

Mother Knows Best part 6

[Hyper BE, AE]

When Amelia used the lotion she didn't expect it to work so quickly. She grew another inch overnight, resulting in boobs that extended four foot three inches in front of her. By lunch time she was glad that she had asked to borrow her mom's cart. No wonder she was on the stuff. If it wasn't lotion causing her growth Amelia would worry about stretch marks.

Her mom had dressed to minimize attention towards her trolly. But Stacy didn't have a high school to deal with. The way Amelia saw it, the only way to arrive with tits on wheels was to own it. She treated a cart as an accessory. The teen fashioned a kind of black leather harness over her lady lumps. It was half suspenders, half support system. A set of decorative silver chains hung from them in places, making the shiny metal cart beneath look like part of the ensemble. Still, her recent growth spurt meant the leather cupped her flesh in provocative ways, black-cottoned sweater-meet seeping through the holes in the design. Between that, the two feet of cleavage on display, and the black short skirt she wore, Amelia looked a bit sluttier than she intended that morning.

But doubts about her outfit melted away when she was called to the office. For starters the school's higher ups had to come out to her since she could no longer fit through the door. This amused Amelia. It also pleased her to know that she far out grew the shirt they got for her eight days ago. What had once been an unflattering tent, now only just covered her front. Provocatively tight, with a crescent of her black shirt peeking out just above the cart. (Not to mention the way her nipples tented the garment.) School security eventually produced a pair of sweatpants to go with the ensemble as a way of covering her pale thighs. Amelia thought that if she kept growing she could break the school dress code like a cheap bra.

Given how huge she was, a tight white top only drew more attention. Sitting at the back of English class meant it was really obvious when someone tried to sneak a peek over their shoulder. At one point Amelia would have hated the attention. She remembered shooting daggers at a boy when she started growing. But today Amelia continued her work, pretending not to see her classmates ogling at her; deep down knowing she was all they were thinking of.

Since bringing a boob cart to school Amelia had begun to use a kind of lapdesk for her work. Granted, her lap was buried under a few hundred pounds of sweater puppies. Its supports dug into her cleavage and tried their best to cup the outer edge of a boob. But as supple as Amelia was it was still like trying to get work done on a water bed.

Her pencil snapped.

Amelia rolled her eyes. This was the third time today. A regular school nuisance had become a problem now that she could barely squeeze her way to the sharpener. Amelia liked attention, but she didn't want to make the whole school hate her. Why inconvenience everyone?

Amelia felt someone stare. She glanced over to see a slender boy with bad acne. She recognized him as someone who tried joining the mathletes after her growth spurt. He had been the most obvious about staring at her.

She formed an idea. Amelia smiled at the boy.

He tried looking away.

"Hey." Amelia's whisper morphed her voice into a kind of sexy growl. It wasn't quite her intention but it got the job done.

The boy stared back, slack-jawed.

"Sharpen this." Amelia wasn't asking. It was a command.

The boy clumsily rose from his chair, almost knocking it over. He nodded with a vacant expression. Amelia grinned and let go of the pencil.

"Thanks!"

He walked away.

Her mom was right. Tits were a superpower.

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Stacy was a little worried when Amelia asked to borrow the trolley that Thursday. Max said the extra one wouldn't be ready until the weekend. The blonde was still trying to figure out why they were still growing. She threw away a now stale batch of cookies and was prepared to swap Amelia's "vitamins" for actual vitamins in the coming days.

After a couple months away Stacy checked back on the Reddit page for girls aspiring to be busty. What she found scared her. The page had doubled in members. Its top posters more than tripled in size. Each enthusiastically sharing progress pics. Many swapping methods for how to maintain or even increase their size. And yet the biggest among them still only had torso-smothering breasts, far behind where she or even her daughter currently were.

Stacy made a concerned post. She wanted advice on how to stop growing. It didn't seem to go over well. The little orange number by the title had turned a sad shade of blue, slipping into negative digits. Stacy didn't even know that could happen! And with her trolley gone for the day she had to ask Janet to come to her house rather than meet at the cafe.

Even then the two had trouble crowding around her phone. Stacy's boobs overwhelmed her armchair, jiggling on the floor in front of her higher than her kitchen table.

"You got downvoted to hell." Janet said.

"What?" Stacy asked.

Janet wasn't any more tech savvy than her, but she at least had a working understanding of social media. She leaned over her shoulder. Her implants almost wobbled out of her tank top, an inch from Stacy's face.

