

# Mother Knows Best part 4

*[Hyper BE, AE]*

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Brooke was right, her husband was handy. At six-foot-four, Max was one of the few people actually taller than Stacy (if only by an inch.) He was a broad shouldered bear of a man with powerful arms. Seeing him and his boys work made Stacy realize how much she needed to get back out there. Besides Max being taken, he and his men had a job to do; they were there to expand the shower.

...and the doorways.

By the time Max finished one job it was clear he needed to adjust the doorway into the bathroom. And when that was called into question the rest of the house needed to be examined as well. Stacy and her daughter were still growing (much to Stacy's dismay.)

On week two of construction Stacy awoke to her body taking up most of her king-sized bed. More specifically, her breasts. After several minutes she managed to hoist herself off the mattress, a routine that was only becoming more time consuming. She stood, a chill suddenly passing through her. Her nipples tickled the hard-hood floor.

"Shit." Stacy sighed, watching helplessly as they ballooned into shapes more resembling soup cans.

Unsupported, her teats swayed a full three feet from her body, meaning Stacy had to crab walk from between the bed and the wall. She could buy herself a few more feet by moving her bed from the middle of the room to the opposite wall, but Stacy wondered how long that would last. She had stopped adding the supplement to their smoothies a while ago now. The Reddit page said some residual growth was to be expected. But Stacy felt that two weeks seemed excessive. She wondered if maybe she should ask her doctor if she had macro-massive tits (or whatever Amelia's friend had.)

The blonde lay a tarp-like bra across her bed. She took a few steadying breaths before grabbing an armful of boob – these days it took two arms to lift just one. It landed on the bed with enough force to make the room shake. The idea of a “room-shaking tits” freaked Stacy out a bit, so she tried not to think about it as she hoisted the other boob onto her bed.

While most girls needed to wear bras for fashion or decency's sake, for the Anderson girls it was very much utility. Their favorite bra shop had really come through with these custom jobs. Apparently they were part of some network working on solutions for the super-endowed.

After the harness-like straps were attached to her torso Stacy could finally start to get dressed. Supported, her bust hung a bit over her knees and projected a hair past

four feet in front of her. Their wobbling sides extended a foot and a half beyond her shoulders on each side – although from Stacy's perspective it seemed closer to two feet. To be honest, she was scared to check.

She put on a cute pink gym stringer that she made out of a bedroom set, one that exposed a frankly obscene amount of side boob. She also put on a pair of spandex workout pants. Luckily her booty seemed to plateau around the size of basketballs, which was more than enough for Stacy.

As she put her hair into a high bun Stacy heard the blender go off. She passed through the newly installed double doors into the dining room.

"Amelia?" She spied her daughter at the edge of the kitchen, making smoothies.

"Your boob-quake woke me up," Amelia said flatly.

"Please don't call it that honey." Stacy sighed.

"Sorry." The blender went off again. "Made smoothies."

"I can see that."

She could also see her daughter was still growing. Amelia's narrow frame did little to hide her surge in size. Black-clad mounds jutted out well over a foot to either side of her torso. Each breast pendulously swayed partway down legs.

"*Wait,*" Stacy wondered to herself. She reexamined the slim, pale legs sticking out from her daughter's skirt. "*What is she wearing?*"

"Are those fishnets?"

The blender made another retort.

"What?" Amelia asked, looking over her shoulder.

"Where did you get those leggings?"

"The internet. It's like a huge mall on the computer." She was only half serious.

"I was going to say they looked good." Stacy grumbled.

Amelia either didn't pick up on her mom's annoyance or she ignored it. The teenager turned around. Her chest wobbled ominously against black striped triple XL tee. It was clear the foot of cleavage on display was an alteration by her daughter. Stacy couldn't tell if the hint of underbust visible out the bottom was an Amelia alteration as well or if her daughter really looked bigger than the night before. Either way her hooters outsized yoga balls and were to them in shape than her mother's assets.

"You might need to get a new bra too." Stacy glanced down at her daughter's overflowing cups.

"I know right?" Amelia asked with a smirk.

"*Was that pride?*"

Stacy took a smoothie from her daughter. She sipped. Her face reflexively puckered. A shadow of concern flashed across her daughter's face.

"It's a little heavy on the chia seeds." Stacy coughed.

"Sorry." Amelia said bashfully. "I read they could help wake you up."

"Try adding more juice. And maybe some ice?"

