

Knowing when you've had a success, forcing yourself to stop, walk away from the lab bench and write up is difficult.

We always want one more datapoint. We always think that extra experiment will make all the difference. What we don't anticipate is that it will actually complicate things, draw us deeper down the well and prohibit reporting on our success.

Knowing when you've cocked up and walking away in a funk is easy. It's easy to blame yourself for doing things wrong, for not paying attention, for not being smart enough to not see the inevitable disaster coming.

Life throws these challenges at us and not everyone can rise to the top.

It's Incredible...

Part Seven

A novella by Sobotac

2026

How much more do you need to know?

I was growing to be more boob than woman – to the absolute delight of the facility manager who was now fully on board with ravaging the delights of my new body. It was an open secret that we slept together more nights than not.

Jessica was fucking all the men in the compound and Doug was left to the tender mercies of the other developing women. Seeing that all of the other new test subjects had joined in with Jessica's pool orgy they turned their attention to the established male body builder who was becoming increasingly starved for attention. They fawned over him until, eventually, one of them grew large enough to claim him properly for herself.

His condom got used – and then they ordered more...

The one remaining monogamous couple in the compound watched as they grew the first new generation of post-humans, a litter of embryos who all appeared in perfect health. Their mother's swelling belly was the only thing growing fast enough to match my bosom.

By June my breasts were getting incredibly close to brushing the floor.

I know some of the facility had a bet about who was going to make landfall first – me or her. My amazing nipples or her swollen tummy. Honestly, it was a close run thing. We were both immobilised by our assets at around the same time.

The difference is once she had her offspring her body bounced straight back. My developments only grew and grew and grew. I could no longer crawl, because if I got down on my hands and knees my fat tits dragged on the floor, filling the space between my arms, legs, torso and ground so that I couldn't get any grip to push myself forwards. It was perfectly fine for ungainly rolling around my bed, for dragging myself from a sleeping to standing position when I wanted to get up or for messing around with my lover.... But in reality I was getting stuck.

I could have stopped it.

I could have. We had the technology. I designed a hormone blocker very early on that would have killed the development immediately and left me with fat, heavy, swollen but manageable breasts. I hadn't gone public with that because the plan HAD been to use the uncontrolled growth of my breasts as evidence Trevor didn't have a clue what he was doing.

Originally I was inconveniencing myself to depose him. I was going to sit on my cure until the last possible second then whip it out, save my mobility, and throw Trevor to the wolves. The faulty enzyme was part of his original cocktail – nothing to do with my new additions to the project.

All of the women in the facility had it. All of us original participants are growing additional breast tissues, slowly developing macromastia. Of course none of them at even a hundredth of the speed I was but as the years went on the truth came out.

I was going to reveal Trevor's oversight by impairing myself at the last possible moment – I was stubborn enough to believe toppling him would be up to me.

Then, suddenly with the revelation about the stress response catastrophe and Jessica's explosive growth; that didn't matter anymore. Aghast at what he had done to us all Trevor voluntarily offered to fall on his own sword.

At that point I was too surprised, too shell shocked to 'cure' myself then because the implications about the other women's stress response was too important. I realised we were sitting on a time bomb that could backfire at any moment.

I held back until the deed was done and Trevor was definitively gone, until I was certain I was going to get my way. I seduced the faculty manager by presenting myself as meek and powerless and in need of his help.

My growing impediments were a large part of that seduction. He liked poor little me leaning on him for support. He liked me using my bosom as an excuse to make him do things for me. Poor helpless me, so busty that if I sat down on a chair and leant forwards I could rest my tits on the floor and use my cleavage as a desk.

I discovered the two of us were a perfect match. Yes, he started out trying to remain utterly professional but ultimately he was even more obsessed with my tits than me. The whole time I had been here it had been his job to watch, to restrain himself, to report on my growth without intervening.

It had been driving him quietly wild.

He had been looking out for my best interests since the start, stamping down on any of his colleagues who didn't dare share the level of self-restraint he has. None of them knew how deep his obsession went but that's because he was a gentleman who held back.

We had a weird unequal power dynamic that, only once I had risen to the top and made my authority clear, would overcome his self-imposed censorship.

And he loved me. He loved my breasts and everything they offered. Whilst I had been going through this alone he had been desperately trying to force professional ethics over his slow burn obsession. As I continued to grow we spent more and more time together, some of it working on the organisation of the facility but most of it revelling in our shared bodies.

I began to realise during this period that I was becoming outnumbered by my breasts – together their weight was not far off matching the rest of my torso so whilst I still had dominance there were two of them to one of me.

Some women complain they can't see their feet but I lost the entire lower front half of my perception. A shelf of tit ran forwards out from my collarbone and swallowed the entire world beneath me. If I attempted to lean forwards to peer over my cleavage they would mash into the ground beneath me, crushing whatever may have been worth pausing to look at.

Every single movement I made had to manoeuvre around at least one of them, pushing or pulling or squishing some bulge of flesh out of the way. I couldn't shift myself without flesh pushing against me in some way, resisting my muscles with its sheer obstinate, unfathomable weight.