"Like, those little arrows on the side." Janet pointed a long red nail at the screen. "They're kinda like likes or dislikes. The bigger the number the more popular your post."

"Facebook doesn't have dislikes. Why couldn't this be a group page?" Stacy whined.

"You mentioned getting smaller. They really don't seem to like that." Stacy pulled out her own phone. "Maybe you're doing it wrong."

"I know I'm doing it wrong." Stacy rolled her eyes. "That's why I asked you to help me."

"No, like, these people are way tit-obsessed. If you rephrased this to be a progress update like everyone else I bet they'd go insane asking about your methods."

"That's genius!" Stacy exclaimed. "And then whatever they tell me to do I'll just do the opposite."

"Totally. I never go on here on my phone. How do you post?"

"I don't think you can. I had to use my computer." Stacy reached into her cleavage and pulled out a laptop. She set it atop her girls.

"What's that red thing on screen?"

"I dunno." Stacy pulled her reading glasses down from her hair. "Looks like it overheated. Thought it was getting hot in here."

"Aw the poor guy was smothered between your tits." Stacy mocking pouted.

Stacy ignored this.

"It's starting now."

They waited for the computer to reboot. Janet had always been the most competitive of the group. It usually took longer for Stacy to realize her friend had grown again. But despite handily outsizing beach balls, her tits looked softer than implants usually were.

"You get another fill up?" Stacy asked.

Janet looked downcast.

"The short answer is no."

"What's the long answer?"

"My hubby somehow got me onto the short list for an experimental implant trial. Good news is I could end up a lot bigger. Bad news is it won't be until next year. And I won't get to blow up any more until then. But these two-a-day vitamins seem to be growing me in the meantime."

"Thought you looked bigger." Stacy said.

Janet held a hand to her chest, but her bolt-ons made it land closer to her collarbone.

"Aw, thanks girl."

The browser picked back where it left off. Janet took the computer and sat on the arm of the couch. Her fingers were a blur, stopping only to glance at Stacy's phone.

"Just going to rephrase your post to be more body positive," she explained.

Stacy was unsure about using that phrase in this context but was cut off before she could say anything.

"I need a picture."

"No." Stacy said flatly. "I'm way bigger than anyone else there."

"That's why you need it. You say you have six hundred pound boobs. You'll sound like a troll otherwise."

"You said I have boobs that big. And they aren't." Stacy quickly added.

Janet tilted the screen back, holding the laptop flat in one hand like a large book. The webcam was on.

"Fine." Stacy grumbled.

"Done."

"What?" Stacy shot forward, her chest nearly pulling her to the floor. "I wasn't ready!"

"It's fine." Janet linked the photo to the end of the post.

In the photo Stacy's headless neck extended off the upper left corner. It was like she'd only fit diagonally in the frame. Her bathrobe hung uselessly on either side of the chair. Man-sized mammaries covered every inch of her below the shoulders. The chair and the floor in front of her lost under a purple paisley tee made from a curtain set.

"I look like a blob!" Stacy protested.

"Yeah but they're into that." Janet said. She hit post just as Stacy reached for the laptop.

Stacy growled, putting her face in her hands.

"What was the other thing you wanted to talk about?" Janet asked.

Stacy slowly removed her head from her hands. She looked dejected.

"I let it slip to Amelia that I was having trouble with guys."

"No!"

"It was that or tell her I spiked the cookies she gave to her chess club."

"What!?" Janet's voice raised an octave.

"Long story, not my decision." Stacy plowed ahead. "Anyway Millie had some surprisingly good tips."

"This is a lot to take in," Janet shook her head.

"Welcome to my life." Stacy sighed. "I didn't tell her everything, I think she'd shut down if she heard a play-by-play of her mom putting the moves on a guy, but she got the gist of it. She said I maybe came on a little strong."

"Maybe?" Janet snickered.

Stacy stifled a smile.

"She also said that sometime between when I met her father and now it fell out of style to pick up guys while they're working. That maybe I'd have better luck meeting him somewhere else."

"And where do I come in?"

"I need you to help me find him online. Figure out where I might bump into him."

Janet just stared.

"I know it sounds creepy but I promise if he turns me down I'm not gonna keep stalking him." Stacy paused. "Dammit, it actually sounds worse out loud."

Janet smirked her huge red lips.

"No worries girl. If I had a nickel for every time I did this with a guy."

"That doesn't make me feel better."

"What's his name?" Janet turned back to the laptop.

"Eric."

Janet's fingers tapped at the keys. She angled the computer towards Stacy. It was an Instagram feed of people named Eric in their area.