Amelia nodded and returned to the blender. Stacy moved to the table. Due to how far she projected to either side, she could no longer sit fully parallel to the table; instead, having to angle herself away from it. Her enormous rack rested on the floor in front of her.

*"Maybe in a few more weeks we could use my girls as a table."* She thought grimly.

Stacy wondered if maybe the supplement had a cumulative effect. It would explain why her daughter was starting to catch up with her. Surely, Amelia should be slowing down now that she was just down to the vitamins and the occasional cookie? Stacy had boosted the dose in her titty-treats to compensate but Amelia didn't seem to eat them much anymore. Stacy made a mental note to try reading those long college studies on the supplement. But that was for later. Right now her daughter was making her breakfast.

She took another sip. Then, nearly gagged at the lumpy texture.

"Less yogurt next time." Stacy wheezed.

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The other day a senior math-lete made a couple of graphs charting Amelia's growth. Amelia thought it was silly. If her math was correct then Amelia was nearing 500 pounds. Still, there were things that stood out as accurate. When weight was plotted to the Y axis the line looked something close to exponential. Amelia knew about the inverse square law: how it meant that if her cup size was expanding consistently then her mass needed to rise even faster. But there was something about seeing it plotted out in front of her.

"Consistent growth" was an assumption on her classmate's part. If anything Amelia was getting bigger, faster. She was up two inches this week alone, bringing her twins to a diameter of three and a half feet each (when supported by a bra.) Amelia may have only been around Three-hundred-pounds but that didn't change the fact she was one-fifty before she began growing. Any day now her boobs would outweigh her.

After seeing the graph Amelia had decided to begin borrowing her mom's weight set. She was doubly shocked by this. First at how heavy the hot pink weights were, and second at how easily she managed to lift them. Maybe carrying her twins around all day already classified her as an amateur lifter?

Many saw math as dispassionate. But the upward curve of the line made Amelia anxious. And she was, specifically, "anxious"; she wasn't stressed per-say, but she also wasn't excited. Still, the line sparked a kind of passion that she couldn't shake. Amelia decided to embrace that passion in her outfit, her burgeoning under-bust on display.

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Stacy's new shower was going to be magnificent. She had gone all out on designing it. Since the blonde was as wide as a bathtub already, a single shower-head wouldn't cut it. Three shower panels had been installed into the ceiling; one in the middle, and one near the center of each breast. Her daughter had complained about them being too far apart but Stacy just teased that she'd "grow into them."

But, for now, Stacy was stuck using the gym showers. Turns out her house didn't like having to pressurize three shower heads at once. So, Max had to call up his plumber friend to take another crack at it.

It used to make Stacy self conscious that other women avoided using the changing rooms when she was around. But now she saw it as a blessing. The gym had an open air shower room, which meant that Stacy was able to take up around half of it and use all six of the shower heads on that end. This left all the space behind her for Brooke to use. And while Brooke didn't really need a whole half of a room, it was hard not to notice when she started using two shower heads herself.

While Stacy's gains had mostly stalled, Brooke was still in the middle of an impressive growth spurt. Pretty soon her ass would graduate from beach balls to yoga balls. Janet joked that her hips were nearly as wide as she was tall, and for once it wasn't much of an exaggeration. The woman had a unique gait, tree trunk sized thighs growing in tandem with the rest of her. Despite not being particularly thin, Brooke's potbelly looked minuscule in comparison to her absurdly pear-shaped physique. And while Stacy wasn't exactly looking for it, it was clear that her friend had developed a pair of melon sized breasts.

Stacy began to turn around, causing a low squeaking hum to echo. It was her feminine mounds sliding across wet tile. Brooke glanced over, causing Stacy to stand a little straighter. She pivoted before beginning to walk backwards towards the taps (since she had little hope of reaching past her breasts to turn them off.)

"You still taking that wonder drug?" Brooke asked, shutting off her own water.

"No." Stacy sighed. "Don't know what's up with them."

Penelope shook her head. She began to towel off as Stacy reached for the sixth and final valve.

"When I was in High school I realized my girls just kind of do what they want." Stacy said, crossing the room. The low squeal began again.

"I'm starting to learn that."

Stacy wanted to ask Brooke how she felt about her new assets. Maybe how she got them so suddenly. But Brooke quickly rounded the corner. She wasn't like Janet, she never really talked much about her body. So Stacy took her sudden silence as a hint.

The pair got dressed and left.

"We're done." Brooke said to the line of women outside.

"You're so bold." Stacy grinned.

"If they wanted to come in they could." Brooke smirked.

