

We work with a hypothesis, set aims and objectives, agree a methodology, analyse results, discuss complexity of findings and then state conclusions.

As science is expensive you don't begin experiments without a clear desired outcome of what you will measure and an idea of what it will tell you. Those are the rules – but if you have power, resources and intelligence rules are there to be broken.

There was no agreed end goal for Incredible Bodies™. The funders may have had some grand ideas, some fundamental self-interested concepts they were interested in. Immortality, fame and fortune spring to mind.

But their largesse provided me the luxury of an open-ended experiment that could, if I wanted, last the rest of my greatly extended lifespan.

I had access to as many test subjects as I wanted... eventually.

It's Incredible...

Part Four

A novella by Sobotac

2025

Do you think I'm boring your readers?

I assume after all this talking you're going to write an article - this isn't going to be a podcast, is it? Do you have readers or listeners? You asked to talk, asked to finally get my story out to the wider world in my own words but you haven't really given me much direction save ask me to tell my story. You've let me rabbit on about whatever I wanted.

My lawyers were listening in and they're concerned I'm revealing too much.

Yes – even women like me need lawyers. How else do you think we stopped government agents from swarming in after the incident and seizing all our research? I mean there was the ever-looming threat of Jessica to contend with but they would have grabbed me if they could in those early days before the peace settlement.

They think this was a mistake – that the world should forget about us and move on. Because you didn't say where you planned on publishing they want me to avoid...

Well, who cares what they want me to do? You want me to talk. But you aren't prepared to give me any more advice than to tell my own story. I've been telling it and I'm bored. I don't tell stories I tell science. I lecture, I teach, I research and I coach.

My specialist topic has three functions; feeding the next generation, disrupting fashion trends and sexual intimacy. I've always thought of breasts that way with those purposes.

I like to help women appreciate that they are as much a blessing as an inconvenience – and who knows more about their inconvenience than me? Look how far my arms span and how far past that the flesh pushes out...

I used to coach women how to express milk, both physical techniques to encourage flow and mental techniques to help relax your brain and overcome any mental blocks due to personal anxiety. In a very small, niche community I was famous!

Both online and in the maternity wards women flocked to hear my thoughts on how best to treat your milk tanks.

1st August:

@Overlyblessed
3 years before Study

Dear Readers

I have some sad news: I'm going to have to close this blog.

I've been too cooped up feeling sorry for myself after my near brush with almost motherhood. I thought this blog was helping me heal – helping me deal with what happened but it's not allowing me to move on. It's becoming a problem.

Given I write articles several weeks in advance that means in a month I will stop posting - and on December 31st I will likely close down the server to prevent any new subscribers joining our community.

I don't want to but we know that without strict moderation we will all start getting spammed by creeps and perverts begging for pictures or private chats. I value your privacy too much to risk that.

So, sorry girls, this may be goodbye but it's not the end!

I'm going to go back to University to finish my studies. I've spoken to my old tutor and he'd love to have me re-enrol where I left off. With my medical condition it should be simple to justify why I left.

We've been discussing this for a few weeks - the idea came to me after that awful night out with my friend Charlotte in May when I had to bail because my boobs made me too anxious to go out - scared I'd have a letdown in public and wet myself.

I want to study the neurochemistry of feeding mothers.

My supervisor agrees it would be an interesting topic to properly understand what's going on inside the brain when we're feeding but I am just as interested in comparing women who find it easy with women who struggle. We have amazing new equipment - MRI scanners which can show what area of the brain is lighting up and quantifying any differences.

So, I'm leaving the blog to do actual science and I hope, in a few years, I'll be able to report to you all what we find. Perhaps we'll discover what techniques are medically proven to work rather than just theorising amongst each other. If possible I'd love to develop new medicines to help increase productivity - take a pill each morning and let the milk flow!

I doubt it will ever be that simple. This isn't my last ever post in this blog, there's still a month of scheduled content, but I do want to leave you my parting thoughts.

Breasts are a big deal whether we want them to be or not.

The reason we have them is purely altruistic. We bear their weight to support the next generation. Our selfless endeavour just in existing is a form of charity to others.

Yet their presence shapes our lives. They distort our torso and dictate our fashion choices, affecting what can select from the clothing dependant on whether we want to enhance or hide them.

Those limited options in our appearance affect our relationship with men. They see our bodies as objects of desire. Primitive monkey brains were programmed millennia ago to equate big busts with abundance, compassion, fertility. I wish we could reprogramme them to be a bit more civilised but, right now, we need to live with the world we have.

Those fashion choices dictate our relationships with other women. Like it or not we are incredibly judgemental of each other. Is she dressing slutty? Is she a prude? Is that last year's designer brand so out of date she should be ashamed?