"Any of them look familiar?"

Stacy adjusted her reading glasses. It was hard to make out, but the third image of a flexing young black man looked familiar.

"I think it's that one." Stacy said, squinting.

Janet handed Stacy the computer. She got up and knelt beside the blonde.

The profile read: "26 year old Amateur Bodybuilder. HUSTLE. GRIND. RISE." Scrolling, it took a moment for Stacy to recognize him. In every image Eric seemed to exude pride. His page seemed to be manicured to show off big lifts and big meals. You

wouldn't guess the man was five foot four, let alone the sweating mess Stacy met at the gym.

"He's hot." Janet crooned. "Try that one."

She pointed to a photo of Eric flexing in a parking lot. Stacy was a little suspicious of her friend's motivations, but she clicked it anyway. Stacy flinched slightly when Eric's voice boomed from her laptop speakers.

"Hey ya'll, I'm gonna show you the best foods to bulk up on a budget." Eric said with a grin.

A muscular arm in a black tank top held his phone at selfie-height. He was standing in front of a pile of green bell peppers.

"Stop." Janet paused the video as she said this. "That's a Buy N' Save."

Stacy's eyes widened. The green trim, the font on the price signs – Janet was right. She hit play. The video cut between different parts of the store. Stacy paused again.

"And it's the south side one." Stacy said with a grin. "The north one doesn't have a deli."

"Oh yeah!"

There was a chime.

"What's that bubble in the corner?" Stacy asked, moving her mouse towards the edge of her browser.

"Oops. I turned on Reddit notifications." Janet reached across Stacy's lap (or really, her chest) to click on it.

"How do you turn it off?"

"I dunno. But on the bright side your post already has a hundred upvotes. That's like, a hundred likes!"

Stacy blushed a deep red.

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Amelia may have resented her mom at the moment, but she had to admit her advice made some kind of sense. So instead of heading to chess club after school she wheeled herself to the football field. There was a soccer match that weekend. Which meant Brittney would be out there practicing.

By now most of the school knew that Amelia made her cry in front of a whole Spanish class. Since then the cheerleader had been avoiding her. If Amelia was going to try and make amends it would have to be alone. But at Amelia's size privacy was hard to come by.

Her mom's trolley didn't make things any easier. It had rained recently and the weight of Amelia's colossal rack caused the wheels to dig into the gravel path. Progress was slow. Every few feet a wheel would get stuck and Amelia would collide with a four foot high wall of boobs. The goth hadn't exercised as consistently as her mother did, so hefting herself from the mud was taxing. A few times she considered just waiting for Brittney to pass after practice. But that would mean having to talk to the entire cheer club instead of just Brittney. So Amelia trudged on. If she was getting a boob cart for herself then she'd need to start working her legs more anyway.

After several minutes of effort Amelia managed to push herself under the bleachers. She was a sweaty, panting mess. It was late spring and wearing all black certainly didn't help. So she watched the cheer squad from the shade while she caught her breath.

It wasn't so long ago that Amelia was jealous of Brittney's boobs. It was an open secret that they were fake, but their size, the way they sat on her chest and complemented her fit hourglass body, it was everything Amelia wanted for herself. She wondered if Brittney wore activewear so often out of insecurity. If you didn't know she had reconstructive surgery you'd think her firm double Ds were the result of a sports bra.

The squad was practicing throws, Brittney the one usually at the top of their formations. Amelia always thought this was out of ego, but Brittney being a petite Asian girl probably had more to do with it. After a dozen tosses she looked dizzy and tired. She stumbled slightly, giggling, on her way to her water bottle.

Amelia took a deep breath and pushed herself towards Brittney's things. Luckily her classmate sat her stuff at the end of a row. Amelia had to act quickly. She mustered up her courage and said the first thing that came to mind.

"I'm sorry."

"Oh my god." Brittney gasped. A hand flew to her chest.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you."

Brittney looked towards her but avoided eye contact. Amelia's mind went blank. They were alone. She had her attention. What was the next move again?

"I wanted to say I was sorry about what happened last week." She said after a moment.

"Ok." Brittney crossed her arms. "You already said that a few times."

"I know." Amelia looked down at her feet. All she saw was her pale cleavage, still glistening with sweat.

Amelia remembered her plan.

"I have trouble talking to people," She began. "It took me a long time to get the courage to ask Garrett out. I thought you were into him."

"Ew, what?" Brittney grimaced.