Stacy noticed the same well-built young-man as before working the check-in desk. Their eyes met briefly. He quickly looked away.

"You enjoy your workout?" He asked with a bashful smile.

"I did." Stacy said with a smile of her own.

Stacy began to peel away from Brooke. She stopped beside a rack of protein bars. Glancing over she saw the man still frozen in his spot at the end of the counter.

"You need anything?"

"Just wondering about these." She looked over her shoulder at him. "Do you have a favorite?"

"The cookie dough one."

"I don't see it." Stacy gave a pout. "I'm like, really bad at looking for stuff."

Slowly, the gym attendant began to approach. His polo was tight, clinging to his muscular frame. Stacy noticed he was already sweating through it.

"It's right there." He croaked, voice dry. "On the bottom."

Stacy turned to face it.

"Oh! It is, isn't it?"

He nodded.

Stacy delicately grabbed the bar.

"How much..." She glanced at his name tag. "Eric?"

Eric looked terrified. Stacy pointed to his name tag. He looked down at the shelf of his pecs.

"Oh." He sighed, but looked far from relieved. "Let me check."

Eric went back to the end of the counter, typing something on the computer.

"Four-seventy-two."

"What?" Stacy asked, putting a hand to her ear.

"Four—" Eric stopped. He hurried back to stacy, a card reader in hand.  
"Four-seventy-two."

"Perfect." Stacy said in her girliest voice possible. "Let me get my card."

She set the bar on the counter. Then, with the same hand, she reached down her blouse.

Eric could hardly breathe.

"There it is." Stacy withdrew a wallet from her cleavage "And do I stick it in here?" Eric gave a helpless nod. "You know, I have a family member who's started working out." Stacy looked down to type in her pin number. "I was wondering if you had any specials for new members?"

"Let me ask about that." Eric suddenly sounded further away.

Stacy looked up to see the gym attendant disappearing into a back room. A short woman in an identical polo exited.

"Hi!" She grinned.

"Hi." Stacy's smile fell.

After a lengthy sales pitch Stacy joined Brooke at the front door.

"You done playing with your food?" Brooke asked, eyebrow raised.

"I guess...."

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"This is bullshit." Amelia grumbled from just inside the other room.

"I said you were pushing it." Dana said.

Dana was standing outside the school office. Around the corner came Amelia. She looked like a ghost. A parachute of a white tee shirt hung off her chest like a hospital gown. On her yoga-ball sized chest it made her look like a blob.

Amelia stopped with a grunt.

"Need help?" Dana turned to see Amelia stuck in the doorway.

"I got in didn't I?" Amelia grumbled.

She put two hands on either side of the doorway and pulled. She pressed her weight against them. Her face turned red with effort. Just when it sounded like a seam was about to give out on her new tunic Amelia pulled herself loose. She fell atop her mounds, sputtering.

Dana approached from the side. She offered a hand. Amelia took it.

"Jesus!" Blurted Dana, almost pulled from her feet.

"Sorry." Amelia said, righting herself.

"How much do those things weigh?"

"By tomorrow, more than me." Amelia began to walk down the hall. Dana followed.

"How are you not freaking out about this? Or like, not immobile?"

"I dunno. Guess when everyone else in your life has blimp tits it starts to feel kinda normal."

"I guess." Dana began, clearly still skeptical. "You're taking it better than Penny at least."

"Yeah." Amelia glanced down at her chest. Her anger returned when all she saw was an ugly expanse of white cotton. "I mean you know how hard it is to find clothes that fit?"

"Pretty hard?"

"Really fuckin' hard! And it's like an hour 'til the end of the day. I had a free period. I even stopped by my house! They let me go the whole day in that outfit and they suddenly send me to the office?"

"It probably took them just that long to find something to cover you up." Dana said with a smirk.

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Janet was unusually early. Already Stacy could see her holed up in their usual spot at the cafe. Now if only they could get to her. Brooke only just managed to waddle sideways through the door, the back pockets of her jeans catching on the doorway. Stacy tried to crab-walk in as well. Maybe if she were to take off her bra she might have managed it. As it stood now she was at least a foot too wide to make it. Stacy tried another angle, trying to squeeze one tit through the door at a time. But unless she wanted to tear her blouse or strip down she would have been caught halfway inside.

"Why don't we sit outside?" Brooke suggested.

"Sounds good to me.," said Janet.

Stacy, huffing and puffing, just gave a thumbs up.

