

The unspoken truth of a great scientist is that they stop actually doing work themselves. They become important enough that they attract other people to surround them, and direct those into studying under their direction whilst they step back to simply manage and collate the output of entire teams of people.

They forget what it's like to get their hands dirty and adopt a hands-off attitude, barely ever entering the research laboratory anymore. Despite this their names being the first associated with all of the work their teams produce they barely ever pick up a pipette or a scalpel outside of taking photoshoots for the press.

I've never been very comfortable with that. If something is happening I've always wanted to be a part of it.

Yeah, that shit backfired on me something horrendous.

But you're not here to find out how smart I am. Your readers are probably far more interested in these fantastic tits I grew!

It's Incredible...

Part One

A novella by Sობტაც
2025

Dear Committee

Our interview team has spent over a month observing and interacting with our contact at Incredible Bodies™. Now she has been positively identified as Dr Allis Cooper, once a promising early career molecular bioscientist who was reported missing by her cousin six years ago, we note that Dr Cooper has had many aliases in both her public and private life that are relevant to this report.

These include from Director Cooper, Allis, Alli, Cee Cee, @Overlyblessed and most importantly Test Subject 002 (TS002) on all recovered Incredible Bodies™ official documentation.

The following report is assembled from several sources including:

- An extensive in person interview with Dr Cooper.
 - This interview occurred over multiple separate one on one sessions with the subject, each over three hours in length, spread over a three-week period. She was invited to lead the discussion and share what she felt comfortable revealing, with only occasional questioning to request clarification rather than to direct the discussion to any specific topic.
- Extracted transcripts from personal diaries and video blogs from Test Subjects 001, 002 and 003.
 - These extracts were chosen by Dr Cooper from both her own and others digital records from before the incident. The reporting team have not been granted access to the raw data to verify the records. Knowing the mental state of Dr Cooper it cannot be discounted that they may have been tampered with before disclosure.
- Security Logs and Site Reports from Facility Personnel Responsible
 - Again these extracts were provided by Dr Cooper who has retrieved them from the facility digital records. If their authenticity can be trusted it appear all have been written by the same member of staff.
- Partially redacted photographic records of Test Subject 002.
 - Again, these have been provided by Dr Cooper from her personal collection and cannot be relied upon to present any alternative viewpoint beyond the one she wishes to convey. Only Test Subject 002 is visible whilst all other parties have been shaded to hide their identities.

All of these logs have been timestamped with the time period since Dr Cooper arrived at Incredible Bodies™ and inserted into this

report by us as and when they correspond with relevant sections of Dr Cooper's interview. We apologise that this means they are not entirely chronologically accurate but they do indicate her retelling of events.

The reporting team do not wish to indicate Dr Cooper should be treated as a hostile witness as she has made every effort to remain fully co-operative with the investigation team. Significant physical barriers prevent Dr Cooper from further physical engagement beyond the current level of open dialogue.

Furthermore she has expressed noteworthy ethical and legal concerns that prevent the investigation team from making direct contact with other witnesses. We hope that the committee will be able to use this report to make judgement on how best to approach future negotiations with Incredible Bodies™ to secure necessary international regulations to prevent incidents such as that which occurred in [REDACTED] from happening again without significantly impeding the ethical rights of the personnel involved.

We re-iterate - future negotiations are only possible dependent on Incredible Bodies™ goodwill and the investigation team have prioritised good relationships with our single point of contact above all other concerns for obvious reasons.

There were three stages!

The first is fairly normal, although typically unique to me in the specifics. Rural farm girl from a family known for producing incredibly curvy women gets uprooted and moved to an urban neighbourhood just before she hit her awkward teens. Family, friendship structure, everything else you can imagine shaken up, she becomes extremely self-conscious about her body but finds an outlet in her studies.

Focusing on Chemistry, Biology and Medicine I bloomed to become quite the party animal in my university years. Having been a shy early teenager once let loose on campus I let loose all that restrained energy I'd been holding back with a vengeance.

If only boobs could keep receipts.

I probably flashed them, or invited a rigorous fondling, from guys on every society, dorm or nightclub who cared to try their chances. Given the 'headlights' I was shining (my friend's semi-affectionate way of describing my bigger than typical bust) I got through most doors I cared to open with just an innocent smile and a gentle bob to set things jiggling.

I was young, foolish and had a good time... No, I had a great time.

We'll leave it there I think. Yes, I have kept a diary since I was twelve but honestly I don't think it's worth any of our time dwelling on anything from before I was twenty. I wasn't anything special... back then.

Then the second stage was my close brush with motherhood.

One drunken night too many and I thought I would have to take a year out from my PhD to raise a baby. Only, it wasn't real, the six-week scan showed instead I had what's called a Phantom Pregnancy.

My body was locked in – convinced that I was biologically about to become a mum, but there was no kid. No child. The father to be was devastated and honestly I wish we had decided to end things there and then. No, we thought, we were stronger than that. We'd live through this difficult year and support each other as my body slowly swelled like a whale for no discernible reason. I was hollow, waddling around burdened by a heavy sack of fluid as my boobs engorged with milk for a child that would never come.

The weirdest sensation was my heavy fat tits resting on my bump. I've discussed this with other mums to be and we all agree it is the '*weirdest*' thing. For most people it only comes in the latter months of pregnancy as your melons start to swell with milk. Having two dense sacks of flesh lifted by your growing belly, raised up like loaves of bread baking on the top shelf, it makes you feel all new kinds of self-conscious about yourself.

