

A student graduates, or worse fails and drops out. A postdoctoral researcher on a temporary contract finds their next position and leaves you. Sometimes a key collaborator retires. Usually the funding paying for the work runs out before you can find alternatives.

Perhaps the idea was no good in the first place and you accept failure and move on.

I've abandoned scientific studies for all these reasons.

But our society has never stop studying human sexuality. Ultimately we are all datapoints on a graph to be collected and charted.

Poets and playwrights call it inspiration but they were just early pioneers in developing an algorithm using the most basic data capture method possible. Our perception is flawed and untrustworthy.

I never pretended to have expertise outside my own specific field.

My chosen speciality - two loose lumps of flesh that both allure and nurture. I've collected more data on them than anyone else in history.

It's Incredible...

Part Six

A novella by Sobotac

2025

1st January:

**Test Subject 002
Study Month 7**

Some women have long, thin tits.

To mark the end of the year I was documenting my growth and making some comparisons with other 'endowed' ladies to better understand my development. The ladies closest to my size who have reached those proportions natural largely all demonstrate similar properties.

Beyond a certain size their breasts don't develop equally. If you actually critically try to judge their measurements you realise many women don't actually get bigger – they just get longer.

Have you ever heard the phrase '*torpedo tits*'?

Insults aside I know I am not the first woman whose breasts sit heavily in their lap. I am not the first woman who must part her cleavage to find a lost belly button. I am not the only woman whose bosom is locked in a losing battle with gravity.

That's what bras are for.

They are a deception – they lift us up and restore lost roundness. Women like the curve as much as men do – it makes us feel good about ourselves. My bra doesn't give me curves though it just gives me lift.

My enhanced skin does not sag. If I saw my shape from a distance and judged cynically I would assume I had colossal implants – they project too far forwards and retain too much of a circular shape to possibly be natural.

However they wobble and sway, pour and compress, jiggle and bounce like no implant ever has. They are completely natural and more sensitive than I would ever care to admit.

This is a curse as much as a blessing. I have found other women suffering gigantomastia whose long, sagging breasts hang low to their upper thigh. They are large, bloated but fundamentally just hanging low.

These lucky women can reach around their vastness to grapple with nipples that point down to the floor. I have found videos online of them cupping and squishing their lengthy teats for pleasure.

Whilst I welcome the new year cursed never to feel the sensation of my nipples against my own fingers again. My breasts are too wide, too tall, too fulsome - all in addition to being too long – for my arms to navigate their way fully around them.

I have been forced to bid my nipples a long farewell. We are now neighbours stationed on opposite sides of two steadily growing expanses of flesh. I look down and I see nothing but skin stretched over amorphous lap filling flesh, extending out to cover my thighs. My nipples are disappearing out of sight below their horizon.

My new assistant Angela is on speed dial to attach milk pumps to throbbing buds that I will only ever see again through mirrors or on film. It's embarrassing to be completely at the mercy of other people. I vary between turning to her, Doug or Jessica – they are the only ones I can trust.

I need them to handle what ought to be one of the most personal sensations a woman can experience.

What if they can't come? I know that even after emptying myself within four hours I will become engorged again to the point it hurts.

Left unattended my nipples will gently leak as I continue to produce, but that just lets out the overflow without releasing the building pressure.

No matter how much larger I get my capacity reservoir doesn't seem to grow. Six times a day I reach for the pump. Unless we look for new drugs to halt my gift I am going to continue to need milking. Now, later tonight, tomorrow, the day after that... Now and forever. I realise I am not nurturing the world – I'm being selfish...

We could have been happy if it wasn't for Trevor.

We could have been happy if it was just me and Doug, living as our own modern-day Adam and Eve in each other's arms forever. That had been the original plan. Just two prototype test subjects, not three, a man and a woman treated as equal partners.

Though I likely would have bored of him eventually so one disaster future averted.

We could have been happy if he hadn't made me switch Type 1 and Type 2 formulas with Jessica. I could have been an amazon able to lift my mega tits by virtue of a constitution built to match them. Though back then none of us fully understood how Jessica's trauma left her terrified of all men, that all she had ever subconsciously wanted was to be taller. That her heart's true desire was never to have people tower over her again.

We could have been happy if he hadn't secretly put a special Cortisol-blocking compound first in Jessica, and then later Doug, without ever telling me what he'd done. Though if I had been less distracted with my own developments I would have realised how her growth was critically linked to her stress hormones and probed deeper before it was too later.

We could have been happy if he had...

I'm getting ahead of myself. Bastard Trevor Bastard.

The nights I've stayed up cursing him for making me grow as big as I did. It's not like he planned for me to end up like this but without his stubbornness, or my own eternal defiance of him, it would never have happened.

Days and weeks and years I've had to meditate on them and their meaning. I have two mood swings, two states of mind that I veer between when I consider the Incredible Bodies™ project.

One says it was inevitable.

One says it's all his fault.

I never quite stopped growing.

