

Mother Knows Best: Epilogue

[Hyper BE, AE]

To accommodate their most top-heavy students the graduation ceremony had to be moved to the football field. It was a good thing too, Amelia had started complaining about the entrance to the old gym being uncomfortable. Stacy tried to diplomatically say that it wasn't exactly normal for someone to struggle to fit through a garage door, but her daughter wasn't having any of it. For better or worse, Stacy seemed to have awakened a monster in her daughter – one that was still growing by the day. By the time the ceremony happened her tarp of a gown was looking less like a robe and more like a frilly crop top. Still, Stacy didn't think she didn't have a place to fuss; the school had to remove six rows of chairs for her own voluptuous body.

Stacy at least took comfort in the fact that Penelope had found a way to stop growing. Her doctor discovered just the right doses of hormones to finally stall her growth. She still sported seven square foot hooters, but at least they proved Humungomastia could be stopped... eventually. Last time the girl visited she said it was still very much up in the air if she could get a reduction. But, ever the optimist, Penelope seemed to not let it get her down too much.

It hadn't been easy leaving their home behind. For Stacy, it was difficult finding the right buyer after creating such an open floor plan. But within a few months they found an older couple who saw the first floor as a project. For Amelia, leaving the house was literally difficult. Despite saying she was going to quit the powder once they depleted their surplus of supplement, she was soon caught signing for another bulk order. By the time the house was sold the teen was like a ship in a bottle.

The dark haired high school graduate now had eight and half square feet of boobs. She was barely able to squeeze out of the house one breast at a time. Amelia's seven foot tall swells chafed against every corner of the doorway. They had to forego the cart and instead bathe each of her boobs in vegetable oil to allow enough space. Despite the groaning wood and scraping noises Stacy could almost hear a moan from inside the house.

"Can't, ugh – we just.... I don't know." Another suspicious sigh escaped her daughter's unseen lips. "Tear down a wall or something?" Amelia finally gasped.

"We already signed the paperwork. Besides, I told you to slow down." Stacy scolded.

Amelia just groaned.

They began just before dawn. This was to allow Amelia some small amount of privacy. After all, she was completely topless. A foreboding nipple the size of a volleyball stuck out at eye level with Stacy. The blonde quickly maneuvered out of the way as her daughter lurched forward another foot. Stacy would have worried that this was all too embarrassing if her daughter hadn't proposed the idea herself.

With an audible pop the first of Amelia's tits broke free of the doorway.

Stacy rounded the corner of her daughter's teat, getting as close as her own six foot long mammaries would allow. Through the canyon of cleavage she could see Amelia propped against her girls, sweaty and exhausted. Her narrow frame was barely visible between the mountains of fat. Her newly flaring hips and thick thighs looked especially disjointed from the rest of her.

"Give me a sec." Amelia sighed.

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Amelia tried to catch her breath. She looked over her shoulder to spot Garrett flat against the edge of her left breast.

"Can she see me?" He whispered.

He wore an oversized tee that allowed Amelia to see a hint of his collarbone. His long, sexy neck craning around her girth for signs of Stacy. He had snuck in last night to help out. Given neither of the Anderson girls could fit up stairs anymore, he had the whole floor to himself. That is, after a few rounds of sneaky secret love making downstairs.

"She can't see a thing." Dana said, emerging from the other side of her breast.

She too was wearing work clothes. But for her this meant a blouse she had outgrown a couple weeks ago. Her bust extended down to her knees, projecting almost three feet in front of her and a foot to either side of her torso. She wore an old button down to prevent her expansive cleavage from getting wet. In reality it looked like an ill fitting cape, leaving a pretty substantial boob window.

"Nice outfit Power Girl." Amelia smirked.

"Shit. I got my tits all messy huh?" Dana said, looking down at her rack.

Garrett tried looking elsewhere. Unfortunately a side effect of dating someone with car sized tits is there aren't many places you can look to avoid seeing the obvious.