When the base of boobs reached my thighs I had begun groaning at the sensation of 'kneeing' myself as I walked around. Fortunately suffering those bruises was a temporary thing. As the weight piled if I moved my legs forwards or back the backside of my tits pressed against me eager to fill the space.

The flesh flopped against me, pressing in, reducing that tiny gap to build momentum before collision between leg and flesh. Now there was no possibility of that kind of pain as I was always pressing against myself. With each step forwards my legs pushed a tit outwards and sideways making them wobble and jiggle ahead of me with their own alarmingly independent momentum.

On the other hand I had the softest, most comfortable, warmest pillows available whenever I wanted. I would find myself sitting side on to my desk, arms gripping the sides of my bosom and gently squishing them together and lifting them up off my thighs. The pleasant gentle self-massage providing a constant buzz whilst I worked on analysing the genetic and biometric data from our final batch of test subjects.

I was an addict.

I adored it. I adored what I was becoming. I adored almost everything. I was almost constantly eating and somehow never getting full, never putting on any weight except the slow inexorable spread of my colossal bosom. Most of those calories came in and went out again as fresh warm milk.

Alison carefully tracked how much I ate, correctly guessing I would find the hard data fascinating. We knew that the average lactating woman needs an additional 300 to 500 calories a day above and beyond their own needs to produce milk but I was consuming that every half hour.

So we continued into the most awkward period of this entire endeavour. Sluggishly walking around whilst the lower swell of my breasts brushed against my shins but didn't quite reach the floor.

That meant every time I moved, every moment I was upright, I was carrying their entire weight on my frail body. Oh god, the ache in my shoulders in those final weeks was unimaginable! Even my scientifically enhanced musculature started to struggle with the strain.

At that size I could no longer pass my arms underneath either breast to lift them upwards out of the way. I could push 'forwards' against them, sliding my hands between my torso and the boob – but as their bottom was some way far beneath my outstretched fingers it was impossible to get enough purchase to adjust myself properly.

Imagine holding onto a mass too large to wrap your arms around. If someone came to help me they had to bend down to get their arms beneath my swells whilst I could just use my arms to wrangle at the sides, attempting to corral some sense of order whilst my assistant shoved upwards from below.

I had to adjust myself all the time. My breasts were constantly in my way, forcing me to adjust to a world that started at chest height and worked upwards only because anything below my neck ahead of me was now permanently lost. Honestly, save for peering over my shoulder at my ass my lower body was pretty much a conceptual thing to me now – I knew I had a stomach, hips, two legs and two feet but I would never see them again.

If I lay down on my back and let my boulders spill out either side of me I could kick my legs in the air but fail to see my toes. No matter how far I stretched I couldn't raise my foot high enough to poke above the mountains of my cleavage.

Even swimming, the one sport I had kept up through all this, was becoming difficult. The water had always helped by lifting the heavy weights off my body. This modicum of support had been helpful but as each separate breast approached my own body mass this previous blessing became a curse.

Because of their mass I couldn't lean forwards to swim without pushing them down – my own natural buoyancy lifted my upper body permanently out of the water. I became slowly trapped between them, gently dragged around the pool by my personal floating life supports.

As they developed further the slow, subtle momentum of my floating breasts bobbing on the pool surface outweighed any force I could generate by kicking my legs. As a result I was immobilised in water long before it ever happened on land.

With Doug or Jessica's help getting in and out of the water I still went to the pool and simply enjoyed the water pushing up against gravity. I relaxed and submitted to the water gently lapping against me. I simply let myself float besides my breasts, occasionally suffering Jessica prodding and pushing me around the water like an oversized pool toy.

Clothing was also an issue. Angela was helping me dress each and every morning but she was finding it harder and harder to winch me up and in, no matter how intelligently designed my clothing was my sagging weights were ballooning out of containment.

I've spoken to some of the other bigger women around the compound, the participants who followed my lead. They talk about how their centre of gravity is relentlessly shifted, how they need to counterbalance the weight pulling them forwards and down. However eventually, grow large enough and this ceases to become an issue.

My heavy tits were not pulling me forwards by shifting my 'centre', they were entirely separate from me with their own mid-points several feet below my core. If Doug or Jessica wanted to lift me up and give me a squeeze they would have to reach down below my knees and handle a pair of bobbing weights that each shifted and jostled independently. With my entire upper and lower body obscured I estimated their centre of mass was about mid-thigh, certainly when I waddled around I could feel the wall of boob-flesh pushing back against my legs.

When my breasts initially grew so large I couldn't wrap my arms around them it was a disappointment – saying farewell to my nipples was a small tragedy given the focus I had always given them in my earlier career. However that state of being – large but still buoyant – slowly shifted into something else. Once I could no longer even get my arms beneath them to provide sufficient lift things began to irrevocably change.

