

Mother Knows Best part 4

[Hyper BE, AE]

Amelia wouldn't have chess club again for another eight days. Thursday Drama club needed the auditorium for an acting recital and spring break gave them the following Monday and Tuesday off. Penelope didn't see the point of Spring Break. A four day weekend was nice, but it wasn't much time to do anything special.

Still, her body continued to grow over that time. That Wednesday she woke up to a whole extra cup-size. A few months ago she would have seen it as weird, but things had been weird for a while now.

"I had the same problem recently." Texted Penelope that Friday night. "Maybe you have macromastia too?"

Amelia had been increasingly venting to her friend about her growth. Because she was A, about the same size Amelia was, and B, not her mom.

"Idk, maybe." Amelia texted back. "If I have that then I for sure got it from my mom."

"I guess she did look bigger that day at the chess club." Penelope responded. "But I figured it was a new bra or something."

"You kidding? She's so big that we had to remodel the house!"

"Oh gosh. That reminds me, since this last growth spurt my mom has been looking into moving."

Amelia was a little confused about what this meant. But her bushy-haired classmate changed the subject before she could ask.

"Your mom start a new birth control or something?" Penny asked. "Not to sound too personal but in this pamphlet my doctor gave me said that macromastia is usually triggered by something."

Amelia knew her mother wasn't taking birth control because Amelia had taken all of it herself. It was then she realized that she wasn't laying on her belly, she was laying on her breasts. She now had bean-bag-sized fun-bags that she could now rest most of her body across. Was she always going to get this big? Or did her premature use of those birth control pills activate some kind of medical condition? Her phone's vibration kept her from thinking much about this.

"Maybe you're expecting a little brother?" Penelope added.

"Ew, god no," Amelia shot back.

"lol, just a thought. It says pregnancy could also cause it."

Amelia then changed the subject.

"Hey you want to go to the mall tomorrow? I need to get some more clothes. It could be fun."

"Same! I'd be down."

Amelia smiled.

"Sweet. See you at noon."

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Max had found a way to widen every doorway in the house; either into these strange square doors, or into more aesthetically pleasing double doors. But more importantly, he had managed to finish their monstrous new custom shower. It would have been done earlier in the week if Stacy hadn't requested Max remove the island from her kitchen. She had been awkwardly pivoting around by resting her bust on top of the cold granite countertop. Painfully erect nipples, and a rising moan from the wood itself made this a temporary solution.

Amelia found him in the garage that Friday, packing up the last of his tools.

"I don't know how to thank you." Stacy said, wobbling out to greet him. Her increase in size meant that her girls greeted him long before she could.

"No need." Max said, waving a huge, calloused hand. "You're my only client this year who didn't even try to haggle down my rate."

"I wouldn't dream of it."

Stacy herself, and not just her colossal rack, had finally entered the garage. She saw Max standing over a large tarp.

"You need help loading that?" Stacy asked, confused.

"I was actually thinking of leaving this here."

He pulled the tarp away from the floor. Underneath was a strange contraption made of welded steel pipes. It had four large wheels and a smooth, cupped bed made from molded plastic. In total it looked bigger than her king-sized mattress.

"What is it?" Stacy stepped forward. Her under bust hit the edge of the trolley sooner than expected, pushing it towards Max. "Sorry."

"No need." Max gave a booming laugh. "Looks like I finished it just in time."

Stacy realized that it was at the perfect height for her to rest her breasts on. She also realized it was wide enough to get through the newly expanded door to the garage. Hesitantly, the blonde hoisted her girls onto the cart. It sank closer to the floor – but it didn't groan or break. If anything Stacy was a little small for it.

"It's to help you get around." Max explained. "Surprised you managed this long without one."

"How much—" Stacy was going to ask how much time it took to build, but Max waved her words away.

"It's a gift. It was an excuse to try out my new welding torch. Besides, I wanted to thank you for turning my wife onto that wonder drug of yours." Stacy saw Max give a sly grin. He was talking about Brooke.

"She had been sad about hitting this plateau in the gym, and that stuff really got her out of her funk." Max put a hand on his neck and looked down at his feet. "Not that she did it for me, but I've more than appreciated it."

"Oh Max." Stacy giggled. It amused her to see such a big man be reduced to a blushing teenager. Then a thought hit her. "Could you make another one?"

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The downside of wearing tight clothes is you need to replace them much more often. At least, if you're blowing up a cup-size or two every week. Amelia suddenly realized this probably wasn't as much of a problem for most people. And yet here she was, at the mall in a huge custom tank-top she borrowed from her mom.

Wearing this much pink practically made her skin ache. The prominent amount of side boob on display through the sides of the stringer caught a lot of attention. The crowd parted around Amelia like a river around a rock, each trying as much or as little as possible not to stare at the high school senior with wobbling four foot tits. Amelia hated being seen like this. But something about the attention made wearing her mom's clothes a little more bearable.