"Dana? Can you be a dear and add more oil on this one?" Stacy called from outside. "She's looking a little dry."

Dana had to bite back laughter.

"Yes ma'am."

"Did your mom just say to oil you up?" Garrett snickered under his breath.

"Kill me." Amelia groaned.

Dana and Garrett lowered their paint rollers into a bucket of oil. They set to work – Dana painting the side facing outside, and Garrett further inside. He was still wary of her mom spotting him, but Amelia knew he had plenty of space to hide behind her.

The raven-haired beauty had almost caught her breath before they began anew. A big reason she had kept taking the supplement was the sensations it gave her. It seemed the longer she was on the stuff the more sensitive her girls became. The feeling of those long, moist poles massaging her stole Amelia's breath all over again. A chill ran down her spine when a glob of cold cooking oil dripped over her nipple. Just the idea of two people needing to cover her enormity made her wet.

"The sun's almost up. Are you ready to try again?" Stacy asked from outside.

Amelia opened her eyes. Her mom was on tiptoes, struggling to see over her own enormous boobs.

"Ready." Amelia's voice cracked. She turned and whispered to Garrett. "Go hide upstairs until you see us leave."

He nodded, moving back behind her gigantic milkers.

Amelia swallowed before heaving herself to the side. Her right tit scraped against the rough concrete patio, almost causing her knees to buckle. It seemed fitting that she left a clear liquid trail behind her as she moved. She struggled to push her expansive mound forward, her arms sinking into her supple flesh up to her wrists. Upon getting outside she felt a lurch. She nearly slipped on the slick back porch.

"Careful honey." Stacy said, unhelpfully standing off to the side.

Amelia looked behind her to see her right tit filling the entirety of the rear door. She began to salivate at the thought of overwhelming such an expansive portal. Hadn't they reclaimed it from an old barn? She pushed again. Then, all of a sudden she felt two more sets of hands on the far side of her mass. Dana and Garrett, two grown adults manhandling her boob, still somehow dwarfed by it. Amelia should have been mad at

Garrett for not doing what she said, but she loved the sensation far too much to want him to stop. She leaned fully against her breast, panting from more than just the effort. She felt something snap above her and she broke free. In the same moment Amelia fell, back arching as she was pulled along by her own mass. She had to bite her hand to keep from screaming in front of her mother and friends.

"You alright dear?" Stacy asked somewhere behind her daughter's mountains.

"I am now," Amelia huffed.

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"Come on...." Stacy grumbled.

She knew it was a bad idea to start birth control again. Going on the pill made her sex life easier, but the rest of her life a little bit harder.

Having grown another foot in diameter meant her new cute dresses were suddenly much more form fitting. Her seven foot wide bust was significantly wider than her entire wingspan, meaning Stacy once again relied on pulleys to lift her top. The absurd expanse of her blue Lycra unitard uncomfortably squeezed her girls. As her girls compressed she felt hundred pound heaps of cleavage rising over her head like dough, trying to escape her top the only way they could.

Stacy grit her teeth. Not at her cramped front, but at the wedgie riding up behind her. Brooke was pushing Stacy even harder at the gym, all without lifting a single weight herself. This made sense since weight-training regimes weren't exactly advised for a pregnant woman. The blonde's shoulders had become rounded and muscular, her biceps like apples in size. She would worry about her burgeoning back ruining her hourglass figure if Stacy's rear hadn't also exploded in size.

Her ass cheeks had surpassed even yoga balls. When she moved Stacy could feel her buttocks flex against the small of her back. Her hips were over a yard wide. Each of her thighs were greater than 60 inches in circumference, which in turn supported a booty that extended five feet behind her. Stacy had to admit, the new muscles helped her get around a lot more easily. But her obscene dimensions prevented her from wearing anything conservative. Sure she was wearing some fun tights, but the thong-like back of her unitard made sure her entire ass was on display.

