The day began, as I mentioned, with my alarm going off. I felt a little lazy, as the sleep was taking its time to get out of my head and so I waited for my roommate, assistant and lover to come help me. Yes, I know you’re not supposed to mix work with pleasure but the first time I lay eyes on her, and her on me, I knew we were in love.

Her name is Helia. She’s cute as a button and uber sexy. She couldn’t be more than 5’6” tall, cute brown hair falling in waves to her shoulders and incredibly mesmerizing green eyes. She had also had a reaction to the hormone like I did, but not nearly as severe. She swelled up to an astonishing 96” bust, with perfect curves everywhere else on her body. She also has a libido even higher than mine, so our intimate lives are quite steamy- she loves to shove her giant breasts in my face, only relenting when I agree to suckle from her. Her nipples are just so succulent, her milk so yummy! She looks so cute too – short dark hair, dimples, dazzling smile … and then huge swollen boobs full of milk! She was unknowingly pregnant at the time she took the treatment, and after she gave birth the build-up of chemicals caused her milk production to skyrocket!

We quickly found out that if she can get me all worked up, I grow too! Seeing me writhe in orgasm after orgasm is apparently her favourite thing, so I’ve grown quite a bit. Feeling my boobs rumble and pulse with growth turns Helia on like nothing else, so when I can I’ll pin her between me and my massive cleavage as I grow.

The door to my sleeping area opened, and I heard the interlocking array of cranes above me start up. I rotated so my feet landed eventually on the floor, with my gigantic titties towering above me. All these growth spurts meant I had boobs over 180 feet from nipple to me towering 120 feet into the air; my nipples could dwarf semi-trucks, and were giving enough milk that the company had trouble selling it all!

Helia stood with the crane controls in her hand, smiling. She was naked (both of us rarely wore clothing) and looked radiant even this early in the morning. Her boobs looked extra full and engorged this morning, and I knew I would probably spend easily an hour relieving that pressure. I looked forward to it.

Helia got my tits up off the floor, then let go of the controls and came to give me a good morning kiss. Normally she slept wedged tight in my bosom, but last night she had gone to a neighboring facility for treatment, and had stayed the night. I leaned over for a kiss, since Helia was only 5’6”. Her yummy strawberry lips greeted me, and she held the kiss for several long seconds before breaking away and dangling my heels in front of my face, just out of reach. I’m addicted to high heels, especially anything thin, strappy, and with 6” or higher heel.

Today she had chosen one of my favourites; bright white pumps with a thin strap above the ankle, and a pointed 7.5” heel.

“As soon as we get you all cleaned up for tonight, I’ll let you have these” she said teasingly.

“But I’m already clean!” I protested.

“Oh, I know. But I’m going to get you all dirty before you get clean” she said with a devilish smile, and flung my shoes to the side whilst stepping forward and running her fingers through my long red hair. Pushing me against my own enormous bosom, she enveloped me in a warm squishy hug, her own massive mammaries getting squeezed between us, boob-flesh spilling out from our sides and rising up to her chin.

I giggled and cooed softly as her lips teased the back of my neck. Sharp little shivers ran down my spine, and I wiggled my butt invitingly against her hips, eliciting a playful spank.

“I missed you last night sweetie” I said, a pout crossing my lips. “It was really lonely in here, with only Netflix to keep me company.”

“I’m sorry hunn, the doctors wanted more tests. I promise I won’t have to do that again for a long time” Helia replied.

I twisted around to kiss her straight on the lips, inwardly giggling at the look of arousal on her face as my skin slid across her uber sensitive nipples. “Good.”

I reached down, and ran my hand up her inner thigh. “I think I need to teach you a lesson, so you don’t leave again” I said.

Helia smiled, and let my fingers just brush her kitty before grinning and pushing the “forward” button on the cranes remote control.

“Hey!” I protested, as the cranes began to slowly move my boobs away, bringing me along with them. “No fair!”

“Don’t worry sweetie, there will be plenty of time for that” she said. “But first, we need to get started on your routine or we’ll never make the dinner tonight!”

Using a series of massively reinforced steel girders running the length and width along the ceiling of my converted hangar home, the crane array laboured to bring me to the far wall where a huge milking array was set up. I needed to be pumped once a day, and it normally took hours due to the sheer volume of milk I produced.