Oh, there was a happy period where I slowed to less than a few millimetres a day, a few ounces of flesh a week. Those wonderful custom bras should have lasted months if not years before I required upgrading. At that rate of development immobility would have taken years, perhaps decades.

Jessica had stopped. Doug had stopped.

We let ourselves believe the situation was stable.

8th January:

**TS002
Study Month 7**

Doug has a condom.

God knows why he wants it – his cock is far too big to ever to fit within my snatch and Jessica wouldn't permit him anywhere near hers.

She'll only touch his genitals if it's in her hands or her mouth. She likes playing with his 'toy' but she demands control.

He doesn't need a condom but he asked for one anyway.

The only place his schlong ever goes is between my breasts, deep inside my cleavage. He loves the sensation. I love giving him the sensation.

He doesn't need a condom.

But they made him one because he asked them to.

Apparently he wonders if, maybe, one day Jessica will come around. She used to get irritable at the sight of him, of any man, but ever since moving to this new building she's become calm and placid.

If you didn't know what she used to be like you'd think Doug might have a chance.

But he doesn't. She'll never submit to him.

And only one of the new incoming women is due to grow half as big as Jessica, would be even potentially compatible with his impossibly long dick. Still, he's a dreamer and he wants to know that true sexual partnership is possible.

He wanted a condom.

He wants something I can't ever offer.

9th January:

**Facility Report
Study Month 7**

Angela has done a good job making herself invaluable to our wards.

TS003 has responded with delight at having a personal servant, even if she has been treated as a guest with at least 3 members of my team available at her beck and call ever since she arrived. Angela is now available for more specific, personal tasks.

The most time consuming of these seems to have been taking control of **TS002's** milk schedule. At Angela's instruction we commissioned an outfit which the test subject can be strapped into and released out of each morning and evening – which provides far more support to her upper chest but requires additional assistance to wear or remove. Like a typical maternity nursing bra the cups have slits that can be folded down to expose each nipple to permit nursing.

Angela has quickly developed a rapport with **TS002** and a level of intimacy meaning that she can walk around the test subject and expose / conceal these nipples with minimal interaction or disturbance to the test subject.

Portable milk pumps can hold approx. 1 litre of milk without overflowing whilst being concealed beneath the test subjects top. At regular intervals throughout the day Angela

approaches the test subject, unclothes her nipples and attaches the pumps to drain TS002 of excess milk. **TS002** appears to have become desensitised to this intrusion – although we also note the pumps are out of her reach with her hands, beyond her line of sight and almost a meter distant from her head.

She reports she can feel everything, her nipples and areola are incredibly sensitive, but Angela has a soothing manner and a deft touch. The PA greets her calmly, steps out of sight below the horizon of her cleavage, attaches or removes the device from her with minimal fuss and retreats – a process so streamlined **TS002** can continue virtually any activity uninterrupted save swimming. The one time that occurred Angela positioned herself at the edge of the pool, visible but unintrusive, waiting for TS002 to step out, don a towel and relax in the sunbeds for her PA to finally get to work.

We are certain **TS002** could produce more than a litre from each breast but Angela has determined that to minimise disruption to her principal's activities she is best approaching, attaching the pumps and then returning to remove them with minimal fuss each time. She would rather engage hourly and remove a litre of milk from each breast each time with a smooth process than cause increased irritation to her principal by messing around switching containers.

Dr Cooper appears satisfied by this approach and has been documenting how it has increased her daily production by over 10% compared to December's average. She still requires a fuller drain twice a night however – a task Angela has delegated to other members of my time to permit her time to sleep.

It appears Dr Cooper is a heavy sleeper and if the pumps are attached and removed at 3 hour intervals she sleeps soundly through the process – an enormous difference compared to previously when she was self-rousing two or three times a night to relieve or feed herself.

When I accepted a job managing this facility I did not anticipate that co-organising the milking schedule of one of our participants would become one of my main ongoing responsibilities.

Our new cohort of colleagues arrived and I convinced Trevor to let me have more control and access to them than I had with Jessica.

They were all briefed about me on arrival, told who I was and that I was going to be personally monitoring the female test subjects to ensure their development went more smoothly than the first two test subjects had.

I didn't like the implication that Jessica and I were somehow failures but I accepted we had been prototypes.

In return I had three women to play with and an agreed set of development criteria from Trevor.

- Test Subject **5** - Target profile was an extreme hourglass bodyshape, the kind currently impossible without horrific surgical modifications.
Unique challenge: a 0.2 waist to hip ratio with no medical downsides.
- Test Subject **6** - is married to Test Subject **7** and the two had dreams of starting a family. A large family. Make her the most fertile woman in history.
Unique challenge: What's the upper limit of viable offspring per birth cycle?

- Test Subject **8** - Nothing special. Half as busty as me, half as tall as Jessica. A test run to judge the accuracy of our optimization process.
Unique challenge: a promotion if she stabilizes to a size profile within 6 inches off target dimensions.

I love a challenge.

And whilst Jessica and Doug barely bothered spending time in the old building - because neither fancied getting down on their hands and knees and crawling into the cramped space - I had no such barriers.

