

Alana sat in the room's "hot tub," reveling in the sensation of near-scalding water seeping heat into her body. It really was little more than an oversized bathtub with jets, but that was enough for Alana to mostly submerge herself or just lay reclined while her breasts bobbed in the water. She'd tried to go back to sleep after Britney left for her convention, but a year of living on the farm had her body's clock firmly set to rising with the sun. With nothing else to do in the empty hotel room, Alana filled the tub and turned on the jets. With reluctance, she had to admit that Britney had been right; it was heavenly.

But she'd climbed out of the water to twist the dial and start the 30-minute timer on the jets twice now. She also had to add more hot water several times to keep it comfortable. So, when the timer clicked off, and the water stilled a third time, Alana sighed. She couldn't stay in the tub all day; the 'heavenly' experience was making her skin wrinkly and gross. Besides, it was boring as hell.

Alana climbed out of the tub and pulled the lever to drain the water. She went back into the room and started to dress. She pulled on clean panties and fixed the band of her bra around her chest, then put each arm through the straps. Bending forward, she maneuvered her massive lobes into the equally massive cups, taking some time to adjust herself. She started to pull on her jeans, then remembered she wasn't going anywhere without Britney. Spotting a pair of white bathrobes hanging in the open closet, she slipped one on, then relaxed onto the bed. She turned on the TV and, after doing a full circuit of the available channels, turned it off again. She got out her laptop and started watching videos but felt a faint twinge in her middle. It was nearly 10 am, and she hadn't eaten breakfast.

Britney had talked about ordering room service, but Alana had no idea how to do that herself or how much it would cost. She remembered seeing vending machines at the end of the hall, so she decided to go check them out. Standing in the unnatural glow of the vending machines and the noisy icemaker, Alana perused the options, tapping her debit card against her lips. She saw movement from the corner of her eye as someone else walked into the doorway.

"Sorry, I'm having trouble deci..."

Alana turned to see a young woman with breasts even larger than her own. She wore a bright yellow skirt and an enormous matching bikini top. A large flat tail bounced above her bottom in the shape of a cartoon lightning bolt. She had tall conical ears sprouting from her blonde head on a headband. Black stockings covered her legs to the knees, and even in her black heels, she stood half a head shorter than Alana.

"It's... it's you!" Alana cried.

Tina smiled somewhat shyly. "Hi. Are you... a fan?"

Alana fumbled, "No... well, yes, sort of..."

The blonde furrowed her brow in confusion.

"Sorry, that was weird. I've seen some of your videos. Do you live here?"

Alana realized how stupid the question was as the words left her mouth. She was in a hotel hallway.

"No... I'm here for ClowderFest." Tina said slowly.

"Cloud... what's that?"

"ClowderFest. It's a cosplay and furry convention."

The other girl glanced down at Alana's chest, and she realized her robe was sliding open. She gave a nervous laugh and pulled the garment closed. "Ah, I see."

"Don't worry about it," Tina said, "You're way more covered than I am."

"I guess you're right. Are you... a cat?"

Tina seemed to be trying to raise and furrow her eyebrows at the same time. "I'm uh..." Her cheeks flushed. "Sexy Pikachu..."

Alana blinked.

"From Pokémon?"

"Oh, right! Sorry, I've never played it."

"That's alright."

The two women were silent for several awkward seconds, then Alana said, "Sorry! Go ahead."

She moved out of the vending room to make space for Tina to reach the drink machine and buy a soda. Alana found herself staring at the other girl. Somehow she looked even larger in person. From the side, Alana could see the way Tina's breasts rode high and firm. Without them, she would have been quite chubby, with a substantial round rump and a soft belly pooching out above her skirt. But the massive globes filling her revealing yellow top looked like they made up at least half of the girl's body weight.

Tina opened her soda and took a drink, then saw Alana watching her.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

"It's fine," Tina shrugged, "I get that a lot, especially dressed like this. But you must know what that's like?"

She felt her cheeks grow warm. "Well, I don't get out much. My friend made me come here. Oh my god, you have to meet her! She's a huge fan."

Tina glanced around the empty hallway. "I was heading back to the hall, but I guess I have a few minutes."

Alana's face fell. "She's not here now; she came for some vet conference."

"I think I saw signs for that."

A pair of men just shy of middle-aged passed through the hall. Their eyes were wide, and the muscles in their necks strained from the effort of keeping their faces forward.

"We're in room 204 if you want to come by this evening. We're here till Sunday. If... if that's alright?"

Tina smiled. "That's right next to my room, actually. The hall closes at five, but I'll probably be too tired to stay down there until then."

"I'm not sure when she'll be back, but you can come over any time. I'm super bored here by myself, and we won't have to talk in the hallway."

Alana held out her hand. "I'm Alana, by the way."

"Tina," the blonde said, shaking her hand.

"Have fun at your con, see you later!"

Alana was back inside her room before she remembered she hadn't bought anything from the vending machine.

Alana and Britney were watching a movie together in the hotel room—once they'd figured out how to connect the laptop to the TV and get on the hotel's wifi. Alana sat back against the headboard while Britney reclined between her spread knees. The thin girl wriggled her shoulders against the soft masses under her head.

Alana scolded her cousin, "Will you quit moving around?"

"Sorry, not sorry. You make such a great pillow..."

"Weirdo..."

-tap tap tap-

"Is that our DoorDash already?" Britney asked. "It's been like ten minutes."

Being the more spry of the pair, Britney left off the bed.

"Wait! Let me get it."

Alana heaved herself off the bed, and Britney stared as her bra-clad mams wobbled. She pulled the robe closed over herself and tied the belt.

