

Mother Knows Best part 2

[BE, Implied AE]

It was Thursday. Speed chess day. The old auditorium was filled with the sound of scraping pieces and the clack of chess clocks. Dana and Amelia were locked in a game. Two minutes left. Dana was playing with unusual aggression, Amelia struggled to keep up. But then, she saw it. In her haste Dana had left a small opening. Bishop takes rook, pawn takes bishop. Amelia pushed forward with her queen.

"Check," Amelia announced.

Dana's eyes widened. One minute left. Her knight moves to block. Amelia moved her bishop to the other side.

"Check." Her excitement was growing.

Dana paused. She moved her king. That was it. The game. Amelia moved to mate.

There was a clattering of pieces. Amelia looked down. In her excitement she leaned too far forward, her bust sweeping her own side of the board clean.

"Guess that's a draw." Dana said with a smile.

"Bullshit." Amelia protested. "I had you."

"Sorry Amy," Penelope approached the table. "Rules are you forfeit."

Amelia sat back down. She felt the table's edge scrape her under-bust. She grit her teeth, both out of frustration and surprise at the unfamiliar sensation. She glanced down at her sweater puppies. She was already knocking stuff over, any bigger and she may end up with a table resting rack like her mom.

"You'll get her next time," encouraged Penelope.

"Yeah, maybe you two can talk tips about playing with a handicap." Dana said with a smirk.

"Come on, we're not that big." Penelope looked uncomfortable. "We're just clumsy..."

Amelia thought that was one way to put it. If Amelia's bust was approaching head size, Penelope had overshot it. Her basketball sized endowments covered most of her torso, sticking out obscenely from her chest. Amelia wondered if she could even close the jacket that hung limply off her shoulders.

"What's the matter Dana, upset you're now the smallest?" Amelia asked.

Dana turned red.

"As if." She said, less confident than a moment ago.

"What are you guys talking about?" A male voice asked.

"Nothing!" Penelope said quickly.

Amelia turned around. It was Garrett, a tall, lanky boy from the drama department next door. He flashed an easy smile at Amelia. Suddenly she too was feeling less confident.

"Just finished a speed game." Amelia said flatly.

"Looks like it got pretty intense." he said, gesturing to the pieces scattered along the stage.

"Yeah we play pretty rough." Dana said with a sly grin.

"Dana. Stop." Penelope groaned.

Dana just laughed.

"You need something?" Amelia asked. It was more curt than she intended.

Garret's smile faltered slightly.

"We were just wondering how much longer you guys were gonna play for." He shrugged. "We were thinking of doing some sound tests."

"I'm sure we could eat our snacks outside." Penelope suggested.

"Snacks?" Amelia asked. Her blood ran cold.

"Yeah isn't it your mom's week to bring some?" Dana asked.

Amelia turned just in time to see her mom enter the room. Or, rather, her tits. Deep down Amelia knew her mom wasn't trying to make her boobs the center of everything. Once they hit a certain size she couldn't help it. It was like gravity. That didn't stop Amelia from hating her mother's presence.

Stacy's breasts entered the room seconds before she did. Each hung down to her waist. Big fleshy beach balls that shivered and quaked with every step she took. She had to hold a bulk box of chips nearly at shoulder height because of how much room they took up.

All games stopped.

"Hi Ms. Stacy!" Penelope called out, seemingly oblivious.

"Hey girls!" Stacy peeked out from behind the box. "Don't mind me, just dropping off this week's snacks." She glanced over Amelia's head. "Who are you folks?"

Amelia turned around. Garrett was now joined by seemingly the entire drama club. All of them were stunned into silence by her mother's presence.

"They're the drama club. Said they need to use the space soon." Dana explained.

"Well I'm sorry that I didn't bring enough to share." Stacy smiled.

"It's ok Miss." Garrett said, his voice dry. "We understand."

"Aw, you're too sweet." Stacy grinned wider.

Amelia shot a glare that only her mother could see.

"I'm sorry I can't stay long." Stacy said quickly. "Just came to drop these off. See you next month!"

The two clubs formed a chorus of "byes." Though, no one really moved until Stacy left.