Before, whilst my fingers brushed against flesh that stretched beyond my reach, I could at least carry the weight. It took my entire forearms to cup and lift but I had lived comfortable that I still kept a degree of control over my two dirigibles. That changed when I could no longer get purchase around them though. Fully extended my arms could not get beneath them, could not reach far enough to provide any upwards support at all except uselessly push them forwards away from my torso.

My back strained with the effort but I could stand, tentatively walk, could even manage a staggered run if pushed. Moving with these two gigantic orbs wobbling back and forth ahead of me with their own independent motions was getting harder each week. I filled doorways, corridors even, each breast projecting outwards to either side of my torso with the width of another three or four people.

The incredible weight of them was pooling at the base of my breasts, giving them a scooped appearance as they swelled further forwards the further down they went. I looked as though someone had scooped me out of an ice-cream tub, two enormous orbs rising from my thighs to my waist that tapered off towards my torso above the hips.

I felt so, so heavy, so cumbersome. Slow to build speed but once I had gained momentum I was like a celestial body ready to crush anything that got in my way.

Angela and my clothing team invented a system of attaching hooks all the way around my vast expanse – so that the weight was evenly lifted from the sides and the front with an increasing number of straps pushing up flesh and tying my mass back to my poor shoulders.

The wobble was horrendous. Oh god, the wobble as every step made my leg disturb and disrupt the momentum of a pendulous weight larger than my own core body. The weight of all my swollen glands, filled with the potential to fill with copious volumes of nutritious milk. I was eating constantly – abandoning texture and flavour in a desperate need to get the carbohydrates and proteins to refill my milk ducts as soon as we had pumped them dry.

Jessica drank from me at least once a day. She had reached a size where the food produced in our kitchens was just too fiddly for her to mess with unless she ate it by the crate. Drinking from me was tactile, my breasts were large enough for her to hold me firmly in her hands, to squeeze and release a torrent of milk warm and filling to last her through the night.

My team and I discussed how unstable she was. We were fearful that if our giant houseguest bored of the luxurious indolent lifestyle we provided we would have a major problem on our hands.

Working desperately with what I had to hand I adjusted my milk biochemistry to add nutrients and chemicals that would have a calming effect on her. She became addicted to nuzzling me before sleeping, gorging herself on my abundant milk before passing out. She didn't care whether it was inside the privacy of her room or somewhere in the facility grounds – she slept and rose wherever she happened to be when the sun set.

More than once I had to suffer her heavy suction on my nipples with my body cradled inside her enormous palms, limply waiting for her to stop suckling and start snoring before I heaved my breasts off her face and waddled back to my room, often feeling the agony of having completely drained one boob whilst the other remained fully engorged.

If Jessica had wandered too far from our rooms Doug would come and collect me. Although I could walk none of my team were prepared to let me struggle gainfully across open ground, sometimes through trees and around bushes, for fear the foliage would scrape and damage my exposed skin. My vision was limited and I collided with nettles more than once. The pain of having a surprise thorn bush scrape against the far side of your tit whilst you stumbling back home in the dark is horrific.

I returned to my room, ate ravenously for an hour, and then resumed my work planning our facilities next stage of expansion. With Jessica under control, the rest of the inmates satisfied and realms of invaluable data coming out of the testing program it was just a matter of time before the next cohort of test subjects would be recruited.

I was a machine that converted food to milk. I bore two vast tankers that filled and emptied hourly, swelling month after month, growing larger and larger all the time. If I wasn't working or eating I indulged in every form of pleasure I could imagine, calling on our coterie to wash me, fondle me, drink from me...

They called the medically induced stupor '*Ali Drunk*' – they could all feel the sensation of warm fullness that a feeding would induce. Heavy eyelids, weak limbs, a sensation of bliss as relaxation hormones flooded their bodies. Given alcohol could no longer give them the same buzz it used to I became the narcotic of choice.

Jessica was my main customer but almost all of them partook at one point or another. I had plenty of milk to go around. None of them knew the warm, relaxing buzz I provided was by intent rather than a side-effect.

With Trevor fading from the picture I was working to make myself indispensable. For the people above me, the distinguished men and women in black suits and fancy dresses, that was by proving my brilliance and delivering proof our genetic meddling could produce reliable and safe super-human physiologies. For my fellow test subjects it was by making them consider me their caregiver, their comfort provider, their matriarch...

For the facility manager who by now had become my co-conspirator in all things, it was by providing every sexual gratification he could ever desire. Once my breasts were large enough for him to sleep between I became his regular bed. He joined Angela in clothing and washing me each morning – something she had no objection to because as my breasts swelled further it became apparent it was no longer a job for one.

Feeding myself was becoming... a problem. I was now producing so much fluid that I had to constantly eat and drink to maintain homeostasis. That means I took in as much as I produced – if I stopped my mammary glands would starve me. I was now fully programmed to give all of my strength, my essence, my nutrients into my tits come what may.