The trip took about 25 minutes to cross the 2000 feet length of my hangar, moving at a walking pace. Helia disappeared around the curve of my gigantic bosom, presumably to go turn on the milking machines. I couldn’t really see anything except directly to my left or right – having 120 foot wide breasts kind of took up my field of vision. Not that I minded, really. The idea that I couldn’t see much but my own bosom is so exciting! Imagine all that yummy boob-flesh!

With a tiny jolt, I felt the cranes hit their stops in front of the milking machine. The sudden stop sent little waves jiggling across my titanic bust, and more than a few tingles. I loved watching my boobs quake and move – you could tell they had extreme weight just by the way they moved with such …  *momentum*.

The cups of the pump were always cold, and today was no exception. I squealed as the cold metal and plastic came into contact with warm nipples. The cups adjusted automatically for my size and for the fact the cold was making my nipples stand up a little. Then the pumps were switched on, and a blast of milk immediately began flowing into reservoirs somewhere.

I sighed with relief – being milked could be orgasmic at times, especially if I was horny; the process just amplified my libido. But normally it was relieving in a sort of … comfy way. Like getting your back rubbed or scratched after a long day. It just felt good.

Even with the pumps at full speed, it took well over two hours to get just a basic pumping, which more or less just kept me from oozing milk everywhere. A full pumping to get me completely empty could take all day!

Helia bounced around, making sure I was alright and giving me the occasional kiss or touch. When she was anywhere near my boobs she would trail her hand along them, letting me know where she was. Her hands were always super soft, and she said my boobs felt the same way. It was a cute little thing that made me love her even more.

I could hear Helia talking as she completed various tasks – she must’ve been on her cell phone, putting the finishing touches on tonight’s dinner. The company that provided for us and sold my milk was throwing a Benefit Gala. The idea was to raise money for charity – with a little bit of encouragement to invest in the company, naturally. I was going to be the centerpiece – the girl who single-handedly made the company rich overnight through publicity and milk sales.

“Yes, I’m sure we can find another spot at the CEO’s table … No, the Senator will not be joining us tonight … I’m sure Juli won’t mind photos …” Little snippets of conversation drifted over the sound of the pumps.

With a loud ‘click’ the pumps switched off, and I waited for the cups to detach. My nipples were always a little tender, and another squeal slipped past my lips as the fresh air hit them. Nipples the size of semi-trucks meant there was a lot of skin for the air to hit!

The cranes started up again, carrying me over to the shower area. This wasn’t like the shower that most people have at home. No bathtub or stall could ever fit me, so a large drain system had been fitted in the sunken floors, a divider came down from the ceiling, and nozzles on rotating spray heads fitted. Think like a big touchless carwash. As soon as the crane put me down, the nozzles began moving and spraying in a pre-programmed pattern.

No sooner had the hot water started than I felt a pair of lips trailing up the small of my back.

“Mmm, I was wondering where you went, sweetie” I murmured. The sensation of Helia’s lips on my back and tits on the back of my knees instantly got me in the mood – not that I needed much help.

“Don’t worry lover” she said, “I wasn’t far.”

She traced her lips up my spine, then spun me around. I immediately hefted one of her milk-swollen breasts to my mouth, and began to lightly trace my tongue across the nipple making little flicking motions. Helia immediately murmured and her face flushed pink. Gently at first, then harder and more urgently I began to nurse from my lover, relieving the milky pressure from her breasts.

“Oh Juli, yes! Please keep going, I’m so full!” Helia cried, her hands stroking my hair.

I gulped mouthful after mouthful of warm breast-milk. Her creamy milk was thicker than regular cow’s milk and twice as sweet. I could never get my fill, which was fine because Helia could never get enough of me suckling from her.

I switched breasts, making sure both amazing titties got loved. I twisted a little further, reaching around to grasp Helia’s plump booty, her right nipple still in my mouth. I intertwined my legs with hers, and I could feel how wet and warm she was. I began to suckle even harder, and ground my hips against hers.

“Mmm … mmm … oh! … OH! … OHHHHH!” Helia bucked as her first orgasm wracked her tiny body. I held on and kept kissing, sucking and nibbling. A second orgasm was immediately behind the first, eliciting a little scream of “YES!”

Suddenly Helia’s nipple popped from my mouth as she grabbed me roughly and spun me back around, pushing me face first against my own mountainous cleavage.

“Sweetie, what are you … OH!” I was cut off mid-sentence as I felt Helia push me over slightly and begin to lick and nibble the bottom of my kitty. I spread my legs to let her in, and was rewarded by the feeling of her tongue flicking my button. She wiggled beneath me and got to work like only she could. I slumped against my bust, my knees unable to hold me as pleasure coursed through my mind.

