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<A New Hope>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter 11

I stared wide eyed at the alien leader and then glanced back at the vastly swollen girls.

*Milk...*

*“Yes, it seems that our scanners picked up your ship and upon scanning the ship we noticed you had a few lifeforms on the ship, we have encountered other forms of life before, but never carbon-based life like us. Another scan showed that you have got females on board that are capable of providing sustenance to others in the form of breast milk. We’re from a nearby planet, one that you are headed to, and we would happily take you there, so long as we can use these three women for milk, with their consent of course.”*

I was stunned, trying to comprehend what was being said was hard enough but to be asked for an answer too, my head was fried. I turned to the girls; their bountiful bodies were being closely watched by the other members.

“What are they staring at?”

“They... They want your milk; it can help them apparently.” I said bluntly.

All three girls said in unison “What?”

Each of them for a different reason.

Then I saw the girls look around for the source of a voice, one that had returned to my ear.

*“Welcome, we come in peace, we don’t use names here, we generally know each other*

*from physic signatures, but to make it easier for you, my name is Q'ythl'x."*

Apparently this alien realised the error right away.

*"Maybe that is too hard, call me Q."*

Q opened our minds more and allowed us to hear each other's mind in a conversation setting, it allowed us to all speak freely, although the others found it much harder than me when trying to not to think inside their own head.

"We don't have much choice anyway..." I said.

"We can be part of their community; I could understand how their culture works."

"They could keep me drained..." Kelly said, blushing profusely.

"What about you Captain? It is your call..."

"The way I see it, we either accept their offer and have a great time, or we refuse and likely get used against our will anyway, let's help."

***-Almost 12 months later-***

The deal was rather simple: be taken to the planet in their massive ship that was capable of speeds that we humans could only dream of, followed by being taken to the palace of the planet and meeting the royal family. It was clear that they were struggling to meet demand for food, they live off of a highly calorific diet based on liquid, they never adapted to have mouths because their whole skin can act as a membrane to take liquid.

The leader told us they needed breast milk, they didn't know it at the time, but milk was even more potent than their normal food supply. The girls were lofed into a position of great renown, they were the food deities and were worshipped and treated as such.

The planet was covered in vast amounts of fruits and berries that they were unable to consume. It was a lush green paradise. We were treated well, the rest of the crew had to wait 12 months, when we first got here, we were unable to bust them free, even Q couldn't break the pods to get them out anymore. 11 months after landing here and the girls were feeling the effects of being

treated like royalty.

Sarah was the least milky of the three, but she enjoyed her milking sessions between working out. On the planet there was nothing much to do and without the whole crew up, the mission that we had set out on couldn't start in earnest, so it was just about killing time until the new pods woke up. The gains she had gone under were quite immense, despite her already going through changes during the cryo sleep, she was even bigger now. Her body was like she was a bodybuilder but even past what normal humans should be capable of. Her boobs were the only thing that didn't lose fat. Her biceps were huge, each looked bigger than my torso, her body was covered in muscles, hardly any fat on her body at all. She looked so powerful. Her breasts also grew alongside her biceps, each now we're just adding to the weight training she was doing. Her L cups were huge, firm and surrounded by her muscles. To show off she would flex her chest to milk herself hands free, it was a fun little addition for her, but the aliens loved it.

Over time the aliens were seeming to become attracted to the girl's bodies but they couldn't physically enjoy themselves like humans could, they were focused on the mind so Sarah would use that to their advantage, she became a dominant force and would control the aliens with her domineering figure and thoughts, the aliens would yield to their goddess and she would make them worship her.

Natalie was treated rather well despite her not being particularly into the whole experience. She was so focused on studying and learning more about the alien's that she would use the milk as a means to speak to the greatest minds in their community. There was a lot for her to discover and she kept an extensive log of everything, the information stream was about as constant as her milk stream to their food supplies. She produced at a good rate, and they kept her very well fed to keep up with production, but Natalie had transformed quite drastically in that time span.

During her time on the planet her breasts were huge fat orbs now that took up a great deal of space, they were approaching the size of Kelly after she first woke up from her sleep. Massive melons that just continued a steady stream of milk throughout the day.

That wasn't the only thing.

Her body had taken very well to the calories she was being fed, despite the food being rather healthy, Natalie was consuming so much that it only made sense that given her sudden weight gain from the sleep, she was only going to get bigger. Her breasts were massive, but her stomach and ass were even bigger. Her rear spread out behind her, long since outgrowing the chairs they had made for her, she sat on the floor, pumped up to a normal sitting height by her gigantic fat ass, it was beyond.

The only thing more beyond was her stomach. Her belly was so big that it could rival the girth of a car, the mass covered a huge distance before her, there was no way she could see around it or even reach much of it, it was just so big. Natalie didn't care, so long as she was able to get more information. She ate and ate, continued to be milked so long as she could spend time learning more about the scientific breakthroughs they had.

Every time I saw her she would hardly speak to me, opting to telepathically converse with the various scholars beside her.

Lastly, there was Kelly. Kelly arrived here as the biggest producer of milk, which hadn't changed. Her body had changed to meet this extra demand with an incredible and inhuman level of change. She was more breast than woman, more breast than Natalie was fat. Her boobs were bigger than tankers, there was no way she was getting back to earth unless they sent a ship twice or three times the size that we came in. She was nervous and scared at first but after getting used to the pleasurable sensation of being milked, seeing how much it was helping the planet's inhabitants, she was more than happy to continue.

Kelly was the only one who was still really talking to me more than the alien's. She confided in me that her growing breasts did worry her, so I comforted her. I was going to ask if I could see about letting up on the milking to allow her breasts a chance to shrink back down maybe.

“NO!”

I could still hear the stark rejection in my head. For someone so concerned she certainly didn't want me to stop anything. I thought it might be because of the risk that her cutting back on her supply might cause the planet's denizens to suffer.

No.

The milking, the expansion, the whole thing was turning her on. Kelly was becoming a slave to her lust; it was clear early on that her rising arousal was taking over her mind. This should've been a worry to me, but I too was in a position that was enviable. Kelly needed more than just being milked all day, it wasn't enough to just be stimulated in that way. She needed more; she needed me.

It wasn't until her second month that we started having regular sex. We got into a very good routine, I would come around every night at first to fuck her senseless, her built up arousal from the day made her orgasm multiple times over within minutes. I realised that only a month into it she was becoming hornier, and her rate of growth had increased. So, we just fucked more often, twice a day and then a third time, I was now fucking her most of the day, the fruit had a wonderful side effect, virility. My cock was always ready to go.

With each added session, Kelly's rate of growth was increasing.

Thanks to the amount of sex, it was only a matter of time for Kelly to get pregnant and thanks to the virility of my diet we worked out it was triplets. Thankfully we were in very good hands to handle that and as we approached full term, her stomach was bursting with life, not that you could tell over her massive breasts. Her boobs had undergone a rapid transformation in the last month thanks to the milk supply from her impending birth increasing, her nipples were almost perpetually covered but thanks to their size, the milking machine she was hooked up to could no longer cover her areolae. The gigantic dark patches were larger than Natalie's breasts in their entirety.

The life we had made for ourselves here was perfect. It made me wonder if we had died and gone to some strange, perverted heaven.

I looked at my watch and saw an alarm ringing. I cast my eyes over the ship, which was treated as almost a religious monument in their culture. There were noises from within, where it had been dormant for the last year.

I rushed over to the ship just in time to see the other crew mates stir and exit the ship timidly.

"Jerry??" Norm, our engineer said.

“Hey Norm... Welcome home...”

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