Furthermore, tests showed Jessica was likely becoming fully dependent on my produce. If she ceased drinking from me she would undergo a runaway growth cycle – I couldn't undo Trevor's fuck up. I could prevent it getting worse but only if I continued to let her nurse from me. Then through continued testing we realised she was developing a tolerance to my blocker – it was becoming subtly less effective – meaning I would need to continue to produce more and more inhibitor to stifle her growth.

Despite my partners warnings I had to let her know what was happening. The three of us talked it over. Jessica seemed quite relaxed about the idea of growing again but we wanted to put it off as long as possible just in case I, or someone else in the team, could find a solution.

That wouldn't matter to her though. She didn't really care about anyone else. She just wanted to be left alone as the Queen in her own world.

For the first time in her life she was happy. Jessica's new life was relaxed, she walked around the compound unfettered, ate and drank when she felt like it, the only true interaction she had with others was nursing from me. Every other man or woman besides maybe Doug was too small to attract her attention.

You'd think she would find it lonely but no, she was perfectly comfortable with her own company. She did desire the feel of my tits in her hands though – the sensation of weight she got from handling the one thing that had exploded in size with her. My fucking tits.

I promised her that, no matter how big she got, I would always be there to feed her. A promise I probably shouldn't have made but there you go – it set the road ahead of us. It crystallised the biggest problem we faced.

If I was going to continue to grow to support her then I in turn would need more nutrients.

After much thought we came up with a solution.

As the testing period ended and we became a business men and women starting arriving, sampling our genetic modification, and leaving. We had a business model that would allow us to continue as long as we delivered a service to our clients.

I had enough data by now, from myself and the other test subjects, to get extreme breast growth and lactation without the endless feedback loop. We could send the recruiters out to find women with a job order specifically to join me.

We hired a team of women, all who would produce high density nutritious milk, and I would collect it and in turn feed Jessica. We could tailor the diet and the output of my feeders to ensure I got everything I needed by living off them.

A perfect circle...

Dr Cooper refused to provide any ancillary evidence to describe the period where she took full control of the Incredible Bodies™ facility.

Her legal representatives have fully rebuffed and queries about how she was assigned full control of operational activities. We also have been instructed not to inquire into the identities of participants (it appears the designation of Test Subject was phased out with the next wave of recruitment) as their personal identities are trade secrets.

We were asked to inquire whether the prior owners of Incredible Bodies™ have undergone genetic manipulation. Dr Cooper has repeatedly refused to provide any answer, positive or negative either way and insisted if we continued to ask it would cause an immediate end to our correspondence.

Our current hypothesis - backed up by data from our international forensic accounting team - believe that following the second wave of test subjects and the successful birth of the first next generation post-humans, a large number of wealthy clients visited the facility for treatment from Dr Cooper.

There is clear evidence of several designated ultra-wealthy individuals exhibiting sudden, dramatic lifestyle changes and cosmetic enhancements that cannot be easily explained away by personal training or surgery. None of these people can be linked, in any concrete way, to Dr Cooper's operations. Her availability on the international market appears to be an open secret in several select circles.

How she administers this given her current state of immobility is unknown. She insists she is running a commune, responsible for her small community which boasts significant legal protections.

The next year was painful.

It had some good moments – some great ones even. Participant 6 had a litter of healthy children – all of whom had a perfect genetic transfer of our upgrades, showing the post-human evolutionary benefits could be inherited. We immediately began recruiting more participants. Participants. Not test subjects.

We set ourselves up as a small, independent, club willing to take anyone on who would abide by our strict need for extensive, complete secrecy.

Doug married. He did it just before I lost the ability to walk so I had the pleasure of watching him and his twenty foot tall wife make their vows beneath the setting sun. Jessica carried me to the ceremony and after it was done hoisted me back to my rooms to rest my back.

The pain was unbelievable. It turns out that even if you improve your bone strength, muscle density and regenerative capacity by 90% you reach a point where backache became an inevitability.

I could feel every second of every day my tits, these monstrous milk-swollen globes, hanging so low that their undersides grazed the floor if my back was not ram-rod straight. Standing or sitting, I would always bare the brunt of the weight, my vast bosom permanently anchored to me.

Men and women were constantly trying to offer me support. However if they wanted to lift the front edge of my teats they were now taking on a weight greater than the mass of a fully grown human adult – two vast flowing swells that sagged and wobbled independently. Even wrapping both arms around a single breast we reached a point where Angela could no longer hope to lift me at all – only Doug and Jessica could do that – but by working together my carers could get enough lift to squeeze me into the latest garment designed for my unique body.

They started tying the extra straps to ropes and pulleys hanging from the ceiling, angling to use the dynamics of the room to provide lift and keep the lower swells of my cleavage away from the

floor. I didn't really enjoy this however – as whilst it was a burden to carry my entire weight on my back and feel the unnerving sensation of them gently throbbing, no swaying, from side to side, their sheer momentum threatening to unbalance me... That was preferable to having them hang from the ceiling like dead weights, feeling as though I was attached to them, dangling between them unable to move.