Yes - I couldn't go through any single doorways without advancing sideways - pushing first one breast then my core body then other breast through the opening - it wasn't a problem for me.

So I met with them, talked with them, ensured they were comfortable with their planned developments. I treated it like cosmetic surgery and acted as body positive as I could, reminding them they had all volunteered for this for one reason or another.

I worked whilst Doug and Jessica just relaxed, fornicated and worked out. I don't think I've ever been happy without a project to work on so that wasn't for me. I mean, I spent plenty of time with both of them – but I was the only one still working.

Both had stopped doing regular logs to record their development. Their massive fingers were too large to comfortably write essays even on the plus size tablets we provided them.

They were too large to do a lot of things. Unless we specifically built re-enforced props that could handle their enhanced strength.

9th January:

Facility Report Study Month 6

The five new test subjects have adapted well to their arrival.

Transportation and extraction from their old lives, with suitable alibi to ensure they are not missed has apparently gone without issue.

Dr Cooper suggested we organise an evening communal welcome session – outside in the spa area so she and **TS001** and **TS003** could meet the new arrivals. For the first time in several months beer and wine was provided – we have been strictly alcohol free for the last two rounds of subject testing.

Program Leadership was particularly interested in monitoring **TS003**'s biochemical response to the alcohol and has requested we ensure she arrives promptly for blood sampling and electrocardiograms tomorrow.

Persuading a fifteen-foot-tall woman to do anything she doesn't want is not easy – and so we have arranged additional testing for **TS001-002** as well in the hope their compliance will encourage her. It wasn't pitched as a new test just an additional check-up.

I remain uncomfortable with the changed scope of this programme - **TS001** was originally meant to provide the maximum human bodyshape approaching ten-feet tall. The decision to build a new wing to accommodate **TS003**, and to expand **TS001** alongside her, to both be more than double the average human male height – was made in a rush and we were unprepared.

Living accommodation was arranged but their immense size means exercise and physical activities will need to be conducted outside. Fortunately the compound is remote and isolated and we have a no-fly provision to discourage outside photography via drones. However – before the final stage of the last test program the extent of modification to our test subjects could have been relatively concealed. Now they are impossible to hide or mistake for what they are.

TS002 presents entirely different challenges – that of future mobility. She seems relatively unconcerned and dismisses any discussion of the topic. She has fully accepted the support of a personal assistant in her room though and insists that now Angela is here and her milk pumping schedule is being co-managed she has everything under control.

I told **6** she was to abstain from penetrative sex with **7** for two months - that we would have her body where we wanted it by mid-March for her to support the planned multiple pregnancies. Then, if we timed her cycle right, Incredible Bodies™ would welcome the first naturally born post-humans into the world around the end of the year.

Apart from her expressly requested fertility these two were the most generic projects on the team.

8 was a challenge not because it was difficult but because of the required precision I wanted to hit my goal. I wanted more authority and Trevor had promised it if I could show just how accurate I could be. Daily check ins, more intrusive measurements than either I or Jessica has ever endured. A lot of conversations about her comfort.

5... was going to be hard. She was a test case in avoiding a largely unspoken problem I had always presented the team.

Yes, we could blow her boobs up fine, just as we had for me. But due to my overactive mammaries the fat had never quite settled on other parts of my body the way it was designed to. I couldn't really build stores of fat on my rump the way I should. In theory all the programming was there but 90% of the nutrients I ingested went straight into milk production.

5 would expressly not have this problem. I was under specific instructions to give this lady an ass to remember.

10th January:

TS002
Study Month 6

Given Doug and Jessica have stopped recording logs and I am no longer undergoing active genetic modifications – now just ‘under observation’ – it seems more appropriate to use these logs to record my plans for our new test subjects.

I was explaining to Doug and Jessica what to expect from our new cohort and Doug got especially hard when I explained the plan was to grow one of the girls to seven feet with Z-cup equivalent breasts.

He must have known I could feel him respond. I can always feel him, when we're together with me in his lap and his arms around my breasts he's perpetually hard. His rod is comfortable – I've grown to enjoy feeling his warmth and hardness inside my cleavage. But

there's hard and there's hard and the more I talked about the new girls the more excited he became.

I'm not going to be enough for him soon.

I look down and all I see is a sea of pale flesh – two round orbs that fill my lap and cover my body. The sensation of his prick between them, the sight of his smaller head parting my cleavage and occasionally self-lubricating with his delicious cum, it reminds me that I'm not too much. I'm who I'm meant to be.

But I can only offer him these two glorious things. He still grips them with fervour when it's time for titty sex, spins me round so we can kiss and I can tell the passion is still there. Am I worrying for nothing or is he just waiting for the new girls to be ready for him?

13th January:

**Facility Report
Study Month 6**

Whilst the other two previous test subjects are largely restricting themselves to the new wing. Dr Cooper seems to be spending an equal amount of time in her new quarters and the main facility as she takes an extremely direct role in supervising **TS004-08**.