"I know, it's stupid. But a friend of mine saw you exchanging numbers. And you're really pretty and I was worried that I couldn't compete with someone like you." Amelia was talking faster, her mouth almost outrunning her mind.

"I got a new phone." Brittney said quietly. She didn't seem to know what to say. So Amelia just kept talking.

"When I'm nervous I lash out at people. I'm trying to work on it. It's not an excuse for what I said, I was really cruel to you for no reason."

Brittney stood there, arms still crossed, but less tense. After a time she met Amelia's gaze. The cheerleader squinted at her slightly, as if trying to read her intentions.

"Ok," Brittney said, still downcast. "Whatever."

Amelia took a steadying breath.

"I want to make things right," she said.

"You did that. You apologized, what else can you do?"

"Don't take this the wrong way." Amelia began slowly. "But I think I can help you."

"What?" Brittney sneered, confused by this change in tone.

"You want to know how I got so big?" Amelia gestured to her rack splayed out on the cart in front of her.

Brittney looked part insulted and part morbidly curious. Amelia knew she needed to tread carefully.

"You can tell me to go to hell, but Garrett said you were worried about how you looked after your surgery." The words fell out of Amelia, terrified this would all come crashing down. "So I wanted to give you a peace offering. Something that helped me be more confident."

Brittney gave a slight scowl, staring down at her classmate's enormous chest. Amelia could feel herself sweating again.

"I should have left it at the apology and been done with it." She thought, her heart beating quickly.

"What is it?" Brittney asked suddenly.

Amelia reached an arm into her cleavage. It took her a while to find it. The trek caused her "peace offering" to shift to the bottom of her rack. Amelia had to lean forward and stick her arm up to her shoulder between her girls. Brittney stared, wide-eyed at the display.

After what felt like an eternity Amelia pulled a bottle of the special lotion out of her shirt.

"This stuff is crazy." Amelia said, handing it to Brittney.

"Lotion?" She sounded incredulous, but she took it.

"It's at some pharmacies right now but I don't think people take it seriously. I used it yesterday when I got out of the shower and I grew a whole inch. And like, if you know anything about the square-cube law you'd know that like a dozen extra pounds of tit." Amelia didn't know why she said that last part.

Brittney shook her head.

Amelia could tell she was losing her. She opened her mouth to say more but was cut off.

"Thanks." Brittney said quietly. "I'll give it a shot."

Amelia smiled.

The cheerleader turned away. She put the bottle in her bag and returned to the field.

Amelia breathed a sigh of relief.

The rut she formed on her way to the bleachers made Amelia's trek back somewhat easier. Yet by the time she got to the main school building she saw a familiar face waiting for her.

"H-hey." The girl blushed.

Her fidgety movements made it hard for Amelia to get a good look at her face. Not only that, a pair of recent changes kept Amelia from recognizing the girl's figure.

"Carrie?" Amelia asked. It was one of the girls who had recently joined the chess club. One she suspected had a crush on her.

Amelia didn't know her well, she was too nervous to really say much to her, but she knew for sure Carrie didn't used to have boobs like that. She could have sworn Carrie had been flat just a week ago. And yet she now looked like she was hiding basketballs in her sweater. Clearly braless, they hung low near the hem of the painfully stretched wool shirt. Amelia might have mistaken it for a potbelly if she had not looked similar just a month ago. On the mousy girl, her Stacy-sized boobs looked insane.

"You look nice." Amelia said, suddenly realizing she was staring.

The girl blushed harder.

"Thanks." She said, covering her mouth with a sleeved hand.

"What are you doing out here?" Amelia had to stop beside her, tired once again from hauling her twins around.

"I'm waiting for my ride." Carrie said in a small voice.

"Oh?"

"Club's over." Boomed Dana.

The pair looked behind them. The olive skinned girl exited the school behind them. Dana's volleyball boobs squashed over top her belly, giving her a figure similar to a pregnant woman. The graphic on her tee stretched into being illegible.

"Already?" Amelia asked.

"Yeah, you should have seen the group. When I said your girls' tits were contagious I meant it." Dana said with a smirk.

"I noticed that."

Amelia and Dana subconsciously glanced down at Carrie's chest. She covered her face and retreated back into the building.

"What's up with her?" Dana asked.

"I dunno." Amelia thought back to Carrie, Dana, and Penelope's recent growth spurt. "Trying to figure out myself."

"Hey, could I get a ride?" Dana said, intruding on her thoughts.

"You think I can still fit behind a wheel?" Amelia asked with a laugh. "I've been walking to school for the past three weeks."

"Shit. Penelope said the same thing."