Our choices are dictated by our bodies. Every aspect of our breasts have a neurological link. Some of us think they are incredibly sexy and enjoy using them as a means of intimate foreplay. Others just think they are lumps of fat, no more sensual than a pudgy tummy.

Is that due to sensitivity? Perhaps the number of nerves spreading through the tissues or is the difference in the biochemistry of the brain? Is it dictated by personality or physicality?

Keep an eye out for me. I'm going back to complete my doctorate and I'm going to get the answers to these questions.

As I said this is goodbye but it's not the end!

And – though I shut the blog down and closed the support group - I fulfilled that role again, years later.

When we needed to organise the supply lines at Incredible Bodies™. In my dual role as Project Co-ordinator and Lead Milk Producer I ensured all of our processes were comfortable for the women who volunteered.

I've never asked a woman to do anything I wasn't prepared to test on myself first. We shipped milk around the world, a rapid service with fresh human milk to maternity wards across the globe.

How many hundreds of lives do you think we saved? A global philanthropy effort sending our produce to starving countries. I never quite got the neuroscience about mental anxiety blocks holding mothers supply back where I wanted but I was able to help by acting as a donor to milk banks around the world.

We never made any money off that.

The suits would have liked to. We discussed it but most my early female test subjects would have been producing the milk anyway regardless of whether we sold it. Milk was literally a waste product, a side effect of our research programme, and I was determined to make sure it went somewhere useful.

We still export the same volume of product every day without taking anything in return. I want your readers to know that. I want them to know we like doing public good - even after everything that's happened - we believe in a better world for everyone.

1st January:

Project Lead 002

Study Month 44

A new year and a new phase of our research programme.

'The barn' as my staff have taken to calling the pumping room, is fully built and freshly commissioned so I agreed to have some of the girls join me in a test run.

We had to see how comfortable the setup was – tell the engineers what was good and what was bad about their designs before signing off.

Fifteen of the girls are eligible to join me, less than half of the female test subjects are actively producing but there is enough demand for this new expansion.

Most of the other girls can get away with one pumping session a day. I recommend either first thing in the morning to relieve the overnight pressure or last thing at night to help them relax before bed.

Most have a little more mobility than me.

So although I am right at the upper allowable size limit for the barn I demanded they let me be one of the three to use it first. I gave them a full report about my experience - and I want to ensure a copy is in my own diary for reference.

It's been two years since I took over Incredible Bodies™. Two years since the suits sent Trevor packing. Why am I still keeping this diary? Jessica and Doug have both stopped recording logs.

None of the new test subjects do this...

The scientist in me demands I record everything I suppose.

There's no such thing as too much data.

Our limited knowledge of Incredible Bodies™ finances indicates that the secretive research institute housing the test subjects was burning through approximately \$1.9 million USD a month to house three test subjects. This increased to exceed \$2.2 million as the number of test subjects were increased over the following three years.

This is only known due to the diligent work of forensic accountants who unpicked the combination of wealthy tycoons, venture fund managers and secret criminal cabals funding the operation.

As all of the parties had been promised different outcomes it is amazing that the coalition held together as long as it did. The incident that exposed their work was triggered not by a lack of support from above but from dissatisfaction from within the test compound.

Prior to these interviews most scrutiny has been applied to the actions of Test Subject 003 who was most visible of the personnel involved. It is not that the others were considered unimportant just that they did not draw attention to themselves until after realisation about the new status quo had been established.

These excerpts provided by Dr Cooper represent her state before and during the latter stages of Incredible Bodies™ rapid experimentation plan. If their authenticity can be trusted, they show a track record of Dr Cooper's focus to this cause and explain the sudden change in Incredible Bodies™ public profile after she took charge of the operation.

I was slowly growing again.

Before I gave my presentation to the board, I had commissioned a new custom bra and front extended dress to accommodate my enhanced form. It was doing a magnificent job slinging my new boulders together and providing some lift. It made me presentable to the team – a figurehead for this new exciting venture of discovery.

For 5 weeks, between starting to express and making my presentation I had exclusively considered myself a personal science experiment. I know that was officially my job but those initial weeks were critical – and whilst I had a team of people working for Trevor crunching data I didn't trust anything I hadn't handled myself.

That's why I locked myself in my room. I read everything, I poured over all the numbers, I planned and reconstructed everything. I milked my poor tits until there wasn't a drop left in them because I knew emptying them out would enhance production and force them to compensate.

I was both the analyst and the analyte – considering the world from every angle. I didn't share my results with Trevor beyond daily status updates – I held it all back, obsessed over every aspect and put it all into my presentation. I sat naked, hunched over my computer, tits either resting on my lap or squeezed between my arms as I pressed, fondled and squeezed every millilitre of milk possible out of them.

