

# Mother Knows Best part 3

*[Hyper BE, AE]*

---

Amelia had noticed a surge in club membership in the last couple weeks. A couple anxious new members of the women's chess team. Four nerdy guys had to be turned away from the math-letes since the season was half over. The teacher leading the school yearbook committee gladly accepted five new members. Amelia was already stretched thin by her senior year so she thankfully received special permission to drop that class early (much to her admirer's chagrin.) Now Amelia was staring down seven new members of the school's photography club.

Most of the photography club had graduated the previous year, leaving just Dana, Penelope, and Amelia behind. All the new members meant they now had to actually do things now instead of just hanging out – something that started them on a bad foot with Dana. They made last minute plans to go to meet at Penelope's house. She had a small park not too far away for them to take pictures in and a living room with a big TV to view the results.

Still, with ten people it was a bit uncomfortable. The three girls shared the couch; partially because of seniority and partially because Penny and Amy needed it. In the two weeks since starting birth control Amelia had finally caught up with Penelope. Each had breasts that rivaled beach balls in size. Their busts just managed to both fit on the couch together, squashed between the arm rests and fighting for space in the middle. Penelope had to balance her laptop somewhere on her lap-smothering bosom since she could no longer reach the coffee table. Dana meanwhile was trapped in the middle seat, both girls' racks overflowing onto her lap. Amelia was just trying to ignore the stares.

"I like your use of color in this one." Penelope said, gesturing to a picture of a swing set on her tv.

Most of the new members didn't have cameras. Amelia probably could have excused this if half of them didn't slather gaudy instagram filters over all of their work. Dana had suggested they share cameras but they only seemed interested in sharing with Penny or Amy – something that Penelope didn't seem to mind but Amelia very much did.

"Ooh, this one is pretty surreal." Penny continued. "How did you get that hazy glow along the edge there?"

"That's my finger over the lens." An embarrassed boy said.

Amelia, Dana, and Penelope tilted their heads and squinted.

"Oh, I can see it now. But imagine what you could do if that was on purpose?"

She was trying to be encouraging, but a couple new members just began to chuckle. Dana shot them a look that made them stop.

"Ok who's next?" Penelope asked.

"Think that's me." Amelia said.

Penelope unplugged the boy's phone and traded it with Amelia's camera. Amelia had to jimmy herself free from the couch, nearly face planting in the process. Her breasts extended almost a foot-and-a-half in front of her and severely threw off her center of balance. They rested just past her waist and impeded her arms from steadying herself. Amelia had to start wearing swooping necklines or else people might mistake her boobs for an unfortunate muffin top. Her assets jiggled and quaked against her bra to an almost comical degree as she stopped beside the TV.

"I got these new ND filters for my birthday and I wanted to play with them." She began. "So I went down by the creek and got these images of the water. They really helped me give the rapids an ethereal blur."

Amelia was hyper aware of how she looked, how she moved because it was clear everyone else was. It was different from the presentations she gave a few months ago. Men mostly ignored her then. Now the club seemed to hang off every word.

She hated it.

"I love the way the water looks." One of the boys said.

*"I just said that."* Amelia thought to herself.

"You ever hear of Van Gogh?" Another boy asked, his eyes not leaving her cleavage for a moment.

"The painter?" Amelia barely hid her disdain for the question.

"Yeah. Your stuff reminds me a lot of him. Like, with the water."

"Just don't go and cut off your ear." A third boy interjected before giving a laugh at his own joke.

"I won't." Amelia said curtly. "Next slide Penny."

The lights in the living room turned on.

"You almost done Ellie?" Asked a bushy haired girl by the lightswitch.

"Just about." Penelope said, looking over her shoulder.

"Cause Mom said we get to watch our show at 6."

"We're almost done," she assured her sister.

"It's fine." Amelia said.

"I wanted to see the rest." One of the boys protested.

She rolled her eyes.

"Sure you did."

"Well they looked really nice Amy." Penelope grinned. She leaned forward to unplug the camera. The TV started to flash through all of Amelia's photos. "Oops."

Penelope leaned back. Her laptop keyboard had managed to slide between her tits. It took her a moment to fish it out.

"Anyway I'm sure Amelia will post the highlights on her insta." Dana suggested.

