“You know, if you quit fidgeting then you’d be able to see yourself easier!” Helia chided me, holding a small mirror up so I could finish adjusting my dress. I just couldn’t get the silly thing to sit on my shoulder comfortably.

“There, how does that look?” I asked, finally fed up.

“You’re stunning, as always my love.” Was Helia’s sweet reply. She had gotten dressed first and then helped me into my gown – we were getting ready for the Charity Benefit Gala, of which I was the rather large main attraction. The idea was to raise money for charity on behalf of the company that provided for us and sold my milk.

Helia looked stunning in a blue shimmery cocktail dress that hugged her body and squeezed all the right places, making her butt wiggle and her boobs bounce and jiggle seductively. It sat daringly off of one shoulder and ended at mid thigh. She had paired it with a matching pair of peep toe pumps, sensible in height since she’d be running around greeting everyone.

I on the other hand had gone a little more overboard. I wore a slinky black gown that draped itself off my shoulders and ass, reflecting the light at odd angles and somehow combining shimmers with sparkles. It was floor length, with a slit up my left side all the way to my hip. The sleeves just barely covered my shoulders, and the entire back sat open. The dress came around at my waist to buckle and preserve modesty, and again with a little clasp at my neck. The rest of my front was open, leaving my giant breasts naked. A black choker with rubies the size of peas sat on my throat (it was on loan), and a pair of silver earrings dangled from each ear. A thin red silk ribbon had been tied on my upper thigh, for Helia to undo later. I finished the outfit with my favourite pair of modified black stilettos, adding another 7” to my height.

At 6pm our guests started to arrive – the entire front exterior of my hangar had been transformed into an outdoor ballroom, complete with dancefloor, tables and buffet. I stood in the open door to my hangar on a slight angle to best show off my mammoth 260 foot long, 200 foot tall tits, and to let me see most of the party. I had been taken off my crane, so I wasn’t going anywhere.

Helia had conscripted a small army of waiters to make sure I was well taken care of.

The first tables started to fill, and the strains of jazz filtered through the air from the quartet in the corner of the setup. I could see Helia’s blue shimmer waltzing in and out of the crowd, greeting all the important investors and interested parties, sending them my way if they wanted to talk, or getting their contact info.

Within an hour I had already been offered a movie deal, a webcam series, and two marriage proposals. I seriously debated the first two, and politely declined the marriage offers.

Finally I caught a break, and Helia made her way over to me.

“Sweetie!” I exclaimed, and pulled her by the wrist over for a long kiss. She was slightly out of breath from running around, but I felt her relax into the kiss. She tasted sweet, like strawberry.

“Why don’t you sit and relax for a bit?” I asked. “You’re going to be tired by the end of the night!”

She smiled, clearly tempted. “I really want to sweetie, but I need to visit one last person first. Greg, the CEO is coming soon.”

“Like, CEO of *our* company?” I asked. Helia nodded. “Apparently he wants to talk to us tonight.” She said.

As if on cue, Greg’s limo pulled up and he got out. The older gentleman proved he cleaned up well, looking the part of the important businessman in an immaculate tux. He found his way over to us (I wasn’t hard to miss) and kissed both our hands gallantly, before asking if he could sit down.

“Ladies, I have a very strange proposition for you. If you agree, I’ll announce it later tonight,” he said.

Helia and I just looked at each other, silent agreement passing between us.

“Okay,” I said. “Let’s hear it.”

“I’m not sure how much you know of the outside world,” he said, pointing at my hangar, “but things in the world are in a bit of a slump. Predictions of global warming have come true. The ice caps are melting, swamping coastlines and cities. The world is losing precious farmland, and we are losing the ability to feed ourselves.”

He sat forward, looking uncomfortable. “We’ve found a great market for your breast-milk, which has been feeding infants all around the world whose mothers are too malnourished to feed them themselves. Even selling it at the most affordable prices we still make millions. But more and more people are starving, so … we want to ask you if you could make more. Milk, I mean.”

I didn’t reply for a long time – he wanted more? I had not seen that coming.

Greg obviously mistook my hesitation for fear.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “We don’t want to profit at the expense of others. Right away we’ll do a match with selling and donation – for every unit we sell, we’ll donate one too. And we hope to increase donations much more in time, feeding anyone who will take your milk. Products for adults can be made, or drank just plain.”

Finally my mouth and brain connected, and I blurted out, “So you want me to grow?”

Greg chuckled. “Well, yes. We were hoping for at bare minimum 10x your current milk production. Ideally we’d like much more than that.”

I felt myself go weak in the knees, and Helia squeezed my hand tightly. This was amazing! Permission to grow even more, and be able to help others at the same time!

I looked into Helia’s eyes, and said to both her and Greg; “If my love is okay with it, then I am too.”

Helia grew a little misty-eyed, and kissed me quickly before responding. “Of course I’m okay with it, as long as you are safe. It’s what you love doing, and I bet what you’ve always wanted! So let’s get you bigger!”

Greg chuckled, clearly relieved. The strangeness of what he had just asked clearly didn’t faze him.

“Excellent, thank you! I’ll announce it at dinner’s end!” He kissed both our hands again, and walked off in the direction of the buffet tables.

I was immediately crushed by a hug from Helia. “Yayyyy!” she squealed. “I can’t believe it! I’m going to grow you sooo much, you better watch out!”