Stacy didn't want to embarrass her daughter like she had before. Especially on the day of her big going-away party. But the blonde also knew she shouldn't have to worry about that. Once Amelia no longer had to go to school, or worry about not fitting in her bedroom, she had redoubled her expansion. Some days Stacy wondered if she could see her daughter ballooning in front of her. The mom was about ready to stage an

intervention when, just a few weeks ago, Amelia had stopped growing. Of course this wasn't before she outgrew the privacy barriers they had installed. Stacy glanced over at the ominous pajama-blackened hills that sat in the distance.

Stacy was still grateful her daughter had settled on a final size. It would be embarrassing if Amelia had already outgrown her specially built dorm before she even set foot on campus. Amelia and Penelope had successfully petitioned their college into giving them special lodging, arguing disability. The governor himself signed a bill to help the more endowed members of the population manage day to day life. The Anderson girls were now living in one of these special new lodgings. Built inside an abandoned mall. It seemed more than a little ironic given Stacy spent most of her teenage years here. She even thought she recognized an old friend from high school moving in next door, but her own titanic tits obscured her face too much to be sure. Stacy made a mental note to find a house warming gift for her.

The blonde threw on a jean jacket in an attempt to cover herself up a bit more. Then she remembered there was still eight feet of cleavage in front of her that threatened to burst from their Lycra prison.

"Whatever." She thought. *"I look cute anyway."*

A doorbell rang from the old department store's loudspeaker.

Stacy wheeled herself towards the entrance. Her latest cart had been outfitted with sensors that lightly vibrated a portion of her chest when it got close to running into something. This allowed Stacy to slide between the warehouse's support pillars by sense alone. This was a necessity given her girls now stood a few inches taller than she was.

Amelia pulled out her phone and clicked to open the airplane hanger door outfitted to the front of the store. Stacy had to pivot off to the side so she could actually see her friends enter.

Whether it was pregnancy hormones, less strenuous exercise, or some long term effect of the supplements she took, Brooke was looking a lot softer lately. Her breasts now needed a cart of their own. Luckily they only extended three feet in front of her and rose to her sternum from their perch. Meanwhile her butt had bloated further. The crest of her rear shelf now reached her shoulder blades and extended six feet behind her. Wedged between her growing assets the expecting mother had stopped swinging her arms when she walked, now preferring to rest them on her expansive two yard thick hips and yard thick thighs. It seemed absurd she could still walk at all. And yet, here she was.

If anything Janet was the one having mobility problems. Using her husband's connections the tattooed strawberry blonde had become the hyper-hourglass bimbo she had always dreamed of being. Her new ass implants stretched her booty shorts into something close to obscene; yoga ball sized cheeks causing the thin material to rise up her disproportionately thin thighs. And yet Stacy didn't think her friend's proportions were entirely to blame for her exaggerated sashay. Her face was red, her breathing slightly labored as she stumbled, half hunched over her six square foot bolt-ons. If Stacy hadn't seen Janet wear her "daddy's girl" tee shirt before her most recent surgery she would have taken it to be a crop top with abstract lines stretched across her chest.

Janet stopped just past the threshold to lean against her girls for support. Her eyes were only just visible above her feminine mounds.

"I keep telling her she needs a cart with those things." Brooke said, shaking her head. "Max could even give you the friends and family discount."

"I-I'm... good." Janet panted. "These girls are a quarter as heavy as--"

"We know, we know." Brooke rolled her eyes.

"We're not calling you wimpy or anything," Stacy encouraged. "It's just, there's a lot more of you lately and you haven't exactly been working out with us."

Janet subconsciously tugged on her shorts, trying in vain to cover more of her stick thin legs.

"It's whatever. The floor's been waxed, yeah?" She asked, looking over the expansive tile floor.

"Yeah." Stacy answered hesitantly.

"Cool. I'll just slide then." Janet squished as much of her rubbery chest as she could between her arms and began to push forward. Her gravity defying spheres sliding almost effortlessly over the floor.