"And what's that?" One of the boys asked.

"AmyAndy95" Penelope said.

"No it's fine." Amelia said. Before she could protest all seven new members had their phones out and were typing.

"I love your work Amy!" A scrawny freshman said.

"Don't call me that." She grunted.

"Sorry."

Amelia felt like she was still performing. Her small conversation with Dana followed closely by her classmates despite the two ignoring their interjections. Penelope, polite as ever, did little to encourage anyone to leave. So Amelia just started walking. Dana followed, then soon after so did everyone else. It was a gesture appreciated by the pair of Penny's sisters waiting outside the room.

When she was a safe distance away Amelia snuck off to the upstairs bathroom to hide for a moment. She noticed fifteen more followers to her instagram page, several of them liking a swimsuit picture from that summer. Amelia wasn't sure why. It was an ugly pink one-piece that her mom had picked out. More importantly, she was as flat as a board. She wondered if they were trying to earn brownie points. Or if maybe some of them genuinely liked her better before.

There was a knock.

"Occupied." Amelia groaned.

"They're gone." Said a familiar voice.

Amelia opened the door. On the other side was a tall, wire-thin woman around her mom's age. It was Penelope's mom, Maeve.

"I mostly shooed them off."

"Thanks." Amelia tried squeezing past her.

"Oof." Maeve squeaked. Amelia watched in horror as her chest pressed her friend's mom into the wall of the narrow hallway

"Oh my god." Amelia exclaimed.

"Careful." She said with a good natured laugh. Maeve shimmied out from behind her breasts.

"I'm so, so sorry Ms. Mae." Amelia backed into the bathroom. The sides of her bust scraped gently against either side of the doorway.

"It's fine." Mae said. "Had my share of scrapes with Penny too lately. Might need to move her room downstairs soon."

Amelia turned and left. She heard the bathroom door close behind her.

"*Stupid!*" she cursed her own clumsiness.

She met Penelope on the stairs.

"What happened?" Penelope asked. "Some creep follow you up here?"

"No, your mom just scared me," which was half true.

"Oh, good." Penelope sighed.

Penelope's house had pretty wide stairs. But Amelia was now realizing the two could no longer walk side-by-side. So Amelia followed behind her. She saw two more of Penny's sisters baking in the kitchen. Besides having the signature curly hair, all four of them took after Mae: tall and thin. Besides being the shortest Penelope was the only one who happened to be, as Stacy put it, "blessed."

"Did you have any trouble with the doorway?" Penelope asked. Amelia looked confused. "To the bathroom. It's pretty narrow."

"Oh. Not yet." Amelia was a bit surprised by her answer. Guess being wider than doorways was just something she was planning for. Like college.

The pair sat in the entryway to put on their shoes.

"Yeah, if we keep growing we'll probably have to watch out for it. My sisters like to joke that I stole all the boobs for myself. But my doctor just calls it macromastia."

Penelope paused. "That sounded funnier in my head."

"Ha. Ha ha." Amelia croaked in her driest, most deadpan voice possible.

Penelope stuck out her tongue.

"You missed it." Dana said, strolling through the front door. "That senior kid asked for my number."

"He was cute." Penelope said.

"You give it to him?" Amelia asked with a crooked smile.

"Fuck naw." Dana said with a smirk. She looked down at Penelope. "Why are you putting on your shoes? You live here."

"To say bye to you," she responded.

"Well byeeee." Dana crooned, shutting the front door behind her. After a moment it reopened a crack. "Hey Amy, can you give me a ride?" Dana whispered from the other side.

"Sure." Amelia laughed.

= = =

Stacy had never been too interested in going to the gym. But when her knockers began to jiggle against her thighs it was clear she had to kick her weight-loss plans into high gear. After all, what was the point of having a toned, hourglass waist at 45 if no one could see it? So for the past few weeks Stacy had been joining Brooke at her gym.

It was a rough start.

For starters Brooke had to completely throw out their initial workout plan. She had wanted Stacy to ease into weight lifting by starting the first few weeks on machines. But at this point the blonde's boobs were quickly closing in on yoga-ball-sized. Even larger than the lap filling rack that she saw at the cafe two weeks ago, her friend's bust now seemed to exceed her lap by almost a foot in all directions. Instead of Stacy's shapely thighs providing a resting place they were now in danger of being sucked into her cleavage.