Her coming and going is of significant interest to the male test subjects who seem aggrieved that they are not being assigned daily one-on-one sessions with her to discuss their medication.

This different treatment between the two genders is causing some debate – even though they have all been told she is a specialist in female sex hormones they have asked why they do not get the same level of attention.

Given there was no plan or forewarning that she would decide to semi-permanently occupy one of our clinical laboratories there is no ready answer for this question.

I didn't really bother with the men Trevor had recruited.

They were all outside my scope and, to my mind, far more pedestrian stated goals. Tall, fit, muscular - all variants of the male body to be admired. One would be clean shaven - another have immaculate golden locks.

They are all here in the compound – and they want their privacy.

Me on the other hand – I'll give you all the gory details.

Yes – my boobs were bigger than ever – and my back didn't hurt although I did take every second possible to rest them on a surface when possible. Even in the wonder corset that Angela strapped me into every morning I could feel my flesh pushing forwards, overflowing all the space immediately in front of me, slowly separating me from the wider world.

The clinic I took over had room for two gurneys in it so I stood behind one and let my tits rest on it. That meant I could stand fully upright with the lower swells of my bust resting comfortably on the makeshift hospital bed.

It left me some small mobility from that fixed position; I could lean forwards or backwards over my cleavage, turn 45 degrees to either side and even take a seat on the adjustable stool within reach behind me without disturbing my seated bosom.

Throughout the day Angela would come and go, bringing me regular high calorie high nutrient smoothies to balance my diet, milking my burdens to ensure I never became painfully engorged, letting me work on my laptop in relative peace. She'd come throughout the day to bring food and attach my mobile milk pumps or take away the full litre containers of milk to be disposed of.

Milking became a constant thing. On the hour, every hour, throughout the day she would come to tend to my over-production. I could feel every gentle caress of her soft hands as she attached or removed the pumps, I could feel the gentle pinching of those mechanical devices as they worked at the impossible task of draining me.

It was a constant awareness whilst I worked. I had trained my body to focus on the sensation – I find being drained an excellent opportunity for ritual meditation. However from this point on I had to focus on my work, one the people I was in charge of studying.

Only at the start and end of each day could I focus on myself.

I was becoming acutely aware how much less of each tit I could massage with my arms to encourage the flow so instead I focused with my mind. I would close my eyes and visualise my milk ducts. I mentally inspected each part of my boobs and encouraged the milk to flow with mental pressure. Then in the evening I would go to Doug or Jessica and have them squeeze me dry to ensure every last drop was gone. I wasn't too big for either of them, not yet.

In fact it was February when Jessica did something that made me feel incredibly small.

4th February:

Facility Report Study Month 7

We nearly had an incident today that could have ended very badly.

We've observed that since her last growth spurt Test Subject 3 has been acting increasingly erratically. She moves more slowly than before and rarely speaks except to make simple demands of the staff. She consumes more food than we could ever have predicted and demands more and more food each day.

At the end of the day yesterday she was shouting at our staff that she was still hungry more after consuming five full pizzas when Test Subject 2 chose the moment to leave the main facility and return to the new wing and became the focus of her attention.

Fortunately no-one was harmed but I am using the situation to demand more resources to monitor and contain our guests.

Jessica was screaming at some of the Suits when she spotted me and...

I remember hands larger than my head plunging down. She literally scooped me up, one gigantic fist around each boob as she lifted me chest first into the air. It was such a weird feeling as her fingers, each larger than my own arms, ripped the specially re-enforced bra from my body.

'Milk' she hissed at me as she turned me over and rammed a nipple into her open mouth. I was too disorientated to respond, too terrified to say anything or even scream. One second I was just

walking between the two buildings and the next I was topless, with aching boobs, balanced precariously between her clumsy fists fifteen feet up in the air with her enormous lips sucking on my most intimate parts.

And god did the letdown come quickly. One of my nipples was in her mouth spraying into her throat, the other was loose in the air and it oozed along in sympathy, causing a cascade of white rain that showered down on the path over a dozen feet below.

Men and women were shouting and screaming but it felt so good. I should have been shocked, angry at being violated by Jessica who had literally just lifted me a dozen feet into the air by my boobs. Yes, it hurt, but that gave way to ecstasy.

The sensation of nursing her - even though it was involuntary... I gave into it. I let her enormous hands surround me and gave into the letdown. After she was done she lowered me to the ground, relatively gently, and we both went back to our rooms to enjoy the sleep of the just.

The Suits wanted to talk to me, they were shocked, but I was fine and I needed sleep.

I realised I needed to set boundaries with her but its hard to negotiate with someone who sees you more as a toddler than another equal.

All the signs were there - Jessica was disassociating from the rest of humanity, we just didn't see it.

Fortunately, the day after the incident she was far more placid and reasonable. We talked, I had her promise she would never grab me like that again without talking to me first. Doug sat between us looking more and more glum.

But that wasn't the most shocking thing that happened that month!