Across the food court she spotted Penelope. Amelia immediately knew what her friend meant by a "growth spurt." Penelope was wearing the same hoodie as that Tuesday. But if it were skin tight back then it was positively inadequate now. She had caught back up with Amelia, which meant Penelope had blown up an entire foot in less than a week. Her hoodie had been modified into a kind of cloak, but even then it barely covered half her enormity. A pale sliver of cleavage hung out the bottom, peeking out from between her exposed bra and the straining coat. Only the girl's chin was visible behind their bulk; the glum face of her classmate gave Amelia a weak smile.

"Jesus Penny." Amelia gasped, closing the distance. "You weren't kidding about having a growth spurt."

"Yeah." Penelope sighed. "I started taking this hormone thing to try and suppress my growth, but I think it backfired somehow. My mom's furious."

"I'm here too."

Amelia looked over her friend's swells. Penelope's absurd bustline had hidden all of Dana from view.

"Oh, yeah, I invited Dana to come along." Penelope said.

"Turns out your guy's tits are contagious."

The C cups that Dana had been so proud of, that Amelia was jealous of for so long, had been outgrown. In their place was a chest that rivaled Dana's head in size. Amelia suspected they may have been smaller though. Her friend's pudgy belly supported them more than they might have on a slimmer girl. Still, it was a shocking development, one that Dana was clearly willing to capitalize on with a tee shirt that had been stretched into a kind of make-shift crop top.

"Guess we all need new clothes huh?" Dana asked with a grin.

"No kidding." Amelia agreed.

It took them a while to get out of the food court. Between Amy and Penny's absurd boobs and the narrow tables it was hard to find a way to comfortably leave. Amelia was reminded of a puzzle game where you had to empty a parking lot full of cars by only going backwards or forwards. On the bright side they were still smaller than a car by half (for now.)

Amelia and Penelope walked side by side, forcing everyone else to either walk alongside them, or find another way through the mall. Dana walked behind, just between the two. She did the bulk of the talking, clearly in a good mood. The only noise Penelope made was a rolling hum that emanated from under her boobs. After a time Amelia realized it was a pair of skateboards she had fixed to the bottom of her bra. Amelia's chest jiggled against her shins, but she realized that her shorter friend didn't have this luxury.

"What about them? Love their stuff." Dana asked, pointing to a nearby storefront.

"You can go in there if you want." Penelope said in a small voice.

"Yeah I don't think we'd fit." Amelia said with a laugh.

"What about that one?" Penelope pointed out a store towards the end of the section.

"I think my mom shops there." Dana sneered.

"Oh."

"It looks kinda cool." Amelia said encouragingly. "Let's try it."

"Okay." Dana grumbled.

Just like Amelia, Dana clearly wanted to wear stuff that would show off her new assets. For Dana, this meant shopping at trendy stores. But Amelia's bosom pretty much excluded her from trying any of those options. Cute clothes weren't really designed for girls that nearly filled handicapped changing rooms with their tits. Because of that problem Penelope and her had to take turns at whatever store they went to.

Still, Amelia saw this more as a challenge than a discouragement. After some trial and error they had managed to find a men's Big-and-Tall store that had some neutral looking options for them to try. Amelia wondered exactly how big and how tall these men were if their clothes managed to fit them halfway well. Amelia wore a huge white shirt with a lace-up collar. She tied the excess fabric behind her to really cup her girls.

"Woah." Dana had reacted before Amelia could see her.

Amelia remembered how her mom's boobs left the living room before she did a while back. She assumed she was that size now too.

"I was thinking I'd adjust this one a little." Amelia began to explain. "Expand the neckline, frill-up the collar a little more. Make it look like an ironic corset top."

"How's it ironic?" Penelope asked, a pile of clothes in hand.

"Cause those things are supposed to cup your boobs. But I'm way too big for that to work now."

"I'd say." Dana said, eyes wide.

"Excuse me." Penelope said in a small voice. Amelia and her awkwardly shifted from side to side to let the other through.

"Maybe you could wear that dress with it." Dana suggested. "Just really obliterate the neckline."

"Sure," Amelia laughed.

After a fashion, Penelope returned from the dressing room. She wore a gray sweatshirt that just managed to cover her chest. Still, if someone were looking they could see her bra was clearly exposed to the floor beneath.

"Does it cover everything?" Penelope asked, worriedly checking herself.

"I mean, kinda." Dana said.

"You should branch out more." Amelia suggested. "You used to wear such cute stuff."

"That was before my tits exploded." Penelope said grimly.

"I mean, you were pretty big before." Dana said.