Granted, Brooke's physique presented its own set of challenges. Her ass was wide enough to get stuck in half of the seated machines. But Brooke was determined to help. If she had found the machines that worked for her she was going to do the same for her friend. After an hour they narrowed things down to a few of the shoulder machines as well as an incline chest press that put the "press" part of the exercise safely above her girls (for now.)

There was also the standing kickback machine that turned out to be a shared favorite of the two. Although, Stacy had to hoist her girls to hang over the armrest, sandwiching the cold metal machine between her chest and her breasts. Her erect, shot glass sized nipples chafed against her overwhelmed sports bra, causing the two to call it quits until next time.

Eventually Brooke gave up the ghost and just had them do some free-weight exercises. This was fine with Stacy.

"I got this totally cute pink weight set at home." Stacy's delicate hands grasped a pair of 25 lbs dumbbells.

"And how heavy are those?" Brooke gave a concerned glance at the hefty starting weight.

"Well they go from thirty to fifty, but I wanted to warm up first." Stacy said nonchalantly.

Brooke's eyes widened.

"When you said you had some 'pink dumbbells' I was thinking fives or tens."

"I know," Stacy sighed. "I've wanted to go bigger but they stop coming in cute colors. Closest I've found is some 45 pound plates in red, which is ok."

So, to Brooke's surprise, Stacy matched her pretty well set for set.

With how much Stacy was eating and lifting it probably shouldn't have been surprising that the towering blonde saw results so quickly. After just two weeks Stacy's ass had grown considerably. Her round butt had ballooned into a pair of basketball-sized ass cheeks. This bugged Stacy since it made her workout leotards look more like a thong.

"I'm shocked you've found ones that still fit you." Brooke said.

Stacy stood by the changing room mirror, trying to fix her sizable wedgie.

"It's been a pain." Stacy frowned. "Between my tits and my ass I'm having to buy them custom. But it seems like lycra can only cover so much."

"Are you hearing yourself?"

"I know, I know. First world problems."

"Like, Stacy-world problems." Brooke said with a laugh.

"You're selling yourself short." Stacy turned to face Brooke. "You've been growing too girl."

Maybe it was the recent competition, or maybe it was her frappuccino habit taking its toll, but Brooke too had begun to balloon. If Stacy's booty resembled basketballs Brooke's had outsized beachballs. Her enormous thighs had begun to cause an involuntary sashay with each step, each wobbling dangerously against each other. Stacy had also noticed Brooke finally wearing a sports bra to the gym, hinting at weight finally making its way to her friend's chest.

"Yeah, any bigger and I'm gonna need to upgrade my home shower." Brooke said, rolling her eyes.

"That reminds me," Stacy's eyebrows quickly raised. "I need to find a contractor for that." She began to shimmy her shoulders out of her leotard.

"My husband is pretty handy."

Brooke paused.

"Stop." Brooke shot back. "You know what I mean."

Stacy grinned.

"Oh I know what you mean." The two began to laugh.

There was a deafening tear followed by a snap of elastic. A quivering tsunami of tit flesh burst into the changing room. Stacy squealed, her back arched forward, downward. And yet, she stayed standing. This probably had something to do with the fact that her boobs were now laying jiggling on the floor. Granted she had to bend nearly 90 degrees at the waist to achieve this position, but this was cold comfort to Stacy.

"Oh. My. God." Stacy breathed.

"Girl." Brooke shook her head. "You need a hand?"

"No, I'm good." Stacy braced her lower back as she hefted herself back to standing. "All those 'good mornings' you had me do are paying off."

Unsupported, her "girls" swung down past her knees. Despite how supple she was, gravity still pulled her teats into something closer to torpedos. Each one was capped with puffy dinner plate areolas that jutted out several inches from the rest of her breasts. Sizable shot glass nipples pointed slightly towards the tile floor.

"Lucky that was just your sports bra." Brooke said.

"Three of my sports bras." Stacy sighed. "When are you girls gonna stop?"

"This still from those smoothies a couple weeks ago?" Brooke asked.

"What?" Stacy was confused. "I had one this morning."

Brooke put her hands on her prodigious hips and stared, aghast.

