The alarm buzzed, sounding harsh in the quiet morning. I reached over and smacked the top of it, shutting off the annoying noise.

I yawned, a big wide yawn showing bright white teeth. Lazily, I brushed my long red hair out of my eyes, ignoring the few tangles I’d have to brush out later. I loved mornings, despite the hassle they could bring. Straining a bit, I reached over and pressed the button to let my assistant know I was awake.

Yes, I said assistant. It wasn’t that I was particularly lazy, it’s just that I needed help getting out of bed. “Off of bed” would be a more accurate description actually. Truthfully, I needed help to move anywhere. I wasn’t fat or anything, in fact my 24 year old body was as trim and fit as a fitness model, with all the sensual curves any woman could dream of – toned core, cute bubble butt, and legs that seemed to be miles long. I was staggeringly tall thanks to my record-shattering legs, standing just a smidge over 7’ 11” tall without heels. But my height wasn’t the most impressive thing about me. Remember I mentioned I needed help moving? Well that was because of my breasts. I had the largest breasts ever *in history*. Two giant fleshy orbs were attached to my chest, each one resembling giant skin-colored blimps and weighing thousands of pounds each. I probably dwarfed some blimps in fact – each colossal breast was one hundred and fifty feet long, and well over eighty feet high. My tits were literally bigger than barns, with nipples bigger than semi trucks. They were so big, I simply used my own boobs as a bed. A crane built into the ceiling was needed for me to move anywhere.

But before I get talking too much about my life now, I should probably tell you how I got to be like this.

My name is Juliana, and I wasn’t always more tit than woman. Growing up, I had developed like any other girl. When I turned twenty, my boobs could hardly be called C-cups. I liked my cute little boobs, but I always wished for more. Bigger just seemed like more fun, and I wanted to feel sexier, in my own way. After my first two years at university, I replied to an ad for an experiment at the local branch of a big pharmaceutical company. They wanted young women to test a hormone treatment designed to stimulate temporary lactation, to aid new mothers in breastfeeding. The treatment was supposed to last for two weeks, and promised a permanent increase of a cup size or two.

So I volunteered, and began the treatment. It was great! The promised cup sizes arrived almost overnight! I was so happy – I immediately went out and bought a whole new wardrobe. My poor credit card almost melted. Hours and hours were spent trying everything on – I even bought a bunch of new shoes, which you’ll find out I adore.

I needn’t have bothered though. I started the treatment on a Monday – by Thursday I had grown too big for even my new wardrobe. My cute C-cups were easily double Gs, big, round and full. I made a few phone calls, and by Thursday afternoon I was taken to see the in-house doctor at the pharmaceutical company. I was examined for all of fifteen minutes before the doctor rushed out, bringing back a whole bunch of med techs a few minutes later. I had blood drawn, lights shined in my eyes, questions asked, was poked and prodded, everything. Even a few scans in this really big machine that looked sort of like an MRI.

Then, I was allowed to re-dress and was taken to see the CEO. With a grim expression on his face, he explained to me what was happening. Something in the treatment had caused my genes to mutate – my boobs were swelling bigger, and weren’t likely going to stop. Like, ever.

Apparently the drug was causing my breasts to produce and store massive amounts of milk in a very lightweight way- I’ll admit, I didn’t understand most of what he said. But what caught my attention was his offer; his company would assume all my living costs in exchange for allowing myself to be monitored, and to agree to not sue the company. I agreed.

So now, I get everything I need for free. Sweet deal, eh?

That first month, I grew from C-cups to sizes that would make strippers jealous. I looked like I was smuggling basketballs around in my shirts. I would pass women on the street who just looked at me in disgust. I admit it hurt at first, but then I started to ignore them and really enjoy my body. Guys loved me! I could make even the strongest man whimper just by squeezing my huge boobs together gently.

I began to dress a little more provocatively – nothing slutty, just a few blouses that had deeper necklines, nice tight jeans, tall heels and boots. I continued my studies, and became quite well known around my campus; the really tall girl with huge boobs was hard to miss.