The hot steam made our bodies glisten, and the hot water ran across my bust as the nozzles sprayed hot water and soap everywhere. My breathing quickly sped up, and I could feel my heart pounding. My tits were flushed a faint pink; my hands were grabbing handfuls of breast and I had my face buried in my own cleavage, trying not to scream aloud with pleasure.

Helia worked hard, her tongue exploring and teasing, aided sometimes by a little finger.

“I … can’t take much … unghh … more sweetie!” I croaked, mind foggy with pleasure.

“Good” I felt mumbled against my kitty, and if anything Helia redoubled her efforts.

My orgasm built like a tidal wave – it was no use holding back, and I succumbed to bliss.

“Oh … OH! OHHH Helia YES! More MORE! Please don’t … unghh … don’t stop!” I moaned, back fully arched.

She didn’t. My second orgasm and third orgasm were quick behind, and Helia kept going. The hot water running down my legs mixed with my cum – I could feel her lapping it up. I’m not so much a squirter as I cum in hot, sticky, messy waves.

Somewhere around my 5th ‘O’ I felt a familiar rumble. I couldn’t do much more than moan at that point.

*\*rumble\**

“Helia, I’m growing! Ooooh, gawd yes! Bigger!”

*\*orgasm\**

*\*rumble*\*

“Oooooh sweetie, I’m growing so huge!” I could feel my tits expanding – there’s no way to describe it. I just could feel myself getting bigger, taking up more space, expanding across the floor.

*\*orgasm\**

*\*rumble\**

“Sweetie, I’m getting too big!” “Unghh … Oh! Please! Oh GAWD YES!”

*\*orgasm\**

*\*rumble\**

Suddenly, I felt cold metal and with a ‘clang’, the shower shut off. Helia finished helping me with orgasm number eight, then slid herself from between my legs. I just lay panting, my legs drenched with cum as she walked to see what had happened.

I felt her hands trail across my breasts, walking all the way around my massive circumference. A couple minutes later she was back, giggling.

“You knocked over the support for the water line sweetie!” she said, lustily staring at my swollen tits, “You’re so huge now! Can we measure you?”

I blushed even harder. “Of course my dear, but can we finish cleaning off, for real this time? My tits might be clean, but I’m not.” I indicated my cum-soaked thighs and sweaty body.

“Whoops, of course.” Helia bounced away, and came back with a bucket of hot water and a sponge.

I had to bite my lip to keep from cumming again as she slowly sponged me off, despite my insistence I could do it myself. The glint in her eye told me she liked teasing me.

Once I was clean and dry, we moved back to the “living room”. I swear I heard the crane strain a bit louder as it hefted my new breasts. I certainly could see less – my big boobs stuck out even further than before, and cast an even longer shadow, towering above me.

Back in the living room, a laser surveying device was set up, like the one surveyors use. The tricky part came from putting the receiver on top of my boobs.

We backed up so I was standing in front of the couch. Using that as a stool, Helia stood on my shoulders, then jumped as high as she could into my cleavage.

I flushed again feeling her whole body press into my soft skin; slowly she began to climb up, her feet sinking slightly into each breast as she stepped higher and higher. It must have been tiring, but she climbed for minutes on end without slowing. Finally she disappeared from sight, but I felt her walk along the top of my right breast, putting the receiver in position. It was thrilling feeling a full-grown human being walk along my breasts, knowing they completely dwarfed my lover. My tits were incredibly huge!

A red light shone briefly as Helia turned on the surveying device. She took several measurements, then climbed back down in exactly the same way she got up.

No sooner had her feet touched floor than she spun me around, gave me a quick kiss and asked “Guess how big you are?”

“Umm … 190 feet?” I asked hesitantly.

“Not even close!” she giggled. “Would you believe 260 feet long and 200 feet high?”

I just stared, at a loss for words. Helia leaned in closer. “And nipples 60 feet long?”

My knees went weak, and a mini-orgasm wracked my body at the very thought. I was gigantic – beyond huge!

“Oh … my … god”. I breathed, unable to believe it.

Helia giggled and kissed me again. “I know! I love it!”

My mind spun, dazzled at the sheer thought of my size. “I don’t think my dress will fit!” I said, weakly smiling.

“Good thing we didn’t make a dress to cover your boobies, my love” Helia said. “And speaking of which, let’s get you dressed. Dinner is soon!”