"Kinda." Penelope glanced down at her mountainous chest. "Maybe a little. But if I was like, regular person huge. Not like, crazy person huge." She was getting visibly upset.

Amelia grabbed a purple sweater from a stack of clothes she rejected.

"Why don't you try this one?" Amelia suggested.

"Really?" Penelope said skeptically. "It looks like I could have crawled through that neckline before."

"I may have stretched it out. Don't tell anyone."

Amelia took it, but still looked reluctant.

"I could help you modify anything you find so it's half decent." Amelia suggested.
"We look like we have pretty similar measurements."

Penelope paused. Then, she took the sweater.

"Ok, deal."

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Even with the renovations the Anderson girls found it difficult to get settled. The trolley (as Stacy liked to call it) helped her get around, but it also meant they had to clear the floor even more than they already had. The coffee table had been permanently removed from the living room and much of the furniture was either pushed against walls or left in the garage.

Before Max and his boys left Stacy had them move her daughter's stuff to the downstairs guest room. The young woman's girth was quickly making the upstairs inaccessible. Amelia protested this, but Stacy felt her decision was affirmed when her daughter suddenly swelled up several more cup sizes. She assumed Amelia had a stale cookie or two. Stacy made a mental note to scale back the amount of supplement she added to the recipe.

Stacy secretly worried that she had lost control of her little experiment. She herself had been off the "wonderdrug" for almost a month now and yet her size continued to increase. She didn't want to grow to begin with, let alone have tits that needed a steel cart for support. It only made it harder for her daughter to catch up with her. The extra wagon she ordered from Max was a precaution. She never wanted her little Millie to get this big.

Stacy rolled into the kitchen late that Sunday. The cart was exceptionally well oiled. The blonde felt like she glided more than pushed. She went without a bra, her girls now four feet wide and five feet long. They crested up from the cart somewhere near her sternum.

She was wearing an oversized periwinkle tee shirt. Her soup-can nipples tenting the garment more than she'd like. But since Stacy could no longer see her nipples this was easy to ignore.

She spotted her daughter at the kitchen table. Amelia was sewing what looked like a great white table cloth.

"Watch your wheels." Amelia said.

"Sorry." Stacy stopped.

It was difficult to see anything in a ten foot cone in front of her. Stacy carefully backed up before heading towards the kitchen at an angle.

"Whatcha doin'?" Stacy asked, pulling herself parallel to her daughter.

Amelia sat side saddle at a sewing machine.

"Well, I can't really find a lot of stuff our size so I'm fixing me and Penny's shirts." Amelia explained.

"She's still growing?"

"Yeah. This week especially."

"Crazy." Stacy would have wondered if her friends had found the supplement too. That is, if she hadn't heard about how miserable Penelope was.

Stacy continued to the kitchen. She remembered having a diet meal in the freezer. Sure enough it was the only thing there besides cookie dough. The wall of prebaked treats was so tightly packed that the upper level remained solid despite a brick being removed from the bottom.

"*Wait.*" Stacy couldn't have stacked it like that.

"Hey Amelia?" Stacy asked, trying to sound calm.

"Yeah mom?" Amelia didn't look up from her work.

"You eat many of these cookies here?"

"A few." She said, "but I gave most of them away to my chess club."

"What?" It was too abrupt to be read as a question. Their eyes met. "Those were supposed to be for me. For us." Stacy panicked, tripping over her words in an attempt to stay calm.

"I don't know what the big deal is." Amelia furrowed her brow. "We have more than enough."

"It's not a big deal." Stacy quickly added. "I just wish you would have asked me, that's all."

Amelia's green eyes seemed to stare through her mother.

"Why? Were you making them for something?"

Stacy had to give an answer. But whatever she did she decided not to acknowledge the elephant sized assets in front of her.

"No." She began. "I was stressed. Lost track of how much I made."

"What's up?" Amelia continued to probe. Stacy reached for only other problem she could think of.

"It's this guy at my gym." Admitted Stacy, each word dragged out from her slowly.

"What, like, a guy you're interested in?"

She nodded.

Amelia relaxed. The confession seemed to satisfy her.

"Yeah. Guys suck." Amelia turned away.

Now Stacy's interest was peaked.

"You too?" She asked.

"Yeah." Amelia sighed, back still turned.

Stacy floated towards her.

"Did he do something?" Stacy asked.

The teenager's shoulders tensed.

"No. I did something to him."

They stood there together for a moment before she continued.

"I'm really into him, and I think he feels the same way, but every time I try to say something I get all nervous and push him away."

"That sounds hard," Stacy wanted to say something more motherly but that was all that came to mind. "Could you apologize?"

Amelia shrugged.

"I dunno. Maybe. I ended up saying some really mean stuff about his cousin."

"Why?"