And the woman who emerged was changed from the one who had locked herself away. Both in how she was shaped and how she dressed. They gave me this beautiful flowing dark green evening gown that hugged my figure. It complemented my hair, turning me into some form of Celtic goddess who would look just at home emerging from the woodland brush as she did at the head of a packed auditorium.

Beneath the dress, bra wise I was pretty much approaching the end of the alphabet.

I liked being that big, I was proud of my body. Although I commissioned an incredible bra determined to restore some of the mobility their ponderous weight was threatening to steal away. Undisturbed each orb was over 29 cm in diameter, together packing 11 kg of pure sagging breast flesh.

I was not far from struggling to reach my own nipples with my hands – I had to grab and squash my tits to drag the distant flesh closer to my face. Worse I realised with mounting horror I was now physically incapable of self-suckling because the action of forcing my rotund masses up into position so the nipple was facing towards my face was getting painful.

This is the point things began to change. I had done all of the maths and I knew that my breasts together now accounted for 30% of my bodyweight. It had fluctuated since I arrived at the retreat, increasing then falling then increasing again through my various growth spurts. Before taking the formula though I had never exceeded 21%.

Over a fifth and then almost a third.

Just imagine that. The old me, the Stage Two me, had struggled with boobs that together took up only a fifth of her sum mass. More than most women – more than is sensible or desirable for a functioning organism. However – it had been manageable.

But now I was tipping past a balancing point without realising it. Naively I thought this was a phase I was going through and it would stop. I had all the facts and figures and statements in my head and yet I didn't allow myself to understand or think about. How exponential curves fundamentally affected me as a human being.

Idiot. I missed it, the board missed it, Trevor missed it... They were all too busy being wowed by my dress and the twin orbs packing it out.

I was now wider at my widest point than Doug – although his was across his shoulders and I was across my chest. Sitting down I couldn't rest my arms by my sides as my breasts spread outwards and now backwards as they cleared my ribcage.

Standing though, in a dress designed to contain and support, I looked magnificent! It was worth the hassle wrangling my boobs into that new bra. I had so much soft flesh to push and shove to make it fit right but afterwards wow. I felt so good about myself once I was safely contained within that dress.

Then I took Doug and Jessica, who I'd been ignoring for a month, and told them to join me in the pool the next day. Jessica stuck her pointy index finger out, hovering inches from my bust and asked how I could possibly find a bikini that would fit. Doug was more excited to see me – he had been worried by my absence.

The next day, before putting on the sunscreen, I had my final face-to-face session with Dr Henderson.

That's when she apologised and said she was leaving the program, that her original contract was nearly up. She had given her latest project report to the board and now had better things to do with her life than argue with me.

But before she left she wanted an assurance, an absolute guarantee from me that I wasn't in any pain.

Most woman with conditions approaching mine are not comfortable. I was lucky to have developed to this point with minimal physical issues but then again for the last stage of the growth I had a chance to re-engineer my body to cope. Stronger back muscles, tougher more flexible skin and a sturdier frame to carry the weight.

For other women if the debilitating weight didn't impede them then social anxiety would.

Most women in my shoes would want nothing more than to return to a normal life without being a visible physical oddity at every turn. Women built like that are just too rare and too sexualised to go unnoticed.

I didn't need or particularly want to return to the wider world though – I had all the food, company and work resources I could ask for to live comfortably. I didn't care if the men and women around the compound stared as long as they did what I ordered.

Sara was going to leave me to finish my study. She complemented me, said how impressed she had been at my talk. She still thought 80% of everything I had suggested was dangerous, that I was wrong to pursue what I was doing but she couldn't deny my drive and rigor.

She said nobody could have stood there and talked like I did if they weren't passionate. So, yes, I'd won. In record time. Less than six months! She was going to go home and leave me to turn myself into a cow if that's what I really wanted to waste my life doing.

As her parting shot she warned me about Trevor.

Trevor had publicly poured all of his interest into the Type II formula, the one closer to his original conception. Somehow, despite his efforts, I had made clear to the secretive men and women holding the purse strings that what was going on inside my body was far more unique and interesting.

It's not that Jessica didn't have a role. She did. It's just that to them she was just a 'female Doug' whilst I was definitively something new.

Trevor had claimed back some ownership at the end of the meeting promising that if the current round of test subjects continued as expected the third recruited cohort would be a combination of men and women who could exploit their new knowledge to tailor any number of desired body shapes.

Of course the original three of us would always stand out as the natural 'extremes' whilst our successors would balance themselves to a desirable target constitution. Taller but not too tall. More muscular but not too muscular. Voluptuous but not... swollen.

That was fine. That was the deal we had signed up for.

We were prisoners of our own making confined to the lap of luxury.