We discovered the unfortunate side effects of Trevor's stress blocking hormone in mid-February. Test subject **6** was feeling horny and her husband had taken the instructions I'd given them to heart. Cuddling, blowjobs, fingers, tongues - they had kept themselves happy for over a month but she wanted more. She needed more and he - dutiful and obedient as any man - was torn between his lover and the strict instructions we'd given them to abstain.

He was also acutely aware of the lack of privacy. If he'd given her what she wanted we'd have known instantly.

As it happened we found out fairly quickly because the blazing row that erupted could be heard three rooms away. He spent the night on a sunbed in the spa and then returned to find a changed woman the following morning.

The stress of the argument, the unique cocktail of hormones flooding her system - including Trevor's cortisol blocker - it had all triggered a feedback loop that put her bodies development into overdrive.

Overnight **6** had grown by a foot, so she was now taller than her husband, on her front she had developed breasts the size of volleyballs, her hips had widened and her ass had filled out just as much. She looked every inch some ancient fertility idol. It was what we had planned for her and far beyond. She reeked of pheromones that enticed any man who approached.

Her partners iron will, weakened by a night spent alone, cracked when faced with this new icon of femininity.

We were stunned - but unlike Jessica who had refused all testing during her rapid growth episode - once the two lovebirds emerged from their coital embrace we got her straight into the lab and discovered what we had missed. What I had missed.

Trevor had concocted the idea when he saw Jessica's anxiety levels spiking during her early testing period. He'd decided that something that would cushion down stress hormones might do her good and added his invention to her infusions without consulting me.

The drug did exactly as designed with one side effect. It blocked cortisol - and other stress hormones - but it then converted them into something else that accelerated other growth factors administered at the same time. As it was just one out of dozens of unique compounds in the cocktail of hormone adjusting ingredients fed into us it had gone almost entirely unnoticed until we saw the evidence of its action with our own eyes.

We traced its use back to Jessica's third infusion.

Because of it she had grown faster than ever before. We went back over all the realms of historical data and realised all of Jessica's growth spurts were linked to her anxiety levels. Her mood swings had literally powered her expansion.

Number **6** had become the model of fertility. A night of extreme stress, the yelling match with her husband followed by unspoken guilt whilst she slept alone, had fuelled week's worth of planned growth into one night. Her body was immediately primed to conceive and within a week it was clear she was carrying twelve fertilised embryos.

When we checked I found both women - in fact all the women in the test group save me - were still dosed with this compound. Once injected it lingered in the bloodstream for months, if not years, remaining just as potent as the day it was injected.

Trevor had unknowingly created a ticking time bomb.

If any of them got stressed, or anxious, or angry - an extreme event would empower their growth. It would begin a feedback loop beyond anything we could predict.

Trevor had, unwittingly, fucked the entire study group.

29th February:

Facility Report Study Month 7

Project leadership has instructed that all planned infusions are cancelled until instructed otherwise.

None of the participants are to be told. If anyone is due an infusion they are to be given a placebo.

Project staff are instructed to provide to every one of our participants needs, to accommodate every demand to the best of their ability. The clinical team have not provided any explanation for the adjustment to the testing schedule except urged us to facilitate the smooth running of the facility going forwards.

Trevor was furious.

Bastard man accepted he'd screwed up when I presented him with the evidence but he insisted it changed nothing. He wanted to resume the scheduled infusions and get back on track with the testing regime. The funders wanted to see clear wins from this cohort so they would approve bringing in test subjects **9** and **10**.

We just had to work hard to ensure none of the women became stressed or anxious. We didn't need to tell anyone what had happened – just ensure that the four women with the infinite growth hormones never realised what we had done to them.

There was no 'we' – I had done nothing. This was his compound, added without my involvement or approval – it was never part of the original testing plan I constructed.

But I would play along. Keeping my patients healthy was now my top priority.

5th March:

TS002

Study Month 8

If all goes well we will be nurturing twelve new post-humans into the world by the end of the year.

The new mother's milk has come in already, eight months early, so I have given her some advice on effective pumping. Her belly is already swollen as large as most women get in their third trimester – but she seems perfectly healthy despite the bloat.

Coaxing her to bare twelve babies at the same time is going to be a challenge but her body is more than prepared for it. She's taller, stronger, firmer than before – her womb strengthened to cope with the incoming stresses.

There was some residual growth in the days after she was impregnated – her hormone levels remain in flux and I'm trying to persuade her to remain calm. The plan was always for her to have multiple children but twelve at once is far beyond anything we discussed.

The line we have settled on is nothing is happening that wasn't planned eventually – it's just faster than expected. The facility will expand to cope – the funders will get the data they desire.

I didn't discuss it with the others but it was around then I realised that keeping Jessica calm was going to be a necessary side activity during my work.

She was so volatile it was going to be a difficult task but we had some tools at our disposal. I was going to use every single one available.

Midway through one of our regular evening titty fucks I told Doug that I was worried about her, that it would be good if he could be 'extra nice' to her whilst we all adjusted to the new status quo. I hinted that Jessica enjoyed playing with him and that, if he wanted, we should approach her to suggest another threesome soon.

