goodnight, girls!"

Alana went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her face; when she entered the bedroom, she found Britney already in bed. Wearing a full set of old-fashioned pajamas, she didn't look up from the book she was reading.

"Hit the light, would you?" Britney said.

"What the hell?"

"What?"

"Are you not gonna finish what you started?"

Britney flipped a page. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

She held a passive expression, but Alana caught a twinge in her lips as if she were holding back a smirk. She climbed onto the bed at Britney's feet.

"So... after spending the last half hour getting me all worked up, you're just gonna read and go to sleep?"

"Mmhmm..."

Alana crawled further up the bed. Her massive breasts hung from her chest, brushing Britney's legs through the blankets.

"You're sure you wouldn't rather put your grabby hands all over my gigantic tits?"

Britney gripped her book so tightly that her knuckles turned white. "You were so whiny about it earlier; I figured you didn't want to."

Alana lowered her heavy orbs onto Britney's flat torso, making a huff of air escape the blonde's lips.

"Whiny?"

The book blocked Alana's view of Britney's face. Her voice came out strained. "I'm just respecting your wishes."

Alana arched her back until the masses of her shirt-clad breasts pushed the book almost to Britney's nose. "Really?"

"Mmhmm..." Britney whimpered.

Alana rolled off the bed, making the frame squeak as springs released their tension. She stood for a moment, looming over her reclined cousin, as her lady lumps bobbed and swayed long after she'd stopped moving. "Well, I appreciate that. I guess I'll head back to the bathroom, but I might be a while..."

She turned and walked toward the door. The sound of blankets and bedsprings gave her half a second's warning before a pair of thin hands wrapped around her torso and pulled her down onto the bed. Britney wrapped herself around Alana from behind and brought her lips to Alana's ear.

"Do that again..."

"Do what?"

"Lay on top of me, please?"

"Hmm..." Alana drew out her response, "I'll consider it. But I'm pretty sure it's my turn."

Britney grabbed Alana by the shoulder, rolling her onto her back. Then she was off the bed and pulling off Alana's shorts. She ran her hands lovingly along Alana's thighs as she knelt on the floor, burying her face between the brunette's legs.

When they'd finally worn each other out, Britney and Alana spooned in the large bed. Alana could feel the blonde's arm under her pillow, and the soft stroking of her fingertips through her sleep shirt sent tingles down her nape. She couldn't stop her mind from swirling; her life had changed so much in the past year. But lying here in Britney's arms was fast becoming her favorite place. All her relatives were kind and supportive, but Britney had a way of making her feel safe. She was weird, and her obsession with Alana's breasts took some time to get used to, but the way she looked at her made her feel pretty. Beautiful. Valued. Whenever she looked in the mirror and saw a freak or struggled to move around because of her shape, she remembered her best friend and how much she adored her, and her day got better.

As Alana started to drift off, she mumbled, "Thank you."

Britney's hand stopped. "For what?"

Alana shifted her back against Britney's front. "For being you."

"Any time, babe."

After a few moments, she resumed her gentle strokes and said, "Hey, I have an idea."

Alana was asleep.

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When the sun's glow made Alana open her eyes, Britney was sitting up on the bed.

"Um, hi?"

"Hi!" Britney beamed.

"Were you... watching me sleep?"

Britney blushed faintly. "No! Well... yes, sort of... Only because you fell asleep before I could tell you my idea!"

She rose up on her knees, bouncing with excitement. The mattress shook, making Alana keenly aware of the masses on her chest as they rolled with the motion. She sat up, rolling her shoulders from the weight of them. "Fine, fine. What's your

idea?"

"Okay. So. Some kids from my program are going to this big conference in Denver. It's like a networking thing. I was going to blow it off, but then last night, I thought, what if we go together?"

"You want me to go to a conference for vet students?"

Britney looked down at her hands as she fidgeted. "Well, I get a badge for being a student, but they're kind of expensive. I was thinking I'd just make an appearance at the con. Then we can hang out the rest of the time."

"What would I do in the meantime? I don't really want to wander around a strange city by myself." Alana pulled her knees up, mashing her breasts into her chest. "I haven't really gone anywhere, except the doctor's, since..."

"It'll just be a couple hours," Britney said, "You can bring your laptop and just hang out in the hotel."

She jumped up from the bed and started to pace as she continued. "Then we can go out together. If you're nervous, I'll be with you to fight off any pervs."

Alana stared at her shirt-covered mounds. "I don't know..."