We had a spa and all the fancy cocktails we could ever want. Who cared if Doug was shaped more like a tank than a man, if I was smuggling an industrial milk factory under my top and Jessica was shooting up like a beanpole?

Look at her now! How would you ever find a bikini to fit her today?

22nd August:

**TS003
Study Month 2**

A day out in the pool was a great idea – sunning in the deck chairs was exactly what I needed after my morning squats. Cee and I sipped virgin Mohito's and finally got to compare how our bodies are changing whilst Doug did lengths of the pool.

We watched him splashing away whilst she told me about her milk. Weird – I can't imagine forcing myself to excrete liquid out my tits – the concept of doing that just gives me the ick.

But she seems happy... And she was excited to compare our heights. I'm definitely taller than her now which is just mental!

Doug wanted to play Water Volleyball, but I think that might have been a bit unfair – there's no way Cee could jump up and down in the pool and not explode out of that pathetic loop of string pretending it actually preserves any modesty.

So we drank together, sunning ourselves and watching whilst he practiced taking shots from the far side of the pool. The slapping of the rubber ball skimming over the water was the only distraction from our peace.

And I wondered out loud how big I would need to get to hit the ball as hard and as fast as he was doing.

And she assured me I'll get there. Soon...

22nd August:

**Facility Report
Study Month 2**

For the first time since they arrived all three test subjects gathered for a single social gathering outside of the food hall.

With the added proximity of **TS002**, **TS003** exhibited no signs of aggression to **TS001** or any of the escort staff. Her increased size and strength have reached a point where male staff subjected to her 'expressive demeanour' have begun to report genuine fear for their safety. However – we repeat – she has never raised a fist to threaten or initiated any physical contact with any of our staff.

She is aware that any action against another test subject or member of facility staff will not be tolerated. She insists she never would hurt anyone – that she just gets anxious if she's alone with a man in a confined space – that it's her who feels afraid.

However – we can report that – some of the male team members believe her anxiety is passing and she is developing a tolerance to their presence. I carried out an informal survey and found this is common with shorter colleagues but not observed by the taller members of staff.

Perhaps as she grows in stature this anxiety trigger from men will be reduced? Her clear irritation with **TS001** whenever **TS002** absents herself remains but he is now the only person within the facility who remains taller or larger than her.

Meanwhile **TS002**, who instigated the pool party after commissioning an entirely new wardrobe - including a custom bikini specifically for today - remains my personal subject of highest concern.

If her growth rate continues at this pace we will need to discuss getting her disability support as there is no way her growth is not impeding her mobility. She shows no sign of pain at her new situation but I have noticed her walking pace is noticeably slower compared to two months ago, and her physical discomfort at the increased amount of jiggle when she does move is obvious.

Until she or the clinical team raise a specific concern we will await further instruction. For now I understand whilst this is unplanned it is not unexpected.

Around then I found temporary balance with my pumps – discovering that if I sufficiently emptied myself four hours alone was my limit before the engorgement started to get painful.

I had to set timers to remind myself to pump or express at four-hour intervals and then experience a minimum of 20 minutes solid pumping to get another few hours freedom.

That meant I didn't sleep anywhere near as much as I should have done and I probably got a little cranky. The others all assumed it was the weight getting to me but no, it was simple lack of sleep as I adjusted to my new schedule.

I now knew I would never, ever run a marathon but the old me hadn't been capable of that either so who cared if I was packing a little more boobage than before?

Who cared if – when hand expressing myself, between doing the letdowns I was tossing around 30 pounds of flesh like a mad woman. My tiny arms were pounding away, jerking my boobs up and down, slapping the flesh. I was doing it to tease out the deep milk - as I had been taught and as I had once demonstrated to others. It doesn't change the balance or flavour of the milk. It's about loosening the sticky fat to encourage it to come out – encouraging it not to clog. It's about stimulating supply.

But when I caught my reflection in the mirror I had to laugh. I wondered if this is how men felt pounding their meat, beating their hands all over themselves to get some ejaculate.

Silly little intrusive thoughts. Not as intrusive as the thought that my boobs were getting so heavy I might not be able to do this much longer. They were simply too big and too ungainly to shake with the force I used to be able to.

Doug and Jessica could do it! Their big strong hands would have no problem lifting and tossing my fat tits around. Their powerful arms could carry me if my burdens ever got too much for my poor back.

I parked that thought. We weren't there yet.

It was warm and pleasant throughout the fading summer so I spent as much time as possible outside of my room soaking in the ambience. I had missed most of August due to my own hubris so I was determined to make the most of September before the temperature plummeted.

If I recall I had a glorious 20 days before the W cup maternity bras they had fitted me in for the board meeting began to noticeably struggle.

It wasn't immediately obvious.