Doug couldn't say no whilst I had his cock jammed between my tits.

I approached Jessica the next night and moaned that my boobs were swollen and sore and that I needed help draining them. She lifted me into her arms and began nursing, her giant mouth sucking eagerly on my enlarged nipples.

Every evening I used my breasts to keep my old partners as comfortable and satiated as possible. As soon as Angela came to untie me from the restrictive corset holding my boobs as high as engineering fabric would allow I would go to one or both of them and offer my body for their pleasure.

I needed Jessica calm. I needed data on what sexual gratification was doing to her biochemistry. I needed Doug to help me because, although she found my breasts amusing to play with, she was always more attracted to his cock and musculature.

She would usually pleasure herself to sleep – comparing her own enormous body with our smaller ones in ways that built her up and squashed us down, until her own ego gave her the sexual relief she demanded.

Then naked and exhausted Doug and I would retreat to our rooms until the following day.

9th March:

**Facility Report
Study Month 8**

More changes in the compound.

She hasn't been told yet but it's intended for Dr Cooper to assume complete responsibility for clinical testing by the end of the year – after the successful birth of our second generation post-humans. Our current clinical director is taking preliminary steps to relinquish control after we've shown viable procreation.

In preparation for this change I have been promoted to have increased control over all aspects of programme facilities. Budget, reporting, infrastructure – all aspects outside of **Test Subject 002's** expertise.

I have been objecting for a year now that she represents an untenable conflict of interest - being both scientist and test subject. However her approach to project managing the new cohort has impressed me.

I'm beginning to understand what Doug sees in her.

However I am also worried about the sexual fornications between her and the other test subjects. Lewd displays between her and TS001 and TS003 are almost daily now and the three of them engage in this public debauchery without shame.

The newer cohort are watching and becoming increasingly rowdy because of it.

Then, in March, acceptance of Trevor's untenable position finally broke.

It was exactly the distraction I needed – as my body was becoming heavier and heavier I needed something to pour myself into. Yes, I had stronger muscles than any woman in history save Jessica, so I could carry these behemoths without fear of back pain or injury. The truth was inescapable though - I was getting too big.

Having grown through several iterations of speciality clothing I began to realise that the sheets of fabric wrapped around my breasts could no longer be described as 'cups'. A bra cup is meant to contain your breast, providing lift, shape and support to reduce jiggling and sag. My bosom was now so large there was no way they could be lifted at all. Instead the fabric was placed over me and then cinched in, incrementally compressing my boobflesh as Angela tightened the notches on my corset each morning.

Wearing it I could walk around fairly easily but these two ponderous sacks of fat swung before me with weight and momentum that risked crushing anything unlucky enough to be in my path. My clothes were no longer designed to lift but just contain their heft – as I could no longer reach

around myself to direct them. I had to reduce my pace to a gentle waddle or the jiggle of my own bosom would trip me up within a dozen steps.

I knew the facility was getting irate at how much food Jessica consumed but in truth I was not far behind her. I ate and drank almost constantly, snacking to keep my breasts fed as they constantly swelled with new milk. A high protein diet each mealtime, a constant supply of fruit smoothies and juices to stay hydrated. I was sipping liquid constantly throughout the day to ensure I didn't run dry.

I should have been becoming morose about what I had done to my body but instead I was excited that soon I would be taking charge. If a life of carrying enormous fucking tits lay before me I would make the most of it.

16th March:

TS002

Study Month 8

Trevor told me today that he will be retiring at the end of the year.

If all goes to plan with our current cohort I'm going to be in charge going forwards!

My encumbrances are still getting heavier.

Alison is becoming a near constant companion – I call for her when I wake up in the morning and she is the last one to wish me good night when I turn in for the evening. She tends to me throughout the day to ensure I never become engorged or swollen.

When I first moved to my new quarters I was a little shocked at the size of the bed they had provided – apparently it is an Alaskan King bed – 9 foot by 9 foot. However it does mean I can sleep in any position I like without concern that my breasts won't fit.

Last night I slept on my back, with each boob spilling out to either side of me – now each rising almost a foot in height off the bed despite spilling out past my armpits and onto the bed either side of me. Lying in the centre of this enormous bed I was terrified by how close my boobs felt to the edges either side of me.

I'm never alone any more. It's like having a partner on both sides of you, reaching out in a warm embrace. My left and my right breast gently press down on my whole torso, wobbling forwards and back as I turn in my sleep.

The only issue is come the morning I have to reach up to the pull bar and heave my upper body out from beneath them just so I can sit up.

More practical but less comfortable I can sleep on my side, one boob positioned awkwardly on top of the other. It's far easier in the morning to shuffle backwards to the edge of the bed, pulling my boobs along behind me until my body is free and I can heave them into motion with legs.

They always say lift with your legs not your back. The people who came up with that saying never imagined someone like me.