If there something wrong with me? No. Some people just have different burdens to bare. In a way I was fortunate I knew exactly what burdens I was carrying and usually am pretty sure about where they are most of the time.

Up till that point in my life if I ever had wanted to hide myself I had sort of hunched forwards over them to push them down, or squeezed into something baggy enough to completely dwarf my form and turn me into a shapeless yeti. But when the milk came in for me it came in hard and it never let up.

With my bump lifting them up my puppies could not be hidden nor contained. Nor could I avoid milk patches flooding my tops at random intervals making me even more paranoid than ever that people were staring.

I was experimenting with an online blog back then. There are a few stories in it I suspect you might find it interesting! I'll send some over to your team tonight...

Dr Cooper provided the following diary entry which she claims comes from an online support blog she wrote for other women with larger than average breasts.

Despite repeated online searches and automated scans of internet archives looking for key terms, we have been unable to find the original article online.

External Medical records do confirm Dr Cooper was treated for pseudocyesis (false pregnancy) and galactorrhea (unexplained milk production) in her early twenties, that this was part of their justification for temporarily withdrawing from her PhD studies - and was stated by her husband as a contributing factor in him filing for divorce.

16th May:

@Overlyblessed
5 years before study

I used to be a sociable person.

I really did – but it took a night out with Charlotte for me to fully realise what had gone wrong. I guess I knew beforehand, I mean it was pretty obvious but I had never actually focused on the idea before.

We used to spend nights together, exploring bars and taking spontaneous beach trips. Our bond went beyond friendship. In my teenage daydreams I had once wondered if there could be something more?

Charlotte is exclusively into women and I am a smoking hot woman!

But then I'd found a man.

Saying that I had 'settled' for him sounds a little unfair, but there had been very little planning and a lot of spontaneity that meant I ended up getting married less than 9 months after our first date.

As a result I'd experienced a profound transformation, a shift that Charlotte couldn't comprehend.

And I really wanted to explain it to her – but I couldn't. I tried to talk about it but something was holding me back. She could tell I was upset, and she'd spent the last ten minutes probing me to try and understand why I'd been in a foul mood all night.

"Is it my fault Cee?" Charlotte asked, her eyes so wide and pleading that I thought she was about to well up with tears. "Did I say something rude about him I shouldn't have again?"

Her question made me groan.

"No," I replied, frustration weighing down my voice.

I thought but I couldn't bring myself to say out loud: *'But my breasts seem to have developed an aversion to you.'*

'They don't want to be here, sharing wine with you,' I almost muttered. I didn't because that would be stupid. But if I'd spoken my mind I would have explained; *'My boobs would rather be at home with my breast pump or someone who can provide immediate nursing. They crave it.'*

It was a ridiculous notion. After all, I had emptied them before we'd left.

And... If I really needed it I had a portable pump in my handbag. I could just disappear into a bathroom stall for five minutes. I could but I held off. I was forcing myself to be better than that.

But I knew Charlotte couldn't fully grasp what I was going through. Although part of me wanted to throttle her, I knew it wasn't her fault. This struggle was about me and my body. Besides five minutes alone in a cubicle wouldn't be enough to drain both.

Yet, I just shrugged, and rather than taking either option; preserving my dignity and heading for a taxi home or giving myself a modicum of relief in the bathrooms to make this night with her last just a little longer... Stupidly I did neither and just let myself suffer.

And I could tell that my breasts were making everyone uncomfortable. I suspected they were already leaking and in ten minutes I'd have an embarrassing stain spreading across my shirt.

It had become their way of urging me to go home – of telling me the night was done.

I'd been trying to wean since the false pregnancy but I couldn't do it. The morning after my false labour pains I awoke to the sensation of two heavy cement blocks crashing onto

my chest—cement blocks that promptly turned into milk-shooting cannons. Overnight, my breasts became sentient beings, wreaking havoc like uncontrollable robots whose programming had slipped the leash.

The next night, after five hours sleep, I found myself lying in a pool of liquid.

Shaking my husband awake, I whispered, "Someone wet the bed." He blinked, then pointed to my chest trying to stifle a laugh.

My shirt was drenched in milk. "Your boobs just flooded our sheets."

The bastard found this funny!

Raising my shirt, I inadvertently squirted milk in his face. My breasts demanded to feed and there was no stopping them. I surrendered and reached for the pump.

These unruly creatures needed to be tamed.

Another time, after indulging in a rare nap (a luxury for any mother), I awoke to find my breasts livid with me. As I went to change my shirt, they unleashed a fine mist of milk, coating the entire room.

Panicked, I sprinted to the bathroom, calling for my husband to bring a bottle. I couldn't let that liquid gold go to waste. But apparently, shouting, "Help! My boobs are making a mess!" no longer held any sense of urgency in my house.

Several minutes later my husband strolled in and together we watched my milk flow down the drain. I could almost hear my breasts whispering snidely; *'That'll teach you to take a nap.'*

Since then my breasts have calmed down a little. They no longer lash out, smacking me in the face at the sound of any crying baby. They no longer send threatening notes demanding emptying every two hours, warning that the nursing bra would pay the price. Nevertheless, they remain unwieldy and unpredictable hydras sprouting from my chest.

I've attempted to retire them so many times but I got mastitis and that sucks far more than leashing yourself to a breast bump. I've tried so many things to reduce the flow but they just won't stop.