Stacy and Brooke just laughed.

"It's like that Disney thing with the figure skating hippo." Brooke called out.

Janet began to pirouette as well as she could. After several leaps onto one foot she eventually turned around enough to flip them off.

The two onlookers laughed harder.

"The cart's new." Stacy said, gesturing to Brooke's support system.

"Yeah, Max wanted to play around with a more compact design. Not everyone wants to go as big as you two, but there's still a market for them."

"So business has been good?" Stacy asked, eyebrow raised.

"Yep. It's still a pretty specialized tool, but between local and online orders we're almost at a point where Max can stop contracting."

"Maybe spend some more time at home?" Stacy grinned suggestively.

Brooke held up a hand to stop her friend, a look of mock seriousness on her face.

"Please. If this is what one pregnancy looks like after that wonder drug I'm scared of what kid number three will do."

"Speaking of, where is he?" Stacy looked over her opposite shoulder towards the door.

Max was almost at the entrance, a huge crate of party supplies in tow.

But as he got closer Stacy's smile faded. She was looking down at Max now. How was she a head taller than him? Max was one of the few people who was even just a bit taller than her. She looked from him to Brooke.

Brooke's expression also shifted, her eyes darting from Stacy's flat shoes to her friend's worried face.

"Was worried about that." Brooke pouted.

"What?" Stacy glanced quickly between them.

"I saw some stuff online about that protein powder growing people in... other ways. Probably should have taken it more seriously, but since it wasn't about boobs I didn't really pay attention."

Stacy was quiet. She was wondering why her shoes were getting tighter, or why she didn't need to reach as far to get to the top shelf of her new kitchen. If her math was right she was easily a foot taller at this point.

"*Seven-foot-three.*" The thought sent shivers down her spine. But not necessarily in a bad way.

"Maybe you could get Eric on the stuff." Brooke suggested, trying to break the silence. "He's always been a bit short, but lately even your arms are starting to upstage him."

"Are you guys gonna help me set up or what?" Janet called from across the room.

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Since getting stuck in her own back door Amelia had slowed down slightly. But even adding a measly inch to her diameter each day was starting to prove too much. The "wide load" permit they had gotten for their trip only had a 12 foot clearance. To keep growing would be rude to her friends; first to Penelope who had to share the bed of the 18 wheeler and second to Dana who spent the last few months working to get a license for the truck. So Amelia held back on her growth.

For now at least.

Besides, 12 square feet of boobs wasn't anything to scoff at. The trolley Amelia used in her last month of school now wasn't even big enough to support a single tit. A specially reinforced steel cart had to be crafted for her new bust line. Max had offered to lightly motorize the wheels to help with mobility, but so far Amelia wasn't having any such problems. Her increased use of the supplement in addition to a newly adopted workout routine had helped keep stay pretty nimble. Besides, Amelia liked having a bit of a challenge. Knowing that the weight she struggled against was her own added a certain level of excitement.

Mathematically she had been more boob than girl for several months. But that didn't stop Amelia from showing off the rest of her body. For her going away party she wore a pair of leather knee-high platform boots. Her fishnet-clad thighs were a foot and a half thick, rising to meet the beach ball bubble butt Amelia had earned in the gym. Amelia's bare midriff seemed minuscule between her swelling assets. A frilly black skirt only barely covered her hips and exaggerated her already bouncy butt.

Then there were Amelia's girls themselves. Rising a full nine feet above the ground, her titanic tits swayed ominously atop their perch. She wore a kind of corset top, the strapless design leaving her shoulders and half her chest bare. Granted, Amelia had to compromise with her tailor slightly. In order to stay decent her chest was cupped by a web of leather straps – each of which were as thick as a man's belt. This only further emphasized Amelia's cavernous cleavage. The straps themselves dug into her flesh if she changed directions too quickly, her bosom quaking against the restraints. She could hear her top audibly creak against the inertia of her girth. To complete the look she had the straps connect to her choker, albeit with enough leeway to look around at her guests.