It was around then I rediscovered the joys of lying on my stomach. I hadn't been comfortable in that position for years but suddenly I found I could bend forwards, plant my mass on the floor and lean into them to support my weight. It was like lying on top of two enormous bean bags. There was a small bit of fear they would part sideways and I would fall forwards into the gap of my own cleavage but no – I discovered I was finally large enough to comfortably take my own body weight.

Some morning rather than crawling out of the bed, I simply turned over, shoved and pushed my teats off the edge onto the floor. Thanks to that subtle movement I could then simply lay on my front, tits hanging over the side leaving me free to begin scrolling on my tablet.

Thank god for portable technology – this would all have been cumbersome if I was tied to desktop computers rather than laptops, touchpads and phones. I even trialled VR helmets so I could interface with my work at any time of the day.

I became more and more comfortable with my bosom grounded – their immense weight spreading out over the floor whilst I sat, knelt, stood or lay above them. My waddling walk slowed to a crawl but with Doug and Jessica on hand I could get anywhere I wanted with just a call for help. Soon some of the other women in the compound were large enough to help me as well.

I... Grew into myself. Grew into my final form.

Those final weeks on my feet were torture. Waddling with my milk-swollen globes hanging so low that they grazed the floor with each step, my perpetually swollen nipples threatening to brush the ground and spray out their milk at the slightest agitation. I'd shuffle through the corridors between the clinic and my rooms wishing to simply go back to the pump. The heavy sway of my breasts gently brushing against the cold floor if I dared give in to their weight to even the slightest degree. One wrong lean, one hurried movement and they'd kiss the cold, hard ground.

Mornings blurred into routines with Angela and the others tending to me. They would haul me from my bed, their tiny hands sinking into my soft, veined flesh as they hefted each sack of flesh into a milking harness.

I'd moan and arch my back, wiggling in delight as we marvelled into my sensation of vastness. I became more and more aware of the throbbing within them, milk glands pulsing as they swelled more growth and more fulness. I'd reached a state nobody had predicted or seen coming except for me. Before each pump they visibly swelled and hardened, skin stretching taught around my abundant supply.

My lover tended to them, massaging the places I could no longer reach. He crouched down out of sight on the far side of my bosom, so I could feel but not see his tiny hands grasping and fondling at swollen teats I was told were now larger than his head. He couldn't nurse from me directly any more, only Doug and Jessica could manage that.

Finally, months after taking command of the facility, I crawled from my bed, suffered my breasts being wrangled into an increasingly tight fabric cage and realised that, even if I leant my upper body back as far as comfortably possible...

I could still feel the ground through the base of my tits.

It was a strangely surreal moment when I realised what had finally happened.

I tried to take a step forwards but simple friction held my boobflesh still, no matter how hard I pushed with my body a wall of heavy skin would not budge. Until now, if I stood straight or leant back, there had always been that feeling of air beneath them, a pendulous swing as they hung off of me. But now, finally, after a year and a half of growing I was grounded.

No more hovering, no more teasing the ground, just constant contact. I forced myself into them, shoving forwards with all the energy I had. With a heaving effort they jostled forwards perhaps an inch, maybe more, but less than two.

I was spent. The friction of my undersides rubbing across the floor was too much to shift them. I possessed two heavy anchors pushing back against me. I couldn't lift and I couldn't heave them.

I couldn't move more than the foot of space my stretchy skin permitted if I pulled back or sideways against the wall of weight pinning me down. Yes, I had some flexibility in where I planted my feet or hips but my bulk was pinned down by its own vastness.

Angela offered encouragement but it was no good. I had pushed my supernaturally enhanced body beyond the point of no return. No amount of dense musculature or inner strength could overcome my burdens.

I remember staring down at them as the horror dawned on me. These colossal orbs, previously mine to command had finally, utterly betrayed me. I hated the way they anchored me but I knew that I had seen it coming and chosen to do nothing.

I had let this happen.

I could feel them get more and more engorged. I helplessly begged Angela to fetch the pumps and start draining me, if I was going to be stuck here I might as well be comfortable. It was the first time I had ever seen someone have to literally walk around my tits. She moved around me as though I was just another piece of furniture.

After much discussion Doug was summoned and he bodily lifted each breast onto a rolling pallet. Straining with the weight he heaved them up and dropped it onto the platform. I could feel the cool metal through my top. His hands felt so small...

They'd found a large, wide pallet with six heavy duty wheels that would, with gentle shoving, permit some form of movement. It was ungainly. Comical even. To walk I had to push against two breasts whose friction pulled along these trolleys beneath them.

I was restricted to living indoors, staying on flat surfaces where the pallets could roll my teats ahead of me unobstructed. If I wanted to cross buildings Jessica had to be summoned to bodily carry my tits to the next building where I could be deposited atop my rolling platforms.

Jessica's gigantic form made me feel small in her hands, the only time I ever did so. She'd lift me up tit first, playfully squeeze milk out of me like some kind of squishy stress-toy. I could have been irritated by her fondling but honestly, the joy of being able to move freely without those accursed boards rubbing against the bottom of my tits was worth it.