So, all of this is to say that's why I don't want to join my friends at the concert, or indulge in dinner, or savour that tempting second glass of wine.

I love my dear friends - I truly do. But the stark truth is that my breasts don't share the same sentiment. They despise them. They prefer not to socialize. They grant me only a couple of hours outside before demanding their return.

I'm their captive, trapped in a kidnapping scenario. It's almost as if the FBI should be involved. I long for moments of lightness and conversations that don't revolve around how close I am to the nearest sink.

But I can't explain any of this to Charlotte.

I just nod, and silently grimace, and wonder how obvious that wet patch on my underboob is...

Yeah, I remember how inconvenient I used to find lactation.

Weird that. I guess it just takes time to get used to things. But even then, though the growth was subtle, there were days when I could tell something was off.

Sometimes I'd barely consciously notice them – the weight was something I automatically dealt with. I'd glance at my reflection or see a picture of myself and give a little nod of acceptance thinking *'yep, those are some massive tits.'* Some days, I'd even say most of the time, their impact on my life was there but minimal.

But other days I felt like some kind of alien being, or prisoner carting around these massive sacks of flesh. I was reduced to sitting idly by watching as they slowly took up more and more space each week.

I got seen by all sorts of medical specialists and they just confirmed what I always knew. I came from a curvaceous and presumably 'productive' family. Aunts confirmed the milk had always flowed easily for them. Being milk laden apparently was just in my genes.

It became one of my subject specialisms when I went back to finish my PhD. Ha ha, I thought when my first scientific paper came out, the milk goddess got a qualification specialising in her own produce.

I blogged about all of this – I built a small online support community for well-endowed woman to share horror stories and support behind a locked forum. I was always super into body-positivity and had a tracker that rated for clothing stores for how well they could accommodate the bigger woman.

Every little trial or tribulation went on the blog. I'll send you a couple of entries over tonight. It's not just about the milk, sometimes I wrote about how difficult making good fashion choices were.

16th May:

@Overlyblessed
5 years before study

I binned my favourite top last night.

I'd kept it in a cupboard all the through the pregnancy, waiting for my bump to go back down. It had always been *'just'* a *'little'* tight so I hadn't want to risk trying it back on it until I'd lost the weight.

Well, yeah, belly's nearly gone but fat fucking tits seem to be here to stay.

I wanted to feel good about myself so I forced them into it anyway. Standing there, staring at my reflection I tried not to freak out at how much *'bubble boobing'* flesh I could see squeezing out of the top.

Yeah, I hate the term quad boob – so *'bubble boobing'* it is.

What feels like a square mile of flesh oozing out around the sides of the fabric.

I don't mind it – it doesn't bother me – but the moment anyone else spots me that little squishy lump becomes the centre of attention.

And sure – big tits get lots of attention – I'm used to it. But show just an ounce of compression and they become a much bigger deal. Trust me, I can tell the difference in the way people stare. That jiggly extra new flesh that refuses to sit neatly in my bra – it's just showing off for the crowd.

I need a big blousy, tent like top for when I go out, something shapeless and plain. Something that offers some safety and hides at least *'some'* of that jiggle.

So *au revoir* ex-favourite top, I'm leaving you for something plumper.

So, by my reckoning my first stage of growth was just having good genes. Stage 2 was partly self-inflicted (my ex-husband may have had some involvement) but those were just preludes to what was going to come next. Stages 1 and 2 marked me out as an oddity, someone who would never blend into a crowd but stage 3 is when things got incredible.

So, that was about six years ago... That was when things changed and I started to grow again.

Like, really, really, really grow. Some of the other patients at the facility describe what happened to them as a second puberty but that isn't how I think of it at all. I never got much taller – my original teenage growth spurt petered out at 5 foot nothing. Plenty of curves, too much anyone else would say for a nervous ginger speck of nerves to deal with.

But now thanks to the third growth regime I'm beyond being just as wide, and also deeper than I am tall and it feels nothing like the first two times around.

But let's get the icky stuff out of the way first.

I had some bad news – like, really, really bad news. The worst kind of news you think you'll ever hear in your life. Then, it got worse again and I was trapped without a home, with no family, no partner and potentially just a few weeks to live if I'd been left to my own devices.

So, I don't want to bore you with the bad stuff. Let's tell my story by working upwards from rock bottom. It all began when I arrived at Incredible Bodies™ to begin my referred treatment. Only, it wasn't a treatment as much as it was a job opportunity.

Incredible benefits, incredibly pay, incredible NDA agreements.

I was offered a 20-year exclusive contract on a six figure salary, luxury living arrangements provided for the duration and guaranteed private healthcare for life despite my pre-existing conditions. They sorted that surgery and organ transplant waiting list within 24 hours. Then after the operation I had a few months to recover and recuperate before taking up the post.

It was an amazing turnaround given where I had been.

After my husband had used my prolonged illness as an excuse to finally walk away, he moved to the far side of the world so he could start again with a woman who didn't need 24-hour emergency care.

Yes - I hate him but I can't blame the bastard. He was lonely and an idiot and he wasn't capable of being a carer. He found someone who would provide for him and fled with his tail between his legs.

If I had half an hour alone with him and a rusty nail I would....

Look – I really don't want to hassle you with the icky stuff. My point is that old life was over and it wasn't anyone's fault except biology. Biology sucks. Sucky biology it's also the reason I got my new job. I was uniquely qualified in the biosciences, uniquely qualified in the lived life experience and uniquely freely available to put myself forwards as a test subject for a long term secret clinical trial.