And speaking of guests, Amelia was surprised at how many had shown up. Most of her chess club had to quickstep out of the way as Amelia entered. She wasn't trying to be so dominant, but when each of your boobs are the size of a van it just kind of happened. Amelia suspected this was a lesson many of her guests were starting to learn.

Two of the chess club girls (Carrie and Michelle) gleefully told Amelia they were dating. Amelia suspected they only joined the club because of her growth spurt, so she was happy they had at least found each other. Carrie was still sporting the head-sized breasts she grew from the spiked cookies Amelia accidentally brought. Meanwhile Michelle looked as though she needed to get a cart. Her formerly petite frame suddenly sported a pair that stretched her sweater down to her shins.

Penelope's sisters were hanging around the snack table. Penelope's Humungomastia had always been an extreme outlier in her family of tall beanpoles. But it seemed her two older sisters were making up for lost time. The eldest especially had a pair of beach balls resting heavily on the table as she signed a card. Amelia wondered which would give first: her top or the table? Even Penny's mom, the formerly lithe Maeve, now had boobs visible from behind. It was almost enough to make Amelia wonder if her boobs really were contagious as Dana had once joked.

Funny enough, Dana and Penelope were nowhere to be seen. Considering this was also their going away parties this was pretty strange. Amelia was headed outside to look for them when she felt a large, soft object collide with her front.

"Ouch." Amelia sighed.

"Sorry!" Brittney's voice squeaked from somewhere four yards ahead of her.

"It's ok." Amelia was mostly wondering how her proximity sensors hadn't 'seen' the cheerleader coming.

After several seconds of delay the tiny Asian girl appeared from behind Amelia's boobs. Well, mostly tiny. Brittney had doubled in size since the school pep rally, having graduated to having a cart of her own. She estimated she could probably swap bras with Brooke at this point.

"Hey Amy!" Brittney gave a shimmering smile.

Her tarp-like green sports jersey had been modified to to show two feet of cleavage and keep the small of her back bare. The pleated skirt looked like it was the same as her old cheerleader uniform, but this too was significantly shorter. Thick thighs flexed against boobs that rose to her collarbone. They each must have weighed as much as the rest of her.

"As you can see, I'm still getting used to my new mobility device." Brittney giggled. Amelia tried not to grimace at such a clinical name.

"I call mine a trolley," she suggested.

"Oh that's fun! I might have to try that."

A shadow fell over the front of the store. With the frosted windows Amelia could only assume Dana's new truck had finally shown up. The curvy goth began to move towards the front of the store when Brittney moved to meet her.

"I wanted to thank you for introducing me to that lotion." She said with a grin.

"No problem." Amelia smiled back.

"I discovered all these other cosmetics that they offer. Did you know there are like, online support groups for growing girls?"

"Yeah, uh, I think I saw one on Reddit."

Being the size of a barge meant it was nearly impossible for Amelia to slip away unnoticed. As a subtle hint she tried turning herself away from Brittney, only to feel her left tit rumble; her left flank close to colliding with another group of party-goers.

"Oh! I'll have to look for that one." Brittney said eagerly. "Maybe look for new ways to grow once I have my surgery."

"I'm kinda surprised you got this far..." Amelia trailed off, suddenly remembering her implants being a touchy subject. Brittney didn't seem to let it bother her.

"Yeah, my doc's suggesting I get my old implants out before I go any further. Something about the lotion making my skin tougher, or maybe it's all this new sweater meat getting in the way."

Amelia saw the shapes at the front of the store shift, as if Dana were already driving away.

"Doesn't she know she can park out front?" She wondered.

Meanwhile Brittney continued to talk. Amelia began to realize that she may have avoided Brittney reasons besides jealousy. The girl was like a golden retriever.

"There's supposed to be this new kind that's lighter and can expand a lot further. So I figure as long as I'm in the shop I might as well get an upgrade." Brittney laughed.