Whatever happens Alison is ready, waiting for me to call her to help with the morning milk session and then to squeeze into my clothes. This compression bra come corset contraption is getting tighter and tighter but there's no rush to upgrade.

I'll just grow out of the next one just as quickly.

17th March:

**Facility Report
Study Month 8**

I was asked to meet with Dr Cooper and begin discussing our future working relationship. She was surprisingly pleasant.

I came to her – as always she had walked into the original facility on her own steam, followed by Angela who was watching with some trepidation how close **TS002** looks to bursting out of her specially re-enforced dress.

Over 800 US Dollars were spent commissioning and designing the bra that lifts her chest and provides some level of mobility. I watched on the cameras as she crossed the grounds, arms pushed forwards gently guiding her enhanced bosom to stop it wobbling as she walks.

But after she had arrived in her clinic she pulled the straps of her dress down, unhooked her bra and let her bust envelop one of the gurneys. She has adopted the same position for nearly two months now and her continued growth is clear.

She called me to meet her and we discussed plans for the next stage of the facility during her mid-afternoon pumping session. I could see she was irritated that I was disturbing her normal meditation session – but it was important we agree on first principles out of the gate.

Now that the danger of the Cortisol-blocking compound on the female test subjects is known she is dedicating her research to finding a cure. In the meantime we need to monitor the stress levels of all our test subjects and ensure their environment is as relaxed as possible.

Most at risk is **TS006**, who is experiencing unique physical challenges that have already exceeded Dr Cooper's own. The human body was not designed to gestate a dozen infants simultaneously yet our new family remains nothing but ecstatic at the prospect of bringing new life to the facility.

TS001 and **TS003** remain content in their new facilities – although we need to find new forms of entertainment to keep them settled. Larger tablets and entertainment devices have been commissioned,

Dr Cooper explained her plans to me whilst gently massaging to top surface of her naked breasts – almost daring me to comment how inappropriate this was. She explained she planned to recoup some of the expenses selling her milk to local milk banks – and asked me to find the cost of commissioning a storage tank.

Currently disposing of her excess milk is a significant expense – given we have been classifying it as contaminated medical waste. Our safety office insists on that classification even though it has been shown to be completely safe – and is regularly ingested by **TS001** on an almost daily basis.

If we can recertify it as edible produce that would certainly be a small but significant cost saving.

We began giving Jessica my milk as a supplement.

She still had the same breakfast buffet each morning but we stopped catering to her every need throughout the day. We hired chefs to bake my milk into dairy goods, use it to make protein shakes or just gave it to her directly as an appetising drink.

She took this eagerly, her body adapting to a predominantly dairy based diet with remarkably few problems due to the other changes in her body. Throughout the day when I felt a tickling on my distant nipples, a sign Angela was tending to me, I knew she was collecting the next snack for our gigantic guest.

I looked into the nutritional value of my milk and the new dietary demands of our enhanced cohort and realised that I could feed all of them easily with my current output. It was an enforcement I never made but the option was always there – from the beginning.

I wasn't the one empowered to make those decisions though. I had to convince one other.

18th March:

**Facility Report
Study Month 8**

Apparently Dr Cooper wants our meeting to become a daily event.

This morning I arrived to find Angela had just attached suction pumps to Dr Cooper's exposed nipples and departed – leaving our incoming clinical lead free to talk shop whilst her pumps whirled away between us. We ran over annual budgets and security. I sat in a chair opposite her whilst she stood and massaged the upper half of her elephantine breasts to promote milk flow.

They are so large she cannot reach around them – although she leans forwards and pushes down with some force on the top and sides as far as her fingers can caress.

It's almost hypnotic watching her dive in, to see a woman grind her upper body against her own abundant flesh.

She's testing me. I know she's arranged the meetings at this time because she thinks it gives her a position of power – thinks that her exposed bosom will somehow distract me from doing my job.

Our outgoing clinical lead warned me she likes to play games. He also indicated he will be introducing Test Subject 9 and 10 to the facility as his final act before stepping down in December.

With Trevor leaving I had to break the Facility Manager.

I got him to meet me in the afternoon – I presented myself to him as a vulnerable woman trapped by her own chest. He tried to act professional whilst I enthusiastically massaged myself – putting on a show of forcing the milk out. I reached, pushed, stroked and fondled every square centimetre of flesh I could reach to distract him from what he really wanted.

He tried not to watch so desperately...

And, after a few weeks, I asked meekly if he could help me. I pointed out that there were parts of my body I could no longer reach and I really needed him to help massage me. My skin was so tender, I explained, so engorged that his strong hands could really help me through this.

Within a month I had his small hands all over my tits. I asked him if he could help me wash bits of flesh my hands couldn't reach. I handed him a bottle of liquid soap in my walk in shower and encouraged him to rub away to get me clean everywhere I couldn't reach.

From that moment on he was compromised. He'd do whatever I asked...

I told you – right at the start – on the first day you came to me. I learnt young to use these tits to open doors. Getting complete control of the Incredible Bodies™ facility was no challenge, I just had to take things reasonably slow.