It's not like you wake up one day, try to get dressed and despairingly scream '*Oh no - this bra doesn't fit - I must have grown again!*' The growth was slow and gradual and exhibited itself in a million tiny different ways that accumulate to reach that conclusion. Each of my bras were killed by a death of a thousand cuts.

For August I spent the month prancing around the compound in either a bikini bottom, hotpants or a short skirt, then a nursing bra and some ungodly pressurised tank tops. After spending the spring fluctuating between good boob days and bad boob days I was delighted to suddenly have a good boob month!

It was in part because all the facets of my life were coming together. I was fulfilled academically, socially and spiritually. Yes - if that last one sounds weird I understand but honestly it was life changing.

My milking sessions meant I had plenty of time to sit and think. I started to use the time to centre myself.

I'd sit cross legged on the bed, tits spread across my lap and just focus on deep breathing exercises. If intrusive thoughts came up I would focus on my own current body sensations and bat them away.

Meditation guides recommend you think about your nose, or your fingers, or your toes. Any body part with a sensation that you can notice then let pass away.

I became intimately focused on my tits. I mentally studied them from every angle – I considered their weight and heft against the rest of my torso, their warmth and tenderness against my thighs. I let myself experience the gentle occasional throbbing sensations they'd been putting out since I started the infusions.

Throbbing sensations indicating growth and change? Or perhaps just a slightly clogged milk duct passing along some milk as the internal pressure built up.

I'd take a deep breath in, hold for five seconds, and slowly exhale – all the while concentrating on the gentle sway of my chest. I thought about them each and every second. The guides said I had to fully inhabit myself. I wasn't trying to achieve anything except find a new centre. I was focused on being more self-aware. Now I was lumbered with these two sacks of flesh I thought I ought to work on '*being*' them – just as they were a part of me.

Does that sound weird?

For the entire previous month my entire world had been focused around them – both the physical demand to ramp up milk production and the scientific curiosity of running this all-consuming self-experiment.

The study wasn't over but I did have time to mentally take stock. I had looked in the mirror and realised what I had become. I looked at my big, bulging, overstocked bra and realised that yes, I was beyond huge and well into fucking massive.

Yes, they were there. They were a part of me.

Yes, they were still getting bigger.

I had only a small amount of control over it – two options. Continue or stop.

Stopping would mean failing. I wasn't prepared to fail.

So I would need to fully accept and embrace the consequences.

6th September:

TS001

Study Month 3

I don't think Allie will be playing pool much longer.

I've not said anything, but I've been pushing for her to get a game in every day whilst we can because if her boobs keep going at their current rate she won't be able to hold a pool cue in front of her body.

She keeps giving me this look and I don't know how to interpret it.

Her clothes aren't fitting her properly so every time, and I mean every time, she leans over the table or turns her torso she has to readjust her top. Her hands just dive into her open cleavage and smooth out her flushed skin or gently squeeze her tit to make it fit better.

She's doing this constantly and every time she looks at me as though she expects me to say something.

A week ago it was fairly regularly but today it was every two or three minutes.

I can never work out what to say. We talk about pretty much everything except her boobs – it's all on the table except the two things that actually are usually out on the table. About the only time she's ever mentioned them to me out loud was to apologise for table squatting but – apparently leaning forwards and letting it take the weight off her back for just five minutes is 'better than sex'. Her words not mine.

Jessica welcomes compliments about her changing body. Well, she talks openly about herself if Allie is in the room. She gushes about how much she's growing, how close she is to catching up with me (mid shoulder height now), how much she can bench press, how much upper arm strength she's developed.

They installed a re-enforced, raised Monkey Bar Calisthenics training set and she's been practicing how long she can hang without her arms giving up. Apparently she's up to twenty minutes from a prior record of under fifteen seconds.

Which, given how much muscle she is packing on each week, I don't dare ask how much she weighs, is impressive. She looks toned though - whereas I'm somewhere between the Hulk and a WWE champion she looks more like an Amazon.

Jessica talks about herself and nothing else; Allie talks about everything except the one thing the programme seems to be doing to her.

Surely she's big enough now?

10th September:

TS002

Study Month 3

My W-cup re-enforced bra is approaching the end of its life.

It's been a feat of engineering that held my breasts up, off my body and in place for 20 days without complaint. I've really enjoyed wearing it for a change. After all whilst I was going through my initial growth reaction to the infusions I barely left my room or the lab – so I was content to just lumber around tits out to allow easy access to my milk pumps.

But since I found a milk schedule it's been important to get as much fresh air and exercise as possible. My sedentary lifestyle was inhibiting the other changes we were planning on kickstarting - holding back all the other things designed to make me fitter, healthier and stronger than the average bear.

Infusions 1 to 3 have been a great success and the project team is preparing for the next stage now my initial trial is almost complete. Jessica and I move onto gentle top-up doses whilst they recruit another set of candidates to join us in the compound.