Amelia laughed a little as well, only half hearing the joke.

"I think I see Dana outside." She said sheepishly.

Brittney did a double take over her shoulder.

"Oh, am I keeping you?" She anxiously furrowed her perfect eyebrows.

"No, you're fine."

"My bad, you go on out there." Brittney backed up to let Amelia though.

Amelia smiled and pushed forward. She pulled out her phone and opened the front door. She felt her breasts lurch as the cart fell over the curb. She had grown too wide for the specially made ramp in front of the house. Given the boob wall in front of her it took a minute before Amelia could get a clear view of the parking lot. Her bust extended almost six feet to either side. And yet even she wasn't broad enough to hide an 18 wheeler from view. Figuring Dana must have moved it, Amelia began to turn.

There was another buzz beneath her left teat, causing her to stop.

"Sorry." Penelope's small voice came from somewhere behind her beasts.

But she sounded a lot further away than normal.

Amelia backed up, attempting to make a wider turn. There was barely enough time to feel the sensor vibrate before she made contact.

There was the clap of flesh against flesh.

"Oof." Penny grunted.

A shiver went up Amelia's spine. Brittney's four foot tits barely made a dent in her underboob. Penelope was at least double that size. And yet, when their chests met it felt like running into a wall. Amelia turned, all at once realizing what the shadow outside her house really was.

The last time Amelia saw Penelope, she was still half her size. Hell, she even gave her friend her old cart as a hand-me-down. Now, the two were identically massive. She had somehow exploded five feet in diameter in less than a month.

"Hey Amy!" Penny's cheerful voice exclaimed.

The small girl was still entirely hidden behind her chest. It was as if a pair of tits the size of a small bus were greeting her, their wobbling enormity audibly trying to burst the ill-fitting periwinkle top.

"*Oh god.*" Amelia thought as the approaching mountains cast her in shadow. "*Is this how everyone sees me?*" Amelia bit her lip at the realization. Maybe she wasn't just aroused by her own jugs after all.

After what felt like a minute Penelope herself was finally viable. Her face fell upon seeing Amelia's stunned expression.

"Are you ok?"

Amelia actively had to tear her eyes away from her friend's assets. They landed on the large cookie in her hand.

"W-what happened?" She stammered.

"Oh. Um. I got big." Penelope said guiltily.

"Yeah." It was all Amelia could muster.

"Dana and I have been experimenting with those cookies your mom made. They're really good."

Amelia shook her head.

"I thought you didn't want to get bigger?"

"Well I didn't. But Dana seems to like my boobies a lot. Like, a lot a lot. And I dunno. I guess her passion kinda rubbed off on me over the summer." Penelope gave a bashful smile.

"You're not talking about our sex life behind my back are you?" Dana asked, suddenly appearing behind Penelope.

Since high school she had settled on a pair of yoga ball sized whoppers. Big enough to bounce sexily off her knees when she walked, but not so big she needed a cart. Still, the halter top dress she wore sported a frankly dangerous amount of olive side boob.

Penelope went red at the sudden accusation.

"No. I was just—"

"Just teasing you babe." Dana smirked.

"Don't call me that." Penny muttered bashfully.

Dana pecked Penelope on the cheek, causing her bust to envelope the other side of Penny's body, sandwiching her girlfriend's skinny frame between two sets of boobs.

Dana turned and approached Amelia.

"Relax." Dana said at the sight of Amy's tense expression. "She's still not quite as big as you. We're late because we measured."

"Mmm-hmmm." Penelope murmured in agreement as she chewed the rest of the cookie. She swallowed.

No sooner than she did there was an audible rumble. Penelope went white. Amelia's eyes widened in horror. The bushy-haired brunette was visibly swelling. There was a rip of fabric and the creaking of metal, but everything held. Even so, Penelope's breasts had expanded another several inches in a matter of seconds.

"Well... we're still about the same size." Penelope said timidly.

They shared a nervous laugh. Besides a forcefully expanded neckline, Penny still looked decent.