The Project Lead Clinician, a man named Trevor, came to conduct the final interview and get the last bit of paperwork signed. He sat on the edge of the hospital bed, talking calmly and sincerely about the opportunity. I was barely functional, unable even to sit up from my hospital bed due to muscle degradation, my dignity protected by the layers of thick blankets the nurses had laid over me.

He pitied me, I realised. He saw my pale skin, my emaciated arms and my clinical notes and said he could offer me a way out. As the lead physician we discussed how we would work together, with a dual role as both consultant scientist within the team and test subject, and then we both signed our lives away.

He should have taken more time to get to know me and my history but that is on him. It's hardly my fault he didn't really do his due diligence. It's not my fault I am who I am and I brought the assets I had with me.

So after a mandatory recovery time, I arrived at the villa to take the promised position and I was skipping for joy with the turnaround. Fortune favours the bold and I had gone from death's door to unimaginable luxury within a year. Go me!

Doug was waiting at the front door and I was instantly struck with excitement about what was coming.

He was the tallest, gentlest, beefiest man I had ever laid eyes on. Rippling with muscles that oozed out every joint in his body he had to stoop beneath the ceiling lights and basically crawl through each and every doorway. He was a titan, living proof of the Incredible Bodies™ technology in action.

He grinned down at me with such infectious delight at my arrival that any worries I might have had disappeared instantly.

"Can I carry your bags?" he asked as soon as the suits had made polite introductions.

I gazed up at him gently looming over me, watching with fascination at his bulging trapezius muscles (those are the thick ones that stick out the side of your neck) rippling with each gentle movement.

"Ummm, no. Actually, I didn't bring anything, all my stuff is in storage..." I said, and he looked so disappointed I almost felt sorry for him. "Thanks for offering though."

"Ignore him," the nearest suit said with some amusement, "He's just looking for an excuse to show off his deadlift."

I later learnt the guy was actually Doug's best friend. He was part of the site team assigned to look after us, get anything and everything we needed, answer any questions and report any concerns to the medical team. This one had developed quite a rapport with Doug.

The two of them had a regular gym sessions twice a week.

At the time I was a little pissed that he seemed to be picking on the sweetest guy I'd ever met. So strong... Doug looked like he could wrap one hand around my waist and lift me over his head with no more hassle than tossing a football. He was as strong as a mountain but also as gentle as a lamb.

But you never know what's going on in other people's heads. You think you know someone and they can still surprise you.

As part of the scientific process they asked test subject Doug to keep a journal as well – and now I'm project lead I get access to *'everything'*.

I can barely remember who I was back then – I was still in shock post-surgery. When I had told Doug I arrived with nothing I meant it. My home, my possessions, my savings were all lost. The job opportunity I had taken on was a chance to rebuild from literally ground zero.

So, my first few journal entries are a bit to tepid to bother sharing. But Doug's.... Ooooh boy. He was never trained in the scientific method. They asked him to log everything – his thoughts, his feelings, his emotions – no matter how random they urged him to get it recorded. They told him it was all part of the biological monitoring necessary as part of the study. Better to have too much data than too little.

So he wrote it all down and a few years later I got to rediscover that first encounter from an entirely opposite point of view. It's not that I enjoyed invading his privacy, it's just once I became responsible for Doug I had to... I had to know.

Dr Cooper has shared multiple digital files that appear to be extracted from records held within Incredible Bodies™ digital archive.

No encryption technology known outside of Incredible Bodies™ has proven capable of accessing these records. We are unsure if Dr Cooper is aware of the significant international effort that was undertaken to access these archives after the incident. If so she made no mention of our predecessors attempts to trespass or retrieve confidential data.

We note that Dr Cooper has simultaneously refused to permit any contact between our investigation team and other test subjects due to the need to protect other individuals' privacy whilst openly shared supposedly confidential logs from two other individuals without concern for the consequences.

Whilst the prior identity of Dr Cooper and their existence prior to joining Incredible Bodies™ can be confirmed we have no record of 'Doug' or clue whether that indeed is the subjects name or if he really existed.

28th February:

TS001

4 months before Study

For the first time ever, I fucking wish my dick was smaller.

I've never worried about that before. Most men privately worry they aren't packing enough but the drugs I've been on since coming to the retreat meant that will never be me. I know I'm an abomination of probably painful proportions to any women I'd ever meet.

But our second test subject arrived at the mansion today. Allie is fresh out of hospital after some kind of medical treatment – hasn't even started on the drugs here yet and she's already the most smoking hot woman I've ever seen.

I mean, they warned me she was coming and they warned me that as the retreat would now have one male and one female test subject I would need to work really hard to practice self-control.

But I saw her step through the door and my fucking dick stormed to attention so fast I nearly doubled over in pain.

God – I'm glad they provided re-enforced sweatpants. I've been here for nearly a year slowly growing, slowly stretching in all the right places. I've never been self-conscious about bulging out down there before. Today I nearly fucking died of embarrassment.

And I had to ask later to check, to confirm, Allie really hasn't started on the drugs yet!

They want her to spend some time 'naturalising' to her new home before they even start. But I'm sure that can't be possible. No normal woman could be as fucking gorgeous as her – especially if they've spent months in a hospital bed from getting new organs.

She's tall, she's bright, she's funny and kind.