"Why are you still drinking those?"

"They're for my daughter." Stacy said defensively.

"But Amelia is having those cookies."

"Yeah."

"And the vitamins."

"Right."

"So why not just stop adding the stuff to the smoothies and let her catch up?"

Stacy paused, wheels grinding behind her eyes. Then she let out a groan.

"Stupid!" She yelled, smacking herself on the head.

"And here I thought you wanted to get bigger." Brooke said with a dry laugh.

"Why would I? I'm already as big as a whale!" Stacy exclaimed. "I came here to like, work some of this off."

"Well I think it's gonna be a minute before that happens." She passed Stacy and went towards the bathroom stalls.

Stacy sat on a nearby bench. It creaked ominously. Stacy groaned right back, standing up. She didn't need to break anything else today.

"Shit." Brooke said from the next room.

"What?" Stacy asked.

"It's official. I'm too big for anything but the handicap stall."

"Welcome to the club."

There was a low squeaking noise, like rubber rubbing against plastic. Then the sound of metal snapping.

"Shit!" Brooke cursed again.

"You stuck?" Stacy asked.

"Not anymore." She paused for a moment before saying: "stay over there. Don't tell anyone."

"Whose there to tell?" Stacy laughed.

She hadn't realized it until now, but the women's changing room always seemed to empty out whenever the curvy pair entered.

Stacy heard her phone chime. She spied it in the middle of the tile floor. It too must have burst free from her bra. She bent over her mountainous mams to get it. There was a text from Janet. The group had missed the last few coffee dates due to the new gym routine and Janet undergoing another surgery.

Janet: "wanna hang"

Stacy: "Aren't you supposed to be resting?" She had just managed to peel her tights over her rump when she got a response.

Janet: "wat r u my mom? 😏"

Janet: "Dat waz last week + dis new lotion helps alot."

Stacy: "Lotion?"

Janet: "Ya itz dis new collagen stuff. Doc reccd it 4 sretch maks."

Besides being surprised Janet managed to spell "collagen" right, her thoughts once again returned to her breasts. They now hid all but her shins from the view of the floor length mirror. All this mass hanging from her slim, trim chest. She didn't look it, but Stacy was getting older. Part of why she was so worried about getting bigger was the idea of wrinkles, tempting fate with stretch marks.

Stacy: "Could you send it to me?"

Janet: "4S BABE!" Janet passed her a picture of an amazon page.

After a bit of trial and error Stacy realized she couldn't just click on the picture to order some. She reluctantly started typing the name into her search bar. There was a store with the stuff nearby.

"You almost done?" Brooke asked, apparently free from the bathroom stall.



"Yeah give me a sec." Stacy finished getting dressed.

The pair left the dressing room to find a small crowd of women gathered outside.

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

Stacy wished they didn't wait. But she also had to admit she liked the attention. All those fit young women staring her up and down. Once she got to a certain size Stacy realized it wasn't just men or gay women undressing her with their eyes. Everyone seemed to want to try to figure out her impossible body.

Stacy had been divorced for some time now, but she had been so busy with raising Amelia that she didn't really have time to think of herself as a sexual being. Something about all this attention was reminding her what it was like. If Amelia was about to graduate and move out maybe she should start thinking about putting herself out there.

"Enjoy your workout." A male voice said as she left.

"Thanks but I already did." Stacy flashed a smile at the man behind the counter.

He was muscular and a fair bit younger than her. Probably late 20s if Stacy had to guess. He was a lot shorter than her. But that wasn't unusual since Stacy was a towering six-foot-three. What was unusual was that he was shorter than her five foot five friend Brooke. But something about this interested her. The way he blushed when she corrected him intrigued Stacy even more.

"Uh, sorry," he grunted. "I mean, see you around."

She gave a girlish giggle and left the gym. It was good to feel appreciated.

= = =

Amelia unlocked the front door of her house.

"Mom, I'm home." She called up the stairs.

"Hi honey, don't go in the living room." Her mom said, much closer than Amelia anticipated.

Amelia looked through the living room doorway to her left.

"Jesus, Mom." Amelia covered her eyes.