Amelia glared up at Stacy. The word came out more abruptly than Stacy intended.

"Because I misunderstood something she said. Because Dana told me she was into him back before we knew they were related. Because I was trying to be vulnerable and lashed out. Take your pick." She spat the last words at her sewing machine.

Stacy considered them for a moment.

"And he's close to this girl?" She asked.

"Like family," Amelia corrected. "But, yeah."

"Then you should try to make up with her first. Then when he knows you tried to smooth things over you try explaining that to him." Stacy said. "That way whatever happens you feel better about it."

Amelia paused. Her scowl morphed into something else as she looked back towards Stacy.

"Thanks Mom."

"No problem." Stacy smiled.

"Now what's up with that guy at your gym?"

Stacy's eyes widened. Amelia didn't look like she was about to drop this either.

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Of the three new shower heads, the outer two had been a nuisance for Amelia. But while they once only teased the sides of her teats they now seemed to spray closer to the center of them. Her mom was right: Amelia had "grown into" the new shower.

The tear drop shapes that she had once been so proud of had mutated into something stranger. Amelia awoke to tits four feet and two inches in diameter that morning and her body could only do so much. Her bust was a great, heaving mass; oblong but leaning towards a mostly spherical shape for the time being. Her pale nipples still pointed upward, but the sheer mass that lay behind them meant that they crested further down her front by the day. Each looked to be only the size of a shot glass; disproportionate on most women but still somehow small on her massive breasts.

Breasts that were so large it was becoming easier to think of each as their own entities. Most of Amelia's time in the shower was dedicated to washing her twins (as she had taken to calling them.) She had found it easiest to lean forward slightly; chest resting on the floor, warm water pooling around the undersides.

Amelia squeezed another spattering of body wash on her cloth. She leaned forward, shifting her weight so her torso lay across her right tit, lest she slip into her cleavage. Washcloth in an outstretched arm she just managed to touch her right nipple.

A jolt.

Amelia sighed.

She leaned further. She managed to wrap the cloth around her teat. The rag was rough from years of use, yet the soap made it slick enough to slide across her skin.

Up and down.

Amelia's foot slid. She clawed at her left tit – half for support and half for something more primal. She gripped harder on her nipple. Black nails digging into ghostly flesh. Her eyes shut, focusing on the rain and the motion of her hand. She kneaded at the opposite tit, slowly slipping down to her waist. She was laying atop her mass now, feet sliding against foggy glass. Her breathing became jagged. Both hands falling into a rough rhythm at opposite ends of her body. Her enormous nipple mutated her mind's eye, the jerking motion kneading it into a swollen cock.

Her knees buckled, back arched.

She gasped, and then finished.

Cold water eventually coaxed her from the shower. She had school in an hour. She needed to leave soon. But Amelia was still in a haze. She was disgusted that she might be late because of this – that she got so much pleasure from her bloated body. Her nipples were so engorged that she could imagine them as a man's penis. But not some faceless man, it was Garrett she pictured.

Even if she couldn't yet admit why she had been taking birth control Amelia could see it was, at least partially, for him. He was one of the few people who didn't flinch at

her ever-swelling boobs. Even if she did feel him stare from across the room. If she was honest she would say his stare excited her.

Amelia felt a sudden chill. Her twins were sliding across the floor in front of her. Did she really want to keep growing? She swallowed her daily vitamin with a grimace. Amelia had read that it contained collagen, so at the very least it would keep her twins from swinging any lower. Using her whole wingspan she grasped either end of her bra. Then she swung it over her tits like a net. After several minutes of adjusting it was clear that she had overwhelmed another bra.

Amelia didn't have time for this. She looked around for some way to cram herself in until the end of the day. Under the sink she found a case of lotion bottles. Amelia shuddered, remembering it as the kind she caught her mom using while naked in the living room.

At first, the hidden stockpile didn't surprise her. Her mom had a lot of ground to cover so to speak. But as Amelia slathered it on herself something caught her eye. There was a busty woman on the bottle. And not "normal person" busty as Penelope called it. The kind of busty her mom had been before her sudden growth spurt. She read the back.

"This revolutionary formula revitalizes supple skin and strengthens support ligaments in addition to encouraging new mammary development."

Amelia's jaw dropped.

Suddenly things started to fall into place. The way her mom looked at her. How she micromanaged her bras and prodded her about her growth. She couldn't handle her daughter upstaging her by even a little. She had to be the biggest by far. Just like Brittney and Dana, her mom was jealous! After years of inserting herself into every little interaction, she couldn't let Amelia have this little bit of attention?

Amelia grit her teeth. She rubbed another handful of lotion onto the sides of her breasts. She continued to get dressed without her bra. Amelia may have run out of birth control, but she knew for sure that she would outgrow the garment even more today.