Curvy doesn't do her justice. Curvy isn't a way to describe any woman with her proportions.

Her tits are bloody massive! I tried so hard not to stare but they are like fucking headlights wobbling away just at the bottom of my vision.

Because I'm so much taller I HAVE to look down to see into her eyes but if I'm bending my neck it means that I'm already aiming my head in that direction and Allie's cleavage is just there and it's so fucking big.

Meanwhile my crotch is only a few inches below her own head and I just couldn't stop worrying that my dick was going to smash through the gusset and smack her in the head.

I kept trying to get her attention and say nice things so she would be looking up not straight ahead at... me.

Oh fuck. I was looking forward to company. I said I'd be delighted to have a woman here going through the same journey as me. I'm not lonely or anything but the plan was always to build a community of us... But the next few weeks are going to be hard.

We've only met once, and I adore her already.

28th February:

**Transportation Report
4 months before study**

TS002 has proven perfectly compliant on arrival.

She was quiet and, on first impression would have appeared shy but her eyes were focused and alert. She was taking everything in and evaluating everything we said or did in front of her.

Her meeting with **TS001** was about as successful as we could have hoped for – the two had a friendly and natural chemistry although both were holding back for very different reasons. When we had a beer at sundown, he admitted to me he got shy. He hasn't seen a woman who isn't part of the facility team for two years and he was scared if he let on just how excited he was he'd scare her.

He didn't see how interested **TS002** was in him, the way she was constantly admiring his chest, arms and legs. Whilst we have got used to our titan guest over the last year she was instantly enamoured with him.

Project lead says we should encourage them to spend time together but under no circumstances should we let her risk getting pregnant. I'm not sure she would be healthy enough to manage that anyway, she walks with slow, deliberate, tentative steps indicative of someone still struggling to balance.

Her body is pretty emaciated outside of her chest – she could lose a bit of weight there easily enough. Her eyes are sharp though. She was watching us just as much as we were watching her.

In two years **TS001** has never pushed against our authority or tested the limits of what he is and isn't allowed to do in the compound. I get the feeling she will.

Yeah – it's weird when you find out what was actually going on inside people's heads.

Poor Doug had every reason to be self-conscious – I was indeed staring at him – but truth be told I barely registered his full bulge down there.

I was enraptured by his incredible muscles; by the way the skin folded and re-folded around every sinew of flesh. His biceps had gentle but prominent veins pumping blood into all the right places; arms, shoulders, calves...

I was looking at him and thinking I was in the presence of some kind of Greek God from the ancient world. This was the paragon of masculinity standing before me – yes, with a big fat dick hidden in his pants – but the whole package is more than the sum of its parts if you know what I mean?

Me... No. It's always been about the tits. Always my two prominent milk factories ever since puberty. My brain is probably secondary – without it I'd be where Doug is now – not that there's anything wrong with that. He's happy, content – at peace with this new world of ours. But I had been hired not just to be a test subject but as someone who could manipulate, revise and direct the next stage of the project.

Third... The hair. Nobody knows how much time I spend getting it washed, combed, preened just right. Given what I'm working with it's the thing I have the most control over on a day-to-day basis. Have to get the framing just right to see my best side.

My hair was awful when they hired me. Months in a hospital had made me give up on it. Good hair didn't get me the job – the sheer co-incidence of my research discipline and my unusual circumstances led to an opportunity that should never have been possible.

Before they came across me they thought they were looking for two separate people. The original project lead Trevor, who'd initiated this whole programme, had recruited Doug and now he wanted one more. The scientists had shown they could transform a man into the perfect human specimen.

No – not perfect human – something far beyond what was humanly possible.

They had a secret lab in a resort and a male test subject. They wanted a female test subject and they also wanted another project lead with a specialism on 'XX biology'

Trevor wasn't happy though – this was his gig and he wasn't happy to share. This had to be done well but it also had to be done in secret – no leaks. Every candidate they considered either failed to live up to Trevor's exacting standards or he saw them as too much of a threat to his authority and vetoed them on the spot.

Meanwhile they were looking for test subjects, women willing to do what Doug had done, sign their lives away and live off grid potentially forever. High risk, high reward contracts where you accepted you might live in the lap of luxury as a secret celebrity or alternatively turn into a horribly deformed mutant doomed to be an outcast of society.

They wanted waifs and strays like me – women who had nothing to lose.

They wanted me originally because if they hadn't offered the organ donor, an airlift to a specialist hospital with the top surgeons money could buy and months of physical therapy I wouldn't have survived another week.

Then they found out who I was and what I had published and I had that very interesting chat with Trevor which synched the deal.

It turns out that even in secret science installations kept hidden from governments and regulators there is still the requisite amount of bureaucracy. Getting internal ethical approval for

outrageous human experimentation is easier when you can conclusively prove the test subject understands all of the risks they are undertaking.

Yeah. I can see why Doug didn't believe I hadn't started on the new regimen of drugs before I arrived. And yes of course I caught him staring – I catch everyone staring – men, women, children... I get it. They are FUCKING HUGE and always have been.

People stare.

He didn't do it more than most and I could tell he was trying not to. I respected him and I always have.

The suits on the other hand wound me up immediately. Some saw me as some kind of cash cow – an asset to be deployed at their whim – readily bought and paid for. Others were intimidated by me and did their best to just stay out of my way and be unobtrusive.

I never got dealing with them right. I was too timid.