= = =

Stacy was a little surprised to see such a warm reception for her at the chess club. She would have stayed for longer but it seemed like her increasingly top heavy figure was making Amelia uncomfortable. She suspected it had something to do with the way that boy in front stared. To Stacy, there was a difference between knowing she was big and really understanding it. The friends she met weekly for coffee definitely helped skew this self perception.

There was Brooke, a fairly new mother and youngest member of the trio. She was a short black woman in her late 30s. Brooke was mostly flat but was pear shaped to an extreme degree. Her hips far exceeded her shoulders in width and she had a rear shelf that seemed to add several inches to her height when she sat down. And despite putting on some baby weight Brooke prided herself on having thighs that were twice the circumference of her waist.

Then there was Janet. When the three met she was curvier than most women. But not curvier than freaks of nature like Stacy or Brooke. Stacy often wondered if it was meeting them, or meeting her rich second husband that prompted Janet to get her first surgery. After all, G cups were plenty big for most men. Whichever it was, it was clear that Janet was hooked. A tattooed strawberry blonde, she seemed to delight in the fact she looked fake – having an ass that rivaled the Kardashians (but still not Brooke.) Her saline implants that had recently filled to the size of basketballs. Completing the look were an incredibly full set of lips, however Janet always claimed those at least were completely natural.

Even though they talked about a lot of other things, it was little wonder that boobs came up as often as they did.

"Babe, can you get your tits off the table?" Janet asked Stacy.

"Geez you sound like my daughter." Stacy laughed.

"Your daughter calls them tits?" Brooke asked in a tone of amused surprise.

"No, just like, complaining about where I rest the girls." Stacy said.

She scooted backwards. As she did the table shifted. Brooke picked up her frappuccino to keep it from spilling.

"It's a wonder you could even see over those." Brooke said.

Stacy laughed, scooting back in her chair. She stopped when it hit the wall behind her. A full foot-and-a-half away and her great feminine mounds still grazed the table. Now overflowing her lap, they deformed against the arms of her chair and swelled up to meet her collarbone. While Janet had been catching up with her for a while, Stacy had always been the biggest. The margin for how big though had expanded greatly in the last two months.

"What have you been eating lately?" Janet asked. "You and Amelia have been growing like weeds."

"It's not that birth control you were on is it?" Brooke asked.

"No, it's this diet supplement we've been trying." Stacy paused. "Well, that I've had us on."

Janet and Brooke raised an eyebrow. Stacy sighed. She supposed it would come out eventually.

"You know how self conscious Amelia can get." Stacy began cautiously.

"Yeah." said Janet slowly, clearly skeptical of where this was going.

"Wasn't there that nasty rumor she was adopted?" Brooke asked.

"Yeah that was in middle school." Stacy said. "She's been pretty concerned about her body lately. Maybe having someone as 'blessed' as me for a mom screwed her up somehow."

"So you doubled down and blessed yourself more?" Brooke asked, still confused.

"Well that's the problem," Stacy sighed. "I've been making these smoothies for breakfast and she started getting suspicious why she was the only one having any, or why I made mine separate. And she's really been opening up since we started having breakfast together. So I started having them too."

"Could you share the recipe?" Janet asked, pulling out her phone.

Brooke snickered while Stacy just rolled her eyes.

"Well why don't you keep having breakfast and just cut whatever wonder drug you've been adding." Brooke suggested.

"I would but my girls are making her more awkward around me. And now that I know she likes it so much...." Stacy trailed off.

"Wait," Janet lowered her shades. "How do you know that?"

Stacy began to blush.

"You didn't." Brooke said.

Stacy anxiously nodded.

"Girl."

Stacy reached an arm into her cleavage. Recently she'd stopped wearing purses altogether. She always found them a pain. Besides, her bras themselves now had more fabric than most tote bags. After digging around for a moment she pulled out a small leather-bound diary.

"You brought it with you?!" Janet cried out.

Brooke and Stacy shushed her.

"I'm sorry! I know I said I was gonna stop." Stacy pleaded. "She just stopped talking to me after I went to her chess club and I needed to know what I did. We've been making so much progress!"