“But I’ll break my crane!” I protested, more for a joke than anything.

“That’s fine with me, I’ll help you!” she said, and wrapped me in another hug before kissing me long and deep. I could feel the heat rising in both our bodies, and reached around to grab her ass and pull her hips against mine.

She let me for a few seconds, then broke the kiss and looked at me with the cutest pretend-angry expression ever. “Stop, we have guests.” She said teasingly, then left to go continue mingling.

My head spun for the rest of the night, and I barely noticed when big spotlights lit up my tits and Greg’s voice spoke in the background. I managed a wave and smile when everyone clapped at his announcement, but I was too excited to react much otherwise.

At around 11pm the last guests finally departed, and I felt myself being tugged inside my hangar by a dozen big forklifts using big wide straps and wheels under my boobs.

I was pulled into the “bedroom” area and my crane readied for tomorrow. I couldn’t see Helia, but I could hear her making sure the cleanup crews were all good to go. Finally I heard my hangar door slide closed, giving us privacy. I could hear the patter of Helia’s feet a moment later, and she practically flung herself into my arms.

“I’m so hot for you, my love” she said, without preamble. “Help me out of this dress, please!”

I obliged, slowly sliding my hands up her smooth legs to pull her panties off, then unzipping her dress and letting it fall to the floor. Deftly I undid all 8 hooks of her bra, and let that go as well. A quick kiss to the top of each of her breasts convinced her I needed to be naked as well, and she wiggled between my legs and into my cleavage to undo the front clasps of my dress. It slid off my body in one fluid motion, and Helia squealed with delight noticing I wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

“Oooh you sexy, daring hussy!” she giggled.

I blushed, and kissed her quickly. She broke the kiss and asked “What’s this for?” pointing at the ribbon on my thigh.

“You have to take that off too,” I said. She began reaching for it, and I lightly smacked her hand away.

“No hands,” I said, smiling and kissing her again. She held the kiss for a long minute, then began trailing her kiss down my body, across my tummy and to my thigh, where her teeth tugged gently at the ribbon. It came off and fluttered to the floor, landing just as I felt Helia’s lips between my legs.

“Oooh!” I squealed, her touch sending a rush up my spine and into my cheeks. She kissed deftly for a few seconds, eliciting another little squeal, before I felt her duck out between my legs. She pattered across the room and picked up something from under a table.

“Hunn, what’s wrong?” I asked.

“Nothing sweetie” she replied, a little too innocently. She wiggled back into my cleavage, and I felt her kneel and kiss my tummy before a high pitched buzzing sound reached my ears.

“Sweetie, what … OH!” I shrieked as I felt incredible pleasure explode throughout my body. Her lips kissed my thighs and lower tummy, only adding to the pleasure that she was giving me deep inside.

Right before I thought I was going to explode, I felt her wiggle back up to look me in the eyes. I looked back, my head bursting with love and lust for Helia. She just grinned and began kissing and nibbling my neck while pushing the buzzing deeper into me.

I couldn’t hold back – all the need, lust and desire that had built up tonight came crashing down in one big wave.

I shuddered and shrieked “Oh YES! Helia, more! Gawd! Fuck me, YES!”

A loud rumbling filled the hangar as I continued to orgasm; I reached down and pulled Helia’s nipple to my mouth with one hand and finding her kitty with the other, suckling from her and simultaneously driving her wild too. She quickly shrieked with her own pleasure, and I was still in the throes of mine since the buzzing never stopped.

I licked, sucked and nibbled, drinking from my lover while my legs trembled and my tits quaked and shook. My orgasm dulled my senses, and I didn’t feel any pain. I don’t know how long we were like that, shrieking in the throes of bliss, but when I ‘woke’ from my daze, I noticed Helia was asleep in my cleavage and the buzzing had stopped. I removed the toy with its dead batteries and gently began kissing my lover awake.

As she came round, I became aware of a great dull pain in my tits.

Helia smiled groggily at me, and stood up wobbily. “Are you okay?” she asked. “What time is it?” I looked at my watch, forgotten until now. It read 5:30 am. We had been occupied for over six hours!

“Umm, I’m not sure,” I said, answering her first question. “My boobs hurt though.”

“Oh. Let me see what’s wrong” she said, and slid out from her comfy boob bed and began walking along the circumference of my tits.

I felt her walk farther and farther away, then stopped feeling her altogether. I waited anxiously for more than twenty minutes before she reappeared at my other side, looking awestruck.

“Hunn?” I asked, worried.

“Do you feel a pressure on your bewbs?” she asked. I nodded. “That’s because you’ve hit, and I think cracked the roof!” she said.

My eyes bugged out. “What?” I almost screeched. “But the roof is 500 feet tall!”

“I know sweetie, and you’re wayyy bigger than that now! I’d say you’re probably closer to 600, but you’re all squished under the roof. And you’re massive lengthwise too – you’re hitting the milking station from here, and that’s 800 feet away!”

My head spun. “Oh. My. Gawd.” I said. “My tits … are …” I couldn’t find words.

Helia just kissed me, and squished her own amazing tits up against me in a big hug before wandering over to the table again, and pulling out several more toys, each one slightly bigger than the last.

“They’re not big enough” she said, and came back to kiss me again.