The pallets were always a stopgap. Yes, with them to awkwardly shove and pull I could leave my room but the balance of power had gone firmly in one direction. We tried various other supports – returning to the hoist concept that lifted them up so I stood loosely attached to a hanging pendulum, having to lean forwards, backwards, side to side as they swayed in the air.

I never moved on my own volition again.

07th February:

**Facility Report
Study Month 24**

Decommissioning of Overhead Winch System Due to Operational Overload

The custom-engineered overhead winch system installed in Dr Cooper's rooms when the new facility was built was designed to provide temporary relief from the physical burdens imposed by her exceptional anatomic proportions.

The system facilitated elevation and stabilisation of her mammary glands even before she became immobilised by their weight. They were designed to accept a combined mass of over 3,000 kg. Dr Cooper largely disliked the instrument, claiming the sensation of having her appendages suspended above her felt too dangerous and uncomfortable. We discussed at length during setup demonstrating that the device would permit some personal agency and it has been of use for occasional need for elevation to reduce spinal compression and enable short-range navigation without floor contact.

Dr Cooper's disapproval will no longer be a concern as her continued growth has rendered the apparatus inoperable. This morning a standard lifting routine test indicated an overload alert indicating Dr Cooper's is now estimated to bare over 3,200 kg total mammary load.

Emergency shutdowns were initiated and we will begin full decommissioning of the rail system. Now it will no longer be possible to directly measure her mass we will have to estimate based on physical dimensions. We will have to plan her continued health monitoring with regular assessments regardless.

Existing nutritional and comfort aides continue to assist in her immobilised state, including expanded virtual interface access for work and creative pursuits. A customised low-impact treadmill has been installed adjacent to her primary resting area, allowing her to simulate walking and engage in light exercise whilst positioned in place.

Her body is secured in a forward leaning posture with padded supports that allow us to gently rotate her without strain or imbalance. Hydraulic recliners allow for ergonomic positioning in a loosely upright or horizontal position maintaining optimal spinal alignment and reducing pressure points.

We will preserve her wellbeing whilst discussing other transport options as necessary.

Nothing else changed, at least not at first.

I became accustomed to being rolled or carried around the compound to wherever I needed to be, living forever attached to a mass of flesh that swelled before me. Finally, I reached a size where I could lean forwards, push up with my legs and fully rest not just my upper body but my entire self on my cleavage.

It's the most comfortable, luxuriant bed you can possibly imagine. You just can't get down without someone on hand to push or roll you backwards until your feet come back down to earth.

The anxiety of helplessness took a while to overcome. Once I realised that I could dive forwards, pushing up onto myself until my feet left the ground behind me... The fact I would become completely helpless and dependent on others played on my mind for a while.

The worry that I was trapped there, resting on two mountains of flesh, unable to rock or rotate my body to come back down no matter how much I squirmed. At least standing upright with my legs on the ground I have some freedom of movement. Skin is stretchy, it lets me use my legs to lean and angle myself as I wish. On top gravity becomes a cruel mistress.

At first I hated it, the sensation of kicking my legs and just feeling them slap uselessly against a wall of flesh. No matter how wide I reached my arms I'd never manage to crest their surface and grab anything of use. The sensation of utter powerlessness as I had to beg others to tip me back over to my feet.

In time though, I realised that this was just my pride getting in the way. My sense of self belief had powered me this far and I accepted the sensation of utter dependence I had when facing downwards is a truer reflection of my predicament than the false sense of normality that standing upright represents.

Right now I am dictating to you whilst stood on a moving platform, my body artificially lifted dozens of feet above the ground so that I can peer over my cleavage and admire the view. Without that machine to lift me up and tilt my bosom down I'd be stuck beneath an avalanche of flesh with nothing by a wall of skin to look at.

I need these machines, I need the people to look after them and tend to me. Without Angela, Jessica, Doug and all the others... Without pride getting in the way I'd have accepted my dependence on them all far sooner.

And once that bubble of ego was pricked things became so much easier. I could relax, luxuriate in this form I had created. I could roll forwards and spend a few hours lying helpless in my cleavage, resting upon myself safe in the knowledge that someone will come to tilt me back if I call for them.

My value to this facility is what I know about genetic modification, the scientific acumen and experience of overseeing the most advanced experimental research facility in the world. My value is in producing a volume of milk that feeds and nurtures the largest living female in human history.

Who cares if I can walk or run, I have an incredible mind and two incredible milk factories, all assets that need protecting.

I have an army of people caring for me. Some focused on my health and wellbeing but the most vital focused on my sustenance. I interviewed each one personally, made clear what I wanted from them and what they would get from me in return. A life without pain or want; the strength and freedom to pursue whatever artistic pursuits they desired as long as they ate and drank enough nutrients to create sweet nectar for me in return.

All of these women had different ideas about how large they were willing to go. They had been recruited on the understanding they would eat as much as they can to produce milk specially designed to feed me. One or two showed curiosity about pushing the limits as I had done although most kept a respectable size.