"Well I assume you read it already." Brooke said disapprovingly.

Stacy gave a guilty nod.

"What did it say?" Janet asked, her curiosity besting her distaste.

"That she's happy about all of it; finally growing boobs, our little breakfasts. But she's mad that I'm growing too. Worse, she thinks I'm intimidating her classmates."

"Of course you are." Brooke scoffed. "You have tits the size of Texas."

"The worst part was the way I made this Garrett boy look at me." Stacy continued.

"Oh no." Janet frowned.

"Yeah."

"At least this means you still got it." Janet's tone implied she at least, on some level, thought this would help. But a smack on the arm from Brooke told her otherwise.

"So if we stop now I'm going to be right back where I started two months ago. And all I'd have to show for it are a pair of monster jugs. I've been putting it in these cookies for her to help boost her dose but I seem to be, like, the one-in-a million that's super susceptible to it. I just don't know what else to do." Stacy became increasingly exasperated as she explained this.

The women sat there for a moment. Brooke slowly shook her head.

"There might be something else you can give her." Janet once again pulled out her phone.

"What? What is it?" Stacy asked.

"It's this vitamin my doctor suggested. It's supposed to boost recovery time after surgeries, but I take it all the time because it helps me get bigger."

"I thought that's what the surgeries were for," Brooke asked.

"They are, but if my boobies grow too then it makes them softer and like, gives my implants more room for next time." Janet continued. "Look, my doc could explain it better. The point is if they can make me grow after getting all this work done then imagine what it could do for someone natural like you two. I'd totally just use this if me and James didn't like the plastic look so much."

Janet placed her phone on top of Stacy's right breast. On screen was a picture of the pill bottle. Stacy picked it up while she dug in her cleavage for her own phone.

"Best part is it helps keep your skin clear so you could tell Amy that it's an ance thing and totally not be lying."

"What are you doing?" Brooke asked.

"What?" Stacy stopped, halfway through taking a photo of the picture on Janet's phone. Brooke snatched it away.

"Just text it to her." Brooke did just that. "What are we barbarians?"

= = =

The ways Stacy tried to be "helpful" often seemed backhanded to Amelia. Fussing over hair or clothes made her style seem lame. The new fascination in her growth felt similar. Stacy would often bring up how her daughter's bras looked or how tight her clothes were.

Now, after a week of not talking, her mom gets her this acne pill? It felt like she was trying to make her feel bad. Maybe it was midterm stress, or how much her body was changing, but she did have a pretty annoying zit she had been using concealer on. So in spite of herself Amelia started taking the vitamins with her morning smoothie.

The micromanaging over how often she went bra shopping made Amelia feel inadequate somehow, like she was falling behind some secret schedule her mom had for her. Amelia figured it might be her own insecurity. To her, it certainly seemed like she was falling behind. Between her mom's insane cup sizes and how she was always a few steps behind Penelope, it felt like Amelia was running in place.

Never mind the fact she'd been wearing tight clothes on purpose. Something to reassure her that she actually was growing, make her feel a bit sexy. Her sweaters hugged her body more. Her skirts were now a little shorter. She even started wearing a

choker at school. It was something that didn't go unnoticed by her friends and classmates.

"Where'd you get the necklace?" Penelope asked while in line for lunch.

"Oh my choker?" Amelia asked. "At the mall."

"I thought the mall shut down."

"Yeah I kinda did too."

Penelope let out a small shriek and stumbled forward. Amelia's waist was swallowed up into her friend's cleavage. Penny's enormous breasts pushed her arms upward as Amelia tried to stay upright.

"Watch it!" Amelia called back.

"Sorry!" Penelope apologized in a high voice.

"Not you." She glared back at the boys laughing behind them.

"Not our fault." One of them sneered.

"Yeah, ever heard of cow tipping?" laughed the other.

"Get bent." Amelia spat back.

"Hey, cool it." The lunch monitor called from the front of the line.

The two boys passed Amy and Penny.

"What are they feeding those chess girls?" One of them snickered as they passed. Amelia flipped them off.

"You ok?" She looked back at her friend.

"Yeah," said Penelope.