The retreat had a team of seventeen agents available twenty-four hours a day, each of them working in shifts to ensure we would never want for anything. Food, clothes, entertainment, toiletries and beyond. If we asked they would deliver.

In return they watched us and recorded every single little thing we did. Save for a few precious seconds on the toilet we had signed away any ounce of privacy we ever had.

The suits weren't scientists. They weren't my colleagues. They were enforcers - here to help but also to halt if things ever got out of hand. They were the muscle that the people funding this would stretch if they ever got angsty about what we were doing.

And Doug had made friends with most of them – knew every single one by name – whilst all of them seemed to be making a conscious effort to keep their distance from me. Perhaps it was because they weren't sure exactly what I was....

They liked Doug but to them he was an inmate.

This place was a prison and they were the guards. It wasn't confrontational, everyone here was happy and had volunteered. We all knew our place. Being responsible for someone doesn't mean you can't be their friend. It's just a power dynamic that needs to be acknowledged.

But me...

Was I 'just' an inmate or part of the warden's team? I blurred roles and boundaries in a way that made them uncomfortable. They were just that little bit too polite, too by the book with me to ever develop any lasting friendships.

The women were the worst. Yeah – we had signed up for secret genetic testing that had already produced the perfect male adonis and now I was the female variant. But what did that mean? I don't think they trusted the process.

The men celebrated Doug's growth and development whilst the women seemed to fucking detest what I was about to turn into.

I suppose some women just hate big tits. They think people like me are shallow and attention seeking. I've been good at judging who has it in for me all my life and I've always found the women who stare far more intimidating than the men.

I know what men want. Why? Simple monkey brains are weird, I don't get the fascination. I know how to use it though and occasionally - if I want to break the ice – one potential solution is just a quick tug on the bra strap away. Let the puppies free and give them far more than an eyeful.

I've been guilty of indulging throughout my life...

And perhaps the fact I was already part way there when I arrived seemed to irritate them. My bump was long gone; in fact I was still pretty emaciated at that point although you would be hard judged to tell.

Tits on a stick! But it was so hard finding clothes loose enough to stretch over my P cup bra that didn't hang loose around my midriff. I'd given up on the blog and moved to a personal diary to capture what I was going through mentally. Sorry, it isn't pretty.

7th March:

TS002

4 months before study

The doctors have suggested I give up on having a diet.

I've always binged then given up on diet or exercise. Doesn't matter how much I promise myself to do better it never sticks for more than a few months.

I've always known exactly where on my body the pounds will end up – these tits siphoning off all the extra weight away for themselves. When I was sick they barely deflated at all and it just doesn't make sense.

Now it doesn't matter what clothes I try on – I look frumpy in the middle if I cover them up and like a porn star if I wear something loose that opens in the front like a jacket.

It's just weird that sacks of fat have such an insane effect on some men. Insane effect on some women. I swear Dr Henderson scowls every time I enter her clinic to provide blood samples. She's polite but the smile doesn't reach her eyes.

I can tell who's jealous, I've always been able to tell...

In better news I saw Doug running laps around the compound this afternoon so I found a deck chair and went out to watch, counting how many times he went past.

It's a two mile circuit if you stick to the fence posts and I'm pretty sure he came past six or more times in an hour. Watching that man move is... Well, it's like poetry. You think something so hulking and muscular would be big and slow but he just glides through the world with such ease...

Not like fat and frumpy me, lounging in the deck chair, trying and failing not to put on an exhibition as my tits slowly fall out of my top. Every time I look in the mirror I feel shocked at how much space they take up.

I need to put on muscle and fat in my arms, shoulders, calves. Basically everything else. The Doctors practically order me to eat as much as I can cope with. But it just feels wrong to go all out given these wrecking balls will inevitably take 90% of everything for themselves...

Yeah – I was a wreck.

The body heals but the mind often takes longer – which is why Trevor had insisted on letting me acclimatise before we began treatment. Unfortunately the more he saw of me outside the hospital bed, acting independently, the more he second guessed his decision.

And Doug on the other hand was just living his best life whilst doing his utmost to slowly accommodate me intruding on his private space.

7th March:

TS001

4 months before study

Weather was particularly good so decided to focus today's exercise outdoors rather than the stuffy gym. Ran a half marathon between lunch and dinner.

Allie came out to watch but didn't say anything. I would have stopped to talk to her but I was making good time and didn't want to lose my flow.

Wish I had. She looked fucking amazing on that deck chair.

She's only been here a week and the place feels completely different. It feels like she's already in charge – the team are so excited to have her. She looked so radiant peacefully sipping peach iced tea like a Queen; I didn't dare disrupt her peace. Last thing she wants is an oaf like me lumbering in to disturb her.

The Doctors say her work on female bioengineering is exactly the perspective the team have been missing out on. She'll be a great help to them when she starts.

With me they need to sit and explain every test like their talking to the village idiot.

They take my blood, read my oxygen whilst I run on a treadmill, ask me questions – try to probe what's going on inside me whilst I sit or stand there like a useless lummo.

I don't understand what it is they want. I mean – I get the picture – paragon of human health accelerated beyond natural limits. But I can't explain what's going on inside me. All I can say is I feel stronger than before and it's good.

Yeah. 'Good'. Give me the Nobel Prize for poetry already.

But Allie has a way with words, she understands the bio stuff, she will know what they are looking for and help them refine the drugs to suit her own needs.

The doctors are mostly men. It would be weird if the team designing the ultimate woman were all men.