A barista was kind enough to clear some of the patio. This was appreciated since Stacy's bust took up the space of one of the outdoor tables. This gave her an idea. She removed one of the umbrellas from a table and slid it between her fun-bags. Brooke sat on a nearby bench – her ass would have needed at least three chairs.

Janet exited the cafe with her friends' drinks. While in the past the strawberry blonde had kept a fairly hourglass frame, her most recent surgery had left her top-heavy. Janet's tube top was pulled taut by beach ball boobs. Stacy assumed it had

to have been an old shirt given how little it covered. Mounds of under-bust and piles of cleavage stuck out both ends. She was bigger than Stacy had been at the start of her little experiment. But unlike Stacy's natural curves, Janet's bolt-ons were unnaturally round. Janet didn't wobble, she bounced.

"Did you get another fill up?" Stacy asked.

"Not til next week." Janet said. A look of surprise flashed across her face. "Why, do I look bigger?"

"Maybe a bit." Brooke said, squinting at her friend's chest.

Janet sat between the two.

"Whatever." Janet jeered. "Squinting at me like I have mosquito bites."

"What? It's bright out here." Brooke said defensively.

"Sure. It's because of you two that I've started taking two vitamins a day. You're gonna give a girl a complex." Janet's plush lips curled into a mocking pout.

"Is that ok?" Stacy asked. "Like, is it safe?"

Janet just shrugged.

"I dunno. You're the expert."

Stacy rolled her eyes.

"Expert huh? You should have seen her at the gym just now." Brooke said with a grin.

Stacy's eyes widened. Janet saw this and smiled too.

"Oh do tell." She said, taking a sip of her latte.

"She was making moves on the towel boy."

"How steamy...."

"Not true." Stacy interjected. "It was a gym attendant. You make it sound like some skinemax flick."

"With your game it might as well have been on skinemax."

"Whatever." Stacy scoffed.

"Was it that bad?" Janet asked.

"The boy was terrified." Brooke cackled.

"Aaaaah!" Janet gasped.

"What are we, like, sixteen?" Stacy slouched in her seat, her knees sliding between her breasts.

"So what if you're a little rusty," Brooke said, nonchalant.

"Was it the boobs that scared him off?" Janet asked, turning to Stacy. "You're still on the powder right?"

"No, but I might as well be." Stacy slouched further. "Been stress baking about it."



“Stress what?” Brooke asked.

Janet rose a threatening finger Brooke’s way.

“Hey, don’t knock it til you try it.”

“I got a freezer full of tit-cookies and my daughter’s barely even touching them anymore.” Stacy groaned.

“Well the University of Wisconsin says there might be some residual effects.” Brooke took a sip of her frappicino. Janet and Stacy both stared. “What?”

“You actually read that?” Stacy asked.

“Yeah, why wouldn’t I?”

“That’s not the headline here,” Janet’s eyes were wild. She again pointed a finger at Brooke. “You’re on the stuff.”

“What?” Brooke said, less than convincingly.

“Admit it!”

“That’s why your ass is huge!” said Stacy, sitting upright.

“I’ve always been huge.” Brooke said defensively.

“You were big before Babe. Now, you’re enormous.” Janet corrected.

“That’s why you have boobs now!” Stacy squealed.

“Keep your voice down.” Brooke hissed.

“Is that why my booty stopped getting bigger? Because I stopped taking it?”

Brooke sighed.

“That UW study suggested there might be a link.” She said, reluctantly.

“I knew it!” Janet exclaimed.

“Voices.” Brooke droned.

“Sorry.”

“It was originally just going to be that vitamin you gals were talking about.” Brooke began. “I sent a pic of it to myself that day on your phone. But when I started researching it I stumbled across that wonder drug you were talking about. And I gotta say, I never would have trusted it if you didn’t try it first. That site looks fake as shit.”

“I thought it was pretty convincing.” Stacy said in a small voice.

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Amelia sat at the back of her 6th period Spanish class. Not because she was assigned to, but because she had to. A week ago her mammaries had swallowed her entire desk. So the teacher made a spot for her at the back of the class. This time the chair and the desk weren’t attached, meaning Amelia could sit parallel to it and still get

her work done. But as she grew into the aisle she wondered how long until a fire marshal got involved.

It was hard for Amelia to feel good about her boobs when they were trapped in that awful cotton shirt. She spent most of the work period feeling bad for herself. There were only a few minutes left in class and the students were making less and less of an effort on the homework. It didn't matter much to Amelia either way. She finished the work ten minutes ago and she wasn't really close to anyone in this class.