At least three more test subjects – two women and one man, minimum, but it could be up to eight depending on how recruitment goes. Trevor has pro-actively asked me to focus on the

experimental design for two 'intermediate' women with bodyshapes between my own and Jessica's extremes whilst his team handles the rest.

At least I'm not being cut out. Sara was wrong. He needs me and he knows it.

So, with a view of being presentable when the new cohort arrives I gave in and asked to be re-fitted so we could commission another bra. I'd rather wait until the growth phase peters out but it's not slowing down like I'd hoped.

Doug keeps staring at me – not that I can blame him. His big puppy dog eyes latch on to headlights and I can literally see him gawping every time they jiggle. Fortunately he's too polite to say anything.

Not like Jessica – last time we were alone together she prodded me with her finger so hard it bruised.

'You're busting out of that thing Cee Cee. I think you need to go on a diet'.

So I got fitted today and I have officially reached the end of the alphabet. Farewell W and hello Z. Each boob is pretty symmetrical – which is rare. The left is 31.6 and the right 32.0 cm diameter from ribcage to peak. That's a combined weight of 27 kg.

I was shocked. It's not like I hadn't noticed - but it doesn't feel like nearly 30 kg strapped to me.

I've seen Jessica training with her 30 kg Kettlebells and I've held back from commenting that I don't need them, I'm lugging that and more every time I sit up. I can definitely feel their increased weight, particularly with my hands. If I'm trying to express without the pumps, but apparently I have grown significantly stronger as well.

Not taller. Not 'much' rounder. A little fuller figure across the rest of my body, enough to go up a dress size everywhere but my hips and shoulders. I'm officially one third boobs and two thirds modern woman now.

So, I need a new bra so I can stay mobile and presentable. Seclusion isn't good for me – it's what was needed then but I need to be on my feet again. It'll take a few days to produce so I have to hope my old bra holds - even if I'm slowly bulging around the edges every which way possible.

13th September:

TS003

Study Month 3

This is getting too easy:

- Bench press – 300 kg.
- Squats - 250 without pause
- Deadlift - 350 kg
- Shoulder press - 128 kg
- Barbell curl - 95 kg

I asked how far Doug is ahead of me. He's not advanced at all since I started – does he care that I'm catching up?

Does it matter that whenever I see Cee Cee's enormous tits wobbling their way to freedom out of her dress my first thought is 'how much does she weigh and could I get her over my head?'

Jessica, who had started shorter than most the female population of earth, entered the top 1% in September. At 7 feet tall she still had plenty to go before even getting close to Doug but she was a changed woman.

We were both changed women but, I think, her more than me. I had always been on this path whereas she had never considered what it would be like to be 'big'.

The third cohort of test subjects, 004 to 011, didn't arrive until January so the three of us had four months of enjoying each other's company. The testing continued, every day another small meaningful measurement, as we charted our slow but steady journey.

When we did the analysis it seemed I was putting on about 187 g of weight each day. In imperial terms that's 0.4 pounds, and although your natural weight can easily vary by 5 pounds or more from morning to night, cumulatively it adds up over days and weeks and months.

I had planned for it to stop now the first three Infusions were done but it never really did.

Jessica was changing faster – there had been a brief period where she was growing over a cm a day. Although it had slowed now it hadn't stopped. She boasted that when she got the fourth infusion she'd easily catch up with Doug. It bothered me that, whilst my growth rate appeared constant hers fluctuated so much...

Doug showed less interest in changing although he could if he wanted to. He was happy where the drugs had left him. Before either I or Jessica arrived he'd gone through fifteen rounds of infusions to reach his final state. They had still been figuring out the process then – for us the safety was assured so it was a little more gung ho with just four needed.

So the three of us got to know each other.

It took another month for us to find true intimacy. It was mid-October when we finally convinced Doug to get his package out for the two of us.

It may have happened sooner if Jessica's 'thing' about men hadn't got in the way.

18th September:

TS001

Study Month 3

Jessica actually asked me a question today.

She rarely ever speaks to me at all. Not directly. Not unless she has to - and even it's a physical request like '*Can you do this*' or most common '*When will you be done in the gym so I can go in?*'

But, at dinner, once she'd finished eating she just came out and asked '*What's it like to be a man?*'

Allie snorted out her drink all over herself and had to go fetch paper napkins so she could wipe spilt lemonade off her cleavage.

How the fuck do you answer a question like that with someone you barely know? She's been here for months and doesn't talk, at all, about herself. I know how hard she's pushing herself in the gym but that's about it.

Can't remember what I said.

Something about – it had always been easier for me to gain muscle, which is fun. Having a little less to worry about what people thought of me.

I haven't really thought about it deeply – I just get on with being me and doing what I can.