"Aww, you should have left it open. Maybe the driver is a cute boy."

Alana scowled at her friend. "Wait here."

"Why are you being so weird?"

"Just... wait here."

Britney sat on the bed with a skeptical look.

Alana opened the door for Tina. Whispering, she said, "Go on in; I want to see the look on her face."

Even with Alana backed against the wall, there wasn't quite room for the blonde to pass by without their breasts brushing against each other.

"S-sorry..." Tina whispered.

Alana only blushed and waved the shorter girl ahead.

As Tina walked into the hotel room, Alana followed as closely behind her as she could. She watched Britney's eyes go wide as saucers as her mouth fell open.

"Um... hi," Tina said.

"No. Freakin'. Way!"

Britney jumped up from the bed but stopped a few feet away from Tina. The cosplayer had changed and now wore shorts and a tank top, which weren't much more concealing than her costume.

"Tina?" She breathed.

"That's me!"

"Oh my god, it's really you. You're really here! You're even prettier in person! I love your videos! I'm on your Patreon and OnlyFans. I've seen all your videos! I never imagined I'd see you for real! Is Casey here too? You must be here for the furry con; which costume did you wear? Was it the Sorceress one? That's one of my favorites..."

Tina shrank back under Britney's barrage of words. Alana stepped forward and waved her hands in her cousin's face. "Jesus, Britney, take a breath!"

Britney had been leaning forward, and at Alana's words, she straightened. She took two long, controlled breaths.

"Sorry, I'm just a huge fan."

Alana let out a snort of laughter, and Britney glared at her. "What?"

"Sorry, it's just funny."

“What’s funny?”

“Well...” Alana gestured at herself and their guest, then back at Britney. “You’re the only girl in this room who *isn’t* huge.”

Britney slapped Alana’s boob. “Shut up!”

Tina laughed, interrupting the cousins. “It’s nice to meet you, Britney. I ran into Alana in the hallway, and she said I should come over.”

“Can I...?” Britney asked, gazing at Tina’s breasts.

Alana gasped. “Britney!”

“It’s fine,” Tina laughed. “I talk about them a lot on stream, and I met a bunch of fans in the hall. Just... be gentle.”

Britney stepped forward reverently. Tina’s breasts projected over three feet in front of her, and Britney put both hands on one fat enormous orb.

“Woah... they’re almost as firm as Alana’s...”

Her hands explored the surface of one breast, then the other, always keeping her hands on the shirt, never making contact with Tina’s skin.

As she watched, Alana met Tina’s eyes, mouthing, “I’m sorry.” Tina shook her head with a smile. Britney squatted down and put both arms under one of Tina’s breasts, flexing her entire body as she lifted it upward, making Tina gasp.

“So heavy... How do you even walk?”

When Britney released Tina’s breast, the orb dropped back into place. Tina took a staggering half-step forward to control her balance and almost fell over.

“Oh gosh, I’m sorry!” Britney said. “Here, come sit on the bed.”

Tina sat, and Alana joined her. The room had one bed, so Britney took the desk chair and slid it across from them. She glanced back and forth at the two young women. Alana was bent forward to rest her breasts in her lap, where they reached a

few inches past her knees. Tina's breasts were in her lap too, but the shorter girl was sitting up straight, and the flesh spilled over both sides, and she rested both arms on them, pressing down so she could see Britney easily.

"You're so much bigger than your last video; what happened?"

Tina flushed. Alana said, "You don't have to tell us if you don't want to."

Tina shook her head. "It's fine. You know my girlfriend, Casey?"

Britney nodded. "Well, she likes to... play with them."

Alana pointed at Britney, "Sounds like this one."

"I kinda noticed," Tina said. "Anyway, our boyfriend does too, and we figure it overstimulated the tissue and triggered a side-effect of the treatment."

Britney said, "Treatment? Oh, wait! That's whatever you've been doing that made them get so firm over the past few months!"

"Yeah... there's this hospital that specializes in girls like us—Casey found it online. They let me try this experimental gene therapy that increases duct density or something. Casey could explain it better than I can."

She looked over at Alana. "I can give you their information if you want. Though," She glanced down where the hotel robe had come open again, revealing the top curves of Alana's chest. "It doesn't seem like you really need it."

"I knew it!" Britney cried.

Tina turned back to her. "What?"

"Our family runs that hospital. They specialize in huge boobs because the women in our family all have them!"

Tina darted a glance at Britney's loose top.

Britney crossed her arms over her chest. "Yeah, yeah. I took after my dad. Shut up."

Alana and Tina shared a glance matching smirks.

"Anyway," Britney went on, "Most don't get as big as Alana, but she's a special case. Doctor Ann is using *her* genes to make that treatment!"

Tina turned to Alana, "Really?"

Alana nodded. "I guess. It's too much of a coincidence to be anything else."

"Wow, thank you so much!"

Tina wrapped her arms around Alana, and Britney enjoyed the sight of so much flesh mashing together on the two girls' laps.

"They're really pretty, Alana. How big are they?"

"Um... Y-cup." Alana said.

"You're almost out of letters." Tina chuckled.

"You didn't tell me you upgraded again!" Britney said. "How big are yours, Tina?"

"Well, I passed Z over a year ago, so we just track my weight now. Custom bras are super expensive."

"Oh! I remember that video!" Britney said, "Are you really over 400?"

Tina stared into her cleavage. "I just hit 450 last week."

Britney and Alana gaped.

"How do you even walk?" Britney asked.

Tina chuckled. "It's a challenge, for sure. This'll probably be my last con. I'll still do cosplay, but just on video."

"Do you take requests?"