It was hard to remember just how much more space the two of them took up. Amelia's breasts had finally reached the size of her head. They were each so wide that they prevented her from comfortably holding her lunch tray in front of her, her mammarys blocking how far her elbows could bend. For Penelope the problem was even more pronounced. In gym that morning people realized that her teats now dwarfed basketballs in size. The frizzy haired girl somehow oblivious to their hypnotic dribbling as she ran across the court. Between the two of them the girls took up the space of over three people in the lunch line.

"Didn't you used to have a cute little necklace?" Amelia asked, trying to change the subject.

"I still do." Penelope said with a nod and a grin. She sat down her tray and reached down her shirt, revealing a small star of David charm on the end of a silver necklace. "It just kinda likes to hide these days."

"Yeah I can tell."

The pair found seats at the end of a table. This was becoming less of a preference and more of a necessity. End seats meant they could angle themselves parallel to the table without having to awkwardly straddle the cafeteria's benches. It was a slightly uncomfortable way to eat, but the two didn't complain.

"Geez you could put an eye out with those things." Said a familiar voice.

Amelia looked up from her food to see Dana approaching the lunch room.

"You guys just kinda give up on bras?" She asked, sitting beside Penelope.

"Actually our place does these really cool custom made ones." Penelope began.

"They just take a while to—"

"Sorry I asked."

"Don't you have class?" Amelia asked. She wasn't in the mood for Dana's ribbing right now.

"Yeah, but I got lost." Dana flourished a large bathroom pass. "Anyway I needed to tell you something."

"What?"

"You know that Garret guy?"

Amelia paused.

"Think so." She said, trying to stay dispassionate.

"Bullshit." Dana smirked. "You know who I mean."

"Yeah she does," Penelope grinned.

"Shut up." Amelia said, her face turning red.

"Anyway, I have bad news." Dana was suddenly serious.

"Oh no." Penny covered her mouth with her sleeve.

"You know that Brittney chick?"

"That cheerleader who got a boob job for her 18th birthday?" Amelia asked.

"Yep."

"What about her?" Amelia was losing the fight to seem disinterested.

"She and Garrett were getting pretty friendly in chemistry." Dana said.

"No." Penelope gasped.

"Yeah." Dana said. "Holding hands and stuff."

"What?" Amelia said, visibly shocked.

"Well, kinda. It was hard to see. But they were definitely laughing and she was really showing off her birthday presents." her voice slowed to emphasize the euphemism. "Either way you're fucked."

"They could be lab partners or something." Penelope suggested.

"Ones that exchange numbers?" Dana asked incredulously.

"You're supposed to do that," Amelia scoffed.

"Since when?"

"Since forever. You know how much homework is in that class?"

"I dunno. I don't do it." Dana shrugged.

"That's pretty bad Dana." Penelope said, concerned.

"Whatever." Dana stood up. "Just thought you should know."

"Is that a hall pass young lady?" Asked the approaching lunch monitor.

"I'm leaving." Dana said, waving it over her head as she left.

"Don't listen to her," Penelope whispered. "You know how Dana likes to blow things out of proportion."

Amelia probably shouldn't have. Maybe it was because she just caught Garrett ogling at her mom, but something about this piece of gossip stuck in her head. By this point Amelia was almost twice as busy as Brittney. But she didn't think she was prettier than her. Brittney was the queen of the school. There was some X factor that made her untouchable to the rest of the senior class. Not even rumors of a boob job could topple her. Amelia just didn't think she could compete with that.

Besides, how much longer was she going to grow for? If her mom's awkward stories about growing up were anything to go by she only had a couple more weeks before she settled at whatever size she was forever. Or at least until she got pregnant or randomly blew up in her mid forties like her mom had done. If she couldn't catch Garrett's attention now how could she?

Amelia decided she couldn't just beat Brittney. She had to destroy her. She remembered her mom complaining about this birth control that supposedly caused her to blow up a cup size after a couple days. Amelia found an old box of the stuff in the back of the medicine cabinet. She had read online that some doctors prescribed it for period cramps or something so if she was caught she had an excuse to give her mom. Either way she figured it was worth a shot.