They pumped their produce into a container that existed purely for me, and I transitioned my diet to drinking only from it. It had all the nutrients I needed to survive and in turn sustain Jessica.

Homeostasis – a stable, reliable system.

1st January:

Project Lead 002

Study Month 30

A new year comes with it the opening of our new buildings. Today's diary entry is a report that I'll cut down before filing on the success of our new facility.

Milking Booth Report

Whilst most of the runaway growth incidents have been dealt with it is important the test facility is able to cope with the largest of users both now and in the future. I have my own external setup but it isn't feasible to provide bespoke pumping stations for every woman at Incredible Bodies™ who needs it.

Obviously less than 5% of users present the same immobility concerns I have – but we need to be prepared in case that population increases.

The test users for the first production run were myself, Participant 097 'Felicity' whose breast mass are only 31 kg and thus only moderately restrict her mobility, and Participant 117 'Maria' whose combined breast mass is the fifth largest in the compound behind myself.

Standing Maria's breasts are just small enough that she can lean back and, with full body strength, can uncomfortably lift them off the floor by a few inches. As a result she finds walking forwards problematic - as that means kicking the undersides of her breasts with unpleasant force every time she takes a step forwards.

I remember being that size and finding it a particularly unpleasant intermediate.

As the mammary weight increases flesh hangs lower the experience becomes more and more unpleasant - until the point that they eventually make ground contact the sensation is a blessed relief to your taxed back muscles. Accepting immobility can actually be as much of a blessing and a curse at that point.

Which means of the three of us I am by far the largest and least mobile. Felicity and Maria both looked uncomfortable to be sharing this test run with me – I don't think I've ever had a direct conversation with either since their interviews - but they performed their jobs admirably.

All we had to do was walk, or be carried, into a booth, sit or stand still until they hooked us up to the milk pumps. Then we just had to let our bodies do what they do naturally for thirty-five minutes until the supply slowed down.

Felicity has no issues – she reported the sensation was pleasant and her booth was spacious and comfortable. She used the terminal to watch her favourite reality dating show whilst she rested her breasts on the extendable table.

Maria and I didn't need that support so the team slid it back into the corner of our rooms to give us space before we entered.

I remember wincing as I watched Maria drag herself backwards into the booth. When I was her size moving that way never really occurred to me, I like to see where I'm going, but she appears to favour pulling rather than pushing at her assets to get momentum.

I remember having to weigh that choice up every time I wanted to move – judging what is more irritable: backache from overtaxed muscles trying to hold their weight or friction burns and the pain of sharp objects on the floor.

She was using the handles of the enormous bra we provided as a sack she could yank them towards her with her arms so the act of stepping backwards didn't drag on her torso as tightly.

I think Maria needs to accept the inevitable, request another infusion so her breasts can make permanent landfall and give her back some relief. She seems proud of her in-between state though – so large she's 'nearly' but not quite as immobile as me.

For this rare excursion outside of my laboratory they had mounted each of my boobs onto extended re-enforced dolly carts. Encasing me in a new specially designed bra slightly larger than a family tent the garment held them just still enough to wheel me around without too much wobbling.

Even moving at under a mile an hour though I was aware there was enough momentum on those carts to crush anyone or anything that got trapped between me and the booth walls.

As I had zero forward vision I listened to the instructions as the attendants called to each other and gently rolled them forwards into the milking booth. They went slowly and gave plenty of warning so I was able to just walk along behind my teats as they were maneuvered into position.

A very small part of me would rather have just jumped up and rested on my cleavage – given up the pretence of walking and let them wheel me into position. I'm sure it would have been easier for them to take complete control.

But my pride won over and so I enjoyed the pretence of controlling my journey, gently jostling forwards step by step as several hundred tonnes of flesh was slid into a confined space with less than half a foot of clearance on either side.

The attendants surrounded me as I was rolled forwards, ensuring I was lined up perfectly for the booth entrance. For safety reasons I was entering alone, with the attendants using the cameras to tell when I reached the far wall and stop me just in time.

They peeled off to the side as I entered and I counted the men and women, twelve of them in total, who lined up on either side of me to gently inch the trolleys forwards until the foreman called for a halt.

Then one of the smaller women climbed up a ladder into the gantry's above, crossed over my dozen plus feet of enclosed square breasts flesh, and put on abseil gear before descending down to the front end of my teats.

This nursing bra had been designed so the front covers on either breast could be loosened and the three feet wide pumps slid over my exposed nipples. I held my face as still as possible as I felt her clumsily fiddle around with my most sensitive areas.

Once both pumps were in place she was air-lifted back up to the gantry to give the all clear.

Another attendant had brought a raised recliner chair for me to sit in, and a tablet so I could reach over my boobs and communicate with the rest of the facility.

Predictably it had taken me a lot longer to get hooked up than Maria or Felicity. As I had final say for pumping to begin, I checked in with both women, to check that they were ready to go before things began.