Not having direct consequences - I guess that is the biggest win for men overall. We don't have to carry the kids. For us sex is a goal that doesn't 'have' to immediately risk something else so we can afford to be a little more careless.

Allie joined in and said the ability to walk around topless without getting unpleasantly ogled was something she'd missed for years. Apparently if she had her way she'd never wear a top again.

I can see why – she's churning through new outfits so quickly. But surely that weight must hurt without some form of support?

Then Jessica said something that shocked us both.

Apparently for her, she'd thought about it a lot. And she said something along the lines that: 'Physically, if I could experience the male orgasm. It would be cool to have a clear visual finish when I was done. I think that its pretty cool that's how it works for you.'

And there was a whole conversation after this but, basically, if you boil it down, it turns out she's a cum slut!

A cum slut who hates men.

What the fuck happened to her before she came here to make her like this?

I could never get over how aggressive Jessica could be.

I mean, people accuse me of being underhand but, I give people plenty of warning about what I want and how I'm going to get it. Doug was a big softie from the start but Jessica would have these random flashes of bad temper that I could never quite determine if they had always been there or were due to the drugs.

This is why we were meant to have several weeks in the compound acclimatising. It gave us a baseline for me and Doug that she never got.

After a pause her growth ticked up again, mine remained constant, life was good so we scheduled infusion number four for mid-October.

Before then, one of the team thought it would be good to get some video footage of each of us as we were to show the funders. They wanted a private mini-documentary as proof of their success alongside the medical reports we'd written.

They sat us in a little studio and interviewed us with some shmaltzy questions about how comfortable we were, how exciting the programme was. Then they needed B-roll footage. Half of this was filmed with some drones that toured the compound with cameras to get footage of us going about our daily business (no entrance to our rooms, just communal spaces like the canteen, spa, gym, the grounds) and we were each given a camera and told to record a video diary.

We filmed each other for two or three days before it got boring and they took them away to start editing it into some internal marketing brief for the funders. The men with the money wanted to see what they were paying for.

They always do.

19th September:

**Facility Report
Study Month 3**

Filming this documentary on the test subject's growth is a problematic idea.

We have already had to take action to stop filmed footage of **TS002** leaking online, with several members of staff being disciplined or forced to leave for sharing footage on their personal devices.

However I understand that the founders want evidence of progress and it was thought to be prudent to use drones and personal footage from the test subjects rather than risk hiring a film crew for this purpose.

Twelve camera drones were released to the facility on pre-programmed patrol routes, with another two that were remote controlled. Of these six have been damaged, either due to accident or **TS003** who immediately took to swatting them out of the air.

She has however filmed the largest content of personal footage, taking a wealth of selfies comparing her to various innominate objects. She seems to have been delighted with the opportunity to benchmark her additional height with as many items as possible.

TS002 and **TS001** are both more compliant and less interested in the filming – save for demands that new outfits be provided beforehand. **TS002** has requested several new bras, again, and the cost of her designer underwear alone exceeds the clothing budget of the other two test subjects combined.

However, given the weight tolerances these garments need to support and the speciality engineering designing them the enlarged budget required for each custom design appears well justified.

21st September:

**TS002
Study Month 3**

I got my hands on the raw footage for the video blog.

God - I hadn't realised what I looked like to other people. I mean, yeah, I look down and I can't see my feet or stomach or legs or much beyond collar bone. They are there and they let themselves be known.

But – looking at them from another perspective they are both far more massive and far smaller than I expected. At the same time. Weird.

When I wasn't pregnant I had massive tits – and though I am definitely bigger now I also had a whale sized bump that lifted them up, pushed out my tops, made me feel frumpy and tired and massive.

I'm probably, all around, as big now as I was then. Only, there is no bump, if I lift my boobs up and feel around underneath my stomach is the flattest it's ever been. All in though my frontage is as swollen as it was when I was all set to not give birth.

Bigger around as a nine-month pregnant mother – but 100% boobs, 0% belly.

So – I look massive, but also... I'm quite small. Jessica is shooting up like a beanpole and Doug is a human mountain. In the footage they took I'm just this small, round, tiny person sitting in the corner or stumbling down the corridor.

They barely used any of the footage I filmed because it's all got cleavage jiggling away in the bottom of the shot. It wasn't comfortable to hold the camera far enough away from my torso not to capture myself.

So, Doug and Jessica look great, both of them very sexy – and I'm just... I hate to say it but I feel almost 'normal'. At least compared to those two giants.

One day I might share that video.

Not now though – for now it's private. A precious reminder of who we used to be.

We chose a good week to film it – all of us were relatively happy and my bra was about as snug and comfortable as it would ever get. It was sunny outside and I remember filming the three of us walking down the path, catching our bizarre shadows on the pavement.