I can see that, they know that.

I think she's keen to get started but they don't want to go anywhere near there until she's in full health. They are worried about her, that she hasn't recovered from her illness as quickly as they thought she would.

At dinner last night she told me about her surgery and her ex-husband.

What a twat.

Talking about the outside world is kind of depressing though. There might be no going back outside for us – these tests are kind of turning us into freaks of nature.

I might not be 'safe' outside – everything already feels slightly fragile and slightly too small as it is and if I grow much taller then who knows what we do next? No new spurts in the last 4 months but that doesn't mean it's over.

I wanted to hold Allie's hand and assure her that the team here are looking after us – that she'll never want for anything again in her life. I wanted to assure her it's going to be okay.

But as ever I never quite found the right words to say it.

Doug was being so thoughtful and considerate letting me dump my emotional backlog all over him. I fucking love that man's honesty and I'm more than a little ashamed that I've so thoroughly ransacked his privacy since becoming project director.

I've gone back to the early days of the project and read all the original notes.

This interview is about me not him – I’m not going to jeopardise his friendship by showing you the records the team made when he started to change. They measured ‘*everything*’. Both flaccid and erect. And they got him to write detailed logs on every time he had an erection, every time he jacked off, every time he...

You can’t have too much data you see. It’s all useful for building the picture.

We were two specimens co-existing as we prepared for my new life to commence but Bastard grumpy Trevor kept finding excuses to delay. He was holding me back.

He had his reasons. Now I was in the compound and he had full daily observations on my bloods he was having second thoughts about using me at all. He was anxiously watching my spiking hormones and freaking out that I was going to contaminate his study with my freakishly big tits.

Big tits he hadn’t spotted when he signed my contract – because beneath the hospital sheets the rest of my body had deteriorated to skin and bone and he hadn’t realised the residual spare % body fat I did have was almost exclusively located in two very specific places.

As I said, the cynical grumpy bastard hadn’t done proper due diligence. He didn’t admit this to anyone but his actions explain everything I need to know. I was left for a month or two to stew whilst he schemed.

Officially I was settling, naturalising to my environment, building a baseline for health.

I was rediscovering the joys of life and building whole new anxieties. So, before we get to what Trevor did next let’s talk about clothing.

One of the biggest joys of coming here was getting a team who measure, fit and design me clothing specific for my form. Back in my old life shopping had been one of the largest headaches – particularly when you’ve been tired or ill and barely go out anymore.

What was the point of going out when most the high street couldn’t accommodate my massive boobs?

So, I’d hang on to a stable selection of clothes whilst my body gently swelled inside them.

Pre institute, my old doctors monitored my hormones and apologised that they couldn’t do anything until they stopped growing on their own. Post false pregnancy, pre surgery I had months if not years sticking to the same selection of tank tops, boobs slowly pushing upwards and overflowing to make them look misshapen.

Bulging cleavage wasn’t so much a fashion choice but a necessity.

I had very little that I could squeeze over them that didn’t make me look like an elephant. My bras were all overwhelmed as their fabric was filled by boobflesh, then the tiddy squeezed up and over the top of the cups, then the sides, and then eventually the bottom as well. More and more flesh in the struggling fabric.

And I was shocked when my friends helped me measure them and I saw in weeks and months their weight go up. I mean – yeah, I knew they were heavy. They are attached to me after all. But to have someone actually record the mass in pounds and report back a number. To actually know that you have literally two dozen ‘pounds of flesh’ straining out of those bra cups it becomes overwhelming.

So when I did eventually force myself to go shopping I bought band sizes far bigger than my torso to accommodate this need for extra space. It reduced the pinch but didn’t really give me any form of support.

The woman who arrived at the retreat and shook Doug’s hand had breasts wider than any other point on her torso, with nipples that hung down past her belly button. She walked with a

cumbersome gait designed to inhibit the natural swing they would develop if she moved with any sort of momentum.

Within a month was fitter and healthier and they noticed. The men who had regarded me with pity when I arrived were ogling me again. I overheard whispered comments about my cleavage that I ignored. What was the point getting angry when I was going to get something amazing none of the suits were due.

Doug's friend was always there keeping me in line but if anything I stressed him out the most although I never knew why until a year later.

16th April

**Facility Report
3 months before Study**

TS002 has is causing problems in the security room.

The only place we don't have cameras is over the toilets so we collect footage of every event within the compound both for security of our guests but also to forward any specific incidents or observations to the clinical team.

That means we have a lot of footage of **TS002** getting changed or suffering what seem to be endless bra fittings as our clothes team measure her unique body shape to try and find clothing that will fit comfortably.

I need to request we hire more female staff to prevent an incident occurring. Footage of **TS002** last bra fitting has been downloaded and shared amongst the security team. This is both completely unacceptable behaviour as employees but also the largest potential risk of a security breach if that footage leaves the compound.

I am unable to locate the source of the video files so have put out a general warning that if anyone else is caught sharing unauthorised video footage of the Test Subjects they will be formally reprimanded for gross misconduct.

The video footage shows a team of two women trying to help **TS002** into several specially fitted bras. She starts the video topless with her breasts hanging low on her chest, nearly obscuring her naval. She is then provided several different items and asked to pose whilst the two fitters assess her.

Audio footage shows them discussing how high her boobs should sit on her chest for comfort, whether the bra is flat against her sternum or if some of her undersides is rubbing against her torso. For the first several garments **TS002** is clearly uncomfortable with flesh overflowing the sides or top of the cups.