"Or not... we can just chill in the hotel, watching movies and ordering room service."

Alana considered that. On the one hand, it seemed silly to travel somewhere to do stuff they could do at home. But she was starting to feel like her world had gotten very small.

"We'll even be pretty close to some ski hill..." Britney added.

Alana gave her a flat stare. "Skiing, seriously?"

"I thought you were a gymnast or whatever."

"I **was**, before **these**..." Alana slapped the upper curves of her boobs. "If I got on skis now, I'd probably faceplant in the snow."

Britney smirked, "That's so hot."

Alana glared.

“Okay, okay, no skiing. We can do whatever you want. Or do nothing. It’s completely your call.”

Alana sighed as she started to consider Britney’s scheme. “Wouldn’t we have to fly there?”

“Well, it’s like an eight-hour drive, so probably.”

“I don’t know...”

Britney crossed to Alana’s side of the bed, taking her hand. “I’ll be right beside you the whole time. It’ll be fine.”

Alana had only flown a few times, back when she was skinny. The thought of cramming her gigantic boobs into an airplane seat sounded miserable. But Britney’s expression and the warmth of their hands touching brought back that safe feeling from the night before.

“I... I guess that would be alright.”

Britney’s eyes sparkled. “Really?”

Alana shrugged. “Sure.”

“You’re gonna have fun, I promise.”

“Well, I don’t really wanna fly, but flying is always kinda lame... after the first time.”

“I’ll see if I can swing some of those upgraded seats. You know, the ones with a little more legroom? Or, in your case, a little more ‘boob-room!’” Britney hopped onto the bed, burying her face in Alana’s chest.

“Get off me, you freak!” Alana laughed.

Britney’s voice was muffled as she spoke into Alana’s sleep shirt. “Plus, I bet we can board early if we tell them you need ‘special assistance.’”

Alana slapped her arm. “Hey! I’m not disabled!”

Britney's head popped up from Alana's cleavage. "Oh, I know, babe. You were plenty 'able' last night."

Alana felt heat rise in her cheeks. "Shut up!"

Britney grinned and wrapped her arms around Alana's neck. "I'm so glad we're doing this!"

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Alana tried to ignore the steady series of dropped jaws and widened eyes as Britney led her down the plane's aisle. A flight attendant followed behind, carrying Alana's carry-on bag.

"This was a mistake."

"You'll be fine," Britney said, "We'll be in the air less than an hour and a half. Would you rather sit in a car for eight hours each way?"

They reached their assigned seats. There were only two on their side, and Alana had the window seat. As she shuffled into the cramped space, her breasts dragged along the tops of the seats in front.

"This is so cramped!" Alana quietly whined.

"It's not like we could afford first class," Britney said, "But these have three more inches of room than regular economy."

"What about the seats by the doors?"

The flight attendant grimaced.

Britney whispered, "Yeah, they wouldn't let us sit in the exit row. They didn't say this, but I bet they thought you couldn't manage the door."

Alana huffed, then as she sat, her breasts pressed against the seat back in front of her, added, "They're probably right."

As the flight attendant stowed their bags, Britney took her seat. Pressed against the side of the plane, Alana's breasts spilled halfway into Britney's space.



"I knew it was a good idea not to put you in the aisle seat." She grinned.

"This is the worst. Everyone's staring!"

"They're staring 'cause you're gorgeous, babe." Britney touched Alana's hand tenderly.

Alana rolled her eyes. "Whatever."

"Did I mention our hotel room has a jacuzzi? Just think how good it will feel to get that weight off your chest."

Alana allowed herself a small smile. Then the seat in front of her slid back, squeezing her into her seat and making her breasts swell up to her chin.

"Sir?" The flight attendant said, "Please keep your seat back upright during takeoff."

The seat slid forward again, and Alana took a relieved breath. "It's a good thing I'm not claustrophobic."

Britney ran her index finger from knuckle to wrist on Alana's hand. The rhythmic touch soothed her, and she closed her eyes, laying her head against the back of her seat.

As the jets powered up for takeoff, Alana was pressed back into her seat like everyone else. Unlike everyone else, she felt the added pressure of a few dozen pounds of breast flesh flattened against her body by the G-forces. As the plane accelerated and shuddered, Alana's breasts rippled and quaked against her chest and arms, and she let out a soft whimper of distress.

Britney interlaced her fingers in Alana's, gripping her hand tightly. "I'll make it up to you, I promise," she whispered.

"You better."