By the time graduation rolled around six months later, life was a different story. My beautiful tits had swollen to be much, much larger than beachballs. Heck, I looked like I had two beanbag chairs attached to my front. My massive mammaries hung past my knees, stuck out several feet in front of me and to the sides, and wobbled precariously when I walked. Walking was slow – despite my milk being “lightweight” having dozens of gallons sloshing around was still heavy. I had to have several surgeries to strengthen my back. Everything I wore was custom made – all paid for, and still somewhat sexy.

I had started to milk myself, and the pharmaceutical company opened up a sister company to sell my milk. Not sure how that was allowed, but it let me feel better and better about myself, like I was contributing.

I still loved going out – walking downtown in a plunging red dress was my favourite. I’d get dressed up in a super tight red evening gown, which hugged my thighs and ass before opening up the back, swooping out over my enormous tits, and ending with glittering rhinestone strings to keep my tits in the dress. I’d usually pair it with a 5 or 6” pair of Louboutin pumps, just for added effect. Guys would literally faint. I think a car accident happened once because of me. I just giggled – I loved the attention.

Sadly, the attention didn’t last. I was quickly seen as a freak, and guys lost interest in me. Soon after graduation I began to have mobility issues. My breasts soon touched the floor when I stood, and I had trouble seeing *anything* in front of me. My house was modified with extra wide doors, reinforced walls and floors, and accessible everything. I couldn’t work any longer, relying on the company and my milk production to support me. Basic things like even washing took forever. First I had to maneuver my six foot long breasts into the shower, turn on all four showerheads, then grab my long-handled loofah and spend an hour scrubbing my tits. It was hard to reach all over. A couple of times each shower I’d have to stop, because the sensation would feel so good it would distract me. My nipples would engorge, and I’d need to quietly touch myself to relieve just how hot my tits made me. Little streams of milk would spray from my nipples if I had an orgasm, which made the shower the ideal place to masturbate.

I was now giving dozens of gallons of milk a day from nipples way bigger than soup cans. Apparently my milk was being sold and donated as a means to combat starvation. I’d giggle thinking I was forcing beauty queens to come up with a goal other than “reduce world hunger”, since I literally was.

It was around then that I started abandoning clothes. Nothing really fit my huge breasts, and I was usually alone in my house, so there was no point. If I wanted to feel sexy I’d put on a pair of my favourite boots or heels – I still bought tons of those online. The FedEX guys were never late to *my* house ;)

And then about three months ago I got the biggest shock since this whole thing started. I woke up one morning to find myself literally doubled in size overnight! My huge tits had pushed me to a corner of my bedroom – I couldn’t see anything, let alone move. Thankfully I sleep with my phone in my cleavage, so I was able to call my doctor. Yet more tests came before he was able to tell me a bit of residual drug was working its way through my body, aggravating my condition. I was going to get a lot bigger, real quick.

He made a few phone calls, and before I knew it a working crew was all over, knocking down walls and preparing forklifts to move me – the company was moving me to a specially modified airship hangar renovated to be lived in.

The thought that my boobs needed to be moved by forklift was so exhilarating! I was the girl with the fifteen foot breasts! Just thinking about it turned me on! As soon as I was alone in my new home, I had a hot and wild night all to myself. My poor tits made quite a mess – they spurted milk everywhere with each orgasm, and even swelled a bit too. That was the first night I used my tits as a mattress; before I had always slept on my side, with my boobs hanging off the side of my bed and supported by pillows. Sleeping on my tits was the softest and most comfortable sleep I had ever had. I certainly didn’t need pajamas at this point, since my boobs could keep me warm and I actually really enjoyed spending all my time completely naked. It was thrilling!

I started growing faster – my boobs gained several feet a day in diameter. One particularly amazing day saw me grow ten feet in an hour, and have a mind-blowing orgasm.

Once my growth began to slow back to what I considered ‘normal’, I was shown the crane on the ceiling. It would let me move about, to a certain extent. I was also told I was getting a roommate and assistant, but everyone was tight-lipped which made me insanely curious.

And finally, just yesterday I was told my current size – one hundred and fifty feet long! My beautiful tits were starting to flatten into more blimp shape, which was why they weren’t as tall. From my point of view all I could see was a mountain of breast-flesh, all soft and warm. I knew I was still growing, but little did I know that I had only just begun …