Her mother's udders were splayed across the living room floor. Their smooth, slightly tanned expanses were broken up only occasionally by large blue veins. Stacy was hunched over her huge hemispheres with a rubber spatula, seemingly trying to reach the end of one of her teats. A huge pair of mom-jeans stretched over her shoulder-width hips. Stacy looked over her shoulder at her daughter, eyes wide.

"I said don't come in!" She squealed defensively.

"What are you even doing?" Amelia asked, glaring up at the ceiling.

"Putting on lotion. It's been pretty hard to reach the front of my girls lately."

"Know what that's like." Amelia muttered.

She turned to continue down the hall only to see herself blocked in by the coffee table. Amelia assumed it was moved to make room for Stacy's "girls."

"Mom?" she paused at the tiny barricade.

"Don't worry, I'm getting dressed." Stacy said.

"How do you deal with boys staring at you?"

She could hear her mom grunt in the next room followed by what could have been mistaken for straining rope. Stacy was hoisting herself into her bra.

"What?" Stacy groaned.

"There's all these guys who have been joining my clubs lately." Amelia sat down on the low coffee table. "Well, I say 'guys' because there's some new girls who are obviously into me at the chess club but at least they're polite about it. With the guys it feels like I'm just this... thing."

Stacy's boobs wobbled into the hall. The woman herself still stood in the living room, fastening up the clasps. Meanwhile her rack wobbled a full three feet in front of her as she adjusted.

"I never knew... what to do... with boys in my class." Stacy grunted, her bra visibly straining to hold back the tide of cleavage.

"Can you put a shirt on?" Amelia protested. She didn't need to feel small right now.

"Sorry dear. Lots more of me these days." Stacy backed into the living room. "Anyway, it always felt like they wanted to hear me speak but never really listened."

"That's what I mean." Amelia said. "And I dunno. It feels like it's just been getting harder as I've gotten bigger."

"Yeah, these girls come with their share of problems."

Stacy returned into the hall. Despite only standing a few feet apart, Stacy's tits nearly blocked Amelia's view of her mom's face. Seemingly realizing this, the tall blonde squatted down in front of her daughter. Amelia tried not to notice how the front of her mom's bust rubbed against her shins, or how it now took up all the floor in front of them.

"You remember that dollhouse I got you for Christmas?" Stacy asked.

"What, when I was five?" Amelia scoffed.

She remembered. It was a triple decker, purple plastic mansion. Probably her favorite toy for most of her childhood.

"That's the one." Stacy plowed ahead. "I remember you pointed it out to me sometime in the summer. And I had this extra money set aside, so I went looking for it. But everywhere I checked they were sold out. For like, months. You know how I got it?"

"You said you fought some guy on black friday."

"Yeah, but only barely. I woke up at three AM to get it and even then they were almost out when I finally got to the back of the store. There was only one left and this big guy was standing over it. So I rushed him," she mimed a swing of her arms, "ready get it for you before he made up his mind. And he saw me and was completely dumbstruck. I was too tired to remember to wear a bra, so I was wobbling all over the place. I was surprised I didn't give myself a black eye."

Amelia rolled her eyes, stifling a grin.

"But he noticed." Stacy smiled. "He couldn't take his eyes off of me. And when I finally got there, all out of breath, he couldn't even form the words to argue with me. He was still completely hypnotized."

"Fuckin' men." Amelia scoffed.

"Language."

"Sorry."

"It's ok," she paused. "Because you're right. These things are like superpowers. 'And with great power...'"

"Mom, no." Amelia groaned.

"You know the rest." Stacy smiled.

"You're so cringe." She covered her eyes.

"Just remember that." Stacy continued. "I remember not too long ago you were praying for a bit more up top."

Amelia rolled her eyes, smiling despite herself.

"You know," Stacy began, her smile fading. "I ran into Mae at the store, Penelope's mom?"

"I know who she is."

"Anyway she was talking about her daughter being diagnosed with some big boob disorder, and that her doctor was suggesting a reduction." Stacy looked her daughter in the eyes. "You don't need to answer right now, but if you ever feel burdened by these changes, or just sick of being so dang big, we could talk to someone about that."

Amelia sat there, considering this.

"Thanks," she said. "But no."

"I hear they've gotten really good at making them non-invasive." Stacy added.

"I'm good." Amelia stood up. "I like my body."

Stacy smiled.