Well, that wasn't exactly true.

Garrett was in this class. The tall, cute boy from the drama club. Amelia spent the last ten minutes trying not to stare. She didn't want to creep him out. But Garrett was tall, maybe as tall as her mom. He was leading the liveliest conversation in the class. And something about his smile drew her eyes to him. Or maybe it was the way he ran his fingers through his brown hair....

*"Oh god,"* she thought. *"He's looking at me."*

Worse, he began to walk towards her. Amelia scrambled to look like she was working.

"I figured you would have been done with this by now." He said.

Amelia stared down at her paper. She could feel him standing over her.

Best Amelia could muster was a mutter.

"I'm double checking my work."

"Huh." Garrett pulled up a chair.

*"Oh god, oh god."*

"I had trouble with that one," he pointed at the problem she was erasing. His huge hand was inches from her face. Amelia was trying not to sweat.

*"Why are his arms so toned?"* Was what she thought.

But what she said was:

"So?"

*"FUCK!"* Her inner voice screamed, watching his face fall.

"I was just wondering if maybe you could help me with it." Garrett rubbed his neck, his confidence draining.

Stacy wanted to say yes. *"God yes"* were the words echoing through her mind. But she was distracted by someone entering the classroom.

It was Brittney. The curvy asian cheerleader was here. In her class. In her cheerleader outfit no less! Fake, cantaloupe sized boobs cupped by the frilly tank. Her toned midriff bare. She smiled at some boy at the front of the class, giving a girlish wave. She turned towards Amelia and Garrett.

"Hey!" She crooned, giving that same, sickening, girlish wave as before.

“Hey Britt.” Garrett said.

In retrospect Amelia could see that Garrett was disappointed to be interrupted. But in the moment, Amelia was too focused on the newcomer to pick up on it.

“What are you wearing?” Brittney asked, glancing down at Amelia’s white tee shirt. Was that a smirk?

Red hot anger swelled within Amelia.

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“They’re cousins?” Penelope asked, astonished.

“YEAH!” Amelia exclaimed.

The two girls sat at the back of the old auditorium. Amelia’s echoing response caught the attention of those playing chess on stage.

“And she ran away crying?” Penelope asked.

Amelia nodded.

She slumped forward, face buried in her own cleavage. The pair were crammed into the back row, each of their assets piling up onto the seats in front of them.

“Well, at least she’s not going to bother you anymore.” Penelope said in her most encouraging tone.

Amelia let out a low moan.

“It couldn’t have been that bad.”

“I called her ‘a plastic-titted bimbo.’” Amelia said, raising her head from her chest.

“Oh no.”

“Garrett said that the only reason she got surgery was because of a medical problem. Said the other cheerleaders knew that she was insecure about how they looked so they never brought it up.”

“Oh shit.”

Amelia sat upright. Dana was approaching from the front.

“Hey.” She called out from the aisle. “You okay?”

“No I’m not okay!” Amelia jeered. “Garrett and Brittney are cousins.”

“What!?” Dana practically crawled across a row of seats to get to them.

“Yeah. And since I told her off Garrett doesn’t want to talk to me!”

“No way!” Dana turned to Penny. “What’d she say?”

“It was pretty bad.” Penelope winced.

“Shiiiiit,” Dana sighed. “If Penny can’t say it you must be in trouble.”

They all sat in silence for a moment.

Amelia and Penelope sat beside each other. Dana straddled a seat between them in the next row. Given the two girls took up six seats by themselves it was the easiest way to sit together. It was cold comfort, but Amelia realized she was now bigger than Penelope. Her twins were still enormous, equally stuffed between seats, but at only three feet in diameter they sat a little less snugly. Didn't stop Amelia from wearing an oversized hoodie in a vain attempt at hiding them.

"Um, Amy?" A girl called from the stage.

"What?" Amelia grumbled.

"Is your mom coming with snacks?"

Amelia sighed. The last thing she needed was her mom coming to embarrass her. Luckily, she had at least prepared for this.

"No. But I bought stuff."

Amelia grabbed her backpack from the chair beside her. In her free period she had found an entire freezer full of cookie dough. She had just enough time to bake a couple dozen before she had to return to school. If she had known what waited for her she would have skipped the rest of the day.

"Help me up." Penelope said to Dana.

"No way." Dana shook her head. "Not making that mistake again."

"I brought cookies." Amelia rattled the box.

Dana sighed.

"The things I do for love." She grasped Penelope's hand. She was nearly pulled into the girl's cleavage.