I had the Test Subject's on my side. All the women in the new cohort loved me. Doug and Jessica loved me. I knew the remaining men were curious and wanted to see more of me but I knew if I pushed too fast there it would get Trevor's back up.

Taking things slow I bided my time until his retirement. Instead of him I worked on the Suit's – made sure that nobody was going to object to my plans. I had them build a milk tank to store my produce and find a commercial vendor who would take it from us.

The funders thought it was great philanthropy – and though we were a secret group they didn't mind the small bit of outreach.

I slowly, slowly grew through the summer. My pregnant test subject, carrying a dozen embryos within her womb, grew faster. Her belly was easily as large as one of my breasts and her own bosom swelled to match.

She was the most fertile woman in history. And simple curiosity as I watched her swell larger and larger made me wonder about my own fertility...

16th April:

TS002

Study Month 9

I've re-analysed my reproductive hormones and concluded it's extremely unlikely I'll ever conceive naturally. The same damage that caused a phantom pregnancy when I was younger is still there. My body can reproduce every aspect of the process save producing a viable embryo – so unless I fancy surrogacy motherhood is out of the window permanently.

I was a little depressed about this for a few hours until I reminded myself, during my afternoon milking session, that it means I've no worries about having as much unprotected sex as I like.

None of the test subject or facility staff have STDs – we are all checked regularly.

I've been so focused on Doug – who suffers from an endowment that will never ever fit in my vagina – that I'd almost forgotten I am surrounded by eligible young men with perfectly normal penises.

Some of them have been complaining that the female test subjects get one on one sessions with me every day. Perhaps I ought to rectify that...

I was feeling horny.

I spent March and April seducing the faculty manager. The one man who had power I lacked with regards running the compound. He managed the estates, personnel and equipment operations and budgets.

He indulged in my unique situation and promised to support me and my breasts whatever happened. He would make sure this facility kept me comfortable forever no matter how big I grew.

Had Trevor particularly cared he would have seen what I was up to instantly and put a stop to it. However from the moment he announced his resignation and his plan to transfer future clinical control to me his influence was forevermore restricted. We agreed he would personally recruit 2 more test subjects – one male and one female – and then his role as Clinical Leader was done. Stupidly I didn't check what he was up to and agreed immediately because I was distracted by the scent of power.

So I used my developing bosom to convince Doug's best, and possibly only, friend to sleep with me. I'd been aware of the way his eyes followed me around any room I was in. Right from the start, the day I'd arrived at the compound, I'd pegged him as a Boob Hound. So I gave him what he wanted.

I organised meetings during my afternoon milking sessions to ensure he could marvel at my overdeveloped chest. I vigorously massaged myself, partially to express milk but mainly because I could see how it excited him.

Eventually I feigned weakness and asked him to join in. How could any straight, hot blooded male turn down such an opportunity? A poor defenceless woman like me, hopelessly pinned to her enormous breasts forevermore unable to reach her own nipples... They wanted, no, they needed his attention to get the engorged milk out and give me relief.

His eyes were popping out of his face.

That lasted about a week until I leant over my chest, wrapped my arms around his body and pulled him towards me. He tensed up for a moment, until he realised what was happening and then he gave in as I gently manoeuvred his lips to meet my own.

I had him.

But whilst I seduced one man Jessica had emerged from a period of extended self-gratification and realised there were now nearly half a dozen of us. All the new men and women in the cohort, all so much smaller than her that their gender barely mattered, were fair game in her eyes.

She'd been describing pleasure with me and Doug as 'Orgies' but I had always dismissed the term. Three of us masturbating with each other does not count as an orgy. But what she started doing in April – that counted. She gathered together all of the new men, all of them save the husband and soon to be father, climbed into the swimming pool and challenged them to get her off.

If any of them had seen how she had roughly manhandled me just a month earlier, if they had any concerns for their safety, it hadn't put them off. She fucked them – all of them, until she was satiated and then fell asleep where she lay, only partially submerged in the swimming pool.

It was a turning point we never went back from.

Throughout this report we have been annotating Dr Cooper's interview with contextual evidence she provided to us after each interview sessions.

Logbook entries for herself and two other test subjects, diary entries and reports from the faculty manager.

These broadly corresponded with her story about enrolling in Incredible Bodies™ study and becoming the clinical leader responsible for their ongoing tests. We believe they offer a compelling alternative perspective of events.

We were surprised at this point when Dr Cooper refused to provide any logbook entries from herself or any other members of staff between April and December, meaning that we have no supporting evidence for the majority of the second year of the study.

Everything from April onwards to the public unveiling is therefore going to rely on her testimony.

By this point I couldn't deny that my breasts were heading towards an inevitable final destination. I spent the next few months of my life constantly wondering how close my nipples were to the floor at any one time.



There was no possible clothing or support left that could provide me lift. Gravity was inexorably tugging my heavy tits lower and lower, the point of my nipples sinking lower and lower each and every day as my bosom grew larger.

Eventually they would reach the ground and then things would change...