Once they settle onto a design the women begin helping her adjust herself to sit her breasts more fully in the cups. The women lift and squeeze handfuls of flesh to force it to sit more naturally within the bra. **TS002** grimaces but appears unbothered by the attention as they discuss the bra design and settle on an O cup size.

I am concerned **TS002** would feel this video footage is a gross violation of her privacy if she found the site staff were sharing this, or any other intimate video around the personnel. I need to ask for the security team to have more training on company policies and that you hire more female wardens as the teams predominantly male selection may be a contributing factor for this incident.

As part of my naturalisation they encouraged me to start using the gym. For some reason (one I now understand completely) Doug seemed to avoid the place when I was in there so I was usually left to my own devices, free to engage or ignore a personal trainer keeping tabs on my exercises.

They provided a sports bra – one that actually very nearly fit – and we worked out a plan to help me recover some of my stamina. They didn't want an emaciated, half dead test subject – before they could begin proper testing. They needed to fatten me up.

And, as is constant in the story of my life, 90% of the weight I put on went straight to my monster tits. Within two weeks the carefully fitted sports bra they provided was getting tight, the straps cutting in deeper, and although I tugged and pulled down the gym shirt couldn't hope to cover my full equation. There was a soft ledge of pale flesh growing outwards – a visible curve that would compress any shirt into a crop top if I raised my arms.

When I was young I used to jog but the new post surgery me found it difficult. Every single bounce of my body was amplified. Each footfall was met with a bosomy aftershock as soft, dense and heavy flesh ricocheted back and forth inside my sports bra.

They provided more clothing so I doubled up, wearing a secondary sports bra over the first one – relying on the compounding fabric to still my wobbling masses. I could still feel – and worse hear the motion of soft flesh clapping together.

It's not just the bounce but the drag you feel – as the weights move slowly with gravity after – not with but after – every step.

And oh my god I sweat buckets within seconds. The girls developed their own ecosystem – a humid swamp that saturated my clothes within minutes. I had to have handtowels at the ready to reach down and scrub between my tits mid workout.

I was dabbing away at them between sets like some aristocratic toff on some medieval royalty TV show. Lame ass Victorian dialogue kept popping into my head like *'Oh Mr Darcy, my boobs are overflowing with trembling abundance at the thought of your return.'*

... Yes... Don't look at me like that. I write *'Science'* not *'fiction'*.

I know my place in the world thank you.

Squats were difficult but something I could negotiate. When my personal trainer suggested jumping jacks I looked her dead in the eye and refused.

At some point she showed me how to do something called a *'mountain climber'* - apparently a great full body exercise. But every time my knee came up it kicked my underboob up into my chin giving me two entirely separate bruises in one failed workout.

I did it though – in days and weeks I rebuilt some of my lost muscle mass and some form of self-confidence about my own potential. I knew I had transformed into a living science project, that this was part of the process towards my next stage of self enhancement. The pain was something I had to get through so we could begin.

Swimming was the holy grail we had been looking for.

We would have realised earlier if I had been less of a prude. I got very self-conscious when they tried to fit me for a swimsuit and the early attempts were a mess. With no support its an open question whether the swimsuit compresses the boob down or tries to lift it up? If movement makes boob slips sideways round my side then what is point of the damn thing?

Eventually I insisted we downgrade to bikinis (top and bottoms so comically mis sized it made me laugh) and then eventually I just said fuck it and went topless.

The retreat had a private pool – only me and Doug were around to use it – so why the hell not indulge myself? Why not let my body float and enjoy the free hanging weights lifting up and off me of their own accord? I could paddle, swim, float to my hearts content and unlike the hours I spent in the gym it never left me feeling physically sick afterwards.

Doug didn't avoid me but he had his own routine – so for a while we only hung out at mealtimes. I liked chatting to him over breakfast and dinner. I was fascinated watching as he engulfed multiple plates of food. Keeping all those muscles took a lot of energy and he had no worries gorging himself.

I was eating a little more than I used to – the entire point of this was to put on a little bit of mass after all – but until I began taking their drugs I was still just a normal human. Largely I would talk and he would eat. I'd ask a few questions and he would chew and nod and smile. He would occasionally ask me something – always polite and sincere – but it was a way of redirecting me into a new flow whilst he tucked into something else on his plate.

I found out later that he only really ever opened up when he was drinking. Offer a few beers after dinner and the words would come out then. Keep him merry long enough and they would positively flow like a torrent.

The weird thing is – alcohol barely affects us anymore. It takes neat vodka, and plenty of it, to get us drunk and hangovers are almost non-existent as long as we take plenty of water. I swear the beer was acting as a Placebo – the 'thought' of being drunk made him far more open than the % alcohol ever did. To get Doug to talk you had to make him feel relaxed – had to wait until he was good and ready to give you what was simmering in his mind.

I've never had that problem – if I want something I take it.

Which is why I lasted less than a month before I started demanding regular weekly meetings with the clinical team. I was pushy – maybe a bit too aggressive in hindsight – but I was eager to get started with Stage 3 of becoming me.

Bastard Trevor bastard had made other plans behind my back....

*I never really fit in anywhere...
No matter where I went it or who I met it was these fucking tits who
entered the room first, and then me second.*

*I embraced it, I learnt quickly to use them to take control of
situations before it took control of me. Sink or swim...*



In a world of people of every height, shape and colour I think I was almost unique