One tall and shapely, one as big as a mountain, me in the middle looking perfectly normal but with this fuck off big boulder in front of me.

Then, within a week after filming it was clear my Z cup began to feel tight, my boobs pushed up against the top of the cup and overflowed upwards in a clear compressed jiggling band of creeping, wobbling flesh that would not be denied.

I 'nearly' backed out before infusion 4.

Before commissioning the seamstress, I'd seen the growth charts and it was clear my boobs weren't going to slow down any time soon. Given we were past the grand success of the initial trial I focused on my own health and planned injections that would prioritise other internal health aspects without promoting my oestrogen cycle.

I wasn't worried. No, I was hyper focused on my own issues and because of that I missed the biggest mistake of the whole project because of it.

Bastard Trevor couldn't leave well enough alone.

2nd October:

TS003

Study Month 4

Next injection tomorrow.

I'm already 7 foot 6 and the tallest woman in history was 8-foot and 1 inch. The next infusion will get me there, I'm sure of it. First world's tallest woman and then world's tallest human.

I'm coming for you Doug!

- Bench press – 370 kg.
- Squats - 300 without pause – and I didn't stop because I was tired but because it got boring
- Deadlift - 400 kg
- Shoulder press - 158 kg
- Barbell curl - 125 kg

2nd October:

TS001

Study Month 4

Apparently they are going to commission a new wing to add to the compound.

With up to 8 more people joining us in the new year they need the space and, they are worried if Jessica gets as big as me they will need even more. We already have raised ceiling and re-enforced furniture – I said I was happy as I was – it's only doorways that cause problems.

But they want to know how tall Jessica can go safely – before they have to stop the growth because her bone density won't take the weight.

And, if I want, I can take another infusion tomorrow alongside the girls.

I thought I was done...

Trevor was absolutely crystal clear. I don't have to do this. It's my choice.

But if I don't Jessica will absolutely outgrow me before the end of the year after she has her next jab to boost her further.

Is this meant to be a serious scientific experiment or a race?

I've got tonight to decide – let them know at breakfast and the drugs will be ready before lunch. No pressure.

Yeah. Thanks guys. No. pressure.

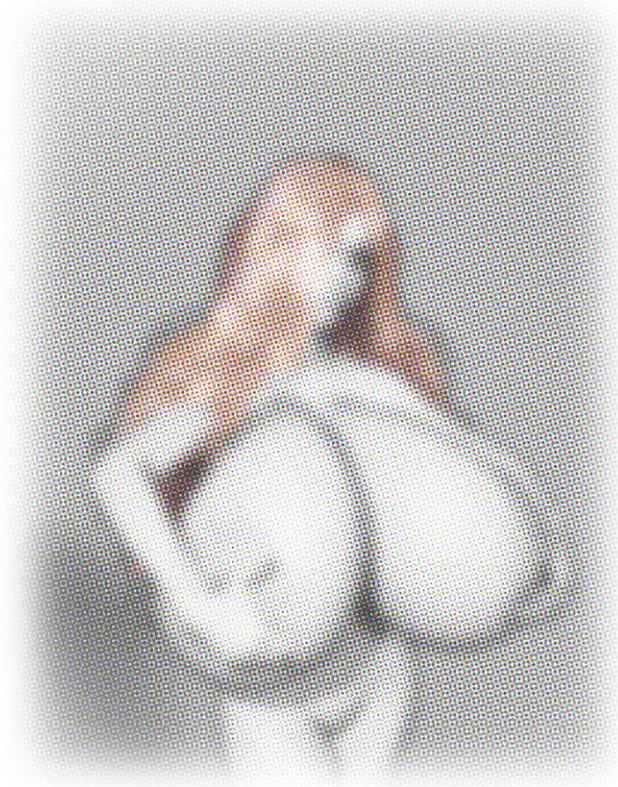
I was. happy.

With Allie growing outwards and Jessica growing upwards I don't want to be left behind.

Before I took the drug cocktail that kickstarted this I had very 'projected' breasts.

My breast mass was pushed to the front, giving me full and rounded sacks of flesh that I struggled to fit into bras that were inevitably too small in the cup. I had a permanent appearance of appearing 'tall' or 'full' for my bra size.

But as the milk came in I shifted towards what are considers 'shallow' breasts – where the tissue was more evenly distributed across the flesh. The skin tying my breasts to my ribcage widened to absorb more of my torso, providing a thicker and wider base for the bras to wrap around. Meanwhile my cleavage widened sideways to fill my torso.



This definition was only useful for about as long as it took for my nipples to descend past the point I could reach with my fingers. Once you can no longer grapple your whole breast mass into your arms traditional sizing discussions go out the window.

We were inventing whole new areas of science and fashion all in one!