Maria watched her show, Felicity meditated, I worked on the accounts whilst the pumps did their job. They are not as powerful as the ones in my laboratory but then again none of the other girls produce even a tenth as much flow as me.

Realising what this meant I cancelled an afternoon meeting as I realised this would disrupt my four-hour schedule. Even after all these years I've been conditioned to that cycle and it cannot be broken.

Thirty-five minutes in this booth would not be enough to fully drain me though – so my next session with Jessica will need to come forwards and last longer to restore the balance.

I doubt Felicity or Maria will mind the flow rate though – it should more than accommodate their needs for twenty-four hours. We've surveyed the women in the compound who are producing and all report one session a day is sufficient to deal with their over-production.

No test subject since 128 has experienced this side effect without specifically requesting milk production as a paid enhancement. Therefore, we can easily model the anticipated demand for this new facility and the amount of surplus milk it will generate to add to my own supply.

As I outgrew the cage of fabric Angela had dressed me in I wondered aloud if it was even worth pretending it was worth dressing them any more. I was large enough to generate my own body heat, too much in fact, so the cool air was a blessing not an irritation. Angela subtly admonished me and said once we gave up on decency there would be no going back and insisted that I keep the pretence of clothing myself for as long as possible.

I drank and ate constantly, voraciously consuming any food or protein within reach. As before my other curves barely registered the flesh, it was all now literally piling up in front of me. The tide of flesh formed a dome that, over weeks and months, slowly rose higher and higher and higher until it was level with my collarbone.

I lay there, leaning against my twin thrones, pondering their tyranny. I reached out and palmed the upper sells, feeling out every wrinkle of skin within reach. The endless bloating hurt, I realised, and I was utterly dependent on my staff to feed and milk me. I had to depend on them to come to me.

Fortunately, I had done my job well. Jessica will always come back for more...

After several sessions alone with Dr Cooper this interview was brought to the abrupt halt by the arrival of Jessica.

Although videos of her have been broadcast and streamed around the world very few people have come into close proximity with Jessica so we submit this personal report to the committee to ensure they understand the scale and impact of the Incredible Bodies™ giantess.

Our interview had been going on for almost an hour and we were nearing the end of our allotted time. Dr Cooper's voice had been as steady and clinical as always, her upper body animated as she leant across her vast cleavage and relayed her story to us with a vivid amount of detail.

The first sign that she was approaching was the ground vibrating with the intensity of a minor earthquake.

The compound's steel walls suddenly vibrated and shook but their motion was nothing compared to the waves of rippling flesh as Dr Cooper's breasts trembled.

Dr Cooper paused and listened intently, gazing up towards the distant horizon with a gleeful smile.

The sound and vibration repeated again, and again. Dr Cooper seemed to ignore us and pushed herself forwards off her platform and onto her immense cleavage. The machinery holding her in position rocked so that she could fall forwards to rest upon the wall of flesh.

As we had visited the compound several times without coming across Jessica it took us some time to realise what was happening although Dr Cooper did quickly advise us to make some space as the Giantess approached. Far below us, at the base of her titanic bosom we could hear an alarm sounding as Dr Cooper's attendants made preparations for what was to come.

The first visible sign of the giant was a shadow descending on us as though the sun had been eclipsed by a sudden, particularly thick cloud. Looking upwards we realised quickly this was in fact an enormous face leering down at us and Dr Cooper.

Jessica's face filled the sky, her eyes scanning the compound with gentle curiosity. Moments later two hands descended, each as vast as a football field, fingers curling as they descended onto Dr Cooper.

The open horseshoe structure that Dr Cooper lives in is not just a mechanised support stadium to support and milk her breasts, it is a podium which Jessica can approach with minimal damage to the surrounding facility. She towered over the building, leaning forwards on her knees using her arms to get purchase on her target.

The woman is a vast and terrible creature, her naked form blots out the sky above us. Numbers cannot do the giantess justice up close.

With a tenderness that belied her size the giant's fingers wrapped around Dr Cooper's massive breasts. With a firm grip, thumbs pressing into the undersides of two titanic orbs of flesh, the giant began to lift Dr Cooper skywards.

As she was lifted away and Dr Cooper squirmed, arching her body as much as her immobility allowed with a look of rapture on her face.

From our vantage platform we watched as her breasts deformed within Jessica's grip, the two vast orbs compressing then springing back as Jessica fondled her prize.

The giantess smiled down at the fleshy masses within her grasp then rotated them to turn one of the titanic nipples upwards towards her face.

I will never forget that moment, standing beneath the vast titan, staring upwards as her form blotted out the heavens. Though Jessica's unique physiology is known across the world very few have come this close to the Giant.

The Incredible Bodies™ team did not appear happy that we had seen this and urged us to leave quickly. For three days we had suspected that this would be the end of our interview however fortunately Dr Cooper did eventually resume contact and invite us for one final interview session to complete her tale.

*According to all estimations I was now on track to become
the second biggest mammal to have ever lived.
Me... All the glorious flesh within me!*