After a fashion the two girlfriends began to walk inside. Amelia grabbed one of Dana's bra straps to stop her.

"Ouch, no fair." Dana grumbled.

Penelope didn't seem to hear and continued to the party.

"What'd you do?" Amelia asked.

"What? You think I waved a magic wand just now?" Dana said defensively.

"What'd you spike that cookie with?"

"Nothing."

"Bullshit." Amelia scoffed.

"No, I'm serious." Dana looked almost offended. "Once I reached a comfortable size I gave the rest of your mom's cookie dough to Penelope's sisters. Like, as a graduation gift or something."

"And what, Penny accidentally had a few?" Amelia asked.

"At first, yeah. You know how forgetful she is. But then she saw how... how hot it made me." Dana the last part slowly, rubbing the back of her neck. It was the most bashful Amelia had ever seen Dana. "So she started sneaking a couple more here and there. But that was months ago. I think her mom ate the last of them."

"Then what was that? Just now?" Amelia prodded, as if either of them could forget what they just saw.

"You said yourself, in that blind taste test – your mom used a copycat recipe. So I decided I'd buy a couple to like, play with the idea. Not spike them or anything. Food is just kinda hot to me."

"TMI." Amelia gave a reluctant smile.

"What only you get to talk about your fetishes?" Dana laughed. "I've seen that secret insta you have. I didn't know someone could make thirst traps with a drone."

"Well in case you haven't noticed there's a lot of me to show and I outgrew selfie sticks a while ago."

"Point taken." Dana smirked.

"So what did we all just hallucinate Penelope inflating?" Amelia asked.

"No, that's what I was getting to." Dana was suddenly serious again. "I was gonna tell her those were run-of-the-mill baked goods after we finished but I fell asleep. The next morning Penelope was measuring herself. She had blown up another eight inches. Plus she was still on that hormone treatment so I know it's not her big-tiddy-gf syndrome flaring up again."

"What the fuck?" Amelia laughed in spite of her self.

"Thanks, I was proud of that one." Dana said. "Anyway, I can't tell if it's like, a placebo or if it's that thing you mentioned about the powder changing where fat's stored but whatever it is it seems to be getting stronger somehow."

"What the fuck." Amelia repeated, her eyes wider this time.

"I know."

"But like, if it's a placebo all we have to do is tell her."

Dana grabbed Amelia by the shoulders.

"Don't dare." She said, pointing a finger in Amelia's face. "We'll both be pissed if this somehow stops."

"Ok, ok." Amelia pushed Dana's hand out of her face. "I won't tell her, and you don't tell my mom I'm the Vitamix-7 brand ambassador."

Dana gave a mischievous grin.

"You accepted the offer?"

"Duh. My new clothes aren't gonna pay for themselves." Amelia said with an exaggerated eye roll.

"So I take it you haven't actually stopped blimping up for good then?" The short stack once again started eying her friend's colossal bust. "Get much bigger and you won't be able to use our new truck."

Amelia started shuffling through apps on her phone.

"Well I've been looking into it. The permit's for 12 feet wide, right? But that's what my width is like, total. Each boob by itself is only like half of that. So if I sit sideways on the trailer with my girls to either side I can easily grow double this size without causing problems. Why are you laughing?"

Dana had done a poor job keeping a straight face through her friend's pitch.

"Nothing." She snorted. "I'll just totally not tell your mom about your new addiction."

"Please, my booby greed is several months old at this point." Amelia playfully shoved her friend.

They began to walk back towards the party.

"If you got that big Penny would probably need a trailer of her own." Dana mused.

"Guess we'll have to see which one of us crowds out the other first." Amelia shrugged.

Dana just shook her head.

"I guess we should both be glad Penny eats like a rabbit."

"We're all in trouble when she finds out all the fast food places have gone vegetarian." Amelia laughed.

Dana shot Amelia a serious look.

"Don't give me any ideas."